Poetry Series

RoseAnn V. Shawiak
- poems -

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RoseAnn V. Shawiak(October 6,1950)

My book, " A Bereaved Poet" has been published here in the U.S. and is doing very well here in Phoenix, Arizona, it is in it's fourth printing! .

My publisher in Africa said that my book is now on Amazon in the U.S.A. it's called " Zones Of Pleasure" , people here in the U.S. are buying it. Thank you for your patience, encouragement and support, I totally appreciate and value you and your comments. Thank you, RoseAnn V. Shawiak, a mere poet.

Posting poetry written in and about India here on ph, hope you like it, would love to hear your comments on it. Will get back to reading everyone's poetry soon, have been in and out of the hospital so please bear with me. Thank you for your encouragement and prayers.

Wishing to thank everyone for reading so many of my poems each and every day, you are the reason I am on this site! Would greatly appreciate any comments you may have on my poetry, they are always a learning experience. Received a Certificate Of Appreciation in recognition of an important contribution to the ongoing fight against hatred and intolerance in America. My name has been added to the Wall of Tolerance in Montgomery, Alabama to provide inspiration to all those who choose to take a stand against hatred. Presented by: Morris Dees, Founder, Southern Poverty Law Center

Won the Golden Poet Award five years in a row, am in Who's Who in Poetry. Have self-published 31 books of poetry. Twenty more books have just been proofread and I'll be self-publishing them soon. Also, have over 23,000 poems typed into the computer and need to print, proofread and sort them into books to be self-published. Right now I'm behind in putting 70 handwritten books of poems into the computer in book form and then proof and sort them into books also.

13th Dimension

Finding no place to hide when within poetical interludes,
all feelings and emotions being seen through poetry that
I constantly write.

Living exponentially into the future, silently becoming
everything that I've dreamt of through life, soothing
every particle and fiber of my being.

Being taken into depths of an interior spirituality where
a bluened light of the Divine dwells within me, always
knowing I will find it whenever going inside contemplation.

Reaching more potential than the time before, having moved
into the thirteenth dimension so swiftly and intellectually,
giving comfort to my mind, heart and soul.

Living interiorly with a joy and energy that can never be
taken away for I continue to create paths innately, know-
ing they must be taken throughout this temporary life of
poetical insistence through curiosity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

43rd President Of America

Watching the Presidential Inauguration from a couch in
middle America's livingroom, tears swelling from my
heart in patriotic pride.

All the world is watching, seeing the tremendous amount
of security for our President who is greatly loved and
admired by Democrats and Republicans alike.

Pomp and circumstance of old brought into our twenty-
first century, touching lives of all Americans with
pride in the United States Of America.

Seeing the rich history of America's freedom and
democracy from all eyes of the world, all nationalities,
brings hope to the forefront of those under tyranny and
fear.

A light in darkness of spirit, allowing all countries
to dare to dream and become like the United States, a
free standing country in our world.

Pride echoes and reechoes throughout American hearts
swelling with tears of freedom forever anchored in
our lives.

We stand as *one nation, indivisible, with liberty
and justice for all*, as we embrace all nations through-
out our world.

All people, all faiths, united in the hope of a
liberated world for everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

'63 Chevy Impala

Racing down the freeway in a classic Chevy Impala, proud to be the owner at the wheel.
Girls looking sideways at the beauty of the car, all wanting to get a ride, none daring to ask.
Wanting to be asked by the gentle owner sitting there, cruising down Central
with pride seated next to him, waiting to be expressed in verbal praise.
Showing off a little more, getting pulled over by a cop.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Baby Hurt

Poverty level of some people's intelligence is amazing
at times, no common sense is the result of this weakened
condition.

To know that when a baby falls and gets a huge lump on
it's forehead, it's nose is bleeding and then just sits
and cries, you take them to the hospital to make sure
everything is alright.

A seven month old baby is in no condition to help itself -
that is up to the mother.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Back Corner

Looking into a back corner where a D.J. sits,
monitoring his karaoke machine.
Keeping songs in line to be sung by people
waiting for their turns.
Lifting spirits into heights of unknown
mysteries, still unheard from any direction,
finding places in the back corner of a dimly-
lit room.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Backdrop Of Life

Noticing everything around me, sensing a hidden message
beneath nature's atmosphere, holding on to a serene
disposition, thinking of all things beyond.

Lounging easily against a backdrop of life, waiting for
a sphere of reality to pass me by and be combined with
an ingenuity of imagination's desires.

Placing them tenderly on tables of mindful thoughts,
taking in vision's sights of more than expected auras of
satisfaction.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Beard

A face full of whiskers hanging about
doing nothing much, but looking around.

Little white ones and little black ones
popping in and out, like salt and pepper
on sauerkraut.

What am I talking about? Surely you can
tell!

It's what is commonly called a beard.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Beautiful Exercise

Beaten paths allow me to continue down echoes that I prefer.
Issuing forth from interior positions, allowing me to delve
into experiences of a lifetime.
Never turning away from hardship, facing it head on, the
only way it can be taken care of in this life.
Being honest and truthful in every detail of innermost
feelings and thoughts.
A beautiful exercise to practice throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Beautiful Legacy

Family is always inherent in my life,
a tribute to my parents and grandparents.
A whole lifetime of Italian tradition,
expressions, language.
A beautiful legacy left to me as I write
of it in poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Being Of Silence

Culminating in a brief period of sunny haze,
no response or sound emanating from within.

A being of silence formed by life's
tribulations and sorrow.

No longer reachable - the distance created
is much too great.

There are no spans of reversal to de-enter
an orbit of sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Bereaved Poet's Catacombs

Indefinite circumstances piling up against reality, insinuating themselves into close proximity, dampening spirits of happiness and joy.

Depressing a mind beyond it's existence, cutting, severing it, from normal feelings.

Inspiring only heart-felt sorrow, manipulating and arranging it to fit appropriately in a bereaved poet's catacombs of tomorrow.

Supplying abundant grief, emotionally draining my soul and leaving me totally, physically bereft.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Black Emptiness

Riding around, trying to lose myself in another dimension,
failing hopelessly, driving late into the night.

With no destination, no one to talk with, trying desperately
to hold on to nothing.

Reality is at every turn, trying to make me face the black
emptiness surrounding my being, but I refuse.

Staying awake, not wanting to fall asleep, afraid of drowning
in nightmares that run very deep during sleep.

Looking, always looking, for something to hang on to, there
is nothing anywhere in sight, and I continue to crash and
fall, night after night.

Where is the hope I used to have? Where is the faith? Where
is God? Nothing. I know nothing, yet I am supposed to go on
living? Why? What is the sense? What is the meaning?

How come I have to suffer this emptiness all alone? Why can't
someone come along and help ease the pain? Oh God, why am I
suffering like this?

My love ran deep, it came back up through my soul, it is being
pulled from me, yet, I will not let it go.

The meaning of life lies buried in all of this meaningless
death, but I have found none yet!

Having found no meaning for life to go on, maybe it must just
stop.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Blackbird

Chirping, chattering, whining, yelling,
sitting up in a tree.

Seeing his black feathers amid the green
leaves of a tree.

Way up high so as not to be seen - his
voice carries - his presence is made
known by him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Blanket

Silencing the energy inside, waiting to explore denizens brought to the foreground.
Standing away from the edge of a maze, trying not to divulge the way out, yet looking off to the side, wondering what to do on another period of stagnation.
Bringing ties of yesterday into a loom, weaving them all into a blanket that I can be hidden beneath.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Blessed Event

People jovially being a part of 'Toys for Tots', sponsored for the U.S. Marines.
A blessed event, meant to help those not so fortunate during the Christmas season.
Standing at attention, forming a genuine portrayal of what we are taking to our hearts and sponsoring for the good of others.
A pleasant party of exuberant joy, knowing our time is well-spent for the children.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Blessing From God

Quietly whispering tunes in imagination,
letting them flow outward into snow-filled memories,
sliding across on a sled big enough to hold all six
of us sisters.
A blessing from God, we were always able to be
together and play.
A close-knit family, kept together by a Mom who loved
us beyond compare.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Blink Of The Mind

Wordlessly collapsing against blank walls, images
come to life instantly in a blink of the mind.

Becoming the creative force of writing incessantly,
without any blocks or barriers to mar the way.

Totally engrossed, enraptured by the immensity of
creative thought, dallying daily in it's peaceful
surroundings.

Coming to life interiorly, blending with my spirit
in fountains of blossoming words, becoming what I
see in words and meanings, for moments in time.

Allowing myself freedom to exist and be, afraid of
nothing, fulfilling inner spirits with contemplative
graces from God above.

Lying spiritually in His arms forever, using gifts
He has given me from the moment of conception.

Writing as I fulfill the purpose He has given me to
share with this world until I meet Him in the next.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Blossoming Rose

Racing into melodies, playing all the rhythms flowing
into my mind, taking me to avenues of being and recall.

A wonderful feeling and sensation, taking it all into
the deep passion I have within for poetry.

Lilting and elating, music enlivening my spirit and
elevating inner intellect.

Opening up like a blossoming rose to the world, holding
on to all the aromas and senses being formed.

Listening and watching everything around as it falls
here in photographic pictures on screens forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Brightened Outlook

Liking the serenity of this particular day after it having
been a stressful morning.

A friend saying how he loved being with me, brightened
my outlook, bringing a smile to my heart and face.

Just because of an innocent thoughtful remark, this day
has been made a memorable one through caring and love that
he made sure I knew about.

Touching this heart with sweetness from his own, causes me
to wish everyone could practice this generous art.

Our world would be such a nice place to live, play and
cherish in all it's beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Brokenness Inside

Life is so lonely for everyone on earth.
We try to fill our time here with people, things and lists to do, but loneliness is always inherently within us, taunting us with it's disregard of love and happiness.
Old or young, when people we have placed in our lives - through marriage or friendship - die or leave us for someone else, we are left with a gaping hole - a total emptiness for the rest of our days.
It's far beyond just sadness - it's a brokenness held deeply in our souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Brother's Dilemma

What is this thing called death?
I have no understanding of it's meaning, as I'm only
three years old.
Everyone around me is either cross or crying, I don't
know what I'm supposed to do.
Mommy went to the hospital to have my baby brother,
he should've come home with her by now.
Yet, friends and family come and take me with them, I
want to stay at home where I feel safe.
No one listens to me, it's a dilemma, I go to my room
and lie on my bed.
Maybe if I sleep for a while and then wake up, every-
thing will be alright again.
It's really scary seeing grown-ups cry when I don't
know why they're doing it.
Mom is home without my baby brother, I haven't seen
or held his hand yet.
Where is he? Why did Mommy leave him all alone some-
where? He's going to be scared.
Lying in my little bed tonight, I can hear Daddy and
Mommy talking and crying.
I'm worried about them. Did I do something wrong?
Is it my fault this is all happening?
As I fall asleep, tears spill onto my pillow, as I
promise that I'll try and be real, real good
tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Building Storm

Feeling a coldness, like ice come upon me.
Filling me with its essence,
taking me into it's folds of hard white crystals,
causing my teeth to chatter and body to shiver.
Staying here still, not wanting to go inside
just yet.
Looking to see the storm building into a formidable
enemy of nature and man-made ingenuity, vowing to
exterminate everything in its' way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Bursting Heart

Weeping into the future, tears filling pools to overflowing, because of a friend's betrayal.
Heart bursting with grief over the loss of the best friend I've ever had in life.
Being thrown away like yesterday's garbage, hurting to the core of my being,
taking me away from a life I cannot live any longer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Calmness Of Another Reality

Being so carefully touched, tenderly exercised by melodies
in classical styles.

Easily entering into the calmness of another reality,
succumbing to it's wonder and awe.

Taking curiosity on a joy ride through future environments,
soaring through their absolute dimensions of picturesque
dominions.

So utterly fantastic, taking all senses into depths of being
where they are being felt tenth-dimensionally.

So fascinating, expertly visioned for insight and pleasure,
opening up the gates to an extraordinary creation in the
confines of a soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Cameo Of Despair

Filled with the sepulcher of lightened knowledge, life sits
itself in front of a cameo, portraying an oil painting of
immense despair.

Watching desert sand storms burning across a mind, scratching
images into grey material, hiding in confines of outer
labyrinths, unknowing in this world and tomorrow's.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Capsule Of Grief

When my Mom died, I didn't ever want to have friends or relationships again, thinking, what's the sense? they'll only die too! .
Just wanting to stay home, be safe, not have to reach out to anyone.
It's natural and normal when you're hurting so much, because the grief is so personal. It's hard to share it.
There is no advice to give, the only thing I know of to do is walk through the grief, however long it will take.
It doesn't get any easier, but the time between it's sadness moves farther apart.
Even now, I think of Mom often, still cry, still feel empty and disconnected, wish I could be with her.
Looking ahead, fearing the death of family members in the future - I don't want to experience their loss. yet I know that's impossible.
After the death of my Mom, I kept grief together in a capsule - like a watermelon.
It was soft and mushy, but held together by a rind.
Tears would often escape and flow out when the plug was removed by a thought or memory.
Then one day I just couldn't handle the grief, sorrow and pain anymore.
It felt like I was on a tall building and just let the watermelon slip from my hands.
It fell - I fell - crashing to the ground, bursting open, splashing everywhere - making a big mess.
Emptiness I had hidden inside the rind was now exposed - intense feelings of loss and abandonment filled my heart and mind.
Somehow my soul took over - helped me to continue walking through the intense sadness, sorrow, emptiness, disconnectedness.
Never have I felt so alone in this world. So hurt. So empty.
Mom was gone. All reason for life was now gone.
Wanting her back - but like she was before the surgery she went through.
It didn't happen and I continued suffering - I couldn't get through it.
I'd pick up seeds sometimes, trying to plant them - make them grow.
Each time an image, memory or picture would come to mind, my tears would overflow and water the seeds I planted.
They never bloomed, Mom never came back to me.
No longer am I the same person, my entire life has changed and I have been affected deeply by her death in all aspects of my life.
For years I have kept everyone at a distance, wanting only to be alone when I wasn't caring for my family.
Then I lost good friends, because I distanced myself, being afraid of getting close

to anyone else, not wanting to experience any more loss or death.
My silence drove them away - I didn't realize it at the time.
When I started to look about me again, there was no one there for me - I was doubly abandoned because of my grief.
No one understood what I was going through, I couldn't be there for anyone - not myself or family.
No one realized the intense pain and sorrow filling me and they unintentionally made it deepen as they left.
If someone had just stuck it out through the silent distancing and been there listening, talking, being with me in silence - maybe I could've dealt with Mom's death a tiny bit better.
Knowing someone was there who cared maybe would have helped keep me somewhat attached to the world.
In a small way, a friend's love can grow beyond the grief just enough to show their love and caring by allowing you to BE - even if they can't do anything else.
To be there through the silence - and when you begin peeking about, smile, reach out and say, 'I waited. I cared. I let you BE until you could break the silence of grief and live again'.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Care Center?

Looking at a bed of crumpled sheets, blankets and pillows - none of it having been changed since I got here Saturday evening.

Being neglected and totally displaced in a care center I don't even want to be in.

Being treated as a disparate particle of non-existence, without any worth to anyone.

Hating to imagine how others are feeling as they are left in beds to fend for themselves, without being able to get out of bed, unlike myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Caring Friend

Sadness has been eased a little tonight as I talked with a friend for a few minutes on the phone.

It's amazing how a person's stress level can be lowered by even just a short, caring conversation.

Ample time to set a sorrowful heart free to live in a little joy right now.

Cancelling out the grief that has piled up inside them with idle chatter of sadness, finally chasing away everything except peaceful joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Celebration Of Life

All coming together for a saddened celebration of life,
because death has taken another loved one from a friend's
life.

In an early morning sunrise his spirit will shine upon
earth from heavenly skies above, as we all gather together
to celebrate his life now past from this earth.

Now living in the great beyond, spirit intact and filled
with the promise of God's love at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Celestial Bent

Entertaining thoughts of a celestial bent, looking to the atmosphere, knowing that the stars are now being hidden on the other side of the world away from our prying eyes.

Wondering where heaven is located, even though being there before; the route is hidden, probably so we cannot find our way there unannounced, which is probably a good thing for we wouldn't want evil people entering heaven at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Certain Beauty

Aging into tomorrow, yet here my mind departs my being,
staying always young in place also.

Finding a certain beauty in the childhood of my youth,
never having let go of it, keeping it safely hidden
from life's difficulties so it could never be taken
from me.

A treasure always kept closer than any other thing in
life's pathway, a journey of love and emptiness, taking
me through so many dimensions of human subconsciousness.

Placing me in a time all alone - a solo journey practiced
daily and loving every minute of it's essence as it pulls
me into it's depths constantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Chest Of Memories

Life is nearing it's final exit,
expecting nothing in return for it's time here.
All has been spent and put away, a chest of
memories left on the doorstep for the next
generation to enfold.
Carrying tradition forward even though we are
no longer here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Child Being

Beautiful smiles of an innocent child, totally trusting,
reaching out, not yet afraid of being hurt.

Talking, pointing, relating through pictures and touch,
happy, filled with joy, a little boy experiencing life
at this very moment.

Excited about his new surroundings, ready and able to
explore every nook and cranny in the lobby.

Finally, seeing a playroom filled with toys, running
in, touching, holding everything not nailed down.

Laughing, yelling, having a good time just being a child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Child Fishing

Tackle box upon the bench, all drawers open, the lid askance,
overflowing with lures of every description, lines and hooks
in every size, bait of all kinds.

Back and forth from the lake to his box, trying out one after
another, nothing working.

Still casting out, a little child filled with high hopes,
praying to catch even the smallest of fish before he must
go home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Child Once Said....

Today is a challenge to be met, but fear sets in and
takes a seat, wondering how to get through and not
fall prey to the sadness which always comes anyway.

Writing on and on, music filtering through, grasping
the deep hurt being felt, trying to tear it away from
a body where it's been held captive for so long.

Pain filling within, a vulnerability never felt before,
taking away what has been causing so much grief through-
out the years now being welcome.

How do you get through it, there are no solutions or plans,
being inactive far too long, mind asleep, numbed by sadness
held within.

Child-like, turning to someone else to know what's needed
to be done, helping to tear away this inner dilemma in
order to live life freely.

Knowing how much has been missed in life, ready to tear
and throw it away, for what in the future nothing can be
known.

Looking empty, bleak, desolate just like inside a darkened
hole, being just a child before, thinking that if they'd
had friends it would've been nice to spend the night like
other children have.

Having no idea what that would've been like, hearing the
other children talk of it, what would it have been like to
have someone take a hand and let feelings of safety fill
every particle of their being.

Having friends, going shopping or to a movie, maybe to a
park to play, discover dreams or maybe swing, friendships
being seen seem to encourage discovery and new experiences.

Inspiring self-confidence and worth, a person that would

be there if you asked, one who wouldn't limit or bind an
inner freedom and doesn't want to control at all.

A child once said...if I had a friend life would have
been more fun, I think.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Childish Whim

Caught in a childish whim, wanting to let go
and be free of all responsibility as I move
forward in life, living final days with a
beautiful attitude to take with me beyond
earth's atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Child's Death

Rock the cradle gently, careful lest it fall.
Gingerly treat with kindness and great care.
Lifetimes depend upon gentle compassion given
to a child when death is near.
Reach out through grief and make the burden
of sorrow easier to bear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Child's Funeral

The laughter, lights, fun everywhere.
Where is the boy named Daniel, who loved it all?
Gone is his smiling face, his sudden laughter, his hand
held gently in mine.
Not too long ago his funeral belied his early death,
the tears, so foreign as hearts of mother, father and
sister were heard breaking in the still afternoon air.
People gathered, listening, tears falling like rain
from up above.
Sun shining in spite of death's hold before us.
Little Daniel, so loved, so full of life, is gone.
Leaving all behind to carry the tears in hands cupped prayerfully away.
Life is living yet, in all the people gathered there.
Except for Daniel's - a little boy gone before his
time.
Missed by all, loved forevermore.
Now in heaven with our Lord.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Child's Gifts

Interiorly placing my soul and being in God's loving arms,
feeling protected and cared for - immensely coddled in a
way no human being can imitate or come close to.

Ordinary minds being filled with wisdom and knowledge of
God's little child, filled with gifts and talent given
by Him solely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Child's Innocence

Rotating into nether worlds,
regaining stature of rhythm's measures as
they are being played in harmonic sounds.
Being recreated into childish gibberish,
yet kept in tune, and timing with the
innocence of a child, trying to sing along
with a D.J. named, Storm.
A wonderful tribute to children everywhere.
Tantalizing an essence of belief and faith
into being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Child's Joy

Watching elderly dancers smiling, stepping in time with one another, growing younger with every song being sung and played.
Reminders of younger days, seeing my parents together, enjoying dancing the two step - the only dance Dad knew!
Quiet joy and happiness at seeing them made my heart overflow with emotion and love to see them caring about one another.
A simpler time before the melt down of their love for one another came to be.
A child's joy kept stored inside - a treasure to be remembered in trials of beginning life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Child's Need

Running silently from his schoolroom he runs to me in tears.
What is the matter? What is wrong?
I want to know!
Can't seem to get in the groove of things today.
It's all so much to learn.
Overwhelmingly, it causes him to spurn the teacher.
Volumes unspoken, are causing tears to flow.
A little hug, some reassurance, a listening ear is all that is required.
It only took a minute's patience - why are teachers so uptight?
We don't mind the minute for our child.
It does our hearts good to know a person's human - how much more so for a child?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Class Act

Treasures from yesterday, being sung in a small cafe, catering to karoke.
Lifting spirits of people who come in to enjoy one another's company and great voices singing away.
Meals are great, all home-made, and served with a smile.
Good humor fills the environment and laughter is the adjacent sound across from rhythm, playing strong and loud.
A class act, a place to return to again and again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Clearer View

Wisps of branches peering in the window,
watching seniors dancing to rhythms of the past.
Pressing their little heads against the panes of
glass to get a clearer view of what's transpiring
inside.
They cannot ever enter because they're rooted
tightly in the earth outside the window.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Cloak Of Life

Hiding beneath a cloak of life, peering out once
in a while, noticing that nothing ever really
changes.
People are always being what others think they
have become, using their own logic and reasoning,
which never really portrays a total truth or
honesty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Cloud Of Heaven

Silence sprouts before him like a little flower in spring.
Dew covers the grass with tiny drops, and the coldness of the morning is reflected in the skies as his eyes look for clouds among the stars.
Finding one, it takes him along, floating through the heavens on a dream.
A dream which will take him beyond the realms of reality, and bring him back again.
With his pockets full of empty and his thoughts just the same, he travels the world over looking for a home.
A place where he can put his feet up for a while.
Too much of this - it gets him tired!
Back into the world, traveling on his cloud of heaven, where he can always dream his little boy dreams and never have a pocket full of empty, only a pocket full of hopeless joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Cloudy Day

Darkness is enfolding the atmosphere, storm clouds black
as coal have appeared from out of nowhere, waiting to
start their wind and rain, hoping to drench us through.

No fires being started, only the beauty of a cloudy day,
thunder clapping and lightening striking even in the
light of day, just as it starts to fade away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Coercive Force

Rolling across hills of rhythm, gathering in notes to write
poetry to while thinking of our friend's father who has left
us.

Stillness of death is sitting beside us, quietly letting us
mourn his passing with love.

Perfect solemnity within each, thoughts on his daughter and
family as they try to live with this devastating fact of
their earthly lives.

So intense with grief and sorrow, living yet without those
we all have loved throughout our lives.

Now having to go on without them, somehow trying to find the
strength to keep on living with this coercive force of human
nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Co-Existence

Standing beside the ocean, reaching out to it's tumultuous, emotional waves slashing at the tides.
Filling me with anger, intensely, then feeling the steady rhythm touching my heart and mind.
Calming me into a non-existent peacefulness, while taking my hand and accepting the anger as it's own.
Bringing my being into a co-existence between this world and the next.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Cold Embrace

Letting snowflakes bury me beneath them,
as I turned away from a life that had
buried me anyway before this ever
happened.
Lost in a flurry, hugging self in a cold
embrace, never leaving the edge of
continuing escalation of behavior, wanting
to end everything in life right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Collection

Soft lights floating around the dance floor,
drifting on and over whomever is standing there.
Accumulating measures of total participation,
taking it all into a collection to be given to
imagination's senses.
Being made and formed into beautiful books of
preparation for tomorrow's accomplishments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Coming Sign

2: 35 p.m.
Searching horizons, seeking a light shining from depths of heaven, a coming sign of death, finally ready for me this time.

All purpose and meaning culminating in a definition of meanings.

Believing in a special message sent coded in rhythms and derived from a lifetime of goodness, kindness and compassion.

Forgiving all wrongs instantly and placing self, kneeling before my Lord, giving up heart and soul humbly, no qualms in doing so.

Everything held in communication with His life and Holy Spirit, nothing escaping the wholesome goodness of this scarred and broken heart. 2: 36 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Complacent Gentleman

A complacent gentleman, singing karoke in a pleasant voice.
Full of character, humor - a mischievous smile and twinkle in his eyes.
Taking over the crowd at the cafe, getting smiles and laughter all around.
An infectious personality, kind heart, and disposition.
Totally in tune with whatever song he sings to us.
A pleasure all the way around, as we clap again and again, rejoicing
over his live performance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Complete Love

Remembering those three most beautiful words, I love you.

Every time being said by that special someone touching my
heart so passionately, a forgiving, unconditional love,
taking me where I've never been before.

Feeling a complete love, bringing happiness and joy to
heart and soul, rejoicing for the essence being added to
myself by another's caring and total heart-felt compassion.

Experiencing the exquisite beauty of being accepted for who
I am no matter what I say or do.

A complete freedom of being, daring to trust again, looking
around, seeing the world through eyes that have been opened
to a new outlook on life and everything in it.

Forsaking the past, leaving behind even regrets of yesterday
and all the mistakes and failures in this life.

Stepping over all barriers, standing in the way, experiencing
the soaring of emotions filling me with expectations and
happiness at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Complete Vision

Sending everything into a complete vision, filled with forests of ideas.
Capturing the essence of nature as it grows before me.
Taking whatever comes across through purposeful energies, falling deftly upon my heart's mind in complete sorrow.
Completing a solo journey, finding my way through fantasy's darkened sphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Concelebration

Two Bishops here to concelebrate the mass, bringing with them
into church the peace of God.

All hearts are turned to heaven as the procession files down
the aisle.

Little, holy altar boys, followed by many sincere priests and
last of all the shepards here on earth - two Bishops follow.

Gathered upon the altar, God's presence emanates throughout
the church.

Life fulfilled, is standing before us, waiting, as beauty
of the mass unfolds, we listen to the words of Jesus, spoken
through a Jesuit priest, now a Bishop.

All our priests gathered silently together on an altar beneath
the guiding light of God, preparing us for the consecration
of His body and His blood.

Beauty of Jesus is felt throughout the church at this moment
in every heart that is beating for Him.

Concelebrating mass, a rarity to behold, Bishops, Priests and
people as one, celebrating God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Couple

An entire congregation gathering together to honor a couple who have unselfishly given of their time and life to be there for many in need.

A spiritual reaching out from heart and soul, bringing people together, a pastor and his wife living God's way for others.

Having a family of their own, making sure they didn't get ignored in the midst of God's greater picture.

Having a legacy to give everyone around them, they willingly give of themselves daily.

Like shepherds of old, both are devoted to their flock, giving and receiving freely from one another.

Appreciation for what they've done is held deeply in hearts uniting souls on pathways to God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Couple Dancing

Dancing effortlessly,
gliding across the floor in each other's arms.
Catching eyes as they pass by others sitting
at tables all around them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Cowboy's Desolate Spirit

Cowboy hat, drifting just above the bar, a gentleman
sitting beneath it in a lonely stupor.
Having nothing in life, but the glass of beer held
tightly in his hand.
Sorrowfully, my heart goes out to his spirit, so
empty and desolate, kept that way by his own
admission.
Never wanting to feel the intense hurt that is his to
consume in life, not wanting to put the glass down and
walk away - meeting reality on a pathway to tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Customer's Farm

Atmosphere of home, feelings of love and being loved.
Echoes of children's laughter filtering through the
years, bringing back sweet memories of the past.
A farm spread out with lots of land to grow on.
Citrus trees encircling all who come, welcoming,
hugging, becoming one with nature.
Quiet atmosphere, calm, serene, unperturbed.
A wonderful place to raise your children.
A simple home filled with the luxury of a family's
love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Dark Image

Sitting here, looking out of my hospital window I see a dark image flying close by - at first thinking it was a bird, but soon realizing the size of it was a whole lot larger than that.
A helicopter was landing just beyond my sight's reach on a heliopad the other side of concrete blocking my window.
Such a fabulous lurch inside, as I recognized the dark image and it's shape.
Loving helicopters, always, because in my twenties I learned how to fly Huey's.
Good times and pleasant memories to touch upon and think over and over again.
Splendid thoughts to bring me out of a reverie of sickness and pain that I've been going through for the past ten days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Darkened Beauty

Talented anticipation calling from intellect, taking
me on a journey no one else can go on.

Behaving like a child, listening to music and writing,
never saying anything, an imagined silence coming
through the atmosphere and taking me away.

Soaring into outer environments of another dimension,
completely energizing the entire totality of my brain,
giving an essence of beauty to the life I am living.

Caring about what happens to mankind and everyone who
needs to be enlightened by the illumination of another
time, finding the entire landscape in a darkened beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Daughter's Beauty

Streamers flying in the wind, bright pink, decorating a apace
in the park for a birthday party.

Holding her princess wand, being bored, waiting for her cousins
to arrive so she has someone to play with.

Daughter watching as out of control children rip apart the
beautiful streamers and throw them all around to be blown away
by the wind.

Waving her wand, does not rid the park of their rudeness however.

Now putting on her tiara, Daddy acknowledges his daughter's beauty
and joy, yet she wants no picture taken of her looking so cute.

(11: 34 a.m. - 3/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Day In Time

Listlessly awaiting something to penetrate this
boring Wednesday morning.
Searching horizons for anything to appear and
become a part of my life.
Sun rises and sets with nothing in between except
my mind cogitating and writing what I can on this
dismal day in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Dedicated Friend

A friend dedicated to life, participates in reality throughout
the friendship until the end of time.

Beginnings and endings form middle levels of containment to
meet on the same plain of existence.

Walking, talking, meeting heart to heart, soul to soul, in
perfect symmetry with our purposes on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Deep Dream

Always falling into a deep dream, wanting to find some
peace and quiet for a lifetime.
Difficult predicaments place themselves in my path, not
letting me have my own way.
A lifetime of spit and fire as I want to find my own way
and not just to have to dream about being myself.
A beautiful sensation, to be in my heart and be alone
without any ties hurting me again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Deep Emptiness

Tired of living a long life, filled with happiness, joy, suffering, sorrow.
Taking steps to meet it every day - even when not wanting to.
Pasting a smile on a face of grief, dancing with others, putting on a brave front for everyone around.
Deeply inside, fraught with an emptiness that just won't go away or ease up.
Life has taken on a new meaning, a loneliness with ever-increasing meanings in life, ones that can't quite be grasped as yet.
Listening to music tends to bring them close enough to hear, but I don't quite understand all the lyrics being sung, because they seem to be coming from another horizon, one I haven't been invited to as yet.
However, one I will be visiting soon, with a prayer upon my lips and the light of hope in my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Deep Knowing Inside

Slipping into a space in time, falling into a future environment with no fears.

Glancing around, seeing a multitude of visions, having a knowing deep inside that things are coming around.

Wondering at the turnaround in feelings, although enjoying it's arrival very much.

Worry level has gone down a lot, knowing that We the People are stronger than ever and soon our military will be right beside us.

Our flag, national anthem, and God are strengthening our hearts more each day, as fear has subsided considerably.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Deepening Silence

A deepening quiet within, expanded, encompassing the
world as the Iraqi war began.
Silence falling upon we Americans, as we sit and
watch our televisions giving spattered, incomplete
accounts of what is going on beyond our scope and
reach.
Scrunched inside ourselves, afraid if we take our
eyes off the screen, something will happen to our
troops.
Wishing to tangibly reach out and hug these young
people fighting this war, knowing we cannot, pulls
at our heart strings, causing tears to spill out,
not caring who sees our sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Desert Imagination

Looking at many cacti outside the door, their needles
poking my mind and taking it along rivers of thought.

Dancing in a vast desert of imagination, taking every-
thing to heart where it can be kept safely.

Contained in the beginnings and endings of time here on
earth, so quickly falling into rhythm's steps.

Marching down stairs of life and into the destiny of
many more tomorrows, being alive and energetic in all
that I do each day while writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Desert Oasis

Rushing solidly on the pavement of strident talent, pushing forward into a tantamount, peaceful focus of another guitar melody.

Afterwards, moving slowly along periodic figures of dancing mirrored images.

Having many points of interest, holding onto pictures of all the solemn chords of another question felt in solitude, leading nowhere.

Having rhythms step into deserts, hidden in the favorite spots of an oasis, never being let go of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Desert Of My Own Making

Within, straying further into space of unknown delineation, wanting to disappear forever in clouds of ebony sadness, gone forever.
Soundlessly living alone in a desert of my own making, taking care not to let anyone get close again to my heart.
Keeping everyone at bay, no longer caring to be a part of anyone else's world while remaining on earth for the remainder of my life on earth.
Silent for an eternity, not ever moving forward to meet another person.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Desert Vision

Lost in thought, closely scanning surfaces of mountains
close to the highway.
Enjoying beautiful, white, foggy, wispy clouds, coming
down upon mountains, lying in their laps like cuddly
teddy bears.
Images come to mind of little children sitting on
Santa's lap, telling him what they want for Christmas.
A silent, wonderful vision in an Arizona desert morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Destruction

Flagrantly hiding in a corner, besieged by thoughts of worthless abandonment by another.
Being forsaken because I didn't remember something, thrown away like yesterday's trash.
Sitting in recognition of total annihilation by another throws me into a tornado of rejection which I can't escape from until it sets me down in a destruction of my very soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Developing Mind

Going through avenues of incessant thoughts, alighting on certain ones, allowing poems to be written in measures of time.

Acknowledging the accessibility of wisdom as it enters unaccompanied with it's being in spherical terms of life.

Reaching inwards, taking whispers of meaning and definitions into the atmosphere where no one else may enter.

A solitary space alone, where a sense of contemplation fills my being with a developing mind-set in writing through this feeling of freedom.

Sanctioning the essence of all feelings, allowing them to come into their own as each one is expressed in words of many poems.

Explicitly taking passion of inner intuition into endeavors of this mind, allowing the reality of intellect to coincide with imagination.

Colliding at last in the definition of a poem to beats of rhythm that are ending within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Difficult Life

Slowly walking, looking in all directions for anything to
catch sight of.

Listening to nature with every sense and fiber of being,
hearing what most other people never can hear.

Having perfect pitch, always matching notes with tones,
knowing if they were flat or sharp.

Keeping track of time in tempos and rhythms, solidly
having a lot of meaning coming through it's coded messages
throughout this interior life.

Purposely living within musical realms, because life was
so difficult

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Disagreement

Rebellion of youth hurts inside, a once docile timid little
guy now growing - a teenager - sixteen - and trying to find
his place in the world.

Not yet an adult - no longer a child - an unenviable position
in this hard core world of ours.

Taking a stand, adamantly proclaiming his independence,
wrongly cursing and yelling, thinking these things will
change anything.

They don't and frustration sets in, so he tries embarrassment
and humiliation in front of friends.

This works even less as every answer to his question now
becomes an outright, 'no'.

Attempting to control from every angle he can muster, does
no good because Mom is just as persistent in her stance.

Finally, realizing he cannot win, calm takes over, mouth
quiets down, he apologizes and we discuss everything in
complacent peace - at least until the next time we disagree.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Diverse Game

Racking thoughts like cue balls and hitting them into pockets of wisdom, catching them on particles of nature.
Combining and creating a diverse game of literate prose to play with on boring days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Doctor Outside The Box

Tall, quiet, radiating a persona of a
man in control of his life and career.

Projecting his soul of kindness and
compassion, having a cute smile and a
quiet sense of humor.

All melding into a gentleman - a doctor
who needs to find answers to questions
of disease and where do they come from
or start.

All together, a well-rounded person who
knows what he wants to dedicate his life
to.

A man who likes my poetry can't be all
bad.

His future is one of bright ideas and
creative discoveries found outside the
box.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Doctor's Greed

Grand and tall, once he stood.
Basking in respect, commanding dignity.
Until one day, in great dismay, he found himself in rags and disrespect.
A proud figure brought to the ground, losing all his noble dignity.
Sneaking behind authorities and the I.R.S., he tried desperately to cover up his dishonesty - but it stood out beyond all of his qualities.
Taking money under-handedly, he had sought to rip off the state, because he thought his services far underpaid.
Yes, he was a professional, looked up to in his field, he felt it his right to steal what he couldn't honestly make.
His cases were hopeless, he brought them back to life.
This gives him the right?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Drive

A couple of weeks ago we took a drive up to South Mountain,
it was late in the evening and we could see lights everywhere.

We went all the way up to the top, lookout view, and saw the
most breathtaking sight ever.

There below us were Phoenix and surrounding cities all lit up,
billions of little lights, dancing in the dark.

It was as if we were flying in a plane, only the plane didn't
move, it was a totally beautiful sight.

Last night as I was driving to visit my parents, I remembered
that view atop South Mountain.

Suddenly it occurred to me, that tonight, I was one of those
lights dancing along in the dark.

(8: 52 a.m. - 4/20/81 RoseAnn V. Shawiak)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Drought

Clouds drifting down the pathways of doubting people.
Wanting to shower upon everyone below, yet not having
any water in their bellies, dried beyond comprehension
from a drought of major proportions.
Standing alone, hoping for a gust of wind to fly to
tornado absolutes, just to push them forward where
they'll be on their own again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Drum's Essence

Rhythmically throttling the drum, getting every
ounce of reverberation from it's essence.
Competing with cymbals, clashing on a bass drum,
reality setting in with a tremendous insight,
claiming all focus into every beat in explicit
tones.

(10: 21 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Dust Devil

Wind picking up, getting louder.
Suddenly a dust devil appears in a
cloud of dust, spinning up the
mountainside, pulling whatever will
come up with it together.
Climbing - ever faithful - then the
wind dies down and it disappears
into dust, lying once again upon
the ground until the next one comes
along.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Faithful Expression

Stormy skies looking over a canyon river, flowing smoothly through rock-hewn walls, beautifully expressed in dimensional facets throughout.
Sliding my mind across waters, gently rippling in a morning breeze.
Soaring above, looking down, enjoying everything I see and feel in sight.
Loving the gentleness of God's beautiful nature in His artistic landscapes, made to perfection, a faithful expression of who He is.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Fascinating Love

Running through the gamut, unfolding thoughts and letting them rise into melodies of this fascinating love.

Taking hearts, swirling beings into heaven, filled with desires and exciting news for another tomorrow.

Always taking the initiative and moving upwards, touching stars and lighting up my heart with beauty of sensations that I am feeling deeply inside.

Holding emotions carefully and letting them flow slowly throughout my body.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Father

Quietly grieving within, a father who was always there with a ready smile or sound advice.
Already missing his presence in my life, I wander through long days, trying to make sense of death's insistence.
It just doesn't add up, it's not logical in earthly senses.
A deepening sorrow touches my heart and soul, leaving me left with an emptiness, filled with tears of love for the man who was always there for me and our family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Father's Love For His Daughter

Broken hearts, never able to be mended during childhood,
not understanding why a mother doesn't love her child.
What could've happened when she was born - her Daddy
was there waiting for her beautiful being to appear.
Thrilled to see her life shine like a star in his life -
his future with her alone.
Sublime joy etched into his heart and mind forever.
But what of her mother who wanted nothing to do with
her?
Peaceful countenance etched into her Daddy's soul as
they are one - Father and daughter - in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Father's Miscarriage

Standing in the background, not really knowing what to do,
trying to hide his stark-naked feelings inside of himself.

Wanting to let go, cry and hug his wife - instead he stands
there bleeding alone inside.

Fear written in his eyes, a fear that everyone will think
it's all because of him.

Standing idly by as he watches his wife go through the pain
of a miscarriage all by herself.

Denying her the ability of talking to him about how she
feels, he steals away.

Outwardly, he doesn't even try to ease the sadness or show
he cares about her in any way.

Coldly standing aloof, trying to hide the shame he feels
inside, walking out and going to work.

Putting on his uniform of control, he can handle things
again, because he separates this other life - himself -
from thinking of it.

Being much too immature to become a father, needing to
learn how to be a husband first and to communicate with
his wife.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Favorite Nephew

A young child, a favorite nephew, sitting amidst grown-ups, grieving, yet celebrating his Uncle.
Filled with tears, so young to have to be sitting here listening to stories of people who held his Uncle dear.
Tales and stories he may never remember as he grows older, yet he will always know how much people everywhere loved his Uncle Scott.
Overflowing with tremendous emotional sorrow, how can one so young fathom this thing we call death?
How sweet, his voice reverberating through the church's collective mind, I love you, Uncle Scott, forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Favorite Pastime

Beating to rhythms of heart-felt intensity, forging new
pathways as I feel them open up in front of imagination.

Taking me on journeys of destiny and fate, providing me
with many moments of joy and happiness as I create and
maintain sanity through the years.

Playing with my mind's subconscious realms, never
interfering with music I hear.

Just bringing it to the forefront as I continue to listen
for every musical paragraph while I'm writing it down,
so I may see it as it's written on screens in my mind.

A delicious favorite pastime, which keeps me going
through trials and tribulations in life.

Taking it all by the hand and testing it's essence with
every new book I write and people read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Favorite Uncle

Staring into future reflections, seeing generations of family standing on shores of life beyond us.
Hurting, crying, tears falling into crystal lakes of heaven, where they are held as treasures until we are again reunited with family.
Being human, grieving totally inside, our hearts are emptied as we continue our daily lives alone in thought.
Uncle Nunzio, once again with his family, happy to be together, now enjoying his after-life existence without us.
Missing him very much, he was my closest uncle through the years, because he was like an older brother to me.
When I was born, he was only fourteen, now he's gone and I'm fifty-seven.
Life is an empty circumference with no bottom to fathom, no future to hold, only memories together held tightly with the love of family closeness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Final Answer

All things culminating in a dreary, rainy day; loneliness filling me with intense sorrow as I write out of it's many puddles of remorse and continuous abandonment.
Never anyone here to talk with when I fall into canyons of grief, always having a final answer to confide in silence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Final Moment

When the time comes to leave my earthly poetical home
I will close my eyes for a final moment and fall into
an everlasting sleep.

Only to awaken in another dimension I like to call
heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Final Moment's Decision

Life is at a standstill while entering an interior phase
of extreme and intense contemplation.

Wanting to be alone to sort through thoughts and look
over decisions made throughout life, even those made
lately.

Wondering if everything needed to be done was completed
and if the best possible remedy in every situation was
made and gone through.

Hopefully this last and final decision will be based on
truth, honesty and prayerful hope.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Final Vision

Settling for nothing, wanting everything simple, ordinary, compact, to fit in with what I enjoy without placing a burden on me.
Being free to be myself, expressing what I feel to my heart's content.
Explicit definitions, meanings I can alter to my liking, speaking to my mind alone.
Access to whatever I choose in my own time, happily selecting time-honored thoughts as they begin to unwind and churn inside my brain, charging neurons, growing all synapses into wiring of expectant thought, as I walk into my imagination, gradually uniting spirit, soul, heart, mind and being.
Reuniting with images, past, present, future, all culminating in one final sunsetical vision in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Fire Burning Inside

Wandering happily down trails of nature, seeking the
beauty of it as it nurtures me throughout each day.

A fire burning inside my heart, filled with uncondi-
tional love that keeps me going always.

Even though life is filled with abuse and turmoil,
being fulfilled and satisfied by your love.

A wonderful way to be appreciated and taken away from
these situations in life.

Even across the miles between us, listening to your
voice placating and calming my spirit.

Loving your manly accent as it speaks my name, ever
enchanting my mind as you do so again tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Fitting Tribute

Exercising thoughts in succession, giving them each careful, spontaneous consideration.
Watching each one gymnastically fit in a routine and be selected to fill in meanings and definitions in poems.
A fitting tribute to the liberty and freedom of my mind through intellectual imagination.
Giving a reprieve from the mundane occasions of life and it's trials.
Being blown away time after time with the final visions of my thoughts, wondering continually where they come from.
Knowing it's an innate gift given by God, it's still a mystery to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Flag Ceremony

Sitting here waiting for a flag ceremony to begin - one that my son will be in,

Hearing noise everywhere, instruments playing their songs and drums with a separate rhythm all their own.

Anticipation waning, turning into anxiety, because I must be going soon.

Children haven't arrived to be in or watch it yet, soon I hope, I pray, I write and hope again.

Here they are, all up on stage, wearing green for Saint Patrick's Day and some red for school spirit day.

It looks like Christmas around here instead of Ireland's day.

It is nice, all instruments are in tune and are all finally playing the same song.

Our son's flag ceremony was beautiful and full of life, I'm so glad my son was a part of it.

And also glad that my younger son, got to watch and enjoy it with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Flattened Voice

Tantalizing the wits of everyone listening
to Winchester Cathedral,
giving them pause as a voice rings out -
flattened - run over - out of tune.
Filled with a fervor though, singing his
heart out with enthusiasm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Forbidden Place

Sitting close to a forbidden place, able to reach out and touch
the entrance to it.

Watching sunlight dance and shimmer through traces of designs
upon it's windows, twelve rectangular windows, like twelve
apostles waiting, standing guard so no one unanticipated can
enter.

Deadbolt standing rigidly on the door, key hole beckoning me
to explore the labyrinths beyond it's entrance.

Wonder, full of curiosity am I, wanting to see what lies beyond
the reach of sight beyond my eyes.

Touching softly, tongs of my mind, echoing and re-echoing my
heart's curious desires.

Feeling a gentle urging from within to go exploring is hard to ignore, especially
when my mind is being tantalized by it's
curiosity and unknowing.

Walking silently across my mind, figuring out ways to get
inside and see the wonder of my imagining.

Sitting close to a forbidden place, able to reach out and touch
the entrance to it, yet cannot get beyond the door except in
my imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Forest

Flitting around the forest,
going further into it's dense foliage,
unafraid of what will be found there.

Announcing the arrival of animals,
coming to greet and ascend the ladder
of beginning times in unending themes
of becoming times in unending rectitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Form Of Love

Beneath two hearts lie desires to be together throughout life,
knowing they will never meet physically while on earthly
plains.

A transcendental form of intense and beautiful love beyond any
other in this worldly life.

Nothing to mar it's affection, romance always running high,
lifting spirits daily in every moment as both hearts are
filled with a joy from above.

A never-ending plethora of good feelings and plenty of intense
desires, all of them in a realm of beauty, never found here on
earth.

Waiting a lifetime for these special moments to happen, now
that they have, feeling so joyful and at peace.

Nothing else can fulfill this wonderful feeling, it is the
most intense love ever felt without any physical contact
whatsoever.

There is nothing like it's tender and loving caring, filling
your entire being and every particle and fiber within.

Never cheating on physical love, because it is beyond this
world of earthly sins and can never be compared to it at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Form Of Wisdom

Open to everything, questioning it all as it appears before me in absolute finality. A deepening silence giving me new perspectives of learning as I am led to a new form of wisdom in another dimension beyond life's comprehension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Fragile Life

Watching nature shower her blossoms all over the ground as
winds blow across trees, unlatching them from their branches
of safety.

Now lying on the ground, looking up, gently falling asleep
into other lands, escaping the fragile life that they knew
wouldn't last, because it was so very temporary.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Free Mind

Leaning out the window, head gently lying on an arm, looking skyward.

Wonder bouncing along with the clouds, happily playing games within them.

Heart heavy with stress and everyday problems, yet this mind is above, riding with the clouds, free and peace-filled.

This discrepancy is a puzzle, but nothing more, there is no worry or obsession with it.

Reveling in a funny mood, finding self caught, enjoying what I do not understand.

Looking skyward, heart racing with the wind, blowing clouds across the sky, freeing my mind, perpetuating the quiet myth of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Friend

Rocking and rolling down life's precious avenues of forgiveness,
hoping it will touch me in the near future.
Appearing before me, a song in twilight, beckoning me to follow.
When I do, I run into my friend and we move on together, never to
be separated again in life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Friend In The Hospital

Somber thoughts, saddened feelings, hearing that
a friend is again in the hospital with major
problems.

Praying intently, specifically for her healing
here on earth, so we can again do things together,
musically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Friend Singing

Rolling restlessly down life's roads, wanting more than ever to be expressed in platitudes of friends.
Talking, spreading conversations in the wayward winds, wandering down pathways of yesterday.
Meeting once in the past, we became friends forever, joining in repasts through the years.
Exchanging thoughts and loving the time we spent together while rolling restlessly down life's roads.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Friend's Loss

Strumming the harp of intense sorrow as it tugs at his
heart incessantly.

Keeping awake with floods of tears, soaking pillows
nightly with the love of a loved one.

Thoroughly bereft and falling into the circumference of
despicable life, lost and forgotten, love having left
for another horizon, one where there is no way to follow.

Shrouded in darkness, taking away even a soul by insistence
of death's remaining heartbreak.

So lonely, abject, forlornly seeking the solace of suicide,
wanting not to live another minute without her smile and
look of love for him in her eyes.

When death comes and grabs the being of your entire life
and affection, what is left?

Nothing.

Life departs from a being also, paradise has been lost
forever and here he is, standing on empty shores of
tomorrow, no hopes left to begin again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Future Destiny

Stranded in a small room filled with lovely music and a variety of songs being sung.
Watching the farthest door open at my glance, beckoning
me to approach and go on through to my future destiny,
resting in God's own hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Future Home

Inner ideas of what my future home will look like.
Beautiful angles set in bluened rooms with lots of
space to move around in.

Wide open expanses - just like my internal desert is.
Blowing many formulas into the equation, so it may
eventually look exactly as I've dreamed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Future Horizon

Puppies running through my mind, glad to see me again,
wanting to be petted, bathed, talked to.

Now that they are on a future horizon I can only imagine
being with them, doing what we used to do when together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Future Lying

Into the darkness, evil forges it's path to
unsuspecting people, trying hard to live
their lives without too much strife.

Countless times, begun anew in different ways,
people step out and find their way, looking
ahead to the future, finally seeing some light
shining, holding out hope for them.

Just reaching it, reaching out to grasp some
of it for themselves, suddenly darkness falls,
leaving them blinded, grasping at air.

Evil lurking close by has forged it's paths to
them, ruining their lives or taking them away
from life into the painless void of death.

Never again to feel the warmth of day, their
souls gone to heaven while their bodies decay.

All promises, the future that lay ahead of a
person now lies dead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Gentle Coat Of Arms

Lightened darkness surrounding life outside my window with it's gentle coat of arms.
Royally enjoying wafts of nature being imaginatively sent through the window panes.
Glorious feelings touching all senses, penetrating their answering calls within these echoing walls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Gentle Doctor

Looking around a sterile waiting room for some sign of human touches.
Only thing is a few magazines on a glass table.
No pictures hanging on the walls, no colorful hues painted anywhere - all is dark - nondescript.
Yet, the doctor is intelligent, creative, wonderful, a joy in all respects and a gentleman besides.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Gentle Father

Gentle father, big and brawny, tenderly, gently, picking up
his new born child.
Little blue yes open wide, looking memorizingly at her father.
Intently listening to his deep soothing voice, peaceful and
calm, lying in her father's safe, protective arms.
Contented beyond this world, looking forward to every second
spent with him, this is the way a family is begun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Gentle Man

In a land of mist and haze was a man who was gentlemanly raised.
He drank and he talked politely and never treated anyone slightly.
One day to great surmise, he up and took his gentlemanly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Gently Growing Ego

Pride stretches itself across the face of a pre-teen as he
carries his tickets from video machines he's been playing.

Glistening shine being emitted from a smiling interior of
justified recognition of his prowess, individualized by
revelations of a gently growing ego,

Capturing some of himself to grow on through future years
of maturity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Genuine Gift

Seeing a child, sitting with her family, hearing her mom singing karoke.
Looking around, catching my eye with a genuine pride and smiling.
As her Mom sings a song so beautifully and perfectly in time.
Someone for a little child to look up to in life.
A genuine gift to leave, more important than money or wealth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Genuine Soulmate

Another catching my tears with genuine understanding and compassion, letting me feel unconditional love for the first time.

A soulmate in every respect, taking the moments needed to help me move forward without holding on or controlling me.

Finding a new freedom and soaring higher than ever before, becoming the person before all the tragedy in life hit me square on.

Even better than before, because of new dreams being touched by another and held up in pure admiration for my intellect and creativity.

Sliding across every single dimension with an energy fulfilling interior life, bringing me back into the life I should have been living all along.

If not for all the sorrow it would have been mine and lived totally and fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Gift Of Life

Sadness and joy of love are united in the passion of our Lord, Jesus.

He has given us the gift of life that we may bring glory to His name.

Tripping, falling badly, trying half-heartedly to do His will, knowing we are human, failing miserably, we love Him in our own small ways.

Hoping that in His great mercy we shall have life from His sacred love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Glimpse Of Love

Looking out from within me, teaching His ways silently,
reaching out into the world, seeing people, God helps
me to know what to do.

Just being there to do His will whenever needed is His
way through me.

Versed well in loneliness, taught by the Lord through
His life, I can reach out and touch, feel, the loneliness
in another, sensing the emptiness, fruitlessness of
another's life.

God allows a moment or more to meet and ease the pain of
loneliness, that is all one can expect while in this world,
so hold fast to His love in others and you will be brought
closer to Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Gondola

Slowly floating downstream in a gondola of my mind, dreaming of being maneuvered down watery streets of Venice, Italy.
Feeling the romance in the ripples of the water as the long oars pulled us through the avenues of long lost love through imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Good Kid

Strutting around as if owning the building,
this teenager's mind is filled with plans
of being the best.

Telling everyone that he's the goat, smiling
widely, believing what he says.

Cute, ego glowing brightly while he starts
playing pool with some other teens.

A good kid with a lot to learn yet in this
earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Good Moment

Steadily moving, sliding, swaying with music of the
electric slide.
Enthusiastic smiles on faces of all those up dancing,
watching their expressions of concentration.
A good moment, inviting all sorts of thoughts into
depths of intellect, so I may continue to write all
hours of the day and night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Good Morning Poem

Saying Good Morning as I'm saying Good Night on the other
side of the world, poetry, is so all defining as we write
each in our own homes far from one another.

Poetry allowing us to be in the same space of time together,
in spite of the distance between us.

Beauty touching us from different continents of the world
and being brought together through our words of poetry that
we are sharing.

So all-encompassing, poetical wonder surprising us with
every detail being created in two separate minds, penned and
written in each other's hearts as we are friends for life,
brought together by poetry.

Though we may never meet physically, we have surpassed time
and miles to meet in another dimension where we can always
share our soul's wonder and delight through a poem.

So joyful, a new song of rhythm planted in my heart, and I
call it Amitava, my eternal friend.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Granddaughter's Swim Meet

Resurrecting life in a desert heat, children play and compete at Encanto Pool.

Our Granddaughter winning with little effort, smiling all the way, so proud of her accomplishment.

Standing her ground, gaining courage, being a team member, helping everyone to become winners.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Guiding Light

Wanting to always be there with you my love, thinking of you even
when we're not together, feeling your presence in spirit.

Our love, a guiding light in life, keeping us focused and together
no matter what my dear.

Sharing affection throughout the years, always being one, finding
the fascination we found when we first met.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Hand-Held Poem

Shadows of birds and things flittering about,
casting their patterns of darkness into my
mind's catacombs.

Always brought forward when they are ready to
enjoy their freedom in a hand-held poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Happy Song

Eating corn flakes for lunch, having missed breakfast this morning.

Feeling the movement of beats moving across the desert and mountains, searching for the beauty that used to be walking alongside me.

Territory being saved for a forlorn day - one day being done - never lifted onto the platforms of another dimension.

Climbing the tower being built beneath columns of unheard rhythms, a happy song of love and belonging.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Healthy Sadness

A healthy sort of sadness has come to fill me now.

Having been taking time with people who have needed
someone, holding their hands through grief and
supporting them.

Then a time comes where they can hold on to life and
have their feet once again on solid ground.

Filling them with love and seeing the need to now let
them go forward on their own, is a part of the helping
that is the hardest.

Yet, the sight of seeing them able to hold their own
in life enables me to let go and leave their sides.

Sometimes coming or returning and we stay friends
throughout our lives.

Other times we just separate and move on in opposite
directions, no fault or lessening of either one of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Heart Of Joy

Delving into patterns, watching designs, adjusting to them, synchronizing themselves splendidly with rhythms, unfolding from a pen into notes and measures

Opening like rose blossoms, full and aromatic, sensing nature of intellect, cooperating with imagination in endeavors of poetry.

Thoughts, awakening in time, giving off their passion with desires of intense affection for meanings being taken from folds of a memory overflowing.

Cavorting joyfully within a heart filled with joy, feeling special graces, multiplying, bringing life closer and more alive through Mother Nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Heart Of Loss

Qualities of refinement settle within,
reverberating against canyon walls of
loneliness.
Speaking quietly from a heart of loss,
tears flowing like waterfalls into
depths of inner grief, while visions
fold and unfold throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Heart's Belongings

Deeply within this being, hiding from life's
expectations, finding little meaning in it.

Sorrowfully capturing tears, placing them in
puddles of mired circumstances, leaving them
to disperse themselves into a foreign universe.

Quickly losing pace with ancient ritual,
stealing toward shores of innocent pleadings,
awaiting yesterday's voices.

Hurriedly wandering across desert vines,
latching onto parts of nature, entwining self
with pardoned sacrifices.

Bereft upon long-standing faith, kneeling on
nostalgic refrains of past times and ages.

Eerily bellowing into nighttime ebony, being
struck by insincerity through vials of lost
purposefulness.

Interiorly crying for a sense of loss and
possibility gone awry.

Not knowing where to walk, sliding into a
blackened misery with no hope of finding gentle
aspirations.

Failing desperately, as winding paths lead to a
hundred deaths, shaken from me again and again.

Living on rims of canyons no holds on reality
as death escapes my grasp on distant horizons.

Continuing waywardly along roads of broken and
cutting glass, tearing away a heart's belongings
and giving nothing in return.

Always forsaken, forgotten - alone in the world -
hoping for the next possibility to fill me up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Heart's Eyes

Eyes of my heart see what my mind cannot.
Love of a heart can't be determined by a mind
filled with words and images.
All float away with eyes of my heart watching
out for me.
Rapture fills my soul's being, bringing life
to fruition inside of me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Heavy Sadness

Darkened windows, too black to see the other side of life.
Wondering why it even matters to a heart, broken in pieces
of china drops.

Wallowing in the atmosphere of heavy sadness, watching tears
slowly wend their way down the inside of a window and falling
into the open pools of my soul.

Looking after the debacles throughout life, wanting to dispose
of it all, and knowing that it will not go away, because it is
all a part of me within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Hidden Angry

Running through a mind, not looking back, racing as fast as possible without stopping.

Afraid to alight on any certain thought or image, traversing the entire circuitry of the brain, never touching on a memory or image.

Nursing fear with rage and revenge, anger swelling, falling, dissipating, kept under cover, rarely if ever seen.

Striving to peek about, wantonly afraid of being sought out, on it's own, existing in darkness, feeding itself, never allowing anyone to see it's meanness.

Stubbornly facing everything alone, an entire lifetime in hiding wanting to be found out, desiring to be expressed.

Finally freeing the entirety of self from a life of hidden, fearful misery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Highlight In Life

Looking back, remembering our little family at the center, a smile comes to my heart.
Knowing you has been a highlight in my life.
All of you have been wonderful, taking me under your wings, even when I didn't deserve to be.
You are all amazing people whom I'm honored to call my friends.
When we all get to heaven we'll have a big party celebrating our new lives together.
Until then take care, and be good.
Know that you're always in my heart and will always have my undivided love forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Humbled Road

Leaves waving and dangling into my mind while driving down
Scottsdale Road.
Eyes resting quietly, gently on birds of paradise as this
journey takes me ever closer to Tempe, Arizona.
Traffic steadily building itself into snarls, blocking all
roads and coming to a halt in the middle of a Friday morning
rush hour.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Hummingbird

Hummingbird helicopterily flying about,
barely staying a moment to get a drink
for it's journey around nature's
abode.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Joy That Was Once Had

Encouraging ideas through musical patterns, hovering
over their rhythms like an Irish jig, violins play-
ing merrily.

Awakening senses to nature and life within, spirit
and soul meeting in a sphere, an open atmosphere where
freedom reigns.

Where there are no negative thoughts or ideas to be
seen, always positive, happy, looking for the good in
everything.

Why worry about the things that don't really matter
in our lives, death, dying and loss all lying in an-
other sphere.

An atmosphere of sadness and sorrow where I can visit
whenever I feel the need to reminisce and remember
the past through memories.

Seeing a joy that was once had, now just looking through
their yellowing and frayed pages of this aging mind,
wondering where the time went.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Joyous Past

Music playing softly, flutelike, through my mind, touching chords of memories, forgotten back in time.

Fearlessly tip-toeing over them, loving and holding them closely to my heart.

Tears filling a joyous past, times gone by, saddened now by thoughts of funerals and love lost once upon a time.

Flickering like candlelight through my mind, settling down within keeping me company on lonely days spent by myself, alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Just Cause

Somehow the sun shines through and onto blue skies of heaven, clouds scanning the atmosphere, looking for the rains of purity to drench the earth.

Watching curves brought to streets of strife, sanctuaries proliferate on empty stages of loneliness, dedicated to the balance of nature.

Brought off of distant views, curtains fall into halls of death, leaving us reminders of the insensitivity one has carried with them.

Pressing valves of learning, combinations adjourning their positions in deference to the quiet, just cause of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Kind Priest

Kindness and gentleness stand out in quiet splendor,
behind the scenes, smoothly running everything.

Having a hand in touching the right buttons, allowing
the swiss timing of human nature to run serenely with
out a hitch.

Soft-spoken, quietly being an authority, mildly giving
orders in a fashionable sense.

Never hurting anyone's feelings, explaining why he
disagrees, if he ever does.

All things that are done by him, gently flow downstream,
with a blessed wish and a healthy prayer, that God sees
fit to guide you where He wants you to be, when you're
not with Him.

All of these mild mannerisms are seen from a distance,
because I do not know him well.

Yet, sometimes late at night when I've needed help,
God has led me to him.

Many times I've wondered, marveled, at his way in life,
never have I stopped too long to talk, because I felt
I was interrupting something between him and God.

Walking silently around the grounds, locking up the
gates, caring for the Chapel, many times does he pass
me by and always smiles and says hello, no matter what
the hour might be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Knowing Sensation

Strolling through dimly lit caverns of yesterday, filtering pieces of a puzzle that will one day be a part of the bigger picture in the future.

A knowing sensation, always dwelling within, never letting up, never giving in, only beginning to see the world coming together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Language Of My Own

Reading crosswise, spelling out details in printed codes, leaving no remnants of ciphering to aid anyone in understanding it's messages.
Translating from music and interpreting everything in a language all my own.
No understanding can be found outside my own intellectual knowledge, yet, maybe one hundred years from now someone from my family may be able to decipher all of what I've written within my poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Lasting Moment

Galloping my way through interior deserts, filling my
being with it's essence.

Taking every opportunity to become the person needed
to be, wholesome and creative, allowing my mind to be
open, absorbing everything that is seen in this wide
world of ours.

All the beauty and purpose that happens here in life
can be traced back to our individual beginnings.

A wonderful and lasting moment, taking us to eternity,
fulfilling every promise and giving us the most out of
life.

Leaving nothing in the wake of somber destinies, unfolding
the best of our lives so we may find happiness and joy
while we are here for the time being in our temporary lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Lasting Psalm

Stepping lightly, waltzing into another horizon,
completely free of every interference and interruption.

Sacrificing whatever needed just to write all the time,
having a beautiful repertoire set in faithful prayer
and never giving in to doubt.

A lasting psalm, ever within, soothing my mind, building
upon it, a mountain of faith as it also increases hope.

Sending it into depths of life's interior realms where
everything becomes alive and vibrant, nothing touching
it's essence as life progresses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Lasting Rhythm

You are the seasons of my heart, culminating in my soul with sincere love and truth.

Your honesty fills me with a heavenly rhythm, giving me a purpose to trust you with my life and it's lonely heart.

Promises, you don't speak unless you can honor them, just like I have always done.

Lost loves, you and I, now being found by each other through poetical interludes and a lasting rhythm of our love, together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Lasting Tribute

Existing in a bevy of feelings, being touched by everyone
in life's boundaries.
Talking incessantly going on around me, yet all my thoughts
are being silently reproduced in the writing of poems.
A lasting tribute to innate gifts given to me at birth,
exposing them and myself to the entire world around me.

(2: 55 p.m. - 10/26/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Leave

Rolling, topsy-turvy, over the heated pavement,
looking for some coolness beneath a shady tree.

Crackling, banging it's head, just as it finds
the needed shadow, the wind picks up and blows
it away, back out into the sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Lengthy Rhythm

Reaching a fever pitch while a younger gentleman decides to sing a more modern song for us all at the karaoke get-together.
Knitting the designs, gathering it's forms into a pattern of exercising rhythm.
Nothing getting in the way of fruitful desires of this melody.
Capturing the essence of his heart in a lengthy rhythm, never ending in the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Life Rests

Little hands made by God, grasp lovingly my wrinkled hand.
A baby's kiss upon a sagging cheek.
A loving look as our eyes meet - and we both know we are
but passing to the other side.
A baby to it's life - I, with a sigh - to my final resting place.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Life Unfolding

Wiping the slate clean, hungry for new adventures, waiting to
discover the enlightenment of a life that unfolds constantly
in fields of roses.

Aromas reaching heavenly scents, giving their essence through
melodies of music throughout the night and well into the morning
without delay.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Life's Battle

Deftly quiet, wandering the grounds, doing what
she can while hiding the fact that her cancer
has come back.
Daily routines keeping her sanity in check, yet
her mind wanders in and out of emotional turmoil.
Wondering at times about life and death, and
which one will win in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Lightened Future

Lasting thoughts reverberate across my mind,
electrifying synapses with an innate energy.

Filling me with visions of beauty, sparkling
like falling stars, and careening into the
darkness of imagination, to be lightened
again on a future date in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Limerick

There once was a man named Marc
Who loved to hear dogs bark.
But when they got near him he
backed away in fear of them.
He was less afraid of the dark.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Little Boy

Even though I'm grown and on the edge of my life,
I still think of a little boy I baby sat when I
was eleven.
Blonde hair, blue eyes, a tiny little two-year
old neighbor.
A birthday party was going on at a relative's
house, children were swimming, playing and having
fun.
Adults were around, supposedly supervising them.
Bar-b-queing, talking with one another, enjoying
the afternoon.
Suddenly, amidst the jovial environment a shout
arose, confusion ensued, someone jumped in the
pool and pulled the little boy out to safety, it
was thought.
Tears, screams, calling the fire department,
children and adults crying - scared.
Paramedics performing CPR, then transporting his
little lifeless body to the hospital.
There a black curtain fell upon family and friends
as doctors announced they had pronounced him dead.
Waiting, sobbing, anger, blaming one another - none
of it mattered anymore - little one was gone - gone
to heaven.
Life went on, parents divorced, families were torn
apart, a celebration of birth became an anniversary
of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Little Bronx In Arizona

Heart-stomping rhythms hitting my mind with their
melodies and tunes.
Enlivening my spirit as I saunter down avenues of
enticing music, listening with my soul while it's
lifting me spiritually.
An array of songs, choice of anyone who requests
them, compliments of a gentleman from the Bronx.
From red roses for a blue lady to line dancing
across the dance floor.
A beautiful repertoire down memory lane, an
exquisite meal of rhythmic pulsation, satisfying
my inner being - calming my soul.
A heart-felt hats off to the gentleman from the
Bronx, who got everyone rocking, hopefully he
will grace us with his New York presence again
real soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Little Hope

Writing into spaces of the world, hoping to touch
someone with a little hope in their situation in
life.

Thinking abundantly of every aspect of life, trying
to figure out how everything fits in with the whole
scheme of being.

Standing aside, watching whatever comes into visions,
showing the finality of life's existence, wondering
how it will all end.

Staying here while I can, yet, my mind is taking me
away to a place where I can abide and use my gifts
in spite of it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Little Life

Today I write a poem for you, a little light upon the saddened darkness felt by my soul.
Tattered remains of a lifetime as mother and daughter, separated by the insistence of death's embrace.
Alone now, walking pathways we used to share, wonder we saw, laughter and tears that brought us nearer.
Now we are too far apart, sharing only a space in my heart and memory.
You are not here to speak or listen or share our heartfelt hopes, dreams, inspirations and past times.
Today I write a poem for you, Mom, because you are still a part of my heart and oh so missed!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Little Poetical Mind

Treasured in beings of talent, a solitude permeates every
hidden corner covered by nature.

Forensically, life is held together by bits and pieces,
melded under our skin.

Yet innate wisdom lies behind it all, enabling us to imagine,
dream and think of our future, past and present.

An inordinate amount of insight is contained in one little
poetical mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Little Risk

Aging tokens being spent miserly, afraid of being impecunious in old age.
Yet, wanting to have some fun and enjoy a little risk now and then at the casino.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Little Sharp

Piercing sounds of a flute tearing into the bass
sounds of guitar and drums.
Eliciting whistles in between a voice, a shade
on the sharp side of pleasant.
Correlating stanzas as best they can, keyboard,
guitar and drums portray the most resemblance to
true integrity of sound tonight.
Piercing flute echoing a reunion with screeching
children.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Little Space

Sun beginning to set right here where I sit, being healed in a garden of eden.
Washing my soul, rinsing my mind of all the medical implications I have been going through.
Lifting my spirits, taking me to levels of perfection that I can now clearly see in this new dimension of nature.
Happy to have been called to this little space where I can be myself and let all be known without worries or doubts of what the future will hold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Living Grave

Full and tender, set into a living grave,
awaiting the world's awakening with the
morning sun.

Watching carefully, seizing questions from
recesses of my mind.

Fully anticipating seeing answers written in
skies when tomorrow dawns.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Living Painting

Tasting the changes happening all around me without
forgetting to leave lasting impressions to remind
me of what needs to be done.
Always writing and listening to music, happily
wandering down rose-strewn lanes of the past, living
in New Jersey.
A beautiful garden state full of all types of flowers,
tiger lilies, honey suckles on the vines, morning
glories welcoming me into the early morning dew upon
the ground.
Wonderful sights to see, a living painting always
going on inside of me, focused on photographic screens
of intellect with imagination always in the background,
typing everything into categories and compartments so
I can keep them separated and filed for easy retrieval
when I need them.

(9: 20 a.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Local T.V. Celebrity

Listening to Dan Davis emcee a volunteer recognition dinner,
enjoying seeing him again, as he is missed very much from
Channel 3.
Knowing he is one of the good people that has been tossed
aside by higher ups with no talent to speak of.
Interesting, humorous, on a level with ordinary souls like
ourselves.
A likable, talented gentleman - one of our own - on a
pedestal today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Lone Soul

Lights penetrating darkness of
a lone soul.

Pushing it about, waking it up,
bringing it to an awareness of
itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Lone Star

Trampling down rhetoric of yesterday, wanting to explore new
thinking of today's scene, somber, yet happy, thinking of all
the friends I've made through the years.

Good times enjoyed by us all, living in the happiness of each
memory that we've made, designs and patterns coming together,
giving us the friendship we all deserve as one.

Falling quietly into an acquiescence of sorts, as we walk into
the future, our souls one day meeting on the other side, leav-
ing this world behind.

Moving on, finding our place once again beyond this earthly
life and existence, a lone star on this earth, finding it's
way to the last horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Lonely Alcoholic

Longing for friendship, finding life has no friends to
speak of.

Existence fading in the distance, allowing nothing to
grasp hold of it.

Nothing slows down, everything gets rolled along,
pressing deep upon a heart, pushing loneliness inside
to feed a hurting pride.

Formerly giving way to everyone else's wishes and needs,
not caring about it's own.

Delving way down inside, touching the mysteries of life
untold.

Feeling pain and sorrow which has always been put on hold,
now coming forth, spilling anguished anger in drops, all
over.

Spelling out the loneliness in tears etched upon a face of
a human being.

Totally ignored - forgotten - left out in the cold, a
heart turns hard and falls like granite, deeper inside
the soul of a being.

Scratching, tearing, ripping apart a once whole person,
leaving behind a shell of someone no one ever said I love
you to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Lonely Journey

Dancing rhythms coming gently into mind,
a lonely journey beginning in creative
circumstances.

Taking it's place in literature from the
very start of every thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Lonely Love

Just being myself and letting freedom reign within, nothing
to hold me to the darkness of abuse.

Just alone, wishing for companionship for a little while,
sliding constantly along trails of a lonely love.

Looking beyond this earth for the perfect love that will
finally fulfill all promises of heaven one day.

Believing in a pure innocence of it's enlightening and
fluid beauty, as it encompasses every fiber of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Lonely Soul

Loneliness troubles a lonely soul,
left upon earth to rummage, forage
and never be found.

At times trying to engage in happiness
with the friendship of others, finding
that it never lasts.

Settling in upon the ground, seeking
nothing, finding nothing, empty all
the time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Lonely Walkway

Conquering feelings of sorrow as it weeps within me,
stranding me in a lonely walkway with nowhere to turn.
Then visions enter the picture and I am transformed
through writing as it takes away the pain of sorrow
while I watch it dissipate right in front of me.
Wondering how it has happened, knowing later I'll
figure it out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Long Way

Being chastised throughout this life, taking the long
way around traumatic turmoil of experiences.

Never completely leaving this inner world, becoming
hopeless, a soul standing on edges of other times.

Beginning strides of yesterday, falling down upon
my being, showing the way, leading towards eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Longing To Fly

Listening to the roar of jets flying over the building
causes a yearning, a longing to go flying.

Wanting to be up in the sky, looking at clouds, imagining
yourself flying with the angels, never wanting to go home
again.

Looking down upon earth, seeing everything as if it's an
insect world, then forgetting home to look around above.

Never fearing falling of the jet from the sky, it can't
happen, not to I!

Clouds passing along the way, I wish to open the window
reaching out, pulling one back in with me.

Not being able to do that, sitting back and watching as
we fly by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Losing Battle

Going down fast and hard, trying to stay afloat, trying with all my heart not to succumb to the depression rushing into me.

It would be so easy just to let go, give up, I'm so tired of fighting everything.

Always trying to find anything to hang on to, feeling like it's a losing battle and one I no longer want to win.

Denying everything hasn't kept despair away, it just has all finally come rushing in to drown me.

Nowhere can I see a way, four walls surround me, out the windows are only clouds.

Wanting to cry and not being able to, spiraling ever downward.

Standing on the bottom looking up, it is too hard to climb, I just give up.

(12: 02 p.m. - 3/13/89)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Lost Happiness

Lulled by morning sleep, moving slowly, taking time
to wake up.
Music climbing into consciousness a little at a
time, building to a crescendo in hearts and feet as
people follow melodies into awakening.
Being present on doorsteps to the unknown, hearing
rhythms breaking the monotony of old age, taking
spirits out onto dance floors of future horizons,
creating a happiness lost in lonely days with
themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Lost Soul

Music touching my heart, milking tears of sorrow from within,
touching my soul, pain crying out and drowning.

Always wishing for some love, never receiving anything except
abuse, heart being pulled in all directions trying to settle
down and make some sense of life.

There is none I find, the more I look. There's no one around
to care about a lost soul, even friends can't be found.

Being empty, life gets drowned, seeing everything as if under
water, life becomes nothing but a blur.

Sacrificing life, day after day for nothing, there is no one
who cares, no one who loves a miserable wretch.

Being alone, no where to go, turning inside self and getting
lost in sorrow.

Pain is all that's left to show my life, show that I'm alive,
there is nothing left to do, but face a wretched life in pain
and sorrow by myself, alone forever, tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Loving Friend

Feeling the excitement of a loving friend, exhilarates my
heart no end.

Wanting to share in everything, both good and bad, feeling
love at the mere thought of his name, waiting for the
pleasure of seeing and talking to him again.

Dancing lightly across spans of unending time, loving his
goodness, kindness, blending with mine.

Delighting in knowledge of doing things together, learning
unconditionally what it means to love from each other.

Touching sweetly, memories come and go, bringing closely when
needing him, my dear friend.

Not idly wanting to have a part in each other's lives, but
fully participating with one another and sharing our innermost
hearts through poetry.

Love fills our beings from above and we walk hand in hand
through many words, knowing we each are loved by the other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Loving Touch

Crossing railroad tracks, remembering those past times
when living right beside them.

In many evenings, sitting outdoors in the cool starlit
beauty of twilight.

Trains passing by, with their sensuous rhythms clack,
clacking, blowing that whistle that touched the lonely-
ness held within, releasing the past in a swish of memory.

Glorious days of youth kept tucked within so many memories,
saved through the years and relived in an evening of star-
light and moonbeams, shining upon me in senior years.

Loving all these memorable times in recesses of my mind,
being released when life is standing still, refreshing it
in it's loneliness.

A loving touch of passion and essence still being emitted
in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Lullabye

Rock a bye baby, singing a lullabye to an infant lying protectively in my loving arms.
Knowing that life ahead of her will be filled with trials and tribulations, giving her all my love and heart now to hopefully last her through a lifetime.
Watching her beautiful angelic face, eyes closed, breathing gently in rhythm with heaven's music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Maintenance Worker

Oblivious to the suffering and pain all around, a maintenance worker rakes leaves out from around desert landscapes, totally into his own thoughts and life.
It's not his fault though, because we are all such self-absorbed people, living in our own worlds, trying to exist in spite of others around us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Major Typhoon

A major typhoon hitting the Philippines, many have
died there.
People hunting for food and water, bodies wrapped
in sheets and blankets lying forlornly alongside
the roadways.
Entire buildings being flooded, children being swept
away and drowned.
A totally devastating storm of major proportions,
wounding and killing many innocent people.
Now living, or I should say existing, in a broken
world where nothing is the way it was before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Man We Called Bear

Once upon a time I knew a man, we all called him Bear, he
was tall, large, genuine and soft-hearted, loving the U.S.
with all his heart.

Forever singing without a microphone for he had no need of
it with his loud and boisterous voice, always showing his
love and caring to everyone he met in life.

Here at the Wagon Yard, he was especially loved, he would
always be singing patriotic songs, loving our nation, never
turning away.

Always ready to honor our Veterans with songs about sacrifice
and valor, honoring and touching upon the feckless task of
protecting our country, never giving up on it.

Loving being an American, enjoying life, not too long ago,
our Bear was hit crossing the street in front of the Wagon
Yard by a drunk driver.

Now no longer with us here on earth, yet songs of tribute
are now being sung for this wonderful unsung hero that we
all loved and admired so much and will miss forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Marble Heart

Once again, finding self passed over, sitting alone, not daring to speak out on any subject.

Regretting the silence which hangs over me, faltering, not knowing anything.

Life has turned upside down and I have fallen out, no doubts that everywhere I step, loneliness will echo down the hall.

Quaking across this mind, memories spill out, forgetting that they are hurting inside.

Bringing to my knees all the while, sensing an end of self, being human does not leave much room for taking things in stride.

However small, unkindness is a dirty word to an already aching heart.

Stamping upon the ground lightly, keeping anger in control, does nothing much, except to keep me from feeling it.

Forever on, this heart is chiseled from a marble headstone, laid here, yet no longer vulnerable.

No longer able to contain any feeling, my marble heart sits upon a grave.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Materialistic World

Never before have there been so many options, choices, selections
in this world.

Too much of everything on hand, none of it much good, plastic,
paper, recycled wood, all of it a temporary solution with no
real future.

Settling for little or nothing while paying exorbitant prices
for all of it has gotten out of hand.

Where are we going? Where are we headed in our totally
materialistic world?

Why with all we have on earth are there babies and children
crying, abused, hungry, unclothed?

Why do the people with money and power hoard it as if it all
belongs to them?

Give me the money and power and I will share it with many,
why can't they do the same?

What stops them from becoming compassionate human beings?
What are their lives, their circumstances and experiences
that has caused them to think the world belongs only to them?

Wrenching blinders from all eyes works for only minutes at a
time, then off they go to the self-same fabricated, tinseled,
make-believe world of theirs.

Once again shutting out the multitudes so as not to see their
suffering or hear their pleas of common decency.

Where is the goodness each of us are supposed to possess?
Hidden from the world, only God can see and know the truth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Meaning Tapestry

Lively anticipated melodies pouring into the atmosphere, secluding interior
thoughts to be displayed in areas of
hidden desires of writing.
Quaintly portraying life the way it was in days of
younger maturity.
Climbing higher into realms of thinking, basking in it's
glorious motion as it weaves a tapestry of beautiful
meaning and moments of lifetime benefit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Memorable Friend

Longing for companionship, hoping against all hope to find
favor with someone who will reciprocate in a loving friendship.
Holding hearts close together, seeing with similar vision,
becoming one another's memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Mere Poet

Sentimental morning, I am awakened by your timid persistence in my mind.
Disallowing sleep, jumping onto escalators, attempting to reach the
highest number of images contained in one moment.
Settling in, sipping a hot cup of tea, thinking of good things done in bygone days.
Reminiscing shadows, quietly sitting on the floor around me, awaiting
their turns to appear and bring good cheer and happiness into poetry, enhancing
it's pleasure many times throughout years of love and
sacrifice.
A mere poet's contribution to a life well-filled with family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Mere Poet's Life

5: 49 p.m.
Books filled with tears, fears, and dreams, all aligned
in poetical verses of an interior spirituality.

Allowing others the option to look through them and see
an inkling of who this poet is and hopes to be one day.

Exchanging attitudes and behaviors through the years,
growing, dying, blossoming in her lifetime.

Everyone being privy to this exclusive look at a mere
poet's life as she writes her self into depths of
another existence.

(5: 50 p.m. - 11/19/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Mesquite Tree

Riding down the freeway, seeing a mesquite tree
crawling up a mountainside - almost to the top
of it.
Gently bent forward, making the upward climb
against all odds, knowing in it's roots it
would never really make it to the top.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Mind Of Creative Travel

Walking roads of life, traveling into our sunsets,
watching scenery so we may recognize it on our
final walk on earth.
Blues shining upon us, melting our minds into
future oceans, filling us with shells of beauty
and scales of depth, portraying our characters
for the world beyond to see.
Claiming facets of the unknown, making them our
own and hiding them close to our open minds.
Exercising future auras, fitting them to my being,
becoming them as they huddle in, closer to a mind
of creative travel.
Walking roads of life, sunsets suddenly become one
with us and our end is finished on this final note.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Mind Of Yesterday

Morning brightness magnified by the playing of an
accordion, so happy and light, bringing merriness
to hearts of yore.
Life-altering music, remembered from childhood,
watching Lawrence Welk and his orchestra.
Today, memories are flooding in, accosting my heart
and soul with interior joy and peace, energetically
flowing like a river, causing my heart to flip flop
and jump for joy.
Dancing around in a mind of yesterday, enjoying
tremendously, the beauty and sound of an accordion,
like my Grandpa used to have in the window of his
shoe repair shop in New Jersey.
Actually, there were two of them, I wanted one so
desperately, to learn how to play it, but he wouldn't
part with either of them no matter how many times I
asked him.
Even today, I can still feel the disappointment in
my heart, because of his answer, always.
Accordions sing to my heart, soul and mind, without
reserve to this very day.
A truly great joy in my life, even if I never own
one in this lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Mind Piano

Rhythms of nature flowing onto the piano of my mind,
playing every note and combining them with abstractive
cognitive thinking - alone and floating into tides of
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Mind's Bidding

Designs being created in the very thought processes
that are contributing to the writing of this poem.

Able to be used not only in writing, but in painting
and composing many classical renditions of symphonies,
sonatas and beautiful poetical instrumentation.

Auras of many pictures infiltrate purposefully always
dedicating all aspects of intellect to do my mind's
bidding.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Mind's Island

Calmly fitting into patterns, wanting to exercise beauty
in visions of formulated designs.

Shaping, molding, taking everything into my own hands as
I write whatever I want.

Living on an island, becoming whatever I see in imagination,
able to, in reality, be or do anything I please.

Intellect has no boundaries as I soar into unknown territory
for moments in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Mind's Life

Flowering and showering my mind's life with beauty
and awe at every little thing that comes into view.
Tantalizing earthly rhythms to dance within my mind,
ever widening and increasing it's presence in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Mind's Photo Book

Frankly marching towards edges of purpose, stretching out
in marathons of elasticity.
Wondering about depths in future times, clinging to hopes
and dreams of the present - pasting them into photo books
of the mind.
Selecting poses and pictures of happenstance, thrilling
to their looks of musical clarity, hoping to spend a
lifetime in bounteous mirrors, dancing to innate
melodies.
Always, stirring on rims of oblivion, marching frankly
in the direction of our souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Mind's Playpen

Away, far into the cloudy night, imagination soars and hides among the stars.
Peeking out from time to time to catch glimpses of earth as it spins on an unseen axis.
Relinquishing thoughts quickly, testing their strength in the middle of the milky way.
Casually glancing across the heavens, playfully bouncing planets in depths of a mind.
Balancing creativeness with wisdom, placing both in a realm of imaginative coercion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Mind's Wanderlust

Traveling down tracks toward destinations unknown - not cared about anyway. Feeling wanderlust consuming minds from the inside out, itching to be on the move, never wanting to stay in one place, yet enjoying non-movement of peaceful and familiar surroundings.
Always choosing directions of any particular express as long as I'm following travels of my heart, taking along my soul on a fatalistic solo journey, into a neverland of unacknowledged intellect, holding onto coattails of death as it passes by, going in the other direction, pulling me along whether wanting to go or not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Mire Of Sadness

Strongly touching heartstrings with deepest misery, pushing me into a mire of sadness, taking away the will to live.
Smothering every hope I've ever had, leaving me hanging on a ledge of no return.
Tears streaming through my heart, taking away memories, flooding me with grief for my parents who have left me.
Wallowing in a somber silence with no reprieve from a lifetime of penetrating love and acceptance.
Noting every feeling, like tentacles, holding me intrepidly inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Misconception

Seeing men standing on a corner, waiting to be picked up for work.

In the background a radio is blaring and singing, 'he's everything you want, everything you need, everything inside of you that you wish you could be'.

To myself, I thought Ha!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Misty Concentration

Looking inside my mind, watching life turn away from me, as I delve into a misty concentration.
Thinking of nothing and everything at once, compiling poems as I try to adjust once again to the loneliness of abandonment.
Turning away from others - closing my heart - no longer allowing anyone to come close - no longer trusting anyone with my friendship.
Inside, becoming a solo journey onto myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Misty Curtain

Lines tracing backwards into time, flying past old
memories laid out upon their graves, silently whispering
to all who pass by to remember them in days gone by.

Settling down amidst the debri of all that's past, life
becomes a misty curtain lying on the rocky ocean bottom.

Floating here and there as if having no connections any-
where, becoming a part of the horizon and never looking
back to shore.

Drifting forever in a land that time forgot, never knowing
anything, but what you've wrought.

Life lying dismally, sinks to the ocean's floor and rises
nevermore to meet the rising sun of tomorrow yet to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Modern Version

Listening to a modern version of God's mercy through
young words of innocence.
Everyone dancing joyfully, being filled with the
promises of God.
People don't have to look beyond themselves because
God is dwelling in each of us tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Moment Of Quiet Sight

Wind rushing through trees, rustling leaves, brushing gently
against my soul.
Stirring imagination to new heights, touching brilliantly
sparked ideas, creating them into reality.
All of this in one moment of quiet sight.
Listening to an inner soul's delight over things naturally
silent and becoming.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Moment Of Thought

Barreling along to the speed of sound,
riding individually together in a steel
container.

Wondering about this bizarre thought,
of containing ourselves high above earth
with nothing under us but ground,
thousands of feet away from our feet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Moment Together

When I have finally left this earth, your heart will reach for me and I'll no longer be there for you.
Only in memories will I be seen, through crystal clear tears of love you will still have for me.
Joining together in the future, following rivers of our time together through the years.
Trying to hold and treasure one another, but only in this poem will we have a moment together in your heart as you remember me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Mom's Purpose

This side of yesterday life was open and volatile,
awake with fervent desire.
Struggling to survive, raising children, being a
mom from the inside out.
Tallying substantial happiness versus regrets,
life was intelligently beautiful, filled with the
energy of my sons.
Every day, filled with their joy, wonder and
curiosity - a mom's purpose entirely fulfilled
through God's great love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Mother's Heart

A mother's heart expands at the sight of young men
and women, fighting a war in Iraq.
Eyes constantly moistened with tears her heart
can't quite hold.
Knowing the fear and courage held inside each young
soldier, praying for them all so they can come back
home.

(3: 32 p.m. - 3/24/03)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Mother's Legacy

Strutting around the room, stepping in time to beats of
an entire rhythm, filling the emptiness of grief with
laughter found somehow deep inside, put there by a Mother
when she was still alive.

Her spirit is still living within each of them in turn,
brought out now by the father who loved her above all else
on earth while she was here with them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Mother's Song

Sunshine sung into a song, making everyone feel sad and elated
at the same time.
Being sung nightly by a mother to her seven children, filled
with her heart's love as she showered it upon them with her
sweet softened voice.
Holding tears within her eyes as she choked up on the sadness
of life and bursting with joy at the refrain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Motion Of Whispering Silence

Peaceful analytical measures of melody, touch my mind
and relax it elastically with sublime ideas.
Grazing lazily along memory lane, watching images
raise their heads and eyes as I pass by.
Daring to hope for more than a motion of whispering
silence, as many adjectives line up to become a
juxtaposition of reality to divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Mound

A mound, reaching into the sky,
like a chocolate ice cream cone
planted in the desert just for
you and I.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Musical Memory

Memories from fifth grade, in a classroom in New Jersey.
A classmate named Dorothy, her little brother always
coming to our room, singing 'Tea for two' for all of us.
A wonderful musical memory kept over the years, safely
in mind, even though now I'm fifty-eight.
It's a wonder it's stayed with me all these years,
keeping me company whenever I hear it's tune.

(2/11/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Mystery Blue Jay

Enjoying breakfast at noon in Denny's restaurant,
eating, glancing up in time to see a tall man with
a Bluejay's tee-shirt on.

His presence was austere, silently commanding, as
this guest stood momentarily before sitting down
at a booth.

Asking my husband who are the bluejays? I've never
heard of them!

Replying he says, 'I think they're a baseball team,
why? '

Telling him what I observed, then our conversation
went back to eating breakfast.

Just this little poem as a memento, to a stranger I
happened to see across the restaurant.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Mystery Defined

Receiving mental codes into poetry, enlivening my spirit like never before.

A mystery undefined in history, yet it is being done in this poet's little mind.

An honor given from God to spread His love throughout the earth, touching all those who wish to hear it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Natural Blessing

Jaded green desert, lush with vegetation
from several rain storms.
Beautiful to behold, touching my soul so
gently, tenderly with hope, that I feel
I'm being blessed right now by God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Natural Reflection

Searching above, using rays of sun to see
as they filter through rain clouds,
shining on earth.

Close-knit happiness envelopes me as
clouds float over and away from me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A New Age

Life in the fast lane does more harm than suffering.
Doing everything for it's sake, getting somewhere
faster, or getting self-satisfaction immediately,
runs against our human nature.
It places undue stress and wear on our beings and
souls.
There are no easy answers, only faster ways of
getting what we want.
This causes our world to be replaceable, material
things wear out faster and need to be replaced more
often.
Nothing lasts. No one has pride in jobs well-done
anymore, all falls through our fingers.
We cannot grasp anything for any length of time.
Life slips through our hands as it has always done,
but the empty loneliness is more intense and closer
at hand.
Stopping, contemplating, looking after our interior
lives would help ease the pain of our existence,
but most of us are too busy to see the logic in this.
As everyone continues quickly, rapidly, searching for
happiness, our individual suffering will be handled
unwisely.
Disuse of progress as we have seen it, has replaced
our interior lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A New Experience

A baby that once was inside my womb has grown a lot, he's now
sixteen, blond, tall, good looking, very responsible and clean.

Last night I brought him for a ride, stopped on a deserted
street, shut off the van and told him to trade places with me.

Yes, he has his driver's permit, and I let him take the wheel
for the first time on the street.

Being very careful, listening attentively, yet I can still
see he's extremely nervous, sweat pouring off his brow.

A new horizon has opened for him as his life begins to expand,
I'm so very proud of him, my son is growing into quite a man.

Admitting that as he drove down Central Avenue in traffic,
several times he caused my heart to slip up into my throat
for seconds of a minute.

But on the whole he was a very good driver, we did get home
in one piece and without a single accident.

Pride I feel for him is out in the open for everyone to see
and hear for I enjoy bragging about him to all I meet.

It's really wonderful to have such a beautiful baby and watch
him grow to manhood.

It is a blessing given especially to Mothers as they grow
older, for they do watch their children mature more often
than the Fathers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A New Freedom

Quickly moving into the sunrise, beginning a whole new day
with expectant hopes and brand new promises.

Lifting spirits higher with every rhythm coming into being,
silently a soul is speaking through each and every one of
them.

Believing in the possibilities that love may happen one day,
nothing is impossible I have been told.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A New Generation

Paintings hanging upon the wall, depicting history of
past times, way before even my time.

Staring out upon a new generation, watching intently
as young ones dance and have fun.

Their parents once did it in the exact same place -
only dancing a little differently in the past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A New Life

Walking into the area where you were sleeping, I could
feel God's presence with you.
Even with all the wires and tubes connected to your
tiny body, there's a knowing deep inside my soul that
you are a blessing to our family and will grow up to
be with us for however long God wants you to.
When you held onto my finger yesterday, little nephew,
I could feel your strength and determination and am
with you one hundred percent.
Right this minute you're still in surgery to fix your
heart, turning one chamber into two.
Praying for you and asking everyone around me to pray
for you too.
All the doctors and nurses don't know it yet, but you
will be one of their little miracles today.
They'll be amazed at how deftly and simply your surgery
went.
We know though, that God has His hand in that, guiding
the doctor's mind, heart and hands to make you better
as he heals you through Him.
You are close to my heart and mind as my soul reaches
out to you in prayer.
I love you, and can hardly wait to see you again after
your surgery.
We'll see each other soon, my Grandnephew, soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A New Stairway To Heaven

Expectations are high that things will be getting better
in our world and soon.

Politicians will be traded in for those who are honest,
truthful and willing to work for the American people.

Wars will calm down for the time being, and people will
learn how to be kinder and more compassionate in their
everyday contacts.

Tolerance will be a priority after the evil ones have
been eliminated from our world and a new era shall begin.

A genuine respect for human life will become the norm
and children will no longer be murdered in their Mother's
womb.

A tremendous change is about to turn everyone around and
begin anew with a fresh approach to past problems plaguing
us for centuries.

We look forward to this new stairway to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A New Style

Enjoying sounds of Chopin,
tracing patterns and designs
akin to every note heard.
Sovereign platelets of energy
are being absorbed through
cells of a mind.
Digging deeper into rhythms,
trying to alter them to fit a
new style of beauty in times
of loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Nostalgic Journey

Rhythmic beats flowing from an excellent band, playing volumes of rock, sending us on nostalgic journeys through good old memories.
Youngsters coming out, dancing to the music of uplifting candor, tiny tots flowing into the rhythms of yesterday, piloting intense steps in time with every beat.
Smiling intrepidly, enjoying every second spent in volumes of tones.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Nothingness

Delving into deepest pockets of wisdom, attempting to derive some complacency from them at times.
Turning them inside out, seeing all the treasures buried within,
yet there is a nothingness hidden inside; awaiting some love to
contribute to strife's easing as it passes by in regal descriptions, finding a place in subjective writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Parallel Universe

Looking into a parallel universe,
watching images like myself do
what I do on a daily basis.

Sad to know that there's another
self going through the same trials,
sufferings, loneliness, emptiness,
abandonment and pain as I myself
go through every day.

Maybe we can meet someday and change
both our patterns of living, as we
enter realms of heaven together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Parallel World

Crisscrossing thoughts touching my mind in a parallel world of imaginational ideas.
Softly encouraging me to travel further into recesses of generated images from beyond and before.
Catching everything in a dream - catcher, pictures of what the future will bring.
Touching memories with a force of intuitive pleasure, cognitively spreading my life into pathways of unknown beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Part Of Destiny

Timeless ages awaken inside thoughts, placing them
on display for eyes to contemplate.
Jostling images, distorting them into meaningful
stances as joy fills the heart of my mind with
precious works of artistic memories.
Painted on walls, galleries express themselves into
existence with peace of mind and a place in the
future of artistic grace.
Fulfilling many places of knowledge, hemispheres
expand and widen into eternal horizons beyond what
life can imagine.
Soulfully walking through pathways, forming new
patterns, criss-crossing old ones and becoming a
part of destiny's life-giving essence on a daily
basis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Part Of Solitary Lives

Strident chords of being are enhanced with meaning
from music's tones and talent.
White sandy ocean beaches contrast with brown sand
of arid deserts.
Sea gulls and hawks respectively living in their
own sandy quarters, being a part of solitary lives
forever, alone together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Part Of Spirituality

Solitary and alone in depths of an interior
universe, feeling peace and solitude.

Wanting to always be a part of spirituality,
never straying from it's pathways.

Leading into interior depths of contemplation,
properties of serenity to keep with me forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Passage Of Time

Looking morosely out the window of my eyes, seeing into my soul,
and spotting life's sadness always finding it's way in my being,
no matter what state of mind I'm in.
Leaving no hesitation stuttering in rhythms of my soul as I
vibrate into the passage of time lying before me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Passionate Gentleman

A gentleman standing, singing wonderfully strong with a passion for life, even as he is breathing through a cannula, filling him with breaths of oxygen.
Beautiful voice not being ignored, even so, sharing with all of us here, listening to his warmth and emotion coming through his every word.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Patient Waiting

Sacred, daytime hours of noise slowly grind to a halt,
settling in for the night, awaiting peace to fill the
emptiness.

A patient waiting to be filled, surrendered expectantly,
as evening approaches, the silent waiting is still and
uneventful.

Love, full bent, falls softly into the vessel of this
inner soul, allowing me to know and feel within a
beautiful spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Peaceful Beginning

Swaying easily, gently lying back,
resting in God's arms as I wait to expire in His time.
Waiting for reality to end, pain to be removed forever,
then heading towards a peaceful beginning at the edge
of my final night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Peaceful Calm

Altogether, sitting, waiting for something to happen,
hoping it will be good.
There's never anyway to know how far life will take
you or just drop you somewhere unpleasant along the way.
Treading water, knowing eventually I will weaken and
go under, doesn't seem to matter anymore.
There's a peaceful calm filling me, a feeling of freedom
has set itself deeply in my mind.
Escaping from the rigid limitations set in place,
just by being alive, has set me on my own and rejoicing
for the life I have beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Peaceful Spirit

Incessantly beating on my ego, taking me down with abusive mannerisms, suffocating with antagonistic attitudes meant to degrade me further into a mire of filth.

Withstanding each and every effort, keeping myself buoyed with a peaceful spirit, containing me within.

Hugging self with positive re-enforcement, keeping my head above a pillage of being.

Wanting nothing more than to pull myself away completely, instead, I stay and show my strength by staying and not giving in to evil temptations.

Securing myself with promises of god as I outweigh considerations of an abusive person.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Peaceful Time

Sometimes feeling only the music as it deadens everything
but the poetry, being written.

So happy to just be within, taking liberties only self
will allow.

Taking notice of all the notes, tempo and rhythms, reaching
heights of heaven and finding peace that souls crave.

Wonderful to be so free and creative, alone in the world,
no one to interfere with a mind and it's endeavors.

Such a peaceful time, it is, so perfectly is the atmosphere
that it takes one into other dimensions without fear.

Traveling only within intellect and it's mind, reaching out
to all the details in life, taking them and putting them into
many poems that are being written.

So calmly and unhurried, sitting and contemplating through
rhythms that are being heard.

So long, awaiting sounds and tones of our souls as they flow
unhesitantly into mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Perfect Heart For Two

Beating with hearts of sadness, together feeling their
closeness as they cry separately, yet together nearby.

Falling tears sliding into the same pools of grief,
yet still touching one another through all adversity
and suffering.

Being intertwined with one another, never losing sight
of each other's hearts and souls.

Taking each particle into the fray, as an absolute
emptiness fills both forever.

Yet there is still a way somehow that the two meld and
form together, a perfect heart for two.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Perfect Plan

Wanting to spread interior wings and fly into the atmosphere
where no one can ever find me again.

A perfect plan all thought out, yet it never will be acted
upon, as there are too many unknowns to set in motion.

Beautiful scenes passing by, leaving me speechless and
stunned with wonder and awe.

Satisfied within, knowing that life can never be anything
more than what it already is.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Person In Charge

Puzzles of people who want total control over
everything, manifest themselves in ungrateful,
uncaring ways.
Discriminating against those who need help most,
taking away those who desire to fulfill needs
for those in want.
Going to meetings, not letting advisory board
members decide for themselves what needs to
happen to bring about the common good.
Instead, being a tyrant - a dictator - using
limited powers to disseminate everyone, trapping
all in a sewer of their own making.
Abuse is abounding, feelings are cut short, no
one is allowed to voice their opinions or choices,
everyone in fear of retaliation.
A city of Phoenix senior center is being run like
this.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Person Stuck In The Past

Causation of problems begins and ends with a person who is stuck in the past and pivots constantly with anger and hate towards others, insinuating many things and using them against people.
Finally, through with everyone, ending it all in this final moment of episodic derailment, balancing off of the road of life and falling head first into a pantomime of deathly deceit, alone again.
Fending off all incriminations and trusting no one from this day forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Philosophical Thought

Life is cornered in a circle,
no where to travel except in
it's own circumference.

Walking around, always ending
where it begins when it is
done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Piece Of History

A stone, remote, cold, brought from another world, an environment of mountainous beauty, sitting now on an asphalt road in downtown Tempe.

How did it get there? Was the journey long and tortuous or easy and fun?

Silence is profound as it steadily sits, unrecognized for what it is - a piece of history - a part of a long ago mountain.

It is now thought of as merely a stone, having been separated from it's counterpart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Pitiful Sight

Wandering through the city, looking for a place to call home,
searching everywhere, yet there is no where to lay your head.

Al places have been taken by rich people who are looking to
make a greedy buck from poor innocent people.

Never caring about anyone, whether they can afford a house or
not, being blinded by the money they think to make.

Noting nothing at all about anyone in need, sitting back on
their haunches, collecting other people's hard-earned money.

Never caring, just living high on the hog while people are
desperately ending up in the streets.

Alone and forsaken in this life of the United States Of
America, a pitiful sight in this land of the free and home
of the brave here tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Place In Family Tradition

Softly, soothingly, whispers of yesterday fill me with
love and grace of blessings from family.
Tuned in to faces, expressions, talking with hands, and
close relatives.
Memorizing every facial feature, movement, smile, change
of emotion flickering in eyes of those around me.
Filled with an intense knowledge of familial love, I had
a space - a place - in family tradition that will never
die - even when I'm safely tucked away in heaven.

(10: 28 a.m. - 11/14/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Place In History

Striding down musical lanes of poetry, setting up it's lines in juxtaposition with notes, abbreviated and traced into allotted strands of talent.

Taking steps into future paths of destiny, preparing a place in history to become what I've always known - that I'm a poet - and I'm free with reality and it's acrimonious flavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Place Of Understanding

Taking pictures in my mind, fulfilling the beauty of nature as it continues to surround me with it's explicit reasons for being born.
Saying whatever I feel falls instead, out on this paper.
Can you see or feel the heaviness inside me as I write of it, trying to explain it as softly and honestly as I can possibly do?
Rearranging emotions, filing them away, taking them out again, always losing a place of understanding as I try to explain in plain simple English.
Thinking instead, in my native language of Sicilian - giving my personality a presence to become.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Pleasant Experience

Seated at a banquet table in the Sheraton Hotel Ballroom,
listening to Faded Jeans band play good old sixties songs.

Enjoying everything immensely, basking in the flow of
volunteerism, as we help one another even here.

A silent passion resting in serene circumstances, as we are
honored for our time.

A pleasant experience, noticing those around the ballroom,
some friends, acquaintances and strangers, all here for
the same reasons.

Time beating to the music as I soar into poems of
noticeability.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Poem For A Share Of $580 Million

Wondering how to write this poem, deciding on an impulse to
begin like this.

Always have been poor, having nothing much in life in the
way of material things.

A big, close-knit Italian family, filled with love and
acceptance has always been my richest treasure.

However, would like a share to fulfill the following idea:

There is a dream in mind, of starting and building a Senior
Center entirely run by volunteers, like Deborah Hospital in
New Jersey.

A center were Seniors can be safe, and visit with friends in
a positive atmosphere.

Envisioning a free buffet every day of the week, having live
entertainment and bingo daily.

An interior gym and music room where anyone who has ever
wanted to learn how to play a musical instrument can learn.

A small movie theater would also be nice.

An entire Senior Center, self-sufficient, solar energy,
funded with volunteers having fund raisers twice a year.

With all money going right back into the center to buy whatever
is needed, even transportation to and from it.

Sewing rooms with everything supplied, also ceramics, painting,
places to play cards, games and billiards whenever they want.

This is an idea that needs to come to fruition, serving Seniors
in their Golden Years.

A place where they are always welcome and accepted for who they

are within - and always free of charge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Poem Of Friendship

Thinking of yesterday and all the joy I used to have,
because of my good friend.
Just being herself was enough to keep me entertained
and happy with our friendship.
Deep conversations at times, holding my rapt attention,
offering advice sometimes, but mostly just listening
to her tell me of her difficult and abusive life.
Heart going out to her on a daily basis, loving her
unconditionally and glad to be able to be her friend,
a treasure I held closely in my heart every day.
I'll never forget her insistence of wanting to be in
my life - persisting until it actually happened.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Poem On Behalf Of Self

I'd like to write a poem on behalf of myself, this may be
beyond the knowledge of myself as a poet, but it may turn
out remarkably well.

Moments of my life are only momentary, split-second thoughts
and emotions without much ado, they are just necessary bits
of truth about the life I live.

There are never any second chances, each day is a new beginning
in the futile experience of loneliness, which can never be
quenched.

Lasting memories, images, visions are written for anyone to
see, but the essence of my total being lies between words
I continue writing, but can only God see their meanings?

Are they hidden from everyone behind the dust cloth of
reality? Reality. That of mine differs from every reality
experienced in life.

How can anyone know another, how am I able to share my pain
and sorrow with mere words written on a piece of paper?

Expressions of self are unfolded constantly, yet even I miss
most of them.

Is the light of my interior soul bright enough for anyone
else to see and follow?

Or is it meant for only my attempt to reach it? Inner sight
allows the vision of it in an image before my eyes.

Sitting in front of it's flame watching it flicker and burn,
will my mind ever fathom it's contents?

Allowedly so, through contemplation and prayer, I will hold
on to the faith which has brought me here.

There will be a time when I no longer need to write my life

in rhyme for I will be a beautiful poem in God's heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Poet Is Heard

Turnabout shyness being lifted and put away in a
closet of past attitudes.

Today, moving forward, enjoying reciting poetry
in front of a group.

It's titillating, wonderful, watching other's eyes
upon you, sparks of interest emanating from them.

All eyes focused on a poet, listening intently to
what has been created never before in life.

An original poem being read for the first time - a
time for being born.

Life is enhanced with each new thought of future
reading - a natural high - a feeling of well-being.

Knowing now, that you're somebody special - you're
a poet being listened to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Poetical Artist

Coiled in the lower right-hand corner of a painting,
a black squiggle stands out, capturing the attention
of a poetical artist just sitting writing.
Pastels in the background, losing their depth as I
continue to focus on the black coil, wondering what
it signifies.
Curiosity sitting like a kitten, ready to pounce on
any information forthcoming.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Poetical Essence

Comfortable, cuddled like a kitten inside, safe and protected from the outside world.
Never wanting to go beyond myself again, afraid of being hurt, of my soul being ripped apart like before.
There are no fears of myself, I know me from the inside out, I am calmly peaceful within.
As long as I continue to be alone in depths of intellectual imagination I will be an instrument of God's through a poetical essence of my own, until I leave this earth with a joyous melody being played from heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Poetical Gallery

Wonder and awe judicially entering a mind of words with the
curiosity of a kitten curled up in a ball of fur.

Stalking pretend mice with images forming precisely at the
right moments with innate talent and joy.

Masterpieces belonging to a gallery and interior life of
one quiet, expectant, watching poet, writing it all down
so everyone may see it in their own minds and time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Poetical Glimpse

Writing throughout life, writing of and about people, nature, feelings, emotions, taking it all in stride, answering the call of my purpose as I write.
Helping people to see what they normally can't see, because of the stress and trials of being human.
Calmly writing everything that comes to me, intuitively sensing emotions, writing of another person's inner feelings, somehow knowing what they've been through, writing exactly what channels from them to me.
It is so fascinating the way it happens, getting a poetical glimpse into who the person is, what they're really feeling so deeply inside them that they don't know or think about it, cramming it down inside.
Somehow I bring that up in a poem and suddenly the person has to face it in pure black and white - in writing - and they react, sometimes being stunned, amazed, or like others getting really angry because I've made them see and face their reality.
They then realize that I know what they've done or are doing and that makes them uncomfortable around me.
For some, they are so relieved to have someone to open up to, be honest and truthful with, totally moving up to a new plain in their life.
They've been lifted to another dimension of their being, and are enjoying the serenity they finally let come through without barriers or defense mechanisms barring their way to a final phase of happiness, lasting throughout the rest of their lives.
That's what is the most rewarding part of my writing, that is my purpose on earth.
To help lift people out of their saddened, sorry lives and move closer to God and heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Poet's Dust

A poet's dust lies in lines of poetry,
tucked away in books of elegant time.
Moments of their lives held closely
together on pages of writing for all
time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Poet's Gratefulness

Success at last, coming upon me in these senior years,
bringing a wonderful release from years of stress, often
wondering if I was going to make it through.

Now having written thousands of poems and having comments
from poets all over the world, praising and encouraging
me daily.

Wishing to thank everyone of you in this little poem, and
sending my sincere appreciation out to one and all.

Effervescent and lively, letting you all know the grate-
fullness of this mere poet in the U.S.A.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Poet's Heart

Swinging from trees of rhythm, loving the feelings
being brought into pleasure centers of my brain.

Speculating and finding interesting facts appearing
everywhere I look, writing down and enjoying them all.

Special moments in a poet's heart when they find
pleasure in what they're writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Poet's Mind

Missing you on this camping trip, wishing you were here
with us.
Beautiful weather, awesome campsite, everything you could
want!
Fishing, eating, enjoying the scent of beautiful mother
nature, creating another masterpiece for a poet's mind
and family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Poet's Understanding

Life standing here, waiting for someone to get it,
to understand what it's about.

No one ever does, and misstatements happen repeatedly
through the years.

Sometimes a poet comes really close and makes people
think and try to do a better job with what they've
been given.

In the end, life is mostly misspent and never adds
up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Poet's World

A poet's world is a lonely one from all appearances.
Many words expressing sadness and despair brought to bear by certain surroundings or people.
Inside, deeply quiet, keeping pace with serene wanderings of the soul.
Curiously seeking out new experiences and placing them in memories newly created.
Wondering, tuning in to inner whisperings, carefully not letting them stray too far.
Hiding on cloudy days to stay inside and play happily alone with ideas and images of my own doing.
Vibrating the core of all being existing within, colorfully scripting the journey I will take alone, wandering to a far off land into another dimension where no one may follow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Policemen's Baseball Game

Oblivious to all around who are being disciplined, a little puppy insists on trying to pick up a softball in his little baby puppy mouth.
Laughing joyfully, I sit up on the bleachers, watching this hilarious bit of natural comedy.
It didn't need a comedian or a script, it was just one of life' funny moments to enjoy while it was happening.
Years later to remember with laughter, filling my mind.
Maybe not remembering the puppy's name is Daisy, but her memory and what she looks like when she's playing are forever etched into my brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Polka

Jumping, spinning, being real to the tune of beats
pounding rhythms into the atmosphere so everyone
can enjoy polka music.

Lively, energizing, creating pleasant memories for
an entire lifetime as elderly dance to the melodies
being sung in their heads.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Poor Being

Having nothing, barely existing, wanting to buy even just one little outfit for our soon to be granddaughter, but we don't have any money, not even for the dollar store.

Such horrendous sorrowful pain punctures a heart and bloody tears flow straight from my heart and soul.

Even crying does nothing to ease the pain poverty rains upon me again and again.

If it wasn't for the coming birth of our granddaughter, life wouldn't be worth living, better off ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Positive Happiness

Mercury climbing ever higher, succumbing to inner heat,
brought about by a love that totally satisfies every
need within life.

Climbing desires rising ever larger in my heart, giving
attitudes of a positive happiness.

Allowing me to take everything in stride and following
inner directions into spaces of intellect and imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Powerful Feeling

Listening to love potion number nine, magically taking
me back to my youth when I first learned how to sing it.
What a powerful feeling it gave me as I sang the words
right out loud.
Always, I'd been too shy to even talk out loud to
anyone.
This song as I sang it, suddenly transformed my life,
giving me the self-esteem I needed badly at the time.
So great and wonderful, it will always be with me
in mind, along with it's rhythm and melody.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Precept Of Knowledge

Fulfilling a purpose set in time, given a precept of knowledge as it taps into subconsciousness and touches imagination with figments of beyond.

Toning muscles of rhythm, giving tones new meanings as words explode, sticking quickly onto screens within.

Playing unceremoniously with definitions and meanings, setting them aside, as I await neutral hues of positive thinking to inhale and expand in a fluid sensation of writing.

Particularly sensing every fiber of innermost being, justifying every quality with incessant natural beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Priest

A look of hope was in his eyes.
In his heart burned the strength of faith.
His life was that of love untold
and like charity, he gave his soul to God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Priest And Friend

Father, I feel your death more keenly tonight than any
other since our last moments together here on earth.

Your absence scrapes against my heart, hurting so deep
inside that tears flow from within and fall heavily
down my cheeks.

It's different than the hurt I feel for my Mom, yet it
is the same sorrow of death.

A mystery I cannot quite fathom.

The laughter, life, friendship, that we've shared for
so many years is still present in my most treasured
memories.

When stopping to look through my mind, joy of our
sharing is abundant, I can still feel it's pleasure
within me.

Yet, somehow these pleasant feelings of friendship
sadden and I begin again to cry and mourn your loss.

In my mind, I can hear you laughing and making fun of
my tears, just like when you were here.

Tenderly, gently, as if afraid of frightening me away,
I feel your love reaching out to me, settling on me
from above.

Your silent voice I hear Father, saying you will not
abandon me and our friendship continues to grow, a
friendship not even death can break from God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Product

Burning inside evening darkness, blinding all senses from being touched.
Mirror reflections apologizing for unknown reasons, breaking limits and boundaries to entomb a peaceful existence.
Living according to inner spirits of fidelity, energizing every atom of being, separating and becoming what I've always been.
Born to be a product of genius and intellect, at last fulfilling every purpose and genuflecting in appreciation to God.
Grateful that I am His, no matter what I do or say.
God is within me for all time and I follow Him to eternity of my own free will.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Promised Land

Listening to melodies that fill me with joy, bouncing life
along merry rhythms, taking me into a land of imagination
and a future fortune.

Whiling away measures of freedom as I solemnly settle amongst
all ideas and thoughts, creating patterns and designs to write
from.

Taking me on a journey into a promised land of wealth and
riches, fame and meaningful relationships.

All along, filing me with happiness, elating me with the
utmost care and sincerity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Quiet Breath

Quiet breath of springtime
hanging in the air.

Being gently blown by an
approaching spring storm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Quiet Corner

Searching, letting go, becoming amid the turmoil of daily life.

Waiting, watching, wondering where to go next, silently stealing away to a quiet corner where no one sits, to be alone, to be content.

Once talking has come to it's end, there will be peace and no comments to fend off or reply to.

Quietly, serenely, sitting alone in a corner, as people and life go on around me.

Not caring if I'm not a part of it right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Quiet Dignity

Perfection is for God, I am only human and make mistakes daily.
Learning after each one, progressing through life with finesse -
as much as I can get in life.
Withdrawing from edges of natural desire, penetrating silence
with a quiet dignity and absence of judgement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Quiet Dove

Leaves wafting their heads on a cement sidewalk
unable to stop the wind from blowing them about.
In a corner of a building, a dove walks slowly
around, looking for food to eat.
Patiently deciding to continue it's search to
fill it's stomach as I look on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Quiet Place

A quiet place which is all my own, is real, it's not just inside of me.
It is someplace I can see and feel and be.
Trees growing with water all around and no sound at all - except my pen writing it all down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Quiet Space

Sitting in the darkness, knowing that things have been
rearranged and are now coming into their own.
A quiet space belonging to interior codes, not allowing
access to anyone else.
Wise beyond earthly views, shining intellectual talents
all over the world, humbled by the remarks and comments
from poets in every corner of the world.
Stepping into the atmosphere of pious souls, being just
a poet in God's world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Rainbow's Contents

Rushing inwardly, towards a
rainbow made from inner talents.
Spreading it across my subconscious
as I sit and write from it's contents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Rare Vagabond

Vagabond thoughts have free rein in every aspect of my mind,
encouraging imagination to spread it's wings and soar to
heights beyond those reached before.
Waking every slip of a shadow, pushing them into the light
of creativity.
Overshadowing even the darkest shadows of ebony night.
Slipping along, sliding into mesmerizing rhythms of
tomorrow, beckoning life into a new beginning of thought.
Aligning definitions with novel ideas, shaping new words
never used before in time.
Allowing free rein is a new-born freedom within, allowing
a beauty rarely if ever seen in human beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Rarity

Mohammed, a warm, caring individual,
portraying himself in front of strangers.

Open heartfelt honesty - a rarity in this
world.

A closeness, a bond, reaching out and
touching us through his speaking to
friends and strangers alike.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Reality Of Both Lives

Serene joy is filling within as developing intellect is
increasing it's mind in many directions, traveling into
other dimensions.

Living a reality of both lives has expanded mentality
and growth of being.

A lasting impression wrought within, continually looking
inward for inspiration that takes off beyond life as it
has always been known.

Realization has been peacefully grounded in intellect's
mind and can never be separated from it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Reason For Death

Everywhere I look - everywhere I see - Mom is looking back at me.
Such a total part of my life is gone now.
There is no more reason for my being or doing anything.
I am my only reason now. It's lonely. I feel abandoned.
Even family can't fill this emptiness.
Will it ever end? Will the pain and sorrow always be this acute?
The knowing of her death sears my brain.
It awakens me all hours of the night.
For no reason I just start crying - then I realize I've been thinking of my Mom.
Will I ever have life again?
If so, it will always hold tears for Mom.
I think of all the happy things and times we talked and I cry because I miss them all now.
I can't slide thru life anymore - I have to pick each step carefully.
Life is short, we do our own thing and we die.
Only handfuls of people feel our passing, so I'll make sure they are good people.
People who give my death a reason for having lived.
Everywhere I look - everywhere I see - I am looking back at only me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Reflecting Mirror

Feeling like a deadened lifeless body, nothing but emptiness is seen.

Listlessly moving without any hope or enjoyment to look forward to.

A mirror reflecting the essence of a person that once belonged on life's shores, and now does so no matter

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Reflection

White waters cascading plentifully
behind squares of glass.

Dancing, hiddenly unaware of frequent
listless stares

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Refreshing Sight

Mind wandering skies filled with clouds, cumulus and
storm, ready to pour upon earth, hiding the morning
sun beneath them all or above.
A refreshing sight so early in the morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Remnant

Left in a mire of sadness, I cannot become myself as I am a remnant of what others think of me.
No longer caring what happens, going through one grueling test after another.
Solidly partaking in nothing but myself through music and writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Reprieve From Others

Steeped in derision, looking within for the peace I need so desperately.
Being in tune with nature, looking to writing to satisfy my needs.
Hoping for a reprieve from others and their petty annoyances, instead finding that
I have to hide myself from reproaches of jealous people.
Circling interiorly, searching for the words to soothe my soul.
Regaling imagination, using every aspect of it to continue life on my own pathway,
in my own time, alone by choice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Rose

A rose by any other name wouldn't bear the pain of a lifetime
within such a fragile framework.
Abusive husband, tantamount to a dictator, yet he should have
been loving, compassionate, caring, to such a gentle woman.
Living in hell with no escape, trapping herself and all her
children in a solitary cell called marriage.
A husband cementing a child's past with her future, not
wanted nor loved - illegitimate - according to others.
Wanting to be loved for herself, a gentle child, scorned by
her mother, scarred for life.
Finding out at age sixteen that her grandmother was really
her mother - it shook her to the core of her being, as
even now she shakes with the memory of it.
Always trying to be noticed, a good-hearted child, never
paid attention to unless she rebelled or went against
authority.
Questioning everything, even God.
A life no one should have to endure, especially an innocent
child who had done no wrong.
Paying with her life and freedom when grown, to an abusive
husband, not realizing she deserved so much more than what
she was used to and comfortable with.
An intelligent woman, graced with a personality full of life
and strength, an inspiration to others, yet can't inspire
herself to write a best selling novel, even though she has
the entire book within her mind.
A sadness felt within for her, praying she will take the
help to write her book that she has asked me for.
As the window of opportunity wanes, gets smaller, nothing I
do seems to phase her - she's stuck in her emotional turmoil
and is afraid to unfold herself from it - as it's all she's
ever known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Rose's Birthday

Flowering for the fourth of July - on the third, missing by just one day all the fireworks and pageantry of Independence Day, but enjoying a birthday chosen just for her.

A momentous occasion, being delivered on earth, yet the world didn't celebrate it with fireworks, firecrackers or loud noises - just the cry of her birth.

What a cry it was, announcing Rose's arrival on earth, all of nature was awakened, and the world acquiesced in honor of her birth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Ruined Desert City

Looking from a tenth floor window, out upon a ruined desert city.

High rise buildings, unnatural trees and landscaping, all bruising our eyes and mind together.

Neighborhood preservation has done nothing to beautify our desert city, it has only condoned it's ruination.

Smog black air filling the skies, hurting images of desert lands.

Cacti no more abounding, city progressives have deemed it unnecessary and have instead filled every nook and cranny with native trees from other states.

Phoenix is no longer beautiful - it has been marred and scarred by this city's so-called, progressive individuals.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Rustic Cafe

Soothing, rustic music, lilting in the background,
easing our tensions, filling us with serenity.

An easy-going pace, breakfast ordered and put to
the test.

Potatoes just a bit underdone and peels left on -
unexpected amounts of cheese, yet all in all a
good breakfast.

We'll be back again to try other tasty, rustic
meals in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Sad Place

Thinking of relatives that I loved so dearly growing
up who are no longer here.
Tears growing like flowers from my heart, taking me
on a lonely journey down memory lane.
Holding back, yet moving forward so I can at least
enjoy bittersweet memories of all the good times we
used to have.
Today, the world is a sad place for me to exist,
because I miss them all so very much.

(9: 05 a.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Sad Precious Moment

Yesterday, at my Mom's grave, kneeling, praying,
talking.

Whispering to her, my Aunt, her sister, quietly,
just under her breath said, 'Katie, I'll be seeing
you soon'.

Pressing all our hearts together.

(10: 49 a.m. - 10/10/95)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Sad Song

Signaling the death of someone close, dying only yesterday.
Sorrow freshly laid upon me in lonely days yet to come.
All-consuming death has brought me into the circle of bereavement where I may stay awhile, trying to deal with the pain and emptiness of death's insistence.
Singing a sad song over all memories left behind for me to treasure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Safe Place

Finding a safe place to run and hide, knowing no one will
find me, even if they tried.

Always going to the last place anyone would bother to look,
I sit and write within this book.

Knowing that as I am here peaceful and calm, somebody is out
somewhere going crazy looking for me.

It feels great to think of even if it isn't true.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Safety Net

Wooden lights shining at the back of my mind, reflecting screens of untoward emotions reeling themselves in, away from my heart - protecting me interiorly with practised rhetorical exercises.
Saving every tear in crystal chalices, preserving the pain so as not to feel any of it as I write.
Being able to see all it's aspects clearly without having to feel any particle of it.
Stacking images high into the atmosphere, keeping them out of reach, a safety net devised when just a child of one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Saving Grace

Reflection soothes my soul as I sit here waiting and looking out at the beautiful mountains in Sunnyslope, it's only saving grace in town.
Relaxed, spread out across the land, encompassing the cacti, plants and animals in this, their natural habitat.
Softened eyes, looking lovingly at the majestic beauty nature has provided for me to actually see and appreciate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Savory Day

Cheery outlooks fill smiling faces with gentle
peace, greeting others on the way with friendship.
We look forward to seeing friends and families
especially on cold, lonely days spent in beds of
sickly linens.
Wistfully looking out a bedroom window at the sun
shining upon earth, filling it with a life-giving
essence.
Beautiful nature wafting upon gentle breezes, taking
into consideration, the scent of roses growing upon
bushes just below the window sill.
A savory day in spite of it all, as eyes gently close
on the horizon, opening again on shores of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Security Guard's Sister

Devastatingly beautiful, peaceful soul and spirit lying in
cancer's embrace, dying minute by minute before our eyes.

Memories flash quickly in and out of our lives together
growing up.

Older sister, always there, waiting to help, not wanting to
interfere.

Pals through childhood, so many experiences lived through
with one another.

How am I supposed to let you go? What will life be without
you?

Emptiness fills me even now, knowing that you are disappearing
before my eyes, knowing there's no way to hold you here -
even with a thousand hugs, kisses, pleas.

Prayers said over and over for life to continue, knowing in
our hearts your life on earth will soon be over.

Hands held tightly, hearts as one, tears falling shamelessly
in grief, as devastatingly beautiful, peaceful, your soul
and spirit will go to God, breaking finally, cancer's embrace
on your life, as it also breaks our hearts to let you go.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Senator's Voice

Senator Shadegg arrives just in time to talk to
the seniors.
A voice that rings true to our minds and hearts.
John truly cares about what is going on, doing
his best to change wrongs in government.
Definitely here for the people he represents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Sense Of Being

Shoulder length hair, shining glowingly in the sunlight,
feeling the sun's warmth sitting upon my brow, heating
it gratefully with a lot of vitamin D.

Softly feeling it's rays touching skin, finding that it
brings a sense of beauty to a heart and soul through
just being in my presence.

Flowing through with energy and rhythm incessantly going
through, leading into depths of an unknowing challenge.

Selecting to move into the next dimension of talent,
watching with great interest the world, filling me with
a boundless curiosity for all things in this lifetime.

Unfolding and encompassing it all freely and independently
of anything else, so perfect and enticing all days of this
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Sense Of Belonging

Square rootedness of circles takes on noteworthy fame as it exists outside of life
on clouds in the skyway of my soul.
Following desires of my heart into causeways of coded beliefs,
feeling a sense of belonging opening up within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Sense Of Dying

Beneath an ordinary sense of being human, lies an
extraordinary sense of dying.

Searching a lifetime for just one understanding
friend, then seemingly losing him because of some-
one else's jealous interference.

Silently, walking quietly alone, holding unshed
tears in a crystal cup, afraid of dropping them -
afraid the sorrow will flow unendingly from inside.

Trying, earnestly to avoid feeling anything, walking
alone, writing, attempting to hide from it, vulnerably
sensitive, heart lying openly within, tragedy seems to
end yet another friendship.

Turning away, ice forms within these eyes, lighting
up the physical iciness of this heart, tranquility
once here has departed - left me stranded as before.

There are no lasting friendships in life, all disappear
so quickly, and I become always, an afterthought.

Seeing nothing, but the same, staring at me from the
future, walking forward anyway, hoping to disintegrate
it all.

There are no friends - no acquaintances either - life
must be lived alone, there is nothing left in life for me,
except the end of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Shadow Hiding

Steadily creeping outside in the blackened night, a shadow
silently hiding beneath darkness, looking for an opening -
an entrance into our poetical world of recitation.

Coming closer to windows, reflecting light out onto pathways
made by it's self alone.

Suddenly, straight as an arrow, two eyes glistening and a
furry face comes into view - still walking steadily along
side the clubhouse windows.

A cute little kitty, searching to come in and join us -
finding no opening - no entrance - walks steadily away on
pathways of it's own choosing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Shadow To Be

Running to catch up with something I see in the future,
a shadow of what's to be in my life.
Hiding away, peeking around corners, hoping that I'll
catch up and take it by the hand so we may become one
in time with a new rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Show Off

Soaking in his own presence, singing a perfect song that suits him to a tee.
'Perfect in every way', being sung as he draws everyone's attention to himself.
Walking up and down, trying to get others to sing along with him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Silence Of My Own

Writing life into time, giving it an expression so it may be
recognized in lines of poetry.
Symmetry flowing down these pages, coagulating thoughts with
intensity to be read in future volumes of my life.
Taking time into realms of writing, stating all the essence I
have flowing within me.
Knowing the stages I must yet fill with my being, causes me to
write, no matter how bad I feel at any given moment.
Here I am in a silence all my own, finding a representation
of myself to hold on to through the lonely days ahead, asleep
in pain of human nature's forbidden eden.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Silent Beauty

Wandering into deep caverns, hovering closely to a stillness,
a silence, holding me in it's beauty.
Fitting ideas together, piecing them expertly into finite
pictures within my mind.
Listlessly listening to outer edges of thought, hoping for
tonal sounds to penetrate interior placement and secretive
phases of intellect.
Totally immersing thin lines of wonder into a creative
process, causing curiosity to outline exterior expertise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Silent Friend

Talking to a silent friend who usually doesn't stop telling stories, is a little weird, but I can handle it.
Enjoying the silence between us, feeling closer than usual as she's coming across as a child of four would.
Listening intently to what she's not saying, just enjoying her company.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Silent Knowing

Watching everything, looking at it all as if it's the
last time I will ever see it.

A silent knowing remains fixed in my heart and won't
let go, it occupies a corner in my mind all my days.

Life is powerful in thought, yet death will always
win out.

Living, I extract nature and beauty, keeping it far
from death's arms, saving it on pages of poetry, so
a particle of self will always remain with loved ones
on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Silent Knowing Held Deep

A knowing held deep inside, awaiting it's time of discovery.
Holding tears in chalices of glass and gold,
seeing images flowing past, becoming part of sadness as it is touched by tender thoughts of reminiscence.
Aging curiosity sliding along on parallel paths,
joining as one at the end of silent knowing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Silent Pact

Water wavering slightly at the gentle touch of the wind,
air all around filled with the fragrance of soon to come
rain.

Crickets softly chirping for all to hide away until the
storm is over.

Lightly touching the skies in their wayward journeys,
clouds whisk playfully by.

Touching gently on the sight of people looking up, sweet
nature sums up all creation in a nighttime storm of total
beauty.

A silent pact between God and man, rain falling down,
blessing prayerfully, the earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Simple Italian Woman

Prayerfully spending time awaiting a deposition from the city's attorney.
Three and a half years of fighting the city alone, without funds or a lawyer.
Yet, the city of Phoenix and all their wrong doing has bottomless pockets to hire rich attorneys with lavish tastes.
Wasting time and lots of taxpayers money to go up against one simple Italian woman who should never have been fired.
Wrongful termination while on FMLA - a cut and dry case, already won in front of the PERB Board.
Why is the city of Phoenix tormenting one little woman, hiring big class attorneys, bribing and lying to court judges for favorable decisions on their wrongful priorities.
Why this huge effort to keep one simple woman from having a hearing or trial?
Why keep her from a job she so desperately needs to exist?
Why? Think about it.
High priced attorneys perched in high-rise buildings, forging full force ahead against one simple woman whom they have wronged.
Why not give her job back with back wages, raises and benefits - what will it profit them to fulfill this simple request?
Decency, honor, self-respect.
Yet, instead of doing what's decent and right, the city of Phoenix chooses to stand in it's puddle of mud, defamation and corruption, all the while stealing from the public to front this despicable travesty of justice against a simple Italian woman.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Singing Painting

Silent singing being emitted from a painting, hanging
on a wall in front of me.
Tantalizing and tempting to hearts all around, being
disturbed by the incessant heartbeats issuing forth,
reaching for hearts to capture in throes of magical
sides of love.
Slow rhythms of blessing fall from lips, as they
disappear back into the painting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Single Thread?

Recalcitrant, sitting back in a chair, looking
out at landscapes of nature, responding within
to it's beautiful auras and fidelity in life.

Serene and timid, shyly wondering if there is
a way to bring peace into this world without
having to go to war.

Is there a single thread that can be pulled in
order for people to learn to get along somehow
with no racism, hatred or prejudice?

What is the sole thread that ties these things
to human beings, how do we destroy and get rid
of them without destroying humanity?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Sister - Third In Line

When you were born, stars were popped out of their sockets with your loud crying.

You didn't like strangers - you'd yell at the top of your lungs.

Poor Mom, you were such a cute little baby, but boy what a pair of lungs!

At Christmas when we all got to go sit on Santa's lap, your little face got all screwed up and out came the yells and crying as a photographer got the perfect shot for the newspaper's front page.

Poor Santa Claus.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Sister's Wedding

Life circles abundantly, filled with love, holding hands,
eyes drinking, emptying souls into each other.

Altars holding wedding vows and holy prayers to those
present, wishing happiness.

A family's love held together in a close-knit circle, Dad
giving away his daughter, widening our circle of love.

As they are joined, husband and wife, our family circle
opens, enlarges, and encompasses with love.

Precious, beautiful, wedding ceremony, touching lives and
souls of many.

Tears falling, misty-eyed joy, emanating from a brother and
sister's souls.

One on one, individuals, little brother too, always one
family no matter how many more are added.

(9: 40 p.m. - 5/24/97)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Slow Touch

Nothing calming touches inner fear,
it's just held there frozen.
Until it thaws and releases interiorly
with a slow touch, gently nudging and
pushing me forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Small Corner

An unfettered sadness reigns within my being, total
abandonment of love once found in a small corner of
earth.

Yet, the fullness of friendship fills up loneliness,
taking again it's rightful place.

All of earthly life is rife with sadness, yet the
joy of friendship fills me from heaven.

Knowing Father is with me I rejoice, even though his
loss has left sadness.

Today he speaks to me still, creating hope within,
enabling me to know I will once again be with him.

Father C., a friend on earth and now in heaven, stays
and guides me through the narrowness of life on earth.

Father promised never to abandon me and has been true to
his word, praying to him, knowing he sits close to God.

All prayers are answered when I ask him to intercede,
especially when a prayer is for one of his own Jesuits.

Life is sad and lonely, and I could not bear it if Father
weren't here to protect and guide me for our Lord.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Small Moment

Mazes of truth we hide inside are dealt with on an unconscious level - one we are not aware of.
Tantamount to spiraling stairs in a castle tower, life follows this procedure preferring to always reach up and touch the sky.
Watching tears spill down stairs of eternal destiny, a mind is filled with anticipatory words.
Wisdom unfolding itself in a circular motion, watching as it slowly swirls from it's nest of natural commotion into tides of motionless thought.
Gel-like, grasping everything, holding it in a space of timelessness all it's own.
There are no words of prey to pounce upon the sweetness of eternity.
All liveliness exists and emanates from one small moment of splendor and glory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Smiling Mind

Remembering youth and it's uncomplicated ways of bringing
joy to hearts of children.

Stationing play as a requisite to starting every day,
jumping, running, dancing, stretching muscles and feeling
agile and super human.

Those were good times when we think back upon them with
smiles in our mind and cheer inside our beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A So - Called Friend

Taciturn voices turning inward, seeking revenge for sinful deeds done unto them.

Quietly raging, fuming inside, because liars are tiptoeing behind friend's backs.

Stabbing repeatedly with covert attacks, blowing up good people's names and defaming their character.

Loose tongues wagging away confidential information and pretending they haven't.

Horrible untrue stories being told throughout, being spread and gossiped about abundantly, no respect for anyone's feelings save that of their own.

Looking straight into eyes, questioning their validity, being ignored by the darting of theirs, afraid to meet anyone's eyes, because they have told so many lies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Soldier Above The Football Field

Never cared much about football, even less about
the Cardinals.
Pat Tillman rose above the football field, reached
out and touched our lives with his love.
Pat's heart encircled all Americans as he went
overseas to fight for our freedom and continued
safety.
To hear of his death this morning was devastating,
I can't imagine what his family is feeling.
Hopefully, this poem holds some of what Pat meant
to all of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Soliloquy Of Sadness

Stranded in a soliloquy of sadness, not knowing
where it came from so suddenly into my line of vision.
Capturing prayers, holding on to their promises,
waiting for a miracle to appear before my time runs out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Soliloquy Of Silence

Feeling trapped in a soliloquy of silence, wanting to break
through it and find a place in it's historic legacy.

Letting self be led into narrow lanes and abstract trails,
often leading into canyons and labyrinths of another depth.

Collecting particles from edges of forests and interior
deserts, blending them together.

Entering new domains from within subconsciousness, filling
it totally with ethereal completeness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Solitary Path

Traipsing alone down a solitary path,
holding nature closely,
holding onto an empty promise,
knowing there is no longer a thread
to keep me here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Solitary Stance

Wandering aimlessly throughout intellect, knowing
truths of life just by living it in thought.
Always being alone, knowing there are no steps to
be taken into anything else that matters.
Looking across the horizon, thinking of elements
of chemistry and allowing them room as I walk
towards death's realms.
Knowing that life is a solitary stance with nothing
more to be added, only taken away in the end.
Surviving out of sheer stubborn determination and
writing poetry, I wander aimlessly throughout
intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Solo Being

Rhythmically flowing across pages of my heart, telling
all about myself as I immerse myself in the past.
Relating experiences and thoughts - taking ideals and
pictures forming constantly to the rhythm of my soul,
developing them from within thousands of pens on paper.
Always on my mind, words pound ivories inside sub-
consciously freeing words so they can enter realms of
conscious imagination without hesitation.
Soothing hearts, coaxing tears into existence, flowing
downhill with past rivers and floods of sadness,
bringing hope to alight upon future shores bereft of
everything and everyone but self.
A solo being, playing my part in all the world as a
person of literal disposal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Solo Journey

Wriggling through this mind are poetical ideas, shining like the sun, brilliantly illuminating life in new and ancient ways.

Taking me through the darkness, challenging it's fears and doubts, discarding them along the way, following trails into sunlit pastures.

Filled with blossoming petals of nature, striving to obtain the beauty of it's landscape as I pass through, insisting on perusing insight and intellect given to me.

Wonder and curiosity spilling into every moment that takes me ever closer to edges of nighttime deaths, alone on a solo journey, yet God is always with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Solo Journey Ended

Flying through life encapsulated in a tunnel,
foraging for love and nurturance.
Finding someone, not wanting to let go, deciding
a course to take, then discarding it.
Taking care of and sheltering, coming closer,
intimately growing farther together.
Finally realizing a stretch of life is lonely,
empty, begin searching for what you have not found.
Freely traveling until meeting someone you have
dreamed of.
Holding hands, walking together, finding many
similarities and life gets quieter, more serene.
Finalizing plans within your mind, taking their
hand, looking deeply into eyes for questioning
answers.
Silently pleading, finding your voice finally, you
know in your heart, love must be expressed before
it is lost forever.
Asking solemnly, will you marry me?
Seeing an answer of joyful yesses before a voice is
heard saying anything.
Life moves on to heavenly bliss, found here on earth
as you and she get married.

(2: 10 p.m. - 5/7/00)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Solo Life

Wandering through the woods of my mind,
watching others from behind tree trunks,
afraid to exit from their protection,
never trusting anyone to know me.
Growing up, always keeping to myself,
that way I knew I wouldn't get hurt or
abused.
Living a solo life that suited me just
fine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Song Of Joy

Wonderfully happy, a song bringing me into realms of elated joy.
It's beat sending me into everlasting beauty accompanying my mind with words of excessive imagination.
Lovely, astounding, creating within my subconscious, taking me into skyways of flavored musical compositions, soaring into clouds of intense, profound beautiful poems.
Being transferred, transpired in many ways, never before seeing this higher dimension of life.
Insisting, keeping my mind elated, wanting it to never end - wanting to stay in this atmosphere of joy for the rest of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Son's Peace

Feeling always a part o nature, growing plants,
flowers, vegetables in and around the house.
Watching everything grow lush and green before
his eyes, my son enjoys the calming effect it
has on his soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Son's Spirit

Whiling away musical proficiency, holding it closely
as life folds it's meaning into places of remembrance.
Softly lit thoughts touch our hearts and souls with
the magnificence of our son.
His spirit, reminding us that he is with us all our
days on earth.
Blessing our lives with his memories and images of
love throughout all our days.
We will always rest in his thoughtful spirit, holding
him close to our hearts, minds and souls.

(10: 51 p.m. - 3/14/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Soul's Awakening

Stormy clouds gather over desert sands, spinning
particles of it into skies of blue, thickening as
it gains momentum in an evening mirage.
Plentiful enticement enriching a soul's awakening,
as it touches everything with reminiscent shadows,
following daily parchments of stories related and
ongoing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Soul's Inner Circle

Coalescing thoughts into an ideal circumference,
engineering very practical purposes.
Giving plenty of room to begin placing more thoughts into the mix.
Forming plenty of creative memories within a soul's inner circle.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Soul's Passion

Rocking so early in the morning, soul awakening, getting
ready for another day filled with a nightmare of medical
proportions.

Selflessly wandering throughout the hours and moments,
living to the utmost, being filled with an energy,
nourishing this being totally.

Beginning and ending in total concentration, so beautiful,
unending, so calmly, peacefully, entering another dimension,
forgetting why sadness was upon my mind.

Living on the edge and becoming the passion of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Soul's Poetical Harmony

Interior singing, full, vibrant and alive, freeing my soul
to write subconsciously, imaginatively, creatively.

Etudes and melodies of poems, swimming around my mind,
figuratively, literally, skating themselves in perfect
harmony.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Soul's Silent Wisdom

Listening to grief being hidden in music and singing,
touching hearts and minds alike with this silent
wisdom of the soul.

Awakening tremors of sorrow buried deeply inside,
playing it out in notes of poetical music one song
after another.

Hurtful, yet joyful memories and images of a son so
loved, so precious, gone before his time in life,
but will never be forgotten.

Every day shades of him, walking vibrantly through
our minds, touching our hearts in unison as our
tears well up in memory of our love for him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Soul's Spirit

Anguish breaking silence of a heart broken in two,
pierced with life's despair.

Knowledge that there is no denying, no recompense
standing about - only tears - a soul's spirit from
within.

Being trampled amongst life's experiences of
poverty and abandonment by those on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Sound Of Silence

From out of nowhere comes the sound of silence, filling the air with it's solitude.

Peacefulness settles down upon a dusty mantle, settling in for years.

There's no untoward faithfulness pacing down the corridors to prey upon timid souls.

Only the sound of silence enters as a ghost and disappears with the setting of the noon day sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Space Left

Faith sitting astride hope, holding on for dear life through every tribulation and daily suffering.
Comfort comes from nowhere - no one.
Folding into myself more each day, there's no longer anything on earth for me.
An empty shell, nothing within, all of my being has disappeared into thin air.
There's a space left where I used to be; wandering alone, a journey unto myself, as I patiently wait for the destination beyond earthly horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Space Of Mind

In the stillness of the afternoon, melodies are emitted into the space of my mind, wandering about, enjoying tones and rhythms, penetrating thoughts, filling them with prose taken in from every note and beat being played.
Carrying me to another level in life, giving me hope in tomorrow.
TW's Blues Attitude Band sets me down on straightened paths of enlightenment, taking me to new heights of interior rhythms.
A pleasant experience on a hot summer, Arizona afternoon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Special Angel

Having a special angel who guides my doctor's mind and
surgeon's hands and eyes,

Watching over me both day and night, making sure family
is close by and I won't have to be alone at night.

Waking daily from reveries of dreams, knowing I'm being
taken care of, relaxing, being calmed by angel's wings.

Soft rhythms soothing effects of stressful living,
sending prayers to heaven, whisperingly sent to God.

Having a special angel who watches over me, keeping me
safe from harm, helping me to be what I am - a mother to
my children.

Life is difficult at best, but I have a special angel
helping me.

A special angel I call Mom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Special Universe

Flames of love burning brightly throughout the room as a couple sings from their hearts while looking into each other's eyes.
Two people's rhythms, matching in time, enjoying life together and singing karaoke this night.
Each of them contained in a special universe all their own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Splintered Mind

Twisting and splitting apart, my mind splinters against
the emotional and mental beatings I've been taking from
a friend.

It's soul-boggling how anyone could be so downright mean
to another, especially to someone you considered a good
friend.

Explanations aren't forthcoming, I'm placed in a vacuum
of outer space and held there.

Being beaten unmercifully over and over for days and days
with no compassion from any direction.

It must be hell I've been in, there's no other explanation
for it.

Having no self-esteem or self-worth left to put me back
together again.

What do I do with this ragged, broken mind and body now
that my friend has decided to discard me like yesterday's
trash?

(9: 52 a.m. - 3/23/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Still Rain

Looking out the window
at a rain-stilled sky.

Not a breeze in the air
to stir leaves of trees,
except in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Still Silence

Stirring in a still silence, aware of future demise,
fluttering inside, with an abundance of inert feelings.

Holding onto whispers of hope, gathering them into
bouquets, bringing solace to a troubled mind.

Raking leaves of apprehension into piles to be set
afire, giving more room for faith to grow and take
away any fears hiding within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Subconscious Life

Reaching skyward, leaning back, looking and scanning
heaven's byways.

Sequestered thoughts quietly piling themselves on
shelves interiorly, where prying eyes can't see or
steal them.

Soulfully discarding feelings of anger, frustration
and hate, turning towards feelings of innate
specialness.

Tokens and promises piled on thick, unable to stay
upright, instead toppling over.

Lasting impressions pressed into pathways and networks
of neurons, connecting images and memories without our
realizing any of it consciously.

Life constantly pivots and turns, keeping itself
focused while we go on living it subconsciously.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Subconscious Ride

Soundly deliberating life's choices, wondering at their difficulty when others are involved.

Complexity fills a mind with hundreds of mazes to work and figure out, when in reality, all decisions are simple, if you are alone in thought.

Images taking your mind to outlandish places, while enjoying a subconscious ride through intellect, becomes a peaceful journey, well to have been undertaken.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Subconsciousness Of Sorrow

Feelings taking over, pushing me into abysses of thought,
reminding me of yesterday and it's doubts.

Realistically performing visions I am seeing in memories
of happier times, yet sadness is also, so closely related
to every one of them.

Shutting eyes, listening to beats of my heart in cadence
with my silent mind of past beings.

Justifying life with images, situated always within a
subconsciousness of sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Sunless Life

Pedaling along the coastline of inner sadness, being washed ashore
in times of deepest despair, not moving or living, just tolerating
an existence of forbearance.
Waiting storms out in shells of civil disobedience, hoping for death
to come along and enhance it's meaning.
Standing at the edge of every wave, praying to drown beneath it's
sturdy grasp, yet still looking to heaven for a miracle of hope to
issue forth.
Unnecessarily drifting about from horizon to setting sun, finding
nothing worth living for, balancing on the edge of one.
A solo to be played, whisperingly remembered and faded into the ocean
along with all other footprints taken away in the sand.
Disappearingly quiet, hope ebbing in the coming tide, uncared for and
set beneath this sunless day of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Tangle Of Music

Energetic feelings colliding in a tangle of musical
scores, arranging notes into polkas of extraordinary
wonder and awe.
Tantalizing, glorified beauty, sounding over air waves,
being brought to us by ear.

(10: 31 a.m. - 10/7/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Tear Or Two

Energy being generated by an apprehensive melody, taking
me by the mind and letting me delve deeply into thoughts
that I'm thinking.

Rummaging around in closets of ideas and emotions, looking
for interesting prospects that might look well in a poetical
interludes.

Seeking rhythms, easily falling into place without any effort,
justifying the existence of talented gifts hidden away until
being lit up in a poem on canvas or playing itself in a
composition of classical music.

Brilliantly set in colorful hues, scents of aromas, and notes
of deepened tones, all of it combining into writing of this
poem.

Somehow culminating into some sort of meaning, touching another
person's heart and intellect, giving perhaps a tear to two for
it's compassion and caring of feelings held silently inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Teen Life Birthday

Voices of happy teenagers in unison, singing Happy Birthday to
a member of life teen.
Jolly, joyfully sending wishes to one already happy with the
celebration of their birthday.
Candles lit, songs sung, wishes made and candles blown out -
one more day of life on earth has been celebrated.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Teenager

Quietly reserved, a young teenager sits patiently in
a waiting room for his mother.

Scanning his environment, trying to not be so bored,
because in reality he has nothing to do to occupy his
mind.

Softly spoken, a young gentleman, filled with a
generous respect for those older than himself.

Having already read a book of my poetry and liking it,
I felt compelled just now to write a poem for him and
hope he enjoys it too.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Thank You Gift

When you plant these seeds and watch them
grow, please know the depth of thankfulness
held within my soul.

Thoughtfulness you have shown is like the
fragrance of these flowers, permeating from
one another in quiet gentle friendship.

A bouquet filled with heartfelt thanks,
offered from me to you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Thought

Our world is a better place for all of us when we work
together, helping one another through stresses in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Tiger

A tiger stalking prey in the jungle passed by and I saw his yellow eyes.
Like two lamps they glittered past and sank deep into the tangled mess for a place to rest.
Those four weary feet treaded on and I was alone again.
Although my heart raced on as I slid into bed that night.
Saying a prayer for the tiger stalking the big lonely jungle, because he had looked so humble going by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Tiny Island

Out beyond the sea on a tiny island as yet unchartered,
lived a young girl, beauty defined.

There had never been a report of a ship going down anywhere
near - this girl had just appeared one day and began her
life there.

This island was filled with fruit, she planted a garden, so
there was plenty to eat, and her home was made entirely of
driftwood from the sea.

Oddly enough there was an unlimited supply of paper, pens,
canvas, music and paints.

Her whole life it seemed was consumed with writing, painting
and music which only her mind could see and interpret.

Early morning would always find her on the beach, listening
and watching waves lap upon the shore.

No one else was on the island, nothing to really write about,
yet constantly day after day, she'd fill pages with stories
and poetry.

Within intellect seeing so many things and with determined conviction believed
she must get them on paper for all to
see.

Keeping an ongoing diary, written in poetic form, writing
vividly of her life on the island.

Not a thing went unnoticed nor was it ever forgotten, as
barefooted, she combed the island, finding it all and
recording her ideas in imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Tire Swing

Figuratively swinging through life on a tire swing, remembering what it was like to be a child growing up.

Filtering episodes of saddened content into non-existence.

Hugging closely, photographs of memories, transfixed on their importance in my life, visiting them while swinging on a tire swing in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Total Emptiness

Life is exacting precision with emotion thrown in to
send us spinning, never knowing where we're going at
any given time.

Reeling along, not being able to hold onto anything
for long, falling into abysses and getting stuck
beneath coverlets of depressed sadness and
adjudicating grief.

Held onto forever, as life sinks below waves of
remorse, drifting farther than sight can see.

A total emptiness, folding about my soul, generating
it into a silent contemplation of written thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Total Experience

Reckoning with an inner spirit, giving me a time with
struggles and trials hounding me relentlessly.
Finding so many things being sweetened by God's
presence, wondering and in awe of how great this is
in life.
Going to the rims of heaven, holding onto every bit
of particles in the desert of my soul.
Always looking inside with curiosity and waiting for
the answers coming straight from heaven.
A total experience in living life the right way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Touching Rendition

Delicate melody playing in the background, children singing
of baby Jesus with enthusiasm and heart's full of love.

A touching rendition of young innocence filled with a tender
compassion for Jesus in their young little hearts.

Touching minds of all adults sitting here listening to this
great story of love for our savior on Christmas Day.

A beautiful portrayal being given to everyone who is here,
a special and humbling experience to us all.

A quiet tear forms in our eyes at the tremendous beauty of
such a simple little moment in the lives of these children, performing their
musical on their walk of love at Christmas
time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Trance

Happily dancing, in a trance of focused intensity,
playing with recordings, echoing through years of
experience, while tiptoeing down lanes of heaven's
gardens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Transistor Radio

Singing songs left over from yesterday, hits back then giving so much pleasure to so many people.
Figuring in with life's daily routines giving an energy never before felt.
Yet, walking through the desert to school, feeling the warmth of the desert air, taking me across barren acres with a transistor radio.
Listening all the way on either KRIZ or KRUX, enjoying the music as it made my walk and days happy, carefree ones as I walked alone to school.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Tree Growing In My Mind

A tree growing out of my mind, put there by imagination
so I can see it's beauty reflecting with clarity and
purpose.
Straight up into the atmosphere, touching a part of the
sky I'm not privy to.
Watching the sun shine, and reflect it's rays in
brilliant mirror-like leaves as I gaze upon them, holding
onto branches of the tree growing in my mind for all
time from now on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Tree's Lifetime

Debri of a tree's lifetime fallen beneath it's trunk
and branches onto the brown hard dirt, capturing it
all and making patterns if one were to look down.

Shadows fall and cover the ground with protection
from the sun for a while.

Nighttime frosts and ices all the debri until the
following day when once again it will be freed and
protected by nature's enhancing futures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Tribute To Innate Talent

Delving deeply into my mind, swimming through all the
thoughts I've ever had, pushing and rearranging their
pictures so I may create whatever I want.

Somewhere there's a place for intellect to expand and
uncontain itself.

Sololy, trying to walk or wade around and get new ideas
to display on inner screens of thought.

Taking into consideration, the beauty of intelligent
conversation, going on in my mind around the clock.

Shocking brain cells into awakening, finding the words
to do so is a puzzle I enjoy creating continuously.

A pleasurable feeling fills me with an appreciation of
all sorts of rhythms as they enclose and touch my soul.

Containing the essence of my imagination is a tribute
to innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Truant Heart

An energy fulfilling inner turmoil, catching on coattails of past recriminations.
Pushing a being into an expansive land of subconscious realms,
burying everything with a truant heart.
Capturing needless auras and transmitting them into the future to coincide with codes of conduct and ethics.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A True Friend Always

Reeling from sentiments said by a friend
whom I've known for thirty years.
Being so good to me all along,
working on projects together through the years,
always able to count on each other no matter what.
Helping market my poetry, getting me published,
believing in me whole-heartedly.
Understanding the poet sensitive side, realizing
how deeply my spirituality really goes.
Knowing too, that poems of sadness, emptiness,
loneliness, abandonment, suicide, are all written
about not only myself, but people I know and have
met through years of life.
Never holding me up to intriguing curiosity, just
walking alongside of me, trusting, caring, loving
me and what I do in life.
Explaining her thoughts to me while acknowledging
the truths of who I really am.
An empath, feeling intensely all emotions others
put out to me, asking for help just by listening
and being a friend to each individual.
Never compromising her friendship or what it means
to her.
A forthright, truthful, honest, caring person.
My friend for life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Urologist

Silently fuming, angrily waiting to see if the doctor
will keep an appointment priorly made, that no staff
member called to cancel or explain.

Dropping our insurance without any thought of calling
or explaining what was happening.

His office staff trying to place blame on the
insurance company for not notifying us.

Yet, the doctor's staff called and scheduled another
ultrasound on top of the one already scheduled.

No one said a word about the doctor canceling his
contract with our insurance plan, totally disrespecting
his patients, leaving them high and dry - out in the cold.

Showing up for his appointment early, my husband is kept
waiting, being rudely ignored and placed in limbo.

Worried about his test results that he may never get
because staff is remiss in their duty towards the doctor,
his livelihood - his patients.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Valued Person

Blueness of this silent soul rolls over, flowing from
sorrowful eyes.

Death again has taken someone I dearly love, a second
mother, a tender woman whom I've always known as Aunt
and Godmother.

Loving her with an undefiled heart, she has always lit
up my life with her words of wisdom.

Offering advice, telling me to keep busy, don't let the
grass grow under my feet or I will die inside.

Being there whenever I needed a friend to love and under-
stand me, even when no one else would.

Refusing to let life get her down as she fought for five
and a half years a courageous losing battle of breast
cancer.

Never giving up, always smiling and saying 'God Bless'
to everyone, a tiny little woman with a heart so big
and expansive that she had time for all those who had
no time to visit her.

Pulling children and other cancer patients out of them-
selves with her joyful humor, giving them the light of
courage to bravely fight on.

Never complaining, even though wracked with pain, living
life, husband dying, becoming a widow, finally winning
a gentle freedom for two years.

Doing what she dearly loved to do, volunteer in a hospital
where once I was born.

A valued person in every aspect of her life, going on
alone yet never lonely.

Joining a Senior Citizens Club, becoming a Senior Rockette dancing her heart out like she should have been able to do when younger, but she was always working then.

At church she was a regular and everyone enjoyed her company, singing soprano in the choir, uplifting her soul to the very gates of heaven.

At home playing Chopin, my favorite, on her piano, or strumming guitar and playing her violin, with a heart of gold.

Belonging to the Rosary Society and Rosarians, keeping the Blessed Mother always in the foreground with the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Statues placed all around her apartment for hope, to pray and not lose courage.

Aunt Mary, a source of love and hope in the midst of cancer's despair, bringing light and life into others otherwise joyless lives.

A little Saint, a wonderful Godmother and Aunt, this poem a tribute to one I loved so dearly and will miss intensely the rest of my sorrowful life now that she has gone from this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Vantage Point

Listening softly in the night, harkening to dreams being dreamt
in evening moods of peace.
Standing over mountains, seeing beauty that's instilled over
all the landscapes being created as I sit and watch from a
vantage point on the edge of a cliff.
Sounding echoes, filling canyons with their voices as they
reverberate my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Vast Wilderness

Lights shining hesitantly, waiting for the review given by
night in dark spaces.
Giving up all the little things in life just to be able to
go beyond it without any worries or further problems.
Candidly searching for the egos lost upon the stormy shores
of life.
Vast wildernesses in every direction, counter themselves
and disappear from sight.
To reappear somewhere else in time in another atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Verse Of Creation

Pieces of unjust thinking lie waiting on floors of tomorrow's horizon, knowing that the end is nigh as they wantonly search for their places in passions of the heart.

Broken, cracked, creased, no longer fitting in where once they used to belong.

Clouding skies of a mind are continually causing tears to come and hide in corners of my eyes.

Always glistening, taking notice of everything that comes to pass, watching for the important creations that are being made from the nothingness of an interior life.

Manufacturing the best of designs and allowing them to come about in the latent accounts of another time, certain vantage points appearing and taking over the roots of entire aspects of language.

Brilliantly seeking the answers in coded words of music, leading into arrogant rhythms, pulling my mind along with them.

Nothing in the way of gathering information to show another day in a verse of creation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Vision

A desert blanketing mountains,
tall and regal, adding picturesque
beauty to a vision of God's eternal
nature.

(9/5/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Vision Set In Verse

Walking down a brick paved lane, looking into
restaurants and cafes along the way.

Beautifully set tables, caressing flowers set
in vases, candlelight shivering in the dark.

An atmosphere of Italian delight, seated in
my soul, reveling in aromas meeting my sense
of smell in mid air.

Cozy sidelines, winding aimlessly in my mind,
an entire vision of imagination set in verse.

Portrait of art, hanging on the wall, none
of this is real at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Voice Of Intellect

Rhythmically sounding out in a strong voice of intellect, rising to the tidal waves of emotion.
Clapping quickly as I go through the aisles of tomorrow with an aptitude of calm reserve.
Keeping track of every beat, singing with an energy of exuberant peace filling every nook in the universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Waiting Relief

Drying tears that continue to fall darkly within, unable to stop their flow, because of all that I've been through.
Being afraid, overwhelmed with conflicting thoughts and emotions, crying for unknown reasons, just knowing that I need to so I can ease the tension and stress somehow.
Looking around, searching within, knowing I can't do things on my own the way I did before.
All of it causing painful memories to be made and brought up.
Wondering when I will turn a corner and be myself again.
Afraid that I may not be able to return to my former self completely.
Yet, I feel a knowing inside that better things will come, that something is changing me even as I sit here and write.
Something giving me hope, helping me look forward and not dwell on the horror of these past few months.
A relief waiting to be expressed in the near future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Wakeful Dream

Lying in a wakeful dream, wondering how it feels to be myself in this twisted darkness of fate.
Wanting to forget the world and it's trials as I grow older, hoping the stairs to enlightenment are in front of me.
Lying here in a wakeful dream, mind thinking of many options open to me, wondering how life is going to feel in the future of my destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Watching Game

Guessing at the attitudes of people, playing a watching game
sitting here in a quiet mood.

Seeing facial expressions, hearing voices and their intonation,
noticing people walk, step and how they carry themselves.

All of this information gathered and written down, soon enough
to be put into many poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Western Bar And Restaurant

Deep textured wood all around the bar, like in the olden days where everything was an artistic masterpiece, not only functional, but beautiful also.
Eyes running across the mirrors and dark wood, touching the essence of the past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A White Cross

Looking upwards, seeing a white cross in the sky, noticing
that it has two paths, one going side to side, going nowhere.

The other path is up and down, either leading to heaven or
hell.

Sitting at the crossroads of these paths, choosing to go up,
it is steep, hard going, but I shall reach the top.

Because God is holding my hand, leading, caring, showing me
His love in all others along the pathway of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Whole Lifetime

Everything in splendid majesty does shine at this early hour of nine.
Taken abreast, a new fallen day - a new account of your life.
Fascinating as it may seem, new minutes have crept your way.
Minutes as yet unheard of in a special kind of way.
Nothing in the world is the same as a minute ago.
Into the past it is pressed upon your memory and left there to stagnate the rest of your life.
At a moments notice will answer every beck and call you make.
Isn't it great? Isn't it nice?
A whole lifetime wrapped in some grey matter - only to be shattered by the insistence of old age as it pushes you on to the end.
The stagnated pool comes to life - your past is all you can remember - the present is too painful - the future - a deathbed to rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Wickenburg Judge

A Judge sitting high on his bench, handing out fairly - several sentences and fines.
He doesn't seem to be cruel or unjust - talks decently, and has a sense of humor.
Telling people to plead 'not guilty' and go to trial so they have a fair chance.
Treating people with decency and clarity, being respectful to all present and those before him.
Offering a gentle, refreshing breath of air to the justice system in Maricopa County

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Window Of Thought

Quaint rainbows of a mind hung with lace,
stately magnificent.

Even though no one else may see through
the windows of my mind, I can show them
in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Windsock

A colored windsock blowing crazily in the stirring air,
against the blue backdrop of the sky, it resembles an
octopus doing it's dance upon the ocean floor.

Doing it's jitterbug before my eyes, makes me laugh,
because it looks so funny to my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Wonderful Time

Accordion melodies being played rhythmically, nothing happier than it's sound on a Friday morning.

Charging minds with an interior energy, filling our beings, everyone having a blast, singing and smiling, altogether a wonderful time for the Octoberfest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Wondering Thought

If Jesus stood before me this very second
what would I say to Him?

I love you, Lord. Or I'm a Baptist,
Christian, Catholic, etc.?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Wondrous Couple

Listening to hesitant earfuls, a wonderful couple
brings joy to everyone they meet with their voices
and music.
Pleasant atmosphere no matter where they go in life,
a joyous reunion wherever we happen to meet.
Tonight what a wonderful rockin' time is being had
by all, especially me, as I write happily, whatever
their music inspires in me tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A World Beyond

Shakily viewing landscapes through worn-out eyes, tired of getting up and living each day.
Hundreds of reasons to keep on going - none of them relevant.
Just to stop and complete this earthly journey right this minute makes the most sense.
Why go on living in a world that is beyond me?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Yellow Balloon

Silently standing watch over all the earth, an old yellowed moon floats gently in the sky.

Peeking from behind palm trees, it's silhouettes checking up on nature throughout the land.

This same moon in many different places is seen by many faces watching it float higher in the sky.

Nowhere else can be seen the exact image, it's not like being on a television screen.

Like a yellow balloon against a deep sea-darkened sky, clouds creeping slowly up behind to shield it's eyes from a polluted atmosphere.

Reaching gingerly upward, it remains out of reach as the sky pulls it slowly higher teasing me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Young Boy

Spinning happily in a small space of time, a young boy
creates his own frame of mind.

Thoughts crowding, racing around, chasing each other,
leaving a sense of adventure that must be explored.

Loving it's challenge, never giving in to defeat, a
young man's impressions of life remain sweet.

Yet, little does he know how ugly life can be, until
one day he is grown and can finally see.

Looking back through the mirror of his mind, memories
haunt him from childhood.

He forever seeks those good times, knowing in his heart
that they will never be again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Young Person

Here I am, hidden deep within myself, afraid to come out, for I may be hurt by someone's unkind words or thoughtless actions.
Bound by limitations set by others, not knowing yet, my full potential.
Reach out and in to me, help understanding come about for me.
All my knowledge does me no good if I don't know yet, who I am, or where I'm headed.
Listen to my heart, not to my words, and let your heart touch mine, so I may know the feelings of someone other than myself.
Spare me the detailed excuses, the lamentations of the past, and help me now to know if I am ripe - if I am ready to impart my knowledge and share it with others like myself.
Give me some acknowledgement as to my self - my being - so that I may begin to understand who I am.
Don't let me stand in an empty shell, wasting my talents and abilities-teach me to reach out and share them with others so they will not shrivel and die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Youngster Named Alex

A youngster singing karaoke, a little shy in voice, but excellent rhythm and pronunciation.
With a lively smile and perception beyond his years.
Totally into his music as he sings - back to us - with joy filling his heart.
An absolute joy, beckoning our minds into his aura of rhythm.
Alone in a crowd, filled with an innate talent, beautiful to behold.
A wondrous feeling, meeting God in such a young child.
Honored beyond life, to be treated in such a manner while in precious years of his youth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

A Youngsters First Song

Treasured moments of a youngster's first karaoke song.
Singing her ABC's and sounding so sincere as she
concentrated on what she was saying.

As the rhythm ran on ahead of her, never catching up
with her latent slow motion discretion.
Not caring, wanting to know 'what else? '

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abandoned Feelings

Dancing inside, sorrow slips and slops itself
against the walls of loneliness.
Reflecting in gigantic mirrors, never broken
or forsaken, taking on only what is seen in
self.
Believing that all of life is an abandoned
empty feeling, because it has always been for
one in retrospect - normal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abandoned Highway

Attaining heights of an interior sanction that cannot
be had any other way than through the fruition of
an inner knowledge.

Capturing the essence and beginnings of an excellent
particle of this formidable past, taking all of us
into being, leaving nothing undone.

Yet finding that life is being left alone on an old
abandoned highway of circumstance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abandoned Vets

Wounded, defeated, roaming streets alone, hoping to
find some change upon the sidewalk to buy something
to eat or drink.

Thinking back over life, growing up in families of
love and caring, enlisting in the military service,
proud to serve America.

Wearing the uniform with pride, saluting our flag,
patriotism filling their hearts to overflowing, so
honored to protect our country.

Now disheveled, no place to call home, wandering
streets and alleys, looking in dumpsters, hoping
to find food or other types of treasure thrown out.

Bent, head bowed, not knowing what to do anymore,
having been abandoned by those they served, finding
no honor left to them anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abandoning Feelings

Falling in depths of despair, nothing to catch me,
no one who cares.

Leaving all feelings and emotions, abandoning them
for a complete numbness to take me away.

No longer wanting to feel anything, they're always
hurting and carving their scars into my being.

A lost soul, taking self into the isolation of an-
other dimension.

There at least I cannot be harmed or hurt by
another's loathing and hatred.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abandoningly Cold

Listening for appropriate acknowledgement, waiting to hear something important from someone dear.
There is no word, life is bewildered, abandoningly cold, receiving no love from any quarter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abandonment Of Living

Sleeping in silent weeping, crying in winds of
fate that are holding me tightly in their grip.
Crystal tears of ice are falling deftly within,
causing me to be opened up unmercifully to another
world filled with the abandonment of living.
Access being denied to all outside sources, because
of the intrepid feelings of timidity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abandonment's Pain

Tears falling under midnight skies, scrapping against
the rawness of newly acquired abandonment.

Carelessly gave trust away and have been badly hurt
by doing so.

Unqualifyingly hurt deep within, set ablaze, totally
betrayed, afraid to go any further.

Sitting sadly down beside life's pathway to the future,
refusing to go another step further.

Life has ended here, there are no more days, hours or
minutes left.

Having switched into reverse, never moving forward again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abbreviating Life

Walking forward, picturing all manner of observations, continually abbreviating life with thoughtful interludes.
Interchanging patterns and mazes with abysses of death.
Solitary platitudes being given out in ways of unnoticeable manners.
Checking on lists of mandatory possibilities, giving in to every whim along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abbreviation Of Life

Entering another realm in another dimension farther than
ever before, being brought there by a rocking rhythm.

Surrounding a mind of thoughts, following wherever the
tempos flow, tossed and thrown across many oceans of books,
filled with written prose.

Leaving nothing to chance, showing abbreviations of life,
rapidly filling inner screens with sincerity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ability Rising Higher

Playing in my mind, taking a.22 in hand and shooting
it straight, hitting the bull's eye every single time.

Interior representation of my mind showing the reality
of what I can actually do in life.

Ability rising higher through intellect, allowing me to
learn and achieve whatever I am interested in.

Plenty of topics always ready to be expressed honestly
and truthfully, nothing being changed or censored, for
what is the sense in that?

People will always see through the lies of cheaters in
life, no matter what else may happen as we continue to
walk the straight and narrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ability To Enjoy

Once carefree and happy, working, living alone and
doing whatever I felt like it.

Having friends over for Italian dinners and Chianti
wine, afterwards having lively conversations.

Then later, jamming with my guitar, singing, music
and having a great time long past midnight.

Men and women together, never any sex involved, just
the ability to enjoy one another's personalities
and good company.

Eight years spent in moments just like this, no
pregnancies, no turmoil, no arguments, just wonderful
and clean fun throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abject Yesterday's

Sadness seeping from the pores of this mind, reminding my
heart of the loss it has endured in life, resting upon
pillows of tears cushioning this mind with silent reflec-
tions of yesterday.

Tell-tale emotions still trying to come to terms with what
has happened, wondering through bereavement how life has
ended so suddenly without any warning, mesmerized by the
numbness and pain.

Continuing to balance itself through the years, finding no
reprieve to grasp onto, blank pages of a life now replacing
what we once had together, our love no longer existing, hav-
ing been erased from one another's lives.

Extending our hearts of love into the atmosphere, no one be-
ing there to take or love them again, feelings of remorse and loneliness fill every
particle and fiber of being now, unknow-
ing, bereft, abandoned by something that no longer exists except
in lonely abject memories of our yesterday's together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abounding Poverty

Walking this earth, listening, finding out how others live
in other parts of the world.

Poverty abounds everywhere you look, never skipping any
nationality or person.

Likelihood of having anything in life is very limited to
say the least.

Beautiful souls find themselves as one with nature and
nothing else seems to matter after that.

So entirely at peace, even with nothing to their names,
living on a hope and prayer.

Walking their particular solo journeys with a happiness
and joy found nowhere else but within themselves, a caring
and compassionate place to be and stay.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abounding Quotations

Quotations abounding throughout generations that we
live, many about love and it's heart-rending beauty
touching our lives and hearts.

Nothing ever really explaining what it is or how we
can attain it for the rest of our lives.

So many quotes have been written, yet we remain in
the darkness to this day.

Being together, loving, just treasuring every moment
given freely from one heart to another while living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Above All

Standing in the background, waiting to be recognized by intellect, are feelings and emotions filled with the love of my heart and spirit.

Wanting only you, my mind breaks into my heart, filling it with lust and desire for you above all others.

Having everything within realms of our love, leaving nothing else to be desired, because we are one in being.

Believing in our love whole-heartedly, finding joy and happiness every moment that we're together, my dear.

Only able to say that, knowing you feel the same as I do, showing and telling me every day constantly, of your love for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Above Life

Having a good time, listening to music of Queen,
it's taking me above life and into heights of
genius where I can figure out mysteries of
living on earth.
Exploding with so many ideas, all of them
relevant to survival of mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abrupt Change Of Mind

Cradling thoughts in my mind, singing lullabies, quieting them down, climbing into a dense jungle of ideas, walking alone into the center of another time.

Simply and easily being carried away on a raft downriver, searching for a liveliness that fell overboard once upon a time.

Needing to find it once again, turning over and over, noticing that an abrupt change of mind has completed it's circle of indecision at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absence

Absence does not fill space left by parents,
only throbbing aches are left inside.

Memories claw their way out, wanting to be
recognized for what they are - past love and
caring - sitting, waiting to be held again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absence Of Doing Something

Universal ideas and thoughts calmly being lifted from
intellect, placed so carefully and quietly into the
middle of an intense desire that is reaching out.

Trying to become a figment of imagination's reality,
unforeseen in the beauty of the future as it prodding
through dreams.

Spending time, waiting and thinking, not realizing that
it is being spent as you sit in the absence of doing
something.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absence Of Electricity

Reciprocating in the daylight of another afternoon,
watching excessive fortitude as it follows into the
expiration date of another time.

Collecting moments, filling measures with an essence,
totaling the experience of all the minute expressions
of eternity.

Still holding onto peculiar systems of yesterday's
morning, loving energy being produced in the absence
of electricity, all timeless values entering the
universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absence Of Imagination

Sincerely being let down on a constant pile of upheaval,
touching only chances of beginning frustration within.
Allowing many adjustments to be made to focus on lasting
expressions and becoming ordinarily stuck in putrefied
stations of time, only to be fitted with straps of
abhorrence and sent to extremes of silence in covers of
obsolete knowledge.
Foregoing any thoughts, playing secretly with an absence
of imagination taken from me as a child, then returned to
former aptitude and life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absently Thinking

Absently thinking through a void of yesterday's sorrow, it's heightened surplus of sadness piercing life like a knife in the darkness.

Reminding of intense feelings of loneliness, an emptiness where the void has been lying in wait to pounce, letting emotions fly.

Tears now spilling everywhere as thoughts of parents flow abundantly in rivers of abandonment, emptying into this broken heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absolue Truth

Music filtering into my soul, taking me on a mystical
journey through spiritual realms.

Living and breathing in blessed graces and a faithful
hope that grasps my soul so entirely and completely.

Watching as notes are being played in rapid tempos,
keeping up with this spirituality that is a part of
my being.

It can never be separated, always feeling God's presence
as I continue to pray, knowing the absolute truth of the
power of God's healing in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absolute Concentration

Rhythms catching hold of intellect, affixing thoughts
rapidly to every note and tone, astounding single
chords reaching into depths of my mind with an absolute
concentration of intellect.

Nothing can be heard except what I am now listening
to, eight beats to each measure, taking me into circles
of total anticipation.

Forming and relating everything with abstracts coming
into the picture, new conceptual designs are now
turning and shaping themselves into kalidoscopes of
beautiful colors and hues like those of rainbows after
a storm has come and gone.

Stressing the harmony and melodies coming from many
instruments of intellect, throwing the whole picture
into an enlightening framework of a desert landscape,
shooting stars across the skyway of my mind and giving
an aptitude of interior enlightenment striking intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absolute Image

Relaxing in a haven of sincere rhythm,
giving of oneself totally to it's beat.
Finding an absolute image of highest
intelligence riding waves of talented
visions into abysses of imagination's
wisdom, folding and storing them in
depths of ocean's nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absolute Isolation

Stories always seem to end in loss, walking through
empty houses, looking out and seeing nothing, no
future, no love, no one there for us anymore.

Love of a lifetime cherished and held sacredly in
heart, mind and soul, now being left with those feelings
within, no way to share them since our loved one is gone.

Devastated and alone in grief, an absolute and total is-
olation, taking us into the pits of hell on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absolute Landscape

Soliciting peaceful moments through melodies and harmonies
of nature and it's natural inclinations.

Sharing all images on photographic screens of gratitude
for all that is given in life.

Surprising the deepest part of my soul as it reaches out
and touches the beauty of the world.

Thoughts pounding on interior particles of my brain, taking
me into an interior sphere where no one can reach me now as
I write.

Loving the pictures being put on interior screens, giving
an absolute landscape of unknown territories in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absolute Meanings Of Truth

Paddling back and forth across an inner lake, watching
reflections mirroring everything along it's interior
banks, leaving clear impressions placed within.

Lively and fervent, bringing peace and serenity into
my mind and being, an all-consuming feeling enveloping
me completely.

Taking me into depths of another dimension where doors
are opening wide allowing me to enter, seeing secrets
of their interior depths no one has seen before.

Feeling free and liberated, entirely taking absolute
meanings of truth deeply into my heart and intellect,
soaring into beauty of a solemn countenance and character.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absolute Silence

Cold and lonely, pressure of life stressing me out,
no one to turn to, no where to go.
Absolute silence takes me into darkened corners
where I can have some privacy from memories and
their images.
Softly, gently, tears washing me, cleansing my heart.
Full of sorrow, never getting up to see the world
again.
Knowing that everyone has turned their backs on me,
as I walk away, dejected and forlorn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absolute Truths In Visions

A fire in my soul, burning higher with every step I take
into the future.

Living in the center of an interior universe, spiritually
feeling the Divine's presence within my soul.

Letting go of this earthly life and all of it's materialistic
fabrications, wanting only to attain spiritual realms with-
in intellect.

Socializing and appreciating solely with God as He lives
within, protecting and keeping me safe from humanity's
foibles.

Keeping at bay, any enemies that may stray upon my path-
way through destiny, ending in the beauty of an interior
landscape where I find the absolute truths being shown in
visions of honesty.

Minus any lies or illusions, never letting go of them,
taking everything with me interiorly, no one counting
how many times that I travel from here and beyond, no-
body ever knowing as I appear and disappear unknowingly.

Totally into the Divine where I live continually and
incessantly in it's beauty for an eternity, and no one
ever realizing that I have gone beyond intellect and
enjoy being there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absolved Creative Uses

Choosing melodies of yesterday's tears of sadness,
developing insider news without effort.
Sending impulses into the atmosphere, hoping to see
them return ten-fold in desires of the heart.
So often, tending to the duties of life given by
other's selfish whims and jealousies.
Creating an environment of absolved creative uses
by inconsistencies of untold busy fortitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absolving My Humanity

Rushing quickly into depths of a bluened universe, wanting to feel it's serenity and peace, having become addicted to it's total essence.

Giving an exquisite joy and vibrant energy to take through every moment of life, an incessant, increasing feeling of self-confidence and self-assurance gaining on me each day.

Being thrust into the future with uplifting feelings, pouring into my spirit rapidly, taking me into a vast bluened universe, one where no one else may follow.

Trails taking me on a solo journey, loving the total and complete solace that surrounds my being, absolving my own humanity, giving me an absolute knowing of the future and what it holds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absorbed In Nature

Eyes travel slowly over roving grassy hills,
taking my mind along into imagination's stores.

Totally absorbed in nature's beauty, watching it
closely for rapturous humor.

Gently rocking memories of childhood, bringing
them forth and associating them today.

Feelings bowling along like children's laughter
on a snowy hill.

Filled with an unexpected sense of apprehension,
whiling away the hours, sitting here, writing.

Seeking to somehow find myself in all I write,
never being satisfied that I've even found a little
part of me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absorbent Lives

Enlightened by everything in life, touching feelings
and emotions as they enter my being.

Reaching out, finding details that are illuminated
just by living and breathing.

Watching enthusiasm and excitement of others, especially
little children as they go full force with life.

Learning and experiencing their new and absorbent lives
on earth.

Being tantalized with their own curiosity as they touch,
think, sense everything around them, learning as they do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absorbing And Filling Intellect

Once thinking that learning everything to be learned
could be done, now knowing that it's impossible to
achieve.

Wishing that it were, trying to learn it all without
hesitation or doubt, this mind absorbing, filling
intellect, wisdom, and knowledge as much as possible.

Letting imagination blend and mix, coming up with novel
ideas, inventions, thoughts abounding, grasping abstracts
from beyond the box.

All of it giving an exhilarating and invigorating feeling
of energy and power, titillating every sense held within
this being of mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absorbing Attention

Rapid, intriguing, absorbing attention in depths of
it's fantastic rhythms, calmly soothing this being
from the inside out.

Living in measures of every melody, as it's being
played to the heart of intellect, sitting on a
fence, watching solo beats travel alone.

Going down routes of patterns and designs that are
being written within measures of music in my mind
right this minute.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absorbing Attitude

Listening idly to the environment, carefully choosing to absorb it's peaceful attitude into my mind and soul.

Feeling the difference in intensity as I write, serenely dipping below the surface, entering a contemplative aura where I can keep pain, life, people, in chests of steel while I revel in imagination.

Thoughtfully enjoying the wonderful nature of talent God has given me.

Soulfully hearing music in the background of my mind's reality, being inspired by melodies, peacefully relaxing in nature's realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absorbing Beauty

Wandering through blossoms of hierarchy, growing
unendingly over our planet, soothing and calming
our nerves with beauty.
Nature talking, whispering in our ears as we
absorb everything in our paths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absorbing Chemistry

Time sets us back, reaching forward, trying to pull ourselves out of the mire of life's suffering.
Absorbing extracts left behind from recipes of chemistry and prior days in labs being blown apart by remote scientists spent on technological behaviors.
Sparkling tunes of jeweled items being bought and sold in tents of deception.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absorbing Conversations

Faded wooden walls of old, shining somewhat with modern polish
covering their aging parts, standing erect, never bending,
absorbing words from conversations over many years.

Watching many tears of sorrow pour from victims swollen eyes,
sometimes there has been joy, but it is seldom, because inside
these aging walls, only people with many problems have ever
ventured deep inside, talking to priests about things they
never dare tall any other living being.

Seldom is there any joy to be found, because when there are no
problems and everything is alright, people have no reason to
visit with priests inside these aging, faded walls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absorbing Empty Spaces

Lights shining through the darkness, showing signs
of direction that are to be followed into other
dimensions.

Creatively sorting out many ideas, as thoughts filter
genuinely into pockets of intellect, knowing intensity
of an innate curiosity.

Watching it fill my mind illusively, yet, absorbing
empty spaces with questions, looking for the answers
to quench their unending thirst.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absorbing Energy

Selecting the mazes delicately coded
in prose, carefully traveling down them,
finding pathways leading to innermost
depths of being.

Opening up to the precious experiences
of a lifetime, absorbing the energy and
verve of every perception being picked
up through imagination.

On the way to a poem, filling them with an
essence of untold beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absorbing Feelings

Beguiling eyes, tempting friendliness to ensue, yet holding back,
not trusting anymore the person she was before.
Walking alongside, wanting to let go, but deathly afraid to,
because I've been hurt to the very core of my being.
Knowing it's because of her abuse as a child.
Absorbing her hate, anger, sadness, grief, I let it hurt me, in
hopes that it is slowly draining her pain away.
Inflicting it on me will hopefully reduce her own pain.
Meanwhile, I'm in the deepest pits of hell, crying, knowing I may
be helping a little child hidden within her.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absorbing Humanity

Wandering in lands of creative mysteries, curiosity taking in everything while walking throughout this life.

Ideas and concepts contributing themselves in poetry, art and music, thoroughly absorbing humanity in their depths.

Sharing and expressing it all in an artistically musical atmosphere of creativeness.

Captivating minds of people all over the entire world in just a glance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absorbing Intellect

Filled with energy early in the morning, writing poetry without
any hesitation, enjoying every poem that's being written.

Totally absorbing intellect with an amazing clarity, sleepiness
being wiped away in the blink of an eye.

An intense purpose always ready to be put to use any time of
night or day, enjoying serenity filling this spirit while within
the bluened light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absorbing My Being

Silently and vibrantly sitting, mind listening to
exciting rapid melodies.

Being aware of nature filtering into my soul, taking
me into an everlasting serenity.

A Divine energy fills me interiorly, totally and fully
living spiritually.

Being touched by God's presence, loving, protecting me
from within my being.

Nothing able to tear me down or apart as reality stands
firmly behind imagination, filled with vibrant thoughts.

Soaring into an atmosphere of another universe, being
completely absorbed from the inside out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absorbing My Mind

Rapid rhythms flowing evenly, taking me to a crossroad
within intellect.

Blending together tones, notes, tempos and rhythms all
at once.

This brain picking up all together and interpreting it
automatically.

Beautiful and coded sequences of events happening be-
tween neurons and synapses.

Collating it into precise mathematical codes used by
intellect and translated into poetry by this mere poet.

Lively and vibrant, bringing together very pleasant
melodies and harmonies.

A unique factor that correlates with certain chemical
reactions happening within my brain at the same time.

Inordinately producing an euphoric effect within, along
with an innate effect of generating an energy.

Vibrantly bringing it all together, a splendid effect
that brings great pleasure to my soul.

Always enabling me to enter a bluened interior life
where my creativity is exercised in writing poetry,
composing music and painting.

Listening to music while reading a book also has the
same effect as I tap my fingers in exact time to the
beats of rhythm and tempo while speed reading.

Playing the piano in my mind with my left hand while
writing at the same exact moment, poetry flowing on
it's own through the waterfall of my mind.

Flowing out the nib of a black ink pen, a joyous and spiritual event happening in intellect, absorbing my mind altogether

Flowing out the nib of a black ink pen, a joyous and spiritual event happening in intellect, absorbing my mind completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absorbing Peace

Wispy white clouds floating above, guiding earth
to it's destiny in skies of bluest peace.
Touching heaven with a gentle feeling, absorbing
peace as I watch it carefully cover my mind in
serenity's justification.
Acknowledging an existence beyond what I can see.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absorbing Rhythms

Moving through rhythms with ease, finding them being absorbed
onto photographic screens interiorly, a graceful and elegant
process of innate knowledge and wisdom.

Translating notes, sounds, tones into poetry instantaneously
without interruption, always finding an interior peace, get
ing away from stress and turmoil of living this human life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absorbing Sorrow

Feeling natural beauty of outdoors covering me interiorly, taking away sorrow, absorbing it from my being.

Living totally in the moment, forging spirits into the atmosphere, finding an essence in every moment of breath-taking beauty.

Being taken away, finding self inside depths of another dimension.

Feelings coming up, stirring themselves within, taking me away to further outskirts of tomorrow, becoming the only being forming within solitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Absorbing The World

Gauging future rhythms of life through the composing
of inner creativity, socially adept, but choosing to
be alone, enjoying the peacefulness of my soul without
interference from any others.

Absorbing the world around me, as I listen and see
details moving around within the circumference of my
being, intuitively aroused through senses as they
reach for scents of desire.

Contemplating my mind as I write, wanting to please and
tease intellect with all manner of tastes and sights,
all of them coming from an interior atmosphere, filled
with an innate talent and spirituality.

Never being taught any of it, just being present at the
moment of my conception where everything God gave to
me was contained in an innate talent and intellect to
preserve me throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abstract Concept

Honey tonking in the evening, beating to the rhythm
of a drum, as it keeps pace with a piano and guitar,
filling me with vibrations of enticement.

Creating the atmosphere of another time from the past,
living in the rapid beats and tempos as they traipse
down memory lane.

Touching memories of my heart, tolerating the times
in between with a resignation that grows within until
these intense rhythms go out of their way.

Bringing much pleasure as they enter intellect, a very
precise and totally concise abstract concept being en-
larged as my mind finds paths into rhythmical depths.

All of the notes reuniting themselves in history of
tomorrow as I relive every beat through a photographic
memory in intellect.

Showering me with translucent patterns and designs,
filling me with evaporative colors in the misty haze
of tomorrow's horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abstract Designs

Working at ebbing and flowing of life patterns and designs, enticing their abstract shapes and forms into literature
for all time.
Realizing and compiling every nuance and word into
sentences of my life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abstract Designs In The Airport

Reflections of people passing by in windows, catching my eye for moments at a time, studying their actions, gestures and body language.

Writing it down in abstract designs just to get pictures of them to put onto photographic screens within, a positive way to keep track of each of them.

Etched in life's memories, abstracts can the be assimilated or combined with them, creating new concepts and ideas to invent things that will eventually help all of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abstract Nothingness

Contradictions following prose over years of life,
creating ideas from abstract nothingness and erecting
monuments in images unseen until they are pictured in
words.

Statues, standing tall without remorse, as they
contemplate what visions are seen from inner aspects
of reality, while being produced by imagination's beauty
on a daily basis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abstract Rhymes

Sparkles of memories glimmer in my mind's eyes, twinkling ideas, leading them to my imaginative mind for possibilities of rhyming abstractions.
Holding closely to visions as they waltz around subconsciously in realms of fantasy's realities.
Observing countless details in picturesque thought, choosing cognitively, particles of truth for fodder of my mind continually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abstract Talent

Wandering naturally through nature's wonderland of
fruition, looking and touching every single thing
within my mind's eye.

Totally unforgiving, for a talent spread so much
over life's roads and horizons that everyone is
touched soulfully by it.

Raking aside leaves of inspiration to attach them
to images thwarted by time lost, now turning
them into abstract meanings and double innuendos
for future ideas of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abstract Thinking

Patterns of flooring take me into storerooms of
abstract thinking.
Following their lines and contours on paths of
new undertakings, I slip, slither and slide
sideways into completely new dimensions of thought.
Aligning and mismatching ideas, finding eventually,
their fluidity in ideas of creative processes.
Producing many sentences of meaning and confirmation,
I move forward into destiny's household, prepared
for an onslaught of talented landscapes to roam
around in throughout my days on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abstract Wisdom

Set deeply throughout the universe, life falls short,
lying upon marble slabs.
Cold, indifferent, generally standing in darkened
corridors, looking out with silent eyes.
Decidedly trying to focus on novel approaches to age-
old problems.
Wonderment sliding about unconsciously, warming
insides of curiosity, bringing ideas and thoughts out
onto open forums of knowledge.
Courageously seeking new concepts from abstracted
wisdom, a mind moves forward into a new dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abstracts Brought Into Reality

Thinking as I look around, seeing angles, lines, circles, rectangles, all of them and more being used to build cars, houses, buildings, books, tools etc.

It's amazing how our brains and minds work, bringing many abstracts into the reality of life to make things we all need to live.

Necessities and other things we don't really need to have, just wanting or desiring them, sweeping across my vision, seeing malls, stores and homes, holding them all inside.

A fascinating experience that gives pleasure and at times, new ideas for technology, medical engineering, etc., totally loving how innate talent works.

Giving an unbreakable vision into the future as I invent and create many new things to be used or improved upon eventually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abstracts Hanging In Spheres

Waking to rhythms of a new day, enjoying the sun rise as
I write poetry.

Living a life of poetical music, taking up time that I
preserve in measures of blessedness.

Always being reserved for nothing else, staying in realms
of the Divine.

An interior universe filled with a bluened light of in-
tellect and spirituality.

Processing thoughts, forming ideas, developing concepts
along with abstracts hanging about in spheres.

Waiting to be combined with everything, creating new and
refreshing inventions.

Using mathematical equations, physics, any and all ideas
that come to light or mind in this mere poet's life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abundance Of Spirituality

Falling within, finding a space where I can be alone
and think.

Wanting nothing but peace and serenity, two things I
cannot find in this world.

It is only within an interior spirituality that it is
found in abundance.

Grateful for that interior universe, for without it,
life would not be worth living, I feel.

It is the only place where I can be totally alone to
contemplate, think and find out who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abundant, Unconditional Love

Resting, thinking, ideas climbing slowly out of deepest
canyons, silent and presupposing.

Apparent pleasure filling teasingly, playfully, always
wanting to be held, cuddled, not caring if I ever do
anything else in life again.

It's feelings fill me with an abundant unconditional
love, enticing and beautiful.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abuse Fragments

What lies behind faces of man?
Is there ever any truth emitted from their lips?
Staining everyone else's ears with their deceit and hard-kept secrets.
Preying on defenseless children and women to feel how powerful they are - but why?
There is no sense in what they do, yet never once do they stop to think, just what it is they're doing.
Cutting the lives of many into fragmented pieces, hurting and maiming their very self-worthiness.
How can a woman raise a family normally after having been put through hell herself from domestic violence?
And the children who can never reconcile what has been done to them - how will they ever mature or have normal lives?
It is a horrible crime and men who are supposedly human, are doing and performing these animal-like deeds and are enjoying them.
Purposeful acts of violence turned against the hope and dreams of our future world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abuse Of A Child

Tickets of defiance stamped on denial's forehead, acquaint-
ing an outer world with the hatred of authority, silenced
at every whisper, every concealed laugh.

Being made to die whenever opening their mouth to say a
word, always a saddened voice, choked back by force over
the years, unrecognized.

Stabilizing inherent ideas, crushed by the insistence of
an abusive parent, mind collapsed because of pressures
that nightly episodes create through lust.

Wanting to whistle out loud, down tunnels instead, holding
inner sounds tightly in check so as to escape the violence
of authority.

Porched under dilapidated structures, youthfully thought
of as safe places, unsure of now, what faces them, a dist-
urbance of renderings exiled from innocence and child-like
behaviors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abuse Of Children

Children bombarded by negligent mothers are being torn in
two many pieces.
Laughter and happiness slowly dying, sparkles of eyes being
put into depths of watery, deprecating tears.
Swelling with shame, little children are looking down
instead of inside for strength.
Walking paths alone and frightened, straying from normal
paths of humanity, fleeing from the arms who are supposed
to love them, falling face down because of abuse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abuse Of Phoenix's Elderly

Hilarious denizens of the city of Phoenix, attempting to micro-manage every senior at the center.
Telling people two or three times their age how to behave, live or think.
As you can probably surmise, it's not going over too well.
Community centers are for the elderly and disabled - a place they can go to for a meal, visit friends, a safe place.
City Of Phoenix is turning it all around - now it's a place of fear and abuse.
No one is safe from the so-called higher ups - it's a dismal state of affairs when you're a United States citizen living in the country of Russia right here.
Why has the city decided to become a bully out-right, instead of hiding behind closed doors as usual, making asinine decisions just to fill politician's pockets and lairs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abuse Undermining Life

Saturating the myth of togetherness with lies,
anticipating the joy which will not continue to be.
Constant reminders of habitual abuse are ever
present - existing solely to undermine life.
Tell-tale hints of low self-esteem and self-worth
are beacons for underlying causes of abuse.
Treading daily on thin ice, always thinking twice,
never acting upon a choice, afraid of making a
move for fear of an angry retaliation.
Living like this is not worth the existence found
within.
Acting out a lie of love and harmony does not
change a thing as life continues to be lived in hell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abusive Memories

Forte of a man's voice freezing her in mi-track, blindly
searching her mind for a way out.

There was none, falling inside, choking on helplessness,
embarrassed, being temporarily used for licentious desires.

Raking apart an entire being, heart, soul and mind, reeling
from sins of hatred and violence taken out on a little
child.

Tears disappearing along with a voice, ascending heights
of transparent ceilings, hiding away on the other side of
bleeding memories, stuck within folds of grey matter unable
to stop the incessant beating of innocent life.

Taking it away continually, penetrating everything, killing
intimacy and love before it's ever given a chance to be
learned properly.

Silent, never crying, lost to all, a quiet beautiful child
dies each time, no ideas of why life is so full of pain and
abuse.

Unnatural expectations displayed and acted out upon her
small fragile body.

Fermented life spilled out upon her with no explanations,
odors nauseating and filling her tiny nostrils.

This little child should only be smelling clay, flowers,
and cookies baking in motherly ovens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abyss Being Crossed

Spirit of God is rising, filling people with goodness, kindness and mercy for one another, being awakened by God's chosen leaders in the U.S.A. soon to be governing.

Taking charge and forging ahead into the arena, healing taking place across America, led by humble and simple people who care and are compassionate.

No more emptiness to be given to those who have been affected by racism, intolerance and prejudice, life has suddenly taken a step forward.

Going outside the box to encompass those with a heart, taking entire beings into the abyss of racial prejudice and closing it's gap.

Finding people, no matter their color, nationality or beliefs, coming together now for equality and the good of people all over the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abyss Of Curiosity

Turning over, plummeting into an abyss of wonderful curiosity.
Deeply touching my soul, giving ideas from which to write of many mysterious things appearing from beneath the surface of another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abyss Of Imagination

Reciprocating elements traveling on undefined highways,
searching for places to mature and grow real in.
Dancing sideways to silent melodies, guides minds that
are traversing inner universes.
Likely panaceas unfold in a moment's notice, yet are
kept waiting several eternities before being allowed
to alter their relativity to imagination's abysses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abyss Of Life

Staring out into the abyss of life, feelings of
emptiness creep inside.

Taking hold of a heart's vulnerable places, it
pushes it's way in, leaving no where for the
tears to fall except out.

Wondering for only seconds, why life is so painful,
brushing away the tears from love sent up above.

Love is so sacred and holy, that when it is lost in
death, it's very hard to hold on.

Minutes elapse slowly, life seems to be continuing
in slow motion.

There is nothing more to do in life, except touch
others with love and acceptance.

Everything else loses it's meaning, because death
consumes us, leaving nothing left but dust.

We are but pilgrims in this world, awaiting our
final destiny from God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abyss Of Near Death

Settling into a reverie, silently thinking of life
and what it has left of my being.
Hoping I can still be of use as I fall into an abyss
of near-death on the edge of non-existence.

(9/5/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abysses Of Death

Jamming music filling my mind with effervescent joy,
gladdening my heart, touching my soul with eternity's
verve.

Thinking and seeing as I search life's many avenues
and disguises.

Qualifying eddies, spin and twist all into novel ideas,
creating melodic inventions.

Stickily beating, keeping time with nature, allowing
freedom to ring true, beyond our lives and into abysses
of death's embraces.

Carefully stepping into pools, swimming always to new
shores and everlasting peace.

Forging ideals, making peace, understanding nothing,
yet always finding what you'd rather not know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Abysses Of Grief

Life is a hazard filled with many pitfalls, troubles
and grief, yet we must walk through it all in order
to live our days on earth.
Crutches are sometimes used, when sorrow hits us
squarely in our hearts.
When we begin to come out of the haze of grief we
suddenly look about us, seeing things, feeling for
the first time in quite a while.
Difficult as every moment is, we prepare to live
through each one, sober, awakened by the spirits of
our loved ones who haven't forgotten us.
Traveling down avenues and lanes of reminiscence,
memories lining them like people watching a parade.
Filled with exuberance when remembering good times,
falling into abysses of grief when realizing they
can no longer be while you're still living here on
earth.
Facing everything with faith and hope, believing in
life again tomorrow, never slipping or falling into
a stupor of alcohol.
Enjoying living and being alive with what you have
in hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accents Of Life

Aging gentleman hooking up his equipment to entertain
us and soothe his soul with music.
Giving us ample time to reminisce and look within our
mind at past memories formed in younger days.
Grandeur, beautiful to behold, stuns our hearts with
it's magnificent accents of life, as it keeps us close
to our family and friends even after they've departed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accentuating Life

Stretching imagination into measures of rhythms, expanding
knowledge and learning through an individual thought process.

Living in the beauty of creativity, accentuating life with
timely compositions; poetry being written, inspired by every-
thing that happens to be around me at any given moment in life.

Satisfying inner desires and passion with an identity connected
to an imaginative intellect, focusing on tones of musical notes, combining them
with an essence of nature, allowing it all to culminate in positive aspects of art,
music and writing daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Acceptance

Reasons for acceptance are never very clear -
almost always out of focus.
Wherever bright horizons stand, we tend to
watch while near and forget as soon as they
drift away.
Whiling away hours of life, we side-step many
major portions of it.
Unknowningly doing so, we never know to what
extent we might have made even a small
difference in the life of another's not so
wonderful.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Acceptance From The Pool Players

Happy just to BE again.
Looking around, enjoying activity going on.
Watching the guys play pool and joke around.
A pleasant environment in every aspect, one in which I seem to grow, because of the acceptance the guys give me.
Taking me in, being friends while we're still here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Acceptance Of Truth

Just remembering something from a sermon given at our church when I was a child.

All the rich people were invited to a great feast by someone important, when the time came, the place was empty - no one had come to his feast.

Becoming angry, this man told his servants to go out into the town and invite anyone they found into his home for the feast.

They were all so appreciative to be honored in such a way, they fell to their knees and thanked him for inviting them, then all of them sat down to eat.

Looking around, this man had tears in his eyes, seeing these people who didn't even know him, talking, joking, laughing and making his life enjoyable.

Vowing from that day forward to always accept those whom he had thought unworthy of his generosity before and he never again invited those whom he thought were his friends just because they were rich and learned.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accepted By Everyone

Moving forward, walking tightropes of strife
and suffering, at times falling into safety
nets filled with happiness and joy.

Tantalizing and alluring, we all gather into
circles of rhythm where we enjoy one another's
company.

Laughing, joking and feeling comfortable with
our feelings and friends, being accepted by
everyone and doing the same in return.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accepting A Poetical Existence

Taking selective rhythms of particular instruments and
applying them to words that flow easily from this pen.

Accurately and enticing, they slip into mind and excite
this soul no end.

Giving of self in every single poem, accepting a life
of poetical existence, becoming within, glorying always
in depths and realms.

Offering it all to God, becoming the essence and passion
of self only.

Others wanting only to put me down in other spaces of
selfish properties to suit themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accepting And Loving

Nothing blinding my heart, seeing you perfectly in all
your beauty, faults and qualities together.

Accepting and loving you, no one else having a chance
to claim this heart that belongs to only you, my love.

Ecstasy filling us when loving so energetically and
vibrantly, loving unequally but totally.

In each other's arms throughout each night, waking as
the sun rises, still holding onto our love.

As we look into each other's eyes, still filled with
the intense passion of our love-making.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accepting Change

Sunny days on the horizon, bringing warmth and positive attitudes into people's minds with beauty of life and nature, surviving the night, taking hold of everything as it unfolds in daylight.

Moving about, going to work, school, volunteering, having fun, each to his or her own way of life, accepting change, finding ways to adjust to hard times and living fully in the present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accepting Conclusions

Candlelight shedding shadows from backgrounds, interiorly accepting of any conclusions scratched and etched onto platelets of DNA, held onto through generations of time.
Placating sorrow hiding in corners, trying to keep to itself, yet allowing knowledge of it's grief to be expressed openly through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accepting Direction

Calmly, steadily, moving in time to melody's rhythm.
Storming the doors to imagination's depths,
picking out words floating there,
to tones incessantly clearing their throats in
acceptance of spiritual directions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accepting Emotions

Thunderous melodies, hitting my heart, beating in tune with it's rhythms, sending messages to my brain to begin writing.
Overwhelming aspects mysteriously appearing on broken photographic screens, carefully attuning themselves to the essence of my being. Leaving no room for anything in between thoughts given to me as the pen writes quickly, not leaving out anything of importance.
Poems to one day be read and felt in other people's hearts as their minds take in and accept all emotions that poems bring with them into lives all over the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accepting For What It Is

Lively thoughts being investigated thoroughly without having
to work at it, for intellect has done it innately and spon-
taneously for me.

Acquiescing to it's ultimate power of imagination, giving
it free rein to do what it loves doing, accepting innate
talent for what is.

Loving how I can use it to fulfill my purpose in this life,
fascinating me endlessly, for even I don't know how my mind
works to produce such creativity on a constant basis through-
out life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accepting Love? ?

Wanting to know more about love and how it appears in our lives, is it reality or a fantasy of imagination?

When feeling what we think of as love, what is it that we are actually feeling and thinking?

Accepting love has certain measures to be ascertained before deciding to give in to it, what causes us to do so?

Living in the uncertainty of love, how do we ascertain whether or not we will like it, or continue to stay in love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accepting Our Temporary Humanity

Lifting eyes and soul to heaven, listening to silent pleas of angels wanting us to do what's right and good while we're a-live.

Giving us visions at times of the joy and happiness that will be ours one day in another dimension, peace and serenity being ours totally when we find and accept our temporary humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accepting Sensations

Tantalizing, exuberant, steady rhythms exploding like
fireworks within my mind.

Feeling each one, getting excited, being filled with
the adrenaline of each one being shown.

Nothing able to stop this wonderful environment from
continuing through the music of life.

Accepting sensations through every sense, slowly
building and rising within me.

Prancing through beats being drummed while enjoying
everyone of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accepting The Unacceptable

Guitar twanging a gently melody, sending it slowly through air currents, disturbing very little within a creative mind, although touching particles of a mindful and intense intellect.

Riding humorously down rhythmic levels of liveliness, listening to words of deference, finding them slightly irritating, yet letting them intimidate intellect wisely.

Bringing together incongruent thoughts, allowing them to slowly step into synch with sounds of friction, deliberate and totally perfunctionary, purposely jarring minds into accepting the un-acceptable through music and it's unusual coded rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accepting This Gift

Racing through rhythms, keeping time with them as I
continue to write thoughts flowing so rapidly with
beats that I'm hearing.

Such an absolute feeling of joy, energy being in-
creased rhythmically, never letting my mind wander
from what I'm doing.

Accepting this gift of innate talent totally, enjoying
the beauty and peace that it brings into my life on a
daily basis.

Knowing that this will continue to be my passion through-
out all the days I have left in this world, I will live
continually in an individual freedom within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accepting You

Wrapping your mind around, protecting and guiding me from evils of this world.

Taking my hand, leading me into beautiful gardens, filled with the aroma of hundreds of flowers.

Touching my senses, awakening them from their long-time comas, and giving me pleasure again in your touch.

Gently you come into view, hoping to see me open and welcoming you.

Seeing the tears of joy in your eyes as I gaze at you, now knowing that I have accepted you into my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accessible Minds

Skating across minds of access, leaving telltale
reminders of thoughts coalescing in distant
reaches of imagination's storehouses.
Traipsing up and down slopes of future literature,
accumulating ideas and novel approaches as life
goes on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accessing Possibiliities

Gathering and conquering capabilities throughout life,
accessing their possibilities with a finesse and fine
point pen.

Ideas surrounding me like storm clouds, touching this
intellect succinctly and concisely, giving thoughts so
many adventures through imagination.

Taking them into avenues of reality and back again,
quietly, silently, no one ever knowing that it is now
happening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accessing The Intangible

Reflections of light, multiplying as I watch on a
table top, seeing them spread around, collecting
more as they go.

Lifting intellect into mannerisms of mathematical
equations as they figure it out, continuing to
geometrically flow from within this mind.

Accessing the intangible and making it become
tangible through intellect, collating information
in order to benefit in the long run.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Acclaim Passion

Circumventing paths of turmoil throughout life,
not wanting to be stressed or troubled.

There is only so much time where we can enjoy
and love one another through the years.

Earthly time is temporary, not ever-lasting,
yet it's beautiful.

Hope taking it's place in people's vocabulary
as they reach for the stars and acclaim the
passion of interior desires.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accommodating Life

Stillness of age renders one restless in phases of idleness.
Taking sidesteps to living, creating a fullness of experience tantamount to enjoyable happiness.
Remaining in an atmosphere of quiet rendering, life takes on meanings of it's own.
Recalling memories when it wants to view sorrow's rooms in daylight hours while busy trying to accommodate life at the same time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accommodating Musical Rhythms

Soothing silence running through my mind, touching my soul,
bringing me to an area of intellect to arouse my brain.

A slight rhythmic pulse, teasing my mind, gently tantalizing
certain neurons.

Feeling the slight and intense vibrations, yielding a sense-
tion of total contemplation.

Creating and energizing an interior life into motion, finding
ideas being formed by them and letting all come together with
one area accommodating musical rhythms of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accomplished Facets

Soliciting many ideas from an interior creative force,
beating incessantly, keeping life very interesting.

Liking the many feats being accomplished, taking all
the time needed to write and not be interrupted.

Whiling away many hours doing what I love, enjoying
and feeling happy while doing so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accomplishing Major Feats

Traveling quickly through deserts, and over mountains in
thoughts of imagination.

Enjoying new feelings coming about, noticing an entirely
new world closing in around me each day.

Searching the immediate vicinity for the beauty of each
new depiction appearing before this mind's eyes.

Running, lighting up the sky with neon concepts, bright and
effervescent in the morning sunlight.

Accomplishing major feats of an entire lifetime all at the
tip of a black ink pen when writing them all down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accomplishing Needs

Exhausting all possibilities on the road of life as
it tends to want to bring the arms of death around
at every turn.

Refusing to fall into traps it lays, carrying on as
if not even seeing it waiting there.

There's just too much that needs to be accomplished
before going willingly into the beyond.

Even though it's where I'd prefer to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accomplishing Unknown Impossibilities

Rushing through my mind, taking everything into depths of intellect and innate knowledge, giving new ideas and concepts time to grow and be nurtured.

Accomplishing unknown impossibilities, letting the world spin into new technology and a perfect system of modern equations.

Going through mathematical formulas, thoroughly taking images and pictures, finding final puzzles and solutions to set things straight in minds of other individuals.

Those having knowledge, power and money to make them all become a reality in this world, and in the end, having solutions to world peace through minds of brilliant people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accomplishing What Needs To Be Done

Flukes in life drive us wild, at times they are good for
us, others not.

Yet we have to put up with them when happening, stretching
us every which way.

Striving to accomplish what's needed to be done in life,
finding new and exciting ways of meeting them head on.

Lasting feelings of liberty and freedom filling us when we
have successfully taken care of what's gotten in our way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accounting For Passion

Leading the way into densest forests of imagination,
taking apart all sights set before me.

Invigorating and using a bountiful essence of the
poverty of my soul as I travel through it's dark
night, alone on this solo journey in life.

Meaningful, exceptional perceptions and concepts are
flowing from within.

Always giving and taking passion of being into account,
forever tasting accents of this beautiful world through
intellect.

Letting it all sandwich and increase my appetite for
the curiosity of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accruing Factions Of Life

Is reality real? Or is it a figment of imagination? What
is it in actuality?

Life lives in everyone, but somehow it seems to branch out
and become unique within each person.

What causes this? I wonder at times while thinking of up-
bringing, environment, different circumstances, situations
affecting each person.

How are we supposed to distinguish between reality and our
imagination?

Only way I can see is that intellect makes these decisions,
giving us accurate descriptions and portrayals of what we
are seeing and feeling.

Once that happens, seeing knowledge stepping up and setting
itself properly in our minds.

After accruing many factions of life, knowledge then trans-
forms everything into a more purposeful, tangible form to
be accessed, and begins to be created in what we know as
wisdom are my thoughts on it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accruing Wisdom

Riding dusky trails of life in a melodious stupor quiets the soul, enables it to grow.
Outlasting the peacefulness of man, contemplation flows forth, sprouting everywhere.
Times of liveliness gather like moss around the north side of a tree, penetrating and creating images for memories to grasp onto.
Galloping through arid deserts of living, a thirst for knowledge builds and confiscates all other curiosities.
Taking time to allow imagination it's freedom so wisdom may accrue throughout the years.
Life standing, searching, not knowing that within is all it ever needs to know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accumulating Insight

Thoughts being illuminated through the darkness,
being touched by innate talent as music begins
to play.

Reaching into every corner, accumulating insight
of experiences that are constantly ruminating
throughout this mind.

Figuring out the designs of rhythms, watching
them form themselves into algorithms through an
innate intelligence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accumulating Knowledge

Running through acres of mind-filled imagination, touching all that can be reached, feeling the difference in every single object.
Taking this knowledge with me and using it to write favorable thoughts about each experience that I go through.
Directing my life, giving in to it's individual tastes and emotions.
Listening carefully to every sound and tone hitting my mind.
Riding headlong into situations, looking forward to whatever I may find and see.
Realistically, searching my brain, trying to find explanations that will focus my mind closer to what I need in thought.
Actually measuring distances of emotions and tallying ratios as they appear in the equations.
Falling nighttime, appearing shadows, accumulating knowledge through quiet evening beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accumulation Of Essence

Walking along forest trails, listening to the echoes of birds
and crickets, stepping on leaves, hearing them crackle beneath
my footsteps.

Slipping along under leaves of branches hanging over, touching
me affectionately with their absorbent love.

Giving an exceptional acceptance of logic and reason as I keep
to the interior intellect of my soul.

Excessive accumulation of my essence, gathered in it's prime,
all spread about in these, my senior years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accumulation Of Life Events

Eyes lifted in faith, seeking hope through all the hardships in this world, finding ways to overcome and live fully in the sacredness of creation.

Continually unfolding in the reality of this earthly life, systematically forming solutions and conclusions throughout the years, continuing to find questions without any answers to be found.

A listlessness at times as we all move forward to sunsetical shores without effort, easily forging new paths towards spiritually in the realms of a universal serenity and peace, an accumulation of life events that culminate totally in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accumulative Experiences

Listening while watching images and videos coming to mind,
enjoying their reminders of life already passed, leaving
memories on photographic screens to be seen later in life.

Enjoying experiences and situations that kept me focused,
alive and intent on living here on earth, accumulating
them through the years.

Finding emotions and feelings are all intact whenever see-
ing them interiorly throughout life, letting them continue
to be reminders of what used to be when younger, keeping me
morally and ethically correct with values.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Accurate Historic Facts

Listening to artifacts of yesterday as they are built upon
our American history, detailing every important facet that
happened through the years.

Giving an accurate historic tale to follow throughout the
years, teaching it all to children in school, giving them
the facts and figures of the past.

Allowing them to forever know the world and all of it's
traces back to the very beginning of time, learning from
any mistakes made back them and not repeating them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Achieved In Time

Closing doors, leaving the world behind, not wanting to go
through them into past memories right now.

Exploring the present and it's future hopes and dreams,
trying to see how best they can all be achieved in time,
the sooner the better.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Achieving Discoveries

Ultimate times reach me when the music bellows louder
and louder, taking my soul to heights beyond any ever
known.
Beating sololy for myself, teaching circuits of my
brain new thoughts and ways of doing things.
Electrifying synapses with many particular exploding
feelings, stretching out over many mountains of
elasticity, never slowing down.
Being explicit in directions, achieving many discoveries
from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Achieving Life's Dreams

Looking through mini blinds at nature outside
the window, seeing bright, vibrant, green leaves
bopping around in the wind and covering trees.

Silent, composing prose and music to go with it,
loving the peace their combined rhythms give to
me.

Sensational thoughts being given through the at-
mosphere and taken into intellect where I can
blend and give them coded rhythms to be sung by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Achieving Plans

Singing and finding recesses of prior melodies that need
to be separated once more, achieving the plans agreed upon
through intellect.

Chords opening and closing, taking me on a separate journey
than others in life, slipping, sliding, offering nothing in
return, but the beauty of an interior joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Achieving Small Things

When very young, quiet, shy, introverted, only coming out of the shell of self to take care of others.

Always feeling a sense of joy at giving feelings of independence and freedom to others.

Helping elderly walk, dress, brush their hair, encouraging them to do whatever they could for themselves.

Loving and sharing in their achievements in even the very small things as they smiled with a sense of accomplishment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Achieving The Impossible

Watching as sounds vibrate through colors of the rainbow,
showing their truths and honesty through the beauty of
their sparkling essence in the darkness.

An uplifting experience that gives an energy and titilla-
ting wonder of a lasting opportunity in this temporary
life here on earth.

Wondering and stepping into lights of sensations that
soar and fly around an interior intellect, collecting and
combining them with abstracts.

Unbelievable and wonderful statutes of godly atmospheres,
flowing and achieving the impossible in annals of history,
traveling through tunnels looking for hidden relics that
may hold answers to this time of life that I'm living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Achievment Of A Chosen Few

Collectively touching strings of a violin, playing hearts of
many all at once, taking off into the atmosphere where only
the brave dare to go.

An achievement meant for only a chosen few, blending together
with music and poetry, livid, energetic, blazing sparks ignit-
ing imagination swiftly and totally.

Effortlessly, touching minds of creative people, bringing hope
interiorly to each of them, a complete and total conveyance of
artistic attitudes being taken and finished.

Polished with the shine of innate wisdom and intelligence,
forging and pulling everything into one level and sphere capable
of rendering a fulfillment of life's ambitions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aching Heart

Rising with the swell of an ocean's waves,
flying with the gulls for a moment,
then falling down - deeply - into ocean's depths.
Pain-filled heart - hurting.
Wondering what is going on - feeling sadness being
depressed gently into my aching heart.
Wanting the love of a Mother, silence fills the world
with the reminder of her death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aching Sorrow

Watching people live everyday lives, seeing their heartaches and sorrow written over their faces, telling of their trials and tribulations.

Lonely people, widows, facing life without their partners and soulmates, drifting aimlessly, doing activities to fill up all the lonely hours - yet still feeling empty and abandoned.

Watching others smiling, holding hands, enjoying themselves, caring and sharing their lives for every moment they're alive, just like they used to do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aching Soul

Sorrowfully anticipating joy to locate me and
grant peace to my aching soul.
Watching rainbows colorfully come over me,
enjoining my spirit with a continual happiness
as I aid others in their struggles to conquer
depression and fatalities of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Acknowledging Beliefs Of Passing Times

Lithely drumming into a vast environment of musical ability.
Transporting tones to distant limitations in an orbit of existent prose.
Acknowledging beliefs of passing time as I continue down pathways of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Acknowledging Emptiness

Soothing, touching literal meanings of my heart as I
write unexhaustedly forever in moments of time, un-
ceasingly being motivated and inspired within.

Explicit identities of each and every individual, all
mourning in dreams of insight as I walk among loneli-
ness and sorrow pouring forth from within.

Traipsing alone, wanting the emptiness to fill my being,
acknowledging it's presence daily, as tears continue to
flow through me day and night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Acknowledging The Process

Procrastinating again, waiting for the mood to hit and
salvage my being from wasting away.
Liberty and freedom knocking at my mind, wanting to
explore and create new memories and inventions to put
in places of journals.
Waiting for their presence so it may soar with poetical
works of joy.
Italianly perceptive in every corner, acknowledging the process of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Acknowledging Yesterday's Views

rising to the rhythm of movement, whiling away moments
in tempo with nature's daily rhythms.

Quietly acknowledging the stillness and silence of
yesterday's anticipated views of life.

Gathered in images, walking around in misty hazes,
wanting to find the exits into another dimension.

Knowing later, in depths of tomorrow that self will
be hurtling through the times of ageless acquiescence.

Thrown into the aftermath of antagonizing trials of
life's turmoil, no choice in the matter.

Just arriving and expected to carry on as if there's
nothing amiss to change things.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Acknowleged Passion

Stalking self through the walkways of an everlasting silence,
minding only my business.

Unwavering in beliefs and religious interests always held
closely inside the circumference of my mind.

Allowing the intellect of wisdom to tap into the acknowledged
passion, staking it's claim within my lifetime.

Holding on and never letting go of the entire action of motion
through rhythm, taking me into movements of every note being
played to the universe, without ever backing down for anything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Acquiescent Poetry

Soothing feelings taking me down pathways
of desirable pleasure, seeking new avenues
to become acquainted with whomever wants to
read me in acquiescent poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Acquired Knowledge

Exercises of strength continue to build character,
almost destroying peace of mind.
Charging lights with a brilliant radiance, becoming
an angel's halo in heaven.
Camping off-site with a trail of wilderness pocketed
in sublime desire.
Inherent displacement folds itself around grey
matter, teaching a special effect of wisdom's heredity.
Fanning flames of discovery into bonfires of acquired
knowledge, secreted away in deeply felt images,
talking to visions of yesterday's lore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Acquiring More

Rocking to the beats of Mojo Rats here at Buddy Stubbs, going round and round through measures of time and rhythms, enjoying drums beating, keeping time into poetry.

Beautiful morning, fair weather, taking spirits soaring delightfully into the afternoon, spilling ideas into the open, focusing on the wonder of rhythms as they saturate this mind.

Rejoicing in realms and dimensions music brings me to, filling up intellect with equations, coded rhythms and mathematical solutions.

Perhaps honing in on a medical advance while writing through this melee of harmony, rapid melodies and rhythms taking me further into another universe where intellect excels in writing.

Being offered concepts talently through innate wisdom and knowledge, acquiring more as I listen intently to these rhythms being coded automatically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Acres Of Belief

Echoes sounding through the ages, bringing me into acres of belief, now that I'm much older.
Staking claims, trying to complete my journey on earth with no regrets taken with me.
Solemn thoughts of saddened beauty taunt inner dimensions of my heart, taking my soul into depths only I can understand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Across Deserts Of Destiny

Light, airy, vibrant and enticing, winds of fate blowing across deserts of destiny in the ebony darkness of this life, exercise-ing freedom through writing.

Listening constantly to rhythms of tomorrow's visions as they play like orchestras of nature and humanity, their beauty an outstanding melody of what life could be.

If only mankind would settle in and strive for peace on earth, ending all the violence, terrorism, intolerance, prejudice and murder in every country of this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Across India

Traveling across plains of India, seeing rice paddies everywhere, beautiful flowers and greenery stationing themselves all across the land.

People walking and working, cutting the rice to take with them, animals roaming around, cows, goats, stray dogs, oxen pulling plows through fields.

Palm trees loaded with coconuts, India being a land of plenty in the way of agriculture, yet it's people are poor, living in grass roof huts, no electric or water.

Living an existence of nothing much, the rich not seeming to care one iota about them it appears, such vibrant and wonderful people being left alone, no one caring to help.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Across Loneliness

Sailing away, heading into a hazy fog,
trying to lose myself in a perfect storm, alone.
Desiring the peace, solitude, emptiness of life
so I can grow accustomed to it's feelings,
helping me to better work my way across the
loneliness so I can build strength and character.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Across The World

Miracles lying in wait, their essence having been prayed
into them by many people.

Wonder and awe standing upon faces of those who are now
witnessing each of them in turn.

Chorus's of lightened knowledge and wisdom shining upon
earth, allowing goodness and mercy to fill all those who
believe in God.

Lives across the world are being judged according to the
ten commandments and those who haven't followed them will
be sent elsewhere.

While those who have earned God's mercy and forgiveness
will enter heaven and live with Him forever in peace and
joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Act Of Charity

A Christmas wrap is being sung to tidy up this musical
in it's entirety.

Shoes are continuing to walk into the environment as
many people are donating shoes and money so more can
be bought for those children in need of them.

A wonderful act of charity being performed by these
children of Heritage Elementary School, that will
continue to touch many future generations with it's
bright memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Actions Always Speak Louder Than Words

Everybody lives their lives according to how they
were taught by their parents, actions always speak-
ing louder than words.

Parents hoping for the best in their child's world,
showing by example, a love of God, following the ten
Commandments and doing good throughout their lives.

Children always watching, wide-eyed, never missing a
thing, absorbing it all both good and bad together,
much to many parents dismay.

For some parents are not loving, caring or good ex-
amples for their children, and when going to school
showing these behaviors and attitudes, making our
own children question what they've been taught.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Activating The Light

Misty curtains of mystery are constantly being closed,
keeping openness and wonder from being noticed in the
individual lives of perspectives.

Activating the light of knowledge and wisdom would
definitely bring about enlightenment, taking positive
facets openly into solutions of tomorrow's visions.

Living in a land of wonder and curiosity, nothing to
mar the beauty of livelihood or precious innocence
that needs to always be perpetrated all over the earth.

Standing alone, gaining strength, never forgetting to
help others along the way, bringing about a strength
of character and faith into the light of a new day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Active Delight

Leaves turning color,
beautiful sights.
As traversing down lanes
we are silenced by
their hues, touching
our souls with active
delight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Activity Tired And Hiding

Dancing into an evening sunset, shadows deepening, life coming to a standstill as activity becomes tired and is put away quietly and carefully into cupboards of nothingness.

Breezes gently blowing, clouds floating, beginning to hide before twilight covers them in darkness, being too late to be played with in minds of children, imagining all sorts of animals, people, designs and patterns of beauty and magnificence in daylight skies only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Acts Of Treason

Hillary's on the terrorist list along with Obama for
all the treasonous acts they've committed against our
Constitution and all of the American people.

They should not be flying anywhere on Air Force One,
yet they are traveling at taxpayer's expense all across
the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Actual Limits Of Being Human

Swaying and rocking to melodies interiorly, taking me
soaring into an intellectual atmosphere where only I
exist.

Being free and independent, taking life in stride as
I continually sit and write poetry, sublime and pro-
found at times.

Even surprising self at certain moments in life, never
being in a box, having broken out of all boundaries and
limits when just a child.

Always questioning the whys and wherefores of every-
thing, not believing anything that others tell me with
their narrow minds and opinions.

They keep them strapped tightly and firmly within their
absent-minded hearts, not ever wanting to be like them,
taking everything beyond what it seems to be.

Being surprised to find that I'm right when looking be-
neath the surface of every little thing, feeling a great
and tremendous amount of self-assurance.

Knowing that I'm not always going to be right yet never
doubting self, just knowing the actual limits of being
a human being on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Acuity Of Bereavement

Shining along walkways, stepping quietly
into a circular circumference of achievement.
Benefiting my soul with indefinite perceptions
of ability, facing reality with an astounding
acuity of bereavement, standing in imagination.
Winding down through the moments, holding
everything closely to my heart and soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ad Nauseum

Gold and black balloons filled with helium,
not much different than the politicians who
are full of hot air.
Sitting in the sun, waiting for gems of
wisdom that never are elicited from speaker's
mouths.
Instead, pouring forth falsehoods ad nauseum.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adapting

Wandering from one place to another, finding that I can
fit anywhere on earth that I want, able to adapt in any
situation.

Adept at learning rapidly, anything that's needed through
innate ability, always having fun, enjoying rhythms that
accompany me while writing.

Changing brain pathways constantly, enabling me to write
about anything without having any thoughts in mind, the
very moment music begins to play, my mind starts creating.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Added Facet Of Love

Mind touching feelings of this heart as it surges
with desire across the miles, reaching out to the
love found in another.

Separate and beautiful, essence of unconditional
love and the privacy of another person blending
with mine.

A unique and wonderful experience, an added facet
of love that stands out above all others on a
divine and omnipresent level.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Added To Our List Of Heroes

Mountains being climbed, life entering new realms,
taking steps into the freedom and liberty of all
mankind.

Sweeping across the nation, pride in America being
built more than ever, because our leader, Donald
Trump has vowed to make America great again.

It's already begun, how things have changed in a
blink of the eye, a man not afraid of being politi-
cally incorrect.

Choosing instead to be morally and ethically right,
telling the truth, what we are already thinking,
Americans as one behind Donald Trump.

Our new President, a breath of fresh air, corrupt
and greedy politicians now being obsolete, we
Americans saying good riddance to them one and all.

People with honor and morals now taking over, One
Nation under God, no matter the protests of the few,
we are united in saying, God Bless, America!

Always the home of the free and the brave, honoring
all those who've fought and died protecting us and
our freedom here in America.

Now adding Donald Trump to the list of heroes as he
takes giant strides to make America great again, may
he be blessed in everything he does for the U.S.A.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Addicted To Meanings

Always doing crosswords
Can't get enough of them.

Being addicted to meanings
Using a thesaurus constantly

Because a dictionary doesn't cut it,
Never giving enough food for thought
in writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Addictive Atmosphere

Bluened atmosphere held within an interior universe and
life that gives a vibrant energy that never quits.

Sounds and their rhythms take part quietly and silently
in depths of it's fantastic stillness.

An intense and addictive atmosphere that I don't like to
depart from freely.

Having to get back to reality, taking part in life unduly,
tripping through time, forging through life uneasily.

It's filled with strife and turmoil, never quite being
satisfied with prospects given.

Wanting only to be independent and free, doing what my
intellect and innate talent supply for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Addictive Measures Of Music

Intense and addictive measures of music taking all senses
into an euphoric state of mind where they're living content-
edly all the time.

Feelings and emotions always accompanying poetical atmospheres
where passion lies waiting to join with interior desires, know-
ing that they will invigorate everything that's written.

Allowing those who read them in a poem to either laugh, cry,
smile, giggle, or get goose bumps at what is read, becoming
integrated in mind, senses and feelings with a poetical prose.

All of it intended, making everyone a part of it's content,
feeling close to what's being said in each and every poem
throughout the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adding

Having no room for emotion
as I listen and learn.
Adding to my repertoire of
knowledge and wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adding Another Dimension

Attempting to add another dimension to my writing
while listening to music and playing the piano in
my mind.
Another spectre of imaginative thought being
added as I actually sing out loud through it all
at the same time.
Experiencing it fully now, actually able to do it
pretty steadily and constantly through time.
Pressing my mind ever more, taking into
consideration the depths of my mind as I expand
them exponentially beyond comprehension of
ordinary scientific theories.
Taking my brain, bringing it into the realization
of it's infinite potential as I expand it through
new ideas being brought to me incessantly.
Working every aspect as they pile into corners and
lines, awaiting my discovery of their extensive
purposes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adding Depth To Poetry

Softened petals of beating notes, fragrantly adding depth to any poetry I write, while listening to an inner song, especially being sung straight to my soul. Wanting very much to hold on to it forever, yet knowing I must let go to travel far into yonder horizons, past the setting sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adding Dimension

Straightening circles and squares to see what comes from
within their depths, noticing new angles and formulas
being developed in absence of the normal ones.

Walking along each of them in my mind, anticipating creat-
ive solutions coming to the forefront, selecting and com-
bining all of them with equations.

Each one coming to mind, effervescent and lively, totaling
many new angles in the scheme of things, as music and it's
rhythms add dimension to them in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adding Happiness

Restfully thinking about life and all it's dire
difficulties standing in the way of true happiness.
A lifetime of hopes and dreams, filled with desires,
all waylaid because of circumstances causing
problems.
Waiting for situations to change, become better in
the long run, wondering how much longer this will
continue in limbo.
Hoping not too much longer as I daydream of better
things to come along, friends coming back and life
turning around, adding happiness back into the
equation.

(11: 18 a.m. - 11/20/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adding Joy

Watching, listening to several pool players playing
in front of me while I write, my usual place when
here at the center, sitting at a table alone.

Pool players don't bother me, they just let me write
while they play, joking, teasing each other through-
out the game.

Adding joyful fun to each of my days here with them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adding Meaning To Life

Movement quickly gives energy a boost into
a new day of excitement.
Calling forth an attitude of absolute joy,
turning around any depressions that get caught inside
invisible thoughts of sorrow.
Words circle about, merging with forms that don't
fit, yet when put together, shape new and beautiful
sentences, adding meaning to another's person's
daily life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adding Rhythm

Waking early in the morning, wide awake and already
writing, loving my mind and how it is always ready
and working.

Taking music, placing it in many measures to add
rhythm, evenly and smoothly to everything written,
taking care everything can be sung after writing it,
remembering every song and melody that I was listen-
ing to as I wrote it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adding Significantly To Life

Tantalizing thoughts filled with music and poetry,
adding to life significantly and constantly.

Ideas and notes twinkling always in my mind while
composing classical symphonies, sonatas and etudes.

Always bringing such joy into this mere poet's life
while writing poetry and helping others who need it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adding To A Repertoire

Reaching out, searching for rhetoric which has never yet
been created.

Wanting to discover it on my own, hoping I can add to the
endless repertoire of what has been written so far.

Bringing it up to date with the 21st Century at least.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adding To Innate Talent

Thinking, planning, hoping to add to innate talent in an infinite amount of ways and directions, finding pleasing ideas and concepts arising in depths of spirituality.

Contemplation, serious, precise attitudes bringing to-gether exacting measures of rhythms through musical and poetical interludes fulfilling me within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adding To Interest And Diversity In Kokata

Stranded in a country, sitting alone, watching people roam
round, wondering what they're thinking, where they're going,
what language they are speaking.

Being curious, always inquisitive, never having a moment of
loss for my mind is open and absorbing every detail around
me in my surroundings.

Noticing clothes, colors, feelings and expressions which
seem to be across the board from one country to another,
realizations coming to mind instantaneously.

Seeing the differences in habits and cultures, adding to
the interest and diversity of our worlds, thinking about
how unique every individual really does become in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adding Up Enticing Products

Music being picked and strummed by a lively band of musicians always in synch with one another, graduating and entering measures that add up in enticing products of our energy.

Reaching, unfolding satisfaction that never dies or takes precedence in another lifetime, watching as everything comes together in methods of mathematical processes of innate intellect, thoughts always being forwarded through absolute an energy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adding Up To Moments Of Life

Walking along pathways in life, happy and contented, watching as nature, loved ones, friends and strangers come in and out of my life like actors on a stage.

Scenes changing, conversations being carried on, no two being the same, diversity, learning, teaching happening with every-one whom I meet.

A total landscape, field of roses, another time and place, all adding up to the moments of my little mere poetical life right now as I'm living it until I end one day in the near-future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Additional Pool Player

Watching pool players, sometimes sensing the essence of
one or another of them.

Today a gentleman is entering that domain, tall, quiet,
reserved, always in a good mood, loving life, smiling
and having positive thoughts to express to the others.

Polite, good sense of humor, ready always for laughter
and good times to be had.

Seemingly thoughtful, pondering on things, wondering
about life and it's expectations at times.

Enjoying playing pool, hoping to win some games, but
it doesn't seem to matter too much if he doesn't.

All in all, a joy to be around, a wonderful edition to
the pool players at the center.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adept And Adapting

Visions dancing, happy and joyful, perpetrating good
thoughts and feelings, an absolute and tantalizing
prospect, bringing new concepts to mind.

Tallying effervescent percentages of an inner beauty
that is focused throughout this life with an energy
unknown to most living on earth.

Always moving thoroughly into depths of intellectual
pursuits, proclaiming their positive influence in
every single poem that is written.

Forever fulfilling traditions of innate talent, being
adept and adapting to it's proficient thought processes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adherence To Music

Whenever listening to classical renditions of yesterday,
silent beauty and serenity fill my soul, charging my
mind with ideas and images to write into poetry.
Thinking loudly within my subconscious, hearing life's
precision and adherence to music in all of human nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adherent Beauty

Singularly listening to interludes of life
held deeply within intellect's wisdom and imagination.
Carrying forth all thoughts that accumulate in spirals
of adherent beauty.

Listlessly becoming the part of self that is always
ready to accept me with all feelings and emotions
clinging like ivy to my heart and soul.

Stretching every particle and atom to fit my inner
intellect, bringing me ever closer to the center of
life and all of it's mysteries.
Forging every single thought into photographic screens of profound depths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adhering Life

Residing in depths of creative juices, drinking them in,
filling up an essence with every ounce of rhythm that
they squeeze from music.

Giving a perfect composition to adhere to life, compiling
many poems to collect through the years, entertaining self.

Afterwards, allowing others to read and enjoy the ones they
like and leave the rest.

A peculiar gift in many ways, yet it's a perfect fit with
intellect and imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adjacent Universe

Abounding opportunities fly into the wake of tomorrow's dreams, giving us thoughts as we proceed through intellectual desires, giving up emotional trials for the time being.
Situating everything in neat and orderly stacks of ideas, taking time to intercept patterns and create formulas by which to live by.
Annointing blessed visions with water from above, touching peaceful thoughts, expanding them beyond normal limits and behaviors.
Exhilarating movements portraying the beauty of nature in absolute positions of inner beauty.
Solid walls of granite rising, taking me inside their heaviness, protecting and guiding me from human experiences into outer pictures of an adjacent universe, given through talent by God's own hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adjectival Preciseness

Banging around, fluctuating in rhythms of imagination
with careful abandon.
Studying melodies with silent beauty, saturating my
mind's eyes, taking in every nuance sent flying by in
thought.
Capturing every detail in lightened subconsciousness,
feelings tied to particles of musical etudes with
adjectival preciseness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adjectival Propensity

Blessed with extraordinary gifts, humbling me before God,
giving me pause for thought.

Arranging bouquets spontaneously in my mind, trying on
different frocks of words, blending them all with
enjoyment.

Focusing purposely on delicate avenues of exacting
precision of adjectival propensity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adjectival Shards

Portraying in musical renditions, life fascinates and splinters
every idea formed and shaped, taking shards of puzzles and data,
and surrounding them in words filled with adjectives and feeling.
Turning lives around, becoming diamonds in books of endearing
thoughts to be read by other folks in times of calming distress.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adjusting Feelings

Silence filling inner realms as life
overtakes feelings, adjusting their
intensity to fit a morning awakening.
A supple way to greet a new day in
prayers of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adjusting Interior Moods

Shockingly bright colors hovering over this mind,
not alighting, preferring to hover, checking out
landscapes and feeling it's tender and warm glow.

Insipid and inspiring, adjusting interior moods
to fit retiring aspects of daily live, no longer
wanting anything else to enter the picture keeping
it entirely in the present for it's duration

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adjusting Involvement

Wanting to hear something fast, loud and constant,
so they play I got friends in low places.
Not what I had in mind, but okay, I'll adjust to
the involvement of rhythm, trying hard to hold back
when wanting to race forward and be gone.
Electric watts hitting me slowly in trends of
country-western rhythms.
Insisting on revving forward, instead, staying back,
waiting for melodies to catch up with my mind as it
expands in triple time through writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adjusting Life

Life is a difficult process, it takes up and inordinate
amount of time, is filled with mistakes and bad experiences,
and it ends just when you begin adjusting to it's infinite
demands.

It is never organized, everything seems to happen and we
are left to deal with it however best we can.

People come and go in our lives, some making indelible
impressions on us as friends, others scraping and grating
against our nervous systems.

We learn marked knowledge communicating, reading libraries
of information, speaking and listening to one another, yet
we use very little of the information or data recorded
permanently in our brains.

Preferring to bask in leisurely, pleasant pursuits, we focus
our energies on days off, vacations and weekends, leaving work
days to fulfill themselves with whatever is left in our systems.

Fortunately we are all pretty much the same in most respects,
and our workplaces don't suffer, usually, any neglect or fatal
disuse.

All of life we conquer our fears, gain courage, have respect
and dignity for others, foster compassion and apathy for one
another, help one another whenever in need and interact on
different levels with other people.

Life is a difficult process, taking up an inordinate amount
of time, is filled with mistakes and bad experiences, and ends
when you begin adjusting to it's infinite demands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adjusting Lifelines

Singing intelligently into the mike, taking us farther
into twilight, picking up rhythms and adjusting the
lifelines of our times here.

Taking a break and defining our reasons for being,
while fate rushes forward and lets us fall into the
swing of things.

Purposefully moving towards another dimension just to
get away from the rut I'm in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adjusting Mind Waves

Rhythms moving, flowing through the atmosphere, getting caught in branches and grasping leaves along with the wind.

Bending and moving in time with nature, a wonderful sight to see, appealing completely to the essence of my being while watching, writing to pleasant feelings of serenity.

Adjusting mind waves, attuning them to individual moods of this mere poet, listening to music, seeing images within this mind and writing them in poetry journals.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adjusting Self

Hearing the beauty of nature beyond the windows of my soul,
loving the feelings that bring a smile to my face.

Adjusting self to meet the many demands chasing me incessantly
forever into the night.

Collapsing against myself, traveling into the darkest night of
my soul, taking nothing with me, but faith and hope in God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adjusting Situations

Thinking of people and their lives, so different from my
own in aspects not normally thought of.
Calmly adjusting to situations with faith and hope
accompanying me over rough terrain.
Watching nature beaming it's essence into my mind, easing
pressures of daily strife.
Blue skies moistening my eyes in trepidation while I
conjure images of family today, yesterday and tomorrow.

(10: 28 a.m. - 11/14/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adjustments Of Life

Marching to another drummer heard in the distance,
calling shadows of energy into being.
Saturating synapses with fluid vocabulary,
insinuating everything into neurons, allowing free
flowing words to participate in thoughts and mind-
allowing peaceful serenity in adjustments of life.

As it folds in and of itself in rhythmic patterns,
setting designs and motifs into areas of mazes
and puzzles of definement.
Deriving principles from inner morals, balancing
ethics while trying to walk the straight and narrow
without finding fault with other people's situations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Admiration

Staring into a wide expanse of atmosphere,
noticing clouds and mountains staring back
at me.

With a mutual respect, we carry on, admiring
one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Admiring Amos

Enjoying conversations with Amos, his sense of humor and
intellect are excellent, finding all about him through
what he doesn't say to me.

Love hearing from him, he's just a kid to me, and I enjoy
talking with him, a young man, ambitious, intelligent,
having goals set in life.

Attaining them through sheer will power and perseverance,
admiring this young man, who has become my friend, looking
forward to having him visit me in the very near future.

Knowing it will be a pleasant and positive experience for
both of us together, two totally different nationalities
and cultures having a meeting of the mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Admiring Creation

Orange-red, rosy sky, full of anticipation for another morrow.

Lovely painting by heavenly angels, never thinking twice, about creating the only original on earth.

Dipping brushes into beautiful colors, sitting back while we admire their creation from below.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Admiring Saguaro's

Saguaro's walking up the side of
mountains, undeterred by their height.

Solemnly standing erect, passing by
all other cacti, sitting back and
admiring them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Admonishment Of Others

Walking away into the darkness, feeling the admonishment of others who don't understand what this life is meant for.

Knowing it only too well, having a keen sense, focusing and concentrating totally on it, excluding everything else.

Looking into the atmosphere of another dimension while playing the piano of my mind, continuing to write from moment to moment daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adopted Child

India has opened up a treasure chest and found a gem in the
form of a mere poet, enjoying and loving what she has to
say about everything written in a poem.

How come America hasn't discovered her before now, why has
it taken the people of India to transform her into a star
to be gazed at from afar?

Delectable meanings dripping from the universe and into
poems to be read by everyone.

An obscure poet sitting alone and always writing, now
India's adopted poetical child of verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adorable Little Cigarette

Smoking always relaxing me when younger, easing tension,
stress and strife of life, inhaling the wonderful nicotine
and five thousand other chemicals, including rat poison.

All added to cigarettes for our pleasure, not really assoc-
iating a morning cough and spitting up phlegm to my little
cigarette.

It was my drug of choice to keep me calm and relaxed, smok-
ing indoors, outdoors, wherever and whenever I pleased, be-
cause we live in a free world after all, don't we?

Enjoying daily smoke breaks at work, little moments to my-
self, blowing smoke into the atmosphere where I knew it
would dissipate eventually.

Talking, gathering in groups, everyone smoking and relaxing,
fast forward now to the future, having to use medication to
breathe, getting short of breath, barely walking a few feet.

Getting tired, out of breath, wondering why, older now, some-
what wiser, but too late to listen, should have done it much
earlier.

Now having severe COPD, asthma and emphysema, because I used
to smoke that adorable little cigarette, a friend I thought
could never harm me, having ignored all warnings of the
surgeon general.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adorning Roses

Roses adorning imagination, fragrantly refreshing old ideas with renewed vigor.
Lasting impressions forming in thoughts, indelibly written in poetry, forever imprinted in my soul every moment that I'm alive.
Sophisticated, naive, gentle and kind, spreading lasting words from mind to paper for posterity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adrenaline Building

Peaceful yet energetic, living on the edge and loving
it's danger and excitement, starting a fire within,
adrenaline building.

Filling this heart and soul with an enticing excitement,
looking forward to another adventure and experience
unlike any other before it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adrenaline Recipe

Sounds of the ocean touching inner sanctuaries of this mind,
energizing it satisfactorily and totally, rounding up feel-
ings and emotions.

Letting them surf upon waves as they rise and fall, rush-
ing quickly to shore, being exhilarated and filled with an
adrenaline recipe of excitement.

A great antecdote for boredom, staying out upon the ocean con-
stantly finding the buoyant surf beneath, letting it complete-
ly overtake every aspect of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adult Stubbornnness

Spicy talents creating new experiences for us all, taking time to explain unknown intellectual pursuits taken from future dreams in night time closets, shut before now.
Listening to the lightness of humor, finding it's not always with us in times of exasperation.
Living with unexplained courtesy we hold ourselves together with a stubbornness born from childhood.
Holding onto it through adulthood gives us a mean streak, one that is abusive towards everyone except the person using it to subvert all values of people caught in it's web.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Advantage

Waking up to a world of evil and barbaric trends of isis,
thinking where in the world did they come from all of a
sudden.

Then finding out that Obama has brought them here on jets
at our expense, secretly bringing them here to form his
own personal army to take over the United States of America.

Not understanding that We the People are much smarter and
stronger than he is, not being an American he will never
understand we American's, that's the advantage we have over
him and his muslim cohorts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adventure Of Excitement And Wonder

Walking, taking steps into a brilliant enlightenment filled with wisdom and knowledge that's innately found within this mind and intellect.

Escaping the world for hours at a time, encountering no barriers or limitations within, feeling free and at liberty to roam inner universes and dimensions.

A vast universe of beauty; consciousness and subconsciousness ready and willing to open themselves to a poetical mind without any hindrance at all.

Peaceful and soothing, heart filled with joy, relaxed intensely, no worries or turmoil to mar this adventure of excitement and wonder, curiously searching every corner of it interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adventure Of Finality

Readying ourselves for future atmospheres unknown as yet
to our personal experiences.
Participating regularly on plains of existence we congeal
our knowledge into books of literature, hoping to develop
and shape future generations of life-giving essence to
others.
Conglomerates of people, edging their way towards final companions on earth,
relying on one another's wisdom to
get them through this lasting adventure of finality.
Hoping to gather strength from each prayer of
spirituality, putting a reasonable faith in God's hands
of lasting strength and guidance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adventure Of Knowledge

Cooling off periods gently remind us of our purposes in
life as we rejuvenate ourselves for forthcoming events
with our children.
Taking steps at a snail's pace, with care, our interior
selves are built soulfully on journeys of peace and contentment.
Listening to God, praying for guidance, we become what
we must on shores of fate.
Finding concepts in multi-directional aspects, brings
our attention to solutions needed in wider contexts.
Becoming fresher through images we consider our life
as an adventure of knowledge, learned along the way
in depths of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adventure Of The Mind

Peeking into corners of darkness, curious to find out
what's hidden there, maybe using it to write about or
possibly discovering something new to think through.

A new adventure of the mind, thoughtful interludes
found through music and rhythms, silent purrings and
whispers coming from subconsciousness.

Creating questions and an insatiable curiosity that
never fades or disappears, not even in dreams while
sleeping, always being awakened and focused immediately.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adventures Of Exploration

Energizing life through nature, watching it daily,
immersing self amongst it.

Breathing in fresh scents of pine trees and roses,
relaxes my entire spirit interiorly.

Lapsing into trances of beauty as it touches this
mind and heart, letting my soul be energized by
it's every fiber and design.

Life is contained so carefully within each of us,
nature tending so gently, our beings with it's
flavorful scents and aromas.

Naturally entering our minds, taking us on
journeys of a lifetime into exquisite adventures
of exploration.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adventures Of The Mind

Silently listening as music translates rhythms, tempos, notes
and tones into poetry instantaneously, relieving my being of
tension and stress completely.

Giving pleasure and enjoyment enormously every moment of life,
looking into the darkness, finding so much information from
within it's shadows, living in discoveries and adventures of
the mind constantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adventures That Can'T Be Taken

Climbing walls of life, wanting to see what's on
the other side of them.

Knowing there are many adventures that can still be
taken, stairs to mount, discoveries to investigate,
and ideas to form anew.

Poignant and reclusive, open and social, all types of
things just waiting to be learned throughout this
benevolent time as I walk beyond boundaries of earth
alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adverse Conditions

Hearts matter in the scheme of things,
heavy with sorrow and lightened with
love.

Adverse conditions separating it's
thoughts then putting them aright in
time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adverse Talent

Instigating movements of pleasure in times of sadness,
trying to entice moods of laughter without striking
on talents of adversity.

Playing on every dimension without timing on any level.
Traipsing down lanes of authenticity, rallying against
inopportune thoughts as rhythms dance and form,
beginning systems of living emotion.

Vibrating intelligently, whispering silently into forays
of enjoyment as ideas create themselves in and about,
without changes or altering decisions.

Foraging on plains of arid deserts, socially choosing to
inspire, even the faintest wonderment of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Adversity Hiding

Living in a treasure chest of faith and hope, being kept
alive through prayer, contemplation, music and writing.

Succulently tasting the beauty of an interior spirituality
as it continues to fill this soul extraordinarily.

Fragile, yet seemingly undestroyable, allowing compromise
and acceptance even though adversity is always at hand.

Hiding somewhere just waiting for the right moment to
pounce fully into existence once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Advertising

Lights blinking their wares into starlit skies,
hoping to find customer's eyes interested in
buying what they sell inside.
Boxes of restaurants and fast food places stand
on corners, beckoning to people passing by,
hoping to get some of their hard-earned money
while giving little in return.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Advocating Freedom

Staunchly advocating freedom in our country, nothing less,
voting for Trump for he's the only one so far who's listen-
ing to what We the People Want here in America.

Living the dream all these years, wanting it to continue,
placing trust in Donald, waiting for the election coming up
that will make him our President.

Looking forward to the establishment going down once and
for all, freedom already ringing across our nation, for we
will never give in, back off or retreat for these colors of
red, white and blue will never run!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Affecting Life

Thinking of other times in life when destiny didn't matter
so much in everyday life.

Now as a senior, waiting to see how I have affected it by
what I have done in life this far.

Looking outside, feeling tension developing hesitantly
within, hoping that I have not veered too far off the path
that was laid out for me at birth.

Being a long way from a final shore, yet here I am, standing
upon it now, deeply in thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Affirmation Of Another Life

Looking into the sun, being blinded by it's sheer intensity, shining right through intellect.

Enlightening all thoughts with a rhythm set to wisdom and being blended with imagination to create what I call nexervention.

An affirmation to the other life I am living within, giving such pleasure and keeping this heart alive so far on earth.

Taking every note and placing it in compositions of brevity, because life is so very short and it's span is tenuous to say the least.

Being forgotten, left to fend alone, standing in the cause of life-threatening endeavors, ready to capsize and fall over-board into depths of nevermore.

There I will not be seen again until you read of me in many poems upon the circumference of an outer universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Affirming Passion

Sensing a creative atmosphere filling me entirely as I write,
mysteriously coded messages are appearing before my mind,
accessing intellect as I find the way into depths of knowledge.

Thoroughly affirming the passion that fills my being within,
causing an irrepressible desire to continue following a lone
pathway into tomorrow's future.

Having no qualms or fears, watching existence before the next
dimension as it looms ever larger in mind.

Totally expressing every creative idea from around the world
and placing each one into a poem given to others for their
own senses to determine their individual worth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Affording Intellect Chances

Listless, wandering aimlessly through catacombs of my mind,
looking for artifacts and relics that may be lying about on
photographic screens of forgotten and latent memories.

Thinking to bring them up, visiting their importance now,
sensing they have some significance in this life.

Affording intellect, chances to recollect and decide for
itself if they need to be written about in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Afraid

Afraid to be comforted by anyone,
hiding away forever in a closet of darkness.
Noting that all life's moments come and go
in a tiny instance.
Nothing to want or desire, just pieces and
shards of heart-felt despair from another.
Grasping only the piquant atoms of undivided
attention, squaring shoulders and being
placed on funeral pyres.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Afraid Of

He's not afraid
of the dark.
He's afraid of
no light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Afraid Of Dropping

Rocks, jagged, poking their eyes from the sides of mountains,
holding on tightly, afraid to drop to the depths below.

Landscape's beauty sits fairly on horizons of dawn, but the
immensity of height forestalls the convenient jumping into
daylight, fearful of waking death in nightly cowls.

Rocks, jagged, slide slowly into unknown depths becoming like
the rest when dawn awakens herself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Afraid Of Human Contact

Rising above high rises, plants and trees vying for
rays of sun to stay alive and keep growing into
splendid euphoric beauty.
Reaching forever into the skies just to function
without any help from man.
Afraid to be attracted to any human lest they die
from mankind's care of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Afraid Of No Fear

Waiting in depths of a lion's den, here amidst evils
of this world, looking about for a savior to come to
my aid.

There is none as I proceed to walk forward into the
presence of all of them, unafraid, facing everything
head-on.

Watching the fear grow exponentially in their eyes,
because now they don't know what to do about it.

Someone who has no fear scares them more than anything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Afraid To Look In The Mirror

Mind scratched and bleeding, cut with image's, memories
bring, anger bubbling, trying to do it's duty of long ago.

Sliding away from reality's pictures, afraid to look in
the mirror.

Fear of seeing a monster reflected back, a fear no matter
how unrealistic.

A hatred borne of long ago for the person one has become
to know.

Feeling the shame of past abuse, afraid to look directly
in anyone's eyes.

Hiding shyly behind a mother's back, trying not to let
anyone see the sin she thinks she has become through abuse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Afraid To Think

Lying in sleep-filled dreams, not caring to think about
anything, just trying to forget

Working for a little while, yet the fear of what's to
come next is always looming near.

Afraid to stop and think, a mind sneaks around to the
back door finding it cannot be ignored anymore.

What can be done about it, nothing really, just by
standing straight and facing it with it's doubts and
fears is all there is to do.

Going through it all, finding oneself whole again in
mind and spirit.

Taking lots of time will bring a change of attitude and
eventually some peace of mind will settle in.

For now there is just confusion and pain of not knowing
why this is happening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Afraid To Trust

Life is constantly changing, death takes people we love,
the rest of us are left to grieve, life folding over in
an intense sorrow.

Sadness gathers all of us into an empty loneliness that
none can avoid, going to sleep, waking up, loved ones
gone, leaving us to wonder why it's happened.

Tears flowing endlessly, unable to stop them for our
grief is so intense, mind blankly going through motions
of living, not smiling.

Never feeling happiness or joy around us in other people
and children for we are so totally engrossed in feelings
and emotions that have gripped us so solidly.

Not letting go no matter what, stripping us of love that
we never thought would end, now floundering without it's
beauty and compassion.

Nowhere to turn, lying in beds of emptiness without our
loved ones, nothing can change things back to the way
they used to be.

We are forever alone and drowning in our tears of love
that we cry constantly, unable to reach out to anyone,
afraid to trust in anyone's love again, not wanting to
lose their hearts and souls when they too die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

After Life

After-life is a saying that most people don't
understand, they seem to have trouble believing
in heaven or purgatory.

We Catholics believe and take it in stride,
knowing the truths of where we go when dying
from this earthly life.

When a baby is born there is an after-birth, so
it is when dying, we then have an after-life, a
new rebirthing into another dimension called heaven.

Looking forward to dying once again, now knowing
truths and realities of where my soul and spirit
are going.

Having had the experience of being in heaven, an
intense stillness and peace that engulfs me still
whenever I remember being there.

A total and complete memory of dying, remembering
it vividly and having no fear, just looking forward
to doing it again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

After Midnight

Climbing mountains after midnight, striving to reach the
stars with their brilliant, twinkling lights, enticing
me intensely all the while.

Wanting to touch and hold them within my mind, curious,
wanting to know how they feel, what their actual texture
is like.

Totally submersing self in depths of outer space, watching
closely as I climb after midnight, enjoying the serenity
of God's quiet nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

After Rainfall

Watching nature grow all around me after rainfall, weeds
especially, growing tall and scattered everywhere.

Flowers sprout, blossom and show off their colors to all
of us, proving there is life on earth.

Trees turning green leaves unfolding again, life is now
flourishing throughout the world, compliment of our God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Afterlife

Strolling down paths of enlightenment, touching upon energy
that is being resolved silently in denizens of an afterlife.

Tip toeing, lightly being taken onto a picturesque beauty of
heaven about to be disclosed in boundaries of earthly designs
and nature.

Sensing and feeling many emotions that are constantly arguing
and fighting between thoughts of solitude and writing them down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aftermath Of Suicide

Choosing and selecting rhythms that fit my style of writing
in the here and now.

Being freer in realms of human beings, living in the after-
math of suicidal tendencies, never acting upon them just
because they come to mind.

Experiencing whatever they have to say, listening carefully
to all thoughts flowing and catching them in words of
poetical illusions.

Committing them to memory, using them throughout life when
thinking I may use them to escape from the hell of a world.

Turning away instead, traveling on other pathways to finding
myself, lost upon waves of desolution.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Afternoon Dance

Music playing loud and strong, being held within this
mind, tiptoeing across thoughts, tweaking them incess-
antly, causing their ideas to mingle abstractedly,
bringing happiness into this lonely heart and soul.

Loving rhythms as they run in, out and across chords
being played to the measures of time, handily becoming
harmonies and melodies being sung and then danced to.

Always touching places of being, letting happiness
and joy come into the open, giving each person's
existence on exquisite meanings and definitions.

Such a pleasant experience for everyone attending a
Monday afternoon dance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Afternoon Delight

Playing violins in my mind, loving the sounds emanating from each classical composition.
Beauty escaping and flying into imagination, taking me to exquisite heights in an afternoon delight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Afternoon Foray

Technically thinking of an electronic book of poetry,
harmonizing it within my mind, translating notes to
words, an important aspect, that fulfills my mind's
curiosity.

Wordlessly excellent, flowing entirely through me,
blending with melodies of awesome tranquility and
timeless spaces of access, spinning and rewording
puzzling rhythms on an afternoon foray.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Afternoon In Nature

Solemn and tender, spending an afternoon in nature's,
hot arid abode, a breeze desertly blowing across my
forehead, cooling me down.

Enjoying the serene peace and solitude of this very
enchanting afternoon with the beauty of another day
at hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Afternoon Of Delight

Nature sitting out in front in an Arizona mountainous desert, filled with cacti, palo verde and mesquite trees, quite a sight of beauty, stark and arid here at Buddy Stubbs.

Having lunch on an outdoor patio, listening to a great rock and roll band, having free food, drinks and dessert at this barbeque.

A wonderful afternoon of delight, enjoying the bikers and having a really great time listening to rhythms raking themselves quietly, yet steadily into this creative mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Again Playing Bingo

Wandering down aisles of numbers,
trying to collect and dab them.
Hoping to win money so we can eat
lunch.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Again Reading My Mind

Reading my mind like a picture book,
seeing everything in detailed images,
expressions, and motions, telling me
all I need to know.

Memorizing every single detail in each
picture of thought gives me a genuine
pleasure as I sit and contemplate
every second of my life.

Enveloping intelligence and sending it
to my soul's spirit, filling it with
discoveries of new progressive wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Against A Night Sky

Shadows of palm trees standing out against the nighttime sky, looking up and seeming to be majestic, all decked out, standing at attention, waiting to be found out.

Living all the while deep within, showing nothing at all from without to give anyone a clue of the despair they're going through.

Just standing night after night, being nothing and living in doubt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Against Being Alone

Journeying forever, calmly enjoying scenery as I travel dimensions of imagination - at times hand in hand with reality's backlash.

Taciturnly, completely engrossed in thoughts, beginning a novel repertoire against being alone.

Parting sorrows, elicited upon receipts of tomorrow's lilting sounds of memories.

Taking steps toward an inherent energy always hiding before me, egging my mind forward, taunting, cajoling, bringing a closeness to nighttime dreams.

Singling out rhymes continuously while reality attempts to block them every step of the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Against One World Order

Sudden and straight, we have revolted against one world order, down with the UN, George Soros, Bill Gates and Obama - muslims and isis be damned.

All liberals are now done, for we have the weapons of our unity aimed right at your beings, nothing will save your precious positions in government now.

You've brought this upon yourselves by not listening and representing the people of America, so congratulations on being politically correct yet morally and ethically wrong.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Against Your Wishes

Absorbed right now by an eclipse of sorrow taking hold of my heart's mind, easing me into a pool of tears that sadness has made within me.

Tasting bittersweet feelings of a love once had when you were here with me my dear, now having been forsaken, not by choice for death has taken you my love against your wishes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Age - Old Dilemma

All of life flows under bridges, spanning years filled with
it's beauty, yet crippled by it's strife.

Sounding trumpets throughout the voice of intuitive silence,
balancing crucial moments in moments of time.

Feeling soothing colors of surrounding environments, pivoting
on toes of delicate sublimity, hidden under the guise of
liberty.

Resounding etudes, chaotically chanted in candlelit darkness,
words spoken which continue to haunt minds of children.

Fancying limitless boundaries that are non-existent does
not necessarily bring forth it's truth.

Quickly stepping, severity of an age-old dilemma continues
it's abusive hierarchy.

Vacant stares fulfilling empty destinies inherent in the
scheme of darkened plans.

Falsely undirected tunes of mirth with no rhyme nor reason,
falling on deafened ears of unhappy treason.

Life no longer lived in circles is caught upon it's edges,
wrapped in tissues.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Age Beyond Our Lives

Younger days catch up inside of songs played,
touching our hearts with mindful memories.

Reminding us we are alone in our thoughts,
as we age beyond our lives.

On any given day, we approach our steps of
future demise.

Calculating moments that we know will never
be lived by us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Age Creeps Slowly

Age creeps upon us slowly, showing first in our surroundings,
as piles of newspapers climb ever higher.

Stacks of magazines are strewn throughout, giving our room
an impression of being smaller.

Defending ourselves against the onslaught of hidden
recriminations we find excuses for our ever-increasing amount
of papers.

Needing to keep each and every issue until they can be gone
through is an attempt to assure others of their reason for
being there.

Putting someone off when they've volunteered to help is a
way to keep from doing what they know they ought to.

Causing things to be left undone for now - with your death
will bring helping hands of those you cannot trust to do
your will when you are gone.

Taking the time you need to swallow a temporary discomfort
and have a trusted friend by your side doing what you ask,
clearing up any clutter old age will bring into your room.

Age creeps upon us slowly, so we must look for the tell-tale
signs we are showing others within our cluttered rooms and
stay one step ahead of ourselves, before our death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Age Of Reason

Is this the age of reason or illogical lies and evil?

There seems to be no reasons for people to be racists, prejudiced or hating others, it makes no sense in this day and age.

There are a handful of people with ideas like Hitler, inane and greedy to the nth degree, wanting to rule the world as dictators.

Bent on raping babies, children and women, the most evil corruption of innocence and purity in our world today.

It's time people all over the world unite, standing up to these perverts once and for all, destroying and annihilating them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aged Endings

Silver chimes ringing holiday cheer into the atmosphere,
bringing tears of joy and sadness to aged faces nearing
their endings.

Thinking and enjoying whatever time is left, trying to
not let tribulations get in the way of happiness.

Saddened recollections appear, but within them is untold
joy, holding on to the good times in our minds, hearts
and souls.

Placating our years we are reminded many times over, of
the good still left in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aged Environment

Not wanting to know another, feeling cold and empty inside, left to my own devices as I mature in an aged environment of sorrow.
Carefully touching my face, feeling the tears holding on for dear life, afraid to let go, lest they fall, disappearing forever, leaving me in an empty, arid shell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aged Quilts

Memories hanging on walls like leaves on a tree.
Suspended in time, moments celebrated in minds
of yesterday.
Cobwebs clearing images from cluttered ideas
swathed in linen, waiting to be reached and seen
in daylight hours.
Beginning motions of sorrow, collecting in corners
of eyes, soon to be falling tears, salty with
distaste.
Beings filled and covered with quilts of past ages.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aged Talent

Flags waving in the distance as people enjoy
themselves, dancing around the room, smiles
enamored from music and it's rhythmical beat.
Tones of remembrance falling to the ground,
filled with images circularly twirling around
in minds of aged talent.
Sources of individual passion endure through
notes and melodies of reverberation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aged Tears

Calming music, helping me to relax and fall into a contemplative mirror where I can write and be myself.
Holding onto a beautiful serenity as I am serenaded by innate talents, pouring out words, leading me to wander along pathways of heaven.
Blue roses filling heavenly gardens with saddened prose, and filled with aged tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aged Traditions

Wizened wrinkled faces of the aged walking past
age-old traditions as they dance and play in
rhythm before us.
So steady, precise, steps are taken in beats of
every measure as music continues to play for
all to hear and tuck away in their memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aged Waltzs

Gracefully, agedly moving, waltzing across the
dance floor, holding hands, looking into each
other's eyes and treading through their lives,
closely and lovingly until their times of
ending here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Agedly Growing

Strangling my mind like ivy growing, trying to be
heard as it blossoms forth into myriad flowers of
inert colors.

Swerving with beats of growth and caring, slicing
the air with fragrances of untold perfume.

Struggling with aptitudes of other's, outperforming
any being with encylopedic volumes of poetry, unlike
any other writer.

Solace growing agedly with each passing year, as
birthdays come and go without notice due.

Strangling my mind like ivy growing inside, trying
to be heard as myriad flowers become the gardens of
heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ageless Ability

Paces set in movements
of musical ability.
Keeping time with ageless
beats kept in measures for
posterity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ageless Battles

Pictures framing a mind, endeavoring to be seen repeatedly,
yet not heard.

Hanging diligently, awaiting a casual look, beckoning perhaps
to inconsequential remembrances of lasting impressions.

Tattered images poised in stances of ugliness, minds falling
to their knees in utter disgust of themselves.

Characteristically enhancing the ageless battles of control,
hidden memories advance in silence, pouncing nightmarishly
in children's minds.

Wiring thoughts of yesterday to electrical currents, jolting
ideas and feelings of untold shame.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ageless Codes

Walking slowly, hands on hips, trying to find some meaning, then attempting to decipher it in ageless secret codes of life.

Walking slowly, as if there is no purpose in life, having finally figured out the answers and no longer has need of them, having focused on God.

Turning within, all that needs to be known, is a love of God, each of us must journey side by side, alone in order to be with Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ageless Desire

Drinking in peaceful breaths of ageless desire,
knowing at the end of nightfall that all artistic
beauty will be hung in museums, looked upon, yet
never touched again by another's hand.

(10: 51 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ageless Knowledge

Classrooms filled with ageless knowledge, brought about by teachers
who have taught.
Filling pages with written words, reading from books of age old
wisdom.
Learning all about rules and definitions, everyone becomes a repertoire
of education.
Saddled with an endless task, teachers come and go, but classrooms last.
Curled up pictures, faded words, knowledge sits forever interred in dull packages,
sifting words to bring about some understanding from a handful
of eager students.
Classrooms filled with ageless knowledge, brought about by teachers who will
teach future generations the same as all the years before.
Reason being that education is a necessary evil, and minds will continue being
dulled and put to sleep by it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ageless Memories

Rehearsing the past in ageless memories,
watching childhood images of myself depicted
in them.
Happy, pleasant thoughts being brought forth
in pictures as I write of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ageless Wisdom

Standing around depths of talent, honoring each other
with perfection and gifts of poetical visions.

Picturesque and vivid, aligned with a calmness of
interior solitude, reaping benefits throughout life's
rhythms.

Becoming lightened with knowledge on farthest horizons,
and installing wisdom of ages in magnificent images,
protected by insipid, delicate royalty from without.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Age-Old Visions

Sending messages telepathically through melodies, giving sublime clues to find the way into successive corridors.
Alone, avoiding the juxtapositons of age-old visions.
Consuming many tunes, composing all manner of harmony, classified in domains of picturesque pictures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aggravation Of Stress

As the aggravation of a harried day comes to a grinding halt,
I take a breath to relieve the stress and see how freedom
feels.

It's tremendously exhilarating and I savor the feelings as I
try to put to rest this seemingly unending horrible day.

Taking out a Walkman, putting a tape of Baroque in and playing
it, further enhances my sense of freedom - especially the
creative aspect which has been buried all day.

Life was not meant for meaningless tasks to give unoccupied
rest and tension free rein.

Away with the stress of this day as homeward bound, I make
my way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Agility Of Youth

Window images walking in and out of visual acuity
as I sit and gaze at nature from inside.
A gentle breeze puffing at tree leaves and branches,
allowing them a sensuous freedom of movement for a
time.
Children running, jumping, playing, at ease, learning
how their bodies movement can be used for a freedom
of motion.
Inside again, a stilted movement can be observed as a
group of elderly men play pool as best they can,
wishing for the agility and verve of their youth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging

Age creeps upon us unawares, turning our hair gray or white over night.

Bones creaking as we walk slower, a little unsteadier, a bit more surer about what life has been about.

Memories fade at times, a misty fog seems to cover our minds as we become forgetful, distant at times.

Living in the past, telling stories of old, enjoying the memories that have taken hold and not been forgotten.

Life is a long journey at best, at it's end we are old, decrepit, tired, ready to retire from this world and begin anew in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Beats

Silencing effects of rhythms, centering in my mind as
flattened notes flow past on aged beats in time.
Once again drumming situates itself in deepened ends
of my mind's wells, drinking spiritually from depths
beyond my comprehension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Childhood Memories

Waving gently like seaweed in the ocean, willow trees sway slowly in an afternoon breeze.
Silently lifting spirits with their peaceful, serene manner.
Sunlight sliding on and off their expedient leaves.
Motion always reaching inside, deeply stirring memories of childhood.
Tire swings upon a branch, climbing into it's height and hanging, letting go and dropping to the ground, only to do it over again.
Being a child is so very memorable - lasting - throughout the years of aging.
Looking back, we smile at the memories, pulling at their reserves to keep on going as we grow older.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Circles

Succeeding on pathways of future destinies,
shining intensely on graves standing years of time.
Often beguiling wisdom with energies of taciturn
involvement on circles of ages beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Dancer

Music touching an individual from inside death's door,
reaching her on levels of heavenly gratitude from
beyond.
Fulfilling her soul with intense rhythm and natural
ability as she dances happily around the floor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Days

Golden candlelight shining from heaven,
filled with the Holy Spirit, being held
gently in His arms.
Life has new meaning when opened to God's
ways in aging days of adulthood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Destinies

Grayful aging, gently pushing us forward to a final
destination into a space of life's chess board.
Waking latent desires at fate's curbsides we limply
hold on to what we can't give away.
Sorrowfully noticing our inner waves of knowing are
slipping away, we try to hide them beneath coverlets
of yesterday.
Forward thinking pauses, at separate intervals so we
can approach our destinies without wasting our
moments of lost immortality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Destiny

Sounding out rounded corners of hidden
life in repasts of tomorrow's destiny,
we are waylaid by disappointments
brought on us by aging.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Effects

Watching people walk by the window,
seeing them through the years at
the center, noticing effects aging
has on each of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Expoentially

Long - lasting love, standing in the background, no longer
recognizing itself as it ages exponentially in time.

Wondering what it is doing now, feeling an emptiness of
hope, noting that life has come completely in a circle,
not knowing which way to turn anymore.

Blessed fortunes never having materialized throughout
it's lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Friends

Noting the difficulties in life's circle of friends as they age through the years into senior citizens.
Compiling all editions into one last enduring volume of interesting poetry.
Always being written in messages coded from the beginning of solitude's passing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Grief

Writing and believing in aspects of total recall
after this life has ended, brings a special sense
brought from heaven's gates just to be near me.
Feeling the closeness of yesterday's family coming
to talk with me through music helps on days of
aged grief as it narrows my field of vision here
on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Happiness

Striding along pathways made by others, choosing not
to follow their footsteps.
Instead, creating my own, walking where I imagine I
can go.
Traveling alone, yet never lonely, because inside
my memories keep me company.
Finding happiness as I age, always enjoying the
loneliness and silence of peace within as it
balances both sides of my brain with equanimity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Horizon

Volumes of sadness are felt throughout my mind as it is
filled with memories of yesterday's life on shores of happiness.
Childhood so varied, a haven for natural beauty.
Placed in boats that row away from all they know as
maturity takes them by the hand into unknown realms on
aging horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Into A Sunless Life

Living in a painful environment, being filled with
it, tears falling into cupped hands.

Tired of all the hurt, caused by this body slowly
tearing down as I age into a sunless horizon in
life.

Beset with woes of medical issues, never wanting
to succumb to them, pushing on through it all, not
letting it get me down as I continue to live and
do whatever I love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Into Sunsets

Tell-tale signs beleaguer the mind as we age into
our sunsets without our youth.

Taking thoughts gently in sorrow, we constantly
feel their worth as we reach within our pockets
throughout the day.

Touching our hearts with every sense and emotion
we live our journeys alone every day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Into The Future

Traveling into the sunshine, strutting down lanes
of reminders from yesterday.

Laced with extra time, feeling close to past memories,
dwindling in the years to come.

Fondly selecting images to look upon as I age into the
future alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Loneliness

Undertakings of jubilant love break out on open waters
of the sea.
Thrashing and floating at intervals of day and night,
culminating in warm hugs and thoughtful words.
Loving brought to the forefront of elderly aims, as
they are steeped nightly in aging loneliness forever.
Moments of glory found in daylight hours are held
closely in beds of remembrance, alone in bed.
Morrows have a way of keeping a hold on life for
sacred times, etching them in memories of one.
Keepsakes of moments together hold life in place for
those who are sorrowful.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Maturity

Squirreling away rhythms for lifetimes,
hoping to preserve some peace for tomorrow
and it's lonely days ahead.
Forgiving animosity of the past, going
forward without remorse, standing on
shores of aging maturity, alone together
once more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Melodies

Following trails of peace through a haze of musical beauty,
expressing feelings of all as they sit in anticipation.
Awaiting the rhythm of notes to float into their minds,
creating lifetime memories.
Etched in minds, treasured close to hearts and souls,
listening to aging melodies, as they arrange and collate
themselves into our beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Memories

Memories curl around the edges with age, yellowing themselves with the passing years, incontinently filling them with shame.

Guilt-ridden, down lanes of timeless, forbidden images, protruding lances, cutting the edges of a mind.

Solemnly pushing beneath the crib of innocence, life-sustaining myths, perpetrated from fantasies, standing always, unforgiven.

Touching life with stolen kisses, sealed tight in dresses of shame, trimmed with guilt.

Fallen. Downcast. Hurting quietly beneath it all inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Moments

Sorrowfully watching youngsters play around, having fun, enjoying every minute.
While I sit in aging moments, wishing my friend was here with me.
Remembering the good times we've had together.
Joy, laughter, talks we had, wanting it all back.
In memories, walking, hoping, praying for an end to her anger towards me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Moods

Disintegrating moods of aging melancholy is an art,
practiced daily in front of expectant audiences.

Strumming, drumming, staying calmly together with
one another, as chords of a guitar stretch and
change from one sound to another.

Filling the atmosphere with an aroma of natural
desire, as people aging in their seats become alive,
getting up to dance in rhyming rhythms across the
dance floor with one another.

Forgetting age and pains, always sitting on their
minds, with a sublime entertainment producing life-
saving endorphins, flowing through their bodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Mountains

Mountains aging right before our eyes, as we gaze and see their balding rock hard heads, sitting atop a myriad of steep and falling cliffs.

Upon their faces, sits stubble of centuries, pockmarked and haggard from standing at attention all these years without ever having a single day of vacation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Music

Joy-filled faces, energizing minds of aging with
musical renditions.
Closely holding onto memories of agile movement
when younger.
Now, dancing, using the least amount of energy
and verve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Notions

Frightening aspects of aging in others is
totally bizarre and eerie as they get crazy
notions in their heads.
Starting vendettas against people who have
never hurt or harmed anyone in life - at
least not intentionally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging People

Olden days, when I was just a child, Chubby Checkers
and his twist, now being played for us seniors.

Watching those who can still do it, is quite a sight.

There is still s much energy in aging people as they
dance and twist around.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Pool Of Life

It's so hard to explain the loneliness of years when one is without words, an explicit joy brought on by a child, and then silence as a memory creeps in.

So long ago fate had me sealed and now down the hallway gropingly I go, without sight or sound, being led on to drown in this deep pool of life.

Carefully trying to recall the use of living with hope, and not giving up so easily, grasping onto the very minutes of existence as they fall away from open hands.

Crying out in loneliness, happy to hear even your own voice, saying, why me?

Gnarled and torn in two from hurt, being restrained, unable to live or breathe or die.

Only lying there, hanging on, hoping for one last glimpse of being alive, and then all is gone, all is lost, as sleeping you are yet alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Soul

Starlit skies remembered from long ago, bring peace to an aging soul.

Twilight memories stirring eggshells of regret for moments in the past when life was good within.

Handling quietly, years of life gone by in reserved silence, billowing out into the universe, without an overlapping cloud.

Partaking of little particles that float my way, starving for more, knowing there aren't any possibilities on this present shore.

Intensity of loneliness saturates my being with music of nature, talently etching itself into creative pathways, leading to fond memories.

Captured on the starry journey of maturity, held in check for the future of eternity, practiced figuratively in a wisdom of it's own.

Countless eons, gathering dust, embellishing the gifts within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Steps

Aging steps of familiarity,
faltering at times in unequal
balances of rhythms.

Rocking sometimes out of synch
with measures of musical melodies,
touching notes of heavenly thought
in exacting etudes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Thought

Attitudes of life alter and rearrange themselves as time marches on.
We grow, mature, rise above it all with a newly formed spirituality as we age gracefully into the unknown.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aging Years

Possessions have no meaning when people are up and dancing
with peace in their hearts.
Nothing is as sacred as a dancing partner, especially in
aging years of life.
Accentuating our solo journeys, we ponder ourselves later
when alone.
For now we enjoy companionship and musical compositions
alive in our hearts and memories throughout time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Agitated Bondage

Agitation filling me, rising closer to fear of the unknown,
tasting the tang of bitterness in every remark given out of
retribution.

Solidly keeping me in chains, putting up barriers, trying
to stay hidden to protect myself and failing miserably as
I keep trying to run away.

Being stoic, standing erect, not moving, allowing me
no repercussions of energy, unable to turn away and
release myself from this bondage.

(11: 21 a.m. - 1/21/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Agony Of Time

Stepping into times, listening to motion
moving silently with a rhythm all it's own.
Figuring out lengths of times as they are
stretched and shrunk, according to measures
of each individual song.
Touching and feeling an intense movement
coming from within.
Soulfully, tantalizingly bringing emotions
into play as mourning stood by and played
to the agony of time gone by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Agreeing Somewhat With Dr. Carson

Agreeing somewhat with Dr. Ben Carson and many major
points in his campaign, except for one especially,
disagreeing wholeheartedly against giving Guest visas
to people from other countries to work here in the U.S.

We have too many Americans who need jobs, our Vets in-
cluded, we need to close our borders for 10 to 15 years,
to give America time to bring back our economy and nation.

One thing that would help a great deal would be for the U.S.
to stop sending money for foreign aid to other countries.

Their people never see any of it, politicians grab and
gobble it for their own use and agendas, much like what
happens in our government in the U.S.A.

Why help other countries when we are going broke, and our
legal citizens need jobs and work to feed their families,
remember that charity begins at home!

Let other countries tithe and start helping themselves,
we are not the saviors of the world, that is the myth
that's gotten us in this position.

Our politicians acting like a generous Santa Claus, giving
away most of We the People's hard-earned money to those
in other countries who are touted as needing but not getting.

Our corrupt government getting pats on the back, special
privileges, donations for themselves and We the People never
get anything, not even a thank you from countries we help.

People don't necessarily need a college degree, nothing
much is taught there anymore except socialism, that's why
people with degrees cannot even get a job.

Bring back on-the-job training, give people a chance to
learn a career while doing it, a hands-on experience where
they can excel and earn a living without going into debt.

Doctors, lawyers, scientists, etc. still needing expert training can work their way through college at a higher working wage.

In this way, taking off the stress of higher education, student loans bankrupting them and on the plus side, keeping government out of our education system with their funding rules and regulations that are outdated.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aimlessly Wandering

Wandering aimlessly through my mind, thoughts crowd in and out amid much faith and doubt.
Not settling anywhere - on anything - causes insecurity to wreck havoc in my daily life.
Wanting to know the trueness - the sureness of everything around me, I end up with only uncertainty and the failure of doubt sitting heavily upon me.
Finding no path straight enough to follow, my mind sits down and chooses not to bother anymore.
Wandering aimlessly through my mind, continues the same, forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Air Force

Jet engines rumbling through the air,
roaring their presence to all the earth.

Gliding on invisible wind currents, banking
left or right, rushing at break-neck speeds
to get where they are going.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Air Of Imagination

Sitting in an office, fearing talking at times when memories
take hold and won't let go.

Looking out a window high enough to see sky and tops of trees,
a window opened to my soul.

Searching the atmosphere with an imaginative eye, blocking
out what is going on or being said within the room.

Floating away on clouds of thought, able to stray from the
task at hand.

Mind soaring, bounding outside the reality of the room,
leaving behind the pain and sorrow held tightly within a
body, transporting it's being out of doors.

Light beautifully flowing through, looking back, seeing the
saddened self, sitting in a chair, talking to no one.

Still posing as a statue while floating on air of imagination,
way out there somewhere beyond the window.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Air Patterns

Going out, wanting to find what I've got, living in realms
of unforgettable moments of time, past, present and future.

Allowing for stretches of imagination to take me across
borders and into new worlds of discovery where I'm glad to
be alive.

Wanting to find a place where life can meet itself in a
dream of reality, continuing on the way along lonesome roads.

Finding the path that I was meant to be on, following through
this time on earth, living fully through each and every moment
of thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Airing On Interior Screens

Rushing tides running to meet me at edges of this mind,
unbelievably pulling me into sublime lines of thinking.
Reaching subconsciously, all types of feelings, airing
them on interior television screens to enjoy, cogitate
and serenely display on paper for everyone to see.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Airing Out Beauty

Unfolding carpets of rhythm as they walk towards
so many festivities standing before us.

Wondering about the energy of positive thinking,
will it collate all aspects of being and meaning
of innate talent.

Making up definitions, fulfilling the beauty that
still is contained within, wanting to be aired
out in myriads of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Airs Of Music

Silencing fears with airs of music lilting in my ears
for an eternity on earth.

Writing daily ideas for future poetical works of
hidden joy, secreted inside a lifetime of peaceful
discrimination as I wander aimlessly wherever I happen
to find myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aisle Of Life

Standing in the aisle of life, going up and down it,
looking at all possibilities being seen, selecting
those that appeal to me interiorly.

Choosing wisely, wanting those that will help fulfill
my purpose in life, going off outside of the aisle,
finding many impossibilities.

Feeling they can be changed into positive ones through
thoughtful invention and imagination, unwrapping and
taking them apart, discovering what they consist of.

Rearranging their chemical sequences according to new
formulas I continue to create through an intellectual
imaginative process connected to a reality of possibility.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aisles Of Fear In Life

Silencing voices, trying to raise a ruckus in my mind with doubts of others.
Sentencing them to corners of my mind, not wanting to listen to them anymore as I move forward,
not touching their empty words with my mind.
Leaving behind every nuance and undigestible tidbit of lasting emptiness.
Stranded in a lonely oasis, looking for a way out, only seeing tunnels that I don't want to explore right now.
Afraid of what I might find in their darkened, cobwebbed aisles of fearful life.
Situated on sidelines, watching for the light, bluened to the color of my interior sadness, so that I may drown myself in it and at last be pain free and in my heavenly home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aisles Of Memories

Sauntering through aisles of memories, watching their images,
mind touching upon them with feelings and emotions rising
steadily through measures of time.

Hungry for the past, wishing it could be relived once again,
all those who've died being alive so I can tell them what I
never got to when they were here with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alarm Goes Off

Sounding off in the distance, an alarm goes off,
warning me to keep my heart protected because
another person is heading for me to cause
emotional turmoil.
Eyes wide open this time, avoiding the friendship
being offered, afraid of the eventual consequences
in the ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alaskan Lonesomeness

Swizzling in the ebony of night, emitting phosphorescence
of glowing light, generating thoughtful illusions of
controlling ideas.
Sheltering life within cloaks of invisibility, awaiting
times of elite exposure under firelights in interior
twilight.
Alaskan lonesomeness sits tightly in these surroundings,
reasoning inside of cold igloos as life lives beyond them.

(11: 09 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Album Of Life

Following patterns of childhood is painful, difficult, hopes disintegrated long ago, when young.

Nothing matters to the brain of an adult, because the child in them buries it before it can become recognizable, before it can gain any power over them.

Funeral music playing always in the background, aware of a small child's misgivings and mistrust.

An adult mind, knowing what pain has done in the past and continues to do, suffering in silence, never telling a soul, afraid to trust and rightly so.

Betrayed, always on a very personal space and bodily mind, hiding away from the world through inner gifts and talents.

Never showing to the world what has kept them going since birth, not caring to share with anyone.

Knowing in the back of their mind that betrayal would always beat them to the line of friendship, falling from their fragile grasp.

Pictures of a not so perfect world, dropped from the album of life past, present and to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Albums Of Melodies

Falling forward into albums of beautiful melodies,
sent from heaven's gardens.
Harmonies jutting out from under pages of sheet
music, stacked in piles and kept safely for many
years.
Now to be played in free reigning measures of
songs, that have lasted through the years and are
still popular to this very day.
Existing only in the background until someone
brings them forward and sings them out in songs
at a karaoke night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Albums Of Memory

Softly etching it's way through images, setting them deeply
into memory's abode, placing all else outside of focus.

Trampling through the mire of nightmares, intent on finding
explanations to be told, uncaring if they want to be known
or not.

Unrecognizable pictures playing themselves through my mind,
searching for the minutest detail to grab hold of.

Matching with others such as this - to form one complete
album of memories at a time and explore curiously what events
took place so long ago.

There are no idle wanderings taking stride within, all wonder
has it's purpose, it's space to fit into, without displacing
anything already there.

Life is a balance beam, contained within the mind and any
type of memory or event can push it either way.

Solidly built, worn with age, they will decay and vanish
from this earth.

Our memories will be stored within our souls and brought to
heaven where we will be judged according to our mind's souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Albums Of Recollection

Choosing rhythms of colors taken straight from rainbows
after a rainstorm.

Collecting raindrops in containers afterwards, enjoying
the events of a summer rain storm in the night.

Chasing dreams in childhood, running around, feeling
the cold wetness cooling you off.

Memory's being refreshed throughout the years in albums
of recollection during rainy days now being felt in
senior years of life.

Calculating times of yesterday that used to be filled
with life and family.

Now nothing is left but the ticking of the clock in the
hallway, reminding you that now you are alone, without
loved ones who have gone beyond you beforehand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alcove Of Thoughtfulness

Reserving the right to be myself on earth, I respectfully bow out of another's boundaries.
Taking myself out of the contest of ego persistence, placing myself in an alcove of peaceful thoughtfulness.
Seeking a pleasurable existence, I turn inward, finding my way through a personal hell caused by others on the way to find myself again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alcoves Of Memory

Calmly interacting with rhythm as it calculates itself
into measures given in accounts of poetical existence.
Singling exact etudes into a quarry of valuable minerals,
being exercised and excised through chemical solutions.

Finally excreting the attitudes, sitting in the alcoves
of memory.

Forgiving the satisfaction being shown all together in
rhymes, threatening to open up hearts of people, exposing
their secretive essences and leaving them in open fields
of poems for everyone to see and know them.

Eluding the pen of a poet is difficult to do, especially
when you're standing naked in front of their inquiring view.
Capturing their insight with words of rhymes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alighting From Despair

Strengthening ties of inner turmoil, purposely flexing
and unflexing memories of the past.

Outliving nightmares, justifying images, attempting to
get beyond it all and find peace at last inside.

Alighting from an endless flight of despair and sadness,
looking for hope and joy which is promised from a friend.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alighting Truths

Taking hold of yesterday's thoughts that I had placed in books of ideas for future use, and placing them in literate words of poems.
Enjoying the glee and serenity filling me as I do so.
Cradling feelings tenderly alongside of today, making explanations and truths alight from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aligning Ideas

Taking notice of nothing in particular, listening
quietly to music of Peggy and Neil.

Enjoying the pace and tempo as it steps up along-
side imagination in stride.

Plucking ideas, aligning them with reasons of
imagination and foresight.

Pleasing melodies, justifying interior peace and
serenity.

(11: 03 a.m. - 12/29/10)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aligning In Measure Of Time

Enticing mind and intellect with perfect mathematical equations,
coded with innate rhythms, enabling intellect to align with notes
and chords in measure of time.

Keeping exacting rhythms in tempos of excellence, nothing to mar
the wonder being produced so exquisitely and innately through
music.

An euphoric and captivating slice of an interior spirituality,
soul soaring through dimensions of heaven unheeded while still
grounded here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aligning Tears

Locomotively racing down tracks of creativity,
choosing imaginative ideas and placing them with
abstractions.
Cognitively measuring and placing them in spheres
of understanding and knowledge.
Aligning tiers of thoughts with tears of images,
concentrating feelings into their midst.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aligning Thoughts

Aligning thoughts, spreading them around and aggravating them with an anxiety wrought from not having all memories intact.
Climbing aboard a razor sharp idea, taking it's element and behavior into consideration.
Acknowledging it's presence, now stationary in my life.
Watching it permeate and slowly take over little by little.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aligning With Both Lives

Standing here in a corner, looking about, thinking of nature
and how closely I am attuned to it in this life.

Remembering also, how closely I related to it in heaven so
perfectly attuned no matter which life I have lived.

Amazing feelings, scents and sights that come to mind from
both worlds.

Adjusting to it all in stride, no problems in aligning self
with either life.

Enjoying the best in both lives, knowing that both will
always be a part of my inner nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alignment Of My Soul

Confessing to a frailty of life's essence during trials
of sublime suffering, causes me to rethink what I'm doing
here.

Wanting to adjust peacefully to alignment of my soul with
what God specifically wants from me.

Tasting with my very being, the fruits of heaven's gardens,
going onto a whole new level as I rise to a higher dimension
in order to become whole and be my purpose on earth for a
final moment before passing over mortal limits into the
beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alike

Vacuuming thoughts and feelings, packaging them nicely in folders of poetry.

Setting them aside as future references of what I once felt inside.

Afraid of feeling what is written down, putting it on pages, in books to keep it far away from me.

Someone comes along, reading the words and wanting me to discuss them - I don't like to, because the feelings then swim to the surface not letting me ignore them.

When the hurting gets too much, I run and hide in a secret place inside and no one knows I'm doing it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alive Now

Having a great time and now
Double D is here, singing his
signature song, 'Red Solo Cup'.

The whole restaurant is alive
now, raising their drinks in
time with with song's music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

All - Consuming

Light striking the match of love inside, a tiny ember started,
soon a heart is all aflame.

Standing knee-deep in the flame of love, not getting burned at all.

Realizing as you look around, that the fire is an all - consuming desire

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

All - Consuming Desire

Music softly playing, enticing my mind to follow
rhythms of an interior spirituality, keeping me
alive.

Allocating solemn peace and serenity to every
corner of my being, lifting spirits, elating me
totally.

Nothing can penetrate the essence of spirituality
as it fills me so completely and entirely, always
wandering in a vast universe, nothing to bind me.

No thoughts or ideas, just an all-consuming desire,
staying within this spiritual realm, nothing to
interfere with this total bliss of heavenly beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

All Comes To Pass

Pressure building in this head, filling it with pain for a
few minutes and then lessening until the next time.

Wondering why all the world has gone gray, sitting in the
midst of it.

There's no delay in anything, it all comes to pass when it
is time and life no longer matters, having run out of it's
everlasting life support line.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

All Encompassing Themes

Revolving through doors of intuition,
finding many spheres of extra-sensory
perception, unfolding in my mind,
giving all sorts of visions to my heart.

Sounding entries to be fitted with an
all-encompassing mentioning of all themes
in today's halls.

Mounting frames in many hallways, creating
art galleries with pictures set in poetry,
running throughout daily life and being
gifted in many spheres of museums.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

All I Ever Want

Taking me in your arms night after night, whispering sweet nothings in my ear, filling me with joy and happiness for the rest of my life.

Only wanting to be with you and no one else for there's no room left for anyone else, laughing, sharing, crying, just being together throughout our lives is all I ever want.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

All In Jest

Ripples running through a melody,
taking us in turn.
Giving us a feeling of euphoria,
bringing a smile to our tired faces.
A quirky little song about mama,
sung in jest for all in attendance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

All Is Gone

Lips sealed tightly shut, no words can mutter out
into anyone's ears.

Voices talking, cannot penetrate or make the ear
drum vibrate to hear a word.

Eyes closed tightly, seeing nothing, sending no
messages to a brain to interpret.

Breathing nothing in or out, body lying still,
no feeling left, no reaching out to another to
give a hug.

All is gone when you are found dead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

All Kinds Of Noises

What a difference location makes, now parked at a Circle K,
just waiting for someone to get a drink and come back.

Heavy traffic flowing, cards hurrying by, all kinds of noises
hitting my ears and mind, everything banging against intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

All Lies Told

Standing in the midnight of life, moving away from the moon
light and into the light of day, no longer caring what
happened to be in life.

Looking the other way, not wanting to be prepared for another
day of turmoil in the desert night of my soul.

Taking every step closer to the motions of interior rhythms
no longer wanting to be close to another human being because
of all the lies that have been told through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

All My Heart

Somewhere in life there's always you, standing by,
protecting and loving me unconditionally.

Truth and honesty between us always brings us closer
together than ever.

Having trust built is a bond stronger than anything
except love.

Finding sincerity and peace within, knowing that we
will never deceive one another.

Never hurting or harming each other, because our love
is so perfectly attuned in our hearts, minds and souls.

When you take and hold me tightly in your arms, feeling
I'm number one in your life as you are in mine.

Loving you my dear, with all my heart forever, because
you feel the same way about me too.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

All Originals

Slowly sending messages along individual routes of
intrepid solvency.
Arranging so many patterns in explicit designs -
not being copied - all are originals in their own
right.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

All Pervading Life Until.....

Signs of death are all around us in our lives,
at times we don't readily recognize them.

Yet, looking to nature we can see how death
has struck time and again.

Trees dying, leaves brown or fallen upon the
them already.

Petals of flowers lying on the ground beneath,
looking up as life is drained from them.

Little animals filled with ants and maggots,
showing us the death of their lives.

People now dying, trying to live fully until
their time has come.

Death is everywhere, yet we can still see beauty
in nature, a dead tree, stem of a flower.

Death is all-pervading, while we are still living,
our lives are alive and vibrant.

Kept within our beings until death takes it all
away from us in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

All Pervasive Environment

Writing in special modes of talent, being excited just listening
to the words flowing from waterfalls of music in my life.
Taking every day events and experiences and transforming each of
them into poetry of life.
Successfully entering inner domains time and again without any
qualms or doubts standing in the way.
An all pervasive environment always inside me, waiting to be
explored, waiting for new discoveries and ideas to be
illuminated on a daily basis.
A passion that fills the essence of my entire being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

All Saint's Day

Halloween is right around the corner, decorations are everywhere, stores are having sales and people are buying many unique decorations for their homes.

Yet many, except for those who know, are forgetting that it's actually All Saint's Day, a day for chasing away evil spirits and demons from our world.

It sounds like a perfect thing to do, considering all the evil penetrating our world today, everyone should pray for an end of evil and ask for peace on earth.

Let's all join minds on Halloween and pray for these important things in our lives, we will still have plenty of time for Halloween parties and trick or treating.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

All The Ideas

Rummaging through imagination, looking over all the ideas it has thought of through the years.
Finding it fascinating, how they were born and brought out in writing.
Loving feelings connected to each one, whether happy, sad or melancholy.
All of them coming from some part of my being, allowing me to interpret them into poetry, sharing with the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

All Types Of People

In this earthly life we have all types of people,
some good, bad or evil, yet we all live here on
this planet earth.

Not always getting along, at times murder, torture,
raping and pedophilia happening, yet good people
continue to prosecute these horrible criminals and
will continue to do so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Allegories Of Senses

Focusing entirely on the beauty of a rhythm,
a particular favorite of mine since first
hearing it.

Tones are so soothing, beats and tempo ever
flowing, soaring into new environments every
single time I hear it.

Nothing standing in the way, as taking off
and never falling into traps of other things,
staying on track totally in mind.

Straying nowhere, keeping in synch with the
allegories of sense, taking note of every
single piece of interior puzzles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

All-Encompassing Faith

Taking me by the hand, leading me into depths of heaven
where I can believe in what I see and feel.

Trusting in a God that I cannot see, yet knowing in my
heart that His love is mine through eternity.

Dying to this earthly life when just a young child,
turning to nature for the peace and comfort promised.

Never letting go of an all-encompassing faith in God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alleviating Pain

Walking in time to musical rhythms, listening to their
intensive sounds and tones as they ease and alleviate
physical pain constantly while writing.

Two areas of the cortex of my brain silently assimilates
and blends, shutting out everything felt, heard and seen,
except what is happening deep within my being.

Relaxing in a bluened light, escaping from daily grinds
where hardships and sacrifices continue to exist, alone,
searching for peaceful edicts of relief.

Following existing pathways through music and it's many
rhythms, being exhilarated and awakened while writing,
finding that pain has been extinguished silently.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alleviating Prison Of Being Human

Remaining passively calm, watching as darkness lightens into
a spiritual realm where I alone am now present, totally accen-
tuating the silence of this poetical soul in the light of the
Divine.

Stretching mind, reaching into outer universes and depths of
interior dimensions, alleviating the prison of being human
on a level of intense contemplation, reaching aspects of inner
sorrow.

Touching it's bittersweet concoctions as life continues to re-
trieve the essence of spherical boundaries of liberty and free-
dom, surpassing everything known to man so far, living in this
expansive and vast universe alone.

Not wanting to share it except through poetry, keeping it's
definition and location totally hidden from view, a secret to
be kept hidden all the days of this mere poetical life here
on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alleviating Stress

Extreme agitation falling between the sheets as I listen
to music and delve into writing poetry.

A bluened atmosphere alleviating all the stress of earthly
issues and giving needed energy to last through the day.

Purposeful and focused, finding joy within intellect where
I love swimming around in thoughts.

Coming up with new and absolute truths through concepts of
technology and equations.

Finding that ideas are connected and kept intact with a
solid and beautiful essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alleviating Stress Of Earthly Issues

Extreme agitation falling between the sheets as I listen
to music and delve into writing poetry.

A bluened atmosphere alleviating all the stress of earthly
issues and giving needed energy to last through the day.

Purposeful and focused, finding joy within intellect where
I love swimming around in thoughts.

Coming up with new and absolute truths through concepts of
technology and equations.

Finding that ideas are connected and kept intact with a
solid and beautiful essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alleys Of Greatness

Prancing down alleys of greatness, hooking up with equal talents, awaiting similar partners.
Forgiving each ability fallen to the sides of roads, turning inside out and rising above higher education with little effort and a lot of musical talent.
Seething together, finding semblances to keep them tied to particular partners.
Hoping to eventually partake of a worldly envelope of stardom on the way up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alligatoring Along

Stressing facts of daily life as we hear it come
forth from lyrics of a song being sung.
Gringing to the mysterious thoughts being elicited
through each note.
Special periods of excitement fall continually
from the pen of a poet, sitting in the audience,
never stopping her writing for a moment.
Preferring to incessantly create one masterpiece
after another, late into every night.
Alligatoring along the streets of a mind, soaking
up everything in her path.

(11: 20 p.m. - 11/16/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Allocating Desires

Finding my way in the darkness, being alone but not lonely,
looking for answers to why I'm here, being enticed by feel-
ings rising higher.

Emotions pulling me into the mix, wondering where they're
coming from until I suddenly feel the loneliness, sadness
and abandonment filling my entire being.

Then this mind going through them all one at a time, trying
to find the source of it's beginnings while still staying
focused, experiencing every moment.

Touching every feeling and emotion, making sure I get the
right answers, allocating desires to reach within, taking
care of all that needs to be done in order to calm and sooth everything as I write
about it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Allocating Motives

Strengthening character through music,
pure and unadulterated.
Sending messages from beyond,
hoping to bring some sanity to
light in the future.
Becoming enlightened with proper English
and written to enfold everyone in time,
allocating many interior motives towards
infinite sayings, benefiting human nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Allocating Rhythms

Staccatoely hammering it's way into my mind,
allocating rhythms into spheres where they
will remember every detail on cornerstones
of the future.

Taking back reverberations of another time
when life was vibrant and enlivened every
moment.

Now just grasping at straws as they want to
fall from my hands constantly, raining on
fields of inner imagination throughout this
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Allow Freedom Of The Soul

Free your mind, let compassion in to touch your heart and come alive.
Take care to become whole and not be so shallow.
Use your sight to see the beauty in others around you, touch them with a smile of understanding and love.
Take care to be open and honest, and not be shut in a closet of despair, one of your own doing.
Expand your mind's vision, experience a novel existence, share the journey with others in life's balance.
Allow freedom of your soul to be expressed, let go of worry and you will find that you are blessed beyond compare anywhere on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Allowances Of Intellect

Beating drums into the night, collecting particles of
my interior being, tying together, fibers still hanging
mysteriously in my mind.

A mystical factor taking my forward, letting me go, free
and totally being captured by allowances of intellect,
falling into rockets taking off.

Seeing the universe from windows of this soul, a mere
poet traveling into outer space alone through my mind
while still here standing on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Allowing Challenges

Reaching out into the world, wanting to learn everything
there is to learn about people, cultures, and other
countries outside of the U.S.A.

Allowing my beliefs to be challenged, tested and kept even
closer than before, never afraid of losing myself as I gain
insight into the world around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Allowing Consideration Of Compromise

Listening to whistling of the wind blowing through pine
trees of my mind, soothing my spirit, soaring and finding
my way into an interior spiritual universe.

Leaving the world behind, living in the atmosphere of the
Divine, tantalizing and serene, walking, looking up and
watching as tops of pine trees sway back and forth.

Allowing me to consider compromising in life when needed,
pine trees bending to the wind, setting an example that
I can follow in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Allowing Desires

Tomorrow may be too late to start anew, so today is the day you must begin.

Silently striding towards your destiny, musical rhythms are leading the way into the future.

Beautiful interludes opening up the world, exciting beings, awakening all their senses, allowing desires to come to fruition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Allowing God To Be

My philosophy is and has always been that God puts people in your
life when you need them and they in turn need you.
Make the most of your time with them, giving, caring, and sharing -
heart and soul - totally.
Do not diminish God with selfishness, greed, gossip or envy - give
to another generously, gratefully, humbly.
Allow God to use us, through our relationships, our friendships with one another
all our lives.
Goodness of our Lord will reach another's heart when He chooses to
bring two together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Allowing Intellect

Feeling the peacefulness and serenity being given through
an interior spiritual life, allowing intellect to be ful-
filled through creativity.

Eliciting and completing many puzzles at the same time,
seeing future visions and images always put together
instantaneously.

Giving intense and vibrant thoughts a place in which to
be placed incessantly, taking me wholly into the future
of life for an eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Allowing Me To Let Go

Flying into the atmosphere, watching earth turn into
a tiny little reminder of where I lived.

Special and beautiful, always tantalizing my heart,
giving me the energy of your own being.

Feeling hearts reverberate against my body, separating
me from the past and what I used to know.

Now, a brand new world has been opened to me through
your unconditional love.

Cherishing me so totally, allowing to let go of all
the heartache, running into your arms at last, now
hope is running wild within me!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Allowing Peace

Staying quiet within, silently thinking, pondering
questioning everything that is seen, heard, felt and
experienced.

Not another soul can hear this interior spirituality
filling me with love, compassion, and reason, having
Divine intervention circumvent evil in this world.

Turning instead, against all of it, allowing the peace
God has intended for us in life to be spread throughout
our world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Allowing Sweetened Romance

Soothing harmonies, taking me into tomorrow's beginnings,
allowing a sweetened romance to begin.

Softened, lightened in dim nights of fruitful endeavors,
a combined stage of life, separating the balance of it
on edges of another ending tunnel.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Allowing Visions

Tinkling bells chiming within my memory, allowing visions to
reappear with images of family who have passed on to better
horizons.
Leaving pain and strife behind - along with earthly trials
that tore them down and apart with their insistence.
Knowing that now they are spending an eternity with God and
His total goodness and caring in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Allured Into Writing

Whispering and listening to angels sing within gardens of heaven, being tantalized and allured into writing of poetry.

Letting inspiration fill me again, and again, never being bored, always able to use this mind to keep imagination attuned to an infinite wisdom of intellect.

Turning about, rotating, grasping abstracts from out of ideas, making them fit automatically in words and meanings.

Wanting to change everything that comes about while thinking and writing, never tiring of inventive ideas, watching as they turn into a reality of poetry for my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alluring And Inviting

Graceful, enticing, people dancing merrily, swirling
around the dance floor in a flurry of motion.

Enjoying the closeness and movement of one another,
a balancing act of rhythm, taking time into measures
of lively promises.

Alluring and inviting, the beauty of melodies taking
everyone into the enticement of freedom and liberty
in senior years, alone together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alluring Events Of Childhood

In younger days of life, finding self amidst nature and always enjoying being alone within it.

Climbing trees, hanging upside down, running everywhere, taking life's moments with the excitement given to me.

Loving adventures, discoveries and alluring events that nature always presented to this being.

Finding weeds with large pods, picking and bringing them into the house in spite of Mom's protests.

Sitting down with paints and brushes, turning them into parrots, all types of birds from an inner imaginative intellect.

Enjoying the creativity that was always found within immediately, never having to wait for it to enter my mind and intellectual imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alluring Quest

Wondering about life, knowing the many questions held in mind and looking for answers that will satisfy curiosity eventually.

Alluring thoughts capturing and keeping me searching forever in this open and exacerbated mind, wanting much more than life's willing to let go of and give to my quest for answers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alluring Senses

Reaching forward,
touching something in my mind, awakening,
stirring it's appearance into frothy acquiescence.

Stipulating certain projections that need to be thought, alluring senses into a timeless reverberation, crossing all boundaries and entering the other side of life, giving everything up to wishes of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alluring Senses Of Being

Directly and coincidently, hiding within self, writing
and projecting beauty of music being listened to, into
poetry that has a meaning and purpose.

Finding dreams and visions that are always within reach,
discovering new ideas and adventures that appear suddenly
and inexplicably into this mind.

Alluring senses into being here in every respect, waiting
to help me explain what it is I am feeling, special graces
coming through right from heavenly concepts and into my
mind.

Highways always open, never any traffic to block words
from flowing purposely down many lines of every page,
completing extraordinary things that are being contemplated
from within intellect and imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Almost To The End

Almost to the end of the dance this afternoon,
having enjoyed every minute of music being
played by Neil and Larry.
Pleasurable and fun, full of energy, lifting
spirits highly, giving the elderly reasons to
keep on going.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone

Filled with desire, alone, empty, expired within,
seeking nothing, finding nothing, allowing changing
seasons small places to reside in.

Autumn falling in every sphere on earth, but none
more touching than within this sad, small heart,
wanting to touch sights I see, to feel sounds I hear.

Ringing across my sight, I feel vibrations touching
my heart, making it stir in anticipation of a new
world beyond what I have seen.

Knowing the emptiness of penetrating desire, alone,
empty, expired within.

Sights and sounds dead, no feelings or hints of
tomorrow alive; just the corpse of a small child
now grown and gone in just one moment of death to
behold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone And Empty

Loss of love to death brings sorrow totally into perspective, leaving me bereft and forsaken, alone and empty, no love here anymore.

My world falling apart, fractured heart and mind, no way to heal without you darling, having lost my life forever more.

Feeling the abandonment of love so explicitly and totally, not wanting to exist on earth without you anymore my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone And Hiding

Wind whistling through the night, nothing to stop
it's eerie lonely sound.

Reminding me of a child happily walking through
nature's abode, alone and hiding within themselves.

At times being afraid, whistling even louder as if
it will protect them somehow.

Wonders of childhood, giving them exemplary ways of
dealing with eerie and frightening aspects of life.

Especially those that happen when they are all alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone And Searching

Wandering this planet alone, searching for love and companionship without being hurt by another, seeming to be of no use.

There's never anyone here for me, even though I've always been there for others throughout life, all thinking I'm strong and don't need anyone's help.

Not realizing love and caring is needed, being a-lone and ignored unless someone needs something from me, then I'm not needed until the next time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone And Secure

Watching the sun rising behind me in reflections of
shimmering water set upon a lake.

Possibilities far outweighing the beauty of an inner
stillness filled with an energetic purity.

Tossed into the atmosphere of nature where I can
follow trails into the center of another dimension.

Alone and secure in the total knowledge of wisdom's
grasp of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone And Untethered

Energetic mind being filled with a plethora of
questions and ideas, having many spheres of know-
ledge to address them all.

Watching all of life, going into it's seasons
itself, alone and untethered, finding an essence
and passion that lies within it without any semb-
lance from anywhere else in nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone In A Melody

Swinging into the atmosphere, beginning the end
of rhythm as it comes straight into the interior
spaces of intellect.
So tender and beautiful, just being alone in a
melody of my own, beside the only score of music
I want.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone In A Parlor Of Aging

Living in trusted memories, watching images of the past in many beautiful thoughts, enjoying feelings of love and being cared for when younger.

Sounds of glee and laughter filtering through moments of living this life, every day waking and creating new memories to carry and store away on photographic screens within.

To be savored in the future when sitting alone in the parlor of an aging being, holding onto them in the ending of this human life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone In A Solo World

Entertaining and wonderful are moments when left alone with imagination and hopes of blending with particles of fantasy, writing away through ideas and thoughts, bound in rhythms.

Being held within peace and serenity, keeping them close, treasuring and cherishing it, letting them continue being etched on photographic screens interiorly, staying alone in a solo world created by self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone In Another Realm

Quietly and surreptitiously we wend our ways throughout life
and into the future where we can always find a way to fit
in with other people.

Tripping along, stepping, enjoying the way we are, never
allowing anything to mar our way, alone and in another realm,
far away from the existence of yesterday.

Looking back, interestingly seeing everything still the same
as it always was in every tender-hearted memory.

Tears forming, crowding in the corners of my eyes, waiting
to overflow from my heart and pour out into a myriad of
tissues as I wipe them gently away in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone In Bed

Stillness affecting me as I walk alone in the distance
of your heart.

Feeling it's emptiness echoing in my footsteps as I
walk down lonely pathways without you.

Dreaming of your love, my heart holding on to your memory
and leaving me alone in bed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone In Catacombs

Falling desperately within, hiding away from reality,
not wanting to touch or reach it's depths.
Sadness filling up all the emptiness of life so far.
Stretching across my soul, pulling me apart, causing
abysses to form deep inside, where no one can reach
or help in any way.
Devoid of friendship, alone in catacombs that I can't
seem to find my way out of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone In Inner Gifts

Minds peering out of eyes, seeing vibrations of
colorful sounds as they soar into the atmosphere
on wings of talent.
Gifted under stars of heaven, taking time to
express all of life in prolific expressions,
spread into words of magical prose.
Giving off perceptions no one else can see, because
I am alone in my inner gifts, nothing bothering me
on the seaside of my choice.

4/22/13

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone In Loss

Hearing a voice coming from some unknown source,
touching my mind carefully with a gentle hand.

Soothing the feelings covering me in sorrow,
draped in emptiness, totally alone in loss.

Hoping for the friendship of someone caring and
compassionate to come into this life and lead me
into the beautiful horizons of life again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone In Misery

Walking down back alleys, thinking of thoughts not usually present in the light of day.

Watching the lives of many others as they lie in alleys, no where to call home, eating from garbage dumpsters and searching for trinkets of coins to trade for booze.

A sad, sorry lot, doing nothing to bring themselves into another space of time where they can become viable people again, providing a particle of life to others and themselves.

Only wasting away instead, seeing nothing in their futures anymore, preferring to be alone in their misery and never knowing anything else can be had in their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone In My Desert

Sitting in the saddle, trotting down trails of this
beautiful desert, continuing into the vast and arid
beauty of it's brown, green and lively atmosphere.

Seeing the sun high in an afternoon sky, beating re-
lentlessly upon my ten gallon hat, trying it's best
to get me to take it off, and I just won't do it.

Legs wrapped around the girth of my lovely horse as
I continue riding through this beautiful desert play-
ground of my childhood.

Precious memories to keep close to my heart when I
think of them in senior years.

Tears of remembrance reminding me of good feelings
I always used to have when alone in my desert.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone In Nature

Alone in a beautiful manifestation brought forth in a
prismatic aura through natural environments.

Being content with quiet surroundings, looking at the
wall where a fat, gray pigeon has landed close to me.

Blinking it's little eyes, cocking it's head from side
to side and listening intently as I talk to my oldest
son on the telephone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone In Rhythms

Rumbling sounds of drums taking passion into waves that
roll and crash along inner shores of life, watching as
they hit the sand with a slap.

Taking away stress and tension of the week, feeling it
placidly slipping away, giving my soul a refreshing
breather to relax and enjoy, alone in rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone In This World

Strings pulling my heart in different directions,
yanking sorrow out into the open where I don't
want to see it's tears.
Filling my heart to overflowing - like a sponge
being squeezed minutely, tearing apart my mind
with grief's invitations.
Feelings so wound up, hurting me with anger then
resigning myself to circumstances I don't
really understand.
Mind asking for reasons, trying to find logical
meanings to latch onto, but there aren't any to
hold tenderly.
Alone in this world, no one to hold my hand or
give a hug, no one to sit and talk with as I
live life out between four walls, wondering
what's wrong with me.
An intensity of sorrow hurts me to the core of
my being, I have a lot to offer.
Love sits idly by, twirling it's thumbs with no
where to go, no one to give to - wondering why
God doesn't want me either - at least not yet.
Apparently, I'm not finished with my journey
here on earth, so I'll sit here alone, awaiting
my entrance into heaven one day, leaving all
this sorrow behind me on earthly shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone In Thought

Standing alone, my soul drenched in sorrow, bleeding tears into my saddened mind with regrets of life.
Alone in thought, finding emptiness infiltrating everywhere, taking away self-esteem and awareness of creative thinking.
Jealousy causing many problems with others, never detecting a single solitary person who will understand what I'm going through.
Dropping an axe, slicing myself in half, throwing away the part that no one wants any more.
The side where all my speech is processed and left to die, forgotten on shores of deserted life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone Rooted

Looking out into the darkness of night, seeing lights
shining upon a tree, bare, no leaves left upon it.

It's limbs reaching into the darkened sky, trying to
find out where they have gone to.

Only an emptiness comes upon it, nothing changing as
it forlornly stands alone.

Rooted in earth's soil, awaiting something to give it
hope in a new day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone With Images

Longtime sensations being draped over me emotionally as I sit, write and weep into pages of memorial scenes left as reminders to many thoughts, as life crowds me out.
Taking exactly what I see photographically and composing it all into musical poetry where everyone can see and admire whatever I seem to be thinking.
Alone with many images, I traipse and find ways to manufacture a means of escape for tears to dry themselves, as I stretch my imagination.
Carefully portraying every idea that lends itself to my mind and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone With Intellectual Creativity

Swinging back and forth to tempos of rhythms being
listened to, finding joy in notes and sounds, lift-
ing spirits with uplifting melodies and harmonies.

Delving quietly into depths of my poetical essence,
shutting out the world to be alone with an intell-
ectual creativity where life is effortless.

Giving pleasure and satisfaction to my being, feel-
ing serenity as it flows slowly and evenly through
me with rhythms soothing and calming me interiorly.

Lonely, but never lonesome, for within the bluened
light, signs and visions continually come to mind
from the Divine.

Precious, special, fascinating, they give intellect
the purpose it needs to carry on through life and
inspiring this mere poet into further dimensions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone With Selves

Watching people here in a waiting room, bored, falling asleep,
minds drifting into unknown territories, alone with themselves
all the while.

Wondering why more people don't bring music to listen to while
they're here, thinking that's the better solution, keeping
their minds active and alert through rhythms.

Not able to see why everyone can't do it and entertain them-
selves with joy, sitting here and thinking about it and con-
tinuing to wonder why people don't do it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone With The Band

Now sitting outside alone with the band as they play
just for me, praying through their music to a God of
music, instrumental in everyone's lives.

Touching hearts of all who are lonely and bereft,
feeling forsaken by everyone, settling within beds of
remorse and regret for a while.

Feeling the emotions drowning and crushing my being,
raised effortlessly by rhythms as they slowly revel
in notes and tempos filling me interiorly.

Climbing to mountain tops, looking about, seeing
nature, it being the only difference through music
playing distinctly in time with the band as I sit
here alone with them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone With Thoughts

Lights fading, dimming, leaving me soon in the darkness of sorrow, watching for the light to come, yet it never again does.

Sun has set for a final time on my horizon, no one here to see it happening, all those who could have known have died already.

Now being alone with thoughts, no caring or love from them any longer, wanting, wishing, needing does no good in this life.

There's nothing to look forward to, no one to reach out to, all is lost, I am to be no more on this planet, that is the way of life, it always in the end, leads to the death of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone With You

Enthralled in the western laid-back melodies of
another, good times, clapping and slapstick fun.

Being entranced with the energetic sadness of
loss as it watches us.

My arms around you, as we gaze out beyond the
horizon together.

Looking across the ocean as it rises and crashes
before us.

Cuddling together upon a blanket, finding ecstasy,
a paradise being fulfilled through intense passion.

Alone with you, living in the beauty of our memories
as we continue to love one another only.

Moon shining down upon us throughout the night as we
make love to the sound of the ocean's crashing waves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone Within Intellect

Desert awakening, now blossoming in the dead of night, silently
portraying the nature of God while we're all sleeping peace-
fully in our beds.

This poet wide awake and aware of what's going on in this
beckoning darkness, wonder and curiosity standing alone within
intellect.

Like shining stars hiding in a mind of total innate creative-
ness, quiet, a replica imagined of heaven above, but only in
imagination.

No one could ever describe the fascinating beauty of heaven
in their wildest dreams, it's left to find out when we die
and end up in heaven at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone, Always

Always here, always faithful and loving,
caring, independent and alone.

All people take advantage of someone
with a good disposition, yet are never
there to lend a helping hand, give
encouragement, care, or love in return.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alone, Together

Reeling in a circle of unending beauty, stopping for no one,
getting rid of extraneous baggage put upon me by another person.

Calmly, sauntering to the lightened atmosphere of this wonderful
night at karaoke.

A time of friends and laughter, meeting more people we know each
time we enter any establishment.

Cooperating entirely with the solitude of evenings alone, together.
All night being spent awakened by beautiful music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aloneness

Relying on others is an impediment
in life's scheme of things.
An obstacle of importunate realms,
standing always in our faces, trying
to discourage and force us into
sidelines of aloneness on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Along Borders

Silence of thought energizes me indefinitely, allowing for solace to become me interiorly.
Stationing self along borders of reclamation, hoping for processes to gather me into arms of ideas.
Fortunately, seizing moments of intense abstraction on wings of glory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Along Comes A Mere Poet

When someone loses their love here on earth, they lose
it all, even their own existence.

Unable to go back and take what is now gone, having no
self-control, confidence or self-realization.

It all fades into sorrow of grief however long it takes
to reach out and make the first move towards a new be-
ginning in their lives.

Easy to say, difficult for the one who has lost every-
thing, his love now being held inside with no outlet
for it to survive.

Pressures of everyday life seem to be insurmountable,
because minds are clouded with tears, beings filled
with emptiness, loss and abandonment.

Falling into a vast atmosphere, unable to touch ground,
walking absently through life, not even participating
in it for the time being.

Feeling sad, wanting to share their grief, not knowing
how, then this mere poet, grasps their hands, holding
them, BEing there, writing a poem, nothing more to add.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Along Paths Of Lives

Languishing in an early morning environment and atmosphere,
looking around, enjoying this life as it exists in individual
ways for each and every one of us daily.

Having loved ones held closely, treasured and cherished through-
out our days, friends that stand by us through think and thin,
no matter what may happen just because they care about us.

Meeting strangers along paths of life, we meet, greet, at times
talk with one another about many subjects, some of them becoming
friends in time, others going on their way back to the little
lives they live each day with others that they already know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Along River Banks

Characterizing life through Chopin's eyes,
lifting me higher, raising my spirits.
Taking me along river banks, watching nature
float downstream as I see ducks, motionless,
being carried to places unknown except to
them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alongside Mirrors

Reflections of life stay intact with our mind's eyes,
holding onto mirror images throughout our lives.

Sensing positions of arcane thought, we ride alongside
our memories, watching them through the years with love
and caring.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alongside Train Tracks

Dancing quickly into the distance of another remark being made
along highways of yesterday.

Only tread marks of another era are standing in avenues and on
borders, looking over particles being left on the side of train
tracks, not able to be picked up or left on the side lines of
time and prayerful energies.

Left in another consequence, sometime in a lasting memory that
has long since been forgotten, leaving no reminders to be set
to music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alphabet Of Music

Strumming strongly into the darkness, striking sparks of imagination as words fall gently from an inner waterfall.

Sounding beautiful as they splash into pools of poetry below my mind, lights shining brightly into shadows of the darkened night.

Captivating intellect with embers being lit through the energy of my mind, leaving nothing in the emptiness of this episode of life.

Following in a line, meanings and definitions of this intense and vibrant life, being enlivened by an alphabet of music as it's heard.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Already Traveled

Dreaming that you and I would last forever, never parting
until that final day when the sun sets upon our horizon.

Leaving then, with no regrets, finding our way into realms
of heaven's gardens.

Where I have traveled once before, when life expired and
was brought back to me by a doctor who saved my life, to
continue the future of posterity in poetical illusions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Altar Of Angry Rebellion

Never counting minutes of existence from beginning to end,
for they are of no importance to anyone until the end is
in sight.

Sacrificed on an altar of angry rebellion, taken from the
safety of a home and placed in foster care.

Wanting the madness to end, not doing anything about it's
menacing attitude, sitting back on haunches, racked with
age-old, pent-up feelings.

Situated in a factual event, not knowing what it is or why,
and being counseled hatefully.

Unwanted by anyone, including the therapist, running away
from the impertinence of a life-long pastime.

Aware of surroundings, feeling the pain of hatred and
abandonment, being kicked out, alone, in a foreign place.

Unheard of, never again seen, lost in the empty horizon of
another's dream.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Altar Of Love

Secret desires, pining away in the darkness of another
night, sliding across this mind.

Enticing and energizing the brilliance of a love waiting
to be sated.

Knowing the sacrifices of life as they are laid before
the altar of love.

Awaiting bountiful treasures, ready and praying to be
given to each other.

An eternal moment of love's quiet whispers as two people
become one in the darkness of a peaceful night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Altar Of Twilight

Creamy orange skies, whipped to the texture of sherbert,
swirling through my mind.

Catching tantalizing delights of inebriated silence,
glancing across heaven with microscopic eyes.

Capturing the essence of beauty in memory's delicate candy
jars of china.

Refined to highlights of days gone by, passing earth one
final time for the sake of destiny, hidden within, the
crystal tears of life soon to be spread upon the altar of
twilight's last heavenly hour.

Setting sun, falling slowly asleep, caressing the moment
of tender hearts aching for respite in a time of unsettled
peace.

Stepping creatively across darkened skies of night, life
gently tucking itself away inside the folded blossom of a
morning glory.

Prayerfully opening with timid desire, it's eyes upon a
flowering world, placing it's soul in the palm of fate,
while looking into the spacious heavens above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Altars Of Poetical Intensity

Holding so tightly to precious memories of beautiful
moments had in life, that are now gone forever in
hands of time.

Their images being posed forever on photographic
screens within.

A most intense desire, fulfilling interior intuition
with whispering from beyond heaven, coming and
intoning their melodies inside limpid pools of thought.

Regularly being filtered, coded and turned into visions
of entire lifetimes of concern and caring.

Nothing taking away the futures of their purpose, as
they are placed daily on altars of poetical intensity,
in writing.

Thoroughly bringing satisfaction into being through the
rhythms, beating in this heart and soul.

Watching it all from the sidelines of intellect, being
continually surprised how it combines and blends so
smoothly and happily with imagination's flowing tides.

Always bountifully being portrayed in interior depths of
artistic grace, creating masterpieces of future literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Altered States

Life's shores ebb and creep slowly away.

Reflections of ife's altered states bend and wave
thrusting unreal attributes onto their images.

Silence balloons and bursts itself onto our
re-poseable thoughts, separating end enkindling them
with heart-felt wants.

Walls of imagination build themselves on recorded tapes,
hopes of fame and fortune lying quietly in a brain.

Aspects of fortune are brought to mind and challenged
daily on shores of ancient remembering.

All of life is lost on desert plains, awaiting a
fulfillment which will not come until death has met
itself within us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Altered Steps

Life takes on different steps as we grow older - we become somewhat slower with condemnations and decisions having to be made in black and white.
We prefer the color gray - there are too many sides and aspects to every separate story.
Moving forward, upwards, out of sight, we become distinct in our varied personalities.
Not quick anymore to judge or condemn - we gently become mellow, allowing life to become what it will as we walk, observe, listen and be silent to nature and all those around us on our journey throughout the sunset of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Altering Attitudes

Appetite for curiosity is ever-growing, never lessening
in this lifetime.

Changing, altering attitudes throughout the years, but
none of it ever touching intense curiosity of intellect.

Crossing fields, mountains, deserts and valleys, never
taking my eyes off of the ending point of questioning.

Sincere and adamant, always wanting to know everything
that I don't yet know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Altering Definitions

Reeling inside to melodies of yester-year, thrilling to
their rhythms of being.
Tantalizing yearnings to surface, altering definitions
daily, to coincide with rhymes of literature.

(10: 03 a.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Altering Humanity's Face

Deciding and relegating many aspects of an interior
intellect into spheres within my mind.

Expecting miraculous and wonderful aspects to appear
in ideas and inventions.

Visions of the future and relevant issues that will
alter the face of humanity as we know it.

Advances in areas that have not been addressed as yet,
but will soon be seen in a new light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Altering Life

Wallowing in self-pity does no good,
it doesn't help sadness disappear.

Reaching out to another would bring
about changes as it altered your
life permanently.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Altering Moods

Angelic blessings falling upon my being with every beat of music, singing into my heart and mind. Soothing feelings of harmony flow gently from my mind to this pen, altering life's moods for the better.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Altering Moods With Fanciful Thoughts

Saturating this poetical mind with rhythms of love and caring,
charging interior batteries with blessings from above, alter-
ing moods within.

Fanciful thoughts giving uplifting ideas to help people all
over the world, this mind like a private secret garden where
memories and images of the past, present and future are hidden.

Visions seen sacredly upon a photographic mind, always being cherished and
treasured in moments of contemplation and held
throughout the hours of each day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Altering Whispers

Silencing fate with whispers of prayer and faith,
hoping to alter destiny in time.

Forging ancient ties, bringing them forth into
daily times of today's ordeals.

Swaying past shadows, taking their stances into
account, as life is spent in many countless ways
of faith.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alternate Directions

Plans never seem to work out the way we want them to,
yet somehow we manage to survive, finding alternate
directions and ways of doing things differently.

Opening sides of the box, thinking outside of it's
interior confines, soaring away while being grounded,
abstracts now joining mathematical equations.

Allowing order to arrive at certain conclusions, awaken-
ing senses with a beauty and essence filled with heavenly
aromas, able to taste them totally in the midst of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alternated Visions

Strangling life dreams and spreading them over ocean
waves, watching them pitch and roll like small ships
in a storm.

Fascinated, letting them go into unchartered depths,
waiting
for their return, hoping to see alternated visions -
only better than before - of life dreams.

Sitting comfortably, allowing destiny to take it's turn,
as I wait in quiet anticipation for them to come to
fruition before the setting sun this evening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alternative Environment

Recriminating endeavors standing back, making room for
new thoughts, giving perspectives from an alternative environment.
Soon to become the beneficiary of a new wisdom,
developing itself even as I write.
Taking edges of yesterday and binding them thoroughly
with those of this newly formed identity taking place.
Such magnificent interior senses coming up from nothing
and creating many new shapes, molding them to fit the
ideas filling me constantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alternative Purposes

Warehousing of ideas, soars above normal routines of ordinary folks.

Silent situations call for silent awakenings of thoughts,
calling upon ideas to become creative and aspiring.

Never standing still, quietly jumping, seeing interconnections
belonging to every aspect of living.

Desires running rampant throughout days and nights of awakened genius.

Felt inside of chambers, overflowing with alternative purposes
and imagination's storehouse.

Wallowing crazily in acres of acknowledged thoughts, creating
endlessly, loving inventions made everywhere for purposes of
aiding others in their disabled lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alternatives

Actively considering tranquil alternatives to daily
perforated stresses.
Hiding tautly beneath covers of tears, bending with
the weight of many fears.
Toddling towards infinite reveries, split in half,
left for dead.
Pouring forth latent emotion, striving to live
although hoping for it's alternative.
Separating past visions with slices of reality,
driving home the images with pressures and insecurity.
Always actively considering tranquil alternatives,
while trouncing upon an infinity of innate desires
and needs.
None of them ever being met, as tears cover all
vestiges of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Alternatives To Living

Wondering what I'm doing in this cold and lonely life, curiously filling up space and time.
Stepping down into despair, flailing desperately, attempting to hold onto a thread of hope.
Spiraling into a downward spin of death, allowing self to be dejected, because of abandonment of other people.
Not realizing in depths of sorrow, that there are alternatives to living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always A Champion

Letting down my hair, relaxing, talking, enjoying the
atmosphere here at the pool tournament where my husband
is playing.

Always the champion every time, knowing he will win again
today, competition is stiff, everyone is ready, it will
start in just a minute.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always A Chance

1: 52 p.m.
Intense senses being alerted within my spirit,
knowing a friend is needing someone to talk to
and be there for him.

Grasping thoughts, putting them together, hoping
they will make a difference in his mind and heart.

There's always a chance that it will be permanent,
one can only hope that this will be the case each
time when talking with him.

Hoping this time he will be able to enter at least
one aspect of his life again with hope, because I
cared and waited for him.
1: 53 p.m. 3/27/14 RoseAnn V. Shawiak

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Accepting The Inevitable

Creating and using an innate imagination, allowing intellect
to supervise everything as memories creep upon the desert of
photographic images.

Never lending them to anyone, except through poetry where
they can read them forever in volumes of literate poems.

Taking every avenue to inject purpose and enlightenment into
the usefulness of life and it's effervescent beliefs and
faith.

Always accepting the inevitable, letting it come to pass,
not worrying about what will happen at the end for you will
never know about it anyway.

Leaving this earth will be a final mystery that can never
be explained by anyone - not really.

A mystical and magical event and happening, never adhering
to any possible logical or reasonable explanation from anyone.

At last coming before God, not needing anything, wanting to
know and being curious no longer plausible.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Alone

A person standing alone, afraid to venture far from
her mind's heart, lest she be hurt in the action of it.

So intent on being perfect, gliding along without
entering in on conversations or particular events.

Sololy fixated on an interior self, never getting
close to another in her life.

Dying mysteriously in a heavenly space of her soul,
taking all intellect and hiding it away.

Sparsely spreading it about her ego - just enough to
keep her going through life's circumstances and trials,
always alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Appreciating

Shots sparkle in this mind of thoughts, colliding and bringing together everything that is shaped and formed into prose.

Jungles are untangled through meanings, definitions and words, as life continues to unfold daily, unperturbed by my doing so.

Living on the circumference of another dimension all the time, diving in and out constantly, finding new thoughts and ideas coming into fruition.

A bluened silence always enveloping my mind in peaceful and energetic symbols and codes of relevant messages.

All of them dedicated through the poetry of innate talent, always enjoying finding what I'm thinking, thrilling to new ideas being created and becoming reality in tunnels of time.

Patiently building facets needed to take new life into consideration each and every day that I am alive, vibrant and energetic, being always open to thoughts.

Taking me into corners of imagination, fantasy and sub-consciousness, solely and completely doing everything innately, always appreciating and thanking God for these gifts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Basing Opinions On Fact

Flowing with rhythms, going inward more often than
not, developing strength and energy to be able to
cope with every day stress and turmoil in this
earthly life.

Carefully taking time needed to access wisdom in
the midst of writing from intellect, taking every-
thing quickly and quietly into this mind.

An innocence and purity given through music and
it's rhythms, never forsaking inner, innate talent,
letting it take me wherever it wants to go.

Finding that the life I have been living has been
given extraordinary gifts beyond what others may know
or understand.

Wondering, curiosity always aroused, living in realms
of questions being posed about everything, nothing
above suspicion in this mind.

Paying attention to even the smallest details in
order to get answers that are needed to form my own
opinions.

Always basing them on facts that I gather from many
sources, never being stationary, climbing to heights
and depths of every space that I find.

Observing it all so it can be written in poetry daily,
constantly and incessantly, preferring the abandonment
of other people always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Be In The Moment

Taking rhythms into full swing, giving rhythm a run
for it's money.

Enticing our bodies and bringing us into realms of
another dimension.

Running thoughts, exercising and taking them for
their moments of excitement.

Thoroughly loving each and every tone of melody,
it's soothing and enlivening us inside and out.

Taking care to always be in the moment, serving our
minds as we take our beings into enlightenment.

Exhilarating and totally eclipsing everything else in
this life, beautiful and finite we move into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Becoming

Following thoughts down dark, narrow pathways,
hoping to discover any images or mirrors hiding
in crevices of yesterday.

Adjusting visions as they unfold in unison,
touching my soul with explicit purposes in mind.

Living in existential corridors, always becoming
what I will be in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Being Accepted

Coasting through the morning, enjoying the peaceful aroma at the senior center on the billiards side.
Always being accepted and left to myself to write, although everyone greets and talks to me before I begin my daily vigil, writing poetry.
Totally into what I am doing, blocking out every sound going on around me, and concentrating on music of Chopin, I'm listening to on my walkman.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Belonging To The Music

Rockin and rolling to Bruce Springsteen once again,
enjoying his rhythms and wonderful melodies, belong-
ing to the music.

Becoming a part of it as it absorbs my being and
essence, filling me with dreams of tomorrow, taking
me away into the future filled with promise.

Fulfillment and experiences that entice intellect,
energizing my spirit, helping to entertain and keep
life going for a while yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Empty Reminders

Resonating poetry, traveling into every mood and attitude
that conceptualizes the formation of every sentence.

Collectively energizing and holding vibrations of an inner
reservoir of linear equations.

Coded in rhythms of penetrating chords filled with notes
of an interior heaven, where I spread my wings and soar
beyond unanswered questions of life.

For there will always be empty reminders that question, yet
never answer, anything but the impossibilities of an inner
domain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Enjoying Moments

Intensely silent, thinking about life and all that I've
lived through so far, watching and being tempted as
everything unfolds.

Opening up prospects along the way, taking advantage of
them incessantly, loving the excitement and thrills that
come along with it, enjoying moments given to me with a
perfect sense of faith.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Entertaining Self

Stringing along, strumming the guitar with emphasis
on life's struggles as it is being played.

An intensity found only in the greatest of players,
touching our very souls with their beauty and serenity.

Softly beating and taking me into realms of an interior
life of poetry.

Special and proficient talents being totally pronounced
in everything composed musically and written poetically.

Thoughtful and adhering, coasting hillsides of snow,
sparkling with glistening sunshine not quite penetrating
it's surface as yet.

Soon though, we will see drops of melted snow, dripping
onto earth, fulfilling and beautiful, entertaining self
all the time.

Going intensely into an interior universe, spelling out
contemplative spirituality and fascination of the Divine.

Glowing into twilight with an energetic blaze of enlight-
enment and purpose, not readily seen on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Falling In Love

Falling in love with you whenever we're together, holding
you closely to my heart, interpreting rhythms of our beings
into enlightened knowledge always in our hearts.

Literally moving into landscapes of an afterlife that appears
at times in visions today, becoming vibrant and useful in
this life I'm now living.

Giving insight into attitudes, puzzling over all that's seen
and thought daily, using everything on this solo journey,
traveling along without looking back.

Seeing the future behind misty curtains of death standing be-
fore me, awaiting my presence when God says it's time now,
ready to go, nothing to prepare for.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Family

In life, my family is paramount, we are very close and get together every chance we get.

A month never goes by that we haven't gotten together for birthdays, graduations, anniversaries, etc.

Relatives in New Jersey, Texas, Chicago, it doesn't matter where we are, we are always together on facebook and in our hearts.

None of us are ever alone or forgotten, we know what each other is going through, celebrating or grieving, even over lost pets - we all care deeply about one another throughout our entire lives.

Even a couple of our family members have gone to jail for things, and we are still here for them, loving, encouraging them, in every way possible.

Praying for them constantly, always letting them know they will always be family and loved.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Feeling Love

Light, airy, flying and soaring into the deepest blue up above, giving traits of love and romance.

Trailing always in the darkness, touching me with many desires, passion rising and lifting my spirit into heaven.

Loving and finding your heart now holding mine, always feeling love for one another throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Fighting

Donating time and energy to every endeavor that comes
along that I agree with in truth and context.

Living in the aftermath of lies, mistrust, illusions
and evil, finding the moral and ethical thing to do.

Leaving out any that prefer to hurt, maim or injure
another, always fighting for rights, freedom, country.

Forever standing for the Constitution, no other law
will ever be permitted in the U.S.

This is our country, no one else's, U.S.A. the home
of the free and the brave!

Red, white and blue forever flying over our country,
these colors will never run, just fight, face the
enemy and win! !

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Finding More

Running into and out of imagination and reality, obtaining gems and pearls of wisdom whenever they're seen, loving to share all through writing.

Thinking they are beautiful sentiments that many people might be attuned to, enjoying running and frolicking throughout music and it's rhythms.

Letting them take us into vast open spaces of inner dimensions wherein lies beautiful, philosophical ideas and commentaries than anywhere else.

Easily accessible through this mere poet's mind and intellect, so much in store for self and others, spending time writing and never seeming to get it all written down.

Thinking each time that we're finished, then finding even more to write about, for one thing leads to another and there's more to write about.

Giving people food for thought, keeping their minds alert, awake and creating their own ideas, will eventually lead to a myriad of inventions and technology that will help the world progress more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Finding Self

Tasting the atmosphere of a pine-scented forest, finding
some peace to accentuate life with a bountiful nature.

Keeping calm, walking steadily into depths of intellect
where I can always find myself.

Arranging styles of music and fitting them into many
musical compositions of veritable quality.

Playing them all, reliving moments, sounds, details, every
thing that they were written from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Giving

Staccato beats enlivening intellect, rejuvenating my mind
with enlightened wisdom and knowledge, fulfilling within,
giving an energy that never quits or fades.

Always taking my mind onto the dance floor of poetry where
I write incessantly and forever, there my mind excels and
intellect stands on it's own independently.

Loving the freedom and liberty that surrounds me, always
having the fun and excitement I deserve in this temporary
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Grasping Life

Running into the future, trying to catch up with life that
keeps getting out of reach, always grasping it, taking it
into tow, so I can experience everything I'm able to.

Running until I drop, holding on for dear life, as I
climb the highest mountains and fall into deepest ravines,
unafraid of what I'll find anywhere.

As long as I keep running and finding my way through hard-
ships and unfamiliar wildernesses, finding inner strength
through faith and hope, I will be fine.

Traveling through this world with my head held high, mind
focused on the future, destiny and purpose always set be-
fore me, no matter what, finding my way through it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Growing Gardens

Cloudy, overcast morning, letting me move quickly into
beautiful depths of myself.

Roaming through all types of landscapes, trying to
find the one where I belong today.

Wanting to be encapsulated in a bevy of thoughts,
blooming from imagination where I can pick and put
them into a poem of my choosing.

Adding a life of it's own to make it stand out and
bud again in measured success on another plain, where
it will grow and expand, allowing more blossoms to come
forth.

A tremendous garden, always growing, being nurtured by
intellect so I can continue writing poetry throughout
my entire life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Here Alone

Always here, always faithful and loving, caring, independent
and alone.

All people take advantage of someone with a good disposition,
yet are never there to lend a helping hand, give encouragement,
care, or love in return.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Landing On Clouds

Steadily listening to measures of beyond, tabulating their
existence in notes and rests.

Ready at a moment's notice to attend to scores of musical
anticipations, filtering through the atmosphere and
landing face up on clouds of ebony desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Learning

Wanting to talk to everyone at once, but it's impossible,
so I talk to as many as I can briefly.

Always learning what's on people's minds, fascinating and
productive, giving this mere poet many thoughts to think.

Writing about living life, experiencing the best in others
through little conversations in the sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Living In The Moment

Hearing the battering of a flag pole in front of me,
also tuning into sounds of birds reaching out their
spiritual tones.
Giving an enormous pulse of energy to write without
stopping, until I come to a break in thought where
I can memorize more of my surrounding environment.
Living always in the moment, I embellish life and
imagination through whatever I see, hear, feel and
become.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Looking

Rising into the grace of heaven, yet being tied
to this hell on earth.

Wanting to take off soaring, getting lifted into
another dimension or universe away from all the
turmoil and suffering.

Always looking, but never finding the peace
needed to exist on this planet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Looking Forward

Waking in an early morning with you near me, feelings
of relief, comfort and joy filling me so succinctly
and perfectly.

Realizing that we two are one, gives tremendous joy
and happiness, always looking forward to every moment
being spent together.

A totally fulfilling wonder that plays within, constant-
ly giving pleasure just knowing how much you truly love
me my darling.

Never fearing or doubting your love brings a sense of
relief that increases the trust between the two of us,
a treasure I cherish wholeheartedly my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Making Time

Out of reach, life standing before me, waiting for
it's end, yet my mind tells it, not yet, I still
have some things to do before letting go of you.

Living moment by moment, being energized by my
intellect, wisdom, knowledge, imagination, fulfill-
ing life with children and Grandchildren together.

Doing things with family and friends, celebrating
our lives, ties that bind cannot be broken even by
death.

Living and writing poetry, enjoying poets all over
the world, loving to read them all and commenting
on what I read of theirs.

A pure joy that can still be done whenever I'm
feeling alright, always making time for it for it
brings joy to my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Mistrusting

Energetically feeling the creative electricity filling
me entirely with positive moods and attitudes, never
ceasing to be amazed at the great difference it makes
in my life.

Finding ideas and concepts interesting to my mind as I
listen intently to every note being played, strident,
concise, creative, unfolding like blossoms of a rose in-
to my intellect.

Always transposing notes into thoughts pertaining to any
subject that enters this mind, curious, questioning every-
thing, looking for answers hidden or silently sitting out
in the open.

Absolute truths opening up and destroying the illusions
put up to deflect my attention, although it never works,
loving to dispel all the lies, theories and myths thrown
at me since childhood.

Realizing they, along with people who tell them to me are
always going to be mistrusting, confusion cleared when
intellect takes over and gives the answers.

Ones I've predicted or something quite new to me, always
having the time of my life when finally putting the truths
into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Needing To Know

Rotating thoughts, relieving this mind while writing,
giving plenty of credit to life and it's surrounding
pleasures.

Tapping, sliding tones down chords of rhythm, exercising
this mind, taking it into places unknown and forbidden.

Being always on the lookout for things people don't want
to be seen, delving into them unhesitantly every chance
I get.

So quietly and steadily, crossing over and into their
depths, not caring what signs are up warning against doing
the unthinkable.

Finding out what lies beyond the warnings, wanting to know,
because curiosity always gets the better of me.

Always needing to know the unknown, wanting to find answers
and put questions I have to rest at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Neglecting Interior Lives

Time is so precious, yet we waste much of it in inane
projects that do nothing to enhance our lives.

Neglecting our interior lives by keeping busy with our
agendas and schedules.

Trying to fill our calendars to make us look important
and fulfilled, yet we don't realize how far away from
it we are in reality.

Reaching out of our egos we live our days forgetting
that we have a need for peace, serenity and self-realiz-
ation.

Once we start focusing on these important traits, our
worlds become more complacent, productive and we no longer
need to fill our lives with things to do.

For we will have found our true purposes and become ful-
filled from within instead of without.

A wonderful experience worthy of feeling it's pleasure
and joy the rest of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always On Front Porches

Sentiment follows a majority of life-enhancing
events, giving us cause to shed a tear or two.
Happiness is always on front porches of sorrow,
pulling heart strings with deft feelings and
sending us on adjacent journeys together with
smiles through tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always On My Mind

Waking up every morning with you on my mind, bringing a smile to my face and heart, your genuine love touches me so closely and succinctly, my dear.

Feeling like I'm in heaven every moment that we are together, our love soothing and encouraging one another incessantly, a world of possibilities open always to us.

Walking this earth together reacting from the purity of your love, holding you closely my dear, never leaving your side, wanting you only throughout life, no one else will do my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Open

Live and let live, you are no better than anyone else on
this earth.

All the questions and answers we have come up with, only
skirt the essence of racial hatred here in America.

Possibilities abound here like no where else on this earth,
we Americans have always helped other countries, no matter
their policies, race or nationality.

It is a shame the way we are depicted the way we are because
of our politicians and government.

We the People, if you take the time to find out are just like
you, having love, compassion and caring for all the unfortunates
in the world.

Here in Phoenix, Arizona, having personally watched a man with
no legs, upon a board with wheels that someone was kind enough
to make for him - not a skateboard!

Pushing himself down the sidewalks and streets, trying to get
from one place to another by himself, asking no one for help
or a hand-out.

He has no need to ask, our hearts are instantly opened to him
in his need, we reach out and give him money or food or just
the time of day to speak with him as a human being like our-
selves.

There is no prejudice, no racism, no hatred, just the mercy
and love for another human being here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always People - Watching

Sitting inside a waiting room, drinking water, looking out
the window, watching people passing by, not even knowing
that I'm alive and watching.

People doing all kinds of things, thinking no one's look-
ing, little do they know, this mere poet's mind is captur-
ing them on an interior photographic screen.

Placing everything into photographic memories forever, a
man walking by just now, pulling up his shirt, showing his
chest, then pulling it back down.

Why, I'll never know or understand, a woman slowly walking,
stopping, looking around, talking to herself, then realizing
what she's doing as someone walks towards her.

Could tell she felt embarrassed by the sheepish look upon
her face, and the fact that her face turned beet red in
the process.

It's such fun people-watching, always a delight and it
gives many details for me to write into poetry, some are
funny, others sad or otherwise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Poetical

Rocking through the day, holding rhythms within, taking steps with beats of every song.
Liking the tones and nature of every sound, affixing itself onto colorful words, describing avenues of explicit portrayals.
Capturing everything on screens of photographic ideals, placing it forever in my mind where all moments and facets of life accumulate as one.
Forgiving nothing, living in one accord with a talent mesmerizing itself in verse, always poetical in nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Present Truth

Truth in life is tantamount.
There is no way to skirt it,
it's always present.
Even when telling a lie, you
still know the truth behind it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Questioning

Silently investigating questions of life-long ambitions as they are felt indefinitely in places of intellect.
Always questioning, pushing away, pulling self afar - keeping distance from authority so I can be myself and independent all days of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Reaching

Having a combined mature invention turning about within me,
finding the beauty of an all-encompassing desire beginning
to enter another dimension, locating an entrance where there
was none before.

Reaching always for the intense desires to be fulfilled
without moving into depths of another person

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Readily Available

Reaching into an inner atmosphere, finding that
everything is always readily available to select
from many thoughts and topics.

Lying there waiting, insisting on bringing them
to the surface where they can fall into poems
that I'm writing all the time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Searching

Easy-going and ambling along pathways through life
as we find solutions to the things we go through.

Turmoil and strife taking us down bumpy roads and
into vast areas of nothingness.

Always searching for the American Dream, wondering
where it is, because I've never found or seen it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Searching For Meaning

Taking ourselves down pathways of lonely moments,
searching for meaning, love or companionship.

Being let down at every turn, abandoned, left
alone to fend for ourselves.

Truncated beyond belief, hiding behind sorrow's
tears, afraid of moving beyond it's hurtful
limits.

Afraid of the unknown awaiting us in the darkness
ahead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Seeking Truth

Questioning life and it's purpose, wanting to
know exactly what it might be.

Intrigued and always seeking answers of truth
hidden for centuries in deep dark tunnels.

Wondering why it is so and why answers can't
be transparent so everyone can know them.

Does some unknown entity make the choice to
hide all this intellectual knowledge from the
general population or what?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Stirring Imagination

Freeing my soul while listening to music playing
rhythms rapidly, beating staccatoly into my mind
and heart.

Stirring imagination, giving many ideas, textures,
scents and flavors, tantalizing my mind all the
time.

Rushing and having fun, loving the total passion
that I hold within, as I write poetry incessantly
on a daily basis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Surprising

Reading photographic screens as I sit here writing,
seeing thoughts flowing, capturing them in intellect.

Writing them out in quiet, gentle detailed prose,
inquiring and wondering what ones will end up in a
poem, or standing alone, finding themselves as a quote
at times instead.

Understanding always entering the picture, knowing
innately what to say, finding insight being intellect's
special talent in everything written and all that I write.

Soft, gently, never devastating, yet always surprising
my mind with it's beauty and intensity.

Pure and sacred, bordering on the divine, taking life
above what it normally is, giving it a special sphere
within my being.

There it lives transcendentally, all the time no matter
what should happen to me personally.

Energy always being purported through writing of poetry,
a never-ending supply, keeping my mind awakened and
sublime.

Finding profound and wonderful interior thoughts through
intellect and imagination, giving an immense satisfaction
to my entire being while living on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Tempted By Music

Searching depths of this evening through music as it fills and tantalized this mind.

Creating a fantastic mood of enlightenment going into levels of another dimension, spheres swinging and gyrating.

Entrances opening into the intensity of a tempting situation, long-lasting and effortlessly taking mind and heart.

Placing them into a purposeful and wonderful energy that en-livens the mind.

Watching and turning into many directions of intellect, taking important ways into the enlightenment of life.

Always being tempted by music, allowing it to enter into the dark-ness, watching shadows in corners, hiding shyly out of the way.

Yet enticing them slowly through music and melodies of intense vulnerability, touching the very within of depths of our own humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Thinking

Recovering the presence of mind every moment through
writing of poetry and listening to music.

Reliving memories just so they can be written for
others to see and share in my life.

Steady and prolific, always thinking and using
intellect at times through imagination, fulfilling
the ideas of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Thinking Of You

Thinking of you with this heart brought your picture to mind,
lovingly looking at you, seeing love coming back into me.

You are wonderful, understanding, and I plan on loving you
forever, not a day will pass that I won't feel your love
tugging at my apron strings.

You are my love, the first and last, you are my song when I
have breathed my last.

So hold me close and never let us part, our love shall grow
even though we don't ever breathe again, or beat our hearts
in unison with each other.

When dying, our bodies are left behind, but love continues
to fertilize many lives that are still left to fulfill their
purposes on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Using Gifts

Not being young anymore, living into senior years with
a worn and aging body, yet my mind is ever young and
totally vibrant.

Taking me throughout creative processes constantly,
using intellect to keep me going, being given an energy
that others wish they had.

Always asking how I can be so alive and vibrant, not
knowing how, just believing in God and the ability He
has given me through innate talent.

Always using these gifts to create and practice inner
contemplation through them and if that is what keeps
me alive, filled with a mind full of energy, then it's
what I will do even with my last breath of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Wanting More

Feeling tired of living in this world, wanting more from this life.

Going after interesting things through poetry, hoping to interject hope, faith and spirituality into the equation.

Just wanting romance, sensual desire being fulfilled and an unconditional love to pursue me only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Wanting More Of You

Loving and wanting you all the time, desires alive
and completely vibrant, giving exciting moments of
thought.

Waiting so impatiently to be with you, loving and
holding one another throughout the night, seeing
in your eyes, the love you hold honestly for me.

Savoring every moment spent together, always
wanting even more, just can't get enough of you,
my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Wanting The Best

Straightening the crookedness of life within this
mind.

An impossible attainment, although it is tried time
and again.

Always wanting to have the best in life, but that
is never to be on earth in our lifetimes.

Perfection is only part of the Divine, and alas,
we are only human beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Watching

Traveling down the road in a yellow cab, always watching,
seeing ten birds, all sitting on a telephone wire on the
side of the road.
Just chilling and passing the time away quietly, together.

(10: 05 a.m. - 10/28/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Wishing

Wishing to open all avenues to what lies within,
yet always being way too shy, preferring to hide
and let others find out for themselves who I am.

Withdrawing from everyone's attention, hiding
behind writing so I won't be bothered having to
talk or carry on a conversation.

Yet, wishing that I could be as open as I am honest
with those who know me intimately.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Wondering

Hearing always of death, it's never-ending, crying and hurting inside, leaves not a scar on the outside.

Always wondering why, or hoping not this time, things never change, death is at the end of it all.

Family members pass on one by one, year after year, leaving only many tears in the eyes of those who are left behind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Wondering How

Running as fast as I can through intellect and my mind, trying
to catch and capture everything in life that I can, curiosity
always getting the best of me in every way.

Thoughts, ideas, concepts are automatically investigated and
researched through an innate talent always, realizing every
facet and aspect instantaneously.

Enjoying how my mind takes everything in stride so effortlessly
throughout life and beyond, fascinated by how it works, loving
the feelings it gives to me incessantly.

Loving how it continues to help me write constantly without ever
having writer's block, always wondering how my mind works, this
brain having a tremendous amount of ability.

Somehow inborn from the moment of my conception, taking it in
stride, having fun with it and using these gifts fully through-
out my life to help others in one way or another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Wondering In Moments

Steadily being taken down intellectual pathways,
tempted by their intriguing concepts of this very
temporary life.

Feeling an inner energy rising, finding answers
that make sense and are logical, a wonder and
curiosity that never fades or disappears.

A beautiful way to live this earthly life in
moments of experiences and learning, always
wondering about what the next moment will hold.

This mind always open, absorbing everything
that comes into sight, senses ready to feel
everything.

Feelings and emotions ready to be expressed
poetically and genuinely through every poem
written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Always Writing From Pictures

Incessantly beating in my mind with acrimonious talent, saturating it with a myriad of tones from yesterday, today and the future.
Blowing always into my mind, taking care to never let a bit of it go on by.
Keeping it everlastingly tied to my intellect as I write every day, sending pictures to my brain, so I will always write from them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Am I Alone

Silently singing to self, no one can reach me
for I am in a zone by myself.

Feeling emotions that filter through the lyrics
that I am creating, liking sound of their rhythms.

Flowing automatically from my mind, concise and
filled with tears, bittersweet joy from all the
yesterdays that have left me here in the present.

Wanitn to know if others can feel the way that I
do, or am I alone in this interior world, bereft
and forsaken.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Am I Doomed To Failure?

Searching corners of life, looking to find a soul mate.
One who will have insight, compassion, forgiveness in
their hearts.
Looking for that one person who will love me unconditionally
and forgive me if I accidentally say something, unknowingly,
that they get hurt by.
Just someone who'll be my friend and accept me for who I am.
Am I on a mission that's doomed for failure?
Hoping that's not the case, for I need to talk to someone
while here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Amazed With Progress

Riding along ridges of eternity, searching for adventure,
wanting excitement and thrills wherever I find myself.

Traveling into the wonder and awe of life, being amazed
with the progress being made.

Writing in measures of time, playing chords with pleasure
and softened peace as it fills me interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Amazing Contemplation

Ostensible thoughts vying for precedence
in rhymes of interesting facets of yesterday.

Calling pastimes into reveries of amazing
contemplation, never being forgotten as long
as melodies and rhythm continue to soothe
inner aspirations with success.

Alighting carefully on every stoop, looking
for familiar images who will remake videos of
yesterday's life in homemade pictures, dealing
with the events occurring in daily life.

Experimenting with all types of words and
phrases, telling stories of ancient traditions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Amazing Experience(S)

Shallowly breathing, thinking beyond life and its sometimes
life-sustaining ways when people are deep in a coma, away
from life as it is known daily.

Many wonder what's going on in their minds; having gone through
dying and being in a coma for four and half days, remembering
everything that happened, telling others what I experienced.

When dying, looking down at my body with curiosity only, no
sadness, then being at a friend's house saying good-bye, noth-
ing more, no memories of life on earth.

Then being in heaven, healed, totally joyful, happy, the peace
was intensely fulfilling, blue ten-dimensional roses everywhere,
beautiful, their aromas beyond anything on earth.

It was like all the sorrow on earth grows these wonderful roses
in heaven; not too long ago in a waiting room at a doctor's
office talking with others something amazing happened.

A woman heard what was being said, 'My God! Blue roses? ' she ex-
claimed; then with tears in her eyes, said her Mom had died two
days before and she was there by her side.

This woman said that suddenly, her Mom cried out excitedly,
'Honey, quick come here! Look at all these beautiful blue
roses! They're everywhere! ' - then her mother died.

This woman wept tears of bittersweet joy at hearing what I had
said, now knowing that her mother was in heaven and she no long-
er had to fear for her.

This experience touched the hearts of all those sitting there
that day, especially this mere poet, because what I'd experience-
ed was verified in an amazing way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Amazing Hidden Aspect

Listening to echoes of life as they form and develop
within my mind, taking me into depths I've never been
to through intellect.

Now delving into this unknown aspect of an interior
and innate knowledge, surprised and glad to be finding
and experiencing this amazing hidden aspect.

Not thought of before, mind opened, allowing an innate
wisdom to accumulate now and take me into caverns of my
mind, wanting to learn more about it.

Studying it fully, finding answers to all the questions
that keep coming forth incessantly throughout this life,
knowing even then that I still know so little.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Amazing Response

Rushing melodies taking me deeper into rhythms of
intellect where I dissolve into a passion of writing
without stopping or needing a break.

Feeling emotions as they are played on the piano of
my mind without any regret at all.

Always pointing the way, imagination takes me on
roller coaster and sky rides, allowing me to have
many adventures through and into realms of outer
space.

Living for the incessant rhythms always playing and
taking me where no one else can, so much beauty,
astounding even myself.

Who would've ever guessed the depth of life that can
be encased in just one human mind of intelligence
and pure innocent soul of a mere poet on earth.

Always digging for more experiences, discovering the
lively and important instances to be written of.

Hoping to have someone actually understand the purpose
of each equation of prose as they all add up eventually
into an amazing response of repose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Amazing Results

Brick hard thoughts building themselves alongside of
ideas, awaiting intellect to investigate them from
every angle, leaving nothing out.

Equations and formulas following scientific analysis
throughout every single investigation, producing some
amazing results.

Inventing and creating many positive conclusions to
be used in producing them through modern technology
giving hope for humanity through them always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Amazing Thoughts

Technicolor thoughts provoking this poetical mind with intense and enlivening ideas, wondering while cavorting with answers coming from beneath the surface.

Hidden far from imaginative and positive aspects, creating all things as parts of nature and an art of humanity, showing priceless and amazing thoughts in poetry.

Paintings and millions of compositions, never repeating a single one of them throughout this life, simple and enthrilling, left to other's imaginations.

No end to it's vivid and colorful expletives spouting out upon all measures left to desires in moments of passion, alone in the dark.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Amazing Wonder

Ocean life is continually moving, washing us on shore,
then through death, taking us back into depths of
another place in heaven.

Living through crashing situations and turmoil that
is heaped upon us daily, wonder and awe still filling
us amazingly as we watch edges of life fray and unravel.

Listening and giving everything we have within us to
exist and have some happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Amazingly Cooled Down

Wind blowing in this hot afternoon sun, shaking bushes,
flowers, trees and people's hair.

Sometimes making it look like it might be freezing cold
outside as things shiver like crazy in the wind.

Not realizing that there is nothing cold in a hot, arid
afternoon sunshine in this Arizona desert.

Only the heat that makes one sweat profusely, enabling
us to be cooled down in this way.

Amazingly a heated, hot, hot sun makes us sweat, as the
wind blows upon each of us, cooling us down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

America Being Taken Away From Thieves

People talking everywhere, fake news and lies being perpetrated
on T.V., in the media, everywhere, not able to get the truth any-
more except through the underground.

Finding pathways through honest people, especially our Vets,
thanking God for good people in our world, being united, throw-
caution to the wind and speaking our minds.

Because after all we live in the U.S.A. and have freedom and
rights that we will exercise always, no longer putting up with
those who're trying to gain power and control.

They're wanting a one-world government, for what - to take a-
way from those who have nothing, making them slaves and nothing
more.

If you're reading this poem, hopefully you will join with those
of us who are supporting President Trump and take OUR country,
America, back from the thieves.

Corrupt politicians and evil selfish people who don't deserve
to be in office, so investigate and vote every one of them out
of our government.

Making sure that when you vote in an election that you do vote
for honest, truthful men and women who are not already corrupt,
do a background check on every one of them!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

America Has Lost It's Patience

Failing to see any reason to not stop immigration and
close our borders to protect citizens of the United
States from all the usurpers of justice.

All the criminals thinking the U.S. is an easy mark,
because of obama's foolish pride and ego, our innocent
women and children paying the price for it.

Being terrorized by illegals pouring into our country
because obama hates Americans, legal citizens of the
U.S. are suffering when they shouldn't be.

Having taken a stand, We the People are not backing
down, taking back our nation from this evil man and now
placing what we want back into our country.

No more freebies, no handouts, nothing to go to people
who are not legal citizens, anyone here illegally will
not be allowed to ever become a U.S. Citizen.

Reason being, illegals are in fact felons who have ig-
nored our laws, trampled on the Constitution, have no
pride or interest in assimilating in our culture.

We Americans have lost our patience with obama and our
government's corruption, we are putting an end to it,
and woe to those who cross our borders from now on.

They will think they've entered hell if crossing over
here illegally, We the People and our militia promise
that, no matter what the politicians say.

No matter the promises obama makes we will not uphold
any of them, time has come for our country to be united
as one republic only.

Everyone else be damned, sorry for those who are not in
this bunch of illegal felons, but we have to close our
borders across the board.

Mainly because of the actions of our so-called corrupt president and his phony muslim government.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

America Is Back

America is back and better than ever, thanks to our great President, Donald J. Trump who has brought pride back into American's lives with his hope and faith in God.

Bringing back what we were founded on here in the U.S., our Constitution, law and order once again being adhered to in spite of liberals and democrats immature and corrupt stances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

America Needs A Real President

Born to run against the grain, taking our liberty firmly in
hand, never letting it go, fighting those who are trying to
take our country away and give it to our enemies.

Obama and Hillary are the first ones who need to be locked
up forever, never to see the light of day again in this great
country of ours for committing treason.

Straightening out our economy, getting rid of all illegals,
no matter where they're from, making America great again by
helping Donald Trump become our President.

Our country will be strengthened more than ever before, now
looking forward to this happening, it is what the U.S needs,
a President who is not a politician.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

America On The Mend

America is on the mend thanks to Donald Trump running
for President, sending liberal democrats crazy!

They will never be in control again, because Trump will
become our President.

Hurrah for the American Dream, which has never died, it
was just the democrats trying to make us believe that!

Corrupt politicians and their greed will now be pushed
to the back as Americans rush to the forefront, taking
our nation back to We the People!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

America, Example To The World

Delightful music coming from a C.D., energizing and up-
lifting my spirit, listening to a song about 9/11, a
tribute to our American heroes and to all the people who
died that day in the Twin Towers.

Never to be forgotten, not a single one of them, people
owning boats came from New Jersey across the bay, volun-
teering their time and gas to get people to safety and
out of New York City.

Our hearts are bonded together, everyone of us True Amer-
icans, honoring the heroes, silent though they may be, all
now written into history books of the United States of
America in memory of what they've done.

A tribute forever in freedom and liberty, living here in
the Republic of our United States, it will always be
known and remembered, as we are all united in this memory
across our nation forever.

God Bless America, standing for freedom and liberty, an
example to the world, showing everyone that we are creat-
ed equal and race, color, religion, doesn't matter, it
never has.

Just a handful of people with nothing better to do have
started this racism for no reason, we refuse to comply with
their asinine agendas for one world order.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

American - September 11,2001

Accentuating a vast silence of furtive purposes - life has
pivoted - changed - turned inside out.
No one afraid anymore to mention God's name, prayerfully - hopefully - anticipating miracles to arise from New York's
ashes.
Left alone, standing against a backdrop of an American flag, choking us, as tears swell in our eyes.
Life has been challenged in a major way - how do we deal
with it?
Americans - our own - used to kill many in the trade towers, pentagon and a Pennsylvania field.
Who could do such a dastardly deed and not feel only shame?
There is no honor or glory in mass murder - all honor goes to victims, firefighters, police and rescue workers attempting
to save everyone they can.
New York's disaster is on a grand scale, yet personal to
every one of us living in America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

American Biker's Atmosphere

Rhythms touching the essence of being, sitting back
relaxing, talking to friends here at Buddy Stubbs
today.

Loving this American biker atmosphere, true Americans
through and through, always ready to lend a helping
hand to anyone in need.

A special kind of people, once knowing them you will
love them forever, willing to give the shirt off their
backs, never stepping aside or backing down.

Most of them being Vets, forever protecting us and all
of America throughout their lives, patriotic and caring,
compassionate to a fault.

Our bikers are here to stay forever in this poet's heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

American Born Sicilian

Moving to the beat of an intense rhythm, finding my way through this troublesome and turmoil-filled life.

Roaming constantly down roads hardly ever traversed by others.

Loving the lonely escapades that come upon me in depths of intellect and purpose.

Always energizing and taking me on exploits of other-worldliness.

Standing upon principals and ideas of our founding fathers, living in the U.S.

Totally being an American, even though I'm an American born Sicilian.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

American Election

Today is election day, a time for voting for our
new president, McCain or Obama.
John is a gentle man, a hero, one who stands for
integrity and America.
That's who we need to get America on the right
track.
Someone who was born here and has our values,
will understand what we as a nation want and need.
Obama speaks words without meanings, a puppet
trumpeting his own agenda because he's not one of
us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

American Kountry

A morning of bewildered thought, jumping and twisting itself
into scores of beauty, tickling interior scents of heaven's
gardens with rhythmical incisiveness and talent.

American Kountry wrecking havoc with reality's images, while
taking us down avenues of fragrant melodies, touching our
minds with an excellent quality and perfect pitch in tune
with imagination's design.

Stepping in time with every beat and note of equality we
enjoy immensely, the country-western band performing before
us.

Calling us to an awareness of nature through melodies being
played, we totally love keeping time with musical motion,
loudly surrounding us with it's capriciousness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

American Kountry Band

Western gentlemen in cowboy attire, looking so good
as they stand upon the stage, playing great western
music for us at the senior center.
Playfully draping their voices onto our minds,
speeding us up and slowly easing us down into memories
of yesterday's songs.
Tastefully trading their musical philosophy for our
elated spirits as we listen and come alive for these
wonderful moments in time.
Appreciation for their time and energy is tenfold,
we're thankful that they have opened our minds,
enlightened our spirit's souls and left us in moods
of happiness today.
American Kountry is a wonderful blend of country
music past and present, played for us here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

American Tradition

Renegade gathering, filled with those who love Harleys and/or motorcycles for their excitement and fervor for the good ol' USA.
Strong American ties, saturating youth with freedom and belonging, holding on to life-long traditions in spite of deteriorating aspects of illegals infiltrating our peaceful and decent nation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

American's In Arizona

American flag waving in an afternoon breeze, looking so independent
and free, just like we American citizens here in Arizona.

Desert trees being blown in time with rhythms being played, sooth-
ing this gentle heart, letting it flutter to tempos of music.

Listening, desert cacti standing pointedly at attention through
all the commotion of a rock and roll Arizona afternoon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Americans Never Back Down

Landing in the straits of narrow-minded and corrupt
government employees, including the unpresident.

Taking up arms in recognition of our second amendment,
locked and loaded, standing our ground, alert, waiting
for the evil ones to begin their absurd game.

Trying to terrorize those who will not be terrified -
not even face to face!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

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RoseAnn V. Shawiak

American's Not Falling For Deception

Sitting back, knowing what is going on, watching how obama is going
behind the scenes forming an underworld military made up of muslims
and refugees in order to take down and destroy our country.

Having a shadow government with Republicans, Democrats and Liberals
in on it also, interfering with our President every step of the way,
what's wrong with them?

Knowing they are all being paid by George Soros, obama and clintons,
in order to have a one world order and a dictator like Lenin, Stalin
and Hitler.

What sort of hidden agendas do they have, we all know there's no climate
change, it's nothing but a farce according to all the top scientists in
the world.

They are making up things that aren't true and we Americans aren't fall-
ing for it, President Trump needing to send our militia out to get rid
of obama and his minions trying to take over the U.S.A.

Having committed treason, needing to be punished to the full extent of
the law, that's the only correct solution there is, we American's will
not wait much longer before taking it upon ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

American's Own Today

'Give me your tired, your hungry, your poor', and I will make sure they are always alone - always wanting for something.
When they are sad or depressed, I will walk the other way.
When they need someone to talk to - I'll be sure to talk to everyone except them.
As they wander the streets lonely, suffering, in pain - always hanging around - I will put them always last on every list, or not even consider them for it.
Blessed are the people who leave me alone and ask for nothing - I will always be there for them.
As for 'your tired, your hungry, your poor' - I have no time for them in my busy political schedule.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

America's Doors Are Opened

Refusing to give in to Obama, our proud and brave Vets
are taking matters into their own hands, helping the
world get rid of isis and their reign of terror.

Doing it all on a voluntary basis, nothing being asked
from anyone else, doing the right thing, helping those
who cannot help themselves against the war on terror.

Doors of America have opened and our Vets are on their
way soon, look out isis, the red, white and blue is
looking for you.

Our Vets in uniform will find and kill you all, be afraid,
be very afraid, it's you they are after now, there's no
place for you to run or hide.

We know who you are in reality, true cowards, hiding
behind your cowardly hoods, hurting innocent women and
children, because you're afraid of fighting real men.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

America's Sons

Pat Tillman, a soldier, a hero, personifying all men
and women serving their time in the military, fighting
our war for freedom and democracy.

Hearts being wrenched and squeezed tightly as announce-
ments come over our televisions reporting deaths of
people we have never met or known, yet who have
sacrificed their lives, families, friends, to keep the
rest of us safe.

All servicepersons are reflected in Pat Tillman - all
are inherently one.

They are all our sons and daughters, because we're all
Americans.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Amidst Activity

Finally, moments stolen quietly, a place to rest and
get away from the world.

An aspiration not too well delineated, because I'm
on the tenth floor of city hall, right in the midst
of horrendous activity.

Whatever peaceful moments can be grasped, helps
interiorly, my soul to rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Amidst Desert Dust

Music playing softly in the background while sitting here
and thinking.

This mind wandering over many plains, settling down amidst
the desert's dust instead.

Camouflaging itself so no one can bother talking or getting
to know what it's all about.

Testing the terrain, waiting for that moment when it can
take it's life and bury it in the sand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Amitava

Distinguished and always a gentleman, Amitava, talking,
making me laugh, giving all kinds of interesting facts
about the history of India and other parts of the world.

Always joking around, at times crying for his wife,
Rakhee, a totally wonderful person inside and out, one
whom I love dearly and enjoy talking with on facebook
and Skype every day.

A very generous and genteel man, holding women in high
regard, having an unconditional love for me in spite
of my many faults and idiosyncrasies in life.

Ignoring them all, still loving me wholly, cherishing
my poet's heart with his, a love born beyond this earth,
divine in nature and omnipresent.

Feelings for each other are held closely by each of us
as we go separately, a world apart, yet of one heart and
mind always.

Living for each other, keeping us going through the hard-
ships and turmoil of this life, even though never having
met one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Among The Fronds

Listening to many birds chirping and chattering in two
tall palm trees across the street from my home.

Gathering, talking about the day and what they have done,
noisy and loud, letting themselves be heard as they sit
among the fronds above, looking down on me writing this
poem about them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ample Supply

Thoughtful and energetic, being filled with an ample supply of ideas to continue creating throughout the rest of my life.

Feeling free and independent, nothing standing in the way, not even myself, loving this intense rhythm that has taken over me lately.

Lifting spirits, heart and soul into realms of heavenly grace, being fulfilled totally and completely with gifts of innate talent.

Using them to take me to heights never before attained in life, intellect now rising ever higher as the world realizes who I am and my purpose here on earth.

Living in the turmoil and strife of everyday life, a new world of intellect has opened and surpassed this life within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Amplified Loneliness

Sitting in an empty room, next to a telephone, amplifies
my loneliness, as I cry heavily inside.

No one sees that I am in pain, so I suffer here alone,
in prayer, asking God questions and receiving only silence
in reply.

Despair sets in deeply around my soul, leaving me empty
and bare.

Alone in a whole world of people, seeing that there is no
hope for me, causes me to harden inside, freezing my tears,
so they'll never be shed from these eyes.

Lost, hopeless, aimless, wandering around, never finding
love on earth, beginning to die inside.

Burying my soul beneath pain and sorrow of many years,
there are no longer anymore hopes left.

Dried up and gone forever, life has left, a lifeless body
dreading living it's days in a spent and broken body.

Kept alive by only the hurt it suffers from all others,
waiting for this lifeless death, this shell to fulfill it's
meaningful life's purpose.

No longer afraid of being left alone, lying down peacefully
in His arms, never again waking to another day on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Amusing Self

Crazy fun, thinking about imaginary happenings that I'm
creating to amuse and entertain myself, because musicians
here at Buddy Stubbs today are dull as can be.

Brain and intellect keeps them at bay, they are too dull
and negative to listen to, way too monotonous for I have
to have music that's fast, upbeat and vividly vibrant.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Abrupt Halt

Children flying through their lives, playing and
running with the excitement of life.

Finding so many things to do, never losing their
curiosity throughout the hours of each day.

Being blessed with the totality of new ideas,
creating thoughts through imagination.

Feeling the beauty of nature as it touches their
soul and keeps them running all the time as a child.

Unfortunately, passages of time will bring all beauty
and excitement to an abrupt halt as they grow older.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Absent Part

Outside spaces crammed with beings, disappearingly hiding
quietly, so they cannot see what is appearing before them.

Causing the allocation of every missing piece and fractured
puzzle, life becomes an absent part to play.

No more anxieties or upstarts to mar the quest of an
interior calling.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Absolute Love

Heart standing out in my mind, sparkling and shining
with the beauty of an unconditional love from another.

Continually surprising with it's absolute and total
love, forgiving, surpassing even faults.

Never letting them taint this love that has settled
divinely into my precious little poetical heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Absorbent Mood

Living the best way, wanting to exist on another plain far
away from this one, yet sitting here, writing in complacent
moods of concentration.

Using intellect to keep an absorbent mood, learning from
the environment and surroundings, finding self in imagination.

Lasting desires keeping afloat in this period of time,
allowing to find myself in depths of an existence that will
hold onto me for now.

Yet one day soon, I will be set adrift in another land, lasting
there an eternity in time, nothing to mar my frame of mind now
or evermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Abusive Father

As confidential as a prayer whispered from a child's lips, brought out of anguish from a little one's heart, despair branding his mind because he could not understand why his father was an alcoholic.

Being so afraid of someone he loved, just didn't seem right - not even to his childish mind.

Getting hit for not doing anything really wrong, maybe just laughing with his brother in the same room as Dad while he was watching T.V. What was the matter with that?

Wishing he could talk with his Dad without getting a lecture on being bad, or put down, or told to clean his room.

Why must his Dad always ignore his right to be heard, to be listened to without being condemned?

A little heart so full of love for his Dad, afraid of showing it, because he would be hurt.

Knowing his father was abused when he was a child gives some understanding to his innocent mind.

But why can't his Dad stop and understand he's hurting a little one just like his father used to do?

Can't he remember the pain, hurt, humiliation - the loss of his self-worth? Why must he persist doing as his father did?

It was never right and can't be justified no matter how he tries, yet saying, 'My father would've socked me in the jaw, if I did that at your age! '

It's amazing, Dad, how blind you can be, as you continue hurting me.

Dad you can stop the pattern that drunkenness started
long ago, and learn to teach me how to grow up normal.

For one day I'll have children of my own and I'd rather
love, hug, keep them close, than do what you are doing
to me, or had done to you.

As confidential as a prayer whispered from a child's lips,
brought out of anguish from a little one's heart.

Despair branding his mind because he could not understand
why his father was an alcoholic as he cried his bruised
body and mind to sleep.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Abyss

Slowly emerging as if from a dream of long ago,
wakefully transmitting it today.

Pictures forming, waving, haunting memories,
causing a restlessness inside.

Not able to touch or reason with it, forming a
barrier inside, keeping me from speaking with
anyone.

Regretfully saddened by the abyss which has
formed because of it.

Standing tall, stepping forward, claiming itself,
calling itself a fear of others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Accordion Player

Saturating my mind with happiness as a beer barrel polka
is played harmoniously by an accordion player named Todd.
Filling us all with pleasure and taking away our aches
and pains for moments in time.
A peaceful, enjoyable time is being had by us all,
forgetting troubles as they are played into our sunsets,
releasing us from our trials momentarily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Addiction Of Emptiness

Galloping down desert canyons, feeling the beauty of their absolute loneliness touch my spirit as I ride through them.

Scraping along my mind, etching the arid landscape into my brain for an eternity.

Loneliness of emptiness can become an addiction of great proportions as it settles intensely in my soul, awakening prayers being sent to heaven, looking for answers on rides into sunsets of eternal bliss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Adventure Of Our Lives

Remembering going on Route 66 on our way from New Jersey to
Arizona, sights I saw were astounding and memorable, still
being seen today on photographic screens in technicolor.

Lovely images and memories kept through all these years,
riding across country in a Chrysler that barely held us
six girls and our parents.

On the roof of our car were several barrels holding our
clothes and a few of our precious treasures.

Singing across the United States, having the adventure of
our little lives, loving every mile traveled because it was
all new to us kids.

We went through the South and I will never forget those
hurtful signs that were posted everywhere.

Not understanding why they were even there, afraid to ask
my parents, just watching and noticing people.

The signs all said, 'no coloreds allowed', yet the people
looked just like my friends in New Jersey.

Seeing no difference, yet they were being kept apart from
others.

There was no understanding back then, I was only eleven,
yet even now it bothers me to know that there are people
that are cruel and hateful towards others.

That was the only scar on an otherwise perfect adventure,
crossing the country with family, never feeling afraid of
what might be found when we got to Arizona, our final
destination.

We arrived in Tempe on December 24,1961, hoping that Santa
would be able to find us since we were no longer in New
Jersey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Aging Family

Growing up young in mind, thinking of childhood with
six sisters and a brother - the times we had together,
fulfilling us individually through the years even as
we separated and went our own ways.
Following our paths through life, enjoying our
particular heredity and heritage as we progressed
through life's daily grind.
Family - so alike - yet so totally different - we
crossed one another's paths so many times on our
individual ways.
Now, older, we cross and stay on each other's paths
more often, leisurely talking and enjoying one
another's company.
On roads of aging ability, we align ourselves with
shores of eternity, wondering which of us will cross
over first.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Angel's Whisper

Music playing my mind like an instrument, touching my
soul like an angel's whisper, taking me into realms
of heaven where choirs of angels are singing.

Beautiful sounding melodies flowing through this little
poetical life, steadily walking onward, finding faith
and hope.

An everlasting prayer on this earthly planet, rhythms
playing intensely in measures of time as I write into
the universe, staying strong in moments of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Anomaly

Crosswords of my life,
are filled in with my imagination,
forming new words to explain the
puzzle that I am.

A certain mysteriousness claiming
me on earth, an anomaly not otherwise
able to be explained.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Anomaly, A Mystery

Writing from an inner repertoire preserved throughout
this life, never touched by anyone but myself.

Issues and thoughts not being disturbed by anyone else
knowing that all is intact, neatly organized, compact.

Readily available for intellect to access any of it that
is needed.

Thinking along lines of imaginative intellect, having
measures of time collecting everything in a timely manner.

Never leaving a single detail by the wayside, all beauty
and singularity of my being to be gathered and written
into poetry for the world to read.

There in the future I will be known in pages of literature,
an anomaly, a mystery of this earthly life, just waiting
to be discovered and learned.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Arena

Life is always treated in many aspects of experiences
that we have during our lives here on earth, a magnifi-
cent arena of situations melded together.

Contributing to our livelihood and future, rejoicing
in good times, tears falling so steadily through bad
times and grief.

All sacrifices, hardships and loss contributing to
what we learn here on earth, hoping lessons will help
us to live a life of satisfaction eventually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Arizona Morning

Soothing my soul in depths of rock and roll, quieting my spirit and releasing any and all tension from within.
Silence filling me with a joyful serenity as I swim and dive in magnificent rhythms being played in an Arizona morning that will continue into the afternoon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Arizona Rain

All the world is fresh and new after an
Arizona winter rain.
Everything is clean, fresh and beautiful.
Nothing can go amiss on a day like this,
it's just quality picturesque nature at
it's best for us to enjoy.

(8: 18 a.m. - 12/23/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Art Museum

Etched in my mind are pictures of life held in
treasured videos and kept safe from harm.
Strolling through all the visions being portrayed,
taking snapshots of the ones I totally adore and
placing them in frames in the hallways of my mind.
An art museum showing off all the masterpieces that
have made up my life so far.

(9: 41 a.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Artistic Passion

This mind instantly creating literature through
poetry the very exact moment that music and
rhythm start playing.

Touching this heart so completely, a wonderful
feeling of accomplishment, finding it's way into
my being.

Enveloped and encompassed in artistic passion and
essence of other musicians, creating music from
their own life-blood.

Then flowing into mine, blending chemically, giving
me innate properties needed to create poetry from
nothing.

Purity and innocence of rhythms always being coded
through intellect so I may use them intellectually
in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Attainment Of Reality

Walking in depths of interior sadness, watching tear drops
glisten wherever tears may splash and fall.

Striving all of life to find some particle of happiness,
living for it's appearance in life, making it worthwhile
if even just for that tiny moment.

Explicitly learning everything possible, taking abstracts
from another universe and blending them with an attainment
of reality, although centered in the midst of imagination.

Open and welcoming into this mind, allowing the creation
of poetry to infiltrate and expand in leaps and bounds,
nothing standing in it's way.

Loving the bountiful fruition of intellect as it enters
realms of fantasy, creating so many ideas that flower and
blossom into an existence coming solely from an interior
universe.

Totally and eternally grateful for gifts that I was born
with, innately and thankfully enjoying watching them grow
and be nurtured by my soul.

Entirely rolled into one being, the world at my feet,
giving the words meanings and definitions that I desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Attitude Of Liberty

Strength of character growing exponentially, nurturing and
nourishing every particle and fiber of being.

Solemnly taking paths leading into major avenues of life-
time concepts, acting out the inevitable ends of all living
things in visions of lasting memories.

Intense, leaving impressions forever, at times being saddened,
knowing that all this beauty will end one day in the future
of time.

Culminating in episodes that have been lived through, tested,
and finding strength through writing is all that's ever been
known, keeping all hope alive through everything gone through.

Still keeping a smile pasted on this face, never fading, not
even in intense sadness.

Keeping an attitude of liberty and freedom from everything,
an entity unto self, with an endless faith, hope springing
unbidden, through every trial and continued suffering.

Living in spite of it all, taking every moment given to write
into heaven when I die, leaving a little of self for all who'd
like to read me in poetry - maybe finding an understanding of
who I am and was.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Aunt Nina

Forty-eight years and counting, being close to my Mom's sister,
Aunt Nina.

Through the years, a wonderful friend and companion, shared
memories will always be treasured.

Being so far apart now, it's difficult to get together, and I
miss her very much.

Always ready for adventure, gullible, and heroic, so many
good times we've shared will never be forgotten.

Having an Aunt Nina has been a wonderful experience for our
family through the years.

When we get together, we always have a blast - well except for
the times when we have to attend family funerals.

Even then, we buckle up, support each other, and talk quietly
respectful of whomever has passed on, always giving the
respect and dignity to the ones we loved so dearly.

One poem could never do her justice, our lives together have encompassed so
much that we'd have to write at least a million
books.

Thinking of her often, sometimes with tears, because I miss
her so much.

Our lives have intertwined for forty-eight years, I thank God,
my Mom had such a great family, much like ours is now.

Only wish Mom could've enjoyed her more in later years, I'm
sure she would have as much as I did.

One thing for sure, my life has been enriched beyond compare
and I hope this poem will help me say how much I appreciate
Aunt Nonnie, especially today, her birthday.

Will always love you Aunt Nonnie! !

(2: 26 p.m. - 3/12/99)
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RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Authority

Chairs - straight-backed, standing rigidly,
feet solidly upon the floor, awaiting people
to come sit and be slightly comfortable.
Darkened ebony and brown, eluding to an
authority lying beyond the doors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Awakening Gentleman

An awakening, reviving a gentleman in his nineties, putting a skip in his step, a smile on his face, a wink in his eyes, and a merry disposition in his voice.

A poem written in his honor, brings out the entertainer in him, a total pleasure to watch and listen to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Awakening Of Sorts

Playing to the music arranging itself in my mind,
energetically displaying words of meaning and desire.
An awakening of sorts, happening all the time as
thinking becomes a pastime of contemplation.
Reality hanging on wisps of words, whispered in
silent forests hidden from sight.
Particular distinctions appearing in sequence with
an apparent order consistent with a mind of thinking
randomly.
Abstract negations fill cognitive thought with an
entire repertoire of unequaled prose.
Figuratively finding benefits with each wakeful
moment as life turns over a new leaf with every beat
of the heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Effervescent Poem

Nature is being contemplated and written happily into
this poem.

Wonder and awe at how it all falls into place naturally
without missing a heartbeat.

Swiftly bringing everything into symmetry with no difficulty
at all.

Nurturing and growing into an effervescent poem of likeable
poetry and ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Elixir

Guitars playing and strumming their chords into this brain
with an uncanny delight in everything that I am thinking.

So everlasting, rhythms are completing me entirely, so
appreciated and livid with the images of life.

Taken in together with the fortitude of many picturesque
volumes of thought.

Always thinking in pictures, seeing every detail that life
gives to this mind.

An elixir for the turmoil and suffering of trials gone
through these 64 years of life.

Exercising rights in countless poems through them all,
so happy just to be who I want to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Emotional Distance

Silent cravings, holding onto my heart as it bleeds from wounds bestowed upon it by another rose.
Totally wrenching it's roots from the aorta, blocking love from being felt again.
Remorseful thoughts, creeping quietly alongside, once felt generous beauty and thoughtfulness.
Aggravating timeless mind-sets, pictures fading, wallowing in self-pity, not letting out the person who is suffering from her own emotional distance of others.
A painful existence being driven home on tears of remorse for friends who once were dear to their hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Emotional Healing

Energizing this spirit, drums beating complacently,
gently, touching my state of mind with a staccato
like persistence.

Allowing my being to listen completely when writing,
finding an emotional healing of sorts filling me
within.

An incessant rhythm tapping and letting me know
that life is living and beating all around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Emptiness

Awakening rhythms, slowing down, regretting being touched by an early morning sun beam.
Now, I must get up and begin to stir, yet I don't want to be reminded that I have to get through another day without my best friend.
A sadness forms and gels around my heart and mind, enveloping me in an emptiness where I will always remain lonely - alone in a senseless atmosphere of time.
Nothing to look forward to again - not even in future tomorrows.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Emptiness Inside

Riding around town has left me feeling lost and down tonight, usually it helps pick me up and makes things better.

What is wrong? What is different about this dark and lonely night?

It isn't lack of love or anything like that, just an emptiness inside that can't be quenched. Why tonight? Will this cold numb feeling ever go away again?

How much longer can I go on driving, looking for the thing that will fill me up again?

Losing someone you love is the worst thing to happen in this world, it's where life has stopped caring about everything, but a loved one's lost life.

There's no happiness or joy, no one to comfort or ease the pain, just a long tunnel of nothing, nothing evermore.

There's no love left in life to give to someone who once was loved and now has died.

What sort of meaning can anyone get from it? I know of none, because a loved one has died and I can find no reasoning for it to have happened like this.

How can I go on without my life being whole ever again? Can anyone tell me? Can anyone make some sense of all this death?

No one can.

Alone, I suffer through this thing on my own with some love waiting on the sidelines, trying it's best to cheer me on to the rest of my life.

Yet, I am still alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Emptiness Of The Soul

Energy bursting from my mind,
looking to be used in any form of periodic sadness.
Wiping tears from behind my eyes, lest someone espy
them before I can hide them.
Wandering down sides of mountains in full view of a
lonely escapade, waiting for me to fall into a
dream of unqualified despair.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Emptiness, A Void

There's no one to hear my prayer, just an emptiness
and a void penetrating the center of my heart and
life.

Following the arrows of innocent purity, taking me
into the grasp of life's extension, no longer being
a part of who I am.

Searching for the answers and purpose of living in
this cancerous world today, running into road blocks
all along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Empty Chapel

Going places, seeking new experiences, obeying someone's suggestion.

Finding the place, entering it, a feeling of unrest stirs within me.

Feeling that something is missing deep within my heart, I look around, not finding anything my eyes are seeking.

Kneeling down upon the floor, I pray, but uneasiness keeps me from concentrating.

There is no peace to find within this empty building, yet it is called a chapel.

Feeling afraid, I pray, calling God to come to me, He does and I feel better, knowing that He will come, if I but call Him.

Leaving, going out the door I still feel restless and uneasy, asking God to please stay with me as I walk around the grounds of the Casa.

Knowing God is not there unless I call Him, is strange because I look and see a palm tree has outlined His image.

It's strange, because God is abundant in the nature all around when I ask Him to come, yet without the asking He cannot be found, not even in the so-called chapel.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Empty Corridor

An empty loneliness has penetrated inside my heart strings and is plucking them unmercifully with a hurting tirade of syllables.
Rejecting the ecstasy of tomorrow's picturesque scenes, feeling abject loneliness filling my being with it's awful feelings.
Leaving me bereft and alone in an empty corridor far from home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Empty Dimension

Social departures are forgiven by no one, yet I love them as I quit society to be alone and write.
A euphorious feeling of power fills me as I pick up a pen and begin
to write.
A solemn space of time, experiencing contemplation in it's finest form, taking me away from the world and placing me in an empty dimension where I can create my own existence.
Spacious, serene, a place without interruptions or disgraces from anyone on earth.
Placated beyond any vision found, introduced quietly and kept still
in my mind as I continually create ideas and inventions from within
a sphere of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Empty Lifetime

Looking through mirrors of yesterday, seeing images
of your face hauntingly reminding me of our lives
together in harmony and love.

Regaining feelings held closely through all these
years brings tears to my eyes and heart as I attempt
to continue living in an empty hell for a lifetime.

Solemnly partaking in cups of sorrow as grief binds
my mind and heart to you forever.

Saddened by your departure from this world, hanging
on to whatever I can remember in thoughts you have
left behind as reminders of our love once upon a time.

Falling sorrow staining my mind always, with images of
your face alongside mine while growing up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Empty Place

Rending my heart with it's black magic of darkness in grief's depths beneath life.

Encased in death's grasp, being held intolerably in an empty place of uselessness.

Waiting for an escape into lands of beautiful insistence, relentlessly eluding me right this moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Empty Place Where Nothing Dwells

Whistling of loneliness is filling this mind, poetically re-
acting in depths of emotions, wondering why it's happening,
listless, missing you as I write continually.

Phone ringing incessantly, no answer forthcoming, alone in a
distant land, listening to an intense loneliness, drowning
out life in it's tears.

Emptiness tasted, not wanting to yet it's insisting, losing
it, tears drowning, slipping away, losing self in grief and
loss forevermore.

Living in an empty place where nothing dwells, because noth-
ing can live where there's no love or caring anymore to pull
this heart through a life of loneliness.

Without you my love, turning inward, forgetting how to live
without you, dying slowly inside, leaving this world behind
for it's too sorrowful to hold onto my dear without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Empty Speech

Giving his speech, Joe Biden makes certain expressions, focusing on them, thinking American's are believing his words.
Well, news bulletin!
Joe's concentrated facial antidotes are lies and we see them for what they are.
Words fall by the wayside - they don't match what American citizens want to hear or are waiting to hear.
Joe Biden is not concerned with 'we the people', he has his own agenda to fulfill and we are not included in his plans.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Ending

Twilight evenings of time have ended.
Christmas season and all of it's glitter and giving.
Lights out, decorations coming down, a listless
feeling of sadness ruminates around my mind's heart.
Wishes abounding, hoping to grasp a few moments to
entertain happiness and create memories.
Alas, there is an ending and it has penetrated
imagined reason with it's solitary ending of fate's
moment.
All images and visions of this holiday season have
been put to rest in trunks of storage until next
year.
A tiny thrill of a joyous hope hangs on the fringe
awaiting it's arrival in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Ending Of Sorrow

Rushing forward into the eye of a hurricane, wanting to be obliterated with it's forceful winds.
Hoping to be taken away from all the drudgery and forlorn circumstances daily life brings into our paths.
Protruding hurtfully, causing such pain, wanting to escape it's frailty and have an ending to all the sorrow it brings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Endless Eternity

Life has seen better days and some worse than others, yet we
continue to live until suddenly we are taken from it, hope-
fully we've fulfilled our purposes before leaving this temp-
orary world.

Leaving our moments of life in the minds and memories of those
who've loved and accepted us for who we were, our spirits gone
to heaven, or bodies no longer existing anymore.

Angels coming, taking us away to an eternity that has no miles
or time within it, just an endless infinity to roam about in,
an absolute atmosphere of joy forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Endless Journey

Swallowing bitter tasting aspects of life as it pulls
me forward, even when I don't want to go.
Traveling alone on an endless journey, turning every-
thing, done and seen into poetry to suit my interior
mind's soul.
Completely and totally immersed in intense thoughts,
coming to intellect incessantly and constantly.
Always insisting on being heard, never stopping for
any reason, being alive in my existence, no excuses
given or taken.
A beautiful aura surrounding me as I proceed down
walkways to the end of my life.
Enjoying the sights as I pass by everything in stride.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Enduring Pressure

Bending branches of trees, hanging into a memory of childhood, reminders of all the good and wonderful times had when climbing them everyday, feeling protected and loved by their enduring presence in life.

So natural to reach up and touch them gently with love in younger days, never dreaming that one day I would be too feeble to climb them as always done when just a child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Energetic Melody

Rocking to the blues and jazzing with it's rhythms.
Walking the dog, exercising mind and fingers with
a myriad of chords being played in an energetic
melody.
Walking in my mind, listening to the perfect pitches
of tones settling into aspects of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Enjoyable Atmosphere

Rushing through the past, listening to 'Come Back Buddy' sing a song from long ago.

Remembering all the words and rhythm, totally enjoying the atmosphere at Buddy Stubbs.

A beautiful morning in every respect, couldn't be any better weather, if we had chosen it ourselves.

Wonderful bar-b-que, everything perfectly made and served.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Entire Life

Riding constantly down back roads of yesterday's visions,
looking at all that I've done when younger.
Amazed at the life I led, even though we were so poor.
Always used my intellect, wasn't interested in boys -
they were too demanding of your time.
Preferring to be alone, enjoying whatever I wanted to
pursue, flying, soaring, writing, painting, music, sky
diving.
An array of fanciful desires all being fulfilled by
myself.
Never depending on others, because they only held you
back with fears and doubts from within themselves.
Back then I had none of that, I had no fear standing in
the way of what I wanted to do.
An entire life back then, preserved in images etched in
my mind today without any regrets whatsoever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Entire Lifetime Already Lived

Within memories is an entire lifetime that's already been lived, wanting to experience everything that finds it's way into interior beings.

Being energetically roped into human nature, wholly being taken and used in wonderful ways, mind being tantalized and swept away with desires and passion.

Lifted into the surprising atmosphere of another dimension, touching upon many aspects of an interior spirituality as melodies challenge rhythms with an innate wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Entire Picture

Triangulating dimensions of nature,
watching it spread itself into atmospheres
bereft of beauty.

Beautiful flowers, sitting atop greenery,
showing off their bright colors like a
natural rainbow.

Giving excellent auras,
touching upon extreme thought processes as
they write it all down on an inner screen.

Getting it set to place in a poem - the
entire picture, thought all at once and
described fully so anyone can see its'
place in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Essential Number

An essential number in life belongs to the number
two, yet we live our lives as one most of the time,
always looking for one more to enter our environment.
A tasteless synonym forging the future in our minds
until we die, expiring on lasting episodes left us,
as we wend our way into the future.
The loneliest number is two minus one, existing
alone in an atmosphere where only one can exist.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Essential Puzzle Piece

Having traveled to other dimensions, finding that I am an essential piece of life's puzzle.

Being a part of it's solution, thrilling to intellect and imagination, cheering, for I have at last found my purpose in life.

Untold knowledge and wisdom's doors now opened to me as I choose to walk through them, unhindered by man's illusions.

Seeing the reality of truthfulness, finding that I am a missing piece of the puzzle of life.

Fitting myself into the space reserved for me alone, completing the puzzle of life with my own.

Holding onto self, knowing that I can exist beyond death, because of the puzzle piece I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Eternal Friend

Sitting here, listening to people sing and remembering my friend.
Beautiful memories culminating in her death, giving me pause in tears falling into my soul, missing her ebullient voice and joy in music.
Often will I be thinking of her in pictures of times we were together, enjoying life through music.
This poem, a tribute to a wonderful person - a friend, I will miss until we meet when I too am gone from life.
Meeting in heaven, we'll celebrate our new life as friends, eternally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Everlasting Embrace

Trotting gallantly to the rhythms of a fast-paced melody, keeping up with it in writing.

Wanting an everlasting embrace and kiss to take me through this exciting time of life, and being in love.

Broken hearts being forgotten in the throes of your unconditional love.

Being born to hold each other forever in this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Excellent Surgeon

Meeting the surgeon for the first time, eye to eye contact,
remarkable lure.
Great personality, a little quiet - tame, but instant
recognition there of an intelligent person.
Trusting him implicitly with a knowing deep inside that if
anyone could help, it would be him.
Surgery scheduled, clearance given a week before, then it's
suddenly cancelled.
Changing insurance twice so the surgeon could do the surgery
worked, it was again scheduled, cleared and I went into the
hospital at five in the morning on March 11.
As I went into surgery, my daughter-in-law went into labor.
A baby granddaughter was born at four p.m.
Out of the hospital the following afternoon, home to rest and
recuperate without any fuss.
After the surgeon shook my hand, I told him he was awesome,
and saw his smile go clear to his eyes - the sparkle of joy
was shining.
Then off to see my new Granddaughter with joy in my heart,
my life having been saved from cancer again.

(9: 11 a.m. - 3/22/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Exciting Adventure

Selecting and moving onto a new plain of life, an exciting
adventure that's taking place no matter what's happening.

Loving and taking our turns down tracks like a locomotive,
reaching in and out of every moment coming into existence.

As we travel interiorly, letting our spirits have free
reign, liberty and freedom always holding onto our beings.

Continually holding fast to who we are and become throughout
the years of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Exercise In Futility

Entering an atmosphere of music and pomp under
volunteer circumstances, placing life on hold
as each is honored for their service and talent.
Beautiful, bountiful, an exercise in futility,
yet we enjoy ourselves immensely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Existence No Longer Within

Life taking me down trails of existence, being left
alone on their rocks and stones.

Hurting and feeling abandonment of a lifetime, losing
hope on a constant basis, faith always raising it's
head, keeping me going anyway.

Looking up, seeing clouds strewn across the sky, sun
shining onto nature's landscape, showing the beauty
of it's solitary purpose.

Illuminating and enlightening an existence that I
don't seem to have within anymore, lost and alone,
running away, finding excitement and exhilaration in
effects of danger and adventure.

Believing that is all that will ever be a possibility
in this life, moving forward onto trails of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Experience

Knowing and being a patient of Dr. L.'s has been quite
an experience.
All sorts of tests, blood work, regulating medicines up
and down, I.V.'s, shots - all in the name of patient care.
Always in the doc's capable hands, trusting him with my
life, based on my experience with his meticulous and
caring attitudes.
Filled with kindness and compassion, giving hugs generously,
especially on days when you need one.
An all around fantastic doctor and special person in every
respect.
Always a refined gentleman, quiet, yet eyes showing the
depth of his intelligence and good nature.

(8: 17 a.m. - 10/28/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Exploratory Mind

Listening carefully to musical words touching my mind with their meanings,
bringing a whole new world into an exploratory mind.
Frolicking with notes and beats, feeling them all with my soul's heart as I gaze
into an atmosphere of yesterday.
Alive, growing further into a subconscious realm, knowing life is stretching it's
boundaries to encompass my world, filled with imagination's desires and needs.
Writing it down, reading it, helps to know what I'm thinking so deeply about.
Somewhere down memory lane, I have created my own artistic gallery of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Expression Of Hearts

Quietly expressing a beautiful love, having been taken over by it's silent energy and vibrant language.

A novel feeling, unconditional love from a soul mate across the world.

Nothing ever near the intense senses that are coming alive, bringing about energetic sensations from somewhere within as a soul responds to the solemn joy that is arising.

Separating life and giving it an essence beyond this earth, never compromising or giving in, a wonderful expression of one heart to another.

A blessing given two people, who are being lifted spiritually into realms of the divine without any sorrow or grief.

Just an inflection of pure unadulterated love held between the two of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Expression Of Life

Diving head first into depths of the Atlantic Ocean
when younger, nothing to fear, it's only water, as
I come up for air.

Looking into the horizon far away, seeing only a
line where it's supposed to be.

Relaxing, lying on my stomach, arms outstretched
over my head, catching a perfect wave, keeping my
body straight, yet relaxed.

Body surfing all the way onto shore, having an
exhilarating feeling, giving expressions of life
a space to be in for a while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Extra Moment

Sitting alone in a Whataburger, eating a justaburger and hot apple pie.

Caring not an iota about those around me, having nothing better to talk of or laugh at.

It is none of my concern and I take myself away to write of the music I hear.

Watching the inner flight of my mind soar and land on a blimp, slowly gracing the skies just outside this window.

Sun shining on this page as I write and become a particle in the space of my own time.

Giving to self, an extra moment of peace before going back home to the unrest and kids fighting.

Spacing each bite so I may write as much as possible between each of them, enjoying the gift of my inner mind very much.

(11: 19 p.m. - 1/1/96)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Extraordinary Experience

Searching turnpikes for a way through destinations of the heart, learning things never known before, finding truths are extraordinary and out of this world.

Seeing the energy of an unconditional love pouring itself into my soul, giving me a purpose to capture it and return it in kind.

Filling every particle fully with a new essence from another being, shared from across the world in a loving embrace of poetical minds.

Enticing and beautiful feelings coming together on a much higher plain than can ever be found here on earth.

Living in another space of time, given an energy all it's own to placate this heart of mine with someone else's caring and compassion.

Altogether finding this experience extraordinary and full of purpose, as stepping in and out of verses, we land together every time within his heart and mine.

An eternal love found within two souls while alive on earth, always cherishing and treasuring this precious love in hearts of innocence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Extreme Life

Living in an extreme life, never knowing what will
happen from one moment to another.
Enduring it all anyway for the few moments of joy
given to me through music and writing.
Meeting other talented musicians is a major bonus
given to me in these, my last days left on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Idea

Timely cooperation fed into the system of reality
is cost effective and dependable.

Relying on the experience of many to attain the
freedom of independence and success.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Illuminated Poem

Energetic peaceful rhythms sending me into a dither
of melody.
Taking it in stride as I step into the center of an illuminated poem, lit by firelight and candlelight
of a blessed home, inspiring me all the days of my
life.
Perceptions of a past come sliding into view and
giving me an extra-special reason for continuing on
the pathway that I now travel alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Impossible Existence

Carefully treading down avenues of mystery, searching for clues to an impossible existence, void of caring and tenderness.

Building on sandy foundations, shifting constantly with unknown rhythms, beleaguering everyday living.

Moving gently against tides of beauty, seeing the true aspects and facets of those around you - near at hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Inclusive Life

Flying high, soaring to inner rhythms, holding them close, forever hoping to travel distant horizons with them.
Touching heart-strings of eternal youth, beckoning from yesterday's shores, totally immersed in an energy beyond realms of earthly life.
Circular paths of beauty, climbing higher into space, taking with
them - all inclusive - life of yesterday's imagination.
Rhythms constantly swimming through my brain, encompassing every neuron, synapse and creative pathway, expanding and enfolding particles of abstraction along the way.
Gathering seedlings from fields of inner visions, picking blossoms, creating bouquets of logic and reason, then blending all into imagination's subconsciousness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Individual Dimension

Being situated in a dimension where I can be curious
and find myself wading at the seashore.

Noticing the shells lying abandonly across the sand,
occasionally picking one up that catches my eye.

Wanting to hold on to them, instead putting them in
a tote bag to reminisce about what I was thinking
when I picked them up.

Each of them turning into an individual poem that
their shape, color, textures, inspire in imagination.

Racing now, down the shoreline, inventing novel ideas
to be put to use in the future when I have a lab of
my own to discover elements of chemistry.

Taking chances with all types of chemicals, hoping to
come up with the essence of all cures for everything
that ails mankind in this delicate world.

Liberating many from deblitating illnesses and
disabilities, physical, mental and emotional.

A quality of life to be adored on earth where life
can be imagined into reality and leave beautiful
impressions within everyone's minds, as they walk
this earth for the time of their beings.

Solemnly enjoying the peaceful harmony of an
exhilarating time here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Infatuated Mirage

Bewitching moments don't happen very often and are seldom recognized for what they truly are.
A stop-over in life where love actually alights in your mind without going straight to your heart.
Fooling you into thinking it was true love forever, when actually it was an infatuated mirage that faded from sight soon after the thought came and fled into the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Innate Knowing

Reflections characterizing images of unknown times before being born.
Tentatively touching aspects of heart-felt emotion as it filters through eternity
and sits within my mind, becoming an innate knowing that I cannot deny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Inner Ear

Calmly sitting, thinking and writing to Chopin's beautiful,
intriguing music.
Being lifted into the heavens with a peaceful contemplation.
Listening with an inner ear, knowing the intricacies and
difficulty of each piece played.

(7: 43 a.m. - 10/28/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Inner Glance

Staring inward, looking for peaceful endeavors to
latch onto.
Wondering afar - deep into labyrinths and abysses
of child-held faith.
Turning over every leaf and rock hiding within
imagination's bliss, to bring about words filled
with solace and quiet poems forthcoming.
Every moment of tranquil sensation forces stress
out into the universe away from my soul into
eternity.
Always and forever, allowing a peaceful calm and
stillness to become part of my soul without any
effort.
Contemplation at it's deepest level through
subconsciousness becomes me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Inner Passion

Writing into the day, loving feelings of joy and happiness
that fall into my mind, giving sensations of different
types all the time.

Whatever comes into focus, writing it out for all to see,
at times people won't agree with what I write, other times
there will be people on the same wave length as me.

There's nothing that I won't put into poetry, it cannot
be stopped, I have to write constantly, an inner passion,
a total essence, of my being is involved.

Not able to be separated at all, having fun and enjoying
the gifts that God has given to me, sharing them fully
with the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Inner Sanctuary

Deserted by the world and people in it, traveling byways alone
onto myself.

Signs of maturity along the way, picking up without recognizing
what they are.

Becoming a part of me as I travel ever onward, never thinking
or dealing with conscious feelings.

Preferring instead to stay within a subconscious level where
it is safe and warm, free from the heartache of all others.

An inner sanctuary of my own, I would share it's secrets, but
no one wants to know about me or who I am, always giving up
before the very first block has been walked.

Other avenues are open to me and I can revel in their goodness,
staying calmly alone, yet wishing for just one friend to share
life with before the end that will soon be upon me.

Returning to my inner sanctum, always at the verge of suicide.

(5: 43 p.m. - 12/29/95)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Inner Sanity

Breezes blowing through my mind as I listen to rhythms,
following them through mazes it holds within.

Solemn and enduring, the melodies soothing and taking
me into the comfort of an inner sanity.

There I am fulfilled in the breath of the Holy Spirit,
being totally quenched within heavenly music.

It plays so contentedly, being wonderfully attuned,
stretching and holding onto many pieces of life.

They're forever being thrown and scattered over earth
by the breezes flowing through my mind's imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Inner Sun

Midnight rhythms playing to my mind in afternoon silences of peaceful imagination.
Soothing rhythms taking me on a journey of excellence, alone with myself, enjoying the solitude being generated by my soul in depths of faithful hope.
Never swaying from God's love, always holding onto threads of hope beaming from an inner sun, never being dimmed by life's suffering.

(2: 51 p.m. - 10/26/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Inner Universe

Prayerfully unfolding an inner universe, standing upon thoughts and ideas, awaiting openness.
Lively, appropriate and unassuming, tell-tale moments of hidden glory lie undiscovered and vulnerable in depths of chosen knowledge.
Walking away, hands held in prayer, talking to God and preparing for death.
Solitary minuets dance slowly into our hearts as peace consumes entire beings as a matter of course.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Inspirational Devotion

Lightly and unhesitantly, discovering an immense beauty
of everything in life.

Responding to details that are seen constantly and un-
interruptingly, filling all senses with an inspirational
devoition, conspiring to add to faith.

Bringing an interior atmosphere in line with contemplation,
giving serenity to my soul and deepest particles of my being.

Loving and entrusting it all to photographic screens within,
containing every experience, situation and discovery ever
had.

Lively personhood being a result of it, beautiful and en-
during, creating the essence and passion of an entire life-
time.

Splendid and alluring, never anything to mar what is seen
within my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Instrument

Sun cast itself down the mountainside as my Father draped His love over me.
Giving up all my sins and faults like packages and presents to His hands to do with as He wills.
No longer bound by hidden shame or guilt, I have given my life over to Him.
As difficult as it has been, peace I have found inside is definitely worth it.
Reaching deep inside myself - laying all things bare - I now can reach out to others with love and compassion, not letting my pride take over and ruin relationships.
Shyness, selfishness and immaturity have all kept me locked up tight within myself, like a vise clamping shut on all I am within.
Letting go has let God come inside and touch me to heal all hurt and memories from my life.
He has given Himself to look to and guide the rest of my small little life.
Warmth inside feels good and I want to share it with everyone - but I know now that each individual must meet God in their own way and in their own time.
I am but an instrument which God uses to show others some reflection of what life and His love are to them.
Everyone must make their own decisions on whether or not to open the door and let Him in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Intact Memory

Dreaming of future shores
where I can become what I must.
Linking together, tomorrow and
the present into one intact memory
of life as I know it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Intellectual Element

Soaring above into blue skies and white clouds, feeling
happiness touch me like the strings of a violin when
playing a melody.

Beautiful and tantalizing, contributing explicitly to
intellectual elements of some importance in scheduling
an agenda filled with equations of loneliness.

Gripping my heart, filling me with a purposeful expression
of wanton hopes, having a mournful disposition, yet tending
to the business at hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Interior Knowledge

Little by little, glimmers of light shine through
darkened gray visions of past shadows.

Believing in them, coming into a bright light and
taking away every illusion that attempts to keep
reality and truth away from lines of sight.

People acknowledging every honest reply made into
a poem and read lightly, being thought about, at
times very profoundly.

Always stepping to tunes and rhythms of an interior
knowledge, closely related to a spirituality of
serenity held tightly to my soul's spirit forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Interior Park

Born to be wildly rhythmic, playing interiorly with the beauty
of every melody and harmony.

Taking out all syllables of another language, giving the essence
of another time in life.

Proffering landscapes of an interior park, enjoying the scenery
and taking time to see it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Interior Science

Motions of interior oceans filled with the crashing
of sorrow's tears, hitting and splashing upon sandy
shores of glass.

Always stepping carefully onto every emotion as it
slides beneath feelings of grief, touching upon the
stinging pain of heartache.

Watching as hearts are being broken over beings of
loss, attention given to tacit features of interior
science.

Finite and penetrating, seeking a place somewhere
in the capacity of intellect, never separating it
from innate spirituality and it's creativeness.

Imagination waiting for moments of talent to spread
itself throughout art, music and poetry, lifting
humanity higher through artistic endeavors of grace.

Given through God, innate talent is being used as an
instrument for the betterment of our Lord's purpose
in this earthly life.

Touching each one of us individually with a poetic
license to approach ever new concepts of growth and
spontaneity through an intellectual spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Interior Space

Locating my heartbeat in a flowing rhythm, sensing it's
essence in my soul as it fits me perfectly right now.

So far, going deeply into depths of an interior space
of contemplation, enjoying my favorite pastime, writing
poetry.

Feeling an abundant energy touching my brain, sparking
it with an imaginative electricity, charging it to the
utmost.

Taking me into heights of peculiar areas of the brain,
watching grey matter surrounding what I'm doing,
absorbing it completely and enjoying doing so.

Now a part of the brain that can never be separated
from what is there permanently.

Just taking the incident in stride and loving the
alignment of my mind as it adheres permanently in my
imaginative mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Interior Waltz

Waltzing to inner melodies, taking love by the hand,
spirits being lifted, soaring quietly and gently into
a period of prolonged contemplation, my soul becomes
one with my mind, endeavoring to take me further away
from the reality of life.

Imagination floating and pulsing with an energy of
verve, vibrating, gyrating so calmly to rhythms of
an interior waltz.

Picturesque visions opening beautifully before insight,
eliciting details as I wander throughout this tremendous
beauty of another world, transpiring before me within a
colorful fruition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Invisible Hold

Noticing nature invisibly has it's hold on me,
taking me to places others never get to journey
to.

Honored to be so special, enjoying every moment
given, I aspire to heights of creativity
beyond earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Italian Friend

Ninety years of living encased in an Italian gentleman named Russ.
Quiet, temperamental, a family man full of love and generosity.
Dancing, light on his feet, enjoying rhythmical beats of music with a smile on his face as he holds his wife closely.
Friends abound, wishing Russ all the best in life as everyone celebrates his ninetieth birthday with him.
A patient, kind man with the whole world at his feet.
Wishing Russ all the luck of the Italians on his birthday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Oasis

Crawling through deserts to find an oasis built by humans.
It is left pretty much in nature's hands with just a few
tables and benches to sit on and enjoy the live movie of
nature taking place before your eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Observation

Looking at frosted glass with a
sense of beyond, feeling there
is more to know.

Watching it all from a distance,
unable to make or change any of
it's images.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Observation Of A Painting

Opaque windows staring from a painting,
unable to see through themselves at our
world of beauty.

Always seeing instead, a white colored
pane from behind a paint brush.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Ocean's Nature

Shorelines lazily weaving in and out along sandy beaches.

Waves running, catching up to jetties, crashing whitely over top.

Blue water as far as can be seen, rolling gently, softly, before me.

An ocean's beauty set poetically before me in nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Odd Sense

Listening to an odd sounding voice, singing in time with the music.

An odd sense of pleasure descending on intellect, allowing me to continue writing in rhythms beauty to my inner being.

A solemn piece of another puzzle coming together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Old Tree

Bare with gnarled fingers of ancient bark, covering it's body, trying to keep out the cold.
Unlike others dressed in holiday finery, it stands shivering.
The poorest of the poor to all who cannot see the joy and love of God inside it's being.
Bent upon destruction with idle words spent in gossip, it stands always alone - forever banned from the lives of others.
God's glory, as yet, untold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Older Friend

Even though I'm twelve years younger than her, she respects me and treats me with dignity.
When with her, I can be myself and not have to worry that I'm doing something wrong.
I don't have to walk on eggs when around her.
It's an acceptance that I totally enjoy through friendship with her.
An appreciation growing through respect, enjoying her presence in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Open - Ended Mind

Searching interiorly for what is needed to get through
life in these difficult days and moments.

Having an open-ended mind without limits or boundaries,
keeping track in intellect's imagination without effort.

A blessing in this darkened night of the soul, an energy
being formed and found to be unaccompanied by anything
except rhythm.

A glossy, shining picturesque image in a vision of pure
delight, going deeper into self where all answers lie.

Finding keys to open it's doors will be a fascinating
repertoire of beauty, finding the way through it's many
mazes.

Collecting data and information fitting it onto interior
photographic screens, saving it all for writing quickly
and quietly.

Hiding in this mind where it will be safe and sound from
prying and overly-curious eyes of jealous persons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Open Book

Easily walking, slowly down small town streets, reminding yourself of where you came from and going back to the roots of childhood.
Sauntering always, into dreams of yesterday, eclipsing all shadows of interior devotion.
Calmly entering realms of being, totally bent on using heartstrings, feeling emotional and never blinking an eye when showing them to anyone.
Looking out for beautiful sensations of an open book, a person with no secrets writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Open Door

Rocking ultimately to interior rhythms of a brain, charging
into beautiful landscapes of the mind.

Noticing the presence of attitudes and feelings, emotionally
moving around, trying to find an outlet for their expression.

Finding an open door through music, tripping out onto pages
of poetry, happy to at last be spoken silently aloud.

Causing a readjustment of peace to be fulfilled interiorly,
bringing a quiet stillness to the forefront of intellect.

Watching the measures of time open, taking this soul on a
reflective journey into realms otherwise not explored.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Open Frontier

Density of purpose is situated in the quality of life's realm,
overstating any errors made a multitude of times.

Richly deserving, spacious periods of leisure at inopportune
times, follows stances of being brought out into open forums
is discussed, weaned, forgotten.

Tables of statistics fill computer discs, meaningless events,
co-existing with moments of special grace.

Unequaled signs of remembrance face each other as daylight
fades and non-existence becomes a frontier, barren, openly
arid and immense.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Open Mind

A whole world of people going round, yet sitting here I am alone.

Life careening noisily past open windows doesn't bother me, instead, thinking with an open mind, letting everything come in, yet holding close, remembering only what I want to.

Keeping secrets, silently to self, there's a lot going on, but it doesn't matter for I have gone home, inside to be alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Outside Corridor

Looking down a long outside corridor with archways on either side,
branches of bougainvillae peek around columns and look inside.
Running down the sidewalk, cracks wriggle and widen as they go
further down the hall.
Huge, out-dated lanterns hung by hook and chains, blow back and
forth, slowly in rhythm with the wind.
Two big stoned and rounded trash cans sit halfway down the
corridor, waiting for the trash that will fill them up.
Ivy planted near the grass is growing fast - is sneaking up and
onto the sidewalk, green leaves peeking just beyond the grasp of
human feet as they walk past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Unborn Child

Mommy! Why don't you love me? You haven't even seen how
beautiful I am.

It doesn't matter how I got here does it? I'm your very
own miracle.

Hoping that you'll give me a chance to experience life,
like your mother allowed you to have your life.

Why can't I have a chance? I'll try not to ruin it, I'll
make you proud Mommy, I really will.

Please don't destroy my mind before I can use it, don't
blind me without ever giving me the opportunity to see you
smile.

Please let me continue to hear your voice, I can hear in
here Mommy, your voice soothes and calms my fears.

Yet the way you are talking, the inflection in your voice
scares me.

What does abortion mean, Mommy? I heard you say that word
today, why is it so frightening?

Don't you love me? You haven't even held my little hand
yet, doesn't it matter to you whether I am a girl or a boy?

Mommy, what is my name going to be? I can't talk yet,
but I can feel, and you can feel me kicking inside you.

Mommy, I'm alive, I want to stay alive, please don't listen
to those people, they don't know what it's like, being
helpless here inside of you.

It's not their lives you're deciding to end, it's mine, I'm
your little baby, I love you, doesn't that matter at all?

From the exact moment of conception I became a living being,

life filled me.

Don't you see, Mommy? If I hadn't come alive at that very moment I could never have grown like I have.

Dead things don't grow, Mommy, I grew, I've been alive all along.

Don't let their lies fool you, let me live so you can love me all my life, I want to be like other children playing and growing all around you, I want to come home with you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Understanding

Watching words form in pictures of thought and writing them as they
appear is pure delight - delectable to my mind.
Tasting each meaning and definition as they are placed in sentences
to be read by all who have an understanding of life's beautiful
eternity here within each of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Understanding Of Life

Watching words form in pictures of thought and writing them as they
appear in pure delight - delectable to my mind.
Tasting each meaning and definition as they are placed in sentences,
to be read by all who have an understanding of life's beautiful
eternity here within each of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Undying Love

Concealment of love from other people lives in hearts,
existing for one another, not allowing their love to
be exposed or disturbed.

Safely keeping it in treasure chests of the heart and
souls where it will be preserved for an entire lifetime
here on this earth.

A requiem mass never having to be said, prayers never
being needed for this love is an undying one, given by
God and placed in a couple who cannot see past each other.

Dying in one another's arms, leaving their mortal bodies
behind as they ascend to heaven, loving eternally as one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Unenlightened Moon

Waves of sadness coming, crashing me against
sandy shores with force.

Losing those you love keeps you lonely forever,
sitting beneath an effervescent moon, shining
upon an empty heart.

Feelings numbed beyond existence, keeping me
below the surface of an ocean of sorrow, no way
to come to the surface again in this earthly life.

Words being meaningless no matter how heartfelt
they are spoken from another's lips and heart.

Just watching broken dreams floating, drifting
with the waves of an unenlightened moon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Unintelligible Quest

When nighttime falls upon my furrowed brow, I remember the
past, it's horrid nightmarish quality.

Afraid no more, seeing it for what it was, somehow still
unable to break from it's grasp.

A lifetime struggle, an intuition that it will last forever
within my mind.

The only catapulting factor being self-suicide, patriarchial
stares throughout the eons, keeping me clutched in fearful
darkened corners, no reality to touch.

Swiftly passing through memories, images stalward, threatening
and keeping me a prisoner, silently within.

Death of me more menacing than the threats of old, challenged
continually, seen in flashbacks so horrible, blasting me
ferociously, powder-burned, hurt, full of sadness, no light
shining into depths of long ago.

Blinded by unimaginable truths of realty, laid to rest, life
an unintelligible quest better put to rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Unkempt Life

Off into the blackness of night, heralding the coming of nothing light, freeing himself to become invisible to everyone, finding no one cares if seen or not.

Dismally walking back from whence he came, becoming a recluse without a name.

Fumbling in pockets for keys of life, drawing out skeleton ones, afraid, he backs away, not daring to confide in anyone about what he's seen.

Folding into nothingness, varied in his thoughtless dreams, ideas forming educationally slow within recesses of his mind, only partially opened, but cobwebs mar the view.

Standing over chasms of learning, finding equations that make sense to him, finding they are rooted in squares of evil.

Fitting them closely together, dividing them equally in half - tormenting himself with petty fractious beliefs - life spent itself.

Forgetting steps he's taken in time, the rhythm of his heart beats - then stops - never more to return to haunt his unkempt life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Unknowingness

Walking into depths of an unknowingness, waiting to
envelope me in it's grasp, sitting here in admitting
at the hospital.

Having major surgery at eleven thirty, totally being
in God's hands, no worries, for either way it goes
will be fine with me.

Prepared for intense pain or heaven, loving the peace
filling my being entirely right now, writing all the
way up until it's time to go under.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Unknown Rendition

Waltzing to harmony being stilted by a foggy-voiced gentleman.
Singing a song and making it unknown by his rendition of it.
Knocking down the chords as he goes along, thinking he's the
best singer here tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Unnoticeable Pattern

Sifting carefully through details, placing every effort in thoughts, waiting to be utilized to the fullest of potential.
Squeezing every ounce of energetic ideas into new inventions, being created from an unnoticeable pattern along life's pathways.
Becoming more attuned with each form of design being created in imagination's depths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Untapped Universe

Lasting happiness is not a part of earthly life,
there are too many trials, too much suffering,
to contain any joy for any length of time.

We have within each of us an untapped universe,
waiting to be explored and understood.

Standing just the other side of this edge, I
have begun to adventure into it with eyes wide
open, hoping to discover soon, the secret of
what I am about.

Roaming inner paths never before walked upon,
searching untiringly in wonder and awe aware of
immediate surroundings.

Reaching out, touching with all senses, every
new sight, texture, sound and smell.

All is clearer than it has ever been before,
focused, steady, reliable and forever mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Untold Life

Surrounding me with a sadness, expounding laments single file,
taking me on a journey of explicit grief.
Not caring how I can handle it, just piling it upon my heart
and mind, burying me beyond grave markers, nearer to the sun
than I could ever get.
Bowing my head, watching vision blurred by hundreds of tears
rushing out, because of heartache taking over my interior soul
with implied empathy and rhetoric for a life untold on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Unwanted Cafe

Another city of Phoenix function for something
seniors voted against.
A cafe ribbon cutting for their grand opening,
even though they've been open for three weeks.
No one is buying anything because it is too
expensive for seniors on limited incomes.
Vice Mayor, a do nothing politician, is going
to do a token speech that no one wants to hear.
Another person also speaking about some non-
committal perks regarding the cafe.
Altogether, a farcical ceremony that no one
wants to attend, but have been herded like
cattle to the boring opening of all time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

An Upcoming Legend

Ripples of current run electrically through my brain,
awakening thoughts, ideas, reflections, giving all
free rein in imagination.

Polishing rough edges, contouring jutting sides,
preparing another poem, soon to be a legend in it's
own time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Analyzing Notes Of Existence

Calmly analyzing every note pertaining to existence, giving each it's due in solemn chances of perdition.
Examining altogether, each remnant, piecing together all manner of thinking, matching it with sounds, reaching into my mind to extend creativeness in a silent emptiness, caused by yesterday's abandonment.
Filtering existential purposes, sending perfect sense into emotional pools of lively conversation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ancestor's Spirits

Peaceful lands of desert, filled with the spirits
of life-long ancestors.

Feeling comforted, being held in mountainous arms,
safe and protected in intellect's imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ancestral Images

Hitting spots of energy, filling pockets of life with
ancestral images of yesterday, and beautiful moments
selected casually with ease.

Sincerity blows carefully over thoughts, setting them
in stone, as they shimmer and swirl with freedom of
speech as it is written down for posterity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ancestral Memories

Strumming chords of lifetime memories, a voice singing clearly, emotionally, touching parts of my brain with
wonder and awakening.
Deeply felt, delved into by a soul of perplexing
sensitivity, filling rooms with blissful exuberance.
A tenor stands upon a stage, reaching us with heartfelt musical wisdom, attuning us to our lives and feelings,
felt with remembering.
Lessons of life lived before now in tender cradles of ancestral memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anchored In A Desert

Spreading wings of intellect, ready to fly into orbit
or anywhere else, finding new environments and
atmospheres to abide in for moments in measured time.

Sensing an interior desire to move forward, letting go
of all the misery, soaring with the planets or sliding
down the milky way for a while, everything becoming a playground for times of innate pleasure.

Wanting to be and feel this free, hoping to never become
an invalid in mind or body, instilling in myself, a vast repertoire of liberty and sane intellectual abilities
forever, or as long as living on earth.

Special thoughts keeping me anchored in a desert of
delicate balances, and a lot of ideas to take beyond
their circumferences, finding many adventuresome
chemical discoveries of the mind and soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anchoring

Touching chords have heavenly tunes attached to
them for empty days of reluctance.
Turning into corners of worldly tenors, breaking
speeds of rhetoric and contrived meanings.
All is never lost as space anchors everything
close to us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anchoring Thoughts

Sending emotions flying into separate atmospheres, keeping them away from me for now.
Not wanting to place their meaning in sentences at this time.
Rather, anchoring all thoughts to moorings of yesterday's selective ideas, to be invented for future inspirations of desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ancient Beauty

Centering in the midst of an oblong circumference,
wandering around and watching boundaries enlarge
and shrink in edges of night.

Sleeping spirits awakening in the early hours,
taking time into another sphere away from movement,
causing distant lands to disappear in a cloudy haze
left from another realm.

Saying good-bye to spirits in the night, living in
the presence of ancient beauty as it trips along
lines of intenuating angles and alighting sensorially
in sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ancient Buildings In India

Stationed in hallways through the years, abandoned in
the cobwebs dusty with age, spiders long since gone,
nothing stirring, not even the dust.

An ageless breeze always flowing through the cracks
in the walls and ceilings, looking above, dreaming of
this other world when once it was young like us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ancient Definitions

Discovering incessant meanings of my mind and intellect
through music and it's rhythms.

Following notes and tones up and down chords of time,
exploring melodies of life and their ancient definitions
of possibilities that are never-ending.

Questions coming up, rising ever higher, trying to be
heard, wanting to be answered before another moment is
wasted.

Noteworthy and amazing, allowing this mind to travel in
and out of many dimensions and universes throughout an
interior life, always being contemplated spiritually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ancient Dreams

Filtering through ancient dreams, alighting on the
frailest probability of reality, standing apart
from a world of incriminating people.

Desiring a place to become and begin, all doors
are closed shut as I walk towards them.

Heart falls to the ground, rolling over and over,
falling into a burial hole where darkness has
begun to overtake daylight forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ancient Duos

Parodies of ancient duos fixated within spheres of yesterday.
Calling forth mistakes covered in gold, shining examples of
evil in this world.

Power-filled words written for time immortal, engraved upon
memories tested beyond life.

Lamentations pouring equitably through eternity, searing
deafened ears.

Exonerating condemnation from people who know little of life
meanings.

Stranding them on chastening figures of speech, laid before
time on ever ending shores of revenge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ancient Enlightenment

Thrilling to the beauty of romance as it's savory aroma
fills my heart, wondering where it will take me, going
further into fields of another time.

Taking liveliness into desert terrains that have an im-
pact on senses, opening up every facet of my brain, fill-
ing up corners of my mind with effervescent colors.

Falling into my heart, lighting a fire that will not die
out, finding it's touching me intensely, searching through
the debris of yesterday's present.

Going through forests of imagination, ending up in out-
skirts of reality where destiny picks me up, landing out-
side realms of an anticipatory expectation.

There it's picked up through rhythms and carried out to
sea interiorly, motion of the waves, rising and falling
with an intense rhythm.

Continuing to live life on edges of another tomorrow,
leaning on elbows of yesterday's conversations, listening
intently to tempos and notes.

All of them soothing and bringing me into the ancient
enlightenment of yesterday while scattering them all over
throughout intellect today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ancient Fame

Stars circle the moon, parading through the heavens, showing off with love.

Standing high above earth, knowing that sometimes all eyes are upon them, shining in regal colors, sharing their beautiful glory.

Living off of ancient fame left us by mariners of old, God lets us see His great beauty unfold each night from heaven.

Waking up His gems, precious stars, to show us all His wondrous love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ancient Messages

Scrambling words, locating them in disorderly
fashion.
Pasting them onto pages of interior books,
being written as each day begins a new dawn.

Smiling to self as every word makes total sense in
meanings of life and are eventually written into pages
of my mind.

Delivering messages of ancient ethics and
morals to keep me on the right path, heading straight
as an arrow towards heaven and God's waiting arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ancient Patterns

Counting seconds of life, taking them all in stride.
Wishing for hope to become present and functioning
in my time.
Wanting to be a part of something grand and wonderful,
feeling a presence of regret, demonstrating it's grief
and sorrow instead.
Forming new and ancient patterns in a moment, forging
destiny in a gregarious way, while holding on to this
day's life force and mediocrity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ancient Pictures Never Seen

Intense, vibrations touching this mind throughout time in
life, set aside for living and breathing.

Everything coming together, playing with energy of an outer
atmosphere, taking the liberty of ancient wisdom.

Separating it into different aspects of nature and atmosphere
above, striking resemblances hitting marks of intellect.

As pictures form, making sense from puzzle pieces of the past
that were never formed into a complete picture of historical
worth.

Leaving out some important aspects and facets that were never
before figured out, therefore, ancient pictures were never
seen or put together for a future vision.

If they had been, they would've solved some problems of yes-
terday, age-old questions could've been answered long ago
if someone had found these buried pieces, things would have
been much different than it is today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ancient Reminders

Ancient reminders of life come alive within music and it's
rhythms, giving senses a chance to be refreshed and deepened,
attuning them to an interior spirituality.

A prerogative to writing poetry the way I do incessantly,
keeping my mind and intellect intact within an interior
and bluened environment.

A wonderful lively and joyful atmosphere, created entirely
by intellect's mind, such a pleasurable experience to be a
part of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ancient Sorrow

Sunshine shading me with brilliant color,
blending and fading into shadows of delight.

A delicate pattern, falling upon desert ground,
lacing memories with satin braids, holding them
carefully lest they break.

Opening at times to relieve the pressure of past
grief, laughing and crying at the exact time.

Flowing with tears down softened faces of age,
filled with an ancient wisdom of all things
sorrowful.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ancient Tokens

Parading down avenues of lights reaching out to me,
seeking fulfillment of nature's wilderness.
Ancient tokens, sending messages from above, waltzing
towards images stuck in walls of photos, hanging
sorrowfully in living rooms that used to be filled
with family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ancient Treasure

Mirrors broken into shards, cutting my mind,
making memories bleed into my heart.
Sorrow tasting of salted brine, burning the
wounds, crying out in distress, wanting only
a reprieve from somewhere in this world.
Changing rules and focusing energy to the
center of my mind.
Holding every ancient treasure in the darkness
of lonely abandonment.
Unsweetened never in this lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ancient Walls

Silent and sublime, my mind sends messages to and from
rhythms, matching their tempos to beautiful sounds
emanating from within intellect.

Clocks now unwinding, ticking instead of tocking and
flowing backwards so life will start from the beginning
once again.

Pictures of it's face being illuminated in time from
deep inside space, lost moments traveling aimlessly,
nowhere to lay their hands.

Lying bare their seconds and minutes on edges of past
centuries, always finding reminders of time in past
images of clocks now hanging on ancient walls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Andrea Bocelli's Life Beats

Andrea Boccelli singing beautiful Italian words and phrases,
touching my mind with his perfection of tone and dialect.
Heart responding to his voice, reaching out to grasp feelings
of the past, finding familial ties still readily intact.
Life beats vibrating with melodies, being sung operatically,
and sent straight to our souls, lifting us spiritually to
heights of intense freedom and happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anecdotal Thoughts

Searing pain, cutting through an intense silence, touching dreams of individual measures with a lilting voice.
Speaking against all times, settling upon clouds of perfect symmetry as they soar into depths unknown.
Treasuring life with anecdotal thoughts kept hidden from view, while placating a heart of bluest sadness, springing from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angel Friends

Sending rhythms into my heart are angels watching over, protecting and guiding me all through life.

Angels are my friends, always here with me and ever close.

There are never any excuses, or alibis - they are always here.

In solitary spaces, I'm never really alone, because an angel is there whispering in my ear, giving me rhythms to write with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angel Watching Over Me

Halos floating above my angel, as she watches over me.
Signaling facets of love as they grow beyond limits of earth.
Stretching and expanding life wide open, for possibilities of being together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angel Whisperer

Wholly collapsed inside myself, not wanting to venture
or step outside.

Pain-filled bubble of a being, trying to continue moving
forward in spite of everything becoming obstacles in my
way.

Having a difficult time existing, praying to God and
waiting.

Morning breaks and the night nurse tells me that C. will
be my nurse today.

Thanking God, totally appreciating His answer to my prayers,
for God has sent me a special angel to take care of me today.

A very grateful patient, lying here with tears of joy in her
heart, knowing she is going to be taken care of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angela Singing

Rolling smoothly off her tongue,
words flow beautifully in
rhythmic harmony.

A stillness penetrating interior
peace, taking it to new heights
in this life.

Taunting periods of suffering to
come join the circle of light
emanating from compassion and
caring of others.

Raising the bar of an all-time
beauty set in musical tones and
calmly bringing one forth into
the illuminated destiny of fate's
favorite child.

Listening to the essence of her
being tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angelic Delicacies

Incondite spirituality reconciling itself in patterns of
angelic delicacy.

Turning in rhythms of tossed expression, as equations
measure themselves solitarily in tones of blessed relief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angelic Energy

Partaking of angelic solos, enervating energy and
placing it on pedastals of enjoyment for tomorrow.
Signing autographs in atmosphere's of silence, as
life revolves through another dimension, following
closely on heels of destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angelic Feelings

Soothing melodies fill my mind with their angelic
feelings, pushing me into rings of desire.
Yearning for days of future happiness as life
progresses freely with me in tow.
Enhancing beauty of nature with rhythmic etudes,
singing interiorly throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angelic Thoughts

Soaring into the atmosphere with angelic thoughts and spiritual prayers of enlightenment that tend to raise spirits of our souls.

When life becomes too much to handle, thoughts diminishing in hardships, sacrifices and turmoil that we go through, no fault of our own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angelic Visions

Lifting spirits, elating interior moods with positive
attitudes, finding expressions rising through poetry,
exciting my mind with new adventures.

Going deeply into other dimensions, attuning and com-
plimenting every thought as they fill spheres of sub-
consciousness on photographic screens intensively.

Seeing angelic visions taking place in the future,
giving pleasure and hope, instilling a stronger faith
than ever before.

All things coming together, giving an experience that
nothing else can equal in life, this mind surpassing
everything, both large and small.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angelic Visitors

Misty horizons surround life with it's tresses,
glowing rainbowly, peering through drops of water,
half closed.
Minor tones ripple across oceans of waves, beckoning
tomorrow to come and take a peek at yesterday's sights.
Filling a being spiritually with a lightened soul.
Creationally created barriers torn down, allowing
visitors from beyond to participate angelically in
misty horizons of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angels Come In Sleep

Softly, angels come to me in sleep,
touching mind and soul with truths
of eternity.

Allowing me to see all aspects of
death in a splendid beauty.

Given to each of us through prayer
from a faithful life lived already
on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angel's Dreaming

Angels sleeping in minds, peacefully dreaming,
knowing that things are alright for the time
being.

Not being troubled right now, relaxing and
being comfortable with passion and essence
keeping company through musical interludes.

Constantly touching an interior spiritual life
with their magical and mysterious patterns and
designs being coded into poems.

Continually falling from intellect and out of
pens through black ink, always producing
innermost thoughts on wave lengths of a brain.

As it manages to take in millions of details in
nanoseconds, and holding onto them all in a
photographic mind through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angels Guarding

Quietly walking away, whispering into the atmosphere, not talking
to anyone.
Yet, the message has been heard from afar, telling the story of
the tired rhythms falling out and down around unequaled fantasies.
Begging to be understood the only way fathomed by gathering mediums
of talent and blending them as one.
Forsaken ideas, never being spoken aloud, yet the whisperings can
be heard the other side of heaven, by angels guarding music of a
lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angel's Imprints

Sliding open, doors to heaven reveal the beauty held within.

Golden light radiating forth, filling all eyes with wondrous mirth.

Minds go walking - flying - onto paths that lead to heaven,
taking with them, joys of thanksgiving.

Angels fluttering forth to stretch their wings - their halos
touching everything.

Soaring up and down, feeling freedom which has no bounds.

All over the skies, angels go, leaving their imprints upon
the clouds.

Beauty untold has unfolded from the heavens, bringing also
the love and joy of God tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angel's Messages

Soundless echoes reverberating in canyons of my mind,
relating messages I was told today by an angel who
came to me.
Now having been confirmed again, I listen and respond
in my own way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angels Of Sacrifice

Being immersed quietly with no untoward affects of
life and it's awkward silence of strife and trials.

Transforming into flightless angels of sacrifice we
travel over earth and are reborn again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angels On Earth

Angels appearing here on earth, looking like human beings, but they have great spiritual depths within them.

Totally God's helpers on earth, standing by people in times of need, sorrow, despair and abandonment.

Never turning away, meeting every crisis head on unselfishly, caring, compassionate, filled with unconditional love for all.

Not an ounce of intolerance, prejudice or racism anywhere, just blessed by God to do these things for him.

Loving to be one of them at times, reaching those He needs to reach out to, capturing them through poetry.

Taking their breath away and strengthening their faith in God explicitly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angels Rising

Angels rising first thing in the morning, bringing smiles
and joy to this heart and mind.

Leaving no doubts as to who has sent them to give hope and
love from above.

Reveling in wonder of His heavenly care and promise, keeping
faith close and growing incessantly within.

Catching hold of the essence of my presence, angels take me
soaring above earth, giving opportunities to see the world
from His eyes.

Such splendor and beauty in nature, He has totally and
completely given His heart to all of mankind.

Being brought back to my bed, alighting so gently upon my
pillow, thanking God for this special grace.

His gift to begin a new day in a beautiful and wonderful
brilliance, angels rising first thing in the morning, bring-
ing smiles and joy to my heart and mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angels Tred

With every tinkling bell on earth comes thoughts of angels treading their ways on earth's crusty old surface.
Walking spiritually into our lives with guidance, and
helping as we linger on edges of eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angels Watching

Choirs of angels sing above in heaven, yet many cannot hear them as they hustle and bustle through life, much too busy to pay attention to little important things surrounding them from above.

Careful not to disturb lives of people, angels watching from heaven, keeping us safe and wrapped in God's love, while we nonchalantly go about our daily lives, never noticing that angels are here watching us on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angel's Wings

Taken away on angel's wings, to a land of contemplation,
filled with fervent imagination.

Living subconsciously through writing, filling my soul
with God's love and care.

Taking me above in rhythms filled with prose in Thanks-
giving of Him who gave me free will.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anger

Angrily walking through the night, feeling justified,
yet not liking it inside.

Quickly pacing everywhere, not wanting to stand still,
hearing nothing, not wanting to hear anything, because
anger fills this inner being.

Walking away, not wanting to see, hear or talk,
emotionally crashing over and over, wanting to run away
and put it all aside.

Anger taking hold and not letting go it's grip, causing
pain and discomfort between two friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anger Blaring Within

Screaming through the atmosphere, anger blaring
within, taking a being into depths that it prefers
not to go into.

Yet once the spark of anger is glowing there is no
way to deter it, as it grows larger and madder with
every moment it's allowed to glower, becoming fire.

Spreading it's diseased essence to others around it,
getting them riled up also, thus causing rioting and
violence when there should be none.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anger Bubbling Hotly

Ready to start on another adventure through mine fields of
interior turmoil, testing the waters to see how hot they are.

Feeling an anger dwelling beneath the surface, bubbling hotly
in depths, not being able to be expressed at all.

Watching as a blanket of soothing peace decides to cover it
over, making it feel negligible in it's status of natural
anger.

Tossing all aside, ripping apart at the seams, letting loose
and bursting into a scene, yelling, not holding back any
longer.

Saying what needs to be said, then just as suddenly, it is
all over, no more tirade left, all is peaceful once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anger Evaporating

Sitting in the quiet repository of unallowable disturbance,
gathering information and possible figures of knowledge
without the ordinary process of actuality.

Creating imaginatively, positive attitudes needed to
address the possibility of outer influence.

Secreting inadequate safety measures of protected demise
transferring immediate needs to alleys of backwards minds.

Seething, boiling vats of uncontained anger, kept hidden
away, unacknowledged, unrecognized and brought to dungeons
of everlasting unknowingness.

Left to burn and bubble until evaporating into thin air,
achieving inner peace and calm along the way without ever
having to deal with it directly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anger Needling Within

Reaching for feelings I lost so long ago
when my parents died and left me an orphan.
Seething anger uncomfortably needling me within,
pushing me into depths of loneliness I don't want
to remember or go back to.
Securely feeling my way into an abyss not associated
with sorrow's anger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anger Within

Intense anger stirs deeply within.
Being accused of all manner of things
by a once upon a friend.
Someone whom I can no longer abide in
my life at all.
Walking away is hard to do, but I must
to save my own sanity from an abusive
person, destroying me from the inside
out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anger's Solemn Years

Solemn years, no talking or laughter, no get-togethers.
A deep silence filling the void of our once close relationship.
Too many years have passed, I don't know what to say - I miss you, but pride stands in the way.
Wanting to set aside all the hurt and pain, but I don't know how.
Will we really never again speak to one another here on earth?
Will death be the only solution to end our silent, maddening grudge?
Death of one of us will solidify the void between us permanently.
Grandchildren will wonder all their lives what could've happened to cause this huge break in their family.
Two loved ones depriving one another of their lives, also depriving the little ones, teaching them never to forgive or apologize when you get mad or have an argument.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angles Designs

Standing in one of Dr. L's. exam rooms, looking out
the window.
There are angles everywhere, causing shadows to be
angled too.
Only the symmetricity of a few trees softens the
hardness of the close environment.
Water in a fountain below, ripples and crosses over
itself, playing with unseen foes in jest.
Lines leading and following angles, leaving their
own darkened shadows throughout the building.
Seeing patterned designs thrown about by rays of
sunshine filtering down.
Tiny, slim slits of sun fall through some of the
cracks between poles on the banister all around
the walkway.
At times every other one, then an extra one jumps
in to mess up the mathematical pattern.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angles In Life

Relating facts to emotions, changing attitudes residing within me. Leveling the playing field, charging the light brigade of nighttime
patrols, keeping the peace inside of my soul.
Finding solutions from every angle in life, being hidden in corners
of log cabins, with only candlelight wavering in the dark, illuminating very little in the room.
Stricken with the pain of living too long.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angles Of Invisibility

Watching activity coalesce around me,
ignoring it's meaning as I encase myself
in an oblique angle of invisibility for
as long as I wish.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angles Of Light

Diagonal lines streaming through the blinds,
brightening the wall in a certain style of
creative art.
Falling down angles of spacious promise,
alighting from wings of past remorse.
Ending on the doorstep of final memories
tucked beneath the hearse of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angles Of Prose

Death-defying inclinations situate angles of prose
in subluxated joints of perplexity.
Finding nuances of quality as prisms of love glitter
in subconscious realms of interference.
Without any thought of tomorrow's fate, generations
are tangled into jungle weeds overgrown with prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angry At God

Trust in our Lord is our way to living in truth and
the reality of being who we were created to be.

Someone who gets so angry at God, cursing and spit-
ting on Him for misfortunes in their lives are like
angry children taking out their anger childishly.

Words and thoughts they never would have said other-
wise, yet God does not hold it against them, He is a
patient and loving Father.

Loving them even more, knowing their anger is not
really meant, it's just the frustration of life that
gets their emotions riled up to a fever pitch.

Even though intense anger is held within, God's love
is forever there, once they finally calm down they
will see it in all it's glory, hopefully realizing
it before finally lying on their death beds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angry At Some People's Treatment

Falling into deepened feelings, filling every atom with the being
of my essence without me.
Finding fault with the outside world, getting angry at the way
it's treating me in sideways glances and mercurial anger.
Wondering why I always have to be on the outskirts of time, where
people come into my life whole-heartedly, giving freely of their
friendship, then turning around and slapping me in the heart with
audacious abusive attitudes.
Crying inwardly, not letting them see that the way I'm being
treated is the meanest thing they could ever do to a person, so
sensitive and attuned to the way it hurts to the core of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angry Blows

Striking distance filling me with angry blows to my intellect, laying me low in an antagonistic forest of life.
Taking away my being on darkened corners of nighttime pathways.
Solidly posing for another photographic memory, listening to thoughts picture words for me.
Showing lasting figures of difficulty as I feel through a pressure of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angry Distaste

Silently, stilly, occupying a seat in backgrounds of eternity, preferring to exist in a blank space with no contact from anyone.
Being depraved of human decency, because of an abusive person sitting next to me.
Collecting every intuitive thought, gathering it in at the seams, just to let off steam.
Yet, the anger is still fuming inside, taking me down trails I'd prefer never to stroll.
Would rather be writing about something peaceful, instead here is a poem of angry distaste.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angry Sadness

Reading between notes being played in harmonies of quiet rectitude.
Sending calm pictures to my mind as I continue to adhere to inner music, never leaving or putting it aside.
Wanting to describe each note and beat in ways that will connect and coalesce into compositions in the key of E minor.
Expressing anger and sadness at the exact same time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anguish

Deep down through all the anguish, hurt lies with sorrow,
crying, wishing for a life to have some joy and happiness,
living like a nomad in the desert sands.

Held within themselves their love and talent lies hidden
in a tent, afraid to venture forth and mingle with the
crowds, instead dying slowly beneath self-hate.

Falling steadily into the depths of non-returning life,
sleeping with the kiss of death beneath a pillow.

Deep down through all the anguish, hurt dies, becoming
sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Angular Shadows

Angular shadows reaching out to me,
poking with their shards, touching
my heart and mind with tactile
precision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Animals Roaming

Edges of cliffs, looking out over deep canyons,
echoing responses in silent contemplation.
Peering into depths, watching all manner of
desert animals, roaming around, looking for
shelter as rain begins to pour down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Animated Rhythm

Listening to music from India, building itself within
intellect totally and selectively.

Creating an extraordinary amount of ideas, sliding
about, watching sparks of light being filtered against
lightening strikes hitting all sides of my mind.

Loving the colors that are being braided along with
thoughts spiraling about.

Wonderful and beautiful sights being seen and written
down, joyfully taking part in beats of each measure.

Beating drums, steady and even, never missing a note,
significant and accepted into intellect.

Being a totally animated rhythm that fills my brain
with it's essence as I write poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Animated Souls

Cold Front rolling in, rocking to tempos and rhythms of another evening at the Wagon Yard, heart pattering to beats of songs, titillating the very depths of our souls with serenity.

Rocking through the atmosphere, taking us into the beauty of human nature, loving the wonder as musical puzzle pieces constantly join together.

Creating a mysterious array of poetry that fills the environment with joy and happiness, all rhythms blending together as everyone sings with the music.

Wind and rain staying far from us as we incessantly bring our hearts to the table with animated souls, filling us with positive attitudes and moods that won't be quieted as we live our lives fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Animating Inner Thoughts

Pleasure filling me with each new invigorating rhythm,
it's tempo tickling imagination with it's rapid beats,
animating inner thoughts.

With deliberate and meticulous sounds of poetry within
music, knowing the combination is all mine, never fading,
etched on inner photographic screens.

Beautiful images in memories, highlighting genuine
truth and reality of life as I live it in isolation
away from crowds of people that somehow always try
and interfere with my visions of the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Annals Of Our Future

Recognizing beauty, sitting from within a person, filled with
a gentle kindness and compassion always.

Living in moments of caring, always being exceptional and
never leaving behind anyone we love.

A split second decision will always be in the making as we
decide our future destiny's within the messages being coded
within our minds.

Quietly and silently we move into sphere's of another
dimension, alive and being remembered in annals of our future.

Standing on edges of night, we fall beneath coverlets of
our future destiny, taking all our energy and purpose into
realms we eventually will find ourselves in.

Taking away important aspects of what we believe in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anniversary At Chili's

Celebrating our thirty-sixth wedding anniversary at Chili's was a great idea.
Food was perfect and delicious as we sat, ate and listened to music.
A tantalizing tone and rhythm throughout lunch was very relaxing.
We sat holding eyes off and on, seeing our love reflected, even after all these years.
We had special desserts on the house which made a special occasion more enjoyable.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Annointed By God's Nature

Hiding in fields of high grass, flowers blossoming
faithfully like always.

Colors falling like rainbows from the skies and
filling them with beauty and grace of another life.

Anointed from above and below by God and nature,
nothing being left to chance or destiny.

Sincere purposes being touched upon without any
untoward effects from anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Annoying Nudges

Waking to reveries of silent nothingness, being stilled
with an interest of intense literature being invented
in a moment's notice.
Reverberating against untitled poems, being saturated
with talents of God.
Irately being interrupted, yet incorporating every
nudge of annoyance into another line or poem for reading
in the future.

(9: 45 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Annoying Questions

Irenic emotions flowing like white rapids through me, giving me strength to get through another day.
Following an inner intuition, delving into scattered patterns of life and nature, allowing inspiration to be derived from a deep interior contemplation as I write of it's existence and continue moving forward, not wanting to miss anything.
Being as curious as ever, always trying to answer questions of life that annoy me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anomaly All My Own

Fast-paced and intense, just the way I like to
live my life, never any fear, loving the thrill
and excitement whenever and wherever finding it.

Living fully in every moment, enjoying essences
of everything as it feeds intellect and passion
giving me ideas and thoughts to write about.

Always careful to do things alone that are dang-
erous, not wanting anyone to participate unless
they are of a like mind as my own.

Thoroughly and intensely being enveloped in the
cocoon of adventure and discovery, an anomaly all
my own and loving it creatively.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Addition Soon

Contemplating how much a close-knit family means in
life.
Always there when you need them and vice versa.
Growing larger by the years, closer than ever as we
all blend together.
Soon, another little one will be born, another grand
nephew - number twenty.
Can't wait to see and hold him, a precious addition
to our family soon to be happening.
Our niece will be a great mom, he's a lucky little
boy that's for sure.

(10: 38 a.m. - 11/21/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Afternoon Delight

Soothing thoughts of you darling, touching inner
desires, awakening senses to your proclivities,
wanting to be next to only you at night.

Finding daily chores and tasks standing in the
way, trying to hurry through them to be totally
alone, just you and I.

Loving one another throughout an afternoon delight,
rejoicing, filled with happiness as you fill my
being with your desires and continuing love.

Fireworks shooting throughout our beings, letting
us enjoy thoroughly, every sense that we awaken in
each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Awakening

Looking through the rain drops on window panes of my soul, watching them slowly traipse down the glass and into my heart.

Feeling them drown interior feelings, seeing them bobbing there upon the watering depths of inner sorrow.

Hoping for the incessant silence of my being to bring about the joy of another awakening, coming about within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Beautiful Morning

Nature is so fascinating and beautiful,
watching it as it awakens each morning
to another Arizona sun.

Capturing it's essence isn't always easy
to do, yet doing my best, writing it into
poetry when so inclined to do it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Biker's Bar-B-Que

Pictures of people, sitting and eating,
visiting and listening to music of yore.
Interesting phases of life have gone by
and everyone loves to sit and talk about
them.
Listening intensely to the melodies as I
write of these times for future generations
of bikers.
Hoping that they'll always get together and
pass on our new family traditions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Caring Nurse

Being indebted to a person, caring and honorable, taking
time to help an elderly woman with her wounds and ileostomy.

Doing it on her own time, a beautiful soul that I thank God
for putting in my life.

Such an open, honest person with a heart filled with blue
roses of heaven inside her soul.

Spreading love and compassion to those who need her
expertise and tender care for a little while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Chance

Strumming heartstrings gently, a friend falling into a travesty
of grief, trying to stay afloat.

Reaching out to keep him hoping for another chance at life, even
though now alone and fighting the debilitating emptiness left
over since his wife has passed beyond his life here on earth.

Falling and rising like ocean tides, at times drowning in
unkempt tears, other times holding onto a lifeline thrown out
to him in love and caring.

Desperately wanting to take away his pain, knowing that I can
not, my heart holds the tears being shed silently for him.

A prayer reaching to heaven, hoping it will take hold and save
him from this terrible loneliness he holds onto so tenderly
inside his love for his wife.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Conquest

Growing on streets of reality throughout life, hoping to
make a difference, even if it's only in one person's life.

Searching for answers, knowing they are not yet visible
to the naked eye.

Awaiting a moment of discovery in the blink of the mind,
one day in the future.

Then all will be known, answers given, and there will be new
mysteries to replace them.

Allowing another life-long conquest to begin again on yet
another plain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Country, My India

Tears swelling, rising more with every thought that comes
in silent prayers of wanted love, vibrant sensations touch-
ing heart and soul.

Keeping pace in chords and measures of time, lively and con-
temporary, fading into the distance where tones are ever-
changing.

Colors exploding in words of song, containing rhythms belong-
ing to another country and lying here within my soul, my India
it's called.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Crazy Day

Another crazy day, life is turned upside down,
because of dementia.

It is such a devastating disease, living now
with a stranger that has no recognition of
what he's doing.

Blinded by indecision, frustrated by inadequacy
that he now has to endure.

Feeling sorry does not help, just living with it
is enough to turn life upside down and take away
peace of mind from morning until night.

Becoming worse than before, not even caring or
realizing how he hurts, all because of dementia,
even forgetting that he once loved me and I was
the love of his life not long ago.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Crossroads

Beginning again, finding myself at another crossroads in
this narrow-ended life.

Stepping outwardly into blossoms of an interior garden,
silently beckoning to begin anew with an energy of youth
to complete this journey in senior years.

Mind expanding, opening every avenue in sight, creating
new ones while still in flight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Day

Reaching sideways into the entrance of tomorrow's destiny.

Welcoming portrayals are combining and blending with the pictures rolling into the pictures of eternity.

Rushing to meet another morning, taking each other, turning into every corner of another event, going to happen on some other day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Day In The Desert

Waking to another hot day here in Phoenix, Arizona, an excessive heat wave warning until 7: 00 p.m., it's just another day in the desert.

Used to it after all these years, enjoying it immensely because all the snow birds have left and now we can benefit from lower prices and less congestion on our freeways and roads.

Many have bumper stickers on their cars saying simply, 'Welcome to Arizona, now go home', sentiments of all those who are natives or like me being raised here.

Nothing against them, life is just 100 percent better when they aren't here, we're happier and freer when not having to cater to them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Descriptive Poem

Green grass and rolling hills,
happiness and love among the flowers.
Joy and heaven in one little glance.
Hand in hand, listening to the brook.
So why am I in another place so dank
and smelly?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Desert Plain

Loving rock, rolling with it's basic rhythm on walks
through garden shores on sandy beaches.

Seeing views of waves cresting and shivering over
shells and marine life.

Feeling reverberations shake within as music instigates
a peaceful pleasure, relegating nature to the forefront.

Placing all of ability and treasured rhetoric into every
particle and atom of words.

Defining and proud of their purpose in a system of
literature in future rock and roll.

Waving daintily in showers of musical talent on the way
to death's doors.

As they close behind you for a final look back on life
all is gone and you are on another desert plain and oasis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Dimension

Writing with a freedom seldom felt in this world,
a calming effect, covering my soul as it soothes
my mind and heart.
Heart-warming and felt intensely, realms and
deserts from beyond this tiring world.
Finding flowing rhythms to carry me forward with-
out any hesitation.
So unlike any other feeling on earth, accentuating
sensory perception and advancing onto another
dimension as it unfolds in freedom's skies.

(9: 06 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Ending

Nighttime lightening into dark, bringing dusk's shade
down upon my brow.

Expectantly waiting for something to happen, in silence
I watch the sky for some special event.

Pulling the cord and putting out light of the daytime
sun, leaves me hanging between day and night with no
reasoning of time.

Watching quietly in awe, seeing the ending of another
blessed day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Fragment

Bizarre is life and all it's many facets, turning over and over, upon a shore of glass, being cut, torn and shattered open.

Bleeding out upon the salted waves, flipping over, slipping to their graves.

Openly flaunting passers-by, giving up on them as they walk out into the deeper part, not being able to come back in to shore.

Left with sadness lying in their open hands, turning out to face a sea of sand, sinking slowly out of sight.

Becoming just another fragment left to die in brittle glass displacement, being ever unknown in this world and the next.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Life Moment

Dying inside, wishing things could be so different, so utterly insane, like the emotional turmoil stirring within my heart, making me think in nothing but saddened pictures.
Silent words forming constantly without any foreboding or warning.
Existing only by whims of behavior, out on a limb, trying to hold on, but failing.
Not able to fake living anymore, I let go and become invisible on sands of another life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Loved One's Funeral

Sitting here at gate 104, waiting to depart for Phoenix, Not
having had a minute to myself, while in New Jersey for Uncle
Mike's funeral.

Missing him very much, being here has shown just how much;
always picking up or dropping me off at the airport through
the years.

Visiting us in Arizona with our Aunt Nonnie and Poppy too,
enjoying his company throughout life, memories bringing
tears to my eyes, making my heart heavy with sorrow.

There are no more tomorrows to be with him, only thoughts
and images of the past to hold on to.

Tears filling my eyes as I write, holding on to my heart
as sorrow and grief add their burdens to my bereaved life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Margin Of Reality

Insisting on being heard even though turning away from
them, certain thoughts filled with pain of a lifetime,
continue to slap and maim without ever quitting again.

Steadily standing and moving forward, participating in
the realms of another margin of reality.

Sounding beats of tomorrow's evening songs, as they will
be played by guitars and drums, keeping us stationed in
quiet atmospheres where no other may come.

Sequences are forming inside intellect, increasing thought
and multiplying them in many equations of eternity, moving
rapidly, noting every detail coming quickly into the nature
of my essence.

Qualifying without exception every notion and idea being played
in rhythms before me, singing melodies, as they rapidly rise
and fall inside, catching on to the fabric and texture of
intellect.

Somberly sitting there, watching as everything revolves and
takeing me into other dimensions, being filled with aptitude
and fortitude of an inner strength, now being used to the
utmost and being prepared in amounts of talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Moment Of Life

Striking embers of delight and passion as they fill me effervescently and thoroughly in this pleasant evening.

Total joy importing itself into the passion of another moment of life being lived complacently and placidly in this wonderful and timely thought.

Where possibilities continue to abound, taking intellect along pathways, giving a tremendous among of forgiving traits that serve me well in hardships and difficulties.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Moment Of Life In India

Water in ponds, rivers, rice paddies, sun shining brightly,
reflecting the things growing all around them, leaves waving
in an early morning breeze.

Welcoming my mind into avenues of another day, splendid and
beautiful, filling my spirit with energy of the Divine, heart
filled with joy, intellect imbibed with comforting thoughts

Creativity and imagination leaving frothy ideas along the
way, ready to be mixed into recipes with sweetened and savory
ingredients.

Lush and tantalizing, enticing aromas filling my spirit as
I rise and take hold of yet another moment of life here in
India, seeing it's breath-taking beauty all around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Moment Passing

White sky, clouds lower to the ground, having become dark
with nighttime shadows, sprinkling earth's skyways, look-
ing pretty.

Holding this poetical mind in throes of future endings of
yet another night, vehicles traveling across the road, now
lying in my sight.

Headlights on, shining through the dusk to keep sight of
where they're going, being careful, watching for animals
that may be crossing in front of them.

Earth now quietly silent, spirituality settling upon each
of us while watching daylight disappear in a silent magical
moment, letting go of senses, allowing them to keep flowing.

Finding their places in writing of poetry while feeling
sensations tickling away within depths of my being, living
in the lingerie of poetical musings.

Enjoying what's coming clearly into this poetical mind and
intellect through a darkening sky, saying good night silently
in prayers of another dimension.

Being seen again tomorrow, another moment in time has passed
from life, once again taking loved ones through death's doors,
and leaving us behind to fend for ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Morning

Steady staccato beats striving to ease me into another
morning of pleasurable memories, watching as others
comply to measures of rhythms and tempos through music.

Being tempted with joy to coalesce and be part of the
bigger picture in the scheme of things, playing games
with notes and tempos throughout each song.

Lively and enticing, pulling everyone into moments of
happiness, awakening our senses and taking us into the
pleasure centers of our brains where we enjoy every
moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Nature

Water gently flowing down myriads of canals
throughout the city.

Riding alongside of streets, reminding every-
one there is another nature.

Flowers sending their rainbow of colors out
to meet our eyes.

Tantalizing with hopes of peaceful relaxation
when our day is over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Part Of Nature

Captivating responses from nature shine through clouds
above, showing divine powers of God.

Loveliness spreading throughout our earthly lifetimes,
giving an essence of another part of nature a chance
to show mankind the way to a better life in another
time and atmosphere.

Wishing upon promises being cast from heaven, hoping
and praying that they will be answered quietly and
sincerely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Phoenix Blemish

An ugly orange looking brick facing sits across an equally
ugly city hall building.

Weld burns standing out like mold on day's old bread.

A strange thin tower with a pole above it, carries a small
red light of warning to planes flying overhead.

Several men working atop the roof, moving around, but
appear to be doing nothing of importance, because whatever
it is - they're doing it slowly.

Another blight and blemish on our once beautiful desert city.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Plain

Beauty descending upon me through musical sonatas
and etudes, marrying life to a heavenly melody
forever.

Resting easily against obstructions and pillars
of stone, knowing in our hearts all suffering will
be gone as we move on to another plain of God's.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Plain Of Literature

Life is at a standstill, deficient, unable to handle daily
routines with any energy whatsoever, racking emotions with
heart-rending dissatisfaction.

Causing spiritual draining of my being, unescorted, afraid,
yet looking for solitary openings to become myself without
the horrendous pain.

Sanctioning undeveloped patterns, watching them wander aim-
lessly until picking them up, placing their forms within
imagination's storehouse to be used on some other plain of
literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Plain Overlooking Life

Our needs and wants drizzle through music, lying about in our minds, causing no worries or cares, because musical rhymes have taken us to another plain, overlooking our lives.

Relaxing, enjoying our immense treasure trove of notes and images in our subconscious selves, relying on talented musicians to entertain our souls, transforming our beings into spirit-filled sonatas and etudes in a land off the horizon of our daily lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Poem Of Understanding

Solaced beyond comprehension, relaxing in an ocean
of calm peaceful rhetoric.

Focusing onto blank screens, waiting to hear words
being spoken to inner rhythms, to be translated in
yet another poem of understanding.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Possibility

Wailing, thinking of a long lost love that left me long ago, tripping down pathways of yesterday, hopelessly looking for a way back.

Finding no reprieve or sign to follow, empty and bereft, wishing things had worked out differently, knowing the reality that we were never meant for each other.

Loss is a crazy thing, leaving one in a solitary confinement, either for a period of time or an eternity, looking, searching for an exit that may never be found.

Another possibility being, that maybe another love will find and fulfill my spirit once more before the ending of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Purpose

Strange and eerie melodies playing thoroughly in the midst of evening.

Softly taking strides into another purpose of life, watching every stairwell as I quietly climb into another place of time.

Only being a particle placed in a puzzle, to be left broken apart, scattered all across the floor of my mind, one day to be found in the annals of time magazine.

Reveling in what it thinks it has become, only to be undone in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Reflective Thought

Clouds hanging from the sky,
dried and cracked, clinging
gingerly to one another
through the arid heat of a
western Arizona desert.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Route

Writing, forging into intellect, rhythms soaring in my mind, leaving the world behind, looking to destiny for another route out of the ordinary.

Finding expressions spreading their wings of thought, landing in intellect where they are being extended and used creatively as I write this poem.

An exclusive and private meeting of mind and intellect being measured through rhythms of time, imagination now blending with tempos.

Creating a wonder that's growing through inner curiosity, placid, comfortable, allowing serenity to join my soul interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Span

Moving forward into another span of an inner dimension,
capturing imagination and fulfilling the energy of life
that so suitably keeps filling this being.

Accepting the beauty, ingenuity and significance of this
life itself, bringing joy into the vast expanse of living
life on it's own merit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Sunset

Saving ethics of medicine as people all around die in their sleep.
Otherwise healthy people find themselves on shores of another
sunset far away from life's beginnings.
Relaxing and realizing the surface of truth as it exists under
canopies of shade.
Hiding under darkened corners, wanting to talk, but don't know how
to begin.
Stranded on an empty island, alone, left there by a best friend,
no longer wanting anything to do with me.
Why I don't know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Surgery

Just hours until surgery is to be performed.
Listening to music and writing, trying to
feel normal.
Living in denizens of sorrow at having to go
through another surgery and being stuck in
the hospital.

(8/30/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Thought

As birds fly easily into a tree,
insects make a bee line out of it,
not wanting to be prey for dinner.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Time

Thinking of another, liking how the essence of his being
touches mine, taking me to outer edges of another time in
the future.

Swelling with tides of effervescent love, sending me down
pathways of a sincere totality, giving off fragrances of
an intense romance.

Showing the way true love takes over your being and places
you into heights of heaven, filling one with the blessings
of an unconditional love and a passion for another human
being, filled with a complete compassion and kindred soul.

Always being there and unfolding self to care about who I
am and how I am doing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Time Tomorrow

Tripping into melodies, swaying to their rhythms,
finding images facing into twilight with aspirations
in their hearts.

Lifting minds into the atmosphere of another tomorrow,
folding and unfurling periods of imagination into an
unadjustable meeting of interior ideas.

Allocating meanings to adjacent tomorrows, finding
angles of juxtaposition appearing on edges of a new
horizon.

Beckoning life to go astray, finding new methods of
dealing with the death of many a thing throughout time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Tomorrow

Going into depths beneath waterfalls and capturing the essence
of newly formed and original creatures of habit.

Knowing that all expanses are being opened further and tested infinitesimally
throughout this brain and it's intellect.

Instantly deciding if something will really work or should it
be discarded and never bothered with again.

Disappearing into distant clouds as they flow towards another tomorrow, never
looking back only forward.

Without any second glances, knowing that most ideas will advance
into the next generation without any problems, instant messages
being decoded with every sentence in poetry.

Existence of another life lies hidden until written out in
poetry for insights to be brought before us in visions this very
night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Universe

Not wanting to stop, just erase what I'm going through.

Taking time, dawdling in the exterior parts of life's
memories of the future.

Seeing not much promise medically, yet life of poetry
is soaring unhesitantly into the galaxies of another
universe.

Exciting patterns are escaping through a black hole,
heading straight for intellect, nothing like it ever
happening before.

Suddenly slowing down, showing all the details of what
is to be known in future visions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Vision

Peering through the trees,
tiny acorns dot the skyline.

Fragily blotting out the clouds,
playing connect the dots with them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Volunteer, Dr. B

Slow, methodical, awaiting telling of a great many details,
putting together a medical history from the beginning, so
pain can be alleviated.

Taking the time to listen and write down every medical clue
in order, looking for a pattern or an idea to go on.

Attempting to focus through a confusional haze, too many
threads warranting attention, which direction to take?

Samples and blood tests, urinalysis too, so many results in
progress, what will the prognosis be? Will it be curable?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another Way Of Thinking

Switching thoughts around, finding new strength
in their hope, being excited to find another way
of thinking.

Always having gone to the essence of a question,
taking it apart and finding new questions, now
going to the extreme.

Finding that very last particle and asking the
questions in depth, yet, seeing that the final
particle can continue into infinity.

Always finding more questions to find answers to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another World

Stepping staccatoly and steadily, giving me a tempo to set myself in
and attain the beauty of a melody drumming inside of me.
Cooperating with me totally, I enter domains of another world filled
with poetical muses touching the essence of my being, giving me the
words to speak my mind in total silence, yet letting everyone hear
me through each and every poem taking over my mind and soul.
Heart-felt beauty sending me to heavenly edges on my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another World Hiding Inside

Traipsing down roadways, tapping out rhythms in times of musical domain.
Creating new versions of tonal qualities, composing extra beautiful compositions, sonnets, sonatas and epistles of historical rhythms.
Going too soon, into depths of sorrow's belongings, putting together pictures of another world, hiding inside the abandonment of life and it's heritage.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another World Interiorly

Spreading rhythms across this mind, filling pages with
musical interludes, writing poetry to each and every
one of them.

Mathematical sequences portraying imagery within in-
tellect, taking me into infinite atmospheres where
only life and God exist.

Finding both the beauty and moments of an inner dim-
ension filled with the wonder and awe of another world
through imagination.

Carefully and intuitively focusing on photographic
screens were poetry comes into being, never leaving
anything to chance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another World Within

Not being able to reach out a window to touch a bush being blown about in the evening wind, unless using intellect and sight to reach beyond the boundary of the wind, touching the bush with my soul.

Feeling it sensuously touch me interiorly, coming alive and finding my spirit being vibrantly made to respond with an extraordinary sensing of it's total essence.

Being focused and alert to all outer aspects right before me, entering into depths of another world hiding within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another's Gentle Whisper

Secretly holding on to a beautiful feeling of unconditional
love that has everlastingly come into my being.

Holding onto the faith and trust of another human being for
the first time ever.

Senses being touched and awakened with a gentle whisper
from another saying, I love and adore you, letting me
blossom and come alive for the first time in many years.

Living in gardens of this new environment here on earth,
opening up my heart and enlivening my inner spirit.

With an exacting feeling of belief once again in the
possibility of being alive and knowing it will be an
experience of wonderful beauty.

Letting myself be lead into a new realm, not wanting to
leave myself behind, yet knowing that I will be much
happier in the long run.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Another's Smile

Wandering through mosaics of life,
being energized by their rhythms
and tones.

Watching others walk by, not even
acknowledging another's smile.

What does it cost to enlighten a
person with one of your smiles?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Answering A Question

Hoping to find answers to questions generated from an
interior curiosity, wondering about things that most
people never even notice.

Details beyond their scope of intellect, following the
lead of a scientist, asking a question and wanting to
know where children, young ones, get so much energy
even when hardly eating or sleeping much.

There must be a reason beyond us in the realms of science,
hoping to be a part of this scientist's concentration on
answering this particular question.

To me it seems there is something in their brains that
stores whatever is eaten, the nutrition, and it's mixed
with a chemical reaction within their brains, wanting to
find out the answer.

Following this line of reasoning, investigating, experi-
menting, discovering the truth in the end, constantly
thinking and wondering through curiosity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Answering His Call

Tuning my mind with innate musical rhythms bestowed by God,
Himself, when I was conceived and born.
Setting my brain with a myriad of intellectual desires,
coinciding with music and it's gentle touch on poetry.
Talking from a heart belonging to God, answering His call
from my lowly earthly position.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Answers Curiosity Allows

Forging into the future, seeing into an atmosphere light years ahead of time, placing self in the center of it's mathematical sequences.

Taking circuitous routes throughout life, yet coming to the same conclusions as when thinking was started, finding fault with the process.

Changing creatively into imagination where concepts are completing lines of rhythms being coded in many varieties effortlessly from an inner waterfall.

Seeking answers that curiosity allows to fall from doubts and questions that pile themselves deeply into ravines and canyons rippling within my being.

Nothing coming to the forefront unless intellect elicits the help of imagination where a creative process sets itself in place.

Seeing melodies playing chords and sounds in the beauty of my soul forevermore throughout the existent years yet to come about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Answers Needed

Having no place to go when alone, forsaken and abandoned
except within self.

There are all the answers needed, just waiting for each
individual's self-examination and discovery.

Touching upon the senses of our feelings and emotions,
taking into consideration, conclusions throughout life.

Taking chances out of the blue, having faith, knowing
that God is leading us in this particular direction.

Never veering from the point of no return, living on the
edge with faith touching inner spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Answers Of Life Puzzles

Stepping up stairways into alcoves of somewhere beyond,
lifting our minds into aspects of other dimensions.

Taking apart minute particles of curiosity, allowing
them the freedom to roam and accumulate whatever
knowledge and wisdom they can satisfy themselves with.

Sensational items of discovery form within their
circumferences, being shaped by innate intuition and
spread across intellect.

Surprising even the furthest and remotest aspects of
interior desires of wanting to be heard and taken into
solutions filled with the answers of life's puzzles.

Being put together amidst the beautiful ideas left behind
in mirrors of crystal to be placed in future thoughts of
literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Answers Of Possibility

Tripping along pathways alone, looking to nature for
answers of possibility in life.

A vast wide open space filled with a mystical spirit-
uality permeating the very within of being.

Sensing feelings and seeing emotions now rising like
dough, touching this mind with wonder.

Thinking about how things come about and how they are
able to affect and or touch us in so many ways.

Accepting it all as we wend our way, yet never stop-
ping to question details that are made known constantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anticipated Achievement

Awakening thoughts crowding around intellect, wanting
to be the first to be heard, clamoring for attention
in a poem.

Standing together, looking at each other, wondering
who will find their way into one before the others.

This poet enjoying seeing an anticipated achievement,
letting rhythm and music decide which ones will fall
into the lines of a poem, delving into the meaning of
life.

Never even parking alongside avenues of this mind,
just pulling into the space delegated by intellect and
it's forte.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anticipating Ideas

Listening to music rock into depths of my mind,
awakening it's thoughts, creating from pure
intellect.

Knowing the insight of wisdom as it all comes
together in effervescent limelight, discovering
an interior solemnness as it forges a pathway
lightly into memories.

Delightful, anticipating ideas that are churning
already within this mind, loving how it happens,
letting it fill me with happiness and joy on an
everlasting basis.

A simple and pure joy of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anticipating India

Thrilled to be going to India, cannot wait to get there
and see it first hand myself.

Looking forward to seeing historical sites, being immersed
in Indian culture for thirty days is going to be and excit-
ing learning experience.

Discovering, exploring everything, satisfying my appetite
of curiosity somewhat is going to be great.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anticipating Meeting Bruce Jenner

Waiting expectantly to meet Bruce Jenner on the
seventh of December.
Not knowing what will transpire, just thinking
of things to possibly say.
Wondering how I got the invitation, just happy
that I did, can't wait to meet him.

(11: 02 a.m. - 11/27/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anticipating Midnight

Evening breaks upon earth, filled with splendor,
stars brightly shining in an ebony sky.

Nature quietly watching from habitats upon earth,
reaching and rising for the horizon.

Looking for the rays of sunshine that will soon
be enfolding earth.

A lasting peacefulness enveloping this evening,
things having quieted down.

Now just anticipating the silence of midnight that
is coming soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anticipating The Future

Calculating, figuring, trying to anticipate what the future may bring.

Making plans, filling agendas with things that aren't really important to what will actually happen.

When we continue living and existing on earth, we are relinquishing ourselves from the inevitability of life.

Being led only by our destinies, choices never really mattering in the end, except those of choosing good or evil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anticipating Thoughts

Creeping along, bringing an energy to everything I do
when writing.

Stopping for no one, living and breathing words every
second, listening to rhythms of my own creation.

Blissfully anticipating thoughts coming to the surface
of my mind, rearranging neurons and synapses within my
brain, taking strides in all directions of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anticipation

Tickling my mind with rhythms of freedom, saturating an interior life with a benign focus.
Relating strains of music to poetical forms, waiting in the wings for a practical use of them all.
Lifting me above the noise of earthly riots - taking me soaring over the clouds, streaming by me in anticipation of another life.
Taking me by the heart to another land beyond my life here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Antidote To Savor

Life lights of reality shine brightly upon this mind,
always illuminating pathways to enlightenment.

Capsules of sorrow being swallowed every day, like
an antidote to savor in the quiet turmoil that is
eternally mine to endure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Antique Forgiveness

Livid lines of experience corner me at every turn, expecting wonderful oracles to develop and expand concentration into realms of extra-sensory dimensions - exceptional byways of interaction.
Many causes of boredom melt away as music plays my mind and takes me on journeys.
Telling tales of beautiful, tactful adages of interior thoughtful memories set in stones of antique forgiveness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Antique Memories

Lights of a Christmas tree reflecting from a window,
greeting me with it's bright starry eyes.
Reminding memories to come forth and be seen again in
aging eyes and heart.
Watching them with tears, yet smiling from my heart
with their images touching mine of today.
Collecting memories through the years, now antique,
yet still filled with the joy and happiness of
younger days spent with family.

(10: 42 a.m. - 12/22/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Antique Remedies

Crossing lines, creating bridges, climbing into canyons, always looking, searching for antique remedies to life's ills.
Never finding choices, only theories, as I walk ever onward into another dimension far from anyone else.
Nothing matters except what I find in darkened corners of my mind.
Selecting only images that strike my mind with a force of desires held too long interiorly.
A lifetime secluded, hidden in many words of verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Antique Sorrow

Tranquilly beset by antique proverbs inadvertently mixed
and mesmerized with age.
Hollowly filled with anguish during trying times of death.
Bent with sorrow, creeping slowly, overtaking the rest of
life.
Carefully worn antecedents gather close together, retracing
history of the past, sighing loudly at inopportune moments
filling the air with echoes of lost cries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Antique Ways

Resorting to antique ways of old,
Restoring even myself so I may be used for the rest of my life.
Living on cushions of extra-sensory provisions, leaving nothing
Behind in drawers of misspent youth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ants

Ants walking on rock-hardened ground, the sun burning their
string-like feet with it's heat.

Walking everywhere, you'd think they were the only creatures
on earth left to habitate here.

Until a black shadow comes, hesitates in the air for a fraction
of a second, then crashes down upon the ant's back, and it
is no more upon this earth, for humans live here too!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Anxious Bouquets

Settling in periods of lengthy domains during this life, soothing and treating everything in delicate blossoms of desire.

Creating and forming anxious bouquets of another place in time, scattering across the surface of earth, wind blowing and never ceasing it's teasing.

Laughter sounding as it takes anything not tied down, flying into the sky, wandering and scantily testing the waters, being rippled in ponds.

Lying adjacent to mountains, lazily finding moments to hide behind cacti, palo verde and mesquite trees, their beauty being touched by nature's essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Apart From Life

Slowly, apart from life we drift into a new world.
Strangely groping for places unknown, trying to remember those forgotten.
Lulled by the monotone of traffic, angry at the bark of a dog.
The wind whistled through my hair one day and left me standing there alone;
stars in the sky winked down, and all eyes were heavy with fatigue.
From somewhere down the lane a cat meowed and slunk into the earth,
camouflaged by night.
Sitting, listening, the world came into view and people walked forward, only to
fall into a nightmare of pasts.
The parade of society fell into place, and yet was not watched by one.
I wanted no part of it, mine was gone, left ages ago in an abandoned mansion,
where all things are old.
Slowly apart from life we drift into a new world.
Strangely groping for places unknown, trying to remember those forgotten.
And the beauty comes, and the sun rises.
It's another day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Apart From The World

Standing apart from the world, unaware of the reason why.
Writing and contemplating other dimensions set away in corners of subconscious reality and imagination.
Concerned with life outside of human realms and understanding, perturbed at times by the lack of friends and companionship.
Resting quietly in a desert of my own, staying far from contact with the world.
Away from me it cannot do any harm or injury.
There is no betrayal or abandonment, because I am always with myself.
Trusting in not a single soul on earth, I face reality with much more objectivity than most.
Knowing the infamous sorrow of familiarity, constantly backing away from it so I may live another day without being submerged in sorrow of another's making.
Solemnly partaking of a solitary existence, riding always on waves of remorse, being shuffled constantly - and tossed - into a watery grave existing no longer on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aphid - Like Life

Aphid-like, sorting out which way to go, taking off
on wings of freedom, nothing standing in the way.
To live life this way would be a glorious situation,
one which is simple and didactic, worthy of interior
praise.
Although, maybe stressful staying aloft for periods
of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Apparent Delight

Soothing platitudes are being realized and satisfied
within, giving me a sense of solitude.

Filling all parts of this being, spreading a peaceful
countenance throughout me.

Watching it control and envelope every particle,
finding myself in an atmosphere of apparent delight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Apparent Loss

Recognizing patterns of lonely sorrow, as they travel through
this heart and brain, identifying themselves purposely on
their way through.

Surfing away on waves of emptiness, being taken out to sea time
and again, never finding a way to stay out of it's clutches for
good in this life.

Always wondering, awe-struck, how intense feelings become when
loss is apparent or staring me in the face once again.

Knowing the excessive turmoil that will always accompany each
incident, never able to prepare for it - being thrown beneath
the stormy ocean's undertow, unable to get a hold for a long,
long while.

Insinuating self time and again, trying to grasp shores of a
lifetime, attempting to save this entirely mortal life of
being.

Wondering at the ability of it to take me each and every
time into a land of such dismal hopelessness and untold grief.

Being piled under heavy tears, drowning forever in depths of
untoward mysterious heartaches throughout life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Apparent Stress

Rushing down I-17 into Phoenix, stress becomes apparent on this crowded thruway.
Left behind is a peaceful magic of an empty, deserted desert.
Ahead, Phoenix beckons with distraught disguises, hidden in smog -
filled with rages and brutality.
All ingredients of a corrupt city on the edge of extinction.
Soon will be gone our easy, laid-back, western environment,
if left in the hands of Phoenix government and City Council.
How do they feel, I wonder, knowing they've ruined our once beautiful natural desert capital of Arizona.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Apparition Of Freedom

Stranded in a fantasy of beauty, yet finding nothing of interest
is hidden there, leaving this heart in an empty loneliness where
there's nothing to grasp onto.

Mind being bereft and losing control of things in the past, want-
ing to move into the essence of another dimension where life can
open up, a total and complete apparition of freedom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appealing To Inner Senses

Remembering growing up in New Jersey, seeing pussy willows
scatteringly across the wide expanse above.

Relaxing, enjoying feelings of dampness, stirring in the
atmosphere all around earth.

Sensing the coolness of this morning, touching skin gently,
cuddling closer to interior warmth of inner spirits.

While writing of what this day is holding in peaceful integrity
of a soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appearance Of Bruce Jenner

In a Scottsdale Hotel, sitting in the lobby bar,
awaiting the appearance of Bruce Jenner.
Fire roaring in a fireplace beneath Christmas
garland and bundled balls.
Bows, whitely spaced atop the garland.
A desert painting set over the mantel, depicting
the beauty of an Arizona desert.
Serene atmosphere settling me into a peaceful
calm, setting the stage for this morning to meet
and listen to Bruce Jenner.
A world-class gentleman - or so I've been told.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appearing And Bringing About Thoughts

Recognizing a past childhood in memories being relived
through photographic memories, appearances bringing about
thoughts that were once exuberant and innocent.

Continuing pleasurable moments throughout the years in
an inner mind, filled with all of those past times while
living through life, moving forward, growing older
with each and every moment stepped into.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appearing Colorfully

Traveling through America in my mind,
loving the experiences, living them
over and over from the past.

Watching scenery fly by, serene, touch-
ing intellect, puling it into the fray,
wanting it to write poetically of every-
thing I'm seeing.

Relying on an inner photographic screen,
showing every detail as it appears color-
fully within, arranging it all in many
bouquets of blossoming poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appearing In Poetical Writing

Reuniting with past people who have died and gone to heaven,
finding them at times appearing in poetical writing, bring-
ing tears to my eyes.

Heart silently breaking with their beautiful memories gently
prodding feelings and emotions to be awakened to their still
yet existence within my mind.

Seeing their videos on photographic screens interiorly, see-
ing their lives in full color, wanting to reach out and touch
them once again, but that still remains an impossibility.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appeasing Another

Whispers of silence intimating surrender to another's
opinions and orders is a giving up of self, in order
to appease another.

Standing up for oneself is seen as rebellion and anta-
gonistic, when it's only asserting what you want or think,
not always understanding this way of thinking, some people
end up abusing a person who's acting in this way.

Touching upon this in a conversation later on doesn't
always make things peaceful, feelings are hurt, one is
angered and resentful for the way things have turned out.

Yet, if a person hadn't tried bossing and ordering the
another around, things may have turned out differently
altogether.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appetite For Another World

Lonely interpretations set up
in familiar designs of intellect,
continually pursue their sorrow
with appetites of another world.

So taken in my rejection and blame,
giving in to solemn mistakes and
falling away from living beings,
afraid to ever join in again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appetite Of Inquistiveness

Reality stirring ever so gently alongside imagination,
wanting to be blended and combined together with many
colors of nature.

Picturing wonder through an insatiable appetite of in-
quisitiveness that can never be satisfied, pouring a
cool waterfall over my mind.

Tasting meanings and definitions instantaneously within,
never losing sight of where I'm at in any given moment,
just loving the ecstasy of rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appetites For Fame And Power

Appetites for fame and power fill our corrupt politicians
far too often while they fail to represent us at all, just
filling their own agendas with lies and illusions.

Using theft and bribery, forgetting all of us who have
elected them to the offices they now hold, taking from us
our living and hard earned money.

Collectively, we are now gathering together, united against
them one and all, taking a stand in November's election,
voting all incumbent's out.

Putting those who will represent us in office, voting for
term limits, those we will elect, putting them into effect,
causing an end to pay raises and perks for politicians.

All across the board, making our government, city, state
and federal beholding to We the People, citizens of the
United States of America, just like our forefathers did.

Taking away the power and corruption that have ruled us
far too long, believing in the unity of all people through
equality and tolerance for everyone in the U.S.A. and world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Applauding Poets

Some poets will speak loudly, heartily, cavorting
back and forth in front of an audience.

Others, quiet, somewhat shy and unpretentious,
some nervous poets shake and jitter, mouths all dry.

Poets can prattle and carry on conversations, all of
them partaking in uplifting prose and being applauded.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Applauding Wisdom

Listening to sounds of isoteric altitude, watching the
silence of existence inhale and exhale life to an in-
finite degree.

Applauding wisdom of human nature as it manufactures and
creates itself throughout daily tasks, modifying circum-
ferences with elasticity and tension.

Causing volumes of eruption to spill out onto concrete
brain waves, fulfilling adaptations of natural and innate
desire as easily as picking a rose from it's place in the
garden.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Applying Musical Compositions

Switching positions, falling deeply into calculations of mathematical formulas, curiosity wondering how they can be made and measured to fit aged molds of yesterday.
So far, not being able to be forced into equations of old, wanting to be recognized for their abilities to take physics into quantum mathematics and labyrinths of calculus.
As it comes around, it settles into a dissection of tomorrow's finest dimension, giving a whole new aspect to algebraic formulas.
Singing new theories in succession as they appear in formations of difficult problems taken from a dimension of relativity, as they once related to the reality of basic math and now include the application of musical compositions.
Appearing to contain all proven theories for tomorrow's future generations of intellectual wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Applying Rhythms

Jumping into conclusions of life, squirreling around for
tidbits of knowledge, hoping to find novel formulas for
many subjects in life.

Concise products of mathematical concepts falling into
line with rhythms being listened to, applying them
to coded messages, founding new thoughts outside the
box.

Conjoining, congregating together, all types of interesting
thoughts as they flow from imagination and intellect.

Following only the guidelines set forth by wisdom of my
soul, set in spirituality and subconscious beginnings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appreciating A Friend

Showing the enticement of all of life's entities through
a gentleman who's a friend of ours.

A wonderful caring, compassionate man, always thinking
of others and leaving himself behind.

Full of the grace of God, he walks full of confidence and
peace through this land of earthly existence.

Taking his place in life with an overwhelming pleasure,
taking things as they come and continually moving forward
into the purpose of it here on earth.

Enjoying his wit, gentle smile and caring soul, so glad
he's a friend of mine, writing all about it here in this
little poem that I will be giving him to show how much
he's appreciated in my little poetical life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appreciating Clarity

Noticing for the first time today, how clear and
focused I am since the new I.V. given to me
yesterday.
A clarity, bright and keen, sharper than it has
been for a while - since all my surgeries.
It's a pleasant surprise and I'm enjoying it
immensely as I look around and see many more
details in my surrounding environment.
Appreciating this clarity, I sit and write more
in depth than before, listening closely to interior
whispers giving me direction and advice that I
couldn't always hear before this.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appreciating Cultures

Introducing bountiful measures of life in America and
India.

Beautiful pictures coming to mind of excellent times
spent in vast lands and fields of America and India.

A very important comparison of them both, taking place
through a transportation of minds in measures of musical
compositions.

Taking me away in folds of a violin, insuring memories
of both will last a lifetime in everyone's minds.

Tempting and teasing intellect to walk into meadows
filled with butterflies and more of the instances of
life in rural India.

Cautious and enticing, taking steps to come alive in
precious moments of each country with an elevated hope
that will bring us closer together.

Appreciating one another's cultures more openly and
abundantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appreciating Endowments

Climbing into canyons of interior thought, looking around
at it's scenic views surrounding me.

Echoes of yesterday, reverberating throughout this morning
hour, giving food for this brain, stretching intellect,
being creative and loving the feelings it gives.

Sliding along pathways, looking at everything, taking in
every detail along the way, preferring the beauty of nature
in all of it's glory.

Never wanting these eyes to stray from it's awesome and
tantalizing allurement to this mind, finding many moments
of enjoyment amongst the many poems that are being written
daily, confiscating tendrils of essence that nature allows
to be picked and placed in every poem.

Appreciating endowments given constantly and incessantly,
allowing intellect and imagination to portray the environ-
ment and atmosphere of this earth's splendid beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appreciating Every Moment

Realizing things in life are temporary, thanking God for
arranging it so, being grateful for him to not let us
suffer for an eternity.

Appreciating every moment of joy and happiness, accepting
sacrifices, turmoil, death, loneliness and abandonment
for what they are and teach to us throughout our lives.

Giving humanity lessons needed to get to heaven when we
step into the light on our next horizon, filled with the
mercy and love of God, Himself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appreciating Feelings

Passing by, watching as this life continues to move on,
experiencing situations fully, not always appreciating
the feelings that accompany them.

Putting up with them, because there's no way to avoid
feelings, following possibilities into the future, hop-
ing to find something better.

More enlightening up ahead and around the corner, destiny
awaiting our presence no matter what happens in our lives,
just being there a part of our beings future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appreciating God

Shades of darkness descend upon this mind, hiding the
sorrow and grief as it is being felt intently within
my soul.

Spirit at times withering, yet never dying, blossoms
closing, trying to protect this heart and mind from
the pain and suffering, hurting me within.

Appreciating the caring and compassion of a power
higher than myself, knowing through intellect that
it is God, touching my soul.

Helping me get through a life of misery and prolonged
abandonment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appreciating Life

Treasuring life in all it's glory, seeing it being appreciated in complete abandonment by children, loving and enjoying every moment totally and fully.

Music adding to all the excitement and thrills, giving extra amounts of joy and happiness to each day.

Fulfilling the beauty and enticement of this earthly life while we're here to live it with everything we have in us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appreciating Love

Family and friends all loving and caring, worried and wanting to be here, appreciating them explicitly, knowing they would help if able to.

Some are so far away, living in India, that it makes it impossible, yet I thank them and am grateful for their thoughts which mean a great deal through it all.

Just BEing here for me means so much, giving hope to my waning being, so good to know they all are loving and praying for me through it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appreciating Mother Nature

Flowers nodding their blossom heads in acquiescence, being here with them, writing, praising and placing them in bouquets of flowering poems to show to the world and it's people.

Breezes gusting and whispering, letting us know that Mother Nature appreciates it very much as she cools us down in this hot afternoon sun.

Giving all beauty in one little section of a healing garden, helping to focus beyond what it is I am feeling and going through.

In this whitened sense of a hot afternoon sun, traipsing after me as I walk through the garden, appreciating the fact that it is here to explore and write into.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appreciating Poems

Stillness abiding within me, standing on street corners,
awaiting the appearance of others, watching people as
they go about their business.

Writing it all into poetry so they can read of themselves
in a poem, being fascinated at the speed in which I write,
wondering how in the world I manage to do it.

Appreciating the poems about themselves, feeling honored
to have been written about by this mere poet, never miss-
ing a step in rhythms.

Continuing on the way while listening to the balance of
rhythms as they play and cavort about this mind and imag-
ination constantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appreciating The Boss

As bosses go you are first rate, appreciated
for your laid-back western style, and hiding
behind closed doors, doing all sorts of things
to keep you busy.

Votes of confidence come from all employees,
you can count on us to go the extra mile as
long as there are gala events and plenty of
parties!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appreciation

Posting images on inner screens.
Watching them play out in poetry,
brings an appreciation for the
gifts God has given to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appreciation Of Dentists

There are a few dentists in the valley with compassion and caring, a part of their make-up.

Giving up Sunday to do free dental work in a study group led by well-known instructors in the dental field.

This short poem is just to say how appreciated they are by this poet.

Many thanks for a job that took a lot of painstakingly, difficult hours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Apprehensive Consideration

Jumping to rhythms, swinging into the atmosphere, completing pictures of nature as it blossoms and blooms into visions of expletive assertions.

Given tabulations, examining formulas, and sending them into spasms of bewilderment.

Justice doing them good as rotations compete for first places in lines of poetry.

Selections are given apprehensive consideration, but always taken seriously to the end of the basic theme.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Approaches Of Writing

Scouring thoughts, looking for ideas to be brought forth
and recognized in different elements of surprise.
As I cognitively grasp abstractions from other domains,
just to see what'll happen in novel approaches of writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Approaching Evening

Evening approaching, people on their way home, having dinner, tired from a day of work, looking forward to spending time with their families.

Playing, watching T.V. and just being together, one happy family, hearts of love helping, caring for one another, all going to sleep after the sun goes down in the west.

Sunset politely saying good night as it spreads beautiful colors of red, orange and yellow across the sky, painting a heavenly portrait leading to pathways towards God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Approaching Signs

Soaring above in skies of blue, looking down, watching life continue beyond
mortal sunsets, taking in every movement and holding them close.
Intensely touching interior motives, giving them insights of fate.
Holding onto visible responses as they soar above in eyes of blue, touching
infinite sparks, igniting them without fear or apprehension.
Signaling the approaching signs of inner storms on the horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Appropriate Avenues

Recreating life through your mind allays fear of
future destinies as you progress creatively into
other hemispheres, taking moments of joy always
with you.
Nature hovers closely, breathing in fragrances of
life-giving essences belonging to forests of
emergence.
Silencing antagonistic voices of recrimination, a
peace descends upon consciousness, giving beings
appropriate avenues of life in moments of truth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Approving Sensually

Hiding in passages, hidden in shadows of evening, sitting
back and watching with great interest at what is being
produced and created through intellect's imagination.

Approving sensually of everything that it's making my heart
feel, blooming effervescently and beautifully into gardens
of paradise imaginatively.

Combining significant images together with tones and tempos,
finding beauty forever in their visions as they saunter in
shadows of evening until dawn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

April Shower

A man walking. A woman talking.
A child playing. A dog barking.
Birds singing. Bells ringing.
Dawn breaking. Daylight shaping.
Wind blowing. Trees bending.
Sunlight filtering. Clouds forming.
Skies darkening. Loud thundering.
Lightening striking. Rain splashing.
It's an April shower on a Sunday morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aptitude Of Dreams

Howling of lonely coyotes sitting safely in my mind,
baying at the moon during midnight hours.
Configuring the aptitude of dreams being dreamt,
listening to the lonely calls of wolves addes to
the sounds of coyotes.
Secure in the soul of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aptitude Of Intensity

Tasting wines of hidden ideas as they ferment in back
closets of my mind.

Sensing an aptitude of intensity creeping upon me,
spreading like wild fire into all categories of
subconsciousness.

Living on edges of perforated nature, building
blocs of spaciousness within, housing literary tomes
in imaginational mountainous plains.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arabic Music

Listening to Arabic music, using particles of imagination
seldom used.
Watching images dancing, beckoning me into their circles
of flame.
Bursting with colorful sounds, exploding into my mind,
flying about like butterflies through nature's abode.
Fluttering in sandy breezes, awakening desires of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arbor Day

For every tree that's planted a forest begins to sprout
in minds of those planting them.

Imagining the beauty of nature being wafted in a breeze,
tantalizing minds of poets everywhere.

Writing poems of praise to trees that give us shade and
a comforting feeling when walking beneath them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arcane Individuals

A soul floating on prayer, intertwined with a love of
God, becalms unreasonable tidings of misguided, judge-
mental people.

Riding on coattails of flimsy reasoning, there are
those who insist on making arcane rules and ridiculous
ordinances, causing stress and a development of anger
rising normally from it.

Whomever is behind these unconstitutional forfeits
needs to be dealt with.

The U.S.A. is a land of freedom not to be fenced in by selfish, self-seeking
individuals with agendas in hand.

As they hold out their hands for money to fill them,
they're all based on erroneous designs of a few.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Archaic Mind-Sets

Reading scripts throughout ages of eternity,
realizing they are repeated over and over
with minute thoughts.
Likely aspects contribute levels of archaic
mind-sets over centuries of dedication.
Knowledge sets itself on shelves, in nooks
and crannies, awaiting it's discovery on
cold, wet nights.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Archives Of Loneliness

Changing attitudes during dreams,
fulfill wishes and desires when awakened.

Pleasant videos start and play continually,
day and night, without delaying the inevitable
music coming into the light.

Striving for an energy, hoping to step out in
the limelight of tomorrow.

Portraying immensely beautiful poems set in
inner pictures of reality, causing tears to
move into every frame, solidifying the feelings
of loneliness in archives of this life, wavering
daily in uneven strides.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ardent Feelings Of Love

Feelings of love touching me interiorly, smiling when thinking of you my darling, knowing that I'm safely tucked away in your loving heart.

Always feeling loved and protected whether we're together of apart, passion never dying, as desires ignite it altogether every moment of our lives.

You're my one and only, you are attuned quietly and silently to my being forever, always being and touching one another's hearts and souls.

Our minds as one in love, every time we're together making love we get even closer than ever before, wonder and awe at how it's done, always entering our minds, yet we take it all in stride, just enjoying every moment we spend together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Area Of Turmoil

Repertoires of past memories are opening and stepping into
the light, happy to be seen and remembered once again.

Enlivening spirits, tossing life into the fray of living
fully with laughter and gaity in this dismal area of turmoil
in the U.S.A.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Areas Of Cognitioin

Switching from past to future, combining images of
the present into poems of harboring facets, taken
along with the ebb and flow of tidal waves of
creative imagination.
Towering above earth in spaceless areas of cognition
where abstractions love to delve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Areas Of Intellect

Single and solitary, sitting off in a corner writing
and enjoying the solitude, listening to thoughts as
they filter through rhythms.

Always taking my mind into areas of intellect where
only ideas can coalesce with abstracts, creating many
varieties of prose on different subjects.

Throughout hours of the day, finding pertinent mess-
ages coming intuitively through mind and spirit, con-
templating and soothing my soul as I write.

Listening to music of musicians and singers through-
out the day, listening to my favorites and finding
repertoires of life coming through into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arenas Of Prose

Stepping steadily in time, keeping step with inner rhythms, escaping wildly into arenas of prose.
Lifting spirits, taking all thoughts into depths of being, touching every sense in vibratory strings.
Calming me tenderly with notes, and starting words, flowing onwardly, keeping me connected to life and it's ambitions.
Writing history for years to come, going back in time to find peace inside me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arias Of Intelligence

Listening to arias of intelligence find their ways
into voices of words, manifesting their feelings
in words of power and truth.
Assessing avenues of honesty, placing it in
definitions of well-versed lines of thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arid Sands

Riding through the desert of my soul, watching scenery
as I pass through it's arid sands and beauty.

Sololy taking a journey through mind and heart, finding
reasons for being and a purpose of usefulness.

Finding so many thoughts never seen before, now intellect
has opened wide into new visions far into the future.

Horizons beautiful and plentiful, so picturesque and openly
arid.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arizona Brightly

Slow and easy, music playing my mind like an instrument,
waking to a brand new morning.

Stars no longer shimmering in our sky here in Arizona,
they've all gone to sleep.

Now the sun is shining Arizona brightly and hot, giving
us another arid day to live in.

Feeling and giving my all to the essence and passion of
my soul until my final day.

Meanwhile, living every moment fully and totally as if
it's my last one ever in the Arizona sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arizona Clouds

Clouds pasted whitely across Arizona skies, dropping
rain off and on in no particular areas.

Whispering accolades throughout the atmosphere,
caressing lovingly, beautiful desert nature.

Hugging closely, images as they travel, clouds
continue their journey throughout Arizona.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arizona Daring

Moving into the shade of musical interludes,
desert breezes sweeping across my forehead,
face and neck.

Resplendent and awesome, as life is settled
into incessant rhythms, traveling across the
country interiorly.

Living and enjoying sensations of our free-
dom, bearing arms proudly and daring anyone
to try and destroy America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arizona Heat Fills Me Expoentially

Walking around the desert, looking at it's stark beauty,
loving vast and intense feelings that are given to me
when alone in it's meaningful emptiness.

Solely taking in everything, leaving nothing out, as I
write poetry constantly, peace of this Arizona desert
filling me spiritually, increasing faith and hope ex-
potentially.

Silence tenderly giving me food for thought, aiding in the
realizations and truths of myself, delineating the person
that I've now become in the passage of time and life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arizona Lakes

Ripples across the canal, wavering in an afternoon breeze,
reminding me of many times, fishing at our Arizona lakes.

Always having a great time, resting in the beauty of our
Arizona desert mountains, camping, fishing, boating, hiking.

Lines cast into the lake, waiting expectantly for a bite,
knowing that we will always get one, eventually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arizona Observation

Birds flying through
snow-cold air, being
chilled to their bones
on a winter morning in
Arizona.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arizona Western

Loving to meet new people from all over the
world, enjoying conversations that I have
with them.

Learning facts, opinions and sharing cultures,
being enlightened entirely by others.

A most pleasurable experience that I always
look forward to.

This is a beautiful way to meet others, we are
all a part of humanity.

Communication is the key, I believe, there's
no hatred, racism or intolerance in the way.

There's nothing when meeting on common ground,
and having nothing to lose or gain by doing so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arizona Winter

There's nothing like an Arizona winter sky,
clouds billowing and flashing against a jet
blue sky.

Beauty unfolding from the heavens right before
our eyes.

Claiming their just due, clouds fill themselves
with moisture, then pour it over our Arizona
desert, ending a drought of fifteen years.

(9: 48 a.m. - 12/18/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Armchairs Of Delight

Walking sideways down, at evening's light,
traipsing across deserts and mountains.
Listening to nature's tones reach out to
every sense and feeling secreted inside,
emits a serene platitude of comfort.
Innate talent sits inside, easing itself
into armchairs of delight as we enjoy
ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arms Of A Forever Love

Traversing this life through music, turning every corner, hiding in the shadows of evening, coming completely, encircling intellect.

Interior whispers calling incessantly, giving hope, taking my hand in a special way, doting and loving with a magnificent and unconditional love, making everything right.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arms Of Joy

Intelligent minds succumbing to rhythms of
innate superiority through notes and beats
individually set to music's beauty and
charm.
Dancing in arms of joy, being held closely
by God, Himself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arms Of Love

Rushing into throes of desire, hoping to be fulfilled
through the arms of a loved one, so dear to my heart.

Nothing wanting when together, life explicitly being
lived for one another, no one else able to interfere.

Hearts beating as one, tender and grasping, leaving
no spaces in between.

Gentle reminders filling minds while dancing, becoming
past memories while melodies play in open spheres.

Nowhere else, but in each other's arms can love be
felt and touched so intensely, completely elated,
taking hold of one another's hands and souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arms Of Our Nation

Risking everything, only writing the facts, telling the
truth no matter what else may happen.

Touching upon freedoms of our nation, keeping them alive
and well in our hearts and minds.

Beautiful and serene, always one in nature, nothing ever
going to separate us because our convictions and beliefs
are stronger than any other people's armies.

Standing strong in the face of diversity, hatred and
racism trying to be pulled over our eyes.

Nothing is ever going to blind us from the truth and
beauty of honesty as our Constitution allows us to be
free.

Such a wonderful place to be, in the arms of our nation,
protected and free in spite of those who are trying to
ruin and destroy our way of life.

It will never happen and I will continue to write and
proclaim this with my dying breath!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arms Of Sadness

Waves of emotion crashing within, touching feelings of
love, drawing it back into meanings of intellect, giv-
ing it a saddened beauty while thinking in depths of
loss.

Holding onto edges of life, yet wanting to let go com-
pletely, tears blindly falling, blurring vision and
pulling misty curtains of death across my sight.

Being held in arms of sadness while walking on, some-
how finding the way on paths of destiny, carrying
tears of love in this heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aroma Of Life

Sacred silence filling the moments of life as it stands
still.

Overwhelming peace, serenity, totally, infinitely, quiet
in every respect.

Inner sweetness tantalized by the aroma of life in it's
natural state, full of wonderful desire.

Growing into perfection with daily measures, succumbing
to the pleasures brought into being.

Forward, ever pulsating with the reverent style of choice,
scanning the horizon, playing on it's shores, awaiting
destiny to do it's share of relevant work.

Cornering fate with incessant piety, not letting anyone
rest or bask in glory until his or her special time,
special moment in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aromas Of Fidelity

Rapidly running into the distance, afraid to stay and face emotions lying in wait.

Hoping to escape miscarriages of injustice, following the insistent courses of action that appear in sequences, all alone in corridors of yesterday.

Tunneling through and finding the essence and passion of left over periods in latent history.

Wafting aromas of fidelity, coming over the air waves and settling into backgrounds of many other times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aromas Of Harmony

Sunny mornings taking me down roads of steady beats,
coming from rhythms that hold onto my heart.

Doing time, watching for signs of life to open up and
take me into the beginnings of another tomorrow.

Insistent and intense rhythms farther up the road, all
touching my mind with their beautiful strains of music
through melodies and aromas of harmony.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aromas Of Life

Feeling tender, gentle aromas of life as they touch me
interiorly, awakening the beauty of my soul.

Lasting impressions testing strength of character, inner
faith, loyalty and reliability.

Finding them standing always at attention, ready to answer
the call of an interior life while living on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aromatic Scents

Stalking my mind, rupturing old memories with new thoughts, increasing in speed, alleviating pain and aches with a little bit of rhythm.
Touching senses with feelings being brought up from depths of my soul in aromatic scents of togetherness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aromatic Smell Of Memories

Thinking of this morning as it rains upon earth, leaving
a sky of gray across Phoenix.

A decidedly aromatic smell of rain, filling my mind with
memories of yesterdays spent in New Jersey as a child.

Wholesome and beautiful times that I had, playing in the
rain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Around Corners

Solace. What is that?
Am I supposed to feel any? Why don't I?
Walking down lanes of yesterday, seeking patterns of belonging.
They never seemed to be there then and today I can't find them either.
Yet, when an instrument is played there I am, focused on the musical scores.
Lightening moods, infecting me with prodigious volumes of emotion.
Flowing, never changing, taking me into designs of imaginative placement where only I have permission to go and wallow around.
Sensing something coming around the corners of my mind, waiting for them to cover me with beauty and rhythm in tune with my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arousal Of Energy

Leaves sliding across the sidewalk, being blown
by invisible breezes.

Scooting them up and down the courtyard with no
patterns to follow.

An immediate and instantaneous arousal of energy,
flowing and pushing them into avenues of thought
as I write while watching them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arousing Feelings

Sincere and positive attitudes are now flowing from
interior depths, playing tones of another age.

Ancient and tantalizing, taking their time to arouse
feelings of intense romanticism in my being.

Love reaching into the atmosphere, causing desires
to rise higher inside of my heart.

Touching interior feelings hidden away for many years,
a stinging realization forging it's way into being, as
tones fill me with ever-increasing pleasant sensations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arousing Poetry

Wind blowing across my consciousness,
arousing poetry to become defined,
met and explored.

Signature thoughts manifest themselves
in quiet solitude while reality comes
alive and steps in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arousing Signs

Mysterious depths of intellect, arouse signs of
intelligence, coming awake and listening for the
clues.

Figuring out it's definitive mysteries, not
wanting to be kept out of their environments so
they can be written out.

Being curious every day, stretching a mind,
allowing it to encompass all clues, then reaching
for cognitive abstractions to be written about
with somber realizations in prose.

Nothing ever keeping off to the side of life,
because it has to always be in depths of thought,
as self contemplates what life is about.

Never failing to come up with phases and beauty of
extravagant thoughts regarding the mysteriousness
of it's self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arranged In Sequences

Hurriedly rushing through musical patterns of coded
rhythms, living with every breath of each melody
being played.

Always fascinated by the extravagant placement of
notes as they're continually arranged in sequences
known only to intellect.

Growing from within, wisdom and knowledge always
being generated through innate talent and held on-
to through years of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arranging Items

Standing aside, clipping items from my mind,
arranging them with style and grace.

Purposefully accepting new textures as they
filter through the musical rhythms of a trumpet.

Tones flowing, pouring into my repertoire of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arranging Sleeping Ideas

Arranging somnolent ideas as they lie sleeping along pathways of my own making.
Deriving concepts cognitively and accepting their facets with gentle caring and purpose for a future filled with picturesque beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arranging Sounds

Showing up in deep rhythms, coming straight from
a soul and being deliberately written into musical
compositions that are first played upon a clarinet.

Arranging the sounds to fit inner spirits at the
time of writing it in notes and rests.

Awaiting all the sounds of prose as they fall into
place on sheets of music, along with the placement
of words in every single poem that is also written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arranging Thoughts

Thoughts stirring, rearranging themselves, locating sequences
and patterns they prefer to be in.

Wandering, meandering, socializing at random until they're
ready, them they begin collating, adding adjectives, words,
sounds as they culminate in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Array Of Poetry

Winter falls around me, wrapping it's eerie white blanket
over my life, freezing it's dreams in imagination's storehouse.
While consciously thinking, arousing subconscious ideas
to form layers of snow on a mind's plain in depths of
grey matter.
Conflict, serenity, blended together, forming puzzles of meaning to begin and end in an endless array of poetry.
Fitting into a genuine purpose lived within, holding onto God's promises, heading for heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Array Of Sadness

Toppling into nights of silence after walking through
the energy of a spiritual world.

Touching upon an endless array of sadness as it fills
up cups of grief being experienced through loss.

Finding the frustration of being alone and abandoned
tiresome, wanting to isolate because loved ones are no
longer here.

Nothing else to say or do, just living an existence,
facing it with a dispirited essence, quietly sitting
in a corner waiting for death to appear.

Taking a being into it's grasp with hopes that loved
ones will be reunited again in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arrival Of Wonder

Day has come, evenings gone to bed without reservation.
Twenty-four hours await the arrival of wonder and
placement of thought.
Movement stirs and placates motion as it soars into day-
light hours, unafraid.
Using renewed energy, beings focus on what must be done
instead of praying for guidance and leadership on path-
ways to God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arriving After Midnight

Watching, thinking about being held, dancing throughout the evening, a sort of foreplay leading to love making after midnight.

Feeling like being in depths of the wild west, abandoning selves to the beats of hooves hitting everyone in measures of music.

Enticing desires and passion ever higher, heightening them so much that it hurts so good, hoping to have a great time tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arriving At Conclusions

Settling into a position, arriving at conclusions of life's ending.
Solidly appreciating every moment God has given me, knowing now
that I must let go and let God take me, if He will.
Satisfied in my mind that nothing more can be done, I must say
good-bye, even though I don't want to.
Life will continue for everyone except me.
It's an outcome that I can't live with anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arriving At The Ending

Living according to the religious beliefs instilled within
since birth.

Loving the peace and solitude filling me interiorly through-
out the days and nights of life.

Behaving properly and keeping close to an interior solace
that has delivered me through the years.

Leaving me standing in the wake of many miracles that have
kept me alive and going through the years.

Now arriving at the ending of my horizons, waiting patiently
and listening to final rhythms of this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arriving Life

Merrily swinging in time with musical beats of talent,
exercising daily without recrimination or disuse.

Formulating constantly, a myriad of tunes to comply
with inner talent.

Writing compositions in mind's blank pages, filling
conscious moments with satiety on desert plains of
intense desire.

Searching no more, because life has arrived on
doorsteps of future fate right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arrogant Lies

Superciliousness of a morning breakfast partner,
alighting a flame of friendship and enjoyment.

Flagrantly speaking of secret biddings out of
time, stepping around hideous meanings and running
far away from the arrogant lies of a person intent
on being rude and obnoxious.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Arteries Of Becoming

Lasting endeavors filter through thickened hazes of yesterday,
unfolding their presence in front of inner worlds.
Forcing particular moments to stand out and be recognized
for what they are.
Major moments in life, where sacrifice and compassion have
stood the test of time, involving others through mercy of
behavioral benedictions, stifling evil.
Keeping it from the center of living and dying, just to be
part of a dream centered in major arteries of becoming.
Allowing others to become themselves in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artful Poetry

Enjoying talented people, gathering closely together,
writing musical art for the world today.
Inspiration abounding, climbing walls and blossoming
like morning glories.
Honeysuckle wine being poured through our minds and
veins, awakening musical literature and art with
words of placid poetical texture and vibrant sound.
So lovely, being met and enlivened without undue
stress.
A myriad of ideas and memories being made with
extravagant thought and suicidal tendencies,
delivering musical, artful poetry to those around
them at any given moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Articles Of Faith

Puzzling episodes of life jar my mind,
mixing and blending articles of faith with life.
Having hope and praying are sometimes the only
thoughts that keep me going when I read about
them in my poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Articulate Formula

Watching, enthralled, as music plays and becomes visible
to the eyes and shows on screens in my mind.
Tranquilly stepping around, describing rhythm and melody
through sight as I hear it's articulate mathematical
formula and interpret it as I write it down memorably
in forms of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Articulate Spaces

Movement generates a silken desire to give impressions free rein
to do whatever they will, stretching borders interiorly into
vast articulate spaces of ingenuity and loving circles of life.

Collections of images, choosing their mates and then switching
to find new pathways of travel into another dimension and level
of knowledge, heretofore unknown.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Articulating Loneliness

Significant abandonment issues fill up innermost parts of brain and soul.
Articulating loneliness as it transponds itself into byways of elastic transcendence beyond scopes of intellect.
Fixating on striving to maximize knowledge as it freely roams around, looking for neurons to translate it's special formulas to acknowledge aspects of learning curves.
Training synapses, allowing freedom of accessibility through juxtaposition of my soul's healing powers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artificial Flowers

Flowers blowing outside on a terrace at Country Boys
Restaurant, pink and beautifully blossoming artificially
in a small pot.

Cars and people traveling by, not noticing them at all,
yet as I sit here inside, looking out, seeing and writing
them into a little poem to keep their memory alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artificial Sales

People shopping, looking for good deals, noticing sale items aren't as good as they're purported to be.

Rushing around, pushing carts, trying to grab all they can, without thinking about prices or what they're doing.

Some sauntering, looking lost, not knowing what to believe anymore.

Purchasing items that aren't needed, spending money they don't have, just to get the feelings that buying something requires.

After leaving and going home, guilty feelings set in, and people are asking themselves why did I buy all this junk that I don't even need.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artist Of Divine Grace

Traipsing up mountainsides, looking to the peak, anticipating the end of the climb, just to look out upon the desert and see the beauty of it's arid sands and dunes, piled against rocks and being blown away in dust storms.

Changing and rearranging entire desert's scenery, as dust devils and sand storms rush in and pick up all the dirt they can, throwing it all into the atmosphere with no qualms over doing so.

Another aspect of Mother Nature's refreshing and nurturing, all that belongs to her here on our earth.

Beautiful landscapes always being changed by sunlight, storms of rain and blowing winds, carrying the artist's of divine grace within each of them.

Mankind unable to repeat or copy any of it, no matter how much it is tried.

Holding onto the secrets of heaven, Mother Nature continues to carry on with her only purpose in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Abilities

Everything is filled with talent, represented by artistic abilities.
We are explicitly focused on nature and people around us, mixing us with rhythmical measures, stepping to beats of excellence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Beauty

Colors popping out from within a brightly lit canvas, tasting of it's essence, savoring the extraordinary deliciousness being provided in visions of my sight.

None of the outside forces hitting with their ridiculous phrases and ideologies, instead only the artistic beauty of interior silence is let to escape.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Display

Furrowed clouds being readied for planting in heaven's gardens.
Beautiful orange and gray lines awaiting seeds of
various array.
All taken away in a moment of artistic display by God, Himself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Endeavors

Stepping stones, climbing mountains of imagination with
beautiful artistic grace and precise, life-giving rhythms.

Grasping rocks and branches along the way, reaching into
pockets of delight with exhilaration and heart-felt joy.

Listening quietly with moods of altering degrees as light
falls from bluened rainbows of interior contemplation.

Developing special prints on screens of mindful
anticipation during a lifetime of artistic endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Enjoyment

Enjoyment comes from very little incidents, a look,
a smile, a meeting of minds, a hand held out in
love, an embrace of sorrow.
Life blossoms in all corners of the world, whether
darkened with the grief of death or the joy of a
newborn.
Talent seeks out each precious moment, watching it
take form and graciously portraying it to the
world in a poem, a painting, a musical score.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Environment

Softly flowing throughout an artistic environment,
blue skies soothe our every doubt and problem.
Easing our moods, deflecting feelings of doom,
surrounding us with effervescent waters of blue,
caressing us in beautiful depths of inquiry and
excitement.
Calmly serenading us down gentle rivers towards
waterfalls of beauty, forgetting everything held
in bad memories, gathering only blossoms of
peaceful moments in a timeless desert oasis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Epiphanies

Music is a driving force, set in since childhood,
leading me toward many epiphanies in an artistic
world of grace.
Thoughtfully ruminating over edges of existence,
bringing them into focus for moments, hidden in
coded verses, being written throughout time.
Wistfully divining beauty of prose, lasting a
lifetime filled with sorrow's tears, being captured
in many poems that owe their existence to my gifts.
Innate talent resting within a heart of sorrowful
compassion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Eye

Realizing facets of time that have revolved, circling all particles of interior involvement, watching our dreams as they come and go throughout our lives.

Hoping to experience them with the expertise of a genial attitude, leaning towards an artistic eye, creating from a heart and it's innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Eye, Musical Heart

Surrounded by nature in every direction, loving it's splendor and beauty with an artistic eye and musical heart.

Reaching into depths of intellect, writing it's essence into poetical forms of music and rhythms to share with the rest of the world.

This Arizona desert overflowing with a future destiny of which this mere poet is a small particle of, sounds of freedom and liberty.

Calling to intellect as I walk through the dark night of my soul, walking alone through the desert, holding fast to beauty, honesty and reality of existence and self-realizations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Formulas

Illogical conclusions arranging themselves
in patterns where I may look and search for
designs that make more sense.

Using them in beautiful landscapes of scenic,
artistic, calculated formulas, and saved for
special additions to a book of poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Generations

Quietly serene, adapting to generations of intellect,
co-existing with memories of their artistic abilities -
all born again within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Grace

Tuned to the responsive side of inner nature allows me to
grasp dimensions of greatest artistic grace.
Filled with the amount of peace brought face-to-face in a
cold, wanting world, I settle down to write of misplaced
guidance and mystery.
Often terrified of inner markings, uncovered by a word or
short rhyme, I hide defensively behind a term of shyness.
Unforsaken, begging to be sorted through and put together
like a puzzle, I wantonly walk this earth in harried pain.
Birth of this small little world is inside of me, waiting
for it's turn to take hold and wave good-bye to the past.
Watching darkness fold it's blanket across inner universes,
hiding mistakenly, processes of creative purpose.
Untimely deaths gathering in circles, lighting pyres with
flames of anniversial quiescence.
There are no barriers hiding within me, I am a limitless
entity having no edges to cut myself with.
Endless horizons as far as the creative eye of imagination
can see, stretch eternally before me.
Never in doubt, knowing that forever will be my companion
through infinity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Grace Maturing

Reflections mirroring light as it is played and swayed about,
charging life with music from a talented musician.

Notes being played reach ears with perfect pitch, enticing
tones of beauty into acres of intelligence.

Artistic grace maturing in puzzles of paradise, completing
themselves in colors of the universe, straying from rules
of order so they may be original works of art.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Graces

Reliving every memory, tasting it's scent of beautiful
essence pouring forth in images of innocence and visions
of clarity.

Taking into account, the artistic graces of innate talent,
portraying our lives in poetical worlds and innate wisdom,
brought about from living many years.

Entering a maturity of being, as life continues to it's end
in a beautiful light of flowering death beyond the shores
of earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Imagination

Building statues,
painting pictures,
playing music, writing poetry,
all in my imagination as it continually
becomes reality in moments of life's time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Moments

Sensing immediate feelings stirring deeply within me, touching my past with memories of songs, sung as I walked through the desert, going to school early each morning and afternoon.
So petulant, feeling so very cozy and warm, showing beautiful images set always in my mind, ready to be reached in any artistic moment of life.
Sending messages to and from yesterday through today, tantalizing my inner spirit with exacting presence of mind.
Talented rhythms sending signals throughout the world around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Patterns Of Living

Walls of pebbles scatter themselves into gardens of landscaped precision.
Flowers extend prolifically over earth, focusing on birth of color and beauty inspired by God.
Shadows fall gently onto paved walkways, following anyone foolish enough to guide them across artistic patterns into depths of literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Peace

Writing so quickly that I can barely keep up with soaring thoughts jelling and coagulating in systems of natural concentration.
Any particular wisdom settling into a reverie enters the very pigment of energy as it takes in every aspect.
Scientific formulas blending them with artistic peacefulness and giving thanks for an appreciation of talents and gifts, given for a purpose of instrumentation.
Thrill of finding passionate outlets is fantastic and freeing, allowing an independence to form in my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Pleasure

Entering domains of artistic pleasure, accepting many
possibilities that are stepping forward.

Showing their energy generously to a spiritual energy
coming from an interior place within a bluened light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Poetical Beauty

Sun setting brilliantly in futures of mankind,
rainbow colors musically forming themselves
across the horizon.

Allowing us to see formations of it's artistic
poetical beauty, being sensational and divine.

Feelings being kept preciously in hearts and
souls of individuals all around the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Views

Blowing gently, leaves of my mind, with sounds of a
harmonica being played by my Mom throughout childhood.

Listening carefully as she played her favorite songs,
wanting to remember them forever in peaceful recollection.

Reaching out through her death, grasping her heart
filled with love and being portrayed in melodies of her
artistic views in life's continuous music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Visions

Staccato beats ringing in my mind, enticing my heart and soul into dancing in the moonlight, watching and listening, carefully walking through the darkness.

Holding hands and bringing a fruitfulness out into the open, unafraid and perfectly attuned, inspiring intellect to awaken imagination.

Tracing it's interior peace onto pictures and landscapes that come directly from nature and take their places in succession.

Giving sensations of intense pleasure and becoming artistic visions that never fade or disappear as life continually moves on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistic Works Of Poetry

Moments of pleasure fit nicely within my mind,
settling in and bringing happiness to the
foreground.

Traipsing down aisles of beautiful gardens,
scented with joy, reminiscing about yesterday's
future.

Heavenly serenity taking it's place with
artistic works of poetry as it continues to
fill shelves of life for eons to come.

Preferring time to be alone in a contemplative
space of my own to think and form a world all
mine to enjoy for a lifetime of inert
positiveness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artistically Aging

Separating life on pages of past memories, set in
poems like pearls in an oyster.
Direct and to the point, showing a life that has
artistically aged through the years, being poured
out by my soul daily.
Images waving to me, thankful for the recognition
given to them for eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Artwork

Prints of allayed fears are framed and looked at
during times of reticent apprehension.

Stepping along lines of artwork, filling galleries
of beauty with masterpieces, intricately woven
together with abraded thought and selected designs
of innovative technicalities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

As The World Turns

Tempo being straightened and narrowed into a
beautiful song, qualifying as an oldie nowadays.
Electrically filled with tambourines, flying jets
into the starry night.
Creating a prism effect, opening up the skies,
tantalizing the atmosphere everywhere I look.
Rocking the rhythms into the twenty-first
century, even though it's a blast from the past
tonight.
Particular periods of music seem to always
appear in time, as the world turns and the clock
moves clockwise into the future.
Always taking every portion of yesterday on a
solo journey, accepting our attention in today's
ingenious world.

(10: 34 p.m. - 11/16/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ascending An Interior Life

Gazing into last night's dreams, wondering at their
insistence of being seen and heard even when I awaken
in early mornings.

Images and visions appearing in colorful hues as life
ascends steps of an interior life, using each dream's
insight while being fully awake.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ascending Dimensions

Lasting impressions, sliding into my mind, tasting elixirs of vocabulary, soothing to imagination and subconsciousness.

Playing games with words, feeling their emotional intensity soak into my soul with grace.

Sololy, peacefully, I rummage around and gather style coquettishly.

Integrating tones of perfect pitch, periodically blending it all on another level, ascending dimensions with brain cells, calculating reverberations of mind-bending sonatas in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ascending Staircase

Living an existence of false hope and promise, being
defeated and blown away time and again with no rhyme
nor reason to having given in to it.

Climbing an ascending staircase into the unknown where
curiosity can wander to it's heart's content, never
being worried by time.

It becomes through passing of life in memories which
are non-existent, but are there yet, watching as de-
signs and patterns closely resemble coded rhythms.

Filling intellect, always facing reality of my life
through the essence of spirituality and Divine inter-
vention.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ashes

Dry and arid inside, no green or water anywhere to be seen,
to light a match and throw it upon the desert of my mind,
allowing a brush fire to consume every thought and memory.

Burying my mind beneath the ashes of my personal history,
allowing none of it to be seen or shared by anyone on earth.

Secrets kept hidden by a sorrowful heart and mind are frozen
in depths of pain, unfelt.

Characteristics of helpless dependence have been burnt
completely out, no longer a part within.

Hot winds blowing all ashes of inner being into the atmosphere,
forever away from me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Asking For Peace

Saving graces keeping me alive, prayers being said
and given to heaven to help me carry on.
Sorrow holding a place always in my heart, ready
at a moment's notice to let it's tears flow into
my existence.
Carrying all the loneliness and emptiness with it,
as I roam around in it's chambers, asking for the
peace I know won't come until I begin writing again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Asking Forgiveness

Symmetry of nature glimmers in my mind, taking me to outskirts of imagination where I can contemplate life and it's haphazard ways of living within it.
Interiorly dedicating our souls to God, asking for forgiveness and a tranquility of mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Asking Questions

Soothing lotion of music comforting me, placating my
soul with energized senses and soulful occupations.
Over mountainous plains and desert oceans, turning
corners and finding adventure at every turn.
Living in an ordinary body, yet being extraordinarily
gifted in the art of poetical works and definitions
of human nature.
Contemplating and inquiring, figuring out novel ways
to ask questions of life.
Afterwards, resuming the quest for answers in abysses
of knowledge, learning more than ever, yet finding I
know less and less.
A query in my mind with an answer I'll never learn or
know while on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Asking Silence

Crying out, asking silence for what I feel deeply inside,
your presence I wish for never comes, yet my heart
feels it's being touched by someone.

This earth is a lonely, solitary place to be now that
you are gone.

Smiling laughter always felt before is no longer happy,
it is too sad these days for anyone to feel.

Life is an empty place, a void which cannot be filled
because you have died.

The personality you so lovingly spread inside these walls
was quickly chiseled away once you were laid to rest.

Inside my heart is breaking, sobbing, knowing you are not
coming again.

Looking back, seeing everything as if on a screen, knowing
within, a knowledge separate and apart about your life
when near it's intentional end.

There were a few good years left, death was not imminent,
you should have lived.

Breaking in two, my very soul cries out wanting you to be
a part of my life.

Death has separated us on this planet earth, but you and I
are still together, friends in heaven.

And no one can break a bond from above, we are together yet
even now in mind and heart, for there can be no end to a
friendship made in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Asking Why

Heart strings being tugged by loss in life, so intrepidly
holding onto bittersweet memories throughout the years,
while tears fall rhythmically in measures of time.

Depths of sorrowful pain, hurting and hoping for an answer
to this thing called death, always asking why it has to
happen.

What makes it necessary to all of humanity, nothing seems
to make sense anymore now that you're gone for I have noth-
ing left to look forward to my dear, just always asking why.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aspects Always Becoming

Intimidating thoughts, running away with rocking rhythms,
into an afternoon breeze.

Taking liberties and freeing ideas from their cells of
imprisonment, delving into their essences and bringing
them to fulfillment in a bevy of excitement.

Always becoming in every aspect of intellect's thought,
creating and residing in poems of intense reality.

Focusing at times on yesterday's images and visions,
alluding to their meanings and definitions, founding our
personalities and who we eventually grow into.

Silently expanding into ever-growing futures of
possibilities as life turns and uses every ounce of hope
and creation in final endings of life's poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aspects Of Artistic Grace

Drumming steadily without stopping, melody's rhythms
always entertaining intellect with perfect storms of
musical intent.

Wallowing playfully within particles of ingenuity and
intellect, configuring and placing them into imagina-
tional aspects of artistic grace that's never-ending.

Rainbows of colorful thoughts automatically finding
a place where everything can be coded and matched,
being placed perfectly into every poem written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aspects Of Being

Rushing into and over mountains and valleys of words,
spreading themselves into and onto every aspect of my
mind's being.

Touching my heartstrings without ending, filling
every particle and atom within with peaceful eternity
and rendering.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aspects Of Death

Looking at death, I do not accept it.
Seeing death, I know it is inevitable.
Knowing of my eventual death, I accept it.
Death will happen, there is nothing to be done, no preparation for it other than being good while I am alive.
There is no way for me to be sure of my body position in death, until the mortuary bends and twists me to fit the mold of death in my coffin.
There is no way of knowing the mode - the how - of my death until it is upon me and I will not know of it, being dead already.
The 'why' of my death will remain always a mystery clothed in human reasons, but it will offer little consolation, because no one can know the reasons 'why'.
Aspects of death are always unknown to the dead, and beyond human explanations no one can truly say what it is or why we even accept it.
Through all the sorrow it brings to loved one's hearts, death cannot be accepted, yet it is.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aspects Of Environment

Within the sanctuary of my subconsciousness is a safe
harbor - one where I can be complacent and peaceful
even during times of duress.

Enjoying every part and aspect ideally in a bluened environment, free of ridicule and disharmony.

Living innocently, portraying aqueducts of quiet
somnolent feats on edges of everyday norms of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aspects Of Intellect Working

Scenic views soaring past while riding a train of intellect through the countryside, taking time to savor all the sights being seen.

Following each one carefully and curiously into forms, finding their designs and patterns proliferating abundantly in my mind.

Beautiful aspects of intellect at work, silently and unceasingly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aspects Of Intrigue

Intriguing aspects of life are always unknown, remaining a mystery throughout life.

Theories are thought of, yet never have any truth to solidify them.

We travel ever onward, with facts hidden behind screens of smog.

Searching every corner of our little spaces on earth for something solid to sink our minds into.

Finding our pathways, individuals follow lines of thinking towards remaining days on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aspects Of Life Before Aging

Slipping and sliding on memories of old, enjoying their
essences when they're remembered in thoughtful interludes.
Expecting nothing more from them, watching as past desires
and promises were either granted or discarded, according
to whims of fate and destiny.
Purposely accentuating the fervor of younger days in
images as they dance and cavort throughout minds, golden
with age and heart-felt loves of once upon a time
romances.
Beautiful aspects of life before aging, now just
reminders of what used to be or could have been.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aspects Of Living Fall From Within

Riding on edges of life, waves crashing over, pushing me
farther into recesses of another dimensional time where
all is relative and has no definite meaning.

Looking at everything, watching as aspects of living fall
out from within it's essence, no one able to know what
will happen as it coincides with what is already known.

Going through our minds filled with knowledge and a faith
dealt from hopelessness in order to keep life moving for-
ward even when not wanting to go anywhere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aspects Of Nature

Trees of affection, waving in an early morning breeze,
touching my soul with a gentle reprieve.

Solemnly caressing feelings of happiness, calming
effects of stressful times.

Recognizing aspects of nature as they intellectually
create spaces for ideas on any given day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aspects Of Physics

Realistic ideas collate constantly in mind,
taking me into aspects of physics, naturally.
Always finding new ideas, exploring avenues
of extra discoveries, holding me in dreams
of extraordinary processes of thought.
All of life includes innate talent as it was
meant to be - open and absorbing everything
in moments of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aspirations

Filled with aspirations, hoping to come to terms with all the medical problems plaguing me.
Waiting, giving my life away in prose, deeply affecting who I am and have become.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aspiring Intellect

Succumbing to an interior silence, feeling it's quiet
inspiration as it fills me with wonder and awe.

Intellect aspiring to heights of intellectual endeavors,
touched by the fantasies that dreams are made of.

Senses heightened, giving many perceptions that begin
changing interior concepts of the past.

Solemn and persistent ideas fulfilling curiosity of a
lifetime through intellect on a continual basis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aspiring To Do Everything

Mind sated by rhythms being listened to, surrendering self
to their melodies, finding solace through chords and measures bringing beauty
into imagination.

Fulfilling thoughts, ideas and concepts, all of them in-
staneously and concisely, never losing track of where in a
poem I am.

Able to come back days later, picking up where I left off
immediately, loving how my mind and intellect work so well
together with my brain.

In everything I aspire to do in this musical, artistic and
poetical life of mine I totally enjoy and appreciate these
God-given gifts, grateful to He who created me the way I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Assembling Clouds

Clouds gathering like moss around the north side of a tree, a special look at how they contain themselves in groups innately and are never taught to do so.

Thoroughly and beautifully looking, fluffy, white, black, gray, always assembling and portraying beginnings of a dark and stormy rain, soon to fall upon earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Assembling Particles

Scratching at the surface, watching for signs of innate life, still alive and realigning itself with all new properties and designs, fitting themselves into patterns.

Seeing all the depths being fathomed in formulas and equations, becoming particles of a new energy, being assembled inside my mind and being.

Tracing inner thoughts, keeping calm within, yet feeling distraught at times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Assertive Melodies

Directing stances of nature as they waft fragrantly
in many directions, calmly penetrating waking dreams
of poetry.
Serenading lifetimes with tuneful melodies, asserting
themselves in visions of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Assimilating Thoughts

Shaking branches of this mind, rhythms loosening thoughts
like leaves blowing in the wind.

Swirling in the atmosphere, finding ways into lands of
make-believe, sending self forward into many avenues of
fresh new ideas.

Coming out from inner tunnels, wiping away the darkness,
losing the mustiness of yesterday, trading it all in for
a new insight being shown within.

Gladly focusing on it all, managing to stay close to an
everlasting pathway leading eventually to heaven.

Taking the beauty of another day into being, letting it
take over every beginning thought being assimilated in
this mind along with the rhythms of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Association Through Prose

Wonder and curiosity fill my mind
all hours of the day and night,
keeping me alert and awake, trying
on new levels of association
through prose.

Deducting pieces of education
through osmosis and placing
attenuation into circlets of
focusing imaging.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Astonishing Moments

Sitting alongside a mountain, feeling it's grandeur diminish-
ing this human nature.

Looking up, following natural pathways of wildlife with eyes
opened wide in wonder.

Astonishing moments of quiet joy falling open before the wonder
of this possibly pre-historic mountain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Astonomical Odds Known

Contemplating thoughts while lying here in the tall grass
of my mind's ideas and concepts, watching them sway in
the wind of each rhythm, as they play intellect.

Absorbing it completely and intensely, imagination rising
into inner spheres of my soul, opening and evaluating
everything according to it's specific qualities.

Never leaving anything to luck or chance, knowing the odds
are astronomical, not grabbing hold of them for reasons of
my own.

This inner world vibrating with the serenity of the Divine,
giving me an intense and wonderful feeling that no one or
nothing can take away from me ever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Astute Wisdom

Taking time to ease into a placating mode of leisure,
finding a scenic vision as it develops, creating
words to describe it's beauty in a poem.

Living meanings open up and become alive to the world.

Enjoying the feeling definitions give as they meld
into one another, bringing about fascinating new
levels of literature for the world to learn and develop
more astute wisdom through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

At A Baseball Game

Noticing every little sound and image as a baseball
game participates without me.
Hearing bats crack as players hit balls, crowds
screaming into thin, cooled air without a trace of
hostility.
Families gathered around picnic tables, enjoying
one another's company.
Co-workers also, lingering, watching, talking to
each other as baseball continues to be played below.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

At A Standstill

Unending whining regarding not enough money,
yet never going out and doing anything about
the predicament.
Crying, always, over not having enough money,
yet stagnating over any possibility of getting
or earning some.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

At Ease Within

Relating everything through poetry, taking time to relive every moment through it daily.

Loving the essence of my being, I strive to constantly be aware of it totally in everything I write.

So completely at ease within myself, loving independence and freedom in my thoughts.

Never afraid to delve deeply into emotions, feelings and ideas brought to me in life.

Expecting the most in intellect's realms, knowing that I won't be disappointed like I am in every aspect outside of myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

At Eleven

Walking around, looking at auras coming up from depths
of melodies I'm now listening to.
Oftentimes, hearing voices from beyond earth's limits,
journeying to me in silent whisperings of knowing.
Interiorly, falling into facets of mathematical
formulas, adjoining the numerical with coded words,
daring anyone to figure them out.
When just eleven years old I figured this aspect of
coding and have been using it ever since in every
poem I've written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

At Grandma's

Exercising images,
making them jump and leap.
Just like when they were
children, playing in the yard
at Grandma's house.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

At Home In The Wilderness

Watching videos in this mind, loving the wonderful times we've had, looking forward to many more flavorful ones in the future, going camping, fishing, boating with sons and their families.

Being a backpacker and camper from way back, sleeping under the stars, in the snow, sleet, hail, even in the heat, one with nature all of life.

Feeling completely at home in the wilderness whether it's in the forest, mountains, desert, anything will do as I adapt to it's environment right away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

At Home With Nature

Traipsing through forests, listening to the wind blowing through the tops of pine trees.
Sensations of spirituality filling me with a serene countenance, aiding me in daily misfortunes.
Remembering all the camping trips, at home with nature, recharging my batteries alongside a campfire, roasting marshmallows and making s'mores.
A relevant time in life, giving faith a reason to continue to be held tightly within my soul.
Evening skies, sparkling with twinkling stars, winking down upon us as we slept out in the open, looking at the sky until we fell asleep.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

At Lynx Lake

Wind blowing.
Trees raining leaves.
Wind blowing them across the ground.
Rustling softly - turning somersaults
as they touch earth.
Some leaves falling into waters of
Lynx Lake - others just suddenly
standing still upon the dirt.
Waiting for the wind to pick them up
when it decides to blow again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

At One

Nature is a breath of fresh air to my soul, as it softly touches my mind,
awakening my being to the universe as a whole.
So in tune with my surroundings that I'm at one with them.
Concentrating on deeply contemplating, changing the temperature a few degrees up or down to please me.
An innate nature blended gently, entirely, as one with mother natures.
Totally at ease, peaceful, calm within my space of being, nothing coinciding with my life and writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

At One Within

Wholly at one within this mind and intellect, cherishing
and treasuring innate intelligence and wisdom, finding
answers to incessant questions arising within my mind.

Knowing that it will all be released, giving curiosity
sensations and satiety that it desires constantly, hoping
that this will always stand the test of time in intellect.

Wanting to be united and attuned in every endeavor that
arises until that one final moment between life and death
when I will no longer be given a choice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

At Paradise Valley Community Center

Selecting menus for the month, opting for favorite foods and pleasant entertainment.
Talking, laughing, being with friends, enjoying the companionship of being alive in a crowd.
Noticing feelings of intrepid silence, yet hoping to blend into nothingness, along with silent thoughts, left drifting in and over waterfalls.
Taking time to delve into many aspects of imagination, believing that all things will eventually come together in a mutual ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

At The Desk Of A Scientist

Sitting here at the desk of a famous bio chemist, writing
while he's resting comfortably.

We've been talking about many things for hours now, he's
amazing and brilliant, so very logical and gifted.

Totally enjoying being and talking with him these many
hours, as he explains in detail his scientific discovery
of the calcium pump.

His new research on spirituality and science is fascinating,
riveting and amazingly logical, making total sense to me.

Now also investigating the way that I write, scientifically
explaining to the best of his ability, my unique talent
using both sides of my brain at the exact same time.

Discovering that I actually think from two areas of my
brain, one for music and the other for writing poetry.

Fascinating both of us no end, wanting me to be examined
by experts in the field of neuroscience, and I am willing
to be their guinea pig.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

At The Doctors'

In an office full of faces you can get a nervous appetite
or suddenly pretend you know what you are doing.
Finding a seat, flopping into it so the faces turn to other subjects in the room.
What a funny place to be at rest with such a humor - as in the Doctor's office we all sit and wait for our turn to come next.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

At The Hideaway

Sitting here at the Hideaway in Carefree, totally enjoying
bikers and all of their motorcycles, an amazing array of
bikes, all type and styles.

Music blaring, great band playing right now, bikers making
room for me to get through with my walker, so gracious and accommodating.

Meeting my friend, who's also a poet, now on ,
writing terrific and very intense poems about animal abuse.

Striking with heartfelt and heart wrenching poetry that will
make you think twice about animal experimentation.

Today, having a really great time, everyone is pleasant and
happy, joyful and peace-loving - all of us from many walks
of life having a love of mototcycles, freedom and America.

It's all about our freedoms here in the U.S.A, bearing arms,
standing united, of one mind, independence for all 'American
citizens' here in America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

At The Laundromat

Stationed in a little room, looking around at four walls, noticing every little detail as I take it all in.
Cramped, dirty, messy, filled with used appliances, nothing in it's place.
Being used as a home away from home by an illegal mexican woman.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

At The Mercy Of A Bus Driver In The City

Walking sidewalks of the city, following their lengthy paths to stores, homes and bus stops.
Tirelessly each day - waiting in the heat with very little shade, if any.
Invariably late, schedules rendered useless, appointments missed.
Bus drivers themselves worn out from driving and stopping in the heat.
Reluctantly answering questions, at times claiming they don't know; to look it up in the bus book because that's what they're for.
Rudeness abounds, tempers flare, fuel is poured on smoldering fires, causing an entire busload of people to be angry, while the bus driver drives his route of power, not stopping when people want to get off and riding by others waiting for him.
Such is the day for a patron of public transportation - at the mercy of inhospitable drivers in Phoenix, Arizona.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

At The 'Y'

Oblivious to downtown traffic and hundreds of people walking by.

Reading, doing search-a-words, eating sunflower seeds and drinking Lipton ice tea in a bottle.

After a while voices plow through a quiet reverie, talking loudly about the Bible and Jesus.

Arguing points of view of different religions, quoting gospels about men and women, sex and fidelity.

Finding only one common ground - God - then falling away, saying he's not real.

Sudden quiet - then it all begins again - switching to assorted topics.

Life beginning and ending each day in front of the YMCA - a building in downtown Phoenix.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmosphere Of Acquiring Solace

Exciting nerve endings, pulling senses into an atmosphere
of acquiring solace where temptations are abounding.

Attempting to bring about a better than melancholy feeling,
thinking about the loss of love that once upon a time it
was.

Terrible emotions flowing, unstoppable and cruel, not allowing
any peace of mind to be contributed to this state of being
right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmosphere Of Angels

Thousands of miles above land, feeling inner freedom
growing like a head wind.
Complacently mild, scanning countrysides with
considerable vision.
Scenery coming alive in imagination's mind, selecting
particles of what is being seen and magically writing
down another poem while flying high in atmospheres of
angel wings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmosphere Of Attenuation

Touching upon chords of life as they come into sight, feelings taking them silently and rapidly into an atmosphere of attenuation.

Landscapes of nature taking me across many dimensions, through another universe, seeing wonder and awe building ever higher, soaring and flying with storm clouds.

As they continue across an inner world of being never fading or disappearing, calmly and lightly given a measure of time through coded rhythms.

Synchronization of life and death, both coming together in intellect, seeing suddenly connections that take us from one to another.

Shutting off our hearts, minds and finally hearing, death touching senses closely through it's silent procedure, finding that life can be kept alive through sheer will power only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmosphere Of Continual Thought

Listening to an inner nature, feeling it's resourcefulness
as it calmly takes it's place in my mind, contributing to
the essence of my being without any interference in life.

Acquiescing to it's purpose, enjoying seeing how everything
falls into place so neatly and organized, loving how intellect
takes care of what needs to be done.

Writing to musical rhythms in an atmosphere of continual
thought flowing from an interior waterfall, measuring time
according to the chords of an interior music.

All of it automatically falling into place, giving intellect
strength to accumulate and collect all the information needed
to write without having to think or have thoughts ahead of time.

With the very first sound and note being played, my pen is
taking off and writing while I watch the ink flowing onto
pages one after another.

A total mystery that makes me wonder how it's done, even
though I'm writing, not having a clue to how it is that
I'm doing it so purposely, instantaneously and incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmosphere Of Creativity

Always looking for new things to write about, often finding them through rhythms of imagination and spirituality, finding music taking me away.

Moving through the intensity of feelings and emotions, all of it feeding my brain, giving it nutrition it needs from listening to music.

Essence of my being taking it all into consideration and giving back through writing, living in the atmosphere of creativity all the time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmosphere Of Delight

Solemn daylight pouring over everything, leaving
nothing unshone today.

Living in an atmosphere of delight and challenging
intellect, beautiful shores of an inner horizon are
giving pleasure.

Desires being fulfilled interiorly, taking a hand
and gifting me pleasurably throughout the hours,
even during nighttime dreams in solitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmosphere Of Distance

Would rather be hurt all at once than be put through
this slow death you are putting me through.

Abusing and treating me as if I am nothing, forgetting
all the talks and laughter we have had together.

Secrets we have shared with no others, now lying dead
in a gray atmosphere of distance.

Filled with pain of loneliness and abandonment, standing
on the edge about to go over, hoping with the last drop
of faith that the love you professed is still between us.

Otherwise there's no more reason to go on, feeling like
you have used and played me for a fool, no longer having
a self to hold on to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmosphere Of Echoes

Tonight has turned into an amazing playground of thoughts
and exciting images, a soothing and tranquil feeling now
accompanying me into the night.

Giving peace and serenity a place to reside in so quietly,
needing this calm and placid period of life to take intellect
totally into an atmosphere of echoes calling from the past.

One that was filled with loving and caring by family members
that have since passed from this life into the next one, look-
ing over and across the horizon, seeing the future that will
very soon be mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmosphere Of Glamour

Sitting here at the Hilton in Scottsdale, Arizona,
Scott and Amie Yancey from 'Flipping Vegas' meet-
ing and greeting us at the door.

Taking pictures with us on the red carpet, a great
and wonderful event, leading to freedom and owning
our own business.

Living in the limelight of a home grown talent,
innate and spectacular, stepping into an atmosphere
of glamour and more importantly hope in tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmosphere Of Imagination

Beating the beats of rhythm, letting them lead
and guide me through all the pitfalls in life.
Noticing that nothing can be exited from an
atmosphere of imagination, unless it's under-
stood beforehand.
Rocking to tempos standing in the way, and
becoming beats of rhythm, letting them loose
to run free in measures of music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmosphere Of Joy

Eating in an atmosphere of joy and laughter helps to
ease the pain brought on by loneliness and despair.

Brightening everyone around, waitresses and owners
talking and joking, helping to bring some sense to
an undying feeling of hopelessness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmosphere Of Learning

Taking in stride the individuality of every living being and
thing, believing in their possibilities of intelligence to be
immeasurably increased.

Totally moving upward into an atmosphere of learning and
equations of knowledge, being taught from within intellect,
no longer needing to be taught by another of faulty thinking
or inferior learning.

Always expanding and discovering the incessant beauty of wisdom
as it inherently teaches each of us individually of what we
need to learn to achieve our own purposes.

We needn't follow the educational system set up today by
inferior brains of people, ignorant of innate intelligence and
where it originates from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmosphere Of Liberty

Soothing and placid, feeling energy filling my soul,
taking me into an atmosphere of liberty.

Finding new thoughts, seeing them drifting with waves
of my interior mind.

Soaring into heights of intellect, exercising imagin-
ation with fantasies of day and nighttime dreams.

Living entirely through an everlasting passion, nothing
getting in the way of the magic of an innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmosphere Of Love

Watching, daydreaming, seeing water flow under an imaginary bridge, troubled waters for sure being taken far away.

Looking into an atmosphere filled with love, enjoying it's unconditional measures of caring and compassion.

A wonderfully beautiful essence that I never want to be without my love, our hearts beating together, whispering and kissing throughout the night.

Bringing our love to a climax of exploding color and sounds as we become one again my dear, loving how our love feels in one another's arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmosphere Of Poetical Thought

Hurriedly running into an atmosphere of poetical thought,
keeping time with innate coded rhythms, finding an energy
that continually fills this being with hope.

Mind encased in the wonder and curiosity of a lifetime
that can never be quenched, satisfied or taken from me,
for it comes deeply from within.

Inspiration filling me on a continual basis, never dying
down, vividly being experienced every moment of life as
I write poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmosphere Of Serenity

Traveling alone along life's shores, looking out towards
a vast beyond.

Feeling peace stir with every crashing wave, watching
shells tumble and roll upon the sand afterwards.

Existing in a space of time - a tunnel of solace forming,
always life to protect it from outside discourses and ruin.

Existential co-existence rallies beyond words, as the ocean's
roar meets and blends with a sky of white cumulus clouds.

Walking alone, seeing an existence bound with nature as all
of earth bows down to create an atmosphere of serenity and
love with family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmosphere Of Silent Separation

Rushing to accomplish goals that need to be finished in a
timely manner right now, wishing to go into an atmosphere
of silent separation for a while.

Giving a quietness to the essence of being as it tries to
relish peacefulness of this afternoon.

Cutting into the perfect serenity of today's silence,
giving up sights of vitality to an inner sphere where it
will capture all images needed to finish doing what must
be done today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmosphere Of Timely Demise

Wanting to climb the world's highest mountains, looking out
across vast deserts of Arizona.

Watching for footholds on the way up, holding on so as not
to fall from the steep sides that are being clung to.

Scenic views, looking down out at them, seeming to be looking
at ants working untiredly below.

All of life is contained in an atmosphere of timely demise,
taking only the most fascinating moments of antiquity and
placing them into photo albums of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmosphere Of Unconditional Love

Breaking hearts happen all over the world of ours, because
of human nature and it's fickle forms dedicated to love.

Insidious thoughts leading people to mistrust, lie and
betray one another for wholly selfish reasons.

Uncooperative hearts, taking into account foibles of man,
leading many innocent people down crooked and abusive paths
in their lives.

Being what humans are, these types of behavior will continue
until people realize you can only hurt another just so much
until they retaliate and leave.

Finding a more powerful source within themselves, gaining
strength and moving into higher realms where people are
compassionate and loving.

Taking them by the hand and leading them into an atmosphere
of unconditional love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmosphere Quieting My Soul

Leaving behind cohorts of yesterday, moving on to
greener pastures in nature.

Wandering earth, traveling into forests, finding
beauty of life being lived in divine spirituality.

Loving the excitement filling my being with thrills
of anticipation.

Atmosphere quieting my soul with serenity as I
continue walking into eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atmospheres Of Design

Jumping, fighting many inclinations to turn and
run way into lonely forests, instead of staying
in crowds of people.

Tending to want to increase time alone, isolating
self to write, yet, here I sit, listening to the
intense rhythms of musical interludes.

Happy and partially isolated while writing into
these many poems, as forms fall into atmospheres
of design.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atomic Ideas

Whispers of experience flow through the air, soar around,
giving everyone the same chance to experience the wisdom
of ages, tenaciously.
Reciprocating constantly for atomic ideas brought to the
foreground by fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atoms Of Anatomy

Feeling intensity of tonal quality reach human perfection within, enjoying the sense of believing and rhythm.

Fallacies being turned away in favor of truths in bedtimes of dreams.

Stepping out of the shadows, becoming abysses of their interior beings.

Held solidly within atoms of anatomy, awaiting exile from earthly shores, looking forward to walking on horizons of beyond - set in musically timed rhymes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atoms Of Self

Being gently misted as a breeze rushes over me,
parting my hair so naturally.
Letting it blow, tossing and tangling my curls as
I continue to write.
Getting lost in deepened caverns, seeking pathways
towards beauty's solace where I can watch it
exclusively.
Feeling it's spirit enter my being gently,
reassuring all atoms of self that I'm where I belong
right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Atrocious And Despicable

Living in a world that's filled with corruption and greed
stemming from our own government, taking us broke, lowering
our standard of living, turning the U.S. into a 3rd world
country, unrecognizable to anyone.

Doing so, just to have power and control of the richest
nation in the world, atrocious and despicable, not worthy
of any of our votes, wanting to replace each politician
with true Americans and be done with them all forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attaching Significance

Every day, every moment has a way of enlarging the repertoire
of life with magnificent pastimes and literate meanings of
serenity.
Rushing at us, memories join and meld with our minds,
attaching feelings for everlasting significance in daily living.
Remembering is an affable way to prolong our visions and images
of family as they leave us behind on earth's shores until our
turns come upon us.

(10: 52 a.m. - 9/21/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attain A Milestone

Rushing into the air, looking for another milestone to attain.

Not knowing which way to go, following directions out from another plain.

Following intuition into other spaces of earth in poetical rhymes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attaining Levels Of Perfection Literally

Steady beats of rhythm going over and through life and into
another horizon filled with knowledge and wisdom from an in-
ate intellect.

Attaining levels of perfection literally, giving pleasure
and a purpose deeply set in my being, satisfied, trembling
with an anticipation of living every moment.

Desires of an interior spirit fulfilling all good set in
heaven for life and destiny here on this temporary earth,
just waiting for my final sunsetical horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attaining Life

Riding waves of energy throughout this life, finding an interior peace and hope that equips me for anything that may happen in this life.

Wanting to be forever free, independent and alive, not letting anything get in the way of what I want to achieve or attain on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attaining Mystical Properties

Quietly, silently contemplating through rhythms as they
continually soothe my mind with their tender and delicate
notes.

Tempting my spirit secretly, taking it soaring, lifting
me into the atmosphere of the Divine, looking, searching,
finding a secret place within my soul interiorly.

Surpassing even life itself as I gradually follow through
a bluened light, attaining mystical properties of the
Divine, finding peace and serenity settling my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attaining Perfection

Reaching into atmospheres of liveliness, grasping ideas
of many aspects in this entire life.

Practicing beliefs held within, hoping that I am doing
the right thing in doing so.

Believing in love, faith and hope of the Lord, giving
everything my all, in hopes of attaining perfection that
I can while living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attaining The Almighty Dollar

Rushing to meet deadlines, hurrying through life, pursuing
empty dreams and finding nothing but unhappiness to fill
our needs and desires.

Always being in a space of emptiness, feeling love drained
from our beings as we spend more and more time away from
loved ones, looking for ways to attain that almighty dollar.

Life lasting only for moments as it is, yet agendas and
calendars are filled with appointments and meetings, always
taking us away from those who love and need us more than any-
thing else in life.

Putting aside necessities of love, caring and compassion,
never realizing until it is too late, many people die, never
attaining happiness or fulfillment with their families and
loved ones.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attaining Wholeness

Likely aspects of entire lives fall short when
pressure and stress sit upon us, never actually
filling the emptiness surrounding inner outskirts
of our minds.

Totally recalling different times of our own
making, lifting of prayers, tantamount to living
peacefully.

Although doubt sincerely tucks itself away,
corners protrude and cut as we pass by.

Lively cautious sensors alert to any sound, are
warning inner depths of our souls.

Bringing forth separate molecules, attaining
wholeness in small parts, gathering data and
conforming to a world we hope and pray to leave.

How senseless are people, wishing for impossible
happiness, knowing sorrow has a hold on all of us
at one time or another.

Placed in past times, only present moments can
begin.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attempt At Living

Sincerely regulating my mind,
taking it away from emotional feelings
so I can compute self into making an
effort to continue living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attempting Changes

Life is beginning over again, steps are being retraced,
changes are trying to be made known.

Saturated with beliefs, horrors, abuse, all of living
has been tainted from the start.

Attempting to forge new paths, explore old ways, alter
the dimension of life as it has always been known.

Looking for guidance, caring, hoping not to be let down
before a new final destination has been found.

Daring not to hope or pray, lest reality creeps silently
away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attempting Peace

Solace attempts to bring peace to my heart
and joy to my soul.

Partaking of beautiful prose, mindful of
aging rhetoric and syllablistic tones.

Assonant tunes rend my thoughts and chase
me into a dither beyond what I'm used to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attempting To Live Fully

Setting me free, letting independence
fill me entirely without compromise or
aggravation.

Silencing effects of abuse and betrayal,
trying to live life fully, and not get
discouraged too much.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attending A Circus

Sounds of the big top are penetrating interior particles
with thoughts of past fun as a child attending a circus.

Watching elephants, horses, people on the trapeze, flying
above us.

Holding our breath as they fling themselves from one
moving body on a swing to another through the air.

Magnificent and thrilling, always breath-taking to watch
from below.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attention Getting

God beckoning, using nature to grab my attention.
Branches waving their fingers in a soft, gentle breeze,
touching my soul, tantalizingly fragrant.
Bushes waving their flower blossom heads in all directions,
stretching subconsciously, imagination, on a hot almost
summer day.
Little flowers being shaken close to the ground, hoping
for a reprieve from the heat as shadows form around their
rooted feet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attitude Of Birds

Birds flying lazily overhead, in no hurry to get to their
sacred destinations.

Unlike people who are always in a hurry, no matter what
the reason.

Stressed, harried and increasing their cortisol levels
without even realizing it.

Needing to slow down and take the attitude of the birds,
it would certainly improve the lives of many humans.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attitudes Affecting Others

Walls closing me in, keeping me safely hidden from view.
All emotion, and thoughts being seen only when I write alone,
deep in contemplation, staying far from everyone.
Writing to show others how their behaviors, attitudes, abuse,
cruelty can affect another human being without them even knowing.
There's no one on earth I talk to about the hurt, abuse, cruelty
I've had to endure from someone I thought was a friend.
A poetical journey is laid open before everyone in poetry, hopefully awakening
other's minds to how cruel they can become and how they
treat others accordingly - especially those not deserving of their
wrath.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attitudes And Personalities

There are so many personalities in life, some people generous
and kind to a fault, always ready to lend a helping hand,
giving from their hearts and never counting the cost.

Then there are those who never have a kind word to speak,
always looking down on others for the way they look or dress,
never bothering to get to know them.

Putting people down for their individual opinions, but ex-
pecting others to treat theirs with respect and listening to
them.

Opposite sides of the coin showing people's attitudes and
personalities, not all are going to be kind, but no matter
for diversity is the spice of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attitudes Changing

Voices, angelic, sounding singing praises as
people are being prayed over.

Lives changing, attitudes being rearranged,
children beginning to follow the spirit of
our Lord.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attitude's Mazes

Stillness of breath, negotiating mazes of attitude while symphonies continue to play without ending, etudes of wisdom.
Teaching composition to a mind of ingenuity and purposeful knowledge, as enlightened forms become tangible, moving towards sunsets of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attracted To Formulas

Rocking into the future of destiny, fulfilling every particle
of it with fibers of my being.

Acknowledging all facets and aspects waiting to be completed
within intellect.

Simply being attracted to formulas being shown, taking them
all into imagination to discover and expand.

Into a reality that can tangibly see in front of everything,
an additional entity is coming in between music and poetry.

Enlivening potential a hundred-fold more than it has ever
been, loving to encapsulate myself where it has it's beginnings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attraction

Rigid thoughts break down in many poems, allowing the stresses of daylight to ease into dreams of delight. Acknowledging the beauty of sensations to become another attraction for the mind-bending executions of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attuned Sweetly

Sweetly attuned to one another, creating a life forever on earth.
So close, nothing can come between them while alive.
So much longing standing the test of time through all the years of being together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attuned To Chords Of Our Love

Wanting your touch, loving your tender love as we get together each time beneath our passion and desire, forgetting the world around us.

Feelings and emotions attuned to our love only, senses heightened, freeing us within to come together so closely, lying next to each other.

Finding comfort and pleasure between us all the time, stuck on your love throughout eternity, being attuned to the chords of our love making.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attuned To Emotions

Watching people, noticing their postures and expressions, seeing their pain or happiness sitting on their faces - not knowing that someone is attuned to their emotions.
Sensing sadness and loneliness above all, my heart goes out to those in turmoil.
Sometimes just a smile helps them feel not so alone in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attuned To Instincts

Moving slowly through the afternoon, relaxing and letting
the sun soothe what ails you.

Taking precautions, carefully combining it all together to
introduce avenues of another phase in life.

Protecting only the beauty of intense desire, wandering
into the past and future while remaining here in the present,
attuned to natural instincts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attuned To Language

Mastering language when just a child, staying attuned to it's dialect and proper grammar, choosing to inflect my own take on every word.
Making up some and giving them my own definitions as I write them down in many poems.
Getting a kick out of seeing people go to the dictionary and not being able to find the word they're looking for.
Knowing that it's never going to be found, I smile to myself, glad that I can be so profound and no one finds me out unless seeing and asking me in person.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attuned To Learning

Silent, always watching, seeing everything in my mind, etching
it photographically in pathways of my brain, loving how my mind
works so instantaneously and candidly.

Always accepting and/or rejecting what comes about in life
through relationships with others and self, wanting to know every-
thing in this world.

Attuned to learning what comes into my world of vision, imagin-
ation and reality, seeing through all the lies and illusions,
knowing right from wrong.

Noticing the immorality and unethical practices now abounding
in our world, especially in our politicians and government,
hoping to strip away what's wrong in our nation.

Making things right again, without going overboard, having
no mercy for those who are doing evil or wrong, wanting only
to have peace in our world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attuned To Mysteries

Attuned to the mysteries of the mind through musical rhythms
being listened to, finding a lasting peace and spirituality
while rummaging through rhythms.

Playing in imagination and fulfilling destiny totally, having
found purpose on this earth, passion and essence melded as one
in the participation of them both.

Taking every opportunity to write everything that is learned
through the equations of mathematical formulas while listening
to coded rhythms.

A lasting, definite peace filling and totally surrounding this
mind from the inside out, loving feelings that are brought
about in depths of music and rhythm, believing in the purpose
of destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attuned To Past Relatives

Soothly rinsing my soul with easy melodies of life as
I stray down pathways of yesterday's sorrowful lights,
beckoning to me from images of long ago.
Forgotten? Never.
As I travel through life, listening to the beat of my
drum, I feel strangely attuned to beats of all past
relatives, echoing our memories so I'll never forget
them either.
Life is a series of reminders based on happier times,
now thought of with gentle sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attuned To Peace

Rounding corners of life, seeing facets of greed, corruption and evil around the world, hoping for it to dissipate and leave our countries in peace.

Lifting our spirits, bringing serenity into our beings altogether, never missing a beat in the changing and adaption of our new world.

Attuned to peace, minus all the corrupt elitists and their inane thoughts of a one world order with them at the helm as dictators, lording power and control over us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attuned To Selves

Talking and communicating throughout life with other people,
keeps us focused in our lives at times.

Deeply seated thoughts are etched within our minds, taking
us on journeys into places we prefer not going through.

Staying attuned to ourselves within giving, a peaceful place
where we can find peace of mind when the world has jumbled
our minds so much that we cannot even think anymore.

Going deeply within to where we may listen to our souls ease
our minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attuned To Sounds Of Rain

Sounds of rain falling on rooftops, reminding me of
younger days when our house had a tin roof, listen-
ing intently to their natural rhythms.

Totally attuned to each of them as I write poetry,
each thought taking ideas and spreading them like
ink upon paper in the form of words.

Watching as their scribbles become sentences mak-
ing sense to this mind when reading them, thinking
of those raindrops tinkering on the roof back then.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Attuning Life

Imagination taking me totally into fantasies of the mind where life can be attuned to melodies of whatever is being created intellectually.

A totally pacifying and tranquil feeling coming through, keeping mind, heart and soul centered throughout this temporary life.

A pastime of living and experiencing all that God has created for each of us, through nature and all of humanity, giving hope to the world always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Audacious Melodies

Walking happily down rose-scented lanes of familiar
tunes, being played by accordion style musicians today.

Gently pleading, serenading us gently with peaceful
serenity along metronome's steady beats and sublime
audacious melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Audience Participation

Another hoop dance with members of the audience,
adults and children alike.

A hilarious rendition of a native American tradition,
being exposed through laughter of American citizens.

Spirits soaring on and off the stage, feet and legs
rapidly being stepped up and down to the beat of the
drum.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aura Of Artistic Endeavors

Silently listening to rhythms sliding around imagination, looking for a perfect fit - one that sounds good and makes sense to a logical side of thinking.
Insisting on common ground, following avenues of circumstance around corners of my mind.
Sidestepping every day organization, preferring to have piles, stacks of papers, and books, just to have something to remember on cold, lonely days, keeping everything to myself.
Existing in an aura of artistic endeavors, placing colorful speech on notes of penance, where they will one day become historical etudes, or prosaic poetry, destined for books in famous libraries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aura Of Creativeness

Total recall, images coming into full view, tantalizing my
mind with a beauty, an aura of peaceful creativeness.
Lovely anticipation visibly entering interior thoughts,
encased in steel treasure chests for eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aura Of Intellect

Swinging to tunes of another era, enjoying their
rhythms, letting them flow, taking me to another
dimension far beyond earth's.

Finding a peaceful interlude forming deep within,
relaxing to it's serenity while time is allocated
to another place.

There standing still in an aura of intellect that
has descended upon my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aura Of Unusual Splendor

Signing episodes of life with coded messages in knowledge,
giving an aura of unusual splendor to the world.

Splitting and separating into many rhythms of melodies
being played in tandem with the music of my heartbeat
as it measures out daily, the time that I have left here
on earth.

Calculating, regulating everything without any mechanisms
whatsoever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Auras In Colorful Emotion

Scently savoring words, keeping their pace alongside melodies of joyous harmony.

Following their trains of thought over mountainous heights, traveling under water to monstrous depths, stirring up mind contemplating auras in colorful emotion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Auras Of Messages

Carefully taking adjectives and placing them in auras of decipherable messages, built upon an interior intellect.

Subjective and collectible, entering positive aspects of pious sacraments, all of it mixing with a humor of wisdom and a dialect from many foreign countries.

Pleasing to senses, filling them full of inner desires, dusting off many ancient books, adhering to concepts of religion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Auras Of Perfection

Solemn times of life don't always have to be filled with sorrow, they can also be filled with tears of joy, remembering can bring.

Crystal clarity flowing over memories, touching special images, bringing them to light in auras of perfection.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Auras Of Tomorrow's Visions

Stringing along on a guitar, accompanying the piano
that never disappears when listening to rhythm from
beyond sight.

Delving quietly into mystical and mysterious sights
and auras of tomorrow's visions.

Surveying every one of them and writing whatever it
is that I see as I move forward without any hesitation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Austere Solace

Finally listening to beautiful scents of melody's
moods, timing life with it's musical scores, and
bringing an austere solace to my mind.
Figuratively existing in a space of rhythm,
enjoying it's mathematical equations with an absolute
energy and an overwhelming curiosity to learn more
of what's behind many compositions of eternity.
Always thinking of unusual images as they are created
in measures and beats of rhyme and music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Authority Speaking

Freezing interiorly from a voice, speaking in authoritative tones, squeezing liberty and freedom, causing listening to happen even when not wanting to.

Wishing to ignore or walk away from it, yet it is ingrained within subconsciousness and cannot as yet, be separated in this time and place.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Author's Duos

Laces of time lie unbroken upon sacred ground.
Never trampled on, always thrown about without a care.
Forging into deep, black nights, brought on by literary plights,
hesitantly authors write duos of many words.
Fighting silentlessly back and forth, trying to be the first to write the world's greatest books.
Mesmerized by the talent of others, left alone, to come up with words of their own.
Jostling everything, just to have some peace and quiet, totaling -nothing, writing pages of something.
Talent sitting far away from the population, growing impatient with the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Autistic Notes

Reaching out to auras of music as they quiver and shine in the moonlight.
Saying the lyrics set in autistic measures, not wanting to be touched or held -
only wanting to be free and independent.
Free to roam across deserts of interior life, combing the existence of tried and
true notes felt from past bands in the sixties.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Autographs Of Memory

Rolling across the universe, taking energy along for the ride, beckoning to my spirit to join in the festivities.
Patrolling pathways, filing images in cabinets of memories for future writing and purpose.
Living on edges of subconsciousness, holding onto particles of visions, taking picturesque figures and placing them in books, autographed by memory and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Automatic Thought

Reaching for designs to match my mind's insistent,
potential artwork, as I create persistently with an
innate force, pushing me ever so quickly to
articulate clearly what I'm thinking and seeing.

Visions speculating, as landscapes keep moving
constantly, keeping movement and motion going
rapidly, making my mind keep in time with it's
automatic thought processes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Automatic Writing

Never ending writing sprees, finding words and spreading
them across multitudinous pages.
Frolicking in pastures of words and phrases, enjoying
their melodies and sound, connecting them musically with-
out any conscious thought or pattern.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Autumn Leaves

Autumn leaves rain upon my soul, telling it to
prepare for death's journey into another world.
Falling steadily onto piles, crinkling with the
weight, subject to funeral pyres, naturally
collected and dispersed into ashes once more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenue Of Resistance

Whipping along in tandem,
enjoying the ride down memory lane.

Soliciting images from visions of my
mind, twisting and maneuvering all
thoughts into one giant picturesque
mural, portrayed for life and it's
forecast.

Taking strides, forming puzzles to solve,
and creating facets of change to formulate
and engineer mechanical meanings along
lanes of enjoyable solutions.

Finding an avenue of resistance,
clarifying it's essence in poetical form.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenue Searching

Searching avenues of exile, locating extreme shores
of future days while flying off on voyages unseen
by human eyes.

Piloting flights into darkened nights as life
revolves on different sights.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Adversity

Avenues of adversity claim our hearts and cause
struggles in life.

Unwanted eclipses standing in our way, trapping
and belittling those who keep close to living
beings.

Fluctuating hourly with repetitious relief, we
are left standing in webs of deceit.

Carelessly careening down paths of enlightenment,
grasping at straws, hoping to preserve a little of
it for posterity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Another Culture

Enticing sounds luring my mind down avenues of another culture, seeing fascinating colors and festivities happening all around.

Arousing curiosity even more than usual, going into the midst of all that is seen and heard, while a proportionate amount of time is being relayed in thought processes of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Beauty

Yesteryears mustangs roamed earth, widening their
horizons, differentiating particles and atoms of
energetic nature.
Calming insides of atmospheric pressure with a
gallop or trot down mesas of wilderness on far
sides of beautiful seasons.
Sprinkling favorite ideas across saddles, carrying
them into denizens of haphazardous recrimination
on trails towards blue skies and howling coyotes.
Watching forever for wild avenues of beauty on
sides of cacti and mesquite trees in desert realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Creativity

Sliding up and down avenues of creativity,
feeling exhilarated and free.

Every second spent listening to intellect
and imagination.

Grasping ideas and thoughts, letting them sparkle
and shine within my mind.

Never putting limits or boundaries around them,
knowing when they are written into poetry that they
will stand on their own, giving meaning to everyone
who reads them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Darkness

Quickly walking down avenues of darkness, sliding by
shadows of nighttime bliss.
Squarely paced, life steps alongside itself,
traipsing slowly like churned butter, creating newly
made spaces of time in unknown hemispheres -
controlling moments of this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Destiny

Following steps of life down avenues of destiny,
finding out many things along the way that are
very interesting and promising.

All the time searching, locating facts to help
take correct paths, leading me into a wonderful
and fruitful life.

Always filled with promise and goodness through
an innate spirituality throughout the years as
I age and mature, capturing knowledge and wisdom
along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Discovery

Catching sight of new details, forming concepts and
mathematical formulas to write to, following coded
rhythms down avenues of discovery.

Seeing awesome beauty of inner landscapes in an in-
terior spirituality, intellect forging new patterns
and designs to enter poetical forms and interludes.

Placing self in the midst of a bluened light, find-
ing enlightenment soaring through innate wisdom and
knowledge.

Sending messages constantly through rhythms of mus-
ical compositions and poetry that I'm continually
writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Disobedience

Searching for enlightenment inside caverns of being is
a curious endeavor as it fulfills many hours of bliss.

Taking on avenues of strict disobedience, throwing rules
out the door, brings an existence of freedom to
imagination's doors.

Throwing them wide open, allowing liberties never before
taken.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Energy

Searching, being enticed with what I find throughout
landscapes winding their way through my brain.

Unable to resist, being tempted by the patterns each
design collects within each sphere.

Hovering within intellect's peacefulness, totally
insistent, completing new concepts through avenues of
energy that flow into waterfalls of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Fantasy

Solitarily hiding in avenues of fantasy, creating a life to fasten itself to reality.
Setting out tiers of truth to look upon, upsetting the natural balance brought between relationships and imagination.
Together standing, searching, climbing high into lighthouses of creative imagery, seeking the inner beauty everyone knows is there.
Crystal glass aligned in knowing circles, turning the past into present creations, with tomorrow's future lying in the balance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Grace

Challenging etudes soaring through the atmosphere,
claiming their existence by being there.
Tracing steps made creatively from heaven's gates,
solidly stepping down lanes of time on avenues of
future grace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Life

Incessant playing of rhythms, sliding into memories and being
coded incessantly for reasons known only to inner wisdom.

Living in realms of placid dreams, hoping to be enlivened in
new scopes and avenues of life after death has overtaken all
concepts and gone on before me.

Ringing and pealing, sights of yesterday's solemn occasions
of bereavement continue through life.

Soothing and accompanying all expiring thoughts into the
darkness of a tunnel before light shines once again
upon my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Maturity

Strength can only be found within, in the midst of pain and grief.

Measures of character are formed from trials and suffering through life.

Sending messages to depths of a mind's imaginative intellect where wisdom is formed early on and transfixed along avenues of maturity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Natural Wonder

Bands of instruments play in my head, discerning abstractions
of beauty cognitively.
Leisurely awakening mind ideas for writing, snapping to
attention as life revolves around inner metronomes of time
alone.
Standing along avenues of natural wonder, watching and placing
it all in precise measurements for eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Nomenclature

Reaching further into musical tones, being able to
run with their rhythms into blue auras of time.
Selecting measures to keep time, finding a serenity
taking place in avenues of nomenclature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Peace

Sandwiched between pages of meditation and contemplation,
this mind finds avenues of peace, as life unfolds into
them, reaching heights of subconsciousness.

Distinct patterns of thought form there, lifting energy
from within into intellect, watching it flow, drifting
along with it effortlessly.

Headed into a wide expanse of an inner ocean, serene and
expectant, going out with the tide into another dimension
of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Perfect Rhythm

Searching for invisible reasons, holding onto my life as if I were worthwhile.
Developing intellect as I roam through many avenues of perfect rhythm.
Steadfast, in a mission of beauty, allowing only picturesque music to penetrate my psyche.
Talented, wanton desire keeping me together, allowing an infinite amount of possibilities to surface as I write incessantly from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Purpose

Enticing melodies taking this mind into other dimensions where intellect can open up totally, giving an energetic beauty to add to a poetical essence.

Always finding avenues of purpose and definition, wanting to solve problems of poverty, taking our world by the hand and giving each country the help that's needed.

Helping each one to become self-contained and self-reliant, a positive and aspiring way to unite the world, bringing together brilliant people who care.

Letting everyone the world over know we were all created equal and in God's image, no one being any better than anyone else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Thought

Finding avenues of thought aligning themselves within,
taking this mind down pathways and trails seldom ever
traversed by anyone else.

Loving their solitary tempos and complacency, letting
it all be consumed interiorly, a succinct and wonder-
fully delectable sound being issued from within.

A total transformation that fills me spiritually, giv-
ing pleasure, happiness and joy, a bluened light dwell-
ing within my being.
Divine living totally in my soul, giving inspiration
and energy throughout life completely, enriching and
awesome all the way though life's horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Turmoil

Creeping down back alleys, looking for avenues of turmoil that keep haunting from it's hiding places.

Stepping quietly on footprints, keeping step with and using them to take into secret cravings of what they're up to.

Not wanting anymore of their upsetting ways to be a part of daily living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avenues Of Visions

Sanguine roses, dripping in mind with the blood of
their thorns as they puncture inner thoughts with
their exasperating attitudes.

Lying in rows of expectancy, hoping to find the way
through turmoil exacted upon them in life.

Following avenues of visions, being led into dimensional
depths of nepotism's blindness by people, ignorant of
the grief they are causing.

Sanguine roses, dripping in this mind, flowing out onto
the ground of demise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Averted Travesties

Remunerations of life stand out against a backdrop of trials
and tribulations, tempting with repugnant situations.

As I travel through distinct measures of love, many travesties
are averted with caring, and hope is taken off of the hold it's
been on, spreading exciting endeavors to pass the time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avid Tunes

Rejoicing in tones of life being played energetically
with lightening striking all around me.

Sitting here in the midst of this musical storm, being
overtaken by it's intensity, tossed and turned through
the atmosphere of avid tunes.

Carrying on as if nothing is happening through the
measures of each interlude, watching and thinking as
thoughts go racing by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avoiding Confrontation

A tightness filling my chest, strangling my will,
pushing me forward where I don't want to go.

Intensely trying to avoid confrontation, yet
resigning myself to the facts instead.

Letting go eventually, so I may proceed with
moments of life as they come to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avoiding Conversation

Antagonizingly lonely, frowning for no reason, just being who he is.
An elderly gentleman sitting and thinking of present moments spent in gentle reminiscence, forcing back tears he refuses to let escape.
Watching and looking around, noticing little things, focusing on inanimate objects, not wanting to speak to anyone or disturbing his personal thoughts for idle conversation.
Curiosity sitting like a cat, lying in his mind, projecting life to a poet across the room.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avoiding Conversations

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Curiosity sitting like a cat lying in his mind, projecting life to a poet across the room.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avoiding Mistakes

Never wavering, an inner strength of faith through
innate spirituality, always within.

Learning lessons through experiences of and with
other people.

Taking directions to avoid mistakes we see others
making or have made.

Living according to the Ten Commandments and loving
God with all our hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avoiding Negativity

Our lives are not to be dictated by mean-spirited people who are jealous of what others have, or by the way they can communicate with another.
People congregate around a person who is kind, compassionate, genuinely caring - someone who is guiet, gentle in nature.
Ignoring overtures of some who think they are better than everyone else, making life miserable for others, because they are so miserable themselves.
We tend to avoid negative people and their attitudes and maybe we shouldn't.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Avoiding The Obvious

Standing in the pouring rain of loneliness, heart emptying and mixing with the puddles I'm stepping over.
Avoiding the obvious aspects known to me, I continue to elude all emotions, only seeing their existence here where I am writing, keeping them in an intellectual mode of thinking, so I don't have to deal with them right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting A Call To Arms

Heart and mind being hungry for the past when life was so
simple and good, living peacefully with our families, hav-
ing friends to stand by us.

Life was calm, giving everyone pleasure at times, now every-
one is stressed and tense, no way to get out from under our
corrupt politicians and government except to go to war.

Ready, willing and able, just waiting for the call to arms
from our militia, hopefully it comes real soon, so we can
get our country back from the enemy within.

Many of our politicians need to be brought up on charges
of treason and given full punishment for committing it,
for whatever it is, it's more than they deserve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting A Special Awakening

Stepping along horizons, traveling into other dimensions beyond this one, finding explanations and discoveries, a new and exciting exhilaration, always tantalizing particles of intellect as it awaits a special awakening to come and open it totally.

New transportations freeing us to travel inner universes, investigating our interior lives fully, spirituality flowering, blossoming and covering our minds with the essence of a palatable and savory taste of meanings and purpose.

Tuning into aspects of another atmosphere, taking each and every possibility to outer limits of history, knowing that there is so much that we do not yet know about our-selves and inner life.

Expanding and encompassing knowledge throughout our lives, reasoning and logic growing with every single impossibility, creating solutions and taking them to extremes, leaving some of it to our imaginations'.

Pondering and thinking upon thoughts that enliven and vibrate our inner horizons with a caring compassion towards all of humanity in our world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting A Spiritual Revival

Watching life as it crosses my vision time and again,
seeing landscapes as they flow past my mind.

Allowing feelings of peace to fill me with beauty of
nature, touching me for moments in time.

Inherent and abiding life, it's silence breeds love
of the Divine, energizing spirituality, nurturing and
letting it be breathed within my being so entirely.

Searching for the essence of life, crossing and re-
crossing my sight as I sit here in recesses of my
mind, awaiting a spiritual revival within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Alignment

Falling into abysses, searching through clear blue lights
for answers to questions left us on shores of life.

Awaiting tides of becoming, we lie about, with hopes in
dreams we've slept through.

Noticing when awakening, our places are out of alignment
and must be reinserted into horizons of fate.

Suppressed for so long in back pages of books, we clatter
and jingle, trying to change our levels of intelligence,
hopelessly imagining every circumstance through music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting An Answer

Playing with notes in measures of time, touching chords of reticence, boldly wanting to be brought into the circumference of total love.

Hesitant, afraid of what may come about, shyly reaching out, reluctant to give self totally in the passion of a lover's unquenchable desire.

Wanting her wholly, willing to give her everything in life he possibly can, wanting to be by her side throughout an eternity, loving, caring and compassionate in every aspect of their lives together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting An Experience

Living in a special place, having passport in hand from
the Department of State, having received it on Saturday.

Ready now to leave for India, the experience of a life-
time awaiting me.

Looking forward to seeing India, being with their gentle
and brilliant people.

Knowing it's going to be a great and wonderful time with
my friend and soulmate while there.

Chosen to represent the United States in a world-wide
poetry anthology is quite an honor for this humble and
mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Arrivals

Signals beckoning through atmospheres of love,
sending messages of hope and concern down aisles
of caring.

Withering thoughts come to life and blossom on
branches, bringing forth items and packages of
true love, sitting on porches, awaiting their
arrivals.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Bikers

Old bikers, standing around, talking about the
glorious past and revving up details to make
it sound more promising.

Cycles sitting in parking spaces, silent, alone,
reveling in their chrome and pipe stances,
awaiting the bikers who ride them into sunsets
of infinity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Birth

Down in a darkened bowl of earth, looking skyward,
awaiting birth of a brand new day.
Sensing it's fantastic pleasure, stepping into
time with it's life-giving essence and going on to
be whatever's left on the following day.
To take it up and continue on our way again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Death's Embrace

Elderly love being found and lost on shaky lines of ending horizons.
Holding hands, recognizing shadows of time are slowly creeping upon them as another moment flows over their being.
Motion losing strength as aging continues to constrict life-giving movements when walking along coastlines, awaiting death's embrace.
Inevitably, it will appear and confiscate life without a person realizing it's happened.
Partners, loved ones, significant others, will unendingly pray and nothing will happen to allay the inevitable.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Definition

Swinging in tune with inner rhythms,
invigorating imagination as a calmness
divides me from life's fruitless search
for meaning.
Questioning glances lurk throughout hidden
corners, awaiting some definition of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Designs

Dreaming in mid-afternoon,
watching illusive categories and
peace-filled repertoires file past
in exciting attitudes of appreciation.

Being elated with misty-eyed consistency.
Lasting impressions set in cells of a cortex,
awaiting the obvious designs arriving expertly
in writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Existence

Sunlight disappearing into continual sunsets after
darkness has come upon us.
Long, still, empty skies, looking and waiting for
the existence of another day to appear with morning
light of dawn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Explanations

Lying everything to rest as a voice croons
gently like a baby's lullabye in heaven.

Slowly generating conversations in open
spaces of silent windows, entrances to our
souls.

Walking, searching, finding all manner of
thoughts, awaiting explanations in the
corridors of tomorrow's dawning destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Expression

Traveling into depths of being, mind and spirit, finding the wonder lying there, awaiting expression, wanting to be shared throughout this world with others.

Hoping to spark an ember or fiery blaze of enlightenment in someone with innate talent, wisdom and knowledge to expand and exonerate life itself at times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Expressions Of Life

Experiencing the liveliness of another beautiful day of living, awaiting expressions of life to be written poetically and in detail.

Wonder and curiosity filling me with an exuberance to take by the hand and traipse through this world, joy and happiness now touching my soul.

Intellect interprets the beauty of nature and humanity in the depths of feelings and emotions, describing them all in poetical and musical compositions for everyone to see and read in every part of this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Final Elixirs

Light and darkness filling life, atrophying or expanding,
according to situations or circumstances, always search-
ing for strength and hope to carry on through it all.

Suffering and tribulations filling me in times of dark-
ness, striving to keep hope alive even when stepping into
it's empty blackness unwillingly.

Stirring mixtures of belief and inner convictions, await-
ing their final elixirs to heal or at least take our pain
away for a while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Fulfillment

A deep sadness has silently crept upon me, filling my soul with unshed tears, awaiting fulfillment.

There are no explanations to give, life has closed around me suddenly, like the morning glory folds it's hands and head in the mid-afternoon sun.

It is a natural reaction from within to hide from pain and sorrow that leap out upon my mind from time to time.

Alone in the garden, falling tears watering my soul, helping me to grow through the pain I know of myself alone.

Sharing will not lessen it, nor can it be taken from me, knowledge of it's presence helps to walk through it's darkening despair, yet I cannot always seem to be so sure of the pathway leading me into it's penetrating nearness, closeness of inner pain of heart, mind and soul.

All of life will be a tortuous path, winding and rewinding itself through this infinite, everlasting saddened despair.

As life nears it's end, I can reach out and touch it, feel it's image with my soul, it has become my friend.

Embracing feelings, silence, the essence of it's being, mine, a part of self that will not die until I no longer exist myself.

Triumph of life is having lived with and through The darkness of life's desert alone, on foot until the end has overcome my soul.

Completely rinsing me from earthly despair and sorrow to be at last, fast asleep within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Honesty

Testing mercurial waters, tepid with energy, sitting
on sides of evaporative atmospheres, taking whatever
can be held in mind as I walk alone.

Pre-determined thoughts of fate are held tightly by
destiny's heart, awaiting times of forthright honesty.

Choosing rhythms of insight, calming self into ripples
of delight, holding on to possibilities of heightened
senses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Individual Responses

Clouds whitening the skies with their
purity and vibrations of ethical morals,
giving everyone thoughts to think about
on days of forecasted doom.

Ascending to mountain's ledges, looking
down and over, pretending not to be
afraid of what they're seeing.

All episodes are captialized and sent
into formats fitting an immoral world.
Nicely taking motion into agile sections
of nether worlds.

Strumming guitars of remedial knowledge,
occasionally finding the results staring
in dark corners.

Awaiting individual responses as all of
ancient tables are surrounded by antipathy
and forlorn wisdom.

Kneeling in front of churches, not able to
enter, because they are locked to
unfortunate individuals until the end of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Inspiration

Voices singing incessantly on many C.D.'s in a
collection, all of them taking us instrumentally
and rhythmically into depths of compositions, as
they are being readied at the tip of a pen,
awaiting inspiration from a corner of the universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Moments

Walking silently into realms of another dimension, eyes
wide open, listening to rhythms as they play into measures
of music.

Carrying me into rivers towards an interior waterfall, fall-
ing into pools of water below filled with thoughts waiting
to be formed into poetical atmospheres.

They are then taken and made into poems throughout my life,
expecting words and definitions to be put into picturesque
puzzles where life exists fully, awaiting the moments they
are to be written by this mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Moments Of Being

Blinding lights, striking intellect with their
brilliance, stirring thoughts as they swirl
about in my mind.

Awaiting moments of being, placed in poetry
anew, meanings shining into a morning's sun
rise.

Starting off the day with messages to the
world in many different aspects.

Having definitions to be read and understood
in every person's individual way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Nighttime

A lonesome moon and a lone star were talking way overhead,
looking down and feeling the emptiness that most people
dread.

Little stars were popping in and out, playing, twinkling
with no doubts that one day they'd receive their time to
talk to the moon about darkness.

Wanting reasons for their being there night after night,
swimming in a dark blue sky, awaiting nighttime, feeling
somewhat shy.

They all stood there for an eternity, claiming the right
to be heard by people's silent, watching eyes.

Knowing enough about patience, that life became a pastime
to do with what they wanted.

Sending messages through the sky to become one with the
darkening dawn of night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Perfection

Ledges of decision standing astride of facts,
waiting to be driven home in satisfaction.
Quality of timing lying in hallways, awaiting
perfection to become a part of their reality
on moonlit horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Reality

Echoing vibrations throughout my being, religiously taking me into intense moments.
Awaiting reality as it continues to join with rhythmic beats in continuous rotations of happiness.
Stepping into all the motions of life, selecting those that fit with moods at this very moment.
Sincere talent walking down chords, benefiting the harmony in ways which are realizing the beauty of sound.
Altogether, loving every single word that pops into my mind with sounds that are elicited in measures of time.
Staccatoely giving all intense ideas their time to shine without all the sadness trying to break out from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Recognition

Music sensitively touching senses
hidden secretively in depths of my
mind, awaiting the recognition of
rhythmic beats compiled in notes
of melodic harmonies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Recognition Hidden

Skipping and stumbling through life's joys and sorrows,
hoping to reach some compromise for balance.

Always standing on street corners of my mind, harassing
self into resignation and subdued silence.

Never talking of the labyrinths inside, afraid of letting
anyone else know who I am.

Place of recognition which no one can ever see or know,
lies in the center of my being, hidden.

If anyone cared enough to find the person I truly am
within, they'd find me somewhere on the thousands of pages
already written, sitting between the lines, silently
awaiting their recognition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Scents

Mind opening doors and windows, airing out the wide
open spaces hiding in imaginative intellect.

Awaiting the scent of roses after they've bloomed
to enter the atmosphere within.

Feeling expressive thoughts and textures being
straightened and ironed out.

A very pleasant experience that needs to be done
every so often as I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Solutions

Twinkling like starlight in my mind, teasing me with
little rhymes of childhood as I write intimately of
life's reality.

At times taking life too seriously, yet isn't it?
Joy and laughter have their parts to play, pushing
away sorrow and grief.

Yet, even in times of happiness we are lonely and
silent, wishing to find a center to keep us always
balanced.

So far it eludes us daily, seeming an impossibility,
awaiting our solutions through measures of time as
we progress through the years of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Surgery

Life being eclipsed by another hardship, this time through surgery that needs to be done, remembering last time when I was in a coma and on life support.

Hoping it doesn't come to that again, expecting to wake up from surgery in the recovery room, alert and aware of everything.

Prayers coming from people who love me all over the world, feeling them working even now while I'm being prepped for surgery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting The End

Walking away and into a twilight evening once again,
looking to the horizon, watching the ocean rising
and falling in front of my eyes.

Starlight guiding me along with rays of a full moon,
all taking part in a suspension of beauty as I climb
onto the watchful eye of another time.

Awaiting the end of this life as I have seen it in
my dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting The Governor

Excitement galore as preparations are made for a
visit from Janet Napolitano, our present governor.
More chairs are needed, more shade too!
Microphones, flags, speakers and refreshments all
have to be arranged and rearranged.
Papers scattered along white fluffy tables, all are
awaiting our special guest at the center.
All democrats seated beneath a canopy, anticipating
answers to any and all questions.
Alight with the fire of celebrity, everyone sits
waiting, hoping she's early.

(1: 08 p.m. - 10/20/06)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting The Witching Hour

Clocks striking midnight, reminding me of the
loneliness still standing idly within my being.

Heart being struck on every hour, a reminder
of the abandonment held gingerly inside of me.

Nervously awaiting the witching hour, when it
comes, hoping that it's magic will transform me
into Cinderella meeting my prince.

The one who says he wants me and will have me,
no questions or doubts to be erased, our two
hearts at last filling temptations of our desires.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Thoughtful Interludes

Thoughtful Interludes await when I find myself alone and in a contemplative mood.
Mysterious moods flow and ebb, taking me on journeys exclusively to indulging paths of insight, creating solace in advantageous ways, soothing my mind's heart and thinking.
Filling all aspects of entities, catching hold of every idea
and spreading them over areas touched by melodies and written in prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaiting Time

Getting away from life's dirty mind, hiding inside, away from all eyes, wanting to reach out and be touched - gotten to - on some level is too much to ask.

Always standing on the threshold to life's fantastic door, afraid to enter the world of people, knowing nothing will ever be the same again, once it's done, keeps me frozen, afraid of doing it.

No where does life come with a guarantee, so staying aloof is protection of me.

Knowing the goodness, the thought behind it, I cannot find fault, only deny the use of it.

Denial, because of fear. Fear, because in changing I may not recognize myself. Not recognizing me, I might lose myself.

All these things preying on my mind, so I continue to sit here awaiting my time as it draws near.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awake For Many Hours

Scattered across the surface of the earth are millions of lights shining and leading sight and mind to their presence and existence.

Cities and towns incorporated below, millions of people now waking up, getting ready for work or school although I cannot see a single person from way up here.

Glad to be flying, awake now for many hours, feeling excited and joyful, taking life in stride, stress and worry disintigrating the closer I get to my destination, Hong Kong.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awaken Knowledge

Fragmenting selves cast out into the universe, unprepared for what is found there.
Lightly touching on fields of knowledge, wisdom sits solemnly behind closed doors.
Waiting to be remembered, taking upon it's shoulders, the ignorant of the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakened Senses

Senses awakening in the middle of the night, wondering
what is going on, why are they rubbing the sleep from
their eyes right now.

Slipping into caverns of hidden departures, finding
their way through darkened visions, searching for the
ideas of turmoil that have intervened in their nightly
rest.

Interesting thoughts developing out of curiosity and
looked into, forming conclusions in depths of interior
knowing.

Coming into the lights of knowledge, traipsing off into
jagged rocks left on the shores of belonging, never in
abject loneliness.

Senses having been awakened for unknown reasons and now
are left hanging by strings of unkempt thoughts,
undeveloped in caverns of misuse, never being brought
forth because they have all died from neglect, no more
to be seen from any direction or sense.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Activity

Calmly clapping synapses,
awakening them to thoughts
about to arrive.
Filling their day with
activity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Auras

Tonight is darkening in the sky, twilight is bouncing
along throughout the universe.

Bright beams of light, coming from the heavens and
setting foot on earth.

Definitions being defined throughout the sky, as we
touch them with our limited vision.

Imagination is taking me out of body, swirling around
the heavens without interruption.

Beautiful thoughts falling asleep and being awakened
by the auras of another time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Beats Of My Heart

Skipping through fascinating twilight, stars sparkling
and twinkling above in the darkness of the universe.

Awakening beats of my heart to explicit sounds of the
next atmosphere on the other side of rhythm.

Liking to hear fast-paced sensations playing with my
mind incessantly and brightly throughout this night.

Rocking my way into another dimension with a beating
intensity of rhythmic inclinations and nothing much
else.

Keeping the faster times in measures of this night,
as rocket ships take me into spaces of another time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Being

Keeping time with rhythm as it
flows throughout wisdom's mind,
awakening every particle of it's
being with learning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Desires Within

Hearts bound by love, nothing to tear us apart for
we have become one time and again.

No one else could ever make me feel the way you do,
you're simply amazing! !

Awakening desires within that I never knew existed,
enjoying feeling them for the first time.

Passion filling me implicitly, extraordinary and
beautiful, filling me with your being totally.

Our love taking us together into another dimension,
filled with fireworks exploding, colors bursting
everywhere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Dreams

Leaves sweeping across my soul,
giving pleasure, and titillating senses.
Awakening dreams, hidden within, giving them
another chance to play themselves out.
Gathering all talents into one thought, then
spreading them throughout the universe so every
one can enjoy what has been created through them all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Energy

Responding readily to the energy of my enlightened
soul, as it is awakened through thoughtful poetry
entering my mind silently.

Taking with it, hidden ideas, trying to stay secreted
in corners of my brain.

Not letting them get away with it, grasping each one
and putting them here where the world can be shown to
them in their tiny little spaces of wonder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Existence

Awakening from tunnel vision, suddenly seeing brilliant
blasts of color and emotion, surfing tides within me.

Featuring life and setting it's best foot forward,
looking to hike around interior memories.

Foraging subconsciousness for clues to writing about
circumferences of knowledge and learning.

Careening around corners of ebony decisiveness, finding
absolution in greeting dawns of every morning.

As suns arise and fill the moment of stillness before
we fully awaken to a new day, change is felt in wisdom's
presence, as we focus on daily examples of existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Eyesight

Silence of sadness penetrating my essence, leaving me bereft and alone once again.

Searing liquid of tears falls upon my mind, awakening it's eyesight to see angry and insipid memories that are lying within this photographic memory.

Leaving all thoughts in a jumble of pieces from a long ago puzzle, no longer having all of them, only tattered and worn ones, no longer intact.

Underneath coverlets of life now being expended for the final moment on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Gifts

Remembering younger days of dancing, hiking, climbing, camping, fishing, and boating.
Solemn memories of the good life I led in spite of being poor.
Nature culminating in my mind, showing me it's secrets, defining touches of life as it circles inner beings of talent.
Shining into my soul with a brightness given only by God, awakening gifts so I may glorify Him all my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Hope

Memories of Christmas gifts after Mom died, no happiness or smiles hiding inside.

Tinsel flowing down the tree like tears down my face.
Shutting my heart and closing it's doors forevermore, or so I thought.
Son's joy and laughter on Christmas morn reminded me that I was still alive although it never felt like it again.
A woman came barging into my life much later in life, insisting on being my friend and not taking no for an answer.
Challenging my heart to keep her out, continually harassing me gently, without giving up or in.
At last taking my hand and causing me to trust her, love her unconditionally as a sister.
Awakening the heart that I thought was forever lost in sorrow.
Pulling me out of myself and giving me hope in life once more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Life

Life is awakened towards it's end as we realize we have
little time left to make a difference while on earth.
Our nature's blend and take on new meaning as we finally
focus our sights on our purposes in life.

(10: 23 a.m. - 11/24/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Little By Little

Resisting the temptation to get up and walk around,
curious to see everything in the area where I am
sitting.
Not being able to see beyond some corners, feeling
an interest growing inside to know.
Living in this moment, enjoying it's feel and
presence in my life.
Adjusting to the early morning hour, awakening
little by little in the sounds of silence all
around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Mind

Saturated beyond belief, facets of life crumple and
dive headlong into imaginations's quiet respite.
Longingly skating across and through memories,
waking senses long since deadened.
Traveling byways and networks in and out of reality,
grabbing and holding onto any that will stick out.
Producing after-effects, droplets, like fireworks,
screaming across the mind, cursing and blessing at
the same time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Moments Of Life

Sweeping aside tension of living, striving to focus on
interior spirituality and purpose of destiny, praying,
moving through measures of music and moments of life.

As they come into line with an inner awakening each and
every morning, gladly reaching out, this poetical mind
grasping everything being seen and felt around me.

Loving this exceptional feeling and energy being derive-
ed from it and music while writing poetry, producing an
atmosphere of spiritual creativeness always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening My Soul

Raining in imagination's depths, purifying all manner of suffering in life.
Scratching letters in the mud, telling of the many ideas coming down with the rain.
Awesome pictures, filled with hopes in tomorrow's fate, closer than anyone thinks.
Reaching out, feeling the rain pour down upon me, awakening my soul to life again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Perfection

Slow yet steady, like the tango, mind strengthening it's
inner reserves, pulling together every fiber and particle.

Soothing hearts and souls with rhythms of this exquisite
story of another forgotten in time.

Somnolently discussing ideas through dreams, dreamt at
night under the starlight of a new beginning.

Awakening the perfection of holiness in the universe
within each of us present in this mere existence of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Remembrances

Remembering and watching inner screens for pictures, explaining what it is I'm thinking at this precise moment.
Awakening slowly, as if from a dream, capturing every expression, emotion and total atmosphere seen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Senses Fully

Scratching the surface, taking time to awaken senses
fully, tempting and beautiful, an inner vision coming
into view, serene and quiet, clearly showing tempos
and rhythms of Indian music, played while writing.

A stillness is brought about, taking me into depths
of another picture puzzle, relating the wonderful
culture of India as it is shown through the music
touching my mind right now.

Explicit and tantalizing, finding a place for itself
deep within my spirit, taking me interiorly into
spiritual realms filled with the sanctity of the Divine,
totally and entirely attuned to sensations it's arousing
within my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Sicilian Memories

Italian tenors ringing in and through this brain, touching
and reawakening intellect of Sicilian memories of yesterday.

So totally and completely enfolding me in their intense
simplicity and beauty.

Solemn dignity and respect hovering near-by, waiting to be
fulfilled in many more rhythms and poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Soul

Calling from depths of inner voicing,
allocating strains of music heard to
sounds of an awakening soul.

Capturing the essence of being, setting
it ablaze for the time of reawakening -
a new birth.

Beginning a new day, trading yesterday
for the start of a life of joy and
happiness.

Quiet determination placed on a pyre of
delicate fragility - embroidered gently
with salted tears of joyless images.

Stationed upon crossroads, detailing
steadfast movement of unselfish reasoning.

Calculating the advantage of systematic
procurement, advancing pages of reason
and wisdom with mischievous pranks.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Soul And Mind

Man is so fickle, undependable, unreliable, so totally unlike God, whom I can trust and look to any time of the day or night.

He's always there for me, my Father, waiting for me to acknowledge His presence and talk to Him.

Such peace penetrates my being, awakening my soul, opening my mind to Him, His Holy Spirit, touching my entire being with love from above.

He has given me a purpose in life, and I am grateful for everything He has done in my life, past, present and future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Sphere

Enticing and wonderful, taking me into a fantasyland
with the very first note being played.

Suddenly lying in a creative world, nothing like it
outside of an interior universe.

Plenty to see and do, feeling a spiritual connection
intensely, living in it's bluened atmosphere.

Such a vibrant and awakening sphere, alone and en-
joying every moment that I spend here.

Smiling interiorly, filled with serenity and joy of
the Divine only.

Soothing, eventually placidly taking me into other
dimensions and worlds interiorly.

Living happily, standing steadfast amid all coded
rhythms shining upon my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awakening Within

Succinctly listening to a rhythm playing through my mind,
touching every sense inside, awakening new and old desires.

Giving great pleasure to every fiber and particle of inner
being, loving to be present in the here and now.

Allowing whatever feelings being felt to be pronounced again
in writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aware Of Inner Spirituality

Walking on a tightrope of feelings and emotions, looking
ahead, never down, afraid of falling.

Testing the strength of my future with every step, aware
of an inner spirituality taking my soul, guiding, leading
me across interior canyons of turmoil and grief.

Finding tears have all been stored deeply within, never
wiping any of them away, living in depths of my sorrow
since childhood.

Never forgetting it's loss and pain, writing it all into
poetry to be seen and remembered throughout this lonesome
life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Aware Of Stillness

Tuning in to silent whispers coming from above,
musically touching my soul, awakening it's source
from heaven's gates.

Feeling an intense wave of emotion filling my
heart, making me aware of the stillness within
our universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awareness

Singing to my mind, developing an awareness of interior
aims, continuing expectations, checking with reality's outcomes.

Sinuous thoughts, begging to be allowed onto plateaus
of innocence, forgiving nothing except forlorn thoughts
of suicide as they pour forth from inner wells of emotion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awareness Of Being

Being enlightened in thought, feeling exhilarated and energized beyond this life, an awareness of being, that totally encompasses what life is really about.

A stillness filling my mind, allowing thoughts to generate and collide with imagination, creating beautiful visions constantly and incessantly.

Forming pictures tantalizingly and picturesquely, not allowing negativity to touch innate talent.

Appreciating the way this mind works, cooperating with intellect, shaping wisdom and common sense to create poetry, sharing it with this world gladly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awareness Of Life

Mystical and magical, an interior life tantalizing with
aromas and designs of an absolute truth and awareness
of life and it's tender feelings and emotions.

A stillness finding it's way into depths of inspiration
with an intuitive expression of living beyond the horizon,
arousing needs from within.

Meeting with desires of an intense passion that couples it-
self with you, my love, always ready to become one with you
in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Away From Reality

Moving beyond this reality, going inside and shutting
the door on the outer world.
Finding peace so needed right this moment, falling
into a contemplative trance, wiping out the things
going on around me, taking enjoyment to an ideal level.
Seeing visions of tranquil scenery, trees, oceans, life,
in a peaceful aura away from the rest of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awe - Inspiring Awareness

Setting suns lazily resting on summer horizons,
beautifully stretching colorful hues across the sky.

Wonderful awe-inspiring nature, blessing all on earth
who are aware of their surroundings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awe Inspiring

Lined spaces lasting through eternity,
exaggerating outlandish claims of memory.

Violin-like, a piano sounds in the distance,
calling, touching, an inner soul of talent.

Urging gifts of a lifetime to come out and
explore their full potential.

Exhausting all possibilities on every level
and dimension, taking great care to be lithe
and agile in every undertaking.

Filling inner emptiness with the talent of
creative beauty, expressing it on global
scales, reaching hearts of many.

Visualizing the enormity of such a task is
poetry in motion.

Moving, imaging words into rhyme with no
room left to do anything else in.

Spinning to notes of piano-like sounds,
wavering gently, touching ivory of the brain,
causing the most wonderful, awe-inspiring poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awesome Care

Reminders are everywhere of what I've been through,
nurses that cared for me before are here and saying
hello.
All happy to see me again, even though they'd prefer
it would be in a different situation.
Awesome people, doctors included, a little family I
can count on whenever I'm in Banner Good Samaritan
Hospital.
Great care, good attitudes, pleasant staff, enjoying
the patient care they give and it definitely shows
as this little poem tells all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awesome Talent

Calmly allowing music to take me into depths of an inner
nature, watching as life transforms visions into brilliant
adventures.

Helping me to discover an amazing amount of coded messages
being delivered by and through intellect.

Covering and hiding behind an amazing horizon of exciting
intuition, giving such an immense pleasure to write to.

Continuing incessantly to listen to the awesome talent of
the musicians in India! !

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awful Way To Feel

Being totally in a mood of belligerent feelings,
not wanting to talk to anyone, being insolent
within myself.

Not saying a word, because I may say the wrong
thing and hurt someone, an awful way to feel,
but knowing what caused it.

Trying to control my emotions, although it's
very hard to do, feeling anguish and sadness
within, not able to get rid of them right now.

Just writing, hoping to dissolve all those bad
feelings, because they are very uncomfortable,
causing me to feel uneasy within myself.

Poetry is an escape interiorly, helping me to
surrender it all so I may feel at peace once
again, feeling free to find my way in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Awkward Spaces

Boundaries are crossed onto
plains of feeble remembrance,
searching for locations of
past memories, sometimes
finding them in awkward spaces.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Babies Are Gifts Of Life

Holding babies in my arms, feeling their warmth and
love when looking into my eyes, seeing their total
trust emanating from their wide smiles as they look
at my face.

Such beauty is not found anywhere, but on the face
of a baby as it is held lovingly, being blessed by
the gift of it's life.

An intelligent being, starting out in life with trust
that will carry them through turmoil and turbulence
surely coming their way as they grow and mature.

Being nurtured spiritually by their mother's will
give them hope, promised by God when they left the
folds of heaven before being born here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Baby Palms

Baby palm trees, tiny fronds,
soft to a human's touch.

Sitting prettily, brushing
slightly the stoned ground
around it's trunk, when a
breeze picks up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Baby's Tired Eyes

Baby's eyes closing slowly, watching
through tired eyes of sleepy times in life.
Soothing words, creating peaceful dreams in
fantasy's of memory.
Sleeping gently into nights of beauty, satin
and lace surrounding the lullabyes of good
night.
Being carried to lands beyond life and its'
existent barriers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Back Alleys Of Compromise

Wanting to know the meaning of love in this life,
taking a look at impossibilities that are gathered
before me.

Sating desires of innate talent, writing incessantly,
wanting to know and hear the sound of your voice,
missing you intensely all the time.

Finding my way down back alleys of compromise, not
wanting to live life without you here by my side,
seeing the tears that want to drown my heart.

Within your love, hiding just in these eyes, stinging
my mind with the absence of your love and heart, ever
believing in the beauty of life in another world.

As long as we are together and in love, it matters not
where we are, being side by side throughout whatever
befalls us in any particle of life is where we will be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Back Corners

Loneliness piling itself in back corners of my mind,
as I canvas roadways.

Determining the most creative avenues to backwoods
of my mind on indeterminate choices along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Back Door

Reaching upward, getting above all
the din and clamor of earth.
Escaping through a back door into
imagination without any regrets at
doing so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Back From Death's Embrace

Knowing that God has a plan and purpose for my life now
that He brought me back from death's embrace.

Poetically being His instrument, reaching so many people
with the words that He gives to me.

Watching as each poem touches the person it's supposed
to from afar.

God changing people's lives through everything that is
written with innate gifts He has given for His purpose,
and none of my own.

Loving doing His will, letting Him lead my life wherever
His spirit takes me to daily, praying constantly that I
never cause any harm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Back Paths

Routing through questions in life, wondering where I'll find
the answers and if they will be possible in contexts of
everyday life.

Walking quickly down back paths, looking for many details
that have been found missing and feared to be lost somewhere
in the spaces of yesterday's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Back Pockets

Singly walking into the sunset, deftly looking interiorly
at the space of loneliness left from days past.

Echoes falling on deaf ears, alighting in recesses of my
mind instead.

Leaving an indelible impression etched upon the thought
process of life's energetic memories.

Tucking sadness of time immemorial in back pockets to
be taken out when I don't want to forget the portrait of
my love in sentimental journeys that I take continually
within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Back Roads

Traveling back roads of life,
hearing harmonic tunes playing
in the distance as trains roll
by.

Past memories, lasting
until the day I die, lying in
my coffin of silent stillness.

Now denying the existence I once
had on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Back Roads Of India

Traveling on back roads through heavy forests in India,
going down mountains, leaving behind many cherished
and precious memories lying beneath the trees and brush.

Tears of my gentle heart falling, nourishing them dearly
with heartfelt love, those who mean so much to my being,
knowing I will not be back to receive or see more of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Back Rooms

Waiting in back rooms, hoping to see answers in upcoming scenes of life.
Watching carefully, expressions and emotions of those around me.
Wondering what is going on in their minds and innermost thoughts.
Never asking, just surmising whatever I feel.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Back Seat

Choosing to embark on interior journeys,
leaving the world behind for hours at a time.
Benefiting my mind and soul to get away from
it all while making reality take a back seat
for now.
Preferring to listen to sounds of nature as
I meander down pathways of imagination.
Lovely experiences happening as I notice the
solemnity of existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Back To Childhood

Mysterious and intriguing music from the Godfather
taking me back to childhood, living with my mafia
family.

Grandmother having been a Corleone from Mierto, Sicily
Uncles, Grandfather, the Black Hand, a beautiful and
close family.

Silence being the code practiced religiously by all,
Grandparents house connected by an underground tunnel
to the house upon the hill across the street.

Smuggling going on through the tunnel, numbers being
run by my mother when a teenager for the Italian
underground lottery, A wonderful legacy, surrounded
by powerful people,

Then we moved to Arizona away from it all, still I
have the memories stored on photographic screens with
in.

Just a few years ago the town I lived in was tearing
up the road and there was the tunnel still perfectly
intact and well-preserved.

They just covered it back up without damaging it and
fixed the road above it, after all it's a part of the
history of Bound Brook, New Jersey where I lived after
being born.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Back To Life

Striding towards a future, seeing elements that need to be brought into alignment in order to produce an energy of new ideas, inventions and thoughts.

Quality being appreciated with every step of the way, conversations on many multiple levels accomplishing a plethora of sincere efforts.

Looking deeply into pages already rewritten, finding many thoughts to enlarge in order to bring about many cures for what ails America and it's poverty of soul.

So withdrawn today, bringing it back into the center of life, so we may all join together to divide and conquer our enemies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Back Yard Mechanic

Always lying on his back to fix a broken automobile.
Standing vans upon jacks, so everyone beware!
Taking care that every part decides to fit somewhere, patiently he works 'til everything is in place.
Fighting with parts that refuse to go in certain places - he usually ends up cursing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Background

Listening to my music, in the background hearing a
helicopter landing on the roof here at Saint Joseph's
Hospital, Barrow's Neurological.

Quiet atmosphere for the most part, just noisy when
emergency assistance is needed from around Phoenix
and surrounding areas.

Other than that, still sitting here writing poetry
while my friend is relaxing next to me and listening
to some classical music by Mozart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Backing Our Vets

Humanity stands tall, uniting for just causes here in America, backing our Vets because they are protecting our nation and every one of us here.

Selflessly taking it upon themselves to keep us safe from harm and injury by enemies from within and without our country.

Never counting the sacrifices they have to make, just being there, doing their duty for all Americans and our safety.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Backs To My Mind

Waving canopies flying overhead as I wander through
ideas being sought by my poetical essence right now.

Accentuating the results of all endeavors, I cast
myself in areas of past darkness just to see what
will alight in a verse of adjustment.

Juxtapositionally figuring fourmulated designs into
concepts of cognitive thinking.
Focusing in many corners left to themselves, yet I
move into their darkness, allowing myself to motion
to inferior desires sitting with backs to my mind,
not wanting to be written in verses of past abuse.

Left alone to ponder their own situations, as I move
forward into joys of future tomorrows.
Searching edges of life, following intuition always
around corners of elevated promises and left
eventually stranded in lands of emptiness and
absolutely no promise to fulfill.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Backstage Crew

Backstage Crew, a live band at Buddy Stubbs, playing all the songs I love to hear.
A wonderful time for a musician like me to listen and write unending poetry.
Listening with every sense, tasting notes, feeling them in my soul, seeing them through colorful visions, touching them with my mind, bringing everything thoughtful to fruition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Backward Glances

Backward glances looking upon the past, seeing memorable times when all of family was younger, pure and innocent, running, playing, climbing trees, jumping, catching jacks.

A truly remarkable time had when we were children, spaces and moments always enticing our childish curiosity, while being gleefully mischievous.

Giggling under tables while listening to grown-ups sitting around, drinking their coffee and talking with one another, not even noticing us hiding under the table.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Backwards Pathway

Trampling along, deciding when to move forward,
sending everything else backwards.
Traipsing along, forgiving everyone and every-
thing in my pathway.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Backwards Puzzle

Situations in life take me down new avenues of staid
circumstances and into plaid environments of forgone
conclusions.

Witnessing and timing the beauty of life within an
innate spirituality, splitting our beings into benefits
that fill in our minds when they cannot focus on
certain subjects in life.

Finding sentiments that continually creep across the
land of an interior dimension, stirring landscapes with
imagination and creativeness.

Dancing in music of tomorrow as it fills innate talent
with it's exploratory designs, taking each equation into
facets of mathematical problems.

Solving the answers and turning them back into questions
of this life, a backwards puzzle that has no angles or
lines of concentration, yet is brilliant at deducting
each and every thought as it processes them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Backwaters Of India On A Boat

Sitting in a boat with my friend and his son, going through
the backwaters of Southern India, seeing things I've never
before seen in my entire life.

Houseboats made with grass roofs, holding rooms within them
where people can relax and enjoy the beauty of nature for
several days and nights upon the water.

Seeing men fishing on the banks and in boats, using a piece
of string or rope it seems with a hook on the end, plunging
them into the lake after placing bait on them.

So utterly unbelievable and amazing to see this in this day
and age, seeing them actually catching fish for their meals
so skillfully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Backwaters Of Kerala, India

Settling into an atmosphere of thought as I travel back
waters of Kerala, India, watching house boats meander by,
going in opposite directions, filled with people.

Visiting and staying on houseboats in rooms with a/c and
bathrooms, luxury on the backwaters, a great and wonder-
ful way to see sights ordinarily people wouldn't ever see.

Magnificent scenery along the lakeside, from poverty to
resorts, all living side by side in spite of their circum-
stances and what other people say, just an amazing feat
here in India alone!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Backwoods Of A Mind

Tormenting edges of frayed memories, saturated with the odor of yesterday's onions.
Calculated in porous reminders left behind to reminisce alone in backwoods of a young mind, not yet developed, scarred beyond all time and recognition.
Stranded in pools of stagnant thoughts, caressed by total abandonment and thoughtless deeds.
Falling through cracks of life, no footholds on reality, a deathbed to impress self into an oblivion of loneliness.
There are no strangers to this inner way of turmoil, all have witnessed it by the end of their worlds.
Some learning essences of meaning, knowing at last the moment of freedom in an expression of loneliness, contained within each of us from our beginnings.
Searching mindlessly for farthest ends of truths, knowing at last there aren't any to be spoken of.
Hemispheres away, dimensions delving into assuaged debris, finding - locating - nothing of importance.
All of discovery is chiseled away, left as scraps in upheaval, pushed into farthest recesses of life, never meant to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Backwoods Of India

Walking down country lanes in backwoods of India, feeling their memories recollecting good times in remote mountaintop resorts and deep forests of infinity.

Voices silent, not disturbing a soul, nature filling our spirits with a captivating purpose that's not easily let go of, even after departing.

Moments of being are left in memories of a timeless knowledge that never seems to sleep while living, for India has left a lasting impression upon this mere poet's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Backwoods Of My Mind

Riding through pastures greener than any other,
sitting astride a beautiful roan horse.
Being one in mind and heart,
sitting tall and straight in the saddle
as natural rhythms beat in time with my heart.
Its' tempo taking me home in backwoods of my mind,
as I reach out to nature in all her glory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Backyard Memories

Backyard memories sit quietly peaceful,
waiting to be remembered on still dark nights.
A sound, an odor, a familiar scene, bring to mind an
image or picture of a special event.
Gathering together, eating, talking, reminiscing with
relatives of old, enjoying the bond of family.
Ties binding us ever closer, bringing a sense of security,
a calmness wrought within - a sense of belonging.
Special memories of Grandmas, Grandpas, Aunts and Uncles,
gently touch harmonious chords, reverberating through our
brains, focusing in towards each other's hearts,
holding hands throughout the years even though we
are miles apart.
Sanctity of life preserved forever in the sphere of
family - close-knit - dear.
Strings tied beautifully around the circumference of our
collective memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Backyard Wish

Backyards beckoning my mind, titillating imagination,
making it jump and hope for something more this day
in life.

Working routinely, bored to tears, breaking outdoors
to see what can be scattered there.

Clothes hanging from a line, I wish mine were, a dog
lying in the yard, I wish I could play catch with mine.

Lawnmowers sitting under the shade, awaiting their
moments of use when the owner gets around to it.

Never having mowed, but if I were home, I'd like to.

Birds chirping, planes flying over, sun shining warmly
upon my head - wish it were my backyard instead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bad Karma

Surrounded by negative people and their bad karma,
protecting self from their attitudes daily, but
getting tired of it.

Always waking in the morning in a good mood, look-
ing forward to a new day, sun rising in the East,
confident that blessings will fill my life today.

Positive, in a good frame of mind, writing poetry
to reflect all these thoughts, for why depress
others with downtrodden and negative attitudes?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bad Side Of Goodness

Loving the bad side of goodness, tasting the challenge
of it within, living on the edge, enjoying the rise of
adrenaline that never ends.

Wanting it always in my being, feelings keeping me alive
and vibrant, putting jig saw puzzles together with every
challenge as they try to conquer me, yet they never do it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Badge Of Living

Disorderly arranging life to fit the state of mind preferred,
hurriedly framing the boundaries of daily life, hoping they
will fit.

Temporary makeshift goals, filling empty pages of tomorrow,
hopefully containing fulfillment, uncontained in little see-
thru jars.

Wondering where the paths of life shall take me, seeking a
temporary shelf of time and then moving on.

A badge of living lies upon the floor, everyday life can
fitfully outlive it's meaning.

There are no misconceptions hiding within, so many lives are
lost before they even begin.

Soundly stressing the tendency to give to others, receiving
only the emptiness of self.

Forever knowing that there will never be another face,
another hand, or never being placed in paths of total meaning.

Solace will lie in beds of ignorant meanderings, oblivious
of the future, never dawning.

Quite unperturbed, fallen asleep forever in the pool of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bag Lady

A woman standing on the corner, all ragged, dirty and alone.
Scuffing her toes in the dirt, hoping to find something of worth.
She is a person. She has childhood memories and family.
This woman has stories to tell, so why has she been left all alone on a street corner?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Baggage And Jealousies Of Others

Riding through all types of weather, always pushing ahead, not wanting to experience trials brought on my other people's baggage and jealousies.
Concentrating wholly on some light of beyond, watching it closely as it draws me closer to a final destination.
Being in tune with nature, having faith in tomorrow's scheme of things to come.
Never listening to conversations on this side of life, wishing to always be rid of humanities inconsistencies and barrage of cruelty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Baking Thoughts

Slowing baking thoughts, letting them simmer in
juices of intellect so they will be savored in
poet's minds all over the world.
Explaining all manner of visions in poetical
verses, to be understood individually by each
one who reads them.
Mindful of every nuance spoken in careful,
silent words, leaving meanings in abstract forms
to be absorbed in individual responses, never
being repeated in verses again.
As every poet uses his or her own words based on
experience and emotions held on to through the
years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Balance

Balance of intuition graces beings of talent with
untoward recognition, searing events into synapses
of memory.
Relegating imagery and rhythm to upper echelons of
creative genius, while keeping appointments with
nature and earthly endeavors.
Stillness of silence surrounds a peaceful landscape
of equal opportunity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Balance And Ingenuity

Tapping and beating out rhythms incessantly, giving
my mind balance and ingenuity.

Prolonging the intensity of intellect, it's knowledge,
and wisdom through music.

Unforgiving, yet so pleasing, taking me away completely
into another land and dimension.

There being happy and contented, because innate talent
is loving this music.

Being first of all a musician, then a poet, translating
every note and tone in each exquisite measure into poetry.

Tirelessly and effortlessly, living in the exact moment
of every note being played.

Nothing like it anywhere else in life, splendid and en-
icing, giving my mind everything it needs to keep on
writing throughout every single song.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Balance And Liberation

Watching interiorly for sights of voices and silent senses,
touching intellect and finding a response that is committed
to honesty.

Balancing and liberating at the same time, finding an
interior freedom that keeps on giving thoughts to write
from.

Searching always for words and meanings that will confirm
essence and passion in this world.

Just being a mere poet, finding the world is at my feet,
awaiting the moment when I will acquiesce and say when.

This moment is almost upon us, soon enough it will be here
and everyone will know when it happens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Balance Of Being

Walking carefully so as not to upset a precarious
balance of being with a fall.
Introducing partners of equivocal endeavors to the
match, as time revolves involuntarily through space.
Turning and pivoting along grates of life, following
steps of light into darkness of evening's moods.
Placing pebbles of joy in heavenly gardens as I stroll
down lanes of poetical words, formed for my enjoyment
alone, until I write them down for everyone to see.

(11: 06 a.m. - 11/14/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Balance Of Normalcy

Rocketing off into the balance of normalcy, setting off fireworks, exploding in the atmosphere, colors flashing brilliantly.

Forgetting the expressions of words, now collecting bursts of color and their sounds, tapping in rhythms that take me into realms of another true dimension.

Letting off steam, falling into cisterns of another time, one measured in spans and eons instead of just moments, lightening quick, totally in synch with this poetical mind.

Flying and soaring above, never again touching this earth-bound life, for all has been forgotten in this balance of normalcy now found within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Balance Of Possibilities

Life handing in a balance of possibilities where they can
go either way with just a whisper of wind, touching heart,
soul and mind, giving strength to keep balanced.

Desires wanting to be seen even though alone on a solo
journey, tasting their essence as I continue to write,
thinking of you my love, wishing we were together.

Moments of this life swinging gently, enjoying their
freedom, yet wanting to be held closely in your arms
once again.

Taking you into my mind, heart and soul unconditionally
my dear, hoping for the best in our lives forevermore,
knowing we'll always be one in love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Balancing And Measuring

Sincerely and genuinely gathering senses together to
be written into a poem, telling the truth in a life
that has not been touched upon.

Wanting and wondering why it has not been given as
yet, having worked an entire lifetime.

Starting as a child of eleven to work, wondering
why I ended up with nothing but an abundant family.

Others seem to have it all without doing anything
for it, balancing and measuring it against each other.

Seeing that what I have in life is far better than
what others with money and riches have.

Yet, with money, I could help so many people have
better lives also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Balancing Energy

Round about and then straight into photographic
screens of an interior creativity.

Balancing the energy of a vibrant liveliness
against the enticing pulses of tones and notes.

Giving sensations of many wonderful emotions and
feelings turning into aspects of creativity.

Slipping and falling into the total midnight of
a moonlit horizon, waiting to close it's tired
eyes once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Balancing Exacting Moments

Balancing all exacting moments of life's experiences in concise and succinct thoughts keeps my mind from being cluttered with things unnecessarily.

Those that are unimportant and just taking up space when it could be used for more important matters, like thoughts intellectually in prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Balancing Issues Through Music

Pleasantly being relaxed while listening to Yanni, music so
delicate and soothing, mind slipping into a deep contempla-
tion that's thoroughly enjoyable.

Enticing, energetic rhythms allowing time to de-stress, feel
alive and recharge inner batteries once again, from constant
battles of medical issues needing to be balanced.

Music takes away pain while listening and writing poetry,
a wonderful anecdote that's totally natural and aids in
an interior well-being without pain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Balancing Life And Death

Softened shades of gray falling into my heart,
filling it with sadness held interiorly by
throes of grief and loss of loved ones.

Balancing life, trying hard to grieve and hold
onto life in the same moment.

So difficult at times to live and want to die
just to be with family members who have passed
on before me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Balancing Moments

Satisfying developments open like blossoms,
scenting the air with aromas of heavenly worth.

Taking steps into the unknown, balancing on
moments of silence with those of intuition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Balancing Moments Of Life

Time marches on, not caring what happens to any of us, it has
no heart, caring or compassion, it only keeps moving steadily
onward, taking us all with it.

Balancing the moments we have yet to live, not having any feel-
ings or emotions when we stop living, our deaths mean nothing
to it for time has no reasoning.

Only the topic of mathematics and it's steady movement into the
future of our lives gives it the power to engage us in a battle
of seconds, minutes, hours, leaving us with moments only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Balancing Moments On Scales

Reigning tears falling through ducts of atmospheric
pressure, lifting spirits increasingly and intensely.

Serenely adapting to events and environmental
conditions on our earth.

Never thinking twice, just facing each hurdle as it
comes, never letting it affect a single minute of
life.

Recalling yesterday's profiles and pristine universe
in minds of translucent entirety.

Floating on waves of forlorn remorse, balancing
moments on scales of liberty's freedom and decadence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Balancing On Edges

Charging down avenues of delicate petals of life,
participating in actions of living as existence
bears down upon assets of yesterday.

Writhing constantly along paved highways of
literature and enlightenment.

Sauntering into dimensions beyond what we can
see, yet feeling their presence imminently
beside us.

Going to outreaches of eternity, we balance on
edges of destiny and back.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Balancing Rhythms

Beating steady and heavy, not letting my mind wander,
concentrating on thoughts falling within the water-
fall of this interior mind.

Delighted and conscious of the intriguing rhythms
balancing themselves carefully in intellect, astound-
ing and tantalizing imagination.

Having fun stepping with every beat in the margins of
reality, while poetry is being written with a perfect
pitch in mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Balancing Thoughts

Questioning the steps being taken, writhing with the harmony of an interior force, pushing into the atmosphere.
Always reaching for the edge of another tomorrow, hoping to be alive when morning breaks in a brand new sunrise.
Balancing all daily thoughts in the hands of hearts and souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ballads Of Yesterday

Memories of old come unbidden to mind
when music awakens them with notes in time.

Realizing that they are being thought of
brings a joy at times of reminiscence.

Ballads of yesterday infiltrate thoughts
creating an appreciation and enthusiasm
of the past.

Allowing tears to be exited and fall upon
our hearts as we hold them closely, so we
may again remember them in our futures to
our mind's delight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ballet Of A Mesquite Tree

An aging mesquite tree, head full of branches and leaves being blown about, dancing in an evening wind, looking so graceful and lithe.

Seeming to do the ballet as the sun shines it's spotlight of rays upon it, illumination focused on it's exquisite make-up and form.

Gnarled trunk and branches making their way into heavens above as we watch, not able to see it's invisible growth being nourished before our eyes.

Knowing that it's being nurtured through Mother Nature here on this very temporary earth this evening, enjoying watching the ballet of an aging mesquite tree.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Balloons Of Elderly Maturity

Balloons of appreciation, twirled around our memories,
spiraling to heaven with soulful dreams.
Holding on, drifting above clouds in dense atmospheres,
filled with drops of rain, waiting to be scattered to
winds of fate on special occasions in this world.
Joyful colors, brightened intensely by inner desires,
graduating continuously from aging hearts, throughout
the coming years of life on beautiful shores of elderly
maturity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Balloons Of Reflection

Shiny balloons of reflection left over from a birthday party now over.
Everyone has gone home.
Laughter of little children no longer echoing throughout the room tonight.
Happy sounds of birthday wishes being sung have all died down and now there's only an empty room no longer holding onto shiny balloons of reflection.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ballroom Dancers

Dancing in perfect unison, becoming one for moments
in time.
Holding hands, arms around one another, living an
explicit love of musical rhythms, bringing smiles to
faces, aged with wisdom.
Loving, stepping into lands of fantasy and melodies,
touching hearts in transition with notes that kiss
in time with lives breathing.
Gently folding couples into arms of tradition,
waltzing about the room with precision and wonderful
memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Balls Of Wind

Wind kicking up outside, blowing dry brown leaves across
the ground with no warning whatsoever.

Turning and twisting in balls of wind, as they travel
around the courtyard here at the center.

Racing along without wanting to, keeping up and falling
over each other as they are blown into realms of another
day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Banding Together

Together forging ahead, getting rid of educational
jargon and putting schools on human levels.
There are no seasons left to reminisce on days of
yore, for work is piling up and must be dealt with
quickly.
Teachers trying to teach are fought at every turn,
by a principal who is not good, being threatened
with losing their jobs, puts a crimp in their
teaching style.
Having to wade through piles of unimportant papers
filled with data they haven't much time to prepare
for class.
Many of the students are from broken homes without
any desires or hopes of doing anything worthwhile
or good in their lives.
Their mostly single parents have a hard enough time
living from day to day in hellfull situations, they
have no time nor inclination to put their children
on the right track.
If they'd only stop and try, showing their children
that they care about their futures, most of the
problem children would cease to be.
If parents showed more love and caring for their own,
the need for gangs would disappear.
Why are there gangs? Because lonely children left
to themselves have a need to belong to a family and
gangs fulfill those needs, although negatively.
Parents are the ones fostering the growth of gangs,
because they refuse to love and care for their own
flesh and blood, their kids.
It all reflects back upon the school eventually,
because these same children can only do poorly.
Education is slipping into the mire of ignorant
generations, pulling with it many intelligent kids
from loving homes.
They are getting pulled down by the aggressiveness
of unloved kids and being hurt by them because of
jealousy.
Nowadays, a child in school who has two natural parents

is a target for ridicule.
The school and it's principal play their parts well,
allowing it to happen and continue, wondering why angry,
caring, loving parents are coming after them.
Wondering why they're demanding change.
Everything is steadily going to be torn apart from the
inside out, as parents band together to turn things
back around.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bankrupt

Flags, pennants, balloons, all waving blank pleas
to passers-by, no one interested, no one buying -
there's just no money to spend except on dire
necessities of life.

Government officials have bankrupted the public,
yet continue to get paid and buy things for them-
selves and their families.

No guilt being expended on their parts for anyone
else, as our citizens of the U.S.A. become like
their third world counterparts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Banks Of Winter

Indian villages mired in cold, wet snow
along river banks of winter.

Hovel together, trying to keep warm and
not have to step outside in the weather.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Banquet Of Color

Filtering like a fog, the sun came brightly shining through the clouds.

Heavenly gates were opened onto the earth, life came gently dancing, carrying with it some hope and prayer for eternity's bliss.

Spread across the sky, a banquet of color was spread, where no one dared to tread.

Slowly basking in it's glory, the sun turned the skies an orange-red, gently tipping it's hat upon in's head.

Saying good night to the earth for it was going to bed, softly lying down upon whitened clouds, turning out it's light and going to sleep quite sound.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Banquet Of Visions

Sauntering into valleys never been to before,
seeing new shapes and forms of everything in
placid forests and green foliage.

Spreading throughout imagination, collecting
all sorts of beautiful leaves and stones
scattered upon the ground.

A banquet of visions to be picked up and
placed in memories, to be looked at time and
again as they've been written down in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bantering

Bantering in a silent way, filled with the mysterious joy
of friendship today.

Lightly thinking along paths of everyday love, filling
hearts of two people - strangers - and draws them to one
another.

Lasting friendships forever united as one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Banyon Tree In India

Walking along banks of a lake in Kolkata, India, seeing
Banyon trees, very old, gnarled branches twisting all
over, looking absolutely beautiful, awesome to see.

Interpreting their nature, placing it in this poem, hop-
ing others will see the absolute beauty that unfolds
from my sight and mind.

Leaves green upon a branch, being astonished by the in-
tegrity of one huge branch in particular that has caught
my eye, I can never forget as long as I live how it hung
out over the lake, wishing I could climb it and sit there
forever!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bar Movement

Men and women sitting around a bar,
neon lights glaring overhead.

From an outside vantage point, seeing
lips moving, forming unheard words
through the glass.

Body language gently open, cautious,
yet adaptive.

Communication being carried on with a
slur of vodka or rum and coke.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bargaining With No One

Responses of interior ideas are immediately taken and filled through an open imagination and are being filled by intellect.

So fast, running with every single thought, bargaining with no one, just writing whatever comes through this mind.

A telepathic energy always filling my mind with a myriad of ideas.

Coding everyone into poems, letting them saturate the paper written on, so later they can be read by millions of interested readers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Barrel Cactus

Barrel cactus, heavy with age, filled to the brim with
a recent downpour of rain.
Looking forward to the arrival of summer, to get out
of the cold and freezing winter air.
Leaning towards the ground, hoping to make it without
tipping, falling and it's roots losing hold.
Tossing it into the flotsam, dead and being food for
the next cactus to be born into the desert world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Barren Desert

Looking into the barren desert sky, feeling an invisible arid breeze touching my face, warming it into a sweat, yet the breeze blends and cools down my forehead.

A wonderful way to cool down in an Arizona desert, a tantalizing and captivating desire being fulfilled within, as life continues to live in this barren desert here in Phoenix, Arizona.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Barren Deserts

Surrendering to the insistent yearning to cry is hard to
do, feelings are still bottled up inside, tears come to
my eyes, finding small corners to hide away in.

Strapped to a frayed existence, attempting in small ways
to comply with the rest of the world and finding great
difficulty in doing so.

In a little space of environment, quietly sorrowful, with
a heart beating it's rhythm in pain, because of the loss
of a relative.

Picking at the strings of inner life, music fills me
melancholicly throughout the day and night.

Cloudily my eyes mist over with every memory and thought,

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Barren Future

Ending of another phase of life has just been completed,
final writing put to sleep, allowing the rest of life to
fall back into step with itself.

Totally reverberating throughout the universe, calmly
sensing forbidden treasures being hidden beneath my
view, escaping ordinary thought processes of curiosity.

Alive, yet sequestered in a tomb, kept away from people,
always being misunderstood.

Tokens of friendship have been offered in the past, but
when picking up on them, soul and being were immediately
taken from me.

Broken, tattered, heart shattered with idle words and
gestures, offered shallowly with false pretenses.

There are no truthful promises made here on earth, for
people only know how to lie for their own sake.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Barren Totality

Awaiting ageless horizons of barren totality,
pivoting on peaks of unexpectancy, lie vestiges
of human nature.

Folded into complexities, instinct and intuition
slowly wither under inert complacency.

Following droplets into depths unknown, life's
blood hesitates upon a ledge - moments gathered
for eternity.

Letting go - sliding sideways - covering what was
thought to be the naturalness of human life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Barren Wastelands

Storminess of a heart lies reflected in eyes, staring out
across the barren wastelands of life.

Whiteness of surrounding atmospheres cancel images in and
out of mind, trivializing the vast importance of secure
knowledge.

Traveling inner byways blocked by insistent penetration
of a child staring into space, following the long dusty
road of past memories, allowing no feelings, no tears,
only overwhelming sadness covering an entire being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Barrier Around The Moon

Darkening pathways of nighttime, sky and clouds gather,
forming a barrier around the light of the moon.

Hiding it's glory from all eyes, rain clouds collect
before the sun can rise.

Brewing up a storm to throw upon earth, scattering heat
that has piled up all day, cooling down our atmosphere,
shaping it like clay.

Moon now hidden totally from our view, still seems to
spill some of it's light from between dark clouds to
let us know not to fear, nighttime is still here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Barriers Broken

Clouds floating across the sky, barely touching
branches on tops of trees and falling into night.

Storms coming and going, being protected by nothing,
barriers all broken long ago, now escape is possible
where none ever was before.

Slipping down slopes of ingenuity as they shut their
eyes and let rhythm flow completely over and around
them.

Tears filling interior depths like oceans with tides
and waves covering them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Barriers Of Peace

Sadness penetrating barriers of inner peace, confusing, crushing a sense of self into oblivion.
Satisfying no needs or purpose, turning everything into self-sacrificing piety.
Inner piercing, cutting quickly, deftly to the core of being.
All attempts at normalcy are in vain, as memories claim immediate images, blacking out the future.
Total abandonment fills an already empty place inside, while rejection rains continually, solidly, through time.
Wishing to see out windows of life, can see nothing but rain trickling down it's panes.
Washing dirtiness of yesterday, along with today, into pools, gathering loneliness inside, hiding from the rain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Barry Goldwater One Age To Another

Generations speed by on ageless doilies of satin lace, begotten
of love and friendship, ties bind one age to another.

When young, friends of parents become adults you know, growing
up moves friendship farther apart.

There are people whom you have loved when young - respected all
your life and every once in a while, meet and greet again.

As it was the other day when I spoke for a few minutes to Barry
Goldwater, a friend years ago of my mother and father.

It was a wonderful experience, because my two sons met my long
ago friend, they too loved Barry, they thought he was great,
because he took a few moments to talk to them about their futures.

Barry has always been special to me and now to my children, a
famous, well-known, fantastic man who is still as human and
down to earth as when I was a child.

(1980's)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Baseball Game

Shadowy clouds sliding slowly across stormy skies,
covering the sun, closing it's eyes above a baseball
game in Peoria.

Rain dripping haphazardly, now and then, blurring
slightly, the vision of spectator's eyes.

Gradually after several hours, letting the sun wake
for moments to shine in on the diamond.

No sparkle, or glitz, just wet grass and the sound of
the ball hitting a glove.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Based On Personal Experience

Watching signs strewn all over town, proclaiming certain
companies are the best, products are better, all types of
hype trying to sell inferior products and services.

When in fact, something that is good and worthwhile doesn't
need to be advertised, for best advertisement in the world
is by mouth.

Reason being it's based on someone's personal experience
regarding it's reliability, facts and truth, whether it's
good or bad.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Basic Goodness And Purity

Silent and totally methodical, treating rhythms with the respect they deserve, finding their codes intact, expressing the beauty of them through poetry being written.

A solemn praise to our Lord, staying always humble and letting self be used as an instrument through innate gifts and talent He has given to me.

All through the days and nights of life, being attuned to His nature and that of His creations, finding the basic goodness and purity of all that is upon this silent and brilliant world of ours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Basic Illusions

Riding through a dense desert plain, watching cacti
play with little prairie dogs and snakes, being
careful not to poke or prick them.
Quail running quickly across streets with their new
little family members.
Love-lorn beauty stands on rims of vision as it
encircles minds with it's basic illusions and
considerate affectations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Basic Particles

Sitting here, listening to music and writing,
what else can be done?

It's a basic particle of being, nothing else
compares with the passion for doing these
things on a continuous basis throughout
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Basket Of Grief

A deluge of rain pouring into imagination,
drowning my appetite for solitary confinement.

Leaving me in an unweaving basket of solemn
grief.

Tossing about on a sea of tidal waves brought
on by a loneliness deep inside where I will
always hide because I'm shy.

Having no way to break through and be myself
alone without any frills or misguided choices
to call my own.

Standing solitarily on desert plains, upending
nothing and wishing for a place to call my own
in the middle of a desert oasis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Baskets Of Woolen Thoughts

Time is running out and I try to scamper after it, but it's of no use or possible purpose to hold on to it.
All logic stores itself in baskets of woolen thoughts, giving up contents forever, presenting itself in explicit detail over dinners late at night.
Wailing temporarily over silent sonatas and grievous etudes held in check, yet overpowering every thought and pushing it forward to be used in the next literate endeavor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bathed In Serenity

In the peaceful quiet of nature, my soul bathes in God's serenity.

Wanting to never leave His side and continue on this wayward journey, I falter and stumble, hoping to leave this world more quickly.

Love will not die or lessen and the purity of God will always abound in silent wisdom, taught by His nature as life continues it's journey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Baton Of Intellect

Volumes of music filled with mystery and magic flowing through
a poetical intellect, sharing wonder and beauty with the world
through poetry and classical music being composed and written.

A lifetime of work filling many pages of poetry journals and
thousands of sheets of music, taking moments of life, exercise-
ing them through the wonder and magic of musical interludes.

Conducting them all throughout poetry with a baton of intellect
innately dwelling within, soul and spirit soaring into other
dimensions of divine artistic atmospheres.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Battered Life

Life battered, still living at times, wondering why and how it happens, walking down back roads of my mind, blackened by sadness and sorrow, intensely touching my heart with salted tears through the years.

Reaching out, but never being taken in by anyone, closing the door of my heart, shutting the windows of my soul, no longer willing to share who I am with anyone, preferring to be alone while living on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Battle Of Ages

Black clouds tainting blue skies, trying to stay and rain upon earth.
Fighting constantly with the sun, a battle of the ages, begun centuries ago.
No one ever really wins, but it's an adventure to behold whenever I see it happening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Battles Of The Inner Child

Nighttime fallen upon sightless eyes, deaf mind of an
opportunist.

Wordless, taking ideas of others, pulling them from graves
of decadent systematic frugal displays of innocence.

Battles of the inner child played out in bitter memories,
mindless of the damage caused.

Strait-jacketed throughout life, all emotions tied and wound
together with every fiber of being.

Woven tightly, no loose threads hanging, no chance of frayed
memories to let go and become voiced.

Child-like, the rest of the world spins around, never touching
upon the fabric of a little life.

Spared by no one, used by everyone, abused endlessly, shamed
into feeling guilty and completely at fault.

Who could do this horrible thing? What monster lurking under
daddy masks or disguises could prey on a little child?

Forever paying with life, the purchase of a little body,
fulfilling yearnings of lust never meant to be tried on one
so young.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Battling Life

Knowing and believing in a God of mercy and goodness
keeps us going through adversity and famine.
Life is made tenderly and inexplicably for each of us to
live properly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beads Of Life

Stringing along beads of life as I turn away from the piercing screams of loneliness.
Left out of all treasures in light of remorseful tremors, holding me in a warped sort of paperback book.
Always being exchanged and never surpassed by anyone else's life in many books of poetry.
Listening thoroughly with an open heart, never believing that all of existent details will be expelled in poetical musings for a timeless period of usefulness.
Unthinking thoughts, coagulating in volumes of musical compositions, interred in tomorrow's essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beads Of Love

Stringing together, beads of our love, putting them
close on every strand.

Shimmering and glittering into the universe, being
seen throughout the night.

Stars being beckoned, thinking they are one of them,
not realizing they're not.

Sensations of nature are beautified in the darkness,
as we two hold onto the love of our hearts, nothing
else getting between them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beads Of Prayer

Sunlight penetrating this cloudy mind, beckoning it to
awaken this early morn.
Travesties availed over these last few years, causing
life to silently stop within.
All the turmoil is wound like a spring in a grand-
father's watch - tightly letting very tiny increments
of release become seconds in time.
Beads of prayer lie in wait, hoping to ease the strain
others place upon me.
Words written on paper, like a soft-spoken poet,
portraying reality, facing storms silently with faith
held closely, afraid of not speaking aloud about
atrocities the city of Phoenix has heaped upon this
simple Italian woman who has done nothing wrong.
But has been wronged by city employees banding together
to hide mistakes they've made, and lies they've told,
to cover themselves and blacken their souls before God.
Sunlight has penetrated this sleepy mind, waking it
fully and reminding it to pick up the beads of prayer
and faithfully begin praying for God's love and help
against them all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beaming Bolts

Lightening shattering the nighttime sky, beaming bolts
flashing on high.

Lovely, calling all who wish to hear drummers beat and
follow ever closely, one another's feats.

Live and listen for each other so all may come together
when life has finished her play.

Don't taunt or tease anyone along the way and no one will
ever rise against you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beaming From Interior Spaces

Thrusting forward into the next generation, gyrating
formally into the not too distant horizons where
we'll be pleased beyond care.

Ruggedly beaming from interior spaces, watching eyes
of retrieval turn into lively scores of musical piety.

Fumbling with articulate fingerings and adjustable
fine tuning, solitarily satisfying thoughts without
meaning.

Tapping out of rhythmical notation all of life's
sensuous beautiful nature of wonder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beams Of Sunlight

Beams of sunlight shattering windows without
breaking any.

Brilliant force contemplating it's immense
desire to encircle the world.

Then it disappears as night becomes it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bearing Poetry Of Life

Reaching for goals that are above every other,
grasping each one as it climbs higher.

Stretching imagination and growing outside it's
limits

Statuesquing for periods of time to be glanced
at and brought to bear in poetry of life.

Catching novel patterns each time, holding onto
them for dear life, and enjoying the ride.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beat Of The Wind

Leaves being blown by an afternoon breeze, shimmering
in the sunlight, looking like diamonds hanging there
looking brilliant, as I write them into this poem.

Thoughts shaking in my mind, in time with the blowing
of the wind, nothing coming to light, just watching as
the breeze blows everything in sight.

Making it all move in rhythm with the beat of the wind,
blowing through the afternoon, not being held prisoner
by man's inhumanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beaten Avenues Of Yesterday

Lost causes being left along highways no more traveled on
in life, unrepaired, broken apart, filled with pot holes
and ruts all throughout them.

And yet, look, there sits Mother Nature planting beautiful
flowers and giving them blossoms to show off to the world
around them.

Set carefully in many cracks and crevices of forgotten
roads in life's deathly modes of living.

Scents and aromas are flowing into the atmosphere, not
worrying about who is there to savor their aromas.

Just being who they are in the depths of life's beaten
avenues of yesterday, no longer valid in today's world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beating Down The Weeds

Reigning happily in my sixties state of mind.
Singing together, finding one another in amazed beauty, sojournly beating down weeds standing in the way of harmonic melodies.
Stepping up a mountain, living and breathing in the purified atmosphere.
Clarifying all reasons of earth, living on ledges, looking down and out into the skies.
Clouds floating by, giving clues in their pictures as they pass us, going to unknown destinations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beating Sorrow Through Music

Beating sorrow through music, tempting heartache to show it's
tears being stored tightly within, a bittersweet joy that they
and this heart share and combine in sorrow.

Reflecting picturesque memories that cannot ever be forgotten
in this earthly life, forging their way down paths of yesterday,
remembering what it felt like to be in love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beatitudes Of Spiritual Times

Colors of sound grasping onto measures filled with tantalizing chords, beatitudes of spiritual times now lying hidden in the graves with those who have found their endings.

No longer relevant on earth, sharing the essence of another space in heaven, always giving us an intense sense of something more yet to come.

Before coming full circle, walking upon our sunsetical shores for the last time, turning our heads the other way and dying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beatitudes Of Yesterday

Reality sometimes bites, yet it seems it's always for good
reason, waking us from a formative plan of action, taking
place on the way to our futures, destiny already set in place.

Remembering beatitudes of yesterday, touching upon values and
morals that we all know belong in our lives, going back to the beginnings and
basics.

Taking liberty to challenge those who don't agree, wanting to
go back to the Constitution wholeheartedly and being solidly
founded in it's principles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beats Of Another Country

Mysterious, cat-like music from Argentina,
staccatoly stamping out the gentle beats
of another country.
Likened aspects of tomorrow standing still
in the tangos of yesterday.
Living in technicolor, people dance in
their own styles to whatever they choose
to do.
Listening to the rhythms as they dance in
unison.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beats Of Life

Rushing and laughing, enjoying music as it fills the atmosphere totally with lively rhythms and enticing sounds.

Finding ideas through tones being played constantly, a very vibrant and exciting melody flowing through us all.

Children of all ages joining in with us seniors, dancing, singing, laughing, everyone with smiles on their faces and joy in their hearts.

All having a great time so early in the morning, following beats of life through intense music, living on edges of rhythms and flowing throughout in this temporary life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Aspects Of Nature

Taking strolls into a forest of imagination, finding
beautiful aspects of nature unfolding into twilight
beauty, touching my soul.

Solitary periods of titanic ideas hidden within the
interior atmosphere of yesterday, totally encapsulated
and focused onto the light of an intense energy that
is eternally vibrant throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Chords

Silent and still, passing time, going through measures of
rhythm as they are counted in rapid tempos of yesterday.

Closing gaps left in minds of others, taking up the slack
with their beautiful chords, matching with future visions
of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Designs

Tree branches creating individual patterns on reflections
of glass windows, making beautiful designs of nature to
look at continually as I write.

Waving up and down, because the wind outside is blowing,
not able to see the wind in here, yet the reflections of
the branches can still be moved as if the wind is in here.

Colorful green, still being seen as if they were inside
and really part of nature, even though they are not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Essence

Catching sight of natural beauty right outside the window, exploring it's vibrancy and freshness of life as a gentle breeze touches it, making it move ever so slightly, tantalizing my mind with it's beautiful essence.
A gift presented from above, written down, thankful that it has come to me to be written here on this page.
Heavenly stature, standing right outside, beckoning to me with an inner whispering.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Events

Finding extremes are continuing through extenuating circumstances.

Believing in beautiful events of this life, hoping
for more of them to fill me up.

Straying into desert oasis's, delving into spirits of imagination so I may enjoy flavorful sunrises, bestowed every morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Flight Patterns

White doves flying together, gracefully soaring on
invisible air currents, carrying them into far
reaches of heaven.
Beautiful flight patterns, touching my sight with
their gently fluttering wings, flying into the
distance where I can no longer see them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Gift

Wanting to know if love is real, watching fascinated as someone professes and actually acts on an unconditional love for me alone, having his love no matter what I do.

His love never wavering at all, always here to meet me half way, rejoicing that I am faithful and here for him unconditionally also.

A wonderful and beautiful gift given to each other straight from depths of our hearts to one another until death do us part, a beautiful gift from above to each of us here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Granddaughter

Little beauty, walking through nature's bountiful treasures, learning about their senses and combining them with hers.

Reaching out, touching scents of flowers with an innate talent.

Smelling their textures above all else in life right now.

Tasting their exquisite colors and hues of definition quietly.

Hearing pliant growth come up out of the ground with delicate sight, envisioning all of nature's spirit through eyes of foresight and ingenuity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Insight

Overflowing with an effervescent feeling of joy, listening to melodies rhythmically touching my mind with their beautiful insight.
Taking into account all avenues of life, adjusting to the different directions it has been taking since putting poetry out to the world.
Every one being a song taken from my heart, expressing life in poetical reason.
Unlocking all emotion and placing it where it can be seen and listened to just by reading pages of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Intensity Of Love

Fires of passion rising intensely while thinking of you, wanting to be held in your gentle arms, knowing desires will suddenly go wild, making me want you even more.

Loving you with all my heart, savoring every moment that we're together, so happy and joyful that our hearts, minds and beings are so close in this life.

Nothing can take me from you, for you're my world, love and companion forever, living in the goodness and purity of your unconditional love always.

Becoming one time and again, enjoying every single moment that we're together, a wonderful and beautiful intensity of a love that I've never had before in this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Interior Atmosphere

Stepping back into the world, feet marching to rhythms
of measures playing staccatoly in my mind.

Straight and rapid, finding myself within the beauty
of an interior atmosphere.

Living according to feelings and emotions of intellect,
calmly writing and being curious about everything.

Solid and intense, carrying me back and forth in depths
of an innate talent along with it's rhythms.

Precisely and perfectly beating to the incessant and
intuitive periods of this interior life.

Always being sent to outskirts of heaven with every
melody and it's purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Love Of Nature

Finding love standing on sidelines, waiting to be recognized and returned a hundredfold.

Seeing a brightened, bluened light, shining from within this other person, immediately recognizing the facts of a purposeful love within an interior spirituality.

Releasing all emotion, feeling tears of joy filling my eyes with illuminating tear drops of an extra-ordinary love, unconditionally and wholly mine to have and hold all the days of my entire life.

Feeling it's special graces filling my being, thanking God for this beautiful love that He has allowed nature to bestow upon me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Medley

Racking and taking thoughts in turn, flipping and
arranging each one in an accumulated order of
prosaic purposes.
Watching them reoccur in patterns and designs of
mind's intellect, correcting nothing, because
they're always just right, perfectly in synch with
what intellect suggests every time.
A beautiful medley of rhythmic harmony and prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Moments

Mind tired and weary after a long day of running around, doing shopping, errands, spending time with my sons, enjoying our time together.

Beautiful moments that have already become etched upon this photographic memory, fantastic and picturesque, a video album of life with those I've loved and met throughout this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Morning

Branches hanging low, directly in my line of vision,
every time I look up from my writing, gently brushing
my mind with their delicate beauty.

Somnolent ideas, lazily striding about in no rush to
be expressed right now.

Just above the hill is a small lake, stocked with fish
where my husband and Granddaughter are fishing, both
patiently waiting for a bite upon their lines.

Chasing pigeons into the air, a fantastic picture of
her running among them, as they are soaring above her.

Flying in a circular direction, while she runs and laughs
joyfully, feeling the power of youth within her.

Such a wonderful and peaceful scene, touching my mind
permanently as I continue to write poetry, sitting alone
beneath the trees.

A beautiful morning to have a birthday part for a nine
year old.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Morning In India

Morning has broken over the horizon, bringing with it a
beautiful sun, shining down upon India, trees growing
alongside the train tracks.

Beautiful houses looking new and fresh, people waking up,
rushing to work, school and other duties, life bustles
and everything is awakened.

It's all bringing this morning's promises into focus, a
lively and fabulous environment to be thriving in, as
everyone in India begins their lives anew this morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Music

Slipping and sliding down chords of a piano, gracing
life with beautiful music throughout the years.

Somnolent, intensely struggling along pathways of
life, tasting hardships and strife with every sense
and emotion.

Filling many hours of time, stepping momentarily into
the light of knowledge, turning on the ignition key
of wisdom's interior intuition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Particles

Lonesome roads are falling open before every memory, holding on to tears of a lifetime, charging into brigades of lifelong endeavors.

Capturing the essence of yesterday's behaviors as they are left one by one in catacombs of another life, wanting to be a part of this picture as it forms within a portion of a picture frame.

Knowing the beautiful particles that are falling carefully into canyons filled with tears and never being stranded in a flowing cascade of water-falling tears again tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Possibilities

Intense rhythms now touching my mind, filling it with
vibrations as tempos rapidly take me into a bluened
light.

There intellect takes over, giving a variety of thoughts
to ponder and write about, looking through photographic
memories.

Blending and mixing images and rhythms to describe what
I'm seeing and thinking, beautiful possibilities are
everywhere.

Taking me into spheres of intellect, combing through them,
having fun, entertaining self with this favorite pastime,
enjoying gifts God has given and writing poetry all the
time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Recollections

Responding to the qualities waiting to be expressed
inside, holding onto their essences through all
these years.
Beautiful recollections of an entire lifetime
recorded on screens photographically within my brain.
Totally enjoying the wonderment of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Rendition

Strutting his steps across the floor, singing loudly,
pronouncing words of lyrics so all can be heard.
Voice raising higher as emotion begins to fill his
lungs, choking it out into the open in a beautiful
rendition of fascination.
Words rounding out in the form of poetical thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Sanity

Recreating images in intellect, taking them out of
the screens they are lying in and seeking their
details, so so they can be written out explicitly.

All the expressions, mannerisms, words spoken,
clothes worn, coming instantly in deepest
contemplation.

Reviewing moments of life in this manner, keeps
a mind in a constant state of acquiescence,
completely and accurately stating every bit of what
is seen in and out of context with silent speech.

Forgetting nothing, totally enjoying this gift of
talent innately given at the moment of conception,
appreciating it no end, being fulfilled constantly
every moment of life.

Disciplining a mind through the years has enabled
it to get better and faster as each day progresses,
taking paths into outlets of beautiful sanity set
in intellect where it's consciously kept acclimated.

Ready to jump into details of every vision as they
appear in thoughts of reality and discipline of
fantasy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Setting

Remembering Steve in a rendition of poetry.
Looking back at all the times we were together as family, camping, eating, doing things in unison.
All times that we are missing here, still on earthly shores.
Feeling his presence with us as we sit in the Lodge of the FOP, listening to karaoke.
A beautiful setting for remembering someone we love and dearly miss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Spirit Of Santa

Red suit, white beard, jolly beyond compare, touching the
lives of many children young and old alike, taking care
to be polite and a good example, using good manners.

Gently talking, twinkling eyes for all who venture upon
his knee and ask for what they'd like for Christmas,
behind this picture, portrayed during the holidays is a
kind and gentle person.

Knowing Santa has been an honor not many people have known,
meeting Santa a few years ago in the I.R.S. building down
town, when he walked into the break room where I was helping
repair some carpet, at the time he was doing some electrical
work.

Having had a full, flowing white beard, red hat, jeans and
a shirt, he was incognito!

An idea had been swimming around in my head and when I saw
Santa I asked for his help, immediately he said 'yes'.

We set a date and on that day all the children in St. Francis
Grade School stood in line with gifts wrapped beautifully and
each shyly gave their present to Santa, who in turn gave them
to the men from St. Vincent de Paul Society.

At one point, Santa turned to me and asked, 'Is it alright
for Santa to cry? ' Misty-eyed, I nodded yes.

After the holidays Santa and Mrs. Claus came to our home for
dinner, we had a fantastic time, when it came time for Santa
to open his belated gift, he was speechless.

It was a figure of Santa, hat in hand, kneeling at the manger.
Santa truly displayed the spirit of Christmas through a
beautiful heart and soul which far outweigh his red suit and
boots.

Following year, through one of my sisters I found out about a

little boy who was dying, again calling on Santa, he didn't
want to, but for me he said he would.

Santa has a difficult time with children dying, but his spirit
came through and he filled his sack with gifts to distribute.

Afterwards, we walked out to Santa's vehicle, where Mrs. Claus
had patiently chosen to stay, and he hugged me, tears streaming
down his face, thanking me for allowing him to be a part of
this special grace.

It was extremely difficult, but he gave unselfishly, truly
holding the spirit of Christ within.

This year, again calling on Santa to give Christmas joy to
a young boy and his brother who are dying.

Santa, tears in his eyes, came through again, he exemplifies
the quality of good will towards men, especially children.

Santa and I have talked a little and I find his gentle, caring
heart is being stepped on by some people who say he is cashing
in on the materialistic/monetary side of business.

Believe me, it is not so! He has done these favors year
after year at 'no charge'.

If these few people had seen the joy in the eyes of these
little dying children, because Santa had spent precious time
with them, they'd hang their heads in shame.

When you hear Santa's jolly, Ho! Ho! Ho! , realize it is not
all fun and games, not for money or fame, there is a special
saddened joy hiding from outward eyes.

Last wishes on dying lips of children met by an unselfish,
giving person, thankful for the lives he has given happiness
to.

The joy of families, pictures of a final Christmas, happy in
spite of the death closing in, .

Thank you Santa Roy, you're a very special friend close to my heart.

Wonder what next year will bring?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Thoughts

Sadness filling me within like the air being blown into a balloon, surmounting it's growing expansion within, wanting to burst it's bubble.

Yet it has grown into one of a physical texture like that of steel or cement, looking around, finding a way to diminish it through unconditional love of another.

One who expects nothing and gives everything of himself, a positive and straight forward way to eventually get to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Transformation

Strumming inner guitars of a melody sent from heaven,
soothing the essence of my mind.

Taking and transferring every gift that has been
innately posted on photographic screens beneath intellect
and it's artistic mind.

Allowing imagination to sway and spread itself out onto
the rest of the world, never being left behind in irregular
rhythms.

Listening intently, leaving no note unsung, as walking into
lanes of a beautiful transformation of images and visions
I come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Visions

Realizing poetry of an amazing melody, rhythmically
taking me off into another realm of life.

Filled with an inspiration of fantasy and imagination,
beautiful visions filling me with many images that
concentrate in the center of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Way

Listening to a rapid tone being played by a guitar,
a refreshing and spiritually awakening song.

This morning, Cactus Kountry is playing upbeat and
vibrantly exciting songs to dance and sing by a
beautiful way to start a morning at the senior center.

Spirits soaring with enticing rhythms as my heart
flows steadily through an unconditional love from
another.

Purposeful and filled with meaning, my life continues
to be alive and allured by spiritual inclinations in
an interior life all my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beautiful Way Of Surviving

Capturing imagination quickly and totally, riding it into the light of the Divine, finding joy and satisfaction that lies no where else on this planet.

It's mine alone to cherish and treasure, a gift from God, Himself, totally enjoying His grace and blessings throughout my life.

A beautiful way of surviving in a total acquiescence of being to the Divine dwelling within me, protecting and keeping my soul safe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Emanating From The Center Of Life

Patterns of shadows walking down the walkway on the second
floor, taking on the heated sun in between them, proportion-
ed just so, not letting designs fall through the cracks.

Beauty is emanating and choosing to come into the center of
life, taking my spirit soaring joyfully into the atmosphere
where it glides on air currents gently.

Taking on the fabrication of imaginational fantasies, a won-
derfully creative aspect of an interior creativity that has
an intense sense of wisdom alighting within it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Flows

Rushing, running quickly into the desert brush, hiding
beneath a full moon.

Thinking that no one can see, not realizing that beauty
flows no matter what happens to be in the way.

Concepts continuing to fall, cascading into picturesque
landscapes of another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty In This Temporary Life

Tapping out rhythms as they play into my mind, awakening
thoughts, ideas and concepts so fruitfully as they come
into this poetical life.

Stressing the beginning and ending of this life, finding
what's in between, allowing for it all to come together
in a poem.

Looking and finding beauty in this very temporary life,
thinking about how it will all fit together in the end,
wondering where I'll be when I finally die.

Will I be alone or with those I love, will departed
family come to welcome me home to heaven at last, better
days are coming I'm sure when this earthly life is over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of A Peaceful Existence

Watching people standing in line, black, white, Asian, Mexican, all happy, contented, talking, laughing and joking with one another.

Seeing no racism, hatred, intolerance or prejudice in anyone's attitude, enjoying the beauty of a peaceful existence.

Why can't we be like this all the time, it would be a great big giant step to the freedom and peace for our entire world and all of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Another Life

Delving quietly into another oasis of paradise, finding the
beauty of another life, lying around in luxury.

Filling the world with all good things and letting our energy
flow continually throughout it.

Involving many other people, taking them into the fold, all
of them mentally alert and awakened through intellect.

Surging with an energy of power, thinking along the same lines,
wanting to invest in all of mankind.

Lifting everyone out of depths of poverty and giving them a
life and purpose to follow, showing the way to helping others
help themselves.

A wonderful living, expressing love and compassion through
actual forgiving and aiding people to move up into the world's echelon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Books

Reading books in my mind,
illuminating wisdom of the
years already passed on.

Learning the essence of poetical
musings, never forsaking the
beauty of books printed in real
life dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Creative Genius

Racing into this bright and early morning with an
outlook of vibrant and lively attitudes.

Nothing stopping me from living every moment filled
with rhythmic music and artistic grace.

Always given through innate talent straight from God,
being taken daily throughout the awesome beauty of
creative genius.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Creativity

Selecting tones from amongst rhythms being played intensely inside this mind, creating ideas to help mankind in the long run, hoping to manufacture many wonderful things hiding from within.

Total recall issuing forth beauty of creativity, forming and gelling it in crevices of imagination and intellect.

Wisdom watching, being recreated, falling into diagrams of solvent rhythm, taking mathematical steps in progressions of coded messages.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Each Measure

Exercising freedom, listening to the Hallelujah Band
playing great music.

Tones and rhythms totally being synched within my
mind, taking me outward into depths of another world.

Fulfilling and tantalizing every particle and fiber
of being with melodies taking me away.

Finding such pleasure in the beauty of each measure,
soaring and capturing the essence of talent with my
own through intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Experience

Clouds of being cover me in rhythms's pulse,
quickening it into what I prefer to hear and
write to, experiencing the beauty of listening.
Recalling every measure ahead of it's being
played on the guitar.
Wondering always how I am doing it without
knowing it beforehand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Expression

Nature outside the window, blowing leaves of trees
in time with the musical jazz being played right
in front of me.
A tantalizing beauty of expression filling me with
an intense desire to keep writing.
A tolerable session being made to fit my own style
of composition and writing.
Never turning from the rhythm as it continues to
bring joy into my heart and soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of India

Sensing a beauty in the country of India, filled with tradition and spirituality, learning more about it from people who come from there.

Welcoming interest, willing to explain everything and answering the many questions of it's mysteries.

Concepts being felt within consciousness, as they are related from past generations and told to me now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Inner Delicacy

Riding on coattails of imagination and reality, creating new processes as I go along, everything that enters my sight and mind takes me into a bluened light.

There finding the Divine dwelling within me always, looking straight ahead, never veering from imagination and moving forward.

Peering over, looking in depths of every thought left inside, so tempting and tantalizing, giving an energy that never wavers or fades while alive.

Listening and following the beauty of an inner delicacy being nourished and nurtured in fields of imagination then set in the reality of a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Insight

Writing whatever comes to mind through music's rhythms
and tempos, beauty of insight traveling into intellect,
giving a creative atmosphere from which to roam in.

Loving the serenity that fills me interiorly, always
able to entertain myself at any time of day or night,
enjoying thoughts and ideas.

Traveling about my mind, watching as experiences and
circumstances fall from photographic screens to be
written in a poem for all to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Letting Go

Recovering from a distinct circumstantial situation, cowering
in darkness, afraid of the unknown lying behind it all while
listening to tempos and rhythms of another life held interiorly.

Silently allowing it to predict and take charge of our futures,
not realizing that is the essence of our destiny and fate that's
being pulled throughout with a quiet awakening within.

Subjecting our beings to the beauty of letting go and letting
God lead us into His Divine realms where fear does not reign
and we are free to travel into denizens of another future.

One that will change us spiritually with an intense energy,
a knowing becoming a spark to guide our lives into an intense
inner strength of our characters we've denied for so long.

Trying to chase agendas and uncalled for duties, finally
realizing that our lives are to be used with compassion,
caring and love in order to attain realms of heaven at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Love's Beginning

Seething within with the beauty of love's beginning,
watching it's candle flame glowing and growing ever
higher within.

Embers beginning to start a blaze that will expand
and never die in this life, even burning beyond this
horizon.

Wishing to keep steady along pathways through this
life, searching skyways of every forest for the
smoke rising from our love's beginning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Moonlight

Soothing sentiments of Elvis Presley being sung tonight
at karaoke, taking us into the past where love and thrills
were the norm.

Boys and girls holding hands, falling in and out of love,
dancing, holding hands, strolling down sands of shores,
along the Atlantic ocean.

In the beauty of moonlight, shining upon us and all our
love tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Morning

Early morning beauty, watching the sun rise,
loving the orange and yellow colors preceding
it's appearance.

Spirits of daytime lives, concentrate their
images into skies along with white streaks
left by early morning jets, flying in all
directions to destinations known only to
pilots in the cockpits.

Watching clouds slowly sliding through the blue skies,
smiling and enjoying the beginning of another day
above earth, flying high in realms of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Music

Melodies collide and jump, leaping about my mind,
secretly sacred, blessed beyond any doubt - the
beauty I see and hear inside.

Frolicking away, serenely happy and peaceful, life
has a way of clinging to music, taking ugliness
away for the time being.

Solemnly partaking of a minute piece of every daily
melody, carrying tunes in pockets of memory, always
holding on to them, even in days of sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Our Love

Drumming steadily into this night, exhilarating and taking
my senses into outer atmospheres, finding rapid tempos are
enticing and tempting inner desires.

Wanting the love of my heart to rise and touch you with
delight, nothing getting in the way as I continue to bounce
and jive through the night.

Remembering your sensuous touch as the music plays tenderly,
joining with my passion, reaching out to you in a full
scale reality of love-making.

A whisper and vibrant silence now turning us both into wild
cats as we reach a fever pitch, taking us ever higher and
faster into rhythms of our interior passion.

Leading me through the beauty of our love, being tantalized
by every sense as you touch my being, playing my desires so
gently and vibrantly.

This night to be remembered forever, as we continue to make
love, holding each other tightly, never wanting to let go,
kissing and looking into your eyes.

Being filled to overflowing with your passion blending with
mine, our desires climbing back and forth between us both,
giving us so much pleasure we never want to stop or rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Our Love Shines

Carousing late into the night, finding sleep is not going
to come until later on, revolving and rotating through the
rhythms of our beating hearts in time.

Touching the essence of one another, special and prominent,
taking us as one while making love genuine and truthful,
our minds, hearts and souls becoming one between us.

Beauty of our love being shone throughout the nights we
are together in this life, loving one another completely
as we find each other again every time we love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Our Memories

Wandering this world together, no one ever getting in our way no matter what as our desires keep growing, feeling passion so gently and tenderly that neither of us can stop making love to each other.

A blazing fire burning between us all the time, a perfect and satisfying love that can never be quenched no matter what, loving and holding one another until the end of this world.

Beautiful and erotic, so completely and entirely sensuous, keeping our love alive for just we two, calmly and tenderly lying alongside one another.

Contented and totally feeling our unconditional love all through the night, holding onto each other and dreaming dreams of our lives together.

Nothing but precious and lovely moments always spent with each other, you are my only one true love and mine forever, living in the beauty of our memories and times together through this temporary life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Our Souls

Wondering, feeling restless deep inside, being lost in love, acknowledging it's treasures within.

Going slow, never falling behind, touching our hearts in the serenity of our beings forever.

Beauty of our souls tantalizing one another throughout life, taking us into depths of our love like no other.

You are the particles of life that I've been missing for so long, we blend in a perfect heart together in love forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Reality

Softly tiptoeing through gardens of blossoming thoughts, enjoying their beauty and essence, touching me interiorly.

Loving the solace of every image, reaching out and tapping into feelings as they await incessant beating of my heart's rhythm.

Walking along primrose pathways, hanging onto desires of heartfelt feelings, intensely grasping me through every thought, day and night.

Waiting a lifetime for a love that will survive, waiting for someone new to touch me like no other, bringing me alive to the beauty of reality and a new life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Resolve

Forging into new environments, fully aware of where life is taking me.

Wanting to exercise every opportunity that comes along, wishing and hoping for a reprieve from a life of stress and hopelessness.

Lightening striking with force, brightening the electricity of timeless accompaniments.

Handling effervescent ideas as they rapidly unfold into the light of darkness, acknowledging the beauty of resolve as it progresses daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Sentiments

Finally finding the route to a soothing selection
of quiet remembering, all of them helping to relax
and enjoy time given by rhythms here and now.

Feeling the exquisite relief provided by inner
renderings that enter and touch my mind with a
beauty of level sentiments.

Intricate patterns being shaped along with memories
shooting through my mind, taking me off into the
skyways of another universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Transendental Love

Recognizing love on another's face, wanting to touch and
hold them with a gentle and alluring passion, enticing
both of you from a hidden sensuality beneath their beings.

Solemn and peaceful, life twirls about, taking strides into
treasure chests of tomorrow, beautiful senses being unfolded
within each of them, clasping hands and hearts under the
spell of melody's rhythms.

Holding their beings through everything in life, turmoil
and strife falling away in the presence of their love, a
sensational and novel beauty through a transcendental love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Twilight

Charging like a light brigade into the darkness of
another night.

Seeing starlight twinkling above, not enough of their
light to guide my footsteps.

Depending on rays of the moon to illuminate and lead
me down pathways into the break of day, hours before me.

Rising with the desert clouds, still able to be seen in
the cozy atmosphere above.

Living in the beauty of twilight where poetry is born at
times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Words

Sunlight spreading slowly across the horizon, bringing light
and warmth to earth, watching as it rises cheerfully, happy
to be seeing us on this side of the planet once again.

Listening to joyful music, matching it's effervescent arrival,
writing poetry with a clarity and purpose surprising intense
right now.

Enjoying the beauty of words as they flit and flitter through-
out this mind, so precious and meaningful as thoughts flow in-
teriorly from a waterfall.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Yesterday's Love

Mind skipping through a forest of imagination, feeling youth being recaptured in beauty of yesterday's love and compassion.

Staring into the starlight of destiny, watching as it tempts me to join in, playing with an inner child's excitement and innocence.

Taking advantage of a measure of fun, skipping in time with the music, climbing trees and jumping out of them.

Wonder, awe and curiosity blossoming ever so faithfully in depths of intellect.

Ambition taking hold, soaring into an everlasting joy that holds promises of better things to come.

Never going to let these feelings get away, for they make me feel so good inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Of Younger Life

Resuscitating life with breath of yesterday, opening doors
to past memories, letting them live again in this mind
and poem.

Enlightening, energizing and illuminating the beauty of
all that was part of my life when younger.

Landscapes rushing by and taking all that I am into the
words, standing on their own in every poem being written
in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty On Earth

Wondering and living in it's amazing attributes daily,
finding so many things to think about.

Fondly discovering and exploring nature and all of it's
explicit beauty surrounding us here on earth.

Placing this mind amidst mysteries inherent in a human's
lifetime, always seeing wonders of the world, investigating
and writing everything in poetry to be remembered always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Saturating Senses

Awakening, wiping sleep from my eyes, looking around at the world, seeing it's beauty saturating all senses, tantalizing mind and intellect with an intense curiosity.

An in depth insight fully alert and fascinated by everything it sees, wanting to know more about life and it's many still unknown mysteries.

Even the world's top scientists are still baffled, I hope that innate intellect will explore, discover everything in order to find answers that up until now have eluded everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Through Nature

Sacrificing everything in life just to write about it
every day.

Loving the beauty that has come my way through nature,
becoming one with it on a daily basis.

Seeing landscapes even as I leave the world behind in
preference of writing.

Going deeply inside, contemplating circumstances through
musical interludes, so perfectly contented, being and doing
what I am always beginning and ending.

Every period of life is written in the verses of my mind,
tallied and shared with the world itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty Untold

Nighttime collections of moon rays being spread upon
the surface of ocean's in this world, a beauty untold.

Reflections of the moon being seen upon the surface
as waves swell and fall upon shore, reflections then
disappearing.

Pretty little spaces of illumination never again being
recovered from depths of oceans.

Lying dormant below the waves forevermore, never again
able to be seen in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beauty's Picture

Rippling, changing, forming new patterns
never before seen on earth, nor will they
ever be seen again by anyone, unless I
take this picture to preserve this moment
of instantaneous beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Because Of Your Love

Secure, safe, feeling loved by you my dear, satisfied
completely with your unconditional love surrounding
me totally.

An excitement being found whenever with you, seeing
love shining in your beautiful and caring eyes, lov-
ing how you touch me tenderly and affectionately.

Desires rising ever higher within because of your love,
especially when we're together side by side making love
with one another each and every night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beckoning Clouds

Rain clouds looking down at me, beckoning literally
to be written into a poem for all to read.
Touching earth ever so lightly, kissing it, wondering
with enlightened spirits how people can stand to be
rooted to the ground instead of soaring with them.

(8: 22 a.m. - 12/23/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beckoning Spirit

Heavenly songs lilting through my head, leading me
to longings of yesterday.
Serenading my heart in saddened melodies from the
past, joyful images I once knew.
Today I'm on a different shore, facing a new horizon
with only tomorrow beckoning my spirit, and calling
to my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beckoning Talent

Seeing wonders of imagination's freedom,
touching on the perfection they reap every
moment of my life.
Spectacular heights and depths rise and fall
within, sending visions of beauty to light.
While illuminated caverns of sensitivity beacon
talent to the forefront.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beckoning This Poetical Nature

Twilight breaking across a darkening sky, stars waking, twinkling sleep away, shining upon earth with an interior brilliance.

A magnificent landscape above, beckoning my poetical nature to open up to it's beauty and fascination, waving wonder before my eyes and intellect.

Senses blossoming as they fully take in every detail being seen, mind alive and filled with an anticipation of the atmosphere.

Showing intellect all that can be conceived from this mind here on earth, wonder taking curiosity by the hand and surveying the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Become

Run on a voyage all your own, become the quest you hide within.
Be. Just be who you are. Whoever that is.
Find inside, without using your thoughts or mind, just who you are.
Use your senses, feelings, dreams and listen to the quietness of your soul.
Believe you are who you are being.
You will be at peace at once, knowing the truth as your soul has spoken it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Become The Reason

Riding slowly into another horizon, sun setting on the beauty
of life, entering another dimension where the Divine dwells,
keeping me safe and protected from the evil of this world.

Touching my heart and soul, giving an absolute view of truth
and honesty, taking a bird's eye view of everything in this
life and writing it all into rhythmic poetry.

Tempting minds of others to open, unfold, and become the
reason of their purpose here on earth, sharing their lives
with the world also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming A Free Spirit

Sincere and happy, hoping to be led into another dimension where
I can stay forever, becoming a free spirit where life can be my
own until the end.

Wholesome, pure, filled with honesty and truth, seeing positive
attitudes and moods being lifted by my spirit, loving the feelings
and emotions it's bringing into my heart and soul.

Taking it closely, hugging it within, allowing it to become a
part and parcel of who I am really inside, capturing knowledge
and wisdom from other dimensions, finding spaces for it all
within a photographic memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming A Genius

Just following smart answers doesn't mean you can become a genius, it takes many years to become a particle of life that excellent.
Also, taking into account, people who know they don't know everything, as they keep learning to find out when they can be found a genius.
It takes many books and a lot of curiosity to fill that definition, unless you are born with an innate talent for it.
Even so, to keep the title, you need to go through life, expanding imagination to grow into knowledge

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming A Meaning

Unseen ribbons strewn across the skyway above earth, blowing in a
quiet wind.
Partaking of a little bit of heaven, looking out a tiny window across
vast horizons of blue, sharing a place with the clouds.
Reaping magnificent fruits of untilled labor, staring vacantly,
gathering all sights in with my eyes.
Questioning where this day will end and what it will bring, I
suddenly lose sight of what I was peacefully thinking.
Lost in a maze - caught in the web of a reverie - balanced in thin
air, poised on one knee, awaiting a gentle reminder of life still
unknowingly being lived in spite of itself.
Crossing over fine lines of imagination, tracing patterns on creativity across earth
below, as white billowy clouds continue to waltz and dine about the sky.
As far as I can see, all of life's puzzle continues into eternity,
holding hands with purpose and a strong silent faith kept within.
A special reserve for rainy days, taking shape to become a meaning
on some distant horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming A Miracle

Thinking quietly in my soul, touching spheres of God,
hoping to be healed intimately within His holiness.

Waiting silently, watching for a miracle to appear
and become in this moment of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming A Reality Of Who I Am

Thoughtfully harmonizing music with poetry as I write, loving the sincerity of an innocence that has been held onto throughout this mere poet's life.

Taking everything life has put in my path, limitations and barriers giving me the impetuous to find a way over, around or through them.

Listening to the silence and rhythms of nature as they fill my being with it's essence, moments of exhilarating joy now thrilling me entirely with spirituality.

Keeping me attuned to my soul and the Divine, an innate intellect always finding poetical avenues to take me into it's knowledge and wisdom through music, art and poetry.

An artistic imagination having become a reality of who I am through the Divine guidance in my life during the years I've been alive so far.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming A Reason

Life is an afterthought when you're trying to
fulfill your purpose in life.
Every ounce of energy is being focused on
living for God, letting life become itself,
knowing it is in God's hands totally.
Never losing faith, becoming a reason for
being, living in hopeful peace and serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming A Silence

Falling inside out,
finding myself on a road of no return.
Skeptical as can be, knowing that life
is ready to terminate my being.
Gradually becoming a silence in the
universe, too lonesome to care anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming An Angel

Taking turns twisting around in a swing of childhood.

Listening to yesterday's calls to come home and
remembering the safety that was attached to that tone
of voice.

Being secretly attuned to that particular voice of a
mother's love.

Sounding echoes reverberate from the heavens where she
is now living.

Watching me as I've grown, becoming now, a senior
citizen and aging soon into a cocoon, dying within and
flowing into heaven, becoming an angel just like my
mother so many years ago.

Tears being spent in a quiet sorrow, missing her, yet
knowing too, that family will be missing me also.
Tears stringing down my face, holding onto the ones I
love the most.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming An Essence

Along on this journey through life, finding people are coming out of jungles of turmoil and suffering just to become a part of it until it's end.

Such a beautiful gift being given from heavenly abodes, always allowing peace and serenity to fall upon these minds through the writing of my soul.

Caring about each person, coming into the particles and fiber of my being, giving of themselves and wanting me to also be enveloped in theirs.

So beautiful, becoming the essence of each one as we unite in the love and peace of this soon to be eternal journey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Appreciated

Rushing to keep up with beats pounding their way down inner sidewalks, becoming appreciated through time.
Swirling carefully, playing happily in forward motions, believing in anything that brings hope to mind.
Precariously sounding like past memories, climbing walls through yesterday's canyons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Attitudes

Summer gusts of wind, blowing my mind in all directions, finding my way into many dimensions of mathematical formulas.
Accelerating toward pathways of ingenuity, hoping I may attain a breath of fresh air before I expire in a cloud of dust.
Seasoning nature as it falls into line with becoming attitudes of stubbornness, hanging onto life lines of believing so I may pass from earth to the hereafter without missing a beat of my heart in spacious moments of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Destiny Now Lying Within Me

Watching through windows of my soul, seeing the illusions in this world, dispelling them one by one, intriguing and intense.

Always striving to keep going, hoping never to fall, just looking ahead and becoming the destiny that lies within me, nothing to leave behind at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Every Day

Receiving comments galore on poetry that I have written,
all of it great, encouraging and elating my soul.

Living in intellect, being relaxed and at peace, nothing
disturbing me as I continue to write.

Being alone in an innate creative world, taking life in
stride, becoming every day a little more of who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Family

A feeling of closeness, of being together,
makes our lives joyful.
When our children are with us we are fulfilled.
We proclaim our love for one another as love
reaches out to encompass our new family and we
become one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Feelings

Feelings of love deeply crease my being,
becoming part of who I am.
As life travels down lonely highways, I
hold love closely on every journey
toward suns setting before me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Future Moments

Playing the piano in my mind rapidly, solidly and happily
while writing.

Strange thoughts are dropping from rhythms and being placed
into many sentences altogether fascinating.

Collecting and energizing landscapes of many yesterdays,
climbing to tomorrows that may never come.

Yet, hope lives on in intellect that all of life will
continue.

Beatitudes being plied within beads of thought, are taken
gently and silently into depths of another world.

Listening and becoming future moments in time, bringing
fruition and interior solace into a perspective of total
concentration to be written from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Future Pictures

Searching hurriedly through mazes of picture thoughts,
crowding my mind at once, placing them in orders that
will make sense.

Aligning them in circumspect knowledge, unfolding each
of them to see what's inside, reaching for their essence,
questions coming to mind as I listen to rhythms of music.

Touching my mind, fascinating and alluring knowledge into
coming forward, teasing my mind on how to proceed through
the tangle of ideas combining with intellectual imaginings.

Blending, allowing them to flow together, becoming pictures
of the future, letting me know what is going to happen in
tomorrow's future life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming In Messages

Contrasting light and darkness, pointing the way into
an interior bliss and pleasure that fits so perfectly.

A quick and energetic peace is speeding through my
being, having a ball just as a poet that I am.

Writing into the exquisite and total nature of what I
am, having an innate ability to become poetry I write.

Splendid and astounding, creating everything just by
listening to rhythms of fast-paced melodies.

Soaring through the satiety of life. becoming in the
messages written here alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Individuals

Living is learning, searching for reasons,
mounting obstacles, falling on our faces.

Deciding, making choices, becoming an
individual on our own terms, all of it
placed with faith and hope in God's hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Mirror Reflections

Blueness of the skies falls gently into my heart when
you are not with me, my dear, wanting your hand in mine,
eyes looking deeply into each other's.

Searching and finding the love we have, hidden within
us, so others may not see or know that we belong to
each other.

No one's business how much we need to be together, it
is ours alone to satisfy through our hearts, loving
and taking it into every aspect of life.

Giving so much pleasure we can barely control it,
joining our hearts, minds and souls we have become
mirror reflections in life now of one another.

Forever seeing one another in our reflections, no
others, a complete and total essence of our love now
blended together in our hearts of love only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming More Of Self

Spending a lifetime looking for truth and honesty in
the reality of being.

Wondering what it truly is and consists of, noting
the many wonderful endeavors that are possible.

Knowing that strides into the future are allowing me
to become more of myself in time.

Being relative according to how I mature and cope
with the rest of life in my own way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming My Fate

Soaring into atmospheres filled with energy,
eliciting inner powers into patterns of writing.

Taking flights of fancy, inspiring realms of
imagination with sparks of intellect, exploding
into verse time and again.

Reciting age-old images in photographic visions
still very fresh in mind whenever thought of.

Tantalizing fragrances filling my mind with
scents of rose gardens, transporting me to edges
of heaven's gardens where I wish to never
return from them.

Yet, life persistently keeps me close to it's
nature, refusing to let me go from earth.

A deep sadness stays glued within, I can't ever
expel it, because it's a part of who I have
become.

It is my destiny to become what I write for fate.

(11: 25 a.m. - 1/12/10)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming My Soul

Spirits soaring throughout my being, taking me into the
silence of another time, measures of time counting moments
left to me on earth.

Not worrying about anything, knowing that my purpose will
bind it's ending at my final sunset, there I will find my-
self at last.

Totally and wholly belonging to God, Himself, nothing or
no one able to hold onto me for I will have become my
soul in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming No One

Stomping musically down roads, leading to eternity, watching scenery as I pass on my own.
Scraping, nose-diving, being made to live on edges of other's lives.
Never being a part of anyone's adventure, closely following solo desert plains, reacting and feeling tranquilly inside it's arid beauty.
Casting about, trying to find meaning and relief from all sorts of grieving.
Standing alone, once and for all, becoming no one again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming One

Wandering down pathways being created as I move forward,
parting tangles of jungles with imagination.

Enjoying the essence of beauty as life rhythms urge me
on, pushing me to go beyond my imaginings and become one
in God's domain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming One In Love

Rocking to rhythms that hang around, wanting to be heard,
having a hunger that cannot be sated on this earth.

Wanting love, knowing that desires are being enticed and
tantalized into rising higher within.

Hoping to be touched and realized by the hunger of another
person of the same mind and direction.

Wanting to ride into, meet, and become one, eventually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Our Destinies

Joyful moments spent together preparing
for our final days, instills a peaceful
sanity as we calmly laugh and become our
destinies moment by moment in single file.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Ourselves

Conquests of future lives lie in wait, achieving maturity, learning to relate.
Sedentary minds alleviating the need to think or carry on.
Life-long dreams wait on distant shores, hoping to soon be realized.
All of eternity sits on marble steps, waiting to be climbed, nurturing forgiving attitudes throughout each of our lives.
Expecting nothing will bring no worth.
To live on, live fully, we must give birth to our inner ideas.
Surmounting every obstacle set in our paths, we can become who we are inside.
All we need do is begin.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Part Of Intellect

Unique to South Indian music, called gotham, starting with
a composition called 'ecstasy' with descending scales.

Penetrating drum beats touching and reverberating along
with my heart, taking into account, vibrant rolling rhythms
touching my soul with enlivening purposes of life and it's
essence.

Another entire aspect of a culture that was previously
unknown to me and now has become an intense part of my
intellect.

Curiosity is abounding in every particle of it's culture
and people, irresistible and enticing, alluring my mind every
moment of waking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Parts In Reality

Covering all the sadness for the time being, not wanting it
to touch my brain for a while today.

Following many thought patterns, adjusting their designs
to fit novel ideas, becoming their parts in reality.

Exercising all sorts of particles in intellect, giving them
freedom to rearrange their positions in timely measures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Poems

Walking down lanes with sun shining brightly upon me,
feeling free and independent, loving being who I am
in this world.

Confident, self-assured, quiet, shy, innately talented,
writing poetry deftly without any effort whatsoever,
never having any thoughts at all.

Music begins playing and on the very first sound of a
note, words flow perfectly and symmetrically into my
mind.

All becoming poems in poetry journals that I then place
for everyone in the world to read, hoping they
will find a home in someone's mind to enjoy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Poetical Verses

Lights radiating, slowly
turning toward the darkness
to illuminate it's corners.
Forever tending to gardens,
becoming poetical verses
in times of life-giving essences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Poetry

Squelching other's voices, turning up my CD player so I can't hear comments of everybody else.
Drifting floatingly onto stretches of imagination, relaxing, easing tension, becoming my poetry as I write for moments in life's spacious mansions inside my mind.
Spreading peaceful serenity along sidewalks of my subconsciousness, unlimited thought always at my beck and call.
An enjoyable sensation, a feeling of being home alone, taking time to become sublimely attuned with my purpose in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Reality

Sightless eyes, yet rhythm gives an insight into
movements of melody.
An opus insinuating itself into every atom of
being, opening up flood gates of sensory perception
unable to see what you look like.
Blinding fate, keeping darkness an ebony twilight
hanging forever over you.
Relentlessly opposing reality, yet becoming your
own reality without given any choice in the matter.
Just a lifetime of darkness, it's up to you to
find your way in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Recognizable

Ripples of clouds gathering around the steeple with a
cross, filling mind's eyes with joy, peacefully
recognized from above.

Life, full and turned outside, laid upon the altar of
His humble abode, totally bathed in love, life becomes
recognizable once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Recognized

Raising and lifting spirits out of inner realms, transpiring to become recognized in many forms before this poem is done.
Quickly taking turns, giving in to splendid properties of physics as I complete journey's of scientific chemistry and incalculable mathematical formulas.
Moving all English grammar around to please myself as it ignites a fiery storm of words beginning and ending in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Self

Nature forming itself within, creating vistas anew
for my mind to play with, keeping itself amused and
always attuned to spectacular recitals.

Dust blowing across deserts, arid and lonely to this
mind's eyes, as I lie back and become myself after a
stressful day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Selves

Youngsters filled with themselves,
afraid to be and try new things.
Being happy and lured into places
of interest where they can become
themselves over tunes of music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Spiritual Satisfication

Solitude, peaceful and finely attuned to an inner universe,
giving an interior life the freedom and liberty to become
independent.

Unlike physical freedom given on earth, this one is de-
rived directly from God, He's the one guiding, expanding
and leading it's discovery and beauty with a divine love.

Through contemplation, going deeply within, not noticing
anything else, only becoming spiritual satisfaction felt
in this soul.

Heart fulfilling itself, through finesse of intellect,
as it soars into outer space, taking our minds with it,
teaching wisdom and allowing us to learn and achieve.

Wisdom with no strings attached, creativeness of an inner
spirit, lessening effects of humanness to pollute or
disturb it's divine source centered in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming Super Sonic

Gray skies stretching across the heavens, taking me with them for an awesome ride.

Traveling at the speed of sound, taking in everything as I fly and soar above it.

Taking a rocket ship into outer space, just because I can through imagination.

Becoming a super sonic individual, nothing able to stop this incessant writing in a landscape of goodness and plenty.

Loving beautiful bouquets coming into existence in spite of all the grayness surrounding this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming The Beauty

Following exercises of daily life,
through the energy of today's music.

Turning and becoming the beauty of
an inner landscape, it's scenery
falling skeptically within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming The End - All

Sauntering slowly down pathways of life, seeing every detail
and stowing it on photographic screens within.

Loving how they fit so well into picture puzzles of this mind,
colors matching with subject matter, blending with imagination's
thoughts.

Beautiful beginnings and endings flowing downstream through
out life.

An unending catacomb fulfilling meanings of life without
finding eternal meanings of anything in reality after all,
finally becoming the end - all of everything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming The Olden Ones

Standing on edges of night, not wanting to leave this happy environment of caring and love.
A family becoming closer to heaven through ages of life - becoming the 'olden ones' in calendars of yesterday.
Folding ourselves into piles of aging, leaving behind all our possessions in preference to going on to heaven without any baggage or regrets to our final home.
Nothing standing in our way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming The Purpose

Thinking about life and it's many idiosyncracies, always wondering how we manage to live and do the many things that we do.

Time continually passing, never waiting for us to finish anything, at times we are finished before we are ready to go.

Yet, we constantly find important aspects that need to be taken care of and we solicitlessly are guided by an inner responsibility and self-reliance.

Many thoughts being selfishly kindled by our egos, some being unselfishly thought of to help mankind throughout the years.

Beautiful propositions to aid in giving everyone a chance to become the purpose that they see for themselves in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming The Spirit

Listening, enthralled with the sound of Gaul's guitar.
Placing me mystically into another atmosphere.
A totally beautiful ninth dimension, where life is
lived in easier and simpler intellectual promises.
A common denominator walking along with the principles
of another dimension.
Becoming the spirit, living the essence of another
life and enjoying it immensely.
An unforgiving place where all can live in harmony.
Telepathically one in being, never having to have
arguments because all think and don't speak unless
it's necessary.
Therefore, arguments don't exist because they are
not only unfamiliar, but unnecessary as well.

(11: 57 a.m. - 11/30/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Becoming The Star

Sweetened atmosphere full of energy and verve,
sitting closely in love, becoming the star in
other's lives.
Sending the rhythms right into the arms of
everyone sitting here listening.
Taking the essence of purpose and dropping it
like crystal diamonds onto the drum, sounding
like a beat from heaven.

(3: 06 p.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bed Clothes Of Imagination

Watching as night falls outside a window, lights going on
to illuminate the darkness.

Thoughts rubbing daylight from their minds, changing into
their bed clothes of imagination for the night.

Tackling problems that have arisen during the day, needing
solutions to tidy their edges before tucking them in a drawer.

Promises of dreams to bring about a miracle and give hope
a place once again in this heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bed Of Dreams

Riding in a bed of dreams, galloping with wild horses, pounding through deserts of stark beauty.
Blinded by the sun, soothed by cactus needles, pointing out life's mysteries as I opened my mind and looked for them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bed Of Thought

Sometime, some day, I may be famous, but will always
remain this shy little poet on a mission to write
herself into history one poem at a time.
Recognizing truths as they are laid out upon my bed
of thought, jumbling like an acrobat, ideas,
abstractions, words, spreading them about, reaching
into my mind, formulating patterns of logic and
sensory perception into poems for all to enjoy,

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beds Of Love

Touching me deeply, holding my heart in tender embraces,
filling me with love and hope.
Freedom allowing me to float above with careful ingenuity,
tasting spirits of love and soaring with birds of flight
into moonlit evenings of gentle, kind thoughts - while
lying in beds of adoring love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beds Of Satin

Deep in my heart, feelings stir, quelling any doubts
of insincere thoughts.
Lying on fragile beds of lace, not wanting to journey
past indignant meanings, standing to sides of pathways, regretting their existence.
Folding away energy into mattresses of old, tucking in
around the edges, uneclipsable moments in space.
Moths of ages lured to flames of lightened knowledge,
quickly burned away, leaving only ashes to say they
were here once upon a time.
Eons pass, all things end in places of their own, on
final beds of satin.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beds Of Twilight

Fragile natures of life are ensconced in beds of twilight
as they grow and mature in their own times.

Allowing focus beyond our vision to instill creative juices
into beings of writing, so forever on earth creative literature
will be formed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beehives Of Ingenuity

Beehives of ingenuity form themselves within my brain, taking me on many journeys throughout innovative displays of creative ideas, giving me the wherewithal to invent many concepts.
Pulling things from the air, abstractions fulfill my need to find a purpose for everything.
Whatever doesn't go together gets blended into new ideas, formed, and shaped, finding new uses for it's design in intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Been My Experience In Life

Being smart is a liability when with most people, they
feel intimidated by it and shut you out.

Yet when with other intellectuals, what a difference,
being accepted, talking, initializing concepts and
ideas among one another.

Delving into problems and coming up with concrete and
absolute solutions every time, what a joy these partic-
ular conversations are.

Giving a sense of accomplishment and a meeting of goals
together, feeling that you're among those who can under-
stand what you're saying.

Having very open minds, such a pleasure to be with them,
instead of narrow-minded people who put down everything
you say, at least that has been my experience in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Before Storming Rains

Evening breezes slightly cooled before storming rains,
kept alive with little effort on it's part.

Gathering momentum from raging anger hidden within it's
tranquil appearance, beginning so pure and innocent,
then tearing itself apart to cry upon earth.

Shattering it's peace with storming fury, sending
everyone indoors to wait for it to settle down, no more
a major worry.

Gentle teardrops, single file, falling into piles of
others, causing puddles to form and spread themselves
around.

Making miniature lakes, reflecting images from their
immediate surroundings.

Recognizing the art within each watery canvas, walking
along admiring the beauty shown to us right here on
earth, if we only look for it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Before Succumbing

Dancing forever in the twilight of life, still agile enough
to enjoy doing it.

Wondering in the back of this mind how long will I be able
to continue dancing before succumbing to aging disabilities.

Then music plays, forgetting all those thoughts, stepping
out onto the dance floor, flowing to rhythms and smiling.

Loving the motion of this body as it continues to dance to
beats of rhythm and melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Before That Final Moment

Pages of life are written upon by our experiences, adventures, situations and circumstances, our inner emotions and feelings are exacting.

We tend to intensely identify with these pictures of our minds, in time blending together, showing us entire picture puzzles that we have portrayed in life.

Tears fall, steadily dropping from our minds and into our hearts, causing us to die a million deaths before that final moment comes upon us.

We cannot reach into the night's darkness to find our way once more, being left behind without any direction or guidance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Before The Concert

Sitting in a chapel at a mortuary, waiting for a concert
to begin.

Paul Alexander will be singing, I've heard his tape and
own it thanks to a friend of mine.

'Light A Candle' has provided many hours of listening
and writing poetry, inspired by it's beauty.

Looking about, noticing the wooden pews and knotty pine
ceiling, makes me think I am inside a coffin,

But this is a coffin of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Before We Ever Met

Bubbling aroma of love emanating from within our hearts,
tickling our fancy endlessly in time, effervescent and
enticing, bringing feelings together.

Our chemistry forming a bond that will never separate us
in this world, satisfying and qualitative, we find that
our souls and intellect were bound before we ever met.

Somehow in the reality of our separate lives, God had
already put us on the same path to make sure nothing in-
terfered in His plan of having us love one another in
life before expiring.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Befriending Emotions

Scanning memories, watching their images hurrying across visions in bright colors of feelings.
Touching emotions with care, befriending them so they can no longer scare me when I feel them.
Those that deal with anger are buried so deeply that I can't always feel them and I end up crying, spilling tears all around me, trying to rid them from my being.
Yet, sanity prevails as usual and I solemnly try to listen and make peace with what I can understand.
It's only sent to me a little at a time and only when I want to deal with it.
It's too big a part of my personality to try and ignore it, so I do what I can.
It's alright I guess, even though I'd rather just finish with it and go on living my life without it's negative impact.
Life would be so much more nicer - soothing, happier, peaceful in friendship.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Begging For Mercy

Thorns of past memories poke and jab without ending.
Bringing blood flowing from deepened wounds, left
from yesterday's strife, taking away desires of
belonging.
Blocking worlds away with everlasting cement,
standing upon horizons begging for mercy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Begging Public For Money

Seeing a billboard bragging about gaming in Arizona,
contributing thirty-eight million dollars to
education here in our state.
Why then all the over-rides trying to get money
from the taxpayers?
Why are all the crying, whining politicians asking
us for more money for education?
We the sleeping tigers, the moral majority have
seen the discrepancy and will no longer dump our
hard-earned money into an education system that
has plenty of money.
Politicians and city council are so corrupt that
they keep the money for themselves and let the
children go without the money supposed to be spent
on their education?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Begin And Learn

Silence filling me within, touching my heart with an effervescent beauty for the quietness of my soul and is never-ending.

Interior moon eclipsing the sunshine of my life, now changing attitudes and moods into enlightening experiences.

Teaching so many things through an innate wisdom and knowledge, showing examples of how an interior life can make a difference for everyone.

No need to be harassed, upset, guilty, if we just go live within realms of the Divine, such beauty and pleasure will be yours if you begin and learn how to live in a spiritual world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning And Ending In Darkness

Vacant spaces set in front of me, wanting to fill them
with ideas of thoughts, separating them from reality,
dispersing them throughout intellect.

A blinding light wavering in and out of this poetical
mind, beginning and ending in the darkness of this night,
emotions thickening through passion and desires.

As they continue to climb within my being, longing and
yearning for another who means the world to me - the
one who is my life and loves me only in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning And Ending In Poems

Striking the match of intellect, watching fires blaze and
expand into other dimensions without a thought of how to
put them out.

A magnificent and delectable sensation that ends up ful-
filling my soul spiritually, time after time, thoughts
never entering the picture.

Only the after-effects being seen in poetry that I've
already written, hoping the world will find some energy
and caring from within the center of my heart.

Leaving it within every poem that's been written, so
quiet and pleasantly tantalizing intellect as I write
constantly and incessantly.

Nothing to interrupt or stop me ever, only when being
finished with the thoughts and ideas that I've written
will this pen stop it's incessant movement.

Leaving the ink of intellect for others to read, even
when I'm gone from this earthly life, beginning and
ending in every poem.

This mind will leave a little of itself wherever it
flows upon pages of my poetry journals, a legacy to
my sons to treasure forever and pass on to family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning And Ending Moments

Beginning and ending all in a moment of life and death,
such a contrast happening so suddenly without any warning.

Thinking about living and dying at times, writing down
thoughts about it in poetry.

Because having already met death before and liking it's
nothingness, then finding myself in heaven.

Exquisite happiness and an intense peace, like nothing on
earth, filled my being.

Knowing there's nothing to be afraid of, looking forward
to that final moment and breath.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Anew

Orange sherbert clouds scattered length-wise across my mind's skyway.
A bluened sky, touching tips of mountain tops, setting a beautiful backdrop for a poem.
Expressing joy, fulfilling inner solitude, beginning every day anew with hope and prayer in my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning As A Comment

Reading Amitava's poetry, finding so much self-interpretation and insight from an amazing poet, no doubts at all that he speaks the truth of what he thinks and feels.

Always bringing tears, smiles, joy, sadness, a sense of in-justice to our minds, making us feel and understand ourselves in the end.

That is a sign of a philosopher and poet, literature will know his name, yet his philosophy will be acknowledged also through the ages.

Such a perfect blend of insight coming from a man on women's issues, he has great compassion and mercy for all women, praising them honestly, genuinely from his mind and heart.

Wanting to make a comment on one of his poems, finding that it has suddenly become a poem for all to read and know him like I do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Depths

Watching clouds being darkened in shadows, penetrating the sky
where the sun is now setting, saying good night to everyone
on earth.

Succulent and pure, the beauty of dusk falls upon us all so
silently that we never realize until suddenly it has become
another darkened black night.

Experiencing the serenity of it's passing each evening brings
a sense of spirituality quietly into our souls, feeling the
presence of the divine lingering in our minds, taking us into
beginning depths of our faithful spirits.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Endeavors

Silent approach, skidding into lives of desperation.
Clinging to outstretched hands until disappearing
from existence.
Always broader on other horizons, farther away than
any human endeavor.
Laboring under heavy mandates, keeping pace with
inner worlds of turmoil under guises of mystery and
experience.
Losing all semblance of decipherable beginnings as
life floats itself among all beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Insight

Family togetherness fits right in with bike week as people gather from miles around to enjoy the beginning of all things good, riding Harley's through town.

Penetrating insight, talented musicians taking the lead in excitement and verve, all the way to the end of the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Journey

Bricks of the past, falling down, pressing,
keeping me inside where I don't want to be.

Not wanting to be closed in or corralled,
but not knowing how to break out.

There has to be a way, but it probably won't
be easy - nothing ever is.

Knowing that I can be florescent, but continue
to be a pastel, depresses me.

If there is a way I will find it and begin the
journey to my rightful freedom.

(6: 50 p.m. - 3/12/89)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Lands

Swinging in time with life's
untoward trek through earth's
continuum.
Fulfilling everlasting dreams
of tomorrow on lands of
beginning.

(10: 31 a.m. - 12/03/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Lull

As in the dawn before the light, the lull before the play
begins to start, is full of incomplete renderings.

Not knowing what is going to happen, sitting in anticipation
of what is to come.

Sitting back, relaxing, taking notice of things around the
auditorium, looking forward to gentle recollections in the
future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Melodies

Rattling through a myriad of sorrows, trying to pull them apart and sort them into piles so as not to have to deal with them again.
Sorry about all sorts of things, giving many excuses, yet never hitting on any right one's to deliver in any type of consequence.
Jumping, bumping and sliding down keys of a piano, sending all melodies back to the beginning just to find their place again in line.
Never touching wrong ideas, following them into tomes of excellent knowing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Novel Experiences

Reaching for conclusions in the center of my universe,
seeing them sitting there awaiting discovery.
Pleasing them, giving thought and extensive writing
to them all, which will soon be coming out in the form
of another novel in the near future.
Standing on the rim of a new oblivion, jumping over
and into it, beginning novel experiences of discovery
and fame.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Of Evening Darkness

Shaded, shadowed from within a fast food restaurant, showing silhouettes of nature just beyond the parking lot outside, standing tall nearby, nearly unrecognizable in the beginnings of evening's darkness coming soon upon earth.

Sun also being shaded from inside, yet still seeing it's beauty shining from behind the shades, an alluring and enticing view not normally seen in this way, therefore considering myself the first to have noticed this peculiar sight of nature and placing it in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Of Inner Solace

Flowing slowly into a melody, taking me into farthest
avenues of misplaced harmony, looking for the beginning
of my inner solace, situated in the bottom of my heart
where it can't be seen or stolen.
It's in the environment that I have chosen just for it,
believing that it's for the better good, no matter what
anyone else seems to think.
An educated guess, returning in so many countless ways
throughout my life in small and creative ways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Of Itself

Stamping, feeling the beats take over my being.

Letting nothing get in between the feelings being
sent to my brain.

Ringing circles, stepping up to the curb of every
day life.

Sending messages in tandem with a stomping delicacy,
taking the essence of every rhythm being produced.

Writing through all the different sounds without
losing count or falling down.

Turning with a bounce, directly into the opposite
direction, not wavering one iota, just being the
beginning of itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Of New Life

Smashed, the eyesight of my seeing.
Cracked in many places, crawling like a spider web across my eyes.
Once knowledge stood out in the open, now it lies back, pleading for obscurity.
Separating ideas, fragmented from within, tell-tale signs of curiosity are forbidden from certain points of view.
Totally enmeshed in outer thoughts of life, brought to mind to be repaired and healed.
Soon to see the beginning of a new life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Of The Future

Taking some thought and placing it reminiscently
into a poetical song, attaining beauty of a soul,
purified and open to Gods' plan.
Opening, unfolding, becoming a beginning of the
future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Of Time

Quiet ineptitude stills a heart with the fervor of a saint, belonging on heaven's side of earth.
Closing beats into a single breath of fate, proclaiming the easiness of resting in life's exasperated rhythmic hearts
and souls future aspirations.
Holding carefully, interiorly - the beginning of time within our special natures, awaiting the touch of God on our beings, waking us to His memory and living in Him forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Of Understanding

Music paints my heart with beauty, sates it's desire
with quiet, gentle peace.

Life is kept at a safe distance right inside of us,
to live it is not foreign, because it's always within.

Touching and listening with hearts of joy and burden,
learning to live with one another through ourselves.

If we cannot be there for self, how can we possible
help another?

Knowing what we are like within is the beginning of
understanding with our fellow man.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Of Your Death

Walking into the sheer darkness of life's sorrow, no light anywhere, being deafened by it's silence.

Nothingness now enveloping me within it's shroud, taking me into an abyss.

There I find nothing at all, only the beginning of your death still continuing to haunt me, memories of us together flooding my mind.

There's no escaping this deathly sadness since you have left me at death's insistence, loving you forever, living every moment in sorrow until we're together once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Silence

Silence throughout the night, joyous laughter from the heavens, ringing, pealing away sadness and frustration.
Proclaiming liveliness of peace stirring in the abyss of life, holding it closely, suggestively portraying it the way it grows, quietly inside in whispered minutes of existence.
Shadows following moonlight, wanting a part in festivities brought about by night.
Woodenly jumping on frail legs of thought, lacily decorated for the soul, enraptured by solace found deeply inside, existing there from the beginning of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Spring

Empty playgrounds, vacant grass, gray,
bleak branches hanging from trees.

Bells ring, children flow upon the sight,
bringing all to life with their childish
yells and laughter.

Wonderful sounds to hear, beginning spring.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Tears

Watching emotions rise inside, bringing a sting of beginning
tears into the eyes of my mind.

Realizing that a saddened memory is trying to be visualized,
but my heart squeezed shut, numb with pain still lingering
in my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning The Day

Prayerfully bowed forward, beginning the day, talking with the
Lord, asking for His blessing and promising the entire day and
all of it's activities to Him for whatever purpose He has
hidden from our view.

Life rising with the morning sun, blessing earth, allowing each
of us an opportunity to become through the help, caring and compassion we
show to one another through the many days of
our inner lives.

Gloriously hidden, shining on all who venture near to touch
His cloak, and be cured of the loneliness all share with one
another.

Personally witnessing the miracle of life with every breath
our bodies make, we bow our heads prayerfully at the ending of
each day as the sun lies down, setting it's soul to rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning Understanding

Sounding far and away, touching,
pushing all senses out into the open where
they can be felt with unsurpassed emotions.
Keeping quite to self, yet wanting expressions
to be seen and felt the way that I do inside.
Living a life of relaxing understanding and
reflection, beginning to know how intellect
inspires the mind with potential.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginning World Friendship

Poets all over the world are writing, putting their thoughts into many words to enlighten and illuminate the good and evil that they see.

Making people think on subjects they wouldn't ordinarily give much thought to.

Yet when presented in poetical words and verses, life takes on new and exacting meanings, focusing brains and thought in places of preponderance.

Living on through generations of the future, poetry takes everyone in hand and reads it, allowing people everywhere to consider other's feelings and be more considerate in dealing with them.

Friendship beginning in this way for all around this world of ours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginnings Of Daylight

Images of reflection fill moods with interior contemplation
as I watch videos parade past my mind.
Choosing pieces of life's puzzles, putting together a
collage of unforgettable memories, awakens senses deeply
hidden until they are thought of.
Writing them visually for all to see, while foraging down
pathways of darkness, beginnings of daylight brighten my
mind with creative illumination.

(11: 05 a.m. - 12/19/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginnings Of Education

Success has come around at long last in senior years, all these years of writing and learning new things, experiencing life, doesn't come close to beginnings of education when I started at A.S.U. in my sophomore year of high school.

Completing chemistry, loving to mix and blend chemicals, listening and remembering lectures being given, learning it all photographically, not having to write or read textbooks unless I wanted to.

Such an experience that fulfilled my mind at the time, always finding and discovering the answers of my curiosity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginnings Of Self

Writing enticingly and being pushed beyond the expediency
of life, giving more than ever to the essence and passion
of my soul.

Watching rhythms as they call into beginnings of self,
hoping to awaken even more facts of life in the particles
and fibers of a joyous countenance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginnings Of Sorrow

Certain melodies remembered, floating through my mind,
softly touching strings of my heart.

Wisely straying from thoughts that are being brought
up because the tiniest beginnings of sorrow are curiously
cropping up.

Unwanted memories being held in check by a tattered little
image, attempting to stay hidden.

Feeling the shame and guilt repeatedly, seeking to forever
stay away from the source of it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginnings Of The End

Vibrating in the evening of an enticing balance of
human nature, while relaxing and resting in the arm-
chair of rhythm.

Soliciting the atmosphere of another bright and
focused day at the circus, in minds of creativity,
solace filling every crevice and open space.

Within solitude and peace, thinking and pondering
throughout times of togetherness, everyone just being
themselves for a while in beginnings of the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginnings Of Thought

Hurriedly skipping into deepest recesses of my mind,
stirring thoughts, ideas and concepts in abstractions
of my mind.

Controlling measures of time in rhythms of intellect,
cooperating exclusively with inherent traits I was born
with.

No escaping the beauty of an inner bluened universe,
giving the purpose of my mind it's elusive and mystical
reflections being mirrored onto photographic screens.

Always being touched through a creative and fantastic
spirituality, classified instantaneously in beginnings
of thought just before they're recognized.

At the moment they're ready to flow over the top of an
inner waterfall and into depths of my interior life,
rafting then into rivers, flowing towards the ocean.

Thoughts like waves rising and crashing against the
shores, nothing to stop or slow them down, just like
methods used by intellect.

When writing poetry. playing musical instruments,
painting, reading, composing music or anything that I
might be doing at any given moment in time.

Watching as it all comes together, making sense to this
mind, a mere poet standing on edges of time ready for
the clock of my being to end on it's final note and poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beginnngs

New beginnings spreading love and gentleness in kind increments.
Little ones, expectant, looking to those who love them.
Full of trust and wonder, awaiting guidance only parents can give.
Entrusted with their temporary care, do we bring life to them through our actions or our words?
Do we take the time to help develop their inner talents and teach them peace?
Are we assertively teaching our children to get along in this world, or are we unfailingly teaching them to be failures?
Are we fully aware that our children are watching and learning our behavior as they see it - filing it away in childish minds?
We are to be shining examples in their narrowed views of life - what are we teaching them?
Every child needs to know unconditional love, fair play, discipline throughout life.
Looking ahead, can we project our ideas of what they will be like as people and not what they will grow up to be in future years?
Are we realistic in our hopes and dreams?
Have we taught them that they have choices?
Many thoughts, questions, answers must be given.
Do we know what to say when talking to our children?
Will they find answers from us or turn to drugs and alcohol?
Think carefully, children are vulnerable, trusting, open to communication.
Can we teach them to continue flowing creatively in this direction?
Or must they grow up exactly like us, their parents?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Behaving Like A Child

Rushing to meet intellect as it awakens this interior
life to the essence of nature.

Being in totally in the atmosphere, every sense open,
inviting words and meanings that are swimming around
in pools of imagination.

Leaving nothing to fate, using each and every particle
available, being inspired, loving this awesome morning
filled with so many possibilities that I am in my glory.

Looking about, seeing a bluened wisdom, feeling it take
me into depths of subconsciousness where I am searching
and watching visions blossom and open themselves to wisdom.

So carefully and gently behaving like a child, filled
with energy and curiosity, seeing life in it's entirety.

So much to learn yet, I can hardly wait to have questions
answered fully and completely to my satisfaction.

Never wanting to return to this dull life on earth,
preferring intellect and it's perfect universe of wisdom
and knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Behaving Like Human Beings

Exciting, thrilling, seeing many diverse personalities
and cultures playing, talking, having the time of their
lives.

Totally enjoying the beauty of all races and cultures be-
having like human beings with values and morals.

A fantastic example of how we humans really are when not
touched by racism, greed, hatred or selfishness.

Genuine and honest individuals all getting along just fine,
the way we humans should be acting, because that is how
God created us, one and all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Behavior And Emotions

Reaching into depths of behavior and emotions,
wondering how they attach themselves to our own
personalities and beings.

Causing happiness, joy, suffering and pain when
we are hurt by others taking away their love and
burying us in depths of loneliness and abandonment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Behavior Patterns

Waist-high, elucidate patterns forging through
systems of behavior, all along counting stairways
yet to climb.
Yesterday's verses continue climbing over memories,
relating experiences ever-knowing, to anyone who'll
listen as they travel down byways of lifetime
moments, discovering plateaus over every mountain
and ocean in earth's horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Behavioral Distances

Intrinsic needs follow me throughout life, instigating
forces of power to penetrate inner domains, asserting
behavioral distances between mind and matter.

Photo voltaic prints, announcing physics in powerful
ways of weightlessness.

Carrying over into periods of non-existence as life
falls against creative adjuncts in history.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Behaviors Of Words

Talently concocting behaviors of words, pushing them into unheard of definitions as I interpret musical scores into literature unknown to anyone but me.
Selecting tomes of eternity, combining them all entirely into aspects of my life without anyone ever knowing what I write about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Behind Closed Doors

Reining in emotions, not letting someone's words capture my imagination, knowing that it's wrong to think of any particle of it.

Solemnly watching and partaking of none of it at any time, life is singly becoming itself in other realms, outside of desires and love.

Nothing to be taken or gotten from unrealized dreams, left by the wayside on lost horizons, next to nothing, lying in possibilities on any level in this life.

Nevermore being thought, just written here in this poem for a final time, to be seen and then forgotten.

Always to remain behind closed minds of intellect, never rehearsed or realized because they are not of this particular time and place.

Soothing nothing within, yet, leaving emptiness for all time, because they are long forgotten.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Behind Curtains Of Pain

Hiding behind curtains of pain, studying effects
it has on our beings.

Nothing to be done to sooth it entirely so we do
what we can, using remedies of modern medicine.

Hoping to escape it, meanwhile, sitting tight and
just getting lost in thought for the time being.

Eventually getting the relief we so desperately
need interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Behind Our Backs

Darkened moon no longer shining above, casting shadows across the earth, finding nothing to signal what is going on, no one knowing the truth or else hiding the facts.

Living in the sadness of an empty life, seeing nothing ahead but emptiness and death, thanks to the democrats and liberals lying, making up fake news.

when obama was tearing our nation apart why didn't Congress, the Senate, the House take a stand and impeach him instead of letting him put through illegal executive orders.

Taking away our livelihood, giving it to the undeserving illegals, muslims, and refugees who have nothing but hatred for Americans; none of us wanted any of them here.

None of us reached out to help them for they needed no help, they are just moochers taking from us what they can, behind our backs was obama giving them everything we've worked so hard for.

Even taking away Veteran's benefits, homes, food stamps, lets get rid of the traitors and all of their cronies once and for all, their shadow government needs to be taken out.

They have all committed treason, and need to be punished to the full extent of the law; uniting behind President Trump and anything he can do to remedy this horrendous situation is what's needed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Behind Shadows

Lights being turned on interiorly, searching depths of darkness behind shadows of yesterday, solely taking off into realms of different atmospheres.

Lifting this poetical mind tactfully, carefully and sublimely into dimensions of profound equations, nothing else matching their open-ended solutions.

Reaching forward, grasping and holding onto the essence of everything good in life, referring all techniques in rhythms coded in another time or future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Behind Sorrow's Curtains

Staying behind curtains, hiding from suffering, not wanting to face it today.
Feeling boxed in, cornered, fenced in, trying to avoid all feelings in a numb existence.
Turning about, eluding the boisterous sorrow and crying within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Behind The Curtains

Living life to the fullest, expecting nothing from anyone,
being surprised if they even pay attention to me.

Always preferring to be hidden behind the curtains of a
solitary life, keeping to self.

Writing, music and art as my companions throughout this
mortal life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Behind The Eight Ball

Racing throughout life, not paying attention to details,
most people miss the simple things in this world.

Falling behind the eight ball, wondering why they are
not happy with their lot in life.

Tearfully blaming their situations on all manner of
things, instead of facing themselves interiorly.

Righting the things they find there, under coverlets of
excuses and blame.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Behind The Scenes Of Abuse

Total disregard for another person's life left hanging in
the balance, not reaching out to take care of them, always
putting himself first.

Acting like a selfish child, not ever thinking of anyone
else, yet saying that he cares, never showing it at all
for the one he claims to love.

A sin in the making, letting his love die because she
can't help herself right now, having always taken care
of his every need, now not responding in kind to her.

An atrocious way to show his love or in this case, the
total lack of it, writing down details to leave behind,
she's letting everyone know the truth of what's been
going on behind the scenes when a loved one has dementia.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being

Singing the requiescent song of internal nature, posing for
the picture of life, not one which is everlasting.

Disappointment abounding throughout many hardships, sapping
strength that you didn't have.

What is the actual reason of living, if not to aid others
in times of desperate need?

There seems to be no other special purpose for being other
than that.

Will life always be so full of external meanings that we
will never find the solitude and peace of mind we all crave?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being A Creative Entity

Slamming to beats of a lightening fast tempo, keeping up while writing alongside it, a tantalizing and alluring benefit of being a creative entity.

Personal happiness through an existence that is not always appealing, but must be lived anyway, lessons being learned, taught and measured in rhythms of time.

Chords of feelings and emotions are played in tune with everything going through at any given time, encapsulateing experiences and adventures in poems of music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being A Part Of....

Looking back through the years, feeling the innocence and purity still being held preciously within.

Knowing it will never leave, because spiritually my soul will never let it go.

Being a part of my essence and fiber of this human life, always accessing it interiorly.

A tantalizing storehouse of lively energy that keeps me going incessantly through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being A Particle Of Life

Flowing down river, nowhere to hide, sun shining brightly upon us, not being shielded by anything.

Filling our minds with what we are seeing on the way, taking it all in and processing it into discoveries of immense interest and existence.

Living in the zest of an entire lifetime, being who we were born to be and doing what our destiny's have determined through fate.

Only being a particle in the great beyond, with our souls and intellect intact forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being A Pet

Owning a pet is a responsibility, you have to feed them, get health care and take them to the vet, good owners will take them for walks and take them for rides or visit others.

They have to depend totally on their owners for everything, even having their bathroom places set up for them, (litter boxes) think about all the things you do as a pet owner.

Your pet cannot pay you, just give you love in return, now think of how you're living in the U.S.A., aren't you depending on the government for your existence.

If you're on food stamps, welfare, getting free or low cost housing and cell phones, being taken care of on a minimal basis just to exist aren't you a lot like a pet?

Having little or no freedom - a government pet, really think about what your life has become, because of corrupt governments around the world.

Where have all your dreams and goals gone to? How well are you taking care of your families if you're allowing your government to do the little they're doing for you.

Wouldn't you rather have money, freedom, the wherewithal to come and go, doing what you want to; but you can't, can you, because you're depending on politicians to take care of you.

They aren't doing it very well, are they? Do you want to continue being their pets or are you ready to stand on your own two feet, having confidence and self-respect in yourself?

Which candidate do you see fitting this description of helping you become self-sufficient, definitely not Hillary, I'm sure.

Trump is the one who can create businesses and jobs, allowing everyone to become their own person and not bowing to anyone for their livelihood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being A Quiet Rebel

Being a quiet rebel, no one having authority over me, because
I always do the right thing, preventing others from trying to
control me in life.

Saying so more often than not, doing what feels right and
just, avoiding complicit ways of evil that many others
choose to follow instead of doing what's right.

It would be a much more peaceful way of life if only others
were open enough to embrace it, rules and laws were made
for those who can't seem to tell right from wrong.

God gave us the ten commandments to follow and adhere to,
but most choose not to and go their own ways, even though
I'm a quiet rebel I choose to follow them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being A Total Stranger

Feeling a great need inside to cry into the forest long
and hard, for life has taken me through so many trials
and suffering.

Now finding myself being loved by a family who cares a-
bout me alone, touches my heart more than anything ever
has before.

Accepting and taking me into their daily simple lives,
showing love, compassion and caring without having a
reason to do so.

Joy and happiness it brings into my being is like noth-
ing I've ever felt before, being a total stranger from
the U.S.A., brought into a family without any doubts.

A fascinating feeling overcoming and making me feel the
need to cry for what I've never known before this, being
a stranger to them before, now we are a family here in
India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being A Vip Volunteer

Standing in line, waiting to see Donald Trump, being
VIP volunteers once again, loving the people and their
energy at his rallies, spirits soaring.

Knowing he's going to make America great again, judging
by all the people now surrounding me, it will definitely
be true, cannot wait for it to happen soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being A Whisper

Steady and rhythmic, grasping this mind with an elastic talent, giving and taking through every measure of each song.

Avenues of thought being opened up into portals of a world beyond our music and into heavenly rhythms that never end here on earth.

At times only being a whisper, yet they tantalize and bring forth so much poetry from within this being, not afraid of anything as notes excite desires within me.

Taking me to outer limits of this lifetime, walking, and strolling down pathways of an energetic mind and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being A Witness

Knowingly seeing visions of the future filling me
interiorly, taking everything into consideration,
fulfilling possibilities with an innate talent.

Rhythms constantly taking and filling me with the
intensity of life here on earth then going beyond
into heaven.

Listening intently, taking every moment, knowing
it is precious and will allow me to accomplish the
impossibilities in this life.

Not wanting to be a witness to anything except what
I myself can see and participate in while alive and
living on this earth only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Absorbed

Rivers run over countrysides, believing they will enter
the ocean one day, and be a part of something bigger
than themselves.
Content with their part in it all, reveling in their
stand over rough terrain and beautiful landscapes.
In the end being absorbed by the bigger picture in
flowing time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Absorbed With Energy

Instrumentally walking through life, being filled incessantly
with the heartbeats of music, satisfying the inner desires
allowed to come into an existence.

Being totally absorbed with the energy of life essences, never
taking a back seat, always sitting erect and up front, in order
to concentrate and be enlivened in every aspect of beauty's
incessant processes of thought.

Calming within the stress and nerves of unfit stamina, totally believing in the
adjustment of the soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Accepted

Catching clouds, riding them through skies of imagination
just for the thrill of it all.
Soaring with the eagles, being accepted and brought under
their wings for protection in the cold atmosphere.
Slipping in and out of visions as I flow along with intense
desires, trying them on for size.
Living on cushions of mere circumstances, wandering in my
dreams and not being caught up in any outside activities.
Being blessed with innate talent to be used in purposes of
my life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Accepted In India

Ricocheting bullets of abuse, my heart being used as a
target to hurt and maim me, being strengthened through
life with an intense faith and light of hope.

Searching the world over for love, finding none until
going to India, being accepted totally and completely
by everyone I met there.

Everyone becoming family, accepting me for who I am,
loving me unconditionally, a total stranger being
loved and cared for by everyone.

Asking nothing in return, giving from their hearts
just like I've always done in my life, never expecting
anything in return.

Turning down any reciprocation I tried to give them, a
simple, gentle, brilliant people whom I fell in love
with completely.

Accepting them unconditionally also, wanting to do what-
ever I can for them in the future, finding ways to make
money needed to combat poverty in India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Accountable

Lasting chances are always vanishing when you would like
to keep them close, pushing apart existing boundaries of
intellect so as to vibrate and widen expanses of thought.

Bringing ideals and properties into a meaningful existence,
being accountable for everything written in verse, shared
throughout this world of ours.

Loving to see it's essence fall into minds of mankind,
poets or not, just seeking another facet of learning
through the written mind of a mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Accumulated

Taking every moment in life, turning it into poetical interludes, musical compositions or painting a portrait of everything that passes through me in all of life's experiences.

Being accumulated on photographic screens, kept within intellect, a treasure trove of enticing beauty to keep me happy, cherishing everyone of them totally in memories to be savored artistically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Airborne

In the air, looking out an airplane window, feeling the
thrill of being airborne again.

It's exhilarating, fun, looking down upon many mountains
made from stones of all shapes and sizes.

Piled high, looking almost like they're touching the sky,
until we fly over them.

Clouds lying all about, as watching, fascinated by it -
in awe, captivated by all that is surrounding the plane,
seeing out and over the plane's wings.

Laughingly sitting, feeling the turbulence playing with
my stomach, watching, waiting patiently for all to come
into view, sitting back enjoying this flight of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Alone

Romance and talent sit alone most time,
perched on fence posts looking towards
fresh new horizons, unfolding ideas and
thoughts like umbrellas.
There are no moods or fantastic spheres
to toss about.
Allowances are always made for debutante
flowers.
Whiling away vacant stares of inner
turmoil, love steps aside, finding being
alone is much more satisfying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Alone And Hidden

Dark and bleak, roads leading nowhere, keeping everything hidden in shadows, afraid to peek out and be shed, singing songs of industrious thought in moments of time.

Hoping to clear a way into the future without any further ado, watching, climbing to heights never attained before, seeing what others never will see.

Always being free to go wherever I want interiorly, no one can dictate or make rules for me to follow, being alone, a solitary entity, independent, doing what I need to only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Always In The Moment

Lifetime licenses to drive into depths of poetry keep me going through all of life's trials and continuous suffering.
Developing character from sorrow's chambers, bequeathing all emotion to anyone who reads my poetry.
Sensing the feelings of everyone I come in contact with is emotionally draining, yet, I cannot seem to stop when in a crowd of people or one on one, heart to heart conversations.
Being always in the moment, never backing down or giving in.
Sliding into rhythms of yesterday while dancing into the future.
Consisting always of an interior purpose as I fall into labyrinths of absolution.
Taking every moment to gather all thoughts into one solid moment of beauty.
Consecrating it in a second of entertainment while moving forward and never turning back.
Gathering all the notes and creating new melodies to be written for tomorrow's future generations.
Telling of all that has ever gone on in yesterday's musical patterns of existence.
Thoroughly enjoying the influence being created as I continually write whatever I think and believe in.
Keeping me whole and together in a rhythm of my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Amazed

Softly traipsing through yet another day, thinking and wondering why I'm still here, mind scattering thoughts all about.

It's like tossing jacks on the floor, waiting for my mind to bounce and pick them up, wanting to see how they'll be arranged in processes of intellect.

Always being amazed at how everything automatically falls into place so easily, this brain fascinating me daily as I write poetry so rapidly and prolifically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Amenable

Relieving stress through writing, benefitting greatly
from this daily practice.

Watching life carefully, expecting more fun than before,
laughing and being amenable to different things and people.

Perspectives always taking turns, revolving and rotating
in many spheres within intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Approved

Moving into the future on heels of rhythm, focusing
on an atmosphere of placid remembering, actualizing
designs to participate in indefinite limits and
boundaries of creative and innate talent.

Soliciting and testing every single measure of life,
never losing ground, rushing ahead into prospects of
new perspectives and concepts.

Taking to heights of life that fit appropriately and
exactly in patterns being formed through imagination,
in the end being approved by intellect and wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Attuned

Holding onto a faith that deepens with every prayer,
being attuned to God, letting go of earthly thoughts
and looking forward to the time that I will be with
Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Awake

Hiding within, sitting here, waiting for surgery
on my artery, holding back feelings about it, not
knowing what to expect from the whole operation.

Silently being a little apprehensive, knowing it's
going to hurt, not wanting to know what's going on
but I'll be awake for the whole thing, unfortunately.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Awakened

Being mesmerized with tranquil ideas,
comforting a mind stressed out from having
no sleep for two days and still holding on.
Trying to continue being awakened through rhythms
of intense singing of melodies and harmony.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Awakened From Within

Somnolent thoughts being awakened from deep within subconsciousness, sleepy-eyed, yet being energized with anticipation at what may lie ahead.

Growing and blossoming in fields, forests and deserts of innate intelligence and imagination, fantasies being fanned with a lot of thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Awakened Intellectually

Racing into the afternoon, taking rides on every beat of
rhythm, feeling them intensely beneath me, feeling an
effervescent sense of brilliance continuing to engulf me.

Touching interior feelings emotionally, always being awak-
ened intellectually by musical rhythms, loving how they
energize and take me soaring with them.

A total feeling of freedom and liberty encircling my being
all the time while listening to it beating incessantly into
my mind at the very first sound of notes filling rhythms.
a leisurely and pleasant sense of caring coming from within
my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Awakened Once More

Frolicking and playing in fields of music, watching it ebb
and flow like a river into the ocean before me, tantalizing
possibilities, daring to challenge every thought coming alive.

Being awakened once more in depths of another world, changing
and rearranging ideas and concepts, giving them all a forum
in which to express themselves.

Standing up for truths in life, taking pathways always lead-
ing towards heaven for that's where my heart has been left,
wanting only to be at peace once again.

Placing my heart on a platter of clouds to keep it from
getting hurt any further, touching effervescent places of
inner solitude.

Accessing serenity needed to continue living this life as I
have already, free and liberated, finding my own way in this
world.

Alone, never waylaid, always knowing where I'm going at any
given time, surprising self in the process at times, never
looking back, awaiting my last breath on earth peacefully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Awakened Totally

Thoughtful, pondering on aspects of life that I know
nothing of, believing in availability of possibilities
as they open before my mind.

Caution and doubts at times stand in the way, yet some-
how I always get around them with an instantaneous
thought process that kicks in deeply within me.

Being awakened totally, dreams moving into the reality
of each day, finding their way into poetry, fulfilling
my being entirely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Bereft

Stillness of the night brings about a silence
as tears drip endlessly from hearts separated
from love by death's grim reaper.

Solo journeys set in stone, developing bends
in minds of grief, changing attitudes while
being bereft of a loving relationship.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Blessed

Living the dream, here at the Wagon Yard, listening to karaoke and being with a group of friends.

All of them fantastic singers, rousting rhythms and allowing me to play and write with their tones and beats.

Giving plenty of poetry to be written, living in the moment, strobe lights swirling all around and across this table and floor.

Blessing me with the beauty of human nature while writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Blessed Abundantly

Running about, taking time to shop for Easter
meals, family and friends getting together,
having been blessed to be able to get together
whenever wanting to.

Life existing just from the love of each family
member, bringing hope and faith together into the
possibility of living and existence while we have
the chance in our temporary world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Blinded

Being blinded by jealousy of other people, not understanding
their feelings.

Never messing with anyone, minding my own business and letting
everyone live their own lives.

What is wrong with people I will never know, wanting what
another has and going so far as to making the life of that
person miserable for no reason.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Born Again

This world strips away peace and happiness with grief and sadness, taking us into depths of poverty of the soul.

Peculiar and absorbing, soaking up our lives like a sponge when put into water, wanting something to grasp onto, yet the world has stripped it all from us it seems.

Hoping to get something back, living for possibilities that maybe some hidden expectations will become fruitful filling our lives with an exhilaration of unconditional love.

Picking us up and giving a reason to live, much like being born again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Born Into Heaven

Rhythms shaking and taking me into peaceful interludes
of musical melodies.

Beautiful petals of flowers, blossoming into ten
dimensional blossoms, filling senses with their textures
and bringing me further into heavenly gardens than the
time before.

Dying from life, being born into the gardens of heaven
where I now belong.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Brought Into Existence

Heart beating soundlessly in echoes of it's inner chambers,
telling the story of life within it's incessant murmurs.

Lasting meanings being brought into focus as all of life
surrounds us, deriving it's definition from what becomes
of us.

Vast measures of intelligent space open wide so we may
enter and partake of it's wisdom and knowledge.

Calmly grasping and being initiated in newly discovered
memory's of a distant future, finding total ingredients
needed to become a part of it's fruition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Buried

Retracing steps of a late night without wanting to, living in
a vacuum of talent while still being buried within a grave.

Nothing able to help or soothe the pain of what has happened
back then, wanting to begin over again on another dimension,
where nothing like this can happen ever again.

Realizing the past has been nothing but torment, now trying to
find my way again after thinking all of this was over and put
to rest, although never going through it like I should have in
the beginning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Called

Lively anticipation, filling me musically, inciting many memories of yesterday and the shyness I held closely to myself.
Fracturing initiatives of strident delivery toward senses of natural becoming.
Beginning on edges of nowhere, as I am called to my destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Called Interiorly

Being called interiorly, hearing whispers coming from heavenly angels, needing help from vantage points here on earth.

Sensing the needs of others interiorly and finding a way to be there for the times they will need me, calmly living through their periods of tender and fragile grief.

Watching their emotions tie themselves around their minds, lacing thoughts with the presence of death in their lives.

Leaving them totally bereft in their solemn loneliness and never heeding all the voices around them centering from caring hearts.

Unable to see them, because of their intense sorrow in abandoned tears of hopeless emptiness.

Falling into the holes left after losing the loves of their lives here on earth's bereft shores.

Desires abounding for the presence of those beyond their grasp until it is their time to become non-existent also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Careful

Heavenly alms spread before us, all reminding each of us of our duties here on earth.

Belonging and enjoying many facets of this world, thinking and doing as we go through it, of our future homes.

Being careful not to be short-sighted, being compassionate, generous, caring and kind to all we meet along our journey.

Helping hands are not enough, we must also be careful not to judge others, accepting them unconditionally, lest we be found unacceptable.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Carried Into Darkness

Desperate to be alone in a space of time, thinking about life
and it's judgment of others as we all walk along, side by side.

Never bothering to touch one another's spirit, just delicately
wondering how everything will eventually turn out.

Speaking into the shadows of an evening storm as it carries me
away into the darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Cherished

Angels of my heart, come and gently speak to me,
giving me hope for a world that does't recognize
who I am.
Feeling their presence, lifting me silently into
realms of heaven where I will be cherished.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Chosen

Flowers gathered closely around a rock are bobbing their pretty little heads in a gentle morning breeze.
Not a care in the world, looking forward to being chosen as an ornament on someone's dinner table.
Or not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Compassionate

Carrying one another through the explicit trials of life is acceptable and compassionate to another.
Holding hands, wrapping arms around each other helps to connect our souls as we dance rhythmically through musical sonatas and trite melodies.
Filling everyone with courage as we walk on alone, hoping that there'll be someone for us when we in turn need someone to be there for us in our own desperation and grief.
Sadness touching us coldly as we expire in our own times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Complete

Thinking graciously of my soulmate, appreciating his total
unconditional love and caring, taking care to always be
here even when he's having trouble of his own.

Such a generous and compassionate man, valuing his presence
in my life more than even he will ever know.

Being able to both talk openly and freely about everything
and anything that comes into our minds.

Touching one another's hearts and souls, giving of ourselves,
talking and telling each other our deepest, darkest secrets
in life, no doubts nor fears in doing so.

An awesome and beautiful relationship beyond friendship and
mortal love, being complete, we are held in a dimension of
divine love, a transcendental love of God, alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Completed

Listening, writing to exacting and concise mathematical
rhythms, sliding and gliding about tones like an ice
skater at a skating rink.

A beautiful, graceful, agile way my mind chooses to take
when writing poetry to musical rhythms, seeing everything
being completed in the stroke of a pen on paper.

A wonder of intellect as it continues to progress into the
future of my dreams, to be lived over and over, finally
being brought into reality when a solution has been found.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Concerned

Lights and sounds both taking me into the brilliance of rhythms as they are coded and taken quietly and silently into positive attitudes of many poems.

Being written in the solace of my mind and intellect, granting promises that were made in years gone by, now being fulfilled in an aging maturity.

Having gone past youth and all the wonder that used to blatantly roam through life, now letting the wind sweep it away while holding on to a sunshiny wisp of morning.

Waiting for the next moment, concerned with the beauty and tolerance of this world filled with humanity that loosely roams about around the world.

Never existing in reality, for figments of imagination are much too intense and powerful to overpower in this life, expecting the most from everyone, always being disappointed as human nature defeats even the most positive soul on this earth today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Connected

Catching rhythms, spying an empty piece of paper, filling it up with complete descriptions of life through words.
Always being connected to one another, never leaving one without grasping the next one in line.
A collective array of poetical meanings set in sentences of definitions in everyday life.
Missing nothing, seeing all things around me as they become subjects of my imagination on once blank pieces of paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Created Wtihin

Struggling to hold onto some integrity, although
others are trying to tear me apart.

Rising to interior rhythms of intellect, bringing
together, aspects of life, putting them inside.

Together with pulsations and inner beatings of my
heart, totally being created within imagination.

As life unfolds from itself, rolling onto the
pavement of a place in recesses of my mind.

Not wanting to come to the surface, being challenged
by the strategy of an interior mind, intellect playing
it's part well.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Creative

Living in a reality of life here on earth, being creative,
using innate gifts of music, poetry, painting, depending
upon innate knowledge and wisdom.

Accumulated throughout this lifetime and using it to com-
municate to a world that has continually rejected me, always
filled with sorrow, being touched by faith, hope and love.

Hoping to make a difference in the world before I leave it
behind in the loneliness of my solo death, unafraid of it's
consequences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Critiqued

Later in the night I'll be sitting on a stool,
entering all the poetry I've written during the
day and evening into the computer.
Adding to the collection already entered in it's
depths.
Educating all types of people all over the world
and letting them critique what they think they
know of me through each poem, searching through
and figuring them out in exacting definitions
and details.

(11: 17 p.m. - 11/15/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Curious

Selectively assorting thoughts and choosing mysterious
ones for now.
Wanting to solve mysteries in prose, taking them to
the limit and then some.
Finding aspects of life and it's situations to write
intently about.
Wanting to always know what makes things work, how
people think and various other and asunder things.
Curiosity being the major wonder in my thoughts,
carrying me into outer environments and atmospheres
beyond those of earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Dangerous

Swiftly flowing thoughts,
riding ocean waves beyond life's boundaries.
Taking chances, being dangerous, just to feel
the excitement filling my being with feelings
of being alive again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Defined

Specifically being defined in artistic
prisms and delicate crystals of energy's
particles, being created in minds of
creative processes and left to their
imaginations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Demure

Rolling desert mountains sharing
the glory of nature with their counterparts.
Being demure and letting go of pride in regard
of nature's bounty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Devoured

Sitting at my desk, thinking deeply of life, looking
forward to it's ending as my soul drifts slowly, ebb-
ing into heaven.

Looking forward to a life filled with possibilities,
when you grasped and destroyed my entire soul and being
with your drunken, raping, frenzy.

Like a mad demon in heat, devouring my being in one fell
swoop, never giving me a chance at love or life in this
world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Disturbed

Solemn and quiet, wondering about the world and it's situation.

Our peaceful and gentle civilization is being greatly disturbed by a handful of people, claiming to be so religious and believing in Jesus.

Going entirely against everything He stands for, they have tossed aside the Ten Commandments.

Replacing them with their own misguided interpretation using their flesh and incestuous desires to wreck havoc on innocent and law-abiding citizens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Driven

Negligent parents abound, children run around wild, no discipline to speak of.
Tiny, tender hearts being ignored and left to their own devices, trying to live by copying others and their behaviors.
They end up not amounting to much, because they haven't been taught morals or ethics by anyone.
Learning nothing, being driven down pathways of ignorance, just like their own parents have been and taught them to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Effervescent

Testing strength of character, sorting through memories left on pathways to future aging.
Stillness peering through blindfolds of maturity, fulfilling past desires at times.
Sincerely finding reasons to become what I was always meant to be.
Taking strides to be effervescent in life's trials, setting aside all types of insistent complaints, instead focusing on an eternity of truth and honesty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Elated

Taking hands, smiling at one another with wonder and curiosity.
Placing trust in hands of someone else in order to forget what they're going through in life.
Events happening right inside their own minds with a little thought and reminiscence.
Forgetting aches and pains in preference to being elated by music for the time being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Enchanted

Solidifying nature within, while watching gentle
breezes blowing vegetation and trees wildly about
in an early afternoon sun.

Waving like ocean waves, slowly rolling onto shore,
crashing there witha their little treasures pulled
from under deep waters.

Calmly being enchanted by the beauty of it all while
sitting here, contemplating on the immensity of
nature's volume.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Enlightened

Looking without sight, seeing the poverty in love, never really existing for most people, as they settle for second best in life.

Having done so, beings are then enlightened by a pure, true love from another, giving unconditional love from a transcendental plain above all earthly emotions humans call love.

It can never be or compare to the real thing, a love that frees mind, heart and soul forever, giving gifts of peace and serenity to interior spirits of intense and sensitive hearts.

Taking into consideration, all turmoil in this life, the one and only thing that is valued most is this special gift of love treasured inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Enlightened By Wisdom

Singing joyfully in my mind, reaching for the happiness
that surrounds intellect with appreciation.

Grateful for the knowledge and wisdom given at the very
moment of conception.

Using it to ponder life and answer age-old questions of
humanity through the centuries.

Loving to extrapolate and entice memories to open up
taking in new concepts from many spheres filling my mind.

Treasuring each one, being enlightened by what is hidden
within each of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Enriched

Racing and finishing the run of a lifetime, with an energy of sublime truth and honesty.

Taking me into depths of another place and time where all living can partake of a new dimension and life can be fulfilled throughout our universe.

A wonderful feeling to be enriched with an ever-increasing poetical treasure of beauty, being held onto by every person on earth.

Sensuous emotions continually strumming our minds rhythmically in time with that of our intellect through imagination and subconscious knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Entertained

Being entertained by elderly people in a variety show of talent practiced through the years. Smiles beaming with attention, dancing in our mind, images of rhythm and grace.
Memories of yesterday bringing a feast of past pleasure into our darkest of days, quieting our hearts, stilling our sorrow, touching our souls today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Entertained By Nature

Following the lead of Mother Nature, calmly sitting
in the midst of a coming storm, enjoying it's passive
comfort while I can.

Sun beating warmly upon me, soothing muscles within,
giving doses of vitamin D which I need abundantly.

So sitting, writing, listening to music fits my pattern
and design of intellect as the wind rises ever fuller,
blowing my hair around and also the pages of this book.

Not caring, just being entertained in a quiet contemplation
of nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Entranced

Strutting to the music of my soul, feeling the beats
as they hit me from all directions and areas.
Calmly delving into rhythms, covering me with their
colorful hues and magic sensations, taking me up and
away into the blue yonder.
Soulfully being entranced with the mysterious beauty
I find myself enveloped in.

(12: 31 p.m. - 11/30/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Estranged

Thinking in circles, confusion abounding in my mind, wondering what I'm doing here, living without your love.

Tears fall into dust being estranged from your heart's love, wanting to come to you, but I cannot, nothing matters here on earth without you, my love.

Looking everywhere in this life for your image, missing it at every turn, deep inside, dying a little more each time.

Falling deeper into insistent dreams of being with you, never wanting to wake up unless you are here with me again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Excluded

Forgotten dreams, tripping through my mind trying to be relived with a purpose and meaning.
Being excluded time and again, always coming back,
pounding on doors of yesterday's future.
Notwithstanding, taking steps onto bridges, crossing
rivers, oceans, desert plains, trying to be brought back
into focus, with no refrains to be played in rhythms of depth's intensity.
Collapsing, falling on knees of hope, praying to be
included once again in prayerful debates of purity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Exposed

In synch with the environment, taken aback by it's splendid beginnings as day folds into night, capturing it's essence for all time.
Staccatoly recharging rhythms with effervescent volume, denigrating motion and placing it altogether into pots of enameled feelings for tomorrow's memories as they outlast living, being exposed totally in an ever-changing mode of existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Filled Interiorly

Searching forever for answers, knowing things and gathering clues to have value in life, seeing the way it makes a difference not only in my life, but in other's lives also.

Enlightening and enticing this mind to find ways of digging them up, yet finding even more questions to be answered the deeper I go into each subject.

A wonder and curiosity that fills me throughout life, never satisfied because the more I find I know, the more I find less is known.

A constant quest in life that creates a development of the creative positions and processes even in the future where it could possibly make a difference one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Filled Through The Night

Rising with the morning sun, looking forward to a new
day, bathing, being refreshed, waking from a deep and
dream-filled sleep.

Having had a totally great experience through poetry
in mind as I slept, being filled all through the night
with thoughts being hydrated, nourished and vibrant.

Intellect doing it's job while watching ideas blossom
and float upon the surface of the ocean towards an
interior spirituality.

Nothing to block it's way, no barriers or other people,
just constantly and incessantly floating towards a water-
fall, headed for pools filled with all types of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Filled With Pleasure

Filled with pleasure at the start of every day, enjoying the morning sun as it fills me with warmth and vitamin D, letting it entice positive moods and attitudes to fill me constantly.

Having the time of my life listening to music and writing poetry, in between always composing classical music and painting portraits from memory.

Loving the beauty and energy of life, writing it all into books poetically, never getting tired of doing so, explaining things as I see them.

Never letting others take away from what I see, learn and feel, for it's my own experiences and feelings and none of theirs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Framed

Tree branches being framed in little windows way
up high, being blown apart gently in an afternoon
breeze.
Cuddling up to the outside of the building,
feeling protected by the brick structure so near
to them.
Sunlight penetrating it's leaves and glowing onto
the window like sparkling diamonds lying in the
snow.
Repertoire of beauty standing majestically,
royally, in an afternoon Arizona sun.

(2: 22 p.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Friends

Being friends, sticking with each other 'til the end,
always there when you need to talk or a shoulder to
cry on.

Usually there for you when even family turns away,
glorious and God-given friends are put in your life
when you need each other.

A purposeful act of God for us to get through the
suffering and turmoil here on earth, bringing great
joy and happiness to our days.

Giving hope and love, sharing our lives with one an-
other, giving lives all over the world compassion,
kindness and caring through friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Fulfilled In Love

Rising in the morning to your voice saying, I love you
as your lips caress mine, touching my face gently and
tracing my nose, lips and chin, smiling when you look
into my eyes so gently and tenderly loving me.

Laughing at the intense desire, seen within the sparkle
of your beautiful eyes, knowing that I want you just as
much as you want me.

Looking forward to your touch as you gently caress every
part of my being, eliciting sighs of ecstasy from within,
taking me into your arms, holding me tightly.

Becoming one, bringing me into the excitement of love,
thrilling me with your desires and extreme excitement as
you fill me vibrantly with self and wonder of your being.

Nothing like this beautiful way that you love me so fully,
emotionally and thoughtfully, thinking to excite and ful-
fill me at the same time.

Once we're both fulfilled, resting in one another's arms
for a little while, then looking into your eyes, we start
to laugh and begin all over again.

Never getting enough of each other's love, energy rising
ever higher as our love takes us into heavenly abodes,
nothing interrupting us as we become one, time and again.

Finally exhausted, we fall asleep in each other's arms,
thoroughly and completely sated - for the time being any-
way!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Gifted

Delight, happiness and laughter when hearing a baby laughing
from their innocent and pure spirits, watching their smiles
light up their eyes with excitement, wonder and curiosity.

Totally being gifted from heaven above whenever around any
children, this poetical soul being touched by an inner spirit-
uality of peace and serenity.

Nothing has defiled it, so precious and beautiful to see, like
a magical, mystical presence has been sent from God to greet
me in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Given Hope

Rain tickling earth as it sprinkles tiny drops of water
all over it's surface.

Enjoying seeing this earth jovially laughing and feeling
merry today.

Giving me hope in the promises of another life beyond
the one we now have.

Believing in the other side of this life, looking forward
to reaching and living it fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Given Insight

Falling deeply into rhythm, finding logic and reasoning
abounding, giving insight into many aspects of living
and ways people have of choosing how to participate in it.

Relaxing and enjoying the songs of 'Backstage Crew' band,
things being thought soundly, fitting pieces of puzzles
to rhythms they're playing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Given Moments Of Joy

Walking into my life, suddenly becoming the most
important person to ever enter it, feeling your
love filling my being.

Totally and unconditionally, giving so many moments
of joy and pleasure, a beautiful caring, compassionate
heart you have given me to treasure, living in my being.

Loving to hear your voice, accent so sexy and pleasing
to my every sense, your voice when reciting takes me
soaring, resonating within my mind and intellect.

Your laughter so filled with life and humor, filling
me with it's intense joy and happiness every time I hear
it ringing loudly in my ears.

Totally loving every aspect and facet of your being, my
heart in love with you only, forever, thanking you for
bringing my life into the fullness of your own.

The greatest and most important gift you could have
given me in this world is that of giving yourself and
your love to make me happy and fulfilled at long last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being God's Instrument

Sometimes God doesn't need to heal a person, because
He needs them to be an instrument, showing all those
around that person His genuine love for us all.
Through that one person He is touching so many that
you cannot see, loving God with all their heart,
believing in His promises, is through their sickness,
proclaiming God's love to the world.
For you may not know this, but the person has seen God
face to face and trusts Him explicitly with all their
heart, soul and mind.
Knowing that the time is coming when He will lift and
take him with Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Grateful

Thanks being given from my soul for so many good things in life.
Family, friends, music, art, writing poetry, all heavenly gifts given me by God, Himself.
Being grateful for all of them, even though all the trials and sufferings have buried me deeply into a sphere of my own.
Polling along, keeping my sanity through it all, always thanking God for His presence, always so close to me in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Grateful For Gifts

Early morning pleasure, awaiting friends to come and join me.
Then my day will be perfect from start to end.
Anticipating joy, being grateful for everyone I am friends with.
Special thanks always through prayer to God in heaven for putting
such special people on my path as I travel through life.
Writing my way, daily, enjoying gifts God has given and appreciating
His goodness towards me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Greeted

Twilight having dissipated into morning, sun rising over the eastern horizon, greeting me with it's sunny disposition, giving good cheer to this mere poet.

Looking forward to seeing things clearer and in focus as thoughts fill this mind with beauty, nature and humanity.

Knowing that God is in the center of them all as I begin to write poetry this morning, feeling spirituality spreading within my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Greeted By A Morning Sun

Twilight having dissipated into morning, sun rising over the eastern horizon, greeting me with it's sunny disposition, giving good cheer to this mere poet.

Looking forward to seeing things clearer and in focus as thoughts fill this mind with beauty, nature and humanity.

Knowing that God is in the center of them all as I begin to write poetry this morning, feeling spirituality spreading within my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Guided By The Divine

Imaginary lanterns hanging from the ceiling of my mind,
illuminating thoughts so brilliantly, especially in the
dark of night.

Sparking and igniting fires of my desire and inner spirit,
allowing my being to be purged and gifted with the Divine
living within.

Starkly beautiful, shining effervescently, guiding my life
spiritually through contemplation and mystical freedom
through intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Guided Closer

Rising sun taking us into another beautiful morning, holding all the promise of a brand new day within it's bright and shiny rays, waking, eyes opening, mind taking me away in poetical thoughts immediately.

Sight taking in all the beauty of nature and humanity as I slowly look about, finding plenty to write into poetry, feelings and emotions guiding me closer to an interior spirit and being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Hacked

Needing to find a way through hardships of life,
being utilized along with prayers and contemplation.
Many times there are people who inflict pain and
harm on others.
No matter how little, it does major harm to a
senior with absolutely nothing else in life.
Hacking into gmail and wrecking a little space of
life and crushing spirits.

(11: 16 a.m. - 11/21/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Heard In Pictures

Patterns and designs reaching out to intellect, exploring options wanting to be heard in pictures of thought.

Each atom being taken hurriedly into extremes of lives strewn about earth like flotsam and garbage, damaging the atmosphere and environment set alone on earth.

Never being cleaned or kept up, instead being covered over with exception and never seen again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Held By Music

Wishing to be in a center of another dimension right now,
yet this music seems to be holding me here.

Pulling at my mind, tugging heartstrings and beating in
the steady tempos that continue to challenge my mind
continually.

Rushing up and down measures and chords rapidly without
having to stop and rest, unlike the music and rhythms
have to do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Held Closely

Ocotillo thorns poking my mind as I gaze into the
morning sky where clouds are covering it completely.

Noticing trees and their leaves, quietly dangling
into sight, hoping to be mentioned in this poem with
natural inclinations to join in nature's realms.

Beautiful scene being pictured within, silently
climbing onto photographic screens, to always be
remembered in interior photo albums.

Kept closely through the eternity of life, at peace
and holding closely in love with my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Held Gently

Dressed up in a decorated spirit of love, hoping to be
held forever.

Touched within my heart and soul, held gently in another's
tender hands.

Soothing and calming sensations of an interior beauty,
always finding their way into and out of intellect.

Leaving behind precious memories, always remembering
the past while living here in the present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Held Tightly

Etching rainbows in my mind,
touching all colors with sensitive
hands of feeling.
Wanting to move in many directions,
and being held tightly by something
invisible, hiding beneath a capsule
of unbearable burdens, too heavy to
lift.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Hopeful

Writing can be sublime at times, beautiful always,
as imagination causes pen to flow across the page.

Idealistically, words express perfectly, ideas or
thoughts conveyed and there is no room for any
misunderstanding or discrepancy.

Being human, all that is not possible, and we do
the best we can with what we have.

Setting it on pages with a hope and prayer that
what we have thought makes sense and is acceptable.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Human

Tossing upon an ocean of emotion, being thrown about with no actual hold on life and it's supposed meaning.
Looking askance, hoping to fit in somewhere before expiring.
Seeing untoward expressions filling people's faces, not recognizing any of it for self.
Yet, feeling dejected hopelessness of being human on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Human Knowing Limitations

Walking through pathways of life on earth, finding
information along the way, trying to assimilate
it along with the many experiences we may have.

Never knowing really if what we're doing will make
a difference in the future, just hoping and praying
it will.

Expecting miracles at times because we know there's
not a thing we can do to change things, being human,
knowing our limitations and boundaries.

Although not liking them very much, always wanting
to go far beyond them, living life the way we prefer
to ourselves.

Living on earth we constantly come up against barriers
that cannot be crossed, we become frustrated, angry,
then finally are resigned to the undeniable facts and
give in to the inevitable and lasting results.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Hungry

Stepping in and out, being apprehensive at times,
but always moving forward anyway.

Touching aspects, picking them apart, trying to
find reasons, logic, answers, to life and all of
it's sorrow and grief.

Finding that not a one of it's particles has even
an iota of a solution, being hungry for something
to hold on to, there is nothing to satisfy my curi-
osity at all throughout this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Ignored In Bengaly

Being ignored in Bengaly, is a chance to look about,
knowing no answers are required, enjoying the scenery
behind their house.

There a few buffalo roam along with white cranes in a
marchland, filled with green foliage, rain has left
much water among the grass for wild animals to drink.

Loving to watch quietly as buffalo are grazing, eating
all day and long into the night, respecting their being
here and not being extinct, thanks to people in India
protecting them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Immersed In India's Culture

India has been filled with many experiences, one after another keeping my mind centered and focused on what is going on around me.

A delicious way of immersing self in the culture, a-waiting the next episode that comes along with a smile upon my face and curiosity held within.

A gentle and inspiring time has been had here, filled with laughter, tears and enjoyment all the way through-out my visit.

Tears for the children who had nothing and were begging on the streets, homeless people sleeping on the sidewalks or wherever they could lay their heads.

Seeing endless possibilities to help those in need, hoping to find a way to make them possible, so everyone will be able to laugh and enjoy the wonderful country they live in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Important To One Person

Insinuating life takes us down pathways throughout
our lives, not caring what we think of it.

Always looking for reasons to look to ourselves,
becoming tangible beings of importance, at least
to one person in this world.

At times being frozen in our steps, mind staring,
not clearly seeing what we are feeling inside.

Living on the fringe of existence, allowing it to
relax and being alone for a while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being In Step

Jumping into measures of rhythm, not caring what they
are as long as they carry me into lands of imaginative
glory where I can sit and write to my heart's content.
Living and being lively, in step with every syncopated
tempo being shown to my mind in scores of music,
playing in my head non-stop.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being In Touch

Being in touch with self, metes out many troubles, because thoughts are held tightly and close, they have no way to air out and become stale with waiting.

Unless they are brought out and spoken of, no one can know what is going on inside your head, thoughts become distorted and blur common sense, distilling your mind.

Causing tears to fall and making your mind as if it is drunk with liquor, it's not, but that is how the mind feels when it is in constant turmoil, mixing the present with the past.

When you are in touch with self, knowing the hazards it can bring, trouble can be stood off bravely with no tears, because thoughts are no longer held so close.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Indifferent

Wounded and troubled deeply within, being torn and
bleeding through all the years alone and dejected.

Feeling and leaving me weak, strength waning and
dwindling into puddles of loneliness formed by all
the tears in suffering and turmoil.

A saddened life throughout time, being indifferent
to the solace of the world as it is only temporary
and never-lasting on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Inspired

Rustic environment, sitting here at Wagon Yard, enjoying once again, karaoke with Storm.
An elated joy, filling me with excitement for new singers and music.
Rushing through every poem, rhyming each tune with whatever comes to mind.
Being inspired, loving every second imparted to my brain.
Intellect being titillated beyond mention.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Interrupted

Vigorously trying to get in touch with a friend on facebook,
but the internet has gone down once again.

They shouldn't be allowed to charge for it, because it is
always down.

Wasting time, waiting for it to come back up, being
interrupted in the middle of an emergency, talking to someone
who is suicidal and ping! off it goes.

Hoping and praying that they wait to talk; luckily so far no
one has taken their life while waiting looking for help to
save their own life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Introduced

Tending towards creative aspects of life, being introduced
to it when very little by parents who loved and cared for
us gently with discipline and compassion.

Finding avenues of creativeness when growing older, maturing
and finding the essence and passion of the purpose of our
life and existence here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Introverted

Wandering pathways of shyness, wondering how it came about
and lasted this far into adulthood.

Always having wanted to be out going and the life of the
party like my Mom, yet I am an introvert and that desire
goes unsung within.

Tending to writing, music and art instead, the fortes that
I know and practice daily, things I am most comfortable with,
when being alone.

Knowing that I can talk with anyone, anytime, one on one, in
groups however, I am toast and cannot get past the shyness of
childhood.

Constantly trying to, but not really wanting to that much.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Invisible

Quietly sitting alone, watching as life walks around,
not even noticing that I'm writing.

An entire lifetime hiding right out in the open where
everyone can see, yet not a one noticing I am here.

A tremendous feat, being invisible right here where I
sit, a mere poet just writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Involved

Writing into an atmosphere of another dimension, giving all efforts in this decision.

Allowing my entire being to be involved in the testimony of a new essence, being charged with an effervescent beauty of intense purity and innocence.

Leaving everything in the hands of innate knowledge, knowing it is being tenderly cared and tended for, watching it's growth as it goes beyond anything like it before this time.

Asking nothing in return for the facts of attitude's behaviors, just allowing it all to be true to itself, marring nothing, only letting all endeavors increase in merit on their own in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Involved In Thought

Rushing down inner tracks, being involved in tremendous processes of thought, delivering meanings and definitions into reality and imagination together at the same time.

Musical rhythms connecting them in depths of intellect, revolving and rotating in an atmosphere of utter beauty, loving thoughts as they touch and keep me occupied.

Focused, never thinking, just allowing everything to flow from an inner waterfall, energetic and vibrant, essence and passion of my mind bringing awareness to light.

Bowing down to the Almighty in deference to the human frailty that I know only too well hidden within my total being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Isolated

Blinded by the sorrow of another, being isolated
through his intense grief and pain.

Feeling and hurting with him, not able to soothe
his pain even in this way.

Resigning myself to the fact that I can only BE
here for him, in whatever capacity he needs me.

Loving and caring about him through it all, no
matter how long it takes him.

Hoping that in the end he will realize that I
have never left him alone through it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Judged

Checkered flags of the past, encouraging us to take
laps around the racetrack of our lives.

Scurrying and finding items of our desires, trying
to place them, setting each into schedules and agendas.

Wishing to impress others with our importance, yet in
reality, we only step into certain areas of our own.

In the end, life is meant to be a solo journey, nothing
ever mattering except whether we adhered to the Ten
Commandments or not.

Being judged when getting to heaven, our final aspiration
to be recognized for what we accomplished and did in our
lives.

Other people's opinions never having mattered in the first
place.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Kept In

Feeling music deeply in depths of emotion, darkening tunnels of olden days, no longer afraid to step in them.
Being pulled gently by the hand, unable to get loose, feeling frozen inside my chest, wanting to escape, flee from this momentary image, but cannot.
Standing wholly along doorways, not being let out, only kept in.
Thoughts being bounced into the darkness, crossing out any idea of escape, because authority won't let go for anything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Known In Writing

Pensile thoughts dangling in outskirts of my mind,
waiting to be discovered and explored in context.
Sending messages through eye-catching contact,
expressing a desire to be met and known through my writing.
Finding newly acquired feelings for the sight of them,
hanging like curtains in my visions, already being demanding,
sounding like they may soon explode if not sorted through.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Led Astray

Silently, sweetly, promises are made in the light
of love and forgotten in days that follow.
Never believing in the capacity of lasting love,
always walking away before it has culminated in a
lasting marriage.
Sorrowfully being led astray time and again, on
lost evenings filled with despair.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Led To A World Free Of Evil

Writhing and rocking to an energy of rapid rhythms, circling
and enlarging spheres, containing a creative and prophetic
life of being empathic.

Rocking in freedom of another universe as I wander dimen-
sions that will take me ever deeper into visions of tomorrow,
helpless to resist, temptations too great.

Letting go of evil and racism, totally seeing possibilities
of a peaceful world, every country friends with all others,
no intolerance being felt anywhere, anymore.

Being instilled with compassion and caring, pouring an un-
conditional love over the entire earth, bringing poverty to
an end.

Giving everyone an opportunity through capitalism, becoming
a republic, leaving behind all adversity and hatred, not a
part of the world's future picture puzzle ever again.

Sacred, holy, a peaceful place to raise our children and
take care of everyone, people filled with joy and happiness
at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Liberated Within

Lightened and intelligent knowledge is held closely
within us, waiting for it's turn to speak up about
what's wrong in this world.

At times wondering and allowing difficult times to
take over and consume us from the inside out.

Whatever happens to find itself in our minds, is
taken and written out in measures of rhythm.

Life is like that at times and we just let it have
it's way, it's much easier than trying to tell self
what to do.

Being liberated from within, we casually move about,
looking into things that appeal to us individually.

Stalwart and opinionated, we take life and select
attitudes that we wish to accommodate in future
destiny's of our lives.

Expressing and believing in representation of our-
selves we become bonds with life that we choose to be,
no strings or interruptions attached.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Lifted From The Mundane

Searching skyways outside small panes of windows way high up
on the south wall, seeing trees and nature blossoming all over
the desert.

Beautiful and picturesque, leaving my mind filled with wonder
and life always being tantalized and enticed by intellect to
come join it.

Becoming one and being lifted from the mundane and ordinary,
walking through my mind, strolling along, wonder of imagination,
loving the essence that perpetrates intellect, where it can be
written about in poetry alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Lost

Love unfortunately does not last forever, we are all only temporary beings living and doing the best we can, taking care of ourselves so our lives can be prolonged as long as possible.

Yet, even then, that is no assurance of anything, death is always knocking at the door of our love, waiting to whisk it away.

Leaving us bereaved, lost, forsaken in a shell of the person we once were, no hopes, dreams, inspiration left for another in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Made Homeless

Totally mangled by life's ingratitude, fluctuating on
whims of derisive folly.

Lacking fortitude, emptied of all dignity and self-
esteem, tossed upon barren shores made by slumlords.

A preliminary existence fading from sight and being,
falling upon brambled knees, looking forward to death's beginning stances of equality.

No untoward glances from eternity's horizon, limiting existence from despair and insecurity.

Shells of being, emptied forever in tight-knit closets
of unrepenting furor, desperately caving in towards a
mind twisted with collective knots, unrelenting to ends
of earth's unforgiving natures.

Homeless, in an agonizing melody of hopeless despondency, taking life - folding it - between outstretched hands,
turning from society, alone on life's bridle path - no
where to go or live in the United States of America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Merely Human

Regrets have no room in our lives if we live according
to the Ten Commandments.

There will be no regrets when death grasps us with his
hands taking us to heaven.

Being merely human this is an impossibility, yet many
strive to accomplish this way of life, wanting to attain
heaven when they die here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Mindful

Those of you who have lost loved ones, searching for answers, still need to be mindful of others in your lives.

Don't profess to love another, knowing in your heart that you can never love them, for you've spent all your love and have none left to give to another.

It isn't done purposely I believe, because you're lost and lonely, just wanting to have some love from another to keep you grounded.

Yet, it's done just the same and injures the other person by taking away their personhood, a tragic and decimating feeling now within their beings.

Thinking they're not worthy of love from others, it's a two-edged sword, yet it only hurts the one caught in it's deadly snare.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Mirrored

Looking out a huge window at another window that's
reflecting all of nature into m sight right now.

Seeing wind blowing leaves of trees every which way,
taking some of them taking and letting them fall
lightly to the ground.

There they are being tossed and turned over the
cement, into the grass, a delightful sight as I
watch the leaves roll and tumble in a silent race.

Being blown across the yard, finally settling down
among blades of grass, wind suddenly dying and
leaving them stranded.

Clouds crossing the sky in reflections of the window,
flowing behind images of the trees standing tall and
being mirrored to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Missed

Walking in shadows of death, seeing all those we once
loved watching and waiting for us to be reunited once
again.

Missing us desperately, not letting go of our memories
in this, our last foothold in life, stretching out their
arms, wanting to be loved again.

Striving to grasp onto particles of life, wondering
where everything has disappeared to, wanting to recover
our lives right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Mistaken

Writing through the iciness of lonely abandonment,
always stepping on layers of ice, falling through
and never staying above it's freezing temperatures.

Being mistaken for a dependent being, yet it has
never been so, always the strong, silent person,
writing life away, delving deeply in thoughts every
day.

Perpetrating meanings of life that come into being
when beginning to see visions flying into mind with
a clarity of definition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Misunderstood

Cutting through every trail, trying to find my way as I hack myself through life, wanting to do everything my way.
Knowing the hows and wherefores within me, yet being misunderstood by most everyone else.
Hoping to be accepted for who I am without question is impossible, yet, no one will ask me questions they have haunting them throughout.
Answers lie in waiting, if only they'd express their doubts in words of curiosity, they'd be satisfied with what they've learned.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being More Conscious

Needing to be more conscious of what sphere my mind is
thinking from, so as not to hurt someone's feelings un-
knowingly.

Going instantly from one sphere to another, thinking
and talking from each one without involving others
or making them become stagnant.

Concentration is that intense at times, there are many
spheres of intellect held within a brain and I enjoy
using them all.

Even emotions and feelings each have their own spheres
where entering and leaving whenever wanting to, is en-
couraged daily.

Spheres come from many dimensions, past, present and
future, instantly traversing between all of them just
by thinking.

Rhythm has played a great part in helping to do this,
it's mathematical, logical and it's equations are al-
ways exact and correct.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Nonplussed

Shadows of our national flag waving in the wind against
a building at the senior center.

Watching the flag itself furl and unfurl at the whim of
a wind trying to show it's in command of the situation.

Not realizing that our flag is flying freely and indep-
endently of it, signifying the freedom we have here in
the United States Of America.

Nonplussed by what the wind may think, just standing up
for what we Americans believe in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Nothing

Feeling tired, yet this mind is filled with an
effervescent energy that never seems to quit or
die.

Living each day equally, being nothing, finding
that life has been missing for some time now,
an emptiness crawling within.

Trying to hide itself, being afraid of nothing
but itself in the long run, alone and unwanted,
staying hidden on the reef of dismemberment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Noticed

Dancing in morning sunshine, all of nature flows in rhythms
of it's own.

Never deviating from it's flights of fancy, nurturing and replenishing everything
through the death of other entities
that have stopped growing for one reason or another.

Life carrying on like before, different flowers, plants,
trees, fauna now being noticed by poet's eyes and mind,
although never forgetting the ones that lived and flourished
before the new ones time began.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Nourished

Taking time, intellect being nourished and aroused by
my surroundings, environment, designs, angles, light,
sound, everything senses filter and enter into my mind.

Beautiful and alluring, always stimulating thought
processes and allowing ideas to flow into being, ending
up all written into poetry in many journals.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Of One Mind

Finding love hanging around bands of music, in the
long run turning into bands of marriage.

Being of one mind, intellect and rhythms are married
through imagination and silent vows through poetry.

Written in poetry of enlivening inspiration, telling
and alive, being the best of both worlds.

Combining and blending into one giant volume of prose,
never letting anything get by without mentioning it in
a poem and loving the way it feels when done writing it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being One Family

Leaving Kolkata reluctantly at best, not wanting to leave
this beautiful and exciting country, loving every inch of
it's picturesque and eloquent culture and gentle people.

Feeling an intense sadness at leaving Kolkata and my dear
friend, having gotten to see and know him very well after
being here with him and his family the past thirty days.

Both they and India have made a tremendous difference in
my life, changing me forever, transforming my soul in
ways I will yet discover.

Being a part of another's family who has loved and cared
for me as one of their own, being strangers when meeting
and now we are one family forever, even though we will
once again be countries and miles apart from one another
when I leave.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being One In Friendship

Wishing you all the best in life, as you wander aimlessly down untrodden paths of loneliness, quieting your youth and all the abuse you went through.
Now, hoping your life expands into the next dimension, free of the past, so we may again enjoy one another's company as soul-mates through our heavenly friendship.
Looking at the future, I can see us laughing together and being one in friendship again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being One In Love

Fire in my soul, burning with desire and passion for
your love, not ever wanting to let go, holding onto
the caring sound of your voice and heart.

One look into your eyes and my heart melts into yours
all over again, always being one in love, never to part,
our hearts now melting into one.

Filled with the love of both of us, being cherished and
treasured throughout our lives together, we continue our
journey through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Oneself

Ends are always turning up when we least expect them
on our roads and highways through life.
Building and working on relationships, bringing selves
together.
Switching tunes to fit particular worries, easing them
away.
Finding life in unexpectant corners, trying to live
through all the confusion, while doing necessary steps
on our own.
Self is so important, relying on no one, being oneself
for all time, that's what's taught through playing
music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Only Human

Soulfully holding onto faith as it continues to grow,
keeping life focused on God, living life the way He
wants us all to do.

Being only human, it is at times very difficult, yet
we are always striving to stay on the straight and
narrow.

Perfection is not what humans are created for, nor can
we ever attain it, that is only what God, Himself is.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Ourselves

People of all kinds, colors, opinions, joining together here
at Buddy Stubbs for a free bar-b-que and live band that has
taken us on a joy ride through measures of music.

Leaving us awe-struck at the wonder we've found just sitting
here, talking to one another, feeling joy and happiness as
we joke, talk and laugh all together.

What a great place to come and just be ourselves, sharing
pleasurably with others, good clean fun, learning and ex-
perienceing stories of other people throughout the after-
noon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Part Of Possibilities

Stepping into imagination with expectations of being a
part of it's possibilities.

Wondering how it happens throughout life, holding on
and letting it capture my attention.

Whenever it's at edges of this mind, never dying,
keeping it vibrant for use later on in life.

Everything being placed in the fire of my soul, turned
in upon intellect where it's taken and purified from
within my soul only.

Nothing able to taint or destroy it, because it's not
of this earth, but heaven, and is protected by Divine
intervention always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Placed In Annals

Energizing life with possibilities as it moves into many
adventures, living them fervently.

Abounding intensity filling everyone with a liveliness
of new and absolute episodes of productive issues.

Now hoping to be enticed and allured by inner desires
wanting to be fulfilled in their entirety.

Solemn and sincere, taking every opportunity to be
placed in the annals of time with many others who have
found their purpose and meanings in this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Poor

Having nothing, barely existing, wanting to buy
even just one little outfit for our soon to be
Granddaughter, but we don't have any money.
Not even for the dollar store.
Such horrendous sorrowful pain punctures my being
and bloody tears flow straight from my heart and
soul.
Even the crying does nothing to ease the pain,
poverty rains upon me again and again.
If it wasn't for the coming birth of our Grand-
daughter, life wouldn't be worth living, better
off ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Possessed

Appropriate and exacting rhythms giving thoughts a
chance to rhyme in coded sequences, taking my mind
into their inner essences where I feel at home.

Existing only to listen to the music, feeling it's
rapid tempos touching within a vibrant and exquisite
sphere of learned wisdom through intellect.

Searching silently forever for all messages being held
within my mind, being possessed in the end through
intellect's photographic memory, holding them forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Present

Rushing into crowds at times, enjoying the conversations
and diversity of all people that I meet.

Learning personal histories without even asking a single
question, just smiling and saying hello seems to bring
out depths of those who need someone to talk to.

Happy to listen, commenting from time to time, knowing
that their burdens have been lightened some, because I
have spent moments being present to them in their need.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Pressed

Complicated machines hovering around in people's
lives, not everyone knowing how to operate them.

Being used by the population to make certain
things possible for all of us.

Breaking down, being fixed, taking apart and being
reassembled time and again, proving that nothing
is forever, not even our lives.

Being pressed between pages of our own histories,
we live lives open to our possibilities and unfold
whenever we are able.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Processed

Important issues feel their way into my heart, touching feelings still raw with hurt, causing pain to flare and get caught in pictures of visions still being processed.
Researching points of belief, adding spiritual thoughts to many possibilities of poetry.
Sensing inner rhythms, beating time to scores of additional sonatas, calculating metronome-like feelings of saddened crosses in life's inaccessible areas of the brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Pruned

Pruning a tree - even the good parts must be cut away - pruned - so the tree will bear good fruit.

Thus in our lives, people whom we love with all our hearts die - are cut away - pruned from us - that we may bear good fruit.

Learning compassion, growing in faith, being kind and gentle, understanding - that we may help others in time of need and consolation.

Then we will be present to others in times of their suffering, having gone through it and knowing the devastating pain also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Pulled

Stepping into horizons,
climbing their walls,
watching sunsets and
being pulled to knees
of prayer at the goodness
of our Lord.

(11: 01 a.m. - 9/30/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Purified

Being filled with an intense energy from within an interior
spirituality that has been perfected through the years.

Heart being purified through every good thing that is ex-
perienced and enhanced throughout this entire world.

Beauty and peace is totally brought forth from within
this place of solace and peace.

Nothing can ever disturb this peace of mind while en-
raptured within this existence, writing and listening
to music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Pushed Towards Destiny In India

Getting in touch with inner feelings, finding an energy
that's growing exponentially with every mile traveled,
exciting and tantalizing an inner spirit.

Throughout this wonderful trip across India, lively and
entertaining, taking me beyond the boundaries of inner
straits.

Enjoying effervescent feelings that are being captured
by intellect, finding they're pushing me towards destiny
in India and what earlier visions have shown through my
poetical mind sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Put On The Outside

Seeing the way people treat one another, going from
being fast friends to being on the outside of every-
thing in the future for no reason.

Some just deciding that another is not worth their
time, looking down on them for it, because of their
own inane thoughts.

Still, at times thinking they are better because
they have plenty of money and another does not,
thinking only of themselves when the other doesn't.

How horribly they look down and treat others from
within their own theories and opinions, offending
and hurting people they had once said were their
best friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Questioned

Singing along as I write and listen to music, people are wondering how I do it, questioning me all the time, telling them I have no idea, I've always done it.

Coming naturally without any effort, nothing stops me from doing all three simultaneously and incessantly, sometimes wondering how I do it also.

Going back to what I love and not worrying about it, letting the scientists figure it out, just wanting to have fun and enjoy doing what I do through intellect and innate knowledge and wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Raised In Arizona

A small town Jersey girl, being raised in Arizona
starting at age eleven, leaving the garden state
of New Jersey behind for it's barren, stark desert
of Arizona.

Or so I thought at the time, now knowing better,
our desert being abundant, alive, vibrant and
enticingly beautiful.

Every sunrise and sunset sent straight from heaven
itself, spreading and flowing intense colors into
our beings.

Arizona is an awesome place to live, cacti every-
where, mountains completely surrounding my home in
Phoenix.

Majestic, steep and alluring, believing in many
possibilities an entirely wonderful life has given
poetically here in Phoenix, Arizona.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Realistic

A brilliant peace settled within, a calmness recognized as
that of God's.

A lovely lady, refined, gentle, a beautiful smile, sits in
an atmosphere of quiet resignation, awaiting the inevitable
outcome of life with little sorrow.

Realistic, ready to meet the day, a whispering hope and
prayer held closely to her heart.

Open, honest, all-encompassing faith spread throughout her
family, yet touching others who walk into her life right
now.

A flowering of her life's roses, ending in a bouquet,
placed before the altar in readiness of God's grace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Realized

Desperate, running away from life, not wanting to
live it's firey pathways of suffering any longer.

Conquering necessities of daily life is not enough
anymore, wanting to be able to do more in life.

Being stopped because of not having any money in
which to help others with things needed to live.

Ascertaining abilities of people, trying to press
forward into the future where all will be realized.

In times of realty nearing it's end in my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Refreshed

Swiftly flirting with sleep, taking a power nap, about twenty minutes.

Now being refreshed and ready to write again, seeing avenues of nature in trees, cacti, leaves, sky and the ground.

Taking at once to senses of being, watching and playing with them in my mind.

Leisurely seeing them bouncing, trying to get my attention at the same time.

Sudden and steady Indian rhythms taking me rapidly into denizens of liberty and freedom where all of life comes rushing in.

Energetically and vibrantly, solo feelings being jumbled and mixed together.

Coming up with a fantastic supply and array of ideas and thoughts instantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Remembered

Roads of existence, take us on journeys without end,
or so we think.
Sights never seen, experiences felt and lived through,
being remembered in photos and pictures of mind-
expanding visions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Reminded

Reminiscing through melodies and rhythms of yesterday,
filling my mind with happiness and joy of listening
to the McGuire sisters when little.

Momentous images come to mind, smiling as I watched
them perform, then getting up and dancing in movements
of child-like motions.

A delightful time, glad to be reminded of them
now in beautiful old-time rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Reminded Of Life

People all around, just watching as I write poetry, fascinated and in awe, not believing what they are seeing right in front of them.

Never having seen anyone write like I do, in an unusual and brilliant way to music and rhythm, always being reminded of life in every avenue of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Renewed

Feeling stronger with every beat of rhythm, being renewed
with tempos taking me into imagination, filled with thoughts
elastically flirting with ideas well into this very night.

Loving this opportunity to listen and write extensively,
giving myself to interior attitudes and positive pleasure,
taking me into other dimensions of life interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Repaired And Healed

Smashed, the eyesight of my seeing, cracked in many places,
crawling like a spider web across my eyes.

Once knowledge stood out in the open, now it lies back
pleading for obscurity, separating ideas fragmented from
within.

Tell-tale signs of curiosity forbidden from certain points
of view, totally enmeshed in outer thoughts of life, brought
to mind to be repaired and healed.

Today will soon be the beginning of a new life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Replaced

Reasoning and logic will eventually disappear when our last
breath has been taken from us.

Instead, people will replace them with flowers and sentiments
at our funerals.

Fragrant aromas will last for only moments in time themselves,
while our souls rise to heaven without our mortal bodies and
beings.

Laughter, joy, beginnings of life will have ended on this
final note with family and friends.

Tears filling their eyes, a eulogy given, love saying it's
goodbyes when I am gone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Resurrected

Realizing hidden potential within, using intellect and wisdom to bring all of it to fruition.
Tantalizing more so than ever before, giving me such a feeling of love and desire for the whole world and what is within it.
Being held in reserve for me to share once I am able to.
Capably being resurrected from within my soul, being carried to plains beyond sight, enjoying all sensations coming into me.
It's amazing to see these wonderful sights and knowing they are a part of my intellect and imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Saved By Words

Somewhere in our lives we went our separate ways, taking separate journeys alongside of one another.

Never merging on this side of life, staying on pathways we had each chosen along our roads.

Taking journeys, feeling our way into tunnels of another horizon, slipping into our own canyons and being fulfilled to the utmost.

Never leaving, being saved by the importance of being ourselves.

Allowing nothing to interfere with what we're doing with life.

Expressing every wish and desire in realms of poetry, being saved just by the words that are written into every poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Schooled

Being schooled in a tremendous amount of music and rhythms, caressing and hugging every note being played within my mind.

Listening to steady beats tantalizing and wiping away all tears for the time being, solidly following pathways that lead deeper into canyons of rhythms, climbing through and over ravines standing in the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Selfishness

Forgiving attitudes fill the air with their pity, sending
apologies into depths of unending prayer.

No one ever means to hurt, it just always happens, because
people don't think before they open their mouths to talk.

Whatever the quest might be, it will always involve self
and have no room for others.

Being selfishness itself, standing at the doorway to the
rest of life, looking ahead, seeing it as just one big
apology, forgiveness waiting at it's end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Serenaded Across The World

Alluring and prophetic, silent witnessing of life
through distant music being heard right from India's
midst on Skype.

Peace ringing in my soul as my mind interprets it
into poetry, quietly and overwhelmingly, sight
tasting it's melodies with an intuitive sense of
being.

Lifting spirits towards heaven, enlightening an
interior spirituality, focusing on rhythms of
harmony.

Bringing tantalizing beauty to mind in picturesque
landscapes, touching upon vibrant colors of nature,
enraptured and amused, loving to be serenaded across
the world with such fantastically amazing music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Serenaded By Heaven

Suspended in an interior peace, filling my soul with
an ecstatic serenity, keeping me totally in synch with
rhythms of this heart.

Living happily in strictest lines of attitudes that
fell upon me in the strength of hope that completely
envelopes me in it's faith.

Being serenaded by rhythms from heaven, collapsing
silently into depths of infinite solitude.

Never repressing a freedom that continues to fill me
with an intense liberty from my being.

Finding a complacency, filling and giving an energy
out from this world, yet folding me within it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Set Free

Jouncing along while just sitting here, enjoying myself immensely, listening to Mojo Rats Band play one song after another.

Brilliant, exciting, thrilling every particle of my being, having grown accustomed to the intense syncopation and beat of their music.

Giving me such pleasure that I want it to never end, solitarily and quietly writing to every note, keeping time in measures of poetry, setting me free at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Shallow

Reaching down into the depths of my being, finding out how shallow I really am, nothing gets past my barrier - nothing ever gets close to me.

When I feel, I do it intellectually through my mind to keep it from hurting my being.

Sounding out certain thoughts on life, different views become vivid and dance within the center of my mind like seashells upon a sandy shore.

Sometimes bending over, picking up a special one that catches my eye, holding it close, bringing it with me fast, so as not to touch it much, and have it turn to dust.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Silent

Sorrow drenching me in tears, missing you completely,
being silent, not wanting to talk anymore, for you're
no longer here to tell me how much you love me anymore.

No longer being held closely, no more kisses to be had,
life has become a lifeless flower, no longer having any
essence.

Existing alone in an atmosphere of desire with no one to
want or quench it, somewhere deep inside, missing you so
entirely.

Wanting to be with you through moments of life, that's
all, nothing more to say, nothing of importance for
there is no longer anything in this life.

As I drift about, not wanting to dally behind while you
go on without me, striving to continue living in this
total void of emptiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Silently Spoken

Rhapsodies falling into place, being created through
innate rhythms as they climb into my mind, vying for
a sphere to be attuned to.

Clasping every thought within an emotion or feeling
so that it will forever be remembered and recalled
when needed to write from one day in poetry.

Languidly lying there until being silently spoken of
in a poem of expression that is now being written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being So Lucky

Needing to be close to you all the time, whether near or far apart my love, keeping you in my heart and mind all the time.

Feeling your unconditional love filling me always, never doubting you, my dear, being so lucky having you all to myself, knowing how much my love means to you.

Protecting and keeping me safe, always being here for one another, our lives having become sacred through the love we have had all these years for one another.

Never even want to think of us being parted in life, knowing I could not handle it alone without you for you are my only life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Still

Steadily falling into rhythms that beseech me
imaginatively, locating the exact words needed
to express an idea that suddenly finds it's way
into my mind's depths.

Tranquilly floating into the rhythms, letting
them take me away, so I can find my intellect
in a thoughtful maze of beauty, filled with
aromas from heaven's gardens.

Being still, holding onto the tremors of life
as they flow through the senses of perception,
awakened by interior feelings of incessant
moments of truthful honesty, wanting to be
expressed in poetry.

Running constantly into the beginnings of time,
never faltering, just bouncing along, finding
the pathway needed to be shown to the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Stranded

Broken hearted, full of tears, drowning in deepest sorrow,
life has laid me low again through another so-called friend.

Cutting me off, shutting me out, as he reshapes, his own life.
forgetting promises he's made, leaving me stranded, alone,
wondering what I've done that's so bad.

Wavering, unsure of myself, my worth, my value as a person, I
find myself the same as before.

Suffering silently in a dark vacuum, tears full of pain, my
heart falling deeper into oblivion, I begin once more to hide
within my mind, where I can't hurt so bad.

All the work we've done together, has ended, as I reach
within myself to begin again, alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Strengthened

Wondering if I should keep on going at times, being
strengthened by faith and God touching me interiorly.

With His grace and blessings, feeling and giving every-
thing within me to others, never thinking of self.

That's what Jesus did when He was here on earth, traveling
all over, touching people and helping them with their needs.

Never wavering, always taking up the slack no matter what,
life being fulfilled totally through God.

Trusting him implicitly throughout life, even into the end
of it, for I believe He will always be with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Studied

Tempted by rhythms, cannot resist them at all, they entice
the essence and passion of this being and existence, how
beautifully they fit intellect like pieces of a puzzle.

Each one made from imaginational depths, surrounding all
time while placing many picturesque images being thought
through creatively.

Solutions being found to world problems, inventing scienti-
fic and technological devices for problems in medical fields
and many others.

This mind bending in many different directions at once, focu-
ing on each one individually and collectively as many times
solutions came to mind automatically solving problems.

Serving intellect well, multitalented, able to do many tasks
without having any former knowledge of subjects given and
needing explanation.

Reading scientific discoveries, thoroughly understanding ex-
actly what and how they were found, giving details of every-
thing being read.

While being studied, wanting to image and map this brain
during writing and listening to music, attempting to find
out how it was being done.

Curious as to where this intense energy came from, thinking
if it could be found it would hold the key to curing depress-
ion among other things.

A top scientist's death was a great loss for mankind, but
felt intensely most of all by a mere poet, after getting to
know him as family, the only person who understood this
poet's intellect fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Suffocated

Being suffocated by slow turning melodies now being
played, switching to South Indian music as it runs
faster through measures being listened to.

Giving a steady and rapid beat to write to, a
lively and vibrant intellect going into various
atmospheres at the same time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Surprised

Clouds lining the sky, covering rays of the sun while
we sit in anticipation of another beautiful day.

Watching, seeing clouds instead becoming darker, a
storm suddenly brewing, taking us all by surprise.

Loving the rain, we sit and watch in the face of all
the odds, hoping to see sunlight before evening star-
light taints the sky with an ebony darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Taken In Sleep

On a collision course with death as it looms right
before me.

Traveling at the speed of light, not veering from
this course, because it's now my fate.

Nothing will change it, not really minding, looking
forward to being taken in my sleep.

Never again awakening to this hell they call earth,
lots of memories having been made.

Some sprinkled with joy and love, but most of them
filled with suffering and misery.

When done here on earth, I will not miss the life
I have lived, just those who have made a difference
in it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Teased By The Band

Throwing notes here and there, the band teasing
me with a fast-paced rhythm again.

Catching and placing them in coded messages from
poetry, to be written in an everlasting amount
of verses.

Strengthening and giving energy an outlet with
which to continue writing.

Fingering notes within my mind, keeping up with
rhythms being played rapidly and steadily.

Crossing and re-crossing inner pathways of in-
tellect, never giving way to outside disturbances.

A wonderful and focused mind, forever immersed to-
gether in the midst of time tunnels.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Tempted To Write

Running through rhythms of life, enjoying their beautiful and intense melodies and harmonies, so peaceful and serene, listening to them soothes this soul and mind so totally and sublimely.

Always ready to get lost within the tones and tempos of everyone, being tempted to write continuously without stopping, so attuned to rhythms as they play with this mind.

Teaching new concepts, ideas, ways of thinking, filling this mind with a profound proliferation of sound and color in order to create the imagery of poetical portraits.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being The Energy

Pounding inner walls of wisdom through rhythms that continually fulfill my mind with expanding thoughts and vibrant colors to match in displays of fireworks.

Sparking within my mind, essentially being the energy that is always needed to continue living this earthly life.

Being on a solo journey throughout the years, held together only through sheer will power and living in a bluened atmosphere of faith and hope.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being The Moment

His light shines down upon us, giving us hope through
our faith.
Being the moment that your life opens up in extra-
ordinary meaning.
Giving definition and form to your purpose as His
grace flows freely over each of us as we listen to
His silent heart.
Bringing and taking us into depths of His holiness,
eliminating fear and doubts, no longer being an
outcast because God wants each of us alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being There

Life has taken me on quite a journey across
the U.S. and into another country.

Looking forward to seeing more of India
by being there, not just looking at pictures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Tired

Exhausted from all the emotional drama going on in life.
Medical problems never stopping, keeping me going to the doctor's.
Having tests done and blood drawn, just so tired of it already.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Totally Awakened

Tickling ivories of my mind, unsettling themes that have
been stagnant for a while.

Enjoying the stimulation and exhilaration of their inner
awakening.

Fantastic and inspiring thoughts adding to benefits of
what I've already found through intellect.

Processes keeping steady and alert, wanting to blend and
combine with abstract ideas now wanting to be exercised.

Stretched into portions of what is already there, waiting
to be turned into solutions or more questions to be answered
within patterns and designs of bluened lights inside of me.

Knowing that insight is feeling intense and gratifying while
being totally awakened and alert, a blessing that has been
given through innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Totally Immersed

Rising to meet another morning with a song in my heart,
and rhythms playing.

Pleasant sounds bringing colors of rainbows brightly to
mind, chasing away sadness left over from all of the
yesterday's in life.

Reaching into moments of love and desire, content and
absolutely at peace, one with nature, feeling heavenly
bliss fill my soul so quietly and tenderly.

Slowly walking into peaceful realms where no one else
may ever go, for only this mere poet has an opening
where words are always flowing from cascading waterfalls.

Loving meanings that are derived from intellect while
writing incessantly, being totally immersed in the
feelings entering poetry right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Touched By God

Praising gloriously, God in heaven, prayers being said, amen being sung over and over again by those present.

A light and melodic angelic sounding melody transporting all of us into depths of miraculous miracles waiting to happen.

Giving many who are now present to the Divine, welcoming, being touched by God, Himself.

No one else able to offer this invitation to anyone on earth, blessings poured upon faithful throughout life.

Respecting, loving, being true to His Commandments and love here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being True To Self

Being who I am on days of life, enjoying my essence,
feeling success thriving within.

Listening to no one as I write what and when I want
in any moment.

Flying, soaring, into atmosphere's of imagination,
alone for myself, it matters not what others care
about or think.

I've got to be true to myself in order to survive
this world, until I depart and enjoy the next.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Understood

Dare to be smart, don't be afraid to be above the crowd, take your place in line with great thinkers and movers of this earth.

There is no shame in being smart, don't let others do that to you, learn that pretending you're not smart is not a good thing.

Not trying, making average grades instead of being on the honor roll, becoming very shy and socially backward, feeling like an outsider, ashamed of who you are.

Feeling like you don't belong anywhere, taking years to break out of that childhood mold you've made when too young to realize what you were doing.

Writing about it, taking steps to be who you are, no longer hiding your talent and abilities anymore, just being yourself, finding others like yourself.

Talking, learning from one another, actually being understood for the first time in your life, quite an exhilarating feeling when letting oneself just BE.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Unknown

Betrayed by the innocence of life, all have endured emptiness - loneliness - exile.
We were, each of us, brought into this world as unknowing beings.
Left here without a clue of our original homes.
Searching a lifetime for our meaning, we never are rewarded with finding it.
As we go through our daily lives, getting ever closer - we never get any closer to it's truth.
Dying from this life, we end up as unknowing beings - exactly the same way we all started out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Unloved

Being unloved hurts deeply, piercing the soul, ripping
a heart to shreds, love once fully given then suddenly
fading into the distance, no one to share or talk to.

Despair filling every particle of being as tears fall,
deafening the sound of our heartbeats once beating to-
gether for we are no more.

Now bereft, stranded, alone, not even knowing who you
are anymore, an identity having been shared through the
years has been dissolved, leaving nothing to grasp onto.

Floating helplessly out to sea, love once so vibrant, full
and unconditional, now having been given to someone else,
giving them a new beginning.

Ending the one we had for years, life now in total dark-
ness because our love has gone into the light of another's
life, leaving this heart alone in a back alley, forlorn
and broken.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Unto Myself

Quietly keeping to myself, hiding away from life,
testing my strength at being alone and unto myself.
Enjoying it's serenity, it's beautiful depths within
me; casting out my line, catching all sorts of ideas
to set into poems.
Loving the distance I put between myself and others -
it's a peace of heaven not to hear from anyone else's
jealousy or doubts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Used

Lifting spirits into the light of a brand new day,
feeling it's beauty touching me from within divine
spirituality.

Always picking my up, soaring into the bluened light,
smiling and feeling like a new spirit always, as I
live each day.

Carefully doing what God asks, letting Him take me
into people's lives that He wants to touch, thinking,
pondering, living this life invisibly.

A mere poet, just enjoying doing what I love, passion
and essence of my heart and soul being used for a
purpose other than my own, keeping me simple, humble,
as God's little child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Very Innocent

Yesterday when I was much younger, being free and
totally independent spiritually, choosing to stay
pure, always innocent.

Not understanding the world of love, lust and per-
version, never having sex, preferring to stay a
virgin.

As I could not stand the fact of giving myself to
a man for a few minutes of pleasure, even when
my parents would kiss, I would look away.

Telling them I'm never going to get married, when
they asked me why, I'd say, I don't want any man
slobbering on my mouth that's gross!

They'd look at each other and try not to laugh,
then when nineteen, dating a young man, it took
him six months to even hold my hand.

Just couldn't and didn't want to give up my free-
dom, I loved it far too much, when he kissed me
eight months later I wept so hard.

Feeling I had lost my self, I was very innocent
back then, but I had my own way of thinking about
things.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Welcomed

Society is opening it's doors to the people of India,
standing at the entrance with open arms.

Welcoming us with smiles and pleasurable measures of
their music left settled in our hearts and souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being With My Aunt

Watching my Aunt sitting at the kitchen table, so fragile, so small, steeped in sorrow.

Concentrating on eating her enchiladas, eyes cast down upon her plate, not meeting anybody's.

So far holding her own, driving to the graveyard, causing me alarm as the light turned, she racingly turns left into oncoming traffic.

Being scared to death by her maneuver, she laughs out loud, saying, 'I knew what I was doing! I didn't want to wait for another light. I'm sorry I scared you! '

'That's alright', I replied, as I began breathing again.

Parking the blazer, we then get out and walk to Uncle Mike's grave, it's strewn with bright red roses, yellow mums and many other flowers, he was very well-liked by everyone.

We stood beside his grave, made the sign of the cross and prayed our individual prayers.

Talking about other family members laid to rest here, my Aunt is trying to keep away tears hiding just inside.

Saying 'good-bye Mike', brings a flood of tears to my eyes, and Aunt Nina, tears glistening says, 'don't get me started' and we walked back to the blazer and left to go home.

Getting back to the house, other relatives were sitting on the porch, waiting for us, unlocking the door, we all went inside and had coffee, tea and cookies, others also came then, joining us in quiet conversation.

It got to be quite late and everyone said their good-byes with kisses, hugs and promises to see one another tomorrow.

It's quite amazing that over all the years, my Uncle never

made it to any major events, like graduations, birthdays,
weddings, but it seems like he was always in my life.

Like an anchor to life in the past, living in New Jersey,
he also was part of the present, visiting us in Arizona.

Enjoying his presence as it weaved in and out of our lives,
he was always there to lend a hand or say a kind word,
especially when my Mom died.

Now, flying home, holding back tears with a lump in my
throat, finishing this poem of sorrow, the funeral and
burial over, I say Good-bye, Uncle Mike, I love you forever.

(8: 57 a.m. - 9/9/02)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Being Within

Close encounters with the world around me, watching and learning from every aspect of it.

Listening to thoughts that are being created through imagination and left at my disposal, to be selected and placed in poems.

Musically energizing every fiber of being, taking it all collectively into landscapes of heretofore unknown existences.

Enjoying discoveries and adventures, exploring them to my heart's content, nothing else really mattering while within myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beings Of Presence

Lumbering down walks of life, attentively listening
to every stanza of it's beauty as memorization
occurs subconsciously without any effort, flowing
constantly with rhythms of acknowledgment.
Turning in circles, wriggling down lanes of opposite
shores, becoming who we are within our minds,
changing our beings of presence as we journey alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Belief

Sensorial pigments of imagination swirl around,
testing places of significant rhythms in deepest
waters.
Locating episodes, riding horseback into forests
and canyons of belief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believable Music

Music of belief flows through me, anticipating the needs exercised inside.

Filling a heart of sorrow to overflowing, causing pain and hurt of yesterday to grow immeasurably, becoming intolerable.

Having an appreciation for the gifts music brings to bear, because poetry is embellished with a truth otherwise not met in rhyme.

Hurriedly writing everything heard, as it touches all senses and brings words to mind.

Thoughts flow easily from this pen, coming from the vast blue silence of creative imagination, sharing one day with all who may read it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believable Truths

Carefully resurrecting beauty in an
atmosphere of believable truths.
Taking notice of everything in the room,
not missing a thing as I write deep within
contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believers Of God

Rolling onto the pavement of life, trying to bring
about new milleniums of crooked and immoral laws.

People being believers of God will have nothing to
do with these illogical ways of the dark ages.

Only wanting freedom and compassion to be used the
world over.

Exterminating all evil pedophiles, muslims and isis
from this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing

Traipsing over mountains, valleys, ocean floors, our
eyes seeking that which we cannot hope to hold on to.
Forging ahead, climbing above circumstances, forgetting
to grasp hold of life's meanings, we tumble down into
pits of unlearning, no hopes or dreams left to reach.
We have been deprived of knowing or believing in anyone
on earth to enhance our meanings.
Skyward, we let go and become what we are not, under
God's love and guidance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing And Hoping

Caught up in webs of life, trying to escape them and be
free to live this solitary life, taking my journey into
a future destiny that only God knows.

Successful and happy, or destitute and poor, still having
a positive attitude to complete the journey that has been
laid out for me in life.

Living, touching others with attitudes that I've attained,
attuning myself to them, believing and hoping in a faith
that is always within me.

A spiritual serenity that fills me through a bluened light,
shining upon me from my beginning, serving everything in a
splendor given by God above only.

Seeing the presence of the Divine in everything that I've
done in my life here on this planet earth, never slacking
or falling down completely for I must live my purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing Everyone Needs To Know

Following pathways through life, seeing through it's lies
and illusions, finding the truth lying beneath them all.

Researching, locating those who know the truth personally,
and letting them be known throughout the world.

Believing everyone needs to know the facts so they can make informative,
concise and correct opinions on their own.

It will make for a better republic and nation, helping us
to keep corrupt politicians out of our government.

Making our country safer, gain peace and a dedicated quality
of life for all of us, spreading it across the world also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing In A God Of Mercy

Succumbing to an energy filling me with apprehension,
stirring worry in my mind - an appetite growing inside.
Praying, having faith and believing in a future filled
with hope and sunshine.
Believing in a God of mercy and compassion as I live
my life accordingly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing In A Novel Existence

Vibrant, lively and totally enticing, intensely touching
with facts, figures, equations and thoughts, lively and
vivid.

Carousing around, having fun and enjoying life thoroughly,
believing in a novel existence through poetry while always
writing it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing In Fate

Easing bubbles of trouble that enter people's inner domain,
throwing them off course, ignoring their purposes in life's abstractions.

Detailing the positive side of energy, visiting imagination's
depths.
Believing in fate, holding hands with destiny, yet not knowing
why it should be done.
A sadness lighting the way to the end of my world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing In Freedom And Liberty

Standing up for the American way of life, listening to
the candidates who promise to uphold our constitution
and our blessed religious convictions.

Wanting those who can actually do what they say, because
actions speak much louder than words, believing in the
freedom and liberty of our Nation.

That is the main priority we should all be taking, every-
thing else will follow this particular pattern, creating
a design for all future generations to follow freely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing In God

Believing in a God who is good, I try to have faith
through all doubts and strife.

It's hard, but I must keep at it with all my strength
of heart and stubborn will.

Freedom will not elude me for long, because I will
recover soon, I pray to God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing In God's Grace

Spirits soaring in spite of the conditions of the world,
knowing within that life will survive and we will win
out in the end.

Living in peace and comfort, not worrying about what
tomorrow will bring, hoping and believing in a God who
will show mercy and protect us here in America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing In Humor

Waking to energy of my soul, captivating intellect so
pleasurably, feeling like I'm still in a dream world,
not caring if I don't wake up.

Smiling as the sun shines upon my being, stirring each
and every particle with it's warm energy, sending sparks
of poetical musings into my mind.

Lighting fires of my passion, setting them ablaze and
teaching innate knowledge at a greater rate than normal,
feeling it like the speed of light or sound.

Depending on which responds to the rhythms of intellect
that begin first, showing the smile in the sound of my
voice and verve of my soul.

As I get ready for the day, writing poetry to start the
engines of my innate creativity, laughing at the existence
that takes me into this brand new day.

Believing in the humor that tickles my brain, an impossible
idea, yet it happens anyway as I am constantly awakened by
the energy of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing In Possibilities

Resting on laurels of a vibrant intellect, watching
as it opens like a rose blossoming in springtime.

Beautiful and inspiring, taking this mind totally
into a zone filled with a bluened light.

Writing poetry from it constantly, believing in the
impossibility of life as it holds onto every moment.

Supporting our minds and intellect, cavorting and
playing with rhythms of life and destiny.

Living in depths of my being, allowing self to be
absorbed into the effervescent glory of intellect.

Giving excellent tastes of dimensions filled with a
bluened atmosphere, tantalizing me beyond any scope
here upon this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing In Self

Realizing sentiments of life as they come to mind,
unrecognizable at first, then growing and fulfilling
our innermost beings.

A total commitment formed within, giving us a sense
of accomplishment, taking us into another realm of
realization.

Stepping up into this new situation, we can become
much more than what we have been until now.

Taking vows, believing in ourselves, gives a sense of
purpose that stands us in good stead throughout our
lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing In Something

Folding arms of my mind, waiting, watching developments
focus themselves into adjectives of entire lifetimes.

While sounding off and believing in something beyond
myself in tantamount explanations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing In The American Way

Standing up for the American way of life, listening to
the candidates who promise to uphold this conviction,
wanting those who can actually do what they say, because
actions speak louder than words.

Believing in the freedom and liberty of our Nation is
what should be taking priority, everything else will
follow in this particular pattern, creating a design for
all future generations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing In The Best Of Life

Wandering and being restless, heart blindly following
your mind through life, reaching ahead into the dark-
ness that touches everyone's life.

At times exuberant, yet feeling tides of sadness
washing over inner thoughts.

Believing in the best life has to offer each of us,
slipping and sliding through tunnels, falling into
pits and canyons that are constantly opening to every-
one.

Pictures of languid and silhouetted shadows, touching
and being reprieved in the end.

Thoughts rushing to shore, being brought there by
tides and waves, crashing heartily, never letting any-
thing sit in between life and the death of it's purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing In The Power Of God

Waking American dreams with a leader who is for everything we
have stood for through the years, wanting America to be safe,
protected by our military, strong and united as ever.

Bringing back our companies from overseas, getting our jobs
and economy back to better than it has ever been, doing it all
with insight and expertise.

Being a successful businessman, operating through honesty,
truth and a willingness to put self last and others first, a
great and wonderful energy emanating from within his spirit.

Believing in God, country and people to come together and
bring our nation back with patriotism, honor and value for
all, we ask that God Bless Donald Trump and America always and

orever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing In The Wonder

Breaking in two, lifting eyes to heaven, hoping for a
miracle to fall from it's depths right into my lap.

It never happens, yet I still believe in the wonder of
a miracle, wanting so badly to see it happen and come
true before the next tear falls from my mind and out
of my eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing In Tomorrow

Taking an express of music through rock and roll,
enjoying it's energetic ride through every tempo
and rhythm.

Leaving the past and all it's turmoil in tunnels
of yesterday.

Believing in the wonder of tomorrow, stepping into
the light of new beginnings in the after-life of
my demise.

Knowing only that it will be much better than what
I have had here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing In Wonder

Innocence set upon a child's face, smiling with pure
joy at the newness of everything.
Investigating sights and sounds, believing in the
wonder all around them.
Curiosity at it's highest level, spreading itself to
all their senses, tasting new sights, textures
feeling so new on their skin.
Walking, running into new adventures, exploring every
nook and cranny whether or not open to them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing Inevitability

Rocking to the center of a universe, living fully in the present, looking over all selections that are being presented in moments of life that are left.

Music mentioning the existence of all of eternity, keeping it closely associated to the here and now.

Believing the inevitability of this moment coming to an end any second.

Letting sounds of many guitars take me further into the center of intellect.

This brain moving quickly from it's synapses to neurons and triggering every motion to tie in with the rhythms being listened to as I sit and write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing Inner Faith

Traveling down dusty trails, galloping along on horseback
enjoying myself thoroughly, watching landscapes fly by,
capturing their essence in moments of glances.

Remembering important thoughts that flow into my mind,
striving to stay headed in the right direction, wanting
to be and stay free throughout this earthly life.

Believing in an inner faith that guides my being through
the years, having an innate hope that never dies or dis-
appears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing Trump

Respecting and giving dignity to Republicans here in Phoenix, Arizona, feeling a bond that was established by my own father when he worked for Barry Goldwater way back when.

Now sixty-six years old, enjoying still, the pride of that inner child, steeped deeply in the Republican party, now though, so disappointed in politicians like John McCain.

Reason is because John has done little or nothing for the American people, he's supposed to have represented We the People, what has he got to show for 25 years in office?

Enter Donald Trump, bringing our party back into focus, uniting us through law and order, believing in our Constitution, God and our nation.

As a senior, now being proud, like that inner child of long ago, able to vote for the greatest President our country will ever have, once again being an American!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Believing Trump, Our President

Respecting and giving dignity to Republicans here in Phoenix, Arizona, feeling a bond that was established by my own father when he worked for Barry Goldwater way back when.

Now sixty-six years old, enjoying still, the pride of that inner child, steeped deeply in the Republican party, now though, so disappointed in politicians like John McCain.

Reason is because John has done little or nothing for the American people, he's supposed to have represented We the People, what has he got to show for 31 years in office?

Enter Donald Trump, bringing our party back into focus, uniting us through law and order, believing in our Constitution, God and our nation.

As a senior, now being proud, like that inner child of long ago, able to vote for the greatest President our country will ever have, once again being an American!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Belittling Potential

Stretching out on beaches, lingering on particles of sun-warmed, sandy,
beguiling smiles hiding beneath umbrellas and touching corners of other's
mouths, going past timidly.
Wrong-ended thoughts belittling the potential of long-lasting friendships.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Belly Dancers

Twisting, turning, searing images into those watching,
filling grey matter with timing of rhythms.

Balancing swords upon a head, dancing while doing so,
not losing a single step.

Slowly, bending backwards, going to the floor, never
losing balance, rhythmically flowing with the beats
in every measure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Belly Dancing

Dancing with a belly dancer, Little John, smiling and moving energetically next to the professional.
Bringing smiles to everyone's faces, erasing wrinkles, easing tension, calming spirits of aging improvements.
Grinning from ear to ear, touching his heart and mind with an experience to be remembered.
Way to go John, you're the celebrity of the day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Belonging To An Interior Spirit

Music jumping and popping, giving my mind exercise beyond the
ordinary, enjoying it immensely without any hesitation at all,
reaching for heights that are far above us in the heavens.

Traveling on lonely stretches of desert plains now tantalizing
this mind with dust storms as I walk through them in a flurry
of tempting music.

Belonging to the interior spirit of my soul, standing in the
bright and bluened light of the Divine, contemplating life,
God and music playing everywhere, translating it silently and
instantaneously into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Belonging To Humanity

Life residing in a pool of emotion, experiencing details
and adventures that open our hearts and minds, leading
our souls ever closer to God and our final destination.

Whispering figures of speech eventually flow into poetry
like a river into the ocean, taking with it everything
we've ever learned or experienced in life.

A marvelous and many times, miraculous vision of being
that belongs to all of humanity, and yet not many recog-
nize or appreciate it at all.

Only able to see it when a poet opens up their mind and
writes a poem to let it out for the world to see and read,
then being made known personally within.

and

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Belonging To Self

Living in a quandry, relating to no one on earth, belonging solely to self and never wavering from central points of view.
Tossing beliefs into positive avenues of solicitation, carrying all pieces of puzzles to form pictures in a mind of patterns.
Kept totally in an isolated conclave, away from all prying eyes, carefully tending to any thought of demise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Belonging To The Music

Still, silent, rhythms kicking within, taking me
ecstatically into outer limits of this atmosphere.

Swishing, rocking throughout an interior universe
belonging to the music and nothing else mattering.

So calm and relaxed as I write, drums beating in-
cessantly, guitars strumming, all touching my heart.

Genuine rhythms leaving no room for anything else
to enter, so glad for this innate gift and talent.

Pleasing me no end, treasured beyond this life,
giving me the energy to live the rest of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beloved Shakespeare

Shakespeare has always filled me with tender-hearted feelings.
Touched me with his bleeding lines of poetry, dripping his life's blood into mine.
Feeling whatever it is of his that I am reading, fills me with awe and gentle pleading.
Wanting him to stop the sadness which lies hiding in his meaning;
My soul is drenched with silent weeping for the deepest of his feelings.
He writes of life as if in mirror with no fear of what others may think.
Only poetic justice relieves this searing poetic fire of being.
Shakespeare's tongue is seen speaking through my mind, as writing ever clearer, I too, become sublime.
No where else on earth can I be so close to a poet who once was - than in my mind.
A closet hiding talent from all, but those who see - not only with their eyes, but with their being.
Inspiration pushing talent to the rear so I can be as famous as my beloved Shakespeare.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Below The View

Mountains higher than a man can dream, bigger than his ingenuity.
What a task it is to the mountain climber when he scales those great rocks.
How serene the countryside must look from up so high - with hardly a person seen walking with the naked eye.
Green and rolling, those little fields of clover; smoke escaping chimneys, curling around the sky.
Good thing we can't see what's below the view when escaping the world and all it's fears and troubles.
Climbing gets rid of such a lot of bubbling, corroding feelings and is a good thing for us to do.
Birds fly over your head and scream - because you have invaded their hidden little world.
Tucked away from the maddening crowds, they lived without fear of human beings.
Now, all in one day, their private little nests of gold have been revealed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Belt Of Strain

Unwinding from stress of the week, taking the belt of strain from around this mind.

Struggling no more today, easily moving through rhythms of evening.

Smoothing out wrinkles that crimple incessantly into the sunsets of incriminating improvements of another particular event.

Somnolently taking the most interesting ones and writing about them in poetical works of literature.

Peaceful and enticing, taking me forward into another day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bending Winds

Bending with winds of life, flowing through my mind
on daily walks, allowing thought-provoking ideas to
come into being - fruition circularly expanding
every day.
Words of emotion flap on air currents, soaring into
my mind with exacting precision, allowing visions
to dance with clouds and land on desert plains without interference.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beneath A Blackened Curtain

Watching someone hale and healthy fall into a deep
depression because the love of their life has died.

All the world has been hidden beneath a blackened
curtain, not allowing a single thing to have color
or life anymore.

Living, barely doing what it takes to stay alive,
hardly eating, sleeping very little.

Isolated and alone, in a room with nothing but
four walls and a bed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beneath Covers Of Darkness

Carefully wending the way towards the end of the day,
feeling tired and spent, recriminations - there are
none.

Regrets have been tucked beneath the bed sheets for
the evening, life's fulfilled for another day as we
slowly close our eyes and get beneath covers of dark-
ness until morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beneath Covers Of Sadness

Everything a quiver, gently probing this interior mind with
a quiescent behavior, not failing to show it's face beneath
the covers of sadness.

Lifting edges a little, seeing tears spilling about, soaking
a pillow with this heartbreak of sorrow.

Nothing can console someone in these treacherous depths of
grief, forsaking self, wanting nothing to do with life right
now.

Head hanging beneath a heavy weight, betraying both soul and
heart, taking self into tides, hoping to be drowned beneath
them in the undertow.

Believing that the peace of death and heaven is preferable
to this horrendous life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beneath Death's Tears

Peace softly fills the air with undisturbed love, emptied from a requiem mass at dawn.
Love fulfilling every joyous moment of life, descending carefully on hearts which have been broken.
Landing softly upon nature's breezes, alighting gently with melodious laughter, vacantly filled with tears felt beneath.
Unmistakable solitude left after death, sitting carefully between notes of a musical score.
Tenderly touching tiny strings of beauty, sending love stirring within, to be remembered when memories bring forth pain left by death.
Forgiving life's aftermath, silently awakened by death's kiss.
Whenever thinking of you in last days of earthly life, my heart and mind swell with tears - exploding.
Filling pools of sadness - overflowing.
Wherever love has been, an emptiness is left behind.
Forgiving everyone - healing hurts which life has left.
Death cannot heal our lives, only God can heal us afterwards in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beneath Life's Promises

Life surrounds us with it's ineptitudes, filling the
air with deepest sorrow.

Holding hands with suffering, life continues - I know
not how.

Filling every day with pain, no longer feeling any-
thing.

Numbness causes an emptiness to fill inside where no
one else can know and it is the bleakest of blackest
moments in life.

Blocking continuously, struggles everyday, pursuing
empty dreams - never seeing hope fulfilled.

Soulfully forgetting nightmares brought to the fore-
ground with restless slumber.

Daring not to venture forth, searching for happiness
which only others can feel.

Nowhere stepping into light, seeking never, sunshine
and it's brilliant rays.

Hanging low, head swims in darkest despair, floundering
on someone else's whimsical ideas.

Reaching out to no one, being set beneath life's
promises, never fulfilling any of them.

Tiptoeing through deadened graves of yesterday,
tossing flowers upon marble headstones along the way.

Burying all of nature with one last breath of air,
discovering nothing throughout days of a limited
lifetime.

Brushing softly, tears of loneliness with a hand,

burying them gently beneath flowers no longer caring
to look from sorrowful eyes upon a life, unused.

Instead, turning from it, blinded by pain that will
always last through every tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beneath The Fifth Floor

Looking out the window, seeing another side of the
hospital looking back at me.

Windows reflecting scenes and landscapes of the city
on the other side of the wall otherwise I wouldn't
be able to see what is there.

Palm trees waving their fronds in the atmosphere,
cars riding back and forth on the streets below me,
seeing the sun shining brightly upon everything.

Making it look brand new as I watch it all happening
silently beneath the fifth floor windows no one even
knowing I there watching.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beneath The Stars

Sleepiness has arrived, giving me a peaceful thought as I get ready for bed tonight.
Full of ideas and words, putting them all to bed beneath the stars.
Finally feeling all things tumble into the hidden night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beneficial And Enticing

Entertainment from the 50's filling the atmosphere,
tempting every single particle and fiber to join
in, collecting the best of rhythms.

Placing them quietly into spaces and spheres of in-
tellect as this mind composes and writes music
further into poetical interludes.

A glorious and beneficial way of finding serenity
and peace as it gathers together, finding life as it
plays into tomorrow's future.

An enticing way to feel pleasure, centers opening up
and bringing in ideas and thoughts thoroughly in a
mind of ingenuity and innate talent.

Proclivity of intelligence inclined towards the best
of everything in life, totally enjoying beats and
motion of every tone being played today, being rest-
ful and easy going.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Benefit Of Intellect

Turning inside out and blending myself with patterns of
rhythm and being.

Adjusting every thought to include the feelings that have
come to the surface in this absolute creative process.

Mixing self with colors of creation, fixing up interiorly,
spaces wanting to be established for the benefit of intellect.

Soothing and placing these beautiful scenes perfectly into
exact places.

Creating a blend of totally new thoughts and ideas, giving
pleasure in unbounding limits.

Describing the most important aspects of life poetically
in these compositions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Benefit Rodeo

As the sun sets in the west, people are gathered together
in support of a benefit rodeo and silent auction.
Sitting on bleachers facing the arena, watching preparations
being made in front of them.
Family, friends, strangers, all anticipating the beginning
of roping to start.
Wife, sitting in front, family behind her, husband's still
in the hospital burn unit, knowing all of this is going on
for him.
Announcement being made that in fifteen minutes, all will
begin.
Last call for ropers as we sit and watch.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Benefiting Thoughts

Scheduled periods of leisure are never entirely followed on any day.

Instead, being called to mind and taken in stride down corridors and catacombs underground.

Convinced and believed, all thoughts benefiting with the co-existence of each other.

So completely and pain-stakingly moving into tunnels of another era.

Lively conversations under ancient timetables are being separated and left on tablets of stone.

Winding and twisting right where they stand, without knowing what is going on in any given moment.

Through the deserts, galloping steadily to the beats of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Benefiting Tots

Loud drumming singing to me in harmony with my mind.
Succinctly taking many motions to heights of everlasting glory.
Benefiting everyone who will be touched with the spiritual side of the gifts they will be receiving on Christmas.
Many smiles will be spread around, thanks to all the people who helped the United States Marines give toys for tots.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Benefits

Following musical tones down lanes of memories, involving myself in their images once again, just to feel where I've been going and to guide me where I need to go in the future.
Holding on to treasuring benefits as they close around me in anticipation of a beautiful day on tomorrow's horizons.
Tasting the freedom of being alone on tables of featured pantomines, treating ideas to a plethora of anti-aging thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Benefits Of Life

Drinking in benefits of our lives, we dangle precipitously on edges of ledges that we traverse unknowingly.
Savoring aromas of rose gardens, filtering from heaven's gates, we investigate our potential in degrees of happiness and joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Benefitting Writing

Heart-breaking, being torn in two so many times in life,
tears stored in depths of my soul where they cannot be
touched, only added to.

Memories are collected by each of them and are saved
forever on photographic screens, where they will always
benefit a gift of writing throughout this long and tiring
life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Benghazi

Parading past all illusions, truth came marching through, wrecking havoc with politicians who were trying to hide their corrupt and dishonest ways.

Now being exposed to the world, embarrassed and put to shame, no longer leaders in good standing here in the United States of America or in the entire world.

Misdeeds lying open in the wake of funerals of our soldiers, who should not have died in Benghazi, if it weren't for Obana, Hillary Clinton and Eric Holder, they would still be alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Benign Spirit

Spinning in rectangles of morose stipulation, gaining
ground as mere rhythms dance into my head, taking me
to new heights of expectation.
Forging new pathways into synapses of paths never
before taken in mind-bending journeys.
A benign spirit breaking out into vast wide open spaces,
stretching and lengthening systems of creativity.
Soft, soothing, placating energies with fervent desires.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bent Knees

Dropping into crystal oceans,
Bluened by sorrow's grief, and falling alone,
Many teardrops not being noticed by anyone,
Except the one I used to know.
Standing erect while bending,
Knees hold onto prayers of loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bereaved Talent

Silent pictures playing constantly
on photographic screens within me.
Continual videos, never stopping,
giving impressions and clues of
what went on when younger.
Listlessly sauntering down lanes of
bereaved talent, crying in gifted
signs of tomorrow's attitudes.
All of life is shaped and formed in
the silence of beginning birth.
Causing a leeway, breaks apart in a spot,
hovering nearby, hoping to be seen in
movements of speculating on the words of
eternal prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bereaved Thoughts

Bereaved thoughts settling on brows of those who have lost loved ones and are on edges, trying to hang on.
Loosely, hoping for some peace of mind, while falling apart inside.
People not knowing what is wrong, or why silent tears appear at inopportune times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bereavement Of Life

Riding the highways into unfathomable seas of darkness
caused by a bereavement of life's horizons.

Turning away with tears falling down into the cisterns
of life's unhappy moments.

Carrying torrents of tears into the bottoms of empty
hearts, not being able to change the moods or emotions
around, not able to prevent the emptiness left within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bereft Of Companionship

People of all persuasions sitting at tables, filled with inherent abilities, touching one another's hearts through musical etudes.
Telepathically on journeys of individual sorrows held
closely to minds filled with their grief.
Slowly unfolding, opening eyes of individual's minds so
they may see they are never alone.
Closing doors, lighting candles, sending prayers to
heaven for those who are isolated, afraid, into them-
selves, interiorly bereft of companionship.
A family of unity, everyone on our planet in one way or another, is connected soul to soul beyond our own
horizons while alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bereft Of Meanings

Heart lying in tatters upon the floor of this soul, tears scatter-
ed all over like lost diamonds in the sun, wishing and hoping
for love to fulfill an idle love timidly hiding within recesses
of this broken heart Wanting so badly for someone to care.

Loving unconditionally with no strings attached, always wondering
if it's good enough, expecting, yet it never does happen, lying
alone night after night, clutching a pillow while tears flow
silently into the night, totally alone, bereft even of their
meanings of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bereft Souls

Violin strings playing my mind and heart in complete and total sadness.
Soul bereft of any life, walking away, filled with a loneliness brought on by a friend who abandoned me, took my happiness and left me alone and stranded with my world of suicide closing in on me.
Forsaken by a soul-mate, in need herself of a friend she's tossed into the wind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beseeching Sanity

Inherent guidelines beseech sanity, taking with them
limits and standards truly inane.
Crooked wiles filter out of normal circumstances,
causing havoc with the scheme of things.
Morally punctuated ideals, staunchly hold together
through centuries of educational derivment and wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beside Myself

Life turned inward, isolating and keeping to self, not wanting to talk anymore, hurting and beside myself, nothing now interesting me.

Hurting the one I love without meaning to, my love being tested through the times of our lives, strengthening it, taking we two into dimensions only we can fathom.

Letting go of life as it begs to continue, tears keeping this heart from holding on anymore, yet there's still a sliver of hope shining from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beside Ourselves

There's so many things we love in our individual lives, they spread joy, cheer and happiness throughout our minds and hearts.

Intense and wonderful, taking us through difficult situations and circumstances we all must endure, although we're not sure why we must or need to go through them.

Somehow following paths hidden from sight, blindly moving forward, reaching through our hope and faith, their light leading us through the darkness and fathomless grief.

It's sorrow, sadness, abandonment and loneliness cause us to be beside ourselves at times, not knowing which way to go or what to think.

Just following a flicker of hope, holding tightly to it's promise of finding our way out in the end, still whole, yet once again a different person than before for death has stolen a part of our being through loss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Best Combination

Righteously flowing with early morning rhythms,
enjoying the intense sensitivity I'm feeling
within.
A lovely morning, free of stress, alone and
writing - the best combination in life's little
corner.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Best Friend

In sixty-five years of life, the best friend I've ever had,
has died a peaceful yet reluctant death here on this earth.

His spirit lives on, his heart is of mine, he will be missed
terribly by all who knew him, we will miss his smile.

Tushar will never leave my photographic mind as long as I
too live on earth, we are poetically connected always.

Every time thoughts dwell on the short time we had together,
thinking of research on mind, body, spirit, he is remembered.

His passage to heaven was made peacefully, he had no hesita-
tion, going straight to the light, but I miss him already.

A genuine love, like a brother and sister lie between us,
now his journey on earth has ended and he is with God.

Will see you again on the other side of life, till then
loving you my friend, forever. RoseAnn

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Best Life Has To Give

Flames of passion rising within my soul, love burning
with desire throughout life for you, wanting only to
be with you forever.

Feeling your love sliding through me constantly, the
beauty of it filling me so unconditionally, taking me
into the best that life has to give.

Essential and wonderful, taking me away, fulfilling
life so totally and completely just by being with you
for the rest of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Best Of Both Worlds

Strolling down lanes in the fall, watching the leaves
changing colors right before my eyes, leaving every-
thing to imagination's byways.
Tantalizing aromas reaching my mind with significant
memories of the past.
Never noticing time flying by, just being prepared
for death as I wend my way towards the sunset of my
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Best Possible Ideas

Peaceful awakenings coming into being, recalling
images left on sidelines, waiting for the arrival
of choices to be mine.

Striving for the best possible ideas from both of
my worlds.

Hoping to complete many more poems before dying
from this one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Best Thing Ever Was Going To India

Walking along, being slowly awakened in depths of my being, looking around, knowing that I want so much more in this life than what I've had.

People coming into my life, enlivening my spirit with their essence, knowing this is what I've been missing in life for so long.

Going to India was the best thing I could've done to bring about this transformation of my soul and being, for the freedom I now feel is so liberating and joyous.

A sense of life continues to fulfill me moment after moment, nothing to take these feelings away from me again. for life is now ahead of me, waiting for my final entrance into it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bestowing Lifetimes

Sanctifying marriage between a man and a woman,
God bestows His blessings upon them and their
children for eternal generations of life.
Bestowing gifts and talent into their beings
for lifetimes to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Betrayal

Echoes of loneliness fall upon my ears, tearing deeply into my being, grabbing my heart and tearing it out.
Life simply cannot begin to tolerate the deftness of solitary confinement.
Sent into your innermost self - betrayed by a friend.
Left standing alone - forlorn and forgotten - in the dung heap of so-called life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Better Percentages

Reeling in visions, being doubly sighted in silence of beginnings, taking turns needed to progress.

Walking into operating rooms, devoid of oxygen, every-one wearing oxygen, even the doctors and nurses as they operate on patients with cancer.

Because of the results time and again when doing surgery to remove the cancer, when the air hits it, spreading and nothing more can be done.

In an operating room devoid of oxygen, surgery can be done and completed - no spreading or growth of the cancer - no changes.

Patients prognosis having been increased to a better percentage of recovery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Better Times Around The Corner

Life is looking up, better times are around the corner, the
moment Donald Trump becomes our next President, our economy,
freedoms, patriotism will all be intact once again.

They have all been slipping away under Obama with Hillary
Clinton as secretary of state committing all types of treason,
evil, and wrongdoing.

Taking America into the trash heap of one world order under
the U.N. yet we will never fall for their ignorance, not
wanting any part of it!

We have voted for Trump only, looking to the future, complete
with freedom, unity, peace and hope for our children, thinking
of them and our Grandchildren.

Not willing to let them grow up into slavery, poverty and a
nation with no rights or freedom wanting them to live just
like we have done, as Americans.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Better Understanding

Jostling and alluring thought at break neck speeds, unwinding and turning over new leafs in order to make life more bearable.
Heeding declarations of mesmerizing totality, beginning every day with momentary strife, leading the way to a better understanding of self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Betty

Quiet, soft-spoken, a gentle woman, always smiling,
enjoying life on her own terms.
Selflessly thinking of others, always ready to join
in conversations - savvy on many subjects.
Opinions given openly, freely, with a disposition
filled with tact and poise.
Betty, a joy in life, especially today, her birthday.
A poem of thanksgiving for having met her and shared
moments of enlightening conversation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Between Echoing Whispers

Listening to the electricity of an inner energy as
music glistens, taking every particle and fiber in-
to a vibrant and pleasurable joy of being.

Exiting, exhilarating inner desires, filling me with
a purpose, enticing fulfillment of inner needs, being
tortured by the emptiness and loneliness.

Going throughout it all, knowing life must continue any-
way, softly, gently, finding a place between the echoing
whispers of your fading words of love.

Wanting to hear your every word, listening intently
for you to come, but your whispers are getting fainter
with every passing day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Between Footprints

Taking short-cuts through life and ending up finding wrong turns and bringing us up short every time.
Following between footprints, searching for meaning that escapes me at all hours of night.
Spotting outcasts in various places, never expecting to see blindfolds spread across the room, hiding us from ourselves, for whatever reasons tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Between Heart's Pages

Tucked in between pages of my heart are memories of yesterday.

Holding poems of my past, written long ago and kept safely inside of intellect's photographic screens.

Pondering and thinking as their videos show upon them today, lightening our loads when we recollect their beauty and love.

Afterwards, crying intensely at our loss of all of them.

Listlessly, drowning in depths of sorrow's oceans, letting self be thrown around from one wave to another with no control whatsoever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Between Life And After - Birth

There's no place or space to fit into, bereft and
lost, head hung low, nowhere to go, sandwiched be-
tween life and it's after- birth.

Trying to solve problems of how to keep things
together in order to live a fuller life, every-
one headed in different directions.

Not having any specific truth to hold onto, lies
being fabricated, even in tunnels of time, all
being gone from here on in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Between Moments Of Time

Beginning and ending within this being, all the rest
lying in between moments of time throughout life.

Secret desires, wants, love, waiting to be expressed
deeply within.

Tired of waiting for the beauty of life to unfold
before me, instead going inside a cocoon.

Having made it for myself, protecting my fragile and
sensitive heart and mind from other people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Between Notes

Finding a space in life where I can be at peace within my soul.
Between every note, you can find me in that little space, writing my heart out onto many pages of poetry.
Reading between the lines, seeing the beauty of every tone, giving it's essence to every song.
Fulfilling my purpose in a very small space of a song, happily able to be alive again, enjoying what I love the most in this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Between Pages

Beating incessantly to rhythms of Foreigner, loving
the feelings coming across to my soul.
Awesome figures and formulas twirling in mind,
sandwiching all thinking between pages of intellect
and imagination.
Taking everything circumspectly into mirrors of an
intensely soothing mind of writing.
Solemnly thinking of sorrow and grief, yet writing
many other things flowing into the tides of ocean's
intellect.
Quickly finding sources of imagination's flowing
rhythms, never having a problem ever.
Situating the morose notes along canyons and caverns
as I walk along, thinking and dreaming of the holistic
journeys coming into existence.
Always running on pent-up energy, never being let
down, after time and again, locating, centering and
finding purpose in this menial life.
Hoping soon to be taken and brought to shores of an
opposite horizon.
Living in all aspects of imaginary purposes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Between Particles

Feeling something within, beginning to filter through to my mind, widening the spaces between particles of intellect.

Beautiful spheres of wisdom shining like diamonds in bright lights, illuminating every part of my brain and spreading to my soul.

Alighting within this being, strengthening and energizing every fiber of this body.

Absolutely happier by the minute, fixating on the essence of inner passion, watching it glow and flow into memories, showering them with images and visions, causing them to come alive.

Sensing the awesome knowledge being discovered in new adventures, intensely being portrayed and brought forth into consciousness.

Subconsciousness, allowing the emergence of knowledge to enter realms of wisdom and look around, liking the beauty of everything illuminated and shown into depths of this essence.

Following the pathways of every thought, continuing on walkways of life with a new accent on the beauty of human minds connected with our souls.

So tender and gentle, being taken by miles of ideas into many inventions and a land of imagination.

Never being disillusioned or taken astray, only staying within spheres of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Between Silence

Softly, so calmly, dancing cheek to cheek, loving your arms holding me closely.

So sweet, so tender, your love for me, giving so much pleasure day in and day out.

Silence between us at times, comfortable, generous, caring, loving one another in every moment that we're alone together.

Happiness and joy always apparent in our eyes as they meet and join our hearts forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Between Spheres

Walled between spheres of time, allows no freedom in
which to create our inner minds.

Self-sacrificing discipline, exists in our time if
we listen, obey, and pray, exemplifying all we are
inside.

Conveying outward attitudes, reflecting the peace we
think is needed, shaping, molding, turning life as
it's known, into something beautiful and whole.

All the while being at the center of it, creating
growth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Between The Coverlet Of Life And Death

Being drenched in the pain of reality, tossing and turning,
trying to find a position of possibility, flowing rhythms
giving a soothing and gentle reprieve as I sit and write.

Taking away the shadows of darkness and allowing rays of
positive light to infiltrate, giving me peace, gazing into
the night alone on a solo journey.

Awaiting the dawn of a new day of life, encrypted within
coded messages of rhythm and delectable music, a trance-
like atmosphere of poetry enticing my mind and intellect.

Coasting along frontiers of another dimension as I slide
between the coverlet of life and death, awaiting that
particular moment to find answers I've always searched
for in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Between The Two Of Us

Being totally enthralled with your love, giving me an unusual and alluring mystical time whenever we're together.

Simply and wonderfully attuned to each other, keeping my interest wholly and loving me only throughout the days of our lives.

Important and serious, interiorly touching me with such enticing motions of love, loving every moment when we're together.

Wholesome, pure, innocently taking our love to new heights, making our own rhythms and music, nothing like it anywhere else, it's just between the two of us only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Between Us And Death

Living on the edge, finding aspects of life that stand
between us and death, being trivialized at times through
sickness.

Entering places of sublime energy always keeping us going
into tomorrow's destiny filled with peaceful purposes of
our lives here on this earthly shore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond An Ordinary Life

Circumferences of life surround us all with pleasure
and happiness, nurturing joy and tantalizing rhythms.

Catching onto hemlines of ecstatic enthusiasm, always
bringing about a turn of events at the tip of a hat.

Lively and entertaining beyond the ordinary, lifting
spirits high into the stratosphere, playing equivalents
of a heavenly melody right here on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Barriers

Major interludes of poetry fulfill
my heart-felt desires with splendid
energy and vivid imaginational images.
All of it taking me out beyond barriers
of intellectual talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Barriers In Life

Establishing connections beyond barriers in life,
wanting to always be in touch with those who have
passed on and are living without us now.

Remembering every moment from the past, relating
things that only they could know, telling me their
treasured secrets, knowing I would never tell a soul.

Never taking any of it for my own, just helping them
whenever needed, happy to be used for good.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Beds Of Life

Realistically noticing lasting effects of grief upon this
mind, feeling every moment of sadness and hearing prayers
that have been prayed through the years.

Wanting a true and perfect love of innocence all my own,
not wanting to share it with anyone but you.

Darkness like a shade, folding over, trying to omit feelings
and desires, yet not allowing it to chill me to the bone.

Pushing it from me, letting in the light of your unconditional
love to soothe and take me to heaven.

Being together as one, holding onto the unison we have found
beyond beds of life, now sleeping together with our love
tucked within each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Beseeching

Tender beseechment, calling beyond our hearing,
echoing calls of deep, deep, canyons.
Voicing harsh, melodic cries of the wild.
Taking steps, looking askance as reverberations
fall upon deaf ears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Black Curtains

Listening to echoes of yesterday, reverberating within my mind,
to tunes of family and precise memories.

Abetting sorrow to be a learning experience while grief traces
our hearts with crystal blue tears of extenuating sadness.

Billowing across desert sands like a hot air balloon, sending
images from beyond black curtains into our minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Boundaries

Reaching interiorly for beauty of an ideal, seeing
it grow into a picture-perfect vision of heaven.

Watching carefully as life steps into walkways of
meaning and a tranquil existence of being.

Allowing for reality of tomorrow when all dreams
will reach fruition, carrying me beyond boundaries
into a fantastic wonderland.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Clarity

Silently nature calls me from beyond windows of
clarity, teaching me serenity and calming my nerves.
Precious distinction of wonder surrounding inner
thoughts of beauty as nighttime falls upon gardens
of solemn images, taking time to grow upon memories
of lightness while I sleep peacefully in dreams of
tomorrow's dresses of lace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Clouds Of Death

Blindly riding down the center of life's highway,
directionless, aimless and wanting so much more
from it than what I have been given.

Roses falling from heaven, sending whispers of
beautiful scents, petals each falling, giving
messages of hope to hold onto.

Living out the future in time with rhythm's
measures, never failing to keep moving forward
onto shores of a horizon where I will be welcomed
and treated like the person I have always been

Taking me beyond clouds of death and into a vast
universe from within, soundless, breath-taking,
effervescent and beautiful, tantalizing this mind
throughout the passage of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Curtains

Magical, mystically taking me beyond curtains of this earthly
life and into the darkness of death at times, showing images
and visions of what is to come in the future.

Delicate, succulent moments filled with hope and faith sailing
into beauty of the Divine, a bluened light within, guiding me
always down the right paths.

So genuinely and honorably following and doing what God has
expected of me, a light forever shining within my spirit and
soul, leading me forward into an atmosphere of heavenly beings.

Honestly lifting spirits, helping to focus on what my purpose
in life is, nothing to bar or lead me astray as I write poetry
and listen to music daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Death

Waking nature, keeping it in sight as I revel in it's
beautiful scenery.

Placing trees and flowers in my mind photographically
so they will never be forgotten when one day I write
them into a poem.

Catching it's essence, placing it's life beyond hands
of death, as poetry tends to it's existence forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Disguises

Words being whispered throughout life, just beyond the
disguises of inherent liberty and injustice, trying so
hard to see what meanings they have and how they are to
be used in the future.

Collapsing along the way, leaving me lonely and forlorn
on paths of overgrown underbrush, unable to carry on
anymore, standing at the beginnings of the end of life,
looking twice and wondering how this has come about.

Lost in the darkness, blinded by the grief of bodily
desires, no where to go, just a solitary figure wandering
earth without a cause.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Earthly Destiny

Closely resembling enlightenment, my mind sparkles with wisdom's bright knowledge unfolding itself within my subconsciousness and delving into imagination's depths, securing my place in history with poetical stature on back porches of literature.
Overly sensing a deepness within, knowing it is developing and enveloping me fully in it's heavenly grasp as I let go and soar beyond my earthly destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Experience

Remembering yesterday when we were together, holding hands,
beginning our love, gently, tenderly.
Years barely passed when we were separated by death's grip
on your life, sentencing us to love beyond our experience.
Now there's just an emptiness where you should've been
through our middle age and senior years.
Crying crystal tears of love forever doesn't make up or
touch your heart with mine.
Yet, I exist without your touch on mine, hearts severed
with no realization of what or why it has happened to the
two of us.
Silently, we exist in separate worlds, nothing to hold onto.
Breathing our moments in whispers to each other, not
knowing if you can even hear my voice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Fence's View

Fences standing about, keeping people outside their
boundaries.
Yet, in thought isn't what they're keeping hidden
all outside the fence?
Troubling with care, people oftentimes forget to
think and close themselves in myriad ways.
Missing out on natural beauty, no time or space to
look and wonder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Frustration

Circumstances fade and wan throughout life,
never caring about our feelings or how we
may exist during their moments.

Somehow we must adapt and find our way
through without help or guidance.

Frustrated beyond caring, eyes full of tears,
showing how difficult circumstances can be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Horizons

Withered, solemn, deep in thought, concentrating on existing for a while longer, yet not really wanting to.
Being together with family and friends, talking exhaustedly of times gone by, sitting back tiredly, remembering it all.
Now ready to get past it, move forward and settle sights on horizons of beyond.
Lifting spirits, floating towards new experiences, hoping to be energized in a new dimension of life on the other side of earth's curtains.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Human Nature

Drumming into the essence of every fiber and particle
of an innate mind-set, traveling and loving every mile
gone through, seeing the diversity throughout America.

Verdant meadows, pastures, majestic mountains reaching
for the sky, enlightening the world with their precious
and total beauty from a sight interiorly taking us into
realms of another dimension.

Everlasting, tantalizing, beyond human nature, we can
find wisdom always in front of us, never folding up or
dwindling.

Being nourished, nurtured and brought into a final and
tantalizing energy encouraged by life itself, through
our own human nature, a never-ending sanctioning of
purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond I.C.U. Doors

Hoping to hear only good news coming from beyond the doors of I.C.U.

Praying from a waiting room, letting God do what is needed to help.

Knowing that everything is in His hands and not mine, trusting in God.

Waiting for news to come from within depths of I.C.U., nothing to do but sit here and wait to hear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Imagination

Evenings come upon me, darkness closes in with starlight
twinkling above me, sharing their faith with my soul.

Full moon, shining down, lighting the way with faith,
giving me courage to hope in a tomorrow of beautiful
anticipation, on shores beyond what I can imagine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Imagination's Scope

Keys dangling in my mind, waiting to open doors to
intellect and wisdom's storehouses.
Knowing all the treasures being kept hidden there,
loving the way they touch my soul and take me into
spheres beyond what is known here on earth.
A reality of expression fully being appreciated in
depths of my being.
Total concentration being experienced in writing,
giving thoughts to the world around me as nature
fills me with adamant images.
Intellectual and intense, yet very simple in nature,
so simple that people who read them often miss or
mistake them for something far too difficult for
comprehension.
Matters of simplicity are always the focus of what
I write, especially when the thoughts are explicitly
difficult to understand.
Always breaking down the technical issues into those
of quiet understanding.
If not understood, they're obviously beyond the scope
of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Internal Horizons

Striving for an energy beyond what my mind already has in store.

Regular rhythms and aspirations of a dream world in imagination, coming to fruition.

Happening all of a sudden, creating quite a fuss within this mind where right now, Chopin is playing to intellect.

Walking, head held high, heart and soul listening to intense emotions that he has placed within each measure composed.

All of them taking me into depths of my soul, where joy is filling and overflowing the sadness of my mind through grief.

A lasting melancholic feeling throughout, slowly dissipating, taking me beyond internal horizons of this entire dimension.

Finding a serenity that falls into my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Language

Starting and stopping, circling rhythms that spin around, touching me interiorly, thrilling and filling me with excitement and fervor.

Loving vibrations as they titillate and entice me beyond comprehension, beyond language even, touching the very interior of self with fervent and lovely sounds.

Tones revolving and rotating into melodies and harmonies, constantly and easily, slowly and steadily, taking me into their depths.

Capturing my attention and folding me within it's dimensions, giving total and delicious feelings, intensely enriching me with solace and serenity.

Filling my being so thoroughly and entirely, solid and beautiful chords dancing around in my head, leading into creative processes and onto plateaus filling spheres of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Life

Rich in words, beliefs and sorrow, tended in lonely
mansions of tomorrow's interchanges.
Veiling blue shadows through yesterday's funerals,
watching for omens of life now past.
Monarchs beyond our levels of reality walk about
without being seen by anyone.
Wishing to speak to loved ones', warning and loving
them outside our normal reach and cerebellum.
Replacing fear with hopeful curiosity - wanting to
believe that speech beyond life is possible.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Life's Embrace

This is my song of love, sung beyond you in life's embrace,
forgiving all the little hurts bestowed when still alive
and with you.

Silently forgiving your every misconduct and stabbing
remarks made in anger.

Once you have come to where I'm at you will know that
nothing of the pain and suffering experienced on earth can
ever touch your mind, heart or soul again.

With me you will live through an eternity of peaceful love
and gentle stillness, no longer any pain or trials to deal
with on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Life's Expectations

Enticing melodies churning inside, relegating tonal
qualities to strands of longevity in twists of fate.
Beleaguering destiny with hopeful calls and wisps of
candle flames rising above life, tempting images of
beyond to step forward and express themselves.
Allegorically luring soft pieces of music into an
atmosphere of eternal grace for an infinity of
serene peace beyond life's expectations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Lights

Fortune and fame are sitting just beyond
florescent lights of the dance floor.
Situated on the other side of the disco
lights, penetrating my vision as I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Limits

Quietly reminiscing, savoring images from beyond
realms of reality.
Taking time to enjoy what I am feeling as life
revolves within my being, sending me to limits
beyond my beliefs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Limits Of Imagination

Driving into a storm of lightening and thunder, circling issues of childhood set in permanent frames without doubts of what went on in days of old.
Pictures scanning themselves into momentoes of memories, kept in heart's like treasured keepsakes of old.
Sending messages into depths of subconsciousness, retrieving more intense emotions as they rise to the surface, polished and shining into my mind with prosaic intelligence, writing down every single atom with amazing confidence in self.
Achieving many avenues of wisdom through incessant beats of musical perfection, helping me to step beyond limits of imagination, becoming treasures once again on paper, kept together in books for posterity.
Allowing no qualms as we fold ourselves into a dream of slumber.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Logic

Thoughts suburbanly placed in visions, tunneling across
expanses of remembering, fearless, hanging onto insecure
rims of shattered vases, tipping over, flowing out upon
brick layered ideas.

Foundations toppling, for storms have upended their share
in a quantum suspension, inner qualities transpiring, in-
tentions piling themselves stories high.

Inventing preliminary styles of insensitivity, compiling
every facet and burying it finally beneath earth's center.

Likelihood of ever opening up, cannot be fathomed, because
one-way doors have been closed for life, never to swing open
again for any reason.

Sealed beyond logical explanations, alone, writing new scores
to live by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Meaning

Mephitical thoughts screaming in agony, killing slowly,
images not good enough to last the test of time.
Procumbent ideas lying upon a rock of indecision,
hoping to be chosen in a pompous style of reformation.
Soundless resonant beauty is being asphyxiated by
stifling foraging of meanings beyond knowledge and it's
reason.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Meanings In Time

Strengthening ties of purpose, pulling them together
into bonds of iron, forever typing all of their
particles into one fortress.

Aligning peaceful antecdotes in rulers of lines,
making up grammar and noticing there are meanings
beyond our volume in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Minds

Beyond basics we control our own destiny with a mere
mind, placed inside our heads.
Everything we've done or will ever do comes from a
grey brain, waiting for our thoughts to tell it what
to do next.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Moments

Turning inwards to look back upon the video of life,
seeing it's fleeting moments pass quickly by.
No way of pausing or stopping it's progression on a
daily basis, no sympathy even for an empathetic
stance.
Dredging up it's past does not rely on future steps
beyond the moment of existence being lived at this
very moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond My Beginning

Staring through curtains of life, looking back at what has
always been had.

Turning away, not caring to look and yet, seeing what has
made me who I am, many events have made a creation of this
life on earth.

Looking again through curtains of the present, seeing self
holding tears in cups of glass, not letting them slip or
fall into the earth alone.

Taking them carefully, placing them in my soul for safe-
keeping, looking away, finding some strength to help continue
forward.

One last time thinking, looking through the curtains of life
at the future.

Sun shining brightly, leading into a sphere of talent where
this being is spiritually growing into the woman she was
meant to be.

A short road to travel, but beautiful to experience along
the way.

Picking up everything that is discovered and placing it
into pockets of existence with the help of intellect's
imagination.

Now walking forward, no more windows or curtains to peer
through, seeing the finality of life beckoning bravely
to come and grasp it with love, then taking first steps
into the beyond of my beginning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond My State Of Mind

Flowing downstream, careening down canyon walls of my mind, taking me further into imagination's subconsciousness where I will spend time relaxing and becoming myself on a daily basis.
Strength building, character finally being polished one last time before I find myself in death's labyrinth beyond my state of mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Night

Sickening screams from within, writhing and spinning,
feeling no pain.
Numbness quenching every fiber and nerve, filling a
being with no reserve.
Squelching any ambivalence of running or staying,
cut off from a world of bitterness and rage.
Totally eclipsing any endeavor to quit or give up
and stray beyond twilight nights.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Normal Scopes

Waiting for memories to collect themselves in bluened
lights, hoping to be brought forward into poetry.

Giving them their due, inviting all types into
situations and circumstances that I can write from.

Pondering and thinking beyond normal scopes of rhythm,
penetrating boundaries.

Taking walks into interior gardens where intellect
sits waiting to blend them all with rhythms given by
my soul for just that purpose in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Ordinary Sight

Happiness taking a dance across floors of my mind,
intent on finding lost images of past family.

Days are extended in subconscious realms, so I may
partake again of their sweet melodies and rhythmical
views.

Strengthening attitudes for future use in writing
about circumstances in life's abode, keeping love
alive in visions beyond ordinary sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Ourselves

Programming our minds with life experiences,
hoping to avoid mistakes being repeated in
the future.

Holding onto feelings and emotions, discovering
limits and boundaries of human frailty, exercising
mind, body and spirit in order to think outside
the box.

Finding ways to travel into other areas of life,
undiscovered as yet, but believing in the essence
of transformation, planning ideas that fill my mind
with openings.

Constructing new pathways into the future and beyond
ourselves, articulating and being enlightened along
the way spiritually with the hope and faith of our
spirits within.

An essence of beauty always enfolding and illuminating
new adventures to be taken, challenging and daring the
past to be broken apart and a new tomorrow to develop,
enveloping the world with peace, comfort and serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Realms Of Existence

Traipsing the world, searching for a useful purpose to
begin eternity with.
Taking knowledge beyond realms of existence, while
wandering mazes of the universe, looking for patterns
of cognitive recognition.
Settling for inane reasons to be, do not fit my style
of life, therefore, I continue searching while life
begins anew each day.

(9: 48 a.m. - 11/26/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Recognition

Rusted beyond recognition, filtering every conceivable
crevice of crystal tear drops.
Sending thoughts off to lands of pretense where they
may cogitate, blend and become a part of something
bigger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Shadows

Time spaces itself between moments of our lives,
stretching our times on earth to encompass our
past, present and future.
We are always standing on doorsteps ready to
take a step in time - forward.
Tranquilly we progress in our own times and
spaces.
Allowing moments of thought to stretch their arms
around us when we need them the most in silent
sorrow.
Grief touching us gently - so gently - that our
hearts are ripped apart before we even notice it's
happened.
Returning time and again to these heart-breaking
moments somehow gives us solace as we cry silently
to ourselves in moments of saddened darkness.
Places of emotion darkening our doorways as we
contemplate our existences beyond their shadows.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Sight

Listening to outgoing messages, filling me with charms of natural talent.
Existing on temporary shores during a lifetime of partial satisfaction, becoming a purpose in life without any doubts where I fit in at long last.
Partaking in daily routines full of trials and sufferings, allowing for the existence of other realms beyond sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Sounds

Tingling sounds, touching my mind with an euphoric
sensation of belief and belonging.

Blending with acquiescent sadness, growing fuller,
longer, expanding into a universal zone of beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Sunsets

Distant doubts and fears, sinking beyond the sunset of life, leaving me exposed to God's holy will and love.

Peaceful beyond recognition, a joy soaring through me and not leaving me bereft.

Feelings harboring faith and hope, building a crescendo of serenity in my mind as I walk out into reality's environment, understanding filling my depths from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond The Normal

An amazing and beautiful story of life appearing imaginatively in this mind, reciting details of a way to take one into the side of an environment that appeals to intellectuality.

A candid avenue of beauty and reality showing possibilities of an unusual and beyond the normal outlook of the ordinary that is fascinating.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond The Ordinary

Reaching deeply into senses of being, finding the answers
to life and it's quest for knowledge throughout the years.

Perfect scores, always etching us into talented behaviors,
raising our awareness above and beyond the ordinary.

Pleasing sensations fulfilling our desires, keeping us
attuned and elated with our surroundings.

Sensual times, touching our minds, giving immense pleasure
and taking us into the spheres of absolute relativity.

Perceiving a knowing and extra-sensory perception, filling
us entirely with an exceptional belief in our ability to
do and overcome anything that enters our life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond The Room

Traveling through songs,
seeing sights beyond the room I'm sitting in.
Beautiful scenery, surrounding me through imagination -
breath-taking to my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond The Scope Of Learning

Shadows of light flow through my mind, illuminating
ebony enrichment of tactile assurance.
Touching softly with gentle breezes, pathways of
elusive creativeness.
As it sits back, awaiting ideas from above and
beyond my scope of learning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond The Scope Of Life

Language taking a back seat to musical rhythms, giving energy abundantly to my soul, enticing and beautiful, soaring into intellect.

Keeping me totally focused, writing into the atmosphere of this pleasant evening, giving away everything that is hidden within me.

Cleansing and succinctly taking me in other dimensions on the other side of inner universes, keeping me aware of possibilities beyond the scope of this life.

Wonder and awe being generated by in insatiable curiosity, innate and acute, always balancing knowledge and wisdom with an innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond The Sea

Ringing melodies following interior guidelines
through rhythm.

Standing in horizons, looking out to sea, wishing
for a way to cross without losing oneself.

Finding waves reaching out, grasping inner desires,
wanting to be let out and discovered.

Whispers running about, letting everyone know the
intense beauty being seen from another dimension
beyond the sea.

Ocean tides washing over and taking me out into
it's depths, drowning in their picturesque silence.

Holding hands with destiny, falling into bottomless
pits, left by fate, knowing nothing once again of
what lies ahead on shores of another horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond The Tears

Leaving in the middle of the night, taking my life
and love into the darkness where it can be alone,
free from abuse of daylight hours.

Inconsequential attitudes no longer going to hurt
or tear my heart apart, for I have now gone beyond
the tears of a lifetime.

Living only for the joy of a spiritual freedom, no
more insincerity in the way of honesty or true love
anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Their Helicopter

Tears flowing, flowers blooming, bursting into minds everywhere as Jim and
Scott fly to heaven with angel wings given them by God, Himself.
So proud are they, flying above, no longer needing a helicopter to transport them
beyond our realms on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Time

Sadness creeps into our lives through back doors at times,
taking us by surprise, devastating our neat, tidy ideas of
what life should be like.

Disfiguring our ideas, clipping and cropping our dreams,
leaving us to pick up the pieces with no instructions on
how to put them back together again.

Living out our lives in a quandary, we end up with tunnel
vision, just trying to get by until death secretes us
away beyond time and belief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Understanding

Thinking all the time, mind always working, looking for many solutions that will work for others and not just a few, always wanting to help.

Being taught to give from the heart and never counting the cost, nowadays through there are people coming to the U.S.A. wanting to get everything for free.

Mooching off of hard-working American citizens whose tax money is being used to support these lazy people who have no work ethics, no morals, no values.

Wondering how they could be so uncaring and selfish that they continue to steal from decent people, it's beyond understanding how they think they're entitled to take people's money.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Visions

Reaching beyond visions that I see, wanting to be informed of all inconsistencies as they begin to form in depths of my mind.
Experimenting chemically with many different phases and choices of any and all parts of mind-bending thoughts, reacting chemically with particles left behind on placards of insistent waiting.
Bringing instead, a topical assessment of interior benefits to soothe my mind from all it's trials and suffering just because it's a part of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Waves

Listening to classical music, feeling it soothe my soul, spreading peace throughout my being.
Sensing elation and purpose, falling gently into place, selecting from hordes of images, the ocean and it's mighty peace-filled quest.
Floating gently upon the waves, buoyantly bouncing to and from, quietly concentrating on beauty and nature beyond our world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Words

Occasions of silent meanings transform themselves
into decades of beauty.

Standing on sidelines, always watching parades
crossing over and continuing down avenues of
thinking.

Always wondering, taking steps into the beyond and
back, learning explosive ideas and using them in
books of blank pages.

Bereft of speech, not talking, yet communicating
beyond words in writing verses of prose every day.

Significantly tackling every subject, in tirades at
times, bringing unknown and little explained truths
to light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Years

Lonely ringing, echoing throughout the halls of being - not catching or holding on to anything meaningful.
An empty wasteland stretching out towards eternity - never filling any needs - never giving any aid.
Silently set apart from those blinded by their own importance - standing always on the edge of discovery - someone little - someone small - someone learning the meaning of what life was meant to be.
Knowledge beyond years hides quietly within, not daring to upset the scheme of things.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Yesterday's Fascination

Galloping, taking paths through beauty along with intellect
as it protrudes and takes me into the next dimension where
life is extended far beyond the fascination of yesterday.

Always attaining perfection of another moment in measures of
time, holding closely to values of an interior spirituality,
consoled and totally at the mercy of my spirit and soul.

As they steady my being, keeping it focused through faith
and hope, challenging the wrong in this earthly life forever,
hoping to attain the peace everyone desires in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Beyond Yesterday's History

Searching for something that has never been found before,
knowing it exists, but where it is continues to be a mys-
tery that cannot be fathomed.

Shying away from crowded places, looking beyond the darken-
ed sadness of yesterday's history, climbing into depths of
tears, sliding through them like ice skaters on a rink.

Glistening sorrow being expressed in silent particles that
no one seems to see, yet somehow are known to exist beyond
the confines of this mind, lying somewhere deep within a
broken heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bicycles Of Thought

Climbing walls of perfection, stealing towards the apex
of an interior world of possibilities.
Cuddling together in a myriad of memories, awaiting times
of recognition.
Ageless moments coalesce and bring about changes in
personality and attitudes.
Notwithstanding, events of everyday exploration, we
traverse the world on bicycles of thought.

(8: 49 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Biding His Time

Silent and sorrowful, listening to a guitar tap and
strum into intellect.

Wanting love, another biding his time, waiting for
me to come to him.

Yet, the moment has not yet come for me to let go of
everything and go into his arms.

Knowing how much he wants me in his life, wanting to
be in his, also.

Words cannot describe beauty of this transcendental
love, it's above this world, settled in the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Biding Time

Bottles staring at me out of their emptiness, stilling my heart and biding my time.
Sincerely missing what I had when young, hoping to find some little clue to guide me back to it with the love of family I had back then.
So many days of family as we sat under the grape arbors together.
Solemnly swearing to never leave our memories behind, even after our deaths have become finalized on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Big John

Watching from beyond our sight, John is here, enjoying from afar, what we are doing in memory of him.
Friends toasting and remembering him in unison, missing his smile and gentle personality.
John's caring, respectful attitude touched all who knew him here at the center.
John is deeply missed by all of us, yet his presence is felt here today in joyful pleasure.

(11: 07 a.m. - 9/11/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Big Picture Of Nature

Small window panes making me curious to see the big
picture of nature, awaiting me just outside the door.

Completely watching and letting imagination grow in
leaps and bounds, taking me into the atmosphere being
created by a mysterious curiosity lying within me.

Insuring the insight that comes to me with pictures
of it brightly shining on my photographic mind.

Never troubling thoughts, even when they're not so
good, showing me the intimate details without qualms,
as I watch the videos incessantly keeping me entranced
right where I am writing about it all.

Sincerely taking it all into my mind, enjoying the
beauty of it's rhythmic style and grace of tonal
quality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Biker Atmosphere

People and bikers from all walks of life are filling the
Hideaway here in Carefree, Arizona, listening to music
and riding through the desert.

Rhythms of rock and roll, western style flowing as the
sun starts to descend in the west, clouds already hiding
it under their blankets of misty formations.

Rays shining brightly upon us as we sit here at the grill
and bar, never drinking beer or any liquor because I don't
like it personally.

Writing and listening to the live band playing fast-paced
melodies that suit me perfectly in this biker atmosphere
of friendship.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Biker Bar-B-Que

Pictures of people, sitting and eating, visiting and listening to music of yore.
Interesting phases of life have gone by and everyone loves to sit and talk about them.
Listening intensely to melodies as I write of those times for future generations of bikers.
Hoping that they'll always get together and pass on our family traditions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Biker Gathering

Belted sidearms kept tightly to bodies, warding off troubled people.
Many types and personalities straying in, using this special event to the utmost.
Filled with food and soft drinks, listening to excellent bands play their individual rhythms, keeping time with heartbeats of a poet who's sitting and listening attentively to every beat in tantamount melodies of goodness.
Touching inner realms with individual tones, relinquishing souls, minds and beings to the music, drifting away, floating into compositions being composed as every word is written and memorized in photographic images belying intellectual endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Biker Heaven

Sorrow and turmoil of life taking a back seat for now as
I am being entertained by bikers and many people roaming
around, talking and joking, having a good time.

So calm and silent, allowing rhythm to encompass me in
it's delicate and hearty grasp, letting it take me so
vibrantly down lanes of melodies, into faraway lands of
biker heaven here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Biker's Benefit For Burn Victims

Proceeds from today's event at Buddy Stubbs are being
totally given to burn victims like my brother-in-law.
Thankful to all the firefighters for their tireless
devotion to doing good for others.
A heartfelt appreciation and thank you goes out of
this poem to all firefighters and bikers in unison.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Biker's Charity Runs

Milling around, watching people and their individual quirks; eating, drinking, talking, catching up on the news, whatever it may be.
Idle gossip flying about in regards to bike runs and charity do's.
All of one heart, taking life seriously, knowing it is shortened every moment.
Hoping to gather enough purpose before the last sunset buries them on a future horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Biker's Crowd

Circling amid a crowd of biker's at Buddy Stubbs',
totally enjoying the comaraderie among everyone.
Sounds of motorcycles hitting my ears; rhythms of
a rock and roll band, touching my soul and beyond.
Looking ahead, a full day, filled with family and
friends, ending in a rodeo benefit for my sister
and brother-in-law, who lost everything in a fire
in Black Canyon City.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Biker's Dogs

Tasting the smell of grilled hot dogs on the bar-b-que.
Wonderfully scented, touching my taste buds, giving delight to my brain in anticipation of a bite with cheese, onions and chili on top.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Biker's Memories

Traffic snarling itself down the road, motorcycles revving up as they turn into Buddy Stubbs for a day of live music and free bar-b-que.
Memories with bikers and families riding into sunsets while sitting in chairs reminiscing of the good old days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Biker's Qualities

Watching bikers, seeing their good sides, the ones they rarely show to others.

Qualities of kindness and compassion, striving towards goals of anarchy and fulfilling wishes of children instead.

Giving rides to dying children, donating money for good causes, bringing tears to eyes of parents, watching their children have a good time.

Being saturated with goodness, taking time to bring good will at Christmas time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Billiards

Numbered balls of destiny rolling and being hit
around a table with a mighty stick of superiority.

Tricking and playing unsound wisdom of this
tenacious game, placing it in basements of concrete
and balsam, anchoring everything in spaces of non-
existent calculations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Billowing Clouds

Looking out and up into the sky, I try to follow white
clouds with my eyes.
Watching as they billow out in all directions, sliding
quickly past each other's eye.
Harmonious play, they seem to never fight, just become
one and enjoy their sacred flight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Billowing Poems

Delicately chords are playing a piano of intellect, billowing poems come sailing out, soaring into the atmosphere, tantalizing, always captivating the beauty of innocence and life through nature.

Nothing able to compare to the breath-taking wonder that surrounds each of us all through this temporary life where we experience and discover the beauty of being here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Binding Chains

Chains binding interior memories thrown down
abysses since childhood.
Laboring tensely for freedom, acknowledging
precious little of reality through the dense
darkness of yesterday.
Blinding visions from peering into acquiescent
infrastructures of wisdom and it's focus.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Binding Interior Life

Strengthening inner ties to spirituality through meditation and contemplation, finding an inner purpose binding this interior life with the world around me.

Touching an essence of my spirit, bringing me forward into the bluened light where God always dwells, protecting and keeping me safe from evil everywhere in the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Binding Lives

Long lasting memories of your eyes meeting and hugging
mine.
Straddling fences, going for walks, talking, all spent
in time, holding hands and eyes of one another.
Love binding our long stares into future memories,
awakened when we are no longer here to hold onto each
other in ways we are accustomed to.
Patterns filter and crisscross through the years,
fitting all pieces together, blanketing us protectively
all the years we are here together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Binding My Heart

Feelings filling my soul interiorly,
binding my heart.

Divine spirituality living within
throughout my life.

An intense and perfect beauty touching
intellect always.

Giving an innate wisdom and knowledge
to my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Binding Science Of Our Spirit

Creativity joining forces with intellect, imagination and
spirituality are binding science of the spirit with the
essence of human beings.

Unable to survive without any of these factors in order
to be a success in this life, those who do not have all
essential pieces are missing their lives and beings.

Losing out on so much in life, especially when not having
an interior spiritual life which is the main connection
to all our qualities and innate talent in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Binding Thoughts

Trees being blown about, scattering reminders throughout
the atmosphere of life being lived here on earth.

Binding thoughts taking their place in memories, bliss-
ful ideas that have been fulfilled throughout the years.

All being nondescript at times, yet being held to the
light of truth without ever backing down.

Tripping through life, giving up their essence to be
written into poems by this mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Binding Ties

Listening to everyone talking, yet not hearing anything said, because I'm listening to rhythms of music playing to my soul.
All together, binding ties of yesterday's images to new ones being formed today.
Recalling moments in time as life proceeds from this day forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bingo With My Sister

Playing bingo at Fort McDowell, enjoying the atmosphere
and fun.
Watching people, covering numbers, drinking free soda,
having a pizza, burger, fries.
Sister helping me when I get behind, hoping and praying
one of us would win.
A lull in games - I didn't play them.
My sister did and keeps on covering numbers excitedly.
G-47 is called and Bingo yells my sister!
A thousand dollars - all for her - a fantastic way to
get free money - after paying for the privilege.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bird's Courting

Two birds in love - courting each other in the front yard.
Flying from porch to the side of a shed - hanging on for
dear life as the wind bobs it's tiny head and ruffles it's
feathers.
Taking off again, chasing each other, landing on bricks of
an outer wall of a house, looking silly - barely hanging on.
Then the mate comes behind him and does the same thing.
Tiring of it in a very short while, one after the other lands
on a window sill.
Taking turns fixing their feathers, they then take off once
again and land on the ground - deep in the bushes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Birds Of Paradise

Beautiful flowers, called 'birds of paradise', swaying and bobbing about to nature's rhythms, bright orange, gathered together in loosely fitting foliage.

Looking like evening gowns flowing in the afternoon wind, feet firmly planted beneath the warm earth, tresses hanging delicately above the dirt.

Exquisite beauty of mother nature's purpose here on earth, watching as I write, praising and honoring them right here in a little poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Birth

Silent waiting now ended, our Granddaughter's born at 3: 20 p.m.
Life has opened wide it's arms for another little individual,
and family is happy because all the waiting is over.

A blessed event will be celebrated again and again at every
birthday as each year she gets older.

Thankful there were no difficulties or complications, we can
all breathe a sigh of relief, go home and get some rest, so
we can spend time with our first little Granddaughter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Birth Of Another Night

Night gathers slowly round the city, sitting on it's
haunches, waiting for it's nightly prey.

City dwellings coming to light, shining out signals
that life would not defeat it during the black of
night.

Brightly shining over earth, twinkling lights depicting
the birth of another night.

Letting all who looked outside, see wondrous beauty and
haunting black eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Birth, The Hours Of Life

Endless are hours of life, tucked between years
of sacrifice, branched out into all facets of
the universe, spent on exaggerating truths.

Euphemisms standing out in front of every fact,
believing themselves to be intact.

Only the forging of every wakeful second brings
about any truth and birth continues every day
receiving it's own destiny.

Fallen, as from skies of heaven, brought together
here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Birthday Girl

Smiles, shy, a birthday girl with infectious eyes,
shining her soul's voice into the atmosphere.
Letting everyone hear God's gift of a beautiful
rhythmic tone, filled with young, peaceful grace
of youth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Birthday Lunch

Relaxing, enjoying lunch with a friend, talking, laughing, reminiscing.
Life seems to be contented, surrounding us with it's loveliness.
Family members dying, others becoming pregnant, altogether growing up and closer with each year.
Eating lunch, looking around, hearing the loudness of many voices blended.
Sitting across from one another, talking, being friends, hearts joined by our souls, a wonderful afternoon just being ourselves.
Relaxing, enjoying lunch, knowing soon we won't be seeing each other again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Birthday Party At Encanto Park

Today is a day of birthday parties, that's why I'm
sitting here at Encanto Park, watching the kids go
on the rides, then eating pizzas before the party
begins.
A beautiful day, weather is great, as I sit here at
a picnic table and write.
Relishing the memories that will continue to fall
gently into my mind.
After this party is over, then onto another park
for a great nephew's birthday party.
A day of happiness and fishing at the other one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Birthday Suits

Certain raiments of interior life are frilly, lacey
and soft to the touch of feelings.
Gently wearing costumes of reality on beings of
tantamount gentility.
Walking down-trodden roads of availability, we
search constantly for attire befitting or our places
in life.
Yet, never realize we will always be out of sorts
unless we are happy with our own birthday suits.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Birthday Suits Given

When the world shines in daylight and nighttime dreams,
we adore everything that is being seen.

Living comfortably in the same birthday suits given to
us at birth, a little worn, tattered, torn and wrinkled.

Still existing, holding onto many memories of good times,
love and gatherings of family.

Emotions, feelings, attitudes, hopes and joys of the past,
present and future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Birthday Thank You

Thank you for the meal and gift, for the loud song of
birthday embarrassment.

Thank you for the quiet conversation, merry laughter,
and your humor.

But most of all, thank you for your part and presence
in a special celebration for my birthday!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Birth's Destiny

Endless are the hours of life, tucked between years of sacrifice.

Branched out into all facets of the universe, spent on exaggerating truths.

Euphemisms standing out in front of every fact, believing themselves to be intact.

Only the forging of every wakeful second brings about any truth and birth continues every day, receiving it's own destiny.

Fallen, as from skies of heaven, brought together here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Biting Loss

Sorrow suddenly finding it's way onto pathways of poetry,
acknowledging facts and data of tremendous loss through-
out life.

Leaving me bereft and alone in a deep abyss that can never
be filled while alive.

Striving to maintain some semblance of reality as it bites
me hard, in half, a bitter odor encircling my head.

Carrying away nostalgia and bringing tears and crying
instead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bits And Pieces Of Life

Stillness coming upon me with quiet interpretations of an interior intellect.

Collecting bits and pieces of life, entering them all into verses of prose, letting them express feelings and emotions that are always within this spirit.

Never taking my eyes off of the beauty of each atmosphere and environment in our complete and entire world, so happy and contented, never looking outside of nature.

Interior spheres of a vast universe are created by this intellect and it's imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bits And Pieces Of Love

Spell-bound, set in frames of yesterday, portraying bits and pieces of love in melodies set out to express love in different ways and explanations.
Trying to explain in details is too formidable to touch a child's mind.
Children just want to experience what love is about, irregardless of what happens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bitter End

A bitter end lies within sight, crying softly, crouching lowly, waiting to let go.

Pain has overwhelmed, drowned all hopes and dreams of living life freely tomorrow.

There is only a past spread out, casting souls into the depths of despair, filling time with darkness in death's open door.

Time has packed it's bags and left, no longer interested in what will happen

Tired of the incessant sadness crowding every moment, leaving nothing, joy and happiness cannot abide within.

Winds of sand form dunes upon the desert of life, forsaking every particle of breath to lie down and be buried beneath the heaviness of memories and it's images.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bitter Pill

Reaching into depths of inequality, finding expressions of the past when discrimination and segregation were running rampant.

Especially down south, gathering people together, but in the wrong way, because intolerance and hatred increased tenfold.

Spirited people kept trying to do what was right and the democrats kept undermining them constantly throughout the years.

Standing here even today, facing racism now from those who were back in the day, none of it's right, two wrongs never make anything better.

They just add to the problem and keep it going into the future, a bitter pill for us to swallow for those of us who are trying to heal this racial tension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bitter Trust

Dancing on shores of loneliness, inner sadness bounces along upon waves of reckoning.

Motives drowning beneath the salty water, reprieve is no longer possible.

Relentlessly storming thoughts and images, hiding within, with a battering-ram like fortitude.

Leaving nothing in it's wake, perpetrating the demise of life as it has always been known before.

Capturing the likeness of impossibilities at a glance, tripping forward, alighting in a trance.

There are no longer any chances of finding peace and tranquility on this earth, for all have forsaken their friendship and gone away.

Bitterness of betrayal and abandonment sits with me now and will do so always.

Recognition of hopes and dreams have died with the lie of friendship, truth and honesty.

Once there was a possibility of trust, but now there can never be again, all has been negated by the person who supposedly was teaching me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bitterness Of Loss

Bittersweet are tears of sorrow.
Our minds are filled with sweet, gentle memories of
life together while our hearts overflow with the
bitterness
of loss as we children grieve our father's death.
Sorrow holds us tightly, then with tears gently lets
us go.
Knowing Mom and Dad are now together for eternity is
wonderful knowledge - joyful to our minds and souls.
We couldn't wish Dad back, knowing he has left this
earthly difficult life behind, yet at times we wish
he'd come
back so we could hug and hold him for dear life.
Death is so strange as it fills us all with such
conflicting emotions, feelings and thoughts, leaving
us in a quandary each our own.
Our only seemingly common denominator is a genuine
deep love for Dad always and forever.
As our lives continue forever changed, we look forward
to one day being re-united in heaven with Mom, Dad and
all the rest of our tight-knit, close Italian family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bittersweet Seasons

Rejoicing in Christmas seasons, feeling alive with yuletime songs and decorations.

Smiling, walking, wishing all you meet a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Hearts feeling lighter, yet heavier with the passing of loved ones dear to us.

Carrying on in spite of all the memories, vowing to give our children the same bittersweet visions we have shared with them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bittersweet Taste Buds

Signals blowing minds,
coded from inside my brain and let out in music,
rhythmically entertaining.

Systematically overwhelming interior beats with
tones set in trance-like sounds.

Carefully generating every note,
balancing an energetic period of insistent,
closely-knit aura of knowledge.

Bouncing off of walls within and landing in
picturesque screens of memories,
setting off interior sadness as each one is
touched by familial loss.

Every emotion fills me with bittersweet taste buds,
causing tears to spill and cover me with intense grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bittersweet Tinge

Traveling on plains, alone and in a haze of yesterday,
thinking of all that I have lost in life.

Most of my loss has been family and friends dying and
leaving me behind.

Sorrowful feelings always being with me, even when I'm
happy - a bittersweet tinge is always touching my
laughter and not letting me forget.

So, writing about it here may soothe the cryptic
sadness for short moments in time, and allow me to
smile or laugh for a while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Black Abyss

Sweet straining melodies capturing youth, turning it around, showing repeatedly abuse subjected to daily, it can no longer hurt, yet it does.

Not able to get away from it's stranglehold, being tormented relentlessly now when not so long ago there was no memory of it at all.

Therapeutic endeavors have brought everything to the fore-front, filling a being with pain, sorrow, shame and guilt.

Suddenly snapping, terminating, leaving it to fall into the blackest abyss of hell with no way - absolutely no hope.

Inside, the thread was cut so short that it can never be reached or touched again, depth of being once alive has now died.

Shriveled, crumpled, killed once and for all, left living in a deadened hell.

Buried soul, hidden from view, never to be consciously dealt with again.

No longer looking to life for there is no life within a being, forsaken, thrown away, not being anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Black And Blue Masks

Marking periods of grief set in pages of life with
black and blue memories, leaving their marks on our
minds and hearts.
Surrounding us in halos of angels, sitting by our
sides as we crawl through our caverns of lost sight
for the time being.
Saturated in tears felt through the years, we attempt
to pick up the pieces on lonely days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Black And White

Seeing things in black and white, that's the way life
is to me.

It's like trying to do something, either you do it or
you don't, there's no such thing as trying.

Making excuses and seeing the many shades of gray
between black and white, although they don't exist.

Like trying, there's no such thing as gray.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Black Clouds

Black clouds dancing across my vision, lightly touching
the depression sitting within, easing it a little.

Soundlessly moving, changing shape so easily, quietly,
gently, with no effort.

Simultaneously bringing hopes of rain to water earth,
allowing growth to begin again.

Watching skies full of black clouds is peacefully
stirring anger within.

Reaching it with serenity, knowing it doesn't have to
be explored right now, just allowing recognition of it,
is enough.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Black Darkness

Skyscrapers in the night, lighting the evening
horizon, black hanging in a vertical background.

Darkness playing in the light with no idea of
it's frightening aspects.

Lights burning brightly through windows way up
high, a black darkness staying just outside it's
deadly realm of light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Black Despair

Leaning over, looking into the depths, total blackness stares back.
There is no hope, joy or laughter in the depths of misery's pools -
only the blackness of depression sitting upon it's haunches in
disrepair.
Tears sliding gently, mingling with the murky waters, draping sorrow
lightly upon shoulders drooping in the glare of sadness.
Stepping cautiously toward the banks of forgotten happiness -
afraid to reach out and step upon the glistening sand.
Backwards - stepping - falling fast - sinking below the waters of
despair forever drowning in the blackness of it's lair.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Black Hole Of Loneliness

Wherever wandering, peace eludes the sacredness of my mind, solutions drench themselves in giant undertakings that never are beheld.

Holding onto dismal memories, pulled by the undertow of death's embrace, shaken by the purgatory of earth, sent to shadowed lands for some small measure of security.

Racing down inner pathways, searching for sublime truths of age, kneeling, looking over the ground, believing in the prospect of evening promises, always being forsaken.

Allowing the misfortune of daylight to overtake each daily thought of goodness, denying the eventual happiness which will never be here, swallowing the pride that never was.

Never developing self worth or self-esteem, being dragged through mires of hell.

Alone, put there by another, misery drenching the very core of being, laughter misguided, never spent in this lifetime.

Alone, forever forsaken upon the cold, lonely black hole of earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Black Holes Stretching

Standing back, watching the world spin around the universe,
taking in pictures being shown in my mind.
Writing down images in words, being careful to get it
right.
Allotting time to picture it intently without mistaken errors
in the noose.
Black holes stretching closer to me, opening up to inner
atmospheres.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Black Knights

Black knights roaming the skies, looking for conquests to add
to their lives.

Touching parts of knowledge brought to the foreground, trying
to make sense of it through words.

Not knowing that understanding comes to light within the mind
before it can be thought out in words.

Following it's inherent desires, traveling roads to anywhere,
finding only it's beginnings.

Not taking time to realize the light of knowledge illuminates
your mind when you settle down amid your inner quiet.

That's where thoughts lie dormant until you go within and
awaken them in wonder.

Seeing before your eyes, ideas formed before they're placed
in words - even before vocabulary can be pinned on them.

Black knights once roaming the skies, looking for conquests to
add to their lives, finding nothing, knowledge lying idly inside their minds fast
asleep.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Black Lace Clouds

Black clouds lacily wrapping a light blue sky in a
gentle embrace.
Holding on, covering the desert and it's mountains
with a covetous glance.
Piling black lace on ever-increasing cumulus clouds,
awaiting the onslaught of a soon to be rainstorm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Black Monster

Like a big black monster stalking the sky,
smoke from a fire is tainting the once white
and blue heaven.

Climbing all over the clouds, filling them
full of soot, then calmly sitting there while
everything in the air becomes polluted.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Black Rose

Thunder claps loudly and even in the darkness a light of hope sparks itself once in a while.

Treasures filled with memories keep us going through life although they are silent.

We become mirrored in images of our past, reluctantly wanting to let go of them, especially after the death of loved ones, dear to our hearts.

Love is all we need to keep them bright and shining before our mind's eyes.

We respect the feelings of being lost and alone with our tears of sadness falling to heaven.

Prayers recited daily, hoping God will see us through once more.

Gently drifting throughout life, trying to see the path ahead without stumbling or falling.

Crying. On knees, crying, trying to pray for one more chance as yet another close relative is folded in the blossom of death's black rose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Black Roses

Dangling by many small threads, life in it's embroidered
lace gown sits delicately on a balance beam.

If a thread so much as blows a little to the left or right
it's whole existence is threatened with death.

Not fearing anything, but the final fall, because it is
unknown, everyone tries desperately to put it off - away
from them.

Suffering silently, only now and again, each person only
thinks of death when someone else's is near at hand.

Sorrowfully crying, tears soon after a funeral, melt away,
leaving no reminders until the next time it comes to touch
their lives, carrying it's black roses.

Twilight draws near and dark drapes are pulled closed -
together.

Letting in no light, death stays hidden in a shrouded,
black mystery for life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Black Snow

Watching black snow fall gently, quietly into her soul,
cleansing, calming, soothing it from the pain it has beheld.

Caressing, hugging, the frightened little child, attempting
to allay the fears of reality done to her.

Misting eyes, overflowing with the sadness this world has
forced upon her without remorse or care.

Such a little one with innocence torn from her, what
monsters have created this abusive technique to wreck
havoc in this child's mind?

What horrible memories to carry through this life, alone,
so young!

Where are the caring people whom she was told existed by
the good nuns at the convent on the corner.

Even they did not see the evil being performed and
perpetrated in front of them.

All horror wrought right in front of those who should
have looked a little farther than six beautiful Mother's
daughters.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Black Water

Dark black waters of deepest night,
send out a foreboding message to
beware of death in it's may forms
and disguises.

It takes just a moment to be
swallowed up by death's unholy
black water.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blackened Bronze

Eyebrows crashed wildly together, clacking memory right out loud, forlornly balancing imagination and creativity on the see-saw of imbecilic judgment of so-called knowledgeable people.

Recording tapes of night-time life, sitting up, awaiting replies from outer lips, reading poetry of ancient minds.

Lively, anticipating many conjectures in conversations, whispering single-filedly in rows of aspersion.

Unfolding of liberties taken, never granted freely of one's own accord, are filed away, forbidden to be remembered on any day of living.

Sorceress of inner torture reminds us in images and shadows of what has transpired in the past.

Bleak futures, cast in blackened bronze, unable to move about or show themselves, afraid of reality when it's not upon a shelf, hidden in a basement.

Turning on lights, hoping for illusory illumination to travel on highways toward beginnings of inner wisdom.

Counseling truant thoughts, seeking to escape on created byways, scattering fragments of memories to all ends of earth, spilling forth fears of long ago, into the path of oncoming truth.

Facing all of reality with one short prayer, muttered shame-facedly in hopes of understanding, being there to help and love as we pick up the shards of whatever life we have left over.

Raining glass-like tears, carving streaks down faces and cheeks for eternity, consuming sadness for all time, lying down in death, holding hearts tightly, while letting go of all breath in one final gesture of hope.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blackened Clouds

Rain slipping through the atmosphere with no interference.
Falling wetly on whatever is beneath their saddened teardrops.
Heart heavy in blackened clouds above them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blackened Night

Lost, walking in the rain, blackened night, not even the
stars can be seen tonight, wishing and wanting to find
my way to you once again.

Not knowing where you've gone, for death has taken your
love from me and I cannot bear to be without you, my love,
needing you to fulfill my desires of your love.

Searching everywhere, but you're nowhere to be found, my
dear, loving you now is empty, there's no love being re-
turned and I am falling into depths of a deep and abiding
hole where there's nothing to be had again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blackened Oasis

Thwarting depression, keeping it contained within
a blackened oasis for now.
Touching it's ebony beauty, unable to feel it's
lonely sadness, enables me to write around it's
melancholic state.
Finding an inane appetite is spreading throughout
an environment of solace, bringing with it innate
characteristics on satin black evenings of delight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blackened Skies

White lights shining brightly in blackened skies, beckoning
to me to come join it's freedom.

Flying high above earth at night, knowing no one knows what
flight you're taking or which one you'll be on tomorrow.

Soaring high in and about the clouds, laughter is scattered
to the wind, as crashing, another jet liner has split in
half.

Leaving debris for miles around and the smell of death upon
fresh-turned ground.

No one left behind to mourn the passing of people's lives,
only memories pressed upon pages of ink for future minds to
read about.

Graveyards flourish and abound as progress brings death more
readily around.

Listing names of loved ones passed on, death is taken lightly
for granted as fewer people are left behind each time death
comes stalking the skies with it's brightly whitened lights.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blackened Whispers

Falling down, unrecognizable here on earth, torn and battered by life itself and death's unending knocking at doors of those we love dearly.

Blackened whispers falling on deaf ears, for nothing can be heard on the other side of this life, being so lonely, dejected, forlorn, left to ourselves.

Fading in the shadows, disguised in the grayness of a nether world, love no longer here to hug or caress us, leaving only a barren emptiness, a total bereavement and nothing else in life towards it's ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blackness

Burying myself so as not to feel pain hiding just underneath
the surface.
Tears stinging my eyes, wanting me to release them from the
pain of despair.
Looking away, daring not to feel anything, overcome by
emotional sorrow and pushing it below me.
There are no ways of expression left to me at this moment,
because I do not want anyone to see my face turn suddenly sad.
Slipping silently away, jostling feelings so I don't have to
deal with them right now.
Darkness looms within me, spreading it's blackness to all ends
of inner being.
Heading towards the door of another dimension, away from
reality, I lock myself in the realm of imagination so as not
to have to face the world today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blank And Empty

Shivering with the cold and iciness of death upon you,
leaving me behind, unable to do a thing to help or re-
vive you.

Heart-broken, stripped of your love, being totally
deserted, nothing left of my being without you, heart-
breaking, soul being ripped and torn apart.

Mind not comprehending what has happened to you, my love,
blank and empty, nothing left to hold onto, no blessings,
no prayers, no hope, all is lost once death has taken
away the love of your life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blank Checks

Loving life and the many experiences that fill it with
joy and happiness.

Knowing that life also has it's bittersweet side that
brings tears and grief at times when least expected.

Difficult circumstances and situations coming upon
us, everyone having to cope with them.

No warnings or preparation given, no directions either,
just a blank check of love won and lost in death's chance
embrace.

No way to lay claim to anything in this utterly saddened
life here on earth, we are born to live and must all
eventually die to live again above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blank Emptiness

Blocked in this naked world, clothed with desire and
apprehension, never deciding which direction to head
or continue.

Sacrificing, in all honesty, realms of truth,
preferring to let all expire, leaving a blank
emptiness instead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blank Page

An ungovernable feeling sits heavily upon my mind, disregarding all thought.
Insurgent words blend themselves into recursant
ideas, pushing their way into lines of poems,
rebelling contumaciously, defiant in overt manners
of refractory meanings, giving new facets and
aspects to minds of sedition as they turn into books
of novel images, waiting to be written of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blank Pages

Blank pages of my mind are waiting to be filled with answers, explanations and picturesque designs, with landscapes filling in patterns to enhance their intellectual meanings.

Willfully portraying and bringing a peaceful existence to bear within an interior life, kept intact through the sheer will power of my soul and mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blank Space

Feeling the impetuous of life running me over, taking everything into a blank space where politicians are trying to ruin American with their corrupt and greedy ways.

People need to now throw them to the wolves like they have done to us all these years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blanket Mystery Of Life

Living in the blanket mystery of life, looking about, seeing clues, writing them all down, finding aspects of whatever appears.

Altering, aligning their appearance while translating rhythms into poetry automatically and incessantly, watching in a very methodical way as intellect takes each step.

Going instantaneously into realms of innate knowledge, writing rapidly as ideas form thoroughly, coming to fruition silently, taking no time at all, effortlessly bringing everything together at the ending of this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blanket Of Comfortable Snow

Reaching for brilliant stars above, twinkling brightly in
this poetical mind, giving a sensation of wonder that now
cuddles closely, encouraging love to grow towards you.

Even though you are miles away sometimes, yet you're so
endearing, tasting like honeysuckle when we kiss so roman-
tically, especially when you're here making love to me.

Softly, coming together as passion covers us like a blank-
et of comfortable snow in the winter of our quiet thoughts
wending our way through life, loving one another fully with-
out regrets.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blanket Of Darkness

Sun setting over darkened mountains, standing tall on the
western horizon.

Loving the beauty they express constantly day and night,
bringing to mind the wonder of imagination.

Rhythm takes me further into their depths, watching the
sky changing colors, blending them closer together.

Becoming darker, making a blanket of darkness so the sun
can lie down and sleep for the night.

A very wise decision, as life starts slowing down itself
in preparation for a night filled with sleep and dreams.

Nothing to interfere with the peaceful auras that are
sure to come at any moment in dream-like visions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blanket Of Emotional Grayness

Colored gray walls touching the grayness within,
peeling itself and placing it in my mind for the
eternal musings of saddened times in life.

With no explanations or expressions to console
interior grief, yet laying a blanket of grayness
within sight, letting me think of it and hoping
to find a reason for it's being so profound in
life so far.

Tapping ivories, riding chords into infinity and
placing all emotions, senses and feelings into poems
deepened by their meanings, and held onto throughout
times of living life through turmoil and strife.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blanket Of Faith

Wrapping a blanket of faith tightly around me, not wanting to let go of it's safety.

Continually falling into dismal abysses of another world, clinging to me and pulling me away from what I'm trying to recover from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blanket Of Grayness

Colored gray walls, touching the grayness within,
peeling itself and placing it in mind for the
eternal musings of saddened times in life.

With no explanations or expressions to console
interior grief, yet laying a blanket of gray-
ness within sight, letting self think of it and
hoping to find a reason for it's being so profound
in life so far.

Tapping ivories, riding chords into infinity and
placing all emotions, senses and feelings into poems,
deepened by their meanings and held onto throughout
times of living life through turmoil and strife.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blanket Of Harmony

Being wrapped up in a blanket of harmony,
hugging it closely, not wanting it to part
from me.

Insisting on keeping it's placid beauty
throughout life, never letting it go into
a circumference belonging to someone else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blanket Of Literature

Selecting particles and fibers of life, weaving them into
a blanket of literature one poem at a time.

Taking certain rhythms and placing them into measures of
chorded time in sequences.

Finding and trying out every note as it's rhythms match
with a perfect pitch.

Never letting up, selecting certain times as they flow
into channels of another dimension on another horizon.

Far from this world, never hiding beneath a picturesque
certainty of what may become in another life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blanket Of Security

Stormy clouds rising above me, touching and covering
me with it's beauty.
A blanket of security from beyond, taking me into
skyways of peaceful endeavors.
All purposes are being heralded into a new frontier,
set in timely fashionable measures.
Wonderful feelings being attached to it's intellect
for eternity.

(10: 41 a.m. - 11/21/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blanket Of Serenity

Strumming in the evening, playing rhapsodies of yesterday,
filled with coded rhythms, taught and given space within
this poetical mind.

Creating and developing designs and patterns of an interior
intellect and spirituality, a blanket of serenity being
placed upon my mind as I write poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blanket Of Snow

Windows curtained from inside, keep all eyes from prying,
not wanting anyone to take away from them, chapels stay
hidden until you step inside.

Then their beauty falls gently upon you as if it were snow,
covering your life gently for the little while you stay
inside.

Unlike snow, it disappears when you step outside into the
cold, unyielding, populated world.

When life gets too hectic all of us like to step inside
little chapels and let His love fall upon us just like snow.

Covering us with a blanket of love, peace and joy, a blanket
which no one can give to us but God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blanketed By Sorrow

Charging rapidly into the universe, finding spaces to hide in, not wanting to be seen by anyone.

Isolated, alone, quietly sitting, having a mind blanketed by sorrow and all of it's tears.

Mindless, listless, taking life in stride, against all odds, yet not being able to cope with any of it at this time.

Closing my eyes, shutting out the world as I go deeply inside, contemplating all that has gone on within.

So intense and heart-breaking, always crying into the darkness, an only friend left in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blanketed Somberness

Sun once shining brightly on earth, darkness descending, hiding
it from all of us, soothing us in silent starlight and an effer-
vescent moonlight.

Now taking us into the future without a single word being spoken,
thinking, living, stepping into the beauty and solace of another
moment.

Forever having been taken from us and laced in dreams of a forgotten
time, succinctly being touched in minds of everyone as a stillness
enfolds us all in a blanketed somberness.

Not really ever wanting to see the ending of another day, even
though the darkness turns into a beautiful landscape with silent
shadows standing still throughout the night, silent reminders of
what has already passed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blanketed Steps

Waving and ebbing, taking blanketed
steps towards eternity on pathways
to heaven.
God standing at His gates, waiting
to take me in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blanketing Peace

Eyes of light watching sadness dissipate as scenes
of Christmas mangers fill front yards and interior
tables of honor.
Reminders of our temporary lives rest peacefully
during this special season as we participate in
prayerful activities and kindness not only to
family, but friends and strangers alike.
Spreading joy and happiness like snow blanketing
the east.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blankets Of Remorse

Screens of pictures playing silently alone with
themselves as conversations prattle and roam
around the room.
Scopes of dream-like quality escape sounds, as
falling down around ears, blankets of remorse
create spaces in squares of circular circumferences.

(8: 08 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blankets Of Silence

Standing on my own, fighting life to stay alive, this being
trying to make me bite the dust, refusing and not giving up.

An essence falling under the spell of an energetic spirit
and mind, alive and always vibrant.

Taking life into dimensions where it can forget itself and
become one with tranquility and an inner freedom.

Always letting me write throughout this lifetime with no
recriminations to speak of.

Such silence, so thick and heavy, that I can taste it
immensely as I cover myself in blankets of it for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blanks Of Reflection

Nighttime solace draws it's strings tightly
around my mind as I write whatever I think.
Notations spread themselves over and across
blanks of reflection, shining off in the
distance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blatant Anger

Sweetly singing melodies, taking part in a sublime pastime of peace and serenity.
A calming effect taking place, soothing over anger's blatant facade for now.
Adjoining partners in sublime contemplation, forgiving another's presence with appreciation for what good was done when together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blatant Exposure

Lights blindly shining in the darkness of my soul,
shielding the beauty found there from doubts of
faith and narrow-minded people.

Succulent memories, stirring and piling onto pyres
of intellect to be written and turned into poetry.

A release of intense emotions and feelings as they
conjure and tumble out into the open.

Unafraid, yet a little shy at having been exposed
in such a blatant way on paper, right out loud where
nothing can be hidden from this soul or poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blatant Melodies

Knowing familiar tunes just from their first few notes, hearing them in perfect pitches, splendidly appreciated in every corner of my brain.
Grasping sounds of a foreign language, listening to intonations as they regroup in my mind with singular rhythms of constant usage.
Filling my mind with their honest, blatant melodies, striving to mention every inflection of another's voice as she sings through the night.
Standing alone, spreading her voice over the crowd as her husband beats out every rhythm in time.
Comfortably attributing seconds to write out musical compositions and prose together at the same time - unendingly sublime and finally ending on the exact same note.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blaze Of Light

Excitedly moving in time with coded rhythms as fast as light-
ening, zig zagging across the sky in a blaze of light, touch-
ing this mind with it's electric and vivid movement.

Motion fascinating with it's speed while watching it, always
filled with energy of nature as it beckons a storm to cross
over and rain upon this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blaze Of Writing

Incessantly watching visions for clues as to future poems,
seeing patterns and designs blending with various rhythms.

Clashing with colors of many phosphorescent rainbows,
arcing and lighting imagination.

Careening down into intellect, finding the essence to be
written out of it, until I'm done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blazing Love

Candlelight and romance entrancing an interior universe
from without.

Seething desires being built with every note as it rises
into sparks of fires from within a blaze of love.

Having been sparked and begun in the middle of a forest
of two people finding each other.

Now no longer having to be alone on this earth, staying
close and never dispersing their love into the atmosphere.

Just culling it effervescently into their two hearts with-
out even thinking about it.

Watching as their beauty of a blazing love consumes them
both completely in one fell swoop.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blended Visions

Final rhythms being played in a steady march, stepping into another dimension, far from life as we know it.
Capturing the beauty of beats being played, I wander in talented environments kept hidden inside, awaiting their time to become a creative plaintive in sight of everyone else.
Coalescing, bringing rainbow thoughts together in blended visions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blending Different Music

Listening to patterns of Indian music and a polka at
the same time, able to distinguish them both.

Finding a way to blend them together, creating a new
sound in music that is actually one that I love.

It is being uploaded into intellect together, rising
thoughts are piling atop each other.

Softly, happily, notes are mixed abstractedly and
tangibly, so perfect and vibrant, bringing this mind
into tune with life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blending Feelings

Strutting along byways of yesterday, feeling thoughts of pride stir within.

Signals of talent disturb calming effects of sorrow's edges, causing haughtiness, arrogance and a humility of sorts.

Blending mixtures of opposite feelings, not coming up with a final elixir to calm distraught senses of intellect.

Patterns dissect and rearrange visions, belonging to other days and meanings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blending Heartache

Charging lightly into the sun, beckoning lights to enter the
circumference of every borderline of freedom.
Stirring and blending each heartache into a strength that
gets stronger through the years.
Making all the tears and loneliness almost worth the heartache.
Standing on the wayside, watching glimmering sands of time
being washed away unceasingly by the turmoil of waves, as they
hit the shore and take away the sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blending Innate Desire

Racing quickly to beats of a polka, soaring through the fragrant atmosphere of rhetoric.

Stepping in time together, blending passion with innate desire, spreading affection quietly over two individuals who as yet don't realize it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blending Interesting Thoughts

Stretching imagination, spreading it's ideas throughout
intellect, inspiring every fiber of my being with poetical
rhythms.

Interesting thoughts are being blended and mixed with the
notes of melodies and harmonies, taking me beyond the
boundaries of earth and life that is existing on it through
me right now.

Explicitly enjoying the excitement of adventuresome thoughts,
and placating interior places of discovery, a wonderful
experience in the beginning of this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blending Mountains

Mountains piled high like ice cream cones,
blended close together.

Whomever would eat these tasty looking
treasures would get cactus needles stuck
between their teeth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blending Music And Language

Rhythms taking me away, filling my mind with thoughts
illuminating and spreading them like cream cheese into
my mind.

Staying there, being able to be written out and placed
appropriately into poetry.

Every one of them keeping life in perspective, not
allowing lies and half-truths to be held inside.

Maintaining purity and innocence of music and language
to blend together in song.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blending Nature

Nature beckons me through glass windows, enticing my
soul to look out and find peace that always resides
within.

Ocotillo branches encircling my mind, thorns touching
memories of words, lifting their spirits, rising
above earth into an imaginative solar system very few
can ever see.

Contemplation on another sphere, orbing throughout my
subconsciousness, climbing ever higher into mountains
of bliss, then diving deeply into abysses of beautiful
ocean depths, showing all kinds of images hiding within.

Delving into nature, blending with it's inert existence,
truly living life in an adventurous world beyond that
of anyone else's.

Dimensions far beyond any ever thought of on earthly
shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blending Shadows

Shadows of trees play silently within my mind,
seeking to hide from the pain of life.

Watching them skip and run from tree to tree,
trying to cover me with their darkness.

But, I am too quick and hide from them in dark
night hours.

There they cannot find me because I blend in
with my surroundings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blending Time

Walking into the future, blending time with imagination,
giving self all the moments needed to write constantly
and incessantly.

Choosing the best of thoughts, placing them into clocks
of poetry, writing along their visions, watching images
following them into shadows.

When finding they are totally accepted into the crowd
of ideas, they begin awaiting recognition in today's
spheres of enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blending Words

Cooperating gently with my being,
lifting spirits through musical
interludes while writing poetry.

Keeping tab on every word,
blending them all into literature,
that one day may be treasured by
many in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessed Awareness

Setting suns lazily resting on summer horizons,
beautifully stretching colorful hues across the
sky.
Wonderful awe-inspiring nature, bountifully
blessing all on earth who are aware of their
surroundings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessed Beyond Compare

Catching up to the world after every setback we are challenged with throughout our lives, touching upon our minds, hearts and spirits.

People and situations we meet head on, either add to or take a-way from us when we come upon them, every opportunity stands ready, waiting to be taken up and run with.
Nothing to stop us from reaching our goals except our negative attitudes or moods we hold within, yet finding at a very young age that I was different.

Having a very positive attitude that could never be tampered with by anyone, always happy, elated with life and living it daily.

Enjoying every challenge and experience fully, getting so much knowledge and wisdom from each of them, always ready to meet the next one with excitement and total anticipation.

A poetical mind using every gift given at the moment of conception, blessed beyond compare, never letting a moment go by, using every talent God has given to me.

Thrilled, elated at having been given these wonderful treasures used for the betterment of mankind hopefully, an intense passion, unquenchable curiosity and desires, keep-ing a blazing fire always brilliantly lit within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessed Beyond Measure

Soundlessly walking away, ever so quietly, not letting
anyone know that life is slowly fading and disappearing
from this earth.

Knowing that time for the end has almost been reached,
ending looming ahead, gates of heaven opening up, ready
for my entrance into them.

One last chapter to make this life a reality, if not,
then gladly walking into my future destiny beyond earth
and into heaven.

Blessed beyond measure upon earth with a large family,
many poetical friends around the world, having been so
lucky to be alive for the time I was.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessed Defiance

Listening in the outdoors, love and nature combining in
a poem, an essence of the Divine building itself fully
within.

Joyous and tantalizing, touching my soul and fulfilling
it with a perfect sound of silence, tenderly taking my
mind on a journey of blessed defiance against the world.

Preferring to be one with the life God has given through
innate talent, writing poetry that holds true to the
American ways and values under God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessed Endings

Prophets of doom stand around in dark corners,
professing ends of earth as if it's a bad thing.

Yet, for those who have their eyes on heaven, it
is a blessing to look forward to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessed Feelings

Rhyming in depths of beauty's peaceful view on life.
Wishing to be all that I find within, expecting songs
to fill me with anticipation for times I have left to
write about family and friends.

Knowing the blessed feelings of love and caring that
come from all those I love.
Following passages of time in direct correlation to
peaceful thoughts left me on lonely evenings, wanting
to be around aspects of eternal life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessed Life Of A Poet

Lasting peace fills me, but only for moments in time,
because life is temporary and being human, I can't be
filled for long.
So, whatever time I have, I enjoy it to the fullest
whenever I can.
A blessed moment in the life of a poet, awaiting a
future in heaven's gardens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessed Memories

Rambling down memory lane filled with roses of life,
baring their thorns at times.

Bittersweet images being touched upon, as walking by,
thorns open them up for consideration and thought.

Feelings pent up are drained out and fall, dripping
to the ground, reminding us of our ancestors, our
roses of the past.

Tears fill our eyes and fall to earth, watering our
memories so they will grow interiorly again and
we'll be able to think and see them many times into
the future.

Blessed memories, carrying us forth into a land beyond
time and eternity, placing us on shores of our next
horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessed Pathways

Watching visions touch my mind, filling my being with peaceful
thought and spiritual serenity.
Walking along pathways, feeling blessed just by my being able
to be there.
Knowing in my heart that God is with me all the time, I sense
His nature running through me, even in the worst of times.
Counting blessings, praying and hoping to get through this
life and go on to heaven, into His arms forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessed Peace

Choirs of angels always singing when we're together,
giving their blessings to each of us.

Visions and images of the Divine coming continually
into mind.

Taking us into a blessed peace and serenity, over-
lapping us both.

Spreading our love forever between us, making it
even more fulfilling.

Promises made and kept throughout our lives, sacred
and cherished between we two only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessed Through Writing

Day is wearing on slowly it seems, poems have been written down
through time, not wasting a moment at all, thinking and finding
so many blessings when writing.

Capturing attention, at times wondering where all these ideas
come from so rapidly and out of the blue, loving how it happens,
being so electrifying, energizing and exciting.

Lifting spirits and enticing moods of fantasy to be inspired,
moments of graciousness granted by God for fulfilling His pur-
pose as best as possible.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessed Time

Happily moving into the light from above, feeling people who have gone before us in death, calling, wanting us to come to them, missing us as we miss them.

A bittersweet message, for we cannot come again until we are called, only allowed to die to see them once, now having to wait until next time.

Looking forward to a perfect reunion that will last forever this time around, no coming back, a blessed time for all of us to be together again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessed To Have And Share

You and I together, creating a world of love and compassion,
living in it's purity and innocence all our days, hardship
and sacrifice coming into our lives off and on.

Interrupting joyous moments we so look forward to in life,
sharing, talking, feeling safe with one another, every secret
hidden within each of us, known only by each other.

An open, unconditional love filling us no matter what my love,
just talking, holding one another, taking time to BE there every moment in life
that we are blessed to have and share my dear.

Being grateful for everything we have felt, shared and lived
through, never giving up, looking to each other and God to
live our lives in goodness and purity, morally and ethically
holding onto the Ten Commandments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessed Voices

Talented people sitting around,
waiting their turns to sing songs
on an evening filled with karaoke.

Blessed voices keeping time and
measuring rhythm precisely without
qualms.

A very enjoyable group of people,
treating everyone like part of the family.

A total participation of everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessedness

Younger once, leaving self in a capsule of time, touching upon the sacredness of the Divine, lasting and energetic, a blessedness of positive attitudes and moods.

Throughout the years, swiftly and instantaneously picking up speed through tempos, delving into rhythms with an intense outlook, waiting to be brought into fantasy's of pleasure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessedness Of Christmas

Holiness of this Christmas season coming upon us with a quiet spirituality, minds turned upon the blessedness of helping the poor and unfortunate.

Having food drives, buying and donating gifts for children who have no hope in finding presents beneath the Christmas tree, if they even have one this year.

Praying little child whispers of hope under the covers at night, hoping Santa will hear their pleas and fulfill their tiny wishes come Christmas morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessing All Musically

Yesterday was filled with many entertainers who played and enjoyed being bands for all time.

Drummers, guitar players, keyboard too, all of them taking people into the canyons of rhythms never losing a beat.

Gaining everything within their hearts and souls, always stepping staccatoely to the beat and tempo of intense rhythm.

Calling to hearts of everyone in attendance, blessing all with the success and melody of the lyrics as they sang and rocked to lovely music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessing Earth

Feelings of peace and delight filling within, a morning sun has risen, blessing earth with it's bright and warm rays of sunshine.

Enjoying seeing it spread across the land, awakening flowers, foliage, roosters and people so silently, yet effectively.

Petals opening, smiling and blossoming into the atmosphere where everyone can see them as they walk by in the evening sunset.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessing Intellect

Walking out of the past and into the destiny of fate,
wondering, curious, at what will be found there waiting
for me.

Transient thoughts are fielding propositions constantly,
so imagination can fortify this inner being with a
strengthening of energy.

Blessing intellect with an abundance of ideas, giving
them freedom to roam and explore inner depths.

Finding what they are made of, one day becoming the
future reality of inventions, never letting anything
mar their experiences of fate and destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessing Jingle Dance

Hopi dancers on a platform, dancing their native dances,
wearing ancient costumes of yesteryear.

A blessing jingle dance for healing is now being performed
and is very colorful and enticing.

Steps taking time with drums as they beat to spirits of
another era.

Loud and soft tones ringing in my ears, leaving a poetical
beauty in this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessing Of An Attitude

Helicoptering thoughts coming constantly into my mind,
hovering at times, deciding whether or not to be placed
just yet into a poem.

Flying off after doing their jobs, landing in a poem
and taking off, an amusing way to see how I think, using
imagination to show others how my mind works.

Finding it humorous and interesting, not knowing quite
how I do it, just enjoying the innate talent that has
been given to me, using it for mankind.

Bringing insight and knowledge from a mere poet at times,
knowing that not everyone is accepting of it, but it is
mine to think and acknowledge.

Graceful, timid, shy, always being in a positive frame of
mind, having a welcoming attitude, waking every morning
in a good mood, no matter what I am going through.

Never have seen any reason in waking up in a bad mood, it
would have no purpose at all, being in a good mood gives
me a positive way to start each day anew.

Always considering it a blessing only, to have this attitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessing Of An Innate Talent

Entering new domains of intellect, caught up in a sensory
perception, enlightening and giving me a wonderful idea
of an interior life.

Joining in and loving entertaining games of thought and
concepts, falling together like a puzzle in a totally
new form of tantalizing landscapes.

Taking me on an excursion into another world, one I've been
waiting to attain all my life, a perfect peaceful universe
filled with imaginative and creative purposes.

Waiting to be fulfilled through intellect, traveling along
the ribald and effective stances in this life interiorly,
safely being protected on all sides by the Divine.

Exercising mind, body and spirit as one, feeling the energy
building ever higher, giving an effervescent life a reason
for being now and forever, a blessing of innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessing Us

Lights of heavenly beauty now enlightening everyone who is
listening to this church choir, enticing spirits throughout
this chapel, bringing people to their knees within intellect.

Encouraging highlights of the birth of Jesus, giving us the
story of ageless time once again, blessing us here in the
present, a gift from above.

Blessing us abundantly tonight, intense, vivid, energetically
taking us into another dimension of intellect, where we are
being inspired to live for God, love for God.

Obeying His commandments forever, touching rendition, repeat-
ing a sacred story that will live forever in His people, keep-
ing faith, having hope, never straying from a righteous path.

Throughout our lives quality of earth is being improved by
all who live in the words of God while life continues to move
forward in measures of time as we live for Him alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessing Us Always

Lights of heavenly beauty now enlightening everyone who is
listening to this church choir, enticing spirits throughout
this chapel, bringing people to their knees within intellect.

Encouraging highlights of the birth of Jesus, giving us the
story of ageless time once again, blessing us here in the
present, a gift from above.

Blessing us abundantly tonight, intense, vivid, energetically
taking us into another dimension of intellect, where we are
being inspired to live for God, love for God.

Obeying His commandments forever, touching rendition, repeat-
ing a sacred story that will live forever in His people, keep-
ing faith, having hope, never straying from a righteous path.

Throughout our lives quality of earth is being improved by
all who live in the words of God while life continues to move
forward in measures of time as we live for Him alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessings

Rising and falling with stormy swells of music playing
intensely for my benefit.
Searching forever, looking to stars for thought.
Swallowing all words as food for tomorrow.
Everlasting remembrances, talking to themselves through
barred windows and doors, left ajar, emitting sacred
blessings like rain from heaven.
Gathered together on sills, waiting for waters to
flow and send them off to oblivion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessings Of Angels

Writing alone in my niece's home, loving the feel of creative grace suddenly surrounding my mind entirely.

Surrendering my soul to it's need to write poetry, absorbing every negative thought into a poem being expressed and forgotten at long last in this life.

Rushing constantly, believing in the possibilities of miracles appearing before me in total attire with the blessings of many angels sent from God.

Acknowledging my presence in both worlds as I continue to live life, having been met by them both in just this one lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blessings Of Santa

Alluding to Santa on Christmas Eve, wishing and
peeking out the window, hoping to see him outside
my house.
Looking forward to all the new toys and clothes
he will put under the tree.
Knowing that on Christmas Day I will be surprised
and very happy with what I find when I open my
presents.
Tearing off the wrapping paper, bows and stickers,
just to quickly get to whatever may be hidden
within.
Blessings of Santa being left beneath our Christmas
tree.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blind - Sided

Feeling lost and forgotten, not knowing what to do as I lie here
in a haze of pain that is filling my being totally.

Operation was a success, yet now the complications are settling
in upon my being.

Having a fever, lungs filled with something, having breathing
treatments to prevent pneumonia.

Feeling miserable, so much pain from the surgery, hitting me
blind-sided, not knowing which way to turn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blind Faith

Rising higher, seeing goals climbing out of sight, yet riding them anyway into the future, wishing and hoping to finish the purpose of life before the end comes nigh.

Traipsing slowly into a blind faith, knowing that hope will ebb and flow, nothing to take from it's beauty and wonder as life continues to travel it's journey alone.

No one to stand the test of time, just ending in the moments of death that fall into ravines of past memories, leaving us haunted within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blind Spot

Been thinking and suddenly it occurred to me to
ask a question of car manufacturers.
If they all know about the 'blind spot', why
don't they make mirrors to compensate for it?
Or maybe eliminate the area altogether so there
will no longer be a 'blind spot'.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blinded By Abandonment

Beating my head against a brick wall, stubbornly wanting
to be only with you, baby, yet you don't even know that
I exist.

Ignoring me even when standing next to you, being blinded
by grief, feeling sorry for yourself and shutting out life
for you are forlorn and lost.

Wandering earth in the presence of emptiness, loneliness
and abandonment through an intense sadness, silently
waiting for you to notice the love I have for you within
my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blinded By Lonely Abandonment

Floundering in an endless sea, wondering whether or not I should succumb to it's undertow and let it carry me away to a distant shore on the next horizon.

At times being filled with such sadness and sorrow that it cannot be contained within this frail human mind and body.

Memories drowning me in their intensity of past good things that I no longer have access to.

Pulling my heartstrings, ripping my heart, tears suddenly filling my eyes and spilling out upon the floor of my soul.

Being blinded by the lonely abandonment I have been left with, not knowing which way to turn anymore.

Wanting only to isolate my being from the rest of the world, hide in my room, closing the door on life once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blinded By Loss

Lengthening shadows crowd around us when sorrow and
grief come upon our lives.

Ending the peace, joy and happiness that we've felt,
loss is a great crippler of life.

Throwing us into an unwanted darkness, totally alone,
abandoned and forsaken.

Feelings of emptiness fill our beings and we have no
recourse except to experience it.

Unable to see through the tears of sadness, we are
blinded by the loss of our love through death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blinded By Money

Money seems to change everything somehow, it takes our egos on a joy ride, forgetting who we are.

Leaving goodness, compassion and caring by the wayside, as we travel, spending money like it grows on trees.

Becoming blinded by what it can buy, thinking being narrowed into materialistic values only.

Yes, money changes everything, taking who we are and making us into something we never were before.

Instead of sharing and helping those in need we tend to look the other way, saying to ourselves someone else will help them.

Where has our soul gone, what have we become, the only thing coming from having money is we become selfish, greedy and uncaring in our lives.

Turning from goodness in life to the evils of selfish pride, greed and egos, letting them come forth from our depths to rule and destroy our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blinded By Reality

Straightening hopes into faith,
blinded by reality, standing directly in my way.
Holding closely to sides of a raft, taking strides
to be whole and entering the world tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blinding Anger

Blinding anger brushed aside, given no importance to,
feelings pent up with no where else to go, turning in
and finding a place to hide.

Daily taking walks away, so as not to feel the slight
of each passing day, character is building itself out
of blocks of clay, nothing stronger can be found within.

Settling in amid soiled debris, life finds itself in
everyone else's mire, turning to no one, reaching out
nowhere, fancifully becoming nonexistent, folding itself
among the grey matter of a brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blinding Light

Opening sights to the environment, finding blinding
lights of intellect filling me with it's bluened enlight-
enment, illuminating thought in every corner of my mind.

Tantalizing and alluring ideas into the open, tasting the
essence of my passion, always finding beauty of interior
landscapes that soothe and settle feelings and emotions.

Fulfilling the effervescent concepts that shine brightly
into my mind every moment of the day and night throughout
my life and beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blinding Sight

Traffic passing by, sun hitting their windshields and
reflecting sunlight into my eyes, blinding sight for a
fraction of a second only.

Then disappearing into the atmosphere, seeing flowers
doing the waltz just outside, daintily moving with air
currents blowing them gently.

Stirring this mind so effervescently and quietly, a
beautiful and expressive particle of nature, tending
to this poetical and creative mind and intellect.

Collecting memories, images, photographic screens alive
and working overtime in order to capture every move
being made by Mother Nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blinding Thought

Catching rays of blinding thought and placing it
onto blank precise spaces, offering patterns of
brilliant light.

Offering exacting moments of time to separate
space and environmental subjects for equal portions
of particles, subject to being used for any amount
of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blindly Moving Forward

Steadily climbing stairs of life and it's many difficulties, always striving to attain the best of what we can, blindly moving forward.

Never knowing what lies ahead, running as fast as possible, we somehow find our way through hardships, sacrifices, and suffering to have a few moments of laughter and pleasure.

Then once again the cycle begins, beating of our hearts matching rhythms of an interior race, one that we continue to strive to win to no avail it seems.

Our life cycle appears to be a circle, an ever-ending product of our destiny that we cannot escape no matter how hard we might try.

Our lives seem to have been prearranged to suffering and hardships, situations and circumstances continuing to create what we live through.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blindly Traveling

Blindly traveling along pathways of life,
not knowing what is beyond the next bend.

Continually searching for meaning and
goodness, finding mostly ignorance of
authority and evil walking hand in hand.

Surmounting obstacles that seem insurmountable
until we are over them and continuing on our
long and tiring journeys.

Falsely anticipating moments in joyful eager-
ness, being disappointed every time.

There are no promises or answers in our universe
because it is not eternal and we have only to
make the best of it until our turns take us off
to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blinds And Sun Fun

Blinds closed across the windows, keeping out the sunlight.

However, light peeks through onto each slot, just to let
people know it can be done.

Staring at the blinds, eyes play tricks, because they begin
to flutter and move up and down.

A strange apparition, but fun to sit and play with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blissful Atmosphere

Listening to thoughts that are flooding this mind,
awakening to novel ideas that it keeps touching upon.

Being energized and filled with an absolute energy,
completely taking me into a wide expanse of intellect.

There, swimming around, loving whatever is being seen
vividly in it's depths.

Forever hoping to be encompassed in this blissful
atmosphere of an unknown universe without anyone else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blissful State

Loving, holding hands, dancing the night away in
a blissful state of joy.

Being held gently, tenderly, stepping together
in time, being totally immersed in one another.

Timidly looking into each others eyes with the
love of our hearts and souls.

Living every day in the happiness that music
always brings when touching the minds of those
who are listening and in love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bloated Ego

Sliding into the denizens of yesterday, being puzzled by it's many incomplete things that where never even finished or accomplished.

Self-confidence non-existent, ego having gotten too bloated, taking over and frustrating the beauty of innocence.

Turning into a braggart with nothing to show for a life that is almost over, telling others how great they are, everyone knowing they're not!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bloated Egos

Recalcitrant, defending goodness throughout this world
of ours, knowing that there are way more good people
than evil.

Evil ones are now showing us their true characters, it
can no longer be hidden, it must come out in the open.

Egos are bloated with their own importance, wanting to
show the world how truly ignorant they are.

Yet, they're thinking they are so smart, we all look,
laugh, understand that they're only fools pretending.

We follow and believe in the one and only true God,
while they follow a perverted pedophile only.

Doing perverse evil things to fulfill their unholy lust
because they're not a religion, and believe in no God.

They have only perverse thoughts perpetrated by a mere
man, a pedophile named mohammed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blocking Out Others

Odd ways are prevalent in some moments and not others,
placing all placid ideas into incessant purposes of
ingenuity.

Blocking out untoward remarks of people, trying to
interfere with freedom of this mind and it's intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blocking Out The World

Going deeply within, blocking out the world and people in it, wanting nothing more than to be in this solitary atmosphere of bluened light of the Divine.

Totally satisfying the energy of this soul as it continually delves into realms of spirituality and contemplation where self can be alone with God.

Learning answers to mysteries of this temporary life, finding reasons in being, life and death, although not always understanding what becomes known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blocks Of Puzzle Pieces

Knocking together many blocks of puzzle pieces, ten -
dimensional in my mind.

Taking and building them into inspiring designs for
inventions of computer programs and chemical solutions.

Totally mathematical and intense, their patterns
falling from a deep imaginational idea, collecting
things from particles all over an inner universe.

Some never known to man before, and here they are, being
built, aligned and adjusted to fit in with the mind of a
mere poet, portraying them to the world.

Humbled by this temporary honor while on earth, knowing
that it only comes from a God-given innate gift.

Appreciating it and being very grateful for being allowed
to do this for all of mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blood Of Innocence

Plugged into the incandescent socket of remorseful thinking,
not seeing any way out into the open.

Trailing sideways, peeking over edges as it is carried towards
a burning pile of blame.

Touched by the flames, piping hot, fanning the possibility of
desire.

Lengthening gray shadows come out of hiding and flaunt their
frivolous purposes in the wake of daily saddened onslaught.

Figuratively flirting with envious positions of ancient rituals,
deciding on which plot will close the essence of life as it is
known.

Placed on the back porch, hidden from view, messages are sent
of shame and guilt.

Boxed between rags of old, tattered completely, closing the
circle of impending death.

Wary of the innocent replies of other people, never really
focusing on the aspect of reality, turning spits of brutality
and hating it.

Sliced by the cutter's blade, falling off the table, lying
in a grave made especially for a little body, wrapped whitely
in linens, spotted by the blood of innocence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blooms Of Ocotillos

Interior sight is watching as I awaken to a new day in life.
Coasting along, letting nature take me by the mind, sliding
by awesome blooms of ocotillos.
Generating a succession of thoughts, filled with orange
vibrations, sensing beauty from without.
Stretching out their long sticky arms, letting the sun reach
all of their parts, filling them with plenty of vitamin D.
Not sure if it benefits them or not, just imagining that it
might.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossom Of Piety

Fleeing the madness of the world, soaring into night-
time skies, bringing alive, the music of interior
peace.

Tossing aside the false grandeur of earthly pride,
solitude firmly asserts itself.

Life unfolding slowly, becoming the blossoms of humble
piety, turning quietly around, observing pointed truths
hidden in obscurity.

Fleeing the madness which crowds the world with avarice,
life soars above on clouded carpets of decency and hope.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoming Answers

Wanting many things, all of them little - important to my being.
Sequestering myself, going over them in my mind, causing reflections
to mirror them back, allowing me to expand and convert them from
abstracts into messages of reality.
A substantial amount of intellect being used in this endeavor daily, helping to
move forward into avenues of novel inner experiences.
Knowledge opens itself to curiosity, and like a rose bud, blossoms
with the answers it brings forth instantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoming Colors

Wind blowing, taking trees, leaves, branches and
moving them briskly in all directions.

Cloudy skies, waiting to rain upon earth, knowing
that all of earth needs to be watered in order
to nurture and grow plants, trees and flowers.

Afterwards seeing colors blossoming all over the
place, soon to create a rainbow's arch across the
sky.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoming Darkness

Days spent being tristful are not wasted, because they
show you what lies within your thoughts at times.
Everyone has moments of disparaging fortitude, we have
to go on in spite of them.
Looking through tears of our heart is good, we can
learn from them, but care must be exercised so we are
not ruled by the darkness within our minds.
Like shadows flitting in and out with the sun and evening moon, melancholic
thoughts do the same.
Stay strong, don't lose hope, live through it courageously
and you will soon see life is blossoming beauty a little
more often.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoming Effervescently

Searching through intellect for precise rhythms needed
to continue writing poetry.

A fire having been lit within my soul, rising ever
higher within my entire being.

Engulfed in a fiery purpose as I sit writing, listening
to these vibrant rhythms, never letting me down.

Always here no matter what song I'm listening to, not
able to resist tones and notes as they explode.

Blossoming effervescently within my heart and soul,
intellectually in spurts of energy.

A total beautiful landscape that cannot be seen any-
where else in this world, except within my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoming Essence

Reigning feelings are being considered interiorly while listening to melodies of yesterday.

Locating the center of the universe, seeing an essence blossom out, giving aromas of heaven-sent roses.

Spiritually being enticed within the confines of another world, finding all that's needed to fulfill whatever desires that come up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoming Gardens

Words hanging on the fringes of my mind, never losing themselves
in all the ruckus of life.
Penetrating the usefulness of every day beauty, we walk into the
blossoming gardens of life that we create from within ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoming Interiorly

Expectant hopes are lying on the floor in front of me,
looking up at my mind, wanting to be expressed along
with desires of hopeful joy.

Beautiful and serene, touching senses of being with an
elated joy of purpose, thrilling to promises of a brand
new day as I wander and reach out to pick them up.

Caressing and letting them be expressed throughout
intellect in a colorful array, blossoming and spreading
into an interior universe where I will totally be immersed
with them all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoming Into The Morning

Scribbling back and forth, many ideas fill my mind, cleaning and purifying them with innocence of an inner child.

Touching upon the energy of childhood, bringing to light the beauty of younger days, belonging to family and being taken care of.

A genuine love for everything in life as it blossomed into the morning of another time, now looking back upon it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoming Love

Swaying into another sunset, praying for some sense to disappointment that's always abounding in the descending darkness.

Blossoming love shining in the moonlight, we two lovers walking hand and and, looking shyly into one another's eyes.

Stepping quietly together, never forgetting all the pain that finally led to this life together, noticing that we stand alone in time.

Continuing to love and care for one another, rhythms taking us to shores of life, looking longingly at our last horizon with love in our hearts.

Loving each other until the end of all time, holding hands, kissing, hugging, never growing tired of being together, for we were made for each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoming Of Mother Nature

Nature stretching it's various landscapes out in
front of inner insight.

Aligning and portraying the intense beauty of our
land here in the U.S.A.

Wonder and awe filling everyone with thrilling
rhythms that mix and blend with our human nature.

Music blaring, elastically including all aspects of
life, as we let it do the talking through scents.

Beauty and blossoming of Mother Nature's essence
throughout our states, always enveloping us all.

Enchanting and exciting landscapes, no where else
can we find such an array of flora and fauna.

Right here at our fingertips, they are in deserts,
mountains and forests.

Splendid and enticing, luring us all into it's depths
as we become one with nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoming Of Youth Reflected

Seeing reflections through windows of my mind, a child
sitting on a swing, looking around at nature, feeling
the peace that enters her totally as that child is with-
in her only.

Running free, climbing trees, jumping, skipping, running
everywhere, no time for walking, taking steps into the
future, gathering so many pictures upon photographic
screens.

Saving them for a purpose unknown back then, now knowing
why and how to use them through writing poetry, a total
blossoming of youth being reflected in the windows of my
mind today and placed in poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoming Poetry

Walking into fields of empty thoughts, choosing which
ones to fill with knowledge, wisdom or fantasy of im-
agination.

Willfully painting pictures through the imagery of
words, giving sincere depictions of life, nature and
the world.

Finding purposes hiding everywhere throughout concen-
tration of intellect, watching as ideas proudly present
themselves.

Nurturing, growing each one in time as poetry blossoms
into wonderful pictures of life, finding a special
place in memories of those who read them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoming Purpose

Rhythms tickling an interior space filled with music and
poetical interludes, fanciful, enticing every notion kept
in check to be expressed in a steady, rhythmic poetry.

Sliding into my mind, pictures of nature and it's beauty,
satisfying the spirit of my soul, total being manifesting
an interior divinity as sounds continue to excite me.

Rhythms thrilling me interiorly, rapidly being played, so
sonorous and delicate, a penetrating thought process being
inculcated.

Happening so quickly that thoughts are flowing like white
rapids of water hurrying downstream, filled with a blossom-
ing purpose of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoming Purpose Of Life

Rhythms tickling an interior space filled with music and
poetical interludes, fanciful, enticing every notion kept
in check to be expressed in a steady, rhythmic poetry.

Sliding into my mind, pictures of nature and it's beauty,
satisfying the spirit of my soul, total being manifesting
an interior divinity as sounds continue to excite me.

Rhythms thrilling me interiorly, rapidly being played, so
sonorous and delicate, a penetrating thought process being
inculcated.

Happening so quickly that thoughts are flowing like white
rapids of water hurrying downstream, filled with a blossom-
ing purpose of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoming Spirit

Sitting in a waiting room, writing, looking up and
seeing a child, around three years old smiling up
at me, questions and acceptance in her bright little
eyes.

Such an innocent, timid little girl, full of the life
she has ahead of her, promise and beauty can be seen
in her future as I feel her spirit blossoming into
the reality of this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoms Of A New Millenium

Revolving thoughts are waiting to enter this new dimension
of rare treasures hidden for many centuries within another
culture unknown to this mind.

Examining and wanting to discover it's many particles and
fibers of intrinsic rhythmical behaviors pertaining to
poetry.

Wandering through pathways, searching a myriad of ideas,
allowing curiosity to find it's way through passages of
unheard sentences of another life.

Expressing and relating details in poems of retribution,
attaching signatures of intellect to open and acceptable
thoughts of positive diversity.

Accumulating in softened tones of melodies and harmonies,
altogether in chords of classical symphonies written in
India and infiltrating blossoms of a new millennium.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoms Of Anticipation

Hurrying slowly through morning hours, anticipating noon and
evening pleasures with wanton desire.
Caressing soothing thoughts within a mind mellowed with peace
for the time being - wondering randomly what the rest of today
will bring.
Blossoms of anticipation unfold, revealing small journeys soon
to be made through pebbles of time unhurried.
Slowly stepping through life - watching it unwind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoms Of Death

Reeling across plains of scattered beats,
keeping time with traipsing melodies.

Faltering nevermore on standard measures
of infinity, taken to graves marked by
stony tears.

Gathering blossoms of death as we wend
our way through non-ending paths, of
living.

Traveling through desert scenery, pending
tomorrow's dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoms Of Essence

Blankets covering evening with quiet solace and beginnings
of contemplation, a fullness, an essence, opening up it's
blossoms to fresh scents of nighttime air.

Wafting along, tantalizing my mind with new and exciting
adventures and discoveries, ideas being uncovered and taken
up into the universe just to be blessed with special graces
from above.

Heaven creating places of safety for beauty of nature and
mankind as it contemplates prayerfully, the holiness of
our environment and planet.

Beautiful and succinct, subject to nothing evil or unjust,
finding pathways leading into the night, taking us into the
deepest parts of nature.

There expecting the impossible, gathering ideas into
particles of imagination as they are strewn upon the photo-
graphic screens of this interior mind and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoms Of Interest

Magically, patterns appear in every repertoire
of music being played in single file before me.
Wanting the pleasures of life, opening to their
blossoms of interest and definition, no less
than arrogant aromas dancing into the pictures
of fascination.
Collecting measures of everyday silent syllables
of nature and her anticipated beauty, continually
unfolding from an inner depth of unmitigated
intellect.
Unable to measure anyone's I.Q. until hidden in
this test of imagination, where it continues to
grow with all that is lived, experienced and dealt
with in depth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoms Of Maturity

Shores of life hug fate as it sways and ebbs with
tidal waves.
Never resting, always on the move, fitting into
any situation.
Rising and falling, encompassing sands of shorelines,
rinsing everything and beginning once again.
Beauty balancing on edges of life as it blossoms into maturity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoms Of Sorrow

Life is saturated with blossoms of sorrow,
we can't get beyond them.
They make life worth living, elating us in
happier times, even though tearing our
hearts at inopportune moments.
Worlds of knowledge are secreted inside of
our tears, awaiting our wisdom, learning
through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoms Of Tangibility

Sliding gracefully into saddles of pristine majesty,
gently sidling down an aisle of marriage on the way
to future togetherness.
A reminder that life is so very temporary and we
will all be missed too soon on this horizon.
Blueness of mindful sensory perceptions bloom
effervescently into blossoms of tangibility, awaiting
times of forgiveness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blossoms Of Thought

Walking through natural darkness, believing it will unfold
and relay many messages of penetrable energy into outer
atmospheres.
Solidly taking whatever is sent to my mind, encasing it all
in memories to be savored on future days and placed in
poetical visions.
Decorated entirely with blossoms of thoughts and given tender,
gentle whispers of care throughout their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blowing A Windsong

Hollow sounds coming from a windsong blowing it's way through the atmosphere, wandering, alone, contented with things as they are.

Along comes a sing song melody, tip toeing across interior chords, playing a different tune through an inherent and intuitive scheme of innate talent.

Nothing can compare with the intensity of all that is being brought forth in moments of ingenuity, while collapsing the old.

Unfolding, touching beauty that's been hiding below the surface, rhythms caressing and titillating their essence ceaselessly, never tiring, an energetic feeling that keeps on spurting into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blowing Intellect's Essence

Fans blowing the essence of intellect from within,
cooling it down and giving the impetuous needed.

Continuing writing, senses being attuned and gently
pulled into rhythms that are being played tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blowing Scents

Cool breezes blowing the scent of orange blossoms
through the air.

Filling senses with exhilaration - a natural high -
all of a sudden, I start sneezing away.

For I am allergic to orange blossoms blooming,
even though their fragrance stills my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blowing Tears

Sauntering into summer breezes, warm upon my brow,
beating upon my hair, shining it like golden corn
under bright lights.

Coercing many concerns to be accompanied in several
layers of distraught pools of sadness.

Crossing a straightaway, fleeing into the night filled
with tears, blowing steadily across my heart.

Soundlessly talking in a manner of speaking, as the
zeal of another time passes away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blowing Thoughts

Wind blowing thoughts in my mind, furling and unfurling ideas,
tossing them around, looking for the words to express each
vision and image that beckons to me in stride.
Cautiously, placing items into an array, deciding exactly what
to do with them.
Lining up, giving me many moments to put together puzzles that
my brain gives to me and enjoys.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blowing Wind

Watching wind blow, picking up whatever it can,
making it look weightless.
Noises, bangs, loud cracks and falling things
being tossed about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blue Aging

Life has become such a burden, but one I wouldn't do
without, even though it's so difficult to exist or be
anymore.
Poverty has struck with it's evil delivery, taking
away everything I used to have or do.
Reasoning abounds to stay in bed and never wake again
this side of life.
Tattered remnants of what I used to be lie broken and
yellowed with age.
Nothing seems to help or aid these feelings when they
take over, so I write them out, hoping to feel better
after a while.
Aging is so blue, so tiring at such a young age, but
it allows the future to become now as I experience
it's effects on my body and brain.
Becoming a blip in the universe, I fall into
imagination's bliss and live out of it, just to be
able to exist and be with family.

(9: 35 a.m. - 7/11/06)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blue Eyes

Sorrow falling from two blue eyes, streams into an aching heart.

Full of compassion, impatient joy, whispered dreams, afraid to hope.

Transcending it all, planting a seed, slowly growing in it's own time, taking hold and becoming strong.

Lost upon many starlit nights, prayers seemingly unanswered, skirting the skies.

Answers flying unheeded through all the worries of the day, lie fallen upon deadened piles of decaying hopes and dreams.

Fears filling every thought that takes it's hold, causing sleepless nights, full of tears.

Praying, easing the tight stranglehold we've kept unknowingly all along.

Letting go, realizing a little at a time that life can then be filled to overflowing.

When releasing all thoughts, hopes, dreams and prayers, life can then be learned to live according to God's plan.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blue Loneliness

People rushing to and fro, greeting others,
enjoying conversations and company, sharing
experiences with one another.

Lively anticipation rousing tired bodies
and minds from depressions of loneliness.

Talented musicians taking away and curing
the blues for moments in daily time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blue Minded Prism

Twilight gleaming over this mind, portraying beauty of
darkness under small moonbeams.
Capturing imagination in a fishing net, throwing it
upon a ship's deck, watching as it spreads and grows
to the edge.
Illuminated, saturated with salt water, dripping with
surprise into eyes of a blue minded prism.
Walking along, prayerfully sensing depth and beauty
of darkness in waves of elation and emotion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blue Mornings

Crippling fears abound in life when you travel
unknown highways on blue mornings.
Furnishing sentiments of lasting impressions,
settling them in pine tree's needles, combing
memories of sublime interest.
Cautioning levels of persistence, turbulent
images dive beneath coverlets of amnesia in
order to live on pathways of desirable
affection.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blue Rainbows

Rainbows of blue follow me through life, giving me
strength and encouragement, helping me to cross
oceans of silent sorrow.
Stretching across billions of miles, leaving parts
and bits of me floating in tidal waves of reunion.
Serene distillation of all dreams conquer and
surround life with colors of bluened light, cradling
me in arms of peaceful enlightenment and contented
joy.
Times of logical reasoning creep into imagination's
hierarchy, creating new conceptions and mirror images
of aluminum thoughts, shining within copper pots of
illumination in kitchens of delicious sense.36431

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blue Reality

Blue glass forming pictures of reality, seen clearly detailed in
images formed behind great minds.
Taunting puzzles enter perfect reflections, expecting answers
which are not easily given.
Life becomes too real if thought about - too scary to talk about
out loud.
Quietly it is written down in whispers for only the brave of
heart to venture into.
Realms of thought left standing around become transparent and the
blue glass of reality frames each particle into life's true
perspective.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blue Rose Of Heaven

Washing over and through fibers of my being, a touch of aroma coming directly from a ten-dimensional blue rose of heaven, a sign to me that God continues to be with me through everything yet to come.

Never fearing, allowing His peace and solace to calm my spirit and soul completely throughout the days ahead, flowing memories of heaven's gardens continue to enfold me every moment of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blue Roses

Plentiful are reasons for living on this earth, yet our
souls yearn for another side of life, after we've been
traveling and end up on death's doorstep.

Hallways of trepidation fill our sights with beautiful
entrancing scenery, as we wend our way down paths of
God's gardens, seeing for the first time, blue roses
of sorrow being tenderly cared for by His many angels.

Touching each soul who enters with God's special
blessing, while pouring out His love onto us, brings
us to our knees in praise of Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blue Velvet

Blue velvet memories touch my mind
with softened airs.
Allowing it to feel and taste
yesterday's images without tearing
or shredding their sole existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bluebird Of Life

Liking life, it fits my style,
picks me up, makes me smile.

Bluebird of my life sits upon
it's perch, singing of love
and peace.

Contentedly, free of uncertainty
lies death in silken ebony,
waiting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bluened Atmosphere

Structure and technique are automatically being
used by intellect, never having to think or have
any thoughts in mind.

Looking into a vast bluened atmosphere, nothing
in mind, picking up a pen and begin writing from
this total light filling my mind only.

Wonder, awe, none of it appearing, only feelings
of intense joy and blessings continually filling
my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bluened Covers Of Maturity

Blanketing this mind in rose petals, sensuously touching
and waking desires to be fulfilled and laid to rest in
beds of a complete and unconditional love.

Forming and shaping this being in so many ways that it
is simply astonishing and beyond any comprehension.

Holding onto books of fears while shedding them and the
tears of pain captured and held prisoner with them for
years.

Slipping out from under bluened covers of maturity,
looking to an interior contemplation to find answers
waiting, hopefully in total anticipation of recognition.

Appealing rhythms being committed to memory and played
instrumentally throughout moments of life.

It's unfolding history being perfectly played and placed
in albums of photographic scrap books.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bluened Intellect

Thinking back over life, recapturing events and memories
of youth, all of it seen in bluened visions of intellect.

Realizing that intellect has an aura all it's own, noticing
that I talk of it now and then, it's always in the context
of being bluened.

Truthfully, that is how I think in this beautiful sea of
bluened thought always being focused within my brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bluened Knowledge

Making designs quietly within, tracing them onto
pages of this book in forms of letters and words.
Seeing only what's in my mind, no outward glances
need be taken, because it's heavenly in here with
bluened light of wisdom and knowledge flowing
over my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bluened Lights

Writing into bluened lights, always visible when in this particular mode of writing.

A very tantalizing feeling of emotion is also connected to it, bringing many feelings up and out into the open.

Always justifying the effervescent beauty of an interior life as I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bluened Moon

Beautiful bluened moon, watching over me,
tempting my mind with ideas.

Giving reasons to pause and enlighten
stairways of literature, for future images
in generations to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bluened Reasons

Jumbling and rocking thoughts to incessant interior rhythms, watching the beauty of life opening up like blossoms of a million roses.

Scents filling minds with heavenly aromas, leading down pathways of beauty and serenity.

So calm and extraordinary, taking and bringing everything to fruition within recesses of a mind.

So all-encompassing, fixing everything so perfectly, filling imagination with so many colorful rainbows of bluened reasons.

Omnipotent essences awaiting a touch of feelings, bringing them all into being, waltzing gently into reaches of interior solace, giving in to incessant projections of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bluened Solace

Interior solace, bluened by music of yesteryear, flying
with imagination into dimensions beyond our vision.

Waiting unendingly on parchment of heavenly ideas and
novel thoughts, becoming more at peace with every
notation on scores of music.

Touching nerves of my soul in ecstasy, as I feel rhythms
innately with my entire being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bluened Spirituality

Entering regions of my brain when listening to rhythms
brings about an enlightening substance of thoughts,
pondering them within the bluened spirituality of my
soul as they magnify the beauty of the Divine.

Ascertaining fields of energy that unfold when thinking
intensely about something, total concentration developed
when younger helps to maintain the silence of my being no
matter what's going on around me.

In the center of a crowd, at a party, always going within
and writing, blocking out everything, even shutting down
my senses, at times someone will tap my arm or hand, trying
to get my attention.

Never feeling or noticing them, continuing writing, stay-
ing within my being totally, encompassed within an intense
intellectual pursuit through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bluened Sun

Bluened sun, setting in the skyward sunrise as it sets on my soul, quickening thought and picturing words in definitive measures of
exacting rhythms.

Alive with verdant pastures of green, newly formed life, created
for this precise poem to be expressed and created for just this
moment in time for all to see.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bluened Tones

Swinging right into melodies of this
morning, enjoying their easy going
tempo as it flows around my mind in
bluened tones of gray, so intense
and delightful.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bluer Pastures

Water cascading off of water fountain falls, soothes
and refreshes my soul with laughter, gentle and calming.
Days and years, filled with stress and hardship, melting
away in a placid space of poetry.
Timing twitters away, peace descends upon my soul,
leading me to bluer pastures soon in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blues Altered Rhythms

Blues crying in the morning, touching hearts
saddened with tears.
All of life tapping it's feet and listening
to the beautiful sounds of intense melodies,
sorrow protruding into the atmosphere.
Wiggling rhythms writhing in the pits of grief,
stirring up tears lying within, wanting now,
more than ever to be expressed in blues, giving
them expression in an altered rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blues Brothers

Deeply breathing in gusts of fresh air, peacefully
listening to the joyous Blues Brothers sing feelingly
from their elated hearts.

Taking our minds beyond life's pain and strife,
allowing our souls to climb to heaven.

Looking about, sighing with heartfelt joy at the
peace descending in sound boxes to our awaiting ears.

Focusing on the beauty of memories long ago, being
blessed again today with their memorable musical songs.

Words can never be enough to tell the Blues Brothers
how much they are appreciated today, and every time
they sing for us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bluest Memories

Pounding rhythms vibrating my soul with fervor and joy.
Slicing into dreams of future horizons with bluest
memories tearing in my eyes, pulling me into a reverie,
thinking backwards in time.
Sighing with comfort, easing myself into a reclining
chair so I may relax in the arms of bluest memories
while being immersed in tear-filled ideas, abounding
in the universe eternal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bluest Symphony

Branches hanging down over the essence of my mind, giving expressions to use in time with the unity of rhythm.

Directing into quality of life deserved, seeing landscapes of emotions, noticing their intense feelings as they are rolled out onto gardens of our futures.

So much in need of our solemn praise and greetings to keep them under cover, yet out and learning to live with one another.

Stepping carefully into canyons of another time, taking notice of the wonderful surroundings all around us.

Giving it all it's due and watching the sun set itself into beauty of another evening, the bluest symphony ever heard under the heavenly sky on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Blurring Tomorrow

Soundichly playing softened beats as I languish in moments of tissue covering my face with tears of emotion.

Tell-tale events splashing over from inside my being, causing pools of sorrow to overflow, blurring all my tomorrows with grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bni

Many people in wheelchairs, lining the walls,
bodies splinted, casted or taped, holding their
pain in check.
Painstakingly waiting for therapy: speech,
occupational, physical.
Enduring whatever they must to get stronger and
better to live life through.
Helping, pushing, cajoling patients through
recovery, are the people we caringly call BNI
nurses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Boardwalk Of Yesterday

Memories of yesterday at the seashore, walking along
the boardwalk, enjoying the smell of the salty ocean,
feeling the gentle heat touch my skin so tenderly,
energizing my spirit.
Walking down aisles of stores, a carnival-like
atmosphere bringing jovial happiness to a greater
degree inside.
Spiritually growing with every step past avenues and
familiar images and faces of relatives no longer
living here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bobbin Rose

Sandwiched between reverberations of love and caring,
two people join hearts together, finding companionship
in aging years of life.

Holding hands, melding hearts into one entity as they
walk and dance to ends of earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bobbin Rose Two

Holding hands and eyes as they
dance quietly in minds of time.

Loving one another with young
thoughts of youth.

Placing emotion into capsules
of feeling, hoping to hold one
another forever.

Afraid if they lose hold they
will be separated for life on
earth.

Stepping in tune with their
love, still as young as ever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bobblehead Flowers

Little yellow bobblehead flowers being blown about
by gusts of winds.
A bird alights in front of them, looks around, then
hops right in the middle, pushing their little yellow
bobbleheads to the ground.
Walking through the flower bed as if it were a great
big jungle of tangled trees, then this bird hops out
onto the sidewalk for a moment and flies away into
the distant breeze.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bobby's Cats

Tears fall from memories of yesterday where a heart is kept tucked away in tears.
Showing pictures of those who were loved dearly and have been touched by them with their souls.
Carefully taking them one by one, and sharing with others, their pictures will always keep them cherished in depths of hearts where once they lived together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bocelli's Sensuous Rhythms

Bocelli's voice with music, wraps itself gently around
my subconscious mind, relaxing strenuous patterns of
stress throughout the day.

Deriving a sensual pleasure, a delivery from life's
requirements, while in a forest of beautiful notes,
measures, tones, all encapsulated in a voice of
immeasurable beauty.

It's quality able to transplant this soul into a world
of serenity - an oasis filled with extraordinary
creative prose, lasting an eternity.

Music talking throughout my mind in graduating leaps
and bounds, being brought into subconscious thought,
enlarging imagination's boundaries into infinity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Body Of Fire

Keeping in measures of time, being energized fully
and completely, staying in the fires of imagination,
as I write continually and fervently in time and
space.

Peacefully enjoying myself here in this body of fire,
filled with desires of lifetime solace.

Creating the pieces and particles of my essence as I
continue living here, waiting to expire.

Beginning the priceless treasures of literature in
every breath I take, inhaling words along with their
meanings and definitions into my mind at long last.

Gathering all the distant atoms here in my being today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Boggling Insights

Mind-boggling enterprises exacerbating premises of
unknown categories.

Turning life around from the inside, exposing it to
radiation of another type.

Lying in dark caverns, searching for knowledge,
beguiled by the iridescent insights of wisdom.

Holding on to placating temptations in the night,
letting them go with hazy morning light.

Befriended on occasion by a scattered thought or
image, only later to find another open-ended question
of life.

Boggling the mind on any given day, insight enters into
realms of imagination giving it a tremendous brilliance.

Standing sideways, staring askance as mind-boggling
enterprises exacerbate premises of unknown territories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bombarded With Thoughts Of Death

Becoming, awakening from a dizzying sleep that was
taking me through many nightmares of life as I lay
sleeping.

My mind being bombarded with all kinds of thoughts
of death and the beauty of it's eventuality in time,
bringing hope to light.

Taking all senses, using them to anticipate what is
to come in the near future, searching life for the
answers.

Having questions that are never-ending, penetrating
consciousness, delivering things to my mind as I
live every moment still curious.

Wanting to know the whys and wherefores of everything
that I am to go through yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bond Of Life

A bond of life grows within each of us,
we hold it close, fearful of it's demise.

At times.

We look forward to death and pray for it's
coming when we are sick or suffering
beyond what we feel we should.

At times.

On our deathbeds, spiritually we embrace
death, striving to go peacefully.

At times.

Appreciation of life is seldom spoken
of or lived accordingly, yet we enjoy
it's presence.

At times.

When the time comes for us to exhale
our final breath we go to our Lord in
peace and grace.

At times.

When death is present, it's difficult
to live a full life and be thankful
for this gift.

At times.

Having faith and hope at times helps
us to believe we will be one with God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bonding Friendship

Two gentlemen playing pool, respectful towards each other, polite, yet bursting out in laughter more often than not.

Joking with one another and having fun while playing throughout the afternoon here at the senior center.

Bonding friendship decorating each of them as they find the goodness in one another throughout the rest of their lives, even when not playing pool.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bonding On Final Horizons

Generations coming together, talking, relating experiences,
bonding on their final horizon.
Genuine caring reflected in their faces, concern sounding
in their voices.
Eyes speaking volumes as they meet compassionately with
others.
Silently expressing their true feelings and friendship in
the hours or days ahead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bonds Tightly Woven

Yesterday was a time of happiness and joy, being with parents and all our relatives, sitting under the grape arbor, grapes brought right from Sicily by Grandma.

Many hours of shade, voices speaking Italian in between eating grapes, purple and green, tasty and sweet, even eating the seeds themselves.

Such a close-knit family, bonds of us all so tightly woven that no one could ever unravel them, our hearts always with one another through years of growing up.

Strengthening our love for each other only, moments of joy in memories, bringing back the love we used to share together.

Now all the images that I can see come from my mind interiorly, reality of today not touching any of them, living only in visions and memories, all yesterdays we spent in loving and being close.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Book Lives

Thousands of books, sitting prettily
on shelves of oak.

Watching life through their wisdomly
eyes.

Peering over spectacles befitting
their guise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Book Of Life Opened

Passing through a recognition of life on an endless journey,
gathering a myriad of ideas and thought-provoking circumstances.
Allotting each individual portion a share in eternal verse,
unhesitant in any category, alive with vibrant feelings of music
stirring deep within a mind of wonder.
Flying above earth in a vehicle of imagination, seeing more than
any other person on earth has ever seen.
Feeling alive, touching, sensing beauty held interiorly, splashing
it across subconsciously, tying it to memories hidden always before
in caves of secrecy - and now no more, for everything falls out
upon this paper.
Blowing gently across my face, tantalizing mindless blossoms to
open and fall before my conscious mind.
Untethered, free of all discord, spread across a new dimension of
vision, opened like a book and read by all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Booking Between Times

Alive with the knowing tenderness of sorrow, playing a tune
of death, tomorrow.

Standing in lengthening shadows of evening, barricading
laughter from coming close, forever.

Booking between long times through knowledge, fallen from
shelves of ageless time.

Begotten totally from future pasts, titled into books,
bound by human tears.

Forever yearning for riches of kings, being content with
little or nothing instead.

Reading words into minds which never think beyond what lies
ahead in the next few hours.

Solidly ticking away all of nature's lawful hopes,
running into the forests of tangled webs, stranded always,
forever dead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Books Of Life

Bound by prisons of people who think they know better than
I, pathways I must travel.

There aren't any shortcuts or roundabout ways to live life,
for I must experience every second of it.

Happy or depressed - joyful or sorrowful - all must be a
part of my existence.

Never leaving any moments behind, my mind subconsciously
absorbs every particle of information and data to be used
one day in poetry or written words.

Passed on to posterity - books of life from one small woman
child of God's.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Books Of Thought

Stepping into future shores of life, attempting to fit
styles unknown before.
Allowing a freedom and independence to form bonds with
my soul.
Incorporating gifts and talents with words and their
meanings as years go by.
Filling the world with literature and books of thought
to carry on our heritage for many lifetimes to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Books Of Time

Books of time being
written continuously in rhyme.

Measuring beats of my heart
as it celebrates life in a
melody of penitent spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Boosting Desires

Rushing along pathways, realizing moments of truth as they
fly and soar past and above us.

Always giving feelings of desire a boost, rapidly taking
heart and soul into a balancing act of writing music and
love.

Holding onto every bit of each so they can be written
into poems fully explaining everything that is being felt
in the best of times.

Perfect stature and tranquil periods of life grow and
blossom from an interior life situated just so within.

Never failing to enliven spirits, taking off into skyways
of heaven, so fascinating that I can never get enough of it.

Loving and treading water as I fall into pits of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Boosting Egos

Sparkling voics, sounding pleasantly throughout the room,
full of people waiting their turns to sing favorite songs
for us all.
When being the center of attention, all eyes upon you,
it gives your heart a boost and hoists your ego farther
up the scale, building self-confidence by leaps and bounds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Boosting Spirits

Twisting, turning, gyrating into an early morning dance,
seniors up and bouncing, keeping up with the tempos as
they crowd around.

Everyone being taken into the past of our musical history,
so sensational and uplifting, giving spirits a needed
boost.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Booting Out Corruption

Delicious senses of being enticed through desires are entering and taking over.

Fortunately, giving precise feelings of enjoyment while looking around at the situation in our world.

It is frightening to say the least, and yet there is hope for our nation.

Getting rid of obama will be a good beginning, then will follow all corrupt politicians being booted out right behind him.

Americans and the tea party starting over and cleansing our government once and for all.

Putting all of our efforts into upholding the Constitution of the United States of America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Borderless Thought

Forging into life boundaries, attempting to expand
and leave them far behind.

Inventing borderless thought with no limits reigning
in creativity or knowledge.

What a pleasure that has become, freedom at it's
finest, I would say.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Borderline Of Life

Standing at the borderline of living, watching for
signs to begin or end.

Following inner thoughts of death, leaping out to
smash all feelings.

Whenever thought penetrates deeply into a being,
the process of living is temporarily interrupted.

Seeking the fallacious memories of inner crying,
always taken aback by the vividness of remembering.

Falling down, forgetting the living, allowing death
the freedom to take hold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bored Nature

A little bird came flying quickly, landing on the stairs,
he chose to hop up them one at a time instead of doing
the obvious easy way of flying.

Wondering if he just needed a challenge to spur him on to
other necessary things, life can become boring, living it
the same way every day without any changes.

Perhaps a bird can feel bored too.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Boring Entertainment

Spending money on magazines for countless doctor's offices.
Being displayed nicely on tables and shelves for patients to look through or read.
An idle pasttime to keep us all occupied while we wait endlessly for our turns to be called back to exam rooms.
When there, magazines again are laid out for our boring entertainment while waiting for the doctor to come in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Boring Job

Sitting atop a downtown building, taking a break
from a boring job.

Hoping to wake a little from this business sleep,
as the hours have droned on.

Calmly scanning the horizon, looking for something
to catch my eye so I may write about it.

All things and buildings continue to sit immobile,
not caring one iota if anyone can't see through or
write about them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Boring Speakers

Reiterating the same topics ad nauseum, as we clap constantly for each speaker.
Getting tired and bored of the same rhetoric, fidgeting, talking softly to our neighbor.
A lull in speeches, filled with an upbeat song, breaking the monotony of the conference.
Getting up, walking around, stretching, the best part of the program so far.
Saxophone, guitar and drum beating out the boredom with music to clap by.
Taking advantage of the short break, many people are taking the opportunity to escape and go home to more interesting endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Born In The Midst Of Rhythms

Traipsing through vibrations of music, feeling them as
they reverberate, touching inner strings and playing
chords to exacting pitches of heavenly songs.

Born in the midst of rhythms, letting them tell my
story of life as I translate them into poetry, being
in deepest forests of imagination, tranquil and watching.

Making sure only the truth is being told, nothing else
will do, living in a life of honest deliberation, taking
paths that lead into creative canyons of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Born Purpose

Gravity holding me to earth, yet my mind is far away,
soaring in heaven, unafraid of visions that appear in
constant remembering.

A loving and energetic beauty, soft and soothing, always
generating an image of intellect as it rises into an
atmosphere of wisdom.

Having finally achieved it in incessant words of know-
ledge, as they open minds of anyone who reads them in
the twilight of their intense vibrant essence.

Filled with passion that engulfs me in sincere beauty
and sources of life which no one can take from me.

Wonder and awe fulfilling the purpose that I was born
to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Born To Succeed

Born to succeed, women continually strive to find a better life,
growing and stretching to the limits, all known resources.

At times giving up, throwing hands up helplessly for a few
minutes to relieve the pressure.

Starting again, renewed, refreshed, ready to tackle problems
with creative solutions tucked within their minds, awaiting
their time.

Women fending for themselves in many prisons of men's doing,
on frayed edges, wanting to move among the living.

Eyes watering, constantly watching the activities of business
worlds, wishing to become a part of it, having misgivings.

Once perspective originates, life is seen together whole and
can be begun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Born To Write

Composing everything seen into artistic endeavors, portraying the world in different designs, facets and patterns of intellect.

Totally being fascinated by a creative process born within, watching as thoughts develop and strengthen inner desires of knowledge.

Holding onto the passion of intellect and imagination, that I was born with to write, finding that it's closely connected with an innate and subconscious insight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Borrowing From Life Experiences

Riding the train of life as I travel interiorly down the tracks, looking for landscapes that match my attitude and capture imagination.

Always investigating, borrowing from life experiences and joining rhythms that never quit playing within intellect, carousing with tempos and notes.

Going up and down chords like a sliding board, never even missing a beat, finding incessant vibrations tantalizing me inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Borrowing Images

Turning inwardly, searching for past memories,
wanting to relive them on a contemplative horizon.
Feelings clouding my vision, causing tears to
insinuate themselves in my heart.
Soul coverings entering my mind, with complacent
thought, borrowing images for future designs set
in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bosses Week

Bosses week is such a small way to show how much you're appreciated for the thoughtfulness, kindness and understanding you show all employees.

Whip in hand, full of the devil, supervising the flock
with a mischievous vengeance.

You're such a slave driver all year long, we're hoping
this note and flowers will give us a little breather.

Eloquently handling all the chores of the day, decisions,
decisions, what to do?

You're the boss, pass it on to one of us!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Both Of Us

Watching the door leading from the hallway,
waiting to see the love of my life appear.

Sating the loneliness hiding interiorly as
imagining us both walking together down and
out the hallway into life's byways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Both Sides

Clamoring for attention, nature is putting on a wonderful show in the outdoors.

Soaring birds, flying swiftly and smoothly through the atmosphere, taking their time to be aloft.

Thinking it must be so peaceful and beautiful to fly like they do.

Then my mind changes pictures of thought, and I see them struggling against the forceful winds of a storm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Both Sides Of Love

Love comes in and out of everyone's life, bringing joy and pleasure, satisfying our deepest desires at times, giving us comforting feelings only love can give us.

Then on the other side of love, fall the tears from being hurt by it, desires left unsatisfied, rudely being abandoned and left to cry for the loss of it's beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bottom Line

Realizing people are looking for recognition
in this life, getting together, jamming into
the night.

Expressing themselves through poetry, music
and artistic graces from within, harping on
the sophistication of one another.

Yet the bottom line being the simplicity of
living life on a solo journey, each our own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bottomless Heart Of Glass

Lonely, disappointed again by life and it's forlorn future.
Hanging by a thread, falling faster than gravity on earth.
Combining every emotion, trying to make some sense of it all.
Knowing deeply inside that there is no sense to refrain from
the emptiness that keeps filling me like bottomless hearts
of glass.
Defeated and afraid, alone in abandonment, no one to turn to
and no one here to help me come out of this quagmire of
helplessness.
Sorting through the immense facts, finding no where to turn,
giving up when all is said and done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bottoms Of Leaves

Beneath the trees, looking up at the bottoms of leaves,
thinking of their places in life as they just hang
there giving shade, looking coquettishly shy.

Being blown by winds off and on throughout their times
on earth, being rained and snowed on at different
stages in their little known lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bougainvilla Racing

Bougainvillae blossoms racing with the wind
across a breezeway.
Getting stuck in the middle when the wind
dies down, looking eagerly forward to the
end of the race to see who will finally win.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Boulder Of Yesterday

Stepping quietly down steep mountain trails,
looking around.

Seeing sights and visions of life passing by
in momentous moments of destiny.

Only climbing down purposely, leaving the past
tucked away beneath a boulder of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bouncing Air

Light blossoming
in spheres of vision,
bouncing about the air
without hitting
or knocking us out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Boundaries

Infinitesimal structures built within, attempting
to reconstruct a human being who once was, fighting
temptations daily, to turn away and run, living
alone inside a shell.

No cacophonies heard, distant tears shining explicitly
upon desert wastelands.

Circumscription hailing from all sides, inner confusion,
not being able to relocate silently, withering away
interiorly.

Posing unattainable goals, seeking the privacy of dense
forests of knowledge, caught on plains, afraid to step
into the open, fear vandalizing interior peace, deceptive
reasoning appears intact.

Abreaction spilling onto ears of unrepentant possibilities
derived in enclosed spaces, positive of future ablation
terrorizing minds full of horrible memories stuck in time-
less eras, unable to extricate themselves.

Abjuring all of life, kneeling before God, asking forgive-
ness for what will soon be committed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bouquets Of Lively Sincerity

Lilting and delicate beauty of flowers in gardens
across the planet, spreading good cheer and happiness
in bouquets of lively sincerity.

Being held in loving hands and given to loved ones
for birthdays, anniversaries, graduations and babies
being born or people in the hospital.

So many uses for flowers blossoming all over the world,
mostly making people happy, smiling at thoughts being
given with each beautiful bouquet.

Then at funerals just quietly and silently expressing
condolences and wishes for those that are still alive
and grieving their loss.

A variety of ways in which flowers are used to help
others, a wonderful way to exercise mercy and compassion
on this earth.

Peaceful, yet silent words being spoken through each petal
and blossom on a stem, presented from one person to another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bouquets Of Memories

Outside a body of being, actual and unseen senses
originate and become a part of it's thought.
Bouquets of forget-me-not memories sit with pretty,
lacy bows tied around them, awaiting recognition in
a simple image.
Ideas like roses, prick a memory, placing it
consciously on a table before us, regarding the past
with thoughtful endeavors, leaving us in a storm of
memories on a lost and bitter cold morning.
Accepting facts, all gathered together in thoughts
outside a body of being, actual and unseen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bouquets Of Poetry

Strumming steps down lanes of yesterday,
big bands playing their melodies in time
with rhythms' incessant playfulness.
Gathering every nuance into large bouquets
of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bouquets Of Sorrow

Traveling across the world in my mind, taking in sights
I may never see once I have died.

Sorrow blinded by the beauty of a mountainous desert,
rising to meet me in a cloudy afternoon sky.

Or rain falling silently upon arid floors in a noon
time sun.

Enjoying peaceful ideas, flourishing in an array of
flower gardens, awaiting their turn to become bouquets
in someone's living room or by a hospital bed, proclaiming
love in a vase of life-giving essence of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bouquets Of Tears

Walking towards me with a bouquet of flowers, tears hanging
from her eyes, a sadness emanating from her soul.

How I wish I could reach out, hug her, tell her I'm alright,
that I still love her, but the silence of death lies between
us.

Carefully making her way, making sure not to step on any
other's grave, coming upon mine, kneeling, saying a prayer
for me as she places her bouquet in the little holder.

Eyes totally misted over, everything's a little blurry,
cleaning off my headstone, touching it so gently as if I am
a part of it and she doesn't want to hurt me.

Wanting to tear away the blanket of silence and let her know
I'm here, near her.

As she rearranges the flowers, Mom talks to me, I wish I
could answer and put her heart to rest.

She's suffered so much already, I softly brush her hair back
with a gentle breeze so I can see her better.

I touch her heart with the many tears she holds there and
talk to her, Mom, death does not lessen my love for you, I
try in many small ways to let you know I'm thinking of you.

Asking God to put certain people in your life to help you,
I know you recognize them soul to soul, only the good, kind-
hearted, caring people will do, the one's I'm sure you can
recognize some small part of myself in.

Hoping Mom, that you treasure these people as I do, it's the
only way now to show my continuing love and appreciation,
felt even now beyond the grave for your kindness, love and
caring wile I lived with you.

Wishing Mom, that you could hear me, maybe it would help ease

your pain a little, I love you, Mom, I always will.

Watching Mom walk away from me, somehow I think she's heard
me, her soul seems a little bit lighter.

Until next time Mom, and I flutter my way back to heaven,
where our true joy will someday, again, be together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bouquets Of Visions

Solemn thoughts being arranged
gently in bouquets of creative visions,
giving off scents in beautiful images.
Stretching elastically into future destinies,
holding always to yesterday's pastimes and energy.
Calmly sating the lure of enticing brain food
being placed in my mind on platters of musical
compositions, giving an energy of tomorrow's future
abilities.
Knowing all ideas as they are brought into focus,
closely identifying with who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Boxes Of Clouds

Lengthening shadows hiding me behind death's near doors,
letting me slowly disperse and disappear beyond life and
its unsound reality.
Taking with me, all senses, picturesque and photographic
memories, placing everything into boxes of clouds to be
given back to God when I see Him in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Boxes Of Rhythm

Sitting on boxes of rhythm as they exude tantalizing motions
of melody.
Finalizing particular sensations of serenity, folded in two
and set in closets of infinity.
Expressing invisible thoughts as they are written on paper
for all to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brain Food

Rolling down streets full of cars,
taking people into realms of other dimensions,
feeling their ways in foggy mists of yesterday's memories.

Being aloft for moments in time, never being spoken about,
only set in rhymes one after another.
Catching phrases of intellect as they fall quickly into
tasty morsels of food for the brain.

Sounding boards of talent are always turned on and focused
intuitively on basics of life.

Entering depths of abandoning detachment, awaiting the
inevitable pressure of lonely emptiness in it's fathomless
pits of hell.

Other sides of the thought are being entertained and put to
sleep in astounding avenues of becoming verses.
Only awakening when the poems are being read by one other
than who's written it in depths of poetical mysteries.

Solace placating every idea as it rests in plentiful ease
of forsaken essences of the past.
No one any wiser as it sails around, never alighting in any
cove of purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brain Patterns

Straightening lines interconnected in brain patterns of lightened knowledge.
Accessing deeper parts of intelligence, holding ideals in special
places, and awaiting precise instructions from innate talent.
Exposing and developing any picture that appears on screens of
inner landscapes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brain's Ocean

Somewhere lightening of my mind sparks intellectual thoughts,
reveling in the microscopic ideals of infinity as it builds
itself a wall of knowledge.

Circumstances are varied and I acknowledge every little
word and sentence that group themselves around an inventive
line.

Gathering them all as if in baskets, printing them entirely
on paper, enjoying myself immensely.

When the time is right, all flows evenly, like music down
the river of my mind to the ocean of my brain.

Life is enjoyable as I write for hours upon end what I create.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Branches

Wondering what this afternoon will bring, hanging from
branches within my mind.

Swinging to and fro, gradually trying to attain some
peace inside.

Feeling somewhat like a child playing, yet in my heart
knowing the adult inside may soon be crying.

Wondering what this afternoon will bring, hanging on
the edge of Dad's imminent eternity.

(2: 37 p.m. - 6/1/98)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Branches Of Grief

So many tears falling onto my plate through the years,
drenching the interior of this being.

Taking it down stairwells and into the darkness of a
sorrow so tenderly leaving.

Forlorn and forsaken, hanging on the branches of grief
as it slowly turns life around.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Branches Of Reality

Tired of sitting in bowls of life with everything
weighing upon little shoulders, pressing selves
into small round bottoms.

Wanting instead to be on a platter, easy ways out
beyond set boundaries.

Able to roam and see every circular horizon, limits
unbounded, open fields of imagination untold.

Galloping through circumstances, grabbing branches
of reality, snapping them to break open and spread
throughout the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Branches Reaching

Skinny little tree, dancing the ballet in the middle
of a sun-lit yard.

Reaching out it's branches to life above, hoping to
grow taller to get a glimpse of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brave Bikers

Rising higher, unity gathering momentum, overtaking
the so-called politically correct nonsense that has
been going on far too long now.

Bikers bravely turning things around, having a pork
roast for Ramadon to help muslims celebrate their
pagan day with us.

Just the thing to turn the tide, along with draw a
cartoon of allah contest, winners to be decided when
all entries have been turned in.

Americans standing up for freedom, not backing down,
facing muslims head on, it's about time to show them
who's country this really is.

We totally applaud what our bikers and Vets are doing
for us here in the U.S., protecting us from the enemy
that has infiltrated America from within our White House.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Break - Through Energy

Inspired by incessant thoughts found in nature,
being enlivened and taunted by it's exquisite
humor at times.

Feelings and emotions building themselves through
energy of intellect, leaving their marks along the
way through life's trials.

Together thoughts and imagination moving through
insistent periods of break-through energy, throwing
ideas into fires to burn brightly with inspiration.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breakers Of Hawaii

Beauty of Hawaii never seen, yet it exists within my
mind, reminiscent of it's music and piety of dancing
gracefully on shores of pure white sand.
Standing so majestically, watching waves bounce upon
shores of white foam and float back out to sea.
Breakers always crashing in my memory, although I've
never actually been there except in my mind's eye.
Beauty of Hawaii sings to me in quiet simple songs
and prayers, abidingly.
Waves of future times may one day be mine in reality,
when I have a chance to visit there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breakfast

Swirling like milk
in a cup of coffee.
Picking up everything
in it's path, and
becoming part of breakfast.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breakfast Of Nature's Breath

An early morning breakfast of nature's breath, blowing everything,
making it move and sway in a silent rhythm.
An ocotillo reaching toward the sky, being stiffly blown to and
fro with a slight case of seeming arthritis.
Not mattering a bit, knowing movement is the best remedy for old
age and all it's senior problems to be lived with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking A Spirit

Breaking a spirit with abusive behavior, cramming into a grave made
just for me with a mouth and attitude against me.
Always being so mean and bossy, pushing me into corners of nowhere,
keeping me swept away from life and urging suicide on me and into
my mind and heart, no care or concern whether I do or not.
A common criminal in every sense of the word, using opinions and
pushing me over the edge of life right at it's ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Another's Pattern

Stringent lines of disobedience are carefully being
delineated so I can break from this jail cell I've
been encased in.

Trying to break the pattern a person's put in place,
wanting to be free and escape her brutality for good.

Throwing authority aside, picking myself up and
standing up to her, making her turn away with tears,
as I hurry and get out of her way.

No longer stuck in her misery, free to walk into my
own sunrise, alone at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Apart Sadness

Living in the magic of your love this morning,
taking steps incessantly into poetry.

Loving and having fun with your image as it
fills me with your love.

Breaking apart the sadness with your humor and
personality, taking me into depths of your being.

Believing in the unconditional love that you
continue to pour into me each moment together.

A quiet and soothing peacefulness, tempting me
into a silent complacency, spirit filled all the
while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Away

Living in paradise, loving you forever, leading life
down pathways of heavenly bliss, breaking away from
the insistence of other people.

Taking you by the hand, desires running rampant, want-
ing you to quench them with your wonder and passion,
giving us both a wonderful atmosphere.

Loving going back and forth, keeping us busy, loving
each other totally and tantalizingly, bringing us to-
gether time after time, making love day and night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Barriers

Rocking and jamming to beats,
intense enough to break barriers
through to the brain.

Delicious enough to taste and savor
in mind, allowing a fluid motion to
seep from within.

Touching interior passageways, filling
them with thoughts given heed to, by
conscious listening and productive
feelings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Chains

Wanting to break chains of life from within, being free
and independent.

Soaring into inner depths of intellect, finding self in
it's many corners hiding within.

Sololy traveling in hemispheres of another intelligent
world, held closely inside this brain.

Nothing able to mar or hurt it with uncharacteristic
traits of other people's ideas and notions.

Playing instruments of rhythms in many written
compositions here in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Dawn

Watching dawn break like an egg over earth,
believing in a God of beauty and faith.

Focusing on nature's chorus of birds, wind,
insects, listening to their soft melodies
flow to senses on any given day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Definitions

Tactile feelings primarily set inside, awaiting senses to coincide.
Total energy pushing me further than ever before, giving an
intellectual twist to figure mathematically into poetry.

With rhyming sounds and tones of beautiful pictures, they are given
space in memory's catalogs.
Silent voices, lurking crowded byways, as imagination speeds up
processes interiorly.

Following beats, as every step brings me closer to inner bliss.
Making up words to characterize how and why I think.
Breaking definitions into pictures of candid opposites, bringing
and blending them into the mix.

Finding novel explanations sending life into many new directions,
and giving effusive motions.
Traversing movements along with rhythm's poetical stance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Down Barriers

Continually moving forward, seeing sights interiorly through
imagination, also seeing reality of life in all it's glory
and sacrifice.

Hardship and circumstances building themselves daily, putting
limits and boundaries in the way to continually break down,
going around or finding another way to breach them.

Continual mathematical equations needed to be evolved from
all innate knowledge that intellect can conceive of, subcon-
sciously factoring everything that can possibly be imagined.

Becoming a possibility in the future, nothing to deter this
mind from exploring and finding solutions to problems, want-
ing always to be in the know.

Questioning every single thing this poetical mind can see
through, abstracts, ideas, concepts and inventing on the spot,
something to relieve a particle of pain in humanity's realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Habit Of Living

Throughout life, living every experience fully, going from one to another, emotions always filling us, depending on the journeys we exist in.

Giving many possibilities to hold onto, being captured by love, torn apart by loss, filled to overflowing with feelings from every single moment of life.

Learning how to break the habit of living, getting ready to face our deaths after all we've gone through in our lives, being free at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Heart

Blue waters turned green with reflections of the sun in
another direction.

Reaching out and touching my eyes with it's beauty, causes
reflections to bump and surge within my heart.

Wanting nothing more than to hold a pistol - loaded -
ready to shoot - and kill myself.

Ripping everything out and starting over again with somebody
new holding my love within his heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Hearts

Looking through memories, watching them on videos of an interior
photographic screen, tears falling at times, filling our minds
with grief.

Breaking our hearts into shards of pain and despair, we somehow
experience it all and live the excruciating heartache alone,
even though others say they are here for us.

Knowing in the back of our minds that they are only words being
said, because they don't know or fully understand what we're go-
ing through, but they care about us so we forgive them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Inner Strait Jackets

Tempting inner strait jackets of rage, pulling at the ropes,
tying together years of anger, are the desires of breaking
loose forever.

Past memories have had a stranglehold for too long, searching
everywhere for some help, afraid to accept any of it until now.

Fear is still there, but desire of overcoming it has become
greater by far than at any other time.

Life must be cut away from inner physical entities, so
personality and talent may grow and mature.

Tendencies towards dependency have finally been nipped and
refused to grow beyond ever again.

Pain of anger and rage, enclosed in a tomb-like barrier has
hurt long enough, not wanting the sorrow they bring.

Reaching towards the child within, preparing to become the
person they are.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Innocent Souls Of Children

A cult in every meaning of the word, entering innocent children's worlds, breaking their souls in two, allowing satan to use them for perverse sexual abuses.
Growing up, never learning about God, only the motives of man in his scheming plans, plotting to enhance adult lives at the expense of children.
Outsiders, learning about the myriad abuses, bring in sheriffs and marshals, taking away the innocents in this perverse world of supposed religion.
Wailing, moaning, sobbing from their souls to heaven, raking their innermost beings across hottest coals, flailing little minds with no reason or understanding.
An incessant gale of young voices, surrounding mother's ears with the sounds of grief, intensely drowning out life's abyss with tears of baby's souls.
Hands reaching out for a mother's love, grasping only air, then hiding tear-stained faces with empty little hands, not understanding what they've done wrong - no one explaining any thing to them.
Children being made to pay for sins of perverse parents against laws of human nature and commandments of God.
There is no justice for those too young to know what their lives signify in a cult with no basis in religion at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Light Barriers

Lights dangling into my life, gifting me with their
presence as they illuminate the sadness covering my
interior sight until now.
Picture-perfect insight, lit with many colors of
rainbow's prisms, breaking light barriers with their
rhythmic tones.
Sending beautiful patterns onto screens of my mind,
written in details with no mistakes being seen.
Rightfully thinking of all the wonderful things
that will soon be mine for the asking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Lives

Silence is so deafening, it rips my heart open, for
I know how short life is.
To never again talk to one another like we used to,
preys upon my mind as tears fall steadily from these
eyes.
Eyes that lovingly watched you, adored you through
your childhood, teenage years, adulthood.
Asking myself what happened to cause this break in
our lives, I come up with many reasons to blame
myself.
None of them seem to matter when I think of you, my
perfect child.
There can't be anything so horrible that can't be
forgiven between a mother and daughter, I tell
myself daily.
A mom should be able to fix everything in her child's
life shouldn't she?
Somehow I've failed, I'm at a loss, I don't know
what to do.
Is there a point in our lives where we each ask for
and give forgiveness?
Do you think it can be now, not later?
Before it's too late, can I once again look into your
eyes and see the love you had for me as a child?
If you look into mine you will see my love for you,
it never died, never flickered, only grew more from
my heart through the years.
As we each walk in opposite directions on our single
road through life, one day we will meet God and ask
Him also for forgiveness.
Until that day, may we be able to forgive and talk
to one another, ending the silence that rips our
hearts open with every thought, image and memory of
our lives together, mother and daughter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Moments

All through the night my mind ponders the lives of humanity, finding that senses are vibrant and alive.

Searching volumes of musical interludes and compositions, having nothing but respect for what is being seen within.

Having no past, moving forward into the future of our definitions, allowing meanings to beckon and take us totally into the breaking moments of the Divine.

As He moves with His spirit through the night, focusing on the attitudes that are constantly being written and tabulated.

All of the coded through the rhythms of time, held onto in moments of clocks that are forever in and out of sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Mornings

Mornings break over the horizon, cracking open the sun
over our earth, spreading it's yolk of heat, spilling
rays over the surface of Phoenix, Arizona.

Blending with nature, giving us warmth, light, joy and
happiness as we walk into another day, blessed to be
alive to greet another moment in life's time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Open Essence

Separating existence from the interior substance of
impossibilities, causing a break in the definition
of life.

Wanting to break open the essence of all being and
find a way into depths of another dimension, beckoning
to come into it daily.

Forgetting endeavors of tiresome feats, wanting some-
thing with more purpose and energy to it, focusing
directly where it can be seen and brought about without
any problems.

Several aspects continually coming into visions of
illuminating thoughts that stand out among faculties of
passion through intellect.

Catching hold of an imaginative realm, withholding nothing
in names of secretive whispers of something else.

Taking apart sections one at a time, delving into their
abysses and labyrinths to seek out novel possibilities
that are climbing ever higher within this mind of wisdom.

Giving in depth beauty to landscapes falling into patterns
of intellect, coagulating steadfastly in the purposeful
designs of tomorrow for mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Our Souls

Anticipating, expecting life to give us happiness and
joy, finding it doesn't always do so.

We become so disappointed by the insistence of grief,
stress, turmoil as it all grasps our minds and hearts.

Raking us across the coals and breaking our souls in two.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Out

Responsible and dependable, always doing what is
expected.

Every once in a while breaking out of this self-
contained mold.

Sparkling into the world, being a rascal, getting
into mischief just for the fun of doing it.

Never hurting anyone, just teasing them unmercifully,
pushing buttons of other people.

Seeing how far I can go, acting like a child, taking
great pleasure in whatever I decide to do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Patterns

Settling into a rhythm of peaceful resignation,
quitting the rat race for a more insightful endeavor.
Actuality reciting and dictating how every moment
should be felt and tried, without constantly being
interrupted by outside forces.
Tranquilly finding pathways that lead into contemplative
moods of insight.
Breaking patterns, sorting through puzzles for just the
right pieces to fit into thoughts purposely created from
creative ideals.
All of it sorted into many aspects and definitions,
afforded to living and eventually falling into step with
the grim reaper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Silence

Silence being broken open, sunlight pouring down through
the rain as it storms all around us.

Plenty of nature, circling about, lifting spirits and
elating this heart.

Challenging this mind with an incessant amount of rhythms,
pounding into intellect and capturing my mind with ideas.

Playfully enjoying their expansion and tenure within,
allowing sensations of life to gather, collecting every-
thing in sight.

Saving it to write in poems throughout the day and night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Strings

Singing songs of sadness, feeling them flow into my heart,
breaking strings that tie me to life on earth.
Tripping down memory lane, not wanting to remember the
abandonment of a friend.
Secluding myself from ever being hurt so badly again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking The Barrier Of Life

Breaking through the barrier of life, sidestepping it's
meager existence, hoping to find meaning in other realms,
leaving behind family and friends, seeking new alterna-
tives, trying to begin again.

Visually seeing nothing worth living for, turning inside,
finding no reasons to continue, splitting apart with sad-
ness, falling into an abyss of sorrow.

Soul laden with unbearable misspent hopes and dreams,
figuratively falling into the dimness of candles burning
laboriously to their ends.

There is no life on earth, no meaning, until our death
has set us free to look back upon what we had, whispering
so quietly, we see that which is no more and now no longer
matters to us.

Carefully we wend our ways, trying not to stray and make
the same mistakes within our death, seeing before us, God
in all His glory, thanking Him for our life, now that it
has ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking The Mold

Finding my way through the years, seeking what I may have lost
as I closed my eyes.
Finally, breaking the mold set upon me as a child, tossing it
away for a more formidable one.
Now tasting the freedom I'm letting enter my domain.
Taking away all the fears, I make my future exactly what I want
it to be - a success from the inside out, testing waters of future promises.
Always taking roads, wandering about, slowly finding my way down
well-trodden roads of the past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaking Through The Barrier Of Life

Breaking through the barrier of life, sidestepping it's
meager existence, hoping to find meaning in other realms.

Leaving beind family and friends, seeking new alternative,
trying to begin again.

Visually seeing nothing worth living for, turning inside,
finding no reasons to continue.

Splitting apart with sadness, falling into an abyss of
sorrow.

Soul laden with unbearable misspent hopes and dreams,
figuratively falling into the dimness of candles burning
laboriously to their ends.

There is no life on earth, no meaning, until our death has
set us free to look back upon what we had.

Whispering, so quietly, we see that which is no more and
now it no longer mattering to us either.

Carefully, we wend our paths, trying not to stray and make
the same mistakes within our deaths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breath - Taking Feeling

Grasping inner feelings are hidden in corners,
trying to escape, being noticed, yet finding and
writing them into an existence of reality.

Socializing, taking them to new heights and depths,
inculcating everything that has a delicate meaning.

Wanting to control beauty of intellect can never
happen because it is alone and instant, never being
at the beck and call of my being.

Coming and going as it pleases, leaving a breath-
taking feeling always with me, allocating and placing
feelings into the poetry of my essence and passion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breath - Taking View

Sprinkling ideas falling between lights of feelings and emotions, touching the essence of this being, closer and closer, tending to what's being felt throughout life.

Tossing and turning, lifting and rising, then falling again like waves upon the ocean, tender and delicate are balances of this earth.

Taking turns at finding a way to gain ground and strength through their individual rhythms and circumstances, opening up, unfolding and giving self to endeavors of the soul.

All if it mattering at one time or another here on earth, a breath-taking view of life in the many moments we have before death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breath Of Imagination

Feelings encompassing my being, bringing into a contemporary compartment, an apprehension of freezing to death in centers of the universe.

Collapsing into the middle of perception, hoping to be picked up and taken into the lightened sunshine of life's intense essence.

Withdrawing gently from edges of icy barriers, coming again into the breath of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breath Of Life

Breath of life upon your lips, as they touch mine
an electricity runs through me, taking passion and
desire like lightening, wanting only you.

Not wanting to wait at all, your touch taking me to
Paradise without faltering, making me feel safe and
secure throughout life.

Being loved unconditionally by you, the best treasure
ever found in this life on earth, breath of life upon
your lips as they touch mine.

An electricity running through me, passion and desire
rising higher through the night, feeling your love
filling me divinely as we slowly, tenderly become one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breath Of Life And Death

Solemnly listening to melodies of yesterday as they fill
this mind with a quaint satisfaction of what used to be
in life.

Rhythms rising and falling with a breath of life and death,
coinciding with the reality of every day living, ulterior
motives breaking through off and on.

Yet they never quite catch hold, leaving a mind bereft to
dwell in pastures of yesterdays that will never be seen
again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breath Of My Being

Feeling the need to have the one I love close at hand,
keeping me safe, loving me every moment that I take a
breath, continuing life.

So effervescent and beautiful, thoughts of our together-
ness beating through our two hearts as one.

Special feelings reaching into the interior of my soul,
totally bringing the love of another into the breath of
my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breather

Quietly being filled with peace,
taking a slow deep breath of
serenity.

Knowing it will not last when I
get in the elevator and go back
downstairs to work.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breathing Easier Now

Sailing across the sky with white clouds of purity and innocence, feeling quietly free and independent.

Feelings of intense serenity are filling my being, following pathways that air currents lead into.

An atmosphere so fresh and clean, breathing is so much easier now.

Letting go of everything just to float on clouds, looking down on all the strife, earth had put me through.

Now relaxing and finding ways on an express beyond life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breathing In Afterlife

Rhythmically ruminating about nothing in particular,
watching nature at play, joining in with clouds,
floating across my sight.
Trees waving to me as gentle breezes blow them around,
touching my heart like no human being can ever do again.
Seething inside, deeply breathing in an afterlife of
beauty, melding it with my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breathing In The Miracles Of Life

Sun shining brightly, cacti smiling and blossoming beauty-
fully in the desert, lovely, taunting me to come enjoy the
heat that they love so much.

Knowing I cannot handle being in the arid atmosphere for
too long, yet stepping out into it for short periods of
time.

Breathing in the miracle of life in this wonderful and
tantalizing desert environment where I've lived most of
my life now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breathless

Sensations are abounding, giving all levels of excitement
and discovery.

Playing with rhythms, changing, rearranging them to suit
inner needs, writing, composing, having fun doing it.

An intensity of being always coming into focus, leaving
me breathless, wanting more and more.

Not letting anything fall out of tempo, putting it all
down in measures of music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breathless Messages

Soothing, placating interiorly, all beautiful rhythms,
sending their voices silently in coded breathless
messages.

Turning inwardly, giving self every opportunity to keep
up with outer reaches of eternity.

Filling spaces within talent of the ages, performing
and entertaining always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breathless Thoughts

Soft, easy going whispers being sung beneath breathless thoughts.
Holding closely, all the heart-breaking moments that get me down.
Tripping on the limits set forth by others.
Silently wondering where time as disappeared to.
Final horizons, opening up to the dawning of my dusk today.

(2/15/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breathless Wonder

Rushing into the desert, eager to see the cacti and
mountain's heights before me in the arid morning
breezes, crossing the flat surface of the desert.

Beautiful cacophony of senses, filling me with
breathless wonder at the sight in the middle of an
early sunrise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaths Of Beauty

Colliding melodies bursting into fireworks of meaning,
altering aspects of reality, breaking into facets of
imagination.

Brilliant lights focusing onto horizons of glacier's
iced shores, tantalize memories out into the atmosphere.

Clearly harnessing breaths of beauty, while entering
clouds of decision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaths Of Ingenuity

Answering words travel through my mind, searching fully
for more wisdom in the wink of a mind-enticing particle.
Partaking of modest ideals, breaths of ingenuity cover
me with their lacy creativity in crystals of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breaths Of Sound

Turning inward, playing my mindful clarinet of ages,
tuning it to my particular mood.
Fitting it like a puzzle piece to thoughts, thinking themselves into cognitive abstractions, while they
delve deeply into feelings, craving attention on
levels of attunement.
Practically living each breath of sound from within,
using everything to blend into a poem of astounding
tonal beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breath-Taking Images

Concentrating completely on rhythms,
remembering all the nights that I
went without the solace of music.

Set in lonely beds, without a soul
around me, or so I thought.

Listening interiorly, an image came
brightly to mind, an angel standing
beside me, waiting for me to
recognize her in royal white like snow.

Wings behind her, looking straight into
the windows of my soul, a breath-taking
image, too beautiful to deny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breeding Ground For Peace

Some people are centered on themselves, their wants, needs, lust, egos, not considering others and what they might need, talking incessantly of what they know, think and feel.

Opinions being given, people listening, walking away with nothing gained from their conversations, for they have been talking only of themselves, not listening to others.

An immense difference when another person is talking, valuing the people around them, talking back and forth, asking them questions, are concerned and caring.

Becoming a two-way conversation of love and compassion, a breeding ground for peace in this world of ours, one that our children will be free in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breeding Thoughts

Intriguing mysteries are all around us, we have only to look for them, through God we have the ability to create and invent for the good of mankind.

Allowing our brains to enfold them within intellect, tantalizing facts and truths from pockets of logical conclusions.

Breeding thoughts of intrinsic values and morals, satisfying spirituality of our souls, without this we are only evil entities of satan, nothing more can be said.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breezes Blowing Goodness

Mind reaching out, taking in everything through senses always open and awake, never missing a trick, allowing life to be experienced and absorbed totally in order to write poetry.

Satisfying and keeping this poetical mind young and vibrant, exercising brain, neurons and synapses, pleasing and exhilaraing mind and intellect with happiness and joy.

Expecting nothing, yet accepting all that comes into being, feelings and emotions rising and falling like tides of the ocean.

Breezes blowing all goodness towards my soul, as it's refreshed and renewed every moment of living, easy-going, free, flowing with air currents filled with rhythms of music.

Sounds keeping time with life in the hereafter, listening to loved ones who have passed telepathically, feeling their presence, especially when going through difficult times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breezes Of Spirituality

Waiting, being among nature, listening to music, feeling
notes and sounds being absorbed into my mind and intellect,
perfectly and totally.

Translated into poetry that I'm continually writing, sweet,
silent breezes of spirituality touching my soul so gently,
stirring my spirit within.

Giving it a sense of love and caring from above, walking
in the solitude of an interior life, yet living on earth
with flickers of hope.

Gained through innate enlightenment and knowledge, con-
stantly forming and developing wisdom through tides of
it's purposefulness.

Reaching divinely within my being, searching and healing
sorrow, loneliness, emptiness and abandonment being seen
there.

Collecting it's shadows, dying them in colors of the rain-
bow, giving them new perspectives, seeing them in a whole
different light.

Realizing their definite purpose in this life, learning
not to run from it's truths and realizations of self,
finding personal answers coming to light.

Understanding how they'll help to fulfill my purpose here
in this temporary world, giving hope a lift, spirit soar-
ing with joy now and in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Breezes Of Winter

Locating fervent pastures of being,
grasses flowing easily with serene
breezes of winter, icily freezing
everything in it's path, until spring.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brett Michaels

In the crowd of personalities, listening to Brett Michaels, is a lone Italian woman, totally into his music, not caring what anyone may think.
Fulfilling her purpose by just being there and listening with her heart's imagination to talented rhythm.
Incorporating feelings with senses, bringing everything together, there is a lone Italian woman enjoying a concert with intensity and bringing her own light into the center stage of life.
A tear sitting in her blue eyes, awaiting her time to enter horizons beyond what she can fathom in the here and now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brevity Of Life

Frosting of life melts at the introduction of spring-like
weather in March.
Warm, sleek rays of sun, penetrating my mind with thoughts
of elliptical magnitude in quiet solace.
Deeply sparkling with the essence of life felt in extreme
sensuous ideas and images standing on the edge of
infinity's superstition.
Calculating the broken eddies of fastidious probability,
laying bare the facts, finalizing the brevity of years on
earth.

(3/8/96)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brewster's

An atmosphere of color in everyday items, blended irrationally
with each other.

Clashing tiles, standing out against different shades of purple,
angled and bent.

No aromas of food come close to my sense of smell, only the
sight of people cooking allows the faint thought of this being
a restaurant.

A yellow wall flagrantly smashes into my eyes and falls upon a
corner of the table.

Astonished by the use of shades of purple and yellow, I sit
back, awaiting with only a little anticipation, the color of
the food I will be served.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brick Barriers

Bricks of fortitude surrounding life, keeping pain at
a distance where it can be handled and not felt.

Solitude pretending to keep out unwanted thoughts and
conversations, serendipitiously programming the life
of a fragile mind.

Surpassing emotions, short circuiting all feeling,
sewing together, some semblance to living.

Being human does not preclude the fact of certain
disillusions.

Mightily forging into parades of defiance to
strengthen inner power before it's once again
destroyed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bricks

Bricks of standing buildings are erected one at a time
in consecutive periods of stately demonstration.
So many aptitudes continually keep moving through time
and space.
Wherever finality comes from is the beginning of entire
periods of silent majesty.
Pouring out the contents onto sidewalks, leading to
eternal graves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bridges

Crossing bridges God gives for the rocky crossings
in life that I must bear is appreciated.
Without His help I have no idea where I would be
at any particular moment in time.
Always being eternally grateful for His generous
mercy and love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bridge's Edges

Silently unafraid, life lives within a being, creating space and talents.

In time all is produced - one day we become - looking back we can see the distance we've traversed.

Lovely sights have risen to tempos of another day, dancing on edges of bridges created by lifelong giving.

Peering over, looking down, searching for something that is hidden in depths of whirling waters, we spend time along hectic roads of life, not living it fully.

Casting out our lines, hoping for anything that comes our way, not realizing we can have hopes and dreams fulfilled.

Sensuous ideas lie buried deeply in winter's furry nights, sleeping beneath the snow, afraid of thawing out and becoming alive with joy this night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bridges Of Hypocrisy

Changing attitudes through the years, finding new ideas
and concepts to discover and evaluate.

Bridges of hypocrisy are erected by people who expect
to be listened to, yet do the opposite of what they tell
others to do.

Many thoughts being pondered by innate knowledge and wis-
dom, as life moves forward, leaving these people behind
and on their own having been found out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bright Gems Of Wisdom

Showering life with many visions, taking and placing them on photographic screens where they will outlast the ends of time.

Placing themselves into annals of literature and being read in many countries from outer aspects of our world.

Allowing inner desires to be placed in the limelight of tomorrow's senses, where they will be set like diamonds in pages of future history.

There everyone will admire and see their bright gems of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bright Systems Of Intellect

Waking up every day in another land far from the one I'm living in.

An essence of beauty taking this mind on a voyage of an inner universe where I can discover and explore bright systems of intellect and inner imagination.

Finding that every impossibility is coming to light and into it's own, giving itself solutions that no one had ever thought of before.

A silent assimilation continuing into darkness of another side of the universe.

Wide open and beautiful, stretching over the outskirts of my mind and into all areas of my brain without being stopped for any reason.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brightened Awareness

Tingling from within, fingers tapping to rhythms that are flowing so vibrantly and temptingly into intellect, an awareness finding it's way into depths of imagination.

Heading into a bluened light of the Divine, a brightened awareness arriving so splendidly and perfectly, an array of ideas being portrayed in rainbows of thoughts as they develop and are written out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brightening Intellect

Sights beaming into my mind, allowing to see all sides
of a story, brightening intellect with exercises of
ingenuity.

Compiling a knowledge of energy being produced within
this mind, finding beginnings and endings all at once
in the center of picturesque thoughts.

Filling pages with many ideas of maturity and life,
continuing to write them everlastingly into mediums
of nature and humanity.

Loving their essence and purity, a totality of every-
thing seen, heard and sensed in this fruitful life here
on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brightening Time

Enjoying this day fully as I write poetry in all types and
forms of thoughts and words.

Taking every bit of it and playing in forests, running with
ideas and taking them into consideration with a little
blending and mixing of chemistry.

Taking all times into consideration and inventing new types
of chemicals to pour into this intellect to see what happens
to be concocted.

Living in depths of interior joy and counting all the blessings
being brought into the light of each day.

Loving every moment as it brightens time with just a smile from
wisdom's direction.

Worth every effort to move forward into other dimensions without
any hindrance.

Beautiful etudes blending with the energy of tonight's delicate
balance, nurtured with the passion of my essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brighter Future

Pressing ironly into my heart are saddened loneliness and abandonment.
Collating all that lies within and pasting them on pages of internal identity for the future lying before me.
Awaiting alterations that need to be made no matter what anyone else may think and not letting anyone stand in the way of a brighter future for everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brighter Side Of Life

Silently enjoying this life I'm living interiorly, my
saving grace in a desolate and poverty-stricken life.

Always seeing the brighter side through nature, even
if depression rears it's ugly head, defying it openly.

Music immediately stomping it through writing, express-
ing it in poetry and sending it out to the universe.

Letting others know how it feels interiorly, fascinating
how it suddenly disappears as soon as I'm done writing.

Poems containing the truth of inner emotions, keeping
me honest and my head above the darkness.

Throughout this earthly life, wondering continually,
filled with curiosity and being filled interiorly with
an innate spirituality, straight from heaven and into
my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brilliantly Hidden

Succinctly rhyming in verse, following directions in many
particles of being.

Searching for the answers kept deeply within intellect,
knowing that they are brilliantly hidden within the codes
of an eleven year old.

Taking life and unfolding it, opening the pages within my
mind, turning them quickly and instantly seeing the messages
shining from depths, letting nothing escape.

Knowing that after all is written and said in volumes of
literature that life will be made better for all mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing Awareness

Immersed in musical talent and beauty,
thrilling to it's call.
Filling my soul spiritually, bringing
an awareness to my mind and soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing Back Life To America

Present and accounted for every moment of this poetical life
of mine.

Always in touch with who I am while living my way, having morals,
ethics, values, against abortion which truly is murder of a baby.

Going against islam and sharia law, everything that's illegal
and evil.

Anything going against law and order or the Constitution, wanting
to bring life back to America through liberty and freedom.

Keeping our rights intact in spite of those corrupt politicians
trying to take them away from us.

Many people agreeing, a majority of Americans, all wanting our
country back minus illegals, muslims, refugees and terrorists.

Getting rid of muslim no-go zones, for this is American and
they are just draining our country of all our resources.

Taking from us, getting welfare, free health care, living in
$250 to $300,000 homes in Deerborne, Michigan.

Driving Ford Rangers, wearing designer clothes, having prada
purses, etc.

And our Vets are homeless and having nothing, just watching
the videos being done by American citizens showing the truth.

This is all going on in the U.S.A., thank God Trump is now
our President and obama is history along with the Clinton's.

Americans are ruling our country once again and you'd better
believe we will never again stand down for anyone in the
future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing Back Memories

Songs bringing back so many memories of walking
through the desert to high school years ago.
A peace descended upon me, as I walked with my
transistor radio tuned to KRIZ, listening to
pass the time away.
Giving me an awareness of nature surrounding me
throughout my entire life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing Back Old Memories

Smiling, happy, listening to harmonious
melodies and rhythms.

Enjoying this great pastime filling me with
pleasure with every note.

Bringing back memories of when in concert and
marching bands at A.S.U.

Loving to play every instrument in time with
rhythms every day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing Beauty

Life continues to go down paths of destiny and fate, taking us along with it, never giving us a chance to catch a breath.

Long and tiring, we become fatigued ourselves and don't want to go on, some of us expiring along the way.

Others just continuing to move forward, never looking back, hoping to achieve the goals that they have set for themselves along the way.

Passing landscapes and finding many side trails to add to and enhance their lives, bringing a beauty into their existence while living on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing Dreams

Silence pouring upon my being, drenching my mind with it's perfect rhythm touching my soul in unison with notes being played.

Soothing inner feelings and emotions with beautiful, illuminating spiritual sources of the Divine, once they start, continuing through the night without stopping.

Bringing dreams silently, provocatively as I sleep so deeply in the peace of heaven given by angels protecting me on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing Equality

Signatures of people, famous and brilliant, sharing their
talent with the whole world.

Separating the beauty of life from evil on earth, doing
their best to bring about equality.

Eliminating injustice and hatred from all of mankind,
searing their improprieties and misaligning all sides
of the issues.

Taking apart our system of justice, perfecting it to
serve all people no matter what race, creed, or national-
ity they may happen to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing Gifts

Unafraid of being alone and by myself,
actually enjoying melodies touching me
interiorly.

Swishing my being with an innate talent,
bringing gifts of my poetical nature into
the limelight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing Into Existence

Energetic beating of a heart taking life vividly
into a new morning with vibrant feelings of
liveliness.

Seeing the difference with a clarity of awesome
dimensions, writing and sensing energy filling
this being with an effervescent love, abounding
throughout deserts of my soul.

Finding so many varied technicalities arriving in a
mind of ingenuity, selecting some of the equations,
bringing into existence, a multitude of answers to
unending questions of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing Life To Existence

Stripped of all love and caring, left alone in a desert of silhouettes with no companions.

Being separated from life by a curtain of death's making, finding solutions along the way, hoping to be able to go into their depths so they can be applied and used to bring life into an existence of purity and delight.

So many clues have been laid end to end, awaiting the return of sanity so tracks of passivity will flow evenly down halls of ancient pedagogs.

Wallowing along pathways of another lifetime, coming, yet falling short, leaving a bereft cavern in a solitary state of mind.

Hanging indefinitely in time with rhythms that are being developed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing Our Country Back

Are we not all Americans, all of us wanting to bring
our country back to it's values, taking us on the
road to healing from all aspects and people?

Is not healing the racial wound between blacks and
whites important to you, why then are you not under-
standing what we're doing with the 14th amendment?

Why are you choosing to spread lies and illusions to
those who can make a difference in all or our lives
here in America?
po

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing Peace

Some days never come when you expect them to, leaving us
saddened and bereft, then suddenly all comes together when
we least expect it, smiles filling hearts and minds.

Stretching across this world in miles of poetry, reach-
ing people of all nationalities, creeds and religions,
all coming together with a common purpose.

One of bringing peace to this temporary world of ours, living
as best as possible, filling our time with love, caring and
compassion, helping others less fortunate than ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing People Together

Dark clouds covering the sky, wind blowing harder, everything flying all over, yet we all continue to sit here enjoying and meeting new people.

Having the freedom to introduce ourselves without fear or being hurt, everyone accepting us, bringing together people from all over the world.

As one we are talking, laughing, joking, one big happy American family, knowing we have nothing to fear because we are all living in the United States of America.

Our nation is blessed with God and protected by His chosen Veterans to protect us all as we go about our daily lives living in freedom forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing Perspective

Melodies striking past visions and bringing them into perspective.
Sectioning all eras of age into areas of brightened rhythms, standing in lines and spaces, emitting a variety of desires and specks of energy.
Taking my being into faster rhythms, carrying my mind into exercises of intellect and beautiful imaginational sites of artistic talent, switching ideas like wine from bottles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing Promise

Running through meadows of the past, looking forward to
climbing mountains, standing beyond a forest of storms,
waiting heavily under nighttime stars.

Reaching for answers, hoping walking will bring them
from depths of inner rhythms that have been playing
incessantly.

Tomorrow being expected to bring a promise of better
things to come in the future.

Not able to stand the directives of unhappy people,
trying to place their own unhappiness onto others,
walking away, beyond encounters with them.

Going into mountains freshly scented with nature,
harboring a freedom that can be given to those who
choose to be broken from the shackles of turmoil.

Pleasant moments once again being able to be produced
in quantities large enough to be given throughout the
remainder of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing Sense

Circling intellect, watching it move and delve
into photographic screens, touching them with an
illumination, giving off novel ideas as pictures
change and alter, presenting all aspects of what
I'm seeing.
Beautiful icons of what life can be, running
through the winding roads of my mind.
Tastefully, bringing meanings into being, letting me
feel their essence, taking me deeper into imagination
to develop everything in full color.
Appropriate scenes coming together to bring sense to
an unruly world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing The Truth

Trails opening up before my mind, showing the way into
an innocent and placatingly beautiful time of childhood.

Creating and developing steps of intellect as they con-
tinue to fill my being with enlightenment.

Lasting voice of intellect taking me away into depths of
innate wisdom and bringing the truth out into the open.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing To Light

Shades of green spattered everywhere for all to
see if they'd only look up into the trees.

Nests for birds, thick webs full of spiders, ants
crawling up tree trunks.

Beautiful weather brings all things to light if we
only look for it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing Togetherness

Bringing togetherness into the open, stating facts to others, becoming a couple in every stanza of love's songs.
Creating patterns of lively mosaics as each design makes itself known in creative balances.
Writing of love onto pages written in books, toasting the couple with an energy of hopeful delight.
Praying that they'll endure together on life's shores for an eternity in timeless endeavors.
Coasting down mountains, entering caverns of faith, leveling off the trials to be endured one day - alone - together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing Us Into Reality

Whatever life can give to us comes through our intellect
and is free of charge.

No one seems to understand this as they chase money and
riches, materialistically and greedily without prescience.

It is always amazing how people can ignore such a priceless
treasure as our intellect, used constantly within our minds.

Why don't people treasure it, build it higher interiorly, I
often wonder why.

It cannot be compared to the riches of earth, an interior
life which keeps us silently, quietly contemplative in our
lives, giving us purpose and a reason to develop it
eternally.

Solemn and unpretentious, a truth of our souls, existing to
give us an endless energy of thought to enable us to complete
puzzles and pictures that come into our minds effortlessly,
no work involved in any of it.

A beautiful rendition that brings us into a reality that
takes us perfectly into who we are in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bringing Yesterday Forward

Soothing music of rock and roll, taking me along pathways
of yesterday's younger days in the sixties.

Listening through the years, finding oldie songs are still
touching everyone's fancy as they request them on karaoke
night.

Playing faster in the night even though we have become
senior members of society.

Living it up in every measure, bringing yesterday to the
foreground once more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brink Of Another Time

Wringing notes from melodies being played by Benny and
the Jets, striking our minds with effervescent chords,
tabulating measures as each one touched intellect.

Flowing in succession, a perfect pitch joining in, grabb-
ing our attention, a tempest of rhythm filling every move-
ment of inner joy and intense purity of sounds being played.

Attuned to the tones and noticing notes as it blends with
the jumble and rumble going on inside of my being, fulfill-
ing intense feelings and emotions.

Changing interior moods from waning attention to positive
beautiful attitudes that will touch our beings everlastingly,
staccato beats marching into the darkness.

Rhythms carrying us to the brink of another time and place
in the past, yesterday being remembered in the music being
played on stage right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broadcasting Weather

Darkened clouds parting their eyes and looking down on
earth to see if we humans are paying attention.

Wanting to get seen and appreciated, making winds blow
even harder, creating dust devils and whirlwinds of
tumultuous turmoil.

Watching from above, thinking about whatever they can
do to be noticed and written into our weather reports
and being broadcast on our weather channel.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broadened View

Life circling about on outskirts of intellect where an
interior energy takes it quietly by into wide open
spaces.

Opening this mind into all areas of spiritual realms,
seeing the broadened view of life beyond death, truth
and beauty having found their way on paths of intellect.

Wisdom now blossoming, growing interiorly as moments of
this soul flow into the quietness of a bluened light, a
sacred and silent aspect of the Divine.

That's where nothing can interfere or take me away from
God, being alone interiorly, tasting the wonder of the
Divine and placing it in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broadening Vision

Localized sadness broadening itself to fill my scope of vision
with it's sad bluened eyes.

Taking me by the mind and secluding it from outside interference.
Showing me concepts it has wrought as I live at times in lonely
abandonment and why.

Sensing it always within, never really getting to the bottom of
it's feelings, because there are so much of them to ponder and
deal with.

Sadness of a death, abandonment of a friend, family members
moving away, all bringing the emptiness into stark reality,
hurting my psyche and soul.

Trying to find a way to ease the pain of all that happens in
life, I continue struggling, while trying to find a solution.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broken Butterfly

Like a broken butterfly, I flutter sideways,
trying to lift myself up.

Exhausting me time after time, yet I continue
trying to get aloft.

Softened heart in lights of evening, shining
down upon me as I rest and charge my inner
batteries.

Attempting to rejuvenate this fallen being of
a broken butterfly.

Giving it everything I have just doesn't seem
to be enough, something always happens to set
me back.

Wanting to reach out and have someone reach
back, encouraging, pushing me more towards
centering myself to get better.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broken Families

Cheating hearts end up in a lot of turmoil, ruining marriages, families, and jobs.
Yet, they get caught up in the aftermath of a conniving man or woman, taking what they can get from anyone.
Relationships, falling apart, never put back together, because family is now broken and can't be repaired.
Left in darkened hallways, no way to remove themselves from them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broken Fears

Fear latently hiding in storms of daily life, afraid to look
out and free itself, keeping close tabs on all activity, lest
it should escape or find a way out of it's cocoon.

Silently riding waves until their demise, as broken they
become part of the greater ocean's tapestry.

Cracking over and over on every distant shore, fear lies
broken in the heart of any man, who has the courage to become
alone and face the fears he has come to know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broken Feelings

Arizona rain cleansed, pure and unadulterated, continuing with a childhood innocence deep within, teardrops of yesterday filling senses with broken feelings of love.

Like a guitar left to stand in the corner no more strings left to pluck, no songs to sing now that you're gone, my love.

An eternal darkness covering my mind like a carpet left by death for me to walk over and never again to see the light of your life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broken Hearts Bent

Broken hearts are never mended throughout life,
they are left with gaping holes, causing tears
to fall.

Hoping to fill them up, people try different
ways to fix their hearts, but it never happens
in this life after all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broken Life

Cut down as a child, life seeped from within, forming puddles reflecting the one who should have been.

Seeing, collecting, what could be saved, storing the images, fragments, in chests of steel.

Secreted in the innermost recesses, maybe signifying some future hope or dream.

Life spanning years, unable to reach or touch the memories stored, frozen solid.

Lids, covering horrors of past abuse, anger kept in pots, frozen, unable to boil or bubble, unrecognized and kept immersed in fear.

Control unable to be broken, treasured for it's worth, it's sanity, it's safety.

No reprieve, everything is their fault, death awaits those who choose to tell.

Terrible nightmares are at times totally true, events really happening in daylight hours.

Mind turned inside out, wanting to hate, wanting the anger, but it would not come out.

Organized abuse, fulfilling the wishes and lust of grown men, taking away the life of a child.

A life which that child can never regain, a void filled with the loss, and pain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broken Life Living

Quietly watching a friend across the miles, seeing
him live a life of loneliness and sorrow, always
striving to live his life alone.

Listening to music, writing, reading, thinking,
sitting in front of a picture of his wife, feeling
the desolation her passing has caused him.

Heart having been broken in two, half of it now
missing in death's embrace, a lost soul being
tantalized by this love he still has for her.

Even though now, she cannot return it any longer,
leaving a deep void within him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broken Lost Soul

Tapping out rhythms, always seeking the American dream,
wanting to have it all, attaining riches beyond imagin-
ation.

Going into canyons of lonely echoes, holding all hopes,
and watching the wishes of childhood continue to float
about in inner atmospheres.

Never taking eyes or mind off the final chapter in life,
where I will have attained it all, then wondering what
to do with nothing left in life but the emptiness.

Having everything except happiness and lasting love, high-
ways ahead, but no place for this broken and lost soul to
travel to.

A lonesome hollow and unforgiving human being, now at the
end of the road, only material things to show for a life
that should have had a purpose.

Having none, head hung low, love and caring having escaped
the purchases of the almighty dollar throughout an entire
lifetime on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broken Memories

Reflections in a mirror, portraying images through
windows once filled with broken life.

Now at a standstill, cracked and faded memories
slowly slither by.

Backed by many volumes of knowledge, sorrow stands
tall, forlornly banked upon deserted images of
yesterday, tomorrow doesn't seem to beckon anymore.

Left alone to surmise the testimony of years, light
has shone upon hidden ideas.

Through many years of darkness, shadows have noticed
all which has gone on before.

Footprints have disappeared beneath the waves on
desert shores.

Beset by vacant stares throughout the history of time,
silence, like a beacon shining forth, lands upon
reflections, broken in a mirror.

Too far beyond repair, they have been forgotten,
leaving behind their relationships strewn like broken
glass upon the floor.

Windows cracked and fading, looking on, always as before -
lost in broken memories too tired now to last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broken Minds

Broken minds have no fences or boundaries to keep them sane.
Lashing out, destroying what good they find, bent on causing problems to solve, addicted to the drama - the adrenaline it creates - the charge of excitement that follows, giving the feeling of power and control over mundane situations and circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broken Morning

Beauty of another morning, broken only by inner grief,
not wanting to talk, feeling an intense silence filling
my being with it's deepened emptiness.

Flowing tears taking me through sorrow's gardens, watering
our memories of love with them, hoping that our love will
continue to live within both of us.

Not knowing if it's so or not, heart falling deeply within
my being, trying to hide from this lonesome sorrow and
abandonment.

It doesn't help, I'm still missing you, unable to smile
or get out of bed, wanting to stay here, hoping you will
come and lie down with me again.

Yet knowing that it will never happen, losing you, losing
hope interiorly, finding nothing to grasp or hold onto,
this emptiness cannot be controlled or gotten rid of so
I die inside without you forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broken Music

Listening to sad music and crying, needing to cry tears
that have been held in, hurting, cutting with their shards
of broken memories in childhood.

Going to the seashore, swimming out to meet waves of sorrow,
not caring if they take me back to shore or not, ever again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broken Open

Life pounding beats staccatoly through my being's
rhythms, lifting spirits.

Taking me into another dimension, giving pleasure
I've always dreamed of

Living syncopated measures of time, charging into
the future with exhilaration.

Forward-looking intellect, broken open and now being
filled with new experiences of another place in time.

Justifying encouragement that keeps intensifying with
every poem written into this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broken Parts

Remembering days gone by when both parents were alive,
feeling loved and cherished just because I was their child.
A sense of security was instilled within me for a while.

Growing up, turmoil being created by my Dad.
Mom being saddened and hurt by his cheating heart.

Sorrowful times all around - it was hard to see my parents
fall out of love and hurt one another the way they did
after that.

Life was never the same again, a hard road to proceed with
a broken part of family being stabbed by an unfaithfulness
of Dad.

Guess he never realized how badly he scarred and hurt us
all, causing fractures that continued into future relation-
ships as we grew up.

Parents don't seem to ever realize that their children see
and feel what's going on, figuring they'll get over it.

Maybe just too into their own grief, that they just don't
see it and the effects it has on their children.

(12: 07 p.m. - 10/30/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broken Pieces

Sitting, trying to collect myself,
because I've been broken into millions
of pieces and cannot see to put myself
together again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broken Promises

Warning annals of everlasting science, parading cadavers
down through the ages.

Filling life with decayed thoughtlessness, leaving all
sense in a pit of fire.

Forgotten leaves of yesterday, dry and crumbled, soiled
linen from the past.

Destroyed alien forgetfulness, sinned instead against a
class of human beings, wanting to be separated from them.

Forever falling down stone steps, filled with granite
hatred of lying lips.

Beckoning whomever will come forward, just to tear their
heart from between their ribs.

Holding nothing sacred, promises are made so that they
may be broken into everlasting pieces.

Floating through the atmosphere, never being able to put
them back again for sorrow has filled their place with
many tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broken Relationship

Genuflecting before God, asking Him to help heal a relation-
ship between a father and daughter now, before the damage
has gone to deeply, cutting them apart forever.

Tears now falling, hearts breaking, seeing the two of them
so close and loving through the years, now with a wedge
stuck between them.

Two hearts meant to be together forever, now kept apart for
no valid reason, talking with one another, mending the hurt
that they have been causing each other lately.

A grown man, a child of eleven, feeling lost and abandoned
because her Dad has found someone else who loves him as an
adult.

Wanting him all to herself is very understandable because
he never dated through the years, he was always there for
her no matter what before.

It hurts to see them both hurting so badly, asking God to
bring them together again right away without any further
delay or damage.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broken Silence

Tiptoeing across life, not wanting to disturb it's
peace and serenity for the time being.

Knowing that it's silence will be broken by sounds
of evil, killing and raping innocent children.

Everywhere evil entertains it's perversion through
lust and pedophilia, condoned by perverted men.

Lusting for pure and innocent little children, not
allowing them to have their childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Broken, Empty Heart

Playing rhythms of pain that are intensely beating against
this broken and empty heart, looking for a way to hold on,
nothing comes to pass however.

Drifting slowly away from a life that no longer seems to be
existent, turning away from the world, isolating, finding
nothing worth living for.

Love having died and gone on beyond earth, leaving an empty
hole where once this heart was filled with an unconditional
love of someone who meant everything in the world to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brokeness Planted In My Heart

Invigorating and totally absorbing my being, a fire
being within my soul, consuming me with love, un-
conditional and divine.

Having been broken-hearted in life, now knowing that
it has been planted in my heart and soul forever,
feeling it's intensity so completely.

Loving the pleasure being derived from it's beauty
and energy from within, emanating sparks of intellect
and spewing them forward.

Holding onto me with an energy that could never let
me go, soaring into the atmosphere with you, feeling
your love go through me.

Exciting and exhilarating every fiber and particle
of my entire being, sensing the curious mysteries in
depths of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brooding

Silently sitting, brooding within, thinking of the past a
little bit, missing my Mom and knowing soon that I'll miss
my Dad.

Childhood has a way of sneaking away from life when we're
not looking, passing through the years not noticing as it
silently disappears from sight.

There are no advertisements as we live through childhood,
we enjoy it the best we can and continue to grow and mature.

Awe and wonder sneak into hidden corners, taking with them
a need to play.

Business and daily stress of living causes so much pressure
that we forget how to live simply and spontaneously.

Our world would be so much nicer if we could somehow get
back to the basics of nature and childhood, taking with us
wisdom and knowledge of our present age.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brophy's Campus

There is such unbounded beauty on Brophy's campus that I
am totally amazed to find I am the only one enjoying it!

Where are the Jesuits, God's little own? Why are they
not out here looking to God?

Have their lives been tied into progressive knots, making
them unable to enjoy God's glory right in their own back yards.

If they have a prayer life one would think it would begin
and end right here.

When I look around the campus there is no other except for
me peacefully enjoying God's glory in nature here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brotherly Love

Brotherly love being fulfilled in my sons.

Being there for each other, helping one another
and getting along greatly in spite of their
differing personalities.

Standing together now more than ever, enjoying
being and doing things together,

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brothers

Looking at pictures hanging on the wall, looking out upon
this world, showing the love contained within them.

Features so similar and smiling, two brothers side by side,
looking comfortable with one another through the years.

A wonderful tribute to brotherly love, nothing ever really
coming between them growing up.

Staying close even though having differences of opinion or
thoughts on things in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brothers And Sisters Day - May 2nd

An amazing and welcome coincidence, a birthday for one
of my sisters who was born on May 2!

Being brother's and sister's day is totally appropriate
for this poem of siblings.

For my brother was born just two days before on April
30th, that number two being a magical number between the
two of them - there it is again - two! !

Have to remember all six of my sisters and brother here
for they are my siblings whom I love and adore with all
my heart and soul.

They all have a place in this poem I've just written,
but here are special birthday wishes to my sister and
brother on their special and important days in my life
also.

Happy Birthday from your poetical oldest sister in this
poem. Love you all forever! ! ! RoseAnn

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brought About By Humanity

Wanting to hide away, not ever being a witness to evil,
only wanting to see the good in this world.

Never abolishing my belief in the goodness of humanity
as long as I live.

Giving of myself in this endeavor every day, hoping and
wishing for the help of others of like minds.

All over the world standing together to do the same, may-
be then we'll have peace and serenity for everyone at last.

A miracle brought about by humanity for all people no matter
their color, race or creed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brought Alive By Your Passion

Desperately needing your arms wrapped around me, touching the very within of my being with your tender and delectable heart, astounded and vibrantly brought alive by your passion.

As we kiss and make love, so decidedly pure and innocent we become one time and again, waves of feelings coming over me, crashing and taking me into confines of your heart and being.

Just we two alone my love, fascinating and totally absorbing one another in our love making, hope abounding, fevers rising as we take our love to heights never before reached.

Continuing to love unconditionally and forever, loving your heart, mind and soul with all my being, staying together no matter what may come in this life in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brought Into The Light

Silent, serenity approaching my spirit through a melody of sacredness, fulfilling and taking life into depths of my being.

Flowing like a river, always on the move, rapids taking my mind through intellect and into quiet, still pools of intense thought lying already within me.

Waiting patiently for ideas to be collected in rainbows of colors and brought into the light shining within, steady rhythms touching, bringing everything into interior realms.

Never taking other pathways away from passion and essence of poetical interludes, watching as tides touch and compose melodies through the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brought Round

Terrorism brought round to nature, native Indian,
private, listening, peaceful, allowing his nature
to mature in his surroundings.

Italian smile reaching out in lovely friendship
to Isralies, Arabs and Tibetans.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brought To Light

Knocking down barriers in the way on trails, taking them
away so I may complete this solo journey towards destiny.

Holding hands with fate along the way, forging this pen
with the essence of innate talent, creating so many new
ideas and thoughts, placing them into poetry.

Delicate, intricate, following rhythms throughout every
single thought process that is being aroused by life it-
self.

All kinds of treasures are being manifested and brought
to light, allowing my soul to rise to heaven, giving
freedom to this entire being all the time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brownies

A small group of girls dressed up in their Brownie uniforms,
came hurrying around the corner.

Walking in twos carrying a box between them, their leader
calls out for them to pick up trash around the school yard.

This is their good deed of the week, so little, so tiny, can
they really be Brownies?

Excitedly, they run around dragging each other with their
boxes, not wanting to let go for a second.

Sun is boiling hot as it beats down on their little heads,
and very quickly, they begin to tire of this particular
good deed.

Looking across the playground, seeing they have moved into
the shade and are all together now, just standing around.

Their leader is coaxing, prodding, but she's ready to quit
too.

Whatever gave her this bright idea today of all days, she
seems to be thinking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Browsing Pages Of Imagination

Rising and falling into dimensions of being,
finding the essential equations to living on
earth.

Qualities of innate creativity breeding many
musical compositions and poetry at the same
time.

Limitless potential being freed within an
independent and free will, never letting go
of this mere poet.

Reaching for the utmost in every avenue of
intellect, browsing through pages of creative
imagination.

Lifting visions of tomorrow onto pages of today,
wanting to always be prepared for intuitive
ideas that instantaneously fall from within this
sphere of mind.

Intense thoughts finding their way musically
with every tone and note in measures of rhythm,
feeling soothed by intrepid melodies.

Within dream-like states of mind while awake,
benefitting spiritually from an interior life of
purpose, adding to the essence of my inner being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Brushing Against Thoughts

Realizing the beauty of this life in nature,
letting it fill me completely and totally.

Trees reaching out with their branches, very
delicately touching my mind with shimmering
leaves.

As they brush against my thoughts, pleasure
fills me with their existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bubble Of Desire

Floating through the atmosphere, encased in a bubble of natural desire, wanting to be expressed in depth.
Pushing me into labyrinths of texture where I can explore the environment I've been landed in.
Watching as my curiosity discovers all types of things that I suddenly sense before me.
Cavorting in a circle of amusement as I write about all that I see and feel.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bubble Of Sacrifice

Living in a bubble of sacrifice, giving off eminent flashes of intellect.
Prodding time to entertain in lonely spaces of emptiness.
Singling out testimonies of honesty and truth, belying behaviors of others through incessant timeless errors.

(9/7/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bubble Tears

Crying bubble tears, watching as they fall and burst
in sorrow's ocean.

Splendid rainbows being created all over the place in
spite of all the sadness abounding in life.

Creating the essence to live by, giving ideas a place
to reside, be expressed and expanded.

A myriad of exclamations protruding from subconscious-
ness, leaving interior spaces filled with hopes of
tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bubble Thoughts

Bubbles sliding into view, taking thoughts on an airy journey to another land.
So much bluened beauty, standing on edges of heaven, looking down upon my soul as it writes it's story in many volumes of rhythm.
Never leaving any pages empty, all is perfect in exercises of writing.
There is nothing more to see as the bubbles slide into another universe to be expressed in someone else's words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bubbled Destiny

Surrounded by a watery jungle, enjoying the antics being performed there.

Water gaily dancing and splashing at passers-by, gentle swaying in the wind of tall plants partially submerged.

Lily-pads being jostled on the surface by ripples fragmenting in the afternoon sun.

Dragonflies doing their duty, accosting favorite plants above the water's edge.

Same image with subtle changes, raking themselves across, doing no damage at all.

Water spouting into the air, tiny droplets separating and falling into the pond, happily rejoining their mommies.

Bubbles forming, lazily finding a way towards their individual destinies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bubbles Of Emotion

Reverberations of sound touching me interiorly, giving vibrations a turn at giving beauty to sensations.

Bubbles of emotion being filled with sanguine epistles in interior depths.

Pictures leaning against walls in catacombs left in the darkness of yesterday.

Belonging in the midst of tightened hopes, opening slowly to the illumination of morning glory's, fulfilling the impossibilities of lifetime ingenuity.

Tapping into innate talent with an absolute and endearing power held within this being forever, while being shared with people all over the world at the same time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bubbles Of Interest

When opening my mind, seeing a bluened light filling
intellect so perfectly, giving feelings of serenity
and peace, touching pleasure senses in my brain.

Fulfilling them and taking me into sublime dimensions,
there taking life, nature, grief, loss and people into
frontiers of learning.

Curiosity and innate talent perpetrating thoughts, fill-
ing bubbles of interest with facts, collecting then plac-
ing them in poems of solace and peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bubbles Of Music

Energizing bubbles of music getting under my mind,
lifting it up, gathering it's folds of words,
placing them in poems for pleasurable moments in time.
Snapping to attention as every note becomes another
word in line of an artistic grace of poetical forms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bubbling Over

Priming life after hours, listening to a final
song of the night at Buddy Stubbs.

Fantastic, bubbling over with total excitement,
Black Boots Band playing away for us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bubbling Rage

Rage is bubbling hotly inside, scratching, tearing, clawing
it's way through tender flesh, ripping, pulling insides a-
part, throwing the pieces everywhere.

Body clumsily holding, trying to hold sanity in mind, a low
roaring rage howling through memories of yesterday, setting
a heart on fire.

Pulling it through burning coals, hurting, bleeding, the
child inside writhing with excruciating pain, running away,
as quickly and as fast at it can.

Only to be sucked in time after time, with yesterday's
anger gripping the child's neck, choking, throttling, the
little body of a child who knows not of what's going on.

Blindly falling, head on chest, filled with the fire of
shame, put there by blame and guilt of adults who were
supposed to be caring.

A little child torn apart at last by horrors of the past,
as anger quenches it's last small breath, rage promising
the death of past memories.

Scratching, tearing, clawing it's way through tender and
innocent young flesh, rage bubbles hotly inside, searing
a young mind eternally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Buddy Stubbs - First Stop

Freedom filling me with elation, getting out of rehab for seven hours.
Stopping at Buddy Stubbs, my first stop, my favorite duo, is here and playing songs for me.
They're soooo good - so nice - my soul is happy, calm, serene, taking me to heavenly gardens of eden spiritually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Buddy Stubbs - Women's Garage Party

Rainbow eyes shining from a reflection of exterior windows.
Watching the comings and goings of everyone, pleased at the number of beings that have attended the women's garage party at Buddy Stubbs.
Calculating the broad interest in getting together once a month, liking what they saw throughout the day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Buddy Stubbs Backwards In Time

Slinking backwards in time, listening to modern day men play in a band of yesteryear.
Tearing apart notions of reminders, filling them instead with memories new and creative.
All sponsored by Buddy Stubbs and volunteers for the cause.
Music stopping, starting processes to begin and end midway through it all.
Writing incessantly, trailing along roads in minds today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Buds Of Imagination

Where the first beginnings of a bud becoming a blossom are hidden, there I am writing alone.

Forgotten pasts, tripping over themselves in order to flee from the beautiful imaginings happening from their very beginnings.

Allowing no time for recrimination, pushing aside sorrow, eventually forgetting it was ever there.

Postponing feelings kept so closely for years, looking instead to an imagination filled with desirous force, an individual stance of inborn glory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Building A Cocoon

10: 14 a.m.
Deciding to build a cocoon around myself
for protection from other's scaffolding
remarks or snubs in turn.
Spinning around, making it thicker so as
not to be torn open again.
Living in a vast space of silent
undertaking, while no one can enter or
speak.
Having all the world at my feet and
placing it in writing to speak for me.
10: 15 a.m. 10/11/13

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Building Blocks

Building blocks are used throughout our lives
to help us achieve our goals and desires.

Total and perfect concepts are always being
tested to form our patterns throughout life.

Strenuous and irritating at times, yet always
having the upper hand in our minds.

Taking us into different atmospheres, having
an agility to jump from intellect into our
imaginations.

We are always using these building blocks to
give us support in every endeavor we seek.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Building Bridges?

Building bridges only to have them torn down by other people's uncaring attitudes, left alone, forgotten on pages of eternal history.
Stranded, always by oneself, afraid to venture forth any more.
Wrapping space tightly around the little life that's left, shutting out the laughter and joy of other people's lives.
Turning in upon a world of sorrow left alone to ponder why.
Sifting through old memories - never with a friend - staring across a bridge that will soon be burned to the ground, allowing no one else to follow into your own little world.
Building bridges don't exist here anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Building Excitement In The Rain

Huddled on the beach, sitting beneath an umbrella while rain
pours down all around us, soaking the towels, cooling us down,
holding each other to warm our bodies together.

A totally exhilarating, titillating feeling coming over us,
passion and desires climbing inside from out of nowhere it
seems.

We're feeling the intensity of them so deliciously throughout
our bodies, looking into one another's eyes, seeing desires
we both are feeling for each other.

Tension building excitingly within us, can't wait until we
get home and quench our passion in bed, hearts racing, spirits
willing, waiting for the rain to slow down just a little.

Knowing we're still going to get drenched no matter what, not
really mattering as we sit here huddled in the rain, hugging
and kissing to our heart's delight.

Feeling good, vibrant and alive, spirits filled with energy,
as we anticipate the moments when we're lying side by side
in our bed once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Building Friendship

Light and knowledge seem to stay just outside my reach.
Attempting to learn - to understand human nature - I am constantly baffled.
Everyone trying to find their place in life - they go it alone - selfishly.
Why can't two people grow and help each other - build strength within their friendship - temper it like gold.
Love and share - learn and understand what life is all about - but do it together - with a friend.
You'll be surprised to find - not soon after - that light and knowledge seem to be coming within your reach.
Because together you will have made it so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Building Impressions

Tracing cobwebs across corners of buildings, seeing their wispy film, shining gently in the evening.
Building impressions in a mind of ingenuity, spacing words just so, leaving mazes to undo themselves and readjust to puzzles of indecision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Building Landscapes

Selecting words for crosswords of my mind,
captures imagination.

Taking me on journeys through literature,
being created as I travel.

All the while building my own landscapes to
fit what I see around me interiorly.

Always on the move, constantly changing to
create novel existences beyond horizons of
life's advancing years.

Taking into self, all facets of musical
interludes and tones of justice, forming
around them, giving destiny a run for it's
money.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Building Poems To Escape

Gathering dust, putting off needless things I no longer
want to do, but suppose at some time I must.

Reaching out, pressing against my mind, creativity sends
continuous messages for me to interpret and condense into
poems.

A lifetime of assigning meanings and words in exacting
and precise orders.

Forgiving mistakes if they are made and portraying mind
building pictures in sequences of nine.

Forming pyramids and locking in puzzles of transitory
worth and charm.

Signaling synapses to fire and return time and again to
beginnings of ideas, in all likelihood to remonstrate
on horizons of every day life.

Hanging onto threads as they hang over and fall, never
holding on to me at all.

Looking up from deep, deep canyons, finding abysses are
centuries old and cannot be scaled so I must build poems
to help me escape.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Building Self

Silently portraying inner restlessness, seeking peace, reaching deeper for understanding.
Lightly sending vibrations to and from nature, capturing senses of tranquility and reluctantly letting go.
Searching still for something more to encompass life, like a caterpillar building itself within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Building Sounds

Sounds of a pianic melody brushing against a mind, tickling neurons deliciously with their notes, bringing thoughts so quickly without effort.

Tantalizing and wonderful, full of life and energy, building sounds to a crescendo taking minds away, filling it with thoughts running rampantly to be written into poetry.

Each a delectable and beautiful way to excite a poetical mind with verve and inspiration, nothing able to stop it's chain reaction.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Building To A Crescendo

Moving always in forward motion, loving the exercise of
all melodies traipsing into it's pathways.

Falling into measures, capturing the essence of every
meaning, loving the attention to detail that this mind
gives to everything.

Just causes, all delving carefully into regions of my
brain that are calling for curiosity to come into play
at a moment's notice.

Soliloquys forming and penetrating ready compositions
as they are building to a crescendo inside my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Building Towers Of Color

Sun now shining upon pages I am writing poetry on,
illuminating words and letting them glow in the
aftermath of intellect.

Being structured through this mind, created and
developed constantly through music only, drums
being beat rapidly.

Tempos racing, playing in my mind, having fun with
sounds and tones, building towers of color, falling
and exploding into fireworks.

All throughout intellect, showing their brilliance
as they cavort with clouds above, catching a ride,
going wherever they are pushed by the wind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Building Upon Ideas

Large or small, intertwining throughout my being,
not allowing anything to cripple my mind or intellect.

Caressing inner desires of creativity, accessing and
building upon ideas created from imagination.

Realizing that all of life is vibrant and totally
alive, even though we're saddened or depressed by it.

Never losing faith or courage, inner strength can
always be attained through energy, pure and powerful
of our intellects.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Building Upon Nature's Essence

Open slits of windows showing the world outside, filled
with nature building upon it's essence through poetry,
living in a contemporary isolation.

Filled with music of all varieties, enticing intellect
with distinct beats to follow spiritual pathways within
my soul.

Searching always for the perfect joy and happiness in
this world, promised from God, and given to us for our
interior life of peace and serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Building Upon What We Know

Musically separating moments of life into experiences, situations
and many circumstances, never knowing what they will be until
upon us.

Stretching our imaginations does nothing at all to help us
to know, when upon us we will find out, not until then, do-
ing everything we can to keep on track, building upon we do
know to get through this life alive until the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bullets Of Abuse

Life silenced, torn apart by bullets of abuse.

Forgotten ages of peace and happiness, foreign, lasting only in memories of hate.

Listening to many stories left behind, tales repeated because not enough people care to really see what goes on around them.

No one searches until it is too late and life is lost.

Hopeless, forlorn, children left in the wake of abuse and violence are torn apart from the life they knew.

Eternally broken, no sense of connection, love or acceptance - they are left to survive - at a loss for life.

Stranded, alone in a lost city, hiding behind guilt and shame, afraid to venture out.

Hiding fearfully within their undeveloped, child-like minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bullying

Ruefully awakening from reality, being slammed into other people's petty trifles and selfishness.
Their bullying doesn't seem to be enough in their minds so they complain to directors who in turn bully them also.
Jealous people living out their lives in asinine beliefs that they are the only ones entitled to save places for their friends.
Elderly people being bullied into submission by a director who's supposed to be protecting them from this exact type of abuse the city's trying to prevent in their homes.
How much protection are they really being afforded?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bully's Completing Suicide

Appropriate consideration given out of respect to another,
yet is left in solemn distaste herself.
People not wanting to associate or pretending only that
they do, shove an innocent person into sidelines where
suicide eventually takes over, completing it's job
thoroughly.

(9/5/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bumps And Pot Holes In Life

Slipping and sliding down pathways of life, feeling the
bumps and pot holes at times, causing detours to living,
going forward anyway.

Always looking for exits or entrances hidden along the
way, wanting to find ways around or through them, hoping
to take steps in order to overcome whatever it is.

Prayers sometimes answered, other times hanging my head
in a lonely depair, knowing there will be no help bring-
ing me back on track.

Having faith and hope to keep me alert and more aware of
everything that's happening at any given moment during
the time of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bunches Of Feelings

Sirens soundly signaling the start of sorrow's sing song voice, penetrating places in hearts where reminders of love reside.
Touching softly so as not to tear it in two, feelings gather in bunches, holding on to one another so none of their lives are destroyed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Buoyant Hopes

Waiting expectantly for an answer to life's endless questions,
always writing, hoping to bring solutions into being,
posterity hoping I can come up with something concrete and
enlightened.

Soothing balms of serenity gently touch inner strength with
buoyant hopes set in gems of wisdom.

Habitually sending thoughts off into verdant pastures of
timeless motion, enabling rhythmic melodies to produce more
ideal thoughts and inventive moods of aptitude.

Lengthening lists not yet finished on topics of preferential
quests of puzzling aftermaths.
Colloquial investments being narrowed daily by narrow-minded
people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Burden Of Grief

A burden of grief hangs quietly, keeping me hidden
from those who want to talk.

Misty-eyed, alone, afraid to reach through the
crystal tears, afraid to share this burden of
grief with another.

Invisible walls building themselves about me,
trying to contain the sorrow my heart is bleeding.

Is there a listening spirit anywhere near? Or
must I share within myself the burden of grief I
bear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Burden Of Life

Ready, willing and able to get back on track once again, needing surgery to fix what's wrong, eleven or more in fact.

Cannot wait to be free and independent once again, liberty is the best, life is a burden when you cannot take care of yourself and have to depend on another person.

One who's only interested in themselves, feelings and egos, having no heart to speak of, being careless and always hurting you 'accidentally on purpose'.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Burden Of Proof

Watching flames burning in the fireplace of my heart,
warming the environment throughout.
Living in a solemn grace as I walk daily into the
past, remembering the images of kin, walking always
with us in pathways of togetherness.
Participating in the amazing quality of life as
beautiful patterns fit in with the sun beams of
daylight.
Suctioning in the placement of remote blossoms,
relishing the instincts of all that's good in this
burden of proof we call daily living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Burden To Others

In an hour of darkness, I roam blindly,
searching for death's presence, so I
may walk away from life and exist in
heaven, free of earthly ailments and
strife.

Trials, too many to count, have
pulled me down into a quagmire of
remorse at still being alive and such
a burden to self and family.

Only wishing to have life completed
so I can move beyond it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bureaucrats Stealing

A politician is up speaking about children first,
that she herself created and endorsed.

It has may flaws and is not really helping the way
it was meant to.

Regular people need to get together and create
their own programs for children - then there will
be enough money to take care of true education.

Bureaucrats will not have their hands and minds
in the coffers and thinking of ways to steal the
money for their own usage.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Burger King, Still

Empty now of most patrons, a few sit alone at tables,
reading as I write.
Lunch business curtailed by most to go back to work.
Alone, I sit and write contentedly, soon I'll leave
and head home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Buried Beneath The Waves

Motion turning, tunneling beneath the sea, roaring with the waves.

Rising and falling with the tide, being knocked around and played with.

Soothly feeling salted water burn wounds of the mind with eternal forgetfulness.

Surfing across images, pushing them beneath waves to save an eternity of life.

Motion turning, tunneling beneath the sea, roaring with the waves, all the while religiously, surreptitiously, burying everything under the ocean's bottom - deep in sand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Buried Mind

Life was once so good, you were always here for me, now sadness has penetrated your life through and through.

It's like you don't even hear me now at times, because your mind is buried within your heart full of tears.

Unable to look about, only drowning in your grief, being inside yourself.

Yet, understanding and waiting for you anyway, knowing the difficult time you are going through.

Just BEing here, letting you know how much I really care and love you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Buried Sorrow

Watching memories of yesterday gather in a painting,
filled with nature and sensual directions.

Reaching out, touching scented visions of long ago
positions.

Taking in stride, all sorrow buried inside a painting,
echoing nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Burned

Listing attributes in a data-filled computer-like brain keeps them from attaching to me and bogging me down.
Searching for an eternal desire, trying to stay focused and not let go too soon of a life that has been burned beyond recognition.
Silently sorrowful every day, I fall into a cradle of death - one that I will soon succumb to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Burned Beyond Sorrow

Centering myself in a cavern of blackened grief,
burned beyond sorrow.
Reflecting on the essence that has been buried
for so long, not strengthening the ties with
earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Burning All Desire

Losing ground on earth, fighting a lost battle, never attaining fulfillment from any endeavor brought forth.
Falling into a funeral pyre and never bothering to
escape it's meddlesome heated fire, burning all desire
to live another day on this fragmented piece of earthly
life, everyone else calls living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Burning Anger

Listening to inner turmoil catching
itself in cauldrons of oil.
Burning away anger and strife,
becoming calmer by the minute.
Offering highlights of future joy to
encase life in it's grasp.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Burning Desire

Feeling a burning desire deep within, wanting to quench it, cannot be done.

Deeply running throughout, searching for an outlet, trying to ease the pain, desire has brought about.

Heart aching, crying out for an end to what has transpired.

Being held tightly, knots growing within, struggling to get away from the stranglehold this desire has set in place.

Nothing quenches it, a hole created by it keeps growing, there seems to be no way of stopping or filling it.

Writing helps to see what is going on within, yet nothing can be done about it.

Explaining the feelings does not help to ease the pain it brings and no one else can help erase it either.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Burning Desires Lit

Visions hiding within, showing intellect the entrance to
another dimension.

Altogether minding energy and all the particles holding
it together, finding it's essence and keeping it on an
even level.

Nothing ever letting the beauty of inner landscapes escape
from this screen, photographically.

Noticing every aspect and facet that appears brilliantly in
the mirror of everyday life.

Leaving absolutely nothing to another's imagination, always
seeing and continuing the essence of every poetical thought.

As we go through life together, holding hands and hearts,
burning desires flit forward, as we walk into our final
sunsets tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Burning Fires

Climbing stairs into spaces of another universe, hoping
to find questions of life are going to be answered, sens-
ing time in every moment, slowly disappearing in thin air.

Hopelessly vanquished in the stillness of life and it's
emptiness, silently guessing wayward destinations of the
particles in this waylaid life.

Fires burning wildly with inner blazes that never burn
out, coming closer to the passion of my heart, distance
shorter than ever now, waiting expectantly for some love
to step into my being, making us one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Burning Fires Of Passion

Lying here thinking of our lives, watching the moon and stars shining above, reminding me of our love always here within us.

Steady as the moon bringing us romantically together, stars sparkling upon us bringing the fire of our love into their twinkling lights, teasing us always.

Ever lengthening beauty surrounding us as we continuously find our love intact within whether alone or together, burning fires of passion taking us into desires of our hearts while making love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Burning Off Liquor

Bumping and grinding with motions of confusion
and deliberate intoxication.
Burning off liquor and having a very good time of it.
Dancing, running into each other, laughing and being
enticed by one another to have fun.
Kicking, moving up and down - returning to a starting
position - only to start over again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Burning Tears

Stretching imagination into the light of an interior
darkness where there is nothing more to say.

Shadows everywhere, none saying a word, yet whispers
of death are being heard in the quiet atmosphere.

Throwing sparks of intellect into my mind, silence
continues to fill this interior world, and nothing
feels the same.

Life has ended deep inside, what can I say, there are
no words to describe how I feel and how your love is
now tearing me apart, ripping this soul from my heart.

Burning a hole in my mind with their salted drops of
love in every teardrop, a complete and total emptiness
has now filled what used to be my existence.

There is nothing within at all anymore, I have lost the
love of my life and cannot figure out how I am supposed
to go on from here on out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Burst Of Sorrow

Crashing and burning in a burst of sorrow,
it's texture rubbing against my heart,
weeping bittersweet tears of grief.
Alone in a desert of pious loneliness,
bereft of everything left in life, walking,
empty, into an element of abandonment,
awaiting me in the ending of life.

(1: 40 p.m. - 11/17/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Burst Of Thoughts

Early morning energy fills me though contemplation, giving my essence a burst of thoughts, taking ideas into consideration, showing intellect a brilliant illumination.

From within my soul a sincere love for all of humanity is being poured into my heart, knowing we are all equal, wishing to change everyone's mind to reflect how I feel about it.

Knowing that it will bring peace and an end of war to our entire world, praying for this change to come about real soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bursting Like Fireworks

Fantasy-like, kicking in imagination with a basis of
reality fading into the background.

Thinking and pondering here in realms of reality, yet
my mind goes directly into imagination.

Creating and fulfilling ideas and thoughts, bursting
like fireworks and blossoming into vibrant poetry
that rocks while I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Burying Life

Realizing the depth of emotion and it's far-reaching implications, squinching inside, afraid that it may touch my conscious mind and send me reeling into an inner space that cannot be handled.

All jumbled up and hidden quite deep, feelings cannot be felt because they're kept in a steel chest far from me.

When they manage to sneak out and up, getting confused and feeling a lot of pain.

But not understanding and a rage beginning to boil over, for no known reason frightening one into a pre-verbal time.

Becoming still and silent, hiding within, afraid to come out and be hurt.

There is no way out until having completely calmed down and squashed all feeling and emotion back into the steel chest buried deeper this time.

Allowing no one to get close, because they want only to destroy peace after gaining confidence and trust.

Living alone, sad and devastated by the lack of caring shown, burying life so it will not be a burden for anyone else any longer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bus Riding

Looking through windows filled with graffiti at
black rain clouds throughout the heavens.
Traversing roads beneath the heavy pregnancy of
them all, hoping that a storm will not soon be
issuing forth until I can get to where I'm going.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bus To Las Vegas

Riding in a bus with many people, choosing to stay aloof,
lying back in the seat getting some more needed sleep.

Stopping for lunch, getting off of the bus, eating at a
table by myself, when done returning to it.

Looking out the big glass window, watching clouds, heavily
come together.

As they hit their heads against each other, I look forward
to the front windshield and can see the tears they've shed.

Mountains climbing all around the bus, as we stay on a
strip, a ribbon of highway, that will take us eventually
to Las Vegas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Business Flags

Flags flying unceremoniously in an afternoon breeze,
catching sight of themselves in window's reflections
standing just behind them

Ordinary flags made for companies with no meanings,
except for the people who thought them up.

Brought them up from small ideas in the recesses of
business minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Business Proposition

Having heard many good ideas that have been implemented by you at Arizona State University, being very impressed with your brilliance and ingenuity.

Wondering if you'd be interested in bringing the university years ahead of it's time, well into the twenty-second century right here where we now are.

If you're interested I would love to discuss it further with you over coffee or tea in the near future, looking forward to speaking with you abut my idea.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Busing Across Country

Riding the bus across country leaves no time
for fussing or fuming, just resting, head back,
enjoying the view.

Landscapes constantly changing, rearranging
themselves into different cities and states,
individually independent, traveling down
the roads of men.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Busting Seams Of Intellect

Scaling mountains, looking down upon the valley and enjoying a majestic view of earth in a Technicolor picture of vibrant and vivid colors.

Expanding and tempting intellect to bust open it's seams and take it out far into the atmosphere, vibrating with the liveliness that sings through whispers of heaven.

Touching upon the wonder and awe of another age, being taken into the twilight with a quiet acceptance and resignation of inner talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Busy Bodies

Break-neck speeds hitting rhythms on their peak,
melting together time and beats as they retrace
life's steps to heaven once more.
Logical adaptations follow closely as they
encounter wide berths and narrow-minded people
tending to other people's business.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Butterflies Of Light

Butterflies of light, taunting my mind with their effervescent reflections being mirrored in the soft vibrations of tomorrow.

There's nothing being torn from within this being, just the thoughts being generated as life spreads itself thin.

Going across the pavement of my heart, leaving no imprints or marks, for there are too many scars covering it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Buttons Of Life

Rambling into gardens of heaven where I can feel at peace inside.
Buttons of life have turned into concepts of idealic prose to be taken into depths of thoughts never taken lightly.
Within reason, taking all talents into realms of imagination, saving me for the long-run, living the best I can here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Buying Time Without Strings

Wringing rollers of wisdom through an innate intellect,
buying time without any strings attached.

Perfectly attuned, continuing in an everlasting measure
of time.

Rhythms always trembling with anticipation, knowing the
chords of E flat minor, solely mirroring interior depths.

Filled with a bluened divinity, possibilities filling the
world, technology and ideas inviting purposes of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Buzzing Bees

Yellow flowers dancing in a cool, cool wind,
bees buzzing, filling the air with the sound
of their buzziness.

A carefree and easy life it seems, yet looking
closer you can see they are trying to survive
just like you and I.

They must depend to some degree on each other
to nurture and feed one other so they can stay
alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Buzzing Nature

Looking out the window at tops of trees, yellow blossoms
blooming in a gentle breeze.

Little bees buzzing slightly above each flower, dipping
into them and getting honey to bring back to the hive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bypassing Age

Furling around words, music does it's dance without
curtailing an ounce of energy.
Bypassing age with agility and grace, setting up
directions, dancing in their circumferences with all
the beauty and joy that can be mustered for the event.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bypassing Turmoil

Picture posters being hung on walls of my mind, tracing wisdom through the years.

Walking through hallways, into depths of knowledgeable intellect, stepping down staircases, reading everything that is encapsulated in a photographic memory.

Silence touching everything gently with it's balanced grace, taking thoughts into compositions of classical music.

There, tender rhythms bypassing all turmoil and strife anyone can have in a lifetime of pain and sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Bystander

Being a bystander, watching other's lives pass
by me, heading for their destinies.

Sun shining about outdoors, while I sit inside
and watch it spill around onto nature's flora
and fauna.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Byways Of Life

Paragons walking through life doing whatever they can
to live a straight and narrow purpose on byways of life.

Yet, there are those who choose to be reprobates and skim
through life, ignoring any and all calls to live better
lives and take responsibility for themselves for once.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Byways Overtures

Overtures running down byways and alleys of duplicity,
sending messages before day breaks on eastern shores.
Refiguring fractious yearnings from those of mathematical
precision.
Stepping poetically down parade-lined parapets of culture.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cacophony Of Harmony

Peaceful serenity falls upon my mind, giving me food for thought as I fondle ideas with precision in grammatical order.
Letting go entirely of life, traipsing into forests of freedom, being led by inner independence acquired when just a child.
Honing in on a cacophony of harmony, keeping pace with it's awesome ability to participate subconsciously and entirely in my intellectual abilities.
Accolades of strident triumphs giving me moments of inspired tones, guiding me through tangled jungles of brain cells, tumbling out into many exacting rhymes of verse.
Lifting my spirits, taking me away from earthly pursuits just to become the music I was born to make through words and compositions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cacophony Of Sound

Cacophony of sound, delivering sounds quickly and quietly to inner pages of books, long since written and foretold.
Seasons taking me away into summer heat and winter frost, stirring the mixtures of unbegotten silence.
Tapping life into poetry as words fly into my mind, not leaving any of them behind to belabor the chances of never being heard.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cacophony Of Youth

Awake, alert, writing, having no urges to fall asleep just
yet, mind wandering down hapless lanes of hope and promise,
wanting to find directions in which to now go.

Spider-like, falling into ravines, catching hold, grasping
all that is good for another even now, forever preserving
the cacophony of youth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cacti Blossoming

Tantalizing and amazing morning, sun shining so brightly
upon this Arizona desert, illuminating it so perfectly
and tenderly.

Loving to see the cacti blossoming before me, touching
photographic screens so gently and memorably with beauty.

Vibrant and enticing, giving my mind something to write
about in poetical verses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cacti Jungle

Walking down pathways of cacti jungles, needles sticking out, waiting to prick anyone who gets too close.

Blossoms opening within a rainbow of color, exploding in the eyes of anyone who passes by.

Touching each interiorly with blessings of God's holy nature, captured and held within each of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cacti Rhymes

Wonderful awesome cacti - desert beauties - filling
my sight with their exquisite bodies.
Piercingly serene with extravagant lines and shapes
being molded naturally sublime.
Pokingly erect, standing and sitting at constant
attention - never missing an iota of what goes on
around them.
Capturing their auras in my mind, brings a fascination
and inner calm to my thinking, placing forever, their
images in colorful rhymes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cacti Visions

Cacti scraping my mind, leaving impressions of nature
deeply felt and appreciated by the nature of my soul.
Engraved forever, memories of my silent majestic
friends out in deserts of Arizona.
Looking at regal views as we pass through miles of
cacti gardens, taking deeply refreshing breaths of
clean, unpolluted air from on high.
Creosole-scented fragrances touching a dainty sense
of smell.
Traveling across the desert on a one lane highway,
being revitalized by it's beauty and holy vision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cactus Country

A peaceful feeling throughout, settling within as
Cactus Country's music fills the atmosphere.

Tantalizing rhythms delicately fulfill with
their energizing beauty, sending me on a journey
into special reasoning behind each note.

Pleasurable tones, sounding fragrantly to my mind
as I write of their gifted pleasure spent in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cage Of Death

Looking back over my shoulder,
wondering where life has gone,
and how could it have passed
so quickly without my knowing.
Until it was too late to escape
the cage of untimely death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cage Of Strife

Pages of turmoil being written through this entire life,
lions roaring in my mind, wanting to escape this cage of
strife.

Rushing towards doors, wanting to be freed from this pain
and heartache, touching upon particles and fibers that
have been left handing, hoping for a reprieve, a way out
of this cell of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cages Of Life

Running as fast as possible, running away from cages
of life, crushing my essence from without.
Getting out of their embraces, finding ways into
depths of adventurous exploration and discovery.
Frolicking with the energy of youth, looking for love
that once was so pure and innocent.
Loving the exact moments of talented essence coming
into existence of every written word being sent out
to the universe, without any doubts or fears turning
it all around.
Spinning twilight through individual skyways, picking
up tidbits of poetic license, as I go down the
stairways of yesterday that are now leading me into
the sunlight of tomorrow's future, alone, yet
perfectly happy in the beauty of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calculated Circles

Circles of life calculate their years and figure out
purposes in tune with their desires.
Lazily walking along, finding many questions are
rearing their curious heads.
Balancing needs and wants with tell-tale requirements,
fulfilling dreams of wanton yearnings of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calculated Etchings

Lasting impressions are snapping at the elasticity of my
mind, strengthening and taking it beyond boundaries of
it's vibrant intellect.

Savoring tasty morsels of notes as they beat incessantly
into a system of calculated etchings, carving their way
into my mind.

Giving an interesting array of talent from the far East,
banishing the negative attitudes that many have taken
towards India.

This music is erasing it all and blending in depths of
rhythms, a silent violin is being introduced, a silent
cello and many others by Yamaha.

Instruments I have never even heard of, along with amazing
facts, a 'mosing', a 'jaws harp' also, being introduced to
me for the first time in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calculated Prisms

Rhythmically intense, being pulled gently away to
relate many mysterious periods of an enticing
rhythm.

Calling to mind statements made in haste through the
years, knowing their worth at times, in places and
nooks of music.

Classic puzzles being made and put together in depths
of music and poetical rhythms.

Always moving into circles of calculated prisms of
effect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calculating Endeavors

Catching beats in rhythms of calculating endeavors,
trying to observe any sides of cognition.
Lifting melodies to soaring alcoves, reaching
outskirts of brain matter and locking all particles
in a safe for the time being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calculating Energy

Walking along lone pathways, casually looking around,
noticing everything, enjoying pleasant sensations that
are touching me through nature's fulfillment.

Colors marching and exploding throughout the atmosphere
wherever I walk, standing in rows, yet being haphazard,
according to human nature.

Loving mathematical equations and symmetry that they
form, calculating energy that continually fills me as
I walk down paths of my inner being and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calculating Essence

Stringing together, words to fit harmonies of the
sixties.
Combining all notes and finding new ones to add
depth to the sounds.
Always appropriating the sensations of perception
settled on every corner of intellect.
Calculating the essence being used in every poem,
never able to get a total for it's purposes.
Passion having filled the absolute inside of
imagination.
Going forward, moving to the rhythms, filled with
a need to demonstrate each endeavor made possible.

(10: 06 p.m. - 11/29/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calculating Motives

Loosely carrying around mental configurations, waiting to be solved and entered
in cyclical times to figure out where I may belong at any given stance in life.
Calculating motives, fitting them where they'll do the most good.
Extraordinary depths of meaning fill my mind with invisible ideas, falling into step
with visions being recalled to aid me in today's writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calculating Time

Following rhythmically with ivories of my mind,
stretching many thoughts, fitting them with every
beat in measures of visions.
Calculating time in motion as it blends with words
of artful poetry, taken from shelves of my memory
and placed on pages where many people may read
them on a leisurely afternoon of rain.

(10: 33 a.m. - 11/14/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calendars Of Solace

Natural reactions fill dreams of life with
incoherent depths.
Fallacies abound, triggered by meandering
thoughts of absolute silliness.
Nothing, not even a moment, can be torn
from calendars of solace when we continue
to use our abilities to make our universe
a final picture puzzle of immense beauty and
desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Call From A Friend

Crumpled up inside, being unrecognizable - even to myself.
A friend calling, being straightforward, yet giving of herself, inspiring and encouraging me to move forward without stopping no matter what.
A quiet voice on the phone, touching my soul, knowing God has sent her to let me know I haven't been forgotten, even in the darkest nights of my soul.
Appreciation for W. fills me with a gratefulness for the gifts she has shared with me, bringing me back to life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Call From My Older Son

Reaching into the atmosphere, hoping to grasp some
happiness to help me carry on today.
Then my older son calls to tell me my Granddaughter
has the chickenpox.
We were all so worried and concerned.
About ten minutes later my son calls back, laughing
like crazy, he could barely talk.
Finally getting it out that our Granddaughter doesn't
have chickenpox, she had just put dots all over her
arms with a red marker and took a picture of them,
sending the picture to her mom and Dad at work -
saying she couldn't go to school today because she
had the chickenpox.
When they figured it out after talking to her sister,
they were laughing so hard they almost had accidents.
A bright, inventive, smart little seven year old.
My Granddaughter whom I cherish with all my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Call Of The Soul

Mistrust lasts a lifetime, represented by misjudgment of some people's minds.
Narrow visions, hidden alone, never being allowed to shine like twilight stars above.
Always being judged wrongly and left to die in piles of words on paper.
Later generations talking and reading of it, making new decisions regarding what happened and what was done to harm a person wrongly.
A lasting wound being opened with every moment a person comes into view.
It never heals, a scar of intense harm, never nourished or bandaged to hide it away, out of sight and mind.
A calling of the soul, unanswered forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Call Of The Wild

Birds calling, spirits watching, soaring above, listening
to everything that reverberates in and about me.

Lasting images walking, traveling into trails of yesterday's
memories.

Fundamental and notorious, beautiful notes of a flute touch
an interior spirituality, kept close and treasured independ-
ently of everything else in life's pathway.

Thunder rolling, clashing into this mind with an effervescent
lilting call of the wild.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Call Your Own

Curtains opening onto life, revealing characters as if in
a play, filling many stages with unkind thoughts and deeds,
fighting always to stay alive and sit on top for a while.

There is always something being carried on or out, filling
senses and bringing about a hour of greatest need.

Falling into snares and traps, everyone finds some small
space in life to call their own.

Only to find later on that it must be shared.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Called To Answer

Life stands still for no one,
it careens down destiny's pathways
fulfilling individual's fate and circumstances.
Noticing illusory images standing always on edges,
waiting to be seen and become existent.
Troubling only as minute shadows of death's early
calling we attempt to ignore it's presence until we
are finally called to answer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calling Silence

Seething heat beaming upon my entire being,
calling sounds of silence into the world.
Exercising a new agile intellect which will
be forthcoming in an issuance of another
place specializing in accounts of rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calling To Loneliness

Whistles echoing in the night, calling to the loneliness
in each of us, listening for an answering one in return,
but only silence is heard in the stillness of darkness.

Thoughts being stirred within a mind of caring and com-
passion, thinking of ways in which to help others here
in the U.S.A. and around the world.

Knowing in a poetical heart that life must be lived in
this way, giving from our hearts and never counting the
cost.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calling Your Name

Nothing more to say, there are no more words to love
or even pray since you are no longer here.

Thinking that our love would be forever, treasuring
your heart with mine through the years together.

Calling your name through the tears, knowing that you
miss me desperately and are looking for me also.

But, I too, cannot be seen beyond the black curtains
of death between you and I.

Understanding nothing, heart breaking as your sun sets,
leaving us bereft and alone in the finality of your life.

Hanging my head now in total despair, tears pouring from
my heart, death orchestrating intense emotions and feelings.

Yet, there is no beauty in it's music, all has been taken,
there is nothing left at all.

We were in each other's arms, suddenly you were no longer
with me and I felt the nothingness of your being emptied
by death itself.

Wrenching my heart from within, agonizingly and silently
screaming out in anger, unable to contain my grief, only
wanting to know why you were taken from me.

There were no answering replies, crying, totally saddened,
apologizing to you for my anger at leaving me alone.

Yet, how could this happen, I love you still this moment,
I haven't stopped at all, I wasn't ready to let you go my
dear.

Head hanging, knowing that I would never have been ready
for that to happen, now having lost you to death, being
the loser, left with nothing but our memories together.

Death having won at last, taking you from my loving arms
as we slept so closely together through the night, not a
whisper of what was to happen.

Waking in the morning to the loss of my entire life, never
wanting to rise from our bed again, because I felt that
I'd be leaving you alone and didn't want to do that to you.

Not like it had been done to me, with no compassion at all,
as the curtain of death fell between what we once had in the
darkness of a loving embrace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Callings Of Intuition

Rising and falling with ocean waves, hitting and crashing
upon sandy shores along highways of life, being together,
living life with expectant hopes and pleasant promises.

Knowing of course that many things will not happen, enjoying
moments of hope given to me in the interim, callings coming
from within intuition are keeping me interested in things of
daily life, also knowing that they won't last.

Forging self into another dimension where I will be satisfied
with intense feelings and emotions, searching high and low,
seeing the energy, finding levels of resistance beneath me,
taking them on with agility and fervor, giving such pleasure
in depths of my being.

Never left out in the cold when writing, so totally in tune
with beginning rhythms, accelerating the tempos with every
thought coming through tunnels of lightening being provided
by intellect and it's superb imagination.

Always finding out of way spaces where I can rest and watch
what I am thinking constantly, being in front of every forward
moving thought, I continue writing and never stopping except
smell the roses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calm Pool Player

Observing and watching Tom playing pool, concentrating and calmly watching his opponents calculate their moves, trying to anticipate what they are going to shoot at next.

Calmly and patiently taking his time, shooting with a pre-ordained thought of what he is going to attain when it's his turn.

Leaning forward, stick poised, waiting, carefully looking once more at his options then shooting, following the path-way of the ball with his eyes.

Straightening up, pleased with the moves he has made and contented that the ball went right where he wanted it to go.

Stepping back, smiling, holding his cue stick with both hands, pleased with the game he has played each time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calm Reprieve

Rocking and swaying with melodies being played and listened to within my soul.

Living deeply in the goodness of my being, never taking my eyes off the next horizon.

Seeing nothing, but the beauty of existence as it will soon be lived in exacting preciseness.

Extraordinary truth and honesty pressing forward, taking the lead in everything that will soon be coming about on earth.

A calm reprieve enclosing my heart and soul, being held closely in intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calm Resignation

Innocent yearning surviving maturity, listening to past
renderings of serious contemplation.
Stepping naively into deceptive images, not realizing
the dangers awaiting them.
Saucily flirting with indicative memories of days come
and gone.
An air of calm resignation, beautifully decorated in
adherent joy, steadfastly standing on waysides of life.
Remembering with joy, quiet essences of faith and hope
delicately held close to the heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calming Antedotes

Sounding in silence,
falling into a deep ravine,
holding onto a breath of life.
Persistent calming anecdotes
covering me entirely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calming Forces Of Evil

Slipping down pathways of unconditional love, feeling
inspired to reach out and draw it closer into this heart.

Feelings of unbelievable joy gathered around, sitting on a
carpet in front of this being, telling of their happiness,
touching a soul with unbridled serenity and peace.

Thoughtful energy replacing the turmoil of an endless day,
soothing nerves that have been frayed by all the injustice
in the world.

Cold, heartless people always standing ready to hurt another
without thinking.

Yet, this wonderful picturesque love spreads itself through-
out every fiber of being, calming the excessive forces of
evil on a personal level.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calming Heart

Sensing intuition creeping upon me, crawling up the back stairway, trying not to make a sound as it takes over all thought and lets me know within that soon all things are going to change for the good.
Hanging on to this expression of hope, cannot bear to part from the feeling it has brought to my heart, and is now calming me quite a bit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calming Insight

Soothing tastes of livelihood, sending messages outward
into beyond, settling on shores of existence, calming
insight with intense unconditional love.
Placing thoughts in placid ephemeral continuums, flowing
down rivers to the ocean and eventually into outer
places of flight.
Soaring past innuendos and falling onto desert oases.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calming Libido

Staccato beating of my heart, slowing down over time, calming my libido with peaceful stories of ancient pride.
Qualifying exceptional parts of axioms as they swell and separate with a precision of engineered talent.
Quitting places of spacious designs, holding up exquisite linear patterns, held in formulas of rectified pleasure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calming Music

So silently, quietly, listening to beautiful music
calming me inside, taking away all worry and strife of this day.
Floating on rivers, slowly going downstream to an unknown future
awaiting my appearance.
Loving the essence of my being, enjoying it's beauty and closeness
to God's loving presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calming My Mind

Feeling vibrations taking over feelings and emotions,
soaring happily throughout life while writing poetry,
interpreting every note and translating it into poems.

Flowering and blossoming within as I write each poem,
soothing and calming my mind, taking me into another
dimension.

Regulating suspension and beauty that keep elevating
my mind in upper stratospheres in another world while
continuing to live interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calming This Soul

Stepping into twilight, dancing in moonlight,
fox trotting across sandy shores, touching
life's interior universes with beautiful
rhythmic landscapes.

Waltzing to and fro, watching the moon sitting
on the horizon, smiling and beckoning to us
through senses of happiness.

Moving, falling into the wonder of this evening
with an entire fulfillment of heartfelt solitude
and serenity, calming this soul with an essence
of life's vast innocence and purity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calmly Imitating Fantasy

Crossing ravines in the desert of my soul, daring to go
to edges and look over, no fear at all, hoping in the
beauty that will soon touch sight in folds of life.

Rising into an atmosphere of wonder and talent, being ig-
nited by melodies and rhythms played out loud, starting
and stopping throughout a lifetime.

Calmly imitating fantasy that's created moment by moment,
lilting petals of rhythms, moving in synch with beating of
drums, keyboard now joining in.

Delicately taking this mind dancing, finding corners of
liveliness where all is sublime and heavenly, allowing
everything to become a part of innate talent.

Collecting savory and tasteful moments that will culmin-
ate in a beautiful repertoire of classical music now
being written through poetry.

A succinct and colossal inspiration at the edge of this
mind, allowing it to blossom, filling the world with all
sorts of poetical investigation.

Traipsing around hand in hand, never letting go, forming
a treasure trove of wonder and awe to be read by one and
all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Calmly Reassuring

Baby, loving you totally, your soothing voice calming
interiorly with your quiet deep manly voice, reassure-
ing me that everything will be all right.

Holding my hand, hugging and keeping me calm, helping
to allay fears of what's to become in the future, to-
tally bringing peace into depths of suffering.

Your unconditional love a perfect and beautiful way to
be together forever, never having to worry for you are
here to help, telling me that everything will be alright.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cameos Of Life

Slowly, easily, tides ebb and flow within,
gently touching all facets of personality
in a genuine movement of fragile tenderness.

Gyrating forcefully, taking in cameos of
life with an appreciation for all it enfolds
through timeless entities for us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Campfire

Facets of memory fall apart and
gather together around a camp
fire in the forest of my brain.
Talking to each other, bringing
all thoughts into a higher realm,
rearing them calmly without pain
into my being.
Scheduling all visits with an
appetite of total interior aplomb.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Campfire Of My Mind

Tripping into measures of Santana being played to the biker crowd.

Sitting here enjoying it immensely, writing quickly as they play.

Fascinating thoughts are being roused from dreamless sleeps of yesterday.

Bringing themselves out of depths and placing themselves around the campfire of my mind to listen and contemplate everything being seen and felt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Camping

Wind mercilessly blowing smoke in my face, as I sit by the campfire.
Burning my eyes, and taking my breath away with a creosol smell.
Looking out into the night time forest, I can see nothing but dark between the trees.
Up above - through the tree branches, the moon smilingly hides for a while.
His perfectly round face a reminder of an oreo cookie - the white stuff inside.
Stars twinkled and giggled and slid across the skies.
Contentedly peaceful, I sighed deep inside and continued to think by the fireside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Camping In The Grand Canyon

Remembering the Grand Canyon way back when I was
twelve.
Hiking into it's depths, absorbing the beauty of
the canyon walls as we hiked down continually
into the canyon.
Finally arriving at the Indian store where we
bought snacks and drinks to bring to our campsite.
Walking on we arrived at our site and immediately
set up camp.
A beautiful setting, when we're done we head to
Havasupai Falls to go swimming in the beautiful
blueness of its' water.
Swimming behind the waterfalls, enjoying the
exhilarating feelings of doing it for the first
time.
Totally having a great time - staying for a week,
camping, hiking, swimming and having good times
with the other girl scouts.
Not wanting to ever leave the canyon, it felt
like home and was so entirely beautiful, but we
finally had to leave and hiked our way out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Camping Memories

Sparkling waters splashing my mind with memories of camping when young and old.
Tantalizing effects pouring through me, causing feelings to rebound and look for parts of then.
Floating down rivers between canyon walls, feeling their tremendous majesty close in around me as I sat in the bow of our rowboat, relaxing and enjoying every second of every moment while we were there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Can Never Be Replaced

Textures of life experiences settle within each of us as we live our lives, good and bad filter into every moment throughout the years.

Sacrifice, turmoil and hardship constantly stir the pot of humanity, keeping us on our toes always, those who become friends will forever have a place in our hearts and souls.

They cannot ever be replaced and here is where you will remain my friend, in this mere poet's heart's memory forever, my mind never laying you to rest alone for you are always with me, rest in peace Sam.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Can You Sense My Pleasure?

Settling into a corner, listening to CD's, relaxing,
playing the piano of my mind with my left hand, writing
with my right at the same time just as I am doing now.

Writing rapidly to a fast-paced rhythm, thoughts racing
to outrun me, another jumping and stepping into depths
of intellect.

Finding peace in interior spirituality of my soul, right
now at this very moment in time, can you feel the thrill
and excitement that I am feeling as I write.

Can you sense my intense pleasure now through this poem
and it's words?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cancer

Going on the road, taking all problems on a journey,
hoping to lose them on the way.

No more room for them in life, they're too heavy and
I don't want to deal with them anymore.

Light and carefree - trying to be - knowing within
that life has changed.

Being detoured again - I continue on, writing myself
into many more poems of insight, gaining clarity
about life and it's hidden purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Candidates Telling Their Stand On Issues

Trump and Hillary on the same stage surprisingly, both tell-
ing their stand on the issues, taking turns respectively so
far, the pace has moved staccatoly forward.

Lies from Hillary, empty words and phrases being spouted as
if they are the truth, Donald on the other hand explaining
in details that are pertinent and concise, adhering to truth.

Outstanding, stating facts on every subject being brought up
by the moderator, Trump making perfect sense that's logical,
giving reasons behind his statements.

Trump's sole purpose is to unite Americans and help them make
America great once again, by all Hillary has been saying, she's
for taking away our rights, forcing Americans to crawl through
life.

Wanting us to barely exist, as long as she's able to do what-
ever she wants to, taking from the people of the United States
of America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Candle In The Darkness

Darling, you have left me now in the throes of death, un-
willingly, yes, but gone just the same, leaving me with
your heart held in mine.

Your untiring strength and love for me, a faith that you
always carried like a candle into the darkness, thinking
of you gives me hope and I cherish these thoughts.

That one day we will be together in another space, another
horizon in life and I hold onto this vision of us now, yet
I must continue to live and be with family.

Carrying on your traditions so they will not have been in
vain, your love and total personality still held within
each of us.

Your goodness and hope always a beacon for them and others
to follow even though you are no longer here with any of
us, your candle will forever burn in our hearts and minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Candle Of Faith

Heaven opening up, light shining, telling me that soon
I will be returning, as life comes into it's ending.

Feeling the sadness of leaving loved ones behind again,
tears filling my eyes, yet knowing all along where I
would be going when my purpose was finally fulfilled
on earth.

Taking every step towards destiny, holding fate through-
out this life, rising, meeting our Lord, the final out-
come of having lived life in the best way I could, never
hurting others, having no regrets.

Living a simple life of prayer and faith that always
kept the candle of hope lit within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Candle Of My Presence

Quiet evening almost ended, being put to bed beneath the moon's
gentle beams of genuine comfort.
Caressing my heart, holding hands with twilight stars above in
the heavens of my dreams.
Eternal prayers always being whispered into heaven, and finally
being heard by God, Himself.
Total abandonment, filling me without qualms or doubt.
Stringent longing, draping me invisibly in the evening twilight.
Holding up the candle of my presence in the darkened night of
death's final amen.

(2/15/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Candle Of Prayer

Shattering nightmares with candlelight filled with
prayer for you.
Unselfishly, I take the ways less traveled, because
there are more ideas and images to aid others from
my lonely soul along the way.
Today I am guided by an interior light towards
sorrow of this world, hoping to dissipate it's grief,
even a little.
So filled with importance of others, I light a candle
for you today, in hopes of easing your burden, asking
God's help for you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Candle Of Prayerful Acknowledgement

Waiting for an inner light to be ignited by the candle of prayerful acknowledgement, serving humanity and meeting others on a spiritual plain where all are equal.

Nothing to sway or reevaluate what is about to happen, just beginning and ending in a particular rhythm that will not quit.

Lasting into the future of infinity, quietly and silently serving our Lord through all of this mortal life and then beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Candle Prayers

Peacefully igniting candles of prayer, tending them
carefully.

Sending their heavenly smoky odors to gates of heaven,
where they await their times to be answered by God.

Some sit and dwindle in size as life begets itself and
forgets about a prayer said in earnest.

Others sit in a thick haze of smoke, as people add to
them, creating a vision of prayer, wanting to be
answered right away, if that's okay with God.

As miracles in life come about, we can all see answers
of our prayers, echoing throughout the heavens on every angel's lips.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Candlelight Miracles

Quiet, requiem mass of night, settling into evening prayers being said for family and friends as life untwists itself in spirals of smoke.
All being lit from many candles of Catholic beliefs and watched interiorly as miracles begin happening with the entrance of each one into heaven's gardens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Candlelight Prayer

Lying in wait for explanations to be brought about.

Thinking on all realms of thought, looking for
absolute decisions.

Nothing comes to mind as winds gust over Phoenix
mountains, taking away images being brought up to
see through and seek answers.

Imagination is winding itself subconsciously with
interior motives, following flames of candlelight
lit by prayers from loved ones who are no longer
here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Candlelit Desires

10: 47 a.m.
Candlelit desires, hiding timidly in the darkness,
awaiting love to bring them to fruition, flickering
delicately, flames burning brightly, showing, and
guiding the way to my heart.

It sits within, dreaming of the day when someone will
come along and take it, wrapping it within their own
heart.

Living companionably in a romantic heaven here on
earth, never again being lonely or forlorn as it's
held forever in an the unconditional heart of another.
10: 48 a.m.6/22/15 RoseAnn V. Shawiak

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Candlelit Melodies

Strumming my mind's guitar, lighting thought interiorly with candlelit melodies saved for my imagination alone.
Cooperating fully with silent anticipation, hoping to capture every nuance in lines of poetry, savored by my soul for an eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Candlelit Romance

Soothing, consistent and beautiful, tantalizing our
minds and moods, giving us an assortment of feelings,
easing our tension within.

Desires seductively rising into our hearts, reaching
us totally in their intense emotional content, so
fervently being enticed and fulfilled.

Allured by the music of romance, giving everyone a
state of mind that's being held in candlelit romantic
moods while holding hands, then embracing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Candles Of Bereavement

Tapering candles of bereavement,
making them ready and beautiful
for times of discerning death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Candles Of Interior Faith

Enhancing memories and prayers of living through
rhythms and their tender music.

Finding their awesome beauty as it fills my mind
so entirely.

Perfect and delicate, as it feeds intellect so
fruitfully throughout the years.

Sending messages through poetry that is written
constantly and incessantly.

Prayerful and filled with hope, lighting candles
of an interior faith.

A faith that will never die for I believe and
will love God forever.

Nothing to change that fact, believing with all my
heart and soul through this mere poetical life of
mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Candles Of Wisdom

Caressing thoughtful interludes of visions,
contemplating their places in images of
divine grace.

Prayerfully interceding in moments of
hardship, straightening errors performed
mistakenly in reckless abandon.

Folding arms across my mind as I watch life
cascade in scenes of my subconsciousness.

Lighting intellect with candles of wisdom,
inheriting innate thoughts of words being
formed and set in beautiful arrays of
poetical bouquets.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Candling Of Light

Waving in breezes of nature, touching my senses with
intense emotion.
Sunlight soaking into my being, driving me into
creative designs of poetical music, awakening intelligent
remarks within.
Lively conversations continue nightly without repetition
or interruption.
Candling sprays of light and sensuous joy into existence
of my being.

(11: 10 a.m. - 9/30/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Canisters Of Intrigue

Soliciting times of yesterday and taking them into
the future.
Never taking eyes off of visions holding me within,
solitary misgivings don't apply.
Secrets falling on deaf ears, not letting them escape
by not mentioning them aloud.
Canisters of intrigue are filled within a mind of
mysterious gifts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cannot Comprehend

Fighting back tears as you yell and holler for no reason seen,
sounding illogically, separating what was learned from you to
this strange abuse.

Not understanding the harsh and meanness of your voice, feel-
ing like you're physically attacking my dear, when did you get
the idea that you were allowed to treat me so cruelly?

Why my love, have you turned against me, for all these years
I've been here for you through thick and thin, willing to give
my life for yours.

Now suddenly being torn to pieces by an angry tirade, it just
cannot be understood nor comprehended, this sudden hatred now
trashing my love to make an unimportant point and disregarding
my feelings altogether.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cannot Fathom Generous Nature Of God

Nothing can stay the same in life, babies are born,
people die, life is lived and lost daily.

Toiling and laboring throughout the years gives an
inner satisfaction and knowledge of God not otherwise
learned in this life.

Left hanging from trees, our beings cannot fathom
the generous nature of God, for He's left us with
the things in nature that we need to exist.

Following His guidance, each of us on earth can also
penetrate the atmosphere and find what we're looking
for in effervescent stockpiles of nothing.

Expecting only the harmony of another's life within
the one we already have on earth we find nothing to
contribute because God has done it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cannot Fight Destiny

Sounding the alarm, sending me into a frenzy of emotions, not knowing which way to turn, heading downward into the cisterns of earth, alone and forgotten.

Knowing only that I will keep falling all the days of my life, because that is my destiny and I cannot fight it, except through poetry.

Incessantly keeping it in the forefront, never letting it cool down, energizing only my mind, keeping it on the path-way to my final sunset.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cannot Remove Self

Pain of loss cuts deeply into my soul, filling my heart
and mind with oceans of tears, sweeping me away in tides
of grief, sadness, loneliness.

Bringing me into a void, devoid of life, a place where I
cannot remove self from the emptiness and abandonment of
what death has left me with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cannot See The Sunrise

Feeling bruised and battered at times in life, totally
abandoned and left on the side of an unused road.

Alone, crying, hurt and in pain, filling me with a sorrow
so deep and saddened to this life.

Cannot see the sun rise anymore, fading away in the
twilight of this life of mine.

Seeing nothing, but a desert, empty of companionship,
a lone and solitary place, holding no meaning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cannot Take Care

Poverty takes on gigantic proportions as it alights in
people's lives from one generation to another.

Why is this I wonder, while looking at it from within
and objectively taking a peek from without, knowing
circumstances are always lending themselves to each
situation in life.

Needing to be educated correctly on how to lift them-
selves out of poverty does not seem to lie upon any
sort of education, circumstance or situation - it seems
to come from each individual attitude towards life.

Some having given up, becoming resigned to their
predicaments, lamenting their positions, whining, yet
never going to look for a job to earn a living, others
are disabled or mentally impaired, many from having
used illicit drugs.

Now added to the equation, Obama has allowed amnesty to
millions of illegals and we have no money for them as
Obama lies to them and makes promises that cannot be kept.
because he has broken our nation.

Illegals coming here are expecting a free ride and having
everything given to them for free at taxpayer's expense.

Other countries wonder why we want our borders closed -
this is the main reason - lazy people only coming here
with their hands out, never raising a finger to go to work
and pay their own way.

American taxpayers have been footing the bill for our
government's unconstitutional coercive laws and actions,
while they try to take away our freedom and force us to
take in criminals and felons.

We the People are revolting, weapons locked and loaded,
many states already signing a petition for the Convention

of States, and if that does not work, seceding from the United States of America, forming our own free and clear nation.

This is what will happen soon unless Obama is impeached, jailed and tried for treason - he is a traitor and an enemy, illegally living in the White House.

What a statement to be made from the people of the richest country in the world, that because of an enemy within our own White House we are being made to do without, yet he is helping other countries commit evil deeds, all with poor people's hard-earned money.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Can'T Fathom Loneliness

Remnants of yesterday unfold themselves within my mind,
giving moments of despair because I can no longer live
in them today.

Tags of life are left in the mortuaries for doctors to
collect on the way to funeral parlors, awaiting burial
from loved ones who are empty and bereft.

Shadows of them lie around in pictures and portraits of
family.

Clothes no longer hanging in closets, toiletries no longer
next to yours in the bathroom, vacations being taken alone
or not at all, being unable to fathom the depths of
loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Can'T Fix Heart Break

Understanding doesn't always mean that you do,
because the hurt caused to you doesn't want to
be touched right now.

It's much too raw, open and flowing with crystal
tears.

Knowing that life comes to a standstill when pain
enters your heart, and there is nothing you can
do to fix the heart break until you've died.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Can'T Handle Being Dependent

Rhythmically listening and rocking to particular
sounds of yesterday, solving problems still
standing in pathways of life.

Giving up and deciding to pass them up, while
finding a way around each of them in turn.

Swallowing the pride I used to have, compromising,
and at times letting someone take over the reins.

But not for very long, because I can't handle the
feeling of being dependent on another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Can'T Win

Now after having written how I'm feeling, going back
to reality again.

Closing up this mind for a while to read some books,
staying real quiet and not talking much.

It's a struggle that can't be won, so rather than
losing it all, will just crawl back into myself and
pretend to not miss it at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Canvas Of Surreal Life

Life is surreal, it is like a painting that I am always
painting and adding to it.

Knowing fears, doubts, happiness and joy as it looks out
at me from upon my interior canvas.

Candlelight, wavering, glimmering and letting this soul
show it's wisdom to intellect.

There is no language to be heard or communicated, just
the music of heartbeats melding with melodies that are
incessantly listened to.

A tiny glimmer always shining, a spark igniting into a
blazing fire as I continue writing.

Illuminating the beauty of the world as I stare into it's
landscape, flames still flickering in my mind long after
I have put aside my pen when done writing.

Such intense peace always consuming me in the end, as I
fall asleep in my bed each night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Canvas Paintings

Creating special paintings through imagination,
and placing them on canvas.

Setting them picturesquely on inner screens of
photographic images, candidly portraying life
as I see it happening, while creating it's
environment and placement.

Taking places throughout periods of depression
and putting them into scrapbooks of eternal favor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Canyon Of Loneliness

So totally alone, walking in a canyon of empty
loneliness, wading through the sadness of a lifetime,
letting myself absorb and feel it fully, knowing the
effects it will have on me.

Not caring, willing to experience and live through
them while writing.

Their explicit bittersweet memories, touching my
heart with tears, flowing constantly in reminders of
their solitary awareness of this saddened side of
life's experience.

Reluctant pictures, standing in the background,
unsure of where they stand in the scheme of things,
taking place inside senses and emotions.

Gently beckoning them to come and be expressed in
writing, they step forward and pour their grief
intensely into mind, twisting senses upside down,
telling of their fullness and intensity that they're
constantly immersed in without a voice.

Their angles penetrating thoughts, wanting to
throw a temper tantrum, get the anger outside of
themselves, yet they don't know how to do it and
want to find a way out of them.

Imagining the feelings and emotions, placing them
in daydreams where I can create situations they can
express themselves in intelligently and emotionally,
letting them finally escape many times over.

Recording the images and daydreams, placing them on
photographic screens where they can openly be
reviewed and reseen, time and again.

Bringing a peaceful ending to their anger in
placating thoughts, finally being evened out in poetry,

to be expressed and felt without regrets or doubts of self, ever again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Canyon Of Sorrow

Life doomed to it's destiny, unfulfilled and empty.
Along tracks of loneliness, walking in the grass,
taking in the solitude of time passing.
Circumstances rearranging every step along the way,
not caring what feelings are hurt beyond repair.
Stranded in a canyon of sorrow, too filled with pain
to climb out, too hurt to care.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Canyon Of Thought

Opening closets in rooms of this interior being, wanting
to know of all that is contained within me.

Constantly taking in thoughts, looking them over instantly
making immediate decisions, never having to go back and re-
think them, just knowing that every answer given supersedes
any others that might have been used.

Delighting in this intellect, not having to second-guess
anything, just going along with first impressions and
thoughts.

Loving these particular traits, living through them for all
time, believing in self and carrying on through this life,
always in a deepened place and canyon of thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Canyon Rims

Thoughtless words spell out feelings being felt
by people who are tangled with precepts of seedy
connotations.

Worried, fretful, filled with fears of yesterday,
hanging on rims of canyons, afraid of falling in
and finding answers of themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Canyon Visions

Memories sway and waver into my mind with adamant
thought-provoking intuition.
Climbing canyons of my subconsciousness, adapting
to reality and life's incessant demands provoking
continuous advancement of visions when creating
happier times in childhood.

(10: 55 a.m. - 12/19/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Canyons Of A Soul

Soundlessly vibrating into many ravines set into life, with
no directions, finding very haphazard ways of doing things.

Letting everything flow downward and knowing none of it can
be stopped.

Allowing feelings to be enveloped and absorbed into many
forms of poetry.

Expressions of another world, coming constantly into my
being.

So relaxing, yet so stressful, taking me into canyons of my
soul where I can be comfortable and contemplate what needs
to be done in life for mankind one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Canyons Of Desire

Remembering with ease, all experiences gone through in
an extenuating life.

Always giving in, compromising when necessary,
completing every endeavor that approaches in silent
awakening.

Letting nothing encroach a little personal space in
this particle of life, scenting it with a beautiful
aroma, waltzing to rhythms and into hurricanes of
intricate designs.

Oftentimes, falling into dimensions opening up to
intellect, giving interiorly, the wherewithal to come
closer to imagination's advantages in literature.

Avoiding pitfalls always rushing forward to greet me.
Opening windows, taking me into beautiful canyons of
intense desire where an intense syncopation of my soul
is unfolding.

Eclipsing the entirety of reality, enclosing self in
an absolute power of intellectual futures of words,
sounding their tones into rhythms of irregular phases
of round tables of interest.

Succulent aromas reaching within landscapes of all
recent experiences, solidly making plans to walk into
depths of tomorrow's plaintive cries.

Reaching always upwards to skyways of sincere thoughts
sliding across, letting them all penetrate whatever
comes into mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Canyons Of Emptiness

Echoing into canyons of emptiness - alone - deserted
from without - a world forlorn and abiding no one.

Sending recriminating sadness to outer lengths of
pity and apathy.

Selected atrocities, broken and torn apart, never
given a sanctuary to become whole and start anew.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Canyons Of Faith

Tempting strains of musical rhythms, taking mind into an entirely new environment, opening intellect's doors and windows, letting in fresh air.

Bringing opportunities to overcome impossibilities in life, reaching to interior depths of spirituality, delving into canyons of faith, resurrecting hope from beneath hardships of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Canyons Of Intellect

Vehicles riding down the street,
fading into window reflections as miles creep
upon each page of mysterious contemplation.

Knowing glances meet along rides of thought as
they converse and merge with extrapolating
avenues in juxtapositions.

Betraying silent vibrations of yesterday,
coalescing, bringing about ideal situations in
canyons of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Canyons Of Life

In myself, feeling totally lost, forsaken, I cannot be what I am supposed to be, it leaves me feeling empty, desolate, at a loss.

Amid great canyons of life I cannot find the way to get through them, they are too formidable, too steep to even dare get out of.

Yet, at the innermost part of my being my soul stirs, seeing the hopelessness of life and how utterly helpless I am.

Feeling totally lost, forsaken, knowing there is nothing I can do, remaining within myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Canyons Of My Soul

Striking the echoes, falling against canyons of my soul.
Taking time and turning it around, not giving me a
choice in life's interior aspects.
Whenever coming forward I am consumed with an explicit
sense of bereavement enclosing my mind in deepest lonely thoughts, covering
my heart in crystal tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Canyons Of Neglect

Hiding in depths of being, thoughts float and trip over
each other.

Some popping like popcorn, others drowning beneath many
ideas, yet every one of them wanting to be recognized
and brought out of canyons of neglect.

Not wanting to expire before being written down for
posterity and benefitting all of mankind along the way.

Taking it all into a new destiny and future, one that
will take us into a specter of lightened wisdom that
will mark the beginning of a new era.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Canyons Of Scorpions

Recommending periods of rest and relaxation comes
easily in words, not so in finding time to do it.

Always having things to see and do, projects that
need to be completed, and life to be lived explicitly
whenever possible.

Drumming our way down pathways of existence, falling
into canyons filled with scorpions ready to attack
and take it all away from us in the blink of an eye.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Canyons Of Sorrow

Dragging down pathways of yesterday, being burdened with
the grief of a lifetime, missing one I loved so much and
can't live without.

Belonging yet to a world where you are no longer here
beside me.

Crying incessantly, missing everything you were to me.
Heart beating unrhythmically, out of synch, in deep canyons
of sorrow, not able to look out or reach for help.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Canyons Of Time

Falling in ravines and canyons of time as it goes it's
way, taking our lives with it, no mercy to be had in
the end.

Stretching out our hands, begging for help, none comes
about for we are alone in a solitary space of time,
touching chords in life's rhythm.

Taking us in roundabout was to the center of it, there
also is an emptiness where no answers will be fond to
help us escape this fury of life.

Hell-bent, taking us to our endings, a final clause in
the contracts of our conception, no agreement ever taken
or given.

It's just the way it was written and nothing will ever
change the design and pattern of rhythms in life or
measures of time, it goes it's own way taking our lives
with it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Canyons Where Our Love Echoes

A lasting love filling us completely, taking us into
many beautiful and picturesque canyons, where our love
echoes all around.

Enticing our hearts into reaching for one another,
slipping into bed, being comforted as we lie next to
each other.

Looking into your eyes, seeing my reflection in yours
as you smile at me lovingly while touching me so
sensually that I cannot resist.

Succumbing to your tantalizing presence within, ex-
plodding fireworks filling my mind with your inner
excitement as I explode also.

Such a beautiful and total love being fulfilled
through both of us together as one, as we continue
to live in our passion forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capability Of Edges

Continuing education on edges of nights,
proclaiming knowledge and wisdom as
important facets of learning.

Although as I look about, the only important
side of it is the capacity of imagination to
fold it all into one subconscious mind of
elation, exercising ability and creativity
in one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capability Of God

Running, pacing, tracking values and morals that are
held simply and straight forward throughout life and
it's myriad demands.

Kicking aside evil and it's horrid feelings,
preferring always to reside in God's capable hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capable Soul

Swirling lifelessly in a maze of confusion brought on
by fate and it's dutiful martyrs.

Hopelessly falling from grace as people are undermining
everything I want to do.

Knowing nothing that I do will produce the results
wanted by other's, I curl up in a circle so they no
longer can get to or hurt me with their sorrow.

Falling into abysses left open by tears of grief,
staunchly attempting to walk through all this paltry
defeat placed on my shoulders by unconcerned, uncaring
people in my sphere of life right now.

Jumping no more through their narrow hoops, lying back
resting, ignoring all requests being thrown at me.

Stubbornly rigid from now on, if you want me, I'll
be waiting in the middle of a desert of my own
imagination, no longer listening to you on any plain.

Fate has now meshed and blended with my capable soul,
so there is nothing you can do that will make my mind
alter it's decisions against you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capacity Of Edges

Continuing education on edges of nights, proclaiming knowledge and wisdom as important facets of learning.
Although, as I look about, the only important side of it is the capacity of imagination to fold it all into one subconscious mind of elation, exercising ability and creativity in one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capitalizing Egos

Faulty thinking from undeveloped minds,
trying to justify their negligent ways
of working.

Not heeding the manager, going their
own way, doing what they want to do,
capitalizing on their own egos.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capsule Of Eternity

Enclosed, a capsule of eternity, a being, a shell of a body.

Transparent life lived twenty-four hours, seconds of that
time in severe hardships causing mental or physical collapse.

There are no correct or simple ways of dealing with anything,
it is all faced and dealt with whatever way we can.

Intelligent beings, we are supposed to be, yet everyday life
shows that we do not always use our intelligence wisely.

We get wrapped up in distant renderings, appearing nonchalant,
while inside we are seething with the acids of remorse and
stress.

Taking it's toll, our bodies are silently dying from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capsule Of Poetry

Lonely night, wandering alleys of musical poetry while my
heart strains to hear the music of a local band, a genuine
and tantalizing sound giving me pause.

A reality check of sorts, living in the recesses of what
I'm hearing, nothing like it ever before, taking my mind,
introducing it to another realm from within my soul.

Sounds echoing and re-echoing deep within my being, leav-
ing everything to imagination, drifting away from side-
walks of reality.

As I travel through time in a capsule of poetry, music taking
me away into another part of my brain, intellect willingly
following me through it's many beautiful and wonderful avenues.

Filled with glittering lights and mind-bending attenuations,
filling my heart and soul with a perfection coming from the
Divine.

A solid and savory memory combining with the past and future,
music pulling it all together, no effort at all, brilliant
and intellectually stimulating.

Cannot stop writing at all, wonder and curiosity taking their
fill as I walk these back alleys of forevermore, holding my
heart in the palms of God's hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capsule Of Thought

Falling down the stairs of my mind, being introduced once
again to edges of grief, wanting to take over and catapult
me into the next invention sorrow has thought of.

Turning away and walking into the sunset of life, I
acquiesce to another world being held safely for me when
reality gets to be too much to handle.

Capturing and protecting my essence, keeping me tightly
within, letting me explore whatever I find inside me.

Rounding corners, playing silently with what I can create
and manifest through imagination, feeling like a child being
filled with an eternal wonder for everything I see.

Wanting to know how to enter and assuage curiosity as it
touches and tickles my fancy, it never ceases to amaze me
how much awe there is in just one capsule of thought.

Swallowing it, letting it spread throughout my spirit,
feeling it's light intensity flowing though my blood
and into my brain, feeding it thoroughly with what it
continually needs to keep writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capsules Of Being

Beating incessantly into yesterday's talent,
deeming it necessary to continue into modern
days of achievement for all to remember and see.

Lifetimes kept in time with musical precision
on any given day with unequivocal design.

Talented intellect kept always in capsules of
being, let out in moments of entertainment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capsules Of Knowledge

Collectively thinking and sending coded messages into
open vestiges of tomorrow.

Following varying degrees of intellect into the atmos-
phere of abject equations and mathematical formulas.

Participating and finding enjoyment in the capsules of
knowledge already being held up to the light of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Captivated

Wandering down pathways on my way through daily tasks and
having the time of my life.

Happily becoming the essence held within, enjoying every
nanosecond and living each one to the fullest even though
there is not much time within each one.

Looking out windows of my soul and being content with what
I am seeing on photographic screens at the edge of my mind.

So captivated by the energy of images, that my soul is
continually jumping for joy and allowing my spirit to soar
into the heavens spiritually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Captivated By Freedom Of Being

Stretching imagination in every direction, hoping to find
answers within corners of this mind, letting equations
flow freely through fibers of thought.

Being captivated by the freedom of being as we move forward down paths of destiny, looking for fantastic opportuneities that come about through situations and circumstances.

A wonderful opening up of an interior spirituality that continually covers intellect, marking the Divine dwelling within
each of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Captivating Loneliness

Reason flees in desperation, as sorrow floods it thoroughly with crystal saddened tears, threatening to turn to dust, drying out my heart and soul.
Captivating an empty loneliness with perceptions of youthful times.

Slowly turning around, seeing life in retrospect, tearing me in pieces as I realize that it is almost gone and I haven't found any answers.
No way to turn around the sorrow always pulling me into abysses of other people's emptiness.

Finding explanations don't fit in with the emotional content of a lifetime.
Sensing the grief in many others throughout days of strife, living alone and never roaming into joyous pastures of fruitlessness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Captivating Memories

Looking out across a wide expanse of the Atlantic Ocean
through this mind, remembering all the good times spent
on it's sandy shores with family and friends.

So many memories, images and picturesque landscapes both
on land and out in the surf, challenging waves steadfast-
ly, body surfing against it's strength.

Flowing upon the surface as it pushes me to shore, a won-
derful and captivating way to remember a past filled with
episodes that build inner strength, faith and hope within
this mere poet's mind, intellect and being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Captivating Mood

There's no place left to hide when in a captivating mood of positive energy, taking me into depths that let go of all feelings and emotions.

Letting them tell the story of my life intensely, highs and lows and even in between, experiences, situations and many circumstances that have already happened in this life.

Leaving self unguarded, unprotected, tossing safety aside to let others know the true self of my inner being, feeling an intense sense of liberty and freedom in doing so.

Living life honestly and truthfully with morals, values, ethics and confidence in my faith and God to my final end in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Captivating Musical Renditions

Thinking of friends who could not make it here today,
knowing that they would be having the time of their
life if they could've been here with us.

Band playing steadily, never missing a single beat,
taking us all on a ride through past and present rock
and roll rhythms.

Capturing our attention, not letting us go, as we wend
our way through it's captivating musical renditions,
balancing out everything right here where I sit and
write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Captivating Sorrow

Twilight settles upon us as we sit holding hands,
eyes looking into one another's souls.

Captivating sorrow held in store for each of us
after death encapsulates us in it's forever stare
through eternity.

Heaven in our minds, allowing us the security of
peace in our present stance of time.

Attempting to relish our lives while we are still
holding on to them, a beacon shines and lights our
pathways to God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Captive Expressions

Anger quietly resides amidst sorrow, pushing to be heard, wanting to be expressed outwardly.
Yet, it is being held captive for now, because the fear of facing it is much too great.
Silently, it sits in a corner of a mind's heart.
Maybe one day it will be allowed to come into it's own, in order to dissipate from inner life forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Captive In A Senior Body

An inner child, being held a captive in a grown-up's senior body.
Not allowed to run free, unrestrained, or untethered in her last years of life.
Keeping her in a tightened personality of emotional content, afraid to let go.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Captive Leaves

Wind having blown leaves from their precious positions
on limbs of trees, now lying on the ground being soaked
through by the pouring rain.

Lonely and forlorn, looking so forsaken just lying there,
not being able to move freely in the breeze until they
have once again dried off.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Captive Of Your Heart

Love travels throughout my being for you my dear, an uncond-
itional and transcendental one, filling us both so totally,
spreading our wings together.

We soar into landscapes we've never seen before, now finding
their beauty is penetrating us both, like an oil painting
being painted.

Our love keeps finding new ways to be felt, passion and our
desires melded as one, we can never be separated my love,
for this I am continually blessed by your presence.

Always in my mind and heart, never restrained, free and at
liberty to love you only, such a freeing feeling just being
with you.

Darling, being captive of your heart, yet you are mine also,
as we live our lives together in love all the days of our
lives, happy to be with one another forever my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Captive Prisoners

We're all prisoners of this earthly life, even though we
may never think or realize it while we're busy working
and taking care of our families.

Others of us can see it and are always fighting to be
free, not wanting anything to control our minds or lives,
a steady stream of ideas outside the box giving solutions.

So far they are only temporary, like our lives, maybe that's
all we'll ever be able to attain while on this earth, never
will give up the fight though.

It seems to be important to mental well-being and sanity,
maybe that's the key to depression, but people just let
their lives happen without even trying to do anything
about it, therefore remaining captive prisoners throughout
their entire lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Captured By Death

Waking up in depths of emptiness, seeing nothing no matter where my eyes look, sky emptied of clouds, sun and moon, ground having no flowers, trees or butterflies flying.

Death has taken away all of nature's essence from my being, leaving nothing for me to see or feel, being numb, sightless, looking within, finding loneliness, empty feelings and sorrow.

Tears falling helplessly into pools of my lonesome, forlorn and empty heart, no more love or desire for it has been captured by hands of death and taken away from me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Captured By Music

Frolicking, feeling fun that holds me inside, giving ideas
freedom to coalesce and become laughter that wants to break
out and conquer sadness trying to hold me prisoner.

Taking hold of jokes and happiness, laughing heartily,
feeling elated to the maximum of my being's existence.

A wonderful time of life, one with music that has captured
and taken me into the joy of it's rhythm.

Nothing else like feelings of elation inside a happy heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Captured Era

Tantalizing music pushing forward into another era,
captured from yesterday's memories and set in mind.
Lilting dialects blended in melodies of beauty, taking
us on rides through inner space.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Captured Images

Breaking evenly over sketches of tomorrow, adjoining beats of
life to notes of nature calling to elevations of prime details,
settling onto ocean waves.

Drifting alone, selecting images being captured in imagination's
subconsciousness.

Striving to become a famous poet while alive and living life
to it's fullest while on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Captured Rhythms

Finding nothing to take into alleys of happiness or over bridges into valleys, sitting below mountain's steep cliffs.

Wishing to walk up the sides of them, leaving the world behind, climbing beyond myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing A Blossoming Insight

Wisdom growing interiorly, just by experiencing life
and it's diversity.

Capturing blossoming insight of everything in concepts
of an enlivening possibility.

Taking immense discoveries of adventures, placing them
into extraordinary circumstances where they can be ex-
panded, stretching limits of brain power.

Giving us immense powers throughout the beauty of our
entire lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing An Awareness

Intensely being brought rhythmically into depths of intellect, being swallowed in it's labyrinths and abysses, capturing an awareness of absolute power coming into being.

Filling interiorly, with a peaceful serenity, taking me into another horizon where life is becoming a beautiful part of heaven.

Walking up stairways and into gateways of solitary thought, it is en masse and able to be touched by this mind.

Giving off a scent unlike any other that has ever been known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing And Relating Life In India

Musical rhythms slipping through intellect, capturing ideas and thoughts, relating them to life and adding depths and meaning to each of them in a poem.

Each poem written to express what it is I've seen and felt in India and life, jumping and jiving to explicit tones and sounds as they reach deeply into my heart.

Undetected, leaving their marks in people's minds after being written in verses, capturing the attention of poets and people the world over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Attention

Riding throughout a vast arid desert, seeing it's beauty,
stark and tantalizing as it beckons my soul with the tender-
ness of blossoms holding onto cacti.

Beautiful rainbow colors, fragrant and enticing, capturing
our attention so diligently and perfectly throughout the
days and nights in many years of life available.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Details

Knowing life through the simplicity of nature, capturing
it's details in poetical renditions that may or may not
captivate other's minds.

Writing everything anyway, because it appeases my curious
appetite for knowing about whatever I'm wondering about,
searching within depths of intellect, knowledge, wisdom
and imagination.

Finding clues and ideas in each of them, like orchards
filed with fruit, my mind nurtures and grows all these
things creatively for me.

A purpose and keen sense of life itself, always finding
it's way into the very within of my entire being through
music and rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Essence

Slipping into slides of rock n' roll, clapping
hands and rolling down the dance floor.

Taking steady steps into depths of strobe
lights, confusing the daylights out of
those who don't dance too well.

Capturing the essence of every note,
taking each one into piles of thought where
they will find their places in history.

Giving many explanations with every beat,
stomping out all the beauty set in each
frame and measure being played into existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Essence Of My Being

Breathing in and out, filling this mind with an energy
that ignites intellect's imagination, reality stepping
aside for the time being.

Moving to rhythms of music, wanting and needing melodies
that charge me interiorly and fully, wondering about the
instant access that comes about in my mind.

Through poetical interludes, capturing the essence of my
being and spirit, taking me soaring into creative and
enriching atmospheres daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Everything

Watching as lightening strikes a hunger, an intense
curiosity hiding always within, giving an essence of
beauty to landscapes being created constantly through-
out this life.

Capturing everything that comes to mind, leaving nothing
by the wayside, letting it all slide into depths of my
consciousness, sending coded messages through intellect
while writing instantaneously and constantly.

Living with an awesome beauty that my mind creates daily,
finding that nothing else in life can compare with the
pleasure received from doing what I do, treasuring innate
talent with all the possibilities presenting themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Everything's Essence

Leaping through the nighttime sky, trying to catch star
light in my mind, wanting to capture the essence of
everything I see in the entire universe.

Solitarily and beautiful, finding meaning and definition
in depths of intellect, no one can stop me from exploring
or discovering what it is that I am curious about in life.

Solid facts, truth, honesty, tempt me to disprove theories
produced and generated by others, never liking the fact
that someone thinks of something and has no proof to show.

Wanting nothing to do with theory, needing to get to the
center and gist of things in life, having to locate and
explore entire explanations sounding outlandish in my mind.

Actually thinking, deciding and disproving what is being
said, finding it to be entirely illogical and having no
reason whatsoever behind it.

An instantaneous reaction being lit like a fire in my mind,
nothing able to stop or change what intellect has decided,
resting at last in the confines of inner spheres, holding
onto all that I revere and know to be true.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Fragrances Of Nature

Directionally taking new pathways, taking unexpected turns and following flowers blossoming along the way, aromas and beauty capturing fragrances of nature in beautiful instants.

Encapsulating them in memories upon photographic screens, never to be parted while on this temporary earth, holding onto fast-paced thoughts as they take me traveling back and forth.

Going through time, pleasurable and forever with me in mind and intellect, having had a great time literally while writing in and through the music that lives within my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Imagination

Entertainment holding attention of everyone as they smile
and feel good, listening to music of old.

Titillating senses, awakening minds, capturing imagination
and placing it on paper for everyone to read and enjoy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Innocence

Charging energy early in the morning, breaking the sleep of night with writing and thinking, leaving behind the dreams of fantasy to face the reality of another day.

Seeing beauty unfolding, taking my mind into realms of unknown intellect, capturing the innocence of life in a capsule of poetry as I write.

Slicing apart every detail, touching upon the nature and passion of my being, living in moments of writing through-out the day.

Taking opportunities as I make my way through ideas and meanings, coming my way through rhythms of music and delicate thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Intellectual Bases

Joining forces with reality, imagination delves into
fantasies capturing intellectual bases, considering
and applying abstracts to concise patterns of rhythm.

Compelling tones to soar onto skyways of another dim-
ension where totally free and at liberty to write,
being anything gradually in melodies intellectually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Life's Essence

Inside, imaginary wheels are turning, mixing sorrow
and joy of a lifetime.

It's taste is bittersweet, it's smell, that of a
funeral home filled with beautiful flowers.

Capturing the essence of life within this shell of
a body is a mysterious event and I cannot figure
out it's meanings.

Living life day to day, exhausting all possibilities,
laying them aside in peace-filled restless slumber.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Mind, Heart And Soul

Solace bringing life to fruition as I lie back in your
waiting arms, being held in a way that captures my mind,
heart and soul independently.

Feelings and emotions dwelling deeply in the passion of
our desires, patterns and designs of our love being con-
summed as one.

Taking us into another atmosphere where only we two dare
to exist, lively, vibrant and serene, being there comp-
pletely.

Honoring and making our commitment of love last forever
my darling, you are my heart, it's beating so attuned to
the melodies we make together, nothing to match feelings
that you and I give to one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Minds And Imagination

Runaway dreams of we Americans, hoping to attain our previous patriotism and self-reliance, pushing away all the corrupt politicians who have ruined our nation from the inside out.

Leaving nothing of the fabric of our lives we Americans used to have, banding together now, fully united, walking the fine lines of legality.

Gathering our strength, holding onto our Constitution of independence spreading equality far and wide, capturing the minds and imagination of others around the world.

Being inspired with what we're doing, gathering everyone, leaving no one behind, moving forward, having Donald Trump lead us all the way to the White House and freedom once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Moments In Life

Quietly roaming through forests of imagination, seeking
an inner spirituality that is always within no matter
what.

Moments of life are captured in spiritual realms, allowing
peace and serenity of the Divine to fill me effervescently
throughout the day and night.

Finding an interior intellect expelling it's essence into
my poetry, watching and collecting everything on inner
photographic screens within memories of an entire lifetime.

Unfolding them at a moments notice in order to write
freely of them at any time, peacefully writing, composing
music, designing and forming messages as they fall sound-
lessly from waterfalls of rhythm.

Living in their depths, always feeling relaxed and re-
freshed within their notes and tones, breathing in new
adventures, discovering new aspects in everything around
me with a curiosity abounding.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing My Essence

Rigorously fighting death's embrace,
trying to grab me into his vast space
of nothingness before going to heaven.

Accepting anything death wants to throw
at me for only I can adjust and realign
myself to whatever it is.

Being whole and listening to inner
workings of my soul.
Capturing all of my essence in a mind
of absolute talent and sharing it with
the world when I am done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Nature

Waking from a chilly night, lying in the tent, warmer now,
enjoying the light morning breeze.
Getting up, sitting on our camp cot, looking out the zippered
door at a panoramic view of mountains white with snow.
Closer in, mountains brown with age, welcoming with their
tantalizing promises of a warmer day yet to come.
Lying bluely before me, is Lake Pleasant in it's rolling
majesty as wind blows itself across the top, causing ripples
of white to form and disappear.
Looking out across the watery span, sails standing upon the
water while rowboats and bass boats, floating atop, are filled
with people fishing beneath the water.
Catching nature and having fun with everything in mother
nature's abode.
Silent, serene, quieting my soul for the return trip home again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Nature Interiorly

Easily walking down empty desert trails, capturing nature
as I go on photographic screens interiorly, watching as
differences captivate intellect.

Taking it into lanes of imagination where it's comfortable
and calm, soothing possibilities that give rise to various
though processes evolving through music.

Lightening quick images continue to combine with coded
rhythms, bringing about poetry, at times totally profound
and sublime.

In other moments becoming thought-provoking and emotional,
keeping readers interested and wanting to come back for
more.
po

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Nature's Essences

Capturing the essence of nature's landscape with my soul's eyes,
filling interiorly with peaceful recognition and calming being.

Desert blooms, striking my sight with their beauty and gentle
poise.

Climbing higher on roads through mountaintops, then coasting
downhill among green trees and foliage, covering the desert
brown mountains with an energy of varied greens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing New Meanings

Thoughts being reflected from photographic screens,
giving an essence of their progression.

Lifting them into realms of imagination where they
will explode like fireworks, popping beautiful colors
throughout the universe of poetry.

Casting about, capturing many new meanings from
outskirts of intellect to portray in a little poem
for anyone to read if they'd like.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Notes

Calmly quiet, voice soothing rhythm with delicate
tones of precision.

Capturing notes and playing them with exquisite
taste and culpability on stages of inherent life-
tasting visions, surrounded by natural talents.

Brought forth in opening stanzas of beautiful
etudes in aisles of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Perceptions

Natural inclinations to hide within and write
from depths no one else can enter into.

Peaceful abodes abiding my development, as I
stringently continue to become myself in
episodes of innate talent.

Capturing perceptions and inserting them into
poems, so I can look at them later and figure
out what I was trying to say to the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing The Fountain Of Youth

Exercising bodies through dancing, keeping agility
and balance through senior years.

Capturing the fountain of youth within minds that
are intent on being young at heart.

Nothing else really mattering except the rhythms
bouncing around our minds and through intellect.

Taking us on a voyage through life, and into another
dimension.

Being on a final horizon, watching moments pulsate
and carry on into the future with a vibrant liveliness.

Always stepping into the rhythm that is exercising
bodies daily while dancing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing The Outdoors

Capturing the beautiful outdoors in a little space around me,
authoring it's complacent reticence in articulate poetry.
Bereaving the quickness of it's passing along life's shores,
trying to grasp the beauty for a few minutes more.
Disappearing from sight, rapidly diminishing in size, tiny
moments of nature immaterialize to make room for the next
moments in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Their Essence

Intellect rushing rapidly through rhythms, capturing
their essence, placing them within me for safe-keeping.

Loving the way they affect my mind, tasting their
variety as they pass through neurons and synapses.

Leaving trails of their coded messages within the
poetry that is written incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Thoughts

Soft, gentle, whispers speaking into the evening, breezes blowing silently across the arid desert, always capturing thoughts.

Taking steps into lively environments, pressing and dancing tones finding their way down avenues of tomorrow's destiny.

Finding favorite things in common while loving and touching the wonder of curiosity in life, sensing feelings of hope coming to the forefront.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing Thoughts Of Love

Being tempted by inner desires, capturing thoughts
of love and pictures of being held.

Many picturesque landscapes finding their way across
this mind and onto desert plains.

There they will excite, tantalize, with a foreboding
of future death.

Wanting to have love totally given to my being, never
having to look for it, because an unconditional love
never leaves me.

For you dear, hold onto me through it all, satisfied,
fulfilled and completely at home within your arms and
being.

Stripped of every earthly and materialistic thing,
nothing between us except our sensuous desires holding
us together.

Exciting feelings, thrills, chills of inner senses are
erupting like fireworks for us as our love reaches
heights of brilliant sensations and sensitivity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturing What I Can

Going through a phase of life I'd rather not face,
setting aside everything and trying to concentrate
on learning something regarding life and what we're
supposed to be doing to gain some wisdom.

Elderly people are intent on going back in time,
holding onto memories for safe-keeping.
Only I'd prefer not to repeat their inane mistakes,
because I want to run into the future with my mind
wide open, capturing whatever I can before death
grabs hold of me, taking me on a final journey to
another horizon - one where I can begin again in
another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Capturning Passion And Essence

Rhythmically following tempos into darkened rooms within,
being blinded to surroundings.

Yet hearing music throughout, capturing passion and essence
in a bouquet of flowers freshly cut in an early morning.

Loving the aromas reaching this mind, writing of them and
feeling each of the individually.

Cooperating with intellect, all senses are gathered into
the mixture of imagination's beauty and factual landscapes.

Nothing taking away from it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cards Of Life

Choose a card from the deck of life, use it, play it,
come to enjoy it's delicious favors.
When it wears out, trade it in and begin again on
another adventure, learning new information as you
live the cards you're dealt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Care Of Self

Remembering life as it used to be when younger,
carefree and filled with vibrant energy.

Always on the go, living every moment as if it
were going to be my last.

Doing everything that I could, flying, soaring,
sky diving, anything with an element of danger.

The more danger the better the challenge, just
living on edges, always starting fires within.

Never letting life pass me by, wanting to ex-
perience everything right now.

Driving my parents crazy at times, but they were
so good, letting me do what I wanted to.

Knowing that they could always trust me no matter
what it was that I did.

Being too busy anyway I think, with all my sisters
and brother.

Taking care of them, knowing that I could take care
of myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Careening Patterns

Patterns careening into one another, creating newly found ideas and thoughts grammatically.

Starkly anticipating wisdom to flow from a pen while touching brain neurons to keep in touch always, with what is thought of subconsciously.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Carefree

Greenhouses filled with seedlings growing
slowly into flowers and plants of every kind.

Scented nature filling the atmosphere, taking
off, as wafted through air, liveliness dances
carefree and lovely.

Following a spiraling downward motion, set
gently against the ground in a flight pattern
all it's own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Carefree Heart

Feeling a calm feeling this heavenly night with peace and good will, joyfully counting the moments in measures of time.

Taking a leisurely walk into yesterday, lifting spirits everywhere as music jingles in our hearts, walking with a lightened step and carefree heart.

Feeling the ice and snow of a snowman finding his freedom and liberty this Christmas season once again, happy knowing all is back to normal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Carefree Memories

Sorrow picking at my heart like a guitar being played within, strumming this mind with tender loving care, letting it relive the carefree memories of moments in childhood.

So gently and beautifully they abound, allowing my heart to once again fill with the joy I knew once back then.

Dancing spiritually to the essence of my being and passion, finding the liberty and freedom that was given to me as a rebellious child.

Holding on to it still, becoming attuned to who I am, allowing sorrow it's hand, showing me the way to life in spite of it's presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Carefree Situations

Stressing and stretching imagination to it's fullest,
surpassing it's boundaries and going into other lands
of beautiful sounding music.

Arousing desires, taking me into carefree situations
of an inner universe where I enjoy being alone.

Taking stances of another time into beginnings of a
new puzzle being designed and formed right now.

Speeding up progressions, letting everything go,
swirling in a mixture of different rhythms, not
stopping intense feelings coming over me from any of
them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Carefree, Loving Life

Feeling possibilities being fulfilled through musical
rhythms that continue to run freely through my mind,
loving their freedom as I write.

Emotions and feelings flowing at liberty, seeing what
is being felt within while writing poetry, all of them
being formed through intellect.

An exacting moment when music begins to play is amazing
and lovely, treating me with a vibrant energy and feel-
ings of joy within.

Carefree and loving life, taking my soul soaring into
heaven above, nothing to stop me from feeling this great
elation inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Careful Obedience

Vines of life climbing interiorly, never heeding
the calling of death until it's each person's time,
then clinging to them as they leave this world.

Delving into the nature of all things on earth, let-
ting go of everything except feelings and emotions
of spirituality.

Caressing it's peace and serenity with careful obedience
so my spirit can soar in the freedom of it's tender and
gentle solace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Carefully Escaping

Resisting temptations in life, quietly resolving to keep
totally to self, a feat in itself, because of the large
family I come from.

There's never any space to hide, having to create it, no
one can enter, always searching for an essence of a life
that is possible in the future.

Aware at every turn that life is fragile and temporary,
yet continuing on the pathway to a final sunset.

Walking into the last moment of life, prepared totally for
another life in heaven, never to come back to this one of
pain and sorrow here on earth.

Carefully escaping, to find a way into other dimensions far
from this one, taking chances just to be at peace within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Carefully Painted

Looking out over the city, beautiful clouds spread out like a banquet from above.

Colors carefully painted across a once blue canvas, filled with lights of love.

Sunshine disappears, leaving smatterings of light to hit and reflect off of clouds to this heart's delight.

Sinking farther down, clouds lose their luster and darken with the night.

A once beautiful painting is gone so quickly out of sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Carefully Protected

Resting in a slow moving melody, catching my breath as I listen to it contemplatively.

Playing with heart strings, being enchanted by the beauty of similar designs sitting upon my mind.

Watching gently as many signs of approval find their way into my soul through the nature of life as it falls gently about me.

Capturing desires, letting them be expressed in statements of another conversation beyond hearing on earth.

Yet being understood intellectually and placed within innate talent.

Hearing, seeing and then interpreting all of it into a poem of intense desire, allowing others to see the depths I can travel imaginatively through life.

Encompassing ingenuity and carefully protected places hidden within love, never letting go of them.

Throughout this interior life on adjacent borders and boundaries of another realm, justifying the wholesome side of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Carefully Watching

Struck by rhythms being played this morning, beating
heart keeping time with drums incessantly.

Staunch and total is the relief from stress that I
am finding through this music.

So in synch and energetic, taking me into an ever-
effervescent stage of life.

Enlivening my spirit, tantalizing all senses to the
utmost, carefully watching, making sure they keep time.

Knowing every note as it's heard with perfect pitch,
another gift from God added to what he's already given.

Blazing fires of energy enfolding me with their beauty
and forbidden flames, yet I am within them through imag-
ination and creative reality, solace and serenity filling
pomy being totally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Careless Dreams

Careless dreams, cavorting their ways along lanes of
happiness, pulling joy into a beautiful existence.
Tantalizing scents of heaven, regaling them with halos
of purity, testing their strength and fortitude for
the days to come, when I can no longer hold my heart
with life's breath and being.
Solidly standing by with bated breath, holding my soul
in high esteem, proud that it is an integral part and
particle of me - who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Careless People

Prickly pear cacti sitting in a little triangular space, relocated there from their natural habitat in the Arizona desert.
Getting choked from all sides by vehicle exhaust and emissions, riding and sitting by them at a red light.
Careless people, uncaring of the environment, also placing native plants, trees and cacti in harm's way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Careless Protrusion

Light of wisdom falls short, missing it's mark with many people,
going forward, carrying on, pretending to know what they were
doing, afraid inside, that anyone may find they are phony.

Living other people's lives on the edge, playing God, hurting
their very hearts of existence with their games.

All is lost for those who get caught in the fire of selfish
battles, never any hope left, all embers have died, buried
under the sand by a person falsely claiming they cared.

As one who has been left behind to feel the pain of this game
I can let everyone know how badly it has made me feel -
worthless, no more joy in what I used to love.

Is this the job of a person who cares, to hurry through life
leaving good, kind people in their wake, maimed, broken,
crippled from their exposure to you?

Careless protrusion, not caring who is hurt as long as they
themselves feel great and come out on top as winners.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caressing Beauty

Reaching out, touching lightly with these eyes,
fronds of a palm tree standing in the sun.

Caressing with this heart, it's beauty, inner
love singing out to God's nature which can be
felt within it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caressing Energy

1: 28 p.m.
Uplifting spirits, watching them enter twinkling stars above, shining on earth.

Stringing them together into sentences with brilliant lights of many souls.

Caressing energy held within the essence of life, carefully pressing and holding it close to hearts everywhere.

Justifying wonder and awe of an inner contemplation, standing always ready and at attention, awaiting the forcefulness of spirits in the darkness of this total night.

Peace descending upon the crescent of a brilliant moon, watching over all. 1: 29 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caressing Ideas With Passion

Silhouettes shading my mind, giving thoughtful interludes
to ponder about life.

Curious, looking for answers to satisfy this mind, which
contains mystery and intrigue.

Always filling me with it's illuminating colors and effer-
vescent ideas, glowing interiorly.

Brightly shining upon shadows, trying to take them out of
hiding, wanting to know why they are hidden in silhouettes
and not out in the open.

Lifting my mind into heights of creativeness, never leaving
anything behind, caressing all ideas with passion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caressing Intellect

Caressing intellect, soothing it from everyday stress, taking care to feed it with atmospheres and landscapes anew.
Following arrows, showing directions in capable avenues of writing.
Slanting patterns being twisted to fit moods and general attitudes.
Chords matching tones of words as they remember their places in outlines of poetry.
Stepping around obstacles in pathways of thought, finding novel meanings in imagination as they fall into lines of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caressing Nature And Life

Picture perfect images being visualized interiorly with
the ingenuity of intellect.

Caressing all of nature and life through insight and a
genuine love for the world.

Starting a spark to light the rest of those living here
on earth to rise and take up the quest.

Taking care of others, helping everyone to live their
lives free of hatred, prejudice and intolerance.

Let's all start the fire of equality right now as this
poem is being written.

Using it as an oath to one another to make our world a
better place for all of us, no matter what we look like,
where we live or what we believe in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caring

Watching life form around people, beckoning them
to attend to their innate natures in God's name.

Calmly searching for meaning in every aspect of
spiritual recognition.

Caring about important, inane, feelings of justi
fication.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caring - About Yourself

Sorry as a leave you go flitting with the wind.
Everything must pass - we all have an end.
Wanting to aspire to great heights, yet waste your talent on conspiring against make-believe foes.
You have a future that only God knows.
So quit digging under it to make it collapse.
Start building it up for your talents must be used - and be someone great - be yourself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caring For Yourself

Sitting in a rocking chair, reminiscing about yesterday's
vibrant and agile lives we have all had when younger.

Now in senior years, disabled, a lull in energy that cannot
ever be regained.

Try as we will, nothing can be brought into our beings to
bring us back to youth, as much as we wish for it constantly.

All we can do is take care of ourselves, exercise, eat right,
live right, keep our minds and body healthy and in a precise
spiritual state of grace.

Then our body will be purified and kept in a healthy aspect
of being until our death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caring Nurses At Dr. L's.

Rushing around, back and forth down the hallway,
trying to take care of patients in an orderly
manner.

Seeing to all their needs and putting them in
rooms to await the doctor for the final
prescription of care, be it pills, surgery or
hospital stays.

Every day assuming the same responsibilities and
getting paid for it, yet getting feelings of joy
and satisfaction for doing it selflessly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Carousel Of Moments

Yesterday was a time spent in youth, never realizing what was going to come as I aged through the years.
Giving up dreams, losing hope, trying to rescue times and rerun them so I could relive them all before dying on a future whim.
Shining from beneath a carousel of moments, holding on to childish whims, knowing they would never last beyond this final day, except upon this page, where I have left myself alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Carousing With Inner Emotions

Waiting for calls of destiny to ring this moment, hoping to
see all types of motion coming into the beginning of rhythm.

Carousing with inner emotions, finding them alluring as I
walk into the edges of another tomorrow, hoping to find self
once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Carpets Of Rage

Carpets of rage kept down over memories, hidden away in cocoons, never brought to light.

Barriers seen, touched, fearing the desire to break through and see who I am, lightly forsaking the brevity of emotion for quiet instead.

Sandstones rubbing minds, lying in puddles of blood, memories strewn haphazardly about.

Concentrating, the way out of this chamber is difficult to find and sometimes get lost for hours.

Hurting, saddened by what is seen, tracing symbols from pockets of remembering.

Licensed unwanted betrayers of life, reluctant to let go of their own pleasure for that of an innocent child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Carried On Angel Wings

Beginnings of our lives can never be forgotten by any of
us, for we have melded, our hearts and souls as one through-
out our lives.

Being blessed, carried on angel wings through hard and very
difficult times, never without hope nor faith in God, only
accompanied by our strength of character.

Our pursuit of answers asked by an insatiable curiosity,
passively, aggressively when wanting to for others, helping
supporting them through life when things get too difficult.

Not able to handle it on their own, we stand by them being
realistic and purposeful, carrying on through adversity as
we never stop loving one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Carrying A Tradition Of Peace

Learning how to live in peace and harmony happens at home from
the beginning with decent, loving, caring parents, those who
teach their children right from wrong.

Teaching respect for elders and treating everyone with respect,
manners being taught very early on, parents taking their children
to church and loving God.

Teaching them the Ten Commandments and also how to have an interior
life, these are children of the future, becoming leaders and thinkers
who take all lives into consideration with love, caring and compass-
ion.

Being just like their own parents, having been taught basic human
rights to them so our next generation can carry on the tradition of
peace and serenity into the future all over the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Carrying Crosses

Slowly moving into stations of empty promises, not
lifting eyes to see where they are going.

Saturated in the emptiness of loss, carrying the
crosses of suffering and trials inside their beings
throughout their lives.

Mooning around, lost in a desert of loneliness, not
finding their way through the intense pain of human
suffering or adjustment in family togetherness.

Minus the heartbeat of them all, life falls through
the circumference of their beginnings, instead bringing
them into their endings much to soon in life.

Lost causes forlornly walking earth, not being able to
follow in loved ones footsteps.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Carrying My Heart

An intense mood of sadness has come over me, enveloping
it's cloak around my mind without thought of how it will
make me feel.

Scattering my mood, taking all ideas in a collective tome
of this soul, adhering only to feelings and emotions being
created within.

Tears forming and carrying my heart into depths of loneliness
and a total abandonment, no escape from any of it, just
having to experience it once again.

Wondering why it has to be so, all the time, over and over
throughout life and it's constant turmoil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Carrying On

Spectacular visions coming vividly to mind, not being barred in any way, taking a solo journey into the future.

Watching signs closely, knowing that life is changing drastically and holding onto promises made in heaven, centuries ago.

Feeling the energy being fulfilled even now while writing this poem.

Carrying on through whatever turmoil comes to pass, finding an inner strength to encourage others to do what is needed in the near future.

Behaviors needing to be brought together so we can all unite and get rid of our enemies, especially the one in the White House.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Carrying On Existence

Signaling interior parts of this brain, releasing faith
and hope, enlivening spirits of innate and creative
talent.

Expressing and lifting self into heights of another
dimension, making my mark in areas of poetry throughout
the world.

Writing incessantly, never tiring, just fulfilling an
insatiable appetite and curiosity that I have for poetry.

Knowledge, wisdom and everything living and dead in this
wide wonderful world that we live in will be written about.

Always appreciating what it is that we have at our dis-
posal, free and independent, taking ourselves down roads
of life and faithfully carrying on our existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cartoon Music

Picking up, putting down, life fills us with joy in
our small worlds.
Deriving pleasure from music and old-time cartoons,
musically pouring through our heads and minds.
Bringing us back in time to our childhoods.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cascading Silence

Finding safety in avenues of emptiness, no questions asked, answers never given.
An intense silence cascading throughout, bringing colorful hues of the rainbow into view.
Seeing everything in a new light, allowing promises to escape into nether worlds of fantasy.
Culminating patterns fitting like puzzle pieces into a mind of cognitive thinking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cash In Misunderstandings?

Equal parts of life stand on edges of saddened recollections, regarding the emptiness life has brought to mind.
Tucking hearts into safe places where they cannot be hurt by others who don't understand who I am or why I exist in this place and time.
Standing there, wondering what to do, should I stay and continue living or cash in all misunderstandings for the pathway to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Casino Bait

Watching light twinkle and blink, beckoning eyes to give them
a look as they sit upon many slot machines, awaiting people to
fill them with money.

Brightly colored florescent lights, staring at passers-by,
hoping to touch something within a person, liking their pretty
colors.

Sometimes music accompanies their luring light shows, moving to
the beat and rhythms, flowing from their slot machines.

All sorts of bait echoing off of machines - pictures, animals,
stars from stage and screen.
Whatever it takes to get people to spend their money in a casino.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Casino Despair

Lights blinking, sparkling, enticing eyes and minds of people, urging them to sit a spell and pour hard-earned money into their particular slot machines.

Pictures, symbols, cards, numbers spinning, luring individuals to make maximum bets and choose the most lines, promising them they'll win if they just try.

Pushing buttons, praying against all hope that they will be the jackpot winner, in the end, leaving the casino empty-handed.

Nothing to show for their time here except empty pockets and food receipts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Casino Playgrounds

Casinos are playgrounds where you
are captured by lights and sounds,
putting your money in machines,
because you want more of it.

Usually it doesn't end up with
giving you more, when you leave
through the exit doors, you are
substantially poorer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Casino Promo

Set in extenuating circumstances, sitting alone in
the Silver Platter at the Fort, writing.
All promo money is gone, spent just a few dollars
on some losing slots - not much fun either.
Lost now in thought, husband off to lose his last
six dollars of promo money to the slots also.
Soon we'll be leaving to head back home with nothing
to speak for winnings again.
Just a day spent together, a meal, conversation,
some fun and now we're done until the next time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Casting A Lure

Ragdoll mosquito flying in the air, wondering where it
comes from, you haven't far to look.

A little boy stands fishing, barefoot on the shore,
casting out with his 'spy' lure on the line.

Reeling it back from a watery grave, it hits the air
and sprawls around.

All at once, looking like a ragdoll mosquito.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Casting A Spell

Quietly expressing descriptions of a woman,
casting her spell upon whomever she can.

Visiting them in dreams, taking over their
reason and tending to their inner melodies.

Voices penetrating echoes of past thoughts,
leaving nothing to the imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Casting For Memories

Yesterday's haunting from sidelines of life,
casting memories out like a line from a fish-
ing pole.

The only bait being images and visions of the
past, luring me into watching and reliving them
all again.

Caught up in nets of emotion, feelings pouring
into my being, one after another, no reprieve in
sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Casting It's Spell

Walking a line down the center of life, hoping to never fall either way, striving to stay carefully in lengths of it's strident indications.

Taking life through ravines and canyons, looking for a place to relocate and live in peace, traipsing up and down streets in the arid Arizona sun.

Always beating down upon the desert, casting it's spell upon the environment, spilling and washing away the dust left over from a dust storm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Casting Out Shadows

Stars twinkling above, sounds of silence throughout
the night touch intellect with the tinkling of their
brightness.

Lighting the sky with their beautiful tiny sparks,
shining through the sky, brilliantly touching minds
on this earth.

Giving them thoughts of inner space and outer atmo-
spheres above, watching as the beauty of life is
transformed through skies of night around us.

Hollowness of temptations falling on wasted blackness
with no way to be retrieved, an absolute Divine light
casting out shadows of death throughout.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cat Scan

Crossing roads in a medical hurry,
wanting to run from the harsh reality
of being sick and falling.
It's not fun to do, so here I am,
waiting for a cat scan to be done on
my brain.
Hoping they can hurry it up a little.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catacombs Of Beauty

Sounds of clashing, crashing, all falling into rhythms
of enthusiasm, collecting ideas and thoughts into prose
through music.

Captivating and opening up this mind to exploration and
discovery of inner dimensions, leaving behind daily life
just to enter these catacombs of beauty and mystery.

Wandering for moments in time, losing track of everything
in this world just to be able to explore interior universes
alone.

Drums beating up and down, clashing within melodies and
keeping perfect time, climbing thoughts, choosing to in-
crease desires for living life exponentially.

A wonderful way to get in touch with an inner spiritual-
ity that keeps me going with an energy being given through
a bluened light kept deeply within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catacombs Of Destiny

Stringently holding onto something that will not
let me go away, go on alone, a solo journey of one,
needed to find out how to get out of myself.

Raking, hoeing, trying to eliminate all that's
holding me prisoner.

Figuring formulas, devising patterns and locating
sanguine positions outside of me.

Anything to let self go into the great beyond, yet
someone grips me too tightly, I can't move, can't
escape no matter how smart I think I can be.

Electing to use the child within, forming hardened
tears on screens of dismay, keeping me enmeshed in
catacombs of destiny in past and future denizens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catacombs Of Imagination

Walking through nature, locating landmarks of yesterday
to be pasted in interior scrapbooks for another day.
Life existing in every tree and cactus growing around
the center.
Blooming cactus, striking my mind with beautiful color
and intense drama.
Spreading the peace and serenity into catacombs of my
imagination.
Collecting every bit and piece to put into future poems,
leaving nothing undone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catacombs Of Isolation

Reaching for understanding deep within myself, never finding the answers I search for.
Climate changing interiorly, fixating the stress that comes upon me by association with other people.
Resisting other's chilly personas, giving them an indifferent shoulder to contemplate as I go about my business, taking myself deeper into catacombs of isolation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catacombs Of The Mind

Soulfully searching inner dimensions of being, calculating the distance between imagination and creativeness.
Aligning facets of subconscious ideals with those of conscious thought.
Silhouetted against a blackened forest, filled with notions of mind-dimensional expansion.
Forgotten appraisals, lying by the wayside, forlorn in their ageless misery.
Tattered remnants of ancient revival, torn between reason and doubt.
Stranded on an endless timeline, unable to understand cohesive thought - bearings brought to mind without intelligent ideas.
Solidly built into hidden tombs, hidden away in catacombs of the mind, beckoning no more on this striata of atomic matter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catacombs Of Time

Sorrowfully I assist in grief, holding hands, cupping tears as they slide continuously down expressions of sorrow.
Inside emotion tries to hide, but only can exhale a little at a time, treasuring memories in catacombs of time.
Striding along walkways of future years, I hold on to precious images in subconscious hallways, awaiting beautiful artwork covered in glistening tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catapulted Into Unknown Areas

Reeling from the effects of loss, being catapulted into unknown areas of grief that are insurmountable, filling me with confusion and anger.

Attempting to find a way to escape these intense feelings and emotions is of no use, for they have to be lived, experienced and learned from.

There's no exceptions, it's just the way it is in this earthly life of ours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catapulting Feelings

Focusing interior strengths onto pages of verse,
returning cycles of verdant prose,
catapulting feelings onto pathways of beautiful music
as it swerves into canyons of wakeful thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catapulting Tempos Of Being

Sensational sounds from a band called, Sixty Degrees,
playing at Dillons, singing songs from yesterday.
Tones perfectly at ease, filtering rhythm along lines
of musical melodies.
Taking notes by the hand, catapulting everyone into
the past with an energy fulfilling their tempos of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catch Dreams

Cast your lines into waters of life, catch the dreams
you have wondered in your sleep, awaken them in
reality's noon day sun.

Liven your days with the awe-filled imaginings of
nighttime journeys, as you travel the world in tireless
endeavors, brought subconsciously each and every night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catching Attention

Movement in the silence of this evening,
catching my attention, as I look about.

Effortlessly, traipsing through dirt
patterned soil, on the way to other realms
not yet traveled to.

Wanting to be opened unto myself, and taken
out, making an effort to move forward and
not only inward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catching Breath

Rhythms slowing down to let seniors catch their
breath in moments of slow dancing.

Abbreviated times, taking a leisurely stroll down
pathways of their minds.

Living on edges of a final horizon, watching the
younger ones stepping into our places.

One day soon to take over as we wend our ways onto
a final path towards our sunsets, where death awaits.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catching Fear

Sensational patterns and designs forming in my mind, creating a maze of ingenuity.
Taking intellect and expanding it towards infinite imagination, quietly absorbing all that is contained within my senses and filling interior moods with the exquisite rhythms of poetical music.
Carrying on, watching scenery flow past as I veer and swerve through life by the seat of my pants.
Catching the fear, using it to absorb my life in shapes of clouds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catching Feelings

Intently wondering what life actually holds,
and will it ever be learned?
Curiously thinking, trying to imagine what
has never been told.

Feelings going in and out, catching onto
clouds before they evaporate in thin air.
Gasping for knowledge, holding it's edges,
attempting to pull it closer to no avail.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catching Hearts

Catching hearts and playing at love, forgetting it's
pain in moments of elliptical torment.

Rehearsing feelings of goodness and titillating
romance over monumental embraces of love.

Phrasing words together, writing poetry, trying to
gather wonderful feelings it brings into poems of
explicit delicacies.

Rolling over a tongue, savoring each moment it fills
a heart with secure expressions.

Always praying for more to extend into future horizons
of life and it's romantic phases.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catching Hold Of Details

Dancing rapidly to tempos of greased lightening, fingers
tapping to rhythms, never ceasing as I write simultaneously
with this mind in full gear.

Curious and wondering, a child-like desire to know every-
thing there is to learn in life, keeping this mind busy
without missing a step in rhythms and poetry.

Finding ways to get into the tempos as fast as possible,
touching upon the manner and evaluation of every measure
listened to each moment.

Forging ahead, seeing what others never see, catching hold
of details that others somehow miss, capturing the essence
of nature and humanity through all senses opened widely.

Feelings and emotions filling every sentence with their
vibrations, keeping poetical rhythms going incessantly
while wandering through back alleys of this mind.

Reaching into every corner for details being hidden there,
exposing them one by one in a poetical tempo that others
can read and enjoy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catching Meanings

Mind-surmising life, trying to catch it's meanings
in ordinary daily tasks, watching for solutions at
ends of rainbows, never quite finding where the
finish line is at.
Time and again trudging onward on paths of almost
enlightenment, never quite giving up, yet at times
pretending to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catching My Breath

Loving mountains, their rocky precipices, their tall towers of strength and purpose, reminding us all to stand strong in faith and love throughout our lives.

Traveling over and across them, an arduous journey not taken lightly, going into ravines, canyons and heights of exquisite beauty.

Breathless, catching my breath at the wonderful sights being seen all around me, breath-taking wonder and awe take me purposely into depths of intellect.

There life takes on special meaning, giving reasons to pursue my destiny and fate into tomorrow's future, a lasting purpose of pleasure, learning and musical poetical interludes to always accompany me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catching My Mind

Rocky mountains spouting scraggily saguaros like stubble
on an unshaven face.
Catching my mind on their needles, pleading with me to
stay a while conversing and visiting with them in their
lonely spaces of momentary time.

(9/5/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catching Our Breath

Charging batteries of spiritual growth enables us to catch
our breath and live out our lives in a peaceful existence.

Frowning and letting everything bother us will eventually
tear apart the fabric of our being.

Carefully calculating the benefits as they're multiplying
in fascinating measures of beautiful perceptions.

Nothing being kept aside as the entire universe survives,
being the exception to any rule, confirming definitions
and meanings on edges of life as we know it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catching Purposes

Exercising purposes and needs on earth, deciding what
needs to be done in an emergency situation and what
can wait, even though being a priority at times.

Touching upon special circumstances to keep ahead of
everything, never falling behind the eight ball if you
can help it.

Taking rides on a merry-go-round of sorts through life,
trying to have fun, yet learn lessons to keep our heads
above water.

Running in the night, looking for light needed to show
us the way through life, catching hold of many purposes,
we decide what it is that we truly want to find in life
today.

Footsteps going forward, hopefully taking us on paths
of destiny, never losing track of our faith throughout
it all, lest we end up in hell when dying at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catching Shadows

Moving up mountainsides in mind pictures, catching all shadows in sunlit corners.
Becoming beauty in waterfalls and white rapids as I race by in life, trying to do everything I can before dying in deathly embraces.
Quality of life is exasperating and folding me in half, leaving me alone, drifting on a raft in a major storm upon the ocean.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catching Sight Of Visions

Sounds representing the exacting precision of music
through the centuries, never missing beats, touching
minds of many people.

Never losing sight of interior lives of spirituality
as the Holy Spirit moves silently across the earth,
turning evil away and bringing life to fruition.

Through intense music being played, blasting, beating
the drums as they grasp hold of interior emotions
giving them a platform from which to play from.

Catching sight of visions completing themselves for
tomorrow's generations, making sure their freedom is
safe and sound.

Not ever allowing muslims or sharia law to become a way
of life here in America, ready to fight to the death,
every man, woman and child standing united in the U.S.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catching Us By Surprise

Strutting melodies into depths of intellect where positive
aspects travel throughout our hearts and minds, rainbows
of light interiorly filling each of us with explosive sounds.

Reaching, touching in measures of time spent with one another,
split second thoughts gathering in sensations, filling intense
ideas and meanings with thorough, undivided blessings.

Catching us by surprise, watching as beauty and wonder take us
down continuous paths, bringing excitement and thrills, affect-
ing our feelings and emotions.

Never failing to take us into depths of being that we'd thought
had left us along roads of life in past measures of time, rising
into atmospheres that have always been with us, sensing a large amount of
ingenuity and exuberance in the wonder of living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catching Yesterday

Wringing rhythms into
swinging beats of musical talent.
Taking off and out into facetious
dimensions of yesteryear, allowing
time to catch it's breath while I
reminisce.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catching You

Catching you time after time whenever you fall,
loving you incessantly through the beauty of
our hearts together.

Silent, like pearls hidden deep inside an oyster,
our love has been found by one another only, and
taken like a treasure between us.

Cherished so carefully lest it be dropped along
the way, never letting that happen as we live our
lives together.

Loving and giving to one another, united in one
purpose of our desires, passion and love together,
my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Categorizing Motion

Slipping into and out of delicate rhythms on the
way to poetical interludes secreted inside my being.

Moving forward into categorizing places of motion,
where all sounds take on new forms and shapes, as
they fall into my mind with fascinating designs of
color.

Entering their tones brings one into placid states of
intellect where they begin formulating equations of
unusual properties.

Taking me down narrow aisles of measuring tables being
applied to tempos of notes, encased in coded signs of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Categorizing Rhythm

Bouncing around, integrating beats of rhythm with
those of melody.
Fine shores playfully categorizing rhythms as it
flows from tops of ocean waves, rays of sunshine
and winds of fate.
Lost horizons are constantly being found without
reaching too far into the future of destiny.
Lasting coercion stands aside while life stanzas
flow through onto stages of musical horizons,
betraying thought idling on edges of imagination,
as it proves itself in tantamount manners of self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Categorizing Spheres

Tapping rhythms filling this brain, tempting new ones to
begin playing quickly, bringing this mind faster in tune
with a creative atmosphere.

Living in exquisite measures coming through intellect,
stridently taking each of them into spheres being categor-
ized individually.

As they touch intellect slowly, they begin racing and tap-
ping rapidly once again, harmonically playing and touching
chords of inner mystical properties.

Allowing me to religiously follow pathways leading to God
and heaven ultimately, rising and falling, taking every
moment into seclusion of this solitary being, choosing
to continue this journey alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Category Of My Own

Realizing the fiber of my being has been taking a toll against
itself, placing me in a haphazard realm of nothingness,
forgotten and alone in a category of my own.

No wherewithal to speak of, as I careen dangerously down the
pathway of least resistance, being cautioned by the existence
of something hidden deeply within.

Representing the outside renditions of another world, taking
into and over depths of sorrow's future dimension.

Everlasting definitions, taking turns, explaining themselves
in areas where life barely exists.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Catering To Senses

Strolling into the morning light, shadows following carfully, making sure not to get stepped on, nature bowing down as I walk by.

Catering to my senses, aromas fascinating my interior sense of smell, air filling me breathlessly and purely, mind being touched and caresses ever so gently by passing breezes.

Wafting my way, sounds being hear, emotions rising, feeling their vibrations, vividly taking me sailing throughout the universe.

Being captivated by every sight being seen as I stroll past the wonder of life on the way to my final horizon where I will be welcomed fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caterpillaring Through Life

Caterpillaring through life, having tunnel vision, unable
to see the big picture because of being too accustomed to
seeing life the way she sees it.

To her vision all is normal, nothing out of the ordinary
to jar her from her station in life, until another person
stands with her.

Giving her the courage to stand up for herself against an
abusive husband, leading her through a divorce and onto
freedom.

At the end of this road, she stands there with six children,
an empty tattered heart, emotions ruling her throughout the
years.

Not having the wherewithal to separate herself from them
and step forward into future realms of self-satisfaction,
holding within herself, a recognition of all she can be.

Hesitating just short of her innate talent of writing and
her goals, frozen in a block of ice, not able to break
free completely, as her mind expands with literature that
she's fearful to express.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caught

Looking in the bar window, seeing a young bartender
stuffing handfuls of mints into his mouth, unaware
that anyone is watching.

Suddenly, he turns in my direction, embarrassed to
have been caught, he mouths some words offering me
some.

I smilingly laugh and shake my head, no thank you,
I mouth back to him.

Sheepishly he's still grinning, but feels better
because he has offered me some.

Then he gets on with his work and here is the poem
this moment has caused.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caught In His Own Web

Walking onto a new frontier, one where We the People have
taken up arms and are standing for freedom in American
and all over the world.

Muslims have no place in our world if they're with isis
and following the quran, they deserve none of our respect
only the disgust of the rapists and pedophiles they are.

Having had it with the quran, rapists, pedophiles, be-
heading they will no longer be as their leader Obama has
fallen beneath the loaw of our Constitution.

Labeled a traitor, having committed treason, now caught
in his own web of evil lies, no one is heeding anything
he has to say.

We the People have united against him and his minions,
good riddance to the rubbish he has brought upon himself
and our country.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caught In Life's Web

Scrambling for cover, feeling so tired of being, wanting
to give in to the light at the end of the tunnel.

Knowing though, the sadness that will befall my sons and
grandkids, not wanting that to happen.

Caught in the web of life, not able to escape without
hurting anyone.

This gentle spirit sits here, thinking, picking up a pen
because my soul mate has said that I must write poems
while he does something else.

Here's one now, must continue to fulfill his expectations
with more poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caught In The Crossfire

Wanting to wake up, having a hard time coming around.

Caught in the crossfire, not understanding, feeling
awful, yet this mind is ready to write into the
morning.

Feeling lethargic, not wanting to do anything, except
go back to sleep.

Don't understand what is going on, yet, pushing self
to continue through this mysterious misery.

Tending to be listless, going through the motions
needed to be alive, even though being dead, I think
would feel much better.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caught In Time

Emotions overflow, dusting out the cobwebbed tangles,
knotted from a night's sleep.
Caught in time with many ideas always at the ready.
So happily contented in my sphere of time right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caught In Writing

Satisfied with tempos of life, exercising intellect in
the process, having fun while doing it.

Seems like I'm caught up in the daily routine of writing
what I think.

Loving to put thoughts to music and translating music in-
to prose.

Some day I will walk out of this life and into my future
beyond earth.

Carefree and totally at ease in a heavenly atmosphere with
God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caught Up In Existence

God is my saving grace, taking me into His arms, cradling me through sacrifices and hardships throughout life, always reminding me of our purpose as we live our lives.

Sometimes we get caught up in our own existence and lose sight of Him for periods of time, in the end coming round to find He has never left us for a moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caught Up In Rhythms

Bells clanging in rhythms, awakening thoughts,
ideas and concepts from a good night's sleep.

Rising in a positive design, coding everything
rhythmically with sound and color exploding in
this mind.

A cacophony of beauty totally filling intellect
with it's exquisite and tantalizing energy,
starting the day with an exciting, vibrant melody.

Being carried into an inherent forest of being,
many wonderful feelings being sought out through
intellect while listening to music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Causing Doubts

We all know or have heard of people who are very smart, they are far above most in thinking and inventing novel thoughts and ideas.

They are known to us as highly qualified and/or brilliant, yet some of them are chain smokers, alcoholics, rapists and lechers, hiding in the darkness.

How do the two factions happen to coexist, curiously it causes doubts at times as to whether or not they are truly capable of doing what they profess.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Causing You To Wonder

This mere poet thinks and writes of things so intrepidly emotional at times that the reader will think I've actually experienced each depiction in my poems.

When in reality, envisioning situations and circumstances within my mind of total imagination, none of what I've written being real at all.

Yet, reading my poetry from now on, you'll be wondering which ones were actual real life experiences coming from depths of intellect and which ones were fictional and entirely made up by me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caustic Bereavement

Recollecting moments when I couldn't cry, not even silently.
A bereft heart filled to capacity without an outlet for my tears.
Always tearing and causing me to be ripped apart tumultuously in stairwells of caustic bereavement.
Jouncing around, not coming up with anything relevant to describe
each phase, as it's encompassed in lightened knowledge of particular puzzles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cautious Romance

Cautiously romantic, stirring memories of yesterday's
love in sweet emotion.

Traveling into images we used to share when young and
bold.

Creating daily, our soul's horizons for future's love
and caring - holding hands and kissing through the
moonlight of tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cautious Shadows

Shadows of caution dance around nature,
hoping to generate a non-plussed environment
with it's natural rhythms, flowing like tides
of the ocean.
Caressing melodies floating about, taking care
of life's stress as it erupts with serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cautiously Looking

Free, combing this life with wonder and an insatiable amount of curiosity, never letting go of the questions filling me incessantly.

Cautiously looking for the truth in everything, seeing through illusions being perpetrated by others who are greedy and very corrupt.

Never wanting to be like them, forever searching this earthly life for answers that are needed to keep humanity alive far into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cavalcade Of Expression

Catering to essentials of life's needs, signaling synapses, telling them to connect and appear in visions of spectacular beauty.

Sensing interior images, awaiting their times of existence.

Lovely emotions rising and attuning themselves to my soul, catching my spirit with wholesome prayer and religious fervor.

Painstakingly watching all pass before my mind's eyes, touching off a cavalcade of expression, written down for literature's future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cave Creek Cafe

Scintillating humor going around the cafe, filling all the patrons with good clean fun and entertainment.
Smiles, laughter, food - keeping everyone in good spirits, loving to be here tonight.
Fulfilling many hopes and dreams of being a star sometime in the future.
Getting their start here, maybe, then always coming back to where they began.
Sincere wishes from, especially, the young ones singing their hearts out.
A great crowd, like family in a small town.
Friendships forming through musical melodies and rhythm.

(11/9/12)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cavernous Echoes

Watching as blue birds of happiness fly into my mind, bringing attitudes of goodness, filling every corner of cavernous echoes with an extra amount of energy.
Soliciting more attachments, hoping to clear the insides of my consciousness with fluid intelligence, blowing from another dimension in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caverns Of Pity

Galloping down byways of skyward epitomes. Nowhere plans
finding places in caverns of pity, tallying suns of scenic
vistas on terrains, mountainous in nature, blending ledges
and ridges of rock into gigantic shapes of steep trails.
Watching self fall down into depths of winter landscapes,
and joining with weather's voice, kindling fiery emotions
with strands of standardized love.

(9: 05 p.m. - 11/28/09

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caverns Of Thought

Weather blowing through my imagination, awakening it's precise
times of quality intwined with realistic processes of intellect.

Always chastising false premises of reality's insistent changes
towards melodies.

Forming complacent motives on bands of sunlight, flowing into
interior caverns of thought.

Blinding my mind from outward distractions from others, intent
on disrupting life rhythms with jostling justification,
rendered from self-serving people outside my aura of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Caving In

Wasting away in a whirlwind of turmoil, falling away from life and being captured by a deepening depression that no one knows about.
Caring has flown out the window, no iota of mercy for self.
Wanting only to isolate and go way inside, away from everyone so I can adjust to this cell of life for the moments I'll be caught up in it.
Nothing wants inside me, I am dead to everything and walking into an abyss of misery too black to understand.
Only way to try is writing my way out of it and hoping to see the light soon before I cave in to it's damming desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cavity Of Loneliness

Emptiness fills my soul as I sit alone in a blue crystal tear garden. Touching emotional images tucked away in my inner mind, awaiting memories it brings so closely to my heart as it soaks within a cavity of loneliness.
Kissing visions good-bye as I near my final sunset on earth.
Too soon will it be over as I gaze into a tunnel of bluened light, wanting to run faster, hoping to find family - gone before me - anticipating their love as I rush towards my next horizon.
Energized and hopeful that life in heaven will be much more than I've ever dreamed of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cavorting Through Eternity

Cavorting through eternity,
sliding down mountains of momentous height,
standing upright, waiting for gates of heaven
to open up and take me into God's waiting arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ceaseless Cascade Of Memories

Rolling, racing faster and faster, voices singing, taking
me along pathways of rhythm so placid and soothing.

Caressing this heart, letting it beat in time with rhythms
being listened to.

So intensely falling into this mind with designs flowing
into and over patterns, so delicate and interesting.

Beautiful sensations lifting desires to the forefront,
applying the most brilliant colors to poetry that is being
written.

Hues flowing over every note, gathering and collecting them
so quickly and rapidly, keeping time with every beat.

Solitary peace, giving an essence to passion that is already
within.

Carefully, exercising intellect as it wafts breezily into the
sky blue atmosphere, nothing standing in the way of meanings,
definitions coming into mind.

A ceaseless cascading of memories, images, and visions,
filling me constantly with their incessant beats.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ceasing Agendas

What will anyone do when they are gone?
What type of agenda will they have, and
will there be appointments to keep them
busy?
Recklessly railroading ourselves every
day, when will we cease to exist?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Celebrated Unison

People everywhere, laughing, playing, enjoying fun and good times, being enlivened, energized and relaxed in leisure activities.

No tears or sorrow for these short moments of happiness, far and few between usually, smiles shining throughout places of leisure, recreation and resorts.

Beautiful attitudes and moods happening without even trying to enlighten others, spontaneous and vibrant, always bringing hearts into a celebrated unison for the good of everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Celebrating

A new horizon on the scene, welcoming the new year
with fervent hopes and spirits of remembrance.

Joining hands, melding hearts, celebrating with
joyous compassion, the ending of another year.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Celebrating A Birth

Today is a day for celebrating birth,
a mystery of a person, born without a
voice to talk to anyone with.
Her eyes taking in everything they see,
and holding it like treasures, awakening
inner consciousness and putting it on hold
for a day in the future to be used.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Celebrating A New Year

Streamers of colored tinsel hanging throughout the Wagon Yard,
cowboy boots hanging upon a clothesline waiting to be emptied
by patrons here for New Year's Eve.

A novelty, an impressive way to express the ending of this
Christmas season, solitary and individual tables decorated,
white table cloths, beads strewn upon them.

Noise makers, new hats for men and women, all waiting for
the band to come and begin playing to celebrate the new year
just beyond this nighttime sky.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Celebrating Christmas In Song

Little voices talking, all excited because this is the
last day of school before Christmas Vacation.

Singing, voices vibrant, collectively ringing out with
cheer, looking forward to Christmas and Santa Claus.

Presents and time with their families and friends, good
food and joyous songs for everyone.

Most important of all though, celebrating the birth of
Jesus on the 25th of December, by placing Jesus in the
manger on Christmas morning, signifying His birth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Celebrating Continuously

Chasing dreams during the daylight, not wanting them
to escape, preferring they become a reality in life.

Working hard, going after them full-tilt with every-
thing within me.

Celebrating intellect and imagination continuously
through writing, never being disappointed in this
endeavor.

Rushing to meet every thought as it flows over edges
of an inner waterfall, diving with them into the pool.

Below the surface they become fulfilled in meanings of
insight, and are written into a poem at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Celebrating Independence Day

Sun going down behind us as we sit looking eastward, people everywhere, sitting on blankets, ice chests with soda and water, food brought from home in case anyone is hungry.

Children throwing frisbees and balls to one another, laughing, smiling, having a great time here at Reach 11 Sports Complex, all of us waiting for fireworks to begin at nine o'clock tonight.

Meanwhile, music playing across the field, American flag now being raised in honor of the 4th of July coming up, celebrating Independence Day all together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Celebrating Joy Of Life

Rushing and turning into the farthest reaches of
another dimension, charging batteries and taking
life one step higher into open channels of yet
another universe.

One where there is happiness and joy abounding,
raising spirits and eventually making people
smile in spite of themselves every time they come
together to celebrate, hearts open to love and life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Celebrating Mom, American Style

Feelings of yesterday flow through happily, remembering being with my two sons and Grandchildren for Mother's Day, both sons having sent flowers by messenger.

Going to my younger son's house, older son meeting us there, having a bar-b-que of pork ribs, smashed potatoes, beans and broccoli being served heartily.

Everyone talking, laughing, Grandkids all excited and happy, afterwards a beautiful white cake with red roses on it to celebrate us Mom's in style.

Youngest Granddaughter dressed in a beautiful white dress filled with red roses all over it for her Grandma RoseAnn, a beautiful smile as she told me this, lighting up her beautiful and expressive eyes.

Later everyone went outside to ride go carts and have a great time, even though only six years old, my Granddaughter went driving like a pro around the acre and a quarter with the older ones.

Concentration standing out on her face, a wonderful day had by all of us, a really great Mother's Day celebration that will be remembered after I'm gone from this earth in this little poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Celebrating My Birthday

Stepping fast into a rhythm, leaving me exhilarated
and breathless, having such a great time here at my
Birthday party!

Family and friends all here, celebrating another
year of life, the band is fantastic, keeping time,
totally in synch.

Loving to hear each and every melody being played,
reaching quietly and silently into the atmosphere,
finding beauty and visions touching me.

Vibrant and exciting rhythms, titillating my mind,
there's nothing like having music from a live band
at your party!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Celebrating Oktoberfest

Twisting around within, feeling a sadness coming over me,
even though there is music with an upbeat German tone to
it for this celebration of Ocktoberfest.

Settling in an abbreviation of life, not wanting to live
it fully anymore, yet being drawn by music into places
where lots of people go.

Isolating myself and writing from within, not actually
joining in fully.

Loving the atmosphere at karaoke, because it's so
upbeat and the singers so pleasant and humorous.

A little family brought together through our love for
music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Celebrating Our Humanity

Flags blowing in an afternoon breeze, stating that America
is free and independent of tyranny and slavery.

Everyone here enjoying the festivities, joining together
bikers and non-bikers alike, all colors, nationalities now
collectively celebrating our humanity.

All of us being appreciative and grateful, standing up,
united with American values and our Constitution, no one
daring to infringe on our rights.

Everyone carrying their weapons because in this great state
of Arizona we can.

Joining hearts and souls, together finding common ground,
no matter what the pansy in the White House says, for we
are Americans and he is not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Celebrating Sheriff Joe

Gathering thoughts as music filters through this mind,
touching interior thought processes completely, giving
ideas room to grow.

Eyes walking around the crowd, noticing everything,
people surrounding me as I write, enjoying being with
such great and wonderful people.

All of us here at a celebration for Joe Arpaio for
his fifty years of service in the police department
and as sheriff here in Maricopa County.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Celebrating The Last Day Of Being Sixty Two

Family together for my birthday - 62nd - and friends.
Having a great time with all the people at the cafe.
Singing Karaoke, playing music, enjoying melodic rhythms.
Listening as some people sing special songs just for me on my birthday.

(10/05/12)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Celebrating Tonight

Another new year has come upon us tonight, looking forward to Trump taking over the oval office on January 20th, cannot wait any longer!

Hoping he will get in sooner than later because we need for Obama to be gone, gone, gone, once and for all, music, love, happiness, all being celebrated tonight here at Wagon Yard.

Everyone cheering, toasting, making noise and hugging one another, a great and wonderful new year being had by all, no racism, intolerance or prejudice, just love and caring for one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Celebrating Veteran's Day

Veteran's Day is coming up on Monday, today we are
celebrating it ahead of time at the community center.
A great show by Short and Sweet, the entire show is
patriotic, singing, dancing, skits all in honor of
our dear vets.
Beautiful rendition to our servicemen, fighting and
dying for us all wherever they're sent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Celebrating With Him

Silence between us, not wanting to talk, pondering
life in the moments that are left to us.

Having no regrets or recriminations, just calmly
awaiting a final judgment by God, that's all.

Recognizing the facts, knowing I will be with my
Lord on that final day, celebrating with Him.

Living in an intense peace within His heavenly home,
excited, looking forward to being with Him once again.

Knowing that I will be healed entirely from the mis-
fortunes and suffering of this earthly world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Celebration To Remember

People's lives are forever changed upon awakening, their existence having been shortened by living the day before.

Moments passing like waves upon the shore, never to return again once they've been dispersed into the ocean.

Life fading, nothing to stop the flow of time, years just keep passing us by, our lives having been filled with unbelievable joy and happiness at times.

Now faded and placed in yellowed memories of our yesterdays, all that is left now is the intense sadness and sorrow over having lost it all through death.

Reliving all the good times and memories of what we had together, increasing the sadness of our hearts tenfold.

Yet holding this sorrow with gentle hearts made tender to feelings of what is now gone, looking ahead, seeing how life has changed.

Finding a way to celebrate, finding joy and happiness in the moments we have left, being with loved ones, enjoying and creating memories with them.

Joy of celebrations when we are together, knowing that when we too are gone, they will relive all these joyous and happy times together.

Feeling the intense sadness loss has brought into their lives, leaving thoughts for them to carry on by making their own good times with loved ones.

Enjoying every moment spent together, deciding to be happy in order to make their lives a celebration to be remembered and passed on to the next generation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cell Of Life

Lonely, sitting in abject sadness, not knowing what to do, I am just decaying in back doors of life.
Tears unable to be reached, because they have been pushed so deeply, even I can no longer reach them.
There's nothing to be done, it's part and parcel of my life and all I can do is accept and write about it, in the cell of my little life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cell Of Living

Enchanting and alluring, sparkles of intellect are
jumping around, enticing and keeping time with the
rhythm of my heart.

Moving throughout inner spaces, justifying beauty
that exists within, nothing extracting from it,
even aging cannot touch it.

Now having found the light of a cell holding life
that keeps me going day and night through the rest
of my temporary life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cells Of Imagination

Queries of yesterday's youth still haunt moments of
today at times.
Collecting afterthoughts like oregano, scattering
them about like flavoring on a pizza.
Food for thought, taste touching a center of the
mind, as savoring it's image for some time later
when deep within imagination's cells, creating from
it's eternal well of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cemetaries

Rushing hurriedly through ordeals, trying to escape the reality
of earthly life with as little grief as possible.

Taking notice of everything coming at me, being met and explored
on all plains of life.

Discovering plots of graves, filling cemetaries with those I
once loved.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cemetery Of Eternity

Thoughts strumming inner chords of talent,
touching quietly, melodies of past ages,
gently bringing me forward into daylight's
hours.
Flowing towards heaven and gently climbing
aboard dreams, drifting in acres of clouds
above me; stressing only quiet peaceful
moments of joyless circumstances.
Standing on edges of life, watching it sink
below water and getting lost in eternities
cemetery.

(8/23/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Center Of A Mirage

Squelching in my mind, listening to country-western music
on the radio and classical Chinese on my walkman at the
same time.

Delightful, mind opening onto a veranda of awesome gardens,
flowering in the sunshine.

Lightness of morning, guiding me down pathways, showing me
abundant scenes through nature.

Living in the center of a mirage while writing.

(7: 03 p.m. - 10/12/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Center Of An Inner World

Signing into imagination's depths, looking around,
seeing so many new ideas flowing with tides of oceans
formed within.

Silently taking self into many dimensions beyond life,
forging new pathways, creating so many thoughts as
they energize my mind.

Fulfilling intellect through writing, never stopping
to see anything but every detail in the depths of
memory's images and visions.

Selecting many to be shown in poems as continually
writing, letting everything slide about and come out
shining in the sunlight or moonlight.

Fortunate enough to have the gifts given to take
through life in every circumstance of belief.

Never cutting corners, just turning into each one as
they capture attention one by one until the music
stops and ends each poem on a note of rhythm.

Flowing onto many pages, cooperating totally with the
energy of my soul, as I write quickly into eternity.

Solemn and prayer-like, each one is set in an atmosphere
of beauty, never being ignored in other people's lives
here in this world.

Always being the center of an inner world, intellect's
imagination, continually taking over and traveling into
every dimension within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Center Of Attention

Slowly motioning around the dance floor in forms
of grace, living in lively expectations.
Running into every stance of music, bringing a
belief of faith into the forefront of yesterday.
Liking to be the center of attention, always
beating to inner rhythms, left to stand on their
own until chosen in a verse or poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Center Of Essence And Passion

Lazily lying back and letting rhythm lead me through
tempos and melodies of a whole life.

Riding them so swiftly and rapidly, taking all beauty
of every landscape quietly into the center of essence
and passion.

Leading silently and softly along garden paths of heaven,
holding together pieces of a puzzle as I glue them together,
never to be lost again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Center Of Hearts

Cunning and designing, some people find their way into other's lives on a whim.

Leaving everything on the doorstep of activity, picturing a happy place in the center of their hearts.

Life revolving and tempting all to join in a circle of friendship for the time being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Center Of Musical Rhythms

Ready to face another day in the center of musical
rhythms, counting on them to get me through to the
other side of life.

Arriving at conclusions of interior thoughts,
creating many more meanings to words invented as I
write along narrow roads of rhythm.

Singing and playing to tunes of imagination while
waiting here, getting an I.V. at Dr. L's.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Center Of Reality

Laughing in the rain, watching drops hitting me in the
face, touching my soul, giving me a fantastic feeling
of joy.

Enticing and tantalizing my entire being with an inner
energy that never quits, justifying beautiful landscapes
of imagination.

Totally landing in the center of reality where rain con-
tinues to fall and I sit here writing, living the essence
and passion of my entire being.

Feeling composed and calm as music's rhythms envelope me
in their serenity, watching as colors begin swirling and
gathering everything like a tornado.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Center Of Thought

Wondering at the intelligence of other people at a distance,
trying to figure out what they are all about.

Not knowing what to expect from any direction, yet awaiting
the positions of anyone talking to me.

Incessant ideas being created in and out of contexts, never
being forced or interrupted from any aspect.

Nothing ever being taken from sidelines of life, only being
written from the mid-point or center of every thought.

Leveling the field of intellect with imagination being fired
up, collecting the information and delving into it absolutely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Center Of Wisdom

Reaching deeply into challenges of my mind,
taking chances whenever I can.
Believing in a positive aspect of life's
intimate corners.
Wondering how entrance could be so easy and
I slip right in, not being stopped by any-
thing.
Using every thought to break into the center
of wisdom and bring it out into my world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Center Of Yesterday

Grayened atmosphere has fallen upon my shoulders, let down upon earth by a dismal sky of storm clouds waiting to rain on earth.

Feeling close to this cloudy day because is reminds me of growing up in New Jersey, a certain satisfaction and peace descends when just sitting here and writing.

Lovely memories of being young take me joyfully into the center of yesterday where life was simple, energetic and peaceful.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Centered

Centered in a place of recognition,
peace pushing through every fiber of my being.
Traversing steep mountainous paths, holding
onto my heart in split-second decisions,
touching mind abysses in thoughtful contemplation.
Searing images etching themselves into ideas of
discovery, placating inner feelings - retaining
peace pulsing through my heart and mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Centering In Midlife

Lighting convictions into the night,
accepting all who can enter on their own.
Centering in midlife, avoiding the centrifuge
of denial as I wallow along into a pool of dismal grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Centerpiece

Slender stalks of bamboo leaning against a window in
a doctor's waiting room.
Looking silently on, protecting privacy as we sit
here, also being a centerpiece for a poem being
written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Center's Activities

Nearing the end of another morning of activity at the center.
Getting ready to take off for a gathering of meals together
over intense thoughts of conversation as diverse as stars in
heaven.
Allaying fears of being alone, knowing there's always a place
to be with friends on any given day in life as it soon -
too soon - comes to an end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Centuries Of Prose

Set in stages of wisdom,
steps climbing towards centuries of prose,
designing yesterday's future of optimism.
Tiles set in lace, reaching within for
recipes of success.
Finding beautiful memories set up for
musical rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Centuries Old Atmosphere

Four plus hours through the beauty of Arizona, mountains, deserts, farms full of cotton fields and corn, boulders everywhere when coming to the Dragoon Mountains where Indians hid out in the past.

Chiraquoa Indian Reservation, Apache's old haunts, valleys, canyons, a vast land of ancient history of the Old Wild West, seeing the wonder of nature everywhere I look.

Totally awe-inspiring, an atmosphere that's been here for decades, and centuries, thinking barely anyone has ever set foot on most of the mountainous landscapes that we're traveling through.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Certain Motives

Tippling and pouring forth the perfection of life,
giving it an essence from above.

Noting that all of life holds onto a certain motive
throughout time, following it's passage through dark
catacombs of the mind.

Seeing depths of darkness, hiding in corners, hoping
not to be discovered, wanting only to keep to them-
selves.

Knowing that they will eventually be brought out into
the open once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Certain Rhythms

Recognizing certain qualities pertaining to my being, giving
new facets of life to hold together.

Certain rhythms, helping every step of the way, collapsing
carefully among tangled webs of yesterday's smoke screens.

Looking through a haze as I walk forward into the next
horizon, striking out at everything standing in the way.

Singling out the best parts of every particle as they fall
into fibers of my being.

Selecting ones that are creating the most beautiful auras,
standing out in the center of my world.

Choosing those with delectable flavors and tones to possibly
take me home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Certain State Of Mind

Silently repeating to self every experience gone through
in memories that stay with me forever in measures of time
and rhythm.

Reliving their essence in a certain state of mind, that of
yesterday's sublime joy and happiness.

In the present now, being bittersweet with sadness growing
like weeds within the joy, because many times they're
memories of those I've loved and lost to death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Certain Thoughts

Reaching down into depths of being, finding out who I am,
nothing gets past barriers, nothing ever gets close to me.

When feeling, it is done intellectually to keep it from
hurting this heart.

Sounding out certain thoughts on life, different views
become vivid, dancing within the center of my mind like
seashells tumbling upon a sandy shore.

Sometimes bending over, picking up a special one that
catches my eye, I'll hold it and bring it close so as not
to have it turn to dust.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Certainty

Certainty being placed within this heart of unconditional
love, taken freely from another person with beauty and
compassion, fulfilling his purpose.

Being the loving, caring person he was born to be, solemn
and soothing peace filling me with his essence as I live
in the presence of divine protection.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Certainty In A Temporary Life

Twanging and beckoning to enter domains of rhythm,
collapsing into beauty, nothing like seeing their
essence unfolding silently from within.

Nothing mattering, except steady beats of glorified
songs being sung by another with talented inspira-
tion, shining their personhood into the universe.

Giving feelings and emotions a way to feel at home,
helping them to not worry about anything, living and
existing in my own world.

Wanting for nothing else, walking away from every cer-
tainty in a temporary life, just to hold onto the very
essence and passion of my being.

Somnolent at times, always becoming and being energized
through the pleasurable sounds of music and it's rhythm,
shadows of life being kept at bay, never being allowed
to touch the inner essence of this being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Certificates Of Youth

Filed away in a dark, dusty drawer, books of records keep their place.

Baptisms, marriages, deaths, all written neatly in order, holding the dates of each event.

Mistakes, there are a few, but they can be corrected by speaking to a canon lawyer.

Carefully typed certificates given to the oldest sister, brought back to Phoenix, Arizona and given to each one of her sisters and brother, the only copies they have ever owned.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cesspools Of Life

Reality seems to travel down odd pathways at times,
bringing us into alleys of trash where we lost our
way at times.

Why it happens, no one seems to know, they just have
to strive to experience and live through it, wondering
at times if we're going to make it at all.

Standing in cesspools of our lives without having any
reprieve or stability, no one to take our hands and
bring us finally home where we can once again be safe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chadjeordie

11: 14 a.m.
Music glorifying this bright and beautiful Arizona morning, exacting and upbeat, so titillating to all senses.

Rocking in the cradle of intellect, taking us to new heights, soaring above rhythms, feeling elated with every note played.

So perfect and lovely, taking others along highways of life through music, lifting spirits into another dimension.

Forgetting all strife bearing down, rhythms allowing it to be thrown away.

Writing comfortably in an atmosphere of intellect's imagination, so contented and refined. 11: 15 a.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chain Of Images

A very difficult request to fulfill, being human,
yet I rejoice in the fact that Mom and Dad are
together.
Mom has waited many years for this reunion with
Dad - I feel her joy and rejoice.
At the same moment I'm devastated, alone, crying,
grieving, sorrowful beyond all human endurance.
Being expected to continue life with the
overwhelming grief of Dad's demise - how can I
when I can't even see through millions of tears
flowing through my eyes constantly?
Then I think of Mom and Dad together with God,
free from suffering and pain, and I am alright for
brief moments in time.
My life will eventually be a chain of alternating
images - joyful and sorrowful - just like when
praying the rosary for my wonderful parents,
thanking them for giving me life - even though
it's constantly bittersweet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chair Dance

A woman caught up in the moment decides to sing along with the Blu Notes.
Although she's totally flat and out of tune, she's given a chance to entertain us with amusement.
Several men glide onto the floor in chairs with wheels, moving around and across the dance floor, eliciting laughter and joy from the audience.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chalice Of Bereavement

Minor chords, lifting hearts high into the atmosphere,
calling to inner realms of expression.
Urging reality to step in time, keeping beat with
conscious bereavement.
Targeting mind-consuming sorrow, eliciting it's
feelings to be felt as tears rain down in torrents,
addressing the grief, hiding within for years on
earth.
Portraying loneliness on walls of ivy, scratching it's
way through the heart's chalice of bereavement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chalices Of Aloneness

Harboring feelings of loneliness and emptiness so I never
forget the way they made me develop intellect and character
throughout the years.
Somber ideas gather, relating stories of times when they
were foremost in life.
Center stage, setting up moments to cry into chalices of
aloneness.
Walking down one lane paths, eyes looking to God for some
easing of suffering in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chalices Of Remorse

Sorrow is dancing along outer edges of my mind, watching reactions to it.

Finding the exacting elements of grief being held in chalices of remorse, always filled with crystal tears of sorrowful ecstasy.

Tripping back in time, collecting all the tears that have fallen and filling the ocean to overflowing.

Keeping edges together with exercising tides in life's pathways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Challenge Intellect

Darkness envelopes me in it's grasp, taking me
blindly down tunnels and catacombs, leading into
caverns and canyons of wisdom.

There I roam around, enjoying all feelings and
sights that I find rushing into fires of blazing
thought processes.

Observance and it's minute details enter this
brain where they will challenge intellect in a
new and inspiring way.

Climbing to new heights, being lowered into un-
known depths finding so many subjects to write
and illuminate in many verses of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Challenge Of Taking Chances

Taking chances in life, it is being done constantly
by everyone living.

Waking up in the morning is taking a chance that your
day will be filled with goodness or perhaps evil.

Changing our minds gives us the option to make another
choice, hopefully it will bring better results.

No one can ever know unless they take a chance, so
just let your minds go, having fun with the challenges
in your life whatever they may be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Challenged By Life

Rising quietly in this mind are feelings of sadness, sorrow, grief and loss, all wanting to be expressed in poetical interludes.

Thoughtfully and silently taking their place in the world of literature for everyone to see and read, a lifetime of experiences filled with adventure.

Circumstances and situations discovering emotions and tenderness, feeling everything intensely in life, being challenged by it's creativeness every moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Challenges

Facing pathways of our solo journeys we travel lightly,
having only ourselves to rely on until the very end.

Minds, hearts, souls, strengthened by challenges of
earthly trials as we wend our ways towards final
destinations.

Each our own journey - long or short - however they may
be formed from our conception in the womb.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Challenges Being Fulfilled

Opening into another time within my mind, holding onto the gleam of light penetrating this mind, awakening and enlightening depths of intellect.

Supplanting and taking in every detail life expresses silently to me, watching it pass me by, taking effervescence of it's interior life upon the mantle of my being.

Energized daily with the excitement and challenge that thrills me throughout this life, often being surprised at the challenges that are being fulfilled through intellect.

As it continues to stay open, learning without any effort, beautiful and enticing, standing in the open gates of wisdom.

Leaving leaves of thought lying scattered within my mind until the breeze of a bluened light comes along putting them in sequences of coded messages.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Challenges Given To Each Of Us

Going through turmoil, loss, strife, still living in spite
of it all, always moving in circles of family and friends.

Compelling challenges being given to each of us, learning
from them as we go, sometimes failing.

Continuing on dejected, but with hopes that things will
get better sooner or later.

Knowing that what doesn't kill us, will eventually make
us stronger and able to confront adversity head on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Challenges Through Rhythm

Falling into patterns, giving an exercise in futile
thoughts, rallying to a challenge being presented
in rhythms encasing a mind.

Exercising thoughts randomly while writing, beginning
foremost orders ever found in literature.

Moving cautiously, serenely into so many atmosphere's
that none can contain me.

Affordably taking time that is needed so spaciously
in this particular space of time, with absolute power
filling me with an extra essence of intellect.

Rushing in doors of knowledgeable literature, locating
immense desires of an entire life that keep slowly
moving into another realm where no others can follow.

Such entire auras, figuring themselves into spaces
and areas, blossoming and creating beautiful visions
always being seen.

Taking scenes and pushing them up into reaches of
another world and dimension.

Forever creating positive situations being filmed
photographically in depths of a mind.

Digging also, into canyons, caverns and abysses,
constantly conveying beauty from other areas of
intelligent life.

Bringing essences into reality, leading possibilities
into the lime light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Challenging Death

Taking chances, running wild, escaping the boredom of
daily living and taking things that make me feel alive.

Those where I choose to challenge death and stand up
against him in a rush of excitement, taking me to
edges and back, time and again.

Energy surging, adrenaline pouring into my being,
helping me to feel something once again.

Seemingly moving into motions of tomorrow, allowing
myself to be carried into lava flows of volcanoes.

Never fear being burned, just surging forth with an
irresistible force of nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Challenging Intellect

Watching for changes in patterns of life, welcoming them
with open arms, loving how they affect my state of mind,
taking me into a realm of impossibility.

There I can look around, choosing how to make them possible,
challenging intellect and my mind in brilliant ways, touch-
ing wonder and curiosity continually filling me with purpose.

With a lively spiritual life, moving forward, attuned to the
feelings of it's beautiful essence, filled with a passion for
living it fully throughout the years with no remorse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Challenging Memory

Sounds of yesteryear vibrating distinctly in the atmosphere,
challenging memory, daring it to remember origins of it's
rhythms.

Allocating accents in depths of intellect, rising into sky-
ways of memory, leaving me breathless and wanting for more,
never being satisfied with just a little.

Needing one song after another to go along with my spirit,
as it dances into the afternoon filled with joy and total
happiness.

Soothing me interiorly with calming rhythms and tones as
they play chords of my heart and being, living fantastic
melodies as they're played within.

Touching and vibrant, letting feelings escape in universes
of other dimensions, allowing a true freedom to develop and
be used in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Challenging Minds

Maybe dying on the streets of life tonight before
the moon is awakened from it's daily slumber.

Opening up avenues and paths through expansive and
challenging fields of knowledge, keeping us adept
and aware of our surroundings every moment.

Selecting answers to inner decisions, finding that
they don't always match with what we prefer doing.

Yet, we try and challenge our minds by going out
and finding preliminary thoughts to grasp.

Learning to acknowledge them throughout this long
and lonely life of uncertainty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Challenging Olden Ways

Beads of life extend into corners of the universe where we unfold, opening our minds, challenging olden ways, wanting to be taken into new roads and methods of doing things.

Wanting to invent many new techniques to improve surgery, technology, artistic ways of expression, new sequences of music and portrayal of art.

Surpassing the old with new, finding pinpoints of beginnings and endings, bringing them all together us one, splitting neurons and electrons with new materials.

Creating everything in private laboratories, using new scientific methods being devised by ordinary people for future use, all of them thinking outside the box.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Challenging Rhythms

Rushing quickly into another song and rhythm, finding the beauty of every note as it forms so many words in poetical sequences.

Following pathways in my brain around any barriers, finding the easiest way to say what needs to be said to the world.

Challenging rhythms with ever-increasing wisdom, finding many of it's beginnings in imagination.

Waving flags of ideas into the light of tomorrow, finding just the right fit for every thought placating my mind in absentee forgiveness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Challenging Thoughts

Sapient decisions compiled neatly, preparing for death's insistence into my life.
Carefully nestling beautiful memories in corners of my mind, placing them in solemn spaces of accented serenity.
Playing fancifully in depths of interior turmoil, challenging every thought that my mind possesses inwardly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Challenging, Adjusting, Aligning

Diffident, laid-back, not caring what will happen next,
just waiting and wondering what it'll be.

Scaling heights within, ignoring the world around, but
seeing it out of the corner of my eyes.

Watching finalization of life's progression, seeing
various aspects and symptoms yet to come upon my being.

Unafraid, questioning them all and figuring out how to
eliminate them as usual.

Keeping myself alive, using intellect and mind to
challenge, adjust and realign things that go awry.

Loving how innate nature has such wisdom and control
over what I ask of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chamber Of Quiet Music

Relaxing in a chamber of quiet music, chanting in Latin,
reminiscing of days gone by in our little Catholic church
back home.

Silent beauty touching a childhood mind with mystery and
quiet aptitude, so genuinely touching my mind and heart
with it's pure, innocent spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chamber Of Total Silence

Living in a chamber of total silence, nothing to see or
hold on to, just the warmth of inner tears wiping my soul.

Fires of love, burning lower than ever before, quietly
being extinguished in the squalor of an inner storm.

Moving forward, waiting at times for the end of life to
come and overtake me in recesses of my soul.

Colder than ice, hurting pain filing me with a deeper
loneliness than ever, touching only senses of being.

Tenderly raking my heart across the pavement, bleeding
and lost, forlorn forever more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chambers Of Eternity

Bridges spanning acres of mentality, possessed by no one on this earth.

Walking, growing steadily inside, becoming someone other than myself.

Leaving clues behind as faint reminders of the past, alluding to them once in a great while in passing conversations.

Quiet time gently hugged in inner chambers, forgotten by all others on a new plain.

Inner domains, off limits except for a few, wending pathways to an ever-increasing turmoil inside.

Spinning, losing altitude, falling quickly, silently into the pool of everlasting emptiness, set up to lose.

Wandering through chambers of eternity, qualifying slowly how I am to live life.

Managing to survive from one day to the next, uneventful rest predicts which shore I alight upon.

Sturdily grasping at waves of non-complacency, forever turning inward, looking for the strength needed.

Carefully planning where to place this one mark in life, confidently feeling peaceful, at home with self, situating life to fulfill my sole purpose on earth, so I may soon leave it behind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chambers Of My Mind

Incessant whispering entering chambers of my mind,
telling me of the many experiences I have yet to
live in life, knowing I will experience everyone
of them in verses of poetry.
Telling the world of the mysteries I locate and
solve, and keeping those I can't to myself for now.
There are so many areas in life that are unexplored
and undiscovered, and I want a chance to be the
first to find them all while I'm alive and still
able to write.
There's no going back now that writing has begun
and I find myself listening to the whispers
intently, every moment I've heard them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chambers Of Silence

Whispering through life, angels guarding us constantly, yet
we never really know or recognize that fact.

Following pathways of goodness and purity, taking vows of
innocence and flowing quietly into chambers of silence.

Taking steps, being allured by many mystical aspects, hiding
behind curtains, holding the magic of love and compassion.

Always sparkling, taking an interior journey, angels along-
side us as we wend our way through experiences we run into.

Being soothed gently, angels whispering to our souls and
spirits so delicately.

Our lives being energized and taken away, finding ourselves
at last entering heaven with them in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chambers Of Unshed Tears

A little bit of sadness flows through, touching ancient trails of
sorrow leading to chambers of unshed tears.
Flying towards a past of ritual in images of graceless prayer.
Unsuspecting tribunals of untouched love lie in wait, collecting
dust of disuse through many years.
Untapped love, lying hidden, deep within caverns of timid remorse.
Sensing meanings of life's lost treasures, yet never having revealed
them to anyone.
Stranded amidst sorrowful memories, reaching gently to touch roses
of their images.
Quickly pulling away, because thorns of their remembrance have
stolen years of their manifestations and buried away all precious
tears to save a future from lonely escapades.
Saved from holding the chalice of remorse and looking deeply into
it's existence - always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Championing Diversity

Watching the beauty of nature flowing all around in a silent rhythm, contributing to the peace that has come upon me here.

Loving it's essence, touching auras and hues of every different flower in this diverse garden.

Championing the seeking of diversity in our everyday lives, so we can all have peace and serenity in this cruel and antagonizing world.

Sensing it's evil hiding behind every corner, ready to pounce on anyone of us unexpectedly, living in a bottomless pit, some people need a smile and a hand up out of the mire.

Selecting right choices, taken afar just to be there for another, making even their own lives much better.

Peacefully going into the depths of one another and coming back out as friends in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Champions Of A Mind

Compiling subjects that have interested me throughout life,
enjoying their essence and loving to lose self within their
solemn graces.

Taking so many ideas, bowing to their curtain calls as they
are introduced to me one at a time.

Tantalizing and wonderful, being champions of this mind as
they influence thoughts throughout.

Extraordinary and beautiful landscapes being fulfilled in
many particles of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chance Image

Circling around, tiptoeing through, finding so many experiences to write about as they are pictured in images and being placed in visions of spiritual desires.

Nothing to mar landscapes of an interior mind, because they are safely stored on photographic screens where only I can reach and touch them when writing.

Explaining talented beauty in poetry as I watch through corners of my mind at things happening around me.

Seeing a little child dancing joyfully and bouncing steppingly around the room.

A chance image, occurring spontaneously as I write, having touched insight from within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chance Listening

Completing another day of writing poetry, happy,
elated to have had this chance to listen to three
live bands and have poetry commence from within.

Culminating and combining, collating picturesque
thoughts with the passion of being, just to present
words in prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chance Walk With Destiny

Accordion-like thoughts are squeezed in perfect rhythms,
following tones around the circles of life's entire
circumference.

Rising with the morning sun, opening eyes to the glory
of a beginning to a new day, taking the empty slate
and writing upon it.

A new destiny for fate to follow through your existence,
as it twists and bends in deference to the many
situations and tribulations found on pathways of your
future life.

Behaving in manners of excellent rhythms, traveling
with them into whatever avenues they happen to turn
into on chance walks with destiny.

Holding onto clouds, wavering overhead, chancing the
turns in every road just to find out what will be
next.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chances Meant Only For Me

Stepping onto fluffy white clouds billowing above,
being slowly whisked into the atmosphere.

No one able to come or follow, taking chances that
were meant for only me as I search for you.

Knowledge of your love tantalizing my interior being
with an intuitive and intense feeling.

Thrilling me thoroughly, desires rising to fever pitch
with thoughts of being with you for the first time.

Living in a dream world now, yet soon to be found by
you and held tightly, never to float away again into
the atmosphere above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chances Of Experience

Moving along lines in life, having experiences of a
lifetime, finding pleasure throughout the years in
what I find to do.

Chances coming to me at times to live beyond intellect,
walking into inner realms of spirituality, swimming in
a bluened reality of the Divine.

Surprised at times with the energy that suddenly fills
me so entirely, don't know how long these chances will
be available.

Immediately jumping right in and taking advantage of
them while I can, knowing their experiences will fill
me with knowledge and wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chances Of Life

Wading through many chances of life, looking for
the ones that interest me the most.

Sorting through each of them, choosing those that
will give an adrenaline rush.

Needing to have excitement of younger days, feeling
free of the tether that other's want to place on me.

Yet nothing is strong enough to break this incessant
habit from intellect and being, it is a total part
of who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chances Only

Chances in life come in many different types and ways, usually bringing things that are good to have, giving enjoyment and elation.

Yet, sometimes chances have a way of slipping away before we can grasp or use them, never are they a sure thing, that's why they're called chances only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chances To Decide

Tasting savory scents of intellect as they fall from
rhythms into my mind.

Watching as thoughts grow and blossom like flowers
in gardens of heaven.

Fantastic, alluring, giving opportunities to use my
creativeness in a positive mode and style.

Getting chances to decide on anything I wish to write
about it, being able to flow like a river into poetry.

Throughout every day, a lasting, wonderful way to keep
centered, keeping sanity amidst the insanity and evil
of this crazy world we live in today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Change Being Silent

Creating an atmosphere of poetical beauty within the two of us, somehow blending our feelings and emotions into poetry that bounces off and on between us.

Change being silent, yet continual in our lives, still staying the same until the end when settled here in our hearts.

Temptations alluring our desires and passion to be sated in daydreams and in our sleep at night, somnolent and peaceful, enticing us during every waking hour.

Beautiful prose flourishing within our hearts, soul and intellect, a never-ending bud of beauty, taking us on interior journeys and adventures through our minds.

Lifting our spirits and helping us to make peace here on earth through this transcendental love in our beings, always being fulfilled.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Change In Attitude

Silent and alone, feeling despised by a person whom
I thought was a best friend.

Knowing not why the change in attitude, him lying
only when asked what's going on.

Walking away, , feeling forlorn and damaged by his
ego, not knowing any reason for it.

Being left in a dismal, darkened state of mind, until
picking up a pen, listening to music and letting my
intellect take me far from the other person's attitude.

Knowing their own intolerance has caused misconceptions
in the life of their mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Change In Feelings

An intense sadness has leaped into my mind, cutting my heart in two,
tears bleeding from my eyes in desperate thoughts, while I sit back
and wonder what has caused this change in feelings so quickly.
Apparently, a fleeting memory has caught on edges of my brain and
insisted on being felt.
There is no reason or intention attached to it, just another
predicament of being a sensitive individual.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Change Is Everything

Change is everything in life, it refreshes and renews
our lives each and every time, although not every
change is good for us.

Relying on our own preferences and choices, we either
accept or deny them, that is the Blessing of our free
God-given will only.

Those on earth that are trying to bring about a change
in the wrong way by going against God, religion, our
Constitution, morals and ethics need to be banned.

They are selfish, greedy, corrupt people with only
their own interests at heart, wishing to harm the rest
of us across the world.

We stand united as one to erase them from the face of
this world forever, having learned how they've snuck
into every aspect of our government illegally.

Now we are ready, never trusting politicians again,
because they have their own agendas, nothing to help
mankind or humanity only themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Change Of Heart

Snap and chatter, clipping through my mind, changing the mood and attitude of thought as I jump in and have a change of heart.

Sensing laughter and joy being exercised within my heart, total exercise of jovial muscles, smiling and retrieving the essence of humor that is always reticently hiding behind a shy and timid being.

Releasing and letting self brandish the enlightenment of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Change Things

Ours is a society of sit and wait, there are many do-gooders who attempt to change things and they make a good start.

People responsible for the food stamp program should have to go to the various offices and go through the process like everyone else.

They should get absolutely no recognition whatsoever so they cannot be given special privileges.

Having to wait many hours, filling out many forms like anyone else who walks in the door.

Maybe then the atrocity called food stamps may benefit the right people.

Those many poor who are kept waiting in hunger on the other side of the counter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changed Attitudes

Life and trees all natural, situated in the heart of a mind,
scanning the city streets, watching activities of individuals
on their way to work or home.

Playing in a mind, voices laughing, happy, looking through
the attic of memories, sifting through pictures and movies
of the past.

Remembering childhood, having lived extraordinarily, becoming
the adult I am today, so strange to know once I was a little
person, helpless, crying in a crib.

Grown now and changing perspectives, having grown into them,
replacing with methods of inner learning, brought to the
surface by a friend.

Difficult to believe how many changes have been wrought in
just a matter of months.

It is incomprehensible, it boggles the imagination when
thought about, yet it has happened, kicking and screaming the
entire time.

A reluctant student to be sure, but making sense, continued
to listen and follow advice, even though being pulled and
dragging the whole time.

There were times of anger and refusing to budge an inch, yet
caring and understanding got through to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changed From The Inside Out

Situations in life change each of us in the long run.
It may not be something you do consciously or don't do.
Life has a way of altering our minds with events that happen unexpectantly and we're left with the results of it all.
As each situation arises, we continually are changed from the inside out.
We rarely, if ever, think of it this way, - apparently it's being thought of by me interiorly and is being written down for posterity in hopes it may bring some clarity to someone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changed In A Moment's Notice

Laughing in times of sadness, heart filled with suffering
and pain, yet lightening my heart for moments in time,
judging life by it's outcomes.

Knowing all of it can be changed at a moment's notice with
a joke or funny moment in life, satisfying the need to smile
within.

For always being sad or depressed makes one's life remain
that way over time, never able to enjoy the good and passion-
ate things you are deserving of.

Looking within the perimeters of sadness need not be a con-
intual tear festival throughout one's life, crying tears of
love is wonderful, a tribute to your loved one.

Yet your laughter and smiles are an even greater tribute to
them for they're treasured in memories you've shared together
in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changes Are Inherent

Changes throughout life are continual, never stopping no matter what day is upon us.

Every moment our choices penetrate our destiny, changing it in unknown ways.

We never will know how our lives would have been or turned out in the future.

Changes are inherent in humanity, it is how we evolve, find direction, fail, rise again to live another day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changes Of Anticipation

Reading from within, books of my mind, relating all
sorts of subjects to the anarchy of a brain.

Circling the beginning of time, bringing about changes
of lively anticipation while angling thoughts that are
flowing down avenues of intellect.

Believing in wonderful flavors of behavior coming and
issuing forth in the substance of reality's concrete illusions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing An Awful Pattern

Adjusting self to living, wondering what it is that I am
doing wrong, always managing to have nothing and wanting
to know why this is.

What is the reasoning behind it all, with an innate talent
and intelligence, things should be better in this world
and yet so far they are not.

Killing hope, dwindling faith, walking away dejected at
times, wondering always how to change this awful pattern.

Moving forward, creating and developing everything with
a hopeful attitude that eventually can alter it all.

Making it fit life for it's betterment in these final days
of living and being, alone in many thoughts and being quiet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing And Connecting

Rushing quickly, stepping into streets of havoc, believing things will be alright, yet they never are.
Supposing every corner turned would give a new respect towards daily routines.
Changing and connecting every nuance as rhythm's change and rearrange themselves with a style all their own.
Watching deftly, seeing an image shining before me in depths of interior design.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Attitudes

Forgiveness is an attitude, an interior way of coping
with situations in circumstances beyond our control.

It cannot be pushed or force or begun anywhere except
within.

Others may see the bitterness, anger, hate, seeping
through, unable to be fully contained.

There is nothing they can do to help, except wait
for the attitude to change on it's own, allowing
forgiveness to begin.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Aura

Repeatedly finding myself in an aura of liberty and freedom,
always changing, rearranging thoughts, blending and taking
them along with abstracts that happen to be found.

Exclusive to this brain, taking me always into new heights
and depths of knowledge and intellect.

Unconforming, independent, being fulfilled and emptied
constantly as poems write everything out into the universe.

Beautiful and enticing, taking me forever into different
aspects of destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Beginnings

Taking life into peaceful realms of interior solace,
capturing my essence within the petals of roses.

Lasting serenity blossoming into flowering thoughts,
bringing truth into visions, tearing apart illusions
being wrought by other's lies.

Changing beginnings of another version of life, one
without all the greed and evil placed upon us by
dishonest people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Constantly

Nothing seems to change, yet change is constantly
happening, even though we may be unaware of it in
our daily lives.

Scrupulously searching for paths of enlightenment
and illumination, not knowing they will be found
within us.

Spiritual intensity encompasses it all as we find
our way into the essence of our spirits throughout
our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Designs

Lines and colors swimming around in a red pool,
when closing my eyes and looking inside, to see
what is there.

Opening and closing them changes the design each
and every time and once in a while the color they
swim in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Directions

Stepping to outlaws of desire, picking a guitar for all the money, sending messages to everyone - gathering them into one design.
Constantly changing directions, withholding nothing.
Keeping discretion on the sidelines, waiting to overstep boundaries placed by others, forfeiting ordinary strides, while entertaining creative challenges.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Fate's Melody

Gladly beating life at it's game of fate,
changing it's melody for one of my own.

Stepping stones, leading towards future
rhythms, created from ideas of my
imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Ideas

A different nationality, music playing in the background, changing ideas a little as I write.
Thinking, regarding life in different environments, beginning to detach from life in certain aspects, letting go and becoming ready for tomorrow's sunset.
One that I will know and look forward to with anticipation.
Exploring new ground, giving up what I've always known and loved.
Giving up on everything, having nothing left so no one can take anything from me again.
Solemnly living in a cocoon of my own doing, until I am taken to the hereafter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Imperfections

Musical rhythms taking imperfections, giving them new and refreshing dimensions through chords and measures of life and time.

Tempos rendering the beauty of humanity and nature deeply, painting picturesque landscapes with imagery of poetical interludes.

Specially depicting messages from above meant for those who need hope and faith to be renewed once more to carry on through their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Landscapes At Will

Pathways traveling down designs of mathematical formulas
and equations, seeking the many patterns that exist with-
in each of them.

If only one looks beyond the lines, angles and colors,
listening to sounds along the way, letting them soak into
intellect.

Absorbing colors and their sounds within formations of
equations, definitions openly and unequivocally gathering
in everything that is amassed and kept sailing.

Always in interior oceans, landscapes rolling hither and
thither, enjoying changing the scenery at will, finding
many beautiful melodies filling this mind interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Landscapes Of Time

Moving rapidly into expressions of rhythm, taking me quickly
into realms of intense music, living in it's explicit beauty
and expertise.

Playing fully with rhythms and rhymes, altogether bringing
me into changing landscapes of time while living on edges
of eternity and taking measures to become single-minded.

Avenues of another plain open up to me in interesting ideas
and endeavors, pleasing me no end when it come to soothing
melodies.

Beating constantly into meanings of another world, being
the sole listener in this inner universe.

Knowing that no other can hear what I do, safety being coded
before anything is written here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Leaves

Leaves changing colors,
leaving autumn drenching
my inner imagination
with it's beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Minds

Walking out of life one day is inevitable, it can only
last so long in this temporary world.

Letting the moments accumulate in poetry, not counting
the time, just recognizing facts of years gathering all
along.

Watching as landscapes fill imagination, at times matching
with the reality of what is happening to my being, looking
forward through poetry.

Allowing feelings and emotions leeway most of the time,
expressing them precisely, telling the world exactly how
I'm feeling through each poem.

Touching those who were meant to be touched in a way that
holds meaning to that individual alone, changing minds,
altering thoughts and at times making a difference in some
people's lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Moods

Rhythms crossing and changing, bringing about changes
in moods of life, scattering them into the wind like
leaves falling in a storm.

Challenging life, daring it to contemplate something
more than what it already has.

Expecting it to let go and find inner reasons to a
purpose set from the beginning.

No worming out of it, no time for ignorance as all
is brought back to God and His requests.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Negatives

Anyone can have a positive attitude or mood, all they
have to do is change the way they talk to themselves.

Instead of saying 'I can't do that', say instead, 'can
to'!

Listen to what you say to yourself or to others when
talking of yourself to them.

How positive are your statements regarding yourself
when talking with another?

Changing the way you say things will turn negatives
into positives and your mood will improve tremendously.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Outlooks

Flowing easily into and out of another's arms,
feeling safe and secure in the commonplace
activities of everyday routines.

Reaching out, taking in whatever happens to
collect within a mind, open and preserved.

Awaiting many tales of expectant promise as
life carries on.

Stretching, pulling, bringing about new forms
and shapes of ordinary sights, taking them
and changing their outlooks for an eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Positions

Sun shining fully into the room, creating patterns
and designs with many shapes and forms of shadows
hanging upon walls of this exam room.

Crawling across chairs, desk and exam table, moving,
changing, being rearranged slowly throughout the day
as the sun changes it's position in the sky above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Processes

Pressuring insides of tomorrow's essence, wanting to
throw everything away and start over again.

What is the use of doing so though, why not just keep
going ahead with life the way it is and taking opposite
corners of diversity just to change up the processes of
originality.

As I continue to issue many projections of thought out
to the universe, while sitting here writing down all
that is appropriately being sent within my being.

Newly singing songs without lyrics or melodies, making
sure they rhyme and can be used in endeavors of the
mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Recognition

Black clouds dancing across my vision, lightly touching
the depression sitting within, easing it a little.

Soundlessly moving, changing shape so easily, quietly,
gently with no effort.

Simultaneously bringing hopes of rain to water earth,
allowing growth to begin again.

Watching skies full of black clouds is peacefully
stirring anger within.

Reaching it with serenity, knowing it doesn't have to
be explored right now, just allowing recognition of it
is enough.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Scenery

Skipping to tunes, happily down sidewalks, we carouse
and have times of our lives.
Joyously, we canter to our interior melodies, freeing
ourselves from monotony and stress.
How brilliant life is when you fully enjoy it's
essence and nature.
Scenery is always changing and rearranging itself,
according to what I'm opened to and see at any given
moment.
Life is at it's best when sensed and lived in each
and every moment, as I pass through life in an
atmosphere of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Seasons

Alone, filled with desire, alone, empty, expired within,
seeking nothing, finding nothing, allowing changing seasons
small places to reside in.

Autumn falling in every sphere on earth, but none more touching
than within this sad, small heart.

Wanting to touch sights, feel sounds, I hear, ringing across
sight, feeling vibrations touching my heart, making it stir
in imagination of a new world beyond what I have seen.

Knowing the emptiness of penetrating desire, alone, empty,
expired within.

Sights and sounds now dead, no feelings or hints of tomorrow
alive, just the corpse of a small child now grown and gone in
just one moment of death to behold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Solo Patterns

Taking flight, soaring into a blackened night,
filled with stars of fate, twinkling and
leading the way into a frontier reserved for
only me.
Sating my mind with effervescent thoughts,
coming to take me away.
Solidly interpreting all notes into a language
only I can understand and interpret.
Jumping at the chance, finding my way into
tidal waves of desire, changing solo patterns
into expressions of beauty and delving into
nature's sensuous treasures of life.

(4/22/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Times

Success is determined nowadays by how much money and
prestige you have, what happened to days when honor
and truth were the hallmarks of success?

How times have changed throughout the years, life now
dangling and hanging by threads, being torn apart by
factions beyond our control at times.

Surprising facets from the world around us, evil and
corruption having taken over our governments, leading
us down paths of destruction.

No way to stop the growth of this evil, except with
an opposite evil, better than what is consuming us,
but still in the end, destroying other human beings
with war.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing What's Possible

Reminiscing, recalling moments of importance throughout this life, finding meaning in them that has altered, realigned or changed how we think of things.

Changing what's possible, what needs to be done in order to live a more logical and organized life, feeling refreshed and renewed, filled with an innate energy continuing no matter what may happen.

Circumstances and situations continue throughout life, some good, others not so much, yet all of these moments make up a life that has to be lived until it's very end.

Not despairing, losing hope, living the best possible moments while we still can with our families and friends, helping others before we're gone forever, leaving moments of joy and happiness for those who are left behind to grieve our passing in memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changing Yesterday's Attitudes

Peering through yesterday's windows, seeing a life filled
with wonder and curiosity.

A peaceful serenity holding this mind tenderly and gently
in a placid complacency.

Touching upon many subjects, testing, exploring and experi-
menting, changing yesterday's memories to fit attitudes and
moods today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Changings

Each and every poem changes inner workings of my mind,
bringing thoughts and ideas separately together.
Reeling and unreeling expressions and provoking every
particle of matter to cooperate in writing.
Continually seeing sights as sounds of music permeate
my soul, creating novel approaches to worlds of old.
Philosophizing on unknown levels of understanding,
finding common ground to stand on.
Never having to look beyond the boundaries of self-
imaginative storms, always quietly enjoying what is
hidden without worry or care.
All knowing begins to stir deep inside as the creative
mind delves into my subconscious, unburying what is
found there and allowing it to be seen as never before.
Wasting not a minute, always listening to inner spheres
and spaces of time, relaying all facets to the conscious
movement of writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chaotic Jungles

Rousting creative imagination from it's slump,
trying to lift my mind out of chaotic jungles
of tangled vines.
Hoping to become a poem in it's own time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chapel Of Life

In the chapel of life, everyone's life is sacred, holy, a
personal living with God.

Each of us exist through prayer, faith, hope in our families
and friendships.

We all go through hardships, sorrow, joy, forgiveness and
love to become the person we are at our death.

We must each do this on our own with a little help, a little
push now and then by those who care about us.

It is this small group of people who will shed tearful
sorrow at our passing.

These same people whom we will have touched personally on our
journey through life, we will have in some small way, affected
how they view others.

This is the sacredness of life, the love we hold for each
other in our hearts.

Our lives are the chapel for this prayerful holiness, given
to us by God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chapel Of Nature

Walking down lush green trails through the forest,
going into the chapel of nature as we wend our way
through the peaceful quiet domain of our lives.

Tabling particles that have no reason for being
included in this rhythm, forgiving the insistence
of yesterday to split apart moments of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Charge Of Acidity

Awakening mind chords, charging them imaginatively with an electric charge of acidity.

Tempting fate, listening to it's repertoire as it fills me mellowly with distaste.

Wandering closely down avenues of another time, writing contemplatively on upper echelons of intellect, where solitude insists on keeping me company.

Looking into the future of inner desires, calculating many equations of tomorrows mathematical concepts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Charging Imagination

Different atmospheres charge imagination's batteries,
leaning toward fruitful endeavors.
Choosing beautiful meanings, picking them like notes
on a banjo of rhythm and rhyme.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Charging Innate Energy

Coalescing in depths of my mind as rhythms continue playing,
sounding within intellect, giving pleasure through writing
poetry constantly.

Living a life of purpose as I experience every particle of
this earthly life, anxious to keep on going through coded
rhythms tapping against my brain.

Enlivening and charging innate energy at fast paces, taking
me down avenues of intellect and into other dimensions to
explore their vast atmospheres.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Charging Like Lightening

Pulsating beats touching my interior energy,
charging it like lightening far into the night.

Soaring into the melodies of a lasting peace,
giving me a wonderful sense of liberty and freedom.

It's wonderful and amazing the lessons you learn when
visiting India and meeting it's people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Charging Rhythms

Resting in the luxury of an interior solitude,
never exchanging it for anything.

Now it's a total part of my being and who I am,
rhythms charging into the essence of who I have
become.

Passion building constantly, with nothing to
stand in the way of seclusion where I love to
stay in times of life.

Happy to be alone with self and intellect, a
quiet and reassuring place to always be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Charity Cycle Rides

Tats, expressions on tee-shirts, and long hair, all bound together by love of country and motorcycles.
Taken to limits, caring for others - especially for children.
Taken on new horizons by those donating to cycle rides for charity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Charity Starts At Home

Charity starts at home, that is where we need to begin,
right here in America.

Ignoring our poor, our disabled veterans is despicable
and needs to be stopped and addressed immediately.

Do away with foreign aid completely, other countries are
using our money to fund and promote terrorism.

Those who need help never see any of it, they continue
to starve and die while our money does nothing for them.

Close our borders, we need to be humanitarians to those
that are American citizens only from now on.

Other countries need to step up to the plate and start
taking care of their own citizens.

They need to stop taking welfare and handouts from the
U.S.A, our taxpayers, and from this moment on take care
of their own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Charlie

Singing a song of long ago,
a Valentine's day,
sweetheart lyrical song.
Enjoying himself immensely,
Charlie sings enthusiastically.
Eyes asparkle with joy as he
gets the attention he so
desperately needs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Charting Destiny

Charting programs of destiny in books of fate,
aligning them with articulate moments of speculation.
Charging them with ions of proclivity towards endings
in praise of God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chasing An Illusion

Chasing an illusion through time, not wanting to come close or even touch it.

Being - just enough to want, yet remaining as foreign as images of someone else's mirror.

Steadfast in nothing, true to no one idea, a ghostly illusion always beyond, never having been there, it disappears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chasing Away Sadness

Chasing away sadness with a tune of exhilarating energy.
Starting my inner motor, revving it past the avenues of tomorrow.
Stepping on the pedal, racing forward into mists of heaven's gardens.
Whistling quickly, finding the way out into interior storms and being ejected into their outward appearances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chasing Cobwebs

Rhythms chasing away cobwebs sticking in my sleepy mind,
coagulating and slowing down thoughts with periodic sand
from the eternal sandman at night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chasing Dreams

Chasing dreams, never-ending movement giving auras to the exact positions of heaven.
Causing only essential motions to behave in all manners of individual personalities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chasing Dreams Into Corridors

Chasing dreams into corridors of tomorrow, seeing
the future grow brighter with every particle of
light, wisdom and knowledge ever growing.

As the joy of heaven gets closer with each pass-
ing day, coming to be liberated through intense
wonder while settling into fibers of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chasing Dreams Through Ideas

Silent and energetic, staying close together in mind and heart, never to part while on this temporary earth, now watching you with loving eyes and heart.

Traveling to depths of intellect together through prose and writing alongside one another, traveling across the miles.

Thoughts melding, combining and being written down in poems about nature, life, death, people, wildlife and each other forever in our hearts, minds and souls.

Chasing dreams through ideas and concepts, taking them from waterfalls of our minds, leaving trails poetically across this world, loving the beauty we create from it all through imagery and spiritual connotations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chasing Ideas

Totally free and spiritual, writing to my heart's
content, loving rhythm's beats falling into intell-
ect.

Rummaging through thoughts as they run around, chas-
ing ideas that they like, vibrations are carrying
life along tracks of an intellectual journey.

Finding and taking me into the very within of self
where I'm happiest, jumping and being thrilled to
the max with this great and talented band playing
here today at Buddy Stubbs in Phoenix, Arizona.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chasing Mirages

Chasing mirages, watching them fade as you come close
to touching them.

Wavering in the distance, beckoning us, tempting us to
come and partake of their shining essence.

Then when approaching, suddenly disappearing, nothing
is there except the original landscape that is always
part of this desert you are in.

Fascinating and beautiful at times, always memorable,
making you smile at remembering them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chasing Money

Running through this life, always chasing money
for many different reasons.

All of them tantamount to greed, corruption and
selfish secrets being hidden beyond bed sheets
of men who lust after it and women.

Never giving anything in return to anyone for
they haven't a compassionate bit of a heart
anywhere in their beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chasing Nighttime Dreams

Waiting and watching for videos to play on inner
photographic screens, putting every puzzle piece
together quickly and instantaneously into many
thoughts this brain immediately interprets and
translates.

A perfect atmosphere in which creativity can
develop itself and become the reality of poetry,
chasing nighttime dreams into the morning sun.

Writing them down continuously with no hesitation
whatsoever, wholly placing everything into spheres
of intellect and wisdom, blending it all with the
imagination of fantasy, combining it with reality.

Leaving nothing out, including every aspect and
facet that happens to be produced within this
brain and mind totally into the dimension of an
inner aptitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chasing Tears

Carefully hiding away, not wanting to be seen again in this lifetime, only fading into tomorrow's sunset, spreading myself with it's lightened knowledge.
Acquiring the depth of artistic significance in colors of evening rainbows.
A silent proclivity for interior death, balancing on edges of fortitude while falling into circumferences of subconsciousness.
Benefiting no one else, it creates in me a sincere ability of purpose, straining to become myself in other realms beyond my destiny.
Crying quietly with aplomb, chasing tears down my face with unknown reasons.
Wanting only to retain the usefulness of talent until the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chasing Vibrant Dreams

Chasing dreams through the forests, hiding behind trees,
and wondering with curious eyes what to discover next.
Exploring interior corners of intellect is a trip down
lanes of beautiful rhythms, lighting the way into it's
subterranean channels and depths that are normally kept
hidden.
Scaling porticals of ideas, using formulas made and
created for specific purposes and means of creation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chasing Winter Dreams

Chasing winter dreams into snow-filled lanes of
New Jersey.
Soft and peaceful landscape, glistening in
morning and evening sunshine, showing off all
the sparkling diamonds of natural beauty.
Walking across piles of snow, hearing it crunch
beneath our feet and enjoying it immensely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chasms Of Grief

Life stretching along highways of sorrow,
living in an abandoned ghost town.

Nothing to be done, but suffer in this
tremendous grief of loss.

Silence and it's tremors finding a place
in my once open and embracing heart.

Now unable to find it's way in the darkness,
delving quietly into chasms of grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chasms Of Intellect

Reaching into chasms of intellect, hoping to find depths
of it's being and essence.

Holding together knowledge and wisdom that we collect
throughout our lives.

Applying it all to different stages in life, delving
effervescently into every region of our brains.

Challenging neurons and synapses with education, both
learned and innate.

Allocating certain things to each and every one in
situations that they fit into.

Representing the beauty of our spirituality, soaring
into skies of intellect where we use it throughout
our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cheating On Love

Cheating is a liability to those who do it.
Having every chance of losing everything in
life, spending the rest of your moments in
silent recrimination.
Remembering what could've been, had they been
true to their love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Checkerboarding

Checkerboarding across this interior life, moving spaces
at a time into the future, hands of clocks never moving,
as each thought is allowed to locate everything needed.

Enticing and fully complete, the tasks at hand are silent-
ly sitting through twilight as the moon shines down upon
earth.

Finding pressure is lifted and life has found it's way
through darkness, emptiness and abandonment once again,
the future now awaiting us.

Refreshing and new atmosphere being created in a poetical
interlude, lasting throughout this life like a bouquet of
flowers in a wedding.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chedisky And Rodeo Fires

Curling beautifully over tops of trees, touching face-like
branches with the reality of it's harsh devastation.

Burning, flaming Arizona's beautiful ponderosa forest -
the biggest in the world - into cinders, ashes, soot.

Firefighters, volunteers, planes, helicopters, all trying
to stop the horrendous mass of flames.

Thousands and thousands of people evacuated from their
homes, some with little or negligible notification.

Grabbing pictures, albums, some important paperwork,
hugging one another and leaving their abodes.

Tears clinging, hearts torn and broken, not knowing what
will be found when the fire's out and they can return home.

Firefighters managing to save some homes and not others,
doing the best they can.

Kind, compassionate people, volunteers, Red Cross, Salvation
Army, all pitching in together to help victims of this man-
made fire.

Outcome still unknown - Showlow now evacuated - everyone
hoping and praying they will have a home to go back to.

Others already knowing about the ashes and destruction
awaiting them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chemical Evaluations

Music to my ears, rhythm fills my mind with it's classical composition and precise chemical evaluations of memory.
Taunting beautiful thoughts, increasing their value as they're remembered in depths of visions, sent to portray reality as it plays and re-enacts life's foibles for us to examine while altering our mind-sets for the better.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chemical Patterns

Expressions of sorrow fall down slowly upon my face,
showing the love I had once upon a time.
Giving myself to endeavors of lasting embraces,
holding onto existing misfortunes.
Being experienced in chemistry, blending all chemicals
to establish patterns for living an existential life,
later on when I enter a break in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chemical Reactions

Strange and mysterious formations appear in the form of equations being discovered beneath formulas found missing key ingredients.

Founding the basis for each problem, adding an index of chemical reactions makes them alluring and bound to work at one time or another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chemically Induced Ideas

Music filling nighttime atmospheres with vibrant rhythms
standing on their own, tantalizing and intriguing, begin-
ning and ending within coded messages.

Formulated and spent in equations that have been solved
beforehand, saturated in chemically induced ideas through
passages of this brain and transformed in recesses of yes-
terday's messages.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chemistry Being Formed Within

Smiling, enjoying musical rhythms that slide around and
about like fireworks throughout my mind.

Exploding colors of the rainbow, going through equations
being thought of.

Like a fantastic kind of chemistry being formed within
my mind, watching every one.

Then writing them individually into separate categories
that they fit themselves into.

So different than the real world that I have to live in,
totally opposite, one where intellect has the power.

Creating and developing thoughts, ideas, equations and
mathematical concepts never thought of before.

Justifying themselves, falling into place with every
coded rhythm that transpires within this mind.

There's not a soul out there who can figure out what I
can, never able to share any of it for it's innate.

Keeping it always sacredly inside the spheres that
intellect concoct within my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chemistry Of Rhythm

Talent never sits on sidelines, it is always in the midst of
every occasion, exercising itself happily and merrily with
gleeful anticipation.
Curiosity conquering every space not already occupied by
reason.
Logical sequences align themselves with rhythm's chemistry
and an explosive repertoire is created in flashes of music
without writer's block or frustration.
Loving all particles of being, artistically recognizing
such innate talent in others is especially enjoyable as you
energize and combine knowledge of one another through gifts
given from birth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cherished And Treasured Within

Touching an interior spirit, energized beyond this life with
the power of God, keeping it always glowing into the beyond,
tantalizing and effervescently becoming what's seen in life.

A steady stream of images being paraded in and through this
mind, stepping upon gems and jewels of intellect as they're
absorbed into intellect so exhilaratingly.

Finding them becoming rosaries of prayer through contempla-
tion and spirituality, finding favor with God alone, a
treasure cherished within.

Throughout this entire life of poetical interludes, euphoric
and awesome feeling always finding it's way into my soul
prayerfully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cherished Aspect

Being strapped to a life that squeezes the inner life from
me unless I'm careful not to let it happen.

Stress and turmoil have a way of disturbing my essence, esp-
ecially when directed straight at me through my husband's
dementia.

Taking away peace and solitude that I try preciously to keep
hidden deeply within, a cherished aspect of my passion that
I protect.

Giving energy needed to expend all of intellect in writing
poetry constantly and incessantly, loving to be in a bluened
atmosphere where not even he can get to me.

A beautiful and enticing part of my being, continually keep-
ing me going through it all over and over again, trying to
regain the life I've always had.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cherished Child

Watching my sons grow through myriads of tears,
feeling pride as they become wonderful men.
Ideals taught when younger have manifested them-
selves in ways of manners, etiquette, articulate
speech, loving, caring, gentleness, spirituality,
respect for life, others and self.
Absolutely beautiful beings with pure hearts and
souls is whom I am seeing as I gaze upon the
wonderful, intelligent sons I've taught and raised.
Nothing in life can compare with the pride and love
I feel for my cherished, precious children, my sons,
eternally bred in God's own hands, now grown with
responsibility of their own families.
Knowing that when I leave life to go beyond it, my
sons will teach and raise their own children with
ideals and traditions they were taught from the
beginning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cherished Friendship

My memory is embedded in my soul, therefore I can never
forget you my friend.
I will love you always, even after my death has taken us
from each other's sight.
Always, whether you look into the twilight or the bright
light of the sun, you will be able to find and see my love
for you forever.
If you should cry, finding that you miss me, know that your
tears hold our love ever close to your heart.
Otherwise, there would be no need for tears.
When you peer out the window on a cold, rainy day,
know that I am with you in every single raindrop that falls,
making an imprint in the sands of your soul.
Every sigh that you make, every memory that you take out to
look at and reminisce, know I am there, by the heaviness in
your heart.
Do not let the sorrow take hold, just remember with joy
the good times that we've had.
And always remember, our love lives on in our
friendship with God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cherished Matter Of My Mind

Being filled with a magical feeling as music is teasing
and titillating intellect with a savory minty taste,
settling on my mind.

Adjusting and feeling landscapes that come into visions
of my mind, never faded, always clear and focused, benign,
yet filled with intense solutions all hinged to insides of
intellect.

Opened and taken into cloudy visions of tomorrow, taking
me fully towards eternity, looking over edges and into
patterns and designs, opening up like blossoms unfolding
in a garden of roses.

Timid, shy, yet fully realized in the sacredness of an en-
lightened atmosphere hidden inside, tightly touching and
holding cherished matter of my mind, living and breathing,
never fading into the distance, staying on edges of this
lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cherished Stradivarius

Violin playing within intellect, softly, gently and reflect-
ively in tune with the very rhythms of my mind, remembering
the feel of a bow held in my hand.

Sliding it across tender strings attached to my heart, fin-
gers finding exact positions so music being played would
sound harmonious and beautiful to this poetical mind.

Creating as I played, poetry formed innately and in synch
with rhythms and tones, becoming my voice through measures
of time, as I was much too shy to express myself vocally.

Satisfied totally that this precious and cherished stradi-
varius held in my loving hands, would do what I wasn't able
to do at this young and impressionable age.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cherished Treasure For Life

You are the one I turn to when I can no longer see my way clear, tenderly you reach out to me, talking gently, holding and making me feel loved and close to you.

Being with you takes me out of a solitary confinement, bringing me into your life with joy and an unconditional love that is totally fulfilling.

My heart lives for you my love, you are my cherished treasure for life, there can never be another for you and I are one, together only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cherished Treasures

Magic of your smile takes me over the rainbow of our love where I fall for your innocence, purity and beauty of your soul once more.

No where else can be found these cherished treasures, for they are kept sacredly within your being only, unfolding your heart within mine.

Rainbows are flowing into our distant futures, nothing to mar intense memories of us walking hand in hand, somewhere in another life my love we will meet and there we will never again be parted from one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cherishing Each Other

Opening hearts to one another, allowing peace to begin
reigning in the world.

Hoping to begin a new facet to life on earth, watching
everyone open up and be friends.

Cherishing diversity and abilities of each other, facing
the future all together.

No more racism, prejudice or hatred, that's the culmination
of tolerance and acceptance.

Two easily attained projections in this life if we work at
them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cherishing Precious Moments

Desires rising into the atmosphere of love, taking us into pleasure zones of our hearts, minds going along for the ride.

Joyous and elated to be loved so unconditionally and totally, watching as we talk quietly of plans we are making for the future.

Surprises abounding as ideas mount ever higher through the night, thinking of many ways in which to share our love and life together.

Time spent along, just we two, loving our moments together as we continue to love and talk to one another, reaching heights of pleasure as we continue to hold onto one another.

Totally finding the joy of being together, growing closer with every moment, cherishing all the precious moments we have left with each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cherishing Religious Freedom

Squeaking faith, peering about, checking to see if it's
safe to travel outside.

People stabbing religion with sharpened tongues, hoping
to discourage others from loving God.

Little do they know, their refutation of our beliefs
only increases them a hundred-fold with every one of
their snide remarks.

Cherishing our freedom of religion which the United
States was founded upon, we are bonded and brought
together, united as one under God only.

So take your own beliefs, keep them quietly unto your-
selves and we will have nothing to argue or get excited
about.

You have the freedom to stand alone in your convictions
as long as you don't interfere with anyone else's.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cherishing Small Things

Twirling through each day, not expecting anything in particular, just roaming around in a dense jungle of remorse and forgotten moments left now, only in memories stored within our minds.

Cherishing the small things we move onto another plain where no one knows again what to expect from it's depths either.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cherishing The Environment

Tinkering with rhythms in the back of this mind,
collecting them in measures, printing them
within pictures of a photographic mind.

Spreading joy of an indiscriminate amount of
notes, holding onto passion, letting it spray
into the atmosphere, filling it with the scent
of roses.

Delivering me from ravines and ruts of daily
life, dancing merrily in the soul of being.

Carefully cherishing an environment of nature
in confines of beautiful landscapes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cherub Thoughts

Lifelong intimacies are held close to our hearts,
recalled by memory's minds.

How majestic, symbolic and true we are to our
inner selves and souls.

Energy making styles flit in and out, causing us
to tire as we grow old without.

Always thinking as a child deep inside our egos,
always with some pride in doing so.

Terracking our full embodied spirits we quench
ourselves on beds of rivered stones, awaiting
recognition.

All of natural wonder is tuned in to a soul from
it's inception into being, alone.

Awaiting cherub thoughts we are filled with images
never lasting more than a few minutes.

Clay clouds sink upon our minds, taking impressions
and blowing them away with winds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chess Pieces Of Life

Chess pieces of life held in bottles of
medicine giving the impetus and energy
to keep on living, never having to check-
mate anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chests Of Memories

Stillness of this evening breaking over my heart,
for tides are rising only to bury me beneath them
once again.

Moon rays shattering the darkness fully as we walk
along to rhythms of our hearts being accompanied by
sea gulls flying above looking for prey.

Altogether, bringing peace into the souls we have
shared together, love having grown like ivy all a-
round we two.

Sustaining the beauty we have found as one, cherish-
ing these treasures in chests of our memories forever,
as life lies on our last horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chests Of Old

Broken-hearted, still, saddened by this day of life, there
being no one to understand or guide me along the way, walking
unsurely in the path of darkness - no one will light the way.

Insincerity climbing towards my feet, trying to trip me up,
it matters not at all for I have already died inside and no
one knows it yet!

How blind everyone can be towards another, as dying in front
of them I do not cower or hide, just face it with a smile.

Not caring what is left behind, because none of it is useful,
it cannot help when I'm buried under six feet of ground with
a marble tombstone on my head.

Grass will grow over the freshly dug dirt in time and everyone
will forget who I was, save a chosen few who meant so much
when alive.

In their memories, I'll safely abide until they too join me
in flight, destined for heaven's joy.

Soon all the memories of me will reunite above and no one on
earth will hold me again within their minds.

Pictures will trade hands over the years and slowly fade with
time, forgotten in chests of old, stashed in attics, collecting
dust.

Until a day when discovered by a stranger who cares not an
iota who's they were and tosses them into the garbage where
they'll find at last their rightful place on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Child Cowgirl Revisited

Music filling my being intensely with rhythms, lifting
spirits, feeling positive and happy in the midst of it's
chords and notes.

Cowboy lyrics touching interiorly, the child cowgirl in
me, bringing back memories and images of when I was little,
dressed in a cowgirl outfit.

Wearing boots and feeling like Annie Oakley, a totally
pleasant experience from childhood, so lovely to have
revisited it in senior years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Child Dancers

A young girl of one is jumping and dancing to the music, stopping to stare at another girl about 6 or 7 years old.

Watching adults dancing, trying to emulate them, stepping around, jumping, concentrating, spinning, getting their rhythms on.

Having a great time, the faster the music plays the higher they kick their feet into the air, so cute and full of laughter, energy and life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Child Growth

Why shatter innocence? What good will it do?

Let children have their lives, don't push them
to be mini adults.

Share their wonder and awe, it will help you
grow too.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Child Hiding

Settling deep down within me,
peering out, my inner child,
worried, preferring not to
expose herself through writing
at this moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Child Of The Crypt

Calling from depths of another's future, stepping noiselessly through cellars of decrepit silence, masks of seriousness etched in granite faces.

Taking time to do everything in exacting order, bushels of antiquity branched in all directions and bent out of shape.

Rigidly outlasting boundaries imaginarily made as a child, drawn and sketched in books of memories, outlasting the melodies and nursery rhymes.

Suspecting delayed meanings secreted, out of sight, music boxes playing when opened, ballerinas dancing exotically on toes of porcelain.

Rearranging thoughts of anger quietly inside of a little mind, undeveloped, cast into adult picture books, taken out to look at, never.

Growing up with finality of everyday living, seeking nothing beyond what each day silently would bring, imagination wishing, dancing, singing, talking.

Racing around corners, hoping to find something nice, being disappointed time after time, suspecting all along that nothing would ever come to light.

While a child of hidden delight is brought nightly through tunnels of unwanted desire, cautioned, threatened, to be forever quiet.

Never allowed to speak even when spoken to or would become like the child in the crypt, eternally silent, never more to live the life it was given.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childhood

Looking towards the sun shining brightly through my mind,
watching it's rays spread evenly across the land.
Burning brighter as it rises higher in the sky.
Titillating memories of childhood, playing in the yard,
catching shadows and rearranging their appearances as we
bent in half, twisted around, tried innovative poses, -
laughing all the while, having fun.
Sun bringing with it in the morning, a childhood of fun,
and yet, as we remember, the sorrow of age filters through
somehow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childhood Anger

Foaming rage, turbulent, unrelenting, bubbling inside,
ready to explode.

Contained merely by a whim, afraid to give in to it,
white with age, jumping all around inside a tight-knit
spot.

Not able to leap out and ruin the world of a little
child, kept locked up by secret memories and images.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childhood Beliefs

Cornering aspects of life in everyday realities, surrendering to overly expectant promises, tallying experiences like slices of bread in loaves at hand.
Pacing selves according to beliefs held from childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childhood Beyond Me

Cloudy skies fill my eyes with memories of old.
Childhood years back in New Jersey, full of
happiness - carefree and wonderful.
Grandparents, Aunts, Uncles, cousins, lots of
relatives to visit and be with.
Tuning in to those yesterdays fills my mind
with their unconditional love.
These eyes and heart are filled with tears
because they have gone beyond me to heaven.

(9: 25 a.m. - 12/17/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childhood Bubbles

Moments drifting into my heart like childhood bubbles, floating into my mind,
caressing an inner child with lovely reminders of yesterday.
Saturating dimensions, giving me a sense of peace, as serenity deepens.
Living alone in an ocean of regret, being pushed and shoved through any and all
suffering being caused by another person.
Relaxing into God's arms, wanting to be taken away forever and all time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childhood Cradle

Spirits marching in time, stepping into steps of former
heavenly precedents.
Lowly sounding music, peeking out from a secretive corner,
in a mind of poetical delivery.
Accentuating talent throughout an intellectual desert of
beautiful design, walking gracefully down avenues of
imagination, holding hands with subconsciousness in a
cradle of childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childhood Emotions

Hanging around, finalizing all plans, pending the demise of my inner spirit, as it heads into skyways of heaven.
Reminiscing over all the years, being held in confinement by childhood emotions.
Capturing my attention early in life and holding me indefinitely with powers of fear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childhood Loneliness

Childhood being wasted on grown-up dreams of business,
as children sit around awaiting decisions that never
come.
Adults too busy to notice the broken dreams of a
Saturday at play or in the park by their own children.
Pushing themselves with long hours of tiring work,
not even realizing they are doing the same to their
children.
While taking away time from what they're supposed to
be doing, daydreaming, playing with friends and
investigating options as they parade their way into
lives of youngsters.
A lifetime of loneliness and a feeling of not
belonging when with others their own age, creates a
vacuum of shyness that can never be replaced.
Personal experience expounds this agenda, knowing it
all too well in my own life, having grown up in
restaurant kitchens alone in a corner of a grown-ups
world.
Inclined to watch and learn from mistakes being made
by others, I faded into the distance as I developed
my imagination creatively and subconsciously, allowing
me one day to become a poet of notable standing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childhood Memories

Remembrance lying in my mind, watching memories slide by,
bringing feelings into view with intensity and verve.

Belonging to an interior consciousness, lighting it
extensively with wisps of candlelight.

Penetrating the darkness of my mind with images
remembered from childhood, watching my Grandma with love,
shining brightly into my heart without reserve.

Holding photos of yesterday always close to my mind's
heart and soul of one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childhood Memory

When in grade school in New Jersey, there was never any
distinguishing remarks given about race or color.

We all went to school together, rode the same bus, talked
and played with one another.

It wasn't until much later in life that I even heard of
a thing called segregation.

Wondering about it then, and not comprehending really why
segregation would even be needed.

As far as I could see, we all got along together and never
needed to be forced to associate with one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childhood Messages

Swinging in a swing of childhood on Tullo Road,
thinking of my Dad and Mom in a childhood filled
with poverty, happiness and nature.
All-important messages in childhood growing up.
Willow trees swaying, hiding us beneath their
precious leaves and branches.
Apple, mulberry, cherry trees scattered around
our front yard for us to eat when we got hungry.
A little stream cutting across our front yard
where we used to play and try half-heartedly to
catch frogs.
Times of joy that will always stay within my mind,
reminding me of whence I came, and who I have
become today.
All poetry can be traced back to my childhood in
New Jersey.
Bound Brook, Somerville, Wildwood every summer,
Atlantic City, Bridgewater, all holding special
places in my heart forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childhood Nightmare

Covering eyelets of evening, shading corresponding
lights, rotating and pivoting with changing high-
lights of remembering.

Nothing stands in the way, barriers fold in upon
themselves, exposing the vulnerability of childhood.

Frightened, scared to silence, unable to voice
nightmares continuing through the years.

Unable to infiltrate images into consciousness,
years later, they continue to haunt and hamper
life and it cannot be lived normally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childhood Nightmares

Covering eyelets of evening, shading corresponding lights, rotating and pivoting with changing highlights of remembering.
Nothing stands in the way, barriers fold in upon themselves, exposing the vulnerability of childhood.
Frightened, scared to silence, unable to voice nightmares continuing through the years.
Unable to infiltrate images into consciousness, years later they continue to haunt and hamper life and it cannot be lived normally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childhood Preparing Life

Watching images of myself as I played as a child with my
sisters and brother.

A totally unique experience, filling me with an appreciation
for the liveliness of life here on earth.

Wanting to remember forever, the good and innocent times of
childhood, being prepared for the years that were to come.

Being filled with aspirations, being inspired to attain
spiritual levels of maturity.

An increasingly amount of intelligence being accumulated
and used poetically throughout long and tiring years of
adulthood.

Finding at last in senior years that I have attained the
benefit of all those days of playing and using imagination,
a thorough and complete job, having been done well.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childhood Reality

Childhood dreams can sometimes be realized, if realistic from the
beginning.
Seeing the outcome throughout the years, adding or subtracting
to make it better.
When grown and able, retrace it again in thought, write it down on paper.
A life you dreamed of as a child may become the reality of today.
Don't lose it.
Even if it remains elusive in this lifetime, for you will be the
person to build it and commit your life to experiencing it.
Whether in reality or a dream world, enjoy what you have made,
expanded, thought of as a child.
The beauty of it will eventually unfold, bringing the happiness
you always imagined.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childhood Resurfacing

Reminders of childhood keep resurfacing throughout life
in the form of music, rhythms, and songs sung by Dad
while growing up.

Especially, Mack The Knife, one of my favorites back
then.

It always brings back memories of good times had,
feeling ties today with his love even glowing now from
beyond the grave.

Heart stretching happily in smiling, knowing he's still
here with me spiritually, even though not physically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childhood Shadows

Twisted and gnarled beyond recognition, a childhood sits
faded.

No laughter, joy, or colorful sights, just a childhood
shadow - a memory of constant abuse.

Blackened now from fires of amnesia, rusted from the salted
water of the ocean's bottom.

Shifting sands at last uncovering their hidden faces, washing
over and over their forgotten meanings.

While encountering the salty rinsing of freshly made wounds
of the past's doing, hurting and burning now the heart of
a once little child.

Walking away from delayed sadness, the buried anger, no chance
of survival having been betrayed and abandoned.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childhood's Past Beauty

Magnificent creations in the sky before me, a work of art, using clouds and sun.

Exquisite beauty spread from end to end, as far as my mind can see.

Textures used convincingly, as if impregnable clouds will soon be pouring rain.

Absolute wonder fills my eyes and overflows into heart and soul, building an emotional tie-in with past beauty of childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childhood's Simplicity

Snow falling into this poetical imagination as I write of
it's beauty spreading across inner stretches of intellect,
landing in drifts up against thoughts like trees in the
forest.

Tantalizing inner desires of childhood to jump into them,
make snowballs and throw them like ideas and concepts at
abstracts that fall in between notes and rhythms, sticking
on their surfaces like wonder and tender memories of old.

Taking this mind home where life was simple, giving an
innocence of purity that's white as the snow, alighting in
intellect this very moment, delivering me from the present
with snowflakes of heartfelt love and caring from parents
and family I miss so incessantly today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childish Emotions

Making promises not to abandon someone come in many types
of disguises, melded by the person asking it of you.
Not wanting someone to give up on them, telling them that
whatever they say, not to listen and keep on kicking a-
is, in essence, a promise elicited to not give up or
abandon them.
Hidden in childish emotion, so as not to be thought of in
a despicable way.
Thinking they've camouflaged it, yet it's brought out and
now they have to face it.
Angry that it's been seen for what it is - a plea to never
abandon them - now mad because they've been found out.
A beautiful little grown-up child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childish Intervention

Climbing stairs with age, selected sections of memories bring
back childhood days of bouncing down flights, and sliding
headfirst down them.

Happy thoughts of a past gone forever, except through a memory,
childish ideas, fantasy worlds and images hidden inside of a
grown-up's closed mind.

What beauty we all hold inside, exercising this part of grey
matter can only be sublime joy and divine intervention from
our souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childish Joy

Standing in a sandstorm, squinting into the haze,
trying to see through it to the other side.
Suddenly rain pouring down, settling all the dust
on the ground where it belongs.
Feeling a childish joy as raindrops touch me silently,
wetting particles of my being, giving an exquisite joy
in being alive at this moment.
Continuing to stand in the rain, letting it cleanse me
from within as well.
Purposely feeling it's coldness, waking me interiorly,
allowing a sense of belonging to nature occur.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childish Spirit

Softly listening to effervescent rhythms as they travel soothingly through my being, enticing and alluring my spirit.

Cuddling to the music, finding an inner freedom touching a childish spirit hidden within, enticing and playing to rhythmic beats.

Tasting the liveliness as it fills the entire atmosphere with joy and happiness, living in the moment with nothing to lose in spaces of each tempo and measure of music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childish Voice

Little one singing in the night,
words and lyrics flowing slowly out into the crowd.
Childish voice letting us know he can sing like a
young boy in a grown-ups world.
Giving of his little self in harmony, letting us all
be in his innocent atmosphere.
With his essence of rhythm and innate talent echoing
around our minds in beautiful sounding peacefulness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Childish Wonder

Tradition feeling it's way into my being, touching a life of younger times, brightly colored through a child's simple adoring wonder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children

Children dancing so happily,
not a care in the world as
they step in time to music.
Loving, sharing their smiles
with elderly people, making
everyone hope in a tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children And Rhythms

Being fascinated by rhythms, little children feeling them interiorly, jumping and jiving to their own thoughts.

Loving how their little minds are attuned to melodies and rhythms, an energetic and absolute wonder filling the entire atmosphere, as Beethoven rolls over in this modern version of the past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children And Rhythms Together

Being fascinated by rhythms, little children feeling them interiorly, jumping and jiving to their own thoughts.

Loving how their little minds are attuned to melodies and rhythms, an energetic and absolute wonder filling the entire atmosphere, as Beethoven rolls over in this modern version of the past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children Becoming

Expressions of children's faces figuratively inspire
poetry of individual behaviors.
Eyes smiling and sparkling with recognition as they
seek much wanted attention through life from others
all around them.
Benefiting their egos and self-esteem, most adults
are happy to oblige them, by giving what they want
and crave the most.
Anyone can help, it brings a joy to hearts around
the world as our little ones become themselves on a
daily basis

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children Fishing

Children hanging off a floating pier, seeing crawfish
and calling them crabs.
Parents, oblivious to what is going on, just keep
fishing, not wanting to be bothered.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children In Grown-Ups Mind Sets

Softly spoken notes being sent musically to everyone's hearing, as they sit and contemplate motives of conversation on back porches of living.
Sanctimoniously behaving like spoiled children in grown-ups mind sets, taking everyone off course, confusing issues of daily strife with intents of malfeasance.
Socially deriving instincts from within solitary beings, trying to become individualistic in temporary thinking environments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children Learning

Children playing in rooms of childhood, having fun, enjoying themselves completely.

Being enticed by learning educationally through everything they do, watching them silently, grasping onto their environments with their undeveloped minds, striving to understand to the best of their ability, our natural and frail world.

Touching whatever peaks their curiosity, feeling textures, noticing whether it hurts or not, welcoming the soft silky petals of a rose, smelling their aroma with pleasurable smiles on their cherubic faces.

Memories being made eternally as they use all of their senses vividly and avidly, giggling, laughing, finding their way through childhood with a lasting infinity and trust of how life treats them when needing love and understanding.

That's where parents come into the picture, teaching them right from wrong, giving morals and ethics room to grow within their precious beings, and most important of all giving them hope, faith and belief in the God who has created them.

Helping them find an interior life and their purpose on earth, teaching them to search and find it all without ever giving in or up to evil, special graces befalling every parent who does everything with love throughout their lives whether young or old.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children Learning To Mistrust

Slates of time are blank, waiting to be written upon once
again, as ages past have fallen from it's writing, leaving
empty pages to begin in the future.

Noticing repulsive distinctions made by man, sharing in
his complacency, the work of the damned, not withstanding
many doubts that have crept into a few great minds.

Tolerance of evil is now widespread, lusting after every-
one, raising many eyebrows, man crawling on all fours as
if he has become an animal in heat.

Daring, out in open spaces to touch and caress in front
of any passers-by, sexually painting pictures, for little
children.

Growing up, trying to take the time to play, adults just
seem to get in their way, sometimes seeking pleasures
sexually from little ones, because they cannot fight back.

Hurting and ruining their little, now lifeless, bodies,
cruelty running rampant throughout the world today, no one
seems to care as our children get thrown away.

Minds are being wasted, hate is being planted, authority
is being abused, as little children cannot find even a
safe corner to hide in.

Innocently trying to find a place to play, no thoughts but
joy upon their minds, when along comes some man, sex upon
his mind, grabbing children and running away with them.

Avoiding other people, they seek hidden places in the dark,
finding ways to perform their evil deeds on children at very
tender ages.

They are being made to face adult situations involving sex,
their young minds cannot take it in, traumatized beyond their
existence and knowledge wanting to die or kill themselves.

What kind of beast would want to hurt someone so young and lovely, tearing their lives apart and making them grow up in filthy shame?

What form of monster prefers sexually abusing children who haven't even finished their childhood or playing, being robbed of everything that's innocent and pure?

Little tiny bodies are being abused by masochists, uncomprehendingly children are growing into adults before their time and can never find happiness nor love.

Afraid of being used again by selfish sexual men in lust, never reaching out for help and mistrusting everyone around them forever, never feeling safe in life.

Children growing up hating adults and authority, never knowing why, because their minds have blocked out what they cannot comprehend.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children Playing

Children playing, smiling, sharing with one another most of the time, at times arguing over something or another, an adult stepping in to settle it.

Letting children settle it on their own is usually a better idea, but cannot always be accomplished, watching the brilliant and interesting way children play gives many ideas to be written down in prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children Questioning

Showering our lives are precious children of all ages and nationalities, so pure and innocent, questioning everything around them, wanting to know how things work and why they do.

Wonder and awe filling their minds, eyes and hearts so translucently and vividly, touching and feeling everything, using all their senses in order to blend their surroundings with what they're finding out.

Stretching imaginations and intellect, making paths open ever wider through moments of curiosity and wonder, loving to see these children wanting and eager to learn about everything.

If only they could continue in this way throughout their lives, how much more they can learn about the world around them, but alas, their parents and other adults look down on it and strip it all away.

Taking and crushing their curiosity, leaving them with a mediocre stance of learning for the rest of their lives, having had their innocence and purity of heart killed by adults narrow mindedness.

Leaving them in a place of total absence, curiosity, questioning, sensing life is no longer being used as they grow up to be like their parents.

Other adults also influencing them, never supporting or encouraging them, ending their once intense curiosity, wonder and awe of everything in life that was important.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children Raising Themselves

Chances of being famous and world-renowned are fairly
rare, yet many want to achieve fame in their lives.

Working hard, being respectable, dependable, fair,
honest, truthful, don't seem to be goals nowadays,
like when we were growing up.

Parents having slacked off because both of them are
working, having no time to be there teaching their
children, not even how to be polite, have manners or
respect authority.

Children now raising themselves, latch key kids,
having no role models to speak of, growing up with
others that are in the same situations as themselves.

Looking around, thinking how much nicer this world
would be had they been raised properly with both
parents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children Setting The World On Fire

Excitedly taking me by my mind into an atmosphere of
innocence and purity as I gather self in the midst
of childish laughter and talk.

Hearing some very honest and practical advice from
one child to some others, a special purity evident
in the wonder and awe of children.

So beautiful, so true and honest, things they say
and wonder, to be like a child forever would set the
world on fire with a novel movement towards beauty
we can all contribute to and find in our own lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children Swimming

Watching children learn how to swim, my Granddaughter
having done quite well through the years, on the top
of her level each time.

Splashing, smiles, scared faces when some go off the
diving board for the first time ever, afterwards all
of them laughing and wanting to do it again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children Trick Or Treating

Opening morning to many possibilities on this day -
Halloween.
Seeing youngsters, dressed in varied costumes, holding
parents hands and following wherever they're led.
Cute little ones, not quite understanding the meaning
of trick or treat - just enjoying the fact that people
are giving them candy for free - and they don't even
have to ask for it.

(10: 51 a.m. - 10/31/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children Wanting To Be Free

Small children running around the patio area,
exploring everything, watching each other run
and chasing after without any prompting whatsoever.

Mom's picking them up, trying to protect them
from falling and hurting themselves, as the child
kicks, cries and screams, wanting to get down.

Holding hands, children pulling with all their
might, wanting to get away and be free -
independent - learning on their own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children's Awareness

Laughter tingling children's minds, giving them a joy unknown outside of play.
Watching them with memories sticking in my eyes, reminding me of my own younger days.
Welcoming the gaity and happiness on all children's faces as they begin to develop self-esteem and an awareness of who they are as people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children's Behavior

Watching children as they yell and scream, excited at
being with other's their own age.

Seeing their individual behaviors and needs as they
interact with one another while playing.

Some are bossy, trying to tell others what to do, some
listening or doing whatever they choose or want to do.

At times getting themselves or another into trouble by
not listening to an adult.

Boisterous, timid, shy, all of them together, playing,
having a grant time away from their homes and parents.

Spending hours at a time having fun, enjoying themselves
immensely this summer at the Parks and Recreation Center.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children's Halloween

Children love Halloween, even though it can be scary.
They love dressing up, getting free candy of all kinds
and spending time with their parents going from one
house to another.
Decorations are various and children get a myriad of
notions of what to expect from many different people.
It allows everyone a chance to dress up and disguise
themselves - old or young.
A panacea of scary objects, people and aliens of earth's
domain for one day.
Halloween - All Saints Day - we all get to scare evil
away every year with our costumes and frightening
attire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children's Innate Knowledge

Watching images of little children running around in
reflections of a mind.

Seeing their innocence, wonder and awe in everything
they do.

Acknowledging their innate knowledge as they come up
with fascinating thoughts on different ways of doing
the same old things.

Spreading their wings, soaring over one another, ideas
flowing like waterfalls over cliffs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children's Learning Song

A class OF Kindergarteners all together, singing,
smiling, perfect tone, just amazing to hear.

So cute and tiny, little children, swinging, and
looking so adorable.

Having been taught the words to each song, smiling
and singing out loud about what they have learned
throughout the year.

A lasting memory being posted and etched in this
little poem for eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children's Melodies

Children singing, voices timid, some shying away from
microphones at times.

Energetic melodies rising, crescendoing very loudly
as the chorus is widely known to all.

Smiles from ear to ear, glee standing at attention
within, shining without, layers of voices falling off
tiers on a stage before us.

Solos, sung quietly, yet one boy stands out, singing
from his heart, a star shining within.

Dancers strutting, like Michael Jackson, across the
stage in time, filled with plenty of rhythm - stealing
the show - as the parents and audience clap to the beat.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children's Minds Absorbing Everything

Instilling many thoughts in intellect, joining the intensity of playing along with children, questions galore being asked of me, loving to answer them.

Curiosity of young ones matching that of mine, giving happiness and glee, laughing and watching sparkles of young ones capturing what I am telling them.

Little eyes and faces lighting up with their newly acquired knowledge, children absorbing everything in their minds.

Maybe one day using an ideas as it develops over the years, possibly becoming the cure of something in the future or an invention to make life easier for the next generation.

None of the learning done when young is going to waste in later years I believe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children's Prayer

We hope our parents look back on today and remember
their children took time out to be with them.

For though years are filled with working and babies,
parents, too, grow old, while we're not looking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children's Spirits

Faces of children like flowers, open, awaiting, filling with wonder, anticipating life with no thoughts of death right now.
Living life to it's fullest and continually finding out how to do this.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Children's Stories

Little children, tousled and happy, running around,
catching crawfish and getting dirty.
Running back and forth on a floating pier, imagining
any number of fish stories to relate, when they get
back home to family and friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Child's World

Up life's paths all children must go.
They need your love and confidence to succeed - they need your hugs once in a while.
So many things are there to spoil their minds, - so a Mom and Dad are the most important people in the world to a child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chill Of Unenlightened People

Listening to the silence of yesterday now being played
instrumentally in this mind and wandering earth in the
chill of unenlightened people.

Challenging efforts they make to destroy people and their
beliefs, convictions identified, definitely, being provoke-
ed through intellect of a power beyond that of earth.

Minds of stone, closed, narrowed into tombs of ignorance,
afraid to open them and find the truths reigning in this
world against them.

Taking lies and illusions of evil thinkers and doers out
of the equation so our world can live in peace, no more
war or hatred.

Intolerance and prejudice dying upon vines of evil, being
perpetrated throughout this entire world, an uprising now
being strung by goodness, morals and ethics.

People following the Ten Commandments, uniting, standing
strong together, defeating evil right from where it's
being grown.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chilling Alone

Silent, chilling alone through writing, enjoying a peaceful solitude immensely, listening to Yanni and relaxing this mind so perfectly while writing.

Noticing that life is filled with difficulties, yet being safe in a little haven of poetical creativeness, reaching deeply into intellect's spheres.

There all is hidden and kept sacred from prying eyes until revealed in prose for all the world to see and read, being silent so others can find their own meanings in it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chinese Melodies

Shimmering slightly in the breeze of morning,
sanguinely registering melodies in Chinese.

Zither flowing with rhythmic rhymes of notes,
sequenced in etudal styles.

Gently, sweetly, reverently, contemplative
measures fill my mind with anticipated joy
and elation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chisel Of Life

Life hammering way at me with it's sharpened chisel of age, taking away a little more each day, leaving me struggling from one moment to another.

Yet, getting joy and pleasure from family, friends and poets from all over the world, rejoicing in the effects we all have upon one another both good and bad.

For we learn from each other through each one of them, life is an experience and adventure, always challenging us in one way or another both positive and negative.

Curiosity and wonder taking me through every particle with a positive outlook and attitude, keeping me focused, alert and wanting to find more in every day than the one before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chocolate Covered Feelings

Chocolate covered feelings being relished and savored
in my mind.
Deliciously touching my heart's private chambers,
alerting them to untold stories of unrelinquished
sorrow.
Patently corrugating tunnels of vision, tracing
pathways of brain waves through neuron-like synapses.
Endorphins being generated on a whole new level through chocolate covered
feelings on display within a soul
of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choice

Is the people's choice really a choice or a brainwashing of someone else's ideas?
Do people decide their own lives or live off of someone else's dreams?
Everything is so closely incorporated, how can people tell when they are deciding something on their own, or making a decision based on another's theories?
Is the people's choice really a choice?
Or just a manufactured, mass productive ideal, belonging to a few.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choice Menu Of Thoughts

Tickling ivories of a mind, exacting measures of rhythm
from interior spaces intent on rhyming into the universe.

Collecting all particles of life, gathering information
together, creating visions that can be applied with mere
pens and paper, and pasting them into minds of everyone
who might read them.

A choice menu of thoughts given to others from depths of
a poet, in love with the music of each of their individual
flowing rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choices

Swinging to and fro in time with music of my soul,
freezing and unfreezing moments in time.
Growing older, looking back upon life, wondering how
things might have been had I made different choices.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choices Being Made

Striking chords, living on edges of earth,
wanting to let go and begin over again on
the other side.

Choices being made daily, trying to find
possibilities in other dimensions, while
correlating systems of coded messages with
intellect's imagination.

Fortunate that innate talent can incorporate
it all, finally using imagination as the final
stroke, touching chords and fulfilling desires.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choices Made Alone

Ridicule and intolerance of others is only bad
judgment on their parts and has nothing to do
with anything that we have done.

Always wondering how some people can be so mean-
spirited and cruel, makes me wonder what has
happened to them in their younger days.

What could have caused this inflection of in-
justice that they choose to perpetrate upon all
others.

Never knowing the true reasons, just looking at
them with pity in my heart, because they don't
realize what they do to others less fortunate.

Maybe they do know and just don't care, their
reasons never will be known, it's just a choice
that they themselves make alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choirs Of A Mind

Ground deeply into miles upon miles of effervescent pathways,
creativity sits politely by.

Watching others try, knowing that sacred rules of yesteryear
are outdated and only thoughts of people passing through time.

Right now, within the choirs of a mind, life is seen with a
different eye - a special view of life.

Catering to other's whims on what is art and beauty, knowing
inside, what it truly is.

Heart touching hearts - touching minds - creativity sits upon
great minds.

Loving that which is hidden deep within, bringing it out and displaying it's
beauty.

Letting all who see creatively, feel with their heart's eyes,
life-enhancing patterns and designs with all-consuming pride.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choirs Of Angels

Choirs of angels welcome little children, dressing them in robes of white, signifying their pure innocence.

Floating through the heavens with joyous happiness, a serenity at last fulfilling them.

Death has taken them from the hell of abuse and given them instead, heaven's lasting peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choking On Tears

Syncopating rhythms flowing steadily into the night.
Not letting me go, keeping me still in a darkened
interior where I can think of nothing except
yesterday's past as it's brought forward into the
present.
Choking on the many tears of life, not able to
breathe again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choosing A Child's Destiny

Borrowing names of future celebrities, naming sons and daughters after them, hoping to have their children grow up to be famous.
Choosing paths before they're even born, trying to control every avenue and path of their child's future destiny.
Not realizing that God has already put them where He wants each individual at every given point in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choosing Actions

In life we all make choices on what we want while living,
we look for the things that will benefit us and society
through our morality and ethics.

Rational actions that will bring us goodness and happi-
ness, unless we choose actions that purposely hurt our-
selves and others.

Causing harm many times, irreversibly hurting selves and
or others, these irrational actions and choices lead us
to suffering, pain and loss in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choosing Death

Languishing in a mountain pool of tears, feeling upset, heart being wrenched in all directions with no support or care.
Never-ending plaintive cries escaping, hoping to exorcise the signs of suicidal thoughts from within.
They are mounting higher and faster than ever before and I can no longer ignore their worth or my desire to cling wholly to their essence.
Seeing with clarity, the loneliness, emptiness, abandonment of being on a solo journey, and no longer wanting to be a part of it.
Assessing measures and methods of taking and burying a life of no use, looking closely at the calendar, choosing a date in the near future to culminate life on this side of the horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choosing Different Paths

Life becoming harder with every passing day, yet still
finding it exciting, challenging and thrilling.

Having experiences both good and bad, enticing me to
continue choosing different paths as I move forward.

Wonderful and beautiful no matter the insecurity and
doubts found along the way, just going on living each
and every moment fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choosing Directions

Bending, twisting, forming tree trunks having
minds of their own, choosing which direction
to grow in.

Following innate pathways to maturity and beyond,
showing the world that only they can fit perfectly
in the symmetry of their choice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choosing Moments To Mention

In the parking lots of life, we have moments to gather
our thoughts, placing they into memories, keeping them
as little treasure to remember their times.

Genuine and sincere, sometimes being caught up in every-
day events while walking through the hallways of living
alone.

Strident and totally energetic, choosing moments to give
mention to through poems and poetical interludes when
writing at our desks at midnight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choosing Not To Hurt

Strumming heartbreak through the years, feeling shards of this broken heart through tears of lost love.

At times being cut to the quick, remembering the abuse and foul mouth of one who said he loved me.

Actions never once reflecting any love at all, living in a prison of hell.

An interior death took hold, burying me solemnly while continuing to live.

Finding nothing left except musical rhythms, always immersed in their depths their intensity blocking out everything.

No longer hearing anything but melodies and harmonies that quelled feelings of hatred buried deeply within.

A sphere holding it locked away from mind interiorly, living a life of death where love doesn't exist, never has.

A solitary figure of humanity walking earth alone and far from others, always on purpose.

Choosing not to be hurt anymore in this life, thank God it's just a temporary one, for I could never be here otherwise, it would be much too much of a strain upon heart, soul and spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choosing Paths

Yesterday, we spent our time living life together,
now on this ending horizon, separating, choosing
our own paths to eternity.

Whiling away fascinating moments on edges of our
circumference, taking time to listen to whispers
of heavenly nature as they fall gently into our
minds.

Ending days, lasting in our minds, creating
visions of new dimensions, not wanting to think
of the past just now.

Preferring to watch ourselves as we come to terms
with our lives and new beginnings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choosing Thoughts

White clouds forming overhead, chasing thoughts around the heavens, searching for spaces to fit comfortably in.
Pieces of puzzles forming gently, seeping slowly over mountains into streams, shaping prose to accentuate poems nicely into verses for mankind to ponder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choosing To Be Still

Sun shining brilliantly from behind storm clouds, winds kicking up their heels, getting ready to blow and bluster through the desert.

Pleasant senses being touched, giving sensuous desires a fragrant scent of heaven to keep me going.

Separate positions are being laid out for me to choose from, yet, leaning back, I choose to just be still, writing and enjoying nature playing around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choosing To Become

Just rocking into life, not letting anything interfere
with intellect as thoughts rally and jump into the mix,
feeling joyful and lifting spirits into designs of novel
poetry.
Assigning models to begin the afternoon of change.
Choosing to become the engine of my own life, doing what
ever I feel at the moment in depths of interior solitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choosing To Obey

Scrawling hurriedly, trying to contain everything in poems
that I want to leave behind for family in the coming years
when I am gone.

Listening in chapels of my heart and soul, contemplating
life and it's myriad illusions to living.

Maintaining a semblance of being alive, striving to do
the best I can, finding my purpose daily and choosing to
obey God's plans instead of my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choosing To Remember

Rushing into the future, taking every particle and fiber
of my being into the total energy of another time and
dimension.

Playing in frontiers of instrumental music, rolling and
frolicking along the lines of definition through prose
while listening and writing.

Choosing to only remember the passion that takes me so
soothingly into my destiny where my purpose is always
being fulfilled throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Choosing To See

Recalling every episode in life with verve
and imagination.
Life in an instant when I choose to see the
past videos.
A wonderful gift, a great pastime full of
information, feelings, and emotions to write
from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chopping Thoughts

Tripping down lost lanes of inner loneliness,
not finding an iota of peace in a dismal area
of life.

Chopping thoughts into pieces and leaving them
lying within my heart, where there is no longer
any room to accommodate another person.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chords Breaking Free

Stridently progressing into tomorrow's repertoire of history in the making.

Guiding and leading patterns, existing perfectly in a space of unknown peace.

Tranquilly unfolding like a rose, appearing to become a bouquet all on it's own impetuous.

Taking care to allow every atom of being to be immersed in total concentration with the tides of energetic and sublime thought.

Chords breaking free and running wild, galloping quickly into another trail through forests of imagination.

Sliding into it's depths without any effort whatsoever, talently bringing about the exercise of music that I dearly love and want to be a part of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chords Of Ability

Wailing and silencing voices of protuberant thought
beyond today, hoping for an agreement of kindred
spirits as life revolves around time endlessly,
taking us with it on eternal journeys.
Touching upon chords of outstanding ability, tracing
them backwards into memories filling our minds.
Realizations etch themselves into our beings, becoming
part of us along the way.
Presuming daily portals are continually opening, giving entrance into our abysmal selves for knowledge and
meaning.
Taking unto our interior beings all the blessings of
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chords Of Being

Waiting patiently for an influx of ideas and images never takes long.
They always seem to be hanging on the tip of my pen when it first touches paper.
No longer hesitant or forlorn, I write continuously whatever my mind begins to hear and see.
Touching lightly, chords of my being, all of life jumps from my soul, holding on to a parachute, drifting with the flow wherever it will lead in any given moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chords Of Eternity

Decorated beginnings reaching from my soul, attaching them
to intellect and flowing towards oceans of thought.

Picking at ideas like a guitar player, playing his heart
out in music of his own making.

Striking chords of eternity and fulfilling an interior
destiny with the rhythms of his soul.

Challenging moments, giving oneself doubts and fears,
while holding onto threads of interior essences, as their
passion becomes known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chords Of Inner Being

Touching chords of my inner being, soaring through rhythms, a short-cut to heaven as I listen to pleasant memories of melodies.

Reminders of yesterdays that held promise as long as I kept the faith, hope helping me totally through the days and nights.

Finding ways to cooperate and enlarge my environment in life, always wanting to believe in tomorrow's sunshine and visions of destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chords Of Insight

Mind touching chords of insight as life rises, interior
ashes of disregard coming from situations that harbored
ill will in the past.

Now beyond their limitations and boundaries, having
access to divine intervention through a bluened light
that never diminishes or fades away.

Scampering, scattering themselves in patterns of design
created by winds of destiny, continuing to fulfill this
intellectual mind of imagination and creativity through-
out life and possible even beyond, only time will tell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chords Of Remembering

Flute-like melodies softly touch the chords of remembering within my mind.

Delicately, lacily, fingering notes to reach my heart and soul.

Lavishly extending time endlessly throughout forgetfulness of inner mind renderings.

Swiftly jumping, leaping to and fro, playing a frivolity of childhood into conscious thinking.

Hanging, balancing high in trees of play, escaping realities too painful to mention.

Silvery beauty filing and shining musically in the depths of my willing, listening being.

Flute-like melodies softly attune themselves to the inner child remembering within my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chosen Path

Surviving the energy of life being contrived by evil doers,
keeping serene and steady in a narrow pathway down righteous
and morally correct ethics.

Never allowing another to throw us off the path that has
been chosen, on a road to destiny, seeing it standing out
in front before you.

Awaiting our presence to set passion deeper into itself,
cooperating wholly with this expert way of living, accepting
fate on a platter of life, knowing it's ours alone to conquer
and find a purpose in life to be done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chosen Pathways

Incessantly moving towards my final sunset,
knowing already how beautiful it's going
to be when I finally get there.

Pathways I chose through life have all led
to this ending of existence in my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Chosen Reminders

Spirituality subconsciously being awakened in the middle of
the night, not to be ignored at any cost, a bluened light
filling intellect's mind with the Divine dwelling within.

Awaiting recognition of my soul and spirit, needing nurture-
ing of God, opening completely to His grace and mercy, feel-
ing the sacredness of being a part of His purpose on earth.

Being an instrument by which He can reach many through words
inspired by Him alone to help those in need on earth, lonely,
forlorn, forgotten, finding hope in a poem chosen to remind
them of His love on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Christmas

Sitting in front of our Christmas tree,
drinking a cup of tea and thinking.
Tears streaming down my face like tinsel
down the tree.
Ever flowing - always knowing - the sadness
lying behind decorations hanging everywhere -
no Mom to share them with.
No Mom here to make it a happy occasion.
Her smile has faded from my sight and lies
sleeping in my mind.
When it is awakened, it brings a new flood of
tears.
How can I go on without ever hearing her voice again?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Christmas At Buddy Stubbs

Joining in festivities here at Buddy Stubbs, enjoying it immensely, jolly old Saint Nick and Mrs. Claus here for the children.

Reaching out, spirit to spirit, completing the circle of life with one another, adding yet another experience to our lives with joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Christmas At The Cafe

Looking around the café at families with their children and grandchildren in tow.
A Christmas atmosphere settled upon everyone with Santa Claus sitting amid the crowd.
Up against the chimney - alongside it, a Christmas tree lit with beautiful colored lights celebrating the evening with one and all.
Smiling, eating, enjoying karoke, singers all in tune with Christmas songs geared towards children who are happily running their grandparents ragged in good ways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Christmas Cheer

Christmas cheer filling the atmosphere, giving of it's
essence to all who enter here to dance.

An exceptional feeling of joy as music plays happily
and lightly.

A most beautiful, enticing rhythm being give to everyone,
flippant and flamboyant, gathering happiness to all
corners of the room we're in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Christmas Family

Shouts of glee emerge as little eyes open and minds
realize it's finally Christmas morning - time to open
presents.
First, baby Jesus is placed in a manger, signifying
the true meaning of Christmas.
Then the rest of this special day is spent with family
and playing with cousins and their new toys.
A greater time is never had as we all reminisce around
the Christmas tree.

(10: 49 a.m. - 12/19/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Christmas Fantasy

Easing slowly into spirits of Christmas
and fantasy, watching children - faces
painted - balloons being requested and
blown up.

Every day aspects of life piled into
our Christmas holiday event at the city.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Christmas Festivities

Sitting at P.V. Community Center, eating a doughnut
and drinking O.J., while listening to a very
entertaining choral group, sing very Merry Christmas
songs.

Tappers dancing around, enjoying the merriment of the
season.

Santa Claus sits enjoying himself while 'Santa Baby'
is lip synched by a volunteer dressed in a red slinky
dress, a totally cute and adorable skit.

Musicians, singers, dancers are all wonderful and
contributed to a fantastic time had by all who were
here in attendance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Christmas Hearts

Watching the Paradise Valley senior chorus upon the stage, all sparkly and happy, singing Christmas songs of cheer.

Bringing smiles to the audience's faces, touching all hearts with jolly glee.

A piano player and a quiet drummer, keeping rhythmic beats to piano melodies and voice.

Santa sitting, listening as Santa Baby plays in the background, allowing a cute little skit to be enjoyed by everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Christmas Party

Music spilling out of the auditorium - splendid chances to loosen and limber stiff joints and bodies.

Swinging inside with beats and melodies, filling spirits with happiness, everyone joyously participating, and having fun with co-workers at our yearly Christmas party.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Christmas Past

Softly playing a Christmas rhythm from beyond the rainbow,
touching Christmas past coming to mind through this serene
and peaceful melody.

Touching interior feelings and emotions, giving me such
pleasure, remembering family and friends who have passed
through the years.

Tears stinging my eyes with their memories, always near
and dear to my heart, no matter how long it has been,
love still filling me with their aromas and now my tears.

A soliloquy, a sonata, composing past images, emotions
and melodies altogether, entirely taken aback in this
nighttime atmosphere where life is now standing still.

Writing and listening to every note as it fills my heart
overwhelmingly with the love I once knew in Christmas's
past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Christmas Season Anniversary

Christmas almost upon us, seemingly just being celebrated upon our minds in time.

Waiting for the seventeenth of December to put up our Christmas tree, celebrating our thirty-eighth wedding anniversary with our Catholic tradition and family.

Everyone decorating our tree, talking, laughing, and enjoying time with each other.

Eating, celebrating, a quiet remembrance of our days together, now falling within our souls forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Christmas Songs

Many songs of Christmas are being sung at karaoke
tonight, all about trees, cookies Santa and bells.
Altogether, blending in beautiful renditions for
everyone settled in Christmas parties given through-
out the season.
Drinking wine, sipping beer and egg nog, watching
others celebrate the only way each person knows how.
Individual parties going on in darkened corners
under the mistletoe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Christmas Sorrow

Christmas is almost here, a time of love, joy and cheer,
children waiting excitedly - expectantly for Santa to
appear.

Loving the many happy moments of caring and sharing,
bringing joy to all the land.

Many people though are filled with heavy sorrow for
loved ones who have passed on.

Knowing nothing can ease the pain of death, many try
to carry on for the sake of their children.

Christmas time is colorful, beautiful, yet some people's
lives are colored black.

Yet, there is still life for those who are left and each
must grasp at and hold what we can of it until our death
comes to possess us within it's curtains, taking us to our
final Christmas, blessed joy in heaven.

(8: 49 a.m. - 12/21/93)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Christmas Spirits

Sparkling garland of Christmas strung about the house,
shining the spirit of this holiday into hearts of
families everywhere.
Lights of many colors depicting feelings racing within
people, scurrying about town, shopping, meeting friends,
having dinner.
Happiness is bountiful as joyful giving presents itself
in everyone's hearts.
Tender spirits spreading peace to families over the
world experiencing the holiness of our Lord's birth,
celebrating, mindful of His presence in our lives
especially now at Christmas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Christmas Time

Strength and joy of Christmas is based upon a foundation of
hurt and sorrow, grief is abundant - is overflowing through
many glass tears.

Although there is happiness and laughter, pain peers through
it all, looking, searching for some relief in family members,
close, who are still here with us.

Christmastime is fulfillment of family on earth and in heaven,
all are together in hearts and memories.

Mindful of those who have gone before us, we must turn to those
still here, reaching out with close-knit hearts and souls.

Turning aside our own selfish thoughts - our own private grief,
coming closer together in spite of it all, making our lives and
those around us a little lighter with smiles and kindness.

All, in one way or another, have been touched with the purity
of death, the finality of life, and have wept unceasingly
through tears and grief, minds flowering on the graves of
those who have left us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Church Of Souls

Church of our souls in splendid beauty, touching, blossoming
when nature's soul touches, comes in contact with ours.

Minds filled with anticipated joy, hearts beaming with the
sensuous knowledge of kinship, alive, unbidden within us.

Heaven reaching deep inside us, stirring our souls to
greatness by allowing us to determine the extent of our
inner kindness.

Unselfish piety, delved into without delay or selfish
attitudes, becoming the wanton desire of caring and giving
hope to those more unfortunate than ourselves.

Taking everything we possess and allowing each the freedom
to give of ourselves totally without reservations or
materialistic worries and woes.

Taking proper steps to grow and nurture our inner beauty,
souls with gentle understanding, meaning and knowledge of
a world outside of our own small concentrated spaces.

Being the total person we were meant to be from the beginning,
allowing no one the key to enter our inner sanctuary where
we must pray and grow in silence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Churning Sadness

Sadness is churning inside, enveloping my mind
as it tears me apart.
Wondering what has happened to delay tears,
sorrow insists on filling my being with it's
purpose which I don't understand and wish would
stop taking over me now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circle Of Harmony

Rocking to a band of energy, being filled with laughter
and energy from within their rhythms.

All of them being tantalizing, vibrant and full of life,
enticing and pulling me into the circle of their harmony.

Jumping right into the mix of talent tonight, a wonderful
promise of entertainment filling my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circle Of Ingenuity

Listening to the aftermath of a long and tiring day,
completing my journey with a somnolent pleasure.
Rising colors, picking me up and twirling me into a
wonderful circle of ingenuity.
Leaving nothing untouched, capturing the loveliness
of all the goodness stuck in my mind tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circle Of Loss

Adjusting interior patterns, allowing them to combine and
blend with rhythms of innate music, capturing, fulfilling
and becoming a new design of ingenuity and achievement.

In recesses of our earthly lives, standing erect, taking
steps to find our way through confusion and bereavement
lying down before us.

We unknowingly find ourselves suddenly within the circle
of loss, turning about, seeing no exits - no way out -
the only way to the other side is to experience it all
from deep inside of our own beings to it's ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circle Of Love

Riding through nature, seeing it's beauty filling
photographic screens, fulfilling promises of every
being in heaven.

Completing expertise of another period in life,
transacting excursions of many a word into depths
of poems, spreading messages to be heard throughout
the world.

Serving everyone in special graces as they read and
become partners in creating a world of truth, honesty
and freedom for everyone.

Riches shared with one and all, leveling the playing
field in life, accepting everyone into the circle of
love and forgiveness without any exceptions.

Contrary to the world we live in now, every day filled
with hatred, evil, prejudice and illusions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circle Of Motion

Watching time tick away, wondering how it manages
to keep track of itself without a watch or clock.

Hands of each moving around in a circular motion,
touching upon each little line that's designated
as a minute.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circle Of Talent

Silently vowing to be at peace every moment, choosing to stay
alone with thought, as it's best for creative ideas to form
and become reality right before my eyes.

Scanning aspects of life, forming words to describe it's
beauty and introspection, intellectually held in an innate
circle of talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circle Shadows

Circle shadows lying on gray carpets, nothing
attached to them, just their darkened beings
staring into the atmosphere.

Sunlight shining all around them with no designs
surrounding their essence at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circle's Inabilities

Circles of friendship dance humorously in times of
hesitant need for companionship.

Brought around to us, we enliven our spirits with
tidings of responsiveness to one another.

Juggling time and widening our personal spaces,
everything fits like puzzle pieces into one
beautiful picture, worn around the edges with
familiarity and sorrow.

Times of our lives are held closely in circles of
friendship, held in our hearts always, especially
on rainy days every once in a while.

Life lives on in circles filled with fires of
lively personality and verve, totally unaware of
our inability to become one with self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circles Of Entertainment

Lovely anticipation boiling just below the surface,
stirring up ideas and images, dancing in circles of
lively entertainment.
Closely holding and following each other, ideas
generate fervent dreams of nature.
Stepping sideways and back, taking turns with
rhythmic rhymes and fantastic prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circles Of Good Friends

Sincerely moving towards circles of yesterday's friends who were always there for me no matter what the circumstances.
Loyal and true, giving of themselves to lend a helping hand.
Never too busy to be there for close friends, needing to have someone just living in a part of life.
Taking journeys through portals of everyday exercises of genuine relationships, taking them to higher stations, heading to gates of heaven, never looking back just forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circles Of Light

Circles of light translating the sights around me
into colorful pictures filled with words and music,
to go together in rhyming verses, interpreted just
for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circles Of Memory

Strolling down lanes of sorrow, watching images crying
in the distance, as rivers of tears run rampant over
my heart.
It's beating echoes within silent grief of yesterday.
Photos of meaningful adventures in life follow me
around in ever widening circles of memory.
Wishing for times of past years to come again - to
view with edges, just a little clearer - every scene
that comes alive in saddened cheer.
Death can hit hard enough to knock me out for life
unless I hold onto threads of hope and faith.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circles Of Misunderstanding

Sensing my soul's desire to hear and listen to interior music while I live in desperate depressions of sadness.
Quieting my heart while I carry on, hoping to end all recriminations with some understanding - yet that never happens as I'm
continually misunderstood and made fun of while being abused emotionally by another.
Staring down the barrel of a gun, I see life falling away from me and I no longer care to save it.
Lying down, never retracing steps, I continually travel in circles, hoping to end where I once had started.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circles Of Night's Edges

Certain riddles of life will never be solved,
because there are no answers in depths of our
lifetimes.

Cornering every meaning in circles of night's
edges, hoping to entice some sort of response.

Cradling questions, rocking them with songs of
lullabyes, hoping to lull them into a somnolent
answer when not paying attention.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circles Of Reasons

Circles of light dim my vision as tears press close to the surface.

All the stress and strain of a lifetime seems to want to be expressed right now - no waiting!

Crashing the gates to tear ducts, fighting off years of pressure, put in place to protect from all the hurt and sorrow.

Leaving renditions to violin heart strings, not wanting to give in, but wanting to be held like a child and encouraged to let it go at long last.

Hoping to see the beautiful gift of self without all the misery of past masks.

Lighting the vaults which have been sealed shut tightly, for so long.

Illuminating true reasons from the past which are no longer valid.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circles Of Roses

Bouquets of roses capture my mind, setting it free, allowing their beautiful scents to roam, smelling their exquisite perfume on a serene morning of reminiscence.

Circles of roses drift through my consciousness, portraying lessons of musical instruments played for years.

Touching soft petals, feeling their gentle fragileness as they attach themselves to my heart.

Riding backwards through time on tracks of railroad cars, visiting edges of time forgotten.

Familiar faces popping up in memories filled with relatives and ancestors.

A journey of past years brought before me now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circles Of Talent

Style and movement continuously touch my mind
as it creates moods and differences in life's
circle of musical talent.
Becoming brilliantly alive with notes of innate
wisdom on twilight evenings of great intensity.
Following pathways of creativeness down hallways
of artistic endeavors, and being placed in
museums for future generations to peruse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circles Of Thought

Sun shining upon me through a tinted window,
showing clouds how quickly I write of all of
nature in words of prose.
Statically rooting everything I see in prose,
delicately arranging it in circles of thought.
Poetical music being created from visions of
nature, melded with mind feelings, taken out
to look at and blend together forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circles Of Time

Rising in the morning with fantastic and uplifting rhythms
as they gather in my mind.

Telling me the importance of music in our lives, helping
to heal and sooth us through depression, sickness and
periods of isolation.

Touching us within, bringing our neurons and synapses into
the circle of time in measures of rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circles Of Waste

Standing by the window, seeing the environment pass me by,
watching people in every day stances, going about their
business and leaving time behind as they do so.

Taking in all sights, seeing nature being itself, waving to
me from branches of trees and leaves, all sending their
good wishes from beyond me.

Tending to their own nurturing, they idly stand by, and like
me, watch people passing by, doing whatever they need to do
to keep themselves busy.

Giving up many moments in every day just to pass time and
never staying in one place, continually moving in spaces
provided by their own acceptance in areas of their lives.

Gaining nothing but their memories into circles of wasteful
moments, never amounting to anything.

They incessantly continue doing what they know has no meaning
in life, wanting to know nothing more, while nature and I just
watch how they ignore their purposes in every day life.

So unmeaningful in the end, unlike my words becoming poetry
and nature flowing eternally, giving beauty to the world
around us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circles Of Yesterday

Rings of tribute slide around, never staying still, touching momentarily, facets of another time.
Continuing their involvement in circles of yesterday, being tangible only when thought of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circling

Circling life's horizons, watching for changes, seeing a world of ever novel beauty.

Forsaking energies of daily endeavors, instead creating pathways of choice, selecting freedom and liberty to guide the way around obstacles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circling Life

Life is circling rapidly, taking me back to the beginning
states in my mind.

Challenging me to find ways of adapting to new circumstances
as new trials come upon me, forcing me to retrace patterns
of thinking things through.

Solutions needing to be rearranged in visions, taken in out
of context and placed into puzzles completed with wisdom's
grace.

Picturesque stations, taking their places like soldiers in
formation, awaiting orders from God.

Grace and prayer, falling in line with hopeful serenity
and quiet escapes into contemplation.

(9: 23 a.m. - 3/3/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circling Light

Falling into a major part of distinguished talent,
exercising gifts that were given when I was being born.
Challenges with me throughout life, pushing me forward,
always lighting the way towards lighthouses, guarding
ocean's gateways, never taking eyes off the circling
light, guiding ships in the darkened ebony night.
Washing ashore in depths of silent whispers sent from
heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circling Pride

Swallowing pride and stomping on egos of pride, circles and pivots in arms of our minds, as we try to become humble in our lives.

Striving for perfection and being cut down often by human stubborness and sin, we each do the best we can and hope we will be forgiven by God in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circling Through Our Lives

Plucking rhythms, finding their way into my heart, taking
me into a joyous and happy mood, circling and turning every
corner as we step to staccato notes.

Surrounding us tonight with sweet melodies whispering to my
heart, touching us both so gently, enticing our emotions
and passion to be sated and shared together.

Taking feelings onto merry-go-rounds of love that keep on
circling through our lives, playing music that takes us
both into depths of our beings and back again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circuit Of Tomorrow's Destiny

Walking on edges of life, watching feelings go downstream,
looking for a place to land somewhere else in time, locat-
ing and taking facets of intense rhythms into a circuit of
tomorrow's destiny.

Enlightenment and an interior liveliness exists and finds
a space to reside in, often coming out of it's shell to
change and alter many different things in years of life,
pointing the way down an everlasting path of dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circular And Alluring

Intriguing and magical, looking forward to climbing inner heights, swinging from a trapeze and flowing constantly from one poem to another.

Feeling breezes touching my mind, gently and inspiringly, sensational thoughts always falling into pools at the bottom of an inner waterfall.

Insidious and hesitant at times, stepping back, afraid to move into circles of people lest having no time to write poetry.

Circular and alluring, finding a majestic beauty in land-scapes of inner intuition, mounting pleasure as each melody and rhythm is played, notes steadily dropping into poems that I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circular Cycle

When the coat of anger surrounds a mind, lifeblood is squeezed indefinitely from it.

There are no hopes or dreams, only desires to get rid of it, put it away somewhere for the rest of eternity.

Wasting a mind, creating a cavity of deep despair, a circular cycle continues day and night, on a lone unwanted mission.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circular Path

Deep is the sorrow embedded in me, there is no escape
because it has become a part of my entire being.

Living not in the same place as others - it is a space
of deep contemplation, filled with an emptiness of
life.

Sacrificing daily, giving outspoken treatises on the
promises of death.

Retaliating beneath a quiver of arrows, scurrying
hurriedly away, afraid to be seen by mortal man.

Whisking the bow of loneliness across minds of
expanding imagination and seeing the creativeness
held within the lonely emptiness only I can see.

Backing away from outrages of life, finding the one
place on earth I can be whole without being afraid
of anyone else's opinion.

Resurrecting benefits untold, prayerfully regenerating
in solemn accord with God.

Recharging batteries of essence, life travels in a
circle until it ends on the same path as it once,
long ago, began.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circular Pattern

Climbing walls of an inner life, holding onto them with a
strength not felt inside.

Treasuring many sights as they happen to focus on screens
held within.

Outdoors, breathing in the evening air, watching myself in
a circular pattern, wondering if I can break from within
it's circumference tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circular Pattern Of Genius

Recognizing literature in every note of melodies,
translating them into verses of prose.
Delicately knitting and crocheting them into
precious written memories for posterity, igniting
the minds of other poets throughout the world, as
they configure lines to fit perfectly in poems of
their own thoughts.
A circular pattern of genius, flowing like a
river around the world, picking up ideas in it's
swiftly flowing movement, taking them all out to
ocean depths where all poetry sits in waiting for
people to reach into and grasp with their minds
as they read them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circular Reflections

Circular reflections taking thoughts into a contemplation of
what life is like, thinking of all aspects it holds while we
are living it.

Each of us are individuals finding our ways down pathways of
our destinies, at times wondering why living is so difficult
and exhausting.

Having so many trials and tribulations along the way, striving
to make a living, feeding and taking care of our loving families,
finding it harder each day.

Our government continues to take whatever we make for their own
greed and corrupt appetites, having very little left, angry at
their insane laws.

Taking away our rights, wanting us all to depend on the bits
and pieces that they give to us in return, trying to turn our
nation into a third world country so they can rule alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circular Stances Of Music

Lilting and light, an accordion player enticing and
tapping us on the shoulder.

Melodies from yesterday, bringing us into circular
stances of musical glory.

Beautifully and softly, taking us into an environ-
ment of joy and happiness, lifting our spirits,
carrying us forward into another day.

Slowly, gently, swinging our lives into the wonder
and awe of rhythm, giving an increase in endorphins
as we smile and are merry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circular States Of Mind

Crying of my heart echoes endlessly in my mind.

Saddened strains of melodies touched tenderly, are filled with
pain of remembering.

Laced across pathways created in memory banks, ripped and torn
with the ache of unrealized death.

Trapped in circular states of mind, unafraid, timid replies
issue slowly forth.

Panic swelling, tidal wave height, expressing anger of
unexpressive melodies.

Sending and receiving messages unrelayed since childhood,
sent on hidden wave lengths, disguised for years as poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circular Thoughts Unfolding

Mellow and settling back in a state of day dreaming,
seeing pictures of a photographic screen, continuing
to show images of life that I enjoy remembering.

Succulent and beautiful, always touching innate imag-
ination with a tantalizing touch of spirituality as
it falls upon my mind.

Giving pleasure and peace to my being at the same
time, as circular thoughts are unfolding, giving
ideas of life, while generating them in a bevy of
moments spent in pleasure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circular Verse

Shifting sides of imagination's brain, brings about
surprises of a novel approach.

Ideas become many facets wide as they develop into
a myriad of thoughts, completed in circles of verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circular World

Thoughts, like palm trees reaching for the
skies with grace and beauty.
Fragilly waving lithe frond fingers and
hands, welcoming all into their circular
world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circular Writing

Swelling with words within my brain,
needing to let them drain themselves
into many poems.
Leaving me to write continually in a
circular pattern and form.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circumference Of Eternity

Energy building, sending me onto wave lengths of nature where
I am filled with it's effervescence and beauty, touching this
soul, enhancing my spirit with a natural essence.

Comfortably fitting an interior being, completely filled with
a silent ability through innate talent and curiosity, both en-
livening and carrying me forward into the circumference of
eternity where I love to dwell and write poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circumference Of Everything

Pillars of stone standing here and there in buildings,
holding them up, forming entrances in which to find
our ways.

Exactly finding the place, going in every direction,
being somewhere in the circumference of everything
that is open.

Waiting for people to come and enjoy themselves or else
work in measures of time, supervisor's wants and needs
at times being abusive.

Stretched beyond endurance, stressing and keeping their
employees on edge, sickness and depression setting in
for some.

Others taking it all in stride, letting it roll off of
their backs like water off a duck as it comes out of
the lake.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circumference Of Holiness

Violinly soothing my mind, bringing me to an opening in the gates of heaven.
Stepping timidly into it's gardens I feel a sudden release of all earthly pressures being taken from me.
A blessed serenity filling my heart, mind and soul with wonderful senses, pulling me into a circumference of holiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circumference Of Humanity

Watching life move in the circumference of humanity, intellect
choosing aspects to be checked into further, listening intently
to every note and sound.

Wandering through measures of time, racing or jumping into
acres of desert lands, enjoying the positive impressions etch-
ed upon intellect's mind and brain.

Bringing an energy and power increasingly faster into being,
flexible and intriguing, flowing with air currents across
inner deserts of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circumference Of Musical Ability

Strutting across dance floors of ingenuity, tracing
steps with partners of reticence.
Life circles itself, folds in upon all senses of
mind-thriving existence as movement flows over and
around beings enjoying themselves.
Listening attentively as rhythm takes everyone into
a circumference of musical ability.
Lively anticipation gathering in feelings of common
insider definitions, holding altogether, all aspects
of individuality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circumferences Of Time

Hobnobbing in biker's realms, finding it fascinating,
learning so many interesting things about what they
do to help others, especially children.

Loving their energy and anticipation as they do figure
eights in this mind upon their motorcycles, being awe-
struck as I watch it happening before my sight.

Slowing down and wriggling away, being taken over by
a slow and steady beat, torching interior sins with a
lightened ember.

Wide-eyed, pleasant, insistent and openly admonishing
beauty that is being turned down, revolving around
circumferences of time and it's measures in rhythms.

Solemn at times, running as fast as possible to get
away from the guilt and into timeless prayers, forging
lengthy surprises into the foray, folding upon themselves.

Thoroughly enthralling every beat and measure, beating
and enticing the heart beats of my being along with it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circumspect Desires

Relative circumstances being contained interiorly
with circumspect desires.
Alleviating the posture of failure as rhythm takes
away the feeling of loneliness.

(10: 09 p.m. - 11/19/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circumstances Of Life

Turning slowly into the enclosure of my mind, having no inclination of caving in to other's demands.

Soothing silence, reaching depths where all of living subsides in the shadows of another time.

Watching and listening to possibilities, standing alongside, waiting to be brought into view, carefully and justifiably without any bias or confrontation.

Only holding to the circumstances of life as it turns inside out and leaves me bereft for eons of time alone without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circumstantial Wonderment

Forever is a long time - I wouldn't want to do anything
for that long period.

Except maybe to write what lies within, even though,
words may run out of rhymes in future thoughts.

Life will continue to begin, grow and end with each being
coming into existence.

Circumstantial living will always remain a mystery, even
if one could forever live on earth.

Mere mortals, we cannot solve mysteries of our being -
cannot fathom abysses of existence or knowledge.

What do our thoughts consist of? We are all unknowing,
trying to fathom ourselves from nothing.

Our minds cannot delve pages of ourselves or realities
of creation.

Why then do we constantly try to imagine answers to
questions that do not yet exist? Where does meaning lie
in that?

Fraught with our own ignorance in many things, how have
we learned what we have so far?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Circumventing Trails

This mind circumvents trails of yesterday so I will not feel the pain of it.

Likewise, consciously avoiding every opportunity to look back upon it, preferring to savor the minutes of this hour.

Willfully sandbagging my subconscious to alleviate any stress that slips my way.

Traveling inner highways of illogical reasoning, carrying on the search for peace.

Stranded in hopeless decay, lost upon abilities hiding deeply within, pondering many messages listened to and filed away.

Where are the tranquil homilies, awaiting replies? Still beneath tides of dirty rivers, floating towards the bay of lost islands, captivating the wanton disregard of sleepless nights once known in graveyard's tombs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cisterns Of Disaster

Withdrawing into depths of inattentive focus,
planning to give in to it's passive flavors.
Tomorrow, falling into meaningless cisterns
of disaster.
Whiling away time just letting things go,
not really caring which direction I end up in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cisterns Of Life

Steady and taciturn, going forward into cisterns of this
life, finding swirls of derision focusing their eyes on
blind spots.

Curiously, they don't ever move out of their little circles,
preferring darkened corners of angles and closets instead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

City Council Christmas Reception

City Hall, a place of enjoyment?

It seems so, it's Christmas and our Mayor has thrown city employees a Christmas reception with cookies, punch, cider and Starbucks coffee.

Council members became human for a while, several sang Christmas carols, Jingle Bells, Rudolph and Silent Night filling our ears nostalgically, touching our heart's memories.

A steel drum band playing wonderful music, touched our Christmas senses, making our spirits come alive.

A welcome respite on a Friday afternoon, a wonderful present from our city government.

Employees gathered, listening, talking, eating, enjoying the afternoon, appreciating their good fortune in this year 2000.

(3: 42 p.m. - 12/15/00)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

City Illusion

City of Phoenix is a lie - an illusion - run by
incompetents and derisive fools.
Leaving nothing to the imagination as workers
lie, cheat and steal from the public.
Also, using reverse discrimination to harm and
fire those not of the right color, age or
nationality.
Causing these former co-workers to live in sheer
poverty with no alternatives - no hope - condemned
to lives of disgrace and emptiness in a pool of
yesterday's ignorance.
Vacant eyes staring, wondering what has happened.
They were employed and now have become victims
added to the City of Phoenix's growing list of
atrocities.
A victim - not having done anything wrong -
except belong to the union.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

City Lights

Sunshine now gone,
sky is slowly darkening in front of my eyes,
as city lights begin coming on all over town.
Dark clouds stretching out their arms to touch
hands before they are blown disappearingly into
another place when I'm not looking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

City Oasis

Sun hiding gently, shyly behind pine trees, peeking occasionally through the leaves.

Whispering winds blowing over graying areas inside a mind.

Water running constantly, artificially in a cement pond.

Mushrooming down after having formed a lily -clear shape.

Far away from the trappings of a hectic world while sitting right in the center of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

City Of Angels

Magnetizing a lifetime through proper channels, thriving
on edges of another dimension.

Walking into a city of angels, hands prayerfully folded
in humble circumstances, looking for a reprieve from
life's suffering and trials,

Knowing there will never be one for this humble poet
hiding within many volumes of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

City Of Phoenix Abusing Again

Sad state of affairs here at the Senior Center for New Year's Day and Christmas.

A ruling having come down from City Hall stating that none of the senior's Grandchildren are allowed to join them for Christmas and New Year's festivities.

Across the board, discriminating against seniors and Grandchildren, a total disgrace to the one whom they are supposed to be protecting.

Now being made to sit and cry, knowing their Grand children are being deprived of essential joy in their young worlds without their Grandparents.

Displacing seniors and Grandchildren for the stupidity of a few people, having no respect for any of them, a few depraved and sinful people downtown.

Having no hearts or compassion, thinking only of their misguided thoughts that have absolutely nothing to do with our senior centers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

City Officials Stealing

Life-threatening ideas, sitting on easels, pointing out errors in lives of people.

Self-appointed gods, pulling strings, threatening public rights.

Deciding to serve with ever-increasing force, ordinance violations are thought up and enforced.

Making it legal for themselves, Phoenix officials are stealing from us.

Taking away our personal property because they want what we have in our back yards.

Old classic automobiles, trailers, future money we have stored on private property.

How could the city have gotten so powerful, putting people in jail if their yards aren't up to par?

It's time to put a stop to this infringement on our constitutional rights.

Just today, an overheard conversation, between two city inspectors - one with a friend who will look up private records on a person just to serve a violation notice to an unsuspecting person for the other.

Offering to ask a friend anytime to check on private individuals so they can take their property and put them in the street or in jail if their weeds are six inches tall!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

City Pushing

Life-taking events multiply when you're dealing with the city.
So many charges and fees for so little service.
How does anyone expect a person to eke out a living if government officials insist on taking what little hard-earned money we each have left?
It doesn't make sense to one who grew up so poor.
Why does the City Of Phoenix take away people's existence and push them over the edge?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

City Streets

City streets are constant eye-sores - dirty, cracking,
full of pot holes, running rampantly all over our city.

ADOT should be cited for millions of violations, but
the city of Phoenix, it's politicians and inspectors
ignore all references to it! ! ! !

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

City Ugliness

Ugly repeater towers, standing ironly against
concrete and steel buildings, making their
appearance.

Rudely pretending to mark an era of excellence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

City Workers

Bureaucracy of ignorant city workers preying on poorer people
because they have no way to fight back.

How pitiful the petty claims sound up against the reality of
our city's environment.

It amazes me how anyone can justify their job, sneaking around
private homes, entering yards without warrants - which police
aren't allowed to do.

Judges sitting in black robes on protective benches should not
be able to rule on whether a person is untidy or not, for it
is nobody's business, but the individuals.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

City's Toad

Bank One ball park - what a blight on our fair city!

A monstrosity - ugly - standing like a toad in the way
of beautifying the city of Phoenix.

Such an eye-sore, something I'd rather turn away from
than look upon it.

An example of insidious misappropriation of our taxes,
being plied by the city of Phoenix.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Claimed By Death

Adjusting and realigning life according to nature and beliefs in spirituality, leading always into and towards generous attitudes, positive moods and energetic intellectual endeavors.

Present in the moment fully, enjoying freedom, liberty and peace it gives to this soul, soothing it along with mind and heart.

Giving no claim whatsoever to the sacrifices we all must make in this temporary life, before our death's take what little we have in the end.

Our hearts, lungs, brains, minds, intellect, everything disappearing and none of us ever really knowing where it's going to go.

A precious life, physically, mentally, spiritually, intelectually and it all comes to naught when we are claimed by death itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Claiming My Heart And Soul

Primary sensations calling to me interiorly, leaving nothing
behind, a circuitous route of musical poetry now forming it-
self within intellect.

Temporary feelings touching and disappearing, a transient
freedom that keeps my heart moving from one measure to another
and back.

Claiming my heart and soul, taking away the stress of this day
and replacing it with a peaceful nurturing that makes me rest-
less to hear even more.

Can't get enough, loving the essence that's passing through my
being, a lively and vibrant sensation taking it's place within
my heart and mind.

Everything coming alive, taking me away into an intense musical repertoire that
is attuned to who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clamoring For A Voice

Rapidly expressing each and every thought touching my
mind, enjoying the knowledge combining with imagination,
taking me so far beyond all that I can know.

A feeling of joy always filling me with a sincere
peace that stays with me when I write.

A classical beauty being created as I automatically
think and write.

Collectively attaining every emotion and feeling
through the music I hear and compose myself.

Always wanting to have it blasting within my mind
to keep out all the worldly thoughts, clamoring for
a voice in my poetry.

Knowing that I can stay within my boundaries, I feel
confident of my soul's priorities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clapping Drums

Clapping drums sounding throughout the atmosphere,
leading me through avenues of a polka.

Laughing, enjoying it as my pen continues to tickle
paper with it's ink.

Slipping into depths of a waltz afterwards, finding
it's slower rhythms keeping me from moving forward
through musical melodies along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clarifying Life

Dreams filling this mind, disappearing upon waking for
a while, reappearing like magic when writing poetry,
delicious and positive, enticing intellect.

Mystery and magic of this subconscious mind, thoughts
surfacing, finding spheres to gather together, living
vibrantly in their particular atmospheres.

Following enlightenment to eternity, future visions
and dreams traveling pathways led by fate and destiny,
to be found within innate knowledge at the end.

Another day being planted solidly in another night of
dreams, the process starting over once again, producing
many more ideas written in poetry and musical scores.

All of it for posterity, clean and beautiful, pure and
innocent, clarifying this life of a mere poet while
still here writing for the time being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clarinet Exercise

Wailing of a clarinet exercising lungs and mind at once,
reaching depths of existence.

Prepared for new adventures and visions as we wend our
way towards everlasting happiness.

Believing in results of faith we hope for good lives
until we die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clarinet Voyage

Singing into my mind, a clarinet fills my head with
it's fascinating tones and voice.
Beginning strides of bliss enter my heart, taking
it on voyages of beauty through musical etudes and
fortes.
Spreading life-giving essence throughout my body,
enhancing every movement with agile flowing and
preciseness of rhythm.
Forever living on edges and rims of dance floors,
playing my clarinet forever, as it brings a creative imagination to the forefront of
life as I know it.
Progressing with tuned-in melodies, growing ever
larger within my mind, increasing talents and
abilities, overflowing them into musical poetry
and art.
Artistically displaying literature in creative new
ways and forms, placing everything into a historical
aspect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clarity Of Natural Death

Cloudless breezes whizzing through the air, penetrating a mind creatively at work.

Staring above, seeing nothing, looking down upon this page watching gray breezes shiver and move shadows of the tree branches above.

Silently traipsing through a melody of nature's, clear and sweet, surrounding the atmosphere.

Wherever going from here, it will be quietly serene, listening to the clarity of natural death hiding now within.

Hidden from view, yet it can be felt, it's presence stirring silently in the shadow of being.

Awaiting it's long-awaited rehearsal, finally a star in the night, once seen, nevermore to be seen again on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clashing Momentarily

Realizing attitudes in lives of others are based on
individual opinions and experiences they've had in
and throughout their lives.

At times, clashing momentarily then pulling back,
remembering this fact, having learned to compromise
and bring peace to the table once more.

Finding solutions and coming to admirable conclusions
in which to fit patterns of everyone's satisfaction
into the equation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clasping Destiny

Wandering quietly alone, void of beings clamoring
for attention.
Taking solo steps towards flying above earth on
another plain too high for mere mortals to be.
Watching chances fly about, clasping destiny and
fate for short moments in spaceless time.
Tranquilly flowing down interior rivers, swelling
with dissatisfaction and anger.
Soundly quelling emotional waves, tidally burying
me beneath their salted eyeless tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clasping Love

Hearts touching one another from afar, clasping onto
love for a while as oceans of sorrow wash over us.
Watching horizons through tears, we move slowly
forward alone, letting go of the past and falling
into an abyss, dark yet serene with hope.
Life folds itself into blankets of tears, saving
them for future rainy days when solo feelings fall
beneath blankets of tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clasping Our Hearts

Life tip-toeing beyond us unknowingly, clasping our hearts, touching our souls, reaching out to a spirituality that has grown between us through the years.

Silence like a blanket, tucking us into the bedcovers of another horizon we have not as yet seen coming upon us, lying in wait for our acceptance of it's holy presence.

As we spend our last moments of this earthly life with one another, not knowing which one of us will succumb first to an eternal life.

Our love holding us dearly, giving no signs or warnings of what is to soon be coming between us, our hearts, minds and souls awaiting this final moment even now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Classical Being

Stringing along, vibrating, touching particles of my brain
with an essence of classical being.

Following pathways of intellect into serene placements of
yesterday's ideas.

Formulating new approaches to every thought and decision
coming to mind on this early morning at Dr. L's.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Classical Patterns

Fingering classical rhythms in my mind, enjoying their patterns and the denizens being made of them with each note being played that I see.
A cacophony of forms and shapes, filtering through the music to my intellect.
Running through the gamut of intricate fingerings, softening my heart and echoing through my brain, lifting me to heights of elative euphoria.

(11: 37 a.m. - 11/01/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Classical Soul

Tranquilized by incessant music, calming my classical soul, and taking me to horizons I've never known.

Stretching limits into spaces never been to before.

Tacking intellect, widening it's expanse, taking me soaring in my mind with no hesitation.

Lifting spirits, energizing my soul, beckoning from heaven's gates, I see and respond on another plain where I can be myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Classical Tones

Lonesome calls of the wild fill me at times with
a pining for what I used to have when younger.
Walking through deserts, watching sights of
treasured moments as they calm my soul with the
fluidity of classical tones musically instructed
all through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Claws Of Dependence

All the world's sadness has descended, tears as full as
oceans wash over me in unending waves, crashing, thrashing
me about, knocking me to shore.

Being constantly pulled back in with the under tow, just
can't seem to escape it's clawing grasp.

As in life, when I try to escape the claws of dependency
which pull me back again and again into it's grip.

Not setting limits helps me to grow away, on my own from
someone else.

It's when they limit their time with me that pulls me towards
them, trying desperately to have more time than they're giving
me.

It keeps me too close, clinging, I know it and try to get
away, but cannot because time limits, like the under tow pull
me closer to a person.

Get rid of the limits so I can be free to love you still,
yet become independent, move away from you and the dependency
I have on you.

Let me go so that I may come back stronger, I need to exercise
my will for a change.

Please love me, trust me enough to know that I can do this
on my own, our friendship will not die, but like me, become stronger.

All the world's sadness has descended upon me, tears as
full as oceans wash over me in unending waves, crashing,
thrashing me about, knocking me to shore.

Being constantly pulled back in with the undertow, I can't
seem to escape the clawing grasp of dependency thrown upon
me once more from my past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clay Character

Blinding anger brushed aside, given no importance to,
feelings pent up with no where else to go, turn in
and find a place to hide.

Daily, taking walks so as not to feel the slight of
each passing day, character is building itself out of
blocks of clay, nothing stronger can be found within.

Settling in amid soiled debris, life finds itself in
everyone's mire, turning and reaching out, fancifully
becoming nonexistent, folding itself among the grey
matter of it's brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clay Minds

Drumming incessantly into minds of clay, etudes slink about,
attaching themselves to rigorous thoughts during days of readiness and powerful sensations.
Tapping through all sequences of landscape and rhythm, alighting on scenery of beautiful mind-bending poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clean Fun

Listening to echoes, recalling their memories from past years, growing up in a large family.
Always having something going on, never a dull or boring moment.
Being poor, but never letting that stop us from finding good, clean fun every weekend.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clean Slate

Listening and taking in all of life with strength of will and
hope, giving it all in spite of evil and devastation in this
world.

Looking for answers that will take care of all problems once
and for all, at times scathing repercussions taking place,
but that's no reason to lose hope.

Tomorrow is a brand new day and we can begin once again with
a clean slate, carrying on as before, continuing the fight
against evil and corruption.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cleansed And Pure

Umbrellas protecting us as rain pours from torn storm clouds, yet what are they protecting us from?

It is only water after all, as we think and tend to matters of life, trying to do what we are taught, and believing otherwise.

Wanting instead, to be getting wet, soaked in fact, by rain water pouring down upon us, rain actually making our hair soft and shiny, unlike when taking a shower.

Feeling cleansed and pure from heaven, a special grace sent from God, Himself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cleansing

Saddened recollections penetrating consciousness,
trying to grasp memories and their lasting impressions.

Forwarding emotions into deep-set labyrinths, carrying
images and their thoughts in imaginative realms so they
may be written out where all truths may be seen.

A cleansing of body and soul, enabling life to become
what it must while here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cleansing Grief

Marching solidly out of lines into dimensions unheard
of, tantalizing inner rhythms into soul's beings.

Treading off of lanes into caverns of mercurial silence,
begging forgiveness as waves of sorrow topple over and
wash out with the tide.

Cleansing interior grief for intervals of time, as
rhythmic dimensions float and shower some resemblance
of past happiness on our doorsteps.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cleansing Interior Knowledge

Interior knowledge rinsing my mind, cleansing it for future
images and visions.
Retaliating constantly against reality, programming imagination
to resist any and all adverse ideas of others, trying to make
me compile literature for themselves.
Adding to interior wisdom on a daily basis, becoming more and
more towards an acuity of beyond and it's special editions.
Contrary to reality's thoughtful precepts and agitated senses,
featuring acceptable decisions as they appear in line.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cleansing The Past

Taking time to begin a new sensation through poetical ideas,
cleansing the past with a band-aid of sorts, covering up old wounds,
disinfecting their interference in today's world.
Giving preoccupation it's due while unclinging it's virtue.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clear Vision

Reading poetry through my mind as it comes out at the
end of this pilot pen, is exhilarating, energetic and
beyond comprehension.
Life is seen through clear glass vision, seeing and
writing exactly what is being done with no white lies
or hidden truths.
Whatever I am writing down just is.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clearing Cobwebs Away

Light and mellow rhythms entering intellect, clearing
away cobwebs left behind by a headache due to the hot
Arizona sunshine this afternoon.

Finally sitting indoors where it's cooler, waiting for
AAA to come and put a starter in the van, writing and
listening to music, making me feel better.

Mood is improving, feelings are being soothed dramatic-
ally along with that headache, rarely if ever having
one in all these years of life.

Hating when one does hit me, don't like anything in-
terfering with thought processes at all, because it
disturbs me interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clearing The Way

Spiritual breezes blowing gently through this mind, clearing the way to my soul and it's effervescent sense within me always.

Breaking through the sadness and sorrow, giving an avenue of caring and mercy towards other people while sating needs of my own.

An absolute and positive requiem to life itself in domains of the Divine dwelling within each of us if we only seek Him in our daily lives.

Spending quiet moments in depths of His love and mercy, at last freeing us from this materialistic world of spiritual poverty and giving an extreme and glorious joy from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clearly Detailed Visions

Walking quietly through forests standing within this mind,
scenting thoughts with their pine tree aromas, a lucid,
complete pathway along, narrow ways of ideas.

Contouring and following the aromas to another dimension,
standing off to sides of every mirror reflection being seen
inside.

Shining images peeking out from behind tree trunks, wanting
to be seen, so they may come out into clearings of the
forest.

Visions of clearly detailed beauty of nature appearing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cleft In My Mind

Devastated beyond repair, nowhere to go or turn to.
Left in quicksand, ignored and let go of like
yesterday's trash.
Sordidly becoming a hermit, afraid of being hurt by
anyone, causing a cleft in the middle of my mind,
without a cure or prayer of hope.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cliffs Of Death

Darkness surrounding everything, filling pockets of
emptiness with it's chilling effects.

Daring life to come and play upon cliffs of death, it
falters, misses steps.

Standing out upon the dunes, staring out over sandy moors
of time, life practices it's daily rhymes.

Pretending not to notice the impending doom of night, it
carefully slips behind some rocks, out of sight.

Keeping it's life well hidden in the dark of night,
surrounding all with empty pockets full of blackened light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Climate Of Intense Brokenness

Slowly walking along shores of life, wondering where the time
has gone and how I will find my way through death, because
nothing on earth matters.

Yet I want it to at times, collecting memories through the
years, now yellowed with age and a texture that has grown
through more endearing over time.

Now etched in my mind forever, touching and selecting wonder
that fills earth on a constant basis, climbing ever higher
and faster into a climate of intense brokenness of the past.

Reflecting sensations that fill the cycle of this life as we
live and find our purposes hidden within the tribulations and
troubles of our existence.

Perpetrating desires as they rise into each individuals presence
of mind, living life as it comes, hoping for peace and serenity
to enter our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Climatic Purpose

Silently moving into realms of ecstasy, desires are
burning brightly within a being.

Enlivening and taking everything, building every
sensation to a climatic purpose in life.

Exacting and beautiful pictures flowing gently in
the breeze of an afternoon moment.

So absolutely perfect, tempos and rhythms taking us
to heights and perspectives we have been to before in
life.

Throwing caution to the wind, following discoveries
of every day possibilities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Climb Through Adversity

Mountains of life's turmoil must be climbed through
adversity and suffering, gathering strength, steeper
the walls, more is needed in order to be dealt with.

Interior characters gaining an absolute faith in
abilities to conquer every barrier standing in their
path, trying to gain ground at every corner.

Life is standing before us and the ones who attain
their goal, having had to achieve every step of the
way, are the winners, taking it all into their being.

Heavenly protection keeping them safe as life continues
putting obstacles and barriers in front of us, hoping
to discourage and defeat us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Climbing

Walking mountain ledges in my mind,
remembering times I actually climbed
when younger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Climbing A Mountain

Sweetened memories are coagulating and gesturing to be
remembered in these lines right now this moment.

Selecting those that are jumping for joy, seeing self
in childhood, having the time of my life.

Togetherness with family in depths of intellect,
becoming a part of this poem right now.

Walking up mountainous terrain, watching sights get
smaller down below us.

Youngest sister getting stuck on the side of the
mountain we were climbing, I had to rescue her.

All memories are treasured, this one in her tears,
because she was so scared by herself up so high.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Climbing After Midnight

Climbing mountains after midnight, striving to reach the
stars with their brilliant, twinkling lights, enticing
me intensely all the while.

Wanting to touch and hold them within my mind, curious,
wanting to know how they feel, what their actual texture
is like.

Totally submersing in depths of outer space, watching
closely as I climb after midnight

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Climbing Canyon Walls

Pictorially bringing me into scenic views of nature,
climbing the walls of canyons as I hear music being
played all around me.
Justifying my place in life as I write to talented
bands with a natural essence, held closely inside.
Rocking it out as I walk through it all on edges of
tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Climbing Controversy

Sometimes in the darkness I lose my way, sanity leaves me,
I know not which direction to go.

Safety is no longer existent, life has stopped and sits
remotely on a merry-go-round, no longer identifying with
anyone in space or time.

Life goes around with no purpose, stops when it is over,
duty follows itself around in circles, never contemplating
why it does so.

Obligations fly away slowly with the wind, never landing
except momentarily in some people's minds.

Controversy climbs ever higher within each of us and insanity
seemingly takes over the daily grind called life.

Continuing ever in a continuous circle, never climbing off
or holding on, only falling over when it becomes too much
to handle.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Climbing Like Ivy

Racing through the day, can't wait to be with you this
evening and all night through, for life is so empty with-
out you by my side.

Loving to be with you, hearts beating together, breathing
simultaneously and moving in rhythms of a genuine and un-
conditional love we have between us.

So totally inspirational, our lives take us into the center
of an immense atmosphere where only we two exist, like
magic, a mysterious sense of desire and passion begin.

Climbing like ivy between us, enticing and bringing us to-
gether time and again, our hearts are one, kissing so
passionately, senses going wild as we make love into the
night.

Our particular rhythm rising, filling us both with such a
vibrant and tantalizing feeling, stretching our love,
wrapping it around and within us.

Finding each other in the rhythms of our hearts, music
playing to our inner love, nothing ever feeling so delicate
and exquisite.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Climbing Mountains Interiorly

Showing images through prism crystals, changing shapes,
forming new formulas based on what I'm seeing through
grey matter.
Loving the beauty of each prism, crystallizing in sight.
Carefully taking them apart, moving each particle to
change and alter their original patterns, forming and
creating new ones with many more aspects to be inventing
from them.
Expectations running high, as I watch the developments
turning around inside, giving me new hopes for mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Climbing Rocks Of Passion

Waking me from a slow song, new rhythms beating a lively tune, energizing this poet, taking me quietly into mountains, climbing the rocks of passion.

Rock hard and exciting, every particle of my being from the inside out, traveling up and down ravines, seeing the sights so few people see in this life.

Pivoting and taking intellect careening into plateaus high above earth, loving the views from where we lie in bed alongside of each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Climbing Stairs

Climbing stairs within a mind, helps to discover what is already there.

Looking always for new ways of doing things, seeing ways they can be done.

Putting knowledge to the test and doing them one by one as they're discovered.

Going constantly on to new challenges - finding out what can be done to solve them.

Coming back many times making sure nothing has been left undone.

Climbing stairs, one by one, with my mind, helps to discover what is already known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Climbing Trees Of Imagination

Swinging through nature, feeling limbs and branches as
I hold onto them for moments while climbing trees of
imagination.

Leaves touching with purposes, feeling their textures
slide across my mind tangibly.

Tree trunks being held as I shimmy upwards into the
very foliage of their beauty.

Hiding within it while gazing up at patterns and symmetry
of delightful, joyful designs of nature, staring back at
me from their abodes.

Carefully watching, calculating processes that they
manifest quickly in succession.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clinging Spider Strings

Empty picture frames hanging forlornly on faded walls of yesterday.
Illumination of fractured love from long ago, stands out from
empty frames, paintings long since gone.
Along with pictures of lovers now torn apart by death's insistence.
No longer written in the annals of time, just cobwebbed spider
strings clinging to walls with no memories left at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clinging To Visions

Packing up, moving further inside myself where I can't
be gotten to anymore.

Straining from the tension and stress of living,
clinging to edges of visions as they disappear from my
sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clinking Ice Of Loneliness

Ice clinking in glasses of loneliness, being emptied
by a myriad of lonely people, not finding their way.
Hopelessly drifting down open roads, no destination
in sight, no purpose to fulfill.
Just tempting fate while gazing into nothing but
emptiness.
Wary of everyone else they run into along the way,
closing every avenue of escape as lying down on the
side of the road, all depth has been secured and left
to decay, life unable to hold onto any more of trouble
or suffering.
Mattering not at all, filling all aspects with a
disheartening attitude of servility.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cloak Of Trauma

Quality of being is at least instinctive in off-colored ways.
Bringing personalities into view, persuading the best interior motives to be brought into bearing.
Somnolent desires, awakening themselves with sounds of aromatic tastes.
Delving solidly, finding the many attributes of another who cannot find herself, yet harps on unexistent wonders of the mind.
Exercising self-stubbornness, causing herself a great deal of distress, because of what happened to her when young.
A very traumatized sixteen year old, grown now and seventy-six, still hiding inside the cloak of trauma, afraid to come out of it - afraid to discard it - afraid of losing the only self she's ever known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cloaking Emotions

Lighthouses shining, brilliantly lighting up
the furthest corners of my mind.
Never letting the darkness cover me completely,
standing away from the black curtains, always
surrounding me.
Cloaking emotions I have hidden deeply inside
oceans of tears, protecting me from the hurt
of others.
Sponging them up and squeezing them out,
recycling every one as I walk alone in the
saddened terraces of earth.
Hoping to find the lost treasures of friendship
thrown away, leaving me by the wayside, taking
what self-esteem I have left.
Being buried and broken, I stray closer to the
end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cloaking Thoughts

Cloaking thoughts as they finish their purpose in mind,
giving them hidden messages to hold on to for the future.
Coded visibly only to my eyes, they will sit and wait to
be exposed after I'm dead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clock Moments

Watching clocks of past times
revolve around present situations,
allowing us to find pleasure
in moments of splendor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clock Of Time

Wishing with every ounce of strength to be young and strong and healthy once again.
Seeing yourself lonely, helpless and dependent on others - it is too hard to bear the truth.
What can be done?
Nothing.
The clock of time - of youth - has long since gone, leaving just the
slow ticking behind.
No more motion, no more action, just a flaccid body clinging to life in a bed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clocking Rhythms

Energetically clocking rhythms throughout the night,
forsaking the epitome of life itself, testing my
strength of character through music's belief and faith.

Refreshing and invigorating, always bringing about the
freshness of a new morning ready to break open upon our
spirits here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Close - Knit Family

Watching life's cycle circulate, seeing blessings that
have fallen on family members.

Always thanking God for our close-knit family, praying
for each other all the time.

Getting together in fun, pleasure and sorrow, being
there for each other no matter what is going on between
us or our lives.

Continuing every moment as we call, talk to one another
and get together for everything, celebrations, funerals
or just because we want to or are missing each other.

Family means so much to all of us, we are special friends
and will be until our lives are separated by death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Close Betrayal

Betrayal of people once close, hurts beyond normalcy,
yet that's life.
Cruelty abounding because abusive relationships have
been strung tightly throughout lives in constant
turmoil.
Finding themselves in past recriminations, using those
self-same emotions to concentrate on problems of today,
causing unrealistic hopes and unchanging behaviors to
emerge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Close Consideration

Music slapping drums in an Indian style that I'm enjoying tremendously from the inside out, it's measures and rhythms enticing my mind sublimely through innate talent.

Soaring when hearing rhythms and tempos together, playing in syncopation, fully and totally enveloping me in an interior wisdom.

Giving many times, feelings of accomplishment, perpetrating exercises of thought to measures of rhythm, creating images automatically viewed by intellect.

Taken into close consideration through poetical inspiration through beautiful inner landscapes that continually keep unfolding layer by layer.

Writing hour after hour without stopping to eat or sleep, finding the entire process exhilarating and energizing, never getting tired.

Wanting to keep on going day and night, an explicit and wonderful feeling that I can never get enough of in this poetical life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Close Environment

Readily exploring all surrounding
areas in my close environment.
Speaking to my mind, every movement,
color, light, picture, tone or sound
captures my attention and finds it's
way into one of my poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Close Family

Winds whispering in my head, gently blowing memories of childhood to mind.
Happier times even though life was not always good.
Poverty-stricken according to folks who knew about that
sort of thing,
yet, with parents and seven siblings I didn't realize it.
We had each other, what more could anyone want?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Close Friend Dying

Pangs of loneliness, piercing, destroying inner tranquility.
Fear of losing someone drains the life from beings.
Holding on, looking for hope in anything,
wanting to have faith, trying to have it -
praying - knowing that it is not within reach at this moment.
Drenched in the silence of impatient waiting,
searching for rays of hope within the
blackness of despair.
Forgetting how to live life as it used to be lived.
Now living from minute to minute.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Close Thoughts

Being in touch with self, metes out many troubles, because thoughts are held tightly - close.
They have no way to air out and become stale with waiting.
Unless they are brought up and spoken of, no one can know what is going on inside your head.
Thoughts become distorted and blur your common sense, distilling your mind, causing tears to fall and making your mind act as if it's drunk with liquor.
It's not - but that is how the mind feels when it is in constant turmoil, mixing the present with the past.
When you are in touch with self, knowing the hazards it can bring, trouble can be stood off bravely with no tears, thoughts are no longer held so close because they're written in poetry and are finally being aired out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Closed

Bartender clearing the glasses from the bar,
stools sitting emptily, alone.

Neon signs still glaring overhead, pool table
lying silently awake, balls all tucked safely
in pockets of felt.

Cue sticks on the wall, held in by clasps for
their protection.

Napkin holders being refilled, talking on the
phone, the bar is now closed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Closed Book

Wanting to hide away in farthest corners of life,
not wishing to be opened again by anyone.
This book of life is now closed to everyone.
Wandering down pathways, watching nature come into
focus and allowing me to move forward.
Satisfied that I'm alone in circumstances of my
own, knowing that no one can write about me in a
poem, because I'm hidden far below anyone else's
radar.

(2/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Closed Doors

Chapel doors are closed against the prayers of men, being left out in the dark cold of night.

Nothing can prevent the whispering of prayers sent inside to God, even though the doors are locked.

Wondering at the lack of trust we have for our own kind, God sits above, silently rebuking the false ideals of man.

Seeing a love of things that are material, are so much greater than our love for Him, Jesus, cries each night, spilling yet, tears within His garden.

Loveliness, the sorrow of the blue rose has sprung from this, Jesus's infinite sorrow.

Touched by the depth of His love for me, giving gladly, everything I own or am.

Wanting to go inside a chapel quietly to tell Him so, man again prevents my doing so.

Doors of the chapel are shut tight, locked keeping me apart from our Lord upon the altar.

Allowing me only to whisper out in the cold offering Him my own little blue rose of sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Closely Cherished

Entitled to a life of love while alive, wanting to be always in tune with your interior rhythms as we make love.

Your being touching mine with an effervescent love, filling me romantically without even trying, so lovely, thrilling me softly through the night.

Holding me like you'll never let me go, so intense and vibrant, feeling your heart beating in synch with mine, nothing like being attuned to one another.

Bringing me into a landscape of total and complete love, wanting to only be with you, my dear, a tender gentle feeling you hold within for me.

Alone, enticing me so fervently and gently, keeping me closely cherished within your unconditional heart of genuine and true love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Closeness Of Death

Screeching heartache filling my mind
with it's grating rhythms.
Signifying death's closeness, waiting
to embrace one last time in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Closeness Of Friendship

Lonely hearts dancing together, late afternoon at the senior center, finding happiness and consolation in the closeness of friendship for moments in time.

No difference in what people say, for all are here just to have a good time and get out of their homes for a while, instead of being alone, sharing with others, making one another happy for the moments they're together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Closer Ending

Transcendental mirrors reflect moods of fancy with dedicated verses of contemplation.
Visiting horizons of ever-increasing verve, becoming closer to life's ending.
Tackling routines with different beginnings, authenticating truths of eternity's gardens, waiting for our presence to begin anew in fate's treasured hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Closer To Edges Of Life

Saddened recollections are forming in piles of stone, leaving
a remorsefulness attuned to inner circumferences of nature.

Walking along, going through forests of intense thought,
seeing and watching ideas forming in thin air, gaining
momentum through intellect and a mind of innate talent.

Grasping delicately, all of the essences of each one,
protecting them with an aura of beauty, unfolding in the
areas of knowledge.

Succumbing to interior desires of life, always sitting on the
back burners, turning towards the final horizon, as it travels
closer to edges of life.

A feeling of relief fills me calmly and peacefully, living
two lives at the same time is a wonderful experience and I
appreciate them both preciously together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Closer To Heaven

Morning having risen with a brilliant sun, shining many positive thoughts into this mind, opening it wide, freely taking in every detail of rhythm.

Watching as colors brightly explode through sounds and tones being played thoroughly, finding a certain spirituality in every note.

Always taking this soul into depths of contemplation where I can be alone with the Divine in a bluened light, closer to heaven here on earth.

Loving the gentle feelings of love and mercy emanating from our Lord's heart, a wonderful feeling of joy and euphoria, never seeing it anywhere outside the bluened light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Closer Together

Skies filled with the red, white and blue, God
blessing all of it's citizens here in the United
States Of America.

Knowledge of the evil that has been trying to
hide beneath the covers of obama in our White House.

American's ingenuity is far beyond the comprehension
of the United States government, all are ready, having
the elements needed to survive isis.

Even if our grid is taken down, we don't mind, because
most Americans grew up camping, roughing it and living
off the land.

We are not afraid of doing so, it is a relaxing state
of living, always carrying our weapons, concealing
them from the enemy within.

Not afraid to point and shoot, no mercy will be shown,
united in a common cause, we will prevail and our
republic will survive, being stronger than before.

Why? Because isis has brought us all closer together
and we can not be divided at all, contrary to obama's
opinion of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Closeted Intelligence

Steadily moving into depths of interior thought, being generated through intellect's vibrant energy.

Following leads into every direction of life and it's periodic future of destiny.

Living abundantly, finding things which don't even have to be searched for, believing in fate as I watch it open it's doors wide so this mind may be interjected with it's wisdom.

Developed from the moment of conception, being fulfilled by every experience, situation and circumstance that has found it's way into shelves of my closeted intelligence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Closeting Senses And Emotions

Culminating in a revelry of intense feelings, settling for corners to cry in, away from all adversity and people.
Turning inside, shying away from everyone.
Covering my mind, standing back, not looking closely at anything.
Preferring to hide away, closet all senses and emotions, secreting thoughts deeply into caverns of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Closing Doors

Doors closing on hearts of sorrow, memories of past experiences returning to remind one of horrible feelings.

Abandoned, rejected, of no consequence, life slowly drains from being and essence.

Tossed upon rambling tides of hell, brought about by evil men, never finding in life, peace or security that's been told is theirs.

Wandering away in a tearless environment, helpless, afraid, of all people, fearing everyone's a tyrant and out of control, trusting no one, not even themselves.

Afraid to reach out and hold anyone's hand, knowing it will be quickly grabbed back away from them.

Afraid to let anyone give a hug of love, knowing it's just another way to get close and hurt them again.

Living in an empty space created by others, having only fear as a constant companion.

Life is too dry, too painful that way, so it is much better to die.

In dying, fear disappears and darkness envelopes you in it' coverlet of emptiness for all time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Closing Doors Of Fate

Precious times flit away, leaving no margin for error,
satisfying no being while on earth and it's boundaries.

Reaching for and holding onto edges of reality, hoping
for some moments of peace before fate closes it's doors
on life.

Shattering shards of living as we wend pathways of
seclusion, hoping to find anything of use while we are
here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Closing Down

Silence filling me as I watch interiorly on a screen.
Tears falling gently into a pool of atypical moderation,
sinking hurriedly into deep sections of personality,
closing off everyone else.
Choosing not to participate in moments of life, just
acquiesce and watch them momentarily as I drift slowly
towards another horizon where I will stay and never
return.

(9/5/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Closing Ends Of Songs

Sleeping in avenues of yesterday,
hearing prayers said so many years
ago in an innocent and pure faith.

Closing ends of open songs, giving
them the rest they so deserve after
all these years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Closing Ends Of Thought

Closing ends of thought with visions of beautiful
ideas.

As mosaics turned and spun their twisted fates of
destiny into lace-like majestic, billowing clouds
of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Closing In

Wandering through a forest, dense and filled with underbrush, closing in, suffocating and pressing into my being.
Running away, tearing through the woods, trying to get back to the forest I know and love.
Becoming one, once again, with Mother Nature, getting back to myself and putting my mind to rest in a serene bluened calm from where I can continue to write and express myself every day of every moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Closing This Chapter

Facing one another on common ground, looking into one another's eyes, pleading for answers to sooth our hearts.

Feelings being hurt, words of anger crushing our spirits, what is there left to love now, is there any hope, should we go on or walk out the door.

Closing this chapter of our lives after all these years of heartache and very little love to exist on, leaving is not easy, but seems to be the only way.

Trying to get through to you that you cannot treat someone you love as if they're your enemy and still expecting them to love you anyway.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Closing Thought

Closing ends of thought with visions of beautiful
ideas.

As mosaics turned and spun their twisted fates of
destiny into lace-like majestic, billowing clouds
of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cloud Dreaming

Wandering this earth in creative patterns and designs,
finding the beauty of life within where only this soul
can enjoy the manifestation of it all.

Dreaming totally in clouds of another dimension, playing
chords of interior rhythms set to music in compositions
that have been written.

Sololy moving far ahead of others, filling many pages
with poetry, rhythm and music, completing this being
through all of it.

Knowing that I am the end piece of death's solution,
running with and unfolding it continually in everything
written poetically and rhythmically.

Serving mankind through ideas forming and being completely
done with the grey matter of this mere poet's little mind's
brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cloud Forests

Magical forests of clouds stretching farther than our
eyes can see are silent, still, not moving about,
there is no breeze right now.

Bright sunlight shining across our view, highlighting
spectacular sights to view in later memories when we
return to our homes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cloud Of Dust

Wind picking up, getting louder, suddenly a dust devil
appears in a cloud of dust, spinning up the mountainside,
pulling whatever will come up together with it.

Climbing, ever faithful, then the wind dies down and it
disappears into dust, once again lying upon the ground
until the next one comes along.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cloud Of Images

Thoughts coming like dust in a dust storm, a cloud of images,
ideas, concepts and melodies of pleasure all rolled into one,
writing through it all.

Enjoying how innate minds and knowledge work together through
intellect, a creative process that gives a sense of accomplish-
ment, bringing immense satisfaction with it interiorly.

A wholly fascinating and wonderful experience that no one can
ever get enough of, always wanting to fill minds and intellect
through imagination and reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cloud Of Memories

Inhaling, sighing, exhaling in a cloud of memories
kept safe inside a safe hidden away in my soul.
Never being opened except by me when I decide to
remember all the bittersweet vision of my past.
All the breaths of life are held together inhaled
in a cloud of memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cloud Of Peace

Flying across the heavens on a cloud of peace, seeking to find a place to alight for a while.

Somewhere I can bask in serenity and become calm again, away from other people, on a distant shore, another horizon where I can be alone to think and ponder what life is supposed to be like.

This darkness setting over me, isn't supposed to happen, yet it has, why can't unholy people stay together far away from normal, struggling people?

Being tattered and torn by words of absolute morons, thrown to the wind, no thought of another's feelings or pain.

Vindictive personalities holding babies inside their wombs - what kind of monster children are going to be born to this type of person?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cloud Poem Gathering

Crops of clouds waiting to be gathered
in a poem, fluffy wool unable to be
touched or held, except on this page
as I have written them out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cloud Spaces

Clouds crowding out the sun, wanting more
space than they were given to spread out
their arms and enhance vistas below with
rain flowing, helping to grow plants of
the world for everyone to enjoy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clouded Destiny

Listlessly being swept away in the density of a clouded
destiny, not caring how it will affect me, just enjoying
the feeling of unknowingness, thrilling this mind of being.

Wishing to be enthralled in anything that has to do with
nature and it's essence, as long as I am brought into the
light of poetry while writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clouded Dreams

Thinking about effervescent clouds covering dreams of yesterday.
Unhurriedly watching patterns take shape, remolding mazes of childhood;
classically mesmerizing coordinated efforts of play to
reality.
How unlike perpetual signs of daily routine they are.
Slowly springing to life, catching dusty coattails of mainline
adversity.
Taking a mind to upper dimensions of thought - beyond those of
daydreaming and imagining.
Soaring on clouded pathways, freeing thoughts and ideas from
cobwebs of reality.
Searching outer limits of everyday meanings and reason, capturing
everything on the edge of eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clouded Hope

Hope is a cloud,
Soaring upon wings of steel.
Gliding throughout the universe
in a spiral of mist.
Hope prays for meaning, delicately
whispering towards heaven.
Alighting in a tangled web of pleas,
hope struggles to live on in me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clouded Mind

Clouds filling my mind, floating over thoughts and hiding them for now.

Life is too sad to be looked at right this minute, another time in the future, perhaps, will be fine.

Certain circumstances have yanked out my heart and it lies broken in a puddle of mud-red-blood.

Muddled by the lies and deceit of those I thought I knew, wonder and awe have slipped away from me too.

Existence cannot be tolerated for the time being, so clouds will continue to fill my mind, hiding all thoughts and memories behind tightly closed doors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clouding Eyes

Song of feeling, generating deep emotion from within,
clouding eyes with moistened tears and silent wrenching
good-byes.

Time stands still, holding it's breath for time
immemorial, while life hides behind minutes of existence,
tallying sorrow's trials.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clouds

Clouds swirling about the sky, joining splotches of gray, circling white cumulus clouds.
Fluffy landscapes covering once blue skies with resplendent beauty.
Acres of picturesque scenery seen from inside a tour bus on the way to Mazatzal Casino in Payson.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clouds Being Watched

Watching storm clouds rain down upon earth, wetting the
ground and everything on it's surface.

Loving to see the dry desert dirt turn into precious
dark mud all over.

It's perfect for children to play with, making mud
pies and cakes - boys putting it on their faces to play
at being soldiers.

Creatively being used by children throughout our history
yet it has it's place in our society.

Rain pelting down upon trees, pressing upon the leaves
as they hold on to their branches for dear life.

Clouds floating nonchalantly across the sky, acting so
innocently, yet looking slyly out of the corners of
their eyes.

Laughing interiorly at their rebellion over nature,
enjoying their freedom and sense of humor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clouds Of Destiny

Tomorrow shines beneath clouds of today's destiny,
flowing over eternal wisdom, delivering many facets
of life through ages.

Watching ever forward, seeing visions showing many
aspects yet to be discovered in imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clouds Of Grief

Many memories shine through clouds of grief, leading to recovery one day in the future.
For now, crying, sorrow, pain, all culminate in my mind.
Today is a puddle of remorse that I keep stepping in no matter which direction I go.
Where can I hide?
Where can I place my tears except on the headstone of another life being lived beyond without me.
Touching joy of past endeavors with my soul, I remember, I remember, through clouds of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clouds Of Grief's Mind

Many memories shine through the clouds of grief,
leading to recovery one day in the future.

For now, crying, sorrow, pain, are all culminating
in my mind.

Today is a puddle of remorse that I keep stepping
in, no matter which direction I go.

Where can I hide? Where can I place my tears
except on the headstone of another life, being
lived beyond without me.

Touching the joy of past endeavors with my soul,
I remember, I remember, through the clouds of my
mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clouds Of Hope

Rising clouds of hope scanning earth,
searching for a place to reside.
Floating towards destinies already
spoken for, on breezes of fate,
simply and momentarily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clouds Of Hopeful Dreams

Clouds of hopeful dreams flow steadily through this mind with effervescent melodies enlivening the night, rocking and reeling, all thoughts steadily flowing out of interior depths.

Chasing away the blues in the midst of this fun-filled environment, living in the center of a life-long fantasy and appetite for magical mystery as musical rhythms take everything into the beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clouds Of Imagination

Riding rhythms to and fro, looking into atmospheres of
beauty, traveling upon their landscapes, mind in clouds
of imagination.

Escaping from the stress of reality for a while, resting
in intellect and it's peaceful ingenuity, watching intent-
ly as it develops thoughts through rhythms.

Mystifying this mind acutely, leaving much to imagination,
although loving how I do this and yet wondering how it's
being done intuitively.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clouds Of Life

Soaring over rainbows, dipping into colorful clouds
of life as peaceful feelings cover my soul.
Waltzing through atmospheres of lively anticipation,
awaiting melodies from distant plains, adjusting
daily activities to fit moods of calming serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clouds Of Reminiscence

Wanting to travel across continents with an expectant
interest in countries being seen for the first time.
Existing landscapes showing off their splendor in
pictures of God's natural ways.
Escaping furtively away, enticing many solutions to
problems of living alone on shores of yesterday's
horizons.
Longing for nationalities of sought after relatives
long since gone.
Concave thoughts piercing their way over lands of
beauty, so softly covered with atmospheres in eternity.
Tranquilly overcast, sending messages directly onto
clouds of reminiscence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clouds Of Thought

Rain trickling through thoughts as they flow like clouds through this silent mind, retrieving yesterday's in patterns and their years on earth.

Covering everything with a surprising blanket of love, an inner tabernacle, an altar of all that we two ever meant to one another, our passion melting like a candle, making us one forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clouds Passing

Clouds smiling whitely down on us,
striking poses, modeling their
beautiful tresses, as they soar
across borders of our desert.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cloud's Shadows

Comparing skillful talents with nature riding high
in skylit storms.
Quaintly beckoning to fall in line behind enormous
clouds of shadows trailing across the heavens in
outbursts of spontaneous joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clouds Shrugging

Clouds wisping past our windows,
shaking off and on with shadowed
light, trying to throw us off
their shoulders.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clouds Stretching

Clouds stretching themselves across
blue skies, looking down on earth as
they pass over us on their way to
destinations only they know about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cloudy Moments

Sparkling contemplation swerving forward, taking hold
of my mind, quieting it peacefully, leading me down
mountainous paths into cloudy moments of life's heart-
ache and pain.
Just wanting to know what life feels like without all
the suffering and pain, is it a total moment of joy or
peace, silence or excitement?
Wishing for a chance to know what it truly is, life
continually escapes me when thought of intensely.
Will there ever be a moment where I can grasp it's
meaning in a glance of heavenly desire?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cloudy Night

Searching for sentimental stars,
peering into the sky, wondering
where they've gone in the night.

Shining brightly every evening
before, I miss them on this very
cloudy night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cloudy Omens

Health issues reign in a forbidding omen through
cloudy skies of grayened atmosphere.
Raining on life with it's delicate balance of
fortitude, destiny making strides in timeless
space for the presence of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Clues In Visions

Incessantly watching visions for clues as to future poems,
seeing patterns and designs blending with various rhythms.

Clashing with colors of many phosphorescent rainbows,
arcing and lighting imagination, careening down into
intellect, finding the essence to be written out of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coagulating Life

Immediately energizing my mind, rhythms falling rapidly
into intellect, giving much pleasure.

Loving colors of the rainbow that are squirting every-
where like fireworks, exploding into thoughts. ideas
and many beautiful visions.

Wonderful, enlivening spirit with an intense and illum-
inating spirituality, listening as notes fall gently
into my mind.

Taking me away into another place filled with picturesque
scenery, created through imagination, living absolutely in
extensions of reality as life coagulates in the middle of
another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coast Guard Coming Into The Bay In Backwaters Of India

Gentle breezes blowing softly across the water, lights
shining across the bay, glistening, showing the way is
clear if having faith.

Coast Guard coming into the bay, looking so regal, an
authority of the sea, moving in, filled with people,
allowing this poetical mind to share in it's purpose.

Moments of time, it's rhythms vibrating into my sight,
turning into the future, giving insight into the beauty
of this night.

Light shining from above it's deck, allowing the water
to be seen, making sure there's nothing in the way as
it proceeds.

A memory in my mind on the backwaters of India, where
my friend has taken me has now forever settled into
this poem also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coasting Along

Roaming through the forests of imagination, searching
for fresh new ideas that will stand the test of time.

Coasting along with a flowing river, heading out to
sea along with poetical interludes of vibrant and lively
rhythms.

Nothing to stand in the way of forward motion into other
dimensions, loving and living the life of a musician,
poet and artist.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coasting Down Icicles Of A Lost Horizon

Quiet, inspiring and alert to the world around me,
giving and letting it take everything from my grasp.

Reaching out, yet being closed against everything I
tried to do.

Love ending in a preoccupation of self, never giving
your heart to me or any other.

Feeling alone and forsaken, nothing but emptiness
left to my heart.

Canceling out the best part of my life without a
reprieve, no way to get it back.

Leaving this life I treasured so preciously, now
being forsaken in the mud puddles of strife.

Going on alone, bereft, with no way to find my way
back, hurrying to and fro without a clue.

Finding that happiness has been eluding me, wondering
whatever happened to our love of yesterday.

Can you still feel my heart beating against yours
during the night, or are you numb to what we used to
have.

Wanting to understand and know what is going on, not
wanting to be like flotsam flowing down river with no
goal or direction to attend to along roads of destiny.

Coasting down the icicles of a lost horizon, having
no way to get back what we had before, now wandering
on a path that leads to nowhere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coastlines Of Destiny

Blue eyes wait for lights of love
to shine upon their heart.
Standing on sidelines of life,
looking forward, anticipating
destiny on tomorrow's coastlines.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coastlines Of Intelligence

Being in love with the life I have lived, running
through the essence of it's forests, deserts and
mountains.

Always being in tune with the nature of every detail,
raising and lowering the temperature a degree or two.

Feeling the power of Mother Nature energizing my soul
within, nothing taking the place of what I am finding
along the way.

Mystery and magic filling my mind with the peace of
interior life and contemplation.

Participating in the perfect intellect of ingenuity,
being in love deeply as I walk away and enter the beauty
of every landscape in imagination.

Going forward into the legends of poetry, illuminating
and enlivening the coastlines of my own intelligence,
fulfilling purposes and an innate talent give my God on
the pathways of destiny where I am situated.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cobblestoned Roads

Dancing down cobbled roads, kicking up heels,
happy just to be next to the love of my life.

Concepts not being new, just surrounding the
earth with a life of beautiful scopes.

Centering in rhythms of enticing notes, taking
me along the cobblestones of hardened life.

Beginning the story of tomorrow's future life-
time of disorder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cobwebbed Thoughts

Settling slowly in a corner of imagination,
looking around at it's spacious rooms.
Bright lights illuminating every aspect of
inner intellect in beautiful colors of
brand new rainbows.
Sensing the world of reality, trying to enter
domains not open to it.
Pushing diameters in opposite directions
playing with artful aplomb in serious parts
of cobwebbed thoughts being dusted off in a
feathery burst of wind from my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cobwebs Of Distraction

Cobwebs of distraction swing about my mind, grabbing
on to images of other things hiding in imagination's
corners.

Filling with words and pictures, an infinity within,
a lack of social graces, as people are kept at bay.

Longing for some connection, a brief acknowledgment
at best, nothing comes to touch a mind from without.

All is lost inside, yet found at the nib of a pen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cobwebs Of Yesterday

Sashaying through coded musical rhythms, taking me into lands of dreams where only I can go.

Main titles of life are careening down pages of history, leaving all moments of the past hanging upon cobwebs of yesterday.

Inspiring and testing the environment throughout the years, never missing a beat.

Researching and thinking along lines in laboratories as yet unequipped to handle the unique talents of an innate spirituality.

Wisdom being bent in all directions, nothing able to change it, living in a total atmosphere of bluened light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cockpit Of Imaginatioin

Helicopters flying in my mind, rotating their rotors
in thoughts, stirring them blendingly into peaceful
images brought forward from yesterday's romances
above earth.

Flying through skyways and enjoying small pleasures
of a total freedom in the cockpit of my imagination,
I travel the world over inside minute moments of my
mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cocoon After Death

Seeds of sadness planted today will one day grow and
mature into genuine compassion for others.

Enfolded in the cloak of sorrow, emptiness and pain,
our beings are transformed much like a caterpillar in
it's cocoon.

Experiencing the intensity and closeness of death
alters our very soul and being.

Eventually changing into the caring, gentle, kind
individuals who reach out, hugging others close as
they experience individual losses of death while
lying dormant through the many months of loneliness.

In the end most of us live through our cocoon stages
somehow and go on to become who we have grown into.

Our seeds of sadness having grown rooted wings and
flown beyond the stars of death, forever gliding the
skies on clouds of compassionate tearful good-byes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cocoon Of Nature

Waiting patiently, a long way from home, steeping
inside a maze of contentment, listening for a way
out into a beautiful aura of nature.
Hoping to be taken gently into a cocoon, wanting
the solace of it's space to create within me,
without any interference.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cocoon Weaving

Regrettable situations are sometimes never resolved,
as we revolve in transparencies and not reach answers
in our lifetimes.

Searching always, meeting people, never ever trusting
or believing in anything again.

Weaving a cocoon tightly around so we can't get hurt,
controlling every aspect to keep safe while here on
earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Code Of Silence

Not able to speak, a wall between us of death, preventing us from communicating our love to one another for now.

Wanting to be near you, holding onto each other, talking and loving like we used to, yet, there seems to be a code of silence between life and death.

There's no way I can get beyond it, no matter how I try, feeling so saddened by this predicament, losing hope in this life I'm living without you, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coded Breaths

Somberly thinking of unrecognizable patterns, fulfilling inner depths with their extra-ordinary knowledge of what will be coming in future books of literature.

Opening their covers, exposing their interior secrets, all listed in coded breaths of my existence.

Lying in the darkness, folding the iciness of loneliness and wrapping it's cold fingers about my heart, tearing thoughts with past shards of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coded Concepts

Realizing life in every concept of rhythm, concentrating interiorly, thinking in scores of compositions as I write them coded in poetry.
Standing aloof, watching everything that goes on around me, yet not able to be moved from within myself.
Preferring the silence of my soul to any activity not matching my moods or attitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coded Environment

Never settling for ordinary circumstances, always
hidden in life's coded environments.
Walking across the planet, carrying broken hearts
of yesterday in cold hands of today, remembering
their essences from days gone by.
Wishing they were still alive to be enjoyed in
bittersweet memories of the past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coded Expressions

Choosing to be soothed through rhythms, loving to hear
them in life, testing their vibrant melodies in prose
time after time.

Never being disappointed by their poetical essence as
they write themselves into coded expressions of life.

Exacting harmonies, being matched with words lying about
in intellect, awaiting their connections to imagination
in abounding volumes of literature.

Showcasing the essence and passion of interior spiritual
contemplation, taking off into depths of vibrant oceans,
falling beneath stormy waves and continuing a journey
down pathways being created by imagination's fervent ideas.

Searching waves of eternity, floating out into the great
beyond where a purpose of life has been found in depths of
silent episodes of heaven, yet to be lived and discovered
after death on earth.

A fulfilling energy being held in reserve for a final
sunrise, knowing nothing beyond that, savoring it's ending
in beginning stages of after-life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coded Puzzles

Finding words lying in coded puzzles,
awaiting expressions of intellect to put
everything into perspective.
Lasting equations joining previous ones so
life can be seen for what it is in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coded Rhythms

Incessantly being taken aback at the level of intensity
within which I respond to rhythms being listened to.

Wondering every time how it is done while writing, no
answer is ever found as I continue to do what I love.

So beautiful, the feelings that arise within, stirring
up love at the same time.

Seeing everything in many visions as they are portrayed
on interior photographic screens.

Wonder abounding in every corner of this mind, continuing
to see images, writing of them constantly.

Never leaving any of them out, because they all count in
the end, as part of each coded rhythm being spelled out on
every page of verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coded Rhythms Taking Away Blinders

Seesawing in measures of notes, happily enjoying this
effect while writing poetry, hitting pleasure centers
of this brain.

Giving total concentration a boost of energy, placing
everything on hold just to write incessantly, forging
self into depths of an innate talent.

Knowledge taking pictures throughout life, etching them
on a photographic screen where they're immediately put
into spheres of intellect and organized there.

Reading through or watching each of their videos when
wanting to remember details seen in the past, utilizing
every portion of each one.

Taking blinders off this mind through coded rhythms and
music, enabling thought processes to never be thwarted
by unimportant aspects in life.

Carefully watching, making sure that nothing's amiss, as
intellect continues to move forward into other circum-
stances and experiences.

Continuing to add to the exuberance and vitality of life,
energizing soul, mind and heart thoroughly to feelings
of pleasure of this interior being forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coded Sentences

Sitting within myself, arranging things to my own
specifications.

Wanting everything to be in an orderly fashion,
where I can easily select whatever ideas, concepts,
images, I want to explore.

Sensing altogether, visions that need special
attention on certain days.

Tabulating formulas, meanings, definitions care-
fully and placing them in coded sentences of words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coded Symbols

Rhythms advancing on ages of infertile plants,
carrying weight of the world on shoulders of
plastic.

Sending symbols of coded words into advanced
poetical works of verse - universal and
tantamount in sequences of one.

Calibers, rhythmically calculating exposures
of measurement during performances.

Pouring efforts into oceans full of shells
and ragged reefs of deepest depths and creative
forces at work in ends of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Codes Of Equations

Adjusting mind-sets to filter through all types of
prescienc ideas into what I'm writing.

Calmly accepting them with an excitement, looking
forward to changes I'm expecting to happen as
they strike like a match, abstractions of ideas
that I always have.

Becoming adept and familiar with circumstances and
situations that absolutely need to be resolved
through exceptionally distant and out of the box
solutions.

Taking each one a step at a time, placing them into
chemistry labs of intellect along with the codes of
equations newly expressed in formulated rhythms of
life itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Codes Of Indifference

Rattling around,
stepping on codes of indifference.
Beleaguering marches, serenading
ages of idleness with blessed
thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coding By Instruments

Finding precious jewels right inside this mind, taking them out to look at every once in a while.

Showing the world what is within, writing it out in poetry.

Selecting rhythms of certain instruments throughout every melody and following them all the way through.

Coding all of the notes into musical poetry that no one else can understand except myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coding Words

Rhythm's ragging into minds of enlightenment,
aligning people into sets of music with unending
mysteries.
Coding words from rhythm's being, playing on
center stage.

(3: 21 p.m. - 10/28/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coerced Into Silence

Feeling sorry for those who cannot speak for themselves,
being coerced into silence by their governments.

Radical muslims trying to do this to us here in America,
we are fighting back, we will have no part of their ideals.

Their dark age, barbaric justice gives freedom to no one
and takes their lives away if they don't agree with them.

They will never be a part of American history, they are
about to be decimated and wiped off earth permanently.

Long live freedom throughout the world, and especially
in the Republic of the United States Of America!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coercion Of Tempos

Triggering sounds quickly, then slowly, varying rhythms
with different instruments playing them at different
rates of speed.

Rhythms changing constantly throughout the songs, rapid
drums beating, keeping time with the music.

Fascinating beautiful sounds getting louder, stopping,
then again racing steadily along lines of intellect.

A coercion of tempos beating against this brain, coding
themselves in and out of steady rhythms.

Precision and perfect tones alighting from each measure,
fast-paced and enduring, alluring one's mind.

Tantalizing sounds being manifested from within another's
intellect, musicians feeling implicitly, beats and tempos,
running completely in step with what intellect hears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coercive Situations

Dividends laced with promises, never to be fulfilled,
yet luring people into their webs of deceit.

Pulsing, always in a hurry, looking for exits of
escape.

Enveloping peculiar stances with secretive schemes,
catching individuals in coercive situations, at a
loss for rescue or hope.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Co-Existing

Recognizing patterns of interior life coinciding
with those of nature and sensing a oneness with
them.
Circularly pacing across pathways where they
intercede and co-exist peacefully forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coffins Reflecting Life

Touched by an air of blessed mourning, quietly stirring
within a vacuum of peaceful unrest.

Fulfilling a lifetime of energetic remission, softly
talking on another plain above reason.

Searching for so many answers, wasting precious time
while being filled with emptiness time and again.

Funeral sorrow, yet partaking of every opportunity to
become a person whole and pure.

Standing away from edges of immortality, watching
through tears of infinity, latently flowing with
ebb tides, strongly pulling curtains of reality into
many horizons.

Lightened by scopes of wayward images, walking daily
into streams of unrelated endeavors, and stranded by
human unkindness.

Coffins testimonially reflecting all of life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cogitating

Racing through melodies and their rhythms, finding all
sorts of ideas and thoughts cogitating therein.

Collecting them into meanings and definitions, focusing
all into messages to be written in poetical forms for
the entire world to read and enjoy.

Hopefully finding pertinent information and knowledge,
along with a wisdom that can be used in daily life to
add ingredients of strength and power to what people
already have.

Energizing and creating throughout the world, making
it a more beautiful, peaceful place for all of us to
live peacefully together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cognitive Abilities

Slow motion thoughts wiggle and dive, swimming
pleasantly through ideas and images, putting them
together like puzzles and solutions of mazes.

Cognitive abilities stretch and ease themselves
so fittingly into poems of intrinsic value,
soothing even the broken hearts of wisdom's mind
with an interior solitude and presence of mind.

Taking latitude's steps into the beyond, filing
up stairways to see novel sights being invented
at this very moment.

Lovingly taking in every breathless fragrance
with rapturous delight, silencing deep feelings
of remembrance with faith and it's contemplative
hope.

Holding prayers under candlelight, carefully
sending them to heaven with wind-swept smoke and
joyful tears, hoping to touch hearts and souls
of yesterday's family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cognitive Aspirations

Critical thinking, allowing abstractions free rein
when processes of prose kick in.

Relating cognitive aspirations, assigning many
phrases to papers of poetical meanings.

Finding life in back corners, alleys and caves,
pioneering settlements of established etudes,
existing in heavenly prisms, awaiting newly
created thoughts in potential imaginational depths.

Singeing interior ideas with a blaze of intellectual
choosing, forming opus's of subconscious realms in
fantastic measure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cognitive Creativity

Rectangles of space congregate in areas of sublime
prejudice, awaiting stances of perpendicular thought.

Flexing muscles of visions, spreading them through-
out ideas of cognitive creativity.

Planning poetical scenery from nature's vantage
points as one within.

Souls relying on God's infinite nature to bring
about a peaceful existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cognitive Exchanges

Chasing thoughts down train tracks, following their
locomotive ideas through towns of repertoire and belief.

Sounding cognitive exchanges as life revolves past in
picturesque pictures of wilderness.

Accenting every look with colorful hues of acquiescence
and potential literature.

Designing actuality with pointed ear marks of diversity,
calming essences of joyful elation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cognitive Formulas

Grasping air, gasping within for formulas of cognitive development.
Studying thoughtfully, awaiting precision and progression
of words and meanings.
All focus demonstrated on skies of conscious availability, turning out points of reality on assorted themes, collecting themselves on rivers and rapids.
Shaking up literature with their rhythmic poetical voices, causing thinking to occur with a responsive mode,
transferring life to pages filled with blank lines awaiting
writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cognitively Abstract

Rescuing, surviving many expectations in life,
anticipating new ideas, creating visions of
novel approaches, taking moments and putting
them together cognitively in abstract forms.

Filling a mind with blue skies of tomorrow,
knowing life is loitering on shores of desert
oceans, awaiting an excitement of imagination
to flare out and give from hearts of gold.

Touched upon by synapses, carrying glorious
melodies into stratospheres unheard of,
literature becoming itself with little urging
from any outside source.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coinciding Destiny

Watching eternally, waters of life,
washing upon shores of sand.
Cleansing with pebbles rolling over
and over, arranging every particle
to coincide with it's destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coinciding Feeling Of Joy

Listening intently to rhythms, having waited so long to hear
them, enjoying each song being played.

A heartfelt feeling of joy settling within, as it coincides
with heart, mind, soul and spirit completely tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coinciding Thoughts

Taking strides into backwoods of my mind, relaxing and writing inevitable thoughts that come to mind.

So many ideas are filling this mind on a constant basis, memories and images coming in visions of beautiful and tantalizing pictures of beauty.

At times having tears of sorrow labeling them with profound sadness, showing the world through poetry all the feelings and emotions that I may be experiencing.

Always accessing and developing thoughts that coincide with them, believing in giving every aspect of thinking, placing it in depths of poetry.

No one ever being left out in the cold, always knowing exactly what I am thinking and seeing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coinciding With God's Will

Lively, anticipating joyous times, expecting a miracle
to happen, seeing him improve and get off the roto prone
bed, off the ventilator and ready to go to rehab.

From there to his own home, able to do his research
and finish his life's work, all of this coinciding
with God's will and mercy.

A beautiful vision filling my mind, bringing great joy
and happiness because I totally loved and valued Tushar
as a person and very close friend.

Tushar's life now continuing in the poetry of my heart,
letting the world know what a wonderfully brilliant and
loving man he was.

Giving of himself, never expecting anything in return,
yet at his funeral all those who knew, appreciated and
loved him, attested to the wonder and blessedness of his
life in each individual present to honor and celebrate
his life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coinciding With Imagination

Listening attentively to the sounds surrounding me late
at night.

Right ear able to focus so much clearer and sending the
tones to a functioning intellect.

Producing the idiosyncrasies in rhythms and pitches in
the left ear.

Swirling and taking thoughts up and into realms of the
right ear and into the left side of my brain.

No effort ever needed to do this, feeling it's right,
letting it coincide with imagination at the same time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cold Front Band

Loud and vibrant, taking their places in depths of another time while playing here in the present, keeping time with energy and measures of life.

Continuing to move and rotate with the splendor of colors flashing through the night, constant, never taking a moment to rest.

Being energized incessantly, riding waves of sound and rhythms, guitar loudly playing with drums, beating steadily, keyboard adding to the harmony.

Altogether using everything within their instruments to entice and bring pleasure to everyone here, dancing and listening to this wonderful band called 'Cold Front',
here at the Wagon Yard!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cold Iciness

Being as cold as ice for death has come into our lives,
touching and taking you with him, leaving me behind to
feel the cold iciness of your body lying next to mine.

Dreams no longer being dreamt, love no longer being
realized for you have been taken from me permanently
and there's nothing more I can do for you.

Being left in the remaining moments of my life, a
solitary figure with a bereft heart and no fulfillment
at all, just this salty taste touching, burning inside.

This open wound, raw from the loss of you, crying now
until the day when I can die and be with you once again,
my love, my only heart - I didn't want to say goodbye.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cold Loneliness

Feelings being hurt, twanged within this heart,
wrenched from their promises of love.

So uncontrollably saddened, feelings of betrayal
rising above it all.

Knowing nothing except the pain of unequaled
sorrow that it has wrought from within this
being's mind.

No consolation to be found, just left out in the
cold loneliness of a deserted world all alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cold Rain

Rain clouds gathering for a tea, pulling close together to
sit at the table.

Talking about all sorts of things, gossiping until it sounded
like their voices were one with thunder.

Booming out into the night, audiences of people looked out of
their windows down on earth.

All the noise combining to mix up quite a storm, then the cold
rain started falling, leaving it's imprint on the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cold Touch Of Fear

Looking inside at the walls of my mind,
enjoying the sounds emanating from images
upon them.

Tranquilly watching emotions, sensing them
running beneath the surface, gliding across
them like an ice skater across the rink.

Feeling the coldness touch me momentarily,
causing me to freeze within for moments in
time.

Wondering at this involvement in my heart's
emotional mind, why and how is this coming
about?

Attempting to dwell on this predicament,
looking for answers, feeling fear leap
upon me, freezing within and not sure
why it's happening.

Continuing to dwell, trying to shake loose
something I can grasp on to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coldened Shoulders

Tearing apart life, rending it from it's fabric,
introducing latent desires of death's cohesive
insistence.
Wallowing along paths of denigrated beatitudes
as people cross without a glance over their
coldened shoulders.
Satisfying inner qualms of reassigned appraisal
as moments of quiet silence pile higher in a
mind of peaceful existence on the verge of non-
existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coldly Knocking

Sounds of mourning emerging from the sorrow of loss, emptying itself into this fateful heart.

Pushing, dropping fears of yesterday's demise, afraid to delve completely into mires of grief once again.

Knowing it is inevitable just the same, not choosing to become a part of it right now this minute.

Hammering away, chipping at this broken heart, tears coldly knocking at the door of my mind, not leaving me alone in the loss of a loved one.

Keeping me lost inside, wandering aimlessly without a life any longer on earth.

Deeply within are treasured moments, arranged in memories of all the times we had together.

Splendid pictures and images sparkling in time, taunting me now, because I cannot relive them anymore in reality, just watching them on inner photographic screens for seconds at a time.

Being locked within myself at their insistence to be seen, trying very hard to live a life that I cannot seem to find any longer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collapsible Sounds

Watching as pine trees reach upwards, wanting to climb craggy
mountains to their tops just to see the landscapes below them.

Curious as to what everything will look like from higher up,
not knowing the purpose of doing so, edging their way into
portraits of poetical rhythms as music plays.

It's collapsible sounds filling our minds while we sit and
wait for midnight to come around once again in a morning sun-
rise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collapsing Emotions

Conquering the attitudes of yesterday's demise, coming alive to the tantamount pictures standing now before me.
Collapsing frail and fragile emotions, taking and stranding them on shores of an everlasting moment.
Glad to be rid of them, saying good-bye and turning inward for the only attention I crave - that of my God as I continue to be His instrument in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collapsing Grief

Calming effects of rhythm in sync with my heart,
brings an immense serenity into my being.
Collapsing all grief into piles of dust to be
swept away to some future date.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collating Benefits

Silently talking in another whisper of higher intellect,
collating the benefits of ancient history being
remembered in the candlelight flames of another era.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collating Essence Of All Thought

Blaring sounds touching an inner mind, awakening it to echoes of life's music being played loudly in time with rhythms dancing in my soul.

Feelings so soft, gently being close to my mind and heart, trying to entice desires to climb ever higher within.

Searching and finding an energy of total bliss above all else in this life, giving of self in every endeavor, while creating designs through poetical interludes.

Possibilities in this world, gathering and collating the essence of all thought with that of ideas as they bundle together into many meanings of this moment being lived.

Shortened and brief episodes are being recreated in little poems filled with messages being crafted with a meaning for someone who reads them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collating Nature

Strangling thoughts joining together, forming and shaping
peculiar patterns across skyways of my heart.
Landscapes collating nature into folders of beauty, awaiting
turns of extravagant thought.
Following stairways to heaven's gates, mind and heart, made
over and encased in heart-felt times of memories, held
together for an eternity.

(8: 03 p.m. - 11/28/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collecting Approvals

Following lines of demarcation, penetrating mires of unspoken riddles
set in stones of yesterday's visions.
Collecting approvals within, hoping to have some semblance of
cohesiveness and settling spontaneously in rhythms of togetherness, spinning
tales of woe, relating them in poems of bereavement.
Totaling life's suffering and beauty of teardrops always falling
within each of us in our daily lives.
Regrets and recriminations abound in memory, but when we breathe our
last breath on earth we know nothing more of it's pain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collecting Dreams

Echoes of my heart beat into the nighttime air,
hoping to collect more dreams to set in poetry.

Not worried about realistic ones, just wanting
to be spared the nightmares of childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collecting Equations

Wallowing in swamps of human suffering and wondering why
it has to be this way.

Leaving all equations to be solved through a process of
reality as it takes into every corner, possibilities of
this world.

Collecting equations and finding ways to bring it all
together into a coherent solution.

Knowing the beauty being portrayed within intellect,
finding the surest way to begin the process of lifetime
achievements, waiting to be taken into account.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collecting Heartaches

Reflections of ebony mirror hearts drenched in grief's embrace.

Undisclosed mercurial tears falling into pools of images where memories never seem to drown, no matter how high sorrow's fluids rise.

Like technicolor rainbows arcing across the skies, prisms are collecting heartaches from this day forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collecting Images

Sun shining, sky filled with clouds, crossing vision
while stirring this poet's imagination, filling empty
spaces with thoughts of the past.

Memories never vanishing into the night, always collecting images in order to make and etch videos onto photographic screens.

Hidden within a photographic memory that can't be seen
by anyone else, unless happening to notice that every
little detail is being seen and described in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collecting Inspiration

Searching through many ideas, inventing things as I go along with peaceful thoughts being generated in my mind.
Never leaving anything to chance, beginning with a word of happenstance.
Collecting all inspiration in piles like leaves, scattering and raking them all in again.
Pasting all into poems as they lie on the winter lawn of my interior mind.
Splendid beauty holding my sight for long periods of time while writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collecting Landscapes

Rushing to find all new ideas forming carousingly inside,
playing with me and having a very enjoyable time doing so.
All contrary to human nature, yet being a part of it
intuitively day and night.
Collecting every avenue of pictorial landscapes, arriving
at conclusions not naturally formed in this area of the brain.
A novel existence being produced and formed, a new day dawning
over this new expectation, not interfering at all with processes
of intellect.
Providing instead an abundance of heavenly conversations, being
bandied about.
All thoughts arriving on schedule in a bounty of poems, never
failing to entertain and amuse everyone who reads them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collecting Memories

Riding locomotively on rhythms down tracks of different
songs, collecting memories along the way.

Purposefully taking them into mind while writing to their
beautiful essences.

Nothing standing in the way of the barrage of musical tones
hitting this poet's mind throughout the day.

Not even thinking of leaving, having too good of a time,
listening and writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collecting Misery

Crumbling world, falling into the cesspool of evil men
and their murderous styles of life.

Every day, causing unnecessary heartache and suffering,
bringing pain and helplessness to those undeserving of
it.

Collecting misery and holding it as a chalice of glory,
pretending that they are doing for God what in reality
they hold greedily in their own tight, narrow-minded
brains.

Never allowing a thought of goodness to enter or
penetrate their minds, losing themselves as they murder,
rape and maim so many others in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collecting Pity

Wallowing in self-pity as sorrow takes over, holding us in
a mire, not wishing to leave it's safety, preferring feeling
sorry for ourselves.

Collecting pity and sympathy from others in our lives, soon
seeing that we are not even responding to them, as they try
helping us on our roads of grief.

Finally seeing that we'd rather ignore everything being said
than to take the steps necessary to begin recovering from an
intense feeling of loss and abandonment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collecting Poems

Collecting rhythms as they fall upon my ears, staking their claim
in my mind.
Creating poems in written times, giving many thoughts an escape
into better routes of sensations.
Qualifying the existence of everyone who claims their voice in
memory of lifetimes on scores of paper.
Composing the essence of everything good held inside, giving in
to pressures of life as they reach up to grasp my mind and heart.
Taking care to never forget where they all originated and began
in me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collecting Remnants

Stretching out into the atmosphere of another universe,
collecting all remnants left over from yesterday when
life was simple and easy.

Today, turning into straightaways of difficult situations
where many concentrated efforts are needed to finish the
effervescent scents of tomorrow's enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collecting Shells

Mind flying with musical talent, soaring with every note
and beat to my soul.
Socially moving up scales with little effort, taking in
every melody as it touches my mind's mind.
Creating lanes of trepidation for short moments, then
climbing higher into atmospheres of imagination, touching minds of innate talent
surrounding my life with joy and happiness.
Walking along shores of my horizon, finding shells of
beauty, collecting them in my memory, to take out and
enjoy another day when I am lonely or bereft.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collecting Thoughts

Shining reminders, creating patterns to collect thoughts in,
sitting back and recollecting many moments in life to finally
write out and leave behind as I enter another horizon on my own.
Looking forward to moving on, sorry to leave family behind, but
it's better this way.
Leave them wanting more of me, like the actors always say.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collecting Treasures

Rivers flowing downhill, collecting treasures as they
run freely throughout systems of imagination.

Skirting edges of coastlines, not wanting to be stranded
alone on formations of rock-hewn curves in story weather.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collection Of Humanity

Finding many interesting people here at Buddy's, a friend
of ours, a photographer, who plays pool with my husband,
is, working at this event, taking pictures for newspapers.

A complete array of individuals, each with their own
pleasures and way of receiving joy into their beings, a
collection of humanity all together, having fun, being in
a good mood, listening to music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collection Of Talent

Soothing pleasantries focusing on dimensions above life
and it's optimum goals of heaven.

Joining with other tapestries, combining them all into
one huge collection of talent.

Expressing outward thoughts with an energetic diplomacy
unequaled in ordinary times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collection Of Thinking And Thought

Decidedly happy with a tremendous amount of intellectual concepts, helping to achieve a wonderful collection of thinking and thought.

Digesting, absorbing and inventing so many ideas throughout life, falling steadily into an eternity of quality perceptions.

An energized intellect in which to impart knowledge learned from experience and a knowing of other people crossing paths on a daily basis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collection Of Thought

Interesting facets of being are coming into bluened lights
of intellect.

Causing an intense and amazing collection of thought to be
contained in a variety of spheres, now forming themselves
within intellect.

Also, imagination has been opened wide and is totally and
completely capturing the beauty of this incessant rhythm
as it collects and gathers within my mind.

Genuine and encompassing totality becomes instant thoughts
of another cultural language through this wonderful music.

Seeing actual people of India in a much clearer picture
and vision, bringing to light their intellect and acute
clarity in realms of many different types of intellectual
development.

Rising ever faster and higher with a silent increase in
rhythm, yet letting me keep up with it in this writing.

Fascinating me no end with this lasting effect that is
happening to intellect, so quietly amazing, it is taking
me into domains of another horizon on other dimensions.

It's allowing freedom to come and go without barriers
to intellect or imagination, absolutely joyous and dated,
I am taken away into another land far, far, away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collective Endeavor

Branches hanging low, swaying to and fro outdoors, beckoning the creativeness of intellect to find patterns and designs throughout nature.

Applying them mathematically, creating equations to work with, a collective endeavor between Mother Nature's beneficence and intellect, creating poetry of tomorrow's inventions.

Filled with wonder at how nature grows, surrounding us, yet silently continuing to do what it's meant to from the beginning of time.

A mere poet writing of it's exquisite beauty, in awe of nature's innate intelligence, matching it together with that of my own at every opportunity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collective Mind

12: 07 p.m.
Sensing hopes being fulfilled as times passes by,
sensuous desires pressing inside.

Allured by rhythms being played with an expertise
of intellect and it's collective mind.

Exercising and bringing together the beauty of
simple things, compiling it all in a poem. 12: 08 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collective Museums

Calling cards being driven home to islands of another plain,
taking me into the collective museums of another life, filled
with memories of the past.

No longer being needed to protect me, just there as reminders
of how far I have come in this life.

Satisfied with where I have landed, regretting nothing that has
made me become who I am today.

Insisting on keeping low-key episodes of parody in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collective Reasoning

Finding light within a being, feeling it's aura spreading warmth
over me.
Enveloping my mind with a greater degree of intellect, charging
with an energy of imagined solace, taking over every fiber of my
brain as it kicks into overdrive, filling depths of subconsciousness
with plenty of creative newness.
Falling across sight, tracing images into infinity, as a collective reasoning
integrates positive re-enforcement, stating factual measures
as they are retrieved in vitro.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collective Senses

Aimlessly wandering down pathways of a mind, coinciding with a painting, hanging on the wall.

A scene of beauty, a little Italian town of serenity sitting on a countryside of intellect, reposing gently in my mind.

Landscape filled with Italian spruce trees, touching souls with their epic embraces.

Silence surrounding the atmosphere with solace on a breath-taking vision of memory, held checkingly inside, grasping my heart with collective senses of yesterday's peaceful existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collectively Protecting America

Justice comes to those who believe in God, nothing on earth seems to matter when we do this.

Evil is being fought endlessly by our nation, our own military forming strength to do what is right for the American people.

Protecting us collectively, never losing sight of We the People in every endeavor.

Keeping to the oaths that they gave when joining the service.

Pledging allegiance to America, praying to God and living our lives accordingly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colliding Memories

Memories collide, bursting into flames of recognition
and pride of heredity, family, close-knit ties.
Fascinating facts and beliefs come from traditional
stances of longevity, as family progresses beyond
boundaries of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colliding With Imagination

Class action in motion, music flowing majestically
from keyboard and drums, blending with a nature of
life and it's destinical poetry.

Rhythm carrying melodies into atmospheres of creativity,
adjacently colliding with intense and fabulous imaginations.

Total immersement in fields of interior talent, emerging
in soul-touching beauty.

Solace deeply penetrating life in rhythmical beats of time.

(6: 53 p.m.- 11/20/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Collision Course

On a collision course with the universe, waiting to explode
into an abundance of colors and music, a wonderful experience
of poetry, filling the world with it's exuberance and wisdom.

Separating the reality of existence with that of despair,
coming alive through writing and living an intense interior
life.

Being wholly in this mind of intellect and imagination,
fulfilling the purpose of life while enjoying every moment
that is lived daily.

So expectant throughout it all, hoping and dreaming on earth
of nature and all that is a part of it's essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colloquial Types Of Sentiment

Switching gears, finding the pace steady and gaited,
watching carefully along the way, being silent, not
wasting any energy on things that don't even matter.

Hurt, pain, sorrow, grasping our hearts throughout
life, everything being in the past, letting it go
into the universe, away from an interior essence
that keeps us alive and breathing.

Sincerely trying to focus on the future, not wanting
to carry any baggage into a destiny that still awaits
my being.

Cherishing and treasuring beautiful factions of an
interior life throughout the years in a colloquial
type of sentiment.

Especially above the extraordinary in every day life,
encapsulating the totality of energy as vibrant thoughts
continue to file through memories.

Unkempt and always ready to be scored into poems that
will be written in times yet to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colloquial Visions

Filmy rainbows blurring and folding natural memories,
shining brilliantly about the room.

Noticing precise instrumentation of tonal qualities
held onto, through melees of disgruntlement, hoping
to turn events asunder with wisps of willow
whisperings.

Chasing colloquial visions, anciently hiding beneath
luxurious breaths of fresh air, emanating from barriers
of forgotten times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Color Adds To Life

White fluffy clouds floating in skies above, drifting over landscapes of this desert environment, trees waving to them, leaves now fluttering in the gentle arid breeze.

Blowing across the desert, nature gathering and showing we humans what life can and should be if we all just get along and care about one another, no matter the color of our skin.

All of nature, it's beautiful colors coming together, blossoming and nourishing each other in gardens of beauty, allowing humanity to see how well and wonderful color adds to our lives here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Color Of Easter

Easter, the glorious season, beautiful to behold, purples, pinks, whites of decoration, easing our minds into depths of sorrow, praying and crying, in the garden of Gethesme.

Touching upon the many sins of man, not dwelling long on them, choosing instead, death, so that all would be forgiven by God.

What a total sacrifice for such unworthy people as we are, glory and forgiveness are the most important prerequisites of His death.

As we live on, carrying the memories from one generation to another through His most precious blood, spilled for the sake of man's sins.

Crucified for our sake, loving everyone totally without reserve like we should all strive to be in our lives as we live from day to day.

Instead of using force and violence we need to pray for the peace God gave us on Easter Day, as He rose from the dead, saving all of mankind from the brink of hell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Color Of Sneakers

Color of sneakers disappearing in the soft carpet,
treading no where and hearing no foot fall, asleep
while waking from a dream.

No one dares to assume an identity, yet wants to
be known and famous for what they are.

Color of sneakers disappearing in the soft carpet
just are.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Color Vibrations

Walking down walkways lit up with a neon brilliance
of another time.

Filtering every thought in colorful vibrations, while
holding hands with music flowing downhill.

Breathing and walking in step with the essence of the
future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colorful Dreams

Silently, the night rests upon it's laurels, awaiting the sleep
of everyone on earth.
Whispering tales of peaceful journeys through colorful dreams
lent from heaven.
Keeping all in a serene contemplation, if only they would
recognize it for what it is.
Placing a hold on wakeful endeavors, letting sleep befall everyone,
so their minds can confirm the dreams they will dream throughout
eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colorful Emotion

Running gracefully with rhythms churning inside,
turning on lights of knowledge as it twirls about.
Selecting tones and delicacies of delightful moods.
Circumventing pits of sorrow left by grief in
saddened days of yore, waltzing past in regal
colors filled with emotions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colorful Highlights

Reading interior tomes of past generations, seeing their
exacting knowledge and philosophy touching my mind with
their brilliant and illuminating thoughts even today.

Admonishing tranquility slides along, smoothing out all
the wrinkles of age left upon them through the centuries.

Swinging colorful highlights to mind as they reverberate
with resounding echoes of past times.

Once when all of knowledge was used and exercised in
melodies of incessant meanings of purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colorful Inner Beauty

Rainbows of flowers touching the eyes, filling up
insides of sight with beautiful colors.

Reaching out openly, blossoms seek out others
through their own inner beauty.

Life needs to be lived by every one of us, just
like this, because our inner beauty is meant to
be shared.

So like the blossoms sharing their colorful beauty
with every passer-by, we must share our inner
beauty with one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colorful Intellect

Entering realms of ingenuity, loving the feelings surrounding me.
All senses enveloping my being, going creative, craving the serenity and exercise it gives to my brain.
Stretching and lengthening synapses of its' being, drawing more creative juices to the foreground.
Tasting beautiful visions like chocolate to my brain, loving the tasty morsels coming constantly my way.
Falling into an abyss of colorful intellect, giving an essence of life a fruitful mind of it's own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colorful Side Of Life

Rushing down avenues of life, finding exciting and
dangerous things that I'd like to try before dying.

Living with the thrills of adrenaline filling my
being, showing a colorful side of life.

One that not a lot of people know about on earth,
but one that brings fulfillment.

Suspended in mid-air, miles from the ground is just
one example of my favorite things in life.

Nothing like sky diving, plunging to earth, then
taking a chance if your chute is going to open or not.

Cheating death time after time with exhilarating fun
and enjoyment coming full cycle.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colorful Sound Exploding

Brilliantly shining, spirit flowing independently within
my soul, intellect being directed by it's guidance and
direction.

Tantalizing effervescent rhythms with colorful sound ex-
plodding everywhere, tempting intellect to flow along with
an inner waterfall filled with thoughts.

Appearing and touching my mind, at times checking to see
if there's something on photographic screens that will
mingle or blend with abstracts or impossibilities to bring
about new messages and possibilities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colorful Sounds

Rocking to rhythms early in the morning, writing energetically
to each of them, relaxing in their soothing colorful sounds,
tasting their savory vibrations upon taste buds of my mind.

Alive and readily accessible, enjoying the wonder and beauty
afforded me through imaginative realities that are constantly
being stirred in intellect.

Mind recapturing them through photographic memories always
at the beck and call of my ever-increasing inspiration and
creativeness through writing, music, art, math and sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colorful Tears

Rainbows of darkness are overhead.

Crying colorful tears with an
expectant promise and intense
desires of emotional content.

Sailing away on wings of eagles
into the sunset.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colorful Thoughts

Playing in our minds, touching upon memories of childhood
that we once made happily, each one etched in our hearts,
giving pleasure through the years.

When they're remembered from time to time like music, all
memories bringing delicacies of a past life into fields of
roses and colorful thoughts of reminiscence in the present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colorful Tones

Steps being taken into depths of tomorrow, never
letting up nor giving in.

Wanting to continue hearing rhythms incessantly.
all tones falling into colors that are filled
with nature and beauty in life.

Each and every note playing melodies of my heart
without having to use sheets of music for it all
is being composed by intellect.

Being lifted into the light where God has been
waiting for our beings to be suggested, alone in
the essence of what we are today and in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colors Blossoming

Riding rhythms into the afternoon, joyfully being captivated by their steady tempos, colors blossoming within each note, intense and brilliant.

Touching senses delicately with sensuous feelings of love, totally tantalizing, bringing joy to my heart and soul with deafening explosions of lively and vibrant rhythms.

All taking me further into areas of other dimensions where curiosity is being sated incessantly by innate wisdom and knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colors Of Earth

Colors of earth, what can they be?
Silent pinks, creamy yellows, powdery whites?
If the world is made up of colors, what should we see?
If every other color is a reflection of white or an
absorption of black, how is it that we manage to see
so many colors and only seem to think in black and white?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colors Of Earth In Nature

Turning and twisting about, noting the colors of earth
in nature, wondering why there are no blue roses for
me to hold.

Must I wait til I get to heaven to see their splendid
beauty of nature? I don't believe I can wait for that
to happen.

Images seen within my mind are generous, replete with
magnificent color and glory, how much more so when I
actually get to heaven to see for myself?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colors Of Life

Taking chances, playing games, charging and winning, yet memories fade away over time and we forget how we used to fight and stand up for one another when younger.

Hearts bound across the miles, countries coming together, but only through people standing and uniting, a force no one can defeat or win over.

We all are family, nothing else matters in the end, so take up the cause of world peace and stand as one, picking up those who have fallen and given up hope.

Through your love and faith, helping to give them the strength to carry on, joining us all in 'colors of life', uniting for peace throughout the world.

It begins with each one of us individually and collectively together this moment in time, no other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colors Of Nature

Mountains stretching across my vision, pulling my mind in many directions while writing.
Colors of nature stand out and let me touch them with my mind.
So soft, ragged, prickly, satin-like, they arrange themselves
in patterns with my senses.
Quality images that no one else can see or feel, just getting
an idea of what my mind can do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Colors Of The World

Silently focusing in depths of lengthening shadows filled
with faith and hope, hidden within and beneath prospects
coming in the future.

Planning sequences in characters of coded rhythms, tempt-
ing desires into the open, wanting to feel their intense
sensations as they rise and climb within my mind and heart.

All colors of the world measuring up to fireworks on the
Fourth of July, celebrating the diversity of our world
with joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coma - Like Situation

Waking from a deep sleep induced by medication is difficult
to realize unless it has happened to you personally, I feel.

Lifeless and dependent upon others to care for you when in
this particular state of unconsciousness.

Reacting, not knowing how you're supposed to react, being
confused and unsure of what to do.

Watching others around you, doing what they've been taught,
learning what to say when asked questions.

But really not knowing how another is feeling after going
through this coma-like situation.

At times saying or doing something that actually hurts
their feelings, even if they don't say anything.

It's important that you know this so you will not be so
uncompassionate and cruel without meaning to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Combination Of Life And Death

Up and down, touching inner horizons and walking along
edges of life, hoping to find an energy being emitted
from death himself.

Knowing that it's there for I have felt it for myself
when no longer living, wanting only to feel it again
and again.

Because it's a spiritual and intense energy, unlike
that on earth, this is different, it's a combination
of death and the here-after.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Combined Simple Aspect

Mind, soul, heart, intellect, ego, and imagination are
all combined into one simple aspect and quest for a one-
ness within our beings.

Identifying and equating this in another dimension falls
easily into place, it is where consciousness and sub-
consciousness merge and can interact with our minds, souls,
hearts, intellect and imagination.

This enables us to go beyond normal limits and boundaries
of what we now know, inspiration and intuition follow and
can be initiated when all the above have been learned and
blended through our brain's mind.

Validated and taken into another level, all is immediately
understood and learned instantaneously.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Combing Ideas Through

Strangling in another summer Arizona heat, wantonly beginning
exercises of a beautiful tenure in absolute experiences,
leading into aspects of tomorrow.

Capturing the essence of many moments, ideas are being combed through, not
leaving anything to chance or circumstances.

Solidly forming an entrance and exit of every sentence, taking
a position inside of poetry.

Likely times are becoming quickly and rapidly, moving forward,
faster and faster into turmoil of another future of tomorrow's beautiful
atmosphere, dimension and environment.

Leaving all efforts beside ideas that are being traded and
placed within every paragraph of every detail left open for
me to write in one last time.

One last chance to be at home in the final chapter being
written, now ready to be closed and shut forevermore.

No more to be left to chance and taken silently into another
dimension, now only being chosen by the one who is writing
from intellect and it's imagination now and forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Combing Interior Forces

Increasing feelings of emotion are finding their way into intellect, contributing to measures of thoughts that are mounting steadily in the wake of this intense rhythm.

Like waves crashing on shore with eternal tides, taking me floating on the surface of thought, allowing everything to bring feelings and pieces of puzzles to light at this very moment.

Rolling like thunder and clashing within my mind, striking thoughts and setting them on fire with brilliant sparks, combing the interior forces of life and being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Combing Meanings

Lights adorning thousands of words, illuminating their picturesque adjectives.

Combing their meanings carefully, tending to intensify brilliance being emitted from their creativeness as they align themselves in moments of time.

Climbing aesthetically into poetry, waylaid on streets of interior pulsations and energy.

Purifying excellence as life filters it's essence into sentences, filling them with innate verses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Combining Everything

Silent and still, my mind is working overtime, mixing
and combining everything that I'm learning with what
I already know.

Seeing visions of the future being spread before my
mind, ideas brilliantly opening and blossoming before
intellect.

Loving the total possibility, giving impossibilities
the importance needed to venture into the future more
completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Combining Our Desires

Justifying beauty we find in one another through our love
as we search our souls and continue to love and be together
each and every moment.

In the recesses of our hearts, having found one another,
not ever wanting to let go as we continue to combine our
desires and minds in our bodily lust and presence of mind.

Soundly living together in the midst of our mutual and un-
conditional love incessantly and cordially, always wanting
to be close in our minds, hearts and souls.

Traveling this earth as one until being called by death,
not wanting to be separated, we step alongside each other
and never go ahead or behind, just keeping pace as we both
go into the great beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Combining Our Senses

Just you and I together, loving sensuously
throughout the night.

Oh baby, you make me crazy, I want to love
you forever.

Don't know how you do it, but I want you
baby, all I want is you in my life.

Going to love you tenderly, gently, giving
you the pleasure that you give to me.

When you touch my being so intensely, want-
ing to love to you both day and night.

All our senses combining, making our lives
so crazy good when making love.

Always going to love only you, there'll
never be another who can satisfy me like you
do, honey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Combining Reality's Edges

Situations combining with reality's edges,
combing desert sands for traces of knowledge
left there long ago.

Rifling through particles, finding automatic
urges to begin again on another side of
heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Combining Shores Of Fate

Swirling, tapping, cavorting into a gala affair of music.

Beaming in a sphere of happiness, stomping down a balance
of tantamount melody.

Pushing it down lines of intense rhythm as it brings out
a liveliness within each person who hears it.

Resounding in an atmosphere of enlightenment, as it runs
through reality, touching upon highlights of everyday
futures.

Combing shores of fate with exquisite balance and
reassurance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Combining Together

Wanting someone to love and take me from the darkness
of nighttime into the brilliance of the morning.

Waking to a brand new day, filled with hope and promise
as we rise together and walk into our future.

Always having each other to love, nothing to disturb us
on our flight to ecstasy each time we go to bed.

Tranquil, beautiful and sensitive, all thoughts and
feelings combining as one together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Combining Wonder And Ideas

Touching this mind, a rhythm makes me smile, feeling so
good, right in particles of my brain that give pleasure.

Watching with joy as this pen flows across paper, writing
verse after verse in long hand, wonder and ideas combining
to make future literature.

Coming into hallways of tomorrow, always becoming who I am
to be eventually, sensing something amazing about to happen
at every turn in the road of life.

Slipping down mountainsides just to coincide with an idea
being reiterated in a poem.

So perfectly poetical and one with nature, standing back
alone, enjoying what comes into this mind without any effort
whatsoever.

Never blindly walking into anything, always fully aware of
all that is happening.

People talking, children yelling, all of it sounding just
beyond me as I write silently alone, on and on into the day
and night without ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Come Into Beginning

Mind crawling up walls as shadows engulf it with
the power of night.

Calmly reaching for roof tops, seeing them just
above and slightly out of reach.

Yet, somehow this mind works overtime and allows
it to happen just the way I want it to.

Figuratively finding all shades of life coming to
the foreground without any qualms or doubts.

Enjoying this vibratory power of my mind, allowing
intellect anything it wants, to come into beginnings
without even thinking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comedic Showing

Jumping into humorous signatures of comedy -
placing laughter a step ahead of thoughtful words.
Never letting up, stressing every moment in
untactful expressions, letting it stand as is -
naked - showing everything in light of comedic
showings.
Laughter rising, taking away all grief and sorrow
for moments of time, singing episodes to the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comfort In Visions

Diving into the ocean, swimming away, soaring through
the waves, giving nonplussed serenity in our lives.

Giving explanations, taking expressions of being
alive into depths of intellect.

Comforting me inside of all the visions connecting me
to the interior sides of being human, loving the
position I've found myself in here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comfort Of Unconditional Love

Slowly reaching out to you, wanting to lie in your arms
forever, never wanting to move from your side.

Living in the comfort of your unconditional love always,
keeps me happy and contented throughout this life.

Deepening passion keeping us coming back constantly for
the love we desire from one another.

Touching and teasing, playfully enjoying our love games
in loving embraces.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comfort Through Writing

Playing music coming from my soul, taking this mind into interior depths of heaven, where solace can continue through the suffering of life with some comfort at least through writing.

Composing endless beauty, enveloping a soul forever, growing blossoms, creating their essence from a passion held tightly within.

There's nothing interfering with thought as they jump and flow from every pen I've ever held within my hands.

Comfortably existing in the interior of intellect's wisdom and forming an interior in life, calling to mind, the everlasting memories of yesterday's future.

As it is happening right this instance on photographic screens of absolute silence and opening up the interior places of imagination so I can write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comfort Zone

Back to my comfort zone, immersed in poetry,
loving it's soothing feelings enveloping me,
taking stress away, relaxing my anger and
emotional toil.
Frolicking along with light rhythms, hanging
gently in my brain.
Airing out intellect and imagination together
in unison.

(1: 32 p.m. - 11/17/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comfortable Atmosphere

Roosting as it were, just sitting here and writing, looking around, noticing all the bright neon lights blinking and beckoning everyone to come and play, more importantly to spend their money, after all this is a casino.

Restaurants, movie theater, bowling alley, game room for kids and adults alike, pool table and kids area, a comfortable and easy-going atmosphere and environment to play in.

Writing, which I prefer to do, because it does not cost any money like playing the slot machines does.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comfortable Beings

Going out to eat after an exciting game of softball is quite
a treat.

Enjoying the joking, talking and friendship of a neat group
of people is well worthwhile.

They are each of them individuals, with their own style,
yet all are one in the giving of themselves in conversation.

Eating pizza, drinking soda, swapping stories and smiling,
shows the caring given each one by the others.

Looking forward to each week when we'll meet again, slipping
into our comfortable coat of friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comfortable Cowgirl

Walking western streets with boots and spurs on,
strutting down horse-lined sidewalks, enjoying
being the cowgirl that I have grown up to be in
Phoenix, Arizona.

A rugged pair of jeans, tee-shirts, being comfort-
able with my cowgirl hat and side arm, a 22 on
my hip.

Fully and totally getting into this rock and roll/
country-western music, rocking my heart and soul
into another world.

Heavenly, divine and a part of my total essence
here on earth in a western city.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comfortable Deep Inside

Lounging around, doing much of nothing, writing about thoughts and feelings that come to mind while listening to rhythms, tender, so gentle, feeling comfortable deep inside with who I am.

Knowing that all of life has always been mine to do with what is wanted, choosing always the right path, never wanting to do anything bad.

Loving the life I've been given in spite of all the stress, turmoil and evil done to me, life continues in a way, peaceful, serene, writing, composing and painting.

There's nothing more to be done, just being an instrument of God's has been quite enough in this lifetime, feeling loved and cared for by Him has been the greatest gift ever given.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comfortable Sensations

Walking up mountains, creating majestic movements
in poetical disguise.
Happening events, being located in many pontifical
periods of Latin coalitions.
A sense of primary colors and imprints of long ago,
before the beginning of life as we know it.
Comfortable sensations reeling about me without any
effort at all.
No motives being separated in hallways of yesterday's
mourning, only perceptions being drawn in areas of my
brain where all emotions lie in wait, wanting to be
identified in patterns, undisguised and open to the
reality of human frailty.
On days of plenty, episodes are openly displayed and
kept in treasured closets of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comfortable Sense

Finding excuses at the back of my mind, not wanting to use any of them in the coming days.
Just appreciating the facts of an early gray sky, enveloping my space with a very comfortable sense of belonging.
Never wanting to disturb the happiness I feel deeply inside right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comfortable Senses

Falling back into my mind, feeling it's comfortable
senses of life as they wrap gently around me, taking
me into their confidence.
Forging new dialects and vocabulary, containing it
all in folders of memory to be placed on photographic
screens whenever I am ready to begin their exploration.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comfortable Serenity

Falling into pace with this day, filled to the brim
with music back in the day, giving us all pleasure
in moments of today.

Beginning beats solidly straying into pockets of a
mind, to be remembered till my dying breath.

An everlasting feeling of comfortable serenity,
blanketing beneath the entirety of my soul's
essence, never hesitating to cling, yet always
moving forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comfortable With Self

Walking around, feeling safe inside,
comfortable with myself for the moment.
A quiet joy stirs in my soul, taking me
on a peaceful journey into contemplative
serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comfortable With Self Alone

Rhythms taking their place in intellect, filled with an innate ingenuity that fits my mind like a glove, wishing and hoping to always be this comfortable with myself interiorly.

Laughter abiding quietly inside, never taking life seriously, letting it go by, striding through every circumstance and situation throughout life.

Feelings and emotions always tantalizing, mind curious as to how they occupy my being so thoroughly and exactly, where do they abide when I'm not feeling them.

These questions and many more fill this mind indefinitely, taking me into depths of innate knowledge and wisdom without any effort at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comfortableness Of My Soul

Feeling comfortable, sitting in a bubble of sunshine,
letting it soothe with it's warm rays cuddling close,
like a divine being.

Holding me in depths of contemplation, love sitting
within, giving me it's essence, unconditionally and
perfectly.

At ease, watching nature from the comfortableness of
my soul, exercising feelings of peaceful solace and
meaningful visions through time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comforted In Tempos

Rhythms blaring into the atmosphere, rapidly taking me on journeys through intellect, notes and tempos touching upon many thoughts.

Taking them totally, writing them out into poetry, silence penetrating interiorly, yet music continues to play, enticing my mind explicitly.

Running away into depths of imagination where life is satisfied and taken into realms of enlightenment, showering my being with intense and vibrant pleasures.

Fulfilling me interiorly, rushing and being comforted in temps of rhythm as I listen and write continually through moments and hours of day and night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comforting A Friend

Tapping fingers on my mind, keeping time with tempos being felt through tender-hearted feelings.

Touching with empathy, a friend in need of comforting and love, because his wife has died and left him stricken in a lonely pod, not going anywhere.

Trying to move forward, having a very difficult time of it, still in shock at what has happened.

There are no explanations to be given, nothing to say, just letting him know we'll BE here for him, no matter what he needs.

Giving us hugs, tears in his saddened eyes, face drawn, unbelief registering his loss.

We stood there, being quiet, letting him get his mind together to get done what he must.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comforting Humanity

Watching throughout life as people come into and onto paths
that we're traveling, wonder and awe at their beauty as
they're filled with goodness.

Wanting to also give from their hearts, never counting the
cost, such a beautiful way to spend the moments of this
temporary life.

Spreading good cheer and peace to those all over the world,
finding a brilliant and comforting humanity right here in
the fabric of my life, a blessing from above for sure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comforting Rhythms Of Passing Time

Comforting, being held closely, are rhythms of passing time,
being secluded behind broken hearts and blank minds.

Wandering earth looking for the soothing peace of an uncon-
ditional love to provide what's needed.

Asking God for that special person, one who will care and
be there for them throughout life.

Never letting go, just Being there, supporting and loving
no matter what through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comforting This Heavy Heart

Diving into the music and rhythms, harp playing across my mind, soothing it deliciously, comforting this heavy heart with beautiful renderings and renditions of love.

Coming to mind when thinking of you my dear, an inspiring feeling of devotion filling my entire being, awakening all desires within, untangling passion as it thrives abundantly.

Living once again within my heart, loving you so wonderfully, having your exceptional and unconditional love spreading through my mind, heart and soul.

Thoroughly awakening this spirit and soul with your caring and benevolent being, taking me totally into your life without fears or doubts, my dear, I could never live without your love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comforting Whispers

Lights evaporating into a mind, shining, echoing steadily
into intellect, bringing out thoughts of fidelity that
are continually within.

So blessed in life, that I write appreciatively of all
that I've been given in poetical interludes.

Special graces have been poured into all of this
reluctant life, never being taken from me, keeping me
going always.

Walking on sandy shores of interior oceans, placating
my soul and giving thanks to God in poetical ways.

Speaking quietly to my heart, realizing that their
whispers are always comforting, especially when in
intensive pain from just living this existence for
better or worse.

Never betraying, always by my side, through thick and
thin.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming Alive

Writing into another decade, enjoying the essence of who
I am and what I am doing.

Living in every moment totally and fully, coming alive,
being awakened in the moments of existence that are left
to me.

Beautiful moments that fill photographic memories, giving
total pleasure, fitting thoughts coming into mind, giving
an atmosphere to write from, incessantly and constantly.

Feelings entering the picture, taking me into every sphere
of many other dimensions, letting me see what many others
will never see.

Coding every single one of them as they enter, unfolding
them onto the folds of my mind forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming Back

Easy going, feeling better, swaying with the music and
calming all frazzled nerves of the past three and a half
months of hell.

Now there's a major light at the end of the tunnel and
I'm headed straight for it at a rapid pace, not slowing
down for anything else.

It's soon to be now or never and I say now.
So hold on in poetical senses, I'm coming back full throttle.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming Close

Coming closer than ever to becoming a spirit in this world, wandering earth in a joyful happiness, helping anyone who needed help.
Instead, still being alive, finding ways to help others in the here and now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming Darkness

Shadows of life are hidden behind the stars that live here
on earth, racked with cancer, living life to the fullest,
tears never allowed to show.

Loving me without restraining or enslaving me in any way,
knowing your heart is breaking with the coming darkness
of your life here on earth's horizon.

Your strength inspires everyone who meets you, as I stand
quietly in the shadows, never jealous at all, for you are
the star in my life.

Wind blowing your essence into the next horizon very soon,
leaving me alone my dear, with memories that we have made
throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming Explosive Monsoon

Cumulus clouds rolling together, piling atop one another,
readying for an explosive monsoon storm.
Watching us beneath all their splendor and glory, knowing
that we're looking ahead for a place to dash into and out
of the storm they're brewing.

(9/5/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming Forward

Being lead through life by intellect and it's imagination, watching everything come forward in various ways, giving reasons and taking me through many prospects of living.

Asking questions, always being curious no matter what is going on around, living for the answers, going through them with a fine tooth comb.

Never accepting anything at face value, having to delve deeper into it's essence to find out if it's correct or not.

Not wanting to be led astray by false attributes or lies, constantly on guard for misstatements and discredited reasons.

Probability always high that I will find the logic and reason behind everything whether it's right or wrong.

Life enduring because of this curiosity, giving strength and fortitude to carry on through it all no matter what turns up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming In Time

Island style music, soft and slow with a vibrant tempo,
teaching us their laid-back ways.

Coming in time whenever it feels good, that's the right
time to do things.

Placid oceans rolling along at their own speed, waves
crashing when they feel like it.

Just like our feelings and emotions within us, filling
our inner beings without asking us if they can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming Into Being

Silence filling my being with an incessant appetite to
hear rhythms as they fall into my mind.

Nothing coming between intellect and what I'm thinking,
solving problems of mankind and humanity.

Taking equations and totaling them through mathematical
problems.

Never stopping, heeding every idea as it comes into being,
right in the center of poetry for everyone to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming Into Dreams

Traveling faster that the speed of sound across the miles,
faster than light through the atmosphere.

Coming to you in dreams, bringing hopes and love to your
saddened little heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming Into Her Own

Meeting an exuberant woman, my friend's nurse, a delightful personality, high on life and helping others, yet a pool of sadness resides within her being.

Reflecting thoughts of the past, a melancholy twist of fate that hasn't tarnished her present or future, still having a positive attitude, always moving forward.

Helping others in spite of inner feelings and emotions at times, knowing in the back of her mind that it's a part of her interior healing, continually happening throughout life.

A silent, but penetrating energy quietly helping her keep control over life throughout the years, future looking bright in spite of the sacrifices she will eventually make.

All in all, she's coming into her own fully, fulfilling her sole purpose on earth sliding through destiny with a hopeful outlook and inner strength.

Coming from a candle of faith wavering in her life, ready to reach and attain the beauty of the next horizon one day far in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming Into My Own

Needing direction at times, because I'm wandering
randomly in a hazy fog, left me from the loss of
a loved one.
Hurting beyond the curtains of death, not knowing
what will come next in this curtain part of life.
Destined to lose everyone to death, being left
alone with only treasured thoughts being written
down in books of poems all through my little life.
Never being explained in a life of little worth,
only coming into my own after death as taken me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming Soon

Being here at your baby shower, enjoying your family,
all of us together, celebrating your soon to be birth.

Can't wait to see and hold you in my arms, my youngest
Great Niece.

Knowing that you love music already, looking forward
to the rhythms that we will make together.

Your lyrics adding to the joy of our melodies in life,
loving you, Lyric Joy, anticipating your birth with
excitement and joy.

All my love to you always, Aunt Ro.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming Sounds

Listening to bees buzzing around,
hearing jets fly overhead with
motors running loud.

Hearing cars upon the road, wind
blowing from the north and all
sounds just coming to me as I
sit here by myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming To A Standstill

Life being hit and, at times, shattered from without,
no reasons ever given.
Standing in solemn silence, wondering what has
happened we come to a standstill, not knowing
which way to turn, so we enter ourselves and shut
out the rest of the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming To An Understanding

8: 10 p.m.
Settling into a pile of tears, knowing I'll be here the
entire night, going through each of their memories.

Every once in a while, this needs to be done, to keep
depression from covering me completely and spinning me
into another world, full of darkness and no lightened
illumination to see by.

Hearing music, draping me with sadness as I go through
this pile of tears, alone, not trying to escape from an
interior hell, just experiencing it, so I can come to
it's understanding. 8: 11 p.m.

(10/12/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming To An Understanding Of Who I Am

Wanting to have fun in life, going through strife
and turmoil, yet keeping an energy needed to do
things that I enjoy and find invigorating.

Going deeply within myself, finding things that
keep me alive and vibrant every moment that I'm
living.

An introvert by birth, yet when one on one, I am
fine, talking, listening and contributing to each
and every conversation.

Living on edges of danger all the time, excited by
it's challenge of death, because it keeps me thinking
of positive acts and attitudes of this earthly life.

Nothing to be said or done to me, for I am who I am,
enjoying being myself, not ever desiring to be any-
thing or anyone else in life.

Nothing could compare with the freedom that intellect
has given to me personally, innate talent and wonder
keeping me in the moment of every part of my life.

There are no exceptions to be had, I feel intensely,
everything within, all feelings and emotions as they
enter my being.

All of my senses are fully awakened, I'm prone to
experiencing them in order to come to an understanding
of who I truly am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming To Conclusions

Always watching everything in life, coming to conclusions
on my own from within innate intellect and wisdom.

Wanting to know the why's and wherefore's of everything in
this life, questioning everything and everybody.

Nobody being above my curiosity, especially in the case
of evil and why it is being perpetrated on innocent people
in this world under the guise of religion and God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming To Light

Saddening sorrow pouring from within, letting tears slide and slosh down cheeks of this heart.

Happenings coming to light, at times brightening visions of tomorrow that are incessantly coming into a being of sorts.

Plaintive cries left by the wayside, never being heard until it's too late to do anything about them or their situations.

Causing turmoil and a fatalistic terror throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming To Terms With Life

Living in the peace of my soul as I travel by train across India, being tantalized and allured by the simplicity of life being lived here in a solitary state of mind.

People surviving a bare existence with little or nothing to show for it, yet, looking into their eyes, watching smiles grow across their gentle hearts.

Knowing they have come to terms with their way of life in India, having a great respect for Indian people, their culture, beliefs and acceptance of their lot in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming To You In Dreams

Traveling faster that the speed of sound across the miles,
faster than light through the atmosphere.

Coming to you in dreams, bringing hopes and love to your
saddened little heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming Together

Relaxing in a western environment at the Wagon
Yard, sitting and talking with friends, waiting
for karoke to begin shortly.

Expecting more close friends to come soon, eating,
talking, comfortably writing in this boisterous
atmosphere.

Very likeable, totally enjoying it as singers begin
singing, voices and music all coming together in this
poem you are reading.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coming Winter

Walking down an autumn road, filled with the aftereffects of
a rainstorm, kicking at wet leaves lying upon the ground.
Searching the skies for questioned replies - hearing only
the quiet death of spring.
Houses in the distance huddled closely for the coming winter,
trying to keep warm in the cold emptiness of night.
White clouds woven together creating a woolen blanket,
covering the earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comingling Memories

Reliving picturesque landscapes in memories of our yesterdays, hoping to recapture some of the good feelings that came between our loving.

As we shared our lives in the beginnings of our first moments being together, making love, having children, sharing ourselves.

Raising them until they were grown, moving away and having families of their own one day, past, present and future comingling in memories that fulfilled our lives over the years as we aged and grew older.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comma

Comma. Comma. Comma.

Never begin a poem with a comma.

It is not very strong, it's a wimpy sort of
beginning.

Editors dislike them, they are one of their pet
peeves and you will be rejected if your poems
start with a comma.

If you are the rebellious type and want to write
freely, be forewarned, they will reject you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Commitment

Difficulties abound in life,
yet we continue to move forward,
making our way towards the end of our days.
A total commitment of human nature
inherent in each one of us on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Committing The End

Unending are thoughts of solitude, brought down to bear upon an inner mind.

Wanting to take up many crosses, realizing that you're only human, even Jesus was only crucified once for our sins and we have been forgiven.

Life goes on and everyone does the best or least they can, soaked up in sorrow plenty, digging furrows to try and hide in.

Deftly turning corners, finding another one to take the place of the one before it.

Socializing now and then, finding very little enjoyment from social gatherings, following instead, the call of solitude and a call to one-on-one.

Taking it in stride, having no pride to get in the way, reaching out to feelings felt by others.

Long standing weariness resides inside, holding hands with loneliness and sorrow, tears held tightly with inner hands.

Desperately wanting to touch another human being, knowing it cannot be done.

Sacrificing heart-felt desires, solid emptiness cannot be touched by anyone, to fill it up you must die to self and then commit the end of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Committing To A Cause

Walking the fence, staying in the middle, not confirming
anything one way or another.

Living a life of neutrality, never committing self to
any one cause.

Sitting back, watching others hold onto their convictions,
being true to the red, white and blue no matter what.

Our vets are the ones who protect us all no matter who or
what is threatening us from within or without.

God Bless those who can commit to a cause for beliefs and
right answers, holding meaning for everyone in America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Committment

Difficulties abound in life yet we continue to move forward,
making our ways toward the end of our days.
A total commitment of human nature inherent in each one of
us on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Common Core - Out Of Synch

Silently listening as I sit in my Granddaughter's fourth
grade classroom, a history lesson being given.

Purporting to be about Arizona History, yet it seems to
start with Christopher Columbus and ends up about Mexican
Americans only.

Then on to math., simple word problems, easy to solve,
yet common core makes an ordeal out of it, asking for
illustrations of each part of the problem.

Mapping out every single step which seems to be out of
synch with mathematical truths.

Causing problems to have a huge solution, taking up a lot
of paper to finally come to an answer.

A total waste of time and energy when all you have to do
is multiply and add to answer the problem, like in days
when we were younger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Common Denominator

Stretching and shaking in an evening dusk, listening to sounds of country-western music, saddened verses being sung as guitars strum people's hearts of sorrow.

Tenderly letting them know that others also feel their pain, reaching out to one and all, satisfying the loneliness together.

Knowing the emptiness will never be filled again, yet there are others feeling the same things, a common denominator of grief.

One that can never be shared totally, but can be lightly touched upon, like a hand upon the shoulder of another's heart in a caring and compassionate way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Common Ground

Looking over my shoulder, remembering the past, holding onto it's truths so I can progress in the future to where I'm supposed to be.
A common ground between yesterday and tomorrow, able to walk back and forth across it, holding the pictures of memory in my soul, forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Common Perception

Clouds billowing above, riding them in the wind - my mind flies and soars with their rhythmic rhymes.
Aloft, looking down upon earth in a sense of perception common to my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Common Sense And Persistence

Settled on sidelines, awaiting direction interiorly and spiritually
coming from above, reasoning and logic taking a stand against all
the lies and illusions.

Hoping common sense and persistence will win out over all decadence
in this earthly life, waiting for prayer to rise ever higher conquer-
ing this world.

Bringing peace, joy and happiness to bear for everyone in the world
today, taking away evil, corruption, barbaric sinful ways and instead
replace it all with dignity, religion, humane and moral values.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Communicating Through Talent

Strutting into imagination as if it is a town that I
have never been to.

Looking around, seeing people creating very artistic
masterpieces.

Giving much pleasure, tantalizing one another with
excellence of communication through talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Communication Beyond Life

Strengthening lines of communication with horizons beyond life.
Attuning self to hear silent whispers penetrating it's barriers and listening intently to every thought sent through to my hearing.
Heeding every call, wanting to speak and answer, always on the verge.
Promises being made and kept throughout the years.
Emptying whispers constantly in vats of mind-bending thought and keeping pace with eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Communication With The Divine

Filing my spirit interiorly, pouring faith and hope
consistently within, always keeping their fires brightly
and religiously.

Letting nothing break down, communication with the Divine
living within a bluened atmosphere of an interior life,
bringing everything together.

Never allowing it to be separated from my being throughout
this temporary life, feeling it's peace and serenity always
secreted inside me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Communing With Nature

Quietly absorbing nature in all her glory, listening to
the water babbling about it's journey through and out
the fountain.

Watching plants serenely growing into the silent
atmosphere, not bothering anyone, reaching for heaven,
enduring nurturing while here on earth.

Birds quickly flitting into and out of the healing
garden, observing intentions of it's hopeful curing.

Mind meandering around, as I sit here, intimately
communing with nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Community Center

Sitting here listening to the people speaking, making pleas
to the city manager to keep open our community centers.

Wanting to get rid of services, leaving everyone out in the
cold, letting them fall by the wayside.

Leaving the people in the city of Phoenix without leisure
and recreation.

Somber places left to decay instead of being filled with
children and seniors, smiles and laughter.

Coming through the doors and out into the atmosphere,
livening up our community, allowing crime to be reduced
and less fortunate people to be helped here in Phoenix.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Company Of Others

Beating around the clock, having fun, enjoying the company of others as we all listen to music faithfully.
Staccatoely penetrating minds with tantalizing rhythms, holding us in trance-like states of euphoria.
Solidly placing steps in eras of our departure tomorrow, while we bask in today's sunshine under lines of prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comparable Sensations

Comparable sensations are found
in places least expected of them.
Those that have been examined and
found to be delicate reminders of our youth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comparing Every Missing Piece

Lights blinking on and shining into the future of destiny,
allowing the very existence of self to be known and felt.

Solidly finding the beauty of everything coming into life,
giving an essence in the comparison of every missing piece
existing within me.

Categorizing all aspects of another dimension, pulling
together their ideas, finding outstanding facets being
proven in this day and age.

Within the possibilities of this era, all sorts and types
will be brought into being, with the environment of
tomorrow.

Quality will bring more inventions into the existence of
our lives, helping to bring mankind into the open and
developing motions on horizons of another dimension in
tomorrow's dedication of peaceful recrimination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comparison

Watching tigers and how stealthy they are when hunting prey,
then just sitting regally and themselves watching people
from inside their cages.

Quietly, penetratingly, intelligently, knowing things we will
never know, because they are only for the intelligence of a
tiger contemplating our human nature.

Wondering how we can be so good to them in spite of their
wild and predatory ways of living.

Quite a comparison I do believe between us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Compassion And Caring

Broken spirits of women and children preying upon
minds of men who are compassionate and caring.

Wondering how to get rid of the evil demons always
preying on them, taking away their personhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Compassion Of Another

Dismally surrendering a mind to suffering being endured, wanting to not experience it, yet in the end we have no choice.

It is not ours to make, the only voice that we have is whether or not to fight or accept our fates, hoping that destiny will look upon us with favor in the future.

As we strengthen our characters and compassion blooms within us, now knowing how others feel when we look upon them, begging, asking for a dime with tears in their eyes.

Having no other way to feed their families, except to pray for the compassion and hearts of others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Compassion Of Wisdom

Answers of life cannot be found in talking with others,
only there will you avoid these truths.

Rambling of voices, searching for wisdom does not bring
it magically into being.

Only seeing with hearts full of love and compassion can
wisdom be found within any of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Compassion Placed On Humanity

Traveling through cycles of life here on earth, wending
across pitfalls and coming out on top in the end.

Counting blessings that always seem to come my way, en-
joying the goodness and love that fill my life endlessly.

In spite of sorrow, emptiness, loneliness and abandonment
that always seems to find their way into my heart and mind.

Being placated through an interior life filled with faith,
hope and charity, giving an abundance of compassion to be
placed upon humanity.

Even though others may be down and negative, trying to de-
feat me, I rise above it all, writing poetry and loving
life with an interior bluened energy, that never quits.

Always with me, a constant companion in this temporary and
abandoning life here on earth, inspiring and encouraging
me throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Compassionate Flowering

Designs filled with exciting and brilliant colors, beating out a fluorescent rhythm, on inner drums, unsolicited, free to develop itself in may different types of melodies.

Handily portraying the beauty forming in sounds of nature, carefully hidden patterns of a million different rhythms being created and influenced by feelings and emotions.

Alive and vibrant, never dying down, existing for the passion and essence of this soul, so many enticing tempos pulling constantly into vast spaces of intellect and imagination.

Beautiful entities floating throughout a mind, constantly expressing exact volumes of every compassionate thought, flowering from above and being planted in my soul.

Germinating, being nurtured with the utmost care, always being planted in many poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Compensating

Feeling lonely and alone, knowing my friend is
talking on the phone to someone he can talk to
any time.

Yet, I will be leaving Kolkata soon and he doesn't
seem to want to speak to me, writing to compensate
feelings of abandonment, poetry continues to flow
unheeded.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Competing With Intellect

Rushing through rhythm, tempos increasing in measures of
time, completing their existence in the writing of every
poem.

Daring to compete with intellect, finding new ideas and
I write, taking properties of imagination, incorporating
them into aspects of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Competition

Competition between two people is a constant reminder that there are always two factions in life opposing one another.
Sometimes being a good thing, bringing out the best in each person.
Other times letting out only the bad in them.
Life goes on, and competition is a part of it, only if it achieves the good in every one of each day.
Otherwise, it should be discarded like an old rag and be done with forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Compiling Codes

Listening to echoes of yesterday's pastimes,
hearing the melodies of favorite rhythms as
they bounce around my mind.

Compiling codes of mathematical formulas
throughout times of these lasting journeys.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Compiling Fate

Living on edges, always waiting to fall backwards
into oblivion.

Tending to forget about reality and it's glass-
like appearance, wanting only visions of lush
green forests, beautiful oceans or sparse brown
deserts within my mind.

Observing every detail as I travel through life,
touching with mind and soul, the nature of life
as it is being lived momentarily.

Being filled with wonder and awe, spiritually
awakening from daily life with new hope and
expectant joy.

Fulfilling a purpose here on earth, writing
poetically of everything on destiny's path,
compiling my fate in literature's hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Complacent Mood

Nature galloping quietly alongside intellect, protecting
it's essence, allowing it to penetrate, be written out
and brought to life.

Energy soaring, as I sit back in the saddle, just enjoying
the ride through deserts of life alone and unaccomplished.

Soothing and invincible, settled into a mood of complacency
that none can interfere in.

Touching passion with imagination, still galloping into
tomorrow's future.

Destiny awaiting changes that I am making to it's essence,
preferring to create my own inner destiny and fate.

Listening to no one, only interior whispers that fall into
my mind from heaven above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Complete Eclipse Of The Mind

Rhythms being tapped out loud, yet their codes remain
silent within intellect.

Interpreting what is being said in measures of time,
being generated always through music being played.

Exercising my mind through chords playing continuously
throughout day and night.

Examining them instantaneously, knowing immediately what
is being interpreted.

A total and complete eclipse of the mind through intellect,
a unique and extraordinary way to build upon the essence of
my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Complete Pictures Seen

Listening as I walk through the fields and gardens
of imagination, finding it pleasant and invigorat-
ing throughout each morning.

Locating, writing about feelings and emotions as I
watch them swim about in intellectual realms, always
seeing complete pictures through coded rhythms of
musical aptitudes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Complete Sadness

Lying back, watching videos in this mind, remembering good times had when younger, wishing to go back in time and live them over, a complete sadness coming over this being.

Wanting to be absorbed totally into the past, but that can never be done, sadly turning away, tears falling within, nothing to be done, ghosts of yesterday can never become again in the present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Complete Silence

People are out lying on edges of my mind,
sitting there trying not to be in my way
right now.
Wanting nothing to do with them, writing
completely in an intense contemplation,
one with God, keeping all else at bay
for now.
A complete silence and stillness
surrounding me completely.
Later, writing of people and their
idiosyncrasies as I slowly flow back to
the reality of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Complete Solace

Trotting around my mind, watching images of horses
I rode when younger.

Sitting tall in the saddle, looking around and across
the desert, lifting my spirits into heavenly heights.

Enjoying the comfort of being alone with nature,
solace being so complete and fulfilling to my heart.

Playing violins in my mind, seeing birds gently
flapping their wings and gliding through the air, with
not a care in the world.

Wishing sometimes that I could be one, soaring above
earth, not having to deal with anyone, just nature
surrounding me, at peace in it's beautiful scenery.

All of this in my mind as I sit and write of it, happy
to just be the poet I am today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Complete Surrender

Watching the beauty of our love being fulfilled every time we make love my dear, hearts being held, united as we kiss and fulfill our passion.

Desires coming upon us so intensely that it's impossible to ever resist, a total and complete surrender to one another, a beautiful way to be in love here on this temporary earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Completely Finished

Saxophone tending to notes, gently reaching into this
mind, giving feelings of peace and serenity.

Nothing keeping me from stepping into other dimensions
as long as continuing to write and think in pictures.

Everything comes completely finished in puzzles of
eternity in only a moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Completely Giving Self

Watching melodies come and play in my mind, taking me back
into the past where remembering is kept.

So ultimately complete, giving solace through this amazing
life, oftentimes reliving the magical moments that have kept
me alive and wanting to stay that way.

Neglecting to give any consideration to trials and suffering
this life has tried to stuff down my throat all these years.

Living fully in desires of my heart and soul, completely
giving self to the universe, not worrying about what others
think in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Completely Open

Nothing standing in the way of imagination, flowing, cascading like a waterfall into my mind as I quickly write whatever it sends to my pen.
Listening, watching, completely open to my environment inside and out, letting me be myself alone with no interference.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Completely Satisfying

Listening and hearing all types of sentences flowing through
the rhythms, shaking me inside and letting go to beats of
every tempo.

Living in a moment, giving to every second, continuing
to be within self, continuing to be satisfied inside,
letting all of life take me fast and faster into the
entryway of beginnings.

Allowing no fears or doubts to interfere with whatever
I am writing and planning to do in any given moment,
completely satisfying every desire being touched by the
melodies flowing ethereally alongside intellect.

Coinciding and taking me into beginnings of time as it
is measured according to an unknown whim, standing
invisibly and controlling every nanosecond in this life.

Riding away into sunsets, going off into domains of my own,
to find reasons for going on even when not wanting to.

Playing chords that continually come into my head, setting
all thoughts in music's rhythm without any effort whatsoever,
timing being so exact, never interrupting a single idea or
thought being contemplated.

Nothing mattering as I go through pathways of deserts,
mountains and oceans.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Completing A Life - Long Dream

Tripping across an interior universe, elated and happy to capture details through intellect of what is being seen, always providing many ideas filling intellect.

Giving every opportunity to complete a life-long dream through writing poetry, a balm being put into intellect soothing all the hurt and pain of a lifetime.

Scars having been left behind, yet life continues to progress unheeded, living a wonderful legacy of an innate talent.

Giving exciting and thrilling prospects every moment alive, justifying what has been gone through along life's pathways.

Taking into consideration sacrifices, suffering and hardships, writing of them, sharing with the world, hoping to give some sort of peace to others along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Completing Acceptance And Resignation

Rocking back and forth into and out of spheres of intellect,
totally enjoying their presence as they reach within.

Grasping concepts always coming into mind without coaching
or coercion, loving it's gentle and wild essence.

Feeling the intensity of it's total freedom of innocence,
bright and natural interiorly.

Completing the inherent acceptance and resignation of this
life while living it.

Resting easy, listening to intellect compose music, it's
fathomless depths perpetrating every iota of passion tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Completing Circles

Reaching outwardly into an inner atmosphere, taking
time to research every space of interior rhythms.

Completing circles of intellect in imaginative
attitudes of rectangular picture frames.

Living in areas of deserts where I can get lost in
it's vast open spaces and climb it's desert mountains
whenever tempted to do so.

Relative thoughts being compared to what is being
projected into a common area of sense and logic.

Taking it all, running into depths of peaceful desert
realms, taking nothing but self, pen and paper.

Relying totally on intellect and imagination to write
poetry that will fall between lines of this page for
all to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Completing Destiny And Purpose Together

Sharing our lives here on earth with others we love and also
strangers that cross our paths, leaving an impression with
us about many new things.

Decisions, opinions, their experiences as they relate to our
own, an amazing atmosphere helping minds to soar to heights
and levels of creativity.

Traveling into vast fields of innate talent, being contin-
ually and incessantly accessed by intellect, enjoying every
moment, learning so much through innate knowledge and wisdom.

Thrilling my mind so exquisitely and fully, completing my
destiny and purpose together through poetry being written,
musical compositions being composed and paintings being painted.

Wonder and curiosity being quenched in all creative talents God
has given to me at the moment of conception, showing others how
truly amazing He is when one lives life according to His will.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Completing My Being

Living through nature, feeling it's essence within as
it completes my being through poetry.

Necessities and purpose being contributed through the
utilities of inner sanctions.

Telling rhythms falling into poems one and all, for-
giving and merciful towards everyone in the world who
deserves it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Completing My Interior Life

Totally emerging in rhythms of life, being fulfilled with
the energy beyond it, illuminating it like a fire in my
mind that cannot be quenched, cannot be put out with water.

A lasting one, lighting up everyone in it's presence, a
wonderful sight that brings joy and happiness into this
mere poet's life.

An energetic and fascinating body of literature, finding
expression of self that empties my being and fills others
with my passion, feelings and emotions.

Totally completing my interior being with the simplicity
of this life minus materialistic things which are of no
importance at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Completing Passion

Resting in rhythms of an easy-going time, relieving inner
pressures, bringing light where life has a chance to survive.

No where else to go, withdrawing from senses of the spirit,
becoming the essence of self.

Edging closer to the anatomy of another being, yet keep going
forward where all of life is being produced and proclaimed
as the best in the world.

Proceeding carefully in coats of invisibility as life takes
and completes passion through every poem I happen to write
about it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Completing Sentences

Settling into a scheme of poetry, listening
to everything going on around me, yet not
participating in any way, because I'm busy
writing.
Going deeper within, further into contemplation,
while still able to hear the band playing.
Music immersing me in itself, taking me
altogether in rhythms, completing my sentences
while instilling in me an inspiration of poetry.

(11: 48 a.m. - 11/30/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Completing Vision

Effervescent, racing into the future, giving pleasure
as it tantalizes my mind.

Loving and gyrating with rhythmic beats as they begin
elongating the essence of my soul.

Living through an energy, fulfilling passion while I
write poetry rapidly and silently.

Letting a band be my voice as I do so, intense and
curiously enticing, being in comfortable each melody.

Accosting my heart with staccato beats, totally completing
my vision as images come into being with every measure.

Born to write to rhythms every chance I get, flowing from
inner waterfalls as they continue to carry needed words
into pools of my mind's intellect, inspiring my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Complex Simplicity

Sophisticated, shy, complex, yet simple to know.
Asking questions will always give answers if you really want to know who I am or have become.
Silently hidden beneath the years and others to protect myself from hurt feelings.
Recognizing certain traits and behaviors as they pop up in images, emitted from my brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Complicating Situations

Simple and plain, life carries on through, rising and falling in times of emotional and physical pain.

Nothing to be had from complicating the situation with bickering, being angry, blaming one another for things that are totally out of human control.

God is the only one who can do anything for our loved ones, that is all, so staying calm in times of great distress is the only solution to be had.

Nothing can be accomplished otherwise and actually hurts the care your loved ones need to receive, so pray and BE there for them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Composed And Written

Rounding around the desert as I ride horseback down olden
trails hidden from view, no one knowing where I've gone as
life finds it's way through hardships keeping us in turmoil.

Turning our lives upside down at times, while precautions
are being thrown to the wind, for they are of no use when
using your imagination.

Accosting edges of a mind, wondering why something has
been missing, trying to figure out what and holding back,
hoping to find footholds that will eventually lead us out.

Leaving nothing to desire, tallying nothing in vacancies
of a life that has finally been composed and written into
the annals of American literature once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Composing Feelings

Enticing rhythms egging me on, taking emotions and filtering them with their sounds, easing tension and stress immediately, turning bleak moments into landscapes of nature and beauty.

Mind-opening and gentle, giving intellect options and directions to take through writing poetry, listening keeping me totally focused and filled with clarity.

Taking time through chords and measures of a musical life, composing feelings and emotions as I go through this temporary life here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Composing Music

Silently stepping back, allowing rituals of life to
begin their dance around backgrounds of many
imaginative stances, bringing elements of mystery
onto shores of future horizons.

Playing exhaustingly with tones and measures, fitting
them together in memorable songs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Composing Music To Poetry

Soaring into the stillness of a deepening silence,
penetrating senses unused in many moods.

Taking them out, filtering and adding an extra dose
to melodies being created as I write.

Composing not only poetry, but assimilating etudes
and sonatas at the same time.

Filling inner screens with newly-created music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Composing Our Lives

Settling amid the wonder and awe of nature and life, contemplating
their beauty and essence blended with our own, melodious, poetical
tantalizing, enticing us daily on our way through life.

Composing our lives with words that define and give us meaning and
purpose through poetry, stringing along many facets of what we do
in the long run.

Bringing us down pathways of reality, imagination and destiny, fate
always holding our hands through measures of time, chords of musical
thoughts and ideas in the ending of our final days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Composing Rhythms

Intensely rocking to rhythms of another universe
as I compose them within.

Solving problems of time and beats, going through
measures just to make sense through coded rhythms.

Singly holding onto reasons that keep me from
leaving self in regions destitute of music.

Believing in the sounds and tones of each note that
I write, placing it all together where I can listen
to it from an inner photographic screen.

Always playing videos after composing them in my
mind, blending and listening to it all, gives an
anticipation of hearing more of it tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Composing Your Life's Song

Playing the piano of life, composing your life's song
along with my heart, joining us together in life.

Never needing any other, playing etudes of our souls
in rhythmic unison, together.

Always finding just the right words to go along with
the notes of our love song.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Composite Of Intellect

Intellect and mind have been rejected over and over,
strangling and shoving me in corners.

Never listening to what I think is best for me as is
written hundreds of ways in many, many journals.

All is neglected, hidden away, not thought of as any
use in helping me solve problems written about in every
paragraph and verse.

Feelings, emotions, thoughts spilled vulnerably out in
printed words, ignored, reviled, because they are not of
noteworthy, famous individuals.

No one knows yet, whether I will someday be thought of
as a PhD. of psychological terms and literature.

There are no thoughts harbored in anyone's mind, that
possibly my intellect will one day be revered in every
corner of our small earth.

Still, stashed in drawers, pushed into backgrounds,
afraid of what I may accomplish without having earned
the many degrees of so-called learned people, being
sequestered, silenced on all levels of competence.

Availing myself of all knowledge and wisdom throughout
the ages, my mind is a composite of it all with the
light and brightness of my own intellect, gifts and
talent.

Surpassing the indignities men place upon me, I will
continue creating with the genius held interiorly.

One day everyone may see the beauty folded neatly,
orderly, within my soul, placed openly in prayerful
awakening, justifying my eternal being.

All this will come to pass when I have lost my earthly

meaning and life lives no more in me, but on the pages
I have written in verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comprehensive Contemplation

Tip toeing down country lanes, not wanting to destroy anything along the way, loving the peace and serenity of nature as it soothes and calms spirit, soul, heart and being.

A comprehensive and inspiring way to contemplate, giving an atmosphere of love and compassion just by being what it is, lively and vibrant energy being given to all who are aware.

Knowing what's going on around them, possessing an innate knowledge and wisdom that encompasses both nature and humanity so completely throughout this temporary life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Comprehensive Poetical Look

Walking through dense forests of intellect, filled with
trees of thought, bushes and flowers of new ideas and
concepts, keeping this poetical mind awakened.

Enlightened and alert through their vivid, lively and
vibrant intensity, music taking it by the hand and mind,
creating equations of newly formed mathematical formulas.

Taking intellect into other interior dimensions, lively,
animated and pleasant, giving an energy that keeps rising
ever higher.

Every poem being written daily, is a comprehensive and
poetical look at this mere poet's little life on earth,
each one giving readers a glimpse of who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Concave Spirituality

Secluding and enlivening spirits in spaces of this mind, giving them an energy of purpose as it fills us with an enlightenment.

Never withering, only growing and blossoming into robust beings, multiplying equations of prolonged life into a much larger and wider formula to deal with.

Saturating and completing lives of ingenuity, are spheres of concave spirituality, provoking us to increase our measurements of success on the roads of life.

While taking us into the sequestered destiny of our fates tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conceiving Intensity

Tailgating through a myriad of thoughts, ideas and concepts,
finding the wonder of life hiding within each of them.

Curiosity abounding, taking me into circles of wonder,
questioning everything I see.

Flipping it around, wanting to see it from every side,
preferring to go inside and out to determine the truth-
fullness of what I'm seeing.

Leaving no doubts in my mind, so I can conceive the
intensity of what I conclude in the end, knowing that
it will be filled with innate knowledge and wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Concentrated Thought

Steeping deeply in concentrated thought,
brewing ideas from the other side of
life's chagrin.

Solace being blessed just because it is
inherent to an interior listening voice,
rehearsed to the nth degree in love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Concentrating On Pictures

Walking away down pathways of heaven's hidden gardens, taking pictures with my imagination, holding them closely so they'll never be lost or forgotten.
In these times of peace and concentration I never waver in any aspects of intellect.
Absorbing every facet and color, hiding them away until I write them out in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Concentration Of Possibilities

Heart beating faster, mind opening further than ever before,
letting life take it's course, going into an interior haven
where unconditional love touches our beings fully.

Nothing like the feelings that continue to criss-cross with-
in intellect, energizing thoughts through an intense and pro-
found measure of time.

Attuned to rhythms that hold onto this mind with a clarity,
giving it an intense and open mind-set, unfolding and en-
joying every sense that's being reached wholly.

An experience of pleasure touching centers of this brain
with a fire blazing, filled with a concentration of never-
ending possibilities that never ends in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Concept Of Behavior

Watching the environment change and detach itself from reality, swirling around and dipping into imagination's depths,
taking flight, finding spaces needed to survive a new year's concept of behavior.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conception

Picking self up, taking off, soaring into infinite
possibilities held in life's treasure chests.

Believing in the beauty of existence and creation,
feeling alive since the moment of birth.

Conception having been an exhilarating and profound
experience just being formed and created from such
a minute particle placed inside my mother.

Growing, holding onto life and being, eventually
fate having produced this mere poet, sitting and
writing here before you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Concepts Of Imagination

Cloudy days rain upon my mind, refreshing and enlightening my imagination from on high.

Cavorting, leaping, playing with abstractions, mathematical concepts and novel ideas of literature.

Sanitizing all thought, cleansing all images, bringing about pure, simple poetry from within this soul, put there by God, when He gifted me with this talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Concepts Of Individualism

Focusing lights on intellect as it vibrates knowledge of a
spectacular dimension from above.

Fascinating, totally impervious to the ignorance of others,
as it always surpasses the positivity of another era.

Never dwelling on the impossibilities of fact, instead
looking to the other side of the box.

There is where the mind finds developing concepts of
individualism, building and improving on them with the
help of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Concept's Thresholds

Life quietly set aside as words form interiorly in a mind of collected thoughts.

Ideas and inventions, crowding around, pleading for opportunities to be recognized.

Solidly building foundations, forming and shaping brilliant ideas created within.

Realizing that abstract renditions carefully combine with intricate melodies played musically inside.

Artistically drawing blueprints, etched in marbeled patterns, waiting to be put forth into recognizable forms for everyone to see.

Total availability of thoughts, brought forth into reality, staged according to practicality and belief.

Thresholds of never before known concepts, awaiting a reply from an inner silence carried with me always.

Allowing creative images, held within, to walk the runway, issuing forth their sculpted beauty for all eyes to see and appreciate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conceptualizing Hopes

Standing alone watching life go beyond me, counting the moments left me in lower amounts.
Taking time to conceptualize my hopes for what is ahead and letting go of the past - it has passed it's prime and usefulness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conceptualizing Thoughts

Floodgates of my mind are opening wide, allowing everything
to conceptualize thoughts, idly waiting to be announced.

Knowing that they will be allowed to be expressed in turn,
finding a place at every turn, thinking about life and all
it's pain.

Being perfectly in synchronization, enjoying every minute
of time spent within my being, as I write into an eternity
of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Concerned Nature

Wandering inner highways,
looking at nature and her wonderful
beauty, staring back at me in consternation.
Praying for me to always be one with it for
as long as I possible can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Concert Of Beginnings

Strumming into a mind's heart, giving it pleasure on another
plain within intellect.

Insisting on being written down and heard throughout life
profoundly and lively.

Awakening desires of behavior within, giving a purpose of
delicious integrity.

Increasing liveliness of spirituality as it develops morosely
overhead in another land of being.

Knowing it can come and go religiously without faltering or
being disturbing in the least.

Softening blows of another's uncaring thoughts, finding an interesting concert of beginnings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Concert Of Brett Michaels

Brett Michaels in concert, energetic, lively, cute and extremely talented.
Singing his heart and feelings out into the audience, watching them reverberate from one person to another, spreading his melodies throughout many minds, someone grasping the tones and turning it all into poetical excellence, celebrating Brett's fantastic personality and spirit.
Recreating his music over and over, turning it all into electric beauty, saturating our senses with many picturesque memories to treasure all the days of our lives.
Spreading happiness from his soul, touching others with his magnetism and charisma.
Holding Brett's entire concert in a photographic mind, writing many times in the future of what was seen and heard one early Sunday evening in March.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Concertos Of A Mind

Clarinet circling my mind with it's
fascinating sound, clear, precise and
beautiful.
Full of notes, blending, playing upbeat
polkas and quiet waltzes.
All the while adding beauty to concertos
of the mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Concertos Through Poetry

Gently playing concertos while writing poetry, matching them intuitively with what's written, loving the mystical and magical melodies that come about while playing them on the piano of this mind while writing.

Classical and precious, instilling peace and contemplation within, inspiring words of poetry that are written into each poem.

An entirely satisfying feeling of freedom that gives many blessings in life, hoping to spread them around the world blossoming into other countries, being read while hearing rhythms coming from within each of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Concise Descriptions

Lights and shadows lying on floor, walls and sidewalks,
giving may aspects of places to play in.

Creating and developing playgrounds of designs and
patterns, lovely to look at and be enticed by.

Traversing through time and watching them form certain
motions and movements to portray different facets of
life.

Changing and altering the existence of life itself as
shapes, lines and angles become parts of landscapes
and products of poems that I am writing.

Livid and resourceful, mixing in with journals of
intellect, creating mysterious and mystical forms of
innate talent.

Sololy being invited into the future of writing,
beginning and ending with the presence of ideas that
are being considered instantaneously.

Every moment being seen, grasped, placed into concise
descriptions of nature and mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Concise Precision

Looking through windows in front of where I'm sitting,
watching pool players hitting balls all over the table
with concise precision, hitting them into pockets.

At times at great odds, many challenges confronting
them with every ball being hit, patterns and designs
changing constantly.

Never being the same twice, many equations being seen
in every turn, using mathematics instantly, everyone's
brain functioning on a certain level, trying to do each
move correctly to finally win the game.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Concise Purposes

Quality of tonal grace sits beneath trees of wispy,
willowy prayer.

Sending messages clearly into the atmosphere with
wishes of humanity and cheer.

Finding a voice within to spread concise purposes
of unity for each of us in line for coastal waters
beyond us.

Tales of living engulf our environments with their
stories, entailing truths of our essences in life
as we progress and travel individual pathways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conclave Of Sorrow

Joining former thoughts in a conclave of sorrow,
hoping to find a reprieve from it's long-standing
figure in my mind.
Never seeming to get it's center to come out and
be dissipated.
Regularly strutting down hallways of happiness
and putting a wrench in the way just for the heck
of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Concluding Realizations

Scenes of the past unfold before this mind, allowing peace to fill my soul and heart with the beauty of destiny.

Soothing and mild, living in the entirety of self, wanting to exercise and conclude realizations that continually show themselves in this open and undecided time of life.

Knowing that another door will be opening before me, as I walk through it and into a dimension beyond this one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conclusions Of Wisdom

Enjoying moments of rhythms beating against my mind as I play
undauntingly with abstractions in my mind.
Flaunting cognitive values all throughout imagination's
horizons, lilting and designing new forms of interior life.
Riddled with insistent beats, measuring moments against life's
demands and arriving at conclusions of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Concrete Images

Watching life grow through glass clear mirrors,
hoping for chances to become known and taken.
Whistling down shattered glass paths, being
cut and bleeding along the way, frantically
trying to grasp sincere images and hold on
through reality's concrete hardness.
Walking towards and away from beckoning
thoughts, life pivots and watches itself in
glass-clear images of a mirror.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Concurring

An everlasting love is tangled lovingly around my heart,
your heart has taken mine into yours for safe keeping.

Loving how it feels to be protected by a man such as you,
thinking of my feelings, thoughts and being.

First time I've ever had this beautiful type of unconditional
and lasting love.

Only wanting to be with your forever, you are the one who
has chosen me and I concur, wanting always to be with you,
my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conducive Environment

Influential environment here in Dr. S's. office,
knowing it's because of his persona, filling
the atmosphere with the genius of his being.

Walking in the door, I immediately begin writing
poetry, it is intensely conducive to the artistic
and creative minds in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conferences Of Wisdom

Justice and beleaguered aptitude forge their ways through,
bringing an acceptance into areas of hidden acquiescence.
Lifting inner spirits beyond imagination, taking them
higher than ever, allowing a reverie of wisdom to enter
into conferences as it enters another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Confessing Frailty

Memories circle a covered wagon of yesterday, rehearsing
again, the magnitude of imagery and talented thought.

Alighting on the far side of adversity, changing patterns,
rearranging ideas, forlornly, musically, portraying silent
beings of unremembered childhood.

Sweeping across the plains unrelentingly, playing old
strains of inner musing on any given day.

Sliding across barriers, folding neatly, uncontested
dimensional frailty of a child onto itself.

Signing volumes of significant other beings, finding nothing
at all significant about them.

Torn between ancient lullabyes and future scheming to
allay fears brought to the surface.

Flashing back, not wanting to, but being thrown time and again
into paths of most resistance and sorrow.

Outlasting only fragrant aromas of blossoms dying on their
stems, life falls over as a petal floats to the ground.

Lying for a while looking up quietly, confessing life before
expiring.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Confidence Of Being

People not knowing who I am, never taking a second look
as they pass by me.

Unconcerned, going my own way, knowing deeply within,
exactly who I am, not needing their recognition.

Confidence of being who I am exists strongly, indelibly
in my heart.

Nothing can shake it from me, always writing, not caring
what others think about me, not wanting to waste time and
energy on any of their insincerity.

After all, it's none of my business what other people think
of me, it doesn't affect who I am at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Confident In Being

Missing out on many activities in daily life, preferring instead to sit and write from imagination.
Taking myself on visits to outer space and beyond, then returning and leaving for points in inner space, reserved for only me.
Confident in my being, satisfied with life as I am living it today.
Leaving others out of my boundaries, preferring not to be hurt by their insensitive remarks and comments.
Always taking me apart, never wanting to accept me as I am in whole.
Losing out on many conversations, joys, and close friendship with me, preferring rumor and gossip instead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Confident Space

Walking with a swagger,
down long hallways,
confident of their space in life,
caring for others, and
fulfilling their purposes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Configuring Equations

Being awakened from a deep sleep, dreaming of the infinite possibilities that now await my attention.

Looking through each and every facet as I look within my being, finding answers that I know are always there.

Touching upon the beauty of nature in all that I do and write, configuring equations needed to fulfill my destiny.

Taking me where I'm needed to be for humanity's sake in the near future, no one really knowing what it is that I do in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Configuring Opposites

Following rhythms up and down pathways of my mind,
using every aspect along the way to choose patterns
and blend them together as I configure opposites for
treasures to occupy my mind in future endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Configuring Patterns

Configuring patterns, eliciting their specific designs and placing them in exacting positions.
Claiming eternal prosperity for all words falling into place, standing over compositions, playing every particle and using each expression - folding it all over into one entire poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Confined Within

Taciturnly confined within, not caring to look out upon the world.
Surviving life alone, but not wanting to.
Exercising ambitions innately provided through gifts God has given.
Satisfied with life, thanking Him for every moment, being
careful to always appreciate whatever He's done for me.
Hoping soon to see Him on the other side of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Confines Of Imagination

Describing life in prose, enjoying it's versical rhymes
hidden beneath lines of irreversible thought.

Candidly saying whatever I want to in verse, enticing
words to come into being within the confines of
imagination and subconscious belonging.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Confines Of Intellect

Taking care to be explicit in everything literally done
within confines of intellect.

Suffering no more within myself, hidden and protected
with the gifts innately given to me.

Selectively going through every idea, collecting data
and info to keep in separated spheres where one day I
will choose to enter them with each other's domains.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Confines Of Self

Riding through deserts filled with a lonely emptiness that
takes me into a peaceful restless state of mind.

Standing back, watching as everyone passes me by, leaving
me to myself, while yet finding a place to settle into for
a while.

Stranded at times within the confines of self, afraid to
venture out, reminding me of another place back in child-
hood.

One where I was so shy and introverted, wanting to scream
when others got too close to me, yet staying quiet, not
wanting to bring attention to myself.

Preferring to be left alone, dwelling in thoughts private-
ly held inside, not wanting others to know them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Confines Of This Mind

Testing waters of life all the time, wondering what will
happen if changing the way I do things habitually.

Circling and watching outcomes, daily thinking throughout
every single moment, finding new pathways and trails to
discover and explore.

A never-ending plethora of life-attuning adventures, ful-
filling an innate and intense curiosity with illuminating
and enlightening aspects of wisdom.

Always watching from within the confines of my mind,
beautiful and anticipatory meanings coming to light from
within depths of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Confirmation

Following paths forsaken by others, learning to rely and depend on themselves.

Knowing they are nothing but a speck of dust in the entire universe of space and timelessness.

Withholding moments of existence, hiding them in depths of their soul, unable to be reached by any other.

Quietly peaceful and serene, resting in the wisdom and knowledge of creativeness.

Recognizing genius of imagination and focusing talents possessed through a mind of unconsciousness.

A vast repertoire, an endless journey throughout life, all begun and ended within a soul, contemplated and confirmed by their very own existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Confirming Our Existence

Silently sweeping into the crosshairs of my mind, allowing it to target thoughts and bring about a strident energy of all time into an inner atmosphere.

Past, present and future, all culminating in a poetical story of interesting facets, considering and evaluating, continuing aspects of eternity in relation to the whole of our lives.

Whispers of time are being measured in many rhythms that we are living on this earth, peaceful and precious are the times we have here to enjoy with our temporary natures.

Alone and bereft of an eternity on this planet, we have only death to look forward to before we leave this world.

No sense in crying or losing our way, just allowing our beings to be strengthened through hardships and suffering that we must endure while alive.

Once we have closed our eyes and breathed our last, we can confirm our existence in the continuity of our eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Confiscating Rhythms

Again blending American music with that of Indian
rhythms, hearing them both, feeling a yearning
within to mix them altogether.

So often and intense, rhythms are being confiscated
into one tantalizing sphere for the duration of
each of them.

An energetic and swit movement, turning and twisting
along with thoughts that continue to build without
any effort.

Brilliant and totally conspiring to intellect, new
pathways and steps into another land far away, are
being developed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Confiscation Of A Child's Life

Abuse and confiscation of a child's life is horrendous
and very traumatizing to them.

At times causing a rebellion of authority, other times
falling under it's harsh reality.

Either way, a child has to grow and mature, finding an
inner strength and growing their own way.

Going in another direction than the one their parents
want them to go in.

Some children acquiesce, following every word parents
utter, to their future detriment.

Falling into traps of alcohol and or drugs, unable to
find their way in life.

Their spirits having been dealt blows too cruel to over-
come or come back from.

Going on after moving away from home, some grow, mature
and live a blessed, thriving and wonderful life on their
own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conflicting Emotions

Nature watching me from outside, seeing conflicting
emotions stir themselves incessantly - none of them
fitting precisely with my mind.

Wanting the world to go away and leave me alone, yet,
here I sit amongst friends, writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conflicting Emotions Covering Feeling

Stone cold sorrow, touching a heart, bleeding
from intensive pain.

Conflicting emotions covering every new feeling,
noticing that they take over a being.

Not letting anything get past, keeping everything
in an upheaval, nothing to be done.

Walking away and finding peace in another world
secreted inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conflicting Values

Testing, experimenting, finding realities of life,
separating them from illusions and lies of people
having conflicting values from my own.

Constantly living in an upheaval of others opinions,
knowing they're not right and cannot be held by me,
convictions need to be truth-filled, I have no time
for lies being told to me at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Confrontational Avenues

Tossing upon waves of infuriating motion, being taken away in confrontational avenues of another human being.
Sojournly, tears falling, enticing sobs of a lifetime into eliciting themselves before the end is near.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Confronting Life

Confronting life upon it's terms, means to live each
day just as it comes.

Find what you can that is good and use it to the
fullest extent, throw away the bad, but not until
you've learned and figured out why you labeled it so.

Be right and just, never let it be said that you
weren't fair in everything you said or did, no matter
who you were with on any given day.

Take the prayer of being and bury it deep within your
heart.

Never let yourself forget that you are only human, but
forgive yourself when you fall, learn to trust again
with renewed energy and become all you were meant to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Confusing Feelings

Leaving this world soon, looking
forward to returning home to God in heaven.
Beset by confusing feelings of leaving
family and friends.
Resisting the urge of wayward temptations
to take my life and give it away without
recalling it for any reason, other than
family.
Sorrow confiscating every motion of tide,
slipping beneath my mind, escaping this
feckless life with aspirations of becoming
invisible, disappearing into a future with
no pain or suffering.
Completely being assumed into another plain.

(2/15/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Confusion Of Death

Waking to a mysterious feeling taking us aback,
reasons lying bare, logic having left them also,
for they no longer have a purpose to be.

Life has been torn apart and is no more a necessity
that we can't do without, looking about, wondering
what's going to happen here in this darkness.

Harboring what's left of what we once were, reticent
to move forward anymore, standing back thinking, not
knowing which foot to step with into another horizon.

Shutting down a mind filled with poetical expressions,
no longer able to remain here on earth, wondering if
anything of this life will be remembered.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Congo Line

Music enlivening spirits everywhere, taking away sadness, anger, bad moods, replacing them with happy and positive thoughts and attitudes.

Beautiful smiles filling everyone's faces, eyes shining and sparkling everywhere, now dancing throughout the crowd.

Saying hello, grasping other's hands and bringing them into the congo line to express the joy music is filling us with this morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conjectures Of A Lifetime

Gentle whispered pleadings floating my way, grasping frail
thoughts and nurturing their seeds to grow soon enough into
poetry books.

Alive with the conjecturing of a lifetime, rearranging all
expressions of words or thoughts into rhyming schemes,
tantamount to certain ideas of living.

Anciently aware of the creative process, living and growing
within, standing on freedom's edge, waiting to greet final
moments of my small gentle life, slowly being pressed
from me by whispered pleas of a tiring aged soul.

Time to go, time to find a place in the great blue beyond
of inner poetry and joy.

At last separated from the wanton desires of a past, present,
and future, rowing towards what I have always sought after.

Peace of soul beyond this world, awaiting mine to be complete.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conjugating Memories

Watching patterns form like colors of a
kaleidoscope, intertwining and changing
their textures and altering their color
schemes.
Beautiful sights of whispering words,
definitions and meanings, conjugating
novel memories of distant renderings
within my brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Connected With Rhythm

Reminiscing of past good times, all of them connected
with rhythms of music.

Thinking to self, realizing after going over videos
on subconscious photographic screens, just how big a
part music, art and writing are in this little life.

Oblivious to the routines of daily life, as long as
music was being played or composed in compositions
created originally in this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Connecting Pathways

Quickly scanning mountainous deserts,
seeing pathways, climbing higher with
no one the wiser, to the top.

Connecting their visions like a dot-
to-dot puzzle, knowing which one to
follow to get to the goal that no one
else can spot.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Connection

Darkness flowing around, keeping me in a silent mood of sad-
ness this morning, blood rushing into my brain trying to
figure out how to escape it.

Knowing that I need to find out the reason why it's happen-
ing to deal or dissipate it from life, lessons apparently
need to be learned from it's silence first.

Anger being stilled to see what lies behind it, hiding
tears of loss beneath the surface, tenderly giving an
atmosphere of incongruity while figuring it out.

Having a lot of thinking to do, researching feelings and
emotions, knowing therein lies a connection filled with
truth and self-realization.

An unbending faith of being that will eventually come
about while going through this thought process, an
amazing and thrilling way to attain freedom from this
darkness upon me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conquer Illusive Evil

Riding waves of equality, hoping to turn tides in all
of this world.

Wanting everyone to be equally respected and valued as
the beautiful individuals that they are.

Nothing wrong with loving our fellow man, we all come
from the essence of humanity and need to be treated as
such.

Getting rid of racism, prejudice, hatred, there is no
place in this world for any of it.

Band together, write and conquer this illusive evil,
trying to usurp our one world of equality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conquering Fears

Jumping into the fray, people standing up for freedom,
wanting everyone all over the world to be free.

Conquering fears of standing up for themselves, finding
they have the strength to carry on throughout life.

Not letting themselves be bullied, cheated or killed for
no reason.

Standing strong, living in the moment, never backing
down, always standing and protecting everyone.

Casting shadows of adversity into fires of hell where
they will be damned forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conquering Fears In Life

Following thoughts throughout the night, tip-toeing over lights shimmering and shining into my mind, watching as they move, spin, turn every which way here in darkness.

A blessedness filling my being, a bluened light of the Divine guiding me into realms of beauty that grasp my heart and spirit incessantly, conquering all fears in life forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conscientious Doctor

Conscientious, always listening to what his patients
are saying.
An intelligent and caring doctor, doing his best to
help people get back to normal routines with little
or no hassle.
Dr. S., gentle, kind, with a good sense of humor and
an innate intuition of people, taking care to never
do harm to anyone in his care.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conscious Memories

Tunes of inexplicable thought, sit alongside
conscious memories giving them an appreciation
of musical composition.
Figuratively sensing the curiosity of words and
meanings, taking steps to cogitate and increase
wisdom's stance in literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Consequence

Bellowing deeply in chords that intermingle with staccato
beats, giving my mind a workout as I play on the play-
ground of mind and intellect.

Carefully watching details that appear in visions and
images, letting me find solutions within my mind, equations
and mathematical formulas mixing with scientific questions.

Wanting to know and figure out the answers to every aspect
and factor intellect decides to investigate further, innate
curiosity never letting it rest.

Always on the prowl, trying to find solutions to problems
of humanity and fitting pieces of the puzzle together to
obtain complete pictures in visions and images.

Intellect coming up with them, exploring night and day
while discovering, ignoring the need to eat, sleep or
exercise, being totally immersed in a bluened atmosphere.

There the Divine is connected to intellect, open and free
to come to conclusions through spiritual realms, loving
the peace and serenity that falls upon my being.

It being a consequence of always being immersed in bluened
light within an interior universe, feeling the wisdom and
knowledge that God has amassed from creation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Considerably Calming

Quietly sitting here, listening to music, writing to it's
rhythms and tempos, feeling it interiorly touching and
soothing feelings and emotions.

Calming me considerably from the obtuse tasks of life,
entering another dimension and domain, leading into a blue-
ened atmosphere where I can contemplate alone.

Listening to the Divine, connecting to His innate intelli-
gence through my mind, enticing and alluring this mind
to open totally, letting visions enter into intellect.

Giving imagination a pathway through my brain where all is
discovered and given access into another universe, loving
all the exploding colors, ideas and formulas coming in view.

Awaiting their appearance in prose that I'm now writing con-
stantly and incessantly to my great joy and anticipation, a
great way to live this poetical adventure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Considering Avenues

Practicing the rhetoric of past ages,
bringing up visions connected to it.

Fishing out meanings and definitions
hidden in pools filled with images
and memories within.

So picturesque and sensational in
depths of an equality, that just
cannot be forgotten in the realms of
poetry.

All major rhythms encouraging benefits
of a lifetime, taking them to heights
with new definitions and novel
directions.

Considering every avenue in this period
of thought, allowing intellect to forge
ahead into the future of another tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Considering Feelings

Silence strikes when loneliness sets in, because there are no words to speak,
none to say what it is you're feeling.
Writing emotions on paper where they can be seen, allows them to be expressed,
safely, away from your heart.
Intellectually considering feelings keeps them at bay and allows room to describe
how they're affecting your whole outlook in life's scheme of things.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Consolidating Life

Reaching for stars of life, wanting to achieve so many
goals that have already been set.

Taking care, going steps at a time, focusing, keeping
time in measures of life that I now have left.

Succeeding and doing my best, writing poetically and
composing music and poetry together.

Never missing a beat of rhythm as I live for music and
it's exact amount needed to keep on living.

Quantities being perfect as I am driven to consolidate
life into one big drawing of my final picture puzzle
at life's ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conspiring Reason

Silent reason conspires to adapt to an imaginative reality,
fitting it to verses of integrity.

Solo thoughts join with deserts and mountainous canyons,
penetrating hazes of consciousness.

Lifting spirits, tearing away sadness, exposing only good
and happy times in displays of energetic poetry.

Keeping time with elemental desires, folding them all into
gifts of future horizons, allowing time to be free at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conspiring With Inspiration

Doing the best I can, taking a chance on this life,
hoping to find a purpose in the discovery of ideas,
inventions and thoughts.

Not letting go, intruding into intellect, conspiring
with inspiration and imagination, walking alone into
the midst of everyday strife with a smile pasted on
my face, looking forward to the beauty in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Constant Change

Life is constantly changing and rearranging itself
to suit a higher purpose.
We think we're in control, in reality we're not.
Our futures are planned to an iota of a nanosecond,
according to which paths we initially take.
Death has been arranged for us at the moment of
conception, we are used to the idea by the time we
come to our ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Constant Illumination

Continually journeying through imagination, traveling
new pathways and creating throughout an inner universe,
hoping to be the first to conquer ideas in scientific
journals the world over.

Psychology of inner behaviors being discovered in
subconsciousness and it's partner preconsciousness.

A total wonderland of thought sprinkling across
particles throughout my mind, glistening timidly like
fresh-fallen snow on earth.

Only the flakes are very fragile and exacting, awaiting
discovery of each one as I come upon them in the light
of constant illumination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Constant Inspiration

Silence holding me in it's quiet and contemplative
sphere, taking me into places of serenity while
creating literature incessantly.

Inspiration constantly at my beck and call, intellect
taking this mind gently and carefully into the midst
of all thoughts innate and beautiful.

Always helping to create poetry, tantalizing and very
picturesque, always being projected on photographic
screens interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Constant Motion

Memories being made through music, loving how it constantly changes thoughts through a constant motion of interior brain waves, acting like a catalyst to intellect.

Keeping this mind alert, awake and thinking in many directions, clearly focusing calmly on each and every one of them, always connecting abstracts to ordinary ideas.

Making the impossible excitingly possible as my mind changes directions, finding instantaneously, ways in which to define exactly what it is that comes to mind, a truly wonderful process that gives a lot of interior energy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Constant Portraits

Reading my mind, watching developing thoughts grow into prose and delicate stories of who I was and am.
Taking videos throughout the years, never forgetting a single moment in picturesque ideas, set in constant portraits before my mind.
Delicately folding all matter into many albums, treasured interiorly forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Constant Reminders

Beats pounding in my mind, giving a lasting energy that continues through music and rhythms, wanting expressions of love to be seen through it's melodies.

Singing through intellect, rocking to tempos as they constantly remind me of yesterday and the life I've already lived.

Mountains rising before me once again, knowing that I can scale them, because I've spent a lifetime doing it with every obstacle and barrier that has stood in my way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Constantly Changing

Noticing the good and the bad, finding pleasure along
even the rocky and poverty-stricken roads in life.

Leaving nothing unturned as I travel through routines
daily, awakening silence and stillness of another life
already having been lived in moments of a coma and
beyond this life before then.

Altogether discovering extremes on this earth, finding
generosity and compassion along with a meanness, self-
ishness, greed and evil.

A diverse amount of feelings and people collected on
one entire planet, finding perspectives constantly
changing or being altered in the outcomes of every
experience and situation.

Carelessly finding, by making our own mistakes, correct-
ing, hopefully, so we can progress in life and find the
peace we are all searching for here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Constantly Wondering

Thinking, pondering upon mysteries of life and
why they have to be so mysterious instead of
up front and honest from the start.

Why all the puzzles and mazes in the mix?
Not everyone can fathom them like I can.
So what is the sense, I ask.

Things come to me in thought without any effort
at all.
Why can't it be that way for everyone, I
constantly wonder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Constructively Writing Away Anger

Silently being angry, not caring to talk about it,
so I am writing it away into the universe construct-
ively.

Touching upon situations in this crazy world, finding
that socialism has hit a younger generation, telling
me not to dish obama, they're tired of hearing it.

Having told them not to read me on facebook, it's that
simple, think they would have thought of that themselves
but, oh well, I'm the oldest sister after all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Construing Images

Construing many images in moments of time, staying focused through musical rhymes that keep coming from an interior waterfall.

Always flowing, falling over the edge as pictures land in pools below, forming themselves into a new poem, setting onto intellect's photographic screens.

There it can then be written into poetry journals, filling page after page with poems, never tiring, in fact interior energy coming faster and more explicit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Consumed With Fascination

Nothing able to thwart mind or intellect for it's on a
different level than others, a delicate balance of real-
ity and imagination.

Coming together intellectually in a combination of spheres
and pieces of puzzles, abstracts descending from within a
mind.

Never ceasing to amaze and delight, touching pleasure
centers of poetical minds, consumed with it's fascination
forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Consuming Desires

Energy rising, mind expanding, creativity growing in leaps
and bounds, involving every particle and fiber of being.

Consuming with many desires in life, loving every one as
it fills this interior life with an energy and total purpose
of intensity.

Situating puzzles into a sequence of absolute integrity,
creating pictures now being seen on photographic screens
interiorly.

Allowing freedom of intellect to roam within and around my
mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Consuming Desires Interiorly

My love, you have unchained my heart, set my love free in-
conditionally, loving how you've done it so mystically and
magically with your devoted love and caring.

Never have felt anything like this before in my life, it
totally sustains my being and soul through the years, al-
ways feeling your love within whether near or far apart.

Our love so completely giving to one another, nothing able
to separate us through the years, in fact, it brings us ever
closer to each other.

Hearts beating, keeping us going through every moment of our
lives together, free, soaring with your love guiding and pro-
tecting me.

Loving your feelings as our passion takes off like a rocket
and desires consume us together while making love each and
every night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Consuming Thoughts

Death steals our last sentences away before we can speak them to our loved ones.

Left with loneliness and tears how can anyone go on?

Lives have touched each other so deeply, so completely, every moment of waking is consumed with thoughts and memories of previous love.

Mourning sun rises on every day of silent beginnings and evening sun sets itself in my being, chilly and cold, awaiting your touch.

But, you do not come, instead, tears are sent in remembrance of you.

Holding our memories close, filled with love, wishing we had spoken more before death claimed you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Consummating Beings

Softly, gently entering the darkness of this night, our love
waiting to be expressed in a loving embrace, kissing your
sweet lips with an interior passion.

Transferring our desires between each other, a silent expression
of our unconditional love holding us together while desires
are building to a crescendo pitch within both of us.

Coming together finally in the throes of our love, consummating
our beings in one lightening strike of exploding fireworks, not
able to put them out as we continue making love throughout this
lovely night together my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contact With Imagination

Walking down primrose paths towards an interior life that's unimaginable usually, but I can see it all so clearly.

Wonderful splendor blooming everywhere I look.

Solid contact with imagination, letting sights reach into my soul and showing the beauty that is all around me in nature's cradled arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contained Essence

Always listening to forgotten dreams as they echo
throughout the hours, when daydreaming of them.

Lightening striking in throes of love, showing the
way to fulfill broken spirits, in depths of an
unconditional love.

Following sounds heard in the background as they
clap with thunder at times, reminding us of the
essence contained within our beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Containing Self

Soothing nerves of sharpened steel, calming this heart
with a fine tuned melody and rhythm.

Containing self, moving into a fantasy of imagination
where a mind can soar, taking this entire being into
forests, deserts, the atmosphere, just to begin again
on another plain somewhere outside the world.

Finding an energy, taking it within so life can be
moved beyond what it is now, living on edges, wanting
to do dangerous things just to feel alive, feel the
beating of my heart go faster.

Always taking beauty of everything into consideration,
holding it in photographic memories throughout life,
leaving nothing behind and never fearing anything,
knowing what is in store after it is done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplating

Clouds hovering levelly over Phoenix,
lazily watching and contemplating
life on earth as it passes beneath
them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplating Alone

Circular patterns of light swirl and chase one
another on tables of copper.

Sliding about the atmosphere, reaching for goals,
extended beyond sight.

Awaiting revelations in nighttime hours, alone
in serene contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplating Circumstances

Searching interiorly for the strength to get through this
temporary life, spirits waning, thoughts falling asleep
in the darkness.

Contemplating circumstances, predicaments and experiences
we've been through on paths of destiny, in our minds,
retracing every step.

Trying to figure out where we went wrong, taking a wrong
direction and ending up lonely and forgotten by all we
knew before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplating Future Visions

Moving quietly and silently through the passage of time,
living in an environment of creativity that continues to
create atmospheres and landscapes beyond compare.

Wonder and awe continually at the forefront while writing
and listening to music, contemplating visions of the future
and how they will come about for the American people.

Winning out over evil, helping other countries help them-
selves take back what's rightfully theirs also, corrupt
politicians prosecuted, swept away, never to see the light
of day again in jail.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplating Human Nature's World

Joyfully and playfully rocking to Springsteen, taking
self into every note and rhythm.

All of it so pleasing to this mind, while vibrating
intellect and soul with an awakening spirituality
rising everlastingly in this being.

Sitting here, contemplating this world and human
nature, tenderly and gently listening as I float into
the beyond.

Grasping meanings of another day, glory in everything,
climbing ever higher into promises of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplating Inner Thoughts

Watching nature calm my soul with a peaceful serenity, gently rocking me into a contemplation of inner thoughts and prayers.
Living in an environment of enlightened knowledge, taking in every facet towards wisdom in life.
Trailing all ideas, watching them develop into photographic memories, becoming particles of my being as I enfold them into picturesque landscapes for an eternity.
Lifetimes can never persist in keeping quiet about decisions in circumstances that turns another page in my history.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplating Interior Designs

Thought for food, contemplating an interior design.
Forming prayers for a lifetime of scores, hidden in
trials and sufferings on any given day.
Walking across traffic in my mind, watching for
signs of solace to appear and sooth my soul.
Whispering to imagination's mind of lyrical music
on poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplating Life's Deepest Moments

Succinctly and fully interpreting life through poetry and music, enjoying intellect and it's fundamental precepts of life, nature and other dimensions.

Finding processes of creative aspects coming to life, taking me down avenues of excellent imaginative tunnels and trails.

Believing in faith, hope and fidelity of the Divine, always entering a bluened light within as I write and contemplate life in it's deepest moments.

Always finding energy flowing from within my soul enabling me to carry on with beauty and serenity from above, loving feelings being given to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplating Our Lives Together

Delicately scented and tender are my thoughts whenever
thinking of you my dear.

Warm nights, fresh kisses from your soft lips, loving
the life you've given to me only.

Being blessed with an unconditional love from within
your heart, meeting with the same for you from my own.

Contemplating our lives together, wondering at intensity
that love gives to us both daily.

Watching any darkness suddenly dissipating when the light
of our interior spirits meet as one when making love.

Knowing you're always going to be here if I should fall
and I will do the same for you my darling.

Taking our beings into the truth of a genuine and healthy
love from here to eternity, my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplating Quietly

Standing quietly,
reposing over a piano keyboard.
Contemplating natural beauty
and sensitive feelings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplating Serene Journeys

Sanctioning prayer through nature while contemplating serene journeys along edges of yet to be seen horizons in my mind.
Allowing subjective rehearsals to scatter and regroup on plains of dampened sorrow, lived through in an aura of grief.
Filling every labyrinth with clues, sending puzzles into abysses, lengthening times of eternity's timelessness on earth.
Waking to an atmosphere of twilight, engineering causing new descriptions to be written in sand and scratched into screens of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplating Yesterdays

Gently lifting me from depths of loss and heartache,
my soul reaches upward, taking me onto another plain.

There being alone in thought, contemplating solely
on those yesterdays that I wish were here today instead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplation

Picturesque beauty sitting before me in landscapes of
yesterday - made for one sitting in contemplation.

Descriptions come readily to my mind's eyes, seeing
even what isn't seen, but knowing it just the same.

A silent, vast plain set before me in undisguised
glory, giving me pause to stop and thank God for
gifts He has given me from the moment of conception.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplation And Rhythm

Lying on edges of night, awakened by pain instilled within
tonight, trying pain medicines realistically, yet they're
not working.

Now sitting here, creatively using music and poetry to ease
it and take me into a peaceful and total atmosphere of
bluened light.

Fully and completely taking self away, keeping closely to
an interior life filled with contemplation and rhythms,
now feeling the pain subsiding finally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplative

Settling into a soothing frame of mind, respecting with dignity, inner workings of my soul.

Serene, quiet, contemplative, seeking only that which comes to me in respite - dreaming.

Sending messages telepathically to and from my body to my soul, searching absolutely nowhere for what can be found within.

Solace deeper than any mountain, peace richer than any man on earth, joy as expansive as desert lands in summer.

Remembering as a child, beauty found in nature unexpectantly every day, caressing memorial images closely, keeping them safely hidden away.

All of life can be seen through our environment, everything comes from nature - that of God.

Organizing eternal thoughts at this minute in time, to make sure I will have something to think about in the future - when I die and leave this world for a better one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplative Art

There are no keys to imagination, it lies within,
waiting to be explored, met and shown through
creative genius and art.
It stands waiting for incredible voyeurs to gather
notes, words, pictures, paintings for an eternal
gallery to posterity of what we hold within our
minds.
Listening to inner voices, hearing what most never
hear because they don't listen to their souls or
interior lives.
Disquieting stress cannot penetrate this solitary
field, full of desert acres.
Contemplative works of art being created daily,
outlasting each of us as we travel into death.
Yes, there are no keys to imagination, we are
forever indebted to ourselves, as we listen to our
mind's inner whispering being foretold to all the
world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplative Attitude

Walking around the desert at night, totally peaceful and
quiet, nothing to disturb this contemplative attitude.

Such a serene and beautiful landscape everywhere I look,
tantalizing every emotion and feeling filling my being.

Concentrating and reverberating in an interior spiritual
realm, not wanting to leave the still intense peace within.

Stars shining down, twinkling brightly afar, touching my
mind with their effervescent and brilliant intensity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplative Courtyard

Boulders lying about the courtyard, set around barrel cacti, saguaros, ocotillos and century plants.

An array of beautifully blossoming cacti, presenting themselves for us to see and enjoy when sitting and looking at them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplative Deserts

Hearts afire in deserts of contemplation,
enlightening mind's with candles of wisdom.

Flames carrying learning to higher aspects
of life with respect and dignity.

Spaces crowding around as imagination delves
and soars into caches of consciousness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplative Domains

Reaching spiritually into domains of sincere contemplation,
focusing on perpetual horizons of the soul.

Searching deserts for intrepid thoughts, generating peace
and forthright serenity.

Placating inner desires of rhythm with innate gifts of
talent, written down for an eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplative Fulfillment

Penetrating feelings of love encompassing my being with
a deep and abiding spirituality.

Never wanting to lose it's intensity and fruitfulness
throughout this love.

Within my being, finding a contemplative fulfillment
that empties itself into the essence and passion of
my poetical spirit.

Erupting at last into poetry that is written and spread
throughout the entire world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplative Mirrors

In my mind, throwing rocks into a clear blue crystal pond,
watching them hit the water with a splash and sink to the
brown bottom of mud.

Fish swimming through the liquid beauty, rainbowly reflecting
the world in their fishly scales.

Interiorly becoming calmer with the throwing of each stone,
life eases itself slowly into contemplative mirrors, like
a prayer into the depths of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplative Mysteries

Circling my mind, searching for any messages that may have been lost during tunes I hid within my writing.
Tossing envelopes, emptying them quietly into pools of thought, swimming among them, finding the ones felt closely, finitely to my heart.
Sincerely choosing to slide along sidewalks, undetected while they're shown on inner screens, containing the mysteries of contemplative inner workings of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplative Properties

Touching the properties of beauty, reaching for their depths through music.

Intense desire foaming upwards, reflecting in windows and mirrors of the soul.

Reason does not exist when nature fills our sight with hopeful dreams.

Praying thoughtfully, contemplatively, full of awareness and tranquility.

Placing our entire beings in the path of God, soulfully stepping one moment after another towards all of life's grace.

In one final embrace before we leave our loved ones, moving on to a much better place in life's eternal spherical garden.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplative Silence

Night time songs of yesterday play against my heart, raking
it's strings, causing tear-fraught good-byes.

Heavily scented funeral blossoms bequeath earthly thoughts
of life to energetic calm.

Laying to rest, the sadness of eternal blessedness, caring
not for the silence of quiet pastimes this life has to offer.

Finding instead moments of serene disaster, ceasing to count
seemingly important moments in time, forgetting all, forsaking
it in place of contemplative silken silence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplative State

Feeling the difference between life and death, sensing their presence when in a contemplative state of being.
Testing character, believing in heaven and its' presence, charting a course in that particular direction, hoping to make my way towards it soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contemplative Visions

Watching dancers rumba as I also look into my mind,
seeing what no one else can see.
An honor given sololy to me as I write and
contemplate the visions I have in my repertoire.
Using them constantly in unique ways of words, as
my fingers dance, carefully attuned to the music,
creating poetry interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contempt Of Life

Signaling to synapses, trying to decipher interpretations of musical repertoires for tomorrow's anticipated prose.
Selected antiphons carry omens of delightful energy, posting edicts along every avenue of nature, wafting scents towards my mind.
Folding compactly, with a precision of unequaled quality, aspiring to a greatness held inside with a solemn contempt for life and it's trials.
Suffering counts for nothing, yet it is everything in God's plans for us and our purposes throughout living and our lifetimes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contending With Life

Standing beside a pond, still and serene, quietly living it's little purpose on earth; enjoying the solitude and serenity of it's wonder while writing.

Living alike, each of us according to our purposes here on earth, having life to contend with, taking time out to entertain thoughts of peaceful endeavors.

Traveling on pathways of destiny, glorious and delicately taking in it's presence as silence envelopes both the pond and self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Content Memories

Special moments spent with family
are treasured in beautiful memories,
content to be what they are in the
present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Content With Self

Actually, I don't care about beliefs and other religions,
being content and happy with my own as I live life with
nature, camping, fishing, boating, hiking into the wilder-
ness.

Your beliefs and religions will do nothing to enhance the
life God has already given to me, but you are welcome to
live your own way of life.

Your human limitations and rules of coercion cannot compare
to the freedom I have in believing in my God, who has created
me and has nothing to do with forcing me to do anything.

What God has made no man can put asunder, therefore I am
eternally free to live the life I was meant to, poetically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contented By Nature

Tranquilized, contented by nature and it's beauty
surrounding me walking outside through the desert
alone, day or night.

Feeling solemn thoughts caress and hold me through
everything that tries to take me from this temporary
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contented Heart

Writing to my heart's content, no matter what other's
may think.
It brings total peace and solace into me, no strings
attached.
Relief flooding into my soul with interior solitude
and hope.
Reaching always for meaning in out-dated words of
wisdom, brings contentment into life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contented Life Of Birds

Waking to a bright early sun, lifting my eyelids to
welcome this new day.

Watching birds twittering about, chirping, talking
to each other in happy lilting voices.

Rarely, if ever do we hear birds being angry with
one another.

A serenely peaceful and contented life they have it
seems to me.

Flying and soaring above the world, looking for food,
seeing sights that we mortals will never see.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Context Of Illumination

Cooperating with a silent composition, letting it
saturate my mind with it's newly created rhythm,
falling into place within imagination's being.
An exquisite etude of exacting learning and wisdom
being brought into the foreground, delivering
acrimonious perceptions to once darkened corners
of intellect.
Now completely opened to the world of insight, a
newly formed context of illumination, considering
many visions of interior placement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contextual Designs

Energizing my mind with Chopin, upturning avenues of extravagant joy and intellect.
Taking pleasure, participating in technical difficulties and compositions that are always keeping my mind swirling, trying to keep in time with whatever happens to come about.
When thinking, pondering the beauty of musical incantations as they saunter in and out of my mind.
Always tracing patterns anew, bringing out contextual designs to adhere to poetical rhymes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continual Lesson

Noticing people want to live without loss or grief, but
that's not how it is to be alive, for we need extremes
of life and death and all that happens in between.

Life is a continual lesson, we keep learning from every
circumstance and situation, even though at times we'd
prefer not to have to experience intense ones on earth.

Moving forward from one day to the next, knowing that's
the only way to get through any of it, coming through
sorrow and sadness, learning and growing through it so
when we die our souls will go to heaven at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continual Life

Expressing a lifetime of sorrow in words, touching millions of people and entering their hearts with a comforting song.
Believing in something other than life's suffering, trying to achieve a better space on the face of the earth.
Knowing the situation of life will continually turn about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continual Offering

Following rhythms everywhere,
giving in to the beauty of interior landscapes.
Setting off fireworks of imagination, taking me
to places I can't go otherwise.
Sending rays of my mind out into outer spaces,
continually offering a sense of peace with every
beat of the drum.
Calculating messages as they are formulated on
screens of coded visions.
Staking life on edges of rainbows as colors come
into view, taking me on many journeys into
subconscious realms, unforgiving of reality.
Solidly playing an aphrodisiac, sentimentally,
and carrying it off conscious stages of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continual Wonder

Sensing whispers of rhythm descending directly from heavenly gardens, showering this poet's soul, gathering all of it's sorrow into interior depths of the Divine.

There it will be saved and used to remember how life was once lived and is no more, soul searching incessantly for solace and peace.

A continual wonder settling into my spirit, genuine and innocent, touching me fully with ingenuity of another time in the future, another tomorrow that lies before me.

Waiting for it's time to surrender and then become a particle of the past that once was tomorrow's future, fibers of life being loosened by death in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continually Being Opened

Knowing and feeling certain things innately, never folding over, just continually being opened to the perspectives and concepts of intellect's designs and patterns.

Mathematical formulas constantly filling this mind with their excellence, giving my mind many ideas to help the future of mankind, all in due time from somewhere inside.

Spheres taking me into other dimensions far from the ones held here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continually Entering The Present

Writing from depths of emotion, letting them be expressed
as they run from within my personality.

Loving their explicit truths as they wrap their feelings
around my being, acknowledging their presence in my life
forever.

Existing in realms of another time, continually entering
the present from beyond the past.

Leading always into the environment of another time,
tomorrow when I can no longer exist on this plain.

Longing for the peace and solace of my final sunset, I
take this leisurely aspect of emotions into my total
being.

Becoming who I must one day, in some other time and peaceful
place, alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continually Living

A saddened heart whimpering in the corner, tears falling
silently from blue eyes, not wanting to stop at all, an
intense loneliness and sorrow have displaced my heart.

Taking happiness and joy into foyers of loss and death
where they sit quietly, awaiting their time once again
in the future when life resumes it's stance like before.

Until sorrow and loss hits again through the years, re-
membering all the good times, splendid and momentous,
tender moments with family and friends.

Life being bittersweet at times, especially through quiet
memories of the past, yet we continually live our lives
with possibilities and expectations throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continually Passing

Taking rhythms and drumming them steadily into the morning, giving life a wonderful beat to wake up to singly hoping for energy and vibrancy to continue into the night.

Loving passion coming from an atmosphere surrounding me with an effervescent beauty of rhythm playing un-endingly into moments of time continually passing us by.

Enjoying the tantalizing touches of tones as they grasp onto my mind for fun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continually Spiritual

Stranded in an existence of forebearance, exhausted from it's demands on me physically, emotionally, mentally.
Spiritually it seems keeps me moving forward when I'd prefer not to.
So many difficulties, yet I must continue on for my children and grandchildren.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continue Being

Antagonizing memories forsaking time, living on in photographic screens of life.

Nothing to remember, taking steps to continue being in a world that has abandoned me for another dimension.

Finding all of life has been emptied of it's essence and now lies dying in the loneliness of a desert mountain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continue Walking Forward

Contributing to telltale hints of yesterday,
we continue walking forward in spite of it all.
Taking life in stride, falling off edges at times,
trying to hold on for dear life once in a while.
Favorite pastimes holding us together for beings
of time, adapting to circumstances behind and
beyond our control.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continue Writing

Rushing around blindly, attempting to find out
why I'm in so much pain, now going to x-ray for
I know not why again.
Just continue writing and hoping for the best.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing

Summer love holding tenderly, washing one in the tears of
yesterday's love.

So lost and beautiful, penetrating the solace of this
heart and allowing it to continue into the future somehow.

Not knowing where the strength to go on comes from, falling
beneath the covers of abandoned loss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Again

Wounded deeply at times in life, just scraping by, not knowing
what will come into existence next.

Standing like a soldier, always at attention, looking for the
next thing to strike out, ready to tear me apart, sending me
into a tail spin.

Crawling away time and again, barely able to live life in the
tattered scraps that I have left.

Somehow able to pick myself up and continue again, no difference
in the outcome, as I wait in deference to the existence that
keeps me in this dreadful attire.

Wondering how it will feel to be another person of myself, one
that I can live life as, so thoughtfully and alone in a
better state of mind.

Nothing able to knock me down again in this life, how blessed
I would be if this were to happen beginning now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Aspects

Thinking haphazardly of many things, wondering, curious, in depths of labyrinths too distant from life's edges to comprehend.
Adjusting and realigning attitudes, looking for a way to project life to the other side of tomorrow.
Seeing many aspects to continue walking down pathways meant for only one person.
Listening to interior purposes, keeping track of what is expected on narrow causeways, reaching to the heavens without failing to do what is meant to create out of subconscious imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Balance

People walking by not seeing a bird gently walking
on a bench beside them.
Although the bird notices them and watches them
warily, making sure they don't come too close.
It's funny how nature continues it's balance with
or without us noticing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Destinies In India

Longings and confusion being opened and totally explored,
a whole new frontier beginning it's quest for knowledge,
now on the path to enlightenment.

Lost and alone, two souls, two separate entities, finding
the essence of our hearts through a total and open-ended
conversation.

Starting a new wave length to be followed through the
rest of our lives, cementing our destinies as one in
eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Down Lonely Roads

Tapping staccotoely in time with rhythms that continue
to take us down long lonely roads of life, each of us
finding a way through experiences in the end.

This short and temporary life is filled with many sac-
rifices and bereavement, yet we cling to it as if it
will last forever.

Going through everything, doing the best we can, hop-
ing that we can continue doing good and helping others
daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Dreams

Neon moons hanging over my head, focusing on interior
feelings as I look on, contemplating every natural
wonder.
Continuing dreams dancing in the shadows alone,
never waiting for another to pass by, because I am in
a place that no one else can enter for it is my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Education

Placidly taking steps into destiny, realizing resignation
to another past, wanting to move on, taking the future by
the hand.

Loving It's refreshing newness as I move forward into it's
total existence without any effort, striving to find the
enviable consciousness in life through intellect.

Wanting to be a part of something bigger and better, not
caring whether it comes from an inner or outer atmosphere,
collecting the data needed to continue an intellectual ed-
ucation begun from birth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Forward

Realizing the edges of life are curling slowly around
this being, getting ready to inter this body into the
nighttime of reality.

Echoes sounding closer than ever of calls and whispers
coming from heaven.

Telling one of all the beauty that's missing and as yet
can't be grasped, but soon knowing they all are promising,
as life continues forward, sometimes without me even being
present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Gifts

Loving sounds of music, hearing them all the time,
as I write of everything that comes to mind in
blue lighting flashes of creativity.

Death keeps a close watch over me as I defeat it again and
again with faith and prayer.

Enabling me to continue using gifts of understanding and
writing of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Iluminated Journey

Falling asleep in a land of make-believe,
dwelling here inside imagination.
Traveling down roads, creating episodes
of tomorrow so I may continue my journey
through illuminated illusions of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Ingredient

In the end the best ingredient through life ends up being love
of one another, family and friends.
Nothing else can surpass it, the one highlight of life is
everlasting love.
Be glad of this gift, treasure it forever, keep it close and
you will not be alone or forsaken.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Inspiration

Seeing images vibrantly lifting spirits as I listen to music,
writing to it's rhythms while doing so.

Continuing down trails hidden in forests of imagination where
I prefer to walk.

Silently, finding amazing visions that infiltrate ideas and
bring fruitful thoughts into creation and existence.

Positive aspirations continually fill this mind appreciatively,
giving an energy beyond human recognition in many facets.

Beautiful images find their way into imagination, walking and
keeping time in measures of interior rhythms, blending with
those of music that are playing to my mind right now.

So inspirationally helping to focus on thoughts wanting to be
expressed in writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Intellect

Lasting songs filling my mind with aged memories of youth.

Walking through the desert on the way to school, carrying
a transistor radio I received as a present the year before
when I graduated from eighth grade.

Haunting images remembered as I walked alone, no one to
speak to, instead using my imagination to write short
stories for my English class with Brayer or Churbuck.

So long ago, yet in mind, happening this moment.

Nothing to look back on, because it's always right here in
a photographic memory.

At times, enjoying past visions, other times being
frustrated at their persistence.

Tangling webs, pushing through, containing it all within
a mind of continuing intellect.

(1: 26 p.m. - 1/17/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Journey

Taking time to travel interiorly all through life,
finding everything I can that's hiding within.
Touching inner emotions, giving heart-felt thoughts
throughout the years to write about.
Appreciating the gifts and innate talent I was born with,
when coming into this world alone.
Continuing on this journey, knowing there are still so
many stories to tell in poetical verses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Life Of Another

Throughout this earthly world and life we find strength
and durability to perform our duties and find our purposes.

Filled with hope, faith, charity and compassion, living
for others, aiding them in times of need and despair.

Letting God work through us moments at a time, using our
energy and faith to continue life of another human being.

A total sacrifice of love, never counting the cost or
looking back with remorse.

Favorable experiences of our purpose having been done
and asked for the betterment of another and therefore
humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Passion

Watching through the window,
seeing drops of rain falling quietly into my brain,
giving me thoughtful pictures filled with my essence,
as my passion continues unendingly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Purposes

Beating rhythms with light beyond nature's early call
in mornings of excellence.
Breathing pleasurably in time with gentle breezes
flowing through the atmosphere.
Living in tune with everything of God's divine plan,
knowing life is continuing it's purpose above all else.
Taking in stride, daily trials and strife, trying to
not be disarmed by it's insistence, yet it becomes
disturbing in our minds as we constantly deal with it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Reminder Of Life

Prancing joyfully through an interior light that emits
an energy of life constantly, giving of itself to all
who learn how to enter into it.

Developing and creating ways in which to open up and
lay bare what lies within, cherishing precious lively
memories continuing to fill this mind with beauty.

Skipping and following paths of an avid ability that
can entertain this being for days on end, with moments
that can never be detained while living.

Music continually taking it into contexts of a place
of happiness where the best in life can only be found,
alone and holding onto the preciousness of the soul.

A vast dimension held within, never forsaken or let
go of, continuing to be a reminder of life passing
through the years, leaving memories strewn behind it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Repertoire

Sounds filing into this mind, taking their seats in intellect,
notes titillating them with a beautiful wonder of an everlasting
life that never will be lost to any of us.

Listening and finding many solutions, falling into the fray,
giving self an entire repertoire that continues to fill me so
soothingly and calmly.

Rising and falling, blending and combining with varied experiences
of this earthly life, throwing this heart into every moment, living
in an incessant energy of totally intense feeling of emotions be-
lieving no matter what, it will never end or fade away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Rodeo

As the rodeo continues, the winner of the saddle
raffle is now about to be drawn before the next team.
All the excitement, glory and fun rolled into one.
Knowing my brother-in-law is still in the hospital,
yet, I feel him here in spirit and keep looking for
him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing Self Preservation

Continuing education happens throughout our lives in
varied types and ways, depending on what we prefer.

Languages, computers, technology, no matter what it
is, all increasing your mind power and intellect.

Precious and divining, giving us more forms of expression
and explanations to help understand one another better.

Bringing diverse cultures together, learning from them
all and increasing communication, helping to bring us
closer together.

Making for a more peaceful world in the long run for our
future generations, beautiful concepts and exercises in
self-preservation for all of mankind.

Total ingenuity being used to increase our world's under-
standing, peacefully and not harming or hurting anyone in
the process.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing This Journey

Capable and hoping to continue this journey through life,
knowing there is so much that is needed to be finished
before leaving this earth.

All types of ideas continue to proliferate, allowing the
energy of my mind to vibrate into being, always.

A complimentary aspect of having a photographic memory to
depend on throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing To Be Born

Reaching deeply into the silence of the future, watching it
proceed before me even though I am sitting here in the present
moment of life.

Drinking in the intense purity of innocence, letting it move
into directions that are opening up towards the effervescent
livelihood of my being as it is being understood on the landing
of eternity.

Nothing being interrupted by the turmoil of earth as I continue
to be born within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing To Be Free

Rain falling, washing away the pain always sitting within,
at least for a little while.

Getting a reprieve from it's intense sorrow, holding me
like a child, clutching it's teddy bear just to feel safe.

Wanting to be free to continue living the way I want to is
an all time dream come true.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing To Fight

Blind-sided by life many times over, yet continuing to fight all the odds, no matter what, at times wondering why, thinking to let go, but I don't.

Life is just what it is, a place to suffer and go through trials, every once in a while having happiness and joy touch life through love of family and friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing To Learn

Wandering through pathways, searching for moments needed
to fulfill purposes on this earth.

Locating and finding the pieces of every puzzle in places
secreted in darkness and corners.

Silently, quietly, sitting in the background, awaiting
exact moments when intellect opens up, taking me into it's
depths.

Learning how to continue walking towards destiny, making
sure that I do what I was put on earth for and continually
learning how.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuing To Love

Shadowing all of life, mourning keeps us from enjoying
happiness, unfolding sorrow and sadness throughout petals
of loss strewn before us as we progress through life.

Nothing to bar it's way, we are at a loss on how to
prevent it, yet we continue to love other's with all
of our hearts.

Knowing that our love will only end up in the loss of
another through their eventual death from this temporary
life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuous Circle Of Life

Sometimes in the darkness sanity leaves, not
knowing which direction to go.

Safety is no longer existent, life has stopped
and sits remotely on a merry-go-round, no longer
identifying with anyone in space or time.

Life goes around with no purpose, stops when it
is over.

Duty follows itself in circles, never contemplating
why it does so.

Obligations fly away slowly with the wind, never
landing, except momentarily in some people's minds.

Controversy climbs ever higher within each of us
and insanity seemingly takes over the daily grind
called life.

Continuing in a continuous circle, never climbing
off or holding on, only falling over when it
becomes too much to handle.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuous Cycle

Being like the lonely leaf, deadened and fallen from
the tree of life, trampled and stomped upon, yet be-
coming the food by which it will feed it's roots.

Helping it to grow and be nourished in time, do we
think less of the dead leaves of earth, if so, why?
are they not creations of our Lord also?

Isn't their purpose four-fold from beginning buds
to death in brown and crackly leaves, providing the
sustenance as once others have done before them.

A continuous cycle of life, revolving throughout
everything we see around us in nature, living with
it all, not always noticing or thinking about it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Continuous Journeys

Finding myself in moonlit pathways, stars leading
the way to other worlds beyond what I can see.
Milky way traveling throughout it's hemisphere,
misting every eye attempting to see it's white hue.
Frolicking with any solar system, gathering an
existence of forbearance as journeys continue
themselves forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contour Of Life

Topics of importance don't concern me when I'm in a certain mood.

Today, my mind and soul are filled only with a tight-fisted little sadness.

Again, soon, I will be in a situation I don't want to be in.

Interior serenity is disturbed, is a little apprehensive of what is soon to come about.

Slowly grasping at straws, clutching only thin air, because I am not quick enough.

Exhaustingly forlorn, sitting at a wayside contour of life, considering what, if anything, I am doing in the near future to make me happy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contouring Thoughts

Touching ivories of my mind, a cha cha reaches out and
soothes my soul from within it's rhythmical depths.
Contouring thoughts, allowing them to fit as they
change shape and alter meanings with every note
brought to mind.
Gathering, misty-eyed in images, holding onto the best
life had to give.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contradictions Of Humanity

People living and loving, treating each other with respect
and dignity or not.

Loving and caring, then dumping them unnecessarily, such
contradictions of humanity are hard to fathom.

Always watching, listening, learning from every experience,
wondering, curiosity rising, wanting to know how.

Our human intellect, feelings and emotions determine how
and when to stop loving another.

What reasons are valid, which are not? Can we really put
a price upon another person whom we claimed to have loved?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contrast

People are in the midst of a war, women, children being raped, tortured, men being beheaded, all killed, murdered.

Yet, here it's business as usual, people are going to work, getting their hair done, grocery shopping, going to the movies, dining out.

What a contrast from one part of the world to another! It's hard to wrap your mind around it all.

Here I sit, seeing both sides and writing about it, freedom is what makes the difference I feel.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contributing To Hatred

Silent happenings are crowding around, wanting to be a
part of history as it partakes of a creative world.

Forgiving the existence of evil, yet praying that it
will be expelled in our lifetime from all over the world.

Comparing compassion and caring, wondering what it takes
for an individual to part from it.

Seeing an unforgiveness causing a hardness of hearts to
contribute to it's creation.

Being hurt when younger, learning to hate and holding
grudges may account for much of the evil on earth that
is being taught to our young.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contributing To Life

Slicing through the turmoil of life, finding particles
that contribute to it's essence.

Wondering and searching for the minutest ones, studying
them intensely.

Curiosity totally working overtime, trying to consolidate
all ideas and details found throughout intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contributing To Rhythm

Beating rhythmically inside intellect, sounding
like fireworks crackling and bursting in interior
environments.

Steadily contributing to the incessant rhythms as
I continually fold and unfold the beauty of my
imagination.

Recalling the images of yesterday with an enticing
fulfillment of energy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Contributions To Writing

Wondering in depths of interior solace at all the things
that I've learned through the years.

Some of them thrilling, some not, but they have all
contributed to my writing.

Fascinating poetry comes to light because of learning and
curiosity, pushing me forward into the morning sun of
another life, awaiting my presence.

Wanting to finish this one at my best, so I will not have
any regrets to carry with me before the setting sun takes
me to prepare for death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Control

Singing tenor voices feeling just right, in perfect pitch,
sounding in synch with life's natural music.

Talented organization kept in control and left to flow
easily along musical scores, being kept closely so no one
may walk off with any of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Controlling Emotions

Placid waters holding me, keeping my being from sinking into
despair on evenings of loneliness.
Controlling emotions and easing the hold on them that prevents
a solitude to form within.
Adjusting moments of fruition, giving time a place in the
fascination of tiring thoughts placed on pyres of funeral
darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Controlling Inner Environment

Sauntering into the surrounding area by myself.
Entering stormy phases, protruding from sides of
cloudy skies and opening their doors to me.
Wanting to experience the whispering essence of
new senses, controlling my inner environment
with lilting pleasure.
Continuing life with few interruptions to
thoughts as I progress down lanes of intuition
and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Controlling Needs

Wanting a chance to be a person, a friend, in a give and
take relationship without the past interfering at all,
hoping to have an opportunity to meet problems head on.

Becoming stronger through them, wanting to learn how to
control needs that are no longer needed to carry the
past anymore.

Seeing brightness in happiness and joy, allowing it to
lodge itself within for the rest of life, seeking a place
in life without looking for anything from others.

Relying on inner expertise in matters of choice, learning
to be self-reliant and independent, the way life stands
within itself.

Casting off any needs that were flung upon a defenseless
child wanting to grow emotionally, reaching out, tired of
being angry and isolated.

Requirements set long ago are being let go, learning to
be real, self-exposed to the world, full of life, gifts
and talent to share with everyone.

Forging a new path, creating a life that has been waiting
to be born, wanting to live free and independent, beginning
today, this minute.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Controlling Others

Finding strength in daily trials of life, surrounded by inept people, holding lives other than their own in check.

Sorry beings intent on controlling lives, while enhancing their own.

Silently killing those they claim to love with all their reality of hatred instead.

Hurting beyond all reason, locked within their own hells, reaching out to pull immortal victims into this hell with them.

Not caring who gets hurt or why they continue living in the past, pushing all who venture near or dare to love into their hatred-filled fantasy, belonging to the past.

Blood stained tears are all that's left of the victims they choose to kill.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Controlling Outlooks

Finding conclusions in the beginning, knowing elements beforehand.
Adjusting the core of being to meet the new directions
being determined by intellect's wisdom.
Controlling outcomes before they even begin, an extra-
ordinary technique suddenly thrust upon my mind of
thought.
Sending coded signals, directing all aspects of this
new development and folding it into grey matter for all
future predicaments and situations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Controversial Opportunities

Staying the distance, trying to get in on the action of
life, wanting to live dangerously, letting my being feel
like it is alive, with sparks of adventure and discovery,
a wonderful experience and coincidence to live with
interiorly.

Loving the expressions and all explanations coming out
of it and into intellect, always discovering and locating
things that will allow this mind to be awakened widely
without any harm to itself.

Offering many opportunities to change life and finding
what I really want to be doing, instead of attending to
dull daily routines.

Shaking it all from my shoulders, taking it into my being,
satisfied with the serenity of doing what it is that I
want to do every day of my life and not what others want
me to do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Controversy In Life

Controversy abounds in everyday life, taking stands
for and against - sometimes mundane reasons.
Other times, being legitimate, fighting for a cause
that is believed in whole-heartedly.
Life is filled with controversy in many walks of
adults and children alike.
Being well-equipped mentally, will help in difficult
times, to compromise and keep the peace so things
can actually be done to correct whatever needs to
be changed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Convention Of States

Toiling through this life, never getting much for it
except misery because of all the corrupt politicians
stealing our money pretending to be our government.

Wanting Arizona to invoke the Convention of States
and do away with federal government's corruption and
graft.

Each state of the U.S. should govern itself from this
day forward, have term limits on every single position
with only one term as president of the United States.

That way we'll always have fresh new ideas and less
chance of corruption and stealing from We the People,
giving us the freedom we all deserve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Converging

Sunlight filtering into my mind, warming thoughts,
getting them moving towards the waterfall cascading
into my mind.

Words and meanings of life, converging as they fall
below, creating the poetry I so love to write all
the time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Converging Tears

5: 52 a.m.
Sometimes all that's left to a person is wishful thinking
as they lie in bed dying.

Memories of life passing through their minds vividly,
bringing tears to their hearts and eyes.

Wanting to get out of bed and relive their lives, doing
things differently perhaps.

Being kinder, more compassionate, spending more time with
their families.

Regretting some of the decisions they've made in life,
knowing it's too late to change anything, because their
time is coming to an end.

Now realizing much too late that they should have done
more with their life and not wasted it like they have.

Leaving nothing behind except for the tears of grief for
their loved ones, having left no mark nor made a difference
in the world they are about to leave.

Wanting to say to those they love, something important to
change or wake them up to the temporary situation they too
are in, before it's too late.

But what can a dying person have to say, who's now lying
in bed, wistfully thinking, if I'd only done more with my
life, loved those who loved me more, shown them I cared,
how much more meaning life would have held if they'd only
have done.....

5: 54 a.m. Copyright: 10/31/15 RoseAnn V. Shawiak

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Converging Thoughts

Looking around the room as if it's the last time I will ever
see it, dance floor emptied of people as they sit at tables
having their refreshments of coffee and cookies.

Conversing with one another, decorations being blown about
by breezes from fans above, also cooling us down for a while,
energy waning, now beginning to gather speed.

Everyone now rested, now looking forward to dancing again,
yet my heart remains in a state of sadness, completing me
indefinitely as I sit and look around.

Seeing everything as if it were the last time I'd ever again
lay eyes upon what I've seen for so many years, knowing that
it cannot last forever.

Thinking and letting go of all the memories with others that
have happened here in this room, all thoughts converging into
one last impression being written into a final poem, perhaps.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conversation

Interesting conversations being said loudly enough for me to hear.
An incessant flow of words being spoken, yet not much is being said.
A listener not saying much, being polite so as not to upset the patient who cannot seem to stop talking.
Random thoughts being regaled by the one who doesn't ever give silence a chance to bring peace to his heart.
Stopping to listen to another person might curb the urge to take over every conversation.
After all, another person may have something very important to contribute also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conversation Pieces

Lights hanging around angles of buildings,
some being lit, others turned off or burnt
out.

Acting as conversation pieces in a waiting
room where I'm waiting to see the vascular
surgeon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conversation With A Cab Driver

Riding in a yellow cab on the way to an appointment,
the driver talked knowledgeably about Italy being
ruled by the Moors back when.
Thinking Shawiak was a German name when in fact it's
Polish-Ukranian.
Saying he thought it was German because of the w -
seeming like it was a double u instead.
A very nice gentleman from New York focused on
nationalities of all types to keep his mind moving and
informational.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conversations

Spreading cheer to others isn't difficult, sometimes all
it takes is a smile.

Thinking of others is a way to forget about your own
troubles and help them to ease theirs.

Conversations gather all types of information to determine
what another needs in their search for a complicit well-
being and happiness.

Sometimes we are able to aid them in their endeavors,
sometimes just listening is all you need to do, enabling
them to feel like they are still a part of life and
important to someone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conversations Of Yesterday

Walking into the sunset tonight, remembering many
conversations of yesterday with my parents through-
out the years.

Thinking of all the words unsaid to each other since
they died, heart longing to hear their voices once
again before dying.

An intense loneliness, knowing I will never hear
them speak to me through love again in this lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conversing With Angels

Lightly walking, keeping an easy gait through life,
daily focusing on eternity's horizons.
Relating all experiences to a future heavenly home
and garden.
Fluctuating on piers of didactic shores, conversing
with angels in an evening of beyond.
Sensing death in every shadow, yet never fearing
it's presence in our lives, as it is part of our
earthly experience.
Ghostly messages penetrate interior mind-sets,
truly bringing relatives and friends into memories
of the future.

(7: 14 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conveying Needed Messages

Satisfying imagination, falling from a plane,
dropping down onto a drop zone below, heading
for a texture of poetry.

Hoping to let it fill me entirely with it's
simple wording, messages needing to be conveyed
from within intellect.

Sharing it all with the world on .

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Conviction

Jouncing along sidewalks, looking at all sights lined up along the outskirts,
wanting to become new aspects of yesterday's landscapes.
Wonder abounding, finding itself being filled in with data and information, coming from somewhere within imagination's spiritual plain.
Taking fingers along ivories of interior pianos, feeling their senses tickling so many thoughts lying in wait.
All major portions firm in their convictions of religious beliefs

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cooking Up Passion

Rhyming to an interior clock of music's rhythms, noting to
ever interfere with poetry falling out onto paper so sub-
liminally, and silently.

Words of expression, senses coming together, wild flowers
stinging the air with their fragrant aromas filling the
surrounding atmosphere.

frolicking, playing in imagination with everything, tick-
ling sorrow and sadness with a reluctant joy at times,
somnolently filling up pots of desires, cooking up passion
for our love-making later tonight my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cooking With Chemistry

Recipes often are related to products of chemistry,
mixing spices and ingredients into a dish of insatiable desire.
Filtering all the scents and aromas into the essences of every-
thing cooked.
Leaving measurements to sift themselves measuring with my
eyes, knowing when I have enough to blend it all into a mixture
befitting royalty.
Spreading tables with places set in delicious circles, awaiting
appetites of all hungry family members.
Saying prayers and digging in with gusto.
Blessed thank you's given all around by everyone, appreciating
the meal fixed with love and sprinkled with prayers of God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cooling Down

Rushing from the heat left over
from a hot Arizona Thursday.
Frolicking in my mind, believing
in doing anything within reason
to cool down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cooling This Curious Mind

Nightshades hanging in my mind, keeping the sun just beyond,
shading thoughts from the heat of an afternoon sun, allowing
for this curious mind to cool down for a while.

Watching ideas accumulate, gathering their coattails and
standing around in circles of unheard conversations.

One day to be listened to within minds of people who will
eventually read my poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cooperating With Absolutes

Striking, filling my mind with instant vibrations of
lightening quick thoughts touching intellect.

cooperating entirely with absolutes of an intense and
beautiful nature living within my soul.

Sights and sounds of every rhythm come together in
words tat are placed into poetry.

Falling from interior waterfalls, floating downstream
throughout deep canyons filled with sparkling beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cooperating With Intellect

Reaching into depths of my being, finding all types of
treasures, waiting for me to discover and explore them
in writing.
Cooperating with intellect as it voices it's opinions
on various themes of livelihood.
Imagining a variety of timeless feelings through senses
of talented beauty.
A frequent sensation of thinking about curiosity and
it's benefits to my writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cooperating Within Parameters

Taking sorrow by the hand, allowing it to show the way
through it's long drawn-out process in time.

Quickly taking to it's precedent, wanting it to hold,
guiding into another sphere where it can be written
about.

Left dangling without any qualms until the next episode
opens up my heart and pours salt into the rawness
of it's open, wounded, unhealed scar time and again.

Separating and forming possibilities of another phase
in cooperating entirely within parameters of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coordinating Our World

Numbered in strength, we are together, a force to be
reckoned with, our voices as one, quietly, yet loudly, speaking of our love for all.

Equality for each person is no less a right than
being born, all must organize and coordinate our world,
the one around us.

We are people of a common cause, our personal justice
will prevail, because we will continue to grow and
unite through every event and each new day dawning
upon us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coping

Traveling subconsciously through fantasy and dreams, learning how to cope with a world I cannot be a part of because of my talent and gifts.
Always an outcast, it cuts and harms me deeply, yet I am expected to go on as if nothing has happened.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coping Skills

Aging settles within us, sapping our strength, knocking us for a loop when we have done just a little.
Holding on, looking around us, watching people in different stages - ones we have already been through.
Seeing various ways people use coping skills that are as varied as hundreds of boxes of crayons.
Functioning on limited time, pressed into corners, afraid to venture very far, instead, becoming home bound - trying to deal with their health and where they are in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coping Through Music

Coping with reality through music, art and poetical musings, holding on to life's rhythm through them all.
Bereft of human comforts, left out in still cold winter depths, unafraid of it's effects on me as I stand silently, being filled with all it's harboring feelings.
Sensing death always alongside me, taking me away slowly, in it's own time.
Never giving me a choice, taking particles along the way.
Having the best times I can before he takes the last one from me, throwing my soul into a tailspin - one I'll never recover from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coping With Attitudes

Playing my interior piano, coping adequately with attitudes forthcoming.
Sliding into reveries, brilliantly lit with creative processes and luminescent ideas for inventions of every kind in imagination.
Total summaries of each finished product combines to make new silences from beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coping With Events

Life-strengthening decisions lie in waiting,
hoping to be balanced carefully with exercise
and nutrition.

Building solid foundations to cope with events
happening throughout life, we adjust and align
ourselves the best we can, so we may live
longer than family members of previous generations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coping With Life

Looking deeply inside, sorting through feelings and emotions
of a lifetime, associating them with images, situations and
circumstances we've gone through already.

Learning and finding ways of coping with all the pain and
suffering, given moments of joy and happiness in between,
just to keep us going until the next time.

Everything we need in our lives sits within us, awaiting
our acceptance or rejection based on our individual personal
and solo experiences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coping With Reality

Raising awareness through rhythm, taking care of my mind
and saving my soul.

Awesome feelings escaping in the atmosphere, helping me
to cope with the reality of my situation.

Wanting to get up and dance my heart out, instead sitting
here and writing.

Braces not being conducive to rocking and rolling across
the dance floor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Copious Thoughts

Dusting memories, getting them up and ready for
this new day of writing.
Copious amounts of thoughts lying in wait, hoping
to be chosen for a poem in future literature.
Opening up, blossoming images, jumping right into
visions, hoping to make it to the big time in
books sold all over the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Copying The Mail

Still and quiet, nothing bothering me this morning, just
copying the mail as we CB'ers say on our radios.

Yes, a CB'er for many years now, Lady Phoenix is my handle,
a wonderful way to converse with people all over the place.

A very interesting pastime that I also enjoy immensely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corduroy Patches

End, the end of all thought and practice of ideas, escaping
from this darkened tunnel of life, fearful of the affront
of deadly images crawling forth.

No longer able to walk on, turning upside down within the
passage of time, requiem banners surrounding those of still-
ness, a deafness pounding out the staccato essence of life
now ended.

Pulling from inner straits, leaves of corduroy, patches to
heal the mind, whenever hearing sounds of it's rubbing to-
gether, thoughts gel inside.

When tripping and tumbling out of life, there is no parcel
or particle left to stretch across an ageless span of years.

Totality unanswered, cast in marble stones, placed outdoors
on pedestals of fragile lace, tapered with an overflowing
grace of memories spent, now hidden beneath floors of ugly
remembrance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Core Of Mistrust

Crawling along on all fours, searching for the life so negligently dropped along an unused pathway once strayed onto.

There seems to be no glimmer to guide, no string or stones to follow back in time, sliding along baggage, in case finding it accidentally one day.

Traipsing the world over wisdom and knowledge, the only real truths anyone can hang onto.

Reiterating pathways traveled, finding no use because their ears are blocked by other's betrayals and lies.

So continually walking alone, silent to the core of my being, not ever coming home to the mistrust of other's in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corner Of Imagination

Racing across expanses of subconsciousness,
having fun twisting and turning from deserts
to oceans in split second mind pivots.

Thankfully energizing all facets of my being
with a melee of rhythms for self alone to
see and enjoy on my corner of imagination's
earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corner Of Life's Darkness

Lifting eyes towards heaven, heart bowed down in
the darkness of loss and abandonment, finding noth-
ing left.

Life now being empty and lying like an arid desert
within my being, holding onto landscapes of once
desert beauty and holiness.

All have disappeared and left me forlorn, bereft
and crying in a corner of life's darkness, alone,
no hope to hold onto anymore.

Such a bleak and hopeless place in which to find
oneself, nothing to do but experience it's abund-
ant sorrow and sadness.

Waiting until some light eventually finds it's way
into the volume of enlightenment that will come a-
bout through the hope of one's soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corner Of Reality

In a little corner of reality, filled with gravel,
I saw momentous strides of life beckoning.

Little rocks and pebbles thick upon the ground,
crunching under the weight of passers-by.

Never complaining or minding, just doing their
jobs quietly.

Many different colors spread throughout the
crowd.

Different sizes and shapes strewn about, one to
catch almost anyone's eyes as they walk by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corner Of The Literary World

Leaving behind the big city, watching it's twinkling lights
fading in the distance, wanting peace and serenity of a life-
time in natural landscapes and wonderful spaces of privacy.

Retreating, alone with self and the Divine, placidly contemp-
lating the wonder of this life as it builds an interior energy
in depths of my being.

Sharing feelings and emotions with everyone through poetry,
taking my place in a corner of the literary world here on this
planet earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corner Of The World

Sitting here in a corner of the world, a mere poet,
not many knowing me personally, yet knowing more
about me than those who do know me.

Funny how with the huge close family that I have,
even none of them really know me, those who read
my poetry are more well-versed than they are.

Pun intended!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cornering Decisive Moments

Finding memories spinning around, flying off of ceiling fans and onto floors of dirt and dust.
Completely cornering decisive motions, enveloping all ideas as they protrude from evenings calamities.
Touching picturesque visions with each moment of factual information.
Shoving all movements into a sheltered abode, away from punctual deliveries, absenting itself from existential arguments of foregone conclusions, while parting ways with non-existent truths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corners Of A Storm

Storm clouds stretching darkly across the sky,
filled with the rainy atmosphere which will
soon be here.

Filtering away sunlight as much as it can,
reaching all corners of the city, prettily
portraying the upcoming storm brought to us
by nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corners Of Abysses

Frolicking through melodies as feelings jump and jive to music precise and exact.
Likenesses to some visions of the past take over fundamental judgments of literature.
Nothing coming close to precise rhythms of togetherness, kept closely, fitting with utmost care into corners of abysses.
Folding over many ideas, keeping with traditional exercises of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corners Of Arizona

Taking high roads through desert mountains, loving
the beauty being found there.

Saguaros standing tall, protecting our deserts with
their prickly images.

No one daring to interfere under their watchful eyes,
while wildlife roams freely across the landscape.

Always finding intense, delightful and fantastic
beauty filling every corner of Arizona.

Touching this poetic mind with it's fulfilling moments
of arid and gentle interludes.

All corners being so tantalizing and energetic, giving
this mind a splendid and intense memory to write from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corners Of Darkness

Strangulating life-blood in corners of darkness,
giving off an effervescent scent of death,
letting a mind separate from its' head.

Turning into straight-aways, falling deeply into
pits of hell.
Watching its' fires touch and burn with an
intensity of fervor.

Lasting pictures set on photographic screens as
reminders of what may happen to anyone if they
stray far enough away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corners Of Hibernation

Situated in corners of hibernation, lively pieces of prose lounge about, encrypting words and placing them in coded messages, preferred by an interior mind to coddle, educate and use daily in expertise.
Languidly holding on to everything, explicitly portraying life and nature in beautiful visions of tantamount splendor.
Taking in views sporadically and cryptically while enjoying many versions of poetry in illusionistic sights beyond intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corners Of Intellect

Rocking to beats as I sit here in the hospital recuperating
from major surgery.

Feeling a lot of pain, just living through it all as best
as possible.

Walking across this mind, looking into corners of intellect,
finding positive aspects of life as they're seen through
details of my mind as closely as possible.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corners Of Sunlight

Elated by tunes of country music trumping up my soul, as it widens my scope of the world; entertaining imagination as it unfolds peaceful rhythms to be written about.
Solidly maintaining designs like spider webs in corners of sunlight.
Shining fibers reflecting prisms of heaven in their delicate strands of angel hair.
Beauty straddling an atmosphere of space, lightly taking it's self seriously.
Braiding together thoughts of outer generations, linking them now with the future of tomorrow's songs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cornerstone Of Life

Strutting sideways, knowing the evening is almost over, just awaiting a nice word or two.
Stopping on a cornerstone of life, knowing that you must go it alone.
Having made it, doing so blatantly without reserve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cornerstones Of Existence

Rushing and capturing good feelings coming into being,
writing them explicitly into poetry.

Tapping out their beats musically without stopping or
resting, always finding an intellect of knowledge.

Taking it into this being with a quiet resilience,
portraying it in messages of life that have meaning
for self and others.

Looking and listening, keeping cornerstones of existence
in stairwells of an ever-climbing wisdom that will for-
ever be nourished.

Fulfilling an energy of mankind, always keeping minds
open to ingenuity with an appreciation of our individual
intellects while having introspection and a grasp of
perceptions and concepts.

Using them in helping humanity to progress into areas of
intense freedom and creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corraling Abstractions

Silently jumping for joy as I listen carefully to what I'm hearing.
Being attentive, enjoying melodies surrounding me with their tantalizing auras,
teaching about wisdom as they corral abstractions,
collecting ideas and placing them spontaneously upon paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corraling Self

Life has been redefined and not by choice,
corralling myself now, I have moved intellect's
boundaries to make up for what I can no longer
do physically.

Imagination is soaring, it's been illuminated
by an inner sun, showing me the way to reform
and redefine all aspects of my mind.

All of subconsciousness is desiring a more
important part in my writing, which is fine
with me.

Loving the beauty of my mind, as I see more of
it every time I write or listen to music.

A whole measure of intellect has been sowed and
is growing leaps and bounds, much to my own
amazement and wonder.

Giving myself entirely to this new purpose in
life has me full of joyful intensity every moment
as I feel lifted by the Holy Spirit, and fit in
with God wants me to do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corralling Thoughts

Delving into country western depths of rhythms, corralling thoughts
and putting them together within many poems, mind dancing joyfully,
kicking up it's heels and having fun.

Nothing to keep it down as melodies continually circle around,
roping in ideas and concepts here at a get together with friends,
enjoying our time and relaxing with one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Correcting Mistakes

Tranquilizing life's endeavors just to get some peace
for periods of time.

Energizing talent to nth degrees, pushing borders to
other countries and dimensions.

Viewing it all through reality's imagination, forging
new insights from old, correcting previous mistakes
and being self untold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Correcting Mistakes We've Made

Walking through darkness, knowing the light will
become visible before too long, faith and hope
are truths we hold onto of this promise.

Rising to an explicit spirit interiorly, we move
forward constantly, looking back only to see and
correct mistakes we may have made in the past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corresponding With Another's Music

Actually feeling an intensity of emotion through
another person's music they have composed from
within.

This heart and intellect correspond to depths
and being as it's written out in many poems, and
aligned with another's heartfelt emotion.

Pure feelings giving a complete and awesome feeling,
always coming about each time I listen to melodies
and harmonies that are from another person's heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corridor Of Mindless Sacrifice

Silently embracing many fears, leashing them to inner strait jackets, afraid to let them go.

Silently crying, no tears falling, slipping into oblivion to keep from remembering.

Escalating rumors within a mind - connecting unrelated topics to make true stories.

Filled with anxiety, daring not to tread upon the pages of someone else's history, falling helplessly along the way.

Never being able to walk upright - crawling on all fours - searching relentlessly for what you do not know.

Standing at the corridor of mindless sacrifice, do you walk on or lie down dying, never making a sound in your defense?

Wondering forever whether your life has been worth living or has it been useless from the start.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corridors

Leaving myself in corridors of empty spaces, leading nowhere.

Same old images flow into the interior rhythms encased in the bottoms of pitiful distances.

Believing in a mysterious peace and essence of tomorrow's life, taking me away into the magic mirrors of another image.

Leaving nothing to imagination, recalling the visions all of these fibers are connecting in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corridors Of Choice

Blackened spots covering up aspects of life that are too difficult to overcome without a lot of work being done.
It's just way too much effort to try, so I slide around them and continue on my way down corridors of my choice, happily isolating and having a grand time being who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corridors Of Mindless Sacrifice

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has it been useless from the start?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corridors Of The Past

Melancholy states of mind register readily for unknown reasons.

Not really knowing how to cry, tears lie forgotten, scattered, in doorways, gone forever.

Forgiveness does not enter here, forbidden from straying down corridors of past history.

Once life has found and opened this hidden door, sorrow flows heavily through without warning.

Flooding a vulnerable mind with the pain of sadness, a spark ignites, exploding ordinary patterns.

Short circuiting reason and wisdom, causing an immediate decision to be made, terminating life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corridors Of Time

Sometime down corridors of long ago, people were much simpler - easier to know.
Taking time to share and come to know one another had a definite purpose in each one's life.
Today, things are so much different, it's what we've come to know as progress.
It seems to have stripped our lives of meaning, giving us excuses not to know each other.
Crime rates are ever rising, I think, because people do not know one another and are looking for attention - looking for the help that follows doing wrong - just to be able to sit and talk to someone.
Just to have someone listen to their broken hopes and dreams.
Mistakenly though, they put their thoughts in other's hands where they will never grow, being in gangs is the result of this.
Realizing all to late at what they've done, they revert back to crime - no longer looking for the help attention brings - now they are hell-bent on releasing anger - not caring any longer who they hurt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Corrugating Values

Corrugating values lift themselves to heights of peaked mornings, landing on outstretched arms of truth and justice.
Forming newly-made custom fittings, bereft of exact measurements.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Couldn'T Want For More

Kicking cans down the street in time with inner rhythms.
A left over game from childhood that we played because
we couldn't afford to buy a ball to play with.
Days of joy and fun, not knowing the essence of our child-
hood was people feeling sorry for us.
We had each other, we couldn't want for more than that.
Now grown with children and grandchildren rhyming life in
poetical verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Council Woman

Speaking her piece after everyone expresses their opinions, eyes closed or looking down, lying her way through the process.
Making excuses for city council, stating they don't have anything to do with the city budget.
Yet, they always vote on issues that cost the public exorbitant fees and rates for necessities.
Paying developers, using imminent domain, to line pockets of a few.
City manager, council and whomever supports them are the reason the city budget is so messed up.
Taking seven or nine percent decreases in pay is not enough.
We deserve more than the few pennies that are being offered to us on plates of rust.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Councilman's Christmas Party

Invited to Councilman Waring's Christmas party, lots
of food, pizza, chicken wraps, etc. a great time with
tea party members being here also.

Having a wonderful time conversing and laughing, joking
and enjoying one another's company, eating, sharing and
finding things in common, keeping our friendship alive
and well, Waring being a very wonderful and jovial host!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Countering Impossibilities

Gathering particles and fibers of being, allowing them
each to grow in their own times, flowering in interior
universes, their scents filling this mind with wonderful
aromas.

Nothing else on earth will ever become anything other
than what it is meant to be, that is what I hear often
in inner whispers, yet I counter impossibilities with
a positive and open-ended mind.

Thinking outside the box, throwing it away, so I do not
have to be hindered by limitations put on me by others
who have already closed their minds with their very first
thoughts, allowing them to think that they cannot do it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Counting Down

Clock ticking loudly in the hallway, counting down minutes of life, taking nothing into account about living or surviving.

Loneliness taking hold of our hand, walking through an emptiness, blinded by the darkness of loss.

Having a stranglehold on life, mind numb, feeling nothing but desires and passion that are now lying useless in a heart without love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Counting Down Time

Watching time count itself down to the end, with death standing there, awaiting it's time.
Expecting the obvious, knowing it is always unexpected, yet feeling it anew each time.
Exhausting periods of life when eyes begin to close on earth, soon to reopen on the other side of heaven, no one knowing that you're gone until it's too late.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Counting Down Time On A Train

Barricades being felt and lifted, giving intellect space
to roam around in while total and vibrant concepts are
keeping time with ticking of the clocks.

Counting down the time until we reach Cochin, India, each
moment signifying a lasting moment in infinity, yet only
a tiny little moment separating us from our destination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Counting Minutes

Strumming particles of life, listening to the music it
creates as rhythms of life fill us with beautiful serenity
and peace
Waltzing through a mind of idealic memories, counting
minutes of interior solitude, unfolding gently with every
note and beat of solace.
Altogether, acknowledging refrains of life in measures and
stanzas, incorporating all into efforts of living and being.

(9: 54 a.m. - 11/26/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Counting Notes

Listening to music of my heart beat in rhythm with my mind,
counting out notes of life before my life has ended.
Wondering at how this body ages a little bit each day,
leading from the very first cry of life to eventual death.
How is it that we continually age without always realizing
this fact?
Are we but minute particles of matter in an infinite universe?
Lasting time is spaced just so, as I listen to the music of
my heart beat in rhythm with my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Counting On Intellect

Questioning every concept in life, wanting to know
it's beginning, middle and ending stances.

Wanting to take and change it into many other shapes
and forms from one end of the spectrum to another.

Counting on intellect to take a stand, recollecting
the unique purposes that this mind holds within it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Counting Out Existence

Listening to the tick tock of time down the hall, counting out existence in tunnels and passages through the years, bringing me into realms of subconsciousness where people rarely dare enter.

Loving the adventure and excitement of learning new things, fulfilling destiny's purpose totally with inspiration coming from depths of imagination and reality.

Changing and rearranging calibers of mathematical equations to fit poetical rhythms from the inside out, collecting scattered ideas into spheres to be used later on in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Counting Silent Meanings

Quietly counting silent meanings as they wanted to be heard above the din of the noisy crowds.
Taking time to see every pattern as it appears in depths of believing attitudes.
Skipping along broken paths, being careful not to get cut by the shards left lying on the carpet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Countless Hours

Walking through steps of life, searching for something
more, knowing there in nothing else in store.

Whiling away many countless hours, stranded in moments
of emptiness, trapped by coincidences of loneliness.

Some joy appears now and then, but quickly disappears,
where are the meanings to be found?

Even on new and different paths of our own making, life
is lived in quantum levels of generations, allowing
fortitude to rise each day, even when there is no
meaning or reason to do so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Country Cactus

Watching and being tempted by elastic rhythms beating
so tenderly and absorbingly into my mind.

Sincere thoughts keep unfolding and enveloping intellect
in it's arms.

Loving feelings of being held so passionately in notes
and tones of music being listened to.

A favorite way to be engulfed totally in rhythms of
this totally enjoyable country western band.

Country Cactus, a wonderful bunch of musicians, in a
tantalizing band that I dearly love and enjoy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coupling Moments

Tempos surrounding intellect, taking my mind into an
atmosphere filled with creative juices, flowing thru
me like a river and it's white river rapids.

Meandering into realms beyond recognition here on
earth, surfacing in penetrating tides of undertow,
filling my entire being with special promises.

Watching as better things come into view, exercise-
ing them prolifically through writing poetry, many
thoughts racing rapidly into this mind.

Pacing themselves to rhythms that run with me as
fast as they possibly can, never tiring of the music,
gathering more energy with every single moment that
couples with my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Courage Held Tightly

Surreptitiously defining amazing arrays of this human life,
so delicate yet filled with an interior strength, courage
held tightly, going through uphill struggles.

Taking self into avenues needed to survive, anguish and
sorrow tugging at our hearts and minds, derailing us at
times, but only temporarily.

Carrying on through the years, sating the will to live, even
through difficulties being encountered, taking care of child-
ren, families staying together, finding strength in one another,
uniting, coming closer through time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Courage To Move Forward

Reluctantly sitting back, yielding to a time that kept
me locked away because of circumstances that couldn't
be handled.

Too young to be able to fully comprehend the situation
and all of it's many details, so tired of holding onto
them now, letting them go into the vast universe so I
may be free of them at last.

Tearing this mind apart with all memories kept hidden
away through the years, watching, waiting, wondering if
any of it would just disappear.

Delivering self from painful thoughts, letting the armor
fall away that has been protecting memory's feelings all
these years.

Seeing it all dwindle, lying upon the floor of this mind,
gives courage to move forward even more than ever before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Course Of Action

Tonight's admonitions flow carefully into pools of
objectivity where we analyze and formulate our own
course of action.

Carrying our life's environment, family, others in
our daily situations, finding every little thing
can be changed for the better or turn against us in
the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Courtroom Impressions

Dressed in black, sitting, waiting in a courtroom for the judge to appear.

Benches set like pews within a church, only God is not in view.

Many people charged with various crimes, sitting, sweating, waiting for the judge to announce their times.

Being in court is like going to confession, it is a time for paying for your sins, a time for doing penance and cleansing your soul.

Paying fines and charges, setting the records straight or clearing them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Courts Abusing Children

Tenderly touching memories that ache within, of a granddaughter
stolen by her mother and taken away from us all.

Raised by an immoral woman who neglected and abused her daughter
while on drugs and dating felons and child molesters.

A hard life for one so innocent, so naive, so young, all allowed
by the court's judges in superior court.

Where are their heads at? Wouldn't they want to protect them
from predators?

Understanding of their decisions doesn't happen when thought
of.

Mothers now-a-days are the dead beats and Dad's are the
better choice for raising their children in many instances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Courtyard Of My Life

Silently, fruit of a tree falls upon a table in the courtyard of my life.
As I watch, it becomes just a picture upon my photographic memory, savored and held on to through all my days in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Courtyards Of Silence

Duets, singing in tune, giving each song a beautiful aroma.
Taking the stairways to climb to higher domains, hoping to be able to stay above in the courtyards of silence.
Crushing all temptations to fall into disarray.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cousins

Cousins for life, now separated by death's insistence,
as our memories meld and join beyond gates of heaven.
So silently, unknown, God came and you walked into the night
alongside Him - so quietly that we didn't even feel a ripple
touch our hearts.
It's a different story now though, as we are emptied daily
of our tears of love for you.
It is unbelievable that you are gone, but our hearts feel
the emptiness your passing has left us with.
Always thinking of you throughout life, now doing the same
in death.
Minds can't grasp the definition of your passing, yet we
know you are beyond us.
Our hearts hold the key to your memory and we will pass
along all we know about you to our children - planting your
memory in their minds of family.
Tradition, times together, pictures of us, will hold up a
mirror of time reflecting us always together.
Family is rooted in this way, beyond barriers of time and
space in death's embrace.
Forever, our love will keep us together in tears of love,
joy and the happiness we once knew in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Covered Minds

Buried deeply in caverns, are walls covered
with stalagmites and stalactites, beautifully
and artfully arrayed naturally.
Lights shining within pools of delight,
showering awesome memories on walls of my
cavernous mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Covering Events

Covering many events in poetry,
listening to my mind cater to
surroundings as I write about
everything I see.
Lively aspects happening at
the Wagon Yard tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Covering Feelings

Strenuously attempting to fit in somewhere, but failing miserably with everything I do - except writing, because with writing I can be alone with myself, and therein, I fit perfectly.
So, taking all emotions, feelings, thoughts, I cram them down and cover them with tons of steel, leaving a tiny spigot to release them slowly into poems of literate sense.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Covering Intellect

Living in an elastic case of emotions, looking out often,
hoping to cut a way through them.

Liking to think of the freedom when they have been gone
through and eliminated from life.

Covering intellect like a blanket at times, clouding
reality with a distant past of yesterday's reminders.

Encased only in the mind and heart, prying often, trying
to get them away.

Often just thinking of the future when they will no longer
be needing to hide within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Covering My Mind

Train rolling down the tracks of my mind, taking me home, back into the past, wonderful to live, finding peace through serenity of a spiritual beauty.

Sating inner spirituality, covering my mind with a tantalizing blanket of joy and happiness, socially having the time of my life with music and rhythms.

Picking up melodies with beats of drums, playing in another universe, offering tones along with colors, exploding in the air, flowing, slowing down chords.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Covering The Sky

Sky filled with it's blueness, feeling cold, clouds
woolly and heavy, covering it over, keeping it warm
for the time being.
Separating it from the world right now, giving it
a chance to be warmed up interiorly by the sun.
A wonderful thing that is being done, before the
rain falls upon earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Covering Thoughts

A lightening sadness now permeating this poetical mind,
clearing pathways of destiny to help life see and focus
on every aspect of the future.

Alive, watching as intellect covers up thoughts with a
blanket that gathers them into prose, coded rhythms add-
ing to their very colorful sounds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Covering Up

Covering up, hiding beneath coverlets of suicide,
turning over thoughts consciously, letting them
develop in patterns of their own will.

Sadness sitting on the edge, watching what is
happening, not saying a word however, not wanting
to be responsible for anything untoward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Covering With Simplicity

Ending of a Friday night essence, closing doors to imagination for the night, giving me an easy road to travel.
Flowing into dreams, bright and intelligent, with poetical rhythms putting me to sleep for the night.
Covering me with simplicity and tell-tale comfortable blankets of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coverlet Of Darkness

Doors closing on hearts of sorrow, memories of past
experiences returning to remind us of horrible feelings.

Abandoned, rejected, of no consequence, life slowly
drains from being and essence, being tossed upon rambling
tides of hell, brought about by evil men.

Never finding in life, peace and security that's been
told is his, wandering away in a tearless environment,
helpless, afraid of all people.

Fearing everyone's a tyrant and out of control, trusting
no one, not even himself, afraid to let anyone give a hug
of love, knowing it's just another way to get close and
hurt him again.

Living in an empty space created by others, having fear as
a constant companion, life is too dry, too painful that way,
so it is much better to die.

In dying, fear disappears and darkness envelopes you in it's
coverlet for all time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coverlet Of Mysticism

Sacred promises from old, giving us hope to attain what
they held for us long ago.

Silent and penetrating, giving solemn and quiet respite
to our minds as we sit back and listen to Gregorian
chants from centuries past.

Placing a coverlet of mysticism over our minds, leading
us into depths of an interior life, holding the beauty
of our actual lives within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coverlets Of Loneliness

Loneliness spreads it's cover, slowing my
respiration as sorrow flows over me.
Nothing seems to be the same as I peer through
aged eyes, crackled and lost, seeing what has
been and begun from the past until now.
Shouldering responsibilities, never forsaking
selves, carrying forward all presence of mind,
allowing us to walk into the future as
loneliness serenely covers us with itself over
and over.
There's always going to be the sting of human
emptiness folded inside us, as we pull coverlets
of loneliness over us throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coverlets Of Perception

Filtering memories, giving expression to feelings hiding away.
Betraying tears, flowing into pools of remembrance, taking
their toll evenly over exploratory pathways.
Sensing beauty hiding beneath coverlets of sensory perception.
Tackling every thought as it makes itself known through
emotional content.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coverlets Of Promise

Watching intellectually, nature at play,
surrounding the place I'm in.
Realizing dreams as I scan the heaven's,
no fear or doubts causing ripples of
sorrow for a change.
Covering interior spaces with soft coverlets
of promise, bringing me in line with future
destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coverlets Of Sorrow

Tacit feelings unfolding slowly from beneath coverlets of sorrow, scented with death's meanings, not clearly defined on earth.
Gnarled and worn from age, holding carefully to tradition and family gatherings.
Hoping to last long enough to see grandchildren grow and mature before having to leave earth's existence for a final time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cowboy Ballads

Jumping, leaping, undying love of cowboy ballads is
running rampant among us, enlivening our spirits and
souls.
Reaching through all notes, placing our hearts along-
side memories as we traipse down trails eternally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cowboy Cafe

Having breakfast with my husband at the Cowboy Cafe,
observing locals and out-of-town patrons with amuse-
ment.

A young girl about seven, blonde hair, blue eyes,
having breakfast with her Grandma.

Cute, polite, good manners - until she opens up a
bag of crackers and proceeds to crumble and break
them into and around her mouth.

Older patrons are also looking and watching,
reminiscing about their own daughters and sons at
that very age.

A pleasant atmosphere, friendly, good portions of
food on their plates.

A cowboy friendly, all-around nice hometown cafe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cowboy Songs

Waking from a restful sleep, listening to cowboy's
songs from the past.
Gene Autry's lyrics advance and play now on videos
of my mind.
Circling through the atmosphere, filling clouds with
sensitive music, long ago written and sung by cowboys
in desert plains, sitting around campfires under
evening's stars above.
A quiet, peaceful feeling is spread throughout our
souls, letting us appreciate fully, our western
heritage.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cowboy's Holiness

Cowboy's living on the range, riding and racing daylight
and dusk.
Herding their cattle, riding horses like they're a part -
an extension of themselves.
Filled with peace, watching a sunrise or sunset from
their saddles.
Knowing there could never be another place or time better
than where they're sitting right now.
Lovers of nature and beauty residing always within them,
as riding into desert horizons, cowboy's thank God for
living lives of holiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cowboy's Irish Desert

Cowboys rocking through this St. Patrick's Day,
rolling and romping lazily with notes of green
ablaze - fastened in minds of Irish today.

Riding across mountains and deserts through their
minds, happily playing jigs in time with laid-
back sounds.

Sitting in saddles of no return, living outdoors
and celebrating still, the luck of the Irish on
St. Patrick's Day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cowboy's Journeys

Twisting with utmost care as life circles inter-
ludes of musical periods with intense life-
sustaining depths of my soul.

Taking being of my essence into the rest of the
world, not ever saying no to the emptiness and
loneliness of living in this earthly life.

Trails following the past onto unwieldly western
paths where cowboys travel on horseback, rarely
alighting, continuing their journeys into the
twilight of tomorrow's sunset.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Co-Workers

Some co-workers are part of a team, helping and maintaining a semblance of fun.

Going out of the way to explain parts of your job which were never explained by an immediate supervisor.

Wanting to get the most out of a new job experience - a person with a sense of fairness and humor helps get jobs done quicker without much ado.

Communicating through proper lines, no dishonesty or malevolent feelings getting in the way of job performance.

There are some rare co-workers with good attitudes and resources, being waylaid by petty, immature supervisors, jealous of their friendship with others at work.

Fine jobs - unappreciated by the directors and C.E.O.'s - unappreciated, unrewarded, co-workers left with feelings of remorse, even when they've done excellent jobs.

It isn't ethical or fair to treat human beings as if they were dirt - but that's exactly what many of them are guilty of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Coyote's Prey

Circling life like a coyote after it's prey,
then playing with it, for that's part of the
fun of it.

Knowing in the end that it will be ensnared
and captured, eaten because that's the way
of the wild coyote.

Yet, men will copy and decide to take the
same recourse with other people, thinking of
them as prey to be played with before going
in for the kill.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cracking Mind

Cracked as a mirror, my mind is letting loose, letting go, and finding itself.

Totally immersed in what's going on around, not stepping gingerly to any one sound.

Lively and full of fun, not bothering to be anyone, but self.

Nothing getting in the way of solitude today, sending messages through the air, being happy and loving it here.

Right now and not later, becoming slowly, happily, who I really am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crackle Of Leaves

Raking memories into piles,
waiting to be jumped in and
remembered for the happiness
they once were when young.
Intoxicated with the eerie
calmness they present and
drape over my mind.
Alighting next door to
memories that jump and tame
my heart into songs of old.
Whenever listening to the
crackle of leaves, I'm
reminded of my youth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cradle Of Love

Making love, taking turns pleasing one another, enjoying our time together, relaxing and comforting each other pleasurably, nothing to rock us from our cradle of love.

Hearts beating in unison, thoughts focused on our desires and rising passion, feeling the excitement and thrills fulfilling every particle of our beings.

Both of us being taken into heavenly realms, never wanting to let go, holding, hugging, kissing, enjoying making love throughout the night, looking forward to an afternoon delight tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cradle Of Rhythms

Being rocked like a little child in the cradle of gentle
and steady rhythms, wanting to be kept in the safety of
this life, letting my mind baby itself at times.

Then when getting tired, rising up and going about the
business of writing and relating silently to the world
through poetry.

Timid and shy, yet very other-worldly, traveling along
through trails of destiny and finding fate, trying to
realign it to ideas in mind.

Rocking self at times of sorrow and sadness, then re-
turning to life as usual.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cradles Of Elderly Hopes

Holding hands, glances, and one another's hearts
in gentle cradles of elderly hopes.
As they pray for someone to share the remainders
of their lives with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cradles Of Emotion

Singing of life and it's many losses throughout,
matching rhythms to tears.

Continuing to fall into depths of inner labyrinths
and abysses, all left behind by the death of
loved ones, missed forevermore.

Capturing tears, placing them in cradles of emotion
where they will be rocked and cared for throughout
life, because they can never be lost or forgotten.

Taking care of them so they won't continue to hurt
with their sharpened shards of crystal broken tears
as they fall like glass within torn hearts.

Tinkling in minds for a lifetime, never letting go
of them even in times of joy and happiness, all
memories joined with their echoing cries in an
entire lifetime.

Gifted, misplaced, tenderly compassionate towards
others in this world who need a caring soul and
heart to touch theirs in the icy cold of death's
embrace.

Sojournly walking away, combining expressions and
experiences together in a mixture of sorrowful grief,
holding oneself to rigors of everyday life.

No wonder left to be felt deeply inside where all loss
continually resides in each of us, so placidly and
temporarily we walk to our final sunsets and end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cradling Insights

Floating against tides of avarice, bent on evening the
scores of yesterday, minds opening wide and encompassing
everything in sight.

Radiant light and shadow fall silently upon an entirety
of solace, wakened and unable to sleep.

Searching for invaluable information to put aside the
disquieting thoughts in slumber.

Watching carefully for insights cradling the future, all
the while living on hesitant horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cradling Memories

A lifelong association with family and friends brings happiness and joy to the cockles of our heart in the winter of our life.
Dispersing harmony at times, in unison with feelings of love and caring kept inside through the years.
Blowing embers to keep them alive and vibrant on coldest days of death's visits to those we have loved all of our lives.
Cradling our memories, we keep them close to our hearts as we slip and slide to our next horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crashing Evil

In the wake of liberty and freedom, waves come crashing down upon all the evil in this world.

Spreading liberty, our heroes fighting and protecting America with everything they have within them.

Messages being sent throughout the entire world that evil is going to finally be eliminated once and for all.

Every citizen is locked and loaded, ready to shoot to protect themselves and their families.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crashing Life

Motion filling interiorly, keeping me sane,
even though life is crashing all around.

Tearing me apart inside, leaving me stranded
on an island in the middle of nowhere.

Casting away thoughts as they enter and
protrude, leaving me bereft and alone inside
shells of disobedience.

Taking chances, living dares, risking it all
in one small glance at inner screens,
portraying everlasting unhappiness.

Stopping along the way, sharing all emotions
with God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Craving Freedom

Wild cravings for freedom sitting on haunches,
awaiting satisfaction.

Running freely across my brain, enticing thought
to chase it around.

Mixing and blending it with subconscious ideas
to entertain mystically poetical depths,
accessible only from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Craving Happiness

Searching folds of life for extra feats and ideal situations
to take us beyond what is routinely done in life.

Separating this soul from others, taking off into another
world where I can excel and do whatever I can through poetry
and writing.

Successfully portraying everything in poetical interludes,
giving all efforts and placing them in the total passion of
intellect.

Solidly finding the happiness this soul does crave without
exception.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Craving Images

Walking, thoughts marching into future visions,
always coming to mind, prescient ideas being
fulfilled throughout life with out any effort.

Playing rhythmic piano that stays on this
photographic mind all the time, conquering ideas
forming from formulas of tomorrow's future
decisions on many things, atomic.

Craving images as they appear and disappear in
imagination, taking scenic train rides through
the universe.

Allowing many visions that most people cannot
reach or see, beautiful images comforting and
allowing the freedom always needed to write
within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Craving Peace

Separating notes and tones, placing them in constant
melodies, playing forever in the quietness of our souls.

Giving the peace so desperately being craved on this
lonesome earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crawling Bereavement

Knowing feelings of bereavement as they crawl about,
interceding in moments of life as they revolve around
us.
Taunting our tears with grief, touching our hearts
with emotion, we somehow manage to live in spite of
their intensity.
Calling to mind, families who have gone beyond and
are awaiting our future presences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crawling Thoughts

Tiptoeing around life, peeking into it's cavernous depths, wondering what is hidden there.
Is there someway to take from it and build it safer and better in the long run?
Thoughts crawl around, entering the darkness, finalizing patterns of yesterday, while making more mosaics today.
Creating everything so quickly that life is suddenly ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crazy Life

Reeling and rocking in rhythms that take me away from this crazy life bent on destroying me through people who are so selfish and greedy.

Those with money taking what little others have and leaving them empty-handed throughout life, a hand to mouth existence, taking them into poverty and destitution.

All caused and created by politicians who are corrupt and running a corrupt government, bloated egos standing behind laws they're making against our Constitution.

We the People moving into this next century, taking back our country from these inane people calling themselves socialists and liberals, when in reality they're communists and dictators.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crazy Lonely

Lonesome feelings are taking me away, far from pain of my heart as it breaks in the evening of my life, estranged, left to my own devices, feeling empty.

Tears silently falling, bringing a mysterious comfort into my being, feeling the intensity of all my broken dreams and promises.

Finding it difficult to carry on, nothing to stop the flow of interior abandonment from filling me day and night.

Crazy lonely, having nothing or no one to comfort me in this blaze of saddened heartache that's touching me only tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crazy Path

Feeling restless and uneasy, getting up and down - walking out.

Something edging me on, not letting this ball of peace settle down - just keep bouncing it off of the wall.

Looking out, seeing in, thinking - thinking and putting things together - but they don't fit.

Walking, pacing, trying to make some sense of it all.

Nothing works, so I guess I'll just live through it, learn from the experience and get on with life, as I find it along this crazy path I'm on until I can get out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Created And Born

Galloping into canyons of an interior desert, taking it
all in stride while focusing totally on the tempests
blowing across this arid desert.

Trees and plants, cacti blossoming into the atmosphere,
beautifully and haphazardly reaching toward heaven,
longing to return to where they were once created and
born through nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Created Curiosity

When watching carefully, there is so much to see
and think about, which ordinary people would never
conceive of.

Creatively, automatically, breaking down everything
into an art of wonder and curiosity, looking at all
angles, perceptions and possible images of being.

Some people spend an entire lifetime on earth and
don't see even an eighth of what a poet creatively
sees every day.

It boggles the mind, knowing some people have time
to smell the roses and see creativity and beauty
all around them.

Every day I thank God for creating me curious.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Created Fantasy

Corralling innermost sadness, trying to sort it out,
picturing the puzzle of it's imminent distraction,
touching this mind.

Settling into a quiet desperation, noting it's existence
with a well-known memory of it all.

Hoping to continue this poem in spite of it's sorrow,
lifting self through music, following a pathway of lilting
rhythms into another dimension far from the one sadness
resides in.

Looking around at all the beautiful sights of imagination,
walking gratefully through this fantasy I have created to
calm my sorrow and grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Created Havoc

Water pouring across the desert from a storm of tremendous
force, bedeviling cacti and brush alike, not able to absorb
the great amount of rain water flooding over everything.

Shining into puddles are black and gray storm clouds,
looking down upon earth, wanting to see the havoc they have
created on this primitive earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Created Landscape

Walking into the beauty of an interior landscape, created
by imagination and brought forward into intellect's realms.

Leaving nothing to the rest of the world, only giving them
poetry to last a lifetime in many volumes of books.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Created Spontaneously

Notions and ideas are plentiful, rising from intellect
and being created spontaneously all the time.

Filling spaces in minds that are always active and ready
to respond to the slightest notion that appears.

Photographic screens ready to be written into a page of
poetry, pen in hand.

Deftly and quietly writing down the words that will achieve
a meaningful poem for all to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating A Fabric

Looking around the center while sitting here at a table
writing, noticing patterns and designs created by inter-
ior lights.

Sun shining in, shadows hugging walls and floors, creat-
ing a fabric from which thoughts are forming continually,
and joining with abstract formations.

Blending colors into the scheme, once started they flow
down and through an interior waterfall which is incessant-
ly being felt, as they splash in the pool below.

Sensing they're right on target, telling messages that
need to be heard around the world in order to bring the
process of healing to every individual.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating A New Sound

Taking turns exchanging voices through rhythm's melodies, extracting a variety of tones as they mesh with my heart.
Allowing the differences to come together, creating a new sound, titillating to every sense contained within conscious whispers.
Excavating everything, bringing it into the center of my world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating A Rainbow Of Tolerance

Showering me with thoughts of intellect while listening to music, forging new ideas and inventions that will eventually change this world of ours.

Taking life and changing it's outlook, realigning and recreating it to give equality to everyone on earth, no matter their race, religion, nationality or color of skin.

Creating a rainbow of tolerance and peace, allowing our children to know the purity and innocence they so truly deserve in this life forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating A Whole New Concept

Rhythms rocking my mind with their beats and tones,
falling into my mind quickly.

Rapidly being coded and written into words, colors
abounding, different hues being combined.

Abstract ideas being taken and blended with those of
intellect, creating a whole new concept for a new
invention.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating An Environment

Exercising sensations of eternal spirits, accessing their
secret desires and encompassing them entirely.

Watching carefully as all energy is focused interiorly,
giving rise to a happier mood and attitude.

Pleasure abounding and creating an environment for creative
ideas to come to fruition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating An Essence Of Being

Flowing through this earthly life like rivers to the
ocean, always on the move, mind never slowing down.

Expanding boundaries and limits creatively with novel
ideas and an unlimited vocabulary.

An essence of life and nature resting solely on the
surface, floating and drifting with the rivers of an
allocated spiritual essence.

Finally, bringing me into passages of time where I
create the essence of who I am in prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating An Illusion

Shadows waving from a brick wall, letting me know they are alive
and well.

Creating an illusion of being free, yet are attached it seems by
sun rays to the wall.

A funny sort of feeling coming through, as if all of us are in
the same situation, but aren't, maybe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating An Inner World

Reaching for stars of an inner universe, watching them smile
and twinkle above in another dimension, exciting, exhilarat-
ing and totally freeing this soul and being.

An exceptional feeling within, needing nothing from others,
having it all within, creating a world to entertain self
through writing.

Poetry hopefully reaching others, opening their minds and
helping them in any way needed in their personal lives,
words inspiring others somehow as they read each one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating An Intensity Of Purpose

Waking into another beautiful and brilliant morning, innate
talent excited, hardly able to begin writing, finding ex-
citement and thrills through music and rhythms.

Energetic and sublime, tones and chords touching this brain,
creating an intensity of purpose, bringing to the surface
it's beauty and profound meanings.

Living in the magnitude of a silent concentration, loving
feelings that become part of writing, reaching into depths
of being.

Allowing it all to coalesce and become poetry through the
beauty of the Divine, bringing peace and serenity, fantastic
gifts from above, using them to the fullest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating And Designing Interest

Forgetting many points of interest along the way,
always substituting others that I've created and
designed through the years.

Taking this mind into darkness, off into rainbows
cast in outer space3, prisms of light reflected
back to earth once again.

Wanting illumination strengthened through mirror-
like images, scattered everywhere on earth, you
only have to look closer at what you haven't before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating And Having Fun At The Airport

Thinking, wondering about many things that I see on earth, playfully manifesting them sometimes, hoping to bring them into realms of reality to consider factually for a while.

Finding new sensations and vibrations through rhythms of music, a fantastic way to write poetically, making me happy when doing so.

Spirit soaring into other universes, finding new equations to place geometrically into mathematical formulas, my mind continually working.

Taking everything into consideration and having fun with what I end up creating as a result, a wonderfully entertaining pastime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Art

Sauntering down hallways of beautiful art, being created as I
walk past.
Imagination touching my mind with picturesque speech, triggering
images and memories, watching them come into focus, finding
beliefs standing strong, taking my interior life on a journey
of beauty, eclipsing that of actual life.
Seeing novel ideas spreading themselves over countries I create
in imagination.
Alone with my thoughts I am refreshed and given total serenity
within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Avenues

Jumping, running, enjoying thoughts scattered like leaves
all through my mind, finding it immensely tantalizing and
alluring.

Moving into depths of intellectual development through a
relative imagination and innate knowledge, watching as
ideas morph into many inventions.

Medical science and technology being incorporated into
poetry, music and art, living in a positive inner spirit-
ual world filled with peace and serenity.

Nothing from without to mar or bother this poetical intel-
ect, grasping onto mathematical formulas and equations,
developing new ways and methods of doing most everything.

Symbols appearing, creating avenues to continue going for-
ward into deeper dimensions of intellect and imagination,
realizing the vast repertoire this mind has already reached.

Continuing to do so until the day I die, living in recesses
of my photographic mind where every detail, thought and idea
has been recorded, etched forever in this life and the next.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Being

Shining possibilities into view,
playing rhythms of grace, delicately.
Touching heavenly pursuits while standing
on earth.
Stretching ends of shores into future
horizons, plying mind-bending prose into
tokens of love, strewn from seeds of
peaceful sorrow.
Containing auras of still natural abodes,
catching energies of listless beings and
creating them anew in measures of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Concepts

Decorating heart and soul through poetry, finding ideas and words through musical rhythms, touching upon intellect to take me soaring into other dimensions.

There I find totally refreshing concepts, creating them exclusively through writing, finding a deep and abiding contemplation filling me with joy and happiness throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Continually

Sounding horns, blaring into the atmosphere, calling everyone to facets of individual movement and motion towards horizons of night and edges of day.

Keeping time with an energy filling me with enervating bliss - every day, following my purpose down paths I continuously create in imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Dances

Making up steps to go with rhythmic beats being played harmoniously.
Quickly engaging all manner of moves into slick movements, creating new dances.
Forging forward, pushing aside all creeping tears at bay, finding extra pleasure in everyday situations, made better by melodies playing to my senses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Definitions

Subjects changing, altering and aligning with interior
insights into an arranged oblivion coming into focus
with a keen clarity and energy of purpose.
Unrelentingly pushing into puzzles that have to take
the aspects of everything written, coding it all
purposely, leaving it all to people's wonder and
curiosity.
Enjoying the definitions being created by intellect and soaring into imagination
without any fears or obstacles
standing in the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Depression

Color-coordinated, trials and joys of life are trivialized
by many.

Being pried open, burly statements throw themselves about,
smashing and trashing lifetimes of those who cannot fight
back.

Lack of strength and resourcefulness causes reluctance of
living life to any extent, let alone it's fulfillment.

Screeching to a halt at every crossroad, saving no one from
dire consequences of destruction.

Daily attempting some small little idea or reason, finding
that all is stomped out of existence by another's negative
thinking.

Linking past failures to future thoughts or ideas, dooms
them from the beginning, creating depressions of never-ending
suicide.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Dreams

Children playing in areas of rock and dirt, dressed up - doesn't matter as long as they're using imagination and creating dreams as they go along.
Testing waters of childhood while learning physics through reality and it's playtime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Energy

Watching rhythms as they flow throughout intellect, gently touching upon neurons and synapses where brain waves are sensed moving into another direction - one of creativeness.

A wonderful feeling coming upon intellect, one of euphoria, intense and creating energy that's unsurpassed in humanity, a total becoming with the universe.

Being swept away into inner dimensions filled with answers to life, it's definitions and meanings of spirituality that no one on earth has been able to give us.

An innate wisdom and knowledge that teaches us effortlessly what-ever is seen or needed in this life so we may continue to think and find avenues of inventiveness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Eruptions

Rocking to musical rhythms, creating an eruption
of recognition in developing poems of inspiration.
Patiently taking ideas, images and abstract meanings
into cognitive puzzles of unmentionable sorrow as it
grates against timeless ages of animosity.
Charging every parlay of imagination, molding it
forever on trays of religious forms.
Sending novel treatises forward, placing everything
on display and tracing it for tomorrow's edge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Escapades

Scaling mountains, repelling intellectually,
creating escapades enjoyed even now through
intellect's imagination.

A place that no one else can give, even though
they'd like to - only peace can be fulfilled
here, within.

Never a dull moment, never loud or left alone,
except for thoughts and ideas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Exercise

Listening to beautiful articulate
melodies flow upon my space in time.
Creating an exercise for imagination
to flow from my pen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Fabrics

Floating gently along on tides as they flow out to meet new horizons, taking shape in clouds of ancestral memories.
Slowly creating fabrics of DNA, weaving it into mosaics left over from abstracted figments of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating For Today

Forgotten memories come back to haunt minds of men, mine
come back, bringing with them lots of ideas.

Imagination begins to take over and soon there is a story
to be read.

Life turned within brings about death and decay, life
grabbed from within and brought without, sows ideas and
memories in other's minds anew.

When thinking back upon your life then, you must bring
it forward in your mind, search through and rearrange it,
creating new memories and ideas for you today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Formulas

Beating slowly, reaching into depths of being, realizing
there's more than what meets the eye.

Listening to the coded messages and writing according to
what visions appear in imagination.

Collecting all the notes and tempos, creating formulas
with the stroke of a pen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating From Extremes

Rapidly sounding melodies touching the very depths of
intellect, creating from extremes in life, looking in-
to horizons of tomorrow.

Finding mesmerizing concepts that fascinate as they
fulfill many aspirations of this mind with concrete
and imaginary ideas pulled together.

Blending them into a plethora of prose, valuable yet
impossibly coming into this mind except through in-
tellect.

Taking everything circumspectly, fitting it all to-
gether to create new possibilities that will make
life better in the future.

Wonder and awe putting it into perspective once and
for all, touching every note, rhythm and facet of an
interior spiritual life.

Encompassed within a sphere, always giving serenity
a place to stay in moments of this life, tacit and
open to all that happens each day.

Clearly and totally consisting of an interior and
innate knowledge and talent, giving intense pleasure
in moments of solitude especially.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating From Imagination

Sun shining into this mind, enlightening the essence of it's
particular fibers and particles making up it's intense passion.

Looking at it objectively, not knowing what else to say, only
the truth will do as life looks into many dimensions and
atmospheres.

Looking, many ideas are finding their aspects and facets that
will bring them into the center of the matter.

Believing the light that illuminates every corner of this
brain is the right diameter and circumference to do the job
that is needed to be done.

Tightening the hold on every idea, creating it right from the
imaginings of insight, knowing that it is the only way it can
ever be done or made into the essence and passion of creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating From Innate Ideas

Surrendering to infinite possibilities in life,
attempting to create something from innate ideas
that happen to filter through our minds.

Always considering every particle and aspect in
our way, trying to incorporate it all into an
eventual design for the future of destiny.

Never failing to continue being present through-
out our lives, to an interior peace and growing
wisdom, leading to steps of heaven.

Fate having brought us on the right path all along
the way, beaming with faith and hope that has grown
and been nurtured through long and lonely roads.

Bringing us a modicum of energy in the interior of
our much needed intellectual promises, never finding
the exact answers we expect, yet continuing to never
give up in this endeavor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating From Nothingness

Creating from the nothingness of an inner atmosphere,
imagination growing ever brighter with every note.

Brilliant and expectant, innate talent completely
opened and taking me everywhere at once.

Through other dimensions and universes that no one
has ever seen before.

All of them being discovered by this mere poet,
writing of them explicitly in poetry.

Hoping that others can seek and locate each of their
avenues into intellect.

Awaiting the focus and clarity that will come to them
as soon as they realize their actual potential.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating From Thoughts

Lighting the way through the darkness,
hoping to find my way, life being
difficult at best.

Forging pathways from thoughts in my
mind, leading forward to goals I've
made for self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Fundamental Spaces

Rocking to thrills of another evening here at the Wagon Yard, being amongst friends and strangers alike, all of us with an intense love of music.

Dancing and rhythm, pain and hurting a thing of the past, as we sway and sing in measures of ultimate rhythmic reviews, sounding out loudly, creating fundamental spaces.

They stand the test of time as we continue to rock and roll into the night, taking an energy with us that never dies or disappears.

Hurting so good, finding our way through mazes in life here on earth, requests falling by the wayside as melodies keep falling into the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Grace

Beauty in motion, dancing on air, creating grace
that we can all see in a vision before our eyes.

Flowing movements, flexible, articulate and truly
amazing.

Performing ancient rituals of dance in front of
us, exquisite graceful motion titillating our
senses in time with an exposition of music.

Tantalizing expression of art, giving us pause,
a refreshing breeze in our ordinary lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Images

Finally, some good clear music to sink my mind into.
It's very enjoyable and soothing - the electric slide!
Intellect is being challenged and opened wide as all sorts of images are being created in my head.
Figurative pictures hammering away musically and quickly, flowing out of the ink as fast as I think.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Images And Rhythm

Amazing visions flash upon photographic screens interiorly,
creating images and rhythm that will appear in poetry.

Covering each one will be a coded rhythm that will last an
eternity, even in literature.

Deep inside, an interior and innate wisdom allows my mind
to capture lies and dishonesty.

Throwing it aside and illuminating the truth and honesty
in life, creating contemplative signs of peace, faith and
hope within my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Impressions

Listening with my heart, experiencing every particle
of existence through innate rhythms and questions.
Saluting movement of thought as it gently creates
impressions to be written down in ageless history.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating In Other's Minds

Reaching out into the great beyond, realizing the fortitude
of this spirit in all that I happen to do.

Taking self on voyages through intellect, believing and
seeing passion my being holds closely to.

Figures continually unfolding like blossoms of a flower,
sharing it's essence with every particle and fiber holding
me together throughout this mortal life.

Portraying everything that is seen in picturesque language
so others may see the landscapes that I create in their own
minds when reading my poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating In Spheres

Rain pouring upon my mind, whispering coded words, giving an increase in passion, adding to the essence of intellect.

Giving everything in rhythms to me as I walk into the horizon of water falling into my mind.

Allowing all tempos to fulfill imagination with every beat of an interior drum beating against intellect, wanting to enter into domains not ordinarily open to anything.

Making it to the top now, listening to every note and it's perfect rhythm touching an interior solace with an effervescent tender feeling, having the energy to flow constantly into my being.

Containing the beauty of everything that I create in spheres held gently, always inside my poems as I write everlastingly into this book, placing it in depths of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Inroads

Following inroads as I create them in my mind.
Feeling the freedom life has given me by taking it away from me so swiftly one day.
Then giving it back at the last moment to live out my purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Instruments Of Poetry

Running faster than the speed of sound, ink flows onto
this page, creating one poem after another, sating a
thirst within to write incessantly, enjoying it always.

Moments fitting together, creating instruments of poetry
within imagination, allowing the beauty of life to fall
here onto these pages for all to see.

Wonderful plans and landscapes allowing scenes to become
absorbed into other's minds as they read them carefully,
wondering in awe how quickly they are being written with
no preparation beforehand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Interior Space

Slowly extracting the essence of who I am, out into the open,
instead, creating an interior space where I can be myself in.
No other interruptions being involved as they are never
welcomed.
Sincere tribulations are catering to my being, letting all of
my soul expose itself.
Containing nothing but particles, shards of glass and sand as
they fall out of my interior imagination, fulfilling every
thought with their essence.
Leaving me in strands of heart-felt laughter from abusive
people.
Ringing into the rightful stances of energy, pulling out all
stops.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Life My Way

Heart beating faster than the speed of sound as I find
myself through writing poetry.
Living for it's essence as it fills me with lullabyes
of passion, consuming me at all moments of daily life.
Showering me with all sorts of beautiful tears,
cleansing all the sorrow hidden in corners of my heart,
soul and mind.
Continuing forever in a land of imagination, creating
life my way, just the way I want to while I write.
Planning ahead, to die with pen in hand, leaving this
world with last lines of thought in prose, my very final
moments left of my eternal passion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Life Pathways

Creating life and it's pathways through this earthly world
alone, but never lonely, watching nature and humanity as
they flow across my path.

Letting their innate melodies dip into this heart and mind,
reflecting whatever happens to be seen, sensing the beauty
and wonder all around, writing of it in moments of sound.

Soaring like an eagle through their tones and rhythms, feel-
ing the purity of nature through my being, wanting to receive
this awesome beauty continually, needing it's essence.

Touching my soul, bringing out the poetical nature that was
born within me, adjusting attitudes finding their way through
jungles of innate knowledge and wisdom.

Energy climbing ever higher, never ceasing or slowing down,
taking my being away from earth and into other dimensions and
universes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Literature

Hiding in clouds of my mind, lost in imagination's realm, unfolding fantasies in rhyme.
Silence, ethereal, still filling me without, allowing
total concentration on another dimension.
The world no longer exists as I write from within, picking
up, searching, looking again.
Creating literature from fonts hidden deep inside, brought
out to enlighten myself and the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Logic

Rushing to and fro, taking steps towards yesterday through
images being relived in memories, never tired of being seen.

A wonderful amount of intellect shining and bringing about
the essence of our lives, giving us hope to believe in some-
thing divine.

Lovely beauty touching senses, and bringing them alive once
again, sensational and fantastic, creating the logic of the
future through creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Masterpieces

Gathering self into a blend
of musical poetry and art.
Creating masterpieces in
lieu of talking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Masterpieces Of Life

Ribbons of lace become designs created in minds of ingenuity.

Images can be very fragile, hard to hold, yet a ribbon of highway can take you anywhere you want to go.

Doilies of lacy ribbon can contain memories of Grand-parents dear to us forever.

Subconsciously, we hold all our ribbons, creating masterpieces of our lives together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Memories In Life

Looking loosely about, absorbing everything in sight
as it gently falls upon photographic screens, creating
beautiful memories in life.

Sadness fading and being drawn into messages of poetry
off and on, fascinating thoughts filling intellect from
somewhere within this waterfall of my mind.

Not knowing how or where it comes from, just totally
enjoying it's presence in my interior life each moment
of this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Needed Distance

Stressing to the max, intellect, as I write as quickly
as this rhythm races to my hearing.

Feeling the senses of eternal guidance, leading me into
pathways of heaven's gardens.

Giving me interior peace needed to get through another
day without falling apart or taking myself out of life's
equation.

Sincerely softening blows of suffering with the energy
of this morning's music.

Living the essence of blessed serenity, being the person
I'm meant to be through eternal rhythms, calling me always
into outer realms of life's existence.

Creating the distance that I need to be free of other's
opinions and views, trying to narrow my own creative
essence.

Never letting it happen, writing constantly to mirrors of
intellect, inspiring my mind with an everlasting glimmer
of absolute perfect peaceful serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating New Concepts

Battering and shattering centuries old thinking, bringing
it into the twenty-first century with total curiosity
playing it's hand.

Giving every ancient answer questions that it cannot seem
to answer, mind opening, encompassing every thought and
creating new concepts that can now be applied to new ideas
of philosophy, psychology and theology.

An opening of a mind, pouring out it's intense observations
and views, watching it all, seeing the truth and it's
factual explanation as it continues to fall here within
this mind.

Taking every particle and fiber to analyze it's astounding
definitions and meanings, coming up with solutions of many
penetrating, profound and sublime thoughts from an inner
concentration, and thought process of a mere poet.

An accomplishment only possible through the grace and good-
ness of God, having given me a mind that can expand and
relate itself to many impossibilities in this life.

A wonderful, delectable and savory collection of senses,
always perpetrating creativity through a unique and surpassing
sense of everything extraordinary.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating New Memories

Waking to a wonderful sound of music, instantly giving
so much energy, taking and sliding on mercury, riding
into another morning.

Wonderful feelings coming into mind, creating new memories
and serving the best of words in prose so early in a new
dawning.

Sky filled with the essence of a brand new creative pass,
entering into realms of imagination and passive silence,
giving senses a vast area to become in.

Taking the opportunity, not lightly, having an enjoyable
time just listening to the rhythm, and writing hurriedly
to it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating New Traditions

Reaching out for companionship, dancing in one another's
arms, hoping to stay together through passing years.

Traveling, creating new traditions to pass on when they
are gone to their rewards in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Our Own Medicine

Silenced by the wind outside making itself heard, treating this
mind to a trip down memory lane where everything was so simple,
easy and loved.

Why does it have to go away as we grow and mature in life, why
can't it stay with us as a salve, a balm, to help us through life's
casualties in the future.

There'd be much less need for tears and heartache I believe, for
the balm would sooth us in all aspects of difficulties if we could
but see it.

We can create our own medicines within to help overcome whatever
happens to us, our minds are so attuned to what goes on with us
interiorly.

Thinking of ways to better our lives is needed for we know best
what we need, learning to love unconditionally, forgiving others
in order to help ourselves.

Never holding a grudge for it only damages us in the end and
does no good, practicing a life of peace and serenity, increasing
our interior lives, seeing how much more peaceful life will be.

Soon it will spread to people you meet and get to know, soon you
will see positive results as others follow your example, replicat-
ing what it is you're showing others, no words ever needed.

Just doing what's possible through your soul's spirituality, that
may bring the entire world together in peace and harmony one day
and root out evil forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Our Own Miracles

Moving forward, having tunnel vision, following the faith
of my dreams that comes constantly through visions of a
bluened light.

Seeing the poverty of this world, tears falling because
it's so wrong and should not be, all of us doing our part
would alleviate or end it in our world.

What purpose do we have in ignoring the poverty and devast-
ation of another, walking along the same path as we our-
selves are on?

Being spiritually awakened, unable to ignore it myself,
taking steps to improve the way of life of people in need,
hoping to eventually end poverty in my lifetime.

Giving every man, woman and child their equal and rightful
place in our society today, sometimes we have to create our
own miracles in life, not only for ourselves, but for others
as well, who also need a miracle.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Our Stories

Life is a story that doesn't last forever,
yet we live and enjoy what parts of it we can.
Totally set free on this horizon, we make our
ways, and create our own stories to fulfill
as we travel towards our final day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Pathways

Wandering through forests, looking for the mysteries
of nature.

Searching endlessly, taking every pathway that is created,
and loving the freedom, coming from doing so.

Attentively focusing on the beauty of visions as they move
into intellect, showing the dimensions of after-life.

Totally singing interiorly, following rhythms into depths
of imagination, leaving nothing behind, just placing it all
into particles of this being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Peace

Diversity sits upon shelves of promise, hoping
one day to be accepted wholly.
Taking time to access situations, deciding
issues of retribution - whether or not they're
worth fighting for.
Sliding down poles at opposite ends of the world,
finding places to program and set straight for
timely atmospheres.
Altogether placing beings together on avenues of
friendliness and precision, creating peace on
earth today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Photos

Raising eyes towards skyways, watching jets fly above,
wanting to be on each one of them just to travel some-
where else in this wide world of ours.

Creating magnificent photos within, giving them in-depth
colors and hues, brilliantly picturing them on photo-
graphic screens.

Collecting many volumes of pictures, placing them into
albums, hoping to portray a little bit of life to complete
what is started in poetry.

A lively mixture of all that is inside of imagination and
intellect, showing the patterns and designs to share in
each of them..

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Poetical Puzzles

Lights regaling interiorly, brightening imagination with
twinkling beautiful colors and white.

Bringing to the forefront, extraordinary brilliance and
verve to aid in creating poetical puzzles and labyrinths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Poetry Into Reality

Regulating moments, taking them and elastizing
their essences to fit within my own time frames.

Creating angles and positions, I decide to try and
fit abstractions into them.

Coming into my own each and every time, finding
relaxation and purpose in whatever I'm doing in
any particular space in mind.

So far, taking the passion of life and continually
creating the poetry of essence into reality.

Imagination falling automatically into place every
time I pick up a pen and start writing into the
universe.

Focusing entirely on the sights within my mind to
the exclusion of everything else, surrounding me.

Sounds of rhythms exasperating the foibles of
mankind as I continue down pathways to eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Portraits

Unalterable moods filter themselves comfortably into
mind-sets of development, creating portraits of art
and silent wistful thinking.
Predestined bubbles of information float into present
moments of recall, voluntarily presenting images of
deep thought, while focusing closely on scenes of
unnatural beauty, creating itself in moments of
continuous writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Portraits Through Imagery

Inspiration clicking it's heels within, expressing ideas being filtered through intellect and music being listened to.

Strands of melodies defining what's written through coded rhythms of musical landscapes, walking lonely stretches of sand creating portraits through imagery.

Giving everyone a glimpse of interior thoughts, music tenderly energizing and intense, not able to get enough of it, wanting to absorb it's very essence always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Positive Attitudes

Tumbling through rhythms as they play to intellect,
creating an atmosphere of positive attitudes and
moods, lifting spirits into heights of heaven.

Having no difficulty, wonder building through sounds
of notes, rushing through melodies and inspiring in-
tellect in it's creative abilities while just listen-
ing to music intellectually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Poverty

Loving this country, knowing the many faults of government
that has torn it apart from the inside out.

Greedy politicians with personal agendas being held more
important than We the People.

Corrupt and greedy, treating themselves at our expense,
giving us only miniscule crumbs to placate us.

Having to say thank you and grovel at their feet like
stray, hungry starving dogs.

So many poor people losing all self-esteem and livelihood,
existing, barely, on food stamps and welfare.

Democrats donation to the advancement of poverty that they
themselves have created for selfish reasons.

Taking our money, living high on the hog and neglecting to
even look in the direction of the poor and their reality.

Awful traits for a person to have who is supposed to be
representing We the People of the United States.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Rhymes

Beating of inner music, drives me incessantly to create
rhymes on ever-changing themes.

Live a life of intimate thoughts, my mind says every day.

Climbing ever higher, aspiring to the utmost heights of
intellectual bliss.

Swaying interiorly to the feel of musical beats pounding
on the inside of my mind.

Forbidding the instant replay of images from protruding
their remembrance onto screens within, displaying whatever
I happen to think.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Self

Embedded deep within my soul, a certain something is silently growing.
Set upon distant shores, waves of my making are crashing out the past.
Outliving foam upon water, brain cells are beginning to live again.
Searching, protecting, settling inside, turning about, creating new thoughts and ideas with every passing minute.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Self Memories

Watching the blues climb up the arms of ocotillos
in the courtyard, a wonderful and unusual sight
to see.
Taking me away on bluened notes in bluened music
of yesterday, creating memories for me right now.
Brilliant rhythms focusing themselves interiorly.
A beautiful scientific formula creating itself
within, giving a new expression of interior self.
Writing the new ideas into a poem, keeping it's
inspiration close at hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Spaces

Stomping beats, creating spaces in imagination,
taking over all images for the time being.
Completely surrounding all that I am,
giving the beauty of a lifetime without causing
any miscreant thoughts to find their way into
what I'm writing.
Solemnly being the tempo and rhythm of today's
etudes, while standing off to the side of entire
visions, waiting to be desired by hearts everywhere.
Sent into depths I have created, surging through
the population of ideas as they begin to soar above,
in an environment of developing talent on other
dimensions intent on being brought forth from destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Spaces To Hide In

Sounds rushing into this mind, fulfilling patterns of many rhythms that mix and blend with designs of an interior waterfall.

Never ceasing to create and produce poetry from interior depths of intellect and imagination, allotting desires and passion to combine with sensations derived from every sense.

A well filled with a never-ending supply of ideas as life continues to provide them through a variety of situations and experiences.

Living through each of them, finding avenues and pathways that extend into many areas of life and death, creating spaces to hide in.

Alleviating pain caused by many experiences of death, loss, abandonment, loneliness, sadness and sorrow, all of them now culminating in a process needing to be completed before life can continue to exist through the loss of loved ones in death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Steps Of My Own

Dancing to my own beats, not being stuck with another's,
free to create steps of my own, as I also compose music
I wish to hear.

Writing to rhythms that are produced from intellect,
mind-swallowing beats, taking me into the infinity of
my soul.

Enjoying brilliant lights illuminating everything in this
mind, special, beautiful, enticing and absorbing my being
with intellectual pursuits of innate intellect and wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Subjects For Writing

Never attaching my being to material horizons, knowing I'd only have to let go in the end, keeps me adrift through life and it's myriad demands.
Feeling so totally alone and isolated because of it, yet so deeply peaceful at the same time, creating subjects for my writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Thoughts Of Life

Automatically being attuned to rhythms listened to, investigating
and creating thoughts of life and placing them into poetry.

Tiptoeing across the world, being placed in orders known only to
God, as all poetry fulfills the purpose of life.

Incorporating poets of every nationality into a world-wide
literature.

Many differing points of view, loving the diversity being
found, holding onto it with curiosity and interest.

Looking forward to finding more about what life is like
from all corners of the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Visions

Sensations filling my mind with tones of melodies,
preparing me for a night of writing poetry.

Eclipsing environments surrounding me with vast
acres of imagination, catapulting me into reveries
of subconscious ideas.

Creatively shaping and forming my mind in order to
create poetical visions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating With Invisible Threads

Patterns of living create themselves with invisible
threads, producing a fabric of ingenuity and beauty
as we each follow our free will down lanes of our
own doing.
Seeing nature as it folds over into daily lives,
penetrating minds of solace with peaceful existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Within Depths

Running up and down my mind's piano, enjoying the sounds
I produce from every key.
Putting them together, creating sonatas, etudes, symphonies,
from within depths of blended intellect and imagination.
Totally in unison with my soul, I digest interiorly all that
I produce and live in contemplative silence.
A choice I made years ago when a child, knowing I'd never be
special to just anyone.

(12; 01 p.m. - 10/30/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creating Your Child's World

Thoughtful Reminder: Always remember and keep in mind
that you alone are creating the world your child will
live in.
It's entirely your responsibility to give him/her the
best life possible on earth.
One free of abuse, drugs, alcohol, theft, poverty and
sexual molestation.
Never leave your child with someone whom you've seen
or heard is an abuser - the life of your child will
immediately be in danger.
Love, hug, be gentle, caring, teach modesty, laughter,
humor and always hold their hearts in your soul so
God can help also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creation Of An Interior Universe

Solemn, silent, somber, graces flowing through, touching places of secret desires held within.

Catching hold of everything in sight, placing it on photographic screens, possibly to savor later on in a poem or a musical composition.

A reality of positive intellect, traveling onward into the peace of this lifetime, found only in an interior universe that innate talent has created for self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creation Of Inner Being

Rhapsodies filling this mind fully from the creation of my inner being.

Allowing me to give ideas full attention and bring them to fruition for another future day in another time and place.

Everything will die some day so I will place all that I can learn and know into many volumes of poems so they will live forever, no need to die or decay.

Only live on in another's mind as they read what I have learned and put it to use for future prospects to continue on.

Letting what I have written, to grow into many more vines of knowledge, expanded upon and given freely to mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Abilities

Creativity mysteriously entering every fiber and particle
of being, fabricating newly formed ideas, making them come
true in the here and now.

Spheres of ingenuity and wisdom floating into the circum-
ference of a mind, delicately portraying peace and
possibilities of faith and hope coming from an interior
universe.

Loving feelings being generated and circulated through
the energy of creative abilities and intellect, concentra-
ting and developing concepts from abstractions, having
nothing to do with anything else.

In the end, creating exciting new poetical interludes and
musical compositions, drawing sketches and painting oil
paintings of an interior life.

Overflowing with innate talent, having the experiences of
an entire lifetime here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative And Musical Pathways

Skipping along through life, taking creative and musical
pathways throughout the years.

Noticing every single detail along the way, separating
the good and bad.

Taking and leading my passion down beginnings and endings
of every opportunity no matter what they were.

Loving and caring, living on rhythms of every feeling
and emotion in life.

Taking pathways that were least traveled and creating
my own whenever I could do so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Atmosphere

Sidling up to hidden memories filled with energy of
the past, preserved in mindways of a brain.
Examining with ease all aspects leading to apparitions
of wisdom, as it places itself within an atmosphere of
creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Avenues Walk Off

Music playing reflections of my mind in rhythmic sounds, attuned to feelings felt inside.
Attitudes adjusting, trembling, crawling inside, terrorizing brain cells into submission, causing such anxiety that creative avenues walk off and find other environments in outer corners of another world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Ballet

Quiescently waltzing along patterns of destiny,
resting in pools of peaceful desire as wanton
thoughts coalesce in dreams of forgetful memories.

Holding hands with faint beatings of my heart,
escaping reality's tightened embrace on my mind.

Not letting it strangle and stagnate creativeness
doing the ballet inside my mind tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Chemical Chain Of Reactions

Particular benefits stem from innate knowledge and wisdom,
helping to create an interior talent of major proportions
in every aspect of this life.

Spreading out into fathoms of other dimensions where an
intense energy fills my mind and being with a vibrant
liveliness that cannot be attained any other way.

Having watched it all from within, being fascinated and
wondering constantly how it's being done, getting part of
all processed thoughts into rhythms and concepts.

Considering many factors and equations that eventually have
an effect on the way our brains actually work without ever
tiring.

Always keeping us conscious and awakened after sleeping the
night through, loving to watch this silent creative process
with curiosity, figuring out the many parts of it's chemistry.

For that's what it ends up being in the end, a creative chemical
chain of reactions sparking the passion and essence of this in-
terior spirit, filling it with a powerful energy of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Collisions

Light and carefree, dancing to inner melodies,
watching words and notes mix poetically with
the music.

Never any effort, always enjoyable, poetry
continues to overflow memories with shadows,
always ready to be written out.

Standing in lines of readiness, never a doubt,
all will be written out in time.

Constant images and ideas are always colliding
within my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Depths

Walking quietly down streets of intellect, testing many
different avenues of thinking without missing a single
beat, throwing self totally into every ounce of pleasure.

Giving self to music, delving deeply into creative depths,
living within their precious dimensions while writing
instantaneously and rapidly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Designs

Following patterns that are forming in my mind, letting
them take me into creative designs as I create them
musically through rhythm and time.

A gentle amusement, giving perpetual feelings to write
and compose while drawing or painting.

Processes always ready, automatically and instantaneously,
taking me away interiorly without any hesitation at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Destiny

Living life in a spiritual sense, filled with faith, hope,
wonder and awe at everything in paths of destiny, creative-
ity held closely within.

Innate talent coming from God alone, enjoying exquisite ideas,
concepts and creative talent that holds together mind and it's
intellect.

Enjoying how these gifts can be shared the world over, at times
able to help others through their messages, life being trans-
parent.

Anyone who chooses may see that this soul is free to soar, as
intellect creates from this liberty and freedom without any
hindrance at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Devices

Supporting life through many devices of creativity,
painting, art, music, writing.
Taking them altogether and building on their ingenuity,
designing mosaics of talent for future happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Dexterity

Lightening striking, electrifying thought, breaking through any animosity left over from yesterday.
Pinpointing dexterity of creativeness as it splits and separates into many corners of imagination, then regathers on a desert plain, cognitively preparing every sense for a multiplicity of energy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Energizing Atmosphere

Rocking band, beating drums, guitar blazing into the afternoon,
filling us with harmony and rhythms, lively, fanciful, energiz-
ing everyone here today at Buddy Stubbs.

A totally fantastic band, giving us a concert that we soon won't
forget, loving this chance every month to come listen to many
different bands.

Writing, absorbed incessantly by and through music, couldn't
ask for anything better in life, an interior spirituality at
the forefront, always taking life into other landscapes, en-
vironments and circumstances through intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Existence

Circular sounds spiraling around in my mind, tapping out rhythms as they play.

Listening to the mysterious tones being coded as I write into volumes of poetry.

Adhering to the particular movements coming into a creative existence.

Intense and involved notes are completing every sentence with intellect's capacity, and delving into an innate knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Force

Education continuing within it's realms,
purifying abstractions, with cognitive
ideas, and saturating issues hiding
beneath darkness.

Forsaking streets of apathy for definitions
of meaning and transposed ideals, forming
along lines of creative force.

Putting aside barriers to a clear mind while
being absolved by innocent renderings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Imagination

Standing still, wonder and awe filling me completely,
leaving nothing but a creative imagination filled with
fantasy and reality being blended together.

It helps in order to enable creativity to produce a
prolific amount of poetry in life, experiences being
lived, expressions of it being written constantly and
incessantly all through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Insistence

Twirling, dancing, pivoting through life with an
acquiescence of death on a future doorstep.
Closing doors on fancy and opening windows of
fantasy through imagination and fervor.
Mind-opening butterflies, fluttering away, down
paths of creative insistence, bringing with them
passages of time to write about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Interests

Loving life and all of it's aspects, taking it's essence
and combining it with intellect.

Blending it with imagination, culminating in an inner
wisdom where life is brought into other dimensions and
given wholly to creative interests.

Musically composing symphonies, painting them onto canvas,
finally portraying them into poetical masterpieces.

Artistic graces to be read, seen and played for all to see,
hear and read through a lifetime of pure and unadulterated
passion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Juices

Compositions flow eternally from creative juices,
always present in a mind's imagination.
Ebbing into energetic forces, bringing beauty
from nature into poetical rhymes.
Giving others pictures to make sense of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Junctions

Changing notes, fingering rhythms,
fitting them together like pieces
of a puzzle.

Altering old facets of rhythm
with notes of creativity on
junctions of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Justice

Sudden stillness quieting my soul with intense rhythms, focusing themselves on inner screens.
Portraying the life of a band that's playing for a crowd of people interested in helping little ones have a Merry Christmas.
Clapping hands, creating a venue for the creative justice being served to children all around.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Lanes

Awakening roads of becoming take us down creative
lanes on future highways of loneliness.
Striving for some measure of being, we continue
traveling in all directions, searching for some-
thing we can't put our finger on.
Yet, entire reverberations fill our souls with
echoes of Godliness, taking our lives through
gardens of Eden and beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Learning

Enthusiastic and energetic, living for melodies and rhythms
that coincide with life and all of it's attributes.

Loving it all, taking my mind into realms of intellect and
imagination, no limits to the beauty that it creates within.

Touching and enlivening my spirit, always becoming, teaching
the essence of my being how to be creative, learning through-
out this entire life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Literature

Silently heading south into motions of tidal waves
as they foam and crash against rocks and jagged jetties.

Insisting on shadows creating new despotic characters
and sending many prisms into collections of art.

Stencils popping onto plains of creative literature,
promising plaintive cries at midnight hours.

Watching gratefully, acknowledging intellectual
forbearance and hopeful faith in generosity.

Sensational products of future promises, grading
themselves with clarity and existing in auras of
extravagance.

Listlessly following avenues set in sand along
indifferent pathways of fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Love

Turning the world around, spinning on end throughout
this present moment.

Finding love, holding it preciously in hands, cupped
previously with sorrow.

Handling moments of beauty and wonder carefully, so
as not to lose out on any fragment of it.

Breaking shards of hesitant thought, bringing about
a creative heartfelt love, held tenderly throughout
life's unending hold on the two of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Mazes

Swiftly accentuating ideas as they arrive consecutively in importance and verve. Listening in accordance with my mind, following creative pathways through mazes intuitively made for life's journeys through knowledge, wisdom and prayer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Measures

Delicately unfurling waves of brain activity to be used in
creative measures of imagination.

Finding precise words to experiment with, combining them with
accurate descriptions of life as seen in visions of tomorrow.

All wound into coils that spring forth with every word I write
in small moments.

Kept in timely corners of my mind where they can be reached
without any hesitation or blockage.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Mind

Energized and abundantly looking forward to every moment of
living this life of wonder and awe, an interior inquisitive-
ness and total curiosity lives intensely within.

Taking me into depths that no one else has ever seen or ever
heard before, spheres everywhere you look here within my mind,
created with imagination and intellect together.

Organizing and keeping my mind from becoming cluttered, yet
able to reach into their depths and instantaneously remember-
ing anything wanted to.

Accessing memories, feelings, emotions, gestures, looks, body
language, anything needed to be seen is all on interior photo-
graphic screens of subconsciousness.

Always being held and etched there forever by intellect and
processes of my mind and brain created specifically for this
purpose, built on the passion and essence of my creative mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Mind In Solitude

Forlorn and sad at times, running away from the world and people to sit in solitude, alone with thoughts, feelings, emotions that continually fill this being with a thoughtful contemplation.

Pyramiding softly and gently into the concentration of innate knowledge and wisdom, defying the negative dwelling within and without through sorrowful feelings and their emotions.

Instead, nourishing all of them, finding they're changing the direction of moods, an alluring and positive way to realign thinking and intellect through a creative mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Mist

Realizing times of life are changing, rearranging
time left, before expiring in a haze of creative
mist.

Searching, looking at every facet and imagined particles
of being contained within, collecting and retrieving
thoughts of penchant feelings curling inside.

Sojournly being challenged in areas of consciousness
where identification is possible of everything in mind
that travels into spaces of empty attire.

Knowledge of being, sitting here, waiting for recognition
of it's brilliant intellectual tidings.

Coming directly from a brain when contemplating whatever happens in lifetime
agendas of secretive knowing being displayed on screens every moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Mom

Remembering childhood, always being thin, all legs, Dad
calling me daddy-long-legs, a nickname that I took as a
compliment.

Always running everywhere, climbing trees, just being a
tom boy, daring nature to defy me as I climbed higher
into it's branches.

Wonderful freedom, carefree, being well-taken care of
every day, by a Mom who was amazing in every way.

A born artist, she would always draw awesome pictures,
on my lunchbox, changing the picture every day and
drawing beautiful drawings just for me.

A wonderful original, creative way to show her love
for me, always proud to show it off to friends and
teachers at school.

So many wonderful little things Mom would do for me,
when twelve, she told me that I had to create my own
design in life, she then drew what hers looked like,
it was amazing!

Right away with her encouragement, I found my life's
design and creatively drew it just to show it to her.

Complimenting me on how intricate and beautiful it
looked, making me feel so proud of what I'd done.

An amazing original creative childhood, all because of
my amazing talented Mom who always did her best to care
for all of us every day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Music

Touching my soul with glee, soothing my mind with vitality as I am mesmerized continuously throughout.
Silence enthralls me with it's exacting rhythms, unseen by anyone else.
Yet, I play imagination's creative music in time with my innate desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Musical Juces

Twisting, turning, tapping, enjoying an array of poetical
music as it tampers playfully with heart and soul, inside.

Enjoying the attitude of creative juices flowing through
notes of melodic transpirations.

An excellent choice put together to form exquisite tones,
rhythmic beats and instantaneous musical poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Mystery

Wondering at the mystery of music's pull on my soul
and imagination as I write continuously, playing
in my mind as I do so.
Creatively stirring, mixing, enjoying prose as it
flows out of my mind onto this page.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Outlets

Finalizing plans, keeping to creative outlets, enlarging my vocabulary and intellect - surpassing anything I've done in the past.
New tools have been shown to me and I will use them to the utmost, every day I have left.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Particles Growing

Classically proving quips of yesterday, giving in to special endeavors of purpose.
Lively works becoming parts of main themes, including passages of multi-colored rainbows.
Sliding across avenues of past remembrances, partaking in memory's images, taking roles in instinctual presences.
Awaiting formal invitations from silent partners in visions of talent, being exercised carefully in embraces of ingenuity.
Taken prolongingly into secrets of hidden catacombs, staying beneath earth's top soil, growing every creative particle and atom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Play

Misty mornings of decisive thought flow through a
mind of awakening, causing writing of poetry to
stray into deserts of creative play.
Solitary ideas grow upon cactus needles pricking
bubbles of imagination, displaying beautiful
rhythmical poetry onto plains of fantasy.
Savoring fragrances of wildflowers blooming into
a mind of roses, folding over sadness, putting it
away for now.
Quickening of heart beats, steadily slowing into
beats of complacent contemplation for tomorrow's
serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Poetical Music

Twisting, turning, tapping, enjoying an array of poetical music as it tampers playfully with heart and soul, inside.

Enjoying the attitude of creative juices flowing through notes of melodic transpirations.

An excelent choice put together to form exquisite tone, rhythmic beats and instantaneous musical poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Resources

Words sound far away as I sit and contemplate my place in this world of indecisive attitudes.
Forming many ideas out of creative resources, I follow a path set only for me as I hear rhythms differently than most people.
Enjoying the differences immensely, I sit alone and feel their beauty always holding closely within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Rustling

Rustling my mind, shaking ideas into formation,
whipping about my subconscious like a hurricane
in season.
Contentment seeps like rain from clouds into my
creative conscious side, allowing rhyming images
to combine with abstract designs of ingenuity.
Sun rays gliding down cumulus clouds, are
brightening the desert with rainbows of gray and
black.
Swaying with the rhythm of life, caressing it's
feelings close to my mind, watching breezes billow,
flow and ebb through a pattern of my mind's choosing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Senses

Daisy's come blossoming into my mind unannounced and
dazzling brilliantly, touching creative senses hidden
from view until now.

Circumstantial evidence brews along sidelines of my
mind, awaiting clues to form analytical conclusions
in illogical ways.

Choosing abstractions and an inter-connectedness with
inner space and a wonderful timelessness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Silence

Blessings fall from the sky,
alighting on minds of creative silence,
pulling them into niches of quiet awakenings.

Never faltering, joining nature in God's
calling, unafraid to remain in corners of
darkness and plenitude.

Surrendering self to inner pining of the
soul, lasting strings of melodies playing
hearts everywhere.

Trilling up ladders of notes, fulfilling
destiny's place in the universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Solutions

Creative solutions in life are in my opinion the best.

All aspects of a problem are examined, explored, rewritten, tested and gone through.

Any that are worth keeping are stored in files and memories on computer discs.

Efficiency of any office is doubled or tripled by individuals with creative minds, if they are allowed to use them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Suicide

Fatalistically nurturing thoughts of creative suicide
on lonely days of grief, I prepare also, for my future
deathbed of respite.

Searching for reasons, solutions creatively being
entered in books as life takes it's journey across
plains of desert sand dunes with prickly cacti standing
in the way.

Following my heart against all odds, withstanding
pressures of daily routines and strife, I somehow
survive this earthly life, whether wanting to or not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Techniques

Strutting to beats of horse's hoofs, finding rhythms of theoretical musical etudes.
Filling pages with words, changing meanings, including novel definitions, situated within alcoves of tomorrow's destiny.
Bringing favor upon a broad spectrum of life and it's definition.
Altering moods, fitting them to systems of emotional thought as they gather closely, forming any manner of mosaics and patterns to write with on any given moment in time.
Scouting space to penetrate awesome techniques built into creative circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative Wines

Waking to an insistent repetition of life standing still, watching rainbows turn gray with defeat.
Drumming steadily, falling continuously like rain, piling up in puddles easily defamed.
Onward towards any movement in time, casting out tidbits of knowledge unsavored in heady tasting wines of creativity, falling on deaf minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creative World

Foot loose, fancy free, living in a
creative world that I alone create.

Feeling satisfaction while watching
my creations come into the reality
of prose when writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creatively Becoming

Anticipated glory filters through years of sacrifice and suffering, timidly hiding from it's recognition.
Foraging through leaves and feathers, searching for languishing thoughts and ideas, becoming cognizant of
lifetime behavior and innate senses.
Alluring designs comforting inner patterns of thought, sensitively touching feelings as they creatively become
books and pages in literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creatively Developing

Closing our eyes while opening our minds to the many
possibilities in our lives, touching upon new ideas
and concepts.

Developing and taking them all creatively, hoping to
achieve some semblance of sanity in the process, al-
together, a path down the long road of life.

Gathering and collecting things along the way, hoping
to add to little pleasures of life in simple avenues
of creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creatively Entertained

Cantankerous and poised, filled with self-confidence
and oozing ego upon the stage.
Sharing with us many familiar motions, we settle back
and watch a different aspect of art in the making.
Creative dancing attached to a nervous performer is
an interesting combination as we are being creatively
entertained.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creatively Fabricating Ideas

Patches of ideas coming together like a quilt being in
the hands of those who are quiet, gentle, creatively
fabricating them from pieces of mismatched material.

Like taking abstracts from the atmosphere and blending
them with ideas and concepts that are constantly forming
and shaping this mind.

Following pathways of creativity as it is continuously
illuminated and brought to light, a bluened atmosphere
taking and capturing it's essence to be used creatively
in everything seen or done through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creatively Focusing

Exacerbating finite areas of tis brain with slow
thoughts causes frustration within my being.

Whereas going rapidly, like when writing and
listening to music, faster rhythms bring thoughts
rapidly into view.

Creatively focusing at a much faster pace, always
ready to race through with rhythms developing and
creating poetry of varied types and subjects.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creatively Gifting Intellect

Music intensely touching mind and soul, gifting intellect creatively with innate talent, developing and forming the future of ideas, concepts and inventions.

Being able to then help all of mankind throughout the world, teaching basic truths of our humanity through the wonder of curiosity, using our senses to find the best ways of doing so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creatively Processing

Listening thoughtfully to rhythms playing softly, carefully
choosing not to be confined to just one thought, preferring
to be spread throughout intellect.

Processing them creatively without any hindrance or barriers
at all, silence quieting their intent, giving each an indivi-
dual purpose.

No others participating in their ideas or purpose, intensely
and hopefully fulfilling every intention of destiny and pur-
pose on this earth.

Wanting to complete this earthly journey without faltering
or fading into non-existence, a prolific and mind-boggling
array of poetry written constantly and incessantly in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creatively Rhythmic Imagination

Capturing reflections of a silvery light, finding it's
designs striking and awesome, like a kaleidoscope fill-
ing this mind with colorful patterns.

Taking thoughts to beautiful atmospheres in dimensions
where intellect can soar, becoming accustomed to their
refreshing and new visions.

Watching intently, figuring out their exacting equations
so they can be translated into rhythmic codes and placed
into poetry explicitly.

Silently and thoroughly, secretly loving wonder that
creates each and every one of them complicitly, settling
into a languid atmosphere.

Alone with intellectual thoughts and a creative rhythmic
imagination, captivating and curious delights that poetry
alone can give to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creatively Simple

Closely kept secrets on writing the way I do, are now being taught to a person who has a great vault of innate talent for poetry.

Assembling particles in logical manners, yet able to be creatively simple, getting across many important factors of life today.

Placing them perfectly into philosophic poetry, lending it to everyone's souls so they may alter and change their attitudes and ways of life just as I have been able to do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creativeness Matching Wits

Solo feelings of energy and joy continue to filter into inner personality and subconsciousness, an intense atmosphere of
artistic grace and serenity.

An excellent playground for intellect to romp and reminisce
in, creativeness matching wits with imagination, challenging
one another with glee.

A competition that freely entertains every fiber and particle
in the very within of intellect, releasing thoughts in an
environment of freedom and liberty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creativity Blossoms

Standing alongside pathways of tangible melodies,
capturing their essences in blossoms of poetry.

Creativeness builds grammar and punctuation,
turning it all into perfect literature, spelled
out in delectable verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creativity Within A Child

There is a child within, watching activity of the world rotating
around her.
Listening to opinions, ideas, statements made through life, sifting
and mixing them to arrive at conclusions of her own.
Watching carefully, everything in sight, visualizing, imagining things in her own
artistic eyes.
Not seeing what many others see, alone on a separate horizon.
Sensing life, dealing with emotions deep inside, separating them in
little piles that will cause no harm.
Searching for answers to complete herself, knowing her personality
and keeping it on a shelf behind a locked door.
Lining inner recesses with sponge to soak up what can't be held too
close.
A child's life alone turning to music, writing, and art to serve her
qualities without respite.
Looking for positive activities to fill life's necessities, while
climbing to the backwoods of society.
An unfulfilled life of a once child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creativity's Logical, Rational Ways

Enjoying logical and rational ways of creativeness through our imaginations and reality, a perfect mixture and blend of concepts through coded rhythms.

Constantly and automatically coming to mind, such a deep and abiding feeling of spirituality and love flowing out into the atmosphere.

Touching many others somehow as they catch our eyes and smile back at us even though we're not quite sure why they are doing so, enjoying it anyway.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creatures Of Prose

Drumsticks beating pathways, creating havoc and chaos with imagination and it's adventuresome attitudes.

Investigating probabilities and possibilities of interior words and motives, slashing and crashing meanings, welding them together with outlandish features, creating great and wonderful creatures of prose.

Tasting and feeling daily moments through a mind of wonder and inspiration, as life rotates itself on earth's axis for many years to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Credits Of Life Hidden

Lifetime credits hanging in the wind, wanting to be cashed in
on some magnificent miracle or outpouring from heaven.
Being human, we almost never realize we have any credits and
continue struggling through our lives.
Never stopping to smell the flowers or get in touch with the
reality of nature and life, we toil endlessly when we might
have been able to relax.
There's not much on earth worth tiring for.
Yet, blossoms squirting their fragrances into the air, would
be worth stopping and resting for.
All things materialistic aren't exactly what we're searching
or looking towards, we just think they are.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Creeping Age

Gone are the days of vibrant liveliness, running, jumping, being active every day.

Age creeping upon us taking away our mobility in different ways.

Nothing stopping it's passage in our lives, wanting to go back in time.

Getting back just enough youth to be active again, taking whatever steps are needed to reign in the effects of aging on our bodies.

Dancing, if done throughout life, does help you keep your mobility in senior years, if you keep it up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crepitating Thought

Thoughts crepitate in my mind, huddled together in deep thought, linking
tomorrow's interests with yesterday's
left over skillful artistic endeavors.
Patience sitting quietly aside, hoping to see new
brilliant discoveries manifest themselves out of an
eternal culpability and pride.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crevices Of Darkness

Writing silently into music as it dances happily within,
feeling it's lighthearted joy and happiness lifting in-
terior spirits to bring life about.

Taking it into heights of passion, filling it with desires
that bring pleasure in moments of sorrow, letting them
escape for moments in time.

Images free to roam around, looking into corners and many
crevices of darkness without ever being worried about con-
sequences.

They are all enlightened circumstances giving knowledge
and wisdom to an innate intellect always ready and open
to listen and absorb everything into it's depths whole-
heartedly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crevices Of Recognition

Settling in among crevices of recognition,
watching for sparkles of knowledge to appear
and forge happenings into being as light
folds over and disappears into the future
darkness of yesteryear.
Lasting words eerily form with no account
of their central ideas on shores of
tomorrow's ivories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cries Of The Lonely

Nonsense never forgiven, a lasting impression being etched upon the mind of a youngster with an undeveloped mind, buried inside mounds of dirt and clay.

Rolling towards the emptiness that will always be there to ruin other's lives.

Temperaments being savagely beaten into the ground abusively and unrelentingly.

Washing the motions of life with soap and tears, running down sides of faces in emotional storms, violently pushing everything good aside to be ignored in plaintive cries of the lonely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crimes Of Humanity

Living in a world filled with evil, it's perverts running amuck, raping women and children, killing people for not believing as they do.

What is wrong with these demons, who has taught them to perpetuate these diseases, for that's what they are, diseases of the mind.

Perverted ideas that are totally immoral and unethical, good people need to go against these perverted ideas and beliefs, totally and completely.

Teaching our children right from wrong by example, also teaching them not to put up with these crimes against humanity, for they are against all of us on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crippling Nightmares

Rhapsodies

Rhapsodies playing lively,
recording themselves into
my mind's heart for all eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Criss Cross

Slowly cruising by on rhythms of yesterday, memories being recycled through replaying of music, stepping in time, coming together, finding pleasure intellectually.

Letting it lead me into fading atmosphere's of long ago, disappearing into the distance, never a thought being lost along the way.

Totally finding mathematical factions and equations as they criss-cross through my mind, touching coded rhythms, coming together through music, belonging only to an interior innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Critical Moment

Sun setting on a critical moment in life, taking with it
all the lightened thoughts of my spirit.

Being unfulfilled in life's fountains of financial
benefits, having barely enough to exist here on earth.

Wanting more in life, having no way to get it yet, but
I'm doing what I can to make things turn around, hoping
that neo is the answer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crock Of Life

Lights burning brightly in the dark of night, disappear
suddenly turning off.

Everywhere around, darkness has enveloped the earth in
blackness, abounding.

There are no ways to go, no road to walk, everything has
been plunged in midnight darkness to hide evils of men
from curious eyes.

Standing edgewise on the brink of day, there are no handles
to grip or prayers to pray, before falling down off either
side, leaving life alone, behind.

There are no reasons for reaching out or touching lives of
others, because there is no love to stand the stead, and
test of time.

All work is carried on, without thought of people who are
doing it, trying to raise money for wife and kids.

Life is a crock for all who are alive, yet, maybe it's better
than the crock of death, for a least we can still move about,
trying to correct the many wrongs we find.

In death, we can only look forward, because our minds are
turned off and we no longer remember the life we once lived.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crossing An Inner World

Purpose and definition are being perpetrated every single moment in life, no matter what our thought process or attitude.

Nothing being allowed to interfere as we cross an inner world, showing us the creativity lying within each of us on earth.

Listening, approaching it with open minds, will always give a great amount of pleasure and enjoyment throughout our lives here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crossing Boundaries

Galloping into the desert on my black stallion, Ghost,
soaring like the wind, heading into clouds of dust now
blowing everywhere.

Turning directly behind it so as to find my way, letting
Ghost move like lightening, taking me toward the sunshine
and away from the blackness of an ebony night.

Crossing boundaries into precious stances of life, assess-
ing it's qualities and preciousness in the wake of al that
lies in recesses of a backwoods delineation.

Awaiting decisions that are slow to come forth and be made
known, getting impatient, wanting to move on without get-
ing recognized.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crossing Edges Of Life

Crossing edges of life, realizing that I've been through
curtains of death once again.

Living in the possibilities of life now, touching my soul,
bringing me into the present.

Watching as people and surroundings come clearly into
focus while writing poetry.

Enjoying the wonder of this beauty as I fall towards
it's center.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crossing Life

Crossing over life, walking through it's mazes and labyrinths, searching for answers or clues to it's moments of clarity.
Standing on ends of daylight, wishing for more of it's understanding as evening covers it with shadows of mystery and formation on lengthening depths of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crossing Lines

Crossing lines, delving into poems written before,
finding life has been broken and separated into
particles of written words, dying slowly on horizons
of future moments of death untold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crossing Rivers

Climbing to heights of inner mountains, hoping to
attain their beauty and majesty before the light
of day.

Crossing rivers through life just to get to you,
my love, this heart beating only for your love in
this life.

Soul reaching out, taking in serenity and splendor
of your being, desires penetrating feelings, soothing
and gently sating my thirst for your love.

Lying in bed together, making love and becoming one,
living for the beauty that enters our beings as we
come and touch one another's senses, tempting them
fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crossing The Borders

Connectedness of the world intriques the insatiable imagination
borne within.
Conquering the genius of wisdom and releasing from it's prison, creativeness of the soul.
All gifts from God are sincerely appreciated as life unfolds in
readiness beyond what I have always known.
There are no recriminations or unforgiveness, my soul knows
only the goodness it is reaching towards.
A solitary aloneness awaits the quenching of it's thirst, it
will be the greatest accomplishment yet as I leave this earth.
Sorrow will not follow as I cross over the borders of my limits
and become one with my creator in His love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crossing Words

Crossing words like bridges to ideas of the mind, combining and retracing steps towards abstracts, analyzing everything in the blink of a mind's eye.
Featuring pleasant processes on paper for an arid mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crossroads Of Destiny

Standing at the crossroads of destiny, wondering which step will be closer to the life that is required.

Knowing only that it will always be filled with family, music, writing and art, while entering realms of all the masters that have gone before me.

Hoping to attain the most out of talent and gifts that were born within, neglecting not a thought or idea, as they culminate in imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crossword Of Life

Settled into a crossword for life, factoring in words according to many differing meanings, keeping my mind in working order.
Imagination filters through, giving new ideas for solving puzzles of humanity, choosing from myriads of intellectual endeavors along pathways of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crowded Byways

Crowded byways in life are scattered throughout my mind,
rolling around like marbles on a wavy board of motion,
watching as they go in many directions, gathering speed.

Going uphill, racing back down backwards, soothing me
interiorly, having fun, giving moments of laughter and
pleasure needed at times to relieve stress in life caused
by other people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crowding Thoughts

Wandering aimlessly through my mind, thoughts crowd in and out amid much faith and doubt.

Not settling anywhere, on anything, causes insecurity to wreck havoc in daily life.

Wanting to know the trueness and sureness of everything ending up with uncertainty and failure of doubt, sitting heavily upon me.

Finding no path straight enough to follow, my mind sits down and chooses not to bother anymore.

Wandering aimlessly through my mind, continuing the same way, forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crucial Energy

Constantly rocking to rhythms of rock and roll,
letting them create poetry while writing.

Settling into intellect, relaxing and finding
pleasure in music all the time.

Showing the world just how much rhythm means to
this mere poet.

All types of music help create the poetry that
is written constantly on a daily basis.

Crucial and tantamount to my intellect's energy,
never-ending and collecting every detail in life.

All of it to be viewed in time within one poem
after another as I write them and others read them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crucial Reality

Weakened by devastation, trying to exist,
yet having a difficult time of it.
At times suffocating and praying for air.

Burning deeply set within me, I try to
walk through it, but I can't always manage.

Yet, here I am, still hoping to get through
everything before expiring and leaving this
crucial world of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cruel And Heartless

Watching events in this temporary world, feeling tense at times when seeing the barbaric and evil ways some people have of harming innocent women, children and men.

Wondering how anyone can be so brutal and abhorrent to another human being, for we are all created equal and should never be mean or disrespectful towards another.

Where are their principles, morals, ethics, values - have they none at all? Why haven't their parents instilled any in them since childhood?

Are they pure evil, demons not of our human society? What then are they made of? A total disgrace to humanity and the human race.

Wondering how anyone can rape a woman or child, a mere newborn baby is beyond imagining, it's cruel and heartless, how can this continue on earth where so many good and innocent people exist?

Not understanding any of this barbaric and cruel indignity, knowing they need to die so our world can live in peace and harmony where no more killing, raping torturing can ever exist again in anyone's lifetime, now or in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cruel People

Righteous talk from self-righteous people, gossiping, making fun of others,
putting them down out of their own jealousy and pettiness.
Hard, cruel people who taint the human race just by being on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cruelty Of Others

Tender emotions being taken through the coals, pain
of sadness cutting to the center of my being.

No reason other than the cruelty of other people,
uncaring and self-centered, thinking of themselves.

Wrapped in a cocoon of self-realization, isolated
from reality, hiding from the world.

Sadness envelopes me to see and feel this coming so
intuitively, feeling it intensely within.

Others, not understanding at all, not realizing that
I am so empathetic towards others.

A hard thing to have as part of being, but it's there
and nothing can be done about it, just suffer alone.

Not saying anything to anyone, only one closest friend
understands to some degree what I go through all the time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crumbling Dreams

Succinctly, substantially, giving in to emotions, crumbling my hopes and dreams. Only for a short time though, because I want to feel and explore their existence and find out why they're bent on destroying attitudes for no absolute reason.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crushing Anger

Crushing anger like little pills for children, to be better able
to cope with it.
Small doses don't hurt any less, and life becomes a drug too mixed
up to repress.
Dreams stagger in and out, to help the mind relax - it does not
help - only brings the memories closer.
Reaching out, the mind touches on the past, filling itself with
the hurt and pain remembering trauma brings.
Amnesia would be better if only it could be produced in doses
large enough to forget forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crushing Life

In situations of uncaring servitude, alliance befits
only the great.

Thinking of selves in total abandonment, no thought
of another carrying over into the stream of life.

Whiling away many hours of silent reverie, video-
taping total recall upon the back wall of memory's
mind.

Revamping solitude, rearranging patterns situated in
lost memories, attaining semblances to past living.

Never seeking balances, forgiveness lies stalely in
mid-air, nothing to hold on to, failing every society.

Whatever should be held in peaceful serenity, somehow
cannot unfold within today, instead, folding over, it
crushes the simplicity inside.

Searching uncontentedly, life winds itself in circles,
confusing memories, partaking of some part of death,
living always on the edge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crushing Time

Showering the afternoon with sparkling and vibrant rhythms,
livening it up with a brilliance from above the normal,
succinctly and formidably taking a stand through music.

Self-confidence and self-assurance coming to the forefront
with a strengthening of ingenuity through each rhythm,
closely insinuating thoughts, ideas and mathematics.

Silently flowing into prose, enjoying this repertoire of
writing, taking my mind faster into depths of intellect,
crushing time with intellectual endeavors through music.

Playing so intensely all through my being, attuned with
it's rhythms as I write and listen, getting faster as they
play, taking them with me into depths ordinarily not known,
but surely loved.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crushing Turmoil

Turmoil crushing my spirit from another direction,
taking me down roads that I'd rather not be taking.

Heart so sorrowful, reminding me of the past, filled
with hurting pain caused by a friend.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crying Alone

Writing into the rhythms affecting emotions hidden below
the surface of this heart, crying alone behind curtains
of lonely emptiness.

Betrayal of a loved one, thought to be staying throughout
a long and beautiful life, instead, being taken away in
hands and embrace of death itself.

Watching as they are laid to rest, appearing as if they
were going to awaken, yet they never did.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crying Always Inside

Seeing the love you have for your daughter, it is beautiful, memorialized in many crystal tears.

Your daughter was very lucky to have a Mom like you, always there for her every time a memory came to mind.

Sorrow over having lost her must break your heart in two each time you look at her picture.

There's no way you can ever get over the grief, it seems it would be ever present.

Carrying her within for nine long months, finally getting to see her face when she was born.

Laboring day and night with feedings, changing diapers, going through illnesses, a twenty-four hour, around the clock job as mother.

Watching her sleep, seeing her smile, holding her hand, teaching her to walk, play, run and jump - growing all the while.

Seeing yourself in the way she acts, smiles, laughs, teaching her the morally right things to do.

Arguing, getting angry, loving, making up, saying you're sorry, all of her life, remembered in the little acts of love forever.

Your world right now is a sad and lonely place were she is no more, yet all memories of her life are memorialized in many crystal tears, and all the good times you shared together remain in your heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crying For You

Softly, gently, heart beating only for you, feeling bruised,
hurt because you're going through difficult times and are
taking it out on me.

Angry, frustrated, lost in sadness, not knowing anything any-
more, feeling your confusion and pain intensely, crying for
you my dear.

Knowing that I'm not to blame for how you are feeling, for-
giving you, for I love you unconditionally and will stand with
you no matter what.

Waiting for you to figure out how to interpret and come to
terms with how you're feeling, it will take time, for you
are filled with anger and grief over your loss.

Standing with you, just BEing and understanding my love,
you are my world and I have only you in mind, wanting to
do whatever I can, letting you know I'm here for you.

Never leaving you my dear for you are my life whether
or not you realize it yet, loving you through every moment
of your life, honey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crying In The Rain

Strolling down avenues of past suffering and trials.
Never letting life rest, always stirring up the tests
of time, losing strength a little every day.
Being exposed to a bevy of discourses, nothing fitting
my particular mood.
Wondering if I'll ever be free to be myself in this world.
Wherever my heart goes, there I am, crying in the rain
with no hopes or joys, refraining the tests of time.
Resting in arms of loneliness, never finding the way to go.
Listlessly hanging my head in despair.
Wishing to become exempt in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crying Into Yesterday's Mirrors

Morning glory rises over yesterday's memories,
pulling me into a reverie of exacting sorrow.
Playing it's toll over my senses, crying into
mirrors long ago broken with age and disuse.
Memories stirring themselves into a new
existence in the here and now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crying Within

Feelings touching heartstrings,
causing me to cry within,
because I'm so hated by someone
who used to care, and now treats
me like dirt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cryptic Patterns

Bluened light of knowledge, shining upon my mind,
educating it subconsciously with attitude and
innate meanings defining every moment.
Satisfying cryptic patterns with solutions of
wonder and awe at their ongoing existence through
eternal horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cryptic Sidesteps

Ribbons scribbling their way across mountains and
deserts below us, showing trails which go no where.

Winding themselves off and on over landscapes of
our world, belittling no one as they give examples
of what we are about.

Always circling in mazes of our own doing, we
cryptically sidestep reality, preferring a
subconscious terrain instead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crystal Amazement

Crystal blue glazes, taking in nature's bountiful
amazement and wonder.
Touching lightly, every moment in timeless splendor,
hanging from balconies of greenest enchantment.
Dug snugly into vast containers, backed against
canyons set like gems - arranged in unique layers,
consistent with heavenly prayers said on crystal
blue rosaries.
Nature stretched before all time on a horizon of
bountiful amazement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crystal Avenues

Solitarily hiding in avenues of fantasy, creating a life to fasten itself to reality.

Setting out tiers of truth to look upon, upsetting the natural balance brought between relationships and imagination.

Together standing, searching, climbing high into lighthouses of creative imagery, seeking the inner beauty everyone knows is there.

Crystal glass, aligned in knowing circles, turning the past into present creations, with tomorrow's future lying in the balance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crystal Blue

Blue crystal shining brightly within my mind,
illuminating caverns and abysses of creativeness.
Soaking into insistent pools of subconscious realms,
able to be reached, searched and focused into a
novel approach for future ideas and books.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crystal Clarity

Noticing the surroundings, seeing
everything clearly as crystal,
wanting no clarification whatsoever.
Tending cryptically to coded prose,
fitting it in perfectly with mysteries
of the unknown.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crystal Gathering

Lonely hearts, roaming across plains filled with desert sands,
drying tears as they form in sandstorms of life.
Gathering crystals to form an oasis along the way,
giving respite at times to those in need.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crystal Images

Settling within this heart's life beat, stirring
memories of past inclinations, allowing them
room for thought.

Taking moments, one at a time, holding them up
to lights of rainbow, watching them gain precision
and presence in my mind.

Crystal clear images being pressed and hung within,
like decorations of beauty at Christmas time.

Reflections spinning and diving in and out of
reveries being thought about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crystal Lights

Waterfalls cascading from heaven above, nurturing the
ground we walk upon.
Lifting heads of flowers so they may blossom with
regal color.
Outshining the dinginess of dark black skies are
crystal lights of raindrop's eyes.
So serenely the world becomes, white with innocence,
brought to bear by lengthening tides of starlit wonder
at the close of every day, brilliantly securing the
beginning of night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crystal Mirror

Marbeled wood before me, holding up a sheet of glass.
Nothing sits upon it - it seems to be a conversation piece
for the mind to meditate on.
Seeing many things held within my mind - allows unlocking
of it.
Laying everything out upon the crystal sheet of glass - all
becomes clearer as it's mirrored back in upon itself.
Before me is marbeled wood, holding up a sheet of glass.
It represents my mind - a clean slate - to be written on
forever until my life has past.
Looking down into it's reflection, memories - stories -
ideas - are pulled up and lie there upon it's shiny surface,
reflecting all to the mirrors leaning at the back of my mind.
Illuminating many cobwebbed mysteries of my past, I can start
to live - knowing what happened way back when, doesn't have
to affect me now or ever-more again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crystal Moments

Tears are bluened by sadness, created by hearts
of sorrow, looking askance at life and it's
tortures of existence.
At last moments of frightened darkness, a light
opens and shines the way to the other side.
Rainbows of blue cross the universe in timeless
arcs, tingeing the deepest pools of grief with
crystal moments of truth as edges are terminated
in vacuums of space.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crystal Mysteries

Aroma of yesterday fills my mind with it's memory,
taking me on a journey of bittersweet images.
Traveling down lanes, watching love being gathered
in petals of flowers, savored fragrances filling my
mind with scents of long ago.
Puzzling sights meld into visions, bright and
colorful, developing crystals of mysteries in
ageless time.

(10: 34 a.m. - 12/03/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crystal Shadow

Life is a crystal ball, hiding your future in it's misty
haze, never telling what is around the corner.

Just leaving a shadow of you behind, with good intentions
meant to be shown, known by family and friends of life
and your existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crystal Teardrops

Sweet sadness pouring over young ones, flowing down their faces
in crystal teardrops.

No one wiping them free, they adhere to hearts, strangling them
with ineptitude as adults look on and away from their grief.

Placing too much emotional baggage upon such tiny children,
expecting them to live up to adult expectations without having
been taught or given the tools by which to accomplish this.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crystal Towers

Waiting to hear your voice in my mind,
causes an anxiety of time, existing
back when I was younger.

Tears build themselves into towers of
crystals, hard to flow down and out
onto my pillow at night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crystallized Memories

Slow motion locomotive, swerving around corners and
looking out for obstacles on the tracks in front of
it.
Traveling through mountain scenery, white with snow
and shining beautifully in the morning sunshine.
Sparkling effects sprinkled throughout the vista of
a winter snowstorm.
Slow moving locomotive, traveling the distance needed
to write into eternity, while feeling emotions
crawling inside, climbing canyon walls and ravines.
Always, entirely unsurpassed while traveling through
abysses of imagination and at times landing in front
of labyrinth's beginnings.
Startled by the amazing beauty crystallized in
memories filled with visions and images of unknown
truths in life's constant embrace.
Sending messages, coded, onto phases spelled out in
poetry.
All knowing concepts tracing themselves onto pictures
of silent silhouettes in waiting.
Hoping to be met in tribulent sections of another
tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crystals

Washing tears on washboards
situated inside.

Cleansing them until they
shine brightly as crystals
in sunlight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crystals Of Life

Midnight blue skies, deepened by the sorrow held inside.

Gingerly held with gentle fingertips, afraid of crushing
or dropping the crystals of life.

Delicately laced together, becoming each one's futures,
they are embroidered with care.

Interlocking, as in a jigsaw puzzle, each piece is
individualistic in it's own right.

No two are exactly the same, yet all have the capacity of
the identical human nature.

Developing talents that lie within each one, brings about
this change.

Our world becomes a rainbow of talent - none of the same.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crystals Of Love

Crystals of love representing the energy of this heart,
soothing all of life's turmoil and bringing respite to
my being.

Lovely sentiments filled with desires, rising, taking
my mind into a world of fantastic rhythms, creating all
feelings of love within.

Heart singing, letting you know how much you mean to me,
as we embrace in times of life, with crystals of love
surpassing even boundaries of life and death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Crystals Of Thought

Showering life with crystals of thought, gathering meanings together and placing them into meaningful poems for others to be inspired.

Writing from inner depths, taking a poetic license to the extreme, filling many books with volumes of poetry.

Sensing emotions and feelings of those around me, taking and writing them into prose to be understood by other's who will one day read them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cuddling In Memories

Eyes staring into space, yet I am watching inner screens filled with images, walking through visions of beauty.
Reminding me of many yesterdays, spent in loving family relationships.
Cuddling closely in memories, being touched and remembered with bittersweet joy.
Filling my eyes with tears of a remembrance - of lasting heart-to-heart musical renditions still being talked about at family gatherings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Culminating In History

Tripping down pathways, watching what's going on
around me in life, seeing so many extraordinary
events happening on earth.

Some of them great, others not, but all of them
culminating in the history of the United States.

Patriotically saluting our flag, honoring our
servicemen and women, thanking all, young and old
for protecting us and our generations of children
coming into existence in the future.

Blessing everyone with freedom to speak and choose
what we want to do in our lives, while we all try
our best to live in peaceful harmony.

Taking our lives and completely making the best of
them in whatever capacity we are individually able
to with our gifts and talents from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Culminating In Moments

Privately, unconditionally loving each other with an intense
passion, expressions of our love filling pages of poetry as
I write to you and read your poetical answers back to me.

Exciting, thrilling both of us so thoroughly, bringing our
passion alive, desires climbing ever higher, so patiently
and exuberantly we live just to be together every moment.

Vividly and lively we find each other so closely bound,
living for our times together, reaching heights never be-
fore reached.

Unconditional love always being expressed for one another,
our sole purpose for being has culminated in the moments
of our lives.

Like a symphony bringing us together, never parting, living
for each other all the days of our lives, enjoying this life
with joy and happiness touching our souls, hearts and minds
forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cult Of Evil Men

Walking into the wilderness of a new world that has been
turned upside down, all topsy turvy.

Nothing seeming acceptable anymore except evil, pedophilia,
rape and perversion by muslim men and isis.

Proclaiming islam as a religion when in reality it's a cult
perpetrated by rapists and pedophiles, led by one himself
called mohammed.

Don't know about you, but I am always going to speak out
against this evil, finding people are waking up finally
and realizing what's going on.

Their children are being raped along with their wives and
grown daughters and sons, despicable and horrendous, they
all need to be annihilated in order to solve this problem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cultivating Silence

Leaving quietly in a reverie of saddened grief, taking my soul and hiding it beneath all the hurt of daily life.
Suctioning peace, trying to calm myself inside with serenity, enfolding my mind with silence that I cultivate all during life.
Following every idea across time and placement of curiosity, placing them all into chests of sensitivity.
Encasing them specially as treasures of unfound joy, displacing sorrow and giving a solace so deeply it can't be found.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Culture Of New Beginnings

Sandwiched between feelings and emotions are rhythms
of our lives, regulating what we do and how we react
to situations.

Living in the disassociation of human beings towards
their inner universes, knowing that they don't alter
their attitudes or opinions towards anything.

Welcoming and participating in a culture of new be-
ginnings and endings, totally appeals to intellect
and my mind.

Watching how things sway us one way or another, being
enthralled with what people do in different situations
and environments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cumbrous Feelings

Sadness flowing from a heart,
going down river in a steady motion
taking my life with it to foreign shores.

Realization decimates me, as I cling to a
hopeful reality, going through the pain of
medical panacea's.

Cumbrous feelings weigh me down with intrepid
fears and I try to shelve them to give me time
to get beyond the edges I am hanging onto.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cumulus Clouds

Sun shining in spite of cumulus clouds
trying to shut it out.
Spreading itself over desert mountains,
allowing me to watch with wonder and awe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cupboards Of Memory

Lying back, just reaching into thoughts, spreading them
about, trying out their premises in many different cir-
cumstances and situations.

Life-long periods of exasperation being carried forward
into poetry that I am writing.

Explicit meanings being gathered and collected into many
cupboards of memory for use in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cupped Hearts

Returning to life, having been on the other side for a
while, enjoying the peace and beauty found there.

It's so unlike earth where we must toil and fight for
every aspect of dignity given to us.

Wishing to be remembered without dread from anyone attending
my funeral with tears held in cupped hearts, afraid to let
tidal waves of emotion flood my soul with their grief.

Only hoping to be led back to the other side where there is
peaceful intent and serene peace, intensely being produced
to help us forget our lives on earth, once when we were
alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cupping Desires

Forests of vacancies, freeing the essence of inner beings, living in recesses of a future open meadow filled with flowers and blossoms of exquisite fragrances, aromas and colors.

Stringent, wholly together, cupping desires into chalices of wine, prepared solely for the emptiness of a lonely evening spent between four walls, no one to talk to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cups In Mind

Partying with red solo cups in mind, holding glasses up in their tribute.
A mighty fine party with many happy people being lifted, with spirits flying high into the room tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cups Of Coffee

Recognizing faces, listening to conversations, laughing gently inside cups of coffee.
Withstanding onslaughts of many rumors and the reasons for them.
Caving in to mysterious findings as life expressions continue to be allocated throughout the night.
Everyone begins to talk to one another, slowly becoming friends from a distance, soon to be trudging life together as a close-knit family.
A season of good cheer and beauty in a wholesome Christmas spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curative Powers

Slowly, methodically taking time to listen to melodies
that fascinate this mind totally and completely, never
missing a beat.

Finding my essence being energized and filled with the
tantalizing aromas stemming from feelings and emotions
that are being held within my being.

Always wondering about the things I do and experience
when listening to music and their rhythms, writing
poetry, reading, painting, everything that I need to.

Needing to have music always at hand, playing, running
through rhythms as they flow into my mind and intellect,
soothing sorrow, sadness, loneliness, abandonment, grief.

Following the trails into curative powers that touch my
being, healing the emptiness that all of the above leaves
within me daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curbing Appetite

Watching horizons, feeling them overtake me within,
curbing my appetite for life and all of it's
misgivings.

Stretching matter beyond boundaries of my brain,
scattering it to the four winds.

Tossing self upon their fanciful flights
into nowhere lands, becoming what is near their ends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curdling Emotions

Sensitive emotions curdling inside,
afraid to be shown to the world,
because they may be made fun of and
feelings would be hurt - then the
atmosphere within would be ruined.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curing Death?

Going deeply within for a while, feeling depths of sorrow
like oceans holding my heart captive, not wanting to let
it go lest memories of love disappear with it also.

A dilemma that becomes a vicious cycle when trying to think
it through and solve the problem, is there a positive solu-
tion?

Will it ever be found I wonder, maybe if we could find a
way to cure death that would be the only way I believe grief
and loss will be eliminated from our lives once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curiosity And Reality

Lights shining, beckoning and showing the way into
the future, beautiful sentiments being placed inside
us, bringing about intense feelings of our senses.

Living through them we take ourselves and walk into
lands of curiosity and reality, the two of them meeting
gently in realms of imagination where we find life in
depths of another world.

Such intense and lively emotions grasp and move us
through all sorts of interior feelings, giving us an
entire sadness of our lifetimes.

Crossing borders of aloneness, we take our tears as they
stream down, covering our hearts, soaking our minds so
completely that it's hard to see the roads and pathways
in front of us.

Blurred beyond recognition and surpassing the edges of
night we blindly live on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curiosity Besting Intellect

Designs forming right before my sight as I sit here and write, light reflecting onto the table where my poetry journal is lying.

Moving my head back and forth while looking at the reflection of lights on this small silver table, giving this mind insight and a contemplative mood.

New and tantalizing, forming and shaping meaningful poetry to create possibilities that come into my mind's existence.

Impossibilities touching upon intellect, wanting to find a way to take them into realms of the possible, issuing them all with an abundance of poetry to be written.

Curiosity having gotten the best of intellect, measureing it's questions and answers, expecting novel ideas to come forth right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curiosity Filling The Atmosphere

Wandering down back alleys, looking for the past where
life was easier and so simple.

Being young was the ultimate time in life, filled with
new experiences and joy.

Curiosity filling the atmosphere everywhere I went and
never failing me through the years.

Advancing life still holding onto it like a treasure,
precious to my mind, holding it close and cherishing it.

A beautiful and enticing gift from God to a child full
of wonder and awe for the world around her.

Never letting anything go, questioning everything that
came across her vision, even at night in dreams.

Being remembered every morning, tantalizing and bringing
new concepts and ideas into being.

Inventions forming along with thoughts, following designs
and patterns into colors of the rainbow.

A never-ending process of intellect fulfilling dreams of
an entire lifetime.

Loving possibilities that come to mind in the beauty of
another measure of rhythm.

Never taking my eyes off the end in sight, tasting the
memories from photographic screens within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curiosity Gone

Sunlight shining in my window, not reflecting the state of mind I'm in.

Interiorly filled with either darkness or fog intermittently.

It seems to be alright, it doesn't really bother me much, for my mind is in a dormant state.

Forgotten pasts slowly float by my door, watching, but am no longer curious enough to investigate or explore any further.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curiosity Keeps A Mind Open

Teaching from experience is a great tool to learn from,
learning from other people's mistakes keeps you from
making the same ones.

A significant amount of curiosity keeps a mind open,
looking for solutions outside the box, motivation to
bringing comfort to others.

Going through scientific inventions and technological
break-throughs will help to ease the pain of many in
this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curiosity Of Children

Watching children in all walks of life, smiling, happy,
responsive to their parents and curious about everyone
around them.

Seeing the interest in their eyes as they see things
for the first time in their little lives, never knowing
what will be seen when so very young.

Something will spark what they will later become in life,
aptitudes and curiosity in the beginning will lead each
of them down a different pathway.

Going through a developing and excited intellect, absorbing
every tiny detail as their minds pick up everything they
see from one moment to another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curiosity On The Prowl

Questions being answered innately within, no doubts
ever entering in.

Curiosity always on the prowl, feeling intellect with
everything that needs an answer.

Totally and completely resolving rhythmic puzzles
and mazes that are formed incessantly.

Through imagination, opening up limits and boundaries
to the infinite and Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curiosity Playing

Leading thoughts into waterfalls of truth, cleansing and purifying them for all to see.
Plainly writing down what each picture of thought is revealing through photographic images, telling everything my brain desires.
Wanting to know all formulas and patterns intertwined within, programming a lifetime of serene contemplation.
Promises made when younger stay in place for an eternity, never losing their impetuous meanings for another.
Curiosity playing like a kitten around all thoughts, chasing balls of imagination across the floors of intellect, surpassing a mind made to be expressed in written words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curiosity Uncovering Issues

Rolling melodies swiftly taking me into landscapes of nature,
filled with wonder and beauty, picturesquely and dutifully
sharing details above the sight of normalcy.

Sending this mind on expeditions of fact-finding, many ex-
traordinary things happening beneath the surface of human
knowledge.

Transfixed and held captive when finding that curiosity
has uncovered tantamount issues that've been heretofore
hidden beneath screens of lies and illusions.

Transparency to be found and figured out in the process
of creative thought and neo-thinking, positive attributes
of future problem solving.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curiosity's Appetite

Waking in the morning, filled with an energy and strength
of this mind, taking it's place in the forefront of life.

Feelings being stripped and taken into measures on their
own to be explored and found out where they belong.

Exercising and lifting spirits into realms of heavenly
gardens, enlivening me even more than before.

Heart, mind, ego, soul and entire spirit are coming to-
gether and lasting through all measures of this mind in
an etude of E flat minor.

Satisfying this appetite for answers to the curiosity
possessed in hundreds of thousands of degrees of intent
and purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curiosity's Freedom Of Existence

Atmospheres of intellect taking details soaring throughout the
environment, curiosity feeling the freedom of it's existence
and turning life inside out.

Racing in opposite directions, looking for other aspects of
living in this temporary world, reaching into depths of rhythms,
listening to their intensity flow like lava.

Taking everyone onto back alleys and roadways, no one being any
wiser, never finding fault for there's no trace left behind to
say what's happened in the interim.

A quiet silence unfolding uncannily while people are still look-
ing the other way and curiosity continues to feel the freedom of
it's existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curiosity's Labyrinth

Following pathways through a definite labyrinth of curiosity, wondering how to escape the finality of death while looking forward to it at the same time.
Apprehension melting away as thoughts of beauty and heaven's gardens fill my mind with the mystery and awesome detail coming into focus.
As I sit and listen to whispers of music from beyond, telling of the calm serenity that will be mine in a matter of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curious About Clouds

Pining for a walkway to the clouds above, hoping to establish a foothold beyond earth's atmosphere.
Lovingly looking at beautiful cumulus clouds, wanting to reach up and touch them with all my senses.
Curious, I wonder if they have aromas, textures, or if they might taste good besides.
Clouds always touching my mind, why can't I touch them?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curious And Wondering

Translating music into poetical interludes, writing heart, soul, feelings and emotions into poetry, always wondering how it is I'm able to do it.

Finding it curious, yet loving every moment of it's possibilities, romancing through imagination of titillating music.

Flowing through sorrow and grief on tides of tears that continue to fill oceans within, sashaying to tempos and beats of melodies.

Tempting passion and desires to be written about and met through imagination, a transcendental love spreading unconditionally throughout my being.

Giving satisfaction and fulfillment while writing and continuing to listen to harmonies that are bringing it all into poetical interludes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curious Avenues Of Life

Awakening pathways opening themselves before me, giving
intriguing poetical rhythms to pass the time with.

Allocating measures of beautiful mysteries to surpass
outer limits of intellect, curious avenues of life stand
quietly behind the hidden curtains of this mind.

Forever climbing into the folds of the desert mountains,
giving an effervescent platitude of environmental courtesy
to our lands here in America for an eternity.

Always beginning and ending behind the meaning of freedom,
allowing the talent of everyone to be realized.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curious Being

Whistling winds,
whispering to my inner being,
filling it with curiosity and wonder.
Fulfilling me completely with heavenly beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curious Eyes

Looking into the hallway from my room, noticing an elderly gentleman sitting in a wheel chair, looking about him, curiosity sitting on it's haunches in his eyes. Satisfied that there's nothing for him to see or do, he slowly walks away with his wheelchair and back to his room.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curious Involvement

Sending messages to inner depths of intellect,
finding curious involvement of many particles
beginning to coalesce and become thoughts,
almost ready to be written in to poems,

Lengthening strings of wisdom, allowing me to
develop and move forward into exciting endeavors
of the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curious Mind

Taking moments, spending them with heart-felt wishes
and hopes of other days, holding them fast and close
so as not to lose them in hurried ways.

Wanting to learn and know more about people and the
way they think and use their minds.

How disappointments are dealt with when earth-
shattering events clipped their wings and sent them
spinning into outer space, far away from themselves
so they could deal with and live earthly lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curious Mysteries

Thankfully sitting alone, wondering about life,
curious of everything that passes before me.
Intent on delving into mysteries held in ancient
catacombs, bereft of solutions, no answers tended.
Stepping across many boundaries, focusing only on
thoughts, picturesquely touching my mind with
anticipation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curious Situation

Snapping neurons and synapses with intellect, wanting
to see what will happen, hoping to see some sparks or
embers, perhaps fireworks being created and exploding.

Watching tiny glimmers of what's left, fluttering to
the ground as I watch in silence, reaching out, cap-
turing some in my hands.

Realizing they're not hot, but ice cold, a curious
situation that defies explanation, while reading the
emotions coming to the surface.

Wanting to know what they have to do with this very
impossible circumstance, not finding any answers,
deciding to delve deeper into what I've seen already.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curious Visions

Dreaming of horizons yet
to materialize in days to come.

Curiosity building visions of
thought, precisely and exactly
in rhythms of delicate lacy
beginnings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curious Wonder

Literate potential fills me unexpectantly with a
curious wonder, taking me off into a universe of
spacious contentment.

Experiencing a freedom of sorts, a defining of
who I am and who I'd like to be.

Raising an inner awareness of spiritual necessity,
allowing it to claim my soul without reserve.

Sensing a delicate amount of tacit hesitance,
holding back thoughts with an energy of untold
mirth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curiously Wondering

Rushing forward, searching quietly through nature for a
reprieve from life as it is today.

Wanting to see so many things, noticing details even of
little things, like a dying leaf upon a branch of a tree.

Why is it dying when all others are living? What is the
reason, I wonder curiously to myself.

All of nature seems to be rendered speechless right now,
not even the birds are flying or singing their songs.

A penetrating silence, covering everything in sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curling Up With Faith

Slumber catching on my mind, putting me into a dream-like stance, adding many answers to the questions puzzling me during the day when wide awake.
Only capturing thoughts, creating imaginative beauty in beads of a rosary held tightly while saying nightly prayers on bended knee.
Curling up with faith and being held so closely by a Father who will never give up on me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Currents Of Time

Deep in never-ending thought, memories are played out
in minds of richest candor.
Taken from depths of the past, brought up slowly,
carefully, into a mind's line of vision.
Life seemingly goes on forever, thoughts of long ago
flow as if floating upon a river.
Unable to speed them up, slow them down, or erase them -
journeying with currents of times and reliving endless
memories.
Never standing still, unable to possess the present,
faltering on unknown paths - hoping to create new
memories.
Hoping for a brighter future, to one day look back
upon as past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curt Little Words

Listening to inner voices of emotion, turning over years of images so I may remember the pain that others have caused in my life.
Most of it was needlessly heaped upon me by thoughtless, uncaring people - some strangers.
Even family members, at times, carelessly hurting without thinking.
Life is painful enough without others adding their own insecurities and issues - folding them in curt little words and sentences at me and other people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curtain Clouds

Clouds hanging like curtains over desert
mountains, white, puffy, beautiful.
Touching them with my mind as I write
poetically of mountainous stature,
settling into nature's picturesque
habitat, where I can reside in imagination's
reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curtain Images

Racing through a previous curtain,
finding yesterday is still within
reach as we touch lightly, all
feelings associated with it's joy
and fidelity.
Awaiting cups of tranquil essence
as tears fill them to the brim
with our love still being expended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curtain Of Memories

Hidden tears falling steadily behind a curtain of memories, never showing themselves for they are hiding in fear-filled caverns, trembling, being pushed deeper inside.

Flattened on one side from all the pressure piled on through years of pain and sorrow.

Open-ended tears, escape routes at either end, allowing them to disperse into other parts of the body to be stored.

Fractured minds never allowed to cry, pushing deeper within, hidden tears become dry and are pasted on pages of past memories away from the feelings they portray.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curtain Of Mysterious Talent

Standing on an empty horizon, watching happenings coming
about in a misty curtain of mysterious talent, nothing
entering or exiting, all being created in depths of an
insistent grief since childhood.

Corrections aren't ever necessary as this mind always
knows exactly what is being written while it cascades
from an inner waterfall of deafening beauty.

Spraying droplets over an entire intellect, feeling it's
moistness tickle and cool energy of talent, invigorating
it and collaborating with imagination to create novel new
poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curtains Of Fog

Looking out my hospital window, watching rain pour upon
earth with an energy of gravity pulling it heavily onto
everything in sight.

Mountains being covered with misty curtains of fog,
hiding them from sight for a while.

Watching tree tops straightening to reach the sky,
drinking in each and every drop falling onto their
hungry limbs and leaves.

Drops glistening in a faded sunlight, capturing every
ounce that they can, trying to keep warm in the freezing
cold temperatures.

Loving the sight of earth and everything on it that I
can see, feeling renewed and refreshed in a cleansing
bath straight from heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curtains Of Near - Death

Walking through misty curtains of near-death to watch how
it comes about.

Seeing the many reasons it fulfills the outcome of eventual
death for every one of us on this earth.

Calmly watching the process as it unfolds itself slowly
so I may see the entire process.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

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RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curtains Of Tears

Silent sorrow drifts upon shores of mental anguish,
taking minds on journeys of remembering through
curtains of tears.
Realizations of past people gone forever from our
horizons, treats us to grief-stricken fortitude.
We sit and think of happier times together no
longer possible on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Curving Life

Staring into space, holding onto memories for the time being,
curving the mystery of life onto pages being written solidly with an intense purity of soul.
Taking into the pictures all manner of rhythm as it plays before me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cutting Back Government

Reckoning is standing by, waiting it's turn to step in
and turn the tides against evil people in power.

Life will change drastically for the better once government
has been cut back out of the equation.

No more coercive actions against innocent Americans and we
will be a protected nation from within and without with our
volunteer militia.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cutting Corners

Favoring styles of designs, bright with colors,
just to bring smiles to faces of people who
come into contact with them.
Lasting relationships preparing themselves to
last into the borders of eternity.
Cutting corners just to be aware of whatever
is new in the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cutting Memories

Papers slicing through the night, cutting memories in two.
Filling up an emptiness of space and time, never adding anything to life - only throwing it away, in the dumpsters of our minds.
Always pretending to know what life is about, turning somersaults, lifting sorrow off of sidewalks put there by another's unkind words.
Walking always into danger, not caring what is near at hand, forever falling, getting in the way.
Papers slicing through the night, leaving paper cuts in each memory remembered tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cutting Through Difficulties

Moving forward, cutting through difficulties of this life,
not wanting to get stranded and lost within their empti-
ness.

Striving to obtain a sure footing in life, hoping to find
a way straight to heaven on the next sunsetical shore,
looking forward to living again beyond earth.

Being filled with peace and serenity that I know will fill
a new spirit of life entirely, working diligently, never
letting up, lest I falter, stumble or lose my way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cutting Through Feelings

Praying over life as it continues to delve into
pathways of death without any provocation whatsoever.
Being undecided on how to live, while being killed
every day through sorrow, grief, loneliness and
abandonment.
Chasing them all away by writing through each of
their experiences whenever they arrive and try to
stay with me, causing tears to flow.
Cutting through their feelings in writing, taking
time away so as not to be buried beneath their
emptiness.

(11: 14 a.m. - 1/6/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cycle Of Giving

Noticing a difference coming over the world, seeing people fighting back against terrorism and violence, disregarding hatred, racism, and prejudice.

Being in favor of love, caring, compassion, and an unconditional mercy for one and all, no matter their color, race, creed, or differences of opinion.

Knowing we are all human beings having value, morals, ethics and hearts of gold, doing for others from our hearts, never counting the cost, never expecting anything in return.

Wanting those who receive needed help to pay it forward continuing the cycle of giving, caring, love, compassion and an unconditional attitude of love and mercy for and towards one another the world over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cycles Of Intensive Life

Reality strikes daily, taking me into stressful alleys of the mind,
searching for aspects left behind as a child.
There's no more beginnings now that I'm at the end of the road of life.
Tasting bittersweet sunsets in stride, knowing that soon, one of
them will be mine.
Running past the hurried cycles of intensive life, I slowly move
beyond lasting promises of beyond.
Viewing parts of all facets as I continue down the road towards
my destiny, awaiting it's essence to fulfill it's purpose at last
in times of now, not later.
Responding to the beauty waiting alone for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cycles Of Sorrow

Tracing lines into shadows of yesterday, watching as
they move apart to make way for me to go into the light,
yet, refusing, staying back, unwanted dreams pushing me
forward.

A tug of war happening within, testing strength of my
character, unacceptable needs that've been harbored within
are being snuffed out like the candle flame of an inner
domain.

Missing the point again as I move into another dimension,
no one to stop this cycle of intense, vibrant sorrow that's
shattering my heart and soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cyclical Patterns

Parallel lines drifting off into the sunset, taking my
mind with them musically.
Thinking of musical scores, three-dimensional in nature -
creating new tones and rhythms to play instruments to.
Designs and symbols being made into patterns, cyclical
with notes taking center stage in mathematical
configurations.
Leading to eternal answers regarding life processes
unseen by the naked eye and rarely, if ever heard by
anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cymbals Of Regret

Clanking heads with dutiful cymbals
of regret, digitally compensating
for their distress in hours of needy
reclusiveness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Cypress Tree Of Life

This Cypress tree of life, perfectly lying upon a
wooden cross, representing Jesus dying, giving up
His life to save each of us.

An appropriate symbol filled with hope, promise
and an unconditional love from above, reminding
us all to serve Him only.

Branches reaching heaven, touching God's heart,
it's roots firmly ensconced within earth's life-
giving soil.

Through the years being nurtured and nourishing
our lives daily with it's heavenly essence and
aroma.

This beautiful memorial of God's love standing
fast, just like our belief in Him is manifested
in the faith of our inner spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

D.N.A.

Heredity plays important roles in our lives,
being the basis for our D.N.A. and fulfilling
our genes with supplies of familial traits
and characteristics.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dad

A man I call Dad is lying in a hospital bed, cut and bleeding
from an auto accident.
As I held his hand, I noticed how tired and scared he was,
holding my hand tightly until he was ready to go to sleep.
A man I call Dad, is now in surgery where hopefully he'll be
alright.
Strength and rapid healing have always been strong points of
his, but age has crept in and taken it's place.
At seventy-six, Dad has been doing remarkably well.
Age has mellowed him somehow, because even his Grandchildren
no longer call him 'Oscar the grouch' anymore.
Apparently aging turns some people around and helps them to
become grateful and filled with the grace of heaven soon to
be theirs.
A windy, stormy rendition of life with a man I call Dad,
slowly traipses through my mind, there's nothing of it I can
hold on to, they are only memories of the past.
Meanwhile, as I worry and pray for Dad, the insistent present
is all I can think about.
Feeling my Mom's presence close by, I know they'll soon be
happier than they were on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daddy's Baby

Details forming themselves into expressions and images
of love.

Touching, holding, hugging, feelings growing inside -
very quietly.

Hopes being held closely, afraid they will evaporate
in thin air.

All emotions are being tossed and hurtled about in an
ocean of salty tears.

Wanting to be held and to hold again the beautiful
baby daughter of his.

Details continue to form themselves into images and expressions within his mind.

All of them are of his daughter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dad's Accident

Distant sands of heaven gently scrape against my mind,
slightly grating against all the memories of Dad I hold
inside.

Ebbing and waning across my heart in turbulent distress,
wondering what will happen, what is to come next.

Will life go on for a while longer yet, or will it stop
this morning in a much worn hospital bed.

Gently folding tears, storing them inside, not wanting
to shed them just yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dad's Life - Gone

This heart is broken irreparably with Dad's death,
as God raises Dad to heaven to be with Him - safe
and secure in His arms.
Looking through watered eyes at landscapes passing
by, I can feel Dad's freedom and joy from this earthly
life, but it somehow doesn't lessen the pain in my
heart and soul this day.
I pray for strength in the coming days without my
Dad while knowing life has been changed forever at
the moment of his death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dad's Memories

Crossing oceans of my mind in the Navy, being
propelled by it's exquisite sleek body through
the water.
Notorious notions from childhood contain them-
selves in roots of Dad's memories, pasted in my
mind's photo album when just a child.
Listening to his days in the service of our
country, making sure his future wife and children
would be safe from enemies, domestic and foreign.
Never really getting much thanks for it during
his lifetime.
Hopefully this little poem will reach him through
heaven's gates as a private 'thank you' at long
last from his oldest daughter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dad's Memory

Memories of Dad when I was little, singing me to sleep at night with his Mario Alonza voice.
Mowing the lawn on Tullo Road, our seventy-five acre front lawn.
Years of living together, in the end having to let go of him.
Still holding and thinking of Dad in every memory when I was little.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dad's Musical Voice

Whistling through my mind, tunes of old navy songs
run through my head, like Dad used to sing.
Melodies gentle and touching, reaching an inner mind,
remembering nights spent listening to Dad singing us
to sleep.
Validating my existence by the caring I heard beneath
the words he sang, I grew to an appreciation of music
beyond what anyone could ever imagine.
While listening to music, poems create themselves in
my grasping mind of peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dad's Seven Daughters

Enjoying this song from childhood, 'Sherry Baby', listening to it continually on a 45 rpm record, my sisters and I together, driving Dad crazy, he couldn't stand it.

Taking it away from us, breaking it in half he threw it into the desert, not a tear did any of us girls shed for the next day we went out and bought ten copies of it.

Playing it incessantly, Dad finally giving up, joining us and dancing, saying if you can't beat them join them, less stress that way! Dad was a fast learner.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daedal Issues

Daedal issues slam into me, wanting answers immediately,
ones I can't readily give.

Thunder reverberating within, echoing pleas of expectant
forgiveness, as leaves fall from my mind into piles.

They are scattered by winds of fate into cyclical trials
above and beyond what I can contend with.

Standing alone on shorelines of my own, going inside
and finding peace with no interference.

Yet daedal issues keep slamming into me always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daily Damage

Twiggling within, listening intently to musical notes
of soundless despair.
Dragging feet across walkways of drifted sand, being
blown onto piles, standing on either side.
Alone. Unwanted.
A desert storm raging inside where no one can see the
damage that is being done daily.
Undertaking sublime charismatic suggestions, unthinking
of final results.
Staggering on ends of horizons, falling into rising
ocean tides.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daily Enlightenment

Cameras focus on today's horizon, watching it's
progress as our world turns into believable
journeys of tasteful reluctance.
Sounds of blue enter my sphere of thought as I
listen to their myriad adjectives of meaning.
Finding wherever my mind alights, there I find
acknowledgement of memories galore, standing,
waiting for recognition on steps of granite
stone.
Hardened through years of mountainous journeys
while always praying on my knees in separate
churches of enlightenment on a daily basis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daily Faith

Faith takes me on daily.

Walks through suffering and trials,
helping me to continue with hope
from above.

Allowing for peace to enter domains
of serenity of the soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daily Life

Transmutation of daily life is a sacrifice made for no apparent reason.
All around the world are specific moments recalled from a vast
expanse of unconscious knowledge.
Like a harp, strings are recollected at a second's notice and transported to
farthest outreaches and inner paths of memories.
Researching equivalent measures brought to bear against
fragmented images, finding solutions that don't match questions.
Far-reaching events tend to quickly huddle in bunches of tiny
moments.
Drying immeasurable moistness of inner tears, seeing them as if
for the very first time in mirrors of black and gray.
Reflections sending signals throughout the atmosphere touching
upon the small heart of a human being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daily Lives

Gracefully aging on dance floors of life's entertainment,
soaking up rhythms to carry us through daily destinies
with faithful attitudes.

Prayerfully minding our spiritual lives, tending to
interior beauty of God's own image.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daily Living

Every day feats of daily living are never exact and
can become unique tasks in and of themselves.
Putting energy into every thought consumes needed
spaces of time, as we hurry through motions of
infinite particles of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daily Meanings

Solitarily brewing thoughts so they may expand
and spread throughout imagination, taking off
on adventures of sound.
Living in peaceful acrimony every day of life,
astounding even myself.

Fulfilling epitaphs of centuries, written in
stone, etched in family's minds throughout life.
Stationing ability, bringing it to fruition for
eternity.

Establishing phraseology in accented precision
for everyone to view and take in.
Imbibing solely from within, drinking of daily
meanings of life-long unanswered questions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daily Moments

Galloping around the room, letting inhibitions go,
following the crowd in a polka-raising energy,
bounding about.

Easing muscles and hearts with pleasure sought out
in the melody of beauty and extravagance.

Turning, spinning, awaiting partners to place their
feet in rhythms of elation.

Exercising bodily movements to enjoy and have fun
together, gathering nuances of the day and spraying
them throughout the room.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daily Obstacles

Bereaved memories and thoughts crowd around, wanting
to be heard from within, wanting a voice to become
known and found out.

Trusting inner spirits to guide and sit with emotional
turmoil in days following death's embrace over those
we have lived with and loved.

Overcoming daily obstacles throughout our lives, based
on truths scattered about, waiting to be picked up,
looked at, taken literately and held closely for short
whiles in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daily Persuasions

Figuring solutions from abstracted patterns,
following leads throughout life as we tread
water in times of distress and unusual
circumstances.

Tunneling into abysses beneath canyons of
undefinable recreation, hoping to find relief
from daily persuasions.

Traveling always towards evening sunsets,
hoping to rise again tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daily Prayer

Evolution of time saturates our beings, forging new meanings from everyday experiences, lifting our spirits above us.

Touching our senses with finality, teaching us about our natures as we live our daily lives in prayer, surrounded by loved ones and family.

Feeling the closeness and love, we hear our hearts reverberate with joy and happiness from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daily Preparation

Death is all around us.
This earth spins constantly, it may one day stop.
What is our future?
No one knows.
Each day is a splendid opportunity to live our lives to the fullest.
Doing what we can to help each other.
Preparing daily for our finality, while enjoying the precious moments we have together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daintily Quizzical

Escaping from reality, just wanting to hide out alone and
write.

All sorts of activity happening in the near vicinity that
I don't care to be a part of.

Soothing melodies calming me interiorly, allowing the benefit
of peaceful solitude.

Awakening melodies appearing tiredly at first, then beginning
to be energized by the morning sun.

Daintily quizzical in nature, hoping to establish many
solutions to lifetime problems.

Finally at peace in an illuminated sphere of time, content
to be just as I am and not bothering anybody.

Just going deeply into intellect where all life is good
and not tainted by the immersion of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dallas West

A gentleman, soft-spoken, singing from his soul,
touching our hearts and minds with anticipation,
as swirling around the floor, age disappears out
a side door.
A pungent musical aroma fills our minds with
gentle happiness as we reminisce with the past.
Dallas West is an added pleasure in our lives
every time he graces us with his presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Damaged Core

Walking through halls of darkness, creating light as I take time to think - to ponder - values of our lives.
Choosing only to relax and begin travels alone into other dimensions.
Leaving behind those who've hurt me beyond repair, for they have damaged my innermost core and hurt me.
So I no longer will be here for anyone to get close to me or have me for a friend.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dampness Of The Years

Dampness of the years filling insides, molding,
mildewing, blackening inner being.

Emotions held in check, buried in steel boxes
beneath life's ocean floor.

Trying vainly to keep it there, it seems to
have a mind of it's own and begins again and
again floating to the surface.

Sinking, pushing it back under, afraid of it's
contents, wanting no part of the pain and
sorrow known within it.

Given thoughts about finding out how these
hidden feelings feel, opening the box a little
bit next time it starts floating to the top.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dance Moment

Solemnly, gently, music is laid out in minds
as the Kelly Dancers tap dance in rhythm and
rhyme here inside my mind.
Eyes watching, recording it all in a special
precious moment here on paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dance Of Senses

A Christmas song jingling into minds
of everyone here, touching hearts in
rhymes of melodies.

Picking up feet in a joyous dance of
the senses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dance Of The Trees

Sunshine glistening upon leaves as they twitter
in the afternoon breeze.

Bringing a thought of nature to the forefront as
trees alongside of this one, join in a lilting
dance being performed in the courtyard.

Stilted, yet vibrant and being tantalized by move-
ment of everything around them in the brilliance
of the sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancers

Gyrating, letting little bells tinkle and ring in the afternoon sun.
Many colored skirts and costumes flaring out as dancers continually
move about - up and across the stage with very little movement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancing And Playing In Intellect

Magical and mysterious, thoughts dance and play within
intellect, collecting data from coded rhythms, placing
it all into poetry that's being written.

Endlessly taking me down pathways of chords and measures
of music and time, taking paths through beautiful melodies
filled with colors exploding everywhere.

Brilliantly and vibrantly becoming the concepts, formulas
and ideas that are then conveyed into music being played
on the piano or one of my other instruments.

Always having pleasure while watching it all come together
blending music and rhythms, falling gracefully into every
poem writte4n in this mere poet's life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancing Desires

Desires awakening inside my brain, tempting me
endlessly, wanting attention to be paid to them.

Yet, here I am writing all around them, watching
as they dance and allowing freedom needed to let
me continue writing.

Satisfying inner feelings while giving up the
emotions to this pen, I live in literature of my
own invention.

Knowing that no one else can keep up with my
thoughts, they rhythmically take me into
dimensions only I can become in, as they are mine
alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancing Drunkenly

Bumping and grinding with beats of rhythm,
continuing to enjoy the feelings it is
associated with.
Sidelines disappear from dance floors as
everyone gets up to show off their prowess
as they drunkenly jive and sway to the
particular melodies only they can hear or
understand.
Looking awkward among graceful sober dancers
they make fools of themselves while they have
fun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancing Emotions

Wresting emotions from within,
making them dance with joy,
intimidating their inner desires -
letting them become other than themselves -
at least for a while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancing In Lonely Cold Rooms

Tracing tracks of tears past images of childhood, feeling
their emotions stepping out over barriers of yesterday.

Taking me farther into feelings that have always intrigued
and mystically surprised me throughout all these years.

Dancing in lonely cold rooms within, noticing every nuance
and motion as they are tapped into subconsciousness.

Awakening intellect's purpose, giving it many thoughts that
are always coalescing in it's depths without limits or
boundaries to stand in the way of my understanding of life.

Past, present, and future, leaving fears and doubts in the
dust, just challenging my mind to find it's way through
mazes of life, creating puzzle pieces of an interior universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancing Into Eternity

Slowly dancing into a light of eternity, balancing life and death in hands of God, hoping for peace and serenity.
Keeping pace with angel's wings as they travel towards heaven, taking my heart to it's gates, wide open and waiting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancing Into Eternity With Poetry

Dancing into eternity with poetry as a partner, giving being
an expression of self-realization and insight, recognizing
thoughts genuinely filling intellect.

Inspiration and ideas flowing, taking life altogether, writ-
ing it intensely into what it's seen to be, knowing there's
so much to write about while ideas multiply.

Replicating intense feelings felt through emotions of music,
contemplating, going deeply into a bluened light where the
Divine abides within.

Taking soul, mind, heart and intellect into depths of innate
knowledge and wisdom, using it all to explain the unexplain-
able.

Turning the impossibilities into possibilities with positive
results and solutions for world peace to come about for every-
one eventually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancing Into The Music

Racing into the darkness, lights chasing us as we dance to rapid tempos, thrilling us no end, our love now exciting and taking us into zones of pleasure.

Enticing us every moment that we're together darling, feeling so positive and energized, touching outer stratospheres of this earthly life with vibrant and lively steps.

Dancing into the music, touching our hearts so intensely, wonderful and exuberantly taking ourselves into dimensions of freedom and liberty, musical rhythms being sung out loud tonight here at the Wagon Yard.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancing Mind

Mind dancing to rhythms of music's melodies,
energizing words and their meanings into
exemplary forces of nature's influence.

Tantalizing imagination into very clear focus,
maximizing forces of literature through
exercises of subconsciousness on the way to
death's doors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancing Moths

Moths dancing in the flame of light, twirling up around,
and out of sight in the dark blue twilight.

Fluttering a bit too close, tips of their wings begin to
toast.

Rushing quickly away to cool off, they slip and slide to
get away.

Once gone they somehow always return.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancing Pictures

Pictures dancing on walls of my mind, exercising my agility in thought and measuring staccato beats of rhythm as it proceeds to continue down the pathway I am creating as I go forward.
Recognizing every particle and aspect of my future, I watch it fall into place like a puzzle of thousands of pieces.
Noting fame standing in front of me, knowing I will attain it's fruitful desire soon enough.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancing Rainbows

Rainbows dancing across the sky, happy for their chances
to shine once again, colors brilliantly and evenly dispersed,
taking their shape automatically as an arch.

Watching the sky after each rainfall, wanting to follow it
to it's end for the fabled pot of gold, walking, driving,
never able to reach it no matter how hard we try to capture
it.

Hoping to grasp it's wealth for ourselves, dreaming about
the riches and things that we will be able to purchase,
making our lives better.

Yet, with each new appearance of one, we are never any
closer to any part of our particular dreams, our minds
soaring constantly.

Being brought back to reality with a sudden thump, as we
land once again on earth, having nothing else in our hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancing Sisters

Dancing, swinging, swaying, smiling all the while,
my little Granddaughters, enjoying music of Peggy
and Neil.
Spinning, turning, holding onto each other as they
jump and jounce around the dance floor in time with
every beat of the drums in rhythmic rhymes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancing Thrills

Soldierly sauntering down lanes of beating polka music, lifting my spirits high into the atmosphere, calming nerves.

Bringing laughter to mind as happiness builds with every note, penetrating my mind with such uplifting praise.

Shaking, rocking, dancing into life's hallways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancing Through The Night

Glancing through a myriad of rhythms, letting them entice
and fill me so exquisitely as we dance through the night
my love.

Dreams being fulfilled and made into a reality through
poetry, breathing in melodies of heavenly rhythms, racing
across my mind.

Never leaving nor omitting any notes as tempos continue
racing faster and faster throughout the night while making
love together.

Not noticing the outside world, traveling together as one
my love, always keeping one another company while living
here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancing Through Visions

Standing by the wayside, letting life pass me by, taking
time and letting it sift through my fingers, never being
held or molded like clay.

Wishing to be transparent or opaque at the ending of each
day, precluding the best there is, finding along the way,
being specific when going into rhythms.

Hoping they take me into outer deluges of tomorrow, watch-
ing and glancing through visions of destiny as I go forward
into passages that once upon a time were left behind.

Now hoping to pick them up once again in lines of poetry,
gearing up with a purpose in mind, as I wend my way through
the rest of this life.

Solving particular moods of emptiness and loneliness through
many varieties of music in this long and harrowing life on
earth, turning away, walking in another direction too dark
to see anything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancing When Younger

Rushing down lanes, searching for good times to enjoy with other people.
Dancing and singing, rocking and having a wonderful time.
Pleasant memories of younger days when all my sisters and I went out dancing and having fun.
Never worrying about anything, knowing we were there for each other no matter what.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancing With Death

Living in the peace of music, feeling tones penetrating
me completely, energizing and taking me into outskirts
of humanity where death stands waiting.

Taking my hand, dancing to rhythms as they balance be-
tween life and death, filling moments of my heart, beating
to it's tempos as we dance.

Challenging death all the time, daring him to take me,
but he doesn't, feeling that he only wants to dance with
me, not drain the energy of my life, I think.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancing With Delight

Rocking closer to midnight, band still playing strong,
enticing everyone to get up and move, dancing with de-
light.

Holding hearts close together, hugging, kissing, be-
coming one through loving in the night, delightful and
energetic, entertaining one another through our love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dancing With Thoughts

Ending here at the very beginning of time in the light of
my soul, letting go in writing, following stone steps into
a garden of beauty that was left once long ago.

Realistically honoring the beneficence of heavenly abodes,
treading through the years, watching carefully, everything
that was exposed to sight.

Holding onto thoughts as they danced with me throughout
many a night in life, capturing this mind, never letting
it fall into depths of hell.

Flowing along outskirts of forests, changing attitudes like
leaves in fall, wanting to be expressed in many colors and
hues.

Hoping to be fulfilled as the song of life opens it's
blossoming heart in measures of delicate balance in music
that I still continue to write even now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Danger Of Love

Heart being in serious danger of being broken, loving you
with my heart upon my sleeve where you can plainly see and
aim your false love for it.

Wooing me with all your manly wiles, getting me to trust
in your words, touching me gently without any promises
given, wanting to tease and play with my fragile heart.

Talking, joking, telling me little details, thinking that
I would be amazed and making me want you more before the
night was over.

Watching gestures, facial expressions and just being myself,
not giving anything away, not letting you know one way or
the other if you even had a chance of scoring with me.

Passing time, writing, being interrupted off and on when
you came to insinuate yourself within this heart, doing
nothing at all to encourage or discourage you.

Not really caring one way or another, biding time writing
poetry in the solitude of my mind, finally coming to me,
making your move, deftly wanting to know more about me.

Tactfully telling you that I'm not interested, but being
polite and self-assured, letting your ego down easily and
gently, telling you I'm enjoying time alone in poetry.

Leaving you talking about many things for you are no longer
sure you can win my heart, this heart not in danger of being
broken, because it couldn't take another hit in life and
leave me standing and I know it.

Letting myself acknowledge facts, that this man is bored
and looking for a one night stand, walking away and out
the door, leaving him there with his ego and heart held
in his hands.

Myself totally intact and doing just fine, alone with my

poetry, heart in no danger of being hurt seriously, because
it has been broken so many times before leaving only shards
and splinters behind.

Having no chance of ever being captured by anyone's love,
false or otherwise, for I'm intent on saving myself from
the abuse that would naturally follow should I ever give
in to the wiles of a man bored with life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dangerous Tears

Tears of remembering, hiding just within reach,
not wanted right now.
Yet, they somehow keep insisting on showing
themselves.
Quiet strangers, lurking just beyond the
shadows of joy.
Unrecognizable in the morning sun, because
they have thrown a shroud of unrelenting pressure
over that of good sense.
Watching memories as they fade in and out, pulling
the past forward under blackened clouds.
Hearing thunder clap against my mind, as lightening
sears and burns my inner life.
Falling quickly to knees of clay, molding them
unceasingly to prayer.
Folding quietly like a stranger within myself,
hiding from dangers of crystal tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dangers Of Life

Dangers of life are focused away from us as we nonchalantly cavort and play.

Signaling the utmost in undue contemplation, we free ourselves through desperation, attempting at the same time to justify ourselves.

Caring not for the essence of another individual, we walk straightly crooked down the sidewalks of life.

Feeling and thinking only of self, sensing what we cannot touch.

Invisibly allowing tantamount perceptions to cloud our reasoning processes.

Putting a brick in our thought patterns, stopping them up for a while.

As we rest from all endeavors, somehow life passes us by, recreating the insecurity and innocence of our childhoods.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dangling Crosswords

Crosswords dangling daintily in my mind, challenging and daring me to come around and invent new ways to interpret them in allocations of meanings - throwing themselves on the assembly lines of intuition.
So intent, life skirts around words, bringing them apart, severing and reconnecting them with an adverse desire to make some sense.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dangling Fate

Tomorrow's fate is hanging by a thread, dangling in my mind, playing a game of dare just to see what, if anything, will happen.
Watching it's little scary retreat from the edge of life, knowing it won't go by itself into outer boundaries without an inner parachute attached to it's being.
Filling a mind with a variety of uneclipseable moments, traveling into canyons, looking up at the walls, scaling them with an intellect for surpassing it's previous visions.
Visiting all manner of inner sights, keeping everything locked in chests of precious metals from above.
Nothing mattering except that all thoughts be protected from failure and unsafe circumstances surrounding life at every turn.
Trapped by locutions of existence and laid bare on walls of past mountains.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dangling Feelings

Music intensely touching the very within of intellect,
matching mind with words and definitions filled with
imagery and a natural spirituality.

Always increasing with an innate energy, satisfying
interior spirits, soul and fabric of being, living in
moments of sacredness as silence tip toes in imagery.

Shaping them to fit imaginational depths of emotions,
feelings dangling like ribbons of a May Pole inside,
gentle breezes blowing, wafting them to and fro.

Natural rhythms soothing intently with melodies of
music, anticipating the growth of a spiritual wisdom
that appears in a whirlwind of nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dangling From Trees

Dangling from trees in memory, enjoying the feelings it brings to my inner soul.

Traipsing through flowered hallways scented with their aromas.

Touching my human nature with that of mother nature and filling me with an appetite of solemn peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dangling Images

Quickly thinking of words, closely following one
another to create verse after verse of poetry.
Clinging to the notes music brings to mind, of
images dangling before me, waiting to be picked
and chosen to give literature a run for it's
money, sometime in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dangling Trouble

Trouble lights my path with lively
anticipation, loving to throw me
into tailspins and downward curves,
leaving me dangling at ends of threads.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daniel

One so small, so sweet, so happy,
embracing life with joyful laughter.
Running, jumping, suddenly stopping to investigate
something that has aroused his curiosity.
Teasing, pleasing - kind and gentle - little Daniel
slowly, painfully, started weakening.
Slipping, sliding, silently being absorbed before our
eyes with adrenal-leukodystrophy.
Daniel's tiny body wracked with pain instead of laughter,
trying to hold onto his childhood.
Riding around the yard on a battery-operated motorcycle with
his Mom, trying to get every drop of fun from life - the fun
he so richly deserved.
Such a beautiful child - little Daniel - silently falling
beneath life's covers.
Volunteers were found through kindhearted friends and all
pitched in, trying desperately to delay or postpone his death.
Many hours of being held by a Mom who loved with all her
heart, the son dying slowly in her arms.
Feeling totally helpless, crying out to God in mortal pain,
wanting to somehow save her little one.
Feeling alone and empty, not wanting to let go of his
laughter and sweet disposition.
Daniel crying out, 'Mom! Mom! ' and she would come
running to console her son as pain filled his mind and body.
Going downhill, the Make A Wish Foundation stepped in,
sending the family to Disneyland.
A week before they leave for California, Santa Claus hears
about the good little boy named Daniel and his ten year old
sister, Crystal.
Visiting their home early with packages and gifts, Santa
sits holding Daniel on his lap.
A mischievous little glimmer appears in Daniel's eyes, as he
reaches up and gets a good grip on Santa's beard and tugs
real hard, until a cry escapes Santa's startled lips.
Satisfied that he's sitting on the real Santa's lap, Daniel
rubs his cheek gently back and forth on Santa's red velvet suit.
Such beauty cannot be found in the greatest works of art - it
is found only in hearts of the good.

Hugging Daniel close, Santa feels blessed as the knowledge
of what is just ahead tugs at his heart.
Spending more time than he'd planned - Santa just couldn't
seem to pull himself away.
Finally, lateness of the hour dictated that he leave.
Outside, beside his modern sleigh, Santa turned his head,
tears spilling wildly about, his heart heavy with a sorrow
that just would not depart.
'It's hard to see a little one dying', said Santa as he
quietly stepped inside his vehicle and said good-by,
tears still clinging to his cheeks.
And yet - Santa has left behind a little boy who was made
happy for a little while by his visit.
A few moments of happiness unclouded by dying.
There is a Santa, but even he could not cure little Daniel.
Clinging to words of love mixed with pain, Daniel breathed
his last, as he was held tenderly, gently, in his Mother's
aching arms.
In heaven, pain all gone, tears sliding down his Mom's
face, showing the pain his loss has claimed on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dare - Devil Inside

Wanting to get lost in the trees, a forest of life, never
wishing to see below the branches I sit upon.

Reaching higher for the peace and tranquility of being
closer to heaven.

Climbing in and out among the slimmest branches, feeling
them bow and bend beneath my weight.

Slightly caring if they should break, welcoming the hinge
of fate which will throw me to my death in a weighted
whisper, never again replying to inane questions of life.

Hanging precariously for the sake of adventure and excitement,
wanting to be the dare - devil I've always been inside.

Allowing the blooming of hell to come alive and push me to
the limits to see if I can survive their criteria.

To live a life lost from it's beginning and gain some insight
into the ending of it while balancing self with undying suicide.

Bound to no limits, set in space and time, accounting for none
of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daring

Kaleidoscopes of perspective picturing everything
in colored prisms of diagonal angles in perfect
mathematical introductions to a new formulation
of physics as it sits right here in this poem,
daring you to figure it out.

Following the lines of angles, running away and
folding themselves into beautiful passages of
innovative poetry, eclipsing this mind in many
proclivities of tomorrow's peaceful transformations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daring Illusions

Tiptoeing through the clouds above, feeling their
essence as they float by, taking one for rides
across the countryside.

Now galloping on horseback through their cloudy
vitality on the way to fantasies of rhyming poetry.

Giving an energy, coming from somewhere in
subconsciousness, deeply set in intellect and always
connected, ready to move quickly into realms of
writing.

Never leaving a moment to chance, taking daring
illusions and placing them into depths of what is
being carried around in thoughts of memory.

Letting all feelings and senses come through without
barriers or obstacles standing in the way.

Beautiful stories of an essence continually filling
self forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daring Life

Living in chambers of hiding places from the world,
preferring to write and be alone in thought.

Calming and soothing throughout grief, suffering
and pain that life has to offer on silver platters.

Nothing short of death is always served and I am expected
to partake of it all without questions or doubt.

Going with the flow, anticipating more and always being
disappointed in many ways and manners.

Catapulting daily, finding extreme ideas of how to contend
with it all.

Not wanting to stop, finding self on a collision course
with death, avoiding his grasp every chance I get, yet
continuing to live on every edge that I can dangle from.

A pleasant thrill runs through me as I hang in mid-air,
daring life to get scared and leave me once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daring Life To Enter Death

Enchantingly, mystically taken into depths of imagination totally and completely, feelings expressed joyfully, touching the center of my being.

Living in the midst of nature and humanity, doing the best possible, wanting to feel alive and vibrant, going through coded rhythms, melodies and harmonies to do so.

Loving the energy that comes through music so enticingly and intensely, forging ahead through all adversity, turmoil, and hardship.

Keeping focused on the purpose of life, clarifying it through poetry and taking chances, daring life to enter into death, living through it yet again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daring Not To Hope Or Pray

Life is beginning over again, steps are being retraced,
changes are trying to be made known.

Saturated with beliefs, horrors, abuse, all of living
has been tainted from the start.

Attempting to forge new paths, explore old ways, alter
the dimension of life as it has always been known.

Looking for guidance, caring, hoping not to be let down
before a new final destination has been found.

Daring not to hope or pray, lest reality go creeping
silently away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daring To Be Different

Flying high, following the pathways of another becomes too monotonous.

Veering suddenly off into skies unknown, leaving pathways forged by all, to cavort along highways.

Daring to be different, daring to fulfill empty dreams and promises, because others have let him down.

Not content with the knowledge of others, searcheing, and seeking answers on his own.

Finding more questions than answers, venturing forth into more unknown territory, finding what he suspected all along.

That people lie just to save the trouble of getting to know and help others.

It is far better to fly higher still, never following the path or direction of any other human being on earth.

Don't live in other's empty dreams and promises, go out and make your own, just remembering to fill them up, not let them remain empty like everyone else does.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daring To Challenge

Living like there's no tomorrow, daring to challenge
everything in life, wanting to not be ensnared in a
tangle of feelings and emotions.

Wanting to be free from all of them so intellect can
reach within and sort things out with a definite pur-
pose.

Living each moment fully, taking them to the extreme,
knowing that it will keep beings intact and totally
moving forward into positive visions of tomorrow.

Clearly seeing the bigger picture as it looms ahead,
enjoying it's positive aspects, knowing that life will
be fulfilled appropriately and intensely.

A totally wonderful and energizing time of life being
lived in depths of poetry and music, nothing to inter-
fere with this silent purpose.

Completely attuned to every facet of it as thoughts,
ideas, concepts keep flowing from an interior water-
fall unheeded.

Tremendous feelings of accomplishment and desires now
being filled exceedingly with an energy of delight,
through faster and faster rhythms.

Taking me further into depths of inner dimensions, feel-
ing the beauty and contemplation there, watching as it
takes over completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daring To Hope

Standing in lines of extreme delicacy, hoping to become famous and take off into atmospheres of divine grace.
Choosing selections that will bring my future to fruition, taking chances, daring to risk life and limb just to focus on a future destiny without poverty in the picture.
Hoping to become rich and famous so I may help others to attain their goals of financial freedom and wholesome independence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daring To Jump

Adjusting rhythms according to melodies playing
in the background.

Elating me no end, seeing visions of beautiful
passion that keep essence alive with pleasurable
feelings, abounding in empty spaces provided for
them in separate places.

Taking chances in times of their lives, often
daring to jump into imagination's hands.

Being formed into many different words and stances
of melody, taken into dimensions affecting music
that I hear and compose in scores of rhythm through-
out life.

Expressing everything in worlds and notes of
experience, taken altogether into volumes of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daring To Look At Death

Feeling tired of living, bored beyond tomorrow with daily
routines, only wanting to live innocently dangerous.

Looking for adventure, daring to look death in the face,
unafraid of what he might do to me.

Knowing that if I should succumb with my final breath,
life will continue on another plain, in heaven.

Having already been there in the past when death had tried
to take life away from my being and it was brought back to
me through modern technology and life support.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daring To Notice

Barrels of resignation float upon waves,
tranquil and precise, forming new outlets
for past memories.

Shaping eccentric sculptures with inner
artistic abilities, bringing them to life
within musical rhythms of candid sight.

Beginnings of natural formation twist,
turning into nights of imagined images.

Relating everything with candlelight auras
while remaining still in embraces of
tenderness.

Wandering alone into territories,
undiscovered and yet feel like being home,
dancing into spheres of pious contemplation.

Daring to notice the feelings, at last
showing themselves to a poet of natural
delight.

Forests building themselves, abounding,
teeming into twilight's last gleaming on
earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dark Afterthoughts

Melancholy patterns fit every mood of sorrow felt inside a
bleeding heart tonight.
Fostered and grown from very little, a gloomy horizon is born.
There are no lovers or apologies left to wait on anyone.
Lost in a deserted garden, precious blossoms form and are
quickly discarded, dying much too soon.
Sincere reminders of long ago.
Faded memories are all that are left to taste in this darkened afterthought of
unbelief and death.
Forgotten wanderings and things left too far behind to be put
to the test.
Once together, all of life will rest on farthest shores, filled
with saddened recollections and regrets of youth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dark Emptiness

Tears of dark emptiness fall slowly from my eyes,
each drop bringing with it a piece of my heart.

Soaked through with sorrow, head hung limply from
my shoulders.

Sullenly forsaken in a drifting sense of space
mislaid.

Falling lifeless onto the pile of inhumanity, life
lies open on the hearth of death.

Bleedingly fallen, never again to rise, never again
to see a new day's dawning beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dark Mystery Forming

There's a darkened mystery forming in a corner of my mind, hiding it's face, yet letting me feel it's hurtful pain.
Tears surrounding it, seeping through to my heart, checking it's feelings in an aftermath of troubles.
Spending the remainder of life in precious contemplation, alone with God's presence keeping me company.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dark Presence

Crossing tides across colorful horizons,
beaming happily through stormy rain clouds.

Passing by on their way to bluer skies,
waiting to be darkened by their presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dark Road Of Life

Highways of remorse are stretched before me, touching chords
of long ago memories of Mom.

So gently reminding me of her life, so full and vibrant once,
now soaked like a sponge with death.

Laughter no more fills my ears with the special voice I long
to hear.

Sprouting within, the tears which always spring to my eyes
when I think of her.

Memories missing her life, they don't come close to what I
hold inside my soul.

Frantically trying to hold an image of Mom, I find I cannot,
my mind can only remember the times we had.

Specifically and wonderfully yes, but without a face to look
upon as memories are replayed in my mind again and again.

Wandering this earth on endless roads, afraid at times, but
with no song in my heart for anyone.

Because I know we will all end up where my Mom is, away from
our sight, leaving us each with lonely memories to hold onto throughout the long
and darkened road of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dark Room

The dark room lies waiting, it's emptiness is just like me inside.

Foregoing pleasure for this roller coaster ride, waiting to see where the end will be.

Sifting through activities of the day, finding nothing of value, setting fire to memories of yesterday.

Smoke rises, filling the air, scouring windows of the future, blinded with it's tears.

Standing, writing in a dark little room, it's emptiness is just like me inside.

Blinded by tears of ages, parading past, leaving no traces of history to be dealt with in later years of rest.

Tears of remorse fall, young lips praying, find no meaning in faith or God, no one can be seen except through the imagination of small people.

Taking lightly, all statements made in haste, refusing to make any sudden moves, deftly falling into the deepest space of inconsistent beings, consuming knowledge and spewing it at each other.

Pretending never to have set eyes on distant musing, unfaithfully begetting reason to sleep upon silken pillows of unrehearsed death.

Riding contemptuously along, grudging every ounce of strength it must share along the way, falling silent, reaching out to no one, keeping close, it's fears.

Surreptitiously slipping by unnoticed, sequels of a requiem mass done some time ago.

Sandwiched between the light of day and it's evening dawn,

tripping hesitantly, almost falling into the snare of faith.

Dropping singly into puddles, our minds find contentment on distant shores.

Sealing fate with the kiss of death, emptiness spreads out and fills everything with it's darkness.

Secretly wishing for a new day to break, all the while knowing that only souls who break in two can move forwards.

The dark room lies waiting, it's emptiness is just like me inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dark Shores

Breaking my heart with the motion of saddened
twilight upon darkened shores of inner lakes.
Feelings jutting out, hurting my heart and
mind with their callousness of selfish thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkened

Trudging slowly into a space of time, darkened by anger's moods.
Using a flashlight, stumbling my way through, forgetting which way I'm going and getting lost for days in it's dangerous station of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkened Clouds

Clouds forming in my mind, reaching a clarity never seen before on mountainous sides.

Toppling, trudging, marking life's legends, scaling it's walls.

Climbing towards a blue atmosphere, touching it's surface with fragmentary lapses of the mind.

Darkened areas surrounding life's edges, focusing it's beauty towards inner depths where nature's eyes can see unblindingly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkened Corners

Nighttime clouds my mind with darkened corners, hiding away from the world and the people in it.
Secretly astounding voices, mirror what has accumulated in the rugged atmosphere, causing a multitude of solutions to appear before a problem arises to mar the view.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkened Corners Of Sunlight

Striking moments standing out, being illuminated in darkened
corners of sunlight.

Alighting on sides of mountains, never being uncovered unless allowing it.

Wanting to preserve their little abodes in nature, protecting themselves from
predators and criminals of mankind, as they
prowl and look around to see what they can steal or destroy
from Mother Nature herself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkened Corridors

Pressure of life takes a toll on our health,
decimating our beings, especially with stress.

Finding different avenues in which to relax,
we allow ourselves to discover them every day.

Catacombing reason and logic, wending our ways
through their darkened corridors.

Finding measures needed to give us the solace
so desperately wanted in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkened Evening

Finalizing sunsets in my mind,
watching them light the sky with
brilliant colors, until the sun
disappears below the horizon.
Leaving us in a darkened evening,
ready for bed tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkened Evenings

Realms of inspiration crowd into my mind, relating
stories of yesterday's fame.
Turning around, stepping in time with many memories
of intelligent reminiscent thought.
Creaking down stairways, attempting not to be
stranded in mires of turbulent revolution as piqued
touches of sense develop on their own.
Needing no prodding, flowing into rhymes of lines,
tantalizing poetry into the existence of a polka.
Strutting life's measures of happiness and memorial
unions of familial ties into darkened evenings on
another horizon of life's beatitudes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkened Hallways

Shortening life spans with stress in our lives, not taking care of ourselves like we should.

Waking up with feelings of intense loneliness, as we wend our pathways on stranded shores of decimated oceans in the edges of lasting behaviors, situating us in the avenues of another life.

Standing alone in the darkened hallways of our yesterdays, bereft of love and companionship.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkened Night

Sitting in the darkened night of doom, I look and wonder where the moon has gone for now.
Lying, starkly lighted way down the mountains, hides the city.
Darkness hiding any cracks or flaws from everyone's eyes, death steals quietly by.
Taking with it all unsuspecting people.
Most of whom were not ready for eternal sleep just now.
If they'd been given a choice, they'd be here yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkened Night Of The Soul

Death wishes abound in serious times of despair.

Grasping threads, trying to hold on without losing
hope in life getting better.

Worsening moments, feverishly coming upon the heart,
beating out of control.

Taking the shortest ways to comfort are not open to
me - never drinking nor doing drugs.

I am stuck in reality with no way out, but to
experience whatever fills me with antagonizing
despair in this darkened night of the soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkened Nights

Scraping stubble from mountain faces, imagining their genders in images, creating meanings of them.
Long-lasting periods of edification, satisfying my being indefinitely.
Saturating the beauty so it will never be dried out or flaked away like stale snow in the darkened nights of life's grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkened Skies

Stretching towards twilight evenings, wondering what
will appear in darkened skies of my mind.
Taking pathways to outreaches of consciousness,
placating words on platters of exorbitant excitement,
while entering realms of imagination's doors, soaring
above earth.

(10: 51 a.m. - 9/30/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkened Thinking

Patterns of footholds climb and scale mountainous
trailways up sides of cliffs, fearful of avalanches
with every step and handhold.
Staring into caverns and niches of darkened idle
thinking, penetrating walls of forsaken freedom on
tomorrow's romantic search.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkened Trails

Canoes sliding across the water,
leaving darkened trails of their
temporary existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkening Dawn

Darkening dawn abiding within, not seeking the light of another morning.
Desperately wanting something with an all-heart desire - nothing
comes close - everyone is retired.
Feeling loneliness with the intensity of a hot fire, moments are lost
as they burn on a funeral pyre.
Life has no meaning while we are living it.
Emptiness fills us with heartfelt desire and no one has a reason for
building upon it, a memorial of repose.
If life had a meaning, it would be folded inside a rose.
No one would reach for it's all-encompassing love if they thought
they had to die for it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkening Doorways

Darkening doorways with my shadow, leaving and walking
away, never coming back into your lives.
Writing poetry and living in a world of my own, never
looking back.
Remembering the days that used to be and now are no
more.
Rising and being fulfilled through so many rhythms
opening before me in measured tempos.
Bright and glowing in the illumination of my sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkening Effects

Clouds accumulating in blue skies above,
darkening effects of the sun's rays.

Seeing darker shades falling upon this earth,
watching as it starts to disappear from trees
and flowers all around the building outside.

Exploring through my mind, discovering whatever
I find in this life, enjoying it immensely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkening Shadows

Walking across shadows lying on traveled pathways,
not tripping anyone, not being in the way at all.

Yet, there they lie, reminding us that they are
darkened shadows of the real thing on the other
side of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkening Twilight

Silently dancing within, repairing life's shortcomings, aspiring to heaven once again.
Whirling inside, feeling free, stepping lightly, no remorse, no tears.
Life gallantly being lived, love surrounding days of old.
Melancholy death lying sweetly in a bed of grass, awaiting the time it will be awakened to steal across evening tides, gathering withered petals - aged - in it's cloak.
Standing at the furthest horizon, seeking lightened knowledge, joy and happiness in the ever darkening twilight of life.
Feeling warmly happy, contented, peaceful, quietly serene, facing the golden years just ahead, silently dancing within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkest Hours Of Life

Lights shining down upon me in the darkest hours of life
as I try to adjust and rearrange myself, looking to faith
and hope to find my way through this darkest night.

Silent, quiet, keeping to self, trying to cope with what
is going on, it's difficult, a long hard climb, but even-
tually I'll come out on top no matter what, because I must.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkest Of Nights

Sleeping in the midst of a desert storm, clutching closely to a jacket from the car.
Spotting many lightening strikes coming to the ground, letting me know that they had the power to control what went on in their territory.
No room for mistakes, only precise injunctions of a lasting peaceful evening, sleeping in a desert storm beneath a full moon.
Peeking from behind cumulus clouds, hoping to be able to move on moments from now.
Quietly sleeping in a maze of dreams, lasting throughout the darkest of nights.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkly Shining Light

Across the hallway, watching darkened reflections
emanating from the wall, showing faded images of
people standing there, waiting for something to
happen.
Light darkly shining into the room from outside
the window.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkness Enclosing

Feeling like gliding into the sunset, life being
lifted somewhere in the atmosphere as I relax
and become peaceful and serene.

Looking at lights below, darkness enclosing my
being within it's mysterious silence as I soar
throughout it's intensity alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkness Enfolding Us In India

Darkness has now enfolded us here in India, taking us into shadows of night, glimpsing bits and pieces through both moonlight and lights from the ground.

A sacred and blessed beauty standing on the horizon of my future which now includes India, a country that I dearly love, now having experienced it first-hand.

It's poverty brought tears to my eyes and heart, yet the smiles on children's faces belies the truth of their circumstances in spite of them.

Blinders off, seeing the honest portrayal of it's people and countryside, a wonderful and expressive experience being had while here with my dearest and closest friend.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkness Of A Future Existence

Touching upon the existence of nature, being one with
it throughout life, recharging inner batteries when I
go camping in the wilderness.

Never wanting to come back to civilization, not liking
it's materialistic stance, not being who I am, living
in the desert of my soul.

Alone and crying into the darkness of a future existence,
knowing there's nothing left except waiting for the end-
ing of life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkness Of A Mind

Reason and logic have no place in the darkness of a mind,
wandering lifeless, uncompromising and left with no hope,
striving to find ways of regaining some strength interiorly.

Sliding downhill instead, never gaining any ground, devasta-
ted by this transformation, looking to God for sustenance
and a reprieve from it all.

Just one glimpse of a hopeful tomorrow would help some, if
only it will come about, life will live again within and
maybe find it's way once more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkness Of Another Night

Our world turns inside out when we are lonely and without
any one to talk with or listen to us.

A terrible predicament for a human being on earth, to sit
between four walls and not utter a word all day and night,
because we have no one to talk to or be with.

So ineffectual and at a loss we become, as we sit silently,
doing nothing and crying quietly within.

Remembering the past through memories and visions of all
the good times we used to have.

Totally alone and bereft, wondering why, what has happened
to cause us to be in this predicament and situation.

So tirelessly wanting, needing and desiring companionship
from some source or another.

Placing our prayers in God's hands and hoping that soon,
we will no longer be alone in this world of ours.

Not looking forward to the holidays of this Christmas season,
not wanting to be alone with our thoughts and memories any
more.

Placing our hearts in hands of God, just walking into the
darkness of another night, still alone in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkness Of Lies

Separating particles as they float by in chemically-
induced lights, showing the way into corners of
imagination.

Tossing all endeavors into the mix, blending everything
together, saving it for another day in some other time.

Explanations not telling anything, just keeping secrets
hidden from view, fortunes made and spent in the darkness
of lies overnight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkness Of Other's Desires

Stringently taking hold of every response my heart feels as they close in and grip me fearfully in tears,
afraid I'll disappear in the darkness of other's desires that they try to hold me with.
Longing only to fight and keep limits and boundaries away from my mind,
I resist every effort of other people to put me under their control.
Why they want to make me do their bidding, I have no understanding of it at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkness Of Sadness

Settling across vision, giving an essence of
believable truth.
Always walking out of forests deep in the
darkness of sadness.
No light shining the way, animals scurrying into
their little abodes, hiding from everyone.
Calming all passion, lit with fires of yesterday's
meanings in love sick circles of romance.
Taking turns in sequence, just to be associated with
tempos of rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkness Of Sorrow

Traveling through the darkness blindly, cannot find the way, praying for light to shine and show the way.

Piercing flames blazing into mind, burning memories brightly, taking over and playing them in videos of the past.

No reprieve in sight, running from the yesterday's, filled with fears and intense emotions smothering beneath their feelings.

Looking and searching for a way out of this darkness of sorrow, blindly running to the voice I hear whispering from afar, helping to lead me to the fountain of healing, easing the emptiness, at least a little while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkness Of The Unknown

Loosening holds on intellect, allowing imagination free
rein to discover what lies within it.

Starting a fire with the spark of illuminating wisdom,
catching flames within this mind, experiencing it's heat
as it warms thoughts and brings them forward into fruition.

Tackling the problems of today in this world, creating and
locating the essence and solutions of every one of them.

Listening, claiming every spark that enters, specializing
always in the darkness of the unknown.

Curiosity coming to the rescue, finding answers that are
needed for every problem in life, even death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkness Of Tomorrow

Tears dampening my spirit with your loss, feeling the
moistness of our love still within my heart, still
living and breathing your essence even though you're
no longer here with me.

Striving to focus on life continuing, finding it harder
day by day because you are not with me any longer and
broken pieces of my heart pierce my mind with your
memory every moment.

Bringing me to my knees, filled with sorrow, praying,
but never getting any answers at all, living in the
darkness of tomorrow, not able to find the sunlight
that was ours yesterday.

Holding on lifelessly to your heart with my mind, not
feeling love being returned except at night when dreaming
of you, then it's only from a dream-like state of my
imagination.

You are never really here with me and rising every morning,
there's nothing more to see or explore without you, my dear,
my life also has ended with yours, I see only emptiness and
sorrow clinging to my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Darkness, So Bright

Walking in the twilight, down pathways being illuminated
by moonlight shining beautifully upon them.

Eerie shadows being shown, walking forward into the night,
looking about, wondering at the illusive thoughts that have
suddenly come to light in this darkness so bright.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Data Bank Of Poetical Energy

Traveling while sitting on a bench in my mind,
seeing the world in circular motions, turning
itself into imagination's depths.
Dipping into wells of silent knowledge and
wisdom, abstractly entering every iota of
nature and being into a data bank of poetical
energy, being filled with sublime thought as I
rest in God's plan for my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dawn Of Life

Listening to the sounds tripping everywhere, watching time peeling away the bark of indecision.

Gently shaking leafy hands in all directions, looking toward the shadows, hiding deep within the recesses of future's minds.

Ideas hidden, thoughts hovering just inside the black haze, unknowingly waiting for their times to shine in brightest light.

Stones being thrown, falling wherever they land, the dawning of life has only just begun, conceived in love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dawn Sky

Sherbert pink clouds, mingling with the gray.
Slowly traveling through with no set destination.
Beautifully sketched across the sky, a background for dawning of a brand new day.
Spreading ever thicker - pinker - as the sky turns from dark gray of night to pink and white of dawn.
Sending joy throughout my soul, I look forward to this new day with great elation, for it is I who have greeted it's beginning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Day Is Done

Nothing is ever the same when each day is done.

There are always new things, different people,
to help create new experiences.

Life becomes a brand new pathway, leading us to
our death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Day Of Death

Tears imprisoned within my eyes, loosened before the evening is done, filled with dreams and prophecies unfulfilled.

Tattered, ragged life, lying undone after the rip chord of death has been pulled.

Itself, just a memory of words, unspoken, unheard, of until now.

Life once imprisoned within my mind, loosened now, today, the day I've died.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daydreaming

Mind solidly sitting in daydreams of this evening,
watching wind blow everything around, sky blue,
sun shining lower in the eastern atmosphere.

Cacti standing majestically across the street from
Wendy's where I'm sitting peacefully, enjoying a
free senior decaf coffee and frosty.

Loving life and it's sacred nature from within this
fast food restaurant.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daydreams

Realizing life and all it's fantasies, watching them in daydreams, wishing for
some of them to come true to life.
All of our times in these thoughts we have a hope that keeps us going when
times are rough and strewn with stones of sorrow.
Even though many of our fantasies never are realized,
at least they've served their purposes and kept us living our lives as best we can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daylight Breaking Apart

Daylight breaking apart, now anticipating the ebony darkness
to cover earth in Phoenix, Arizona, watching as the sun sinks
slowly in the west colors of beauty sharing themselves with us.

Enjoying beautiful landscapes, feeling eternity's power lying
behind it, our hearts swelling with knowledge that one day we
will no longer be here to see it again, our final sunsetical
shore having finally come upon us at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Daylight Sunrises

Solemnly, slowly, walking with my mind into sacred grounds of spirituality,
noticing quiet tender rhythms engulfing my being
with their absolute feelings.

So softly, bringing into daylight sunrises, feelings, folding
and unfolding senses between each ray of light that is seen.

Watching with an intensity borne of interior curiosity, still
intact from childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Days Come And Go

Tears in my eyes, glistening with my love as
they fall to their demise without you to catch
and preserve them in your precious heart.

Days come and go, good and bad, all stuck to-
gether in the glue of sorrow as it fills spaces
where you used to live.

Now even you're too sad to try and do anything
at all, leaving me bereft and forsaken alone
on this earth, no longer with you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Days Of Difficulty

Reminiscing about the cafe, thinking of all the good people and memories it brings to mind.
Memories of all the singers touches my mind with a gentle breeze of recognition, making me feel good and relaxing a little.
So nice to be safe in past images of musical inclinations.
Seeing all of them keeping in time with every rhythm, even now is totally transfixing.
So beautiful to see and reminisce in days of difficulty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Days Of Living

Straying mindlessly into a cloudy sky of beauty,
watching them soar and dip across the world,
never tiring of their purpose in life.

Forever riding air currents and being tempted
by hurried winds, blowing off and on throughout
days of living on the run.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Days Of Regret

Storm clouds fill me interiorly with their heavenly
scented rain, waiting to pour upon me in torrents.
Radiating solarly from beneath heaven, becoming a
power unto itself as it fills me tearfully on days
of sorrowful regret.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dead Ends

Tingling notes finding their way into memories of long ago,
blocking tiredness of a day's long journey.
Filtering mind-bending escapes as they escalate higher,
focusing on dead end roads without a vehicle to turn around in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dead Of Winter

Heart swelling, beating to rhythms, finding their way into
an intellectual mind, treasuring each one in a poem where
life is lived incessantly and forever in the future.

Climbing like ivy within my spirit, capturing the passion
and essence of who I am interiorly through every single
melody and harmony.

Always a picturesque landscape filled with nature and it's
wonderful beauty that never fades, not even in the dead of
winter where things seem to have died.

Still retaining their beauty within, having a different look
until spring comes once again to enliven them, blossoming in-
to their wonder and awe once more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deadened Avenues

Regaling music with a fantastic attitude, proliferating extra measures, adding extra changes to the meaning of daily limits.
Only inner stubbornness can determine what goes on in the deadened avenues of burdensome plunders.
Catching all stations falling away and needing to be picked up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deadline

Looking back into beyond, before the war began, hoping and praying that Saddam would have some particle of human decency and not let it happen or begin.
Anxiously awaiting words of reason and peace as President Bush's deadline crept increasingly closer with every passing second.
Trying to not let hope be defeated with negative thoughts or words, silent or spoken out loud.
Looking towards the eastern horizon, sitting and waiting for messages of unity and peace.
None came as the deadline became the beginning of war with Iraq.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deadly Ways Of Man

Secrets of life are never exacted from nature,
because they enfold answers of God.
Carefully hidden and kept sacredly from man
and his deadly ways of killing earth's
environment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deaf Minds

Waking to the insistent repetition of life standing still,
watching the rainbows turn gray with defeat.

Drumming steadily, falling continuously like the rain,
piling up in puddles easily defamed.

Onward towards any movement in time, casting out tidbits of
knowledge unsavored in heady tasting wines of creativity,
falling on deaf minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deaf Reminders

Leaving kisses lying in another dimension, not taking them with me for they are only deaf reminders of the love never given to me.

Walking deserted roads into lands of nowhere, being and doing nothing, having given up on ever having love in this life, for there's no one willing or strong enough to love, care and stand by me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deafened Joy

Extricating fine threads of languished sorrow from senses
of the living.

Folding in upon hearts of sorrowful harvesting, always
uncontrollable from the start, not envied, but not able
to part from it.

Sneaking along sinister rails of unrecognizable failure,
secure in the false knowledge of someone else's wisdom.

Bluest colors of an inner heaven, separated from the
stillness of the soul, played gently, like a violin,
afraid to really let go and begin again in another sphere
of life.

Rallying behind intense sorrow, trying desperately to
make things right, failing repeatedly, unable to reach
ends of tell-tale wrenching sorrow.

Spatial silver hovering, reflecting watches of deepest,
darkest nights, never attaining realms of others glory
or joy.

Forever silent, laid upon the mantle of deadened joy,
unable to seek the freedom so seldomly enjoyed by many.

Unfeeling, saturation of daily harmonious living does
not exist, cannot exist anymore this time in a woeful life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deafening Minds

Living through turmoil applies to most
everyone in this complacent sphere of life.
Taunting us always from the back, giving us
a hard time in our daily lives.
Not caring if we want to hear from their
deafening minds in every little thing they
participate in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deafening Sadness

Listening in this deafening sadness to melodies of a broken
heart, tasting the bittersweet honesty of love as it used
to fill me so sweetly when we two were together.

Making love, enjoying life as one, dreams and happiness
connecting us, looking forward to the amazement of our
future through the years.

Now alas, you've been taken away from me, life has ceased to
exist without you my dear, saddened tears are all that's left
to me now.

Remembering and missing you with all my heart, my one and only
love in this life, reaching for you at night, nothing to grasp
or hold, you have left me, your side of the bed lies cold like
the death that has taken you from me forever my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dealing With Life Alone

Stranded, at a loss, left alone to deal with life, forgetting
what it feels like to be loved one minute for oneself.

Logically looking forward to dying a final death, realizing
the aloneness, and emptiness life is when you have no one.

Discovering even a close friend has no interest in what you
do, whether you're around or not.

A friend who doesn't bother calling or looking for you even
when they know you are in need or afraid of falling apart.

There is no one as life crumbles into dust, taking with it,
the last particles of once vivid dreams and hope.

Left deadened, out on a limb, no longer caring to hang on,
watching the wind blow the last particles of your life's
hopes out of sight, lost forever, somewhere.

No friend around to see the final damage done, rising from
the ground after having let go of the limb, walking away
empty-hearted, all hope gone.

Getting through each day of life alone and unloved, never
knowing anyone, going astray on a final path to death's
destruction.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dealing With Reality

Facing reality a lot more often than I want to,
not liking it too much, because it's always too
hurtful to address.

Yet, life has a way of making us realize what
we must deal with in every day life.

(12: 18 p.m. - 10/30/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dealing With The Future

Life changing attitudes and behaviors no longer hidden
behind misty curtains of nothingness, life now finding
it's way down wayward pathways of tomorrow.

Always searching for answers, love and caring, unfold-
ing my being in the openness of self-realization, let-
ing it be mirrored at me through an innate reflection.

Standing stark naked in truth being known now, a contin-
ual rebirth of my being, soul and intellect, transform-
ing me interiorly.

Leaving nothing hidden, all is brought out of shadows
and darkness, bringing enlightenment so the future can
be dealt with and lived fruitfully through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dealt Like Cards

Pounding rhythms beating against my heart, enlivening, exhilarating and taking away my breath, lively and energetic, keeping me balanced.

Lively and soaring into the flames of passion as sparks of desire are ignited and catch fire, flowing like lava through my mind.

Spreading it's essence throughout intellect, showering my mind with beautiful colors of the fire, touching everything with yellow and orange explosions.

Miniature fireworks sparkling all over, nothing being blown apart, accumulating and bringing together every thought and emotion to be dealt like cards into poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dearest Friend

Crying within for a man who meant a lot to me in such a short period of time, we lived an eternity in ten short months of life.

Opening our hearts and minds to one another as he studied my mind and energy totally and completely, being through his surgery, everything going perfectly and succinctly.

Then going to a care center where he got much stronger, almost ready to go home, then getting pneumonia, having to be admitted to the hospital.

Having to be intubated, on the ventilator, then placed onto the roto prone bed where he got better for a short time only.

Then succumbing to everything, trying to stay alive, but the doctor talked his family into pulling the plug, having little or no faith.

Believing he would have made it and lived his life fully for another five years or more, now crying within for the dearest friend I've ever had in this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death And Loss

Scathing and burning inside past memories that are more like nightmares through time.

Death and loss scraping against my heart, lessening it's presence within me.

Impressions of love being indelibly etched upon it, time now eroding and giving it spaces to fall away into.

Nothing to stop it from happening, it's just a part of aging throughout life and the loss of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Berates Me

Silencing effects of death berate me, holding onto my
being, recreating loss again and again through life.

Recesses in my mind opening and closing, not really
wanting to allow anything into their depths at all.

Instead, moving towards an understanding somehow into
other domains of anticipation beyond this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Feeling

Wasted breath, filling lungs of grief,
unable to breathe on their own.
Lasting only moments in time,
inhaling and exhaling have both stopped
for good.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Grasping My Mind

Darkness approaching, touching me interiorly without
wanting me to notice it, yet I do.

Feeling it's sorrow touching every sense that fills
me with it's intense sensations and emotions.

Completely in the throes of death's embrace as it
grasps my mind, telling me it has taken you far away.

Tears rolling down my cheeks, into depths of intellect,
trying to intellectualize them because I don't want to
feel them within me.

They always make me lonely and forlorn, letting me be
abandoned in life because you are no longer here, my
love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Hanging

Listening to the silence of death as it hangs in the atmosphere.

Hearing nothing, not a single answer to my prayers, no condolences, nothing but death itself.

Holding onto loved ones, not letting them reply nor love us in return.

An eternal nothingness now lying between us and the love we had for one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Has Made It's Move

Breath-takingly quiet, filled with a sense of urgency,
finding out that death has made it's move.

Whiling away monthly hours, finds no favor with flowers
sent here to bloom.

Forgotten, lying in a heap upon the desert floor, sensing
that life has been drained and will seek no more the
answers of eternal youth.

Standing in the distance, watching light float back and
forth across the desert sands, sending a beacon, warning
of things not from this land.

Nor from this time in space, because there is no season
best for dying, no time is ripe for it to happen.

Always, just beyond the door, watering down words of wisdom,
no one can fill their heads with thoughts held dear.

So, forever, people standing near begin to stumble and fall,
tripping over each other, falling through death's door.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Makes No Distinction

Stuck in the past at times because of loss of loved
ones, going over and over every moment we spent to-
gether with them.

Loving and cherishing one another through all sorts
of calamities and turmoil, holding fast and true to
one another.

Nothing separating us, no matter what may befall,
then along comes death, not thinking or caring about
any of it.

Making no distinction whatsoever as it takes away
the loves of our lives without a second thought,
leaving us alone to try and live without them.

So cruel and devastating, we have no direction or
recourse, we cannot even speak to death, our case
for life will never be heard.

Death is just what it is, there is not a single
thing we can do about it's part in our lives or the
ending of it's time on earth.

Left only to find our ways through it's devastation
emptiness and abandonment, nothing ever making sense
again through the years.

Wandering through the seven stages of grief, no clue
what we're supposed to be doing, hearts broken in two,
tears filling our hearts, minds and souls.

Nothing is sacred to death, only the taking of a life
is all that matters to it in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Makes Sense

Alone, standing at a window on the second story, seeing everyone's life go by, but your own, causing pain to surface.

A sorrowful heart mars the view, tears distort the way things are seen.

Standing, looking out at beauty everywhere, finding none of it reflected in me, causes deepest sadness within my being.

Wanting to walk away and not see any more, instead, staying, hoping, praying, that some of it can be absorbed by me.

Ugliness of death rears it's sharpened head saying to me, 'what better place than this to die, amid all of nature's beauty.

Look out, feel your body falling, seeing the peace and tranquility you too can have'.

Knowing that suicide is wrong keeps me from climbing onto the ledge, yet death makes so much sense to me right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Never Caring

Drying your tears of sadness with the tissue of my soul,
wanting to wipe away your sorrow, fill the emptiness
that's been left in your lonely heart.

Beating without your love through the years, thoughts
being laid upon pillows of lace so thoughtfully, prepared
for the next horizon without me by your side.

Loss of your beautiful, sacred life takes me into depths
of despair, spiraling ever downward into darkness of a
nether world, death never caring how much our love meant
to one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Never Fathomed

Coasting down the highway of bereavement, nothing to
hold onto, images fading with each passing moment.

Black ebony sky upon me, no one else able to stand
here with me in my sorrow.

There is no caring or understanding to be had, nothing
or no one can reach me now.

For I am now grieving somewhere else in another dim-
ension far from this earthly life.

People reaching out, saying words they believe will heal
my hurt and pain.

Trying to smile, thanking them, yet walking away, still
being dazed by effects of death upon me.

No healing has begun because I'm beyond this life, living
in an existence that is no longer alive like others are.

Mourning alone, knowing that your death will never be
fathomed as long as I am alive, even I cannot understand
any of it, my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Of A Palm Tree

Straight as an arrow, reaching for the sky,
realizing that it'll never happen again,
because death has set in already.

Parading life rings around it's trunk,
holes made by weather and juvenile
delinquents.

No longer sprouting palm fronds, only
brown dried up branches from when it was
alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Of A Palo Verde

Even in death a palo verde tree looks graceful and delicate.
Although dead, brown with decay, I find it's beauty still instilled from nature.
Touching my heart, a teardrop forms and slides down my cheek in celebration of the memory of it's once long life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Of A Priest - A Friend

Father, I feel your death more keenly tonight than any
other since our last moments together on earth, your
absence scrapes against my heart.

Hurting so deep inside that tears flow from within and
fall heavily down my cheeks, it's different than the
hurt I felt for my Mom, but is the same sorrow of death.

A mystery I cannot quite fathom, laughter, learning,
friendship that we've shared for so many years is still
present in my most treasured memories.

When stopping to look through my mind, joy of our sharing
is abundant, I can still feel the pleasure of your smile
when you found my translations were correct.

Yet, somehow these pleasant feelings of friendship sadden
me and again crying, I mourn your loss, in my mind I can
hear you laughing, making fun of my tears like you used to.

Tenderly, gently, as if afraid of frightening me away, I
feel your love reaching out to me, settling on me from
above.

Your silent voice I hear Father, saying you will not ever
abandon me, and our friendship continues to grow, a friend-
ship not even death can break from God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Of Beauty

Nature playing peacefully around me, as I sit in inner turmoil - full of doubt.
Hot heat from the sun, soaking quickly into my skin.
Slightly blowing - a windy breeze blows gently - barely cooling me off.
Leaves and dead blossoms from bougainvillaes scrape across the cement as they are blown around.
A little breeze comes sneaking up on me - picking up my hair - cooling my forehead a little.
Bees are buzzing lazily around, touching flowers and taking off.
A bouquet of bougainvillae broke off and fell into the waters of the fountain.
Lying sadly atop the water - in it's mercy - it gets blown about, even though it would rather not.
Getting plenty of water which to drink - it lies - slowly dying, because there is too much of it.
Beauty in the water's depth, sadness as it poses for a grave.
Light, unknowingly, a vigil keeps - showing everyone the death of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Of Love

This heart being broken again and again, it's shards falling within, cutting me relentlessly.

Nothing to be done about it, for the love held closely within for another can never be given back to me.

His loss is so intense he cannot recognize love any longer, causing me intense anguish and pain.

There's nothing to be done, just having to live and experience the death of a love I'll never be able to share or give him in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Of Rumor

Fog gathering around my eyelids, misting over the world around me, parading majestically through ancient streets of bygone days, supporting livelihood of decadent behavior.

Sensing beauty of unfound joy, expecting the creative aspect shining through it always.

Outlasting envy of people's minds, set to sail towards distant lands of learning, preserved for only one - no more.

Penetrating solace, jumping from flower to rose never alighting - always flying above with wonder kept safely tucked away in secret treasured places.

Frolicking away days of youth, dancing ballet upon the death of rumor.

Tiptoeing, allowing the vast desert of constant use, expand it's limits, exercise it's boundaries well into the era of next lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Protecting Me

Listening to the lonely train whistle behind the airport,
landing in the midst of my own loneliness right now.

Entering an inner domain that holds the emptiness of my
soul, feeling like a non-entity, observing life going on
before me, yet not being a part of it anymore.

Divesting self of it's cruel identity in my life, taking
upon my shoulders the cloak of death instead, fitting me
comfortably.

Bringing a gentle silent peace into my heart, an essence
of death seems to be protecting me from life, absolving
all the suffering, taking me quietly into it's realms
where only the Divine dwells.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Seeking Me

Death seeks me out, but I pray not yet, I still have several important things to start or finish.
Tapping on my mind's windows, reminding me of their presence, not wanting me to forget they're there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Shadow

When I'm gone beyond this mortal world, what type
of shadow will I leave behind?
Will it be agile and funny with a sense of humor?
Or will it be dark and serious like death itself?
Maybe it will be clearly defined, not stringent or declining.
What type of shadow will I leave imprinted in minds of
those I leave behind?
Hopefully it will bring a smile to other's lips when they
think of me on quiet reminiscent evenings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Waits

Hiding facets of eternity, death waits in hallways of non-existence for our appearance in his realms of evening darkness and final sunsets.

Silently calling us in strands of music, letting us know the expressive aromas of flowers nearing our coffins on last days of living on earth.

Scenting our passing with funeral parlor roses, over-whelming our senses and letting us taste the freedom of ocean's beyond us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Wish Abounding

Wanting to fall from a skyscraper's roof and slam to the pavement, run like crazy down a short pier and jump into shark-infested waters.

Anger bubbling inside causes so many solutions to come to the surface, yet the hurt it causes doesn't lessen.

Seeing a bottle of poison grabbing and drinking it all, hoping it will wipe away everything hiding within.

Finding a loaded gun, putting it to one's head, pulling the trigger and hoping for death.

Rage surging inside, causing vivid memories to surface, looking for death to coincide.

Chest full, about to explode with the dynamite put there from an abusive childhood.

Stepping out in front of an eighteen wheeler, falling from a mountain, is there nothing sweeter?

Out of control? Sanity gone? Death wish abounding? No, actually it's just the effects of childhood sexual abuse remembered.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death Wishes

Stationed on the doorstep of life, poised, ready for
flight.

Suddenly feel mischievous and do a double back flip
out of sight.

Not wanting anyone to watch, living life dangerously,
on the spot.

Not caring to take the time for second thoughts,
just plunging in hurriedly.

Taking the anger and hatred inside and holding hands
with it, becoming a risk taken again.

Falling from the sky, racing around a track, doing
anything that will excite me, on the brink of death.

Fulfilling faithfully, death wishes of every type,
flaunting life while looking into the eyes of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death, A Reminder

Heart lying vacant, abandoned by love through death,
leaving me bereft, innocent of any wrong-doing,
suffering because of life's descent into death.

Something none of us can escape, although we wish it
could be so, the thought of death from the beginnings
of life is a reminder for us all.

Take heed and live a good life without sin or hurting
another, not being selfish, greedy or evil, which so
many people nowadays are ignoring this fastiduous
warning.

Committing atrocious acts of violence, sinning very
blatantly and caring about nothing but themselves
and want what they want through lust, greed and self-
ishness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death, My Final Friend

Finally stepping into the circumference of death,
seeing it with a clarity not seen before.

Touching it's presence with mine, feeling the
nothingness that it is and what I will soon
become.

This shell of a body finally succumbing to it's
finality, leaving my spirit free and independent
so I may soar into heaven vibrantly.

Spiritually prepared for what is to come, death
standing just outside of heaven's gates, watching
as I enter, leaving it behind for a final time.

No longer able to take me away again, living in the
beauty of heavenly bliss, no more turmoil, suffering
or strife to contend with.

Because death, my friend, has freed me from life's
pain finally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deathly Circumstances

Elderly frailty countered by an
aging love or flirtation, keeping
hearts going even after life-
devastating circumstances of
death of a loved one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deathly Excitement

Diving into the sky, spread-eagled, falling quickly to earth.
Landscapes unfolding as I get closer to the end of my free fall, not really wanting to pull the rip chord just yet.
Wanting the experience of falling to last a little longer.
Eventually, letting the chute do it's job, as I hold the toggle lines and float to earth.
It's the end of the journey, until I go up again to get another thrill of deathly excitement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deathly Meanings

Bereavement filling me with it's presence, angering me with it's feelings and meanings of death.
Focusing on loved ones, wishing they were still here, feeling intensely, their absence, crying into many twilight evenings, alone in
familiar places.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deathly Patterns

Patterns of death worn openly on display, fabricating designs of trendy fashion for wearers of today's fads.

Prancing around, showing off their self-contained prowess, destined to never be famous or notable at any time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deathly Silence

Having been there, taking care of my Mom out of love, doing everything possible for her, loving her throughout it all.

Losing sleep, worrying, losing sleep worrying I wouldn't be with her when she needed me most, worrying that her final moment would be lived alone, that I'd fall asleep and she'd be gone.

Praying constantly, praying selfishly, because I can't bear to lose her, yet, praying unselfishly, because I can't bear to see her suffer.

There are so many conflicting emotions and thoughts running rampantly throughout this mind and being, thinking. Not wanting her to suffer, yet not wanting to lose her, vacillating continuously, a constant uphill struggle.

A final battle, tears falling, stirred by memories of the past, loving, caring, sharing, a mother is always a friend.

Preparing myself mentally, thinking I have emotions under control, prepared for her death, at least I tell myself it's so.

And then it happens. Unexpectedly. Quickly. Her life is over. She is gone.

Sorrow is too heavy, heart and soul are suddenly opened with a gaping hole that cannot be filled.

Emptiness is too great, too vast, nothing can quench it, the pain wrings my heart over and over, tears surging repeatedly from depths never before known.

The sheer horror of losing my mother, losing her love, sends me spinning headfirst into the deepest sorrow I will ever know.

Pain is great, it is real, every way I turn there is total

darkness, the spirit of her life is no longer present to me, the essence of her being that I've known my entire life is gone in a flash, a moment of deathly silence.

Mom is ripped from my gentle grasp, never to be seen again on the shores of earth.

There is nothing like the loneliness, deep and hurting, etching it's memory forever within you.

People all around, none of them can help. A Mother's death is an experience that can only be lived through.

It is a journey every individual must make alone, words cannot comfort or touch and ease the sorrow, not even from one family member to another.

We all hold our Mothers close to our hearts, we share the same sorrow of their deaths, but we still cannot help each other.

None of us can see above our grief, our eyes are downcast, our minds are running through the past.

After only just a moment of death, an eerie, haunting feeling, a thought, that she is not really dead.

Reality hits hard and fierce, not caring how it hurts and causes pain, it is unaware of our pretenses and denial, it sits instead, awaiting our pain and grief, our sorrow and disbelief, for the power death has over each of us.

The moment after death has completed it's task, our minds take over, trying to fool us into thinking Mom has not yet died.

A surge of power from within our hearts pushes out and we believe that prayer will save her yet.

Praying, eyes closed, concentrating, praying like we never have before, when that slip of stark reality hits with a force you cannot cast aside.

Heart heavily overflows, falls out of your body, is crushed beyond comprehension, wrung by sorrow's hands, no longer able to hold on to hope.

Letting go reluctantly, feeling a part of yourself being wrenched from within, forever gone, taken with your Mom to heaven.

Silence of her death continues to begin forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Aspects

Walking down sorrow's path,
finding aspects of death that
I didn't know existed.

Now fathoming it with clarity,
seeing it as never before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Desert

Curtains of life have been opened, showing death's desert outside.
Watching it's beauty, smelling it' rose fragrance - that of a funeral parlors.
Seeking to learn it's every moment, movement and decision, while looking out life's window.
Thoughts crowd, pushing and shoving, trying to be first to experience death's thoughts before walking ahead into it's barren wastelands on the way to heaven's gates.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Dust

Wandering listlessly through air tight emotional tides,
searching for any hold on life's shores.

Instead, washing beneath tides of eternities, beliefs
entombed in the gentle dust of death and it's winds of
fateful destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Eyes

Looking through death's eyes, seeing everything in minute detail, clearly focused and obtusely real.
Breezes wafting reality around, showing all sides of it's growing fantasy as it slowly drowns and is rended from our grasp in one precise pull of ending life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Frontier

Underscoring life with sorrow and grief, etching
their ways into our minds and hearts forever.

Delving deeply into past memories calls to mind
images and thoughts of those who are dear to us.

A place known only to one who aches and pines
for those who have gone before them.

Sunshine reserved only for one in past images,
alone on death's frontier.

Desert pictures painting themselves inside, arid,
forlorn, yet full of life.

Ocean's washing over, rinsing thoughts and
sorrow gently, as falling to the sand, all is
washed away until next time grief surprises us
with remembrances of a lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Grasp On Life

Walking into misty curtains of death, seeing it's grasp on
life, eerie yet intriguing, filling a mind with curious
ideas and thoughts of how it happens to exist in our lives.

Thinking that it's purpose is to take away our very exist-
ence, throwing us into another dimension while leaving our
loved ones and friends in an intense sadness.

One that can only be lived through, existing in the empti-
ness, loneliness and isolation filling the hole left by
death's insistence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Hands

Leaves of expiration are lying still beneath tree trunks
from which they have fallen, landing atop one another.

Continuing to think and remember the way things were,
allowing the fact that death now has a hand in what they
will become.

No interference can be tolerated, Mother Nature has her
job cut out for her.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Icy Atmosphere

Turning away from incessant whispers and calls from inside
of sorrow's darkened hallways.

Knowing the outcome every time will be that of intense pain
and tears flowing from my soul into the icy atmosphere of
death.

It boldly stands here before me in all it's ghostly robes
of black, taunting me with it's empty stare of death.

Knowing that a loved one will soon have that absent look
also, is tearing me apart inside.

Why does death have to be so prevalent in our lives? Why
can't we find a cure for it's deathly grasp and bury it
at last, once and for all forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Intrusions

Reciting from the heart, sorrow fills lines of poetry with
it's serious knowledge and inspiration.
Creating verses filled with tears and breaking of hearts,
as mind's sit alone in spaces of grief.
Afraid to venture into pathways of gardens above without
requisite ideals and belonging beyond.
Figuring totals of incisive decisions, partaking in death's
solemn intrusion into our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Natural Process

Scrambling for heights unknown in concave dimensions,
allowing the freedom of movement to expand and
encompass many directions, aspects, and facets
approaching death.

Cross-currents, multi-faceted, near explanations of
impending circumstances are appropriate.

Wastelands lie between family members, patients and
death.

It is so hard to speak properly of the entire
spectrum without innate and inborn fears.

So many talents and abilities lie in bed, wasting
away when they could be used to bridge the gap from
living to dying to death.

Patients themselves are able and willing, but are
kept from doing so by well-meaning relatives and
close friends.

Where does this fear come from? How do we overcome
it in our lives?

Children need to be brought up knowing that it is
alright to speak of the process of dying and what
significant people in their lives want to do towards
the end and afterwards.

To actually help in the celebration of death by
participating as fully as possible in the whole
process of choosing the coffin to scriptures, songs
to sing during Mass.

All of it is a natural process and fear does not
need to be a part of it.

It is only the fear of our suffering and the unknown

depth of what happens after death that creates problems for some.

It need not be that way, our experience and attitude alone can go a long way in educating children and other adults by example.

(4/10/96)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Paralysis

Life moving in opposite directions at once in times of loss,
wanting death to overtake us, but it does not, instead we
continue living in the paralysis death has left us with.

Hearts broken, spirits lost, faith wavering, hope hidden be-
yond the curtains of death, somehow we continue living and
breathing, not knowing how we can keep on going.

Losing our way, unable to define who we are any longer, not
knowing where we're headed, just blindly sustaining our
pathetic lives with what we cannot even say.

Going down pathways, minds blank, no goals in mind, not even
caring if we ever see the light of the next day. living in
another world far from the one we fell in love with.

One where love, caring and compassion were always hand in
hand with us, now nothing can placate or take away intense
feelings and emotions.

They are all we are left with, tears of love are all that
we have to show all the years we were together my dear, now
living in a space of time with nothing to live for.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Passages

Following death along it's passages, searching the darkness
for truths it has hidden away.

Unfiling documents of past rectitude, following lightly, the
scriptures of our time.

Forgotten, unholy servitude lies in wait, keeping it's unkempt
feelings beneath the surface, shelving it behind truths of old.

Walking gently so as not to touch upon the lives of any others,
leaving unbefriended, everyone you meet.

Where lies the meaning you have in life? What have you given
of yourself, how have you helped?

Is it only everyone else who must do the good of earth while
you sit back talking, full of hot air.

Why make so much noise about the sins of earth when you cannot
even extend a hand in friendship?

Problems of life lie within the solution of yourself, delve a
little deeper into your hearts' religion, find it's meaning,
then you may talk about others to your hearts content.

Just remember though, that your opinions may severely hurt
another when said in unknowing contexts.

Remember too, that God can hear your thoughts, would you want
Him too?

If so, hope in His mercy just like those around you who haven't
done anything so harmful.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Rhythm

Be-bopping down avenues of joy untold.
Reaching for melodies just out of sight.

Lively jumping to beats, counting out
measures of rhythm, tapping feet on
precedent-setting happiness.

Bouncing on our way to distant lands
of opportunity and surprise, creating
our own existences of beautiful music
until we die on horizons of death's
rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Rhythms

Strident thoughts, filtering through minds of deepest
concern, habituating their meanings with cognitive
ideals and spent ideas.

Savoring peaceful messages brought to mind with
sorrowful hearts on shores of grief.

Taken far away from home on rhythms of pain and death
of family and friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Rollcall

Solemnly marching to an inner tune of melancholy, treading carefully, stepping sorrowfully through life, attuned to it's misery.

Wringing hands, crying silently in a darkened room, hurt fostered again, thought of from long ago.

Saturated with the emptiness of life, hidden in a corner, no one understanding or caring.

A balance of equality is not an issue for there can be no balance when sorrow is involved.

Faded, non-descript, mangled by the incessant intolerance of another.

Wretched memories playing their mind games, threatening abandonment in the most obscene ways possible.

No doubts that effects will take place to push one to suicide - no more empty threats, sitting on tomorrow's horizon will be recognized.

Life will end because it was too small to hold the contemptuous sorrow poured out by others with no thoughts of the effect it would have on one person in particular, already hanging over the edge.

Feet and legs already committed to jumping off the side and into the pit of life-long death.

Cordoned off to the ends of earthly roaming, satisfied now that death has taken it's roll call.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Shadows

Darkness falling upon this mind, hiding it in the sorrow
of yesterday where all love has died and disappeared be-
yond boundaries of this life.

Accents of loneliness fall incessantly on deaf ears as I
walk on into the future of tomorrow's horizons.

Shores glistening with sands of time, showing trails of
tears shed in the past when no one was looking or caring.

Spacious spheres of curiosity still questioning events
of death and all of it's sorrow, gathering in depths of
life.

Fires of remembrance burning, turning to ashes in the
dying embers, leaving only gray dust of forever after in
the light of death's shadows at long last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Shores

Falling into living rooms of interior thought,
gathering together and listening to all manner
of tones and attaching them to rhythms of
intense motion.

Forging beats onto moments of life, lived
through periods of infamous talent as it moves
toward future horizons.

Beginning on shores of death, awaiting us all
in last days of our sunsetical demise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Side

Entering dimensions beyond my sphere of life,
liking moments spent in contemplation.
Listening attentively to beings beyond my sight
on the other side of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Struggle

Watery graves of death along highways,
draping their arms over some people.
Settling in, becoming parts of scenery
as death begins it's struggle to an end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Sunset

Someday in an evening's warmth,
I may watch a final sunset set the sky
afire with beautiful red, orange, yellow,
rose hues of heaven's glory, as I am
taken by the hand of death's insistence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Uncaring

Reflections of life lie in the teardrops of mourning,
shining with the love that was given all through life-
times of togetherness.

Peering into the darkness, seeing memories of the past
where life used to live and is now gone, no longer re-
freshed, not able to breathe.

Empty expressions where once a loved one used to be,
an image no longer living and breathing, an empty feel-
ing encapsulating hearts.

Souls reaching for what's no longer there, love not
having an essence, no more passion, desire or love,
just loneliness and abandonment left by death and it's
uncaring attitude of anyone's life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Unequality

Testing boundaries of death to
try and ascertain how taut they are.
Lifeless, unable to be expressed,
they exist to taint me with their
unequality of knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Whispers

Sorrowful embraces hugging grief, hiding inside with a
contrite gentleness and reserve.
Loss at a crossroads of everlasting prayers, becomes
part and parcel of our whole character on earth.
Reforming our inner personalities with an extra
ingredient, tasting bittersweet, yet it adds a
dimension to our being we were lacking before.
Now, living through circumstances beyond our reason,
we envelope ourselves into small circles, awaiting
the coming of others who've also lost loved ones to
death's conspiring whispers on the other side of our
knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's Wings

Strolling around in turmoil, worrying, yet trying to be myself,
searching for an identity I had when younger.
A serenity, a calm interior to focus my energy on.
Relating to life's stringent reality and messages there of, I
flounder, twist, change direction, feeling none of it is
benefiting my soul.
Misdirected, changing, wanting some semblance of peaceful
nature to adhere to my mind, so it may soothe this aching
heart.
Building up within, sorrow is gyrating, turning me upside down, sending me to
catacombs of hell, where I may be lost and forgotten forever in life.
Harboring no fears, sensing death before me in the wings of my
mind today.
Catching sight of florescent thoughts as they betray my inner
emotions, twirling inside me, tearing me apart with gruesome
dignity.
Flamboyantly criticizing whatever comes to me as I wander alone
down pathways of my existence toward twilight - my evening star
of death, awaiting my hand in his.
Stopping just moments in time, warily continue, slowly walking
forward, to meet my destiny and fate at death's insistence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Death's World

Dark stretches of imagination fill an interior being
subconsciously.
Belying all, skirting edges of reality to flirt with
death against it's bidding.
Laughing in the face of death as it hovers near to me.
Whiling away hours of existence to probe and prod
death's existence hidden always on earth.
Traipsing interiorly, creating music for final moments
of despair before life begins no more on this planet
earth.
Securely fastening self within a darkened compartment,
watching, anticipating death, wondering curiously
which path it will follow next.
Who will death touch with it's icy stare, penetrating
a nether world?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Debating

Certain definitions of life are satisfied as I alone write myself into a life of living, daily.
Errands, chores, tasks are set aside as I continue to debate what areas of intellect I wish to use in contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Debris Of Life's Scars

Scattered among the debris of life are scars, heartbreak, sorrow, and sadness that cannot be erased for they are now a permanent part of life.

Nothing to erase them with, always being intense reminders of the hell we've been through while living here on earth, they've become a part of who we are.

Sorrowful and petulant, not wanting to remember any of them, yet that's not to be, for they are etched upon photographic screens indelibly for the rest of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Decade Of Maturity

Flowing beneath bridges created in our minds,
we attempt to float though life and take the
easy way out.

Not always realizing that we are missing the
best arts of our lives, because we tend to
not look at processes of nature as we wend
our way through them.

Taking steps backwards would aid our attention
to think about important, not material things,
as we move forward into another decade of
maturity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deceit

Times of life on earth are many, adding up, culminating
in moments of our daily lives on earth.

Touching experiences and circumstances throughout, find-
ing purpose and reality clashing constantly in the face
of problems brought about just by existing.

Rumors abounding, people talking behind your back who
don't even know who you are within, being cut by the
edges of their sharpened tongues.

Sharpened by the experience of cutting people apart,
because that's all they do in their lives.

Preferring to stay away from them, ignoring their remarks,
leaving them to their own devices, knowing that one day
their deceit will make sure that they are alone with no
one by their side.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deceitful Cheating Lovers

Love stands strongly in lives of all humanity, everyone wants to love and be loved by someone caring, compassionate, and loving them only forever.

However, humans are fickle, not everyone has the same mind-set, leaving despair and heartache behind them wherever they go in this life.

Many broken hearts are lying scattered about because of their dissociation with feelings and emotions, continuing to hurt themselves, others undeserving of their lying, cheating hearts.

If one knows they cannot be faithful to one person then they should only meet and date with others of the same mind and feelings as themselves.

That would cut back in people getting their hearts broken and their lives turned upside down, crushing their spirits, self-esteem, hearts and souls.

Wish those deceitful people would stop preying upon good, honest, caring and compassionate people, they don't deserve even a moment with them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deceitful Lies Of Love

Sleeping in depths of intellect, dreaming of a life without
pain and suffering, for that's the only time it will happen
is in sleep.

Emotions getting kidnapped and carried away during daylight
hours by those who selfishly think only of their egos and
lustful selves.

Preying on others with false promises and deceitful lies of
love or else raping them with lust and evil desires, taking
what they can get from another.

Leaving them alone and bereaved, crying through the night,
heart dumped and bleeding on the floor of their souls, no
one ever there to just love them.

With no other in the equation, taking away everything from
a person, leaving only an empty shell that can never ever
be filled again by another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deceitful Masks

Buried beneath many lies, a certain distrustfulness manifests itself.

Knowing that what a person is speaking face to face, is not the truth, sitting idly by, wondering why.

What is it that causes people to hide behind deceitful masks all the while pretending to tell the truth?

Understanding of this sticky situation does nothing to clear up the fact, that people choose to lie, causing others to feel a lack within themselves.

What is it about them that causes lying to commence, can't they see what they do is wrong because it hurts and injures trust?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deceitful People

Working for the city every night and day, grueling hours and lousy pay.
Co-workers and supervisors doing their dirty deeds, causing havoc in lives of innocent, hard-working people.
Selfishly costing people honest promotions - giving them instead to friends of theirs and illegals.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Decent Folks

Set between two buildings - a hideaway of sorts, music blazing, cycles revving and slipping away.
Commodities hanging everywhere for sale, half-off prices and renegade wear.
Decent folks hanging together, enjoying themselves.
All money and proceeds being donated to neighbors who have little or nothing to eat.
Special places held in God's heart for those who take care of the least of their brethren.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deciding To Love

Paint a picture and set it on a shelf in your mind.
Come back and look at it whenever you have some time.
Notice the love you feel when you see it, notice the anticipation - the quiet joy in the moments before you look at it again.
Caring grows and flourishes in this way, it causes a decision to bloom within your mind.
Having taken the final step, love fills the picture you have taken off the shelf and fills your heart to overflowing with another person's image.
Immediately following a decision to love and be loved, the two pictures become one in each other's minds.
Love settles down to how ever long a time two people decide to stay together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deciding What Matters

Mind over matter can take on many dimensions in life,
deciding what matters to each individual has to be
taken into account first of all.

Then proceeding from that point, finding what tends
to make an individual think and in what way it happens,
there are different aspects and factors to consider.

Properties of intellect and knowledge, along with innate
wisdom, all play a part in decision-making, only after a
person has had the experience to live it first.

Opening up the mind, getting away from the darkness and
shadows in order to see the light coming from a point of
curiosity - a starting point if you will.

All things coming from those first thoughts in order of
relevance, as matters of the mind are distinctive to
each and every individual.

According to our likes, dislikes, possibilities and
thoughts of everything in life, we are able to make a
decision based on what we have learned.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Decimating Nature

Looking out upon life from a window, seeing nature proliferating itself everywhere, outgrowing even people here on earth.

Knowing that greedy people are out there trampling and decimating nature out of their inner corruption and want of power and money.

Willing to do anything to obtain it, wondering to self how they can live with themselves afterwards, knowing they have caused such devastation here on earth.

Wondering what their children and families think of them, does it ever matter to them that our earth is being destroyed, what about future generations?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deciphering Love

Glancing through leaves, water glistening,
falling over rocks, taking with it whatever
wants to float or roll along it's path.

Noting it's beauty as it enhances scenery all
around the lake, all eyes falling closed, gone
to sleep where waters weren't so deep.

Where love could at last be deciphered.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deciphering Moods

Listening intentively to a jumble of emotions,
turning and stirring in my mind, being deluged
by them, even though they're not mine, but
belong to a friend.

Silently, my mind tries to sort them out and
make some sense from them, so maybe I can help
a friend touch upon reality once again.

Tightly wrapped, holding on to sanity as I try
to decipher her moods.

Maybe able to help her out of an interior maze
of puzzlement that she can't seem to focus and
unentangle herself from once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deciphering Signs Correctly

Feeling vibrations coming to light through rhythms,
giving very pleasant thoughts to intellect and mind,
traipsing along through the mire of daily life.

Hoping to come out on top, watching for signs and
waiting to decipher them correctly in measures of
time.

Seeing the motion of forward thinking, as life pro-
gresses and soars into creative atmospheres filled
with hope and joy.

Having a portal into happiness at last, striding in-
to the future, stepping into positive aspects being
made known in visions of interior enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Decisions And Choices

Forgotten outcasts stranded in lands of contempt,
frozen, incapacitated, wanting more out of life.

Not able yet, to take the important first step
for whatever reasons they hold true in their
minds.

Lifeless, ever aging in sincere doubts of them-
selves, foraging alley's and back roads not
knowing or realizing they can stray to paths of
their own choosing.

Somewhere along the way, everyone must decide
where they are going, and make the choices their
inner selves are wanting.

Right or wrong, they may be altered, changed,
rearranged, to fit the growth spurts age and
maturity bring.

Failure never enters into permanent residence,
because it doesn't belong, never really fitting
in.

Success is always right around the corner, telling
us we have not failed, just begun a little later
on, an interesting side path, creating experience
and a more permanent knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Decisive Options

Sailing open seas within imagination, taking intellect
into the beauty of decisive options.

Always setting sail into dimensions of appropriation
and fidelity.

Thoughts eliciting aromas of delight as this mind finds
areas of expertise hidden beneath stormy skies of life.

Holding on tightly while being carried away into the
night beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Declining Life Quality

Touching interior pain, words of a song fill me with tears of grief.
Nothing happening without, just a change of attitude, causing tears to flow.
Quality of life has been deteriorating more rapidly as I get older.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Decorating My Mind

Watching blue skies gathering white clouds into their
midst, decorating my mind with delicate and exquisite
beauty of nature.

Silent and still, just writing and seeing the beauty
of God's design and intellect being manifested right
before my eyes as I write about it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Decorating My Mind Fruitfully

Thinking and listening in the quiet stillness of an early
morning, feeling the heat of a new day warming intellect,
seeing ideas clearly and writing from each of them.

Precise and terse meanings falling into the sentences of
a total change of heart or life for others who read me,
decorating my mind with fruitful endeavors.

Pondering each of them in turn, wanting to give my all each
time I put one in a poem, loving to turn words, definitions
and meanings around in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Decorating Thought

Decorating thought with classical music, illuminating
it's atmosphere in lightened melodies of yesteryear.
Feeling the tantalization of chords energizing my
soul, taking me to heights of solitude where I can
bask in many areas of thoughtful endeavors.
Peaceful extravagance spreading itself throughout
intellect and it's side-kick, imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Decorations Creating Mazes

Decorations hung, casting their designs and patterns on
passers-by, having no other purpose than to fill up space
upon the walls.

No color to them, just black ebony against a light-colored
wall, many people walking back and forth all the time, never
really looking or studying their intricacies.

Yet, this poet sees their flowing swirls, graceful like a
dance, touching my mind, then many angles criss-crossing over
one another, creating mazes indiscriminately.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dedicated Intellect

Resting quietly in my mind, letting thoughts relax,
touching me at their leisure, finding they are too
intense, wanting to leap into rhythms now.

A wonderfully dedicated intellect that's always up
and ready to be written into a poem, finding meaning
and reasons to express ideas, feelings and emotions.

A steady repertoire of poetry being seen through music
and rhythms, shaping who I am now and in the future,
allowing destiny to have it's share.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dedicating Eternity

Drawing me into pictures of beauty taken from life
as it has begun in reality.
Dedicating eternity to those in need, failing to be
seen on screens of photographic memories.
Tracing scores of lines, following words off into
deserts of unusual meanings.
Cooperating quietly into every night's behavior.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dedication Of Dr. L.

Sitting here, waiting for my weekly I.V., writing to
rhythms of music, not liking to waste a moment, always
have to be in a poetical atmosphere.

Doc is now in India for a month, doing what he does
there twice a year, getting the I.V. solution in vials
that's needed for me weekly.

Appreciating his care and dedication to me and all of
his patients, he's a wonderful person and brilliant
doctor, always thinking outside the box.

Helping more so than any other doctor around, missing
him, but knowing he's in India for many good reasons,
one of the few giving back to his country.

Never forgetting where he's from, helping others all
the time from his heart and never counting the cost,
an expert in loving and caring for all of humanity, a
man of goodness in my heart for all time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deemed A Blessing

Rain falling from skies of blue, sun still shining brightly, confusing everyone, mystifying them with this strange chain of events.

A blessing is what I deem it to be, loving to see the beauty flowing from it's essence, sending chills up and down my spine.

Feeling the Divine so close to my heart, touching this mind and intellect, a wonder filled with curiosity that can never end until life is finally over and done with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deep Abysses

Quietly cogitating alone in a corner, searching for
indescribable words to lighten a boring time.

Distinguishing lacy meanings and abstract ideas of
creativity, while watching dizzy visions spinning
in and out of subconscious reasoning.

Logic taking a back seat, because I feel so unreason-
able in my thinking today.

Unruly thoughts and quirky images turning my mind's
life in it's circumference, wrecking it's composure
and raking it into piles of poems for today's quest,
a never-ending filling of deep abysses, always
sitting within me.

When one seems to be totally full, I look and feel
around inside and find - no, I'm empty - I need more
to try and sate my being's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deep Apathy

All through an Arizona afternoon, sitting alone, writing
in the middle of a parking lot, praying for God's help
for there's not a caring person in this world.

Vowing to live the rest of my life in isolation, sharing
nothing of what I am with anyone, feeling the deep apathy
coming from even loved ones.

Never asking for anything, living on sheer will power,
doing everything always on my own, depending on no one
because they're never around until they want something.

Such is life in this United States of America nowadays.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deep End

Invisible images standing off to the side of streets
from past memories.
Before the world became wrapped up in episodes of
greed and envy.
Now filled with the anxiety of trying to hold on to
whatever was promised before the world decided to go
off the deep end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deep In Thought

Walking alone, deep in thought, not wanting to talk or be with others, watching an effervescent energy overtake being, giving an extraordinary amount of enlightenment throughout experiences created by intellect and imagination.

Fruitfully and gently taking this poetical mind into many peaceful endeavors every single moment left in this life, not wanting to give up what's been created interiorly with God's help all through this lonely life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deep Love

Dear heart, you fill me with your unconditional love and
caring, making me feel fulfilled and protected always,
your sole purpose in life seemingly to be with me alone.

Always by my side, heart beating with mine my dear, a
specialized form of deep love sent to we two from above,
never able to resist for you are the life I live within.

Every moment filling me with your innocence and purity,
meeting with my own and exploding into a momentous and
beautiful occasion.

Both of us being filled with colorful fireworks of an
intense passion and desire, a never-ending design of what
we two mean to one another.

Our lives forever revolving around one another no matter
what's happening in life, a fascinating love, keeping us
together forever my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deep Meanings

Energetic, and absolutely in tune with interior coded rhythms,
holding deep meanings closely as this poetical mind steps in-
to and listens to it's own drummer, for life interiorly has
it's own melody, rhythms playing incessantly, never ceasing,
always taking this mind into playgrounds of imagination.

Entertaining self, building upon innate talent, knowledge and
wisdom, qualities of spirituality that fill this soul spontan-
eously, giving beauty and energy to everything experienced in
this temporary life, sublime and profound at every turn in
moments of living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deep Memories

Reaching for memories hiding interiorly,
hoping to catch them off guard so I can
remember what they were once, a long
time ago.
Now they are buried deeply so as not to
show what they once were.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deep Mind

Reading books deeply in my mind.
Ones that I write constantly with
innate talent, on perfect shores
of God's heavenly abode.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deep Pockets Of Love

Reaching into deep pockets of love, desire and passion; when we two are together the world ceases to be, never being able to capture or keep us locked away.

We are free like the birds in the sky, coming and going whenever we want, such a beautiful and euphoric way of life we have just being in love.

Energetic, relaxed, serene, holding onto what we have together, never letting go, just you and I swimming in the moments of our true love forever my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deep Sadness

Life is non-existent and fills me with sorrow, there is no
safe port or harbor for me to be still in, everything is
constant turmoil.

Silent being, sandwiched between hate and anger for
situations out of control.

Hanging precariously, the little life I dread is keeping
me for some strange reason.

All is gone, the point of no return has been passed too
often and I can no longer recall what is happening in daily
tasks.

Remembering is hurting and pain, no forgiveness, only blame
and injustice, sacrificing for absolutely no reason, partaking
in the few crumbs of bread thrown about to feed on.

Sonatas of deep sadness spread themselves throughout my being,
tenderly touching the sore, raw spots of living.

Accounting for nuances sorted into several piles of separate
meanings, life begins and ends on the stage of pregnant death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deep Within

As deep within this soul there echoes a lonely call,
no one is ever there to hear it - except me alone.

Only being dumb enough to not fear it, others leave
and let me listen in solitude.

Everyone is afraid of the call, yet like a bear in
hibernation, this life is at a standstill.

No longer knowing where to go with it's lone emptiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepened Attitudes Of Emotion

Tantamount to scaling mountains I seek heights and dimensions set in musical compositions, tallying excellent movements and placing them indiscreetly into many volumes of poetry.
Looking askance at the many moments of life, I record them all picturesquely, animating them lividly through words, encasing every memory in deepened attitudes of emotion.
Feeling enlightened every moment of every day set in musical rhythms and melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepened Emotions

Trudging greedily into the din, wanting to absorb every particle of rhythm, taking into consideration every emotion being issued from within this being.

Finding meanings and measuring their worth in poems sent out to the universe.

Never being forsaken in poems of life, keeping me going constantly into the din of rhythm.

Forever, letting chances take off into other dimensions, alone in total joy.

Always sending coded messages up above while intensely being moved beyond the limits and boundaries of life.

Capturing the beauty always found in particles and atoms all around me, writing down the total spirit of eventual death here amongst the living.

Reaching inner depths, rapidly seeping into the next generation, as the eternal rhythms keep me energized and going forward into tomorrow's canyons.

Deepened emotions being steeped within the spiritual realms of interior denizens.

Remembering the culmination of memories in albums of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepened Faith

Fighting to resume my life, with every ounce of stubborness within me.
Doing my best to heal from all the medical problems of this past year, especially.
Walking upright, mind being held by a deepened faith, delving constantly into musical interludes, developing poetry.
Always wanting to be there so I can live in the hope of promises made by our Lord before I was born.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepened Friendship

Wishing and wondering how to start
conversations again in deepened friendships.
Never again letting anything come between us,
because life is too short to spend it apart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepened Grief

Secretly flowing like lava oozing from an active
volcano, covering my mind with mosaics of deepened
grief.

Polishing it severely and guarding many ideas with
beautiful desert vistas.

Visiting briefly, imagination, with their intensity,
as rivers flow over, cooling with their intense
desire, and moving out to ocean's depths at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepened Intellect

Following pastimes of the future, hoping they have deepened intellect on verdant pastures of interior life.
Sensing a repertoire imaginationally superior to any other on earth, knowing a feeling of immense growth as I reach toward subconscious endeavors, holding them closely, tenderly, in my open mind and heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepened Living

Energetically portraying words in meanings, deepened by living them on a daily basis on a solo journey.
Traveling through time, sailing in my mind's oceans over many waves, carrying me into lapses in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepened Melancholy

Melancholy state of mind, deepened with every passing moment,
putting me in depths of hellfire.
Saddened tears infiltrating my mind and heart with their memories
of yesterday's family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepened Sense Of Life

Listening to nature as it awakens around me, birds chirping, flowers growing, wind blowing through the trees, making them sway in rhythms with God's blessings.

Tantalizing my mind so enticingly, tempting my mind into a deepened sense of life where writing commences through music, sensations coming to light.

Bringing feeling and emotions to the surface where they drift about, looking up at me, wondering when they will be written out in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepened Silence

Standing alone, a solitary figure, wondering what could
have happened to yesterday and it's love.

Wanting to hear your voice once again, listening for it
daily.

Memories rising and falling within intellect, noticing
details with every movement of rhythm.

Wondering how to go on when you're no longer here, there
is no rhyme or reason for life on earth anymore.

Solace has disappeared and a deepened silence has now
filled the void.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepening Faith

Tapping softly on a table, fingers keeping time with rhythms that are being listened to.

Faith playing it's part well in depths of an interior universe, beauty being tempted into an existence of love.

Reason falling to the wayside as logic weaves it's way into every aspect of life, writing of it's tantamount being in an inner life.

Playing the guitar in a vast universe, being nurtured within, cared for by intellect as it deepens faith and hope bountifully throughout seasons of earthly life.

Charging forward, always being anticipated and placed foremost in sights of nature and balanced in precepts of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepening Knowledge

Investigating and exploring inner depths, following lines
of least resistance, aimlessly wandering through thoughts.

Longing to talk with a friend to deepen knowledge that has
been learned so far, wisdom constantly growing, exceeding possibilities in this life.

Acknowledging it's presence and capabilities interiorly,
wishing to always be made aware of any ideas lying about,
waiting to be brought out into the open.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepening Love

Deepening volumes of love spring from beneath years of
sorrow being held in check.

Held now, in palms of hands, seeing it in shining glory,
no longer being secreted away in idols of presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepening Passion

Beating gently against my heart,
deepening my passion with each
note is music defined.
Creative and formed through
imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepening Sadness

Rigorously, fighting bad karma, stranding me in an atmosphere
of deepening sadness.

Tangling weeds around roots of life, thwarting everything I
try to escape or do for myself.

Shooting for important issues to hold onto, making sure beauty
of soul is first.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepening Senses

Lingering smells of nature's desert, deepen my senses
beyond life and it's closely hewn formations.

Selecting adjacent corners of the universe, holding
them in juxtapositional modes of timing.

Adjusting for temperatures and moods, synchronizing
rhythms, erecting artistic abilities into monuments
of heavenly delight.

Strumming harps of unison, entitling visions to
expand and stretch into other unknown dimensions.

All along, clinging like ivy to ancient walls of
learning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deeper Havens

Traipsing along pathways in deep forests of thoughts filled
with the aroma of pine trees after a rainfall.

Delectable and affably comforting in many ways, finding it's atmosphere luring
and captivating all senses at once.

Taking intellect into deeper havens of these forests, enliven-
ing mind and awakening this heart.

Forging forward from endings of life at times, away from heart-
ache and sorrow.

Pleasing and enticing this entire being all the days of living
here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deeper Insight

Opening skies, twilight coming into view, startling and
brilliant as it fills this mind with clarity from with-
in a bluened light.

Sensations and feelings giving a deeper insight into
humanity and all of life, taking from within and delving
into spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deeper Into Another Hemisphere

Drums beating rhythms of this mind tenaciously, giving tender thoughts of you my love, wishing you were here with me on this sunny wonderful morning in Arizona.

Nature in full bloom up and down the mountains surrounding us here at Buddy Stubbs, loving this heavenly atmosphere fully, enjoying these moments with friends and a band playing music.

Loving the beating of the drums as they take me incessantly deeper into another hemisphere where life is being fulfilled through rhythms and images.

Destiny being tantalized through the writing of poetry from this mere poet's heart, mind and intellect, hopefully giving those who read it some inspiration, hope or serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deeper Serenity

Pounding of drums ruminating throughout my mind,
giving thoughts to write about.

Filling this being with an array of enticing and
wonderful landscapes through imagination.

A never-ending peacefulness that always leads
to a deeper serenity where I live fruitfully alone.

Being justified by the beauty that is given through
intellectual pursuits, having been led first by an
interior spirituality from the Divine into my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deeper To Existence

Sensing something deeper to existence than what we can actually see.
Experimenting with thoughts and ideas, visiting hidden areas of my brain.
Training focus on bringing them out of their cocoons - contributing capably and fully to aid in accomplishing great literature for the future.
And not only that, but mechanisms to be invented and shown throughout the world for the betterment of mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deeper Understanding

Broken-hearted, filled with pain tearing me apart,
yet my mind is on another plain above the hurt that
insists on staying within.

Finding innocence and purity of child-like thoughts,
taking me away, lifting my spirits in spite of every-
thing.

Knowing change is happening within at this moment,
being freed from nightmares of childhood at last
through deeper understanding of self through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepest Canyons

Feeling totally alone, left to my own devices,
no one around to talk to for a minute.

Relating back to all the circles of emptiness
I have traversed through in all the years of
my life.

Accustomed to the fit of lonely emotions, draping
me protectively from all those who would ignore
and leave me stranded on shores of bereft eternity.

Falling upon deepest canyons, echoes calling from
their depths, grasping my mind and not allowing
any movement in directions of happiness or
fulfillment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepest Form Of Suffering

Silence fills my life, tears fall ceaselessly, having
known you my entire life and now you have been taken
from me.

This heart lying broken upon the floor of my soul, waves
flowing and crashing through oceans of tears, filling my
mind.

No reprieve in sight, not even seeing the horizon before
me, an endless grief and emptiness filling my being, find-
ing there's nothing that I can do.

Feeling helpless and alone, no one to turn to in this
blackened despair of losing you, walking slowly forward,
not knowing what to do.

Somehow trusting in our Lord to show me the way through
this deepest form of suffering in life on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepest Heart Of Hearts

A fire in my soul, soaring, smoke filling the air
and covering earth with it's acrid smell.

Winds carousing and blowing it into the atmosphere
ever higher.

Lively and bright embers flowing and twirling into
the air, just one look at everything, I'm in heaven.

No loneliness or sorrow, being with you in the very
deepest heart of hearts, silent and never-ending.

Beauty of our love taking it's part in each of our
lives since the day we first met.

Lasting until we part this earth for good, still
holding onto each other's hearts with our souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepest Sadness

Windowless, the mind can only peer in upon itself, looking for knowledge to build upon.

Extorting the wisdom of yesterday, memories file by in a parade of passivity.

Touching upon sorrow tenderly with petals of roses, yet in bloom, their fragrance recalling many times of remembering.

Relating and experiencing the past as if it were just happening today, brings about a sadness for times of yesterday.

Wistfully thinking, looking into days gone by, old age seems to have crept upon a being when he wasn't looking at all.

Sorrowfully, looking from guarded eyes, to see if any of the years gone by have stayed behind.

Sadly noticing that very little has, a heart is pulled a little, causing a few tears, touching the mind, bringing it with a jolt here right now.

Remembering with the deepest sadness in all the world, not crying, no tears falling from these eyes, there is barely pity inside.

Sitting across the table, all of life, being polite, having no respect hiding in between the words I speak.

Quietly aside, in my mind, I pray and ask God for something I cannot.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deepest Sympathy

Softened clouds of dismay are arranged
periodically in systems of disarray.
Lasting thoughts coalesce and brew many
new ideas of imagination.
All of them taking me into tunnels of
reminiscence and being remembered in times
of creative sadness as it caresses our hearts in
sorrow, holding us in deepest sympathy with our souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deeply Abiding

Magically watching as notes climb into rhythms creating
poetry incessantly, sounds filling my mind with beauty
and fascination.

Another world being created within intellect, an intense
and deeply abiding feeling of jubilation and joy, fill-
ing this spirit with hope and fascination.

Experiencing the Divine through my soul directly without
any interference, subjecting self completely to tender-
ness of an innate ability allowing it to grow proportion-
ately.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deeply Held Conviction

Writing incessantly, never letting up, words and meanings
continually cascading within, wanting to tell the story
of this mere poet's life.

Leaving nothing out, every detail and event is somehow
being incorporated into each and every poem, feelings,
emotions, ideas, thoughts, all culminating in the beauty
of the English language.

Never having to worry about poverty when it comes to
writing poetry or creating novel literature, just wanting
to wrap my mind around moments of this life as I walk
along edges of inner horizons.

Being filled with an interior spiritual life from a sincere
deeply held conviction and belief, gathered through a quiet
and still contemplation, progress only coming from it's
beauty and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deeply Interior

Deftly turning into recesses of deepest interior.
Holding onto small fragments of a broken heart,
feeling lost and empty, with no one to impart
them to.
Soul-turning sorrow, wrenching apart the little
bit of love left over from a broken friendship.
Delaying the inevitable, trying desperately to
fold in upon itself.
Hiding inside could get rid of pain and doubt -
if only it could be done.
Lying open, bleeding, turning cold as ice - left
for dead before evening begins.
Turning over silently, tears dripping down a face,
eyes look straight through you and are lost upon
a deserted shore.
No one can follow this lost soul or share it's
heart, the journey it must take is long and hard.
Over treacherous mountains, scaling highest
elevations - then falling down among dirt-filled
cisterns, no one to love.
Steadfastly walking through unending canyons,
finding deep their very chasms.
Left alone to find a path of it's own making -
left along without a love to console.
Sloshing through mud-mired fields of yesterday,
tiring of all the filth and dirt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deeply Missing You

Everywhere I go, I miss you so deeply that my heart
and mind cannot let go.

Past memories shared in day and twilight hours mean
too much to let them wither and die.

Remorse builds itself with every passing day, walking,
kicking the clouds about, trying not to cry.

Everywhere I go, I'm missing you so deeply, don't know
if I can continue on without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deeply Reaching

Taking turns, watching self delve into a myriad of thoughts,
finding answers prying at edges of my mind with a little
time alone.

Blue notes ringing, touching my mind with beautiful sights,
reaching deeply into troubled waters and soaring away into
skyways of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deeply Red

Respiratory therapist just here to give my friend a
breathing treatment.

Her stethoscope, the part you put on your chest, was
a beautiful red heart.

Deeply red as I imagine our blood is when within us,
she was a kind and patient person and therapist.

Happy to see she is taking care of my friend, for he
deserves the best.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deeply Thinking

Solemnly thinking, way deep inside, searching for something that continues to elude me, time after time.
Considering every avenue, wondering why nothing comes into sight where I can visualize it and make sense out of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Defamation

Stuck in a world of people whom you do not know, and probably will never know, can cause a lot of pain.

It shouldn't be, but human beings are very cruel, leaving out many facts, they make up situations and state facts as they see fit to whatever they want portrayed.

It is really ignorant and no one can understand why it's done, except to increase their own self-worth.

If a person feels so bad about themselves, others just let it go, considering the source, yet it does hurt and does a lot of damage.

Defamation of character is a horrible crime, but only for the person who is the recipient of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Defeated

Aggravating situations sometimes get out of hand
and fall at our feet.
Defeated and beaten by the very life that bore
them into being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Defeating Feelings

Thoughts running around and through this mind, heart listen-
ing for sounds of feelings rumbling in my being, telling
tales of how I'm feeling deep inside.

Intellect waiting to relay whatever they are to this pen
I'm holding, writing it all into poetry to share with the
world.

Attuned to inner knowledge, finding how feelings can
determine attitudes and moods throughout the day,
being in tune with heartbeat, breathing and being.

How things are felt helps to overcome depression, sadness,
sorrow and loneliness by writing poetry to express and get
everything out in the open where it can be dealt with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Defensive Living

Dreaming charming conclusions to fate's initial shock
of reality.
A sense of being, fulfilling interior motives with a
clarity never spoken about aloud.
Trudging through periods of defensive living, trying
to prolong moments dealt from above in measures of
goodness.
Startling every nerve with vibrant cohesiveness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Defiant Memories

Whispers of pages tuning into memories so succinctly
and defiantly, wanting to be remembered entirely.

Haunting images touching my being bitter sweetly,
taking no notice of how I'm feeling, emotions rising
and heaving sighs of deep sorrow.

Feeling the intense loneliness and abandonment that's
always hiding within me, silent yet probing, giving
many feelings associated with memories of the past.

Still being remembered and kept sacredly inside of my
mind, photographic screens always capturing everything
in my life vibrantly and vividly with sound.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Defiled Mood

Reeling from an interior sadness that keeps pulling at
my being and heart, racing away into this night with
no choices or hope.

An upset and defiled mood of appreciation that just can-
not be deciphered, a total void that just cannot be fill-
ed interiorly by anything or anyone save our Lord.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Defining Life Through Poetry

Showered by incredible ideas and thoughts while writing
poetry, feeling them being pulled from within a bluened
light, gently yet energetically.

A delicate and positive feeling always elicited along
with them, silent, filled with wonder, life opening up
interiorly.

Nothing able to interfere with this process, rhythms
playing softly in this mind with tempos and notes
processed at hand.

Loving how it takes mind, intellect and imagination by
dancing to melodies while writing and creating poetry,
soaring far into another dimension.

A lively, awesome party of ideas that are never-ending,
beneficial and exorbitant feeling of accomplishment as
I define life through poetry.

poetry.

Fast paced thoughts

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Defining Measures Of Life

Rhythmically flowing downstream on a raft of imagination,
seeing sights that have been etched into particles of my
brain.

Such livid images are living constantly in depths of
every thought that leaps into words at the very first sound
of music playing to this mind.

Taking opportunities to formulate each candid picture,
letting them become foregone conclusions within poems in
pages of meanings.

Defining the measures of life within it's timelessness,
taking them always to heart and placing them in verses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Defining Notes

Clashing in musical atmosphere, notes fight for their
times in spotlights of fame.
Traipsing over floors of age-old definition, becoming
floor mats of people dancing, highly esteeming their
place in line for musical renditions today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Defining Purposes

Rhythms standing about, catching our ears with their sounds.

Attaching notes to our hearts as they play our feelings out
upon the dance floor for everyone to see.

Gathering up our sunny dispositions, they define our purpose
in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Defining Rhythm

Crosswords of musical talent bring about a lifetime
of beauty and concentration, allowing our minds to
stretch and bend out of shape.
Ideas converge and mill about, awaiting an existence
of etudal significance.
Pillowing into many aspects of subconsciousness as
meanings contribute to definitions of musical rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Defining Selves

Looking everywhere at people sitting, standing, doing
their own thing, living their lives the best they can
here on earth.

Defining themselves by what they do in life, leisurely,
stressing, some having courage and fortitude to continue
throughout life, living in a positive realm.

Others living in despair and depression, whatever
happens to them, their glass is always half empty,
not wanting to change.

They are getting wanted attention craved by being so
negative, never seeing the positive or good in life,
accidently, yet on purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Defining What We Know

Defining things from what we know, gained through
experiences of our lives while we are living.

What of our experiences of dying, how exactly are
we to define things that we have no knowledge of.

Death takes us into a black nothingness where we
normally know nothing of what is happening to us.

How then can you explain experiences that a person
has had when they die and are brought back to life.

Apparently there are experiences of dying that we
also go through, remembering them very vividly.

How do we account for these memories that we've had
after dying, I'd like to know, because I remember.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Definite Hope Always Lit

Light flowing into intellect, spreading
and illuminating inner spirituality with
faith.

Looking closer into it's depths, finding
a definite hope always lit within.

Giving happiness, joy and a divine energy
that doesn't stop throughout this life.

Complimenting the beauty of being created
by God, Himself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Definite Messages

Pages of poetry being written with definite messages
regarding issues and creativity of ideas, alluring
senses and desires deeply within my being.

Intellect bypassing everything that's normally done
for the purpose of my soul, wonder, awe and curiosity
are all elements that bring an intense purpose within.

Keeping me vibrant, alive and writing, always enjoying
what is written later when reading it, to decide on a
title for each poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Definition Of Possibility

Starlight timidly shining out upon the world,
giving it a definition of possibility as it
sits above earth in a galaxy of it's own.

Always showing the beauty of interior knowledge
to our world whenever it could.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Definitions Of Existence

Nature looking at me as I write about it's lovely essence being poured into my soul, invigorating my being totally from the inside out.
Feelings of mother nature blending and combining with mine, creating exciting new forms of language as I translate it all into music's definitions, bringing it into an existence only I can know for sure.
Everyone else can only surmise it's meanings in clear opaque visions of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Definitive Possibilities

Particles of life flowing through rhythms, taking us to farther sides of melodies, giving us the energy to stride forward.

Living in the narrow straits of definitive possibilities, gathering them all into volumes of poetry to keep them collectively in many people's memories.

Never to be forgotten when placed in written words and read throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Defying The Reality Of Life

Sadness filling, ripping and tearing away at the seams of
an inner being.

There are no more windows or doors to escape, the center
has finally been reached and slowly opened.

Seeing where being a prisoner of reality is, there are no
hands to hold, no hugs ever given, promises lying about in
thousands of pieces, scattered throughout, casting rainbow
reflections around corridors of a mind.

Defying the reality of life, hiding in darkened corners,
away from horrible memories and images which always frighten
and silently take away voices.

Burying them in the deepest abyss ever made by death, while
still alive, cringing inwardly, searching for a place to
become, somewhere safe - there is none.

Sidestepping main paths of life, quivering timidly along
those created on their own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Degenerating Beyond Recognition

Intrinsically bereft, wallowing in a mud puddle of
unfaceted sorrow.
Delays conquering grief haven't begun to happen, as
fallen life degenerates beyond recognition.
No longer holding on as hope floats away, then sinks
below a vast ocean of tears, disappearing from a
being no longer considering living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Degrees Of Attitude

Justifying happiness isn't difficult to do, the joy
of our beings is seen on our faces as we smile, it's
heard in our laughter and positive attitudes and moods.

On the other hand, others can usually tell when we're
experiencing sadness, but there's not too much to say
to what degrees another's feeling it.

Only when it has gone too far and becomes a depression
do we realize the seriousness of the situation, inter-
vening with medication and different types of therapies.

In the end, it's up to the individual to help themselves
and see the light of life at the end of the tunnel, if
that's done, life will begin again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Degrees Of Unlearnt Parchment

Searching glances, following eyes of wisdom through
education's dull and undisputed unlearning factors
piled high through the years.

Accentuating positive inclinations of living by
degrees in pieces of parchment, hanging on walls
of yellowed paint, displaying torn and tattered
items no longer useful.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delectable Moments

Floating through imagination and defying the laws of gravity, with just a thought within my mind.

Doing justice to intellect at the same time, just constantly walking and soaring out of control.

Taking up time in a place of beauty where visions open and blossom with a clarity never seen anywhere else in life.

Always portraying what is being seen in colorful hues, with splashes of scents and aromas.

Giving our minds a delectable moment now and then throughout our time here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delegating Nature

Vines growing from canyons within my mind,
bringing fruition to mind-bending poetry.

Following dimensions into beyond, beckoning
to all thought to join and become a part of
immense direction on lanes of musical
scores.

Placating etudes in minor chords, visiting
tonal perfect pitches with aplomb and
graceful attractiveness.

Souvenirs of a serene soul lie within words
in spacious poems, delegating human nature
to it's emotional growth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deliberate Involvement

Fullness of an evening moon, shining upon earth, showing and lighting paths we need to stay on to get home safely.

Sharing it's wisdom through tides of the ocean, falling and crashing upon the many shores of life.

Leaving an understanding of sorts in the ebbing of each wave, folding all knowledge like shells within it's grasp.

Taking it all to the ocean's bottom like secrets told in whispers from one person to another.

Taking voices seriously, listening cautiously, yet believing what is being said as a testimony to a person's beliefs.

So absurdly right or sometimes so wrong, yet gossip is infiltrated throughout different groups of people, including men who gossip too.

Underhanded talk, ruining people's lives, yet many do it anyway, hardly ever revealing the truth.

Just illusions pasted over reality of things, so prejudiced and essentially passively violent in the wording of each statement.

No one is safe from this type of deliberate involvement in spreading rumors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deliberate Reason

Respecting facts of life, knowing that we are all only
temporary beings set here on earth for a short time.

Each of us having a purpose and deliberate reason for
being born, finding our paths, holding hands with fate
as we go through this treasured life and it's reality
for the time we have here.

Special qualities and talents keeping our lives like
treasure chests of gold in our beings, selecting our
careers, trying to never err or stray, keeping step
with the livelihood of intellect.

Sideways, sliding at times, we have progressed sloppily
at best, instead of being steady and deliberate, focusing
and contemplating on sources of energy that bring us
forth into final pastures of peace and goodness beyond
our scope of reasoning in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Balance

Changing attitudes, beating faster into the rhythms,
giving pleasure as I write in time to it all.
Completing the sequences of tonight's measures with
a delicate balance of talent and inborn knowledge.
Absenting the horrors of the world, filling insides
with love and caring instead.
Wonder filling the very essence of passion, leaving
me breathless with a fascination of another dimension
bringing me towards it's entrance.
Finding my way through the canyons of music's rhythms,
seeing it's mathematical equations, falling in front
of my sight without ending.
Loving the calculations as they hit my imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Balance Of Equality

Angles and corners poking my mind as I watch the
sun create shadows on the walk and ground outside
the door I am sitting by.

Moving constantly with directions of the sun and
the way it's shining, creating a delicate balance
of unequaled equality in it's small space of
circumference.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Balance Of Meaning

Bubbles of thought, filling my mind with ideas,
popping into intellect one by one, then falling
totally into poems, explaining what they consist
of as they flow incessantly.

Carefully exploring, discovering and using each
one in a delicate balance of meaning, as they're
placed into messages of enticing and sublime know-
ledge to be used by others in their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Balance Of Truth

Nothing can reach me when I'm within a bluened atmosphere,
for there I'm in another dimension far from earthly ones.

Feeling and being sure that here is where I belong,
knowing nothing can change the game of life within me.

Listening to sounds of voices, noting their inflections
and tones.

Finding aspects and measures that hold the difference
between lying and the truth.

Knowing how to discern who's honest and who's not, a
delicate balance of truthfulness at hand when needed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Balances, Imperfect Absolutes

Rising above the ineptitude of life and the people in it,
wishing to proceed down paths of my own creation.

Knowing that they will be full and vibrant, never worrying
where they will take me.

Discovering and exploring the beauty of intellect and imag-
ination, finding answers that no one else has figured out
as yet.

Reaching out into the great unknown, unafraid, free of
doubts, able to grasp abstract concepts, so handily being
seen within this mind.

Delicate balances and imperfect absolutes, together hiding
beneath many ideas, sprouting about in fields of flowers,
always beautiful and mysterious.

Going fully into depths of being, always wanting to know
more about this interior universe, discovered right within
this body and being.

Truly being absorbed by the fantastic and magnificent beauty
of it's landscapes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Blanket

Waiting, sitting here knowing the sun will come up
brighter than ever because the promise of every-
thing is coming closer to fruition.

Peace and serenity will soon cover the world in a
delicate blanket of consideration and compromise,
taking away evil.

Stomping out greed and corruption going on in the
world today, aromas of heaven scenting an inner
atmosphere of poetry in depths of my spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Feelings

Waltzing in rhythms of delicate feelings, getting into
the edges of life, letting the sounds of energy fulfill
this beautiful essence that fills my being.

An everlasting and enticing pattern, changing designs
and forging new paths in the fragile and tender rain-
bows of life's texture.

Fulfilling interior rhythms that continue to flex their
muscles in symphonies of life that combine with inner
thoughts of intellect through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Instincts

Reining in emotions, pulling down the shades of
lightening as I fall asleep in another land far
from earth.
Dreaming deeply in solemn silence, filling my
mind with an essence of my soul.
Delicate instincts touching intellect with the
expressions of inner talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Memory

Living on the edge of another's life, hoping and praying
that his life will turn around and come back to be fully
healed.

A truly remarkable and brilliant man, being on the same
level with one another, never thinking of the future or
what it would mean in our lives.

A tender and delicate memory being held within on a photo-
graphic screen, a friendship totally given by God to both
of us here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Musical Poem

Musical notes appearing on telephone wires,
stretched along the highway.
Humming with anticipation of a new composition
set vividly in imagination as it's played on
ivories set always in my mind.
Waiting for rhythm to find it's way from
musical scores to inner beats of a delicate
poem.

(9/5/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Nature Poem

Watching the ground where raindrops are falling, little dots at first, then completely covering sidewalks, parking lots, cars and rooftops.

Trees glistening with their shimmering delicacy, holding onto leaves, twigs and branches, showering my mind with their natural and beautiful decorations.

All touching my mind in a delicate poem, wind blowing, gusts throwing raindrops in every direction, at the mercy of it's powerful breaths of air.

Leaves being scattered about, lying upon the ground, raindrops finding their way to safety for moments in time, as they lie upon leaves, resting while they can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Passion

Morning awakens us my dear with a gentle and tender love,
taking us into one another's arms once again.

Looking into your eyes, drowning in your delicate passion,
wanting to be fulfilled with your own.

Desires rising between us, touching our every sense, un-
folding a trust that we hold between us totally.

What a wonderful pleasure exists when we two are together,
giving us thrills and excitement of our youth even now.

This time of our lives as we near the end of our beings
on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Peace

Feeling and flowing with rhythms of music and it's melody.
A freedom - a liberty - escaping into my soul - freeing me from asinine rules and regulations for times of being.
Tuned in to etudes of soulful composition, touching my hearing, soaring into my mind with a delicate peace found amazingly in notes coming out the end of my pen, writing
in rhyme.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Perceptions

Juggling life within spheres of English and grammar,
punctuating just in time with correct marks of
exclamations.

Taking scores of ideas, spreading them over delicate
perceptions, finding shares of living on edges of
bliss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Precision

Lightly touching thoughts lying around,
giving them sight to blend in with Chopin's
music listening in.

Creating majestic magical tones in rapid
succession, qualifying existential
movements with rhythmic insistence.

Involving gradients of life's sorrows in
between ideals being written down while
forming idealic situations with delicate
precision, giving additional beauty free
rein to become what it will.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Sonatas

Nature waving it's frond hands,
whispering through leaves,
touching branches.

Delicately playing musical sonatas
to those who take time to listen
with caring and belief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Soul

Swaying with life, intrigued by it's delicate soul,
as it glides along paths of righteous dignity.
Securing truths for years as it lies to itself,
never living long enough to believe in an anarchy
of totalness and eternity.
Falling into depths of ideas that have stagnated
through the years, attempting to stir up beautiful
thoughts from within such horrible abysses.
Never allowing faith to depart from our souls,
knowing that is all we have to hold onto with
heartened sorrow in days of unrest and grief.
Swaying with life, intrigued by it's delicate soul
as it glides along paths of innate faith, held onto
edges of eternity and beyond horizons of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Sounding Symphonies

Delicately sounding symphonies playing with designs and
patterns of music while writing, beautifully enticing
this mind to drift off into an imaginary playground.

Entertaining self with thoughts energetically frolicking
in intellect, soothing melodies dancing in and among ideas,
taunting them to expand and grow exponentially.

Filled with an unbounding energy, loving to experience
situations and circumstances throughout a musical poetical
life of wonder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Sounds

Drums beating steadily, pounding rhythms
into this mind with delicate sounds that
tempt minds, enticing with all their might.

Exciting and thrilling all senses, awakening
them with melodies that continue to bring a
circle of enlightenment interiorly.

Sharing thoughts in the music and coded rhythms,
enlivening every measure being played this
morning.

Loving how every note fits perfectly in puzzles
of every measure of time, life and music combined
into rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Strands Of Prose

Turning and pivoting through life, not wanting to miss a thing, as it may pertain to a poem in the making.
A creation of desire - a thought of nature - as it expires in the midnight air.
Sensing delicate strands of prose, dangling in my imagination, waiting to be plucked and arranged neatly into stanzas of musical precision - eternal poems one day to be read by everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Symbols

Delicate symbols creating codes for writing literature of unending value for future generations.
Popular thoughts generating freedom subconsciously throughout spans of life, causing reality to step back and allowing a gentle kindness to infiltrate trials and sufferings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicate Tunes

Strumming indefinitely on roads of life,
emitting signals and codes of literature
along the way.

Carrying tunes, delicately thought of
within my soul.

Always holding them carefully, close to
my heart as I walk forward into eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicately Feeding Nature

Relaxing in a soothing atmosphere,
watching rain pour over earth.

Watering everyone's garden with
God's love.

Nature feeding delicately from
grace of above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicately Tasting Sounds

Slapping intellect with an exciting beat, steadily drumming into my mind.

Keeping time with rhythms being played, sounds are delicately tasting the essence of my mind.

Living through every beat, allowing it to touch all senses completely.

Giving pleasure in volumes of music that cannot ever be stopped or erased.

Wholly living in writing through rhythms all through my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicious Memory Aroused

Walking on the boardwalk at Seaside Heights, enjoying the salty aroma of the ocean, waves crashing against the pyles beneath us.

Trying their best to knock it over, but engineers were definitely doing their jobs well, not wanting to have any accidents on their watch.

Feeling safe, excited, thrilled, wanting to try everything seen, a delicious memory that has been aroused and is now delectably teasing this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delicious Visions

Gathering latitude with every inch of rhythm, containing it all within scopes of delicious visions.
Catering inwardly to exceptional beauty, penetrating volumes of poetical measures toward enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delight Of Interesting Thoughts

Enticing melodies, bringing my mind back to yesterday when
I had the simplicity of meaning hidden deeply within.

Forging into the night, blinded by darkness of an eerie
haunting memory, not expected to stick around for very long.

Being rejuvenated by a little nap, snuck between lines of
this poem, mind sharpened and awakened by delights of inter-
esting thoughts, tilting this way and that like an arcade game.

Enjoying and laughing along with feelings, tickling within,
realizing the reality of being real, wanting to focus instead
on the imagination of being through intellect.

Instrumental in writing many poems always putting them down
in poetry journals, fiercely living through interpretative
memories and images, surrounding me with an energetic timing
of enticement.

Alluring and tempting to an inward spiraling of interior
spirituality, never ceasing to be admonished by the outside
world to try being serious more often.

Little do they know the truth of what I am thinking, because
they have never read my poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delightful Entity

Mind tip-toeing through thousands of ideas and thoughts,
giving it the freedom of pleasure while testing each
one in verses of poetry.

Lively and at times antagonistic, enjoying every one of
them, totally intense and lovely, giving so much exciting
curiosity a chance to search and find answers looked for.

Nothing escaping the questions pertaining to it's thoughts
while always looking into things, cooperating and watching
everything in details thoroughly being completed.

Through inner visions of particular intensity, taking it
all and spreading it about like cream cheese on crackers
within intellect and out onto the paper.

A delightful entity of my mind and innate talent, touching
pleasure centers of my brain, taking me into back alleys
where synapses and neurons are constantly vibrating.

Rhythms of it's peculiar and interesting melodies and
harmonies, so delicate and bittersweet, going between
happy and sad memories.

Not discriminating between them when writing, whatever
I'm thinking is being written in time with the tempos
and music that I'm writing to.

Socially touching that part of my mind that will be
used when talking to others in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delightful Freedom Bikers

Loving to listen to rock and roll, finding an unending plethora of songs at the Hideaway.

Combing through and holding onto every one of them in poetry while continuing to listen and roam throughout this atmosphere of delightful freedom bikers.

So many differences, yet similarities abound right alongside of them.

Measures and measures of music, continue to fill this mind with rapid thoughts, immediately, instantaneously, finding their way into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delighting And Encouraging

Living life, enjoying it's rhythms, taking them every-
where I travel on earth.

Finding places to go, things to do, people to meet,
all of it changing my mind, giving thoughts in which
to write poetry.

A perfect atmosphere to nurture poetry and music, it
is always plentiful, meaningful and alluring, loving
the mystery of it's rhythms as they capture my mind.

Incessantly touching nothing else, it's taste like candy
to my sweet tooth, always ready to delight and encourage
intellect into writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delighting In Fascination

Living through innate knowledge and wisdom, seeming to find
another avenue of life somehow through intellect's ingenuity
and energy.

Filtered within a wonder and awe of what's happening through-
out this body of spirituality interiorly, delighting in the
fascination of intricate and complex rhythms.

Increasing rapidly with an energetic spirit, soul now filled
with the light of the Divine in a bluened interior atmosphere,
alone with God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delighting Minds

Wandering and roaming through inner universes and dimensions,
finding so many intriguing and alluring answers to questions
building.

Seeing that all of them equate with rhythms coded through
mathematical equations at times, surprising, but in the end
knowing that the two entities are perfection in this human
world of ours.

Delighting minds through the centuries of the great thinkers,
philosophers and inventors, many pleasurable moments have
come from each of them on the forefront of major discoveries
through the centuries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delivering Ideas

Lively, twisting, going in depths of rivalry that
tempt beyond normalcy.

Tending to the excellence of thoughts being involved
in their rhythms totally.

Penetrating and tantalizing, always entering realms
of music, never being forsaken.

Melodies and harmonies taking me soaring into upper
atmospheres where discovering so many things to write
about and delivering ideas through poetry always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delivering Memories

Walking constantly towards reason, trying to delineate it's purpose as I step onto plains beyond earth.
Testing whatever turns up in my pathways, wondering what will come about in another time.
Setting life upon a pedestal to be looked at, yet to be demonstrated in poetical visions.
Checkered pastimes are livid as sight shows beautiful sensations through feelings of horrendous intensity, delivering memories into future sunsets.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delivering Messages Of Peace

Questioning circumstances of latent behaviors, ignoring all the anxieties and stresses of life's excuses.
Taking themselves into developing extracts of anti-establishments to go forward into negative designs of adulthood.
Sectioning all particles of atoms into beads of necklaces from long ago hippies, delivering their messages of peace and love.
Enjoying their beautiful talents and being contented with their styles of life while combining all aspects in communes of satisfaction.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delivering Our Utmost

As daylight reaches it's height in the afternoon, sending out sunshine, warmth and a life-giving essence, walking about, getting our thoughts and ideas arranged into bouquets of love.

Showing our caring in order to give to one another throughout the hours and moments of this life, letting time go it's way as we do the best we can with what we have.

Not always seeming to be enough to each of us, yet there is no more to be given and we do whatever we can, delivering our utmost in every way possible.

Hoping that somehow it will be enough in the end, even if it isn't, we must let it suffice for there's nothing more we can do, I'm afraid.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delving Into Interior Lives

Lifting eyes in a spiritual vision, seeing the beauty of
what life can actually be on earth, taking away evil, in-
tolerance, racism and prejudice.

Bringing peace into our world, totally giving everyone
freedom to delve within interior lives with a fascinat-
ing and wonderful attitude.

Wanting to be fulfilled from within, forgetting about
materialistic things meaning nothing in the end, living
the ten commandments.

Knowing God dwells within each of us, remembering that He
alone is our salvation, everything else doesn't matter,
for we are here to love and honor one another equally.

Their being absolutely no difference in the equality we
all possess as given by our Lord only, even though evil
tries to make some people think so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delving Into Life's Center

Switching back and forth from intellect to imagination, finding thoughts that fit and blend together like pieces of a puzzle.

Thrilling to feelings of significance, knowing they are bringing together everything within this mind, capturing the peace and fulfillment life has in store for me.

Loving it's essence and passion as they fill me always with an innate energy while delving into the center of life, touching upon it's tender fragility with reverence.

Feeling the Divine forever being here within, fearing nothing in life because of it's presence daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delving Into My Mind

Realms of this life have been closed and no
understanding can be learned.

No one wanting to find out what's going on
in this mind.

Thoughts always running rampant, helping to
write poetry.

Not another soul has the patience to listen
and delve into the mysteries of my mind.

Save one, Tushar Ray, a scientist who under-
stands me more than anyone I've ever known.

Finding things about my mind that I didn't
even know myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Delving Into Rhythms

Living in the music as it fills me with an energy,
sublime and timely.

Savoring it's beats and tones, nothing else coming
between me and music.

Forever in tune with every moment that comes into
my life, satisfying inner rhythms of innate talent.

A sensational and brilliant way to live life, always
giving plenty to write from every day, exercising my
mind totally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Demanding Answers

Turmoil of life exists only because we are human and
it seems we're not happy unless we are creating it
for ourselves to tend to.

Where on earth can we get away from ourselves and
find peace from what we cause?

There seem to be no answers forthcoming, yet somehow
we always demand it in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Demanding Their Own Way

People owning their own importance, thinking that others
need to listen to them through life.

Demanding their own ways, never compromising, wanting what
they want, never giving others a chance to exist peacefully.

Always harping on the negative side of life as if it's the
only one they have.

Scorching edges of other's lives while insisting that other
people are doing it to them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Demands Of Aging

Living under stormy skies of yesterday,
listening to the silent becoming of senior years,
hurriedly rushing upon me without waiting a moment
in rest.
Never giving any time to adjust to new demands of
aging years.
Sliding along, doing the best I can with what I
have been given.
Longing to be felt through musical tones, never
letting go of the future, promised from heaven's
whispers, sent by angels to my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dementia Can Turn Love Around

Taking steps, entering the twilight of life, no longer
wanting to put up with an abusive husband.

Looking for a way to escape this horrendous situation,
living with a stranger, one whom has never been met,
yet is living with you.

No love, respect, dignity, only an abusive behavior,
taking precedence over everything else.

Presupposing complexities are gripping, ripping one
apart, leaving an empty shell with nothing more to
impart to another soul in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dementia Setting In

Taking my heart into your hands,
carefully tending to it's every
desire to be loved for who I am.

A lasting feeling, or so I thought.

Aging, dementia, setting in, emotions,
moods, attitudes being destroyed that
had been in place for years.

Now, taking my heart and putting it in
a safe to protect it's fragile demeanor.

Filled with tears unshed, in a holding
pattern, waiting to see what will come
next.

Will you remember me tomorrow? Or must
I go on alone with the shell you will
become?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dementia's Hell

Sorrow and loneliness for the life I used to have,
missing the serenity and peace that I once knew.

Now living in another's hell of dementia, his sense
of logic and reasoning no longer being qualities
that he has.

Screaming, yelling, cursing, moods of anger and dire
frustration, now being the norm daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Democratic Nominee

Watching as the democratic nominee walks onto stage, pant
suit ill-fitted and ugly, but what the heck, she used tax
payers and bribe money from our enemies.

Talking, eyes looking up, head shaking, nothing happening
as her mind goes blank in the midst of her supposed speech,
people all wondering what she's saying.

Applause signs are being waved, asking the audience to clap,
people watching from home, wondering what she just finished
saying.

A total and ridiculous moment in the democratic rally of
Hillary Clinton, feeling sorry for her for a moment, but
knowing she brought it all on herself with corruption.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Democrats Hidden Agendas

Moving forward, listening to one another, finding common
ground, discussing, researching and taking a stand for
healing between blacks and whites.

It stems in truths now being told regarding the fourteenth
amendment, getting rid of the lies and illusions that have
been perpetrated by those with hidden agendas.

Trying to get votes for the democrat party who in reality
is responsible for this rift between blacks and whites
here in America.

Civil War was the only war in the world fought for the
freedom of people,740,000 young white Republicans died
in this war to free the slaves and end slavery.

Democrats were against freeing the slaves, Andrew Jackson
owned slaves and wanted to spread slavery everywhere, yet
Abraham Lincoln and white Republicans fought against it.

That's when the 14th Amendment came into existence, stating
that only Chattel slaves whose children were born in America
could and would become American citizens with all rights as
legal citizens.

It does not, nor ever has been for illegals at all, this is
a lie being perpetrated by Democrats and liberals alike,
read the 14th amendment for yourselves, see the truth of
what is really stated.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dense Jungles

Life lies before us in skies of black and gray
supposedly reaching heights it was meant to,
scanning many horizons, waving good bye to all
that once stood for being.

Wandering through dense jungles of the mind,
cutting away branches, creating new paths,
slicing away at haunting memories set forth in
slender anticipation, quietly growing away from
the known beacons of life.

Waving gently for the dawn of certain reasoning
to begin, stationed heroically on systems of
chance, wheels of unfortune beckoning poor
withered souls of leavened pride.

Situated on porches of infinite invisibility,
parading like fantastic memories from past
creations, frantically writhing in pools of
bloodless laughter, afraid of being, hereafter.

Bowing beneath great pressure and ineptitude, people
constantly fall beside the pole of near assisted death,
wantonly deprived of dignity or respect.

Forgotten only on the insistence of those who change or
alter dispositions, handcuffed to the emptiness of life,
being led to the edge of night, casually rendering the
ineffectiveness all have begun when new life has started.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dense Rhythm

Tracing patterns into dense beats of rhythm,
forsaking everyday experiences just to be in
the midst of intense immersion.

Welcoming tempos, collaborating with extra
sensory perceptions, and recalling outlets
tested beyond past experiences.

Wavering closely with a slide of motion,
careening into the existence of ocean tidal
waves, expecting to penetrate puzzles being
taken apart and rearranged in altogether
mysterious forms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Denying Entrance

Fortunes won and lost, denied entrance into some people's lives, as they're forced into dire circumstances with no way out and no one there to help.

All is lost, left on sand dunes in the middle of the desert, unprotected by the elements, left to die on an oasis of sand, alone forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Departing

Changing cycles, ending where I should've begun, standing now on shoulders of death, living life shortly in measured breaths.
Yesterday's have slipped downhill into a cemetery hole, while hopes of dreams, longing and yearning have quietly crept outdoors.
Knowing there's not enough time to do good in this world, yet praying that I've done enough in my short life to please our Lord.
Taking steps, gently, towards earth's horizon, knowing soon, I'll be living beyond this mortal world.
Departing life will be a particular joy when I'm in our Lord's heaven with Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Departing The Norm

Stepping lightly, careful not to fall to either side of life's banal arrangement.
Carrying a myriad of thoughts across the river, holding onto them while listening to their voices singing melodically to my mind.
Extrapolating and finding a place for each one to recline in many rhythms being written right now.
Composing sonatas and etudes in areas of my mind where I lounge and play with all sorts of ideas, taking all into caverns of intellect, while allowing imagination to have free rein transporting them to outer limits.
There they will be reinvigorated and aligned into poetical structures departing the norm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Departures Of Family

Solitarily finding expectations to conform to, as figures of design combine and collate in patterns of intellect.
A sounding off of expert guises, filling spaces left open by past departures of family as they pass into another dimension, away from us on earth.
Missing them, reminiscing about them in moments of despair as we walk alone without them.
Transpiring dreams following us in sleep, during the nights of awakening images, haunting our daydreams as well.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dependent People

Sitting on a boulder, looking down the mountain at Phoenix, thinking about it's people.
Where are they - that I can't see a one?
Tucked safely and securely in their homes, reading and listening to others tell them news and weather.
Why don't they rely on themselves for a change?
Is it so hard to step outside and feel the weather for themselves?
People are becoming too lazy - too dependent anymore.
Where is self-reliance, fortitude and peace found nowadays? Outside ourselves?
Enter the world on your own, become yourself.
Find fault with nothing unless it is your self - then correct the fault, forgive yourself and go on living.
Add memories, moments and prayers to your life - step into a joyful, quiet peace that will never leave you stranded when it seems that everyone else has.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depicting Hearts

Always looking within, thinking of all the learning being
consumed by many minds all around the world.

Situating ourselves in such a way that love touches us
from every corner, yet we never are aware of it's being,
we are into ourselves.

Depicting so much of our hearts out in the open, letting
it shine forth in the beauty of another's life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depicting True Love

Searching for true love throughout the centuries,
people sing lyrics, write poems, paint beautiful
landscapes and portraits, depicting what they
think love might be.

A very few will ever find the truth of love in
their lives, those few are the luckiest people
in the world while both partners are living.

Yet when one of them dies, then a purgatory of
sorts holds them prisoner for the remainder of
their lives, total and complete loneliness left
to fill the void in their lonely hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depleted Tears

This lonesome morning is staring starkly in the mirror
of my reflection, taunting me, watching for any sign
of tears it's trying to elicit from within me.

Laughing because there are no more to shed, they have
been depleted by this long and tired life of pain and
suffering.

Living no more, finding the nest of death, waiting and
being comfortable here, knowing soon it will all be over
and I will be taken into heaven where I belong.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depositing Purposes

Taking purposes into the beyond, depositing them in wayward
designs of another pastime.

Delivering prodigals of yesterday, taking them into depths
of sorrow's placid lake of grief.

Allowing sincere beliefs to manufacture the least amount
of joy through the years, spent with an emptiness due to
abandonment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depressive Mires

Broken wills devastate people's lives as they sit in
beds of despair, wondering what has happened to their
minds.
Depression, uncaring of themselves, relaxing in mires
of mixed emotions, crying away days, wasting time
instead of fulfilling their purposes in life's universe.
Awaiting happiness that will never come unless they rise
to meet it's entrance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depth Of Definition

Measuring every idea, seeing if it will fit in with
tempos of my life.
Eventually moving around, in synch with inner rhythms.
Talking silently in rapid messages of poetry.
Writing one after another in time with melodies,
playing always in my mind.
Solemnly accessing a depth of definition, holding
meanings only for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of A Silent Nature

Looking out upon the mountains of New Mexico, wondering what's
going on over there and if I would like it or not, taking this
mind into the desert wilderness, beckoning my spirit.

An incessant and vibrant beauty always tantalizing me within,
forever finding the innocence and purity of God's nature that's
always visible whenever this poet looks out upon it's wonder
and beauty.

So solemn, quiet and serene, nothing like it anywhere else,
except in depths of a silent nature upon earth, being held in
the soul of a mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of A Soul

In depths of this soul and being all particles are
slowly turning and rearranging themselves for the
coming of maturity's end.

Life is spread, awaiting it's fulfillment, searching
carefully, knowing how wanting to spend final moments
gathered together on earth.

Close with family, yet prepared to cover international
borders, reaching out to others through poetry and
coming into my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Another Lifetime

Peace and freedom taking me from the chains of poverty,
feeling the rhythms soaring into heave with my being,
soothing, loving everything about this world.

Filled with goodness, it's purity touching me with it's
innocence, not willing to break away from it's intensity
as I fall into depths of another lifetime hidden within.

Randomly selecting thoughts as they flow forever from an
inner waterfall, taking me in all different directions
at once.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Another Time

Walking through misty clouds, mysterious, with a touch of clarity in between them, an essence of life is being secreted in the savory aromas of flowering ideas.

Thoughts revolving into depths of another time when so much younger and innocent, a truly remarkable and significant way to encourage intellect.

Wanting it to become rhythms of tomorrow, unafraid of circumstances that may come along every once in a while just to play with my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Beauty

Dolphins leap and cavort on ocean currents and tides,
playing in my mind for complacent periods of time.
Talented echoes being heard in salt water atmospheres
below our vision are repeated for generations under-
neath depths of beauty.
Showing themselves on occasion to remind us of their
sleek, serene dispositions as they glide through
ocean waters and fly into the air.
Poetry in motion for those of us who care to watch it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Beginnings

Reaching into depths of my beginnings, searching for original
particles of talent, artistic ability and musical aptitude.
Finding that they were an integral part of my being, innately
growing with a creative force never to be abandoned while
living and aging throughout life.
Spiritually touching heaven with half a brain remaining in
the garden of Eden and the other half dimensionally growing
by leaps and bounds on earth.
Always being anchored in goodness and hanging into earth's
atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Clouds

Moths flying high above in the hot nighttime air,
lightening breaking from depths of clouds, showing
for seconds their heavenly formations.

Listening to the crickets chorus, not seeing them
for they are hidden by the darkness of night.

Slowly spreading across the skies, white, hazy clouds
float by, proudly displaying lightening shows they
hide within them.

Every strike of lightening fills the air with it's
silent bright burst of brilliant light.

Beautifully blue it fills my eyes with the same color
which fills my mind as I write out of it these many
words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Consciousness

Sounds vying for attention, not allowing them to be, hearing
every one through poetical words of rhyming through mind and
intellect.

Taking roads of incessant beauty into visions that have been
imagined in depths of consciousness, so balanced and precious, meanings
coming forth, leading faster and faster into another
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Contemplation

Depths of coldness do not penetrate this being
when writing.

Being in the present, keeps me warm and full
no thoughts of hunger or discomfort, come near.

Hours of writing poetry, staying interiorly in
His distant lands, enjoying his presence as He
shows me gardens of His love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Emotion

Causeways of life open to explore formidable barriers on reefs of coral, spread out in splendid arrays of beauty for imagination to hold close and see.

Folding in half, then opening in full, showing the world the depth of emotion in turmoil as it ebbs and swells in tune with rhythms of nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Eternal Sadness

Dark clouds scattered across the sky, beautiful and
enticing my mind.

Reaching into depths of eternal sadness and sorrow,
not quite touching me, but being recognized just the
same.

A look at it from afar, giving new perspectives to
discover, properties of it's essence hopefully entering
this mind.

Seeing tears gathering, awaiting memories of abandonment
and loneliness that will surely come, remembering having
to leave everyone that I had known and loved.

All eleven years of my little life, became a sad and
horrible day when having to leave my Grandparents, Aunts,
Uncles and Cousins, the only people I had ever known and
been close to.

Adults don't realize what they do to their children, it's
just another adventure in their lives, yet in the lives
of children it's something that will haunt them their
entire lifetime.

Sadness will never dissipate through the years, at sixty-
four, remembering it brings heartache and tears to my
mind and heart, my soul having been ripped apart at that
very young age.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Grace

Waiting eagerly for the sun to set upon my brow,
taking me with it into depths of heaven's grace.
Unfolding gently in God's presence,
becoming all I can before His gaze.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Heartbreak

Situated in depths of heartbreak and sadness, tears rising
and falling, dropping incessantly into this broken heart,
longing for love, to be held and cherished for myself.

It seems that it will never be in my cold and lonesome
little world, craters opening, swallowing this life,
taking it far away from me while living.

Empty promises filling many whispers of woe-be-gone hopes
left scattered like dust on a windy day, unable to be pick-
ed up ever again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Imagination

Filling up spaces with many ideas and concepts, tracing and following them into depths of imagination, incorporating then into patterns and designs of interior rhythms.

Never letting up as life takes new turns, finding adventures, exploring, discovering avenues that haven't yet been taken a-part and dealt with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Inner Realization

Negligent ideas hide behind shadows, wondering it they will ever find a place in literature or are they doomed from the start to stay in darkness.

Intellect opening up impossibilities, showing the way into depths of an inner realization, taking pathways to another horizon beyond.

A place where others cannot see the light illuminating darkness, taking truths from behind shadows of lies, having kept them hidden throughout life before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Inspiration

Softly touching my mind with a silent rippling effect coming
through melodies and their rhythms, lilting, jovial, amusing,
teasing intellect with their notes and sounds.

Inspiring this mind in depths of inspiration where only God
dwells, practicing and writing the beauty of life and nature
into volumes of poetry.

Heart and soul soaring into heavenly realms of positive moods,
being lifted effortlessly through music alone, a deafening and
brilliant sound explosion of words, definitions and beauty of
landscapes all rolled into one.

A lasting memory etched upon this poet's photographic memory
forever, now also written into a poem for others to enjoy all
over the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Intense Loneliness

Coldly cast into depths of intense loneliness,
draped over with ebony darkness, keeping me in
place.
Lingering caustically against memories of good
times with a friend.
Wishing those times could be ours again today.
However, too much time has been wasted already,
hoping and praying she'd get her senses back in
time, before I am claimed by death's insistence
and taken from earth at last.
Saying good bye without regrets, knowing my
friend will feel the guilt and regret for the
remainder of her abusive life span.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Interior Knowing

Philanthropically writing through depths of an interior knowing, intuitively calming while writing, encouraging and alleviating the presence of serenity.

As it washes over and through every moment, wishing for it to stay upon my being, it never seems to, just always coming and going, doing what it pleases.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Knowing

Taking chances every moment just by living life here on
earth, sorting through the variety of choices given each
day, expressing them freely in depths of a knowing and
precise system of a photographic mind.

Specializing and taking hardly a second to determine
exactly what's going to be written as it falls slowly and
expressly within this mind, enticing feelings and emotions
like beauty of the Divine.

Surprising and capturing the essence of everything within
my being, wanting to never leave this energy because it
fortifies my inner spirit, hope entirely filling me through-
out every moment of life.

Living a spirituality that is innate and living interiorly
within me, God's presence always being known and loved as
my life continues to meander through this earthly atmosphere,
taking me along through the wonder of it's purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Knowledge

A cloud of loneliness has descended, striking this heart
with a devastating blow, holding tears back, wondering
what is causing it to happen.

Thoughts are refusing to open up and say anything, just
sitting here now, looking out the window of my soul,
getting lost in an isolation of self.

Looking only into nature for a reprieve, contemplating
it spiritually, having given up looking for answers,
letting self be taken into depths of knowledge.

Rummaging around, writing out this poem to soothe my
empty being from it's abandonment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Life's Loneliness

Searching for times to become in, living our passions to
the fullest.

Having the beauty of life enfold us within it's grasp, sololy
traversing desert plains, enjoying it's visions being shown as
I cross it's many boundaries and limits, surviving it's intense
heat and total emptiness.

Living in a dark night of my soul, seeing the world, escaping
into netherlands from somewhere else beyond sight.

Walking, opening up heart and soul, going into depths of life's
loneliness at my own pace, yet learning everything possible
that I am able.

Severing the ties with broken moments of the past, continuing
into the future, free and independent of all that life's
suffering has piled upon me in these few years of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Musical Writing

Lovely, comeuppance, draining life moments and
resurrecting memories, thousands at a time.

Reliving emotionally, each and every one as they parade
across my mind, reminding me of where I cam from and
began.

Dallying against time, penetrating depths of musical
composition, always writing new musical scores along
with my poetry.

Tapping insipidly, layers of imagination touched
hopelessly by reality's insistence.

Wrangling symphonies, attaching melodies to every
word, beginning and completing poems consistently,
constantly in succession.

Emotionally feeling each one in depths of my soul,
where they form and are created - a gift of God's
to a little one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of My Mind

Casually walking through depths of my mind, touching upon concepts of thought that entice and thrill me, wanting to enter realms of places interiorly.

Ones that I've never been to in life, jumping, leaping, finding interesting ideas that are fruitful and enjoyable.

Loving everything accumulated in my mind over the years, taking place at times in poetry you may read, here on .

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of My Soul

Beating out the rhythm of nature in quiet solitude, no mistakes to worry about.
Jumping quickly back and forth through levels and dimensions of
untoward imagination.
Adopting different stances, correcting attitudes as they
participate unwillingly in this repartee of thoughts.
Slipping and sliding through heavenly blue skies, using creative images, feeling
their pleasure, being soothed into complacence.
Permitting depths of my soul plenty of room to stretch and
grow.
Experiencing it's boundless energies as it breaks through
barriers beyond existence.
Loving the feelings of serenity as I watch, never wishing to
return to thoughts of earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Nature

Hearing sounds of nature, filling this mind as I watch
leaves gently being blown about on their little branches
of temporary homes.

An entire stillness comes upon the atmosphere tending to
ease strife and turmoil that is a part of every day life.

Being accustomed to being close to nature, don't know how
I'd get along without it, strident discord would be a daily
hassle if I weren't one with it.

Loving the peaceful environment of earth as I walk
continually through it's hidden pathways, reserved for my
own being.

Being taken always into the furthest outreaches of it's
essence, finding admittance to depths of nature keeps life
interesting and filled with hopeful endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of No Understanding

Hearts beating together, wending their ways into the
waiting arms of death.

Darkened pathways, hiding emotional contents of coming
grief from each individual in turn.

Thoughts turning toward evening sunsets as they bloom
into minds filled with bittersweet sorrow.

Throwing in the towel, giving up so life can end it's
uphill battle for no reason.

Existing can be so tiring as you live it's pathways
to no avail.

Walking rhythmical designs gets you no where, always
leading to the same conclusions, all ending in the
same positions in darkened light beams of death's
illumination.

Always causing major illusions to pop up, hiding the
facts of each of our reality's in the stances of our
attitudes and sharing of each other at the end.

Riding through the deserts, finding no footholds any
where, letting ourselves be taken into depths of no
understanding.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Our Beings

Tenderly being tied to melodies of yesterday, mirrors
in my mind, reflecting the love of when we first met.

Hearts held in each other's hands so tenderly, gently,
not wanting to drop or break them.

Reaching out in passion, filled with desires that kept
rising ever higher within us.

Waiting to be taken into depths of our beings, expressed
totally in our love for each other.

You holding me through the night, a forgiving gesture of
joy, filling our souls as we make love time and again in
the silence of our hearts as we become one.

11: 38 p.m. 1/23/16 RoseAnn V. Shawiak

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Our Spirits

Playing and teasing one another, living life in a very pleasurable atmosphere, just we two holding, hugging, kissing, finding one another in the darkness of life.

Making love, precious and delicate, pure innocence filling us both as we share ourselves, shutting out the rest of the world to be taken to heaven.

Forever being one, touching and living our lives in depths of our spirits, giving us both beauty, wonder and awe of our inner spirituality as long as we're together.

Tempting each other, passion rising higher, only being quenched as we come together, our hearts and souls as one, loving and staying in each other's arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Peace

Rhythms flowing from inner waterfalls,
serene, rhythmically calculating depths
of peacefulness and not divulging any
particles of it's temptuous feats.
Starting and finally stopping in the
midst of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of People's Minds

Peace-filled architecture of my soul outlasts every
sorrow and takes me by the hand to horizons of
imaginational depths.
Loving feelings brought forth by situational circum-
stances gives greater outlooks and opportunities to
seek truth and justice in this world.
Everything culminates in my mind and it is up to me
to spread the news of life-giving essences through-
out the world.
Listening to cries for help deep within, my soul
stirs and conjures up the words I'll need to touch
the very interior depths of other people's minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Purpose

Difficult circumstances tend to carry a lot of dead weight,
so while writing, I am stripping it away to leave just the
core of everything in this beautiful mind.

Searching and solving every mystery in centers of my being,
living forever in depths of purpose and meaning.

Energized and full of life, being led astray at times just
to see what lies beyond the normal and ordinary stances of
life.

Watching movements and motions of breath ebb and wash ashore
within oceans of tears that have been shed throughout the
years.

Finding and making sacrifices just to exit and become for
another moment before I am gone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Questioning Answers

Properties of intellectual pursuits fall into categories
left through interior rhythms.

Subjected to infinite episodes of liberty and freedom,
flying and soaring into the atmosphere.

Only a poet can find their way, as soliloquies form in
the yesterdays, present and tomorrows.

Selecting etudes and sonatas, figuring out equations
that soar into mathematical solutions.

Flying into depths of questioning answers as they appear
quietly on eastern horizons out of sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Reality

Founding bricks of tomorrow on edges of fatality,
sinking to depths of reality.
Etching lines down canyon walls, revealing crystal
and gold of nature's wealth to all who seek and
believe in preserving it for future generations,
for our children on their continuous journeys.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Realization

Negligent ideas hide behind shadows, wondering if they will ever find a place in literature or are they doomed from the start to stay in darkness.

Intellect opening up impossibilities, showing the way into depths of an inner realization, taking pathways to another horizon beyond.

A place where others cannot see light illuminating the darkness, taking truths from behind shadows of lies having kept them hidden throughout life before this.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Remembering

Spending time in depths of remembering, thinking of talks
and conversations that we have had over time.

None of it seeming to matter as long as we can be together
every moment of our waking lives, holding each other and
lovingly looking into each other's eyes with happy joy.

Nothing being able to take any of it from within us,
hugging the love of our lifetime within our arms, leaving
kisses upon our lips that will be remembered forever, even
when you and I are gone from this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Rhythm

Boundless energy finds itself emanating from depths
of musical rhythm.
Sloshing about, wetting everyone with an appetite
for dancing with one another.
Claiming tapping of feet and swinging of hips into
melody's formation, enjoying life's little moments
to utmost extents and movements.
Space providing the room for extensions of self
through music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Sadness

In depths of sadness, life crawls around and hides in a corner.
Love ended, tears falling softly and steadily as snow on a winter's day.
All vulgarity lies in human nature somehow, yet God has created us in His image.
Everywhere people pull their shrouds tightly about themselves and are
forsaken and left to lie in a muddled heap upon the ground.
Leaves fall from trees and cover a precious soul, left alone in the sadness of
purest emptiness.
A shell containing nothing to resemble a human being save the outline of a
shadow in the darkest hour of midnight.
These things taken altogether leave nothing to the imagination, for life is gone -
no more to be lived - not a single breath left to breathe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Self - Assertion

Watching fires of desire come into being,
letting life become a part of the universe,
allowing entrance into avenues of another
creation.

So slowly, uphill, finding a way into another
dimension, holding the rear-view mirror so I
can see where I had once been in life.

Now seeing how far I have come, remaining in
depths of self-assertion, looking for the
invisible reasons for my being here yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Self - Realization

Energizing within, taking every opportunity to write in
depths of self-realization and intellect, watching, learn-
ing and doing.

All of it conspiring with innate talent in nothing but a
good way, looking forward to every sound as it twists
and turns within my mind.

At times surprising and exciting me no end, winding up and
down in coats of colors, wrapping themselves around my mind
with flavors that entice and blend with exacting pictures.

All senses recruiting and taking everything in at once, let-
ting it flow into the energy and possibilities of an innate
intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Self - Realization Deepen

Energizing within, taking every opportunity to write in
depths of self-realization and intellect, watching, learn-
ing and doing.

All of it conspiring with innate talent in nothing but a
good way, looking forward to every sound as it twists
and turns within my mind.

At times surprising and exciting me no end, winding up and
down in coats of colors, wrapping themselves around my mind
with flavors that entice and blend with exacting pictures.

All senses recruiting and taking everything in at once, let-
ting it flow into the energy and possibilities of an innate
intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Spheres

Catching rays of stars lighting up the nighttime sky,
running after waves in the milky way.

Traveling around rings of Saturn before reaching depths
of musical and poetical spheres.

Floating around in the upper atmosphere, always being
in the circumference of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Tender Serenity

Mind flying away with a bird, soaring into the atmosphere,
finding a gentle breeze getting beneath my wings.

Feeling the freedom and liberty of being myself, enjoying
it immensely without fear.

Uplifting spirits within, taking me into depths of a
tender serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Tomorrow

Wandering into the night letting self get lost in the misty
evening haze, sounding the trumpet of bereavement as I walk
forward onto a distant effervescence of last year's times.

Socializing throughout the atmosphere, never caring what is
happening all around me late in the night, crawling along
ledges, holding on tightly so as not to fall into the depths
of another tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Tomorrow's Life

Listening to the door slamming as arguments conspire to ruin people's lives with their antagonistic attitudes, feeling and emotionally finding, aspects of living interiorly.

Walking away, leaving the beauty of spirituality to become itself in the midst of yesterday's peace and spirit, making music, touching the importance of another sphere of information living in total darkness.

Peacefully and energetically taking self into exacting realms of spacious and beautiful propensities, alone and unafraid in depths of tomorrow's life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Truth

Colors splurting across walls of my mind, sloshing and slipping down interior thoughts of new ideas.

Filling me with new threads of pioneer spirits, allowing intellect to ride horseback onto a vast broken frontier.

Leaving everything to imagination with nothing hidden from depths of truths always lying inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Vast Deserts

Going to bed does not always induce sleep, because this
mind is always awake and grasping for a pen to write the
thoughts that continue unendingly through darkened hours
alone.

Searching conventions for new ideals, hoping to bring
together, many uncomplicated and beautiful thoughts into
realms of undiscovered thought processes as yet.

Sensing so many responses waiting to be answered, desires
waiting also to be expressed in volumes of love and caring.

Incessantly cooperating with a special grace found only in
the soul when contemplating through musical compositions
and writing of poetry in solemn areas of this brain.

Walking through depths of vast deserts, following my soul
through it's darkness, learning of self and it's reasons
to unfold within thoughts and pictures of memory and writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Vision

Sinking into a melody of sadness, going deeper within as
each note is sung.
Looking out, seeing images in the distance, hoping to become
a part of them, to again brighten life's avenues.
Tasting the beauty of success as I watch the motion coming
closer to my being.
Reaching out and drawing it all closer as life takes it in
stride, walking right into depths of another vision, holding
those self-same images inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Depths Of Wisdom

Closing windows behind me, locking doors with dead bolts, making sure they'll never be opened.

Keeping everyone out of my business, wanting only to be alone and not share my space with anyone else.

Moving gently into the night, leaving logic and reason to fend for themselves, accepting imagination into intellect's realms to open up wide, the depths of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Derivatives Of Entertainment

Anticipating and exciting future of positive realizations
as each moment is moving forward into expectations of life
itself.

Totally touching upon many situations and circumstances
that arrive in everyone's lives at one time or another,
providing exponentially, many derivatives of entertainment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Derived Images

Continuing to rock to rhythms of my soul, living in
it's essence totally, never complaining when held
in depths of it's complacent tempos and beat.

Losing self in deserts and forests of interior
visions, loving to watch images being derived from
intellect, so outstanding and intense that I can
never get enough of them in daily life.

Also, having them come to me in dreams, fulfilling
insatiable desires to be always immersed within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deriving Facets Of Knowledge

Finding the right place to think and play within
intellect, taking liberties with imagination.
Preferring to stay away from edges of life,
tossing and turning into swells of tide, anywhere
else I can be alone.
Factually deriving facets of knowledge from
interior depths filled with memories to take me
beyond the lasting lines of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deriving Patterns

Rain sliding down window panes, deriving patterns of
nature from forms of downhill flow.
Calculating nondescript fortunes set aside for now,
protecting an interior sense of saddened loneliness,
hiding between pages of a mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Derogatory Concepts

Happiness is a derogatory concept while living, expanding it's definition by default, we unexpectedly fail to find it's truth.
We accessorize with material things, yet they never bring any more than a momentary feeling of elation and then we are again burrowed in a darkened depression of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Descending Peace

Watching daylight waver, shadows crouching over where the sun can no longer touch or illuminate them.
Peace descending upon my mind, taking me into centers of nature's universe.
A whole new reality opened to my imagination and intellect, allowing me to walk alone and confirm my identity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Describing Life

Particular acumen scatters thoughts into wide open areas
where they will coalesce and find their way into poetical
rhymes.

Centuries of building vocabulary in a mind of intelligent
wisdom, spreads itself evenly in lines of beauty,
describing life as each moment is being lived.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Describing Life's Possibilities

Solid melodies taking me down avenues of creativity,
letting ideas form so gently and perfectly.

Following the beauty of interior landscapes into
fantasies of imagination.

Delving totally into the energy of my spirit, finding
possibilities of life within a Divine spirit.

Always kept closely inside my soul, using it's intensity
to describe life and it's possibilities and foibles.

Watching and writing poetry in measures of time, keeping
up with it's rapid rhythms while intellect interprets
them specifically and perfunctorily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Describing Pleasure

Touching many senses all at once, letting them fill a natural essence and passion with the beauty, wonder and awe of this life.

Continuing incessantly to derive pleasure from it continually, touching pleasure centers of this brain, enticing and captivating it with ideas, concepts and creativity.

Allowing sensations of being to be touched, aroused and felt intensely, then writing every feeling, emotion and thought out in poetry all over the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Descriptive Meanings

Writing beyond words, taking the blueness of heavenly
light into my soul for the future.

Enjoying time alone with descriptive meanings of music,
forging them always into new forms of definitions and
in relative thoughts of dimensions from an atmosphere
of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Descriptive Poem

Tar sucking in warm rays of the sun.
Ivy crawling and clinging closely to a wire fence.
Brick buildings standing, feet apart, looking over the streets.
Flowers shooting out their beautiful colors to passers-by.
As the wind blows their fragrance to noses all along the street,
it also throws the stagnant smell of filthy garbage at their feet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Acres

Lively spirit walking through desert acres,
enjoying time spent and being quiet.

A soulful peace descends on natural surroundings,
filling interiorly, a deep abysmal chasm.

Allowing life to have it's fill, forsaking closeness,
others and the world.

Being true to self, lifting spiritually through
adversity and trials, taking off without a backward
glance, living alone although never lonely, because
nature has become one with self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Afternoon

Rushing into a desert afternoon, music taking itself
completely over this landscape, never tiring of it's
intense beauty.

Living in the midst of it's innate knowledge and wisdom,
capturing and nourishing this environment through poetry
as I continue to listen to rhythms.

Energizing me constantly, a tempting and exuberant way
to start and end each day, never letting it sag or fade,
music completely keeping it from waning at all.

Selecting automatically from within intellect, words,
meanings and definitions that look and sound well to=
gether.

Blocking out all things, concentrating upon rhythms,
tempos and notes, letting them take me away, finding
peace and serenity filling me fully.

An emptiness always hiding inside, with an insatiable
appetite, always ready for more to fill it, hoping to
numb it so as not to feel it anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Animals

Early morning sunshine glowing on mountains, reaching for the sky.
Clouds floating high, shading some rocks and allowing others to sun bathe.
Desert animals waking up, stretching, getting ready to find some breakfast and get on with their morning walks.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Auras

At rest in a desert aura, watching cacti grow and
feeling at home.
Spaciousness and serenity filling an atmosphere
of love attuned to my soul.
Listlessly watching as on a movie screen, mirrors
and reflections focusing images into my
consciousness.
Touching sensuously, feelings being written out
and expressed on desert sands.
Blue skies hanging overhead, clearing my thoughts,
bringing clarity on an oasis of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Beauty

Desert gardens, botanical in nature, conceived in arid spaces.

Dustily wandering mountainous edges along distant horizons,
appraising the beauty of qualitative nature.

Nothing so splendid as a desert in winter, awaiting the return
of blossoming splendor, under cloudless, blue skies of unending
vision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Beyond Comprehension

Walled behind thoughts of yesterday, gradually turning away
from past tears, an individual stands alone in the middle
of a desert sandstorm.

Watching particles of life being tossed and thrown by fury's
winds, all is lost in dunes of remorse, untouched by salty
water from hundreds of tears.

Life begins with a cry of surprise which gets waylaid in
sandy tides during daily storms.

As death falls over us we softly whisper good-bye.
Swirling sands covering our every breath to another desert
beyond our comprehension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Butterfly

Butterfly flying all alone around the desert, having no one
to answer to, he continues to roam and do what he pleases.

No one ever knowing his secrets, being kept hidden in a
cocoon.

Never having to feel anything because no friends have ever
welcomed him in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Cacti

Succulent cacti right outside the door, filled with
rain water from the last storm that we had in Phoenix.

Beautiful, plump, blossoms decorating them in colors
of red, yellow and purple.

Desert cacti challenging colors of rainbows in the
sky, arches of beauty cradling the sky upside down.

While cacti colors sprinkle themselves across the
desert in arrays of lovely time.

Showing the nature and essence they hold within them-
selves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Country Ways

Shouting out to the world, wanting to shower it with inner poetry, portraying life in many forms and sentences, giving off their own essence in the simple country ways of the desert.

Cooperating fully in and with the beauty of Mother Nature, keeping it well opened to interpretation in upcoming poems that will be written.

Listening and loving every rhythm that reaps and stretches a mind in all directions.

Fulfilling imagination, taking it into every avenue of positive aspects of ideas that come out upon this page and others in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Darkness

Soliciting silence from within, hearing it's calming
voice bring peace to my soul.
Wandering darkness through a desert of life, following
instinct, inherent to an interior quiet.
Losing self amidst dozens of categories, selecting
those that once were too readily accessible, now
traveling off road where lonely souls begin eternal
journeys while still on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Flowers

Spritely flowers decorated in beautiful array, awaiting
tired glances of passers-by.

Solemnly singing praises to life, becoming of age, bending
slightly with a knowledge of discovery.

Climbing faithfully towards their final destination on this
earth, solitarily remembered in a poem of little worth, of
little rhyme, yet passed on to whomever may read these few
words in praise of desert flowers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Grave

Skyscrapers remind me of a morgue.
They are the gravestones of the city.
Once there was a desert - barren and beautiful - full of life and fun.
Ordinary people with money, looking for ways to spend it foolishly came along.
Ruining the desert - creating havoc with nature.
Skyscrapers are really gravestones - markers - for a desert that used to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Highway

Thankfully riding towards Laughlin, enjoying a bus ride there, sitting and talking to a couple from New Jersey across from us.
Having fun, watching miles mount up toward mountains, heading into Kingman.
Desert beauty filling my eyes with the wonder of nature, touching my soul and giving life to God from a highway on earth's desert floor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Horizons

See-sawing within rhythms where peace and serenity find
their way into our hearts and souls, giving our beings
what is needed here on earth through contemplation.

Arriving on edges of desert horizons, separating and
collecting many aspects of ordinary living, exacting
properties from it all.

Living in depths of innate talent, finding beauty and
brilliance in the midst of it all just by living on
the edges of earthly horizons.

Partaking of the wonder that lies everywhere across
America, never worrying about anything as we walk hand
in hand, helping one another.

Uniting as one, willing to continue all our lives to do
what's right, being honest and truthful all the days of
our lives and beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert In Bloom

Picturesque and colorful visions of the desert in bloom.
Refreshing my mind, energizing my imagination and giving me food for thought.
Saturating life with sanity as I write without end, poetry being created from within.
Alive and vibrant, taking me on journeys to other horizons so I may walk along shores of vision, picturesque in my mind's eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Interludes

Climbing desert paths, approaching visions
of stark beauty while gaining an appreciation
of desert interludes on horizons, awaiting
our appearance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Journeys

A myriad of feelings travel over and into a space
of time, collecting thoughts to go with them on
separate journeys over desert plains on earth.
Worthwhile events bringing together moments spent
in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Landscape Opening Intellect

This vast desert landscape seems to have opened intellect
far more than usual, being totally immersed in it's nature
and presence now.

It's soothing and complacent spirituality entice intellect
so purely, luring it to expand beyond anything it has yet
accomplished before this moment in time.

Enjoying this vision that has brought me fully into the
twelfth dimension in another universe so deeply set with-
in, innately.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Life

Riding dusty trails on yesterday's pathways, rambling
through sagebrush and cacti denizens.
Lifting spirits higher than mediocrity while catching
stagecoaches over mountainous trails.
Walking bootily over rough terrain, spurs clicking
out western tunes as time passes by.
Life edges itself over desert realms, transfixed and
mesmerized into deep wells of knowledge, learning more
about cowboy tastes and environments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Loneliness

Riding through adversity in saddles of desert beauty,
barren and arid.

Following an exact amount of measures, noting adjacent
forms and molds of nature as they come to the forefront
of every vision.

Blue skies open and tears flow like rivers downhill,
into my heart as I sit in desert loneliness, enjoying
the feelings creeping upon me.

Savoring the particles of desert I can count on to
continue being a part of my interior being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Mornings

Cacti needles poking my mind, bringing forth memories
of desert times when younger.
Filling days with serene splendor and beautiful wonder
as I played quietly with rocks, making my own little
nooks and secret hiding places.
Secretly and openly putting treasures found on desert
floors into caves of my own making.
No one interrupting or finding what I'd done on desert mornings.
Looking back, remembering these solitaire good times
fills me with pleasant thoughts on lonely, rainy
afternoons, under desert skyways; finding their paths
lead into hallways of mind-blowing endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Nights

Ephemeral ballooning in midnight skies, catching rays
of light to guide the way.
Stretching beyond any grief, we flow into thin air
on the back of a leave.
Soothing our discrepancies with agility and prayer,
sometimes we fall from our tightropes of life.
Somehow finding our way through dark nights in a
desert, holding our souls gently in cupped hands,
afraid of letting them soar to God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Oceans

Hardened tones of voices, reaching depths never touched
prior to this moment.

Lifeless portions of reality still exist in visions of
memory.

Taunting and exercising subconscious intelligence
with abstract reasoning and totality of imagination.

In desert oceans, being lit with lighthouse's beacons
from beyond this silent world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Of Grief

Drops of tears are falling from eyes filled with sorrow,
having no hopes in tomorrow or it's dreams.

Lost, forgotten, deadened upon the promises that were
once laid out before us in time.

Yesterday not having any moments left, counting now,
only on the present, unsure of what each day will hold.

So lost in a desert of grief, having to stay there until
we can find our way out of it's maze, hoping for the best.

Not allowing life to deteriorate any further than it al-
ready has.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Of Imagination

Intense feelings sitting back on their haunches,
watching for an opening to come out upon the
desert of imagination.

Knowing the explicit tones needed to be portrayed
in colorful prose, seething with an effervescent
aura, wanting to be expressed and not held back.

Sorrow coming to the forefront, listening to
thinking and silently, timidly, sneaking out into
consciousness to be close to it's mind.

Teardrops now falling out of a pen, tracing the pain,
causing their grief in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Of My Being

Contemplating through senses,
filling spirits of my guardian
angels with hopeful anticipation.

Wanting only for me to get well
to make their protection of me
easier.

Wanting my existence to finally
mean something in the desert of
my being.

Figuring the notes into legends
of music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Of My Soul

Tracing patterns, living and watching them enter intellect
in full color, taking aspects into many designs being seen.

Ideas of inventions continually filling me with spiritual
highs, loving the beauty, completing every facet of another
dimension.

Putting another piece of the puzzle of life into perspective,
as it falls into the bigger pictures of life's entrance,
allowing it to open and unlock doors that have never been
opened before.

Constantly being taken, apprehended from somewhere inside,
showing experiences of everyday life and letting all of
extraneous materials to become whatever I want in life.

Stepping into deserts of my soul, loving the sheer darkness
where I know answers will be found, needing to fulfill a
purpose in this entire lifetime.

Knowing areas of expertise that are needed, now allowing my
mind to capture what is needed without any effort.

Everything is flowing rapidly into my being, faster and
faster through rhythms of life's melodies, soaring with all
of the many possibilities given in moments of musical
interludes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Of Sorrow

Knowing my friend in life is so terrifyingly alone
in a desert of sorrow, holding onto him when he can-
not hold onto himself.

Gently pushing him, taking him by the hand, getting
him to open up and talk to ease his heart and mind
a little at a time.

Such a sensitive soul he is, my entire heart goes
out to him with a gentle love, staying and standing
by him every moment.

Making him talk to me, bringing him out of his shell,
for he needs to be in the present, talking about his
wife, the love of his life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Of Tears

Rhythms beating up and down, strumming sadly with threads
left of a heart, torn, forsaken, broken, not much left of
the love it once held in life.

Reasons are plenty, life was taken, beaten down, abused,
left to die, never any hint of love alive from you, so I
just walk away.

Bereft, lonely and empty, nothing more to hold onto, now
abandoned in a desert of tears, flooding my being, drown-
ing the last vestiges of life.

Yet, somehow I still cry for you, still wanting to have
you forever beside me, but never again will you be with
me, for in reality I have never loved you or your abuse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Plains Of Concentration

Walking through streets of life, enjoying and finding
moments, holding onto our hearts, wonder and curiosity
taking us into plains of another dimension.

Soaring and playing in clouds, loving the movement of
air currents, totally alone and flying into the wonder
of tomorrow's universe.

Such talented and sincere rhythms now covering up sadness
and grief of loss, much rather be feeling the musical vib-
rations now taking me onto desert plains of concentration
as I walk into the twilight once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Rhythm

Walking into the desert of rhythm, lights sprinkling
across it's surface, giving me sparks of imagination.

Touching off the lively and vibrant interior of this
intellect's melody.

Rising into heights of an elevated level of another
atmosphere, taking the past out of the darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Saddles

Arizona ragtime cowboys, jostling in their saddles,
riding ranges, watching their cattle and enjoying
God's nature with wonder and awe.

Reliving awesome moments, recreating themselves
spiritually while watching sunsets and sunrises
perform before them every day.

Loving God's nature, while riding through the
desert every day, prayerfully thinking of life in
the best light.

Silently sitting in saddles side by side.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Sands

Empty seats sitting before me, watching,
waiting expectantly for a reason to be
filled before the night is over.

Lifelong images running through my brain,
taking particles of desert sands, spreading
them over vast expanses of imagination and
letting go.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Sands Of Peace

Cowboys riding into the hot arid Arizona sunshine, ten gallon hats shielding them from the burning rays of sun, sweat flowing from their foreheads, getting into their eyes, stinging them.

Luckily, their horses just keep on walking as if they know where they're going, liberty and independence taking them into desert sands of peace and tranquility alone.

Never caring whether or not they will get to where they're going or not, blessings from above flowing all about as they continue riding into the hot arid Arizona sunshine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Shores

Ocotillo blossoms, like little orange heads at ends of arms, twisting and turning, capturing patterns of nature for all to see.
Green thorns spiraling through the atmosphere, attempting to grasp hold of anything to anchor themselves on earth's flagrant desert shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Sight

Travelers hitting the road,
driving around twists and turns.

Disappearing into a landscape of
saguaro's, and blending within a
desert image.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Sights

Stretching and exercising my mind,
enjoying the freedom filling me inside.
Lolling across myriads of desert sights,
creating many imaginative soirees within,
holding me captive in sensuous enclaves
of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Sites

Walking up a mountain, noticing rock formations,
cacti and other normal desert sites, tucking all
of their pictures into my mind, giving it wonderful
detail and imaginative styles of my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Snowstorm

Life's existence penetrates reality with a stark remembrance, having no photographs to see.

Stripping me of any semblance of being a human being, empty, no focus, no love, only abandonment and loneliness as I stand in the middle of a desert snowstorm.

Transforming an energy of heartfelt desire into writing of poetry to save myself from suicide.

Likening the words to feelings scraping against my heart, tearing it to shreds, bleeding and sopping wet, mixed with my tears.

Nothing to stop the destruction of a once perfect child, now grown and succinctly without a hopeful thought, standing alone and bereft without anyone through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Solace

Gently into the evening moonlight solace appears
in the form of an angel sent to guide and comfort
us in directions of family and talent.

Feeling serenity touch my soul, leading me down
heaven's pathways, through beautiful gardens of
bluest roses with aromas wafting through the air.

Settling down amongst blossoms, relaxing in desert
realms of fantasy and imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Soul

Saguaro mountains, majestic and beautiful to
visions of creative minds.
Quiet desert sands filling desert mountains
with their loam and prickly stances.
Searching horizons, climbing canyon walls,
enjoying an intense sense of mother nature's
soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Space

Mind blowing across the
vast deserts of openness
and freedom.

Dodging the difficult
thoughts so as not to
interfere with the space
of leisure so preciously
provided.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Stillness

Finding the way through this earth, hastening to find a
reason to believe in the religion of our Lord.

Wandering the deserts alone in the darkness of the soul,
no one near to hear our cry.

In the stillness of the desert, out of the silence, a
voice whispers do not fear, I am here with you.

There is all the knowledge being placed in your mind to
help another.

There will come a time for you to pass the poetical words
out to the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Storm

Storm clouds pushing across the sky,
blowing gusts of wind, filled with
desert dirt from every direction.

Blinding us temporarily, with eyes
stinging, tearing and closing,
trying to defend themselves from
the onslaught derived from the storm.

Protectively shielding our faces so
we may breathe shallowly, until we can
get indoors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Sunset

Brilliant yellow sun, touching my eyes and mind
with it's luminescent beauty as it sits beneath
desert mountains, holding their breath as night-
time falls upon them with a full moon of
luminescent beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Tears

Rhythms of the desert swaying through
me as I become one with it's purpose.

Allowing loneliness of the cacti to
penetrate my mind as it tears and
rends my soul.

Tears of sorrow gather into an oasis,
creating a beautiful place to find
peace within it's tight grasp.

Ocotillo's arms, full of orange
flowers, reach out, pricking my mind
with sensitive thoughts and artistic
desires of description.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Thought

Within every brown bush and tree
lingering in desert's brown hues,
lies potential when heaven rains
down turning them green.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Traces

Particles of relief flood gates of serenity, flowing
and ebbing into desert traces, without holding on
through storms of life.
Tactical reasons continue to accumulate as stereophonic
sound develops interiorly, never making a rhythmical
etude without soul-filled music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Trails

Watering skies of laughter with thoughts of cowboy
trails, tickling fancies of solitary figures,
herding cattle out in a desert sea.

Alone, taking life by the reins as they faithfully
take their jobs seriously.

Watching for clouds to seek shelter from the boiling
sun, shining down upon them.

Roaming gullies and valleys, sitting on saddles,
erect and proud, thinking of their families back
home, and reminiscing about their last reunion with
them all.

Tumbleweeds drifting across their paths and scattering
their minds to the winds, while keeping their boots
tightly held within stirrups.

Loving horses, they spend lifetimes upon them,
enjoying their companionship.

Becoming one as they criss-cross desert trails,
listening to coyotes howl at evening moons, echoing
the loneliness which belongs to minds of clay.

Riding eternally into sunsets, singing of desert
beauty forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Vistas

Shadows crawling across desert vistas,
shading mountainous caverns on the way.
Peaks of rocks jutting into skies above
them, giving a surreal view of bountiful
pleasure on vertical horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert Winter Fantasyland

Walking along snow filled paths in the desert, beautiful to see icicles dangling from arms of Saguaro cacti, looking like bracelets of diamonds.

Barrel cacti, a cap of snow piled on their prickly heads and prickly pear cacti with snow gently balanced on their red little pear-shaped heads.

An Arizona desert in the winter is a wonderful fantasyland filled with reflections of a once upon a winter in New Jersey; memories are alike in some respects, yet totally different in most instances.

Both so pretty when the sun is going down, sunsetting in a colorful way, shining bright colors of sound down upon the desert surface.

Colors reflected in the snow, being absorbed into it, it's wonder and awe being elicited from this mere poet's curiosity and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deserted Boardwalk

Existing and wandering in mind, on a boardwalk,
deserted in imagination's shores, enjoying the
solitude it brings to my heart.

Watching bluened waves rise, fall and crash upon
the shore, religiously and rhythmically in time
with nature's footfalls.

Thinking of all the desires lying latent in my
being, not caring now to be satisfied, because
they are tired of showing themselves and I am
too busy writing to give in to them.

Serenity holding hands with my soul, as I
recognize the sun setting on my final horizon.

Beautiful hues of orange, yellow, red, shining
into artistic thoughts as they are being pictured
onto photographic screens of night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deserted Corners

Shadows of me, hiding in deserted corners of the planet earth, not wanting to be found or talked to today.
Isolating myself in order to deal with life and it's twists and turns, battling everyday stress and strife.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deserted Desires

Wrapped up in deserted desires, life sits impatiently on
lonely islands, trampled by the ingenuity of man, left
broken on forgotten sands.

Illuminated, not by any facts of light, only blackness
caused from lack of sight.

Lonely vigils being kept by lonely people, afraid to let
go of themselves, afraid of being lost.

Sitting upon jutting rocks, fishing mindlessly for wisdom
in pools of parkened slime.

Brought up from murky depths of indecision, pulled on shore,
roughly thrown upon the heap of latent desire.

Then being left alone and stranded, wrapping itself up in
deserted fires, sitting alone on deserted islands.

Wrapped up in darkness now, only fireflies can find their
way back from reality's deserted shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deserted Feelings

Thinking of the deserted feelings of the heart, arid breezes blowing the dust across many memories of life, causing tears to fall and sight to blur.

A tempting mood, leading to an interior flood of tears at the many memories of his time while living with us all here on earth.

Now playing all the strings his lovely, simple heart adores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deserted Islands Of Ideas

Odd components fit abstractly together with the aid of
cognitive functions on darkened corners of thought.

Bereaved memories, hiding from sight, yet are felt
intensely, especially when alone at night.

Solo journeys, traveling beyond our vision, continually
forging ahead without a thought of origin.

Partaking of minced particles on sidewalks of eternity,
joining beatitudes of incessant bliss.

Forgotten pathways, overgrown with weeds, being hacked
and hewn on deserted islands of ideas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deserted Life

Loneliness fills this empty being with wanton desires,
being stranding in the Gobi desert somewhere, never
again to be reached on this level of terrain on earth.

Affected seriously with cataclysmic feelings, growing
ever wider, encompassing more of being than ever before
in life, continuing to create an existence that even I
no longer want or care for.

Tears reverberate with every thought of relatives gone
on ahead to better lives than life's existence here on
earth.

Woebegone days turn into years of misery, never-ending
mysteries of life's solitary wanderings through depths
of unchartered waters.

Falling quickly over waterfalls into depths of
unknowing faulty thoughts, watering interior graves of
being into nothing more.

As long as life is forgiven and forged into eons of loneliness, it's brought forth
from an empty being,
still alone and stranded, but now in the Sahara desert
as well.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deserted Love

Moving forward through the night, empty and bereaved
forever.

Moon shining down upon an ocean filled with salted
tears of deserted love.

Misty waters rising in the night air as waves con-
tinue crashing into the darkness.

Abandoned, alone, nothing touching my being, only
senses and desires are still here for you, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deserted Trails

Wandering along deserted trails, picking up treasures
of nature that catch my eye.

Intriguing, tantalizing and beautiful, worthy of being
pictured in poetry with a sleight of hand, pen writing.

Interesting, abundant and always illuminating the dark-
ness throughout the world.

Finding enlightenment as I continue walking these lonely
deserted trails through the wilderness of nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deserted Walkways

Memories, good or bad will always be within my mind, at times filling an emptiness that has begun in death's embrace.

Knowing in depths of intellect, possibilities of that can be attained, forcing impossibilities through our lives.

Hoping for the best as we travel solo paths into the future, nothing holding us in the confines of ever-after.

Walking, lonely and empty through deserted walkways of our lives in the end, breaking bonds with life we gently are separated.

Wending our ways into another time and place in a future universe and dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desertion

What am I? What am I but a speck of dust in someone's eye.
To be washed away and sent to hell.
Alone and broken, no more words spoken as life's curtains
slowly fold and drape over my body, as I sleep in deepest
slumber tonight.
Life no longer able to be spent by me again.
Love has deserted and left an empty, black void,
uncontainable forever.
Silent being forgotten and tossed upon lava rocks of an
erupting volcano.

(9/30/96)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desert's Middle

In the middle of an inner desert, looking around, noticing
my total aloneness in this life.
Mountains all around that I have already climbed and
surmounted, because of my hopeful faith.
Yet, here I am in the midst of intense silent loneliness,
feeling the emptiness and abandonment of life without
reprieve.

(1: 10 p.m. - 1/7/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deserts Of Beginning Times

Morning sun, peeking into my mind, awakening peaceful thoughts,
taking this heart into deserts of beginning times tomorrow.

Waltzing gently along sides of many past roads in life, stopping
along the way to exchange thoughts in a poem with a fellow poet.

Painting beautiful pictures through words of imagery, letting
the incentives of intellect connect with interests of a mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deserts Of Inner Piety

Playing many sounds of music within this lonesome life;
grasping melodies like life-lines, trying desperately
to hold on to a sliver of something good or holy.

Waking every day instead to cries of woe and songs of
deep sadness, becoming one with pain inside, feeling
and experiencing a difficult slow demise of personhood.

Likely facets turning inside out, causing agony and solitary
abandonment.

Quietly living out this long and tired life, going nowhere,
finding there is no hope to be found in desperate times;
often falling on calloused knees, unable to pray.

Desolate, forbidden deserts of inner piety and closest
desecration of a being, constantly spinning and turning away
from sight.

Bringing greatest sides of pain to the forefront, paralyzing
everything inside, stopping even the existence of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deserts Of Thought

Heaviness of sorrow penetrates my being on a distant plain above earth's reality.
Transporting signals from pictures into deserts of thought, becoming the pleasure of intended joy, barren desolation being pushed to the side for now.
Elated to the core of my interior soul, being taken on a journey of tantamount importance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Deserts Unfolding

Running, never catching up to what is being seen within
this mind, an entire dimension of beauty, knowledge and
wisdom saving me from a humdrum, mundane life.

Rolling hills, mountains rising into the atmosphere,
deserts unfolding in my interior spirit, filling me with
hot arid serenity.

Touching me intensely, tides of life and waves of oceans
lapping at my toes, finding solace as it takes this mind
into the solitude of an inner spirituality.

There I am at peace, away from stress and turmoil of this
world racked with evil and war, finding peace needed to
survive the devastation seen everywhere in every country
across the globe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Designating Rhythms

Strangers coming together to listen to music.
Calming tension, releasing slowly all the pent-up emotions left over from a hectic week at work or play.
Designating rhythms fill up their minds, allowing all to find pleasure in just relaxing and being at peace.
So many after-effects melt away and ease everyone into playful moods, finding talking and eating a totally pleasurable experience and wanting to repeat it on a weekly basis.
Cantering away, everyone is explicitly happy and filled with an elation only musical compositions can comply with.
Tones, numerous and complicit tune appropriately with each person's brain cells, allowing an innate love of music to prevail.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Designing Abstractions

Day and night, peering at me as I write and enlighten
poetry with new discoveries and experiences happening
in life's reality or imagination.

Having great opportunities falling down around my
brain, hoping to be chosen and picked up first to be
used in idealic forms of insight and creative master-
pieces.

Forever designing abstractions and influencing
scientists' way of looking at everyday, ordinary things
in life, causing them to start thinking outside the
tight-knit boxes they've isolated themselves in.

Putting two and two together and coming up with
eighteen or some other equation like r=sln and
figuring out exactly where it can fit in wherever they
happen to place it in sequences of formulas.

Happy to see at last, ideas and designs being used to
develop new chemicals, formulating inventions in
processes of creative intellects all over the world
for the use in many fields of expertise.

Glad to have inspired this revolution and sparked
it's beginning, right here in my poetry.

Thanking God for this fantastic gift and being able
to use it in particular purposes here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Designing Tomorrow

Cages holding back myriads of tentacles, trying to grasp onto life, trying to bury it beneath your own hands.

Brick-like order lying down, acknowledging the fact that life lies before you.

No paths to see or follow, each person must design his own.

Each one is responsible for their own tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Designing Words

Chagrined and mezmerent inside, designing lone words and fitting them together to placate meaningful phrases.
Beginning gregariousness, enfolding my spirit, giving it new perspectives to write and see from.
Being short spoken, orally, can instead speak forever through words, written down for all posterity.
Timeless agents for leisure in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Designs Falling Into Place

Patterns lying in my mind, awaiting placement in poems
that I'll be writing soon, rocking me solidly through
the beauty of nature and life.

Soothing every nerve and fiber in me with musical in-
tent, suddenly seeing designs falling into place so
gently ad beautifully.

Explicit and concise, giving diversity to everything
being written, rhythms blowing incessantly across the
pathways of intellect throughout my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Designs Of Flight

Designs of flight pantomime what I'm thinking, helping me to soar to unknown heights.
Delving into clouds, filled with delta brain waves, exploring it's denizens through poetical episodes of music.
Alleviating any possibilities of existence turning it's back upon what reality has been refiguring.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Designs Of Ingenuity

Costly prices of existence turn inside out as they
co-exist with future horizons.

Figuring patterns hiding beneath coverlets of
intellectual realms, bringing all to formal
designs of ingenuity.

Forging new lanes through jungles of haze, hacking
ways of alternative routes along same roadways of
musical attention to rhythm.

Forever keeping time solidly with every tone of
peaceful entirety.

Planning agendas of intuitive energy without
themes forming themselves in lieu of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Designs Of Life

Designs of life blossom into our daily lives, bringing joy
and laughter into our ordinary and drab earthly moments,
enjoying excitement of looking forward to being together.

Loving to be thrilled, making love all through the night,
energizing passion tremendously, not able to contain joy
at being with you again.

Such a soothing and peaceful way of sating and quenching
desires and passion, lying back, relaxing in the wonder
of love, appreciating more than ever, every moment together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Designs Of Love

Feeling the beauty of senses coming alive, awakening in the
blissful sleep of night, bringing the scents of love into
such gardens of sensations.

Love touching the very essence of my being, carrying me away
into the wild blue yonder, from all the cares of this world.

Knowing the interior depths as they call forth the pattern
and designs of this energetic love that now resides within.

Soothing so complacently and completely, no place left to
hide, being expressed temptingly into the morning sunrise,
awaiting nothing, just giving everything a texture of
designs in love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Designs Of Nature

Traveling across and into centers of life, exploring and discovering all manner of being.
Supplanting gardens of eden into those of imaginative intellect.
Slowly rehearsing landscapes as they speed by on their way to destinations unknown right now.
Solace being transposed in deeply set emotions, calming them down and relieving their anxiety.
Always prone to life-existing patterns, fitting beautiful designs of nature at every turn in future pathways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Designs Of Perception

Continuing education being given through interior wisdom,
which has been opened wide within this being.

Alert, awake and aware, enjoying the pleasant videos of
thoughtful interludes, as they even out smoothly, giving
a myriad of ideas that will never run dry while alive.

Sensing designs of perception coming into their own, while
growing ever larger, outgrowing the boundaries placed
automatically when first born.

Reacting and pushing them aside an entire life, continuing
to do so, reveling in the joyousness of intellect and how it
works to keep one free and independent of other's choices
and options.

Always being my own person, realizing the potential that
has been given from the beginning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Designs Of Poetical Musing

Ecstasy mounting with every reverberation
reaching my ears and relating every item of sadness.
Totaling additions of tomorrow's signals,
bleeding into periods of echoing silence.
Being tuned to particular patterns and designs
of poetical musing.
Catching up with rhythms, seeing them form so many
words in pages of poetry and an interior essence of
lifetime's positive attitudes.
Falling forward, seething with an anger from past
pictures, once known in lucid details.
Searching for samples of rhythm, taking me into
canyons of survival.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Designs Of Subconsciousness

Skating through a myriad of thoughts, scattering them
about like leaves being blown by the wind.

An amazing and brilliant array being taken into designs
of my subconsciousness.

Unbelievable and awesome, an absolute truth being found
within the beauty of my soul.

Many ideas formulated, investigated and developed upon
photographic screens, a blueprint of what I'm thinking.

Having depth and necessity all wrapped within it, some-
where in this life someone will come and turn them into
the reality that I have continually dreamed of.

The cures and technology that will benefit all of man-
kind, even after I've died and gone on to heaven, a
wonderful legacy to leave behind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Designs Of Tomorrow

Looking into prisms of an interior depth of my mind,
watching colors of the rainbow explode into intellect.

Collecting particles and placing them into words of
delicate meanings, taking chances, feeling good.

Participating gently in the placement of each one
takes this mind into areas of complacent peace.

Serenity fixating spheres in moments of time, as life
takes steps into designs of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desirable Effects

Solemnly walking down lanes of yesterday, watching memories
and images walking alongside in lights, being illuminated
by intellectual energy, lighting sparks of imagination.

Completely engulfing me in it's desirable effects, filling
my soul with an effervescent beauty that continues to
apprehend my mind.

Giving so many ideas and nourishing each one with food of
intellectual proportions, receiving everything on screens
within, daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desirable Pleasure

Sauntering into a morning sunrise, head held towards the sky, life blossoming all around me.

Taking every opportunity to portray this great and beautiful day into a poem, living, loving, being excited with every moment of life coming my way.

So totally enjoyable, tantalizing and incessant, a holy morning with family and friends.

Joyous and lovely all the way through the many hours of this day, a hectic schedule being gradually attained and used fully.

Nothing standing in the way of desirable pleasure being performed here today at Buddy Stubbs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desire And Passion

Feelings for you are exceptional, freeing me unconditionally
to love you like you deserve to be loved.

Having no limits or barriers between us, giving room to be
ourselves, yet be closely with one another.

Minds on the same wave length, beings connected beyond the
boundaries of this earth.

Totally and entirely a part of each other's love, enjoying
everything about you and you me.

Such a complete and exciting amount of love always thrilling
us with it's desire and passion.

Unfolding constantly from within each of us and finding it's
way into our open and loving hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desires Climbing Like Ivy

Escaping this life through music, finding my way as
notes lead me into fertile fields of a temptuous and
lively interlude.

Symphonies and harmonies taking rhythms into frothy
ocean waters, leaving me with the lasting impressions
of tomorrow.

Doing nothing wrong, k always walking a straight path,
never veering from it's way, while flowering essences
tantalize me inwardly.

Falling and hiding behind the curtains of death, hoping
to find it's way amidst the tones and notes now playing
among coded rhythms of my soul.

Never belaboring turmoil that finds it's way into fields
of yesterday, scents and aromas filling me interiorly with
pleasant desires, climbing like ivy upon walls of my
heart and making memories continually through experiences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desires Finding Their Places

Standing back, watching people laugh, enjoy life and converse with each other, all the while listening to music at it's best.

Particles and fibers of intense desire, filling them with brightly-colored hues, as they find their places in time and continue to enjoy themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desire's Flames

Matches of fire, held in hands of ice,
letting go of an inner life, walking away.

Tossing the blazing sticks of fire into
piles of kindling and watching it all
flare up in flames of desire, unwanted -
unclaimed.

Walking into distant futures, being a lone
soul, never being loved by anyone on earth.

A lonely campfire of yesterday's lover
encapsulated in loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desires Forming Poetically

Jockeying for position within rhythms that cajole and tease
this mind, interesting and fascinating desires forming poet-
ically in intellect.

Creating depths of an interior life that's being developed
continually through imagination, taking reality by the hand,
finding a way to combine them through intellect continually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desires In Silent Dreams

Motorcycles riding individually to each rider's whims
and particular desires, usually hidden beneath life
and it's silent dreams.

Coming out from beneath hazy auras and beginning to
live down endless miles of a highway to destinations
unknown and never being able to be copied again in
this lifetime.

Carrying forward, all the beauty of interesting
pastimes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desires Lying Hidden

Colored lights flashing and hesitating with beats and
tones of rhythms playing their hearts out into the
night.

Awakening feelings and emotions through music, sensing
the many desires lying hidden with coverlets of my
interior spirituality.

Listening, thinking, watching as rhythms keep chasing
my mind up and down, soaring and taking off into the
wild blue yonder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desires Of A Hungry Soul

Capturing feelings with this heart, setting it ablaze,
fire burning hotly against my mind.

Beginning to ascend the mountain, climbing higher into
the echoes of tomorrow.

Beseeching and wanting to be entrenched in desires of
this hungry soul, never to be left alone on a trail of
feelings.

Coasting along, soaring into the atmosphere, finding
storm clouds that match the way I feel inside.

Perfect matches hailing into life throughout this time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desires Of Abounding Knowledge

Sounding out poetry in depths of mind canyons, keeping everything fresh and pure through nature's essence.

Beautiful eyesight, taking me into all the scenic views within me, searing my brain with the intense desires of abounding knowledge.

Soaring into skies of heaven, believing in the Almighty, as I see earth below flying beneath me in beautiful prisms.

Filled with colorful hues and contentedly being viewed whenever I fall into memorable stances of instant recognition.

Looking twice, I see more than before, wriggling into thoughts of particular rays of sunshine.

Shadows coming out of hiding, stepping into daylight hours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desires Of Belonging

Striking poses, entering into discussions of life,
we incorporate ourselves, intertwining our beings
with one another.

Entering melodies, existent for all time, we
become enticed with desires of belonging.

Silently, we beckon to one another through mind-
encased, verbatim - on levels of perfection.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desires Of Temptations

Sorrow gathering like clouds in the blue sky, filling me with temptations of tears, wanting to flow into oceans below.

Starting with treasures of our hearts, mixing and blending our desires together, enjoying their feelings as they fill us with desires of temptation.

There is room for only your love within this heart, the same being true for you, I know, both of us realizing the beauty of what we have together.

Playing a symphony with our souls, touching upon the Divine, with the entire truth of an everlasting love, being folded within the two of us forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desires Pumping Rapidly

Thumping of the guitar in synch with the beating of
my heart, taking me inside out, letting me see desires
pumping rapidly from my heart.

Tantalizing, tempting and pure, giving a sense of being,
vibrant and alive, hoping to attain fulfillment from
promises of desire filling me constantly for another.

Peace filled and soothing, placid energy takes me into
the beauty of intellect where I am seeing sparks of
love soaring like fireworks through my mind and being.

Such wonderful feelings and emotions coming to fruition,
beginning in times of respite and repentance, as I try
to quell the excitement of an intense love and desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desires Unfold

Time is a forgotten state of mind that wants to be
remembered and extended.

Being formulated to a new set of equations that are
instilled with an abundance of brilliant blossoms
of heart-felt love.

Touching and tenderly passionate, beautiful desires
unfold carefully and are spread out before the one
that I love more than ever thought possible.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desolate Heart

My heart is falling into an abyss,
totally dropping out of my being.
Leaving me desolate and without
hope from this moment forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desolate Trails

Slowly and hesitantly wandering through desolate trails
and thick forests of thoughts, beneficial to writing and
being part o a peaceful interior atmosphere.

Leaving this world behind while proceeding into the cata-
combs of wisdom and knowledge, nothing stopping my arrival
in a heavenly realm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desperate Cry For Humanity

Stretching out, reaching into the atmosphere for answers
that need to be stated, because my questions are a cry
for humanity.

Leaving the heretics to themselves, hypocrites be damned,
all's I want is to know the answer, what is going on in
the world?

Why are there so many perversions happening to women and
children, what makes man think he can use force on these
innocents?

Destroying their innocence and purity, have they no
conscience or morals at all anymore, they are worse than
animals roaming the jungle wildly.

Even the wild animals care for their young, protecting
them from enemies, not perverting their relationships,
no, something has happened to brains of humanity.

There are handfuls of ignorant people doing all this
damage, others are just going along with it, we need to
unite and put a stop to this evil now.

Extinguish every one of these perverts and let the world
have peace again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Desperately Needing Life Once Lived

Running through narrow alleys of yesterday, tripping,
stumbling along, tears streaming steadily from my
bluened eyes of sorrow.

Heart racing, beating against my mind, hopelessly
lost and forsaken, desperately needing the life I
once lived before you were taken away from me.

Passion lying still in my heart and loins, desires
running rampant, nothing to take this loneliness
away from me anymore.

Seeing you in my dreams, holding you so closely,
feeling you tenderly touching me, awakening with
tears streaming from my eyes.

You were never here, except in fantasies of my
lonely desperate mind my love, missing you so
totally and completely.

Heart aching to love you like before, but alas
you are no longer here with me my darling and
I don't know how to live without you dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Despondent Darkness

Towering above the recording of life, listening for the quietness amid the loud turmoil of strife and hardship.

Taking all things together, siting out on another dimensional limb, awaiting the formality of sincere replies.

So sullen within, despondent, unrelentingly quiet and sorrowful.

Portraying the innocence of unrequited love, sliding to knees of prayer, unhealthily silent upon a bare deserted shore.

Forsaken, curled into a ball of unheard remorse, seeking the finality of this world.

Looking about, taking in sights of dereliction, pausing to wipe away the tears of loneliness.

Allowing the promises of people to rule life with broken staffs and unheard of farcical rules.

Creeping slowly across the plains, watching timidly from behind half-closed eyelids, afraid to look around openly - afraid of the dishonesty of this world.

Traipsing along the narrowest of paths, searching daily for unfound inner freedoms, beseeching the heavens for rights not given as yet.

While the hours pass, words are exchanged in darkness and light is forever allowed whole - no more to be seen in a life of such impecunious means.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Despondent Joy

Nothing in life is safe or secure; we live in despondent joy every day without knowing it's reasons.
Somnolent sounds distress us along the way, yet we look forward and back, never turning from it's end, even when in sight.
Careful considerations abound and confirm our existence as we touch inner sanctums of pleasure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Despondent Life

Where have you gone?

Looking despondently across the miles, I cannot see or hear you anymore.

Lifting my face towards the heavens, tearfully praying for your hand in mine again.

Nothing appears and I bow my head in sadness, turning away from life once more.

Hurting, missing you everlastingly, no changes are wrought, only a deep intense throbbing, tenderly holding thoughts and images, alone from now on.

Where have you gone?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dessert With Youngest Son

Sitting across the table from our youngest son, watching his eyes grow big as his order is served.

Our special dessert, it was called, cake with vanilla ice cream piled tall.

Topped with hot fudge and whipped cream - a mountain so big it would seem he couldn't finish it all the way to the plate!

Melting quickly, slowly dripping into a puddle of ice cream spread across the silver plate.

With every bite, his eyes got smaller and smaller - as his tummy got fuller.

Our waiter came over to the table, a smile in his eyes, as he looked over our son's shoulder and asked if everything was alright.

Our cute little guy laughed out loud and said, yes, thank you very much.

Finally reaching the cake while shivering and shaking, he asked if I could help him finish it.

Not wanting the calories, gently saying, 'no', he began to talk because he really couldn't eat anymore.

Looking around, examining the restaurant's lay out, he suddenly notices it's raining.

Actually it's pouring down hard and we think about leaving, wanting a container to bring the remainder of his special dessert home.

Filling the cup with melted stuff, we then get up and pay our bill.

Saying thank you once more as we head out the door and into

the pouring rain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destinical Fate

Wandering along pathways filled with apprehensive memories.
Always wondering if they're accurate as I remember them or am I imagining more than what they really were?
Relative situations held at bay while I attempt to understand what is happening to my thoughts.
Constantly believing in something out of the way, trying to comprehend all emotions piling themselves in and causing tearful goodbyes.
Finding empty promises over every mountain as I walk towards my destinical fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destinical Moments

Strutting down pathways of sleepless joy, wandering
wherever I happen to find myself.
Spreading a blanket and having a picnic at the
expense of my soul.
Enjoying all the fanfare and preparation gone through
to bring me to this plain of sophisticated, intricate
writing of destinical moments, at last in a final
resting place.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destinies In Sands

Silencing the wake of life with quiet breath, quickly scanning the atmosphere for hopeful dreams, searching inner creative heavens with peaceful joy.

Lifetimes can be filled with many emotional upheavals, coerced sadness and respite from beauty.

Where are paths to bliss and joy? Lying forgotten in depths of ancient folklore or scattered in haphazard winds?

Secure in the untold knowledge of the past, yesterday walks away, never looking back, yet somehow dragging itself into our present and future.

Changing times do not seem to alter consciousness nor innate intelligence, as we wend our mind's eventual pathways, creating our destinies in sands, blown away by winds of fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny And The Future Await

Always looking forward, though at times searching through the past, reliving good moments had with loved ones through the years.

Bittersweet memories touching pages of this mind, causing tears to fall because unfortunately we can never recapture yesterday or our youth.

We must carry on for our future and destiny await us, and the completion of our purposes here on earth, taking life by the hand, we move forward.

Going through sacrifices, hardships or turmoil, finding that all of it is temporary and it too shall pass, living in the moment, enjoying happiness and joy while we can.

Taking sadness and sorrow, learning and experiencing it first-hand, living our lives and abiding by the Ten Commandments, looking forward to heaven and God when our journeys are at an end here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny Leading Us

Life takes many twists and turns, has pitfalls of diversity and mountains to climb in order to attain what we want in life, yet not everyone achieves their wishes or goals.

For one reason or another; at times blaming others for their own short-comings, not taking responsibility for their lives, not grasping hold and using their intellect.

Ingenuity and innate talent not being used for the purpose God gave each of us to use, cherish and never succumb to the ill-gotten gains of corrupt and evil people.

Remaining true to promises of God, keeping ourselves pure and innocent on paths of goodness, compassion and caring, destiny leading us towards our eventual fate in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny Letting Go

Meanings never saying what they're meant to.
Sliding by and catching on edges of night,
ripping apart the pieces already broken from
my heart.

Destiny letting go, releasing all the evil
inside of a ventilator, being used to keep
alive, the person who just wanted to die and
stay in heaven.

Definitions never holding true, falling apart
in the darkness, not letting anything coalesce
in timeless beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny Misplaced

Life has turned so far around that it's purpose has been lost,
it's destiny misplaced inside a shell of emptiness.

Pain residing upon the face of fate, unnoticed by all through-
out a lifetime of cruelty and abuse.

Strangely quiet, never speaking, eyes always looking into the
very depths of other people's, constantly searching for the
trust which can never be there between them

Solitude frozen in time for all eternity, afraid to be melted
for fear of tears being released and anger unleashed from
deep wells hidden inside.

Afraid to see their depth and reasons for residing within a
small child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny Now Fulfilled

Constantly searching for what we do not have, spending
precious time looking in all the wrong places, if only
we'd stop and see what's taking place in front of us.

Our lives may be calmer with less tension and stress,
someone loving us, yet we do not see their love, being
blind to whom God has put in our lives.

Wanting to give us continuous and happy times together,
for there are no coincidences in this life, God has al-
ready settled everything beforehand.

Giving us free will in order to make the correct choice,
we do not look at all sides and end up oftentimes making
a choice leading us in the wrong direction.

Only doing harm to us in the long run, while that some-
one standing quietly, shyly in front of you is most like-
ly whom one should be looking to.

Letting your hearts lead and guide you in the direction
of eternal spirits, only to reach out, smiling, finding
at once that your love has been met at long last.

Your search has come to an end as you two move into your
final sunset together, your destiny now being fulfilled
completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny Of Man

Shading the destinies of man, life continues it's journey towards death, there are no havens along the way, no thoughts or desires.

Life lived abundantly for tomorrow asks nothing from us except sorrow, lying upon empty berths, nothing seeks our existence except ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny Of New Life

Joining with rhythm, falling into step with the timing of
this day.

Knowing all the steps incessantly beating in mind, keeping
me up to rhythm as I flow into many other worldly dimensions
through writing.

Leaving nothing to chance, loving the essence of my being as
I watch thoughts jumping and rushing to be a part of my poems
today.

A reassuring feeling, knowing that I will never run out of
ideas in the totality of life and into the future of many
tomorrows.

Watching everything culminate in the essence of my being,
taking every piece of particle and turning it into the
whole person that I have become and am from now until
eternity.

Never destroying anything in my path, just taking what
comes into view through the destiny of my life.

As fate plays it's hand in the constant changes through my
life, achieving the most extraordinary adventures in this
earthly life.

Believing that anything is totally possible as I wend my way
into alleys and portals of destiny now and into the future.

As I see it coming together, blossoming fully into my life's
fruition here and then both lives profiting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny Playing

Upbeat, taking life and giving it rhythms to dance by,
totally finding the beauty and fun for entertainment
and pleasure.

Singing melodies, turning and swaying into the future,
destiny playing it's part very well, starting and stop-
ping in motions and measures of time.

Melding chords to tunes of love and romance, touching
feelings and emotions that intertwine with others as
we all go twirling quickly into our destinies.

Nothing to stop us, going into the darkness, always
looking for beauty on the next horizon, playing harm-
onies succinctly and softly throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny Taking Me Further

Taking strides into the great beyond, sating curiosity
with the Divine.

Seeing visions open before my sight, intellect showing
images of what is to be in the future.

Allaying any fears or doubts that may come upon my mind,
strength of character, self assurance and confidence are
holding their own within my being.

Nothing able to penetrate that intensity and clarity,
enabling me to focus solely on what lies ahead, destiny
taking me further into realms of the Divine.

Through a bluened spirituality, always satisfying an
interior curiosity that is ever-increasing and incessant
every moment of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny Waiting

Striding into hallways of darkness, plaintively crying
into the sorrow of abandonment, not finding answers
that will assuage the grief within.

Soaring into depths of interior spirituality, hoping
to spread the beauty of another life into the future
of my being.

Destiny waiting at the end of the hallway, light
shining, showing the way to truth, God standing there
waiting, hands and arms reaching out to embrace me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny Written With A Pen

Longing for a piece of mind to sooth my soul forever.
Watching for signs of life to appear in poetry.
Waiting for it to take me into the heavens, soaring
to my destiny, being written with a pen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny's Accomplishments

Whispering intellectually throughout my mind,
investigating possibilities of another break-
through in medical engineering.

Putting ideas in cross hairs of intellect and
preparing for the onslaught of another major
feat in the near future.

Spiraling molecules being taken, separated and
relocated in a sequence pertaining to poetical
rhythms.

Noting the patterns now being formed in destiny's
accomplishments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny's Clouds

Colors running through the clouds of destiny,
looking for their beginnings, set in precious
gems.
Reflecting mirror-like illusions of indefinite
conclusions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny's Debates

Considering life in many different lights, watching brightness fade and dim away.

Falling on corners and edges, hurting from the poignant reveries of lasting impressions.

Forever being tantalized by everyday modes and allegories, twisting beyond fate to continue better melodies assured by destiny's debates with inner life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny's Designs

Designs of destiny continually fall before inner sight,
gathering and collecting many tidbits of excellence,
adjusting and collating them to fit in picture puzzles
of life.

Showing bigger images and pictures of another time that
will be coming in the future.

Surprises abounding, taking every turn into another realm
of intense superiority of life here in the United States.

Helping everyone to have a part of life filled with
happiness and pleasure, Americans will be able to enjoy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny's Diary

Darkened skies fill my eyes with an impending doom set forth in destiny's diary.
Allowing no room for error as I follow my heart down many lonely paths of insistent whisperings, telling me to set out alone to wander the deserts of earth's imagination.
Becoming the voice that others hear throughout their lives in dreams of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny's Dreams

Building destinies for the future, feeling forever young in the
joy of life's treasures.
Keeping lasting memories in young hearts and minds, sharing them
through the years with those you love.
Always realizing every moment is precious and must be held in
sacred places of your being.
Knowing that there's no one else who can bring your dreams to
fruition, for destiny is truly only for your eyes and being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny's Escape

Crossing over borders and horizons of yesterday,
traveling forward also, into desert mountains of
the future.

Stepping onto particles of sand, watching it
slither away as footprints slip into the past,
taking away characters of absolute essence.

Pushing them off edges into canyons of fate,
fulfilled by destiny's escape.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny's Forces

Forces of destiny play their parts in our minds
and hearts, taking us by the hand to unknown
parts of our world, physically and emotionally.
Curbing our desires, our innate spirits take
over justifying life and it's meaning and purpose,
while spreading our talents easily over a lifetime.
Sacrificing ourselves for one another we eke out
pathways we can choose to follow throughout daily
hours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny's Future

Standing still, watching rhythm beat
it's life in tune with future diameters.

Taking along nominal features with distinction
and creativity in inventiveness and positive
assurance.

Limited by no one and bound by nothing untoward,
we single ourselves out by anticipating moments
of rapture on nights of everlasting bliss, in
tender moments of enjoyment in arms of serenity.

Calm at last, as twilight sets upon sights of
vision, setting me apart from the rest of the
world as I alone go into destiny's future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny's Messages

Destiny fulfills experience without frills or expectations, acknowledging an innate talent in life's hidden corners.
Finding treasures in silent caches of imagination, reserved for poetical decisions in labyrinths of a fundamental world.
Sending messages through a mind of vision and imagery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny's Pathway

Nature filling with inspiration, lifting spirits,
soaring into heavens of divine contemplation.

Signals of seasons opening up to an interior environ-
ment that takes everything into the total aspect of
sheer essence.

Riding higher into the atmosphere unafraid, unaware
of danger or peril, staying the distance, keeping on
the pathway destiny has already set for the future.

A generous amount of talent grown innately, spaciously,
within this little mortal human, a mere poet of questionable
worth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny's Plate

Natural beauty ascending visions of patchwork quilts, gleaming in auras of pyschic predictions.
Relating events from miles away with mere thoughts - a knowing within - of future events about to happen.
Carefully considering all aspects of time and place, wondering at times why this gift has been placed on my plate of destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny's Possibilities

Wheels of life revolve no matter what we do daily,
everything happening in syncopating measures in
tune with innate rhythms.

Totally taken into spaces between notes, never left
to fate, as destiny takes hold of beings and keeps
them in line for future possibilities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny's Riches

Entering a zone, filled with loud rocking music,
sating my soul, easing my mind as our future steps
onto the next shore of life.

Taking our intuition and placing it in God's hands,
we move forward onto mountainous slopes, climbing
upward into our own personal cloud of destiny's
riches.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny's Table Of Contents

Rendezvousing in a circular desert, completely immersed within
destiny's table of contents.

Reading everything written, learning to follow intuition and
coming into contact with it's actuality.

Taking no nonsense, being filled totally with attitudes of
positive qualities kept in secret pockets from yesterday's
childhood.

Sacred moments being attained as I step closer and closer to
my eventual fate here on earth.

Remembering all the examples of tenderness, touching my essence
through the years.

Folding and capturing the passion of a lifetime within intellect
and it's fresh and attentive imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny's Threshold

Soothing balm to my mind, joy to my soul, as I listen
avidly to melodies of yesterday.

Reviving my spirit, energizing my soul with feelings
of happy serenity as I rejoice in the past I have
lived through.

Now arriving on the threshold of destiny, holding out
my hands for a star of courage in heaven's gardens;
awaiting a blue rose beyond death's embrace and hold.

Soothing sounds of lightened music, penetrating my
every thought, bringing my heart to it's final stop.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destiny's Touch

Saturated in times of life with
aesthetic woes, attempting to
conquer them with an imaginational
depth from inner realms and destiny's
touch.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destroyed Purpose

Torn window tinting looking like the shape of a duck
swimming upon the lake, baby duckling following behind.

Amazing how my mind can take something that has been
destroyed from it's basic purpose.

Turning it into a picturesque and tantalizing poem
for you to now read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destroying Culture

Tibetan monasteries falling in ruin, weathered,
beaten down by the Chinese, to provoke a life
long tomb.

Destroying culture, trying to bury and forget,
allowing for the insane jealousy.

What will be the end of it all, when one day,
nothing is left standing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destroying Fire

Desert mountains scarred for centuries,
swept with a man-made fire, destroying
wildlife, flowers and fauna.

Devastating ruins left behind, dead,
trees stripped of life essences, left
to rot in nature's graveyard.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Destruction Of Mankind

Kindness is rare nowadays, especially in the case of
muslims who only want to kill, maim, torture and rape
innocent people of this earth.

They, themselves, go against God and humanity, selfish,
arrogant and self-centered in greed and avarice.

All others wanting to rid earth of their scourge and
nuke them out of existence.

Nowhere can they hide or be in anything but disgrace
in everyone else's eyes.

Unbelievable, full of undue aggression, taking lives
left and right and caring nothing about humanity or
precious life.

Wanting only the destruction of mankind if not believ-
ing as they do, is all they seek here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Detached By Death

Living in the loss of life, spent and broken, knowing
nothing anymore.

Wonder and curiosity are still rearing their heads as
I continually write and try to carry on.

Nothing else seems to help get rid of the sorrow for
any length of time, just writing saves my life.

Allowing this existence to have life while trying to
achieve my purpose keeps me busy.

Wandering, not finding any happiness or joy, for our
love has been detached by death itself.

Lonely, forsaken, sitting in the darkness of grief,
no light to shine upon me in this darkened despair.

Really trying to work it out, but not understanding
how I am to do it.

Striving constantly, incessantly, to carry on without
you, yet the tears continue to flow.

Blurring my vision, not allowing me to see anything
clearly anymore.

Only wanting you here to hold and love me, it's the
only way life has become me through time, but not now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Detaching Emotions

Detachment from every aspect of external environments gives me a feeling of support for myself.
Insecurities abound no more, I've been stripped of them and am free of their hold.
Taking steps to take off on a journey of beautiful moments in a place of adventure.
Looking for traces of myself in the great outdoors.
Examining nature in all it's splendor, taking part in feelings of mother nature's explicit inheritance.
Happily jouncing through yardage - being independent of the hold yesterday has kept on me.
No longer tethered by an inability to say no, now choosing if and when I want to be subservient.
Out of respect, at times, I'll allow it, as long as it doesn't encapsulate my soul again.
A release of emotion sends this soul into a continual revival of hope.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Detailed Negligence

Images of betrayal fill minds, broken lives are filled with
darkness.

Acting out horrible deeds of yesterday, physically hurting,
talents lying dormant when they should have been encouraged.

All that's in this world could've been put to use if just
one person cared enough to reach out and not abandon a
little child who was too difficult to deal with.

Having always been hurt and abused, using whatever she had
left in her to refuse to speak or get close to anyone.

Pushing people constantly away so as not to be hurt like
before, the only friend was her little self and she was
beyond recognition.

Broken into many fragments, thrown to the wind, becoming who
she was, living on an iceberg, a cold child hermit doing the
best she could under impossible circumstances.

Running free and wild, always mild-mannered and polite,
fighting authority underneath, trying in childish ways to
repair the damage done to her.

Excessive scarring blocking and causing growth to falter
every step of the way, importance placed on living, existing,
keeping peace in an unpeaceful family.

Unsuccessfully feeling the numbing of detailed negligence,
hoping any moment that love and understanding would magically
arrive.

Living many fantasies within an imaginative mind, knowing
all along, the reality of life - choosing to ignore the
pain and stuff it into many cocoons.

Hiding from the horrible trauma, killing and burying it, or
so she thought.

Walking an even life - no ups or downs ever acknowledged,
living a narrow, straight line of life so no one could see
or hurt her any more.

An entire life lived on the basis of the ancient crib of
sexual abuse, filled with lustful pillows and sheets of
grown men's desires.

Covered with a blanket of secrecy and impending death,
ending in hopelessness, depression and suicide.

Hoping to finally erase memories which have reared their
ugly heads in the aging process of her life.

Not able to handle it, becoming too much for her, this
little child within has committed suicide.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Details

Beautiful sentiments are clouding sight with
memories bright and bold.

Everything is moving gradually on inner screens,
allowing me to see every detail of each image,
all smiling back at me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Details From Every Corner

Exceptional spaces where innate talent can stretch itself
out, taking details from every corner of inner universes
to be opened wide and spread throughout this mind.

Angles, circles and arcs, patterns and designs taking place
in an interior wisdom, filling every aspect of what is to
come in tomorrow's visions, becoming truths in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Details In Senses

Stalling moments, trying to hold onto them to no avail.
Senses never being dulled, taking in details like a sponge,
never forgetting them while living.
But where do they go after death has taken me to his abode?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Details Of Imagination

Details flowing and ebbing with tides of life,
lying at times horizontally in the sand,
concentrating on the quality all of us strive
for daily.

Preparing endless compositions, rewriting,
editing, finding different ways of expression
and feeling.

Altogether, hiding within many facets of life,
trying on with fascination, those that have not
fit before, but now with maturity, it is a
different story.

Notes sounding their reverie throughout the
heavens, scattering details of imagination into
pockets of subconsciousness and creative genius.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Details Of Nature

Sailing through the heavens, loving the
view from above.

Noting marring the surface of earth as
I take in details of nature.

Flowing below me, beautiful, serene and
totally tantalizing to see within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Details Unfolding

Silently taking in the atmosphere, watching every
detail as it unfolds onto the table of my mind.

Gesturing and placing attitudes that mysteriously
come into being while sitting back waiting.

When twilight begins to fall, finishing assessments,
fully qualifying equations figured out through innate
intelligence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Determination

Withdrawing from edges of a life,
cradling me in death's embrace.
Walking defiantly away, turning
towards faith and hope for a
tomorrow filled with sheer
determination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Determining Conclusions

Separating facts from illusions, determining conclusions from all relevant details, not wanting to make a mistake in evaluating each decision.

Knowing that research and investigation is imperative in world-shattering events, that's why I take my time, carefully examining everything no matter how minute it may seem.

Wanting always to represent the truth honestly without clouds of dispersion, doubt or fear of writing something that's incorrect or false.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Determining Destiny

Gently moving through the night, touching upon life with
a purpose, noticing the fruitlessness of living, yet also
knowing it is necessary in the final scheme of things in
this world.

Determining destiny, visions being awakened throughout
this long and tiring night, hope rising, falling, soaring
and crashing continually.

All things being considered as night approaches day, a
wonder of everything filling a mind with an efferves-
cent essence that continues until we die.

Then in peace we succumb to our deaths without ever even
thinking another thought, for our minds and souls are
taken to heaven without our earthly bodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Determining The Future

Incidentally awakening major portions of intellect, charging inner batteries carefully and completely.

Soundlessly bringing an aptitude for coded messages to be translated from rhythm into poetry.

Explicitly giving life within an extrasensory perception to determine the future at times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Detrimental Government

Staying in a blackened space of time, not wanting to face the
world right now, it's not very good at this moment in time,
not looking forward to anything.

Falling into depths of despair being caused by our government,
so corrupt and greedy, taking our very livelihood away from us
all because politicians want to line their own pockets.

Choosing to take every cent of our hard-earned money and giving
it to illegals, there's no end to their deceit, lies and illu-
sions.

We need Donald Trump as our next President only, because he's
not one of them, the so-called establishment, who all want a
one-world order to everyone's detriment except their own self-
ishness and greed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Detrimental Omens

Scattered throughout life are omens, detrimental to our well-being.
Taking away from thoughts that we need not be without.
Thinking about what is going on around us, helps to keep stress away and takes us into a zone where we can be comfortable and calm.
Not allowing anyone to kick us out of our sightful places in serene circumstances, will help us stay straight and continue to vent appropriately.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Devastating Space Of Life

Walking down streets of solitary confinement, wanting
to escape to a better time, yet sorrow holds me fast
to these lonely avenues of strife and loss.

Darkness falls, covering me fully with an emptiness
folding me into it's vast loneliness, no way to remove
myself from this devastating space of life.

There's no way around this vacant sphere, I cannot be
myself anymore for you are no longer here, messages
being clearer as are devastating feelings of abandonment.

Falling into the sheer despair of agony and grief of
my love which is no longer in this life, sorrow now
drenching me forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Devastation Of Dementia

Recognizing voices of the past, tears falling at their
memories set in a place and time beyond me.
Sating my mind with the feelings of yesterday, finding
out now that you no longer want or need me, because
there's something else in your mind and it's no longer
me.
Utter devastation of dementia as it tears us apart,
drifting farther with each day and not being able to
do anything about it in this lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Developer's Greed

Barren and empty, lying waste to possibly, future dwellings of some kind. Developers ruining the desert just to get their hands on the almighty dollar - lots of them, because of their greed and hunger for what is not theirs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Developer's Hungry Greed

The best things in life are free, but not for long, because government officials and politicians are allowing developers to steal nature, putting high prices on what rightfully belongs to everyone.

Building so-called homes on public land, taking away our pristine environment and claiming they're doing it for the good of the people.

Taking away nature, beauty, solace and serenity of our beautiful desert state, leaves us nothing but smog and ugly buildings standing uggily in the way of once fantastic views and scenery.

Poverty is placed on everyone, left with nowhere to go for peace and quiet of nature's abode.

A once beautiful desert state ruined by developer's greed for money and power.

Yet, developers have homes and land roped off for their private pleasures so they can still enjoy nature's vision and peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Developing Acts

Swaying tempos of rhythm balance my inner spirit,
helping me to soar above mundane episodes of life.

Caressing clouds embrace my mind, taking me across
skies of imagination while finding selfless events
to open up to.

Blossoming above earth, lilting beliefs unfold and
develop into porous acts of love and desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Developing Creativity

Smiling to myself, enjoying music as I listen intently
and totally, learning innately through it's coded rhy-
thms.

Living in it's depths, finding new ways of thinking,
developing my own creativity throughout life, walking
in and out of darkness.

Finding hope and strength through an infinite faith,
entering a bluened atmosphere, feeling Divine peace,
life being relieved of all it's tension and turmoil.

Being placated through tones and sounds of rhythmic
music while listening to all types of melodies and
falling into a contemplative state of mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Developing Designs

Preparing for an onslaught of ideas flowing from
innate intelligence.

Covering up my mind with rhythms that fall upon
me with a sincere clarity never diminishing.

Designs developing from intellect and imagination,
soaring into interior universes filled with special
images and grace.

Absorbing them all and finding places for them in
poetry, graciously accepting them with the essence
of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Developing Essence

Listening to charges of rhythm filling lover's hearts
with it's rapid beats.

Loving messages moving through the crowds, touching
placid feelings, tempting them out into the open.

Poignant and developing the essence of this night made
just for lovers in today's future.

Pressing and aligning tones with the feelings being
attracted by Metallica, music profound and alluring to
my senses.

Giving me the energy of intellect as my mind soars into
another dimension, solid foundations building themselves
within my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Developing Gifts And Talent

Tumbling down chords of music, aligning myself with a measure of intellect given me through God's goodness.
Developing gifts and talent into spacious imagination, living in a space of freedom, exceeding any other on earth.
Watching as picturesque images link with divine peace and become the poetry of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Developing Ideas

Dissolving abstracts of sadness in concepts of
imagination.

Developing ideas, familiarizing self with facets
of grief, filling in spaces of interior emptiness.

Surreptiously finding positions of positive thought
as it filters through truths of enlightenment.

Throughout this life, illumination of the entire
spectrum of rhythmic particulars appears intact.

Pending the reality of what is seen through our
intellect's knowledge, we may accept it or not.

Participating wholly in the rainbow of another to-
morrow, life finds it's way through sadness somehow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Developing Instincts

Generations tripping along pathways of their own making,
developing interior instincts, shaping portraits of
incessant literature in words and prose.
Imagination squeezing every portion of subconsciousness
into being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Developing Intellect

Weighing in on many topics people are talking about
nowadays, enjoying the controversy, and communication
that is coming from it all.

Listening intently, taking it all into intellect,
accepting or rejecting it instantaneously, forming my
own opinions and being free to interpret everything.

Developing intellect as I learn more about what others
think, enjoying each learning experience that comes to
my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Developing Memories

Jumbled and tangled, thoughts continually rotate and finalize themselves in repertoires of writing.
Describing what is seen within, on screens of developing memories, is an indescribable art - a masterpiece of intellect - accustomed to exemplifying itself in prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Developing Senses

Significant lines of poetry keep finding their ways to
the end of my pen while writing of many events in life.

Tripping from this mind, happy and thoughtful, using
ideas as they pop into lightened possibilities of
eventual time.

So enticing, enhancing lives of people who read them
with an open and accepting attitude.

Living in a world of total circumferences with so many
possibilities, artfully possessing expectant hopes of
a lifetime spent in observing and developing senses
through writing.

Altogether bringing a new dimension and awareness to
not only the poetry, but also the poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Developing Tears

Sadness tiptoes around and through my mind,
sensitively touching every image it sees,
causing tears to develop and leak out.

Holding hands, looking back, feeling deepened
sorrow rouse itself from a reverie and spread
it's being all over me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Developing Thoughtful Investigation

Nothing can stop this fantastic rhythm from filling my
being with a soul-filled energy.

Pulling everything into pools of thoughtful investigation
to be developed, explored and put out to the entire world.

Separating pieces of an entire intellect and transforming
them once again into new ideas.

Shaping their entirety in the form of knowledge as it
continues to pour out into pages of poetry to be expressed
in words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Developing Through Karate

Swiftly, fluidly, straight, strong as an arrow,
practicing karate, developing quality through
control.

Finding peace dwelling within, one which has
always been there, lying silently, quietly, for
it's time.

Protracting grace and agility, forcefully
contemplated on hemispheres drawn together in
accord.

Standing tall, heroically in harmony, facing
life head on.

Unafraid of fear, looking sightfully at the
farthest horizons, becoming a being of great and
fulfilling joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Developing Traits

Strumming slowly in a rhythmic standoff, calmly taking into consideration, each step of peaceful enumeration.
Existing alone in circumstantial evidence, trying to semantically strive towards solo journeys through poetical verses on the way to final days of existence.
Developing many traits attached to viable artistic graces, combining them with solitude and contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Developmental Stages

Clamoring in my mind, searching for patterns completed and refined, music develops quickly in memories and becomes discussed in lieu of words.

No insincerity or heightened senses of unbelievable carelessness, only gentle reminders of more to life than what it is.

Tenderly touching, most importantly, what cannot be seen or touched literally.

Paths of steep undertaking, stretched before wildflowers blooming interiorly, set back, looking askance at eternal wonder and conceivement.

Sadly intertwining with soft hesitant voices of ancient rhythms and melodies, serenaded in developmental stages of birth.

Only from a beginning can any talent be born, and grown within.

Loquacious systems of belief are stunted by the imperceptible quantities of self-imposed reality.

Rules followed can never lead to upper stratospheres of wisdom.

To think so cannot be, it is a deceived viewpoint unknown to inner minds, unkempt always with thoughts and ideas, always riding landscapes of this unblinding imagination, enkindled, enlightened, from the very thought processes of birth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Devil's Darkness

Dancing with the devil of deepest darkness, turning
cautiously and hesitantly.

Creeping slowly, silently, towards the entrance of
his dearth.

Being swallowed by cavernous walls and roof, eternally
bound to live beneath the world in a pit of hottest
fire.

Contained, consumed eternally for the few sins one
dared to commit.

Leveling off, no longer balancing right or wrong
against each other.

Delving head first, sight unseen, into the melting pots
of wretched demons.

Throat afire, mind ablaze, consummated in the devil's
pit of fire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Devil's Embrace

Quiet contemplation centers in later years,
filling our souls with love and prayer.

Noticing God in abiding faces, as I look
into eyes of children, seeing their hopes
and dreams drowning inside their needs of
life.

Holding onto faith, praying for peace to
touch their minds, and God to deliver them
from the devil's embrace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Devoted Godfather

Forging into another day, morning sun shining directly
into my eyes, blinding me while sitting here at a table
writing.

Thinking about the coming hours, wondering what they'll
bring and will be good or give more suffering, not want-
ing to do anything really, just write.

Unfortunately having to take care of life and keep going
with inane difficulties that need to be straightened
out, preferring to listen to music.

Clarinet, violin, sax, guitar having a great time when
playing them and other instruments I've had since child-
hood.

Given to me by my Uncle/Godfather John, the best in the
world, always devoted to me, his only Godchild/Niece,
feeding my love of music throughout my younger days.

Remembering him through the years, cigar in his mouth,
never lit, always smiling and laughing, driving his pick
up around town with his dog, Buttons on the seat beside
him, missing him intensely, he died of cancer when I was
only 16.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Devouring Blue Horizons

Clouds breaking overhead, spreading themselves across earth
with a little help from windy breezes.
Piling on top of one another in different areas, trying to
see beautiful sights not often seen.
Fluffy, white, gathering closely together as darker, stormy
clouds approach.
Blackness crawling across skies devouring blue horizons.
Sun being hidden by a drape of full, dark, stormy clouds -
soon to be spilling rain upon earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Devouring Doubts

Stretching life across rhythms of nature,
being played in environments of entertainment.
Sated with dreams of becoming famous and rich,
allowing minds to soar beyond earthly limits
on wings of angels.
Devouring doubts with hope and grace, believing
in a future of wonder and attainment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dew Covered Memory

Visions sprouting in a dew covered memory, restlessly
forming many adjectives - allowing them silent sounds
of beauty.

Picturesque screens with pictures riding in deserts of my
own making, giving explanations to another sphere some-
where in rain storms of future designs.

Believing in a God, and being forgiven by the side of
heaven above me.
Taking all the wonder and awe, gathered in gems of verse
with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dew Drops

Gardens of heaven are being seen when I close my eyes,
morning dew drops sitting,
crystallizing in the morning sun,
reflecting beautiful colors not of earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dew Drops Of Ideas

Striding steadily into new horizons, heart beating with
the excitement of learning and discovering what lies
beyond.

Innocent, pure and naïve thoughts being given a chance
to open and fall like blossoms of roses up in heaven.

Dew drops full of ideas continually beginning in rhythms
of melodies.

A never-ending repertoire of enchanting, tantalizing images, appearing gently,
rising within so very softly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Diagrams Of Language

Softly, gently, melodies play in diverse diagrams
of language as they sway in time with music.

Succulent desires being fulfilled through love of
another, tantalizing life as it goes through one
stage after another.

Persistent feelings, dancing about, calming this
spirit with an answered prayer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Diamond Gems

Special commitments coming this way, rhythms being played
faster, receiving thoughts rapidly, writing them down as
fast as possible.

Listening intently, getting the intensity of perfect tones
as they are flowing carefully into the atmosphere.

Sounds are filling and giving all sorts of diamond gems to
be used in wisdom's vestiges.

Enveloping in the beauty of another dimension, letting self
enjoy every note coming into many patterns of entertainment.

Singly dropping everyone into the mix and blending them with
a sound imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Diamonds Of Circular Lights

Limitless freedom sits within me, justifying itself through writing, refusing to listen or obey anyone else's words or commands.
Climbing walls, looking about, seeing brand new landscapes unfolding before my mind in elastic beauty.
Sensing words becoming as I look within subconscious thoughts, exercising my every brain cell with ideas flowing out and over one another.
Beseeching cacophonies of spheres and orbs as they suddenly appear before my sight, engaging in a blending of tones, through rhythm and artistic grace.
Bequiling others with extraordinary senses of picturesque familiarity left over from yesterday's memories.
Now set in diamonds of circular lights, blinking their appreciation throughout my patterned creativeness.
Nestled quietly inside, awaiting their upcoming times of beginnings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Diamonds Of Thought

Diamonds of thought twinkle throughout my brain,
selecting themselves in never-endingly new forms,
expressions and images.
Becoming the poems, stories, and themes they finally
end up being for the world to surmise when I am dead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Diary Of Thought

Showers of emotion flow into my mind's pathways,
enlightening a focus of unmentionables in a diary
of thought.
Choosing delectable sights set in nature's abode,
free of rigorous tight-holds on spaces of my
individual stance of freedom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dictionaries Of Concentration

Researching interior motives, keeping them together
to be stored in vaults of timeless endeavors.

Stretching an etude to include life in it's best
form on daily earthen shores.

Releasing ancestral images into interior atmospheres,
trailing across pages of anecdotal phrases, taking
in stride, tantamount lanes of disguised poetical
rhymes in dictionaries of sublime concentration.

Replaying emotions, moods, ideas into cohesive
meanings felt throughout the years of sanitized bliss
and movement.

Characteristically forsaken until a person's heart
opens and remembers it once more before the end of
life's time on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dictionary Of Intellect

Loving to read, write, compose music and paint portraits
through innate gifts that have been given to me.

An everlasting energy every moment of my life, equations
and mathematical compartments held within my mind.

Spreading into vocabulary and the dictionary of intellect,
combining and inventing so many views, showing all sides
and aspects of each thing invented for the betterment of
mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Didactic Encounters

Atmospheric pressure cornering facets of rhyming
as I entertain myself interiorly, taking in every
nuance and thought beginning to exist in literature's
fruitful enticement.
Standing next to shadows centering themselves in
memories now in the making of an entire tome of poetry
for the future.
Sensing every direction and didactic encounter as it
slowly buds within, carrying me forward into a sixth
dimension of everlasting wisdom.
Foregoing any hint of established talent, preferring
instead, to create everything anew.
Freshly grown, fragrantly hovering just inside my
mind's senses for all time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Differeant Levels Of Paradise

Lights keeping time with rhythms, making pathways, and
clearing them to allow melodies to flow on their own
without any trouble, living on edges of another world.

Tracing tears that used to be, touching reminders as they
finally fade away into thin air, expiring and sinking into
an invisible sunset I may have once seen in a dream.

Solemn and refreshing, taking accents of music far away on
different levels of paradise while existing in the memories
I keep treasured within my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Difference

Whenever anything needs to be done, waiting must always come first.
Everything good is slow and sure, or so I've been told.
Sometimes I've done things fast, without a thought and they turned out fine.
There is a big difference between what others tell me and my personal experience.
This observation, I must remember when dealing with others because we all do things differently.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Differences

Artistic endeavors don't come close to actual reality, showing their amateurish reconciliations in paintings of non-essential portrayals.
Beauty in reality can never be compared to man-made pictures of the same things.
Taking time to consider every dimension on it's own merits and accepting facts instead of seeing wrongly.
Feeling cold and empty, watching majestic mountains pass before me, thinking they're just like me, cold and empty.
Yet, they're not, I feel their warmth in the sun, their fullness as every type of cacti and animal lives upon them.
How different it is than my perception of it.
Walking on, feeling at one with the many mountains I see, now knowing how really different we are.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Differences In Life

Differences in life are cut short by insistence of prejudice
and self.

Short-changing others to benefit self-esteem and worth, likely
aspects of survival depending on individuals banding together
as teams to provide needed respite or services.

Ascertaining quality of life is done through each person, and
brought to bear upon all through perseverance and dedication,
never standing on ceremonial principles of deceit.

Unfolding through everyone's hands, life is then fulfilled.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Different Ages

Thinking of olden days when people had to work just
to eat and live.
So different now than then, people with leisure time,
playing bingo, dancing, traveling for pleasure,
enjoying the amenities of technology and progress.
Life is so much easier now than it was for our Grand-
parents and parents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Different Angle

Hanging upside down, looking
at nature from a different angle.
Searching for something I've not
seen before.
Locating needles on a cactus, I
see them as poking strands of hair,
warning everyone to stay away.
Much like I'm staying away from
others so I won't get hurt any longer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Different Avenues Of Suffering

Berating selves for being so weak and fragile in the
presence of death as it takes away loved ones in their
lives.

Unnecessarily feeling lost and forsaken, knowing nothing
but sorrow bowing their heads and minds, taking pathways
into ocean's of tears, drowning in it's depths without a
life raft.

Knowing nothing to be done, they continue to forfeit the
rest of their lives, not seeing that loved ones remaining
are also at a loss and needing them desperately themselves.

Having lost one to death, the other to the sorrow covering
another with the curtains and drapes covering their minds
intensely.

Finding their way takes a long time in coming, different
avenues of suffering for each individual are alone.

When suddenly someone, usually a stranger, steps into the
picture and begins to help them turn their mind back to
the living who are waiting for them to be revived from their selfishness, caused
by the intense grief haranguing them.

Solemn promises of life to continue, are being silently
spoken, but the grieving heart doesn't want to listen at
first.

Later, they finally hear the pleas of their sons and
daughters realizing they have shut themselves off from even
them.

Humbly sorry, they start speaking and visiting them once
again.

Family ties again being brought back together and family is rearranged into a
new place of being.

Moving forward, slowly, putting one foot in front of the other until they are back on solid ground.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Different Circumstances

Streaming down lanes of yesterday, trying to regain
their balance.

Bringing them into today's essence of periodic life
through turmoil and stressful situations.

Circumstances being different from back then, yet are
enticing me just the same today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Different Concept

Wanting nothing in this materialistic world, knowing it
is only temporary and not made to last very long.

Others grasp onto things as if they are lifelines and
wonder why they feel like failures when they break down.

All that will last in this lifetime is our love, caring
and compassion for others.

Money cannot do the same thing as a person's heart when
helping someone in need.

A totally different concept, kept below most people's
consciousness because they forget the important things.

Parts of the past with meaning need to be resurrected
once again, the good things in life not needing money.

Remembering to reach out to others from your hearts, not
just from your pockets, because money really hasn't much
significance in people's lives who are on the edges of
life, it's love and caring that make a difference and
impact to those in need.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Different Delight

Afternoons now culminating in delight, so different from
the ones we used to share when the kids were in school and
we were free for a while.
Good old days with their memories intact and pasted onto
interior screens forever.

(2: 55 p.m. - 10/28/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Different Level

Ascertaining different aspects in models of thought, always listening and interpreting what is being presented.

Coming up with ideas related to them on a different level from normal ones.

Wanting to delve into depths of many subjects, trying to find out what their purposes and meanings are.

Always having an infinite curiosity into incentives and purposes of the way things are habitually or spontaneously done.

Finding many directions that each subject takes in thoughts, ideas and conversations.

Often wondering if everyone thinks like I do or are they on some other level than the one I'm on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Different Levels

Filled with the Italian spirit, settled deep within,
there appears to be a gentle, caring person.

Afraid on several different levels of becoming real,
walled protection is erected in place of opaque shields.

Looking cautiously, because of career and work, missing
many opportunities to make friends.

Helping and developing innate talents, spreading gifts
very thinly, afraid of rejection on personal levels,
a sense of well-being is hidden still.

Running, one step at a time, pausing, alternating
between reality and dreams, perfectly forgiving everyone
else, forgetting self.

Talking, helping others, forgetting that needs must
be met also, for oneself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Different Levels Of Antipahty

Rhetoric playing gently in the background, letting me flow forward into pages of life that I have written.

Solemnly taking every emotion and feeling into consideration, letting them be exposed on different levels of antipathy.

Surging forward, rapidly moving into another realm and dimension.

So enticed by the movement and direction of every tempo in turn.

Waltzing caressingly in a balmy melody, giving self to an energy of another time in space.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Different Poetical Outlooks

Loving the beauty that takes me away into other
dimensions, giving new purposes and meaning.

Always grasping details of every experience and
placing them onto photographic screens, playing
videos whenever wanting to relive any of them.

Fantasies and imagination, giving a magnificent
repertoire of reality and how to surpass it in
a different universe through intellect.

Creating and evolving throughout poetry and it's
different outlooks in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Different Points In Life

Looking all around at people living their individual lives
to the best of their ability.

Touching others at different points in life, sometimes
just for moments in time, others for the rest of their
lives.

Spending time, making memories just like family, maybe
even at times being closer than them, because there are
no family problems gathering together in rivalry.

Living in the intensity of special graces and blessings
given through God only, as He puts people on our paths
that he wants to be helped or can help us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Different Slants

Sweet melodies swinging in my mind,
catching hold of irregular beats
and blending them smoothly together
in harmonic rhythms.

Soon to be played musically and
written into poems with different
slants to their positions for a while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Different Sources

Watching angles being illuminated
from different sources of life.

Some manmade - others from sunlight
and even some from intellect, all
focusing on them clearly and openly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Different Styles

Deep euphoric tones fill my mind with matchless beauty,
beyond infinity.
Resonating within my soul, being moved to creative
realms where I can focus and recreate myself in many
different styles of poetic comprehension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Different Technologies

Thinking about electronics, computer technology and microwaves, radio frequencies, so many other things in today's world.

Wanting to know how they work exactly, thinking to improve on each of them or maybe combine different technologies to come up with other new designs and products.

Making life much more proficient and easier to deal with, understanding the basics of the world around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Different Thoughts

Reaching for particular rhythms in every song, concentrating
on individual instruments while writing, giving a different
set of thoughts with every one played amidst all others.

Continuing through every poem, keeping rhythms flowing easily
and perfectly through to each ending.

Storming electrically when playing the guitar, easily sounding
keyboards all giving and taking, altering each note, coding
the entire melody for eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Different View

Remembering the New Jersey Boardwalk at Seaside
Heights, where I spent a lot of time when younger.

Walking beneath it, because it gave me privacy and
a
different view of the boardwalk underneath it.

Waves hitting posts, holding it up and splashing,
a nice little memory of being alone in a wonderful
place filled with peace and joy at what I was seeing
that others may never see.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Different Ways

Closing curtains in life, enjoying the privacy it brings to my soul.
Opening doors to innate talent wide, enabling me to express myself in many different ways without interference.
Going into caverns and labyrinths I succeed in portraying many visions in poems for all to see.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Difficult Blessing

Focusing on nature from within, rocking to it's rhythms,
bringing pleasure and healing to my being, finding ways
to bring me into nothing but positive thoughts and moods.

Leading me into the light of another dimension, filled
with happiness and joy, meeting with others, my spirit
filling them with an inspiration being given by God.

Touching other's minds and hearts, giving their souls a
burst of serenity in times of pain, stress and suffering
that they're going through.

Unaware by anyone else around them, collecting hope, keep-
ing it in reserve for dark days when there will be no light,
for they'll be going through dark nights in the desert.

Their souls searching for answers, praying and feeling hope-
lessly lost, thinking it will last forever, yet, eventually
ending so they can see it was essential to purify them.

A special, yet difficult blessing and gift from the Almighty,
bringing us closer to understanding and realizations that
we belong totally to Him, needing His help in this temporary
world of ours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Difficult Designs

Factually recognizing patterns as they flash through my mind and catch a place in line.
Falling apart, then rearranging themselves in very difficult designs, portraying activities of my imagination as they thrive on enlightened knowledge of the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Difficult Expression Of Sorrow

Set deeply in depths of sorrow, being brought up in
a swelling of tears not able to be held back any more.
A difficult expression of sorrow, hurting more than
anyone will ever know.
Causing explicit burning of tears flowing into an open
and raw heart, taking my soul into realms of grief so
far north that they freeze my mind.
Taking my being, turning it inside out and leaving it
on another planet, far away from where I'll ever be
in life.
A silent voice from beyond, hidden softly in a coffin,
now being sung in a rhythm of loneliness, filling me
with the emptiness that I continually try not to
express or feel anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Difficult Lesson Of Love

Lonely, forlorn, wanting you only my love, life is
an empty desert if you are not with me all the time,
flowers of cacti will not bloom, rain will not fall,
sun is no longer shining.

Darkness comes upon me when you are gone, living in
a hell, no way to come back to life like it used to
be, sadness draining everything from what you used
to be in our life together.

Music cannot play any longer, it sounds out of tune
and empty of love, our hearts no longer beating rhy-
thmically, we two have completed our earthly journey
of love and caring.

You have lived your purpose and now I must go on living
mine, alas, without you, my dear, and that is the most
difficult lesson I must learn and fulfill without you
by my side any longer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Difficult Life

Listening to a cab driver venting - his life in shatters.
Wife of 22 years got pregnant by someone else and left him.
Father is dying, he lives with and cares for him.
Last week he was robbed at gun point and a sixty-three dollar
fare ran off without paying him. He just can't get a break.
Never trusting anyone again.
He grew up poor, never had anything, always had lousy jobs
with little pay.
This cab driver, angry at the world for the situation he's in.
A total stranger when I entered his cab, now I know his life
history and my heart goes out to him.
Sensing that he has a good heart and is a decent person, like
me, just trying to exist.
Said a little prayer for him, let him know that, he said he's
prayed all his life and never got nowhere.
An understandable negative outlook that I can identify with
to a point.
He never had children, his mom left his dad after he got cancer
and she was on drugs, stealing all the money, leaving his dad
broke.
There's just no justice in this wicked world of today.
Getting to my destination I wished him well and he did the same
for me.

(11: 49 a.m. - 10/30/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Difficult Moment

Waiting an eternity for just one moment in time is
difficult, but never minded as it's memory continues
to help us progress through time to our next awaited
moment.
Hopefully it will be just as exquisite and grand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Difficult Patterns

Softly touching a spirit of being, calling me from depths of heaven.
Justifying the proliferation of writing through all the smoke screens. Standing in the way of future visions, giving me difficult patterns of existence and tossing over designs of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Difficult Process

Reasons abound in life why we become depressed, lonely, feel abandoned, many times it's due to death and loss of loved ones being taken from us.

Yet without this difficult process happening we'd forever be living on this earth without ever attaining heaven and being fulfilled by God's promises to us.

We put up with all that's given to us, both good and bad, all knowing that one day we will be on the way to our next horizon in heaven, where our loved ones await us one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Difficult To Love

Love is very difficult to fathom because it can be so beautiful - so awe-inspiring, yet filled with such pain.
Being close to someone hurts while it is also enjoyable.
Death makes love hurt constantly until time eventually intervenes.
Love is not so enjoyable when death takes away the object of our love.
Heart's ache with the loss of loved ones, tears come unbidden, when brushed away, they somehow reappear.
So many times we lose sight of love after death - our sorrow is so total - so complete - we cannot find our way unless someone else cares enough to help us find our way back to reality.
Life must go on as much as we hate to see it happen.
There are no short cuts through the pain of loss, we must experience it fully in order to live our lives again.
Love in it's beauty is like a rose in bloom and also when it dies upon the stem.
Fragrance of love, as of the rose, disappears with death, leaving behind crumbled brown petals upon the ground.
Death leaves memories behind that we sometimes wish would crumble and die, but will not.
Memories of being unkind, unloving, disrespectful of someone we loved.
These memories crush our hearts over and over as we first live in the past of our dearest love.
Death separates us somehow from people, causing us to reflect on our relationships with them.
Reflection can be helpful to us if we apply it to people still in our lives.
We learn a little each time we face death, that people need to be touched by another's love.
There is no sin in it.
On the road of our daily lives, all must bend with the tides of death as it invades our lives forever.
In doing so, sorrow undoubtedly enters.
There is no escape from it's pain - it's total suffering.
Almost everyone we meet has already gone through the process of death in one way or another, therefore we are all kindred spirits, albeit at different levels of acceptance.
We can try to ease our suffering by reaching out to others in our sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Difficulty Coping

Watching people I've known for years, knowing everything
about them and where they are in life, many being men and
widows, having difficulty coping without their wives.

Devastated and not knowing what to do anymore, just drift-
ing through life with no goals or direction, their minds
a total blank.

Existing, hoping for a friend to come and talk to them,
hoping maybe, possibly, someone will come into their lives
and help them find a reason to continue living.

A lonely way to live, but it's all they have to look for-
ward to these days, not willing to do anything to get be-
yond their sorrow, for it's way too much to handle.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Diffident Moods

Symphonies stringing themselves into
depths of imagination where they dance
and move in time to rhythms, being
splendidly played in diffident moods.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Digesting And Existing

Reaching inwards where all of life exists within our souls,
watching how it continues beating along with rhythms of
another life, lived for moments in eternity.

Left to beat throughout a life filled with turmoil and mirth,
nothing else seeming to matter as long as writing continues
flowing and cascading from this soul.

Singly filling many pages, prolifically taking self into
depths no one else can digest or exist except this mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Digesting Emotions

Silent whispers speaking of things I'd rather not hear
in life.

Attempting to write while listening to music, giving
away feelings in heart-felt words and sentences.

Hoping that someone will recognize some part of me in
one of my poems.

Digesting emotions, knowing them too well, hoping to
one day get beyond every one of them and live in the
midst of a rose garden even now growing inside.

With a river running through it, allowing me to drown
the past in it's white water rapids down river a little
way.

A beautiful scene reminding me that life can be
wonderful at times when looking up out of the blackness
of grief and sorrow culminating inside of this being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Digesting Sadness

Hanging my head in silence, contemplating the loneliness always hiding inside.
Where does it come from? Why does it visit me so consistently?
Poetry deciphers and brings it out in the open where I can see and digest it -
always trying to find it's roots and source in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Digging Deeply

Striking while the iron is hot, mind melding
with depths of an interior spirituality.

Digging deeply into edges of another horizon,
quietly designing patterns to be used later on.

Knowing curly waves that come crashing against
my being, will silently knock me over.

Sinking into the ocean's depths, being swallowed
by it's beauty and constant crashing against shore.

Sending rhythms into a never-ending tumultuous
rhythm of life.

Singing tones that come foaming from beneath the
waves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Diligently Traveling

Filtering life through musical interludes and
compositions, keeping suffering and pain on
the outside.
Trying to keep it from precluding life as I
travel diligently into every phase of interior
rhythms.
Playing them all in harmony as I move forward
into the next realm where I can be alone to do
what I love without anyone bothering me.
Knowing nothing beyond what it is I want to do,
the only way to live life and have some joy
before my end is near.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dimensional Aptitudes

Subconscious thoughts don't always make themselves known,
we must delve into them with a formidable curiosity to
attain it's wisdom.

It is a space of freedom within our intellects where our
reality meets with an ingenuity of imagination, giving us
the ability to go beyond normal avenues of knowledge.

Going beyond wisdom in our lives, always reasoning and
comparing logically, everything we experience in life,
taking into account our feelings and emotions.

Adding them to the interior equations of dimensional
aptitudes, expanding our intuition and spiritual realms
significantly in comparison.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dimensional Edges

Lively anticipation of enjoyment on edges of circles
gives me food for thought.
Developing my senses in many dimensions, creating
mind-sets only I can understand and write about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dimensional Factors

Finding equivalents of formulas in my mind,
stretching their numbers and adding
dimensional factors to each of the equations.

Allowing for the distribution of all trials as
behaviors bring all together in a complex
simplicity of mathematical concepts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dimensional Intelligence

Blending with my brain, creating masterpieces of artistic grace within, touching lightly, beatitudes of emotion, swelling them and focusing musically on their contents.

Raising intelligence with every margin of distance in many dimensions, collating melodies with synapses and neurons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dimensional Orbits

Sidling along pathways at the end of a wonderfully peaceful evening, I sigh and reluctantly let go of it's entire pleasurable feeling.
Setting free, my spirit soars into dimensional orbits of other environments, grasping my mind and exerting it's emotional content into what I choose to see.
Receiving every notion, placing it into mosaics of beautiful array and saved carefully in a memory of joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dimensional Outlines

Regular boundaries being smoothed, pressed
and extended into outlines of other
dimensions.

Continuing existentially along pathways of
decision, holding onto images of yesterday
bringing them into focus mindfully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dimensional Patterns

Crossing patterns created by intense thoughts,
alleviating stress caused by turmoil around me.
Saturated in serene contemplation, focusing on
faithful hopes as I delve into cavernous
dimensions, seeking what I don't know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dimensions And Atmspheres

Riding into the sunset, life hurrying alongside, trying
to keep up with imagination as I travel swiftly into
dimensions and atmospheres of difference.

Decoding rhythms of surpassing knowledge, playing and
fastidiously touching notes of explicit forces in nature.

Featuring the relativity of not only time and space, but
of sound and invisible radio waves.

Always taking steps towards the divine in life, holding
onto aspects of life promises, bringing out beauty all
the while.

Stating equivocal testaments of calculus in many equations,
perhaps soothing certain talents as they progress and rise
ever higher into outer spaces of intellect.

Always surpassing essential facets that ordinarily would
be ignored or just not seen, forcing the mind to open and
code all messages of the brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dimensions Beyond Our Own

Jointly reticent, listening to messages being sent
from beyond, sensitive to their signals and caring.
Preparing to write of them in volumes of poetry to
the ends of time.
Reaching silently en masse into both worlds of
imagination's and subconsciousness' realms, climbing
into and upon many dimensions beyond our own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dimensions Of Discovery

Life straddles many dimensions unknown to us
and our worlds.
Discoveries lie in wait, hoping to be found
out before the setting sun disappears for the
night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dimensions Of Heaven

Leveling out across the atmosphere, sounds of music filling
intellect, justifying life with chords of melodies taking
me into dimensions of heaven.

Finding happiness, being filled with joy, swinging on clouds,
looking at beautiful views all around in the succinct and
tantalizing images heaven allows me to see.

Sounds and tones delicately being tasted by an innate in-
tellect as it is surrounded by explosions of color, able
to taste their exquisite flavors.

Savory and magnificent, wishing we could have them here on
earth also, but they are being saved for when we die and go
to heaven at long last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dimensions Of Inner Space

Strumming the banjo with intellect, finding more important
facets to subconsciousness without even trying.
Slamming into every cause, belying ancient wisdom as it
rises before me in songs of old.
Sincere objections keep forming patterns as I wakefully
fall asleep in dimensions of inner space.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dimensions Of Insight

Mystery and romance combined in music of a cha cha
being played for our amusement and pleasure.

A total experience of intense rhythm taking us into
believable dimensions of insight, giving the know-
how needed to complete the necessary steps in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dimensions Of Reality

Taking strides in daily living, solving crostics and puzzles
by the hour, increases the lightness of emotional trials over
time.

Codes of bereavement and loneliness stretch and locate answers
for time immemorial.

Stirring their essences allows new ideological situations to
arise and become a part of reality's dimensions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dimensions Of Yesteryear

Memories mindful of the wakeful sun shining through
leaves of trees, tracing destinations from branch
to branch, undecided as to it's hemisphere.

Wind walking on tiptoe throughout the trees, finding
pathways strayed from reason.

Following dimensions of yesteryear, life begins anew,
fragrantly blossoming new ideas.

Reaching up, picking those that are ripe, looking down,
toes scuffling through those of old, lying on the ground
- overipened - yet still containing the blessed
age of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Diminished By Time

Hearts beating, lonely echoes of yesterday's life
touching their minds with an euphoria now diminished
by time and grabbed away by death's insistence.

Finally lying back in the cradle of life, deciding
to let go and be done with it all.

Missing loved ones and not wanting to go on without
them anymore.

Softly, gently breathing last breaths in an early
morning sunrise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Diminished Reality

Darkness enters my mind at times, giving me diminished
reality as I try and tread sorrow for a while.
Having learned how to write it all into poetry to take
it afar, so I may see it for what it is and learn life's
lessons from it's messages.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Diminishing Moments

Life when young is open and free, our pathways to the future are filled with a myriad of goals and achievements we hope to accomplish one day.

Traversing down destiny's road we begin to stop more often to smell the roses, notice details of nature and diminishing moments being spent with others and doing things.

Now in this certain area of our lives, seeing that we have been shut down so to speak, seeing the ending horizon very clearly now.

Waiting expectantly to enter that moment of death when life has been finally extinguished, even those close to us know nothing of what we're thinking or feeling about it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dining In Duncan, Arizona

Loving the U.S.A., rocking in a little western restaurant here
in Duncan, Arizona, enjoying the quaint atmosphere and antique
relics of days gone by.

Cowboy hats hanging above the tables, cowhide tablecloths,
black and white, looking like actual cowhide, touching it and
being disappointed to find it was just a plastic tablecloth.

Specials, mexican or western, breakfast too, all reasonably
priced, patrons from the town of Duncan coming in for lunch,
friendly, smiling waving as they go to their regular tables.

Walls are unpainted particle board, very rustic addition to
the total western environment, all in all a wonderful place
to stop and eat after unloading a trailer full of furniture.

An old historic gin mill that my friends have purchased and are
restoring, drinking an old-fashioned root beer, thoroughly enjoy-
ing this relaxed, yet vibrant old western town.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dining Out

Quietly sitting in a corner booth, preciously
guarding their privacy as they speak of family
matters among themselves.
Eating, enjoying one another's company and
conversation on an early evening.
Tuesdays are so unenergetic, boring - that
people try to inject some fun and enjoyment
into them by eating out with family and friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dinosaur Eye

Looking toward a nighttime sky, blackened by the time
of day it is.

Scanning the skies, noticing one sleepy eyelid half
closed, staring over the universe.

An ancient dinosaur-looking eye, causing a creative
eye on earth to write about it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dipping Minds

Like theives in the night, notes steal particles of interior minds
and use them to write prose and compose music, creating interludes
in depths of meaningful moments of silence.

Sitting quietly, yet energetically in the midst of tranquil waters
of serenity throughout life, dipping minds carefully into these
shallow pools, cooling off in Phoenix under cool misters of air.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dire Need Of Justice

Lonesome foibles gathering in bundles, swearing to stay together as they pass under bridges that span earth.
Today all levels of justice stand alone and incorporate ethics of yesterday, while forgetting morals we grew up with.
Antagonizing listless movement while standing still in monumental fortitude, aspiring to great heights as I sit in dire need.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Direct Dimensions

Noticing sounds surrounding me with tunes of nature,
silently displaying recordings in my mind.

Possessing positive instincts in roadways of literate
composure, trusting innate intellect, enjoying
feelings it creates within me.

Elating inner thoughts, filling them with energetic
focus, portraying direct dimensions with an idea,
instantly creating novel, picturesque scenery for my
brain to grasp and describe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Directions

Ancient winds of chance blow through our lives,
mixing and matching us with one another through
immeasurable circumstances.

Life settles upon us in indescribable ways,
connecting us to nature in myriads of aspects.

All of it pointing us in the direction of our
demise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Directions Of Magical Avenues

Going into repasts of yesterday, allowing peaceful aspects to
calmly bring me into pastimes enjoyed today, slowly, steadily, silently, moving
into directions of magical avenues, staying
and reliving moments that were truly loved back then.

Carefully existing on the balcony of heaven, looking out
over the universe, contemplating the usefulness of every
individual, making the energy of everyone blend and work in
easing all for mankind's sake in the future.

Taking all improvements forward into a break-through of
technology in rhythm, soliciting only the most flowing and
original ones, coded for immediate processing without any
delays in productivity, accessing only the best in line for
the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dirty Dancing

Twisting and shouting, taking a swing around the room, enjoying the attention being given him as he dirty dances to the rhythms of a country band.
Alleviating pockets of energy through the dancing of fabulous moves, striving for the best of everything in life's musical motions, asleep
at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disagreeing With Care

Strongly disagreeing with the utmost care,
carefully preparing argumentative solutions
to life in an office.

Duplicating with each individual, problems
with past issues, relationships and work.

Continually striving to meet and make goals,
changing and altering as each one is tested
fully and either kept, discarded or shelved
for the time being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disappearing

Narrow voices, harried with stresses of daily trials,
trying to place them aside, but not having much success
at this particular time in space.

Touching tears quickly and quietly in sorrow's grasp,
wishing to hide from other's noticing with any great
detail.

Softly, tiptoeing away, trying to disappear from sight,
allowing no untoward emotion to escape.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disappearing Aspects

Mazes of incredible puzzles lengthen and enter
minds as a brain opens up, feeling challenged
by the disappearing aspects of conclusions.

Clues are solved anyway, because intellect has
conquered the pathway to all questions in answers
taken from outside the ordinary box of rhetoric.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disappearing Droplets

Sprinklers automatically coming on out back, sun shining
timidly through leaves and branches of trees low to the
ground.

Little droplets of water jumping and playing, soaring in-
to the atmosphere, then falling mirthlessly onto the sur-
face of the ground.

Disappearing among thousands of blades of green grass grow-
ing from the dirt, never to be seen again except in this
poem and photographic memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disappearing Edges

Exercising purity and holiness against tides of life.
Becoming energetic on sidelines of unforgettable beatitudes.
Stringing rosary beads on disappearing edges of reality, retaliating against impure farcical behaviors of others interfering in measures of detail.
Torturing senses of incessant learning, careening down avenues of explicit tenure.
Exciting newly formed ideas, shaped by patterns of hostility, blended into a myriad of designs, capturing the essence of natural piety.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disappearing Ego

Primal feelings of abandonment and a desolate emptiness
set inside, take away personality with prejudice.
Turning into a prison built for self, finding there
aren't any answers nor is there any assistance, it all
must be done alone.
Self-deprecating guises of familiarity filed away in
depths of interior possessiveness.
Intertwined with a disappearing ego, building upon
quick sand, nothing of value.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disappearing From Sight

Leafless patterns, gathering above in my line of sight, opening up, allowing me to see a cessna flying across the skyway of my mind.

Broken-hearted, jagged, heart deteriorates beyond my vision, barely holding it's own in forms of contemplation.

Seizing every opportunity to become airborne, hanging upside down from a cloud in imagination.

Freely aligning with edges of twilight so I may disappear from everyone's sight, no longer a threat to anyone, in spite of what they might think.

Racing away on skates of bewilderment, trying to placate some interior emotion and placing it beneath coverlets of death's dying thoughts at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disappearing Horizons

Soundly I drift in and out of life's music, advancing
wisdom and knowledge with every iota of being.
Living on edges of sonatas and etude's couches, within
a mind uncluttered with rubbish.
Steadfastly watching innuendoes leaping about and
falling into depths of platitudes, always ready to
wander paths of lightened direction on shores of
disappearing horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disappearing In The Reality Of Life

Morning sun has risen as life fades silently into another
dimension, slowly, gradually disappearing in the reality
of life.

Reflection no longer visible in mirrors of a present
destiny, having moved on, walking pathways of a never-ending
purpose and essence that's filled me from birth.

No one to speak to me, cannot hear anyone any longer, feeling
myself fading into destiny, fate doing it's part well, folding
self into another dimension beyond this earthly world forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disappearing Into Poetry

Tossing and turning in the middle of morning, feeling
empty and defeated, having nothing to live for now.

A promise of lasting love has been torn from me in an
instant.

Left alone to live a life of emptiness and abandonment
only, disappearing into my poetry, the only love I have.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disappearing Into The Sunset

Deftly holding onto the reins as I ride into the desert
of my soul, watching signs along the way, shown to me
by nature.

Catapulting into an interior atmosphere, gaining strength,
slowly becoming a meaning in life.

Tranquilly being soothed by steady sounds of horse hooves
hitting the dry desert floor, echoing into this mind.

Reminding me of the loneliness that is always mine to
have and hold.

Soundlessly gathering thoughts as I disappear into the
sunset.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disappearing Landscape

Frolicking into measures of music, causing mischief,
finding humor in it only.

Loving how it makes feelings rise into the moonlight,
taking me to new horizons in a disappearing landscape.

Lovely memories opening like blossoms, scents touching
my soul with it's essence and perfume of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disappearing Mishaps

Mishaps occur daily in lives of every human being on earth.
Never being held back by them, we travel into our daily
routines.

Not even giving a thought to them as they disappear in a
flurry of excitement over finding something on sale at the
mall.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disappearing Throne

Galloping and running down through cacti, desert sands,
shrubbery and tumbleweeds, while a wind blows clouds
across the sky, pushing along brown pummeled tumbleweeds
into and along desert trails.

Pale moonlight on the horizon, coyote's howling as they
look towards the sky and emptiness, filling the atmosphere
with their lonely calls of the wild.

Knowing that there will be no answering replies coming
from the direction of the moon, as it sits above on it's
disappearing throne tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disappearing Time

Remembering the history of a lifetime, wondering at
it's tendencies and achievements born of yesterday.

Living day to day, never realizing how fast time is
flowing until suddenly realizing that I am now sixty-
four years old.

Where did the time disappear to when I was living it's
moments. How sordidly and completely it hastened away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disappearing Unknowingly

Suspended in an atmosphere all alone, wondering where life has gone, somehow disappearing from sight unknowingly.

At times feeling sad and lonely, thinking of all the tears shed throughout life, wondering where they have gone since flowing from hearts and minds.

Touching gently, all emotions and senses, causing feelings and images to rise unbidden in a mind's visions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disappointment

Bluened sky of morning brings a new president of
the United States.
It's not McCain as we had hoped, but Obama.
Brought to us by Oprah, he got elected and will
now take over as president, raising taxes,
spending money that's not there.
We're in for a mad mouse roller coaster ride for
the next four years full of errors and misjudgments.
We can only hope these years hurry faster than the
speed of sound.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Discarded Life

Walking away from necessities in life, carefully discarding
them so no person can tell what I'm doing.

Soundlessly evaporating into thin air, not leaving behind
any traces or clues to follow.

Disappearing into wave lengths, scattered about the earth
in disarray, happily not existing here anymore.

Playfully becoming memories of old, past images folded and
put away in the bottoms of dresser drawers.

At last the peace and serenity craved for a lifetime have
been possessed and undertaken.

Having walked away from the existence of life, discarding
every particle and atom being washed away by the storms
of life and placed on a distant shore, no more to grieve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Discerning Freedom

Thinking, deeply in contemplation, on shores of life
as it's waves lap upon my brain, whetting it's appetite
with learning, searching, imagination.
A freedom of certain discernment, an elation of purity
from my soul and interior life.
Standing on edges, looking in, finding new and exciting
desert plains arising.
Thought taking me on voyages throughout patterns, mazes, mosaics, allowing
everything to be rearranged to suit my
fancy and to be written down in poems on pages of eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Discerning Mysteries

1: 33 p.m.
Listening to the universe, trying to discern
life's rhythmic mysteries as I see them.

Wondering why we all must have trials and
live difficult lives while we are here on
earth.

So many mysteries wandering around, looking
for a place to sprout wings. 1: 34 p.m.
3/27/14 RoseAnn V. Shawiak

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Discerning Tears

Woeful times of discernment, disappointing and hurting deeply within where all pain hides forever.
Coming out, tears at a time, breaking hearts and continuing on.
Walking along pathways and roads, seeing fauna and flora - reminders of total joy felt when once a small child.
Now grown, holding hands with fate and stepping across destinies as they unfold on new horizons.
Standing blue, crying like a violin, pouring heart and soul into music, moving hearts to stir beyond comprehension.
Swaying with breezes of memory, fragrant blossoms of sadness blow this way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disco Ball

Staring at a disco ball in the reflection of a restaurant window, slowly turning, looking so lonely in the darkened night.

Wishing for a partner in life, standing in the center of the ceiling, no way to get together with anyone or anything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disconsolate Souls

Running, always on edges, afraid, trying not to fall over.
Inside cringing, holding on for dear life - why we don't know.
Ever slipping, sliding into chasms of deep ebony, mortified by many uncaring people, leaving disconsolate souls to die alone within themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Discordant Rhythms

Discordant avenues of irregular rhythms entangle
themselves in bonds of literature.

Rearranging many adjectives and verbs, setting
them into puzzles of unwanted contrasts and
blending them so perfectly, that they now belong
together

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Discordant Sounds

Discordant sounds distort thinking at times, disheveling
thought patterns, causing irregularity of actual breathing.

Yet when softened, pacifying thought processes, helping
to ease these effects rapidly.

Then increasing rhythmic beats filling my mind with in-
tense energy, words flow rapidly from a bluened atmosphere.

Beautiful and exciting feelings come to the foreground,
tones and their rhythms resonate equally within my brain.

Their tempos separating coded messages and allowing me to
use two areas of my brain, keeping time in measures of
exacting equations automatically.

A wonderful and penetrating feeling, totally filling me
with an euphoric and exhilarating intensity that I find
invigorating to my entire being, bringing great joy and
happiness to me indulgently.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Discouraging

There are people, educated, smart, talented with degrees,
when given a position of leadership they fail miserably.

Placing rules and regulations on everyone, micro-managing
and taking freedoms away from those under them.

Giving keys to certain individuals seems to be a mistake
at times, because they think themselves supreme beings.

It's a sad and hopeless shell of a person left standing
there, pathetic, lonely and being despised by everyone.

Instead, they could've been looked up to and well liked
if they had only not let the power go to their heads.

A sad state of affairs, especially when it applies to the
president of the United States and our politicians.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Discoveries

Straightening crooked thoughts in deepening attitudes of life's behavior.
Wondering through the years, as I think of all the discoveries I've made in loving you.
Holding together the essential particles of heart-felt beauty we've found in each other through all these years together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Discoveries In Place

Swinging to tunes of light years, soaring into orbit,
finding many new discoveries have been made and put
in place.

Every country running smoothly, evil having been
destroyed completely, winning with God at the helm,
our world has beaten all odds.

It's now totally peaceful with each country ruling
itself, all citizens of each having a say and living
equally together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Discovering Aspects

Life is showing that it is and can be a truly exciting adventure if you learn how to go about it.

Never faltering when it comes to learning and being educated, taking it all in hand, exploring and discovering every aspect being presented.

It seems to come automatically into depths of intellect, unannounced, but welcome.

Individual aspirations are genuinely expanding limits of it's depth and width, taking it beyond boundaries set in the past by parents, school and other's in your life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Discovering Essence

Walking along, smelling roses as I go, beautiful, with very tantalizing aromas reaching my mind, capturing intellect, writing it into a poem filled with imagery and senses.

Fulfilling every one of them as I continue walking into the sunset, following gestures and expressions into volumes of music.

Testing, exploring and discovering the essence of an interior passion growing quietly, slowly moving into the open, touching my being.

Seeing the wonder and beauty of what lies ahead for each of us who do what's right in this life, caressing hope, finding enlightenment through a silent, nurturing intellect.

Braving inevitable and lasting hardships, suffering, and a constant turmoil throughout life, watching in twilight the aftermath of all these difficulties, moving on even though life has ceased to exist.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Discovering Fragments

Battling relentlessly inside, past memories collide
over and over with no repast.

Touching heavily, slamming into heart-felt sorrow,
totaling sums of past memories.

Turning, twisting, scraping down the road of recovery,
discovering fragments along the way that don't always
fit.

Hurting internally, a little person loved once, maybe,
does not recall love, only the self-hatred of abuse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Discovering Inner Worlds

Piano playing always in my mind, setting music to whatever I happen to see.
Painting picturesque pictures of all that I make up in subconscious dreams.
Holding hands with nighttime thoughts, using flashlights to constructively focus on each image that appears on my mind's screen. Always aiming everything onto colors, pasted on top of extremes in life's reality.
Located in the foreground of peaceful serenity, being contemplated in formulas of exact precision.
Settling disputes carefully without falling on the side of the road on our way to discover new dimensions of other inner worlds.
Taking with us all aspects of reality as we see it in our own visions.
Believing in faith, preparing our hearts and souls for life's death on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Discovering Meaning In America

Watching gusts of wind, blowing an American
flag, waving our freedom in a morning breeze.

Unfolding, flapping, swinging merrily in the
atmosphere of American intellect and ingenuity.

A blessed nation full of freedom and liberty
accessed by it's citizens.

Living in peace and discovering what life is
meant to be along the way.

Knowing what it feels like to be an individual,
having beliefs that cannot be taken from them.

Convictions held solidly and firmly in hand, not
allowing anyone to take them away.

Always having their weapons locked and loaded,
unbeknownst to anyone else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Discovering The Impossible

Living in a vacuum, seeing everything, absorbing it on
photographic screens, yet feeling out of touch with life
at times.

Looking at the sky, seeing it's emptiness filling me like
everything else in this world, wanting to break out of
this vacuous cocoon.

Going my own way with no more boundaries or limitations to
hold me back, removing self from this position, finding the
reality of my being, deserving so much more than what I've
lived for so far.

Discovering the impossible and making it possible through
sheer will power, inner strength and courage, seeing what
needs to be done for people all over the world.

Needing a hand up out of their lifeless and devastating
situations, not wanting hand-outs or welfare, wanting a
permanent solution.

No longer wanting anything from their governments, even
if it's free, because things that are given freely are
just to keep them as slaves so they can continue to con-
trol and enslave them through their corruption and greed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Discovering Thinking

Keeping in step with the timing of beats as each note is played fully amortized in music, bountifully being played to my heart.
Stationing interior lyrics on plains of insight as I reach for lightening quick explanations to discover what I'm thinking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Discovering Unusual Opportunities

Never being bored in life, able to entertain myself by
writing poetry, composing music, painting, always learn-
ing new things, discovering unusual opportunities.

Putting my talent to work, using intellect, common sense
and imagination in order to produce brand new ideas and
concepts.

Taking curiosity and allowing it to figure out how to
make it all work, putting pictures of the puzzle together
in new and different ways.

Using abstracts with ordinary things and ways of doing
whatever my mind thinks of, a splendid way to keep my mind
from ever getting bored in this exciting life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Discussing Dreams

Falling into a late night melody, this mind discussing
dreams with intellect.

Wild and taking off into jungles, tangled with concepts
and perceptions, climbing higher into this mind.

Flowing rhythms continuing to fall into poetry, unafraid
of their words being mistaken in contexts of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Discussing Whispers Of My Soul

Watching reflections mirroring their way into and out of
this poetical mind, searching, taking intellect totally
and vividly into depths of another dimension.

Softly discussing everything in whispers of my soul, know-
ing that God is within, manifesting beauty of His nature
within innate talent.

Bringing about an exciting and beautiful landscape, pic-
turesque and wonderful, nothing on earth able to match
it's reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disembarking From Life

Flattened voice, disembarking from life's journey,
traveling to outer edges of the universe, searching
for faith in labyrinths of unfocused love.

Penetrating silent atmospheres with copious ideas,
settling into morose topics of misunderstanding and
hurt feelings.

Side-stepping other perfect modalities while
scattering tears in multi-directions, no senses left
to entice or hold them here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disentegrating World

On the edge of loneliness, reaching out, wanting to
grasp onto something that will last forever.

Knowing within that it's an impossibility, feeling
the dread that thought brings to light.

Wishing to find a way to make something last forever,
yet even this world is disintegrating from the dis-
respect we show it.

Through pollution, littering, cutting down forests and
destroying deserts, mountains and valleys.

Seeing this destruction, realizing sadly, that nothing
will last forever, for man is hell-bent on destroying
life and nature as we once knew it in our younger days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disguised

Walking across the universe, disguised as a particle of space.

Feeling the spaciousness and seeing starlight as it surrounds every avenue of the milky way.

Taking strides into the emptiness of the black hole, being held tightly so as not to be pulled into it's depths, unfathomed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disguises Of People

People wearing many disguises, afraid to be themselves,
pretending to know who they are.
Yet, within lies human nature with all it's faults and
doubts, insinuating itself in minds of already frail
egos.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disgusting And Barbaric

Seeing a picture of our President, head decapitated and held in a comediennes hands, with blood all over, thinking it was funny, she is mentally depraved.

Only a person with that type of mentality would post a disgusting barbaric picture of our dear President in this terrible bloody light, her sanity definitely in question.

This is what the democrats and liberals have become, the basest form of human nature on earth today, rallying behind isis with their disturbing depiction of barbaric depravity, terrorists cheering her on.

The DNC has turned into an unfit role model for everyone, especially children, condoning hatred, racism, intolerance, corruption and inhumane treatment of others.

This is exactly what communists and nazis' had done, stripping away common decency, attacking people for what they say, their religion, the very core of humanity.

There's no excuse for this vile, vulgar, despicable behavior in this world, it is inexcusable and needs to be dealt with accordingly, to put an end to it once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disgusting And Vile

Rotting in corners of the world, whole civilizations
being down-trodden by isis, their men's privates being
more important to men only.

Using them to force themselves upon women and children,
unable to get a woman any other way, they barbarically
continue raping.

Although it does nothing to make them a man, giving not
a thing to a woman - no pleasure for sure, because they
are truly only touching and pleasing themselves.

Using a woman's or child's bodies for their perverse
lust and pedophilia, such disgusting and vile men should
all be castrated then put to death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disheveled Attitudes

Separating notes, letting them slide around my mind
in disheveled attitudes just to see what will come
of them.

Grasping onto every one, finding ideas popping around,
lending an ear to sounds they are now creating.

Wondering at their near misses in hitting abstract
ideas, yet seeing them take up each one separately.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disjointed Unison

Musicians, young, just starting out, giving a recital.
Notes blaring out, some too sharp, piercing tonal
perfection, wrecking havoc to my ears.
At times flattened, notes distorting sounds that are
being played in unison, grating against my mind's ears
with distaste.
Listening, trying to be inspired by melodies, but the
music being played strays from one musician to another,
never fully gathering any momentum together in unison.
A distracting array of notes forming and coagulating
in mid-air, not giving an appreciable concert of
beautiful, natural musical delight, like many other
practiced musicians.
Just learning, young ones need to listen to one
another as they play, so they can hear where they're
at in each musical score.
Cute, energetic, wanting to please, yet they have not
come full circle as yet.
Strands of notes being played off-key, accentuating
this beginning stature in the world of music.
A friend's Grandchildren, amongst them, but he hears
nothing but his pride of them filling his heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dismal Foreshadowing Of Life

Solemn, quiet, taking thoughts funereally into the
darkness of my soul.

Melody's tears pouring out of this heart, being
unrecognizable in this morning light as they pass
shadowly across my mind.

Stone walls standing beneath my feet as I walk
into danger zones of bereavement, nothing or no one
here to help in this forsaken desert of the soul.

Falling with this blackened night into a dismal
foreshadowing of life in the future, dying in a
helpless state of mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dismal Happiness

Never-ending sagas of disconsolate endeavors, pushing
people to sidelines of dismay.
Captured by anondizing lectures of servitude.
Misplaced placations sinking to tops of ocean's depths,
no where to climb or sit aside.
Forever taking steps towards non-existent territories
while sloshing through rain-soaked memories, for an
eternity.
Stationary byways filtering over running images like
water over rocks on it's way down waterfalls.
Likely anticipation prodding people to forefronts of
happiness, one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dismissed Suggestions

Stationed in doorways, penetrating inner spaces with imagination, hoping to find peace without going through the trauma in life.
Suggestions abound from all quarters, they're dismissed summarily by my mind, because they don't fit in with the nature of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disorder Having A Purpose

Crashing and splashing into a myriad of ideas,
creativeness playing with it's mess, enjoying
it's absolute haphazardness.

Finding there's an order and sequence to it
even though it was intended to create havoc
all around.

Now understanding that gravity has a purpose
in the perfect order of things out of the
ordinary.

Watching as disorder finds special patterns
and designs to create new shapes and forms
advancing technology of medicine and science.

Special procedures being done with age-old
materials are now bringing about a whole
new world of medicine also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disorderly Order

Disorderly order arranged upon my
desk in the corner of our family room.
Always ready to dismember whatever papers I need,
letting them be found immediately.

Appreciating the way everything lies beautifully
in an array of poetical settings in just my style.

Whenever my husband decides to rummage through my
desk, however, everything is put out of order and
I can no longer find anything in my style of
disorderly order.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disparity

Disparity of truth is difficult to understand, because it
is just there, staring you in the mind, allowing an under-
standing of the concept.

Yet, how is it that people lie to your face instead of tell-
ing the truth, being honest, letting another be respected
without resorting to lies would be best.

Cheapening friendship instead of expanding and bringing one
another closer to God doesn't make sense.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disparity Of Quality

Traveling by train across India, seeing the countryside
in all it's stark beauty, standing out upon photographic
screens now.

Bringing me such pleasure as my mind watches it go by,
taking a place within intellect where it enters poetry,
a totally fascinating experience.

Giving my heart joy as I learn more about India with
every mile encompassed, a simple and beautiful way of
life lying before me along the way.

Grass roofs, huts alongside of skyscrapers rising into
the atmosphere, an anomaly to behold, one of humanity's
imperfections, that of poverty and wealth living together
in a disparity of equality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dispelling Myths

Popping up and down in time with music, clicking with drums as they continue to strike me with a gentle force of nature.

Allowing inner heartbeats to be captivated by their energy, always consisting of an impervious delight of an inner spirituality.

A never-ending progression of enticing rhythms, so-called periods in this world are always happening in circumspect events.

Allowing the ancestry of another time to be spotlighted here in the present, innate talent being spread from one generation to another.

Never missing a beat as it wanders through the years, finding a fascination in the coded rhythms of poetical essences and natures.

Gestures of another, beat while finding their way into the steady and uninterrupted wanderings of thought, escalating and climbing into the beauty of heaven.

Slowly riding upwards, a never-ending scenic view of heaven, always trying to be good, finding that it's hard to do.

Disobeying and going against authority is my favorite thing to do in life, dispelling the myth of being obedient and always listening.

That never happening with this quiet, stubborn Sicilian riding away into the sunset on an invisible horse, keeping the mirage of truth hidden behind the views of another time.

All indecision in life not being a part of my repertoire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Displaced Harmony

Stripes filled with the holes of universal musical notes,
stretching heavenward in search of a peace not yet known
on earth.

Lifeless catapulting of ideas and thoughts sent fluctuating
throughout the world, freely drifting, awaiting the comfort
of an open mind.

Likened to many aspects of future ideals sandwiched in
particles of atoms as yet undiscovered.

Walking amid sanctuaries of displaced harmony, faltering,
stumbling, over undefined steps, afraid to grasp intelligence
lying within itself.

Protected by an infantile barrier of reproof, standing back
from edges etched in glass from the past.

Forgotten etudes played eternally inside of fragrant minds,
dancing lightly to the tune of hidden disguises.

Allotting dividends of time, equally sharing their blossoms
of sublime surmise.

Gently falling into wells of deepest remembrance, held
slightly against the turning of ageless time, tossed into
the graveyards of everlasting failure, never to rise again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Displacing Lies And Illusions

Choosing to meander in and out of memories, thinking and relating thoughts that make sense and are needed to be taught to others.

Truths needed to displace all the lies and illusions being thrown around, helping people to put a stop to it's evil, intolerance and racism.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Displacing Our Western City

Watching clear blue skies being filled with white fluffy
cumulus clouds, spreading across the city of Phoenix so
gently and beautifully.

Seeing skyscrapers that never were a part of our city's
horizon, now rising from the ground, invading our once
desert land.

A total disgrace to our wild west, displacing our ranch
houses and western style of life, people with money com-
ing here with their corrupt, greedy and ugly ideas.

Looking to take innocent people's money and livelihood
from them, turning our once beautiful western state in-
to the hell holes they are running from themselves.

Still looking from a seventh floor window here in Good
Samaritan Hospital, longing for the good old days of a
laid-back western atmosphere.

No rushing or hurrying was ever necessary, everything
you could possibly want or need was down the street,
roads simple to navigate.

If wishes and dreams could become reality, our dear
city of Phoenix could be the place it once was, where
people could come visit and enjoy the cowboy atmosphere.

No longer taking back many memories of their time here
in our western environment, instead taking away the same
exact things they have brought from back home.

Arizona's motto has become: 'Welcome to Arizona, now go home'.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Displacing Sorrow

7: 20 p.m.
Calmly sitting back, listening to music as it saunters
into my mind, displacing sorrow and suffering and
placing an amount of joyful delight at my disposal
tonight.
7: 20 p.m. 11/7/13

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Display Cases

Mosseying down lanes of heredity, watching, laughing
at antics of childhood.
Calculating antidotes in display cases filled with
memories.
Shining through glass windows, and being shared at
opportune times.
Life is usually manifested in timeless stages
through eras and periods of age.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Display Of Intellect

Excitedly thinking in new and different ways, developing brilliant, beautiful landscapes where ideas, concepts and thoughts will find their way rhythmically into intellect.

Coded rhythms filled with colorful formulas, sending ideas into my mind like fireworks, shooting stars suddenly appearing against a darkened sky.

Like magnificent formulas exploding into intellect, finding answers to their mathematical equations effortlessly and correctly, placing them into prose for only this mind to figure out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Display Of Nature

Clouds above are rippling and forming patterns all over
the sky.

Gathering in at the seams and splitting down the middle,
a wonderful display of nature, playing right before me.

Softly lying in my mind, giving enjoyment and filing me
interiorly with solace and peace from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Displayed Within Frames

Bouncing down the stairway of life, enjoying the beats entering
my mind, giving the all time high of valid cooperation as I rise higher into depths
of heaven.

Nothing coming close to the incessant tempo, including me with
every measure of melody's being portrayed in masterpieces of
artwork.

Being displayed within frames and hung on walls of hallways that
have all past alluring beauty onto future screens of photographic landscapes,
hiding within this mind and walking into the catacombs
of tomorrow's future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disquieting Thoughts

Covering disquieting thoughts with tiers of plastic-
coated ingredients, hoping to keep them buried in
graves of unthought wishes.
Digesting flagrant meanings of distaste without
feeling, staying away from quiet reclusive corners
so as not to be enticed again.
Swiftly hiding whenever peeking about - splicing
together words, leaving disquieting thoughts lying
about in random order, forgetting their essence and
meaning for a time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disreputable Existence

Rising and falling of life within my body brings about
daily changes and altered moods.

A plethora of ideas conjure inside my mind, blend with
imagination and come out rhyming throughout life.

Fascinating repertoires fill pages and volumes of books,
having overflowed from my mind to countless poems on
paper.

Unjaundiced by despair, sorrow, emptiness and abandonment,
this life I hold within continues to write itself an
explanation, hoping to come up with a meaning for it's
disreputable existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disrespect Of American Citizens

Disrespect runs rampant through the workplace,
coming from illegals who shouldn't even be here.

Refusing to do their jobs, talking constantly,
laughing, fooling around, hindering even each
other.

Collecting pay checks fraudulently, using other
people's identities and social security numbers.

Hiding behind so-called do-gooders, who are in
fact ruining the United States.

Taking away from citizens of our country, the
freedom to make a living and support their
families.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disrespectful

Loving living, looking at people who look right through people, not knowing them, yet treating them badly on purpose.

Such a horrible way to treat others, starting rumors and being so rude and disrespectful in all manner of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disrespectible Neighbors

Insolence runs rampant at a neighbor's house, children
gather together just to taunt an elderly couple.
Disrespectfully shouting insults, vandalizing their
home and vehicles for absolutely no reason.
Two ringleaders bully younger children into imitating
them.
Always running the neighborhood, no adult supervision
anywhere - not even for the very young children visiting
them.
A leader's mother, always searching for him, without a
clue about the trouble he's causing.
When told what's going on, she starts cursing like a
sailor, calling the elderly people - White Trash!
There's no wonder at all where the son gets his
disrespectful, vandalizing ways - all clues point to
his mother.

(3: 05 p.m. - 12/22/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disrespecting Family

Being amongst people in a restaurant, couples sitting together talking, families with children, enjoying their time with one another.

A couple walking in with two sons, one blind, the other mentally challenged, boys wanting to sit near the front of the restaurant.

Mom sits at a separate table next to them, expecting her husband to sit with her, but he goes to the back of the room, alone.

Father gets food for his blind son, wife gets her own, husband goes back and eats by himself leaving the other son sitting there with nothing to eat or drink.

Looking back at his father repeatedly, he continues to ignore him, after ten minutes Mom finally gets up, gets food for the younger son and drinks for both of them.

Really weird abusive father, totally disrespecting his wife and children, neglecting them, eating by himself, not seeming to care what happens to his family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dissatisfied Art

Splurting colors into the universe on modes of different instruments, never weighing certain consequences that will one day be returned in kind.

Occasionally, stranding replicas of dissatisfied art into atmospheres of no return.

Outlasting contempt of critical people, the outlook of popularity will strike a chord in several minds which think alike, and a new form - a new expression of art will be born of a novel idea.

Never again will it be seen in sullen years of remorse brought on by age.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dissipating Culture

Thinking about cultures and how they are being set into invisible images of the past.

Traditions built upon years and generations of families and friends, slowly being forgotten as people become acclimated to modern ways of life.

Seeing in families, a Grandfather, proud of his heritage, wanting his Grandchildren to pay their respects to their Grandmother.

Adamantly refusing to allow it, children sitting there wondering what they should do, hearing this disagreement between Grandparents seeming to confuse them at an inner level.

Feeling it, wondering why it couldn't be done out of respect if nothing else, seeing the tradition of a culture being dissipated by someone whose culture and tradition it is.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dissolved

There are no treasures to be found on earth, all have disintegrated into an underground atmosphere, invisible to all who cannot sense the totality of nature.

Strengthening tides of birth, sloshing above a person's worth, suddenly cascading off the side of a mountainous height.

Flying, nothing holding the being of this soul, floating to the outermost dimensions where no other soul has dared to venture.

Likely aspirations never being contained, only smashed to splinters, sticking through a brain of feelings.

Cushioning sacred hues of breath within, an outcast, spent and forlorn, finishing it's tour of duty, now returning home to a place of honor.

In the cavity of a life once lived, now not able to raise it's head from the pillowcase of unhesitant death.

Falsely accusing every particle not understood, retaliating in inner grief, the knowledge of truth and trust having been dissolved on the lips of a liar.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dissolved Pride

Jewish pride dissolved
before an Arab Muslim,
needing a hug, just
because he was a human
being.

(8: 10 p.m. - 9/29/94)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distance

On islands high in my mind, altering magically, the world I live in.

Taking fear, and anguish, hiding it between clouds that I no longer have to see as I watch them gather distance from me.

Happily dancing, freedom gladdens my heart, my soul is light, carefree, no longer bound by the extreme of life.

Caught together in clumps of tangled weeds, not caring any longer, allowing them to grow and wander where they will, taking little notice of what they do in my life.

Writing to recognize thoughts and shaking memories when it is time.

One day finally realizing they are choking inner talents and pulling them out by their roots.

Building a pile, burning them entirely and blowing the ashes to the winds in all directions, never seeing them again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distance Of Classical Music

Cantering to classical music, enjoying it's divine company
in my present state of sadness.
Folding all thoughts, gathering them to me, wishing to
hold them always.
Never rushing into spacious rooms full of risks, instead
staying here inside where it is much safer.
Not talking or relating on any level, contemplating life
in my own particular style.
Relieving self of guilt and shame which are no one else's
business.
Tossing aside all comments made that I do not wish to
discuss and think of.
Left to my own devices, life will improve in the degrees
I choose for it.
Other people may keep their distance - this will make me
happy.
Nothing anyone can do or say will change a thing because
I choose to ignore them.
This is my day, like no other, and I will enjoy it through
the cantering of classical music without interruption.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distance Of Life's Future

Swerving into the distance of life's future, no one able
to keep up with this vibrant intellect, succeeding in
collecting and gathering data and information.

Details that appear in landscapes and portraits of nature,
poignantly adhering to the poetical side of an innate
talent.

So in touch with who I am, loving how thoughts touch and
caress my mind so effortlessly while sitting and writing
prose in the fading light of this day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distant Echoes

My heart desires something it can never have, so I sit and suffer through life, pretending it doesn't really matter.

Fingering my piano, composing the songs that will never be sung outside my mind.

Keeping life hidden behind locked and coded rhythms so no one can hurt me.

Distant echoes reverberate within my soul, holding me closely so I will not totally disappear from life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distant Formulas

Touching silence in quiet realms of subconsciousness, portraying everything in distant formulas, avoiding laws of nature while carrying on.
Selecting poses and stances in rhythm, calculating steps towards ends of the day, keeping time, allowing no slowing of beats.
Counting down in dimensional levels, crunching tones and placing their particles in labyrinths of exceedingly gifted people with talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distant Furrows Of Fate

Set in time, I place my mind in hands of my heart, taking care to keep sadness at bay, while enjoying every step I take closer to the circumference of my soul. Awaiting it's time to become and take me by the hand into distant furrows of fate as it slides past death and comes into it's own tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distant Gardens

Pages, turning pages, filtering through sorrow of a lifetime,
so sure of death, all wishing spent with this desire.

Truthfully, never hoping or praying for another day on earth,
quietly portraying daily existence out of sheer determination.

Shyly veering away from questions of authority, afraid that
secrets will be taken from me, they are the only secrets kept
hidden in me still.

Watering and nurturing them, watching them grow to maturity,
soon to flourish in bouquets of fresh new flowers in distant
gardens on far off horizons.

Crept silently into corners, happiness of a new life in heaven
is greatly appreciated, but not yet known of.

Clamoring for a way out of this world, I try every door on my
own, not trusting anyone to do it for me.

One day soon it will be opened at my touch and gratefully I
will walk unafraid, right through it.

Contented that I have met my destiny, fulfilled my fate at
last, I can settle down to rest, no more to suffer agonies
of a world that never liked me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distant Imaginings

A quiet calmness settles onto distant imaginings,
drawing forth wellsprings of peaceful prose.

Lacking fortitude, revolving gateways take away
timeless changes.

Remaking everything, giving much needed energy
and sometimes rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distant Intellect

Sitting here peacefully in a hot quiet afternoon, letting my mind go blank and be replaced by rhythms being heard in the distance of intellect.

Increasing with age, the amount of poetry written and held so closely within.

Unhesitant textures filling inner intellect with unheard of beats until I have written them in words.

Even then not everyone can hear their melodies playing softly behind the notes, reverberating.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distant Meanings

Meanings of pleasure are acknowledged by those
who feel deeply about memories in their past.

Collectively reassuring those who stand in
their way on visibly cloudy mornings of
reassurance.

Sensing intuitively, rhythms of peace in
distant ruminations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distant Plains

Doldrums relaying and receiving messages of life while
resting in netherlands on distant plains.
Tailgating extra ideas while riding various highways throughout life.
Counting religiously, facets of heretofore noncommittal avenues.
Finding no way around fragile beings and helpless
individuals lounging
on wayside tables waiting for expressions of sound in future images.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distant Purposes

Brick walls holding back nature's bounty,
keeping distance - not allowing it to climb
about freely.
Such a devastation of beauty, not at liberty
to be itself or serve it's purpose in life's
views.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distant Shadows

Shadows of distant reminiscing, foreclosing on life,
taking away it's field of vision.

Torn apart by shattered remains of incessant lies,
falling face down, afraid of getting up.

Slicing through a tainted atmosphere, pulling along
wayward thoughts, attempting to stash them in iron
file boxes.

Shadows no longer playing in empty hallways of a
mind, they have met and attached themselves to
memories, making them clear at long last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distant Shores

Sentiments surrounding minds of silent beings,
transporting them into realms of yesterday's life
with family and friends.
Moments of quiet happiness fill souls with elation
and beauty, as they sit in another land, on distant
shores, separated by life's reality and subconscious-
ness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distant Sorrow

Pressing sadness of remembering, vanquished, tattered, unbearable, twilight vaporly steaming the view of the past.

Caught up in the heat of the moment, spent and left for dead, memories scattered, fearful, running through an ancient house of evil.

Bodily imprints, haunting the mind continually, causing it to barricade itself in a maze of disbelief and denial.

Stored on a different level away from immediate life and imminent danger to self.

Remembering causes such pain, so many discourses of sadness reign full scale, overwhelming every fiber of being, burying self in the densest sands on earth.

Emotional pleading, heart bleeding on dry deserts of wasteland, unfolded, open to the boiling hot sun.

Touching the innermost soul, never realizing that life has already died within.

Lifetimes pass and disregard the totalness of being empty and alone throughout everlasting journeys, silenced by the quiet nature of distant sorrow, held tightly within.

Melting away from life and it's hold, draping the black curtains of finality about my shoulders, and turning towards a final destination, because I can no longer hold on to this one upon me today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distant Tomorrows

Trotting down lanes of distant tomorrows, holding onto hopes and promises of yesterday, with clarity and intensity.

Noting the insistence of feelings growing gently and tenderly within, suffering their beginnings as they take hold and send me into dimensions of a new beginning.

So timidly holding onto a love that takes me by surprise at this late stage in life, fostering the beating of my heart, carrying it along with new designs of rhythm, flowing so smoothly and evenly within me.

Counting the moments as they enter a new category of being continually moving inside of me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distant Verse

Trudging down lanes of harmony, picking up my feet as notes lift me higher than my being can go by itself.
Swallowing scents of yesterday so I may go on, becoming famous from a distant verse written in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distant Voice

Mom, I hear your distant voice calling from pits of desperation, holding gently, seeking inspiration to quell this inner need of death.

Where have you gone? Can you feel the pain and sorrow fighting inside me?

Commotion loudly confuses, brings tears, welling up and overflowing, spilling down my cheeks.

Mom, missing you terribly today, feeling lonely, wanting to hug you, hear your voice, see the love in your eyes.

Why can't I Mom? Not wishing to remain on earth, it hurts so much, I can't go on, life holds my heart as it crushes it's soul.

Needing to alleviate the sadness thrust upon me, needing an end to life, wanting to say I love you just one more time.

(1: 30 p.m. - 10-2594)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distant Wanderings

Translating words into poetical music on twilight
evenings of peaceful endurance.
Striking out on treks of distant wanderings, hoping
to find pleasure in something found in nature's
environment without eerie consequences.
Falling into line, grasping life lines of attainment.
Shortening breaths of endearment as they give out on
steamy afternoons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distilling Thoughts

Writhing and spinning to old time beats of 'wipe out', being
played exquisitely by the Blu Notes.

Pushing our minds past borders of rhythm as we coerce our
intellect to join in the fun and become one with imagination.

Distilling all thoughts and writing them into conversations
of the mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distinct Destiny

Rustling messages from outskirts of memorable times,
spent once in yesterday's misspent youth.
Bending over the fountains of beauty,
being photographed in many poses of distinct destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distinct Sounds

Slapping drums, beating rhythms as they become in times
and measures, awaiting future fast-paced notes now being
written into lines of verse.

Wonder and amazement taking their places alongside the
distinct sounds of Indian music, fingers racing through
the notes and rhythms while writing.

Filling empty spaces with the beauty of lovely sounds,
jumping in between what is being played and interpreted
alone in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distraught

Sololy emptied of love,
feeling alone and distraught
during days of grief, bereft
of companionship for eras in
time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Distraught By Betrayal

Deeply distraught by the motives of another, deceived by their seemingly innocent manner.
Discovering the evil they have been hiding from sight, leaves me flabbergasted, not knowing what to say.
Believing them to be of good heart and soul, I now distastefully let them go without a qualm.
Better to find this out sooner than waste my precious time and find out much too late.
Although it hurts to know I have been betrayed either way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disturbing Messages

Sending flying messages to an open mind, secretly
defying authority and it's facetious whimsical
devotion to power.
Faulty thinking, coercing people to accept things
that are arbitrarily wrong in this day and age.
Falling and stumbling on blocks of their own
discovery, sending messages of disturbing
recriminations on a daily basis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Disturbing Thoughts

Towers erected within my mind, send messages to every fiber
of nerve contained in my body.

Letting me feel, all that I see and hear, jamming the many
frequencies, causing quite a stir.

Memories stirred in little jars are brought out in the ages
to be looked at with reserve.

Causing lively conversations to be brought forth and talked
about, and withdraw within my hidden self to find the peace
this life cannot give to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Diverse Hoax

Diversity, the diverse hoax of the twentieth and twentieth first centuries.

A haze, a cover-up of unsurpassed proportions, being played again on school children who don't know better.

They don't have the capacity to discern lies and propaganda of adults with selfish agendas of their own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Diverse Humans

Standing aside, watching people parade by, noticing the differences in them all, yet knowing they are similar.

Human beings are a diverse crowd, having varied qualities and intellects, being the person each was born to be.

A natural selection of genes, depicting how they'll look through the years, yet their environments will alter and change their psyches and opinions.

Giving life an interesting twist and a most entertaining aspect to people watching in the long run.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Diverse Interests

Soothing music and rhythms playing as I write and think
about whatever interests me in life, always having such
a difficult time trying to pinpoint one or two things.

Interests are wide spread and diverse, because I love
everything, wanting to know it all, trying to express
myself in so many different ways.

Knowing that I can, makes me happy, fills me with joy,
not wanting to omit learning anything, taking it all in
and absorbing it.

Placing it on interior photographic screens where they
can always be accessed instantaneously, loving how this
mind works.

Having a great time entertaining self with everything
that tickles my fancy throughout this mortal and joy-
filled life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Diversity Of Being Human

Striking the match of intellect, causing flames to fire
up imagination and bring thoughts into picturesque images
to be written out now.

Whiling away expressions of peaceful entirety, placing
all of them into poems, exclaiming the nature of life and
letting it shine for all the world to see in black and white.

All events happening upon earth are celebrated in different
ways, always celebrating special things, but also diversity
of being human beings, all trapped upon this earth no where
else to go.

Might as well have a good time while we're here and learn to
get along with one another to bring to a world that needs it
in full measure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Diversity, Spice Of Life

Broadened views starting every moment, because life is so explicitly unexpectant, forever a new journey every single day, something always happening somewhere.

Unfortunately, we're unable to be everywhere at the same time, still life is exciting, thrilling and giving something new to think about each and every day.

People come and go in life, some touching your heart, others grating against your mind, but diversity is the spice of life they say, we wouldn't want everyone to be the same for that would make life boring and mundane.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Diversity's Weapons

Rejuvenating minds along sidewalks of time,
bringing into view, talents of beautiful
interior architecture.
Longings beseech my soul with motives of
silent undertakings brought to higher
atmospheres of talent.
Weapons of diversity hold true in writings
of poems and music played soulfully for
everyone to see and hear.
Life drifts like clouds along on private
missions of fragile hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dividing Atoms

Being constantly surprised by what appears in inner
sights.
Always something new being divulged with every sense,
tingling with excitement at what I've found right
inside myself.
Dividing atoms in single file, attracting them side-
ways into avenues of peculiar designs, ready to help
throughout the universe, completing exploration and
decorating the findings of the century with miracles
of modern medicine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Divine Atmosphere

Justifying this life through writing of poetry, living
it in a divine and complete way, unlike any other form
of living.

Solidly inventing and creating every moment as intellect
stays awake, never having to sleep or take a break, only
being fed thoughts and ideas of it's divine essence.

Wonderful and total avenue of peace, leading to an inner
nurturing of spirituality, watering and nourishing each
little sprout.

Watching as it blossoms fully into the divine atmosphere
that I so love to dwell in all the time, mind turning
constantly through every moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Divine Company

Getting up early in the morning, watching the sun rise
while drinking a cup of hot tea.

A perfect time for meditating and contemplating on what
is to come during the day.

Always wondering and insisting on knowing what is going
to come about in daylight hours.

Unfolding beauty fulfilling pockets of intellect as I
am totally brought into depths of imagination.

A process of enticing insight and intuition that never
leaves me alone as I enjoy it's divine company all the
time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Divine Domains

Entering domains of the Divine dwelling within each of us if only we nourish our interior lives with prayer and contemplation while on earth.

A vast supply of faith and hope being kept and stored safely for times of suffering, hardship and turmoil in this earthly life.

Knowing that without an interior spiritual life there'd be nothing worthwhile; God being all, trusting in His many promises with this heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Divine Feeling

Enjoying wonder here in the life of an interior
contemplation of personhood.

Living in the total essence of a sacred time given
to me by God, a wholeness filling my being with a
grace from above.

Being placed in a sphere that cannot be breached by
anyone, listening and finding myself in the presence
of divine feelings.

Ecstatic and finding a beauty that cannot be misplaced
no matter where I happen to go in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Divine Intervention

Holding onto our love through thick and thin, never letting it fade or die because then we'd both disappear.

We two are enveloped and enfolded in one another's desire and passion which cannot be separated, living total and separate lives, yet we are together wholly.

A Divine intervention is the only explanation that makes any sense in this mortal world, keeping us together through our intense love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Divine Relativity

Delving into depths of music and it's rhythms, taking thoughts, placing them into many poems, hoping they'll touch the people God means them for.

Enticing, tempting and energizing concepts forever, taking my mind altogether into lands of other dimensions, soaring into skyways of divine relativity.

Holding onto spirituality through difficult times, bringing me into the forefront of beauty and liveliness of my spirit.

Totally stepping steadily into beats of future visions coming clearer and into focus where I can then interpret them into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Divine Rights

Rhythms of life sway within, soothing my soul,
bringing a vision before me of natural desires
in a plentiful desert oasis of my own doing.

Allocating pleasures of divine rights, I sit in
contemplation, writing to my heart's content.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Divine Sense Of Direction

Rhythms being created from musical compositions,
going down paths of recreational intellect and
taking steps into lengths of brightly lit tunnels.

Wondering at their glistening walls and floors,
giving feelings of inner joy as I walk through
them.

A divine sense of direction is filtering through
this mind, guiding me towards heavenly spirits.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Divine Touching Me

Listening to music, my voice rising interiorly,
singing from the essence of my soul, feeling the
Divine touching me completely.

Allowing me to feel His love, mercy and forgive-
ness running through me, there is no experience
like this other than in heaven.

A gift given from our Lord to keep me safe while
protecting me from this world of evil and strife,
totally appreciating the fact God loves me so much.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Diving Into Abysses

Falling into a depression of sorrow, tears rolling downhill,
gathering speed as they fall into pools of bluened crystals
diving constantly into abysses beneath the ocean.
Contriving to exist in a life of being, favoring serenity of souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Diving Into Sounds And Rhythms

Lately not feeling good, still trying to keep up spirits
by writing and listening to music.

Diving into sounds and rhythms just to get away from this
gruesome life.

Being touched by the Divine in a bluened atmosphere, let-
ting me know that God is with me.

Carrying me through this rough patch in life, not wanting
to ever be put down again, not wanting to face life on this
earth alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Diving Into The Moment

Living haphazardly, not caring what may happen, looking
forward to the daring challenges that are available
through playing with death.

Thrusting trust aside delving into curiosity of danger,
feeling it's thrill and excitement, never thinking of
quitting, being satisfied with feelings of adrenalin.

Playing the game of Russian roulette without the gun,
just using my being to become part of the challenge,
always ready to dive right into the moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Divulged In Rhythms

Writing formulas of perceptions as they appear on
screens photographically, showing me every step
in procedures being divulged in seconds and beats
of rhythm as I listen to them intensely.
Beautiful sounds playing my mind, taking it into
depths of being hidden deeply within me.
Only factoring in the compositions that flow
naturally as I write incessantly every day and
night.
Completely engrossed every moment, held deeply in
contemplative thoughts of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Divulging Creatively

Curiosity stands silently in corners of my mind,
watching for clues of response.

Time fills many areas of questions as they are
separated and mysteriously calculated in places
of contemplation.

Responses sometimes not qualifying themselves to
give appropriate details so they sit silently,
waiting to be creatively divulged.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Divulging Thoughts

Surrendering to a saddened plight brought by rhythms
playing intensely and slowly into intellect, giving
an immense surge of emotional joy touching my mind.

Suddenly a leap into creativity lands within intellect's
realms, sparkling and shimmering with a plethora of
thoughts to be divulged to this poet while writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Do People Really Care?

Watching darkened reflections in a window, seeing the out-
doors without going outside.

A contemplative, laid-back feeling of solitude and peaceful
recognition of humanity while thinking, an invisible wind
blowing branches and leaves from somewhere in the atmosphere.

Loving the beauty that God has created for all of us to see,
wonder and awe at the immense and painstaking thought and
energy that God put into everything.

Doing it for humanity, hoping it would be appreciated, but
do we, at times wondering because of seeing pollution and
destruction of forests, trees, oceans, etc.

All being dumped into or onto, torn, hacked down, destroyed
for materialistic gains, how much do people really care and
appreciate what God has given to us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doc

A repertoire of words playing with musical notes, composing themselves into a myriad of melodies, taking me beyond where I have always been.
Listening intently, recognizing each note being sung and placing it into a form of talent to become apparent in a normal design chosen especially for you.
Touching a mind with violinist's strings, playing ever so gently the rhymes I have strung out to match your song.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doc And Katie

Doc and Katie being leveled into a lifetime of intense love, never turning from one another, holding lovingly to each other's hearts and souls.
A never-ending beauty set in a marriage of many talented years.
A lifetime of remembrance in arms of ever-increasing love.
Singing voices as one, tuned in to the souls of each other.
Lively signs being shown by angels in depths of interior dreams.
Lace-like trails of love, leading always into the sunsets of tomorrow.
Holding hearts in depths of their souls, while angels sing and dance in unison with them as together they walk hand in hand into tomorrow's rainbow dreams.
Holding ever closer, the beauty of life enfolded between the two of them, never failing through their times in life, because their dreams were altogether just one between them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doc L.

Finally feeling at ease,
because I'm in an office,
waiting to see Dr. L. -
someone I can trust to take
care of my medical needs and
do no harm to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Docile Poems

Flowering into my mind are gentle blossoms of
scenery and tender buds of beginnings.
Nothing is lost when stored within subconscious
imagination on foreign shores of habitation.
Swirling into feathers of peaceful knowledge,
striving for beautiful parts of speech to enter
into docile poems, directly aimed at the heart
and shot with arrows of decision once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doctor And His Physicians Assistant

Attending to needs of patients, listening to their explanations - making comments to allay fears - a physicians assistant helps the doctor take care of all those who enter his practice.
Trust has been built, knowledge is shown through the things he does for each person.
Caring, carefully taking every ailment sincerely and putting effort into easing or alleviating it.
Together they make a great team and patients' benefit from their combined expertise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doctor L.

Empty desk, empty chair, awaiting the presence of Dr. L.
to appear.

Computer screen black, still sleeping in a far-off memory
somewhere inside.

Until the doctor touches it with an electrifying persona -
quickly awakening to do it's job of relating notes and
tests to a brain that can interpret them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doctor L.'s Manner

Quiet manner, gentle voice, nothing upsets him,
it can always be done in time.

A serene soul, going through life, doing what
he can for those in need of medical attention.

Listening, evaluating, curiosity getting the
best of him as he figures out what is wrong and
how to correct or heal each particular person
under his care.

An upstanding doctor in his own right, fulfilling
the purpose God allowed him while on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doctor L's Acceptance

Whenever coming to Doc L's I feel genuinely accepted for who I am.
Everyone is good to me, and treats me as an equal not just as a another patient, but as a person worth knowing.
Totally appreciating everyone, I continue to move forward in spite of all the details pulling me down in spirals towards a darkness I have yet to know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doctor's Office

In an office full of faces you can get a nervous appetite or suddenly pretend you know what you are doing.
Finding a seat you flop into it, so faces turn to other subjects in the room.
What a funny place to be at rest with such a humor - as in the Doctor's office we all sit and wait for our turn to come next.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doctor's Waiting Room

Lasting impressions fall by the wayside as imagination
conjures up new ideas and ways of formation.

Lolling about halls of wisdom and knowledge, images
come into view as imaginative creation creates them
anew.

Filling mind's eyes with plenty of information, new
poems are formed while waiting in a doctor's office.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Documents Of Life

Looking closely into the future of children close to me
in a close-knit family, seeing the difficulties that are
awaiting each of them.

Wanting to be there for them all, knowing that will not
be the case, hoping to leave a part of myself and some
encouragement for each of them in poetry and musical
compositions.

Sorrowful heart encased in this knowledge, leading to
finding ways to assuage their foreboding travesties in
the future.

Capturing everything in my power, attempting to forestall
the pain that will be forthcoming, from pain and sorrow of
losing me in this lonely world.

Allowing every particle of being to find ways to ease and
comfort them all, signing the documents of life in the blood
of my heart forever giving of self through my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Does Anyone Care

Scanning the horizon, seeing majestic mountains rising
from the ground, touching my mind with their beauty,
with stark, desert cacti growing up the sides of them.

Clouds dipping down on top, covering their tops with
mystical properties behind clouds, desert also lying
across the surface, growing towards the horizon.

Having a vibrant environment, not ruining the view at all,
then seeing houses clinging to sides of mountains, filling
the desert mountains with their ugly man-made buildings.

Tearing up God's beautiful atmosphere, taking away habitats
where wildlife lived, isn't it funny how man thinks himself
superior to God, tearing apart what He has created.

Cutting down forests, polluting streams, rivers, even the
ocean, smog filling the atmosphere where once our skies
were clear, blue and beautiful.

Anyone can see the discrepancies lying about, just by look-
ing out their windows, yet it continues to keep happening
all over the world.

Does anyone care? ? ? ?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doing It Alone

Mountains standing majestically right before me,
taking my soul into the future of today's images.

Inspirationally and completely giving thoughts
a place to become in poetry.

Rhythms traveling up and down their steep walls,
giving excitement of doing it myself alone.

Searching the desert below, seeing cacti and wild
life everywhere.

Loving this comfortable, hot arid desert with my
very soul, staying creatively in realms of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doing It His Way

Memorializing unions of many thoughts on shores I
sought out, to do things my way to survive the
desperation of my emptiness.
Regrets at times when I think of what we had, yet
my life was full of impatient waiting on this
horizon.
Thinking of our son, knowing all his life his
heart was held in God's hands as he did everything
his way on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doing Nothing To Change

Going nowhere, staying within intellectual realms where
I'm more at home than anywhere else, loving the feel of
learning in life.

Gaining knowledge and wisdom from every experience, then
writing it into my life, finding a broader spectrum than
just talking to people.

Views rarely holding solutions to problems facing our
world today, usually whining and complaining about things
is all that comes from those who don't even vote.

Always being ready to debate with others over candidates
they feel are better, but haven't even researched or looked
up their histories and what they've done or not done in life.

Often not willing to listen to logic or reason, being con-
tent to remain in a state of ignorance, expecting everyone
else to fix things they aren't willing to work for at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doing Our Best

Silence in the darkness of evening, letting me go into it's twilight without fear.

Spaces of time, collecting in precious memories of family and friends.

Born into this world without a choice, making the best of our lot, some being born with silver spoons in their mouths, and treasures galore.

Others born into nothing and having nothing all of their lives, because poverty was laid upon them like a blanket when they were born.

All of us living on earth, making friends, enjoying the time we have to spend with each other.

Doing our best to live right every day, not harming or speaking ill of others.

Always taking care to be kind, compassionate and caring to our fellow man.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doing Our Part

Freedom ringing through our nation in spite of efforts
of a few people to cause racial problems across our
country.

We are sticking together against these horrible people,
standing up for our rights and not surrendering to their
culpability.

We are after all Americans, take note world, there is
nothing that another can do to turn us from our the
Constitution, God, flag, anthem and Pledge of Allegiance.

So altogether we are here, never backing down and all
praying that God will end the evil, terrorism, racism,
prejudice, hatred and nuclear threats and war also.

Leaving it absolutely in God's hands while we band to-
gether to do our part to protect all legal American
citizens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doing Right

Placing ourselves into diverse experiences and situations
that open our minds to extraordinary possibilities that
at times overwhelm and caress our every thought.

While taking passages of time through musical chords, ex-
ercising our attitudes while expanding our focus on our
livelihoods.

Raising children and taking care of their needs, putting
aside our own for the time being, at times an exercise in
futility, yet we totally focus our lives on them so we can
do right by our children.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doing What Is Expected

Realizing that everything in this life is temporary,
never being able to count on anything in it, except
it's inevitable ending.

Doing whatever is expected, trying to find and fulfill
my purpose, struggling to be a person filled with an
energy, compassion, caring and love.

Helping those whom I can, being an individual and
independent, taking care to be silent except when
writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doing What Is Right

Standing strong in the face of adversity, never backing
down or turning away from it.

Finding that fears and doubts fade in the presence of a
strong will and mind.

Doing what is right will always win out in the end,
leaving nothing to be unsure of.

Certainty in life is reassuring, giving a sense of self-
worth and confidence.

Both being felt pleasantly by anyone who finds them with-
in themselves.

Living and enjoying positive attitudes and moods lifts
our spirits, allowing us to live fully in God's presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doing What They Must

Looking into reflections, watching images moving about,
all of them void of feelings and emotions, because of
not identifying with them.

Being foreign and not a part of my own life, just that
of others whom I don't even know as yet, letting them
play their parts as I continue to watch.

Oblivious to my presence, just carrying on and doing
what it is they must in the interim.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doing What We Can

Life slowly flowing like a river, nothing to do about
it's way through nature, it just is what it is, doing
what comes naturally.

Much like our lives are throughout the years, we live,
experience it and then die, nothing we can do to change
the facts of what life is for each of us.

All we can do is live it fully, achieving our purposes
before ending life on earth, some people wasting their
precious time here.

Whining and complaining, or doing drugs and drinking,
hurting others, raping innocent women and children,
murdering and maiming others.

There's so much more to life than the horrible things
and evil being perpetrated on so many people nowadays,
rise up and do the world a favor.

If you're that bent on destroying others just turn it
in upon yourselves and do away with the evil that you
truly are yourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Domains Of Perception

Playing melodies with fervor and vigor,
fingering rhythms into words, totally
summing up events in prose.

Carefully entering domains of sensory
perception, calculating incessant
measures of interior music sent from
above.

Forming novel meanings as melodies take
me soaring above clouds and into heaven's
gardens, blue roses with love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Domains Of Silence

Walking into domains of silence and quiet spirituality,
graciously accepting it through an interior contempla-
tion of blessedness from above.

Innocently pure and energizing, giving purpose to people's
lives, if only they'd recognize and become aware, they
could fulfill their destiny sooner.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Domains Of Subconsciousness

Challenging thoughts being worded in quiet peaceful
domains of subconsciousness, infiltrating being with
all beauty contained in spirits.

Continually keeping me safe from the evils and mis- representations of normal
life routines, happy, just
to be self, no anticipated doom to take hold.

Just many feelings of life still walking, delving
into their beginnings with purpose, wanting to find
everything about their existence.

Wondering why they're still here, even after all
the writing and curiosity of thought that has been
expended through all these years.

Seemingly attached through neurons of a brain,
always filtering them through and keeping them in
the foreground where they can always be reached in
writing of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Domestic Enemies From Within

Walking down pathways through hardship and suffering, caused
by our corrupt government, being stressed to the max because
we cannot afford to even exist any more.

Time to combat this corruption with our military power, call-
ing forth our militia to observe their oaths and silently be-
gin taking out our enemy right here on American soil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Domestic Violence

Remorse filing insides with sharpened tears, cutting and scraping life out like a d and c.

Anger holding on, causing agonizing moments fraught with pain and sorrow.

Longing for peace, finding that there is none, running away, hiding in deepest Africa, out of sight, away from a mind.

Sorting out feelings and memories that lie, destroying life within.

Unable to answer reasonable questions, seething inside, boiling over, pretending nothing is happening.

Smiling, looking for something pleasant to think of, holding on to the only pleasure left - that of death.

No other will suffice, choking on this device, supposedly being in love and marriage.

It is only the deranging of a woman's personality and being, man sucking his pride, lashing out, cruelly perpetrating a crime worse than death - that of domestic violence.

Death as anyone can see, is happily and readily looked forward to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Donald Trump

Rising eagle is here, waiting to hear Donald Trump
speak at the Phoenix Convention Center to Americans.

What a fantastic speech he's given, Americans are
behind him 100%.

We're not going to take it anymore says America, we
want Trump for President.

Never seen anything like this before,20,000 people
are here to listen to what he has to say.

News media claiming there were only 5,000 people
here, they sure do lie a lot!

Fighting for our freedom now and forever, voting for
Donald Trump and the corrupt politicians be damned!

We are standing here and will not be ignored any more,
too bad the politicians didn't listen to us!

Now they can cry in their non-exempt dreams, it's time
for them all to pay the piper for their crimes.

We're building strength across the country and aren't
going to back down, we want our country free of obama!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Done With Government

Researching predicaments of today's worlds, seeing a few people making life decisions for the many.

Why does this happen? Who has given the okay to decide for everyone?

Leaving behind all politicians and autocrats we need to start over and get rid of all government and politicians who are ruling our individual worlds like kings and lords of yesterday's centuries.

No longer needing them as they have kept all people in dire need, depending on their ignorant laws and inane rules to live.

Breaking free from their false promises and petty gifts thrown to us, taking in hand our own futures from them forever.

Living together in forms of togetherness, everyone in the middle of every decision being made.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Don'T Let It Be

Go ahead and fantasize, let the images bubble around in
your mind.

Feel the way you are thinking, savor the pleasures you
think you will find.

When the moment is empty and only a drop is left, think
back to what you thought it would be like.

Everything fell to the ground with a thud except those
guilty feelings that insist on hanging on, reminding you
of what you did.

Nothing is ever as wonderful or good as you think it'll be,
so carry on with your life and let could-have-beens remain
forever a mystery.

You will never have to feel guilty about shouldn't-haves
because they will never be.

Go ahead and fantasize, let the images bubble around in your
mind, feel the way you are thinking, but don't ever let it be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Don'T Let Them Win Again

Slicing through all the political lies and illusions
being spread around as we near the 2016 election.

Notorious incumbents wanting to stay in their seats
of power, willing to do anything to hold onto them.

Lie, cheat, steal, nothing is above them, and people
who don't study and see through their transparent
lies are the dumb ones who elect them.

Let's not let them win again, vote them out electing
people with integrity, honesty and a genuine responsi-
bility to take every one of their places in the upcoming
election.

Keep the new corrupt ones, the incumbent's patsies, out
of office with every vote we have at our disposal also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Don't Worry

Languishing in a mood of liberty having just come out from an MRI tube, doctors looking for liver cancer because of some biopsies they've taken already.

Waiting to get the C.D. of the test to bring to liver trans-plant and surgeon tomorrow, everyone's praying for me, I am now in the fourth stage of a hereditary liver disease.

Don't worry about me, just pray, for I am totally in God's hands now, living every moment fully and totally as His instrument through using poetry that He uses to help others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Door Doesn'T Open

Watching a bird in flight, landing in front of an
automatic door, looking in the window, wondering
why it cannot enter.

Wanting to explore what it cannot, walking back
and forth, yet the door still does not open, it's
too short to hit the sensors.

Finally giving up to go look for worms and insects
to eat among the bushes outside the unopened door,
forgotten now in his new quest for food.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doors Ajar Beyond

Situating footsteps down pathways of tomorrow, leaving no
traces behind to follow.

Noises have all been stilled, a silence pieced together
from losses of loved ones.

Tangent scents are left hanging in the atmosphere where
they no longer are any good to anyone.

Yet, voices are heard in depths of a poet attuned to the
listening posts of those who are beyond us.

Wanting to be expressed in poems that I write, crowding
around me here right now.

Doors of beyond have been left ajar and they have come to
select the words they are wanting to be placed in poems
for their loved ones.

No longer a part of any of their lives, concepts drying
in the hands of fate, no destiny left, no life to breathe
into them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doors Are Being Closed

Ending every night in a pleasurable space of time, listening to others sing karaoke with intense and decent voices, holding me captive until the music stops and the night is ending.

Wanting to continue without stopping, but I have to leave because the doors are being closed and I have to get out before I'm locked inside.

A serious thought of staying and sleeping in a corner, but I don't.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doors Of Destiny

Soundlessly, everberations twist and spin before me, vibrating my inner soul, tantalizing the fragments of existence, hiding within.

Contemplating the nature of eternity, watching endless clouds float into doors of destiny, being handed portions of fate on plates of dubious acknowledgement, considered to be quite refreshing.

Silently sitting aside while all beginnings of time slide to unknown destinations, unafraid of the silencing effect of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doorstep Of My Mind

Steady beat and rhythm touching this intellect with
a powerful energy as thoughts begin to pile up at
the doorstep of my mind, waiting to enter the universe
of poetical purposes set before my mind's sight.

Lights circling around the band, rainbows of colors
standing out within notes being played tonight,
separating tones into beautiful puzzle pieces of
talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doorway To Intellect

Intrepid mysteries piling up at the doorway to intellect,
giving auras of insightful beauty.

Tantalizing memories are echoing about, wanting to be
relived for moments in time, alone, being opened to them-
selves only.

Noticing many delicacies awaiting ingenuity, as life is
being fulfilled with a presence of mind.

Continually filling it with everything that has been seen
throughout life, traveling and morosely taking it's
suffering and trials, ripping and tearing me apart while
waiting to one day enter heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doorways

Wonder stands at doorways of heaven,
trying to get a look inside.
Thoughts gather, questions are asked
in mind's of curiosity.
Wanting to know what's on the other
side, wondering for time immemorial.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doorways Of Wisdom

Everlasting nonsense wrought from beyond knowledge's grave, standing beside books of learning, finding out how nothingness survives.

Believing in something wholeheartedly that deserves not your faith in it, squalidly stooping, snooping around doorways of wisdom, finding ignorance of their own decaying at their feet.

Today education has been delegated to propagation by ignorant people becoming teachers, principals, superintendents and school boards.

Managing only to destroy the intelligence of many smart children, departments of education need to be relegated off of the earth.

Only then will learning become an element in today's society, with a semblance of educated humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dormant Thoughts

Likely thoughts of remembrance lie dormant,
looking around, not really wanting to be
expressed.
So I just lie back and watch them lazily
doing nothing.
Knowing their essence of beautiful images
will always be with me here on earth.

(10: 46 a.m. - 10/31/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doses Of Visions

Slowly, rhythmically, giving self doses of subconscious
poetical visions to write from.
Solemn journeys taking me towards depths of subconscious
thought where I may wander at my leisure, testing
instantly, words at play.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Double - Edged Sword

Lifting spirits into edges of tomorrow's horizon,
heart beating rapidly into the environment.

Happiness and joy building within intellect, never
worrying or fretting in the twilight of this life.

Revolving doors of wisdom searching intellect through
the years, knowledge dancing into the world.

Satisfied fully in an interior universe, life is filled
and enticed by edges of intellect, a double-edged sword.

Slicing definitions and meanings with the accuracy of
a ninja, rebellion filling this stubborn mind.

Wanting to follow dreams that haven't yet been tainted
or soiled by people with closed narrow minds, spreading
their disease the world over, never touching me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Double Appearance

Melodies pushing into the farthest corners of hidden talent,
wanting to become the lights speaking out on pages of writing.

Wanting to be seen in all types of visions, as they double
their appearances to get twice as much from just one moment of
timely writing through melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Double Goal

Watching as your love slowly flows from across the world
and into my lonely life without you here with me, taking
steps in this mind to find a way to come closer.

Wanting to feel your heart beating next to mine, walking
down avenues of natural beauty as we think of one another,
both wanting to reach out and hold each other forever.

An interior energy building even now as we silently talk
and message, both wishing that our lives had been born
much closer together than they have been.

One day knowing we will be one, nothing standing in the
way any longer, a purely beautiful innocent unconditional
love with us always.

Living together in every thought and dream we each have,
our double goal being that of one in the future, forever
being held in each other's arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doubling Energy

Reaching into depths of intellect, extracting certain memories and trying to find out more about them, solving mysteries of my childhood.

Energy doubling as I do so through intellect, wondering always, being curious throughout my entire lifetime, encouraging them to enter my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doubting People

Reckoning with myself, being pulled in many directions by people who say they care and love me.
Doubts flood my mind, because all they cause are pain and sorrow in my life span, keeping me a prisoner in emotional turmoil, caused by their abusive tendencies.
Walking away, I practice instant forgiveness and learn to live and depend on myself alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doubts Of Faith

Living in times of uncertain hesitance, relying on
faith that sometimes doubts itself.
Filtering a myriad of thoughts scurrying around,
bumping into one another, causing a flurry of
misshapen meanings - arranging abstractedly into
collections of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Doubts Raising Their Heads

Recognizing facets of sunrises as they come and blend with the daytime fullness of the sun, brightly sending rays onto earth.

People everywhere are standing back and wondering what will happen if the morning doesn't blend with the essence of everyday routines.

Crashing, feeling despair rise and fall, turning life into a living hell, smoothing out many themes, yet nothing is considered as doubts are still raising their heads in shame.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dousing Pleasure

Sorrowful thoughts gathering, refusing to be stopped or hidden, taking all the pleasure of the day and dousing it with crystal tears full of lonely abandonment.
Sounding alarms of heart-rending emotions piling themselves against my soul, crying to be heard and not ignored anymore.
A deepened mystery of the grief of a lifetime, filling me without question and not letting me escape their prison of little worth, left in prisms of yesterday's loss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dove Of Peace

Soaring into the atmosphere with
the dove of peace alongside of me,
giving serenity and knowledge to live by.
Praying for hope throughout my days,
holding thoughts of God closely with my
soul intact.
Loving His Holy Spirit all the days of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Down On His Luck

Wandering around the town, looking for a place
to sleep.
Wanting to find a place that's safe and secure,
trying heartlessly to find his place on the
backstreets of a city closed to a homeless man
down on his luck.
Once distinguished, a gentleman, losing his way
when his family was killed in an accident caused
by a drunk driver.
Lost and forlorn, nobody bothering to care or
ask him why he's sitting there on the curb.
A lonely soul, wandering city streets, looking
for a place to sleep and finding none where he
won't be disturbed by an officer of the law.

(10: 56 p.m. - 11/16/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Down The Straightaway

Singular and solitary, ideas are flowing energetically
down the straightaway, taking no turns right or left.

Focusing on intensity of rhythms being played in depths
of melodies, traipsing down lanes of yesterday.

Bringing back memories that were forgotten and are now
opened and being relived.

All reminders of visions from back then are being taken
into wide open fields.

There blossoms of life's gardens are ready and willing
to take them in once and for all today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Downstream

Swimming downstream in a flood of tears, brought about by a feeling of internal abandonment.

A gathering of sorts, spreads over my mind, expressing ideas in detail for future inventions of solar development.

Accurately designing every portion needed in formulating the measurements.

Straddling every nuance, rewriting whatever has been used in the past and coding it into the present, fabricating it to become available.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dr. Ben Carson Speaking

Dr. Ben Carson quietly speaking, yet very inspiring,
filled with strength and conviction, wanting to secure
the United States.

Talking of major issues of immigration, jihad and isis,
he has a solid plan to implement what he's saying and
it makes perfect sense.

Using our Constitution and laws to bring America back,
protecting every legal citizen, cutting away government
involvement in our every day lives.

In the background, we see the media who never listen to
We the People, they just listen to corrupt politicians,
breaking laws right and left and never calling them on it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dr. L.

Quietly dealing with patients, holding his own patience
in check, being thorough to a fault, working late.

Somehow always falling behind, patients are waiting for
hours to be seen.

Happy when finally getting called to the back, yet lab
work and biopsies already done and sent out have not
yet returned results.

Putting his nurses to the task, attempting to get
reports from other sites so he can concentrate on what
needs to be done for the person he is with.

Careful and methodical, learning whatever he can to
help his patients, informing and hopefully curing them.

All types of testing, searching reports, investigating
every symptom, what you have is a wonderful person who
just happens to be a doctor named Dr. L.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dr. L. - A Genuine Person

Knowing Dr. Lalani has been a most pleasant experience in this life.

Finding he's a genuine person, honest and truthful, full of knowledge and a quiet humor.

Giving hope in conversations, loving to read my poetry whenever he gets a chance.

Leaving nothing undone, methodically going through every test and bit of lab work.

Making sure that no stone is left unturned when it comes to taking care of me and all his other patients.

Loving his gentle manner and dignity, respecting him with the utmost consideration I can muster, enjoying his humor and intelligent attitude.

A wonderful person, I have been honored with his poetical friendship here on earth

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dr. L.'s New Office

In the waiting room of Dr. L's new office, enjoying it's spaciousness, artistic grace and style.
A much larger office than the one before, to accommodate all the new patients coming in.
Although, computers keep shutting down and making life difficult for staff and doctor.
Hopefully time will eliminate all the problems and patient care can run smoothly like before.

(7: 52 a.m. - 10/28/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dr. L.'s Waiting Room

Sitting in Dr. L.'s waiting room after having just
seen him, enjoying feelings of hope he has given me.
Enthused, being in a good mood, feeling good about
my doctor and his expertise.
It means a lot to be able to have faith in your M.D.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dr. Lm

A dedicated doctor, taking care of problems people
have with their feet and ankles.
Thorough, meticulous, always thinking, a genuine
man with a gentle nature.
Holding knowledge with the light of wisdom, Dr.
LM does whatever he can to heal or make better a
person's freedom to walk normally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dr. Lmst.

A dedicated doctor, taking care of problems people have
with their feet and ankles.

Thorough, meticulous, always thinking, a genuine man with
a gentle nature.

Holding knowledge with the light of wisdom, Dr. Lsmt. does
whatever he can to heal or make better, a person's freedom
to walk normally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dr. L's Purposeful Intent

Resting in a place of quiet turmoil, awaiting the doctor
to make an appearance and take care of the many patients
under his guidance.

Smile on his gentle face, a mild-mannered person in every
respect, humble and intelligent to a fault.

Yet he is a special type of gentleman, sensitive, caring
and compassionate in every respect.

A purposeful intent as he sees each patient, tending to
their medical needs so carefully, treating everyone of
them with dignity.

A truth of his existence, always ready with a hug for any-
one who may need one along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dr. L's Stars

Waiting patiently for pictures so I can write poems for them,
yet knowing now, they were accidentally deleted.
Stars hanging in my mind, cannot connect to poems being written,
because there are no pictures to bring them into being.
At least, not until next year when Dr. L again returns to India
for the Christmas holidays.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dr. L's. - Thumbs Up

Avenues of medical advancement continue moving
forward on uphill stances of a thyroid out of
context, growing things it shouldn't.

Hope springs comfortably about as Dr. L. gives
a thumbs up on it's progress.

A happy mist clouds over my mood, helping to
relax imagination, inducing inspiration to
write some poetry.

(4: 16 p.m. - 10/21/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dr. M.

Refined, elderly, gentle, a man of another world, yet standing out as a man of originality.

Etched in his face, the lines of kindness and grace, a beauty of life still unfolding.

An appreciation for this man and his ability as a doctor, has the heart-felt thanks of myself and others for volunteering his time to those in need.

His openness and honesty, the gift of his character cannot be replaced.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dr. P.Y.

Waiting patiently in a doctor's waiting room, knowing he
has my best interest at heart.

Meticulous and thorough, taking notes and following through
every step that's needed to keep me going and alive.

A heart of compassion and caring, allowing him to do the
best he can for me.

Appreciating him and his care totally, writing this poem
for this wonderful doctor, my doctor, Peter Young.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dragging In Other Directions

Boundaries are no longer frugal, everything is being pushed farther and it's hard to hold onto limits as they are blown away.
Dragging self across land in other directions, not knowing where to go or what the correct dimension was to be existing in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dragging Under

River flowing rapidly past me, dragging me at the
last second into it's muddy waters, burying me
beneath it's rapid force of will.

Hearing voices of angels, singing above, playing their
harps in melodies of satin and lace.

Swirling into depths of tomorrow, opening eyes, seeing
plateaus opening onto heaven's gates.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dragging Yesterday

Dragging down hallways of yesterday,
lugging baggage of back then, instead
of leaving it behind on doorsteps of
ingratitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dragon Fly

A dragon fly with wings of crystal silk,
flying like a helicopter, low across the lake.
Landing on a metal bar, sticking out of the water.
Not wanting to see it end up in a glass jar, ending it's beauty and it's life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drained Of Everything

My soul longs for it's emptiness, to be alone, drained of everything, to be filled with the personal knowledge of God.

Forever reading lines of undivided happiness in extremes of life and back towards it's center.

Aisles of eons contribute their parts, combining everything in a pyre of flame, smoking it's way to heaven in the palms of angel's hands.

At long last allowing my soul the peace it craves, to be alone and empty, awaiting the mercy of God, hoping He will look with favor upon my furrowed brow.

Fighting the worry and stress on earth, alone at last with His glory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Draped In Gray Shadows

Writing in the morning while looking outside,
watching black clouds slowly moving across
the sky.

Sun hiding, only because they won't let it
shine brilliantly, wanting to dominate the
blue sky also.

Scenery draped in gray shadows, waiting for
the rain to drench it thoroughly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Draping Curtains Of Death

Darkness falling upon earth, draping curtains of death
across the horizon as people's loved ones are chosen
and taken away.

Not caring who it is, just filling a quota, there's no
denying, tears being wrenched from our eyes and hearts,
feelings of hopelessness, emptiness, loneliness enter.

Falling deeply into another world without even holding
onto the love we've had through life, we were born, lov-
ed, lived died.

First love of our lives, taken from our mothers that we
may be free to leave this temporary life for heaven with
no strings attached, no regrets to mar our way into the
intense peace of eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Draping Shadows

Attuned to an inner loneliness,
listening to it's pain rehearse
in crystal tears.

Unbelievable sadness tearing into
a heart of fragile lace, with no
territory left unscarred.

Dripping and bleeding, following
the spotted trail of blood down
life's hallways, bereft of happy
feelings.

Watching carefully for the pools
of blood that will drown beings
of emptiness before they realize
it has been done.

Shadows draping themselves across
the pathways of life, attempting
to hide the face of sorrow within
it's blackened canopy.

(9/22/96)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drawers Of Ancient Minds

Opening drawers of ancient minds, taking a look at the divine qualities held in their wise grasp.
Shining examples of intellect, stepping to particular signs located in life's special music.
Being played for all occasions as life continues to proceed through all diversity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drawers Of Infinity

Showing the effervescence of an interior life through
poetry written, folding and unfolding thoughts, placing
them in drawers of infinity, placed within intellect.

Photographic screens forever holding their memories,
storing them, and when the need arises to be used,
readily and instantaneously being accessible to intellect.

Conducted like a symphony through my mind, reality and
imagination succinctly and precisely taking them all in
hand, writing them on pages for people all over the world.

When reading them, hopefully giving or adding meaning and
understanding to their lives, improving their situations
or circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drawing

Granddaughter drawing, sitting here with me at Wendy's,
wonder and curiosity being spelled out in everything
she draws freehand.

One she's just given made me think of a roadway or path-
way through the mind, not having told her until writing
it in this little poem that I'd like to use her drawing
in one of my books along with this poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dream - Thinking

Breathing ceaselessly as I dream-think in avenues
of daylight, focusing on other-worldly ideas that
keep getting awakened and illuminated in depths of
intellect.

Looking hopefully at them all, insisting that they
can fit in with the abstractions I'm seeing in
patterns of definitions and definitive designs.

All of them culminating in a blend and mixture of
mathematical chemistry, allowing it's new essence
to bring new cures to the scientific world.

Always providing for the medical profession,
enlightening processes being accumulated in minds of
absolute genius and beautiful ideas in changing times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dream Filling Reality

Dreams filling exaggerated truths of reality,
concerning facets of energetic bliss.
Creating spontaneous beauty, holding onto
images, laughing and crying in the great beyond.
Touching beings, partaking in their subconscious
realms, while writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dream Of Awakening

Somnolently dreaming of awakening, too tired
to really do so.

Loving feelings of drowsiness, cuddling closer
with pillow and blanket.

Gently falling and staying asleep in solemn
wonder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dream Of Contemplative Proportions

Regulating rhythms filling my heart with a euphoric
sensation, lifting me spiritually into another level
of life.

One where beauty and peace are everywhere I look, a
wonderful world without any evil or political correct-
ness to destroy other people.

Walking through it's streets feeling safe and comfort-
able, no bigots, racists or corrupt people to be found,
a dream of contemplative proportions encircling my mind.

Hoping to help others see beyond the walls that have
been invisibly built by those who want everything for
themselves at the expense of everyone else in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dream Of Gigantic Proportions

Silhouettes of perfect spirits comforting from afar,
holding onto my heart, touching this soul with the
prayerful serenity of heaven.

Being so close to the creator of all beings, feeling
the thrill and excitement of God, seen by my little
self.

A dream of gigantic proportions, fulfilling interior
promises of tomorrow with grace from above, selecting
and preparing energy for moments of this life.

Knowing that it will continue throughout the days of
living, until my being has ended once and for all and
I no longer am with you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dream Of Inner Strength

Prayerful beginnings brought about through ideas,
eyes, reluctant, fear within, searching for
someone to believe in them.

Little fingers curled, lying upon windowless sills,
hiding in pockets of warmth, brought over by caring
people.

Attachments made with clothing, in turn receiving
warmth.

Prayer flags hanging starkly in view, tributes to
unanswered prayers.

Smell of incense fills the air, moni stones,
awaiting life to begin again.

Washing laundry as life is carefully washed over.

Woman painting Tonkas, realizing a dream of inner
strength, being able to fill some pride in the
heresy of life.

Monasteraily standing, beckoning - beautiful beyond
imagining, set strongly in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dream Of Solidarity

Wanting love, nothing less will do, hoping to find a trail that will lead me into an interior beauty of contemplation.

Sololy, finding the essence that penetrates all of reality without giving up humanity.

An essence of a regular part of beautiful integrity, holding onto the solidarity of a daytime dream.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dream World

Sophisticated and openly hoping for an enjoyable time
within four walls of a senior center.

Looking for companionship to fill the long and lonely
days, even though every night is kept between pages of
a book or eyes gazing at a television

Neither never really being seen as our minds fall into
a dream world all their own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dream World Of Eternity

Walking away, no going back, standing in the pathway
of my life, waiting to determine which way to go
before turning back.
Hoping to walk into promises of heaven, taking me at
last.
Wanting to continue living, yet knowing that's an
impossibility right now in everyone's life.
A wonderful dream world of eternity while still living
on earth.
A pleasant prospect to think about and then being
reminded of the sheer boredom already being gone
through on earth after being here so long.
Not wanting to contemplate any longer on living here
forever, unless I can do a million things - all new
to me - while I lived so long.
But only if I can still have my mind and body healthy
enough to have an excellent quality of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreaming

Dreaming of lifetimes spent on yesterday's shores, triggering moments of intense tradition on carefree afternoons under grape arbors, eating, talking, loving one another.
Italian respect in the foreground, even for the youngest of us, as we grew closer with every moment spent together.
Evenings under the stars, sitting in rocking chairs, eating pistachios on back and side porches.
Listening to echoes of Italian accents calling children to come in as darkness fell upon us.
Reverberations of Italian voices still are heard within my mind, creating past moments of joy even now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreaming Feelings

Sitting on the straightaway, watching life pass by, not caring that it does.

Dreaming real feelings within, holding onto them, giving them a life of their very own to live along inside me.

Getting everything straight, going out tonight in the freedom of my everlasting spirit, writing sentiments being kept hidden from all eyes.

Protecting them from the impurities of other's thoughts, preferring to keep them silently beautiful within the love I have.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreaming Ideas

Seeing pathways, heading into unknown avenues of intellect,
going forward anyway.

Loving to discover many unknowns in this interior life and
encompassing them all into poetry for a reprieve of thoughts
that crowd around at times.

Wanting to be recognized and used with the utmost respect
and dignity, giving all that comes to mind to the people of
the world.

So entirely enjoying this gift of innate talent, taking it
to many extremes and possibilities that can be imagined
within this mind.

Dreaming and taking ideas that are formed there, placing
them in perspectives that can be seen respectively in
pictures of puzzles set upon photographic screens of
intellect.

Imagining beginnings and endings clearly, with no mistakes,
alighting right upon memories of repasts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreaming In My Sleep

In my sleep, walking through a garden filled with many flowers, when coming upon a single brilliant rose, it's scent drawing me closer.

It's color an intense blue, enveloping and holding me under it's spell of beauty, gently, quietly, leaning over.

Kissing the petals of it's essence with my spirit and instantly being transported into heaven, there every rose was bathed in a bluened light.

Walking among them all for an eternity filled with an intense peace as stillness surrounded me for ever on the next horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreaming Of Love

Listening all through the night for your breathing,
evenly flowing, your precious heart beating in time
with mine.

Watching your face as you sleep so peacefully, dreaming of having enticing love made between us, I surmise
because we're so close as if we're one.

Finally closing my eyes, going to sleep to join you in
your dreams of love with me throughout the nighttime
hours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreaming Of Your Magic

Taking chances, not letting restrictions or boundaries
stand in the way of our love.

Dreaming of your magic through the night, waking to it
in your arms every morning.

Feeling totally loved and loving you in return, taking
chances with one another.

Filling life with exhilaration and excitement, being
thrilled so explicitly by your love for me.

Can't get you off my mind, this heart holding you so
tightly, that you respond in kind.

Closeness we have found in one another cannot be dupli-
cated outside of we two, our love is all-consuming and
totally or own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreaming Often

Forsaking life in arms of abandonment, feeling loneliness
and emptiness falling into labyrinths of grief.

Sorrow seeping out in salted tears, hurting this heart and
causing it to feel so very heavy.

Wanting to squeeze it out, letting many tears drop down
within an ocean that fills this being throughout.

Knowing the fierce and intense feelings by heart, etched
within this mind forever, never to be forgotten during life.

Soaked with the reluctance of living, hoping to never see
the light of another morning, yet knowing that is not
realistic.

Carrying on like so many other days just like this one,
dreaming often of the beauty that can become through hope.

Waiting impatiently for it to appear and take me by the
hand once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreaming Silently

Being a child filled with a wonderful curiosity for life,
alone on an island, happy, contented, sololy appreciating
her time with no name calling her.

A sweetened atmosphere, enriching a fruitful individual
uniqueness.

Squaring her shoulders, taking in every bit of peaceful
serenity, as she falls asleep early in the evening.

Dreaming silently of the universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreamland

Calmly sorting out what is placed unknowingly in
dreams as our heads lie upon pillows of our bed.

Sleeping without any thoughts as eyes close, mind
wanders into dreamlands of another time.

Being exposed to a freedom we don't usually have
when awake.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Are For Naught

Digging ever deeper into an interior spirituality, wanting to be filled with the Divine bluened light, racing against time, taking dreams into the twilight.

Enjoying their presence dramatically, swerving to and fro, leaving nothing behind, desires running rampant, fulfilling yearnings that continually keep coming to mind.

Wanting them to be quenched, yet you are not here with me to satisfy them and all dreams are for naught, watching and waiting for you to appear at my door, impatiently and anticipating your love to fill me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Being Fulfilled

Lightening striking interior senses, waking thoroughly
from last night's sleep.
Dreams being fulfilled with writing, taking everything
and sending it out to the universe to be heard and
researched from the inside out.
Totally and completely enjoying music playing on a
walkman, rocking to Foreigner and having a great time
doing it, sitting here writing.
Falling into patterns it's setting up in spaces of
intellect, designing them in particulate arrangements,
taking on an aura of it's own, showing insights in
plain coded ideas for tomorrow's inventions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Come True

Swinging and swaying in an interior breeze,
enjoying it's feel of freedom as I write
freely into spaces of time.
Living on the edge of night, waking from
dreams of inventive ideas.
Always learning and having novel visions
through my dreams.
At times what I dream comes true, that
always amazes me somehow, even though it
has always happened throughout my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Coming To Mind

Falling asleep in a dream of peace, eyes closing gently, shutting out the world of darkness surrounding me, light fading in the distance.

Mind and intellect continuing to think, dreams coming to mind, vivid and realistic, taking me into far off lands of fantasy.

Many alluring places of life in another dimension where I dwell for moments, happily fulfilling daytime dreams through fantasies.

Exuberantly and vividly, filling my being, helping to figure out solutions to problems had during the day, a wonderful gift from above to help keep us focused and mentally fit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Coming To Pass

Rallying behind the wonder of living, feeling it's exacting
measures required of each and every one of us here on this
earth today.

Allowing the sacredness of our spirits to have free reign
and turn our world into a place of tranquility and peace
for the sake of our children and grandchildren.

Hoping that generations of young people will have a dream
they can fulfill, seeing it come to pass; if we all do our
part in turn this will happen for them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Don't Materialize

Reaching for your hand in the night, awakening from dreams
where we two are together in love, lying next to one another,
becoming one.

Upon waking, finding it's not so, tears filling my eyes with
the love I still have held closely in this heart for you
only my dear.

Wanting to be held and loved by you my darling, I cannot com-
prehend that we can no longer be together in this world and I
die a little more each night when I awaken from dreams of us
that never materialize, are never true for us anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Existence

Sleeping, feeling no past, present or future throughout
the night, all has been put to rest, only imagination
fills our minds with dreams stemming from all types of
experiences we've had.

No time limits set, nothing to mar our journeys through
creative endeavors of the mind, finding joy and happiness
most of the time in dreams we have, sometimes finding
sadness too, but rarely.

When nightmares happen we wake up wondering where they came
from, trying to evaluate and find what thoughts have stirred
these frightening ideas into our dreams existence while we
are sleeping unawares.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Fulfill

Dreams falling into line, never fading through the years,
continually watching them move forward to be realized.

Transposing them into reality, enjoying seeing them moving
into the beauty of life.

Soothing pieces of history now filling empty spaces of it's
puzzle.

Nothing standing in the way of truth and honesty as dreams
fulfill continually throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dream's Images

Twinkling sounds of stars beckoning me to elaborate in poetry of being.
Writing liberally into the night, waltzing into evening tributes of an afterlife seen through dream's images.
Nothing coming to frighten me along the way.
Setting standards, always staying on the righteous paths of moral and ethical conduct.
Never betraying a confidence to another.
Living in a sensuous platform of being and existing alone in spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Lying Dormant

Living in depths of a land filled with dreams, all of
them lying dormant, having no life or purpose anymore.

Wishing to enliven them, wake them from their sleep,
taking me into another place where imagination waits.

Having been falling asleep in the night air, now being
awakened in the morning light.

Stretching out, giving it's all in the spirit of the
future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Of Expectation

Filling with emotion, letting it rise within, testing the
insistence of it's intensity.

Something is running around this mind, keeping and looking
forward to an eventual fate in destiny's role of life.

Tasting desires of romance, never really finding their source,
yet hoping to be fulfilled eventually with the beauty of love.

Stemming from it like roses in a garden, as they burst into
blossoms, filled with aromas and fragrances of heaven.

Touching this heart one day and giving everything ever hoped
for in dreams of expectation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Of Expectations

Filling with emotion, letting it rise within, testing the
insistence of it's intensity.

Something is running around this mind, keeping and looking
forward to an eventual fate in destiny's role of life.

Tasting desires of romance, never really finding their source,
yet hoping to be fulfilled eventually with the beauty of love.

Stemming from it like roses in a garden, as they burst into
blossoms, filled with aromas and fragrances of heaven.

Touching this heart one day and giving everything ever hoped
for in dreams of expectation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Of Finality

Wistfully procuring whispers of finite
answers.
Sliding into caverns of tenacious beings,
never realizing yesterday's dreams of finality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Of Fruition

Silently singing in my mind, happiness climbing about,
enjoying it's freedom.

Alive and vibrant, taking the initiative to walk into
the light of another dimension, opened and waiting to
be discovered with amazing properties being held within.

Bridges crossing puzzles, filled with coded symbols,
ready and waiting to be figured out properly, noticing
forms and patterns that are being generated in spheres
of intellect.

Beautiful auras penetrating imagination, allowing them
to move and gyrate exclusively, causing new designs
within each sphere.

Tantalizing scents of sight being focused onto screens
of an interior life, portraying landscapes that have
never been written about before.

Loving the intense colors coming through as if in dreams
of fruition, now becoming reality's illusions as they are
taken from within and shown to the world in musical scores
and paintings of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Of Interior Desires

Intricate lace woven around lovely memories of family,
kept in treasured parts of hearts and souls.

Following dreams of interior desires, leading into
pathways of creativity, allowing self to become an
artist of prose.

Never tiring of writing through music, being listened
to quietly in this mind, letting it take me mysteriously
wherever it would like to.

Turning every corner, watching all of life giving thoughts
to think of and ideas to unfold from this mind.

Left here on many pages of poetry where people are able
to read anything that has been spoken in silent quiet
passive words of intellect and imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Of Life

Reserving thoughts quietly, stemming from intellect,
gently gathering momentum and flowing into the future
of poetry.

Inspiring and beautiful concepts traipsing silently
into rainbows of effervescent dreams of life, adjust-
ing, creating and beginning pathways.

Intellect's beautiful sensations and senses flowering
into depths of ancient wisdom and knowledge, bringing
them into the here and now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Of Lightening

Manifesting beauty of life through poetical music that
comes naturally to mind constantly.

Witnessing the tranquility of rhythm as it takes me
incessantly into the night where quiet silence overtakes
me in dreams of lightening, striking when least expected.

Raising my voice in poetry, letting the world know just
who I am and what my purpose in life is.

Chartering boats on ocean's tides, sliding through the
darkness while grasping it closely and putting it all
into lyrics of musical melodies for all to hear and enjoy.

Most alluring to people as they listen intently to the
quietness of nighttime solace, gently rocking sadness in
it's arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Of Love

Standing here before you, lying in your dreams,
waiting for you my dear.

Shutting out turmoil and sorrow of yesterday,
sun shining brightly upon my shoulders as I
imagine you holding me closely.

Recognizing one another's dreams of love, reach-
ing out, grasping you in the magic and mystery
of our love together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Of My Soul

Losing myself in corridors of tomorrow, watching in
fascination at the beauty of technology opening it's
doors to a whole cornucopia of medical breakthroughs.
Curing cancer, eliminating the flu and many of today's
illnesses.
Being able to heal organs right within our bodies,
using our own cells to build them - rejuvenate them
in perfect ways.
Negating the need for surgery and taking death from
our lifetime.
Letting us live healthy and hale for a century or
more at least.
A most important feature in dreams of my soul, taking
me to the doorstep of infinity and beyond.

(8: 02 p.m. - 11/7/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Of This Mind

Lying alone, dreaming about your love, desire mounting within, wishing to hear your voice, feel the touch of your lips upon mine.

Wanting your hands to touch and draw me closer to your being, hugged in an embrace of pure and innocent love.

Only dreams of this mind are realizing your presence, as I watch we make love in the interior universe of my mind.

Allowing feelings to comfort and excite me through the night, waking only to want you even more than before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Of Winning

Traveling down life's inane highway, being bumped and
thrown about, rushing to escape the crowds pouring
out of work for a weekend of rest or not.
Shouting to the heavens where all shouts are heard.
(Even in middles of deserts and sand dunes) .
Being alone in a turmoil of incessant commotion, not
wanting to turn and/or answer anyone.
Unbelievably counting seconds of freedom from arduous
work, hoping that soon I can quit and win money from
the Lotto.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Seem To Have Run Out

Looking towards the sky, watching clouds form and float
away, much like my thoughts are doing right now, leav-
ing my faith wallowing in a desert of my soul.

Wondering where to go from here, dreams seeming to have
run out, as I sit in a hopeless canyon of doubt, wanting
to get out of here.

Taking nothing, yet still holding out a flicker of hope
that life will be fulfilled somehow before the end appears
on this, my last horizon in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Waking

Oracular dreams stay with me until they turn into reality - as they come true for me.
Turning life around with a sleeping daze, suddenly life becomes what it's dreamed.
Arranged in living color, volume turned up, harmony being taken into my spirit as I go deeper into myself, no longer waiting for another person to return.
Knowing there's nothing I can do to help, is frustrating, hurtful, abusive, yet, that is the way of life as we know it on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreams Whispering

Life is a series of complicated processes and possibilities
waylaid by adversity and sadness.

Resounding ideas bounce around looking for places to reside
and mature.

Quiet repose is a natural desire, yet we find very little
time to practice it's restfulness.

Alone, most often with ourselves, we find no solace in this
achievement, primarily.

Needed is the space we create in our lives if even for just
a few minutes.

Characteristically standing on the outside, judging from sight
instead of experience, we seem to get tangled in the weeds of
life.

Traipsing down pathways which take us out of our environments,
we find so much to say - never having lived through it to see
meanings for self or others.

Allowedly, we search depths of self, finding we have not met ourselves, we are
not friends with self, and are wallowing in
mires of sacrifice; our destinies left to fend without us.

Dreams whispering in backs of our minds, escape our realities
because of many directions in life, pulling us away from our
nurturing core of respect and dignity.

Constraint impeccably persistent, always dodging arrows of
self-deceit as the future falls at our feet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dreamworld Of A Mind

Unknowingly lost in a dreamworld of his mind's making,
a friend sits sleeping.

Looking at him in peaceful slumber, sitting there, my
heart suddenly fills to overflowing love for him.

Gently, carefully watching so as not to wake him from
his sleep, thinking and reflecting on everything he is
or means to me.

Adorable, in a black sweater, sleeping still with his
head upon his hand.

Wanting to reach out as I would to a child, instead,
staying put and continuing to watch him all the while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drenched In Silence And Loneliness

Challenging interior feelings, causing a deepened
intensity that elastically covers up my mind.

Using intellect to keep sanity intact while dealing
with insights that continually keep coming to mind.

Developing spheres to capture each of the thoughts
into their depths where I can see and feel them when-
ever wanted.

Writing self out from all these experiences one by
one, falling into steps of intellect with a genuine
wisdom and foreseeable knowledge of the future.

Following trails left to me, searching for details
that will separate me from the inane attitudes of
others and their lives.

Running faster than ever trying to outdistance them,
enjoining intellect and fantasy to overcome their
insistence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drenching Sorrow

Atrocities of death leaving us in a quandary of dishevelment,
not knowing where to turn.
Sorrow drenches us at every turn, not letting us escape it's
blackened grasp.
We must learn to be open to life, finding pathways we can
climb out of canyons of misery, living life as best we can in
our human lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dressed In Crystal Tears

Tender thoughts held captive by musical notes, floating through
the air, magically alighting on a flock of birds in flight.

Flapping their wings as if touching ivory keys of the piano I
hear on my Walkman, so characteristic of Chopin, so true to life,
his music remains to me.

Talented forethoughts brought about, ringing laughter, crying
tears of sadness, spent in separate atmospheres of each
individual who hears and feels it deep within their hearts.

Slowly ebbing, carrying tides of sorrow, sweeping across immense
deserts dressed in crystal tears.

Continually feeling sorrowful, lost in saddened thoughts, no
hopes of a tomorrow bound in ribbon or lace.

There is no room for anything when sadness appears, collecting
it's devastating hardware to use against the self inside.

Bruising, cutting, falling down, no more sight of birds, except
in quaint memories left residing along paths of life, to be
picked up on wayward journeys.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dresses Of Rhythm

Jumping into dresses of rhythm,
calling to mind, adjacent focus of
fingerings on ivories of vision.

Planting seeds of creativity,
alongside logic and reason of
undetermined intelligence.

Seriously opining for novel
measures of integrity, causing
shifts in opposite ends of mind-
altering trends.

Sounds filtering through, giving
peace filled essences to minds
of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drifting

Hot air balloons rising above our serene morning desert,
dreams of peaceful remembrances rising over an expansive
desert floor.

Drifting like life with hopes and beauty, everlastingly
peaceful, high above earth in quiet solace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drifting Away

People talking, and I don't hear them, being distracted by melodies playing in my head.
Thankful that they are there, keeping me company and raising my spirits with their tones.
Accompanying thoughts onto paper in forms of poetical justice as I record the abusive behavior meted out by another.
Taking a stand behind closed doors, raleing against statements made, backing farther away from life's circumstances and drifting farther away than I've ever been before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drifting Being

Waiting patiently for an influx of ideas and images
never takes long.

They always seem to be hanging on the tip of my pen
when it first touches the paper.

No longer hesitant or forlorn, I write continuously
whatever my mind begins to hear and see.

Touching lightly, the chords of my being, all of life
jumps from my soul, holding on to a parachute,
drifting with the flow wherever it will lead in any
given moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drifting In All Directions

Being a solo entity in life, drifting in all directions,
not ever wanting to stay in one place, for that would
keep me from exploring and having adventures I love.

Never sitting around getting older, going after the de-
sires of my soul through music and it's rhythms, writing
songs of my heart in measures of time.

No one else ever able to compose them for they are only
of my heart, intellect, soul and mind forever in this
life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drifting In Daydreams

Changing attitudes throughout the years, drifting in and
out of daydreams of what we want in life.

Not always reaching our goals, being disappointed, spirits
dragging, yet we look inwardly finding God's still there.

Never abandoning, just waiting for us to realize and recog-
nize the fact that He will never leave us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drifting Musically

Rocking and joyful, keeping time with tempos of rhythms
that entice me to write, falling into measures of music,
finding serenity as I drift along musically.

Having not a care in the world, fantasy and imagination
pushing me across interior dimensions through intellect
and onto screens of memories.

Taking this mind magically into realms of beauty and
tantalizing wisdom, gaining knowledge through coded
rhythms provided by innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drifting Poems

Clouds of remorse favor me because I write of them when I am
feeling deeply bereaved at times.
Sololy being affected by what I feel, saddened by the total
emptiness inside, knowing that others feel this way too.
Yet, they don't all know how to deal with it and can't all
write poetry like me.
Stillness covers me like a blanket as I lie upon a cloud,
floating over earth with a saddened disposition filling me.
Letting no one see this side of me, I hide above everyone
and cry alone.
This is how I deal with it at times.
In the end, when I am feeling less bluened, I look up and
wipe away the tears, stepping off the cloud of remorse and
getting on with my life, leaving all emotions drifting in
my poems on clouds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drifting Scents

Walking along dense forest paths, savoring pine scents drifting towards my senses.
Listening to sounds of animals as they roam across the forest floor, searching for food, rest and recreation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drifting Soulfully

Soulfully drifting into a nether land, looking to be held
in a beautiful symmetry of tomorrow's destiny.

Loving everything seen in aisles of my mind, finding it
all exciting and wanting to stay here forever.

Taking care not to lose any part of the tempest brewing
constantly inside me.

Flirting with death at every turn and remembering the
pastimes of life with family.

No longer afraid of dying, as I've died several times
before and been brought back.

It's a peaceful experience I long to find in the end
again soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drifting Through Lands I Create

Reading and writing always to music, retaining everything
that enters intellect, whisked away upon the surface of
the ocean, waves crashing all around me.

Rushing to shore, taking all troubles, sacrifices and
suffering with it, leaving me floating silently, not a
care in the world.

Drifting in and out of lands I create through imagination,
at the end of the day, knowing that life has been fulfilled
entirely through the poetry I've written.

Translated from coded rhythms, going into dimensions of vivid
intuition, visions totally opening within this poetical mind
daily
and incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drifting With Clouds

Shaking up rhythms like lightening striking hearts of love,
ablaze with fireworks of color and sounds, drifting with
clouds above.

Traveling silently without most people noticing they're
even there, yet this poet sees every detail in nature,
watching in wonder and awe.

Wishing to be above in skyways of another atmosphere
where no one could ever see or know where I'm going,
totally fading and disappearing into the distance.

Drifting into another land, so complacently and very
happily floating away while writing into spheres of
innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drinking From Inspiration

Looking into depths of my being, seeing a bluened
atmosphere within, taking me into the beauty of
the Divine.

A lasting serenity filling me with heavenly pleasure,
nothing like it at all here on earth, all through the
day and nigh, existing within inner spirituality.

Beginning and ending in contemplation which fulfills
promises of heaven, drinking from the inspiration of
meditation, finding a way through life.

No matter the difficulties or suffering, looking
always forward, knowing that destiny will take me to
heaven when life upon earth finally ends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drinking In The Pleasure Of Life

Lights coming from rays of a morning sun, touching
upon our love, warming it up for us, not wanting
us to feel cold or lonely.

Special prayers and hopes, waking us together as we
lay side by side in our bed, feeling like the only
ones in the world.

When being with you, heart palpitating with yours,
our beats making beautiful music and rhythm together,
composing a song of our unconditional love.

Everything is so different now, just we two lying
here, drinking in the pleasure of our love, never
having dreamt that it could be so perfect.

Holding me tightly, gently knowing that you want me
only, letting you know too, that there will never
be anyone but you, my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dripping Daylight

Daylight dripping upon morning dew, leaving imprints in etchings of prose, to be read and dealt with on intense days of reckoning.

Solstices of happiness, creating moments of mysterious intrigue over shores of death's horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dripping Icicles

Hiding behind drifts of snow, watching activities going on around us with wonder.
Stillness, watching us as we leisurely rest in pockets of genuine love.
At last, we choose to get up and walk down plowed lanes, towards the top of the mountain, seeing icicles hanging from trees, dripping into memory's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Driven Forward

Sirens calling from within a machine, filled with an amazing amount of other people's talent.

Taking off into the deep blue, finding a fascinating voyage is at hand.

Being driven forward in the eye of a storm at sea, all finding life an uphill climb.

Trying to live on a deserted island, a query from yesterday halting their desire to do so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Driven In Life

Living with the madness of life as a human being, we are driven to do things to occupy our minds, bodies, beings.

At times failing to do anything, yet somehow we make it through until we again begin doing something to help ourselves.

Justifying and plying life with so many ideas and concepts, bringing fruition into minds of bright awakenings.

Wrapping our intellect's around prospects that are contained in abstract concepts beyond the reach of others.

Asking nothing from anyone, just continually thinking, staying obscure in this life until one day being fully discovered and honored, only happening after death I'm afraid.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Driven Sorrow

Seeping sorrow can't be quenched by any assortment of
platitudes given by anyone.
Deepest depressions in life's armor, gathering rust and
eroding inner personalities with a figment of tenuous
imagination, felt with a sorrow, driven by flat tones
and falling rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drivers

Traffic flowing, rushing to unknown destinations at will,
freely attaining objectives of their drivers as they ride
around town.

Losing themselves in dizzying lines of vehicles, riding
bumper to bumper, not looking where they're going, at times
crashing into one another recklessly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Driveways Of Emotion

Skills and practice form our expertise in life's
travails and distance us at times with undue reality.

Sating fulfilled desires, pending our equal opportunites
on trailheads of existence, we prevail and enter new
dimensions of acute access.

Literally standing on driveways of emotion, our paths
lead us on wild chases of plaintive vibrancy.

Reaching always for tones of regret, we musically fall
into deep abysses of spent youth and lie there motionless
lest we roll and dive into an uncertain eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Driving

As you're driving down the road, hurrying to work, appointments,
of just being stressed, do you ever stop in the middle of your
mind and wonder, What the heck am I doing? Why am I rushing
around and worrying?
Calming down, getting hold of yourself and disposition, taking
a few deep breaths and relaxing behind the wheel.
Mind now focused where it's supposed to be while driving.

(7: 22 a.m. - 10/28/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Driving Intellect

Running across ivories of a piano delicately,
yet intensely, driving intellect faster in
order to keep up with thoughts.

They continue flowing from an interior water-
fall, an absolute fulfillment of this poet's
purpose in life, poetically gentle, praising
God in every poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Driving People Crazy

Rising in the morning, taking life by the hand, finding
it's positive attitude lifting my spirits, fulfilling
me entirely.

Wanting to know and find out everything in life, going
deeply within and without to do it, everything exciting
and thrilling me from the inside out.

Life touching upon horizons throughout the years, curiosity
leaving nothing unturned, probably driving people crazy
with all my questions at times.

Needing to know answers to what I'm thinking and wondering
about, asking questions because I am so inquisitive about
human nature, humanity, knowledge, wisdom etc.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Driving Through Intellect

Gathering momentum as I drive through intellect,
seeing visions of perception filling my mind
with their precision and depth.
Lengthy discussions being carried on throughout
the day about decisions of design and painting.
In every aspect all is coming into it's own.

(10: 37 a.m. - 11/19/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drizzling Etudes

Enjoying immensely, thoughts of musical etudes,
as they drizzle down my mind, into my imagination
and out onto pages of interpretive language to read
on rainy days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Droplets

Tiredly finding something within to cool
and refresh life.
Watching sprays of water scatter into
imagination's air, following it's droplets
to ends of sidewalks.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Droplets Of Rhythm

Penetrating rhythm falling like droplets
onto paper, forming words of poetical
precision as they form in auras of rhythm,
methodically in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dropping Blossoms

Tantalizing aromas coming straight from heaven, dropping like blossoms of nature into the essence of my mind.

Blossoming and nurturing in depths of intellect's imagination, being covered entirely with vines of supplication and kept hidden within gardens of educated and learned men.

Scientific formulas and inventions taking shape and being written into planters for future cures and definitions, being always taken into books of professors and scientists.

Nowhere reasons following in footsteps of outdated logic.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dropping Out Of The Circle

Dropping out of the circle of life, not finding anything
of value right now.
Happening behaviors are driving me back into the ground
where I always used to hide.
Now wanting to go back there and never have to lean in
this side of existence.
Wanting only to leave this particle of life behind and
go on without having anything to stop or stand in my way
ever again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dropping Stars

Falling stars dropping from imagination,
taking me with them into depths of poetical
circumstances hidden within.

Testing mercurial distances as they twist
and turn into all manner of shapes and
forms, just to find their way into
imagination's sight, holding fast to each
one so as not to lose any of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dropping Sweat

Despite the heat touching my mind, life is turning
inside out, programming itself to the temperature
of feelings within.

Complacently watching as pages turn into prose,
beginning moods of satisfaction.

Learning to adjust with every drop of sweat wending
ways interiorly across patterns of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drops Of Sorrow

Emptiness surrounds my heart, filling my eyes with tears
of sadness and drops of sorrow.

Heart beating needlessly for I do not wish to continue
living without you, there is nothing in life that can
fill this void of me missing you.

Staring into the atmosphere, watching the sun rise in the
morning, drinking my hot cup of tea, wondering why I feel
it necessary to do so.

Thinking does not come, only pictures of your face smiling
at me, eyes filled with love.

Emptiness continues to surround my heart, catching at my
mind and intellect, interrupting my perceptions of reality.

No one understands the futility of living that I am feeling
within since you have died and left me alone.

They cannot feel the total emptiness that fills my being,
and I cannot explain it to them.

Feeling more alone than ever, because no one listens to my
heart's voice telling them how I feel since you left and
went home without me by your side.

Living with this lonely emptiness, being forsaken by loss
and other people's uncaring or unknowing attitudes.

Emptiness surrounds my heart, filling my eyes with tears
of sadness and drops of sorrow.

Heart beating needlessly, for I do not wish to continue
living without you in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drowned In Death's Tears

Reaching for you incessantly, yet you cannot be held,
reason and logic are not able to be grasped for life
is silenced and beauty has disappeared.

Unable to be exercised anymore for life has left and
death has taken you, having drowned me in death's
tears forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drowning

Drowning in a sea of love, not finding where it
has gone, finding nothing left of it on earth.
Wishing to be saved from the aftermath of love's
lost heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drowning Bereavement

Chiming sounding into intellect, selecting tones to match
with words of beauty and their peaceful meanings.

Unfolding gently into minds of those who are drowning in
sorrow and bereavement, missing their loved ones throughout
the rest of their lives.

Tempting loneliness to walk into the deserts of their souls,
losing their way and not knowing what direction to take any
more.

Looking around, not recognizing life the way it used to be
when they were alive.

Now wandering aimlessly into uneven patterns of death's
rhythms, unceasingly, crying and sobbing, having nothing
else left in life to hold onto.

Yet, even their tears can't be held, because they must be
expelled and fall from their eyes, just another loss heaped
upon their abandoned souls.

Looking away from life, wanting just to be alone and never
be approached by another soul in life.

Never being the same again, as sorrow and grief take a part
of their lives, leaving them bereft upon lonely shores of
earth, no one to reach for or have them touch their hearts
in moments of timeless beauty.

Nothing to be held onto, giving up entirely in life's beings,
taking off and never coming back to their places, left only
in reality's depths of death.

Finally sleeping the restless slumber of bereavement,
awakening yet, thoughts of their loved ones, crying themselves
asleep and dying inside.

Hoping for someone to come along and take them to heaven's

edges soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drowning Feelings

Depravation being sung into lyrics of a song, touching inner feelings lying beneath the surface, shame being pronounced out loudly in rhythms.

Spirits of a woman having been tainted with the taste of liquor, trying to drown out feelings of shame left upon her, a woman who was once raped.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drowning In Grief

Wavering voice booming hesitantly into the atmosphere,
taking us with him in song.
Rendition of lost and forlorn love, sitting in the
rain alone, no umbrella to shelter a heart from the
downpour flowing rapidly through it as it drops upon
the floor in millions of pieces, never to be picked
up or put together again.
Looking out upon a lost horizon, watching the sun
dropping below vision in bluened rays of sorrow,
glistening in many tears, drowning in grief's arms
in a tender embrace of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drowning In Pure Innocence

Just stepping in time, letting myself be taken into
depths of rhythm's beginnings and endings.

Loving and taking my place in the space of life that
has become my own this very day.

Opening up and letting my essence flood into my soul,
enjoying it's feeling as I happily drown in it's pure
innocence.

Allowing an increase in the measure of my worth as I
continue to write of everything hidden within codes
of prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drowning Life

A bitter end lies within my sight, crying softly, crouching lowly, waiting to let go.
Pain has overwhelmed me, drowned all hopes and dreams of living life freely again.
There is a past spread out before me, casting me to depths of despair, filling time with darkness in death's open door.
Time has packed it's bags and left, no longer interested in what will happen.
Tired of incessant sadness, crowding every moment, leaving nothing - joy and happiness cannot abide within.
Winds of sand form dunes upon the desert of life, forsaking every particle of breath to lie down and be buried beneath the heaviness of memories and it's images.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drowning Out

Loneliness has settled down inside and seems to want
to stay for quite awhile.

Trying to rid self of it, writing, riding, visiting
Mom's grave, nothing has even put a dent in it.

Hurting slows down a mind, tires one out, and leaves
you drained with loneliness still inside.

Drowning out the will of life, taking away whatever
care you have of yourself.

Will it be for all time or will you awaken tomorrow
without it?

Maybe life will be done tonight, not wanting it to end
on a note of loneliness as an only friend.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drummer

A drummer exercising his arms, beating to particular
rhythms stored within his mind.
Snare and bass drums following his every motion as
cymbals gently recall astounding sounds of praise
and joy.
Altogether being played by a distinguished gentleman
wearing bow tie and white shirt.
A clever ensemble for one so talented, playing for
crowds of people, volunteering his time and music
for others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drummer Beating Faster

Talking guitars and drums, telling a story of everyday
life as it's being lived.

Memories teeming within, trying to be seen in the dark
without a light shining upon them.

Kicking up our heels, strutting our stuff in a fast-
paced line dance, getting out of breath.

Not wanting to stop for a moment, faster and faster,
drummer beating rhythms, loving this rapid tempo.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drumming Senses

Senses are being drummed by rhythm's beats, gently touching
this mind and reviving it's energy.

Bits and pieces are being gathered together, watching notes
flow and tones smoothly slide into my mind.

Irresistible and enticing, combining effervescent heartbeats
with luminous pictures of an interior essence.

Beautiful and alluring, desires rising as love touches the
soul of this being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drums Of Thought

Beating drums of thought as they resound through
elation's moments, thrilling to expectant feelings.
Functioning progressively, fulfilling needs of
effervescent solutions, weeping into daylight hours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drunken Prowess

Motion catches my eye as I watch carefully, the antics of people on the dance floor.
Moving off of the beat at times, yet managing to stay afloat for the time being, showing off their drunken prowess to one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dry Desert Lanes

Wading through beats of drought on arid desert lands,
watching rainbows filter out gray skies ambivalently.
Striding down dry lanes through desert mountainous
terrain, while being stranded and surrounded by cacti
and natural snakes coming out of hiding.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Drying In The Desert

Sliding beings hiding behind their shadows, never exposing themselves for fear of being discovered for who they really are.
Not wanting to be known, living in silence, never opening their mouths or having conversations.
So totally alone and hanging inside ideas of doom, not planning a life to come back to.
Being depressed and sunken into rivets of never-ending loss until expiring in a puddle of forgotten tears, drying up in the desert, no where to show feelings or emotions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

D's. Ranch

Peaceful quiet, stretching across a vast desert landscape.
A quaint ranch hidden within, following days of old by becoming, all on it's desolate own.
Reaching out to clouds and sky, pathways criss-crossing throughout our eyes.
Living tucked away, into a place on God's desert acre.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dual Diagnosis

Lively conversation, a little strained, pulling at the edges.

People slowly gathering beyond the time to begin.

Readying selves for the coming onslaught of words and phrases,
dealing with dual diagnosis treatment of clients.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Duet Of Innate Talent

Temporarily settling into a mood of complacency, being revived with a refreshing sound of rhythm, enticing my heart to continue it's resounding tempos throughout my lifetime.

Watching as melodies continually fill every measure of life with an exciting and vibrant lifestyle through poetry and music.

A duet of innate talent that keeps my mind alert and open to everything through all my senses, then being place on photographic screens forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dull Educators

How can a teacher who is stale themselves turn any child
onto learning?

A classroom, dull and all dried out with no excitement -
except for when the children fight with each other.

Nothing takes place in an environment like that, least of
all any type of learning!

Teaching needs to come across to a child as an adventure,
an exciting aspect of life, something they might want to
do with their lives later on.

Falling asleep in class, being bored, not wanting to do
any work, whose fault is it all?

Only the teachers!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Duplicity Of Life

In depths of night's darkness I ponder the duplicity of life, how it can be so simply complex, making it unbearable at times.

Listening to what people don't say, yet their gestures and actions repeat it all word for word silently, then feelings enter one deeply.

Showing how they hate being with us, wishing we would go away and leave them alone, hurt feelings never being soothed through the dishonesty of keeping silent.

Instead of speaking their minds, putting barriers between people who were once friends, disturbing the once beautiful peace and balance of their friendship and love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dust Devils

Wind blowing gently across the earth, leaving idle patterns
behind for nature to enjoy.

Swallowing dust it stirs, choking off and on, swirling
dust devils, grasping anything not held down, hurling it
all towards the sky.

Letting go suddenly, reaching out, landing in a heap upon
the ground.

Social outcasts swept with dirt, sent flying away to do it
all again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dust Storm

Looking out an oval window,
giving a different view of the
world outside this hospital room.

South Mountain has completely
disappeared behind a dust storm
of great magnitude.

It's now covering up neighborhoods
and is closer to the hospital than
before.

Palm trees, bending, swaying at the
mercy of major gusts of wind.

Everything outside my window is now
dusty white and being blustered
continuously with winds coming from
the west.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dusting Cobwebs

Dusting off cobwebs of my mind, releasing thoughts caught up in delicate strings, holding me in for years.
Now, freedom has set in and given me wings to soar beyond myself and into skyways of everlasting peace.
Rushing into waterfalls, going over, free falling into emotions, letting them cover me intimately so I can write out of them.
Softly whispering into patterns of my mind, changing and altering them to fit a new generation of feelings.
Releasing inferior thoughts into my vast imagination, soaring into it's heights, nothing holding or clinging to me, giving me free rein for an eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dusting Memories

Dusting off memories with a feather duster, delving into each of their personalities, looking for some familiar feelings of peace and harmony.
Enjoying the familiarity of my mind's surroundings, walking among it's beautiful pathways, all leading to interior peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dusty Roads

Rocky roadways covering cars
with powdered dust of old,
as they are transported to
all areas of the state.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dusty Trails

Living country-western style, laid-back and easy going,
feeling relaxed and contented, nothing interfering with
the peacefulness of my heart and interior spirituality.

Tempting desires between us and taking us down dusty
trails of yesterday's cowboys, lassoing and roping our
feelings together.

Giving thrills and excitement as we sit closely together,
looking into each other's eyes, finding whispers of love
invigorating both of us.

An energy building ever higher, taking us down melodies
of cowboy ballads once again, as we dream of riding off
into the sunset like they once did.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dusty Trails Of Tomorrow

Riding in the saddle again, down dusty trails of tomorrow where I enjoy being alone with nature.

Writing as I ride, into and out of sunrises and sunsets, loving the time being spent within my intellect.

Living in it's spacious and lovely treasures of knowledge and wisdom, touching upon the clip clop of rhythm.

Horse's hooves touching the ground in a cadence of melody, keeping time with my mind and heart as I live my life fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Duties Of Motherhood

Your silence has spread itself throughout my life.
Sandwiched between the duties of motherhood as you once were.
It's a struggle, a daily one, as I'm finding out.
Mom, you knew that already, having raised us pretty much on your own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dutiful Sense

Combining a combination of luxurious words as they
settle back in leisurely becoming.
Finding a stance in life that can't be fought off,
only brought forward into positive motion and
aforethought.
Clipping things and amassing them into a hodge-
podge of sentences, all arranging themselves and
making dutiful sense when finally read in quiet
serenity.
Digging enthusiastically into secrets of life still
left unknown.
Now, finally they are becoming undone and shared on
a tenth dimension, one where I have found the keys
to sublime thought so far.

(12: 46 p.m. - 11/30/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Duty's Directions

Playfully acknowledging the ineffectual lapses of time, continuing throughout space.

Steering life in directions we feel we should be traveling, ignoring the best paths already laid out before our birth.

Taking respect and dignity from hand to hand, tossing it about, neglecting our duties to others and self.

Noting practices of allowance, keeping in tune with nature's balance, failing to thrive anyhow, cemented in fear, tipped over and spilt out upon the floors of this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dwelling

Trending, new ideas falling out into society, all of them seeming to be following the same designs and patterns.

Nothing illuminated from insight, just dull and dim ideas not being effervescent, brought out into the world of poetical atmospheres.

Forming patterns of a formal and exciting desire, being transformed from a cocoon into a magnificent and wonderful butterfly of atmospheric proportions.

Nothing being seen like it in this world, taking it out of context, just to be shown for great, enticing collections of interior thoughts and desires.

Rising higher than ever before in an intense and luminescent lifetime of cohesive freedom and inner spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dwelling Alongside Emptiness

Trembling with emotion,
feeling tightened in a barrier of isolation.
Trying to break free, easing slowly out of
life and into another form of life on the edge.
Dwelling alongside the emptiness, filling it
slowly into my heart and soul.
Wiping out the future that was always mine
until the day I died.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dwelling In Perfection

Controlling inner workings of my mind through a fascinating
array of sounds and tones, all bringing me to the peak of
perfection, letting me dwell in it's essence while finding
words to write into poetry.

Volumes of tones are being rapidly sent in all directions
at once, vibrating and giving a total illumination of yet
another aspect of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dwelling Interiorly

Listening to the quiet silence of an interior life where
I dwell most times in the serenity of it's complete and
total peace.

Touching the essence of my soul, it's enlightening and
absolute truth shining from within, giving an energy that
never quits, keeping me going through everything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dwelling Within

Patiently dwelling within, tasting chocolate feelings of life, transfiguring my mind in aspects of divine providence.
Capturing measured rhythms in the palms of my mind, grasping them carefully, tenderly with joy.
Picturing dreams of intense quality, standing out on pavements of extreme derision.
Holding togetherness in cupped prayers, fulfilling promises required by God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dwindle In Glory

Life blows across our horizons giving vent
to natural wonder and awe.
Beauty stings us more often than not and we
dwindle in it's glory.
Taken aback with the splendor of life,
especially as it lends itself to our sight
through little children.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dwindling In This Life

Writing and feeling sorrow roaming through this being, touching heart and soul so timidly and gently, afraid of making tears flow silently.

Recognizing that it's wanting to be realized through writing, letting it express itself solemnly in the midst of prose, tampering with memories in a way.

Opening them up, offering images of loved ones who've passed on, bringing instant tears to blue eyes, knowing that they can no longer be with or talk to us again on earth.

Dwindling in this life, yet reaching out to them in a sincere effort to be touched by their love once again, alas, nothing can make it happen as writing is filled with the sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dying Fragments

Standing, edges away, forsaking all of mankind to live
another day.

Saving memories good or bad, tabled for now, on distant
walls.

Taken down once in a while like faded pictures, ripped
and frayed from constant use.

Oftentimes forgetting everything religiously, just to
continue living another day.

Sacred moments tied gingerly together, emerging from
depths of hurt and sorrow.

Each morsel of life once saved, once precious, lies
no more in jeweled cases, unheard of now, hidden in
blackest caskets underground.

Wealth of mind and body now decayed, unheard stories
lying hidden in shallow graves.

Sweet breath abides no more within, for death's
destruction has occupied it's space, here within
these bodily walls.

All life and talent, twisted, cut off, lying in many
fragments, no longer able to be picked up, no longer
able to be repaired.

Standing edges, blue away, forsaking nothing, no
longer living any of it's days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dying In Loneliness

Mind sitting in an ocean of tears, drowning
beneath them.

Being abandoned, lost, beneath life's edges,
barely holding on right now.

Dying in the loneliness of darkness, timid
and afraid of senses, feelings and emotions
coming upon me near death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dying Infant

Holding gently to an infant of beauty and remorse, so tenderly
buoyant and loveable, lying innocently upon a mother's breast,
unknowing except for the heart-wrenching sorrow heard whenever
her voice talks gently to her baby.

Protectively wrapping her arms around the tiny little form of
a baby, a miracle of love that will not last long on this earth,
because it is too precious to the Lord.

All the love of a lifetime must be met and stored in the memory
of it's soul right now, as it silently teeters on the edge of
life, ready to be carried away in God's blessed arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dying Interiorly

Feeling loneliness of losing you all through the night,
dying interiorly, knowing you are no longer with me.

Not wanting to wake to another morning because I know
that I'll be alone again, crying tears of sorrow that
will hold my love for you only, my love.

Sorrowful, finding we will be separated while I live
on without you, my dear, not knowing if I can continue,
turning over, closing my eyes, hoping to die before
waking again in the morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dying To This Life

Dying to this life, wanting to be with you only, finding
there's nothing else that matters in this world except
you, my dear.

Patterns leading to details that will give credence to
what we believe and hope in, silent and steady, never
wavering from what is right, morally and ethically.

A solid faith and religious perspective holding us to-
gether no matter what may befall us in suffering or in
tribulations.

Not wanting to just be human waste and useless on earth,
needing to help others to learn to help themselves so
they in turn can help others in the same boat!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Dynamics Of Children

Awakening impulses to another day of writing, weekend
coming up, time to leave the hospital and be with my
Granddaughters and Grandson.

Having fun, playing, enjoying one another after a week
of being parted, a serene and lovely time will be had
as we talk, listen to music, watching funny videos.

Always a really great time when we're together, then
my Grandson comes and they all vie for my love and
affection, wanting my attention.

Dynamics of children at play, still all in all, having
a wonderful time together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

E Flat Minor

Mellow thoughts being played through E flat minor,
draping themselves in the darkness of this night.

Following traces of other times across and through
the desert of my mind.

Straying measures taking me into a nothingness that
will never end.

A place having been set before intellect, allowing
it's essence to unfold onto arid plains of tomorrow.

There I will once again listen to mellow thoughts,
being played in E flat minor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

E Flat Trials

Dancing in moonlight, taking in every movement with exhilarating feelings,
touching deeply, my heartstrings in minor chords of E Flat.
Breathing in imaginative air through passages of yesterday, placating easily,
every nerve ending stripped raw by life's trials.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Each A Solo Entity

Living on earth, each of us a solo entity with our
own individual abilities and talents, using them
to help manifest peace and cooperation throughout
the entire world.

Loving to do everything alone, then getting together
and blending all thoughts in hopes of finding some-
thing worthwhile that will benefit all of mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Each Day Changes

Living each day changes everything, nothing ever
staying the same, there's nothing we can really
rely on in this temporary life.

Expecting our wants and needs to be fulfilled, but
oftentimes they're not even considered in our very
moments of living.

Existential purposes don't even fit into equations
as we uneasily walk around on the pathways we have
been destined to follow through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Each Person Has A Purpose

Doing to others as I do unto myself, treating everyone
with respect and dignity, finding goodness in every
person, never escaping manners taught when younger by
parents.

All people in the world are equal and should always be
treated in that way, even the worst ones, because there
is something within each person that makes them worth-
while knowing.

Each person has a purpose and message to be shared with
mankind no matter what, even very small children can
identify that reasoning and logic.

Accepting everyone who passes, taking them into our hearts,
trusting, everyone unless they do something to the contrary
to hurt us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eager Children

Enthusiastic children eager to learn how
to line dance like the grown-ups.

Kicking, sliding, trying to imitate the
female instructor, yet keeping their own
pace throughout the musical interlude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Early Celebration

Valentine's Day is coming up on Sunday, but we're now
celebrating it here at the Senior Center today.

Sweets and coffee being served, music and dancing in
a fun atmosphere filled with love and acceptance.

Everyone joining in and taking places on the dance
floor, too bad you can't see what I'm talking about,
it's awesome, filled with the beauty of humanity.

Everyone getting along, no racism or hatred, people
of all nationalities together in a celebration of
love for this Valentine's Day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Early Moments

Misery creeping closer still,
emptying my being, adding a burning
abandonment to my heart in it's early
moments of disappointment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Early Morning

Delving quickly into compositions of Chopin,
listening to complicated patterns, achieving
an intense concentration to write designs of
infinite making.
Stressing exquisite meanings as they touch my
soul in an early morning period of relaxation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Early Morning Appreciation

Lively anticipation joggling my mind, teasing it into
an appreciation of an early morning.
Breezily flowing across my forehead, touching senses,
awakening them to a beautiful day about to begin.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Early Morning Fun

Reigning in the joy of a beautiful morning with a smile,
using music to increase everyone's pleasure.

Dancing equally to steady beats, fully being enticed
into rhythms being played.

So in tune with the tempo and glorious melody, stepping
up and into a line dance with other's, all taking time
to join in and have some early morning fun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Early Morning Sun

Early morning sun shining in through glass windows,
climbing the stairs, leaving shadows upon some of
the steps as it goes up.

Reflections brightly shining off of glass panels on
the second floor, illuminating the stainless steel
railings and hardware, holding the glass up.

Downstairs floor, still in major shadows, the sun
not allowed into it's depths just yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Early Morning Webs

Strands of spider webs being blown and stretched
by the wind in a early morning sunrise.

Holding on tightly to railings on the second floor
right outside Dr. L.'s waiting room.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Early Purpose

Running in place as he sings another song, little Alex, singing in his quiet, shy voice, happy to be recognized for who he is, and doing what he loves in this world.
A wonderful spirit, taking it's place in the annals of future history, giving himself the confidence needed to get along in this life.
Blooming in his young days, fulfilling God's promise through his essential essence in a purpose found early in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ears Of Time

Silence fills the air around, lying upon the ears of time,
nowhere else can it be heard, except here in these hallowed
halls of ages since gone by.

Mustiness can still be smelled in the air you breathe, it's
heavy odor filling your nostrils with the dust of long ago.

Everywhere you walk, footsteps echo down the hall of time
gone by, leaving only the whispering, hovering on the breeze, waiting it's turn to
be heard again in the near future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Earth Bowl

Looking down from above earth looks like a giant bowl of
ice cream filled with many surprises.

Rippled, ribboned, swirled in various places, together
in one container, served to all nations.

Preserved in peaceful splendor, spilled across this
universe in cool regard of every individual preference
and final choice.

Life served up in a bowl topped with whipped cream clouds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Earth No Longer Filled With Evil

Testing mercurial waters of the future, visions abounding of
good things happening all over this world, evil being destroy-
ed, perverts being dissipated and no longer existing.

No longer an earth filled with evil, corruption and pedophilia,
peace and serenity now taking over in every country, everyone
uniting, living an existence saturated with love, caring and
compassion, a new world is soon coming to be with Donald Trump
at the helm, leading the world to peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Earth, We All Call Home

Finding friends along pathways of this life, when meeting,
having been total strangers, striking up conversations,
learning about each other's likes and dislikes.

Coming to a common ground, sometimes immediately, other
times a little later on, but in the end having a great time
learning about what we each prefer while living our lives.

Passing by, saying hi, becoming friends while upon this
temporary planet earth, one we all call home together, living
a complacent peace and serenity, accepting each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Earthly Holds

Success is a misnomer, are we ever happy when we have it
in our lives?
Holding on to money, prestige, material items - when do
we have time to Be?
Be ourselves, stripped of all the phony, earthly things.
How we will handle death if we can't let go of things now?
Is it so important to gather and collect material gains
when we are imminently about to expire?
What about the most precious treasures we have on earth?
Our families, friends, religion and spiritual interior
lives are the most important to a life well-lived aren't
they?
Why not focus more on our blessings and let go of earthly
holds on our beings?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Earthly Landscapes

Blaring into the sunset, energy felt through necessary
rhythm of interior sadness and joy.
Joining forces subconsciously, holding hands with
destiny and fate, hoping to maintain a semblance of
maturity as we age into a blistering aura of elderly
embraces.
Standing along picturesque highways of earth's landscape.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Earthly Life

Loving to have fun, enjoying every moment of laughter,
teasing and love of another, touching upon the beauty
of nature and it's effect on our beings.

Giving us an appreciation of all that God has given
to us here on this earth, time is so relative, life
is temporary, yet we can get so much from it.

If we stop thinking of ourselves and look out into
the world, seeing where there is a need for compassion,
laughter and smiles for everyone.

Hoping to be surrounded by people who love and care for
us in this earthly time of life, and living fully in the
interior lives we were born with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Earthly Sorrow

Cutting through my heart, sadness leaves it's scars within,
preparing tears in salted chalices of bereavement.
Loneliness takes my mind on voyages of self-pity at times.
Yet, my soul cries out in loneliness, echoing my sorrow
throughout days of my life.
Accentuating tears of torment with edges of grief's swords,
twisting deeper inside me, taking away my life as I used to
know it's joy.
All that is gone now as I wallow on horizons of earthly
sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Earthquake

Sitting safely, listening to music on the radio and writing,
while deep inside my mind is churning, thinking of the many
people in San Francisco who have died.

Feeling the pain in my heart for loved ones left behind, and
those who have been injured, uncomprehending the devastation
wrought by just an earthquake, a shaking of the ground.

People joining together, trying to help others trapped in
the debri or on the bridge, forgetting themselves, their
problems, their lives, to help some strangers hold on to
their life at least.

Nothing else mattering, but human life, so refreshing, so
fantastic! God must be smiling at all hearts joining for
a just cause - human life.

It must be hard for God to sit by and see death, yet His
consolation is seeing them with Him in heaven.

Banding together, all those people will continue to help
each other through, comforting and talking to all around
them will help ease the strain that will surely be there
when the shock wears off.

Sitting safely, listening to music on the radio and writing,
feeling a sort of devastation, a sense of pride, mixed
feelings, all inside.

Praying for everyone affected by the earthquake and hoping
love and faith will survive the many months putting back
the pieces of so many lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Earth's Desert

Fighting for a balance between reality and the insistence of age, as it tries to tear me from this life without even giving anything in return.

Loss of appetite for anything on earth is permeable and completely taking over inside, wishing and wanting things that are not available and can never be given by anyone.

Silently, sitting in the dark, walls of a canyon enclosing and building, being too high to climb or see over.

Troubling thoughts are rising with every day that life continues to exist, losing hope of a lifetime as the curtain of night falls across my sight.

Trying to blind me, yet I can see through the darkness continuing to move forward, knowing that nothing really matters on earth to a lost soul wandering across earth's desert.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Earth's Details

Mirrors reflecting pictures of today as I travel down
edges of yesterday's highways.

Seeing picturesque landscapes as they rush past, letting
me retain every single detail in photographic screens of
a mind fascinated with the many details of earth.

Never wanting them to be forgotten, writing every one of
them into poetry, ready to be seen throughout the universe.

Relating all particles seen and felt in landscapes of
another reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Earth's Intense Catacombs

Stepping down stairways, searching for new ways to ascend
to apexes of life.

Evaporating sorrow along pathways of grace, prolonging hope
through faith and perseverance.

Praying to stay alive while continuing to find my genuine
purpose here in earth's catacombs of intensity and darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Earth's Landscapes

Wanting to openly express so many of today's images in collected moments,
holding them close and placing them into frames of delicate boundaries where all
may be depicted in a variety of expressions and colloquial instances.
Picking up many different aspects and playing with them like puzzle pieces from
jungles of another time, inspecting the solitary lines of existence.
Incorporating a totality of peaceful resignation into special frequencies of joyful
elation and bounding across the face of earth's landscapes with an essence of
abrupt childhood wonder and excitement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Earth's Perimeters

Extra mundane pioneers of deliverance creep alongside
mountainous edges, holding onto precarious niches for
hands and feet.

Wielding a sense of freedom inside, feeling daredevilly,
hanging in mid-air, not caring or thinking of any
untoward accidents happening this side of earth's
perimeter.

Losing all semblance of life as it's known, flying in
novel circular patterns, creating new mosaics and
puzzles being found within imaginative minds over time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ease Life's Strain

Cupcaking around, looking at people actively involved in
something purposely.
Inane things at times, involving only their egos and
bragging about what they do.
Soundly rejecting being alone in their thoughts or sitting
quietly in contemplation to ease the strain of life in
their little domains.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Easily Complicated

Simple aspects of life are so easily complicated by
those who don't understand their premises from the
very beginning.

Telling others about these things with their slanted
and biased views on many subjects, nothing coming to
light except the half-truths and lies.

Being assumed through opinions they've formed, according
to their environments, situations and circumstances,
only lies and illusions being spoken aloud to confuse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Easing Feelings

Reflections decorating bluened shades of a waterfall.
Tenderly touching my mind with it's exquisite blend of textures, as I gently ease feelings into the total picture, giving the atmosphere an ambiance of eerie cloudiness.
On days of hopeless abandon, turning away from everyone, hiding in catacombs of my mind, not wanting to be seen in daylight hours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Easing In Writing

Wandering down lanes of music,
rocking to the beat,
satisfying me with sweet
smelling melodies,
gathering ideas in my brain.
Soulfully exciting me inside.
Carrying a lot of rhythm,
letting it ease itself out
in writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Easing Intellect

Grinding against my mind, a sliding and gyrating
rhythm touching everything within my being.

Desires rising like smoke from a hot fire, easing
intellect into another realm of reality.

Blended with imagination, pleasing and pleasurable,
never letting me down as an energy fills me to over-
flowing.

Being catapulted into the universe free and inde-
pendent, alone and unto myself.

Nothing standing in the way of incessant beats of
rhythm as they collide and bounce throughout my being.

Striding around, wandering and leaving nothing to
chance, as rhythms are coded according to an interior
knowing.

A vast and united front of innate talent supply an
inner spirituality that nothing can erase.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Easing Into Faith

Tramping through inner forests, touching everything
in view, filling senses with the beauty of nature
and being fulfilled by it interiorly.

Solemnly attending to the reality of life, adjusting
attitudes to it's demands, putting aside those that
are chosen to not be dealt with any time soon.

Slowing down, easing into faith's faster rhythms,
enjoying the roller coaster ride while listening to
melodies time and again.

Beating against my heart in time with intense music,
feeling it take me away into nether lands of another
world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Easing Into Rhythms

Reading, writing, painting pictures through music as it's being composed, innate talent making it all possible, tantilizing this mere poet's soul and mind.

Wonderfully easing intellect into their rhythms, allowing living in depths of their artistic processes, feeling comfortable and at home within.

Confines of this heart and soul are filled with freedom. going full throttle throughout the day and night, allowing thoughts to roam through intellect unheeded.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Easing Poetry

Floating on clouds of reality,
watching fantasies of my imagination
go to and fro without hesitation or doubt.
Rejoicing in the ease with which poetry
eases itself into my mind of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Easing Pressure

Morning peace awakening this mind with sunshine and a tantalizing atmosphere opening wide, traveling into and out of it's wide expanse of indecision and fortitude.

Looking for explanations in which to find truth and an everlasting faith to carry us through these barriers and limitations here on earth.

Watching and hoping for answers to bring us to edges of an effervescent vestige of salvation where we can hold onto some sort of realization.

Taking us totally into realms of another dimension where our minds are opened and taken out from under pressure of many circumstances that keep us held back.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Easing Rhythms

Delightful sounds of melodies turning their rhythms, tempos and tones into poetry as my mind translates them all in measures of time.

Always satisfying the energy of intellect, recalling it through the years in music of all types when re-reading it sometimes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Easing Sadness

Singing praises of humanity, feeling sadness of the world
hiding within, hoping in some small way to ease it with
prayer and faith.

Knowing others are doing the same, helps me to not stress
out over it.

Picturing it in images, a fireplace, burning brightly as
I pray and throw sorrow into it's depths, knowing the
smoke will carry it up and out of the chimney and into
God's hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Easing Stress

Notes and tones touching my mind, bringing pleasure and enticing positive attitudes and moods, filling my being with an exquisite happiness and joy.

Silently taking me into a bluened light where the Divine dwells within me always, waiting as serenity flows throughout my being.

Totally easing the stress and tension brought on by living this temporary life on earth, forging this livelihood and purpose of an interior spiritual life.

Shaking the very roots of my being with the rhythms of nature and imagination, guiding me down pathways of destiny God has given to me already.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Easing Tension

Wrestling with life, using rhythms to help ease
the tension, exacting the beauty of music from
the atmosphere.

Listening and taking sounds and notes into my
intellect, accepting tones at the speed of light,
pounding like drums in the center of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Easter Sky

Purple and pink colored sky, reminding me of Easter
and the promise of Jesus Christ as He wiil soon be
resurrected here on our earth.

A blessed morning filled with His glory and never
again experiencing death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Easter Sunday

Stretching across miles of desert views, feeling all of it's nature touching my soul with exquisite prayer.
A spiritual high filling me as I touch edges of heaven with my mind.
Sightful visions entering my subconsciousness on a beautiful, peaceful Easter Sunday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Easy Listening

Selecting notes as melodies are being played tonight.
Easy listening, soft, gentle, and so smooth.
Then a little motion comes into view, leaving an
impression of novel beats, bringing me into a faster
paced melody.
Giving an experience of delight as the song comes
slowly, softly, to an end.

(9: 45 p.m. - 11/16/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Easy Part?

Rushing through this life, trying to get to the part where
everything becomes easier to deal with.

All the hardships that fall into line with what needs to
be done as we continue to move forward towards it's ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Easygoing Nature

Life is at a standstill, listening to what is all around in the atmosphere.
Taking it in, absorbing every feeling that comes, taking everything in stride.
Leaving nothing out, enjoying every second of nature and it's playfulness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eating At Blimpie's

Sitting in Blimpie's, eating a favorite tuna
fish sub for lunch today.

It serves to satisfy my palate completely as
quietly, I enjoy every bite of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eating At Burger King

Masticating enjoyably at Burger King, in my mind, as I patiently await my number one value meal.

Watching children smiling, talking, laughing, chattering, enjoying their dining experience of lunch.

Ever more people crowding into line, herded much like cattle between metal rails, waiting to be served.

Dull, mediocre music playing faintly above the din of noise being emitted by the crowd.

Still sitting, writing, passing time until lunch is served.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eating At Pizza Buffet

Sitting here at Pizza Buffet, eating dinner and enjoying
my time writing poetry.

It being pretty empty here when all of a sudden, many
young men and women come crowding into the restaurant.

Having come from playing a soccer game at Paradise
Valley Community College, men winning, women having lost.

Here to celebrate, eating dinner before going back to
their home town of Yuma.

Very pleasant and wonderful people, leaving us with a
very good impression after meeting and talking with them.

Each individual was polite, respectful, and a winner in
every respect of life.

Truly enjoying talking to many of them and their coaches,
hopefully seeing them in the future.

Giving out my name and so they can go and
read this poem and one other I've dedicated to them all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eating Chicken At A Steakhouse

At the dinner table now, having ordered dinner,
stuffed chicken, veggies salad, Aragua, white
chocolate cheese cake, coke to drink afterwards.

Not very many people here, only fifteen, all very
pleasant except for one woman looking down her nose
at everyone else.

There's always got to be one snob in the crowd and
she's the one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eating Cookies

Eating cookies upside down,
opening new alternatives to
wonder.

What goes on under horizontal
horizons of life, curiously
thinking am I.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eating Out

Out to lunch with a friend and my Granddaughter, having Mexican food at Valle Luna, a great little restaurant.

Fun, music, t.v.'s all over the place, just a very friendly atmosphere all around.

A wonderfully beautiful decorated place in old Mexican decor, food is really fantastic, so we keep coming back here time after time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eating Out At The Elephant Bar

Fans from Africa, cooling off patrons as they sit and eat lunch.

Walking through and looking around sends adventurous peace to the bone.

Always having wanted to go to Africa, knowing I never can, makes me feel a little wishful inside.

This atmosphere is quiet, friendly, elephant-like, as it's name suggests.

Walking on through, sitting down outside on the patio, it feels friendly, like you are going into the jungle in your mind.

Sitting under an umbrella, we order a meal and as we sit, wait and talk, the sprinklers go on and get my friend all wet.

We had to move to another seat because wet is not what she wanted to be when going to work.

All in all, the food was good, expensive, yes, but good because it was shared with a friend.

Whatever memories I have left, I hope they will be all as nice as this one is.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eating Out With Family

At ease with family, eating pizza, drinking diet cokes,
watching the boys play video games.

Catching eyes of other patrons once in a while, smiling,
then getting back to a quiet reverie.

Serenely glancing around with every movement of a child
caught in the corner of my eye.

Looking outside all I can see is darkness, and everything
inside reflecting it's image towards my sight.

Listening to the many sounds of video arcades, hearing
the boys voices over them, as frustrated, they lose a
round to the computer.

Blinking lights beckon with tantalizing regularity at
little children who have not yet learned to resist the
sweet temptations of lights and sounds, protruding
from the screens with animated images running around.

(8: 00 p.m. - 8/31/93)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eatza Pizza

A buffet of exquisite pizza, whatever you want,
abundantly prepared, to sate appetites galore.
Folks of every type and life-style entering
through welcoming doors, while inhaling aromatic
spices and scents as they step closer to their
origins.
Food for health sitting towards the opposite end,
waiting it's turn to be explored and met by taste
buds, awaiting their delicious flavors.
Eyes falling finally upon dessert, pizzas filled
with cinnamon, apples and cherries, while visions
of cinnabuns dance in everyone's minds.
Fun and games await all children big and small as
they eat their way back to them.
A family pizza buffet catering to the fun times of
every individual, as they bounce back and forth
from food to amusement.
So much to enjoy in moments of life spent being
catered to at Eatza Pizza Buffet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eatza Pizza Buffet

Everyday places, filled with strange faces, all
enjoying dinner at Eatza Pizza Buffet.

Children's faces alight with joy and elation,
hoping to win enough tickets to buy something
nice at the little kiddie's store in back.

Bouncing and running throughout the place,
sitting for seconds at a time - just long enough
to swallow a few bites of pizza.

Off again to the rear, where lights are flashing
and blinking on arcade games, thoughts of winning
in each child's head.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ebbing Maturity

Taking my hand away from blossoms dying on
their stems, reluctantly letting their flowery
essence disappear.
Breezes wafting final scents of life into minds
filled with their images.
Silently, maturity ebbs into the darkness,
claiming it's rightful stance after life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ebbing Tides

Gathering self in at the seams,
collecting thought and emotions
as I am drawn closer to another
world beyond me.
Flowing with ebbing tides of life,
never to return to earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ebony Clouds

Beauty unfolding upon earth, sun shining brightly even
though ebony clouds are everywhere.
Stairways of clouds step into visions of concentrated
images, leading to heaven's gates beyond us.
Levels of atmosphere's can actually be seen with the
naked eye, revealing their secrets of antiquity to a
poet quite aware of their presence in her mind's eyes.
Separate pages of historical significance always being
written in rhyme for future generations in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ebony Crossbones

Lights shining brightly in my mind, giving an exceptional vision and quality in peaceful avenues of exploration.
Tending to lean more towards quieter intents, yet calmly leading ways into traumatic sections of mind-altering pictures, prepared from childhood and preserved for the adult in me to interpret.

Giving off auras, colorful, yet dismally filled with blackened ebony crossbones, allowing no entrance into catacombs of dire consequence.
Appalling memories set against innocent meanings, fill my mind with extrasensory perception and I cannot leave them behind no matter how hard I try.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ebony Darkness

Silently drifting within, leaving all else behind, finding new
paths to travel alone and altogether, quietly being sacrificial
for others peace of mind.

Tokenly taking back seats, being driven into backwoods of
suicide, letting go for good.

Stepping slowly across the threshold of death, not looking back,
noticing an ebony darkness enveloping me.

Traversing alone, passing through time and never noticing the
hurt and pain left behind - molted like snake skin.

Following along, taking walks through lonely environments, not
seeing anything, never returning, never intruding, silently
being wept and left to dry in sorrow's enclave.

(8/23/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ebony Embraces

Strumming banjos of yesterday's talent, creating images of thought on pedestals of everlasting creativity while increasing natural melodies on every day meanings.

Creating sublime anxiety in mind's of reasoning and circumstance.

Plenty of time to be fulfilled with experience and righteous indignation at thoughts of ebony embraces of death on our paths of loving desire.

Noting mementos held within hands of aging adults, as horizons strum in cadence with memorial sonatas written before time began.

Lasting forever on pages of musical books, played by talented individuals throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ebony Light

Supposition clearly mirrors people's minds,
unused to logical reasoning, unclearly trying
to explain their opinions of meaning.
Truths get confused, blurred by mistakes
passed on from one generation to another.
Displaying their ignorance for an eternity,
especially hereditarily to family.
No excuses needed as everyone can see the
writing clearly on walls of their darkened
caverns, etched in ebony light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ebony Mercy

Finding peace through life-enhancing poetry,
even though sorrow rears it's head in anger.
Filtering energies with writing to keep grief
at bay for moments of time in lateral dimensions.
Watching images slowly travel past in ebony
satin beauty, as crystal ice forms in drops of
tears, unable to be shed softly.
Singly falling into my heart with pain-inducing
hardness, as my mind cries out for mercy in
darkness of ebony grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ebony Mind

Shadows waving, beckoning my mind to delve into
their blackest ebony.
Searching their depths, holding their memories
with fervent desire, traipsing along threads
dangling just out of reach.
Noting leaves of enticing beams of light,
drawing me into labyrinths of reality, being
touched by creativeness and beauty.

(11: 11 a.m. - 9/23/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ebony Petals

Awaiting quietly, the destiny of my soul, anticipating the
good it will eventually accomplish.
Sparkling with delight and beautiful feelings, wandering
amongst desires of a wholesome life.
Shadows slowly bending with the wind, allowing unfinished
patterns to fall upon an ebony delight of yesterday's value.
Cascading brilliantly through quiet darkness of night,
flowing gently over everything in sight.
Hammering away the shape of yesterday with musical
coquettishness, looking forward to moving strains of melody's impetuous
insistence on roads of life.
Unhurriedly unfolding petals of today and placing them where
they will do the most good.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ebony Sadness

Silence penetrating the quiet atmosphere with
it's satiny encountenance dripping down walls
of ebony sadness.

No sound emanating from sorrow's heart, because
all of life has been turned inside out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ebony Sadness Of Grief

Darkness encompasses me, breaking this heart in the ebony
sadness of grief.

Wanting not to talk, just being silent, going to church
and kneeling at the altar, asking God to sooth anguish
of this mind and heart.

Hoping to be grasped and held away from sorrow that
threatens to beat me to a pulp as I fall asleep in beds
of linen, dwelling alone through this night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ebony Sorrow

Lights twinkling upon earth's crust,
warming it with a tranquil love.
Stepping on stones leading to a future
ebony of sorrow, living on peaceful
rims of destiny's existence.
Polarized epics sitting on stairways
of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ebony Tears

Signals pouring from subconscious depths, turning and tilling fertile brain cells of imagination.

Opening boxes of ebony tears, looking at their crystal clarity through memories of beauty and youth, now being looked at through aging eyes.

Picturing their essences while walking forward into lightened knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ebony Twilight

Darkening lights, simmering in ebony twilight,
watching daylight disappear right before their
eyes.

Tinsel strength, twisting and rotating,
attempting to capture rays of the sun in gel-
like capsules of clouds above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eccentric Thoughts

Ebullient eccentric thoughts conquer moods of sadness
as they chase blues into the past for now.
Doing whatever feels right at this very moment is what
is carefully thought of and placed in files of memory
for later observations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echo Of A Tomb

Watching ice float in my drink of water, gives me a sort of poem in an echo of a tomb I saw one day, when in a graveyard filled with family.
Thinking of the people I loved with all my heart, now knowing that they are lost to me forever here on earth while I am still alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoes From Within

Soundly recognizing echoes calling from within,
filling my heart with reverberations and a
liveliness just beginning to take hold again.

Sensing words falling together, like musical
scores written down for musicians to play and
enjoy.

An expression of love or sorrow being played
on tears of ivory, set in poems of emotional
upheaval.

Placed innuendos secreting themselves through-
out life's infinite situations, as echoes flow
about, calling memories from within boundaries
of consciousness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoes Of Beauty

Searching, going into the light, discovering elements
of life that keep me going.

Energy flowing, always tantalizing and giving me such
pleasure.

Rhythms touching and enlivening my spirit, echoes of
beauty falling within continuously.

Never losing sight of the vibrancy that enters my being
daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoes Of Destiny

Loneliness is settling in, taking over my life once again as I sit in dire straits, wondering why it has entered my soul once more.

Straggling along, thinking cannot transpire as I sit in puddles of blue, crystal tears.

Understanding lies in a mountainous desert for the time being, as I wander from my space in life, struggling to participate in echoes of destiny and fate with no results in sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoes Of Drums

Echoing drums, beating rhythms eternally into my mind.
Ringing throughout the silent windy atmosphere, holding our attention so purely, so adamantly, that we fall under it's spell and cannot break free from it.
Older and wiser, yet still filled with echoes of the drums, beating rhythms eternally into my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoes Of Eternity

Rescuing me from edges of suicide, keeping me focused on what is happening around me, taking me on a musical journey unsurpassed in this earthly orbit of sound.
Tones being regulated with perpendicular appendages, striving to keep in time with the nature of rhythm as it proceeds without a thought of where it is heading in the echoes of eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoes Of Lost Love

Send me not away to death's distant shores -
let me wander endlessly forevermore.
Forget the dreams that can never be realized -
leave behind love's secret whisperings,
for none of them have meaning.
Racing along ocean shorelines,
feeling the pounding of it's waves knocking life down,
burying it beneath shifting sands.
Hiding in shells of envy and conceit, let friendship die also,
under everyone's feet.
Take no recompense along the way
for it will fall quickly through your fingers, leading you astray.
Moonlit nights fall silently before you as shadows of evening
hold the funeral of love's lost love.
Forgiving - nothing - there is nothing to forgive.
Gently taking hold of someone's hand, dying in their presence,
only to live again a thousand deaths before your own is done.
Reverberating through eternity on the chords of a harp,
love sinks at last - beneath the setting sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoes Of Our Love

Since we parted, life has been nothing but loss,
echoes of our love penetrate my mind with lonely
tears, flooding these two eyes.

Everywhere I look are memories of what we used
to do and share together, lonely nights are the
worst.

No one around at all, just the crickets singing
tributes to your once upon a life, our house is
now so empty, it belongs to only me.

Wandering aimlessly through the rooms, touching
gently, all the beautiful reminders you have left
behind for me.

Figurines, statues, mementoes of places we have
gone together, a lifetime of memories now gathering
dust, for you are no longer here to care for them.

Leaving behind all the wonderful, tantalizing moments
that we shared as one, missing them all, wishing you
were here to share them with me still.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoes Of Past Memories

Resting on an easy chair,
listening to echoes of past memories
coming alive even now in the quiet den of yesterday.

Sidling into conversations, finding moments of peace
as they fall gently into the music, playing for days
of old.

Pacing steps of age-old mementos, wondering when they
will lie in beds of satin and lace.

At the ending of life, resting in an easy chair as
echoes of the past fall silent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoes Of Past Whispers

Listening to echoes of past whispers filling my mind,
catching the finality of what life is about, taking
me to it's edges, peering over, thinking of what will
happen in the end.

Once life is over there is no more to be said or lived
here on earth, saturated with the pain of living we
never seem to have time to think or research it.

We just exist, trying to be good, honest and taking
care of our families, hoping to bring the best of life
to them before our time is finally done and over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoes Of This Heart

Listening to echoes of this heart, sounding of loss and
melancholy of pain in leaving us here on earth.

Missing loved ones and wishing we could be together for-
ever, but alas that is never to be again.

We were born into a very temporary world, to live and
experience every particle of it interiorly.

Learning lessons needed to lead us silently to heaven
in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoes Of Thought

Silence running rampant through my mind,
playing it's melodies in sublime beauty;
taking essence's of flowers and ruminating
throughout echoes of thought,
while gliding peacefully towards final
sunsets of artistic beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoes Of Tomorrow

Forgetting past eons, listening to echoes of tomorrow,
with eyes on the future.
Standing for recriminations no longer happening, as
slates are wiped clean for new destinies in another
land of peaceful contentment.
Reaching into depths of abysses, seeing blank looks
from seething whirlpools of non-education.
Relying on footprints disappearing from the sand,
relentlessly holding on to threads of hope, while
living a silent existence, forgetting past eons and
listening to echoes of tomorrow, eyes now on the
future - education on the horizon of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoes Of Yesterday

Falling along sides of inferior styles of prose,
finding fault with none of them.
Serving everything quietly in a space of silent
misgivings.
Pertinent info is sent straight towards the echoing
calls of yesterday.
Leaving behind elements never fitting in exactly
with what I'm thinking.
Toting all remarks with sincerity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoes Of Yesterday Move On

Howling of coyotes, haunting desert nights as they slink about, hiding in shadows of ebony darkness, moon shining brightly down upon them.

Showing only their silhouettes in the light from above, changing winds blowing eerie sounds into the night, being grasped and taken silently across vast wastelands of no return.

Insisting that freedom of nature will hold onto portions of levity as we move on, letting go of everything learned and known.

Spirits moving us throughout echoes of a yesterday that we'd almost forgotten in the throes of life, now being focused on where our path should have taken us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoes Of Yesterday's Life

Rising to every occasion in life to write what I'm thinking.
Believing that every thought echoes down hallways of yesterday's life, I tenderly grasp each one and taste it's essence in my mind, letting it be infused deeply inside rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoes Of Your Voice

Listening to echoes of your voice penetrating my mind,
touching my heart so softly, beautiful sentiments pour-
ing into my soul.

Truly wonderful and tender, bringing tears to my eyes
as I remember you with an everlasting and unconditional
love that will never die.

Living in this forlorn place without you takes all of my
strength, I don't want to stay here, my dear, yet life is
still flowing through me.

Having to wait for death to take it from me, sadness stay-
ing within, the only thing left of you, my love in this
earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoes Past

Tapping down hallways,
listening to echoes of past musical
scores with intense feelings and
patterns of remorse.
Scrubbing walls with bluened tears
on a daily basis, taking care not
to erase one iota of images pasted there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoes Whistling In Darkness

Echoes whistling in this mind, telling of the loneliness
that's spreading within my being, so totally lost, alone,
bereft, not knowing any longer where I belong.

Left with the taste of your kisses, touch of your hand,
lying in imagination that once was my truth and reality,
solemn, grieving, nothing mattering to me any more.

Echoes continuing to whistle into the darkness of my being,
depths of my heart, feeling the dissolution now that you're
no longer here with me.

Crying, tears choking, strangling, no longer able to breathe
again, head falling back upon the pillow, passion and desires
fading into the night for the last time as I expire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoing

Walking along edges of time, balancing the energy of life against death's.
Reaching beyond boundaries of ordinary paths, clutching closely those
of familiarity through pain.
Purposely denying advantages of the future, while letting go of the past and it's failures.
Echoing calls of yesterday, haunting minds of futility, dragging along fruitless tasks of living.
Turning constantly away from degradation in life's grasp, hoping and praying for a delicate, lace-like release, with a final resting place beneath death's silken sheets of ice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoing Calls

Walking along edges of time, balancing the energy of life against deaths'.
Reaching beyond boundaries of ordinary paths, clutching closely, those of familiarity through pain.
Purposely denying advantages of the future while letting go of the past and it's failures.
Echoing calls of yesterday, haunting minds of futility, dragging along fruitless tasks of living.
Turning constantly away from degradation in life's grasp, hoping and praying for a delicate, lace-like release, with a final resting place beneath death's silken sheets of ice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoing Canyons

Climbing through canyons of sorrow, listening to your echoing voice, the last words you will ever say to me.

'I love you, my dear. I will never stop even though we are apart forever'.

Ripping my heart time and again, the shards cutting my soul with the memory of your love that has been left with me only.

Pathways in life will never end except in these echoing canyons of your whispering voice of love for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoing Childhood Images

Swaggering invisibly through ponderous volumes of life, involving therapeutic ideas of complacency, while investigating purposes and truths of every day living -
with trouble on minds of strife.
Tranquilly anticipating moods of being, life pivots and
turns at every missing corner.
Without reverberating images from childhood we would
never know where or how we began and grew over the years
of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoing Language

Musical renditions in a language not understood,
leaving my mind on a lone path just listening to
it's music playing gently in the breeze.

Instruments being played with talented fingers of
men, expressing their love of music in notes and
rhythm.

Softly echoing in time, allowing freedom of
imaginative thought to gather it's skirts and
become literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoing Lights

Lights echoing themselves in window reflections,
carrying on with illuminating rooms they are
situated in.
Never leaving their posts or neglecting their
duties.
When burned out, being replaced to be there as
needed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoing Loneliness

Twilight loneliness,
echoing in minds of creative people.

Talented from above and set upon
earth's soil for a temporary reprieve
from yesterday's voice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoing Reflections

Jostling brain waves, using them discriminately to orchestrate a rendition of colorful beauty as landscapes continue to move toward outskirts of life.
Reflections echoing into many caverns made along the way with mathematical propositions.
Forwarding formulas made through physics, causing reverberations to entertain me on evenings of prayerful recognition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Echoing Visions

Blue gray skies lifting my spirits with anticipation
of a winter rain.
Cold, damp, beautiful in it's own right.
Clouds slowly raking themselves across the intensity
of the atmosphere.
Echoing visions of beauty escalate as the day moves
on, reflecting moods of fantasy as imagination
continues to delve deeply into itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eclectic Environment

Sordidly surrounding my mind with an eclectic environment, penetrating subconsciousness with electricity, delving
deeply into canyons of memories.

Lit up with a repertoire of remembrance, carefully writing, mysteriously silent in words whispered cautiously without
fear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eclipse Of Interior Intellect

Sounds of music now penetrating this mind through coded
rhythms placed in among neurons and synapses of this
brain.

A total eclipse of an interior intellect, innate talent
being trusted within these God-given gifts, everlasting
graces bestowed at birth.

Living life according to His will, being an instrument
to reach those He wants to touch through poetry that is
always being written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eclipse Of Knowlege

Listening in the twilight of life, hearing an organ play-
ing melodies as mercy is given by God, somnolent thoughts
stirring to awaken, half-heartedly doing so.

Letting life turn about, hoping to enter a new morning,
filled with sunshine's light, bringing a silent venture
to edges of intellect.

Hoping to cause an eclipse of knowledge and wisdom, facts
of an interior photographic mind at play, taking into
realms of possibilities, every day thoughts and routines.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eclipsing Loneliness

Life strangling me as clouds gather overhead,
planning to rain on earth - my space of being.
Musical melodies eclipsing loneliness, taking
me soaring on travels toward creativity.
Beautiful visions of imagery locating places
subconsciously, displaying them on screens for
me to see and write about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eclipsing Sorrow

Soothing melodies cutting their way through mindless
tears, bringing memories fond and dear to the
forefront.
Eclipsing sorrow for the time being, just recalling
pleasant times and people close to our hearts.
Finding solace for moments, beginning to feel better,
less stressful thoughts taking over from an interior
peace of mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eclipsing The Journey

Quality of life is up to each of us in turn, as we use our knowledge in endeavors of strength towards mankind, and it's hopeful purposes.

Our world goes around on an axis, we are normally unaware of it happening, although knowing it for sure.

Eclipsing the journey with many techniques being tried kept or denied, ending all, coming about in the prime of life, giving us the wonders of our ingenuity and wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ecstasy Of Perception

Ruminating on life's shores, searching for thoughtful meanings and ecstasy of perception.
Beautiful energy eclipsing every moment spent in despair.
Lifting spirits gradually through tender melodies of music's rhythm.
Softly, touching the wonder and awe of something unknown and out of reach right now.
One day soon to be given all the keys to open every door that is closed at present.
An exciting, rare invitation to become so much more than what we already are.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ecstasy Of Spirituality

Reaching into depths of living brain cells, stirring them
and wanting to get different views of circumstances that
may come to light in aspects of an exploratory discovery.

Finding, existing prolific equations that keep coming about, enlivening my spirit
with an ecstasy of spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ecstasy Of Wisdom

Memory of life is quietly awaiting it's time in
the chapel of my soul, Preparing, nurturing,
growing to maturity, silently within.

Whispers of greatness gifts will attain, echoes
about hallways of my soul, not sliding about or
interfering with my mind.

Thoroughfares of intellect cascade through
imagination, allowing two separate entities to
join and merge in sublime ecstasy of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ecstatic Harmony

Stars of music glistening in my mind, transfixing
sight, taking it logistically into pathways of
beautiful ecstatic harmony.
Lifting me ever higher into heights unreachable
any other way except through imagination.
Fulfilling every thought, filling every need of
emotion's expression, writing everything down in
millions of poems throughout my lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edge Of A Miracle

Standing on the edge of a miracle, watching the sun rise
above, clearing pathways in life that will lead straight
to heaven when my time comes.

Looking forward to capturing this dream of total healing
and peace, willing for death to take me into the arms of
God.

Wanting this more than anything else in this mortal world,
patiently waiting to learn my fate when this day is done
and nighttime brings me into the darkness again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edge Of A New Horizon

Living for that first sound of rhythm, each and every
morning, giving my being an excitement for a new day.

Looking forward to whatever may come into life, antici-
pating and appreciating whatever it may be.

Loving the enlightenment and enjoyment of everything
that comes into this bright and new morning.

Seeing avenues that were not here yesterday, opening
up and inviting.

A beautiful way to live life on the edge of a new horizon,
waiting for things to become so I can write of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edge Of Knowledge

Striking resemblances, acquiring unmet knowledge,
scouring eternal times in the present moment.

Faltering at times, yet always present, climbing
the ladders of empty businesses.

Focusing on untoward events, looking for the
seconds of chance that will make the future brighter,
all the while living on the edges.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edge Of Life

Looking beyond people on the edge of their lives,
not seeing their emptiness, hopelessness, despair
in times of need.
Thinking only about their own lives and what they
must do when leaving the company of poverty.
So derelict in their duties performed for their
advancement and credit.
Nondescript endeavors tilted out of balance, as
life dictates how little they can help another.
When looking, watching people in need of a life-
giving essence to survive, seeing them actually
looking into another's eyes, meeting their own
poverty within each other.
Understanding of dire situations can only come
from having been there yourself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edge Of The Future

Standing on the edge of the future, sun rising for a final
time on a sunsetical horizon, everything seemingly brightly
focused intensely within.

Now listening to a band that's filled with life and hope,
carrying me into an atmosphere of lively ambition and care-
free moments of musical rhythms.

Intense and totally beautiful images opening this mind and
intellect into an interior paradise of spirituality and
innate wisdom from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edge Of Time

Sitting in darkness, thinking about the edge of time as
it falls away from our clocks, never being heard from
again on earth.

Basically ticking away moments as they arrive and depart,
thinking about how they grab onto each of us then disappear
in second and minute hands of every clock on earth.

Positive aspects then instantaneously turning negative each
time the hands move forward, letting us know that time is
running out, so we must fulfill appointment times and such.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of A Forgotten Shore

Sailing along edges of a forgotten shore, looking at the
tatters of what was left behind, scattered upon the floor
of this productive mind.

Topping off an experience that rounds out life, a wonder-
fully fulfilling purpose that keeps winds of this creat-
ive intellect blowing.

New and refreshing ideas flowing throughout the years,
never cursed or having writer's block, just a steady flow
of thoughts through music.

Streaming steadily from an interior waterfall, refreshing
this mind continually, never being polluted or strangled
in life.

A constant flow of integrity, purpose and concise precision
as this mind continues to be creative, not stopping for any
reason, pleasing feelings always filling intellect intensely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of A Fountain

Water gently lapping at edges of a fountain, licking
bubbles that keep appearing in their circle of vision.

Rippling across, skimming the water, allowing some
reflections of light to shine and mirror themselves
in gently moving, reflective waters they're floating
in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of A New Song

Arriving on edges of a new song, moving his body in tormented thoughts, as his voice closes around each word in a sad, lonely motion.

Surface quality is bending slowly into a bevy of quiet talent, being exercised in a room filled with people, who all love to sing karoke together with humor and laughter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Compositions

Ripping the cords off of all songs,
letting them run free, filled with
the bliss of musical ability.

Seasoned with just the right amount
of notes and rests, allowing everyone
to join in the melody of harmony on
edges of compositions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Concern

Rising and falling, ebbing with tides of life,
finding access to liberty and freedom through
music and dancing.
Living on edges of concern, traveling down
ineptitude's lanes forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Conversation

Living on edges of oblivious conversations, hearing, yet not listening to anything that's said.
Reaching towards heavenly depths, eyes always looking skyward, both feet remain planted on earth, no where else to roam.
Within a handheld mind, luxurious models of life can be played with and then returned to shelves from whence they came.
Lumbering down slides of sand, gently erasing memories over time, eroding into eternal waters and carried out to sea.
Waves rising and crashing, enveloping in their white foamy arms, an entire person wrought from God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Danger

Twiggling throughout music and rhythm letting it lead
me into jungles of interior atmospheres where I can be
myself.

Wild and free, never letting anything get away without
having fun in it's dangerous circumference.

Watching and taking steps to become the situation when-
ever I'm able.

Feeling energetic when on the edges of danger with no
where else to go.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Darkness

Watching the horizon for a ray of sunshine to capture my mind and take me on a journey of sublime enlightenment.
Focusing self on objects from another dimension, giving me some small measure of pleasure to hold onto as I go towards a final sunset.
Striding quickly away from any edges of darkness, trying to grab my mind and cast it into hell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Daylight

Shadows falling from clouds in the sky,
hiding in corners of earth, afraid of
the darkness on the edge of daylight.

Coalescing interfacets in a weaving
loom, bringing them altogether without
any loose ends hanging down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Destiny

Standing at edges of destiny, waiting for fulfillment to come into being.
Realistically knowing it cannot be in our life time.
Having perfect silence, causing deafness to walk before me, stepping lightly in the wake of dawn.
Protecting innocence from ever launching itself into depths of hell - reaching out - forward - tumbling over top of self.
Forever searching - being at every moment - a tiny bit of human sea.
Always knowing in recesses of total knowledge, that destiny can never be held or fulfilled.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Destruction

Writing into a mesmerization of illusion, fighting to stay alive in spite of it all.
Living on edges of destruction, holding on to pieces of hope, as life blows itself apart, spreading across the universe in a splendor of colored hues.
Glistening sparkling, into the black holes above earth's axis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Discovery

Spraying water everywhere, no restraint being used,
watching as it fills the air with glossy, satin mists
covering everything in it's path.
Solemnly transfixed, seeing the beauty of it's mixture
with a storm before it, on edges of discovery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Eternity

Time-consuming idolatry taking a turn,
filled with discrepancy and unparalleled
doom.

Dominating the daily scene of reoccurrence
with formidable deterrence.

Standing on edges of eternity, looking
askance, following new horizons as they
appear and fade from sight.

Flowing and ebbing with the tide many
times in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Eternity In Imagination

Rocking fruitlessly through this world, grasping moments of little meaning, holding onto truths told by liars.

Fixating the future, by holding the past too tightly, so tightly that the present has no voice.

Twisting ever so slightly, attempting to change small situations, daunted by the pressures and stress constantly involved.

Tolerated through centuries of passing, allowing sins of past generations to continue to exist within the present, darkening, fading any brightness, the future may have held.

Scantily clad images, spinning out of control, seething inside of the cauldron of false pretenses from long ago.

Thought no more, dried upon arid lips of destiny, blown into the wind, losing all meaning, finding no reasons of existence or happenstance.

Likened to edges of eternity in imagination's storehouse, closed now, barred forevermore, dust gathering, thickening with the passing moments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Forever

Stretching toward outer limits, carrying every voice of yesterday's images quietly in my mind.
Practicing daily without qualms or doubts, leading me to edges of forever, keeping wisdom's head above water while floating out into deeper oceans - sailing farther away than interior shores.
Playing across dimensions with fibers of beings as they watch from sidelines of eternal sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Heaven

Riding through the desert, being happy and contented with life right now.

So complicitly, enduring in the being that I have become, finding moments that match with feelings.

Adding them to the rhythms of this soul, taking me to edges of heaven without further ado, singing praises gently like candle flames rising to heaven's gates.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Horizons

Listening to waves of rhythms tinker with my brain, feeling the sensations and enjoying them immensely.

Wonderful vibrations taking me into depths of incessant beauty, always standing on edges of horizons, waving good-bye and then traveling into another dimension.

Lying and joking around, tacitly roaming desert plains, turning the volume up higher just to be set alone in the middle of a cactus garden.

Letting it prick me with it's needles to keep me awake and aware of where exactly I am at every moment in time.

Ancient mariners had nothing compared to my intellect as I wander aimlessly, never losing my way throughout even the darkest of nights.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Illuminated Knowledge

Nighttime skies, sitting back with blackened eyes of
frightened thoughts held back in childhood.
Watching through the darkness, not seeing any light
shining through, hoping yet, for the beauty of night-
time skies to penetrate the ebony of death, and bring
me to edges of an illuminated knowledge, growing
creatively in my mind.
Opening avenues, taking life in stride, pulling me
through puddles of imagination and never stopping to
wreck havoc, even for a little while.
Sensing the apprehension of intellect as it scurries
through an evening sky, hands held high, keeping back
the evils and doubts that are constantly haunting
those who are afraid to open their minds, taking away
narrow avenues of other people's inane desires and
ideas.
So many times being alone, walking along, enjoying the
beauty of every little crystal appearing in gems of
wisdom, constantly in sensuous array, leading us into
the depths of abyss's, mazes.
Never turning away, always ready to try anything once
in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Interior Catacombs

Sliding down passageways of intellect, watching
effervescent ideas and thoughts shimmering in
the darkness.

Waiting along edges of interior catacombs, hoping
to find ancient messages left by learned scribes,
noticing encrypted pictures along the way.

Recalling memories of what happened in ancient
yesterdays, where life was buried and lost without
any thoughts of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Life

Living on edges of life, wondering when it will end.
Trying to make the best of things daily, doesn't seem
to be enough, because there's so much heartache and
strife getting in the way.

Other people, envious and jealous, bar the way to peace
and happiness with their petty thoughts and tattling
for no reason.

People with no souls are trying to tell us what to do
with our lives - yet, they can't do anything for
themselves.

(9: 36 a.m. - 11/26/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Life's Other Horizon

Dignified and reticent, a view of nature scientifically
falling from eyes attuned to every aspect of it's beauty
and essence.

Delectable and enchanting, carrying moments of rhythm
into outlandish plains of another dimension.

Starting on edges of life's other horizon, becoming and
echoing reflections of a lifetime through interior mirrors
held up to capture motions as they take up space in the
atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Make-Believe

Results of life-long endeavors, hanging on edges of make-believe,
wondering where life will twist and turn, what end result will be
brought about by fate.

Listening and wondering, hoping to stand against reverberations.
Balancing ends to coerce the means, there are no results from
life-long endeavors.

All of reality lies upon edges of make-believe, leaving living
to the imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Many Graves

Life is so solitary even among many people, finding only a solo journey progressing down lanes of old, feeling the sorrowful aspects of life, walking by them one by one.

Nothing to look forward to, living on edges of many graves of those you've loved and have not found their way past us, held in the grips of death.

Adjusting the attitudes of past recriminations and loving into pools of tears, drowning incessantly in times of loneliness and an emptiness that will not stop within us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Memories

Searching the atmosphere above, trying to find a
road to take me home again where I used to live and be.
Knowing edges of memories can take me there, I wait for
dream-like inspiration to take my hand and heart leading
me into the foray of past images.
Delegating feelings to fill my heart with tears, drifting
from inner emotional content.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of My Being

Sauntering through parks of yesterday, finding peace
and lolling in the quietness of our souls.
Investigating hidden images from antiquated memories,
rising to their heart-felt bellows as we calm our
selves interiorly.
Following trails being made within, walking along
them comfortably with blue jeans on, walking to edges
of our being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of My Reality

Reason dictates where I go in every attempt of composition, writing, artistic or musical - taking turns with creative ideas inside.
Crawling around, turning from the world as it tries to grab me from what I'm used to doing.
Standing forever on edges of my own reality, not ever wanting to enter another's world for it may take away from my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Neverland

Pages of inner journals lying on photographic screens,
depicting life, feelings and emotions I'm having through-
out the years.

Difficult to digest at times, impossible to come to
terms within certain situations and circumstances,
living on edges of a neverland.

Wondering where to go from there, seeing no future
or reason for being here, plodding on with no direction
or goal, wandering, roaming this earth.

Numb, deserted by mankind, not even caring, wanting to be
alone, a solitary entity on this earth, leaving life be-
hind to fend for itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Night

A song from the past, a favorite of one of my sisters back then.

Dancing faster and faster with rhythms holding her own in the climate of indecision.

Stressing the endurance of intensive leavings, left over from interior pieces of another time.

Sideways, falling into lines of demarcation, never falling off of them, keeping to the circles as they unfold and walk forward into movements.

No one else can move fast enough to capture their beats in this fast-paced dance on edges of this night, following paths of tomorrow and it's memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Nighttime

Lively, anticipating edges of nighttime dreams,
wanting to see what my mind has figured out about
thoughts I've been thinking all day.

Seeing if questions have been answered, hoping
that they have been, watching for fantasies as
they pour forth from last night's imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Nowhere

Aging gracefully in times of modern brevity, allowing
wrinkles to ease themselves into oblivion peacefully.

Thinking thoughts of younger days, allowing memories
to refresh and tantalize themselves again.

Worry-free afternoons, feeling free and independent,
as songs reverberate throughout my soul.

Giving peacefully, edges of nowhere, a taste of life
in past lanes of ingenuity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Our Memories

Scattered throughout life, memories remain in our minds
especially those of children and the elderly, loving ex-
periences when young.

Wanting to relive them over and over, finding a special
joy in their excitement and happiness, later in life,
being alone.

Family grown, just sitting and reminiscing of days gone
by, loving to relive times with our children when little,
growing up and leaving home to start families of their own.

Finding tears filling our eyes at the special times of our
lives that have disappeared all too soon, knowing we weren't
ready to leave them behind as yet.

But time has a way of moving forward whether we want to or
not and we find ourselves settled on edges of our memories,
about to enter a new horizon, taking all these inner videos
and images with us into the arms of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Paradise

Satin eyesight, covering images of silken lace,
holding together, puzzles of our life on edges
of paradise.
Folding memories in drawers of linen as we
progress from day to night.
Interjecting acquiescence into patterns,
blossoming towards words in melodic prose.

(7: 47 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Possession

Energizing reality with music,
rhetorically explaining life in repetitious answers.
Forgiving fatigue of endless progression and sidling
up to yearly evaluations on edges of possession.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Questions

In the known of life, all truths stand out on edges
of questions we think about often.

Forgetting our frustrations and doubts, we waltz
towards the best parts in life, hearts open and
trusting, no thoughts of dishonesty in stride.

All we will ever need or want fills us daily as we
are together night after night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Sadness

Waves washing upon shores in twilight, immersions of grief
reaching out and touching edges of sadness.

Being cut and bleeding from intense shards of death, not
letting anyone enter realms of an uncircumcised private
place.

Awaiting a familiar face and touch that will never again
come, because death has claimed the one you love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Suicide

Rousting inner thoughts, awakening ideas in mid-dream,
allowing refreshing morning air to combine and stir
loneliness into being.

Grasping grief and blending all together in an
avalanche of sadness as it splashes onto paper.

Tears forming words, trying to make sense of emotional
tirades as they rack my body, taking it to outer edges
where suicide resides, waiting for me to succumb to
it's fancy.

(11: 17 a.m. - 8/4/10)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Thought

Reading books on photographic screens,
watching them take on a life of their own.
Building entire communities on edges of thought,
believing that one day they'll be read also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edges Of Tomorrow

Lasting tunes develop into poetical stances.
Portraying life on it's edges of tomorrow's
fate, glancing forward, while falling back-
wards into pools of bluened genius.
Acknowledging it's presence as created
circumstances continue to evolve, rotating
indefinitely along paths of ingenuity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edging Away From Life

Standing in a spot of intellect, hoping to become a famous poet for what it is I write daily, filling books to the nth degree.
Taking time to be positive about recriminations given in reverse, hopelessly caught up in angry emotional turmoil caused by someone dear.
Sorry to have let down my defenses, hoping to be cleared of all injustices, so I can move on into levels of peacefulness.
Stranded instead, in a place of turmoil, wishing, looking for a way to remove myself from this insistent dread, piled upon me unrelentlessly.
Slowly, edging farther away from life, going out with the tide.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edging Closer To Fate

Holding carelessly to the satin glow of midnight ebony,
not wanting to be responsible for the demise of it's
soul.

Preferring instead, to edge closer to the fate of being,
letting all of inner feelings go out the door without
keeping any together in this system of penetrating beauty.

Allowing to find a way through hungry hunted animal
instincts of self, wandering into and out of corners of
another cruel world, hoping to be eaten before anything
else comes along to damage souls and beings.

Wrongfully being taken into deserted places, reserved for
those who have evil in their hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edging Deeper

Edging deeper inside, memories hide to keep me from seeing them too often.
Knowing that they're the cause of interior pain that I don't want to feel.
Jostling time with imaginative concerns, as all lies in wait for another turn of events.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edging Journey

Keeping time with earthly rhythms,
forging appetites for poetical
creativeness, edging closer to
heavenly gates.

Following my soul into the beyond
of it's journey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edging Life's Rhythms

Calming effects filling my soul,
taking me to outer limits of peace.

Enjoying a talent, inborn, keeping
it's serenity totally in my being,
so as not to let it seep out into
the environment.

Holding it closely, so closely,
that it can never escape and be
polluted by any other human being
on earth.

Life is filled completely and totally
with an energy of musical etudes.

Rhythms edging life, bringing it
forward, filling every fiber and
particle of my soul and extracting
only senses of commitment in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Edging My Mind Closer

Figuratively playing, wondering what today will hold.
It's starting out with getting x-rays of my arm because I fell.
Hoping it can only go up from here, carefully listening to Chopin, lightening my mood with his difficult techniques, edging my mind closer to an inner discovery and great explosion of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Editing Life

Saturated with silence, editing life and fitting it like
a puzzle into verses of prose.
Entitling lessons learned along the way to be spoken from
depths of unknowing emotion.
Presented in literate categories and given freely to
whomever reads them on days of longing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Editor Writer's Digest

Listening to an Editor from Writer's Digest, a boring
interlude, mind strays, eyes wander to the ceiling.

Glistening jewels hanging above, capturing my mind,
reminding me of the poetry I could be writing.

Mind glistening like the chandeliers, words and thoughts
pushing to get out, wanting to be expressed.

Laughter, loud, paying attention once again, listening
to Tom Clark.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Educating Each Other

Talking to one another throughout the years, learning and
educating each other in earnest, never forgetting respect
or dignity at the center of our every conversation.

Playing eagerly into one another's lives with energy and
purpose, standing and leaving situations to be freely
taken apart.

Putting them together with the reality of measures of time
that wait patiently at edges of our lives, contributing and
providing essentials needed while wending our ways through
the process of living and dying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Educating Knowledge

Eclipsing movement with scientific formulas,
educating inner knowledge with an anticipated
joy and emotional feeling.

Acquiring a beautiful context of chemistry,
staked out in natural intellect and filled
with colorful ideas for inventions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Educating Quality Of Innocence

Staying in a contemplative mood, staring into a fire of
my essence, lit with an intellectual energy and verve,
satisfied with thoughts that fill me through imagination.

Pulling reality into it's mix, feeling wonderful, enticing
a bevel of hope and joy, giving a vibrant rhythm to my soul
as I listen to it's whispering of wisdom.

Comng into my mind with an educating quality of innocence
and purity, living in the midst of a beautiful bluened
light, engulfing me entirely through life, never doubting
the spirit of Divinity within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Educating Self

Focused, aware and alert, wanting to move into circles of knowledge and wisdom, further educating self, learning more about this life I'm living.

Nothing is too small or detailed to overlook, all of it being important in this world, finding it's essence and center.

Forging ahead, living the promise of it's beauty through an innate intelligence and wisdom, always reflecting it throughout poetry that I'm writing while listening to music's coded rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Educating Through Experience

Western atmosphere totally surrounding me here at Pioneer Village, a surprise in the middle of the desert, spreading itself in a sprawling and leisurely way for all of us to enjoy.

Stepping along trails of dirt and rock, looking in all directions at once, trying to see everything that has been built here in this little haven of the old west.

Preserved history for future generations and now being used to educate school children on how the west once looked and how people lived in days of old.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Education - An Unlearning Process

Falling down among the past forever.
Seeking wisdom from many people - most of the time ignoring the poets or inventors as just some troubled people who are idealists.
Finding always, the ways too little trodden, many people give up trying to locate wisdom.
Never knowing that it is earned bit by little bit, throughout the ages - they seek instead to grasp it all at once.
How little is known about the learning processes of men - how frail their educational systems.
Many children find their way into classrooms of stilted learning, taught by ineffective teachers still searching themselves for educational truths.
All about us are buildings erected for the teaching of men - yet what sort of educational foundations will be found within?
There are no ways devised to guarantee that anyone can gain wisdom if he only tries.
There is no way to take a stand, leading the way to educational bliss.
All of us must learn as little children, that learning cannot be learned and wisdom only earned

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Education Coming Full Circle

Standing on the brink of a new tomorrow, wondering what will
come about with every new morning, sprouting in my life.

Knowing that every moment will be spent in learning and
discovering whatever comes about in this life.

Education coming full circle into the environs of another
universe.

Taking steps to become even more prolific in everything
that I can do.

Possibilities flow from within intellect, never slowing
down, only flowing faster and more rapidly into storehouses
of imagination.

Swaying gently and pulsing quietly into fathoms of being,
I fall under the spell of another time and dimension, allowing
all of it's facts and aspects to accumulate solidly and
permanently into my mind.

Never turning away from any purpose that will enhance my
essence and passion through poetry.

Faster and more reliable than ever, moving forward into the
next horizon of life.

Living always on the very edge and brink of destiny, letting
self absorb every particle of being as it seeps from within
imagination and is placed here upon the hearth of intellect.

Hoping to one day collect as much wisdom as possible, before
ending and leaving this earth finally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Education Of Wisdom

Speaking through a mind of translation,
continuing education of wisdom from
experience and declaration.

Imagination's steps of enlightenment
coagulate, enjoining novel particles
of beautiful thoughts.

Being waylaid by existential purposes
and use, awaiting tomorrow's union.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Educational Ethics?

Standing atop higher levels of learning, those with degrees pass out final verdicts.

Who is to pass? Who is too slow? Making up their minds as they go.

Constantly changing criteria to keep many students in the lowest percentages, enabling them to receive more federal education money.

Where are the ethics, the morals in our educational systems?

Hidden away in government money, handed out too freely, it seems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Educational Fraud

Twentieth anniversary of VIPP, candidates are paraded in front of us and are given two questions to answer on renewable energy.

Then ordinary people file up to tell their stories of hardship and challenge - as if we don't have the same or worse situations.

Now people in the education sector spout their problems also.

Yet, school districts do have plenty of money for a child's education, if they would start using it wisely instead of buying products with outrageous costs, ordering computers, etc., paying for them and then letting them sit in the warehouse and never be used.

Then this supply of brand new computers, products, etc. are sold in auctions of the state where their costs will never be retrieved.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Educational Limits

Tantamount to learning in buildings of higher education are ideas by degrees in homes with family.
There are no time limits set, no exacerbating exams, no one holding back those who are fast learners.
Education should be taken apart and left at home where encouragement and praise raise it to levels unknown and unheard of in schools.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eerie Sounding Colors

Sensing inner desires tantalizing intellect with an absorbing
amount of colorful rhythm, insisting on effects of tomorrow's
evening background to light the essence of another dimension.

Solitary pictures having their facets illuminated and clearly
defined in adjacent screens of videos being played with vibrant
textures and finding their ways into the incessant caverns of
solitary beginnings.

Following another pathway closely into depths never before
seen, trudging silently as life takes hold of other aspects
and illuminates them in frightening clouds of eerie sounding
colors.

Forging forever, the horizons in another atmosphere far from
our sight, slowly motioning with interior signs of intellect
as movement continues on waves of ancient oceans of the past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eerie Sounding Joy

Suicide takes many forms, hides in different types of people, lurking behind every curtain, peering from darkened doorways.

Yet, at times standing in broad daylight, punctuating it's escape on deathly paths, often delegating certain thoughts or ideas to take hold of a mind depressed, saddened by life.

Gently tripping, stumbling over words said aloud, echoing still, within vibrations of inner pain.

Talking softly, whispering in memories of past deeds done in anger or hatred, unrelentingly charging against any peace of mind.

Unforgiving, silently decadent in tears salted with the pain of remembering.

So much of life is deposited towards a final goal, through suffering and time spent alone, that there no longer seems to be room for any of it.

Suicide has an eerie sounding joy connected to it, because everlasting deathly life will unhesitantly come to pass.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effects Of Jazzie

Jazzie had a profound effect on my life, she loved
my Granddaughter, as much or more, if that's
possible than me.
Hopping through her life, always licking and
kissing, grateful to be with us on a daily basis.
Jazzie brought so much happiness and joy into our
lives, making us laugh as she'd put her front paws
on the floor and wiggle her hind legs and stomach
on the couch for minutes at a time.
Always so gentle, affectionate and loving, looking
at us with her beautiful crystal blue eyes.
Always, I will remember her with genuine love in
my heart, soul and mind.

(11: 17 p.m. - 8/8/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effects Of Life

Having plans, wanting to do normal things in life and
finding physical limitations standing forever in the
way.

Casting aside effects of life and senior years, going
interiorly where life finds solace and peace in spite
of the physical entity going against it.

Musical rhythms casting out it's lines, reeling in the
pure innocence and serenity always found floating in
the rivers of life.

Alone, yet not lonely, as long as introspections,
concepts and perceptions can be found to be written into
poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effects Of Loss

Rivers flowing in wrong directions as I watch,
sitting back, wondering why they are doing so.

Carefully selecting rhythms, hoping to see the
ripples flowing again in reverse.

Writing while seeing the effects of loss on
thought sometimes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effects Of Mystery

Watching problems being acquired in repertoires of
unending rhythms, silently playing into a silence
of future solutions.

Tainting solemn pictures of an interior spirit, a
lasting sound, echoing into the atmosphere.

Culminating eventually into columns of lines,
taking mankind into upturned solutions made through
ideals of poetry.

Never missing a beat, stressing notes of every
measure, being totaled in realms of another sphere
in life.

Gradually tending to effects of mystery that are
being entered into this picture of imagination.

Placing majestic beauty of visions being shone upon
photographic screens, allowing the world to be opened
up into another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effects Of Sorrow

Breaking hearts, falling to the ground, shards of grief,
all that's left of them.
Never picking up or putting them together, dragging their
memories throughout a lifetime, never leaving an iota or
piece behind.
Writing their essences into view, pondering their
individual existences with slanted visions of sorrow's
effect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effects Of Togetherness

Watching people, eating, listening to music and just lying back in total leisure and amusement at antics people are doing spontaneously.

Effects of togetherness are quite amazing, as people get together and do things they ordinarily wouldn't even think of doing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effects Of Total Memory

Effects of total memory anticipate feelings of
yesterday, mixing with a blackness of abysses,
turning into black rainbows of sadness.
Ebony sorrow glistens like teardrops, flowing
down cheeks of precious memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effervescent Aromas

Riding the elevator into another plateau beyond the one that
I already know.

Scaling mountains, going higher with every moment climbing,
giving an expertise of calculations, digging into mountains
of formulas that have been uncovered.

Bare facts, honest and truthful, standing starkly in bereaved
gardens of another past life.

Leaving thoughts lying around, giving effervescent aromas
until their very last breath here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effervescent Beauty Of India

Spirits of this night are all congregating around me, dancing upon the waves, joyously singing this watery magic to me.

Floating, meeting my mind in the rippling of the wakes as wind continues to blow it's coolness at me, stars now hiding behind the clouds.

Moon nowhere to be seen, yet it's presence is still known, an energy rises as I continue to watch spirits long into the night.

An effervescent beauty being illuminated softly with an artistic grace, emanating from the heavens above and gently sitting alongside me in the water.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effervescent Blessings

Quietly moving into another atmosphere, totally
enjoying beautiful senses and sensations, affirming
abilities of innate nature here within this being.

Lightened and penetrating, life following new path-
ways through the future, having found new develop-
ments beyond what is known and has been taught.

Being in total control from an ethereal position
that has evolved and taken it's place in inner
domains and zones of happenstance.

Effervescent blessings taking hold of this total
being and filling it with light and knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effervescent Desert

Feelings rising to the forefront, taking frontline advances,
beating images to lines of memory.
Filling them with emotion left over from the past, and
spreading them into an effervescent desert of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effervescent Enlightenment

Placing beats steadily into intellect, writing poetry
rapidly, not wanting to hear anything else, no talking,
no conversation, just wanting to hear music.

Pleasant and energetic feelings flowing throughout my
being, totally giving me an effervescent enlightenment
that keeps me going.

Thoughts swiftly transported, every note talking to me,
translating them into the lightening of intellectual
endeavors, leading into and out of other dimensions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effervescent Love

Dancing in the moonlight, being filled with an effervescent love, giving a beautiful energy and verve for life.

A total eclipse of desire unfolds in the arms of another as music envelopes our being's hearts in tender melodies of love.

Always inherently draping our minds with an everlasting comfort, knowing we'll be in one another's arms for an eternity once we've died to this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effervescent Mind

Singular thoughts falling in line, catching my breath with rhythms slanting across the territory of my mind.
Secretly saying the words I need to hear, coming from the music as it leads me down pathways towards an eternity, giving off aromas of future destinies.
Collating sounds and matching them with heavenly scents of adjectives, forming interior motion and leading me towards an effervescent state of mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effervescent Pleasure

Writing and elaborating on thoughts of effervescent
pleasure, as it soars into every fiber and particle
of my heart and soul.

Blossoming like newly freshened flowers, spreading
their petals open, while touching edges of heaven
with their beautiful aromas.

Atmosphere filled with their appetizing senses of
nature, penetrating and adding to every corner of
earth as we watch breathlessly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effervescent Portrait

Impressions of your love lie etched within photographic
screens that fill my mind with an effervescent portrait
of the two of us.

Simply loving and being together, wanting to be in each
other's arms, feeling the heartbeats of our beings, blend-
ing with our breathing.

Feeling the expressions of your love penetrating my being
thoroughly and enticingly, leaving pleasure lying within,
touching completely, the interior essence of who we are
when we're together, just the two of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effervescent Sights

Vacancies never available in mind because it is always filled with the thoughts and ideas of intellect.

Finding fascinating pictures being shown throughout the day and night, never letting up being alone or on the path of another person's journey.

Being self, writing into the universe every day, nothing is beyond the sphere of my imagination.

Finishing designs and patterns of every day living, sololy beginning the effervescent sights of every day details.

Nothing amiss when hiding within intellect, taking the beauty and complacency along into depths of ingenuity, avowing the intellect born with and used fully all the time.

So happy when interiorly being with self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effervescent Tides

Riding along, surfing, coasting upon effervescent tides of the future, looking around, seeing many possibilities at hand, wanting to take advantage of them all.

This mind examining each and every one of them in a solitary and unique fashion, calculating rhythmically through equations and formulas how each one will become poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effortless Endeavors

Nature comes into being with very little effort or thought.
Blending experience with imagination and turning depths
inside out.
Creating vast pools of novel ideas to be swum and intercepted
by sentences, describing endeavors of possibility and chance.
Toiling effortlessly with no side affects, beauty flows
outwardly in a myriad of directions, giving off flirtatious
desires of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effortless Morning

1: 31 p.m.
Springing into the atmosphere, filled with an expoential process of thoughts, crashing into this mind.

Walking through an effortless morning, standing for a moment to look out upon a desert of many lessons and details.

Arriving in moments of each tour through thoughts, placed into each of these poems being written from memories piled high in photographic images, awaiting recognition.

Always arriving at senses of intense pleasure when they do so. 1: 32 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effortless Peace

Waiting for time to come around, letting me relax
after a day filled with futility and the anxiety
of living.

Somewhere there must be another hour or two, so I
can stay up longer and write to my heart's content.

Stanzas and melodies of heartfelt songs, hoping
they continue to inspire and intrigue my mind with
an effortless peace that continues to exist within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Effortless Pleasure

Lilting rhythms filling my mind, beats taking me
into steps of the future.

Watching as life revolves, taking the stress and
turmoil caused by other people away.

It's truly amazing how it brings peace quietly
into being, giving solace and serenity to my heart.

Loving the effortless pleasure all of it's rhythms
give to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Egghorns Of Death

Egghorns strewn along walks of eternity, tell-tale
signs of forage, sleekly caught in time.

Altogether, brilliant colors placed against the black
and gray of thought, quietly withdrawn, afraid of
reaching out or touching.

Sternly made to fill certain molds, cracked and broken
no longer able to hold the growth of dawn.

Allowing minute particles to pass, becoming tangled in
strips of need.

Focused, lightened, skyward with sideways glances,
grasping thoughts of death, silently portraying after-
life.

There are no solutions, knowledge falls short of wisdom,
yet does death smile quietly within.

Patiently waiting for his perfect, untimely moment with
each of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ego Of False Pride

Traces of love scattered across the floor of my heart,
put there by an uncaring person who thought their
love was more important than mine.

Tears unable to flow from within, because they're
dried, arid, caused by an arrogant cruelty of another,
being slighted, treated less than human, made to feel
that way.

Beneath the stature of themselves, not even caring
for their loved ones, a total and unconditional love,
tossed aside because of a judgmental person.

Their ego filled with false pride, while traces of a
genuine love were tossed and scattered across the
floor of my heart, unable to be held by the person who
was being cared for.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ego's Real Sense Of Esteem

Looking straight and honestly at my ego, wondering at it's
pure innocence as I gaze into it's essence alone.

Social norms and values don't seem to have made much of an
impression on it, yet family's gentle reminders through
the actions of it's members seems to have formed and
shaped it humbly and it remains so to this day.

Having taught ego through a quiet perseverance how to
encompass compassion, patience, equality, faith, hope, a
sense of belonging - having had the example of family with
the same traits to be emulated and copied through the years.

All these actions have actually given ego a real sense
of esteem without any of the false pretenses others seem
to have.

It somehow holds truths to it's heart and portrays itself
honestly and forthrightly, never feeling a crisis of self-
worth, knowing the importance of self through life, an
important factor to self-preservation.

Allowing the heart options to it's center of being, allows
the presence of an entirely different set of values and worth
throughout life.

Always cooperating with other factions of humanness, taking
it altogether with the presence of mind, heart, ego, soul
and self - it can never really be separated, because they
are all connected within one being of absolute life and
energy, giving us the power needed to exist.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eighth And Ninth Dimensions

Staccato beat, surrounding me with a delicate source of
satin and silk thoughts.

Evening talents being brought out into the light of day,
exhausting time and living in a world of excellent beauty.

Taking strides into lands of tomorrow in many different
areas of eighth and ninth dimensions.

Living off the visions I see as I walk into them through
my mind.

Enlightening and illuminating my mind intensely with
vibrant thoughts, accumulating constantly on a moment to
moment scale of life.

Taking time to experience every aspect of another dimension
on a solo journey, finding all ideas expanding into greater
amounts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eighth Floor

Windsock of my mind is blowing in all directions,
catching every breeze and gust of wind.

Playing with the moving air, letting it twist and
spin all through my hair.

Loving the way it travels across ground, blowing
leaves and papers everyway, contrary to where they
should be going.

Palm tree tops waving to and fro, shaking the dust
from their hair fronds, begging to be left alone
to grow.

Wind swirling into the sky, crashing dirt and dust
particles into this eighth floor window just because
it knows it can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Either Alive Or Dead

Missions in life are varied and according to what
each individual likes.

Their passions living and dying according to their
desires of achieving them ultimately.

Nothing but interior motions to either help to
attain or leave them behind.

Climbing experiences of our desires in passions of
our feelings and emotions.

Taking what we want from expectations and promises
by the horns and living our dreams or letting them
die in nightmares haphazardly.

Either alive or dead as we continue to be in an
existence of this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elaborate Delicacies

Riding the waves of elaborate delicacies,
finding the way through Sahara desert sands.
Wandering like a nomad with no direction in mind.
Solving problems of distinction without a clause
written in a contract for the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elastic Beauty

Flowing through mild waters out at sea, drowning in meanings that are taunting me ceaselessly, finding nothing to save me in days of saddened recollection.
Following a destiny of sorts, being elated with thoughts, filling my mind with elastic beauty.
Stretching it over my imagination, keeping me stable, and focused through it all.
Bowing to life and it's grief, thanking it for the gifts and talents God has given me to access human frailty and exposing it clearly, undisputably in writing poetry.
Giving myself to it's rhythm as I write of the intense depths it fills me with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elastic Mornings

Shimmering through elastic mornings of sunrise,
showering the world with a marvelous attitude of
positivism and rewarding bliss.
Thankful for the beautiful rendition of life as
it revolves through each day, taking us all with
it into the labyrinths and abysses we all fall
into at one time or another.
No one capable of avoiding any of them as long
as they're living on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elastic Music

Shattering peaceful environments with loud playing elastic music, pouring quickly into my mind, making it difficult to keep up writing with it's expressive pace, set in melodies of exacting pleasure.
Defining mosaics of designs as they emerge and float past in visions of natural aptitudes, clearing my mind with their purity of intellect as it saturates interior puzzles, quickening solutions with every beat of the drums.
Telling stories with lyrics, timing everything precisely and creating images constantly without any breaks in concentration.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elastic Rhythms

Heartbeats keeping time with rhythms of the night
as they fill atmosphere's with eerie sounds.
Lightening quick tones stretch the imagination
with it's elastic rhythms, bringing subconscious
thoughts from inner realms out into the wide open.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elastic Sacredness

Living in a desert of beauty, filled entirely with music
and rhythms that enliven my spirit incessantly.

Giving my soul a vibrant joy, taking me into other dimen-
sions and universes.

Stepping into an elastic sacredness of the Divine dwelling
within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elastic Sensations

Changing attitudes and moods with different songs, melodies and rhythms.

Tending to allow happiness to increase into proportionate amounts of spirituality, noticing the major difference in feelings coming swiftly to mind.

Elastic sensations being drafted by being, and taking away, soaring into skyways of my heart, calming and taking me into depths of a beautiful intensity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elastic Strength

Reverberating throughout my entire being, rhythms
tabulating the beauty that they bring to mind.

An elastic strength that gives me the resolve to
keep on writing.

Nothing to stop me now, soaring into an interior
contemplation, finding vibrant lively thoughts all
congregating.

Each wanting to be seen and expressed in poetry,
letting them talk through all senses, creating an
astounding array of ideas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elastic Thought

Mattresses of time, spreading over infinite darkness,
waiting for linens and blankets to cover me with
elastic thought.
Counting measures with notes of defiance, beating to
unthought etudes as yet.
Featuring untold rebels of yesterday, allowing them
plenty of room to forge their intellect in steel
bars of meaning.
Focusing towards avenues of beautiful scenery,
watching for autumn leaves, falling into me.
With thoughts of winter sliding across life, taking
with it all stillness in eerie nights of silvery snow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elastic Timing

Empty courtyard, flag waving in a morning breeze.
Silently awaiting the coming barrage of people to
relax in these surroundings for moments of elastic
timing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elated Moods Of Music

Loud and clear, rhythms captivating my mind, twirling ideas across
the dance floor amidst strobe lights flashing happily into darkness,
amazing and vibrant, guitars picking and strumming so easily.

Fixating inner talent in rivulets of fascinating emblems of another
day spent in measures of time beating incessantly, always taking me silently
away.

Finding beauty in late night tempos, racing faster throughout the
harmonies that just won't quit, giving everyone excitement they
want and deserve after a hard day at work.

Happy, delighted, having pleasure just existing in the lively and
elated moods of music being played by the band, entertaining us
all musically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elating A Soul

Darkened skies filled with anticipation - filled with rain -
touche me interiorly - elating my soul with God's nature.

Heavenly softness crossing my mind as it crosses the sky,
leaving a message of joy within my heart, giving me hope in
tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elating My Soul's Spirit

Touching light rhythms, filtering sights within my mind,
taking me slowly on journeys.

Riding upon rhythms, matching tempos with wisdom as it
gently blooms into consciousness with the sound of every
note becoming a melody in new compositions of etudes and
sonatas.

Peaceful joy, filling my mind, elating the spirit of my
soul with messages to be laid down in poems as I write
them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elating Senses

Full-bodied musical essences filling
my being with exuberant feelings of
joy, elating senses of interior
being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elation Of Spirituality

Exercising every particle and fiber of being, feeling powerfully energized and filled with an elation of spirituality.

Always finding possibilities of another measure in time, forging imagination into realms of intellectual realizations.

Forever noticing exacting details of paranormal intuition and it's place in our minds, tracing it's beginnings into melodies of past centuries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elderly Bullies

Wondering if I matter at all in this sorry world.
Does it matter if I'm alive or dead?
Does anyone realize that I am only a shell sitting here in front of them?
That there's nothing left of me inside of what you visually see?
Totally drained, no longer caring, wishing only for death.
There is no one who can see beneath my eyelids, no way to tell that I have already departed from this horrid world and the so-called friends of haughty reasoning.
Becoming bullies in their old age, thinking they are above spiritual reckoning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elderly Couple

Sweethearts in their nineties, holding gently to each other, dancing and gliding to rhythms of music being played sorrowfully in minds of grief belonging to the musicians.
Putting themselves second, playing from their hearts to elderly dancers, allowing them silent beautiful memories of the past to catch up and bring joy again into their lives.
A wonderful new year's present given to dancers from bereaved hearts, still thinking of others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elderly Dance Floors

Pastels turning about the floor, attaching themselves
to people's clothes as they jitterbug and tango.

As bright colors search for just the right person to
collide with.

Preparations are never made, all dancing is
spontaneous as it flows out and around.

Feet of all sizes and shapes are kept alive on elderly
dance floors of today, bright with happiness and joy
while it lasts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elderly Exercises

Blaring music, stomping feet, swaying arms and bodies,
looking for agility and energy in an exercise class
for the elderly.
Reaching for the stars, tipping on their toes, enjoying flowing movements being produced as they keep time with
many varieties of melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elderly Gentlemen

Elderly frailty needing a rest, an elderly gentleman
sits on the edge of a potted tree.

Quietly talking, smiling, nodding, looking so cute
while branches of the tree lay gently upon his head.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elderly Labels

Signatures of aging scattered about,
pushed into categories of labels,
many of which are disparaging.

Characteristics of elderly portrayed
in many different faces, cast about
on levels of arrogance.

Left to themselves, elderly would be
very happy if the rest of us would
give up labeling or making a fuss
and just begin to accept them as
people like us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elderly Love

Swinging, falling in love all over again,
an elderly couple dancing, holding one
another closely.

Enjoying intimate safe contact in front
of others, love showing through their
eyes, shining happily from their souls
onto each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elderly Observation

Geriatric doesn't quite fit what I'm seeing
before me.

As senior citizens dance across the floor,
smiling, happy and enjoying the music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elderly Questions

Loneliness of the elderly, left alone to get along the best they can with no one's love to help them, save their own.
Trying desperately to fit in a place they once belonged, only to find no one cares when you're old.
Sitting, staring, looking at the young, wondering where life has gone - wondering where the love they gave so unselfishly all these years could possibly have gotten lost.
All around them are questions getting old - with no answers as the years go by.
Everything seems to pass them as they grow old and a heart stops beating for it's once young life.
No one left to love or care, until they die and memories laid bare, cause a few tears to flow for someone who was once here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elderly Rebel

Locating an inner strength, holding my own against an
onslaught of illegals trying to take over the laundro-
mat where I wash my clothes.

Standing my ground right in front of a washer, waiting
for it to stop so I can put my clothes in when a man
takes his out of it.

They've all come in together and taken up every single
washer and dryer in the whole Laundromat, which no one
is allowed to do, they are to wait like everyone else.

Having stood my ground, having clothes in two of the
washers, sitting here writing, no one daring to fight
with this old lady rebel of sixty-five.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elderly Reflections

Reflections of the elderly, shining in glass windows,
helping one another with a walker and a cane.

Supporting frail bones, slowly walking, taking some
of the steps closer to dying and death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elderly Talent

Smiling faces upon a stage, elderly talent waiting to be shared with everyone.
Exuding happiness, excited people, waiting to showcase their voices and talent.
Peculiar antics and flowery phrases entertaining us all on a Wednesday morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elderly Wisdom

Writing brings a quiet sorrow, while lighting a serene contemplation.
Always searching byways of imagination, luring sub-consciously, abstractions leading to a meaning of life's purpose.
Countless pages are written in thought, yet nothing is found to ease the mystery we are born with.
Calculating depths of maturity doesn't enter the picture, because there seems to be no inherent formula conceived of.
In sunsets of our lives, there are no magic revelations, we seem not to have changed.
Elderly minds continue with their inept desires; it seems in later life there really is no appreciative maturity when dealing with others, communication is still sordid and petty.
People learn nothing on their journey's, continuing to gossip, talking behind another's back, defaming character of acquaintances.
Growing up I totally thought the elderly grasped an eternal wisdom and foresight - apparently not!
It's such a shame to see the pettiness of youth has forever stained and corrupted our minds, forcing them into a mean and hateful existence for all time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Electric Elements

Incessant rhythms waking my mind to the energy of
intellect as it continues to thing throughout the
moments of every day.

Wanting ideas as they dance and jive in my mind,
lively and alluring, intellect creating many
thoughts that flow continuously through waterfalls.

Mind giving words, definitions and meanings of this
lifetime, charging inner batteries with electric
embers of life.

Sparking and lighting fires interiorly, gathering
spirituality into the receptacles of my mind in
order to give them to poetry in literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Electric Lives

Following lightening through a mind's maze,
touching electrically feelings being bared.

All sections of grey matter thrill to it's
shock.

Forging ahead with new aspects of love,
desiring to come alive within spherical
images of splendor throughout electric lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Electric Mind

Reflections shining within this electric mind, giving focus
directly into ideas and thoughts that are totally filling
every space within.

Moving rapidly to fast-paced rhythms, taking charge while
moving in spherical directions enabling each of them to be
etched upon photographic screens within intellect.

Sublimely and profoundly without any interference from the
outside world, grasping everything with an innate ability
that energizes and captures imagination.

Placing them in many spherical circumstances where life
learns how to cope and recognize designs and patterns of
existence.

Doing so mathematically in equations and formulas, finding
extremes through each of them and creating beyond whatever
is seen among them.

Taking all of it together and responding accurately with
an agility and purpose towards it all, thoughts being coded
rhythmically through music, finalizing the process.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Electric Rhythm

Electrically feeling rhythm touch my mind with it's
inherent beauty and finesse.

Blatantly arranging my mind to accept, define and
write it into poetical forms of music.

Unfolding religiously, carefully, into avenues of
recognition and purpose.

Adjusting moods of defiance, tuning everything
calmly with adjacent serenity and peaceful
domination ending life's dominion over earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Electric Sadness

Silence filling my empty heart with an electric
sadness that shocks me to the core of my being.

Lost and alone in jungles of remorse and sorrow,
not knowing where to go from here.

Looking through trees, searching the sky above,
wanting to find some hope in the beginning day.

Silence continuing to deepen within my soul, yet
tears of hope are shining through.

Bittersweet volumes of life fill me through memories
in spite of the bitterness of grief.

Sun shining sparingly through the trees and under-
growth, lighting trails needed to be followed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Electric Surprise

Touching inner rhythms of intellect, giving an electric
surprise deeply within.

Collecting essential purposes, tempted in instrumental
techniques of guitar and keyboard.

Riding across measures of rhythms, up and down, taking my
mind quickly and rapidly into the fortress of intellect.

Imagination portraying eager poetical depictions coming
into view from all aspects of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Electric Thought

Shaking, twisting motives into spirals of electric thought,
placating brain waves of fruitful existence.

Wandering down pathways, traveling into exotic places,
never before seen on earth as they exist only in my mind
of extensive subconscious imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Electric Thought Process

Hollow sounding, eerie and mysterious, filling this mind
with a reverent and pious religious intent.

Focusing on sounds, letting them chant and carry me away,
with their tones and melodic voices.

Picturesque and intense, finding the life that used to be
lived once long ago.

Fragrant, poised, ready to climb heavenly vines of roses
into another dimension far above the earth.

Being enticed with the intensity of an electric thought
process that is infused with the spirituality of an inner
spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Electric Wisdom

Looking interiorly, seeing doors surrounding me, curious,
I open each of them, experiencing an intense electric wis-
dom as their essence fills me with knowledge of life.

Enjoying learning, feeling fulfilled, watching as dreams
become larger and brighter, opening avenues to attain them
even if formerly thought impossible to do so.

Intensely feeling a vibrant beauty emanating from within
depths of my being, spreading it's essence throughout my
intellect while writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Electric Wonder

Walking in time with rhythm held closely inside,
dictating moods of joy and happiness through life.
Standard peculiar orders of definitions appear
from invisibility on notions and ideas.

Languishing on beds of silken satin and lace,
creative forces are charged with an electric sense
of wonder and awe at everything in sight.
Jocular images frolic and play before my mind's
eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Electrically Clear

Lightening striking in an inner atmosphere, waking many thoughts, making them electrically clear.

Moments turning around, at attention, listening to coded equations flowing easily from within rhythms listened to.

Instantly translating everything musical into poetry, exploring formulas as they come into my visions, accepting or rejecting them instantaneously.

Deciding according to whether they will work or not, being always ready with answers of truth, never bothering with illusions taking up time and space in intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Electrically Sliding Steps

Rocking into an afternoon with lively rhythms, enticing everyone into a line dance, sliding electrically, stepping side by side, smiling the whole while.

Strutting and walking back and forth, enjoying rhythms being issued into the atmosphere, teaching one another how to move to incessant beats in succession.

Beautiful images coming to mind, creating visions and poetical illusions through musical compositions, aware of everything in the room as music continues to reign in the atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Electrifying Imagination

Writing incessantly, picking out rhythms to highlight
in poems as life surrounds me with beautiful sights
and sounds, keeping time along with my mind in
measures of talented rhythms.

Softly electrifying imagination as I delve deeply into
depths of talented gifts and begin to use them in many
strides of my pen, writing and continuing to contemplate, thinking quickly, and
turning everything into prose.

Tiptoeing quietly into realms of other lands and
dimensions, following my own thoughts into many vast
spaces of timelessness.

Falling into cradles of embracing treasures that I
love in many albums of picturesque speech, kept safely
in mind on photographic screens within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Element Of Surprise

Racing happily through graceful gardens of heavenly flowers,
scents surrounding minds with their gentle aromas.

Tantalizing senses into inclusive raptures of inner desires,
placing self into an environment of lovable and intense
feelings.

Rousing within, an element of surprise filled with ardent
love, afire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elements Of Emotion

Increasing tones rapidly focusing onto inner screens where videos are being played according to the element of emotions coming out to air themselves.

Falsely attuned to inner lives, causing instead, turmoil to appear in daily cornerstones of living.

Wanting to hibernate and shut self off from all of their insinuations, causing an existence of painful remembering.

There is no where to hide from this exposure, because they are indelibly written into our sole beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elements Of Life

Accidents of life are unforgiving relentless articles of
faith, prayer and hope, tomorrow settling itself
uncontentedly in spheres, pretending to feel safe and
secure.

All along knowing the truth that nothing is safe for sure,
only fools can believe in these inert thoughts.

Being led astray, captured by moving tides of life, all
is ended by one small accident, an unpredicted moment of
suspenseful breath.

Holding us together is faith, prayer and hope, that is
after all who we are.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elephant Ride

India is so totally amazing! Traveling into the hills where
forests are dense and green, loving the intense beauty as it
saturates my mind and intellect thoroughly.

Stopping to go on an elephant ride through a mountain forest
getting upon it's back, touching it's head, petting it care-
fully, it's skin so thick.

Hairs sticking up on his head, feeling prickly against my
fingers, such a beautiful and gentle elephant, immediately
fell in love with it.

Fascinating experience riding this wonderful elephant with
my friend sitting right behind me, the guides taking pict-
ures of us on it along the dirt trail.

A remarkably wonderful time being immersed in this Indian
country, doing what I've never before done in my life, the
world has been opened to me.

Now wanting to find out more than ever what lies beyond my
little life in the U.S.A. starting with exploring India for
the very first time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elevated Imagination

Amazing information falling into my mind as music steps
up from another nationality.

Astounding beauty in another language filled with
unique rhythms playing and touching intellect.

Giving other instances of pleasurable thoughts being
created in motion, continually moving into realms of
other visions.

Taking wonder and awe into atmospheres in another
dimension, letting writing continue in an elevated
imagination.

Stepping unendingly into episodes of tomorrow's
literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elevated Insight

Avoiding complications, taking steps up ladders
of mathematical proportions, increasing amounts of
equations as they fall into categories of scientific
placement.

Sectioning ideas into criteria for specialized research
enlightening and inspiring an elevated insight into the
benefits of life for mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elevating Feelings

Smoothly slowing in the still of the night,
elevating feelings of apprehensive thoughts,
starting to multiply into heaven's spaces.

Finding the darkness hiding faces of sorrow,
even though the tears are flowing unceasingly,
never giving any reprieves to those mired in
death's unholy grief, as he leaves it behind
with every person's death.

Solemn, not holding onto life because there's
no longer a life to hold on to, it has been
taken from me and now I lay in a bed of total
remorse.

No one to turn to, silence following me
through the hours that used to be so full of
our lives together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elevating Knowledge

Taking chances in realms of ingenuity, figuring formulas
as they come to mind, tabulating energetic melodies
appearing on inner screens of imagination.

Soaring skies on notes of being as they scan horizons of
subconsciousness, elevating knowledge with every stroke
of the pen.

Dictating measures of meaning, inventing words in time
as climbing higher, scaling canyon walls, poems flow
incessantly from inner oceans.

Tides ebbing and neaping, creating tidal waves of purpose
in ordinary days of living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elevating Time While In India

Elevating time into factors of silence, witnessing
the essence of what once was the beauty of another
time when much younger.

Always touching blossoming roses of the future, a-
waiting my presence in depths of heaven one day, a
spirit filled with the brilliance of living faith.

Inner desires being fulfilled with the energy of
everyday life, standing in the midst of memories
that will never be forgotten.

As I race through backwaters of another tomorrow in
India, never letting me forget beauty of life lived
through stations of another place in time.

Striking and figuring out exact moments that will
take place in movements of rhythms appearing in
many verses of poetry that have been written.

Looking back, reflections mirroring the explicit
and total effervescence of all tomorrows coming
about in the future.

Living on edges of each circumference, waiting to
fall inward where death is standing and waiting
for me silently and alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elicited By Intellect

Singly going into depths of another universe hidden
deeply within my being.

No one else able to follow, not liking to express
vocally what I see and feel.

Only printing and placing it all in poetry at times,
letting people know how much solace and happiness
are received from this inner energy and joy.

Elicited by intellect itself, unfolding self into
the world of creativity and shutting out everything
else in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eliciting A Response

Beautiful, soft, fitting perfectly in hand and mouth,
eliciting a response of excitement from a person I
love dearly.

Sensuous and lovely, just dangling quietly, awaiting
a gentle hand to take them playfully.

Sucking them deeply into a wonderful feeling of
exhilaration.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eliciting Desires

Wondering now throughout thoughts, looking them over,
recounting every detail of each of their picturesque
images.

Filled with admiration at their clarity and focus,
happy that they are all particles of this mind.

Senses are interiorly touching every thought with
their generosity and pleasure.

Eliciting desires in spirals of intense feelings, and
filled with a brilliance of intellect, giving knowledge
a run for it's money.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eliciting Emotion

Reminders of ageless time come forth with tantalizing
music into our storehouses.
Full of memories, recalling just the right one to calm
souls and elicit emotional outbursts - forming and
sliding down faces, tears showing love of past ages
without remorse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eliciting Nature

Nature calls to me, reaching depths nothing else can.
Eliciting tones and adjectives together, pointing out
what others rarely see during their lifetimes, unless
they read this poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eliciting Prayer

Shattering the darkness by the light of a candle, watching closely, the flame as it dances gently toward my inner mind.

Hope faithfully gathers itself into the gentle heat, as it rises smokily to heaven, prayerfully eliciting the peace and serenity of the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eliciting Tones Of Life

Two men walking in, dressed in kilts and looking fine.
Everyone clapping and smiling, them included.
A wonderful change in scenery as we are altered in
our stances of achievement.
Anticipating the uncertainty of everything in life,
aspiring to highest sections of intellectual bliss
that can be attained here where we are right now.
Happily eliciting tones of life and matching them to
many expressions I have thought of in today's agenda.
Wavering very little, just moving forward inside of
blankets wrapped around me for safety.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eliptical Thoughts

Stranded in a land of strangulated episodes of lives, trying to make sense of elliptical thoughts as they digress slowly into vapid mists of untidy memorizations.
Noting strengths of opposite feelings, amply trying to turn positive sides toward an effervescent triumph of sorts.
Banking on memories as they climb ever upward into heaven's side of existence.
Taking aside many ideas as they progress into processes of nothingness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elliptical Joy

Creative rhetoric spreading itself within, sliding into empty spaces where it will ripen, age and become tomorrow's poetry.
Fortunately separating the sadness from elliptical joy, giving many an opportunity to those who are filled with grief and stricken with absolute abandonment.
Prayers and faith hiding somehow in backgrounds of hope, waiting to come forth and ease the pain with creative issues of rhetoric.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elliptical Songs

Evenings still as a placid lake, rock me into dreams of yesterday when I was younger.
Tell-tale mornings offering vestiges of an opportunity to be a quiet talent on earth.
Screaming in silent words on paper, developing sincere thoughts.
Delivering many ideas to people all over the whole world.
Choosing the words from a photographic memory screen, holding onto every picturesque memory held inside my mind.
Focusing with an intensity that heightens elliptical nighttime songs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elongating Senses

Drumming along without a care in mind,
tangling thoughts along the way.

Matching beats to melodies, counting
rhythms in time, and elongating senses
of pleasure and rhyme.

Fantastic heights are reached beyond
measure as etudes and sonatas reach
for the sky in poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eloquent Poetry

Last impressions fit just right, etched into by brain's imagination.

Qualifying exacting measurements as they stretch and form new dimensions and avenues of decision.

Matters fall in and out of place, creating more space for new generations of eloquent poetry to expand and cover the universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eloquent Relationships

Portents of tomorrow's reality fill with resources that
take full initiative, passing by and through entryways,
leading to the most eloquent relationships with words
that anyone can ever have.

Choices being arranged orderly as they are thought of,
never missing a beat, racing into peaceful levels of
interior intellect.

Collating each experience into albums of picturesque
beauty, having lived through them all first.

Peremptorily rushing headlong into intricate delicacies,
taking all hopes and dreams further and further into
tunnels darkened with lights of illumination, shining
upon walls of interior canyons.

Giving all ideas, reflecting constantly in mirrors of
a mind.

Taking off into the atmosphere, sailing further upward,
being pulled away from earthly styles and airy
envelopes of sacred places.

Delving deeper and deeper, going sideways into other dimensions, letting go and collecting every emotion
and feeling of sense coming into existence.

Never leaving any of it behind, lifting from beneath
coverlets, hidden from others, and now being exposed
and brought into the whole world of innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eloquent Singers

Emotions taking over, emitting themselves into the atmosphere, telling the world how they make a man feel.
Caressing the interior of all in touch with the spirit of God, as He lets Himself be known through voices of eloquent singers on a Friday night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eluding Answers

Guessing, creating new meanings for ourselves every
day as we elude any answers soaring through our
atmospheres interiorly.

Keeping pace with subconscious thoughts while walking
alone through desert oasis's in matters of contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eluding Death's Dark Light

Locomotives traveling through evening skies, holding
close to the tracks beneath their iron wheels.
Moving over mountains and through valleys, eluding
death's sight, hoping not to be caught in it's vacant
stare.
Helplessly traveling, hiding in the rhythms flowing
from the tracks.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elusive Beauty

Wafting my way are winds of elusive beauty filling the environment with aromas of heaven.
Throwing thoughts like dice on a craps table, hoping to come up with a winning combination of words to place in poems of natural curiosity.
Watching the world around me being blown in all directions, not caring what is torn asunder by it's grasp.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elusive Design

Set deeply in a cavern, searching for an elusive design of nature, hoping to capture it's essence in a poem of fruitful desire.
Emptying interiorly, waiting to be filled with a pattern of spirituality - one of God's own choosing - solving the distressful emotional upheaval that has crept inside and been eroding what serenity I've had.
Listening carefully, musical harmonies penetrate my soul, giving peaceful sorrow a place to retreat to.
Pulling back the edges of eternity, I wander onto it's shores, completely at ease, loving the essence of God that I feel inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elusive Diagnosis

Suddenly realizing the moments of life are knocking on my brain, trying to wake me from the stupor I've been in since getting admitted to the hospital.

Hoping to be saved from the elusive diagnosis the doctors can't seem to put their fingers on.

Lolling here, hoping for a reprieve from this excruciating pain, nothing conclusive being found as yet.

Hurting nightly, not wanting to even go to sleep, because it's so painful and I want to just stay awake.

Taking matters into my own hands, I stay up all hours of the night and into morning, writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elusive Figures

Exacting figures of time are elusive,
hiding in corners of imagination,
trying to keep out of the spotlight.
On sides of rhythm, going faster than
any race horse traveling down the
straight away.
Falsely proving an amount of steady
pacing, then going off on a tangent.
Provoking an amount of energetic spasms,
as they fall away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Elvira

Elvira, a name from the past, conjures up an image
dressed in black, hosting a scary movie program in
the evening for all to enjoy.

Her presence always looming in backs of our minds
through years, even after she is no longer on T.V.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emanating Beauty

Rushing into beats of another dimension with no hesitation whatsoever.

Riding high though desert plains, total concentration not being disturbed by anything or anyone around.

A pleasant and ongoing beauty emanating from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emanating Fire Of Love

Walking along silent pathways through nature, finding
placating rhythms striving to catch up with interior
harmonies.

Lifting spirits into the atmosphere of another dimension,
carefully and tenderly guiding each step as we find one
another in our arms.

Touching and loving, never judging, allowing each other
the option to choose and live life to the fullest, testing
the strength of our love by looking into each other's eyes.

Seeing the fire of love emanating and creating an interior
environment for us to make love throughout our lives, only
having room for one another and no one else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emanating Journeys

Wandering alone down many deserted highways, hoping to
finally get some rest in the future one day.

Lasting emotions falling down inside, going on journeys
into depths of lively conversations emanating from
heaven's gardens.

None daring to enter this wide expanse unless they are
invited in by God, Himself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emanating Soul

A timid woman, nervous, yet unafraid to
take the microphone in front of a small crowd.
Voice gently singing in time with her heart.
Letting the beauty of her soul emanate in a
beautiful song, sung softly, touching everyone
listening intently.
Applauding the courage of an inspiring woman,
giving her credit for facing her fears and
landing on top.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emanating Thoughts

Watching lights in the reflection of a picture hanging on the wall, like a still life, giving my mind images to attribute rhythms to.

Silent, sparkling brightly behind a glass enclosed within a frame, shadows of a fan spinning quickly over the picture frame.

Lights within and out, causing thoughts to emanate from an innate intellect like a shower of color coming into view, amidst sounds of energy.

Filling my being with vibrant and explosive ideas and concepts that come from deep within intellect, being reflected from an inner photographic memory of once upon a time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Embedded Passion

Rectangular ideas sliding back and forth, touching all
aspects of interior concepts, giving faithful thoughts
through imagination and reality held closely within.

Thoroughly enhanced through innate curiosity that always
has to find out what makes them work, how they will en-
lighten my mind and why some need to be chosen with ideas.

Finding a need for someone, a stranger, to focus on and
heed, using whatever it happens to be in their lives,
giving of themselves totally in every endeavor in mind.

Solidly and correctly writing into the universe, never
even letting anything or anyone bother or interrupt me,
just letting videos of my mind keep playing.

Listening to music and writing poetry, a passion deeply
embedded within my soul, always being cherished totally
in my lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Embellished Mind

Ringing sounds tinkling like bells throughout intellect,
titillating, inspiring beautiful words, composing classi-
cal music so effortlessly.

Enjoying every moment spent interiorly, soaring into an
atmosphere of laughter and caring, finding exciting ad-
ventures of knowledge and wisdom.

Creating more as it expands innately from intellect,
strumming it all like a banjo, spreading it throughout,
mind being embellished with a thoughtfulness of humanity
and beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Embellishing Traits

Intensely feeling the beat of my heart in the middle of the night, forging indentations in my sleep patterns, creating vicious cycles of involvement, not wavering at all.
Actually riveting me to the spot, instilling a major portion of literature into one area of my brain.
Entitling rhythms, causing many journeys to embellish traits as they crawl through all manner of turmoil and turbulence.
Actuating necessary behavior in sections of perfect storms, left out to sea with no reverberations to bring them back to reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Embers Being Struck

Racing into the hills, not ever looking back as life sprouts and blossoms into a million or more petals, aroma flowing temptingly into the atmosphere.

Fulfilling and effervescently keeping us going, embers being struck, starting fires of interior passion that can never be quenched.

No matter how many times we make love, it continues to increase, taking hold of our essence, each of us living in the moment of our passion.

Desires rising ever higher, never dying down or fading in our lifetimes, both of us enjoying the unconditional love that we've found in each other's hearts and souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Embers Of Thought

Storm clouds hovering over fantastic mountain formations,
casting shadows up and down their sides,
touching coals of my mind.
Stirring up embers of thought,
turning them into blazes of poetry
about nature's bounty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Embers Touching Imagination

Rocking along to melodies running rapidly through my mind,
touching upon imagination, sparking it's embers into a
blaze of fire.

Enticing thoughts to conceptualize and become apparent with-
in seconds of hearing the first note of music being played,
finding certain aspects concentrated in intellect.

Continuing to think, breaking through coded rhythms to write
poetry, being translated rapidly, heart beating in time with
every word being written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Embodiment Of Belief

Popular tunes being played as people sing karaoke in deference to each other.
Playing games with eyes, looking deeply and finding an acceptance of who they are.
Enjoying every nuance, every embodiment of belief in self as they fill up with confidence.
Saturated confidently with self-esteem, brought about by special acknowledgement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Embrace Of Loneliness

Traveling byways through life, seeing whatever comes
into my mind's view, allowing a spiritual freedom to
continue.
Surrounding hearts is sorrow for lost love, alone in
life without a reason to go on.
Fate can be cruel, hurting a person's very soul with
it's deathly embrace of loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Embrace Of Total Love

Retro-filling an empty being with unconditional love,
spilling all about, soaking into a heart filled with
the love of another.

A blessed event in the life of an elderly, lonely
woman, bereft of love for many years.

Such a passionate end purposeful desire for the one
holding her in an embrace of complete and total love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Embracing Eyes

Traipsing down avenues of lively joy, finding
happiness we used to rely on to keep us healthy
and laughing even beyond sorrow's curtains.

Talking to one another with our eyes held in
loving embraces, trusting with a faith in God
to keep us together for however long He can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Embracing Fears

Silently embracing many fears, leashing them to inner strait jackets - afraid to let them go.
Silently crying - no tears falling - slipping into oblivion to keep from remembering.
Escalating rumors within a mind - connecting unrelated topics to make true stories.
Filled with anxiety, daring not to tread upon pages of someone else's history - falling helplessly along the way.
Never being able to walk upright - crawling on all fours - searching relentlessly for what you do not know.
Standing at corridors of mindless sacrifice - do you walk on or lie down, dying - never making a sound in your defense?
Wondering forever whether your life has been worth living or has it been useless from the start?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Embracing Ideas

Playing in my mind with rhythmic definitions, changing them around, keeping time with beaten tones.
Allowing rearrangements of meanings and embracing newly created ideas, watching as they are brought into being at the tip of a pen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Embracing Sadness

Simply circumventing sadness is impossible, it is inherent, never going to leave me alone.
Therefore, I must embrace and write from it.
Taking time to feel and taste it's bittersweet essence.
Finding it watching at every corner, in intervals only shown through rhythm's harmony.
Initiating melodies, hearing tones, giving of myself, reaching into depths of lonely abandonment.
Never trying to destroy it's existence, only cry with it draping heart and mind with my soul, torn and left to die alongside the
person I've become.
Satisfaction not being able to ever take hold, because tears will
be filling me inside.
Lamenting a life of happiness, I continue to strive for equanimity, but there is none for me on earth, never will be.
Knowing this intensely, deep in my heart where I am now writing as delicately as I can so as not to arouse major emotional turmoil in
a doctor's office full of people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Embracing Words

Fingers snapping in my mind, recognizing beats of
rapturous songs, feeling tones and sounds of enjoyment.
Sightful embrace of words flowing into an atmosphere of creativity, displacing boredom and taciturn involvement
in novel directions and situations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Embryo Of Life

An embryo of life has slipped unbidden into my mind,
filling memories with new life, fresh new ideas, and
bringing forth a meaning of unborn life.
Severing the past with forceful breeding, leaving
only thoughts of good deeds flowing.
Helping the unborn achieve their lives, and life-
time goals with prayer and honest feeling.
Taking all unjust thoughts and deeds of doers of
abortion, who are killing unborn children, and
turning them around.
Leaving only joy and hope for unborn children from
this day forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Embryo Of Matter

Situated deep within are qualities of each individual
in turn.

A simplistic essence of any particular reasoning thought
lies alone inside of grey matter.

Emotional outpourings are hidden from view in the deepest
part of our African brains.

Solely for the purpose of intelligence, our minds contain
processes of every idea.

All beginnings of life are caught up in the embryo of
matter, commonly called the brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emcee

Circulating through the crowd,
an emcee taking his job faithfully -
getting ready to call more raffle numbers
for those who've bought tickets and are
waiting for their prizes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emerald Eyes

Emerald eyes looking into a future of drunken
dizziness, hanging onto slurred words, disguised
as normal conversation.
Yet, it's never understood unless a person is
drunk or drinking - booze in hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emerald Fields

Running through emerald fields of vision, looking ahead to sand dunes of future deserts.
Beautiful designs of existing pictures and familiar patterns, escaping from long deluges of hopelessness and oblong duty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emeralds Of Nature

Traveling down desert roads, seeing beautiful mountains blanketed in green emeralds of nature - fulfilling to my soul.
Reaching out with my eyes, taking it in interiorly, touching my being with God's handiwork and masterpiece.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emergency Room

Feeling lost in depths of pain as I
again lie here in an emergency room.
Wondering how it will turn out,
what the new outcome will render
this time into my life as it
slowly comes undone all on it's own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emily Dickenson Award

Music playing softly, floating through the air, lying just above everyone's head, waiting to settle into their minds.

Becoming part of a memory to keep in time, treasuring like a trinket or a once loved toy of a little boy.

Something to play with on a cold and lonely day, while the beauty of it stays forever in a heart.

Playing strings of feelings deeply embedded in a pile of tears, left running down cheeks of many forgotten times.

Recalled now for just a moment and kept alive inside a great mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emitting Poems

All instruments playing in symphonies of intellect,
each one touching particles that are brought to life,
sparked by the enlightenment of their touch.

Emitting poems of illuminated musical etudes, life
is expanded in unlimited boundaries of my mind.

Stretching the beauty of everlasting poetry in
interludes of lightened faith on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emoting

Tenderly emoting a measure at a time, keeping with an infinite melody of life.
Stretching in all directions, reaching out for an imaginative session of prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emoting Through Writing

Delving into a kiln, metaphorically drying out to begin again on a new horizon and space of time.
Planning moments to coincide with what I feel within.
Emoting silently through writing, silencing all the flirtations with insecurity and turning about face to emerge from it all in a poem, artistic and graceful.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotion Of Delight And Passion

Feeling an intense emotion of delight and passion as they erupt
so gently inside heart and mind, capturing emotions tirelessly
through moments of our daily lives.

Exercising rhythms of an interior spirituality taking over every
portion of intellect so totally and perfectly like a mathematical
equation measured in depths of heaven and meted out here on earth.

Given to all of humanity, such a perfect blend of ingenuity and
music touching our lives with enlightenment and sweetened by the
Divine for all of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Barriers

Expressing many feelings in moments of repressive rhythms, telling all in verses of mystery.
Coinciding memories of images, still forming in a mind without any repreive.
Still causing so much misery in friendships without meaning to.
Holding others hostage in her emotional barriers, pushing them away, yet holding on for dear life to their existence in her pathway, not wanting to lose the only hold she has in her world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Bonfire Raging

Battling inside, memories collide, hurting, cutting,
tearing apart life.

Flying across the field of vision, touching only
long enough to hurt and anger, then they're on their
quest again, circularly terrifying the inner most
mind.

Wanting this unwanted terror to stop forever, it does
not.

Wrenching apart the insides of a body, pulling,
twisting it like taffy.

Would love to step on it, stomp on it, to make it go
away.

Nothing happens, as it continues controlling thoughts,
unable to stop.

Rage keeps building, firing the anger in ever-increasing
piles.

Being readied like a bonfire, to be set ablaze, trying
to push the memories and thoughts away, only seems to
increase their intensity, inside, trying to hide, but
cannot.

This ferris-hell-wheel will not let one get off.

Slipping, sliding, trying to get away from it, thoughts
come rushing, pushing their way up.

Jump. Jump off and die, peace filling once again.

Seeing the possibility clearly, of getting rid of it
permanently, memories painful, shattering, heeding
the call, slipping into peaceful death as a body falls
to earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Clay

Strengthening ties of all yesterday's friends, trying to become and start over again.
Leaving emotions lying on the floor of olden days when they couldn't become what it was they wanted.
Tying all their insides into clay, that could never be molded to suit anyone's personality or endeavors in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Content

Securely set in past aisles of picturesque images, carrying on with an excitement of musical aptitude.
Thinking on edges of consciousness, behaving as if I'm in a world of dreams where only I can choose the ones I want.
Solidly portraying views through an assortment of poetry filtering into my mind from above.
Listening carefully to emotional content, writing it intentionally into prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Depths

Writing from depths of emotion, letting them be expressed
as they run from within my personality.

Loving their explicit truths as they wrap their feelings
around my being, acknowledging their presence in my life
forever.

Existing in realms of another time, continually entering
the present from beyond the past.

Leading always into an environment of another time tomorrow,
when I can no longer exist on this plain.

Longing for the peace and solace of my final sunset, I
take this leisurely aspect of emotions into my total being.

Becoming who I must one day, in some other time and place
far from what I now know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Feelings

Talented essences permeate my being, waking stored energy,
pushing it towards the morning sun, unbelievably torrid,
yet inspiring.

Selecting views from musical boxes, stored in memory's
closets, awaiting recognition and praise in verse.

Locating precise moments to portray emotional feelings
in artistic ways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Gratification

Skating across skyways, kicking up cloud dust in the wake of youthful undertakings.

Scuffling with toes along the rocky bottoms of dry river beds, scattering pebbles across the path of loneliness.

Watching closely, staying back, timidly attempting to learn lessons of life from afar.

Wonder taking hold, capturing insistent curiosity of child-like awe.

Grasping the pole of unwavering faith, hoping to remain there all of life, silently knowing inside that you cannot do so and continue to live life fully from prospective aspects due upon arrival.

Creeping sadness, held tightly away, yet feeling it's pain, satisfies the sorrow life brings.

Sweaters of silence cover difficulties brought into our lives by tears, sitting back, seeing the differences in others, parade before you, wishing to jump upon someone else's band wagon.

Instead many times skating slowly, holding on to the back ends of conversation and feelings put on display for emotional gratification.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Literature

Gently swaying with the rhythm of my mind, content with quiet
spaces of my own, tranquil, writing in a place I love to be,
one inside of me.

Pockets of knowledge delved into out of curiosity, always
wanting to know more about everything that happens.

Quietly forgetful of the world around, basking in the beauty
hidden within, rarely sharing, afraid it will be taken away,
coveting it.

Flowers dancing in the wind of creativity, blossoming ever
inside, being shown to others only through written words.

Deep contemplation abides, blocking away atrocities of child-
hood and growing up on earth.

Delicately prancing through many facets, thousands of mind
blossoms, catching their beautiful sounds and colors, forever
in a memory overflowing with words.

Never lying about, carefully threading everything together so
as to create new poems.

Holding nothing in, letting it shine forth through emotional
literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Muddiness

Footprints etched in mires of emotional muddiness,
causing concern for minds of someone not familiar
with the ways of life through senses felt in lines
of yesterday's memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Outbursts

Exaggerating emotional outbursts as I watch teenage girls get boisterous when around the boys.

Seeming so funny now, but imagining I was the same at that age.

Except that I was completely timid and shy, only letting my interior being jump for joy.

Alone in my interior depths of life, watching those around me enjoying themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Output

Feeling deeply inside, a thread of oblivion dangling
back and forth in an inner ebb and tide.

Flowing through the desert, an undercurrent of purpose
flitting in and out, attempting to destroy all of me,
and yet, allowing an outpouring of emotion to release
itself into another poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Pathways

Delving into memory's storage boxes, searching for ideas, reciting old poetry.
Mixed together with piles of faded images, selecting and choosing certain thoughts is, at times, very difficult.
Wandering the long, black hallways with a flashlight, leaves a lot to be desired.
Only certain things come to mind as they are illuminated, the rest is encased and written from a capsule of unconsciousness.
Knowing the differences of nightmare pastimes, does little for emotional ties bound back then.
Counting steps silently, hesitating sometimes, searching for bearings to find the way through life and it's anxieties.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Prose

Far from awakening dangers of yesterday, flowing
silently in a gentle wind of remembering, solemnly
attuned to the quietness of my soul, long ago taken
from this world and placed in an intellectual sphere
all my own.

Barriers never penetrated except by a few who were not
afraid of intellect and it's raw power of emotional,
written words jumping out at them from pages and pages
of handwritten prose.

Starkly shocking with quiet depth and knowledge, real
power lying in a satchel of wisdom which is carefully
given at intervals to those who can handle it's violent
emotional content.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Puzzles

Explaining volatile meanings of emotion and feeling is an ever-increasing puzzle as it defies any meaning.
Proper identification eludes a tangible sense of musical inclination, setting me up time and again for regrettable moments.
Yet, continuing an uphill path, I will find a way to
explain musically, what I feel and write in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Ransom

Misty-eyed, feeling a deepening sadness, creating an abyss of immense proportions, grasping my insides, not letting go, holding me for emotional ransom against my will.
Desperately trying to get out of it's grip, not quite making it, yet praying that I will be able to break it's hold now.
Sourly looking to the future, seeing nothing but trouble alighting on my shoulders.
My only saving grace will be when I can rid myself of past mistakes made.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Roller Coaster

Looking back, reminiscing about times in life when happiness
and joy were at the forefront of our lives, giving inspira-
tion and a reason for living.

A decidedly wonderful aspect of our years on this earth,
tantalizing, intriguing, profound, sublime, an energy
taking us through moments of being alive.

A vibrant, beautiful time of living, saturating our minds
with moments of our lives, taking us also through death,
dying, loss and grief of our loved ones.

Tears falling, having funerals, burying them, their spirits
no longer with us, hearts heavy, emotions taking us on a
roller coaster ride for long periods of time alone in our
thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Significance

Reminders of yesterday's memories stand alone on days
of sorrow, as each one tenders emotional significance
in hearts of past love.

Notwithstanding, realities bring forth images of
loved ones, intuitively expecting positive experiences
from beginnings of latent existence, while vacating
spaces of pregnant emotional turmoil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Stagnation

Carrying emotions too far in life,
instead of discarding them along the way,
causes a stagnation of personality and a
cruel, mean abusive bearing on others too
sensitive to be near them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Tidal Waves

Softened tears hitting my mind with their bluened sadness, filling my heart to overflowing.
Oceans carrying tidal waves of emotion, knocking me into abysmal despair, where I flounder and eventually die in a quagmire of intense grief.
Soliciting no reprieve from any outside source, having to try and help myself - to look about - searching for a way out of this ocean of sadness, always pulling me with it's undertow.
Drowning me in a form of suicide I can't seem to control.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Trap

Seething inside, afraid to speak for I may hurt someone's feelings
unintentionally and I don't want that to happen.
Anger stretching tightly across my mind, pulling me in directions I
don't want to go.
Taciturnly listening to echoes of irate symbols, trying to keep peace
at my side so I won't fall into an emotional trap, singeing my soul, because I
don't want to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Turbulence

Flooding interiorly with an ocean of tidal waves,
pushing and knocking me down forcefully.
Wanting to be explored and met through channels
of emotional turbulence, not taking no as an answer.
Forgetting to access the pictures that show it's
faces so I may write them out of depths, unscaled
since birth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Turmoil

Wanting to feel vibrations of music, immersing self totally
under the spell of rhythm upon my soul.

Feeling the intense emotional drain consuming and drawing
from it, exploring vast recesses of space in an unconscious
mind.

Retaliating, pouring forth sovereign neglect of youth into
the notes that are heard.

Plaintively calling, heart twisting and pumping life blood
intensely through a brain and arteries, creating deepest
wells where memories cogitate and can be written of.

Moist images conjure meanings of what is seen, fulfillment
of life is screened through emotional turmoil, threaded
across ravines, jagged and unrevealing.

Being ripped violinly apart, ragged balls of anger, are
chained to inner dungeon walls.

Scraping along innermost conscious remembering, stepping
slowly to the tune of death, and marched interiorly.

Filling the cup of hatred, dreading the essence of becoming
once again a part of violent beating images.

Pouring the blood of past ages upon wooden tables, erasing
the confiscation of youth.

Betrayed by hearts and souls of familial ties in life,
falling heavily upon a headstone of granite memories, cut
and sliced through by the hardest substance on earth -
sexual abuse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotional Waterfalls

Suave, sophisticated, gently enamored with feelings of sentimentality, beckoning to others as they walk through entrails of life's successes.
Whiling their way down emotional waterfalls, beginning to understand what living entails, yet skirting it's requirements every chance they get.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotionality On Paper

Solidly thinking of all the thoughts that I can share through poetical music.
Placing them delicately in places of beauty, noting their pleasurable feelings as I carefully hold and treasure them within my mind.
Enjoying every step they take on the way to heart-felt words, displaying them emotionally on paper, bringing tears and chills to interior lives as they are read aloud in places of respect and literacy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotions Arising

Regulating rhythms through measures of time, allowing for intriguing and mysterious aspects in corners of life.

Sensitive and tender emotions arising and peeking into situations we run into each day, at times, music steps up, taking our minds into many pleasant facets of our interior lives.

Bringing happiness and joy to caress our spirits and keep us close to faith and hope.

Beautiful and wonderful thoughts enhancing our lives with God-given promises straight from heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotions Falling Silently

There's no place for sadness when within an interior life,
it's a slice of heaven and can't be touched by humanity.

It's a sacred and blessed event that will be experienced
and felt throughout life.

Nothing else can be felt, feelings and emotions keep on
falling silently into the evening as I walk along.

Finding the energy from an interior life, staking claim
to it entirely.

Solemn and quiet, preparing life to accept the inevitable,
nothing else can do it.

Wrapping it all in truth and honesty, coinciding with the
aftermath of eternity within me.

Shortly coming to an end when I've taken my last breath
here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotions Of Abuse

Sometimes I fall into a deep sense of suicide, not able to find my way out, drowning beneath watery emotions of abuse and hatred, culminating in fires of hell.
Trying to get rid of the helplessness by getting rid of myself.
Knowing nothing, but the sounds of near death as I penetrate last seconds of life on it's shores - ones that I prefer over living in this empty, cold space of life.
There is nothing here for me, I know this because of the loneliness always within me no matter what I'm doing.
Sometimes a person abusing and pushing someone away is the cause of irrational feelings coming up, trying to kill your being and one day finally succeeding.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotions Of Pain

Falling into depths of emotions that are filling me
with the pain of a lifetime.

Touching my heart with their fragrant sorrow, weeping
from depths of being, notwithstanding the servitude of
it's essence for a lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotions Of Yesterday

Softly agreeing with my way of thinking, a song called
'My Way', energizing my heart and soul, beating gently
against my mind.

Keeping me focused and enlightened, a beautiful melody,
entertaining heart and intellect, wonderful to listen
to as my mind is filled with emotions of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotion's Ruling

Caterpillaring, through life, having tunnel vision,
unable to see the big picture, because she's too
accustomed to seeing life the way she sees it.

To her vision, all is normal, nothing out of the
ordinary to jar her from her station in life.

Until another person stands with her, gives her the
courage to stand up for herself against an abusive
husband and leads her through a divorce to freedom.

At the end of it, there she is with her children,
an empty, tattered heart, emotions ruling her
throughout the years.

Not having the wherewithal to separate herself from
them and step forward into future realms of self-
satisfaction.

Always holding within herself a recognition of all
she can be, but hesitates just short of her innate
talent of writing and her goals.

Frozen in a block of ice, not able to break free
completely, as her mind expands with literature
she's fearful to express.

(10: 38 p.m. - 2/20/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emotions Stepping Back

Wondering why I'm writing in different areas without
warning, noticing that emotions and feelings are
stepping back for the time being.
Calculating moments of beginnings in moments of
space instead of time, seeing a difference in their
vast procedures of figuring it in sublime details of
concentration.

(11: 06 a.m. - 1/15/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empathic

Patterns forming, eliciting a genuine creativeness, innately mine.
Examining every particle as it blends with exacting rhymes.
Tactfully relating to others what they might be doing that hurts another human being.
Probing into someone else's thoughts just by feeling them inside.
It forms a definite knowing as it gels, and I can write from it exactly who or what they're feeling, or seeing.
As an empathic, a lot of times feeling the turmoil of another and writing it down for them to read and talk about.
Eliciting tears and finally a freedom from the baggage they've been carrying around for years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empirical Lines Of Nature

Reading the empirical lines of nature,
surrounding earth with words of beauty.

Alive, freshness of the morning seeps
deeply into my soul, reshaping it's
essence for a short time of being.

Total concentration unfolds itself,
spreading an air of calm without.

Soaking up the atmosphere, letting it
permeate my mind, I find a new,
natural type of high; and enjoyable
one in all respects.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empowering Mind And Intellect

Entertaining self within depths of music, finding many applications of determination and self-will to empower this mind and intellect.

A powerful essence and energy from within, watching as impossibilities become manageable and then used excessively in every day life.

Lifting spirits and regaling life interiorly with a positive flow of energetic thoughts that never does slow down in life.

Although it seems to come quicker as days go by, creative processes being pulled closer into other dimensions while learning so much more with each new day being awakened.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emptiness Echoes

An echo within, rebounding
human loneliness.

Throughout life, wondering
at times, at the emptiness
always creeping inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emptiness Of Life

Wending my way through the emptiness of life now that
you have died and left me, heart hurting so deeply with
your misfortune.

Wishing I understood the reason you were taken from me,
I cannot bear the loneliness, it is all-consuming.

Can you hear my tears echoing in the past that we once
had?

Loneliness shaking me to the core of my being, whatever
happened, we where so happy and in love.

Then in a flash, you were gone completely from our life
here on earth.

Resisting the temptation to join you, but it's so strong
within my heart and mind now.

How can I carry on without your love, there is no sense
in it anymore.

Crying my heart out day and night, no possibility of
ever seeing you again.

Reaching for you, gathering only emptiness in my arms,
tearing apart the being that I once was.

Now there are only pieces left of what I was, you took
the other pieces with you when departing this earth.

Nothing more left, as I fold myself into the past and
lay myself in a drawer for safe keeping until I can find
a way to be with you again.

Life no longer holds any living or purpose, it has all
gone with you, taking my heart into the vast emptiness
of death with you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emptiness Of Life Seen

Lying upon a bed of heartache, heart beating senselessly,
mind disappearing into another dimension where life is
not cruel, but loving and beautiful.

Visions of peace and serenity in our world, filling an
interior spirituality, enjoying the essence that is being
emitted from within a bluened light of the Divine.

Spirit of my soul emanating intense joy, wonder and awe,
seeing the emptiness of life, knowing it will be over-
flowing with total elation when death takes me beyond
it's borders.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Alleys

Leaving hearts in empty alleys, bereft of friendship,
going into depths of death where all I see is set in
beautiful colors.
Unlike the scenes I see on earth every day, keeping
me away from all of nature and it's love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Beauty

Leaves falling within, bringing about recognition of life - the autumn it is in.
Life spiraling ever upward in smoke, reaching for heights
of achievement, never getting there - never really
succeeding.
There seems to be no success in life, it cascades down mountainsides, along with waterfalls - beautiful to see,
but empty, unfulfilled, like me.
There are no hopes inside, triangles push and clatter
about noisily, looking for a way out.
Emotions caught up in tiny rapturous moments are dropped,
let go of in indecisive thoughts.
Life does not care what it is, it is just something to be filled and drifted into - forests of death - instilled eternalness.
Empty, long awaited dreams spill out upon the ground,
are walked upon and forgotten, dying like leaves upon
earth.
Leaves falling within, soundlessly bringing about
recognition of the death I hold within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Bottles

Lonely, empty bottles, staring at me from shelves of disuse.
Watching as they are sent in images to my mind.
Delving into thoughts of emptiness, allotted to images
transfigured in rags of bountyous relief.
Never touching bottles, not wanting their emptiness to fill
me also.
Standing back, emotion draining from the life I was meant to
live.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Boxes

Boxes full of nothingness, piled high in corners, out of sight, lids all broken open, looking up and hoping something can fill their bellies up.

Expectantly waiting each and every day, nothing happens, as they sit upon shelves, afraid that no one will ever claim or use them for their intended purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Chasm Of Tears

Echoes of sorrow penetrate my heart and mind, there is
nowhere else for them to go, caught within intellect,
having known you, unable to be reached, unable to love
or be loved.

An empty chasm full of tears, storms of emotion and
feelings taunting every moment alone with the memory
of you, my love.

Lost, driven to the edge of life, nowhere to go, no
one to hold me, just the memories you have made with me
through the years.

Holding them tightly, looking for your love, but there
is none here for me, you have spent all you had on some-
one else before coming to know me.

Now living in this void you have created, wanting to be
let go and yet not wanting to, just hoping against hope
that you will find some love to give me in these my final
days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Clutter

Lonesome days, trodding through my mind, giving me
empty thoughts that clutter intellect.
Just wanting to be free of the empty loneliness and
abandonment would be great, but what would take the
place of them in writing?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Corridors

Possessing absolute power of regeneration,
forcing consumption of it's entirety in one last gasp.
Unfurling haggard flags of past retribution, knowing
their uselessness and sorrow having felt it myself in
empty corridors of progressing life.
There are no paths, no roads, paved with answers of
life, we wend our ways blindly from birth to death
without a clue of where we're going or where we might
end up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Feeling

Charging lanterns, setting them alongside of the road,
clouded with darkness where an empty feeling combs
through and makes me feel the pain of yesterday's loss.

Hiding inside, watching and waiting for the rain to
fall upon my face, keeping salted tears from being
exposed in tell-tale aches of sorrow.

Opening up floodgates, carrying me away under bridges
of yesterday where one day tomorrow I may be found again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Feelings

Silent rhythms playing in dreams of sleep, soothing hearts
and minds who have lost loved ones during this Christmas
season.

Tears falling, streaming down their faces like silver tinsel
on the tree, an empty feeling taking their minds and hearts
away from Christmas cheer.

Unable to muster joy in this time of heartache and brokenness,
others consoling, giving words of consolation, offering pray-
ers.

All empty gestures to the one grieving and lost upon a darkened
lonely island far from the ones that held them in their hearts,
wondering now what will become of them without the love they
have known all their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Handed In India

In a crowded marketplace we walk, holding hands, seeing
all the wares on display, a hawker's market where you
can find almost anything you could want in a simple life.

Scanning everything, jewelry sparkling in my eyes, taunt-
ing me to stop and touch it, wanting me to buy it's brill-
iance right now.

Moving on, enjoying this intense atmosphere where people
here in India have their lives on the line, hoping to sell
to passers-by.

Taking rupees of buyers to purchase a chance at life for
their families here in India, heart going out to them,
wishing I had the money to buy everything they had.

Having nothing myself, sadly walking on past all these
wonderful treasures of India, being empty handed and not
able to purchase anything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Heart

Slowly, steadily, pacing self down roads of a direction-
less existence, empty heart, empty house, death having
taken everything that mattered in our lives.

Solitary feelings being held closely in broken hearts,
nothing to hold onto, feelings and emotions are totally
numb and never allowed to shed tears.

Thoughts falling by the wayside, nothing to do but hide
from the patterns of this earthly life, hoping to be
let go of once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Hearts

Walking alone, a journey of one has begun,
leaving behind messages of love and sadness.
Watching tears fill empty hearts as they
traipse towards new avenues of enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Hours

Gathered together, people interacting and communicating,
filling empty hours so as not to be alone at home.

Being here for one another, knowing somewhere in the
back of their minds that best friends may be gone within
minutes of leaving one another.

Scary, unwanted thoughts preying on minds as they quietly
reach out and talk about anything else.

Sitting silently on sidelines the grim reaper awaits their
presence to bring them to another horizon beyond us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Impressions

Emptiness filling me throughout, looking to find where I am, finding nothing left of me, within is just a void space, nothing there anymore.

Watching, seeing nature, life, people, yet none of it is filling me, all is blank, a nothingness filled with only emptiness without you.

Woke up from dreams seeing nothing in life, being awakened in depths interiorly to this situation, nothing to be done about it, only empty impressions come to mind, there is no longer any substance to anything in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Island

Stranded on an empty island of grief, nothing to be done,
expressions of sadness flowing like tides of the ocean,
waves rising and falling.

Paying attention to pain and heartache that are within,
alone since you were taken in the throes of death,
solitarily living in dreams of yesterday when together.

Looking ahead, seeing nothing but self filled with the
emptiness of losing you, how can life continue without
your love to hold and support my love.

There's nothing in life that can fill the void and it's
loneliness your passing has dug into this heart so un-
mercifully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Lanes

Trodding down empty lanes in forests, listening to
leaves crackle underneath my feet as I progress
deeper into the pines.

Wind whispering in tops of pine trees, rattling
their pine cones, knocking some of them out of
their precarious positions on ends of lithe limbs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Life

Highways of fortune travel always away from me on
routes of their own.
Traipsing on shoulders along the side, walking in
poverty in times of need.
Never receiving anything asked for, pleading for
some recognition of dire stances in an empty life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Like This House

Empty house standing before me, looks the same, but
you're not there within it anymore, everything just
the way you left it.

Decorated and placed all your womanly touches through-
out, loving to roam around, reminiscing about times we
spent here together through the years.

Tears are falling, I miss you my dear, life is like
this house, empty because you're no longer here, tear-
stained memories of past joy continue to fill my mind.

None of them bring you back to me, wanting to hold and
kiss you, make love through the night, missing you so
much, lying here in bed alone, wanting you only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Lives

A tear forms itself and tries to hide in the corner
as a heart swells with feelings of grief.
Overwhelming the soul with it's tremendous amount
of sadness when remembering loved ones so dear in
our now empty lives without them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Living

Melodies gently touching the sadness filling me to the
brim of being.

Washing my soul in tears as I wander lonely through
another day of empty living.

Forlorn and dejected, hopelessly abject in this bright
sunlit morning that is wasting it's precious light on me.

Mind hiding in caverns, waiting for something to appear,
to create an idea from curiosity that is lying idly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Memories

Beating staccatoly, incessantly, my heart is racing,
trying to find yours again.

Being lonely and lost in rhythms of music, never able
to find my way through this bare existence on earth.

Seeing everything we used to do together, you were
always looking so cute and adorable.

Now they're just empty memories left me, holding none
of your feelings, heart, love or emotions.

Stricken down in senior years, alone and empty, wander-
ing aimlessly, having no where to go, because you will
not be there anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Mind Emotion

Figuring emotions on an empty mind, going through exercises of futility on endless journey's through times of yesterday.
Seeing a myriad of senses standing in the distance, awaiting recognition and praise for attempting to live life on terms of endearment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Orchard

Standing alone in an orchard filled with empty apple
trees, nothing left of them to eat.

All having been picked clean by others on their way
through the orchard.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Passages

Surreptitiously stealing particles of sanity, storing them
away for later dates when all have left.

Knowing there are no paths left to take, falling among broken
promises and shattered dreams, betrayed by love, lies burning
inside.

Changing times and hurried preparations, stilted conversation
amounting to nothing.

Folders of past hopes, filed in cabinets of rusted steel,
fraying around the edges, of no more use than patio furniture
in the snow.

Anticipated joys no longer will be found in life, there are
no such things.

Funeral sorrow placed around shoulders, taking away promises
of anything eternal, tomorrow's future, all has passed away,
leaving empty passages entombed underground.

Vast vertical horizons, falling from final graspings, trying
to attain a form of normalcy, failing, turned inside out and
left mourning under skies of black and gray.

Raining tears slip and fall, never touching a ceramic face,
hiding from the effects of constant abuse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Paths

Empty banquets, unfulfilled,
situated in paths of those who
can't afford it's high-priced food.

Living alone, on streets of Phoenix,
finding change on the ground once in
a while.

Empty stomachs, minds full of thought,
none of it for prospering fate - just
empty-headed ideas going nowhere, for
there is no money to change outcomes
of daily life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Philosophy

Philosophy gravitating towards a center core,
taking with it, many lives rolled into one.

Awareness culminating in stares of rhetoric,
caught and placed in pockets unbeknownist to
man.

Forging into territory displaced, wild, waiting
to be tamed.

Always taking pride in acts of will, finding
that stubbornness is always uphill.

Compromising at every turn, giving in to life
as always - forever - emptied out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Pieces, Wild Cards

Separating time into selections of visions, wanting
them to be timeless only.

Letting them come alive and light up this mind with
imagination and verve.

Anticipating many curves to knock me down in life,
yet, still getting up and walking forward into the
existence of another place in time without it moving
on.

Silent, peaceful, watching images coming into view,
surrounding and taking me into developments of other
systems climbing within my being.

Bringing together empty pieces, used as wild cards
to fill in the blanks that have not yet been figured
out.

Waiting for mathematical formulas to continue coming
into picturesque landscapes on photographic screens.

Always remembering the chords being coded throughout
each and every poem in this life that I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Plains

Unfocused visions climb higher into realms for more
focus on imagination.
Flying across plateaus as words go underneath,
searching for new meanings to connect with.
Rhythms continue to bounce around, bringing melodies
into existence on plains where there never were any.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Plains Of Yesterday

Life and love combine on levels of yesterday,
bringing us together in memories even when we
can no longer be together here on earth.
Musical scores continue painting pictures in
my mind as I traverse empty plains of yesterday.
We roll and fall in line, keeping our emotions
in check, keeping us sane for the time beginning
now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Pockets Full Of Blackened Light

Darkness surrounds me, filling pockets of emptiness with it's chilling effects.

Daring life to come out and play upon cliffs of death, it falters, misses steps.

Standing out upon the dunes, staring out over sandy moors of time, life practices it's daily rhymes.

Pretending not to notice the impending doom of night, it carefully slips behind some rocks, out of sight.

Keeping it's life well hidden in the dark of night, surrounding me with empty pockets full of blackened light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Promises

A babbling baby being carried by, saying as much, if not more, than the politicians.
Nothing understood, promises made, broken, spoken - only to sound like the baby - no one paying any attention.
Heard in the past, almost the same speeches, nothing yet accomplished except on paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Promises All The Time

Struggling through this life, politicians and government making it very difficult, wanting to take everything we need, leaving us with nothing.

Wanting to provide free things for everybody at the expense of those who work and or protect our country, empty promises all the time because they have an agenda in mind.

Keeping people down like slaves, not wanting anyone to work and earn a living on their own, for those who do are free having a mind of their own, not following like sheep, instead, choosing to do what they want to in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Promises Being Made

Empty promises always being made in haste,
never meaning anything.
Not realizing how they're hurting another
to the core of their being, just breezing
by, not caring or thinking of anything
else.
Leaving another person bereft in their wake.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Shadows

Loneliness echoing within,
being played upon a piano without.
Touching the empty sadness
so deeply hidden in my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Shell

I expect you to come, but you don't. I want you to be here, but you're not.
Life is an empty shell and I want to fill it back up, but I cannot.
You have always been the love in my heart and I want you to continue being just that, but you aren't.
I wait for you in all the usual places, watching for you, listening to hear your footsteps.
The only sound is silence, the only thing I see is darkness.
Where are you? Why don't you come?
Death has taken away your life I know - but can't you come anyway?
There is no sense to my love without you here to receive it.
Life has no meaning without your life.
Everything you are, everything you've done has been erased.
It's like you were never here. But, I know you were.
My heart aches with it's unmet love.
My love continues to pour itself out, but you're no longer here to treasure and keep it safe from harm.
Life is an illusion, I cannot fathom it's loss, sorrow is too plentiful, it hurts.
If life is so sacred, why does it have to go through such a hell on earth?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Shores

Sadly, life crosses paths with death and we're left
on empty shores, alone for many moments with our
tears of sadness.

Holding onto images of life, knowing they'll never
be done again on earth.

Wishing to remember without forgetting, who we were
when we were together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Skies

Staring lonely out at the sky, feeling emptiness tugging inside, afraid to think of tomorrow coming, left all alone again with no one's love.

Hurting deeply, knowing there's nothing to be done to keep it away, silently going through a hell dug out by friend's good intentions, being left more alone than before.

Not liking people who want to be close just so they can throw you away as soon as someone else comes along.

Such cold-hearted people, always thinking of themselves, never reaching out for real, just pretending so they can build up their own egos.

Sitting here, staring out into empty skies, wanting only to close the coffin and die.

That's what some people who pretend they're friends can do to someone who's standing on the edge.

Wanting nothing, but love, friendship and understanding, getting only cold shoulders, refusals, no's and being banned from life, by cold-hearted people who don't care who they hurt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Space

Sleek movements, gliding across floors of empty space,
reverberating quietly with melodies playing into the
atmosphere.

Taking time to step in places with precise exactness,
giving a total outcome of insistent rhythm.

Sashaying every which way, bringing grace and style
into a close atmosphere.

Tattering insides with reluctant praise while enjoying
every day movement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Spaces

Searching earth for a place to call home.
Finding empty spaces - vacant temporarily.
Putting aside networks of all endeavors,
climbing sideways up corporate ladders.
Solemnly feeling the drab insincerity of
so-called people of power.
All insight, taken seriously, falls short
of reality while dreams lie dormant in doorways.
Actuality rears, co-existing with ugly ideas of
life, made up by minds to cut away self-esteem
belonging to others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Spaces Of Poetry

Give me a mind, lots of mind to imagine a new world
here inside.
Let it always light up my mind creatively, filled
with images, ideas and words.
Lots of life, tassles like happiness flowing in the
wind of my mind.
Empty spaces filled with poetry, as forever writing,
a river flowing into a waterfall, cascading down into
my subconscious, stirring up memories I've heard and
seen throughout my life.
Stilling this soul, filling it with peace and serenity,
enough to last a lifetime spent in sorrow's heart.
Written here for all to see, yet no one can see into
my spacious mind or figure out it's wondrous talent
spoken of interiorly as I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Spirit

Rocking and capsizing the boat, holding life for ransom
and keeping it held in captivity, not wanting me to soar
into the atmosphere.

Why this is happening is not clear, yet something is being
created in a jungle filled with emotions, tangling and
strangulating within it's grasp.

Totally wondering how things are going to become untangled
in the near future, watching as I try to unravel everything,
not touching the frequency of what is culminating within
this empty spirit today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Stage

All the world is empty as a stage without it's actors.

Life walks about, gathering mementos along the way,
trying to leave it's impression in sands of limited
time.

Sometimes a lasting memory fills the world, as it is
placed in books of poetical wisdom, kept sacred for
all ages.

Times of sorrow, laughs in joy, eternity sleeps
peacefully on it's forever journeys into time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Streets

Raring to race down tracks of yesterday,
filling up with energy and heading down empty streets.
Left alone, racing into a crowded banquet set alongside
the road in a settlement of curiosity.
Taking turns, equally, hoping for the best, as turning,
I almost hit a forest of trees heading right for me.
Telling whispers hitting the gas pedal, forlornly
expecting not to stop.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Table

An empty picnic table where once,
we sat and talked of everything.
Now it stands empty, all by itself,
no life upon it - just a picnic
table alone, under a tree, waiting
for someone else to come along and
take our place.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Talk

Pages turning, people reading bibles, someone talking,
not saying anything.

Filled with himself, hearing himself speak, importance
not being conveyed to my spirit.

Just another person, wanting to lead, be in front,
trying to gather others to his beliefs, yet he's not
sure he believes what he is saying.

Using bible verses, quoting words, where is the feeling
he professes, of God's presence in the Holy Spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Tears

Leaving empty tears on trails of olden days,
not wanting to pick them up or claim them
again.
Being too painful to think about or reminisce,
having to just walk away, and ignore their
presence once upon a time in my life.

(12: 03 a.m. - 11/15/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Thoughts

Sending coded signs into the atmosphere, fulfilling promises made in silent wakes, hoping for empty thoughts to coalesce and meld with one another through abstract factions and far-sided ideas of antiquity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Verse

Living in a blank verse of life, thinking of the poetry
that will enliven intellect's mind, as music incites
thoughts quietly out of sight.

Wanting to fill myself with all types of interesting
mysterious ideas created from innate curiosity and left
for all to see for a moment in time.

Then in just an instant, pulling up another empty verse
so I can again fill it with brand new thoughtful ideas
to be conveyed to the world.

Incessantly repeating this circle of poetry until ending
in time here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty Words Of Wisdom

Silvery cobwebs blowing gently in the wind, reminding one
of silent, binding threads of life.

Forging ahead, shoving any semblance of pride, withdrawing
from life, setting hope aside.

Floundering in a maze of pathways, not knowing which way
will be quicker, finding everything out the hard way,
always walking alone.

Standing up for nothing, not daring to have a dream,
fulfilling the destiny of hopeless reminiscing, turning
backs upon another's words of wisdom.

Knowing that the words being spoken are not for him alone,
they're just to ease his conscience and not for the person
walking dejectedly away, steeped in sorrow, made heavier
by words of wisdom that meant absolutely nothing to him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Empty World

The world becomes an empty place as you grow old.
People whom you love die, family dwindles in size.
Everywhere your eyes cast their glance there are thoughts
of lost romance and love, reminders lying around.
Scattered over the field of grief are diamond tears cutting
into memories of wonderful times now lost.
Curtailed are events of yesterday, frightening aspects of a
future alone are enough to cause loneliness of eternal death.
Good times spent together with family members, remembered
with violin-like music sympathetically close to your heart.
Swallowing lumps of tears gathered at the back of your
throat with great difficulty, choking slightly on images
caught up with it.
Wandering aimlessly, mind lost now, not able to touch upon
anything - no thoughts of the present or ideas for the future.
Head hung sadly, shoulders drooping with the weight of sorrow,
heart buried in a tear diamond mind, pain filling the emptiness
throughout, alighting on the soul.
Softly - gently touching it's depths, small reminders that we
are not born to live forever, but must at the end, rest as
one with God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emptying Into Books

Slowly tracing backwards into atmospheres of ancient
pilgrimage, a time of great learning and practice
of written words.

Tangling constantly with intrepid moods and quiet
thought, emptying it all into books depicting life's
experiences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emptying Our Beings

Responses to interior feelings are truly genuine,
there's no way to fake or pretend them when they
rush into our hearts, out of our eyes and mouth.

Loving how they empty our beings so effortlessly
with just a thought or memory, lasting emotions
unfolding and opening themselves to the world.

At times slipping and sliding, crossing and re-
crossing interior oceans without a thought, float-
ing upon tears or laughter.

Connecting us together for we all are equally
attuned to the same tears, feelings and emotions
albeit in more or lesser intensities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emptying Pockets Of This Mind

Tantalizing an essence from heavenly depths above,
taking lines of tomorrow into an effervescent horizon
where suns will set and rise again on other dimensions.

Colors exploding and taking shape in another world all
filled with coded messages and stamped into volumes of
literature for future generations.

Lively and untimely emptying pockets of this mind into
pages of poetry, lasting through the ends of time in
this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emptying Self

Energizing rhythms take me on a journey with every
reverberation of notes jumping in time to life beats.

Stressing early figures of musical talent, stepping
back, moving forward, circularly emptying self of
daily routines.

Finally settling back, relaxing in a noncommittal
environment for life's remainder on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emptying Self Of Reality

Jumping, straining towards horizons of beyond,
while still collecting shells of disobedience
on this side of ocean's depths.

Side-stepping all residue, emptying self of
reality's ashes into cisterns hidden below
earth's crust, never to be seen again in
our lifetime.

Tranquil aspects keep us on our toes, keeping
us safe from evil's behavior.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emptying Thought

Life cancels out any future of reprieve, leaving jagged edges and holes to fall through.
Emptying all thought into un-recyclable cans, never to be processed on earth for they don't fit my rectangular form of brain matter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Emptying Thoughts

Alleviating timeless sounds of musical
composition and entering them instead,
into my head where they will be written
out whenever I get around to them.

Every day emptying thoughts and putting
them aside until the day when I need them
to be portrayed in pictures of my mind.

Accosting my being with definitions and
meanings.
Filling me with entire episodes
of life written lightly in poems.

To be seen on a day when they will mean
something to someone who needs to hear what
I've said.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enamored By Beauty

Trees standing around, growing silently from their
roots hidden beneath the dirt hard ground.

Branches stretching themselves in the wind, moving
to and fro, showing their hearts to God above.

Leaves shimmering and reflecting bits of daylight
that are still left for the moment.

Enamored by the beauty of trees on the whole, as
I look upon them in the dwindling sunshine of this
day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Encapsulating Loneliness

Loneliness is a state of mind, one I'm in quite often.
Solace deeply bathes me daily with it's silent whispering of being alone throughout life.
Choosing to go off by myself, just to write from interior contemplation where life is totally stark in it's heroic reality.
Points of interest never escape my pen, as imagination rolls out many ideas, fulfilling every neuron and synapse with poetry.
A life-long trance of loneliness encapsulates my being of my own free will now and evermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Encapsulating Spirituality

Encapsulated in a place of spirituality, interiorly,
feeling peace and serenity filling my being entirely,
watching life travel beyond me.

Continuing to stay within while writing, fantastic,
pure, innocent and totally adhering to God's Command-
ments.

Being blessed and given many graces from above to
help us live this earthly life from within an interior
spiritual life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Encasing My Heart

Surviving in the still of this night, not knowing how
it happens.
Being torn apart within, my spirit has been broken
into pieces, no longer recognizable in my life.
A lonely emptiness encasing my heart and soul in the
twilight of every evening from this moment forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enchanting Desires

Reaching into depths of self, finding an unconditional love
put there by you my dear, so tender, gentle and beautiful,
softly caressing me throughout the days and nights.

Your heart always leading me into the mysteries of love as
we two generate passion and allow our desires to be quench-
ed thoroughly.

Enchanting and holding us both in the hands of the Divine,
an unsurpassable love having been taught to us innately
through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enchanting Essence And Passion

Dancing to music that is placating inner desires as they
look and whisper about for the first time.

Child-like, innocent and touchingly beautiful, smiling
and laughing at the new freedom being felt within, knowing
that a new day is dawning, one that they will now take
part in.

An absolute intensity of every particle and fiber of being,
enchanting the essence and passion of this, little
poetical mind.

Essentially, being enlivened by the rhythms gathering
within, to be collected and treasured for all eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enchanting Imaginational Fantasyland

Looking into space, wondering what else is out there that cannot be seen without a telescope, being focused on every note, taking strides into an enchanting imaginational fantasyland.

Having created it alone within this mind and intellect, now caressing rhythms as they enter and hug mind and brain, loving how it feels against neurons and synapses, feeling at home in every measure of time as rhythms pass and flow around.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enchanting Spirits

Spirits of the night dance rhythmically and
untiringly into the morning light, at times
bringing a particular joy to the surface.

Finding an even complacency spurting through
all experiences of every day routines being
lived in the spirits of the night, enchanting
us with their spectacular auras of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enchantment Of Yesterday

Elderly enchantment scraped against the reality of today,
causing a discrepancy of total recall.

Yesterday, nothing mattered, life was bent out of shape
and tattered, unseen, no recognition, sight redeemed.

Losing the transparency of lightened knowledge as thought
becomes disparaged and forgotten, spikes of talented trust-
worthy memories no longer exist.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Encircling Life

Life is encircling itself, dragging it's feet and
keeping me at arm's length today.
Fleeting moments of existence stand in breezeways
of indefinite status.
Qualifying every day moments in acts of kindness,
turning about tremors of ruthlessness and evil
into goodness and truth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enclosing All Inside

Stretching beings to outer limits, pulling thoughts together
so patterns can be created and felt thoroughly within.

Prowling paths of tomorrow, alone, hoping to meet another
soul along the way.

Nothing comes along, no one else, so continuing a solo
journey, finding fulfillment in many different moments of
abundant joy.

Hugging natural beauty of life with an essence of total
abandonment, enclosing it all inside one being filled with
particles and fibers of another life now gone from sight.

Leaving nothing but an empty gaping hole, letting nothing
fill it up, not for the rest of life as it is known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Encompassing Death

Seething inside, finding it difficult to be here on earth.
Taking all that I am and extinguishing myself, because I'm so worthless to another.
Falling away, not caring, wanting death to encompass me completely.
There are no soothing words to say, only the abuse and ugly sentences stick in my mind and I fade away into the distance forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Encompassing Friendship

Peaceful gatherings encompassing friendship, holding hands with open, honest hearts.
Speaking of adjectival words, guarding one another's souls while holding onto individual existence.
Becoming inherent in patterns of living as each travels distances to reach their purposes, never letting go of heavenly gestures of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Encompassing Life

Running down runways of life, wanting to take off and soar
into beautiful skyways above.

Looking expectantly for unexpected fibers and particles
that make up patterns and designs of this interior life.

Catching sight of an unconditional love, capturing my
heart, soul, mind and ego, giving me an intense passion
for an enlightenment of my being.

Always pushing the envelope, not letting it close before
I can see and find out all it's hidden secrets before it's
spent in an ageless waste of time.

Measuring and placing notes into rhythms of coded language,
giving an incessant energy spiritually, filling interiorly
and giving a divine energy that continues to build forever
through intellect, imagination, knowledge and wisdom.

So all-encompassing, carrying me into heights and depths
of life, and it's humanness, formless and spiritual in
every respect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Encompassing New Ideas And Concepts

Walking freely through fields of beautiful roses, fragrant
aromas filling the atmosphere, lifting spirits into realms
of spirituality.

Moving freely through intellect as imagination takes me
away into a land of fantasy, opening my mind ever wider to
encompass new ideas and concepts.

Instantaneously occupying my mind, combining with abstract
ideas that appear just above all others, always testing
and experimenting intellectually.

Blending them to opposites, an interesting way of creating
and inventing new forms of what's been done in the past,
creative aspects adding to the repertoire of new technology
and perceptions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Encompassing Wisdom

Spinning into the future, seeing many aspects of fulfilling dimensions, opening up their minds to encompass the wisdom of every moment.

Walking quietly along sidewalks of never-ending rhythms, as long as life stays energetically within.

Soulfully encouraging thoughts, just hanging out around interior realms of this intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Encountering Another's Presence

Running away, leaving inner lights on and never beginning
another level of intellect as we go into another perspective
in our daily lives.

So much can fall apart, yet we never let it go, as we separate
and come again together.

There is never another aspect or facet that we can endeavor
to be complacent in, nothing mattering, escaping all efforts
of every purpose, as we slip and slide down aisles of our
hearts.

Holding onto perfect rhythms as we encounter the essence of
one another in a place of contributory psalms; wherever and
whenever we can be together until another formula fulfills
our souls one day in the future.

No where else going up in flames, turning aside from all
particular fibers of another time in space, being always the
same.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Encourage Self And Others

Recording everything seen and heard in life, living
through it as I write from photographic screens
daily.

Prolific and enthusiastic about life being written
down in prose, always taking time to encourage self
and others to remember what they've gone through.

Telling their stories, allowing them to be freed from
their inner turmoil and fears, keeping good and happy
times close to their hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Encouraging

Leaving behind all opinions and prejudices of others,
jealous of my innate ability, making things difficult
every step of the way.

Now looking them in the eye, rebelling totally against
their bullying and hatred towards brilliant people that
can accomplish more than they ever will.

These selfish, self-centered bullies losing out in life,
loving the poetic justice being mete out by others who
have seen the truth and stuck by me, encouraging me in
every avenue and step of the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Encouraging And Believing

Feeling sadness penetrating my being with an interior
intensity that will not relent, faith is the only
thing that keeps me here.

Hoping to see better days in the future, listening,
wanting to hear melodies of life forever, knowing it
can never be for we are only here temporarily.

Walking our individual pathways alone, friends and
family always alongside of us, encouraging and be-
lieving in our worth, continuing to value us through
the years we are together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Encouraging Me

Enjoying a song given especially to me by two gentlemen
from Nashville, encouraging me after surgery, being in
a coma and on life support.
Two wonderful people with compassion and caring, not only
for musicians, singers and songwriters, but for a stranger
they've never even met.
Reaching out to me lying in a hospital bed with barely
enough life to lift my head.
Always will I treasure this song, to me it's priceless
as it helped bring me back to BE again.

(11: 02 a.m. - 11/21/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Encouraging Pacification

Lively, yet slowly, flowing across my mind, a waltz being
played and kept close to my heart, playing and gliding in
the minor chords of an after dinner meal.

Tantalizing and encouraging the pacification of time as
it dances along with the seniors in their aging horizons.

Calling to mind, the intense moods and memories of every
song from their younger days, a solemn and beautiful
wonder of their souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Encouraging Prayer

Shadows of remembrance touching my soul
like the morning sun gently grazing my skin.
Birds singing beautiful memories in lilting voices,
lifted in praise toward heaven.
Acknowledging the frailty of our world, listening
to the gentle breeze, whispering it's equanimity to
my ears, portraying belief and encouraging prayer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Encouraging Thought

Foxily hiding beneath prose, slyly encouraging thought
to extract itself from images of memories and being
brought out for solutions of puzzling visions.

Describing particles and combining them into pleasant
poems of integrity.

Auras filling my mind with rainbows of words, taking on
new meanings and running with them into future labyrinths
of literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Encroaching People

Mountains standing tall against a beautiful cloud-lined sky at dusk.
Loving to always see them standing there, looking back at me with all their wonder.
Feelings of dependability come from their stature as I know I can always rely on them being there any time of day or night.
Encroaching people, building their houses of greed at the base of the mountains and growing ever higher up.
Looking like teenage acne, marring the view of the mountains so terribly.
Wanting to see the ugly houses disappear from my beautiful view forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Encrypted Codes

Beginning motions sending messages of sincere renditions, encrypted in codes only brain cells can contain in a talented musician, artist, poet.
Walls come down, hiding instincts from everybody, keeping me secretly hidden until future generations read me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

End Of An Era

Shapes of vehicles unseen, flying
through the night as if in beneficent dreams.
All the while, feeling anticipation on nearing
ends of another era on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

End Of Fear

Strangely feeling the total emptiness of life, seeing it's
reality envelope the earth, fear sidles it's way in.

Fear of hopelessness, fearing a loss of faith, sensing fear
from each direction.

Walking slowly, seeing colors of flowers growing carefully
in selected spots, unopened.

Looking up into the swaying delicate branches of a willow
tree, seeing those beauties of God's nature so intensely,
that their colors can be felt inside.

A color, blue, feels warm, good, against my soul, purple can
be felt like a drink when it is swallowed, white is fuzzy,
yellow, soft.

Reaching out to touch the sources of color to see if they
feel the same when I touch them with my hands as when they
brush against my soul.

In doing so, the feelings meet, bringing peace - a quietness
to my whole entire being and an end to fear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

End Of Life

Near the end of life, what will it be like? Being old, not able to do anything for yourself. Independence gone.

Dependent upon others to do for you what you yourself can no longer accomplish.

What will those things make me feel? How will I handle them?

Will I be uncomplaining and have a ready smile? Or will I be crabby and hateful to those who come to help me?

Realizing I can become one or another later in life, now practicing, being kind, saying thank you, appreciating every little bit of help which comes my way.

This can be done now while still young enough, still of sane mind and alive.

It is a conscious choice and I will prepare for old age in this way, because I feel it is good to work on character and attitude throughout my final chapter.

Always with the knowledge however, that I will die and never really get to practice, never being able to grow old in reality.

However, it will make me a nicer person now and I will not mind the short little life intended for me.

It is alright, life has been full, having lived a thousand years in the sixty-three I have already been given.

Not minding at all, already tired, have been for quite a while, it will feel good to finally be at rest, daily, looking forward to it.

Blessed peace and life, hereafter I will acknowledge being hoped for, prayed for, from this little one's soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

End Of The Night

Stringent music strutting along, energizing the end of
this night for all of us, a perfect ending to a wonder-
ful night of music.

Entertainment, fun and dancing were wonderful, totally
effervescent, leading us home fulfilled and happy to
have been here enjoying everything tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Endearing Rhythms

Desert rhythms blooming on cacti and mesquite trees,
soothing my soul in an afternoon lull.
Bountiful thoughts spreading their endearing
qualities over my mind without hesitation as they
grow creatively into verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Endeavoring Mind Control

Incessant characters of people crossing vision as they
try and change pleasant looks of fortitude, being sent
through oftentimes, separate categories than other ones.

Wanting to open doors of an internal fortress through
endeavors of mind control, yet it can only be done by a
very few who have learned how to accept and do it,
capturing the positive sides of mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ending

Developing attitudes of confusion, toting them about,
being disillusioned throughout the day.

Bruised beyond comprehension, startled into a reverie
of desperate measures to be taken.

Rising, trembling, cavorting with destiny, walking the
line with ebony death at your side, failing to recognize
that tribulations of life have almost ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ending Beginnings

Thumping ideas, finding ways to ensure rapid vacancies
without reverting to insanity.
Successfully encountering meaningful decisions as
evening turns over in shadowed depths of ocean's
tides, ripping across tirades of tsunamis, landing
finally on sandy shores of ending beginnings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ending False Accusations

Recording every detail and incident in this lifetime,
not wanting to fall prey to lies or illusions, want-
ing only to deal with truth and facts.

Putting an end to false accusations, trusting in an
honest, innate wisdom and knowledge, their intellect-
ual relevance present throughout this poetical lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ending In Dreams

Rushing into another morning, eyes wide open, mind
full of energy, looking forward to whatever appears
during the day.

Hoping it will add new dimensions to intellect, rins-
ing cobwebs away, living in the nature of humanity as
ideas and thoughts develop gradually throughout the
day and night, ending in pleasant dreams while sleeping.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ending Lapses

Sauntering into periods of loneliness,
taking empty promises and heartaches as
they pull me into saddened corners of grief.

Everlasting lapses, sending endings of life,
exercising lament often throughout each day.
Leaving behind all feelings kept in emotional
tirades, seeking entries into peaceful
surroundings some day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ending Life

Graceful, pointed, slicing through memories easily and quietly.
Deadly betrayal hiding beneath it's beauty, ready to lunge and
put an end to life and it's sorrow.
How easily it gains trust with compassion and kindness,
deliberately plotting an early demise with no respite in sight
for a lonely soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ending Lonely Times

Trains rolling down the track, clacking through towns along the way, whistle blowing lonesomely, traveling deserted deserts, plains, mountains, not seeing anyone for miles and miles.

Train whistles blowing eerily throughout the night, wishing for some company to end the lonely times as they travel across the earth.

Hearing the mundane and lethal rhythms of sleep that come from it's methodical rhythms, putting life to sleep and continuing on unendingly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ending Moments

Willow memories waving in our minds, touching love
of childhood, softly singing of yesterday, filled
with pure innocence.
Beautiful sounds of nature emanating from the past,
teaching lessons of dignity, respect and love for
what is not ours.
Earth and it's habitat are only lent us for short
whiles.
When we look back upon life we realize we've come a
long way and have only a short distance to traverse.
Ending our moments with memories of childhood we
soar into the beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ending Of A Mountain Trail

Beginning of time begins in me, that's when I start to write
into the atmosphere of another dimension.

Loving the surroundings of this plain, enjoying it's colorful
hues and dry arid desert mountains.

Wonderful pleasures awaiting on the end of this mountain trail
with pen in hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ending Of Finality

Tranquil evening daylight, shining satinly over desert plains, gleaming definitions of meaning onto clouds above.
Screening visions with expectant hope, never looking away as spiritual guidance slips over me in timid solace.
Balancing destiny and fate alone, wishing for an ending of finality at steps of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ending Replete In Joy

An energy building within, as music stays it's enticing
rhythms, enlightening and carrying us into the exquist-
ness and definition of life.

Invigorating our minds, dancing to particular tempos
we hear, beautiful landscapes filled with many designs
and patterns, capturing our attention.

Recreating our beings through wonder and curiosity of
another dimension, watching and hoping for experiences
of possibilities.

Praying to the Holy Spirit for wisdom and knowledge to
enable us to help another live their life without any
fears of death filling their beings.

Soothing and calming, breathing new life once again
through the Divine, springing from within a wealth of
energy and spirituality.

Unfolding our beings, giving them to God to heal for us,
an ending replete in joy, wonder and amazement for He
who has created us and given us life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ending Talk Of A New World Order

Thinking, writing, finding details across our nation about
all the corruption and wrong-doing, Obama, Hillary and the
elitist Republicans and Democrats attempting to go behind
American's backs.

Bushes, included, they are all climbing into Obama's and
Hillary's agendas for a one world order, thinking and asking
everyone pertinent questions, wanting answers that We the
People will never give.

Are you willing to give up your freedom for a few worthless
pieces of government handouts? Why are you following like
sheep, instead of finding things out on your own? There's
plenty of information out there, why not investigate it all.

Make an informed decision on who would be the best person
to lead the U.S.A. back to it's former strength or stronger,
getting rid of foreign aid altogether, if people want to help
other countries, let them go there on their own dime.

Teach people how to live and survive on their own, leading
others to learn for themselves, allowing them self-respect,
self-confidence and self-assurance, wouldn't that be better
in the long run?

Other countries and their people can become self-sufficient,
not having to depend on handouts from those who don't even
understand their culture or religions. Why do our politicians
insist on giving away money we ourselves work hard for?

Why have we not put an end to the welfare checks we've un-
knowingly been giving to our politicians and corrupt govern-
ment for nonsense, investigate, see what types of irrelevant
research projects they give our money to others for.

Like researching how monkeys pee and other crazy subjects,
come on, America, wake up and see - really see - what our
politicians are up to, using us to gain power and control
over us.

Wanting a dictator like Stalin, Hitler, Lenin, they want a
muslim to be our dictator, putting us all under sharia law
and giving our women and children to perverts that rape and
enslave them and murdering the men also.

We have come way too far away from these barbaric ways, why
would anyone want to go back to this evil and disgusting way
of life? As I see it, none of the people running for office
who want to stay in office - incumbents - are worth voting for.

Let's get rid of them all and start over with fresh new people
who believe in the law and order of our Constitution, our
freedoms, values, morals and ethics, our patriotism and our
compassion for one another.

Please just think long and hard before voting for Hillary, the
liar, crook, traitor - really take a look at how evil she is
and what she stands for, ask yourself if you are just like her,
if you really want what she stands for.

If not, then vote for the only person running for President
who has never been a politician, give him a chance to prove
himself, I'm sure you'll agree that our nation will have a
better chance with him at the helm.

Our nation will continue to be the home of the brave and the
land of the free if you vote for Donald Trump, if not, you will
be voting for Obama all over again, because if you have really
investigated you will know she has the same agenda as he does.

Wanting to turn our U.S.A. into another third world country
overrun with illegals, Syrians, muslims and isis, as you must
already know, there are actually isis terrorist camps all over
the U.S.A., awaiting the signal to attack Americans right here
in our own country; we are locked and loaded, waiting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ending Twilight

Twilight stationed at the gates of ending life,
signaling the start, the birth of beginning in
another time.

Forgiveness playing it's part for time immemorial,
living the life carefully given it on earth.

Noticing the edges of conscious portrayal, an
everlasting blooming in the hearts of men.

Watered and fed by souls of each connected to one
another in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ending Without Disappointment

Sorrowful sounds penetrating the interior modes of
intellect, collecting tears in heart's hands, holding
them carefully so they don't spill out of my eyes.

Not wanting to be reminded of the sorrow gathering
closely in the circle of my soul, as it watches all
the things that are causing grief in life.

Wanting to ease the pain it brings, but knowing that
I must go through and experience it to the fullest so
life can be ended without experiencing disappointment
after leaving this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Endings Of Life

Whiling away categories of moments,
taking them internally into bodies of meanings,
measuring tables of incessant beauty.

Finalizing nature's thoughts with proper
etiquette and sincere apologies.

Finding fascinating exactness in balances of
energy as life enacts it's own tenets along
lines of diversity.

Always believing every day adventures will
eventually lead me to divine truths in endings
of life.

Tasting wines of truth and placing them within
reach of an overture of musical diplomacy.

Figuratively surveying the surrounding
atmosphere with an artistic eye for natural
beauty far and wide.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Endless Appetite

Expressions of peace fill me interiorly, serenity flows
over and through me like waves of the ocean, satisfying
an endless appetite through contemplation.

Always giving my being a needed rest from life taking
me hurriedly through every moment whenever not writing,
tempting journeys of imagination releasing my mind.

Letting it find ways to experience feelings and emotions
through depths of poetry, explaining them all in lines
that are constantly coming to mind.

Finding everything instantaneously, never at a loss, never
having writer's block, always just the opposite, as I in-
cessantly write about everything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Endless Atmosphere Of Sorrow

Echoes reverberating in an endless atmosphere of sorrow
and loss, touching hearts of tears, gently causing them
to flow through precious memories.

Changing and rearranging our feelings and emotions at
times from joy and happiness into sadness and sorrow,
time being lost on another horizon.

One where we will never again be able to regain the
balance we once had in this life, being accosted time
and again through loss.

Hurting and maiming our minds and personalities, for-
ever looking for the love that's been taken away from
us here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Endless Computations

Finding self being settled into an integer, calculating
endless computations in minds of mathematical precision.

Standing forever on edges of inner horizons, hoping to
maintain a semblance of normalcy.

Everything pertaining to equality of life in all of it's
aspects, tantamount to experiences, hoping for a reprieve,
not having to through anymore turmoil in daily life.

Protecting and safe-guarding the whole of interior life
from the decimation caused by so many others in their
routines.

Watching and capturing factors, folding themselves into
many aspects and facets of every different design.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Endless Cycle

Listening to music, trying to keep my spirits energized,
just writing, feeling a total disappointment in life.

Looking within, not finding anything worthwhile I can do
to help, just continue to write poetry.

Paying my dues yet again in an endless cycle of poverty,
looking forward to my last sunset.

Leaving this exasperating life on earth and be in heaven
where there is only peace and serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Endless Dimension

Fascinating clouds of nature are quickly and solvently
attempting to wander into outer aspects of intellect
to increase their quantities and solutions to many
questions of curiosity accumulating even now as I write.

Final propositions being selected and tried in the future
of another dimension of wisdom, trails opening up as they
find their ways into forests of another time in an endless
dimension and atmosphere of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Endless Ecstasy

A mystical feeling filling me through the night as I lie
next to you, watching you sleeping, my love.

Heart beating exhilaratingly just seeing your peaceful
countenance sleeping close to me.

Feelings of love quietly thrilling me inside, knowing
the truth of our love as it lies sleeping within you.

Imagination riding waves of imagery as we love in dreams,
touching our minds.

Having no past, present or future, because our love is
timeless, having no limits set upon it.

An endless ecstasy filling our beings, tenderly exciting,
feeling our desires rising ever higher.

Stirring now in your sleep, reaching for me gently and
touching my body so sensuously and silently.

Bringing me to heaven with you, pleasure mounting heights
within me, hurting so good.

Unable to stand it at times, it's so totally pleasurable,
I never want it to stop or fade away, my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Endless Prayers

Taking life by storm, realizing dreams were broken
through the years, finding towards the end they really
didn't matter that much - didn't affect me untowardly.

Suffering stepped up to the plate, altering life and
it's plans.

Justifying sincerity and spirituality, reliving hopes
through endless prayers, touching me interiorly,
keeping me sane and at home with myself through it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Endless Questions

A lasting impression etched within a mind of creativeness, allotting a myriad of visions to enter picturesque landscapes.
Prayerfully anticipating answers to endless questions in life.
Always being disappointed as steps are taken backwards into areas of past dismay.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Endless Repertoire

Slowly moving from one moment to another, not wanting to miss
a single detail as I watch intellect interpreting answers to
questions I've put to it in wonder.

Secretly smiling at the way innate knowledge comes into mind
and out of this pen into poetry, an endless repertoire fill-
ing pages of many poetry journals.

Prolific, meaningful, writing constantly and instantaneously
as music begins playing, first sound starting intellect into
motion.

Translating rhythms, tempos and notes into coded rhythms of
poetry, writing rapidly and happily, enjoying it with much
pleasure as I do.

Heart filled with joy, elated beyond any others comprehension,
knowing that God is allowing this process through an innate in-
tellectual reality and imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Endless Roads Of Life

Turning away, not wishing to see endless roads of life,
knowing only that the curves will take me into areas
that I will not like and possibly never survive.

Yet, wandering listlessly, changing my mind every step
of the way, hoping to allay the miseries that may befall
in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Endless Shores Of Life

Visiting my subconscious mind in total serenity,
I walk around, touching, feeling what I see there,
awakening ideals cognitively and quietly,
abstractedly, enticing them into relationships
never gotten hold of.
Now, together, stretching my mind with their
acquiescence and oasesial existence through time.
Watching boundaries move further than ever before, encompassing more of
beyond than thought necessary.
Contrary to everyone else's opinion, there are
plains beyond our human sight that are totally
inviting, making us aware of more thought than
thinking possibly could grasp.
When visiting more of my mind I find beauty and
totality becoming part and parcel of my innate
being.
A peace descending upon me, giving me endless
shores of life to write upon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Endless Songs

There is nothing in this world, life is lived alone in natural circumstances, favored always above other alternatives.

Standing before the moon, daylight hours traipse slowly by, carrying time.

Flitting endless songs to a beloved wind, blowing scents of earthly life to nostrils, causing us to wish for the next life.

Stranded no more on plains of remorse, always finding meanings that can be understood and held close, no one able to take them from you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Endless Time

Allowing for the density of life, knowledge sits back
upon a rock, contemplating it's worth in endless time.

Continuation of paths, following each other through
halls of life, fulfills particles of wisdom on the
journey.

Perpetration of ideas fill pages of memories with the
worth of life.

Adding footnotes daily to this journal of beings,
shows mankind has been forsaken in search of wealth
and material things.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Endless Volumes

Life grows endlessly in a dream, reality allows just one moment at a time to be seen.

Incongruent demarcation is a constant revelation unseen by our incapable sight.

Horizons remembered in pathways etched within our feeble brains are embroidered and unseen except by our limited minds.

Standing alone, allowing natural wonder and curiosity to reach the forefront of all knowledge.

Calculating and abstracting volumes of life remaining in dreams of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ends Of Thought

Collecting images through all
sorts of rock and roll music,
standing on ends of thought,
waiting for a poem to begin with them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ends Of Time

Finalizing plans thought about in younger days,
singularly pointing to more useful categories of youth.
Mistaken tokens of vibrant processes, beginning from
time immemorial.
Lifting interior spirits with joyful glee and spirituality,
aspiring silently, growing fruitfully until ends of time
put a stop, abruptly to it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enduring

Walking through memories we have made together,
spiritually being reminded of our love in every
image and vision seen on photographic screens
within.

Your adorable ways, gestures, so cute, bringing
me ever closer to you through each of them, all
touching my heart, endearing me even more to the
man I have come to know and love.

Cherishing you so much more than first we met.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enduring Senses

Surrendering to innate talent, showing me paths to take
through imagination and fantasy.

Walking through an interior place of beauty, touched by
it's total enlightenment and open space.

Inspired with the pure emptiness that I find within it,
looking around, holding my breath in awe.

Stepping into the silence, letting it surround me in it's
totality, finding the essence of God, enlivening my spirit.

Doing it so explicitly, enduring senses being filled with
energy of the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enduring Trials

Writhing inside, painfully enduring trials of life's beginning
and ending.

Striving constantly to become myself, yet never accomplishing
an iota of what is meant to be in my days.

Carousing casually, along paths of my own making, creating
depths to my mind so I may escape this lonely hell on earth.

Flying away, becoming invisible, traveling with no qualms,
sending messages to God beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enduring Video

Wandering down lanes of memory's images, watching my past as it was lived when younger.
An enduring video of what I used to see and think of, all details coming across clearly and distinctly in colorful tones of rhythm.
Loving to traverse through all the visions, knowing the impressions by heart and wishing at times that I can go back and relive some of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enduring Videos

Wandering down lanes of memory's images, watching my past as it was lived when younger.
An enduring video of what I used to see and think of, all details coming across clearly and distinctly in colorful tones of rhythm.
Loving to traverse through all the visions, knowing the impressions by heart and wishing at times that I could go back and relive some of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energetic Balance

Life is tempting us richly, infecting us with inspiration of
nature and all of humanity, filling totally, intellect with
a vibrant and energetic balance.

Finding it through contemplation and a bluened light of the
Divine dwelling within, lighting minds with knowledge and
wisdom from an innate talent.

Joy and happiness from above, descending upon earth, feeling
a euphoric beauty of life itself while continuing to be in-
spired musically within intellect.

Absolutely in tune with the Almighty, feelings of love and
safety soaring into the heavens above all throughout our
lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energetic Behavior

Settling into a reverie, lying back, letting life experiences
take their course, soaring into atmosphere's filled with an
exuberance for every moment.

Tasting every situation and experience with an energetic be-
havior, sensing every ounce of beauty through musical rhythms
and poetry.

Spirits being lifted incessantly, exercising creative processes
and imagination, drifting into other dimensions with a pleasant
attitude, filled with positive moods and an inexhaustible source
of energy from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energetic Brain

Mind trained intuitively towards writing poetry
while listening to all types of music, both
musical and lyrical.

All of it enticing this energetic brain with
awesome thoughts and possibilities, severing
with everyday life to be engulfed in my passion.

Imagining and living the life of self as a mere
poet, that's all that ever really matters.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energetic Combination

Tying threads to abstract concepts, like kites flying
above in the atmosphere with tails.

No fears or doubts, watching how deftly they fit in
puzzles of coded rhythms traveling at speeds of sound.

Living in tones that come from within them, hoping to
continue finding solutions before anyone else can.

Loving the delectable essence of passion held within
for science and poetry.

A wholesome and energetic combination that makes a
perfect recipe for intellectual pursuits in life.

A non-ending portrayal of the brilliance that our
minds contain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energetic Elation

Watching rhythms come into being as they are sung in voices on karaoke nights.
Lively rhythms, giving us a chance to clap and stomp our feet in unison.
Enjoying the music with energetic elation, never regretting any moment we get together and have fun in rhythmical pleasure.
Laughing, everyone knowing who we are, as we rock in the hallways every time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energetic Familiarity

Showering petals of roses falling around me, filling senses with aromas of delight, searching interior solace with energetic familiarity.

Taking time to place it all into wonderful spaces, looking contemplatively at what is happening within it's circles.

Touching and reflecting thoughts like a mirror in measures of music, being timed by rhythms as they take me into the bluened light once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energetic Moods

Enjoying the beauty of being with friends, listening and reminiscing to rock and roll, an awesome way to remember the good old days.

Settled back, music and it's rhythms soothing our souls with tempos of energetic moods of rock and roll, taking us down memory land.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energetic Possibility

Silent and steady, nightfall pulls down it's shades
across the skies of this earth.

Sun setting upon my mind, eyes now closing, dreaming
the finest dreams that can be created from imagination.

It's total recall, an infinite and beautiful possibility
that gives an energy that never quits.

Just continues holding me in the depths of intellect
while living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energetic Prayers Of Hope

Partners in life's reality, awaiting death's breath-
taking existence, replacing that of life.

Solemnly partaking of energetic prayers of hope and
enlivened faith.

Sensing beneath, nature's contemplative exercises
of belief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energetic Pull Of My Interior Spirit

Resting for a while then being picked up by rhythms as they
charge, taking me totally into the future, enjoying and hav-
ing fun the entire way.

Playing with my inner child, having a great time, discover-
ing the past and taking me on a journey that fills this
heart and soul totally.

Practicing and longing for the eventuality of death, so life
can continue itself on the other side of the curtain in the
future.

Beating out rhythms and tempos rapidly, feeling their energy
as they fill me happily with integrity and beauty of my essence
in this life.

A natural high filling me without even trying, sounding tones
of everything sacred in this earthly existence, courting and
finding expectations that have been driven deeply into my being.

Softly and sharply piercing, never stopping the energetic
pull of my interior spirit, soul taking full use of it's
spirituality as prayers begin to rise from within.

Finding promises of God are being fulfilled thoroughly, never
leaving me bereft or forlorn, going to ends of music just to
stay alive in this world.

Succinctly and quietly taking every single opportunity to
qualify this time on earth, perfecting everything needed to
keep going.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energetic Rhythms

Bouncing to energetic rhythms, recalling younger days
of continuous dancing for pleasure.

Taking time into every pastime, feeling the significance
of it for future writing.

Keeping track of inner rhythms, tending to trace patterns
and designs in every step taken.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energetic Sublimity

Flirting with destiny, sitting on fringes of being,
thinking thoughts no one else can think or imagine.
A mind filled with energetic sublimity and
discourses, running wild across pages of peaceful
integrity and kindness, displaying the ingenuity of
timeless genius.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energetic Thought

Jumping and jiving along with Peggy and Neil,
sprinting into hoops of rhythm.
Jostling memories of yesterday and bringing
them forward into pictures of today.
Enjoying every stance in measures of equations,
stilling feelings with energetic portions of
thought.

(7: 31 p.m. - 11/28/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energetic Vision

Lying awake, sweeping out my mind, getting it in shape
for tomorrow.
Dusting off images, vacuuming ideas, joining thoughts
on shelves of creation.
Realigning recognition with abstractions of cognitive thinking, establishing files of energetic vision to be
used in daily writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energetically Gathering Thoughts

Sound of guitars playing rhythms, gathering thoughts
energetically into many ideas.

Unfolding and creating many verses in poetry, staying
in line with purposes of this day.

Writing continually showing pathways that they will
be traveling down on journeys of the mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energized By Interior Melodies

Tidbits of time playing among tempos of poetry, being
energized by interior melodies of joy that continue
to fill my being.

Searching for iridescent jewels of rhythmic shyness
shining forth from the energy of an incessant rhythm
continuing to fulfill an inner wish and desire fully.

Taking time to enter measures of life with a happiness
that continues to entice my being with it's own tantali-
zing joy and brilliance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energized Form Of Solitude

Lasting impressions being painted on intellect,
creating new masterpieces with rhythmical
precision.
Traipsing across pathways of everlasting songs
being sung to all who gather in midnight places
just for karaoke.
Realizing the quiet peace is actually an
energized form of solitude, creating itself from
an innate talent, and being explored in every
denizen throughout the world in poetical
expressions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energized Spirit

Surpassing trials and sufferings in life to go on and become a poet in every respect, literalizing everything that happens into words of beauty and inspiration. Taking it as fodder for an eternity, energizing my spirit and giving it hope for the coming days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energized Study

Stretching inside my mind, exercising thoughts and
relegating rhymes for future times.
Saxophone spreading reality around like peanut
butter on bread.
A delicious feeling of energized study, being part
of intuition as I play around, hoping to find just
the right poem to place first prize in a contest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energizing An Inner Child

Tramping down lanes of mystery alongside train tracks,
taking my mind away while I stayed in one place writing,
good, vibrant, totally pure and innocent, my inner child.

Energized and given a turn to toss herself into the midst
of every sound and melody, jumping and twisting into the
depths of rhythms.

Never losing track of where I'm going, speeding faster
and faster, spirit being lifted into the stratosphere, no
limits as to how high I can go.

Always remembering every detail, writing the unknown into
books of poetry throughout the years, miles of thoughts
being composed into poetry of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energizing Brain Waves

Stretching out, relaxing while listening to 'Cold As
Ice', my all time favorite song, by Foreigner.

Mostly because of the rhythm and beat that touches my
inner mind in a special way, taking hold and pulling
thoughts through all types of exercises.

Giving brain waves the needed energy to keep on
writing faster and faster.

Beautiful solutions flowing like waterfalls, catching
on the rocks below, waiting for the questions to fall
into depths, uncovering the curiosity born with them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energizing Intellect

Spheres of doorways opening to existential
environments, illuminating many viewpoints
of totality.
Reaching into icy depths, foreign to my mind,
yet encapsulating it for periods of time,
energizing intellect in passive forms of
creativeness.
Moving forward, watching the future as it's
videos play in my imagination's mind, keeping
track of what is to come in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energizing Life

Traipsing along sidewalks, going through rhythms and
over tempos into possibilities of other dimensions.

Creating, developing, energizing life through puzzles
combined, mixed and blended together.

Living in a world of beauty, emanating an effervescent
glory of colors exploding, touching interiorly essence
and passion of my heart and soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energizing My Life

Harmonies lifting my spirits, helping to shed loneliness
that continues to try and cover me throughout life.

Sweetness oozing from memories that were always so tender,
energizing my life, encasing my temperament in a quality
of liveliness.

Having a bona fide reason for moving ahead, locomotion
taking me through life with rhythms faster than the speed
of sound.

Translucent, yet provoking every idea and thought that
comes from within this mere poet's being, filling pages
with the poetry created from inner coded rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energizing Spirituality

Walking into depths of energizing spirituality, being engulfed in it' beautiful bluened environment.

Feeling peaceful, totally free of the world and it's turmoil.

Suffering, not a part of this Divine atmosphere, as love emanates all around, being touched with God's presence.

Feeling fulfilled, nothing except beauty of my soul being given wholly to God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energizing Traits

Strengthening lengths of time through intellect,
savoring it's breath in measures of musical
divination.

Such intense pleasure filling spheres within my brain,
tantalizing and alluring them to open and let out all
their ideas at once.

Believing that a fascinating amount of knowledge will
spill forth that has not been dealt or played with for
quite a while.

Spreading out, reaching into imagination, finding some
energizing traits to match up with what this mind is
contemplating.

An absolute beauty enfolding smessage within every
poem being written, listening for whispers of wisdom
as they fall out of interior spheres, carefully giving
up secrets hidden within.

Silently and effectual, promising delectable pictures
of the future, being fulfilled as a variety of puzzles
are completed, capturing their essence within a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energy Force

Rocking to and fro, beaming inside with an energy force that can't be held in check.
Ruminating and sitting together, finding many qualities in synch with one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energy From Intellect

Soaring into heaven, this mind finds a purity in life,
one filled with energy coming from within intellect.

Taking us through experiences of this world, transforming
our spirits into a transcending spirituality of our lives,
interiorly.

Living in an atmosphere of bluened light, drawing from
it's purity and energy, softened vibrations coming from
within rhythms, continually playing throughout this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energy Of Heart's Rhythms

Soaring into another dimension when we're together, finding
our love hurts so good as we make love night after night,
life taking us always into the energy of our heart's rhythms.

No lies or illusions hiding between neither of us ever, watch-
ing one another's passion rise ever higher, seeing the sparkle
in our eyes, igniting the fire of our desires.

Getting out of hand as it totally sets fire to our passion,
uniting and filling us sublimely, a blazing and amazing fire
of our love uniting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energy Of Ideas

Living in moments of writing, forsaking even eating
and sleeping, needing instead the energy of ideas
being generated and formed into poetry.

Exciting adventures in thought, always awaiting in-
tellect to place them carefully and inspirationally
into just the right measures of rhythm and verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energy Of Inner Purpose

Walking across a stormy sea, watching black and gray clouds
float over tides of life, scattering ripples of existence
into depths of another dimension.

Wondering and finding many possibilities that lie just under
the surface of crashing waves, wanting to be explored,
discovered and met in thoughts of poetical compositions.

An interior passion of succinct pastimes, filling this mind
with the energy of an inner purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energy Of Life

Life slowly ebbs it's way towards the beckoning light of death.
Behaving as if the world has already died, at times stagnating
and closing it's eyelids to shut out the empty dreariness in
sight.
Closing too, floodgates of the mind, allowing no entrance to
it's lair unless already designed in thought.
Longing for quality of life seen in a dream world, knowing that
reality will be the only outcome.
Thinking at length of the robust energy stored within, afraid
to use it up.
Great quantities are stored inside of us, and when we die it has
hardly been touched at all.
What was it saved for? Our eventuality?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energy Of Life Within

Stepping into spheres of music, coming alive, enjoying rhythms as they surround and enliven spirits.

Living always in anticipation of tempos beating against and into this mind, shaking it vibrantly, bringing an energy of life within.

Solicitlessly bringing happiness and joy, wondering at the immense relief and beauty flowing into my heart and soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energy Of Love

Settling into the misty magic of your love, mysterious
and fantastic, holding me in it's energy, there's noth-
ing else so powerful in our lives as being loved and
loving someone else.

Being so close to our essence that we cannot know what
fulfillment actually means unless this love is present
in our lives.

Sensations growing ever faster, slipping and sliding
throughout we two, meeting and loving so intensely with-
out ever even having to have sex, just our passion as
it's flowering back and forth between us forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energy Of This Life

Lights finding me in recesses of my mind where I like to
hide all the time.

Picturing visions, seeing images within them, always
feeling comforted, never backing away.

No matter what they contain, learning from each of them
as they unfold within intellect's mind.

Clarifying the energy of this life, recharging inner
batteries to keep me going through this life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energy Playing Itself

Stepping over every single imaginary line, running as fast as it can, this mind laughing through it all, feeling the humor in each situation.

Teasing and playing measures of life and time with my inner child, never having to regret a thing, a childlike innocence, treasured greatly.

Never looking for anything, allowing it to come to me at will, following trails continually being created, deviating any time I want.

Seeing designs and patterns of music, mind continually following with ease, loving how it all works out, giving an energy that plays itself into my spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Energy's Textures

Piles of brightly colored leaves fill my mind
with their crunchy textures and lively hues.
Whisking me away on plateaus of energy,
preparing the future for fun and enjoyment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enfolding Childhood

Whiling away moments, writing from inner sanctums, holding closely, ideals from childhood.
In blistering heat, watching envelopes being opened and read - all said in pictures of yesterday.
Everything, sounds, tones, voices, feelings, visions, images - all photographically placed indelibly forever.
Characters portrayed, conversations remembered word for word - never forgotten.
Reflections of emotions ever changing, replaying themselves with every thought entering my mind, delicately becoming poetical verses.
Lace-like, enfolding every memory with protective compartments, keeping them safe within for all time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enfolding Me Within

Recognizing the beauty of our Lord in your entire being, seeing your goodness, compassion and love towards me, enfolding me within your being.

Loving, looking so cute when you smile lovingly at me, teasing you, knowing that you want only to love me, letting your consume me because I want you also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enfolding Memories

Scanning pictures appearing in my mind,
watching with care as their expressions
and emotions are enhanced with every
glance I take.

Responding quietly, enjoying each one
as words find pictures they want and
attach sincere meanings to them.

Enfolding many memories into grey
matter for future use in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enfolding Souls

Voice full of emotions and feeling, crossing the
atmosphere, alighting in my mind, accompanied by
musical delight.
Wished for joy glides into life, jumping and
sliding from beat to beat, encompassing songs of
yesterday in full-blown memories of exquisite
bliss out upon desert ranges.
Riding horseback through olden mountains,
remembering the solitude brought by nature as it
enfolds souls in peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Engineering Inspiration

Talented precipices are alive with vibrant energy,
predicting aspects of future aspirations with an
exacting calculation of measurement.

Insinuating many titles of ingenuity as figures
fall by the wayside, engineering all types of
inspiration.

Contemplating many desires in moments of
indecisiveness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

English Precision

Watching images take shape and form in my mind as I write musically in time with their stature and melody of sublime knowledge.

Seeing them transform into stupendous designs of visionary displays, creating patterns of lace-like particles.

Fitting them to the letters of words and their meanings of English beauty and precision.

Entailing cohesion of rhyming definition, bringing an energy of persuasion into their beings of innate talent.

(10: 52 a.m. - 3/30/09

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Engraving Humanity

Artists' engraving character, style, expression
through visual neology, designating fine art as
representations of what they perceive.
Modeling, sculpting, shaping and forming all of
humanity in one portrait or painting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Engrossed In Nature

Portraying life through paintings and forms of art,
brilliant to the mind's eye over a span of many years.

Totally engrossed in beautiful sensations of nature,
feeling their emotional content swerving within me.

Exacting prices of talent as I write into pages of
empty space, preparing minds for imagination's quest
on airwaves of poetical essence.

Needing nothing but intellect to provide many years
of expression through words, heightened subconsciously
by moods of images gathering their skirts and sitting
amid wisdom's fantastic environment.

Imaginary melodies developing themselves creatively,
without effort or doubt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Engrossed In Possibilities

Taking rhythms by the hand, dancing interiorly to them, walking across measures of time into other dimensions of pleasurable situations.

Entirely engrossed in possibilities of life outside the box, having fun inventing new ideas and concepts to play around with.

Exciting probabilities coming into view, challenging intellect to find new avenues to solutions of the questions that keep arising throughout life and it's imaginative reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Engulfed In Talent

Happily enhanced on a beautiful morning, listening to
music formed and played by two musicians engulfed in
talent.
Rehearsing every time they play, being in synch and
compatible with each beat and consistent note.
Listening, hearing individual rhythms float into the
atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Engulfed Within Spirituality

Lifting intellect into heights of heavenly contemplation
as I quietly listen to music and write.

Forgetting the world, stepping into a bluened light, being
engulfed within it's spirituality, totally submerging self
into the holy light of enlightenment where preserved and
kept safe in confines of a vast interior life.

An only place where I feel completely at home, enjoying
the peace my soul craves on a constant basis, believing and
taking it into myself without ever fearing that I will be lost.

A beautiful and contented peace of God, being chosen and
kept close to my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Engulfing Nature

Beautiful magic filtering through imagination,
spreading it's wings, lighting the skies with
an effervescent glow.

Engulfing all of nature in it's grasp, every-
where one looks, there's a silent mystical at-
mosphere.

Touching upon the reality of humanity, giving
an amazing look into depths of what could be
if only life would capture it.

Placing it within each of us in turn, waltzing
into outer dimensions with an interior spirit-
uality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enhanced By Nature

Deeply enhanced by what I see in nature,
filled with exuberance intellectually.
Writing through a deep, deep sadness always within.
Blackened crying, no light anywhere,
when I immerse myself in this pit of hell to write
what and how I feel each moment.
Engulfing many facets of inner tapestries, weaving
endless words into poems of feeling, emotion, worth.
Banging rhythms on words and images of ivory, placating
mindless moments, while filling infinite pages.
Loving impressions and quiet serenity filling my head
with poetical music, everyday surpassing my potential.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enhancing Knowledge

Gaining ground in the development of imagination,
expanding and taking away every limit to it's
expansion, giving an increase in curiosity and
wonder of child-like awe.

A continuity of purpose is being chemically introduced by
inherent brain synapses, developing the needed chemicals to
enhance knowledge naturally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enhancing Our Experience

Reminders of your love are strewn everywhere I look,
flowers that you used to love remind me of the time
you picked a bouquet and placed it on the table to
enhance our experience during a candlelight dinner.

Special and simple pleasures were your specialty,
you always were so thoughtful and caring, thinking
of others instead of wallowing in self-pity, even
through difficult times.

Knowing that pity did nothing to help, only made
you feel ill and taking away from the happiness
needed to survive the battle with cancer you were
constantly fighting.

Taking care of you in the end, forsaking everything
just to be with you, giving, loving, fulfilling
marriage vows and every need that you had whenever
possible.

Such a tremendous amount of respect coming from
my heart, careful not to hurt or cause you any harm
or pain at all, feeding, massaging, taking care of
you with every ounce of love within my heart.

When you were taken, life was over, thoughts of
abandonment, isolating in the aftermath of your
death, now needing love to take care of my being,
but you were gone.

Not yet realizing that you have sent an angel to
fill this heart with love, needing to care for and
love me through the rest of my lonely earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enhancing Thinking

Playing the game of life as I wander through an interior atmosphere, living in the moment because that's all I ever do.

Senses always ready to take in details of life, forging novel thoughts from an innate ability, concentrating on feelings that are accumulating in my mind.

Scorching ideas, bringing them into lit embers, watching as they become a blazing fire, traveling through interior forests of ideas.

Setting them all ablaze, mind working steadily, constantly taking time to enhance whatever I'm thinking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoyable Times

Having a quiet and enjoyable time with friends, out to lunch at China Harvest Buffet.

Excellent food and great intellectual company, a totally beautiful episode of companionship.

Entirely quenching the appetite of an inner curiosity in a timeless environment of solace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoyable Times Coming To Pass

Enjoyable times in life are coming to pass very soon,
as I travel to Kolkata, India for a month.

Asked to represent the U.S. in a world-wide anthology,
humbly accepting, submitting my poetry for it.

Totally jazzed at all the events coming into my life,
culminating with my trip to India.

Can hardly wait to get there, knowing it will be the
experience of a lifetime.

Writing it all into my poetry journals, later to be
posted on poemhunter for everyone to read.

In my adventures, hopefully I will be able to meet
with poets of India who are here on ph.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying An Evening

Jumping and grooving to rhythms of my beginnings, lifting my spirits and never feeling forlorn when with music close to my mind.

Notes enticing intellect, never wavering from their only tones, forging into the darkness, watching the band moving and playing their instruments, having a good time.

Standing on edges of the dance floor, reaping benefits of a glorious evening being spent with friends and family, being alone in moments when writing as usual.

Talking and joking around when not writing, people loving, understanding and letting me be myself in the midst of my birthday party.

Great people, every one of them, leaving me to write while they get up and dance, doing their own thing also, an ex-uberant way to enjoy an evening with people I love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying An Inner Sanctuary

Vibrations of life entice my being, lifting my spirits
into realms outside of this earthly dimension, touching
interiorly, my soul with enlightenment and peace.

Gentle and easy, rhythms join intellect, creating tant-
alizing melodies within, giving illumination to the un-
answered questions of life throughout the centuries.

Steadfast, beautiful, inspiring and placid, pulling me
towards edges of life where I love to sit, listening to
poetical rhythms emanating from a sanctuary of the Divine.

Soothed by the quiet energy filling every particle within
my soul right now, this very moment, enriching, nourishing,
giving and taking my essence into another universe.

There I will be free, liberated and on my own, far from
this world, free to be who I am to become, all on my own
with no interference.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Arizona

Walking up mountains, looking down upon the valley,
bursting with greenery of desert plants.

Watching carefully, paths where wild animals like
to roam.

Following sights of intense beauty as they unfold
right before your eyes.

Reaching towards the heavens, being grounded here
on the side of a mountain.

Enjoying the atmosphere and feelings of freedom and
independence just being alive in Arizona.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Arizona Weather

Outside, sitting on a bench, waiting for a taxi,
writing and listening to music.

Flowers, beautiful and yellow, waving in a morning
breeze beside me.

Feeling a little uncomfortable, having just had
surgery, but feeling alright.

Watching shadows of trees moving in the wind, their
silhouettes gently moving to the rhythms of nature.

Watching people come and go, just enjoying this
beautiful Arizona weather.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Both Lives

Introducing life into many pictures, tantalizing it and
bringing about new approaches in thinking.

Following in footsteps of future endeavors, liking what
I see happening in depths of being.

Enjoying both lives, going back and forth, taking
knowledge from one dimension to another and back, it
keeps forming and shaping intellect, allowing complacent
ideas to be acknowledged and taken to heart in solo
journeys of my soul.

Alone with self, entering the domain of interior knowledge,
so I may find a way through the future unknowingness left
to me in life.

Sacrificing the life I used to have in lieu of the two I
hold onto, treasuring them and keeping them safely held
within me.

Noticing every detail as it appears in sequences of
physical formulas and in mathematical concepts, delving
into them, looking forward to all the answers they will
be providing.

Textures of incoming thoughts riding alongside the
inventions of my mind as it talently wanders in and out
of both worlds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Both Worlds

12: 04 p.m.
Thinking affectionately of a dear friend as he is now
sitting with his younger sister and family, celebrating
the festival of light with them.

Seeing all the smiles, feeling their closeness even here
on the other side of the world as they bless one another
with sandal paste.

Elating spirits, gifting a mind with this little poem
from pictures sent, especially for a little one in his
moments of joy, that I too feel within my heart.

Coinciding with a celebration going on in his country,
while sitting here in the U.S.A., listening to music at
a motorcycle and bar-b-que get together, enjoying both
worlds. 12: 06 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Childhood

Remembering all the fun of childhood,
running around on the front lawn,
getting rained on in a summer rainstorm.

Laughing, yelling, being unfettered by
anything in our little lives, as we
enjoyed our time as children.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Children

Children all around, laughing, teasing, having a
great time.
Watching other people, imitating them in ordinary
ways, causes even the sternest person to grin or
crack a smile in spite of themselves.
Isn't it great to have little children expanding
our worlds of reality with some fun?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Christmas

Gestures falling around the edges as Christmas stories
of Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer tease and coerce us
to laugh and have some fun.

Nothing simple, only a bevy of intricate patterns
falling like individual snowflakes in December, showing
off their sudden splendor.

Propriety out the window as people enter and make them-
selves at home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Companionship

Sitting here writing at the Devonshire Senior Center
where they're having a pool tournament today, husband
and friend also playing.

Both lost to other players, but it was all in fun, a
great time had by everyone.

Having lunch together, talking and enjoying each other's
company through the time we spend together.

Parting now, but promising to meet later this afternoon
at our own senior center.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Conversations

Stepping into time, listening to a song about being free
and independent.

A being of individual recognition, holding moral values
and taking steps to keep to convictions and not be led
astray.

Not wanting to argue or debate over petty views of another,
just allowing them to be who they are and believe what they
want to.

Enjoying conversations and company of friends and family,
leaving plenty of room for strangers to join in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Creating

Singing songs interiorly, listening to their rhythms with
great interest.

Taking each and transposing them into poems, fresh and
original, never thought of in this way before.

Enjoying creating each one, loving the vibrant joy that
I feel as I complete each and every one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Delicious Ideas

Talking in my mind, wanting to know how my voice sounds
to intellect.

Amazing and soothing, full of rhythms, carrying the tone
of my voice into the near-by atmosphere.

A tantalizing and alluring experiment of delectable
curiosity.

Such things are always appearing and giving me food for
thought.

This brain enjoying the delicious ideas that erupt from
them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Diversity's Freedom

Christmas decorations abounding all over the U.S., religious
preferences being shown in the menorah and nativity scenes
everywhere, everyone enjoying the diversity freedom allows
and brings to us all.

Hatred and fear still present in the background, but we all
choose to ignore it, through our intelligence and love for
humanity, allowing our differences to be open and accepting
of each other all over America.

Now some narrow-minded people are trying to destroy our peace
of mind here in the U.S. by whining and complaining that
things are not to their liking and their beliefs are offended
by it.

We in America say, Oh, well, that's life! We in turn are
offended by your rudeness and lack of respect for our beliefs
and freedom.

If you cannot tolerate us here in America, go back to where
you are from since you believe things were so much better
for you there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Echoes

Echoes shouting back and forth between canyon walls of imagination, hurtling voices of rhythms and poetry every where.

Shouting and yelling, listening to them reverberate, causing quite a stir here on the ground.

As my mind soars above, taking in sights and seeing echoes rise and fall in volumes just like tides of ocean's in the world.

Behaving like a child, enjoying these echoes as they remind me of childhood, so pleasant.

Many memories taking their time to be remembered as I write this all into a poem for others to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Equality

Shaking my mind, watching thoughts flutter from the tree of intellect growing within.

Optimately seeing a brightness and clarity of goodness being generated throughout life, spreading it across the entire earth, increasing happiness and pleasure in tableaus of love and desire.

Playfully enjoying the equality partitioned into every phase of thinking and thought processes, enough to go around, allowing it to combine with imaginative poetry being composed right along with classical music.

Giving away all emotion and feelings of a lifetime, disguised in measures of every sonata and symphony flowing from this heart, soul and mind.

Every moment while listening and writing into special times is allowing entrance into my being alone to create whatever is pleasing to this brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Every Moment

Shaking rhythms calling to inner vibrations, wanting to
slowly wash ashore.

Finality sits upon waves, watching, yet not being ready
to fall into their depths.

Taking every moment, enjoying it's pleasant surprises,
moving into spirit's realms, uplifting this soul, giving
a hope to dwell upon for now.

Peaceful renditions keeping afloat, swirling along with
tides of this little life, bringing hopeful joy into
daily moments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Every Moment Forward

Rising rhythms taking me forward into other dimensions,
lifting spirits, enjoying every moment coming into my
life.

Special, precious and enticing me to write all morning
here at Buddy Stubbs, a great band playing fantastic
melodies of rock and roll.

Taking me into tempos and rhythms totally and completely,
leaving no time for thinking of anything except poetry
falling from within an interior waterfall.

Hoping to inspire others with complacent words and sublime
messages throughout the entire world, thinking of expanding
minds while doing so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Every Moment Of Life

Wondering interiorly what others keep saying about my
writing and self, everyone saying I'm a miracle of life
and have a special and wonderful gift.

On that part I must agree, enjoying mind and intellect,
the gift of writing, music and art, totally agreeing
with them on that.

As for a miracle, I've definitely had many of them in
my life, that's the main reason I'm now here and alive,
coming off life support and out of a coma of 4 1/2 days.

Now it's been over three years and I'm still here, the
doctors always giving me hugs, not believing I'm standing
there in front of them.

Life has opened, expanded and grown far beyond my little
sphere and now encompasses the world itself, along with
other dimensions and universes, a positive, inspirational
time for everyone in my life today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Family

People enjoying themselves in many different ways, expressing their desires in food, drink, and get-togethers with family.
Altogether separate roads we all seem to take, yet somehow we all have pleasurable moments in our lives.
Slowly advancing years take us along wayward paths, difficult for some to follow as minds become feeble with other uses.
Midnight descends and we are left without our final sunsets at the end of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Family At Buddy Stubbs

Quickly fingering rhythms to fit my being today.
Justifying my essence in a poetical interlude of music.
Softly enjoying the beauty of an Arizona afternoon
with family at Buddy Stubbs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Feelings

Playing with rhythms in my mind,
enjoying all feelings it brings within.
Collectively transporting my heart and
soul into individual areas of interior
essence.
Forwarding messages of belief into auras
of tomorrow, retelling measures of
togetherness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Final Outcomes

Wanting impossibilities in life, knowing they're possible
in many different ways.

Having to think outside the box at beautiful landscapes
portrayed in picturesque concepts and ideas.

Putting the pieces together, finding they will fit and
complete not just one picture or vision, but many of them
at once.

A truly remarkable way both mind and intellect work to-
gether, enjoying the final outcome of everything that I
think or ponder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Findings Of Intellect

Playing in imagination, giving everything a place to see
and create whatever it wants to, just having fun in life.

Thinking of puzzles as pictures incomplete, creating the
pieces to go into them.

Playing games being made up as I go along, enjoying their
findings of intellect.

Combining talent and art, focusing on mathematical formulas
and equations as they impart particles of knowledge into my
brain.

A fascinating, encouraging part of an inner universe, keeping
me focused, elated and happy throughout this dull and boring
life here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Freedom

Youngsters, happy, elated, at peace with their small enclosed worlds.
Contented with their surroundings, enjoying the freedom afforded them.
Participating in life to the fullest, capable of an energy of modest proportions.
Steadily moving to inner rhythms heard deeply within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Freedom Given

Laughing jovially at the antics of musical rhythms as they play with this mind emphatically, turning on an inner spirit of energy.

Pulling this mind forward into enlightenment, giving total appreciation for contemplation while listening to rhythms and writing.

Enjoying the freedom given through measures of chords and the notes they're producing, entirely being focused through imagination and reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Freedom In Death

Leaves hopping, skipping, jumping, sliding, tumbling
over one another in an afternoon breeze.

Joyful and free they play, enjoying their freedom
even in their death, as they fall from the trees they
were born from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Gifts

Spotting wonder in nature, seeing it's beauty spreading
throughout our entire world, nothing to stop or hinder
it from growing everywhere.

A land filled with promise for new beginnings in our
future, living in a vibrant energy that fills us as we
walk about.

Enjoying what gifts Mother Nature has given us through
God's intelligence and wisdom, seeing them boldly and
vividly every day around us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Good Times

Loving, holding one another, wanting to be together through every moment of life, enjoying the good times with one another.

Coming closer when going through grief, sadness, and loss of family members, hearts bound with love.

Ready to go at a moment's notice just to do something together, enjoying our time spent with each other, knowing it will not last forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Grandchildren And Music

Now watching my only Grandson who just turned eleven on
Wednesday, doing a line dance for the first time with my
nine year old Granddaughter, laughing and smiling, en-
joying the familial bond between them.

Now my four year old Granddaughter joining in, so shy at
first, but now is up and dancing in the limelight, people
clapping, music playing faster and faster, everyone is
dancing as fast as they possibly can.

A beautiful and funny way to catch on to a rhythm as it
plays even more rapidly then ever now, enjoying this
tremendously, as I keep up with the teenagers so far,
faster now, still writing, everyone clapping in unison.

Having a great time in the midst of all this excitement,
everyone now cheering because I'm still writing and keeping
up, wondering how much longer I can do it, lights now
flashing faster, keeping time with the rhythms.

Up and down chords, sliding down notes, tones rising and
falling, jumping and bending, all of the kids clapping,
jumping up and down all around me, lights flashing rainbowly
faster and faster still, not letting up for a moment.

Twenty minutes now and here I am, not letting a beat get by
this pen, music sliding beats because it's going so fast,
perfect rhythms and beats, touching my brain with every
sound, continuing ever faster.

Feet tapping the floor, pen writing, mind flowing with water-
fall thoughts of rainbow colors, swirling around the dance
floor, notes mixing together, but the beats are now getting
slower and slower, then trying to speed up, tapping every
other note to measures of the melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Interior Sensations

Every day we sweat the little things instead of saving our worry and energy for the bigger ones that are sure to come into our existence.

Following pathways being created by sight, taking us away, never looking back, enjoying the sensations of interior life.

Never letting it disappear, keeping it always so close, sharing it all with everyone who reads poetry in their life time.

Seeing how people think and taking words to heart, amazing everyone no end in this garden of poetical Eden.

Swelling with a humble pride, happy to be able to touch so many people in the existence of life.

No other place will be good enough, except the one where we glide along, enjoying and soaring ourselves into verses of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Knowledge

Lasting and beautiful, a vision of everlasting peace that
has settled deeply inside my being.

An understanding innately of the unknown, combining with
intellect, allowing me to know and understand it all.

Enjoying knowledge that flows in my total being, giving
feelings of joy and happiness lasting forever in energy
as I live life in a capsule of faith, hope and belief in
my Lord.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Life

Needing to spend time away in the company of people who
know how to have fun and enjoy the life they have left
to them.

It feels so good, so freeing, so breath-takingly lovely,
as I sit and write to my heart's desire.

Emotionally, mentally, life turns around with every beat
of the drum, as I run fleetingly into the atmosphere,
running from the past and present, hoping to catch the
future in the palms of my hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Measures Of Life

Rhythms pounding incessantly in minds of creative and musical intellectuals, enjoying measures of life with absolute joy and happiness.

Taking events, situations and experiences in stride, at times hoping they will calm down and give some solace and peace to souls of spirituality in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Meeting People

Solemn, sitting back, watching silently as people walk by, sometimes stopping to talk when I'm taking a break from writing.

Enjoying conversations with them, learning their life histories in just moments of time.

Finding each person interesting, asking them lots of questions about their lives.

Meeting just now, a woman from India, grown up in Malaysia and now living here in America.

An absolute joy, quietly gentle, intelligent and very spiritual.

Being glad that she stopped to talk to me, enjoying meeting and talking with her exclusively.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Memories

Dreaming of sandy shores, waves crashing upon them,
remembering Seaside Heights in New Jersey where I
used to hang out every chance I got.

Body surfing in my bikini, enjoying the waves with
cousins and friends, a delicious feeling of satisfac-
tion filling my being.

Loving times that we had, never forgetting a single
moment as we played and enjoyed the ocean, then walk-
ing on the boardwalk, playing games of chance.

Riding the rides, roller coaster going out over the
ocean, thrilling us totally, wondering if we were
going to suddenly go off the track into the ocean.

Other times walking beneath the boardwalk, enjoying
sounds of waves as they crashed against the pillars
and our bodies.

Always a wonderful feeling of accomplishment coming
upon me whenever thinking and remembering memories
I thoroughly enjoyed when so much younger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Memories Of Younger Days

Dreaming of sandy shores, waves crashing upon them,
remembering Seaside Heights in New Jersey where I
used to hang out every chance I got.

Body surfing in my bikini, enjoying the waves with
cousins and friends, a delicious feeling of satisfac-
tion filling my being.

Loving times that we had, never forgetting a single
moment as we played and enjoyed the ocean, then walk-
ing on the boardwalk, playing games of chance.

Riding the rides, roller coaster going out over the
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sounds of waves as they crashed against the pillars
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Always a wonderful feeling of accomplishment coming
upon me whenever thinking and remembering memories
I thoroughly enjoyed when so much younger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Moments

Darkness of night closing in upon earth, people dining here
at Peter Piper Pizza not wanting to work on a Friday night,
children having fun, playing games, together with family.

Enjoying their time together, happy, elated, nothing to mar
the way during this time, gathering together, making memories,
taking life into another realm.

Relaxing and finding pleasure for a few hours of relaxation
before going home and going to bed, sleeping and resting to
gather strength for events of Saturday once again being busy
throughout the day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Moments Alone

Surprising self with a life full and blossoming, newly
thought ideas creatively arranging them into prose and
playing with their meanings and definitions at times.

Enjoying every moment spent alone in music as it takes
me into a universe of another time, placing creativity
at my beck and call.

Wondering at the incredible ways it all comes into this
mind and being, just so it can be written into poems.

Simple and easy, never having to work for any of it, as
it overflows into rivers and oceans of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Moments Of Life

Walking to rhythms, thinking about yesterday's innocence
and love of life.

Enjoying every moment that presented itself with a pro-
found joy, bringing such happiness and giving pleasure.

A wonderful time, wanting to relive it all once again,
knowing that it's impossible, because those we have
loved are now gone and have left us alone.

Now having to make the best of things and creating more
memories with those who are still living and loving us.

Preserving these new memories to look back upon in the
future and sharing with family and friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Movements

Awkwardly stepping in rhythm with aged limbs of today,
having difficulty balancing and standing at the same
time.
No matter though, because I'm enjoying movements my
body makes as I dance gently across the floor.

(2/27/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Music In It's Entirety

Feeling like a being of God, spiritually filled with His
promises and answers to prayers, still, quiet, silent,
throughout writing poetry.

Finding self-realizations and profound ideas coming direct-
ly into intellect, totally and completely soothing, enticing
my spirit and enlivening my mind thoroughly.

Balanced, focused into aspects of everything good, innocent
and pure in life and nature, enjoying music in all it's en-
tirety, being blessed poetically.

With every single note, tasting colors of sound, deliciously
sating my mind with their essence, taking opportunities to
quench curiosity.

Finding innate inquisitiveness through rhythms and innate
intelligence, focusing on inner facets of contemplation as
I rise ever further into the bluened light.

The Divine taking completely over my spirit with wisdom and
knowledge, drenching me totally within and without, giving
an interior spirituality a boost of hope.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying My Purpose

Taking stock of life's beauty, being prepared to edge closer to another life, one that should have been lived all along.
Being next to death, touching it, knowing it, yet staying alive.
Inhaling nature, feeling it's explosive desires filling me with an essence of my creativeness through an intense imagination.
Well-being coming forward, taking me on a path of enlightenment towards destiny.
Fulfilling fate, enjoying my purpose in life, taking a ride through clouds of reality, touching them with ideas of intellect.
Concluding an energy of intense sadness and suffering.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying My Spirit

Nighttime sounds penetrate the stillness, the silence filling me, keeping me in tune with nature and my interior being.
Loving to sway and move in time with lively rhythms, fixating on the beats and ignoring the melodies as they exchange notes for words, etching them into my mind, taking me beyond walls of limitations, trying to hold me inside boundaries made by other people.
Freeing myself from other's opinions and coerced thoughts, I write into the future and live to enjoy my spirit of freedom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Mysteries

Wanting to listen attentively to inner workings of my mind,
enjoying the mysteries forming the essence of it's intellect,
giving many ideas and steps into literature.

Finding pathways, delving selflessly into the fray of human
poverty, reaching deeply into interior thoughts, putting
together formulas to make the world right through human values
of one another.

Nothing left undone in the realms of desire, energizing the
endeavors of unpopular beliefs with knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Our Italian Family

Loving my heritage, Italian in nature, I reminisce of days from yesterday when our family was still all together, singing, laughing, loving in unison.
Happy to be alive and enjoying one another's company every chance we had to be together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Peace

Silently sitting alone, way in back,
being inspired by music and writing.
All images blended together in a
torrent of rain, filling me with quiet
and lasting remorse, while enjoying the
peace being alone brings me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Pictures

Waves crashing upon craggy rocks, splashing
into the air and down here within my mind,
looking through photographic screens.

Seeing memories from the past, enjoying these
beautiful pictures of nature at it's best, al-
ways making me smile when remembering them.

Special and delightful to relive over and over
again throughout this life, writing them into
poems for others to read and enjoy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Poetic License

Sounds being emitted from a young lady, singing wonderfully,
a song talking about what men prefer.

Blondes and curly hair, blondes and plenty of curves to
grasp and hold onto.

What doesn't kill you will make you fonder, the lyrics of
the song say right out loud!

Being enlightened, enjoying the poetic license that even
singers and musicians use to entertain other people in the
night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Politics

Regularly participating in many surveys on face book, enjoying the political ones especially.

Having a natural affinity for them, my Dad having worked for Barry Goldwater when he ran for President back in the day.

Every day after school we would all go to Barry's headquarters and volunteer, all six of us girls at the time.

What a tremendous learning experience it was; to this day I appreciate what Dad did for us, as I am still very political and enjoy politics immensely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Quietness

Soothing feelings quietly settled deeply inside,
emotions floating down river, lying upon inner
tubes and relaxing.

Giving my heart and mind a much needed rest from
all their intense thoughts and images, leaving me
with a total serenity.

Enjoying the quietness of my soul, satisfying and
giving plenty of time to write, thinking within
depths of my being and life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Random Melodies

Patterns of carpeted lights blinking in time
with rhythms, creating designs across my mind.

Spirals coming together in depths of other be-
ginnings.

Nothing happening as the music continues to
play throughout the evening.

People eating, drinking, enjoying melodies being
randomly played in interior realms on a stage.

Twanging enlightening the energy of this mind as
it climbs up canyon walls without reason or rhyme.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Renditions

Enjoying renditions of the Beatles, Billy Joel and
other songs being sung in unison for us tonight.
Sitting in a dim restaurant and bar, listening and
interpreting each note into this measure of poems.
Tranquilly accepting every rhythm being introduced
into the situation and spread around the crowd of
people here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Savory Flavors

Reaching far into imagination, grasping creative processes from the very beginnings of intellect.
Challenging every thought as it progresses, helping it turn everything into musical scores of poetry.
Tasting emotions and feelings one by one, enjoying their savory flavors on the tongue of my mind.
No excuses ever emanate from within, always at the tip of my pen, words flow out exponentially, no bars hold.
Illiciting beautiful meanings of nature as each poem is born and bred individually in corners of wisdom's home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Seasons Of Life

Leaping into visions opened to nature, enjoying the
seasons of this life as I follow pathways of choice.

Leading creatively along and into intellectual imag-
ination, painting poetical musical compositions.

Placing them all into landscapes of poetry to be read
throughout this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Secrets

Having double vision of two lives, living them
interiorly and enjoying them both.
Essence is fully in both worlds, helping me to
keep focused, where I can contemplate and think
in periodic serenity and solace.
Energizing my mind with rhythms, I fall peace-
fully beneath thoughts of precious lives, living
them both fully intact and alive.
Vibrant with knowledge, I enjoy the secrets that
continue unfolding from this spectacular
atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Self

Nothing can keep me from writing, whether in ink or memory.
It's second nature to write whatever I think.
Not expressing myself vocally, never being famous, doesn't
matter - I write because poetry is fun for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Selves

Taken into the environment,
people enjoy themselves and have fun.
Rhythms flowing into the night, lasting
'til the morning light of sunrise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Sensations

Cradling and rocking your love to tempos of my beating
heart, enjoying sensations that you continually give me.

Vibrating with your intense love inside of me, watching
as everything becomes more sensual within.

Feeling soothing effects of your love as it envelopes
me unconditionally and effectively.

Enticing, energizing every fiber and particle of being,
giving intense satisfaction through your daily love.

Wanting to dance and shout for joy whenever you are with
me, beautiful feelings of pure happiness filling my being.

Never wanting to let you go, being with me forever, our
passion and desire never fading or slowing down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Silence

Rocketing across space and time, this mind being filled
with an energy of intellect.

Rising and falling, soaring and diving, becoming every-
thing that is a part of life.

Finding the purposes that keep us whole, never turning
away from them.

Silent and beautiful, riding across space, enjoining
the silence of an inner essence and spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Skating

A rhythmic beat pulsing through my veins, pushing me in
circles around the rink.

Colors flashing bright and strong, reflecting off the
floor, and shining in people's eyes.

Turning on with vibrations zipping through the air, like
skates across concrete.

White shirts turning purple under the black lights, florescent
ropes hanging everywhere off of people.

Brilliant colors flashing, rolling, zinging over our heads
in clear air with nothing stopping them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Solitude

Crossing the street in my mind while sitting here and writing
poetry, mountains looming, looking down upon me as I do so,
palm trees fanning me from afar, cooling this feverish talent.

Nothing can quench this passion deep within, except constantly
writing to music no matter what type it is, a wonder in itself
that it continues throughout days and nights.

No end in sight, going without sleep or eating for days on end,
taking over life from the inside out, giving desires a way to
ignite passion continually.

Wandering in and out of pathways alone, enjoying solitude and
innocence of this heart and intellect, a joyous and tender as-
pect of this mere poet.

Writing on the last horizon, set deeply in sorrow and sadness
of a lifetime, hardship and sacrifice abounding, no one ever
caring, continuing this solo journey alone.

Even a large close family cannot assuage it's pain, caressing
inner workings of my mind as intellect evolves and keeps find-
ing ways to explore and discover through feelings and emotions.

Figuring out exactly how to write them out for all to see and
read, hoping they will be touched somehow by it's essence and
given hope to carry on in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Spiritual Connotations

Living in the moment, enjoying it's spiritual connotations
as they fill my mind with ideas and serenity keeping me
calm, soothing my spirit as I write continuously.

Rising with the sun, setting into evening, watching as
the moon lights up the surface of earth, brilliant and
wonderful concepts continue to come to fruition in prose
written daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Talent

Resting in the silence of every moment, feeling the rhythm
in the beauty of life through poetry.

Living in deepest realms of interior peace, searching the
world for poems of choice.

Finding some truly great poets standing above all others,
enjoying their talent, becoming the greatest of friends
in life.

Hoping one day to meet face to face on this earth before
my expiration date.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying The Challenge

Twanging rhythms clapping in my mind, creating an interior
excitement as they continue to beat and get faster by the
minute.

Forming and evaluating at the same exact moment, creative-
ly and expertly taking intellect in and out of dimensions
without any effort at all.

Singly defining everything through music as it flows con-
stantly through intellect, pulling feelings and emotions
along with thoughts and ideas.

Subconsciously thriving with an interior energy that never
quits or fades, a constant vibration of sound filling me,
never letting my mind go.

Never resting, enjoying the challenge music and rhythms
are providing, a delicate and refreshing breeze touching
my spirit interiorly.

Bringing about a spiritual peace bringing serenity full
circle, enfolding my entire being and slowly fading into
the last horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying The Future

Being dedicated to a son going off to college, freedom lying in his mind and a career to be had for his bright future.
Living away from home, enjoying the freedom of parental rules and curfews.
Finding his way at last on the road to becoming a man and settling into the beginning of adulthood.
Leaving boyhood behind, never to claim it again, until he meets it one day in his own son, as he walks down the same road his dad was on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying The Hideaway

Music grinding away, it's rhythms touching interior vibes, awakening and bringing them into the mix here at the Hide-away.

Looking around, noticing every detail, booths holding all types of accessories, sunglasses, clothing, novel souvenirs to choose from.

Altogether, a plethora of products from which to enjoy their proper perspectives and essences close at hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying The Laundromat

Here at the laundromat, sitting here writing while
there are so many people washing their clothes -
every washer and dryer being full.

Little ones being good, helping parents fold as
best they can.

A little boy, gingerly holding up his father's
sock against his foot, smiling and saying, 'Look
it fits'!

Then erupting into a fit of laughter as he realizes
that I was noticing.

A cute little boy, enjoying life even though he's
stuck at the laundromat, brings a smile to my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying The Perception

Feeling myself traversing the bluened skies, I am excited to be feeling the perception of flying, my brain containing all the elements of being in control in a cessna or huey.
Gliding across the heavens with a smile in my soul and a feeling of peaceful serenity completely surrounding and enveloping my being.
Solace at the rendition of all life as I encase myself in a container, flying, soaring, above earth without a care in the universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying The Quest

Ready, willing and able to learn all I can, wanting to
know the game of life and all of it's rules inside out.

Mysteries of life taunting and daring me to find their
answers and solving them creatively.

Enjoying the quest as I continue to search and discover
everything needed to do so.

A plaintive and concise preparation, delving into it all
headfirst, wanting to learn and know every aspect of the
method to finding out all the answers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying The Rain

Rising to the occasion, people singing in the rain, enjoying its significance in life.
Dancing down streets full of puddles, stepping in every one of them, splashing water all over the place.
Catching rain drops on top of umbrellas, and watching them slide to the ground.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying The Ride

Rousting and jiving through the morning, rolling down tracks like a locomotive racing through the country-side.

Being filled with energy and total joy, taking me into depths of rhythms, enjoying the ride as I slide in and out of measures of time.

Collecting thoughts along the way, writing them down in details of life as I continue moving forward while still listening to music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying The Spectacle

Clouds, ebony-colored, coming into sight, quickly
enfolding earth so they may pour rain down upon us all.
Wind blowing ever stronger, pushing them faster with
every breath.
Gasping at the speed, complaining loudly with thunderous
voices and white lightening - striking back to no avail,
as the wind blows ever stronger.
Watching this battle being fought from a front row seat,
enjoying the spectacle immensely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying The Wonder

Knowing there are things that I've never done before in life, wanting to try everything at least once, seeing the flying suit on television, wanting to go out and try it.

Absolutely knowing that I'll love it gleefully, laughing and enjoying the wonder of it, definitely can see myself soaring through the air in that suit, having fun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying This Freedom

Left to my own desires, conspiring to do all that I have
not been able to do while under a watchful eye.

Enjoying this freedom, sitting here and writing, knowing
nothing can make me leave.

Writing, drawing, walking around is all under my power,
because I am in a room by myself.

No one can tell me what to do with my life right now, so
I just relax and enjoy it!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying This Game Of Life

There's nothing that I cannot do if I put my mind to it,
knowing intellectually that innate talent allows me this
particular freedom.

Entertaining me from within with the purpose of my life,
so silently and quietly, arranging thoughts and ideas,
letting them invent what they want.

Through an interior ingenuity, history of my being is
what it is, not knowing how I do what is done, enjoying
being studied by scientists so I can find out also.

Wanting to know how this mere poet's mind works so well,
and am the only one who can make it happen, growing into
an incessant bluened spirituality throughout the years.

Keeping to myself, loving others, having instant forgive-
ness and letting others be who they must, enjoying this
game as I meet people from all walks of life.

Watching them grow and be nourished by their spirits
through the energy they find in their own purposes with-
out ever thinking anything about it.

Knowing about this interior life and how it does it's
work, so silently and steadily within us through all
time and maturity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying This Life

Waiting for life to catch up with what I'm thinking of,
hoping both will coincide and attune to rhythms of my
soul as I flow in synch with an interior spirituality.

Lost in a bluened light within, feeling it's energy and
knowing the Divine is leading me in ways of goodness,
purity and innocence.

All my days, having a child-like personality even though
being a mature adult, enjoying this life as a mere poet,
finding it fascinating and awesome.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying This Little Space

Listening to rumblings of thunder above, rolling through
the heavens like bowling balls in an alley, sparking many
thoughts and ideas in a coming rain storm.

Every once in a while lightening striking, zig-zagging
across the sky, lighting up corners of earth, enjoying
this little haven alone.

No one knowing exactly where I am, having left my hospital
room on the seventh floor and taking a walk downstairs to
the lobby.

Going into Lulu's Café and out onto their patio to write
and hide away from nurses, doctors, and lab technicians
for a while.

Resting and relaxing in the privacy of this poetical mind,
picturesque and beautiful, coming alive and vibrant with
imagination and intellect.

A glorious place to be, getting away from it all for a while,
satisfying and very pleasant, nothing to bother me, people
watching as I write, yet not daring to interrupt, leaving me
to myself in poetry and music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying This Mormon Choir

Prayers rising from our Arizona desert, praising God in all
His glory, people silently listening attentively, totally
engrossed in the beauty of musical rhythms.

A voice sounding out words of God to all within this church,
life being filled with the purpose of prayer and rejoicing,
throughout this atmosphere.

Tacitly uniting in a holy congregation, everyone being fill-
ed with a spirituality running through minds of quiet intel-
ect of all who are present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying This Time

Having a great time just being who I am in this lifetime,
raising self into the speed of light, regulating positions
of all attitudes.

Placing this heart in a rocketship, ready to leave this
earth, instead of depending on death and it's horrible grip.

Taking me into a spacious atmosphere where I can be free and independent for
the rest of my life.

Cannot be strapped down, having a good time just enjoying
who I am for the time being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Time With Granddaughter

Listening to children laughing, screaming, talking, having
fun here at a McDonald's playground in Phoenix, here with
one of my Granddaughters who's not interested in playing.

Instead, she's using my cell to look at videos, music in
particular, being very creative, she also likes videos that
teach her how to make things.

Her favorite to date is making slime, it's so great to watch
her new endeavors, seeing her Dad's traits, (my son's) coming
through her.

Having a photographic memory, remembering everything just
like her Dad and I, always having a really wonderful time
when with her.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Times In Life

Being young no more, having lived a lifetime in sixty-
four years, enjoying the times that I've had a part in.

Writing many poems, giving people all over the world a
glimpse into my life.

It cannot ever be an entire one written out, because
there is too much that has happened to write about.

Wanting to walk on, watching doors open before me,
giving many more portals to reach into.

Finding things that I've not known before, being glor-
ified in each and every moment, life being full of
expectant promises and hopes.

Although not all of them have been fulfilled as yet,
life still goes on, even though.

Because we cannot have everything we wish for or want
in this temporary human life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoying Watching My Friend

Sitting here writing, once in a while looking up, seeing
my friend talking with important people about business
concerns.

Not really hearing what's being said, not really caring
for it's none of my business, yet I see these three men
smiling and quiet as my friend keeps on talking.

They answer only now and then, showing me silently that
my friend is the important one in this particular meeting,
all relaxed, enjoying the business at hand, while keeping
focused entirely on what my friend is saying to them all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoyment

Many voices singing,
bringing magic of the past before us nowadays.
Thrilling to intense melodies of fantastic
rhythm, we enjoy entertainment of life-giving
essences.

(11: 05 a.m. - 11/17/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoyment And Having Fun

A couple moving forward, waltzing across the dance
floor, messing around, making everyone laugh out
loud, having fun in the middle of the desert, out
at the Wagon Yard.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoyment Of Dancing

Intently silent, quietly reminiscing of days gone by when
dancing incessantly on weekends and Wednesday nights.

Having the time of my life, enjoying every moment on the
dance floor, glorifying rhythms always taking me into
stratospheres of melody and harmony.

Fantastic and wonderful, nothing like stepping to music
that I loved so much, at times being country-western,
rock and roll and the ever famous disco.

All of it so much fun, giving many hours of enjoyment
throughout younger days of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enjoyment Of Life

Dancing around in timeless space, waltzing and
embracing, feeling the closeness of another
human being.

Coming alive, entering new mind-altering dimensions,
feeling alive and vibrant for periods of tantalizing
enjoyment.

Stepping and swinging in time to music, swaying with
it's rhythm, feeling it's peace fill inner restraints,
loosening them and releasing good humor and feelings
throughout individual beings.

All jostled and winded - full of brand new oxygen
getting to brain fibers and neurons, bringing life to
the forefront to be enjoyed by everyone today.

Life is wonderful, peaceful and being lived to the
utmost for certain periods of time.

All the while, implanting sensuous sensations to make
each person feel so good.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enkindling A Fire

Doing crosswords, one after another,
just like writing poetry -
keeping my mind vibrant and alive.

Both always done while listening to
music.

Enkindling a fire of illumination to
brighten my life from the inside out.

A treasure to cherish throughout my
life as I share with people all over the
world through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlarging Dimensions

Taking steps carefully forward, watching that mistakes
aren't being made, wanting to do everything possible
to keep away from negative aspects of life.

Enlarging dimensions, this enlightened mind catching
hold of facets that are continually disappearing in a
flash.

Trying to hold onto them long enough to understand
their intense meanings and purposes, lightening fast,
they're energizing intellect.

Flashing in and out of this mind, delivering ways to
experience new ideas and concepts, opening up new
possibilities while traveling through the years.

Strategies filling in every aspect and corner, help-
ing intellect to focus and make clearly understood,
ways needed to proceed.

Rhythms coded and rapid, breaking into creative pro-
cesses, increasing their productivity and preciseness,
finding concise thoughts lengthening a process that
fits in with scientifically mathematical procedures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightening Always

Whispering into the darkened light, hoping to be heard by someone with a caring and compassionate heart.

Falling aside, listening to the rhythm of a solo nature, secreted inside of my soul.

Intrepid feelings, crawling into spaces to explore and search interior attitudes that fulfill exterior dreams.

Encased in dreams, being challenged by other thoughts created by intellect and drawn into triangular and mathematical designs, following patterns that no one else can interpret except the separate part of this brain.

Going on, living from deep within my soul, following all trails created from a past of creative imagination during childhood and preserved for these days to be rediscovered and brought forth.

Enlightening self and the world through ideas that will bring mankind from without the folds of ignorance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightening Choices

Keeping wonder close to my heart, never letting it or curiosity get away from me.
Using every bit of both to write more fully of all that I see in life's aftermath.
Enlightening choices being made from spontaneous ideas set forth in melodies,
sporting different situations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightening Clues

Running away, I find ideas lying around in dreams I dream at night.

Late as I turn around, enlightening every wonderful clue and color that comes fruitfully into images, suddenly infiltrating all that I am.

Silenced by inanimate showers of intellect taking me apart, sensitively ripping my soul, finding the beauty being hidden so secretly inside.

Highways unfolding essences as I travel over them without confronting puzzles, just absorbing them into morning prayers being said hurriedly, without ever losing a beat in songs, rhythmically sung in hearts of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightening Destiny

Windward endeavors slipping down hallways elusively,
hiding from reality as it follows closely on heels
of people's prayers.
Never-ending thought gently, yet persistently, grabs
onto our minds with vise-like grips, taking us into
the beyond even when we are not ready to go.
Silently we acquiesce and become our enlightening
destiny as we quietly go through the gates of heaven,
our journeys complete at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightening Diversity

All of us are social beings, needing one another's companionship whether we want to admit it or not.

Going places, visiting, talking, being able to express our feelings, ideas and thoughts to each other.

Following certain protocols to keep all things civil, daring to agree to disagree at times.

Beauty of a democracy, where we can all live together, have our own opinions, discuss them and still be friends and agreeable.

Enlightening each other with our backgrounds and cultures, all of us learning that diversity isn't always bad.

It adds to our lives considerably throughout the years, never letting us give up the struggle for peace in this world for generations to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightening Feeling

Noticing lately that my eyesight is deteriorating a
little, not able to always focus when writing or
reading.

Having cataracts slowly growing, waiting for surgery
eventually, meanwhile being irked by this interfere-
ence with my writing at times.

Putting up with it because I cannot stop or put aside
my natural poetical nature, an aspect of my being,
always wanting to stay in a bluened atmosphere.

Taking in everything with wonder, awe and curiosity,
listening, seeing, touching, smelling, hearing what
lies within it's environment.

There is nothing like it outside of this interior life,
inescapable wonder always filling my mind, taking me
into realms beyond intellect and imagination.

Using ingenuity and innate talent to access all their
properties, giving new and exciting discoveries, decent
and beautiful images and visions appearing.

Surrounding me with an enlightening feeling of accumula-
ting wisdom and interior knowledge that keeps my mind
filled with appreciation for it's knowing within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightening Freedom

Traveling through a tunnel of clouds, enjoying the
isolation and textures as I go through it.

Feeling a sense of enlightening freedom, using it
to soar into imagination and write above in layers
of sunshine.

Overflowing with a beautiful passion, leading the
way into joyful insights within.

A total silence enveloping and draping my soul
throughout this wonderful journey.

Being so contented and peaceful, feeling no trepidation
or fear, only pure old-fashioned innocence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightening Inner Attitudes

Wanting to be treated as a person of value and not
a commodity that someone can get anything they want
from.

Straightening and enlightening inner attitudes of
livelihood, hoping to entice others to look beyond
people's skin and into their hearts and souls.

Nothing to take away from the essence of their
beings in life, just wanting to equal things out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightening Inspiration

Awe-inspiring talent filling the room with melodies
that take me soaring in and out of intellect and
imagination.
An infinite amount of rhythm continually beckoning
inner creative processes within me.
Solace stringing itself throughout my being, giving
an awesome image of what God has planned for each of
us.
An enlightening inspiration taking up room in my mind,
rocking my world with exacting talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightening Opportunities

Searching through life for opportunities that enlighten
and illuminate knowledge and wisdom of yesterday.

Always taking it forward into other tomorrows with little
or no force at all.

Locating finite and beautiful areas of intellect, capturing
and vibrantly bringing it into every avenue of being.

Essence being effervescent, passion lighting and igniting
it so it'll burn brighter into the future of our lives,
leading the way into new channels of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightening Pathways

Frolicking in forests of imagination, holding true to
many commitments of life.

Remembering to combine and blend beauty existing in
nature and mankind, resulting vibrations kicking off
the sincerity of yesterday.

Tickling interior realms, making me laugh, as I sit and
think of humorous times spent in youth.

Living in foremost visions, taking this mind down en-
lightening pathways, giving bluened thoughts permission
to come to the forefront and be illuminated all at once.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightening Prayers

Soothing, sliding across my mind, prayers enlightening the
world, taking care of evil in all it's disguises and forms.

Hoping to touch upon every angle, finding ways of battling
it on common ground while using common sense to knock the
breath from it's growing forces.

Wanting only to rid the world of it's horrific atrocities
being perpetrated especially upon innocent women and children.

Prayer holding together the fabric of goodness and it's
purposeful holiness throughout our world, letting peace
reign everywhere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightening Shadows

Moon rising slowly through the darkness, it's lunar rays
softly being shed upon earth, enlightening shadows, bring-
ing them out into the open.

What's been hidden can now be seen totally, shyly, cower-
ing in the light, wondering what will happen now that they
can be seen.

Much like a sinner having been found out, afraid of what
will happen to him, showers of light, falling from heaven,
touching all with forgiveness and mercy.

Giving hope and strength to all who have been compromised
and weakened through sin, now being refreshed and renewed,
a new day soon to be upon them, a sparkle of faith now
shining from within their beings once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightening Sights

Tired of the endless drudgery, collapsing within, wanting only to be a part of this greater universe in tomorrow's future.

Sights of enlightening beauty constantly touching an interior intellect of this poet's life, taking it up into the stratosphere.

There it can soar freely and independently through mazes and puzzle pieces of new creations as they are being invented and tried out in this little poet's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightening Storm Clouds

Storm clouds swirling, piling up around the tower, enlightening the cross that marks Brophy Chapel.

Beautiful white, stormy clouds being blown about like snow upon the ground.

Piling up in drifts around the cross, showing us the way is tough, as this haunting beauty fills the skies above, showing us the only way in life is to love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightening The World

Black hole rising over the sun, reflecting the sadness of
this world, bringing it into perspective as earth turns.

Seeing many egos being magnified, not for anything good,
all just a selfish inward looking from people who think
they are all important and above everyone else.

Leaving them to be alone, giving in to the elements of
another time where I may enlighten the world instead of
my ego.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightening Thoughts

Searching mountain's beauty, seeking answers to heart's yearnings.

Wanting always to climb and become part of the landscape, blending into surroundings and writing comfortably of it.

Feeling peace inside whenever sight catches the beauty of nature wherever I look.

Something, somehow so deeply grasping my soul, touching my being, creating somehow, brilliant, enlightening thoughts within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightening Us

Reflecting in mirrors of yesterday, watching images
becoming whole once again.

Resurrecting and bringing forth requiem masses from
eternity itself.

Wonder and amazement finding it's way into pathways
of today, alone and intensely felt.

Whispers heard from beyond life rising ever higher,
touching and enlightening us with blessings of God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightening Visions

Standing in hallways of the future, watching enlightening visions showing what it to come in the days ahead, seeing a lot of turmoil, death, heart-break, most of which can be avoided, if only people would live each day as if it were their last.

Maybe then they would be kinder, more compassionate and tolerant, instead they focus on racism, prejudice, hatred and intolerance of anything that others do that they themselves don't like.

So these visions and images that I see in our future will more than likely continue to happen, unless people change the direction of their minds for the good of all mankind, making sure our world is peaceful and a better place for everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightenment Of Dawn

Trilling to music as it fills the atmosphere, taking my soul along with it.
Traipsing along tunnels of darkness and into the enlightenment of dawn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightenment Of Faith

Joyfully living during times of happiness, filled with
hope, gathering us into an enlightenment of faith.

There we can contemplate and find our way through life's
hardships and grief.

Always having faith in going to heaven, attempting to
stay on a righteous path throughout the years.

Never veering from God, taking steps to follow the Ten
Commandments.

So in the end we may find ourselves on the other side
beyond this very temporary life.

Finally enjoying our spirits in heaven, no more hard-
ships to endure for life is at last ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlightenment Of Indian Life When Arriving In India

Morning has broken open, bringing all possibilities into
the light, forging and showing the way into an enlight-
enment of the Indian way of life.

It is simple, trusting and totally incredible from what
is being seen from the inside out while talking to a man,
my friend, whom I trust explicitly here in India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlivened Life

Skipping and cavorting across landscapes of this mind, reaching out, wanting to know the why's and wherefore's of everything on this earth.

Touching and finding life is being enlivened even as we live and die, never noticing, just taking it all in stride as we wend our way into destiny and our final horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlivening Attack

Taking a stroll on a Sunday morning, watching the sun rise, taking me into a positive mood, enlivening attitude and intellect as curiosity raises it's head.

Wanting to be exercised and relieved with answers to it's many questions, nothing ever chasing away it's appetite, having passages of it's essence always opened.

Ready to accept anything that I learn about in this earthly life, swirling memories taken up in spheres that organize every thought.

Compartmentalizing everything compactly so as not to lose any of what intellect grasps innately through intellect's knowledge and wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlivening Futures

Sharing life, finding our ways
through it's adversity and joy.
At times enlivening our futures
with hopeful promises gleaned
from other people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlivening Interior Thought Processes

Expressions of nature abound, especially through
imagination's fascinating interpretations, always
enlivening inner thought processes of intellect.

Prospects coming into view as seen on a photo-
graphic screen interiorly, pieces of information,
abstractions and ideas, collecting, gathering, and
insisting on being seen in unusual ways.

A silent whispering, falling upon innate talent,
kept securely within, always ready to be opened,
falling onto pages of a journal, writing out poems
being formed instantaneously before interior sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlivening Spirits

Major portions of life go unanswered, misunderstood,
left by the wayside, too heavy to impart to another.
Being written down and maybe bring help and aid to
someone in dire need of a friend or a listening ear.

Body and soul are left weeping, because no one cares
enough to stop and ease the suffering of another along
the way.
Partaking sololy from inner generosity, hoping to
enliven someone's spirit before they are lifted from
their space by death's insistence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlivening Thought

Never being at a loss for living moments in time,
finding utmost experiences most enjoyable when
they come from within my subconscious realms.

Holding onto landscapes, dwelling in an oasis of
creative enjoyment.

Enlivening soothing thought and sliding it deeply
into abysses of beauty and tranquility.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enlivening Wit

Rigorously writing up and down chords and in between scales.

Enlivening my spirit and taking me to heights of unbelievable joy and elation.

This morning awakening my soul to the glory of God and life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enmeshing Silent Talent

Crystals of alignment dangling in my mind, touching
bells of my soul, pealing with laughter and joy,
anticipating a better new year than the years before.

Relaxing in moments of solitude, contemplating life
through etudes and sonatas, enmeshing their silent
talent and genius with mine.

Creating sublime thoughts into novel poems never
existing before this very moment.

Held closely in life's hands, tenderly remembered on
days of loneliness, reading, searching all lines of
poetry for meaning and answers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enriching Blossoms

Roses blooming in thoughts of prose, giving me pleasure as I watch them blossom, enriching this mind with plentiful images.

Visions being contoured and shaped as they are molded from tiny ideas, created in my brain.

As I walk aimlessly, looking around, always with a pen in hand and blank book awaiting the many scribbles of intellect to be written down for literature of generations to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enriching Life

Toil and strife stripping away pleasures of life every chance they get, yet we still manage to find ways in which to enrich our lives.

Music, writing and art climbing into mountains of creativity and ingenuity, leveling the playing field of life's misfortunes and failures.

Never at a loss, finding happiness and joy dwelling incessantly within a measure or rhythm, a portrait or a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enriching Solitude

Wanting many things in life, being satisfied though
with innate talent for writing poetry.

It has served me through the years, keeping me calm,
contented and satisfied.

Speeding at the sound of light, beginning and ending
every day with an energetic feeling bursting within.

Noticing the difference it always makes in life,
carefully tending to it's every need through curiosity.

Living in quiet expectation, never being disappointed
in any way.

Beauty of writing, always lighting memories, enriching
the solitude and liveliness that creates within
intellect's imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entangled Horizons

Elderly friends leaning to whisper a kind word or two.
Endeavoring to keep friendship in it's rightful stance.
Reminders of the past alight and rays of sunshine
enlighten the world around them.
Entangling playfulness on edges of crimson rose
horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entangled Responses

Searching the world, looking for answers found in a front yard.
Spreading entangled responses like jelly upon bread, daily rectifying life as it slowly turns away.
Pontificating and rising with each remark, no where to go, no one to see.
Life is such a dark mark shutting out hours and days belied with strife.
Taking away countless tasks - fruitless - ubiquitous at best.
Noticing inner torment stretching and easing itself in a gentle passing wind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entangling Minds

Twisting into an atmosphere of titillating energy,
enticing movement to commence across the floor.

Handling beats with an expertise beyond comprehension
of most.

Gathering innate talents into musical scores, etudes
tripping out and entangling minds with their ingenuity.

Wisdom being researched with every note, getting
caught in synapses of the brain, opening it's doors
with depths of imaginational bliss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entered Into Poetry

Fingers moving up and down frets of his guitar, Gaul
playing his heart out for all of us, Doc now taking
a break for some reason.

Just chilling and listening to calming effects of the
guitar strumming, exciting us with beautiful rhythms,
tipping along gleefully.

Satisfying my spirit, soul being uplifted and freed
emotionally, liberated from all the tension in this
life, at least temporarily.

Finding joy in these few musical moments, following
along with the guitar player, dancing in my heart and
mind.

Allowing self to enjoy the beautiful flowing melodies
as I write through them, loving to see them being en-
tered into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entering A Perfect World

Entering into a perfect world of music and mathematics, enjoying beats grooving and moving to rhythms, being grasped from within.

A totally good feeling taking over, soaring into realms of peaceful interludes, interiorly being touched with a powerful energy that never seems to quit or fade away.

Finding answers to questions that continue to haunt intellect and curiosity, wanting answers no matter what the time of day or night.

Explicit moments of signature rhythms blending with the beauty of an interior humanity that continues to fill every space in this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entering Depths Of Sorrow

Entering depths of sorrow, looking around, watching
with a grief-torn heart.
Swallowing with difficulty, as tears get stuck in
my throat, not letting me leave this sorrowful area
of saddened images and thoughts.
A myriad of feelings are crashing with waves of a
perfect storm, hitting me again and again with
torrential emotions, falling in downpours upon my
being, leaving me alone forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entering Domains Of Literature

Reading between lines of music, putting it down on lines of
paper where it can all be displayed on inner compositions.
Loving to exit everything as it leaves and enters new domains
of literture.
Never fraying on edges, nor marring the views I see with a
crystal clear clarity, touching my mind innately since birth.
Hitting beats in the moment that they come into view - at it's
beginning - hoping to be energized at every turn without ever
turning away form the talent I need to exist on earth.
Daily giving me the strength to carry on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entering Ink

Incessant creations arriving one after another,
sequences of events flowing in orders of their
own.

No one able to dictate which direction to go
or exit.

Happiness filtering through innate creativity
from the soul, entering ink in a pen, etching
beautiful thoughts on papers, blank in a book.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entering Intellect

Silent and syncopated with grief, tears falling steadily
into the deepest part of being.

Suffering in the throes of a sadness that will not lessen
no matter what is done in life.

Entering intellect, hoping to find an answer, being told
only that emotions and feelings are not a part of it's
repertoire.

Suggesting investigating that part of being separately,
because it is not a particle within itself.

Understanding can be done, on a certain level, for any-
thing else I must go into depths of feelings and emotions.
swimming around them and learning of their essence first
hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entering Interior Domains

Taking places in rhythms that are racing through my
mind, leaving the finish line way behind.

Rising above levels of an adjacent future, wanting
to only enter interior dimensions and nothing else.

Reaching deeply into the essence of all that has
ever been thought.

Lifting limits from edges of every idea so they can
be compiled and used in the range of unlimited signs.

Calculating and figuring out the ideals that this
mind will prefer over any others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entering Poems

Staring into space, looking around for something to jump out and enter a poem of insatiable delight.
Interior fervor inviting special schemes of differences to appear in unorderly sequences of reprieve, unduly represented by inordinate details, chasing pictures on a screen, while thinking in abstracts for time eternal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entering Reality

Releasing energy into the universe,
watching it grow larger as it returns
into a subconsciousness of delight
and surprise.
Entering reality on a whirlwind of
brevity in many a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entering Realms Of Love

Entering realms of love, looking about, seeing broken promises lying in puddles of crystal tears, hearts chipped and torn to bits, ragged and forlorn, filled with the torment of lost love from yesterday.

Pieces of lover's minds thrown upon piles of feelings from past times of happiness, no longer being held onto today.

Thoughts and ideas of what love should have been, never reaching fruition, discarded for lives of continued loneliness, no longer looking for that special someone to spend the rest of life with.

(8: 25 p.m. - 3/6/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entering Stages Of Life

Stretching my imagination with experiences made
from pretension and applied to natural reality.
Focusing on ideals of poetry, hoping to excite
novel images into existence.
Always forgiving and entering new stages of
life, we gather at the doors of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entering Visions

Entering Visions from beyond,
allowing myself to enjoy every
aspect of being.

Carefully, silently, behaving
quietly, shyly, as a child,
taking a spin through an immense
beauty of childhood.

Coalescing all events into one
big idea saved for tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entertainer Full Of Life

Guitar player totally into playing and strumming his guitar,
energetic and full of life, an entertainer in every respect.

Rhythms soaring into intellect, giving exciting and thrill-
ing motions within this brain.

Titillating it with pleasure all the way through, satisfy-
ing the emptiness of death and loss of those who've died
and gone before me in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entertaining Depths

Twittering along ivories of mindful grace,
lettering each one in individual styles,
performing them with an intellect of
soothing rhythm.

Classically entertaining inner depths of
intuition and serving imagination with
an aplomb of perfection.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entertaining Glee Club

Entertaining us are the youngsters of a Glee Club,
totally into the songs they are singing.
Awesome talent coming from children so young.
Attitudes, voices, dance steps, all in perfect
rhythm and timing.
A wonderful rendition from future talent on stage
right now in grade school.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entertaining Intellect

Reaching into depths of music, living in an exhilarating intensity
of time, opening up, entertaining intellect with joyous rhythms
beating like ancient drummers in the silence of an ethereal atmos-
phere.

One filled with an all-invading spirituality, inspiring everyone
who happens to be listening, an effervescent inspiration dwelling
within music of the past enlivening memories and images.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entertaining Ivories

Ivories tickling my brain, washing away the sleepiness
of yesterday, creating new rhythms and beats to enter-
tain with.
Jostling up this being of human nature, cajoling me
into happiness and writing, I feel my heart singing
joyously through mind and soul, enjoying every minute
these beats and rhythms flow through my brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entertaining Melodies

Entertaining melodies fixating themselves within
cells of a brain, awaiting soothing predictions
of apoplectic dimensions.
Enjoying the concepts and puzzles of notes, making
themselves felt and known throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entertaining Mind

Feeling exhilarated, enjoying watching everyone dance to melodies one by one, entertaining minds of talent.

Easing into moods of silent undertakings, serenity continually flowing through my veins with peace, keeping me balanced and full of thought.

Entranced with ideas forming, knowing they'll be all original, not used before in any form.

Even taking original ideas, stretching them inside out, and manufacturing them anew.

Solace entering every particle of who I am, culminating in a quiet reverie of rhythm, sating my sense of adventure in foreign lands of imagination.

Fervor for the unknown always at the onset, to bring fruition to a mind filled with wonder and curiosity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entertaining Minds

Stringing together harmonies as they filter into my mind,
touching the essence of my being and loving the effects
they have upon intellect.

Spreading thoughts around evenly, letting them be colored
like fireworks then exploding everywhere into an atmosphere
of my interior life.

Leveling everything out, giving ideas plenty of room to
find and discover their own patterns, creating designs from
within a waterfall of beauty.

Always filled with meaning to entertain minds all over the
world through poetry, expressing ideas and thoughts of
every variety to please their souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entertaining Other People's Minds

Rising and falling in depths of spirituality, following desires
of goodness, caring and compassion, learning to give hope to
others.

Sharing, energizing an interior enlightenment that will shine
and entertain positive thoughts and moods in other people's
minds for their benefit in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entertaining Poetry

Results of behavior are always being investigated by socialists who are interested in those things.

On the other hand, poets people watch for much the same reasons, but the results are written into poetry to entertain everyone when they read it with that in mind.

Blank slates always wait for the poet to commemorate the foibles of mankind, bringing a smile to people's minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entertaining Sunsets

Entertaining vehemently, trying to awaken people who've just eaten their dinner and are getting sleepy.

Loud talking, raucous laughter, some couples dancing cheek to cheek, enjoying the sunsets of their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entertaining Thought

Walking through doors of wisdom,
entertaining ideas of thought.
Slicing down particles of energy
to get past barriers left behind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entertaining Wildlife

Looking across at those majestic mountains as they smile
back, enjoying the fun of this afternoon in their own
quiet way.

Serene and delicate, floating to music being played,
entertaining wildlife also, living upon the mountainsides.

All probably wondering what those crazy human beings are
doing now,

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entertainment

Pivoting, turning, slipping,
sliding into pits of musical
entertainment.
Finding solace and a peace-
filled mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entertainment At Harrah's

A whole building just to entertain people and make money, knowing there is a whole 'nother world out there, choosing to forget the poverty and turmoil always knocking at my door.

Listening to a variety of music while writing, not what I usually listen to, but it is still rock and roll, carrying me away with it's rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entertainment From Beyond

Variety show by two individual females, doing many Italian numbers for us - sent, I'm sure by Uncle Nunzio - to let me know he's happy, fine and with Mom and the rest of the family.
Tears come to my eyes, while my heartstrings are being pulled in sorrow's direction.
Glad to know everyone's good and are together - it's bittersweet news as I cry for those I love who are no longer here with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticed By Life Experiences

Creativity sliding about intellect, giving insight
into the life I'm now living, writing from innate
talent.

Using gifts God has given to me for whatever purpose
He intends them for, living life fully, being enticed
by it's every experience.

Both good and bad, always wanting to know the reasons
for everything, curiosity always set on the highest
measures.

Wanting to question everything that I don't fully
understand in this life, measuring it all through my
poetry that I write.

Collecting throughout life, a final tribute to the
life God has given to me, left behind when I cross my
final horizon on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticement

Enjoying the balance of musical rhythm as it entices
my brain to write poetry and relax in inner realms of creativity.
Words portray meanings of emotion, tossing them into
worldly books for everyone to read and contemplate
their individual dreams and thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Atmosphere

Looking around a Wendy's restaurant, young and old gathered
for a meal, families together, talking, joking, laughing,
enjoying their time with one another.

Some students from Goldwater High School have stopped by for
something to eat, teenagers having great appetites, especially
the boys!

Talking about school, friends and what they're going to do
later in the evening, plans never seeming to be made very far
in advance.

Couples meeting for lunch and much needed privacy from their
children for a while, enjoying their time with one another,
alone for moments romantically.

All in all a very relaxed, peaceful mood throughout this fast
food restaurant, a pleasant and enticing atmosphere enjoyed
by many people of all ages and nationalities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Creations

Strident visions popping up from imagination's depths,
carrying beautiful expressions and explanations of
yesterday's visions.

Bringing a perplexity of significant purpose into a
deep perspective, while delving into cyber sounds of
expectancy.

Living and existing in the wholly enticing creations
of another time, in another dimension from the future
in an open and widening expanse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Desires Being Held

Flute-like, music touching my mind, drums beating along
in a singular rhythm, watching as colors start exploding
into inner atmospheres.

Blossoming rhythms translated into poetry and classical
music that I'm writing continually, rising and falling,
appreciating every moment spent in a bluened intuition.

Interior energy of contemplation finding serenity and
peace, forgiveness abounding everywhere for oneself and
others.

A beautiful wonder that spreads itself throughout my
intellect, mind and being, calming enticing desires being
held within for the love of my life.

Waiting for me always to come to him and giving my entire
being to his while loving and being loved completely and
energetically as one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Dreams

Dreaming during the day of beautiful thoughts brought from depths of last night's dreams.

Tiny threads are still holding onto this brain, soothing attitudes, leading down pathways of enticing dreams, giving food for thought, energizing this mind, filling it with wonder and awe at all things that are being brought to mind.

Exercising and blending it all within intellect and imagination, creating new knowledge to be gained and gone through, leaving many answerable questions during daytime dreams crowding this mind each day.

Stirring the benefits to all of mankind and spreading many inventions being thought of into the reality of this world today and into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Endeavor

Somber music quieting this soul thoroughly, giving thoughts a
place to gather and be seen.

Living within a creative atmosphere that continually soothes
with a silent stillness.

Taking in every melody and rhythm through writing poetry,
an enticing endeavor early in the morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Heartbeats

Sounds of mystery pounding in my mind, enticing heart-
beats to bend with poetry, touching inner connections
as they mix with words and many measures.

Altogether finding the best in each melody, writing
them staccatoely and individually into poems, marching
along streets of interior rhythms.

Allowing for energy of tomorrow to flow continually,
beautiful and intense, taking me totally into another
dimension.

Whiling away the hours as I find myself lost in space
and time, inch by inch, forming rhythms that poetry
will be written into.

Sunshine beating on me, loving to feel it's tender
heat keeping me warm, walking into inner beauty as it's
melodies keep me focused.

Falling in time with energy of my soul, loving the live-
liness touching my being as it gently holds me closely,
cherishing and taking care not to hurt me, a loving com-
panion of sound to keep with me always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Heart's Passion

Dancing in the moonlight, being held closely to your body, enticing my heart's passion to reach out, wanting to be touched by your own.

A lovely and passionate beauty, fascinating and remarkable, involved with one another only, having no time for anyone else when we're together.

Playing tunes of love on a piano within intellect, composing our passion and blending it while making love, energizing and tantalizing every sense within me.

A wholesome and pure peace that only we two can enjoy in life, because our hearts, minds and souls have become one through measures of time and rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Images

Satisfying rhythms gathering in my mind, enticing images into being.
Locking visions of life and it's reality into picturesque beauty of literature.
Words flowing evenly as imagination brings it to fruition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Intellect

Slowly moving, watching time flow onward as I move back-
wards it seems, trying to find my way, not really worry-
ing whether I do or not.

As long as life continues to progress daily, exciting
and wonderful experiences unfolding before me, enticing
intellect with concepts of mathematical equations.

Delving into many facets of life and it's essence, begin-
ning each day with a positive attitude and mood, feeling
good, wanting to learn as much as I possibly can.

Before my life ends on a final note, knowing that my
final horizon looms ahead, no fear within, just waiting
and looking forward to it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Introspection

Reflections staring into space,
finding their manners and expressions
take on new meanings, betraying days of old.

Only tabulations of sorrow are managed to be
found beneath covers of life as I am awakened
with my last breath in another land beyond what
I've always known and loved.

Introspection quietly enticing my thoughts as I
search depths of inner illumination for signs of
enlightenment, equaling the wisdom of ages.

Putting fingers into delicious environments of
energy, tossing life about.
Waves falling over, pushing me into canyons of
loneliness, taking away all ecstatic beauty,
leaving me alone and empty, waiting to be
rescued and brought home again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Memories

Ringing in the complacent mood I'm gathering - live music hitting my being.
Sololy portraying life as I write, giving an essence to everything I see here in poetry.
Slashing and sliding up and down a guitar, giving me such exquisite feelings that I never want to die, only live to hear it for all eternity.
Music causing me to dive into realms of imagination as I move constantly forward in processions of poetical musings.
Quieting silence, filling me with every beat measured in time and always keeping pace with it's passionate vigor.
Moving into spaces of tomorrow without qualms, only enticing memories leading the way into tones of beautiful scenery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Messages

Favorites are tantamount to enriching our lives,
we all have our special ones - sounds - people
close to us.

Life entices us with their messages, clinging
to our minds with relish.

Imagination captures our souls, fills them with
our favorites in life, treating us to splendid
beauty and finesse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing My Mind

Water falling through my imagination,
landing in a pool of cool blue water.
Trees, delicate and graceful,
surrounding and guarding it from
prying eyes.
A solitude existing within, quieting
my soul and enticing my mind to
continue writing non-stop.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Poetry

Drifting off into inner dreams, searching for their
thoughts and ideas always enticing the poetry of my
inner being.

Carefully watching details found along pathways of
life, enjoying musical rhythms accompanying intellect.

Finding incidental details that inspire intellect with
a total intensity, senses always being opened wide.

Absorbing every tidbit that enters my mind with an avid
energy.

Bringing about satisfying and enjoyable feelings through-
out this mere poet's life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Positive Moods

Listening to music from South India, it's beat enticing
my mind into volumes of poetry, writing it as quickly as
I can.

Savory sounds lining my mind with rhythms, unusual, yet
divine, touching my soul spiritually, gently, softly,
very intensely, giving me a rush of excitement.

Thrilling me with it's rapid rhythms and beats, a cont-
inuous and delightful sound, tones delicately taking my
mind into depths of another dimension.

Uneven beats, exhilarating and carrying intellect into a
vibrant and lively atmosphere, filled with an energy that
entices positive moods.

Eliciting peaceful and soothing vibrations to calm my soul
entirely from the inside out, loving this music as it takes
me into another universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Raindrops

Sprinkling raindrops, teasing me as I write, watching words
being written, dropping down upon my journal now and then,
leaving wet splotches smearing the black ink.

Nevertheless, this mere poet continues to sit in the out-
doors, writing of what is going on good-naturedly, a smile
upon my face.

Mirth within my being, happy to be such a part of nature,
enjoying this immensely, not worrying about a rain storm at
all.

Laughing at the timid raindrops, enticing them to continue
falling without yelling at them, feeling like they belong
to me now in this poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Spirituality

Memories like movies, replay on photographic screens within, tantalizing feelings of the past, enticing spirituality to conquer all fears.

Doubts and insecurities that life brings about in human beings, turns around, loving the energy building from this wonderful essence of my soul.

Traveling and enjoying everything in life, fulfilling self interiorly with joy and total happiness that no one can take away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Splendor

Solitary pages of time lying blankly in piles of
verse until rhythms of music are focused upon them.

Lighting their essence with a glowing brilliance
of purpose and ingenuity, reaching into depths of
intellect with absent liabilities.

There are plenty of interesting concepts to be
developed, solid and streamlined, always taking
roadways into beautiful landscapes.

There finding wonder, enticing splendor of another
aspect of life, awe taking the place of pastel
thoughts.

Curiosity forges it's way to the forefront of an
interior intellect and imagination, softening the
roads into clay for easier travel in another's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing This Mind

Reaching for the sky and wanting to then pass it by,
letting clouds catch in my mind as I climb atop them
to see where they are going to take me.

Enjoying the ride and loving the atmosphere while
looking around and finding the beauty of earth below.

A fantasy born of imagination and shown through an
intellect, alive and very vibrant.

Never letting up, just always taking and locating
ways to entice this mind through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Thoughts

Signaling the focus of inner insight onto the future
of another tomorrow where all of nature beckons to me.

Tactfully writing and enticing thoughts to enter into
realms of imagination, no where else to look except
within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Tomorrow's Existence

Turning centuries over in a mind of ingenuity and
precise moments of actuality.
Rightfully engineering beliefs and edifying thoughts
of both yesterday and future ideas.
Settling in for enticing tomorrows, believing life
will somehow always exist inside an awakened mind.
Counting through years of past endeavors, seeing
pioneers of old, struggle to exist within, watching
future pictures and created images being shown right
now, with no interruptions or comments to coincide
with.
Watching through prisms, glass and rainbows, for
tomorrow's destiny and existence on a future horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Wisps

Soaring with the clouds, enjoying the view as we pass
over earth on the way to another dimension far from
everyone's sight, but my own.
Taking in every detail, every wisp of material
entrenched in the clouds to entire thoughts from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticing Words

Syncopating rhymes with rhythms being played, letting
them take me away into other dimensions far from here.

Seeing tunes of nature as they abound throughout many
forests of intellect and thought.

Alluring and beautiful, flying across highways of heaven,
skirting tops of pine trees and smelling their scents.

Tantalizing the essence of my spirit as it absorbs and
totally, delectably, entices words of poetry into being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enticingly Inspired

Lazy laid-back melodies tempting my soul with
tantalizing and soothing rhythms, resting, re-
laxing and enjoying listening to them all.

Body swaying in time as I'm inspired by it's
enticing and refreshing modes of music, giving
an interior energy of joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entire Being Sheltered

Tackling the beauty of life through various rhythms,
finding the essence of my entire being sheltered with-
in it's coded messages.

Waiting for that final sunset when I will let go and
leave all of them for others to figure out one day.

Always moving forward, never looking back, knowing
that my passion will live beyond me and my intellect
through the poetry I have written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entire Moment Of Life

Sanity being kept tightly through the writing of poetry
and music.

Listening constantly to rhythms of interior sacredness,
holding onto each beat and tempo, keeping step and time
within each measure of life and being.

Gathering and collecting memories from an entire moment
of life, watching them all appear on inner screens,
giving a peaceful interior, fulfilling this sensuous
nature.

So entirely soothing, calming, writing of what is always
wanting to be done in life.

Carefully watching and keeping everything set in stones to
get by with in daily life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entire Pictures Of Thought

Wondering, living in a sphere of curiosity, thinking
outside every box of humanity, finding so many pictures
of thought being filled with ideas, aplenty.

Scientific, mathematical, psychological and temperate
subjects that are constantly being blended and mixed
like chemistry in a vial.

Interesting and totally extraordinary, concepts being
seen immediately, always instantaneously being written
down.

Never having a thought beforehand, mind always working,
inventing and conceiving entire pictures inevitably in
this mind filled with ingenuity and innate knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entire Purpose

Winds of fate fulfill my future destiny without ever
having to do anything, just being a part of humanity
and living on earth.

Fulfilling my entire purpose through a spiritual life
that I've lived all these years, interiorly having my
spirit fill my soul spiritually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entire Sensation

Soothing frazzled nerves in the center of a windstorm, blowing my hair all over the place.

Curls bouncing and hitting my face, yet continuing to write while Mother Nature wrecks havoc all around me.

Actually enjoying the entire sensation of being blown in and about, it's crazy fun.

Allowing me to experience another facet of life free of charge, energizing my brain and letting new thoughts escape the entire while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entirety Of An Interior Essence

Falling into patterns and designs of intellect through
rhythm, taking into account the liberty of living in a
free world.

Stepping into the entirety of an interior essence, lifting
self above the world and into flowing spirits of another
dimension.

Creating and allowing this mind to follow it's own paths
through intellect, saturating and taking imagination into
lasting periods of energy that are always flowing in a
continuous electrical rhythm.

Such a spectacular and monumental moment when intellect
matches with wisdom from consciousness, like a lightening
storm, filling my mind with sparks of creativity and
spirituality, meeting in depths of my being.

Totally absorbed within the essence and passion of my
total intellect all at once, continuing to write from
thoughts inspired by it's sparks of creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entities Of Memories

Whenever sounds of childhood penetrate outer borders
of a mind, life seems to stop endlessly in time and
space.

Altogether, entities of memories scream and collide
causing great upheaval.

Upside down the eternal sorrow pours upon the floors
of dirtied, memories, sensing fruitless scrutiny,
wasting time that can never be regained.

Stooping over the rim of life, looking in, finding
very little of interest there.

Wantonly deprived of spiritual guidance, lacking in
the dignities of life on changing shores this side
of youth.

Colors spreading themselves thinly across fields of
cracking ice, seeping through, mirroring a self-giving
essence, a spirit of truth.

Notwithstanding boundaries of timeless eons cast from
ages past, life sits somehow on haunches of it's destiny,
awaiting a restless future with no ideas in mind.

A faceless mask, perpetrated solely for a protective
covering is actually breaking glass, smashing it on the
floor.

Limitations of childhood have been crashed, shards poking
from eyes, blackened with fears, silently becoming
reluctant to begin any semblance of being human.

Tears have fallen away somewhere, saved in buckets, under
ground, where they'll never be found in this or any other
lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entrance Of Yesterday's Echoes

Black shadows of nighttime coyotes, howling at the
moon, answering the wolves just beyond the ridges.

Disappearing down the mountainsides, saguaros are
guarding desert habitats.

Listening to all the particular sounds, coming to
the entrance of yesterday's echoes, leaving the
partly closed gates alone, not letting anyone in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entrances Of Adversity

Twilight's evening stirs in gardens of hope,
instilling assets from above.
Tremors shake from within, drawing two
together for a lifetime of challenges and
mediocrity.
Songs titillate and prod their way through
entrances of adversity.
Driving with experience, alighting on
avenues of grace, belonging to other
generations sent before me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entrancing Form

Spreading out before me, nature enticing and alluring,
giving beautiful aspects of the divine.

Supercilious and enlightening, giving an entrancing
form of creativity to write too.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Entrusted Memories

Tracing lines through ancient musical terms,
cutting through and around difficult situations.
Traipsing down avenues, looking for friends who
used to always be there.

Yet, nowadays traveling alone, despair etched in
hearts forever.

Delving deeply into misty canyons of perverted
desires, capturing the essence of eternity in
whispers of silent voices from hidden yesterdays.

Allowing visions to appear and begin again at
every turn, somersaulting into rays of sunshine,
talking incessantly while choosing designs of
individual making.

Creating diagrams and formulas from entrusted
memories etched inside brains.

Fulfilling empty promises made in desperation,
residing, coiled up tightly in mazes, forgotten
on pages of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enveloped In A Cocoon

Living in a vacuum, wanting to breathe, but suffocating
from turmoil happening in the world around me.

Enveloped in a cocoon, not caring to ever come out, yet
knowing that eventually I will have to.

Considering all options and not choosing any of them,
just letting life happen, taking me away with an invisible
breeze.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Enveloping Sadness

Sadness envelopes my mind as my heart flips into pools
of grief, awaiting reluctant tears.

Wanting to never feel these crystal tears grate against
my soggy heart, afraid of being torn apart forever.

Afraid of losing my love to death's embrace, I cringe
inside, allowing myself no room for incriminations as
I strengthen my resolve and take over his care even
more than before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Envious People

Likelihood of being stipulated, encases me in a spiral of illusion, taking me to depths never shown before in my mind.
Giving an idea, placing it in imagination's home-like infusion of prose.
Touching emptily, the sadness of a lifetime with feelings of remorse, bringing beauty into the crystal tears of grief.
Tasting the bittersweet joy of love and desire as it is drained slowly from without in hands of people envious of what talent I have.
Staring vacantly inward, I respond by writing of it's painful loneliness in space.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Environmen Of Fantasy

Situating my mind in an environment of fantasy when
delighting in figments of imagination.

Creating stories and situations with messages culminating
in morals at the ending of each one.

Admonishing people in some poetry when seeing racial
tension, prejudice and hatred, things that I do not like
to see in people.

Accentuating it in poetical meanings, giving some enlight-
ening thoughts on most any subject in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Environment Of Happiness

Listening to singing from many people of varied walks of
life and tones of voice.

Happy just to be in an environment of happiness through
music, rhythm coding life through them in moments of time.

Getting filled with feelings of unconditional love, sitting
deeply in hearts tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Envisioning The Process

Standing by pillars of stone and glass,
wondering how they were built and what
type of preparation was needed.

Squares filled with concrete and beautiful
glass, making thought turn blue with peace-
ful solace.

Envisioning the process as it fills my mind
with ideas, blending abstractly with other
cognitive formulas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Envy

Patterns of living sometimes suffocate us
with their lies and dishonesty.
Perpetrating false ideals without qualms,
spreading rumors, ruining people's lives
with their jealousy and envy - even when
they are family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ephemeral Atmosphere

Brain-stimulating thoughts, musically encircling
imagination with forward thinking ideas.
Stretching creativeness to the maximum stria
of subconsciousness.
Trusting in an ephemeral atmosphere perpetrated
and elongated by thought-provoking visions,
swaying before me in images of nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Epic Odes

Peacefully enjoying sensual sights, coming out of hiding
in depths of imagination.

Touching upon exquisite images that come to mind, feeling
their tempos and beats rhyming with tones floating in the
atmosphere around me.

Figuratively designing epic odes of belonging and fortitude,
bringing them forward, onto patterns of living artistically
on our planet while I'm here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Epiphanies Of A Spiritual Life

Effervescently and brilliantly thinking in an atmosphere
of bluened light, accessing it constantly, loving it's
insistent serenity covering my being and soul.

Taking every minute within spheres of intellect, not
allowing them to escape, always ready to be opened up
and accessed in my mind.

So enlivening and probable, a myriad of solutions ful-
filling equations that constantly form and develop with-
in intellect.

Colors exploding and filling the entire space of intellect
with a brilliant and energetic vibrancy that lasts forever
through my brain.

Beautiful and splendid, tasting the essence of my being
through epiphanies of a spiritual life being held interiorly
in an enticing and alluring space of this poet's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Epiphany Of Rhythm

Silencing everything within, just listening to a calypso
being played evenly, attuned to my mind with it's laid
back tones in an epiphany of rhythm.

So thoroughly taken and absorbed with an absorbent pile of
thoughts.

Riding with tones of beautiful attire and adjusting values
in measurements of life's enticing liberties and choice of
freedom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Episode Of Feeling

Driving an energy from within into a song being sung by a man.
A wholehearted episode of feeling, keeping time with a rhythm
in the background.
Shackling hearts with a resonating voice, deep and soulful,
taking my mind into a reverie of anticipated etudes.
Collecting all memories into the center of the universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Episodes Of Stress

Living in close quarters with others is a difficult task to accomplish.
In part, because we all have our own thoughts and ideas that are more important in our scheme of things.
Lightened areas of knowledge, allow most to compromise when needed, yet some do not and therein lies the harrowing episodes of stress in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Epitaph Of Mystery

Revolving through life, watching how people feel as
they progress day to day.
Seeing emotions expand and develop daily without any
prodding whatsoever.
A clean, pure unadulterated epitaph of mystery and
strife never fathomed before our deaths.
We struggle with questions that never are answered,
bewildered with sorrow and sadness, yet laughter
filters through to keep us sane and living.
Even if it's a mere existence, at least we have
something to think about, we just have to be careful
how we let our thought processes continue down
pathways of grief.
We must not follow their saddened thoughts lest we
be lost in a wilderness we can't find our way out of.
Suicide always looms as an answer in an abyss of
sorrow, yet we must not get caught in it's snare for
our lives are too special to end on such a horrific
note.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Equality Of Life Hidden

Sounds of excitement coming hurriedly in and out of
melodies, being drummed to, finding the equality of
life hidden in throes of rhythm.

Touching upon the sadness as it ruminates to silently
through my being throughout the years, suffering in
the quietness of my soul.

Never complaining, k just barely sustaining my appetite
for living, holding on to faith hoping it can keep me
writing until my death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Equalizing People

Equalizing the majority of people with a positive mood
and attitude, completing and finding pathways in life
with beauty within an interior life.

Very few have found through the years, a bluened light
leading ever deeper into spirituality where spirit is
lifted daily, soaring into the atmosphere of the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Equation Can'T Be Found

Sprinkling particles falling all around us in a lair of
tender beauty.
Sounding perfectly in unison, having the time of our
lives.
Causing apoplectic frustration, but only for moments
at a time.
Severing the past with sharpened melodies, holding
tightly to past behaviors.
Measuring the time between moments of lifetimes, never
actually figuring it out, because the right equation
can't be found

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Equation Of Life

Suspecting the exact beauty of this equation we all call
human life or humanity, talented and creative individuals
always in tune with mathematical formulas.

That all will continue to create ideas that innate talent
will expand and develop throughout the years exponentially,
coming together at times to combine our abilities.

Finding creative solutions to our earthly problems while
we're alive, hoping to make the future brighter and better
for people all over the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Equational Mind

Recognizing beats of every song, even first thing in the morning.

Loving the essence of music as it plays interiorly like a musician.

Being attuned to rhythms all of life, translating their methods into formulas for coding everything into poetry.

So divine, explicitly coming from the great beyond, finding it's way into this mind equationally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Equations Forming Themselves

Rising integration of innate talent with imagination, beating
in time with rhythms of melodies being listened to, adjusting,
adapting and aligning ideas with mathematical precision.

Formulas and equations forming themselves into algorithms
that suddenly make perfect sense, continuing to invent and
devise ways to make life better for humanity through them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Equations Upon A Blueprint

Squared angles hanging from the ceiling, formed from equations upon a blueprint, denoting structures of some sort.

Delving into the interior of their depths, finding them empty with an atmosphere of indecision, not knowing what they are supposed to be doing.

Locating centers where they were formed, but now there are no more reasons for their even being on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Equipping Us With Tools

Silence is golden, yet laughter is the glitter of life,
keeping it on the lighter side where it is easier to
contend with.

Beauty comes from seeing the humorous side, fulfilling
it's presence even in difficult and emotional times of
stress.

Removing us from the intensity of feelings and emotions,
equipping us with tools we need to stay calm, focusing
on the task at hand.

Especially in times of extreme tenseness, like when a
loved one is in the hospital on life support, being
very important in that situation.

Knowing because that's what I'm dealing with now, loving,
praying BEing here, no matter what may happen, that's all
I can do and I'm doing it as well as I possibly can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Era Of My Own

Everyone will one day speak my name, but I will be long gone from this temporary earth, spreading across the world like a wildfire.

Poetry will make a name for itself in the annals of historical literature, at least that's what everybody keeps telling me now.

Yet, this mere poet wonders if that will ever happen, writing constantly, loving music being listened to, all of it carrying me into depths of innate intellect.

A beautiful and intense environment where I can always be myself and not worry about what others think, being free and liberated.

Alone in an era of my own where I can enjoy letting my self get lost in rhythms that play, enticing me into moving with vibrant melodies and their rhythms.

Will everyone one day speak my name or will it be in the annals of historical literature, I do not know, and it doesn't really matter to me if it is.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eradicated In Selfishness

Pain and suffering cutting me to the quick, finding and
losing love because of the jealousy and selfishness of
others who claim to love us.

Loving only the ideas they've formed for our lives in
their own minds, choosing behaviors conforming to what
they see in their jealous minds.

Being negligent of other's needs to be together, finding
common ground in their love, all of it being eradicated
in selfishness of those who claim to love this couple.

In reality being jealous of what they have, tearing apart
the fidelity and commitment they've made to one another
already.

Another jealously, gleefully and sadistically prying two
people apart with lies they are telling them separately,
ruining lives of two people who genuinely love each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eradicating Tyranny

Factual accounts instantly seem to touch my brain, allowing
it to discern truths of reality.

Listening constantly to the world around me, finding so much
injustice being done to mankind, destroying families, maiming
children to live a life with pedophile muslims thinking they
have the right to harm others who don't believe as they do.

Lying about everything, wrecking havoc all over this world
with their evil ways, claiming they are religious and saying
God has proclaimed these things be done.

Heretics, looney tunes, terrorists through and through, all
needing to be eradicated, totally from humanity.

Normally being very peace loving and accepting of everyone
no matter their race, creed or nationality, but in this
case of jihad and terrorists there is only one way to rid
our world of evil being committed and that's to annihilate
them completely once and for all.

Then women and children especially, will be free from their
tyranny and horrendous tortures they commit and practice on
them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eras Of Recognition

Believable eras of recognition bedevil the strictest criteria in conscious atmospheres of inert diplomacy.
Writing inexplicably whatever thoughts congregate in shadows of imagination.
Dealing with mystery and companionable silence, sojournly being enticed down lanes of tomorrow's horizons.
Finding solutions are always indicating themselves in written prose without even knowing or trying to fit them into boxes of steel.
Regular styles are set to individual taste and experience with no friction or aforethought in the hereafter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Erasing Doubt

Brightly colored feathers ruminating themselves
interiorly, erasing doubt and enlivening a spirit.

Dancing into my being - bringing about a momentous,
joyous occasion of unbelievable excitement on a
dull uneventful afternoon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Erecting Creations

Taking life in stride, letting it have it's way as long
as I can write all throughout it's daily routines.

Beautiful landscapes, continually giving ideas and thoughts
a generous chance to be fulfilled with a definite purpose
in mind.

Taking steps and chances in all directions, watching every-
thing, letting curiosity have it's way just so I can learn
all that I want to know.

Things that have no answers, a mind creating circumstances
from which to create them from.

Thinking outside the box, having the time of my life with
intellect and it's infinite imaginative sphere.

Allowing every aspect to be filled with an extraordinary
amount of perceptions, concepts and frameworks.

Constantly building and erecting enormous creations of
possibility.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Errands Of Mercy

Sentimental journeys, gliding through lives of people,
running errands of mercy with images from bygone days.

Taking mind's hands down long lasting memories,
attaching many feelings to strings of hearts.

Slowly, carefully, falling in places of non-rehearsal,
awaiting times of plentiful desires, at hand for
tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Errors Of Life

Taking in stride, errors of life as they adjust and tune outwardly, listening to music being composed within poetry as it is written.
Regulating places inside, taking steps to placate interior voices of ages past.
Allowing them to voice themselves in words, arranging everything to suit inner rhythms seldom if ever heard by anyone else.
Silencing parts of speech, putting them wherever I want to, singing mutely in my mind as they are situated indefinitely on pages of future books.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Erupting Memories

Scents of memories erupt and tantalize imagination into sensing life and it's situations.
Crossing over into another land full of fractious notions, squirreling around, locating expanses of a universal desert to run and traipse about in.
Serious questions being put to the test, left unanswered in earthly terms for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Escape The Rage

Listening to lions roar within my being, wanting to escape the cage they're in.

Wanting to be free, living a life that is their own, knowing these lions are desires I'm holding within.

Hoping to be set free and let out to do what they want to do in life.

A single purpose that fills my being with energy to keep thinking and doing what is needed throughout this entire life, hidden within these lion desires.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Escape Within Thoughts

Taking time to think things over, wondering what to
expect, as I climb interior mountains, trying to
escape within thoughts of imagination.

Looking across atmospheres, taking in everything I
see around me, with a deepened pleasure for innate
talent.

Beautiful measures of rhythms, taking me metronomely
into areas of space where I can be at peace and stay
away from the pain racing through me.

Wanting to stay here forever, not holding onto what-
ever life is troubling me with.

Taking pathways along gardens of roses, listening to
their aromas, smelling beautiful scents of their essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Escaped Logic

Switching energy, lying back in sleepy ideas of tomorrow.
Dreaming of emotions that used to hurt me and now are
crisscrossing against my mind.
Issuing barriers of silence to be taken in consideration
for the ending of life's suffering.
Leaving all particles by the wayside, not picking them up
again.
Stilling all the expressions of tomorrow in a poem of
escaped logic

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Escaped Reality

Silently escaping from reality for a while,
imagining peace filling me to capacity.
Wondering at the immensity of my soul to take it all in,
sitting back enjoying it's presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Escaping

Negating every feeling within,
escaping from a deep emotional hell,
walking away without looking back.

Watching feelings rise and fall,
staying away from them, keeping them
at a distance.

Leaving behind everyone, stepping off
the edge and falling.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Escaping And Loving Freedom

Riding, exercising my brain through the desert of my soul,
over mountains of interior emotions as they lie about,
taunting yet inspiring my mind.

Thought processes taking me into an atmosphere of bluened
light, a universe of spirituality that enfolds my being
with explicit and concise poetry.

Being formed and shaped in gardens through instrumentation
being invented and used steadily in this intellect, growing
and expanding, passing all limits and boundaries.

All of them have been placed by others on people, escaping,
loving freedom setting me on fire within my soul, a buzzing
taunting the landscape that I continue to keep hiding through.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Escaping Clarity

Mysteries of being find their way into deep thoughts,
delving into abysses of subconscious realms.

Stirring bits of anger and mixing them with reminiscent feelings of past treasured moments, alone in a tranquil poverty of riches, tattered and forlorn, straying to outskirts of menial precision.

Details escaping clarity of realistic functions and
playing on emotional tides, surfing along windows of
adversity, properly being tied in with abstract
abilities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Escaping Daily Drudgery

Compositional designs being contemplated, placing them in patterns of intellectual behavior where they can be seen.

Being explained in coded rhythms showing intense depths this brain has of developing a unique and varied way of thinking.

Sounds falling evenly throughout neurons and synapses, carrying innate talent onto faces of intellect, pounding staccatoely into distant corners of the brain.

These notes and tones, filling empty spaces throughout every moment of the day, escaping drudgery of daily routines, taking trails into the least traveled ones, finding steps leading to openings of another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Escaping Home

Nature, sitting atop a mountain, snow white peaks
caressing the sky and it's clouds.

Sliding down steep slopes, seeing animals scurrying
to their solo habitats.

Hiding away, protecting themselves from the cold
and wind, escaping singly into the homes that they
have built for themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Escaping Intellect

Somnolent thoughts traipsing along pathways, free and
feeling pleasure that they can get away with for a
while.

Escaping intellect, wanting to find their way in other
directions without any guidance, loving to think out-
side the box.

Relieved at having found another route in which to
create designs and patterns of relativity and prose,
stretching their legs, following interior possibil-
ities, while intellect stands back, watching them,
amused at their antics.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Escaping Life

Graduating from daylight to sunset, writing into
the future with a placid scenic landscape that I
ride into to escape life.
Beautiful sights following me everywhere, always
right inside, never wanting to escape or flee
from my mind and pen.
Always finding things lying around in detail,
waiting to be written out in prose so very often
without reserve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Escaping Life Through Intellect

Sweeping my heart into a moment filled with magical
rhythms, carrying me away into atmospheres of
beautiful landscapes.
Running through them freely, enjoying the thrill of
escaping life through exciting intellect, pulling
me further every time into another dimension other
than reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Escaping Life's Turmoil

Rescuing feelings that are drowning at sea, saving and
portraying them in poems of life, eventually.

Picking up diamonds and snowflakes in fields of imagina-
tion, pasting them onto a canvas filled with poetical
words, meanings and sentences.

A whole world of intense beauty is being created right
now, no one else noticing as I do so.

Invisible, quietly, taking a restful period of serenity
to give solitude that I have been needing the entire day.

Getting away from impulses of anger and abuse, freeing self
totally so I may freely and indulgently come into my own
world of poetical essence and integrity.

No one bothering me, escaping a life of turmoil for moments
at a time, enjoying and tasting an inner strength returning
rapidly.

Having had to be energized by nature, filling interior
batteries with a fluid and bluened aura, penetrating and
giving an absolute tranquility to my soul.

It's desperately needed to keep in touch with the days of
my life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Escaping Notice

Blending myself into backgrounds, escaping notice,
wanting to be alone to write and contemplate.
Falling deeply into patterns of serenity, challenging
intellect to come up with daring innovations and place
them where they will do the most good for others.
Taking steps to absolute ingenuity, finding that
circumspect avenues work the best.
Lasting ideas, saturating brain cells with renovating
beauty, keeping distance from everyone else's patterns,
because they don't fit in with what I want.
Everything must be an original, starting with thoughts
that flow in toward imagination, taking rides through
subconscious intelligence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Escaping Outside

Escaping the boredom of my hospital room, by going downstairs and outside to the healing garden.
Listening to water flowing steadily and gently beneath shaded trees, calming me interiorly with nature as we become one in tune with the universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Escaping Quietly

Quietly escaping, unknown to anyone sitting here
with me.
Just wanting to be alone with thoughts, as they
gel and become firm convictions in my heart.
Loving the placement of each one as it brings a
silent joy to mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Escaping Reality

Steadfastly walking forward through all the garbage of daily life, attempting to continue striving for direction and fortitude.
Escaping reality when I need to just be brought back to myself.
Inner thoughts rotating throughout the days, helping me to hold onto my life - at least through a thought-provoking poem that I've written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Escaping The Mundane

Risking life and limb in imagination's abysses,
scaling canyons and ravines of granite-hard rock,
escaping the mundane, striving for another moment
of expectation to arrive.

Watching colorful landscapes as they flutter to
and fro, catching my eyes, holding them with my
mind as I write them into prose, fulfilling
purposeful dreams of being.

Sidestepping ordinary desires and needs, walking
only towards truth and meanings of liberty's
freedom.

Socializing with nature and God's own beauty,
solidarity forming in every motion and movement
of rhythm's incessant hold within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Escaping The World

Taking everything in stride, what else is there to do?
Qualifying currents of being have been established
from the beginning of time.
Stranded in a life cause, enjoying every moment, using
gifted talents to bring about interior changes for the
better.
Escaping the world, yet not missing an iota of it
through my writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Escorting Images

Votive candles burning brightly, taking prayers to heaven
where they will hopefully be answered.

Talent sitting on sides of vibrant pathways, waiting for
their chances to be brought into the foreground.

Nothing marring the essence that is being penetrated with
a passion of scented roses, alive and taking silence by
the hand, not letting anything protrude or get in the way.

No barriers being able to block the words from flowing
and cascading down inner waterfalls.

Sun shining brightly, illuminating even the shadows of
effervescent darkness, hiding behind ebony curtains.

Coming alive and being awakened in a conscious mind,
always being filled with the beauty of mystery, finding
it's way through the misty waters filling pools of
imagination.

Carefully escorting images of every vision into the light
of poetry, at times filling and finding an entire being
following a pathway towards heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essence From Above

Philanthropic wisdom continually creates new places of natural desires, bringing peaceful coexistence into the bright light of tomorrow.
Shining outwardly, exposing the beauty of unfurling thoughts as they are being born in a poetical interlude with a passion and earnest essence from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essence Of A Culture

Krishna dancers, singing to a steady, low beat with a lively spirit, showing the beauty that is of India.

A tangent feeling of incessant beating of hearts, taking care to become a part of nature as one in diversity.

Beautiful language being sung instrumentally with a fortitude of inner energy and a placid sense of desire.

All culminating in the essence of a culture that I have never really known about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essence Of A Future Destiny

Reaching interiorly for rhythms of divine masterpieces as
they flow from an inner waterfall, using senses altogether
so this spirit can touch the wonder of a silent end.

An awesome moment where nothing can move me from this
particular moment, falling and letting self go into depths
of spirituality where life is emitting the essence of a
future destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essence Of All Life

Skies bluer than my eyes, holding clouds floating above,
cavorting with air currents, having a great time playing
in my mind.

Totally enjoying the sanctity of the essence of all life,
for God created all things and we are to take care of them,
not destroying any of it.

Many greedy people are bent on destroying our forests, lakes,
rivers and jungles just for the sake of money, because they
are greedy and corrupt, we must all put a stop to it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essence Of Another Being

Lazily sleeping to a tune,
slowly being performed in
an atmosphere of love.

Attuned to the essence of
another being, strongly
being pulled along without
resisting.

Feeling so totally relaxed
and in synch with life today.

Elated to be able to come
and listen to a live band
and write into the day
without remorse or regret.

Glad to be feeling somewhat
better, taking time to be
surrounded in peaceful
serenity, brought by music
from the 'Come Back Buddy'
band.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essence Of Another Life

Walking through to a totalness of darkened nights,
silently unfolding the beauty of ebony knowledge,
closing beginnings of another dimension, entering
other domains.

Collapsing upon the entreaty's of other places,
finding eternal answers that will become awakened
in the interim of life.

Always living and becoming someone who will forever
be in touch with the essence of another life far
beyond what I am seeing in my mind.

Being embellished by imagination and taken apart as
a puzzle, being rearranged into another picture of
the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essence Of Another World

Gently waving, swaying in an afternoon breeze, tantalizing,
bringing me into a pleasant mood.

Sitting here, listening to others talking, yet keep on
writing what I want to see from photographic screens within.

Touching particles and taking them into interior rhythms
filled with the essence of another world from which I have
visited.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essence Of Being

Flowers breaking through a mind of thought,
blossoming with ideals and untried concepts.
Prepared for an onslaught of edited criticism
and narrow points of view; standing firm and
bendable like a willow in a storm.
Reaching for strength of character that has
grown and matured within, allowing it to take
hold and become what it is.
Open, filled with life, hope and strength.
The essence of my being - me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essence Of Each Other

Together, making memories through the years, talking quietly, joyfully, laughing and enjoying the essence of each other.

Our time spent feeling so loving when we're together, it always feels so right, we are one in each other's hearts.

Never thinking to part, even for a moment, living for one another, holding onto our love through the years, finding extraordinary blessings coming to us always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essence Of Everything

Waking the inevitable desire to continue listening
to music and writing late into the night.
Being and forming the essence of everything blended
together in my memory.

(10: 10 p.m. - 11/29/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essence Of Faith

Capturing the essence of my deepening faith, watching
it grow exponentially, expanding with no limitations
or boundaries.

Being energized in the brilliance of intellect through
curiosity of my internal being, happy, lilting melodies
saturating and giving life an interior fulfillment that
is beneficent and wholly a gift from God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essence Of Freedom

Breezes whistling through the trees,
jostling their branches and leaves.
Air moving quietly against my forehead
and blowing my hair in every direction.
Feeling an awe-inspired quiet grow from
within, changing and altering my spirit,
turning it away from what in the past it
has always been.
Writing down the insistence of it's
sudden existence, and fondly touching the
sensations with my mind, caressing and
letting them go for their freedom is more
important than self right now.
Nourishing this spreading silent
anticipation throughout my being, will one
day be the essence of my final self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essence Of Innate Creativity

Thunder clamoring for my attention, but here I sit
writing, not hearing it's insistence outside my
little space of time.

Lightening striking, it's sheer piercing light,
forcing it's way onto the paper I'm writing on, yet
it has no effect whatsoever.

Not attuned to it's essence right now, continuing
to strike incessantly, not producing any results
that it's expecting from me.

Living in the essence of an innate creativity, not
being forced into anything that I don't want to see
or recognize.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essence Of Inner Creativity

Changing and rearranging thoughts in a creative atmosphere, taking challenges as they come to mind, offering solutions to problems arising.

Fortunate, tempting fate with an essence of inner creativity, finding, exploring, discovering and examining everything.

Curious, inquisitive, always ready to question all that touches my existence with it's essence of our totality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essence Of Nature

Soothing, calming me down, rhythms and music of Springsteen,
touching intellect spiritually, recognizing the beauty of
life and it's sacredness.

Solemnly taking everything good from the essence of nature,
using it in poetry to remind everyone of the blessings God
has bestowed upon us all.

Remembering loved ones who have gone before us, awaiting the
final reunion, a touch of reality bringing life into focus,
giving memories to treasure throughout our lives.

Being blessed prolifically, always paying tribute to God,
country and liberty for the entire world as much as possible
through writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essence Of Nature In Spring

Logical measures of yesterday unfolding like a blossoming
rose in springtime, rinsing spirits with the purity of
their aromas, light and euphoric.

Never wilting in the darkness, an essence of nature that
will not be dismissed in lands of time for it has been
placed in annals of historical moments, dedicated to life
although you may never know it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essence Of Nothingness

Softly sounding rhythms falling like rain upon my mind,
gently and tenderly lifting my spirits from the nothing-
ness within me.

Walking through this life, acting like nothing changes
even though it never stays the same, holding onto ideas
and concepts being reflected in intellect.

Mirrored through feelings and emotions, soaring into
heights of inner courage and bravery, filled with faith
that can take me anywhere in this world.

Nothingness fills me with it's essence, growing forward,
purpose keeping me focused, attaining whatever is needed
in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essence Of Our Freedom

Ringing out in rhythms of freedom, allowing us to
trust in the land of the free and the brave.
Standing on shores of our star-spangled banner,
furling and unfurling in the beauty of it's stars
and stripes.
Calling all of us into the arms of it's blessed
protection, given up by the very servicemen
fighting for our country and not letting foreign
enemies tread on rights and privileges in our lives.
Holding flags, saluting them, promising the essence
of our freedom will last as long as there's a breath
left inhaling and exhaling in our vets as they stand
and fight for us to their individual deaths on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essence Of Tomorrow's Future

Walking into the deepest darkness ever, feeling vibrations, notes leading the way into my being, touching the wonder of purity and innocence that has settled within pleasantly.

This area of life seems to stop, finding places where it's passion is shared with me through nature, a total essence of tomorrow's future.

Living in passion as it flows through me, never stopping, giving the most perfect of melodies to keep me satisfied, soothing every nerve and fiber within my being, jumping and jiving to rhythms that never seem to quit or fade.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essences Free Us

Liberty and it's pursuit of us as we age, brings about exchanges in our attitudes and how we look at life.
Feeling the freedom, soaring beyond life's limits, we are allowed to become who we are inside.
Taking moments and delving into their essences frees us from other's expectations and we begin to see everything in a new light.
Grayness starts falling away, letting us see the reality - the bright lights that surround us in auras of joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essence's Sadness

An intense sadness filling me vibrantly with it's essence, taking me on a journey into vast universes within self, an enjoyable energy vibrating and lifting my spirits.

Enraptured in the delightful melodies of this rhythm of life as I'm living it exclusively, never failing to let it bring fruition fully into blossom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essential Discomfort

Born anew through poetry as I write of an existence
that can only be known if I let it be.
Remembering the explicit details throughout a life-
time of essential discomfort, because of trials and
suffering that have come into my pathways unbidden.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essential Lessons Of Life

Little by little, life starts to wind down, starting
from the very moment of conception.

Leaving most of life to chance encounters, wondering
what will accumulate and become part of who we are.

Always combining and knowing how far we can go, yet
pushing our limits as much as we can.

Loving to learn, gaining knowledge to help in future
endeavors, educating and taking essential lessons of
life into hearts and souls of strengthening character.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Essential Portals

Sun sitting mistily behind clouds,
trying to hide it with a mysterious voice of images.
Collecting all thoughts in nets of ingenuity,
not asking for anything in return.
Falling down into essential portals of time, letting
the answers of life fall away in tatters of poetry
left over from the ending of Buddy Stubbs bike week
bash.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Etched Carvings

Sandstone carvings etched by God, Himself, just for certain poet's eyes of vision. Lengthening shadows fall upon them, distinguishing them with a little light of sunshine through a poem of nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Etching Designs

Cooperating on a continual basis through writing,
letting my mind have it's way.

Wanting intellect to take me down highways of ideas,
educating and allowing knowledge to be gained along
the way.

Sophisticated and allowable, intricate designs
are being etched and completed continually in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Etching Ideas

Talking inwards, finding more questions than answers.
Dividing and multiplying images and ideas as they etch themselves into my mind.

Giving thoughts to cogitate and memorize through the years.
Lasting carefully in pictures of my mind, held onto forever - at least until I die in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Etching Mind Walls

Etching dialogues on walls of my mind,
picturing life as it walks along
breaths of living.

Expedited for byways incarcerated on
lights, caught in barriers, never
isolated from others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Depths

Showers from a rainy day in November, fall upon my brow,
hiding the tears flowing from my soul tonight.
Sadness crushing me inside, silencing my life on earth,
taking all hope and dropping it into a canyon of eternal
depths.
Finding no one to confide in, I write, and maybe someday,
after I'm gone, someone will listen to the sadness I've
written here - baring my heart to the world while hidden.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Destiny

Always touching feelings held deeply within,
placating mindful ways of peaceful surroundings.

Enticing beautiful words to incorporate them-
selves into avenues of landscape on heaven's
shores of eternal destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Ear

Searching and finding pathways to wisdom and it's infinite knowledge.

Stretching, wide open, floating through the skies like a parachute that has just been opened by it's own rip chord.

Silently, yet very loudly proclaiming the loneliness of intellect in it's bed of expression, taking time needed to fulfill every promise given from above.

Listening with an eternal ear to voices that never are quiet, just filling my mind with coded rhythms of an interior world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Embrace

Ways of life exhaust us as we travel through it's
many requirements, adjusting ourselves to fit it's
basic rules and needs.
Conclusions never having an end as we teeter on edges
of nature, standing precariously, afraid to fall from
such heights, landing in death's arms, encased in it's
eternal embrace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Embrace Of Love

Wishing to be with someone strong and filled with passion
for love and life, wanting desires to be tested, fulfilled
and met.

Truly manifesting the beauty of it in every human sense,
giving such pleasure in depths of my being.

Wanting and desiring to be held and not let go of forever,
yet, not wanting to be held, just desiring the feelings it
fills me with.

Letting me feel another's heartbeat, romancing me with their
love and quiet nature, giving of themselves and their passion,
letting their desires mesh with mine.

Taking us into realms of heaven where we can be always happy
together in an eternal embrace of love and passion together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Existence

Beauty surrounds my mind in moment of lightness,
candles illuminating dark caverns of thought,
are awakening subconsciously, interior spiritual
journeys of destiny.
Afforded luxurious serenity on shores and
landscapes of imaginable plains of other worlds
in my mind's eyes.
As life travels, holding onto me for dear life,
I await with soulful expectancy, a final breath
of life, signaling my eternal existence at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Forms Of Tomorrow

Tiptoeing across my mind, giving access to inner thoughts,
never relinquishing moments of other worlds stuck in my
mind's screens.
Playing always as a featured player, reciting poetry into
cavalcades of history.
Insisting on continuing forever into the eternal focus of
tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Hope

Resounding echoes filter through life's
stresses, beckoning this life to rise
and meet the day.

Reaching out like a saxophone on Broadway,
tranquilly besetting the pace of beginning
austerity.

Forging documented serenity onto blocks of
clay, to be reused on some other day in the
future.

Talented focus on edges of eternal hope,
cause apostolic frequency of hope and faith
without regrettable reason or purpose.

All of this on the head of a pin in earth's
atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Light

Skies darkening in an evening, ready to put another day to sleep under an abundance of stars lighting the sky, adjacent and all about the moon.

Watching colors of gray and black, coming together, merging, combining, bringing darkness upon us in this globe of eternal light as it projects our imaginations into a forever of interior desires.

Being put to sleep in tired cradles of peaceful bliss for the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Loneliness

There is an eternal loneliness inside, gnawing it's
way, finding and filling every empty place and hiding.

Melancholic music surrounds a mind, taunting, teasing,
spelling out many rhymes.

Feeling deserted and alone, listening to music,
finding a way back home.

Words are found wandering around, choosing only those
wanting to be used in poems.

Sadness envelopes my mind even more as my inner self
submerges itself beneath ethereal notes.

Getting lost within and finding beauty held there,
trapped, only able to come out through poetry.

Life from outside crushes, smothers, turns me upside
down, looking in from clear glass windows, seeing
reality for what it is.

There is nothing in life, it has no hold on me, so
falling deeply within, I let go of it, knowing it
will not matter to anyone, least of all to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Love

Sorrowfully deciding facets of life that must be left
behind in order to survive what is ahead in life.

Soliciting inner contemplation to take charge, bring-
ing vibrations of heaven into an interior universe that
matters so much more than this life on earth.

Scattering blossoms, strewing them beyond me so I will
know which pathway to follow into the future.

Reaching the end of this mortal life, entering a new
and beautiful source of eternal love, looking forward
to beauty that awaits this lone mere poet.

Standing on a lone horizon, weary of life and it's
turmoil, ready and waiting to be carried home to heaven,
at long last where I will become the spirit of God's
that I am, pure and innocent with His mercy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Maturity

Taking care of one another as we all grow toward an eternal maturity is the essence of all life.
To make it through our existences we must be willing to help one another, no matter the cost or sacrifice because we are all connected unconditionally soul to soul.
We are, at best, very little beings, yet within we have the potential to do great things.
Hold onto your dreams, hopes, discoveries, but remember to share them with others lest they disintegrate into nothingness from being held too tightly.
With us, as with any living creature, to grow we must be free to become what we must.
What we do with our lives now can make all the difference in the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Measures

Enjoying the beating of a rhythm as it enfolds everyone in it's grasp, holding on
for dear life, penetrating etudes, crawling along on tightropes of agility.
Belonging only to it's grip on mind-bending skates of eternal measures of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Night

Riding waves of entertainment, building to a
crescendo of rhythm, following eras of timing.

Crossing dimensions of talented imagination,
filtering associations in accordance with a
majority of decisions.

Collecting auras in synchronization, blending
it all with data set in stones of precious
embraces.

Conquering fantasies with knowledge of logical
reasoning, intertwining it with memories set
years ago in imagination's subconsciousness,
awaiting reality to set it free forever in a
universe of innate talent.

Providing extra senses of emotional conquests
along the wayside, encasing them for an eternal
night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Pages

When I'm in a quiet world of my own, life takes on extraordinary meaning through abstract thinking and
subconscious meanings.

Fantasy spins and dances with reality, creating a
new voice to be heard through writing.

A sense of well-being is generated by each and every
poetical word and poem finding it's way to a page of
eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Poetic Mind

Taking steps into vast open spaces where I am free of ridicule and embarrassment from other people and their narrow-minded opinions of everything that is negative in their thoughts.

Walking away from them as they try and approach me, feeling sorry for them in their minuscule little pastimes.

Hoping to never become that negative in life, always choosing to see everything full and flowing with the passion I hold inside for it.

Always being in the moment as I write life in poetical forms of prose.

Never stopping or letting up as I listen to a myriad of rhythms that I compose and fill with open-ended equations, as they blossom and endure in canyons of my eternal poetic mind.

Closely holding everything in steel chests of thought forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Poetry

Stipulating thoughts in a reverie, attempting placement
in an orderly fashion.
Although minds refuse to grasp and use any of it in mass confusion.
Ideas and images darting about, are pulled into many
creative, cohesive thoughts, turning them into eternal
poems and laying them about in books to air.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Prayer

Rolling hills of grass supporting trees in their lives of beauty.

Covering their fragile roots with blankets only they can possess, taking care that no frost can get to them in the icy coldness of a winter's night.

Delicately swaying with gentle wisps of wind, life bows down before Him in it's eternal glory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Questions

Justifying life's excuses, sating curiosity with eternal questions. Calling to mind energetic analysis of past theories, playing into hands of fate with silent discrepancies.
Handling living with serene platitudes of holy meaning, tasting all of past visions with solemn beauty and an everlasting journey to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Recitals

Depths of my soul burn within, pivoting inside with the tranquility of past scenes in childhood.

Marching dancily throughout ancient history of a clouded sanity, pressed toward the reckoning of absolute joy and conquested beauty of nature.

Peaceful inner desires, craving for notice and incredible insight.

Fortunately unending depths of eternal recitals brought forth onto outer pages of a mind's almighty books.

Trudging onward through sands of literature, binding endless moments into one grey section of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Rhythms

Sliding across the floor, arms wrapped around each other in love of beings.
Not noticing anyone else, just looking into each other's eyes and whispering quietly to one another.
Lights dimmed, atmosphere enveloped in rhythms of eternity while we are here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Sound

Accented prose sitting upon my brow, waiting to catch a rhythm it can count with in time.
Signaling beats in measures of eternal sound, gingerly testing tones and matching them in genuine rhythms of their own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternal Spirits

Seconds of silence piled together haphazardly, making an hour
of time.

Categorizing the fulfillment levels of destiny and focusing
them onto one spot on the horizon.

Walking through sands of life a little at a time, we all will
one day meet on the other side again.

No fears or dashed hopes, a novel approach to eternity,
laughter, joy, happiness, parading through everyone's spirit.

Wholeness of body and spirit, set aside for time eternal as
our souls roam the heavens not searching for anything because
we will have it already.

Answers to our questions on earth will at last be forthcoming.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternally Alone

Struggling to survive in the most unlikely place and space
in time, wandering pathways of yesterday, wondering why the
scenery has changed for the worse.

Tear-stained eyes, red and swollen from crying, taking me to
the farthest reaches of humankind, searching for someone kind
and gentle to understand and help know what is going
on.

There are no opportunities to seek answers here, for every
thing has been dumped unceremoniously, leaving me to make of
it what I can.

Laugher ringing in my ears, heart being wrung like a sponge
and yet no tears will come.

Pain of a lifetime wrapped in cellophane, on display, but
cannot express feelings of worthlessness, because of not
deserving any of this.

Coiled tightly, ready to spring upon anyone who even talks,
recoiling once again from the world and it's people, because
not liking being hurt by them.

Wrapping self tightly in another cocoon, hiding from other's
diversity and making self a home alone.

There will be no recriminations, not speaking to another
living soul, trust gone from this vocabulary for good.

Don't look again on this earth, no longer to be found by
anyone in this world after this one is done.

A final declaration of freedom to all who wish to know, now
gone to a special place to be eternally alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternally Lonely

Eternal loneliness fills me inside.
There is no one on earth who can understand it.
No one can help me fill it - ease the pain of emptiness - it is all mine.
There is no one I can turn to or talk to, because they are all too busy with the activities of their lives.
As long as they stay busy, they can not feel their own loneliness - nor travel through it.
Experiencing this great desert of loneliness is hard to do - I cry a lot inside - my heart feels as though it's been ripped in two.
There is no where to rest or get away from it, because it resides within my being.
Only God can help - but He is keeping silent.
The only way is to resign myself to the pain of loneliness and allow my soul to die to it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternity

Hug me like it's the last time you will hug me.
Melt your love into my heart and mind forever.
Imprint it onto my soul, so no matter how far we are
from each other, we will find one another again in
eternity - soul to soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternity Of Life

Eternity of life amazes the mind, because it cannot
fill the vacuum it's definition recalls.

Swarming in and out of natural boundaries, emitting
significant pastimes to columns of an inner mind.

Locating the necessity of becoming, turning towards
new directions, seeking the eternal answer of life's
reluctant stance.

Forging ahead with makeshift statistics, formed in
clay to be remolded and reshaped through every given
day.

Lightly touching upon truths which are here today
and forgotten tomorrow.

Life as a whole cannot be contained in any statistical
column of our making, because it is ever-changing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternity Of Natural Beauty

Delicate hands performing musical escalations upon a harp,
finding an essence that was left behind centuries ago and
now is becoming the new sound of rhythm.

Choosing to soar and float above, tied to nothing in our
lives save an eternity of natural beauty, giving our souls
a sense of forgiveness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternity Passing Me By

Eternity continually passing by, ignoring me as I live this earthly life alone, looking about sadly, wondering what's going to happen in the future.

At times looking back, reliving yesterdays today, knowing that eventually I will be peering into eternity, looking forward to it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternity's Molds

Retiring from turmoil for moments in time,
adjusting self to fit into newly created
puzzles like sculptures of beauty,
concentrating from love's deep abodes.
Remnants of egos, finding their ways to
adhere and bring about some self-esteem.
Shaping designs into molds of eternity.

(10: 56 a.m. - 9/30/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternity's Reverberations

Reverberations through eternity touch my soul, fill
my heart with a serene tranquility, not of this world.
Flowing freely like branches and leaves in a
midsummer's wind.
Tacitly placing wonder into it's rightful space where
it can be seen whenever needed.
Walking with a lilting beat down grassy lanes, seeing
nature blooming from within.
All echoes gathering themselves into an atmosphere of
peace while spheres of life-giving essence flow above
and about us with their wonderful essence, given by
God forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eternity's Timetable

Innervating sounds of nature figuratively bring a rhythm of innate being.
Sarcastically blending with beauty and talent as days become a new experience on a timetable of eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ethereal Nature

Misty lighted morning, breathing a chill upon the earth
life sprouting colors from brown, discolored dirt.

Hanging in the balance, an atmosphere of change, moving
alternately with several moods within a sphere.

A range of human ingenuity, lacking confidence in the fruitfulness of others.

Reaching, picking purposeful acts of kindness, hanging
before the world an incredible silent journey.

Bent out upon the eye of totalness, beings captured one
by one in awe of God's eternal nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ethereal Passion

Gently like waves rising and falling silently,
foam splashing about as they crash upon sandy
shores of thoughts.

Eliminating noise, friction and turmoil of
daily life, never changing course, allowing
thoughts freedom of an ethereal passion.

Flowing into skyways of this heart, leaving
their marks quietly upon clouds, grave markers
left behind to show that I've been here before.

Nothing will ever be seen when looking for these
markers, a culmination of all that has been and
become of me and who I am.

Being just as it should be, an invisible pathway
that no one may ever follow, for I am a lone
pilgrim captured in realms of poetry by myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Etude Of Learning

Taking chances with many ideas as they flow forward into
the future of tomorrow's generations.

Allocating time and measuring it's worth in an etude of
learning, being composed in the night.

Forgiving passions being felt in diameters of yesterday,
leaving reminders of all the memories being looked at and
taken into intellect's depths for an entire lifetime.

Pressing moments between the pages of my mind, holding them
forever on the photographic screens beyond the scope of time.

Images continuing to be focused into depths of imagination's
spheres and displayed openly in poems, set to the rhythms of
existence and lived through with an excitement and beauty of
discovery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Etudes In Flight

Frolicking in pastimes of music, enjoying it's feelings
of rhythm as it fills me with a satisfying soul of tone
and reverberations.
Tickling my insides with merriment and elation, I travel
sololy along paths of my subconscious imagination to the
tunes of talented etudes in flight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Etudes Of Brilliance

Shadows silently proclaiming fluid beauty of figure
skaters below.

Pounding rhythm to colors of red, incessantly cradling
motives of creative dance, touching chords of primitive
origins hiding inside.

Slowly, lazy blues creeping around our ears, jumping,
leaping, skates clinking, shining rainbowly across the
ice.

Sensing the urgency of musical notes, waiting to be
expressed in fantastic body movements, captured on
skates.

Filled with expression, overflowing onto the audience,
creating an imagination of time and space.

Flowing onward, tranquilly soothing even the hardest
hearts with etudes of brilliance.

Picturesque movements, allowing freedom of interior
beings to come alive, sharing the feeling as one together
in the arena.

Touched by the sensual sadness of effervescent music,
lulled to tears, joyously fulfilled through hearts of
sight.

Prayerfully enfolded in eternity's memory, cradled forth,
feeling within, the rhythm of natural beauty.

A sea of deepest purple, pink, green, blue, red, all of
it serenading spotlights, moving about the ice.

Reflecting shadows of each skater onto an array of eyes,
watching spellbound as they are skating below us, reaching
peaks of perfection throughout their routines in the show.

Rapidly moving across time in a space of mind, reserved
for beauty, reaching out for applause, taking it in stride,
racing around the rink with pride.

Gently spinning within colored lights, taking turns, bowing
and fading into the night, leaving as they came, all
of them champions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Etudes Of Design

Muted reverberations, sounding exemplary etudes of design, bouncing memories to and fro, collecting them and making sense of their images and clear-cut visions.
Taking in facets, unseen before this moment, beckoning them towards dawn's early light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Etudes Of Life

Jumping, blaring, singing, following notes of rhythm as they chase through the atmosphere - lyrics on strings of kites.
Blending, stirring, rising to new heights of musical talent, bringing all together in etudes of life's beauty.
An energy, unchained, touching souls and minds with an aptitude of genius.
Lightening knowledge, quickened by musical tones, vibrating gallantly into interior depths, trying on new ideas of glory and fame.
On final steps to heaven we separate, taking with us - none of it.
Only we can become alive and everlasting beyond our graves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Etudes Of Reality

Walking in steps of rhythm, keeping pace with every nuance
and beat played by a band of quiet renown.

Realizing stanzas of intense brevity, lining up and performing
line dances in comfort and ease of individual amusement.

Single file, stepping to rhythmic beats of entertainment,
allowing ourselves to become an etude of reality's existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eugene

A quiet distinguished gentleman, making his mark in
our lives with a sweet disposition and kindness,
borne of a gentleness he held inside.
Remembering him through life will be simple, he comes
to mind carefully, calmly, reminding us of his smile
and his talent for making delicious cookies for our
troops over seas.
Eugene will surely be missed, but always will hold a
special place in our hearts, where his memory will
touch our minds.

(10: 27 a.m. - 9/21/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eulogies Of The Past

Staccato beats tapping at my mind, wanting doors
of intellect to open up, spilling out upon the
floor of my soul's heart.

Alluring feelings and emotions going into breeze-
ways of spirituality, cherishing and brandishing
beauty of interior landscapes with eulogies of the
past.

Reverberating through my mind, transfixed and wander-
ing on pathways, watching as clouds flow past over-
head.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Euphoric Elation

A gentleman, singing out loud, touching all our hearts
and minds with memories - all of them good.
Great rendition of Neil Diamond's song, 'Sweet Caroline',
his voice gentle, distinct and in time with rhythm.
Singing another song, 'Tie a yellow ribbon', raising
expectations, filling us all with elation, euphorically
through music.
Entertaining, friendly, full of humor, keeping us
laughing and enjoying his wholesome personality.
Hoping to see him and the Cactus Kickers again real
soon.
Thank you all for the opportunity to see you perform,
you were great in the eyes of this poet, sitting in the
audience.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Euphoric Spaces

Meandering down pathways I create, slowly taking
everything in stride as I wallow happily in
nature's realms.
So often tarrying in magical displays of euphoric
natural spaces.
Never allowing others to wander or stray into
areas of my imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Euphoric State Of Mind

Playing in a misty pool, swimming underwater, flitting
about and feeling freedom reigning within.

Solitary times alone, deep beneath the water, cool and
beautiful, lifting the weight off of your body.

Being above the gravity of this earth, floating atop
the surface and not worrying about sinking.

Such a complacent and pleasant environment, no worries,
frets or other people bothering you in this little king-
dom beneath a man-made sea.

A euphoric state of mind, not being interfered with by
life and it's insipid trials, trying to take away our
peace of mind.

Intolerably being awakened when having to get out of the
pool and getting back to reality once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Euphorically Energized

Energy mounting as music flows into intellect, crescendoing
lively and rapidly, touching this mind selectively, choosing
notes, tempos and rhythms to write to.

Having fun, enjoying playing in measures of musical rhythms,
keeping time with tempos and feeling euphorically energized,
sublimely touched with a profound accessibility of intellect.

Carrying thoughts in spherical backpacks, traveling by foot
through deserts and forests, thrilled to see nature first-
hand and up close.

An astounding beauty seen clearly while walking along path-
ways created through imagination, nature blossoming among
it's silent thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Euphorically Feeling

Thoughtfully writing in and through music, enjoying feeling euphorically, the intensity of melodies being played incess-antly.

Joyful rhythms keeping time with laughter and humor, lifting spirits into realms of heaven at times, harmonies taking their time as life revolves around their beauty and wonder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evaporating Being

Soulfully anticipating eternity and after-life when this
one has been taken from me.

Watching edges of heaven for any signs of a compilation
of energy coming into existence and savoring my essence.

Knowing when it comes it will totally evaporate this
being into a heavenly spirit of peaceful complacency once
and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eveil Spread Around The World

Taking a look around, seeing good people helping others,
doing what they can with whatever they have, then turning
around, seeing evil is being spread all over the world.

Others are getting killed, maimed, tortured, raped and
left for dead just because they didn't believe in the same
things that other people did.

Claiming it's a religion to try and get their way, but are
only looking to overthrow our government and turn our country
upside down with sharia law.

Unconstitutional thoughts to tear apart everything we Americans
believe in, a total misuse of power that is unexcusable here
in this nation, the Republic of the United States of America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evening

Parks at night have a very different view, seen in shadows
of black, white and gray.

Density of images are hard to recognize, everything seems
flattened out against the back drop of night.

Darkness pulled over, disallowing everything which walks
in front of these eyes.

Threadbare, evening sits alone, not knowing where to go
from here.

Slumber not falling upon a mind, raging wakefulness instead,
keeps it company.

Untiring beatitudes stretched beyond the length of stay
prepared by evening, awaiting yet, memories of death, never
waking to the new morning sun again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evening Breezes

Branches dancing and curling around one another in an
evening breeze.
Testifying to amazement and wonders of God on earth.
Lively, enhanced, sap flowing through, while all the
while we see only branches, trunk and leaves quietly
standing still, beautiful in an evening's light
cushioned air.
Breathing gently, we also wend our ways through life
on an evening breeze.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evening Of Life

Nothing in life matters when I cannot write from within.
Solitary thoughts encourage my mind's intellect to portray
life in pictures of written prose.
Tantalizing every bit of interior imagination, bringing an
elevation of glorious passion.
Leaving me in a world of wonderful curiosity all alone, yet
among everyone in words of beauty, touching minds of all who
are in touch with feelings and emotions, in the evening of
my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evening Of Lonely Life

Pieces of my reflection fallen and broken,
shards lying everywhere.
Bleeding in scores of music being sung by
talented people.
Touching the saddened rhythms of my
affectionate heart, strumming me sorrowfully
in the evening of my lonely life.
Standing on the edge of fields, looking over
their picturesque landscapes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evening Out Splinters

Drinking in the beauty of life through every poem written
to rhythms and music being listened to.

Evening out the rough and shoddy splinters of pain, loss,
sorrow and abandonment that we get stung with in life.

Holding onto the essence of our interior natures and
innate gifts, showing the world who we are, truly children
of God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evening Promises

Focusing on twilight, every moment listening to sounds, straining to hear their melodies over thunder and lightening.

Streaks carousing and electrically shooting across the sky, leaving reminders all over the heavens.

Letting everyone know that evening holds all promises in darkened light until it comes to fruition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evening Shadows

Looking to the sky, seeing reflections of sun beams
shining directly into my eyes, blinding me from what
I want to see.

Shielding them, seeing the silhouette of a palm tree
full and beautiful, shaded in evening shadows with
the sun silently smiling behind it.

White streaks gliding across the sky showing us the
directions that jet planes have traveled on their
way to unknown destinies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evening Shores

Sunsets of emptiness always before me in abundant hues of golden roses and orange, yellowed with the setting of suns on evening shores.

Ebbing and flowing on waves, beckoning tides of evening into every moment of darkness alongside of life and it's fury.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evening Snows

Token qualities are portrayed in silken lace on thoughts
of mild evening snows.
Luster induced auras spreading joy from ends of earth.
Leaving life on sidelines to walk upon edges of horizons,
searching for non-ending bliss, in bottomless glasses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evening Sun

Palm trees standing tall in an evening sun,
their fronds being blown about by a gusty
wind.

Movement causes a glimmering, shimmering
reflection of light upon each of them.

A beautiful sight as the sun begins to
set gently upon the horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evening Whisper

Solitary peacefulness settles within, bringing with
it temporary solutions to life's difficulties.
Standing alone, perusing every day thoughts in total
recall of a mind's reclusiveness.
Visiting corners of grey matter, searching for some-
thing unknown, yet felt deeply within my soul.
Ever reaching, touching gently as a whisper in the
evening, I know it's there hiding interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evening's Harmony

Evening turning the corners of it's bed down, crawling out, reaching for the alarm to shut it off.

Becoming a part of the fabric of night with it's twinkling stars and darkened skies.

A solitaire lone horizon, hiding in a jacket of evening surprise, astonished at the length and breadth of peaceful harmony, emanating from it throughout eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evenings Of Chance

Lighter sides of life-enhancing moments are filled with musical rhythms, tantalizing minds of idealic thoughts.

Giving inner cravings tangible meanings to hold close on sorrowful evenings of chance.

Loving images caressing my mind with tears of yesterday, as I recall fragrant scents of events I participated in willingly.

Focusing talent in past directions, writing about feelings already spent, leaving them on pages for others to peruse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eventual Death

Traveling to a dimension I have never seen, climbing and
enjoying it's scenery.
Living the eventual death of my beginnings with silence
and hiding, careful to avoid the stares of others.
Whiling away pastimes of youth through age-old memories,
yellowed, frayed, bent, but still somewhat intact.
Solemnly leaving the sole reminiscing of life under the
welcome mat of tomorrow's destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eventual Dust

Kicking pebbles down streets of fantasy, languishing in peaceful adoration at everything I see along the way.

Prayerfully contemplating every facet of life and it's particles of eventual dust.

Thinking bereavedly about events and funerals of the past, reliving the sorrow in tears as they pour down my face and from my heart.

Asking questions does no good, being angry just takes up miserable space and makes me feel worse.

Nothing I can think of doing will ever help while alive, death will eventually absorb my sorrow and place me in heaven's realms tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eventual Peace

Wholly into the rhythms of every beat, tapping my soul with extreme delight,
knowing the essence of my life is speaking through words of poetry and
enlivening my spiritual interior with God's grace.
Eventual peace configures itself within, striating new designs as
they blend and continue long after the music has ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eventual Recovery

Beautiful thoughts floating out of a CD, given to me
when in the hospital by owners of a music company
wanting my poetry to put to music in Nashville.
A wonderful uplifting CD with rhythm taking me into
a wonderland of eventual recovery.
A CD filled with songs that will never be forgotten
for as long as I live.
Thanks to the two gentlemen who gave me the
opportunity to listen to their songs while in the
hospital.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ever - Present Curiosity

Playing inside an interior mind, making up puzzles and solutions to their purposes.

Analyzing everything through the ever - present curiosity instilled deeply in the innermost particles of being.

Figuring out what perceptions are keeping self going day and night, having them become a part of this brain on photographic screens of delightful beauty sent from depths of imagination.

Always being carefully considered from within subconsciousness where all of life enjoys the atoms of their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ever Blossoming Love

Risking it all just to be with you, having so much
that I want to do when with you.

Walking into the twilight, stars alight, showing
us to a secret hiding place for the two of us.

Then daylight breaking across the sky, sun peeking
above the horizon, taking hold and soaring into a
brand new day.

Both of us taking pleasure in just being together,
nothing marring the perfect love that we have found
in one another.

Savoring the eloquent fragrance of our love as it
fills us both in gardens of an ever blossoming love
between us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everlasting Difference

Taking shadows away from my mind, poetry lighting the
way and giving hope for the future.

Very specific and tantalizing images of light and hope
being illuminated.

Letting me see the way through turmoil and suffering
in this life.

Always finding effervescent hopes of tomorrow, an ever-
lasting difference having it's effect on my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everlasting Divinity

Shining like the sun, my mind being illuminated by
intellect, taking me deeply into my interior being.

There all knowledge and wisdom gathering together,
giving inner spirituality it's chance to combine
with all of it.

Giving hope and faith the beauty of an everlasting
divinity, somewhere in this world all realizations
of reality and imagination are coming together.

Woven into one another, always to be guided by an
interior spirituality throughout this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everlasting Feeling

Flames rising higher, flaring out brighter and hotter, senses
picking up on them.

Intensifying desires of love, spiraling them into infinity
where there is no likelihood of them ever being satisfied.

All perfectly in alignment, nothing to mar the outcome of
everlasting feelings in another time when love actually
mattered in a sphere of memorable desires.

Now silently just watching, even the embers dying down,
forever being put down into ashes, never to be held by senses
of heart or mind.

Lessening spirits of an energizing love from the past, now
putting it to rest for an eternity at last, nothing more to
be said about any particle of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everlasting Paintings

Memories straying into view, taking me into depths of
hallways, filled with their everlasting paintings and
murals, being taken quietly into tomorrow's interior
halls of fame.

Never able to be destroyed or stolen by anyone on earth,
only death will be able to take them away, leaving me
stranded, coming into it's grasp, except for my soul
and it's spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everlasting Sensitivity

Silently walking along pathways in nature, feeling solace
overtaking me as trees, plants and flowers touch my mind
with their essence.

Delicate and tender are these precious moments, as my mind
records them all on photographic screens within my being,
effervescent and gentle.

Taking me into depths of an everlasting sensitivity in the
future, giving insight that will last an entire lifetime
as I live on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everlasting Tribute

Silently being enticed by memories of love, death
and dying that I've experienced in this human life
of frailty.

An inner story being filmed upon screens of a photo-
graphic memory, held within, every detail of life en-
folded on screens of bittersweet thoughts and memories.

Everything that has been taken from me through loss
and death still exists here within my mind, having
a photographic memory.

A beautiful gift given to me by God, existing in
pictures and images of my mind, an everlasting trib-
ute written into poetry for my Lord.

This mere poet finding pathways to enter other people's
lives and minds, hoping to establish a world-wide con-
nection to bring about peace in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Every Day Life

Tasks fulfilling purposes in everyday life,
taking individuals to heights not normally
reached during their separate journeys.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Every Dream's Promises

Steadily silent, continuing on a journey that will take me
into depths of another dimension, particularly beautiful
and full of sensuous sensations.

Totally tranquilizing interior feelings of emotion as they
are being known in realms of life's beginnings.

Fulfilling every dream's promise with an honest truthfulness
above ordinary processes of most people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Every Moment A Blessing

Being near you my love, sends chills down my spine,
goose bumps appear when you come near me, desires
rising ever higher.

Your love touching my spirit fully, no other way
another can touch me interiorly, because I will run
from them always.

Touching lightly, feeling the pressure of your mind
touching me with your love, painless and invigorating,
taking me deeper into your being.

Finding the heavenly beauty of your essence as it
enters me totally, your love filling me so completely,
taking my heart to heaven with you only.

Loving to be with you, every moment being a blessing
that I treasure with you entirely, your heart's
desires one with mine eternally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Every Moment Given To Thought

Ready to face another day filled with rhythms to keep going
through hours of this life, pacing self within fast rapid
melodies, varying in speed.

Helping to write poetry faster and clearer through every
moment in life given to thought, accepting this innate gift
from above with appreciation and gratitude to God alone.

He's created and given unlimited potential, enabling me to
do anything in this life, without Him I'm nothing at all,
yet he's gifted my being according to His will.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Every Moment Written

Living within a poetical world every moment of life,
and enjoying it thoroughly.

Searching through memories, finding so many that apply
to what I want to write, whenever picking up a pen.

Having to write them all into poems, taking many hours
of every day to fulfill my passion in poetry and poetical
etudes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Every Step Forward

Surrendering to a life that lies heavily in my mind,
not looking for a reprieve, just hoping to have some
love.

Noticing that every step taken forward brings me closer
to the end where I will find myself upon a final shore.

Reaching there eventually, finally having achieved the
musical composition that has been written poetically
throughout this mere poet's life.

Creating the world I lived in, now going to live in the
midst of heaven's gardens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Every Thought Being Seen

Listening in an atmosphere of bluened light, being
soothed as I write from within it.

Knowing many things innately, learning more with
every moment that I am awake.

Ideas transpiring constantly, thinking of inventions
to help mankind, all the time revolving.

Wanting to place them from my mind into reality,
having step by step processes on photographic screens
to guide in developing each and every one of them in
total detail.

Every thought being seen, always in pictures totally,
and completely like a picture puzzle when it's done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Every Waking Hour

Pursuing music interiorly, finding it's purpose leading
me to focus on the beauty of life as I see it from this
mere poet's eyes.

Changing scenery and landscapes coming and going through
imagination and reality, gaining strength and beliefs in
succession.

Totally finding the reason and purpose that gives me the
impetuous to keep on living, nourishing and being nurtur-
ed through the love of self and others.

Beautiful, insightful, touching the essence of interior
passion, enlightening and finding the reality of what is
real in this earthly life.

Nothing much else matters as long as this is realized and
portrayed throughout our every waking hour of our moments
in life and love.

Using every endeavor in this way, bringing us to the pur-
pose of why we were born in the first place, showing us
what's needed to be done and doing it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everyday Blessings

Waiting and watching, loving and enjoying the gifts
that God has given.

Nothing to mar them, for they were heaven-sent and
no man can change or erase them.

So fully and completely taking signs of everyday
blessings to heart, knowing they were sent from God.

Rejoicing in His goodness and mercy, thanking and
appreciating His love for this mere poet on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everyday Moments

Entering an arena of combat between mind and words,
tersely, briefly, explaining moments and particles
of life's endurance.
Striking matches of enlightenment, causing fires of
imagination to consume themselves without causing
death of poetry.
Sanitizing thoughts as they pour into depths and
abysses of memory along roads of life being lived
in excess of every instant alive.
Formulating future destinies of intense authority,
placing an exacting amount of desire on everyday
moments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everyday Options

Silent meditation thought up in people's minds,
giving love in each own's time.

Wandering aimlessly along many paths, stumbling
and getting up fast.

Looking around at everyday options, then turning
inward to find God waiting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everyone Following Their Own Paths

Jointly and separately we wend our way though life, having adventures, discovering new things along the way, everyone following their own path of destiny.

Heading towards their goals and purpose in life, helping one another along the way when needed, yet each participating in our solo lives individually, side by side.

Conversing, sharing ideas, grief, loss, joy, happiness, suffering and peace, drawing from one another an inner strength of ourselves in turn.

Giving us the impetuous to carry on until one day we die, no more to find our way on earth because we've outlived our lives and gone spiritually beyond them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everyone Has Their Own Quest

Wondering, pondering things in this life, being confused
at times, knowing exactly what I want most of the time,
using logic and reason to determine what's needed.

Being alone, continue growing and finding what I'm search-
ing for silently in depths of my being, not looking to
anyone else, knowing they will have no answers.

For they have their own questions gnawing at their minds,
leaving everyone to their own quests, looking ahead, ex-
cited and waiting for my ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everyone Joining In

Raising voices in humorous songs, everyone joining in and having
a jolly good time, nothing standing in the way of laughing,
cutting up and having an enjoyable time throughout the evening.

Boisterous, funny, rhythmic, listening to every accent and
nuance taking hold and keeping close to every melody being sung
and played into this mind of flavor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everyone Looking

Staking claims in life, everyone looking to find why they matter in this life, hoping to find an unconditional love from that special person created just for them.

Always falling in and out of love, hoping for the best, striving to make the best of things, going through loss and grief, suffering and turmoil.

Living through it all, always looking forward, hoping to make it through to better days in the future, before our lives come to a final end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everyone Performing

All of us are constantly performing on a stage in life,
at times in a solitary space, others in a crowd of
either friends, family or strangers.

We each have a part to play in one another's lives, some
are better than others, but we are all needed in this
story of life on earth.

Taking our places and stances, we all enter, allure and
give the best performances that we're able to, crying,
laughing, doubting, unsure, strong, weak, unconfident.

Altogether, a part of the human race, each a particle
of humanity while we're alive and living out our parts
on the stage of our world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everyone Smiling Inwardly

Tantalizing atmosphere touching my soul, giving my spirit
a positive and enticing mood, lifting this heart into a
happier time as I sit and write of the beauty in life.

Enjoying it's vibrant liveliness as I continue to look
and walk around, feeling a blessedness of God's presence
filling my soul within.

Seniors sitting everywhere, waiting for lunch, having a
great time playing shuffleboard, horseshoes, bowling,
golfing, winning prizes.

Having a raffle, free muffins and a loaf of bread for
everyone here, a lovely and delightful time being had by
all today.

A man singing songs of Hawaii, playing keyboard, making
everyone smile inwardly, as they have a great time being
together, laughing and talking in the park.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everyone United

Words escape descriptions of what's going on here at
the Trump rally in Phoenix, Arizona, eleven thousand
people gathered in support of Donald.

Wanting to make America great again, all of us united
in this one purpose, trusting him explicitly, never a
fear or doubt.

When it comes to standing one hundred percent behind
him with our lives, knowing that along with the Vets
he will protect us like no other candidate can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everyone Waiting For You

Filling this mind with you only, wondering what you
are doing, if you're taking care of yourself like I
asked you to do.

Wishing that I could take care of you, making sure
you're eating and sleeping, knowing that your grief
has messed up your life and you're being so unmindful.

Wanting to hold you, keep you safe, but it's not really
possible, so I just keep praying for you constantly,
hoping you will turn that final corner.

Taking the first step back to the reality of your life,
everyone loves and misses you terribly, you have touched
so many people with your heart and poetry.

All of them are waiting for your return.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everyone's Potential

Rationalizing life with unending excuses for not living it fully and using every iota of talent to make earth a better place for all mankind.
Using purposes fully, recognizing the potential in everyone, standing together and being considerate of all those you meet along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everything Becoming Precious

Standing in the twilight of life, everything becoming
precious and much fewer than before, somehow less be-
comes so much more when realizing our time is little.

An appreciation of it's details and appeal becomes more
alluring, enticing us to take more time in it's explora-
tion and feeling.

An infinite and timeless effort begins and ends in just
moments of reason, rhythm and it's chords playing the
music of our last days.

Such an inspiring and tantalizing way it has of coming,
sliding quietly and silently into our hearts as we slip
into the beyond.

No one noticing until they see we are no longer living
and breathing in their presence, such a holy and wonder-
fully peaceful time between living and dying I do know it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everything Happens For A Reason

Life creating an environment filled with experiences and dreams while waking and sleeping daily.

Nothing left to chance, everything happens for a reason, there are no coincidences in life.

Everything has a definite purpose and truth to it, living and generating thoughts and ideas.

Inventing and creating, we all have innate talent, some just needing to learn how to use it.

Finding the reason it was intended for, always doing good, never turning to evil to accomplish selfish desires.

Never letting our egos get in the way of our road or destiny to get to heaven when we die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everything Has A Reason

Listening on edges of time, selecting moments of
rhythms as they are awakened by an intense melody
surging forward.

Capturing them in outer spheres through dimensions
of fulfillment, never letting us down, forever pick-
ing us up spiritually.

Pushing forward, lolling in succulent pastures of
an Arizona desert filled with cacti in an arid hot
place of it's own right.

Tantalizingly beautiful, making everyone stand up and
pay attention, realizing everything has a reason, for-
ging into measures that will show us a way to the light.

Never leading us astray, staying true to life and family,
never crossing the line, taking paths of the straight and
narrow through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everything In Shadows

Folding within, going numb, living on edges of the fabric
of life, nowhere to go if letting go of it.

Only falling into depths of an interior misery, encapsula-
ted in a mire of sorrow, indefinitely tied within.

No way out, stepping in time, measures of rhythms traipsing
along, walking away from me, leaving everything in shadows.

Never again taking up the flight of an interior solace,
wanting only to take it by the hand, requiring the substance
of a peculiar situation to be taken up by another course of
action hidden below sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everything Is An Experience

Sitting down, carrying on a conversation, just visiting like
any normal person would.

Reaching out, talking or not, expanding your mind, being close
to one another and knowing you're accepted for who you are.

Eyes looking, locking tightly together, trying to find some-
thing more in their depth than what you are saying with your
mouth.

None of it is a waste of time if you find yourself enjoying
it.

Everything is an experience and should be lived through and
savored for later years in life when reality will convince
you that there is no more life or usefulness in yourself.

Knowing then what you don't know now, you'll find that
nothing was a waste of time.

It all served a purpose of letting others come to you in
friendship, and getting yours in return.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Everything Political

Reaching outwardly into the midst of everything political,
shaking some to the core of their beings, lifting spirits,
opening up minds of others.

Hoping to take intellects of many onto new platforms of
politics, insuring all will have opportunities to extract
impossibilities in the center of all nonsense being spread.

Everyone hearing lies and illusions as they continue to opine
throughout the essence of this portrayal of the political
forum.

Lengthening conversations into more concise ideas, forming
them into opinions being voiced with conviction, liberty and
freedom reigning in full force all across this great nation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evil Be Damned

Running into the beauty and glory of America with Trump
leading us on the path of continued freedom, setting the
tables straight once and for all.

Taking back our country from all the criminals in our govern-
ments the world over, for there are way too many people that
know right from wrong, standing and doing nothing far too long.

Now they have been awakened to the corruption going on in
every country, world-wide, taking steps to put things right
again.

Standing together, one purpose, all of us gaining strength,
taking back our countries and evil be damned once and for
all throughout our world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evil Faces

Thoughts of another are disturbing as they whittle and
undermine confidence.
Watching the death of a supposed friendship fills me
with anger, as I think of all the lies that have been
told.
This being is a repository for deceit and defamation
as it plays it's part well.
Staying away, out of the same atmosphere, will bring
great peace to my own soul.
Having this person in my life is much too dangerous
for my well-being.
Walking away, keeping my back at all times in their
direction so I don't have to see the evil on their
face.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evil Is Harsh

Remembering life before evil struck, being whole, happy, care-free and filled with happiness, joy and laughter, those were very pleasant days that are wanted so much to get back.

Leaving the pain of what evil did so many years ago, taking away the life that I loved so well, the freedom that was wholly mine.

Thinking it could never be taken away, but evil is harsh, mean, uncaring, taking everything but this soul, that it could never have, for it's mine only to give to God when I leave this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evil Is Inherently Harsh

Remembering life before evil struck, being whole, happy, care-free and filled with happiness, joy and laughter, those were very pleasant days that are wanted so much to get back.

Leaving the pain of what evil did so many years ago, taking away the life that I loved so well, the freedom that was wholly mine.

Thinking it could never be taken away, but evil is harsh, mean, uncaring, taking everything but this soul, that it could never have, for it's mine only to give to God when I leave this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evil Messengers

Evil sits silently upon the throne of sin, sending out
human messengers steeped in decadence, looking to strip
the good of all that is God's.

Evil sits in darkened waiting, letting it's shadows of
sin overtake the goodness within, always standing in the
darkness.

A sinful messenger of evil lies in wait to rape a woman
of God, filled with it's own sense of pleasure and im-
portance.

Sinful ways are brought to bear unknowingly on loving
women, stalking nightly, one loved by God, evil awaits
it's moment to pounce, baring a heavenly soul to sin.

Never once realizing that what it does belongs only to
him, he falsely sets the blame upon the shoulders of a
woman.

Feeling the dirtiness of the evil one, falling herself,
into the pits of hell because of evil's lust and ego,
losing sight for moments of God's love.

After many years of guilt and shame, coming to Jesus
through a priest who has brought to bear that she is
not the one who has sinned.

Her ignorance of evil ways is brought into focus very
clearly by a priest, giving her the courage she so
badly needs to walk unfalteringly in life again.

This woman lives on, waiting for the day that she will
be with God in heaven, for now living behind the convent
doors as a nun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evil Traveling

Hoping for a moment of enlightenment to bring intellect
into an atmosphere of peace and serenity, watching as
life revolves around anger, racism and evil.

People spouting lies, illusions being shown in order to
sway people to do the wrong things, living in a world of
turmoil.

How do we find our way through it all, is there a pathway
we can follow into another sphere or dimension far from
this horrendous evil traveling across our planet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evil Treading

Beneath this heart of sorrow lives a being who has
fallen into the dismal depths of yesterday.

Looking about, seeing the world collapsing upon it-
self, evil treading on everyone in it's path.

Wounded and hurting many people, their families are
being put to death for absolutely no reason.

Children and women being raped, pedophiles haunting
innocent children and babies.

They must be stopped dead in their tracks, no mercy
being shown, the same way they treat everyone else.

Depraved, sick, worse than any animal that I've ever
seen in my life.

People all over the world standing against muslims,
jihad and al queda.

Doing to them what should have been done right from
the very beginning.

It would've saved a lot of innocent lives had a stand
been taken by every government in the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evil's Explicit Visions

Increasing fixations of superior ability, stressing innuendoes of sinful particles, stranded in life's back alleys.
Surviving explicit visions of evil, allocated to desires of the mind, etudely stymied from atmosphere's of goodness on steps of backwood forests.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evolution Of Intellect

Dancing to rhythms with my mind, intellect, imagination
and spirituality.

Loving the expressions of poetry that flow incessantly
from it's essence.

Containing it all through the passion and energy of an
interior life, filled with impossibilities of possibility.

Charging into the future of all my tomorrows, saving the
beauty of what's being done on photographic screens within.

Brain searching, locating, touching upon the evolution of
intellect as I write through this life in a style all my own.

Given by God to develop, shape and form into the essence
of messages pertinent to stages and fortunes of a lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evolving Endings

Lights sprinkling through this mind, illuminating thoughts
as they meet in glimmering shadows of brevity.

Taking sides and placing them into the strength and power
of inner spirituality where they gain an energy of the Divine.

Way beyond what human nature could ever possibly attain, a
particular and effervescent effusion of collective colors
and meanings being lit with a bluened light of the Divine.

An interior spirituality that will never fade nor disappear,
it will just evolve and it's endings will become the new
beginnings of another time in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Evolving Particles

Racing up and down scales of rhythm, enjoying the
mental side while writing constantly what appears
in mind-shaping prose.
Speakers fill my mind with their tones and sounds,
creating an atmosphere from which I can evolve and
become particles of my own poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exact Pictures

Taking aim, shooting all I know into a part of my intellect, collecting memories and pasting them into the books of life I hold secretly within me.
Once in a while, taking them out and watching with awe at the exact pictures showing up again and again.
Always the same - emotions, expressions, color, everything.
Knowing myself interiorly, always surprising self with the beauty I find there.
A very rare commodity that no one else can share with me, and I take it seriously into my soul and poetry, always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exacting Benefits

Rising and falling with scales of musical interludes, giving us exacting benefits within our souls, a bluened light opening up within an interior dimension of spirituality.

Recognizing God in everything we do in this life, leaving no regrets as we follow Him religiously, totally and completely throughout our daily lives while living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exacting Gift Of Talent

Sparkling memories of nature fill my mind as I
sit indoors, looking out windows, reflecting
mirrors in hallways of my mind.
Telling clues of beauty as they appear in
visions continually.
Pleasing sensations filling every particle
with joy and solace.
Aligning every moment with an exacting gift
of talent through hope and faith.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exacting Nature

Listening to vibrations echoing from depths beyond life,
filing them into poems, inspired by intellectual desires.

Side-stepping byways most traveled down, rushing headlong
into piles of total emotion, never turning from their
intensity.

Holding onto pieces of exacting nature, as imagination
takes over and creates life again, once more, before it
is completed on this sandy shore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exacting Perfection

Leaves shimmering on trees that are being blown by an
afternoon breeze, heated by the sun.

Nature taking care of all things, nurturing every one
of them with her exacting perfection.

Innately filled with perfect timing, inner education
and learning, finding itself growing exactly like it
was meant to be.

Beauty standing out and leaving us speechless.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exacting Pleasure

Wonders of life transpire through music as we
sing or listen to rhythms of beautiful tone.

Sating our spirits with a spirituality of
deepened faith, entering our mind and exacting
pleasure for moments of life within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exacting Precision

Translating rhythm into words of poetry, thinking
sublimely in an atmosphere of bluest calm, noting
varieties of sound entering zones of vision.
Images wafting in on waves of radio frequencies,
turning ideas of life around, focusing on details
of exacting precision as beauty and nature fall
onto pages of writing, acknowledging reality and
imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exaggerated Play

Life is an exaggerated play,
trying on new purposes and
ideas constantly.

Emotion regulating everything,
confining us to untoward
limitations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Examining Finite Expressions

An extremely unlikely concept is falling upon my mind,
it is looking at me quizzically as if to say, now what
are you going to do with me.

Silently watching as it turns in a circular fashion,
showing me all pinpoints of it's entirety.

A possibility suddenly hits my mind, seeing areas of
science and computer technology.

A finite expression being examined and explored by
intellect at the very moment.

Explicit and reassuring, life is handing a solution to
effects of death on our inner universes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Examining Our Conscience

Refreshing memories throughout our lives, reliving visions that have brought us to the point where we're at now.

Learning how to explore and discover everything in our paths, living with every single sorrow and loss, even when not wanting to.

Examining consciences at moments in life when we become contemplative and need to reexamine ourselves to see what it is we have missed along our journey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Examining Sadness

Penetrating sadness trying to get the best of me, as I continue to stay afloat, doing the best I can.
Possibly, taking steps to farthest reaches of thought.
Examining every feature, expression, and movement as they will eventually be written into volumes of future books.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Examining Thoughts

Bluened moods, highlighting the day as I write
from depressions's sadness, held deeply within me.
Saturating my mind with tell-tale memories of the
past - some so darkened that I run and hide from
them until I can focus on their source and make
some sense of the images.
Totally recalling every word and nuance, whether
or not I want to.
Examining all thoughts these visions bring to mind,
trying to escape and find my way through these awful
mazes, trying to find a way around suicidal thoughts
before they grab hold and take over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exasperating Life

Life has a way of exasperating us through experiences that leave us empty and at a loss, not knowing which way to turn, remembering that life is temporary and this too shall pass.

Yet it doesn't lessen the pain and suffering, especially that of death and loss, somehow we manage to find our way through it all and continue living.

Although our beings have definitely been changed in ways we never could have imagined when we were younger and living life like it would never end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Excelling Rhythms

Energetically bouncing off the planet earth in memories
of established solitude, begging for participation in
an every day expectation.
Moving excitedly in a jumble of moments, beckoning to
intellect.
Stepping staccatoly in time, expressing all beauty
being seen in music as it's being played in measures
meant just for me.
Rhythms excelling in moments of time, following
through passages of yesterday while being on top of
emotions standing by.
Knowing the secrets of intrepid love and desire as I
go into abysses left me through gates of sorrow,
trying to find their way now in poetry.
Not letting go of any bit of it through faith and the
many prayers said with it in endings of calculated
experiences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Excelling Time

Movement of time excels as we age into our futures,
bringing ideas of wisdom into spotlights of talent.

Learning and knowing about life and it's curving of
imagination, using it's definition to surpass
existing literature on the way to death's embrace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Except Love

Taking chances on everything except love, afraid of being
hurt again, feeling the little love given by another is
not worth it, for the pain is much worse.

Chasing away emotions, telling myself not to want or need
anything or anyone.

Living in an intellectual world alone, yet happy, because
I'm free of the devastation love always seems to leave me
with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exceptional Belief

Showering blessings upon this soul, standing here on a final horizon, awaiting the deception of death to take me.

A conquest he can never accomplish, because I will gladly go of my own free will, no tears, no fears nor regrets.

Just a peaceful serenity to know that I will no longer have to suffer here on earth.

An exceptional belief filled with faith and hopeful joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exceptional Curiosity

Mysteriously wondering on another dimension,
finding interesting items coming into visions
of exceptional curiosity.

Lengthening moments, wrapping novel vocabulary
into words of emotional feelings, touching
strands wavering around in a heart.

Striving to become a novel in it's own time,
writing of the world, being held closely to an
individual soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exceptional Feelings

Enjoying totally, the relaxing atmosphere at Buddy Stubbs, listening to Gaul and White Doc duo.

Mysteriously touching my mind with an exceptional feeling of abundant rhythm as I place my soul within the song.

Once beginning to leave body in deference to my soul, all feelings accumulate inside.

Taking me through clouds of mystic proportions, giving many knowings of the spiritual world now enfolding me within it's sphere, stirring quietly as I travel beyond life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exceptional Gifts

Losing nothing in the absence of material things, finding so much more in nature and it's depths, that gifts given are exceptional and I cannot want for anything more.

Scents and aromas of flowers and trees all around, beauty of color as it encapsulates and gathers my essence into theirs.

Allowing me to find a way into new chapters of poetical literature along with new dimensions of analytical episodes of ten-dimensional realms of heaven within.

Gifted beyond this life, gathering and anticipating the essence of nature, as it continues to fall within, showing all of it's glory in the rhythms of continued growth.

Always right within the passion of writing from morning 'til night, a constant repertoire that never ends during every waking moment in this short and lonely life of poverty.

Never wanting for anything except the continuation of this genuine gift of nature by God, Himself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exceptional Moments

Searching forever for the peace that is deserved deep within
a soul, experiencing truth and honesty as people come and go
in life.

Extenuating circumstances taking us away into lands of fantasy
through imagination, touching reality at the same time, loving
the beauty of exceptional moments given by God.

Taking time to write about it all, sharing with the world, at
times wondering if anyone even cares, then reading comments
written from poets and people from other countries showing their
appreciation and encouragement for all that's been shared.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exceptionally Curious

Exercising throughout life, intellect and imagination,
striving always to grow exponentially in this time and
place.

Being exceptionally attuned to many aspects surrounding
life, delving further into everything, finding curiosity
always getting the best of me.

Having to know every aspect and facet of what life is
and has to offer for us here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exceptions

Finding love in life isn't hard, but to find an ever-
lasting one is very rare.

Humans are inherently fickle, not able, usually to
stay with just one person, always looking for some-
thing better.

Exceptions are few and far between, but they are
the jewels, the gems in life, lucky are they who find
and are loved by them unconditionally.

Beautiful and lasting relationships being treasured
in the hearts of those who hold them throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Excessive Blowing Wind

Wind blowing excessively, causing clouds to rise and fall,
crashing and landing on one another throughout the sky.

All grumbling, yet gathering together to arrange a storm,
needing to be accumulated.

Sending rain upon earth to nourish Mother Nature's children
here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exchange Feelings

Fighting for the reserves I need to keep on going,
barely hanging onto the center of my universe.
Only wanting to exchange happy for sad feelings so
I can write away the pain hanging on inside my heart
and mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exchanging Attitudes

Taking time to exchange attitudes of a lifetime
for those of another in rhythm's depths.

Causing another unfathomable position to become
known in the here and now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exchanging Thoughts

Looking lonealy across the room, meeting your questioning eyes
with acceptance and knowing.

A bond forms, closes in on the two of us and we become friends
for life.

Addressing conversation with caring and thoughtful consideration,
as we look forward to our time together, enjoying thoughts
exchanged silently throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Excited Beyond Living

Hidden thoughts and ideas now being uncovered,
giving my all in explaining their meanings and
definitions in life's exhausting displeasure.
Finding difficult situations out of hand and
taking them beyond limits of interior experience
as they conflict and adapt to what I already know.
Realizing facets of my mind have been opened and
are ready to develop whatever ideas I have waiting
for the next period of timelessness as it is being
readied in corridors of my brain.
Excited beyond living, feeling the purposeful
meanings all these thoughts will have in the future
of mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Excitement And Joy Found In India

Energetic and positive, being filled with an exuberance
for life through my spirit and mind, finding joy and ex-
citement in every possible way here in India.

Touching me spiritually, letting me meet the Divine in a
bluened light, dwelling deep inside of me, where I go to
write poetry.

It's where peace consumes me from the inside out and no
one can come anywhere near me, no people nor interruptions
at all.

Fully at home when within it's bluened light of contempla-
tion, not ever wanting to leave this inner atmosphere, just
writing forever, feeling joy and serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Excitement Building

Feeling thrilled on this first let of my journey to India,
rhythms resonating and setting my mind free, writing exub-
errantly through the turbulence.

Having a great time doing so now coming into Los Angeles,
lights below getting larger and brighter with every mile
we descend.

Sky turning a little lighter blue with a new day now coming,
illuminating and making everything clearer, trending thoughts
are building and concepts are growing ever deeper.

Forming puzzles in my mind, creative processes being nourish-
ed through the energy of intellect, watching them form and
develop, finding it exciting as it happens.

Peeking curiosity with their tell-tale ideas, elating and
giving me joy while doing so, now coming closer to Hong
Kong, the second leg of my new adventure and journey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Excitement Gone

Watch me climb this mountain standing here before me,
touching the sky.

Grabbing on to solid rock with my fingers, digging
toes into wherever they can find a hold.

Upward, climbing ever so high, air surrounding me -
feeling like I can fly.

After reaching the top, looking down, all's I can see
is the rock which I am standing upon.

The challenge having disappeared from life the minute
I set foot on top.

Having no more excitement in life, sitting down, not
knowing how to get back off without the challenge that
once was there to see.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Excitement Of Desires

Textures and wanton desires being filmed in intellect,
composing each of them into a beautiful blend of ex-
quisite blossoms.

Taking time to step into incessant melodies of another
culture as it's essence is brought to the forefront in
a tune of Latin American fancies.

A true delight being played quickly and lightly, as
people dance sprightly and swirlingly, holding each
other in arms of quiet friendship and delight.

Eyes bright with the excitement of desires rising in
everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Excitement Of Moments

Enjoyment of daily activities of writing, keep me
vibrant and alive, giving an excitement for every
moment that I can continue it.
So comforting, energetic and peaceful, letting me
create from nothing, poetry set in motion, just
by using my pen on paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exciting Brain Stem

Moving quickly, fingers flying
as they rhythmically put words
into my mind, exciting my brain
stem into classical wonder and
attitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exciting Colors

Coloring in books of yesterday's childhood, using bright
colored crayons, because they're exciting my mind where
new ideas stem from.

So glorious, entertaining, as a child I would spend hours
putting colors into pictures already made.

After doing this so long, becoming aware of the fact that
I too, could draw.

Getting blank paper, looking at all the lines in things I
saw, then copying them on paper the way they looked to me.

Amazing even myself, they looked so much like what I was
seeing, that I continued doing it, getting better through
the years.

Advancing eventually in high school to oil paints, painting
portraits from memory, never needing anyone to pose for me.

Some are still left hanging in ancient hallways of an eastern
university.

Still loving to color, doing so with grandchildren, just as
I'd done with my sons.

Drawing scribbles and coloring them brightly still excites
that part of my brain where ideas stem from even now.

It's good to know that I haven't lost that bit of talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exciting Desire

Categorically enjoying life's music as I write,
tearing into it's rhythms with exciting desires.
Listening eagerly for all the melodies bringing
words gently into mind.
Rhapsodies falling and rising within, taking
intellect into domains of imagination where
they mix and blend in an anticipation of heavenly
proportions.
Wonderful ideas, singling out a place in writing,
so they may share themselves with the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exciting Impressions

Touching me so softly, rhythms blending with poetical
rhymes, soaring into depths of intellect.

Carousing and benefitting from this interior beauty
as I am taunted mystically by intellect constantly.

Ideas, concepts, thoughts flying about, tantalizing
and capturing my mind with an endearing sweetness
that fills me with savory tastes of life.

Walking through it musically and instantaneously,
never having to wait for it to fill me, it happens
right at the sound of the very first note.

Always expecting to vibrate with exciting impressions
that continually fill me preciously and entirely, never
tiring of their rhythms within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exciting Inner Wildness

Silently stepping to rhythms of modern music, letting
uptown funk jump and play within, elating and giving
feelings of an interior brilliance.

Taking everything, blending it with the juxtaposition
of whatever comes onto photographic screens, thrilling
and exciting an inner wildness and love of life.

Wanting to shout and yell into the atmosphere, enjoying
a lightness of emptying out all sorrow and sadness that
was hiding inside.

Now releasing it into the universe, smiling, laughing
and completely being enticed by a good time at the Wagon
Yard.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exciting Senses

Rapidly driving into depths of being, taking solace along,
listening to music and contemplating on what life is worth.

Noticing the smallest details all around, seeing it's
essence in every particle of nature and myself.

Totally beautiful and soothing, exciting senses every step
of the way, taking this brain into narrow wave lengths of
canyons, letting me discover what is hiding there.

Turning pictures upside down and sideways, just to see more
ways in which to cross into dimensions.

Completely at ease in the recesses of my mind, making life
worth more with each passing second.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exciting Way Of Being Together

Stars shining upon us as we lie here in bed, side by side, looking into each other's eyes, exploring our beings in the dark.

Sparks flying, colors exploding into fireworks as we make love, a totally exciting way of being together, staying so close, getting closer, not wanting to part.

Hungry for you all the time, feeling your passion enticing and grasping me from the inside out, a wonderful way to spend our time together.

No one to interrupt our lovemaking, lying in bed behind locked doors all night, passion continually rising, enabling us to once again make love.

Never tiring of exploring our love incessantly, finding new ways of fulfilling our desires completely as we continue to enjoying our passion throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Excitingly Living

Slamming doors, yelling into the atmosphere, wanting
so much more from life than what is known and am
getting.

Pushing forward, using every particle of faith in reach,
to lengthen and taste the beauty of everything yet to be experienced.

Rolling down windows, letting the wind blow over as I
excitedly live on edges of whatever is left to live in
life.

Revolving and capturing the essence that completes a
being totally and never lets them fall down.

Keeping up in dimensions that have found self,
learning everything and using every bit of it through
writing literally into poetry, the future of literature.

Associating everything experienced, collating and
collecting words into landscapes, imagining self
tonight, alone in a cell of belief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Excluding Issues

Still on the road, never stopping to rest because the past may catch up to me
and there are things I don't want to know any longer.
Afraid that I'll get caught up, I push myself and jump over every obstacle that I can.
Holding on to faith to get me through without recriminations.
Touching on many instances of notoriety, excluding important issues at hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Excluding The Negative

Mind wandering, taming feelings and emotions from within, touching upon unknown factors of being and creativity, taking long looks through curtains of death and inner dimensions.

There intellect dwells within a bluened light, mind automatically researching every detail in life's picture puzzle, looking for the beauty of everything in this world.

Excluding the negative and evil aspects, not wanting any part of them, preferring to live in peace and harmony only, if only more people thought this way it would be so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exclusive Domain

Slipping and sliding into portals of intellectual
thought, nothing getting in the way of the beauty
that is found there.

Lovely landscapes, tantalizing and alluring thoughts,
giving my mind plenty to think and write about.

Subjects abounding, taking me quietly into depths of
other dimensions, wandering around them diffidently.

Happy and relaxed, enjoying the peace and serenity
I find there every moment.

Letting myself enter this private and exclusive domain
of interior contemplation often.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exclusive Privacy

Entering domains of intellect, off limits to everyone
else, enjoying the privacy that's exclusively my own,
able to think and wonder.

Thinking about anything I could possibly want to with-
out interference, a very peaceful and wonderful place
to exist, giving gentle silence and quiet thought.

Finding a significant amount of knowledge and wisdom
being emitted from within the bluened light of the
Divine always within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Excursion Of Delight

Intense feelings and emotions keep coming through music as it
flows gently and delicately through this being incessantly,
taking an excursion of delight and pleasure.

Soaring into other dimensions of imagination where many things
of interest are found to entertain this psyche and give it a
momentum through writing.

Enjoying every single moment with an intense rhythm focused
totally on interior thoughts of life and an interior spirit-
uality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Excursion Of Learning

Jostling every day with nervous excitement,
searching for answers to mysteries of life.

A never-ending excursion of learning around
every corner of an inner world.

Lively conversations going on in a mind awhir
with genteel circumstances.

Finally traveling along circles of unknowingness
that await it's wisdomly window of learning.

Settling down in a flurry of quiet anticipation,
allowing an atmosphere of becoming to alight
on it's axis.

Enhancing theories to fit productive truths of
life's never-ending mysteries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Excursions

Swirls of time settle into rhythms and chords, enticing this mind into writing poetry, beauty and solitude being focused onto patterns of notes.

All collating instantaneously with intellect, colors and designs fascinating my mind in explosions of feelings and emotions.

Taking me on excursions of lively anticipation throughout this life, loving the coded rhythms constantly coming to mind while writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Excursions Of Adversity

Staring into scenic desert mountains, feeling their
strength against my beating heart.
Imagining their inner beauty while focusing on
sightful images as they float carelessly by me on
excursions of adversity.
Blending with atmospheres of prosperity as they
travel indefinitely against skyways of innate desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Excursions Of Faith And Hope

Riding into sunsets through the years, wondering if I'll
see the sunrise tomorrow or not, taking steps to live
this life fully, doing everything possible to exist.

Yet this body is going against me in many ways, not know-
ing how much time is left, not wasting a single moment of
it, as I find the essence of my purpose.

Taking me on excursions of faith and hope throughout this
life, living more and more within a spiritual and interior
space while living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Excuses Never Given

Rounding out memories in a fast-paced rhythm,
tasting their essence as it pyramids above
intellect, challenging the existence of an
interior knowledge.

Excuses never being given, lofty ideas met
head on by simplistic views in turn, subdued
and quiet, finding new lengths to go to in an
interior dimension.

Creating and testing many ideas as they keep
cropping up along sidelines of an inner desert,
stark, arid and full of beauty, taking intellect
and imagination into outskirts of outer space.

In a split second, this mind taking it's cues
explicitly and constantly, forging into the
center of it's rhythm and bringing it about,
full circle again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exercise Of A Mind

Pounding rhythm calling to mind rhythms loud and clear, shining brightly into my imagination with fervent desires.
Beckoning inwardly, lighting the way towards obscurity on pathways of eternal bliss.
Always acknowledging gravitational pulls of poetry into abstract poems filled with cognitive puzzling mazes.
All made for a mind's exercise and love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exercise Of Words

Reaching for moments as they spread themselves over periods of enigmatic, artistic pictures, gaining momentum in my mind.
Taunting with exercise of words appearing unbidden on inner screens of talent, creating verses for lasting appeal throughout the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exercises In Futility

Emotions rising, riding tidal waves of continuous exercises in futility.
Speakers vying for time to relate opinions and listen to others, being told to sit down and essentially shut up, when they hit politicians nerves.
Financial deficits hitting the public with increasing rates and tax hikes, knocking the public to their knees, even though their prayers are not reaching ears of city council and their partners in crime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exercises In Humanity

Sinking into depths of another world, finding many
possibilities that exist within it, rocks, slate,
water, natural things that our world is made up of.

How do we take them all and create a solution to
get rid of the pollution that only a handful of
people have caused on earth?

Wanting to take hold of all these people who have
polluted and are still doing so to our environment,
giving them exercises in humanity.

Getting ready to take away processes that cause
pollution through creation of modern technology,
it's way of inventing and creating new inventions on
earth.

Learning responsible ways of doing things in order to
not ruin our beautiful planet anymore than they already
have.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exercises Of The Mind

Azure blue sky, sitting quietly in imagination,
playing with clouds as they float by.

Imagining all sorts of shapes, creatures, animals,
etc.

A wonderful way to relax and enjoy exercises of
this mind in a fun and joyful way today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exercising Beauty

Stretching my mind with a tempo of elasticity,
while tending to innermost feelings.
Quite tempting to understanding, while all of
life's designs fall out in front of me.
Distributing them evenly in scores of melodies,
holding on to clef signs to keep the beats, never
missing a one.
Keeping the till evenly as I go through the motions
of utmost intensity.
Fraught with emotions falling and following me into
depths of exercising beauty.
Nonchalance becomes an obsession in days to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exercising Brain Waves

Rocking to the beat of inner satisfaction,
moving forward into the line of fire,
heralding a new era in expansive auras of the brain.
Enlivening every iota of beauty seen and written,
devoting heart-felt desires with extraordinary thought.

Exercising brain waves with rhythmic beats set in motion.
Trying to always figure out what faction is disturbing
peaceful recognition and placing mysterious imaginings
into places of unknown existence.

Allowing for existential periods of life to come into
their own with little or no importance or relevance with
trepidation and moving on instead of being frozen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exercising Hope

Quiet strains of joy gently cuddle up against my mind,
soothing and calming edges frayed from the day.
Softly swaying in the breeze of thought, delicately
aired and cleansed by the purity of my soul's awakening
hope.
Reaching towards events and experiences, unafraid of
the results, still exercising hope and silent prayer
throughout it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exercising Imaginings

Touching rhythmically, all senses in turn, keeping up with tempos and enjoying their lively energetic purposes as they fold and unfold with exciting turns of events.

Stepping up and moving forward ever faster through measures of exercising intellectual imaginings in ethereal dreams, coming into focus with every note I hear.

Most of the tones are explicitly keeping me anchored in the beauty of knowledge as it leads happily into more intense wisdom.

Learning more than ever how to widen it's scope and discernment of equally entertaining usefulness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exercising In Formats

Lights shine brilliantly on beautiful facets of life, never
leaving corners unilluminated in a darkness of sorts.

Giving everything a chance to penetrate thoughts, allowing
them to have a voice in whatever they want.

Expecting intense and desirable platforms as I exercise them
in formats of rhythm and it's formulas.

Rising higher into the heavens with every single word written
into a million or more poems before eventually dying from this
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exercising Intellect

Swallowing tastes of nature's scents, being enlivened by
their essences and taken wholly into this being of mine.

Exercising intellect, contributing to the quiet attitudes
sitting on sidelines of another time.

Taking in all of the pictures, traveling quickly into depths
of intellect just to create and manifest that things I am
seeing and being able to figure out each one's place in the
scheme of earthly and other-worldly things.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exercising Intellect's Fibers

Racing throughout this energetic mind, feelings and an intense hunger for knowledge, needing to think beyond an inner dimension.

Foraging for information daily, every moment, taking me into measures of time, never forgetting anything that's learned through intellectual music.

Writing through it's every rhythm as it's being coded in a simplistic and pure way, a total and intense process of intellect exercising every fiber of this brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exercising Lights

Lights exercising their
minds with blinking precision.
Tapping out rhythms into a
desert of creativity.

(8: 30 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exercising Mind Power

Looking towards the future, seeing the shape of things
to come, mirroring life that will soon pass.

Exercising power of this mind to break all definitions
of intellect, taking it to higher levels of wisdom
where only the most gifted people will find evidence
needed to give life a chance over death.

Never leaving any doubts as to whether or not this
will happen, living forever is going to be possible in
the future, it isn't an impossibility anymore.

Scanning spaces and spheres of an interior universe has
them coded in order to do so, a livelihood of ancient
times about to come about in our century.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exercising Moments

Darkening benefits of late nights spent in writing are
full of expectant hopes and quiet dimly-lit dreams.

Sonomic gazes stir the atmosphere where life sits,
patiently waiting to be explored and sifted through.

Exercising moments of time, letting them bloom out-
wardly and display their messages in neon catacombs.

Created and shown in signs, vitally circumcised and
laid to rest in books of rhymes eternally sought out
and read by many.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exercising My Purpose

Always facing self alone, self-realizations coming to light, helping me to study and learn exactly who I am in life, exercising my purpose here on earth.

Through using many innate talents God has given to me in order to achieve the destiny God has given to me alone, exciting and challenging, taking me to new heights.

Opening doors of intellect into other dimensions interiorly, advancing into inner universes effortlessly, being surprised at the vastness of it all.

Wonder and curiosity continually being fed innately with questions that are never-ending, a lasting and joyous adventure through life.

Bringing me forward into the last vestiges of this earthly life, seeking truth and it's answers, wanting to know every thing in spite of the results or consequences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exercising Positive Aspects

Messages twanging from guitars playing in a band, their
easy-going melodies talking out loud in musical tones,
exercising positive aspects of life.

Through ancient and past rhythms, still complacent and
full of meanings, defining the present in spite of all
the years that have gone by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exercising Powers Of The Mind

Giving everything at midnight through dreams that hold
our wants, needs and desires throughout the daylight
hours.

Exercising powers of the mind over matter, learning how
to use them along the way, finding them useful and giving
in to them.

Wise and turbulent ideas coming together like super glue,
making sure they never are forgotten or lost, keeping them
safely tucked away.

Loving to keep them all like precious treasures that if
ever lost would never again be found.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exercising This Spirit

Silent awakening filtering through subconsciousness, giving this mind a truthful and intensive belonging, clinging to an interior peace that continually fills this being.

Letting self flow into the recesses of another time and dimension where life no longer exists, finding an entity of the Divine that energizes this being fully.

Exercising this spirit with a wonderful and tantalizing array of feelings, floating into sound, exploding colors of intense justification of what lies beyond the curtains of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exhaling Memories

Appreciating the beauty of innate talent as it reaches within, taking me soaring above.

Feeling colder, yet closer to God with every moment of life moving forward.

Expressing and testing memories as they exhale and fall into my mind, taunting imagination as reality comes to view.

Challenging images of yesterday, looking for answers and seeing questions unfolding their essence.

Getting smaller and smaller, breaking into tiny particles until only one is left.

Touching it with my mind, feeling it's texture, holding it carefully, asking hundreds of questions, seeing into the future.

Finding expressions, tantalizing this mind as I continue investigating it's innate properties.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exhausted

Shutting off the bedroom light, walking to the bed in darkness, tears streaming from your eyes.

Knowing that when you go to lie down, the love of your life will not be beside you, never again to be your partner in bed, dreams gone, faded into the distance.

Reaching over, grabbing their pillow and holding it closely, wishing with all your heart that it were your loved one instead.

Tears streaming throughout the night, falling asleep at last, exhausted from crying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exhausting My Mind

Discrepancies throughout life line pockets of
my mind and intellect with questions.

Looking to find answers exhausts my mind after
many days, hours and minutes.

Investigating each one, not getting any closer
to finding out anything to put them to rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exhilarating Moments

Recklessly thinking of doing things that are dangerous, letting me feel alive once more taking the time to be myself, like when I was nineteen.

Savoring the adrenaline rush that filled me when sky diving, flying Cessna's and stalling the engine.

Enjoying every moment spent falling through the atmosphere, plunging with the plane as it dropped, sending my stomach flying.

Feeling giddy, absolutely loving it's vibrant sensations, wonderful, exciting, a total turn-on in my life that I wish to savor again and again right at this very moment.

Nothing ever having been quite like it before, an exhilarating and enticing feeling, filling me throughout my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exhilaration Of Life

Exhilaration of life still fills this being, giving an indescrib-
able energy that titillates and entices naturally, watching as
nature and humanity continue to rotate with earth.

Producing experiences and adventures that capture our attention
through all senses, finding many moments of curiosity needing
to satisfy our natural inclinations and desires.

Searching for patterns in the fabric of our lives, hoping to
find one that will survive through the years, bringing joy
and happiness with a fervor of the unknown in passages of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exiled Darkness

Waiting in exiled darkness for a kind or gentle word,
finding that no one has even heard your plight.

Sitting, waiting forever for some sort of insight,
nothing happens to illuminate the darkness left behind.

All is lost, the realization hits an exact memory in
your mind as you go along in all directions, looking
for what you may not find.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existence Filled With Meaning

Your fingertips touch my mind, awakening your spirit of
love within my heart, joyfully rising to your being as
you come to me so totally in an unconditional love.

Taking me completely into the circle of your heart's
center, giving everything of yourself, making my world
a heaven, a garden of Eden where only we two exist.

A blessing every day since we've met, your love keeping
me filled with joy and serenity, never wanting to be
parted from you, my love.

An existence filled with meaning gives me the desire to
keep on living, just because you love me only, wanting
to keep on loving me forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existence Has Gone

Hungry for more out of life than what has been received,
realizing this is it, the final sunset has come to pass.

Where has time of existence gone, only yesterday having
held it in my hands.

Priceless memories kept in the palms of my mind, safely
and carefully lying in velvet albums.

Realizing there are no wishes to be had, life has been
emptied, turned upside down, with no way to be righted
and filled back up again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existence Of An Only Time

Picking and choosing selectively, rhythms wanting
to be followed so generously without any barriers
to stand in the way.

Loving their beauty and existence of an only time,
starting in this being, traveling to it's heart
and soul eventually.

Soothingly calm and peaceful, finding the life
always wanted throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existence Of Another Time

Patterns of music being followed through rhythms and tempos,
covering everything alike in colorful rainbows of ecstasy,
reaching and finding memories lying upon the floor of my mind.

Waiting to be picked up and straightened out, tempting ideas
to unfold and step into the existence of another time when
you were still with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existence Of Bereavement

Never lacking a sense of humor, even in the worst of
times standing against me in life, knowing that every-
thing and everyone will eventually die.

Death taking our final breath without asking, knowing
if he asked, giving us a choice, we'd never succumb or
acquiesce to it's mortal existence of bereavement as
it took our only way of existing in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existence Of Forbearance

Drops of salted tears fill oceans with their sorrow,
emptying the loneliness left within when you were
taken by death.

Silent and bringing grief into a solace that is
intensely quiet and still, nothing being heard,
not even a ripple of a whisper.

Totally alone in this existence of forbearance, not
minding at all, because there I can think of you the
way we were when you were here with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existence Of Futility

Needing times of quiet to ponder existence of futility,
watching endeavors fall to the wayside while
contemplating a form of suicide today.

Turning points surrounding a mind with thoughts of
being, and unkindly finding death spouting it's reasons
for an unknowingness to life.

(10: 48 a.m. - 11/14/06)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existence Of Mortality

When you were mine we both were so happy and carefree,
living in the hearts of our love as we went about doing
so many activities together.

Never counting the minutes as we went through life, not
noticing the years slipping by us, yet death was standing
silently by, waiting and counting down the minutes.

Ready to grasp hold of one of us to take beyond life on
earth, leaving the other alone, abandoned and totally
empty, no love left to give or take between either of us.

So bereft and lonely, staying behind for no reason because
without you I am already dead, waiting to be plucked from
the vine of life, I sit and mourn within for you.

Letting myself go, living an existence of mortality only,
unable to move forward, forgetting to reach for anything
because I am so forlorn without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existent Patterns

Routes following eastern directions onto maps of derision.
Sounding tones of beautiful scenery as flavors are tasted
scientifically in taste buds of my mind.
Formulating an energy of incisiveness as corners open and
allow a myriad of melodies to begin and form.
Moods of anticipatory explanations fall within patterns
of existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existent Reality

Twinkling sounds reverberating in a presence of mind
while listening affectionately to perceptions of
falling rain as it pours upon me from within.
Tantalizing drops entering realms of interior
imagination as life proceeds down streets of reality.
Wanting to divide particles and fall outside of the
diversity of people here on earth.
Calculating rites of passage as they go through the
many altercations of existent reality.
Calling to the exact preciseness of all things openly
finding themselves on a patio of informal fame,
awaiting their fortunes in time.
Hoping to meet it in passing, while speeding rapidly
into diagrams of planned escapades.
Wading through all the possibilities ever lasting on
earth's circumference, becoming the memories of
tomorrow's lifetime accomplishments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existing

Leaves blowing haltingly in the whispering wind,
why are leaves bending the air with their
unknowingness? What do they have to gain?

Telling all who pass by to beware of tainted
people pretending - always pretending - to know
things and never knowing anything.

People who are tainted never have a beginning or
a middle, just an end, they are always sitting
on the wind of life, never parting their eyes to
see another existence was there first.

Preying hopelessly on other people's love, they
taint themselves and end up alone, knowing no others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existing Doubts

Existing in a canyon of doubts, wanting my best friend to come and talk. Hoping she can figure out what it is she wants from our friendship and how we can share it equally without further interruptions or hurt feelings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existing For His Touch

Thumping heart, beating only for the one that I
solely love, existing for the touch of his heart,
feeling temptations of his virility.

Wanting only to be within our love together, just
spinning in a dimension that only we two are a
part of on earth.

Alone, exhilarated, thrilled by being together,
looking into our eyes, nothing else is seen except
one another's beings through love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existing In A Space Of Time

At times losing my way, mind blank, feelings numb, existing
in a space of time that is floating about at will, keeping
me alive without any help.

Wanting to never have to do anything to live, just wanting
everything to come and go at will, wanting freedom to wander
forever in an atmosphere of peace and serenity.

A glorious feeling that entices my mind, a tacit and envelop-
ing thought coming through writing, giving this mind room to
roamin through intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existing In A Void

Missing you so intensely, keeping your love within
photographs of our past together.

Sitting in the parking lot of your death, alone,
looking at the stars, thinking of you my dear.

Tears twinkling in my eyes, like the stars up in
heaven, unable to give any solace within.

Nothing is the same anymore without you here, this
heart is empty, unfulfilled like my mind.

Wondering how I will live without you for the rest
of my life, knowing that I cannot anymore.

Finding that I'm only existing in the void of our
true love from now on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existing In Intellect

Riding into traffic, letting this mind wander aimlessly,
not caring about anything much, just existing and being
self, the only one I know how to be.

Quiet, self-assured, confident, standing in the ability
of innate talents, sacrificing friendship at times, just
to be able to write and exist in intellect.

Holding hands with imagination, taking nothing to heart,
just playing with words and thoughts jutting into this
mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existing In Interior Substances

Never leaving paths of destiny and fate in life, want-
ing to escape them, but they have been preordained and
there is no escape from them while living.

Exposing feelings being felt and thoughts that are used
to get through the darkness of life, letting rain fall
upon my being, unable to run from it.

Storms of emotions fill me fully with sorrow, existing
in interior substances of an energy that carries forth
in spite of everything.

Wishing I could bring about what I'm wanting, trying to
find happiness and joy that escapes me at every turn in
this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existing In Joy

2: 28 p.m.
Existing in joys of this life, finding their melodies stay
with us indefinitely.

Loving and being together in spirit, musicians and poets
of one heart and mind.

Blending rhythms between the two, carrying on throughout
measures of time, everlasting in many rhymes of together-
ness. 2: 29 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existing In Other People's Love

Walking about, listening to rhythms as my heart beats in time
with them, leading me carefully into a future that is awaiting
my arrival.

Books being published, reciting poetry, giving talks across
the world, an amazing facet coming from writing poetry constant-
ly and incessantly.

Life-giving, expecting nothing, receiving the love and com-
passion of strangers coming into my life, becoming close friends
through understanding and caring without counting the cost.

Such a pleasant way to live, existing in other people's love
as they also give of themselves unselfishly and honestly to
me in friendship.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existing In Particles

Strictly looking into the past and watching all that I have
been through, seeing how it has expressed my being through
the years.

Childish ingenuity and a moist intellect, always absorbing
everything in the midst of being.

Always existing in particles of many puzzles of the past,
that at times make sense to me now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existing On Another Plain

Drunk with sweet melodies filling my essence with their
aromas and delectable tastes of the beyond.

Categorizing it's lines secreted in measures of time, a-
waiting their arousal of interior senses to be awakened.

Pictures and images tantalizing this mind endlessly with
dreams of tomorrow, finding beauty of interior landscapes.

Strikingly Divine and beyond the scope of this earthly
life, yet now being lived within this mere poet.

Writing of them in poems that will last throughout time
and life, silently written to rhythms heard.

Existing on another plain where only I can truly attain
it's purity and innocence of an interior life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existing On Death's Shores

Leaves waving their fronds, touching insides of
my mind with their enduring natures and peaceful
beauty.
Without knowing any of their heartaches or sorrow,
I sit wonderingly as I contemplate their lives of
existence on our planet earth.
Hoping to catch more than a season of spring to
deliver them from eternal death as they get stepped
upon and mixed with dirt of earth.
Blending their inherent nature's once again to bring
life into being as they exist on death's shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existing Rhythms Unfolding

Enlivening rhythms from Buddy Holly back in the day,
coming alive now in the journey of today's music.

Awesome melodies being replayed by another band,
equally good, as far as we can hear.

Senses awakened, being taken faster into the
immersion of contemplation where writing is not
disturbed.

Sliding along, becoming calmer by the second without
any untoward effects bothering whatsoever.

Being silently still, heart beating, mind thinking,
gently flowing quietly in the atmosphere.

Holding onto existent rhythms as they unfold quickly
into this brain.

Soothing intellect, waking imagination to the
enlivening beats of an early Saturday morning at
Buddy Stubbs.

Belonging sololy to the rhythms at this point, not
slipping away, everything consciously being brought
up before magical screens.

Totally sensing every aspect of perception, giving
of self in every direction, while sitting here
listening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Existing Transcendentally

Charging batteries of being, wanting to explore and discover
so many meanings in this earthly life.

Acknowledging the future and it's part in it all, sliding
around, giving in to feelings of a love that is so exquisite
and beautiful - a perfect love - found at last in the ending
of life.

Satisfying truths of existence with an unconditional love,
caring for exactly who I am without wanting to change me.

A sincere freedom coming from within another, letting me soar
into another atmosphere, where we can exist transcendentally.

A reality created for and by us in a poetical rendition of
our lives together on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exit Sign

Looking into reflections of a painting, seeing an exit
sign and wanting to go through it and out of life and
all insurgent problems that it causes.
Reflecting on the peace that can be mine alone, finally.
Then a thought of my grandchildren pokes through a
cloud dreamt of freedom, reminding me of the love
still waiting here for me on earth.
Being their lifelines though childhood.

(1: 14 p.m. - 1/7/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exit To Beyond

Stranded in a life I want no part of, attempting to find reasons for living.
There aren't any to be found.
Death beckons, sending brilliant lights taunting inner memories to flow out.
Tension building, stretching, looking for a way to ease the pain.
Exits appear at ends of long tunnels - light beyond - blue - warm - inviting.
There is no longer an entrance to life - it disappeared with the death of my Mom.
Left only now, is the final exit - the door to new life beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exiting The Entrance Of Life

Sauntering through a lifetime, just living through my existence,
hoping to make a pathway for myself alone.
Burying emotions and walking away from any feelings that tore at
my heart, breaking my spirit, trying to untame my soul just to
continue breathing on a daily basis.
As I hung my head and trudged out the entrance of life,
I stepped into an abundance of tears piled high,
just made for me as I peacefully died again, alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exorbitant Grief

Light befalls these eyes and seeps gently through this heart into it's very soul, strumming heartily, memories of the past.

Not wanting to see the images, pushing them away, yet feelings and emotions are touched and an everlasting sadness appears.

It constantly betrays me in respite, causing an emptiness which opens ever wider every time.

Trying to touch it, but can never reach far enough within, staying clear and protecting me from it's exorbitant grief.

Knowing it can be handled better, wanting to eliminate it, striving to rope and bring it closer.

Failing every attempt, continually doing my best to rein it in, dealing with it whatever way I can, whatever way is best for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expaining An Interior Mind

Ever widening chasms being filled with brilliant light,
beckoning intellect to travel through, finding another
property of life and it's intellectual development.

Somehow light does it's part interiorly in nurturing
our intellect's, allowing it to grow exponentially in
depths of our total beings.

Many expressions and blessings cross over and through,
piercing rays of lightened knowledge, coming from sub-
consciousness and wisdom.

Always brightening attitudes and moods so thoughts can
be contained and grown in the beauty of this interior
light of life.

Wondering why no one else has ever spoken of it, curious
as to reasons why, trying to figure out for myself how
it's done.

Explaining only what I am experiencing in the interior of
my mind right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expanding Boundaries

Centering in times, elapsing,
folding thoughts in batter of my making,
creating new recipes to put into writing poetry.
Mixing abstractions with cognitive abilities,
just to see what will appear on many pages.

Seeing the exhausting visions protruding from
every nook and crevice of my mind.
Expanding, illuminating everything, all images
are jumping in the light, wanting to be seen in
daylight hours.

Not wanting to hide anymore, giving their all -
feelings and emotions flowing faster and faster,
standing, hoping to be the next one in line.
Favoring beats steadily in stances of beautiful
tempos, racing inside of this mind.

Tacking the episodes of everyday songs onto their
exercise of mind expanding boundaries.
Stealthily moving out into the open, not wanting to
stop or pause, keep writing until the dawn of
another age.

Soliciting everyone's attention, as notes of every
measure find their ways into hearts and souls of
many gathered here at Buddy Stubbs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expanding Definitions

Wandering the powerful legacies of mind-expanding
definitions, attempting to satisfy their desires
for intimate contact with emotional contents.
Hoping to expand and create ideal fixtures in
order to open up medical knowledge.
Bringing it soaring into the twentieth plus
centuries and beyond, leaving the dark ages behind
to fend for themselves.
Colliding with unprogressive scientists set in
their ways, trying to open their minds I step
into the expanse of unforgiving territory.
Opening it's vast horizons to all who care to
move beyond the knowledge and wisdom stagnating
life for many centuries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expanding Edges

A rhythm of nature fulfilling me with it's luxury and
soothing blessings from God.
An extreme feeling of depth and beauty, finding it's
way into a mind of acceptance and delicate transition.
Crossing lines of extension as they move wider,
expanding edges of nature into realms of interior peace
and serenity.
Figuring mathematically with circles of trigonometry in
drawings of visual acuity.
Penetrating physics, stretching it's logic onto plains
of imagination, to increase it's intelligent views of
masterminding wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expanding Experience Of Life

Focusing on intense emotions, feeling them fill my heart and mind, giving this being a vibrant liveliness.

Taking time to let all feelings take over and expand the experience of life fully through them.

Every step of the way, thoughts take me into writing poetry to relate all feelings to the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expanding Freedom

Wanting to be a person of character, honesty, truthfulness in every way.
Nothing keeping me from what I actually am since birth.
Loving to exercise creative ideas and bring them to light for everyone else to see.
Dreaming, coming alive as I am awakened - light of illumination sets me free to expand imagination's freedom so easily.
Gesturing, watching expressions come to life through every memory remembered photographically.
So intent, blocking out any outside source that tries to interfere with what my mind needs to eat to keep on going.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expanding Imagination

Many avenues of intellect are open to us all, we just have to keep our minds from closing it's door.
Wonder and beauty await us as we expand our imagination, especially in times of great stress or grief and bereavement.
When we look around there is always something to strive towards to better our lives or anothers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expanding Into Remembering

Living through a hurricane when I was just nine years old,
still stays with me in memory's untold.

When even younger, I remember the air raids we had in our
town of Bound Brook.

We had to pull down all the shades and get down on the floor
of the bathroom.

In grade school, we'd have to leave our classroom and go out
into the hallways, head in our arms, leaning against the
wall until the all clear bell rang.

It's strange how memories are always with me, just thinking
brings them to mind and they open up and expand into
remembering.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expanding Life

When life is precious, nature wraps us in a protective
cocoon until we may present ourselves when mature.

Taking years or decades for some of us, others expand
their realms overnight.

Total abandonment to the elixirs of each day, we
collaborate somehow on existent by-ways of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expanding Minds

Masquerades throughout life have their purposes I guess,
unknowing facets of their meanings sometimes becoming known,
yet still standing back, haunting this mind with thought.

Always becoming, increasing in size, enlarging every moment,
keeping people at bay, until they figure out the reasons
behind the disguises, allowing an expansion of their minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expanding Solutions

Different angles and corners capture my mind,
as I find ways to elaborate and stretch them
out of proportion.

Finding solutions to be creative, expanding
them beyond themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expanding Talent

Writing utensils being used to explore makings of an inner child, touching upon theories, expanding in talent's forte.
Being formed from within as colors of the rainbow feature artful endeavors through writing.
Sketching visions, entering through side doors, collecting ideas in mailboxes set up for targets of brain cells set beyond life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expanding The Collective Mind

Drumming incessantly increases stamina through music at a rapid pace.

Listening increasing awareness, making me more alert and responsive, more conducive to retaining material as I read at the same time.

Reading and listening creates an environment of creativity, an awareness of perception in other dimensions, expanding the collective mind and intellect.

An opening freedom, allowing the brain to locate and explore other interior universes and their dimensions, loving this freedom of the mind, pursuing it at every turn when writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expanding Thought Pictures

Soothing rhythms playing in this mind, creating a deep
serenity that continues to grow within.

Processes of thinking, expanding pictures of thought
on photographic screens in intellect.

Beautiful prospects, enlightening visions that enter
definitions of illuminating treasures of wisdom.

Collecting many gems of knowledge, opening them to the
brilliance of their inner intuition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expanding Uses

Looking at the scope of things around me, wanting
to expand it's uses and productivity to make things
better for all of humanity.

Thinking, pondering every side, expanding it outside
of the box, surpassing any limits or boundaries, always
finding exact measurements and figures equating mass and
angles for making things possible.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expanse Of Time

Languid clouds stretched across the sky, hiding the blinding
truths of life.

Falsely misrepresented, staring at the loss of beginnings,
hallowed by sublime loneliness.

Tattered raggedly, pulled across the expanse of time and then
let go of as into darkness I'm catapulted.

Never given any chances, left alone to fall from this world
into the next without a sound.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expansive Boundaries

Soft lighting, emitting tender senses of future sorrows.
Coming closer to interior emotions, filling every corner with expectant hope and grasping faith with a holiness unequaled on earth.
Stepping, and sliding, across widths of expansive boundaries, giving tones of musical beauty on chords of yesterday's remembrance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expansive Nothingness

Living now as a stranger in this life, no voice to make a sound,
lost, alone, wanting nothing to do with this earthly life, find-
ing that it holds nothing right now.

People trying to convince me that these feelings will not last,
but they don't know how I feel deep inside my being, doing what
I can, letting self just BE for I have no interest in life.

No longer knowing who I am without my love, looking, searching
for answers, finding none, striving to live in a vacuum with
nothing to look forward to.

A vast expanse of nothingness, I'm drifting in the center of
it, nothing can allure or entice me, for my mind is numb, no
love here with me, where am I to go now that I'm alone?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expectancy

There's darkness on the edge of this life, deepening
every day, waiting for death to say when and take me
with him.

Living each moment with an expectancy of seeing another
day, fulfilling a little more of my purpose here in
life.

Wanting to do all that I can to do something for all
of humanity, hoping to keep the darkness at bay until
having finished what I've begun here already on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expectant Ears

Rough and tumble polka taking people up off of their
seats and onto the dance floor, getting heartbeats
beating faster, blood flowing heartily through bodies
as they dance.

Lifting spirits and taunting minds with laughter and
cherished vibrant music, playing to expectant ears
of this particular musician.

Special tuning always present from within, joyously
taking me into the clamor of another universe where
I can travel on my own without any forfeiture in the
way of being alive and happy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expectant Hope

Silent watching from beyond, calling to this spirit,
filling it with joy and quiet waiting.

Expectant hope climbing like ivy towards heaven,
reaching for beauty and love, tantalized by it's
expressions through nature, yearning to become one
with God.

Loving surrounding everything with halos of courage
and strength, as closing in, life folds and grows
itself towards God's awaiting arms.

Silent watching no more from beyond, together at last
on death's horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expectant Impossibility

Tired of losing everything in the wake of death, wishing
for life to never end.

Knowing that it will never be and life will continue only
to it's finality.

Always having to sacrifice and be at a loss of what to do
or where to go from here.

Normalcy, what is that? There is nothing normal if life
after death has come and trashed everything you ever loved
or cherished.

A blank page once again, expecting to be written anew, no
directions given, just a silent expression of great sorrow
and loneliness.

Where do you go from this depth of nothing, time is never-
ending, having and holding no hope or promise.

Living in a fog, nothing makes sense, nothing is clear, yet
we are expected to go on living as if nothing has happened.

An expectant impossibility not able to be fulfilled by a
mere mortal, a human being on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expectant Notions

Entering realms of expectant notions,
wanting to be printed in the annals
of time.

Remembered to the end of every day,
taken into consideration forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expectant Possibilities

Talented people getting together, putting life on the line for one another.
Literally writing literature of a novel type, distinguishing presence of minds throughout measures of rhythms.
Attacking vehemently, with an animosity towards ordinary tributes, stabilizing nothing except inner serenity and peace of mind.
Rehearsing, relatively adhering to inner tempos, sending vibrations into atmosphere's of living spirits.
Gathering expectant possibilities and aligning them with interior motives, juxtapositionally and exponentially in tune with imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expectant Promise

Like a beacon in life, faith lights my path,
helping me to see the rocks sometimes, if I
keep focused on where I'm going.
Avoiding all pitfalls, sorrow, pain of life,
is an impossibility, yet I hope to do just
that at times.
A prayer on my lips, a gentle warmth within,
a gathering of mysteries close to my mind,
an expectant promise to unfold and be spread
throughout the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expectant Shores

Round about and through life's anticipated shores,
stretched to the limit and further, awakening
thoughts in a reverie, living happily on destiny's
horizons.
Riverbeds run and cavort, down lanes of rich
memories, leading them all into oceans of depth on
expectant shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expectations

Wandering through short-cuts on our way
to expectations of life.

Seeing visions, apparently questioning
all endeavors made, to get to the end
of our life breaths in line.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expectations Of Tomorrow

Mirrors shining reflections of what I'm thinking of,
showing expectations of tomorrow's common aspects.
Forgiving the impressions that appear in sequences,
following unpredictable patterns.
Slowly penetrating an interior solace as it focuses
on untoward effects of an exterior landscape.
Betraying the ideals of hidden secrets being kept
down beneath the coverlets of suicide.
Taking only the beautiful facets of yesterday's
tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expected Change

Wounded, scarred in life by abuse of another who is
supposed to love and support you through sickness
and health.

Not doing so, apparently not understanding what an
unconditional love is meant to be, crippling their
partners with abuse, causing their mental health and
well-being to suffer tremendously in life.

Quality of life slowly decreasing, limiting their
positive attitudes, giving in to depression, instead
of stepping up and facing the one who has the problem.

Letting them know it will no longer be tolerated and
putting their foot down, expecting change to come
about or walking away from the situation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expected Horizons

Twisting around inside of emotional bonds, trying to
control everything I do in life.

Sub-optional tunes cater to whims of my stubbornness
as I release myself and find the freedom I so
desperately need each moment of my existence.

Keeping others at bay, filling my brain with feelings
I turn into words constantly.

Silence drapes itself quietly over me, tuning out all extraneous noise and
bewilderment, allowing a
transcendental hymn of contemplation to enfold me in
it's grasp.

Holding my attention throughout all difficulty and
sorrow, reserving sanity by collecting all words of
feeling and meanings of worth into volumes of interior
living, notwithstanding, every mistake I make outside
this space of mine alone.

Waltzing in time with expected horizons on sands of
moving tides, always, creating an existence for self
alone, enjoying it immensely because it is totally of
my interests only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expecting Change?

Sounding off about any number of things in life,
expecting change to come about, sometimes it
doesn't.
Like in politics where everything is wrong and
corrupt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expecting Impossibilities

Singly touching interior atmospheres and universes outside
this dimension, giving all to express everything that I find
discover and explore throughout this short temporary life.

Expecting impossibilities to become totally possible, always
watching in amazement at times, as exactly that happens right
in front of me.

Loving when it happens, enjoying picture perfect puzzles that
appear on inner photographic screens at wonderful moments and
times.

Using it all in developing creativity and imagination that
I was born with, happy just to be a part of myself in all
these endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expecting Nothing

Sinking dismally into myself, finding no one else here
beside me.

Not caring anymore, not looking for any company or help
from anyone else.

Having learned how to take care of self when just a child,
fighting always to keep my head above water.

Solving problems from the beginning of childhood, never
faltering, just continuing on through everything that
comes along and mows me down.

Expecting nothing from anyone, never being disappointed
while alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expecting Nothing At All

Listening, being captured by rhythms as they slide
into my mind, never tired or bored, enlightening
and vibrantly giving life it's total energy.

Expecting nothing, yet finding that there is much
more to our minds than was ever thought of, seeing
it suddenly in vivid images.

Watching in awe as it produces memories with just
a mere thought, nothing more to start it thinking,
having a totally blank mind.

No thoughts at all within, yet somehow intellect
can still create out of this nothingness calmly
and so serenely write one poem after another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expecting Nothing To Happen

Showers of rain fall, leaving me cleansed and
fulfilled, and being cautioned by inner fears.

Walked out into the thunderous night filled
with extraordinary lightening striking the sky
with a brilliance that cannot be denied nor
shied away from.

Expecting nothing to happen, walking through it all,
letting the rain fall throughout the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expecting Strangers

Neighborhoods created by developers and builders,
who are selling to strangers who move in and are
expected to be loyal and friendly to every new
neighbor and family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expecting Success

Expectations running high, life is circling itself in definitions of success.

Taking meanings to heart and holding all fears and doubts at bay.

An enticing lure, a chance to progress further than I've ever gone before.

This chance of a lifetime is not taken lightly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expecting Surprises

Walking down lanes of rhythm, enjoying our journeys, finding new and exciting things, delving into each of them.

Feeling like a child again, wondering and being curious about everything coming into spheres of being.

Always turning corners in intellect, wanting to know every last detail, always needing to know it all.

Asking questions, wanting to know why and never satisfied with partial answers, they are never good enough.

Wandering trails and lanes through forests of long lost child-hood, expecting surprises and discoveries at every bend of a tree branch.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expecting To Accomplish Goals

Sitting back, thinking of past times when single and free,
remembering all the fun I had dating, meeting men from all
walks of life.

Being asked by many to marry them, but expecting to accom-
plish goals before ever settling down to a life of drudgery
and putting my life on hold.

Discovering later on after getting an education, then being
married, still writing poetry and letting my silent voice
be heard to only a few, that I missed my freedom solely.

Now today, a senior, having written almost 20,000 poems and
publishing my first poetry book, looking back on the wild
and crazy life I've always lived with no regrets at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experience

Deciding which direction to go, finding every way is bound by obstacles, barriers or difficulties, making it hard to move forward.
Thinking about going around it all causes a quandary in a state of mind.
Taking care to observe every extreme, life careens ahead of us without any reserve to consider.
Risking life and limb, taking chances that are slim at best.
Never forsaking the benefit of experience.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experience Etched In Mind

Last night looking above at a brilliant moon, so very bright
and fascinating, shining down upon earth, awakening shadows
that would ordinarily never be seen.

When darkness covers earth, it brings wonder and curiosity
to the forefront as I walk about taking pictures of this
mysterious, rarely seen land of shadows at night.

It won't be seen again until the year 2034, so I'm so excited
to have seen it now, knowing that I will not be alive the next
time it happens.

Not minding, because I've at least seen this amazing sight at
least once, eyes and senses have etched this experience onto
interior photographic screens forever.

Having been etched and portrayed in this little poem now,
filled with the wonder and joy of my mere poetical mind and
intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experience Of Grief

Inherently finding a way into another morning, greeting
the sunrise by reading a message from a poetical friend,
finding it hard to find a reason to go on without the
love of his life.

Heart going out to him, being there as I can, to help
his grieving heart to hold onto some semblance of life
here on earth.

Trying to help find a reason and purpose to carry on
with his poetical voice in writing to the world.

In the process, helping others with his new found
knowledge and wisdom, learned from his experience of
grief after losing his wife, the reason for his life
before her death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experience Of Rhythms

Jumping excitedly to energetic rhythms of liberty and freedom being played, a total penetrating experience of rhythms.

Music being my life because nothing can interfere at all, music and poetry now blending together, creating prose everywhere you look.

Creative waterfall flowing, thoughts never-ending throughout life, enjoying a fantastic innate talent, God-given and wonderful.

An incredible way of living, always entertaining self, then others with poetry and musical compositions, a thoroughly awesome path taken in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experience Of Watching

Listening to the crowd yelling, whistling, excited, going crazy
when hearing their loved ones names being called.

What a precious experience that all of us are sharing together,
bringing us closer than ever in more ways than one.

People now getting ready to leave, gathering their belongings,
some people still cheering as the graduates stand and file out.

Everyone standing up, watching as they walk past right below us,
our Granddaughter looking up at us and smiling.

Elated and joyful for having finally made it to graduation day
after four long years of high school.

Filled with happiness, joy, at times tears, sadness and yes,
even frustration.

A welcome ending to these four years, all worth every moment
of circumstances gone through.

Now able to move forward to begin the next phase of their
lives, a future of possibilities they will strive toward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiences

Stranded in lines of possibilities, weighing processes of imagination against innate talent.

Coming up with bountiful experiences to be written in land-scapes of nature, where they may be found by passers-by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiences Being Used

Writing and creating, thinking about many things in life, using it's experiences to detail how it felt and what was thought throughout it's memorable times.

Such a wonderful way to relive and ponder all that I've been through so far, looking back, remembering lessons learned.

Possibly reiterating or expanding their depths for future endeavors, writing my life story through each and every poem written, allowing others to follow steps, possibly obtaining something of importance to help them also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiences Coming Round

Evening comes, sitting alone in the parlor of emptiness,
looking at my reflection in the mirror on the wall.

Moving my mind throughout the past, knowing that it is
lost except for moments preciously held on photographic
screens within.

Finding that all experiences have come round, culminating
in a sphere set apart in intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiences Delivering Lessons

Energetic and full of pep, hoping it will last the entire
day, feeling young at heart, brain wide awake and alert,
giving plenty of enjoyment while thinking.

Creative processes up to full capacity ready to write
poetry into the night, fully aware and being enticed by
innate thoughts all the time.

Beautiful landscapes appearing from imagination's store-
house, intellect having fun playing with each of them,
experiences delivering all types of lessons learned
throughout life, ready now to write them out to the
entire world to be read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiences Of Every Moment

Upbeat and steady like the energy of my mind, as it
continues to materialize in poetry, feeling emotions
as they rise and meet with desires of interior love.

Unmatched in the fascination of freedom and liberty,
sounds of life are spinning around, as I listen to
revolving motions of rhythms flowing into experiences
of every moment.

Soaring into atmospheres that are invisible to everyone
else except for me, interiorly, exercising and taking
the exuberance of every day things, ordinary and simple
into the complexity of literature.

Searching fascinating and brilliant rhythms rapidly, into
systems of another universe with ease, loving the exhila-
ration that is overtaking my being, filling this mind with
explicit and emotional feelings.

They're continually within, inspiring the intensity of
mind and intellect, creating and taking every experience
into the center of every entity of life, nothing happening
other than the lasting effects of tomorrow's future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiences Of Near Death

On the edge of life, taking time to write incessantly
of all thoughts and memories that have been accumulated
through daily living.

Riding deserts, soaring heaven, tumbling down mountain-
sides in gales of laughter, excited, adrenaline flowing,
being tempted by death, himself.

Loving danger as it grabs hold of my being, taking me
with it to edges of death and back again, thrilled by
the moment of death and then flowing backwards into life.

Gleefully laughing and enjoying the fluctuation of many
feelings, going through me every moment, nothing deterring
me from moving forward with the experiences of near death.

Collapsing in joyful mirth at having overcome it all, such
an exhilarating feeling, knowing that I can do this, just
me alone, no one ever able to interfere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiences Opening Up

Concentration, focus, intent on only one thought,
nothing else able to penetrate at all.

Finding experiences opening up and taking intellect
into other worlds where they are added to through
an innate wisdom from above.

Listening carefully for the certain coded rhythms
that are invariably being played without anyone
else being aware of them.

Yet, picking up on them instantaneously and already
infusing them into innate abilities to be used in
applying new concepts in the near future.

Solemnly spreading out, capturing attention fully,
aiding in new ideas of religion, mathematics and
physics.

New equations being factored into past questions
that have never had any answers as yet, particular
and intensive designs are being placed into this brain.

Silent and vibrant, allowing a beautiful sensation
to be emitted studiously into the most hidden parts
of a brain's intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiences Remembered, Not Dwelt Upon

Surrendering self to the incessant demands of this life,
moving forward in spite of them, knowing that hesitating
or dwelling on them will cause negative feelings and moods.

Feeling very fortunate to have an intense faith and lively
hope, setting aside all of the bad things, dwelling instead
on the good in life.

Positive memories and thoughts are pleasant, what is the
good in thinking of loss, grief, unpleasant things, for
they have all been experienced and felt once already.

They should all be remembered, yes, but not dwelled upon
in life, for if this happens, what kind of life will you
have, what example will you give your children and others?

One that reflects God and His goodness, being positive, or
satan and his evil, a negative attitude towards everything,
the choice is ours in the end, which one will you choose?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiencing

Sorrow, if it had a color would be deepest light blue,
because it is a color that can be seen, felt and
touched.

Even reason can touch or hold it close for a moment,
it is very peaceful, yet is filled with pain.

Maybe the color blue is purgatory, and can be found
by some on earth, it is speculation, but is not
impossible.

There are many things which we know nothing of, many
ideas that no one understands.

We are sometimes at a loss when it comes to explaining
sorrow, it is something that can only be experienced
first, even attempting to write about it comes after
our experience of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiencing And Learning

Rushing into the foray of another day, not knowing what to expect at any given time, setting examples for the younger generation.

Hoping they will imitate and learn what's really important in this temporary life, never taking the easy way out, experiencing every little thing.

Learning lessons from it all in time, spreading faith, hope and an unconditional love to everyone they meet on paths of this earthly life whether alone or together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiencing Edges Of Danger

Wanting to have fun and enjoy life, doing what I love,
standing on edges of danger, lightening striking my
mind.

Energetically giving solid ideas time to blossom and
germinate, spreading throughout my life.

Finding extreme feelings coming to light, thinking of
experiencing many new things in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiencing Humanity

Experiencing depths of humanity through an innate
intellect, exploring them one by one, efficiently
taking them apart, looking at every aspect.

Discovering what makes them work and grow, totally
fascinating experience that follows throughout life
loving how everything falls into place.

Whenever intellect and innate talent combine to make
learning so easy and perfect, an energizing facet
attached to intellect and spirit.

Candid and open to all who are experienced throughout
life in aspects and facets of humanity and it's prob-
lems, finding solutions that make sense and are logical.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiencing Life Spiritually

Walking through this world in morning light, feeling it's gentle heat touching my mind, nourishing and nurturing it with an infinite amount of anticipated energy.

Soulfully wandering in the desert of my soul, experiencing this life through a spiritual realm, one that brings peace and serenity into my being.

Heavenly music tracing itself prophetically into my soul as thoughts proliferate and spread wonderful feelings of spirituality throughout my entire being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiencing Life Through Senses

Looking deeply into a bluened light of spirituality and contemplation, finding faith, hope and energy increasing daily, watching as life is being fulfilled through purpose of destiny.

Slipping into a world of creativity that keeps increasing without any effort, solutions and answers coming instantaneously to intellect.

Merciful and heaven-sent, experiencing life through all senses, mingling with feelings and emotions, giving impossibilities magnificent strides into being possible.

Extraordinary thoughts coalescing, bringing forth needed ideas that will evolve and make our world a better place for everyone on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiencing Living

Tempting, inviting this mind into realms of musical
rhythms, delivering me from pain and suffering of
this temporary life.

Helping every step of the way, fulfilling an innate
purpose through wonder and beauty of life itself, in-
troducing new concepts that allure and entice a mind.

Wanting to experience all that I can before succumbing
to death and dying from life, continually moving forward,
surviving one episode after another throughout the years.

Never leaving behind a single thought or idea, forever
digging and delving into the canyons and ravines of this
vast experience we all call living.

Expecting so much from every single moment, gaining know-
ledge that energizes and brings enlightenment to bear upon
intellect so efficiently and entirely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiencing Loss

Life wasting away while a person is trying to find their
way, having a very difficult time, not able to see or un-
derstand anything while experiencing it.

Isolating, spending time reliving old memories of their
life and togetherness through the years, finding nothing
to quench or satisfy their sorrow.

Living a life alone, reaching out for a short while, then
grasping at straws, falling deeply within themselves, their
minds grieving intensely.

Sorrow, emptiness, loneliness holding them prisoner, being
unable to see the effects of what they're doing to others
and themselves in this state of mind.

Their loss consuming them so much so they seem to become
heartless, uncaring and selfish, thinking only of their
own feelings and ignoring those of others.

It's a difficult situation for them to be in, an imbalance
in their mentality, although a temporary one, causing them
to be out of touch with others.

Until they can come to terms with what has happened, having
to find a new reality in order to live their lives from now
on, being angry at having to do so, wanting to go back in
time before their loss happened.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiencing Love And Life

Nighttime now coming upon us all across America, people home from work and school, children being lovingly tucked into their beds.

In the morning awakening and getting ready for school once again, stars shining above silently, ready to begin their nightly vigil over earth with the moon.

Keeping an eye on everything, not allowing anything to go wrong throughout the night, quiet and complacent, totally and completely opening minds while sleeping.

Dreams coming unbidden to achieve the ideas we've had during daytime hours, believing in the wonder and awe of experiencing love and life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiencing Moments

Companionable silence as we sit beneath the shade,
listening to boats speed by, hearing voices carry
across the water to our ears without any effort.

Feeling peace settling in our hearts, friendship
outlasts the experience of moments in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiencing My Purpose

Walking into nature, feeling it's essence permeating my being, filling me spiritually, rising into beautiful landscapes, feeling positive vibrations taking me into lively attitudes full of energy.

Participating totally in the pleasure being produced within a bluened light, touching and fulfilling my purpose as I experience it through a lifetime of broken dreams and many sacrifices.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiencing New Things

Centering self in the midst of an early morning pool
tournament, sitting just on the other side of the
glass windows, able to see the guys playing within.

Pleasant atmosphere, enjoyable people, friends also,
loving to go to new places and experiencing new things.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiencing Peace

Lightening quick and angelic sounding, bringing me into
an explicit atmosphere of spirituality where angels sing
and flutter around as I continue to write.

So enticing and surreal, taking me away on a solo journey,
capturing heart and mind with a solitary purpose of writing
all vibrations and rhythms with the beating of my heart.

A satisfying and tantalizing zone where I can be totally
alone, hungry for total peace that I can now experience,
sating my soul to the utmost.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiencing Purpose

Watching barriers and walls fall away interiorly, leaving me completely open and in the present.

Awaiting whatever will come along and knock me down or hold me up through it all.

Experiencing an all-time purpose coming about in life, taking steps to move forward into an energy, encapsulating intellect inside imagination.

All the while, bringing me home within, holding close to all that has been with me through the gifts of life that I've been given.

So lucky to have been chosen to impart some knowledge, humbly throughout life and out to the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiencing Rhythm

Experiencing the rhythm of life through musical compositions as they touch my mind and soar with it to new heights of intellectual bliss.
Encountering novel ideas, turning into beautiful designs and invigorating patterns of energy.
Totally taken in by exclusive melodies as they enrapture my soul and enfold me within their spheres, filled with joyful elation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiencing Simple Things

Traipsing up and down mountains of life, experiencing the
simple things of this world, totally enjoying and being
filled with nature's spirit.

Wildlife running rampant, feeling independent and free,
the drudgery of this life giving all to an interior spirit-
uality and contemplation.

Delving so deeply that no one else can reach me, finding
peace and quiet my soul needs so abundantly in this world,
mystical curtains opening up fully.

Regulating possibilities that I succumb to without any
qualms, fears or doubts, saving feelings in an interior
treasure chest.

Opening it when needing to write them into feelings, poems,
and music, reaching within, touching upon the Divine to aid
in the realizations of this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiencing The World

Shooting like a star through the sky, taking every
opportunity to experience the world and everything
in it.

Loving the life I have and enjoying being who I am
in this gigantic universe

Having found my place at long last, a mere poet, a
little particle of this vast universe, knowing that
I am now a slice of being in it.

Filling with wonder at this happening, just from
being born, how wonderful our lives are, even though
we rarely think of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiencing Thoughts

Resusitating energy, watching nature before me as
it recharges inner batteries, experiencing many
thoughts, continually wanting to know the truth.

Solitude settled within takes steps into intellect
and imagination while contemplating the essence of
innate talent and it's effects on being.

Always wondering and curious about the world, want-
ing to see exact answers that are derived from truth
and it's facts.

Striding toward the center of being, touching upon
the livelihood of generations of family, thinking
about them.

Wondering if anyone else in my family had the same
abilities that I do now, never have I heard anything
at all regarding this.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiencing Uncaring

Only having had two experiences with a young nurse and an older one.
Both holding tightly to protocol, not letting up at all, causing hurt to touch their patient.
Ignoring specific simple needs of a patient, causing a rasping feeling towards the nurses who seem not to care at this particular moment.
Moving on as the shifts change, forgetting the nurse who didn't care how I felt and let me know about it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiencing Wonder

Experiencing the wonder of another day of life, feeling an energy flowing quietly into each experience, achieving and accomplishing many moments of success.

Finding avenues of beauty along the way, silently walking into the unknown, unafraid and awaiting the excitement of adventure and discovery.

Adamant, always striving to excel, even when others are so negative, trying to steer away from what's preferred, never listening to others, finding a way through life with trust in the Lord only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiment Of Life

Colored lights shining into the future, rocking and welcoming
in the night.

Nothing coming close to feelings being strung and hung within
intellect.

Solemnly leading and taking every turn into recesses of life-
time pools of success.

Knowing all of what needs to be known in the experiment of
life while living here.

Sensing truth as it fills us with expectations, anticipation
of hope growing, thrilling to it's splendid rhythm.

Always going into directions where details needing to be
seen by intellect can be set in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experiment Of Life's Experiences

Walking into sunsets, their colors touching my mind with
vibrant hues and tastes of each of them individually.

Sparks of intuition filling this mind with all kinds of
ideas as I see into insight and out of knowledge.

All of it taking this being into another dimension of
life, enticing curiosity to keep rapidly questioning
everything that I learn or find out.

A great experiment of life's experiences in this mortal
world of ours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experimental Intellect

Receiving messages from rhythms of music, taking me into realms of another sphere.

Formulas coming into designs, patterns being shaped into actual pictures for this brain to decipher.

Adding details as I progress through each equation, opening up my mind, being taken everywhere into outer atmospheres far from life.

Giving an experimental attitude for another type of aptitude and intelligence that most will never understand.

Never qualifying anything of essence except through this way of thinking, taking every thought and pulling it further apart through the experimental type of intellect that I am used to.

Typing and allowing my mind to become itself in times of energetic power.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experimental Mystery

Easily falling into depths of rhythm, sculpting my essence
and creating a masterpiece of beautiful energy.

Existing within self, an aspect of wisdom's innate talent,
being expressed in the belongings of my spirit.

Nothing else mattering except the melody playing to the
exact particles of myself.

Fabricating the particular atoms, using them to make life
become still and measured within the confines of my spirit.

Always taking an experimental mystery into the discovery of
my inner world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experimental World

Reaching for the stars, walking in orbits above earth,
traveling the universe in style.

Sliding down the Milky Way, casting lines out into
starlight, shaking stardust into the night.

Sparkling and dusting many thoughts that alight on
Saturn, Jupiter and Mars, not wanting to come back
to earth just yet.

Taking my time, living in an experimental world of
intellect and imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experimenting

Changing attitudes over time,
experimenting with many obstacles
standing in the way of freedom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Experimenting With Life

Reality stares out interior windows, reflecting on life experiences and wishful thinking.
Experimenting with difficult circumstances and daily grinds, hoping to find a mixture to blend into a finite solution for decades to come.
Insinuating itself at last in annals of time and space.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expiration Date

Tripping through time,
getting caught in it's always
hurried expiration date.

Wiggling away, extricating my
being many times throughout life,
to lead a laid-back destiny,
always at my own pace.

Knowing always in the back of my
mind that one day I will reach
my expiration date.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Explaining Aspects Of Life

Soundlessly living in imagination, letting fantasies bloom and
fully blossom constantly without interference, beautiful aspects
of life being explained in many ways through poetry.

Relieving this mind of stress and worry throughout every moment
of life, giving hope and energy in all areas of living, holding
onto these precious memories forever in poems.

Coming from photographic screens hidden deeply within intellect,
peeking about in every poem that is written daily, letting each
of them seek out answers to their curiosity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Explaining Life's Concepts

Extraordinary tactics always flowing from imagination,
being given the freedom to write it all into verses of
poetry.

Belying senses and perceptions of every endeavor,
totally explaining concepts of life in aspects of
rapid beautiful melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Explaining Measures Of Time

Racing carefully, watching every step being taken, closing in on the essence being explained through every measure of time being played to tempos of rhyming prose.

Stretching a mind, expanding it's intellect and allowing wisdom to enter into the interior dimension of tomorrow's lifetime annuity.

Sliding onto aspects and facets of every movement in rhythm through the life of every beautiful energy.

Never collapsing, always keeping up with the times as they continue changing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Explaining Portraits

Retrieving visions from behind black curtains, hurrying to portray poetical circumstances in books for eternal memories.
Resisting temptations, folding in upon myself, wondering, tipping it's hat and allowing curiosity to delve into mysteries contained in life's forests and deserts of their liking.
Awakening from death's sleep, walking into and out of catacombs, searching for truths of existence at hands of intrusive masters.
Placating insistent behaviors with mild trances of contemplation.
Viewing everything in photographic pictures on a screen of lifetime images.
Growing ever larger with every passing day.
Emerging in the end on pages of selective definitions and meanings.
Portraits explaining what living has wrought in our pathways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Explanation Of Lifetimes

Listening to explanations of sound vibrating through the
atmosphere, feeling them touching heart and soul.
Allowing feelings to saturate this being, thinking carefully
of entire lifetimes yet to be lived.
Times of aggressive patience and calm anxiousness are to be
dealt with on momentary plains of predictable concern throughout
years of provided life.
Hearing silent sounds of sorrow leaking through music and
touching me as no one else on earth can ever do.
Hiding within barrels of darkened circumstances, living
moments of life in dire distress.
Alone, walking the highway of life without reason or purpose,
belonging to an inner meaning, burnt upon my soul forever in
this world and the next.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Explanations

Melodies touching a scientific side of life,
converge in musical patterns of intense diversity.
Compiling data, translating it into prose,
beginning new forms of literature for an explanation
of the world around us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Explanations Doing No Good

Rocking to the music, letting it carry me into it's
rhythms where I am carefree and independent, nothing
holding me back.

Trusting and living in moments of life that have been
given, a perfect gift from God so I could continue
carrying on, writing poetry.

Sensational and uplifting music, positive in lyrics
and rhythms, moving forward, accomplishing so much
through intellect as I continue to write.

Explanations doing no good, giving you millions of
them, each one will be different through many poems,
I'll keep on writing, explaining beauty that fills
my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Explanations Have Been Given

Searching for reasons of existence, wondering how we
can be and where our life force is centered and derived
from.

Explanations have been given through centuries, none of
them truly complete in words of mere human beings, knowing
through faith and belief in God that he has all the answers.

We need only to trust in His goodness and mercy, there is
no one on this earth who has any answers, only theories and
opinions given from their own bloated egos.

Thinking they are all-knowing and have answers no one else
has, such mentally shallow people, trying to use lies and
illusions to increase their importance here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Explanations In Verse

Expressions of life fall categorily into facades of every
thing I write.

Explaining, discovering, letting every explanation be told
in verse, allowing focus and concentration of thoughts to
be met and explored by anyone who is interested in knowing.

Finding out explicit studies of this mind, always exercising
and putting forth every effort to get across messages of
life that have gentle meanings.

Giving them a voice to let the world know about injustice,
hatred, racism, and prejudice, always taking to task inane
prophets of doom and gloom.

Along with terrorists who try to place blame on innocent
people for their reasons to kill, maim, torture and rape
women and little children.

A totally insane interpretation of human life that needs
to be exterminated, for their is no allah, only a pedophile
pretending to be a prophet, which he is not and never has
been.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Explanations Of Life's Mysteries

Writing explanations of life's mysteries throughout
eternity, fitting them neatly into a million poems.

Translating lessons learned in processes of living
on earthen shores.

Retallying theories, proving them wrong, with no
validity in store, as I toss them onto piles of
funeral pyres, to be burned out of reality's eyesight.

(10: 45 a.m. - 3/30/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Explanatory Verse

Catching eyes of my mind with nature's glances and outpourings
of love, giving of self in explanatory verse.
Universal messages being written down for posterity and future
family members, when I'm gone on my solo journey to outskirts
of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Explicit Images Captured

Life jumping and careening into music this morning, living
in it's rhythms, taking life into full swing, nothing to
mar this brand new day

Just listening to rhythms and writing, being happily enter-
tained in a solitary sphere of mind, explicit images being
seen in visions of captured melodies and tempos.

Erratically and steady, holding onto each note as it flows
through my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Explicit Memories

Sketching portraits of everyday experiences in words,
explaining their contexts and pictures in details of
explicit memories.

Quality of life being improved with every stroke of
the pen, as I write of life and whatever I see or think.
At times someone will come along and I respond to them
intuitively, feeling their emotions emerging from
within them.

Then writing what comes in to a poem about them, usually
writing exactly what they are in the core of their beings.

A gift bestowed by God to help some people continue
having hope and living to enjoy and fulfill their purposes.

All of life is so very complicated and we have very little
say in how it is played out.

Although we try to control aspects of it, we can't always
have it the way we want or expect it to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Explicit Totality

11: 38 a.m.
Running with notes of every measure listened to,
enjoying seeing images coming into play as all
of life flows into a peaceful picture of many
landscapes.

Mountains and deserts, standing in depths of every
melody, watching them being fulfilled and shown to
an interior mind.

Explicit totality shining from within, brilliantly
giving insight many thrills through intellect and
it's expansive wisdom.

Cavorting through it all, adding to the essence of
this soul with every measure of rhythm, completing
life with an increased passion for everything known.
11: 39 a.m.
(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploding Blossoms

Walking into the darkness of my soul, not seeing a thing in the ebony blackness.
Knowing there is plenty to see as I feel the whispers telling me of the senses being awakened as I walk past.
Traipsing slowly down garden pathways, smelling the scents of poetical blossoms exploding from the end of my pen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploding Colors Of Rhythms

An energy now filling my being through rhythms, capturing
my intellect and mind, sensations and vibrations filling
me fully.

Letting me feel the freedom of my soul, taking me further
into heights and depths of an inner universe, opening and
enticing me to come into it's exploding colors or rhythm.

Scents and aromas will fill me with their textures, grow-
ing, nourishing, blossoming into the daughter of God's
that I've always been.

Serene, being soothed spiritually as I find my way through
the pain and suffering of this temporary world, letting it
slide like water off a duck's back.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploding Into Starlight

Always thinking in musical rhythms, coding themselves especially for this mind.

Enjoying pleasant melodies and harmonies that find their way into imagination, finding words, definitions and meanings that they want to bring into existence through another poem.

Feeling their heartbeats beginning, awakening in depths of intellect, being produced imaginatively, quickly and rapidly.

Never having to wait for anything, just exploding into the starlight of bluened passion of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploding Into The Darkness

Walking through the night, stepping into and out of rhythms
as they unwind then tangle about this mind, tossing notes
and tones throughout the day, whistling sounds of loneliness.

Spontaneous and glowing particles being showered and spread
into colors effervescently, filled with beauty exploding into
the darkness.

Dancing, turning into twilight now filled with stars above,
shining down upon earth, touching an interior spirituality
where life exists fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploding Lights Of Reverie

Comfortable and easy, lolling silently in poetry, meanings and
definitions filling pages of poetry throughout the night, creat-
ing some unbelievable poems.

Letting music translate and compose them into intrepid rhythms
that never seen to tire or end wandering, roaming into exploding
lights of reverie.

Bringing me closer to the intense beauty of inner workings of this intellect,
tempos rushing faster and faster taking my mind and pen
with them, exciting and thrilling my being totally.

Having the time of my life while sitting here with friends tonight,
still thinking of my friend in India, having had surgery just the
other day, lying now in a hospital bed, wanting to go to India
and take care of him, hoping to do so very soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploding Sounds Of Music

Taking me rushing out to sea with exploding sounds
of rhythm wiping me out.

Waves crashing, falling all around, as life proceeds
quietly within me.

Expressions being beaten out on drums, leaving their
impressions deeply within my soul.

Nothing happening to mar them, stirring my heart
throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploiting Learning

Somewhere in a crowded room is a person whom God has
decided that I should cross paths with.

Striking up conversations with different personalities,
having similar or different views from my own.

Always an interesting, exciting time of revelation and
learning, being curious about everything.

Finding beauty in intellect as it accumulates every bit
of information and data from the world and people in it.

Knowledge being challenged, strewn with the impossible,
my favorite type of challenge in this world today.

Loving the exacting, concise concepts that are being
perpetrated, sparked by lightening strikes of imagination.

Carried into depths of intellect, collecting, gathering,
delving into questions of life and all of it's facets.

Finding experiences and discovering all types of situations
where learning can be exploited and used when writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Explorations

Energetic, lively and animated rhythms allure and entice this poetical mind entirely, taking this mind on explorations deep within, fathoming different facets of life while thinking through them explicitly.

Feeling euphoric, loving to learn how this mind, intellect and brain work in tandem with one another, a placid, soothing function always taking place, bringing peace and serenity to this heart, mind and soul.

Completing extraordinary journeys through imagination while writing poetry and listening to music of all types that stir imagination, combining it with a subconscious reality through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploratory Designs

Something clicked in my brain, opening floodgates,
and sending many exploratory designs into depths
of music founded by the original writers of songs
and poetry.

Coming together after all these centuries in hiding
below the surface of the earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploratory Thoughts

Slipping and sliding into ravines and canyons, echoing thoughts into the universe as I grasp hold and place them here in poems.
Sensing the formation of mountains as they began centuries ago, watching them in quickened videos, expanding, and growing right before my sight in inner visions of exploratory thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploring Compositions

Musical etudes playing into my memory, giving rhythms a chance to flow effortlessly, just like poetry to my soul.
Taking my life and exploring it through compositions written straight from my soul.
Ones that I own and can be transported through time's space planting them in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploring Darkness

Tantalizing sounds beckoning me to come explore them
in the darkness.

Curious, wanting to know what goes on at night when
everyone is asleep.

Feeling a magical, mystical touch coming upon my being,
wanting to just sit in the moonlight, looking above.

Watching stars twinkling, welcoming me into their little
private corner of the universe.

Silent, soothing and beautiful, gazing at a once familiar
world of daylight, now drenched in darkness and shadows.

Barely recognizing it's features, feeling a familiarity,
yet quietly sitting back and writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploring Depths

Gathering together, focusing on an aptitude of peaceful activity, writing and exploring depths of an interior universe.

Touching beauty of my soul through grace God has given and shown, always grateful and appreciative of love and faith that He has expanded and nurtured through prayer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploring Designs

Supplanting desires, whiling away in corners of poetry.
Listening to rhyming rhythms as they become verses in my soul and are transferred to my mind.
Loving every inflection and intonation as it slides about my brain.
Touching all particles held within as they grow and blossom, each in turn.
Never following patterns twice, exploring designs as abstractions flow into cognitive thoughts.
A blessing of innate gifts given freely in many verses to anyone who wants to listen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploring Environments

Straying out of comfort zones at times is a way of
exploring our environment, finding new and exciting
aspects not too far from where we live.

Steady and projected items come into our lives one
at a time or leave us with a dejected outlook on what
we thought might have been good for us in the long run.

Always deciding on our own, we either accept or reject
the liabilities or impossibilities of many opportunities
we have at our disposal at any given time in our lives
on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploring Innate Talent

Lightening designs are mirroring back at me, reflecting themselves onto photographic screens, depicting beauty of an interior universe.

Solely and completely standing upon landscapes being exposed to me, unable to resist temptations of writing to music, letting my spirit move around.

Looking through passion and into the next dimension of poetry where I can explore interiorly, my innate talent, always aware of it's significance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploring Inner Oceans

Taking life in stride, thinking over it's steps all along
the way, and realizing reality as it filters out and into
imagination, falling short of our every expectation.

Since nothing is for sure, we constantly are in turmoil
and have to reinvent ourselves at every turn with no
instructions on how exactly to do it.

Carefully and unhesitantly we take the bull by the horns
and continue to do our best, waiting always for the interest
of life to bring us into depths of unique experiences.

Solvently being told to energize our minds with new
discoveries and adventures that we can contain in our
memories until we die at our final sunset.

Always looking for the best possible way to explore our
inner oceans of unexpectant joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploring Integrity

Capturing light and energy of an interior spirituality,
using it to write poetry throughout my life.

Situations and circumstances continually voicing their
attitudes and moods through an interior intellect.

Balancing and holding onto values and morals through
it all.

Always taking rhythms of life and exercising our minds
with sensations and sentiments of emotions and feelings.

Never taking anything at face value believing in the
truth and honesty of a reality that never dies.

One that cannot be corrupted or tainted by anything or
anybody while living.

Listening and learning about life and everything through
intellect and a creative imagination.

Creating our interior reality based on innate truths,
society always revolving.

Following patterns set by the ancient ones, now finding
that they're not all they are meant to be.

Just being opinions set in books of learning, no sub-
stance to allow for their truth in education.

Leaving many spaces and open-ended theories out on the
pavement to be walked upon.

Once in a while a person comes along, challenging these
movements, raking them through the coals.

Not listening, questioning everything in sight, because
that's the way to find and explore the integrity of all
things in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploring Mysteries

There are many mysteries in life and no one can find any solutions, so they remain as they were.
Living in the world today is difficult, because everything must be explored, discovered and put on display.
Nothing is sacred anymore as a minority continue to give us their
all - important, mundane facts.
Even though most of us don't want to know what they've found, the T.V. and newspapers make a big deal out of it.
If everything weren't so public there would be no reason for certain people to display their unfound knowledge and receive all kinds of money for it.
Things would all be more realistic instead of materialistic like it is now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploring Nature

Children gathered in an automatic circle, looking down,
examining a baby cricket.
Exclaiming how little and cute it is - taking care and
finding food for it to eat.
A fascinating exploration of nature at it's best,
collecting information for a future discovery in realms
of nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploring Our Love

Steady and tenderly holding onto you as we dance through-
out the night.

Expressing and exploring our love explicitly with our
senses on full swing.

Reverberating love with every single hug and kiss through
the long dark night.

Strobe lights keeping time with the rhythmic beats being
played on guitars and keyboard.

Taunting my body with tempos rising and falling within
the music, regulating my heartbeat with your own.

Loving and being totally one with you my love, not
letting anything get between us.

Wanting you only to be with me through the coming years
of our lives together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploring Possibilities

Spheres angling themselves into different dimensions, allowing them to alter their appearances, yet remaining the same.

Solutions of future explanations are being corrected and filed, completing many novel facets of intriguing mysteries, taking precedence in the future of logical expressions.

Unfolding the experiences, letting them make their way into avenues of rediscovery while exploring many impossibilities in corners of intellectual aptitude.

Finalizing all edicts being brought out into the open, finding new ways of producing electricity in elements of physics and chemistry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploring The Other Side

Walking along the edges of eternal destiny, I look over
wondering how it would be to just fall off.
Imagining feelings would be numb, mind would come undone
and I'd land feet first in another land, not explored
before.
Wandering the plains of another inner world of destiny
would, in my opinion, be absolutely wonderful.
There are no fears within, I am not concerned about what
I will discover there.
Life to me has always been an advantage to live and
experience, loving times of discovery and latent surprise.
I walk confidently alongside paths overgrown with sudden
remembrances and natural fury.
Basking in the light of the other side, becoming what I
always knew I would.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exploring With Joy

Living in a musical world, mind tapping to it's rhythms while intellect thinks constantly, teasing, pleasing, precocious and alert.

Taking thoughts into inner dimensions where they continue to expand, exploring interior universes with joy, loving feelings that accompany everything being developed and created.

Always precocious, knowing what it takes to bring about many sublime and profound solutions to any problem that arise in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Explosive Melodies

Lights swirling, beckoning this mind into corners of twilight
that enlighten and tempt, finding many purposes and reasons
to experiment.

Realizing equations, formulas being blended and mixed in a
torrent of musical rhythms and colors, explosive melodies
squaring away into chords and measures of rhythm.

There life finds itself totally encompassed in it's center of
totality, very meaningful, enticing places of feelings, emo-
tions remaining hidden until writing poetry alone in a star-
lit abode of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Explosive Vibrant Memory

Waking up to a brand new day, traveling into other dimensions,
carefree and happy, slipping in and around chords of life
through music.

Finding joy in everything that I experience, forever living
in the beauty of my soul and the Divine, taking care to stay
on the right path always.

Having a pure and innocent heart, giving of self to help
others, never counting the cost nor expecting anything from
anyone ever.

A life of blessings and purity continually giving new ad-
ventures, curiosity always being aroused, never tiring from
this explosive and vibrant memory.

Forever filled with energy being emitted from rhythms, tempos
and fast-paced music, living in the past, present and future,
visions of destiny coming to mind.

A total surplus of ideas, concepts and thoughts coming direct-
ly from this photographic mind always lying upon interior
screens, a never-ending supply ready to be placed in poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exposed In Words

Tickling ivories of my mind, making me laugh, titillating imagination, creating a gentle humor to get through another day.
Lightened mood reigns in emotion, keeping it intellectual, away from tearful sorrow.
Noticing it's crystal clarity as it sits waiting to be exposed in words of learning.
Carefully circuiting pathways of yesterday's images, tugging, pulling, pushing, yanking, seeking florescent mirrors of visions filled with light, ready to be planted in savory aisles and lines of writing, to be seen and read throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exposed Observation

Relaxing lungs with gentle breaths, soaking in peaceful
lavender silence.

Calming graces, filling individual senses with eccentric
talents of future promises.

In one accord, innate feelings are written for posterity,
one day to be exposed to the world for their observation
on edges of pages, turning to fate's prosperity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exposing Faces Of Reality

Realizing moments of misunderstanding, taking them into consideration and fixing them in places of affectionate thoughts.

Taking poverty into lands of fantasy, finding beauty in it's stark reality, understanding the poverty of each situation.

Declaring it's truths outright and honestly, no holds barred, finding faces of reality and exposing them for what they really are.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exposing Mind Pictures

Soaring over mountainous trails, looking down,
seeing sights from heights no one else can reach.

Precious visions taking shape from clouds of
insight forming above, enlightening consciousness
from depths of imagination.

Selecting some and arranging them into poetical
bouquets for centerpieces on eloquent tables of
fine dining.

Exposure in pictures of the mind come into view
unbidden from mere words on a paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expounding Directions

Diverse circumstances alleviate boredom,
diffusing ordinary routines and building
new areas of interest.

Becoming more enlivened as we age into
beautiful, artistic sunsets, bringing
with us a new vantage point of culminated
processes of intellect.

Expanding imaginative definitions in all
directions, researching domains not yet
discovered, but soon to be written of
at length.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expounding In Words

Consciously taking in every note as it is played to my heart's content.
Testing and listening to tones of sound as they are placed on screens, awaiting interpretations of coded musical messages.
Frequently being played up and down scales of musical etudes and expounded in words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Express Wishes

Desires running rampant, trying to locate places to
be set into.

Wanting bravely to be expressed in imprints of sandy
shores, willing to be taken away with ocean waves.

Falling upon beings of life for moments in time and
then aligning themselves with the beginnings and
endings of each new day at sunrise.

Spreading wings and soaring into magnificent heights
where desires can be quenched through the scents and
aromas of prose being written just for their express
wishes in life's tunnels of devotion and self-love.

Corresponding only to the effects of a purposeful
energy, flowing inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressed Phantoms

Breaking seasons open, collecting their essences to
place in wonderful verses of poetry.
Never being sent to depths of categorized sentences
that mean next to nothing.
Expressed phantoms being recognized in pictures of
tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressing Creativity

Strengthening self through gifts of writing, music, and art, bringing to life all that I think in tangible forms of creativity.
Expressing every little idea in words, paintings, musical compositions and etudes of continued learning.
Arranging notes in measures of intellect, giving them a purpose in rhythms, flowing from my life spirit into the world of beginnings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressing Death

Pulling curtains of death wide open, expressing all formalities of death, leaving nothing to the mind.

Taking everything we've learned and experienced here on this earth, hoping to find explanations.

Opening the doors wide, leading us into another horizon, standing on shores of our final destiny.

Leaving us alone, no one to show us the way, having nothing left of what we once had in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressing Displeasure

Time running away, leaving us to wonder why and how it could
abandon us so carelessly, curiosity wondering if there's a
way to slow or stop it from getting away from us.

Throwing away our clocks and watches does no good, because
time has it's own innate timepiece, we continue watching days
and nights appear and disappear.

Knowing it's completely out of our hands, not liking that
at all, searching for solutions to make it last longer than
just twenty-four hours, expressing our displeasure constantly
with no answer ever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressing Every Moment

Finding my way through this life, dancing merrily in
rhythms of my mind, expressing every moment in poetical
verses that continually fill my mind musically.

Entertaining those who read them, loving to listen to
melodies incessantly, knowing that intellect will always
interpret them endlessly.

That is the purpose I was born for, to do God's will and
that's what I do, living life every moment, accepting
and resigning self to it.

Taking experiences and writing them for others to read,
hopefully making a difference in someone's life as they
read what I've written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressing Hearts

Tantalizing this heart in melodies of tempting feelings of love,
desires building, taking this being to heights never before
known.

Stripping away all the hurt, pain and sorrow of a lifetime, giv-
ing so much more through your unconditional love that can barely
be contained.

Your love taking me so delicately and carefully through all of
life's sacrifices, hardships and turmoil, bringing me at last
to you my love.

No holds barred, our hearts expressing the totality of beauty
through one another forever, our lives being shared with others
who know how deeply we're being loved and loving constantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressing Interior Particles

Living in a vacuum, wanting to reach beyond it, not being
able to because of my existence, standing behind pillars
of yesterday.

Wondering how to express interior particles of being, not
sure which direction they wish to travel in.

Keeping them together, collecting their essence within all
senses, hoping to be able to find my way in the future of
a destiny that has already been placed in another horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressing Invisible Thoughts

Invisible thoughts being expressed in song,
right before me in technical rhythms.
Sauntering down measures beating in time
with my heart, as I walk through imagination
full of expectant hopes.
Vividly seeing the poetical episodes revolving
upon photographic screens within.
Landscapes being drawn while the music is
playing.
A novel experience penetrating every aspect of
intellect that I hear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressing Life

Expressing all of life in many poetical episodes, treasuring my entire array of memories in poems written every day.
Life is based on many facets, yet they are all contained in one human being, portraying them in lines written on paper while listening to all types of music. Throughout life, transplanting views and ideas into minds of those who read them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressing Love

Signs of loving being expressed with an intense sense of
forgiveness, accepting all intents of nature and it's beauty.
Softening senses touch gently, an ache within my spirit.
One that wishes to be spontaneously touched by the spirit of
God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressing Moods

Distinct measures adding up in layers of beats, strumming through my mind.
Finally being eased into a contemplative mood of behavior.
Trusting in innate talent to give me an edge in trials of life, writing and painting into musical compositions, allowing me to express myself in original forms and masterpieces.
Flouncing in tune with rhythms, coordinating all with my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressing Nature

Running through the night, capturing thoughts in the moonlight, radiated through it's rays as they timidly shine upon earth.

Softly filtering star's twinkling beauty, expressing the nature of our souls as we watch them with fascination here on earth.

Tempting minds with an illuminating touch and feeling of sensuous joy as we reverberate into the silent atmosphere filled with passion of our purposes on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressing Our Truth

Succulent and inspiring, rhythms of our lives,
as they engulf us throughout our moments daily.

Giving beauty to our minds and intellect, always
interpreting and fulfilling our every dream.

Pursuing them relentlessly, we find forgiving and
tender are the various aspects of our inner beings.

As we feel our emotions building within us daily,
tears, smiles and thoughts taking us along.

Inner highways of our lives, we express the truth
of who we are within.

No lies can be told, for we are just who we are and
nothing more in this life.

Then we end our solo journeys with death's embrace
at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressing Questions

Staying hungry all the time, curiosity's appetite cannot be quenched for I want to know everything in life, expressing questions in every facet of being.

Hoping to find answers in the dark, exposing them to the world around me incessantly, purposely taking rhythms, repeating them over and over for hidden answers.

Giving every moment the same energy in which to write from, going faster, getting more intense and taking me soaring into the atmosphere willingly.

Accepting my fate and destiny fully, loving every moment as it continues taking me into other universes and dimensions.

Overlooking turmoil, disappointment and sorrow, having expressions of hope being written into poetry, giving stamina to keep on going and thriving in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressing Self

Sincerely wanting to find a space in nature to lie down
and go to meet my maker.

Loving life, yet tiring of it's sleepless and endless
turmoil.

Expressing self to the universe, always being honest
and truthful daily.

At times being praised, other times being ridiculed for
thinking outside of the box.

Finding a niche where I can be myself, interiorly fitting
perfectly to the purpose given to me in this lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expression Of Humanity

Strings of perfection touching the interior of my mind, strumming it like an instrument being played, a beautiful assortment of rhythms always at hand.

Tender and delicate, taking thoughts into an interior atmosphere where they soar on their own beyond earthly limits.

Feeling so free and unconfined, a wonderful expression of humanity flowing from within all the time, giving peace of mind and soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expression Of Inner Power

Really taking to heart the music that lifts my spirits
into upper levels of intellect, giving me new ways of
looking at things.

Turning them upside down, inside out, loving how I can
manipulate everything through my mind and intellect,
giving me an expression of inner power.

Self-confidence allowing joy and happiness to fill and
satisfy me completely, enjoying my brain because it's
so versatile and condescending whenever I wish to do
something new.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expression Of Interior Life

Tempting and beautiful, many designs are forming their
dances with images falling into mind with unending
precision.

Following patterns of intellect, causing an alteration
at times in ways of thinking.

Unlocking this mind and opening it wider and wider to
accommodate the entire universe in one glance of a moment.

Such a beautiful expression of life interiorly and solitary.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expression Of Spirituality

Finding an inner strength and letting it grow exponentially
with every breath taken.

Loving the feelings it brings, walking away, head held high,
listening to sounds of nature.

Letting them completely engulf this entire being with a
contemplative expression of spirituality.

Tending to matters of intellect, discovering every aspect
and applying it to everyday life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressional Tunnels

Cruising into tunnels of expression, seeing sights as I create their essence to match my own.
Feeling closeness and happiness coming closer without having to make friends in reality.
This is much better, because I can't be hurt by other's problems in life touching me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressions Of Anticipation

Crossing my mind, natural scenes of everyday occupations
and nature play together in depths of my mind.
Forever, enjoying each other and their myriad differences,
in texture and benefits to others.
Recognizable fortitude wandering in and about, leaving expressions of anticipation at every turn, eventually returning to meanings, favoring their purposes in
thoughtful inventions of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressions Of Being

Watching the sun rise every morning in the east,
thinking only of your love holding me through
life.

Giving me expressions of being that now exist
within, holding onto the feelings of excitement
as you love me unconditionally forever.

Being loved by you, thrills and fills me with an
intense liveliness, adrenaline rushing through
my being, giving me a reason for living.

Just knowing that love is being nourished, gives
me pleasure, as a blazing fire burns heatedly
inside me.

Desires filling me expectantly, waiting for you
to quench them totally as we love one another
through the years we are together, as one forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressions Of Hope

Staccato blessings falling onto expressions of hopeful
desire, not letting them be torn from their hopeful
pedestals in life's prayerful circle.
Hurrying through the tablets of yesteryear, learning
everything about me in visions of my image when just
a child in my mother's womb.
Not even if it's not the entire truth of my beginnings,
so be it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressions Of Love

Expressions of love exist throughout life and nature,
always being imagined in truthful aspects, favorable
to those who notice them.

Tributes expound, filling many pockets of expertise
with an effervescence of a peculiar sensation of
fragrant aromas coming from an interior aspect filled
with heavenly grace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressions Of Poetry

Resting comfortably, letting life have it's way,
watching as it happens, not wanting to interfere,
just seeing what will come about.

Many exciting experiences fill life abundantly,
fitting comfortably with this poetical nature,
able to express feelings and emotions in prose.

Allowing others to see that in circumstances
of loss, they are feeling normally what other
people go through, think and feel, helping them
to cope and realize that they are not alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressions Of Reality

Calling to insides of beauty, taking everything in stride, calmly watching every motion without qualms or disturbances.
Behaving like a tiger hiding in secret jungles, never noticing the stagnation of anything around them.
Giving in to the expressions of reality, hoping to be addressed in lands of talented masterpieces of earth.
Allowing the smiles of forever to be penetrated from afar.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressions Of Senses

Dreams having been fulfilled throughout the night,
now spilling into intellect through the light of
day.

A brilliant and positive way to keep innate talent
enlightening this mind with expressions of every
sense of my being.

Fulfilling gestures of feelings and emotions, a
pleasant and extraordinary feeling that never stops
thrilling and taking me beyond this world.

Traveling into other dimensions, beautiful, silent,
anticipating and expecting many possibilities con-
tinually.

Flowing from within non-stop, never fading, totally
exciting and exhilarating my being with an intense
love of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressions Of Silence

Expressions of silence can't always be read by others,
many times mistaking it for depression or despair when
in reality it's sorrow, sadness or inner contemplation.

Treasuring our emotions and feelings closely, guarding
them throughout life as we also cherish their very ex-
istence within our beings.

Life unfolding from the inside out, giving us food for
thought as we carry on throughout our daily tasks with-
out even wondering at times why we're doing it.

Deeply held hope and faith blossoming from within our
souls, helping us to remember and reach out from our pain
to help another needing the comfort of a loving soul also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressions Of Talent

Rocking to new music, playing it over and over,
because it continually touches my mind, giving
expressions of talent to be expressed in poetry.

Never lacking motivation or intuitive scientific
explanations and concepts to be applied in poems
of future designs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressions Reflected In Darkness

Walking along highways looking for a place to sit for a while, not knowing there's no place to call home anymore since parents are both now gone.

Fulfilling nightmares with an intense sorrow filtering through my being, all expressions reflected in the darkness of a passion that used to be alive and well within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Expressive Harmonies

Strangely, keeping beats and tempos with a froggy sort of voice,
yet appealing in a way to an inner sense of musical composition.
Easily taking my heart and mind down memory lane, picturing
yesterday's visions in beautiful sounding melodies, taking over
and singly giving a memory settled in timeless energy of
another phase of maturity.
Alone, in senior living itself, giving pleasure in harmonies of expression.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exquisite Ending

Rhythms stomping and stepping into the night, loving
the syncopation that never quits.

Bringing an exquisite ending to a great and fabulous
melody of another brilliant poetical day.

One that has lasted an eternity while the band was
playing our song tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exquisite Feeling Of Power

Syncopation of music to my mind never stops, always
continuing to flow silently and quietly without any-
one ever knowing about it.

An exquisite feeling of power comes through this
creativity, liberating and freeing my spirit entirely
throughout life.

A very enjoyable feeling that is always with me no
matter what I'm going through, racing and keeping
pace with interior rhythms.

Pounding with the beating of my heart incessantly,
keeping measures of time incorporated in every rhythm
my mind composes while writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exquisite Music

Another good morning at Buddy Stubbs with Swain's World
playing exquisite music for all of us here.

A quiet, still environment being awakened by rhythms,
playing to our minds and hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exquisite Spirit

Touching deeply felt by music
in my being, filling my veins
with it's exquisite spirit,
tantalizing an existence into
becoming enamored.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extended Family

Tovrea's Castle, a building of history for life and family.
Standing so remotely on a hill, yet it was always filled
with peacocks and cacti, thrilling the air around it.
An aura of mystery, surrounding it's environment, yet to
us it was very personal.
Mom would walk the few steps to the stone wall enclosing
the property, down the walkway came an elderly woman to
pass the time of day.
Two lonely women, talking together, laughing, enjoying
each other's company while the children were in school.
A birthday was coming up and the elderly woman invited
Mom to have it in her castle.
Elated to the max, Mom accepted and they planned the
party for the coming weekend.
On Saturday our whole family drove to the wrought iron
gates, they opened wide and the elderly lady got back in
her car, telling us to follow her.
Joyfully, we did, parked our car and excitedly poured out
and walked to the door.
Going inside, we were awe-struck at it's beauty of space.
No words could describe it - we were all silent.
Taking us on a tour of the entire castle, inside and out,
the elderly lady reveled in her pride, it shone from her
eyes and we basked in her delight of our appreciation of
her home.
Everything was set up in the ballroom, where it felt like
icing was dripping on our heads from they ceiling.
It was awesome - an unreal experience - how wonderfully
lucky she was to live there.
Party time was great, even she sang Happy Birthday with
us and clapped when the candles were all blown out.
Feeling like a part of our family, an elderly woman saw
through all her material possessions and found the one
thing worth more than all of it - family.
Even though we were only children, we learned that our
poverty was a beautiful gift worth more than her life's
possessions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extending Life

Beckoning to my heart, seething with desire, wanting to
be fulfilled within rhythms of this heartbeat.

Consolidating all feelings into independent thoughts
where life can be extended through vibrant heartstrings
of an unconditional love.

Taking every step in stride, towards that sole endeavor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extending Silence

Beginning silence extending through the motions of energy,
lacing them all into satin between right and left sides of
my brain.
Sololy bringing total concentration into view.
Chugging off into nether worlds, always hoping to begin
again on other sides of life.
Technically overloading all lines extending into heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extension Of Our Brains

Silence filling my mind, as rhythms begin flowing into
intellect, awakening it with a surprising melody.

Encapsulating my mind, teaching it about an inner universe
that is so vast and filled with knowledge and wisdom.

All of it innate and unused, an extension of our brains,
a reservoir taking over excess capacity of our intellect.

As I continue to learn throughout the years of my life,
always dipping into this region with a photographic memory.

Storing it here in this inner universe, being remembered at
will, because photographic screens can be seen from this
interior landscape.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extenuating Possibilities

Doo Wop playing cheerfully into songs given to my soul.
A wonderful marching rhythm, calling me interiorly into circles of light from past melodies.
Extenuating possibilities being created continually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extra Perceptions

Singer getting up to sing with the band, letting us
know every word as he enunciates them in tune with
the correct notes.
Sounding perfectly ligit, as we listen to every
melody, keeping astride of the rhythms being played.
Living inside the realms of my brain, giving extra
perceptions to all that is being sung tonight.
Reaching deep into the repertoire of the band's
knowledge, taking every avenue given to him.

(10: 02 p.m. - 11/16/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extra Terrestrial Caverns

Causeways of electric understanding beacon to ends of earthly life,
giving premonitions of what is to come and be.
Living in tolerant circumstances, delving into extra terrestrial
caverns of the mind, sending messages to and from inner methods of
intelligent wisdom.
Feeling emotions rising to heights of perfection, honing their
skills, causing turbulence within states of mind.
Fulfilling extra sensory perceptions with hardened, deeply felt
feelings of yesterday.
Telling the mind of the purloined harm caused when younger days
abounded in memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extracting Beauty

Extracting the beauty of heavenly skies and placing
it here in poetry.

Sublime and beautiful, storm clouds, black and gray,
slowly sliding down upon the horizon before me.

White clouds floating across the heavens, being
chased by the stormy clouds and wind.

Delectable and scattered, looking like cotton candy,
making my mouth water, anticipating the actual sweet-
ness of it's taste.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extracting Meanings

Interminable questions always crowding my mind out of curiosity.
Wanting to know everything, right at this moment, chomping at the bit, listening for clues or hints to begin the journey of advancement.
Turning aside every routine of daily life, just to examine all the questions carefully and extract meanings specific to what I'm thinking about.
Talking to myself, whispering every thought carefully into the atmosphere, clearly expecting to hear answers coming back to me, so I may infer solutions quickly to see if they match what it is that I'm sensing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extracting Pain

Surreal and picturesque like a portrait that I have
painted in my mind.

An explicit and telling portrait of who I am, still
and perfect, showing intense feelings and emotions.

Casting shadows of sorrow and suffering, yet seeing
the smile on my face, filled with spirituality.

Heavenly thoughts never equaled on earth, intense
and vibrant images being traced into childhood.

Watching self learning and trying to raise myself
with childish ideas, protecting self with writing.

Keeping the ridicule of others from touching me,
making them read effects of their cruelty in poems.

Watching them, tears flowing at my words, breath
catching in their throats as they remember taunting
me.

No apologies needed, I have extracted my pain as their
tears fall from their own cruel memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extracting Puzzles

Socializing amidst a ballroom filled with apopoleptic shadows,
inherently touching us with their forcefulness and agility.
Figuring timely motions as they fill voids of emptiness on the
way to another horizon.

Silently creating a design and pattern for future living beyond
the lives we know and own.
Carefully extracting puzzles, finding solutions to them in
canyons of simplicity.

Totally engrossed in significant portions of imagination,
relating all manner of exquisite materials - enough to last for
the days yet to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extracuricular Activity

Splendid beauty of poetry, calming insides with an extracurricular activity, being insisted by another individual from another country.

Explicit directions are given and adhered to without exception, interchanging patterns with designs of actual visions to date.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extraordinary Advances

Mind still opening up to rhythms, playing, taking my
spirit soaring into higher realms of other dimensions,
providing a pleasant space of time.

Hiding in measures of melodies and harmonies, giving
my passion extraordinary advances in poetical processes,
elating and making me excited and happy.

Thrilled to be moving in new directions, taking up with
ideas fulfilling promises outside the box, enticing and
wonderful concepts entering intellect, filling my mind
with new discoveries and adventures never had before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extraordinary Heights

Feeling comfortable, enjoying your closeness next to my being,
desires running all over the place, not wanting to rest at all
just wanting to be quenched along with your own.

A positive and exponential excitement that takes me to extra-
ordinary heights of love and back, realizing fulfillment of an
unconditional love that we have for one another.

Taking us into realms of beautiful and picturesque colors of
heaven, a tantalizing experience that is wanted to be repeat-
ed over and over with you alone my love.

Expectations rising ever higher the longer we are together and
in love, our beings cooperating fully and completely in each
other's arms.

Fulfilling and quenching our passion that seems to know no
bounds when we're together my dear, a silent and wondrous joy
taking us into realms of heaven and back whenever making love.

A momentous treasure that we both cherish over and over through-
out our lives, expecting it to become more intense as we live
our lives throughout the coming years my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extraordinary Wonder

Everybody has a hungry heart, hoping for true love and unconditionally being loved for who we are innately, personified by our feelings, being free and liberated.

A genuine love that fills us with extraordinary wonder and belief, faith and hope being increased ten-fold just by our being loved, a wonderful way to live our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extrasensory Particles

Dreaming through rhythms of music, touching intellectual
facets of imagination with my mind.

Feeling their rippled textures with extrasensory particles
of touch, hiding within.

Using them when wanting to hold pictures that come to mind
and I don't know what they are.

Collectively feeling and sensing everything interiorly
through innate senses within intellect.

Wondering how this can be done, yet able to reach in and
touch them.

Extraordinary abilities that innate nature has and can
use in perspectives that no one else had knowledge of.

Fascinating and deliberate, meticulous and intense,
intellect keeps gathering data and letting me know how
it's done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extreme Actions Of Creativeness

Engaged in poetical moments of life, enjoying all of them
through the years, taking steps into and out of passages
of time.

Living each experience vibrantly and fully through musical
rhythms, a lasting memory of being free and at liberty in
this vast atmosphere of creativity.

Wanting nothing more than to fill every moment with thoughts
of poetry, nature and life, time energizing my soul with it's
exponential leisure, not daring to pressure intellect.

Letting it have it's own way, knowing that it's handling ex-
treme actions of creativeness through innate talent, being di-
vested of earthly and materialistic wealth, giving only the
fruition of my purpose and destiny at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extreme Curiosity Of Children

Noticing children coming into the center, watching curiously
as I write, their eyes filled with wonder at how it's being
done.

Smiling within, hoping it has opened their minds a little
wider so they may try new things on their own without fears
of doubts.

Children are always so curious about the world around them,
absorbing even the littlest things they see, storing all
that is seen in intellect for future use.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extreme Loneliness

Unwinding, following sounds of nature
into unending rhythms of graceful serenity.
Lone journeys taken into pathways of
yesterday's memories.
Causing lifetimes to turn around and be
recognized for what they were and have been
to our hearts in times of extreme loneliness.

Featured voices, penetrating the silence of
inequality in circumstances of benign ability.
Sharing viewpoints with others from the past,
recollecting their purposes and using them to
enhance the rest of their lifetimes.
Hoping they may have peaceful deaths on their
last days on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extreme Outer Talents

Wresting all of tension from me, 'Take Cover' has
succeeded in portraying all in depths of music.
Tumbling outside realms of earthly resurrections,
always giving extrasensory perceptions to extraordinary
facets of extreme outer talents.
Giving sometimes only to other excellent portions as they
are transfixed on edges of mountains, ready to fall into
canyons of never-ending placement.
Coalescing entire rhythms into all manner of automation.
Technology being stripped of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extreme Passion

Raising voices and hands with glasses, saluting the
band as it plays renditions of many songs.

Bridging the ravines in life, a song, fast and totally
complacent is playing intellect with streaming guitars
and streamlined drums, beating their way through minds.

Unable to remain stationary, moving rapidly and steadily,
dancing to the beats as they rock everyone to their feet,
entrancing mind and body with extreme passion of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extreme Visions

Joining frequently in poems of decency,
advertising preliminary advantages of
talent in adjectives of humor.

Wallowing and staging coups without
thought, riding out from circumferences
of beliefs and falling into death traps
of intellect.

Crystal clear advances, brightening
future dreams with extra curricular
processes of intelligence.

Criss-crossing against barriers and
living up to segments of interior
designs.

Qualifying energies predicting favorable
outcomes in tactile placement.

Voicing opinions of degradation and bliss,
opening them and pouring them over motions
sent from outer regions of earth.

Taking visions to extremes and joining them
without hesitation into joint admiration
of decent prodigies.

Admitting clever persons into mixes, blending
all into abysses, taking turns, pouring dreams
down labyrinths to meet up with ordinary
circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extrememly Inquisitive

Sliding down mountain pathways, oblivious to the dangers
inherent within it's hidden places.

Secreted quietly where no one can see them unless they
are like this poet, noticing every detail and being
extremely inquisitive and eternally curious.

Always having been this way since being born, remembering
even when first opening my eyes, looking around, curiosity
innately wanting to be satisfied.

Eyes roaming constantly, taking in everything around me,
expressions on people's faces, gestures, emotions touching
me somehow interiorly.

Never thinking to question why this happens in spite of my
curiosity, just totally accepting everything as a part of
who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Extremes Of Love

Hitting the highway with magic following in the wake of music, pounding it's way into intellect with heartwarming passion, desires now climbing higher and higher.

Pursuing dreams that are promising to be wild and exciting, exhilarating the two of us with extremes of love in the depths of our total and unconditional love.

Never being thwarted in the silence of this glorious night, believing in the innocent moist eyes of love that are filled with your love for me always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exuberantly Living Life

Life, laughter, loving, taking us through to joy and happiness, living life exuberantly and filled with peace, at times certain circumstances come about.

We lose our way, especially through death and loss, somehow we make it through, although the sadness may be intense, making us feel isolated and abandoned altogether.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exuding Presence

Distant reverberations rumpling in my mind, capturing beautiful colors of a western sunset, set like a painting in the atmosphere.

Awaiting darkness of nighttime bliss, opening and unfolding the sanctity of life from heaven, showing everyone here on earth, pathways into other directions.

Destinations that may bring possibilities to light, fragrant aromas scenting the atmosphere from gardens all over the world.

Tempting each of us with their melodious odors sent through the atmosphere, exuding the presence of an inner life here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Exuding The Child

Forward moving, hanging onto moments of importance, now
believing in someone called God, knowing there can never
be anyone else in life.

Looking forward to seeing Him, watching the world go by,
anticipating love that will someday come to pass, always
moving towards that goal.

Striving to empty life of past deeds, getting on in life
with new perspectives and dimensions, allotting time spent
in exploring an inner world to various moments and degrees.

Finding answers and freedom in whatever's discovered, help-
ing to create a life that should have always been, now on
edges of a new horizon.

Becoming what was held within, expanding into ever-widening
circles in time, playfully exuding the child hiding within
yesterday's images.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eye - Catching Blossoms

Sitting in an air conditioned van, looking up into a mesquite
tree, it's branches flowing freely in a late morning breeze,
watching, thinking.

Suddenly eyes catch a yellow reflection, looking closer, see-
ing two small yellow blossoms, the only two left on the en-
tire tree.

So dainty and beautiful, God's handiwork treasured and saved
so this mere poet could write them sololy into this little
poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eye Catching

Turning away from life and the future, not seeing the whole
picture, just veering off the pathway to explore something
that catches our eyes.

Out of curiosity, needing to discover what it is, as it
gnaws on our minds until finding out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eye Of My Mind

Walkways to distant lands lie empty before me,
beckoning with nature's frivolity and fun.
Sitting here on the doorstep of humanity,
looking over landscapes with an eye of my mind,
watching it's beauty unfold.
A stillness, chilling the atmosphere with it's
brilliance, settles on imagination's shores,
filled with anticipation for tomorrow's future,
lying in the balance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eye Shadows

Shadows of my eyes, alighting in ebony gardens,
wandering it's lengths in prepared statements
of tired beings sleeping inside.

Playing the piano within as I continually write
of what happens in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eyeing Emotions

Watching, looking into the atmosphere, eyeing every emotion as it filters into my heart through pictures of my mind, recalling the essence of a lifetime.

Signifying the beauty that I've seen and lived through all these years.

Loving to be attuned to every sense as I sit and contemplate in depths of heaven's scents, leading the way into destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eyelids Of Eternity

Singing soulfully, tears hiding just inside
corners of your mind, awaiting times of
enrichment from interior solitude.
Suggestions filling aspects of pious memories,
as timelessness folds over eyelids of eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eyes Locked In An Embrace

Tempting and enticing my soul with your love, giving
your all, treating me with respect and filling me
with your unconditional love daily.

Talking, being silent, it doesn't matter, as long as
we are together, writing poetically, the intense love
that we have for one another.

When you're near me darling, I can't control feelings,
desires suddenly reach fever pitch and I need you to
hold me closely.

Not wanting to be separated from your touch, expressing
our emotions through our love, exquisite and enticing,
never being disappointed.

Lifting each other to heaven spiritually, filled with
love and holding onto each other, eyes locked in an
embrace of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eyes Locking

Striding into the center of each moment that we're
together, filled with love and desire, passion rising
ever higher the closer we come to each other.

Eyes locking, moving closer, kissing passionately,
hearts beating vibrantly, wanting so badly to be to-
gether in a passionate embrace.

Touching caring and becoming one for moments in time,
loving the feelings that give each of us great pleasure
and extraordinary fireworks of love.

Bursting all around inside of us as we consummate our
love time after time, nothing else mattering except
we two.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eyes Of A Microscope

Sculptures of figures not yet born are coming to mind,
taking thought into museums of creativity.

Living among portraits of the past, now all thinking
of intense times that were had in earlier days.

A concentration of particles being taken and looked at
through the eyes of a microscope, leaving only moments
of thought lying unseen by it's lens.

Sensing productivity of such an encounter has a mind
filling with a myriad of possibilities.

Never taking away for a moment, the blessed events of
another invention in the face of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eyes Of Abandonment

Under the dirty eyes of abandonment, watching people who have used and left others stranded.

Alone, waiting for answers, wondering what was done to cause this predicament.

Sinful habits tried on innocent children, but they do not fit.

Oversized and sloppy, too grown-up for a little child to be trying on.

Desire to live falls forlornly on the wayside of trust.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eyes Of Awakening Shores

Midnight thoughts keep creeping through daylight hours wanting to be expressed and then recognized for their own worth, being stationary, yet always moving.

Taking our minds into and out of many experiences as we live each day, hopes, dreams, wishes that we want to see come to fruition in the moments of our lives.

Not wanting them to remain mere dreams throughout our lives, reaching and grasping for new and refreshing ideas, patterns and designs throughout the years.

One day, hopefully being able to realize each and every one of them in the eyes of awakening shores as we live with our expectations solitarily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eyes Of Children

Life is interesting to say the least, as I watch it daily, passing by like a parade with way too much going on to take it all in.
Yet, I enjoy it's presence immensely through eyes of children, seeing it in ways unbeknownest to most.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eyes Of Loneliness

Clock watchers delving into hours of play, awaiting
a time of displacement as minutes pass slowly away.
Taking future dreams into places stale with smoke,
recreating nightmares of old out of habits too hard
to break away from.
Moistened dreams, drowning on beds of decrepit
thoughts, allowing memories of deceased loved ones
to fall into caverns and abysses of neglected
feelings of lost love.
Waking when watchers of clocks have fallen sound
asleep, taking with them everything good and gentle
away from memories past, leaving only teardrops
falling from eyes of loneliness.
Alone once again by habits of choice, made through
a fog of eternal dismay, giving no more thought to
a loved one's memory gone astray.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eyes Of Prayer

Turned inside out, feeling sorrow that
living heaps upon us.

Retching interiorly, being collapsed
upon headstones of yesterday, not knowing
where anything will lead us.

Standing upon memorials to one another,
catching tears in all our eyes of prayer.

Hoping one day to be recognized for who we
are and not what we have done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eyes Of Sight

Looking out the window, traveling down the freeway, watching the mountains before me, looming majestically into my mind, enticing my essence to come and climb them within the spheres of intellect.

Seeing them with eyes of sight, yet feeling their textures so intensely that I feel I am actually on their steep sides, climbing and holding onto the rocks as I climb higher into the atmosphere.

Looking down, seeing the horizon below me in juxtaposition to my soul, dizzying heights, taking me soaring into imagination.

Leading into many avenues of literature as words spill out and down into the canyons of my mind, collecting there and being fed to my essence where they are eventually written out of.

Always calming my soul, I reach for the sky and hold on, taking off into beautiful landscapes of picturesque sounds of rhythm and tones of talent in perfect pitches, along with the notes themselves being played.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eyes On Beyond

Looking to heaven, praying, hoping for secure feelings of gentleness to be placed upon me, helping to get through all the trials of life.
Life's getting narrower, tunnel-like, I'm seeing less of what is actually around and my eyes are being focused on beyond, seeking heavenly angels, waiting for them to bring my family to meet me on their side of death.
Happiness finally realized in God's arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eyes Watering

Awake at midnight, not able to sleep here in this un-
comfortable hospital bed.

Looking into darkness, eyes watering their feelings
of hopelessness into the starlight above.

Reasoning and logic faltering, taking me into pits of
hell.

Wondering, doubts beginning to fill me, thinking that
possibly, this life of mine is not for living anymore.
po

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eyes Wide Open

Life tripping along a high wire act, hoping to never fall
or injure ourselves, holding onto our love, walking into
the future holding hands.

Hearts melded happily and joyfully with love, looking into
the future with eyes wide open, seeing possibilities that
will keep us together throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eyesores In Nature

Mountains reaching out to me through miles of landscapes, touching my soul with their majesty and beauty.
Blue skies, white clouds, floating across them, enhancing their splendor.
Gathering all greenery into my mind, feeling it's essence fill me with life from above.
Ignoring all the eyesores of houses and buildings marring the view on their majestic heights.
Not wanting to focus on their ugliness, instead, seeing only the beauty of my vision being shown to inspire me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Eyesores Of Nature

Keeping feelings to myself is no longer being done.
They are to be shared with everyone, because they are a part of human nature and everyone feels them at one time or another.
Letting people get in touch with their emotions helps them move down their own paths in life.
Sometimes retracing steps they didn't quite get and other times to rush ahead and enter the next realm of their existence.
Along highways we travel together, yet in each, our own journeys.
A combination of emotions and images helping us gather ourselves so we may soon be realized in our own individual lives while we exist mentally in other dimensions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fabric Of Being

Soundlessly falling, tearing apart the fabric of being,
sanctioned upon earmarks of holiness.

Not to be mistaken as someone of this world, walking
continuously on edges of death, looking for a way to
enter into it's unfathomable distance.

Walking from all aspects, attempting to find the center
of it, clouds parting, opening depths of heaven so I may
see into it the glory after life has ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fabric Of Curiosity

1: 45 p.m.
Sounds stuck around and about, trying to pull them all
together in interior rhythms, allowing every detail to
grow into a poem.

Lovely lace and velvet being placed tenderly in adjacent
images of silken folds of memory, crossing and re-crossing
in winds of fate.

Being tossed upon stormy seas in a perfect storm filled
with lightening, ablaze above in heaven's clouds.

Raining down upon an exterior form of a human being, hoping
to recreate it's essence, giving it a purpose and meaning
through novel interpretations and definitions.

Finally adhering to the fabric of this incessant curiosity
from childhood, still alive within this aging senior.

On the doorstep of heaven, catapulting into another reality
quite soon, leaving earth behind to it's very own conclusions.
1: 47 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fabric Of Melodies

Easy and smooth, gliding through imaginational
intellect, taking strides delicately into the
fabric of every melody.

Holding onto one another through the atmosphere,
light and airy, tempting interior desires and
teasing them unmercifully.

Coming out and entering the beauty of this life
with a kiss, soft and gentle upon lips of love,
awaiting your touch.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fabric Of My Being

Separating life like an egg white from it's shell,
separating self from feelings jumbled up inside.

Stepping outside the fabric of being, turning
around, looking back at what I have been and felt,
knowing that I have been held in catacombs of the
past with no reprieve.

Shivering from the chill of it's dampness against
my mind, retreating and stepping around the corner,
not wanting to enter the fabric of my being again.

Treading other trails through amazon-like water,
and carrying me into another dimension at last.

Recognizing newly formed patterns as I drown in
memories of the past.

Narrowly escaping the tides and undertow, pulling
me out of control, leaving this edge of life for
another far better one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fabric Of Our Beings

Never able to let you go, because our hearts are woven together through the fabric of our beings.

Wherever you roam, I must follow, living with you in my soul, always having your unconditional love flowing throughout my being.

Giving you mine in return, knowing that I could never leave you, finding reasons to be together, nothing else making sense to my intellect.

Closer and closer through the years, our hearts binding our love and beings together as one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fabric Of Poetry

Creating ideas and thoughts from nothing, tabulating,
configuring words and meanings through equations of
mathematics.

Never at a loss, injecting everything into the fabric
of poetry, weaving and touching inner spirituality,
making it all come together in music and poetry.

Beautiful illustrations being created and illuminated
through innate talent, energizing this inner being,
unfolding intellect, allowing it to wander aimlessly.

Traveling into every area of my mind alone, knowing
it will create landscapes that make sense and show
others the meaning and understanding amassed in life.

Never having to concentrate, everything seems to come
into intellect with no trouble or interruptions at all,
always feeding an innate talent that needs it to live.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fabrics Of Holiness

Singularly searching byways throughout our travels
and holding onto yesterdays' without too much thought
about it.

Jeopardizing nothing along the way, sacredly belonging
to a faith we were brought to believe in from birth.

Taking commitment seriously and holding closely to
those of Italian tradition, our lives are pieced
together like fabrics of holiness, contained within
our souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Face Value

Kicking around dirt on dusty trails of life, reminiscing about
when life was easier and simpler, taking it at face value, no
evil pretensions anywhere near it's essence.

Giving life a brilliance that could never be matched by anything
or anyone on this entire earth, beauty and strength holding onto
this effervescent being.

Young, alive and so very vibrant, unable to be tamed by anyone,
a free spirit in every respect, no ties to bind or hold onto me
ever.

Living free and doing things my own way, being no one's slave
while living on this earth, turning away from those who think
to control what I want in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faces Of Achievement

Talking with hands and expressions on faces of achievement,
as life adapts itself in the interim.
Draping curtains over yesterday's experiences, hiding them
beneath coverlets of embarrassment.
Tuning into measures of playful increments, straining
towards perfection.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faces Of Unselfishness

Donating time and energy to good causes gives
a tremendous feeling crawling around inside.
All of life's beauty stands out on faces of
unselfishness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faces Of Yesterday

Electrically lighting up elderly lives with it's beat,
music rhythmically calls forth pleasant feelings from
within.

Quietly, unclosetedly, bringing hopeful joy and serenity
out of darkness into the light of happiness and movement.

Silently, smiles spread across faces in rapturous delight,
enjoyment evident all around us in aged faces of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Facets Of Being

Controlling every facet of being in a poem written
to passion in music.
Listening to others sing and reading between the
notes as I write it down - whatever rhythm pronounces
in tones and sounds, surrounding the essence of my
mind and being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Facets Of Factual Reality

All together, peace fulfills an ancient ritual, woven
beautifully into every facet of life.
Securing the finest points of truth, fitting them into
caskets made of wood, allowing eternity to leave them
by the wayside to eventually die and become once again
a part of the parcel of life.
Awakening innermost thoughts, filing them as quickly as
they pop up, not wanting to see the truth of the way we
are.
Sadly left alone, no longer a being, salted tears fall
and disappear, no longer pointing the way through life.
Kneeling instead, at the gravestones of impending death.
Tranquilly unknowing, hiding deeply in chests of untold
treasure, never seeing the light of day or genius.
Seeking no more, the answers of reason, standing still,
moving slowly forward on death's straightforward
escalator, going neither up nor down.
Forgetting all moments which have preceded this moment
of time, continuing to live, not knowing how to respond
from day to day.
A repertoire of factual reality ends today in the cellar
of decay, no light falling within to light the way.
All doors forever locked and closed to destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Facets Of Happiness

Watching anxiously for a suspension in activity,
serendipitously displaying facets of happiness
on faces of smiles.

Pleasing aspects run along and continue jumping
over waves of derision and fault-finding, never
allowing them to stay and visit for very long.

Turning aside all endeavors of existence, while
playing and frolicking in the mists and white
foam of exuberant complacency.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Facets Of Meaning

My soul carries me away on wings of prayer.
Daily attitudes are kept safe and clean, routinely adjusted according to who I'm with.
Soft music traveling through inner workings of my heart, circulating itself into a special pathway in my brain.
Music no one else can hear or feel, because it's inside of me.
Lines traveling down pages in many books, written in my own handwritten style of prose, verses free from coercive rules of rote.
Checkerboarded life played like chess on a hazy, hot afternoon, trying to collect as many aspects of it's meaning into one gigantic volume, written for a world of people I will never meet or see.
Letting go of mental images - pictures I see in my mind - so they may be written down for posterity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Facilitating Grief

Sadness envelopes me in it's sagacity,
tightening it's grip on me interiorly.

Facilitating sorrow and grief, pushing
it quickly towards suicide, regaling
in it's permanent solution.

Tying my mind in knots, unable to think
straight or manipulate thoughts to get
them back on straightened roads, leading
to a semblance of sanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Facing A Lasting Importance

Swinging incessantly from branches, hoping to return to a carefree childhood without going through the tumultuous grief that existed all through life and growing up.

Listening to whispers of the past, trying to remember when they became important to intellect.

Lasting importance being faced when coming face to face with death, having no choice in the end at last.

Strength waning in the face of eternal death, trying to hold onto life and finding out at long last that it would be impossible to do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Facing A New Day

Letting waves of rhythm pound against my m ind, carrying
me away with tides of life, never ceasing to amaze and
thrill me as every one takes me further towards the horizon.

Wantingto see where the sun sets each evening, wondering
what it's bed is like, if it's large enough to hold it
without burning it completely.

Sun coming out from between the sheets to great me every
morning no matter what, tempting my spirit with it's
effervescent brilliance, spreading across the world.

Enticing everyone to awaken and face the new day with
a vibrant liveliness and joy, bringing happiness into
the foreground.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Facing Cruelty

Realistically living in a cocoon, not wanting to face the cruelty of a distant world.

Falling into an abyss of sorrow, letting it envelope me totally as I sink dismally into another place where no one can see or find me again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Facing Death

Send me no remorse, no return from death's doorstep.
Allow freedom of my spirit to soar towards heavenly rainbows,
let it grasp everlasting echoes of peace forming immediately
after life has left me.
Standing on a peak, looking over, unafraid of the final fall,
happily looking upward and jumping over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Facing Life

Walking along, peacefully, contented, mind wandering
on many different levels, thinking about different
things being worked on in other universes.

Life continuing to move into tomorrow with plenty of
opportunities to make a difference in someone's life.

Wondering if anything can be changed just by thinking
of it, totally and honestly facing self as life goes
on.

Tending to opportunities falling at your feet, wanting
to be chosen and used now before they disappear into
the atmosphere.

Nothing coming into view, yet a rainbow has appeared
in the palm of your hand, not sought nor looked for.

Still being and wanting to give it's beauty a chance
to radiate into the life you are trying to live.

Brilliant colors covering an inner atmosphere with
beauty, discovering many hidden thoughts, standing
alone.

Listening to love wanted to desperately, disappearing
into wastelands of another time.

Losing, hopelessly lost now, rightfully hurrying within
and out of sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Facing Life On My Own Terms

Our mental health doesn't depend on anyone, it depends on the honesty we have with and about ourselves, never depending on other people's ideas or opinions.

It's best to listen to ourselves in matters concerning our own well-being for what does anyone know about us or what we are thinking?

Facing reality honestly gives us a tremendous amount of data and thoughts as we conceive and either adjust to situations and circumstances or we don't.

It's entirely up to us what we think and doesn't depend on anyone else in our lives, standing on our own, having our lives filled with honesty and purpose helps each of us to be who we are, facing life on our own terms only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Facing Objectives

Turning aside, not wanting to face alternatives given in
this life, knowing innately that there are better ways
of deciphering things on our own.

Facing objectives open to us, deciding on prospects that
appeal the most, interesting and palpable, realizing and
recognizing patterns and designs in all forms of subjects
and topics.

Always finding rhythms coding every little thing, allowing
it to fit perfectly into the landscapes of this life on
earth itself.

Not turning away from adventure and discovery, always
looking for the excitement afforded by learning more about
what is going on in our world today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Facing Outcomes

Fingering notes, playing etudes of sincerity on notes
of life's existence.
Creating new ideals without thinking of harmful effects.
Deciding how to face outcomes of resistance through
logic and reasoning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Facing Shadows

Sun filtering through branches of trees on high,
touching my being with gentle warmth and friendliness.

Peacefulness playing in my mind with thought, rearranging stressful thinking, setting new patterns for formidable days ahead, facing alone a myriad of shadows crossing my path.

Protecting myself from reality, going inside to a special space where I can explore and be myself every moment of existence.

Spacious realms, weaving their magic in my being, taking me to heights of heaven where I can be sublime, writing whatever transforms itself into my thoughts.

Conjuring ideal designs to form poetical verses and composing musical etudes of life's misgivings.

Turning ordinary beings and things into magical moments secreted in a newly written poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fact Of Being Alone

Clouds strewn haphazardly across the sky with no other purpose than to catch my eye.

Gazing out at the deep light blue sky, misery penetrates and splits my heart, at a loss to know the reason, can't even find a question to ask.

Lying upon the pavement, cracked and broken from age-old walking, settling on no thing to bring about a change in feelings.

Not knowing, falling into bottomless pits, grasping hold of the sides of them.

Climbing slowly out of the blackened doom, reconciled to facts of being alone, just as clouds are strewn haphazardly across the skies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Factors Of Prose

Living in an aura of musical rendition,
playing songs at large throughout my mind.
Stepping across myriads of miles into the
universe, following the many beats of
immediate response.
All days are filled with reverberations as
they echo eternally across my world, into
my imagination, creating factors of prose
forever in an endless pool of lovely memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Facts Of Being

Looking up into a tree, it's branches looking deadened,
scratching my eyes with their forlorn presence.

Taking away, thinking of their beauty once so much
appreciated, now hanging in the atmosphere, being seen
for what they now are.

To mind, they are still pretty in their deadened captivity,
touching an interior intellect, reminding of the same facts
that will one day touch my being with death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faded Lace

Evening has fallen early, darkening my mind
with today's shadows of truth.
Acknowledging aspects given daily with open-
minded thoughts, portraying them in faded
lace on yesterday's interior solitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faded Portraits

Lonely echoes haunting this mind, walking down cobwebbed
halls of yesterday, looking at faded portraits of our
love that used to be.

Sorrowfully taken aback, never having expected this to
happen to either of us, yet, life is so very temporary,
even though we never thought about it through the years.

Now, walking alone down a lifetime of tears that continue
to drown me relentlessly, your image smiling at me, yet
never coming into my life again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fading Colors

Falling into lines, seeing canyons turn into abysses of failure, at times losing all hopes, other times finding an excuse to keep on going.
Sorrow dwelling in every particle and atom of being, forever etched in grief.
Never placated, tenderly touching my heart with memories unglorified, saturated with tears, crystalized in glass visions, fading colors of the rainbow as drops of sadness fall into depths of my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fading Dreams

Nearing an end to life, hopes and dreams fade away into
far distant memories.
Knowing now, that life is just what it is, brings a
finality to plans made when younger.
Struggling to live day to day is now the only dream left
to me and it is not one of hope or joy.
It brings only a deepened sadness for an existence that
is remaining.
Fortitude slips quietly beneath life's mattress, as each
new day falls behind life's grand curtain.
Becoming at the end a tiny quarter of a person when
stripped of earth's necessities, no longer excited about
life - only the ending of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fading Existence

Open-armed, welcoming others into their circle of
friendship - one of closer near deaths of experience.
Together, holding onto their conversations as a mist
slowly forms over them, enclosing all in a partition
of future coffins.
Lights shining into closets, encapsulating their
egos and minds for an eternity without them, as their
spirits are filled and souls fade into another
existence beyond lives of human beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fading In Grief

Sounds being emitted from deep within my spirit, sadness
and it's tears sobbing within, nothing more to say.

Love has died on another horizon and I no longer belong
within your arms here on earth.

Thinking that I was strong, that I could handle anything,
now finding out that your loss is much more than I can take.

Going deep inside my being, isolating, not wanting to be
here on earth without you my love.

The game of life is now over and there's no winner left
standing, we are both now bereft and forsaken.

No pathways back to one another, solemn and sorrowful,
fading in the grief I've been left with in life without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fading Into Lines

Falling into lines, seeing canyons turn into abysses of failure, at times losing all hope and other times finding an excuse to keep on going.
Sorrow dwelling in every particle and atom of being, forever etched in grief.
Never placated, tenderly touching my heart with memories unglorified, saturated with tears, and crystalized in glass visions; fading colors of the rainbow as drops of sadness fall into depths of my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fading Into Nonexistence

The light in my life has gone out, no more to be seen
on this earth.

Leaving only the poetry I've written behind to be read
so others can see that the light was once real and lit.

Now there is no longer a reason to keep the light glow-
ing, putting away pen and paper, now closing my poetry
journal for the last time.

Fading into the nonexistence of this earthly life where
once my life had begun and has now ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fading Life Light

Dying within, screaming silently, no one hearing
these plaintive cries for help.

Subjected to sorrow and sadness in this fading life
light, watching it slowly disappear beyond another
horizon, eventually to be taken to by death, himself.

Seething emotions taking hold, wanting to be heard
from without, people looking on, never hearing or
seeing the pain this heart is going through.

Feeling unloved and uncared for, head hanging in deep
despair, nowhere to turn to, no hand to hold mine
through the turmoil.

Encapsulating the inevitable torture of being abandoned,
alone in this life, pulling the black curtains of grief
around me once more.

No one can see beyond them where I lie, dying within,
screaming silently, no one ever hearing, expiring with
this last breath in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fading Roses

Roses fading
in past memories,
leaving behind thorns of
bittersweet images in love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fading Shores

Roping sorrowful thoughts into poems of depth, as I think of all the times love has left me alone and bereft through the years.
Now with many years of married love, I am going to be crying my heart out again.
Only this time it will be because you have gone beyond the fading shores of life, leaving me behind.
Trusting in promises of doubtful hope, I'll continue life alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fading Thoughts

Lonely, looking for friendship in every back road,
hoping this time I will find it right before my eyes.
Lasting hopes becoming fading thoughts, as I still
haven't had any luck as yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fading Twilight

Watching twilight fade into the sunset, bringing with
it rays of the moon.
All of it hiding beneath a blanket of cumulus clouds,
waiting to storm upon earth as soon as the wind begins
gusting, blowing them over the lands that need to be
watered from heaven's fountains.
Carefully joining the effortless positions of an early
promise of affability.
A sense of belonging falling at my feet and energizing
all faculties without undue stress.
Believing in the advent of tomorrow's morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faint Whispers

Faces of life cascade down forgotten waterfalls, taking with them, all facets of love left once more on imagined shores.
Neglected through the years by memory's faint whispers, sent into the atmosphere above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faith And Hope Becoming One

Darkness unfolding, opening an interior universe to lights
of stars and moon overlooking earth, tantalizing, bringing
an energy into the frontier of intellect.

There life begins and ends in an interior spirituality, awe
and wonder taking their place in a universe of the Divine
where faith and hope become one through contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faith Dwindles Through Existence

Unknowingness causes secret doubt to prey upon unsuspecting minds.
Relating half and untruths through echoes down hallways of human minds.
Faced with an unrelentless song of meaningless doubt, faith dwindles steadily through the years.
Gnawing away at interior lives of many, fraying the very existence of truth, life becomes hopeless and drifts slowly away.
Leaving not a trace of human respect or dignity left to pass on - not even hereditarily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faith Exploding

Life being called and given, faith exploding and being created anew, refreshing and taking it into realms of heaven.

Solemn and silent, filling the promise of heaven and God, melodies being played by angels, a healing now taking place and no one is yet aware of it.

Peace and serenity coming into beings who are connected to one another, beauty of friendship being bonded in heaven once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faith Grows From Within

Panacea of life floats throughout the ages on a pretense of thoughtful knowledge.
Not knowing or caring of whence it came, battling itself in ageless arguments over unwinning circumstances.
Faith is never thought by reason, never proven in theoretical logic.
It is just an inherent belief which lies within the capacity of each of us to grasp under all adversity - in all manner of life.
All of life lies hidden under blankets of hope, waiting to fulfill it's soulful desires through faith.
Faith does not clamor for attention, it seeks instead, the silence held within each of us.
In this way our faith grows towards Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faith Grows From Within Us

Panacea of life floats throughout ages on the pretense of thoughtful knowledge.

Not knowing nor caring of whence it came, battling itself in ageless argument over unwinning circumstances.

Faith is never thought by reason, never proven in theoretical logic, it is just an inherent belief which lies within the capacity of each of us to grasp.

Under all adversity - in all manner of life - it is to know God from within without having to reason or explain His being there.

All of life lies hidden under blankets of hope, waiting to fulfill it's soulful desire through faith.

Faith does not clamor for attention, is seeks instead the silence held within each of us.

Silence whereby God teaches us and brings us to His ways, through interior prayer and a growing faith, residing within our souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faith Lets Me

Pulling at an interior faith, needing it to fulfill
my purpose here on earth, knowing that I can't do
anything without God and finding hope within.

Dwindling in the turmoil of this darkened world, yet
somehow faith lets me continue moving forward, seeing
a light at the end of the tunnel.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faith Of Knowingness

Parading down pathways of reluctance, building walls of turbulence, skimming sideways, attempting to overcome invisible obstacles seemingly in the way in every direction.
Rigorously developing systems of believability until reality sets itself on a pedestal above us, with righteous indignation.
Settling in amongst ashes of yesterday, locating fragments of bone, shards here and there, of hope lingering slightly behind a faith of knowingness within a soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faith Of Our Hopeful Lives

Loving to be strengthened through the faith of hopeful lives, giving light to an interior universe.

Feelings falling upon the floor of my soul, no longer worrying about them, knowing that they will always be met and explored through ordinary things every day being alive in this world will bring.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faith Questioning

At times you can have all the faith in the world
and it won't change the eventual outcome.
It will however, help you live through the tragedy
afterwards.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faithful

It does not matter that man thinks I have no vocation,
it lies in my belief of God, totally and without reserve.

Reaching out in love, in weakness, in faith, cannot ever
turn from Him, He is my life, my vocation is to love Him
through everything both good and bad on earth.

It is difficult, because I am an unworthy human being, yet,
I keep trying out of love to stay true.

My whole life is lived for Him, loved by Him, I can never
turn away.

Even if man says differently, I will never turn from Him,
my heart will always remain faithful, because it is filled
with His love for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faith's Life Jacket

Walking into the sunrise, holding onto faith like a life jacket or preserver, wanting the safety of my being to be comforted and kept in beds of roses.

Being tantalized, unfolded in recesses of intellect where serenity is felt through an excessive energy of this mind, it's curiosity out of this world and off the chart.

A wonderful and enthusiastic fervor, bringing pleasure and happiness into me, hard times coming and going, leaving me stranded in the desert of my soul at times.

Intellect comes to my rescue through a bluened light of the Divine, enlightening my mind intensely and energetically.

A positive aspect of intellect in every endeavor that I write poetry into, compose music or paint a portrait from memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faith's Strength

Faith holding onto me with all it's strength, keeping my head above water, keeping me from failing for moments in time.
Sunshine heating my mind, illuminating every aspect of my mind-set, as I create expressions and emotions to collate along with words.
They are defined in arteries of language and slid out onto pages of lines to be developed continually in dozens of poems.
As I continue writing with all the explicit linguistics of English, pulling and meshing with every facet, coming together into a single pattern of commitment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fall Moon

Swooning in melodies, thinking of a full moon
in the darkness of yesterday's evening.

Big, bright, lending itself to our sight, so
we can walk through the night without falling.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fall Of Night

Night fell upon me, the color of dark, black cats, sitting, preying on my fears, dwelling in my mind, causing love of life to dwindle slowly away from my being.

Sensing someone far away, loving me, reaching out, I cannot touch upon him, ebbing from me, life washing off the shore and calling out for him.

Not knowing if he has heard the plea so many miles away, I walk forward and disappear beneath the waves, hoping his love will still survive the fall of night.

Like a huge black cat pouncing down upon the earth, all colors of life are washed away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fallen Ashes

Torrid affairs of the heart, breaking in two, pieces left over from another day when young and restless.
Offering options on ranges of antagonistic realms, interring bodies of fallen ashes, spreading their only meanings throughout mountainous cliffs and ledges, leading to jagged ideas, falling down into canyons of waking death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fallen Leaf

1: 30 p.m.
Fallen leaves of many colors, bruised and cracked, now lying
helpless on the ground.

Once being bright green and vibrant until the season of fall
came upon it, turning it into a beautiful array of color, red,
orange, yellow, brown.

Winds blowing fiercely in a storm, grasping and pulling it
until being torn from the branch where it was born.

Walking along in the forest, suddenly looking down, seeing
this once lovely vibrant leaf looking up quietly at me, a
dew drop tear upon it's face.

Bending over, reaching for it carefully, feeling it's little
life being relieved because it now knows the love of a human
being.

Having been placed in a mold of clear plastic, preserved forever,
continuing it's purpose throughout eternity as a paperweight
on top of my pile of daily poetry.1: 32 p.m.

(9/14/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fallen Leaves

Shade flowing over a lush green lawn, filled with fallen dead leaves lying upon it, looking up from where they once had been living for a lifetime - a part of a tree's beauty.
Now awaiting a blower and rake to settle them in a pile and be sent to the trash barrel.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fallen Sleep

Energized beyond belief, wide awake, sleep having fallen away from my spirit in music.
Flowing into the tempos, being immersed gently into all the rhythms of tonight's songs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Away From Dreams

Washing ashore, with seashells tumbling over one
another, scraping against my ankles as I wade deeper
into ocean depths.
Salted water curling around my being as I go deeper
and deeper, waves crashing over my head and washing
me even further from shore.
Cresting with every wave, I fall away from dreams of
life until a future tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Beneath The Tide

Life slides down a rainbow and into the ocean, falling onto
it's floor beneath tides of life.

Taking together, beauty of this forest, an almost perfect
soulful livelihood, and finding a place in an area of my
heart.

Not letting any one near enough, walking away into the near
future of death, awaiting each person in time as we all
flow onto another horizon alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Blossoms

Balloons of caressing memories gather around in a
mind of tolerance.
Tears assigned and delegated as each image appears,
bringing heart-felt loneliness, left in empty spaces
of my heart - put there by death's insistence.
Taking falling blossoms of yesterday and folding
them into heart's places of remembrance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Darkness

Twisting, shouting, leaving edges of lasting verbal
inclinations, blowing in the wind.
Lashing against blue skies and white clouds, chasing
itself through pipelines of fantasy without holding
back.
Ripping satin touches of lace as lines appear
invisibly in the atmosphere.
Wandering without a cause to promote, as darkness
falls around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling For Lies

Never surrendering to lies and illusions our politicians
are always bombarding us with, wanting only truth to be
known by everyone.

For some reason, there are those who fall for and believe
in the lies, seeming to have no mind of their own, slip-
ping beneath covers of evil.

Unknowing by doing so, lost to this world of goodness,
it's a shame that so many good people are going down the
drain because they don't exercise their minds.

Investigating and researching sights to find out all the
facts of every situation and circumstance in life would
be a great way to become knowledgeable once in their life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Ideas

Taking rhythm in hand, enjoying it's beat
vibrating against my intellect.

Easy and measurable, it twines around my
subconsciousness, squeezing ideas and
letting them fall consciously onto reams
of paper without hesitation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling In Love With You

My dear, I fell in love with you, fell into your heart
and felt it's essence, desire and passion touch mine
with it's genuine truth.

Time has come, shivers go up and down my spine thrill-
ing desires as they rise within me, feeling an uncondi-
tional love of your soul, it will not let me go.

Filling me with special graces of lasting joy and pur-
pose, there's been nothing quite like this in my life
before, an experience of divine love realized while
still here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Inside My Mind

8: 02 p.m.
Thinking of many things, wanting to write all of
them, yet they don't fit in this particular rhyme.
So, off on a tangent I go, recognizing patterns falling
inside my mind, experimenting with all types of phrases
as I formulate a design of rigorous proportions in this
book. 8: 03 p.m. 10/11/13

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Into A Labyrinth

A melancholy state of mind has suddenly come upon me, taking me into depths further than ever before.

Not knowing why it is happening, falling to pieces, trying to hold on to a thread, it does no good, breaking and I am falling into a labyrinth of total silent silence.

Taking away all focus and placing me in a vacuum far away from reality and it's stance in life.

Never knowing from which direction this emptiness will come from, always being surprised from it's intensity in my particular being.

Falling apart, drifting into a semblance of chaos with no reason whatsoever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Into Darkness

In the night, studying nature, rose petals falling
into the darkness, being blindly stepped upon as
people stroll by on pathways.

Totally aspiring to become the beautiful roses they
once were, not really recognizing that it will be
impossible.

For they've been severed from the life-giving source
that was keeping them alive, now lying brownly upon
the ground, looking up, being crushed by mankind's
footsteps.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Into Grief's Void

Falling into the void left over from grief, touching my
mind with it's bitter and unsatisfying taste of sorrow,
wanting to know why life must end in a last breath.

Why must we stop living with one another in the middle
of life with no reprieve or fruition coming from it's
depths at all.

Nature providing beauty by which we pass unnoticed through
doors and openings of death itself, not wanting to give
in for any reason in this life of affirmation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Into Heaven

Lifting eyes to heaven, watching the sun rising, taking my soul soaring with it into clouds, floating above and flipping, turning, flying, finding pathways.

Taking us into yesterday's wonder and memories, seeing the future peering at me through windows of destiny and it's curiosity.

Piecing together pieces of life's puzzle through effer-vescent lights, colors flowing everywhere through my mind, never enough to sate my being.

Wanting music to quench every desire and sense rising through the passion of my entire being, kissing in an understanding of who we are.

Living on edges of our beginnings, knowing we'll have no end in this life as we close our eyes and fall into heaven together, still making love my dear always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Into Knowledge

Reaching towards exhibits of interior dimensions,
hoping to blend them with what is already within.
Touching my soul with absolute silence and becoming
narrowed constantly as it fits quietly in spaces of
labyrinths.
Falling into knowledge, capsizing all words and
enfolding them into beautiful prose, delivered
silently into a mind of exacting nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Into Line

Riding across the inner plains of intellect,
galloping to the measures of rhythm as they
collide with the meaning of life.

Beauty and intense feelings being called in-
to the beginning of melodies as I fall into
line.

Staccato beat of it's sensations holding on-
to the landscapes of an individual idea,
creating the intensity of another realm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Into Midnight

Silence falling into midnight, taking my mind into
the darkness of sorrow.

Covering and keeping me from living life, totally
being forsaken through an intense abandonment that
can never be cleared from within my soul.

Until dying and going to heaven life here on earth
having ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Into Our Laps

Rehearsing tragedies of living over and over again,
not wanting to, it just happens to fall that way
into our laps.

Attempting to find ways of doing things differently
than what you have previously done, sometimes making
it better, other times not putting a dent in them.

Just remembering to always keep trying and never
giving up as long as you live on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Into Patterns

Switching gears, falling into a pattern, following it through imagination, collecting all the thoughts and images I find there and adding them to my repertoire in poetry.
Writing so fast, attempting to keep up with my mind, tripping at times, yet coming along, arranging everything as I go quickly through subconscious reminisces on paths of creativeness.
Looking forward to upcoming days in writing - of everything I've accomplished every day of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Into Puddles

Walking through life, falling rain soaking me through,
but I don't notice it's sad refrain in drops of sorrow.
Banging rhythms crowding my mind with intensity of
feelings, developing my state of mind for the moments
I am thinking alone and far away.
Standing in a flurry of rain drops, watching interior
movies of yesterday, not focusing on where I'm at or
where I'm going.
Living life like drops of rain, falling into puddles
and too soon evaporating into the atmosphere, no
traces left behind to find or follow myself or anyone
else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Into The Blues

Picking up the beat, sliding into rhythms, falling
into deepest waters.
Taking off into the blue, finding an appreciation
of it through rhythm and sound.
Following the notes as they beat in incessant beauty.
Picturing the tones in minds of rhythmic intonation.
Likely aspects of interior peace forming.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Into The Darkness

Retiring tiredly into the existence of yesterday's past where once I began, hoping to go back in time where life was happy and joyous.

Not like now, filled with trials and suffering, going into future paths of another time, where everything will be taken away and given to those who are left behind as heirs of a lasting treasure of sacred love for everyone.

Listening to thunder of tonight's storm, perfectly holding all the answers that destiny should have divulged before now, instead, falling into darkness, leaving it all behind for someone else to take possession of.

Stepping into and onto another horizon in denizens of other dimensions, nothing ever being held back until it's too late and life has come to a stand still.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Into Traps

Silent and uncompromising, standing like an interior stature, unable to open your mind.

Keeping life narrow, closed within confines of stone-filled thoughts, no longer valued because they have been stripped of love and affection in life.

Leaving a barrier and desolated space within that can never again be filled with caring and sentiment here on earth.

Forgetting best parts in life, we stumble and fall into traps set by other people to keep us from progressing or advancing into the periphery of enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Leaves

Trees raining leaves, wind blowing them across the ground,
rustling softly, turning somersaults as they touch earth.

Some leaves falling into waters of Lynx Lake, others just
suddenly standing still upon the dirt.

Waiting for the wind to pick them up when it decides to
blow again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Life

Life's members falling aside, as the rest of life goes on.

Yellowed with age, crippled by disease, alone and feeling
abandoned now that the children have grown and moved away.

Loneliness echoes across halls of yesterday, maintaining
the good times once had.

Now like water flowing downstream, gently, hurriedly,
taking everything with it, as our lives bob up and down
frantically, trying to hold on.

Peaceful nature of life surrounding the entire universe
will one day wrap and envelope each of us as we float
through death's embrace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Minutes

Minutes falling away from the clock, not being able
to be held in palms of my hands.
Wondering where all the time has disappeared,
calculating it's moments on earth, not finding the
amounts already used, because they've already gone
and disappeared.
A neutral sort of tribute as I walk away from the
time clock, not having the password to open the
passage of time before me.
Only locking it tightly behind me once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Rain

People stepping lightly on rain soaked sidewalks,
leaving impressions for a few moments of time
wherever they walk.

Neglecting the rain falling on their once-dry
heads, they continue walking and talking and
stretching their legs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Rhythms

Enjoying the universe as I fly through my mind, defying
the laws of gravity.

Speeding at fantastic speeds, this mind never forsaking
me as I gather myself and take off, out of control.

Delving into the future where I am seeing many important
inventions and visions of tantamount significance as they
are being created right before my mind.

Never seeing it at any other time, being decoded here and
now by rhythms that are falling into my mind as music takes
me deeper into an unknown universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Roses

Roses of heaven's gardens falling down upon earth,
bringing some semblance of heaven in earthly domains.
Heading through winds of storms, hastily gathering
skirts, attempting to be ladylike in the light of day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Shadow Lights

Shadows fall gently
across the floor,
adhering to it's
surface until light
moves away from
objects of it's source.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Shadows

Shadows fall onto sides of majestic mountains,
getting caught on prickly pear, barrel and
saguaro cacti.
All breaking their falls with thorny ease.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling To Death

Down-trodden, weary, tired of existing in this formidable life, wanting to evaporate into thin air so I don't have to be present for anyone's care or concern.
Leaving lectures to fall by the wayside and never be examined, tiringly fighting for a say, only to find I have been negated, I have no say anyway.
Where is the love of mankind? Where has it strayed?
It is not here for me, it never has been and I am null and void, proclaimed that by all who thought they knew me, but didn't.
Wandering farther and farther away with every moment left to me, I stray into labyrinths of deceit and decay left by those who used to be my friends.
Or at least they thought they were at the time, only to have me find out they were just good liars.
Leaning over edges of life's cliffs, letting go, falling to my death beneath coverlets of suicide, expiring inside a death wish derived from a pain-filled waste of human life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Falling Under Your Spell

Waking up to the beauty of another promising day, taking me wholly into feelings of hope and a joyful elation, combing through positive attitudes of life.

Igniting a fire within my soul, touching red hot embers, feeling the heat of their intense passion filling my being with your love.

Totally falling under your spell, seeing your love possessing me in the dark, rhythms flowing and pulling me along rivers of darkness into another tomorrow, leaving everything in the past, now turning into memories of the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

False And Deceitful Loves

Empty impressions left upon my heart from false and
deceitful loves, taking my feelings, ripping them
from my chest and drowning me in tears.

Leaving a hole in my heart, ripping my soul, leaving
me lost, alone and forlorn, nowhere to turn, a trail
of loneliness, emptiness and devastation.

Tossed upon my once beautiful pathway of enlightenment
that I followed every moment of life that was lived
here on earth, now being heart broken in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

False Badge Of Courage

Death takes away those we love, therefore shrouding our desire to live without them, searching for answers that will never come.

Anger stands in the way of peace and it's meditation, collapsing every effort made, because no forward motion can be detected or made.

Self-sabotage is all that will ever come of it, depression will engulf us totally because of the fear of letting go of our anger to feel the pain.

Somehow realizing in a distant particle of intellect that when anger is no longer there, pain and suffering will be able to enter our lives and it isn't really wanted.

We will be purified by this intense experience that too many are afraid to enter and live thoroughly, an example of self-defeat and depression being the only outcome in the long run of holding onto our anger like a false badge of courage.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

False Love

Being cheated throughout the years with a false love,
penetrating my being with nothing but lies.

Knowing now how much I've missed in this life, wanting
to cry, yell and scream, but I cannot.

Having lost my voice years ago, not able to find it's
sound, watching tears falling into pools of my heart.

Drenching my soul and being with the hurt and pain of
an entire lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

False Promises

Blinding lights, cutting into our sight and vision,
taking us away from our purposes with false promises
of wealth and riches.
Believing false prophets, giving up what we have to
make them richer, as we become poorer, losing our-
selves in their muddled libel.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

False Security

Swinging into summer with rhythms of melodies singing
gaily in minds of song.
Lulling imagination into false senses of security while
imitating varied notes.
Skipping along, pretending to know more than what is
real.
Truth gets stuck in between bones of measures and finally
rests after the coda.

(9: 31 p.m. - 1/2/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

False Trust

Listening to talk in the room, feeling pain of lucid thinking, as people create false sensations of trust with one another.

Fickle words tearing apart human beings with forked tongues and twisted minds.

Smirching characters, belittling others to expand their own egos.

Then causing hurt feelings, all the while ignoring and pretending they haven't said anything wrong.

Isn't it a wonder how these self-same people are failures in tending their own lives?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faltering On Stairs Of Destiny

Lasting chances are held underground where no one can reach them.
Here above, we are doomed to failure because we cannot communicate
with one another.
Life counts itself backwards and never takes steps to trace the
goodness of anyone else.
Faltering down the stairs we know as destiny, all of us are
hesitant and afraid until we know where we are going.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Familial Bond

When you chose me out of the crowd, to make friends with, I didn't understand your motives at the time.
Even now, I'm not sure, but want to continue being friends for the rest of my shortened lifespan.
Suspecting a familial tie, keeping us bonded no matter what - through the rest of life.
A bond, so strong, that it cannot be broken even if you stay outside the borders of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Familial Memories

Throbbing beats of ancestral life in days of old,
anniversally meet and greet me through songs of
yesterday.
Eliciting familial memories, at times farcical
ones to enjoy on lonely, putrid days of silence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Familial Ties

Sweet lines of intrinsic beauty,
saturate my mind with their truths.

As I walk through destiny, loving
every moment and inch projected in
front of me, I fade into sunsets
of my withering tomorrow.

Reaching out, tugging at your
heartstrings, you will remember me,
my shadow will continue writing
poetry forever.

Seeing words come alive after I'm
gone from your sight, touching your
heart, causing tears to flow crystally
from your familial love tying us
together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Familiarity's Winds

Reading in deep breaths of words and images,
collectively creating volumes and books of
amazing poetry.

Rales of laughter beckon on further plains,
teasing and prodding to let go of familiarity
like whistles of wind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family - Means To An End

Family - a means to an end - a heredity of people
joined together by DNA.

An accumulation of genes, forging and etching
talented genius and creative gifts to an elite
group of people - all of them family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family Altogether

Here in Peter Piper with family altogether, having a great time just being with everyone and talking.

Enjoying all the grandkids, grand nephews and nieces, sons, nieces and nephews, sisters and brother.

A wonderful way to spend time - not a single moment wasted, all together, being happy and contented right where we're at and loving every moment at hand.

Beautiful memories being made as all the kids keep searching me out to give a hug, smile or to climb into my lap.

Children have an innate knowing on who to trust - they're good judges of character, hopefully they keep that trait close to them throughout their lives - they'll be happier and safer if they do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family Antiques

Antiques of families, made by loving, caring hands.
Cut and fit together with an old pair of metal skates used for the wheels of the table.
Varnished and polished - a wonderful piece of furniture made for a Grandmother who had fallen and broken her hip.
A quaint table when all were through, to hold important utensils and to eat from too.
A beautiful gift - a wonderful memento - a tribute to a loving wife and mother.
Through all the years, pricelessly kept and passed for use from one family member to another.
At present the stories are told and remembered by relatives to keep it's history current.
Years pass quickly and quietly as antiques become family heirlooms - bringing a special closeness with loved ones who have died.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family Bonds

Life bounces along, changing our
batteries at times with happiness and joy.
Forging bonds of family, tied with bows of
elation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family Camping

Weekend of camping with family up at Knoll's Lake,
a wonderful peace-filled time with every moment.
Two granddaughters enjoying their cousins immensely
and having a grand time getting along.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family Chrysler

Traveling westerly, tasting nickel coffees and rib-eye steaks.
Enjoying rodeos and ranch rides throughout desert trails and back.
Returning along route 66, silently lurking in a car of yesterday, a chrysler, holding our family, engrossed in the scenery as we traveled together across country from New Jersey to Phoenix, Arizona.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family Closeness

Standing in lines of recreation, waiting for fun and games
with Grandchildren on roads to respect and dignity for the
elderly in their growing years of life's untold stories.

Visiting happier moments together while on earth, enjoying
happiness and attention given by their Grandparents out of
pure unadulterated, unconditional love and joy for family
closeness forever on this planet and beyond shores of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family Death

Sisters and brother coming into their own on final
shores of life, looking at each other with wonder,
thinking about death and who will be consumed by
it first.
Timeless moments being spent on thoughts of how it
will be and then who'll be next.
Family will be withering in number soon as we are
called home to visit one another again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family Equation

Having been together for Thanksgiving, eating lunch and dinner, talking, Grandkids playing, except for G., because her mother kept her from coming.

Instead having Thanksgiving with friends and a couple of her mom's family members, unlike when I was young, parents made sure we spent every holiday with both sides of the family.

Never being denied family ever, a totally fair and wonderful way to make sure your children enjoyed both sides of the family equation together.

Feeling so sad that our Granddaughter, G. wasn't able to join her father's side of the family with all of us, having a self-ish and immature mother.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family Gatherings

Running as fast as possible, trying to leave all the
past unfortunate images in the dust, all alone.
Purifying my soul and cleansing my mind with heavenly
harmonies set in scenes of family gathering, so
wonderfully nice and familiar.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family Love

Loveliness sits upon a grandfather's shoulders as he
plays his lonesome harmonica with his heart deeply
set in a touching rendition of innate talent.
It has blossomed into the gift it was meant to be
from God's own hands.
A solo journey, taken with the melody of two through
marriage, meant to be taken to the limit and end of
senior living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family Makes Life Worthwhile

Riding down the 60, flying, no traffic in sight, a pleasant
trip out to Chandler to our son's restaurant for lunch.

Always enjoying time with our son, no matter where we are,
now heading back to Phoenix, to pick up our Granddaughter
from school.

Always spending weekends, holidays, and summers with us,
loving every minute we spend together, a family makes
being alive worthwhile.

Especially younger ones, Grandchildren, Great Nieces and
Great Nephews altogether, soon a Great Niece will be born
and we all will celebrate her life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family Outing

Sitting in a restaurant, eating, looking around,
seeing a diverse clientele representing many
nationalities.

Children eating, crying, wanting attention from
their parents who are busy eating and talking,
ignoring their little ones.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family Reunions

Reeling to memories of Waylon Jennings, singing with his band at our family reunions throughout the years, never tiring of his rhythms in life expectancy. Melodies blending with harmony in perfect synch, never missing a beat and continually loving all his family and relatives.
Honoring the elderly, mentoring the younger ones, giving from his heart in musical precision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family Ties

Bells ringing through the years, emanating reminders
of past Christmas' tenderly held close and dear.
Peering back into time, relishing wonderful and close
ties of family.
Touching lifetimes with just a thought, memories come
flooding into view, bringing back the good times, if
only within my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family Together

Evening is upon us, family together, young cousins having a camp out in the back yard, tents having been put up, one for the boys, the other for the girls.

One parent as chaperone in each of the two tents, kids all excited, elated at getting to be together - a wonderful adventure in their young lives.

Having had raviolis, sausage, meatballs for dinner with garlic toast, and carne asada with tortillas for those who wanted it!

Stomachs full, cookies for dessert, now everyone calming down, talking, laughing, tired, trying to stay awake, but we parents know soon they will be asleep and dreaming.

Family get-togethers are always fun, keeping our roots alive and well with children and grandchildren, teaching our traditions and values to the younger ones, glad we all do it often!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family Tradition Of Love

Family tradition, the best in the world, passed from
one generation to another with agility and grace.
Welcoming, fully tantalizing, enfolding all family
members, holding roots through the centuries.
Keeping close together, children being loved and
respected by elders - all of them a part of family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family Unity

Quietly, silently, life revolves around family, love,
respect, dignity, and close-knit hearts for one another.
Oceans, mountains, deserts, can never separate a family
united in heaven while living on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family Visiting

Having family visit while in the hospital
is an absolute joy.
Cheering me up, giving hope, lightening
the stress of being in here so long.

(9/1/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family's Meeting

Thinking back, picturing family,
wishing they'd wake up and come to
visit, here in Arizona.
Wanting his family to meet mine and get
together for many good times left in
memories for all of our children.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Family's Special Meaning

Standing on the edge of our future destiny, sharing
our love with one another, holding close our memories,
we move forward into a new and exciting dimension of
our lives.
Wanting to share our love we unfold our beings to
encompass our children and become our own special
meaning, a special family through love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fanning Fires

Rushing rough messages coded through poetry, looking
for the ones dealing with similar subjects and filling
pages with their abstract concepts.

Hoping they will have distinct thoughts that will re-
verberate in other's minds, deliciously performing
their purposes in each poem.

Nothing being left without a rhyme as rhythms catches
each note, captivating intellect with the essence of
each of their passions, fanning fires of my soul within
this being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fanning Flames

Time marching on through measures and chords of music,
rhythms dancing into intellect where it's all coded in-
to each and every rhythm being listened to.

A splendid and beautiful landscape forming creatively
right within so effortlessly, giving feelings of euph-
oria and serenity.

Loving tender thoughts that come to mind delectably,
fanning flames of desire while imagining you here with
me my darling.

Being held, kissed, loved, passion melding with yours,
building to a crescendo, then sated together again, a
lasting and beautiful way to love one another tenderly
and wonderfully every time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fanning Rhythms

Fanning rhythms in succession, giving them a breath of fresh air as they sing from a voice, sitting and enjoying karaoke night.
All eyes upon her, listening carefully, knowing that their turns will be coming up soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fanning The Universe

Winds fanning the universe, tempting fate with the
sweetness of it's breath.

Living fully among heaven and earth, seeing the
natural beauty which falls on everything.

Sailing with the clouds, painting the skies every
brilliant color of blue and touching the rosiness
of sunrise or sunsets with the awe of a child.

Forming shapes in many young minds, filling life
with hopes and dreams, winds continually fanning
the universe, tempting fate and all those who see
or feel, the sweetness of it's breath.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fantasies

Wild fantasies grow from independent minds,
where they are allowed to flourish.
Nourishing ideas from little seeds - watching them grow and bloom.
Standing aside, allowing them room,
being careful to pull out just the weeds, ideas are sown.
One day soon to be explored in written words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fantasies Of Inner Imagination

Emptiness flowing from an interior abandonment from days
of old when life was not so good nor kind, every morning,
walking into the desert alone, wanting to immerse myself
in nature's peaceful atmosphere.

A tender and total silence that moved and breathed with
my feelings and emotions, allowing loneliness to be fill-
ed with an intense sorrow that would not let up for some
reason.

Looking up, trying to catch the wind, wanting it to carry
me away, lifting my spirit ever higher, racing alongside
jets, traveling hundreds of miles an hour, a secret re-
solve held closely to my heart.

Tripping through the fantasies of an inner imagination
and tips of outer reality, bringing about changes in the
center of life's sorrow as it pushes life onto a ledge
about to go over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fantasies Of Truth

7: 49
Casually walking through my subconscious mind,
leisurely enjoying the feel of it's interior
textures, living in the experience of it and
taking memories and images in hand.

Knowing so many things as I do, telepathically
touching senses, awakening them to the possibilities
of generous inventions of timely preciseness in this
very moment.

Taking everything into consideration, following
through with every thought, suddenly floating into
sight, undeterred and silent.

Projecting auras of bright phosphorescent colors,
leading me into lightened fantasies of truth on
edges of tonight.
7: 51 a.m. 2/24/14 RoseAnn V. Shawiak

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fantasizing

Soaring into the tops of trees, sitting there,
looking down and writing whatever I see.
Fantasizing of different avenues taking me
eventually into the most interesting places.

(11? 51 a.m. - 11/30/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fantastic Journey

Feelings of love vibrate within my heart and soul,
lifting me into promises of heaven, soon to be mine.

Loving you more than ever, heart hurting so much,
yet it feels so good being loved by you this way.

Aching heart always looking to be found by you, a
fantastic journey of peace and liveliness bringing
us together at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fantastic Mormon Choir

Holy Spirit lifting souls energetically into this beautiful
night of blessedness, an angelic voice touching our minds
with simplicity and an intense message from the Bible.

Ageless and timely, a totally sincere and tender message
being uncovered by music and song, an intellectual aspira-
tion being taken completely into realms of people's spirits.

Measures of rhythm slide along, carrying us into heavenly
spheres above, all glory for God being given by this choir
standing before us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fantasy And Intellect

Settled into a position of relaxation this morning,
listening to a rock and roll band, playing their
rhythms loud and clear.

Filling the atmosphere with music, vibrant and en-
dearing, lifting spirits and moods into higher realms
than can normally be achieved.

Beautiful and cheerful, taking us into realms of
fantasy and intellect, accosting our minds with many
brilliant rhythms and tones.

Hearing them totally, every single measure being de-
fined exquisitely through perfect pitch and this
musician's ear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fantasy Comes

Lonely desire running deep within, looking only for a friend
who cares.

Saying nothing, silence reigns again, because no one has come
to talk or share.

Sitting alone, way in back of the room, reflecting an emptiness
of life as it remains every day.

Touching nothing, reality fights to keep it's place, as
imagination slowly ebbs and gets it's way.

Tearing pages from an energetic mind, fantasy comes to dwell
forever in memories of knowledge once sublime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fantasy Of Moments

Lonely, solemn, wanting to soar into other dimensions without another thought, energetically pursuing this journey through intellect and imagination.

A beautiful fantasy of moments added together in this poetical mind while creating this landscape in which to find refreshing and new adventures only I can participate in.

Truly a wonderful gift that continually takes me flying into all types of mystical journeys, submersed in a bluened light forgiving everything through the Divine dwelling within.

Feeling of freedom and independence continually being enjoyed every moment while writing poetry and listening to music deeply within my spirit, soul and being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fantasyland Of Pleasure

Rocking into the night, taking life to the brink of joy then
letting go, unable to even balance as I fall over into deep
waters that rise and crash like waves upon the seashore.

See-sawing and teetering on beliefs of yesterday that suddenly
overwhelm me so intensely, driving into the darkness is an in-
terior energy that sustains me through rhythms of life, taking
me soaring into a fantasyland of pleasure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fantasy's Tidal Wave

Listening to sounds of musical poetry within, fanciful
delights dancing in continuous motion, allowing freedom
of movement and choice.

Pagentry unfolded, unconcealed, unchosen, taken to unknown
heights of reason and knowledge, carefully taken into
consideration, becoming the fullness of an entire being.

Tantalized with the purity of innocence, recovery of
child-like poses, attitudes and disclosures, life is led
on an inner journey, no protests made or considered.

Fan-fare and circumstances do not delay the inevitable
portrayal of eons, proceeding majestically in poetry on
pages.

Silently parading, mightier than the sword of irreversible
thought and verbal notations, many words of a prolific
genius are at work, creating the world in black ink strokes.

Taking the entire population for a ride through fantasy and
truth, atop a tidal wave of emotional release and untold
stories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Far Away Journeys

Slicing rapidly into the evening air, a slapstick Irish
song, telling tales of pirates and yesterday's mutiny
on the high seas.

Exciting and lively music carrying me upon waves of storms
across the world, rhythms staccatoely dancing in this mind
energetically and happily.

Filling this mind and heart with a euphoria of melodies that
continue to take me on far away journeys around the world
and back again.

Violin playing intensely telling of all the adventures and
discoveries, being happily found to be so wonderful and I'm-
possibly awesome beautiful and enticing.

As life continues to follow the patterns and designs of
Irish melodies, popping in and out, giving this being laugh-
ter inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Far Reaching Dimensions

Delving into the far-reaching dimensions of interior
thought through intellect and imagination.

Speeding ahead, enjoying being rapidly taken into outer
space, going into the pathways of stars and planets,
never stopping to think whether it's dangerous or not.

Just watching everything as it whizzes past in a
magnificent pageant of color and design.

Patterns coming into effervescent pathways of life in
another time, beginning now in the future of this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Far Side Of Imagination

Settling into patterns of idleness, not wanting to
be bothered by anything, just wanting to be quiet.

Not watching nor noticing anything except the music
I'm listening to, rhythms awakening intellect.

Taking me into the far side of imagination where
life is created by the wisdom born innately within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Farther Away

Stringing up my heart, changing it's pattern, falling into ravines as I try to stay afloat upon an ocean tidal wave bouncing me apart.
There is no respite, life has abandoned me totally and I can no longer touch the shore.
Staying farther away than ever before, accelerating death as I await it's embrace forever more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Farthest Shore

Silence fell quickly, quietly upon my world.
Gentle breezes blowing, softly touching my cheek.
Thoughts of yesterday crept, pondering into my awareness.
Deftly watching, eyes touching nature's sightful voice of beauty.
When I was young this self-same feeling descended upon my mind, imbedding thoughts, emotions and ideas inside the insightful side of me.
From within this fascinating sphere - this moment of time - life turns around looking at itself.
Looking back on distant years, searching forward, hoping to remember something, or hold on to a thought, for the future may not hold anything of importance.
If it doesn't, life may fade, turn away, visiting the farthest shore, preferring death to living anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fascinated With Your Love

Sometimes just walking side by side, holding hands, talking and sharing our thoughts, feelings and hearts, feeling so safe and protected when with you my dear.

Everything seems so much clearer and focused when together, loving your gentle sense of humor, your boisterous laughter, tender smile and complete love for me.

Our hearts melded together as one, nothing to ever get between us, loving you unconditionally as you love me also, spinning through life, enjoying every moment that we have, fascinated with your love, feeling it touching my heart and being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fascinating Culture

Slapping rhythms taking me away into a far-off
land, not previously knowing much of anything
of it's beautiful culture.

Honestly loving what I have learned about it's
gentle, amazing and often brilliant people, their
culture being fascinating, rituals and traditions
being adhered to for thousands of years.

Awesome and tantalizing, wanting to experiment
and try learning them all.

Indian dress being so very beautiful, patterns
and designs blending together, loving their free-
flowing traditional clothing, wanting to try it
one day myself.

So totally alluring, tantalizing intellect and
curiosity so completely, totally absorbing my
mind, wanting to delve fully into it.

Awesome and tantalizing, wanting to experiment
and try learning them all, hoping to visit India
soon, finding out for myself the insides of every
thing they do and believe in.

Noticing that they are an amazing and brilliant
people, gently and completely giving of themselves
to one another through family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fascinating Depths

Exploding sounds filled with color and rhythm, spreading
across my mind and into this interior life where they are
beating to another quieter, silent rhythm of my soul.

It's fascinating depths of belief and faith are filled
with hope constantly being stirred and given throughout
this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fascinating Details

Watching images swirl about, seeing angles, curves, lines
wrapping themselves around objects set around the room,
each taking on the definition of what they're reflecting.

Everything fascinating this mind with a vast repertoire of
patterns and advanced details being shown to intellect in
and through music and rhythms.

Nothing else like it ever being seen, it is only a product
of innate talent that is never-ending, showing what is out-
side the box of normalcy for few people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fascinating Feature

Watching and looking around the restaurant, seeing people
of all types and walks of life eating their favorite
Wendy's foods, smiles on their faces.

Conversing during their meals, talking to strangers as if
they've known each other all their lives, a fascinating
feature I've seen over and over again.

A very pleasant experience each time, one of the reasons
we return to them time after time, enjoying friendliness
of others while dining.

Some restaurants have little or no customer service and
every experience is unpleasant, rude people behind the
counters and serving.

Getting orders wrong then saying that customers are only
complainers, putting it all upon them, not taking the
blame for what is the employees own fault.

Now having shown both sides of the coin when dining out,
wanting to make a comment about Wendy's District Manager
here in Phoenix.

Many customers have seen and heard her bully the employees
unmercifully, abusing them verbally in front of customers
standing there waiting to order.

Seeing and hearing her mistreating General and Restaurant
Managers, actually accusing and yelling at them for small
inconsequential things that as far as customers can see
are meaningless and are now complaining about her to
corporate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fascinating Images

Technical sounds emanating from Indian music, taking me rapidly into a peculiar rhythm, lifting senses into heights of rapture.

quality of tones allows intellect to migrate into another domain, there I am captivated by notes that are being played.

Feeling vibrations of drums as they are keeping time with many tempos kept in measures of complacent rhythms.

Beautiful and intense, taking me into many visions of absolute pleasure, fulfilling the essence and passion of this poet's mind.

Watching the exquisite and fascinating images developing and creating picturesque landscapes due to the different type of language set in this music from India.

Tantalizing and brilliantly touching this mind with it's illumination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fascinating Issues

Riding high throughout this interior world,
exploring and discovering fascinating issues
and opinions.

They form instantaneously without any fore-
thought, fabulous, interesting, always having
beautiful colors and rhythms.

Flowing through my mind as I write poetry into
the moments of life incessantly, gradually
falling into an inner spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fascinating Memories

Memories fascinate us with their
thoroughness of life's past moments.

Bringing our hearts and minds into
alignment with our soul's interior
lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fascinating Minds

Books lining shelves along the wall, some being tilted
sideways, others upright, different heights, various
colors, all waiting their turns to be read by someone.

Developing pictures in mind from words telling stories
silently, it's just amazing how our minds can capture
the essence of words and definitions.

Turning them into sentences that we can actually under-
stand, it's fascinating to say the least, because our
minds take it all in and paint pictures within our minds
with amazing and brilliant detail.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fascinating Sequences

Solemn thoughts doing the backstroke through intellect,
trying to bring a recollection of the future into view.

Watching through imagination, noticing every little
detail in visions that are appearing in fascinating
sequences.

Particular aspects of life are being portrayed in auras
and images of actuality.

Such important depths and perspectives coming to light,
touching my mind with many quiet desires rising to the
surface.

Swimming furiously into destiny, being unafraid now, to
be expressed in verses of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fascinating Solo Journey

Hearing whispers of the past calling from within, a blazing fire of passion hidden in depths of my being, feeling strength being strengthened through hope and faith.

Being nourished and nurtured through music of the Divine, taking me into it's depths and purifying my soul, a solo journey this mere poet finds fascinating and beautiful.

Having no explanations to describe it's exquisite and intense serenity being brought along with an illuminating energy that lifts my spirits.

Taking me upwards into another dimension, alone and unable to be defiled, strolling in gardens of the Divine, finding longings and yearnings of interior passion.

Forming a fragile tenderness of intellect, heart, soul and being forever on this plain in life, living with a faith enabling me to continue living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fascinating Speed

Producing ideas at a fascinating speed, loving how it feels against intellect and soul together, finding an inexhaustible energy that never quits or fails me in every moment of life.

Reaching for heights of infinity, allowing self to let go, flying, soaring into heights of intellectual freedom where no one else may see, only glimpse it through the poetry I've written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fascinating Wisdom

Living in the sanctuary of intellect where life is
absolute and expressed in mind-filling and bending
exercises of imagination.

Rising and falling into poetical rhythms, fascinating
wisdom into inspiring through knowledge, many ideas
written into an innate literature.

Wondering why life that has become mine is so attuned
to being what I truly am, solely loving the atmosphere
where I have been since the moment of conception.

Having the time of my life, always writing myself into
poetry and laughing at what I see there and not ever
being serious.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fascination Of Hidden Thoughts

Reading poems written by many other poets, enjoying their perspectives on subjects that I have also written about.

There are so many varied sides to each one's perspectives, giving a fascination for the hidden thoughts of other's in their own minds also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fascination Of Intellect

Living in the fascination of intellect where photographic screens are kept, spheres holding everything, specific images, pictures, ideas and thoughts.

All of it being encompassed in their own little orbs of intellect, always at my beck and call when needing to remember anything in life.

Emotions and feelings in their own little spheres, never forgotten, remembering images automatically, bringing them into memories kept forever with feelings and emotions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fascination Of Life

Fears not touching this soul, holding tears of a lifetime,
expressing them totally whenever feeling them ready to
erupt like a volcano in life.

Sorrow holding me closely, existing quietly beneath this
personality and desire, wanting to be held and comforted,
but there is none in this evil world today.

Existing only within the beliefs of existence, forfeiting
particles of life that most partake in.

This effort is always the most important to cherish and
imagine into many poems throughout a lifetime of turmoil
and strife.

Walking away from it all, entering the temple of my soul,
creating and writing every aspect of knowledge and wisdom
that progressively unfolds from beings.

Solidly becoming the essence that no one else can be,
enjoying this fascination of life as it unfolds, soaring
and mounting depths of heaven.

Portrayals gaining an effort of possibilities, none
happening unless events of thought pile into one another.

Carefully taking steps into another dimension, calling forth
the essence of another time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fashion Show

Indian styles of sari's, a fashion show of their beauty
and flowing fabrics as they walk slowly in the sprinkling
of rain upon the stage.

An intense and wonderful portrayal of Indian dress for
women while music is being played incessantly with a
steady beat.

Touching our hearts and minds together as one, while we
enjoy watching intently.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fashionable Word

Love is a fashionable word, a trend, a fad in some women's lives,
as they leave husbands and fathers out of children's lives.
Giving an inheritance of emptiness to carry forward into their
children's futures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fashioning Mystery

Fashioning mystery from inner imaginative realms, dictating it's solvency and picturesque vision into my being without reserve.
Lolling creatively along pathways of my making as I treasure every morsel of cognitive function in an atmosphere of abstraction.
Calculating nature's beauty in verses of a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fast Train

Rushing to meet me, fast paced rhythms of Chuck Berry,
taking me on the fast train of rhythms, traveling faster
every minute.

Inspiring my mind and giving me definitions of every
note, no limitations or boundaries attached to them,
able to write anything to their rhythms.

Enlivening my spirit and taking me soaring into a
musical universe from which I don't ever want to come
out from, forever intense and filled with joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faster Music Is Better

Wanting to have a good time, writing fun into the
equation while listening to music and playing it's
rhythms with my left hand.

All the while writing this poem, keeping time with
my left piano hand, never missing a beat, the faster
the music the better.

Left hand going faster with each rhythm being played,
still writing with the right hand, keeping up with
every note and beat in each measure.

An exhilarating energetic feeling filling my entire
being, exquisite intense vibrations intensely taking
me into another time and place right this moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fast-Paced Rhythms

Racing to keep up with efforts of fast-paced rhythms, calling out to hold on and move further into the spotlight, chilling the after effects of intelligent abilities. Searching altogether, knowing which direction to travel so I can always find my way home in the edges of night.
Soundly collecting all matters of beauty, trying to bring together whatever comes into the light before night is over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fatal Rhythm

Sitting here alone in the darkness, writing beneath a lone desk light, my only companion tonight.

You have chosen to abandon this heart for a period of grief, walking away to a market.

Holding nothing against you, wanting only goodness to follow you all your days on earth.

Silently writing, tears falling rapidly, so many that I cannot keep them from touching this poem of lasting emotions, never to be seen again in life.

Poems will never be written again, pens will never be lifted or poised to begin writing when music begins it's fatal rhythm for a final time.

Already this poet has passed on to another world of poetical etudes and compositions.

Drawing upon talent that will always be within no matter where in eternity she may finally find herself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fate Of A Poet

Traipsing through my mind on an exploratory journey,
wishing to neither seek nor find anything of value.

Following existing paths to see where they lead,
wondering what would happen if one strayed too far
in any direction.

Wonder, curiosity, both firing imagination of creativity,
waiting impatiently inside my mind for the great hour of
reprieve.

So long tasting the incessant juice of joy, as words
flow easily onto paper allowing the freedom of this soul
to enhance itself at no one's expense save that of my own.

Thrilling to rhythm of poetry, forming itself continually
within, non-ending pleasure holding images and pictures,
carefully inlaid in musical notes.

Departing from the ways of this world, energetically
searching for clearer paths, making, and prayerfully
keeping alert to the sounds of awakening in my soul.

Touching gently, my heart and emitting a saddened joy,
which only I can listen to and interpret.

Soul's destiny, the fate of a poet, hiding always behind
the words of creative imagination, no longer caring of
the world and it's disharmony.

Dancing lightly away from fires fanned by insincerity,
traveling alone, but never lonely, having found a place
of my very own deep inside.

No longer an idle dream, but a dream of reality, staunchly
united with another world through heaven.

Walking away to the brilliant light always seen, touching
the holiness God has placed inside me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fate Walks

Anticipating glorious nature's filmy haze,
decorating my mind with ageless scenery.

Focusing on idealistic measures as life
turns and curves with every passing whim.

As fate walks before me, it takes steps
to prepare my path, regulating every
motion in my space of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fateful Day

Feeling the beauty of innocence and purity of children here
at my Granddaughter's grade school, waiting here in the
office for her.

Same exact school that I attended so many years ago, still
having memories of that fateful day, gathering all our books,
getting on the bus, being brought to a brand new school.

On arriving, seeing a building that looked just like a jail,
depressed at seeing it, hating to get off the bus, not wanting
to step one step into this bizarre building.

Small windows way up high, nothing like the old school where
windows were large and expansive, what a disappointment we all
felt as we got off the bus, books in hand.

Still remembering the dread we all felt on attending this hor-
endous school, now my poor Granddaughter is going here too.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fateful Journey

Softly flowing towards melodies of tomorrow,
sliding down avenues of grace and style.
Living on horizons, watching years pass by
as life revolves around earth on it's fateful
journey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fate's Details

Life wanders off road, meandering down pathways
newly made.
Daily imagining tomorrow around every corner,
wondering what it will hold.
Taking into account every detail of fate, hoping
for a reprieve from errors and mistakes.
Holding hope like candlelight in a perfect storm,
unafraid of the tempest it holds within.
Trading temptations for future horizons of
yesterday's memories, watching unrequited
decisions go unbidden into lasting sunsets beyond
earthly realms, awaiting heaven-sent promises with
expectant love and hope.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fate's Embrace

Stringing people along life's roads with no knowing of it's trials or tribulations, looming in the future.

Horizons lighting the way, beckoning everyone with beautiful sunrises at dawn and sunsets at dusk.

Reality travelling throughout life, pushing, prodding, exacting lifeblood of each one passing through.

Expecting life to keep continuing on without a plan in place, goals unknown for most, yet we blindly follow our instincts into fate's embrace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fate's Environment

Continually seeing words cross my imagination when
music plays outside.

Always contemplating life and it's meanings through
all adversity and trials sent slipping into fate's
environment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fate's Existing Boundaries

Sincere attributes are valued very highly in movements of serenity.
Calling back in one gesture of happiness, bringing a blending of sorts with individuals being friends through thick and thin.
Timing generated thoughtfully in circular motions, giving the impression that it is forever strengthened.
Yet time will tell, possibly in straightaways, down fate's existing boundaries set in lines around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fate's Game

Softly, slowly, recognizing all beats of my heart as they find their way into this mind.

Resistance is low, yet fulfilling the purposes needed to become a part of destiny.

Life is becoming, into it's own, playing fate's game in it's entirety, completely to the end of life, where it will then have been focused into heaven's realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fate's Heartbreak

Taking all of life in it's heartbreak, spending time, becoming adjusted to trials and tribulations along the way.

Attesting to truths of fate as I wash upon shores of next horizons, emotions held in check at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fate's Karma

Justifying choices made, wrong turns taken, giving fate bad karma,
all the while ruining lives of children by taking away well-
deserved positions from their fathers.

A mother knowing full well how she's affecting another human being,
her own child, and not caring.

Hopefully her destiny will fall away from her for doing wrong to a
single father and his daughter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fate's Pictures

Pictures of fate fill my thoughts with anticipated joy,
yet, at times emptying my soul from without.
Noticing every nuance set in timeless spaces of
annoyance, being forgiven within realms of a
purgatory set up on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fate's Purity

Swinging in a swaying breeze, gently thinking of
yesterday's hold on minds of children as they
played and learned of everything around them.

Touching listlessly, images of then, wishing to
be able to go back in time right now, again.

Innocence of pure heart's beauty sits placatingly
in minds today.

Reminiscing and watching life blossom before eyes
of snowy purity and echoes of love throughout
fate's insistence, with equality meted out unevenly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fate's Reasons

Figuring possibilities of yesterday's thought and focusing it
with reasons of fate and destiny's portrayals.

Magically appearing in tantamount mysteries, disappearing into
placated oasis's.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fate's Sphere

Softly tangling itself in my brain, giving me a sense of tomorrow's destiny.
Floating before me in visions of fantastic surroundings - in the midst of nature's silence.
Catering to my existence, soothing frayed nerves with perception and extrasensory detection of inner saddened music.
Grappling with memories, holding on to fate as it tries to escape my hold on an interior sphere, hoping to always be a better part of existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Father And I

Quiet solemnity falls upon me as I sit in soft sunlight, thinking about the not so distant past.
One where my friend, was a part of here at Saint Francis and Brophy Prep.
It seems so long ago, yet the memories are here within my mind, of happier times, grading papers, doing what I could to free up some of his time so he could attend to more important matters of the church and monastery.
Our lives had intertwined since I was eleven, and continued until his untimely death.
A friendship contained throughout our lives has now continued beyond death and into heaven.
Love transcends it all and a gentle knowing inside says he will be there waiting with my family when it's my turn to end and step beyond earth's horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Father And Son

Father and son standing close by, talking to one another
with love, a beautiful way to portray their relationship
to one another.

Darkness now enveloping them in it's gentle cloak of my-
stery, memorizing their figures as they continue to talk
while I sit here and write.

Poetically expressing them and their love to everyone
who may read this poem, signifying family connections
and a deep caring between them, two of God's gentle men
living simple lives on this earthly shore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Father And Sons

Dancing around to rhythms their father is playing, turning
up the volume and enjoying letting go of grief, laughing
and crying out of sorrow, finding a place beyond it all to
enjoy and have some peace inside of them.

Quality of being together is a fantastic portrait of a family,
close and loving, caring, taught by a father who has a delicate
heart and soul held within him, nothing ever to mar or come
between them while on earth

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Father C.

Sitting straightly in his chair, Father reads about the history
of the creed, studiously learning all he does not know for a presentation he will
soon be giving.

Nervously, under a lot of pressure, he fidgets while he reads,
taking notes off and on, filling his mind with the words he
will speak a little later on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Father Dancing With His Sons

Listening to incessant probings of intellect, knowing what
feelings are inside, odd sensations coinciding with those
that are happening within.

Finding ways to kick out and get rid of them for now, trying
to write and read texts at the same time, enjoying the fun in
both aspects of my brain.

Loving the absolute perfect stances of rhythm as two grown
sons dance and join in their father's fun for a change.

A beautiful picture of family and good clean fun, so perfect
an image to place in a forever vision of beauty and laughter.

A memorable video for them to replay on days of reminiscence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fathomless Canyon

Searching this world over, not able to find my heart in any one else's life, stranded on lonely shores, unable to be loved this side of life.

Listening to sorrowful rhythms as they take me on a solo journey into a fathomless canyon, a curious and silent atmosphere where only I can exist.

Reaching ever deeper, attempting to attain some semblance of yesterday's sublime and enticing spirituality, having an open and grieving heart, touching upon an interior surface of innocence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fathoms Beyond Death

Quietly thinking over the events of this day.
Contemplating life in a different way,
acknowledging it's finite beauty.

Every aspect of glorious nature collected
quietly in moments of thought and held in memory
banks for an eternity of life held together by
the fringe of death.

Holding onto fragments on our deathbeds in the
palms of our hands, afraid to clasp them in
prayer for life may slip unknowingly away.

Frustrated by the powerlessness of our final
days we search for meanings, reasons for our
life as we knew and accepted it.

Now, looking forward we see no future in life,
only the future of our impending deaths.

Carefully held in the precious moments before
we breathe our last, all of our love, experience,
happiness, joy, sadness, despair, life, family
and nature coalesce into a mere second of death.

Not knowing the outcome of anything after our
eyesight, hearing, senses of touch and smell
have become extinct.

Our body's shell lies upon satin sheets of our
final resting place, laid to rest, words written
in marbled stone, attesting to the fact that
once upon the past we did live and experience a
full life, but now our time is past.

Tears fall silently upon our tombs underground,
as family members kneel in prayer, placing
flowers upon our graves - final reminders of our
life now lost.

Whatever hidden horizons or agendas after we have
been removed from our deathbeds of life.

Traveling now, down distant pathways through the
heavens, greeting those who have gone before us.

Life spins on it's axis differently than before,
finding the peace and serenity our souls crave
in a new and special way.

Suffering no more for the exquisite touch of our
natural life on earth, we spiritually reach out
to the fathoms beyond death.

Touching the solemn justice of our Lord on our
distant quest beyond the skies and stars of earth.

Finding a place, sparkling in the knowledge of
undiscovered bliss, anticipating moments in quiet
peace and solitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Faults Of Their Own

Recognizing facts of life are sometimes hidden behind lies and illusions by people who are dishonest and trying to take others from the path of goodness.

Having only evil intentions, leading them into labyrinths of lies, webs entangling them for years without them ever realizing it.

Living in those webs of deceit without trying to investigate to find out the truth, a life once filled with innocence, purity and intellect, now reduced to whining crybabies, ashamed, yet faltering, never maturing through every fault of their own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Favoring Earth

Storms clashing into the evening, bringing dust and rain galore.

Beautiful cloud formations floating in gusts of wind across Arizona and beyond into the unknown.

Thunder clapping, lightening slapping the sky, electrifying it with it's ample supply of electricity.

Earth happily being filled with heavenly rain, nurturing nature and filling our human water supply.

Favoring earth with a cleansing, long past being needed, washing off all the dirt and slime from flowers, trees and cacti, giving them all water to drink and sate their thirst.

In the end, sky clearing and a double rainbow colorfully appearing for us to enjoy and remember in years to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Favoring Life

Favoring life and it's myriad trials, knowing with
every one I'm closer to becoming a holy person.
How many it takes I don't know - it must be a lot
more than I've already gone through.
Strength of character blooming as each one has been
conquered, even through no fault of my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Favoring Life - Long Friends

Like branches of trees reaching out across the heavens,
touching those who see and feel them, favoring life -
long friends to those who leave you.

Blue skies, friendly, always there, unlike many humans
who dare to be unkind in every walk of life.

Bending into depths of nothingness, wrenching from it,
hearts of sorrow, tears, remorse.

Blindly tearing through friendships, stamping out their
tomorrows, living only in the darkness - it is of their
own choosing.

Swallowing daily, pride fills them full of indigestion,
and the gas of their disdain, sending them to pits of hell
never to return again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Favorite Cacti

Riding through the desert, loving the scenic views,
breathing in the purity of a desert atmosphere.

Saguaros everywhere, climbing mountains with ease,
resting at different levels on the way up, looking
so regal and proud, my favorite cacti of the desert.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Favorite Colors

Beautiful bright colors, blue, yellow, orange,
favorites of mine, standing out in spheres of
my latent mind, awaiting the chance to be
visible in a poem like this.

A painting on the wall of a doctor's waiting room,
depicting women at a table, having tea, yet what
sets my senses writhing are those of my favorite
colors, chosen by me because of their spirits,
pure, bright and totally of my essence and passion
in this difficult life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Favorite Little Nook

Going to a familiar place, somewhere you go every day,
once in a while becomes unreal - becomes a painting.

Trees standing tall, shadows falling on the buildings
behind them, look like miniature fake toy railroad
landscapes.

Everything looks and seems so small, as if someone has
carefully placed each and every thing I see into a
bowl of clay to put upon display somewhere.

A favorite little nook in life seems so unreal, walking
on by it, knowing a little later I will come back and
become a part of it as I write tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Favorite Spot

Stretching out leisurely, relaxing, sitting here writing in
my favorite spot at the senior center, guys playing pool at
three tables just a few feet away, not bothering me at all.

Involved in their pool games, leaving me in peace to write
to my heart's content, listening to CD's, tempting poetry
through coded rhythms and unbiased thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Favorite Time Of Life

Having spent many hours in Seton Hall at Rutgers back in
the 70's, writing poetry and articles for my own amusement
and passion.

Thinking back now on those quiet times spent alone in
thought, a favorite time in my life when I sat and thought
of many moments of learning and accumulating knowledge.

Challenging my brain and giving this mind an incentive to
acquire wisdom through rhythms coded with an enlightenment
and illumination from within a vast inner universe.

Always finding my way thorough many dimensions on different
levels of intellectual conceptions and perspectives of life
and being inspired by what was always found hidden there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fear

Situated inside, hiding from behind a corner,
trying to be inconspicuous, attempting not to
worry.

Tremors filling a body, shaking apart insides
like jello in an earthquake.

Quaking steadily, progressing, causing
nervousness to rise ever higher inside.

Straying mind, will not, just refuses, to stay
far away, because feelings of being afraid
continually jar memories into time portraying
vivid reality, standing right before us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fear Of Authority

Sweeping emotions filling my being, pulling me along narrow
pathways of tangled jungles into the darkness of night.

Crawling on all fours, moving forward with anxiety and fear
of the unknown, yet filled with a gigantic curiosity to find
out what is around the next corner of my mind.

Creating picturesque images that fade and become nightmares
of my sleep.

Freezing, running scared, not being able to move, because
someone is standing in the way - someone of great authority.

Feelings of dread, not wanting to listen or obey, but somehow
I must, because authority commands if from me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fear Of Closeness

Expressways to my heart and soul are extremely rare because
I keep myself closed off from the closeness of other people.
Afraid of being hurt because I always am.
There has been no one in my life that has not hurt me beyond repair.
Disappointed time and again, has caused me to hide deeper within.
No one can reach me if I don't want them to and I practice this ritual constantly.
Wanting to be close just one time to see how it would feel
is inviting, but I am too afraid of being hurt again, so it
will not happen - at least not for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fear Of Feeling

Despair layered on top of itself for years, a grief hidden behind laughter and a sweet disposition from childhood.
Reaching out, but never grasping her future with innate talent and gifts.
A mind rich in ideas with no way to let them out for fear of both failure and success.
A double-edged sword to her fragile being, holding her hostage within, without realizing that it's her self that's crushing her spirit and self-worth.
Wanting to hug or hold her, let her cry her heart out, I cannot, knowing she's afraid to touch or feel the pain of a lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fearful Of Authority

Afraid, fearful of authority, freezing inside, being immobilized.

Try as I might cannot get around it, there is no solution, for authority surrounds me.

Wanting to get up and stamp my feet, trying half-heartedly, yet desperately, to conquer defeat, in this respect.

Finding as I quietly sit here, fuming inside, that I cannot break the hold it has on me, for it was forged somewhere back in my past.

Not being able to let go and free myself from this fear, sitting frozen, waiting for authority to speak.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fearful Of Perfect Love

Not knowing what love has in store for us, wondering if it
will be true or if we will be hurt again.

Always waiting for the perfect love that will survive,
giving us pleasure and desire for a life that we all wish
so fervently for.

Making love is more than touching each other with our
bodies, our senses are awakened and desires rise higher
with a person we can spend our lives with forever.

Feeling alive, vibrant and loved so intently by another is
what we all want in our lives.

It rarely happens, and to only a very few lucky people,
because human beings are normally so shallow and fickle,
afraid to love totally and completely, afraid of letting
go and soaring with their souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fearful Voice

Little voice timidly singing, afraid of the audience,
not yet sure of her confidence and voice.

Silently, continuing anyway, enjoying the music as it
sways her mentality in tune with every melody.

Instinctively reading what she sees, trying to keep in
tune and in time with the music in every melody.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fearing The Risk Of Love

Every time you come near or get close, I run away, afraid to take the risk of loving you.

Rejection is just too hard to take from anyone, it's never handled too well.

Letting you know the truth, which is really wanting you close, while pushing you away.

Seeing if you will stand the test of time or just go away, tired of playing guessing games.

Trying to figure out why, sometimes getting close for a while and it feels good, afterwards, apprehension fills me and I flee quickly on foot.

Wanting your love, reaching out slowly, hesitantly, waiting for you to hold onto me in return.

Never letting go, holding me close to your heart as a life-long love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fearless And Young

Crackling fires burning in my mind
bring me back to a time when I was
fearless and forever young.

Never in doubt as to my exuberance,
as experiences were perfected with
an innocence not yet squelched by
the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fearless Doors Of Death

Always sorrowful, never far from tears.
As they slip quietly down my cheeks
they rip and tear my heart even deeper
than before.
No longer myself as I gently turn away,
walking through the fearless doors of
death.
Hurt no more by recriminations and
other people's judgements, I run away
from those who left me lying on a sofa
of regret.
Too tired to bother with anyone, pulling
a body bag over my inept being, closing
off my mind forever.

(9/30/96)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fears Being Silenced

Silencing the fears within me with music playing to my interior subconsciousness.
Delivering me from many vices that will never erase me as long as I live.
Generating a calmness wrought by rhythm, sensing the intimate melodies
crooning to my heart and mind.
So passionate in depths of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fears Keeping Others Bound

Penetrating rhythms clearing my mind, taking me into
depths of meaning and knowledge.

Ideas contributing to the immeasurable differences
settled within, staking claims in every area.

Through intellect, searching for the wisdom secreted
there with synapses and neurons of my brain.

Fortitude and a lasting strength taking me forward
into outer atmospheres where no one else dares to
travel.

Fear keeping them bound to earthly thoughts, not
soaring into other areas of an interior spirituality
and wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feasts Of Possibility

Swallowing incessant rhythms like feasts of possibility,
taking and encompassing my heart in raptured beginnings.

Holding onto tender meanings of a soul-filled interior,
rising into realms of many heartbeats, all of them touching
my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Featherbed Of Desire

Relaxing, easy listening music tempting me beyond
recognition, softly lying in a featherbed of desire.

Nothing catching, leaving me undisturbed in a revelry
of intense classical rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feathers Of Inspiration

Watching dreams give me many ideas, tickling my mind
with feathers of inspiration, colored with different
hues of heaven.
Catching hold of those that deal with poetry, I
discover and expand their possibilities in unlimited
ways.
Altogether exploring whatever dreams come into my
being.
Finding all possible avenues of making poetry have
more meaningful definitions so more people can benefit
from their essences in times of need.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeding A Hungry Mind

Syncopating rhythms flowing gently and steadily into
intellect as I write.

Soothing, calming, energizing my mind with it's quiet
and incessant revelations of life.

Satisfying and deliberate, giving intellect thoughts
to place in poetry.

Accepting freely, beauty in nature and aspects of this
life that fit in my being.

Feeding my hungry mind and heart with feelings and ideas
focused within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeding My Soul

Swaying back and forth in landscapes of nature, scoping out
the pure innocence of it's beauty as I travel back roads in-
to the wilderness.

Accentuating the positive, finding that it tends to fill me
with a lightened energy, feeding my soul with a vibrant and
intense solitude as I find the exact pathway.

Leading me always into a field of generous forbearance that
will guide me forward all the days of my life, giving plenty
of spiritual knowledge, added to an interior innate one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeding Passion

Tapping out rhythms with every song heard, writing poetry to it's wonderful feelings brought into my being.

Unable to resist them, as they rise and fall within my being, tantalizing and energizing every fiber and particle within me.

Solidly finding reasons in each and every rhythm to take me into another realms where imagination grasps my mind intellectually.

Holding tightly, captivating intellect incessantly, a lovely and vibrant essence that feeds my passion for poetical music and art throughout this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeding This Mind

Excited, elated, happy to be with friends, talking,
feeding my brain with intellectual food from our
conversations.

Learning, gaining knowledge, finding out so many
things that I never knew before, striking the match
of wisdom, allowing it to grow and prosper within.

Tomorrow's destiny wide open and inviting, enticing
this mind to enter it's domain, traveling down newly
created pathways.

Forged through new territory and placed in front to
feast on intellectually as long as I want.

Enduring figuratively and mathematically throughout
depths of intellect, always sating my mind for moments
at a time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Alive

Stepping in time with western music, feeling alive deeply
within and enjoying it with a pure heart.

Loving this new chance of life, being energized no end
with a new found love in it.

Keeping happier than ever before, and that's no lie, so
good to have this love of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Alive Again

Out of necessity, going out tonight, just to get my
fix of music at karaoke.

Feeling right at home, everyone saying hi, having
missed me all this time.

Loving getting out and having fun, just what I needed
to feel alive again.

Having already gone to J.D.'s lounge, but finding the
music much too morose and slow for me tonight, nothing
to inspire me to write at all.

Glad to be here at the Wagon Yard, finding all the
inspiration I needed to write some poetry tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Alone

Feeling terribly alone today, walking slowly around the mountain, not wanting to go home.

Staring out across the wide expanse of desert, finding nothing save emptiness in all I see.

Hurting, sensing something deeper going on inside, an energy being stored for nothing, because there's no one here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling An Arizona Sun

Being warmed by this morning Arizona sun, feeling good,
as it hugs my being with just the right temperature.

People sitting all around me, talking, ignoring me as
I write poetry, just exactly what I want.

Giving me plenty of time to sit, writing fluently as
it flows incessantly from my mind and into this journal.

Telling moments of my life poetically, feeling emotions,
letting them find their way into my poems, each of them
being an expression of who I truly am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Angels

Stepping into a vast desert of imagination, filled with so much life and vibrancy.
Titillating all my senses with aromas, textures, images, and sounds of rhythms.
Feeling guardian angels surrounding and protecting me from life's dangers.
A peaceful solace enfolding me from the inside out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Attitudes

Traipsing down alleys and back streets to see sights
not normally being seen, mildly feeling attitudes
sent by others to my soul.

Justifying the energy, writing into billowing gusts
of wind, as they touch incessantly, keeping me in
moods of happiness all day through.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Beauty

Silently feeling tempos touching my mind, reminding me of my purpose here in this temporary world, living a moral and ethical life without any qualms or doubts.

Destiny evenly spread across the years of my life, enhance-ing it at every step through music and writing poetry, want-ing to be attuned to this mind-bending delicacy.

Being filled interiorly so completely and totally, feeling beauty of the Divine through nature and all of humanity, as I live life dutifully each day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Beginnings

Energizing through rhythms traveling ever faster through
this morning, giving pleasure, settling into my being
with a complacent posture of intellect.

Collecting and searching other dimensions I've suddenly
entered, directly allocating wonder and curiosity that
fills me full of energy.

Taking care to follow every thought, concept and idea,
circling the globe, settling into inner spheres of this
mind and intellect.

Running as fast as possible in these rapid measures of
time, feeling beginnings of another tomorrow coming into
destiny's being.

Rowing out to meet it in tides of an inner ocean, flowing
incessantly, waves crashing, wind blowing, giving energy
a boost into the passage of another time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Christmas

Laughter filling the atmosphere,
left over from Christmas Day and
all it's festivities.

Enjoying one another's company,
feeling light and free, right
before New year's Eve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Compassion

Always trying so hard to do what's right while living,
but being a mere human, at times making mistakes, failing and wanting to give up.

Having children, parents, siblings and friends helps us
to socialize, love and be loved, caring for others and
being cared for in return.

Feeling compassion towards others around the world,
praying for peace and an end of evil and it's barbaric
practices.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Concepts

Angling life down imaginary pathways, silently participating in future dreams, wondering if any will ever come to fruition.

Sensing, knowing, nature is always a part of every thought in my mind.

Expecting to be there always, feeling concepts hiding and surfacing at random.

Believing in reasons and desires, off-handedly researching attitudes left on past doorsteps, alone with forgotten sources of memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Creatively

Sliding into another dimension, feeling creatively with every single sense within, taking in everything seen like a breath of fresh air in springtime.

Feeling refreshed, renewed, energetic and totally at peace, serenity touching each and every particle of our beings with a sacredness of the Divine above.

Nothing like this can be seen or felt on this temporary earth, it comes only from above, God's heaven being the last resting place we will ever have after death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Death Lurking

Dancing under the twilight of my years, sometimes looking back at life and watching tearful reminders in images now long gone.
Searching today for visions of tomorrow I can look back upon one day.
Locating future horizons at times, I hesitate, wondering if I will still be alive to experience them in all their wonder and awe.
Feeling death's presence lurking about, taunting me with regrets, yet, I turn my mind away from his omens, and try to focus on happiness from children, grandchildren, nieces, nephews, grand nieces and nephews - my sons - my life on earth's temporary boundaries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Displaced

Finding answers isn't easy, isn't always enjoyable,
yet life is full of questions, demanding to be
answered.

Wanting to move forward, to stand for something
other than loneliness.

Feeling displaced in an empty world, touching upon
the sorrow held inside.

All the world lies before an open mind, we have
only to be ourselves and think.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Diversity And Adventure

Tip toeing across inner universes, feeling diversity and it's adventure stirring energy within, solemnly searching through infinite thoughts kept hidden.

Filtering it all through a creative process and placing it accurately, organizing every detail while writing poetry and listening to music.

Shutting out the world, keeping it at bay, just wanting to be absorbed by it's intense enjoyment and pleasure in this poetical life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Electricity Pulsing

Writing so quickly into the morning, feeling the
electricity pulsing through me.
Dividing and entering each of my brain cells
individually and creating spaces for me to play
in poetically.
Being elated, flying beyond intellect's borders,
right out into another galaxy.
Taking all instincts with it, fully being used in
all endeavors.

(10: 45 a.m. - 11/21/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Emotions

Many moods exacting a peaceful calm throughout my being, taking all stress away, and making my mind a place of serenity and contemplation.
Forever feeling emotions that have been well hidden for years, now peeking about, searching for the memories to go with each and every one.
Tantamount to uneclipsable moments, all thoughts find their places and ride on clouds of forgiveness into the blue above.
Forging ideas creatively, every single moment throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Emptiness

Designs flittering into sight, chaotically rising and falling, blending with other patterns, giving me plenty of time to formulate and justify who I am.
Suffering sadness, feeling the emptiness life has given me to write from.
Decisions automatically being made while listening to melodies that recharge interior batteries with God's love for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Energy

Lonely, but not lonely, being delivered from it's intense abandonment through writing and music, feeling energy spreading throughout intellect.

Finding it's way altogether in depths of spirituality, an interior feeling of peace and serenity enveloping this being with joy and happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Etudes

Songs singing themselves into an eternity of blissful tunes.
Reaching ears of heaven with total feeling.
Etudes studying themselves and writing selves into poetical forms of verse.
A touching rendition of beauty created in galleries of masterpieces of art.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Every Breath

Walking through the valley within, watching a river flowing peacefully by, enjoying it's serenity filling my being so thoroughly.

Nothing to interfere with it, because I've left the world to itself for a while just to peruse intellect and write poetry from it's photographic screens.

Loving a wonderful calmness that has attuned itself to my being day after day, feeling every breath my spirit takes from within a bluened light of the Divine dwelling silently and beautifully deep in my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Excitement

Falling deeply into a contemplation, shutting out the world around me, feeling excitement as poetry starts flowing from an interior waterfall.

Exact moment when music starts playing, seeing images descending into pictures and portraits from inner photographic screens.

Allowing every detail to be seen right out loud in the very silence of my being, writing incessantly, totally absorbed in an interior atmosphere.

Totally at peace, contented and quite at home until finishing writing poems hour after hour, losing track of time and not caring, just enjoying being lost in creativeness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Free Within

Walking along sandy shores, feeling right and free within,
no more saddled with the objects of earthly wants, only
focused on tomorrow's horizons beyond sight.

Looking into self, seeing bright shining stars, holding
onto desires, keeping them safe and sound above.

Watching waves crashing and ebbing on shore, listening to
their incessant sounds and rhythms, filling my soul with
genuine delight, bringing a smile to my heart and face.

Nothing crowding out my mind with absent-minded thoughts
or worries of earthly things.

Solemnly bringing in pastimes of yesterday's memories,
allowing them to fill me with satisfying feelings, lasting
through the rest of my lifetime as short as it has become.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Freedom In Kolkata

Attitudes of music now filling me with their beauty and
essence, treating intellect with an exclusive, vibrating
with an energy which keeps me going through good and bad
times.

Expressions being shown through every note as it's played
into this afternoon breeze, taking my mind away where it
can soar into the atmosphere.

Going beyond earth without a care, allowing my being to
capture the youth of my soul once again as I live the
experience of freedom here in Kolkata.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Hollow

Feeling hollow, emptied of all feelings and senses,
wondering what has happened to cause this reverse in
my being.

Music is continuing to drape my mind, yet it seems
to be standing back - as if it's waiting for something
to happen.

Having no clue, just sitting and thinking independently
of all of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Imagination

Sliding into magnificent arenas of splendid thought, feeling
imagination touching my soul with it's fragrance.

Simmering silently, delicately, without any remorse as I filter
reality with non-existence.

Catapulting everything into cauldrons of insignificance left
on edges of memories in last days of sleeplessness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Inside

Leaves rustling, touching live wires, sparking traces of tears inside.

Unalive, tantamount to betrayal, forgetting who you are, lying face down, appearing to be starving.

Life-long dreams at least seem to becoming true, yet deep sadness lies within.

Depressing the very inner depths, a soul appears to be crying.

Can nothing end this horrible feeling of self-destruction being felt inside?

Must living continue with this terrible hole waiting to be fulfilled?

Can it be let go and come alive or must it be given in to?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Insistence

Remembering thoughts as they gather and collect in recesses
of this mind, locating many desires that fill me amply with
so many ideas.

On an ongoing basis, relating everything in one form or
another, to discoveries happening now within this brain.

Feeling insistence, desire is bringing it about, letting
formulas open up new avenues, allowing for discoveries of
another time and place through intellect's imagination.

Prescient thoughts continually form, letting the future be
known thoughtfully in unison with the rhythms of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Instrumentation

Quietly, silently, feeling the instrumentation of rhythm
as it gathers my interior bluened life and tucks it into
my soul.

A tender and honest reprisal of how life is being ful-
filled within, strengthening, building self-esteem and
touching upon the beauty of the Divine.

Always settled within my being, everything so different,
effervescent, illuminating landscapes of life and nature,
believing in miracles that are about to happen in the very
near future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Intense

Intense music feeling it's way into my heart
as I listen to the first real song I ever
learned how to sing.
'Love potion number 9', an all-time favorite.
Rombling around, seeing people around me,
looking at older hot rod cars and motorcycles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Intensely

Talking incessantly does nothing to alleviate the sorrow hanging in my brain,
making me see it plainly as day.
Taunting, flaunting itself in front of emotions, making me feel them intensely,
even though I'd prefer not to ever be in contact with them again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Intensity Of Life

Solemn and quiet, a funeral silence enveloping my being,
not letting anything penetrate it's stillness, giving a
blending of extraordinary integrity as I write into the
evening hours, nothing to interrupt or stand in the way
of writing poetry.

Living in the moment, letting it have it's way, traveling
in it's own time, touching inner desires with timidity,
letting this poet feel the intensity of life as it cul-
minates within me all at once.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Intensity Of Living

Clipping roses in memories of past thoughts,
being poked by thorns, making sure that I'm
still able to feel the intensity of living.

Extending all prosaic formulas into spaces
above earth.

Never leaving anything to circumstances,
holding onto every emotion as it tries to
jump into the ocean and be taken away in the
middle of a perfect storm.

Encasing all problems and letting them drift
away, forlornly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Knowledge

Desert mountains surrounding me with a knowledge of God,
feeling His presence in my heart, I can even embrace a
saguaro without getting hurt.

Trees, bushes, mountains, desert wildlife make my heart
fill overfull with love, as I look above to God who made
it all.

Letting me see some small part of His creation, living
my life for Him, honestly being able to say Amen when
my life is finished.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Life's Emotions

Stillness of purpose fills me interiorly with a spirit
of freedom, as I feel emotions of a lifetime coming
upon me when writing.

Feeling the beauty of joy and the darkness of sorrow,
as they fall upon my mind in solemn silence.

Moments being forwarded into prose, provoking so many
thoughts in measures and spaces of time left open
by life so I may discover ideas swirling within myself.

Nothing standing in the way of technique or progress,
inventing many more projects to complete before I die
on this earth.

Alone on my journey, stepping into several horizons
from intellect's center, causing a monumental puzzle
to develop and be solved in physical equations of
science.

So many concepts forming from nothing, keeping me
amazed at the prolific amount of them that incessantly
shape my life and intelligence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Like A Spirit

Feeling like a spirit within, flitting across an inner universe, not alighting upon anything, yet feeling and understanding whatever comes to mind.

A serene and tempting explosion of thought contributing to intellect's energy and vibrancy, settling into a deep and contented attitude of contemplation.

Becoming a part of an inner spirituality much deeper than ever before, finding myself in the midst of an entire realm of beauty and magnificence.

Wondering how I could've gotten here, just knowing that it was opened to me through an innate talent, stemming from intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Loneliness

Sometimes feeling loneliness touching me from sounds of a guitar, playing sad songs of life.

Father Time leaving us bereft and alone as we walk through avenues of abandonment.

Practicing and remembering dark nights of the soul, carrying us through the darkness of loss and grief.

Sorrow always dripping and weeping into our hearts, never wanting to leave us by ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Lost

Quietly sitting, feeling lost inside, staring out the window,
looking for something to hold on to.

Finding nothing to sustain me, being filled with hopelessness
inside, crying.

Tears not forming in my eyes, only staying within this heart,
not letting me feel the relief they might bring.

Sitting quietly, staying within my mind, restlessly going on
with life, quietly sitting, feeling lost inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Lost, Not Knowing

Being awakened from a reverie in another universe, having
been fully engrossed in learning what lay there in pages
of my mind and intellect.

Curiosity and wonder continually being aroused every moment
of being in touch with self as I travel through the exist-
ence of this earthly life.

Enjoying moments filled with joy, happiness, pleasure, cry-
ing, tears falling as I crash beneath waves of loss, loneli-
ness, abandonment and sorrow.

Feeling lost, not knowing what to do, life at a standstill
from time to time, there's nothing that can be done about
any of it, so I exist and write every moment experienced
throughout this poetical life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Love Vibrantly

Shaking vibrantly when being held in your arms, feeling
your desire rising intensely within, your love so gently
lying upon my heart.

Soaring into the heavens, nothing keeping me bound to
this earth, such a resplendent solace pursuing my soul
as you gather me into your arms.

Taking away all the grief and sorrow of this lifetime,
no longer lonely or bereft, because you embrace my entire
being inside and out.

Carefree and independent, your love shining through me
and into you, forgiving and enlightening, filling us both
with grace in the darkness of our love.

Holding and kissing, becoming one in the nature of our
beings, totally filled with a vibrant and enduring love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Moments

Heart standing still, listening to echoes of childhood,
watching images as they come forward into the presence
of my mind.

Feeling moments of joy and sorrow collected when much
younger, now penetrating intellect, reawakening those
times of yesterday through memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Mom's Presence

In the darkness I feel my Mom, I want to go to her but I cannot see, Mom doesn't speak to me, she has no voice.

I long to see her face, so maybe I could read her lips and find out if she's okay.

Never do I get to see her face again while living, only death can bring me face to face with her once more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling No Fear

Sliding down mountainous ledges, letting go, feeling no fear as I fall to my death below.
Aspiring to heaven, bringing prayer and hope to the foreground, knowing it will keep balance and stability intact as I move forward to peaceful happiness and heaven.
Looking always upwards, seeing everything with rose-colored eyesight, falling into pools of bluened light, focusing on promises sent from beyond.
Sliding down into ocean's depths, never minding the cold or darkness I find myself mired in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Nostalgic In India

Slowly walking down midnight memories, letting them saturate
my being, feeling nostalgic, watching them spread across
acres of intellect.

Illuminating life long ago, seeing now, details that were
missed back then, showing different aspects of what could
have been done through the years.

Living lonely pilgrimages down star-filled moonlight, path-
ways being generated and created in tunnels of light, ab-
sorbing the beauty of spirits through the night in India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Notes

Embracing music as it fills my mind with it's exquisite tones and rhythms, becoming poems as quickly as each note is played.
Tuning out everything around me, feeling each note touch my mind with it's exciting calm and peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Numb

Tears smart and sting my eyes, pulling with them, heartstrings sore and hurt.
Standing by mutely as the world walks past, not noticing any individual or particular feeling.
Wishing for an outstretched hand or gentle hug, yet closing in upon myself, afraid to ask for help.
Combined efforts of collected thoughts cannot seem to be brought together long enough to make decisions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Of Creation

Sunlight dancing playfully on shaded trees,
teasing it heatingly throughout the day.

Following carefully, plans made, all of nature
plays this way, enjoying the feeling of creation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Of Deep Loneliness

Feeling lost and alone, like I've lost my best friend in
life, yet knowing we will be talking every day and he'll
be coming to the U.S. to stay with me for a while.

Still, this feeling of deep loneliness quietly settles
within me, a silent and restless feeling touching my soul,
triggering thoughts in my mind.

Loving and missing him terribly already, cannot wait to
see him again when he comes to the U.S. to visit me and
my family soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Of Freedom

Existing sololy for the purpose of writing, letting everything
else fall by the wayside.

No longer having use of any of it in these, my last few days
of living a life I have always loved in spite of all of it's
trials and sufferings.

It has heaped upon me all these years in significant amounts
of sorrow, grief, loneliness, emptiness and feelings of
abandonment.

Life has been so full of tears and heartbreak, soul aching
for someone to love and understand like no one ever has with
me on earth.

A total encompassing of who I truly am and can be to someone
who returns my love in full.

A wonderful feeling of freedom now settled within my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Of Intense Privilege

Depravation and poverty in India is surpassed only by it's
abundant beauty found everywhere you travel there.

Agriculture spreading crops across the land, being nourish-
ed, growing, taken carefully by hand to feed the population
of it's country.

A wonderful feeling of intense privilege comes across
when traveling into it's depths, being given a tremendous
insight into the genuine India as it stands in the midst
of it's fascinating culture and people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Of Power

Falling into a familiar repertoire of rhythm, writing to it's delectable sounds, being elated by elicited tones.

Finding a tremendous feeling of power, walking into unknown territory of a surpassing intellect in wisdom.

Never changing, yet always expanding to dimensions greater than the existence I have been living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Of Satisfaction

Cooperating with senses of my being interiorly gives a
feeling of satisfaction, filling me with peace.

Knowing what is going on within my mind and intellect
helps me to keep focused and clear, not afraid of the
future and what is lying ahead of me tomorrow.

One moment to the next, things are changed and rearranged,
always being adept and quick to adapt to situations keeps
me well ahead of the game.

Consistently keeping everything organized and well thought
out, helps a great deal in day to day matters that seem to
pile themselves into time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Of Serenity

Noticing the light shining just beyond the horizon,
leading me forward even now.
A feeling of serenity staying with me here on earth,
letting me know that God hasn't left me.
He is still watching over me every moment of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Of Wonder

Wandering through landscapes of nature, wild and beautiful, tempting us to stay close and become one with nature, such a tender feeling of wonder testing us through our senses.

Awakening and letting them come alive, seeing everything in colors of rainbows, touching our souls, bringing us into realms of spirituality.

Contemplating our lives in depths of our being, staying on paths of goodness and righteousness so as not to fall along the wayside.

Never abandoning God, keeping our faith, hope rising with every step we take in our daily lives, holding onto beliefs and convictions of the past, staying true to them all in our hearts and minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Out Of Place

Joining the afternoon
dance, only because Neil
is playing.

Although I'm sixty-three,
I feel out of place with
all these older seniors.

Yet, they're still up and
dancing away, even line
dances.

A great bunch of people,
accepting me for the
writing poet that I am.

(2: 03 p.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Out Of Place In Life

Feeling out of place, finding a quiet corner to sit and write, away from all the conversation, others enjoying being together.

Needing to enter a place interiorly where there's peace, nothing against anyone, it is just who I am, always looking for a place of my own.

Wanting to continually enter a bluened light of the Divine within, feeling the power of God quietly nurturing soul and spirit continually and believing in His total goodness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Pain

Feeling the pain of being utterly human, tending to it's hurt - heart held gently in mind's palms.
A saddened joy gently cascading into all facets of life as it moves tomorrow's tears into spaces of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Patriotism

People with various types of personalities, sitting
together listening to a band as it lets it's rhythm
flow out into the atmosphere.

Reaching out and touching the essence of interior
creativeness, designs lighting up the skyways of
hearts of those who want to enjoy beautiful moments.

Through liberty and freedom of everyone, feeling their
patriotism soaring, a place just for those who come as
they are and fit in without any interference at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Poetry

Today being overwhelmed with feelings of joy and peace,
not being able to fully describe them in poetry.

Doing my best, will keep on writing and maybe someone
will be able to enjoy feeling them also as they read
this little poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Presence Of Unconditional Love

Feeling the presence of an unconditional love even when not
with him, being filled with excitement and wholesome desires,
welcoming all feelings that flood into mind when thinking of
him in spaces of private time.

Fascinating and blossoming always within, grasping my heart
and soul with perceptions of true love, carrying me far away
into a land where only the two of us can ever exist in harmony
and sensuous pleasure together, forever through this lifetime.

Finding beauty of this vibrant and lively faithful love,
hiding always in a secret place of my soul where I can touch
and feel it at any time when needed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Relationships

Longing for days of closeness, bringing together
family and friends.
Each night feeling relationships through my mind
as I waltz in my dreams.
Fantasies frolic and dance in and out to rhythmic
beats, keeping time with my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Safe

Tantalizing my heart and mind with memories of old,
wishing for the yesterdays that were so filled with
love and family.

Feeling safe and protected no matter what, knowing our
Veterans were watching over us, standing strong and
true to the U.S.A.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Secure

Staring into nature's denizens, enticing prose from it's depths, encircling it with imagination and creating new pictures of hidden beauty.
Satisfying my mind with serenity on pathways of contentment as I wander aimlessly, feeling the security of God's love through it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Sensations Building

Singly listening to your heart beat to the tune of my
soul, tangling rhythms with my mind, tapping silently
as my love finds it's mark in your own.

Blood rushing to my head as desires suddenly pulse
higher, because you have grasped and are holding me,
wanting to quench them with your own.

Coming together in our solitary rhythm, touching the
passion that is now filling us fully, a tremendous
surge of energy fills both of us as we become one.

Entering realms only we two can find our way through,
spreading our minds between our hearts, finding our love
in the center of our beings, nothing coming between us.

Love growing stronger with every pulse within, causing
us to feel sensations intensely building, only our
passion can fill our desires so totally and completely.

Our hearts soaring now into another realm of reality,
meeting with spirituality and being touched by the Divine
only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Sight

Forever seeing things above me, eyes reach out to touch
the sky with love.

Always ready for something new to see, looking constantly
up above.

Wishing to touch what is out of my reach, having to be
content with feelings which my eyes give to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Songs

Happily walking side by side, enjoying being together, our joy knowing no bounds when we are closely attuned to each other's hearts and minds.

Feeling songs filtering feelings and emotions, fine-tuning our spirits, leading us into the future of our destiny, hand in hand, putting our love into one another's lives forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Sorry For Yourself

Serious and wounded, finding a place to hide and lick your
wounds, feeling sorry for oneself.

Lasting for just a little while usually, it protects our
egos for a time of recooperation and gaining strength back.

It is not always a bad thing, as you can obviously see, as
long as it doesn't become a habit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Stranded

World devoid of color as I sit here in pain, nothing to help, totally on my own, feeling stranded on an island in the middle of the sea.

Lost, alone, devastated, thought I'd be doing better than this, trying to keep my spirits up, but it's difficult, feeling so miserable.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Tears

Walking in depths of sadness, no angels to show the way,
just wandering aimlessly, no direction or goal in life.

Alone and thinking, giving thoughts dark corners to hide
within, letting them feel the tears of sadness through
abandoned emotions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling The Pain Of Your Ending

There is no understanding in death, nothing at all,
yet it continues to happen to those we love and
treasure.

There's no discrimination, racism or prejudice, the
good along with the bad all succumb to it in the end
without warning.

Life being turned inside out, blinding with an intense
sadness, a silence that continues to begin through the
rest of our lives.

Suggestions, guidance, there are none, no one can ident-
ify the secrets of death's choices, there aren't any
directions on how to survive this horrendous chasm.

Unable to cross it or hold onto you, the life we had
together has been put to rest, being totally and
completely severed.

No apologies ever given, only left feeling the pain of
your ending in my now lonely and bereft life, holding
onto the treasures of your memories only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling The Power Of Hope

Settling into a poetical interlude, writing while sitting
here, quietly listening to music of Springsteen, enjoying
it sublimely and totally.

Rhythms and tempos making me smile openly, sun shining
within landscapes of imagination where I dwell right now,
finding a pathway easily into a bluened light.

With the Divine, totally at peace, filled with serenity
and the light of His Holy Spirit, filling me within com-
pletely.

Fears and doubts nowhere in sight, feeling the power of
hope giving strength to my being in rays of bluened light,
an ethereal energy taking me into another dimension.

One where I am happy and fulfilled in spite of what life
is now doing to me financially.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling The Process

Styling in ideas of creative essays,
copulating imagination with subconsciousness.
And feeling intensely, the process as it
exerts itself into poetry of every form.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling The Thrill

Gliding down the mountainside, skiing gracefully in and out of pine trees, their aromas enticing every sense within.

Feeling the thrill of speeding freely, thrilling to the excitement, adrenaline building within the fabric of my being.

Filling it with an intense satisfaction, sating my spirit daredevily, attracting power and strength from an energy of the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling This Mind

Intense and wonderful tones feeding mind and brain with their rhythms, taking this mind further into another dimension where pain is beginning to fade in the distance.

Giving intellect the freedom to calculate and formulate it's equations of technology and strident numbers, coding them so quietly into many new inventions for the future.

Details falling into place rapidly and constantly, feeing intellect with pure wisdom and knowledge innately, gathering ideals and concepts to definitions and meanings through music being listened to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Thrills

Loving being together, touching each other's hearts
through the looks in our eyes.

Feeling thrills of an intense and abiding love that
is enlivening our spirits and taking us soaring.

Nothing to mar our lives when together, hearts are
beating as one.

Letting us have an unconditional and divine love in
this temporary life here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Thrills Of Desire

Listening to an upbeat tune, feeling thrills of desire
running through my being.

Loving the way it makes me think in lines of poetry,
taking expletives and words altogether into verses of
poetical compositions.

Realizing facts of life while watching patterns right
before my eyes, unfolding and performing rhythms in
exacting tempos and measures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Treasured

Receiving gifts from friends unexpectedly, bringing
a smile to my face and heart.

Feeling treasured within, just by others thoughts
themselves, and taking life in hand.

Finding that the little things are to be treasured
the most on this earth for they are priceless.

Loving the total collection received through the
years fills me with pleasure just thinking of who
gave them to me.

Knowing that they stand for thoughts that people
have had of me through their lives, treasuring
each one of them in my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Vibrancy

Looking up, seeing everything new, alive, shiny, feeling the vibrancy touching my soul, lifting my eyes higher, setting sights on God, my Father.

Shaking His love, sprinkling it down upon me, filling my life with His grace and meaning.

Playing the ivory chords of interior life, stirring my soul - waking it to His knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Vibrations

Tapping rhythms with my left hand, writing with my right,
singing along with the band.

A total concentration of life and what I love, penetrating
my own essence, enriching and enhancing it totally.

Destiny staying on the path of music, art and writing,
never deviating no matter what anyone happens to think.

Sitting up here in front of a dozen or so speakers,
feeling vibrations touching, giving such sensuous pleasure, titillating my brain
and stimulating intellect's imagination.

So spiritual in nature, filling this interior life to over-
flowing, feelings of joy and elation flowing throughout me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Waves

Rolling over the ground in my mind,
feeling waves of nausea off and on.
Trying to carry on and write through
it all at times is difficult, yet
needed to be done in order to keep my sanity intact.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Words

Feeling words touch my mind, crossing against the grain, bringing new rhymes into existence.
Carefully trying to keep focused as rhythm's continue to play and send messages to my soul, delivering all types of incentive verses to listen to as life unfolds.
Opening up a treasure chest of unending songs, tied up in blue lace and kept silently to myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Your Kisses

Sensual and tender, gently feeling your kisses touching
my lips and spirit, energizing me completely never want-
ing to be separated from you.

One moment after another, loving and making our own music,
so heavenly and out of this world, continually holding each
other throughout our lives, no one able to keep up with us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Your Love

Sleepily falling into a daydream where I am being embraced
by you my love, feeling your love filling my being totally
and unconditionally.

Smiling just to know how much you love and care for me so
steadily day and night, needing you as much as you need me
to live here in this temporary world.

Waiting to be with you again tonight, sensing your desire
and passion even now my love, can hardly wait for your
touch, wanting to be kissed and held for hours.

Feeling your love as it enters and fills me explicitly and
totally, pleasure building, rising within as we fill each
other with intense and vibrant sensations of one another
sensuously.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Your Love Spiritually

Reaching into the atmosphere, feeling your love rushing
spiritually into me, filling all particles of my soul,
wantonly taking time to find my way through your heart.

Giving an effervescent beauty that conforms to my peace
of mind, whispers of your passion concealing my heart,
being delectably soothing.

Relaxing every fiber of life that exists even now in the
limits of a lasting and unconditional love that will lie
between us forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feeling Your Love Touching Me

Lying in bed, nighttime upon us, feeling your
love touching me every moment in such pleasant
ways, tempting and enticing my body and mind.

Desires growing fully into a full-fledged passion
as you hold and make love to me all night long,
bringing us closer than ever through our love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings And Emotions Never Retire

Searching patterns of life through sensations, feelings and emotions, looking for an ending of suffering, sacrifice and hardship.

At the ending of every day, a total silence topples upon me, not letting go of it's hold through grief, wanting to escape and be made whole once again.

Wondering if it will ever happen in this lifetime, days are long and unending, nothing to intercept feelings that keep this heart soaking in caverns of loss.

Erupting daily from within deepest recesses are feelings and emotions that never seem to retire, they just keep re-igniting the sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings And Nature

Following routes of nature through this mind, wanting
to find solace and serenity to bring peace into my
being.

Letting an afternoon breeze cool my forehead and whisk
across my face, cooling me down.

Relaxing my attitude as I walk slowly, entertaining
every detail as I go, later putting them into poems
pertaining to feelings and nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Compatible With The Rain

Rustling of leaves touch my soul, causing it to stir
and seek our Lord, in the coming storm.
Touching strings of my heart gently, letting me know
that He has come and is here beside me to help ease
the loneliness of human life.
Fragrantly sending the smell of a new storm to greet
me - meet with the anger I hold within.
Blending with each other, sitting contemplatively in
the rain, living through the rush of feeling that it
brings.
Swirling, separating all within me, bringing it
together again in the torrent of the evening rain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Of Accomplishment

Scheduling time to be alone, just to write poetry, read,
compose music, oil paint, all of these artistic activ-
ities are a part of this mere poet's existence.

Playing clarinet, violin, guitar, piano and other instru-
ments at any given time brings an exquisite feeling of
accomplishment filling me with an appreciation for an in-
terior spirituality.

Believing in a God of my own, residing within my soul,
never forsaking nor leaving me alone, unlike the rest of
humanity has done through my life.

So many hours of loneliness and abandonment having filled
my heart and mind with sadness, tears falling into the
reservoirs of my soul.

Holding all of these moments through the years has only
been possible through an interior spirituality given to
me by God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Of Belonging

Slow, silent expressions of love found in another person, bringing happiness and joy to an aching heart.
Loving the feelings of belonging that are filling me with an elated inner spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Of Deep Satisfaction

Walking through the music of interior rhythms,
listening to melodies of my heart beat to the
incessant breaths of my lungs.

Feeling vibrations of my body as it lives and
breathes within spirituality, never missing a
beat, giving feelings of deep satisfaction.

Subservient and alluring, following patterns
of the Divine into lights of heaven where I
will again find myself.

Looking forward to the moment when it happens,
willing to leave everything behind, never even
looking back.

Exchanging suffering and turmoil for energetic
peace, totally intense and silent, filling me
forever with passion and hope in our Lord.

Promises being at last fulfilled, given in an
exemplary mode of faith, placed within my being
when I breathe my last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Of Fame

Feelings of fame are getting ever stronger, moving up
closer to my mind, unenticed by me.

Flowing through lines of poetry, imagined more often,
waiting for the doors to open wide and let me into
realms of celebrity status, brought there by those
who love poetry in motion throughout the world.

A beautiful scene set in my mind, complacently
untouched by human contamination, pure as water and
roses from heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Of Freedom

Looking through pages of my mind, watching many moments
bringing pleasure of an unconditional love brought to me
by a soul mate.

A genuine love that has captured my attention and will
not let me go no matter what.

Feelings of freedom with another human being, always
thought of with love touching my heart daily.

A transcendental love filled with an energy never known
before in life, holding my heart, yet letting me soar
in an abundance of freedom.

Knowing that I will never be free from this unconditional
love, being accepted totally without smothering or holding
me back.

All my faults and idiosyncrasies being laid out upon the
table, where all are seen, yet I am continuing to be accepted
for who I am and what I continually do contentedly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Of God's Presence

Believing in the peace of spirituality because it
touches my spirit entirely, not leaving me bereft
or lonely.

Having intense feelings of God's presence within,
an exhilarating and positive force in my interior
life.

Taking me into an exclusive atmosphere of integrity
and ingenuity, where intellect can surpass everything,
leading me into a vast bluened universe within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Of Goodness

Climbing mountainous heights, looking down, seeing beautiful land-
scapes and wonderful portraits of life alone in solitude, enjoying
the life God has given to all of us here on earth.

Taking and holding it closely so as not to miss any of it, captur-
ing every puzzle piece in a photographic mind, savoring it's mem-
ories for a lifetime and beyond.

Poetry written from within these moments of impact, rhythms and
music always accompanying everything heard, seen, sensed, smelled,
touched, nothing escaping these senses.

Having even a sixth sense beyond this earth on the other side of life, hearing
those who've passed on, writing out what they ask and giving
the poems to the ones they want them to go to.

Such an amazing feeling of goodness filling this being fully each and
every time of doing so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Of Hopelessness

Awake at midnight, not able to sleep here in this un-
comfortable hospital bed.

Looking into darkness, eyes watering their feelings
of hopelessness into the starlight above.

Reasoning and logic faltering, taking me into pits of
hell.

Wondering, doubts beginning to fill me, thinking that
possibly, this life of mine is not for living anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Of Liberty

Reason has fled along with logic and sense,
because I have no room for them in my present
state of mind.

Throwing rules and regulations out the door,
wanting total freedom to be and do what I am
and want.

Feeling relaxed in arms of contemplative
happiness, enjoying feelings of liberty
with no hindrances or bothersome
interruptions from anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Of Love

Love is running through my being, taking me on a ride of fantastic proportions.

Feeling the effervescent feelings of love touching every particle of this heart.

Desires driving me insane, wanting to be quenched and sated with the heart of another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Of Love Lying About

Thoughts jumbling around with emotions and feelings much like a clothes dryer tumbling them about within me, restless, trying to settle down, a nervous energy building.

Growing higher, knowing that feelings of love are lying about, wanting to be taken and quenched with desires and passion of the one I love.

Sincere and heartfelt, realizing how much he means to me, willing to give up my life for him, loving him explicitly and never wanting to let him go.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Of Rebellion

Climbing mountains in my mind, reaching heights no one else
can, feeling free and liberated daily, loving feelings of
rebellion it gives to me.

Reaching forward, rocking to rhythms and beats, portraying
inner landscapes newly devised and pictured, sealing heights
of twilight through imagination.

Enjoying sights surrounding me in all aspects of life, watch-
ing as spheres rock and swirl, touching depths of beauty that
are totally picturesque and awesome.

Darkness enfolding me, not even noticing, for I am immersed in
a bluened light of the Divine, experiencing mystical aspects
on the other side of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Of Sacredness

Soul matching an interior peace that holds it a willing captive, being preciously protected and safe guarded throughout life, feeling a sacredness of being in depths of living.

always expecting the best in quiet moments of contemplation, seeing images that project positive attitudes and moods daily, never leaving room for negativity to enter in, not wanting to spoil the beauty of an interior life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Of Want

Meeting of minds in everyday circumstances, taking moments,
concepts heightened and entrusted to my poetical mind.

Lasting and individual thoughts touching the chill of an
empty loneliness that still resides within my being.

A gentle and listless feeling of want, needing you beside
me only, even being amongst so many people.

Giving a sincere appreciation for your love that is held
so closely within my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Of Well-Being

Picking apart measures of adjacent melodies,
sorting though them in lackadaisical efforts.

Following every note through mazes of intellect,
wallowing in their magnificent feelings of well-
being.

Walking along as twilight gathers over my
subconsciousness, safely holding me, keeping me
from fear and frightening dispositions.

Loving the feelings covering my mind and heart
with exquisite tenderness and gentle love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Of Youth

Tickling pictures of youth with feelings that have been hidden far too long.

Creating sensations of pleasure as my mind feels what it sees continually.

Never losing focus on what is happening around me in any given moment, any day of life.

Turning and fulfilling every thought with form and shaping it to fit in poems as they are written in periods of intuition and contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Pursuing This Mind

Sailing across oceans of interior dimensions, a solace like
none other, solicitously moving through many hours of the
day and night.

Watching and seeing sights of an intense passion continually
passes through, enlightening intellect from within this soul,
a lively and wonderful feelings pursuing my mind.

Writing through moments of a creative process, always at work
within, producing poems with messages that somehow always get
to those who need to read them.

That's the power of God at work within, this mere poet being
an instrument for Him to help those whom He chooses to come
to through a poem I've written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Reaching Within

Pedaling through the rain as it falls within my brain, giving a hue of bluened light, surrounding, picking me up, giving senses of calm, reassuring me of who I am within.
Feelings reaching up within me, wanting to be held, cleansed, loved unconditionally for what they are.
Human nature bound by emotions, taking us through every adventure of life that we surmount in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Soaking Into My Heart

Going into edges of destiny, looking to find energy of past memories, hoping to revive their images along the way, feeling the feelings soaking into my heart.

Time is taking away all the good I would love to keep going steadily, never-ending life and beauty quenching my appetite for the past.

Wanting to capture the essence of passion that was livid, lively and tantalizing, having lost it all yesterday, with sorrow drenching my heart and mind.

Stepping now into the future to create it once again, preparing tomorrow's visions for it's strength of purpose in this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feelings Standing Alone

Racking brains with logic and reason, hitting a cue
ball with extrasensory feelings coming through veils
of another universe.

Sometimes taking it's place in depths of eternity,
closing doors and windows to the world.

Not letting anything stand in the way of my love and
friendship as I slowly fall into the pitfalls of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feels Like A Miracle In The Making

Hands reaching out to you, wanting to draw you nearer,
loving to feel you close to me, feels like a miracle
in the making.

So tender and magnificent to feel you here with me
through the night, love is filled with impressions of
your passion and desires.

Touching my own, blending like innate chemistry with
one another, a totally intimate and endearing feeling
filled with emotion, taking us into heights of our
love-making.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feet In Synch

Lively steps brought about by music
and it's steady beat, taking us by
the mind and heart out onto the
dance floor.
Swaying, sliding, rhythm keeping our
feet in synch with every note.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Female Voice

Majestic and energetic, listening to music, a female voice singing into the atmosphere, clear and vibrant.

So reverberating, touching my soul and mind with an energy being manifested from within herself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ferns Settling In My Mind

Ferns spreading themselves through my mind, touching
particles that feel them intensely.
Dusting off their slender fingers, they continue to
settle, easing stress as I watch them standing still
artificially in a ceramic pot - a decoration for a
waiting room of cardiologists.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ferreting Hidden Meanings

Trekking down mountains, slipping sideways on loosened
stones and earth.

Carefully choosing steps, following my own inclinations
of superior talent as I descend the volume of rhythm
that has transpired through intellect.

Separating and placing all attributes together in many
tomes, saving them for future intelligent people to
diagnose and ferret out silent, hidden meanings.

Transposing through the years with wisdom's knowledge
leading the way to brilliant discernment, accompanying
thoughtful prose down through future years tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fertile Fields Of India

Fertile fields growing crops, rice paddy's, everywhere,
dirt piled around them to hold the irrigation in, en-
abling crops to grow abundantly.

Looking like many puzzle pieces stretched across India,
later when ready, each crop being cut and brought into
market places all over India.

A beautiful way to put together a picturesque puzzle in
the end, showing the way life is fulfilled and kept alive
through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fertile Imagination

Steady, quiet, peculiar, hoping to see unexpected ideas and images peeking out at me with anticipation.
Sure and pacing, stepping only to interior rhythms and beats.
Sliding along winding paths, walking towards another dimension in catacombs of my mind.
Single-file, joining another person on the walk of a lifetime down into deepest pastures of fertile imagination.
Swerving along, putting together puzzles of ancient melodies as they expose themselves in opaque designs on window panes of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fertile Mind

Feelings hiding in the nighttime atmosphere as I walk
beneath the moonlight, shining beautifully upon the
surface of the ocean.

Reflecting it's dimly lit rays emanating from the sky,
letting me see where I'm going, capturing the essence
of my heart within it's memory's grasp.

Holding it closely and remembering times when younger,
having done the same things, a fertile mind, intellect
and imagination nurturing and nourishing ideas.

Delving deeply into subconsciousness, finding the essence
of my passion and energy filtering always into intellect,
especially when sleeping and dreaming.

Thought processes following an unconscious streams of
thought that flows into intellect and is being thought
on photographic screens and remembered when awakening.

All concepts, ideas, abstracts, being completed while
still sleeping and enjoying a peace-filled energy during
REM sleep.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fertile Minds

Filtering down within many pages of history, life on earth still remains a permanent mystery.
Listening to ageless echoes of yesterday, resounding through the years, written on many pages.
Bringing wonder to those who seek to satisfy their curiosity, and bewilderment to those who won't.
Endless searching fulfills many desires of certain people.
Those who are mediocre in their lives seek little beyond what they have and know.
The poor are discontented even if they are smart, because they haven't the wherewithal to go out and learn on their own.
Poverty takes up so much of their leisure time, as it also robs them of an interior life with God.
Constantly beset with daily living - hand to mouth - they have no use of knowledge because it cannot feed them back their youth or fill their stomachs.
Forever searching to be heard, knowledge travels on and on until it finds a fertile mind and grows into maturity with time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fervent Treasure Of Faith

A friend now singing here at the Wagon Yard, having lost
his wife just four months ago, taking his sorrow and sing-
ing it into the songs his wife always loved in life.

Music touching and holding his heart so closely, giving the
promise of hope, maybe tomorrow, a fervent treasure of faith
holding him together in life.

Most would give up and throw away all of it, not him, an
inner strength has captured his spirit and allows him to
remember with love.

Giving in to tears at times, especially when alone in the
darkness of each night, yet standing strong in the midst
of his loss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Festive Moods

Intelligent conversations being carried on in realms of bikers on their harleys,
enjoying the festive moods of bike week.
Enlisting the carriers of all those who ride highways in pairs.
Offering themselves to the scenery and watching allotments of
other's, carrying on traditions of a lifetime.
Riding the blackened tar of rhythm down highways of life, holding
onto layers of yesterday's thoughts.
Becoming the interior patches of yesterday's travels.
Continuing in all areas of intellect to borrow wisdom's dimensions
and walking through them with nothing to worry about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Festivities

Swinging and swaying in the middle of the afternoon,
touching upon the divine with spirituality rising
ever higher.

Totally and energetically taking part in festivities
at the dance, jumping, stepping, joining rhythms
being pounded out by incessant drumming.

Guitar, strumming heartily and keyboard backing it all
up, saxophone being heard above it while everyone has
a ball!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Festivities Of Architecture

Talently anticipating words as they dance around imagination,
searching for patterns that will make sense in prose.

Filling empty spaces in mosaics with prosaic lines of being,
taking in strides of music as it enlightens subconsciously.

Darkened corners are awakened, joining in the festivities of
architectural language.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Feverish Deliverance

Pointed aspirations circling inner spaces of intelligence,
gently pushing away the variance of fear held within.

Totally lacking in aspects of feverish deliverance, casting
out in all directions for signs of assurance.

Nothing ever comes to lighten the path of lonely darkness
as it begins and ends in me.

Without the gratuity of life, all is void, there is nothing
to hope in.

Whenever the lonely kicks up, frustration sets in, helping
to let go of everything.

Finding that all is empty, life has been poured out, washing
over the ends of earth, rippling into the ocean of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fiber Of The Soul

Inside is a numbness, vast, expanding through body and mind.
There are no special reasons to be found.
On an outer dimension a sphere of blankness envelopes the entirety of my being.
Feeling absolutely nothing, gaining no insight, troubled a little, wondering what is going on.
Triumphing bequested by another is not beginning.
Solitary abidement adjusts itself to fit an irregular mold.
Thoughts are floating in space, away from me, unable to be touched.
Somehow the entire universe has turned it's back and left me on forsaken shores, alone and lost.
Feelings cannot be conjured within, special talents can reproduce the inner life I once knew.
Walking around inside the emptiness fills and goes beyond me.
Finding dedication and responsibility are dying on the sand, a desert has been placed inside my being.
Nomadic traits, touching no one, holding nothing of value, brought forward to face the truth of unbelievable sadness.
Tearing apart the fiber of a soul, wanting peace to reconcile with it's being.
Lightly blowing, reaching beyond the life I'm leading, sandstorms blindingly force me to sides of streets and byways.
There are no votes of confidence, betrayal of the very essence of me has been begun and finished, showing the sorrow I have become, the tears I'm made of.
Opened up, I am at once completely washed away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fidelity Of Recompense

Secret spaces of loneliness hiding within our shadows
of memory, forsaking our sanity for their places in
our lives.
Stretching our feelings elastically, tearing us into
particles of crystals, falling tearfully from heights
of recognition.
Silence tuning us in towards a fidelity of recompense.
Trading for flights of fantasy, acres of images,
centered in tradition and serenity of family.
Locating aspects and interests succumbing to calm and
fiery depths, relating our stories exhaustingly over
many years of practice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Field Of Irritation

Saturated beyond life, finding self in a field of irritation, left by a friend. Accusing and blaming forever, just being so abusively determined to show me she's always right in everything she happens to do or say.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Field Of Tomorrow's Choices

Crosswise vertically, in an upside stance of perplexing
continuity, waltzing through subconsciously on a field
grown with tomorrow's choices.
Ripened with age, chosen for their beauty and hearty
distaste of fake omens brought to life by sinister
beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fields

Fields of brown grass unbroken by the beginning of spring,
unmown, untrampled, soft to touch of the eyes.

Barren. desolate, perhaps, but the beauty of it's slender
tallness swaying in the wind is far more glorious than Mr.
Universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fields Of Enlightenment

Romping through poetical fields of enlightenment,
dancing to rhythms of life in this mind's poetry.

Running wild, being an unruly child, having fun
and enjoying myself.

Leaving behind the turmoil of life and stepping
forward into melodies of an interior intellect.

Brilliant and illuminating, savoring tastes of
wisdom blossoming and rising through passion.

A total essence touching and reliving images from
yesterday, taking them into new pictures of thought
that I'm now thinking of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fields Of Faith

Steadily drumming beats taking me into the darkened night sky,
waiting for stars and moon to take their places side by side,
their purposes set within their essence, pure and undefiled.

Leading quietly across the sky, giving everyone who's looking
up an opportunity to step into fields of faith filled with blue
roses.

Their aromas filling our minds with a spirit of heaven's angels
taking care, protecting us forever in this earthly temporary
life, making sure we will eventually get to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fields Of Glass

Fields of glass,
sparkling in mirrored eyes.

Watching the sun shimmer and
shine on a ground of glass.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fields Of Grief

Living with sadness and sorrow throughout life, running
through fields of grief as fast as possible.

Learning and progressing every time, having to return
to them again and again.

Subjected to impossibilities of life, expected to find
solutions to help ourselves.

Never given any type of direction or help in which to
do so, completely derelict in ways of life.

Wanting to become the object of what we interiorly
desire, yet finding we don't have the wherewithal to
do so.

Taking selves down unlit pathways, watching shadows of
the past always sneaking into the present, putting
barriers at times to our happiness.

Characterizations of images that vaguely allow their
sensitivity to touch our hearts and minds, rambling
about without letting us concentrate on what they are
trying to teach us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fields Of Loss

Sorrow filtering into an evening, not holding back anything
as darkness covers earth.

Eyes looking, tears falling as hearts are breaking in fields
of loss.

Wanting and needing a guiding light, someone with compassion
and caring towards others.

Stars twinkling above, sharing the sadness with everyone in
the world as they shine upon earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fields Of Snow

Melodies happily playing in my mind, taking me through
fields of snow, white and glimmering.

Shadows touching it gently, not wanting to disturb any
of the snowflakes.

Delicate beauty filling this mind with their perfect
designs.

Shining in the moonlight, fascinating intellect with
their pristine beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fields Of Sorrow

Tired of this lonely shell, being alone for time
immemorial, staking no claims in future plans of
destiny.

Weary of wending my way through darkened hallways
in buildings of remorse and feckless immortality.

Watching with less than perfect vision, ulterior
motives of a mind, lost in memories of lasting
grief.

Revolving a lifetime around a centeredness hidden
inside a ghost of a person, trying desperately to
hold onto a life that brings no peace or easing
of eternal stress.

Always exercising in fields of sorrow, trying to
fit it's expectations, yet failing miserable on a
momentary basis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fields Of Spheres

Looking into holes of spheres as they twist and turn in fields set within imagination, giving a total outlook on life itself.

Energizing and eclipsing every mood and emotion, blending everything into depths of intellect.

Walls spreading further out, not wanting to press me unduely into their presence.

Coming into clouds of an interior skyway, taking many opportunities to live in the midst of their images.

Calming, chasing away mirrors of the past, only wanting to be present in picturesque landscapes of my mind for now.

Traveling across the face of life's odds, taking time to forge my essence in spite of difficulties that are unforeseen.

Living and cultivating beauty of an inner world through poetry and musical compositions, coming alive in this poet's mind just by listening to music from around the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fields Of Vision

Silently finding thoughts accumulating in an interior
waterfall, waiting to flow into intellect where they
will then be scattered throughout my mind.

Totally and interiorly, blocking out everyone and every-
thing, nothing escaping my sight even so, details flow-
ing thoroughly into fields of vision inwardly.

Outwardly picturing themselves on inner photographic
screens of intellect's memories, experiences and life
already lived.

Claiming the beauty of nature and contemplation, seeing
notes, hearing sounds and tones, translating them all
into words of poetical music to be read throughout the
world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fields Of Vision, Awaiting

Quietly walking into fields of visions, awaiting thought-
ful poetical interludes, facing every difficulty head on,
nothing ever standing in the way.

Deftly taking the world on my own, listening to drums
beating in the near distance, accepting all reality in
spheres of intellect that stay close to me interiorly,
never abandoning me like people do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fields Of Wildflowers

My lonely heart cries for you in the darkness of the night, listening for echoes of your voice in dreams, but it never comes.

Silently, no sound emanates from your loss and I continue to cry, holding my pillow tightly, wishing it were you in dreams, running through fields of wildflowers.

Looking for you, but you're as illusive as the butterfly flitting in a morning breeze, I cannot catch even a glimpse of you anywhere.

My heart reverberates with your love, but gets no answering reply, and I fall to my knees in the grass, sobbing for you, my love, the only one I've ever loved in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fiery Intensity

Looking into a fiery blaze, watching embers rising into
the atmosphere, gentle breezes blowing them all about,
seeing them as their sparks fizzle out in moments of time.

Touching this mind with their fiery intensity, yet quiet-
ly silent, definitions of life lying about no longer seen
in the light of day, being remembered in memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fiesta Bowl Parade

Excitement of an upcoming parade walks by with smiling faces, greeting everyone.

Children laughing, babies crying, not understanding exactly what is happening.

Grown-ups joyously reliving their pasts, talking and greeting everyone with happiness shining from their inner child.

Life becomes a fantasy of floats and clowns, music stings the air when the band is right in front of you.

Parades have been marching for centuries and today's Fiesta Bowl Parade is no exception.

For a few happy moments, life will stand still as we become one, watching the magnificent creations walk by us.

(10: 42 a.m. - 12/31/94)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fiesta De Tumacacori

Our destination, Fiesta De Tumacacori, a small
field with a few booths selling food, wares and
souvenirs.
Being sparsely attended because of an overcast,
cloudy, windy cool day.
Some people slowly walking, looking over whatever
catches their eye.
Bundled in coats, scarves, hats, trying to keep
warm while waiting for the entertainment to start.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fig Tree

Looking out a kitchen window, watching a silent wind moving
branches and leaves upon a fig tree like magic being unseen.

Noticing that branches are curved, folded inward as if pro-
tecting it's trunk from something unknown.

Being very careful to keep watch all the time, an amazing
process coming naturally through the hands of Mother Nature.

Enjoying seeing these beautiful moments in a solitary space
of time, so happy that I've witnessed them!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fight To Be Itself

Reasoning falling down, looking around, knowing
what's happening as it logically thinks out loud.
Calmly getting up and not letting anything get in
the way as it stands and fights for the freedom
to be itself.
Researching every aspect of thought, taking entire
facets and placing them into a placid area of
intellect for safe keeping.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fighting

Living in a medical world,
trying to fight my way out
of it's depths and not
knowing how anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fighting Apathy

Sending messages through sound, readily interpreting them
exactly as they are played in melodies.

Fighting an apathy of decades, tuning in tones with
regularity and preciseness.

Sounding along pathways, awaiting exact measures to be
counted and put on display in a mind of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fighting Evil

Listening and hearing all the bad news, killing, torturing,
raping women and children, all of it totally abhorrent and
so unnecessary.

Wishing it can all be banished forever, our police and
sheriff's doing the best they can, now being targeted, shot
and maimed because people want to get away with everything.

Stealing, raping, hurting them and others for no reasons
other than letting evil take over them from the inside out,
leaving pain and suffering in their wake.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fighting For One Cause

Turning inward, searching for the voice held tightly
within far too long, proposing to become the quiet
tiger coming out of hiding behind writing

Talking, networking, bringing forth tiger cubs, growing
silently through the years, awaiting their time on side
lines of life and political upheaval.

Now emerging, nurtured, strong, fighting together for
one cause, interfacing many solutions.

Seeking answers, asking no more questions after today,
expecting only the laying aside of myriad excuses,
and the power of finally doing something constructive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fighting For Self

Feeling wrapped tightly woven into a cocoon not of my liking,
trying to break free of it's hold on me.

Disliking to be under someone else's authority, never wanting
to be told what to do.

Fighting anyone who tries to take me into their cage of control,
always wanting to tame the wild side of me interiorly.

It's just not fair, why do men always think that they must own
you as if you are their possession in life?

Wanting to burst their bubbles, walking my own path, regardless
of what they may think, stepping out of time in measures of my
own self-esteem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fighting Rampant Corruption

Standing alone against evil, wanting to annihilate and take
it down once and for all, leaving ordinary daily tasks aside
just to report facts, telling the truth throughout the world.

Not being satisfied until everything is stated each and
every day, never stopping, wanting others throughout the
world to come join me.

Going against corrupt governments for they have done
nothing to help any country, leaving the mainstream,
gathering together and fighting rampant corruption.

Evil taking place for decades now, everyone needs to
take their place, stand up for morals and ethics, pros-
ecuting those who are trying to take away our freedom.

Stepping aside, only to unite, gather strength and fight
for ourselves against all the evil being perpetrated
against us here in America and the world over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fighting With Life

Tiptoeing through music touching my mind with the parity of heavenly rhythms.

Helping me to soar into outer atmospheres where I can be free to think and write at liberty of what comes into an interior light that I possess.

Just to illuminate the reasons and logic of living an existence that doesn't seem to want me here.

Staying, fighting, with my life through it all, no matter what, I'm still standing, staring death in the eyes, as it tries incessantly to embrace and possess me.

Prayers always keeping me safely in the land of living with God's grace and mercy.

Forever holding and loving me through it all, feeling His presence and giving in to it's feelings of love and security.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Figment Of A Dream

Silently, quietly, almost asleep, then you come
to mind in all your regal glory, eyes shining
with love for me.

Reaching out to grasp you, but you're only a
figment of a dream I was just beginning to see,
tears now flowing from my eyes and heart.

So lonely and forsaken, wanting your heart beating
beside mine as I hold you tightly in my arms, not
wanting to be alone tonight, then your face silently
disappears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Figurative Memories

Waltzing throughout my mind,
capturing my essence in figurative
memories along the way.
Solitary feelings pulling me into
the catacombs of yesterday,
wanting me to remember how things
were back then.
Bountifully raking in the spirits,
fulfilling the emptiness with an
amazing amount of fruitful literal
definitions in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Figurative Riddles

Maneuvering through left over debris, concentrating
on hierarchy's of self-esteem, regaling life with
untoward strife

Figuratively situating riddles of unanswered
questions against those that have grown theories
over time.

Unassisted programs of living, digest themselves
with withering possibilities, waylaid because of
icy deportment on cold and windy days of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filaments Of Harmony

Scented lilies flavoring the atmosphere, emitting
many favorite memories in the past.
Encouraging the stars of evening to come out
shining and dancing to every beat in melodies of
fast joy.
Beginning and growing into large filaments of
harmony, coloring everything during measures of
music, and calmly penetrating the beauty of every
day landscapes.
Gathering timeless stardust in eyes of twilight
blue, never regretting anything that comes into
the light.
Preferring to be within the mysteries of life
itself, just to be drawn into it's mixture of
sounds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filing Reactions

Copying vehemently, formulas - exasperating purposes
arrived at, in several dimensions of afterlife.
Signals and omens, directing inner desires, filing
away all reactions that enter eternal domains.
Seething within, capturing vital senses with
effervescent lighting, pushing every moment into
an existence of forbearance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fill In Blanks

Dreaming about signatures of another reality somewhere in
the future, awaiting songs of another era to fill in all
the blanks of today's total openness.

Lying in truth and honesty, luring peaceful eras of
another dimension.

Following scores being made in another time when life was
not used to being the totality that it now is, finally
settling down into depths of another world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fill Yourself

Turnabout all feeling for a roller coaster ride, let
yourself fall from a parachute up high.

Fill yourself with laughter and blow it around, watch
it land on all who are near you.

Playful and contented, sitting back, contemplating self,
bringing yourself out and off the shelf, not letting
anyone treat you badly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filled With A Renewed Spirit

Once again traveling down roads of life, meeting people and talking, seeing many sacrifices and hardships that people continue to live through.

Renewed spirit being filled, traveling down roads of this temporary life, examining details, questioning everything and putting thoughts into writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filled With Anticipation

Hearing little bells on children's shoes as they run merrily around the Christmas tree.

Faces all aglow, filled with anticipation at the soon to arrive, present-opening day.

Then children will awaken too early on Christmas morning, just to open their presents and see what Santa has brought for them.

Parents half asleep, yet wanting to see the joy on their children's faces.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filled With Excitement

Throughout life I feel like an angel, precious to you
only, filled with excitement at your desire as you
touch me gently through the night.

Once you start, my body responds totally, desires
climbing because your love continues to touch and
entice me.

Loving you takes no effort at all, you are in my
heart and never away from my mind, always being held,
walking together.

Kissing and living our love totally and preciously
throughout our lives, giving it the beauty of heaven
right here on this earth.

All through the night we are one in love, as morning
breaks we are yet together, sharing ourselves with
complete abandon, completely and honestly, being
steeped in our love always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filled With Hidden Desires

Swaggering around the dance floor in time with measures of rhythm, having fun, partners in love enjoying themselves, holding onto one another.

Hearts swelling with pleasurable senses, getting filled with hidden desires that will lead to the fruition of passion later in each other's arms, silent and happy, in the throes of love tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filled With Innocence

Relating facts to intellect, letting it accept or reject them according to what it feels is right, tapping inner resources with a gentle whisper of rhythm.

Touching an inner universe filled with purpose and knowledge, wondering, pondering, knowing that life is being lived intuitively.

Nothing able to change it, tunnels being penetrated, a quiet stillness reaching within my being totally, accepting the inevitable, resigned to facts of life.

Stepping outside it's coffin and finding miracles in the light, a fascinating and splendid vision, unending in this mind.

Simplistic and filled with the innocence of a child that continues into senior years, unaffected by aging or anything else in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filled With Knowing

Innate and lasting throughout this life, always giving me
an inner joy at having this gift to share with the world
forever.

Literature being filled with the knowing and poetry of who
I am, just a mere poet, living a life of poverty, having
no money or fame.

Just a large and loving family and gifts that God has given
to me, using everything to bring peace to my heart and soul
on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filled With Memories

Retrieving sounds from within a photographic screen
filled with all the memories of a lifetime.

Videos showing every moment and playing every sound
that I've heard throughout my entire life.

A special gift given by God at the moment of conception, innate gifts always valued and appreciated.

Never living without them, using them incessantly in
life, praising God through everything I write into
poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filled With Musical Poetry

Syncopating rhythms giving an enlivening and vibrant
energy, listening as it beats into mind and intellect.

Feeling the intensity of it's tones as they wrap about
my mind with a loving embrace, touching me wonderfully
with enticing feelings.

Rising exorbitantly into another orbit that's filled
with musical poetry, living in it's vibrant environment
constantly and incessantly while writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filled With Past Images

Locating the beats that are surfacing from within
disco balls above the dance floor.

Accepting facts of life in the rhythms being played
and lyrics being sung.

Curtains non-existent, band standing right out upon
an open stage, playing modern rock and roll along
with country western music.

All of it totally pleasing to my ears and mind,
bringing intellect into the atmosphere, wide awake,
and thinking.

Bringing moments of thought from within pictures of
photographic screens filled with past images and
memories.

Always filling my mind with the beauty of life through-
out the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filled With Purpose

Not caring what's going on everywhere else, listening to
the music playing in my mind, letting it stir imagination
with many fantasies, thoughts and meanings.

Loving how it touches me so gently, filled with purpose,
taking me further into a bluened atmosphere interiorly,
enjoying this wonderful and enticing place within me.

An interior life, a paradise of serenity, always finding
my way here to placate intellect solely, as my spirit soars
into heavenly realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling A Divine Atmosphere

Sitting on the bank of the Delaware River where I used to write poetry as it flowed past me day and night.

Feeling a Divine atmosphere protecting me all the while, peace and serenity always within, allowing freedom of liberty, rejoicing through my writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling A State Of Mind

Rain falling into my mind, leaving me drenched even in the
sunshine, never being able to be dried out while sitting
here in the midst of a sorrowful gathering.

Saddened by an interior mood, showing itself to my mind,
insisting that there is only this propriety that is allowed
to be entranced in this existence.

Noting periods of essence, filling a state of mind, coming
open to figures of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling Absolute Silence

Walking away, trying to forget, get rid of the sadness
that has soaked my mind and heart.

Disturbing peace of mind, tearing me away from life with
an everlasting grief.

Pulling me apart inside, filling me with dread, nightmares,
and inconclusive thoughts linked to past memories, caught
between the pages of my mind.

Absolute silence filling me when someone comes near,
freezing inside, becoming fearful, don't want to be seen
by anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling Americans

Liberty and freedom filling every American with hope,
faith and belief in God.

Our country, a living breathing conglomeration of
compassion and love for one another.

Living in harmony, using our intellect and gifts to
help one another throughout life.

Qualities each individual has, all put together and
helping humanity in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling An Empty Space

Rhythmically focusing on music I'm hearing, as it feeds
words to portray many meanings coming into creative
imagination, leaving me in an empty space that I can fill with my own pictures of beauty.

Satisfied with the absolute serenity of this day's
beginnings, trying to not think of what things will
come into being next.

Taking myself into depths of intellect, trying to keep
collected and calm in this iotic space of life.

Finding the newest music as it is being composed so
easily.

Finding the right notes to keep me intensified and
adhering to insides of canyon walls filled with the
beauty of life, it's characterizations being
sent into poems throughout every rhythm as it's being
written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling Destiny

Filling every day with tempos running faster,
brightening our days with it's thundering
notes.

Blasting like fireworks into inner
atmospheres of beautiful poetical realms.

Being constantly plied with images and visions
of ethereal designs, filling destiny with an
energy attaching itself to fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling Emptiness

Filling the emptiness with writing poetry,
lying aside the tears as they form interiorly.
Collecting mischievous notions, smiling at
their innocence as they wait to be exposed
in turn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling Empty Spaces

Opening and closing doors and windows of my mind, letting
in a variety of thoughts.

Allowing them to gather together and make a concentrated
effort to collect the parameters of life to be absorbed
in the particles of intellect.

Sensing the shapes and forms that need to be shaped and
formed into the pieces needed to fill empty spaces left
over from yesterday's past good times, never more to be
repeated.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling Heart's Desires

Holding hands, loving and walking along forest paths
in an early morning sunrise.

Birds chirping, a woodpecker pecking somewhere deeper
in the forest.

Hearts brimming over, filled with the love of a life-
time, gathered in every moment throughout many years
together.

Silent partners, no need to talk, just walk and listen
to nature all around, whispering in it's native tongues,
of which it has many.

Brilliant and intriguing, filling two hearts with the
burning love of desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling Hearts Together

Being held closely in your heart, arms wrapped around me, protecting every sense that is building desires ever higher.

Binding ties, filling our hearts together throughout our lives, waiting for you to kiss me, hoping for the passion to take us both by surprise.

Nothing to be doubted, only regenerated as we unfold in the blossoming of our love, so strange at times that we are clad in the beauty of the Divine.

Coming together, being one in the fulfillment of each other tonight, happiness and bliss taking us into the arms of passion as we open ourselves to one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling Inner Spaces

Somnolent ideas being steadily awakened, fascinated by
an intrepid insistence of a total eclipse of the mind.

Walking slowly at first, faster and faster, getting
rhythms down, ready to be expanded into the universe
to be examined.

Explored and served to intellect as a precursor to a
lively and energetic melody, following into depths of
contemplation.

Inner spaces filled with imagination, pictures, sitting
by a waterfall, looking into a pool of water, crystal
clear, reflecting everything being depicted by intellect
as it is resting on the shore.

Collecting many mirrored thoughts, allowing their expres-
sions and explanations to be seen in a plethora of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling Interior Life

Living in a lightened atmosphere, wanting to find what-
ever is needed to become fulfilled in this earthly life.

There are too few things that fulfill this interior re-
quirement, because it's of the spiritual world only.

Doing what you can to help others, loving them as your-
self, which doesn't work for everyone.

Some people in this world don't even love themselves and
that's when we find evil stalking our world through greedy,
selfish and perverted individuals.

Using their lust, wants and desires to fulfill themselves
only, finding anything spiritual on earth takes prayer,
faith and belief in God only, to fulfill an interior life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling Life

Carving up the center of life, taking apart it's
particles, wanting to know where it began and may-
be where it will one day end.

In the energy of a spirit filled with purpose and
passion, divulged from intellect and innate intell-
igence.

Light and perfection shining, illuminating landscapes
of an entire inner being and universe, more vast than
even outer space.

Filled with an interior spirituality, filling life
with it's energetic peace and serenity, loving the
essence concentrated in the center of it's existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling Life With Desires

Situated in an atmosphere of interior creativeness,
enjoying using innate talent to see what is being
thought within.

Resonating into this mind, an energy providing an
unlimited supply, keeping focused and intent no
matter what the circumstances may be.

Feeling alive and vibrant, considering many facets,
never being disappointed at the myriad examples being
created and adapted in various ways through poetry.

Always composing and believing in truths filling life
with so many desires to choose from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling Life's Emptiness

Living in pieces of life's puzzle scattered across my mind, searching, looking for a final picture that will eventually bring it all together.

Giving sense to everything I must live through, a certainty of death is kept in mind, but still I live and enjoy what comes unbidden into it's path.

Loving, caring, being compassionate to others takes the place of being centered on myself, making their needs a priority over my own inconsistencies.

A total feeling of life's emptiness and loneliness can be filled in this way only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling Love

Filling love with empty cups, stirred beyond the grave
of eternal life, solitary beings live on earth.

There are no answers, there is no lasting love, for we
are all only temporary beings, attempting to do some
good while still living.

Sadness penetrates all we do, yet sometimes joyous
moments come to us unexpectedly.

True thoughts, honest love, totally forgiven, life
becomes what it is in each one's time.

Liking to become entire beings, we all live until our
demise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling Natural Desire

Cares and worries flee in the face of music, flowing
through my mind and heart, livening life with ecstasy
and joy.
Stores could never stock the emotional packages music
causes and brings about.
Natural desire fills to overflowing with the beauty
of musical scores, dancing together, closely filling
the emptiness being human brings about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling Pages

Stepping into the night, set in rhythms of the universe,
listening for rays of moonlight as they shine upon earth.

Touching beauty of a desert landscape as I write poetry,
filling pages with what intellect and imagination create.

Leaving the past folded in a drawing, moving forward into
a brand new day, nothing to fear at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling Self

Packing away all the misfortunes of yesterday,
mailing them to another universe somewhere in
outer space.

Freeing self from the incessant unhappy memories
tagging along through all these years.

Living a life only half-way, knowing there is
more to it than what is being experienced.

Moving freely into a vast wide open dimension,
filling self with a positive attitude that will
generate hope.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling Senses

Purples of happiness, filling my senses as I peer
out a window to watch the wind racing through the
atmosphere.
Catching hold of leaves hanging from trees, blowing
them recklessly without a care if they can hold on
or not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling Senses With Passion

Strengthening predictive features of a mind, stretching them
out of bounds, elastically unfolding their beauty as they
spread their warmth throughout an inner universe of this mind.

Objections do not exist, as a variety of subjects fall out
all at once.

Sensory perceptions on full alert, questioning motives of
their feelings as desires are suddenly poured out upon
tables of intellect.

Searching and discovering, opening up caverns of inner depths,
finding prospects blossoming into flowers of reason and logic.

Fantastic motions delving into many desirable positions,
finding their ways into this poem and many others without
any doubts.

Scattering ideas into corners of my mind, discovering
passions filling senses with vibrant, lively possibilities.

Nothing else mattering, writing faster and more rapidly,
going into inner depths of innocence allowing regaining of
purity in childhood and never losing it again.

Suddenly projecting and insinuating the past into a present
future where I will be living in peace and prosperity the
rest of my days without any recriminations from outside
sources.

Believing in God and fulfilling my purpose here before I die,
sensing that it will be sooner than I expect, yet looking
forward to it with great expectations and hopes for all the
goodness that this little heart of mine can hold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling Sight

Bursting into my mind, a huge expanse of color and texture, seeping into corners of my brain, expanding it's limits without contorting the images I'me seeing.

Filling my sight with it's fullness, focusing my eyes into it's depths, entering them with questions of intense curiosity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling Time

Time fills echoes with portents of
tomorrow.
Spinning on tiptoe through valleys
of deepening awe, astounding even
the most frail of human beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filling With Knowledge

Seeing pictures filled with images moving through intellect,
watching them as I learned what their purposes were and how
to relate and use them in everyday writing of ideas.

Inventions, concepts and abstract equations coming to mind,
filling me with knowledge, collating and putting it all to-
gether with innate wisdom.

Hoping it will be transformed into purposeful information
that will help in the future for a myriad amount of diseases
and solutions for problems throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filtered Darkness

Tiniest ray of light filtered through the darkness, shattering
the despair for a while.
Taken aback, surprised by it's appearance, silently thinking
about today and it's hectic schedule.

No rest for these weary bones, dragging along a body and mind
completely exhausted from work - feeling sick and achy.
Spreading the gentleness of the orange ray of light across
my brow - my sight - helps to ease the strain of this long and
tiring day, melting slowly into night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filtered Reality

Swinging in heaven, feeling it's freedom soothe my soul
in perfect harmony.
Listening to gently rolling rhythms stir within me,
forcefully pushing happiness throughout my being.
Acknowledging wisdom of compassion towards other's as it
filters down moments of reality, gathering into pools of
wanton desire, placing tears of joy upon minds of everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filtering Existence

Fascinating, magical, beautiful pictures appearing on screens,
awaiting thought's abstracted mind-bending ideas.
Filtering an existence created from musical abysses,
seeing the extensive process that allows me to keep on writing
constantly without stopping to think.
Relaying many messages to my brain, decoding them instantly and
placing them quickly into poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filtering Experiences

Soaring into spaces, filtering experiences of yesterday
and laying them bare.

Soundlessly, protruding thoughts are raking insides of
my mind with challenging patterns of innate talent.

Forever adjusting ideas to take along pathways of
insurgent voices.

Tapping out precise measurements of notes and beats,
hitting tempos beyond listless limbos and generating
elixirs of incessant joy in place.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filtering Fading Dreams

Joyful recrimination filters through my fading dreams,
constantly keeping me in tune with what I'm thinking
and doing in any moment of life.

Arranging and compiling each and every idea that creates
itself in my imagination, filling and elating me beyond
any measure in reality.

Tasks completing themselves in record time, accentuating
all notions in picturesque sequences, leaving nothing
undone.

Displaying each thought in illuminated bluened neon light,
reaching further into depths of subconsciousness for all
time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filtering Feelings

Feelings filtering through many hardships, sacrifices and suffering, never giving in to the temptation of despair or depression.

Living in moments of exaltation and joy, living every one of them intensely without a second thought, energetic and positive.

Attitudes exploding exponentially into the atmosphere of another dimension where creative processes combine with imagination and reality, bringing together ideas and concepts to be placed in everyday lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filtering Ideas

Needing rhythms to touch my mind incessantly, giving
inspiration to poetry which I am constantly writing.

Taking me into outer dimensions of my mind, filtering
ideas from them into intellect.

There they combine and create inventive and new ways
of interpreting things I've always been thinking about.

Always thinking outside the box, never at a loss to
find an unceasing flow of verse from an inner waterfall,
constant and poetical.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filtering Images

Punctuating life with exclamations, periods,
unstated sentences, riding through desert
plains, looking for a place to be and become.

Sunsets fall upon each particle, shining them
through to some other dimension felt through osmosis.
Filtering images into any aspect of atmospheric pressure,
giving each one a life of its own, to be inspected in
another era of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filtering Insight

Swaying with rhythms of outer limits in spaces
beyond what I can see, filtering insight into
areas of this brain where intelligence reigns.

Being tormented by the decisions at times to write
or socialize, in the end choosing only to write,
being true to self.

A very enriching choice for this soul's intellect,
as it joyfully abides in my decision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filtering Into Intellect

Reflections sparkling brightly all around, finding their way
into this mind where their designs and patterns grow amidst
ideas and concepts.

Filtering into intellect where rhythms are coded and definite-
ly keep bringing them into contact with words and definitions,
placing them all into sounds.

Sequences providing thought and nourishment to this mind as
they arrange themselves into poetical prose effortlessly and
positively.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filtering Reality

Tossing chance aside, filtering messages of reality as they try to wreck havoc in daily routines.
Sitting beside periods of enlightened enhancement, figuring and calculating measures of good intent.
Being at ease, alone in a desert storm, without an ounce of hopeless thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filtering Sadness

Retching from inside my mind, seeing nothing but sadness filtering
through the coming years.
Unaware of happiness waiting in lines to greet me, only finding doses of grief to knock me into another millennium.
Without ever regaining hope to pull me through this life of agony, knowing it was given to me for the better good.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Filtering Visions

Rose-colored visions filtering through reality,
giving me hope in times of sorrow and failure.
Respecting life and it's stature in mine,
giving it's due in everything daily.
Interpreting difficult solutions to whatever
happens to infiltrate my sphere in time, handling
it all with imaginative intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final And Last Vision

Looking closely into the future, seeing it carry on
without my presence.

Searching to find a place where I might be, finding
none, sitting here watching with saddened clarity
all those I love.

Knowing this vision will be the last one seen while
living here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Answers

Extraordinary access to intellect, watching, discovering, exploring an interior universe.

Finding impossibilities filling me with answers readily popping into mind, showing how to turn them into possible solutions.

Raking leaves of forests with thoughts of sublime interest, compiling poetry from their ideas as they crackle beneath my feet.

A serenity falling across my mind as I sit upon a fallen tree lying on the pathway before me, giving me time to ponder questions of life with it's final answers resting upon this mind in quiet contemplation tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Appointment

Walking into my mind, looking around,
finding a storehouse of treasured
images and memories aligned just so,
waiting to be discovered and used
exclusively in poetry.
Being sensitive to emotions and
feelings piled and scattered throughout
my soul's mind, awaiting a final
appointment with God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Beds

Saddened plight of living, falling over edges of past recognition, taking all images and burying them beneath waves of oceanless thoughts.

Penetrating minds as they float upon salted water, made that way by many tears of sadness, lived in grief and sorrow.

Where are the tomorrows going to come from?

Settling into a nondescript moment of wonder, unseeing minds look through eyes of wonder and awe at nothing in particular, because eyelids have been closed upon final deathbeds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Book Readings

Reading books that flash into my mind, expanding
knowledge all the time.

Countless words spoken, always remembered when
writing out lines of poetry, stepping in time with
memories.

Fascinating telemetry scanning through sunset years,
filtering and sorting everything into steel files
for storage until that fateful day when I will be
no more.

All files and poems locked up forever inside of me
as I travel to distant shores, never to be heard
from again, except when someone reads my poems in
books.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Committment

Striding down deserted walkways, mind in the clouds, intellect taking over, keeping me going in the right direction.

Longing for the relief of an unconditional love to become mine through life, finding it only after spending most of my life suffering the loss of happiness and joy for the most part.

Life tattered and in ruins, abuse and neglect having taking up most of the moments given already, now on the last horizon.

Looking, rising above it all to join new love in the exploration of divine intervention, feeling peace and serenity at last, a final commitment to begin again, only now to end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Compilation

Sections of life all come together in the end, a final
compilation of who we are is present at the final moment
of our life.

Death is upon us in the very next moment and everything
that we have ever done is gone in an instant, nothing
left of any particle of our beings.

Only memories of our having lived here are in the minds
of other human beings that have known and loved us in our
short, temporary lifetimes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Day

Strongly feeling a lasting sense of
demise hanging upon the hook of my
heart, awaiting it's final day of wear.

Longingly looking at the next horizon,
anticipating it's joy on the other side.

Gently praying, always, for serenity it
will bring interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Decree

Quietly within my soul I seek the solace only God can give.
Inner nature beginning, flourishing under His guidance.
Acknowledging the wisdom of His infinite love and mercy, I sit calmly in his reach.
Unafraid on the level of a child, expectantly awaiting a hug and a tour of His universal heaven.
Patiently taking in the serenity formed from being with Him tonight in peaceful wonder.
Appropriately fearful on the sinful level of adulthood.
Knowing that the final decree must come from Him, I kneel before the altar of creation, praying for mercy.
Realizing with a certain surety that He has already given it.
Head bowed, tears flowing, heart overjoyingly bound to eternity as an angel of His.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Desert Home

Rhythmic rhymes begin dancing to inner tunes of
words, so closely tied to feelings and moments
in past times.

Solidly watching videos ride by, as riding horse-
back through my mind, life moves closer to my
final desert home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Desires

Running toward final horizons without realizing it consciously.
Enjoying moments for what they bring into lifetimes of intrepid desire.

Following whims of fantasy through timely schedules, returning always to the foremost pleadings of sincere heartfelt melodies.

Inherent undertakings filter tacitly forever into memories
being savored for tomorrow when they arrive in solemn
procession, entering hearts and minds of our beings with faith.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Destination

Lightening my mood and attitude by listening to Queen,
riding into the future of poetry.

Writing and enjoying the purpose of life, forgetting
everything else in this day, just to be totally alone.

Here in the center of intellect contemplating truths
of a never-ending desert of beauty.

Tantalizing and cementing feelings that pop up and
give pleasure that I love.

Moments rising and falling, giving a complete and total
experience that takes me away.

Swerving and finding directions to go in through rhythms
coded with messages from intellect showing the way.

Listening and confining self in an interior solitude
where nothing can be given but focus and concentration.

Wholly and completely in total situations, cascading and
falling quickly into this mind.

An energy building and forging new ideas of livelihood,
riding, taking feelings and sensations into a final
destination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Distance

Confronting life on my own terms, not afraid nor backing down,
altering thoughts of wonder and beauty, becoming too involved
in many different moods of worthless cunning.

So Incidental, the mere mention of a whispered sorrow aimed
at heaven.

If things were meant to be any other way, that's how they
would be in the first place.

Not able to define boundaries if I haven't any to determine
or secure.

Fixating a solitary soundless echo in the farthest reaches
of my mind, calculating the distance that must be breached,
in order to finish the last particle of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Dreams

Sliding up the ramps of tomorrow's beginnings,
traipsing into landscapes of my dreams.
At last, finalizing life in conjectures of
silent beauty.
Going forward taking me with it into volumes
of interesting poetical visions, waiting for
my entrance into their depths at last.
Trusting the final dreams of my life, never
taking my eyes off of the final prize as I
pass unhesitantly to the other side.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Edges

Reflections of angles,
staring back at me in mirror-like images,
showing all the points surrounding a life of grief.
Poking, prodding my mind, causing it to think consciously about
what I'm doing here on edges of my final horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Editions

2: 17 p.m.
Feeling rhythms churning within, tossing and turning,
giving pleasant feelings to my brain.

Gesturing to notes, blending them with tones and
tempos, keeping time with rhyming in intellect's
depths.

Beginning and ending of new ideas and thoughts are
fluidly sounding into my photographic mind,
penetrating wisdom.

Opening it's doors into imagination, wanting to
discover the transparent ideas and blend them
chemically with inner beauty.

Adding colorful additions as they constantly fall
and situate themselves within the juxtaposition of
my soul to wisdom.

As I incessantly write all of it's final editions
into a poem, hoping it will do me justice one day
in the future when I am gone.

Pleasing to inner emotions, becoming an important
factor in the ending of it's essence, as I lay it
to rest in this poetical journey of my intellectual
mind, and fantasy of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Episode

Walking highways alone and bereft of company, knowing that no one can understand what is being gone through even though they may try.

Lying awake, thinking, watching life slowly fade away into distant renderings, soon to be left behind through no fault of anyone.

Attempting to adjust ahead of time, not knowing if it will be possible, life traveling beyond, nothing to be done, just accepting the inevitable, nothing more to do.

Resigning self to the final episode in life, hoping to have memories to keep us going until stepping onto that final horizon.

Highway traveling on without us, as we watch it go beyond sight and away from destiny in the end, awaiting the peace of tomorrow in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Essence

Searching high and low for the poem that will take me
finally into heaven where I will one day begin and
stay.

Urgency at bay while I await my chance to light inner
shores with my final essence, brightly illuminating
the world, sending all of my inherited talent into the
annals of eternity.

Timeless entities here on earth, continuing it's
future as all of it helps saddened people here on earth.

Breaking the monotony of living with incessant poetry,
spreading itself across landscapes of earth.

Letting everyone possess the depth of loneliness,
emptiness and abandonment I alone possess in my poetry.

Sharing it expressly with those who need to hear it in
order to heal from their own hurts and sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Fragrance Of Life

A journey of life has almost been completed,
folding gently like a rose about to fall to the ground.

Fragrant scent even now fading from existent smells;
turning away from the rest of the flowers in the garden
to pursue the afterglow of death upon a far distant
horizon from the one we know.

Traveling alone, weary from many years on earth,
preferring quiet solitude, walking solitarily through
final preparations of death.

Reminiscing, visiting with close relatives who have
already gone on ahead in years gone by.

Touching the final fragrance of life, passing by on it's
way to dying, we forget our lives on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Friendship

Feeling hurt and bruised from a friendship
that I totally enjoyed once upon a time and
now am being buried alive by it's injustice
and betrayal.
Noticing it at every turn, not understanding
why it happened, going from total joy to utter
disappointment in the person I thought would
be a lasting friend in final days of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Frontier

Yielding to beliefs held tightly since birth, exiting quietly, unbeknownst to anyone.

A forgiving attitude held in prayerful hands, a token of referral caused by pain and sadness of future pasts.

Titillating soft portions of grey matter, stretching to outer limits, the essence of imagination and creativeness.

So lightly betrayed by antagonistic foes, conveying the last lies of a final frontier.

Carrying flags of innocence, red, blood red, onto once known fields of battle, now closed to life.

Fonts of latent experience coerce inner triumphs of silent beings into non-existence.

Portraying a weakness of self above all strength incorporated into the once increased iotic brain.

Cinema-like, watching from a front row seat, images of movie madness pasts.

Sincerely thought out, placed on royal trays of absurdity and served years out of date.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Hallway

Languishing in a bed of turmoil, thinking of possibilities to escape and have a life of natural beliefs.
So encased in the final preparations, leaving very little room for motion or movement into eclipses of recovery, before passing into a final hallway on the way to a life beyond what I have always known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Harbor

Ships pulling out of the harbor of my soul, taking journeys through life.
Experimenting with it's many facets, hoping they will coincide with good experiences, fulfilling my presence with aplomb.
Carrying me onto a ship being held expressly for my self.
Looking forward to exiting the final harbor of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Images

Waltzing through puzzles of life, finding and putting their
pieces into recognizable pictures, aligning them in order
of how they need to be displayed upon photographic screens.

Intellect loving how they fit so perfectly together, making
sense to this poetical mind, placing their final images in-
delibly upon my mind.

Tracing them along avenues of reason and logic, watching as
they blend into coded rhythms poetically through music, in
the end attaining the perfection of imagery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Indecency

Always blaming others for choices being made in life,
never taking responsibility for any of them.

Abusing wives, yelling, screaming, putting them down,
because of their own insecurities and doubts.

Accusing them of going out on them, yet they're the
ones doing it and not telling the truth.

Blinded by their own ineptedness, no common sense,
doing whatever it is they want.

Disrespecting, treating their wives like scum and they
are gods.

Alcoholics getting drunk for years, raping and abusing
them, taking out their anger on someone they love.

Thinking in their own minds they are showing what a
man they are.

When looking through tear-filled eyes and broken hearts,
wondering what they've done to deserve this horror-filled
hell.

Women knowing they've done nothing wrong to cause anger
towards them in this way.

Billions of brain cells killed by drinking liquor, when
older, having nothing left of their original humanity.

Being now, only demons of anger and hatred, turning it
all against the person they claimed to love.

Now knowing they could never have love from such a putrid
excuse of a man, women give up, never knowing love.

Feeling it's too late for them to be loved, this is the
final indecency perpetrated on a woman who has been abused.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Life Experience

Packing away memories, getting ready for the journey of a life-time.
A step into the future where I will live again and begin fresh without pain or suffering.
Walking alone, enjoying everything as I walk into my destiny.
Living anew, each feeling filling me with a new wonder for nature and life, knowing soon I'll be leaving it all behind me.
Taking the time to imprint every facet in my mind, to take on my final journey.
Writing about it all, fitting into each detail the beauty I've had in last days of my life.
Intense focus is amazing, allowing me to see the world through God's eyes.
Clear, acute, sharp, keen - all these things bringing life closer than ever before, until I die, my experiences of life left behind in these few words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Love Song

Silent crying, tears softly being expressed
in love's dying sorrow.

Even after falling away from life, I don't
see you anymore in blossoms of rose petals,
as you say good-bye in a final love song.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Meaning

Anger building up inside, putting pressure on my mind, going ahead, ignoring it's pain, looking out at life, it's glory hidden, seeking inside, answers to it's plight.

Reverberating down through memories filled with aching, trying to find a place in life that's not so vacant, holding down the anger until it dissipates and dies, finding other pathways to fill it's final days.

Wanting nothing left, emptiness steps aside and lets death fill it with stately, regal, domesticated, filthy pride.

There being not a thing in life worth fighting for, laying aside all feelings of worth and becoming dead within, having found some meaning, never knowing that it has.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Moment

Sitting high above the ground, looking up and around, seeing and sharing the beauty manifested in natural delight.

Tops of trees near or beneath me, giving different perspectives of their growth and life.

Each blade of grass melts into a huge lawn, like outdoor carpet, only growing, and I cannot see it's growth until it has been mowed.

Hearing sounds of rustling leaves like a stereo, playing easily around me, water falling and splashing continuously, silently portraying the fountain of my saddened heart.

Blue skies above, stretching out to all ends of the earth, nighttime shadows solemnly lying upon the ground in gentle prayer, heartened by grace found and shared through quiet nights.

Many hearts and loves, lost and found, entering the gates of heavenly bliss far from our earth of cares and woes.

Scanning life in distant stars, seeing lengthening shadows for myself, gazing inward, contemplating the losses of my youth.

Today is the first day of my impending old age and I am hesitant inside, wondering what the following, last horizon of life will be like.

Just like mazes in picture books, I must decide momentarily where I will lead my life and follow paths along the sides that I will and must create.

Holding the cross of life gently upward, feeling the lightening of earthly burdens through the beauty of divine grace.

My entire soul awaits the final moment in a glance as I

become the winged angel of my childhood dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Moment - A Hymn

Nighttime breaking into a morning sunshine, it's light
shining onto memories that have been cherished through
the years.

All of them reminders of the good and bad times, now
written and bound into many books of poetry that will
be read somewhere in time immemorial.

Last words will be caught by my pen and written into
an epitaph, reflecting the mirrors that once shone up-
on and through my life.

Single-minded and solitary, always listening to it's
rhythms as I write the words into a final moment - a
hymn, capturing the essence of my being on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Moment Of Breath

Silver linings, I've never seen throughout life,
only the ebony darkness of grief surrounds my
mind and heart.

Through the night, finding nothing to help or
hold onto, standing on the threshold of ever-
lasting death.

Head bowed down, hands clasped, heart lying in
the sand at my feet, never again putting it
back within me.

Having given up on love or mercy, watching death,
beckoning me to come to him, taking the first
step towards him now.

Deciding to let him take me into his deathly
slumber this very second, ready to feel the
nothingness of death in this final moment of
breath.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Moments

Our lives are coming to a close, final moments must be
preciously treasured and shared with each other.
Arguments must cease to exist, as well as yelling and
abusive language.
It does no good, it serves no purpose, it only hurts
and maims our love for one another.
Hurtful anger pushed aside so we may find the good in
each other before we die.
Our lives together have served their purpose and holding
hands we walk and talk to edges of sandy shores, awaiting
our time to be washed out with the tides of life.
Able now to count the seconds and minutes we have left in
the palms of our withered hands.
Haggard with age, tired of daily living, together we rest
in the arms of God until He takes us with Him.
Echoes of childish laughter following us through the years,
watching our children grow up and become parents like
we once did.
Pleasure taken in little restful increments, solemnly saved
for lonely days ahead, when nothing will be heard except the
ticking of our hearts beating to the rhythm of the clock in
the hall, counting down our time towards heaven.
Cuddled precariously in each other's arms, wondering which
one of us will leave the other first.
Enjoying with sadness the little time we have left together.
Recollecting our childhood's and many years together, we
soon will go our separate ways, leaving behind our children,
who will one day repeat our lonely mission on their way to
death and heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Note

Sending messages behind backs of wisdom, learned by a sense of knowing that only I seem to have right now.
Considering the far-reaching consequences awaiting me in future endeavors, allowing preparation of a soul to be made ready at a moment's notice, expecting expiration on a final note set in rhythms of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Outcomes

Living in a dream, wandering down aisles of life,
choosing patterns of simplicity for a future destiny.
Never knowing final outcomes of fate until we have
died.
Yet, the only ones to find out how life finished
it's race were those who were left behind to grieve
your passing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Page

Fretfully blasting through this day, not wanting to wait for it's ending.

Suggesting thoughts throughout a mind has no effect as it blankly unfolds in precious time.

Directing ill-kept ideas into lanes of unpressed recognition, suffering renditions of sorrowful thoughts.

Sending ill-defined anger, wrapped inside to the farthest reaches of an inner universe.

Staunchly supplicating reproachful fortunes, planted deeply, hidden from many.

So feckless and filled with the folly of an ageless dirge, signing the final page on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Path Of Life

Going inside, hiding out from someone who doesn't ever listen
to what I want in life.

Causing so much pain, like a rose caught in a perfect storm,
drowning from abusive language and looking for a way around
or out of it.

Searching constantly for answers to this particular
predicament.

Solutions are very few and none of which I want to take on
this final path of life.

Noticing nature on all sides, delving deeply into it's
depths just to get away from someone who claims to love me,
yet never bothers to show it.

Taking precautions to keep safe and go away from situations
of this grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Picture

Stepping up into an atmosphere of mystery and intrigue,
finding it perplexing, seeing many pieces of puzzles
scattered throughout the universe.

Having to go about picking up end pieces, trying to put
together a framework, placing the rest of the pieces
within.

Taking time, locating each in a far corner or distant
place, perhaps lying upon a memory or image from the past.

In the end, finding every piece, none of them missing, a
final picture of life created from mystery and intrigue,
fulfilling our existence on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Picture Of Life

Reflections of moonlight giving me pause,
hoping to ease myself onto shores,
leisurely finding the way into edges of
behavior, fitting for someone who loves
beyond the horizon.
Standing alone, watching as the sun sets
for the final picture of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Pictures In Poems

Swarming around intellect, like bees to honey, ideas
buzzing incessantly and continually during awakening
hours of life events.

Particular and enticing on an unending basis, balancing
beauty and reality into poetry, activating reason and
logic.

Manufacturing newly formed sequences of coded rhythms,
exercising their senses to heights of unbelievable
progressions in time.

Genuinely escalating into realms of original curiosity,
never easing, only climbing ever higher, needing to
know answers more than before.

Taking all concepts, rejuvenating them progressively
into technology and medical applications, finding new
cures for dangerous illnesses in our world yet today.

Perceptions coming together like puzzles, showing the
big and final pictures in poems of intellectual ingenuity
and innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Piece

Reflections of sorrow fall within teardrops, representing
our feelings of sadness through grief and loss - harried,
tense, bereft, looking for a way to cope.

These intense and outlandish feelings and emotions are
taking our lives into jungles of bereavement and emptiness,
searching for answers, finding none.

There's no puzzle piece to complete pictures of our lives
except the final one of our deaths, but most of us not want-
ing to see it.

Pretending that all is well, choosing not to look into depths
of our final endings, being too much for most people to com-
prehend.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Prayers

Tipping and tapping out rhythms with angel wings,
soaring over earth's existence with foresight and
ingenuity.
On plains of existential bias, life beats us down,
taking our ownership from our free will.
Drumming insistently upon our brains, regaining
or purposes from the beginning, scratching only
the surface as we fall to our knees in final prayers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Product

Angles and spheres curving themselves into my mind, being
arranged just so in lines of poetical music that I love
so much to compose.

Rectangularly circling intellect on tip-toe, intriguing
intensely as I watch notes and tones fall into rhythms
of a poetical essence.

Side-stepping barriers and limits in order to assimilate
the final product of an intellectual bliss, hoping to
share it with the world eventually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Promise

Distant shores coming into sight now that a final horizon
has been entered.

Walking singly alone this solo journey sometimes goes
through devastating circumstances, pushing forward anyway,
determined to come to an ending of trials in future circles
of belief.

Faith and hope having done their jobs, pulling us through
the turmoil, allowing a rainbow, shining, to be seen at
the end beautifully.

Hanging over a last horizon of life, seeing beginning steps
towards heavenly gates, not withstanding, never forgotten
through it all, God has brought you to His final promise of
heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Rays Of Day

Hopes of tomorrow set with the last ray's of today's sun.

Remembering nothing of sacrifice or giving, sitting on
the farthest reaches of hell, pretending all is good, not
helping to save oneself.

Turned away at last from selfhood, diminishing all of
life in one little whispered breath.

Staking life on one eternal death, causing suffering from
deep inside of others.

Fearing only the recognition of self throughout all of
eternity, secretly holding every doubt beneath a coverlet
of this soul in prayer, revealed - a wholeness of being.

Wrought only through a prayer of life given, there are
no substitutes for living good, living prayerfully forever,
all hopes of tomorrow have set with final rays of evening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Realization

Finally realizing edges of life are right in front of me,
awaiting my fall into canyon depths with a fevered brow
and new life beyond.
A sense of renewed awakening stirs within me, touching
silence of yesterday, praying for it's hope to continue to
grow in me as I age towards tomorrow's shores.
Longing hiding inside, feeling edges cutting me into shards
of thought to be written out and left behind when I am no
longer here to see life's unlimited circumstances.
Finding endless paths to creativity, whirling before every
step I take to a brighter future beyond what I have now
held gingerly in hands, wrinkling with age.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Shores Of Existence

Crossing deserts filled with anticipation,
looking forward to moments of being on
final shores of existence.
Taking on areas of aged thought, bringing
hidden rhymes into the light of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Solo Journey

Settling amidst the center of near-death, not
having to wonder any longer.

Knowing that it's embrace will enfold me at
the exact moment of it's desire.

Letting myself fall under it's spell, a final
solo journey at last ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Summation

Until life's ending there are no reasons to live, because years are filled with suffering and sacrifice, yet when the final horizon is upon us, suddenly seeing things we should have already accomplished.

Sitting back, finally realizing that nothing is important, nothing matters except that you have lived a full and good life, doing for others from your hearts, never counting the cost.

That is the truth, the final summation of each of our lives here on this temporary planet, earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Sunset

Stormy mind filled with clouds, ebony and gray,
taking it by force into abysmal depths, over-
coming fears attempting to intrude with their
doubts and unrealistic ideas.
Thoughts saddened by the coming rain of tears,
filling pools, ponds, lakes, oceans of sorrow
with their innate exchanges of past memories,
as they flow all of our lives on inner shores.
Distance never interfering with emotional output,
always fulfilling gaping holes with bittersweet
thoughts and images.
Grief silently flooding our beings with delicate
gentle sadness as we travel and tend to business
at hand.
Totally immersed in tangible moments from beginning
to end, living as if every nanosecond will be our
final sunset of artistic grace on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Test

Life stands silent as many ideas form in minds.

Always knowing just the right moment - when the chimes ring out in unison, sending messages loud and clear.

Roughly portraying all things in great detail, planning on no one ever seeing a final test of strength, it's being steals softly away.

No one ever finding or revealing it's entirety.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Final Wish

Ready to complete this earthly journey, writing my way
through it always, tired now of losing all those I have
loved in life by death.

NOt wanting to have to experience it anymore, for what
is the sense of going through it over and over, what
else can I learn from it?

Wanting instead, to find a cure for death, so no one
ever has to die again, what a wonderful world this would
be without grief, loss and death.

A final wish upon this last sunsetical horizon of life,
as the sun splashes the skies with brilliant and very
inspiring colors of a night coming upon me forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finale

Tonight's finale coming into the atmosphere, wishing us all a Merry Christmas and good tidings for a Happy New Year.

Love and peace filling everyone's hearts with God's goodness throughout this bright and wonderful New Year filled with hope and good cheer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finale Of Rhythm

Ivories telling stories of musical happiness,
relating memories of yesterday's images.
Touching visions of relative compassion through-
out lifetimes of realistic endeavors.
Bringing harmony, kicking sand upon shores of
fate as we progress towards a final day - our
finale of rhythm on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finality

Clapping to inner rhythms, giving an energy born from innate talent.
Causing major designs to be brought into perspective and held close to my heart as I continually move further away from life.
Stilling depths of sorrow, watching it turn into prayers of death, suicidal ideals continually being produced with a finality of rejoicing.
At last a taste of interior breath, helping me to expire and attend my demise in silent undertakings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finality Of Hope

Tempting fate with immortality and eternity, hoping to change
destiny with new and effervescent notions and ideas, pleasant
daydreams sufficiently filling imagination with a finality of
hope and faith, holding onto both throughout this earthly life.

Touching upon boundaries of reality, giving ever so little,
not really wanting to live in the present, preferring the beauty
and landscapes of another dimension where I can create my own
ideas of what this life should be like with it's wonder and awe
for everyone on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finality Of Life

Bent forward, rigid with age, swaying slightly with the finality of life.
Slowly forgotten, edges frayed around the middle, leaving little to grasp on to.
Solitary lining within a mind, filled with memories of the past stored in filing cabinets.
At the end now, opening up and going through all the years held inside, caring no longer to strive towards goals that are not valid.
Instead, reflecting within, contemplating the past, seeking to recapture some of youth in sweetened memories.
Although reminiscing is peaceful, life continues struggling from within, trying desperately to keep breathing yet a while.
Unlatched, let go of interiorly, life gently drifts in it's own time, seeking the surety - the safety - of death's lost horizon.
Resting finally in the palms of God in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finality's Diversity

Pictures expanding, forming ten-dimensional foundations
of heaven and it's fascinating discoveries of artistic
grace and balance.

A perfect mixture and blend that is held closely so as
not to let it silently depart unknowningly.

Finality showing it's great diversity of life's endeavors,
while planning on how to capture them all in the throes
of it's deathly grasp.

Knowing glances perpetrating the steady progress of it's
cold, lonely clasp, ripping apart hearts that were once
upon a time held together with heartfelt love.

An eternity holding the beauty of it's purpose until it
can be confiscated and brought to fruition once again
in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finalizing Endings

Tuning together, in synch with one another,
trembling voices, singing a duo of lifetime
strife and trials.

Stretching themselves along rhythm's clothes-
lines, finalizing the ending of a beautiful
song, sung with a taste of honey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finalizing Life

Catching my breath inside my mind, rejuvenating my spirit as I finalize my life through poetical writing.
Finding myself involved totally in visions of what I see, taking them to my mind's heart and recording them in musical compositions of melodies in poetical forms.
Following shapes, patterns, forms, all over the maps of imagination, pulling abstractions together and providing books of what life is holding for us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finalizing Life's Picture

Sleeping within my mind, loneliness and emptiness lying
silent, giving my heart a break for a while.

Enjoying the peace and quiet for the time being, living
within a bluened dimension of spirituality.

Taking time that's so precious and writing straight from
intellect without feeling or emotions interfering with my
thought processes.

Listening totally to intellect, responding incessantly
and intellectualizing the processes of every thought so
as not to feel anything.

Liking landscapes that arrive continually, making pieces
of life's puzzle come into sight, finalizing it's picture
and destiny so totally and completely.

Visualizing every part of life in images and visions of
the future, no longer having to wonder what's to come next,
knowing now what tomorrow will bring to bear in measures of
time forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finalizing Movement

Regarding the sorrow sitting in my heart and mind, watching it hide within itself with no infiltration from outside sources.
Finally placing everything into what needs to be expressed and related to all those around.
Allowing all to recite from interior voices, giving no quarters, just finalizing the movement with echoes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finalizing My Mind

Slowly dying inside, losing the breath of life
gradually each day.
Wondering which one will be my last as I express
my sadness over life thus far in senior years.
Wondering where I will be when death finally
overcomes me with his embrace.
Not really caring, it's just a thought as I
finalize my mind in poetry for the remainder of
this life so far.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finalizing Properties

Delving deeply again into my soul's heart and mind,
locating all the pleasures and desires of a
prayerful life.
Acknowledging deserts of beauty, interiorly
consecrating themselves to God, behaving righteously.
Forgiving only particles of being, lessened by humanly
nature - no need to specify those parts of grace.
Finalizing properties of inner life while traveling
alone through waters deeply troubled by outer
justifications of strife and toil.
Beginnings of peace progress and align themselves
with protective inner spirits watching, eyes always
on heaven, where on a final day, all serenity will be
comprised with God's and be fulfilled at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finalizing Self

Necessary scopes of life need to always be at the ready in case trials build and threaten my peace of mind.
Totally energizing my mind, creating a space of ingenuity and purpose, ending up in writing from my essence.
Dignity abounding, giving me a hold on life as I climb higher into creativity, existing totally on a plain of calm rhetoric, as I finalize myself within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finalizing Spiritual Domains

Peacefully enjoying all the sights I'm
seeing today, revolving in my mind.
Carefully touching each one with
intellect and composed interior peace.
Finalizing certain aspects of spiritual
domains in mystic proportions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finally Aging

Life is ebbing and flowing towards it's final
day here on earth.
Love has been flowing every day over family and
friends, bringing a joy felt totally with heart
and soul.
Growing up and closer has been a sight to see as
we also grow older.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finally Blending

Reality stands aside, as music fills it's void for
moments in time.

Saturating imagination with poetical fluid, pouring
ideas onto screens within.

Ebb tides reaching for shores of tantalizing sunsets,
bringing warmth and heavenly hues into view.

Driftwood, floating downstream, gathering momentum
as it finally blends with oceanic vistas in pure
forms of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finally In India And Talking

Discussing poignant stories with one another, like opening
a book of one another's lives, an honest and enlightening
focus and insight into another way of life.

Eye-opening, intelligent, speaking on a transcendental level
that few have found or known in life, being opened like a
rose in spring, awakened and immediately searching for each
other's souls.

A perfect and total intellect, meeting on a higher plain,
bringing joy and satisfaction to both of us in this early
morning hour, now having found the essence of one another
while talking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finally Realizing

Remembering people from the past,
noting their individual aspects on life.

Sometimes filled with religion, sometimes
ragged and forlorn, bent in a drunken
stupor and losing a life of respect and
dignity.

Bluened clouds fighting back tears.
Trying not to cry while watching an old man,
stumbling up the stairs, dropping his keys
to the ground.

Turning around, sitting on the step, head in
hands, crying like a baby, because of all
he's lost in his life.

Because of drinking without thinking beforehand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finally Resting

Bent forward, rigid with age, swaying slightly with
the finality of life.

Slowly forgotten, edges frayed around the middle,
leaving little to grasp on to.

Solitary lining within a mind, filled with memories
of the past, stored in filing cabinets.

At the end now, opening up and going through all the
years held inside, caring no longer to strive towards
goals that are no longer valid.

Instead, reflecting within, contemplating the past,
seeking to recapture some of youth in sweetened
memories.

Although reminiscing is peaceful, life continues
struggling from within, trying desperately to keep
breathing yet a while.

Unlatched, let go of interiorly, life gently drifts
in it's own time, seeking the surety, safety, of
death's lost horizon.

Resting finally in the palms of God in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finally, Just Love

Intense and beating incessantly, taking tones into
an essence of being where they will give an entity's
sense of pleasure.

Rising intently, bringing love held deeply inside
out for the one I love and want to be with for the
rest of my life.

Nothing coming between us as we write of our love,
taking it soaring with our beings into an intellect-
tual divinity.

Concepts and ideas enticing words of this mind into
poetry, striping me of feelings and emotions as they
fall into every poem.

Always giving away secrets until there are none left
to tell, and finally, just love will still be settled
here within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Find An Open Space

Riding down freeways of incessant behaviors, watching them
step up in front, knowing that each one will find it's place
in the interior destiny of my future.

Allowing the constant impressions hitting my mind to be
complacently entered into depths of intellect.

Wanting to be always taken into creative realms of
imagination with no qualms or fears to undertake a vow of
beauty in writing.

Even in a silent waiting of grief, writing it out as many
beautiful poems of artful destiny, so intense and intricate,
acknowledging every thought as it finds it's way without any injustice in doing so.

Qualifying myself in the annals of time, measuring out each
rhythm as it finds an open space within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding A Dream

Looking into darkness, finding a dream that lights up my
life from within, a candle flame that will never, ever
burn out here on earth.

Sacrificing turmoil and stress, smoke flowing into the
atmosphere, no longer able to touch me anymore, a feeling
of freedom filling my being completely as music continues
to fill my soul spiritually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding A New Adventure

Twilight dreams rarely if ever come true, yet at times
a rainbow will be elicited from one of them.

Excitement and joy abounding, finding a new adventure
in depths of our souls.

Finally taking part in a particle of life's beautiful
landscape, nothing at all to interfere with anything
that you endeavor to do while on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding A New Life

Tingling inside, finding a new sensation building ever higher
into the realms of peaceful indignation, coming to a close at
the ending of each period of substance within.

Living on the edges of tomorrow, swallowing pride and continuing
down pathways of eternity, never looking back only forward into
the peace and eternity of a new life beyond what I have known
so far here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding A New Normal

Silence filling hearts during the Christmas season,
when loved ones have passed away.
Empty stares, looking back at past times now gone,
barely alive during this normally cheerful time of
the year.
Cold chills covering those who are now alone and
wondering what to do with themselves.
Trying to find a new normal so they can again try
to fit in with everyone else.
Tears keeping them stepping back, not wanting to
dampen other's Christmas spirits.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding A New Pathway

Heaving heavy sighs of sorrow as it touches my being, emanating from a friend's inner insistence of an emptiness filling him with the loss of his wife's embrace.

Knowing that he's suffering greatly, holding his mind in mine for the time being.

Crippled for the moments that he can't hold or be with her, forlornly taking steps in aimless directions, no where to lay his head, where there is any joy to greet him.

Sunrises setting on his mind, not allowing the beauty of the morning to be seen as it appears on the horizon.

Nothing to look forward to in this present state of affairs, nothing can be done.

Until he finds his new pathway through life with what family and friends he has left to support him during this time of grief and loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding A Place

Relaxing as much as I can here in the hospital again,
writing constantly, taking my mind away from the pain.
Taking every moment to occupy myself with musical
rhythms, walking away from this world just to be free
to be myself in a little literate world.
Offering chances all the time to visions being created
within intellectual imagination, illuminated and
enlightened with fantastic precision and clarity.
Totally enjoying being alone in a little world, looking
around at the many ideas I can immerse myself in.
Various types of inventions and creations wanting to be
molded, shaped and brought into reality's domain where
I can finally touch and feel their every texture and
angle.
Always knowing in the end that they will find a place
in realms of not only literature, but also in science
and psychology.
Important factors always standing out to be grasped
and used with double visions of keen clarity and
exacting precision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding A Place In Our Minds

Reflecting mirrors of life being adjusted to suit our
purposes at times.

Never quite attuning ourselves perfectly, falling be-
low lines of thought an insistent and absolute silence.

Sounds become quiet, nothing being disturbed in our
surroundings.

Exquisite and effervescent, at the end finding a place
of honor for the time being, until another moment
claims that honor for itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding A Place In Poetry

Walking through tangled webs of life, attempting to move
through it all, letting creativity think of ways to collect
and design other discoveries through innate intellect.

Categorizing, planning and finding a place in poetry for
everything that I think on a daily basis, focusing on the
details of various and divergent ideals.

Bringing them together in abstract forms of particular
designs, regular and persistent thoughts take all of it
into another dimension.

One that comes after tomorrow's horizon, leaving outer
limits of this earthly life and pursuing the Divine, hope
leading me into it's catacombs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding A Place In Someone's Heart

Simply and easily sifting through thoughts as they
silently fall into intellect.

No guests or impartial people around, just self alone,
projecting life from an existence that is no longer
alive.

Expressing feelings and emotions one after another,
hoping they'll reach others who've felt the same
things that I have.

Finding a place in someone else's heart where they
will have meaning again in grief, maybe giving some
relief knowing they're not alone.

Loneliness creeps around my being, giving no reprieve,
no love, no caring, nothing but an empty heart and a
torn soul.

Through the nights, being kept company by tears of my
lost love and nothing else, nothing ever mattering in
life except you my love.

This heart lying shattered upon the floor of my soul,
unable to be brought back alive, for death has taken
it as it's own now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding A Way

Realistically finding ways to stay on top of things,
keeping focused and energetic throughout the day
and night.

Living in the midst of innate talent, keeping time
with the music as I find my way through the pain and
fever of surgery afterwards.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding A Way Through Thoughts

Taking many steps, preparing for the end of life and
the beginning of a brand new one, hoping to find the
way there quickly.

Knowing that beauty of heaven awaits, letting myself
go completely into it's realms without a single
thought of what will happen or be left behind.

As I leave edges of this earthly life, death knowing
nothing of what my life was like, yet taking it away
so the curtains of a spiritual life will be opened
to my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Added Meaning

Reading between the dotted lines, finding added meaning to
life's unchartered isles.

Meandering through images as they appear, waving happily at
being seen and recognized after years of being hidden in
mazes of wild animal jungle lairs.

Coercing pregnant ideas from behind lattice curtains of time.
Bringing about a change in attitude, an alteration of
atmospheric content, filling my mind within it's circumference.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Alluring Benefits

Silence penetrating intellect like a red rose growing
silently into the atmosphere.

Quiet concepts truly finding their way into patterns
of life, contributing to their designs in the future.

Finding alluring benefits of both, yet standing back
and allowing them room to grow into their own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Alluring Promises

Waylaid at times by stress and turmoil, bringing
pain and suffering into the light of day.

Holding onto faith and hope, falling interiorly,
always contemplating and praying for the beauty
of life and nature.

Continuing to inspire, enlighten and illuminate
the importance that is always found there when
writing poetry.

Delving into creative aspects on a moment to
moment basis, finding alluring promises of a life
well-spent forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding An Attitude

Difficulties abound, yet I turn to music for relief from the many forms of suffering being human brings in.
Taking thoughts out one at a time to look at in prose, helping me to find an attitude I can get through it all with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding An Equality Of Life

Taking steps through rhythms, finding an equality in life
through music filled with equations and their tones.

Lifting spirits that satisfy elements of danger and peril
that I thirst for in life.

Soaring above, finding my place in the skyway of life,
loving to fly planes, sky dive and glide.

It all satisfies the curiosity of my mind and heart,
nothing else in life is like it.

Keeping energy overflowing so I can continue to live a
life of possibility.

Having it overcome me, which it still hasn't done in
sixty-five years now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Avenues

Traveling slowly with clouds, tracing pathways through skyways of this mind.

Looking down and over earth, letting poetical words be created in the atmosphere, filled with the serenity of heaven's aroma in peaceful interludes.

Constant, soothing musical rhythms finding avenues of imagination everywhere they go in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Beauty

Reasoning and logic trying to make some sense out of
the life I'm trying to live alone inside.

Craving solemn promises of eternal beauty to be carried
throughout a fruitful life, enjoying them in my own way.

Taking the least traveled roads, rocking to the music
of my heart and steadily continuing to write within
imagination forever.

Taking no quarters from any direction, never cheating
any parts of conscience, knowing it would only harm the
person I have become and ruin this world of absolute
peace and interior justice.

Continuing to write and be nonplussed with whatever
should turn up in depths of my being, as it works
incessantly in the folds of my soul.

Awaiting the mysterious foundations and basics that
physics and mathematics bring contemplatively into my
mind, completely and energizing the very depths of
interior peace.

Giving the passion of life the essence it needs to keep
on writing in the style I'm used to.

Considering the patterns and designs of exquisite beauty
always being found by intellect and focused on photo-
graphic screens of delight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Beauty In Life

Living in a misty fog from beyond this life, feeling it
touching me interiorly.

Seeing through the darkness that covers the world with
evil.

Looking and wondering why it's happening like this,
taking care to find beauty in life.

It's simplicity and uncomplicated situations giving me
hope in tomorrow's destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Bits And Pieces

Illicit and warrantless positions of some people
on major issues only cloud the truth with illusions
that seem to be plausible, but in reality are not.

Finding the bits and pieces lying behind every issue,
looking at them from the inside out, investigating
them even further from questions of intellect.

An intense curiosity stemming from innate knowledge
and wisdom, insisting on getting to the core of the
issues at hand once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Chances

Thoughtful periods are upon me more than ever,
allowing me to write like I'm in heaven.

Peacefully solemn, taking each second as it
comes into existence, awaiting it's moment of
fame.

Choosing carefully, intimate thoughts arrive.
Finding their chances of being born again into a selection of memories is always a possibility in a mind's storehouse, collected there for future poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Chords Of Life

Sounds of drums are beating in my head, tickling
my innards and being immersed into intellectual
rhythms, sounding loudly in an inner atmosphere.

Valuing the purpose that it is holding in this mind,
giving life a meaning and definition in the realms
of a peaceful and enduring serenity.

Thinking in pictures, putting puzzle pieces together
automatically, enjoying the rapid beats taking me
constantly into the past and back again.

Gathering thoughts and focusing them maturely into
the future, not ever living outside the means of
rhythm, taking every avenue and swinging to beats
that are playing.

All the time going into depths of being and finding
the chords of life that are keeping me living in the
present, taking every avenue, swinging to the beats
that are playing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Common Ground

Feeling so good about being alive and touching lives
of other people with many different conversations,
helping and showing them where to get needed help.

Friendly people accepting one another graciously,
smiling, being pleasant and reaching out also, our
United States is a great place.

Meeting and greeting people from all over the world,
standing together, finding common ground no matter
what is between us.

Such a grand country, free to be whomever we are in
life, respecting with dignity and friendship those
who enter our lives in the same way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Concepts

Solitary measures of life lead me interiorly to a deep
and abiding contemplation, filled with a lively faith
and hopes of dreams becoming reality in a moment of
being.

Solemnly anticipating energy and beauty of this life,
bringing me above, soaring in prospects of love and
it's continuous feelings.

Always taking me into outer space, sending messages
to my mind, writing them out in hundreds of thousands
of poems.

Spreading life like peanut butter on bread, taking in
all aspects of being and finding beautiful concepts of
an entire world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Conclusions

Crashing and turning inward for answers that I am learning and listening for.

Empty equations rising and falling apart as I continue to reach for the truths of their purposes.

Never leaving anything to chance, preferring to know everything in full in the here and now, not the never here-after.

Conclusions are finding their ways into the myriad thoughts, coming into view within seconds of conception.

Leaving nothing to get between the knowing and finding out of new discoveries that are happening even now as I am writing.

Leveling the educational grounds of life to the value of being oneself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Consolation

Strolling along edges of life, enjoying looking over, finding consolation when doing so, no fears left as I continue to live through essential rhythms of being in moments of living.

An essence blossoming from within as my heart becomes elated in the absence of death for the time being, cogitating and taking only moments to come alive in music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Corners Of Life

Reckless and happy, loving to be on the edge of danger,
loving the excitement that thrills me with adrenaline
time after time.

Soul-searching in moments of near-death, giving me just
moments to think and see life pass me by, not caring in
the long run.

Carrying on like I always have, finding corners of life
where I can challenge and face death head on, daring him
to take me right that very moment.

Turning away, he walks into the darkness ahead, not
taking up any challenges, so I continue carrying on like
I always have.

Enjoying the thrill of excitement that adrenaline gives
my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Creative Solutions

Lazily walking down shady lanes of yesterday in the present
of my tomorrow.

Accepting things I cannot change here on earth, yet finding
creative solutions to all that I am able to.

Using graces amassed through the years, to find a way of
bringing about some joy and happiness to all those I love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Darkness

Talking in the background, wondering what is going
to happen in the coming moments when I walk into
the sunset.
Finding darkness, my old friend, silently going
into it's shadows alone.

(8: 42 a.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Depths

Entering new dimensions interiorly, finding exciting adventures of the mind within my element, enjoying discipline that it takes to write the way I do to music and rhythms.

Always finding depths previously untouchable, now having gained their knowledge and using it throughout poetry that I'm writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Details

Creating many situations of poetical beauty as I look
around, finding details in life not usually seen or
noticed by others.

Claiming sensations of humanity within the confines of
intellect and it's purpose, feelings and emotions are
constantly adding to visions coming through intellect.

Solitary and abandoned, seeing things intuitively and
feeling them intensely, taking them into consideration
so everything will be embellished coincidentally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Emptiness

Standing on edges of twilight, awaiting some type of knowledge
of interior absolution.

Finding an emptiness of being instead, being traced on edges
of memories, leading them into abysses of an entire existence
left on outer shores of another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Energy

Sitting, waiting as usual, never leaving self in a
compromising situation ever again.

Having the energy needed to find a way to get through
myriad problems in life.

Complicating at times, sitting back, and finding easy
solutions to take care of any and all of them that
turn up at any given time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Equations Through Puzzles Of Life

Scrabbling into the future, doing everything I want, living
free and wild, never able to be tamed, wanting to experience
all that I possible can.

Learning how to do the impossible that everyone tells me I
can never achieve, proving them wrong time and again through-
out this life.

Finding joy and peace in the things I love to do, never let-
ting another person deprive me of the wonder and curiosity
that I enjoy so intensely in this temporary life.

Seeing no reason to stop what I'm doing, puzzles of life
always can benefit all of mankind at one time or another in
the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Excitement And Danger

Sliding across landscapes of imagination, not having
to travel miles, just arriving instantaneously through
intellect.

A solo journey whenever wanting to go interiorly, find-
ing so many experiences appearing in life, reaching out
and embracing every one of them.

Hoping for a greater challenge than the last time, find-
ing excitement and danger touching the very within of
self, giving pleasure that I so definitely love in life.

Seeing so much more in life than what others can see,
because my mind is always opened and free, unlike other
people's limited psyches.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Expressions

Sashaying down patterns of yesterday, finding
expressions of explanations in pine-scented
memories.
Predicting beautiful moments as they happen
to appear at just the right time.
Always appropriate and lasting in a bluened
ocean along the coastline of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Expressions Of Life

12: 10 p.m.
Moments spent with friends, listening to melodies played deeply and intensely by musical hearts filled with an aptitude for it.

Touching tears within, turning them into sparking crystals, filling their sorrow instead, with a joy and happiness being expressed in another intense movement of total concentration.

Finding expressions of life in every measure being heard, capturing the essence of particles of innate freedom and talented gifts given at the moment of conception.
12: 11 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Expressions Of Self

Another Arizona heat-filled morning sitting
here inside the air conditioning at the
senior center.

Outside the sun is scorching the surface
of earth, inside not touching me at all.

Writing in a cool dry place, finding the
expressions of myself in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Faith To Hold On

Singing into the night, hoping every word will be heard
around the world.

Poetically taking the mysterious world of inner desires,
stopping at nothing, finding a road that will lead to
the other side of life.

Sophisticated and simple, being a model of goodness,
stepping on ends of life's edges, carefully, so as not
to fall into labyrinths of another time of darkness.

Fulfilling purposes and desires of this heart, vowing
to be alive beyond this bed of roses, taking every
challenge that is presented in time immemorial.

Fighting until the end, losing hope, yet finding the
faith to help me hold on without fears or doubts.

Becoming results of the winning side of life, tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Faith Within

Muddied waters standing before me, trying to taint my soul,
yet they never will, as I continue to look for the pristine
waters of a baptized reality.

Having nothing but a pure and innocent heart, finding faith
within it, hope lighting the way as I travel a solo path in-
to a future destiny.

Loving and caring throughout life, only wanting to feel and
know the presence of God within my life, being renewed and
refreshed every moment by it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Favor With The Future

Syncopating rhythms awakening inner spirits, soothing an interior life steady and vibrant, energizing my spirit, loving awesome tones of light exploding within my mind.

Taking me into upper realms of heaven, so tender and sudden, taking wonder of a blistering rhythm and giving it's balm to calm me down.

Sounds rising higher, wonder flying into the essence of my being, always wandering into staccato beats of a drum playing incessantly and wonderfully.

Taking every step straight into the center of my being, living in the moment, never taking my eyes off of the prize.

Leaving my soul in depths of an interior rhythm, loving the essence pouring over my being and settling entirely in the spirit of my life.

Always going forward, never looking back, finding favor with the future and my destiny together, knowing that I will enjoy everything they have in store for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Food

Finding my way across deserts and mountains, feeling close to God through nature's pathways.
Feeling a beautiful scent from above, touching me, giving me food for a lifetime, so I no longer have to eat reality every day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Good

Simultaneously falling upon my head, problems gaining ground, trying to press me down into the earth where lies my grave.
Gathering hope, preparing to live every moment in splendid amazement, finding the good in every corner and niche that I can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Good Eventually

Thinking, writing, wondering what other people in this
world of ours think about what I've written in poetry.

Wanting to know what others think about world issues,
just everyday average people.

Opening doors through poetry, inviting anyone who wishes
to write in poetical form what they think of situations,
persecution, pedophiles, evil, corruption, etc.

Wanting to know on a basic human level what others believe
in, is it the same or different than myself.

Accepting everyone, believing in instant forgiveness,
humanity, freedom and human rights, seeing the good in
others, looking beyond their personnas, masks, disguises.

Even the fallen angels were once filled with goodness
before they turned from God, and I believe that.

Somewhere within all evil, there has got to be some good-
ness somewhere in them so I'll continue to look for it
in every single person I meet.

It has given me a chance to meet those who hide behind
their disgruntled views and hatred of others, finding the
good in them eventually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Goodness

Changing attitudes and moods to fit positive mind-sets
in life is tantamount to finding goodness in our world.

Nothing helps as much as our minds, finding positive
steps to follow in order to give positive outcomes.

Solutions will then come about, being more importantly
sound than otherwise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Ideas In Life

Galloping along in my mind, following pathways of a future horizon always beckoning to join it's essence.

Walking alongside my horse, holding onto the joy of peace and solace, never being disappointed.

Finding ideas in life that give it meaning, a unison with my being on this earth, all of nature blending with the beauty of intellect.

Skyways, blue and open, taking me through the darkness as I again gallop through difficulties of this life.

Surmounting the turmoil and strife wherever I happen to find myself, leaving behind worries and doubts of another lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Identities

Flowering within, so many feelings,
I can't keep track of them as they
mix and blend themselves into my
poetry.

Finding access through intellect
I can identify them with words,
yet not by their feelings as yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding In The End

Wanting to be held lovingly, wishing to be special
to that one somebody in life.

Being attracted by lust or infatuation, finding
only in the end, it was not or never had been love.

Not thinking beforehand, giving their hearts away,
always ending up in the pain of heartache.

Nothing left of their hearts, but splinters that
poke and hurt them because of another.

Afraid thereafter to trust anybody, losing out, not
recognizing true love when it's finally offered to
them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Inner Strength

Looking interiorly, trying to find an inner strength to
carry me through the last years of my life in peace and
serenity.

Nothing keeping or holding me from touching the bluened
atmosphere of my soul, tender, caring, compassionate and
loving.

Living in a world of poetical beauty all my own, a space
no one else can ever occupy, innate gifts are from God
to me only to be used until my dying day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Insight In Measures

Jangling, jingling, shaking tambourines in time to
the musical rhythms being played.
Finding the insight falling into each measure,
taking avail of all the integrity of a band.
Soothing easily, the many moods being created by
the tones and sounds of extra-ordinary musical
etudes.
Shaking out the entrances into the endings of
every beginning of movement.
Finding the equivalent of each rhythm being called
upon and taken strongly to the dunes.

(11: 26 p.m. - 11/16/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Inspiration

Living in a void, nothing mattering, thinking only
of God, contemplating spiritually on Him instead
of the world.

Finding inspiration and many intriguing creative
ideas coming from Divine intervention, enjoying
musical rhythms, continually delving into intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Joy

Living through daily life, making sacrifices just to get
along and exist.

Wishing always for something better to come and take me
with it.

Somberly, yet somewhat joyous, because of finding someone
who holds me close to his heart and soul.

Truthfully, out loud, proclaiming his adoration and love
for me always.

Admiring my inner strength and courage, taking me beyond
what I have always felt and known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Liberty Of Passion In India

Living life in the freedom and liberty of it's passion,
leading me into depths of an everlasting rumination,
remembering how yesterday was so vibrant.

Encasing my mind and intellect, giving it an essence
that could never be shaken or taken away, now still
living in similar patterns.

Creating designs of an interior life in order to sur-
pass all that I have discovered so far in this mortal
world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Life An Impossible Dream

Sounds of lively music running out to greet me in the waves crashing upon shore, loving to hear their beautiful melodies.

Surfing out to meet the high seas and play in their perfect storms, learning about the depths of ocean images, sand spilling over and over in the turmoil of the waves.

Enjoying the feeling of not knowing whether I'm up or down, just giggling like a schoolgirl, finding life an impossible dream.

Being lived in the midst of nighttime dreams, everything rolling, coming together in the beauty of interior landscapes.

Wonder taking it's place as nature zooms ever larger in the near-distance, extolling the difference in humanity and it's deeply enhanced awe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Light Hidden In India

Darkness closing in, enveloping me in it's grasp
as I look into it's depths, finding light hidden
until bringing it's rays of enlightenment into
thoughts.

Waiting to be expressed, lighter moods, positive
attitudes, all arranging themselves in an orderly
fashion to be written into this poem right now,
displaying the light in this open space.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Love

Finding love hiding in depths of this being, shy, timid
and full of life, keeping silently to itself instead of
continually portraying it for the world to see.

Complete memories being seen in images every day, just
watching, then writing about them in poetry.

Knowing that an unconditional love is always rising
higher within for another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Meaning

Finding meaning in messages of the past,
as looking forward, I try to apply them
to what I know and have learned through-
out the years.

Some visions filling me with renewed faith,
generating new hopes in this life before
I go beyond it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Meanings

I don't want to become like all the rest, I want to be somebody special in your life.
I want you to be able to find me in a crowd, to be able to say that's the one I love.
To be able to do such simple and ordinary things and in the simplicity of it all to find a meaning for our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Meanings Existing

Reaching inner ideas of tomorrow, culminating in their articulate sorrowful endings, being touched by heart-felt souls of everyone on earth.

Semblances, finding meanings existing within each of us since we were born.

Lovely sessions of thought patterns being developed in uneasy formations and being created into blossoming imaginings of tested visions.

Reluctantly taking away the mirrors that consummately reflect all that is seen on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding My Hidden Self

Stripping life of it's stress and turmoil through
writing poetry, taking time to relax from daily
duties of cooking, cleaning, caring for others.

Needing time to myself without worrying about others,
just deciding, to care for my own well-being for a
change.

Wanting to continue being myself, writing into the
nighttime hours, finding self hidden in rhythms of
interior music.

Beating against an interior spiritual life that
needed to be nourished and fed through intellect's
spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding My Own Pathways

Drifting along, floating with clouds as they follow
upbeat patterns of life.
Criss-crossing the sky with beautiful aspects of
poetry, being - touching - my mind with an empathy
of selective songs.
Hurtling through my mind like a storm of perfect
harmony on edges of melodies as they soar ever
higher into intellect's imagination.
Not being afraid of anything, not letting anyone or
thing interfere with what my purpose on earth is.
Tantamount to all answers, lying in wait, I turn
away, finding my own pathways into the evening
twilight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding My Way

Realizing life isn't what I expected, I continue trying to find my way down back streets, looking forward to whatever may come into close contact with me. Sololy wandering down pathways through nature's bountiful forests and deserts set before me in beautiful panoramas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding My Way Alone

Deep in slumber, dreaming of my future, wondering in
sleep, what will unfold in thought.
Capturing every nuance, holding it delicately within
creative, imaginative figures of speech.
Glorifying all of life in poetical form for everyone
to read one day when I have walked across sands of
life entering another dimension, free of error and
fear.
Until I can roam the heavens I am here within, finding
my way alone.

(8: 03 p.m. - 11/28/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding My Way In Ending

Entrusting life to all the unknowns in this world, leaving
all doubts on it's doorstep while I travel and explore this
world within.

Finding new and beautiful things to discover with creative
insight.

Allowing all types of things to be interpreted through rhythm
and music, loving every beat as it sends it's tempo spinning
into intellect.

Freedom spilling within, taking liberties to begin and end
creatively wherever I happen to want in life.

So quietly finding my way in the ending of another day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding My Way Through Thoughts

Sanctity and blessedness fill my mind with thoughts of
kindness, compassion and caring.

Nonplussed through hours of concentration, finding my
way through a morass of ideas suddenly open up to the
world inside intellect.

Exercising and wandering through a myriad of thoughts,
going through tunnels and trails into forests filled
with many enticing aromas, sounds and images of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Myself

Nature catching my attention, giving me insight into a brand new day.
So gently, touching my mind, giving fodder for thought, helping to enter domains of subconscious imagination where I can find myself amidst talent and write all that I can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Mysteries

Trilling memories into my mind, like a clarinet telling rhythms, finding their sources to relieve interior sadness of yesterday.

Seeing mysteries of life as they appear on photographic screens, holding answers to the energy of intellect that is never tired.

Always being awakened by music and it's rhythm, time marching on, giving vibrant and lively thoughts like an instrument playing newly composed music.

Filling intellect full of ideas as they culminate in depths of unreserved poetical thoughts, full of poetical rhythms and melodies of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Nature's Secrets

Finding secrets of nature, watching them appear, noticing
their essence as it flows right before sight.

Touching everything with senses that are always vibrantly
alive and focused in measures of rhythm being listened to
and played with every moment.

Where time sets itself aside to let me experience it all
with such fortitude and texture, giving me plenty to
explore throughout nature and earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding New Avenues

Realizing there's more to life than meets the eye, as I
watch all the children surrounding me, innocent and pure,
wanting to learn and have fun at the same time.

Participating with the seniors, finding new avenues on
their paths into the future, delighting in facts and many
rhythms of music, now bringing them forward towards their
destiny in the coming years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding New Pathways

Exhilarating and exciting rhythms beating into my mind,
letting me feel vibrations of each not being played.

Long times coming from beyond the past, being totally
at peace in it's harmonies.

Taking off into horizons far from earth and other
universes, living on edges of outer space.

Life can be energized and lived in a new way, different
and placid, a new adventure taking hold of me.

A nice change of pace, finding paths up and down mountains
into another atmosphere of peace and happiness.

Cooperating fully on another level of intellect and an
interior imagination.

Periodically looking for another way to live a fruitful
and happy life alone without anyone else in the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding New Strength

Loving you fills life with a total and perfect beauty
that touches my heart, soul and mind.

Finding new strength pouring into me, setting me free,
giving the freedom to be who I am.

Feeling loved and cared for from the inside out, so
intensely your passion and desire fill me with your
love, my darling.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding No Answers

Traveling highways with empty hearts, carrying feelings in cartons of styrofoam, so as not to defile them.
Turning interiorly, looking closely at who I am, and where I'm going, finding no answers as yet, and hope continues to stay alive for the time being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding No Magic

Living in this temporary world, finding no magic here,
only pain and suffering, there's no love anywhere, an
empty desert, arid, dry and forlorn within.

Escaping constantly into domains of intellect where I
can create and manifest what my soul needs to carry on,
existing by the grace of God only.

Wanting to be with Him, for there's no one here for me,
knowing that God is my only salvation, His mercy and
love for me all I'll ever need in this mortal world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding No Reasons

Sensations penetrating this mind, tantalizing, enticing
love from within.

Wanting to know if it is real or imagined, so many hours
left to self, now knowing nothing of sensations of human
love nor having ever experienced it in this forsaken world.

Stepping out onto the platform of an inner train station,
finding no destination to head for, finding no reasons
to become on this earth.

Loving having been deported before ever having become a
flowering passion, no more desires to be found on this
side of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Other Ways

Reality standing starkly in all of our lives,
not wanting us to veer from it.

We humans decide to find other ways in which
to see life and it's possibilities.

Daydreaming, thinking, fantasizing in another
world of intellect and imagination.

Such a pleasure to wander in a place of our
own creation, delving into issues of life.

Searching for answers and solutions to what
we want to change, alter or realign in time.

In the end, many people do find better and
visually possible ways of doing and inventing
things.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Our Way

Voices not heard, images vanishing, life diminishing with every passing moment we're alive, nothing seeming to fit in this world.

People are fading away in poverty and their dark existence, wishing, hoping, praying for something better to help them continue to have faith and hope in others.

Love, caring, compassion, finding God, growing interiorly through spirituality, we become whole, finding our way through the turmoil and tension of this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Passion

Young and sweet, energetic and vibrant, filled with a pure innocence pouring into an interior essence.

Lasting a lifetime, passion spreading and blossoming throughout the world.

Taking it in hand, feeling it's intensity pulsing in the middle of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Peace

Weeks of unending stress have taken their toll,
writing has not been getting done because of it.
Attempting to find peace that I need within has
been difficult lately, but I continue to strive
for it.
People crowding, wanting to go to lunch or talk
about mundane interests regarding people at work.
Tired of listening to duplicate or more complaints
I've run off to lunch by myself.
Hopefully recharging interior batteries, because
they've been running on empty so long.

(1: 18 p.m. - 2/28/00)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Peace Within

Rarely if ever does one get to find themselves in a place
of abandonment, leaving behind the worry and doubt of a
lifetime.

When it happens we are silent for a moment, then elated
as we feel the freedom and independence fulfilling our
interior spirits.

Reaching and taking us into corners of life that we've
never before been able to see because we've been harried
and stressed by situations and circumstances in our lives.

When let free of them we become contemplative and open our
minds to the hidden surrounding us in life, seeing the
beautiful and quiet spirits that live within each of us.

Such a wonderfully fantastic experience when we have the
opportunity to do so, enabling us to feel the freedom
and liberty of our interior spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Peaceful Dreams

Vacationing in the presence of an interior mind, finding
peaceful dreams that only a being of poetry can have.

Only wanting to be where rhythms of life will enfold and
encompass mind and soul, wherever that may lead.

Savoring all senses that come into being, gifted beyond
all the wishes in imagination.

Knowing it all in the reality of intellect, walking through
pastimes of energetic particles of being.

Successfully becoming the person having always been,
although no one has ever known, now observing as though I
am a stranger in their lives.

A surprise to intellect, yet it can be expected with all
that has been gone through, none of them can ever guess or
even imagine during their lifetimes.

Always and forever being alone, taking beautiful senses of
time, from heaven that have filled me with their essence and excessive beauty.

All that can never be forgotten as long as life is within,
being part of both lives and reality here and in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Pockets

Following ideas and notions throughout the hours like the willow trees follow the breeze.

Fasting heartily from happiness and joy, finding pockets to hide in, keeping out of sight.

Racing the gamut of emotions, trying them all on, yet cannot find one to fit - there are no right sizes.

Leaving, dropping them all off behind, searching for something, anything to fill up a decaying hole.

Cavity of a friendship reaches down and hits a nerve, splashing pain and hurt throughout life.

Knowing there's no one to turn to - no help in sight, falling desperately into the well of make believe and can find nothing there either.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Positive Aspects Of The Mind

Dissecting a mind from within itself, trying to find
elements that give it's being a divine essence.

Locating it's center, taking it apart bit by bit,
getting to it's source of energy, noticing that it
cannot be turned off or down at all.

It is what keeps our bodies and brains living and
vibrant, it can never be taken or separated, for
then we will die and it will soar away with our spirit.

Now, surprisingly having found the positive aspect of
the mind, realizing how much it produces the energy
needed to keep our bodies alive and breathing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Power Through Grace

Reigning vocabulary falling onto pages of poetry, taking
over conversations of the mind, expressing, clarifying
and giving life to them.

Lifting self into an atmosphere of vitality and grace,
holding onto the best that life has to offer through
intellect and faith.

Strength increasing along the way, finding power through
grace, grasping onto hopes laid out in life for those
who need it to go on living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Puzzle Pieces

Searching, feeling lost, hunting for a
way out of this dense jungle I find myself in.

Finding puzzle pieces in places of unusual spaces,
beaming with circumstances of intellect.

Surmising final images as they come into view on
larger scales, rotating visions to create newer
details to each picture.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Reality

Inspiration coming at me from every side through
senses of being and living.

Trailing through angel dust, lying on floors of
clouds, easing me into realms of musical endeavors,
giving me a twist of fate as I slowly fade into
another existence.

Finding reality in spaces and traces of tears, as
I follow paths towards steps into the future of
destiny.

Calling to my senses, waking up with flowers,
sprinkling me with their heavenly aromas and scents,
finally able to write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Reasons

Soundlessly finding reasons to be rhymed with calculated ideas, flaming brightly as if lit by a candle.
Watching it's flame waver and shine through the night, never blowing itself out, taking only it's small space of enlightenment as a space of importance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Reasons To Continue

Transient and beautiful, life filled with joy, sorrow
and experiences of all types.

Living in spiritual realms, finding reasons to continue
with innate purposes always at the forefront.

Rhythms focusing my mind into depths of intellect, re-
joicing over incessant beats drumming into the center
of my heart and soul.

Longing for the tones to reach depths of intellect to
give my mind the relaxation and serenity it is always
craving in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Relics Of The Past

Playing in the desert of my soul, finding relics of the
past lying in the sand, derelict and abandoned from non-
use.

Now picking them up, dusting dirt of ages off of them,
renewing their effects in this spiritual life, fulfilling
the essence of prayer, belief in God, hope in the future.

All of it coming from the fruition of our Lord in His good-
ness and mercy, a wonderful destiny to behold, taking me
into depths of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Secrets

Aspects of life, creating many styles of people,
fashion happening at intervals in careers and
periods of aging into mature adults as seniors.

Peeking behind images, many are young at heart,
using their creativeness and talent to inspire
others unknowingly.

True treasures being shared in wonderment and
awe by others, trying to find secrets of life
beforehand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Self

Often I find myself thinking I am me, but I have not yet become who I am, writing incessantly and constantly of ideas, thoughts and concepts.

Bringing to mind all that I am, have become, and still I think who will I eventually become after having lived my life through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Self - Realization

Sitting on banks of rivers, watching water flow so silently and rapidly.

Rivers taking imagination towards the ocean, it's final destination.

Inwardly thinking, finding self-realization rising without being called upon.

Finding honest and truthful appraisals coming to light through thought.

Finding they're now being recognized and used in everyday life, improving it to the nth degree.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Self Written In Poetry

Many times losing myself in another dimension no one beside
me, living a dream of reality that's being created within
my mind and intellect.

A perfect source of peace and comfort that fulfills my being
with joy and pleasure, finding myself written into one poem
after another in time.

Telling secrets of my life without giving away who I really
am, a mischievous spark filling me entirely, bringing a smile
to my face as I think of it happening now.

A blessed destiny and purpose through this temporary journey
of life on earth, taking me from one moment to another, giving
pleasure as it does so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Sole Spirituality

Going inside myself, deep down where no one can ever
reach, living within, loving privacy and fulfillment
that can only be found in intellect.

Anticipating the effervescent feelings continually
bubbling up through everything in this life, nothing
else really mattering.

Hoping, praying, finding the sole spirituality of my
purpose, through God and His everlasting mercy, never
leaving me forsaken or alone.

Loneliness being inherent in human nature only mani-
fests itself even more through disrespect of others,
treating you like nothing, able to turn their backs
for no reason other than their own lack of compassion
or self-indulgence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Solutions

Forging ahead, finding so many things that are being left unsaid, trying to find a poem just to release them into the atmosphere to be considered and dealt with.

Wondering and thinking all the time, being curious to a fault, yet continuing to do so all along.

Being harassed at times, people not wanting to answer questions or avoiding the main parts of what I want to know or learn.

Finding answers usually brings up more questions than previously thought of, calmly pondering all of them, finding ways to solve many problems in the world today.

Still and peaceful, always capable and energetic, taking solutions to mankind in depths of uncanny thoughts, bringing life into focus with a clarity most people have never even thought of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Some Of Life's Meaning

Anger building up inside, putting pressure on my mind.

Going ahead, ignoring it's pain, looking out at life,
it's glory hidden, seeking inside, answers to it's
plight.

Reverberating through memories filled with aching,
trying to find a place in life, that's not so vacant.

Holding down the anger until is dissipates and dies,
finding other pathways to fill it's final days.

Wanting nothing left, but emptiness, stepping aside and
letting death fill it with stately, regal, domesticated
pride.

There being not a thing in life worth fighting for,
laying aside all feelings of worth.

Finally having found some meaning, never knowing that it
has.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Space In Time

Juxtapositioning my mind, wanting it to find a space
in time where it can be comfortable and able to
enjoy rhythms happening all around me at the Wagon
Yard.
Signals sliding and dipping into the most unusual
places on earth, giving me much to think about as I
travel daily routes around town.
Taking my pen with me to write of it all and place it
in my book of life, now almost ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Specific Doorways In Kolkata

Soundlessly wandering this country through poetry and music of my soul, learning and acquiring knowledge of Kolkata, storing it within photographic screens.

Hidden now within, lights brilliantly focusing on the beauty that fills me innately, tapping it's source of energetic solace.

Reverberating and vibrating my mind and soul through rhythms being listened to in Indian music, helping to acquire new portals and specific doorways in intellect.

Climbing and following pathways I have myself created in years of life, changing, rearranging, playing to the timelessness of Indian rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Steps

Tangoing through life, finding the steps needed to walk
into another day.

Striking definitions have a way of beginning everything
with a curiosity of intellect.

Jumping quietly into the future along with imagination,
flowing ever-lastingly onward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Strength

Stepping out into the world, testing it's surroundings, looking to find some strength in it, not knowing that strength can only be found within.

Walking along in life, not watching too carefully where you are going, ending up in situations which could have been avoided.

Mistakes are often repeated because we never stop to find out why we made them in the first place.

Stepping out into the world, testing it's surroundings, discovering still, that no strength can be found in human life unless there is faith.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding That Quiet Place

Sometimes life just doesn't want to cooperate in any way,
there's nothing we can do about it, just go with the flow
and take care that we stay calm, cool and collected.

Stressing out will do absolutely nothing to help, so just
sit back, relax, finding that quiet place interiorly where
your spirit lies amidst the bluened light of the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding The Edge

Popular standards aren't always the best,
sometimes the least known items are.
Figuring the best routes to travel is
worth the time that you put into it.

Like all things in life, waiting is the
most important phase to go through.
Not listening to others will always give
you the edge.

Tactfully moving away, finding the edge that
you finally need to be satisfied completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding The Positive Side Of Death

Separating life from death with intellect and imagination, boldly imagining effervescent senses of life and then projecting them into the throes of death.

Using this mind to collectively find the positive side of death falling into it's depths, seeing a whole new world opening up before me.

Life on earth folds itself into a black hole of sorts, taking everything that I've ever known and sending it soaring into my spirit.

Which at that exact moment flew across boundaries of what we thought we knew, and into realms of death totally in tact, only as a spirit not as a human being.

A totally fascinating journey, remembering it's every moment from life to death and back again with my ever-vigilant photographic memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding The Possibility

Thinking about life and it's exhausting force inside this spirit of mine.

Trying to find it's possibility that has gone before me, knowing in my mind that it can never and will never be known while alive on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding The Straightest Paths

Standing on another threshold of life, timidly
wondering what this one will hold.

Are we ever ready to become who we should have
been, or do we constantly fool ourselves into
believing this idea?

Darkening doorways, doubts fold and unfold
preciously inside our hearts, hoping desperately
that our time in life has begun.

Being ready is not enough, steps must first be
taken in directions of our choosing, decisions
thought out, eyes forward on now opened
destinations.

Throughout our time life will alternately swallow
us up or spit us out, as we learn increasingly
how to continue holding on.

Keeping our sights focused on life and it's ending
so we may find the straightest path in right
directions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding The Unusual

Riding down the highway, watching landscapes carefully,
looking for extraordinary sights that may be hidden
from other people's view.

Looking into trees along the way, seeing a bird perched
near the top of a tree, sitting upon a branch watching
traffic below.

Loving to see this lovely sight that probably no one
else will ever see or notice, just this mere poet who's
always finding the unusual.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Thoughts

Racing through denizens of my mind, finding an explicit
and divine purpose wherever I happen to look interiorly.

A vast sphere, always open, ready to take me into it's
depths, showing concepts as they appear on photographic
screens, totally and automatically.

Nothing standing in the way, never having writer's block,
enticing and beautiful, loving the excitement and thrill
of adrenaline flowing through as I listen to music of
varied types.

Sadness being chased away through rhythms staccatoly
coming, penetrating constantly and incessantly into this
mind of openness.

Carefully finding exactly where every word and meaning
will fall as I write, complacently, energetically,
feeling every note and sound, knowing no one else can do
what it is that I do on a continual basis.

So beautiful and alluring, picture puzzles fall into
thoughts, giving an exceptional advantage to this inner
world that I have been introduced to at a very young age.

A sensitive and contemplative landscape always taking stock
of every moment in poetry, accepting facts that fall into
the folds and pages of my mind.

Selecting wonderful and enticing ideas that shine from
bluened lights, enfolding me whenever writing deeply within
this interior dimension.

Always being filled with the spirituality of a heavenly
abode, never being forsaken through writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Traces Of Possibility

Stepping up stairwells, striving to reach heaven before
it's time.

Being assuaged by peaceful and soothing rhythms always
emanating from within heavenly melodies.

Shaking, finding every trace of possibility in many
glittering moments of loneliness, as it spreads itself
through tears of another place and time.

Knowing and taking every missing piece into this mind
one at a time, finally finishing every poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Treasures

Revolving times being shared in the midst of life,
as we all get together to have fun and be merry.

Tinkling and touching the keyboard of joy early in
the morning, all of us finding treasures in one
another as we sit and talk between songs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding True Love

Laughter and joy coming across earth, lying in hearts of
close friends from opposite ends of the globe, yet close
in heart and mind forever.

Dreams and concepts being blended together, bringing the
world closer to peace through each person's love in friend-
ship.

Abiding love guarding preciously, hearts of those who have
found true love from a stranger who now is closer than family,
and a central part of our lives now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Truth

Sololy reaching into my soul, forging the strength to keep
moving forward, while a life-long truth is being found in
the silence of this evening.

A profound deepening love being brought into this world of
entire forgiveness, as tears of a lifetime gather you will
find the truth that fulfills every promise sent from heaven.

Nothing able to move it out of your soul, being and taking
the beauty unto itself, rhythms bringing hope of this life
onto stages of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Unknown Secrets

Prancing around in measures of songs that uplift spirits,
taking life into moments of humor and wonder, finding
secrets as they emerge from depths of darkness.

Watching as they're discovered and brought into the beauty
of sounds, rightfully taking their place in minds of in-
tellectual creativity through innate imagination.

Prancing beats rapidly flowing through people, being re-
spectful, filled with dignity and value, holding us up to
the light as we near the end of our lives, seeing our
final horizons up ahead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Visions

Looking into the eyes of the future, finding visions awaiting my sight.

Calculating their distance in equations of rhythm, knowing the length of time that it will take to become a truth and be known for sure.

Totally becoming and living in a cellophane wrapper, being hidden beneath the many types of ideas that are filling intellect.

A consortium of categories al vibrant and alive with my inner spirit.

Taking into consideration every nuance known to man in depths of wisdom's realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Ways To Appreciate Others

Thinking into the future, knowing that our lives will end one day, thinking of how to make life easier and more productive for those we love.

Finding ways to appreciate one another all the time instead of every once in a while, because we're bogged down by work and personal agendas.

Looking for positive ways to improve our surroundings, making them peaceful and interesting, a learning space for our children, Grandchildren, nieces and nephews.

Creating a special place filled with love, compassion and caring, sharing it with one another, making our world a better place for everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finding Your Individual Essence

Living on earth can be so devastating when you are left
waiting in spaces of time, having been forgotten.

Worn ragged, torn within from shards of life and loss
that have cut apart our beings and spirits.

Taking our turns in line, making sure that others are
always taken care of before ourselves.

Leaving ourselves til last, set on closet shelves,
doors being closed on us at the end of each day.

Walls standing in the way, blocking artistic aspects in
life, carpeting covering up the essence of our natures,
as we walk barefooted on them instead of grass outdoors.

What do we give up when we are born as human beings in
towns and cities, never getting to be a part of nature
and it's universe.

Being left out in the cold, wandering this earth, looking
insatiably for things we are missing, not knowing what
they are.

Until finally spending time in nature's essence, realizing
that we have never had an interior spirituality, having
never been taught how to achieve one from parents or family.

Discovering it at last on your own, finding the essence of
your being, reaching for it unselfishly and completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fine Lines

Recklessly riding into the darkness, loneliness filling me
with an emptiness coming straight from my spirit, search-
ing for an inner energy of past years.

Hoping it will reappear before the morning sun rises over
this horizon, being blessed with the freedom and liberty
of an open mind.

Walking fine lines of life and death, following edges of
another horizon, leading into other dimensions, trails
leading in and out of picturesque landscapes of imagination.

Striving to follow them, being left behind more often than
not, flowing with whispers of forgotten memories into the
future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fine Print

Blessing us through eyes of concern and care, reaching
out with touching of souls and hearts, reminders of
what we're doing here on earth.
Filling heads with enamored fine print on linens of
life's kitchens and fireplaces.
Bearing witness to our affect on other people in our
vicinity, watching intellectually their wonderful
responses to our being here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fine Tuned By Music

Rock and roll shaking the very within of my soul,
tantalizing and titillating every sense held in
my being.

Realizing that life is filled with all different
pleasures and is fine tuned in every respect by
music in all aspects of life.

Never taking it for granted, just accepting it
totally in turn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finely Tuned

Listening to sounds of nature, wind blowing, leaves rustling
and birds singing, a beautiful orchestra of finely tuned and
perfect natures.

Soothing compositions being written into the atmosphere, no
one able to imitate or record notes unless attuned totally
to the myriad tones and sounds.

Coming through constantly, performing and giving a natural
high, allowing my soul to soar with the clouds, finding peace
within my being completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finely Tuning Our Love

Mystical, tantalizing senses within, giving an
essence staccatoly in the misty atmosphere.

Finely tuning our love through this gentle rumba,
creating a space inside of us to caress and be to-
gether through melodies of intense anticipation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finger Of Diversity

Looking within, seeing my imagination gently touch my heart with it's finger of intense diversity.
Letting me feel the wonder of living, giving me a profound essence of natural intuity.
Surrounding my being with compositions of reality through rhythm, brings me to realizations of intimate thoughts, always bearing down as I write of what I experience on a daily basis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fingering Emotions

Carefree, leisurely playing guitar from a seating position.
Blaring, swerving calmly in a rhythmic sense of atonement.
Lovely visions of melodic poetry strutting around, finding places among notes and rhythms being played and exercised.
Fingering emotions as pictures form exclusively in mind-packed images.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fingering Words

Listening to sounds of silent music penetrating
barriers in my mind, allows expansion of tightened
synapses, giving freedom needed to write without
stopping.
Fingering words like ivory keys, gives immediate
meaning to beats connected to words flowing with-
out reserve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fingers Of Chance

Life stretches itself, sprawls before me, tired of daily
routines and pressures from without.

Temporarily waylaid to regain some composure, watching the
irrelevant duties drift by, fascinated with the quality
of life decayed.

Fortunate are those who have passed away, not having to
continue the hell of earth.

Peaceful situations are created sometimes, but more often
than not, problems flourish and ground out the blessed
meaning of life.

Turning wheels of fate and destiny are fingers of chance,
everything we do is risky, because we do not know what
our futures will be.

Theories are obtainable in volumes of books, in words of
lectures, moving pictures, but none come close or enter
the realms of truth.

Life is a secondly decision, amounting to some history in
each person's space of time.

Foraging inner atmospheres for greener pastures, our desires
lead us constantly astray, away from the pretended hopes and
dreams held out to us since our beginnings.

Treading existence as if we own it's birth, silent sacredness
is non-existent, life is a play, acted for benefits of certain
types of people and the rest of us merely exist to pay them
homage.

Unfortunately we are not supposed to be cast into the depths
of materialistic wealth like so many others, for we are
subjected to rules and commandments of goodness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fingers Of Turmoil

Baubles of childhood spill out upon floors of hidden memories,
rolling uncontrollably across a mind of past regrets.

Eyes always searching tops of trees, hoping to grasp onto a
branch of consciousness and not have to travel further.

Desires, innocent, unfolding from children's tight-fisted
palms, reveal unresponsibility of past deeds.

Sidewalks uncurling their fingers of turmoil, letting go of
past atrocities that were once pressed into their child-like
pavement bodies where escape was impossible.

Tangled strands of remembering are intertwined with fragments
of amnesia, dispersing themselves painfully in wakeful dreams.

Scattered throughout an inner universe of thought, memories
rush about, taking out of context, pain and sorrow, throwing
all onto horizons of once unfelt knowledge.

Now feelings have been pried out of hiding, scraping and
bleeding out into the open world of consciousness.

Blaringly outspoken, breaking in two, the heart of childhood,
crushing innocent renderings of ideals, problematic issues
forestalling the maturity of a being.

Standing at the rim of life, a gaping abyss lies waiting to
enfold the creatures of least resistance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fingertips Of My Mind

Reading books and poetry in my mind that I've written
myself through the years, having saved them on photo-
graphic screens.

Holding videos also of everything I've ever seen or
done on earth, drifting through spaces of an interior
life.

Looking for paradise, knowing that I'm close, living
in a bluened atmosphere that keeps me near, touching
it with fingertips of my mind.

Essence of love and compassion surrounding my being
as I lie in the arms of God, rivers running past,
filled with holy and pure grace.

Clouds passing overhead, sprinkling their peace upon
my being, gentle breezes blowing innate knowledge and
wisdom, fanning them as they enter intellect.

Beauty and serenity totally soothing my being with an
effervescent feeling of illumination as I continue to
read books and poetry in my mind.

Knowing that I've written all of them and will be
writing in the future, all of it contained and being
created continually throughout my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finishing Projects

Tackling projects
set aside when younger,
now having and taking
the time to complete
them in senior days of
blissful idleness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finishing Wisdom

Watching natural events take place within,
seeing their effects on personal levels.

Facing trials, becoming involved in tasks
of imperfection, finishing wisdom with a
polish and shine of distinction.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finite Canyons

Releasing endorphins from my brain, music plies me with
all the pain medicine I need for now.

Traversing my mind, I follow pathways of scenic beauty
of imagination towards subconsciousness.

Feeling senses capture me along the way, taking me above
reality with lilting etudes, carrying me to finite canyons
filled with nature's fragrance and scent.

Life building a fortress around me, protecting me from
what is happening physically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Finite Thoughts

Wanting to be alone, I continually dive into myself so no one can irritate or ask me questions.
Finite thoughts are being stretched - elastizied and hung out to dry in patterns and mosaics of rays being elicited from the sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fire

Black smoke hurtling through the sky,
marking the blaze of a fire below.

Curling, ever upwards, not afraid of
showing fireman where to go.

Even knowing that the water they'll use
will put not only the fire out, but the
smoke as well.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fire At Firework Display

Fireworks were great while they lasted, beautiful to look at,
then suddenly they stopped, everyone wondering why, when an
announcement came over the loudspeaker.

'There has been a fire', smoke was flowing into the night sky,
everyone expecting the fireworks to begin again, but they did
not.

Fire department was called, people started a mass exodus
for the exit gate, cars could only go east out the gate for
the road was blocked off by fire trucks.

Still sitting here, stadium lights on across the field to
shine in the darkness, children excited, playing frisbee,
tossing balls, running, dancing.

Enjoying this evening in spite of the fire, people able
to adapt to just about any situation in life, no one hurt,
all is good.

Some people are slowly walking to their cars, not thinking
ahead, because soon they will all be caught up in the after-
math of a traffic jam.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fire Burning In My Soul

Falling out of the depths of life, losing control,
a fire burning in my soul.

Interior spirituality filling me with an exceptional
peace and fulfillment.

Emotions quieted down, feelings floating about,
interiorly looking at how everything comes together.

Within my mind and soul, anticipating the merging
of mind-consuming thoughts with those of imaginative
ones, coming from dreams watched through the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fire Of Death's Desire

Darkness thrown against my eyes, inverting the light of day into night.

Caressing my soul while I fight a lonely battle with self, strong character, weakened by age, wanting to let go, but not quite ready yet.

Singing songs of death and dying, my soul is crying to be heard.

Wishing for an end to the world I know, wanting to go to God before another day is done.

Lighting the skies with neon lights, shining the darkness away from my sight.

But deep within it still resides, waiting by the fire of death's desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fire Of Energy

Comforting solace wrapping tightly in it's essence,
giving feelings of complete belonging on stages of
life as it strides all over it, giving off
effervescent feelings to grasp onto.

Illuminating processes of thought as they happen,
showing their pictures through imagination.

Forever rocking with the melodies standing on the way-
side, wanting it's chance to be noticed in plain sight,
no trappings or disguises to hide what is happening in
a continuous string of events.

Collapsing into a fire of energy, holding on, staying
upright without snuffing out a candle of light inside,
giving off the prayerful imaginings of tomorrow's
beginnings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fire Of Hope

Delving quietly into realms of imagination, sorting through ideas of despair and despondence, yet with a fire of hope being kindled inside.
Embers shining through memories - holding tightly to their ensconced places interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fire Of Love

Riding upon insanity, taking it's downhill climb, things seem to be happening without any reason or rhyme.

Letting go of life it seems, brings a saneness back to the peace I had long ago left behind.

Loving, learning, turning aside all selfish thoughts, I burn inside with the fire of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fire Of Passion

Wonder and awe filling me every moment in this life,
expecting miracles from the Divine, nothing less.

Absolute faith coming from my soul, sparking intellect
and causing a chain reaction.

Surprising and completely in awe, watching mysteries
of God rising and taking me with them.

Loving to write it all into poetical books as I listen
to music endlessly.

A fire of passion filling my heart at all moments in
time, forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fire Of Your Love

Lightened darkness falling between the sheets, hiding us,
yet letting us see one another, seeing my love reflected
in your eyes, satisfying the love I have for you.

Fire of your love giving me strength and hope in our to-
morrow's, always being together through good times and
bad in this mortal world.

Through difficult times in life, discovering our love
brings peace and serenity to both of us in twilight and
morning hours.

Finding hope through our love, nothing to ever come be-
tween us, for you are my love now and forever, both being
blessed by God as we live out our lives on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fireflies

Memories floating in mind, seeing lightening bugs shining the way in evening's darkness, illuminating our paths so we can walk without falling over something unnoticed.
All the years spent in this nightly ritual, after moving to Arizona, we no longer got to follow and catch any of them, because Phoenix was too hot for them to survive.
Having to go to Flagstaff or up north to visit them again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Firehouse Gallery

Settling into an atmosphere at the Firehouse Gallery,
pinkish, orange clouds sailing above us.

Stage set with music playing, tantalizing my mind to
write, noticing the rustic basics of my surroundings.

All of it adding to a poetical atmosphere, waiting to
recite my poetry in front of others.

The first time in many, many years, not at all nervous,
just anticipating reading so others can hear what I have
to say in prose, about love and life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fires Burning Vividly

Singing with a staccato beat, steadily beating a drum, burning within.

Playing higher, giving in to desires, filling me with pleasant feelings as they are being thought into pictures that love is painting so boldly when thinking of another.

Loving the hopeless situation as it arises within and steadily keeps finding beats of every rhythm as it climbs to a feverish pitch here inside my soul.

Burning vividly with the fires of passion, leaping above and beyond my soul and into another's heart where it has formed a home safe and secure, nothing to mar the way of deepening desire and intensity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fires In My Mind

Fires flaming in my mind, catching me unawares as fond memories rise and fall into measures, counted with accurate descriptions.
Countingly accentuating highlights, giving reprieves to those who walk away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fires Of Aging

Storing memories in chests of steel, protecting them from the fires of aging.
Not wanting to let go of their pleasurable feelings or bittersweet joy and grief.
Taking altogether, pieces of life, arranging them in a picturesque video that I can replay whenever I want.
Careful to not dwell too long, lest I lose my mind in the final outcome.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fires Of Blazing Thoughts

Settling back in the saddle of my mind, galloping through the arid desert, free as the wind, soaring creatively into other atmospheres, opening up before me.

Existing in many possibilities through inventive ideas being made through and in imagination.

Fires of blazing thoughts enflaming my mind as I continue to ride through the desert, finding so many facets to life as I stray purposely further into desert mountains, attempting to free myself from the life of strife I have been living.

Following an easy gait, beating in time with my heart, totally fascinated with the way it's rhythm continues to bring gentle peace into my heart.

Never wanting to return to the life I led, only traipsing through the deserts of imagination being felt and created within my soul right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fires Of Desire

Wending ways towards evening tributes,
exacting fires of desire, as promises
fade and die by the wayside.

Lasting experiences continue forever
in minds of intellectual photographic
memories.

Snapshots of past life are forever
etched in particles of our brain,
always a perfect fit for every day
usage.

(9/7/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Firework Bouquets

Beating keys along with note's pleasure,
tantalizing etudes of poetry.

Erupting into beautiful bouquets of
surprising fireworks.

Setting literature ablaze with emotion
and picturesque scenery for a lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fireworks

Knowing I'm in America by the fireworks I see,
and the ones I feel inside of me.

Beauty of the skies dazzled by the colors
bursting up above.

Sending rainbows through my heart, celebrating
our nation's freedom, filled with patriotic love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fireworks Of Desire

Bouncing happily down lanes of joy, interiorly feeling good, waiting expectantly for every moment to start a fire of love within my being.

It just keeps getting hotter and hotter as I think about you loving me through the night, finding delight and excitement climbing ever higher.

Passion exploding into fireworks of desire, watching and waiting for you to come into my being with your total love and devotion.

You fascinate and entice me unendingly all the time, I want you always my dear, for without you I could never live at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fireworks Of Ideas

Shooting stars flying across my mind, setting off fireworks of ideas into the atmosphere, coloring it like a fantastic rainbow.

Filled with an essence of being, soaring into the skyways of life, traveling at the speed of sound and enjoying it's breath-taking speed.

Laughing and wanting to go faster than the speed of light, not wishing to stop at all.

Wandering and going in directions of inspirational truths, alighting constantly into an intellect that takes me into an outer atmosphere of life here on earth.

Living and having such a good time within this mind, flying on a private rocket ship, taking avenues of newly created pathways.

Liking what I am seeing along the way, beautiful insights, climbing over walls of mediocrity and into a silent environment of intense imagination.

All in times of rhythmic measures along starlit echoes of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fireworks Of Intellect

Music boxes playing lilting melodies, as turning
they're keys, I listen joyfully to what they're
playing so tenderly and lovely in these most
respected hours of the night.

Stars gazing down upon me as I write, wondering
at how fireworks of intellect continue to appear,
inspiring every moment with words as they are
translated into chords of eternal emotion.

Never bemoaning existence, taking me continually
off into the wide blue yonder to find other ways
to express all that I think in inner minds of
intellectual imagination.

Striving to be always above board and truthful in
every chord I compose and take in faith, through the
moments of writing that are eternally mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

First Book

Leaving the world behind, continuing in a poetical atmosphere with life experiences kept close to my heart.

Writing of them in many poems, allowing people all over the world to read them, hoping now that my first book has been published people will buy it.

Hopefully cherishing my life as I have through the years in poems that I've written from deep within my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

First Born Son

Tangling interiorly with mental pictures of birth of our
first born son, his brilliance and gentleness sweeping
over me again and again.
Absolute trust and love as he saw me for the first time,
outside the womb.
Beauty unsurpassed by anything or anyone as I looked
lovingly at my precious baby boy.
Gently holding him in my arms, kissing his forehead and
little cheeks as he turned towards my touch and voice.
Nothing on earth can ever compare with seeing your baby
for the very first time.
Something within, subtly changes and you are never the
same again as you realize the miracle God has wrought
in your life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

First Grandchild

Silent waiting, quietly anticipating the birth of our first grandchild.
Hours ticking by, praying, hoping everything is going fine.
Looking down the hallway, seeing no action - nothing stirring.
Sitting for hours awaiting her birth, our son deep inside, dealing with the birth process, tired from the long, sleepless night.

Crying when the doctor broke her water and put the monitor needle into baby's scalp inside - our son crying because he knew it hurt.
Coughing, getting sick - yet he stayed with her, proving his love in spite of it all.

Now so many hours later, the doctor walks down the hall to help our little Granddaughter come out into the world.
Still no sounds or shrills of a baby crying as we wait and wait in silent hopeful anticipation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

First Impressions

Getting places early to see what is there and get an
impression of what it feels like.

Being alone with first thoughts makes them come through
clearer and more realistic.

There are no voices or comments from another to alter
that first all-important view.

Getting in touch totally with surroundings, helps to
feel things out and come to a conclusion.

That's why first impressions are most true.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

First Moments

Pounding rhythms hitting imagination, showing shores of
tomorrow in an illuminating light.

Feeling like the first time, opening up my tiny newborn
eyes and seeing the world the very first time in life.

Images flooding my mind, not yet assimilating and under-
standing, starting to come to mind, quickly and fascinating.

Beautiful colors, brilliantly shining within rhythms,
keeping time with them.

Seeing my parents for the first time, their image still
etched on my photographic mind, both smiling, happy, love
shining from their eyes.

Watching them reach into the bassinet and pick me up,
holding me closely, coming and talking to me in voices
that I recognized from being within my Mother's womb.

Being held, loved, fed, all the important things that
make life worth while to this little newborn baby.

Remembering it all so well, so vividly, never forgetting
my first moments out of my mother's womb and into the
world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

First Note

Intriguing and irresistible, never giving me a moment
of despair as I listen to music and write my life away
on pages of poetry journals.

Loving the freedom that is created from intellect and
imagination, all the fun, pleasure and enjoyment that
awaits when the first note begins to play.

When this pen touches blank paper, writing one poem
after another on a daily basis, praying that others
may be enlightened by something I've written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

First Sound Of Awakening

Sounds of rhythm reaching and filling everything with their essence, feeding a passion for music.

Fulfilling life through melodies and harmonies, all of it enough to suffice cravings for it incessantly.

Waiting only for the first sound of an awakening rhythm the moment eyes open after a night's sleep alone.

Completely being saturated in the music engulfing my soul, writing it's compositions steadily, letting self become one with every rhythm heard and written out.

Blessed with a tenth sense of inner intuition, open to other's pain and sorrow, feeling it intensely as it touches and rends this heart.

Solemnly taking, setting self apart from the rest of the world, allowing all gifts to be absorbed through poetry and shared with the world entirely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

First Through Pearly Gates

Decorated hospital beds lined and waiting, rider and pusher
anticipating the start of the race.

Halos and wings gathered together, a glittery prospect for
Mercy Hospice.

Excitement abounding, gathering momentum, parading down a
make-shift track, judging taking place with fun and humor.

Each department wanting to win, doing their best, running
like the wind.

Our turn has come and within seconds we have won! Beating
Home Health, we go on to the next heat.

Excitement mounting, we're running against the Emergency
department, this time they win, and we continuing racing
with each department until we're done.

Judges decisions are finally in - Mercy Hospice has won
first place for best decorated bed.

Pictures and plagues are all in order, we didn't do so
bad, because we lost to the final winner, 'Cool Runners'
from the Emergency Department.

A fun time was had, enjoyment, rejoicing and then it was
over, everyone went back to work with a smile on their face.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fish In An Aquarium

Bubbling from depths of water, swimming imaginatively
with the fish in an aquarium.

Freely diving and looking about, people coming into
the waiting room, watching them.

Being invisible within the tank, yet seeing what the
fish see in details they gather while swimming in
their shallow human-made ocean.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fishing

Swallowing lifetimes
of ineptitude, settling
back among sincere apologies
while foraging for compliments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fishing When Younger

Legs straddling the trunk of a tree hanging out over the water, my son sits with fishing pole in hand, enjoying his little adventure.

In the fantasy of his imagination he is having a great time waiting for the big one to tug as his line, grabbing his bait.

Tired of waiting he puts down his pole and starts climbing higher and farther out over the water.

Getting to a branch he wants to sit on, looking across at me, as I say go ahead.

Scared to death of falling, but wanting to reach his goal, he gathers up his courage like cake batter from a bowl.

Gaining the confidence that is needed, turning around on the thin trunk, sitting all proud upon another branch.

Just sitting there for a minute, then down again, because his big brother has caught a fish on the other side and now he will try his luck again.

Until that is, he gets tired, then he'll be off again on another adventure in imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fissures Of Imagination

Walking silently across the desert of intellect, into
neon rainbows of wisdom, wondering at every turn, where
thoughts and ideas come from.

Altogether, strains of music are stretched out in the
fissures of imagination, so affiliated with the entire
universe, equipped sololy with a total energy of tomorrow.

Lifting innermost sights and allowing them to give and
emanate the beauty of all knowledge, taking pathways
that will never be taken by anyone else.

Always taking steps in one direction at a time, so I may
continue to use all of life's trials and sufferings in
the learning of experience.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fitting Abstractions

Reality sets aside imagination at times,
yet, I bring myself back.

Sitting in my mind, trying out new
abstractions, and fitting them together
nice and neat.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fitting Acceptance

Walking on the edge, not knowing what to expect, leaves an expectant waiting as if something is to be born and we know not when, how or why.

Difficulty follows all who are undecided when it comes to figuring out and analyzing a person.

Bringing no peace of mind causes people to do a dance, chasing each other back and forth, never knowing if they'll be able to hold hands or talk or love.

Let go, trust in yourself, your goodness, and you will have many friends without even trying to know about them.

Just by accepting them in all their glorious faults, their loving fits you, and you have come close to the friendship that is in all of us.

Keeping your mind open and letting them just fit into your life is most important.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fitting Acquiescence Of Life

Innocence in passing eras falls upon deaf ears as we
go through life, adjusting measures and chords to
fit the acquiescence of life.
Thoughtful interludes giving me a fullness of faith
as I progress into depths of interior sadness.
Following the patterns of tomorrow's designs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fitting Designs

Ragged rhythms, standing end to end,
fitting themselves into designs of
today's routines.

Affixing their essences to denizens
of future reminiscence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fitting Rhythms

Placing self in the midst of an environment, in synch with rhythm's fitting my soul.
Happy, filled with an essence, giving passion for my writing.
Loving every dimension being elicited into realms of subconsciousness, to be dealt in hands of poetical verses.
Never at a loss, always writing in serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fixated Images

Searching for meanings in crossword puzzles, taking time to be proficient and exact.
Solutions come together as I sense abstractions waiting in lines, tackling meanings in scientific formulas as they are taken from within my mind.
Soluble solutions, liquefying definitions, blurring fine lines to create new ideas in middles of explanations.
Assuming figures are going to be perpendicular or rectangular, sending coded messages through visions of fixated images, calling out to be included in every aspect of writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flagpole Of Respect

Energy rising, filling and overflowing an interior spirit,
soaring through the atmosphere, free as an eagle here in
the United States of America.

Our colors flying proudly in the flag hung above us on a
flagpole of respect, total assurance being spent here that
we're protected from the evil of isis and everyone else.

Enjoying the essence of being Americans, free and totally
united for one purpose, protecting our nation from a one
world order.

Keeping away the corruption of this immense dictatorship,
making everyone in the world slaves to liberal democrats,
socialists and communists.

Americans never going to let that happen here in the U.S.A.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flamboyant Quiet Mind

Honeysuckle blossoms fill my head with their delicious aroma,
so sweet, and fragrant, carrying life's innocent naivete.

Lasting forever on winds of memories, feeling it even as I
speak, contradicting all who seek the past.

There is life along the way if we will only find where it
hides, bringing it out to change an ever-altering flamboyant
quiet mind.

Nothing ever lives long enough to die; when smelling honey-
suckle, we trip back into the past, live again for another
while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flame Of Poetry

Striking like a match lighting a fire, exploding desires,
passion rising into a flame of poetry being expressed,
flowing like white water rapids into moments of life.

Exponentially seeing landscapes that nourish wonder and
awe of humanity, allowing beauty and innocence to mingle
like stars in heaven.

Shining on earth, providing silent inspiration while
spreading thoughts across the world, reaching others with
a quiet faith, bringing them hope in forms of friendship
and a life-long love throughout his earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flames Of Peace

Candlelight flickering in the distance,
changing forms, altering light shining
into the sky.
Beautiful crystal jars, illuminating
flames of peace in a world of strife.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flames Of Solace

Frazzled and dazzled, leading an existence of biased
predicaments.
On occasion, singling brain cells, charring synapses
with literate fires burning brightly in inner skies
of tantalizing beauty and sacredness.
Writing in flames of interior solace, adjoining
embers of yesterday's bonfires.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flaming Imagination

Fires flaming down sides of imagination,
burning ideas into pages of poetry.

Turning embers into live meanings,
expecting to be heard.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flapping Wings

Patiently waiting for a turn to speak, looking out the window
and watching birds sneak through the sky, flapping their wings
in rhythm to keep their bodies flying in the air.

Gliding, soaring, landing gently upon thin telephone wires to
sit for a moment, then off they fly again to another roost they
can see off in the distance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flaring Ambition

Life-long ambitions flare up and want to be fulfilled without reserve, yet we ignore them and find other things to occupy our minds.
Much to our detriment, later on in life, as we struggle doing things we'd rather not be doing.
In the end, regretting our forlorn decisions and merely existing in an abandoned corner of our worlds, alone, forsaking even ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flaring Tempers

Tempers flare angrily at children for being tired and
restless through no fault of their own.
Endless shopping trips, up and down every single aisle,
all types of products to catch the eyes of little ones,
yet parents can't afford much of it.
Wanting what they see, not being able to receive it,
kids become frustrated over it all.
Family closeness tested, tried, stretched to it's
maximum while in the store.
After checking out, walking into the hot sun, everyone
seems to calm down - exhausted.
On the ride home, children fall asleep and dream of all
the items they couldn't have when shopping.
Upon awakening, everything is back to normal and they
once again play make-believe and are contented with
what they have.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flashing Emotions

Lights flashing off and on with every image and color, showing themselves exclusively to inner screens of photographic landscapes.
Always pushing me into many enlightened pathways where wisdom flows overwhelmingly within.
Just feeling all of the extraordinary feelings sets emotions flashing like fireworks in the sky on the fourth of July.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flashing Emptiness

Perspectives of life are ever-changing,
revolving towards destiny's ends while
living moments in timeless energy.
Tantamount to universal ideas, an
emptiness filled with tears slides
before us, watching an existence flash
before visions of yesterday's demise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flat Tones

Sitting reluctantly through another cinco de mayo
celebration, senior style.
Music is fine and upbeat, yet we can do without
the many voices that are flat and hitting our ear
drums with their unheard tonal pitches.
Suffering silently, hoping, wishing, praying for
an end of this dismal performance.
Tactfully smiling, clapping on cue, minds in a
quandary, trying to be nice and not walk out of
the room.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flaunting Teardrops

Flaunting teardrops as they fall into pools of acquiescence, taking hearts with them.
Drowning in sadness as it continues to grow around their minds like ivy clinging to old college walls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flavor And Color Of Music

Racing down tracks of melodies and rhythms, having the time of
life as whistles blow into the wind showing vast landscapes as
we race by them at break neck speed.

A lasting impression unfolding breathlessly, being held mystic-
ally in depths of another dimension, touching and filling this
poetical mind and heart with a fruition of innate imagination.

Totally and completely living in the beauty of a tantalizing
energy that never slows down or fades away, tapping constantly
in the wind upon this brain.

Intellect enjoying vibrations and flavor of the color of music, entertaining and
blessing everyone who's listening, a wonderful
and enticing blend of energy and sacredness taking hold within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flavor Of Clouds

Reaching out in imagination,
grasping clouds looking like
icing for a birthday cake.

Wanting to taste them and see
what flavor they might be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flavorful Ideas

Sandwiched between signals, notes stretch beyond imagination, finding particles of intellect like shells in sand on the shore.
Listening carefully to the rush of waves slapping gently against your ears, biding time while enjoying rhythms of life and nature.
Taking care to have flavorful ideas to put to paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flavorful Rhythms

Formulating ideas and thoughts throughout music
being listened to.

Finding favor with it's flavorful rhythms as I
write to it.

Bringing my mind into avenues of beauty and land-
scapes of nature,

Never tiring of seeing the reality and fantasy of
intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flavorful Thoughts On Paper

Reading lines of poetical musings,
leaving flavorful thoughts on every
paper touched by my pen on days of
musical interludes.

Soothing insides of beings with a
balm of precious love, being held
with one another in hugs of old.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flavoring Life

Columns blocking my view, taking away my vision until I grasp it and make it mine again.
Flavoring life with an abundance of images and helping myself subconsciously, to an array of thoughts and ideas.
Consuming everything, being curious, questioning everything within my power and loving every minute of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flavors Of Aromas

Fingering sun rays as they fall into earth's rhythms,
totally suffused with the beauty that comes from an
inner spirit.

Strumming inner chords, letting them air out in an
afternoon breeze, rolling down the streets in an en-
lightening stream of whispers from afar.

Tasting effervescent flavors of neighboring aromas
as they float from the earth's surface, compiling
themselves in dreams of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flavors Of Death

Floating above still pictures of the ocean as waves
continue to rise and fall with the elation of all
emotions being stirred from within.

Completely obliterating echoes from sadness and yet
they are standing still on the edge of night, no way
to gather sleep in their vibrant avenues of thought.

Soaked, sated with effervescent flavors of death that
have never left this poet, silently living both in the
here and now while existing in the firm grasp of death.

There dying has led me more than once, standing here
patiently, doing what needs to be done to finish my
purpose on earth, then I will be gladly led away once
again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flavors Of Love

Never hesitating, just stepping right into rhythms
as they grab this mind and cause writing to begin.

Living closely in the farthest reaches of my mind,
illuminating patterns of beauty, taking intellect
and charging it with an electric passion lighting
up every cavern in this brain.

Picturing the explicit flavors of love as they come
in to the effervescent livelihood of tomorrow,
picking up lively beats and placing them so perfectly
into my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flavors Of Portraits

Slowly moving into outer labyrinths,
looking for things to clasp together.

Making a picture in mind then framing it
with golden words and beautiful colors.

Tasting the flavors of portraits,
standing along the hallways of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fleeing Earth

This lifetime may soon be over, on the verge of catapulting
towards death and resurrection in heaven.

Calling upon inner strength and goodness which has grown
beautifully throughout life.

Blossomed from the soul, transported to worlds beyond,
placed decoratively on wings of life, fleeing towards God
and all His glory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fleeing From Love

Locked away in caverns of ebony, no light penetrating corners of my mind with wisdom.
A darkness carrying me on a separate journey from the rest of the world.
Only set on abandoned pathways of used, tattered, explanations.
Fleeing desperately from any showing of love or caring, because they don't exist in my dismal world, handed to me from destiny's fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flickers Of Hope

Drifting along life's avenues of trial and tribulations,
looking forward with hope, for a brighter future to come
about.

Thinking, clouding judgments, because of stress, feeling
the way through with faith, knowing soon that everything
will fall into place and peace will reign again.

Strongly stubborn throughout, never giving in to despair,
except in thought patterns, where it can do no damage
spiritually.

Because hope flickers eternal and can never be extinguished -
it stays alight into heaven's gates.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flight From Phoenix To Lax

Flying thousands of miles in the atmosphere, turbulence
rocking the jet, loving it's vibrations and letting it
fill me with joy, loving it!

Soaring higher, lights just twinkling below like stars
of earth covering it's surface instead of the atmosphere
above us.

A darkened puzzle of night not really being brightened
by any of the lights, but they are pretty specks opening
my mind.

Eliciting poetry from within incessantly as I fly onward
to Los Angeles the first leg of my journey to India and
the experience of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flight Of Thought

White clouds gathering
cumulatively below us,
blocking views of earth's
ground beneath us as we
wend our way through sky
ways of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flights Of Fantasy

Forgotten lilies opening their faces, spreading beauty
and joy to passers-by.
Dancing merrily in brown beds with roses in attendance.
Singing silently into the atmosphere, reaching the ears
of only a few, attuned to nature's fanciful flights of
fantasy.
Playing with puffs of gentle wind, realizing their
importance in the life of this poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flights Of My Being

Flying away, wings flapping in the wind, soaring with the
clouds as they travel earth freely.

Wanting the liberty to do so myself, taking to the skies,
having learned to fly when only nineteen.

Spreading wings of my spirit, touching the atmosphere
every time I take off and enjoy flights of my being.

Soaring with the birds, loving the stillness and quiet
above when opening the plane's door, co-pilot taking over.

Jumping out into the unknown, untethered, totally alone,
filled with hope, exciting and thrilling me interiorly,
sky diving throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flimsy Threads

Soaking totally in sadness, bathing in it's tears, trying to hold onto life with flimsy threads held loosely in my hands.
Truncating through yesterday's filled with good times and memories created at happier times.
Blessing everything around me, thinking of my future, knowing soon heaven's gardens I will be walking through, meeting with family again and enjoying my eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Floating Clouds

Rising and falling, sleep overtaking then ebbing, giving
my mind different moods to write from, liking the beauty
of nature filling intellect.

Switching to clouds floating above, seeing all kinds of
things within them, puppies, birds, dragons, angels,
Jesus.

Fascinating how our minds work when seeing abstracts and
associating them with things that are real and actual,
delving next into desert plains.

Feeling the hot arid atmosphere bearing down upon me,
scanning the horizon, filling my mind with landscapes
of cacti, mesquite trees, and wildlife scampering about.

Life is filled with so many distractions naturally coming
to mind, giving ideas to write about, then quickly turn-
ing to watching people.

Writing impressions that come interiorly, feeling their
sadness, loss, grief, as I sense their emotions flowing
into my being.

Finding the words to write them into poems, describing
them with tears dripping down into my heart and mind all
the while writing them all into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Floating Downstream

Drifting downstream, nowhere to go, just floating without any thoughts.

Feeling sad and lonely within, not able to grasp hold of anything, not even hope.

Life is leaving, not taking me with it, on a separate journey.

Dejected and forlorn, unhappiness sitting within, nowhere else to go.

Just holding onto this lonely heart, crying tears of hopelessness and drifting downstream into a far away place.

Not caring where it is, just as long as I don't have to be here now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Floating Dreams

Dreams floating above on clouds, billowing white and dainty,
soothing my mind continually.
Freshening my moods and attitudes with a clarity not seen
before.
Capturing attention of inner thought and ideas as
subconsciousness envelopes my mind with opaque finality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Floating Rhythms

Sitting in a revelry of optimism, seeing life abundantly while contemplating ingenious qualities of a band performing.
Life-giving rhythms, floating into my being with unequivocal measures.
Tantalizing synapses into enlightened trances, writing the feel good emotions into poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Floating Thoughts

Wandering down streets and back alleys, thoughts coming into
the light, floating upon the surface of intellect as I con-
tinue walking, not ready to write.

Just keeping everything in mind, ready at a moment's notice
to be written down, loving how my

No matter how many interruptions come along, able to just
pick up my pen and continue writing as if nothing has got-
ten in the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Floating Upon Rhythms

Mind playing an interior piano, loving the innocent and purity
of the Divine coming through each note and tone, heavenly and
joyful.

Inducing and enticing peace to enter this soul explicitly with-
out any fuss, calmly floating upon rhythms as they flow so
graciously into intellect.

Loving serenity being built interiorly while listening, think-
ing of all the beauty in this earthly life, wishing at times it wasn't temporary, but
dealing with it as best as possible.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Floating With Tides

Receding feelings, ebbing and rising at times.
Taking the waves as they come, relaxing,
floating with the changing tides of life,
because there's not much else one can do under
the circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Floor Of Poetry

Delicate patterns are being beaten into my mind with staccato-like hammering notes.
All the commotion waking me interiorly to an energetic kind of rhythm. Taking me by the mind, out onto the floor of poetry, giving me plenty of music and room to do my thing in the way I want.
Loving it's feeling, pounding in my being, giving me a movement, pushing me forward into the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flooring

Patterns of flooring showing apprehensive designs,
sighing in regiments of deplorable conditions.

Once, they were beautiful as they were laid with
care.

Now over the years they've become worn and faded
with all the washing and waxing.

Still, I can remember their beginnings in time and
have written this poem in remembrance of that
pristine time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Floors

Floors take us on journeys from room to room
and out the door.
Looking to explore nature's bountiful essence
as it is poured forth from life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Floors Of Ashes

Walls of despair gabled by iron gates standing in the way
of physical escape, tramping ever so solemnly through yards
of diligent neglect.

Turning around, seeing nothing familiar in a familiar sight,
destinations driven from within, pushing, prodding interior
walls to expand and break.

Rolling down exigent lanes of sadness, falling upon a field
of vast misfortune, noting that succulent life has disappear-
ed from the inside out.

Limply grasping the single thread of survival, not really
caring if it breaks and throws you into hell, fried with the
heat of saddened neglect.

Pacing floors of ashes, wanting to repent, but not having
done anything you'd be sorry for, exclamations are buried
deep in pits of hot fire, never coming to light, expiring
before daylight begins to see an ending of dawn's late night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Florescent Beauty

Hiding in the florescent beauty of nature as morning is awakened
by the sun rising slowly, majestically over the eastern horizon.

Calculating the energy of what is going to come about as we all
continue living in experiences of each moment, never knowing
what to expect as we awaken from a sound sleep.

Going to work, school or out into the world to create something
brand new, or perhaps develop some great invention that will
help all of mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Florescent Colors

Music swiftly flowing through my mind, thoughts coming
through it's sounds and melodies, delighting me no end,
florescent colors sliding about.

Giving imagination food for thought, lifting spirits
interiorly, as I write, thoroughly feeling emotions of
life as I think of past images filtering through rhythms
I'm listening to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Floundering

Tones of reminiscence fill my spirit with gaiety for periods of leisure.
Attempting to live out fantasy in truths of reality as it strikes me to the core, leaving me more bereft than before.
Searching for something I know nothing of, believing in God, yet floundering on earth's tidal waves of remorse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Floundering In Thought

What does no one else have that I do? Can it be figured out?

You're hopelessly lost, as thinking, you have no clue what to deduce.

It's plain as can be, yet you're being deceived by your mind and left out on a limb with no net.

Take things as they come, let them dangle and dawdle in front of your face.

Let guards and barriers come away as you flounder in thought upon a sea of mystery.

Finding horizons of life, floating through atmospheres and oceans until the end of time.

Have you decided yet, what I have that no one else can devise or see?

Best to wait and see, after death proclaims it to all the world without me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flower Heads

Wild wind pressing blossoming flowers
to and fro.

Knocking their pretty little heads into
white cement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flower Parade

Flowers of life are blooming,
filled with a rainbow of colors,
parading them silently in
gardens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowered With Thoughts

Shrouded in mysterious curtains of sublimity, magical dimensions being flowered with thoughts and ideas spread throughout this world.

Flowing in timely progressions of peaceful repertoires through musical timelines steeped in serenity, beautiful traces of innate talent flowing like lava rainbows of existence.

Ready at a moment's notice when hearing sounds and tones to be written, translated and sent throughout imagination and reality at the nib of a pen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowering Aromas

Listening to music of this mind, composing it so energetically
and faithfully.

Such beauty falling into visions of my mind, images walking
through forests of intellect.

Taking along every facet of imagination, using them all in
every poem that will be written.

Sending messages, filling an inner essence with so many
flowering aromas, as they begin and end in a garden.

Growing and maturing with every thought and idea, being held
gently in this brain of mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowering Beauty

Rambling down crowded pathways, seeking breath-taking
views of absolute nature to fill my mind's eyes with.
Beauty flowering into daydreams of brilliant thought,
trying out new forms and shapes of silent wordy
communication.
Continuous enjoyment of imagination tickling all
manner of speech, causing it to spill out onto this
page for you to see and appreciate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowering Emotions

Alluring, tantalizing, rhythms taking me deeply into
fields of flowering emotions, right now blossoming and
filling my being with enticing aromas.

Becoming aware of an intense love from another, for me
alone, tapping, skipping along, running into his arms,
being held and cared lovingly for.

Now being the best of life in both worlds, holding
onto every promise, knowing fully that they have been
given to and will not be taken back.

A beautiful present from God, helping to get through
this very difficult and trying life, a serene love to
hold onto tightly, even after death has come to take me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowering Poetry

Syncopating rhythms, following their designs and patterns,
exquisitely being portrayed poetically through music I'm
listening to.

Steady staccato beat, filling my heart, intellect coding
each poem through rhythms being played, totally in another
zone.

Thinking silently, so silently that not a thought escapes
it's grasp as I write from an inner waterfall, flowing
incessantly into pools of ingenuity.

A flourishing passion that never dies, just continues
to blossom into flowering poetry that everyone reads
eventually around the entire world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowering Thoughts

Flowering into thoughts as music rotates throughout my mind,
stretching nature into unconfined spaces, preparing it for
consequences and an awakening of inconsequential fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowering Tides

Joy of life exiting musical tirades, soaring straight to my mind past all barriers, creating pathways to writing.
Poetical beauty filling every aspect of imagination.
Diving deeply into thought-provoking ideas, serenely selecting those words that match my feelings.
Keeping tides flowing, bringing a calmness into my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowering Universe

Happily jouncing through quiet-filled morning hours, playing happily in corridors of memories, tempted by none and cloaked in sorrow.
Preferring to step and act in accordance with this wonderful day.
Flowering incessantly like small fireworks, words pop in my mind, gathering thoughts to images, creating poetry through acres of my soul.
Vast expanses in an inner universe all my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowering Words

Quiet knowledge sits aside, watching wisdom curl around
centerpieces of innate talent.
Wanting to imitate and become the same mettle of which it
was formed at birth.
No wayward mistakes or faulty calculations, only a novel
creative bouquet of flowering words, lasting a lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowers Of Nature

Standing on lonely pathways, touching, gently,
beautiful flowers of nature.
Focusing on the intensity of color and soft
vibrations emanating from within them, holding
whispering conversations as I listen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowing Downstream

Nature dancing to rhythms that I'm now listening to,
giving thoughts tempos to write to.

Unfolding and opening my mind, energetically tantal-
izing every fiber of my being within measures of time.

Tempos telling facts and creating ideas consistently
and incessantly one by one.

Always flowing like white water rapids downstream as
life carries on daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowing Emotions

Depths of emotions flowing out upon a sea of frothy feelings
swarming about, testing the waters for suicidal behaviors
hiding underneath smiles of pretended happiness.

Closing off personalities, hiding inside massive amounts of
saddened effects of past abusiveness and pain.

Alluding always to moments of misunderstandings creeping into
reality, upsetting it with total unequilibrium.

Setting precedents for one cast to the side, an anomaly of a
different source, belonging to no one in particular, traveling
along a separate path that no one else dares travel.

Coalescing with images of past memories set in stone, within
a photographical mind.

Tending only to beautiful seasons of intense visions, open to
myself inside.

Delving always within abysses, carrying everything along
sideways avenues, bringing thought into unknown dimensions.

Filling inner environments with whole new atmospheres set in
solid rhythms of invisible melodies, being toted through life
in a knowledgeable side of abstracted desert plains.

(8/28/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowing Horizontally

Configuring concepts, taking them into depths of ingenuity
where they can be tweaked and given reasons for existing.

Pine organs playing musically in time with measures of
happiness, as death lays it's hands upon ideas of life.

Ruining the picture of an endearing temperament, letting
it fall into the coffin, a once upon living human being.

Never rising again, flowing horizontally through a new
vertical reality beyond earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowing Like A River

Sometimes when listening to music, memories and thoughts
will flow like a river downstream and I cannot stop or
pause the words that flow from my pen.

Having to write all that transpires within my mind into
poetry, leaving nothing unturned, as words and meanings
continue to flow from the waterfall of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowing Melodies

Spinning with unhesitant movements,
enjoying every rhythmic step around
the dance floor.
Joy-filled spirits being set free to
fly and flow with every melody.

(10: 53 a.m. - 12/19/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowing Passion

Flight of passion flowing from an elderly gentleman,
tears crystallizing in his eyes, showing us the depth
of emotion caught in the rhythm of his lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowing Realizations

Realizations flow into my mind, touching upon creative
areas within this brain, lively and thoughtful, portray-
ing photographic images as they participate in intellect.

Taking me quietly all through life, being a silent rebel,
enjoying the challenge and daring to be myself no matter
what others may think.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowing Reminders

Quickly running, leaving behind so many flowing reminders of past good times, wanting to go back and relive them with relish.
Knowing how life is expected to go forth, without any effort, never pushing too long, just letting all things go at their own pace.
Never rushing into the beyond of life in sunsetical prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowing Rhythms

Sweetened music touching my mind's ears with delight.
Softening daily stress with it's enigmatic prose and
exacting measurement.
Ivories extracting harmony from the universe and
spreading it throughout my being.
Taking advantage of rhythm as it flows easily into
poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowing Sands

Tantalizing, forging, tripping through time,
allowing pain to filter through space and
alight on a distant plain.

Forgetting all the benefits left from days of
yesterday, sending signals of longing and
fidelity throughout heartened space.

Lightly, softly, glancing ahead, seeking new
dimensions, finding solutions in pens of ink.

Knowing all along the frenchiness of youth is
sitting on back burners, looking for life.

There are no more reminders in the light of
day, all significance has fallen through the
blackest clouds of satin night.

Bleaching foundations of eternal bliss,
turning, rolling over the ripples of eternity,
disclosing the finality of death at the
beginning.

Choosing to ignore the bleakness of it's self,
growing and continuing as all others before
have done.

Sitting always on steps of forgiveness, never
realizing that all along, many have traced and
followed their footsteps, having left prints
indelibly in sands of life on earth.

Yet, even they are washed away eventually by
the tides of life, washing gently over, pulling
them along into the mainstream of death upon the
ocean's arthritic floor.

Aging finitesimally, sands flow ever onward,
becoming the total ending of all life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowing Shadows

Flowing shadows, sliding down sides of buildings,
landing upon shadows on the ground, being stepped
on, not making any sounds.

Are we like shadows upon the earth? Silent. un-
pretentious, unlearning?

If so, why are we?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowing Spirally

Sounds touching this mind so daintily with delicate
tones, notes and rhythms, altogether enticing many
thoughts to flow spirally through intellect.

Catching hold of ideas and concepts that fulfill
purposes of meaning in every poem written, speaking
from a silence that lives deeply within.

Filled with the energy that keeps intellect always
on the verge of every single thought as it portrays
what is being seen in my surroundings and environment.

Beauty of nature always adding it's elements, symmet-
rically and profoundly to what I create innately time
after time poetically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flowing Waters

Feeling all the pleasure being brought to me
through an energy of flowing waters.

Allowing me to watch how gentle winds can ripple,
bubble, pulsate, circle, reflect, cascade and fall
into depths of a simple fountain.

Rocks, stacked atop each other with little spaces
between them, allowing the water to flow unendingly
into this poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fluid And Vibrant

Wrapping my mind around thoughts as rhythms code them
into music and poetry that's being written.

Fluid and vibrant, flowing incessantly from an innate
intellect, creativity, imagination and an interior
spirituality.

None of it can be separated, it's all connected, and
attuned to each other, vouching for this fact, watching
it happening as I think spontaneously and instantly.

Everything I choose to do in life is retrieved from
this spiritual intellect as it orchestrates my thought
processes constantly and incessantly.

A thoroughly sequential order known only to innate
wisdom I was born with, loving to feel it's texture and
sound within me.

Living in it's depths so silently and perfectly, always
listening to the beauty of interior spirituality, filled
with qualities of life exponentially and fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fluid Insturmental Intellect

Writing and creating from depths of an interior universe,
listening to various instruments of India.

Testing water's edges of a fluid instrumental intellect,
taking me into all kinds of interesting rhythms and beats
continuing to take this mind down trails of an incessant
and newly-made vision.

Quietly capturing intellect with their incessant tones in
measures of time, so intense, placid, soothing interiorly
with an amazing view of the musicians themselves.

Staccatoely and beating to wonderful temptations of desires
as they take me along avenues of their choosing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fluid Interaction

Finding wishing is the supreme thought throughout life, as ideas continually flow into the existence of fluid interaction.

Motion taking it's place in many rhythms of the tree of life, at times coming figuratively into the light of day, when no one can fathom the quality of values in this important phase of a lifetime.

Nothing ever being discarded in fields of a promised land, always taking a stand, replenishing the steadfastness of earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fluid Spirit Of Grace

Time being filled by measures of music as I listen continuously and gleefully, solace bringing me into a field of wonder.

Showing avenues of awe-inspiring scenery and interior landscapes, mountains, deserts, jungles and forests filing past me on interior videos.

Never losing, only enticing me unbiddenly, reaching into pockets of life, finding the spirit of nature as it binds itself quietly to me.

Feelings of an insatiable curiosity, believing in the power of a positive attitude, fulfilling life through an increasingly fluid spirit of grace unceasingly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fluid Stillness

Standing still, hovering, balloons drift into my sight, lifting my spirit with their lightness and gaiety of colorful patterns.
Watching them with interest, interpreting their essence in fluid stillness of movement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fluidity Of Motion

Whispering into tunnels of vision, we discover
atmosphere's of innovative creativity.
Everlasting fluidity of motion, entertains minds
of talent on their way to discovery and fame.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fluttering Leave

Tracing tears backwards in time, trying to find where they once began, maybe stopping them from following me into the present.

Holding hands with time, , straying off the beaten path of life to find more purpose and energy to continue living.

Knowing there is nothing to hold onto anymore, like a fluttering leave in a hurricane wind, no feelings, or roots to be aware of.

Being pushed into a life that I want no part in, tears of frustration stabbing like a knife.

There's no understanding or compassion for a person left alone, no love, no hand to hold or touch in this sorrowful state of mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fly 8-Ing

Figuratively waltzing in my head as I imagine flying a Cessna into atmospheres no one else can find.
Looping loops, enticing clouds to do the same.
Fly 8-ing through skies of blue, chasing clouds from within this body of imagination.
Floating above the ocean, watching it wave to me with frosty white arms, billowing pillow-like waves of ebbing and flowing tides.
Wiping tears of joy, overflowing from my soul as I continue to fly, hitting the sun and moon of my imagination with clouds pushing by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flying

Like a mosquito flying up above, through the clouds, with wheels hanging down like hands of a mosquito.
Flying free and higher than a bug, my secret love is to fly always in the sky.
Flying is a secret passion and not mosquito-type at all.
Just flying high in a plane - that's all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flying Clouds

Piling clouds atop each other, the wind blows
teasingly in their faces and hair.
Sending them flying across the countryside,
laughing in glee as they change shape while
you look at them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flying High In Memories

Wide expanse of the Pacific Ocean lying beneath our jet
below for hours, measuring out time in the air by the
miles we traverse over it's width, depths and heights.

Special thoughts being held tenderly, gently, of times
spent swimming in it, picking up shells and trinkets
along the shore.

Playing in the sand, enjoying being with parents and
family for a day at the beach, flying high above it
now.

Recollecting happy memories of the good times we used
to have in the good old days, especially when younger
and full of life and happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flying On To Hong Kong

Using innate talent to entertain myself on the plane from L.A. to Hong Kong, totally enjoying flight meals, service and people, everything is great!

Stewardesses very pleasant, extremely helpful, solving problems had with seating, couldn't ask for a better air-line in my opinion.

Loving traveling alone, feeling independent and free, much more at peace now, spirit soaring with me in the sky above earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flying Shadows

Shadows flying and flitting above, belonging
to owners of wings, feathers and things.
Polite chirpings telling of unrest go unnoticed
except for a few attuned to nature.
Frequently distasteful polluted atmospheres
coincide with those of natural beauty, bringing
about realizations of man's ugly reality and
greed.
Thrown into unnatural habitats, one day soon all
shadows flying and flitting above will be gone.
Along with their owners of wings, feathers and
things.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flying Thought

Riding an invisible
bucking horse never
being thrown off
because we're flying
on air.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flying Throught?

What do clouds do when we speed through them?
Does our jet tear them - rip them apart?
Or do we flow uncomfortably through them -
never touching any part of their holistic
beings?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Flying With Angels

Softly listening to a beautiful melody, totally
touching my soul, reaching it's heart and soaring
into my mind, bringing a quiet solace into my being.

Taking me on a voyage into the great beyond, loving
the peace, flying with the angels and not wanting to
return to earth any time soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focal Points Of Love

Rectangular thoughts coming together in focal points
of love, showing feelings instead of words being used.

Surrounding your heart with my love, knowing how my
life has been blessed by your unconditional love.

Understanding precluding any words being stated, be-
cause our love has been encompassed in rectangular
thoughts of rhythm.

Our lives now being shown through the love we have
silently held onto, even though our hearts have been
broken by others and their loss in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focus Of Intensity

Suddenly stopping, building higher into melody's tempo,
carrying away a sense of being involved in managing
beautiful speech, picturesque in visions.

Catching on rebounds, life exercises positions of
superior intelligence.

Swirling candidly, openly, into periods of succession,
allowing for interior stretching of boundaries and limits.

Focusing sololy on ideas at mind, carefully shifting gears
as writing flows out constantly, showing what is happening
all around us.

Sidling up edges, pushing barriers to extend the focus of
intensity.

Colorful adjustments, altering every step of the way,
enjoining every creative thought process available and
then inventing more as it continues into the darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focused Maturity

Floating along against tides of life,
calculating and formulating anticipated
tasks as I enter realms of subconscious
integrity.

Integrating puzzles and posing eternal
questions of life, death, and their
parts in our moments on earth.

Gone to nether worlds and beyond, standing
off to sides as maturity focuses on aging
minds throughout eternal natural waysides.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focused On Being

Walking a tightrope, balancing between life and death,
always focused on functions of my being.

Knowing that every little nuance can create havoc with-
in, not wanting to overstep life's boundaries.

Lest I fall out of them and into the circumference of
death's embrace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focused On God

Having no lace to go when being in the ebony darkness of
hopeless despair, holding onto the hope and faith I was
born with.

Giving self to our Lord to take away my fears or doubts
that may be taunting my spirit, staying alert and moving
into the wake of mourning.

Head bowed, hands clasped in prayer, mind focused on God
only, walking into the future alone, safe and treasured
by God, knowing my life is being protected completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing

Cordoning off people's opinions, not letting them affect my imagination.
Giving many explanations, focusing on intensive thoughts, becoming part and parcel of thinking industriously over ends of life-giving beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing Darkness

Looking forward into darkness, seeing it's blacks and grays
focusing into the future.

All living beings are drawn into it's depths without any
effort whatsoever.

Watching landscapes cross over, divide and being lured into
night's fantastic darkness without a sound.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing Energy

Clouds of dust swirl around me in desert storms of lightening knowledge. Continually focusing on an energy I feel inside, beginning to face myself as a person of some worth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing Images

Substantial volume pumping me higher into another dimension,
bringing all images into focus, giving an aura of timeliness
to an otherwise ordinary space in life.
Contrarily coercing rhythms up and down the frets, taking it
steps higher.
Catching rhymes, placing them into verses as life passes by.
Justifying an existence, becoming the essence on a Friday
night out on the town.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing In Mind

Wandering through mazes of reality, not wanting any part of their existence.

Taking time out to disappear inside my being, taking self on journeys and adventures of tremendous capabilities.

Focusing on things I can do in my mind and leaving those I can no longer do on the wayside, not dwelling on their claustrophobic devices to keep me prisoner in a world I don't care to be a part of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing Intellect

Ranting, reveling in exciting ways, bringing along rapid emotions on a fast paced trek through lands of unbidden talent.
Throwing cares to winds of fate, tunneling across minds of ingenuity, focusing intellect on screens of inner wisdom.
Relating memories to what used to be known, carrying them forward to be used in radically new designs for eternity's shores, coming into view.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing Intently

Racing down the tracks, whistle blowing, guitar strumming as fast as possible, attuning heart, mind and intellect as that train continues giving energy the faster it goes.

Loving beating of the click clack down the tracks as it re-verberates constantly in this mind while my heart chugs into other dimensions full speed.

Beside myself, as desires and passion are being pulled effort-lessly from within my soul, whistle blowing thoroughly in my mind.

Clearing it as I focus intently on every measure it travels through time and back, tantalizing and enticing me to move forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing Inwardly

Rushing into dirt roads, running away, further into barren desert mountains, just to be alone and focused inwardly for now.

Noticing desert animals scurrying about, looking for shelter, much as I am right now.

Wandering through recollections of the last time finding self here.

A cool, refreshing memory, helping to cope with this arid hot desert of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing Memories

Striped images surrounding windows of my mind,
reaching backwards into time, focusing on
memories of Mom and Dad, and what we did together.
A flightly, airy, feeling of being loved
unconditionally.
It's memory fills my heart and oozes tears of
bittersweet days out my eyes, touching my mind
and soul again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing Memories And Visions

Joining melodies as they're playing, tones and sounds now
exhilarating intensely with their rhythmic vibrations,
following their patterns through measures of music.

Gathering meaning and intensity while focusing on memories,
feelings, emotions and details that continue to flow in a
never-ending pathway towards destiny.

One day ending on a last sunsetical shore far from this
earth, a beautiful sunset honoring a life after all breath
has been taken from this now lifeless body.

Expressions of an entire life all left behind in poetry
throughout the years on pages of poetry journals, left in
annals of time for the world to see.

Hopefully some will be inspired to do good, bringing peace
to the world and an ending of poverty forever just like in
the visions continually seen in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing On Basic Reality

Life is never easy, simple or filled with happiness,
there are too many trails awaiting us in our lives.

Memories of the past will bear out this truth, always
focusing on it's basic reality throughout the years.

Having to struggle just to exist on this planet earth,
a question of, if it's worth it or not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing On Basic Reality In Life

Life is never easy, simple or filled with happiness,
there are too many trails awaiting us in our lives.

Memories of the past will bear out this truth, always
focusing on it's basic reality throughout the years.

Having to struggle just to exist on this planet earth,
a question of, if it's worth it or not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing On Creative Gifts

Wrestling with other people's ideas, discarding or holding them, in case there's some reason to do so.
Ordinarily taking everything to heart, I can no longer exist in that darkened cavern.
Focusing on creative gifts, bringing myself into the expansive pictures I'm creating, through ideas of out-of-the-box thinking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing On Family

Sensitized into a coma of rhetoric, looking for unkempt secrets to pop up and reveal themselves.
Nothing out of the ordinary happens until I visualize in imagination's corridors, the tremendous availability of non-entity thoughts from past beings.
Stilling my heart, while racing through my mind, reciprocating past visions with many images of tantalizing auras of yesterday.
Recriminations fall to the wayside as I focus interiorly on family and close ties, always situated alongside my thoughts, helping me through daily routines.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing On Interior Life

Focusing deeply into the interior life of human beings,
seeing the goodness and holiness brought about in each
of us.

Knowing without learning, that God is within and cannot
be separated from life itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing On Intuitive Aspects

Realizing that everything seen, felt, sensed, takes me into a poetical interior of scenery, focusing wholly on the intuitive parts of my mind to bring it all together.

Hiding within, blocking out the world just to be alone, finding solace and serenity encompassing my being totally and completely.

Taking reality, it's truths, writing them peacefully and intelligently, gently into prose so others can read what I'm thinking also.

Loving to share with people all over the world, enjoying their opinions, reactions and comments, a totally wonderful experience on the whole.

Always giving pleasure all the days of my life, extracting joy and filling my spirit entirely for the Divine dwelling within the bluened light, sitting deeply inside of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing On Perception

Going deeply into processes of thinking, alighting on certain characteristics where patterns are derived.
Focusing ever more on perception, tantalizing inner thoughts to produce more ideas from scratch.
Totally locating an energy from within, allowing it's peace to spread itself throughout, without an ounce of doubt to consume me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing On Religious Freedom

Difficult, filled with heartache, life is belittled by
evil and it's penchant for taking away the freedom of
others.

Standing up for our rights, knowing that otherwise, we
would fall for anything, being energized interiorly with
a spiritual vengeance.

Focusing on religious freedom and walking headlong into
the fray, heads bowed in prayer, asking God to bless all
those who are good.

Having no hatred, intolerance or prejudice hidden within
our beings, steadfast, politically incorrect, standing
with virtues born from the Ten Commandments only!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing On Remainders Of Life

Turning inside, walking aisles of brain matter,
deciding what to think and write about.

Circumstances climbing out of boxes that were
neatly packed and stored away, privately
wandering into tangents of their own making.

Colliding thoughts are penetrating wonder and
curiosity with their unmistakable rhetoric,
playing with imagined ideals, focusing on what
is left of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing On The Future

Entering realms of eternity,
focusing totally on what is ahead,
beyond visions of intrepid solitude.

Considering possible situations from
every angle, forging novel details.
Trying to participate in activities,
yet, falling aside, not able to join
in, just sit back and watch life pass
by.

(9/7/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing On The Good

Life is always about being needed and needing
someone to love for a lifetime, there are
difficult days, lamenting the loneliness and
emptiness daily.

Yet when with someone you supposedly love,
either you or them complain about so many
little things, seeming like there's no love
between two people.

Instead of appreciating, accepting and loving
them for who they are, becoming irritated with
their idiosyncracies and harping on them all
the time.

Life is full of uncertainty, unfairness and an
intense pain that comes just from being human,
so why focus on the things that irk and rile
you every day.

Focusing on the good qualities and things that
made you fall in love in the first place, brings
back the beauty and inspiration of that first
feeling of love.

When first realizing it, thereafter, an appreciation
develops that nourishes and fulfills your every
dream in life, loneliness, emptiness, sadness is no
longer important once you realize this.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing On The Passage Of Life

Pushing forward, going double-time, focusing interiorly
on the passage of life through an earthly time tunnel,
locating our futures in certain ways.

At times apathetical, other times conscientiously
and vividly, feelings of complacency continuing to
fill me with a sense of confidence.

Taking me outside the circle of life knowingly finding
my way back, going through many dimensions without ever
leaving the place I'm sitting in, using my mind to travel
through time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing Past Memories

Life is twisting out of control, taking turns hurriedly,
causing me to hold on for dear life.

What good would worrying do, none I'm afraid, because
that's life and it needs to continue until it ends, no
matter what happens along the way.

Seeing lights ahead every time I write another poem
keeps me going, if for no other reason than to see what
I've written.

Writing keeps me sane in an unsane world, it keeps my
toes in the sand and waves washing over me in my mind.

Always sitting on mountains, shores, forests, past
memories keep me focused on nature and it's life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing Problems

Problems focusing themselves onto pages of everyday history,
hurling themselves from left field into your lap.

Negative reactions flowing abundantly drowning inner emotional
minds of man.

Under-scoring hazards of dealing with many people in a small
little office, problems loom and consume all unless they are
open, honest and straight forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing Talent

Exacting priceless melodies from an atmosphere of inner beauty, showing them upon screens of imagination, watching their auras begin and continue through colorful clouds of memories.
Focusing talent onto pages of prose, developing literature as I write.
Knowing and picturing every aspect of each note as I gyrate and dance within my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing Wisdom

Thinking and flowing with tides of creativity,
balancing on shores of understanding with
guidance of wisdom's intelligence.

Harmonizing melodies focus our attention,
keeping us in tune with our beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Focusing Words Of Ability

Reaching into heaven, being scorched by rays of a hot, hot sun, yet doing it anyway.

Focusing and touching words of ability, taking out every bit of vocabulary and using it to portray what I am thinking about.

Each verse becoming a portrait of the poetry held generously within this little self.

Forming pictures continually without any effort, loving the end results of every poem that is created and brought into existence once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Foggy Clouds

Clouds of fog gather and crawl around the mountains,
as the sun shines.
Giving a tint of whitish gray, blue to rocky heights
in an accumulated rain flowing down.
Black clouds hanging about, darkening skies above
with their pouty faces.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Foibles Of Life

Forecasting ideally in the future, hoping to find the
perfect partner for the rest of this life.

Never leaving the beauty of another to be tarnished or
thrown away.

Respecting, caring, loving, taking another's heart into
your own.

Protecting and keeping it safe within yours, nothing to
hurt or maim it again.

Special graces unfolding genuinely, spreading the wonder
and awe of love fully over an entire being.

Watching it come back upon them, being spread over them
also, a complete love being enveloped between two people.

Both actually meant for one another, only getting side-
tracked by foibles of life.

Now those same foibles, having deteriorated, life has
opened to the two hearts who were meant for each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Foil

Foilily shining into the atmosphere as light hits
it's surface, looking crinkly and glimmering.
So necessary in covering and protecting foods of
all kinds - as it also looks pretty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Folded Banners

Liveliness has died inside, instead, folded banners
lie haphazardly spread around in piles.

Where are the things I want to see? Lost, forgotten,
locked in steel boxes, deeply hidden.

Painful windows opened to the past, airing out memories
which do not quickly pass.

Folded hands, prayer-like, not uttering a word, fear-
lined stillness held in terror.

Where are the sounds of yesterday? Why do they remain
in hiding?

Life penetrated solemn trust, not knowing what it's
doing.

Falling fast, sinking below the mark of life, hurriedly
attempting to grasp some meaning.

Instead liveliness lies dying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Folded Thoughts

Losing ways along fate's pathways, altering moments as
I find my way back, taking new directions into novel
dimensions.

Reaching folded thoughts, unraveling their messages to
guide me through the remaining years of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Folding Between Paper

Beating to rhythms of my heart, going to other atmospheres in outer limits of some other dimension solemnly giving an exercise in futility and an innocence of another time when younger.

Beaming into the future intellectually, folding between the sheets of paper that are being written upon, taking everything to boundaries that will eventually break and go beyond, just because I can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Folding Converstions

Dancing downstairs in cellars and basements,
where we can be alone, with no interference.
Stalking slowly away from the crowds, just
to be able to talk to one another.
Folding conversations into minds, wanting to
experience love in this moment of dusk.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Folding Dreams

Beginning of endings are intense and diversified as they
rush to outlive every moment while they can.
Dividing time between thoughts and solutions, questions
pop up more often than not.
Allaying inopportune events on schedule - out-of-date -
recurring dreams fold into reality's incessant pressures,
ending each beginning for the moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Folding Impressions

Raucous ramblings of a morning breeze, fan my mind, spiritually awakening it to God's nature all around me.

Leaves falling and scuttling into piles of memories, sorting and blowing them about the yard of my sub-consciousness.

Folding impressions like branches of a tree, becoming a total part of me in lifetimes of beauty.

Waving and swaying in a morning sun filled with brilliant colors for a day of splendid respite.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Folding In

Feelings of insipidness gather and enter
thoughts as I watch loneliness of elderly
people grasping at straws, trying so
desperately to hold onto a semblance of
life as they once knew it's presence.

Folding in upon themselves, countering
measures of death, walking forward with
hands on hips of nature, taking whatever
they are able to on their final journeys.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Folding Inside Self

Staying aloof and alone, others wondering why, no reason
other than wanting to be alone with music and poetry,
two things that give me time to contemplate and be at
peace within.

Outside sources tend to rile up emotions causing a
tremendous amount of stress, so just folding inside
self brings a freedom that my soul needs to the nth
degree.

Never quitting, only being myself in chambers of an
internal loneliness that have been created through the
years.

Only livelihood stays inside, never abandoning me,
going there just to find self and capture feelings to
place in poetry.

Knowing someone, somewhere, has felt the same way at one
time or another, this thought soothing my being, knowing
that I am not the only one who feels this way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Folding Life

Sparkling grass signaling to surrounding trees,
blessing earth with God-given rain.
Quietly looking, searching for meanings of life
and it's purpose.
An eternal journey, following clouds through the
atmosphere, locating spaces in time to reside in.
Time folding itself around life with hope and
prayer from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Folding Love

Softly singing, touching hearts of sorrowful intensity,
emitting salted tears of suffering on earth's desert
plains.

Existing only to be hidden in many words, playing songs
in coded etudes of belief.

Folding love into pieces, knowing there will never be any
hope of coming together this side of life.
There can be no other, because I love only you, my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Folding My Heart

Resisting temptations of sorrow knocking at my door,
not wanting to feel it's tears drowning me right now.

Realizing that it is going to fill me with emotions
that will come pouring out, eyes filled with teardrops.

All of them waiting to drench my heart in their grief,
folding my heart protectively over while writing.

Incessantly completing poems throughout intellectual
thoughts, keeping it from throwing me into it's mire.

Loneliness and abandonment that always follow when I
allow them to take over my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Folding Sadness

Raining into my soul, all the sadness of a lifetime folding itself into my being.
Reaching deeply inside, and swimming around in musical sounds, letting myself be absorbed with their lilting rhythms.
Increased joy unfolding itself in many rhymes of imagination, telling everyone about a life beyond my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Folding Self

Regaling life and nature in many poems,
always being one with nature, because
those of human nature don't understand
what I do.

Folding myself into a cocoon, feeling
nature hold me closely, loving me for
who I am.

At least I have this to keep me going
on a daily basis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Folding Teardrops

Music developing, giving sadness an expression of sorrow,
folding teardrops within another tomorrow.

Starting in the quietness of this heart it continues to
grow and expand into many rivers of life.

Flowing always into the ocean, in time with lives on
inner pathways, coasting downstream, many moments in a
lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Folding Visions

Orange and yellow sun surrounding desert plains with
their hue, stirring hearts into fervent attitudes.
Feeling pious serenity as sun setting in the west
slowly sinks beyond us.
Visions of beauty folding into our minds forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Folds Of Death

Reverting to habits of old, lightening quick, unwavering in
the folds of death.

Selecting a path of hidden quality, climbing towards a light
of blue, always beyond reach.

There are so many sanctimonious levels of certain individuals
who insist on castrating lives of happy, peaceful people.

Rupturing the very souls and minds of sensitive, creative
people, others who are ignorant of the call within.

Berating and chastising the deepest existence held within
their beings.

Dried, packaged, stored away, never to be seen again, because
of this, set adrift forever alone.

Waiting to turn life around and put meaning back into it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Folds Of Interior Love

Tangling emotions leaving me bereft in a land of
lonely abandonment, wanting love to make life real.

Waiting for moments to overtake my being with special
moments of love touching me throughout.

Searching through the likelihood of finding infinite
and fabricated love of another.

Looking forward to feeling the beauty of being taken
into the folds of interior love forever, never being
left to suffer alone again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Desires

Twanging melodies taking me away onto distant shores far from this life.

Existing in a sphere of beginning as I follow desires of my heart this very night.

Keeping to the sandy shores of intellect, watching waves rise and fall over the beautiful landscape, portraying the gentle yet powerful ocean and it's presence in this area of my life.

Being a part of the reality of both of my precious lives tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Echoes

Listening to interior reverberations, hearing
their cries of loneliness as they echo into my
mind.

Noting the tones that keep repeating themselves,
all ending and beginning with minor chords in
music.

Following echoes of their rhythms through corridors
of intellect, searching for exits that will lead them
into rooms where peace can fill me for a while.

Charging energy and strength for periods of time, so
I can keep on living without you, my dear, something
that I'd really prefer not to do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Explanations

Trotting to music, joining rhythms of melodies, hearing them touch and pull me into their fast-paced rhythms, joining willingly, loving how they beat against my being.

Awakening every particle of it with their intensity and vibrant countenance, slowing down then speeding at full speed once again.

Following their own inclinations and melodies, taking me willingly with them, never wanting to be left behind in the mire of life.

Dressing up in their speedy harmonies, feeling like a million bucks as I strut and dance towards another dimension, filled with joy and exuberance, quietly following explanations being seen in reflections of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Flowing Thoughts

Wind blowing gently, rustling trees and their leaves
as they laugh and tease breezes touching them.

Nothing serious going on, only tantalizing peace and
serenity of another day, eating lunch at Wendy's.

Separating and intriguing thoughts by their importance
and priority.

Loving the essence that comes about interiorly, without
any coercion going on.

Lifting energy building within, spiraling and being
controlled by an inner spirituality no one else can
manage or touch.

It is mine alone to use for the serenity needed to
write from intellect, nothing to stop it.

Protracted and energetic, finding and following thoughts
that are flowing and falling from this pen alone.

A mere poet enjoying immense satisfaction accumulated
from writing poetry incessantly and being alone day to
day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following In Footsteps

Futures lying brightly before us, shining like diamonds
waiting to be picked up and made into careers and lives
like the rings and necklaces that are treasured in paths
of destiny.

Struggling and mounting hardships throughout life, always
keeping our eyes on the light at the end of the tunnel,
striving to keep our places in the annals of human history.

Through generations, following in the footsteps of those
who have loved and guided us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Inner Choices

Empty spaces all around, feeling right at home,
matching feelings interiorly.

Spacious and beautiful, plenty of room for writing
into infinity forever.

Loving freedom provided, running independently like
a cheetah in the jungle.

Following inner choices, writing as quickly as possible,
not wanting to waste a single moment dallying elsewhere.

Perfect beginnings, offering a luscious assortment of
images on photographic screens within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Inner Desires

Reaching into the darkness, not knowing what I'll find
there, being numb, no feelings being felt as I quietly
follow an inner desire of curiosity to it's end.

Letting imagination lead me into depths of darkness,
not able to see a thing, yet knowing that whatever is
hidden there, must eventually be brought to an end.

Needing to be identified and gone through, able to be
put aside as life continues to move on and forward, no
longer having any darkness as a part of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Inner Intuition

Waiting patiently for another day spent inside of intellect,
not having to wait very long.

Music comes with exhilarating rhythms, touching intellect's
imagination, soaring high into another atmosphere, finding
much more to write about.

Doors and windows being opened wide to allow exploration,
discovering every avenue hidden within.

Solemnly following inner intuition, allowing it to take me
far away from being where it is now, sitting and writing.

Happily sending out feelings and emotions into many words in
poems.

Faster and faster, giving an interior energy that will carry
on through this day and into the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Intuition

Distant thoughts find their way into imagination, developing
them simultaneously - instantly finding spaces for their
particular poetical justification.

Entering corners unknown as yet in another dimension, I
follow intuition along dark paths, watching pictures of
thought envelope my mind with their exacting beauty and peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Intuitive Instincts

Watching images as time keeps moving forward, taking me into
situations and circumstances that are never-ending, all giv-
ing new adventures and experiences constantly.

An exceptional amount of lessons to be learned and used in
life in order to fulfill my destiny and purpose, letting
everything slip into place as I continue to write.

Feeling conditions of life take me unwillingly into depths
of what I'd prefer not to learn, but must in order to ful-
fill my purpose and destiny it seems.

A path that takes me into positive and negative aspects of
this earthly life, no choice it seems to opt out of any of
them.

So deciding to just follow intuitive instincts and do what
I can under the circumstances, hoping for the best as life
lives on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Lies

Followers of lies describes our city and state
governments.
They allow developers to steal Arizona's trust
lands and blatantly ruin our desert environment.
Pollution, scarred mountains, dying cacti - all
traced back to our governments.
There's no way around it - no excuses to be made -
our children's futures are in severe danger by a
few greedy people, who care for nothing except
making money and continually lining their pockets.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Musical Motions

Lightening quick energy finding it's way into the beating
of my heart, eating it's way into depths of being, letting
it follow musical motions of rhythm in twilight and further.

Gently and tenderly, going towards another dimension in
chords of music forever, climbing inside a vast mood of
positivism throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Nature

Rain came pouring onto the desert in a torrential downpour that drenched earth in it's strength, skies darkened with many blackened clouds drifting above.

Now waiting to move on and find new places to drench totally, rolling along it's edges of another place, hoping to gather momentum as life enters other dimensions on it's own.

No one being the wiser, a selective and beautiful enticing way of following nature and knowing the treasures that will be found eternally one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following New Creations

Switching mind bends with every melody being belted out in song,
touching my heart and filling my mind with many rhythms of prose.
Leaving normal pathways of life, I travel down steep canyon
walls, finding novel sights to contemplate and place in poems.
Running away from the normal, preferring to follow newly created
poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Our Mind's Hearts

Living life through your love my dear, finding beauty in every moment we are together.

Following the minds of our hearts into horizons beyond those of earth.

Divine and wonderful, you and I continually step into depths of our love.

Feeling it's intensity and diversity in all of our total similarities.

Touching upon the interior universe of our lives, never regretting a single moment.

Telling one another every secret, kissing and loving, never missing the essence of our passion as we become one, time and again through our love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Paths

Lasting sentiments flowing into streams of life,
following paths through forests of imagination.

Listening to sounds of nature as they fulfill
promises of another time and place.

Energy penetrating, pulling out an effervescent
liveliness standing out among strands of rhythm.

Tempos stimulating and gyrating into nights of
enlightenment, coasting downhill into trails of
another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Pathways

7: 24 p.m.
Finding pathways, following them into darkened areas of a forest,
freeing my being from all the stress of living today.
Taking avenues apart and lifting self into heights of unbelievable
beauty, sating my appetite for peaceful thoughts to aspire to
highest altitudes of tomorrow's future walkways.
7: 25 p.m. 11/7/13

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Pathways I Create

Realizing within, that life is fading slowly from being,
not afraid, just wishing that I could have some more
time that's all.

Living every moment of life intensely and completely,
never listening to doubts that keep trying to crowd
around and frighten.

Following pathways that have been created and made
especially by an inner intuition, totally acknowledging
the peacefulness being held always within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Pathways Of Belief

Religions are based on the belief of God, as long as
people follow pathways of their own beliefs all will
eventually be led straight to God.

No need to argue or defend your convictions as long
as you all believe in God, that is actually the truth
of every religion.

Dedicated to following God for that's what brings us
to God in heaven in the ending of our lives, do you
think God will turn you away?

If you have followed His truths and lived a life of
goodness and innocence, never hurting, killing any-
one, following His commandments you will have mercy.

No matter how they are written or in what language
they've been written into, don't you think the essence
of what He asks is the same for all of us on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Pathways Of My Own

Running from narrow-minded people, not wanting to be trapped in their spheres of life, tainted with miserable thoughts of being.

Instead, moving away, following pathways of creation, where being free and entertaining intellect with it's calm demeanor and respect for liberty, are of my soul and being.

Trusting in depths of selfless intelligence where I can constantly be acknowledged by the beauty of this soul.

Finding the only way to be creatively growing within this world of visions and images, is always being seen whenever writing to music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Purposes

Life is a beacon to follow your purpose, be true to
yourself, help others and become what you must.
Delivering finality to an endless universe within
yourself.
Compiling data, knowledge, wisdom, that will one day
never be used.
What is the convergence of energy hiding interiorly
while we search constantly for it's meaning?
Characterizing daily lives with sublime energy, never
really knowing to what ends it adheres to.
Sincerely running lifetimes of eternity with a whim
or fantasy that never takes hold or lessens our desire
of goodness.
We never fathom regulatory manners as we dish out what
we think we may know.
All of life hinges on our thought processes, yet our
maturity determines how far we go on our journey through
life.
Sometimes stuck on desert plains, people cannot
traverse any further than their dependence on drugs,
alcohol, sex or abuse.
How does one follow a beacon of life when they are consistently and constantly
on the wrong path?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Roaming Thoughts

Following thoughts as they roam around the room,
looking into corners above ledges and into shadows
hovering everywhere.

All of the poking, prodding and playing with every
item, trying to see what, if anything, they will
do, how will they react to each new situation they
come upon.

Writing these things into a poem, locating an insight
from every aspect abounding within their depths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Thoughts

Following thoughts down dark, narrow pathways, hoping to discover any images or mirrors hiding in crevices of yesterday.
Adjusting visions as they unfold in unison, touching my soul with explicit purposes in mind.
Living in existential corridors, always becoming what I will be in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Trails

Riding the stagecoach of life, a fast track into depths
of yesterday, watching as the dust gathers, filling the
air and leaving a trail to follow into the desert.

Enjoying the fantastic scenery as I ride imagination to
endless destinations in my mind, exciting, thrilling,
loving the music Doc and Gaul are playing.

Rapidly strumming the guitar, Gaul's, setting tempos for
me to write poetry, loving galloping beats, reminiscent
of horse's hooves hitting the ground as they run.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Following Unknown Paths

Watching as many dreams are finding their way into this
mind, twirling around, forming the spheres that surround
me when thinking.

Wonderful and fulfilling, teaching aspects of life that
only innate knowledge can spread into a mind, tolerating
and separating self from ordinary duties of life.

Allowing the freedom to rely on self, images that produce
an array of extraordinary experiences are following unknown
paths into exemplary ways of spiritual realms.

Alone, being awakened in the solace of an intrepid night,
desires born within are beginning to take their places in
pathways of spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Food For Thought

Music begins, a smile appears on my face, showing pleasure
as I'm listening to it, a joy that's been with me through-
out the years.

Tempting and tantalizing this mind, taking me on poetical
journeys through other universes, always enjoying these
moments of writing.

Capturing every moment of life on photographic screens,
placing them into poems for people to read, positive, sad,
enlightening at times, giving food for thought to anyone
who may read them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Food Of Imagination's Desires

Silently writing while thoughts dance wildly about this mind, enticing and alluring ideas to unfold from the most unusual places.

Hiding within this mind of ingenuity, waiting to be fed food of imagination's desires, wanting to be seen and transferred into the reality of the light of this day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Food Of Life

Sun filtering through, touching me warmly with it's
cuddling glow.
Brightly standing about, treating all of nature to
it's generous thoughtful food of life.
Plants and trees basking in all of it's glory,
showing off their beauty and prowess as they give
and take to all the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fooling Ourselves

Measuring life, wondering how much longer we have at
the end of each day, taking things into our own hands
by writing down appointments and creating agendas.

At least we think we can do this, fooling ourselves
time and again, sickness hitting us squarely between
the pages of our lives.

Taking and crippling us for moments in passing, not
ever knowing if we are going to be able to hold onto
some semblance of life or not.

Satisfying our minds is all we can do sometimes, yet
we pretend that we are the commanders of our lives,
knowing within that we are not, nor ever will be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Foolish Man

Man in his foolish pride thinks to outdo God.

Striving to keep grass alive and green to
make a lawn, he is always putting something
on it to make it grow.

It is the way of life, yet man in his ignorance
always tries to change it.

Cycles of living and dying lies completely in
God's hands and man still strives anyway, to
make it his.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Foolish Pride

Twirling around corners, missing parts of ancient doom,
fulfilling promises made in foolish days of pride.
Picking, choosing people who fold inside themselves,
never touching another's soul in prayer.
Finalizing periods of enticing absurdity in days of
woebegone fun of old.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Foolishly Spending

Vacant spaces up high, lights on, with no one inside,
wasting precious energy on immaterial things.

There is no reason for any part of it, people refuse
to see the sense of being frugal.

Foolishly spending on things of no value or worth,
their hard-earned money.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Football Rally

Working together, many personalities set in groups,
thinking of many varied ideas.

Filling paper with much writing, then creating works
of art to be hung up the next day for their pep rally.

Total abandonment and joy, as laughter fills the air
and fills the night with cheer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Footfalls Of Images

Images of Dad singing loudly in my mind,
intensifying as melodies are being sung
now.
Setting in motion, footfalls of images,
as they arrange themselves in carriages
of moments.
Traveling rotundly through lanes of
reminiscent highways along life's by-
ways, losing motion in sorrow's gaits.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Footwork

Building inner strength just a little at a time,
yielding to a power higher than myself.
Wandering, not aimlessly, with my life,
letting God take over my hours of today,
while I just do the footwork, feel the mood
of quiet peace, and learn that God's plans are
much nicer than my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

For Love

Sacrificing life for love of one another
goes on every day, even though we only
hear of the heroic stories in the news.

Little, simple acts of kindness, like
giving up your valuable time for another,
to sit and talk to someone who is lonely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

For Sake Of Love

Sacrificing everything for the sake of our love, leaving everything behind closed doors.

Never opening up to the life expected of them, figuring out symmetrical designs that will collaborate emotions of one into two as we put together our lives in patterns of similar beauty.

Nothing getting in the way of our love, seeking the best of both worlds, always being on the edge, ready to fall into depths of another horizon.

Leaving all that is known behind on sandy deserted beaches.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forays Of Design

Choosing to wander through life and it's forests,
running into deserts with eyes wide shut, keeping
time with all endeavors of rhythmic nature.

Reaching into forays of design, putting together
new patterns and views of yesterday.

Developing statues of prestige and fame to be
remembered by future generations of family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forbidden Beauty

Coming together in melodies of many songs, hitting notes together, as we figure the rhythm's of our lives in escapades and journeys, and following our hearts.
Beating measures, totally intensely, never differing from many pathways of existence.
Living on circumferences of our time, never looking back, only inward towards our interior lives.
Dwelling on the horizon of our final sunset, never trying to think of our dwindling time on earth together.
Our arms entwining, holding hands and eyes through all the weathering storms, keeping us from participating in the circles of our times together.
Lonely days ahead without the sun shining over our beings, leaving us in saddened areas of forbidden beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forbidden Ideas Hiding

Reading and gathering information from all types of
sources, bringing intellect food for thought.

Running through forests of ideas, collecting and re-
trieving them, beautiful and inspiring, being written
into poetry, musically through instant compositions.

Feeling caring and love enhancing my soul intellectually
while letting it all be absorbed quietly.

Silent awakening, coming about invisibly at times, in
dark moments of peaceful endeavors.

Inspecting forbidden ideas, trying to hide from the
light, yet taking them out to be written of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forbidden Memories

Forbidden memories slip in and out of my mind,
trying to wreck havoc, upset my peace inside.

Where do they come from, these ancient pests?
How do I get rid of them?

Hiding around every corner, they wait to pounce,
bringing beings to their knees.

Tears fall ever so silently, quietly, yet the
memories come full force, head on, slamming into
and crashing all around.

Splinters like glass are scattered inside,
moving even a little, being cut to pieces, by
many shards left fallen within.

Careful not to be cut open, succeeding in only
controlling self, but not the internal bleeding.

Rigid control, wrapped tightly around, barely
letting breathing begin, strangling within.

Cut and wounded, dying helplessly inside, as
memories slip in and out, slashing apart, never
receding, always washing over and through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forbidden Place

Sitting close to a forbidden place, able to reach out and touch the entrance to it.
Watching sunlight dance and shimmer through traces of designs upon it's windows.
Twelve rectangular windows, like twelve apostles waiting, standing guard so no one unanticipated can pass through.
Deadbolt standing rigidly on the door, a key hole beckoning to explore labyrinths beyond the entrance.
Wonder, full of curiosity - wanting to see what lies beyond the reach of sight.
Touching softly, tongs of my mind, echoing and reechoing my heart's curious desires.
Feeling gentle urging from within to go exploring, is hard to ignore.
Especially when my mind is being tantalized by curiosity and unknowing.
Walking silently across my mind, figuring out ways to get inside and see the wonder of my imagining.
Sitting close to a forbidden place, able to reach out and touch the entrance to it - yet cannot get beyond the door except in my imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forbidden Thoughts

Yelling from within, trying to get nothing across, knowing
that nothing will be emitted through my mouth, only writing
will ever be enough to say what it is within.

Nothing is ever held back on pages of poetry, yet nothing
will ever be spoken of it.

Reality biting hard at every turn, as I walk into a land of
forbidden thoughts, thinking of the things that cannot be
spoken of, all the while calculating the measurements of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Force Of Music

Driving through the force of music, delving into
rhythms held inside.
Opening wide, doors of liveabilty, concerns set
aside, all beats of life becoming music, riding
tidal waves outside ourselves.
Traveling in tides, ebbing and flowing over and
under us, raging totally inside as we listen
carefully to etudes being made right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forces Of Anxiety

Misty-eyed morning, watching the sun approach on an eastern horizon.
Filling a being with apprehensive emotions, wondering what a new day will bring and how it will effect destiny's future in time.
Exuding a lightening of anxiety, tripping over it's exertive forces, trying to avoid any and all adversity it dares to bring.
Burying an exchange of emotional trash, putting it beneath tons of dirt - it should never have been lifted off it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Foregone Conclusions

Lying in a bed of thought, stretching and lolling peacefully
in it's complacency.

Never fearing the outside world and all it's evils being
performed by unholy people.

Knowing myself inside out, there's nothing another can say
about me that hasn't already been said by self.

Breeding a sense of freedom and self-confidence, writing
everything that comes to mind, letting go of opinions and
thoughts, allowing it all to be known, letting people read
and accept or reject whatever is written.

Being a senior, knowing with this aging mind, a wisdom,
innately grasping the fact that in this life nothing really
matters, it will all be gone the moment we breathe our last.

Our souls, those that have been kept pure and innocent, will
become the spirits of our future as we fulfill our final
destiny in heaven where everything will matter that was done
on earth.

Leaving behind on earth, all the things that will never matter
even when living there, foregone conclusions already have been
made for each of us on our final paths, leading one way or
another through death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Foreign Accolade

Shepherds walking on all fours, listening to music in a foreign language.
Wondering where they are with this strange verbal accolade pouring forth.
Steadily padding along, looking from side to side, and not finding any reason for it to be happening in the United States Of America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Foreign Atmosphere

Sky filled with storm clouds, not a speck of blue anywhere
as far as the eye can see, beauty in a foreign atmosphere
here in Arizona.

Titillating minds everywhere with the prospect of continuing
rain, mystically bright somehow, even without the sun any-
where in the sky.

Growing in thoughts, watching them blossom above, enticing
my mind energetically in between raindrops falling upon the
earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Foreign Forest

Lost in a foreign forest, finding few familiar things,
just wandering and looking carefully at what is being
seen.

Magnificent colors, a beautiful serenity, and softened
visions fully accommodating every image surrounding
this mind.

An effervescent mirage on the horizon, taking my hand,
walking through the forest on unsung trails, open only
to this poet.

Traveling and watching images alighting and soaring down
slides of landscapes being shown in abundance.

A plethora of sights, unseen on earth, a total interior
life set right here before my mind as I partake hungrily
of it alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Foreign Possession

A tense stillness fills the inside of a heart,
waiting, unafraid, angry at the feeling it
causes within.

Wanting to tear or rip it out physically, but
cannot, using imagination does no use either.

Nothing seems to touch it, this incapacitating
mode defies logic, there is no reason for it.

Understanding does not approach, feelings have
captured my entire being, I am a hostage.

Knowing and wanting to break away somehow, not
being able to.

If only knowing would come to mind there might
be a swift solution.

It does not and continued feelings are possessed
by something foreign to inner nature.

What is the cause, where is understanding hiding?

Lifeless, turning away, feeling yet, a tense
stillness, blocking the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Foreign Rhythms Of Aging

Moving in a rhythm foreign
to agility and youth.
Yet taken on because of
aging maturity of our
bodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Foreign Sands

Closing doors on memories, walking away
for a while, thinking on another plain.
Foreign sands beckoning me to leave
footprints so others may follow on some
future date.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Foreign Shores

Quietly rehearsing, watching pictures of thought
as they abound and fill me with emotional perceptions,
taking me on a journey to foreign shores I will probably
never see again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forest For Creative Ability

Sturdy, being erected in a forest for creative ability,
to be free to roost in the beauty of nature, belonging
to the night at times.

Just wanting to proliferate through the distance of yes-
terday, living for the freedom asked for by those now in
vying for control.

Wanting no more graft or corruption, for they have been
taken into the interior abyss of negativity and gotten
rid of finally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forest Of Beauty

Traipsing into a forest of beauty, contemplating it's
integrity in the scheme of things.

Fulfilling it's passion and purpose, sheltering wild-
life, trees and fauna, all under it's protection.

Doing it's job well, everything being nourished, grow-
ing and flourishing throughout the day and night.

Tackling any problems that arise naturally and wisely,
Mother Nature pleased with everything, knowing all is
well in her forest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forest Of Death

Needing to talk, fighting the horrid tears of loneliness,
swept back against the forest of death, no sound issuing
forth.

Collected in a vast gully of remorse, untouched by vanity,
felt by the innermost tumult of the soul.

Unable to stretch or reach for a hand of caring, knowing
there is none in this world.

Collapsing inside a fruitless search for happiness or
joy, alone, trampled underfoot, not a ghost of a chance
to live fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forests Of American Ingenuity

Running through forests of American ingenuity, giving
and receiving elements of positive reinforcement.

Placing an incessant posture of livelihood into the
equation, causing a sense of direction to be changed,
formulated and brought into existence.

Rising and falling, intellect surpassing every idea
or notion ever thought of, specializing in an interior
spirituality where everything begins from a seed of the
Divine.

Sprouting and being nurtured by hope and faith, life
spreads itself into the outcomes of life and death with-
out any problems.

Running faster into the meanings of our lives without
hatred, racism, intolerance or prejudice following us
into the future of our world tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forests Of Belonging

Rinsing my thoughts in a special formula, bluened by
knowledge of a special kind.
Feeling refreshed, taking a breather inside them,
figuring out so many things I've always wanted to
know and now can find the answers right at my finger
tips.
Comforting thoughts, taking me by the hand and leading
me into denizens of forests of belonging, feeling at
home at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forests Of Designs

Crashing head on into a forest of emerald designs,
connecting with an ever-reaching style of hybrid
ingenuity.
Collapsing on edges of river banks, going ahead into
reaches of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forests Of Ideas

Tones of unusual experience fill my mind with their
exotic sounds.
Turning, altering, mind-adapting to abstractions
being caused by them in translations of beauty.
All definitions set in poetical stances of life's
attributes for moments of timeless energy.
Enjoying forests of ideas, compiling themselves
while listening to music filling my imagination
with precise alliterations of soulful rhythm.

(11: 05 a.m. - 9/30/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forests Of Imagination

Wandering into and out of many forests
of imagination.

Traipsing into their permeating depths,
scents of pine trees dwelling in their
aromas all around a lake.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forests Of Inner Nature

Falling on beaten paths as I circle forests of inner nature,
deciding to cover myself with satin covers, elicited from
designs of musical poetry.

Insisting on interior forms, shaping themselves with thought-
ful photos from screens I keep within my brain, using them
every time I write down what is seen anywhere I happen to look.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forests Of Nothing

Thinking in an absent-minded way, not totally being present,
yet listening and finding words that are loitering about.

Nothing interfering with expectations of intellect, whiling
away the innocence of many years, while sitting and waiting
for thoughts to penetrate and find their way into a brain.

Intellect can match them with imagination, finding a place
for them to be expressed without any interference.

Not able to hold onto facets of any type of extra anxiety,
taking vibrant talent within and placing it upon beauty of
many landscapes in interior solace.

They will always become the essence of all significance in
this life yet to be lived, so far, being divided into the
many puzzle pieces of another era, giving a knowledge of
intense desire to be dealt with.

An experience of expectation can be brought forth within
many thoughts, beginnings are starting to envelope all that
which is unsure of it's status.

Capable insinuations are taking off into forests of nothing,
but literate aspects of another dimension, beautiful gifts
are being given through an innate talent, brought upon me
since conception.

Leaving nothing to be thought in chance conversations, all
is precise and a part of innocent thought, giving in to the
perfect awareness of another life left behind when brought
back here for now.

Lonely for what I had before, wanting only to be a part of
real time again, living always in realms of an energy being
given, constantly through intellect of a higher power than
self.

Knowing and turning everything eventually to this one realm

continuing a journey into expectations beyond Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forests On God's Little Acre

Walking along sandy shores of Goldwater Lake, pine needles
falling to the ground, making a carpet for us to walk on.

Lovely landscape, a tribute to Senator Barry Goldwater,
right off of Senator Highway in Prescott, Arizona.

Spending many summer days and nights 4 X 4ing up into the
mountains, in the morning going down the road to the lake.

Putting our rowboat in the water with our two sons and dog,
Ghost, out on the water the whole day through.

Fishing, talking, laughing, Ghost trying to catch our bobbers
as we cast out our lines into the water.

Ghost never caught one, we didn't want him to get caught on
the hook, we loved him, he was part of our family.

Such a pleasant time we all had together, eating lunch on
the boat, sandwiches, chips, drinks, cookies, etc.

Dinner would be eaten back at the camp on the side of the
mountain where we were hidden so well from everyone.

It was our own private space in God's country and we went
there summer, spring, winter and fall for years.

Memories of our life here in Arizona, a wonderful place
of peace and contentment in forests of God's little acre.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forest's Open Doors

Sounding timidly in a song of yesterday, unsure of
it's lasting rhythm and if I can keep up with it.
Leaving the passion in gifts to be opened on later
dates in the future.
Forests opening up the doors to intellect, thoughts
escaping and soaring about into the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forever

Everlasting feelings causing me to smile inside, allowing all the songs to fill me with their words.
Rhyming into rhythms, forever holding my heart to you when I have gone beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forever A Stranger

Not recognizing life, it trips and stumbles by, tearing my heart as it goes, bleeding slowly, gently, life flows ever out of me.

Taking nothing for granted, hearing only what I am supposed to hear, molding what it is, I am supposed to be.

Trying always to be good, and never being understood, because I am on a different plain than most.

Interior music is fainter than most others, yet I hear and respond to it.

No one else can hear, feel or see what I do, so forever, a stranger I will be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forever Cherished

Looking deeply inside of your being, seeing your love
washing over me, drenching my heart with your caring
and beautiful spirit.

Your secrets all held safely within this mind, heart
caressing, treasuring them forever, always taking one
another down an unconditional path of loving attitudes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forever Curious

Traveling byways, exploring and discovering many things in life.

Being forever curious, always wanting to learn, and conceive of novel ideas, transplanting them into seeds of reality, so I may invent many items to help mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forever Curious And Inquisitive

Living life one moment at a time, finding joy, happiness, sadness and sorrow, all making this earthly journey an interesting one.

Filled with experiences only this earthly life could ever provide, family, loved ones, friends, even strangers coming into life to make it more concise and full.

Touching this mere poet's soul, mind and intellect as I write from within a bluened light that takes me into an atmosphere of the Divine.

Learning how to fly through an independent, vibrant freedom that's always been a part of who I am, untamed, wild, a quiet rebel that never quits.

Always wanting to peek around the corner of destiny, look over the edge of my last horizon, forever curious and very inquisitive, finding out everything I can about life.

Wanting to find what's outside the box, hidden in imagination or reality, a solitary journey of beauty and interior spirituality.

Always filled with fun, laughter, emptiness and abandonment, all of it written into poetry for anyone to read and enjoy, bringing laughter, joy, tears, to those who take the time to read it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forever Family In Kolkata

Planting seeds in this mere poet's mind, my friend has
succeeded in placing India within my heart where it will
remain forever.

Hustle and bustle of Kolkata, the intense peace of being
in a remote and deep forest, staying on top of a mountain
in a palacial home, finding the remoteness acceptable.

Loving every moment of being in India, traveling through
it with my friend, never will any of it be forgotten for
we two have become family forever on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forever Giving Meaning

Constructing sentences from intellect, words, definitions
and meanings automatically coming forward, enabling poetry
to be written incessantly.

Completing books all the time throughout life, promises
being sanctioned constantly on this earth, never slowing
down.

Forever giving meaning to lives that have value and are
free, wanting to be thorough, traveling over the world
through poetry.

Nothing is barred from thoughts, intellect capturing every-
thing in this mind, writing about it, turning the world a-
round, giving it things to think about as we all live in
the turmoil and experiences of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forever Lost In Memories

Living in the past, remembering younger days of simple and
easy peace, nothing to mar life in my place of birth, know-
ing who I am, welcoming me home every time through the years.

Loving the splendid moments, blending and combining with an
intense provocation, taking me alone, allowing me to roam,
forever lost in the memories of my hometown.

Once so bright and vivid as I was living there, now only
present in their devastatingly sorrowful, bittersweet, loss
throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forever Parting Ways

Scooting down and across memories lined up inside,
awaiting a glance or thought in passing.
Forever parting ways, going separately each day,
yet somehow always matching up together later in
time, not having lost a minute to wasteful thinking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forever Shadows

Riding down highways throughout the night, thinking of life as I
ride by houses in darkness, people sleeping soundly, never know-
ing that I've passed by them.

A wonder that amazes me when thought of, there are so many people
whom I'll never meet, they will remain forever strangers through-
out the years.

Wondering at times had we met would we have been friends, would we
have done things together, would our families been happy to have
met.

All these thoughts running through my mind, riding down highways
in the night, also thinking and wondering if anyone that's now
reading this poem has ever been on the roads I've traveled on.

If so, thinking maybe you're one of the forever shadows now in
my life and poetry, wondering what would have happened if we
had actually met.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forever Watching Pictures Of Thoughts

Taking everything in stride, not feeling any different,
just being myself and writing.

Loving details being given to me from interior photo-
graphic screens, watching pictures of thoughts being
constantly shown back to me.

Able to see every detail in photographic memories,
being blessed with these innate gifts, using them all
to the fullest daily.

Just loving to have fun with each of them through my
writing and learning, being so intensely curious all
the time.

Finding self in the midst of questions because I always
question every single thing in my life, joyful and
happy being able to do this.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forewarning Destiny

Stalking through the night, existence trails into another
sphere of intellect.

Knowing the exact and precise reasons for doing whatever
is shown in coded formulas for the rest of life.

Viewing everything in consequences of how to get through
the circumference of everyday beings on earth.

Solidly picking and selecting choices that sound particularly
good to each one of us.

Tapping our way through rhythms that are being written down,
looking forward to meanings, changing to those of a grander
period of living in the future.

Destiny having been forewarned and set to pick up where it
left off.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forfeiting Life

Being filled with peaceful notations carried to my mind on wings of musical notes, rhythmically in rhyme I fulfill my destiny under cover of writing.
Bringing serenity closer with every song, I feel emotional turns hitting me squarely in the heart.
Trusting wholly, my talent as I forfeit my life to attain it's spiritual perfection in my shortened lifetime.
Totally taking every beat to heart, I soar above life on clouds of harmonic delivery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forget-Me-Not Dreams

Tracking moments of time into imagination's hemisphere, twirling souls far away and near, closely dancing to
tunes of remembrance.
Pivoting on life's dreams, wrapping it in coats of
preference to last a lifetime and then some more.
Accentuating all highlights on days of thought-provoking honesty, cradling moments in hearts of joy and serenity.
Savoring them for life's final journey through night-
times of bliss.
Entering our next realms of forget-me-not dreams inside
our souls, while gliding through the pearly gates of
heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgetting An Interior Life

Born to run all our lives, we delve into our careers,
education and families, hoping to find fulfillment
and promise somewhere among them.

Forgetting about taking care of our prayer and spiritual
lives, we hurry about, never taking time to smell the
flowers or stop to hug our inner child.

Stressing and not finding time to nurture our interior
lives leaves us bereft and feeling alone most of the
time throughout this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgetting Arrogance Of Life

Bouncing, jolly, taking steps into the vibrancy of
a polka as it takes us around the room.

Nothing to be sad about as we jump through steps
that keep us agile.

Forgetting the arrogance of life, dropping all
pretenses, we advance down paths of enlightenment.

Enjoying ourselves immensely, our love being spilt
everywhere within us as we dance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgetting Desires

Reflections dancing in windows and mirrors, placed inconspicuously in different atmospheres throughout endless times of eternal ages.

Looking quietly at what seems to be some promising ideas, yet only at times will they come to fruition.

Being the only sensations taken and written about within desires of a love wanted, yet needing to be forgotten for all time.

Not being the right season or time for it to become, for it has been placed out of time and cannot ever be realized in this place.

Figuratively being placed beside the dark night of the soul where it will only be thought of in patterns of saddened ideas and feelings, never again brought into the light of any realization.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgetting Life Through Rhythms

Darkness eliciting magic in this enticing night, glimmering
and glittering knowledge sidling itself into intellect, a
pure and perfect ceremony of coded rhythms.

Leading me into lands of fantasy and imagination, lively
and vivid beauty coming into an image of tomorrow's love,
dancing alone to the music, getting lost in it's rhythms
so intensely, forgetting life itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgetting Memories

Collapsing seriously on sides of out-of-the way roads,
trying not to collide with anyone on the way to the same destination.
Forgetting absolutely on purpose, so memories can't overtake or pass
knowledge of interior intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgetting Nothing

Slow and easy rhythms, sliding sideways into mind,
not wanting to disturb thoughts that are thinking
and finding their way through darkest corners.

Spreading into lights of another time, forgetting
nothing through this life, taking only the essence
that has been gifted to write innately into the many
years of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgetting Pages Of Time

Pasting back the pages of time, not wanting to reminisce.

Feeling saddened, wanting to bury feelings, taking time to forget about life and walk on distant shores.

Sandy beaches in the future, lying in my mind, wishing for the waves to break gently over and wash me out with the tide.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgetting Past Similarities

Fears stepping aside while proceeding down lighted pathways,
instigating the openness of truth and honesty.

Allowing this mind to forgive and hand over tears of sadness
to inner realms of an intense beneficence, unknown in many
other's lives.

Candlelight shining upon the darkness of death and loss,
flowing across visions of grief, taking hidden steps beyond
what is being seen.

Forgetting similarities of the past as they are being pasted
into albums, to be remembered one day when I have aged.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgetting Pitfalls

Forgetting pitfalls of this life, moving forward without
looking back over the past, knowing that it would be for
naught anyway.

There's nothing to be done about things that happened so
long ago, realizing interiorly that life must continue on
a new horizon standing just beyond tomorrow.

Aiming for it's sunrise at the edge of a destiny that has
almost been finished on earth, leaving traces of tears for
others.

Following them in and through poetry already written and
placed in the tomb of a future remembered life of once upon
a time, finding markers of a past existence in the poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgetting Reasons

Laughter filling inner sanctums of unfulfilled dreams.

Turning thoughts anxiously over, forgetting the reasons
they were remembered.

Left ages ago on other plains, sought after in the
twilight of eternal bliss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgetting To Breathe

Dreaming of an existence with no hurt feelings,
wishing it could be a reality in time.
Nothing happens to quiet emotions that have
been torn and crumpled from the inside out.
Left to manage somehow on my own, I forget to
breathe and fall aside to a life of emptiness
all my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgetting To Think

Silence of sadness fits me to a tee, as I sit here mired in an ocean of my tears.
Staring at them, feeling their softness cut my heart time and again,
watching their essence of blue, as I remember heaven's garden and God's blue roses.
Wanting to pick one and bring it to earth as a reminder that God cares about me - His little child.
Being human, I can't always see or feel it and forget to think in times of desperation, to know He is waiting patiently for me to do what He has asked.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forging Ahead

At times life gets the most of us, nothing seems to go right,
we're knocked down and nothing is there to help us, forging
ahead somehow, we find a way to help ourselves.

Those with money and power being selfish and self-centered
most of the time, looking the other way, not caring about
anyone else.

There are very few nowadays who want to help those who are
more unfortunate than most, it's a sad state of affairs,
not only in America, but all over the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forging Forgiveness

Frolicking in avenues of distaste, carrying on without reserve.
Fulfilling every sensation with an incredible movement of research
as synapses trigger and open up to let new ideas filter in.

Tomorrow making sure they are up to date and can give out distinctions of
palatable decisions, acquiring behavior modifications with an increased
awareness and patient knowing.

Uneclipsable hospitality, forging forgiveness as life discloses every thought
unendingly through life with an onslaught of integrity and being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forging Images

Winds gusting through the atmosphere, touching,
and moving things out of place.
Testing their strength as spirits adjust them-
selves to collective stances in private paths
of consciousness.
Forging images into thoughts, watching their
visions gather together in words of prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forging Lifelines

Explicitly enjoying whatever endeavors voice their echoes in
canyons of fortitude.
Belying extraordinary calculations of many tomorrows, standing
beneath rainbows of energizing emotions.
Forging lifelines in retroactive participation, strengthening
ties beyond whatever happens to unfold before us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forging Music

Strutting like a peacock in the wild, finding anticipation
rising higher within, riding waves of an interior climax,
taking me away with fleeting memories.

Seeing them coming into the light, shaping images and pictures-
que beauty with every thought matching up with rhythm, forging
music of poetry into journals of writing throughout the coming
days and nights.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forging Pathways

Waving gently from beyond depths of knowledge,
personal identity hides.

Afraid to let itself be known, forging pathways
of it's own.

Needing no one to lead the way, preferring to
explore new byways of it's own choosing.

Life experiences are multiplied this way and
wisdom grows with youthful thought to a land
of wonder and awe.

Carefully picking thoughts to remember, pressing
petals between the mind, allowing itself a home
to call it's own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forging Spirituality Deeper

Popping along the road with intense rhythms taking me along, keeping up with their every beat.

Drumming along with rhythms as I follow every note in each measure, totally encasing the intensity of an interior life.

Spirituality forging itself deeper and deeper into faith, hope and charity, living in the best possible areas of goodness and holiness.

Never letting any evil penetrate solace that has been built upon since the moment of conception, enriching my life throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgiveness In Rhythm

Listening to artistic graces always penetrating this being
with their innate talent and gifts.

Softly tuned tenor voices serenading quietly into a genuine
contemplative level of integrity and solace.

Rising higher and higher into realms of imagination, using
every fiber of being to create a poem with energy and lasting
beauty.

A forgiveness in rhythm so wonderfully undertaken with aplomb,
suggestions of intricate patterns developing and becoming
designs of another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgiving And Moving Forward

Suffering through a deadened life, looking for some peace
in spaces of time and spheres of eternity.

Energizing completely within, every fiber of being and
intellect.

Forgiving and moving forward, wanting to stay in a place
of quiet solitude, writing alone without pressures of
this life's suffering and turmoil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgiving Attitudes

Baggage weighing down my mind, causing me to stumble
and fall through life and it's myriad strife, taking
me to lost horizons beyond hell and back once more.
Forgiving attitudes manifesting themselves in many
forms and shapes, standing on horizons of life in
future eras.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgiving Calmness

Melodies flowing freely through the atmosphere, filling my mind with expectations and many possibilities, feelings rising into pure intellect musically and poetically.

Soaring into a wonderful environment, living in melodies intellectually, thoroughly enjoying rhythms, tempos, sounds of every note being played.

Words, lyrics, falling upon my mind, transforming measures into untold forms of prose, being infiltrated through the harmonies touching hearts and minds of all.

While reaching out to my soul, forgiving calmness touching and carefully carrying me into another dimension where I will be healed forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgiving Hardships

Saddened blueness filling interiorly, if not for my spirit
filled with energy, life would be a failure and unable to
be dealt with.

Absent from every day living, looking for possibilities that
will take me into depths of another horizon where I may find
amazing facts and data held within coded rhythms.

They never die or fade away, at times barely visible, but
never forgotten in this life, always forgiving hardships
we are given on our pathways here on this earth.

Finding that somehow we've had our hearts broken and taken
away by loss or misfortune, left alone and bereaved to find
our way alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgiving Self

Always internal messages being played, alternat-
ing feelings between guilt and shame,

Idly listening, unconsciously letting them run,
allowing their control of life within.

Silence these thoughts somehow to get respite,
throw them out.

Forgive yourself and become who you are, thank God
for giving you life and going on, daring to live,
forgive and be yourself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgotten And Broken Dreams

Standing alone amongst forgotten and broken dreams,
thinking and wondering about all the yesterdays that
have fallen by the wayside.

Tears still falling into pools of my heart, soaking
my being with their loss and grief of an aging and
lost life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgotten Dreams

Wandering down lanes of trodden dreams,
picking and poking at their leftovers,
wondering what happened to them.
Why have they been forgotten?
Are we leaving too many behind?
Soiled and lying in puddles of disarray,
no longer shining or young.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgotten Dreams Reoccur

Forgotten dreams sometimes reoccur, reminding you of
the times when you were open to their temptations.
Now, watching them again, reliving the feelings you
had back then, wanting to recapture the youth encased
in their memory.
Sometimes, you can relive and find your dreams in
reality today, sometimes you can't or don't want to.
It's totally up to the person involved to make the
choice.

(1: 33 p.m. - 11/26/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgotten Interior Lives

Dreaming of things other than reality right now, letting
desires have the freedom to be expressed totally through
imagination.

Fulfilling from an otherwise dull and mundane life, loving
extraordinary feelings that this brings, always wanting to
go into interior spaces provided just for this purpose.

Adults have forgotten about an interior life nowadays,
because they are trying to keep themselves active and busy,
getting caught up in things that do not fulfill them.

Looking to things that get them in trouble, they lose track
of what is really important in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgotten Lines Of Life

Forgotten lines of life being set fire to in years passing
into the future, watching as words are written and held to-
gether in meanings of love and passion.

So inherent in our humanity, being so wonderfully expressed
through emotions and feelings of our spirits, coming to light
on our horizons beyond death.

Here in India where words will no longer be needed nor have
any meaning, for we will have been sated and taken into the
light of heaven when we each have ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgotten Lines Of Life In India

Forgotten lines of life being set fire to in years passing
into the future, watching as words are written and held to-
gether in meanings of love and passion.

So inherent in our humanity, being so wonderfully expressed
through emotions and feelings of our spirits, coming to light
on our horizons beyond death.

Here in India where words will no longer be needed nor have
any meaning, for we will have been sated and taken into the
light of heaven when we each have ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgotten Recollections

Saddened by recollections, stark and vivid, not
letting mind's eyes get any sleep.

Lofty, soaring, falling into caves of dementia
to avoid truths of reality abounding throughout
life.

Smashing head-long into depths of cement,
hardening thoughts without recompense.

Whatever has been is always now, so walking away
on recollection's path, a sublime feeling, full of
joy at never again remembering anything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgotten Times

Feelings reaching deeply into my soul,
watching their effects as they fill my heart with
sorrowful emotion and images of forgotten times of
existence.
Searching forward, attempting to allay fears of
abandonment from yesterday.
Settling into niches, staying away from others,
hoping to find some peace interiorly,
as I gaze vacantly towards tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forgotten Vows

Beating drums in the background, leading us down lanes of yesterday.
Promises were made in haste and were soon forgotten, leaving empty thoughts scattered to the wind.
Total loss stranding everyone in abysses of darkness.
Forgotten, just like vows that were made when so much younger, never to return again to yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forlorn Absence

Calling forth images of long ago,
rolling hectically through my mind,
unsettling everything as it goes.

Barreling over thoughts kept deep
inside, unaware of the feelings of
hurt and anger, caught in the web
of childhood.

Acknowledgement does no iota of
good, because the forlorn absence
of friendship stands in it's stead.

Disavowing any particle of atom of
truth in this barren wasteland, my
heart stops suddenly.

With irreverence of unavailability,
it is tossed aside, the by-product
of betrayal and abandonment on earth
today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forlorn Acquiescence

Chopin playing harmonies of my broken heart, strumming it mercilessly with beautiful tones from heaven's realms.
Taking me through sorrowful lanes of yesterday, without warning.
Silently touching my soul with strings of violins, playing grief in deepest e-minor chords.
Taking me to interior loneliness where I can never return from, leaving me in a profound image of forlorn acquiescence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forlorn Corners

Serious countenances sitting in windows, wondering where life has gone as they sit in forlorn corners of a rehab center.

Nothing to look forward to, hopes have all died and there's nothing left to desire.

Watching people still having lives to live is depressing and doesn't help spirits be picked up.

Folding a heart, putting it away, letting go, anticipating going farther into the future of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forlorn Families

Walking along walls, looking down into pits of city
dwellers, seeing their vacant stares as they travel
down paths of homelessness.
Wasting away on city streets, in front of highrise
buildings full of wealth and absolutely no generosity.
Families torn apart and scattered to winds of fate,
no respite in sight.
Likelihood of ever having homes or three square meals
a day is highly unlikely.
Yet, owners of businesses and politicians can care
less as they travel in private jets and scurry away
to resorts all over the world, spending tax payers
hard-earned money, their version of welfare.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forlorn Identity

A sadness beginning to sink into me,
taking me down into depths of silence.
Wanting me to feel it's pain and write
it out so I can see it all in detail.
Recording every episode of it's being
in poetical forms, where I can share
it forlornly with others who can
identify with it also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Formidable Entries Into Poems

Majestic mountains rising before me, showing their
strength of character, somewhat matching my own
inner strength, immovable and untouchable unless
you get to know me.
Surrounded by all sizes and shapes, mountains are
a formidable entry into many of my poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forming Advantages

Feverishly writing and keeping abreast of advantages being formed in intellect.

Spreading mathematical coordinates into abstractions, watching as they develop on their own.

Transporting to outer regions of imagination, where I can continually move freely in any direction wanted.

Calmly describing every plan and formula into chemical compositions to be researched and opened up in the medical field of engineering.

Solidly knowing of the assistance they will all provide one day to mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forming Chemistry Of Intellect's Wisdom

Obtaining data and information from surroundings, everything automatically being placed on photographic screens interiorly, watching as ideas form.

Attaching them to abstracts, colors exploding when they are a perfect match, fitting together like puzzle pieces, taking all equations and formulas into consideration.

Forming the chemistry of intellect's wisdom, placing it into the hands of the Divine for absolution and definition before writing it down.

Always being coded in and through rhythms of music, offering portraits of all that is necessary in the formation of every poem being written down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forming Concrete Designs

Mornings of this year are forming concrete designs in mind,
formulating many numbers, taking their places in imagination.

Bringing a tabulation of every idea shaping itself in the
formation of inner patterns, listening to all rhythms flowing
into my mind's intellect.

Cooperating fully, letting everything flow easily into depths
of tomorrow's businesses, even now being planned and set up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forming Decisions

Why does the media tell lies and slant news to fit
opinions of those who are not worthy to be listened
to?

Why do they try and persecute Christians, telling
lies then not giving them a chance to counter their
lies?

Why are news people so intent on persecuting good
people in the world instead of the evil ones.

Why are they trying to reverse good with the bad,
what is their reason for doing so?

Always telling horrible and bad news when it promotes
their own agenda, racism, prejudice and hatred. Why?

When watching news do you think only the way you are
seeing it being reported, or can you actually think for
yourself, delving into facts on both sides of the issue?

Do you try and determine the truth of the matter, finding
through the years that there are always more than two sides
to every story and issue?

Do you research them before deciding one way or another or
forming another side altogether?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forming Etudes

Rocking images of elderly
discrimination, filing notes
carefully in tomes of literature.

Forming sonatas of words, placing them
in extraordinary facets of renown.

Exchanging rhythms for melodies and notes
into measures of time and tempo.

Deciding on exacting, precise thought,
forming etudes in priority spaces with
metronomes, accompanied by thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forming Friendships

Forming friendships through life's misery, lasts to amount to some joy along the way.
Alleviating some of the heartache we all go through.
An everlasting aisle of tribulation continuing until eternity gets in it's way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forming Ideas

Roaming through beats in natural measurements of rhythmic
time, feeling every attitude without caution or care.
Figuratively heeding each an every consonant and vowel
as they come together, shaping and forming ideas
instantaneously, motioning with fervent desire into
plains of writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forming Intellectual Senses

Waking slowly to a new day, morning sun shining on brand
new thoughts filling my mind, watching as they come to-
gether, forming intellectual senses.

Combined with feelings and emotions, making it easier to
write them intensely while crying into poetry being
written from deep within my being.

Nothing detrimental to mar the creative process, it keeps
expanding, filling intellect with hope and promise constant-
ly, loving how everything comes together.

Writing it into the universe, everyone finding some sort of
understanding of how the mind of this mere poet works, fas-
cinating and wonderful, keeping me going continually.

Enlivening passion, giving my heart joy and happiness to
instill every moment with the Divine and at the same time
conversing silently with the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forming Intuitive Ideas

Walking slowly, catching every detail in mind, awakening
innate talent and allowing it the freedom to soar and
drift wherever it can flow in life.

Scanning pages of eternity, watching visions being developed
constantly in intellect.

Many intuitive ideas forming and being accosted by other forms
of abstractions wanting to be rewritten and recalled in
different circumstances.

Turning completely inward, finding nothing outwardly to be
interested in.

Unfolding and listening as tempos rise and fall like the
swelling and easing of the ocean as each wave crests and is
carried out to sea.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forming Melodies Designs

Kicking up heels, rhythmically dancing in synch, feeling the intensity of pounding beats taking feet up and off the dance floor.
Forming designs in melodies, as beings are freed from their silent hurts with beautiful sounds.
Pulling beats and tones from the atmosphere surrounding me with an abundance of joyful memories being made now as I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forming Mental Pictures

Forming mental pictures through an imaginative reality that's inspired totally through musical rhythms, watching this mind work it's intricacies with an exacting mathematical equation.

Conspiring to match them with new formulas of creative technology, switching from subjective to objective patterns of intellect.

Reverting to the use of abstracts that suddenly come to mind, purporting new ideas that have meaning, logic and reasoning, knowing intuitively that they will work realistically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forming Mind Circles

Reaching out, forming circles in my mind, going around without falling out of an interior circumference.
Not levering any type or thought to coincide with the edges of night as they close upon sight.
Wondering where they hide when in a triangular state of mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forming Music

Starting, stepping, soaring within,
taking flight on expeditions of fantasy.

Erecting buildings of verse with energy
and verve, not resting, enjoying the
rhythmic music being formed in verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forming New Instruments

Slowly covering miles of ground
throughout life as age creeps closer to me.

Walking, looking through whatever comes along,
being curious, leveraging ideas into sight.

Attempting to match it all with abstract
cognition and finding all the right formulas
to be made into reality, of new inventions and
songs being sung about them.

Recognizing fibers of complete opposites,
making and forming new instruments to be
played by musicians in depths of rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forming Notions

Disguising memories in codes of thought,
hiding them closely in times of sorrow.

Edging closer to horizons, beckoning
from beyond, forming precious notions of
religious formations with God's words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forming Poetry

Strengthening my mind, exercising it through intellect
and imagination.

Thoughts constantly and incessantly being developed,
concepts formed and a delicate balance kept perfectly.

Nothing lost in the interim, life proceeding down many
avenues and alleys, moving forward.

Going into fields and valleys of spheres in another
dimension.

Beauty and nature blending together to form poetry in
depths of my being.

Lifting spirits, soaring into heaven with wings of the
Divine, holding me the whole time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forming Prayer

Reflections of my mind are swaying with rhythms of
eternal nature.
Picturing their existence in words closely related
in rhythm.
Enfolding themselves subconsciously within folds of
memory.
Still and serene, poetry eases my mind into
contemplation daily, allowing prayer to form grace-
fully in my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forming Sounds

Forming sounds in the middle of a song, making it
combine with syllables and shaping it all to be
sung from a rock and roll band.
Rocking me constantly in rhythms of light and airy
beauty.
Keeping in step carefully, not stepping out of
form, treading into a wonderful system of sensory
perception.
Hanging onto each section as it unfolds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forming Words

Circling avenues of poetical derision,
and climbing canyon walls with agility.

Making aspects of inner voices form
words of poetry delicately.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forms Of Poetical Exercises

Searching inside for open doors to enlightenment and intellect.

Bringing past thoughts to the foreground to be investigated
again in different forms of poetical exercise.

Turning corners, adjusting volumes of learning to incorporate
precedents into the mix, filling days with attitudes of
thoughtful experience.

Lasting indefinitely, portraying envious amounts of words
and meanings to life's existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forms Of Time

Points of connection form inventive displays of invection.

Timeless anchors continually beat and coerce wandering collections of verbs and nouns, taking them down pathways of irregular adjectives.

Dumping them irreverently into piles of yesterday's distinction, having no place in annals of persistent expectations.

Ribbons of lace deftly tie all points of connection into inventive forms of time and it's essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Formula For Poetical Melodies

Strapping a blindfold across my mind, not wanting to see
what thoughts are lurking there behind my eyelids.
Steadily sneaking away, trying to leave it all behind.
Transpiring elements are standing up and blocking the way.
Transfixing patterns, alternating their ideals, as I toss
them out of their boxes.
Sanctioned beyond elevation of hope, intellect intersects
with an effusive imagination, taking me along with it into
a maze of intense priorities.
Taking time, allowing every beat to be transposed into a
formula for a poetical melody.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Formulated Creativity

Finding peace in depths of rhythm, folding over and hiding within just to keep it close to me.
Judging nothing, no one, just beating to the tempo of my soul.
Gathering morsels, contributing particles to my every sentiment.
Taking no nonsense into my mind, creating only truths of formulated creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Formulated Rhythms

Enveloping systems of engineered sophistication, calling out to people who need to develop instincts to stay alive.
Noticing that every motion has to be calculated and mathematically set to rhythms, giving formulas in order to live any length of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Formulating Ideas

Centering in the midst of chaos, attempting to
contain solace in the hands of my mind.

Carefully adjusting attitudes, placing faith in
the afternoon of this life.

Accommodating disclosures at will, as ideas are
being formulated in tandem with music.

Signals of brevity filtering through, causing
quite a stir as writing continues throughout
every ordeal.

Not stopping a single thought on it's way to this
brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Formulating Positive Actions

Whirlwinds of nature funnel their way into imagination on rhythms of other worlds.
Formulating positive actions around negative ones and giving solutions unprecedented before this particular period of time.
Spacing all shadows around fires of wisdom, allowing them the freedom to rearrange ideas as they are formed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Formulating Signals

Stimulating brain cells into action,
formulating signals in codes of
undetectable significance.

Following omens of formative ages,
hoping to shun them and hide away
for years, alone.

Swaying gently in time, forgetting
steps to pose questions on empty days
of execution.

Signing off with tell-tale opinions,
regarding obvious illusions on forth-
coming days and evenings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Formulating What I See

Strippling down runways of ivory,
taking off on specific rhythms,
finding it thrilling,
as they elate me thoroughly.

Enjoying the essence it provides me
all the time, I follow innate
instincts wherever they lead.

Sometimes I wonder what the messages
could be, then I formulate what I see
on interior screens, almost like I did
in chemistry in college.

It turns out to be fun and I continue
with each one that arrives in intellect.

An array of thoughts all wrapped up and
given freely to imagination to do what
is apparently expected of me.

Never wavering, always moving straight
ahead no matter what course thinking
leads me to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forsaken By Mankind

Heart breaking, pulling strings of my mind into pools of
sadness, taking my will to live, pushing it aside, yet
never believing that it can be attained.

Silently hoping for an energy of faith to settle within
and push me outside the realms of life that I have been
encased in for so long.

Handling everything however I can, being pulled into
depths of my soul's being, standing aside while life
passes me in visions and purpose, never letting go it's
hold for it has a purpose given by my soul.

Heavenly hymns ring out, calling to me while even now
I'm at the edge of earth's boundaries, forsaken by mankind,
but not by God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forsaken Dad

Listening, making no comment, hearing foul language, abusive
commentary splurting about.

No reasons, future dreams have been dashed and thrown about
by an ex, life is on hold because of emotional blackmail of
his child.

A brilliant man, the world at his feet, traded for foul
language and abusive commentary.

He only wants his daughter so he can raise her to be a wonderful
brilliant woman.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forsaken Talent

Signals of talent show themselves at very young ages
in many different ways.

If parents were open to the spirit, they'd see these
wonderful gifts from God, chosen for their own child.

Yet, being blind, children's gifts are forsaken for
parents, drinking, drug habits or their emotional
immaturity and baggage of long ago.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forsaken Terms

Riding through alleys of my mind, looking for the wreckage
that has been left behind on forlorn pavements of disrepair
and long forsaken terms of life.

Leaving it, yet coming back to everything again, remembering
every memory thought as it starts racing and taking me down
corridors of another time.

Recalling the past as I rehearse present attitudes and
behaviors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forsaken Woods

Figuratively searching for life's meaning among the lost
and forsaken woods of earth.
Bereft of solace and compassion, turning away from the
shores of new horizons, preferring to meet death on
familiar ground.
Sentenced to a life of reason, unfolding instead in
imagination's realm of undefied creativeness.
Living in dreaded buildings of uncontented peace for
the measures of our universe.
Watching dilapidated seasons crawl forth, falling
always short of eternalness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forsaking Life

Pounding rhythms bringing light, colors and music onto
inner sheets of rhythm, writing it all down meticulously.

Never losing sight of it as it plays incessantly in this
mind, intellect taking and replaying it over and over.

Writing poetry for hours on end, filling my being with a
peaceful serenity that I cannot get anywhere else on earth.

Lively and energetic mode delving into my mind, exercising
it and intellect, forsaking life and everything in it just
to live in inner dimensions and universes.

Always piquing my interest and curiosity, stating it's
essence into every word of poetry throughout the years as
I write for days without eating or sleeping.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fort Mcdowell

Heading home now after a free overnight trip at Fort McDowell Casino, a fantastic casino in every respect along with their resort hotel, We-Ko-Pa.

Employees so nice and courteous, always with a ready smile, touching our hearts with their gentle hospitality, loving the comfortable and friendly atmosphere they so aptly provide each time we stay there.

Fantastic food, plenty to do, free morning bingo offered, a pleasant time together, playing, excitement and elation as we hold our breath in anticipation of our number being called.

Silver Platter with all their pictures from the past of movie stars and musicians, looking at them all while eating our meals.

Café 87, also a wonderful place to eat and talk with our friends, reasonable prices and daily specials.

Altogether, the Fort is an exceptional Casino, everyone should stop there and see for themselves how great and wonderful it really is, while staying at the We-Ko-Pa.

Our senior center provides this opportunity, compliments of the Fort, our rooms were perfectly suited for a relaxing and carefree stay at the We-Ko-Pa.

It's staff always so good to us, friendly to a fault, an excellent quality for a hotel to have, making it pleasant to stay at, and being good for business too.

Thank you Fort McDowell for making our stay such a fantastic experience, looking forward to many more visits with all of you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fortitude In Life

Grappling for fortitude in life, hoping to congeal in a semblance of peace.
Forgiving every nuance brought to bear, clinging tenderly to each tress, bringing thoughts together to curl and energize beautiful
poetry from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forward Horizon

Tangling, hanging in there, twisting, fulfilling a
destiny of it's own.

Forsaking the proprieties of ageless comaraderie,
slowly pushing forward, allowing time to take it's
turn.

Whatever is on the horizon, lies also in the mind,
focusing on life-long desires, finding needs,
unclaimed, inside.

Wherever someone finds themselves, beside, inside them,
is the person they once were and also the one they will
become before life is done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forward Movement Of Poetry

Thinking clearly in paths of brain waves,
focusing on the beauty all around,
finding so many reasons to be grateful for
the time left on earth.
Purposely holding back watching as all things
move forward into future realms of grace,
nothing standing in the way, no obstacles nor
barriers to contend with.
Just the forward movement of poetry in motion,
traveling constantly by and incessantly from
the tip of my pen, writing meanings of life on
every line of paper you see.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forwarded Rhythms

Periodic spaces of time flow by me,
stretching leisure areas into other
dimensions.

Soundlessly, human nature fills us
with rhythms founded in gardens of
eden.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Forwarding Life

Forwarding life for the time being, thinking about what
the future may bring.
Will it hold only sorrow, or will I be able to enjoy
happiness and joy in sacred moments of existence?
Wondering what type of literature or inventions will
come into being, what will music sound like, will it
still reverberate with tunes of yesterday?
Will I recognize it as such?
Tones and melodies will always be a part of my interior
mind and being.
As for literature, I will continue to write my own,
knowing it will be recognizable well into the future
of my final days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fountain Of Reflection

Water being blown and twisted about, with a fountain - shut off - in it's midst.
Changing - rearranging constantly, the surface in the pool - so much like our lives are changed by others touching and coming into ours.
Love also enters in and swirls around, bringing with it beauty and joy.
Just as quickly as water being blown by wind, love also brings sadness and sinks to the bottom of our lives as we strive for some importance in our lives.
Patterns being created by wind upon the surface of the pool of water.
If the fountain were to be turned on, how different this poem might have been, than the way it has turned out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fountain Of Youth Once

Rocking into the night, stepping to rhythm's chords
all aligned and ready to be met in tempos of time.

Capturing the essence of enlightenment and the bene-
ficence of another place that was a fountain of youth,
once.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fourth Of July

Hot summer sky weighing upon everyone's head gathered in
Wesley Bolin Park.

Awaiting predicted fireworks display, sitting, watching
people find a place to spread their blankets.

Listening to singer Patty Lovelace and the Diamond Rio Band
from the back edge of the park, at times not able to hear
what they were singing.

Drinking cool beverages, sitting together, amused by antics
of many small children.

At long last, nighttime fell upon us, bringing needed darkness
to begin the display in the sky above us.

Spectacular three-dimensional bursts of color over our heads,
filling every particle of memory with everlasting images.

Flying high into the atmosphere, reaching down from heaven,
touching our souls with many bursts of color.

Wonderfully lighting the sky, intermittently trading from
sparkle to spiral.

Fireworks only live once, that's why they have to cram it all
brilliantly into just a few seconds and then they're gone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fraction Of A Moment

Snowflakes of different designs, individualistic in
their varied patterns and desires.

Blooming as they fall from heaven's realms, showering
earth with their beauty as they fall and stick together.

Always creating snow drifts of many sizes and shapes for
their temporary lives on earth.

Knowing all too soon, that they will be melting and be no
more, except for the fraction of a moment they have fallen
into this poem where you will forever remember them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fractional Adventures

There's no certain person or place to help you reach your peaceful realm within. There is only fractions of exciting adventures awaiting us as we move forward into catacombs of future religious experiences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fractional Sphere

Encrypting codes into the reality of rhythm,
listening to it playing, doing it spontaneously
and energetically.

Always seeing exact sequences needed, following
each one perfectly, never forgetting any of the
symbols that come to mind explicitly.

When sometimes being hurt by life, feeling heart-
ache touch my already broken heart, a never-ending
sadness begins to cry tears into the intensity of
my rapidly beating heart.

Sovereign and solitary, taking this solo journey
into the sublime and fractional sphere of sorrow
and grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fractured Light

Dusting vapors from the atmosphere,
invisibly catching them as the rays
of sunlight capture each particle
in their fractured light of morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fractured Minds

Bouquets of love lasting a lifetime - even through
dementia of age.
Thoughts and words fractured in minds of forgetfulness,
not having a route to travel back into normalcy,
shifting thought to yesterday's memories.
Without delay, love still vacantly stares into eyes of spouses, holding them tightly in sorrowful hearts.
As life turns abruptly away from those who were always
there for each other.
Life ending in atmospheres of sorrow for what once was
held closely in spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fracturing Minds

Understanding is not always easy to come by, it eludes us
many times, especially when it comes to poverty and cruelty
of mankind to each other.

Solitude reaches within and attempts to ease the strain
life causes us, lifting coverlets of eternity in the future.

Showing livid pictures of fracturing minds, due to the
insensitive nature of some people here on earth.

Listening to one another would do greatly to bring an
understanding to one another.

Wonder if any of this will ever happen while I'm alive and
able to understand most things that others cannot.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fracturing Thoughts

Justifying my place here on earth, rain pouring itself over me,
filling up my loneliness, emptiness, abandonment with tears to cry when I want.
Yet, they won't do, because I need so much more than what I have been given.
Fracturing my thoughts with lightening striking me down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fragile Being

Trying to get away, pushing me down the stairs of life,
causing so much unneeded pain.

Not wanting me near, devising ways of keeping me away -
far from you.

Not above telling lies, hurting me more, because I know
the truth, as I sit back and watch you do the opposite
of what you say to me.

Forcing me to capture the pain of youth over constantly,
crying each day in and out, offering up all suffering,
although I cannot figure out if there's ever been any
good in that.

Focusing away from life, seeing things differently than
most, brings feelings into me.

Sensitive as a harp string to a gentle finger touching it,
is my heart to the pain you inflict upon it.

Remember, please, that I am a fragile being, I am human,
and cannot help or please anyone, least of all, myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fragile Lace Of Sorrow

Sounds of silence form in pictures of crystal tears,
draping my mind with their eternal sadness of loss.

Opening and closing blossoms of tomorrow, depending
on the strength and intensity of grief as it enfolds
me in it's pressing sheets of iron.

Sadly portraying pictures down inner hallways of
family members who have all died and left me bereft
through no fault of their own.

Thinking of yesterday's portraits, seeing their faces
in photographic screens, wishing I could actually
hold and hug them again.

Knowing that I never will again, rasps against me,
tearing the fragile lace of sorrow laid upon my heart,
while crystal teardrops fall now from my eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fragile Life Crystals

Mountainous forests of green, reaching for blue skies
on jagged cliffs and rocky crags.

Taking hold of jutting rocks, placing feet where they
feel most sturdy, clutching a mountain side, not really
seeing it's fantastic scenery.

Yet, feeling whole and amazed at a wondrous freedom
set inside my soul.

Perched on a precarious rhyme of life, suddenly gazing
to the left, seeing still blue waters below, reflecting
in it's depths my position in mid-air, tenacious as it
is.

Such is the fragility of everyday life, sitting in it's
lacy fragile crystal of space.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fragile Lives Of Grief

Leaving pieces of self around, scattered about
fields of remorse and sorrow.

Unable to move from these aspects into happiness,
wondering why not.

Trying to gently pick up the saddened blossoms
without damaging or harming them in any way.

Holding their delicate and fragile lives of grief
within my spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fragile Reality

Living in the excitement of life, always being in the midst of nature, filled with wonder and awe for everything that I see in it's wonderful world of tender and fragile reality.

Silent splendor always recognizable, never being hidden by lies or evil, unlike our world today, filled with mankind's destruction, lies, evil, portraying hidden agendas to our face and doing illegal things behind our backs.

All of them traitors needing to be hung in front of the White House, no mercy shown or given.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fragile Sadness

Holding on to fragile rays of once upon a lightened life,
twisting and holding them in a tangled array of doubt.

Stampeding through endless spans of time, cascading from
a mountaintop into the fury of a rapid destiny of death.

Sorrows not able to follow past death's doors, releasing
one from a sadness no one could ever know of.

Never speaking of it to anyone without fear of being
rejected or locked up forever to protect this so-called
life.

Drenched in tears of sadness all these long years, do not
mourn, know that at last I'm fee and happy, doing what I
always wanted to.

Tears cannot be shed unless they are tears of joy, because
of all the pain and hurt of a sorrowful life on earth.

Serene and no longer empty or abandoned by those who said
they cared, now resting in the arms of my creator, forgiven
for wanting to be there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fragile Soul

Singing tunes of death and sorrow, heart flowing with the
tears, downstream.
Allowing music to fulfill the loneliness felt deep within,
afraid to put into words a cause or reason of misery
hiding mysteriously in depths of a being.
Sandwiched tightly in hands of clay which mold themselves
to inner weeping, strangling, yet protecting, this fragile
soul of little worth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fragile Tear

Sliding shyly into mind, a trees branches, hanging gently down, growing their essence into intellect.

Beautiful yellow blossoms sprouting from the leaves and branches, touching my mind's heart with such a fragile beauty that a tear forms in my eyes.

Allowing feelings for the stunted journey through life as they are forever, rooted into the ground on earth until their demise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fragile Tenderness

Sitting, wondering with eyes, the feelings stirring inside,
their touch soothing yet ripping apart fragile tenderness
held within.

Fraught with the newness of very recent loss, singly
tormented in the hallway, darkness beckoning to no one and
getting lost in caverns of despair.

No idle wandering, cold bare facts of reality staring into
your soul unblinkingly, raking it through the hottest coals
of death.

Taking with it the fragrant scent of painful loss, crawling
onto a ledge, wanting to fall off and die also, in the face
of insistent pain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fragile Wings

Flying on fragile wings of silver, `
surmounting obstacles surrounding me on all sides.

Wishing never to alight on shores of earth again, instead,
stay aloft and watch them from the circumferences of my
being, so as not to have to feel them.

Flying into heights of the atmosphere, keeping far away
from all aspects of interior life's pain.

Coasting lowly over the ocean, dipping wings, so to
quench a thirst needed for living.

Ulterior motives not being set just yet, waiting for
moments in time to come forward and accept me just the
way I am here presented in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fragily Moving

Moving fragily among new thoughts,
not wanting to scare them away
with senses of foreboding.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fragmented Love

Settling into a distant regime of timeless emptiness.
Dictating the sentiments of my heart as they flow from
crystal tears into a pool of fragmented particles of love.

No longer being held in the mind of a husband who has
succumbed to a disease of dementia, losing hold of our
love forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fragmented Mind

Thinking about friends in a dim evening light, wondering where they might be at this time of night.

Suffering silently with unconscious problems preying on their minds, leaving solutions to someone who can help them cope with certain parts of life they have separated from it.

To suit their state of mind and keep everything on a back burner so they don't have to deal directly with it.

Yet, they don't realize, it's burning still, while they leave it unattended, falsely secure in their unknowledge of it in their conscious mind.

Playing havoc in all parts of their life, yet they blindly don't even know it, because they're denying it deep inside of their fragmented minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fragments Of Another Time

Lightening in the darkness, striking with an apprehension
of doubt crowding and stomping my mind while listening to
glory days in the middle of the night.

Taking me into fragments of yet another time and place,
wonder filling intellect, opening up my inner universes
with their tempting rhythms of fantasy and imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fragments Of Imagination

Physical handicaps can be readily seen, yet what about
the minds hidden within the people striving to exist.

Solid ideas, created in different forms, being acknow-
ledged in rare thoughts and focused onto realms of
reality and life.

Beautiful artifacts and puzzle pieces being formed
within brains, elucidating the many fragments of
imagination.

Placing them in properties to be shown all over the
world, colorfully and splendidly, shining everywhere,
waiting to be recognized.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fragments Of Life

Swirling around like ice cream falling into a cone,
thoughts combine and mesh within borders of sub-
conscious realms.
Putting together, pieces of puzzles like fragments
of life, listening to Gene Autry, ride across my
mind, while thinking of my Mom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fragments Of Yesterday

Pounding lightening, striking the inside of my mind,
electrifying it's integrity with a constant flow of
ideas throughout life.

Charging intellect with perfect auras felt from every
bodily sense, fragments of yesterday are lying about,
never being picked up, just swept out with the morning
trash.

Never cooperating with an interior sensation of anxiety,
trying to take life aside and get back a sense of pride.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fragrant Aromas Of Being Taught

Snapping elastically, neurons and synapses mentally being exercising through rhythms, generating thoughts and ideas plentifully.

Enjoying fragrant aromas of being taught along with tempos of rhythm being listened to, experiencing the beautiful aspirations of intellect.

Blending with reality and spirituality, giving an inner energy that cannot be given anywhere else except in this particular sphere interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fragrant Memories

Stuttering down rhythms as they softly pass me by,
not caring if I can keep up or fall behind.
Singing in time with all musical harmonies sent to
outer canyons of forsaken peace, and kept there
for time immemorial.
Dusting my mind with fragrant memories, powdered
into scents of a mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fragrant Thought

Petals of roses drift slowly into fragrant piles of
thought, as breezes constantly blow them about,
clearing the way of imagination's subconscious whims.
Scattering across desert plains, beautiful images
become visions of plaintive dreams in nights of
corresponding definition.
Selecting bouquets of fresh roses, budding afterwards
even in death's embrace, as we continue to persuade
life to slow down and allow us to catch our breath.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Frail Human Heart

Hollow sounding flutes, playing their tunes all through
the night, sending feelings and emotions soaring into
heights of heavenly melodies and angel's prayers.

An unending spiritual attainment bringing me into realms
of contemplation where only I am present with the Divine,
at times an unsettling feeling coming over me.

Not feeling worthy of such praise and mercy from our Lord,
yet, he takes my frail human heart and fills it with His
love and goodness.

Saying you are mine and will ever be for all time, tears
filling my eyes, heart overflowing and spirit of my soul
is soaring like crazy.

Even I cannot capture it's new essence now, it's to be
used as an instrument of God's, to help other people come
to Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Frail Situation

Guessing rhymes hidden in notes and beats, awaiting formulas to set them in.
Taken consecutively, they are belabored into poetry and left on window sills to be seen when ready and not until then.
Taking care not to rock the boat, yet keep rocking anyway and sailing into the sunset waylaid by the very frailty of the situation.
Slapping against minds with rhythm as it delicately senses the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Frailty Of Life

Filled with the stinging pain of lies, working hard to
keep tears from falling from my eyes.

Lightening quick to reach out, holding out trust and
love in one hand, never expecting it back with the other.

Closed off from any hope of love, sitting alone night
after night.

Solemnly waiting through the years, seeing only lies
being put to my ears, I surmise the frailty of life and
discontinue me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Framing Images

Pictures framing images of all the good times in life.
Projecting them all into scenic visions of beauty.
Bringing feelings rising to the surface and painting
them also into pictures of canvas, framed and hanging
for everyone to peruse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Framing Pictures

Quietly listening to all mannerisms within as I observe everything.
Feeling contented, happy, just to be able to think creatively through imagination.
Subconsciously rehearsing tones, matching words as they sound so alike and writing down meanings as they make perfect sense to my brain.
Accomplishing extraordinary perception through all senses as I continually entice them from melodies I hear and compose inside.
Framing beautiful pictures as they're thought, placing them one after another onto paper, where others may read them and obtain ideas on their own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Framing Special Moments

Dusting off my mind, cleaning out all the
debri that has collected during the years.
Throwing out what is no longer needed and
filling myself with all things good.

Placing special moments in frames and
hanging them in corridors of my mind, so I
can gaze at them often, brightening my mood
when I am displaced in sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fraud Of City Officials

Nerves frazzled, touching parts of people the wrong way.
Taking always from the poor to give to those who have more than they deserve.
Why are services being diminished for elderly and disabled, the least of our population that can help themselves?
Budget problems, money not available, because it's been given to Marriott hotels to build on properties obtained through imminent domain.
City officials committing fraud, stealing what is not theirs and keeping it for themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freckling Bushes

Little bushes freckling the mountainsides
making them look like little kids.

Happy and carefree, alone in the desert,
glad to be free to live as they wish.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Free - Falling Thoughts

Wandering through this vast inner universe, brilliantly
lit and illuminated every step of the way.

Stillness keeping me abreast of faith and hope, stemming
from within this soul.

A lasting and enticing perfect beauty of intellect where
my mind loves to dwell.

A remarkable and jubilant side of interior life, continually
forging thoughts in a downward cascade with the waterfall
of this mind.

So exhilarating, as every one of them free - fall through
the water, landing finally into deep pools of my soul.

There is where I write of everything in a repertoire of
rhythms forever in this lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Free And Liberated State Of Mind

Lying on a couch of remorse, filled with the loss of love
from many different aspects in this life, those whom I've
loved, now gone at death's insistence.

Still standing here within me through soulful memories
that I've continued to cherish through the years, captur-
ing the essence of who I am.

Letting self become in a free and liberated state of mind,
not liking to be held by another, preferring to be alone
and not a slave to their thinking and way of life.

For that is a form of slavery that most people do not even
seem to recognize at all, that of being with another and
losing self in the process.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Free Calming Thought

Summer tantalizing me in an interior beauty, calm and
serene, my life it is living, heart slowing, beating
in an effervescent shadow of life beyond this horizon.

Beautiful and centering my spirit, all these thoughts
flowing while sitting at my desk, eyes closed, letting
my spirit take me wherever if feels like it.

It's a very freeing, calm and intoxicating feeling as
intellect wanders through this mere poet's mind, ex-
tracting the wonder of life from all that's seen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Free From Abandoning Life

Sooner or later I will fall into the cradle of death
gently, tired of living this tumultuous life on earth.

Knowing that I look forward to it's intense peace and
serenity, having experienced it in the recent past,
after falling into a coma on life support during surgery.

A wonderful memory and experience, knowing that it's
something that will bring me an immense sense of satis-
faction again.

Taking me into heaven once more, free from the ties of
an abandoning life here on earth, nothing matters any-
more since dying.

We're only on earth temporarily, as long as we do good,
love, care and are compassionate to one another that's
all there is to life really.

Ten Commandments can all be followed just by doing
these few little inconsequential things, bringing us
all into heaven when we die.

A blessing to one and all, as long as we never sin or
commit evil acts against God and humanity we will all
be given mercy from our Lord who will forgive us our
sins.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Free From Life's Insanity

Riding roughshod throughout this life, rebelling along the way, wanting to be free from the insanity of life in every way possible.

Never trusting others, knowing the failure of being human, not wanting any part of it's heartache and pain, preferring instead, to travel alone.

A solitary being not held or captured within another's grasp, just walking through the years unattached, yet attuned to life and nature.

Wanting to never be captured by another, wanting only to be free from everything trying to hold onto me, wanting to tame or train me in their ways.

Never to be placed in patterns of others minds, finding my own way down highways of this earthly life, gaining inner strength as go.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Free From Misconceptions

Life lifting me from lengthy shadows of loss,
showing another pathway to travel down now.

Lighting up my world with hopes and promise,
able to be free from other's misconceptions.

Totally enjoying having their restraints cut
from within.

Watching images along the way, noticing that
they are now smiling back at me.

Showing promises coming, as life slowly comes
to a close in time.

Knowing that there is nothing for me to lose
again, always having a new reality come to be.

What a wonderful and exhilarating sense of
freedom, being enticed fully in the presence of
this mind's intellect and creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Free From Yesterday

Interior emotions dwelling quietly inside, watching as I go about daily routine, independently of them.
Feeling left out and abandoned, yet wondering what has caused such a great change in my being.
A lightness, taking me into dimensions that have freed me from issues of yesterday, leaving me in a quietly peaceful atmosphere of joy, elating my spirit tremendously.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Free In India

Climbing heights within, seeking the ultimate in life where
my soul can remain free and undetained by this worldly life.

Reaching out, attaining satisfaction known within my being,
something so secret that no one can even guess what it is.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Free In Knowledge

Enjoying the company of others as they sit outside my being,
talking and laughing among themselves as I continue writing
whatever comes to mind.

Cascading waterfalls flowing, giving immeasurable pleasure
in this life, creating an atmosphere where I can be myself,
entering any domain or dimension that I please.

Watching beautiful details falling into depths of being,
grasping their essence and living in the presence of my God
freely and safely.

Allowing myself to be alone, feeling the only liberty I have
in life, that of being myself and enjoying the essence of who
I am.

There is nothing else to be said as I enjoy myself in this
endeavor through writing, free in the knowledge and wisdom
flowing through to my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Free Journies

Taking journeys throughout life at no expense other than
using my mind for creative endeavors, situated in future
literature of beneficial poetry.

Stilling my heart with adjacent serenity, blending the two
and finding a solemn oath, remaining deeply inside for life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Free Of This World

Leisurely taking time to rest and contemplate within a bluened light, finding needed peace and serenity, letting mind, heart and soul go on their own into the light.

There they are free of this world as am I, taking note of it's definitive beauty as life continues to move forward, being touched by imagination, reality and spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Free Samples

Shadegg gets the scissors to cut the ribbon for a grand opening of the cafe.

Smiling, holding gigantic scissors, he does the job well, signaling the opening for us to get free samples, provided by the cafe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Free Spirit

Whirling dervishes suddenly fill the room with energy and joy, taking away a solemnity of yesterday, for a twenty-four hour moment.
Packed away with memories, life exists itself to become a free spirit soaring over earth in a calisthenics way.
Exercising forthrightness and honesty everywhere, life continues it's solo journey without qualms.
Secreting sadness in moments of thought as daydreams awaken images of years before.
Everything incorporated into one soul as whirling dervishes suddenly exit the room, leaving a melancholy feeling and past good times to think about again on evenings of loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Free Thoughts

Tossing aside judgments, living freely within selves of enticement.

Traveling in circles of familiarity, containing degrees of self-sufficiency under tension of family.

Suspecting nothing other than what I am thinking - a freedom of thought bringing happiness into me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Free To Be

Nature reaching out through panes of glass standing between us, calming my soul, taking me into fields of roses where I am free to be who I am without any interference.

Living in a creative world, developing and using imagination continually without any fears or qualms ever coming to mind, a total experience of peace and serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Free To Be Grateful

Freeing self to stretch boundaries limiting my freedom
of imagination and choice of what I prefer doing with
my time.
So satisfying, being alone in wondrous thoughts for as
long as I want.
Belonging to God, drenched in His contemplation,
praising His existence and being grateful for His part
in my life and innate talents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Free To Be Itself

Wanting to always keep total control of innate gifts
so they can be used whenever wanted to.

No one having any effect, good or bad on intellect,
because it is completely free to be itself and
accomplish whatever it needs to through prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Free To Love

Not wanting to be separated from you, only wanting
to be held closely, feeling your arms around me.

Making love through the afternoon, kids in school,
free to love one another for hours.

Looking for these afternoon delights with eagerness,
desires rising just knowing that we'll be together.

Alone and taking each other to heaven, exploding fire-
works splurging everywhere, inner skies being filled
with their brilliance and color.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Free Will

The Lord is here for us,
loving us through each day.
Guiding our lives as we pray to Him.
Letting our free will determine our love for Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freed From Existence In India

Drumming like water touching my mind, liquefying it's
thoughts so purely, while adding a beautiful aroma
and flavor to every word contemplated in a poem.

A natural and coinciding tendency to give of self in
it's rhythms, incessantly taking me deeply into another
universe where I am freed from the totality of my existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freed From Time Limits

Time taking itself along our lives, expecting nothing,
giving not a nanosecond to us, just ticking along at
it's one speed.

On the other hand, we fill our calendars and agendas
with lists to do, having times in which to do each
thing.

Driving ourselves crazy, trying to rush around and get
everywhere on time, doing nothing spontaneously, giving
up our precious moments.

Inane reasons and tasks we assign ourselves, when will
there ever be time used for what it is, moments of our
life to be spent with family and friends spontaneously
and free of our calendars and agendas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freed From Yesterday

Interior emotions dwelling quietly inside, watching as I go about a daily routine, independently of them.
Feeling left out and abandoned, yet wondering what has caused such a great change in my being.
A lightness, airy, taking me into dimensions that have freed me from issues of yesterday, leaving me in a quietly peaceful atmosphere of joy, elating my spirit tremendously.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom And Liberty Flowing

Tell-tale feelings whistling in the wind, airing out,
giving room to breathe once again, a wonderful feeling
of freedom and liberty flowing through this being.

Taking in every ounce of fresh air, being filled with
an exuberant desire to move forward in life, living
with an open mind and heart, love and desire for one
true love forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom For Everyone

Silent, uncooperative, quietly rebelling against all
that's wrong in life.

Busting out of my shell of what other people think
of me, to shine as myself only.

Going against the grain, taking a path of no return,
savoring the taste of freedom for everyone in this
world.

A fantastic way to express feelings, thoughts and
opinions, never-ending ideas coming from individuals
all over this free world.

Taking away poverty of spirit and filling interior
lives with pure spirituality, moving forward in full
force.

Never backing down from evil, greed or corruption,
taking ideas and opinions, making them known through-
out the entire world through poetry.

Hoping to incite a riot to get the world to write
and help in these efforts from now on.

Getting rid of all politicians in office, who are not
representing us, electing people who are honest,
wanting to protect everyone from the derelict people
that have no concern for anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom In Writing

Flying in another dimension, soaring into delights of heaven
with freedom in writing.
Giving all of life energy towards letting go of all suffering
and pain holding me back from doing what I want to every day.
Expecting to go and climb mountains like I used to, now
struggling to just walk on level ground for six minutes,
unable to breathe enough to go any further.
Listening to imagination's voice, keeping me safe, harboring
my mind so I don't fall apart.
Releasing all problems, accentuating what is wrong.
Procuring necessities needed to keep me writing daily.
Nothing being forsaken as I rise into the final sunset of my
life today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom Loving Rebel

Loving to be the quiet rebel, moving through the crowd,
taking notice of all that is going on in this fantastic
Hideaway grill and bar.

People congregating, talking, drinking and eating, all
having the time of their lives.

Nondescript, blending in, tiger tee-shirt and jeans, no
one taking a second look at this quiet, yet intense
freedom loving rebel.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom Not Permitted

This sequence of life has come to an abrupt end, but not
of my own doing.

Wishing to carry it out a year or two, so I may integrate
all feelings and memories becoming at last one being.

Memories and images of long ago fit within their separate
compartments, never touching or mingling with each other.

Until of late, when producing a frustration barrier between
self and feelings hiding within.

Comparable to no other entity on this earth, focusing always
away, shining on some distant shore of waking.

Almost on cue, forsaken at the beginning once again, promises
made, trust beginning, salvation at last in sight - almost
at hand.

Suddenly all hope is dashed upon the rocks of another's
decisive force, not being allowed the freedom once permitted
to get well with.

Instead, abandoned, cast out, given up on being too much
like a child, afraid to become an outspoken adult.

Afraid to overstep barriers which have preempted life, left
alone once again behind the pain of glass.

Non-existent in this world, looking forward to it's very
early demise, hopes held high, it will soon be cut short.

(1: 50 p.m. - 7/24/95)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom Of Aloneness

Filling self with who I am, leaving no room for
anyone else.
Cradling life in forms of literature, no qualms
begetting doubts, just a freedom of aloneness
concentrating in my mind and touching my heart
with senses of loneliness.
Awakening spirits in quick succession, feeling
them intertwining with mind-bending vision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom Of An Interior Calling

Thinking in depths of an interior calling from innate knowledge, watching thoughts being pictured on inner photographic screens.

Considering each of them in turn, from every aspect in the freedom of my open mind, seeing different sides of every idea forming within.

Knowing when I finally see the right one, because my mind agrees and takes it into the being of intellect, nothing else to be seen or considered.

Yet, my mind is always open to something I may have forgotten or considered because it wasn't known to me at the time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom Of Being Alone

Striking out, loving the freedom of being alone with self, finding
an inner strength, refreshing faith, restoring hope, none of which
any other person could ever do for a person.

Accommodating in any way, the beauty of our souls, keeping them in-
tact, not wanting to lose any of self in this life, just being who
we are.

Flying and listening to rhythms as they teach about freedom and it's
liberty, musically achieving them through listening to all types of
music intensely while writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom Of Choice

Pleasurable senses form in lines of poetry,
quickening pulses of literary perfection.
Leading to indefinite freedom of choice
and fun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom Of Creativity

Wallowing in self-pity does no good, attempting to travel onto new roads of lightened knowledge to begin anew is required.

Strengthening mind synapses with rhythmic measures of intellect and it's patterns.

Seeing in the distance, a beautiful image of impeccable posterity with a freedom of creativity, carrying everything into the illumination of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom Of Elasticity

Rhythms bouncing off my brain,
catching in my mind like flies on jelly.
Procuring novel issues standing alongside
temporary folders of past messages,
bringing everything into the foreground.
Sizing up conversations of nature as I
listen carefully to whispering breezes,
touching memories hidden away in caverns
of curiosity and wonder.
Mysterious complex issues arise, wanting
to be thought out on paper, taking strides
in multi-directions and infinitesimal
dimensions.
Regulating routines of writing, tossing
schedules out the window, preferring the
freedom of elasticity.
Stretching mindful thoughts to outskirts
of boundary's edges and beyond normal
horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom Of Expression

Trepidating as life becomes, walking on overgrown
pathways through jungles of past learning, encourages
self-esteem and self-satisfaction.
Finding self amidst a freedom of expression,
empowered by it's free rein of thinking, existing in
a vast horizon of intellectual abstractions while
focusing on themes of living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom Of Inner Spirituality

Always wondering, writing poetry as a direct result of
an insatiable curiosity and intuitive desire to know
everything.

Considering all aspects as I live life, hoping to find
the answers of life's mysteries and hopefully helping
humanity in the process.

Letting my mind flow into other universes and dimensions
without interruption or barriers, setting no limits what-
soever.

Enjoying this total freedom, entirely and completely,
soaring into the beyond, finding out what exists there
just for the fun of it.

Mathematical equations falling effortlessly into my
mind, loving their intensity and need to be seen, known
and recognized.

A wonderful way to live life in freedom of an interior
spirituality, finding the innate pathways that continue
to lead to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom Of Interior Imagination

Sliding down mountains right into a desert oasis,
fulfilling dreams as they flit into forest streams
just down the trail.

Only able to do this through the freedom of an
interior imagination, coming through subconscious
thoughts being held, cared for and nurtured by
intellect.

All of them being kept and treasured until they
can shine on their own in a brand new poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom Of Mind

Forging into the future, learning all that can be
encompassed in this little brain of mine.

Having a good time finding out how things come
about in this world of ours.

All the mystery and possibility of a lifetime are
contained in such a small space of our brains.

Future images and visions unfolding carefully and
constantly from somewhere within us.

Giving our minds such freedom to grasp everything
and anything that it possibly can in our daily lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom Of My Soul

Falling into depths of an unknowingness, trying to keep
above water, not quite managing too well as yet today.

Thriving in the night, not sleeping, staying awake writing,
listening to music.

Freedom of my soul taking me to an interior universe where
life has no bounds, universally being open and beautiful.

Sounds trilling in the atmosphere, filling my mind with
their fresh scents of novel ideas and blossoming thoughts.

Holding onto the essence tightly as it expands exponentially
into the night, giving natural beauty a place to grow and
become in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom Of Recognition

Regenerating particles of a brain bring cognition into perspective, allowing freedom of recognition to infiltrate every aspect of imagination's intellect.
Directing it to display even hidden ideas and be spread wide open.
Fragilly taking limits to extremes, giving new endeavors hope for a brighter tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom Of Spirit

Embracing miracles received from doing things my way
in spite of other's opinions.
Totally experiencing every moment spent in freedom
of spirit, opening my eyes and mind to a life outside
myself.
Focusing thoughts on energy, waiting to fulfill my
being with it's intensity.
Claiming interior spirits with verve and excitement.
Acting on impulse on edges of adventuresome journeys,
never worrying about leaving the way most traveled
by others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom Set Free

Feeling the sun rising in the east, surging, filling this entire being with joy and energy, spilling into intellect.

Totally feeling elated, euphoric and on top of the world, excited and happy to be alive, entire being exuberant, vibrant and ready to take on anyone.

Vitality continuing to excite and entice every fiber and particle of my soul, spirit and being to come to fruition.

Spirituality soaring into the morning, swelling, rising, taking this mind into the atmosphere, filled with hope.

Faith taking my hand, helping intellect come into it's own, a freedom being set free within my soul, silently above in an attitude filled with positive thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom's Choice

Silent patterns seemingly inert, set themselves on journeys of
self-incriminating ideas.
Lounging alongside visions, watching as they continually pass
by on inner screens, allowing the freedom to choose what I want
to select and write about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom's Directions

Keeping a running tally inside of rhyming musical
schemes, allowing a sensitive freedom to continue
to develop.
Spiritually defining life through a saddened heart
resting on grief's satin pillow.
Fervently listening to higher realms for guidance
in interior directions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom's Motion

Kicking and pushing away from all the junk bantering
throughout life's journey, sets freedom into motion.
Movement begins from the heart and spreads to
emotional output, channeling heaviness into strato-
spheres above.
Thinking, mulling over what starts to wane in
comparison to the happiness we can contend with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freedom's Solace

Waving gently across the air, blowing visions of yesterday into tomorrow's plan.
Scratching the surface with the indelible ink of fate, echoing always over the years, becoming a beacon to follow.
Light years fluctuating on tides of reprieve, sending foamy messages to outer edges of subconsciousness.
Relieving pressures of yesterday, continuing life in freedom's interior solace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freeing Fate

In the nictation of an eye, life is lived and grown,
casting it's spell on all around.
Freeing us from destiny, our fate spins and turns,
revolving our futures in a spurious atmosphere
where we silently return in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freeing Inhibitions

Rejoicing in a spiritual realm deeply within,
grasping it within intellect, calculating it
with proprieties of enlightenment.

Swinging, stepping off and fulfilling so many
promises of sensual desire in the midst of a
rhythmic aura.

Music playing loudly and giving a lot of joy,
taking liberties that have been held on to for
so long.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freeing Interior Inhibitions

Tossing hair back over their shoulder, women stepping forward onto the dance floor.

Faces brightened by musical rhythms, smiles standing out, conversations happily being spoken in timid voices.

Holding onto another, dancing away, freeing interior inhibitions, allowing freedom of rhythms to take over, flying across the dance floor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freeing My Prayers

There's an empty echo hanging in the atmosphere,
not giving an answer to my prayers.

They are just staying there between heaven and
earth.

Not getting through the thick fog, wanting to
soar, but are unable to.

Turning to light a candle, watching it's wisps
rise suddenly, freeing my prayers.

Now they are on their way to God in heaven with
no ties binding them to earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freeing Self

Feeling the pressure of change climbing upon my mind,
attempting to challenge intellect and tear it down.

Understanding the meaning of what's happening, throwing
it aside, not caring to deal with it's ignorance.

Set upon us by an evil person wanting to take away freedom
and make us believe what he does.

Nothing changes my mind, soaring above into a very
contemplative mind-set, freeing myself from the coercive
manipulation of a blind person knowing no bounds, and
disrespecting all people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freeing Sensation In Kolkata

Running into the future one moment at a time, finding
delight and pleasure in a freeing sensation of devotion-
al piety here in Kolkata.

Along the way, strengthening my purpose and goals in life,
searching interiorly, finding my spirit rising well above
that of this earthly existence.

Sensing the Divine leading and guiding me into expansive
deserts of my soul through the integrity and ingenuity
of intellect itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freeing The Little Child

Climbing the mountain of sexual abuse, going to the top to
survey the ruins of childhood, needing a patient friend to
walk alongside, giving support when needed, when past
memories become too much alone.

Afraid at every step to see what lies beyond the next
boulder, looking into eyes of encouragement, biting her lips
and continuing upward.

Delicate issues of a toddlers abuse, prey upon a desert of
incest, casting dusty gray shadows in the wake of remembering.

Hanging on for dear life to the side of mountainous cliffs,
as images crawl up and over, staring into memory's eyes.

Disgust, physically manifests itself causing her to get sick
to her stomach, horrible memories, haunting her mind as she
continues climbing, wanting to face the reality of past abuse,
doing it reluctantly.

Mirrors, millions of mirrors, reflecting again and again in
each other, showing the tortures of abuse manifested upon
this once tiny child.

Having climbed only one fourth of the way to the top,
hesitating, afraid, doubts creeping into her mind, voices
taunting, you're never going to make it, you will fall into
the pit of hell, unable to deal with the rest of it.

Pushing herself through the barrier with help, freeing the
little child, disconnecting her from the painful memories,
physical and mental.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freeing Up Space

Serenely tapping chords and notes of an interior piano
being played.

Taking every opportunity to say what is growing in this
mind, allowing my voice to be heard, although in silent
wonder, every word is left for you to read.

Lessening thoughts that have been held within this brain,
writing everything down, uncluttering, freeing up space
so intellect and imagination can refill it again and again.

A magnificent way to delete the negative things that come
unbidden, allowing me to stay positive under the
circumstances that befall.

Collecting data and information through discoveries of
intellect, keeping incessantly busy all the time.

Not being able to keep up with self, putting them into
the computer, altogether having the time of my life,
knowing that writing can never stop, because it comes
directly from my soul's heart.

Contributing entirely to well-being in the long run, an
enlivening spirit always being fulfilled no matter what
should happen in the meantime, being satisfied with every-
thing I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freely Coinciding With Life

Softly gliding towards heaven, feeling it's precious
freedom of this earthly life.

Gently being absorbed into it's realms as I fall into
a state of mindful subconsciousness.

There enlightenment spreads itself throughout my being,
subjecting intellect to a joyful maze of ingenuity.

Innate talent soaring to heights of creativity, finding
a place of inner reprieve and serenity.

Solo energy finding it's way onto pathways of another
dimension where imagination fills my mind entirely.

A treasured fantasy allowing self to fall into a cascade
of rhythms, flowing with a fruition of my spirit.

Beautiful and tenderly placating intellect with an inner
spirituality of the Divine, giving peace to my being.

There I am freely coinciding with the reality of this life
throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freely Given Gifts

Swallowing and taking in every bit of talent being shown to us here tonight.
Voices singing out in echoing beauty of sunrises in tomorrow's musical abodes.
Trading nothing for the gifts given freely and being used to the utmost in an environment of promoting it all to the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freely Wandering

Searching skyways interiorly, touching upon imagination as reality keeps me grounded altogether, mind statically electrified through intellectual thoughts and ideas.

Fully being incorporated in the energy of destiny's place in the universe, rhythmically delving quietly into an inner universe.

There I'm filled with the sight of a bluened light that takes me ever closer to the Divine, body, mind and spirit, being enticed by goodness, purity and innocence.

All filling every particle of my entire being, wandering freely through innate knowledge and wisdom, never being forsaken along the way.

Knowing that God is leading me in the direction He wants me to go, trusting in Him explicitly throughout my lifetime always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freeway Of My Heart

Revving up energy of my mind through rhythms and
music, touching upon notes as they flow like poetry
from within intellect.

Like driving a car down the freeway of my heart, pick-
ing up feelings and emotions that just won't be ignored,
and placing them delicately into poetry.

In many ways giving meaning to others around the world,
touching upon mysteries that fill life with love, loss,
joy, sorrow and happiness.

Arranging them just so in order to emit feelings into
those who read my poetry, hoping they can identify a
little with what I've written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Freezing Thoughts

Delving into icy tides,
freezing thoughts so I can read them
in greater detail in mirrors of my soul.

Standing in lines of beautiful landscapes,
waiting to become the next chapter in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fresh Aroma Of Newly Fallen Rain

Trees, bushes, leaves, flowers that I've never seen before in my life are surrounding me with their intense and mysterious brilliance.

All of them manifesting beauty of India, smelling a fresh aroma of newly fallen rain on this special little heaven deep in a forest on the side of a mountain.

Receiving the blossom of faith from above, as I sit and write of the beautiful creations of God's that I'm seeing everywhere I look.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Friday Milestones

Following flowing lines of possibilities on Friday
milestones of unperturbed delays, carousing on edges
of frayed beginnings of timeless aging.

Thinking along sideways abysses, trailing on overrun
pathways to heaven.

Likely aspects and facets of tomorrow are being
separated and looked over, to see if there are any
fascinating pledges to overcome, while exhausting
plenitude.

Rising and slipping down mountainous abodes, trickling
like water being squeezed by rocks downstream.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Friend

Hazy day, cloud filled sky, sun hidden away.
Thoughts, however, are peaceful, serene,
contemplative, aligned just so without
perplexities.
Whenever I need a mental pick-up I will
choose to recall memories of what a friend
has said to make me feel insightly loved.
Being a wonderful friend, helping me more
than she'll ever know, just by being
herself around me.
Unconditional acceptance has set me free,
soaring towards unlimited growth and maturity.
It's amazing what just a little caring and
compassion can do for one's soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Friendliness

Circular rectangles touching my mind mysteriously and timidly with a shyness borne from birth.
Illuminated in a powder of lightness, feeling almost invisible in the center of a crowded room filled with volunteers.
Characters are forthcoming, experiencing the friendliness of one another as we sit around tables juxtapositionally, laughing and enjoying each other's company.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Friendly Truth

Being shown how useless life can be, seeing a gnarled
old tree standing dead upon the earth like me.

Thank God for friends who show and make you face the
truth of an aging life.

There's no more bargaining to be done, all is gone,
it was only empty desire.

There's no use trying to succeed, even a close friend
sees no more need of it.

Pressing you to stay while pushing you away, tells all
one needs to know.

There are no more episodes left to write, because life
is useless and should be put out of sight and mind.

That's the truth spoken by a friend as life ends with
the love of his.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Friends

Friends touch our lives with hands of God as we live our times together.
Being puzzle pieces, we fit together nicely, interacting with each other, watching out for one another's welfare.
Then a day comes along where we can only pray for the well-being of each other, because God has decreed it so.
Resting in God's hands, one of our lives becomes wholly His again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Friends - A Fresh Breath

Waiting, hoping to see a friend or two enter my room, giving me a breath of fresh air as they visit and talk with me for a while.
Missing the articulate conversation that's always between and among us when we're together.
Solidifying our friendship with each moment, life continues to soar above earthly shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Friends And Strangers

Celebrating the achievement of the American Dream at Buddy Stubbs today.

Capturing the essence of what America is all about, riding motorcycles freely all over the country, no limits on where to travel or accumulate.

Crowds enjoying the festivities of the day, enjoying the company of one another, friends and strangers altogether.

Expressing the wonder of exalted friendship in many rhythms of a band.

Being scattered throughout the grounds, many types of personalities are greeting one another on the exact same levels.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Friends Through Life

Studying the depths of human emotions brings no new clues
as to it's essence.

There are no beginnings - only middles. How did friendship
come about? Where are the answers?

Looking to nature, to the heavens, to people all around,
only silence echoes throughout the atmosphere.

Feelings come and go, entering different spheres and levels,
never being able to be tracked or stalked.

Creating friendships from out of nothing, understanding is
left lying idly behind.

Two people standing side by side, their lives having touched
at one point and they became one.

Living lives of their own, yet always having a certain bond
together, knowing that they'd always be there for each other.

Differences bring a certain joy to life, spicing up any
relationship in the beginning.

After many years of hardship and trial, of being together,
time slows and age creeps upon them.

Holding hands down the last corridor of life, friendship
blooms and nighttime is upon them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Friendship

Tender happiness dwells within for friendship beginning.
Soft echoes of memories sweet, pattering through the years.
Laughter, sorrow, hope in tomorrow.
Foreign now, the awkward pauses - lulls in conversation have fairly ended.
Leaning back, transpiring dreams float into the foreground,
bringing two people closer through their friendship with God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Friendship Continues Even After Death

Looking for your reflection in every window that I pass,
reaching out with my heart to feel your presence as I
walk by.

Nothing prepares me though, for the emptiness I feel,
tears escape with thoughts of you.

Where are you, where have you gone? Once so much a part
of my life and I yours, how could it all disappear like
this?

Knowing you has always been a great joy, being friends
was an even greater joy.

Our personalities met and meshed, leading us on to greater
experiences throughout our lives.

We've always been so very close, even when we were miles
apart, what happened to disrupt our lives so much?

Flowing behind, weeping willows weep for two friends, one
young, one old, parting at death's door.

Yet, in the sunshine from above, the hope of love glows
within two hearts, one alive, the other gone ahead to
heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Friendship Forever

Friendliness lies in clouds up in blue, blue skies.
None ever touches the dirt brown earth.
Sometimes it reached through the atmosphere and
joins two humans in mind and heart.
That is when friendship will last forever.
For it was made in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Friendship In Disarray

Swaying, squeezing friendship in arms of disarray.
Waltzing over unchartered territory, wringing
happiness from hearts of couples as they softly
step in times of yesterday's past for minute parts
of joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Friendship Left In Time

Climbing walls of friendship left in time, sensing
a feeling of abandonment close to home.

Fearing separation for unknown reasons, causing
fear to force it's way in to the relationship.

Trying to focus on what needs to be done, finding
nothing save an emptiness in the pit of heartships's
friend.

Agonizing over treatment received, striving hard to
find reasons to end it, yet still feeling a closeness,
a love inside, hesitating to say we're through.

Allowing sorrow and pain to cloud hazy visions, no
comprehension becomes visible, no words can be heard
speaking from the soul.

Friendship decayed and dying, spilt upon the floor,
never being talked of any more in this scorched and
ruined time.

Anxiety strewn from end to end in chaotic repugnance,
flowering only hatred of trust, followed by deceit and
lies.

Stretched out upon a lonely stretch of sand, life
forbidden by it's lies of friendship become suddenly
hidden.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Friendship With A Priest

Dear Lord, through friendship with a priest I have come to know you better.

All along, I've known you were by my side, but now there's an appreciation for you, and no pride standing in the way.

Loving to talk with you every waking moment, staying up late, just to spend more time with you, because you're so pleasant.

Wondering about things, being filled with curiosity, asking and listening to your answers.

Always I've known how truly wonderful you are and now, as I'm getting older, appreciation grows for you and for all you've done in my little life.

Thank you Lord, for always being here, even when I thought I had no need of you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Frightening Aspects Of Identity

Frightening aspects of identity crowding closely inside,
removing memories and laying them side by side.

Flattened out, appearing to be pictures, once in a while
coming to life as in a movie.

Images stepping in and out, faces looking about, eyes
staring, glassy scary, vacant, seeing only pleasures
within.

Not noticing the damage being done, sitting quietly,
excitedly, to be fulfilled.

Alone, so frightened, cold, wondering when it will be over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Frightening Images

Alone in a place, frightened of the images old
memories bring.

Dark horizons, forbidding light to enter,
scaring innocence to hide within.

Devouring life, settling into myriads of hours,
decaying the minds of children.

Softly creeping, encouraging silent weeping
throughout the years.

Praying, wishing, hoping, all to no avail, as
silent darkness creeps always forward to every
new horizon.

Leaving no hope or joy, only the insistent
declining of age through the endless years brought
on by abuse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Frightening Words

'You have to start talking', those words frighten as they wrap
a thin blanket of fraility closer.

Afraid to let it go, afraid to face the barriers surrounding
life.

Childhood spent in fear, now an adult, don't want to remember
it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Frolicking In Pastures Of Rhythm

Frolicking in pastures of rhythm, allowing them to take us
into lands of imagination where poetry is thought of and
then written.

Lively, anticipating joy that continues to fill every
particle of being with an energy that cannot be contained
for it fulfills every purpose destiny has in store for us.

Collecting and gathering information from the world around
us, placing it upon photographic screens to be looked at
and written into poetry both day and night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

From A Distance

Never taking life seriously, at a very young age,
when just a baby, life was let go of.

That is why many aspects and perspectives are seen
as life is looked upon from a distance.

It holds no meaning, except when seeing it for what
it is.

A temporary situation being endured the best it can
without ever holding it close enough to attach itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

From Above

Blessings from above pour rainily
upon me, giving joy and sorrow
non-committedly throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

From An Invisible Sphere

Frostiness of winter air, taking my breath from it's
invisible sphere and placing it into a new one where
I can see it right in front of my eyes.

Amazing how nature can attune itself to our beings
like that, loving to blow into the air just to see
it again and again.

Finding it quite enjoyable to see how my breath be-
comes visible in the winter atmosphere, playing like
a child filled with curiosity and wonder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

From Ancestral Memories

Gliding into ceremonies of being on shores of rhythm,
enjoying senses of musical aptitude as they join
forces of poetical definitions.
Creating forms of art never before seen with words
of visions and images in spaces lasting seconds and
moments in time.
An ageless fabrication of moving meanings from
ancestral memories to future issues of familial
ties.
All culminating in blessings from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

From Inner Thoughts

Catching sight of transparent colors, filling this mind
from inner thoughts that have been hidden from sight.

Looking carefully at their patterns and designs, seeing
the same coded messages appearing within them.

Hoping to investigate further, now moving closer to them,
suddenly feeling their textures touching my mind exquisite-
ly from the tenth and eleventh dimensions.

Seeing them all connected, yet being separate, filling
with an inner energy that overcomes me with an elation
I've never felt before.

Smiling, totally loving this warm and delightful feeling,
breathing a sigh of relief for it's taking me over the
edge of oblivion and I'm happy to comply.

Intricate and delicate, yet strengthened somehow through
this tangible atmosphere, wonder filling me so completely,
taking me soaring along inner skyways of beauty.

Emotions rising and falling, being tantalized entirely
from within this awesome dimension, as I experience every
single one that slips into being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

From Memory

Jotting down from memory, all manner of beings, wanting nothing but mistaken promises left to die on stalks of death.
Arranging several types of stories as they're poised to give handmade tests.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

From Moment To Moment

When younger, always running and exploring in depths of nature and living, looking for answers, taking life by the hand, never doubting that only good would come of it in the future.

Shouting with glee at new experiences, looking forward to man more every day, always wondering what will happen in the next moment and what I could do to make it better.

Through creativity and imagination, forever moving into the future of destiny without doubts or fears, knowing that what-ever would happen from moment to moment was meant to be, that is what destiny holds for each of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

From The Hip

Summer heat, beating down on heads, enjoying a bar-b-que and live band.
Sunglasses sitting on faces, growing redder with every second.
Blotting foreheads with napkins, soaking up sweat from the noon-day sun.
Shooting straight from the hip, portraying life in honest detail, leaving out nothing but lies.
Settling in truth, reveling in it's outstanding rhetoric and bylines.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Front Porches

Hearing voices calling from front porches in a small town,
where I was born.
Loving it's surrounding peaceful forests of beauty.

Footsteps falling on dry, crumpled leaves that have fallen
to the ground, all in a winter storm.
Transparent trees, stripped of their essence, standing naked
in the snow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Frontiers Of My Mind

Tapping and energetically forming lines of poetry,
rhythms taking me into frontiers of my mind.

Engrossed totally in bluened light of the Divine,
at peace, filled with serenity that calms my being
and soul.

Alone and on a solo journey, waiting for destinations
to be shown, wanting to find the way to heaven and true
happiness.

Stepping stacatoely in measures of time, being filled
with possibilities of life and beyond, a sacred and
beautiful witness of what lies ahead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Frosted Life

Losing myself purposely in a cloud of thoughts,
waiting to be awakened in a burst of revealing
attitudes.

Creating all sorts of imaginative inventions,
being brought forth into reality.

All fantasys are turning to real facts, even
dreams are coming true when I awaken every
morning.

Life can be so frosted with good things some
days, and I look forward to those moments of
intense focus.

Letting the saddened times fall by the wayside,
along with feelings of loneliness and emptiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Frosting Darkness

Darkness frosting over,
bringing a silent beauty into existence.
Dangling necklaces of midnight coral in
faces of many people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Frozen Heart

Singing expertly with a lilt to her voice, picking up the beat with a tempo being felt within.
Stretching all the melodies and putting them up for display.
Entertaining the passage of time, we travel roads toward ends of life.
Unsurpassed in the sacred rites of living.
Solidly choosing to portray scenic pictures upon photographic textures never before seen or felt.
Noting down all sorts of mannerisms, being accustomed to inner patterns matching with the mosaics of yesterday.
Lifting the shades every morning, secluding self in rooms of quiet remembrance.
Offering nothing to anyone, because I've been emptied of all hope.
Encased in a labyrinth beneath earth, finding myself crying into a pool of crystalized tears, as my heart freezes in a contemporary sort of dream.
Aligning itself with a figure of speech as I write it down, etched in my memory for all time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Frozen Tears

Frozen tears being held back, afraid to thaw or melt,
because the pain in my heart will do the same and
I'll feel it soak completely into my being.

Having been crying too much in life as it is, I run
from the frozen tears in imagination, hoping to lose
them in a glacier somewhere where they'll never be
found again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fruit Of Life

Remembering eating grapes under the vines, then walking
over to the cherry tree around the corner.

Eating the cherries and spitting the pits as far as we
could, then off to the pear trees afterwards for dessert.

Life was a bowl of fruit back then and we never had to pay
for it, a simple, easy life compared to that of the adults.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fruition

Easily, gently, moving downstream,
enjoying the ride as I watch nature
closely in everything I do.
Life approaches it's edges, bringing
me to a fruition in heaven's gardens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fruition Of Ideas

Lights shining throughout my mind, showering thoughts
with enlightenment, rummaging through the darkness
looking for invisible and impossible concepts.

Developing, forming, shaping and designing, becoming
within intellect, mind processing everything, taking
it all into the final picture.

Images being focused within visions of the future,
showing beauty and fruition of each and every idea
placed into exacting locations, doing good for all
humanity in the long run.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fruition Of Intellect

Silence calling to the wilderness hiding within me, penetrating beauty, flowing carefully inside without stopping.
Signals sending information in the air, being born again through a religious experience.
Settling into a remorseful concept, respecting it's presence, even though it's coaching me in grief's lifetime habits.
Wallowing soundly in a semi-circle, enjoining grey matter as it focuses entirely on what is being seen in desert skies.
Raining down, falling through clouds, comes beautiful music, pounding on all my senses interiorly.
Bringing to fruition, every particle of intellect subject to my wishes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fruition Of Poetry

Silence and an ethereal quiet light descend upon
my mind, thoughts spreading their wings, flying
and soaring into the atmosphere.

Looking for a place to alight, letting them blossom
into fruition of poetry where they hopefully can do
some good or make a difference in someone's life.

Practicing daily, whatever I have heard or learned,
turning it all into creative adventures and discoveries
that no one else can see or hear.

There is only one way, reading it here among all the
words that I find to write in poetical compositions,
otherwise you'll never know or hear of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fruits Of His Love

Soaring over, through, and into canyons of earthly life, believing in God, filling my spiritual life with all the fruits of His love.
Never being patronized, ridiculed, abused, only loved unconditionally for who I am within.
A blessing in awesome proportions, never descending any lower than possible.
God's purpose keeps ascending stairways to heaven, and He fully expects me to walk up them without looking back.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Frustrated

Avenues of turmoil turn around again and again,
always wanting to run in circular patterns.

Not breaking from the circumference of what
they've always known in life.

Throwing in the towel, being frustrated with
everything, living in abject poverty because
of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Frustrated Greeting

Many guests filling a home with talk and Tibetan culture.

A beautiful dog, tail wagging, hoping to greet each one personally.

Being frustrated behind a screen door, pacing excitedly back and forth with each new arrival.

Never having a chance to even say hello to one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Frustrated With Common Core

Looking around a fourth grade classroom, watching
individual children struggling with common core math.

Not understanding the concepts or how to use them,
contrary to what teachers have told me, claiming they
are learning and understanding it all.

Looking first hand, listening to the children being
frustrated and repeatedly asking for help because it
doesn't make sense to them.

Apparently common core is also being used in reading
programs, all concentration is being aimed at learning
how, why and evaluating what it is they're doing.

Yet, they still don't understand it because it's too
long of a process, they prefer old ways of doing it,
because as the children say, it was easier than this.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Frustrating Job

Burned beyond recognition - a stressful day at work
has taken it's toll.
Pulled in ten different directions while nothing
got done.
Phones ringing, clients needing information, baby-
sitting while a mother-daughter review their files.
Watching to make sure they didn't slip out any
papers or documents - not being able to leave the
room for lunch until they were done with their hunt.
Receptionist being trained - can't answer phones -
other receptionist doesn't want to help and I am
pulled and stuck with phones again.
As a rule, ringing phones don't bother or agitate
me, it's just that for today, I feel angrily
frustrated for not being able to finish my own work.

(5: 16 p.m. - 1/24/00)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Frustration Within

Looking for something, searching for someone to talk to late at night, being awake and lonely, confined in a hospital bed, at a loss on what to do, tears forming quietly from a deep frustration held within.

Being in limbo all alone, forsaken, lonelier than ever, crying alone in the dark, knowing truly, that no one cares whether I live or die tonight.

Hearing only empty promises and lies, this moment being in total abandonment and pain, wishing only to die and put this empty life behind the curtains of death forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfiling Hopes And Dreams

Happy and contented, effects of good times rippling and
gathering together in this mind.

Sailing and soaring into the atmosphere on any given
moment, pleasant and beautiful skies, blue and tempting
to a pilot like myself.

Wanting to stay in the upper atmosphere and dance among
the clouds.

Keeping the sanctity of life closely to heart, never
turning from the promises of God, believing that all
will come to pass when I reach heaven.

Until then, I will enjoy the life He has given to me,
taking my purpose seriously and following the path that
has been set for my future.

Looking to fulfill hopes, dreams and possibilities that
have come and entered my heart and mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilled Through Intellect

Loving and living a creative life, a world filled with
fantasy and imagination.

Feeling lively and vibrant all the time, as I write
poetry, being fulfilled through the energy of intellect.

A perfect abode, giving pleasures whenever seeking it's
solace and serenity.

Soothing my spirit with an interior spirituality, living
on edges between heaven and earth.

A beautiful and inspiring place where nothing can go
wrong, always bringing a smile to my face and heart.

Poetry flows from intellect and though the waterfall
of my mind, soul and being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilled Through Life's Reality

Lasting dreams of midnight penetrate waking hours,
wanting to be fulfilled through the reality of life.

Sounds of nature play to rhythms of our heartbeats,
becoming one, sharing an essence of the Divine.

Totally and entirely being taken into the life of
humanity, fulfilling a destiny that has been given
to us to share.

Living as one, being blessed by beauty and salvation,
we grow and are nourished throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling A Fantasy

Reality, settling into depths of a being, facing an uphill
battle filled with sacrifice and hardship, hoping to over-
come the hurdles constantly being placed in the way.

Trying desperately to find ways around, through or over them,
at times having to admit defeat or else finding another way
outside the box.

Creating and developing a mind-set, letting imagination ful-
fill a fantasy that may work well in the end, bringing to-
gether a solution that can be lived with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Adaptations

Listening to sounds of isoteric* altitude,
watching the silence of existence inhale and
exhale life to an infinite degree.
Applauding wisdom of human nature as it
manufactures and creates itself throughout
daily tasks.
Modifying circumferences with elasticity and
tension, causing volumes of eruption to spill
out onto concrete brain waves.
Fulfilling adaptations of natural innate desire
as easily as picking a rose from it's place in
the garden.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Commitment

In tune with somebody in love, touching one another's
hearts with fragile tenderness and compassion.
Filling each other with hopes and dreams for the future.
Fulfilling life's commitments hand in hand, giving of
themselves for each other's good.
Always treating with respect, the ones we love, never
daring to offend them wrongfully in anger, communicating
and working things out between themselves.
Never letting the sun set on their anger, taking life
together without moving beyond the circumference of
their love with another.
Purposefully fulfilling their mission of marriage through
their love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Curiosity

Taking off into the stratosphere, fulfilling the curiosity
inherent always within.

Wanting to know what is out there, silently seeing the
universe, jumping over the moon, believing in heave above.

Longing to go there when it is our turn to leave this
wonderful earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Desires

Ratcheting up volumes of inner rhythms, letting them take
me onto highways of imagination.

Fulfilling many desires as I walk downstream, absorbing
the beauty being consumed by senses, watching them grow
and nurture thoughts within.

Blossoming ideas unfolding from interior treasure chests,
being held and kept secretly in depths of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Destiny

Enjoying the stillness of this morning, walking around
it's circumference, looking quietly at all that is
encircled within.

Transcendent totality surrounds interior imagination's
playground, as I fulfill destiny with an effervescent
amount of thoughts.

Being included in the blending of it's chemistry, mixing
all types of thoughts with ideas, blooming brightly in
the openings of my mind.

Dancing merrily in the center of interior formations,
being created from the rhythms of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Dreams

Lingering scents of yesterday enfold my mind luxuriously.
Giving me an aura of desert portraits sandly sitting in my mind,
awaiting retrieval of a different horizon on shores of beyond.
Taking all I know and spreading it like jam across the earth,
fulfilling dreams of intercranial desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Dreams Through Writing

Breathing being regulated in rhythms of music, in and out, strengthening energy from within, feeling melodies entering this mind steadily and sublimely.

Giving food for thought while writing, a wonderful and beautiful inspiration to gather knowledge and wisdom while forging into an alert wakefulness unfolding from within.

Fulfilling every dream of life through writing of them, a sublime and profound way to take charge through a musical imagination.

Caressing mind and intellect, a mysterious like magic, yet it's just an intellectual way for intellect and mind to process thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Edicts

Life-saving poetry fills my heart and mind with
fulfilling edicts set in prose and brought to
the forefront of intellect.
Daily, listening to all types of music, being
inspired and writing to all of it.
Peace being brought into my soul with every
verse written, protecting me from the adversity
in life and giving me the incentive to keep on
going no matter what happens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Emptiness

Flags waving through my mind,
touching me interiorly with an expectant source
of emotion furling and unfurling my intense
imagination.
Fulfilling emptiness with a penetrating effervescence
of loneliness as it becomes an integral part of every
thought in my span of living since birth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Energy

Choosing to be soothed through rhythms, loving to hear
them in life, testing their vibrant melodies in prose
time after time.

Never being disappointed by their poetical essence as
they write themselves into coded expressions of life.

Exacting harmonies being matched with the words lying
about in intellect, awaiting their connections to
imagination in abounding volumes of literature.

Showering the essence and passion of interior spiritual
contemplation, taking self away into the depths of
vibrant oceans.

Letting fall beneath stormy waves and continuing a
journey down pathways being created by imagination's
fervent ideas.

Searching waves of eternity as I float out into the
great beyond where I have found the purpose of life in
depths of silent episodes of heaven, yet to be lived
and discovered after death on earth.

A fulfilling energy being held in reserve for me at my
final sunrise, knowing nothing beyond that, I savor my
ending in it's beginning stages of after-life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Form Of Insight

Sounds wanting to be heard, living in a broadened horizon
of intellect.

Watching as it is being illuminated brightly and quickly,
a wonderful and fulfilling form of insight.

Lovely auras beckoning to follow into directions of light
and total concentration.

Allowing portions of wisdom to mix and match, blend with
an intense imagination, figuratively and literally speaking
in coded messages of undetermined feats of intellect.

Experimenting often with the particles that I can access
and play with in my mind from time to time, telling them
what to do and when.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Gifts

Searching for the purpose of life is no longer
necessary for I placed my dream in God's hands
and He has already shown me the fruits of my
poetical writing.
It's just amazing how God works in mysterious
ways on earth.
Looking forward to more of God's choices and
use for the gifts given to me.
Grateful for everything He's done for me and
now others using me as an instrument,
fulfilling promises through gifts from Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Individual Purpose

Wanting to be loved for who I am, and not who you think I should be.
Don't try to remake me to your liking, because I will no longer be unique or special, the way God made me.
Loving me for who I am will validate my very soul, keeping me faithful and having hope always in my life as I progress to my sunsetical shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Inert Possibilities

Occupying my mind are freedom and liberty of intellect,
choosing meanings from abstract thoughts, blending them
together with everything else in mind.

Characters and images flowing incessantly into every-
thing as it flows onto paper.

An energy coming from within, taking me out of self and
into an inner universe of intellect where I am the most
at home.

Fulfilling inert possibilities throughout this lifetime
and enjoying every moment of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Innate Nature

Strengthened by the insistent talent of intellect,
energizing a mind and giving being a vibrant and
lively inner atmosphere.

Tickling ivories of my mind, using it's various
melodies to create from within their rhythms.

Still and peaceful, fulfilling innate nature, rushing
through many varied thoughts that are always finding
their way into this mind.

Locating innate patterns and designs being felt all
the time through interior rhythms.

Always being energizing, forging their ways into an
intellect where all writing is being carried out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Interior Desires

Talking doesn't exist when within intellect, allowing my interior waterfall to flow on it's own, taking me in all directions.

Fulfilling interior desires of spirituality that are now blending with thoughts of poetical landscapes, beautiful and enticing, coming together with every note.

Colors of the atmosphere exploding like interior fire-works, bursting throughout the universe, seething and intense thoughts flowing from them.

Outer dimensions, shining, reflecting back in upon the waterfall of my mind, a splendid feeling of tantalizing energy touching me with an interior spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Life

If you have love, the help you give each other will be joyful, peaceful, bringing love into life's saddened plight.

Problems of homelessness, poverty, loneliness can be solved with peaceful joy and happiness, making the burdens lighter even though they are not.

Love can perform miracles right before your eyes, without it - it would be best if you hide somewhere in a cave, because you cannot fulfill God's life with that of your own.

Without love, everyone's burden is heavy, so heavy that we can no longer help each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Life Cycles

Conquering life, adjusting to it's demands, attempting to fulfill cycles of moments with joy.
Longingly looking towards future horizons, walking along shorelines leaving footprints in the sand.
Lasting seconds as the tide washes them away, much like death washes our lives into it's depths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Loneliness

Life giving off an energy, explicitly interior, forming particles of
reality, blending them with ideas and finally being contained in imagination's depths.

Solemn thoughts, fulfilling loneliness through a deepened sadness, so quiet, still, that I can't eliminate the misery caused by it's presence.

Totally stricken, cut to the core of my being, sent there by an abusive person in life.

Totally uncontained in serene peace, walking out and away from life as I used to know it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Loss

Trying to go on even though you are gone, doing my
best, yet life has died within and I cannot revive
it, having no interest in even doing so.

Without you here loving and holding me closely, I
am lost in a nether world with no purpose or goal,
trying to reach for you always.

Nothing happens, you are no longer here, agonizing
every moment, sadness filling me so intensely that
I can no longer feel anything else, only your loss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Love

Running through the forest, racing as fast as we can to one another,
not wanting to lose or waste a single moment of our lives together.

Our hearts making such beautiful music, listening to it's love al-
ways being sung to one another.

Choirs of angels singing of we two, so happy and in love, blessed
by God, Himself.

United and kept together through the gifts and promises of heaven,
a fulfilling and satisfying love.

This love filling both of us all the days of our lives, nothing
can ever change any of it, it's our alone, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Musical Compositions

Beating along pathways of brain waves, following the lead
of rhythm throughout poetry.

Listening and turning toward delectable senses, being
filled blindly, yet intensely all the time.

Colorful and brilliant measures of musical compositions
being fulfilled and taken into particles where they can
be expressed fully.

So intently and creatively attuned, music falls swiftly
into words of meaningful poetical prose.

Giving thoughts an indefinite exposure into depths of
an interior enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling My Essence

Touching rhythms, getting their feel so
I can transpose them into poetry.
Fulfilling my essence, my passion, as I
write every day with unending joy in doing so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling My Future

Getting up every morning, listening to music and writing
poetry, living my dream and passion, fulfilling my future
destiny without question, enjoying it as I do so.

Not caring if I go nowhere, as long as I continue to create
to my heart's content, displaying feelings and emotions here
on paper.

Writing them into poems on every subject that comes to mind,
finding self within words and thoughts that identify and des-
cribe who I've been, am now and will eventually become.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling My Purpose

Incessantly living in a poetical world, in a good mood
when with it all the time.

A complete and total serenity and elation fills this
mere poet with splendid beauty through words.

No other activity gives such great pleasure, it is mine
only.

Faster and faster, writing myself into oblivion without
stopping.

A wonderful pastime that fulfills my purpose every moment
that I am alive.

Never wanting to stop, even for a nanosecond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Our Essence

Time traveling slowly down tunnels of life, taking us
with it whether or not we want to go.

Steady, always moving forward, never veering from it's
schedule, giving us only so much time.

Trying to accomplish what we think we have to do, hope-
fully having time enough to accomplish our purposes.

Fulfilling the essence and passion of our dreams, turning
them into reality before our ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Particles Of Being

Selecting different aspects of life instantaneously,
fitting them into depths of poems being written as
I totally enjoy rhythms falling energetically inside.

A waterfall of thoughts exploding in sounds of color,
rainbows flowing effervescently in all directions,
picking up the energy of my soul.

Intellect takes it all into a bluened atmosphere, be-
yond earth and into the twelfth dimension, filled with
sensations unusual and rare.

Focusing deliberately on every detail as intellect un-
folds in parallel, horizontal, diagonal and vertical
horizons.

Dominating many thoughts here, using their refreshing
concepts in formulas of coded rhythms, alive and vibrant,
searching vividly through the beauty of nature.

Fulfilling every particle of my being through peaceful
and serene contemplation as rhythms play themselves in
my mind, flowing through the writing of my poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Passion

Ideas flowing spontaneously through tempos and rhythms
in music, touching and tantalizing every moment of life,
introducing various subjects rapidly into my mind.

Soaring into flights of fantasy and imagination along
roads and pathways of reality, seeing sights that fas-
cinate me through nature.

Giving me pause, thinking automatically and blending
with abstracts, coming up with new and enticing lines
to arrange into prose.

Fulfilling my essence and passion, revitalizing and re-
freshing intellect constantly, keeping mind and brain
electrically focused on anything in life that happens to
come along.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Passion Of Life

Riding across the U.S.A. on a Greyhound bus, listening to
the wonder of landscapes silently sliding by the windows
of this vehicle.

Seeing extremes flying past, people of every size, shape
and color taking their time getting to where they are
going, not even knowing that I'm now looking at them.

Distinctions being made automatically through sight, de-
tailing everything along the way, solitary and enlighten-
ing, now taking me into a creative atmosphere.

Filled with an energetic vitality, fulfilling a sole pur-
pose of the passion of my life through poetry and music,
nothing able to surpass it's beauty and fascination for me
alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Pictures Of Intellect

Flutes playing softly in the background as I soar through
heavenly gardens, seeing all that is open and available
to intellect.

Crossing and re-crossing patterns of life, hiding the
stars in eternity, looking into the universe as I do so.

Flashing lights penetrating and giving thoughts an energy
of rhythmic purposes.

Securely soaring into dimensions of beautiful patterns,
fitting so perfectly together like the pieces of many
puzzles of intellect.

Accessing an interior knowledge with flames of candlelight,
whispering from heaven and choosing to lighten pathways of
my interior soul as I wander, being 0filled with images of
righteous piety.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Possibilities

Integrating all types of knowledge and wisdom into thoughts of intellect, continuing to think of all things I am curious about in this world.

Gathering information, feelings, combining and experiencing them intellectually so they may be written into poetry.

Fulfilling many possibilities in life's reality with what continually runs through it, grasping ideas from abstractions, arranging them in orders of precedence to eventually help mankind.

Aiding those struck with poverty here on earth, those with infirmities and those who are filled with sorrow, not able to fulfill their dreams nor live a decent life because of their predicaments.

Wanting only to help them and many others get out of their horrible situations once and for all, never a hand out, only a hand up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Promises

Filtering through the ages, love is handed down from
generation to generation, fulfilling God's promises
to us.

Feeding us always with His love and grace - sometimes
we refuse Him and go our own way.

So gently His hand reaches out to us, wanting our love -
if we reach out also, we will share His great love for
us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Promises Made

You and I fulfilling the promises we've made to one another, having no problem in doing so, delighting in the wonder of our love my dear.

Never lonely when thinking of you, knowing you're doing the same, knowing also that you miss me as much or more than I do you.

It's like a dream, yet it's a never-ending reality belonging only to you and I in this life, confirming our love every moment as our hearts remain one no matter where we are.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Promises Of Destiny

Rhythmically flowing into deepest ravines and canyons,
taking all manner of intelligence into domains of
another world.

Socializing at times, but only when having to, preferring
to sit and write poetry without any undue preparation.

Fulfilling the promises of destiny, holding fate to the
exercises needed to get to the finish line at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Senses

Coasting along inner shorelines, watching waves rise
and crash incessantly in regular and irregular rhythms,
taking in every ounce of power given to them through
nature.

Fulfilling our senses, as we watch them continuously,
taking us into their confines while remaining solidly
in our minds, eternally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Senses And Curiosity

Rhythms falling faster than ever, traveling at the speed
of light, giving an effervescent sound of delight as I
interpret it into poetry.

Lasting peace, descending on this poet for many moments
in time, challenging and intriguing thought processes as
they evolve in rotating sequences.

A picturesque landscape to behold, nothing feeling quite
this good, as senses and curiosity are being fulfilled in
new and different ways.

Other inner sources from another area of the brain, are
watching it happen, utterly amazed to see connections
happening right upon inner sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Sorrow

There are no songs in the midday sun.
They are shed at night in the closeness of one.
Beginning from the heart where sorrow hides,
brought forth to be felt in tears falling from eyes.
Salted, wet, pouring into the rawness of hurt,
burning your heart.
Fulfilling feelings of sorrow and doubt.
The end of it all culminating in a pool of tears
flowing out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Spaces

Dreams fulfilling empty spaces with hopeful ideas, not knowing that it can never be any good in the long run.
Running alongside stair wells, never being able to climb them, holding onto a banister as it disappears from your grasp, because it was never really there for you to hold onto.
Sliding forward, trying to invent novel ways of thinking in other dimensional attitudes.
Circling atmosphere's with empty promises never given any thought to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling This Hungry Heart

Calm and soothing, rhythms touching this mind, playing
it poetically in musical compositions set to words that
I will be writing in poetry.

Lifting eyes to heavenly skies, penetrating thoughts
delve incessantly into a mind open, absorbing details
of nature and life.

Incorporating and blending them into prose, fulfilling
this hungry heart with a peaceful and delectable aroma
of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Vows

Riding waves of anticipation, thrilling to senses of talent as they are being utilized on an evening of joyous contemplation.
Knowing of a positive attitude within, excelling in every department and portraying the best of intellect as it circles daily life on it's way to shores beyond our scope and view.
Sensing their presence, knowing they'll always be within whenever we need to be placated and soothed through no fault of our own.
Making vows to selves, hoping to fulfill them before their end is here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fulfilling Wonder

Living life through eyes of intellect, letting it
explain everything I discover.

Being forever curious, it's kept busy constantly
all through life.

Wonder being fulfilled with awesome talent coming
out of hiding whenever needed.

Always a pleasant adventure, surprising me no end
when reading what I've written on many pages of
intellect and imagination's thoughts.

Saving my life, allowing fantasy and knowledge to
combine and blend, exploring new depths that
continue to keep me alive and sane through writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Full Attention

Having spent nine hours these last two days, talking, gathering, giving data and information my full attention.

Now sitting back, wanting to not talk anymore, just think and write for hours on end.

Things that bring the most enjoyment to this mind, while listening to music for hours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Full Understanding

Skating across the ice of emotional turmoil, taking turns
and cutting them sideways, changing their equations.

Wanting to surmise many things not being possible, according
to other scientists as they cannot all think outside the
box like this mind seems to be able to do on a constant basis.

Full understanding coming into view, the entire picture
puzzle being formed on a photographic screen and being etched
into many memories never to be forgotten in this life or the
next.

Beautiful renditions unfolding and painting masterpieces,
one after another, out of nothing except intellect and mind-
altering situations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fully Present

Different styles of listening are all open to intellect,
opening into realms of imagination.

So intensely taking steps to become attuned to surroundings
of eternity held within.

Wanting to be with every moment, fully present, never left
behind, brought always forward, satisfied to the fullest
within this moment of life.

So wonderfully beautiful, soothing this quiet and serene
soul of mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Fun In Landscapes

Lonely, traveling through this solo life with a mind filled
with creative ideas, feeling their anticipation at being
recognized and relegated to rhythms of a poetical essence.

Beautifully curious as they tease and run away from the
fibers of this mind, a carefree and enlightened intellect
having fun in landscapes of imagination daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Funeral March

Funeral march of Dakar, silencing the voice of reparation,
delving into heritage and culture, killing it slowly
through ignorance and prejudice.

Allowing fruition of a people to fall along the wayside,
choosing to neglect the goodness of humankind.

Serving themselves, marching to tunes of abusive neglect,
daring not to hear the call, the voice, of individual souls.

Breaking in two, casting out the humanity of all people,
dying in the process, crumpling from within, turning gray,
shadows of a people who once had a past.

History now replacing it with writing in the dust, blown
away by winds of fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Funeral Sorrow

Funeral sorrow draped in the silent glass of loss,
no more love for a shadow even to follow it's lost
heart.

Everyone is numb, yet tears will continue to flow
for the life now lost and in limbo, no way to come
back and become again.

Sliding across my mind like a puck on ice, leaving
an indelible impression like that of snow just be-
fore melting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Funneling Rhythm

Resisting the pull of excessive stress to grab on to me.
Keeping a great distance from all the trials in life,
trying to strangle me with their florescent grips.
Not letting any of it gather in my mind tonight, just
intently listening to rhythm's funneling into my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Futile Attempts

Silent questions continually filling minds with their futile
attempts at logic and reason.

Unable to gather answers in the short time we have in this
temporary world.

Delving deeply into thought, nothing coming to mind, nothing
making sense.

What is reality, is it life or is it death, no one seems to
know the answer at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Alterations

Future destinies being looked and searched for in heavenly skies, filled with lightened knowledge no one on earth can fathom or use.

Seeking changes and alterations with each passing storm of life, wanting nothing, having nothing, makes existence seem farther away than ever.

Attempting to hold on with very little hope, future destinies slide down slopes and into gullies, unseen for many years to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future American History

An energy is filling me interiorly, taking me soaring, finding my place in an atmosphere beyond earth's, seeing the potential of innate talent.

Allowing it freedom to use intellect's knowledge and wisdom to solve problems of this world today, standing tall, watching our Vets fighting for liberty and freedom.

Sacrificing their lives to protect us, valor, honor, respect all key points of their true characters, such honesty and truth never before been used for these valuable purposes.

Justice reigning and being fulfilled thoroughly and totally, all honor and glory goes to our Vets and their families now and forever through American History.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Appetites Of Curiosity

Traveling interiorly, finding words to express moments
of life and giving them expression in poetry, a calming
effect taking hold of this interior's being.

Placing serenity at the helm where it will reach into
the solace of heaven, taking and addressing definitions
of silence continuing to produce music and rhythms.

Coding them for future appetites of curiosity, instantly
reaping benefits from within vast atmospheres of imagina-
tion.

Folding them gently into this brain where they constantly
bring ideas and concepts to life again and again, an un-
ending interlude of musical poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Barriers

Solitarily feeling abandoned, hurt by wayward people
positioning themselves as future barriers.

Wanting beleaguered aspirations to stop wandering
forward, and set about certain goals.

Holding out knowledge to be struck at individual paces,
while always curtailing any steps towards progress.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Beds

Relaxing on a front porch attached to a cabin at Camp
Tontozona, enjoying mountain and pine tree views.

Watching clouds, black and gray, huddle together above,
throwing rain and balls of hail down to surprise us.

Beautiful memories forming and being laid to rest in
beds of future reminiscence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Beginnings

Silent memories, echoing past days of
loving and promises of future beginnings.
Turning me around, taking me from death's
doorstep to a compilation of yesterday's
beautiful images held together in the glue
of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Being

Swinging, swaying, creating another lasting memory
synapse in my brain to recall another time in the
future.
Feeling abidingly serene as every moment builds
itself into my daily life.
Finding total calm as music flows over me,
tantalizing every thought out into the open,
adjusting my attitude and mood with each note.
As time goes by, all of it will end up being my
life when it has ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Belonging

Trains smoking down tracks of eternity,
climbing mountains without effort,
pacing themselves on treks into future
destinies of belonging.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Books

Silently, secretly, music flows throughout my mind
and body.
Rhythm walking with me always, physically and
writingly.
Love fills my heart and soul with a beautiful
repertoire of images, words and appearances seen
inside my mind, quietly.
Life is hidden from all eyes as it lives within a
subconscious mind, banning reality from excreting
on it.
Totally enlivening, music frees me from a mediocrity
my mind cannot abide, allowing a generous fluidity
to penetrate as I write out of it's notes, many,
many more poems.
Poetry fills all senses with this particular God-
given talent, creating literature for future books.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Circumferences

Silently moving into future circumferences of life, finding answers that have been hidden so far.

Lights going off, illuminating and sending coded messages throughout intellect.

Letting only innate talent gifted, to interpret what each rhythm means, translating it with perfect tones and tempos.

Keeping the exact measures intact so there will be no question in the future of another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Designs

Updating scores of yesterday's, tallying moments of natural science throughout life's experimental trial labs.
Soothing conversations with interior peace, as lights beckon down straits of creative imagination on paths of faith and hope.
Betraying untold stories of yesterday as I move forward into future designs set for me from birth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Destiny

Watching the sun rise, a rosy-colored sky from my jet window, slowly growing over earth spreading it's beauty everywhere I look.

A fascinating and mysterious sight to see, another day to soon be upon us, fresh, new, filled with many hopes and new expectations.

Setting goals, expecting miracles and finding new avenues to follow or create in life, love won, lost and treasured either way.

Touching upon the beauty and essence of our natures and others who cross our paths in this earthly life, precious moments now taking us into our future destinies, faith, hope and love being our guide through it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Dominion

Withdrawing from my surroundings, not wanting to be
immersed in other people's ideas of conversation.
Totally going interiorly, visiting imagination's
wonderful tenacity and beauty.
Taking liberties with every step I take into the
future of my own dominion.
Living in a space all my own, with certain
advantages and unusual circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Events

Justification of future events lies in facts of our
minds, whiling away the time as we whistle melodies
that we remember from the past.

Astounding complacent moments, are spent wallowing
in our sight while they retire from daylight.

Roaming across remote areas of our deserts, finding
the most perfect auras ever found in lost lands,
where horizons fade in and out, never staking a
claim in fields of vision.

Always wanting to be expressed in brightly colored
patterns, yet never being taken into interior circles
to be imagined.

Being brought forward into sudden imaginings of
untoward effects of musical delights in total
alignment with heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Existence

Meeting the most believable sound in the world of rhythm, being given the okay
to complete life's final ending with extraordinary peace and direct finesse.
Showering it with glimmering glitter, astonishing even
myself as I shine beyond what I am doing, leaving in a
boat of exceptional clues to my future existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Existence Playing

Quiet rumor floating away, leaving temporary relief inside a being.
Stretching across time into other dimensions and realms, our existences play themselves out with recriminating evidence of who we once were and will yet become.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Experiences

Energizing tempo with melodic ivories,
sounding exquisitely and in tune with
nature.

Forging airs of exacting preciseness
into my brain for future experiences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Felt In Verse

Interior thoughts being picked up, looked at,
searched through, for no particular purpose
other than to remember what I used to know
and keep it thoughtfully in my heart's
treasure chests for a future felt in verse as
I lay dying in the wake of deaths's
insistent voice, calling to me abundantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Frames

Cantankerous feelings finding their ways into mindless hazes, taking over for moments of stubbornness and lost charms.
Silently forming avenues of self-righteousness for aspects not taken lightly.
Adjacent to puzzling themes, feelings set themselves into picture frames full of words and meanings of the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Friend

Strangers through life, yet we've known of one another
throughout our days.
Hope of meeting one day touches my mind regularly with
faith that we will.
Fast friends, yet we haven't even met.

(2/18/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Frontier

Stepping onto the frontier of a future in elemental physics, challenging long thought of theories for what they are.
Just beliefs and opinions of people with no truth to them as yet.
Continuing to question everything, delving into the essence of everyday thought.
Bringing out weaker aspects and discarding them for what is truth through investigation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Gardens

Running through this mind, latching onto many particles
of being.

All of them, gathering into depths, touching intellect
with their essence.

Bringing inner glimmers of interest and growing them
tenderly into future gardens of prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Headlines

Living in a cocoon of sorts, excluding the world to have needed peace for writing, mind continually thinking, working this brain.

Giving it the impetuous to relay ideas all over the world through poetry, regarding everything in this earthly life, humming to self while writing.

Feeling the quiet vibrations now calming me through an inner contemplation, stretching out across lands of inner dimensions settled within.

Awaiting my presence in order to display what comes about thoroughly in times of enlightenment, justifying every moment of life through an intense desire and passion. holding onto intellect, purposely moving in tomorrow's future headlines.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Heavenly Presence

Watching the horizons for your presence,
looking far into the future, yet you
never do show up.
Lifting eyes heavenward, hoping to hear your
voice, yet there's nary a whisper in response.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Hopes And Dreams

Necessary methods of creativeness are always within
intellect, processing and analyzing formulas.

Mathematically being produced within a certain know-
ledge, all becoming inventions and compositions of
new discoveries in life.

A vast majority of them have been created for the
betterment of mankind, humanity grasping onto every
one of them as future hopes and dreams to be realized.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Horizon

Sunsets and clouds on my future horizon.
Splendid colors and lapses of memories,
turning me inside out with deep emotion.
Floating casually on outskirts of emotion,
but being drawn in exclusively.

Closer and closer, no space left between
hope and promise.
Capturing the essence of one another,
combining all traits and wisdom's feelings
of eternity.

Sinking at last on horizons of forever,
beautiful islands of temperament and silent
soothing love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Ideals

Traipsing the mind over,
searching for meaningful
answers to display on
screens of imagination
for future ideals in
literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Images

All-encompassing systems of intelligent beings
are incorporated with ingenuity and purpose.
An all-American faculty being surrounded by
western music, entitling me to step up and bury
myself in an Arizona desert, becoming entirely
alone in a space of future creative imaginative
images.
Holding me up with a calculated code of endeavors,
standing on edges of my sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Information

Beats touching my soul, swaying my mind in time with
calm recognition of life's shores as I walk along
country pathways leading to ocean views eventually.

On strident walkways, careening to make new lanes
for pictures, evaluating thoughts and ideas,
collecting future information for rainy days.

So peaceful, rhythms beat into my soul, creating
innate talent, turning it outside to feed the world
of literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Is Coming

An energy is filling this entire being, giving my mind
and intellect the verve that's needed to continue through
this life.

Wishing to always move forward, taking every occasion to
change or alter situations and circumstances in this world,
making them better, taking away evil ways of men.

Replacing them with the fruition of those who are in a
spiritual realm where life had it's beginnings and nothing
else was interfering at all.

Life tends to get in the way because there are so many
diverse personalities, opinions and traits that we all have,
learning to compromise is the very first element.

Needing to be examined and taken into consideration, all of
us standing firm in our beliefs and convictions, bringing
about this terrific turn of events in the near-future.

Beautiful and aspiring talents are coming into view that
have never been seen before this time, now we're entering
a new dimension in our lives.

The future is coming into it's own now, brighter and better
than ever before in this earthly world of ours, it's time
to start thinking how you will contribute to it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Knowledge

Hearts of remorse locate each other uni-dimensionally,
through folds of hidden wisdom and divergent souls.
Allowable vortexes continue to strive towards natural
contiuums, always on apexal peaks of controllable
foundations.
Whatever is unknown now, will, in time be known through-
out the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Landscapes

Better days are coming ahead, visions flowing of future land-
scapes that will be overtaking life, feelings that better
times are going to meet up with me soon.

Knowing that we'll be together no matter what our circumstances
may bring, sojournly taking paths through unrecognizable situa-
tions, pulling us in opposite directions.

Feeling our hearts growing heavy through the darkness that has
suddenly come upon us in time, staying closely together, hold-
ing one another, knowing it will pass.

As long as we have each other to depend on, days may seem long
and dark, yet we still have our unconditional love to keep us
from losing what we two have together in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Lightening Strike

Staccatoely stepping into rhythms of my mind, marching
in time with tempos of another day from the past.

An intense and straight forward balance, taking the
life of my spirit, giving it a lasting forgiveness
and peace to my soul.

Increasing solace to the nth degree in another dimension
beyond intellect.

Watching and letting it absorb imagination, a longing
being saturated with feelings of self-esteem, turning
my mind towards the future in a lightening strike of
tremendous power and concentration.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Meanings

Embellishing life fruitfully with exciting bylines of
ecstasy pulling me forward into melodies of rhythmic
ideality.
Searching, traveling, picking up beautiful clues to
future meanings to be experienced and lived through.
Memorably, distinguishing mental phrases of newborn
ideologies and prose of every moment, lasting while
I breathe.
Inhaling, exhaling, all that I live for eternally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Melodies

Banging around, drumming rhythms
home to nest in musical compositions,
and be written into future melodies,
felt right from the heart and soul
and set into pages of music to be
played instrumentally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Moments

Sending all love through my dreams, dividing patterns,
criss-crossing their entities with precise images.
Fixating my gaze on future moments, placating my heart
and it's loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Notations

Reality stalks imagination with bygone ideas set in stone,
pried from subconscious realms hidden within.
Preparing notations of future use in literature for the
universe.

(10: 22 a.m. - 3/30/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Of Fate

Ignoring impossibilities brought forward by other's with negative attitudes, providing a calming sensation through writing.

Knowing that everything in this life can be attained through hard work and toil.

Never misplacing ethics, always moving beyond lessons in this life to follow new avenues of discovery and ideas.

Lying alongside ruins of past inclinations, turning away and foraging in empty places of forebearance, taking it's place on step stones to future destinies.

Always searching, locating fastidious personhood and tedious placement of this entire life's proclivities as they fall into place within interior dimensions of total believability.

Succulent and aromatic, senses falling into step with innate desires, wanted to be sated in the arms of love, never wishing to be left behind in depths of future death.

Completing and administering beautiful arrays of melodies as they are splashed across the face of possibility, not ever backing down, finding paths leading into the future of fate, soon to come about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Of Heart's Solace

Wounded, bleeding, left in a mire of crystal shards
of tears, figuring in the future of heart's solace
as it weakens in lapses of love given it in time.

Nothing matters in the light of wisdom or daylight,
because we are all encased in absolute foolish
thoughts on how to prepare for our future as we
fall constantly on our faces, never being able to
stand our ground.

Trusting in all the wrong things and being left
forlorn and alone with lasting glances of saddened
blossoms left lying in poetical interludes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Of Oblivion

Following closely whatever comes to mind in images
of nature and it's billowing effects on imagination's
memories.
Sensing beautiful mirrors of light transfixed onto
plains of diamonds, sparkling reverberations shining
into futures of oblivion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Of Our World

Watching from a distance, a two week old baby girl,
so beautiful and enchanting.

Very alert, looking around at everything, all move-
ment being made by other children and her brother.

Knowing that she is the future of our world, seeing
hope blossoming from such a young one.

An innate knowing, whispering in my mind that she
too will be a leader in this world of ours.

As long as her parents bring her up, knowing right
from wrong, having morals and ethics.

Without these things in her life she won't succeed,
so hopefully her parents will do right by her.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Of The Past

10: 45 a.m.
Looking into the future of the past
and seeing how different it turned
out compared to what I thought it
would be.
Nothing seems to have happened like
before, but somehow I got through
it all. 10: 45 a.m. 10/11/13

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Omens

Combining elixirs of yesterday into mixtures of future omens,
hoping to encase moments of goodness on the way.

Delivering home-made expertise on edges of night, filtering
flights of escape with purity and naivete on shores of life.

Watching lightening strike everywhere, hoping to catch a
glimpse with my imagination before I die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Peace

Writhing in pain, being tortured beyond human endurance,
body turning against itself for some unknown reason as
yet.

Hoping to be attuned to whatever is going on soon,
believing in a God that will take me so I can be
rid of this earthly spirit and be done with this
dimension of life.

Resting in the future peace I know I'll soon have.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Poetry

All that I write will someday be all that is left of me.

No more words will be expressed in books of poetry, no
more ink impressing paper.

What will future generations think of me? Will I be
taught in English Lit?

There is no way of knowing the answers to these questions,
yet I will continue to write in spite of this.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Pool Players

Future generations of pool players gather around a
table filled with colored balls.
Wondering what they're supposed to hit first with
long, long sticks, they discuss the problem at length.
Finally, deciding that anyone will do, they aim and
miss, laughing all the way through, deciding in the
end that it's best played with laughter and humor
instead of just sticks and balls.
Poking the table, accidentally hitting a ball,
rejoicing that it's been hit, becoming the expert,
suddenly giving advice to the others.
This is the way of children as they congregate
together, participating in lives of one another.
Learning how to get along and diversify their
personal experiences to merge for the good and
equality of everyone on earth one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Presence

Dirty mirrors of yesterday, suddenly being washed anew,
shining with a presence of the future living in new found words of explanation.
Starting over, beginning new reflections to mirror abhorrent pastimes now being washed away forever.
Nothing able to mar their new freedom in gigantic pools of illumination.
A whole new ocean of thoughts flowing and ebbing in tidal waves of poetical versions,
heading this way in duly noted antipathy and beauty

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Quality

Wave goodbye gently for I will feel it interiorly any way,
I am attuned to abandonment.

Don't worry and fret over me, when I can no longer handle
the pain I will commit suicide, it won't be long, it will
be peaceful, serene, what I want to do.

My life is mine, no one has any say in it, it can be as
long or short as I decide it to be.

God is a forgiving God, He can see into my heart and soul,
knowing all that is within me.

Only God can judge, no one else is my Savior or Lord, a
quality of life is anticipated through the past.

Contingent upon it's outlasting ability to comprehend and
see if or how anything will or can change the future.

(8/27/95)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Quietly Living

Timid and shy, hiding in a healing garden at Good Samaritan Hospital.

Listening to music of intellect, watching water splurt and gurgle out of it's spout upon the little pond of a fountain, sitting here amidst beautiful flowers blooming their scents all around me.

Thinking and believing in the goodness of life that chooses when it will appear to give courage, hope and faith when everything else is getting life down.

In the face of all these odds are still questions and doubt, yet continuing walking paths through endings of this life here on earth.

Tasting the sunset, finalizing life where it will never again return, this is the truth of my future as it quietly is being lived here on the edge of destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Reading

Capturing memories through endless melodies,
floating across visions of yesterday.

Crooked lines of images focus and straighten
themselves into poems for future reading.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Reality

Every time I see your face across my mind, life
whispers it's silent good-byes, as it takes leave
of all senses and drifts deeply into imagination's
abysses.

Withdrawn, walking along make-believe shorelines,
listening to waves beat against my heart.

Sating all senses, all feeling, with imaginary
music, playing it in my quiet mind, turning it
towards reality to be played in future years when
I sit before a grand piano.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Rhythms

Solidly swaying to tunes of peaceful artistic grace,
feeling soothing touches of beyond caress my brow.

Leading me down pathways of future rhythms, flowing
on shores of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Signs

Flinging off robes of evening, dressing and going to church on a hazy Sunday morning.
Praying, lighting candles, asking God to please send help in this desperate situation, I've found myself in.
Walking quietly down the aisle towards the altar, seeing my Lord standing there before me, giving me a sign of future answers being given.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Spaces

Stages of life are flaccid, uneventful moments in time,
inconqruently aligned with no hopes beyond them.

Singly down-hearted, sullen, moody, placating inner
destiny with heartaches kept in silver jars.

Light shining forth, setting the stage for death, sitting
at it's hearth while wandering away in mindless mazes,
afraid of being found and made to live, yet just exist.

Foreign places set in future spaces, awaiting the entrance
of individual preferences, while casting inner life into
cisterns piled with ageless masks.

Contrary to innate passages, death casually finds it's
way to the doors of innocent victims, taking them from an
existence they've always known and hated on this planet.

Petals colliding with the ground, ending the beginning
stage of life, pretending to be forlorn, yet it is not so.

Careworn wrinkles placed irrhythmically on coarsened skin,
bathed in the twilight of eternalness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Success

Watching for omens of futuristic success, hoping for some relief from financial worries, health problems and sacrifices.
Finding ways of coping through all the stress, writing, capturing problems, solving them somewhat at times.
Religiously regrouping with prayers, hope and faith, attempting to make life a little better.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Understanding

Ending of the day bearing tides of yesterday,
filling up spaces reserved for future dilemmas.
So helplessly holding onto pictures, looking
for reasons to continue being.
There are none, life must quit it's desperate
fight for balance and sanity.
Seeking the clear crystal meanings always
promised from birth, yet are never formally
formed or written of.
Letting edges fray away from hands of caring,
leaving fragments to dance and find their own
ways back to puzzles of the mind.
Sallowly formulating the essence of earthly
wanderings as the ending of the day ebbs away
and tides slide from yesterday's shores,
possibly finding themselves on future shores
of understanding.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Visions

Lively anticipation entering
dimensions of beautiful realms,
instilling precious memories
into future visions of intelligence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future Visions And Images

Locomotively rushing through my being, rhythms capturing
my attention, enticing it to enter further dimensions
of an interior life.

Separating self from this materialistic world, setting
me free in confines of an interior spirituality seeing
the universe in a totally different way.

Seeing that it's a mathematical and scientific beauty
of equations and algorithms from rhythms coded invisibly
unless you know exactly where to obtain them in intellect.

Solving problems, seeing their outcomes as they blossom
into future visions and images, being carefully played
out on photographic screens within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Futures Being Spent

Sitting across the way from a cigar lounge, two gentlemen
sitting outside of it, one in a suit, much younger than
the other who's wearing jeans and a tee shirt.

Both talking, puffing on their cigars, sipping coffee and
gesturing with their hands, trying to get their points a-
cross to one another.

All I can think of while watching them is what they're
doing to their lungs and bodies, thinking their futures
will be spent in hospitals, going to doctors and getting
breathing treatments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Future's Puzzle

Crystal delight, shattering my mind, scattering it to the four winds for others to pick up and try to understand.

Bits and fragments collected over the years, gently held by fingerprints of time beneath my sensory mind.

Aware of surroundings, forming mental pictures, filled with courage and submission, placating memories left behind.

Losing sorely, hopes of putting life together before the end draws nigh, sleepily dreaming of the world yet to come.

Leaving to future generations, the puzzle of my writing and life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gaiety's Embrace

Gaiety surrounds life's polkas and Italian traditional
music, lifting our spirits and filling us with elation
and joy.
Talking to our subconscious, bringing it to a
realization of our reality mixed with fun and dance.
Totally immersed in gaiety's embrace we dance into
our future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gaining Ground

Shouting and singing, bringing us all into tones of rhythm.
Words colliding in air as they're being sung in unison with the melody.
Belting out the words, touching everyone intently with her voice penetrating every ounce of being.
Raining into the air, beating incessantly, gaining ground with everyone in attendance.
No one feeling left out of the party going on here tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gaining Insight

Silently recognizing intense feelings scrounging around, looking for destinations to become in - momentarily.
Sensing outcomes of vocational progress as mind-bending attitudes flip and move upside down, delaying the inevitable abyss of integrity.
Hopefully gaining insight along the way, putting it to good use and judging it's quality after reading words in detail.
Finding meanings have some semblance to interior thoughts, giving such beauty, a place in the annals of historical poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gaining Insight Through Past Reflections

Looking through reflections of yesterday, watching them to gain more insight into this life, finding self-realizations coming up, recognizing them immediately.

Not wanting to forget anything, needing to be reminded so as not to fall into empty holes that do no good and help no one, thanking God for the gift of self-recollection to aid in this endeavor.

Honoring self in this regard humbly, seeing self for who we are and wanting to improve in whatever way possible throughout this entire lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gaining Respect

Watching children roughhousing, but only for so
long before telling them to settle down.

Not wanting to have anyone get hurt, just wanting
them to have fun while they're here.

Little eyes looking out at me, not sure if they
should go against me or not.

Thinking better of it, they shyly smile and then
immediately quiet down.

Really being good kids at heart, in the end just
respecting me, their elder without a fuss.

Seeming glad that someone cares and is watching
out for them.

A favorable feeling coming about, having gained
respect for themselves also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gala Rhythms

Waltzing into the gala rhythms of inspirational imagination, tossing cares to the wind in anticipation of a brighter tomorrow.

Looking into visions of the future, knowing the truth of belief and conviction as we travel into our destinies, never looking back.

Except through memories of the past, holding onto hope and faith, praying that life will be easier as we move forward into this blissful portrait of another time and place.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gallery Of Interior Talent

Violin-like strings being plucked within my musical mind, forming words of creativity and churning them into master-pieces of art, hung subconsciously in a gallery of interior intellect and talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Game Of Intellectual Chess

Standing on edges of oblivion, enjoying the view as it
touches me interiorly, awakening senses, rising deftly
into another dimension.

Plaintively feeling the ingenuity of interior and innate
knowledge, rearing it's brilliant head above the mundane
and ordinary ideas in life.

Choices moving forward, depicting their possibilities to
intellect, mind enjoying this game of intellectual chess,
invigorating my brain.

With an energy of conceptual mirrors, contemplating each
move to be made, explicitly taking the impossible, and
developing it into new forms of purpose and usefulness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Game Of Russian Roulette

Reaching for the golden coins of supposed life,
realizing there aren't any, they are just a
fairy tale told by those who have everything.

Taunting those who have nothing in life, playing
a game of Russian roulette with other people's
lives and never with their own.

Protecting themselves with their own riches and
fame, living in a fantasy world they're made to
keep their ideas alive.

Yet when death comes to take them, all will be
lost with their last breath expiring and their
lives succumbing to death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Games Of Devilish Delight

Sunflowers growing in a grayened darkness, storm brewing,
readying itself to wreck havoc on earth in moments of time.

Cuddling closer together, trying to keep warm, because
there is no sunlight to shine down upon them.

A deviated surface in the atmosphere is playing nature's
games of devilish delight, harassing all aspects of each
flower, tree and bit of growth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Games Of Illusion

Rushing into the morning of another dimension, mind
awake and rocking to rhythms of interior wisdom.

Holding onto capsules of knowledge, swallowing them
constantly as they open this mind to impossibilities
of everything in this life.

Thinking outside of the box, allowing ideas of hidden
solutions to come about and be used in definitions of
every problem being solved this day.

Rhythms taking and counting themselves in the games
of this illusion, characterized in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Games Of Life

Alone, atrophied heart and mind, no longer playing
by life's rules, having to make up own now because
nothing else makes sense anymore.

Somewhere deep inside I know you are missing me,
there's nothing else we two can do, the game of life
and love have been separated.

Now all that is left is your death, standing on the
edge of my life with no passage or way to return to
me again.

Tears touching me as the sun sets now for the last
time on your love for me and mine for you, no more
life between we two.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Games?

Like that child's game, a building stands, starkly faking
it's purpose and existence while housing imbecilic morons
busily inside.

Hopefully an earthquake will come along and topple it just
like that child's game.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gap Between Dying And Living

Lying before God, as helpless as a baby bird, mouth open, waiting to be fed.

Breathing with difficulty, mouth dry, saliva overflowing, causing coughing and choking, keeping awake a physically exhausting, already tired, body.

Filled with cancer, silently spreading further throughout every organ and bone, sapping the very life blood of living.

Towing along just behind it's devastating destruction, pain falls deeply into the cracks and crevices it has created.

Crying out in tortuous agony, trying to grasp anything within reach just to ease the pain.

Falling deeper and deeper into a wide abyss, lengthening the gap between dying and living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gap Of Loneliness

Sifting through daily activities, searching for clues to an
innate identity does not satisfy any inner yearnings.

Quietly forbidding, the essence of creativity lies waiting
in darkness.

Shells of innocent partaking, unfold silently from beneath
folds of life, uncompromisingly tepid, on wings of wax,
stepping lightly forward, always looking back.

Sandwiched are thoughts of yesterday, between insurmountable
barriers rarely ever seen, scaling the very edges of life, mountainous depths are
keenly felt within.

Scattered alternately are breaking of ancient rules, falling
through vent shafts of cruelty, solidly breaking walls of
humility are the wrecking balls of life.

Countered unhesitatingly throughout many years, life-long
ambitions are only puddles of tears filling the gaps of
loneliness, rinsing clear, the small identity of someone dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Garbled Answers

Garbled answers attempting to make themselves heard through centuries of questions.
Rhetoric betraying past fissures in plates of armor, are now fastened to a picturesque nature, as life flows downhill forever towards oceans of life's lessons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Garden Invitation

Riding into the center of turmoil, hoping to not be stung by it's hurtful stances.
Qualifying many trails of intellect, walking away into beautiful sunsets on my last documented day on earth.
Away from all the strife and peculiar notions of other people.
Wanting to always move into other spheres and dimensions, stationed on the other side of heaven's gates.
Then being invited to roam God's gardens at my leisure and enjoying it immensely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Garden Of Grief

Peering from your eyes, seeing the beauty of this world, even through it's sadness and sorrow.

Touching a heart with many tears through the years has caused a garden of grief to grow within.

Now with beautiful melodies and sounds of rhythm, this garden is growing and blossoming into a new day tomorrow, being savored even now in hearts all over the world.

Not being able to deny the actuality of surprise, forming in a mind of prose, being taken from music and translated into prose of inner desires and repose.

Quickly strumming, guiding inherent wisdom down avenues of intellect with no barriers or obstacles standing in the way of inner landscapes.

Always being formed by imagination's fulfillment in promises of life and it's closely held dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Garden Of Heavenly Roses

Gentle breezes being created by fans above on the
ceiling, cooling me down as I write in the midst
of an afternoon dance.

Such a benevolent mood being pronounced through
rhythms, notes and tones.

Genuflecting in reverence of it's wonderful sounds,
seeming to be coming straight from heaven above.

Scented and aromatic, taking the essence of a
beautiful garden of heavenly roses, placing it
upon the atmosphere close at hand, in this room.

Feeling the presence of the divine beside me,
knowing soon, that someone I love will be called
to be with Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gardens Of Daily Participation

Swaying in rhythm with a lazy melody, resisting the impulse to speed up writing.

Lethargically taking steps into slow tempos, utilizing rhythms to keep totally relaxed in sounds of nature.

Flowing and ebbing into being, wandering through gardens of daily anticipation with mind wide open and absorbent.

Living in dreams as they occur, even when awake, with all senses being sensitized by rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gardens Of Heaven

Visions of interior life filled with gardens
of heaven, portrayed in the blossoms of blue
roses.

Arranged throughout, sending their grace-
filled scents forever through the heavens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gardens Of Isolation

Resisting temptations to join in with other people around me.
Not wanting my own space and needs to be overcome by theirs.
An insulated blanket, covering and protecting me from the insensitive challenges they throw over me.
Tossing aside everything, I delve into the pool of my mind, ignoring their every effort to get my attention by going ever deeper into catacombs of contemplation.
A future hidden in gardens of isolation, sorrowful, hurt, but intact, because of staying apart from other people who want to hurt me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gardens Of Thought

Picture-perfect images step into a mind of aspirations
without any qualms or uneasiness standing in the way.
Revolving memories enter by side entrances, leaving
traces of emotion to be dealt with.
Gardens of thought grow on fertile ground, sprouting
creative images and ideas with gentle ease.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Garment Of Feelings And Emotions

Melodies touching inner feelings, causing them to vibrate
in tune with rhythms being created deliciously, leaving
room for emotions to grow into chords and spaces.

Being left open as rhythms jump and shout over the silence
of hope as it slides from beneath the hearts of many after
loss has been gone through.

A lasting feeling having been worn through the fabric of
being, taking every particle solely into it's depths be-
coming whole.

Nothing to tear or rend it apart ever again, a wonderful
garment of feelings, emotions and senses all knitted to-
gether throughout this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gates Of Inner Love

Life is fueled by desires, innately gifted within each
of us.

At times burning brightly in spite of not being recognized
or trusted by ourselves, disappearing and going beneath so
many words of wisdom.

Yet life has not found the gates of inner love when a mind
is narrow and kept closed against it.

Flames still ablaze, embers igniting progressively in hopes
they will be roiling soon in depths of hearts, hoping to be
touched by unconditional love and it's flames of desire.

Rising higher with age and feelings of wanting to be a part
of another in this world, not wanting to be lonely throughout
an empty and abandoned life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gateway

A pathway leading through the clouds to heaven.
Bluened light, with rose - orange colored lights
on either side.
Beautiful gateway to heaven seen tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathered Moments

Likely aspects of life hang in the balance as each
day progresses.

Some parts are collected and put on display, while
others are shame-facedly hidden away.

There is no way of saying which will go where, for
it is a moment's decision, made without thinking.

Reason plays so little a part in thoughtful processes,
all happens in a spontaneous second.

Life is actually lived moments at a time, if we stopped
to watch we would see this truth.

All moments gathered up at last, help us to leave this
world and not look back.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathered Thoughts

Standing by warrant waysides, betraying inner realms
with tantalizing imagination.
Worthily looking askance, passing open doorways with-
out backward glances.
Fighting impulses to step outside of life and begin
anew on other desert plains.
All this thought gathered in a moment, displayed on
paper and saved for posterity in a poem, never to be
thought again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering All Thought

Sensing something hiding just ahead of thoughts running
through my head right now.

Alluding to sounds of nature as they fall into pools of
memories ready to be written out for you to read.

Sending messages to my brain, from photographic screens
of imagination, telling the past in all it's moments of
feelings, emotions and unending details of popular belief.

Tapping enough of past rhythms to gather all of thought
into an ocean of beauty, riding the waves at dawn and
into sunsets as I live out life, regaling the gifts that
have been given to me at the moment of conception and
held onto afterwards, even now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Beginnings In Silence

Sounding echoes sending tones into selective patterns,
taking time into many measures.

Chords tuning themselves, lying about in melodies and
rhythms of nature.

Beginnings gathering in the silence, letting nothing
intrude into the peaceful atmosphere tonight.

Welcome thoughts coming forward, giving pleasure to
interior desires while enjoying everything in life today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Cobwebs

Books of learning sitting on shelves in a library, awaiting someone to impart their knowledge to.
Gathering cobwebs, dust and age, as they proclaim wisdom to no one in particular.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Compensation

Recognizing the essence of life, becoming awakened fully,
ideas transpiring and giving such pleasure.

So enthusiastically going deeply into intellect, finding
so much hiding there, now being illuminated with an
effervescent light.

Wanting to be a part of every detail, delving succinctly
into possibilities, being so thoroughly placated while
writing it all.

Flowing into other dimensions, gathering compensation
from the essence of interior beliefs and energetic
awakenings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Details

Roller skating past entranceways of yesterday's childhood,
listening to the gaiety and laughter of beautiful times
together in hallways of our memories.

Gathering details, watching the music as it plays loudly
into the atmosphere, lights, strobing and scattering
everywhere throughout the arena, surrounding everyone with
all colors of the rainbow.

Prisms of beauty being reflected into patterns and designs
of extraordinary living.

Taking the best parts of rhythm and placing them on edges
of roller skates to be taken around the rink in a circular
route of interior anticipation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Dusk

Squares of intellect, many sizes and shapes, harping on corners of themselves, awaiting wisdom's decisions for areas of their spanning diameters.
Angles turning on edges, squeezing together for amounts of figures, hoping to formulate any number of beautiful artistic patterns being created as I write words down in processes of creative ideas.
Lanes spreading out into country roads, traipsing down dirt-filled ditches, wandering altogether aimlessly without any care or worries about what they'll find at the ends of their journeys.
Escaping jungles of entanglement, crossing fjords with tidal waves acting like a tsunami, covering everything in it's path.
Sending signs of weather-beaten eras out onto island's sand bars, gathering dusk as it goes, placing it all into vats of displaced energetic caverns set in time against any and all odds.
Serenity stopping any jumbling of thoughts so they maintain proper intellect of language.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Equations

Translating and gathering equations from music, placing
them into properties of life, fulfilling new concepts
and ideas that come to mind.

Always finding sadness and sorrow will be forwarded in-
to the center of rhythms where they will gently soothe
my heart and mind.

Nothing to be feared for life will be tantalized, moved
forward through the night, taking place in another morn-
ing before waking to the sun shining upon us.

Clouds looking down, floating by, pursuing ideas as they
are created on earth, serenity now finding a place to
rest, bringing only joy and happiness into every being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Experiences

Running from nothing, to no one,
following instincts,
going wherever they lead me.

Spirit-led all my life, always
anticipating new adventures and
experiences.

Learning from them, taking what I
need and leaving the rest for
another time, a rainy day in the
future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Expressions

People watching, noticing the revelries of joy as they gather expressions across the board.
Drinking, laughing, talking, having a good time and helping a good cause with taste and poise, alighting upon faces throughout the RockBar.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering For Tea

Sunsets slowly fading in the distance as darkness permeates
earth, silence filling the world as stars twinkle from afar.

Not a sound reaching us down here, moon traveling across the
sky, shining and smiling constantly.

At times peering from behind some clouds gathering for tea
in it's kitchen that we can never see from earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Harmony

Retrograde styles standing on their own, beaming notes into my mind and resting on haunches, feeling the vibrations of rhythm.
Sololy, appreciating all the fanfare of lightening, striking my imagination, giving me thoughts of truth and peace and taking me into depths of ingenuity.
Pulling sound like taffy from the atmosphere, gently gyrating to melodies, penetrating the solar system.
Carefully listening as all tones come together, gathering harmony like crops from fields of natural desires.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Ideals

Naturally through our realities we move forward onto plains
of discovery and articulate endeavors.
Stiffly, we move ahead, finding our places in copeasedic
environments, thrilling to our feelings of achievement.
Satisfying our senses with those of other's around us,
we become new designs in our imaginations and flower in
disguise of our memories.
Picking up on renewal of self, we gather ideals in our
aprons and place them inside our consciousness for life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Information

Sitting here listening to music, but hearing
many conversations all around me.

At times doing this just because I am able to,
when tiring of it, going deeply within where I
am totally alone, not hearing anything.

Being absorbed totally in coded rhythms of music
while writing, exciting and energetic, following
notes and beats into the other side of intellect.

Collecting and gathering information, looking for
it innately, solemnly listening, tapping to beats
constantly, finding them leading me into other
dimensions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Input Of Life Experiences In India

Wandering through the energy of intellect, gathering the
input of life's experiences in India and writing them con-
tinually into poetry.

Perfect, staccato, individual and various themes becoming
words of rhythm as they fall from my pen, flowing thoughts
always giving picturesque and wonderful ideas.

In the forefront of life, stepping in and out of the box
of humanity, living the liberty and freedom that is a
major part of my being.

Sophisticated, intelligent, so rhythmically poetical, haz-
arding moments of individuality in accordance to the way
I'm feeling in any given moment.

Selecting those emotions as they fill me with excitement
of life and it's miracles happening in and around me every
waking moment in India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Lonely Memories

Running into a den of iniquity, becoming a part of inconceivable
masses, as life continues to penetrate beaten paths towards aspects set in other dimensions.

Atmospheres saturate any and all divergent avenues appearing before
me in apprehensive visions.
Gathering lonely memories and pasting them temporarily in books of
poetry.

Knowing that just one moment later they will be gone and remembered
in another way, being placed again in some other vision of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Microbes

Microbes gathering in my mind, glancing around, looking for a place to begin.
Stretching themselves into patterns, eliciting a powerful array of beginning
creations as they split and reunite in many different aspects.
Juxtapositionally figuring out how they can find the most favorable formulas to
co-exist in an area of the brain reserved for imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Moments

Moments gather, portraying life in it's total existence,
especially in the end.

Solemnly, some of them have thought of their demise
beforehand, writing of it's supposed outcomes.

Yet, when it come to the basis of it all, there's only
conjecture and ideas of imagination portraying it's
essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Of Sorrow

In the gathering of evening's sorrow, sitting in
tearful wonder.

Where are the times of pleasure and joy spent
through all the years?

Why do I sit alone in the dark writing my heart
out and never coming closer to any understanding?

Life, although sorrowful, still stands idly by,
lost and empty on the sinking sands of yesterday.

When will everything begin again?

Waiting endlessly impatient for the hope of being
together again.

Going to church, lighting candles, praying, watching
the flame waver to and fro, still not seeing anything
of hope in tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Poetry

Notwithstanding, elements of time disappear before me,
reappearing in rhymes of sort.

Distinguished lines, standing on their own, developing
ideas and thoughts on merits of inner awakenings.

Colliding with extremes of life, at opposite ends of
a mind, contrarily setting new images to block the view.

Antagonizing the existence of imagination, causing it
to delve into unexplained and unexplored denizens hiding
within.

Blooming into ecstatic byways, creating a paradise for
imaginings to become anew, like diamonds gently falling
in quiet succession from this mind's hand.

Selecting, rearranging, gathering all jewels into rhyming
poetry, to be read sometime in the future by another person
after I am dead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Sensations

Mind wandering around the neighborhood outside my window, helping me to see sights closer in as I flow over them in imagination.
Gathering all sensations, letting them fill me to exceptional levels of perception, noticing rectangular angles and deepened circles of exploration.
Walking down the little streets, allowing everything to penetrate my being with it's deliberate essence, saturating my soul in scents of heavenly grace, sent to me from nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Sentiments

Soft and timid, a song of remembrance, telling a story
every time it is heard.

Beautiful effigy, translating love into a saddened
plight of firelight.

So, tender and effervescent, placing minds in step
with the beauty of yesterday's life.

Gathering flowers with sentiments and accruing sentiments
into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Silence

Waltzing and dancing into this night, fighting sleep through
rhythms and music, gathering silence and putting it aside as
we hover around.

Listening to the band after hours, beating tempos testing
their strength against our temperaments and salvaging positive
attitudes as they soar quietly into the melting pot of darkness.

Adjusting and rearranging rhythms as they are being played,
such a terrific and talented way to portray all lives in the
measures of chords being heard tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Sleep

Sleep slowly gathering in this poetical mind like sheep
coming to a shepherd, flocking together in poetical music
and artistic interludes of yesterday.

Being held at bay through memories of sadness, eyes clos-
ing, eyelids fluttering quietly as dreams come upon them,
serenading them in serenity.

A peacefulness now enveloping this entire being for the
rest of this night, knowing that tomorrow will bring a-
nother display of beauty in nighttime reflections.

Solemnly taking hearts to rest through the hours of dark-
ness as clouds drift across skies unannounced or seen ex-
cept for a few who happen to still be awake.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Tears

Heartbreaking moments continue to bring bittersweet
memories to mind.
Tears gather silently in circles, crowding closer
to tear ducts to escape confines of sorrow's grief.
Binding ties of memories and images continue through
life as we live and breathe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Tears Of Love

Gentle thoughtful breezes blowing stress from my mind
and heart, making it all magically disappear without
any worries.

So calm and serene, allowing my mind to wander and
play on shores of subconsciousness, as moments pass
by unnoticed from within.

A perfect heaven filling my consciousness with gardens
and flowering blossoms filled with ideas.

Constantly regenerating images, and placing them into
visions of holiness.

Placating strands connected to memories where tears
tend to gather in love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gathering Wisdom

As soon as music touches my mind, I'm off into lands
of intellect and imagination, gathering what wisdom
I possibly can.
It's amazing how totally intensely and instantly,
music sets my mind to thinking and pen to writing.
Nothing else in life quite like it, a gift given to
me to help me make it through life's hardships.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gaylords

Excitement filling insides to capacity, thrilling to hear
every word they're singing.

Enjoying them tremendously, every rhythm is so vibrant and
full of life!

It's their own style, they have no need to conform or be
admired, they outshine all others who may come behind them.

Elation filling entirely, helping to see feelings, brightest
colors of the rainbow being felt inside this mind.

No retribution or defilement, just plain and simple fun and
amusement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gaze Into The Future

Morning darkness swarms around, covering me in it's
isolation, draining tears from my heart as I sit
here and write.

Leaving behind all reality, preferring not to live
it right now for it's too painful to even think a-
bout.

Trying to find my way out of this sorrow, looking to
my love to be here for me, in a vast and lonely place,
a lifetime wasting away as I gaze into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gazing Inwardly

Motions upward and down, placating inner desires
of bliss through melodies of inspiration.
Taking hold in recesses and depths of our minds,
grasping our hearts and souls, unwinding emotions
and turning them into glad meanings of expression.
Smiles gazing inwardly, soothing our egos with
their serum, benefiting our body's health while
carrying our selves across the dance floor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gem Stones Of Intellect

Soothing melodies climbing into my lap, cuddling
against my tender heart, still encapsulated in
childhood dreams of pretending imagination.

Anticipating patterns being designed and set in
gem stones of intellect, being kept intact for
another try at being enclosed in a dream, is
being evolved into reality of my future.

All promise in the past is now being fulfilled
by the wishes of a grown-up child, no longer
afraid to step out into the light and grasp what
has been waiting there from the start of life,
in it's beginning stances of conception.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gems Of Creativeness

Superimposing images onto yesterday's thoughts, enlightening precious gems of creativeness as they are discovered underneath piles of leaves, raked up for inner ideas.
Gathering flexibility, becoming an agile being, testing strength of beginning character while selecting tinsel strands of intelligence to add to a collective repertoire of written meanings, becoming episodes of learning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gems Of Wisdom

Slithering down sidewalks of inner thought, searching catacombs of an inner contemplation for exacting targets of enduring factors, being held onto for formulas needing to be explored and met.
Discovering all gems of wisdom, arranging them to fit my needs and aligning it all in lines of creative mysteries for intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gene

Distinguished, refined, and ready willing and able to dance.

All the ladies enjoying dancing with him, swinging merrily
across the floor.

Always kind, smiling and gentle, a talented man attuned to
life and getting pleasure from it.

Respectful, attentive, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes,
always ready for a joke or a round of clean honest laughter.

A joyous personality, a pleasure to know, talk to and sit
with at the dance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Generating A Silence

Indefinitely feeling senses going vibrantly throughout
my being, generating a silence that goes beyond life
and it's entire existence.

Qualifying and going into the deepest entries of life
time endeavors, never leaving me bereft of ideas or
thoughts to place into poetry.

An incessant and very pleasurable feeling that brings
many moments of joy and happiness into life.

Backbone being strengthened with self-confidence, building
entirely through ingenuity of intellect and faith that
can save me from the fruitlessness of pain and despair.

A most likely and intoxicating sphere to be a part of,
fibers and particles all being a part of this inner
nature full of richness and energy.

Blessed and totally grateful for the gifts of innate
talent given from the moment of conception within my
mother's womb.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Generating Absolute Power

Interchanges in life, continually moving through my mind, never dissipating, always being right in the center of thoughts.

Absolute power being generated by intellect in my mind's imaginative sources.

Always thinking and allowing thoughts to generate into future environments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Generating Feelings

Notes and music popping like popcorn throughout a mind,
enjoying feelings it's generating, bringing alive an
intense energy that makes one feel wonderful.

Subjecting beings to melodies of beautiful interior im-
ages and landscapes, playing in imagination, having a
great time with fantasies.

Giving more support in a process of creativity while
writing every moment possible, relaxing and listening
to music popping.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Generating Guidance

Transpiring beings of human nature, spreading their wings with style and grace, flowing easily through life's maladjustments and trials.

Socially gathering thoughts of togetherness in hearts of golden lace, reaching out to provide much needed love and self-assured guidance.

Waist high, wallowing joyfully in mires of satisfying serenity, calmly generating tunes of heavenly bliss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Generating Love Of Poetry

Listening and allowing my mind to accumulate rhythms and
thoughts, combining and enjoying every one of them as they
gently fall into one poem after another.

Seldom, if ever, coming up for air, just loving to be inside
with passion, watching it continually growing and blossoming,
enriching this interior life with beauty and a generous
solitude to live and write from continually.

Expressions of it being placed in words of many poems, taking
place in all future literature, hopefully generating a love
in children and adults everywhere for poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Generating Mystical Ideas

Lasting hope sits settled deeply inside this soul,
nurturing faith, helping it to blossom forth,
generating mystical ideas through contemplation
while writing.

Placing the innocence and purity of interior life
into designs of an immeasurable aspect of knowledge.

Traipsing and following paths leading to and from
an energy that always keeps me going, allowing all
poetry to flow endlessly like a river into the ocean.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Generating Novel Ideas

Looking into holes in an interior universe, finding exciting and interesting things to be examined and discovered.

Loving novel ideas, as they are generating quickly, yet gently into intellect, calculating and allowing equations to fall into patterns of coded rhythms.

Watching as they go, algorithms coming to mind, bringing new ways of technology and engineering into view.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Generating Sorrow's Energy

Lasting and wonderful, innate talent continually
building itself even in twilight when dreaming.

Silent, yet brilliant, touching the sensitivity
of hearts that generate an energy of sorrow as it
develops immediately.

Covering intellect in properties of it's complete
and total essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Generating Thoughts

Dreaming of essences of life, collecting in pools of
tears as we wade through despair.
Seeing strife dangling from trees like ivy on a wall.
Lights silently generating thoughts easily, as glowing,
they mesmerize minds into tranquil atmospheres of
every day grief.

(7: 18 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Generations Of Ancestors

Listening to prayers of my heart, strumming chords of
my spirit as I fall into the spirituality of serenity.

Reaching for the ingenuity and purpose of an interior
heredity, acknowledging generations of our ancestors.

Going through many years, seeing family continue to
practice ritual and tradition without any lapse in time.

Focusing on compassion, tolerance, caring, love and mercy,
teaching it all through the ages with no exceptions.

Filling spirits through confession, Holy Mass and Communion,
never forsaking the God who has created them.

Making sure that all generations left at their passing will
continue the teachings taught when younger also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Generations To Come

Listening to a tribute to 9/11 heroes, truly heartfelt
and inspiring for generations to come, men of honor
being heroes to America for stepping in and rescuing
people from the Twin Towers on that fateful day.

We will never forget anyone who died there or anyone
who survived, thanks to these heaven sent heroes saving
the lives of many Americans, saluting and honoring them
all forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Generous Appreciation

Lonely echoes hitting the canyon walls of my soul, drifting into the writing that I love to express.
An empty feeling surrounding every tone and rhythm being celebrated with a generous appreciation from many others in the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Generous Memories

Remembering the past and walking through the desert in
an early morning, going to school alone.

Listening to music on my portable transistor radio, my
time being tolerable that way.

Always listening to the beat and moving to each tempo
as it's bopped and played in intellect.

Bringing joy and happiness with every step that I took,
experiencing an elation and euphoric sensation, loving
the beats and rocking to them.

Interiorly, heart steady, keeping time and finding l
liveliness accompanying me to school every day.

Hushed vibrations touching and filling me so enticingly
and incessantly.

A beautiful and tantalizing vision that still stays with
me on photographic screens.

Every day filled with these generous memories, taking me
back in time whenever wanting to reminisce, stepping in
time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Genius At Hand

Increasing propensities of genius is at hand, gathering and uniting for the good of mankind throughout the world, inventing and creating new ideas and values.

Finding different technologies and simple ways of doing things, thinking wholly outside the box, focusing on the good and solutions to problems of mankind.

Like those of poverty and health, becoming totally independent of the rule of man, free to develop whatever they feel will help people all over the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Bengaly Bohemian

Crying from within depths of my heart, another's pain now
touching me intensely, wanting to hold and hug him, yet
apparently I am not worthy enough to do so.

This gentle Bengali Bohemian is far greater than I, feel-
ing that I have offended him somehow by even trying, he's
feeling so hurt, just putting myself aside.

Knowing the pain he's having over losing his dear wife,
still crying, tears falling into bouquets of blossoming
silent prayers of love.

Hoping he will somehow feel the love and caring I have
tried to give him without expecting anything in return,
may my prayer's answers lie within him always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Blossoming

Looking through a doorway,
seeing nature standing just beyond windows,
waiting for me to express it is a poem of
gentle blossoming in desert landscapes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Breezes Blowing

Entering gates of imagination, inventing and creating
beginning instantaneously, walking through forests,
across deserts, up and down mountains and ravines.

Seeing all types of animals and beauty of nature as it
surrounds me, flowers blossoming, welcoming me into
depths of my mind.

Gentle breezes whistling through intellect, giving an
energy to my being while writing poetically of all the
scenes I've imagined, exposing them in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Designs

Slowly opening your eyes, seeing sunlight reflecting off of
a mirror on the wall.

Settling comfortably into the sheets and covers, not wanting
to get out of bed just yet.

Lying there, letting thoughts crawl over the bed, trying to
find a poem to rest in.

Always upon awakening, ideas of poetry spread wings and over-
take this mind, wanting to express themselves in gardens of
beautiful landscapes.

Touching tenderly, gentle designs of behavior and emotion,
blending with actions, proclaiming to be important to the
themes being written.

Allowing them space, rewarding their efforts with heart-felt
esteem as they rise to the occasion through ink of pens onto
paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Heart

Grating voices still hold a note of caring
as they rasp into the atmosphere around them.
A volunteer with a gentle heart reverberates
good cheer throughout the floor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Interior Keys Of A Piano

Settling into a reverie of positive creative thought, still
feeling a sadness touching this heart gently but insistently
with sorrow.

Attuned to it's pain, writing of it so as to validate these
feelings that are always within, never leaving, having be-
come friends in a way.

Being used to their presence and insistence throughout life,
intently feeling the emotional strain wearing upon my being,
never losing faith, hope ever present.

Cheering no matter what happens to obstruct it from it's pur-
pose, continually writing as music strums strings of this
heart with gentle keys of an interior piano.

Playing this hearts saddened memories, feelings and emotions,
creating poetry, composing music from it all that will event-
ually touch others also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Inventiveness

Bluer than a deeper depression sitting on my brain, taking up room meant for thoughts to generate creativeness upon request.
Silently taking steps to make shapes, forms and patterns into many mosaics of gentle inventiveness, edged with a brilliance of total ingenuity, and made appropriately without a single thought of sadness in mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Kindness

A cross of life bears it's burden.
Black clouds form around the atmosphere, filling inner skies with gray.
Reaching tenderly for warmth and understanding, grasping wisps of clouds with fingers tainted by sorrow.
Alive with wind-swept fury, bent upon aligning a lifetime of misery.
Alighting with gentle kindness, every once in a while love seeping out, shining it's glorious joy on anyone close enough to be touched by it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Laughter

Walking hand in hand down pathways, rain falling and pouring on us from the heavens.

Looking into each other's eyes, smiling, then breaking out in gentle laughter.

Hugging and kissing, wrapping our hearts around each other.

No room for any sorrow or grief to get between us now or in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Light

Lights folding over my head, lightly touching
the surface of my skin, unabrasively.

Gently appreciated as I write poetry, because
it is the light by which I am seeing this page
to write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Love

Watching, looking, seeing people I know, feeling a gentle love for each person.

Realizing that everyone on earth is really one big family, struggling to find out who they are and where their place in life is.

All are living according to what they were taught and learned through experience as each year passes by.

In later years, relaxing, easing up on stress that used to lay them low.

Now, enjoying the time that is left to each, hoping it will last a long time yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Loving Nature

Overjoyed each and every time we're together, loving your sense of humor and gentle loving nature, always love to be with you my dear.

Truer love could never have been this true without you by my side, heart being held in yours, giving a loving embrace continually, never letting go.

Allowing me to feel the presence of your being against mine throughout the years my darling, incessant and abiding love for one another can never be replaced by another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Man

Longing for you to be with me, becoming one, knowing that I'll be taken to heaven once again, so totally and completely having your unconditional love held within.

Feeling it's purity, letting go and loving you only, an intense and total goodness between the two of us, life being much better when we're together.

Feeling so good just having you close, you are such a gentle man whom I can never stop loving, you mean the world to me my love, you will always be the only one in this earthly life my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Memory Puzzle

Designs magnify the creativeness of imagination, taking privileges meant to be used.
Producing beautiful wonders of prose as each word is composed from musical melodies only I can hear and transpose.
Loving the way it all falls into place, I continue day and night, being entranced by the wonder of it all.
Mind curiously fondling every past and present memory, placing each one gently into a puzzle, forming a picture that I can interpret and put together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Mirrored Coldness

Everything that's living will eventually die in a
passion of death's insistence.
A gentle mirrored coldness, wrapping itself around
me as I lie in the intrepid solace of the past.
Coming into my own as everything living dies in
front of me in sleepless visions.
Rousted around by wagon trains of old, watching
through the lonely nights as coyotes wail their
tales of lonely terror to the midnight moon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Music

Touching my soul, filling it with beautiful music
and prose.
Yanni, carefully selecting ivory's on a piano in
his mind.
Beginning and holding onto softened tones and
melodies through a blissful imagination.
Flowing upward, tilting out of sight, concertos
fill the atmosphere with silent, gentle thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Musings

Rushing to me, rhythms, as they come shooting from a band,
hitting me squarely where innate talent stands, listening
to every note played.

Gentle musings coming to light, taking thoughts being
generated by flights of harmony into spacious moments
spent in time.

Whiling away precious visions as they develop beautifully
with every sound.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Nature

Green nature, filtering into my intellect,
touching it gently, and taking it along
paths of beauty.

Fixating strength of character with
stubborn intent, allowing it to attach
itself to importance in future endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Night

Rotating in twilight, searching for patterns and designs
being reached above in heaven.

Touching upon messages of silent recrimination that swirls
and takes us into an environment of fantastic living in
depths of musical interludes throughout this gentle night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Patterns

Quietly reticent, leaning back, slowly coming to life
after a breakfast of egg whites and water at Bitzee Mamas.

A duet, the alternative Blu Notes, playing soft music to
start off the morning.

Gentle patterns playing to my mind, exercising thoughts,
allowing them to stretch and lounge in alternate positions.

Reclining against a background of picturesque music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Relaxation

An energy being expended in breaths of gentle relaxation,
brought about by melodies of jazz being played at Buddy's.
Limply held melody being played in slow jazzy motions of
laziness, intoned from somewhere in the adjacent atmosphere.
Giving off exaltant rhythms, being driven by a drummer in
the band.

(2: 46 p.m. - 10/26/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Reminder

Hands of God gently rocking this
cradled jet in mid-air, giving us
pause for thought on how very
temporary we are.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Reminders

Through clouds I see a light of hope filtering gently and quietly into my life.
Softly contemplating the world, it's memories of love glowing in my mind,
keeping me aware of time and it's passage.
Always in my prayers are gentle reminders of our life together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Reminders Of The Past

Locking arms, all together, people enjoying a melody
of pure delight.

Affectionate thoughts of beautiful moments in time
now past.

Now gentle reminders of it's presence in our lives
once upon a time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Scenery

Gently moving in the atmosphere, a little breeze blowing
us out to sea on white foam of imagination.

Holding and hugging us closely, we hum to ourselves as
we dance in unison on floors of heaven.

Picturesque scenery, folding in upon us as we enter the
gates of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Slumber

Finally, gently falling into a slumber of sorts,
holding hands, looking into eyes of brevity,
and holding crystal vases of tonight.
Allowing dreams to continue in sacred orders of enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Softness

Attuned to melodies heard in music's classic style,
listening attentively to it's gentle softness as it
tenderly touches heartstrings gathered together
inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Solitude

Even though there's not a soul in sight, silence fills
the air, peace and tranquility are still here.

Oddly enough, many think you must have people and all
sorts of noise to find peace in life.

Turning away from conventional thoughts and ideas, being
alone brings joyful tears.

Hearing sounds a little bird makes as it flies from tree
to tree, brings serenity closer in somehow.

Sitting on the wall of a corridor, peacefully loving the
solitude found here, there quietly falls from above,
miniature droplets of water upon my arms and hands.

No cause for sudden alarm, they are not wetting anything,
they just seem to fit in with the scheme of things brought
about in gentle solitude.

Taking a moment to look towards the sky, seeing no clouds,
no reasons why it's raining whisperingly down upon me.

As the winds blow back and forth, carrying on their shallow
conversations, peace fulfills from within, as I reach out
in silent communion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Soul

Motioning to my soul,
reaching it's serene depths
in whispering awe of it's
gentle work.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Teasing

Century plants stretching their arms heavenward,
trying to poke the sky with their pointed fingers,
jarring the universe with gentle teasing from earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Tenderness

Pushing carriages filled with words, crying to find their
places in many sentences of poetry.
Being tended carefully, nurtured, filled with meanings and
definitions at every meal they partake of.
Justice, diversity, kindness, compassion, mercy, all being
born within each of them in beginnings, middles and endings
of every one of their poems.
Carried there with the gentle tenderness of a mother, proud
of her little brood and knowing their worth in literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Touch Of Healing

Glistening tears lying deep within my being, sharing their sorrow with my heart and soul, reaching into depths of my emptiness, loneliness and abandonment.

A gentle touch of healing now being realized within, inner belief developing, coming through an intuitive knowing, continually growing and being nourished inside of me.

Delving constantly into dreams and visions being created through imagination and reality, giving me the passion to enlarge my own vision.

A mystical and wondrous one that includes the world, helping anyone in need through the miracles being provided to them through God, daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Waves

Cavorting through pastures, willow trees, their frail
branches and leaves flowing like gentle waves in air
currents of softly blowing breezes.

Sashaying through landscapes as they appear within in-
tellect, always ready to be written into poetry at the
nib of a pen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Whispers

Gentle whispers find their way into my being,
settling peace throughout.

Branches swaying, flags furling and unfurling,
freely for the fourth of July concert.

Music rambling in and out, bringing forgiveness,
and forging togetherness throughout the crowd.

Freedom rings clear on a hot western day as
Trisha Yearwood sings to each one of us all at
once.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Winds

Softly proclaiming loves of life through nature's
whispering on gentle winds of blessed peacefulness.

Equating justice with exacting preciseness of music,
and it's realistic scores, eliciting equal opportunities
for everyone no matter their race or religion.

Penetrating skies of blue with notes of beautiful nature,
incorporating it all into an atmosphere of love, gently
whispering in gentle winds now filled with blessed
peacefulness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Winds Rippling

Feeling all the pleasure being brought through the energy
of flowing waters.

Allowing me to watch how gentle winds can ripple, bubble,
pulsate, circle, reflect, cascade and fall into depths of
a simple fountain of rocks.

Stacked atop each other with little spaces between them to
allow the water flow unendingly into this poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentle Woodpecker

Hidden from view but not sound, a gentle woodpecker
sits in a palm tree pecking it's wood.
Sounding like a small tapping hammer beating in the
atmosphere, it does it's duty relentlessly, not
letting anything deter it from it's heavenly purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentleman From Koy

Calm expectant voice, creating an atmosphere of sweet surrender to music's interior meanings.
Being felt through rhythms held inside, magically flowing into words with meaning.
Sorting through notes, attaching them to sensitive definitions of natural desire.
Bringing innate talent into poetical visions of creative patterns, thoughtfully being sung by a gentleman representing KOY radio.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentlemanly Friend

Strolling casually down desert pathways, a gentleman,
debonair and reserved, walking with both hands behind
his back, pondering life itself.

Tasting nature, filling his mind with all scents and
aromas gathering in the atmosphere around him.

A life-long history being held in this one man, brilliant
and captivating, speaking with ease, perfection and aplomb.

Being generous to a fault, never a mean word spoken about
anyone, praising the world and just being who he is.

Demeanor, and stature demanding the greatest respect where-
ever he goes, everyone meeting him, loves and admires him
for his gentle and spiritual human nature.

So glad and honored to be his friend, writing this poem as
a tribute to his wonderful life, vibrant and exuberant,
loving every aspect of life as he revels in every moment of
it on our planet earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gentleman's Pool

Gentlemen, aging slowly as they play pool together,
laughing, joking, displaying their prowess to one
another.
Focusing on hitting balls into pockets of glory,
momentarily forgetting their burdensome ills and
life.
Smoothing wrinkles of time, they shoot to their
heart's content, until it's time to go home again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gently Affecting Memories

Straining to catch onto ends of rhythms as they soar
past in rainbows of auras.

Affecting gently, the memories kept inside of people's
heads.

Lapsing times being laid to rest beneath the earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gently Folding Self

Capturing the brightness of this afternoon sun,
letting it fill me with it's effervescent beauty.

Writing from it's essence in moments of fantastic
styles, touching memories and images freely soaring
about within intellect.

So tenderly and quietly folding myself within the
solace of this afternoon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gently Holding My Heart

Sojournly wandering down pathways of sorrow,
holding my heart gently in the palms of my
hands, being careful not to trip over anything.

This heart having had enough of pain and suffering
throughout it's temporary life so far.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gently Into The Night

Tumbling through life, ricocheting off it's circumferences
like a ball in a pinball machine.

Careening down pathways, losing control except through
writing daily.

Watching imaginations' screens on walls of my mind,
absorbing every image and particle into my being.

Being able to store and use every emotion, every sense
touching and freeing my soul, not letting me be held in
prisons of another's choosing.

Climbing above, lying on clouds as they drift through
heaven, no worries to mar the views as they soar with
me into the blue skies beyond sight.

Breezes blowing gently into the night where I can be
myself alone in twilight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gently Listening

Solemn, gently listening to my heart beat, not wishing to do much more than that, except write about what I am feeling and experiencing, because it's so weird and unlike me.

Guess I am just tired of this world and the greedy evil people in it, wanting the population to stand up and go against it all.

Watching as people just sit back and let our nation crumple before our eyes, knowing that our militia is ready and waiting for a sign to turn the tides against those enemies within the U.S.A.

Knowing that the time is now, wondering why they are hesitating and not striking out yet!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gently Moving

Haunting eyes of development, looking into my soul,

Grasping meanings and definitions of what I hold
within, flowing with the waters gently moving with my spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gently Placing Emotions

Showering me with droplets of rain throughout a storm of
perfect rhythm.

Allowing sentiments of a lifetime to befall me, calculating
the distance between each note and dividing it by the tones, individually driving
home the tempo.

Long-lasting endeavors being touched and played endlessly
without any effort, pleasing melodies, continuing into
favorable harmonies along the way, incessantly placing
intense emotions of a being so gently into every poem.

Living on edges of mountains in imagination, dangling feet
over ledges, pretending to jump and soar into the atmosphere
without falling.

Knowing that the rhythm will catch and take me soaring above
the clouds as I write deeply within of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gently Posing

Angels on high come to me, settling my mind,
touching my being with careful consideration.
Delving into peaceful integration with soft,
well-balanced phrases of musical intellect.
Posing gently for moments in time as life
exists beyond itself in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gently Stirring

Life moving gently with a breeze, touching strings of memories and realizing dreams of reality.
Tenderly watching hopes of future's realities lay bare, facts of hopeless faith.
Scarcely noticing ideas forming within, life continues silently, being touched by gentle stirrings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gently To Paradise

Light and airy melodies touching brain cells, elating and pleasing endlessly, a tranquil and wonderful feeling coming through coded rhythms.

Taking one to paradise so gently, softly playing hearts with titillating notes of penetrating intensity bringing an awareness within.

Alert and awakened just by tones and sounds of life and love through each melody, feelings being strummed, tenderly heightening feelings of love.

Continuing to listen to every measure, alone, awaiting the moments when making love will fill inner rhythms with a captivating harmony.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gently Unfolding

Unfolding gently through this poetical mind, defining realizations and a recognition of who I am truly inside, withdrawing from the world around in order to find self.

Feeling comfort in the essence and passion of this soul in a way that can never be found except through searching the innermost purposes of destiny.

Letting them flow down pathways that others have never seen, poetical music taking this mind down avenues of fascination, opening imagination wide.

Roaming through all aspects of inner dimensions, feeling quite at home, never wishing to leave this picturesque and beautiful intellect that always holds this mind spellbound.

Writing from it's depths, allowing others to read and come to know how deeply this poet feels spiritually in an intellectual interior life of peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Genuine Beauty

Serenity filling me in spite of all the turmoil,
causing me great joy in it's solitary seclusion.
A genuine beauty emanating from within my soul,
allowing me to focus on more important things
awaiting acknowledgement in my mind.

(1: 37 p.m. - 11/17/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Genuine Characters

Energetic, pumping iron of rhythms steadily and rapidly
in the midst of the Hideaway here in Carefree, Arizona.

A biker bar and restaurant filled with bikers from all
over the U.S.

Polite, compassionate, having more manners than many
gentlemen I know.

Loving to be around these positive and generous people,
doing fund raisers, helping the homeless.

Taking children on their motorcycles all around Phoenix,
putting smiles on their faces.

Laughter spreading throughout the desert atmosphere as
children feel the wind and freedom all around them.

Feeling the genuine and beneficent characters of these
bikers fill me with hope for America.

Most of them are United States Veteran's whom I totally
love, appreciate and am thankful for their unselfish
service to all Americans and our nation, a heartfelt
thank you to their families also!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Genuine Feelings Of Knowledge

Wrapping and unwrapping thoughts, throwing away paper
enfolding them.

Alighting incessantly within this mind, grasping onto
intellect to interpret everything through rhythms and
music, having already been deciphered from coded messages
they were developed in.

So intense and solidifying, giving this mind a genuine
feeling of knowledge as it also unfolds into wisdom of
senior years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Genuine Friendship

Settling self within music and rhythms, feeling them sooth me religiously in measures of time, parting ways from elite and greedy people on earth.

Preferring to have friends that live in a world of reality, love, compassion and an unconditional love, finding they are loyal, trustworthy, dependable and reliable.

Never stabbing you in the back, knowing their friendship is genuine and lasting throughout the years, feeling a trust and bond between you always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Genuine Goodness

Alive, enjoying moments of life that are left, finding many ways towards happiness and joy, helping others seems to be the best way.

Smiles returned, hearts reaching out to one another without malice, hatred or dishonesty, genuine goodness wholeheartedly being given and never expecting anything in return.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Genuine Nature

Bicycling through my mind, watching beautiful scenery,
images and visions of my creativity, standing proudly
along subconscious avenues of talent.
Gently prodding, poking and pulling into another
dimension, my mind rejoices over all it has contemplated
and written in prose.
Wonderful feelings of confidence, self-worth and well-
being sprout into gardens of belonging and being in a
garden of Eden.
Beautiful images sating my spirit bring me to edges of
recollection where I can immerse myself into heavenly
pools of my soul's genuine nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Genuine Passages

Feeling good as music tantalizes us with it's rhythms,
solidifying memories onto an interior photographic screen.

There every tone and note will be remembered that's played
by a band standing right in front of us.

Walking, strolling through life, enjoying nature, becoming
one, never veering from possibilities being brought to mind.

Genuine passages of thought going through time tunnels,
interpreting every nuance and beat as it passes by.
po

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Genuine Possibilities

Swirling into another realm of recorded music,
feeling the inspiration filling my soul with
genuine possibilities in aspects of composition.
Allowing for the utmost scientific formulas
being coded right now into the moods hiding
beneath the pockets of wisdom.
Always continuing the executive decisions,
being guided by divine intervention and given
precedence over everything else on earth.

(11: 35 p.m. - 11/16/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Genuine Solace

Rainbows falling deliciously into insight, draining it's
colors into perfectly formed poetry, being assembled in
many rhythms being played and energized.

So wise and intelligent, nothing able to interfere with
the genuine solace and serenity of Mother Nature here on
earth.

Coaxing and reiterating coaxial qualities, nurturing them
all as they shape, form patterns and designs of exquisite
ideas and musical compositions.

Taking quality to new heights and beyond sights of ordinary
people, unable to think outside of the box.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Genuine Understanding

Enticing lures straightened out in lines of exciting
adventures, letting this mind move into other realms.

Reaching out and finding a vast environment of things
curious and filled with wonder to be explored and
soothed in answers that come about.

Then questioning the answers to bring about a genuine
understanding of everything that is going to be learned
and kept inside this photographic mind.

So enjoyable and fun, just learning and living, giving
an interior contemplation the joy of having been used
in depths only I can find to appease this brain of mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Genuinely Enticed

Genuinely being enticed by inner rhythms as they are nurtured, blossoming all over the world in poetry to be shared with others.

Being totally supported with the wonder and curiosity of life and nature itself, cherishing and treasuring every detail upon a photographic memory filled with details of this life.

Mind trailing like hands over the side of a rowboat, feeling and sensing what is to come up ahead, always feeling everything intuitively.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Genuinely Within

Taking a shot in the dark, finding the target every
time no matter what the rhythm may be.

Tasting the essence of every note as it's being
played, moving forward with every one while continuing
to write.

Playing fast and perfectly, keeping in synch all the
time as we sit and create in our individual ways.

Pulling it all from an innate talent held genuinely
within us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Geometric Colors

Bursts of color, sprinkled across the lawn of earth,
standing prettily, faces turned up, watching passers-
by.

Petal tresses arranged neatly in geometric forms
around their heads.

Leaf hands held gingerly at their sides, reaching sky-
ward in praise of God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Geometric Patterns

Geometric patterns lining earth's
crust in regal colors, able to be
seen miles above, watching and
looking from a window on our jet.

(11: 10 a.m. - 5/5/00)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Geometric Visions

Sounds of silence fill me with a vacuous atmosphere where
I can run and travel in multi-directions at once, seeing circular patterns intertwining with triangular designs.
Geometric visions fill my mind with mathematical equations
as ideas for inventions continue to amass in knowledgeable intellect and imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gesture Of Tiredness

Sitting in the waiting room at the orthopedic surgeon's,
writing and passing time readily and happily in my own
way.

Husband sitting next to me, doing his word find puzzle
book, suddenly he jerks his arm.

Looking over I can see he has fallen asleep, pen in hand,
a little gesture of tiredness, making him look like a
little boy of five again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gestures Filling Memory

Wanting to give love freely from my soul to another, instead
wandering the planet without romance.

Holding nothing inside, finding no hope, trailing along like
a puppy dog begging for a bone from another human being.

Silently calculating what it might take to bring me face to
face with a miracle through a lifetime of faith, having held
onto for all this time.

Gestures filling memory with images of yesterday, taking me
into darkened corners where people would disown the feelings
that I had for them.

Sending me out into the stormy night without even an umbrella
to protect myself.

Seriously thinking of an ending to all this unserviceable
emotion and feeling, wanting to hibernate in a cave and never
again seek the light of day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Get Rid Of The Trash

Wanting to energize our country, get back our pride and build
our country up the way our forefathers did for us, we need to
do the same for our children and Grandchildren.

To hell with a one world order, a dictator like Lenin, Stalin,
Hitler - we don't need to be repeating history's greatest mis-
takes now in this 21st century.

We are a powerful country, free to be the greatest nation to
ever be on earth; gather together, unite and bring strength
back into our nation.

President Trump is doing his part and is getting trashed by evil
and corrupt people, get behind him and let's move forward, drain-
ing the swamp ourselves.

We can do it as long as we unite against the democrats, liberals,
illegals, etc. for we are mightier than all of them put together,
step up, back our militia and get rid of the trash once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Getting A Drink

Twigs and branches poking their heads up from shallow waters,
listening to sounds from the atmosphere around them.

A little black bird swoops down from the sky, landing atop a
small twig.

Hanging on as it's weight bows it down almost into the water
so he can get a drink.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Getting Acquainted With Peace

Misshapen reflections hanging over windows, showing
themselves openly, it seems only I can see, writing
what is seen happening through them.

Fruition of an eternity is falling into this mind,
settling in and getting acquainted with peace from
nature, wherein all spirituality comes to light.

Respecting the future destiny of mankind as it does
so, enlivening many impossibilities that continue
to prosper and come into reality without reserve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Getting Along

Solemnly thinking of my sister's mother-in-law, V. who has passed away.
Wish I could have seen her one more time, I've been thinking of her a lot lately and praying for her.
Always good to me, we got along great all these years and I'll miss her in my life here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Getting Back

Searching for a way to return to myself, getting back my photographic memory.
Missing it's absolute safety and feeling - it's lonely without my memories intact.
Justifying life's errors is not what I want to do.
It takes a lot of talent, yet, I need the images to come back so I may write through them once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Getting Care

Insisting on having nothing but the best care for my friend, doing it a lot myself while with him.

Talking to doctors, case managers, nursing directors and managers.

Attempting to take care of him, listing them in priority of need.

Sleeping peacefully now, meds administered, soundly in a dream world of his own.

Glad he's getting the care that he needs all the way around.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Getting Deeply Into Music

Happiness is hearing music of a great band on
a stage right in front of you.

Allowing one to get deeply into it's rhythms,
taking us into outer limits of life and back.

Finding elements of rhythm making intellect
more energetic, clarifying and exciting adven-
turesome sides of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Getting Family Together

Getting together for a grand nephew's birthday party,
family gathering, friends coming, presents laid on a
table for later.
Kids playing games, having fun, taking chances and
playing with their cousins.
A great time had by all, pictures taken, birthday
song sung, candles blown out and presents now being
opened.
Pizza and cake all gone, saying good-bye, hugging
everyone and loading up the car with presents.
Now all going home until the next party coming up
soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Getting Old

Standing in the midst of nature's beauty, arms outstretched,
body decaying, getting old.

Waiting forlornly for someone to approach and give a hug,
wishing to be recognized as a living entity, to be held and
cuddled like a small child.

There is no wrong to be found within an aging heart, only
good wanting to be touched and shared.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Getting Our Respect

There's a saying posted here at the Hideaway on a sign,
it states: 'There are no strangers here, just friends
we haven't met yet'.

A great sign for America for that is basically the way
we are, accepting everyone from every nation, as long
as they come here legally without intent to do us harm.

All of humanity has been created equal and we believe
that, yet we expect everyone to accept that this is our
country.

Everyone needing to respect that fact, speaking English,
following our laws, being morally and ethically positive
when here and then you will get the respect you deserve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Getting Petitions Signed

Settled in an afternoon sun, getting petitions signed for
Republican candidates to get on the ballot, enjoying meet-
ing many different people.

Getting to learn their opinions on different aspects of
the political arena, amazed at times how some will sign
a petition to legalize marijuana.

Yet refusing to sign for important issues or people for
Congress or Superintendent of Schools, even with their
children in tow, it boggles my mind for sure.

Loving the differences in humanity just the same, this
has definitely been a learning experience sitting out here
in front of the library for hours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Getting Ready For The Day

Feeling spirits rising through musical rhythms,
generating energy and increasing positive moods
so sublimely and gently.

Realizing the atmosphere within is serene and
temptingly quiet, giving intellect a vast land-
scape to travel across.

Silent vibrations, touching my mind, reverber-
ating and soothing my being, getting ready for
the day with an inner anticipation, waiting to
be awakened full through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Getting Ready For The Final Journey

Turning around, seeing the past in a misty haze while
just beyond is my future, while I continue to hold on-
to the present.

Going down the long road of life alone, hoping to find
a reprieve along the way, hanging onto everything that
has come my way.

Now realizing I have no need of anything, getting ready
for my final journey, sitting back and checking to see
if I've done what was supposed to be accomplished before
that very last moment arrives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Getting Rid Of The Trash

Startling facts have been leaked about all the corruption here
in the U.S. government, amazing details in politicians emails,
proof of their many misdeeds towards the American people.

Americans are alert, awake, knowing what their politicians
have been doing all these years, coming to a head thanks to our
hero, Julian Assange and WikiLeaks.

It's time to get rid of the trash and drain the swamp, thank God
We the People elected Donald Trump as our 45th President, now
we can get back to making America great again with him at the
helm instead of Obama, the traitor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Getting Someone Angry

Stranded in feelings of hopelessness, being tossed
about like flotsam upon ocean waves, knowing not
where to turn, diving below, trying to lose self in
the ocean's turbulent undertow.

Hoping to never resurface this side of life again,
complications arising from just trying to help
someone come to a conclusion in their own mind,
without hurting the one they love.

Difficult climbing, getting them angry to help sort
out the things that have been left unsaid between
them.

Their mind now combing through all that was spoken,
quietly, and ever so gently, slowly beginning to
move forward.

Having let go of some anger that had been caught
and held in from loss and grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Getting The Chance

Laughing, enjoying life and it's idiosyncrasies, trying to have fun at no one's expense save my own.

Living and having the time of my life, finding pleasure in good clean fun, no need to be immoral or unethical, there's no rewards in either of them.

Getting the chance to do something dangerous or adventurous, filling my being with adrenaline.

Life becoming open to every possibility, because when on edges of life the challenge is what makes life so interesting, alive and vibrant.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Getting Through

Sounds of silent sorrow fill the atmosphere, taking one
through gardens of grief on the way through life.

Tantalizing insistence of private tears to fall within,
as falling into labyrinths of ageless time, forgotten
and left to one's own devices, getting slowly through
the aftermath of stress in life.

Accessing rhythms on the way, turning them up faster,
moving quickly down aisles of flowers, touching with
their essence of sweet aromatic sorrow.

Now flowing straight into depths of a soul to be dealt
with through heavenly purposes, being used for whatever
God should need them for in the scheme of everlasting
destinies and fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Getting Tired

Energy waning as I try to keep going, getting tired
and staying awake anyway.
Hoping to catch up on some sleep, and not seeming
to be able to.
Wanting nothing more than to be in a normal
situation and routine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Getting Tired Of Waiting

Wanting to run away - escape this double vision of life,
promising so much, but never giving me anything.
Getting tired of waiting for something that may never
happen.
Skirting edges, trying to manufacture a new vision of
being alive while traveling into other realms of
imagination, far from where I am sitting now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ghost - This Poet's Shadow

Frolicking in the lake, playing with Ghost, throwing his toy in the water for him to fetch and bring back.

When tiring of doing this, he'd grab it from the water and run to the boat tossing it in with a shake of his head.

Coming to sit and be petted, talked to and loved, our very own pet shadow following, protecting us from everyone.

Standing between us and others, growling ferociously, had to smile because it felt good to be protected and loved like that.

All's I had to do was make a hand signal and he would relax, sitting by my side.

Dogs are a woman's best friend for sure, Ghost even protected our sons because he knew instinctively they were mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ghost Of A Woman

Being a ghost of a woman, fading into the distance
of a misty, murky past.

Invisible to others, because they think me negligible
and unworthy of their time.

Yet through writing poetry, my spirit shines forth
from within an innate talent and they read me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ghost Of Our Spirits

Rushing into the darkness blindly, tripping over the love
we had, falling into oceans of tears, unable to hold back
any of them.

Nondescript visions unable to placate this mind or heart,
speech cannot be heard above crying of my soul, there's
nothing more I can say, except I miss you my darling.

Wanting you so desperately, heart falling into millions
of pieces, never anything to put it back together again
for you will never again be with me.

Left alone, a solitary and forsaken figure of the love
we used to have, now just a ghost of our spirits, no
longer alive, just existing in a life of forebearance,
nothing more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ghost Town

This heart is living in a ghost town, nothing but memories to haunt me with love that I used to have when you were here with me.

Now there are no more moments left to spend with you, nothing but remembering what life used to be when we were together.

All days now being isolated, not wanting to go anywhere or do anything, only wanting to be held and loved again by you.

Hearts touching and being one as we made love and lived so intimately, loving in a home we made for ourselves.

This house no longer ours, just another building, sitting in a ghost town, with me missing you daily, seeing only memories of what our lives used to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ghost Town Of Old

Society far away from where I'm at right now, children
have gone back to school and the village is looking
like a ghost town of old.

Rhapsodies of life hang about in the air, rhythms coming
into my mind from songs remembered from when I was just
a child watching cowboy and Indian movies.

Looking back, then looking around, seeing things shown
back then in those old movies, building excitement and
feeling the thrill of being in the west back in the day.

Giving me a feeling of anticipation of what today will
look like someday in the far future, will space age
conquer what we now have.

Our modern cities with many amenities being the past
villages we used to live in someday, just like the quiet
atmosphere of Pioneer Village.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ghost Town's Shadows

Going through life, wanting to start a fire, but having
no matches, walking alone, traveling paths overgrown
with the desertion of our youth.

Wanting to recapture those good old days, yet knowing
there's no way to do so, because yesterday has already
gone past.

Leaving us in ghost towns filled with shadows that dance
in the darkness, not allowing any of us to come to terms
with the passing measures of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ghostly Nights

Dusty trails being explored on ghostly nights of bereavement.
Suddenly, spheres of light appear, following certain people around.
Noticing the predicament, sorting out what needs to be separated in tones of rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ghostly Shadow

Seeing into my mind, searching for something I can
never seem to grasp.
It eludes me every step of the way, as I continue
to chase the ghost of it's shadow throughout my
days on earth.
So illusively, it fills my mind's ingenuity,
constantly teasing and cajoling without ever coming
out of hiding.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ghostly Space Of Life

Calmly, silently, living in a ghostly space of life, feeling
alive yet feeling dead, a weird and crazy emotion.

Looking around, everything seems the same, yet within it
all feels so different somehow.

Wondering what has brought on this dilemma and how do I
reverse it.

Trying to figure it out takes going deeper into a void
without any substance, like feeling when dying on earth.

Holding on, but willing to let go, not knowing what's
going to happen in the end, not even caring anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ghosts Of Time

Sitting here amid ghosts of time, watching them roam around,
looking for what they have lost.

Past memories looming in their minds, each one wanting to
retrieve the ones that used to make them happy, giving them
joy or solace.

Always remembering those echoes of the past, never alone
without them parading through their disappearing minds.

Spirits of theirs, having left them years ago, in spite of
them living in a constant landscape of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ghosts Of Your Memory

Realizations dying within the reality of another moment that
is being lived without you, my dear, going home time after
time to a house that is no longer a home now that you're gone.

Tears streaming from my eyes as I enter the front door, walk
down the hallway and into what once was our bedroom, filled
with love, passion and desires for one another.

Standing here, heart beating for you, passion and desires
falling to the floor unable to be reciprocated by you any-
more in this lonely life.

Abandoned by the love we once had for one another, crawl-
ing into our bed, mind filled with your memories, senses
totally looking to be fulfilled at your touch.

No longer here for death has taken you away from me and I
cry myself to sleep night after night, a restless and hope-
less dream filling me with ghosts of your memory, my love.

As I see myself kissing you good night, tasting salted tears
of our missing love flowing down my face, wanting you so much
to be here with me once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gift Of Friendship

Altogether, friends are nice to have when they sincerely care about you, being there, if even only through a note, thought or call.

Cohesiveness is felt, although invisible, encouraging growth, each individually, not afraid of one another's success, able to rejoice at each new step completed.

Closely knit without having to be around twenty-four hours a day, knowing in your deepest heart of hearts, that you'll be best friends forever.

Gifts of friendship are precious and held dear, a treasure lived throughout life with tears, forgiveness and joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gift Of Life

Playing heartstrings with melodies soft and pliant
expresses my love for God.
How many times each day has He blessed me Himself,
whether I deserved it or not.
Life is a gift as I bask in His presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gift Of Mercy

Swelling with pride, yet humbly acquiescing to the Creator of life, enjoying the beauty and serenity that lies upon and a-cross earth.

Being filled entirely with the essence and passion of our lives, living without ever really thinking what we've been given by God.

Such love He has for each of us, we live, experience it's every aspect and then we die, we are allowed this period of time to learn lessons needed to attain heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gift Of Poetical Interludes

Relief flooding through my being as music rapidly takes me through patterns and designs of creativity alone in a space of time and wonder.

Creating beauty through poetry of intellect and music, a once in a lifetime poem as each one is written, an ever-lasting promise of life to be lived forever.

When I'm gone from this earth, a gift of enticing poetical interludes will live on, only I am finite, as I well know my days are numbered.

Now on my last sunsetical horizon, looking forward to the purity of God and heaven in the future, still living life on earth fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gift Of Poetry

Enjoying gifts of creativeness, given by God, Himself,
allows me to escape a life of hell inside my mind for
periods of time.

Total existence relies on a gift of writing poetry,
helping me to grow in love over time.

Twirling around, feeling safe and awakened, thousands
of words, images, and thoughts float on waters of my
subconsciousness, gently calming and becoming part of
me.

Wonderful feelings intertwining with my soul,
delivering awesome experiences written with black ink
from this pen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gift Of Self

Open the gift of yourself, look around, see the world of wonder surrounding your space.
There are many opportunities to change your life, to become who you are within.
Light the world with your imagination and wisdom, create a whole new perspective for life on earth.
Begin anew, reach out in kindness and good will be found in all you meet.
Rekindle faith within your soul, fan it's flame, a peaceful joy will slowly unfold - engulf you with it's warmth, it's stamina, courage, gentle strength and serene beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gift Of Writing

Conquering defeat with a peaceful interior attitude,
using a gift of writing to excel and become who I am
meant to be.
Notwithstanding plaintive cries of yesterday, life
moves forward anyway, not holding onto even a minute
in fate's scheme of things.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gifted Alone

Watching people, watching me, sitting here in my mind,
seeing the wonder in their eyes as they are constantly
amazed at exactly how I write to music.

Playing the piano in my mind while tapping out their
rhythms with my left hand and constantly and incessantly
writing with my right hand.

A feat that I'm privy to here on earth, as it is my gift
alone to use, the only person in the world who can
do this.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gifted Friends

Immersed in loyalty, gifted with trustworthy friends,
fills days with thankful evidence.

A fastidious panacea of life's enduring shores, crawls
on all fours to every particle of desert sands,
beginning believable thoughts put to words.

Echoing reliable moments exercised in daily, universal
crosswords of logic and reason.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gifted Memory

Extraordinary landscapes filling imagination with a gifted
memory from birth.

Stretching across miles of neurons and synapses, flowing
into many interior dimensions and universes.

Calculating effortlessly, accumulating their attributes instantaneously through
innate knowledge.

Slowly, carefully, taking all of it into the confines
of an interior photographic memory that will last for-
ever in my spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gifted Within

Rhythms beating gently against this mind, developing mathematical conclusions and equations through a natural inquisitiveness from within this being and intellect.

A generous capacity of innate talent enabling to expand and enlarge the volume of innate knowledge and wisdom hidden in this poetical creativeness gifted within.

Enlivening spirit and soul completely with an innocent and single purity, touching every fiber and particle of being through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gifting My Mind

Listening to funky music being played, loving it's up and down beat, attuning itself to intellect, exercising and falling into step with it.

Beautiful and enticing rhythms sliding into and out of my mind, gifting my poetical creative process ultimately to the world through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gifts From Above

Fingertips hitting ivories within this creative mind,
creating classical music to write poetry to daily.

An enticing and effervescent aura surrounding my being,
finding delight and joy in little details.

Experiences that come my way through all senses, intellect
and imagination taking me on journeys of belief.

Precious, appreciated, valued, all gifts from above, using
them fully in everyday life, never wanting to leave them
lying motionless while living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gifts Of Heredity

Looking forward into a future of incessant writing, loving
all thoughts that are growing and forming in my mind all
at once.

Enjoying the essence contained within my being, loving the
gifts of heredity passed generously to me at birth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Give Birth To Ideas

Conquests of future lives lie in wait, achieving
maturity, learning to relate.

Sedentary minds alleviating the need to think or
carry on.

Life-long dreams wait on distant shores, hoping
to soon be realized.

All of eternity sits on a marble step, waiting
to be climbed, nurturing forgiving attitudes
throughout each of our lives.

Surmounting every obstacle set in our paths, we
can become who we are inside.

All we need do is begin.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Given At Conception

Hanging on to rhythms as I soar above life in poetical musings,
noting unnoticeable details in every aspect of my life.
Wondering curiously about every moment spent in mind,
thinking about what life expects and brings to me.
Liking the feelings always penetrating my mind, I encase myself
amidst the English language, so I can create literal meanings
of every facet coming to me in definitions as they arise
non-plussed in daily routines.
Gathering momentum with every poem, writing from sun up to sun
down and in between, never tiring of any particle of it as I
smile and entertain myself within this innate talent, given to
me at conception in my mother's womb.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Given Meaning

Laughter stirs mirth within my heart, tickling my fantasies and giving me a lift spiritually.
Combining many memories with images in visions of beautiful, picturesque thoughts written down for posterity and given meaning throughout future generations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Given Opportunities To Learn

Starting on our journey when born, being tended to
and cared for in our very beginnings.

Nurtured, fed, given every opportunity to learn with
every moment we progress towards the rest of life.

Minds totally opened, absorbing everything, curiosity
abounding, nothing is taboo, we're just innocent and
pure.

Wanting to use our senses, touching whatever our
sight catches hold of on the way, giving us insight
on what to do in life.

Listening, hearing whispers of nature, others and
God through an interior spirituality, giving each
of us a purpose to pursue.

Fulfilling them while we are alive, performing them
to the best of our abilities, and finishing each one
before we leave this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving A Change Of Heart

Seriousness sitting still and quiet inside this timid mind,
many moments stirring at once, giving a change of heart as
rhythms rearrange themselves.

Predicting a style of creativeness that has not been seen
before, now being illuminated without any fanfare or cele-
bration.

Just a beginning melody, taking me into figures, numerically
and figuratively being separated and sectioned into spheres,
all of them taking their places inside my brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving A Perfect Life To Live

Quietly tip toeing into another dimension, searching and
finding the sanity that I so deserve, plentiful, silent,
taking me into the interior spiritualty of my soul.

A perfect union that manifests itself, attuned to the poet-
ical life that I continually live in, a vast and vibrant
one filled with heavenly energy that never stops.

Gathering momentum, ever increasing throughout this life
when rhythms gather to sing their coded songs to me alone,
wonderfully cool, refreshing, coming together in every note.

Chords continually bringing me into realms of a bluened
light where the Divine dwells within my soul, touching my
mind also.

A wonderfully generative task always happening, never
stopping, giving me the perfect life to live, totally a-
lone and within intellect only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving A Purpose

Rightfully playing within, taking steps to bring a promise
of life to fruition, giving a purpose to live for.

Having a great time living through my passion, watching it
flow and blossom in rapid times.

Solace stemming completely from my mind and growing within
my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving A Reason

Intensely focused on the world within, seeing it through a
bluened light that incessantly shines, the Divine always
within me no matter what.

Hanging around, writing, thinking and believing in God,
my heart and soul always centered on Him throughout this
earthly life.

Touching on an airy light feeling that gives me a reason
to keep holding onto whatever particle of life is still
within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving A Step Up

An energy fulfilling batteries of this mind, charging them
and letting life of poetry flow throughout without limiting
it all.

An insistence of curiosity always pushing intellect to go
deeper into questions of life, finding possibilities and
answers not usually thought of.

Working constantly on ideas that are being created, a full-
ness taking me into depths of wisdom, while accompanying
knowledge down the stairs of equality.

Combining compassion and mercy with patterns of helpful
caring, giving a step up to those in need, yet not
damaging their self-esteem with freebies and hand-outs.

Allowing others to contain their freedom and feeling
confident in their interior lives to make it on their
own through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Abandonment A Place To Reside

Walking from the front porch out into a vast desert
set before me, wanting to be drenched in it's silence
and loneliness because it matches how I feel interiorly.

Stepping out into it's immense universe, giving aband-
onment a place to reside in and be thought about in
poetical forms of this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Americans A Reason

Filtering into everyday life with a brilliant and imposing
idea of what is to be done with our way of life here in the
U.S.A.

Donald Trump, our new President filled with love for America
and it's citizens, wanting to give back to us what Obama,
Hillary, Pelosi, Kerry, ryan, coomey, etc. took from us.

Willing to fight the battles with corrupt rhinos, dems and
liberals, giving Americans a reason once again to be proud
of America.

Banning those who need not be here in our country at all,
stopping all the freebies that Obama and Hillary have been
giving to illegals, muslims and refugees.

Everything being paid for by American citizens against our
will, now thank God we have a President, Donald Trump, who
is giving it all back to us!

All Americans will vote him in for a second term for sure,
because we want our American way of life to be fully restored
once again, knowing President Trump is the only one who will
get it done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving An Awareness

Silence aspirating into my soul, giving me an awareness
of what's going on around me, rhythms being coded one by
one, lifted spiritually into another atmosphere.

It's dimension fully cognizant of every avenue that opens
up and delivers melodies to be heard in order to find final
expressions that have been given already.

Taken into precious memories and placed upon photographic
screens for an eternity, a pleasant experience that builds
itself constantly and is always in my mind and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving An Energy

Rocking to vibes of many good rhythms, giving an energy that never ebbs, keeping me going and using every particle of intellect and imagination.

So beautifully entertaining and healthy to being, calmly and enthusiastically falling between pages of my mind.

Collecting tones and notes that will eventually fill my mind with the symphonies and melodies of this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving And Receiving Wonder

Slamming against the summer sun, lightening takes itself
into thunderous applause of storm clouds, arranging them-
selves in aisles of distant and far-reaching equations.

They have no way of reaching a simple solution unless
first figured through poetical interludes and/or inter-
jections.

Solemn and sublime, giving and receiving the wonder of
intellect, tasting senses as their desires are rising,
listening and finding certain elements that fall into
corners of my mind.

Rocking and rolling to beats of interior moments, loving
their vibrant and totally tantalizing remarks through
their lyrics.

Sounds falling down all around me, searching and giving
all answers that are needed to fulfill inner senses and
desires of tomorrow.

Nothing able to interrupt or hinder anything that I am
doing in this life, for nothing matters at all in the
reality of a lifetime, only that of helping others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Answers

Today holds a lonesome being within, lost and forsaken, not looking for sympathy or companionship, preferring to be alone and writing poetry.

Loving the loneliness in it's stark reality, it takes me into depths that I could never enter at other times in life.

An open and vast land of learning, an experience of tant-amount importance when writing poetry.

It is a great feeling in spite of the sorrowful emotions that continue to harness me day and night, always giving answers to questions of possibility.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Away Time

Waking to a new morning, watching life rise and get
moving, people getting ready for or going to work,
taking their children to school, going shopping.

Everyone with something to do, finding tasks to keep
them busy throughout the day, all types of things to
give away time in pursuit of happiness and joy.

Filling calendars with lists of things to do just to
stay busy, never considering time to just sit still
and contemplate on their spiritual interior life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Back

Lively and livid, taking an avid stance for the betterment
of all of mankind.

Nothing else to be gotten from life, now only giving back
to it.

Solemn participation taking hold, wanting to increase the
pleasure of everyone in life.

Nothing falling through the fissures of politics, finding
answers to so many problems and mistakes teeming through
lasting misfortunes of another time.

Performing the actuality of every aspect, leaving no one
out in the cold, no matter the race, creed or nationality.

Leaving behind prejudice and hatred of centuries, no longer
fitting our lives in this new 21st century.

Even politically correct nonsense is outdated and must be
banned for there is nothing correct about it - there never
was.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Back Dreams

Rushing into the beginnings of new life, alive in
Christ tonight.
Totally availing of everyone's presence, we are
continuing His work as we let our dreams go back
to Him for they are far better off in His hands
than ours.
We will receive more from life now that we have
given Him our lives to do with as He wants.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Comfort

Rising emotions, wanting to be expressed so as not to be felt anymore.
Lifting eyes heavenward, seeing angels gathering, halos shining, waiting to help people who are suffering and in pain.
Wishing to take everyone under their wings to ease their stress and give them heavenly comfort.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Complete Peace

Solitary puzzles finding their way into intellect, being solved through imagination.

Silently enjoying all that has been given through creative processes, developing continually within this being.

Solemn and beautiful, taking forever into depths no one else can enter, giving complete peace that is needed.

So tender and carefully writing with this heart and it's contents, giving essence a burst of intense energy.

Sorrow at times filling me with tears thinking of past memories and crying for what I no longer have.

Then the next moment, looking up and forward to what I will soon be able to grasp hold of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Definition To Reality

Increasing tension is slowly building within, talent
taking me far from it's feelings as I write deeply
into poems of deliberate meaning.

Focusing on beauty instead, that is found in nature
and it's careful life, bound by nothing, thinking only
of nothing, as my mind goes on it's own, grasping thoughts
from somewhere in the universe.

Placing them here in poetry, rapidly and swiftly giving
definition to the reality of life and being a positive
influence in everything that comes about, a noticeable
difference in whatever I happen to learn or write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Endurance

Roaming this earth in poetical stances of intellect,
giving ideas room to be nurtured and flourish, sonnets
flowing into classical music as I compose it endlessly.

Totally receptive to everything, noticing every detail
as my mind focuses, never forgetting to give them a line
or two within a poem.

A delicacy of intellect that enhances and enriches life,
giving me an inner endurance poetically vibrant, vividly
enlivening my spirit.

It's effervescent beauty shining through nature and imag-
ination, causing a forest of thoughts to be captured by
an interior waterfall flowing into my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Entire Being

Words rolling from your mind as you talk to me, giving an opportunity to see you in your glory, faults and all.

Noticing goodness, compassion and love that you hold with in, letting yourself face me with no shame, no regrets.

Giving your entire being to be accepted as you want me to be accepted by you.

An unconditional and pure transcendental love, straight from one soul to another.

Two soulmates coming together at last here on earth, no sacrifices too great to make, a perfect sense of joy from one to another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Essence To Purpose

Tantalizing and getting me filled with energy from within
inner rhythms, building ever higher into an innate atmo-
sphere.

Giving my purpose it's essence, ongoing and effervescent,
taking me altogether into another dimension where I write
incessantly, filling my being with poetical icons.

Total positive attitudes formed within all of it and now
used to live life accordingly, everything stemming from
inside intellect, being nourished through my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Everything

Hunger for your touch, as I wait in anticipation for you
to come into my life, soothing every wrinkle of sorrow
with your unconditional love.

Being compassionate, full of desire reaching into this
mind and heart totally with yours in turn.

Giving everything to one another, sacrificing ourselves
just to be together and finding the essence of our hearts
now combined.

Filled at last with the splendor of life in each other's
hearts and souls while here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Expectations

Particular in many ways, always wanting to write
and be alone to think about many thoughts hiding
within my mind.

Exceptional auras and cognition, giving expectations
a purpose to look forward to in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Explanations

Swaying, leaving everything being held in choruses of beauty,
sung by people finding their voices through karaoke.
Lifting spirits, uplifting inner gifts, giving them expression
through explanations of songs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Expression

Sensing a detrimental occurrence happening in the past as it drips into my soul without fear of being captured and thrown out.
Accepting it, testing and giving it expression helps to calm it down.
Being able to deal with it's feelings expressly in words written to expose all hidden aspects of whatever happens to be stepping out into the light of day - finally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Expressions

Reaching into depths of reason I find no logic loitering there, it is existing on another plain for now.
Knowing soundlessly it resides beneath waves of learning,
creating new patterns for living, temporarily stationed
on pathways of subconscious levels interiorly destined
for fate.
Walking tirelessly down back country roads, looking to
nature for exceptions and definitions of life, giving of
self to their expressions, becoming fruitfully divine in future episodes of life beyond living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Freely To This Poetical Life

Running with the wind, wild and free, having been liberated
from the past and all of it's pain and suffering, now lead-
ing a life of purpose.

Having passion climbing like ivy within my being, seeing
effervescent colors of a rainbow searing feelings and emo-
tions as they explode.

Sending sounds and rhythms flowing through the atmosphere,
nothing to hold back, giving freely to this poetical life
with an unusual energy filling me constantly.

Serving an interior spirituality entirely, not allowing
life and it's misery to interfere with all as I continue
to write poetically of life, nature and qualities of
beauty found everywhere on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving From Hearts

Winding into the afternoon, feeling expectations rising
within, socially penetrating the environment.

Leaving me in the midst of a crowd of bikers, enjoying
all festivities, taking time to meet and greet everyone.

A great time being had by all of us here, Colleen for
Ovarian Cancer, getting money to fight it totally.

Listening to funky music, living in it's beat completely,
fresh and vibrant, bringing life to greater heights.

With every moment spent with all these positive bikers,
taking life in hand, giving from their hearts to a very
good cause.

Hopefully contributing to a cure for ovarian cancer in
the near future, everyone contributing and doing their
part to bring it about eventually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Gifts

Drinking in every nuance, climbing edges of canyons,
holding on to the important aspects and facets of
entire lifetimes.
Catching rhythms and enlightening them through
prose.
Giving gifts from my mind to others who may divine
something spiritual from within them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Guests Opportunities To Digest

Finding our cultures not so very different in the basic
form, when someone is a guest in your home, much pleasure
is derived when they like and appreciate what you've done
for them.

Yet, at times you must put your self and ego aside to lis-
ten carefully to them, after trying something once and
finding that it burns their throat, even though the host
has cooked it just for them.

Politely waiting a few minutes and trying it again, might
make it more to one's liking, giving your guest's taste
buds a chance to adjust to this new taste, it may be just
enough where they'll be able to eat it without any trouble.

Getting angry with your guest because they were shocked by
the hot spiciness and told you so, is no reason to take the
food and throw it away, insulting them in the process for
something not under their control.

Always giving your guest every opportunity to try something
in their own way, then if it cannot be eaten because it's
too hot or spicy let them tell you the truth, don't force
your ideas on them, that's never a good thing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Hearts In Return

Everybody is always looking out for themselves, no one
to be trusted to care about individuals it seems, there
are a few exceptions throughout life.

Reaching out, taking our hand, giving their hearts in
return to help out where it's needed, an unselfish and
caring heart.

Proclaiming the love of God within themselves and sharing
it with another where God also dwells, whatever you do
for another that you do also for me, said Jesus.

How powerful is that statement when thinking of it through
our service to others in this world, it makes a difference
in our lives if only we keep it in mind when seeing some-
one in need.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Hope

Watching visions of yesterday progress in succession,
taking me along winding roads, over rough trails and
into ocean's depths where intellect abides, giving me
hope to keep moving forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Hopeful Thoughts

Signaling thoughts waving in an ocean of imagination,
as I wade through ripples of sand in watery graves of the past.
Sending messages into the very within of my soul, giving hope
to an essence of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Ideas Free Rein

Signaling brain cells to energize and start writing on picture screens, what I'm thinking.
Planning formulas, patterns, thoughts, giving free rein to all ideas.

Creating from novel memories, coordinating every form as it gels, becoming music as melodies hit me within and feed senses, awakening with astounding clarity and definition.

Preparing neurons to collect, save and enter everything into synapses, calculating the essence of what is being stated on picturesque, photographic screens.

Picturing beautiful flowing, tender sounding harmonies as they crash into my mind, giving me a serene calmness as I write.

Contemplating deeply inside my being, not bothered by any untoward disturbances or annoyances.

Totally withdrawn, deeply into myself, where I can be alone and write, not bothered by anyone or anything in my environment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Impressions

Tranquilizing effects of imagination are
stored completely inside where they can
do the most good for others.

Intelligent conversations abound in details,
where fortunate circumstances turn about,
giving impressions that'll last forever in
memories, absent during death's entrance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving In

Sparkling waters, sun glistening it's bluey eyes.
Like diamonds strewn upon a velvet field within my reach.
Waving ever so slightly, beckoning all to come nearer.
Giving in to temptation, as closer we draw near.
Suddenly, they disappear and can again be seen seconds later - only they're too far out of reach again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving In To Death

Sitting in a serious space of time, dealing with an emptiness not of my doing.
It makes things triply worse because of that.
Splitting apart from life, I sidle closer to death's embrace, looking forward to it's peaceful sleep, deepened by the moment I close my eyes.
Finding myself no longer, I totally give in to death's mystery at long last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving In To My Heart

Reasons abound why I should give up and go my separate way, yet then I see the beauty of my mind taking me inside a vast universe that never bars me from it's depths.

Always taking me into it's heart, giving love, unconditionally, without any strings attached to it.

A strengthening fiber of this mind not giving in, letting my heart have it's way with the essence of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving In To The Tears

Showing videos of many yesterdays on photographic screens,
relating all the moments of life with meaning and feelings,
our emotions dictating how we are to feel.

In difficult situations, not caring how it's hurting, just
throwing caution to the wind, carrying on throughout the
years.

Always finding means and ways of delivering our spirits in-
to desires of spirituality rising and falling, captivating
energy that has always taken us down roads of mystery.

There we've focused an interior light upon sadness and deep
abandonment while trying to find our way around devastating
experiences.

In the end, giving in to the tears that have been shredding
our hearts with their broken shards of past dreams and love
in the yesterdays of what once was our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Incessant Energy

Settling into the silence of an interior atmosphere,
being held spiritually here in my being.

Finding solace and serenity needed to exist, peace-
fullness filling my soul through intellectual pursuits
constantly.

Rhythms carrying me through melodies and harmonies,
affecting my mind, touching it with the ecstasy of
poetry that never leaves me.

Only giving this incessant energy that always carries
me into the future through spiritual realms, helping
to stay calm in a harried world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Inspiration Time

Waking up every morning, thinking and applying ideas into poetry immediately, dancing to rhythms that continually fill me with their coded beats and measures.

Fulfilling intellect and giving this mind feelings of satisfaction and quiet happiness that lasts the entire day, a wonderful and lively way to experience every moment.

Stillness crawling upon my being, calming and soothing every thought and nerve within, every particle and fiber relaxing, giving inspiration time to blossom from an inner intuition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Intellect A Push

Thrilling to the incessant beat of the drums,
taking us along measures of rhythm, leading
the parade of life down existent pathways.
Pressing the notes, getting all they can
from each one as they stomp and roll around
my brain.
Untethered by any obstacle, no barriers ever
in the way, as my essence pushes itself into
the prime circle of light, where it shines
brightly in the form of illuminated imagination,
giving intellect a push in the right direction.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Intellect A Sneak Peek

Accomplishing possibilities daily, always looking
first of all into aspects that others find impossible,
creating concepts from there and going beyond them.

Allowing for human error and mistakes, going through
my mind, seeing the entire picture on photographic
screens, hidden interiorly within my being.

Giving intellect a sneak peek at what I am thinking,
forming, shaping, creating, formulating from these
many impossibilities.

Concepts constantly being attracted by abstracts that
my mind sees and blends together with the beauty of
them all.

Wonder declaring itself often, causing curiosity to
take that into consideration and question it also
when searching innately through everything.

Find tuning every particle and fiber within my being,
collecting, gathering, measuring and obtaining all that
is needed for the final picture and essence of every
concept conceived.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Intellect An Open Door

Wonder taking me into depths of beautiful landscapes there finding an essence within nature, watching images fill this mind so naturally and effortlessly.

Thoughts unable to resist, wanting to be written into poetry instantaneously, giving intellect an open door to listen to music.

Mind empty, not a single thought, then suddenly they begin to flow from an interior waterfall the very moment the first note begins to play.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Intellect Exercise

Enjoying rhythms as they dance within my mind joyously,
giving intellect the exercise it always desires.

Carrying the beauty of sunlight into melodies I'm now
listening to, filtering sorrow of life into tones and
measures of time.

As they continue to take me into depths of intellect,
there creating and developing ideas by which poetry
is grown and nourished.

Eventually blossoming into many gardens of poetical
beauty throughout this mere poet's life and then
gathering bouquets to place in musical compositions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Lessons

Showering life with sacrifices and suffering, giving lessons
to learn by, hoping to teach others how to have respect and
compassion in this life for people.

Not everyone learning what is being taught, causing problems
for all of humanity, bringing evil and crime into our lives,
testing our character, breaking our habits.

Making us take another look at ourselves through reflections
of mirrors being held in front of us throughout this temporary
life.

Suffering and loss taking us through steps of grief even
though we may prefer not to go there, living on edges of
another tomorrow, away from other people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Life A Break

Stepping to rhythms of a waltz as it fills the atmosphere
on the dance floor.

Descending upon each person, alighting on their shoulders,
smiles broad and innocent, beginning to take strides into
melodies of Christmas songs.

Happy and joyous, congregating on the floor, holding hands,
stepping to one carol after another, finding peace in doing
so for a little while.

Giving life a needed break as they rest a beat now and then,
visions of dance partners swimming around their heads.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Life A Reason

Crying from depths of sorrow where life has been drowned and turned inside out, leaving hope stranded on a deserted shore alone.

Playing silently in this mind, watching tears floating away with the tide, lying upon tiny rafts of significance, over-riding difficulties and hardships in life.

Constantly listening to music to give this life a reason for being and existing in a poetical world of joy and happiness for whatever time is left to live.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Life Expectations, Making A Difference

Silence quietly, softly, enfolding passion within my being, trusting in the beauty of a sacred holiness that is being shone from within.

Lasting effects filling my being with hopes and promises of a new tomorrow, splendid and fabulous, entreating the interior atmosphere of my soul.

Bringing it forward into the present where visions of the future are also now being shown unendingly, giving life expectations that are making a difference in the way I live my life from now on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Life Sensations

Realizing energy of this life as it fills me through
writing, having happiness and joy together, a favorite
pastime of mine.

So beautiful and such a delicate balance ascertained
by this temporary time on earth, achieving attainment
of an attuned life.

Taking me forward on pathways of enlightenment into
the future, loving all the beauty, thoughts and ideas
filling my mind on a continual basis.

Reaching ever inward for splendid feelings and emotions
that touch me so gently and tenderly, giving my life
sensations from every sense that was given at birth.

Complacent and serene, finding a joy that continually
spreads within, always being and keeping self in an
interior spirituality and contemplation.

Forever knowing the love of God through everything that
I have ever gone through or will go through, nothing
else really mattering.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Love And Caring

Feeling the need to improve my life through helping others around the world, bringing people to the forefront of where they ought to be in each of our lives.

Treating everyone with dignity and respect, giving them love and caring they are deserving of here on earth, we were all created equal and need to be reminded of this fact.

No one is better than any other person, no matter what their egos are telling them, opening ourselves to people in other countries can only bring goodness to everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Meaning

Life is holding me safely in it's arms, giving it purpose
and a priority through poetry.

Giving of self in depths of many words, this poet's life
has meaning as I continue to write life into the future
of another horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Meaning And Purpose To Moments

Lights shining brightly in my mind, tantalizing thoughts
to be written down.

Listening to music, being filled with inspiration, an
insipid and treasured facet of this life.

Innate talent giving meaning and purpose to every moment,
encompassing attitudes, moods, thoughts and ideas into
motions.

Wandering about looking for just the right sequence to
form sentences of just and vibrant messages.

Lights continue shining brightly in my mind, tantalizing
thoughts written down to be read and understood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Meaning In Measures Of Life

Riding measures of time in life, enjoying reading coded messages along the way, knowing exactly what they mean, giving meaning to writing and composing music.

Smiling within, loving feelings of peace and humor that are now filling this poet, so close God is now, holding me as His child that I've always been.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Meaning To Loneliness

Precious moments taking me by the hand, graciously leading forward into a journey of liberty.

Beautiful atmospheres floating through skies of lightened blue, dreams flowing through my mind unharried, slowly spreading their essence throughout my being.

Sidling along with images and visions, to tunes of intense feeling, giving a meaning to loneliness as it continually grasps thoughts within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Meaning To Mere Words

Dancing to measures of time as they rock into my soul,
touching this mind with reverberations that never quit,
just keep enticing me interiorly.

Associating designs of rhythm with invisible codes, en-
joying them all as they are played again and again through
poetry that I'm writing.

Giving meaning to mere words as I put them together in the
form of a poem, showing everyone the truth of my mind in
every moment of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Meaning To Nature

Sticking inner thoughts out into the atmosphere to capture the beauty of life at it's best.
Sending messages throughout time, giving meaning to all of nature and saving it carefully in poems of living matter.
Becoming future music for the world, enjoying the light airiness of rhythm's force.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Mirror Effects

Pantomime working away in my mind, wondering at it's
being in intellect's vision.

Watching as it attaches to rhythms and voices, giving
mirror effects of what I'm listening to.

Creating an atmosphere not usually seen, invigorating
and developing passion through incessant rhythms.

Lifting me higher into spiritual realms from music as
I write poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Needed Nutrients

Recapturing youth through vibrant memories, living interiorly on photographic screens continually and always.

Watching energy had when younger, focusing it now into my mind, concentrating with everything I've got within on it.

Changing molecules, rearranging, aligning them in an order where they should be set, special needs being spread throughout my mind and body.

Nurturing them with the utmost care, giving my essence nutrients it needs to keep me going, living life with a positive and energetic attitude.

Getting through life with the existence of inner spirituality that continually grows into my being, taking me into the pure energy of my spirit.

Loving the beauty sparkling all around while thinking and keeping my mind in realms of intellect and it's imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Off Energy

Sounding boards always ready within my brain to listen
to music.

Finding depths of being human, hiding in the rhythms,
incessantly being heard through coded messages of
enlivening sounds.

Giving off an energy, always being kindled in wonders
of intellect.

Ringing the synapses so they respond along with the
neurons specially attuned to do so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Opinions

Books of learning are taught by those who don't even know what they've read.
Yet, they continue to teach what they think, giving their opinions ad nauseum,
living, making money off of other people's wisdom.
Caring never to tell the truth so it may be finally known and taught
compassionately without lies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Our Hearts

Reaching into the future our needs fall into place,
giving our hearts what is felt by our desires and
total love, all encased within our beings.

Being engulfed and held so tightly, giving of one-
self to the other, as rhythms of our hearts combine
in tempos that rest within our passion.

Taking us into heights of other dimensions, lifting
us into another universe where there is only love
fulfilling our beings.

Touching us genuinely and perfectly every moment that
we remain intimately involved, expressing our love and
thoughts to one another.

A silence being touched upon, giving us wonder, filling
us with another purpose through loving one other on
this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Passion A Boost

Music staccatoely taking me down lanes of rhythmic beauty, never veering from their purposes, only bringing an intense desire of love into the moment.

Causing my heart to stir, giving passion a boost as you and I rise into another atmosphere, fulfilling the emptiness that used to find elaborate fantasy's settled into depths of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Peace

Receiving many moments of bliss first thing in the morning,
appreciating gifts I was born with.

Expressing gratitude within every poem that is being written
from an interior contemplation.

Feelings of intense energy fulfill every particle of being,
solitude and serenity giving peace I so desperately need
through writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Pleasure

White clouds floating across the sky, giving pleasure as I watch them alter and change themselves with help from the wind and air currents.

Invisible to the eyes except for the movement of the clouds, catching hold of one of them, climbing atop, sailing away into the sunset.

All fears and doubts left behind to live without cognitive thoughts, allowing them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Poems Flavor

Splashing and crashing upon this mind, thoughts, ideas,
definitions finding their way onto interior shores of
familiar horizons.

Teasing this mind with vibrant images and picturesque
landscapes, believing in innate talent as I watch it
being displayed on photographic screens.

Always thinking in pictures, seeing every detail in my
mind that these eyes have seen and senses have felt,
tasted, sounded, giving all poems a flavor that repeats
itself in everything that I write constantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Reasons To Continue

Nature beckoning again to come and write of it's many
aspects, as it trips gaily throughout the morning
sunrise.

Being touched and tantalized by rays of beautiful sun-
light streaming into my being, giving reasons to
continue writing and living in the realms of nature's
avenues.

Strictly adhering to beauty surrounding poetical verses,
as they are created and founded in many natural visions
and being articulated in many styles and forms of verses
as the poet.

Stilling and calming any troublesome ideas, turning them
around and continuing into recesses of intellect where
they always find a home for their entire lives.

Being transferred to libraries filled with literature
for unending reading into the future by whomever wants
to read them after I am definitely gone from this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Recognition

Here in the kitchen, sitting at Tushar's house, his wife
finding it difficult without him, house seems deathly
filled with his emptiness.

Having been the sunshine of his family, always encom-
passing everyone who came to visit him, now there's no
more welcoming smile, no happy hellos to be heard.

Tushar is definitely being missed by family, friends and
me, life has become an empty space, poetry of mind, body
and spirit lying on paper unread by anyone.

Scientific studies and journals no longer being filled
with his brilliant knowledge and wisdom, the whole world
is still mourning the pillar of science.

Yet, I choose to recognize him forever for he discovered
me and I want him to get full and total recognition for
it throughout the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Sacrifices

Standing here watching as life falls down, sacrifices being given for naught it seems, yet where would we be without them.

How would we learn the lessons we need to know in order to improve this world for everyone, it's a shame that some refuse to listen or learn.

Continuing to hurt and maim others for their own selfish reasons, wishing everyone could live in peace, working towards that one factor while I'm still alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Self

Receding into the background, hoping to disappear from
sight, living on edges of another time, wishing to be
back there again.

Deserving so much in this world, yet being dealt next to
nothing, sitting within, giving self what is needed to
survive.

Spreading what has been earned, senses of peace and quiet,
a chance to write into the bane of my existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Self Completely

Regal, tantalizing, giving self completely into
arms of a country-western rhythm, laid back, easy
to listen to, unfolding in an atmosphere of pleasure.

Relaxing this mind, exercising intellect with
exacting and precise rhythms, glowing like
effervescent diamonds glittering in the sun.

Finding intense rhythms filling me with their
intensity, bass playing and arousing an inner desire
for more of the same.

An unusual and mysterious melody, enticing and giving
all kinds of thoughts room to swing and sway, just an
all around fun time.

Giving a new way to explore pleasurable feelings in
depths of being aroused within this melody.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Self Space

Forgetting past memories that bring hurtful pain to mind,
not wanting to remember images from back then just now.

Giving self spaces, separating my mind from the memory of
it all.

A lasting solution to deal with what I don't want to deal
with at any given time in life.

Preparing and giving strength to an incessant livelihood
of inherent trepidation.

Holding steadfast in this back alley, taking strides to
keep a positive attitude and not get waylaid.

Moving forward, not looking to the left nor right, a forti-
tude of purpose that holds me together in spite of what
is happening in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Selves Completely

Slipping and sliding down chords of lively music, having so much fun, enjoying all of the feelings that are being brought into being.

Developing and creating landscapes, putting together puzzle pieces of life's particles and fibers, trying to keep the best parts in front of our minds.

Wanting to partake of everyone of them, silent, yet tantalizing, we grow and mature into people we choose to become.

Natures, attitudes, moods and an alignment within our interior universes, giving ourselves completely to God, who ultimately created each of us on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Senses A Voice

Harmonically playing senses in depths of intellect, giving them a voice along with feelings and emotions, creating a mountain of poetical expressions due to their experiences.

Each of them living and breathing in realms of artistic creativeness, loving every moment spent in it's depths, taking every opportunity to explore and test life.

Learning lessons from each and every circumstance, surprised at the solutions we come up with, using them to make our lives smoother while taking tension into moments of serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Senses Freedom

Everlasting and sublime, giving senses freedom to roam and
wander wherever they want, softly penetrating emotions with
an effervescent aura that takes me away For moments at a time.

Throughout life, waiting at bus stops of yesterday, watching
as I look around, wondering what if anything will come along,
filling me with a myriad of possibilities in measures of time
through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Serenity A Voice In Poetry

Living in imagination finding it filled with intellectual
fascination that intrigues and captivates intellect with-
out taking time away from life in any way.

In fact, it gives something more to hold and cherish in
and throughout the years, creating and fashioning more
than portraits of memory.

Giving serenity a voice in poetry being written daily,
standing silently in the repercussions of fantasy while
finding the beauty awaiting us in nature and humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Service

Sacred and lovely are the people who are compassionate,
caring and deliberate in their genuine kindness.

Always there to give a helping hand, offering their
time and services whenever needed.

Seeming to find these places of need and taking up the
slack whenever they are able to.

Many organizations are lucky to have dedicated people
such as these to stand the stead of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving The Best Care

Respecting people while they're in the hospital is vitally essential to their well-being while under your care, being paid for taking care of them you need to do your best.

Taking the utmost care needs to be given, doing whatever possible, not leaving things half-done, or not doing other important things is completely unacceptable.

Patients after surgery especially need proper care and treatment, if you're not fully qualified or decide to neglect your duties, then please move on.

Go into another profession that you would be more suited to, your presence only hinders the patient from getting well in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Thoughts

Tapping keys of an interior piano, playing songs as I compose them according to my intellectual ability.
Crossing many pathways to get to destinations set by fate and destiny.
Climbing onto planes, just to soar above earth without fears to deal with.
Anchoring self with rhythms of the past, yearning for them only.
Collapsing from exhaustion, tired beyond comprehension, yet untiringly keeping up and carrying on.
Racing from one scene to another, sliding across vast acres of musical scores, undaunted by the presage of time.
Allocating time to everyone, giving moments selflessly, hoping to one day understand what life has been about.
Giving full attention to details never catching up or attracting my mind outside of poetical forms and reasons.
Always, creating ideas out of absolutely nothing, giving thoughts to others who may read them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Thoughts Energy

Time is precious throughout the night, moments slipping
by silently in the darkness as we sleep, or as in my
case as I write.

Marking time as I begin and end each poem, showing how
much time is spent in writing each one for thoughts are
never-ending.

Flowing incessantly, giving thoughts energy, placing
them into intellect through poetry, hoping they will
open and blossom in other's minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving To Humanity

Energetic pulses of rhythm flowing through me are giving
a lively and energetic touch of a life being manifested
through a new way of thinking.

Searching and locating new ways of doing so many things,
improving ways of life by giving totally to humanity in
a form never before seen.

Giving from the heart and never counting the cost, gives
an opening into poverty, enabling others to contribute
and give to those who need their help in India.

Living, loving, accepting our lots in life through aiding
others who cross or enter our lives, a truly tremendous
way to bring peace and love to all of us here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Up Secrets

Awakened totally within, flowing rhythms taking me to new
heights of literature.

Having a ball, writing and telling all, giving up secrets
of a lifetime in many poems.

Always enjoying and playfully taking joy rides, finding
ways to live precariously through writing, following many
dangerous trails and life-exciting things to do.

Getting filled with adrenaline, shooting for the stars and
loving every moment, feeling completely alive throughout
my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Us Experiences

Walking through confusion brought to each of us in life,
finding ideas and thoughts that each of us are given
through individual intellects and beings.

Sanctioning sole aspects of communicating, relating to
one another, giving us the experiences that we live and
learn from in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Way

Wandering deserts of my interior spirit, giving way to contemplation as I continually walk in any direction I want.
Always feeling the intense presence of God, knowing He's with me, keeping me company through life's trials and suffering.
Holding my hand, comforting my spirit, giving me hope in His tomorrows.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving You Time

Silently quiet, sitting in years of sorrow and grief, having
nothing inside to hold onto, yet somehow, still being here.

Strength interiorly keeping whole, faith of candlelight
sending hopes and prayers into heaven above.

Resigned to a fate, living on it's edges, knowing that every-
thing will be held together somehow through this night.

Crying and believing, living yet a little longer, just to
give time to learn how to cope when the time comes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Giving Yourself

Performing acts of generosity doesn't always mean giving money,
at times, you can give of yourself, just by lending an ear to
someone who needs to talk.
Opening self to other's needs can bring aid in ways least expected.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glacier Within

Wintry, cold day, causing an intimo of emotion, building a glacier of ice within to hide my tears from all I meet.
Music being played touches my mind, bringing it alive and in tune with life's bizzare requirements.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glaciers Of Sorrow

Gliding along glaciers of sorrow, fulfilling the
iciness of death's embrace around my heart.
Treading meticulously against all odds, skating
across feelings that have all gone numb from
crying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glances Of Images

Cracking into the evening, slices of daylight, fading in disappearing moments of reality.
Locating sheets of forgotten compositions, lying in
disarray with piles of yesterday's memories.
Melodies broken, saturated in pools of tears, left over
from horizons, penetrating my visions today.
Remembering all of the reminders given, in glances of
images and being held in mirrors.
Reflecting themselves in harmonies of a harmonica being
played once upon a time in a past I have already lived through.
Having come the distance thus far, I settle in for the
long haul, as I continue following my purpose while
swallowing sufferings with the instrumentation of my
soul's mysterious rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glancing At Awaiting Beauty

Gently surmising and listening to heavenly whispers,
telling me of things to come, looking forward to them.

A glance at the beauty awaiting, a feeling of happiness
at seeing the promises of God are at last becoming a
heavenly reality.

Softly responding in a quiet and timed voice, tears in
my eyes of joy, heart elated, ready to stop it's total
incessant lifetime beating.

A solemn peace, yet filled with happiness at finally
being freed from the ropes of this reality holding me
captive all these long years now.

Doors are opening, soon I will be walking through them,
so happy and proud that I have finally made it into my
final home.

There I will be forever illuminated and enlightened,
intellect and wisdom intact, carrying me through the
gates of heaven and into my final resting place.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glancing At Life

Sitting in the breezeway at the Colorado Belle, glancing out a window and noticing a light brown, tan mountain with some desert plants set upon it by God's own hand.
Reminding me of an anthill as people run around it on their way to fulfilling their busy schedules.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glancing At Memories

Glancing through the years as I look at our Christmas tree, holding memories in every single decoration, and piece of tinsel.
Giving me spiritual confirmation that life will eventually be eternally free.
Images shine from every light, taking me on bittersweet lanes of yesterday's life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glancing Spiritually At Life

Spiritually glancing beyond this sunsetical shore, hoping
to see that my path of destiny has opened a little wider,
wide enough for me to get on and follow it.

Wanting to become the person I was meant to be on another
plain, longing to be safe and calm beyond curtains of
heaven where there's no more suffering or sacrifice.

A world of peace and joy, no more worries of evil and in-
tolerance, wanting only a place to be settled into, taking
life from me into a spiritual world.

Covering and enfolding me forever into infinity, a place
where I can forever be who I'm supposed to be with no
stress and turmoil to take me away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glaring Sun

Sun glaring into my eyes and mind,
sitting on the road before me.
Tauntingly blinding me with no
thought of preventing an accident.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glass Clear Windows

Sitting by a big window at the Desert Rose, eating lunch, looking outside.

Watching cars and people walking, all going by, not knowing that anyone is looking from behind a glass clear window.

Turning my head and looking in toward the restaurant, close by, is sunlight, shining brightly.

Farther back, into the dining room, it's darker, pictures hanging in the dim light.

Decorations blowing gently back and forth, propelled by a little fan.

It matches the feelings inside, of being here and not being a part of anything, except what is inside.

At the other end is a window wall with plants, hanging their personal shingles in the overall view.

Outside again is sunlight and more of what doesn't know that I'm looking at it from inside, through glass clear windows of my eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glass Hearts

Shattered glass hearts lying broken on the ground that once upon a time was sacred in our lives.
Precious moments were spent together as we wended our way towards final days on earth.
Light darkening daily, shutting out the sunshine of tomorrow's life here as one.
Finished at last with our trials, we move forward into a complete change of heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glendale Glitters

Lights blinking, shining, glittering down every street
tonight at Glendale Glitters.

Taking me on a sentimental journey through time, music
playing seemingly just for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gliding Into Imaginative Depths

Tossing and turning, finding sleepless nights become
creative and encourage creativity through intellect.

Soaring totally into the atmosphere, delving into
depths of my mind, locating intense reasons and purposes.

Infiltrating thoughts throughout the day, delivering
such effervescent colors and coded rhythms into the
environment of intellect.

Not resisting any of it, gliding into it's imaginative
depths, while listening intently to melodies and many
harmonies.

As they blend in poetical interludes every moment of my
life, never letting any of it disappear, writing it all
into poetry daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glimmering Reminiscence

Yellowing memories tainted with age and mildew, hoping
for a reprieve from the past for even just a little
while.

Wanting to be relived in minds of vibrant life, seeing
the color and excitement of past times coming alive
once again.

In the present, looking back, smiling and enjoying the
echoes of a glimmering reminiscence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glimmers Of Sunrise

Watching glimmers of sunrise spread across earth, taking in it's splendor and beauty of a bright new day filled with impossibilities.
Life stands alone for moments in solace, reaching for limits that are beyond it.
Yet, fulfillment becomes every person living his or her purpose under heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glimpses Of The Future

Existing on earth, always waiting to re-enter the promised land.

Landing on desert sands, seeing ghosts of yesterday waving their images in my sight.

Visions appearing for moments in time, allowing glimpses of the future every now and then.

Losing all hope, sensing the death of my being on the horizon, knowing that it won't be long now, just waiting for the last moment while writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glistening Appreciation

Listening to lights as they shine in the darkness,
watching as they touch and reflect off of shiny
objects all around.

Spreading a glistening appreciation into the world,
looking beautiful around the holidays, especially
at Christmas time.

Then many colors are strung upon eaves of our homes,
interiorly upon Christmas trees decorated with many
ornaments and tinsel.

Bringing a festive moment to anyone who sees and
appreciates what they actually stand for through our
traditions and religious inclinations.

Beauty, simple, innocent, precious like a child when
coming upon it for the first time as a baby in it's
Mother's arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glistening Hope

Surrendering to an existence that's filled with many tribulations, emptying my spirit at length, always contemplating and gaining strength through faith.

Hope glistening in my mind every moment, bringing a sense of peace to my heart, spirit and soul, comforting my being, giving sustenance to this mere poet in times of difficulty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glistening Like Joy

Bereaved, missing you, wondering how to live with this
broken heart, not wanting to pick up it's pieces for
then tears will fall incessantly.

Watching prisms circling, their rainbows of color touch-
ing my mind, glistening like joy that used to be, now
just living a non-existence without you here with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glistening Tears

Tears glistened many-colored memories, waving gently
in the heated breeze.
Reflecting feelings unknowingly, tugging teardrops from
my heart, bringing them to my moist blue eyes.
Wanting very much to reach out in happiness and become a
part of Christmas cheer, I find I cannot.
Something's holding me in sadness - embracing me with
softened hands, yet showing me the loneliness - the hell
that life is, now that Mom is no longer here.
Mom was the light in all our hearts, the tinsel blowing
gaily with every breeze, the Christmas balls reflecting
all who passed by with friendly eyes.
Mom was the star - the angel - always on top of the tree,
shining her love down upon us - her children.
We miss her very much.
Life is sad now that she's gone.
The top of all our Christmas trees has burnt out.
Now we just lay wreaths and flowers upon a plot of ground.
With no idea of where or why our Mom is gone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glistening Visions

Listening to rhythmic patterns propelling meaning into
every beat as visions glisten and shine within.
Altogether gathering sublime indications too shy to
bring themselves into the open.
Tantalizing them in increments, inching across horizons
soon to be fulfilled.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glittering Passion

Striking while the iron is still hot, that's when we always
seem to get together, lying alongside one another, watching,
seeing passion glittering in your eyes and mine.

A wonderful feeling going through me, exciting and thrilling
so invitingly, interiorly rocking my world night and day,
sparking and quenching desires, totally taking us to heaven
whenever we make love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glittering Textures

Tabulating beauty of nature in messages of four seasons,
giving of themselves in pictures of changing leaves and
budding blossoms in spring.

Mirages of heat waves coming, rising from desert roads
through Phoenix and surrounding areas.

Winter snows never really touching this desert city,
yet two hours away, flakes of snow will brazenly lay
themselves over trees, forests, lawns and cars.

Sprinkling from minds, glittering it's texture as it
roams, placing itself upon the floor of my soul tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glorifying Existence

Traipsing down avenues, belying mistrust and doubt,
catering to ideas of progressive jealousy.
Mind-set away from negative feelings, taking joyful
moments, secreting them inside a corner of my mind
to look at later when alone by myself.
Jotting down images, artistically displaying where
only I can reflect upon them.
Later, showing the world how they look, as I write
everything down as poems in books, glorifying their
existence in the present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glorious Morning

Waking to a glorious morning, taking my time, watching the desert awaken to enjoy it's time with me in a peaceful and serene atmosphere.

Tantalizing beauty touching the energy being held within, giving pleasure to this interior life, satisfying rhythms of my beating heart.

Longings, desires, passion, lying in waiting, hoping soon to be quenched by my love who is still sleeping here beside me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glorious Vision

Silently tiptoeing through a rose garden in depths of heaven.

Such beauty is never found on earth, and I revel in this period of time where I alone can be a part of this glorious vision.

Touching upon the effervescent purposes in this image, giving an enlightened view of what all of us will one day behold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glory Of Our Nation

Watching gusting winds outdoors, blowing brazenly through-
out the courtyard, grasping hold of our American flag,
helping it to flow into the air and wave bravely for our
country no matter what state it is in.

Being a national symbol, it stands only for the convictions,
strength and glory of our nation.

A wonderful and beautiful country, in God we will always
trust, don't think for a moment that we will ever give up
our freedom.

It is part and parcel of who each and every one of us are,
all American citizens who will continue to unite through
all adversity and evil perpetrated by illegals and foreign
enemies.

Even the one right now, standing as a traitor in our White
House, trying to destroy America from the inside out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glower Of Talent

Rushing now, into a fascinating glower of talent,
speaking quickly and easily into mind.

Folding and unfolding inside memories as they
claim destiny in this poem being written.

Likely facets moving around, taking their time
to stir interior thoughts into a huge amount of
rhythm.

Filling my mind with an experience unthought of
before now, yet, thoroughly enjoying rushing
with it's beautiful rhythm up into the
stratosphere, nothing holding me down.

Being pulled genuinely into another sphere of
rhythm, calming incessantly with an inspiring
beauty touching my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Glue Of Passion And Essence

Short and to the point, poetry is so concise, loving to
write it for those reasons.

Finding music interpreting it into prose, because it's
easy for me to do every day.

Mind and intellect illustrating every thought in detail,
nothing standing in the way of it.

Reading pictures upon a photographic screen within my
brain, seeing future visions and ideas fully.

Every detail coming into pictures of thought, leaving
out nothing in the contemplation of everything.

Concepts falling into place, taking abstract ideas and
giving them a place to become, creating and taking them
quietly into mind.

Letting my pen quickly and rapidly write everything down
in poem after poem, never editing any of them throughout
life.

Writing so much every single day in life, always wanting
to be held together with glue of my passion and essence,
giving of myself in each endeavor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gnarled Hands Of Addiction

Gnarled hands of addiction, always reaching out, trying
to grasp people's lives and destroy them.

Children and elderly suffer the most from this terrible
affliction, but those who are addicted cannot see this
truth.

As they continue destroying themselves, all around them
are affected by it.

Amazingly they don't care, their selves are the entire
universe and everyone must cater and tiptoe around them.

No money for food or bills, yet they always have it in
hand to pay for their various addictions.

Excuses for everyone except their pushers, as life falls
down upon those who love them, alienating and driving
them further.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gnawing At Insides

Gnawing away at these insides is something that can't be figured out, haunting and pushing me out into the night.

Riding without any goal, if trying to stop, can't seem to do it at all.

What is behind this late night rendezvous? Where is it's purpose in life?

There are no answers, it just claims life each night with powerful grips of ice.

Never thinking twice because the balance of life is sitting behind the steering wheel, awaiting the word that will say quit.

To Stop driving around at night sounds reasonable, but I fight it to the end, wanting to have my way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gnawing Images

Petrified feelings gnawing their images into my brain,
being painstakingly meticulous and careful.

Exactly provoking patterns in certain arrangements,
so they can be looked at and heard from in any
particular direction.

Softly-lit serenity, set in triangular squares of blue,
luminescent against intrinsic values, stacking them-
selves into secrets for life and it's knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Goals Already Set

Chasing dreams through life, not caring if I catch them
or not, because I have goals set that will be met no
matter what.

Watching tides in life change, recede and return, giving
it a consistency of white river rapids, nothing ever being
certain or for sure.

Living the beauty of an interior spirituality that gives
energy from within my soul and spirit, taking the essence
of life by it's being and transforming everything into
poetry from there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Goals Of Yesterday

Lines statuesquely standing, reminding all of the time we put into life.

There are no short cuts, no secret doors to let us out of what we perceive to be our fate.

Constantly, we fall through barriers, run down barricades, to find ourselves at the same exact spot in life we thought we had left years before, a little wiser perhaps, but no closer to our goals of yesterday.

Degrees of paper, penned with ink, hung on walls of ebony, surrounded by the mahogany of petrified wood.

Taken down, moved, placed in a different room, reminding once again of all the time we put into life and it's agile footholds, unsecured, passed over, left to ruins and distant tatters.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God And I

Intensely soaring into an interior contemplation,
getting away from the world for a while.

Bluened light engulfing my entire being, fading
life going into it's depths where the Divine
dwells.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God Bless Our Veterans

Writhing and living in the tempos as they play my mind,
so temptingly, watching, gyrating to beats that hit my
mind so intensely.

Giving thoughts a ride around my mind, tantalizing and
energizing this heart of mine, so cool and relaxed,
taking my time.

Sitting here with biker friends, talking about Page D's
concert coming up on December 5th, a large percentage
of the proceeds going to the Veterans for Christmas.

A totally wonderful cause as they are our men and women
who have been and are still protecting us from tyranny
outside and now within our country.

Loving my Vets, wanting to do everything possible to help
in any way possible, knowing Page D, a wonderful human being,
giving this concert, not accepting anything for himself.

We volunteers are looking to make this a gigantic success,
hoping to sell all the tickets and have everyone's total
participation.

A blessed event, doing God's work, no sacrifice too great
for our Veterans, God Bless every one of them every moment
of their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God Blessing The U.S.A.

Living in and respecting our country, we Americans are
proud of the U.S.A. and will protect it and our free-
dom with our dying breaths, you can count on it.

Never backing down, the red, white and blue colors never
running from adversity or tyranny, we legal citizens of
America will always be behind our Veterans.

Defending our country and rights with the many sacrifices
they make to do so, loving them, honoring their service
to the U.S.A.

Always ready with a thank you, sparks of patriotism lit
by each of them, taking us into the circle of liberty
and freedom forever.

Believing in God as He continues to Bless the United
States of America, cheering for our nation, the land of
the free and the brave, thanks to our Veterans.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God Blessing Us

Strolling along lover's lane, just the two of us hand in hand, believing in each other's love, happy that we've found one another in this life.

Happiness and joy filling us with great pleasure, laughing, enjoying everything in this life as one my love, earnestly being faithful and true.

Never failing to be there for one another, living in the sanctity of our love, giving and receiving, sharing our lives through sorrow, sadness grief and loss.

Never missing an opportunity to help when one or the other of us is sick or in need, God always blessing us both forever my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God Knows

Learning devastating news, yet letting God take
over my life, knowing everything will be according
to His plan.
Meanwhile, continuing writing to the very last
moment of my life, whenever that will be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God Speaking Through Intellect

Texting in mind, words being spelled out constantly
as I fall asleep amid the sentences that I'm writing.

Watching as each one is written, taking pride in
what is being said in one poem after another.

Knowing though, that it is God speaking through my
intellect and not of my own doing at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God Stands With Me

Puzzles of eternity are scattered within on the floor
of my soul, waiting to be picked up and put together.

Forming future pictures of what life will be like, now
touching upon the Divine.

Placing my soul in God's hands, no worries or doubts,
nothing to be afraid of, knowing God stands with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God The Backbone Of Life

Our world is filled with honest, decent, hard-working, God-
fearing people, why then are we letting corrupt, greedy
people take over our governments.

Ripping apart what we truly stand for, yet justice, righteous-
ness, truth and honesty must prevail, we all must step up,
unite and take our world back.

Each country doing what needs to be done to preserve humanity,
we can do this together, each of us is an integral piece of
the puzzle for peace, serenity and hope for our world.

Let's never stand down, retreat or give up for if we do, we
are doomed as we lose everything we've worked for throughout
our lives.

Prayer, faith, God - all part of the backbone of our lives,
giving us an inner strength that nothing can defeat, for if
God is with us no one can defeat or go against us and win.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God Understood

Looking back on life, thinking of all the dangerous
and dare devil things that I've done through the years.

Knowing somehow that God understood my need for doing
so as He always protected me from being seriously hurt.

It never mattered to God what I did, as long as I always
tried to do what was right in His eyes.

Going to confession, Mass, Holy Communion, praying, and
contemplating, using the innate gifts He has given me.

Touching others lives through His wisdom while writing
poetry, knowing it was always His doing that inspired
others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God Will Take Care Of Evil

Quietly pondering what is going on in life, finding that everything is falling apart more and more thanks to obama's stupidity and treasonous acts against all Americans.

Yet, holding on, knowing that he's going to get his very soon, looking forward to his life going down the tubes because he deserves it after all the innocent people dying because of his treason.

God will take care of his evil much better than any of us ever could, so let him suffer for sins, unfortunately his two adopted daughters are going to suffer along with him, but he doesn't seem to care at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God Within Us

Steeples rising into the sky, touching clouds,
reminding us that God is not far away.

Entering churches below them, walking into the
mystery and silence of what God is all about.

Being touched by this love, feeling it knowingly
without needing any explanations describing His
presence.

Finding God in our hearts, filling them with love
and answering our prayers from within ourselves,
that is the power of God within us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God Would Agree

Life is standing before me, questioning and puzzled,
wanting to know what I want to do with the time I
have left.

Thinking, knowing there are way too many things I want
and know I don't have that much time in which to do them.

So, I will have to set priorities, make a list and see
what happens in the end.

As long as I can be free to do what is needed to help
others that would be my top priority.

That is important to me and those who need my help, I'm
sure God would agree.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God's Hand

Looking up to heaven, seeing clouds formed and
shaped in beautiful schemes of imagination.
Noticing God's hand, index finger beckoning me
to follow Him to heaven and not look back.

(9/5/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God's Handiwork

Insinuating our lives with beauty and poise we enter
reality, unafraid of it's terror and noise.
Becoming and allowing our lives to take steps at a
time to our lasting horizons, watching the wonderful
timing of God's handiwork.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God's Hands

Sleepiness falls away as music plays in early
morning hours.
Awakening to a new dawn, an opening day becomes
before us.
Laying out early gifts of daylight as it streaks
into our mind's eyes, bringing us to an awareness
of God's hands in our lives.
Totally immersed in His sunrise we raise our
beings for whatever purpose He has planned for
us today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God's Helpers

Whispers of heavenly angels fill this mind with their angelic voices, looking around, seeing them performing performing good works.

Helping us at every turn, God's helpers here on earth, providing everyone with the blessedness of heaven, holding sacred everything we've been given by God.

Truth and honesty prevailing in people of pure hearts, never running amok or hurting another, bringing peace to many, putting themselves aside to do so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God's Love

Unsurpassed love holds you
close to God's love as He
sets you free to fulfill
His purpose in your life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God's Not Ready For Me

Living on the circumference of life, looking over the
edges, wanting to jump in totally.

Nothing holding me anymore, having let go of the final
thread of life.

Knowing that the only reason I am still existing is
that God is not yet ready to take me with Him.

Although I am ready, willing and able, looking forward
to the peace that is awaiting my presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God's Own Nature

Stately palm trees blocking a once beautiful view of
an entire desert mountain, taking focus away from
sloping edges and rough cuts up above.
Clouds scattering themselves in airy spaces all
around the steeples of God's own nature.
Houses marring the surface of mountainous altitudes
with their farcical man-made architecture.
Only inside my mind can I describe the beauty of
such heights on our horizon with cacti spread over
cliffs, crags and boulders of strength.
How unfair of man to destroy what God has made and
put here for all of our enjoyment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God's Panoramic Views

Panoramic views of God's awesome desert nature,
opening hearts and souls in prayer of praise to
Him.

Touching beauty starkly staring back at you,
giving way to an awe, expectantly emanating from
your eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God's Pillow Fight

Skies filled with many fluffy white clouds, looking
like God has had a pillow fight with the angels.

Clouds are thrown about, many of them piled atop each
other, the fight left by some of the angels too tired
to continue.

Happy and contented, left lying about the sky, is a
beautiful picture, bringing a smile to this heart and
face.

Knowing that God has some fun also at times, makes Him
seem closer to my being here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God's Plan

Listening to an interior spirit, finding truth and love
is overflowing through the essence of spirituality, now
spreading across American soon to encompass the world.

Special people coming out of the darkness, being lights
in this world, leading everyone into the beauty of peace
on earth.

Taking notice and uniting, standing up for liberty and
freedom for everyone across the board, soaring into sky-
ways that tend to take us into the bluened light.

Sparking spirituality and going interiorly, specific and
beautiful, finding sacrifices are never too much when it
it for all of humanity and finding world peace.

Shaping the future of our children with the movement we
are now starting, being nourished and nurtured throughout
the United States and soon to the world itself.

A simple and easy plan given to us by God, therefore it
cannot be defeated and takes hold with a vengeance evil
will never be able to break apart again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God's Space

Shining florescently greenish yellow,
beautiful flowing mesquite trees treat
us with their majesty.

Standing out upon a barren, brown desert,
touching our souls with their prayerful
hold on us.

Relegating beauty it's rightful place on
earth, we relax and praise God for His
space within each of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God's Upper Hand

Justice being meted out by God, Himself, seeing evil
people hurting and maiming the innocents of our world.

Taking them out with strength of might and goodness,
not allowing any of them to win or get the upper hand
in any way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God's Will

God comes to me even though I am little and weak.
He provokes me to do good, yet my will is not strong enough to do so all the time.
His will seems so far-fetched at times,
but in the end I find that is not the story.
Because, by round-about ways, I've been brought even closer to Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

God's Writing

Tenderly gracing life with blessings from above,
testing our characters and forthright honesty in
all matters.
Taking heart-felt motives and placing trust within
where God resides, waiting for us to come to Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Going Against The Grain

Reminders of good times spent in the past, images
and videos of life when younger, happy and pleasant,
nothing to mar or destroy them.

Wishing to go back in time, reliving certain aspects
of it now, perhaps finding things that missing now in
life.

Having lived a life that could have been so different,
choices taken for better reasons than letting life
just go with the flow.

Interests lying in science, math, physics, psychology,
theology and philosophy, instead going into nursing
for some reason.

Wanting to be a brain surgeon more than anything else,
had I become one, perhaps my ideas would have helped
several friends who have inoperable brain tumors.

Having ideas on how to take care of them permanently,
not able to get them into practice because I am only
a mere poet, not a research scientist.

Life can be so lonesome, nothing good can come of it,
are thoughts coming constantly to mind, now knowing
that life is what it is, a result of making choices
going against the grain at times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Going Ahead

Rapid movement falling quickly in step with rhythm,
taking time along in measures of music.

Folding quixotically into the future, not sure of
what will be forthcoming and going ahead anyway.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Going Back

Memories flowing, rushing into my mind without reserve.
Strengthening the ties that bind me with the past,
giving me back my family for moments at a time.

Exercising quietly in corners of imagination, quoting
whatever I see in depths of subconsciousness beneath me.

Taking everything in stride as I wade waist-high into
visions capturing my attention, and taking me back to
the good old days of youth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Going Deeper Inside

Registering within as I listen, look and learn about
everything possible.

At times being angry or sad, going deeper inside of
self, not wanting to experience anymore despair.

Wanting so much more from life that I will ever get,
yet no one else can gather blessings of God through
poetry, using the innate talent He has given to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Going In Circles

Certain facts come to life through conversations with friends, finding possibilities of things that are now troubling them.

Listening, going in circles with them many times over, trying to let them know that no matter what they think or how they present it the fact remains that love for them will still remain the same no matter what.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Going In Perfect Time

Listening to music, beats keeping time to rhythms
when all of a sudden a black crow comes flying low
in front of me.

Wings flowing in perfect time with the rhythm that
is playing right now.

So perfectly, smoothly, beautifully, landing on the
side of a garbage can looking for food within it.

Finding something, it flies off to rhythms beating
in time behind it's wings in the distance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Going Inside

Crocodile tears falling, absolutely devastated within, crying shamelessly without end.
Finally giving in to a suicide of sorts, isolating totally, not wanting to recognize the world around me, blocking it out, protecting myself from being hurt again.
Building sorrow, crushing me from inside, exploding my mind, taking my personality and hiding it away forevermore.
Taking no chances, defying everyone, going inside with my thoughts, visions, writing, feelings.
No one may enter my abyssmal life again, there is no longer any way in.
Privacy is all I crave, to be happy alone in a jungle of my own, out of reach of reality and it's suffering.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Going Into An Interior Life

Turmoil and challenges on earth take our time and energy
away from things that really matter, like loving our own
families and spending every spare moment with them.

Trying to be in a good mood, keeping a positive attitude,
yet at times it becomes nearly impossible, praying, going
into an interior life filled with peace and serenity.

Helping a lot to focus and stay on track, listening to
music, rhythms playing all the time, collecting thoughts
to write into poetry at the drop of a hat.

Incessantly keeping time in measures of rhythm, finding
moments to be with family, placing precious moments into
photographic memories for times when I'm lonely and by
myself when elderly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Going Into Self - Depths

Rushing through writing in explicit rhythms of rapid
tempos situated in music.

Going into depths of self, looking away from life,
instead, grasping the reins of my black stallion.

Riding into the darkest nights, not looking back or
forward only down inside of myself so I can find some
of what is left of me.

(4? 17 p.m. - 2/24/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Going My Way Leisurely

Tender and easily harmed, a delicate balance of nature
that needs to be respected and cared for.

Responding to the beauty of nature's landscapes as I
walk into it's depths, finding many things that I have
not seen before, because I was in such a hurry.

Now taking time, in so rush or hurry, just looking and
feeling everything gently as I go my way, leisurely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Going On

Serious and positive about life and it's foibles,
knowing that it cannot always be perfect, because
it's an imperfect life.

We are after all, only human beings, not gods and
we fail and make mistakes along the way through
this life.

Trying to pick ourselves up again, continuing the
best we can, living and losing throughout the years,
feeling sorrow, loneliness, heartache and abandonment.

It tears our hearts, breaking them apart, at times
ripping our very souls, yet going on, making the best
of things, we wend our way.

Crying, isolating, being angry, forgiving, passive,
resigned in the end to effects of our fate, finally
looking up.

Scanning our surroundings, moving forward no matter
how difficult it is without the ones we have loved.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Going Out Of Self

Tolerating this life by going out of self and helping
others who need assistance.

Always finding it rewarding, more important than any-
thing else on this temporary planet is love and caring.

Our purpose here, I believe, is to get along with
everyone, because we're all equal.

Needing to help one another through the experience
of life's totality and essence together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Going Over The Edge

Walking down the streets of an interior life, going over
it's edges just to explore, curiosity getting the best
of me each time.

Automatic and blinding, a deeper bluened light filling
my entire being with an absolute knowledge, amazing
facts of life given somehow through osmosis.

Thinking that's how it must feel, thoughts building
themselves, becoming deeper and fuller, truths shining
ever brighter.

Wiping out the lies and illusions being perpetrated by
liars, a wonderful experience filled with pure and whole-
some ideas across the board.

Spreading wisdom across my mind like icing on a cake,
giving feelings of pleasurable glee like a child, loving
this particular dimension within me.

Willing to continue going over the edge, into canyons
and ravines of Divine light for it is absolutely amazing
and feels like the right thing to do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Going Over The Edge Once Again

Diving once again over the edge, being exhilarated beyond comprehension, knowing that I have to continue feeling everything within.

It seems almost to absorb my being, a wonderful and gentle touch, perhaps by the Divine, feeling so peaceful, serene and I just cannot get enough of it.

The pleasure is so sublime, subtle and addictive, having no past, present or future, wandering through this whole dimension without worrying about anything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Going To Church, Love

Life burns in my soul, taking me into depths of candlelight
left over from church where I go and light them for people
I love and know.

Embers of love still smoking within, keeping life ablaze
with a beauty of intense vision and delight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Going To Have Great Meaning

Feeling so confident and energized, taking intellect into
my mind, holding it tightly, knowing that it's going to
have great meaning in my life.

A continuing pathway, no matter what life does to betray
me, always seeing the light, finding my way out, believing
that God is always within.

Standing before me, leading me through the years, purpose
and passion always filling the essence of my being within
intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Going To The Edge

Feeling dangerous, wanting more from life, going to the edge and looking over, above seeing a velvet cloudy sky.

Touching it electrically, it's texture alluring my senses completely.

Feelings moving circularly outward, taking me spinning into atmospheres of interior imagination.

My mind conjuring up all sorts of daring feats and many challenges that appeal to me.

Wanting to feel alive and living fully throughout life, always thrilling to a new day's dawning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Going Where Need Is

Life has nothing but difficulties tied to it, most of
them are brought on by people and agencies designed to
supposedly help people who need it.

But they get caught up in red tape and bureaucracy, ending
up not being helped even when in dire need of it, left
standing empty-handed unable to care for their families.

Why can't people just take others in and help them without
making them tell their whole life story, they just seem to
be busy bodies it seems to me.

If I had lots of money, I wouldn't wait for people to come
to me, I'd go where they are, much like Mother Theresa did
and personally help them.

That way I'd know they were getting needed help, not like
these agencies who end up only paying and helping themselves
while herding people like cattle, wanting their information.

Why has life been lowered so much, making money have so much
value and prestige, instead of human beings, where and where
was our compassion and caring thrown away in life? r
We the People need to unite and begin helping Americans,
doing away with unhelpful agencies just filling their own
pockets and egos.

With bloated importance of what they think they're doing,
so self-important and uncompassionate in the process, not
really helping anyone with respect of dignity in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Going With The Flow

Clouds gathering, piling upon one another, creating a
mountain of fluff, watching and smiling as it happens.

Wondering in amazement at how air currents bring them
together, different images sitting in their existence.

Showing off because they can, enjoying the solitude
they proclaim to be theirs.

Feeling their peaceful serenity as they travel silently
across the sky.

Having no sense of direction, just going with the flow
wherever it happens to take them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Golden Age

Hazy light, winking it's eye in the twilight of evening's song.

Anticipated joy and peaceful calm, unhesitatingly waiting in
the shadows of dusk, afraid to step from behind the grayness
capturing it's image with pride.

Alone with thoughtful meanings, inner life resounding with the
echoes of maturity.

Holding on to the images of youth as we look forward to
tomorrow's golden age, reverberating across our eyes in memories
aplenty, saved for our retirement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Golden Cross

Rays of clouds, falling down, raking the skies
around St. Frances Xavier's steeple.

Gray and white, reflecting sorrow, settling peace
within, saving it for the morrow.

A Golden Cross atop the dome, filtering love down
to earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Golden Hearts

Everyone has their time set for life,
only their purpose needs to be figured
out and lived.

Solo journeys for each, yet we travel
together side by side.

Acting from love, caring and kindness
are given freely from hearts of gold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Golden Silence

Silence is revered from within as it's golden hue
fills our souls with integrity, spiritual guidance,
hope and love from above.
Life is made priceless from this deepest of gifts
in serene contemplation, allowing hope to form
itself in hearts everywhere.
Even when sorrow touches our lives in silent grief,
tomorrow rises with every breath we take in, focusing
our attention on hope and enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Golden Silence Of Mystery

Taking turns in whirlwinds of perception, folding thoughts and letting them sail into the sunrise of every day as we lapse into rhythms of everlasting situations.

Playing our memories as we dance in time with our hearts as they warm themselves by fires set in our souls with family.

Enveloping thoughts as they fill memories with the most beautiful artifacts of all yesterday's relics.

Extracting the totality of every inkling into the golden silence of mystery.

As it harkens to the solace being practiced throughout moments of difficult situations, ever ready to find the way in and out of fathoms of internal abysses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Golden Sounds

Watching wonder disperse itself within musical tones,
spreading a joy to souls of those who are open to God.
Hearts are held in rhythmical beats for an eternity of
love to be built within.
Golden sounds of past visions permeate my mind with
their sustenance and verve.
Climbing around inside with gentle reminders of why we
love, as we kindly stride through aisles of life's
devoted images, holding onto our emotions and feelings
forever in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Golden Truths

Wiping the dust off my feet as I walk away on green fields of grass.
Hoping to finish days left in prayers, holding on to solemn gestures of behavior.
Tenderly existing in sidelines of all of life's expectant promises.
Carrying on toward hopeful desires held in hearts of golden truths of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Golden Voice

Shaking voice, singing through her heart's love of music.
An adorable woman, not afraid to show her age through her voice.
Singing out with a vibrant joy, allowing her to state notes in a melodic composition.
A truly gifted woman, getting on in years with a voice, golden to God's ears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gone Are Days Of Youth

Gone are the days of youth when we were young and carefree, loving, caring, sharing with one another, life was beautiful, good, wide open and full.

We lived, loved, laughed, raised our children, spent time with family and friends, celebrated birthdays, graduations, births, and had the time of of our lives.

Living with you my love has been such a blessing that will never be forgotten as long as we both shall live, it's been an amazing life, always thanking God for His love through us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Good - Byes Strung Through Life

Good - byes being strung throughout life, not wanting to face them, but death makes it imperative and there's no avoiding it.

Hearts breaking, tears spilling constantly, feelings torn and shattered, emotions going crazy taking us on roller coaster rides whether we want to or not.

Living in a vacuum, life deadened, mind blank, an empty giant hole has been left within our hearts for as long as we live.

Nothing to cure, fix or mend it, our love has been taken from us, there's nothing that can be done, just existing and trying to carry on for whatever time is left to us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Good Intentions

Expecting to see Dr. L. earlier today than usual, or so he said.
Waiting for his arrival on a Wednesday morning, writing poetry to pass the time away.
Smiling within, thoughts coagulating, causing me to chuckle out loud, not seeing, yet, Dr. L. and it's past nine-twenty in the morning.
Good intentions on his part, don't quite meet up with reality as I continue waiting for him to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Good Morning

Saying Good Morning as I'm saying Good Night on the other side of the world, poetry is so all defining as we write each in our own homes far from one another.

Poetry allowing us to be in the same space of time together, in spite of the distance between us.

Beauty touching us from different continents of the world and being brought together through our words of poetry that we are sharing.

So all-encompassing, poetical wonder surprising us with every detail being created in two separate minds, penned and written in each other's hearts as we are friends for life, brought together by poetry.

Though we may never meet physically, we have surpassed and transcended time and miles to meet in another dimension where we can always share our soul's wonder and delight through a poem.

So joyful, a new song of rhythm planted in my heart, and I call it Amitava, my eternal friend.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Good Points On Issues

Pro-life, in favor of foster children, vaccinations except
for government forcing parents to vaccinate their children.

Parents rights are now part of our Constitution and parents
have the right to choose how their children are to be educat-
ed here in Arizona.

We the People all need to stay vigilant, aware and alert in
all areas of our government, making politicians answer for
their decisions at every point and turn in their terms in
office, being held accountable for everything they do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Good Times In Life

Listening, capturing and reminiscing about good times
throughout this earthly life.

Softly and quietly thinking of beautiful landscapes
that proliferate and are scattered all around us in
places we are least likely to look in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Good To Remember

Whether good times or bad, we need to share and be
good to one another, taking care to be kind, help-
ing where help is needed.

We were all created equal, different circumstances
and situations arose in our lives putting us in
positions and life-styles we now have.

Rich, poor, middle class, none any better than any-
one else, it would be good to remember this through-
out our lives when meeting others face to face.

Knowing we're on the same level of equality in life
and treating one another accordingly, this in turn
may bring about peace in our world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Good Way

Energetic and rapid rhythms shaking me into an interior awakening, unsettling feelings and emotions within, but in a good way.

Safety and joy holding hands in the midst of celebrations for Valentine's Day, soothing thoughts, keeping time with rhythms of a drummer playing perfectly upon the stage.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Good-Natured Ways

Listening to a ruckus beyond my writing,
hearing the pool players yelling, joking
around, teasing each other in good-
natured ways.
Laughter abounding, making the day a
little brighter for everyone around them,
including me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Goodness Destroyed

Lacking in social graces many children find themselves
being made fun of, ruining their self-esteem and
confidence.
One remark can destroy a lifetime of goodness, like
mold upon an indelible brain.
Children don't deserve that type of abuse from those
who are supposed to love and care for them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Goodness Standing Up

Pounding rhythms settling into poetical interludes, traipsing
across interior deserts of existence.

Watching others trying to kill the inner core of humanity
with fear, prejudice, intolerance, racism, going against
morals, ethics and belief in God.

Lives scattered, broken, torn apart by a handful of people
intent on committing evil acts on all of mankind.

Goodness, now standing up, demanding it's place in humanity,
ready to fight for it against all odds.

Never giving in to it, conquering and doing away with evil's
existence.

Never allowing it to become a part of our lives here in the
United States of America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Government Being Bribed

Bureaucracy is the foremost problem government has today,
making quadruplicate papers filed, triplicates, then
duplicates made along with more copies for twenty diff-
erent files.

Where will it end no one can tell, especially not the
computers, they are always making mistakes, human error
you say? ? Not in this fine city of Phoenix, it's run by
political gods who can do no wrong.

At least that's what they claim down at city hall, many
politicians have patted themselves on the back, given
themselves fat juicy raises and handed out numerous awards
to each other for having the best run city in the U.S.

Does anyone else see the hypocrisy here, people are on wel-
fare, food stamps and on the streets of this fair city, how
well is it being run, inefficiently at best in my humble
opinion.

Now there's more in store for citizens, a baseball stadium
for our enjoyment and entertainment! it matters not one iota
that we voted it down several times already, but putting
their heads together decided with an alternative.

Behind voters backs, looking for a way to pay for a stadium
they will gladly give us, adding another small tax to cover
the cost, because the people of Phoenix don't matter as long
as the politicians cater to winter visitors.

Priorities are pretty well fixed, starting with lining their
own pockets with our hard earned money, taking anything they
want to from our city government with it's blessing, and not
from the public.

Voting citizens can do what they will to block the tax and
building of the stadium, but it won't matter because people
from other states are from organized sports, in other words
organized crime.

On top of these crimes it's been decided that we have a team of our own, so the city can start collecting on the sale of tickets up front without even having the stadium built yet, wake up Phoenix!

Tell me, whatever happened to real baseball, our national pass time, who's idea was it that men get paid for playing a game, if someone wants to play, let them play for the sake of the game, not for the money.

Millions of dollars spent on a few players, whereas welfare, food stamps and homes for homeless get a few thousand here and there to live on, no wonder there's rampant poverty here in the U.S. a handful of players get millions, others nothing.

Those who want stadiums need to go somewhere else and sit on the fortunes they've already amassed from the poor, we don't need anything from your kind in our city, we have all the takers we can handle, we could sure use some people who give.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Government Blame

Stepping up to the forefront
in a quagmire of ancient politics.
Government blaming difficult
situations on each other,
pointing fingers.
Yet, we the people know it was the
combined effort of every one of the
politicians, not listening to what
we asked them to do for us.

(10/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Government Helping Mexico Bankrupt America

City Council, mayor, ignoring the real issues of illegal immigration, passing the buck, blaming the feds for their inadequecies in dealing with them.
Building day labor camps instead to keep them off the streets, using taxpayers money to give to illegals instead of deporting them the way they should.
Jobs going to illegals as managers, general managers, district managers at fast food restaurants instead of arresting them and hiring legal citizens of America.
They're receiving sixty thousand or more a year, sending most of this money to Mexico - thereby bankrupting our state and country.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Government Learning

Standing atop higher levels of learning, those with degrees pass out final verdicts.
Who is to pass.
Who is too slow.
Making up their minds as they go.
Constantly changing the criteria to keep most students in the lowest percentages - enabling them to receive more federal education money.
Where are the ethics, the morals in our educational systems?
Hidden away in government money - handed out too freely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Government Unrepresentation

Speeches galore about how a councilwoman wanted
the cafe here at the center as we all sit here
saying to ourselves, 'but we didn't want it'.
How little our city politicians care about what
we really want - as they honor people with
certificates that don't matter at all to us, for
getting the cafe put here for no one, because
we can't afford anything.
Speakers thanking people we don't even know, for
something we'd rather do without.
Typical government bull - not representing any
of us, not caring what we really want.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Government-Caused Poverty

Havoc being played upon an earth of people as they struggle
to live from day to day.
Making ends meet is no longer a tangible way of being.
Government has crept and cramped our lives with their inane
rules and greediness, tossing everyone onto waves of
homelessness and poverty, causing more violence, as people
try to adjust to an existence of mere simplicity.
CEO's, financiers, bankers, politicians and developers have
put us into a tailspin of economic recession and are now
expecting the American public to bail them out of their
extravagant ways of life - lives that they were/are living
at our expense.
Who's going to help us as we live on edges of the little we
have left?
We don't see anyone waiting in line to hand us money - not
even to exist on.

(10: 54 a.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grace And Peace Of Old Age

Yesterday I dreamt of a peaceful and enduring life, it
suited me well, yet the beauty and magic of youth left
one day, leaving me bereft.

Instead now filling me with the grace and peace of old
age, wondering, praying through the sheer energy of my
soul, watching moments come and go.

Taking my life into quiet realms of another sphere
where I will at last spend time listening to the final
music of my soul.

An everlasting sense of sorrow, yet joy is still fill-
ing many moments of my interior life in whatever time
I may have left on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grace Of God

Filling life with an interior spirituality, giving
it a purpose for being here, alive and vibrant.

Beginning each morning with the grace of God, holding
us protectively, sharing His creations with us.

Through nature and humanity, all beauty unsurpassed,
living in this world, enjoying it's magnificence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Graceful Boughs

Giant, graceful trees,
hanging their boughs gracefully,
being careful not to get tangled
in winds blowing them around.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Graceful Intellect

Care being given in every aspect of life as I live it
to the fullest, filling every moment with utmost
respect and dignity.

Never letting dishonesty and lies eclipse exactly
who I am and want to do in life.

Affirming confirmations of interior peacefulness as
I travail alone in a beautiful extract of graceful
intellect.

No one touching my essence as I continue to create
myself in God's image, just as He wanted throughout
existence.

Being an important aspect of His promises that are
given liberally in all areas of His essence in our
soul's life.

Behaving like we've never left heaven, touching total
sincerity of the human race as He has always wished
it to be on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Graceful Presence

Glowering rays of moonlight shine and radiate into my being,
giving me reasons to live and breath every moment.

Glancing at all that has been made and given to us, I find
nothing but gratitude in my heart for all of it's beauty,
mingled with His graceful presence everywhere I look.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Graceful Rhymes

Rhythms dancing in my mind, gracefully touching,
stirring, playing with my soul.
Lovingly caressing moments of interior solitude
in rhymes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Graceful Rhythms

Crying tears of sadness, enveloping my mind in a form of abandonment.
Challenging my mind, taking it on a journey of pastimes, giving me experiences to be relived over and over again.
Always repeating circumstances, yet never writing the same thing twice.
Filling every nook and cranny with bluened light, left over from graceful rhythms that at once take over my intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Graceland Of Solace

Solace sits upon my mind, staking it's presence
in my life.
Wandering lanes of nature throughout days of
strife, fastening onto nature's fortitude and
grace as I listlessly walk forward into God's
graceland above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Graciously Given

Taking chances, daring death to step over the line, feeling the excitement and adrenaline rushing straight through this being, loving how it frees me interiorly so totally and completely.

Singing praises to God in heaven for creating me so perfectly human, just the way He wanted me to be on this earth, giving many gifts and blessings through the years.

Always appreciating each and every one, no one ever knowing just how much I love God with all my heart and soul forever more.

A wonderful and diligent feeling of being loved by God our creator, living the life He has so graciously given for this temporary lifetime here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gradual Peace

Showing faith and hope within, reaching for them both,
wanting a miracle to happen bringing life back around.

Such a complacent and soothing thought, helping to get
through this dull and boring day.

Writing and keeping my mind busy may help as I listen
to music and give away my heart and soul in poetry.

Perturbed, yet agonizingly continuing to be present
to life using my essence and passion to get through
this crazy and unusual mood and attitude today.

Silent, feeling the peace gradually seeping into my
being slowly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Graduating

Graduating at last, a freedom felt within, a joy developing
in mind.
Casting aside childhood to enter an adult world with all it's
cares and trials, yet a simple answer of dependability and
faithfulness can handle anything thrown into your path.
An honor bestowed upon you for enduring all the years of
education and finally making it through to your graduation.
Good luck and many wishes for a bright and happy future,
awaiting your expertise and charm.
Congratulations!
Prayers for your continued success will always be said for
you through the years ahead.
Take care, do your best always and remember how you got here -
through diligence and hard work.
Love to you from a poet residing in the world and writing a
poem to your unequaled worth in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Graduating Granddaughter

Granddaughters growing up, one just graduating from high school, an honor student, in student government, many honors befitting her studies.

Hitting the books steadily, studying late into the night, never relenting, just pushing on no matter what, now having graduated with highest honors, making all of us so very proud of her and her accomplishments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Graduating Thoughts

Stranded in a lifetime of trials, noticing life passing
on it's way towards death's horizons.

Watching it's sunset sinking slowly, painstakingly, into
depths unknown to mankind.

Reveling in thoughts of graduating intensity, left with
no avenues of defense, solitarily stranded in an abyss
of no return.

Alive, yet non-existent on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grains Of Thought

Living in a dream of reality, following rules of
order, attempting to find paths that belong to me.
Circular states of mind are open-ended, taking me
on journeys of exciting thought into unknown
realms, finding new meanings never heard of before.
Loving novel images of perfection and precision,
catapulting into a life of my own without doubts.
Going further into grey matter, finding another
dimension in depths below subconsciousness.
An abyss of infinite knowledge developing itself,
forming literature of a spiritual kindred on a
multi-discipline dimension, growing abundantly
with every grain of thought coming into being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grand Opening

Circle K, grand opening, a big bash and smash for the neighborhood.

Fun for all kids - old and young alike.

Water slide, dunk tank, KSLX, monster, tampico, all gathered together to make a fun day.

Free food, drinks, trinkets, gifts, raffle giveaways,
hot dogs, everything to insure a great opening.

Face painting, clown, animal balloons, Circle K mascot and chips.

Pictures taken, precious moments shared with our grand-daughter.

Too bad her daddy couldn't be here too - then it would've been a perfect party for us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Granddaughter

Our beautiful Granddaughter, eyes sparkling with the
happiness of life as I hold her hand in mine and take
walks with our imaginations in full swing.

Wanting to touch and explore her little world,
curiosity giving her all sorts of avenues to
experience and investigate.

Rocks, dirt, leaves and anything else she may find in
the yard, are all fair game as she sees and feels
their textures, and handles everything with wonder and
awe at their diversity, as she picks up and holds
each one.

Sometimes being too quick for Grandma, she gets them
in her mouth and tastes them.

A total joy to be around, life is her own fantasy as
she gingerly walks about.

Nothing to worry her little mind, because Daddy is
there to take care of her.

Which gives her the immense chance and duty of being
and enjoying her childhood without remorse.

Grandma, Grandpapa and Uncle Russell always ready to
help and protect her when Daddy gives us a chance.

Our Granddaughter has a beautiful personality, wide
awesome smile and a soul held closely in God's own
hands to keep and protect her from harm.

Our little family revolves around our Granddaughter
at this particular time in life and we totally
enjoy it willingly and without reserve.

Always looking forward to the next moment in time
when we can be with her and her Daddy again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Granddaughter Coming Into Her Own

Watching my Granddaughter coming into her own at last,
pushing through her shyness and quiet attitude, wanting
to bust out and find herself through music and rhythms.

Rocking and rollin' through music, upon the dance floor,
enjoying vibrations that are filling her soul so beauti-
fully and gently as she dances with her Daddy.

Joyfully and gleefully taking her rhythmic soul into the
picturesque foliage of another fantastic tomorrow where
her life is now coming to fruition.

Being fulfilled in ways she's never known, innocent and
pure, my little Granddaughter, an angel from above, giv-
ing my heart a tug.

Filling me with happiness and sadness at the same time,
knowing the truth coming too soon, that's she's growing
and maturing way before even I'm ready for her to do so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Granddaughter Dancing

Child-like movements bringing ecstasy to an
undeveloped mind, dancing with seniors playfully,
enjoying self and bonding with those around her.
Smiles and laughter, eyes meeting soul to soul
honestly, contacting the hereafter now through
spirit-filled soulful music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Granddaughter On Stage

Wonderful morning, our Granddaughter up on stage, singing
Christmas carols in her school concert.

Standing amongst all the students, dressed all in bright
red, smiling and waving to us and her Dad.

Filled with joy and rhythm, perfectly singing every song,
using sign language for Twinkle, Twinkle little star.

Snowflakes and Santa, young voices merrily singing with
happiness, filled with joy and elation of Christmas.

Proud and excited to be upon the stage in front of family
and friends, a glorious time for all of us here this morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Granddaughter Overcoming Shyness

Watching my nine year old Granddaughter dancing with others
upon the dance floor.

Looking like a professional, filled with rhythm, stepping
fancy to the rhythms without any hesitation whatsoever.

Smiling and having fun, totally into the melody, enjoying
herself tonight.

Proud of her for she has overcome her shyness through the
music and being with other people on the dance floor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Granddaughter Singing

Granddaughter stepping up to the mike, singing softly,
but distinctly to the audience.

Clapping easing the butterflies in soloists stomachs,
unusually in sync with one another, talent beginning
to sprout from children on the brink of their futures.

Watching them, we wonder where they will be at in the
next few years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Granddaughter, Gifted Beyond Measure

A gentle voice breaking the sound barrier with her
innocence and naivete.
Only being three, yet has ages of wisdom - child-like
within her.
Describing things she says she did when she was sixteen
or seventeen, yet surprising everyone with an accuracy
beyond her years.
A fantastic vocabulary, quite extensive, knowing meanings
and how to use them in sentences where all can understand
and know what she's feeling and seeing in her mind and
heart.
Definitely wiser than many older children with more
schooling than she has even begun.
Just a natural innate talent for words and being gifted
beyond measure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Granddaughter's 1st Volley Ball Game

Watching my Granddaughter's first volley ball game ever,
suddenly she got hit smack in the face with the ball,
she's alright, but needs to sit this first round out.

Now having moved to the other gym, playing another game
against another grade school, doing real well, focusing
clearly on what's to be done.

Trading positions around the court, my Granddaughter now
closer to my sight, able to take pictures of her smiling
face and great winning attitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Granddaughter's Award Assembly

Realizing the beauty of an education in an early
morning awards assembly for our Granddaughter who
is now nine years old.

Enticing and wonderful as students get excited
about being honored by everyone, parents sitting
and waiting for the assembly to begin.

Totally listening to all the uproar going on
around us, loving sounds of children tantalized
by learning.

Our Granddaughter's name now being called, she
goes on stage and accepts her awards for making
Principal's list and honor roll! Also getting an
award for top tiger in the whole school!

Being so proud of her and her accomplishments,
letting her know and remember this day always in
this little poem just for her.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Granddaughter's Eyes

Holding my youngest granddaughter, looking into her eyes
with a heart filled with love.
Seeing lights reflected in her eyes from a disco ball and
light, as she sat mesmerized in a trance.
Never having seen a sight like this before, she's fascinated
by it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Granddaughter's Halloween

Halloween - a sometimes scary holiday - but not this morning!
Our Granddaughter has her pink and black polka dot kitty costume on - she calls it Meow.
She's absolutely beautiful with a little tail and ears on her head.
Standing on a chair, dancing, swaying back and forth, tapping her feet, watching singers and dancers right in front of her.
Fascinated by women, dressed in cat costumes just like hers, dancing around.
Then a tap dancer enters and she watches avidly, trying to figure out how her shoes make that tapping noise.
Curious and full of wonder, our little year and a half old, Granddaughter.

(10: 55 a.m. - 10/31/07)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Granddaughter's High School Graduation

This evening at another Granddaughter's graduation, this one from high school with honors, student government, being a well-rounded young woman of sixteen.

Going on to college, a wonderful experience that she's sure to enjoy exclusively, all graduates now seated below in the auditorium at the Arizona State Fairgrounds where it's being held.

There were far too many family members and friends in attendance here tonight, color guard starting off the commencement, national anthem being played by a guitarist, one of the graduates.

Speeches given in several students native languages, welcoming everyone tonight, a young girl singing solo along with the Camelback High School band.

A beautiful voice, outstanding spiritual song, a terrific singer, who will be remembered long after graduation, now graduates are standing one row at a time to go upon the stage to receive their individual diplomas and awards.

Many students gathered in front of us, proud and happy to have now graduated tonight, our Granddaughter being called upon the stage now, as we are clapping and yelling for her.

So proud of her accomplishments, heart's swelling with pride and joy to see her, our young Granddaughter now a beautiful young woman, stepping out of childhood with a smile and goals in her mind.

All of which we're sure she will achieve, looking forward to attending her college graduation in four years, she wants to be a teacher and educate young children, a task she will be more than qualified for in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Granddaughter's Innocence

Touching nature through musical memories,
watching my Granddaughter on the front
lawn as she happily waves her arms excitedly -
when she sees a butterfly flying around the
flowers she's planted with Daddy's help.
A beautiful sight - a precious moment in the
life of grandparents as they watch her
innocent awe in motion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Granddaughter's Puppy's Death

Granddaughter's radiant angel face marred for the
moment by an intense sadness as she said once more,
crying and wiping away her tears of love, Jazzie's
my puppy!
No other dog on earth ever had such a pure, faithful
love from a human being as my Granddaughter held in
her heart for Jazzie.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Granddaughter's Soccer Clinic

Here at Phoenix College with my Granddaughter, she's in
a soccer clinic with a silver medalist from Brazil, learn-
ing how to be a better player.

Wearing a United Healthcare tee shirt, standing with about
40 other girls, focused on what the coaches are saying,
listening intently.

Telling the girls that education is the power and soccer is
the vehicle by which they can get it, putting their all into
both endeavors.

A dog mascot giving high fives to everyone, my Granddaughter
going way high, now being divided into groups according to
age, my Granddaughter with the ten year olds.

Getting ready to go out on the field and play, learning the
ins and outs of this fantastic game, one which I played also
when in grade school.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Granddaughter's Swimming Lessons

Watching my Granddaughter at her swimming lessons,
she's just awesome!

Having learned how to swim when she was a year old,
now going off the low dive and the high dive.

No fear within her, just loving the adrenaline rush,
much like her Grandma does.

Now having competitions with other kids in swimming
lessons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grandma

Songs of liberty fill my heart and mind with memories
of my Grandma.
Soothing Italian images gracing my interior soul,
quieting the loneliness always existent within.
Missing her through all these years, tears fill my
eyes with thoughts of all the joy she brought into
my life as a child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grandma's Arms

Tired from the early morning sun, rising and shining upon her,
a little one sleeps on while rhythms dance in her head and
through her subconscious mind while asleep in her Grandmother's
arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grandma's Presence

Intensely feeling the presence of Grandma, sitting
beside me, enjoying a little performer, music doctor,
singing an Italian song.
Italian dialect, over the skyways, meshing with our
hearts even though separated by death and it's blank,
unseeing horizon of the past.
Sensing our lives touching in words, melody, rhythm,
being brought back together for a moment in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grandmother

Life once filled with laughter, joy, family and happiness,
now lying in memories, glory days and youth now gone, sit-
ting alone, looking at pictures.

In the silence of an empty house, knowing her children have
their whole life ahead of them yet, for her knowing there
are no more moments to be held like before.

Life is at it's end, she cannot celebrate what it used to be
or have like before, in the silence of aging, remembering
joy of bygone days with a bittersweet knowledge.

Forever ended, looking to tomorrow's horizon, seeing very
little left to experience or enjoy, going through pictures
and albums of those whose lives have continued without her.
po

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grandparents

Grandparents are very special people.
They need to know you care about them as much as they care about you.
Their lives are kind of lonely, so your happy smile brings them cheer.
Special ways you love them brings a tear of joy - added to their smile.
They love and give and share with you all their lives.
The only thing they ask in turn - is for your love of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grandparent's Day

Grandparent's Day at the center, Granddaughter's enjoying
their time with us together.
Daddy, all proud and smiling at his girls, watching them
dance and have fun listening to Peggy and Neil play.
Balloon animals being made, faces being painted with
butterflies and flowers, glittering on their smiling
faces.
A wonderful time, filled with joy and happiness, being
with family and having fun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grandparents Day With Andrea

Here in the midst of Kindergarteners, having lunch with my
Granddaughter A, enjoying this time with her, having been
up on the stage already, her class singing songs for us.

It being Grandparent's Day here at her school, spending
the afternoon being together, appreciating family with
one another in her classroom after lunch.

Cafeteria filled with children and Grandparents, it does my
heart good to see so many children respecting their elders
with an unconditional love so pure and innocent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grandson's Cross Country Meet

We're here at another grade school to watch my Grandson
run cross-country.

The first meet I've been able to get to, excited and
elated that he's decided to run, love track and running
very much.

Little Granddaughter here watching her big brother run,
sitting on the bleachers, eating crackers and cheering
for him, a smile on her face, so proud of her big brother.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Graphic Meanings

Graphic actuality within reach, takes on the exact same meanings all together when combined in one sentence.

Inferring the talented use of words and meanings throughout life's inundated treasure chest of literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasped My Meaning

Swiftly flying down roads of yesterday, wanting to
get over all that happened then.
Looking forward to the sunrise of a new day to
greet me as I walk into the next invention and
resurrect my life.
Without any fears or doubts, I gently move again
into a brighter tomorrow, never looking back -
never having to again, for I've moved on and have
grasped my meaning - one that came to me in a dream.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping A Heart

Inner turmoil grasping my heart and squeezing emotions all over inside, burning and maiming consciousness with it's splitting of atoms, causing pain to be sent through every particle of being.
Touching meanings of definitions creatively, fitting them to inner achievements of poetry.
Taking time through life to use every bit of talent given to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Abstract Ideas

Inconsistent patterns are gathering within, wanting to be able to fit in somewhere, taking on meaning and presence for someone.

Unfit and incomplete, they stand waiting anyway, grasping abstract ideas, taking and placing them with those that are considered to be a match.

Consistently, they fit like picture puzzles made for each other, often carrying tell-tale studies into a reality of sorts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Answers

Wondering about riddles and their syncopetic rhythms,
wandering through my mind, wanting to grasp answers
just out of sight.

Faithfully holding onto the past in memory only,
digesting the savory feelings that came with them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Embers

Fires burning, keeping my mind ablaze with sparks of imagination, finding a stick and stoking it into a fiery hot bonfire.

Living in the heat of this rhythm right now, grasping embers, hoping to never extinguish them throughout life.

Always writing from their bright orange beginnings, special and nurturing, a poetical essence kept secretly within intellect and being preserved there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Enticing Shadows

Shadows of water rippling against a ceiling, giving
me a thoughtful interlude of possibilities, energiz-
ing the essence of many ideas that are filling my
being at the same time.

Searching beaches for the center of it's savory be-
ginnings, seeing it fall into depths of an interior
ocean, along with shells of disobedience and intolerant
attitudes towards ignorance.

Reaching forward, grasping enticing shadows, pulling
them aside, noticing every detail shyly peeking out
at me with wonder, an ever-increasing aptitude between
them and poetry.

Water rippling against the ceiling, giving me thought-
ful interludes where I enter it's depths, composing
music along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Essence's Straws

Grasping straws of my essence, looking carefully at them
as they express themselves to my soul.

Gently, tenderly, telling stories to intellect about their
wonder of all things in this world of curiosity.

Landing on avenues of complacent sounds, taking in every
tone and changing rhythms to suit the poem I'm residing in
at that particular moment in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Eyes

Measuring time in nanoseconds, because it goes so quickly out of hand.
Searching canyons, noticing their beauty as it coasts across my vision.
At times, leaving me breathless, unable to feel bad about anything.
The ending of each day is filled with colorful sunsets as they grasp my eyes with their scents of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Faith

Violins, playing in my mind, touching strings of perfection, engulfing perfect pitch within a solitary being.

Entire meanings sacrificing themselves for an ultimate purpose.

Preparing for future tests of stamina and character, in order to grasp faith and hope for times running against storms of life's bountiful suffering.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Faith Tighter

Riding waves of apprehension, trying to stand upright and surf over tops of all of them.

Watching the sky for openings of enlightenment, hoping to be enlivened by good ideas and thoughts, blocking out all the rest.

Holding to the rhythms being listened to, keeping them in the forefront of this mind so they can be used to help me through everything needed to be gotten through.

Moving closer to my spirit, grasping faith tighter, hoping for hope to fill being and take me surfing through all of this emotion and pain, coming out on the other end, alright and better than when I came in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Impossibilities

Creating patterns and designs of an invisible story,
hoping to make it mine one day.

Awakening from a deep sleep, now walking the tight-
ropes of another time.

Being careful not to fall behind the folds of another
depth in hidden walls.

Taking chances, grasping impossibilities of this life
and making them possible in my own little way.

Never giving up, reaching for the stars, touching their
points, making them twinkle as they gently vibrate from
my touch inside this little poem.

Enticing their essence, providing a portal to escape
their stationary lives in the sky, doing nothing
much, but looking pretty from afar.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Light

Reaching forward, grasping the light shining before me, guiding me into byways of intellectual imagination, caressing my mind with intensive beauty.
Selecting the most delicious memories to wrap around my mind in peaceful auras.
Lessening pain of sorrow as I dive into an ocean of solace, taking me by the heart and calming my soul.
Taking all of my hurt into outer sections of heaven to give me respite from it for a while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Light While We Can

Following trails into the future, not having a clue what will happen, just going ahead and living life to it's fullest.

Grasping the light while we can, hiding in the darkness at times when it disappears, our lives can never be perfect for we are imperfect beings.

Doing our best, figuring ways to do something is all we can do and still have things we need during our stay on this temporary earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Mathematical Concepts

Safely and energetically falling into line with equations
of mathematical concepts as they continually grasp this
mind with their intellectual acumen.

Wanting to learn everything, now actually forming concepts
by which mathematical formulas are being formed within my
intellect.

Without any prior foundations being seen, possibilities
are abounding, taking me into atmospheres of another
dimension where everything is far more advanced than just
being here on earthly plains.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Meanings

Reining in a flood of emotional tides, sitting carefully
in the midst of pools of tears.

Awaiting torrents of their demise as they roll down my
cheeks constantly.

Living held tightly against my mind, not wandering far
away, so I can grasp it's meaningful existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Melodies

Imagination plays it's part well in minds of musical
delight, putting out songs, grasping melodies with
our ears.

Life is enlivened with the fun of twins, playing to
a crowd of eagerly awaiting dancers, wanting to be
entertained on realms of dreams for moments of today,
placating souls interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping My Mind

Solitary, feeling isolated in catacombs of my mind,
yet walking through them, finding ancient beauty
around every corner.

Rituals and traditions standing out and grasping my
mind with their creativity, allowing my mind to see
extraordinary advances made in centuries long past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Mysteries

Stepping into the light, reaching for twinkling stars,
shining in my mind.

Grasping mysteries as they appear in lines of acceptance,
giving me a reason to be curious in every endeavor I
choose to pursue.

Living to follow dreams in poetry, music and art, always
practicing every bit of them in order to get better
through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Onto Meanings

Waking in a song of the sixties, opening up scores
of memories that are touching me interiorly.
Grasping onto meanings, holding their treasures
close to my heart, not wanting to let go or leave
them alone, wandering the world without a soul
to confide in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Privacy

Rising with the skyscrapers, clasping hands with clouds
and meeting raindrops eye to eye.

Traveling lengths and depths of imagination, having fun,
enjoying myself.

Worrying about nothing, exploring every nook and crevice
on the shores of my own being.

Taking care to grasp my privacy close around myself,
hugging my mind so no one else's discrepancy can invade
my domain.

Loving the peacefulness of interior life, wishing I could
become a part of it, forever here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Ropes

Tightly grasping ropes of beyond
being slowly pulled ashore,
invitingly soft accolades of
simplicity tossing silk and lace
into the circumference of my vision,
giving me hope in tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Serenity

So softly and gently listening to music and it's rhythms, easing the tension, soothing interior tumult and bringing peace into my being always.

Giving serenity to grasp onto, taking me ever further away from this worrisome world, wanting to distance self from all radical islamic terrorism that obama brought into our country.

Wishing people would just shut their lying mouths and realize the truth of the situation once and for all, not wanting to see our nation be ruled by barbaric and evil demons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Sunlight

Ducks feeding in and around the lake, quacking and flapping
their wings, all the while laughing at us.

Gentle breezes whispering through my hair and soaring up
to palm tree fronds.

Reaching upward and out of sight, grasping on to any piece
of sunlight, hanging in mid-air, wanting to laugh in death's
face and take his deadly dare.

Reflecting twilight from the ground up, staring into pools
of subsiding light, afraid of the impending doom of night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Treasured Shells

Waves breaking over me,
gently knocking me into the surf.
Binding me with seaweed of the ocean, never letting
me go as I drown beneath the tears of life, grasping
shells that have been treasured all my days.
Glistening white foam, misting through eyes that are
no longer seeing what sight has always shown to me
in the light of sunrises.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasping Words

Running, scrambling through a darkened life,
wondering where all will end.
How will everything change from white to
black and back again?
There are no answers lilting in Chopin's
music as it casts about, grasping words to
put to poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grass Climbing The Mountainside

Looking up and around, mountains - beautiful and
beckoning.
Saguaros growing on it's side, holding on for
dear life to grasp a little soil.
Flowers decorating everything in sight - giving
color to an already fantastic color scheme.
Grass climbing slowly up the mountainside brings
peace - only peace - to my mind's eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grasses Of Literature

Frolicking in grasses of literature, enjoying it's feel
against my bare feet.
Roving realms of entire tomes written since the beginning
of time.
Etching themselves into this envelope of grey matter, to
be remembered whenever I pick up a pen and start writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grateful For All That's Given

Lightening striking my mind, touching and holding
onto the beauty being seen within.

Grateful for all that I have been given, living in
the light of God forever.

Recognizing that I am truly nothing without God,
living for Him so I may return to heaven when dying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grateful For Family

Living with family is an enjoyable part of life,
seeing grandchildren every day, brightening
every moment spent with them.

A blessing from above, one that I am grateful for
and cherish every day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grateful To All

Sharing thoughts, ideas, opinions through poetry, loving
comments from all over the world, fascinating, filled
with extraordinary thoughts from poets everywhere.

Accumulating it all, appreciating everyone who reads me,
grateful to all for their encouragement along the way
down poetical pathways through my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gratefulness

Dancing joyfully in the Lord, feeling His presence
surrounding me.
Total recall of His gifts, given without reserve,
to a little one so grateful for them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grating Music

Out of tune, much like today is going,
stretching patience to outer limits as
I try to stay calm interiorly.

Listening to irregular and flattened
music grates upon my nerves, yet I
can find pleasant treasures as I write
from my pen, locating feelings of
upending joy to recite.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gratitude Towards A Volunteer

Wanting to express a feeling of gratitude towards a volunteer.
Honoring her respect of others, patience and strong sense of duty towards her volunteer experience.
A wonderful caring woman, whom I've had the pleasure of meeting and talking with.
Admiring her sense of commitment, especially when so many others have just walked away, turning their backs on the seniors who so desperately need their love and caring for the short moments they are with them in life.
Bowing my head in prayers of thanksgiving for her continued presence in all our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Graves Of Remembrance

Certificates of learning hung on walls, undeservedly portraying
a trust of unknown expanse.

Tired of all the explanations, excuses, renditions for power
and control, hating to have to fight just to attain a semblance
of self.

Time awaits nothing, dozens of thoughts flower and bloom,
ready to be placed on newly dug graves.

Figuring totals of sensations, balanced on edges, falling,
feeling numb within.

Closing out the world indefinitely, riding on blades of demise,
holding securely to idle ideas of death.

Invoking skeletons to preach of lust and desire, lost memories
lie in piles of bones, decaying like dirt piled on graves of remembrance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gray Evenings

Wishing upon future stars, looking down upon me,
as I watch them twinkling in outer space, holding
on to their beauty as I fall asleep.
Keeping thoughts of them closely encased in my
dreams, along with their memories.
Beautiful to recall on lonely, gray evenings
spent in silent growing sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gray Ghosts

Pulling up from the deepest part of me - shadows of memories
vaguely appear, but only momentarily.

Trying to focus in seems to be impossible - memories float
in and out like gray ghosts.

Not wanting to be black, white, or color, trying to keep
barriers up to protect the fragile child within from being
hurt over again.

Being mature and grown-up, wanting to know - to unlock steel
drawers of yesterday and go through images in them.

Needing to do this so I can get on with my life, and leave
the past - all searched through - met from beginning to end.

Laying it to rest - peaceful - never to bother me again with
it's gray haunting ghost mysteries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gray Morning

Night falls upon a gray morning, leaving it's imprint in blackened and gray clouds, darkening the sky as if it's nighttime.

Filling heaven with the beauty of night, where we can see it in the dim light provided to us in this daytime hour.

A beautiful change, letting me write about it here in this little poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gray Rainbows

Faces of people changing direction, facing futures without
any plans.

Watching skies for tell-tale hints of other times, sweeping
across blue skies, searching for guidance and love.

Tripping and falling into puddles of humorless desire,
stretching rainbows from colors to grays.

Encompassing all of life's aspects and difficulties, carrying misspent dreams like
parachutes and letting them go, watching
them drift apart, out of sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gray World

Stomping around this world in boots, well-worn.
Always attempting to find a place to settle down,
writing life messages into poems everyone can
view.
When people read them, hopefully their viewpoints
will be altered slightly as they look at our gray
world through darkened sunglasses, wondering where
to go next.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grayened Invisibility

Lonely highways, miles flying by, nothing much mattering
as my mind escapes within itself.

Designs and possibilities of newly created ideas continue
to be seen in ghosts of grayened invisibility.

Echoes silently being reverberated in this being as an
interior life continues to struggle to remain free from
all the strife in this world today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grazing In Intellect

Jets soaring above seeming to skim right across the mountain-
sides, looking so sleekly and beautiful in the skyways of my
mind.

Clouds hanging loosely from above, grazing in intellect,
waiting for their beauty to fall between the pages of poetry
that's being written.

Absolute silence taking it's part in this poem by bringing
self into imagination's realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Great Celebration

Twisting into the morning with line dancing, seniors up and having fun, taking steps and walking into the fanfare of rhythm with their entire beings.

Seniors and children together for Grandparents Day and a special celebration, playing games together, bowling, basketball, bean bag throw and music.

Everyone going to town, loving the excitement of being together, acceptance and joy for everyone that is here today.

Food and goodies for everybody, no matter who they are, everyone welcome to join the fun, dancing and eating being themselves.

Americans do know how to have fun and they include everyone, Indians, Mexicans, blacks, Chinese, etc. not a racial slur to be heard.

Only laughter, talking and elation coming from all corners of the senior center today!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Great Creative Genius

Sometimes when listening to music, seeing great art or hearing a poem, a violent, silent chill runs electricity through my entire body.

It is a creative shock which bursts forth from deep inside and identifies great beauty, genius and the most creative things ever made.

It fills me to the utmost and never do I feel such pleasure at any other time than those.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Great Dane In India

Jazz, a Great Dane puppy full of life and mirth, a beautiful smile always on her face, enjoying life with an adopted family.

Bringing joy and caring into it's once lonely and abusive moments of early life, now carefree, happy to love and be loved in return.

A wonderful addition to a house full of family, love and caring, being deeply appreciated, Jazz now filled with contentment when with her new family, everyone tending to her and making life wonderful here in Cochine, India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Great Doctor Leaving Us

As you walk into the room, your cute little smirk of a smile sets everything on fire.

As you talk, words flow out nicely and evenly, like a Russian ballet.

You're leaving us now, the change will do you good, I guess, but we'll be minus a happy face.

Wherever you go, or whatever you do, let it be under stood, that you're always going to be tops with us.

Drop in or write a note once in a while, cause we sure wouldn't want to lose track of your sweet smile.

Good days are coming in the future, and we hope you'll look back on the past, saying with that sunshiny smile of yours, 'Ah! I've made it at last'!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Great Faith

There is great faith in grief, it is pure for it has been cleansed in sorrow's pain.

Love can penetrate into the deepest part of the soul with out waiting to be invited.

Saturated in love, a soul cries out from it's innermost tabernacle, while standing in the depths of purity.

All reason flies before the truth of faith man has in God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Great Feelings

Jumping, shouting, stepping to rhythms happily, having a great time here at the senior center, loving smiles and laughter on faces of seniors, so good to see!

All of them knowing how to have a good time, always hoping to have a place to get together where everyone cares about one another.

A great feeling being free in America, home of the brave and land of the free, wishing every country was as free and liberated as we are and will stay here in the U.S.A.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Great Idea!

Knowing as you learn about me, I learn about you
also, so many familiar and similar things we have
in common, it is amazing that we haven't met be-
fore this.

Life is always about learning, it's an enjoyable
experience most of the time, feeling and watching
relationships grow within one another.

Quite a spectacular feat and we do it just by talking
to one another, sharing our hearts, secrets, wants
and desires.

Bringing our souls together, creating such beautiful
friendships, our hearts blossoming together, loving
and caring for one another.

Just imagine if everyone in the world could accomplish
this, how peaceful our world would become, a marvelous
thought!

Hope it will come about in our future, that will end
wars, hatred, racism, intolerance and prejudice, what
a great idea for a movie don't you think?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Great Interest

Explanations of tomorrow are seen through visions of the
future, at times coming out of nowhere and settling into
this open mind.

Getting comfortable, watching them with great interest
as they unfold and are seen fully for their content is
very intense and explicit.

Holding onto images, placing everything on photographic
screens, all memories to be looked back upon sometime in
the future again.

Playing in my mind through rhythms that created them in
the first place, energizing and keeping my mind alert,
awakened and focused.

Sensitive, all senses being opened wide so creativity can
begin and continue processing all that I see, hear, taste,
smell and do into poetically musical interludes in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Great Memory

Que sera, sera is playing now, bringing back memories of hearing my Mom singing it to me when I asked her what will I would be when I grew up.

She would then sing this song to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Great Men

Tattered strangers, roaming through night's long chambers.
Forging slumber from their tired minds and bodies, sewn from under goblet's tables.
Tantalizing strings of melancholy fill their ears with it's eerie melody.
Striving to overcome the distance felt between them, stepping lightly as popcorn through thoughts of once great men.
Looking at stones marking graves of long dead bones, knowing that all brains of great men have since turned to dust.
Leaving fine particles on the ground, there is no longer any thought coming from them.
Great thoughts, like great men,
turn to dust once life has ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Great Pleasure

Stringing along designs, pulling them together,
carrying tones to gather into beautiful sonatas.
Taking great pleasure in diving in with every
vibration filling me with a calmness, never
attained by any other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Great Singer, Angela

Singing out loud, reverberating windows
with a voice sent directly from heaven above.
Every word is pronounced and annunciated in
perfect diction.
Displayed in everyone's mind so musical
rhythm accompanies her through to the end of
the song.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Great Speeches

Listening to politicians talk, Bill Montgomery talking now,
a great human being, a Veteran, Graduate of West Point, a
very direct and positive person!

Joe Arpaio, our sheriff, saying what we all want and expect
to hear from him, saying he supports our Second Amendment
totally and will continue to be against amnesty, illegal
immigration and Obama's treachery against American's.

Truly a sheriff of the people, by the people and for the
people of the United States of America, We the People are
behind him all the way!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Great Time In Life

Thoroughly loving this party, it's full of life, vibrant
and going strong.

Kids still dancing around the room, filling the atmosphere
with thrills of being a teenager.

A great time in life for them, being sociable with every
nationality and culture, no animosity whatsoever.

Continuing to dance and have fun with one another, rapid
and striking, testing their limits, emotions running high.

Feeling the beauty of their teenage years, a time to find
their inner strength and who they are.

Questions being asked, looking for answers in every avenue
of life, happy, yet finding tears at the drop of a pin.

In the silence of night, creeping closer to midnight, still
going strong, no signs of slowing down yet.

Lights flashing, music loudly playing, stretching imagination
and being intellectually based in reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Greater Understanding

Breathing a sigh of relief, hurting still inside.
Moving on to another plain, searching for a new
birth without pain.
Following closely, little known trails towards
greater understanding.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Greener Grass

Silent waiting, through the many years of life, beginning again at each new stage to attempt fulfilling our soul.

Religion starting and stopping throughout the years, being all or nothing at any given time.

Listening to the meanderings of the mind takes away from the heart and soul, leaving us empty for long periods of time.

Longing pulling, tugging, steering us back, where we know we belong.

There are no substitutes, we all know it, yet once in a while, being human, we stray, thinking it was our own choosing.

Yet, allowing us this freedom so we may come back, closer than before, pouring out our love, crying, purging our souls and minds.

Knowing God wants us to stay beside Him because we are all like lost sheep on this planet earth.

Striving to do right, but seeing greener grass up ahead, we make a bee line for it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Greeting

Whispering winds touching trees outside,
allowing them to wave their fingers in
greeting to me.

A wonderful idea given to imagination
through mother nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Greeting Morning

Birds singing cheerfully, songs of new beginnings,
flying high, greeting morning as it slowly rises
from it's bed.

Alighting softly on mere strings of branches,
touching soles of their feet upon the souls of
trees, living life unhesitantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Greg

Belting out a beautiful song, no one else can touch,
capturing everyone's attention with his voice.
So heart-felt and tender as everyone looks around
with tears in their eyes.
No one has ever been heard like him before - steady
applause and a standing ovation.
He's so humble, such a great talent, we all are happy
that he's shared with us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grew Up In Time

Softly, angelic voices reach from the past, touching mind
and heart of yesterday.
Reminders of Dad and Mom, family time together with music
at the center of our religious lives.
Holding us closely in rhythms of God's nature, we grew up
in time.

(11: 02 a.m. - 11/26/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grey Matter

Softly touching grey matter with the fingers of my mind, feeling it's texture, smooth with indentations.

Wondering how it can think, differentiate and plan, keeping us alive and vibrant until through our senior years.

Always alert, working, awakened even in our sleep, waiting, mind forever shaping verses of poetry to be read by mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grey Puzzles Pieces

Sensing circular patterns in designs of particular presences, involving ideas of inconsistent matter and aligning them with cognition.

Puzzle pieces of grey matter gyrate and echo throughout hall-ways of my mind as I write and listen to an abundance of musical rhythms in moments of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grief Forming Beauty In Our Lives

Sojourn and quietly walking into depths of our beings,
at times feeling abandoned, forlorn in total despair
over the loss of a loved one.

Devastatingly difficult, we hide and isolate ourselves
crying and saddened, beyond repair we silently think,
sitting alone, not reaching out to anyone.

Feeling intense loneliness our loved ones have left us
with, forlorn, keeping to ourselves while the world
revolves as we continue to grieve alone.

Ignoring all signs of life around us, because of the
sorrow, not seeing the possibilities of our lives so
quietly waiting for us to recognize them.

So many things happening that we can be a part of, yet
we behave as if we never had a moment to be with them,
our memories being shut down will finally fade away.

Unless being relived through the years, opening our
minds, looking out at the world, becoming a part of it
once again, maybe in a different capacity, but still
finding a place for ourselves in the sphere of time.

Always shaping and forming beauty in our lives once
again, living, instead of dying spiritually with
another, something they would never want to happen to
any of us, I'm sure.

All the joy and meaning of our loved ones, everything they
loved in their lives needs to be preserved by those of us
who are left here on this earth in memory of them through
generations to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grief Has No Definition

Listlessly, not listening and getting tired of hearing all
the neat and pat answers from others, trying to help someone
through their grief.

There is just no way to give any advice, because in depths
of grief a person cannot hear what is being said.

There are no definitions or meanings to be had or adjusted
to what is being felt or emotionally tuned in.

There's no way to be helped except when a person is ready
to step over the barrier of grief and gets ready to move
forward on their own.

No amount of coaxing or pleading is going to help a person
get out and away and on the road to life again until they're
ready.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grief Moments

Relating conversations of long ago from memory,
holding them closely to heart and soul, through
years of tender love.

Fondling feeling's thoughts, rising to the surface
on lonely days of aging maturity.

Special graces and prayerful immunity from grief for
brief moments in lifetimes appear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grief Standing Between Us

Clasping hearts, held in sorrow of life's passing, creating changes in each, no longer being the same people.
Grief standing between us, not allowing a closeness to be perceived as yet.
In time, maybe, but how long it will take is anyone's guess.
Purposeful loneliness standing stead until we once again can communicate on a level of trust.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grief Tides

Lively conversation
altering moods of sorrow
and derision, turning them
around so they can be lived
with in tides of grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grief's Abode

Silence awakening softly, creating a space of anticipation
in life's lonely journey.
Satisfying feelings held in sorrow's embrace, flowing tears
falling deeply into abysses of grief's abode.
Holding onto images of intensity, afraid to move away from
them, afraid of losing their ways in mires of muddy visions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grief's Bouquet

Bouquets of bereavement made up of varied people, each in their own state of mind.
Complexities of relating - communicating through grief abound.
Never knowing which way to venture, fearing the ache of sorrow, closing up like a rose bud until some future tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grief's Canyons

Walking down streets of sorrow, noticing and remembering
images that have always been facing me in all truth and
honesty.

Hidden feelings penetrating and delving deeply into depths
of grief's canyons, finding isolated trails to bring me
back into the existence always known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grief's Catacombs

Listening to my heart speak in tongues of sorrow,
talking to God with soulful prayers.

Being hindered inside with flood gates filled with
tears, sending me crying for all those I love and
who've gone to heaven ahead of me.

Still here on earth, living with family, holding on
to each moment with tender care, knowing death will
one day again tear us apart, throwing us into grief's
catacombs, where we will be alone in our sorrow.

Trying to live, pull or find our way from deepest
abysses of sadness, flowing from our hearts, tearing
our minds to shreds without a thought to what we are
feeling emotionally, attempting to re-enter life
through this total blackness of despair.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grief's Corner

Songs of happiness belying feelings of sorrow and grief
just under the surface.

Eyes looking out, heart touching emotional upheaval,
attempting to hold it all in.

Musically keeping everything at bay, knowing just
around the corner of his mind are memories, totally
bittersweet of their son, gone from this life and
living another one without them.

Tears always flowing within, whether or not
experiencing the knowledge of it at every turn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grief's Demise

Gray shadow clouds crossing my mind, taking me to introspection and divine will.
Sating prayerful times of sadness as I covered up emotional loss of words in hiding.
Climbing inside patterns, wallowing in grief's demise, getting accustomed to it's fit for life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grief's Floodgates

Floodgates of grief open inside, end-to-end, flowing
through and over this interior brain.
Washing it with sympathy, collecting in my mind,
memorialized for all time in this rhyme of poetry.
Set forth from within, sorrow shows itself timidly, vulnerably, to the world outside.
Heart of grief, gingerly held with childlike hands,
afraid it will spill out and be trampled by death's
insistent embrace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grief's Importance

Emotions flowing into the ocean, turning tides into waterfalls
of sorrow, deafening my mind as I move into a place of grief's
importance.
Suggestions abound from newly thought instances, looking for
peaceful moments to come into my life.
Assuaging my soul as I cry into the night without any comfort.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grief's Recovery

Listening to songs of yesterday being played live,
right before me in technicolor.

Pleasurable melody playing softly within my mind,
brightening dark corners and abysses with their
light touches reaching out, bringing lilting
senses to the forefront.

Forward sounding chords being shaped and formed
as I write their existences into bright patterns
befitting grief's recovery and aligning rhetoric
into layers of etudes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grief's Thoroughness

Beneath sorrow's tears, I continue to weep, feeling the thoroughness of grief holding me aloft.
Never letting me go, grasping my heart with it's icy cold fingers of glass.
Cutting my heart, tearing me apart, leaving shards of myself lying on the floor of my soul.
No more treasured memories of our times together, they've all left me stranded and forlorn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Groove Of A New Sound

Forming creative possibilities, taking them into lines
of advanced rhythms.

Special movements making us go to the left and right,
walking alone, taking steps needed to become agile and
vibrant in senior life.

Not resisting urgent and believable steps of an enlivening
rhythm, beginning and ending in depths of a song, filled
with laughter, joy and smiles.

Noticing treasures being taken out and kept close as
everyone dances across the floor, doing the two bit shuffle.

Letting down all barriers and defenses as they move into
the groove of a lasting brand new sound.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grounds Of Tempting Bliss

Twisting around the world, tasting grounds
of tempting bliss.

Nothing following paths of lightening quick
thoughts as life develops in pictures of the
future.

Finding corners where shadows have been hiding,
taking lights and shining them upon the ones
trying to stay out of the rays of light.

Penetrating and taking turns into another moment
of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Group Conversations

Listening to the hum of conversation buzzing around the
room, never landing within ear shot.
People gossiping, talking about themselves, joking,
laughing, spontaneously enjoying their time together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Age

Luckily sprawling across realms of tomorrow,
placating the existence of any problems.
Smoothing the wrinkles of life, molding and
shaping each day, so as to grow into old age
together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Aged Love

Silently happening before a roomful of people,
love sitting quietly inside two people as they
dance closely, intimately.

Not noticing anyone around them, eyes meeting,
shy smiles, slow steps in quiet interpretation,
turning around, two souls becoming one through
musical loneliness.

Striding along seashores of elderly being,
love grows hand in hand toward each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Closer To A Final Adventure

A poetical mind scaling realizations, their heights and depths giving thought-provoking ideas, creating, designing hopes and dreams of tomorrow with intense desire.

Lifting spirits into the bluened light, having hope and faith climb ever higher within me, stars shining brighter, life feeling fuller in spite of turmoil.

Every moment growing closer to a final adventure, nothing to hinder it's coming, for all must enter this last horizon to complete this earthly journey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Creative

Insipidly unselfish are children of the world, full of
love and caring, inspiration and absolute trust.

Taking all of life in glances, looking for insignificant
meanings in nature's environment.

Unavailed in daily tasks, wanting only to play and be at
peace.

Wonderful childhood basking in joyful serenity, taken
seriously by each other, in homes of caring.

Free from abusive situations, all little ones can grow
into creative individuals at their own pace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Dawn Of Death

Rhythm of the wind silently fills the land, allowing
each of us to hear a different melody.

There are no tranquil feelings floating about tonight,
all of them have crash-landed, belly-up, upon the
heated pavement in our lives.

None of us can reach a settlement, we haven't any clues
on how best to live our lives without letting go of our
hidden qualities.

Myriads of ages pass by, bringing with them, moths of
time, eating away our talents quickly, taking away our
short-lived fame.

No where on earth can a rhythm find it's way to life,
except through another human being, faith or God.

Stranded in lost tunnels of yesterday, we look for home,
not recognizing it's scenery, because we have changed
ourselves so much.

Walking away from those we love, rejecting their love
of us, we choose rather to live alone.

Having gone down many steps of life, we stop here upon
the final landing and put our lighted candle down,
going on unhesitatingly in the growing dawn of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Emptiness

A growing emptiness hiding inside, wanting to be acknowledged and known throughout the universe.
Delaying its entrance can only last so long, then I must write of the loneliness stemming from my heart.
Being expressed in feeling words, I relate all its emotions to others.
Completing the cycle in my life, giving hope to others who are feeling the same, letting them know they are not alone in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Ideas

Flowering ideas enkindling thoughts to stretch and bend.
Taking buds from garden paths, placing them in pockets of steel so no one may take them away.
They blossom within, growing more beautiful with each passing whim.
Imagination continues to gently blow seeds in all directions so many new ideas, images and inventions will grow considerably.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Intellectually

Feeling alive and vibrant, sensing desires rising inside,
looking around, wanting to be touched and fulfilled at
the same time.

Catching my breath, feeling excitement growing excessively
within, enjoying how it feels, growing towards an intellectual
high.

Beautiful sensations blossoming, nurturing and building a
passion for life through poetry.

Lighting the spark of imagination, blowing it gently, watching
it rise exponentially into the afternoon sky as I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Interior Solitude

Walking through forests of my mind, remembering childhood
in New Jersey and wishing at times it could be relived.

Only good times through the peace of nature as I played
in our vast front yard, climbing trees, eating their
fruits right from branches, hanging from their limbs
and letting go.

An exquisite and exciting time when younger and innocent,
allowing Mother Nature to take me into her arms, tenderly
take care of my being as I grew into and became one with
her nature, loving the peace and guidance nature has taught
me through the years.

If only every child could have such a perfect education,
they would have an interior solitude held within their
souls to get them through the hard times and turmoil that
happens to everyone in life's existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Interiorly

Music spilling noiselessly into my soul, touching it with a
reverence given by God.
Gifts bountifully gliding in air, bringing voices of angels
and heavenly beings to bear.
Touching people's lives as they hear the blossoming of poetry
so pleasant to their ears, growing interiorly with every
passing moment, happy to be thriving in such a peaceful life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Learning

Springtimes of life are filled with hope, joy and
growing learning of ourselves.

Wandering down pathways, watching flowers bloom
and trees grow, increasing knowledge of nature and
becoming one with it on cornerstones of ingenuity.

Warmest ideas, sprouting into terrific prose as it
fills tomes into eternity's pages of literate wisdom.

Keeping time with aspects of temporary knowledge of
earthly things and inspirations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Mature Ideas

Silence opens up my mind at times, growing mature ideas
and culminating the day's thinking in an aftermath of
daily routines.
Slaying, bantering thoughts as they slide up and down my
mind, giving childhood visions of talent.
Sloshing through rain puddles, free from rhetoric and
inane rules.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Older

Intelligent beings getting drunk on too much liquor,
then making fools of themselves in front of strangers
and friends alike.

Nothing matters when the alcohol hits their brain,
killing off many cells now, so as they grow older you
will have dementia or Alzheimers.

Never thinking of the consequences until dealing with
them much later in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Older With My Sons

Quietly withdrawn, holding on to silent feelings of gentle sorrow.
Knowing my sons, are growing up and away, thoughts along that line
pull my heart in opposite directions.
Letting go - up to a point - then pulling back, a quartet of yo-yo's
are driving me back and forth.
It will happen whether or not I want it to, because that is the
normal way of growing up.
It is very difficult at times, and yet I want to let go and watch
them fly - soar away - on their own.
It will reinforce the facts of their upbringing, the tender care
given them in all things as they grew from one stage to the next.
They did it so delicately, so gently, they've always made it so
easy; such gentle, kind souls from birth.
Always proud, watching them in the present, reflecting on the
memories of the past.
How differently one being can become from one year to the next.
Walking from the shadows of yesterday, side by side, all of us
grown up and getting accustomed to our new relationships.
We take different forks in the road ahead, no need to say good-
bye, for we know that in the future our paths will cross and
recross many times before we part this earth for good.
Quietly withdrawn, holding on to silent feelings of gentle
sorrow and life moves forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Pleasure

Deriving pleasure from a desire that is growing within me, touching senses, lighting them up and taking me into new heights of love and freedom.

A unique feeling of beauty, spreading throughout my being, watching interiorly for signs of reality.

Showing me the sensitive side of another, holding me closely through so many miles on the other side of the world.

Nothing has changed right where I am at, and yet, life has been brightened and given an energy and passion never felt before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Rainbows

Bouquets tossed into the air, filled with the joy of happiness and beauty.

Living short lives, bouncing colors to sightful eyes, tantalizing memories to keep in mind, the natural beauty in everyday items not made with our own hands.

Sent from gardens above, set in flower beds, scattered over earth, placed in areas which need to be reminded of nature and it's haphazard ways of being appreciated by humans walking by.

Gathered together with eyes of collective reasoning, enjoying immensely, the colored rainbow growing before them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Responsible

Insinuating concepts of life in steps of growing into adulthood, taking on characteristics of maturity.

Evening out edges of adolescence throughout teenage years, hoping to gain knowledge to become responsible adults.

Taking on privileges of age with knowledge needed to do things right, living in circles of maturity and encouraging friends to do the same.

A responsibility of becoming part of the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Shadows

Shadows lying over the pavement, trying to keep warm.

Growing larger, stretching out farther, trying to
cover more territory.

Empty spaces naturally adhere alongside of them,
bringing with them cold night air.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Through Poetry

Just putting a pen in my hand and setting paper in front of me is enough to set thoughts flowing out constantly, loving to write so very much, because I am freed, deep inside of me.

All thoughts locked up ever so long, find their way out onto paper so everyone may read them.

Deep inside, each time releasing pent up emotions, which I have always thoughtfully denied by stuffing them inside.

Letting off steam gently, slowly, over long periods of time, becoming freer.

A past which as held me captive for so long, is coming out onto paper in the form of poetry, pulling me along, helping Me to grown.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Trees

Tree trunk bowing, spreading from it's main stay,
allowing it to grow symmetrically.

Giving freedom of movement to every branch and
particle conceived from seed to root on it's
pathway, leading eventually to heaven's garden.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Up

Growing up is painful - it is killing me.
There are no directions to point me the right way.
Spinning crazily like a magnet in the north pole - my life gyrates with no control.
Trying to head in every direction at once - I end up standing still.
There are no cures - no remedies for growing up.
Each day begins a new day - each day we fill a brand new cup.
There are no set rules from A to B.
Everyone tries haphazardly to keep themselves alive, amidst all the noise and craziness.
There's not a soul alive with the answers to the questions of maturity.
We all strive for this something we call growing up - and yet we know little or nothing about it.
How can we be so stupid, trying to attain an impossibility while making every attempt to live our lives?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Up In The Sixties

Silencing everything around me just to listen to music of my soul,
spreading itself into my poetry, giving an aura to all that accept me without insincerity or doubts.

Achieving an alternative sensation from within, splitting me apart with exacting precision, taking part in all editions of life as I write them myself.

Serious portrayals of people's expressions and feelings as they wear them on their sleeves for everyone to see and explain openly to others.

Being honest, always on edges of truth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Up Quickly

Little children brought up under great stress and strain.

A mother wanting any man who was not her husband, while the father cared for nothing, but liquor and beer.

These little children grew up quickly and were adults at the age of thirteen.

Both parents thought little of the three of them being only for themselves, their sex and drink.

Never once noticing how much they hurt those tiny little human beings, until the damage was done and it was too late.

Then they tried to hide their guilt and shame even more behind their lust for sex and drink.

Becoming old before their time, getting divorced because neither wanted to raise their children.

They were only standing in the way of fun and freedom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Within

Angel of love look upon this baby growing within me, guide him please by the light of faith.

Help me to nurture and inspire him, even now as he silently awaits his birth.

Protect him from the horrors he hears from without, let him not be afraid to enter my world with doubt.

Taking his little hand in yours, helping to lead him towards all that is morally right.

When I must leave him alone to think my thoughts, please stay close to him, gently touching his mind and heart with quiet strength and love until I can return my attention once again towards him.

My little one has all he needs to grow physically, help him also to be capable of compassion, sensitive to others, especially in sorrow.

Reach within me, hold him close to our hearts, allow our journey together to begin, help us to always be a family, close-knit and one with God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growing Words

Rehearsing songs, changing and rearranging their essence to fit my style of composing.
Sending scents of rhythm into melodies just to try them out in compositions.
Feeling attuned to whatever I'm thinking as I place notes in sequences of many diversified situations.
Fitting every tone and sound in synch with words that grow in poetry, giving so much pleasure as I listen to them.
Delving into the beautiful sunsets of life in music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Grown Thoughts

Looking around the room at
everyone's child.

Wondering what their parents
would be thinking if they
saw their children now grown
and old.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growth Anyway

Flowers delicately growing through wire fences,
gently grasping - holding on to life.

Wiggling blossom heads in morning breezes,
freer than the air we breathe.

Lovely facets of nature growing with man's
inventions to keep people out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growth Of Sunrise

Silence crunching the evening dusk,
as a steady rain falls upon earth.
Writhing and crawling along moonbeams,
anticipating growth of a new day's sunrise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growth Space

Growth from within is painful as it takes up more space
than I am used to.

Pushing aside all childish inclinations, to make more
room, is at times confusing, but good.

Maybe someday when I am through, it will have been worth
it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Growth Through Rain

Growth through clouds of rain continues the existence
of mankind.

Allowing the etiquette of patterns set in gold, eons
ago to escape.

Booked from libraries in eternity, standing bold faced
upon pages left behind.

Engraved only in the hearts of men, situated on porches,
awaiting the watchers of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Guarded Secrets

Striding along bridal paths of nature, feeling exuberant
joy, fulfilling itself in increments of serenity.

Raising and lowering standards in haphazard ways, totaling
expressions of piety and carefully guarded secrets hidden
from prying eyes for all time.

Gracefully falling into mires of splendid consequences,
enticing moments of rhythm to flow and ebb in sequences of
life and it's hybrid wealth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Guardian Angel

Hoping to hold onto faith to the end,
at times it seems impossible.
But I ask my guardian angel to light
a heavenly candle and protect me through
the days and nights ahead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Guarding Emotions

Silent tributes enter realms of
anticipation without any hesitation.
Removing any fears and doubts getting
in the way.
Stationing a guard to stand over emotions.
Keeping them in check so they don't
overtake every notion of beauty, settling
in mazes of inner imagination of my heart
and soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Guarding Secrets

Delight fills my mind the moment music in my CD
player is turned on.

Vibrations immediately fill my being with antic-
ipated energy and beauty.

Realizing dreams in the essence of intellect,
guarding secrets of a lifetime within.

Holding to the truths of an innate knowledge, using
them to write poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Guarding Self

Guarding events and points
of interest with jealousy.
As people try to develop
their own agendas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Guarding Treasures

Writing in life's corridors,
making observations,
tending thoughts and gelling
memories so they'll last forever.
Keeping treasures closely guarded,
never letting them fall to the ground
and be smashed.
Hoping to consecrate them and place
them into horizons of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Guessing Games

Guessing games plague all of us with mysterious rules known only to the person
who has made them up in their own minds, and been ruled
by emotional turmoil in their lives since childhood.
We all suffer from this abusive circumstance put on us, with no way out if we
want to continue loving them and having them in our lives.
Solutions can be found to make things easier for all of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Guiding By Candlelight

Slipping along icy streets, trying to hold on to freezing thoughtful ideas.
Wanting to thaw out slowly, methodically, without penalties from any source.
Digging carefully into avalanches and snow slides into deepest parts of earth.
Finding artifacts and relics to remind us of deeper senses of purpose to be carried out in our lifetimes.
Soul searching, guiding by candlelight, through catacombs of religious ideals as we crawl along musical tempos in our ways.
Steadfastly keeping time with our innate energy on any given day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Guiding Mathematics

Sincerely watching numbers run
through my head.
Planning decades of mathematical
figures to guide me on the way.

(7: 58 p.m. - 11/28/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Guiding Senses

Gardens of Eden lie before us in magnificent
splendor, giving off varied colors, passing
through many dimensions even as I watch them
this very moment.

Allowing senses to protect and guide,
perceptions falling gently, picking them up
and exploring them explicity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Guiding Stars

Lasting ideas tuning into best points of imagination, taking me along to events of my mind.
Lighting all stars in the night, guiding my way towards an everlasting peace on the side of life.
Holding onto the hope faith has given me through dark nights of my soul.
Genuine purposes filling me as I realize dreams of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Guiding Thoughts

Inspiration hits rhythmically through halos of music,
guiding thoughts into portals of amusement, while
softening blows of daily living.

Carrying moments arrested in time, exercising their
monumental minds from within excerpts of finality.

Totaling exact measurement of space and time, focusing
them onto explicit screens of future thought.

Believing in sacred hopes and dreams, taking them
along on strolls through circumstantial evidence of
living past existences in troubled worlds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Guiding Through Turmoil

Wanting to leave this place, go about my business of poetry and living.

Possibilities are all around in mathematical exigencies, awaiting their arrival in the poems of life.

Sojournly, walking down lanes of yesterday's fate, changing it today, looking forward to the new facets of existence.

Finding a way back to the center of my being, moving into the next horizon.

Seeing the light shining before me, guiding the way through all the turmoil in daily life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Guise Of Love

This being is buried deeper now than ever
before, there is no way to descend to it's
level, no forgiveness in any dimension.

Strung along by introjection, sequestered
in a tomb of hell, never facing any outcome,
even under the guise of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Guises Of Nature

Removal of inhibitions during an accordion oktoberfest,
manifests great ideas and shapes of things to come in
future poems.
All is clear and concise as etudes flow out into the
open, penetrating guises of nature and beginning stances
of involvement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gun Control Is Obsolete

Discipline in our lives is diminishing, people no longer
have a work ethic or morals, our society is changing be-
cause of this and it's not for the better.

Children not being loved or cared for, left to the street
gangs to become their family, being raped, killed, robbing, committing all types
of crimes, running amuck.

A revolving society going in and out of jail, learning noth-
ing, never being rehabilitated, what are we teaching people?
To do what pleases them and to hell with everyone else.

Put back the death penalty and people will think twice be-
fore committing crimes and going on shooting sprees, gun
control being obsolete as always.

A gun can only be controlled when someone is holding it,
as a law abiding legal citizen, never shooting anyone un-
less protecting innocent people.

Criminals and thugs on the other hand will kill and murder
anyone to get what they want from you, they have no incent-
ive to stop what they're doing.

There'll always be weapons for sale on the black market so
what good are gun control laws, only morons thinking in
narrow-minded ways feel it's the answer.

In reality actually having no effect whatsoever in reality,
every one of the studies proving that every mass shooting
throughout history has been done by liberals or democrats.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gushing Wind

Atmosphere gushing wind onto earth,
cleansing and purifying it in spite
of man.

Tugging at trees and plant life,
causing them to hang on for dear
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gypsy Lives

Gypsy lives, free and wild, being exhilarated by
their total freedom.

Picking up and moving about, no roots anywhere in
this world.

Leaving behind materialistic issues and products
of this earthly life.

Holding onto the simplicity of generations, keeping
up the practices passed on by traditions and rituals.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Gyrating Rhythm

Beating incessantly in rhythm with bells ringing
soundly in the background, a voice singing a
language that is unknown in nearby realms.
It is soothing, yet contrived - hitting eardrums
forcefully, arranging notes to fast beats of mind-
sending rhythms.
Carefully put together, it's effects are sublime,
as musical composition caresses us with an easy,
relaxed form of etiquette and intuition for
centuries.
An easy art to follow as bodies sway and gyrate
flowingly, sensuously, with an evening of heavenly
rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Habit Of Chance

Chances have a habit of appearing suddenly before us and
just as quickly disappearing before we get an opportunity
to take them.

Reach out and grasp every one you can, for they may enrich
your lives or at least give some happiness once in a while
in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Habits

All throughout many years following routines, not veering from them only because they happen to be habits in our lives.

At times, wanting, wishing, hoping for a reprieve from it all, seeing no way out.

Falling into a rut, losing hope, listlessly fearing an event that will take us from the existence of our lives for good at some time in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Habitual Concept

Drying in the arid Arizona heat in the middle of the desert,
feeling the intrepid loneliness coming through emptiness.

Fulfilling promises of abandonment, always completing the
habitual concept of moonlight romance that usually finds
it's way into the twilight of another pathway of the mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Had The Ending Only Been Known

Remembering images of a loved one holding onto your
arm, walking into a party, face aglow, eyes twinkling
merrily in anticipation of having a great time.

Love catching at the hearts of both, never leaving or
even thinking of doing so, if the ending had only been
known.

Life would have been filled more with moments of loving,
being held close, quiet conversations, hugs and embraces.
never letting you go into the great beyond without me.

A sudden displacement as you are being taken from me
by death and it's cold embrace, holding you instead of
the warmth of my arms being around you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Halloween At The Center

Halloween Party at P.V. Community Center, decorated to the
hilt, beautifully done in orange and black.
Elderly seniors dressed in various costumes for the event.
Smiles everywhere, music playing delightfully, brightening
the atmosphere and giving quite a show.

(10: 13 a.m. - 10/30/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Halls Of Fame

Halls of fame stand before me waiting for me to go
through them and take what is rightfully mine from
their depths.
Beautiful energy emanates from within, bringing
life to fruition as it turns innate nature into
wonderful poetry.
Timeless persuasion guides me through obstacles and
detours along the way as life stirs within, reaching
for outer limits beyond my scope and realm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Halls Of Lonely People

Halls of lonely people, sitting in chairs of despair,
hoping to fulfill life-long dreams of success and
tranquility.

Many of them not daring to stir from their seats of
safety in moments of truth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Halls Of Music

Ricocheting through the atmosphere, notes and their
sounds bulleting around, hitting our ears and minds,
causing no damage, just giving a lively joy that fills
us totally and completely.

Raising hell, being good and innocent while doing so,
being comfortable and alive, striving only to be calm
and live in a tantalizing and delectable environment,
while striding down halls of music, watching it spread
it's wings and fill everyone's beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Halls Of Yesterday

Sanguinely deteriorating within, sampling with blurred sight, unequivocal respite of eternalness.
Ripping apart curtains veiling halls of yesterday, sending
them raggedly away.
Cursing pillars of strength that have fallen to their doom,
casting shadows of dubious beliefs in all directions.
Granting dispensations for those unlucky in the throes of
love, daunted by heights of passion thrown overboard.
Certain ideas filter through aspirations, climbing continually,
never getting beyond bottom rungs because of independent natures
in our universe.
Following preset notions undyingly to the ends of earth,
alighting, totally exhausted, from so little effort and inner strength.
Frowning inwardly, because in the very end, there is no respite
from existing an entire lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hallway Of Fame

Looking down hallways of memories framed in pictures,
belonging to Dr. S.

A fascinating repertoire, depicting a vanity of
aspects and definitions of people in his life.

Fascinating images, creating a collage collaborating
it's essence in a beautiful array of intellectual
pursuits.

Pictured in action, stilled for an eternity, to be
placed in annals of his medical history and enjoyed
for centuries by family and patients together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hallways Of Sound

Filling an inner being with translucent feelings,
tasting of the myriads of tones it captures.

Resonance focusing perfectly onto screens within
this mind, carry unknown depths of beauty down
life-long streams of ingenuity.

Walking forever in hallways of sound, living as if
on Broadway's stages subconsciously.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hand In Hand

Slowly and steadily, dancing through the night, both of
us dressed in our love, beautiful and refined.

Stealing moonlight and placing it in our eyes, brightened
by starlight twinkling above.

Being one in togetherness, tenderly holding onto our love,
watching it grow and blossom right before us.

Taking steps in synch as we traverse our heavenly path
hand in hand, nothing taking away the peace we find within
each other, so easy to see how love has brought us together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Handful Of Prayer

Showering my being with blessings from heaven, keeping me hopeful even as the world shatters around me.
Holding on to a preface of life, wondering if destiny will play it's part, as my being gives up itself to death overnight.
Hanging onto a major portion of quiet stillness in a handful of prayer, contemplating where I will be going in the near future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hand-Held Hearts

High school lovers dancing sixty years down the road,
holding onto one another with loving arms and looks.

Catching at their eyes, holding them in embraces as
they continue to move into the future.

Pivoting, swaying, aging in steps as they dance to
rhythms being played for everyone.

Love outlasts time, even as it wrinkles their skin
when they aren't looking.

Hearts held in hands forever as melodies gather
them together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Handing Out Humor

Jitterbugging down rhythms's of fun, handing out humor along the way.
Bringing smiles to people's faces as they sit and listen to many aspects of music, brought to us by life.
Introduced by innate talent through famous singers and amateurs alike.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Handlebars In Hand

Being energized by the incessant rhythms playing here at
Buddy Stubbs, supporting bikers throughout this life,
everyone loving to be around him and his business.

Wandering along paths of never-ending Harley's, taking
rides down lonely highways, never looking back, just
moving ahead into sunrises and sunsets of tomorrow.

Having all the rides of a lifetime positioned in a
photographic mind, never taking eyes or mind off of the
road or highway.

Sliding down streamlined roads of tomorrow, handlebars
in hands of bikers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Handling The Totality Of Life

Timid and shy, avoiding crowds and parties full of those
wanting to talk and drink with each other.

Preferring only the solace of lonely abandonment where
intellect can show me the impossibilities of life be-
coming possible on earth.

Scattering and taking in every particle, having the
energy to partake in every portion that is promised by
fate.

Handling the totality of life, using it's utmost, making
the most of every pattern and design.

Pathways filled with broken dreams and promises are walked
by, constantly looking for designs being coded by intellect
and rhythms in the interior of another dimension.

Being held secretly inside this being, not afraid of
being used in life's choice endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Handprints

Regrettably this day is not over, it sits distastefully on my
mind, clouding mirrors of my soul.
Dark fortresses cannot relieve the overflow of despair, rainbows
will not color themselves for pleasure.
All is measured in distance, the farther the better; allotting
no renditions to scatter and become the essence of a human form.
Tracing hand prints across walls of time, cryptically attempting
to read pictures left behind.
Sounds do not penetrate an inner core of self-proclaimed
forgiveness.
Allowable graces can be no more upon this ground of hatred.
Promises banned, forgotten, left to rot, decidedly on the
side of hell.
Raining tears upon the vast matter within, calculating the
resistance it must surpass to become a precious item of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hands Of My Mind

Traveling, looking at landscapes being created as
I do so, enjoying what I see.

Taking each moment into the hands of my mind, going
over them thoroughly, finding and exploring every
detail with the curiosity of a child.

Altogether, being the advocate of intellect, giving
it's presence in my life first place in everything
that I happen to do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hands Of Silence

Solitary hearts lonely for companionship, hover closely together, hoping for lasting love to keep them warm on empty stretches of life.
Tenderly placing hands of silence in one another's embrace, holding tightly to memories, keeping them in special places of the heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hands Of Time

Hands of time come about slowly, leisurely, only once.
Hearts reaching out silently, mother to daughter,
unfolding love held closely by one another.
Realizing their lives together must separate and end,
pulls gently, sorrowfully, at their minds.
Tears welling up inside, painfully reminding them that
one soul must pass from this life to heaven.
Hurting violently within at times, not wanting to let go,
not wanting to give up their lives together.
Yet, knowing too, that suffering is worse than death.
As twilight emerges, mother and daughter looking deeply
into each other's eyes, seeing their love for each other,
quietly holding hands, waiting for God to take over and
say when.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hands Of Wind

Hands of wind gently scratching the atmosphere, daring not
to alight upon earth.

Fragilly floating, testing everything, seeking to find a
save place to settle in.

Taking in long dregs of heady air, sweetened with passing
of ages, stepping in time.

Lifetime memories filling ideas of today, rearranging every
day occurrences within future frames of mind.

Telling tales of old, getting caught up in events never
spoken of aloud.

Darkened tunnels, hiding deeds which never rise above the
ground, never see the light of day, angrily pacing corridors,
trying to find a way out of nightmares.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hanging By Threads

Sorrowfully thinking of a friend, knowing he will be devastated
if something should happen to me.

Trying to hold on for family and him, praying that life will be
prolonged a little longer, giving a chance to take care of
everything needed for family and friends.

Keeping it together while writing through poetry, hanging by
threads of words and sentences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hanging Heart

Shoulders back, head held high, yet this heart
is hanging from within my mind, tears falling
into my soul endlessly.

No relief in sight as my mind searches for the
answers through intellect, thoughts randomly
wandering around in the darkness.

Not finding anywhere to alight or rest to feel
some relief from the intense pain left by death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hanging In Retroactive Thoughts

Swaying with melodies in stanzas of etudes,
gliding down passageways into future
predicaments, inviting puzzles to gather and
mix with mystery.

A beautiful combination, existing in
imagination's subconsciousness, unraveling
years of life in writing of poetry and it's
depths.

Delving quietly, incessantly into cognitive
abysses, tracking abstractions and settling
them with their opposites.

Finally hanging in retroactive thoughts for
evenings of literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hanging In The Balance

Total abandonment filtered through the years,
bringing a sadness to the forefront of a life
as it hangs in the balance and is grasped by
God before falling away forever in a hell of
emptiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hanging Leaves

Looking at tree tops in the rain, watching them being blown
to and fro in an afternoon breeze.

Cold penetrating their essence, leaving them gasping in the
freezing air, trying to wrap the leaves hanging upon them
to keep warm.

A losing battle as the wind continues to rend and pull them
out into the air and scattering them to the ground.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hanging On Edges

Altogether, life has it's moments of despair,
hanging on edges of hope.

Tranquilized in attempts of coercive fatigue,
possessing many strands and slivers that fall
through hands in times of latent sadness.

Boxed, crated, stored in warehouses, awaiting
bonds of trust and aid.

Standing there, only several minutes bounce
forth with happiness and joy.

Altogether, life had it's moments of despair,
now no more hope hanging on the edges.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hanging Onto Rhythms

On top of the world, getting together with friends who
love music, fun and laughter just like we do, hanging
onto rhythms, flying into the atmosphere.

Smiling and enjoying our time at the Wagon Yard, owners
from New York, band's name is 'Cold Front', a totally
fantastic band that enlightens everyone here.

Surrounding us with captivating melodies and harmonies,
giving their all, taking requests and allowing people to
join them on stage.

Playing instruments or singing, a glorious way to spend
an evening with friends who love and live life fully every
moment just as we do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hanging Pictures

Enjoying the moment of exhilaration in a breath of fresh art.

Freeing our souls from ordinary stations in life, giving ourselves overflowing passion in forever moments.

Singling out our interests in wonderful awe of life as it approaches, encircling us in it's arms.

Senses set free in an atmosphere of acceptance of self, as continuing to move forward, we move beyond into our inner beings, forming pictures we can hang in halls of eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Haphazard Pattern Of Life

Looking back upon life, not seeing many moments of happiness
and joy except when with family and friends, continuing to
be taken away time and again by death and loss.

We're only human after all, wanting to find ways to alter or
change haphazard patterns of life, knowing innately there's
a way, attempting to influence or find a way to flip the
switch from death back to life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Haphazard Ways

Angels flying all around, protecting and energizing the totality of my being.

Researching anticipated pleasures of sensuous realizations coming forward into spacious realms.

All barriers are down and I'm totally open to everything absent from life right now.

Catching afterthoughts in mitts left out on fields of yesterday's baseball games.

Worn and tattered, but still good for what I need them to be used for.

Quality of articles from the past was much better than it is today, where everything is plastically breakable and made just to be thrown out after usually just one use from it.

Things sure are different now than they used to be and it's hard to adjust to the incredibly haphazard ways of modern living and techniques.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hapless Events

Evenings, alone in deserted rooms with phantoms,
spreading themselves around me.
Not wanting to see or feel their worried expressions,
fulfilling empty promises with faulty hopes, and
engendering hapless events within environments of
mystery.
Taking my positions, keeping me in stranded places.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hapless Experience

Life circles itself continually, giving not an inch no
matter what.

Such a hapless experience it seems, vanishing into time
with every moment being lived.

Memories lying restlessly within our minds, haunting us
throughout our lives.

Passing quickly, barely hanging onto the moment's now
gone in our minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Happening To See

Watching photographic screens from left to right and
back again, seeing so many interesting, novel ideas
and details that others never happen to see as they
progress through this life.

Amazing awe, being struck by lightening of intellect,
causing sparks to sparkle throughout this brain,
nothing more beautiful to be seen anywhere in this
bluened atmosphere where I continually write poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Happily Married

Thinking of you my dear makes my heart swell with the knowing of your unconditional love held preciously in your heart.

Wonder and intensive curiosity filling us both with desires, passion rising slowly like bread being warmed to make it fluffier.

Only wanting to be close together throughout this life, being happily married my dear, no matter what's going on in the rest of the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Happily Wandering

Wandering happily through life, touching upon many landscapes and portraits of others, some knowing about my life eventually, others never even knowing that I existed.

Believing in the beauty of humanity and nature, taking life in stride having an exciting adventure every time coming upon a new situation or circumstance, all coming together in poetry, enlivened by music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Happy Birthday

Drumming melodies into a birthday of fifty-nine years, celebrating with the one he loves, playing keyboard beside him.
Enjoying his wife, smiling inside and out, so happy to be aging with her on a pathway of musical happiness.
Calmly accepting another year, hoping for many more in the future.
Later in the evening, joining together with love for a special wish of thanksgiving for one another.
Appreciating the joy given to each other, friends stand by, happily wishing a fantastic birthday and many, many more in the coming years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Happy Birthday Peggy

Strutting through life, playing ivories in an enchanted mind, filled with music and melodies.
Tranquil and full of peace as she breezes through her birthday without anyone celebrating her special day.
Only past and present writers of musical scores, as she plays her keyboards for others on her day.
Within this little poem are all the wishes in the world, sending their best through a friend - a poet - who stepped into her life for a while.
Happy Birthday, Peggy, you are always in my heart, my friend.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Happy Birthday Rose

Today is a day for celebrating a friend's birthday,
enjoying her personality and soul as she gently ages
into another year, filled with hopes and joy.
Inspiring those around her, Rose takes in everything,
gives of herself and expects only good thoughts in
return.
A classy lady, with a heart of gold, a true friend in
every sense of the word.
These wishes for her birthday are extended whole-
heartedly, hoping it's a terrific day and only every-
thing good comes her way.
Happy Birthday Rose - hope you have many more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Happy Hour

Happy hour has come and gone, leaving behind it's debris.
Upstairs is an old man reliving an old memory.
Something that happened years ago, something he had almost forgotten.
But now in vivid color does appear to make him sad - for he has had one too many beers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Happy Melody

Rocking and rolling in my chair as I write, listening
to the rhythm of a line dance as I watch the senior
dancers keeping time like a ritual in life.
Softly tapping and sliding into musical scores,
attempting to keep up with one another.
Aching, breaking hearts not able to cry, because the
melody of the song is much to happy to do anything
but laugh.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Happy Moments

Lonely moments without you my dear, thinking of us together, laughing, joking, kissing, hugging, having a great time in happy moments of life.

Seeing your face smiling from ear to ear the moment you see me appear, making my heart flutter, feeling so good knowing that I have your full attention and unconditional love, you make my life worthwhile, loving you only forever my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Happy To Be Alive

Singing a rhythm of my soul, letting it take control
of my entire being.

Fulfilling every sense inside, thrilling to it's
sensational vibration, feeling elated beyond this
earth.

Believing in faith, hope leaping within this heart,
taking me out of depths of an intense sadness, while
pushing me into another universe and dimension, so
happy and contented to be alive again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Happy To Be Alone

Steadily rocking, fast or slow, putting everything
together in a pastime of equality, brought forth
from yesterday.

Strolling silently through desert's pathways in the
morning, watching little animals scurrying.

Listening to a transistor radio, while walking to
school every day.

Always, enjoying the peace that accompanied this
solo journey, happy to listen to music alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hard Times

Waiting inside for changes to be made,
adapting my mind to newer medical
situations, happening to my being.

Trying to live within it's parameters,
having a hard time sticking to the
strict regimens, doctors want me to
follow.

Doing the best I can with what I have,
attempting daily starts to keep going,
grasping life for moments in time.

(2/22/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hard To Pretend

Pasting a picture of self over reality, hiding behind
it, wanting to pretend that I'm not really here right
now, hoping it will work, but not really counting on it.

Reality bites so hard it's difficult to pretend even
with such a great imagination to keep self writing all
the time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hardships

Stepping softly through life, we stop when there is
no easy way through hardships.

Learning, we see our failings, our mistakes and hide
our eyes in humility.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Harley Bikers

Tasting the smell of grilled hot dogs on
the bar-b-que.
Wonderfully scented, touching taste buds,
giving delight to a brain in anticipation
of a bite with cheese, onions and chili
on top.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Harley Heaven

Regaling in sidelines, watching time rotate away from me in hidden tunnels,
perfecting perception in darkness.
Breaking through sunset to innure feelings of silent moods, bereft of intimacy
and affection.
Slicing constantly into spheres of identity, providing accommodations
for future destinations in harley heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Harley Ride

Riding on a Harley, excitement uncontained, wild and free,
helmetless, hair racing in the wind.
Sun shining upon my brow, being and feeling the vibrations
of a lifetime on the back of a cycle.

(8/28/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Harley's On The Road

Leaning sideways, keeping balance without falling or tipping over.
Wind blowing, catching hair, throwing it in many directions at once.
Tangling it in knots, as riding Harley's, falling in line on the road to highways of freedom and justice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Harmonic Balance

Playing together in a harmonic balance, like a melody with it's rhythm beating in time with the energy of it's essence, we two are somehow cooperating interiorly in this exacting perfection.

How it's being done is beyond any explanation, it seems to be divine intervention only, it plays like a video, an ever-lasting one.

Bringing joy and happiness into our lives even when miles and countries away, a fate sweeter than life itself and it belongs to us together.

An experience that totals our lives and gives an energy that somehow consumes us, a wonderful way to be consumed and surrender to each other on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Harmonic Rhapsodies

Listening to the ocean roar, waves rising and falling
within as their sounds play generously in harmonic
rhapsodies all the time.

Letting this mind rise and fall, rhythms taking this
being calmly into melodies of nature, a wonder totally
mesmerizing every fiber of this mind continually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Harmonic Shell

Sounds of music behave like rockets of light entertaining my mind and casting an illumination of every area of my mind.
Escaping from derelict functions of daily routines, coalescing and putting me on a back burner.
Nothing gets a rise except beats hitting my heart and soul.
Justifying the beauty of my soul's harmony as it is cast in a harmonic shell made just for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Harmonica Sam

Fingering and blowing rhythms on his harmonica, Sam,
concentrating on every note he plays.
Beautiful renditions of yesterday's melodies, adhering
to my brain as I sit and listen attentively, nothing
getting between me and the music.
Rocking into the existence of tomorrow's harmonies,
playing and singing, giving spirits a lift throughout
the night.
Adjusting everything in sight, bringing it all into
perspective intuitively with little energy and many
facets of intellect.
Causing the beneficence of reality to hop along and
bring everything into a forum of togetherness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Harmonies Of Honesty

Stomping and rocking earth with many rhythms, melodies,
and harmonies filled with the honesty of our lives.
Finalizing steps to continue finding our way, holding
onto morals and ethics of old, stepping up to the plate,
prepared to be straightforward and honest in all that we
choose to do.
Whiling away moments, helping each other attain our goals
and purposes.
Being champions of our interior beings, never believing
any less of ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Harmonies Of Nature

1: 38 p.m.
Rhythmically sounding into echoes of a lonely mountain call,
entertaining synapses of this brain.

Taking it's textures, touching them with harmonies of nature,
speaking silent words into the wilderness.

Accomplishing incessant picturesque thoughts through memories,
rising to beautiful energy, filling an entire spiritual being
of tolerant beginnings. 1: 39 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Harmonious Walkways

Spinning across our vision, images gyrate and coalesce in
our mind's imagination and creative eyes.

Revolving naturally forever, along walkways of courtyards
made for us alone to find our ways back to peace and
harmony within ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Harmony

Observing facets of life and people dancing.
77135Seeing their eyes, expressions on their faces
and the fluidity of each one's movements as
they glide around the floor in harmony with
inner natures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Harmony For Humanity

People of this world fighting against evil and corruption,
wanting our world to be at peace and filled with harmony
for all of humanity.

Constantly thinking of ways to fulfill this vision we poets
are always thinking and creating through our poetical in-
genuity.

Wanting to help others see the light, leading them to this
logical conclusion, that all men are created equal and it's
time to get on board, proving it to everyone at last.

Putting an end to corruption, greed and evil, bringing only
goodness and mercy, loving and compassion into the equation
that will eventually rise into a full-blown serenity.

Always filled with faith and hope, taking us into freedom
and forever away from slavery of horrendous and fraudulent
people who think of themselves only.

A life of purity and innocence for everyone, preserving this
world for our children, grandchildren and future generations,
bringing harmony to our world at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Harpstrings Of An Aching Heart

Listening to the melody of love as it plays
the harp strings of my aching heart.

Mind singing lyrics of my soul as they come
from depths of my being.

Totally soothing loneliness of life, as time
takes me into your arms.

Touching without hurting, intense and beautiful
rhythms bringing me home, deep inside my being
where our love now resides.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Harrah's Enticing Casino

Busy-looking carpets being walked upon by many
people of various types and models of living.
Some with a lively step, as when they were
younger, others barely getting around, holding
onto a walker, preventing them from falling
over.
All of them, within Harrah's Casino, trying to
entice destiny into giving them lots of money
and making their wishes come true.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Harrah's Wall Art

Angles and patterns of light falling like water in a
picture formed from the interior of an artist's mind.
Having an idea, putting it to canvas and apportioning it in
just the right slant and position to show off the artistic
talent of us all.
Hanging on a wall in Harrah's Casino, where I have found
and written it into this poem so one and all may one day
come upon it when they too visit the casino.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Harrowing Morning

Centering within, trying to regain balance after a
harrowing morning.

Being verbally abused by someone who has dementia,
refusing to take his medicine.

It is a devastating disease, taking away the sanity
of a man who was fine until a few years ago.

Now it's like being with a total stranger, having
no idea who this man is anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hassle - Free

Energetically expecting the touch of God upon me as I listen to music and write, so completely in realms of heavenly abodes, a solo journey only I am part of.

Enjoying every single moment, finding myself in another dimension away from all the hassles, trials and tribulations of this life.

Hassle-free, nothing to frustrate or bring me down, being so free and at liberty, soaking into the mystical corners of contemplation.

Having wonderful experiences spiritually and intensely, living a life of poetical musings, composing music in art forms and painting.

A genuine and beautiful interior life filled with innate talent and joyous recognition forever, a love sitting silently in my heart for you only.

As I live this exhilarating and exciting life, sharing it with you alone, my darling through writing poetry together each day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Haunted Horizons

Tearing away laughter, hiding behind faded dreams of
yesteryear, tightly folding in upon itself, allowing
no entry into caverns of darkness.

Forcefully pushing away insistent images, remorsefully
attempting to escape from personal hells of their own
choosing.

Rippling across miles of striated grey matter, hanging
onto words being played in elliptical soundwiches for
no one else to hear.

Pounding incessantly to graphic rhythms, ingratiating
unheard rumors, allowing them no room in worlds of
being.

Escaping at last to final destinations on wings of
whispered didactic tributes, falling onto waysides
of future haunting horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Haunting Emptiness

Prescient thoughts being brought into the picture, having come from beyond and alighting upon the dirge of interior tomorrows.

Spent in sorrow, lifting limp shadows of loneliness into view.

Showering many thoughts with salt, hurting ever deeply, the raw wounded parts of my heart.

Turning me out, sending me to farthest reaches of the darkness.

Settling for less than nothing, not carrying on anymore, just listening to the echoes of emptiness haunting my soul every day and night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Haunting Feelings

Talking emotionally, tearing tears from within depths of a
heart, expressing feelings of confusion and sadness as they
take over and knock self-esteem into the ground.

Faith allows hope to join in and create places of serenity
and hope in a better tomorrow.

Tears won't go away, feelings will continue to haunt and
maim mentally, even after leaving behind the person
you love and the abuse suffered for years without reprieve.

Life needs to begin over on a new stage and fulfill a
purpose only God knows and expects.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Haunting Ghosts

Memories like ghosts haunting and teasing emotions
and feelings.

Eliciting tears and heartfelt loneliness, cradling
all of it is abandonment.

Life seems to be a process of giving love and then
destroying it's possibilities within death.

A saddened plight of human nature, having no way of
reversing it, wishing there was a way, however.

Going deeply into memories we take them out, laugh,
cry, are overjoyed or saddened by what we have al-
ready been through in our lives.

No redress at all, we walk forward and then finally
die in the midst of nothing at all.

Incessantly going into the future we have no recourse
in which to take with us anything at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Haunting Harmonies

Violins whistling sadly into the atmosphere, their
lonely echoes vibrating senses interiorly.

Solemn, evenly being portrayed in haunting harmonies,
testing inner strength and it's ingenuity.

Finding pathways into a deeper wisdom, leaving intense
desires lying by the wayside in order to follow a
spiritual leeway towards serenity and peaceful living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Haunting Images

Sorrow pouring like lava through my heart,
burning and searing as it covers emotions
with it's raw essence.

Beveling along arteries, causing pain and
weeping with every image, returning to haunt
and remind me of better days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Haunting Melody

Sitting back, watching trees and flowers growing on a picture
on the wall.
Beautiful orange blossoms hanging from the frame, spreading
their imaginative fragrance throughout a room of creativeness.
Reaching heavenward each day, concentrating on a natural way
of life, and it's silent, haunting melody.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Haunting Memories Of This Mind

Thinking silently remorse settled within, death having struck again, taking away love and caring that was ours from the very beginning of our lives.

Wonderful feelings of happiness and joy throughout the years with Grandparents, Aunts, Uncles and cousins, playing and having fun together.

Feeling special just being with family, such a perfect and wonderful way of living, family being more important than anything materialistic in this temporary life.

Now all that's left are memories of yesterday, haunting this mind with ghosts that can never die for they are preciously and gently within our minds, reminding us of the past, our love and good times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Haunting Minds

Settling quietly in front of a campfire, gently
strumming a guitar, letting it sing out to nature.

Joining with soothing and complacent rhythms,
flowing throughout the night.

Hearts blending together as tones fill their minds
with the memories of yesterday.

Melodies slipping into the night, like ghosts of the
past.

Haunting minds in front of blazing fires, remembering
voices from long ago.

Silently vibrating in the essence of tomorrow's beauty
as the sun rises in the morning.

Embers barely alive, everyone now asleep, guitar laid
to rest, no more to be played tonight.

Love has died and these are the only reminders left
behind to be remembered through tears of a time when
love was still alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Haunting Of A Mind

Listening to tears falling softly within my heart, causes them to stream from my eyes.
Lasting impressions filling my mind, lying about in disarray, wanting to find meaning in their existence.
Whatever happens becomes embedded, causing sad or happy thoughts to be ever present in my life.
Wishing, every once in a while, that it could be different - that the haunting of my mind would fill someone else's inward eyes.
Yet, no one else could take the vividness of life being relived over and over with very slight reminders.
It is for me alone - this lifelong video to be played and rerun without command.
Noting it's complexity surrounding everything I do, quietly I fold it into simplicity so that I may live with it.
Knowing only that it is God's gift to me - I appreciate His love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Haunting Regret

Regular and steady, rhythms continue to carry on
through life's avenues.

Worlds of experience falling on deaf ears, no one
wants to allow another to be one up on themselves.

A regret that will haunt them in the future, always
bringing sorrow into perspective when it's impossible
to set things right again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Haunting Sadness

Tiny teardrops falling from within, being shy, not wanting
to be seen.

Loving touching my heart so gently, tenderly, not wanting
to disturb intellect.

Yet the sadness haunts my mind because you are not here
with me, my dear.

Letting my feelings come from within in tiny drops of
tears, showing my love for you so shyly.

Desperately not wanting to frighten you, for everything
will be all right in the morning.

Getting through this night will be the hard part, thinking
of all that could go wrong.

Testing all possibilities intellectually, not wanting to
accept any of them.

Hoping to see the sun rise with a new hope and promise for
a better day today than what is it right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Haunting Through Love

Hearing the call of the jungle, heart beating faster,
listening closely to interior sounds of your soul
calling to mine.

Solitary and alone, standing in a tangled jungle, find-
ing your being haunting me through love and passion,
wondering how long before you come into my arms.

How long before we are together again, it's been much
too long already - a few hours at least! All beauty of
our hearts fills our minds and souls forever tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having A Great Time

People talking, drinking, having a great time in their own
minds as musicians play their hearts out for them, yet
getting no recognition for any of their musical prowess.
Ruder than normal because they've been drinking way too
much, obnoxious attitudes gather and begin putting people
off.
Some wanting to hear and dance to the rhythmic entertainment
being enjoyed to the fullest with loved ones in their aching
arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having A Great Time Always

Having a great time listening to music, tapping to it's rhythms, wandering throughout deserts of an interior life.

Soul touching and keeping me safe, walking along, ever watching cacti and sunsets as they happen before me daily.

Wanting to always have perfect and colorful rainbows creating and forming poems that fall from within, taking every thought, concept and idea together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having A Life Bound In Love

Solidly holding onto your love throughout the night, loving you totally as we continue to be separated, countries apart, yet our hearts continue to be one.

Feelings, emotions, all tied to each other, having a life bound with an interior and unconditional love that will never end for either of us.

Being one no matter how far away we are from one another, our lives having been blessed beyond compare as we live, love and keep each other always in our hearts, minds and souls, knowing that one day soon we'll be forever together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having An Independent Nature

Going against tides of unsuspecting life, wanting to not be told what to do, having an independent nature from birth, keeping it throughout life.

Ending the coercive actions of others, never letting them interfere with what I intend to do in life.

Tantalizing energy becoming the strength of interior convictions, always moving in opposite directions of everyone else.

Enjoying their shocked reactions time and again, not expecting to see this shy, quiet woman do the unexpected.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having Been Blinded

Wandering down strings of chords, enjoying their senses as they touch my mind.

Caressing gently, carrying me into the future of destiny, with a hopeful prayer upon my lips.

Having been blinded by the past for so long, now eyes wide open, sight having been clarified.

Being justified in rhythms of melodies, allowing them to become a part of life within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having Been Gifted

Darkness always hiding on edges of our minds, concealing secrets we don't wish anyone else to know, keeping them like buried treasures within our souls forever.

Once in many lifetimes a person steps into our lives, a soulmate, truthful, honest and giving an unsurpassed love to someone.

Having been one of these gifted people, having a soul mate who loves me with all my flaws, no matter what I think or feel about anything, totally accepting me for who and what I am in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having Chances

Solidly and carefully, life opens it's doors to everyone
born on this planet.

Giving most everyone chances to become what they want to,
some being disabled at birth, given limited abilities,
yet still having viable lives here on earth.

Others born with intelligence to do anything that they
choose, yet not using their God-given talents, wasting
their time and gifts for no good reason.

At times using drugs and alcohol instead of using their
minds for good, still others are born, toil, work hard,
giving it their all, just to make a life for themselves
and families, justifying their lives and reasons for
being born.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having Compassion

Precise, deeply felt emotions and feelings like music climbing
into the abyss of being, surrounded by soothing melodies, calm-
ing all that's being felt inside.

Stretching out this mind to capture and put them into intellect's
capable hands where they will be created, developed and placed in
poetry so everyone else can read it.

Seeing the depth of feelings and emotions and maybe have a little
understanding of what is gone through on a daily basis as a mere
poet.

From feeling intuitively, other's feelings, their sorrow touching
mine, increasing it a hundred fold within, feeling their need to
talk to an understanding person.

Talking and listening intently, finding their whole life history
in moments of time while tears fall and their hearts break many
times over in the telling of it.

People need to be listened to, not judged or turned away from,
for that is a turning from God, Himself, remember that when a
stranger reaches out to you.

Listen and have compassion, for one day you may need some your-
self, wouldn't you rather have someone listen to you with their
heart instead of shunning you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having Desires

Loving you with the madness in my heart for your being,
running fast, trying to catch up with the innocence and
purity that I so love to see in you.

Taking care to be present and affectionate in every
waking moment that I have left, softly seeking, speaking
in whispers to intellect.

Risking it all, taking you in my arms passionately,
having and giving the love we both desire so much.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having Fun

Running and falling hundreds of times in imagination,
having fun racing my sons when they were much younger.
Riding bikes around Phoenix, going to the gym and
playing tennis and raquetball, together we were and
are a close-knit family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having Intense Desires

Taking place within are a lot of thoughts, some confused,
others not.

Yet they all amount to many ideas to write from and energize
creativity with a force of nature.

Pleasing incitement, giving a flavorful taste to all of it
falling from this pen for you to taste.

Allowing the peaceful atmosphere that envelopes me to fall
upon my essence, bringing about so many changes throughout
life.

Chasing dreams, having intense desires to pursue all of them
incessantly.

Letting nothing escape the intensity of my being to leave the
effervescent stations of tomorrow - to be left alone tonight.

Always being in the light, letting it shine warmly into my
mind, finding it's rays as unusual as the rays of moonlight
touching interior shores on other horizons of outer dimensions.

Taking hold of everything, letting it be absorbed into my
being and told in writing.

Expecting nothing in return, just leaving myself within the
words I am writing for you to experience what I'm thinking
on horizons of tomorrow's dimensions.

Being filled with truth and honest desires to be fulfilled
in time with solace as it's core in my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having Knowledge

Somberly walking along forest pathways where only
animals dare to tread, ordinarily.

Feeling safe and peaceful, not worried about any-
thing right now.

Accepting the reality of whatever will pass this
way, using it as a learning experience.

Hoping to never really having to use this knowledge,
but having it just in case.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having Lost Love

Tear drops striking this heart like a knife stabbing deeply, having lost love of a lifetime through the assignation of death with someone I dearly loved.

Slumber does not overtake this mind, for it cannot sleep without you my dear, feelings are numb, cannot even feel your love anymore.

Wanting to hear your voice, feel your touch, hug you, it's killing me because no matter how hard I try, it's impossible, so lost without you my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having Manners

Respect and decency go hand in hand, nothing in between them, people either are taught when young or not, growing up to have manners, being polite are all a part of it.

Living on earth we must all learn these important lessons in order to get along, communicate and bring peace to our wonderful world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having Minds Of Their Own

Hollywood not able to keep up with hometown America,
innate talent abounding in children, far more intelligent
and creative than many of Hollywood's stars.

Having minds of their own, wanting freedom to perform in
their own styles of dance and singing, flowing through
their bodies.

Measures of rhythm keeping their beings vibrant, always
curious as they listen to the coded rhythms of this mere
poet throughout the afternoon.

Soon to be evening, yet they will be filled with rhythms
into the night, letting them dream and be dazzled as they
watch themselves perform in them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having Moments

Hurtling through space, finding any number of reactions
to inner questioning.

Having moments to enjoy and contemplate every thought
within reach.

Choosing, selecting tender melodies to be kept closely
throughout this day.

Changing and rearranging moods to fit restless feelings,
keeping them safely held, tenderly in arms of this mind.

Rocking and cradling them with peaceful lullabyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having New Outlooks

Loving and appreciating the life that's been given to me
through poetical spirits from beyond the curtains of life.

Transforming ordinary occurrences into other more extra-
ordinary purposes that will fulfill an incessant amount
of changes around the world.

People will have new outlooks, brighter futures, no more
terror or evil in this life, tender, peaceful attitudes
will replace those that are harsh and uncaring.

Living and letting live, everyone will finally be of one
accord, as peace reigns over the world, no more evil to
speak of anywhere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having No Explanations

Twilight bringing forward the beauty of this universe,
showing it's vast space above us, filled with so much
that we have no idea of.

We cannot even fathom it's interior dimensions, for
they are far beyond what we can even imagine when look-
ing up at the stars and moon.

We usually just think of romantic aspects that explain
feelings we get when walking together, hand in hand,
yet there's so much beyond that which we have absolutely
no explanations for.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having No Wings

Hurting deeply within, love abandoning and leaving
me in throes of loss and grief, now drowning in a
mire of sadness and sorrow.

Never finding a reprieve in this life, existing in
time frames of another dimension away from everyone
else.

Being touched by tears that just won't stop flowing,
constantly taking me into oceans of emotion, over-
flowing and covering me entirely.

Wanting to soar above it like a sea gull, but having
no wings to do so, turning inside out, having nowhere
to go, falling beneath waves of remorse.

Life is never going to be the same again, taking my
mind and burying me forever, never really living on
this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having Purpose

Wanting to stay with you throughout life, never
wanting to be parted.

Dreaming of you every night, sleeping with you
beside me, feeling safe and protected.

Having purpose and a reason for living, just be-
cause you love me unconditionally every moment
whether we're together or apart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having The Option

Winners and losers, we all are one or the other some-
times in our lives.

It doesn't matter really, because we always have the
option of doing either in our lives.

Confidence gives us victories more often than not,
helping us to achieve our goals in life.

Making a success of our time here on earth, others
having no self-confidence or self-esteem, don't.

Now just roaming through life, no goals in sight,
taking from others, never giving in return.

Turning to drugs and alcohol because they have not
actively looked for their purposes of being on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having To Come Back To Reality

Happily living within an interior universe, no cares
or worries, just a peaceful serenity filling me through-
out my being.

No darkness or temptations caused by others in life,
just living in other dimensions of intellect where life
is my own to be and live without interruption.

Jealousy, intolerance and hatred no where to be found,
loving to stay there forever, unfortunately having to
come back to reality and living the life of human beings.

Always having to be among them when preferring to be
alone with self, poetry and music, that's life for you,
always being messed up.

Just because I'm human and am expected to be like all
the rest when I'm far from them in another world of
creativity and depths of intellect only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having To Wait

Reaching for the outskirts of another dimension, wanting to escape earthly ones and travel into the deeper ones interiorly.

Curious about what goes on within them and wanting to know what they look like, soaring into the bluened light, counting on the Divine to show me what lies beyond it.

Knowing that it will be awesome there, changing attitudes and life situations interiorly without affecting what still goes on in this life every day.

Sensations of feeling intensely, things I know nothing about right now, just having them nudging me within with a silent urgency.

Wondering what it could be, just having to wait until I an get the answers within, being impatient at times, but having to wait just the same.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having What We Need

Slowly fading into non-existence, no one aware of what's going on, loving and adoring me completely, wanting to protect and keep me safe forever.

Holding me close like a treasure that he can never part with, always there for me, holding my hand, standing by my side forever.

Encouraging and enticing my heart with an unconditional love so true, a wonderful and awesome human being, this gentleman who has taken residence within my heart and soul.

Keeping me alive with his care and concern, never forsaking nor turning away from me, always by my side with a smiling face and tender kisses.

Whispering sweet nothings whenever he feels my spirit needs to be lifted and energized, a wonderful spirit of love, we are one and will never part ways because we both have exactly what we need in each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Having Won My Heart

Noticing every little thing about you, how your teeth show so exquisitely when smiling, your lips inviting mine to kiss you.

Smiling and feeling like your number one, seeing your hands reaching for mine, enticing desires to be fulfilled through your inebriated love for me.

Staying close to you, wanting to run away, but you will not let go, wanting to be with me only, no matter the obstacles, knowing you can overcome them all.

Once you take me in your arms tonight, finding that you have won my heart, filling you with pure joy and elation.

Now we will turn and walk into the sunset of our lives, together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Havoc Of Living

Medals of honor placed upon the soul of a loved one.
Miraculous and holy, striving to overcome a dirtiness wrought of desire, yet has people's tight-fisted hold on whatever does not belong to them.
Sanctioning destruction of life-long dreams, all of innocence is trampled on and killed.
Whatever is left lying is scraped into piles and burned like garbage in back streets.
Smokey tears, falling down soot-filled faces, tracing their way down long, lonely years of reluctance.
Now settling back, no more desire to take what life has to offer, wishing instead to become a pauper in this world - lose everything and gently flow into the next.
Options openly free, notwithstanding hopelessness of a world not wanted within a deadened heart.
Solace is not forthcoming, havoc of living life has been wrecked and placed within it's final grave - to be awakened after death has won it's uneventful battle.
Soul of one - uncompatible with this world, longing only for the next, wanting to be carried away forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Haystacks In India

Frolicking through the countryside of India, seeing banana trees growing wildly everywhere, beautiful leaves, big and green.

Flowers blossoming in fields where they're now being cultivated, ponds set amongst dry lands, people swimming in them, cooling off in this sweltering humid heat of summer.

Haystacks of all shapes and sizes being flung across the landscape as we ride by on a train, amazing feats of creativity sparking thoughts in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Haze Of Life

Being lost in a haze of life, wanting to just walk
out of it and into a beautiful sunset.
Loving the wonderful thoughts that come and warm
me as I listen to rhythms of peaceful solace.
Taking me to depths that I wish I didn't have to
return from.
Life being hardened, never softening even as years
of age accumulate around me.

(9: 52 a.m. - 1/15/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Haze Of Truth

Likely aspects of interior lives sit idly by,
awaiting experiences of tantamount importance
to materialize in a haze of truth.

Finding peace in increments as puzzles form
and shape personalities in deepening
enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

He, Alone

Believing in love and faith, hoping to continue to do
so all my life.

Entering an interior contemplation, finding God always
within, patiently waiting, protecting and loving me.

Totally elated each time at finding Him there, He alone,
never abandons or persecutes me.

This heart holds love for Him as I go through life, know-
ing it is a gift He has given to help me get through the
strife and turmoil of this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Headed Into The Future

Lines continuing down miles of tracks, headed into the future,
allowing thoughts freedom to roam, lackadaisical and laughing,
enjoying their liberty.

Rhythms carrying them away into lands of imagination, creating
and developing many avenues of life, astonishing places enter-
ing dimensions as they open up one after another.

Pieces of notes hanging like earnings upon my lobes, helping
music to come clearer and more intensely into this mind, ex-
ercising every synapse and neuron.

Vibrantly coming alive, being tempted and titillated no end,
an incessant quest that constantly is filling intellect with
more than it bargained for.

Totally and entirely finding a land of rhythms created, now
surrounding life completely, succinctly taking this mind in
and out of energetic fields of imagination, leaving nothing
to desires, passion growing totally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heading Home

Swinging in times of beauty,
not letting go of fruitful endeavors.
Existing in my own world, flying into
the skyway of my heart.
Penetrating the blue yonder with a
variety of thoughts, always plentiful
and growing in gardens sent from eden.
Soaring along edges of tomorrow as I
head home through all the sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heading To A Casino By Bus

Climbing mountains in a Casino bus,
heading to Payson to try our luck.
Watching scenery as it touches my sight,
seeing pure white clouds, hanging over mountains,
looking like snow - capping them.
Rain pouring steadily, quenching the desert's
thirst from above.
Desert floors still holding their greenery,
beautiful to see and hold in private memories of
poetical versions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heading To India

Sitting here at LAX, waiting to board a plane to Hong Kong
then on to India, jazzed to the max, anticipating a great
adventure.

Curiosity in full gear, looking forward, can't wait to sat-
isfy it, living the excitement filling me exuberantly with
the thrill of a lifetime.

Soon to be on board and soaring into the atmosphere, loving
flying totally and now especially because I am going to
India for the very first time ever!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Headlights

Lines of lights passing by, creating illusions of
solid blocks of white.
Without a sound, racing past in quiet desperation,
seething under pounds of heatened steel.
rolling away or around, distinguishing the roads
in front of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Headlights In The Night

Stretching interior senses to benefit thoughts and sensations that continually and constantly fill my being.

Curiosity keeping this mind alive and vibrant, never letting me stop questioning, nothing ever slides past intellect.

It is always open and waiting to grasp the least little doubt that happens to shyly peer out.

Like headlights in the darkest nights, shining even on shadows hiding in corners, out of sight.

Nowhere can anything escape the curiosity of my perfect and beautiful intellect, I love it so totally and completely, hope it never abandons me through the remainder of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Head's Up

Adjusting attitudes to meet new patterns every day,
giving a head's up at times, then again, maybe not.

Finalizing plans as they arrive in thoughts of imag-
ination and intellect.

Exacting measures of rhythm counting down moments of
life as we try striving for something beautiful and
worthwhile.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Healing

Opening souls, letting the Holy Spirit fill the room
as all meet in God's love.
Healing taking place as oil meets prayer, spreading the
healing graces of His Holy Spirit in everyone as myrrh
solidifies His truth for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Healing Angels

Listening to a magical formula play itself in my mind, taking over the entire life of my interior contemplation.
Rising to heaven, seeing angels taking turns touching my mind with their prayers.
A wholesome intent to heal me physically, reaching within, softening my being, melding it for God's entrance into it.
Loving it with all my heart, wishing they'd never leave me alone again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Healing Garden At Good Samaritan Hospital

Rocks lying about, listening to water fountains, reminding them of their own times at home where the water used to flow over them.
Reminiscing about the call of mother nature when little stones gathered about the grown-ups.
Always hearing stories of how elders were uprooted and torn from their habitats just to adorn some human being's gardens.
Giving some people beauty, who cannot make it into depths of forests, rivers, and creeks.
Solace being given to hospital patients, some more so than others at Good Samaritan Hospital.
Laughing water, breezes swirling in and around trees, twisting their limbs and leaves in teasing natural phases.
A wonderfully beautiful scene to behold and write into memory's of prose.
Tickling ivories of my mind with a natural high, continuing into rhythm's blissful heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Healing Grief Is Difficult

Heart beats slowly with it's coming age, healing quietly,
sorrow existing in each period of change.
Growing forward, hoping to alter endings of tomorrow's
evening with bountiful goodness.
Finding instead, that hope is fading, because fate insists
on continuing down paths of old.
It is difficult to heal quietly when sorrow exists in each
of us, refusing to go through a necessary period of change.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Healing Of Children

Healing of children cannot begin until their childish parents wake up and take responsibility of what they're doing to their children.

It all starts with them - it's beginning in the home - no where else can it grow.

Reflections shine from within homes and mirror what goes on there, then is passed on to others.

Which mirror are you seeing your reflection in?

Are you the problem or the loving solution?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Healing Powes Of The Mind

Stepping into a tunnel of light, being filled with
the energy of intellect.

Selecting moments through writing to be immersed
within it's healing powers of the mind.

Lifting spirits into upper atmospheres, using it's
elation to increase feelings of pleasure exponentially.

Finding and figuring out how to do this helps my being
stay focused, looking to the other side of life.

Wondering, hoping, seeing that everything is within me
that is needed to heal myself in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Healing Progressing

Joyfully listening to music that takes away pain and suffering, helping life to return once again to this being, soothing and tender rhythms helping healing to progress.

In spite of everything that has happened, living a glorious life, living here on earth, yet it's rarely appreciated, we hardly give it a second thought.

Going about our daily tasks and business, yet we continue to live it each and every day, enjoying family, friends and at times even strangers until our deaths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Healing Wounds

Accepting the universe of inner sanctity, taking this mind, unfolding it's mystery into intellect.

So tenderly and purely life is settling within my being, it's light filling me with patterns and designs.

Interior spirituality unlocking this mind, giving it an intense freedom.

Touching and lifting my spirit, healing the wounds left within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Healing Wounds Of Racism

Our government cannot heal the wounds between blacks
and whites for they are bent on bringing racism into
the equation.

Not wanting us to unite for that would be the end of
their power and control, it's up to We the People to
bring this about.

We are going to do this for it will be a step towards
healing racism throughout the world eventually, bring-
about peace at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Healthy Modes Of Living

Sitting on the floor of my mind,
exercising sight with images of their abilities,
seeing the extra perceptions tranquilly moving
along curves in the road.
Taking part in the routine of healthy modes of living.
Reaching into empty cookie jars, and not being
disappointed by their emptiness, knowing that
they're moving away from it and are on their way to
turning corners to better states of mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heard You Dying

Finding no one to talk to, sealing a promise of death,
sending out signals to all who are drowning, holding on
to each other.

Tossed on the sea of darkness, eyes filled with sand,
turning over and over to an unheard of rhythm.

Standing on walls of silence, eating words of wisdom,
while being tossed on the sea of darkness, lost forever.

No one seeming to care, no laughter, no one to hear our
prayer, lying in front of a chapel, dying, no one daring
to care, no one to share.

Anger hangs in the air, no one cared about a life, they
sent it dying in the grips of hell.

Tossed on a sea of darkness, mirrors of images cast, no
one here to see the last of mankind crying, falling into
depths of evil.

All the sorrow of earth being felt in hearts, feeling it's
pain, unable to do anything to stop it.

Tossed on the sea of darkness, fallen under the gentle waves,
life has been tossed into darkness below a watery grave.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearing Echoes

Solitary figure of the past, walking down a lane of unremembrance.
Nothing changes the patterns of living, nothing ever stays the same.
Only the loneliness and pain of a friendship that has ended.
Always hearing echoes of long lost friendship, falling down around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearing Echoes Sounding Off

Looking into the world, hearing echoes sounding off,
interior rhythms being composed carefully.

Loving the positiveness that comes from innate talent,
voicing what is being thought within my mind always.

Exercising intellect and this mind by collecting data,
details and effervescent ideas coming from imagination.

All of them waiting to be written into poems so they
will one day become literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearing Life

Sandwiched inside, tucked between pages of a mind,
life stirs itself, wanting to be heard.

It's history is found along the way in accumulated
knowledge, brought forth into light of wisdom,
seeing life as it is.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearing Lyrics

Fast-paced, constantly moving, never letting up for
a single moment, hearing lyrics from so many songs,
all with meanings to someone or another.

Some of them touching innermost feelings at times,
while hearing plaintive cries through their musical
rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearing Many Voices

Hearing many voices and opinions reaching out to American
people, some socialists, communists, republicans, demo-
crats and independents.

All types of people living in the U.S.A., learning to live
and accept one another through the years, now having prob-
lems because of muslims, Mexicans, Syrians coming here.

Wrecking havoc, harming others cruelly and barbarically,
We the People standing against them and our government
which is totally corrupt.

Upholding our laws and Constitution, never backing down to
those who hate Americans, prosecuting anyone who dares to
go against what we stand for in the U.S.A.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearing My Heart

Soundlessly listening into silence of the atmosphere,
hearing my heart beat in time with music I constantly
listen to.

Such a warm and wonderfully peaceful place, always
kept right inside of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearing Particles

Glistening bits and pieces of other's conversations
being carried on all around, none of them making
much sense, because hearing tiny particles and
putting them together, are giving nothing to grasp
onto.

Meanings are lost, there are no definitions to be
assigned to a one of them.

Keeping on writing, letting you know that every once
in a while, I do notice what's going on around me,
but not always in whole parts - just sounds about
words without any sustenance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearing Sadness

Hearing sadness,
voicing it's deep-set sorrow in
slow-moving rhythms of mourning.

Setting suns with an emptiness
felt around the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearing Silent Voices

Withering and deadened, lying within my mind, sorrow is now
making itself heard, tired of waiting, now stepping up and
screaming silently into this intellect, causing quite a stir.

Loving the absolute peace that fills every particle and fiber
of self, choosing to always be alive in it's essence, along-
side my sorrow of course.

Never leaving grief for very long because it has been with me
an entire lifetime, nothing presupposing it's future within,
only letting it become what it is and must be.

Tantalizing emotions, bringing them to the surface, allowing
their silent voices to be heard above the stillness of this
quiet heart, sitting and tearfully watching as every image
walks in front of my mind being recalled indefinitely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearing Spirits

Impressions of life lie in landscapes of this desert of Phoenix, lying under the stars when camping, feeling the comfort of nature covering me with it's essence.

Wind blowing scents of pine trees into my lungs, tranquilizing and soothing my being totally, falling asleep, dreaming of the beauty that I saw and felt all around me.

Even though sleeping, hearing the spirits of centuries ago singing to my inner soul, their depths drawing spirituality of my being, letting them be absorbed as I lie sleeping.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearing Visions

Sequences of notes flow into the environment, giving pleasure.
Hoping to be flexible in writing whatever I hear in visions of possibility.
Lasting sounds reverberate constantly and consistently in life.
Never looking through the myriad ideas, just taking them all and flavoring them with a style of my own.
Shooting for stars, falling into my eyes, giving beautiful thoughts to shine whenever I write poetry.
Likenesses abounding, folding in upon synapses, in moments of intense joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearing With Perfect Pitch

Songs I love to hear fill me with their melodies crisp
and clear, tantalizing my mind to come out and play.
Laughingly, I fly away to the beats and precise notes,
hitting senses of hearing with perfect pitch, endearing
my soul to it's effect on me spiritually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart - Breaking

Tortuous moments cut and slice at our hearts,
causing us to bleed on the floor of life.

Contemptuous individuals preying on innocent
minds, breaking their hearts for their own
piece of mind.

Wrangling memories every day and night,
thinking only of the hurt and pain stabbing
within.

Being caught in webs of deceit and lies,
filled with pain, wanting to die.

Only the memory of his little baby girl keeps
him going, and yet makes him want to stop
living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart - Breaking Confinement

Heart-breaking, nothing can stop it from happening,
life has dealt a severe blow and there's no way to
recuperate from it's total devastation.

Having been forced into captivity by another, not
having the necessities and things needed to exist
on earth.

Now seeing what a mistake was made, wanting to now
correct and turn it completely around, starting with
breaking free of the shackles binding a heart.

Keeping it in a cell, having been placed in solitary
confinement with another, breaking free, walking away,
nothing to hold on to anymore.

Finding the way through devastation built up through
all these years of turmoil and suffering.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart - Warming Poets

Morning time bringing a brand new day to be lived and
enjoyed, wondering what will happen as the day pro-
gresses and surgery is done.

Looking forward to eating something after coming out
of surgery and recovery, thinking to write more poetry
and posting it on .

Loving to hear from poets all over the world, we are
like an invisible family on this globe, heart-warming
and caring, we read and comment on one another's poems.

Sending messages back and forth, all of us friends,
poetically enjoying this camaraderie between us, all
nations coming together on a poetical forum.

A wonderful way to communicate our ideas and opinions
across the world, hopefully planting seeds of peace,
ending rape, pedophilia, war and terrorism in the end
just by bringing everyone's attention to the problems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Accepting The Inevitable

Peeking around darkened corners, curious to see what
is hidden from sight, being tempted by the unknown,
always needing to know every detail in life.

Rushing headlong into each adventure and discovery
with an open mind, heart accepting the inevitable
from beyond barriers of life, enticing my mind and
intellect incessantly throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Always Interpreting

Walking about, no destination in mind, looking at the beauty of nature and spirituality hiding delicately within intellect, mind and soul.

This heart always interpreting it through rhythms and tempos, being listened to in depths of my soul's own intellect, translating it all from music.

Touching upon the Divine, never letting it be forgotten no matter what it is that I write, loving how my spirit is contained within it's realms.

Keeping me vibrant and energized all the time, being recognized by others who know me, trying to find out where it comes from.

Not knowing myself, just always giving in to it totally and fully no matter what I'm doing or feeling in this temporary life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart And Soul Treading Water

Slowly, in time with my heart and soul,
treading water to rhythms, taking me in-
to depths of being.

Covering the chords of intellect as they
code everything into one gigantic picture
puzzle of thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart And Soul Treasures

Rushing around, living life, enjoying ourselves until something happens to stop us in our tracks.

Discovering sections of our lives that are meaningless and what the treasures of our hearts and souls are.

Believe in the wholesome goodness of your heart and share it happily with everyone you meet along paths you are traveling.

Never leave anyone's side with less than a heartfelt love for them just as they are.

Beings are special and need our consideration in every aspect of life, so we too can be treated the same.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Being Healed

Soft and light music being the remedy to heal everyone
in the world.

Lifting spirits, breathing in the spirit of the Lord
as He helps and protects those who don't believe.

Having promises from above to keep us going, faith and
hope never dissipating.

Energy rising, taking us into heightened atmospheres
where we can find our way through all adversity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Being Pulled Thoughtfully

Having saddened thoughts suddenly penetrating my mind,
realizing that my time here in India is almost coming
to an end.

Heart being pulled thoughtfully, not wanting to leave
this country, somehow feeling I belong here, not know-
ing why.

Feeling that this is where I do belong, heart loving
in depths of my being, yet I am only a passing ship
meeting and crossing to the other side of this life.

Not wanting anyone to experience another intense loss
in their lives, preferring not to put a bond where I
feel like it, just finding love preciously forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Being The Key

Saving memories, preciously treasuring them in
little spheres of intellect's photographic screens.

Nothing able to erase or take away from what is held
in each of them from within their souls.

Heart being the key to all of life, tears being so
tenderly and generously guided into cherished
treasure chests forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Being Wrenched

Missing you darling, life has turned inside out and become a blur, my heart is in turmoil, mind is blank, cannot function anymore without you.

When walking alone, tears spring into my heart, stinging my eyes, especially when seeing couples walking side by side, holding hands, stopping for moments to steal a kiss.

Just like we used to do my dear, seeing this wrenches my heart, wanting to be with you, can't bear being apart, missing you, my dear, so desperately.

Falling into the abyss of sorrow, for I cannot hold on any longer without you, my love, there is nothing to do, walking around in a daze, hoping to find you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Belongs Solely Alone

Riding into the darkness of yesterday, galloping down trails
and into forests where my heart belongs solely alone.

Being left in throes of incessant rhythms, cooperating and
being taken into realms of genius.

A societal beauty that never ends, it keeps galloping into
the night, never tiring.

Always being filled with an intense and vibrant energy, full
throttle, riding like crazy into rhythms.

Letting go, finding freedom that will never be tamed, always remaining wild, my
soul ever moving throughout the world.

Spirit filled, letting my soul realize expectations that
only God can give and supply.

Kissed by the nurturing peace of nature, fully gaining the
impetuous to carry on through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Bent In Half

Living in shade of everlasting darkness brought on by loss,
grief settling within my heart and soul, intense, heartfelt
emotions taking me down paths of death's insistence.

Dreaming of a better time when we were together, living and
loving throughout the years, hoping to see the sun shining
upon our faces.

Yet knowing it will never happen again in this world, walk-
ing away slowly, heart bent in half with a sorrow too heavy
to hold onto.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Breaking Inside Out

Thinking of you my dear with a heavy heart, for I cannot reach out and touch or hold you close to me, heart breaking inside out.

Wanting nothing more than to be with you morning, noon and night forever in this earthly life and beyond, you are a part of me always.

Our love unconditionally keeping us together no matter if we're with one another or far apart, loving you totally, not wanting to ever be parted again my love, if we were married it would be so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Breaking Moments

Deportment of life is a solitary puzzle -
it cannot be completed.
Buildings and statues stand as memorials, but of what?
After people who've made them and those they were a
tribute to, have passed out of this life?
What of those close to us who have nothing erected in
concrete or sculpted stone?
People last forever, as long as each are etched in our
minds, felt in our hearts, tearfully remembered joyous
and saddened.
Especially at Christmas where most memories are sacredly
preserved, carefully tended, held unreservedly in hearts
of love.
Years have gone by, many friends and relatives - loved
ones - have passed on to heaven.
Those of us who are left have heartbreaking moments
during the holidays, because we miss those people who
have created the sacred moments of our lives at holiday gatherings.
Our traditions have been eternally built by them since
our birth and to not have them here with us is quite a struggle.
All on earth must at one time or another face this
truth in our lives and one day be the person passed on
who is missed.
Our lives are so very temporary, blessed with people
close to us, too soon leaving.
Tearfully, I write of these things as I miss my Mom at
Christmastime.
Joyous wonder of her heart missed so tremendously today,
one week til Christ's birthday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Broken Memories

Rising to the morning, finding no reason for doing so,
because life has been buried in grief's loving arms,
taking away a loved one without reserve.
Leaving nothing but heart-broken memories in their wake.
Losing the contacts they always kept together in secret
compartments of each other's hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Composing Measures

Silent beating of my heart giving measures to compose into classical music, straight into many rhythms, now mixing and blending them with each other.

Finding exciting new sounds and tones as I place them adventurously into significant compositions that sound good and add value to this mind and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Feeling Intensely

Having a dominant mind, always thinking every moment, yet
feelings come intensely and my heart feels them all with
no exception.

Pain, hurt, loss, suffering, all touch my heart entirely,
it never rejects any of the feelings that come into it's
being.

Incessant and intense, delving into depths of my heart,
giving tears an avenue to escape.

Ripping, tearing, and wringing feelings and emotions,
constantly terrorize this heart.

Never rejecting any of them, just allowing them to
completely flow through me, causing a strengthening
of resolve for the future to put it all into writing.

Hoping everyone may see that life can survive even the
worst emotions and turmoil that hits a heart just because
we are human.

Situated in the middle of our chest, we use it as a target
for the barbs and arrows of others who decide to hurt or
harm us emotionally, mentally or physically.

We are all encompassed by it's space in our bodies, even
though we rarely think about it until we are hurt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Hanging In Limbo

Heart hanging in limbo, nothing to take it into treasured
love of another, for life has become solitary, lonely and
bereft.

Quiet stillness sharpening senses intuitively, sating feel-
ings so deeply without any thoughts to the intense tears
of a lifetime that have been cradled within me.

Since you've been taken from me, no longer able to worship,
church leaving me empty, looking for someone to fill me
again.

God there watching above silently, as I suffer without you
my dear for the rest of my lonely and bereft life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Left At Your Headstone

Shining down upon an empty life, threads now broken,
lying lifeless on the dirt-hard ground looking up,
satisfied no more with living.

Love having been lost, never to be found again, a
treasure chest of memories gathering dust, not want-
ing to relive their bittersweet times again.

Walking now into the nothingness of a new beginning
without you my love, life having died and been put
to rest.

Standing at the gravesite, hands folded, prayers stuck
to my lips unable to be said, heart heard breaking in
the morning light, tears being spilt upon the ground.

Our last kiss being remembered with the desire and
passion we once had when together, now I walk away from
your headstone.

Head bowed, heart left there with you forever, never to
be picked up and put back within my being again for you
are not here to bring it back alive, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Melting

Standing alone in the darkness, holding pictures of we two
when you were here, good times we had, feeling our love
holding us tirelessly through moments of our earthly lives.

Never forgetting the beauty we beheld together, portraits
of memories when together, never being taken from albums of
intellect.

Now taking them out, looking at them with tears and a heart
melting with a love that just cannot be forgotten without
you my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Memories

Sadness rings out, touching minds of caring,
feeling grief it brings interiorly.
Hinging on memories of the heart, natural
acquiescence of adaptability finds it's
place and stays mired in the sorrow it takes
to be human.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Of Anger

Lying down under six feet of dirt with no way of hearing
what I have to say, anger fills this heart as I walk away,
why didn't you ever let me speak my mind? Were you afraid
of what I might say?

Hatred fills me now because I never got a chance to tell you
or have you tell me, I love you for who you are.

Your son, you my mother, have we no claim to each other than
the hatred we piled up, the grudges we kept intact, the
angry conversations, hanging up, the silence we thought had
to be kept through the years.

We never bothered talking or understanding each other, now
you can't hear me, standing here still full of anger and
hate, there is no way to talk to you to get rid of this hurt
and guilt.

Carrying it inside, trying to hold it in, exhausts and controls
every thought, daring not to let it out for fear friends will
reject or misunderstand.

Isn't that what you have taught all these years? Have I
turned out just like you? Full of guilt, unbending, hurtful,
full of hate? Now letting you take over my life yet again?

While all the while thinking I'm doing it to spite you, having
only done it to myself, a carbon copy of the person I hated
the most, the person I wanted to love me, accept me for who
I was.

Now a carbon copy with no feelings or thoughts that are
really my own, only your ideas have grown and been nurtured
because I was too blind to see I was hurting only me when
refusing to talk to you even on the phone.

Hurting myself by not writing to you what I felt or what I
needed to hear from you.

Refusing to admit that I am at fault too, a mother and son going through life ignoring God's commandment to love one another as yourself.

All the while proclaiming we are Christians, hating, refusing to let go and love each other, staring at the dirt covering your grave, seeing it was all so meaningless.

Depriving myself, maybe, of ever finding your love, of ever telling you how I felt, now I can only live with the guilt that tears me apart and ruins all relationships with past thoughts.

Piling flowers upon a cold heart's grave that is as empty now as when alive, having no chance, no hope that love will somehow survive the coming years with my own children.

Having no love to give, because never receiving it from a mother, refusing to let myself even try to reach out to her, keeping self locked away selfishly to spite her for not caring enough to even hug me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Of Being

11: 59 a.m.
Recognizing patterns as they unfold into beautiful designs,
falling across sight, alighting in the essence of musical
poetry.

Nothing else can compare as it touches the very heart of
this being, while in the background motorcycles are revving.

All of it energizing spirits of contemplation, hidden within,
joining playthings of modern intellect as imagination brings
them into view, solemn and tantalizing to this soul.
12: 00 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Of Ghosts

11: 01 a.m.
My heart is filled with ghosts of love that filled it
once upon a time, now all have become just disappearing
ghosts of death's embrace.

Remembering all the love with genuine joy, yet knowing
that not all of it's memories lasted in this life.

At times a love came pouring into my heart, filling it
with promises of staying and loving forever.

Alas, love was fickle, it's bright and burning flame
was snuffed out by insincerity, cheating, lies and deceit.

O' the heartbreak that was gone through, ripping my heart
and tearing my soul for unknown reasons of another human
being.

At times feeling contempt or hatred for the way it was
treated, yet in the end there was nothing it could do
against the onslaught of a mistaken love. 11: 02 a.m.
6/22/15 RoseAnn V. Shawiak

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Of Ice

Feeling loneliness now echoing into my heart,
plucking heartstrings of sorrow hidden there.

Being held within your arms, thinking that I
belonged there, yet feeling your heart of ice.

Touching, freezing my mind, showing me lies of
your lips as they part to kiss mine.

Now realizing that I no longer want to play your
games of deceit, being an unwilling and unknowing
partner in your cold, cold heart all this time.

Tears angrily being frozen in time, hating your
existence, no longer having an ounce of caring left,
for you have burned it all away with your lying heart.

Walking along, not looking back, finding another path
through life, one that will never again include you
in any part of it.

Taking my heart, knowing that the only thing you will
be missing is telling me your lies and watching me
believe you.

Now it is to be no more, saying good bye forever after,
as I walk away from you into a new and beautiful future,
knowing it will be much brighter than before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Of Remembrance

Searching heaven for forgotten memories, playing
sorrowfully within a heart of remembrance.
Walking away softly so as not to echo down hallways
of yesterday.
Choosing olden pages of heredity, spending time
cherishing heartfelt memories of those who have
carried life onto another plateau.
Singing wildly, hearing rhythms of the past, sliding
to and fro, participating in sounds of long-ago
sadness.
Playing strings, touching chords of complacent
memorial images tucked away inside.
Flowing into the hereafter on wings of angel's,
praying, hoping for light of grace to take hold.
Grasping all thoughts flying by, associating them
with life's balancing act to ride upon them into
tomorrow's horizon.
Filled with joy, searching heaven for forgotten
peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Of Spirituality

Living through vibrant rhythms, nothing getting in
their way while listening.

Life is being played within them, sounding alive
and vibrant, taking my soul into the heart of
spirituality.

Giving time to be at peace with the Divine and
allowing for it's energy to fill me fully as I rock
to beats of it's serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Of Your Being

Sending this message of love to you, hoping it will reach
you, wherever you have gone.

My love is still here within me, I'm holding it safely,
treasuring it lovingly all the years I have left on earth.

This message is simple and plain, nothing about it complex,
the beauty of our love is intense.

Reaching out within me, so faithful, a victory of yours
alone, taking me into the heart of your being.

Giving me strength, holding me closely forever, yet you are
far beyond me, where, I do not know.

Living here on this earth has become a tortuous hell to me,
but I cannot escape, for I'm to continue being without you.

Torture going on throughout the years I have to live yet
alone, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Reminders

Being poor when younger,
never able to forget
where I'm from.

Because my heart holds
too many reminders of
what I went through.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Silently Breaking

Walking through the night, tears flowing from blue eyes, as a heart silently breaks in two.
Desert plains feeling like me inside - dried out - dried up, no where to hide.
Finally, hanging head, shoulders slumped and all heart-ache being addressed in a bundle of tear-stained tissues.
Forgetting how to live, knowing only that I can't make it on my own anymore.
Needing God's hand to get me started - to find my way out of this blackened furnace of grief.
Being fried over and over, never again to be free from all the sorrow poured into my mind and soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Sinking

Drowning in tears, knowing that I'll never see you
again my dear.

Heart sinking below the waves of an inner ocean,
feeling so melancholy, sadness filling my being.

Thinking and wanting you all to myself, but death
has taken you away, you are now his forevermore.

The only thing he was not able to steal was your
love and memories from my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Spaces

Listening to rhythms as they
soar into spaces of my heart,
holding me closely in beautiful
times of today

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Straying

Suffering quietly in canyons of my heart and soul, tears forming inside, finding an exit within my eyes.

Letting crystals flow evenly and gently down my face without any regrets whatsoever.

Leaving me bereft for the rest of my life, never finding answers so desperately needed to know before I let my heart stray into the next horizon without any hopes or dreams to follow it.

Only being alone forever, seeing a bereaved heart and soul falling away from me in the here and now, forever to be put to rest, only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Turned To Stone

Crying interiorly, tears flowing incessantly from a mind
as this heart turns to stone, leaving me on shores of
another land.

Being a stranger in it's realms, knowing nothing of how
to deal with this difficult situation that I have found
myself in.

Stopping in mid-life, turning around, not able to go back,
not wanting to go forward anymore.

Acknowledging facts that nothing will ever be the same
again, having died and been brought back again.

Everyone expecting me to be glad, and yet the sorrow has
quenched this being who wants to go back to that other life
where it was peaceful and contented.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Wanting To Know

Searching far and wide looking for you, my dear,
not finding you, wondering where you have dis-
appeared to.

Tears falling incessantly, wanting your love, not
this horrendous loneliness that has been left in-
stead of you within.

Trying to understand your loss, but there's no
reason for it in the end, will we ever see one
another again, my heart wants to know.

Nothing will quiet it's wonder of your being gone,
telling my mind that it cannot be true, because it
is hurting so deeply without your love, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Warming

Turning down avenues of thought, visualizing a better
world in the future one without poverty, sickness,
corruption, racism, intolerance or prejudice.

In my dreams I can see this new world, but only after
all the evil and perverted ones have been killed, every
one being given a chance to have joy and happiness.

Giving and sharing unselfishly with each other, no more
jealousy over what another has, a total humility through-
out this world.

When this happens and energy of goodness and compassion
come about and life will be fulfilled, heart warming to
people all over the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart Washing Upon The Shore

Sounding in the distance, a lonely whistle beckoning my
heart to wash against the shore of grief once again.

Finding the aching of an interior loss as it rises and
crashes upon the ocean's shore.

Taking me into a land of unbearable sorrow, wanting
nothing more from life.

Rescinding the hope that has been dwindling inside of me,
knowledge and wisdom not having any effect upon my heart.

Standing alone, saying good bye and falling into the
nightly ocean like a dew drop of an early morning and
disappearing into it's depths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heartache Of Moments

Turning corners throughout life, finding it blossoming
and exploding with colorful promises and hopes.

Everywhere you look, possibilities careening towards
you, a fantastic and open opportunity to enjoy this
life on earth.

Being with another becomes a narrowed point of view,
everything disappears and you're left in a darkened
misery, life having died within.

Heartache filling every moment, no hope, no way to
express oneself anymore, being suffocated by another's
whims and wishes.

Not wanting to life this life of unpredictable heart-
ache preferring to be alone, finding the way into a
beautiful oasis of tantalizing and exquisite freedom.

Once again, losing eyes, heart stopping, soaring away
into heaven, happy, contented and filled with joy and
happiness at last in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heartaching Voices

Hearts breaking in the afternoon, cutting through the
silence of death with their heartaching voices.
Cautioning those left behind to love fully and honestly
with all their hearts while they can.
Expanding their caring and compassion to outer limits
and being immersed in another's love within their
beings.
Always floating on rivers of desire and dreaming of
the future when love will be a part of their lifetime,
if even for a short while.
Being worthwhile as it contains life in full blossom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heartbeat Of Music

Significant beating interiorly, touching upon the heartbeat of music, feeling it's pulse, beating in measures of time.

Leading me towards an interior bluened atmosphere, finding the beauty of the Divine.

Surprising essence being divined within my soul, beautiful and steady, flowing with rhythms.

Intensely enriching my life with effervescent properties of heavenly proportions.

Winding my way towards the light of tomorrow's beginnings and the ending of today's life.

Sanctity approaching textures of being human the closer I get to death.

Always aware and ready to go into it's embrace and over the edge of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heartbreak

Sailing around imagination's realms, seeing lost sights surrounding me as I find my way through oceans of testimony, declaring the life I've lived.
So tenderly, softly, betraying nothing, leaving nothing left unsaid. Yet, as always, there's a quietness filling me with sweet surrender as I listen carefully to every beat and measure.
Carefully adjusting time through moments of lasting ease, feeling each emotional heartbreak as I am captured time and again in a soliloquy of serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heartfelt Peace

Seeing wind blowing our flag, trees waving in the air, their
leaves being scattered across earth's surface, beautiful,
heartfelt peace emanating from the essence of Mother Nature.

Even though she's invisible to each of us, all of humanity
loves and cherishes everything created by God and placed
under her care forever.

Our lives being enhanced tremendously by the blossoming
of flowers and cacti, watching birds feeding their young,
all of nature and wildlife coming to us here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heartfelt Romance

Waltzing across life, finding love in your arms forever,
our hearts touching ever so gently in a heartfelt romance
living within both of us.

Never breaking with tradition, giving and taking all the
time, never putting burdens of reproof on each other,
reaching highs and lows.

Meeting challenges headstrongly, going through them all
without faltering, purposes standing tall, energetically
finding our way through tunnels of love, nature and grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heartfelt Tribute

Saluting our veterans for their service, appreciating
everything they do to protect us and America, having
courage, being united, standing up for our Constitution,
flag, freedom and our values.

Loving every one of them, knowing their sacrifices are
many, also those of their families, a heartfelt tribute
to all those who serve in our United States Military,
thank you all for your service.

We love and appreciate you very much and pray that God
blesses you every moment of your lives and your families!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heartfelt Trust

Silently dancing in dreams of a nighttime fantasy,
loving being held.

Slowly feeling your heartbeat beating the melody
of our love.

Fulfilling promises of a heartfelt trust between
we two.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart-Felt Wisdom

Deepened inspiration flowing from jazz being played
and sung.
Instrumentally displaying the echoes of past years
where trials were so numerous and folks sang their
sorrows out to ease their pain.
Fingering notes and chords appropriately arranged
in sequences, portraying the sadness being felt so
notoriously within.
A begging plea from hearts to help ease the sorrow
and grief for themselves and any others who were
willing to listen to heart-felt wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heartfelt Words

Lightening bolts of listening, crashing into mind parts awaiting them.
Questions and answers delving into deep seas, searching and rehearsing,
focusing constantly between breaches of conversation.
Honed to a perfect pitch, like that of a tuning fork, remembering, remarking,
listening for words spoken from the heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heartless

Broken hearts, pieces scattered across the earth,
being stepped upon by uncaring, insensitive people
with no hearts of their own to speak of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heartless Abandonment

Sorrow being poured into my being like milk into a glass,
opaque and cold to the touch of intellect, watching as it
slowly engulfs every fiber and particle of my being.

Absorbing my life in it's emptiness, filling me with a
heartless abandonment, tearing into my personality and
leaving me lonely and forsaken.

Not ever wanting to speak or join in conversations again,
isolating and turning away from everything in this life,
knowing that the end will be coming to me sooner or later.

It doesn't matter at all to me in this state of mind, may-
be tomorrow will find me in a better mood after listening
to music and writing poetry some more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heartless Souls

Fountain lights cascading down ancient walls, filling
minds with brilliant colors and artistic shapes -
throwing shadows into memories.

Letting us escape from the brutality of heartless souls,
leading to peace within these silent eyes.

Keeping everything hidden from view, so as not to feel
what is seen within a mind.

Holding life away, so it can be seen objectively, doing
this, learning to find our way, leading to growing and
maturing.

This pathway, ever illuminating the course wanted to take
into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart-Rending Melodies

Collecting memories at last, finding emotional ties that coalesce with reminders of yesterday's passage.
Sounding loudly, traipsing over many measures lying back and falling over.
Sensing a beauty set beyond life's acquiescence, giving a beacon to follow one day in the future.
Shining lights showing the way to ever-ending horizons in life's catacombs.
Underground darkness closing in around my mind, trying to press it for grieving images to participate in sounding of heart-rending melodies, keeping time on schedule so as not to collapse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearts

Departures hurriedly storm inner sanctums,
crashing into minds of clay.

Decidedly outdone with images and echoing
words, traipsing forever through the hearts
of man.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearts Aflame

Knowing that you're always thinking of me, memories being poetical, rhythmically remembering every detail of times together.

Intense and totally one, no matter whether we're together or apart, loving you always, even though sometimes we don't agree.

Always knowing that our love will still continue to burn within each of us, hearts aflame with the intensity of our love forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearts And Hands Together

Reaching for you throughout the day and night, wanting to
feel your touch, your warmth, feel your lips softly upon
mine.

Titillating, teasing, feeling loved and protected by your unconditional love and
held with mine, our lives have been
taken and woven together out of our need for one another.

Giving us what we both need to finish our lives here on
earth, loving you undeniably, totally, holding onto one
another with all our hearts and souls.

Never leaving or forgetting to keep one another safe and
loved, always being here, never fearing nor doubting, be-
cause we two are inseparable forever.

Love always holding us close, giving us the promises of
heaven all through our earthly lives, our hearts and
hands together forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearts And Souls Of Humanity

Silently thinking into measures of time and space with a musical intent, wonder and beauty gently filling mind and intellect with ingenuity, wisdom and knowledge.

Preparing compositions of life with musical interludes of peace and serenity, always soothing the hearts and souls of humanity, living and dying in the interim between life and death.

Never thinking much about either for people are too busy with filling their own agendas and schedules, taking space in moments of a life that's temporary and precious, realizing the enormity of this task and purpose much too late in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearts And Stones

Hearts and stones at times being alike, depending on how
we love wholeheartedly or not at all.

Touching us softly, our hearts respond quietly silently,
taking and absorbing it's feelings into our beings.

If on the other hand, a lover treats us badly, cheating,
lying or abusing, having our hearts turning to stone.

Maybe a turn of events takes our love and kills it, no
more in love, hearts no longer filled with love.

Only a stone-hard heart, hurt beyond repair, unnecessarily
being thrown into a deep despair, saddened and sorrowful
forevermore.

On this earth, no one able to help in recuperating from an
insipidness and forgotten love now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearts Are Meant To Be Broken

Sometimes hearts fall apart, get broken, can never
be mended in life, taking steps to protect our hearts
does us no good, because they are meant to be broken.

Even though our ribs were made to protect them, it
was only from physical harm not emotional, there's
no way to keep pain or sorrow from entering our hearts.

Pulsating with our life-blood, means our hearts will
always feel effects of heartbreak and grief, it does
the only thing possible, letting us feel emptiness,
loneliness, desperation that enters it's chambers.

At times we think our hearts are going to burst, yet
somehow they hold onto it all, using drops of tears
to help us ease effects of our emotions and feelings.

Even then we exist in darkened caverns, not really
living, just existing in a nether world beyond our
beings for a time.

Protected in this other dimension of existence until
we can again assimilate, getting back to finding our
way through reality once more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearts Attuned Throughout Our Lives

Holding me closely in your arms, looking into my eyes with your love emanating from them, filling my heart with such joy and wonder that you love only me my darling.

Our hearts attuned throughout life, protecting and cherishing each of us in our minds and beings, knowing there could never be another person to ever replace either of us.

We are a match made in heaven, blessed by God and given an unconditional love for you and I while living here on earth together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearts Becoming One In India

Growing desires filling every particle of being, loving
and being loved in this total atmosphere where we are
all together.

Meeting, conversing, hearts becoming one, nothing to mar
the world with hate, racism, war or prejudice, tender -
hearted and awesome people of India coming together.

All of them becoming peace-makers this world needs to be-
come a wonderful garden of Eden once again, realizing this
dream and vision will one day be our future and reality
where all of us will revel in it's serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart's Compassion

Playing rhythmically with love as it beckons to my heart,
sending vibrations to mind's of one accord.
Lasting impressions etched forever in a heart of accessible
compassion, striving always to overcome necessity and written
laws by others knowing nothing of our love.
Millions of feelings recited to one another through years of
marriage, tabulated by no one else on earth.
Rising desire, continually spouting from memory as spirituality
settles in souls of two, merging into one on eventual shores
of heaven's evening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart's Crashing

Misunderstandings abound and crash hearts with
sadness from another's abusive attitude towards you.

Crying alone every night, lighting candles, as praying
for forgiveness you are kept in an array of troubled
thoughts, not able to be healed from the abandonment
put upon you by someone you used to know and love.

A best friend no longer in your life, because she has
decided that you are worthless and not worth being
known anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearts Crying Together

Every time a flower blossoms it is a reminder of your
life and love together, Little One.

A lifetime of blossoms fill your heart like a garden,
your tears continue to water them all!

Loving you through your sorrow and pain, our hearts
crying together because it is too much for one to hold.

Always here for you my friend, a never-ending poem is
dedicated to you forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart's Depths

Sorrow pours from my eyes on traditional mornings as
memories pop in like popcorn, hitting me squarely in
depths of my heart where I sit hiding.
Delicately touching strings of intuition and blessings, focusing my mind on the heaviness I feel quietly inside.
Watching parades of images slowly walk by, feeling their intensity, as tears flow throughout my body and soul,
trying to release pressure that sorrow brings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart's Desires

Tenderly showing affection, loving always and forever through the years.
Typically including all aspects of a heart's desire, deflecting side effects of anticipatory embraces.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart's Emptiness

Walking through lonely days, having no purpose or aim
in life, thoughts waking and then falling into tears
of feelings and emotions.

Nothing able to be accomplished as I sit here alone
and isolated, books lining shelves, opening them, read-
ing, words becoming blurred with tears of my heart.

Turning pages one after another, all in naught for I
cannot even remember what it is I've read, thoughts of
you filling my mind only.

Wasting time looking at your face in pictures, remember-
ing all the precious moments we lived, loved and laughed
together.

Now there's nothing left except me holding your pictures
and being within my heart's emptiness, no alternative in
sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart's Eyes

Silent incriminations falling down around me,
sending darkness to cover my heart's eyes.
Lights falling away into the evening,
giving no hope to continue on life's pathways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart's Fragile Hands

Penetrating sadness turns tears into oceans of
tomorrow's grief.
Remorse falls like waves upon sandy shores,
holding moments together in fragile hands of
the heart.

(8: 58 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart's Ghosts

My heart is filled with ghosts of love that were mine once upon a time, now all have become just disappearing ghosts of death's embrace.

Remembering all the love with genuine joy, yet knowing that not all of it's memories lasted in life.

At times a love came pouring into my heart, filling it with promises of staying and caring forever.

Alas, love was fickle, it's bright and burning flame was snuffed out by insincerity, cheating, lies and deceit.

O' the heartbreak that was gone through, ripping my heart and tearing my soul for unknown reasons of another human being.

At times feeling contempt or hatred for the way it was treated, yet in the end there was nothing it could do against the onslaught of a mistaken love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart's Grief

Living in tunnels of peripheral vision, exploring avenues
with wild abandon, carefully testing tones and sounds as
they are emitted from within solid caverns.

White noise rising from canyon depths, bringing a sad
sorrow from beneath coverlets of darkness.

Haranguing grief, situating itself in my heart, leaving
no room for anything else.

Cupping head in hands of tears, drowning in abysses of
hurtful phrases and dissipating love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart's Lonely Echoes

Hearts breaking in two, their lonely echoes resounding
through the world, tears pouring down, drenching souls,
not allowing them to see the sun shining above them.

Despair and sorrow draping beings in darkness now, not
able to see in front of them, going blindly through an
empty house, no one there anymore to hold or love them.

Loss is so totally encompassing, taking away all senses
and even your existence for now, memories sitting in
every corner, eyes watering at the thought of each one.

There's nothing that can be done, only facing the lone-
lines and emptiness, drenching spirits now that there is
no longer any joy or happiness left in this forsaken world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearts Meeting

Having paid my dues many times over, now wanting and
accepting an unconditional love at long last.

Heart open, pulsing with desire, hoping beyond hope
that it will be returned in kind.

Holding my breath, wondering if I will be accepted
entirely into your heart as I have taken you wholly
into mine.

Knowing that we both have been to hell and back, filled
with sorrow and grief, saddened beyond this life on earth.

Hoping that we reach out to one another, unafraid of
the future, only wanting to be together for the rest of
our days, never forgetting for a moment every particle of
our pasts and those we have loved in our lives.

A meeting of hearts in the holy space of our souls, finding
a love we both can nurture and grow over the years we have
left to us both.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearts Not Right

Being smothered by politically correct people, tired of
their immorality and unethical paths in life, hoping for
something better than an existence of shooting bullets
of racism into the world.

Knowing their hearts are not in the right place as they
target innocent people, trying to make them pay for being
human and doing what's right and just.

Believing in God, not straying, innocent people are being
maimed and tortured because of evil, selfish, politically
correct people.

None of them caring one iota who they hurt or discriminate
against in life, as long as they themselves have loads of
money and fame.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearts Of Bikers

Patterns of behavior are matching attitudes of bikers everywhere.
Allowing for individual styles, each person decorating their souls with brightly colored auras.
Singular ideas bouncing across drums, taking refuge in frets of guitars for the duration of songs being played.
Associating many rhythms with riding off into sunsets.
Pairing up, coasting down highways, traveling together on runs to benefit some organization or another.
Bikers with good hearts and minds, helping those less fortunate than themselves.
Decorated in designs of heavenly forms, invisible to the naked eye, yet are looked upon with love from those who've been helped by bikers everywhere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearts Of Humanity

Life pouring from within, filling earth with peace,
giving hope to those who are living upon it.

Everyone trying to live, helping one another, caring
and compassion being spread over earth.

Love being caressed and given to each person, not
counting the cost.

Money is nothing, it cannot do what a human being
can do.

Buying things cannot bring happiness, compassion or
caring to anyone.

Only the hearts of humanity have this power of doing
what is needed throughout the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearts Of People In India

Happily living and writing throughout this morning, being
filled with elation and joy, tasting the beauty of life
and that of the Divine.

Joining in, focusing on the goodness of everyone in the
world, seeing the heartfelt compassion of people all over
India.

Standing up for one another, protecting and keeping hope
alive, a moment of glory being spread throughout our exist-
ence here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart's Openness

Finalizing periods of life as the sun
shines over the horizon for a final time.
Characters focusing on deserts of beauty,
holding us together with the existence of
other human beings.
Never taking the toll of unkempt mystery,
always finding the openness of heart's
together in one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart's Pockets

Charging into brigades of nighttime shadows full force,
breaking into song from melodies of the past.

Yearning for tomorrow to repeat itself in time, praying
to never lose sight of any moment sent into my life.

Appreciating quality of faith and carrying it in pockets
of my heart for anticipated future dilemmas needed to be
faced alone on journeys across heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart's Promises

Living in the passion of an earthly paradise, holding and loving each other within our unconditional love, promises of our hearts being sated.

Our prayers folded together within the palms of our hands, offering ourselves to one another all through life, an incessant and wonderful feeling of pleasure always rising within our beings.

Destiny bearing out our existence together on this temporary earth, our places always being given up when death decides to take us away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart's Rain

Rain pouring over me, knowing me closer than anyone on earth, as I reach for your hand.
Touching only cold drops of water, none of them any comfort to me.
As I stand, a stranger, even now, to all who claim to know me.
Averse to being held, wanting only the freedom of independence and free will, taking explanations and tossing them aside as I reside in the pain of life's grasp.
Mountains within my reach never touch my heart as I travel over them, hoping to become one with the rain in my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart's Remembrance

Mirrors reflecting past images of good times and cheer,
now laid to rest tearfully as cancer hits another
relative who is very dear.

Laughter and smiles emerge for moments at a time as we
remember funny things that happened long ago.

Legionnaire spaces of time brought into focus through the
memory of a mind.

Pictures hanging on a wall at home, precious to a heart's
remembrance, yet a tearful sorrow brought to bear against
tomorrow.

Left standing in a lonely hall down the path of life,
holding both heart and mind tenderly in the childish
palms of my hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearts Saluting Veterans

Listening intently to a melody being played in honor of
Elton John, here tonight at Pranksters II, always with
us in the rhythms of this anthem.

Touching hearts and souls of every one of us here, every
heart saluting Veteran's sitting amongst us, grateful for
their service and loving each one of them individually.

Taking time to honor and praise each of them, never going
to let them forget how much we appreciate their service
and their protection of the U.S.A.

Looking with gratitude and appreciation upon the service
they have given to our country and all American citizens,
for we are living here freely because of their sacrifices.

May God Bless every one of them and keep them close to our
hearts forever in America, our heroes, many of them unsung,
but all remembered when thinking of our beloved Veterans.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearts Showing The Way

Galloping into the sunset, holding onto our hearts as they unite, showing us the way into our souls, wending our way towards a final sunsetical horizon.

Looking into one another's eyes, everything else fading away, realizing that our love will forever bind us even beyond the next horizon.

Nothing to stop that from happening, losing ourselves in the mist of our holy love, together as one throughout our lives and final days on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart's Sight

Circling my mind, thinking about a myriad of ideas swimming deeply in my intellect, trying to decide what it prefers at this point in time.
Lifting spirits higher with staccato beats of an outer rhythm, penetrating my mind with it's incessant tones and beauty.
Bringing up beautiful visions before me, giving my heart a sense of sight, beautiful to behold.
Cantering through a photographic memory, believing in a spirit of harmony.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearts Silently Joyful

Wanting you only, hoping we can always be together,
yet knowing in my heart that it's not to be, in
this, our earthly reality.

Favoring each other with aromas of heaven, being
so close to each of us, as we age nearer to our
deaths.

Living in dreams of togetherness, we adjust our
lives accordingly.

Winding down thunderous roads, we hold onto each
other, finding our ways through all experiences and
tribulations of this sorrowful, reluctant life.

Exacting whatever measures we can find as we sit
here together, our hearts silently joyful, loving
each other.

Pulling us always into the closeness of our lives,
as we move into the realms of near death, coming
upon us so silently and quickly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart's Sleeves

Silently watching as people pass by, seeing their
feelings being displayed on their heart's sleeves.
Wishing and hoping for peaceful moments to come
upon them, when twilight's dreams have ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart's Timeless Chambers

Reaching into pockets, taking out little treasures kept in timeless chambers of this heart.

Precious memories having been given birth, giving both happiness and sorrow throughout this life.

Catapulting into denizens of timely participation with others, all taking their turns in insistent images of long ago.

Loving to watch as they play in the interior of mind-sets, surviving all trials of this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearts Traveling Alone

Empty skies filling me interiorly, feeling the absence
of life drifting with clouds away into the distance,
soft echoes singing into mind.

Not touching or leaving any pertinent messages within,
following trails of loneliness and emptiness, hoping
they will lead to the one I love.

Loving me unconditionally, our hearts traveling alone,
yet loving one another across the world, tears mingling
in desires of our hearts and souls.

Lonely and wanting each other, but for now it is not
meant to be, waiting in limbo for our time to exist and
be.

Hoping it will arrive with a sudden explosion of color,
fireworks and our love, celebrating who we are to one
another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heart's Unconditional Melody

Succinctly, purely and innocently we come together time and again through the melodies that entice us constantly, always stepping to the beating of our hearts and their tempos.

In synch through everything we go through together, incestantly finding energy of our passion as we go through our lives, never parting ways.

We are too attuned to what we want from each other, a total and wonderful way to make love, an unconditional melody of our love filling us with temptations of each other's being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearts Within One Another

Fires burning within passion like lightening touching off
desires constantly whenever you are near to me my dear,
a wonderful feeling sending shivers throughout my being.

Knowing that soon we'll be one, making love throughout this
night, loving one another, excited and thrilled just being
together.

Our love being consumed fully in the fire of our loving
passion and desires, keeping our hearts within one another
all the days of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hearts, One Treasure

Looking, finding you in every dream I have, loving your innocence, wisdom and heart holding mine, having honesty in your unconditional love and compassion forever.

Holding me closely, staring into the future, knowing the images I'm seeing are the truth of your heart, passion and desires.

Coming ever closer, never disappointing or hurting me, just keeping me safe, protecting and loving me forever, together we keep our hearts as one treasure.

Never leaving, always being and loving our passion, climbing the walls of our desires, burning like a blazing fire within the two of us forever, my dear, my love, my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heat Of Essence

Lively, vividly tasting every image that comes to mind from the moment I awaken until the moment I go to sleep, blazing fires beginning and ending in imagination.

Taking me into the heat of it's essence, giving a fiery passion that can never be quenched, desires dancing in the flames, never burning out or fading, always staying within my being.

Hungry all the time for action of this mind, loving how many thoughts flow from within an interior waterfall, surging quietly and invisibly, no one even noticing except this poet while feeling the poetry intensely when writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heat Of Reality

Fracturing my mind, stress dutifully does it's job taunting and harassing me every day, giving no rest for my weary mind.
Thoughts gather tiredly, jumbled out of bed, in disarray, foraging for some sort of pattern to follow.
Nothing comes to view as they careen down avenues of puzzled mazes.
Daintily stepping off of sidewalks in life, ideas gingerly pop in and out, trying to rearrange and set alternate routes to straighten out morning processes of thoughts.
Weakly holding on as the bus of creativeness charges in, using a lot of imagination to challenge the day's crossword puzzle of logic and daily routine.
Watching idleness of play with jealous envy, stifled in the heat of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heaven Sent Woman

A hectic race, a forgotten doctor appointment, a taxi showing
up at the door to take me there.
Rushing around, getting ready in five minutes, leaving without
my husband knowing or realizing that I'm gone.
Getting to the doctor's office early, the door is locked, doc
will be back at one o'clock.
Looking across at another doctor's office, walking over, going
in, sitting down to ease the strain of this hectic afternoon.
A door opens from inside the office, a woman enters and places
something on the coffee table.
Quickly, I ask if it's okay for me to sit here and wait,
because my doctor is not in yet.
'Sure, she says, would you like a coke or something to drink'?
Relieved, I acquiesced, saying 'yes, I'd love one'.
Disappearing behind the door for a few minutes, reappearing
with a red and white coke can, a straw jutting from it's opening.
Relaxed at last, thankful for a drink and seat.
Now it's time to get back to my doctor's office.
Afterwards, going back, giving a kind woman this thank you poem.

(1: 04 p.m. - 11/20/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heaven Through Music

Lightening quick rhythms touching interiorly with an
intense vibrating melody.

Walking through mountains, finding trails of ancient
Indians who used to travel them on their journeys.

Through life many memories locating interior beauty
while traveling on a solo trail appear in visions.

Thinking and pondering upon thoughts of a lifetime,
feeling and emoting along the way.

Adjusting to it's quiet rhythms, giving and bringing
an essence and passion of long felt desires hiding
within me.

Loving and tantalizing peacefulness of yesterday with-
out failing to entice my soul directly, connecting it
to inner vibrations of my soul.

Always testing and trying to find ways to enter inner
domains of effervescent details that so totally energize
and take me into gardens of heaven through music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heaven Whispering

Listening to Neil sing, knowing it's Peggy he's thinking
of with every word.
Knowing his heart is breaking, yet this is a tribute to
her in passing.
Music keeping him as steady as grief will allow him to be.
Whispers from heaven fall upon his shoulders as Peggy
comes to listen to him also.
Happy that she can still be with him, her love of him still
in hand, loving even more than before, if that's possible.

(2: 52 p.m. - 10/28/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heavenly

Heaven's glory is just within reach, it's beauty peeking through clouds of darkest night.

Swiftly disappearing, bringing forth a desire for it, eyes rising above normal spheres of life.

Concentrating on love felt from above, earthly days are filled with cares and idleness, while all along, hearts seek God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heavenly Atmosphere

Wisp of a tree beneath a cuticle of
the moon, sitting in a morning sky.
Watching the sun rise slowly in the
east with a lash of white clouds,
separating it's light in my eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heavenly Directions

Noises of bewilderment find their way inside of jets
flying in a heavenly direction.
Scanning across a field of vision, we partake of
sound particles challenging realities of weakened
mistakes.
Turning about, skipping interiorly into wayward
treks not meant for man's testing theories of
unrepentant sakes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heavenly Dreams

Thrilling to the beauty of an innate intellect,
savoring it's essence throughout every moment.

Rain washing away the pain of a my lonely and
abandoned heart.

Wishing to feel the presence of love, touching
my soul, hoping it will happen before my last
breath is gone from this life.

Loving expressions being seen in images coming
to me in dreams, taking desires, fulfilling
them in depths of beautiful thoughts.

In the end, always being given from above in
heavenly dreams, touching me with love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heavenly Glimpses

Life is settling down around me as I gaze into the future, bleak and painful.
Tantalizing view of heavenly glimpses of what I'll be seeing before too long.
Sunshine seeking me out, letting me feel it's warmth upon my skin.
Knowing within that all will be leaving me soon upon a separate shore than earth's.
Left upon another horizon, taking nothing with me but faith, hope and family memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heavenly Graces

Angels looking down from heaven, watching and guarding me
from evil and inherent dangerous events.

Musically playing songs of enchantment, touching me with
playfulness of heavenly graces.

Enjoying immensely, their thought and consideration of
me on any given day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heavenly Kisses

Strings being pulled along my heart and mind,
touching lightly, reminders of long ago.

Reaching into depths of quiet solitude,
reminiscing about times spent with one another,
walking, talking, being alone - just we two.

Life-long friends, lovers, partners, living in
bliss, heavenly kisses from above, falling upon
our heads.

Trusting in each other, giving glances of knowing
circumstances beneath lashes of old.

Arms around one another, feeling love penetrate
our hearts and minds, remembering all the times,
both good and bad, totaling our lives together
on earth.

Our commitment, taken seriously through the years,
as we continue it's fruition until our days of
separation by death's chilly embrace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heavenly Oasis

I write of life no more on this earthly horizon,
preferring to escape to a heavenly oasis set up
from birth and instilled within my mind.

Silently talking, rearranging metaphors and
adjectives to suit my fanciful desires.

Cogitating alone, thinking on a plateau above
every other, while living in a hopeless state of
reveries forever.

(4: 27 p.m. - 11/17/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heavenly Pictures

Pictures of heaven, ensconced in hallways of illusion, gesturing with enthusiastic motions of hands, holding onto heart-felt emotions. Gliding into the room with angel wings, illuminating human nature with heavenly halos, shining in the rays of an early sunshine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heavenly Present

Calmly soothing my soul, music sends me deeper into
a spiritual contemplation, finding ways of expression
to touch the world around me.
Gifted by God, I appreciate every moment spent with
this heavenly present from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heavenly Scents

Striding across the heavens through intellect,
knowing and remembering what it was like.

Heavenly scents still tantalizing my mind with
their aromas.

Pictures of thought holding the intense beauty
of peace and stillness.

Never able to forget the time spent alone in
heaven's gardens, wishing to have stayed forever.

Yet knowing that I will return one day in the
future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heavenly Sphere

Sashaying through outcomes of this temporary life,
giving of myself to others and never counting the
cost.

Watching as people go through hardships and devasta-
tion, caused by death, loss, abandonment and pure
evil being done to them.

Heart reaching out, wanting to ease the despair or
emptiness I know is rising within their beings, liv-
ing in a heavenly sphere, always at the ready.

Being God's instrument whenever needed, this being
the very first time going out of this country and
into India.

Seeing the needs of the people there, wanting to go
back and do what I can, hoping to make a difference
somehow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heavenly Spirits Flowing

Happiness and joy are totally being fulfilled through an intense spirit flowing from heaven to earth.

Very special, spiritually enticing and tantalizing the very within of beings on earth.

Soothing, serene, taking intellect floating and drifting with clouds overhead.

A perfect ending of this life's measures of time through music and writing, sublime and profound thoughts being realized in moments of prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heaven's Breezes

Sparks of intellect shining in my mind like colorful fireworks shooting everywhere throughout my brain.

Getting ideas and thoughts that fill me with exciting feelings, knowing that they'll all end up shimmering and glittering in poems being written.

Emotions touching my being, letting me feel their intensity throughout every particle and fiber throughout my body.

Breezes of heaven, blowing the spirit of God, taking me through the darkness and out into the glory of His new world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heaven's Edges

Rhythm floating and dancing among us,
touching and feeling our humanness
and bringing us closer to new horizons
while on the verge of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heaven's Night

Hiding within, no longer wanting to come out and see the world, for it will only bring betrayal again.

Doubts constantly preying, causing memories to toss and turn.

Hating the existence of life this moment, afraid to voice the silence which stands within me.

Sordidly concentrating, wrecking havoc, killing peace of mind.

Totally unheard of this day, waking to the sound of life clamoring, falling down around me.

Settling into pits of fire, brought down to hell, startled into an absent fortitude, lasting no little while.

Making sense does not fit in with how I feel right now.

Books can fill pages, I can read, but there are no words here, nothing makes sense.

Alive, yet without a place to go, loneliness stands upon the edge of heaven's night, this time for a final moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heaven's Outer Limits

Calming effects of somnolent music takes me to outer limits of heaven, chasing thoughts across subconsciousness and placing them in lines, simulating every day routines in life.
Stating facts, beleaguering emotions, strangling, yet letting go of ideas in ever-increasing volumes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heaven's Tears

Dusty trails left behind after a rain storm, streaking down on windows of a library, staking no claims on anyone's memories, except mine as I write about them here.
Left overs from heaven's tears of sadness, over what we humans have done to earth and it's beautiful sustenance left to us by God in experiences of detailed poetical license.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heaven's Threads

Sorting out thoughts, letting them coalesce and climb ever higher into realms of intellect.

Purposes lightening the load, helping to serve self throughout all of life's strife.

Holding onto pieces of thread, gradually letting them go one by one, knowing that soon there will be none left to grasp in life.

That's when I will grab onto ones hanging from heaven so I may be taken there as I breathe my last breath.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heavy Emotions

Corroding emotions creeping their way across a friend's heart, giving her heavy emotional turmoil, not letting her grow up.
Sending her into a tail spin every time she thinks she's been hurt, even if it was unintentional on the other person's part.
Never bothering to talk it out, throwing away the other person like yesterday's trash.
Hurting them way deeper and more intensely than she herself has been hurt in life.
Feelings of hers have been twanged, yet she's hurt another to the core of their being and ripped their soul apart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heavy Rain

What moves the rain of sorrow?

How do it's tears find their way into a heart
and make it ache?

Tell-tale memories trickle forth from inner
labyrinths - at first totally unaware.

Then the sliding wetness suddenly is upon your
cheek forming a tear.

Where does the tear of sorrow go when you gently
brush it away?

Does it forever have a heavy heart or does the
heaviness cause it to die?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heeding Imagination's Directions

Words appearing in designs and patterns, complacently
heeding imagination's directions as they fall from my
mind in excited expressions introduced by poetry.

Effervescent bubbles of ideas, slowly dripping into
intellect, letting it savor every particle of them as
they cause spell-bound sentences to form, enticing
others into their realms.

Fulfilling inner desires with many pleasant surprises,
taking me away into spaces of another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heels Of Evil People

Sorrow soaks down through the ages, touching parts of grief that are hidden below margins of sight.
Leaving beacons shining so all may find their way back to comforts of dancing.
Swiftly joining others, counting on sadness to bring forth tears from beneath heels of evil people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heightened Life

Stylishly congregating in bouquets of fragrance,
as chocolate-covered feelings escape and touch
tons of endorphins.

Causing a mood-binding energy to emerge from
within caked sorrow and icy hurtened emotions.

Saving tell-tale clues of a life completely
heightened by it's own insistence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heightened Sensations

Crossing oceans of the world, traveling with tides of life
and letting them take me into beautiful sunsets, wonder and
silence always awaiting me on horizons of this lifetime.

Sensations being heightened by the darkness, causing desires
to rise tantalizing my mind, encasing it within softened
candlelight.

Joyous peace following a tremendous surge of intellect as it
is being recharged by the essence of passion while desires
are being fulfilled.

Strange and mysterious, all the world is enveloped in a
mistiness of silent contemplation, a perfect solace being
written into verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heights Of Being

12: 18 p.m.
Sitting at Buddy Stubbs, listening to a band of renown,
totally being absorbed by their rhythmical energy.

Following beats around the grounds, writing them carefully
into intrepid prose, catching, grasping and placing them
all into a cache of fortune that they will one day shine
from through literature.

Sounding beautifully, whispering into the atmosphere with
coded messages, believing in spirits of nature as they
timidly enter realms of imagination.

Voicing the totality of life, bringing it to heights of
being, allowing tremors of quiet solitude to become words
that are being written.

Hoping to touch minds of other people here, enjoying them-
selves, catching rhythms on a piano in mind, fingers
rapidly tracing their patterns into inner catacombs of a
brain.

(12: 20 p.m. - 3/29/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heights Of Imagination

Closing my eyes, sinking into depths of music as I
listen to it intently.
Feeling surges of joy lift me spiritually into
heights of imagination where I desire to stay.

Grasping my heart, pulling it towards strains of
rhythm as I fall down between notes and their
tones, feeling them reverberate within my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heights Of Living

Swaying to rhythms that delight the mind, finding equations
that tempt and tantalize intellect, rising to heights of
living, creating beyond what's ordinary and possible.

Dancing impossibilities taking over the beauty of this
life as a total symphony falls into place, composing and
playing every note in a wonderful complacent melody.

One that never dies down or tires of being heard, tire-
lessly focusing on every design being played in the in-
terim of this measure of time called life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heights Of The Divine

Reaching heights of the Divine, situated in a bluened
light within my mind, seeing spiritual sides to every-
thing in this temporary life.

Being touched with a spiritual enlightenment and joy,
taking my heart into deep contemplation where life joins
mind, heart and spirit together.

Enjoying the presence of the Divine dwelling within,
never wanting it to leave as long as I'm alive, special
gifts through innate talent coming alive.

Going through many musical rhythms, taking me soaring
into other dimensions beyond this earth, loving the
joy filling my being through writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Held Captive

Birds calling from inner imagination, getting my undivided attention as I see them hiding among the leaves and branches being created through Chopin's music.
All being held captive in beautiful panoramic views, designed exclusively for interpretation into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Held In Air Patterns

Rigid, flowing rhythms bending and swaying in tempos and measures of chords, forever holding me in air patterns.

Keeping me soaring from areas of heaven, leaving self immersed in depths of imagination.

Swerving, being tantalized and enjoying every moment that comes, exciting me no end, wonderful and thrilling how music makes me feel.

Longing and desire filling me through the rhythms being played incessantly, always bringing my intellect into a garden of roses intellectually imaginative.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Held In Music's Hands

Eating a piece of hard candy and listening to a melody being sung,
by a friend.
Lilting, taking all of us down memory lane in a capsule of human
behavior.
Feeling the camaraderie of living in a crowd.
A lasting friendship held with music's hands in nights of evening
entertainment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Helicopter Rising

Helicopters rising, music playing to the red, white
and blue, Americans taking a stand.

People from every background, locked and loaded, all
ready to take our country back from the muslims.

They think they've won, but nothing could be further
from the truth as the world will soon see.

Eagle is soaring over our country, nothing can be
hidden from it, we are in every corner.

Awaiting the silent signal, everyone alert and aware
to begin our forward motion of taking back America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hell's List

Honoring those who have died and cleared a path for us
when we die, holding up respect and dignity for all to
see.

Events happening all around, reminding us to keep a
watchful eye as we walk forward on our journeys through
life.

Never straying far from the straight and narrow, always
keeping promises made from the heart and never disclosing
lies or gossip to another person, lest we end up on a
list bound for hell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Help Is On The Way

America is standing up in the face of tyranny and evil on it's own, we no longer have a president in the United States of America.

We stand alone, American people fighting for people of the world, nothing to stand in our way, backing those innocents that need our help.

Not waiting for permission from an illegal poser in the White House, loving America, so proud to be an American in this evil world.

Help is on the way to all those being persecuted by isis jihad and terrorists, America will destroy them faster than anyone can, leaving no one left standing.

Defeating isis is the main objective in order to bring peace to our world.

Alleluia! , the tiger is awake, the eagle has risen and God help all of those who have gone against the decency of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Helping Others

For years, working day and night, double and triple shifts whenever asked to.

Hours spent in caring for those in the men's and women's infirmaries, doing all to the best of my ability,

Always touching upon the sacred in everything, treating everyone with the respect and dignity that they so deserved.

Many years helping others, feeling so good that I was able to help them and easing their pain or bring a smile to their faces.

Families always giving thanks for the care their loved ones received, making it all worthwhile.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Helping Our Moods

Necessary attitudes are positive in nature, helping our moods stay in happier realms of life.

When doing so, things seem to go much better, we have energy and are better equipped to handle any problems.

Those with negative moods and attitudes tend to be depressed not seeing beauty of nature and life on earth.

Missing out entirely on the small important things that create joy in our daily lives.

It's a sad state of affairs when this happens, because people miss out on many wonderful things that could make a difference in their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Helping Self

Life is based upon our spiritual interior life, as long
as it's nurtured, we are positive, creative and in a
good mood.

Even when bad or tragic things happen, we're able to handle
them better, because we can go within our souls and allow
them to sooth our minds.

When an interior life is lying dormant within, then energy
runs low, you're not able to withstand life and become very
depressed.

Having no initiative or goals, doing nothing with your life,
living in a constant void, bemoaning your fate and blaming
others for it.

Spirituality is really the key above normal circumstances,
somehow it gives strength and a vibrant energy that keeps
your mind awakened.

Intellect responding to this energy in turn, gives us the
initiative needed to make and attain goals and positive
attitudes in life.

Knowing it totally works for me, expanding my spiritual
awareness and interior life continually, using music and
rhythms along with faith and prayer, always helping myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Helping Us Daydream

Music filling my entire being, drenching my mind in it's
intense rhythms within an instant of hearing it being
played.

Sandwiched between fibers of my mind, thoughts are grow-
ing, nourished by experiences, knowledge, wisdom, and a
vivid imagination, all creating a reality of life.

An expression of it's imaginational fantasy, helping to
daydream about problems in life, dreams bringing many
solutions to light.

No barriers to contend with, doubts have been eliminated,
arriving at interior absolutes of truth that we can see
and deal with on a daily basis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Here At Harrah's Casino

Ready to tackle the world with a plethora of poetry
coming straight from within rhythm and intellect, a
wonderful combination in which to play along with an
imagination.

Fascinating and enticing as I sit here at Harrah's
Casino in front of the bowling alley, watching three
young children playing with their father.

Waiting and enjoying this exciting atmosphere, drinking
a diet pepsi, not my favorite, because I prefer diet
coke.

But beggars can't be choosers they say, and this poet
is having fun just being alive and writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hereditarily Italian

Sitting on yesterday's porch, rocking back and forth,
conversing with family and friends.
Italianly enjoying being with one another, politely
respecting with dignity, each others right to be
heard, seen and loved for who they are.
Beautiful souls touching heart to heart, filling
souls beyond life's shores, while choosing to be
hereditarily rooted with relatives of a lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heredities Sad Treasures

Secret sadness flows throughout my soul's mind tonight,
final moments remembered of my Mom's death and all other
close relatives.

I believed life could not progress without them, yet some-
how it has.

Saddened wonder, saddened curiosity fills me at times, yet
I know there will be no answers forthcoming.

Lifeless, hanging to the little strands of hope held out
each day, wishing instead to fall within and never see
this earthly world again for it is too sad to begin.

Again with tell-tale pain of sorrow, everything takes on
new meaning, novel levels of experience take over from
somewhere I've never known before.

Treasures lighting my mind, taking time to focus unloving
heredity in awesome places.

Counting on special graces received from above when life
is finally done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heredity's Part

Balancing character and being as it begins at birth
is an act which is kept up throughout life and it's
apparent exasperation.
Living within boundaries that are endless, places
stress on daily life, yet, it keeps us living in
mazes of thoughtful neglect.
Heredity plays a part in it all, but, with experienced
will power and stubbornness, we get stuck in eccentric characters for a lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heredity's Realms

Waiting, supervising, arriving at an appreciation
of usefulness as people come and go in temporary
realms of acquiescence.
Tablets of benefit saturate our times with untold
wealth while we generate our youth with hereditary
worth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heredity's Smybols

Somewhere in outer space, notes are flying to and fro,
bringing together blends of music.

Shouting to the heavens, allowing spaces to be filled
with protective symbols of heredity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heredity's Sorrow

Laughter rises heartily every time melody hits it's limits, entering dimensions of hereditary derisiveness on balanced sheets of wind.
Winding about circles of evergreen journeys fills our minds with crystal clear enjoyment.
Makers of back street booze handled emptiness by drinking many glasses per day.
Daily partaking of everyday equivalents of mistaken identities, life passed by with no enlightenment to speak of.
Lightly expectant blues penetrate beautifully, the minds' of sorrowful glances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heredity's Talent

Interiorly shaking everything held inside my soul, sharing the properties of individual acquiescence.
Untold heredity sitting alongside all relatives in our family.
All holding and playing instruments of talented impositions.
Self-taught - no one getting near the essence of each one of them.
Entertaining only family and themselves on stages of family get-togethers and reunions.
Alive with vibrations of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heredity's Treasure

Taking mirrors in hand, holding them up to show what
they are reflecting in the distance, writing it all
in poetry.

Waiting for enduring conclusions to come about, think-
ing and pondering over the usage of so many ideas,
always coming unbidden into an interior existence.

Believing in a blessedness of this life, at how precious
it is and has become, reaching forever for it's essence
through passions of beliefs.

Catching and gathering everything collectively in the
energy of another sphere, keeping it all as a treasure
of heredity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hermetically Touched

Listening to melodies as they take me soaring into other
atmospheres far from earth's, being touched hermetically
with a lonely solitude capturing feelings and emotions.

Calculating measures of rhythms and the chords that are
being played so forthrightly in depths of intense music,
mind thinking alongside and within each measure.

Keeping time with music, tempting intellect to intoxica-
tion with the exquisite elixir of God-given innate gifts,
thanking Him for each of them, always grateful for His
presence in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hero To Self

Totally engrossed in life, finding so many things to
do, having challenges to meet, experiencing new things,
for the first time.

Being curious, searching and locating answers to every-
thing or die trying to find them, touching upon feelings
and emotions, never leaving anything out.

Forging ahead, making and creating pathways to allow ent-
rance to new dimensions and universes, meeting life head
on, never turning from anything.

Feeling excited, thrilled about whatever I see or find in
this life, giving me sensations, desires and passion for
it all through the essence of my being.

Only being a hero to myself, realizing who I am and what I
stand for, never backing down, as always a quiet rebel and
mere poet everyone can count on that throughout my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heroes Appearing

Heroes are appearing in every corner of America, small towns, men, women, and children even, standing against Obama, muslims, illegals and evil.

Proud, staunch, not backing down, keeping our nation free from tyranny in every way possible.

Youtube, facebook, email, all taking a part in keeping the world informed of those trying to take over with their evil ways.

Nowhere for them to hide anymore, we are shining the light on their darkness and like cockroaches they are scrambling to hide.

We have them on the run here in the United States of America, we expect people in every country to follow our example and do the same.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heroes Born Of Tragedy

Songs of remembrance flow from within creative and
talented people, situations that touch us deeply,
penetrating our interior minds with their sadness.

Silent beauty of heroes being exposed from tragedies
of this life, fantastic and terrific how an ordinary
man or woman can overcome the odds.

Forgetting themselves, coming to the aid of others
who need help desperately, such wonder and courage
can never be captured totally.

Just a particle of their essence can be shown in a
picture, song or poem, never fully doing justice to
the one who has taken another's life in their hands.

Much like what was done on 9/11 in New York City,
a beautiful tribute to the goodness of all humanity,
especially in Americans.

A tribute also to everyone who lived through 9/11,
may they be forever blessed throughout the history
of mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Heroes Of The U.S.A.

Courage and honor grown and nurtured throughout child-
hood, parents loving and caring for their children daily,
instilling pride and innocence.

Showing by their own examples, living in a patriotic
environment, taking care to symbolize our country in a
positive way.

Teaching values, morals and ethics, bringing them into
this world, knowing they are loved unconditionally, and
are taught how to love others in the same exact way.

Feeling pride as they grow into fine young men and women,
being honored to serve our country themselves, enlisting
voluntarily and sacrificing themselves in many ways.

Thanking their parents for nurturing and leading them in
the right direction, protecting all of us in America,
these men and women of honor and destiny, all heroes of
the United States Of American.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hesitant Apprehension

Forsaken and lonely, waiting on death's doorstep for
a better world beyond.
Daydreaming of a life now past, looking to the future
with hesitant apprehension at times.
Then turning around life spins about, taking with it
all erasable doubts, planting us steadfastly in our
long-awaited promised land of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hesitant Conversation

Sitting at a table, looking around at the past, talking with
my sister, and best friend.

Waiting, searching, hesitant conversation, not knowing what
to say to each other.

A somewhat timid atmosphere as we sit and eat our lunch,
testing ground, sort of reaching out, trying to find a common
source and continue eating in a quiet, peaceful kind of aura.

Touching the sensitivity of each other and keeping within
ourselves, learning the boundaries of discussion slowly.

Feeling close to the surroundings, reveling in their
antiqueness and gentle bearing.

Feeling, there is a sense of caring, loving, as we continue
our repast and sharing.

Leaving the Spagetti Company somewhat hesitantly, walking
through the misty, damp rain to the truck.

A somewhat tenuous feeling stirs within and we leave, each
of us to pursue the rest of our day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hesitant Images

Lights traveling, illuminating interior feelings,
pushing them into the foreground, to be recognized
and held gently as life glides over our beings in
silent hope and peace.

Lights totally bringing realms of life closer to
reality, illuminating hesitant images and focusing
them all into heaven's future when I am older and
wiser.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hesitant Yesterdays

Wandering down lanes of
hesitant yesterdays,
becoming the sadness
struck upon me unawares.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hibernating

1: 40 p.m.
Investigating depths of inner thoughts, hibernating
in a subconscious mind, having a joyful time, sending
many vibrant ideas into intellect.

Giving my brain a workout for the time being, listening
to the rhythms coming out of hiding and playing in
compositions that I am now composing to be played in
instrumental concerts of the future.

Enjoying the beauty of it's interior solitude, as it
lovingly caresses my mind, nothing can surpass the
wonder, curiosity and awe of innate gifts.

As I delve constantly into their depths, keeping my
soul and spirit alive for the short time I will be here.
1: 43 p.m. 3/27/14 RoseAnn V. Shawiak

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hickory Prose

Walking in talented
shoes of hickory prose.
Conquering fears by stepping
and crushing them into tiny
bits that I can handle with
ease.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Agendas

Singling out aspects of reality
as it steps upon my mind.

Neglecting feelings, tramping
them down relentlessly.

Hardening my resolve to hide
from life's hidden agendas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Beauty

Reeling and rocking to tempos of natural delight,
becoming self, intriguing memory into giving up
it's secrets of yesterday.
Sensing beauty hidden beneath coverlets of
sunsetical verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Behind A Silent Mist

Entombed beneath notes being played as a dirge.
Counting beats as they are interpreted in lyrics.
Falling to my knees, capturing feelings with rhythms touching and grasping my soul.
Seeking truths as I reach out beyond the grave of my being, placing trust in someone I've never seen, yet holding closely to my heart, afraid when He's not here.
Staying within a myriad of dreams, standing above myself, knowing that I'm already disappearing from my life.
Justifying who I am through a prolific amount of writing.
Showing myself in poetical verses, capturing my essence for moments at a time and allowing others to fancy themselves knowing who I am.
Yet, hidden always behind a silent mist, I keep surrounding myself with, using it for protection from others, so I can't be hurt again from without.
Slipping away, content to be who I have become in the words of a poet who was once my own self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Being

Squelching a need to cry, burying it beneath many layers
of skies, I feel unfit, incomplete, but I cannot let go
of hidden tears just yet.

What purpose they're serving by not being used or expressed
I do not know, somehow, inner feelings are confused and I
don't know exactly what to do.

Quiet concordance, sitting, reaching out beyond depths of
an inner wisdom, attempting to trace it's source to an
innate, unknown rhythm.

Considering manufactured particles of life, trying to piece
together, imaginary thoughts with reality is not working.

Perhaps a lapse of identity is filling me within, chasing
away any and all purpose from a world unknown right now.

There is no way of knowing so I'll continue squelching the
need to cry, burying it beneath many layers of skies,
interiorly feeling unfit and incomplete, keeping tears of
my being hidden.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Canyons

Sections of life crowd outside of boundaries set up to
keep locations intact.

Wanting to always take up with the best particles of
yesterday, picking up, flying, soaring over and above
walls of canyons hidden deeply inside.

Glistening and beautiful, never being upset or damaged
by human hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Caverns

Every waking hour slipping into a coma, life unable to
become or be awakened through a long and abiding sorrow.

Following footsteps through forests of eternity without
any purpose or goal in life.

Seeing lightening pour forth in the fire, leaving it's
mark upon my soul, leaving it to my heart's sorrow.

An unfathomable descent into another dimension, down-
trodden and alone.

Passion lying beneath the surface of yesterday's sorrow
when life left and into the hidden caverns of death's
darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Chemical Equations

Steeples of expression, standing tall in sceptered blue skies,
awaiting depths of earth to come into being of another period
of life.

So calmly joining with concepts of another formula hidden in
chemical equations, ready to be used in the creation of a
cure for death soon to come.

Attempts to circumvent barriers of intense and rigid problems,
keeping everyone alert and awakened to the prospect of living
forever on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Clock

Scarcely wondering what is going on, not interested in anything anyway.

Sensing temptation of death, smelling it close to me, a thousand bouquets mixing their scents as one.

Reaching inside, locating a hidden clock of self-eternity, determining time left here on earth.

Destiny fulfilled, quenched, put to sleep forever, walking, stepping aside, contemplating the other side of life and wistfully looking forward to it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Corners

Looking for things to see inside, searching corners hidden from sight, hoping to find something recognizable and filled with worth.
Hampered by the past, groping in darkness and unfamiliar ways, praying for life to stop for a moment just to catch my breath.
Everything continues without hesitation except my mind as I gingerly hang over the ledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Details Of Life

Standing close to nature, taking part in it's wonderful
senses, touching interiorly, never at a loss for energy,
as it placates and sets into an intense serenity of mind.

Totally complacent, learning secrets of bountiful blossoms
as they bloom into visions, bringing sunshine brightly onto
pathways through forests, illuminating everything walking
forward.

Always at attention when searching the forest, finding the
most hidden details in life, coming alive to interior
knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Dreams

Searching life's corners, hoping to see hidden dreams coming alive, fulfilling their blossoming purposes as knowledge opens doors and windows to the soul.
Wide open for future perceptions of another side of life now entering it's rightful dimensions and becoming destiny's partner in hopeful endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden For Centuries

Visions of darkness approach in details hidden for
centuries in catacombs, filled with mystery and intrigue.

Leaving no stone unturned, being invigorated in a deeply morbund
appetite, delivering messages from beyond the grave.

Stilled by the notions of darkened corners, letting in oxygen
so breathing can continue until it's rhythm falls into patterns
of believable designs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Gladness

Life binds our minds with trifles and beauty,
standing on edges of tranquility and peace.

Where are all the joys and gladness hidden
deep within our souls?

Can we find them or must they rise by them-
selves?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Horizons

Hiding within misery's cage, looking out upon an
earthen home, watching as people carry on with
their egos, guiding them on treks of sorrow.
Sending information into atmospheres of grief,
trying to make sense of death's inane ways.
Loving care ripped from hearts without recognition
of the damage being done to individuals and their
enduring lifetimes.
Careless adversaries of death's minions continue
their feckless tasks of destroying people on whims
of some unknown entity in hidden horizons beyond
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden In Catacombs

Racing faster into another atmosphere, finding beauty
that has been hidden there for centuries within cata-
combs, wanting to be known, yet no one has discovered
them until now.

Believing and figuring out how they're coded and when
to use them in mathematical equations to define the
center of an inner universe.

Giving pleasure that fulfills me entirely throughout
days of my lifetime, always being tantalized, and
allured by a mysterious essence of another universe.

Never walking out and around, focusing only on the
equations that are being constantly defined through
intellect.

Entering domains that no one else has ever been able
to attain in this life, enjoying being the only one
who can do it.

A solo journey taking me down paths to freedom and a
total liberty, giving my soul a distinct way to get
to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden In Memories

Charging into the night, leaving all of daylight tasks where
they lie, not wanting anything to mar or distract me from what
I want to discover and explore throughout the night.

Leaving horizons deserted and focusing on edges of nighttime
places where I can concentrate and fill many pages with what
I am thinking and saving on photographic screens.

Holding carefully to every detail, not letting a one escape
as I continue writing from within intellect, constantly and incessantly allowing
thoughts to be contributed to
imagination.

Delving always into silent canyons and ravines of solitude,
sitting back and observing everything that is going on around
me.

Surrounding lights and shadows, flowering and hiding in turn,
giving so many pictures of images hidden in memories until
nighttime contributes to the energy of illumination, bringing
everything to light in my mind.

Silently beckoning and arranging every facet into albums of
interior essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden In Pockets

Living momentarily from one vision to another,
touching feelings felt by my heart.
Sadness dampens my spirit as I recollect years
of childhood kept hidden in pockets.
Taking them out to glance at through the years.
Following pathways of hope and faith, holding
onto peace and serenity of God's hug of fate,
eternally.

(10: 37 a.m. - 12/08/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden In The Open

Only the astute will discern the quality of meaning
in poetry.
Talented individuals themselves, filled with an
intellectual bent towards a knowing held deeply
within them.
Prizing and holding memories written in corners of
their mind where they grow to full fruition
discovering the true identity of all that has been
said, hidden in the open in many countless poems of
life and nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Inside

Sololy traveling through music and it's rhythms,
finding beauty in every note and tone that captures
my mind in many hours I continue to write.

Loving style of rhythms continually playing day and
night, having the time of my life, enjoying this
party that my intellect creates all the time.

Finding insight and life staring me in the face,
seeing feelings and emotions that I didn't know were
hiding inside.

Then suddenly reading of their existence right here
in black and white, having written them unknowingly
into poetry.

An exciting and wonderful time being had, just writing
out of an interior atmosphere and universe, learning
about everything, including self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Insight

Insight into life is hidden until our ends near, suddenly taking away veils of life we are so used to seeing.
A clear concise pathway regulates our steps as we proceed to our final destination on earth's shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Joys

Hidden joys are found by the sounds of classical music
wending it's way through my brain.
Caressing it tenderly, feeling it's joy, being touched
as it touches gently, heart strings of my soul.
No where can this blissful peace be found, except
interiorly in a vast dimension of imagination.
Titillating the very essence of my being, causing it
to respond and reach towards wonderful things I feel
from beyond my understanding.
Wanting to dance closely, notes of inner joy attach to
those of bereavement, filling the loneliness somehow
with a space of happiness.
Carefully guarding and protecting these wonderful
whisperings, bringing to my mind all the happiness and
joy of mankind.
Withholding nothing as I wipe tears of heaven gently
from my face, no more to weep upon this hardened ground.
Falling into musical scores of heaven and immediately
disappearing from sight.
My eyes seeing nothing as they contemplate all-knowing
wisdom on another level, out of reach of mortal man
tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Lapses

Silently counting avenues of recreation hidden
from view.

Outstanding moments awaiting review, separating
selves according to inline pleasure.

Alighting tranquilly amongst stresses of life,
enjoyed for the momentary lapses in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Laybrinths

Tonal quality reaching a perfect pitch, penetrating
audio ears with listening intensity.
Brightly colored feelings jutting from my insides,
as Yanni continues to play my heart.
Walking heavily through this mind, leaving
impressions, indelibly, in a timeless circle of
imagination.
Pressing keys, lights blaring colors, drums catering
to rhythm and rhyme as all parts of humanness melt
into one etude, standing on edges of harmony,
practicing daily, their way to excellent thought-
provoking works of musical art.
Stepping in time, entire anatomy's are filled with
sublime energy and precocious annuity.
Stretched beyond endurance, all areas of this brain
have been enhanced and attuned to labyrinths in
hidden times of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Lives

Nowhere deserts fill my mind
with their hidden lives.
Speculating in small oasis's,
searching for life-producing
dreams, stranded on desert
sand dunes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Make Up

Looking around, seeing designs and patterns in every-
thing, nature, humanity, atmosphere and life.

Always wondering if each one of them has a slight
difference in their hidden make up.

What exactly that might be, knowing that nothing is
or could ever be exactly alike.

This mind keeps churning and thinking, trying to get
to the bottom of it in depths of intellect, while
looking out upon the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Meanings

Painstakingly traveling into
corridors of hidden delight.

Matching dialects with words,
and finding meaning beneath
lines of intellect and wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Melodies

Melodies hugging my mind, helping me to taste life's
essence and bereavement.

Bittersweet, as it touches aspects of writing, showing
me what is hidden away so I may share it with everyone
through poetical visions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Messages

Messages coming to me from beyond the grave,
whispering of the many secrets hidden from
them all of their lives.
Now transpiring against death, relating them
to me in passing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Outposts

Circuitous routes of imagination take me into hidden outposts of subconsciousness, remaining quietly unresponsive until my mind awakens them with mirrored enlightenment in a poem of descriptive prose, opened and shared with others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Potential

Hidden within each of us is the potential to do great
things, be great people.

Somehow this potential becomes buried deep inside by
activities of everyday life.

Bring yourself out in the open again and grasp this
fantastic part of you.

Stretch it, use it, open your mind to encircle the
parts of life you want to live.

Don't be afraid, fear pushes it from you, feel it,
live it, your potential will grow.

Protect it wisely from ever being buried by everyday
stresses and strains in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Secrets

Watching thorny arms scratching the air around them,
stiffly exchanging space with very little breeze to
help them air out.
Barely moving, entering realms of tolerance, kept
strictly in pastimes of memories left over from
yesterday's mazes.
Still searching for solutions to be provided and
kept under wraps for secrets must always be kept
hidden.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Self

Dropping lines onto paper, letting them tell the stories I have hidden well for so many years now.
Coming out from hiding, filling books with my life and pain, hoping that maybe someone will read about me and remember to pray for me sometimes.
Blackest nights all bundle up and keep me warm, just not helping me to get through the immortal hurt and suffering.
Sending messages to another world, outside myself, never getting an answer from anyone as I continue to rest in the arms of my God, waiting to be released from this interior hell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Silence

Talking has ended, silence is taking
over from now on keeping secrets hidden.
Facts are of no importance it seems,
making up your own conclusions to events
that have never happened.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Surprises

Silent undertakings in the still of the morning
sunrise, greeting with welcoming rays of sunlight,
taking the sleep from my mind as I write.

A continuation of last night's thoughts, stretching
themselves into another twenty-four hours of writing.
and thinking in coded rhymes.

Serious considerations pushing into a new dawn, an
awakening of interior senses, touched by intellect's
hidden surprises.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Talent

Charading talent as it hides behind a quiet person,
nondescript, yet filled with an experiential knowledge
of intellect.

Always focusing cognitive abstractions towards horizons
of knowledge and wisdom's grace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Talents

Locomotive rhythms playing in the background, giving thoughts free rein to create believable substances in reverse.
Challenging every corner, trying to bring out all the hidden talents accumulated in the darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Tears

Remembering lives so closely entwined with mine,
feeling their parting.

Silently crying within to melodies of sadness,
mingled with tears of joy.

Loving memories and images of Christmas, holding
them close to my heart.

Continuing life's journey with tears always hiding
just inside my eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Tensions

Wind shivering through trees, shaking them, mercilessly without reprieve, hoping to find some sense in what they're doing on earth's shores.
Listlessly tantalizing unusual feelings, touching upon severe tensions hiding within, wanting to be released and sent away.
Noting that only bits of stress are released at a time, evenly keeping time with adjusting beats of rhythms in yesterday's melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Thoughts

Reading many books, getting a look at what other people think, realizing how much the printed word can mean.

As many people believe everything they've read in some book, wondering if they've ever had any ideas or thoughts on their own.

Writing comes so easily, always have wondered if it's because I have always been able to read anything, learning from this endeavor how to write down my ideas.

Good feelings wander around inside this mind, finding such novel thoughts hidden, able to grab and write them down on paper.

Seeing the real me, funny, humorous, carefree, easy-going with a lot of stress, death and sadness hidden within each poem, it's just amazing every time I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Voice

Taking mistaken steps too far into the future, because of
ignorance and shame is not an excuse, but reality of abuse.

Not knowing behavior patterns of youth are kept tucked
safely within and used throughout growing years to adult-
hood.

Never changing acts of childish learning or defenses,
because of just not realizing what is going on.

Being called 'little one', trying ever harder to take care
of everything and keep it in order.

Trying to recognize patterns set up in childhood is not so
easy, frustrating those who were abused very much.

(2: 31 p.m. - 3/15/95)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hidden Within Memories Of Old

Stepping stones of life taking us on solo journeys, searching
for whatever may come to be known, not having any expectations
until finding visions that come unbidden on edges of our minds.

Continuing to hold onto precious melodies hidden within our
memories of old, mind choosing those that have been cherished
like jewels and gold.

Fulfilling thoughts of time now gone beyond the edge of night,
slipping upon icy blankets in measures of time, being forgotten
and frozen in depths of hearts that can no longer be reached by
anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiddenly Stalked

Walking down trails of imagination, heading into forests of youth.

Finding pine cones, touching beautiful green moss and smelling pine-scented beauty of this imaginary green forest of youth.

Sights of memories seen back then, a creature hidden, following undercover of dense brush alongside the trail.

Hearing leaves crunch as it stalked me from it's hidden denizens out of sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding

Rounding out thoughts as they jump to conclusions without us.
considering essences of nature and it's beauty,
we hide behind what we are used to on any given day

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding A Knowing

Fulfilling empty thoughts with particles of imagination, filtering through intellect, finding a knowing hiding timidly behind death's curtains.
Watching for clues on how soon life will trade me in for death's insistence.
Taking hope and keeping it in pockets of prayer, saving it for another day when I can see clearly over a new horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Among Nature

Quietly, I hide among nature and go deep inside myself,
just to get away from it all.
No one can follow, because I shut them out completely,
just to be alone.
Contemplating life choices, I swim around in oceans of
tears, knowing there's not enough to release pent up
anger and emotional turmoil.
Leaving this earthly dimension, swimming to outer limits
of subconsciousness and staying there, thinking softly
in canyons of puzzlement, trying to forget the past and
throw the future into outer space so I don't have to deal
with it in the hear and now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Anger Without Trust

Riding around, listening to conversations had and remembered
with no problem.

Anger hiding just inside, but held in check, knowing friends
mean well, they care, yet tell me things I don't want to hear.

Trying to block them out, doesn't work, remembering every-
thing they say, word for word.

It's very difficult to accept that anyone would bother them-
selves to care in any way.

Not trusting anyone or what they say, getting angry because
there's no belief in love from anyone.

That's just the way it is, life has been lived like this from
the beginning.

Someday, maybe, acceptance for what friends say, is possible,
I don't know, they shouldn't hold their breath.

Leaving me alone, disappearing, keep bothering me, getting me
angry, trying to get me to talk, helping to trust, maybe one
day their point of view may become valid, but I doubt it.

No matter what, still loving friends, forgiving them anything,
but they may have to reach out, for I will run from them.

Getting away, never returning, that's the price paid when
trust is not in your life from the very start of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Answers

Kind guesses fill the page with their presence, hiding answers quietly in the span of writing while rhythm is being sung in words.
Talking to me in backs of my mind without appearing on screens of picturesque views, showing the environment as a mural in flight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Behind Curtains Of Life

Hiding behind curtains of life, watching everything happening and
not being a part of it today, hoping to stay invisible in order
to write poetry.

Alone and treasuring time in solitary moments, preferring to live
life in this way, at certain times in life, finding self being
caught up in the turmoil of humanity.

With no where to go, except with the flow, being carried away just
by the energy of what needs to be done at the time, picturesque,
divine, silent, bringing out creative attitudes and moods born with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Behind Deceit

Palm trees, stately and regal, not at all like some people who use their adjectives to label themselves. While hiding behind the bark of dishonesty and corruption, trying to hide their real selves from other's eyes who are searching for honest, truthful people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Behind Masks

Somnolent pastimes being held in daylight, left over from
last night's dreams, slipping away from the edges of night,
looking for miracles to appear.

Searching for someone to talk to, a human touch, but there
seems to be none wherever you look, others are hiding behind
masks, afraid of another asking them for too much.

Bandying about disguises, not wanting anyone to know how
selfish they are or seeing their mistakes and failures, kept
secretly within them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Behind Secrets

Hiding behind secrets in tunnels of yesterday,
not claiming them consciously,
always trying to push them away,
push them down into depths even I don't yet know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Behind Tears

Lightly taking life as it comes, running me over like a train speeding down the tracks, stopping for no one.
Slamming into my heart, taking away pain stored up all these years.
Hiding behind the tears, looking like curtains, keeping me at a distance from all those who intend to do me harm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Beings

Timidly watching those around me, sensing their feelings
and mixed emotions, filing through hallways on rounds of
acquiescence.

Dealing with beings hiding beneath couches, pretending
not to be see by anyone else on earth for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Beneath

Head hiding beneath the sand cannot see life passing or
live in past dimensions.

Wasting away, not allowing light to enter in, slipping
beneath the tide, letting it wash away all remains of
childhood.

Feeling secure, standing on the shifting sand as it
flows past in the ocean's current.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Disappointments

Softly, shallowly hiding the disappointments life has thrown upon my mind.
Reaching deeper into caverns of my brain, allowing light to shine upon the sadness, glistening with tears in the corners of my mind.
Forever remembering the loneliness, closing once again around my heart, squeezing life from interiorly being shown to the world.
Always keeping it to myself - others never knowing the abandonment I've forever felt throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Fish

Searching water's edge, looking for treasures
hidden underneath.

Gliding and bobbing, calling to God, praying
for some fish to catch our lines.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding From Death

All of life trips on by, past sightless eyes and
ignorant people.

Passed down through the ages of long ago, no one
cares to see it through.

Longing for a little break in day, nothing happens
to clear the way.

Forever has stood before all of us, never taunting
- only gently showing us that we must repent.

Telling no one, lest we have to face the day of
our demise, we go sneaking off - our lives to enjoy.

Not really knowing to face death is to be alive, we
continue to hide from it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding From Others

Watching life parade by, set in people and felt within.
Knowing looks and gestures found in emotional turmoil,
used on topics not wanted to discuss aloud with anyone.
Cramming down all feelings, trying to hide from anyone
who wants to get close - get inside their mind.
Warding off any particular effects that might satisfy
another person, keeping a safe distance on purpose.
Hoping to be left alone, and yet, not wanting to be set
in stone away from everyone and the life to be lived
until death takes them from any existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Good Deeds

Comfortable living isn't a reality for most people.
Sitting on sidelines, hoping for a meal or drink.
How has this neediness been manifested?
Why is there such a shortage of caring people?
Only when news stations cover circumstances do people come out in force.
There are a few people though, who hide their good deeds from searching eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Hopes

Still and quiet, soul reverberating within with peace
of the Lord, holding onto His love and mercy.

Touching the Divine through a bluened light, not hear-
ing or seeing anything or anyone around me.

Preferring it this way, not wanting to hear negativity
coming from anyone.

Hiding hopes beneath my pillow, knowing they will be used
to accord a miracle when God is ready to give it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding In Corners

Watching from sidelines of another dimension, precisely calculating every moment filtering thought as imagination flows ever onward, carrying itself in gift boxes meant for others in life.
Sometimes energizing self with polite acquiescence, turning from everyone in life's pathways.
Surviving all facets of desire as life folds itself and hides away in corners, daring others to confront it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding In Darkness

Sparkling beauty spread through the night, glistening in the darkness, touching minds with it's reality, timidly brightening every corner.

Showing us what it can do as we peer into it's enlightening splendor, showing us either the immaculate positive side of what would otherwise be invisible.

Or on the other hand seeing the putrid ugliness that man has caused while hiding in the darkness, doing his evil deeds away from prying eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding In Daylight

Lengthening shadows falling upon pathways, lending themselves
to interior images, hiding beneath them even in daylight.

Conquering all facets of surprising factions in this life,
striding down great walkways, lengthening shadows stepping out
of the way, making room to get by.

Trying at times to trip into remembering images that have been
hiding all these years.

Traipsing around and over them, becoming immersed in their frightening grasp.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding In Mind Corners

Living in an interior hell, not wishing to look about, wanting nothing to do with life right now, wandering throughout thoughts, lilting around in music and rhythm.

Becoming a recluse, wanting to isolate and not be a part of anything today, never being subjected to whims of others, or so I thought!

Going off alone, hiding in corners of this mind, just wanting to write and do nothing else.

Cooperating with self, no one can impart their wishes at all, not until I'm ready to become a part of the environment again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding In Patterns

Secret figures silently glide around, sliding into figurative speech, taking walks through gardens of eden on slippery paths of remembering.
Striding into lines of life, accepting tender images of yesterday.
Portfolios filled with mirrors reflecting everything from past endeavors.
Socializing intently for moments, then hiding exclusively in patterns of solo design.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding In The Darkness

Lights shining, looking to find me hiding in the
darkness, not wanting to be seen, yet others keep
seeking me out.

Taking measures to be alone and in a solitary
space, just to have some peace and quiet to write
within.

Often finding that I am not being left alone like
I want, because someone has found me and decided
that I needed to talk to them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding In Uniform

Riding his motorcycle, sitting up so straight and tall,
seeming so unapproachable, not like himself at all.

Charging up and down the roads in the afternoon sun,
pulling people over, writing tickets for some.

All that is known of him, seems to be hiding in his
uniform somewhere while performing his duties as a cop.

Knowing later if we should meet and talk over dinner,
we are friends, and what seems to be, doesn't matter.

His badge disappears when we meet and socialize, he is
like anyone else, a human being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Inside

Deep inside where all is quietly still,
turmoil churns unmercifully, untended
and yearning for a voice.

Letting go of many ideas, placing
thoughts aside for the time being,
allowing the hurt and sorrow their room
for now.

Saturating inner caverns with tears,
hallowed places for many years.

Crystal blue pools of sadness, dipped
into when grief needs a release from
it's intense pressure.

Staying deeply within the quiet stillness,
flowing over, covering blanketly to hide
in peace from other's stares and well -
intentioned words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Mind Messages

Rigorously delving into messages left from long ago,
hiding in my mind all these years, awaiting a flame
of acknowledgement to let them loose.

Tying thoughts together, encircling their points and
carrying them forward into poems of food for the mind.

Studying items of interest with aplomb, inviting words
to fill measures of etudes with mystical sorrow of
years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Moon

Half a moon hiding quietly in the sky, timidly peeking out
at earth's nighttime dream.

Quietly thinking of the new day's birth, counting the few
hours until it's hour has come.

Looking out over the vast universe, it's hard to imagine
anything being seen throughout the whole world.

And yet, the moon is seen by everyone who looks up during
the night to God's heavens, hanging over us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Mountains

Looking out into the future of nature, seeing it's
tenuous mountains standing erect and protective all
around our thriving city.

Trees being blown gently in and out of focus, at
times hiding mountains for moments from us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Mysterious Plans

Rising into the knowledge of yesterday, gripping it with wisdom left over from times standing in hallways of enlightenment.
Strange delays hold out as I walk into depths of learning, listening to all formulas of integrity shining onto the darkness of stupidity.
Never losing sight of anything meaning mysterious plans, hiding in the nighttime sky, awaiting the purity of enlightenment as lights glower and shut off.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Peace

Secretly hiding within,
riding on clouds of interior identity.

Becoming at rest with self, finding
peace lying inside where it cannot be
defiled.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Secrets

Silent whispers floating
about the atmosphere,
keeping secrets safely
hidden away from everyone's
ears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Shadows

Shadows hiding beneath the chairs.
They are trailing closely, peeking
out from under and thinking of
things to do in their boredom of
waiting for life to move on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Silently

Empty feelings touching my intellect, causing it to shut itself away from all people and hide forever in a haze of concealment.
Hiding silently in a memory as it walks into the deepest oceanic abyss, taking with it all of existence.
Forging quietly on the way towards extinction, hoping to be lost forever and nevermore be brought to mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Talent

Stunning upheavals falling into places of jovial
circumstances where they don't belong.

Taking away the beauty of precious moments mounted
on the walls of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Visions

Watching rain pour down in steady little fragile drops,
causing a mist to appear above the ground, blurring
every object in my sight with a gray haze, intent on
hiding visions from this poet's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Who I Am

Looking for somewhere to go, wanting to be alone to do
what I love, having every chance along the way.

Feeling the beat of the drums stalking me interiorly,
giving tempos the measures where they will run forever.

Keeping me hidden and closely beside intellect, only
trying to write and hiding who I am from the rest of
the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Within

Silently, crying inside, walking around in a deep ravine of sadness as I try to find words to express it's profound effect on my heart and mind.
Tacitly hiding within myself, wandering in saddened musical sounds, drenching me with their feelings, taking me into depths of emotion where I am astounded at their value and worth in my quiet little life.
Imagining the beauty I have found into a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Within Hollows Of Nature

Hiding in the hollows of yesterday, wanting to be alone
with nature, finding the essence of it's total being.

Splendid and enticing, breathing into the night air with
an invisible energy always held within.

Never perturbed as life drifts into corners of tomorrow,
blending right in with chords of E flat minor.

Touching the totality of tomorrow's enticing episodes
of togetherness through the years.

Sliding against the energy and alongside of curiosity,
leaving nothing behind or between them.

Finding an absolute power hidden within as I hide within
the hollows of nature.

Bounding limitlessly down inner trails of an interior
atmosphere of rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hiding Your Light

Failing to impress me with your words, turning away from your sorry excuses, leaving you alone.
Developing pictures, seeing only negatives, black and white, disappearing from view, fading into the distance and never living your purpose.
Terror-filled, hiding your real self from the world, hiding your light beneath the bushel of darkness, never letting you know yourself.
A pyramid of sorrow comes crashing down as you find your way and proceed towards an end without any insight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

High School Boys

Standing in a place, empty, no one around waiting impatiently
for a bus that is way too late.

Noises suddenly occur behind and turning I see hordes of boys
crowding out of school, lining the street so as to be,
the first one on the bus when stopped alone.

Laughing quietly within, looking at their boyish faces of
determination, knowing I am the only woman standing there, they
choose to ignore the manners supposedly taught by their mothers.

Going along with it because I thought it was funny, blue line
bus arrives and I step back, watching shame-faced boys climb
on.

Finally a few minutes later, Central zero bus comes, it can
not pull up to the bus stop, because the line of boys is still
getting on the other bus.

Walking down the streets towards it to get on, am suddenly
surrounded and passed by over a dozen clean cut, well dressed-
boys.

They hurriedly crowd in line and get on before me, pushing
and shoving like moronic grade school boys.

Finally at the very edge of the male species, a tall young
blonde looks me in the eye and lets me get on before him.

Thanking him, I smile and climb aboard, finding a seat, I
sit down and begin writing this little excerpt on boys having
no manners at all - except the one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

High School Graduation

Sun setting before us, blazing gently against our eyes,
multitudes sitting, awaiting their son's and daughter's
graduation.

Excitement seeps between people, permeating the atmosphere,
quiet murmuring floating about the evening sky.

Down below us, folding chairs timidly standing upright on
the grass, waiting emptily for the teenagers who will soon
pass another milestone in their lives.

High School band, sitting quietly, bouncing notes and tunes
about their heads.

Creeping silently into view, red and white caps and gowns
grow below us, pride sits silently in our eyes, soon to flow
in the form of joyous tears.

Faculty filing in, taking their seats of ready achievement,
as silence filters through the crowd, allowing the speaker
his voice of congratulations.

Watching the procession file in with their caps circling
their heads, looking up and out, clouds can be seen circling
the heavens also.

As the sun continues to set on the far horizon, our son's
and daughter's lives are also setting on their futures,
gratuitous clapping for faculty and band quickly over, thank
God!

Hopes and dreams, tender and innocent fill the air as graduates
speak words, not knowing they are only beginnings of volumes
yet to come.

Forever young, the theme tonight, holds a thread which wishes
to stay forever, yet tomorrow will be forgotten.

Not on purpose is it ever done, age and years just seem to cover

over the dreams of the young.

Painted colors in the sky mix and blend, beginning to match
the colors of the caps and gowns worn below us on the football
field.

Voices ringing loudly, singing the Alma Mater to all, as
darkness swells and curls around us sitting in the bleachers,
yet lights shine down, reflecting on the graduating class.

The lives of many children wait breathlessly on edges of their futures, clinging
ever so slightly to their pasts.

Musical words blast their way to our hearts, maybe a crumb or
note or two may remain for all ages, our future sons and
daughters remaining in our minds forever young.

Happiness fills the graduates as they receive their diplomas,
glee stands out for all of us to hear and see.

Riotous applause surrounds the sky as each diploma is handed
to a student, graduation being almost completed.

Mechanics of this graduation are over as the tassels are put
from left to right on every student's cap.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Higher Caliber Of Music

Hiking up and down the scales,
combining notes to capture the
essence of every melody.

Selecting many colors to add to
the vibrancy of every tone.

A higher caliber of music,
reaching for a more intense
formula to begin anew with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Higher Domain

Pounding rhythms beating incessantly throughout an
hour of abandonment.
Enlightening moods and thoughts, bringing them into
higher domains above earth, daydreaming of beautiful
scents of nature wafting their way into my spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Higher Energy

Everyone excited, energy now climbing ever higher, getting more intense as we wait for Trump to appear, people waving signs, singing, swaying and smiling.

High intensity showing the excitement that we are now feeling, all of us knowing that Trump is going to make America great again with the help of We the People.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Higher Plains

Reading, writing, painting, composing music, learning
and being educated innately through intellect, loving
the feelings senses bring into me.

Finding they are always inspiring and lifting spirits
into happiness, joyfully taking me into higher plains,
succulent and beautiful, nature touching me interiorly.

Walking within it's environment, counting on it's ex-
plicit wonder to whet my appetite for answers, being
more inquisitive than ever lately.

Knowing there's so much in this life that I know noth-
ing about and always want to find out so I can go on
to the next question already in mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Higher Reality

Joyously filling my head with echoes, filled with rhythms
that lift my spirits and bring me into a much higher reality
than before.

Signs accumulating, sending omens of what the future holds
in store, rigid and tight control, trying to be made on
Americans, yet a force is silently growing.

Steadily coming together to overthrow this person who is
trying to take over and ruin our nation of goodness.

A beautiful message is now proliferating and taking hold
across America.

People coming together, realizing the evil that is trying
to permeate our lives and taking action silently, quietly,
against us.

Power of it genuinely growing and spreading quickly, nothing
or no one will ever be strong enough to defeat American
people.

Especially now, they have united against the tyranny and evil
overcoming it without fail.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Higher Realms

Pernicious feelings, catching in my mind,
belittling everything I try to do.
People putting me down, or so they think,
as I lift my spirit into higher realms,
reaching always for a purer rhythm to
contend with.
Solidly accepting any energy that comes
into my being.
Visages penetrating, causing effects to
be applied generously, pushed to the fore-
front acrimoniously, no matter what another
portrays in a mask-like quality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Higher Undertakings

When the shores of life pass over me, I will appear on distant horizons, feelings being smoothed and ironed out, with only peaceful darkness inside for life does not penetrate it's early guise.

Softly melodic, following tendencies towards higher undertakings, sanctioned ceremoniously with rites of mourning, servicing the dictates of a certain few.

Marching to different drummers at the exact same time, enjoying the flavor, melodies become, walking forward, looking to new forms and shapes of things to come, out from the shadows horrors rise, taking life outside itself.

Felicitously taking in every desire, yearning to turn all hated memories around, spinning like a top in all directions, trying to shake them off.

Sending away shapes, standing in doorways looking to take life and bury it in cellars, along with many bodies of similar distaste.

Scratching, clawing, fear rising, breathing slowing, moving outside of self, rising, floating to the ceiling.

Energy lost, tumbled into webs of concealment, minds lie in confusion, knowing something is lost, but cannot remember what, feeling sorrow creeping around inside, looking for a place to curl up and go to sleep.

Withstanding onslaughts of remembering, signaling crossroads to forget silent portraits hanging crookedly on walls.

Eyes staring, looking through souls of eternity, breaking the fasts of total living.

Encountering grand masters of equilibrium, sought for no special reason, the accountability of love and understanding falling short on distant giving.

Precious qualities held dear, held closely, interfere with
the passing of other people on the same journey as oneself.

Wasting time on tell-tale hints of friendship, walking away,
refusing any part of it.

Standing tall, standing fast, when the lives of others touch
ours, we become lost in a vast state of mind, contemplating
each other's thoughts and ideas, realizing we aren't alone
except for our thoughts and memories.

Is friendship worth it? Or is it a period of time we just
grow in, never really knowing anything about another person,
just discovering the many abilities of self?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Higher Visions

Nature dreaming visions into versions of longtime
family events.

Searching through storehouses of interior imagination
on pathways of deciduous affirmations.

Putting together every sense in tune with measures of
notes as they continue to soar to higher elevations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Highlighting Memories

Traipsing in thoughts, musical beats tread on inner
paths of my brain.

Awakening it's focus, highlighting the subconscious-
ness of memories, allowing them to focus and become
known through an unprepossessing poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Highlighting Singers

Rocking to the motions of a song being sung
at a karaoke cafe and listened to by many
other good singers.
Highlighting some and recording their songs in front
of the camera.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Highlights Of Every Day Life

Strumming through a fast-paced rhythm, enjoying it
immensely as I focus words into poetry.

Silently and emotionally finding the way into life's
essence, nothing being compared to it's beauty.

An intense vibrancy located in the center of energy
held within intellect, giving highlights of life.

Through intense passion, pushing thoughts of interior
atmospheres into realms of spirituality.

Always at home when listening and becoming one with
innate rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Highway Moods

Fields of desert plains in all directions are
flooded with rains of heaven.
Gray skies begin beckoning moods of reclusive
thoughts while driving down the highway.
Feelings of touch generate interior silence with
soul-sensing natures becoming aware of their
surroundings as mountains loom in the distance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Highway Of Regret

Stranded on the highway of regret, having no recourse,
but to lie down and be run over.

Sadness trampling and gliding over me, not wanting to
talk, giving up the purpose of life.

Having lost all interest, cannot handle the alternative,
isolating, taking the essence of living, pocketing it.

In the coal mines of an everlasting disaster, no longer
having fuel or energy to revive life.

Stepping across boundaries, touching inner spirituality
with highlights of faith and hope.

Now re-igniting spirits through this night of holiness,
making me feel sad, yet God is holding my hand.

Leading me into the land of milk and honey, where I may
rejoice in the beauty of His home in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Highways Of Freedom

Shining brightly, regaling eyes with freedom's rides, sitting on Harley's, riding skies of inner liberty, letting go of reality's trials for moments in time.
Idling in neutral, listening to sounds of american rights as they flow from replicas of flags, flying down roads, easing suffering as tires flow down highways of freedom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Highways Of Loneliness

Let me look to highways of loneliness ahead,
for there will I find the companion of my sorrow.

Walking through tearful puddles of my own doing,
feeling hurt and pain of remorse deeply within.

Never allowing it the freedom to roam about,
containing it forever in a memory buried beneath
this brain.

Solemnly taken away in an ever-changing, widening
circle of destiny.

Feathering through images, alighting upon none of
them to preserve my soul and mind from separating
through ever-eventful suicides.

Holding hands with notes of past requiem masses,
stepping in time, the rhythm of death placating
society's whims.

Fantasies abounding, taking flight when the truth
of sorrow wins on every score.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Highways To Ends Of Time

Spinning and turning, pivoting on toes of steel.

Kicking and twisting, swirling about, running away
from memories that taunt and hurt my inner soul.

Traversing vertically towards my future horizons,
twirling upside down at times, then righting self
within my mind.

Tremendous highways fly to the ends of time as I
know it inside.

Trellis's clinging to the sides of my brain,
growing and nurturing rhymes of all sorts, as
memories continue to taunt an overdeveloped mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hillary's Contradictiions

Listening intently to what Hillary is saying, hearing nothing
but contradictions and lies, seeing illusions being made up
and put forward onto the stage with no backup or truth.

Being stated, wrestling constantly with whatever she's saying,
knowing only the truth is the truth of a lie being expounded by Hillary.

As she tries to make us believe she's telling the truth while
continuing to skirt every issue and thing that's being brought
up on the news - only telling more lies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hills Of Abuse

Life is within us, hiding it's face,
knowing it's place.

Eyes looking outward, focusing on
nature and the environment, seeing
the beauty and ugliness sitting on
hills of abuse.

There are no fantasies, is reality real?
Are there any answers to the questions
hiding inside?

Are we pretending to be someone else
without, all the while living the life
we are within, silently, gracefully,
to it's eventual end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

His Alone

Whatever comes my way flows over or around me.
Nothing will destroy my spirit, It's Gods and
He will always preserve it until I am home with
Him again.
Lovely presentations combine and fill this mind
with adventure and spirit-filled bliss, things
that will never leave me for all is His alone
for the taking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

His Silent Voice

Religiously looking forward to an ending of this life,
knowing that God has helped to fulfill my purpose here
on earth.

Being attuned spiritually to the Divine, feeling this
truth filling me so purposefully, confident that it is
what He has wanted all along from me.

Happy to have complied and done what He has asked, now
feeling a genuine happiness and joy within, touching
intellect and this mind with a sublime, energetic beauty.

Lifting my spirits so totally and completely, knowing
that with God, I cannot fall or fail because He under-
stands what needs to be done.

Following His every request from a knowing deep inside,
His silent voice speaking, following it's direction ex-
plicitly.

Being finely attuned to His voice, even through all the
turmoil on this earthly life that I've contended with
through all these years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

His Sole Purpose

Forgiving, loving, compassionate, all the qualities of our Lord, given to him at the moment of conception.

Loving him through this hectic and tumultuous life, doing what is right and good.

Hopefully staying always on the path chosen for me - my destiny.

Enjoying it for the most part, experiencing every particle of it even through excruciating sorrow and grief.

Nothing can keep me from His sole purpose through writing, forsaking most everything just to write my passion into this world.

Forgetting self and giving my heart and soul, thankful for what has been done, appreciating and valuing God all the time, every moment of my life until I die and can finally be with Him once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Historical Fate

Charming scenes of fate flitter and fly into
atmosphere's of imagination.

Tearing apart pictures that are faded and torn,
refiling them again under historical restoration.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Historical Moment

Conceptualize beginnings and endings into middles
of the road ideas.
Change all and turn it upside down, watch it's
new creation blossom and bloom right before your
eyes.
Tantalizing rhythms singing inside minds of fabulous
brilliance, while joining unmeant meanings, creating
a flair for penchant feelings, hiding in abysses of
personality.
Today becoming a moment in historical measure of
talent, innate and quite apparent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Historical Poetry

Silently walking through my mind, finding explanations
and deriving thoughts from them.

Squarely rounding corners of exploratory senses in
eighth and ninth dimensions on unearthed plains and
uninhabited deserts until imagination steps upon them.

Filling everything with elation and propriety, building
levels of scenery and unequivocal rhetoric on
persistent pages of historical poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Historical Political Rally

Our flag now flying in this afternoon breeze, proudly
displaying our patriotic pride here in the U.S.A.

Everyone getting things ready for tomorrow's historical
political rally, Ted Hayes, a wonderfully intelligent,
brilliant and funny man, helping us from California.

Tomorrow being one of the speakers giving his talk to
the many people who come and join us for this wonderful
historical event at Pioneer Village.

It will change the entire atmosphere of this upcoming
election, cannot wait to see it happen because our
future is looking very bright in the United States,
especially with obama on his way out of the White House!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Historically Looking Back

Historically looking through a photographic memory, seeing images of years ago, remembering them all just as vividly as if they're happening right this moment.

Seeing a three-stage rocket on a black and white television, amazed that it could be real and happening right before our very eyes also watching Kruschev, shoe in his hand, pounding it on his desk.

A little mind wondering why a grown-up would do such a thing, Elvis Presley on the Ed Sullivan show, thinking why don't they show below his waist so I can see how he's dancing.

Beatles also on the same show years later, hair all cut the same, listening to them sing, liking the rhythms and music as they played it so perfectly and gently to my little mind's ears.

Much later in life watching a plane crash into the twin towers, staring in disbelief, not believing what I was seeing happening here in America.

Then hearing about the Pentagon being hit and passengers taking over a flight to keep terrorists from crashing into the White House.

All heroes giving their lives to save others, totally having tears filling eyes, hearts choked up with the horror of what's just happened on our own soil.

People coming together, helping and saving people - total strangers - to safety or getting them medical aid, no racism, prejudice or intolerance.

Just human beings - Americans - being compassionate, loving and caring about others and their safety, miracles abounding because so many more could have been injured or killed.

Thankful to God there were not more, many unsung heroes were born that fateful day - 9/11 - always being remembered by those of us that keep them in our hearts and minds forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

History

Thousands of lives have made their marks
temporarily on earth.

Time will eventually erase the history
books, rewriting it's pages with names
of progressive individuals.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

History Lived Through

Traipsing through my mind, remembering history that I
have lived through, watching three-stage rockets blast-
ing into space.

Our nation leading the world in it's exploration, since
then having modern technology create more advanced air-
craft, building a space station, having Russian's join
our astronauts there.

Living in peace despite the figments of imagination that
some people keep holding onto, of racism, prejudice and
intolerance.

Men and women of honor, heroes of our nation and Russia
all in one spirit, having one goal in common, United
States being the most enlightened country when it comes
to creating friendships across the world.

Trusting others to honor our agreements as we continue
to partner in outer space, tributes abounding, America
the one standing above the crowd.

As we reach out to everyone across the globe, even though
we are hated by a few with loud voices who mean little to
the actual people in this world, having hearts, kindness
and compassion for all of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

History Of India In It's Museum In Kolkata

Yesterday being totally absorbed in ancient history of India at their museum in Kolkata, seeing fascinating relics.

Finding out where they had a place in this country's beginnings, some of the exhibits being over 208 million years old.

Being totally amazed that I am now standing in front of them, taking pictures of one another, my friend and I with an inner awe and speculation, an experience exploding my curiosity in so many ways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

History Repeating Itself

Little girls talking, laughing, teasing their older
brother who seems to be taking it good naturedly so
far anyway.

Giggling, mother trying to keep them calm, but they
cannot stop laughing, tears in their eyes, looking
at one another.

Enjoying this little display of family closeness and
having fun together like when I was young and care-
free before life hit me full on.

Becoming timid and shy, not talking to anyone, history
seems to be repeating itself because life has hit me
with all kinds of turmoil.

Once again, not wanting to talk or be around anyone,
preferring to be absorbed by the quietness of silence
and solitude.

Having measures of time in which to figure things out
once again for myself, looking up from writing and
seeing little girls talking, quieter now while eating.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hit Or Miss

We've all seen better days in our lives, but the sun
rises every morning, touching the earth around us with
it's brilliant light guiding us throughout the day.

Every night the moon and stars are shining romantically
upon those of us who walk along shores of love and caring,
yet, better days are usually hit or miss.

They can never be counted on, always leaving us alone in
our thoughts most of the time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hitting A Bull's Eye

Shooting bullets into space, sometimes hitting the right target, other times, hitting makeshift ideas of where they might go.

Always wanting to hit a bull's eye and never vary from a perfect path.

Along the way, receiving messages, only to hide them away for another time, because now is not the frame of mind to make mistakes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hitting Home

Music of 'Collective Soul' hurrying through my mind,
showing information through sensations of another
world of music.

Introducing an incessant and tantalizing beat that
continues to entice this poet's mind, enjoying the
placement of notes into rhythms that rhyme.

Climbing steps of inner spirituality, taking spirits
of the night with it's special graces, leading the
way forward.

Softly and steady, tapping rhythms into poetry I'm
writing and sharing, loving to see, hear and read
responses and comments from poets all over the world.

Reading what I've written, getting inspired at times
from it, people changing their attitudes and entire
lives just because of some truth I've written and it
hits home in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding A Candle

Taking in hand, the sorrow I'm feeling, walking with it as I weep silently inside for a friendship that has died.
Holding a candle, burning brightly in my darkened soul, hoping with a prayer of a mustard seed that she will finish thinking of the hurt I caused unintentionally and begin again to look about and see that I'm still here with open arms, waiting for her to come and start talking to me again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding A Pen

Racing through melodies of classical music,
as it speeds into my brain, taking time to
inspire words and place them into meaningful
poems for another day and place in time.
Always on the run, holding a pen, scribbling
words across pages, blank until I get a hold
of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding An Experience

Strumming my mind like an acoustic guitar, hitting perfect pitches as I free fall from heights beyond earth's atmosphere.
Holding onto the experiences, recalling them when needed inside a poem.
Coasting like snow down the mountains, being pure and undefiled.
Feeling the scents of musical scores as they waft my way in melodies.
Measuring distances of life we fall freely within them, having no fears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Back Sorrow

Silently sad as I smile for everyone I meet,
knowing it's not touching my heart.
It can't be helped, because the sorrow is
too great to hold back otherwise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Back Tears

Saddened, slowly in a waltz,
tears forming in my heart.
Wanting to cry their expression,
yet I hold them back, not
wanting to cry in a crowd of people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Closely

Having always loved you in my heart, seen you from a
distance, always from afar.

Closely holding you to me, lest I lose you through
the night.

Keeping love held tightly inside, bringing us together
at last tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Fast To Life

Being blown to bits by the meanness of other people,
wanting to know why they think it's any business of
theirs.

Living on the edge, coming into my own when I am ready,
loving to make decisions only I can make.

Because this is my life and I hold fast to it's purpose,
no matter the thoughts of other people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Feelings

Walking slowly through my heart's feelings, holding them one by one, as they put their arms around me, closely placing pressure on my mind to write of them. Unfolding their precarious positions, bringing them to safety with prose, being selected to perform in other-worldly definitions, carefully placed meanings being explored and met within.
Noticing everything, each one of the memories dance into the moonlight, experiencing the life within that was always meant from the beginning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Forgiveness Within

Relaxing in each other's arms,
dancing across the floor in agile motion.
Holding a forgiveness within, of all that
was done wrong in our lives.
Borrowing heart-felt measures,
giving each other the benefit of the doubt.
As waltzing to tunes of musical rhythms,
we held each other close, and as one let go
of life and traversed together into the
winds of tomorrow's beyond.
At long last, safely being kept in gardens
of love given by God to us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Hands

Minutes sweeping across my mind, dancing like in days
of old, fancy and genial, holding hands with untold
generations of people throughout history.

Playing melodies hand in hand, leaving stages in order
to perform in ways of individualism and proper decorum
across India and America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Hands With Images

Ringing sounding the afternoon tribute to all that is reality, it's traits of perspective and perpendicular personality.
Continuing down countless lanes, beginning yesterday and traveling forward into the future.
Holding hands with some images, wanting to be a part of their world from yesterday's memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Hatred Closely

Reflections mirroring the atmosphere, shining on
magnificent images being shown to interior intellect
now.

Touching, interpreting, with an outstanding amount of
wisdom generating from within imagination.

Leaving behind the world and all it's evil, searching
interiorly for answers, bringing peace into this world.

Nothing seems to work, because there are evil people intent
on killing everyone's way of life on earth.

Killing, maiming innocent people for no other reason than
hatred held closely within them.

An evil energy purposely hampering any love that they might
have held for mankind and themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Heaven's Treasures

Stars shining and glittering into my soul, showing pathways
into other aspects and concepts of life wherever I happen
to be.

Taking hold of heaven's treasures, swinging from points of
stars, feeling alive and vibrant out in space where I can
play like never before on earth.

Counting, separating, treasuring beautiful landscapes within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Love Close

Holding love close, feeling it's presence dancing
within a heart, causes sublime joy.

Risking defeat, hopelessness, despair, a being
filled with a joyous heart can conquer and rise
above it all.

Standing tall, erect, gentle, caring, reaching out,
grasping opportunities to replenish joy for others
increases it's own share a hundredfold.

Daily, moving on towards the end of life, seeking
it's wonderful joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Love In Mind

Moments held together through memories - dancing together
over the years, gently holding our love between us as we
respond to melodies and their rhythms.

Keeping us sane, giving us hope that we will always be
together as family, even when we are no longer here.

Picturesque images will remain in our son's minds, of us
together, enjoying one another's presence.

Hopefully, they will have many of their own to pass on
to their children's minds in life, we pray daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Love So Preciously

Bells tinkling in my mind whenever thinking of you, holding our love so preciously in your heart, mind and soul.

Feeling so different when we're together, happiness and a vibrant energy taking hold of me, lifting my spirits.

Taking me into your heavenly heart and arms, being united on earth at long last, we have become one, unbeknownest to anyone else.

Our love secreted within each of our beings only, as we progress through our lives together, having the time of our life daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Me Together

Tapping, rapping, music touching the energy of an interior spirit, tantalizing and penetrating, taking me up and down chords of all yesterdays.

Holding me together with bubbles of an effervescent atmosphere, no worries at all, finding the tacit endeavors that keep going, never taking a back seat.

Climbing rock walls of deepened canyons, taking rhythms into the mountains where they can once again hide out and never be found again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Memories

Falling asleep, closing my eyes for the last time against the world, holding memories closely in mind, treasuring every moment that I existed on this earth. Taking every thought into the next horizon with my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Moments

Waking to a new morning, feeling tired, but accomplished,
just because of the poetry I write.

Only taking moments, holding them close to my heart, never
losing sight of a final horizon, thinking of the good times
I will have there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Moments In Cupped Hands

Windows opened wide, showing nature dancing quietly and joyfully in the rain.

Holding out petals of flowers, catching drops of heavenly water as they fall gently in a summer rain.

Beautiful moments held in cupped hands like sacred crystals right from heaven.

Studying each one, knowing that each is individual in it's own right.

Not knowing that with every moment, life is becoming more insistent, wanting to be freed into the liberty of another's soul.

Gathering only special and glimmering beads filled with prayers, taking them all into treasured hearts of tomorrow.

Never letting their places be known while on earth, lest someone less than good, tries to steal them from us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Moments Of Life

Journeys of life never to return again once we've past our last sunsetical shores, never thinking to look back once we're gone from this earth.

Holding moments given to each of us within our interior spirits, never being tucked away or hidden, just peacefully giving what-ever they can on this future journey of fate.

Leaning on the facts of truth and honesty, watching as every-thing falls into place without a single thought being spoken aloud.

Memories keeping it all intact, going along with us in the center of our hearts where nothing ever leaves or escapes our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding My Breath

Heavenly melodies whispering their coded messages of rhythm to intellect.

Holding my breath at their amazing facts and beautiful music.

Fulfilling my spirit, giving dreams a vibrant and effer-vescent flavor, touching my mind with a wonder and awe of the greatness of the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding My Own

Holding my own, yet here I am again in the hospital emergency room, it's just never-ending in this life, feeling lost and alone, no one can help me and I know it.

Relying totally on God for my presence here on earth, wondering what is going to come next, is this going to be the beginning of the end?

These are questions that haunt me on a continual basis, yet there are never any answers coming from any direction.

Holding my own until I can no longer hold on to anything - not even hope.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Nothing Back

When we're together, I give you all of myself,
holding nothing back, my dear.

Feeling your love letting you go when you're
with me.

Loving the abandonment you give to our hearts,
desires mounting ever higher.

Living in moments that we are together, never
wanting them to end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Nothing Sacred

Warning the annuls of everlasting science, parading cadavers
down through the ages.

Filling all life with decayed thoughtlessness, leaving all
sense in a pit of fire.

Forgotten leaves of yesterday - dry and crumbled - soiled linen
from the past.

Destroyed alien forgetfulness - sinning instead against a class
of human beings - wanting to be separated from them.

Forever falling down stone steps, filled with granite hatred
of lying lips.

Beckoning whomever will come forward, just to tear their heart
from between their ribs.

Holding nothing sacred, promises are made so that they may
be broken into everlasting pieces.

Floating through the atmosphere, never being able to put them
back again for sorrow has filled their place with many tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding On

Lonely stances in life are a good place to keep your sanity while everyone around you is going insane and trying to take you with them.
Hold on to all you are, never letting anyone take even an iota from your intellectual being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding On To It All

Long time coming, an interior space holding onto the essence
of life as it follows pathways through day and night, hoping
to stay on the straight and narrow.

Never leaving trails that take each of us to heaven event-
ually without anything happening in this life, wandering and
picking up particles along the way.

Hoping to catch up, taking a stand against all links hidden
within pockets of time, holding onto it all so as not to fall
into the many cisterns of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Onto A Friend

Playing faith to sounds coming from an interior piano,
letting hope jump into the fray and come alive this
very day.

Finding self while trying to help another through the
sadness enveloping his life, looking through the windows
of mountains being scaled and done within interior images
of visions.

Trying to hold onto a friend as he slips and slides down
walls of sorrow's canyons.

Giving him the strength of presence to hold on and look
up as he sees the sun rising just for him on the horizon.

Leading him into an inner light of his being once again,
allowing him the freedom to find his own way back into
the life he has always known.

Now changed permanently without the love of his life by
his side, trying to see his way through sorrow's thick
curtains of death's insistence in his loss.

Knowing he will be able to make it, being there for him
in the moments he needs me to be here until able to see
his way clear once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Onto Edges

Focusing eyes on the future, watching such beauty
unfolding constantly in mid-air.

Always taking strides into rhythms of our own times,
laughing all the way to the other side of suffering.

Holding onto edges and never letting go of feelings
that were innocent and pure not so long ago.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Onto Faith

Sliding across mountainsides, falling into ravines and canyons, climbing out of them.

Resilient and determined, stubbornly holding onto faith, not letting anything tear me down.

A place in the heavens that one day soon will be mine again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Onto Inner Purposes

Racing against time, never letting go of our inner purposes
as we live through daily strife and turmoil that all of life
heaps upon us daily.

Looking to others for some understanding at times, talking
and trying to communicate our feelings and emotions.

At times succeeding, then at others failing miserably, moving
forward, driving inner forces into tomorrow's hours, without
stopping to worry or care about mundane things.

Just holding onto important parts of life, like family, love
and friends, never losing sight of any of it, or having to
lose sight of who we are.

Constantly touching our minds, beauty of our souls showing
others a love of God inside each of us in turn, responding
to one another, being held closely, pairing us together
helping one another through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Onto Interior Design

Wonder and curiosity opening up onto corridors of life,
letting all doors be opened wide to accommodate the
beauty of an interior contemplation.

Soothing and energetic vibrations, taking everything
into vast meadows of tomorrow's forests, allowing it
all to run free.

Roaming into depths of beauty, incessant rhythms of
a tolerant landscape are given for express occasions
of holding onto the puzzle of an interior design.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Onto Life

Watching, seeing elderly people enjoying themselves tremendously, dancing and listening to blissful music.
Waltzing moments of time into future horizons of beyond.
Taking life in stride, holding onto friends and family with renewed strength in everyday attempts at normalcy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Onto Life Itself

Holding onto life itself as if it's a lifeline that we cannot
do without, yet if we thought about it, we'd spend our lives
giving from our hearts and never counting the cost.

Never expecting anything in return, a lifetime of service we
give to others in turn, as we live and experience our own
turmoil and sacrifices.

Never neglecting our individual duty while alive, trusting
in the Lord for the answers to all mysteries of life and the
promises they've been keeping hidden since we were born.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Onto Love

Somber, silent, teary-eyed, looking through heart's of loss.

Searching for happiness that we can be a part of each and every day.

Holding onto love in our hearts for one another, beautiful and accepting, giving us both the beauty that only love can give.

Kissing, holding hands, hugging, being together alone, enjoying the few moments that we may have left here on this earth.

Preferring not to think of the future, just wanting to live in this present moment, knowing no other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Onto Precious Moments

Darling, I love being with you throughout this life, you bring so much happiness and joy into it, always being closely tied in love, a freedom giving me the world, an unconditional feeling of being safe and protected.

Holding onto precious moments we spend together, never being separated while living, looking forward to waking every morning lying by your side, looking into your love-filled eyes taking in my love with them and smiling.

Holding me close, kissing and hugging me so seductively and passionatly while we're making love each night, such a pleasurable feeling of our love mingling once again, nothing in life as wonderful and beautiful as we two as one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Onto Promises

Reaching for the prayers of life, hoping they will
heal and fulfill me through our Lord's Holy Spirit.

Holding onto promises of God through everything,
pain, suffering, strife, turmoil, knowing that He
will always be here by my side.

Never doubting His love, even when others abandon and
scorn me for no reason other than who I am, a mere poet,
fulfilling my purpose and destiny while here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Onto Silver Wings

Soaring above earth, looking down upon it's beautiful
surface, holding onto silver wings as I cross the sky.

Disappearing into the night, fading onto the blackened
horizon before me, gasping at the intricacy of it.

A tantalizing perfection given to only a few, as I soar
away beyond the skyway of another horizon.

Taking away my heart as silver wings slowly disappear,
letting go of my soul's heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Onto Thoughts

Holding onto thoughts of time in measures of rhythm,
balancing and taking it easy while riding constantly
into tempos of life lying in wait.

In the presence of mirrors of reflection, staring
backwards into yesterday, calming, soothing, return-
ing once again to yesterday's memories.

Ones that were so much of life in their aging hands,
rolling away into the tolerance of another year when
thoughts took precedence over everything in poetry.

Nothing to take me away from the passion of what I
love in this earthly life, standing steady, looking
ahead and never giving up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Our Breath

Stretched across a crochet circle, taut, all thought laid out before me.

Nerves pulled in all directions, open and raw from so much emotional turmoil.

Not wanting Dad to suffer, yet not wanting to let go, we continually ride a roller coaster that's out of control.

Wanting to dictate and make some sense, find only that we're constantly holding our breath, wondering what will come next.

(12: 46 p.m. - 7/16/98)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Saddened Emptiness

Racing along, passing each moment in time through
living and keeping pace with the tones and rhythms
of each other.

Likely being pacified, taking emotions deftly into
spirits of another being, watching music disappearing
into the atmosphere of another dimension as I write.

Poetry bridges the gaps left by others, leaving us
bereft, forsaken and lonely, holding us in saddened
emptiness.

Knowing the abandonment of others and standing alone
along a deserted road, wondering what has happened to
cause it, then poetry heals the sadness interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Sadness Tightly

Blues playing soundly in my mind, their rhythms taking me
into sadness and sorrow, soaking me within, a latent
period of life that has an immense effect on me.

Not knowing why, does it even matter, what is it that keeps
moving through the darkness like a ghost, touching feelings
and emotions so gently, tenderly, yet intensely?

What is it that holds this sadness so tightly through the
years, could it be the loss of loved ones that cannot let
me go, no matter how long it's been since they were taken
from me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Strings

Faltering, stumbling, catching myself at the final moment, no longer trying to hold onto visions surrounding thoughts and gathering closely in tired anguish. Holding strings of pious faith, taking the advice of long ago conversations with a priest - a dear friend - who helped me find myself, in the midst of all the turmoil of young adulthood.
Scattered remnants of those times are strewn within my brain, never let go of so I could always remember their times and reminisce through life, never forgetting where I came from and how I once felt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding The Bag

Taking chances in life is a gamble, never knowing if
it will turn out alright or destroy us within.

Knowing that fate and destiny play their hands well,
dealing our cards of life, shuffling our moments
deftly and silently without our knowing.

In the turmoil of an incessant roller coaster ride,
never letting us off, just taking us mercilessly
through the years.

We never really have a say in what we want in life,
because something is always going to deal a blow to
our confidence and self-assurance.

Nothing in life is free for sure, but you'd think
if we're working towards something that we should
be able to attain it eventually.

That not always being the case, we are left holding
the bag, not having any answers in life, just living
and existing through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding The Essence Of Life

Soothing voice, touching a mind and giving an essence of rhythm to my soul forever.

Loving the way you have captured my heart so gently with humor and nothing evil or regrettable in this scene of life.

Holding onto the essence of love, keeping it safely inside your hands, tending to it's every mood and never letting go of the love I have lost to you forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding The Key

Stretching out into an inner universe, feeling a freedom
of intelligent sources continuing education in depths of
an inner and innate knowing.

Holding keys to rhythmic poetry, unfolding from intellect,
taking me quickly into a universe of fidelity and purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding The Keys

Stretching out into an inner universe, feeling a freedom
of intelligent sources continuing education in depths of
an inner and innate knowing.

Holding keys to rhythmic poetry, unfolding from intellect,
taking me quickly into a universe of fidelity and purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding The Keys To Innate Wisdom

Nothingness penetrating imagination, taking me into depths that hold emptiness, yet giving thoughts to write about anyway.

Elastic and vibrant, holding the keys to an innate wisdom that is usually hidden deeply within, not imparting it very often to others.

Silent and unrelenting, not allowing ideas to coalesce except here on paper, exhilarating and teasing, giving empty promises a place to reside in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding The Microphone

Some talking in the background going on as a singer holds
onto the microphone.

Strong voice, touching all the right notes and pitches,
enjoying her melodic voice through songs she's singing.

Once again, here at the Wagon Yard on karaoke night, every-
one smiling, music beating all around us.

Letting all of our spirits fly, soaring higher with every
song being sung tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Tighter To Life

Empty spaces in my mind, left over from memories of
yesterday, when I was blessed with the most treasured
of family trees.
Now, caressing every thought with my heart, feeling
their presence always in my soul.
Never fading from sight, just holding tighter to
ties of my life as I move forward beyond the hallways
of lightened knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Within Essence

Living in realms of intellect, always ready for a challenge in life to make it more exciting and less boring.

Watching, learning, listening to everyone and everything, becoming beauty that essence holds within it.

Nothing ever taking life out, keeping an energy alive and vibrant that never takes any effort at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding You Through Poems

Serious thoughts coming to the surface, blanketing this mind
with thoughtful repertoires that are being continually written
into poetry.

Every once in a while looking up catching your eye, your love
staring straight into depths of this delighted heart, gently
taking me by surprise, touching this heart of mine.

Causing it to do somersaults of joy, knowing your unconditional love was meant for only me, you're the one I dearly love
even though going back to writing, holding you closely through
every single poem written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holding Your Heart

Knocking down doors, pushing open windows, hoping to get
some fresh air and not be strangled by a stagnant amount
of putrid deathly pollution.

Vacancies in life, left empty with nothing to fill them
up, life having left itself on the doorstep of emptiness
because the love of your life has been taken by death.

Held in his dark embrace, not letting go, taking love
beyond the banks of life's rivers where all feelings and
emotions are carried out to sea.

Leaving you bereft and alone, devastated by the intense
sentiments now not being met, suddenly corralled in the
circle of sorrow, hoping against all hope that there
will be a reprieve in the not so distant future.

Living and dying in a single moment as the one who has
held your heart for a lifetime, departs from this earthly
life without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hole Of Tomorrow

There's no reason to go on living without hope,
there's nothing to hold on to as I fall into a
hole of tomorrow.

Unable to climb out, I lie still, doing nothing
to help myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Holiness Of Self

Bursting from prisons of irreconcilable difference,
expanding existing thoughts, careening into the future.

Tables set with pens and paper, prepared for the onset
of writing.

Pouring forth faster than the pen will flow, poetry a-
boundingly growing beyond all expectation, soaring along
with the music of Chopin's knowledge.

Hearing difficult patterns and intricate melodies, follow-
ing the beat in writing, astounding even myself at times.

Tripping, stumbling, taking care to write everything I hear,
peace and serenity placed within, a contemplation deep and
private.

Answering no one, denying life living outside me, entering
the holiness of self.

Appreciation for the divine in me, standing on rose colored
horizons of middle-age, watching blueness of eternal heaven
coming slowly to greet and take all I have been to an ever-
lasting home of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hollow Chanting

Chanting hollowly through tubes of hospitality,
encountering many obstacles and barriers on the
road to perdition.
Rankling one another, testing and pushing each
other to outer limits of behavior.
Surly thoughts prodding and poking intellect as
it welcomes every idea into particular areas of
the brain, fastening itself to interior screens
of picturesque beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hollow Feelings

A hollow feeling keeping my mind on another plain, far away from the reality of day to day thoughts.
Remnants scattered by winds of derisive fools, never adhering to any screens within, just dropping down upon keys of a piano.
Being transported into lands of tomorrow's dreams, always sending coded messages adrift, hoping to be found someday without a hollow feeling within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hollow Of Sorrow

Folding entirely into myself, not caring to move out
of a sphere of intellect where I feel most comfortable
and at ease.
Swinging carelessly, letting go, dropping into a non-
descript hollow of sorrow.
Wallowing around in it's mire, never leaving contents
to die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hollow Space

Hollowing out a space in a new forest of my own, stretching and sketching it's adversity into a new plain for settling within it.
Stepping quietly into the abyss of unreality, not speaking to another soul about it, just keeping it to myself to avoid any recriminations from others.
Finding that I'm enjoying it here more than facing reality, deciding that maybe I'd rather stay here and never come out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hollows Of My Soul

Somnolent silent thoughts continue flowing like a river in my mind, meandering through intellect, gathering details and experiences throughout life.

Finding spirituality gracing me within, waiting expectantly for the beauty of peace and serenity to fill me as always when diving into the bluened light of my soul.

Feeling refreshed, revived through hope of the Divine now dwelling within, words and meanings drifting together as I float downstream.

Finally accumulating as they go over the edge with experiences of life, like a waterfall of thoughts finding pools of knowledge and wisdom below in hollows of my soul.

Feeling light of the Divine shining upon my face, bringing enlightenment into the forefront of this innate intellect once more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Home - Spun Thoughts

Silver bells tinkle in my mind, reminding me of home
in New Jersey with family.
Happy memories lilting merrily on Christmas mornings
spent in happiness when little.
All joy is quietly packaged and preserved in home -
spun thoughts, wrapped with colorful images, and
smiles adorning them all with child-like glory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Home For Years

Burning sun beating down upon us here in the Phoenix
desert, energizing us with plenty of vitamin D, daily.

Loving this feeling of warmth it places on earth, re-
lieving aches and pains with it's soothing heat.

Helping those with arthritis to keep on moving in life,
a genuine gift of light to all of us in this hot, arid
desert, my home for years now.

Thankful for being able to live here in Phoenix, Arizona
a place of liberty and freedom, protected by our own
militia, honoring our flag and Constitution.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Homeless

Proclivity of life stands edgewise as many homeless
people travel our city streets alone.
For many of them it was not a conscious choice of
affairs, for a few it is the way they prefer living.
Begging on the street, asking every passer-by for
some amount of money to get by.
Spending monies that they do receive for beer or
wine, thinking habitually that this is the only way
in which they can live.
How they arrive at this particular juncture in their
lives cannot be known unless intensely talking with
these people.
Yet, most will walk away, preferring to get a drink
so they don't have to think about their predicaments
or having to deal with them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Homeless Hopes

Homeless hopes hanging back, not wanting to disturb anyone, yet being in desperate need for life-giving food and a place to sleep for the night.
People walked by, pretending not to notice his tattered clothes and ripped up shoes.
Needing a shower and comb through his hair to make him look more presentable.
For who, he just didn't know, because he was so invisible to all those who passed him by.
No one stopping to talk or smile, left out in the cold with no respite for his weary bones.
Having been a husband, father, uncle, friend, once upon a time in life.
An auto accident had claimed his entire family and he now exists in empty sorrow, having lost his loved ones one day in just a single moment.
If only someone knew what he was going through, maybe he'd be given some compassion or even love for a while.
Walking down an alley, in the darkness, hoping to find some food put out in the dumpster and maybe a dry spot to lay his head on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Homeless Veteran

Disappearing into the sunset, no one to miss me, no one bothering
to look for me, a non-existent entity with no where to go, hiding
right out in the open yet no one sees me here.

Not wanting to be asked for help by a homeless man needing some
food and a place to rest his head, yet, having sacrificed my life
in order to protect Americans from enemies foreign and domestic.

No one here to open their hearts for this homeless Veteran,
falling asleep beside a dumpster filled with garbage, how do you
think that makes me feel?

Nothing to show for my service, benefits taken away and given to
muslims, refugees, Syrians, illegals; where is the justice, liberty
and freedom that we Veterans gave our lives for, can anyone tell me?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Homemade Memories

Sweet scents of rhythmic blues play upon my heart,
touching ivories of my mind.
Deliciously melting barriers of past memories of
Mom, baking bread for us.
Wonderful images of bread, coming out of the oven -
immediately being buttered and put into our mouths.
Thoughtful flavors of a dedicated Mother doing her
best to feed her children without much money to do
so.
Pizzas, homemade, were gone minutes after taking
them out of a hot oven, sating our childish appetites
with love from Mom's beautiful heart.
Speengees were reserved for when we had nothing left
to eat, but flour, water and baking soda - fried in
oil - tasting like heaven.
We never knew their reason, we thought we were being
treated to an extra-special dinner because we'd been
so good.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hometown Memories

Hometown memories of childhood actually have two locations
in my mind, the first being in New Jersey when born and
living there until I was eleven years old.

Relatives, Grandparents, Aunts, Uncles, Cousins, all so
very close and loving, roots of my life like a fabric
woven from all their love, then being torn from all I'd
ever known.

Still being eleven years old, yet traveling to Arizona
where we knew no one at all, an empty desert, void of
love and caring that I had grown up with and loved having.

Strangers everywhere I went, timid, shy, curious sad,
wanting to explore every corner of the desert for I found
it's arid and hot atmosphere accommodating my lonely soul
from the inside out.

Walking everyday in it's peace to get away from strangers
and the unfamiliar city of Phoenix, preferring to be out-
doors with nature, because nature I knew was safe.

It gave me the strength to get through each day with it's
quiet faith, giving me hope that I'd be able to get through
this excruciating experience in life somehow.

Gaining my freedom through it's miracle of serenity, as it
fully enveloped me in it's presence, becoming once again
one with nature and myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Honest Communication

Reaching into the atmosphere, touching upon meanings
of life as it pertains to each of us in turn.

Looking into our minds, reaching conclusions, forming
personal opinions, many times creating stereotypes that
don't need to be exercised in language.

Hoping that racist statements aren't spoken so that the
rest of us can continue to enjoy each other's company.

Communicating honestly and genuinely without hatred or
prejudice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Honeysuckle Breaths

Tackling problems of heart-breaking moments, quietly
listening to whispers under breaths of honeysuckle
rose.
Holding pieces of china hearts in wrinkled hands,
wondering at their sharded beauty bringing so much
sorrow and grief.
Watching for signs of repair over time, healing
slowly with regrets and thoughts past their prime.
Waltzing through songs of love's perfection and
knowing the truth of reality as it is being felt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Honeysuckle Love

Everywhere you search, love has already been found
and formed into something beautifully handcrafted.

Exquisitely hand-painted and given freely in spite
of thorny situations.

Diving off high cliffs into depths of unfathomable
discernment, love takes on realities of it's own
and becomes like honeysuckles - sweet to taste but
attached to a vine of life not of or belonging to
anyone.

Freely given, spread as a dessert over those we
choose to love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Honeysuckle Romance

Staccato beating of the drums being played, matching the beating of my heart in the darkness, swelling with excitement, desires rising.

Honeysuckle romance traveling throughout my body, meeting your passion and filling us both explosively, enjoying our time together, never wanting it to end.

Traveling on a beautiful and romantic journey, just we two, filling life with joy and wonder, an unconditional love that keeps the fire of our love lit, a blazing fire burning within both of us all through our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Honeysuckle Sweetness Of True Love

Hearts racing faster as we saw each other across the room, knowing that we had to be together for life, nothing else mattered to either of us.

Walking side by side, looking into each other's eyes, reflecting passion we felt within, desires holding us speechless, wanting to be sated.

Restless, not wanting to wait another moment, intuitively knowing that at once we'd be together, becoming one the first time we loved once married.

Never stopping through the years, tasting the honeysuckle sweetness of a first love, truly happy at last in this temporary world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Honing My Mind

Strolling along avenues of creativity, adjusting thoughts to attitudes, automatically climbing inside, knowing that life is an exciting adventure.

Having discovered and explored it from the inside out through years of my life. joy and happiness always filling me exactly, honing my mind and intellect through a bluened light of the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Honky Tonk Blues

Honky tonk blues shaking and taking me onto the dance
floor, moving to gentle vibrations and rhythms of a
drum playing along with a guitar strumming.

Beautiful melodies percolating from the snare drums
as the guitar player goes up and down it's neck and
frets, finding just the right chords to be played.

Such a perfect blending of notes and sounds as color-
ed lights flash up and down, drowning the band in it's
bright and fascinating beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Honky Tonk Line Dancing

Whipping out honky tonk blues, twisting
and turning them onto the dance floor
where all can see and participate.

Line dancing sveltely across the floor,
looking graceful and easy as everyone
does it together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Honorable Melodies

Soaring like an eagle, getting and feeling better with every song being sung and rhythm flowing easily into my mind's imagination.
Loving to see all the patterns and designs being fulfilled through such honorable melodies.
Galloping into future sunsets with beauty sitting in my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Honored By Parents

Standing back, watching people with their children, playing, interacting and having quality time together.

Children smiling from ear to ear, eyes bright and twinkling, happy to be loved and honored by their parents, playing and spending time with them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Honored Hereos

Heroes of life live amongst us, although at the time we know nothing of them.

Major disasters strike America, calling forth certain people mentioned by God.

Lives fall open, sacrifices are made in order to save many people.

Few who are chosen make us proud, bringing tears to our eyes, filling our hearts with saddened sorrow.

Yet, those who were on Flight 93 stood for us - for democracy - for freedom and liberty.

Using every ounce of courage, knowing that they were going to die no matter what they did, those on that fateful flight fought to their death - and won - saving thousands of lives - knowing theirs was spent already.

Life is always a perfect miracle - death holds only imperfect miracles - someone's life must always be sacrificed at the same time.

All of us - we true Americans - appreciate and thank everyone who died for us on Flight 93.

Most of us never knew those who gave their lives for people they also never knew.

Walking through the quaint field where Flight 93 went down, President Bush and his wife reflect on those who've died and focus heartfelt attention on family members left behind to grieve and miss their loved ones.

Slowly, hugging, talking, signing autographs - so very American - for families of our heroes.

Taking their time, President Bush and his wife, prayerfully

touch fragile lives with tender kindness, a gentleness,
seeming to be guided by the Holy Spirit.

(10: 53 a.m. - 9/11/02)
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RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Honored Truth

All truths in life are honored by Americans throughout our
lives, so how have we ended up with so many lying, corrupt,
greedy people in office in our government.

Guess it's because they've been subverting our children's
education, teaching socialism even in college, taking a-
way values, morals and ethics from education and religion.

Thanks be to God that many Americans still hold true to
the Ten Commandments, morals and ethics, able to think on
their own.

Not ever being sheep. following every Tom, Dick and Harry
that falsely claimed to be prophets or intelligent, know-
ing we have an innate knowledge and talent.

Serving us well in this life as we rise together against
all these vile lies and principles being perpetrated in
our world today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Honoring Life

Surrounding self with positive people, having good outlooks in life, never blaming others for their own circumstances, standing proud and true to themselves.

Honoring life, respecting others totally, really great people that I love being around, kind, generous, and compassionate.

Doing for others when it's needed, never expecting anything in return, always ready to listen or lend a hand to their friends.

Ready to give anything to help when they are able, just the way I am, loving to know people like myself with qualities deserving recognition when not expecting anything at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Honoring Memory

Whenever around music, I fell it's rhythm interiorly,
holding me captive, honoring my memory - with writing
in poems of life and events I'm experiencing and living
through.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Honoring Our Vets

Honoring our Veterans at the National Cemetery here in Phoenix, Arizona, a huge turnout for all our Vets, there are 600,000 Veterans living here in Arizona and more moving here every year.

Many wreaths brought from organizations, American Legion to Vietnam veterans and many, many more; Vets who've died this year, there were two from Arizona, a bell was hit in memory of both of them.

Now the band is playing songs from every branch of the service in their honor, all Vets standing to be saluted and honored, for today is their day.

So proud of each and every one of them, all deserving of our honor forever, we will never forget them and their service, what a memorable ceremony this has been.

All our Vets, patriotically attended by We the People, true Americans, a benediction having been given, bringing tears to many American's eyes.

Now at the end of the ceremony, soldiers bringing white doves to the forefront and are now being released, what a heart-rending moment as our Veterans are honored in this special way.

America, our United States, stands united and free because of these brave men and women who fought and some who died to protect our lives of liberty THANK YOU FROM AMERICAN'S HEARTS, WE LOVE YOU! ! !

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Honoring Syncopation

Guitar strumming, playing this poet's heart and mind
religiously, filling me with tempting melodies and
rhythms.

Perfectly attuned to intellect's tempos, strutting
notes, keeping time, honoring syncopation in hundreds
of measures throughout the years of my lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hope Glistening

Listening to rhythms of a morning rain falling around me, loving it's cold drops touching and waking me up.

Taking steps into blessings of another day, moving forward, unafraid and positive.

Stemming thoughts being put into vases where they'll grow and blossom into beautiful flowers.

Watching as the rain continues to pour down undeterred, vibrantly alive like hope glistening in rhythms of the rain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hope Is Ever Present

This soul spreading it's wings wanting to soar beyond life's imaginings on solo journeys, defining reason and logic of living.

All types of answers and solutions finding their way into this mind, hoping to be realized, never looking back.

Wishing, hoping, praying for the wonder and awe of heaven to open it's doors wide, helping and giving a miracle to help bring life back to normal.

Taking away the pain and suffering that is always ours on this earth, hoping beyond hope, waiting and praying, having no answers as yet, but hope is ever present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hope Of Healing

Moments of life filter through the sieve of death,
trickling down my heart and out my eyes.

There is a light of hope reaching out, letting me
feel the bygone love of yesterday.

Memories magically appear and disappear, I can not
hold them for long, even with a prayer.

All of life hangs in the balance and then returns to
the here and now, tears glistening in my soul.

Hugging and touching memories with my mind, grieving,
helping me to become whole and heal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hope Recognition

Memories keep knocking on doors of intellect within my mind,
opening and closing them through the years, silent, yet hope-
ful of recognition in days of the future.

Walking away as chords of existence give way to the future
that will lead us into our destinies on tomorrow's shores,
looking forward to a new nation with Donald Trump, American.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hope Rising

Steep mountains, deep canyons, culminating in my mind as I try to figure out where to go from here.
Is there an up side to all this? If so, where do I begin?
Feelings are mixed, jumbled, confused, trying to unravel themselves, looking for the shortest possible route to do this.
Tangled thoughts wrap themselves around my mind and heart, strangling me from the inside out.
Spirit-filled, hope rising inside, helping me to smile in spite of it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hope Stills Doubts

Spreading spiritual wings,
moving into their sphere of faith,
allowing myself to flow into springs of life.
Taking my hand, hope stills all doubts, giving
me peace of mind in the last chapter of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopeful

A room full of heartaches, looking for
companionship in ending days.

Hopeful as they dance together, that
this will be the one to take away the
loneliness and emptiness of aging life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopeful Circle

Fetching a difficult melody into the circle,
hoping to fulfill every wish thought of,
knowing that it's an insane idea, doomed to
failure from the start.
Nevertheless, I persist in this crazy thought.
Not caring who says what, as long as I feel
with all my senses that I'm right.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopeful Desires

Touched in life by a never-lasting kiss of love, living
life, wanting to be loved and cherished by another.

Totally letting desires consume us in the throes of love,
hoping to have them last throughout our days, finding
that these feelings are only temporary after all.

As we go about our daily living, arguments, disagreements,
anger and sadness sprout up, feelings are hurt and we give
up hope, wanting to end the fight of being with another.

Staying together, getting past these horrendous times and
piercing emotions, we find again our love within each
other's arms.

Again for just a moment in time and then life takes over
with it's vicious cycle of lost hope, being forsaken and
left out in the cold.

Observing and going through it all, time and again, we
realize that all of life's expectations are rolled into
an atmosphere of hopeful desire that never lasts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopeful Dreams

Walking carefully into the essence of desert realms,
forgetting nothing as life memories are collected on
photographic screens, intellectually set in time.

Wishing for hopeful dreams as they unfold on balcony's
of this place and time.

Areas and spheres are waiting to be appreciated in
hallways of yesterday's pastimes.

Left to their own devices, everyone will open out
upon incessant dreams of this world on it's own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopeful Expectancy

Silence in a noisy casino doesn't happen -
there is no peace - only hopeful excitement -
full of expectancy.

Until that is, you have lost all your money
in the slot machines and must now go home
broker than when you came.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopeful Experience

Here in cacti land, enjoying this wonderful breeze, writing
to great music here at Buddy Stubbs, longing to be with my
friends in India.

Missing them all very much, talking every day, all want-
ing me to come and visit them, living here in Phoenix,
Arizona, but this mind is out in Kolkata, India.

An awesome and totally spiritual country where life does
actually have meaning, lifestyle is simple and filled
with joy and brilliant people.

Nothing quite like it any where else in the world, cannot
wait to get back there again, an experience I hope to have
over and over through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopeful Increments

Watching dancers in lonely arms,
reaching for embraces of human
contact.

Loneliness being pushed aside for
moments at a time, kindling hope
in tiny increments, playing with
minds fragile with age.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopeful Life

Gathering together, culminating in picturesque
images of importance in the future.

Hopeful life will open up and let the fresh air
of tolerance begin to take over.

Leaving nothing to circumstances, only believing
in doing the right and morally correct thing to
do.

Never giving up any of our beliefs or religious
preferences in the world.

Eliminating earth's absolute hatred, racism and
prejudice by just doing away with evil and all
those who embrace it.

Killers of humanity are not needed, anyone who
wants to be king or dictator is to be gotten
rid of altogether.

Showing no mercy towards those who have no mercy
for innocent people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopeful Reality

Calmly accentuating reality with hopes fulfilled by imagination's etiquette and manners.

Strutting alongside nature, rectifying mistakes made when younger.

Following closely, without reserve, every footprint made in desert sands, as bleak desert storms try to erase them from memory forever.

An inner knowing, keeps me going, mysteriously on right pathways throughout the trials of life with subconscious dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopeful Retreival

Fragilly alighting in visions of yesterday, rummaging around to see what will appear on once photographic screens.
Trying on every level to bring back it's picturesque beauty to my eyes.
Little by little, things are being picked up and stored, in hopes that all pieces will be retrieved and put back together again as good as new.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopeful Spirit

Bullets of remorse hit me unendingly with leaden sorrow.
Pounding me into mires of earth, covering me with dirt
of cemetery's.
Pits of hell try to surround me in everything I do.
Uselessly, I travel alone, walking away from evil and
it's horrendous storms.
Deafening thunder clapping itself louder with each moment.
Forgetting to fall into devil snares with prayers always
on my lips and a hopeful spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopeful Sunshine

Hopping, living, twisting into hopes of sunshine
brightly taking life-time accomplishments into
the next century.
Flames burning deeply into the darkness where
thoughts are hiding from daylight recriminations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopeful Thinking

Sitting here contemplating the life I want to now
have in senior years.

Filling it with many poems, songs and compositions,
putting myself out to the world.

Becoming the poet of every nation, everyone reading
what I write and being famous at this end of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopefully Wishing

Wishing hopefully to see friends, visiting with them, talking, enjoying their company.
Sitting here day after day alone, in the hospital, no one stopping by - not even to say hi.
A depressing state of affairs in a life so full of nature and prayer.
Preferring to have company of friends and family now - here - while I'm alive.
At my funeral I won't be able to see or talk with any of them, so I'd love to have their company while I still can here on earth.
Still sitting here alone and writing of what I'd like to happen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopeless Love

So lonely, wandering the streets alone without any goals or direction, heart empty, mind blank, carrying your love within my heart throughout life.

You are no longer here, separated from life by death, holding, cherishing this love gives me hope that maybe someday you will come back to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopeless Waves

Measuring essences of quaint introductions,
hoping to be caught in an enamored emotion of love.
Falling away, never being encased in the throes of
anything of importance.
Seeing the interior side of a courage never shown
to anyone, as hiding beneath hopeless waves, I fall
apart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopelessness Waving

Racing down train tracks, listening to the clackity clack
across the miles, being soothed by it's steady rhythm, it
is like a prayer being prayed.

Silence fills the berth through miles of landscapes filled
with people and poverty, no enlightenment happening because
having nothing takes away the hope of living.

Never having a life filled with joy, leaving only a non-
existence in it's wake, hopelessness waving as I pass by,
not able to help for I also have nothing yet.

Wanting one day to make a difference in the lives of many
here in India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopes And Desires

Crying along with the whistle of the long train
coming down the track, telling my story in it's
lonely and forsaken whistle.

Watching as memories come and go, falling within
my heart, tearing it apart with the sorrow being
felt.

Searching for hopes and promises of yesterday,
they've disappeared along with the train and it's
lonely whistle.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopes And Dreams Are Seen

Taking it easy, living in a serene and peaceful atmosphere
here within intellect.

Hopes and dreams are seen taking shape, forming silently
and giving a sense of accomplishment that never quits.

All in all, finding intellect and an interior spirituality
that keeps me going through adversity, suffering and turmoil
in this life.

It would be totally difficult to keep on living if I didn't
have innate gifts and knowledge to help keep my mind focused
on God through spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopes Lying On Roadsides

Slacking off, expecting to get a rest from excruciating problems
in reality, leaving hopes lying on the roadside, hoping against
all signs contrary, that they will be picked up and accepted
into routines of life.
Folding answers within disappearing envelopes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopes Of Change

Recalling all the good and wonderful times we've had
at the community center.
Now they seem to have faded into past memories,
because none of my friends come any more.
Life has come around, people have died or gotten sick
and can't come anymore.
Then there are those who just quit because they didn't
like this or that.
Instead of staying and making things better with their
voices and involvement in activities, improving them
all with their input.
So here we are, not even twenty people here today,
when in the not so distant past there were a hundred
or more each day.
Finding it depressing to be here now, yet I continue
coming in hopes of changes I pray for daily.

(10: 58 a.m. - 11/20/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopes Of Faith

Woebegone moments of articulate emotional content rise up, pulling me into seas of yesterday, drowning what I thought might be good.
Yet, inner realms beckon, hoping I'll return to past endeavors, alighting gently in hopes of everlasting faith.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hopes Of Strength

Waddling, rolling, hobbling,
down a hallway in a rehab center,
hoping to get stronger so they can
all go home where they are
loved and cared for in reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hope's Thread

Imagining visions like night-time dreams, arranging images so they coincide with my feelings and thoughts.
Converting anger and pain into aspects I can tame, bringing back my friend into my life.
Another day of abandonment, yet there's still a tiny thread of hope, holding on through prayer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping

Loneliness takes me on journeys I don't want to go on,
yet it brings me down sorrowful pathways anyway.
Darkness sets itself upon my brow, hiding me in depths
of despair, never letting up, keeping me despondent all
of life.
Transgressing in developments of lateral thought, trying
to program self and energize into a semblance of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping A Prayer Is Answered

Stepping into a new day, sun having risen already in the east, shining rightly over the horizon, hesitantly moving forward.

Unable to know yet what this new day will bring, wondering if it will be all good or will something break through that will make me sad or cry.

A lingering feeling behind the scenes that possibly something may go wrong and I'll be on my own with no help or anything to guid me.

Thinking only of God as I pray, hoping that everything will be alright in the end, having faith to take me where I need to go all day, hoping this prayer will be answered fully at last while I continue to pray.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping Against All Hope

Tending to things needed in life, breathing, heart rate,
oxygen levels.

All being done here in the emergency room for my friend,
praying for his total recovery, knowing his situation is
a delicate one.

Taking him for a cat scan, looking for a blood clot in
his heart, hoping against all hope that it's not so.

Continuing to pray through the night, while waiting for
the doctor to report the results.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping Against All Hope In Life

Loving you through all the disappointments in life, holding onto your unconditional love with all my heart, never giving up on you.

Hoping against all hope that you will never leave me, walking side by side, love grasping me from your own heart, believing in a forever for we two in this human earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping Beyond Life

Lively anticipation becomes fully encapsulated,
taking away all fears and doubts lying in wait.
Situating demeanors in closets of yesterday,
forgetting about whatever happens to come along
in the future.
Fulfilling wishes and hopes with prayers, hoping
beyond life to find a place to stay in the coming
days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping For A Difference

2: 23 p.m.
Wriggling along, finding places to show off their
splendor, thoughts appear and disappear, hoping
to make a difference in what I write and think
all the time while listening to music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping For An Ending

Believing in love, dying inside, waiting for the one
who will share life forever, our two hearts beating
as one.

Trusting in the promises lying about, waiting to be
expressed in another, reaching out loving uncondi-
tionally, wanting to receive the same in kind.

No longer wanting to live in the emptiness, loneliness
and abandonment of life alone, desperately hoping for
the ending as I fall into the love of the Divine, Him-
self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping For Insight

Excruciating agony being held at bay for now, yet knowing it will break free eventually, tearing me into sorrowful pieces of decimating life.
Traveling into pleasurable designs is not possible right now, so I place myself into cages of anger and blame, hoping to gain some insight of the problems probing my mind from another human being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping For Light

Tears of life are falling into this mind, heart feeling the pressure of their sadness over and over again through the years.

Lying awake late at night, reliving past memories through photographic images that never fade nor disappear, reflections mirroring feelings and emotions of grief and loss.

Nothing to ease their pain, having learned to experience them fully whenever they appear in this mind, toiling through the darkness alone.

Hoping for some light, knowing it will never come from within the sadness or sorrow of this life, constantly wondering how to continue through it and begin living once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping For Meaning

Pounding rhythms of yesterday are awakening my mind,
teaching intricacies of yet another life.

Accepting the truth and living beyond the lies that
others try and tell me.

Existing alone in this atmosphere of creativity,
writing my heart and soul into the future.

Hoping something written will pass messages of caring,
compassion, hope and life into lives of many.

Praying they will have meaning in some part of their
minds and hearts throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping For Miracles

Taking charge, flowing quietly into the night,
believing in miracles, hoping for several tonight.
Placing faith in God's great mercy,
waiting to see it happening in front of my eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping For More Time

Rising tides, whipping my mind with different thoughts in life's abject emptiness.
Woefully crying, holding hands cupped in prayer, knowing there'll never be any answers for me to hear.
A fruitless endeavor, hoping for more time together, yet I try to get it to come about in unending prayers cried from my interior heart and being recited by my mind tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping For Peace

Natural abilities are innate in nature,
held closely in context and precise prose.
Venting experiences in life's circular rectangles,
hoping to find some peace in existential existence alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping For Pleasure

Life is an uphill climb, taking an inordinate amount of time, yet we continue on our way, hoping to find pleasure before it's ending.

On the way up, we see fascinating sights, have spiritual meetings with our souls and take life in stride as best we can.

Knowing that it will never be perfect as long as we live.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping For Plenty

Having nothing in life except troubles,
people always taking what little I have.
Soon though I will have plenty and will
be able to pay others to take care of
my things.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping For Recognition

Faces all over the world looking across the miles, hoping for recognition in the scheme of things earthly, hunger standing out in their peopled expressions.

Looking for truth and honesty from all corners of the world, tired of being cheated on and lied to, wanting to be appreciated and valued for who they are.

Seeing instead, what they can do to make the rich become richer, watching the greed and corruption perpetrated by governments all over the world get out of hand.

Ready to unite and usurp it all from those who think they can continue to rob the poor and give to the wealthy, not wanting to find peace and serenity for the rest of everyone's existence here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping For Replies

Sending passionate desires into the atmosphere, hoping for replies
from another, being set upon a mind of talented performances.
Entering the tunnels of all sensations, collated in a conjunction
between earth and another dimension, sitting below earth's designs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping For The Best

Forging political themes on this day where we can all go
and vote for those we think may do a better job than the
ones before them.

Although never knowing until they have been in office,
whether it will be true or not, taking our chances,
essentially hoping for the best, yet knowing we are all
human and filled with future mistakes.

Taking our votes, casting them into waters of politics,
hoping to catch hold of an honest and truthful person,
instead of one filled with lies of greed, creating
illusions all about the land.

Perfection never being part of the equation, we all do
just what it is that we can in this life.

A beautiful vision will always be marred in one way or
another, no matter how we try - for we are only humans -
not gods.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping It Will Be Enough

Never knowing when we say Good Night to one another if
we will ever see each other again on this earth.

Hoping and praying for more time, maybe a cure to be
given just in the nick of time.

Knowing that will probably not be the case, yet holding
onto that particle of faith with all my might.

Enjoying every moment spent with you, trying not to
think of what may be coming.

Inner strength is waning more each day, wondering what
will become of me.

How will I go on holding onto fading hopes, faith even
disappearing from my grasp in times of weakness.

Finding nothing really, to hold onto anymore, just
treasuring every moment with your unconditional love.

It is the only thread of life that I have kept hold of
through all the suffering I have endured.

Not knowing just how strong it is, or when it will snap
and break, leaving you behind to grieve my passing.

Forgetting self, spending many moments thinking and praying
for you alone, not wanting you to suffer because of me.

Continually talking and laughing with you, trying to keep
your spirit vibrant, it is the only thing left to me now.

Hoping and praying that it will be enough to keep you
safely living the rest of your life for me.

Please never forget my undying and unconditional love for
you that I will forever keep in my heart, even after we
are separated from each other's lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping To Attain

Crossing boundaries of life, hoping to find somewhere
beautiful within a vast interior universe.

Trying to live as innocently and purely as possible,
wanting to attain that mountain filled with faith and
hope within.

Intellectual and creative avenues do not touch it
completely and that is what I hope to attain.

A perfect balance within that fills my soul explicitly,
holding me interiorly in it's grasp, never letting go.

Beautiful, sensually pure and innocent, an intense
fulfillment in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping To Be Answered

Prayers are being lifted musically in this moment of timely rhythm as it flows with them to heaven.

There they can all be heard and hopefully answered in time without any hesitation.

There have been too many of them gone unanswered, hoping that now is the moment they are to be given at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping To Be Continually Adept

Realizing that life has come full circle and is slowing down, all movement is coming in increments, unlike younger days.

Wistfully thinking, hoping to be continually adept in intellectual realms, and not having thought processes slow down on me.

Running through ideas quickly, incessantly keeping patterns of rhythm set rapidly, so my mind increasingly thinks in pictures of videos, playing in color and designs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping To Be Fulfilled

Thinking of you, wondering why we must be parted for
such a long period of time, wanting only to be beside
you, loving and being loved, just the two of us.

Sharing good times, pleasure and our secrets together,
desires lying helplessly within, hoping to be fulfilled
by passion and heartfelt love.

Wishing our time together could be right now, waiting
breathlessly in anticipation, hoping we won't have much
longer to wait.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping To Be Remembered

Running through fields of wild roses, inhaling
their sweet scented aromas with my mind.

Cherishing memories as they fall like petals upon
the ground, dying as they lie there.

Hoping to be remembered in visions of their lonely
images in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping To Be Seen

Knocking on windows,
hoping to be seen for who I am
and not a reflection shining
from some mirror.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping To Become

Stretching through a tunnel to liven up days caught alone with no way to combine participation with anyone else in town.
Cresting, falling back and forth, adjusting sentiments to fit whatever music happens to dance into beings of sustenance.
Tolling on edges, hoping to become part of an etude on a cold winter evening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping To Believe

Fragrant leaves burning upward in white smoke,
holding hands with prayer flags, watching for
some signs.

Dirt lanes, walking along sewage drains,
tubercculosis running rampant as people lie
dying, death waiting for them, taking them home.

Hiding behind masks, afraid of infecting those
around, Nuns holding bottles of vitamins, unsure
of what is within them.

Elderly lie forgotten in a home, one bedpan to
share, one sheet to fold.

Schoolrooms standing bare, children searching for
an education, hoping to dare to believe.

Placed upon a bed, holding a blanket tightly in
his hands, tuberculosis has wrought it's evil
magic once again.

Works of art, escaping from within a trapped and
beaten down, unrealized culture.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping To Capture Blessings

Reaching into the skylines of life's horizons, hoping
to capture blessings of God in wisps of candlelight
before they dissipate in the wind.

Looking forward to graces as they fall from heaven,
touching our souls, filling them abundantly through
melodies of heavenly choirs.

Majestic and holy, tantalizing our hearts to seek
God only throughout this temporary life, never being
fractured beyond repair, souls and minds safe and
vibrant always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping To Change The Future

Waltzing into the darkness of death's sorrow, feeling
it's deathly loneliness, emptiness and abandonment.

Losing self, wandering down darkened catacombs of
yesterday's demise.

Taking life by the heart, hoping to change the future
for all of humanity.

Folding hopes into handiwork of interior ideas, giving
each of them a chance to blossom into beautiful gardens.

Filled with every flower of heaven, seeing landscapes
brilliantly lit with spirits of everyone's interior space.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping To Contribute To Peace

Waltzing through life, thinking musical and poetical thoughts, giving them a place in poetry or classical music.

Somnolent feelings and emotions coming alive through notes and words taken out into the world, spreading their ingenuity, peace caring and compassion all over.

Hoping to contribute to peace in this life for each individual free country not bound by any world order or being ruled by tyranny and evil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping To Exist

1: 45 p.m.
Thinking of other's steeping in their grief,
life dying on branches of their spirits
because of the loss of someone they love
dearly.

Incessant crying, not seeing things around
them, missing out on the beauty of nature
and the energy of spirituality's realms.

Taking back roads, blinded by tears of sorrow,
falling from eyes into their hearts, bringing
about permanent changes in their attitudes
towards life.

Never to be the same person again on this planet,
just hoping to exist from the moment of loss
forward.
1: 46 p.m. 3/27/14 RoseAnn V. Shawiak

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping To Find Purpose

Progressing faithfully in life, twisting in the future
of your destiny, hoping to find the purpose that has
been given to you since birth.

Waving good bye to the effects of life's suffering and
turmoil, taking steps to turn it into the joy you always
hoped it would be.

Being fascinated with new experiences as you discover
many new things that you'd not seen before a lasting and
definitive source of pleasure now surrounding your being
with an infinite amount of love and caring.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping To Have A Life Of Promise

Wanting to drink from the eternal fountain of youth,
taking all physical problems away and setting me
free to live the quality of life I so deserve.

Being in a state of mind that can accept the beauty
of breath in all it's aspects and respect towards
life in these senior years.

Hoping to have a life filled with promise and
expectations poured out through hope and faith.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping To Live Forever

Unfolding from an inner cocoon, delving into melodies
as they jump and sway in front of me.

This mind combing through thoughts and ideas, finding
those that intellect likes the sound of.

Believing in the treasures of my mind, tasting their
savory sounds in intellect.

Awesome and tantalizing as they play throughout this
infinite memory of mine.

Waving and taking my place in literature without any
effort, hoping to live forever in poetry.

That way I'll never die, but will always be present
to friends and family I love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping To Stay Afloat

Oceans overflowing with tears of life, flowing out into the wide expanse of heaven, where they are gently noted and recorded in volumes of suffering while on earth's shores.
Never talking, just watching bluened tears drowning me in a myriad of thunderous emotions, pushing and pulling me asunder.
No where else to go, treading water, hoping to stay afloat in this endless world of trials.
Piecing together, all the puzzles of the universe, while crying over even just one lost piece in denizens of ocean's depths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hoping To Tame Hatred

Reaching into pockets of knowledge, trying to find
answers to explain trials of this earthly life.

Unfolding reasons and logic of thoughtful intellect,
attempting to erase racism, prejudice and hatred
through sensible and peaceful words of poetry.

Hopefully touching minds of others, taming their
hatred, turning them towards compassionate endeavors.

Maybe one day, someone who reads the words of peace
will step up and teach others how to become human.

Finding eventually that our world is filled with
peace and no more hatred, evil or war.

Looking forward to that day in the future, not
knowing if I will still be alive or not.

Just hoping anyway for that day of world peace to
become.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Horizon Of Destiny

Memories grow old, aging with time.

Space continues between horizons of love,
tantalizing us with promises eternal.

Unlikely sorrows dance penetratingly equal to
lips of fate, tearing, rending our destinies,
folding and falling over under pressures which
are inescapable and tortuous at times.

Simple tasks are endless, our demise is imminent
before we finish them.

Turning over again and again, situating ourselves on
shifting sands of eternity.

Forgetting our wisdom and questions of curiosity as
we hesitantly await family and friends on distant
shores in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Horizon Of Tomorrow

Alive and well, calmly facing life with faith and hope - hope that there will be a tomorrow on my horizon.
One where I can watch my grandchildren grow up and see my sons be the best Dad's in the world, providing for their every need along the way,
as their pathways are created each day anew.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Horizon's Carpets

Noticing lively conversations being carried on while
listening to music, passively impaling themselves
upon my mind for the purpose of imagining life
overflowing onto carpets of eternal horizons.
Writing sorrowfully through grief, then joyously
filling pages with poetry, sensing happiness just
underneath, waiting to be released.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Horizon's Destination

Clouds passing overhead, guiding life towards new
horizons and adventures.

Beauty unsurpassed in human's eyes, leading solemn
solo marches to death's edges and beyond.

Prayers reverberating through heaven's gates, as
souls enter one by one - destination of their
final journeys at last ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Horizon's Edges

Chugging easily around horizon's edges, listening for sounds of beginning beauty to penetrate an interior environment.

Calmly abrogating to nature in full knowledge of growing blossoms, covering every inch of feeling on this peaceful day.

Quickly growing with every passing fancy, culminating in an atmosphere of serenity and complacency.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Horizons Of Artistic Grace

Taking journeys through musical tenor voices onto
beautiful horizons of artistic grace, savoring the
serenity there in shells of ocean sand and sound.

Pounding surf settles itself in my spirit and helps
me to live in it's depths, existing in a poetical
world while on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Horizons Of Beauty

Satin and sleek memories slide back and forth,
forming patterns of exact mathematical precision
and timeless efforts of thought.
Living on in memory, lives are always held closely
on tomorrow's horizons of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Horizons Of Creativity

Listening to unheard thoughts organizing themselves
in individualistic styles, attempting to be original
every time.
Twice thought ideas must be done away with unless
completely opposite of the one before it.
Closely fitting images grasped from thin air,
cognitively being arranged according to patterns of
mazes in freely thought horizons of creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Horizons Of Loneliness

Foretelling periods of happiness as particles gather and separate solitarily on quests of wisdom.
Learning everything possible while I am able.
Discovering possibilities of existence through lifetime achievements, giving scents of heaven spaces to be creative in.
Smiling into horizons of loneliness, hoping to find something to hold on to, while praying for an existence of observation and natural intellectual development to continue.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Horizons Of Tomorrrow

Children at play, innocent, naive, at rest with
themselves as they learn new ideas and activities
to become aware of life as days go by.
Serious-minded affiliates falter and hesitate as
curtains of fate and destiny unfold in children's
minds, taking them on journeys into their horizons
of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Horizontal Placement

Time being kept in measures of calculated rhythms,
beating to the ticking of many metronomes.

Existing in minds of overtures being played for
perceptions they can give to compose themselves.

Always in direct correlation to designs creating
themselves in sentences belonging to spirits of
the night.

Entrancing us with their exquisite illumination
of all that is beneficial in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Horizontal Rhythms

Forgetting lines of horizontal rhythms, listening to fascinating colors of thought as they trace themselves
into circumferences of yesterday's love.
Finding their selves between lands of arid deserts and aromatic pines.
Living always in shades of nature, believing in God and
the hope He brings to my spirit as I live and breathe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Horrendous Crimes

Lately taking time to listen and take heed of what's
going on in the world politically, knowing muslims
are trying to make their beliefs put into law here.

Pedophilia along with raping all women and children,
really horrendous crimes and sins against all of
humanity, never to be accepted here in the U.S.A.

Snakes crawling around our world with their evil ways,
all being pursued by egos and lust of muslim men,
making sex slaves of everyone because they are perverted.

Yet having the audacity to kill and behead innocent
people for not believing as they do, they should be
killing themselves and do us all a favor, getting rid
of their evil for us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Horrible Neighbor

Watching a neighbor turning water on at the meter, trying to hide the fact by pulling his pickup truck alongside it.
Three illegals with picks and shovels, now pretending to do something - all the while hiding facts of water being turned on illegally.
Blankets and sheets placed over their open RV gate, also to hide what they want no one to know.
Police have failed to catch them in acts of illegal drug activity so neighbors continue doing it.
Smell of a meth lab cooking away, along with noise of generators going all hours into the night.
Stolen identities being used to hide their activities day and night.
An entire neighborhood being held at bay by drug addicts and dealers intimidating them with guns and motorcycles.
Where are the police and city inspectors you say?
No one can say for sure, but they're obviously not doing their jobs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Horse Shoe Cafe

Having breakfast at the Horse Shoe Cafe, sitting in the window,
watching the town crawl by.
Been living here now almost two years.
Wickenburg reminds me of my own home town, except for the western
theme here.
Looking up and down main street, enjoying the ambiance of Saguaro
Movie Theater and all the little shops - quaint and touching.
A beautiful two-story at the end of main street on the other side
exudes class and clarity of the past.
Now standing empty, no wares to ply - a 'For Lease' sign in a bottom
window.
Soon to be no more than a memory in the not too distant future.
Wickenburg is losing it's cornerstone of western civility to make
way for a bypass someone decided was more important.
How sad - another part of Wickenburg's past pride laid low by so-
called progressive individuals, holding tightly to the dollar signs
in their eyes.
Traffic, non-plused by anything, meandering thru town, no intention
of stopping or browsing - there's not much of interest here anymore
unless you're hungry, and stop in one of their few eating holes.
Bars for the empty, lonesome cowboys and drifters, smiling their neon
signs in their windows.
Yes, Wickenburg is a beautiful western town, but only for a little
while, because developers are intent on pushing it forward, much like
they did to another small western town named Scottsdale.
Developers won't be happy until they've destroyed the last of
Arizona's western frontiers and heritage for a buck.
Wickenburg, I'll miss you, a fond farewell, a memory set in a poem -
a knowing in my heart - that all is not well and Wickenburg will
fall to developers - leaving it's natives to wonder how it happened.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hospice Meanings

Lights burning low, flickering in hearts of those
who care, compassion heating the fires of
unconditional love.

Reaching out, touching the lives of others, encircling
them, bringing special talents through very special
people.

Holding hands - holding hearts - allowing images of
beauty to unfold from death's embrace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hospice Volunteer Thank You

We prepare for life as children, life is so short, only moments long.

We stand on the edge clasping hands in friendship, doing for each other what we would like done for us.

Sharing, believing in a better world through volunteering, taking time to help and understand each other as final moments come so suddenly upon us.

Daily, appreciation and thanks come our way, helping to pave our paths towards heaven.

Behind the thank yous are hidden wonderful people who do the good deeds so deserving of the praise they receive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hospital Fire

Wondering, sitting here, moved to another room because of
a fire in my room.

It started in the bathroom light fixture, I was told, fire-
men had to come and they evacuated the whole area, put every-
one in another pod.

Being safe, got all my things in here, waiting for my break-
fast and meds and will be all set.

Doctors have been in to see me and are going to send me to
rehab for a few weeks to recuperate.

An exciting morning, but glad to be alright. Life is good.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hospital Observation

Buzzing of monitors, hurrying footsteps,
a sense of urgency, a feeling of alarm.
So many times sitting, waiting, in
hospital rooms, afraid to begin or think
while loved ones are in limbo.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hot, Humid Day In India

Gentle gusts of wind now blowing on a hot, humid day here
in India, yet while taking a walk, savoring this breeze
as it cools my body thoroughly.

Counting on it's soothing enticement, enjoying it's essence
as I am cooled exquisitely by it, wondering how it is that
I can walk with no ill effects in this 118 degree weather.

A joy filling me with thoughts for I'm reminded of a time
back in high school where I had to walk in the scorching
sun alone to school.

Remembering the slight breeze cooling me even then, a genuine
and heart-warming element of a memory filling me through
the years, never dying or leaving this mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hour Of Abandonment

Cameras come unbidden to interior sight, focusing the
accruement of tasteless paths to end my life.

An uphill climb, medievaly cast into darkness, straightened
and cast in iron.

Flailing, taciturnly carrying unheard beauty of yesterday,
ripped from it's side.

Maintaining careless ideas thought of in despair and sorrow,
raked across immeasurable coals of another's deceit, left
to die in a vacant lot, no recourse or mercy given.

Total unending pain and tortured sorrow, filling hours of
abandonment.

Courses filled, titles given freely, counseling handed to all
and terminated in seconds, bereft hearts stewing in the fallen
graces of another.

Taken away from all that once was, once love was
also, now the totalness of emptiness is being practiced daily
with no recourse, no practical guides on how to live through
it.

Wiping away memories, never talking, failing to comprehend
any of the passages thought to have had some meaning.

Counting seconds until death comes beating, harassing the
life of my soul, carefully tending it's sorrow, bleeding the
entire self of me onto pages no longer preserved for my being
alone.

Sacrifice of life, a reality, scoring it's points on earth,
no cares or worries beyond that of coping until sweet death approaches me in
sleep tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hour Of Life

Dealing with nothing and everything at one time.
Trying to decipher how to go on - not knowing how.
One day at a time is too much to handle - is it okay to do it for an hour?
When will things fall into place? Can I rush it?
I don't have the patience to wait - I need it now.
Peace may be here, but why am I still like an egg? being scrambled inside.
Waiting, reaching out - turning in - how will it finally end?
I don't know, but am praying for serenity just for now.
Yes, I will keep trying to climb the ladder - even being afraid of
heights and falling off, because maybe I'll reach the top one day and catch hold of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hours Of Enjoyment

Memories slipping in and out, filling my soul with bitter-sweet thoughts, allowing my mind to wander back and forth across an inner universe.

Loving the access given to other dimensions, opening grace-fully to intellect, melodies strumming chords of my heart where feelings and emotions reign.

Signaling and allowing my mind to open and entice thoughts and ideas to flow within intellect, giving many hours of enjoyment through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hours Of Loneliness

Sitting in the living room of life, alone for the most part, no one here to hug or love me most of the time, hours of loneliness keep piling up.

Mounting sadness coming to mind with the realization that the end is nearer than ever before, and there's nothing more to be done.

Sitting on a couch of remorse day after day, hoping to find some memory to give happiness and justification for a life that will soon cease to exist.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Housing Scars

Mountains everywhere I look, they sit upon my sight
cleverly finding their way into my heart.
Running my eyes up their majestic heights allows my
soul to calm evenly with silent nature.
Beauty of their rock formations reaches out to me,
enveloping my mind in a landscape of serenity.
Then I espy houses jutting on their sides, ugly,
having no business being there, blocking out God's
nature and the mountainous souls of their gestation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hovels Of Poverty

Shattered windows framing frightened faces,
terror-stricken hearts grasped in fear.

Sorrow, heads bowed down, wondering where
life will find them.

Holding hands, children slowly dodge the
obstacles in their way.

Hovels housing people in conditions of
poorest candor, sickness, and tuberculosis,
prevails in constant teams of strife.

Burnt out, burnt down, home has become the
cold outdoors, welcomed peace at a roadside
stand.

Beef, unknown beginnings lying in streets.

Stairs clinging to walls, flimsy, bent and
bowed with age.

Water turned on for only an hour, leaves no
time to sit or play.

Sewers flow along the front of homes,
stagnating in noses of the people.

Weaving rugs, a month it takes, ten dollars
for each one is not enough to live upon.

Babies staring out of windows, toyless,
barren, alone.

Teddy bears given and received in joy by
little ones, reaching out with hindered arms.

Strangers, kind and caring, stepping in and
providing care for babies, saving the hopes

and dreams of little lives.

Smiling faces at last on small Tibetan children.

Strength in very small numbers can accomplish
great and wonderful things.

Peace and love span eternity with just a look
returned in a quiet, desperate stare.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hovering Over Life

Musical feelings and emotions filling intensely, composing
rhythms that take me uncompromisingly into a dimension of
wonder and awe.

This poetical mind collecting it all and placing it into
poems composed of coded rhythms, total and luminous, effer-
vescently glowing into the future straight from the present.

Moments living vividly, protected by this photographic mem-
ory, keeping them safe from harm, hovering over life, wis-
dom and knowledge being shared innately.

Through a musical talent forming an interior spirituality,
filling my soul with an innocence pure and simple, finding
a pathway leading to heavenly realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hovering Shadows

Wiping out life's mistakes with a process of thought, delicately stemming from a subconscious whim of
intelligence.
Lighting candles down aisles of my mind, as I pass
through hallways of shadows hovering about my soul.
Searching forever for the focus of answers needed
in this day of twilight life and antagonistic horizons.
Walking ever toward lightened clouds of knowledge,
learning that - once again - life hasn't stood still
and is revolving through many doors of dissatisfaction
and bereavement.
Yet, we continue to put one moment after another in
rapid succession until our ends are finally in sight
tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

How Could You?

Watching, listening to others around me, not believing
what I'm hearing at times, some woman is saying she's
voting for Hillary and I'm thinking oh my God! how
could you?

Unable to understand her reasoning and illogical thoughts,
believing Hillary a better choice than Trump, what a
waste of her vote, knowing that our country will go down
the toilet with Hillary at the helm.

Apparently millions of Americans agreed with me, they
voted for Trump and he won, he's now our 45th President
and of that, I'm so very glad, now America will be great
once again because he's a businessman, not a politician.

Everyone has an opinion, living in a free country allows
us to speak our minds out loud without any penalty, of
this I'm also very glad! because now Donald Trump's our
President and political correctness is a thing of the past!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

How Did We Find Our Love?

Woke up this morning to see you sleeping beside me like every morning through the years, wondering as I watched you breathing, what you were dreaming of.

If you were imagining me or some other fantasy, thinking about the realizations of love, knowing your love for me is unconditional.

Your desires and passion always holding onto the essence of my love, no doubts, just wonder at times how we've been so lucky to have found each other.

How did we find our love in each other so totally and completely in this great big world filled with people?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

How Does A Storm Time Rhythm?

Staring out an upstairs window, watching a storm approaching
from the eastern sky.
Gathering momentum, as wind blows right through it's puffed
up clouds.
Wondering how the lightening knows when to strike and light
up the sky.
Hearing thunder, letting me know it's here.
How can it figure out the electric beats of timing rhythm?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

How To Curb Everything

Silent, wondering if life will continue much longer on
earth or will all be extinguished before too long.

Pollution, greed, evil, all of it contributing to the
destruction of life the way we know and perceive it.

Wondering extensively how to curb everything to keep
our world alive and functioning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Howard Entertaining

Touching life so effortlessly, making a difference in
how one feels, songs are generated by music of long
ago, as a gentleman named Howard plays his keyboard
for us all.

Unselfishly sharing his expertise in such a generous
way, from his particular genius, brightening our
moods and giving great enjoyment to our senses.

Thank you Howard, for sharing your gifts in such a
wondrous way, life has been made more bearable because
you played musical songs we all love and enjoyed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Howling Isolation

Howling like the wind, isolation of abandonment stirs within me.
Taking away my livelihood and essence, leaving me in an ocean of loneliness too large to exit from.
Severing ties, letting go, I succumb to it's terror and die quietly on an unknown and empty shore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hug Of Fate

Realizing heartaches are a part of life we can't escape, we fulfill our missions with interior sadness always at our feet, awaiting it's hug of fate.
Regretfully holding onto the grief it covers us with, because past joy is hidden within it also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hugging An Ocotillo

Desert landscapes, beautiful to look at.
Ocotillo, fuzzy-looking green, fluffy, filled with orange bouquets at ends of each arm.
Looking huggable, gently holding a little bird on it's hidden thorns.
Bees buzzing off and on the cones of flowers, pollinating the same.
Treasuring within, memories of nature, as I hug an ocotillo with my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hugs Of Belonging

Watching trees waving happily as I sit here at Wendy's
enjoying a frosty and decaf coffee.

Smiling at the energetic way in which nature beckons,
taking me carefully into it's arms.

Letting feelings of belonging hugs being issued from
outside the windows to infiltrate this being.

Wondering at the untold beauty of mother nature's essence,
spreading itself throughout, rhythms beating steadily as
one within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Human Behavior

Human behavior comes in all varieties, not all of it measuring up
to standards of most people, going down pathways of evil, not re-
specting other's rights.

Hurting and maiming, leaving behind respect for all life, wonder-
ing what makes this happen, noticing that a majority of people are
good, paying respect, living lives according to the ten Commandments.

Asking silently why all parents don't teach their children right
from wrong, our world would be at peace, if only everyone would do
their parts to obtain it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Human Experience, Both Sides

Remembering yesterday and all it's experiences, both
good and bad, for that is how a photographic mind works
essentially.

It gives a perspective to see from both sides of the
human experience, a leveling of circumstances through
each situation.

Finding lessons to be learned, albeit very difficult
at times, especially when dealing with death and loss,
yet without their bittersweet memories life and love
are meaningless.

Treasuring thoughts and feelings throughout life helps
to maintain balance, perhaps a sanity of it's inane
ability to create, giving us immense happiness and joy.

Then taking it all away, throwing us into deep despair
and emptiness for a period of time, where is the sense
in any of it though, I continually wonder and write
about it in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Human Loneliness

Calling into accord with one thought, rhythmically endeavoring to produce a contemplative attitude of love.
Pondering the exercise of living, alone on an abandoned course through the desert wastelands of my bereaved soul.
Catching hold of innuendos, placing thoughts of enduring sympathy under lilies of compassion.
Writing with an explicit purpose, relating the loneliness of being human on pages of empty-hearted exhaustion.
Tired of continuing on crooked lanes of sadness, turning from it all to become a solo song.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Human Loneliness Of Being

Standing in the rain, tears silently falling from eyes
of blue, green, gray, feeling the loneliness of being
human.

Taking steps into an outer dimension, searching for
ways to cope and live in the beauty of nature while I
write incessantly day and night.

Finding joy and pleasure in increments of curiosity,
wonder and awe going throughout this artistic and
musical poetical life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Human Nature

Intense cold, structuring ideas
regarding other people and their
behaviors of human nature.
Collapsing attitudes into folds
of drapes to be hung in future
traits of poems.
Living in atmosphere's of
intellect and much approved for
tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Human Nature's Emptiness

Settling into hearts everywhere, an inherent lonely
emptiness fills us with the essence of our human nature.

No mistaking the abandonment we all find in our lives,
others not filling us with love.

No knowing that the secret is to love ourselves, then
other will recognize the beauty of our souls and love
us in return.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Human Plight

Lively as a still wind, faith sits waiting at home's hearth,
searching the land for someone who cares, seeing within
hearts, cold uncaring.

People, homeless, walking in the dark, looking for a corner
to hide in for a few hours to catch some needed sleep.

People not knowing where their next meal will come from, or
how long they'll have to wait for it.

Everywhere there are people in need of basic necessities,
while others sit in their air-conditioned offices, eating
junk food, leaving work to go to a comfortable home.

Living idly every minute, not caring about others, just
pretending nothing is wrong.

Solidly sitting in a solitude of their own making, knowing
life is difficult for many people and still not caring to
raise a finger toward helping another human being.

Strange, life is. People having hearts of gold, standing
firm in their coldness, reflecting the greed they hold
within.

Life cannot enter into compassion, cannot feel the love of
another except through people helping each other.

Therein lies the sadness of our human plight, because no one
cares enough to just reach out in love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Human Pollution

Heaven rains from above, cleansing earth and it's nature of human incontinence of pollution.
Falling upon us, meaning to influence our destructive ways and focus them towards goodness in nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Human Rights Violated

People milling around Madison Street Jail, waiting to be reunited with loved ones and family.

Blatant rudeness abounding just inside the building's doors, where officers think they rule the world within.

Violating basic human rights with their gigantic egos, all the while hiding behind their little tin badges.

Purposefully attempting to ruin people's lives and hold them at bay, tearing apart families, children and moral aspects of life.

Every request in met with retaliation from ignorant people placed in absolute power in public offices.

What can the only possible outcome be, except the ruination of family as we once knew it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Human Soul's Loneliness

Closing these eyes, opening this mind to illuminating colors
and shapes continually forming without thought or thinking.

Mysteriously appearing time after time, encountering beauty
of inspiration at every turn.

Aspects of liveliness, focusing onto the loneliness of the
human soul as it wanders through our beings, yearning to
return home to heaven.

It's loneliness touches us in every corner of our beings
throughout life and it's normal routines.

Feeling it's depths in sorrow and grief, we hold crystal
tears within our hearts and minds, until we expire, freeing
our souls so they can soar at last to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Human Tears

Writing verses from my photographic memory, silently picturing everything I've ever seen in life.
Enjoying seeing and putting it into poems, gives life a great passion of hope for others to grasp when they are needing something more in their lonely lives.
Finding something inside themselves that meets what I've already written, helps them at times down their roads also.
Carefully calculating, listing emotions and feelings, attaching them to the many tears of human beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Human Understanding

Singing voices whispering in my mind, bringing perfection
to a human understanding that we can grasp.

A wonderful and explicit solitary voice of our beloved in
heaven.

Sweetened and leveled into an avenue which rapidly takes
us on a journey, solo to each of us on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Human Values

Saturated with sadness and sorrow in this moment of
time, learning of various types of evil from all over
the world.

Mothers crying their hearts out because they are being
forced to kill their baby girls, and why? It's just
the perversion of human values, there is no reason.

Why should a baby be killed, they are important to the
preservation of the human race, valued above riches
and treasures of this world.

How have people turned around and begun condoning this
type of perverted humanity? I just don't understand the
killing of innocent little beings.

Hoping that every one who kills a baby be struck dead
immediately, they deserve nothing less in this life on
earth today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Humanity Being Led

Tip toeing down the road, silently thinking of tomorrow,
seeing it's visions coming to mind, mystical, mysterious
and touching me spiritually.

Filling my being with an incessant and pure spirituality
that keeps me focused on the ending of this life and the
way to attain it's conviction and beliefs.

Lived by all through this earthly life, humanity being
led unknowingly, yet confidently by each one's soul inter-
iorly.

Guiding, never wavering in it's purpose, keeping us whole
as long as we follow and trust instincts that are genuine,
interiorly and innately.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Humanity Feeling Progress

Stopping short, tired of racing in the rat race of humanity,
wanting to slow down in the serenity of writing poetry, com-
posing music and painting.

A lovely way to enrich one's spirit and interior life, giving
our beings a positive approach towards our present and future
lives together.

A wondrous achievement helping to accomplish the impossible
on pathways of living through each of us, while all of humanity
is feeling our progress together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Humanity's Essence

Building strength interiorly through a bluened light of the Divine, innate knowledge and wisdom steadfastly taking me into depths of heaven.

Waking or sleeping, standing with God, loving one another as ourselves being the key element of humanity's essence, bringing peace, hope and an absolute beauty to life as we live it fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Humanity's Steps Into The Future

Loving humor, jokes and laughter for they all make the world
go around, spectacular and wonderful talent taking me through
hardships, turmoil and suffering.

All with the ease of a pen as it steadily and instantaneously
writes across page after page, filling books with poetry to
be read all around this great big world of ours.

Enjoying spreading beauty of nature's landscapes and that of humanity's steps
into the future, watching as people all over
the world search for answers to bring an end to evil and let
peace take over instead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Humble Finding Success

Tasting fruits of my labor at long last, all the years of
writing incessantly, now coming to a head, finding success
right in front of me.

An awesome and yet humbling feeling coming over me to know
how much people - poets - appreciate and love my poetry,
being grateful for all who have read and commented on it.

All of you are my poetical friends for life and I thank
you from the very within of my heart, a mere poet's humble
thank you for your support and encouragement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Humor

Consequences of laughter hiding within are spasmodic, unpredictable, delightful and full of goodness.

Smiling contentedly at those around, who are caught up in their prevalent business worlds, afraid of laughing, taking chances or making life fun.

Leaving a rounded sense of humor expressible through poetry.

Serious undertakings must always be backed by a gentle sense of humor if anyone will make it through life in spite of suffering.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Humor And Melody

Melodies swarming and thrilling insides of my mind,
teasing and enticing the joy and laughter to join
intellect.

Humor and fun gathering together, rolling along with
melodies of music, creating the gift of an interior
symphony.

As I join rhythms of life being created, I am attuned
to them once and for all, listening and enjoying every
note emitted to my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Humor Of Intellect

Mind-tickling ivories giving gentle laughter inside,
letting the humor of intellect begin to entertain
and keep me happy in life.

Unfolding puzzles of mind-bending thoughts, allowing
them to produce their beautiful pieces in colorful
hues and auras.

Traveling over, under and into caverns, labyrinths,
and abysses, feeling the freedom of this soul traveling
in it's depths, continuing to move in circles of
creation being processed even as I sit here writing.

Novel ideas coming continually into mind, never leaving
behind rhythms that are so desperately needed by a
purpose in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Humorous Imagination

Lines dangling in my mind, waiting for me to pull them
to see what they're connected to.

A humorous imagination, playing with my intellect as I
write this poem.

Feelings of elation settle in my soul as I decide which
line I'd prefer to pull down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Humorous Side

Energetically listening to electrical rhythms, tempos
beating incessantly into the atmosphere, surrounding
my being.

Tickling intellect while setting a fire within my soul,
enticing my mind to find the humor in this life, in
every area, whether good or bad is happening.

No matter what, there's always a humorous side to every-
thing that we experience in this earthly life, although
at times we will never see it because of our sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Humorous Song

Bouncing to a lively rhythm, feeling the jive touch my being with joyful laughter and a humorous song, titillating our hearts, one and all.
Everyone moving, can't keep still, jumping to the beat, tapping of feet, and clapping of hands.
A totally awesome time being had by us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hump Day

Instrumentals filling the room, rehearsing notes late at night.
Coursing through every moment of insinuation as life falls for
temptation's sweetened inviting from strangers and friends alike.
Scissoring together, cutting into edges of evenings on Wednesdays.
Giving respite on the hump day in the middle of the week.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hunger Clutching My Heart

Hunger pains clutching my heart, wanting a love to hold, one that is total and complete, existing through pure honesty and truthfulness.

Never telling lies, cheating or abusing, an unconditional love with all of it's heartfelt blessings, tending to my heart carefully and lovingly all the days of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hungry Desires

1: 06 p.m.
Tempting this soul, sorrow of a lifetime slipping into a
song, saddened by a heart filled with grief.

Finding echoes silently groping in a mind, attaching pain
to innermost feelings of emotions, carrying away a being
into the beyond.

Belonging to complex thought processes, tangled in jungles
of hungry desires, awaiting fulfillment, pushing sorrow
into the background.

Wanting beauty of interior sensations to fill this entire
being, knowing an incessant beauty of sorrowful feelings
shown in past joyful memories. 1: 07 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hungry For Knowledge

Hungry for knowledge, craving it's texture and essence
in my intellect, wanting to always be in it's focus,
delving into it's aspects as I rehearse feelings of
interior peace.
Consequences filling me wit spirits of heavenly angels,
inspiring thoughts of exploratory discovery.
Happily acting on thinking processes of action,
forgiving attitudes being fulfilled in depths of
meaning.

(9: 55 a.m. - 1/15/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hungry For News

Papers read and sent to the recycling bin, news now a day old, people wanting to be updated constantly, so hungry for what's going on in the world today.

Knowing evil is crawling across earth, wanting to keep track of if so it cannot grab hold and plant itself in our lives.

Pouring poison upon it as it springs from the filthe of perversion, taking away it's power as we unite and grow stronger within.

Taking over the world with peace and goodness for all humanity, no more evil to hold onto anyone again as we destroy and kill it from the inside out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hungry For Your Love

Pressing matters always seem to be at hand when all I want to do is relax, doing nothing but writing and listening to music.

This heart always being hungry for your love, wanting to quench our desires and passion together, counting moments when we can be together once again.

Lying side by side, so soothing and pleasurable these feelings are, filling me now though we're not together, looking forward to the moment when you will take me in your arms.

Holding me close, kissing, hugging, looking into my eyes with yours full of love and desire for only me and I only for you, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hungry Heart

Swinging to beats and tempos as I walk down lanes of life,
hoping to do my best, never failing to be pure and innocent throughout the years.

Heart hungry for love, wanting to be loved for who I am and
not forgotten on a whim, total compromise, striving always
to be upright, honest and truthful.

Knowing there's not much else in life that will stand the
test of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hungry Hearts

Hungry hearts fantasizing, wanting love to fulfill their intense desires.

Sitting alone on sidelines, bereft of companionship or anyone's love.

Silently watching as couples walk past, holding hands, talking, at times kissing, enjoying the company of one another.

Life settling into an inner beauty, held comfortably between the two of them.

Hungry hearts, sitting on lonely benches, wanting love to fulfill their intense desires, knowing that all the fantasizing in life would never give to them, the promise of a love of their own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hungry Love Hiding

Strong and soft-spoken,
settling gently into a garden
filled with blue roses from heaven.
Keeping time with every pulse,
beating in my heart.
Leaves whispering excellent lyrics,
holding onto romantic tell-tale
aspects and facets of hungry love
hiding in shadows of darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hurricane Feelings

Life is so crazy, so unpredictable, no way to know where you're going or what you'll be doing.
Turmoil inside just because you are alive, then outside tension hits you on top of all of it - throwing you into a hurricane of feelings, hurting and catching you off guard with no one to confide or trust in.
A general emotion of diffident silence, holding me together - at least for a while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hurtful Beginnings

Sorrowful life gently touching it's boundaries,
feeling the intensity of hurtful beginnings all
during daily living.

So mournful, yet sparks of hope and belief peek
out timidly, afraid of the darkness getting a
hold on them.

Sojourn travels keeping heads above water as
life hesitantly follows suit, pretending to be
alive, yet only existing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hurtful Remarks

Painful memories jab
and poke my heart as
I recall their hurting
remarks of deathly horror.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hurting Children

Politicians hiding behind closed doors and in secret places, wearing their masked faces so no one will blame them for their excuses to the public.
Wearing thin, are the ways they invent to pick our pockets, leaving us with nothing for our families.
Taking bribes, kick-backs, campaign funds - all under the guise of felonies not committed by them.
Corrupt men and women running our city and state governments.
All of them pretending to investigate our downtown superior court judges and clerical workers - in reality they never do.
Just ask the decent, honest, law-abiding fathers who've had their children torn from them and given to their mothers.
At the moment of conception, children belong to both parents equally - why have superior court judges ignored this fact?
Joint custody is not up to the courts - it's up to God.
Our laws need to reflect this fact and stop catering to girls and women who want to make a buck, while ignoring their children, using them as pawns against their fathers, and sitting on their azzes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hurting Of Youth

Snowbound, lost in space, left upon a frozen wasteland,
tinkling lightly, ice gently lets everyone know that
someone's passing.

Slipping, sliding, down pathways made just now, hoping
to find a new adventure to explore.

Wandering about, searching for some fun, tying knots in
places that can't be undone, traces of life gone before
anyone can find the clues they hide.

Stranded, lonely, in the middle of acres of white snow,
cold and empty, sitting within sorrow's embrace.

Knowing that life is over when the snow ceases to fall
like a blanket to cover the hurting of youth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hurting Truths

Clicking in my mind, sending messages to and from consciousness and back from unconsciousness to a reality I don't want to realize or observe.
Truths hurting, giving nothing but pain as I gently let go and flow wherever ocean tides will take me.
Hoping to go beyond all worldly measures and take hold of a halo as I run through the gates of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hurting With Rumors

Falling behind the express of life, being derailed
by other people spreading rumors behind my back.

Hope they find themselves regretting it one day,
placing rumors in receptacles preserved for all
hurtful things having been said through the years.

Leveling the playing field, are tears of my soul,
drowning me in the pain of human beings and the
cruelty they cause one another and myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hurts So Good

Collecting images, placing them in albums of
memories to savor on lonely vacant days in the
future.

Enjoying time we spend in each other's arms,
loving and being totally present to our love.

Strengthening and giving our love the time
needed to be nurtured and grown.

Waiting patiently to come together, our love
rising ever higher, passion driving us wild.

Yet, we still waited, knowing that when finally
coming together we'd set off fireworks everywhere.

Feelings becoming so intense that they hurt so
good between us.

Love has such a vibrant way of bringing us to-
gether, never letting us give up on one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hybrid Thoughts

Crossing hybrid thoughts with new ideas,
creating an ideal form of engendering thoughts.

Coagulating on future dimensions of intellect,
coalescing into atoms of poetry, and carrying
it all into literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hyperactive Rhythms

Sending senses on a race to keep up with my mind as I write.
Jumping up and down the chords, twirling melodies with hyperactive rhythms.
Keeping all of it together somehow in lines and spaces of perfection.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Hysterical Decisions

Amusing self interiorly with changing rhythms of nature.

Engulfing imagination with waves of beauty, as life
whips and slides upon shores of sand being lapped at by
life and it's hysterical decisions of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

I Am Listening

Lord, I am listening, the sound of your nature calls,
echoes throughout the windswept air.

Softly filling nature with a gentle song, flitting
quietly on the wings of butterflies.

Touching silently with Your love, life leaps suddenly,
overflowing with joy.

Peacefully surrounding life with nature, the stillness
of faith has filled me within.

Lord, I can hear You, I will always listen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

I Will Never Be Here Again

One day, I will never be here again, no more will you see
me writing, and listening to music right here in the open.

I will be taken into depths of heaven, away from all of
you beautiful poets and people.

Tears won't be needed, unless they are tears of happiness
and joy, because I will have gone beyond earth.

Going into a place where all pain and suffering will no
longer be with me.

A just and peaceful space where I will be at home, enjoying
the gardens of my heavenly abode above.

Looking skyward when thinking of me in a poem will bring
me into your heart where I will visit for a while.

You will know that I am there by the strings of your heart
being gently pulled and little dew drop tears of remembrance
forming softly in your eyes.

Joy will touch your being as I hug and caress you spiritually
from beyond.

Yes, one day I will never be here again on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

I.Q.'s New Standards

Setting new standards for I.Q. tests is coming about,
outdated formulas no longer found valid.

Minds have gone beyond the mundane, cut and dry, black
and white, questions and answers.

Now a total and complete batch of questions and drawings
have been found to picture the intelligence of people.

Simplicity of intellect is centered in the midst of our
imaginations, boundaries changed.

There are no longer any limits to extremes of ignorance,
balancing ideas, abstracts and intellect's mind.

It's being has developed into a well-spring of equations
and formulas, portraying the reality of our minds accord-
ing to innate I.Q.'s.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ice Cold Reality

Tears keep falling like a winter rain, hitting my face with it's ice cold reality.
So frigid and unbendable as life transports all definition to unanswerable questions floating about the atmosphere.
Softly singing, dancing to and fro with precision and exactness of rhythm.
Tones gently touching minds with blossoming creations as drops of tears continue to fall, flowing into my saddened heart with purpose and dignity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Iceboxes Of Adversity

Catching side-long glances, tucking them away in frosty
iceboxes of adversity.
Enticing sentences to be spoken aloud, yet no word is
ever said to anyone.
Wasting time and breath is absent in my life as I
quietly contemplate situations poetically and create
endings of my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Icicles Of Rhetoric

Sending thoughts into a flurry of yesterday's snow storms,
feeling their icy coldness touch my heart with no mercy.
Holding always, the tempo of sorrow close enough to be
touched constantly.
Turning away from life, revolving in time, bringing moments
into perspective timing.
Giving many icicles of rhetoric to melt and confuse me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Iciness Of Grief

Heartstrings being strummed with strains and rhapsodies of sadness, touching inner feelings hidden beneath the surface, totally being taken into depths of emotions.

Intensifying, tears falling and being spread through a vast universe of my mind, glittering stars above settled within intellect.

Scattering thoughts throughout inner atmospheres, falling like leaves blown about in the wind, being covered with the iciness of grief beneath my heart, no longer beating in rhythms of togetherness my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Iciness Of Humanity

Intense and intrepid rhythms flowing tenderly and gently
into this mind, delving into the spiritual side of my soul.

Watching as every particle and fiber comes to rest on the
laurels of tomorrow, nothing to be seen or shown, until God
allows it to be so.

Chilled by the iciness of humanity, feeling selfishness of
others as they walk past those in need, helpless, cold, sick,
nothing to eat, begging for crumbs of others on the street.

Perhaps a coin or two to get something to eat along the dirty
streets they travel down and sleep upon into the cold nights,
tired and hungry, no God to come and serve them now.

Footsteps falling, whispers of voices stuck in the poverty
of this earth with no way to capture any of the wealth of
the few.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Icing On The Cake

Thinking about you only, feeling your heart beating
against mine as you inhale and exhale in rhythm with
my love.

Being held closely, feeling so good while you're hold-
ing me, knowing your love as it is absorbed by this
heart that is now yours.

Finding a treasure every time when with you, being
held like I have great meaning for you alone, such a
wonderful way of an absoluteness of love from another.

Thinking about you only, whether together or apart,
loving and being loved throughout our entire lives by
one another.

Loving you in every thought, nothing else mattering as
long as we are together, sex and lust not interfering
in our hearts.

They are just the icing on the cake of our intense love
for each other when becoming one while making love with-
in the arms of our beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Icing On This Temporary Cake

Lonely echoes of nightfall cover me fully with their sorrowful tears falling into my being, taking me into depths of intense emotions.

Memories are continually being brought up in tides of an inner grief, allowing me to find my way through daily sacrifices and tribulations that befall me along pathways of destiny.

Sure-footed and aware of where I'm being led in any given moment, carrying on and never tiring, an interior energy continually filling my being with a succinct purpose.

Taking my essence and life into avenues of other dimensions so effortlessly and freely, nothing much ever mattering to me at this stage in my life.

Everything is just icing on the cake as I live life through understanding, meaning and definitions that inner and innate knowledge and wisdom make known in this, the last stage of my life on this temporary earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Icy Cold Showers Of Hate

Icy cold showers of hate falling upon people all over the world as a few people decide that they are the elite, wanting to take everything we have away from us.

Not letting freedom have free rein, trying to stifle it with a dictatorship and one world order that none of us want, taking matters into our own hands, uniting and gaining strength together, not letting anything happen to our nation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Icy Emotions

Writing into the night,
arranging all the details in orderly array
as they are written here to display their
heavenly scents to my mind.
Coasting down winter evenings through
imagination, giving off icy emotions to be
melted in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Icy Glaciers Hovering In Mid-Air

Looking down upon earth, seeing clouds looking like giant
cotton balls below our jet, farther out, snow filled fields
seem to be spreading throughout the atmosphere.

Even further away, it looks like giant icy glaciers hovering
in mid-air, a wonderful winter wonderland throughout the sky,
everywhere I happen to look.

Reminding me of when my friend was telling me all about the
glaciers in India that I haven't yet seen in my lifetime,
my friend promised to show me when I go back to India soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Icy Labyrinth

Sacrificing the life of our love, falling down
without holding on, leaving faith in weeds of
derision.

Losing your way in volumes of antagonistic foes,
mistakenly thought of within while listening to
the evil of dishonest voices.

Calmly listening to interior silence, waking as
from a nightmare, not knowing what direction you
are coming from, slipping and sliding into a
labyrinth of icy depths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Icy Points Of View

Wintery thoughts, cold as ice, like icicles poking me
with their icy points of view.

Sun shining high in the sky, melting the ice and is
now slowly dripping onto the snow-covered ground.

Shimmering in sunlight, looking like diamonds waiting
to be picked up and placed in a ring or necklace for
someone's first love.

Beautiful and unique, no other like it would ever be made,
none of it can be a reality for all is a fantasy that I
have created and shown to others in the world through this
poem only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Idea Bouquets

Heavenly sounds falling softly,
making me realize how effortlessly I can fall into a trance, subconsciously
contemplating so many things in life's scheme
of things.

Making sense of total abstractions placed on paper, bringing everything into pure
clarity as it also delves deliciously
into a feast of mindful thoughts.
Taken in bouquets of ideas, closely gathered together in halls
of heavenly grace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Idea Pools

Stillness creates picturesque visions interiorly,
lighting brain cells and energizing them for
creative endeavors throughout the years.

Enjoying aspects of liberty in spacious amphitheaters
of insight, foraging through life-altering images,
standing them on end and watching as each falls into
pools of ideas for writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Idealic Depths

Relating truths to depths of subconsciousness, bringing forth
idealic situations to write from.

Insidious formations, climbing imagination's canyon walls,
attempting to bring about changes.

Altering dimensions with novel words and meanings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Idealic Thought

Following romantic ideas is an idealic thought.
No where in life is there a stanza to keep alive love in a verse or a poem.
There's always a catch somewhere along the line.
Exceptions - there aren't really any known by anyone.
Silent opinions don't count, because they're never voiced or told out in a spectacular moment of uneventful decisions.
Covert ideation falls open and reveals the opposition of everyone wrangled and born to never love another in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ideals Of Poetry

Within dreams, visiting concepts of absolute abstractions,
taking hold in intellect.

Watching flowering ideas climb desert mountains, protruding
boulders, clashing with vibrant ideals of maturity.

Taking me down trails, meandering through thoughtful and
intense whispers of heaven.

Senses touching interior waterfalls that cascade incessant-
ly with an effervescent passage of time, tunneling through
catacombs of many yesterdays.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ideas Awaiting Birth

Cribbing ideas that are still too young
to use in any deliberate poetical composition.
Storing them in delicate satin and lace, lying
upon pillows of amazement, awaiting their times
of birth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ideas Being Created

Joyfully radiating rhythms of positive thoughts and energetic ideas that are being created by imagination and reality.

Developing an entire repertoire of poetry, all-inspiring and taking people on solo journeys into passages of time.

Where there they will be focused on what needs to be done all over the world in order to bring peace and joy to every-one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ideas Catching Fire

Singling out details every moment, immediately fastening them
to what it is I want to say, never getting tired or bored as
I continue to write.

Sparks flying, ideas catching fire, blazing into poetry rapid-
ly, along with coded rhythms that just keep coming through the
music to me.

Mind-dancing intellect keeping track of every note and tone
being played, attuning them all to the poetical essence of
innate intelligence.

Writing it altogether as I sit here in this delectable atmos-
phere of creative imagination, loving where I am at any given
moment through music I'm listening to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ideas Dropping From Rhythms

Falling into creative atmospheres, catching hold
of all ideas as they drop from rhythms into my mind.

Rocking tones and sounds, taking them carefully into
prose, intending to fill up intellect's photographic
screens with images.

Visions coming into view, giving depth, adding to my
essence and passion indelibly throughout life.

Enchanting and thrilling to coded rhythms, penetrating
interior thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ideas From Childhood

Banging ignorant people into an oblivion of their own, keeping them far from my space in time - I have no use for their barbaric ways and ideas.
Preferring the intellect of a majority of people who realize they don't know everything, even though they are in reality, geniuses.
Frolicking in the bliss of make-believe eras, quietly tracing backwards in time, those ideas from a childhood, too soon turned into adulthood.
Yet, the wonderful curiosity to find out what's not yet known, is so deliciously tantalizing to minds of enticement from extremely early ages onward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ideas Grow Like Wildflowers

Reaching towards another dimension in thought, having a
great time as ideas grow like wildflowers in my mind,
blossoming right out loud.

Touching upon the sacred and Divine, using it's power
to recite purity and innocence of childhood through
lines of poetry daily.

Wondering about life and it's possibilities, never ever
tiring of seeing it building within my mind, exciting
and thrilling me so pleasantly.

Stepping in and out of intellect and imagination, play-
ing hide and seek constantly with reality, having such
fun pretending that real things don't exist.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ideas Of Blossoms

Looking around, seeing roses hanging from the ceiling,
oozing their aromas into my mind with powerful scents
of desire, giving many thoughts, ranges of deserts to
play around in.
Nothing comparing with the ideas of blossoms
continually bursting with colorful ideas, letting them
fall gently into my mind, never hurting or harming me
in any way whatsoever.
A beautiful series of renditions happening every time
I look up and see roses hanging from the rafters,
oozing beauty into my intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ideas Raising Minds

Looking into depths of another dimension, finding so many
ideas raising their minds to meet mine, coordinating
everything so easily.

Bringing things together and allowing them to be followed
through to fruition, changing reality with their apparent
senses of urgency to help mankind.

So many life-saving innovations and thoughts for so many
more in the long run.

Behaving calmly, yet feeling excited within, wanting for
it all to be culminated in one fell swoop, no delays
having to be dealt with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ideas Seen In Sensations

Sacrificing many things in life just so I can write
every day, living for rhythm in it's exact moments.

Watching as every color comes falling from rainbows,
splashing and shining brilliantly into the darkened
corners of my mind.

Allowing all ideas to be seen in the sensations that
I am feeling at any given moment in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ideas Surfacing

Watching as this mind tiptoes over thoughts lying about on
the floor of my soul, surfacing ideas holding onto fibers
and particles of being.

Studying and learning, never in vain, for it is all being
sent into intellect, giving a lasting expression of beauty,
placing it into poems that I will continue to write to
the lightening and thunder storms in my mind.

Confirming and loving it's own creativity, opening doors
of imagination thoroughly, fully giving an enormous amount
of answers as curiosity continually questions it.

Loving expressions unfolding and being proven instantly,
no doubts ever connected to them as they flow from a
cascading waterfall within this total mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Identification Of Thoughts

Surreptitiously sneaking in backgrounds
of life, not wanting to be noticed.

Continuing to write poetry created in
moments of time, incessantly keeping
me moving into realms of intellect.

Causing identification of all thoughts
to be hidden in corners of this mind.

Wanting to express every one of them in
appropriate times of an inner essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Identifying With Nature

Mind raking leaves of thoughts into ideas, expressing entic-
ing ideas silently into other's minds, always identifying
with nature.

Vibrantly fulfilling this spirit interiorly with an energetic
talent of music playing a perfect melody bringing pleasure
into intellect.

Creating not only poetry, but enlivening spirit, soul, mind
and heart incessantly, wanting more and more to feel feelings
and emotions that fill every neuron and synapse interiorly.

A solo journey that gives a being purpose and widening it's
horizon into a vast dimension beyond anyone's imagination
here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Identifying With Songs

Being written in blank verses, life falls into patterns designed to be kept hidden within.
Being brought out only in sounds of music being sung on stages of performance among crowds of people looking for someone to love or confide in.
Identifying with songs the band is singing - the only delight they receive is a daylight concert.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Idle Conversation

Small groups filled with conversation,
old friends and idle gossip, sitting at a table.
Wanting to belong, to feel loved, to reach out
to one another in this great big world of diversity.
Hanging on words, listening intently, body language encompassing everyone, as people sit on a doorstep
awaiting eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Idle Thought

Losing myself in a mixture of yesterday, while sitting
here in today's sight of tomorrow, readily being
inspired in the beauty of today's horizon.

Calling into major depths of intellect, walking through
forests of imagination, searching for things to detail
in writing of prose.

Waiting for the intellectual aspects to appear on screens,
ideas turning idly into profound thoughts, finding them
in life's nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Idle Thoughts

Solemnly tinkering with idle thoughts today,
thinking to mend the future with the present.

A voracious appetite for learning anything
that comes in view causes problems, because
others think I should be doing something.

What good is talent if it cannot be developed,
what use is a mind if one cannot use it?

What use have we, as we're led astray to forage
in commonplace pastures of already known
knowledge?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Idly Loafing

Casually walking down hallways, not thinking or doing anything in particular.
Loafing idly, wanting to get in gear, it's just not happening right now.
Maybe later in time I'll gather the energy needed to move forward, but not now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

If Anything Matters

If anything matters on this earth it would be
the love and caring people have for one another.

Compassion and an unconditional love should be
foremost in everyone's lives no matter what.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

If I Should Die

If I should die before awakening, knowing the suffering
you will suddenly be overwhelmed with.

Just please remember my heart has always been yours and
can never be taken by death.

Tears of love will flow from your loving eyes, showing
the depth of your caring for me.

Nothing can keep our love from us, because our souls
have taken it into themselves.

Necromancing, finding all of our life has been placed
with this love that is self-evident and never-ending.

Quietly remorseful, you will never forget the love that
became ours through simple conversations, laughing, joking,
becoming one through friendship.

Leading finally to a love that will never die no matter
the circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

If It Could Be Lived Over

Remembering days long gone with fond memories, wishing I could step back in time and relive them more often as I grow older.

Writing, contemplating their goodness, virtue and innocence, knowing that if the past could be lived over again there would be so little that I would change.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

If Only

Finding myself thinking deeply about death and loss,
being completely absorbed, tears flowing down my face,
heart crying for you so intently.

Wishing death wasn't so total and complete, if only
there could be a crack in it's armor we could find our
way to being together again.

Giving in to the silence of never-ending sorrow, relin-
quishing my spirit to the nothingness of not having
you with me ever again.

This mind still holding onto you through it's memories
of my heart, I cannot live without you, heart stopping
in the intense grief that is never-ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

If This Is Love

Love being held gently in a broken heart, filled with tears
from many years of abuse.

Soul having been ripped and torn from the words and curses
being hurled at all times of the day and night.

Being subjected to the fruitlessness of a deadened life at
the hands of an abuser.

Constant and never-ending blaming and lying, hurting a being
who he claims to love with all his heart.

If this is love, I never want to experience hatred from
another human being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

If This Were My Last Moment

Thinking deeply of this fragrant life that has been lived
to the fullest in spite of the pain it has given.

Desiring nothing more from it, praying for the ending of
it's blessed sorrow.

Knowing nothing can stop the ending of anyone's future
death.

Catering to rhythms of incessant crying, living closer to
marble headstones than ever before.

Regretting not a thing, taking everything I have been and
giving it to you here in this final poem of love.

Asking for the presence of some roses to place upon my
grave and a prayer to take me to heavenly realms where
my soul will exist in the beauty of spacious gardens for
an eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Igniting Anger

Sounding off in lyrics of Queen, touching upon the heart and it's gentle, soothing, innermost feelings with a gel-like property to cover my soul, protecting it from all manner of jealousy.
Saturating the benign energy of tomorrow, bringing each particle into the inside of ability.
Causing a measurable issuance of nostalgic peace infiltrated with sparks of ignited anger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Igniting Emotions

Keeping quiet, observing things going on around me,
peacefully anticipating poetry soon to be written
here in this journal.

Feelings alive and vibrant, soaring through this
heart into intellect, seeing how they each affect
thoughts I'm having.

So many ideas are being blended with emotions as they
continually are ignited with the passion of my being,
filling me entirely with serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Igniting Fires

Intuitively listening to intellect while watching videos and
images upon an interior photographic screen, lively, animated,
taking me soaring into other dimensions.

Enjoying all that I'm seeing, fires are being ignited with
thoughts, ideas, concepts, figuratively relaying mathemat-
ical formulas and equations to and from my mind in images.

Wondering how it happens so instantaneously and rapidly,
loving feelings of excitement, thrilling me intensely as my
brain continues to show images coming together simultaneously.

Abstracts of reality and imagination reflecting everything
into poetical thoughts to be written out for all to read
whenever they choose to do so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Igniting Fires Of Imagination

Jingling around, touching nerves, cutting them frigidly
with exercises of the mind.

Calming their essences with soothing balm of music,
playing constantly in corners of my mind.

Igniting fires of imagination to glimmer and glow,
turning into a full-blown bonfire.

Lighting the world inside with a joy fulfilled in
musical universes now filled with words of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Igniting Fires Within

Ringing into a circle of life, taking off in every
direction, rhythms flowing, everywhere hearing
there's wonderful sounds coming through the air.

Watching colors exploding, throwing fireworks through-
out my mind, igniting fires within as I listen to music
saturating my being.

Filling me with expectations and wishes to be expressed
as I write into the atmosphere, loving people who come
here to dance and have fun.

Everyone accepting me even though I just sit and write
to music the whole time I'm here, following patterns
along measures of coded rhythms in a bluened light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Igniting Imagination

Delving deeply into a contemplative state of mind, discovering immense differences in it's existence, making them definitely beautiful in retroactive resonance.
Picturing landscapes never before seen by naked eyes, given only to me in special arrangements of mind patterns.
Forming, shaping, taking time to enhance meanings of life and it's suffering, never really finding any proof that it is needed to exist.
Truly wanting to find out differently, things about which I don't know, but am very curious and continue to investigate on my own.
Intellect coaching, assimilating what I've learned, causing scopes of interactive knowledge to become and ignite the fires of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Igniting Thought

Freedom riding high, giving life free rein to be what it wants.
Musically silencing stress, doubts, sorrow, with it's soothing
melodies of intense emotion.
Riding into deserts of loneliness, finding an arid environment
filled with an anticipation unfelt on earth.
Natural occurrences developing individually without constraint,
igniting a relay of thought into the universe, as it touches
and alights within this being of natural delight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ignorance

Reaching upward into an atmosphere of beauty, nature's
firm grasp upon it all, raising awareness, loving every
aspect as we embrace it through our eyes individually.

Our world is now on the brink, where will it go from
here, nuclear war looming ahead once more.

Because of ignorant people in the world, wanting to
eliminate America and Israel from the face of earth,
not realizing that they too will lose their lives in
the aftermath.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ignorance Dressed In Robes

Prying eyes of passers-by fill me with anger, what business is it of theirs whether I am sitting here or not?

Hating the leering questions falling from their sightless eyes, I sit and hope for the demise of their unsucculent intelligence.

Ignorance parading around the grounds dressed in robes of learning, never even have gotten close to wisdom.

What fools pride makes of men as they strut their stuff, knowing nothing except from ideas formed within their heads.

Intelligence of a bygone bore who knows nothing of wisdom or the changing of values and morals brought from steps of time.

Found deep in monastery tunnels underground, these fools know nothing of what is profound as they sit in wells of knowledge, never absorbing a drop of it.

Remaining fools stuck within their silly, foolish pride.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ignorance Of Respect And Dignity

Energy rising, filling intellect with a vibrant and expanding concept of innate talent, expressing the bigotry, racism and intolerance for what it is.

Ignorance of how to respect and treat others with dignity, living in a world filled with people of many nationalities and cultures.

Needing to help them assimilate here in the U.S.A., instead of letting them be outcasts of their own decisions, although at times it's impossible because they distance themselves for reasons of their own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ignorant Of Elected Politicians

Living in many directions at once, taking time to smell the
roses, especially when stress levels climb higher with all
the turmoil going on in this nation.

Corruption running rampant among judges and politicians
some messing with our President, along with media and their
fake stories and lies.

Using propaganda just like Hitler, Lenin and Stalin did back
in the day, people being ignorant and falling for it without
researching or investigating it on their own.

If they'd do so, our government could be cleaned out and only
honest, decent moral people would be elected by the people in
order to govern correctly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ignoring Bullies

Sitting down silently so my younger son doesn't know I'm
there, hearing two little boys call him a four-eyed geek.

Totally ignoring their remarks my son kept on running; as
he passed by on his second time around the field, seeing
the two boys just walking, all tired out.

Still running, passing them up again, they quit and he
kept on going, loping around, finishing all eight laps
by himself.

Everyone else had quit, they were too tired to make the
mile, so much for those two little bullies as everyone
else cheered and patted my son on the back.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ignoring Interior Life

Life and nature exist together as one on this planet, yet many do not equate one with another.

Being short-sighted and into themselves, leaving out an important part of life here on earth.

Ignoring an interior life that nature can provide and contribute greatly to enhancing our beings.

Explicitly driving forces of nature into a serene contemplation, finding peace needed to fulfill periods of loneliness, emptiness and abandonment through it all.

Enriching every facet and corner of life, taking every moment to bring an exquisite joy into our souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ignoring Man - Made Consequences

Living and feeling in the comfort of my own being,
seeing that it is where I am safe and sound.

Protective barriers have been placed I'm totally
serene and peaceful within.

Delightfully stepping over boundaries and limits,
ignoring man-made consequences that have tried to
step in my way.

Totally independent and doing what it is I was born
to do, tracing thoughts through and through, always
alighting in truths shining brilliantly in the end.

Filling books of prose with what I have quietly said
in life, having nothing to do with anyone in particular
just writing what this creative mind sees and devises.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ignoring Rules

Authority running throughout life, giving orders that aren't liked.

Forever getting in the way, of course you must find a way around them.

Never meeting head on, always side-stepping, afraid of what might be found.

Knowing always how far to go, skipping through life, ignoring many pages of rules.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ignoring Sadness

Envelopes of sadness lie unopened, abandoned, left to their own demise.
Tearing them open is not in my plan, so I just glance at them now and then and walk away.
Finding some other way to ignore the sadness awaiting me beyond the doors I have closed upon them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ignoring Seasons

Lightly blowing, whispering, telling of things to come.

Touching, hurting, playing softly, tickling hearts
with feelings thoughtfully denied.

Watching closely, happenings abounding, living sorrowfully
among many people, hiding tears, scaling walls of deceit
and sorrow climbing.

Living upon earth, seeing only what's inside, ignoring
seasons and their times for they have no meaning - no
reason - no rhyme.

Because being lonely, hiding, seeking nothing - no one -
but an interior self is all that's keeping close ties to
earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ignoring Shadows

Shadows lying in the sun, bathing their darkened corners
and enjoying an afternoon breeze blowing gently across
their faces.

Movement being seen within when actually looking at them,
basking in the sunlight, capturing the essence of what it
is they are hiding behind.

Living in their own environments, happily being ignored
by everyone, not caring or complaining about anything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ignoring Signs

Life in present moments is exhilarating as we meet
everything head on with an attitude of respect.
No untoward facets being held in front of us like
mirrors, because we walk straight forward into
tasks, menial, ordinary or exceptional.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ignoring Temptations

Single and certain, taking pathways that lead straight into the beauty of heaven, not ever veering right nor left.

Ignoring the many temptations in life just to be able to enter heaven when I die once again, loving it's intense peace and beautiful gardens.

Spending all my time poetically creating whatever God inspires me to, taking intellect altogether with the visions of my soul that are never-ending.

Completing me thoroughly, justifying this earthly life with purity, goodness, compassion and love for those who love themselves also, just as God has asked us to do when He was here before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illegal Agendas Of Phoenix

Death of a person can mean many things without death
having to actually occur.
Most often it's because the downtrodden are pressed
solidly into the ground as if they are already dead,
by people who are corrupt, people higher up the
ladder of success.
Those who have taken from the have-nots and given
all to themselves.
Jealous of any little iota another may have that
they haven't.
A berserk mentality covering up injustice with
talented off-the-wall lies, meaning nothing in the
scheme of all things good or Godly.
People are being buried more and more by dishonest
lawyers and city of Phoenix employees with illegal
agendas in hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illegally Taking Children

Ringing through the total bureaucracy of C.P.S., finding their ways of taking children away from their parents illegally.

Amazed at the audacity of the social workers who are supposed to be protecting children, instead taking and hurting them beyond repair.

So much nonsense involved, they have parents going back and forth from one court to another - miles away from each other.

Tons of double-talk and no one knows or refuses to tell the truth of what needs to be done under the guise of they can't give any legal advice.

Unbelievable jargon, tangling emotions and hands of parents who have not done anything wrong.

Tearing their children away and leaving others to pick up pieces, but they don't have the essential pieces to the puzzle, because they belong only to the parents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ill-Mannered Management

Watching people working behind the scenes, laboring under
the management of several bosses, attempting to do their
best with what they have in reserved talents.
Coping with stress and haphazard events, treating customers
with respect, even when they have none in return.
Treating everyone with a dignity they were born to be given,
allowing for human error and foul moods on distant days when
they arise and surprise us with their blatant distress.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illness

Incessantly sending love throughout our lives, caring about
someone special is very difficult when they're ill for a
long time.

Waiting is unbearable, yet the one lying in bed is too sick
to comprehend, mind boggling, patience wears extremely thin,
how much thinner for the patient though?

Tired, weak, out of sorts, wanting to go home, hospital life
being such a bore,

Plenty of time for thinking and remembering, a mind becomes
filled with thoughts racing back and forth.

Memories can be very trying, causing mental tiredness and a
weary will to keep on going, getting through each new day.

Yet, after getting through it all, thinking is all done, the
fog of depression lifts and a new spirit of will is born.

Each day brings with it a sense of brightness, an airy light-
ness - actually happiness sets in, bringing with it peace of
mind again.

Getting over an illness can be a whole new beginning, a better
life to live.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illogical Conclusions

Finding that people from other countries who come
to the U.S. and become citizens are still afraid
of giving their opinions or going against obama
and our government.

Afraid of being in trouble or deported, standing
staunchly for obama, because they don't know what
we Americans do know and why we are against him.

They think he's doing a good job, because he has
given them money and benefits they didn't have to
earn, so now they have a better life than where
they came from.

Not realizing that America was far better off
before obama became or so-called president, even
when shown the proof of what Obama's really doing
to our country.

Still they will not budge from their illogical
conclusions, and American's will now stand against
them also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illogical Destinies

Illogical destinies of certain people,
practicing improbity on a daily basis.

Having no virtue, they spend their days
in reckless abandonment.

Severing relationships of family and
friends in deference to leading
irreverant lives with malice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illogical Jealousy

Apologies being wasted on those who refuse to forgive,
holding an abusive hardness within their cold and icy
hearts.
Never letting it melt or thaw out, looking away from a
confessional, refusing to admit that they did anything
wrong.
No telling how long they will separate themselves from
a friend for illogical jealousy filling them inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illogical Reasoning

Strutting by like a peacock, spreading himself over atmosphere's of happiness and glee.
Purposely touching people's hearts, and they are responding with smiles straight from their hearts, giving in to sentiment and illogical reasoning for the time being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illogically Situated

Listening to the sounds of unperturbed inconvenience
centered around undisturbed placement.

Sanctioning pleas of untoward events, incapable of
circumventing life's sorrow.

Fixed always, eyes not set on outlandish horizons.

Ludicrous to most, the differences in placement
contain many facets unknown to man.

Climbing heaven, bouncing happily on clouds, thought
processes abounding, astounding even myself.

Waking moments prodigiously secreted under walls and
behind floors, illogically situated.

Choruses of laughter fill my mind, uncaring, forgiving
the essence of mankind, it's following, carefully, of
strict rules in a forceful society.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illuminated Designs

Racing with my mind against time, rhyming rapidly to
rhythms, enjoying the faster pace, going like a jet
into outer atmospheres.

Although my mind seems to be going even faster through
intellect, chasing ideas in hand, allowing them the
finest places in poetry.

Calmly introducing thoughts mixed and intertwined with
illuminated designs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illuminated In Sunrises

Expressions of ultimate creations being painted on an interior screen, nothing barring it's way.

Always looking at exemplary products of mathematical formulas and equations, forming themselves with many significant calculations,

Being proven exactly correct no matter what possibil-ities of them are, reaching into depths of it all is imagination, creativity and curiosity.

Ego sitting back just watching to see what will happen in the long run, always being humbly taken aback with knowledge being exposed and brought forth into livid areas of a brain.

Standing up and out, unfolding onto pages of literature to be written by a mere poet, continually sitting, and writing on a daily basis.

Concepts taking strides, moving ever wider into an expansive desert an object of the universe, brilliantly, being illuminated in a sunrise of another horizon and tenth-dimension.

Allowing widening of boundaries and limits that cannot hold creativeness away, bringing a lively faith and hope directly into my soul with every star of light as it focuses onto my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illuminated Picture Of Reality

Silent rhythms touching inner spirits with a soothing peaceful
energy, coming slowly into my being.

Walking into illuminated pictures of reality, knowing that it
is my attitude that is wanted to take the lead into this world.

Changing it's interior spaces and making them ever enlightening
as to the essence of tomorrow's beginnings.

Folding within myself, and yet unfolding all that I hold inside,
giving it up to the world so it may be saved for many generations
to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illuminating Barriers

Beating rhythms calling ancient formulas, giving ideas
to create poetry with, illuminating barriers so they
may always be avoided when writing.

Solemnly writing as every thought collects in picturesque
visions, being shown on photographic screens of memory.

Images climbing mountains, traveling into deep canyons
like abysses and labyrinths that enter this mind constantly
without faltering or stopping.

All ideas are being created right now in intellect where no
one else can hear their particular rhythms except within.

Strobe lights pulsing and racing around this brain, shining
colorful thoughts all about, letting them fall appropriately
into sentences that are being written of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illuminating Collections

Collections of all things, illuminating the darkness are a valued possession in this time of injurious calamities.
Forcing the individual to accost many shadows, hiding in the vast sphere of tomorrow's excess, once they were extra pictures moving curtains.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illuminating Darkness

Standing on corners, watching for sunshine to illuminate the darkness as I sift through my mind.
Taking pictures automatically without thinking, writing them quickly without thought.
Introducing literature on the tip of a pen, allowing for positive ideas to be developed without negatives.
Reprinting them over and over in newly formed prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illuminating Fluid Thoughts

Bright starlight shining down upon me, twinkling
it's essence throughout my mind, illuminating the
fluid thoughts of intellect.

Finding elucidated and beautiful sights, continu-
ing to walk throughout the night, across desert
wastelands outside forests of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illuminating Glory

Peering into the morning light, watching little birds soaring above earth, nature in all it's illuminating glory, now touching sight effectively and totally.

Capturing everything and placing it on photographic screens forever held within, brilliant rays of sun now shining upon earth.

Showing the beauty being hidden by shadows, constantly lurking about, ready to pounce upon sunlit areas across the surface of the earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illuminating Houses

Darkening skies brandishing thoughts of beguiling moments.
Standing back, searching within, seeing many facets of being along shorelines of inherent history.
Grasping shells of civility while honing in on natural beacons of learning, lighting the ways to future wisdom in houses of illumination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illuminating Ideas

A blinding light of silence illuminated my imagination,
bringing ideas, newly formed to view.
Pictures of the future, glowing brightly, bringing acute
features of soon to be concrete images of technology.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illuminating Knowledge

Strumming quickly across the guitar of my mind,
filling intellect with rhythms of enlightenment,
illuminating knowledge and wisdom as it looks
out upon the world.

Always searching for new data and information to
add to it's interior repertoire, filling in any
gaps or spaces that have underlying or unanswered
questions still to be answered succinctly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illuminating Listening

Soothing music touching my soul, listening in illumination,
brightened intellectually by the Lord.

Serving His purpose on earth, loving all feelings being
given through His rhythms here on earth.

Lively faith being expressed openly in the world, written
down in poetry and given to the universe to spread His
message throughout our earthly world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illuminating Particles

Taking place on the road to another land, one where I will be able to explore and discover every bit of it's essence.

Resting in the green pastures and dense forests, refilling my spirit with nature's blessings.

Wherever, the sun shines, shadows will fall and hide things from sight, but I will surely find them and illuminate all particles in my open mind.

Selecting ways to place them into a number of poems.

(8: 18 p.m.. - 10/12/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illuminating Personalities

Swirling disco lights,
accentuating dancer's moves upon the floor.
Giving us an illumination into their
personalities from the inside out.
Voices spinning in the atmosphere, touching
our ears and filling our minds with
temperamental emotions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illuminating Senses

Traipsing through this morning, looking forward to it's every moment, expecting many senses of exhilaration before this day is done.

Finding expressions of life held deeply within, being written in volumes of poetry day in and out.

Living for rain and sunshine that will find it's way into my being.

Illuminating senses bring me fully into the presence of the divine, as I totally contemplate God in every aspect of my life.

Nothing else mattering except the beauty of heaven's possibilities soon to be mine again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illuminating Shyness

Solemnly moving into the darkness ahead, not knowing what will be forthcoming.

Going forward anyway, pushing aside all fears and doubts, being enticed into it's depths.

Truly exploring with all senses, looking and peering into it's blackened presence, sensing feelings and emotions, hiding within my heart.

Now seeing with the brilliance of an illuminating shyness, the love that penetrates my being.

Coming straight from another, standing always in front of me and now just noticing, as I retreat from the darkness and into startling awakening thoughts.

Pulsing interiorly, walking towards beauty of an unconditional love being shared by one another, now alight and out in the open.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illuminating Spirituality

Hearts beating in a staccato rhythm, keeping time with
inner workings of my mind throughout each measure, not
wanting to miss a beat or note.

Colorful hues melding with thoughts as they gel and
germinate quietly, silently within intellect, sprouting
and illuminating confines of my inner spirituality.

Preciously cherishing every moment written into and for
posterity as I languish into each night listening to
music and being inspired.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illuminating Visions

Staccato, steady beats knocking at intellect's door,
opening it through rhythms touching mind's thoughts,
illuminating visions lying beneath them.

Positive reminders standing throughout, emanating the
purity and innocence of life itself, delving into it's
depths, searching out truths.

Ones that need to be taken and placed into poetry for
others to read, opening their minds to elements of
living in this temporary world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illuminating Voices Of Family

Silence illuminates our thought with grief from beyond
this exact moment in time.

Waltzing with images, listening to conversations past
with new ears.

Heeding the words spoken with love and caring in voices
of family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illumination Of Another Time

Hiding in forests of light striding across the floor of imagination, focusing everything in the illumination of another time.

Spinning and grasping all moments in life spent in loneliness and abandonment, rising into clouds, never knowing where you're going to be from one moment to the next.

Placing mysteries into waterfalls of thoughts and ideas, ready to transport us through reality's doors on the way to another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illusive Dreams

Silently thinking of dreams I'll have some day in the future as I lay the groundwork for them now.

Wonder and curiosity fill my mind with their intricate patterns of abstracted wisdom, as I roll around in the feelings of their mosaics, puzzling linear meanings subconsciously.

Beautiful ideals steal in and out of interior mazes, forming rhymical dreams of illusion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illusive Ideas

Shifting attitudes and moods, always providing thoughts
to write from.

Bringing emotions and feelings to the forefront of this
being, cooperating with the reality of life at times.

Other times, going against the grain, just for the total
enjoyment of doing so.

Finding that sometimes, illusive ideas are timid and shy,
hiding in the background.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Illusive Riches

Walking down streets alone, watching for signs of life as
visions pop into this mind.

Calculating major formulas of physics, finding they have
a part in facets of death, totaling particles and fibers
of this time, unlike any other in life.

Thoughts beckoning and taking life above routines of daily
mundane tasks.

Qualifying aspects of propriety fall aside, as people run
after illusive riches of this world, forsaking priceless
treasures of the soul held interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Iluminated Journey

Falling asleep in a land of make-believe,
dwelling here inside imagination.
Traveling down roads, creating episodes
of tomorrow so I may continue my journey
through illuminated illusions of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Iluminating Recreating Images

Lights showering the darkened earth, illuminating the objects
within it's grasp, notifying the shadows of their evening
duties, silently scraping into corners to hide.

Traversing throughout the midnight hours, playing hide and
seek with the creeping of the dawn's early lightness,
attempting to stave off all recriminating glory, leaving life
to it's hunger for age-old misery.

Tell-tale battles fought long ago, give no hints as to the
struggles they went through, yet, the memories in people's
minds, recreate the images from time to time, and live on in
their solemn thoughts.

Afraid to venture forth lest they bring out their fears and
life comes to a grinding halt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

I'M A Person

Maybe I am old, but I can feel.
Don't treat me like trash because you don't want to bother with me.
I am still a person, though a little wrinkled skin is showing.
My heart still beats and loves and hurts.
Won't you let an old woman have some dignity in her last days of life?
Thankful for a listening ear, a caring heart, I can continue with heartfelt joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Image In Time

Feet-tapping rhythm picking up my heart and turning
it over in my mind with solitude covering it quietly.

Hiding it carefully, preserving it for my little
eternity of life.

Penetrating corners of subconscious imagination,
creating an everlasting memory to dance closely with.

Books in time will never have the emotional truth
and feeling a simple image in time can give.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Image Parades

Italian tradition saturates memories of family
with happiness as they are remembered tantalizingly
in sequence.

Parades of images, shining brightly on cloudy days
of moroseness, keep deathly thoughts at bay.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagery Of Abstract Concepts

Straying into outlines of life, exploring their assets,
hoping to find new ideas and thoughts lying about in
recesses of my mind.

Curiosity having free rein to question, while learning
new aspects and focusing light into intellect of how or
why some things work or are regulated.

Always thinking, supplying intellect with new information
to be used in forming new concepts that may perhaps enter-
tain ways of achieving technological advances.

Using imagery of abstract concepts and blending them with
reality of life and imagination, bringing about innovative
inventions in the future to help humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Images

Eyes gently rub across the surface of mountains,
feeling stubble of cacti and bushes.
Lovingly touching my soul, implanting feelings of
nature's beauty within.
Scanning the landscape from base to mountain-top,
lovingly remembering each detail in images stored
within my mind, awaiting replies of future words
in poems of mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Images Awaiting Usage

Motivating moments encompassing
me with their tenure and aplomb.

Sending thoughts on journeys into
discoveries of other worlds right
around the corner of my mind.

Running into so many joyful images,
awaiting my usage of them in
poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Images Being Mirrored

Mirrors reflecting images, bouncing off of walls where
memories are held inside.

Tell-tale signs of abuse, a child crouched in a corner,
cellars darkened, doors locked against prying eyes.

Love is not present, life has died and sits on another
plain, half-way to heaven, yet remaining in hell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Images Beyond

Twilight peeking over the horizon,
watching activities begin to stir.
Engraving death's beauty upon many hearts,
fastening indelibly,
images of beyond, standing at our feet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Images Collecting Destiny

Silently sounding trumpets, leading parades through mind tunnels, crawling along avenues of all my yesterdays.

Becoming the first to meet it all in fast-paced rhythms.

Remembering the realities through the past, throwing hands in the air and walking away, hurriedly surpassing what has just been seen, yet cannot be accepted just yet.

Passing by each of the images, collecting destiny in pockets of emptiness, believing in faith and hope that can eventually save me from myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Images Emotional Content

Softly, images touch me from without, a blurring of life carrying on around me.
Noticing colors passing by in grand rainbows of being.
Dancing smiles being held on floors of interior music.
Thoughts colliding with motion and movement, cracking steel chests of emotions,

spilling out their contents for everyone to see in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Images Holding Me

Sunken into recesses of yesterday's sorrows,
looking around for images, taking this incessant
journey through life.

Never being assigned to any other reality as I
constantly live in grief's tears, crystalizing
in a pure ocean, bluened by loneliness and
washing upon shores of my intellect.

Waves crashing, knocking me about without any
thoughts of stopping.

Looking out, timidly reaching to nature to give
some solace to take into my being.

Hoping for a moment of reprieve to continue on
into a land of nurturing and beautiful sensory
perceptions where I am inspired and peaceful in
heart and soul.

Penetrating quietly into depths of yesterday where
images hold onto me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Images Of A Hummingbird

Enjoying serenity of the healing garden yet again,
having been admitted to Good Samaritan Hospital on
Tuesday.

Reflecting on the last time being a patient here,
so different than those of today.

Beautiful pictures filling photographic screens
with images of a hummingbird, sweetly gathering
essences of it's favorite flowers here in the
garden.

Finally getting it's fill, flying off to a secret
place where I may not follow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Images Of A Lifetime

Random ideas and thoughts collate within my conscious
and unconscious mind.
Bringing together many wonderful, novel poems.
Features of a gentle mind, kind and generous to a fault.
Encompassing a feeling of untoward remiss, a blank verse
of the universe, standing alone on the brink of a new
discovery about to be brought into focus.
Considering all things, pictures and images of an entire
lifetime are reduced to waves of thought and stored within
the eternity of one small mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Images Of Childhood

Beautiful white flowers on a branch, placed in a vase
of water, after having been cut from their childhood
abode - a tree.
Dogwood flowers reminding images of New Jersey a long
time ago.
Now memories in a part of grey matter from when young.
Touching their beauty and sacredness with senses
strong enough to smell their scent still.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Images Of Christmas

Reaching into the past, searching memory banks for
times now gone, of childhood images of Christmas
in New Jersey, filled with snow and beauty of it's
stillness, sparkling in my mind.

Grandparents standing with lights of happiness in
their eyes, as they watched our joy when opening
their presents.

Filled with images of Christmas dinner with our
Italian family gathered closely together physically
and spiritually, always going to Mass to thank God
first.

Beautiful memories remembered so closely to my heart
that they will never be let go or forgotten as long
as I'm alive and thinking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Images Of Our Heart

Examining the daily trials as they come and go every day,
leaving us behind doorsteps of tomorrow, where we must
find our own ways down lanes of trodden sorrow.

Everlasting attitudes portraying images of our hearts as
we constantly move along pathways of tomorrow, leaving
our souls on clouds, transporting them safely to heaven
without us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Images Of Reality

Hooked on a thought, giving it due in realizations and concepts.
Reasoning and logic formulating it's particles into images of reality.
Assessing all aspects and their relativity to scientific dimensions.
Combinations and equations of mathematical questions are connected and situated in solutions of straight forward definitions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Images Of Similar Taste

Rhyming in energetic sounds,
taking off like jets on a runway.
Images finding similar tastes
held in bouquets of past aromas.

Total adjuncts are being brought
together as I wander grounds of
desert views, believing the
impossible will be brought to
sight in avalanches of brightened
stillness.

Giving in to mementos, taking only
what is expected from thoughtful
interviews.

Likened aspects are being kept
under wraps until being brought
forward in videos, on tap in mind's
realms and imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Images Of Thought

Colors shining and splashing across this mind, sending
them into an array of inner rainbows, where I may select
whichever ones I want, to add to inner beauty of poetry.

Picturing images of thoughts, enjoying every detail
being portrayed without any doubts happening.

So beautiful and contemplative in meaning and purpose,
that they must always be written out in a poem, recovering
self through it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Images Tasting Textures

Situated in lockers of old, watching images as they taste different textures, feeling them on edges of a mind's tongue.
Delectable aromas, touching the mind's taste buds, giving more morsels to write down as I interpret them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Images Through Music

Taking it easy, filled with melodies and harmonies that
will last forever, a great time had at the Wagon Yard
with 'Cold Front' tonight.

Winning the love of every patron here, the band perform-
ing for us and doing a wonderful job the whole night
through.

Images coming through music, touching intellect with pre-
cious designs that twitter and send patterns into colors
of rainbows tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Images Waving

Eerily, notes of a piano play within intellect, reminding
of past visions that have been seen, images waving, let-
ting me know that I can be seen beyond the misty curtains
of death.

A deathbed of memories that can never forget that I once
belonged to them totally, now once more have been taken
from the throes of death and brought back into life to
live some more here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginary Ground

Owl eyes staring out at me from inside a picture
hanging on the wall, awaiting people to admire it's
artistic grace.

Brown leaves drifting and falling to the imaginary
ground, where they will lie for an eternity.

Because no one can ever see them beneath the painting -
unable to rake them into piles for children to jump
and scatter across an unseen yard.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginary Playgrounds

Reality mingles among thoughts of imagination playing on
it's imaginary playgrounds, letting my inner child have
fun.

Laughing and enjoying the freedom that reality is allowed
amidst imaginational ideas and concepts, aptly providing
many poems to be created in blended compositions of rhythm.

Releasing interior spiritual feelings and emotions, giving
them expressions that are lively, vivid, challenging, in-
creasing one's intellectual speculation a hundred-fold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginary Portraits

Taking paths and avenues into a solitary area of reality
and imagination, finding exceptional thoughts that are
fully animated.

Growing prolifically, separating at times to form other
designs and articulate avenues of expression, absorbing
positive effects and impossibilities.

Coalescing in imaginary portraits of beauty and land-
scapes, all naturally being accumulated poetically
through intellect.

Creative intellect that's helping protectively within
this poet's mind, alone and solitary, yet loving this
interior private space, where only one can create the
blossoms of poetry in any manner wished.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginary Ride

Euphorically being taken on an imaginary
ride into depths of my being.

Soaring through all sorts of scenic views,
touching me with every sense and bringing
me along with Chopin's patterns and designs,
fascinating to my mind, challenging to
intellect as well.

Becoming freed from all sorts of things that
have been holding me back.

Now they no longer matter as I write forward
into unknown territory, learning as I go,
loving the beautiful sights coming
to me in technicolor.

Awesome new designs showing me different ways
of seeing everything.

Loving spending time just listening to music
and writing to my heart's content.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginary Roads

Reflecting little lights in a window,
following them down imaginary roads
towards a destination in the future.

Following the scents and aromas into
the mixture of tomorrow's blends of
beauty.

(11: 56 p.m. - 11/15/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginary Zone

Standing in the midst of fantastic rhythms, blowing this mind
down the straightaway from imagination, creative juices now
flowing like a locomotive racing down the tracks at full speed.

Touching upon melodies of beautiful landscapes while writing
through and living their experiences in full color, taking
measures of life into a vast imaginary zone of sound.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination Conjuring

Castle clouds stretching across the sky,
showing what imagination can conjure and
portray to us all on earth.

(9/5/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination Creating

Entertaining self, feeling energy rising as I write poetry
to it's rhythms, loving fast-paced melodies for they take
my mind into another dimension instantly and spontaneously.

Feelings, thoughts immediately meld together, creating and
developing many poems one after another daily, loving land-
scapes that ideas and imagination create in my mind, roll-
ing from within intellect incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination Grabbing Hold

Wavering in episodes of this life, trying to hold on
with every ounce of strength contained within me.

Stretching elastically, bending and twisting intellect
within this mind, seeking new aspects of thoughts.

Hoping to bring about novel discoveries, finding newly
made creations and ideas from intellect.

Knowing that imagination grabs hold of every rhythm as
it plays and composes itself inside my mind.

Combining imagination with the peacefulness of an inner
spirituality, a never-ending love of the Divine, touching
me forever in depths of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination In Full Bloom

Signals being emitted from notes and tones musically touching
intellect in quiet yet enticing ways, giving this mind food
for thought.

Watching as ideas come forth, blossoming so beautifully in
sounds, colors and rhythms of music and prose, lively and
vibrant sensations taking and giving picturesque images.

Imagination in full bloom, surprising at times with it's
vivid and intense feelings being stirred incessantly with-
in this mind.

Wonder and curiosity always at the forefront of every
thought, questioning everything while at the same time
looking for answers to calm this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination Of Education

Fantasy survives a millennium of treatises on maturity and
realizing realities.

It survives it all with good grace and coquettish style.

Throughout the decades, imagination fulfills many an hour
in joyful bliss.

Many times, books, ideas, inventions, are created from this
so-called waste of time.

When it is brought right to the core and becomes technical in
nature, doesn't life need the imagination of many brilliant
people in order to progress?

And didn't the imagination of someone long ago become enkindled
with the idea of education?

Now that learning has progressed so far, do knowledgeable people
feel the need to disregard imagination and day-dreaming?

How far could the world have progressed with the dull-witted
education of unimaginative men?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination Of Ingenuity

Being invigorated through rhythms as they play incessantly
in this finely tuned imagination of ingenuity and creative-
ness.

Only saying this because every moment is spent in doing so,
nothing to applaud or be proud of, it's just the way I've
chosen to live my life.

Devoting every moment to an unending search for answers to
life, death and the moment that lies between them both,
wanting only to find answers that hold and keep attention
focused in patterns of coded rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination Provoked

Holes cannot squelch hope of death in nether thoughts
racing across the exquisite expanse of imagination.

Provoking thought, capturing it's essence, fulfilling
it with words written quickly, unhesitatingly on paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination To Reality

Swinging in recesses of my mind, enjoying the peace as I go back and forth from imagination to reality, treating my soul to the energy of my passion as I write.

Kicking my feet into the air, pumping and swinging ever higher, feeling lighter and happier through moments of life, finding pleasure in little nonexistent things.

In reality, inventing the simplicity of daily life over again through imagining everything outside the box, loving ideas that come from doing so.

Passion rising, liberty and freedom flow evenly throughout my life, emptiness being drained from within, being carried away down white rapids of an energetic mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginational Attitude

Spirit being enlivened through measures of enlightenment coming through music.

Loving the taste of notes and sounds within my mind, senses becoming attuned to the energy of an imaginational attitude.

Always bringing a positive force into the center of vision where nothing is impossible.

Sharing in the wonder of impossibilities, taking time to introduce poetry into the equation.

Climbing chords being quickly evaluated through the torrent of music as it's being performed this afternoon.

Watching as an interior bluened light takes hold and keeps the tantalizing mood of excitement in higher levels of consciousness where creativity takes hold and never lets go as it continues to live.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginational Avenues

Screened in on porches of intellectual prowess, seeing
an open atmosphere beckoning with it's essence, fragrantly
scenting the air.

Soothing aromas taking away fears and pains of yesterday,
amazing imaginational avenues giving such pleasurable
moments without others clouding any of it.

Solo throughout life, taking roads never traveled on by
any other human being, giving of self in all endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginational Creativeness

Wonder of a child fixed permanently in my mind,
aiding me in an imaginational creativeness,
keeping everything new before me.
Fixating on all I see with a genuine curiosity
throughout life.
Feelings of peace keep me whole - keep me sane -
in this poverty-stricken life of beauty.
Rich beyond earthly standards, filled with a
subconscious joy of writing, I sincerely enjoy
every moment hiding behind pen and paper for an
entire lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginational Depth Of Beauty

Watching music in my mind, enjoying it's rhythm
and melody fill me interiorly.
Peacefully, calmly breathing, serenity flowing
throughout me as I submerge subconsciously lower
and lower into an expansive imaginational depth
of beauty and fascination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginational Depths

Handling mundane chores of life leaves an unfulfilled emptiness inside.
They are of no consequence or value except in their
doing and getting done.
There is more to life, it must be explored and met
within each person.
Sanctifying our beings through nature and solitude,
placing trust in oneself to begin and end throughout
eternity.
Loafing in quiet peace, scantily threading thoughts
together, unhurriedly feeling change come from inner
depths of our beings.
Living life on occasional horizons where only we can
become our guiding lights and forces.
Striving towards fulfilling desires and secret
yearnings we travel the universe though inner
eternities.
Alighting on fantasy's doorstep, out of breath, full
of wonder and waiting, we create imaginational depths
in ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginational Deserts

Standing back, watching music flare and firework into the skyway of my mind.
Leaving the earth behind, sprinkling colors into the atmosphere, while touching the prisms of essence.
Crunching morsels of images, flavorful to my mind as I create unmanufactured pleasantries in deserts of imagination.
Keeping pace with melodic rhythms, dancing to tunes of eternal grace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginational Discourses

Shades of novel ideas filter rapidly into mind the
moment they are detected from conception to reality.
Singling out unusual substances and finding extra-
ordinary ways to blend them with imaginational
discourses in mathematical formulas.
Completely arranging new charts of chemical sub-
stances into a foray of living organisms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginational Energy

Silencing effects of another dull day with exhilarating
moments of writing poetry.

Meanwhile, feeling an exquisite purposefulness of an
inner energy filling me only.

Following exercises of intellect, taking pathways
swiftly into depths of intellect.

Finding an energy coming from imagination, holding me
in it's grasp while traveling an inner universe, elated
beyond joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginational Habitats

Melting into nothing, focusing on primitive emotions; tailgating an emptiness always swimming within, taking me into depths unknown until imagination picks up on them and hurtles me into habitats of my own creation.
Senses totally alive as memories collide and iron out my life in poetry.
Taking time every day, lying in my spirit as my passion unfolds in picturesque words, taken from inner memory screens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginational Patches

Seriously delivering memories of life throughout subconsciousness of reality, expressing living moments in a timeless flow of experience.
Crossing avenues into patches of imagination, delving deeply into pockets of fruitful deliverance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginational Reality

Reaching into imagination, looking for fantasies that I can
contain and write into poetry, finding reality always stand-
ing on the sidelines.

Having me pay attention to it's being as I write continually,
at times making or creating an imaginational reality that I can
deal with in my own way.

Just having fun associating it with the way things really are
in this world, showing the humor just beneath the surface,
causing people to smile or laugh out loud at times.

It all does my heart good as I continue to write of every-
thing in life that touches intellect, tempting it to write
it all into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginational Remembering

Enjoying this new day, walking along the Atlantic Ocean,
picking up seashells and placing them in a pail.

Watching seagulls fly and swoop down onto the waves,
graceful and fluid with every motion.

Sand, warm against the soles of my feet, oozing between
my toes, feeling good as I continue walking and looking
out to sea.

Waves lift their heads to see the shore, then lie down
again to be rocked and lulled to sleep until hitting
shore with an abrupt splash onto the sand.

Always feeling the sun beaming down upon me, giving a tan
and loving me.

Imagination is a wonderful place to think and remember
things I used to see and do.

Intellect giving of itself to keep photographic memories
always ready to be viewed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginational World

Silent, still, peaceful, whispering softly into
moonlit nights, waking from a deep sleep in dreams
of longevity.
Aware of a new freedom coming from destiny's hold -
recreating life from inside imagination's depths.
Holding onto pieces of broken puzzles, turning them
into cognitive abstractions, forming concepts from
total opposites.
Fantastic subconscious abysses fill every particle
of mind's corners taking me into unknown realms.
conquering life's daily trials with an imaginational
world of my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Abysses

Solace forming itself around my mind, circling my soul with ancient beauty, standing in images of stature.
Rotund aspects filling interiorly with a myriad of tantalizing poems.
Sensing an equality of choices, remaking primary colors with scents of autumn.
Selecting flavorful tastes of honorary particles, partaking always from elite aspects of future generations.
Watching tranquil waters flow like waters of Siloe over souls on their way to heaven.
Tastefully accounting for areas of life, drifting like snow into soft white piles of funeral mourning.
Holding each other, ideas form from abysses of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Aura

Banners of glitter form in my mind, glistening like
sparkles of stardust falling from the sky.
Touching particles of brain matter, continuing their
journey through auras of imagination.
Traveling across depths and heights of life's abysses
on wayward paths of creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Circles

Noting rhythms standing alone, listening to no other drummers.
A solo life, explicitly talented in realms of imagination's reality,
following circles of enlightenment, tangling with vocals of reticent memories.
Songs being written as they are silently composed and played, turning over
constantly with overwhelming ferocity.
Flowing lightening, striking every moment, bringing reality's ideas into focus.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Concepts

Concepts of imagination, flowing and waltzing into the parameters of another time and space, delivering aspects of reality with medicine of imagination.

Traveling down roads of many thoughts and ideas along the way, producing areas of spiritual music in depths of rhythm.

Silent and enticing, an alluring sensation of positive reinforcement coming from within my soul alone, filling my being with a sensitive compassion towards all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Cookie Jars

Insects crawling across the ground, water falling unbidden
from a fountain.

Wind blowing gently, branches of trees, planes with bright
lights, flying overhead, hiding away stars in their steel-
hard bellies.

Storing away memories of stars, filling up an imagination's
cookie jars.

Delicately embroidered clouds fill the skies, echoing the
loneliness of days gone by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Corridors

Selecting and arranging bottomless pits of ideas into
a plethora of subjects to be decoded and written about.

Surviving endeavors of life through misfortune, leaves
us all bereft at times, alone and abandoned, not looking
forward to another day, let alone another moment.

Striding down jungle paths, over-grown with a lot of
undergrowth that must be chopped away by machetes of an
interior intellect.

Taking away meanings that have not been coded and placed
in messages needed to write poetry in the style only I
can become in.

Finding the beauty in everything, being illuminated in
a bluened light, shining from within this mind's wisdom.

Totally and comprehendingly being seen on photographic
screens held deeply inside imagination's corridors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Creative Juices

Reaching out, following lines down highways of eternity.
Blossoming along the way, thoughts conjure inside subconsciously, holding novel videos of words and imagination's creative juices focusing it all onto tomorrow's literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Floors

Scattering remnants across floors of imagination, watching for patterns to escape and show me where to place them in exacting lines of poetry.
Trying to picture everything in forms, according to puzzles filling my mind with recorded photographic memories, stationed forever in the deepest part of my brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Focus

Living in the goodness and clarity of creativeness
daily, ensuing ideas and inventions coming to light.

Brilliantly taking intellect's ingenuity, using it
fully in every endeavor, bringing it and imagination
into focus.

Reigning in reality, taught and placed in the tanta-
mount center of life as our minds retain it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Freeway

Gliding along freeways of imagination, watching everything pass by, searching for the right words and images.
When found, they'll perfectly flow together, making mental sounds of their viable fluidity throughout mirrors of the mind.
Forever reflecting, casting back and turning inside out, continuing constantly to write out thought for anyone to see.
Even the blind may see sounds of meter and rhyme without handicap.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Funhouse

Words finding themselves in definitions, allowing
freedom of expression to expound itself.
Notoriety focusing on meanings never meant before,
accessing combinations of rhetoric and abstraction,
putting them all together.
Founding and forming new poetry within a skull of
ingenuity, balancing reality with imagination's
funhouse and enjoying literature that comes about
as a result of it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Gardens

Sauntering along through imagination's gardens, seeing amazing sights of nature, passing by in wonder and awe at all the beauty.

Signaling quietly to our brains, listening to coded blossoms and gems of poetry being given incessantly throughout moments of every day.

Living in the experiences of a lifetime, exploring and hoping to learn something more from each of them.

Passing time, watching knowledge increase intellect through the music of our souls and imaginations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Ideal Situations

Ringing threads of life around trees, watching them
intertwine and grow to great proportions with little
or no nurturing from outside sources.
Imagination takes care of it with no problem at all.
Growing forever in depths of ideal situations.
Rhythms calling to my soul throughout life.

(7: 12 p.m. - 11/01/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Immunity To Life

Opening doors steadily, always looking for passages leading
to truths of a future destiny.

Finding picture puzzle pieces coming together automatically
and instantaneously, no problems connecting to ideas nor
abstract concepts.

Older and wiser, letting them all combine and blend within
intellect, becoming the story of life in prose, writing
everything known and learned in this innate mind.

All of it taken, unafraid of anything standing in the way
of fate, giving imagination a fantastic immunity to all of
life and it's turmoil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Islands

Islands of imagination continually entice me into their
depths, taking me on voyages of mind-bending freedom.
Guiding lines offering their words and definitions for
places in poems of the future, allowing life to enter
realms unheard of before.

(10: 28 a.m. - 12/08/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Moments

Rapturous moments spent
in imagination's storehouse,
kept sacredly warm and attentive,
awaiting moments of time spent
in writing them out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Movements

Go quickly into the night, search for something
eluding you, aim for beginning of life.
Focus energy onto shores of future horizons,
bringing an aimless design into the pathway of
desire.
Fulfill dreams of illusion, while reality turns
it's head towards mundane thoughts.
Regulate anticipation as it slides beyond your
vision, falling into a cistern of emotion,
continually stirred with movement of imagination
as worlds apart find themselves together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Pools

Minds handling rhythms as they fall quickly and intensely
into imagination's pools of subconsciousness.

Succumbing to insistent thoughts as they are recognized
constantly in words put to music.

Lengthening arrogance dying along the way, rearranging
patterns of light and darkness into forays of ribbon -
like rainbows of gold and blue.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Reality

Encasing every face into a mold of future endeavors, keeping all together for visions of future poems.
Enlivening each other, seeking a clarity of unknown purposes, finding that life has it's own boundaries and definitions, never taking away from any part of it.
Just adding any matter of being to makeshift ideas, fulfilling them with a new perspective as the old and worn blend powerfully through every thought, keeping everything encompassed in treasured chests of imagination's reality.
Covering up nothing, exposing it only to particular prospects.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Reasoning

Raising hands in participation of intelligent reasoning and logic, preparing to bring life into an illumination of perfect clarity for reasoning of imagination.
Caring being brought into the dimension as light shines brighter upon edges of nighttime skies.
Being lit by stars of twilight far from our earthly realms and set above us in outer orbits of thought.
Keeping a close contact throughout our lives, tying us together in one world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Roller Coasters

Sun shining upon a cold stone day, taking in visions and their details, absorbing them onto photographic screens, taking time to watch their memories fill my mind.
Walking through them like piles of leaves raked together.
Causing rearranging to alter each picture and bring it into focus for another aspect of life and its' always changing features.
Leaving reality beside itself as I take rides on imagination's roller coasters.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Stones

Forming conclusions based on facts, set in stones of imagination, focusing on those that I prefer.
Those that are most likely to help people who've
toiled and faced hardship all of their lives.
Knowing now, how the poor can be helped tremendously
by what I have figured out.
Their lives don't have to be so primitive and full of suffering, they can be brought up out of the mire of
poverty with the ideas I now have.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Storehouse

Sweetly sounding visions dancing before my mind,
taking my hand, leading me into pastures of
idealic solemnity.
Serenadingly coaxing interior thoughts to become
one with the universe.
Lightly, beautifully, states of mind become
imagination's continual storehouse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Symbols

Following another into pathways crossing life and death in one fell swoop.
Wonderful, intrepid, eerie, symbols are scattered throughout imagination and remembered forever photographically in depths unknown to others.
Feelings of peace fill me, because no one else can reach into me - being off limits except to self - at least until someone reads what I've written.
If no one ever does, then I'm safely hidden forever within a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagination's Territory

Rhythmically twinkling through my mind, touching
magically, all of intellect, inspiring it.
Allowing it to flow into imagination's territory
where it suddenly expands and flows everywhere
quickly.
So rapidly that at times my pen can't keep up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginative Beauty

Listening to rhythms, following them closely, being attuned to each of their tones as I write in a world of imaginative beauty.
All of it my own as I create the environment in my mind that I want to be seeing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginative Curiosity

Straddling fences in my mind, watching ideal notes of
nature flow by.

Testing questions of curious passers-by with imaginative
situations, placed in creative byways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginative Designs

Stalking interior thoughts, trying to figure out which
ones are to be arranged and set to music in a balance
of colored hues.
Testing each fiber, creating pictures from entire
thoughts, generated through extra sensory perceptions.
Allowing every idea to coalesce and expand from their
cores into imaginative designs, forming themselves in
nighttime dreams and being enlightened from depths of
interior intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginative Matter

Harp strings seen visibly as a gentle breeze silently strums them.
Willowy, like sun-light in a darkened room, they scratch and etch
another wonderful memory in the prose of my greyest imaginative
layer of matter.
Always to repose in quiet rest and wonder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginative Skies

Sailing across imaginative skies, touching live wires inside, shocking waves of intellect, bringing it to an understanding of creative images.
Beginning to see the sadness left behind from childhood - the lonely abandonment kept inside, always skirting and touching it full on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginative Sphere

Running into meadows and fields of imagination, creating flowers along the way, colors of the rainbow being spread around on blossoms growing out of it.

Birds flying about, singing, warbling, soothing this mind with their quiet and beautiful melodies.

Continuing to run through this imaginative sphere of my mind, grasping feelings of total confidence and an independence.

A never-ending supply of energy being provided by intellect's essence, never running low, always giving a continual flow of peaceful endeavors throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginative Splendor

Land of fantasy and imagination tends to integrate my mind
at odd times, taking me gradually into a universe of wonder
and pleasure.

Filling me with awe at the configurations an intense intellect
comes up with, unfolding and letting go of balloons of excitement
as I now contemplate this world in a place of imaginative splendor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaginative Story Of Life

Mind pumping along with an intense melody and rhythm,
stretching imagination fully, seeking to find inner
depths of life and it's total process of living.

Reaching for wonder and awe, always being given with-
in a bluened light of the Divine, contemplating and
shutting out the world surrounding my being.

Building on each and every sense, feelings and emotions
soaring into imagination, wanting to be written down
for posterity.

Never knowing when it will be appreciated by another
seeking truthful answers from prose as it's written
from interior depths of subconsciousness.

Many thoughts filling every particle of this mind with
an energetic and purposeful process being used by in-
tellect to create an imaginative story of life always
based on reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagined Competition

Men playing their lives like the games they watch,
competing even when there's no competition, just
their inner imaginings of one.
Running bases, shooting hoops as they work to
support their families and provide lives for them,
especially as their children grow and mature.
Future empty-nesters always on the edge in
formulating avenues of imagined competitions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagined Importance

Youth wasted on spent elderly people, sitting in seats
of lying all their days, proclaiming their innocence
with forked tongues.
How pitiful and useless they are in their imagined
seats of importance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagined Snowstorm

Delivering rhythms into intellect, choosing automatically what to write without having a single thought gathered around.

Quiet and breath-taking, gazing into my mind with deliberation through imagination, perturbed a bit, yet tracing designs throughout my being.

Delicate and softly falling like snowflakes from heaven to the ground, beauty shimmering throughout this winter snowstorm being imagined within my intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imaging Suicide

Reality stands stark naked before me, taunting me with it's truth and beckoning me towards suicide.
Not yet wanting to call it quits, I still move closer to that tendency yet.
Wavering, vacillating, walking around it's perseverance, trying to imagine what it'll be like.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagining

A television screen is like a window when turned off - reflecting things from within the room, allowing you to see it if you look.
It's like a window into the future, as you realize today will soon be in the past.
Imagining all sorts of things, imaginations suddenly grow wings of silk and fly about, collecting memories from without and putting them on the television screen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagining An Infinity

Clouds stretching themselves across the heavens,
puffing out here and there, showing their essence
to all the world as they travel easily through the
skies, never losing their beauty and finesse in life.

Crossing the equator, entering other continents and
blessing all ends of earth with their natural desires,
finding their way into the hearts of children and men
on earth.

Looking at them and imagining all sorts of images within
their beautiful tufts of fluff, traveling through skies
of an endless future.

How many times we will see them in our existence, only
God can know, as we are left to imagining an infinity of
numbers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagining Another's World

Recognizing the traits of intelligence in others around me,
watching mechanisms turn within their brains intuitively.

Imagining the world inside of another is explicitly
fascinating, showing many aspects of intellect and taking
me down avenues of major arteries in imagination.

Wakefully going through thoughts and being energized by them,
looking over rhythms as they flow, matching them instantly
with beautiful images that I am finding along the way.

Sentimentally forging emotions and feelings with every image.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagining Dying

Riding along in a morning darkness,
watching taillights and headlights going
the opposite way and streetlights with
large halos.
Relaxing, tired, eyes half-way closed
peering through my bifocals, watching
taillights with double vision, seeing
four on every car.
Looking into my mind, it's curious
imagination, wondering as I sit here in
a passenger seat beside my son, who's
driving, what if I just sit here looking
at lights as we go traveling down the
highway,51.
Then quietly, expiring, doing what I've
always loved to do.
Silently seeing halos shining light
around me, as angels gather and welcome
me to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagining Heights

Darting, moving, fleeing from absurd rules made for idiots and dolts.

Stationing profiles across from patterns of exquisite detail, accessing facts of imaginary heights and placing them along side abstracts, to form new meanings and definitions.

So elated, so fine, as prosaic creative factors coincide with subconscious ideals.

Swimming around, floating, gathering skirts of poems into emotional feelings of prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagining Hiking Scenario

Imagine you are hiking down a long, deserted road, backpack
on your shoulders and a coca cola classic in your hand.

It's such a hot day that you finish your cola in a little
while, knowing there are no garbage bins along the way to
throw away the empty can.

Holding on to it, not wanting to litter, but who will see
you toss it to the side of the road way out here?

Stopping for a moment, standing there, looking around then
continuing on the way, still holding on to it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagining Love

Holding you tightly in the arms of my mind, giving all my love just for you.

Tasting the savory aromas of your intellect, filling this being, wanting more of you than ever before.

Becoming addicted to your beautiful body and loving ways, making me feel you intensely within.

Loving every particle and atom of your body and soul, holding onto you tightly, wanting to always be a part of your life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagining Rain

Thinking of rain falling steadily on earth,
entering my mind with it's pure innocence.

Cleansing all thoughts as it energizes my
moods and allows me to form new ideas
within it's spacious drops of water.

Always giving me insight into depths of
life as I swim magically around in them.

Immersed in their damp wetness, feeling
every drop as it invisibly hits my skin
in imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagining Riding

Imagining riding on a motorcycle, hair blowing in
the wind, changing gears, moving quickly down the
freeway, nothing in sight.

Landscapes flying by, grasping photographic screens
quickly, hanging on for dear life, not wanting to
be dropped from sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imagining Thoughts In Pristine Colors

Catching onto rhythms that live within my being,
loving to feel them as they reach deftly into the
essence of my brain.

Intellect grasping and holding onto special graces
being perpetrated by the music I am listening so
intently to.

Finding that rhythms are constantly changing through-
out just one melody, yet it all fits so beautifully
together in a steady drum beat.

Nothing left but to imagine thoughts in pristine
colors and tones, tasting sights as they flow through
intellect.

Giving everything a place to be when writing poetry
in time to the rhythms of musical intensity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imbibing Music Fully

Rushing into depths of India through it's tantalizing
music, loving it's sounds and extraordinary beats as
they clasp my mind.

Imbibing music fully, tasting it's savory sweetness
and delicacy with my mind, delicious and fulfilling
to intellect.

Helping it attain a new dimension to thinking and
opposite ways of problem solving, giving new concepts
and perspectives, processing it into poetry that I am
writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Immediate Conclusions

Curbing my interest in those around me, instead going
into depths of interior thoughts to write whatever I
may find there.
Leaving out nothing, seeing details first hand and
putting them into poems, culminating in all sorts of
immediate conclusions in aspects of life here and now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Immediate Curiosity

Entering intellect, seeing wonder of life glittering
everywhere, welcoming me into it's depths, filling my
being immediately with curiosity.

Taking me by the mind and introducing me to ideas and
concepts as they arise, instantaneously meeting thoughts,
delving into them.

Making decisions on how they'll be written and what words
will be used, a wonder in itself that I thoroughly enjoy,
as intellect continually amazes me within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Immense Destiny

Reposingly responding to an inner atmosphere filled with the joy
of interior living.
Sensing the immensity of life as it is being lived, quoting it's
sensuous presence with every moment experienced.
Feeling the despair of sorrow slowly turn and spin into joy.
Knowing soon that life's destiny will be fulfilled.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Immense Diversity

Descriptively writing poetical verses in musical
etudes, affiliating them with intrepid thought as
it sits on sidelines of measured rhythms, watching
with fascination at the immense diversity of arid
curiosity held within.
Many facets and questions fill my mind, awaiting
answers and solutions to all of them.
A repository of information always able to be
gleaned through inspiration of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Immensely Tantalized

Singing in my mind, swaying to interior music, enlivening
my spirit, cooperating and loving desires that are being
expressed and are falling into being.

Socially and adamantly selecting moods and elements of
physics that want to be seen through writing of poetry,
relativity standing aside as a happiness of joy, fills
me quite fully.

Thinking and being assimilated within intellect and
continuing to be immensely tantalized by a vast imagination,
touching upon the essence of life and it's wonderful scent
of heavenly gardens.

Always filling my mind with a bluened aura of energy,
taking me past time and into another realm deep inside of
an inner universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Immensity Of Concepts

Writing and letting thoughts alight in the midst of a mid-afternoon, respecting endless periods of time.

Talking through dreams and finalizing tranquil feelings, coming forth.

Loving beauty of an inner essence, consciousness aware and awakened, clarity is speechless and struck by wonder and awe.

Immensity of concepts and contemplation fill it's fantastic moments being brought from within an interior universe of conception.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Immersed In Intellect

Falling into depths of my being, totally immersed within
intellect and it's amazing healing powers as it soothes
my entire being with an effervescent blueness of serenity.

Talking being silenced along with everything else, allowing
me to travel through this interior universe unheeded by the
noise of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Immersed In Irregular Rhythms

Energizing intuition within, taking away all earthly
woes as I fly into inspiration's realms, totally
immersed in the knowledge of irregular rhythms.

Silently portraying what I'm hearing from each note,
as it hits my brain with tenacious beauty and serene
stillness.

Offering to my soul all the evenness of a life filled
with an energy of fervent desires and love untold for
the music and it's rhythms.

Tinkling my heart, playing it in formations of exacting
fullness and keeping up a repertoire of melodies,
unendingly, while being played.

Never letting up and taking me forward into tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Immersed In Passion

Entering and being immersed totally in rhythms as they
entice and bring me temptingly into an atmosphere of
decorative creativity filled with peace.

Solidly being immersed in passion, desires climbing
like ivy on walls of yesterday, portraying pictures
of what used to be.

Living contemplatively within boundaries of serenity
as the music continues to play, soothing interiorly,
every fiber that was frazzled during the week by others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Immersed In Technology

Living in a fast-paced world nowadays, no one really caring
much about the good old days and what happened back then.

Finding themselves immersed in technology, using iphones,
computers, all types of communication, even internet, etc.

At times wondering how they got caught up in the rat race,
needing a place to go and relax away from everything.

Remembering their Grandparent's stories when younger and
realizing that life was much simpler and easier back then.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Immersed In Wonder

Sliding back and forth along the ocean floor, feeling
free and at ease with the undertow pulling and teasing
me constantly.

Soulfully being immersed in the wonder of the Divine,
totally holding onto it's beauty with intellect, turn-
ing self over to gentle waves of the surface.

Drifting with tides in whatever direction they will
take, joyful and effervescently riding along, not
worried about anything.

Placidly relaxing in depths of inner imagination alone,
contented and at peace just listening to music and it's
rhythm while writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Immersing Life

Slow and easy moving, taking me for a motorcycle ride down
creative avenues, showing vast lands of imagination,
widening even more as I ride past them.

Immersing myself in so many ideas, continuing into narrow
canyons, passing beyond their steep glittering walls of
expertise.

Slowly searching and beginning every verse with an innate
creativity, showing steps to take for humanity in time,
existing only to make things better for everyone else in
life.

What an abundance of fields to open and choose from, taking,
and selecting the most important ones that will help the
most people.

Divulging primary formulas in exacting circumstances,
opening them up to explanations and directions on how to do
each one just right.

Special needs being thought through and placed in spaces
where they will be utilized the most throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Immersing Self

Growing interiorly, surpassing all expectations, according
to many other brilliant people.

Merely being the poet I was born to be, writing day in and
out, never even recognizing what others see in me.

Humbly, I say thank you and go back to my writing, happy to
be able to immerse myself in this interior waterfall of
intellect and imagination.

Being at the mercy of my passion and essence above all else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Immersing Self In Music

Deciding to immerse self in depths of music,
trying to take away this intense pain that
keeps hitting constantly.

Listening to rhythms and tempos as they con-
tinually fill this mind with heart-breaking
moments of life.

Always moving beyond the motions of tempos
in order to free self from the pain of just
living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Immersion In Sorrow

Quietly sitting amongst nature and it's sounds,
wondering why this sadness has overcome me again.
Total immersion into deep pits of sorrow without
any reasons why I should be here.
Thinking does not bring to mind any clue whatsoever.
Darkness eludes all knowledge or hides it in deep
caverns.
There are no ways to run from it's tight grasp,
struggling only brings frustration and no relief.
Spinning away without any control, watching life
spiral downward into the pits of hell.
Quietly sitting, wondering why this sadness has
such a hold on me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Immersion Of This Mind

Scattering thoughts like jacks upon the floor of intellect,
my mind enjoying this all-inclusive game of destiny and
pleasure.

Having the time of my life as I watch a total immersion of
my mind in a colorful atmosphere of rhythms and sounds, a
stark reality touching upon it all.

Life takes me on an inner roller coaster ride through other dimensions, totally
picturesque, a wonderful experience art-
fully portrayed and translated into poetry throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imminent Descent

As we shake, rattle and roll through the skies,
our descent is imminent.
Eyes crossing skies in pale misty excrement,
holding closely only to air currents invisible
to the eye.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imminent Loss

Nowhere thoughts settling in for the long haul, recognizing sadness and betrayal.

Despondent heart softly held within, faced with another prospect of imminent loss.

Feeling tears of sorrow now, knowing soon, they will be shed for someone dear.

Backing away, praying that it will not happen, knowing only it will soon occur whether or not I approve.

Stillness of my soul remains in silent awakening, tears readying themselves for passing.

Acknowledging thoughts of sorrow, bravely facing it with soulful peace and quiet tearing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Immobile Tranquility

Immobile tranquility, saturating beings of habit
with desires of peace and serenity.

Plying obstacles with pleasure and taking them on
nondescript travels throughout inner worlds of
soulful inspirations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Immortality

Set deep in labyrinths of this mind, feelings jump about,
trying to form a story and bring it out in the open.

Looking inward, seeking outwards, all the while formulating
bits and pieces of a story in this mind.

Fragments floating in and around like a jigsaw puzzle,
waiting to be put together and found out by it's ending
picture.

Illuminating insides of this mind, blue light shines and
brings all parts together to form a story or a poem.

All blending together beautifully as the blue light seals
it tightly within, keeping it safe forever, never allowing
it to be forgotten.

Set deep in the labyrinths of this mind, words come together
so they can be written from this blue, setting them on paper
for all to view.

Giving self immortality for a future when I can no longer
be here.

An immortality only words can give a mortal like myself, setting
a place at the table of lives to come, where all abide within
the books of time forevermore, whether we are here or have
passed on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Immortalized In Music

Starlight striking my mind in broad daylight,
stretching towards outer edges of the universe.
Providing adherent instances of moments being
immortalized in music, everyone's forgotten,
but still loves when heard.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Impatient, Yet Waiting

Looking out a window at my doctor's office, being
downtown in Phoenix.

Skyscrapers, trees and cacti everywhere, morning
desert breezes blowing nature around.

Watching leaves and limbs moving and swaying before
me, dancing freely in the atmosphere.

Sun shining hotly, even at this hour in the morning,
waiting for a taxi to pick me up and take me home.

Impatiently waiting to get out of here now that I
am done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Impatiently Waiting

Striking poses as Chopin's music takes me deeply
into interior deserts where I am most at home.
Thrilling to innate ideas, visualizing entire
inventions from conception to finished product.
It's amazing to see it all in color.
Wanting to be able to do it all myself, I have
to patiently wait until I can get enough money
to bring them to fruition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Impeccable Solace

Reaching for significant similarities, our spirituality rises
to the surface with verve and impeccable solace of joyful events.

Practicing daily, we survive trials and tribulations with more
ease than if we had no one in the world to care about us on our
journey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Impeccable Timing

Strumming slowly downward, touching chords laid back in postures of relaxation.
Timing being impeccable, precise beats falling down strings of beauty as a guitar is being played in solo depths of beautiful inner landscapes.
Painted by the melodies being played quietly in able pivoting rehearsal through the night.
Tired from the day, sitting back and strumming life away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imperfect Love

Knowing the rules of love and never able to conquer or
win at it's intricate and delicate balance.

Tipping one way or another, never being totally level
in any circumstance throughout existence.

Realizing because we are so imperfect in every way that
is the way our love will always play out in the end.

An imperfect and fruitless love to try and get what we
can, to give us a modicum of satisfaction and fulfillment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imperfect Stances

Conclusions in life are never entirely fulfilled,
tiny threads always need to be attended to.

Never fully accepting them, knowing they are only
imperfect stances of humanity and it's frailty.

Gestures of others, trying to get you to see their
sides, get hopelessly lost when being presented.

Knowing that nothing is perfect, especially not some-
one else's conclusions about things in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Impetuous Desires

Feeling the impetuous desires fill me, wanting to tease you beyond endurance.

Loving the feelings that I am getting from you, trying to stop me, yet I continue taunting and playing with you.

Watching your mind's attitude begin changing, liking what I am doing to you, wanting more, finding great enjoyment in what I am saying and making you feel.

Your mind and body are coming in tune with each other, allowing me to proceed as I bring you fruitfully to heights of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Importance Of A Father

Children do not have rational understanding of
certain issues, like coming from a home without
a father, always feeling a hole within, knowing
that they are missing out on something very im-
portant in their lives.

Not knowing how to express sadness, feeling it
penetrate their psyches, trying to find ways of
getting fathers in their lives, playing with
dolls, making sure their little dolls have a
father there to love and care for them.

In playing, knowing that what they are missing
is the love of a father, a Dad, in their lives
and a feeling of abandonment is always inherently
within them.

Adults not understanding this need and importance
of having their child's father in their lives out
of a selfishness or one reason or another.

Growing up, never having that father's love that
every child needs to mature; when a teenager or
older going with whomever will take them to bed.

Substituting loss of a father's love for sex,
feeling what they believe is the love of a father,
but it only lasts for a short, short while.

Then an act of sex is repeated over and over through
the years, a sad state of affairs being perpetrated
by courts and judges, not giving full or joint custody
to fathers.

Fathers are in fact, important in children's lives,
teaching them how to love and be loved, giving them
discipline and self-confidence to meet and accept the
opposite sex when they grow older.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Importance Of Grandma

Little Granddaughter, waiting patiently at home for
my arrival, so we can play Barbie's and have some
fun together, until her Daddy gets home from work.
Always a comfort to her, having Grandma beside her,
loving and caring excessively, giving her the
attention she so honestly deserves.
Material things of so little importance when we're
together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Importance Of Nothing

Full of the importance of nothing to do, human life carries
itself as though it must be busy.

False pretentions abound beyond normal limits, as people
hurry and fill out tons of paperwork, writing alleged reasons
for everything they must report to supervisors and bosses.

What is the reasoning for all the work which is done each
day, does it ever really help anyone or is it all just a
lost cause?

So-called envelopes, sealed, stamped, mailed to people all
over the world, for what other reasons than to keep in touch.

Slicing details, outlasting trees that are torn down for the important paperwork of
thieves.

Computers hiding trillions of dollars from ordinary folks,
taking away all they own through an organization which calls
itself the I.R.S. It is in fact, a den of thieves attaching
their claws to things they do not own and demanding hard
earned money for it.

Unsubstantiated claims, filed without express permission of
a few in charge is audited and dissected over and over for
eternities to come.

There are no valid reasons for stealing what others own, even
if they choose to call it taxes, all of it is wrong and should
be stopped this very minute.

Nature lying around, surrounding us with it's beauty, should
be above reproach, but it is not.

Nothing is sacred when a few greedy people decide to grab
what they have not.

Jealousy heeds this state of affairs, I believe the I.R.S.
was started on this very premise, because one person had

something another desired, taxes were born.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Importance Of Reality's Dreams

Finding nothing important in reality's dreams, unless it deals with family, and it's love.

Being expressed through the years in many hugs and loving words, expressions and looks of love through eyes of the soul.

Always playing moving rhythms, bringing us closer together in all aspects of family togetherness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Important Aspects

Recent thoughts being brought to light, realizing important aspects of this life.

Love of one another, caring, compassion, beings of freedom, giving of oneself to others.

Without this essential freedom we could not really interact or converse, for we would be totally into ourselves.

Not willing or caring to encompass other people into our circle of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Important Feelings

Wonderful and easy-going, today being filled fully with
love from another, tasting each other's love, enjoying
it's tender, gentle feelings.

There is nothing like these intense feelings climbing
around inside, sitting back, realizing how important
they really are to our well-being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Important Moments

Watching a little two year old boy full of life and joy,
seeing a friend of mine playing pool, being fascinated,
his eyes open wide, watching as balls went spinning and
rolling across the pool table.

Wanting to run right over and grab balls, filled with an
energy and excitement, my friend stopping and telling him
to come closer.

Letting the boy hold his cue stick, helping him hit the
balls, squealing with delight, high five-ing his Dad, all
smiles and laughter.

Then being showed the cue ball, telling him to roll it on
the table, hitting the other balls, from across the table
he rolled and hit a ball right into the corner pocket.

Jumping and yelling with pure delight, laughing and appre-
ciating my friend's attention totally for letting him 'play
pool'.

A wonderful experience for this young boy, my friend and
this mere poet who has captured the whole thing in this
little poem.

Happy to have had this chance to watch an important moment
in the life of this two year old child, learning an import-
ant lesson and being blessed by a loving, caring adult.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Important Routines

Likely aspects of tantamount importance continue
through daily routines, making us complacent with
our stations in life.

Yet, our particular moments are close and special
to each of us here today.

Spending precious time with those we love is the
single most important thing we can do in life.

Making our daily trudges able to bear, as we speak
and think of them each day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Important Thoughts

Watching carefully for important thoughts as they are
being formed and developed within intellect.

Curious, asking questions and creating solvent answers
pertinent to each one.

Living in beautiful landscapes that are constantly being
created within, giving off an effervescent beauty.

Throughout the years, loving endeavors as they completely
fall into depths of intellect, challenging my mind.

Beyond this temporary earth, living in the entire intensity
of another dimension, fulfilling promises of yesterday's
dreams, faithfully and truthfully.

Nothing to stand between fruition of life and tomorrow's
destiny, filled with total happiness, nothing to stop the
dreams of my heart from being fulfilled entirely.

Loving the anticipation of my being on edges of life,
watching and looking ahead at my final horizon, sun now
setting amidst beautiful colors of my mind and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Important Well-Being

Stepping and rhythmically flowing with music, my 85 year
old friend, getting into the beauty of it's rhythm.

Gathering up her courage, dancing in front of the crowd,
photographers running to take her picture, pink hair and
all! !

A wonderful and joyful sight to see, one of the little
things in life that is so all-important for the well-
being of mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imposing Nothing In Time

Scratching the surface, finding many thoughts are affiliated
with senses that bring about inner desires, blossoming, and continuing to express
all in verses of poetical forms.

Antagonizing no one, but self at times, purposely taking
everything happily into rhythms of music, serenading this
mind, giving it a force felt intensely inside this brain.

Nothing lessening the beauty that is found constantly and
incessantly throughout life, imposing nothing in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Impossibilities Disappear

Creative processes are at times inborn and innate,
taking us into atmospheres where very few people
are to be found.

Living in their freedom, no boundaries nor limit-
ations to what can or cannot be learned or accepted.

Totally within an inner spirituality where anything
and everything is possible, no restrictions at all.

Soaring through the atmosphere into another dimension
where impossibilities disappear through innate know-
edge and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Impossibilities Eventually Take Place

Pumping energy through inner rhythms, out into my total
being, lifting my mind into upper levels of imaginational
realities that picture visions in an intellectual arena.

Picturesque and finely attuned to scripts being inserted
from past memories and designs, pacts between synapses and
neurons finding completion in the endings of equations.

Thereby enlightening and illuminating a definition of
collective rhythms, once again lifting my mind into upper
levels of imaginational realities where impossibilities
eventually take place.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Impossibilities Standing In Line

Testing strength and inner integrity,
finding it fastidious and steady, never
wavering from intent and focus that is
always at my beck and call.

Impossibilities standing in line, awaiting
answers and solutions to make them possible
and a part of life's endeavors to better
mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Impossibility Of Magic

Believing in the impossibility of magic as I travel
through life, hoping to find many miracles along the
way.

Being prepared for every occasion bringing me closer
to the ending of this temporary situation called life,
determined to keep going.

Until that very last moment of death, last heart beat
keeping me alive, then succumbing to the moment of my
death without hesitation.

Knowing that another moment past death will bring me
to a life in heaven again, finally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Impossible Comprehension

Final days are becoming new horizons in the near future,
sensing an ending of familial ties on earth, knowing it
is part of God's plan.

Yet, it is difficult to think about - impossible to
comprehend in any form, although I write about it
constantly, trying to make some sense of it.

Whatever is written down doesn't amount to an iota of
death because it is so unexplainable and filled with
misery, making everyone turn their heads in dismay.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Impossible Dream

Precious time, new, refreshing, glowing into my life with a brilliance shining upon our love, taking us into the impossible dreams of our hearts and minds.

Effervescent and Divine, lasting peace and serenity keeping me alive, vibrant and energetic, never fearing anything with you by my side, my love.

All my heart is yours and can never belong to another, in life we will be together, never leaving one another until it's our time.

A perfect way of living and dying together, reminders and memories to hold whichever of us will be left behind first through death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Impossible Nightmare Becoming Reality

A young boy of twelve killed instantly by a falling tree or limb.
Hunting in Colorado with his Dad and friends, enjoying one another and bonding.
Thoughts of killing animals the only ones on their minds.
Experienced hunters, teaching their sport to a child, all rules of safety being followed.
Yet, no one could foretell the circumstances of this freak accident of nature.
Winds kicked up by an impending storm, blowing across the forest with no known targets.
Randomly knocking over a tree, unable to know that below it was a child experiencing life with his father.
Dying instantly, no inkling of anything untoward happening.
A childish face of peace and happiness blessing those present.
No pain or fear emanating from his expression.
In total shock and disbelief, a father kneeling beside his son's body, who just moments before was alive and talking.
Feeling the devastation and pain that followed as mother, sister, and brother were notified.
Child's body being flown back home for the funeral, prayed and cried over, then carefully buried.
Afterwards, the most difficult part, trying to continue living through the silent hell of it all.
So senseless. Unbelievable. A shock to everyone's being.
Pain of living never fully regaining it's stance, because death had taken many reasons from it's path.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Impossible State Of Mind

Uncomfortable, lonely, in an impossible state of mind,
nothing or no one can help.

Listening to music, rhythms flowing through my soul,
yet there's nothing to grasp onto.

A forsaken being, having an emptiness that will not
let go of me.

Draining the love and caring I once had for you when
alive and with me.

Now memories are bereft, empty, having no substance
within them.

Not able to go back in time to relive them like I used
to, because now you are no longer within them.

They are like pictures with no voice, no smile, no love
to give me anymore.

Tears shutting me down, drenching me with the sorrow
of your death forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Impossibly Stranded

Wishing upon inner stars, hoping to find a miracle some-
where in an interior bluened atmosphere, always filled
with mercy of the Divine.

Stripped of life and all it's meaning, wondering if it
ever held one in the first place, wanting decisions to
be made.

There's no one around to help, being alone stranded in
an impossible situation, praying for a miracle, yet still
looking within for an earthly solution.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Impression Of Mourning

Sounds of mourning filling the air, crying and weeping
over the loss of a loved one, prayers rising to heaven,
another candle has been snuffed out.

Now living no more on this earth, comfort and love have
disappeared from family and friends, distant oceans are
calling, tides rushing in and out.

Taking life with them, death stepping up and filling it's
quota once again while onlookers grieve, tears pouring
from within their hearts and souls.

A lasting sorrow now filling their beings, no reprieve
from loss for it's an everlasting emptiness held within
each of us when death is present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Impression Of Sorrow

Crying within, saddened by the recollection of this day,
afraid to speak another word.

Hurting intensely, tears filling eyes and having nowhere
to fall.

They crawl, ashamed, back where they came from, hidden
away from everyone.

Backing further and further into a corner, depressed,
isolated, suicidal.

No longer seeing any reasons for living this life to
it's end, turning away from it, filled with impressions
of sorrow.

Chances to become, taken away, there's no longer anyone
to talk with or trust.

Betrayed by the sincerity of a forked tongue, whipped
into submission by unholy thoughts and left to die on
unchartered waters.

A person who never mattered to anyone, died tonight as
a result of having no love or caring, stepped over even
at the end.

Death alone, just as in life, no where else to go but
in a casket, placed in a tomb with no marker.

There is no one to shed a tear for a little child who
has been abused and left for dead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Impressionable Poetry

Children foraging in rooms of clay, leaving their impressions on everything they touch.

Our memories instill it all within our brains, to remember later on with joy in future years of loneliness.

As we pass our limits of existence, all of life will take every impression and leave it in minds left behind through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Impressions Of Delight

Rhythm and blues being focused intensely into the night, giving impressions of delight and wonderful tones, reaching out, allowing everyone to enter the realms of fantasy and imagination.

A serene and enticing feeling, soothing me interiorly, boogying through this night, stepping into the light of life, enlightening everyone with a brilliant and illuminating performance.

Touching interior aspects of my formative and vibrant lessons handed down through innate talent, gifts that inspire and tempt everyone in the world, hopefully making a difference for some of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Impressions Of Nature

Nature sending raindrops from heaven to water all plants
and trees upon earth.

A landscape of sparkling and glimmering drops of water
accumulating over earth.

Some of it hanging like ornaments upon tree limbs and
leaves, looking and reminding me of glistening snowflakes
in the winter.

Others collecting into many puddles being filled full of
rain, reflecting and letting impressions of nature be
recollected in patterns being created.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imprinted And Etched Forever

Sensations continually filling me from within depths of
my being, soliciting thoughts and concepts from intellect
to express what I'm thinking and feeling interiorly.

An exclusive and enticing contemplation, always at the
forefront of every excursion into another dimension and
atmosphere of silent and delightful memories.

All kept on photographic screens of my mind, an entire
lifetime imprinted there, etched forever, never being
fades or taken away.

Living in the essence of this mind and intellect, taking
it's mirrors of reflection into the depths of my soul to
light my interior life with hope.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imprinting Textures

Stretching leisurely, feeling good, calm and excited
at all the thoughts accumulating in rhythms of music.

Leveling out interior moods, keeping track of how
they feel and what textures they leave as imprints in
minds become those of impressionable clay.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imprints Of Destiny

Stretching and amplifying thunderous sounds of music as it fills atmosphere's of joyous serenity on earth's shorelines, advertising minuets of explicit wonder and awe.

Stepping onto sand dunes, leaving imprints of destiny to be wiped away by ocean waves and tides.

Slipping invisibly into the salty waters, only pictures sitting in a mind may convey their existence once upon a time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Imprints Of Thoughts

Unable to sit still while music is playing behind me,
fingers tapping to unusual rhythms of intellect.

Capturing every tone as it soars past, lengthening
shadows falling upon this page as I write.

Leaving imprints of my thoughts lying here, being
gathered into another poem.

A live band reaching into depths of my soul, taking
me on a voyage into another land.

Reminders lying about, yet there is nothing familiar
that can be seen here.

Mood of an innate complacency, folding over my head,
taking my soul away spiritually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Improbity Of People

Looking into reflections, wondering at the improbity of people in life.

How do they justify themselves in everyday living?

How can they live with the wrongs they do each day?

Will they ever stop and think before they end one moment and expire?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Improvement

Machines built to improve your body, develop your mind,
give you pleasure, relax and unwind.

What is there to bring you back from insanity?

What machines will get rid of psychosis, neurosis,
depression and schizophrenia?

Where are the innovators of modern day mental health?
Why are people being treated as if they're still living
in the dark ages?

Where is the technology of today? Is it stuck within
progressive patient's heads with no way to express it
or is it not yet thought enough of to be invented?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Improving Ancient Ways

Swinging quickly into the flow of rhythms, deciding to make
life interesting.

Automatically finding the best ways to improve on ancient
ways of doing things.

Being essentially lazy, searching for the easiest way to
do things.

Likely aspects always finding interior places of imagination,
following routes of another time in a distant place.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Improving Disposition

Taking a rocket, stage by stage into outer space where
I can gaze throughout the universe.

Calmly seeing adjustments that have been made through
the centuries just from aging displacement happening
all around us.

Disposition improving with every movement of rhythm,
riding comets into and down the milky way.

Shooting arrows through the atmosphere, being careful
not to hit any of the stars, standing in the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Improving Lives

Steady and true, always moving forward, reaching for the golden light, knowing that life will then be fulfilled completely, having love and compassion for everyone around the world.

Finding ways to improve the lives of people in every country, never expecting anything in return, just being happy that I could do something to help them will be enough for me in this temporary world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Improving Outlooks

Circumstances of life chasten us throughout life in our
minds, depending on our situations, it tells our minds
things that belittle us and make us put ourselves down.

It is a constant battle we fight until our final days,
why does our brain cause this unusual event to happen?

Can we ever erase this particular thing so we provide
only positive thoughts to ponder and boost our self-
worth and self-respect?

That is what would improve everyone's outlook in life I
believe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In - Depth Intuitiveness

Running through fields of extraordinary beauty, roses of
many different colors greeting blossomingly with smiles
and joy.

Their feelings filling a mind with in-depth intuitiveness
that grasps intellect silently and delicately, perfect
aromas flowing straight from heaven.

Spreading into minds of intellect interiorly, religious-
ly taking strides into depths of beauty that captures
and captivates this mind entirely.

Energizing and electrifying the presence of life all a-
round this being, giving life the innate energy of a
positive freedom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In - Depth Learning

Toasting life and it's exuberance, loving how it's always filled with surprises, some good, some bad, all exacting our experiences from them one and all.

Continually writing each one and the lessons learned into poetry, delving deeply into music, bringing up feelings and emotions from within.

Relating them all in a truthful honesty, in-depth learning being heard from each situation as we live our every day lives individually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In A Boat

Sitting upon the lake in a boat, staring out across
the water, seeing a peacock's tail.
At least it appears that way, as hues of blues and
greens float upon the water in shapes of the eyes
of a peacock's tail.
It's beautiful, a tantalizing desire of something
more to be found in life upon any of it's shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In A Doctor's Office

Watching people - nurses - patients - running like busy bees around a hive. Zig-zagging, up and down, charts a-flutter, hearts pounding, nurses scrambling to catch up, patients unpatiently waiting, talking of leaving and coming back another time, yet remaining seated where they are in hopes of being seen next. All this hectic commotion going on, while in a quiet exam room, the doctor sits calmly, quietly, going over results with another patient.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In A Garden

Prancing up and down scales with brilliant chords,
sounding awesome and wonderful.

Caressing and taking life altogether in a garden
of blossoming flowers.

Intriguing and mysterious, revolving into features
of another time in life.

Stepping into rhythms with lively ideas, enjoying
syllables of every lyrical word.

Taking me into an interior of every note and tone
with a tantalizing joy, being elated beyond this
existence.

Touching my soul with a special grace and faith of
inspiration.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In A Solitary Place

Licensed to be independent and cruise an inner world
devoid of people and their problems.
Encased in a solitary space, not minding the serenity
and quietness.
Measuring time with words of poetry, relating life to
nature and focusing on human nature at it's best and
worst.
Taking promises and digesting them with equality so as
not to end up alone in death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In A Taxi

Sitting in a taxi,
riding back home
and listening to
the quietness of my
soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In A Vacuum Of Space

Wondering at the timidity and shyness always holding
on to me, never letting me leave their side.

Curbing my appetite for friendship of others,
preferring to always be in solitary thoughts of
details found in nature as I became one with it in
a solo journey down pathways, opening before me,
creating each one in turn.

Believing that it was my duty to continue writing in
a book alone, filling pages with thoughts filtered
and not shared with another soul throughout my entire lifetime.

Now taking what I have written and putting it
out to the unknown universe for it's opinion on just
how well I've done all this time on my solo journey.

Being placed in a vacuum of space, now knowing that
my passion for words of expression and solace have
paid off in comments given by poets and others
throughout the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In And Out Of Darkness

Working miracles through the night, finding God's presence being right beside us every moment.

Never disappearing, loving and being present for each of us in this life.

In and out of the darkness and light, taking us from despair to joy unconditionally.

Solemn, pure, unadulterated and peaceful, going into the light of eternal serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In And Out Of Humanity

Following rhythms through back alleys and onto stage when no one's looking, having a good time doing whatever feels good, daring life to tread on me.

Then rolling away, laughing mirthlessly, leaving everyone behind wondering what's funny, curious, yet hesitant, standing back, thinking, devising new ways of jumping into and out of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In And Out Of Romance

Thrilling and fantastic melodies coming out of the atmosphere, telling songs of love and how it takes one into a pleasant space of time.

There one's soul soars with an unconditional and heartfelt emotion, always taking steps in and out of romance, finding the love of another forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In Favor

Shaking to the beats of a line dance, music totally upbeat
and fun, taking seniors into realms of laughter and enjoy-
ment.

Sensing an awesome time coming into view, seniors dancing
and totally having the time of their lives, forgetting
troubles, sorrow and turmoil.

Instead, finding favor in having fun, taking life by the
horns and living the freedom that belongs to Americans
here in the U.S.A.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In Forest Clearings

Chrome reflections are shining in the darkness and corners
of this mind, meeting in clearings of forests as I imagine
them one by one.

Nothing ever being forgotten as it is always placed upon
inner screens where it can be looked at to see every word
ever written or detail seen.

Never being at a loss, never having a mental block,
because of these hidden talents all being within this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In God's Hands Only

Now laying my spirit to rest, trusting in God,
knowing He knows what's best.

Trusting in Him completely, knowing my life is
in His hands and no others.

Relieved of the pressures and stress of being
human, relaxing in His arms, awaiting eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In God's Own Time

Exercising faith and hope through prayer, playing
a waiting game, knowing that God is listening and
making things happen in His Own Time.

Running this mind up and down chords and measures
of heavenly melodies, exhilarating and enlivening
spirits.

Taking me into realms of heavenly landscapes where
I can walk around, contemplating everything in His
own time.

Letting it filter into consciousness, intellect and
imagination always working together to give a much
richer and fuller image on interior videos.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In God's Time

Wandering around my mind, watching ideas being created
and written down in areas of consciousness.
Feeling alive, sensing deeply within, a life borne of
talent, innately and beautiful.
Artful destiny sitting in poetry atop my mind, awaiting
fate's arms to wrap around me, bringing me into the
foreground of fame and riches in God's own time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In Hididng

Mirrored back upon reflections, stirring images to appear
in fragmented pieces across the span of time.

A cloudy haze, swinging across visions, tantalized by
iridescent rhymes.

Inducted by reason of incapacity's solitude, betrayed by
a barbed question held in check too long.

Focused unwaveringly on horizons of life-long quests,
never quite realized or fulfilled in this earthly life.

Climbing scores of trees with bullet vests, hiding from
the incessant noise of narrow-minded people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In Honor

Settling into a quiet mood of relaxation,
forming silent bonds with those around me
as I write poems in honor of some of them.

(11/9/12)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In Honor Of Our Love

Calmly and quietly enjoying music filling my mind and intell-
ect, watching as everything brings peace into my being, slowly
and tenderly taking steps into another realm of this life.

Enjoying with great pleasure, melodies being played in honor
of our love as we dance through the night, holding onto one
another's hearts with a love so true and unconditional.

Forever in this world and the next, never turning from one
another, coming ever closer every single moment we're together,
our hearts gently beating, attuned to our minds and souls
throughout eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In Love Again

Smoothly sensing an intense desire to move in
rhythm with my love as we fall in love all over
again.
Strolling down lanes of tomorrow, we hold hands
and walk into our dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In Memory

Waltzing around the room alone with a memory,
holding me in his arms.
Tears hiding just inside my eyes, waiting for
him to appear in my mind again.
Days are so long without him by my side,
talking, laughing, just being together, used
to bring so much joy to my heart.
A spirit of his, one that will never be
forgotten as long as I live and breathe his
memory within my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In Memory Of Andy Williams

Felt in sympathy for the loss of Andy Williams,
Sam plays 'Moon River' on his harmonica.
In tune with sorrow felt at his passing,
everyone sings along, hoping to pay him tribute
for all he's done in song throughout the years.
We will miss him always in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In Memory Of Love

Reassembling things as I sit back down after the
intermission, band now up and playing, taking us
down memory lane.

In the past, hearing friends playing everywhere,
following them wherever they happened to play,
then a friend died.

Her husband was lost for a while, then finding
another keyboard player, going out into the world
once again, now playing in memory of his lost love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In Memory Of Witt

Many long years have traversed this life, carrying
burdens that weren't always light.

A life-time spent in managing nature, rearranging
cacti to suit certain fancies.

Carefully tending acres and acres, remaining silently
beneath blankets of knowledge.

Carrying out rigorous duties endlessly by the light
of day, sleeping fitfully at night.

Life tenderly portrayed itself through a dear little
man, hair whitened by age, shoulders tired, leaning
forward.

Late in life, legs refusing to walk anymore, Witt
sits on a couch, thinking about his work.

Falling asleep, quietly he rolled out of life and
stepped into death, unafraid of his journey into
heaven, relieved at last of his earthly duties.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In Need Of Reminders

Memories fade in and out through the years, returning when we're in need of reminders of our love and those who care for us in this life.

Walking through everything on our own, making choices, whether good or bad, owning each of them as we experience the results of each one.

Passing our own limitations and boundaries at times with sheer determination and an inner strength of will power, always looking into the future.

Striving to attain goals we've made throughout our lives, hoping we've made the right decisions, staying on paths of righteousness to keep our minds pure and free from evil and wrong doing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In Poetry Of Intellect

Secluded and alone, wasting away, life passing me by
except here in the poetry of my intellect.

Using it along with imagination to survive in this
earthly life.

Conquering fears and doubts left through the grief
and loss of you, my love.

Searching for the answer to death, knowing there is
an alternative way to focus only on this life without
having to die from living it.

Absolute meanings are not concrete, impossibilities
are actually possible if we keep searching for them
constantly and incessantly every moment of our lives.

In the end, still as yet finding no answers, but not
giving up, death has not taken me again, yet I have
succumbed before and beaten the odds, I will again
you can be sure of that.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In Retrospect

Snapping and dragging altering stations in retrospect.
Content with useless information until it's recreated
in my mind, forging and molding new innovations for
tomorrow's rhymes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In Synch

Lively steps brought about by music
and it's steady beat,
taking us by the mind and heart,
out onto the dance floor.
Swaying, sliding, rhythm keeping our
feet in synch with every note.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In Synch With Moments Of Life

Dedicated and totally in synch with moments of life being lived, you've made me so happy, spinning like a top around the room with you alone.

A treasure trove of lasting love, filling and reverberating within me, never thinking about anyone but you, touching my heart so gently, yet beautifully throughout this brilliant night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In The Background

Sitting in the background, watching and listening to everything
being said and detailed for the future.

Always finding amazing facets and aspects of what we are living
through, keeping our wits about us.

Trying to keep our country from falling into the hands of evil
and corrupt people and politicians throughout the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In The Hospital

Lying never-endingly upon a mattress, face up, staring at whatever comes within view.
Moving arms, legs, and head just to relieve aching back and muscles.
Thinking about all that has gone on, wondering how much longer this bed will be a part of you.
Tubes and needles being put in or taken out, leaving behind bruises and pain.
Being taken care of at a nurse's convenience, waiting, feeling sick, wishing to do things by yourself.
Tears of frustration stinging your eyes, as lying there, prayers form upon your lips.
Thoughts of home, husband, children fill your mind for a while, until the pain puts them aside.
Staring emptily into space, a limbo seems to set itself in place.
Hearing your name called, turning your head to see visitors - family and friends - as your eyes focus in.
Smiling happily inside-out, relaxing now for someone familiar - someone you've known all your life has arrived.
Steadily feeling stronger, trying to get well, is all easier when you know your family cares.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In The Midst Of Angels

Racing like a locomotive into the wilderness, giving
many exciting moments through imagination and intellect.

So much pleasure coming into my existence, totally
affording the rhythms that take me farther into heaven.

Living totally in beginnings of the Divine, seeing it's
beauty existing beyond our lives.

Searching for the ultimate and absolute, finding them
through heavenly music.

Special and protective, always being in the midst of
angels whenever hearing melodies sent from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In The Midst Of Many Angels

Racing like a locomotive into the wilderness, giving
many exciting moments through imagination and intellect.

So much pleasure coming into my existence, totally
affording the rhythms that take me farther into heaven.

Living totally in beginnings of the Divine, seeing it's
beauty existing beyond our lives.

Searching for the ultimate and absolute, finding them
through heavenly music.

Special and protective, always being in the midst of
angels whenever hearing melodies sent from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In The Midst Of Melodies

Liking sounds that penetrate this mind with syncopated melodies
and lively rhythms, so totally inviting and innocent, giving
life a purity of the soul.

Up and down, beats going like crashing waves, rising and fall-
ing with an absolute tempo, rocking at length through the night,
nothing catching hold of them.

Spirits being lifted, soaring quietly into pleasant atmospheres
without any hesitation whatsoever, joining in, finding joy in
the midst of melodies tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In The Moment

Soothing harmonies settling in my brain, giving me time to reminisce about all things yesterday.
Being in the moment, watching images as they proceed to act out what I remember when younger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In The Present

Waking from a deep and peaceful sleep, watching as
life parades before me, not touching my being.

Images on videos just showing me what yesterday was
like and how it was lived, mistakes, joy, sadness,
sorrow, grief, all of it culminating in my life.

Now just lying here, thinking not of the future be-
cause right now I feel I have none, just the present
is sitting here before me.

Wondering what I do now, what can I accomplish to
make a difference for humanity, what will cause a
change in anything that I can do?

Not knowing, just writing and realizing that this is
all that I have left to change the world, just being
a mere poet and writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In The Silence

In the silence of my writing
I'm contemplating life upon
another plain in an outer dimension
far from earth's.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In The Spotlight

Remembering last days of ending sunsets, calmly reiterating their places in my imagination.
Giving them their time - their fifteen minutes of fame.
Alone, in the spotlight, capturing all the glory and proudly displaying themselves in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In The Wake

White lines stretching in every direction
across the sky, left in the wake of many
jets.

Flying above, taking passengers, unseeing
of them, to destinations all over the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In Their Own Minds

Tapping into a melody, gently extracting notes to match what
I am thinking - hopefully creating another masterpiece of
beauty.
As others read and can see it in their own minds,
giving them some peace for a moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In This Way Only

Sorrow tantalizing and tempting within, wanting me to
succumb to it's sublime intensity.

Feeling it so totally, letting myself experience it
throughout life.

Yet not allowing it to consume me or the energy of my
life.

Knowing that it would consume and take away my person-
hood and soul, leaving me bereft and depressed.

Never wanting that to happen, instead, listening to music
and writing poetry.

Finding my way in this way only, always continuing to be
a mere poet throughout this life of mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In Touch With My Soul

Living life independently, doing what I love and to
heck with everything else.

Feeling so peaceful within, touching the Divine
through a bluened atmosphere of God's love.

Noticing everything surrounding spheres of an inner
atmosphere and interior life.

So wonderful and free, my soul having the ability
to touch every sense within me.

Giving my mind the chance to also feel everything
so intensely.

It seems intellect is so totally in touch with my
soul on a constant basis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In Tune

Strands of hair, curling, blowing across this paper
as I write.

Distracting for only a moment before I gently pick
it up and let it fall to the ground, continuing to
write to my heart's content.

A lovely time inside my mind, no one to bother me,
no one to care if I'm alive or dead.

So peacefully can I be alone, listening to the
rhythm of my heart and soul in tune with my purpose
and plan on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In Unison With Rhythms

Steady beating of hearts everywhere, in unison with
rhythms of life, so explicit and perfect in time.
Always filling people with inspiration and heart-
felt love and caring.
Spreading the essence of it all onto others in the
same pathways together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inane Agendas

Pressuring life from the inside out, we stress ourselves with inane agendas and to do lists that are expendable in life.

Instead of looking within themselves and adding to their interior lives with peace and contemplation coming from their souls.

Meditating and allowing a spirituality that is already hidden within their beings to flourish by nurturing and encouraging it's growth within.

Delivering to their intellects and minds the faith, hope and charity to give unselfishly to others who cross your paths in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inane Feelings

Sweetly caressing humorous feelings,
displaying them in inane activities.
Foraging through lifelines,
insinuating relative attributes to
those who haven't any.

(10: 41 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inane Signs

Glancing along streets of life, reading signs that at times
make no sense.

Two signs standing opposite of one another, one saying Go
Left Only and the other saying Go Right Only.

Another sign stating this warning: Open Trench; have you
every been warned of a closed trench.

Such silly and inane signs being made up for no reason
other than to confuse people it seems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inane Solutions

Listening to lies being told by city officials, trying to
explain their inane solutions to their failure in balancing
the budget.

Now giving a raise to the new city manager after only four
weeks at work, taking away funding for senior centers is
going to go to paying his exorbitant and ridiculous salary.

No actual facts to back up any of their figures upon the
screen in front of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inane Terrorists

Insistent tremors of voices raking minds with their obnoxious requests and offences, trying to force their non-religious beliefs on us.

Ignoring them, doing what we believe in, never going to take part in their murderous ways.

Always using weapons to kill and maim women, children, men - cowards only wielding them, using excuses that are lame and telling lies only.

Giving our hearts to God, enjoying our faith, never hurting anyone, just living our lives, not wanting to be bothered by inane nonsense of terrorists or anyone like them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inane Thoughts

Structures of adversity stand erectly in our way, as we travel
lanes of memories into outer domains of who we have become.
Listening to interior whispers of inane thoughts, spoken by
other people, neglecting to let them get any closer or touch
us with their negativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inanimate Power

Changes need to be made in society, because there is much
too much corruption in the United States.

Notwithstanding all the programs that allow graft and
corruption to take place by politicians in inanimate
stances of power.

Trying to get rid of the so-called power trippers will do
a great deal to set our country straight again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inborn Talents

Inborn talents rearing their heads at every turn,
exercising their power over the arts - painting,
writing, musical - leaving lasting impressions
throughout centuries for display in museums all
over the world.

Shaking foundations of life by portraying the
wonder and necessities of living in colorful
renditions of honest truth, lasting forever in
halls of ancient and modern beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Incandescent Thought

Falling into depths of oceans,
not able to swim away or be saved with any means of fidelity.
Giving in to the senseless opportunities of incandescent thought, centering continually in margins of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Incarnate Twists Of Fate

Silently traversing brilliant colors of the sky with eyes
alight, scanning bridges of intellect.

Bringing home ages of ideas sown from inner springs, brought
forth onto fabrics specially made, serving together all
incarnate twists of fate.

Crossing silent spans of time in small areas of space,
sliding easily into realms of untold heraldry.

Forecasting tributes of eternal sacredness onto screens,
edifying life within.

Architectural demise hiding in corners of darkened tunnels,
quieting effects of whimpers and crying.

Beautifully landscaped skies traveling the world over,
searching for what cannot be told without.

Strapped to the undefiled section of life, being mercilessly
thrown into the deepest murky waters unholyily sacrificed with
no warning.

Episodes of images, parading helplessly by with no way to
grasp childhood reality, being faced with a difficult grownup
task of sating lustful tendencies which transpire beneath the
covered ground.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inceptive Knowledge

Living in moments of fate as days pass by unhurriedly
in tunnels of time, standing before me.

Collapsing into an indelible motion of apprehension,
allowing no competition to be had, just touching upon
the confusion that surrenders within my mind in an
absolute tyrannical display of inceptive knowledge.

Criss-crossing and delving into the wayside of every
passage on the way towards maturity, keeping a close
eye on the edges, making sure to not fall within their
circumference.

Canyon walls steeped high into the mountains, hoping
never to fall into fast flowing rivers of thoughts
hereafter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Incessant Creativity

Filtering visions that are popping into existence, seeing through the illusions invented by dishonest people.

Fighting to maintain a semblance of normalcy without having to be involved in any way.

So creative, allowing this soul to lead me into areas of a mind that have never been explored.

Wishing and hoping all set aside, seeing equations of an entirely new life on horizons of the future.

Constantly changing, looking ahead, feeling sensations and sentiments falling deeply and silently into an incessant creativity that will not back down.

Nightly, walking through forests of dreams, seeing images standing, watching, enticing and alluring to recreate them during daylight hours.

Holding onto and capturing them in rhythms, never letting any slip away, placing them plentifully into albums of a photographic mind and memory.

Storing every detail, enjoying the complacency always being held in energizing forms of beautiful landscapes, a life undeterred by life itself.

Finding ingenuity to be successful on every level.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Incessant Interest

During life's stories their rhythms automatically
flow from individual souls.
Beauty stands out on it's own dais, sending out
for all time, melodies of incessant interest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Incessant Lights Of My Soul

Lights of my soul burn incessantly, touching the hurt of a lifetime, glowing with it's reminiscence.

Quietly struggling to let go, becoming weary of the climb, crying with the pain of an aging heart, mind disclosing memories never forgotten, sticking like barb wire, the heart within.

Alive with outpouring sadness, caught in the trap of past knowledge, tied to it with all the feelings from long ago.

Not able to let go, falling to your knees, crying towards the heavens, hoping for a final reprieve, a sudden light kept beneath the solitude of unheard tremors.

Kept soundlessly under the hidden respect of life, creeping towards lights of my soul, searching, burning incessantly, touching the mind of my heart with fragile thought and solemn pain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Incessant Prose

Rhyming to rhythms flowing steadily through the atmosphere
and finding their ways into my heart and soul.

Undivided attention, always looking for the romantic sides
of life that lie hidden behind the sorrows we all fall into
here on earth.

Producing the best of everything that I can think of and
placing it all in prose that seems to incessantly flow
through imagination unendingly.

So nice to have this gift, especially when I'm bored and
in a waiting room again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Incessant Puzzles

Traveling interior universes of my mind, wonder and curiosity egging it on, watching and thinking, developing thoughts as they appear in beautiful sequences and images.

Totally picturesque and tantalizing, thrilled to be entertained so thoroughly and wonderfully, a great experience that intellect continually gives to me.

Savoring feelings and emotions coming to light, taking and placing them into poetry where they fit like an incessant puzzle throughout my entire lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Incessant Rhythms

Music can never be silenced within my being as it is an
integral part of who I am and will continue to be.

Lasting peacefulness always reverberating inside my mind
for an eternity.

Realizing lyrics of poetry in every measure of rhythm I
hear and see within my incessant visions and images.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Incessant Solitude

Prisms scattering colors of the rainbow throughout
the room and across the dance floor.

People dancing and enjoying their time all together
with rhythms.

Collecting sentiments and feelings being so closely-
knit with one another.

Becoming friends as the music continues playing into
the night.

Anticipating rays of an evening moon, translucent and
beautiful to sooth everyone's emotions, beating to
tempos of incessant solitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inches From Death's Embrace

Loneliness suddenly permeates my being and I drift slowly
away from reality onto a fantasy island in imagination.
Wanting so bad to get away and forget the horrors of life.
Listlessly wandering, unable to make a commitment, unable
to reach out to anyone.
Alone, transfigured in a tomb, encased in sorrow, pain as
my destinical tombstone.
Heading for past memories, self emerging, clinging tightly
to the sides of me within.
Crying interiorly, failing so unmercifully to take strides
in right directions, falling to my knees, no prayer at hand
to speak.
Echoes of my lonely soul retreat, become fainter with each
passing day.
Sounds of life move farther away from my being, leaving me
in a silence of deepening abandonment.
No longer close to a destiny of life, only inches away from
death's embrace.
So quickly, loneliness steps in and takes over life again.
Protecting me from insincere efforts of other people,
allowing me to feel only sorrow of my soul and it's being.
Antagonizing inner peace, causing feelings of inferiority
to quelch and break over me.
Does everyone feel so intensely, lives they lead or is it
only me?
Strangely, I do not care any longer, as I falter through
steps set before me, I disappear inside, forever, to hide
from the reality around me.
Imagination, creative and awe-inspiring will stead all I
do until the day I die, which will be soon.
This is a frequent thought caressed within my mind,
caught amongst my brains, apparently for eternity, at
least as long as I'm on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inciting A Movement Of Peace

Falling into line, watching, filled with curiosity and
wonder, totally finding creativity blossoming everywhere.

Standing up, writing with humanity, hoping to incite a
movement of peace throughout the world.

Hoping to drown out and do away with evil once and for all,
prayers being said the world over for this cause.

People united at last for peace, taking away all voices of
evil from the face of this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inciting Emotions

Sitting here, tossing letter tiles onto the screen in my mind, aligning them according to thoughts for today.
Inciting emotions, pushing them forward and backward, trying to match them with what is being written and placed on the screen as I quickly write all that I see and hear.
A lively conversation going on quietly in my head, taking me into tunnels of expertise before I die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Incommodity

Pennants waving their bright colors at me from across the street.
Beckoning me to come and investigate their reason for being there.
Looking - my eyes can see without having to go near.
All kinds of heavy equipment and machinery tell me all I need to know.
That they are once again - yet - tearing up the street.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Incompetence

Thousands of miles away from reality,
tucked in to my imagination - a refuge
in times of difficulty and adverse stress
caused by others who are incompetent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Incomplete Humans

Energetic and tantalizing, soaring silently into the at-
mosphere wandering the earth over, searching for answers
as life continues to move forward through grief.

Lonely and abandoned, totally isolated in this world, only
God can quench our appetites for love, human beings are in-
complete and unable to love unconditionally.

Resulting in people breaking up, hurting and cheating on
each other, unlike God who is always there for everyone
of us here on earth.

Superb and joyful, touching our hearts with His total and pur-
poseful love, taking every opportunity He gives to each of us,
with hope that we will open our hearts fully to His love in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Incomprehensible Act

Sweet sadness, misery at last lifted, bittersweet to
hear, yet heavy upon our hearts.
An incomprehensible act to conceive in anyone's mind,
yet it has happened and we are left with the sheer
horror of it's destiny, locked in our minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inconsequential Circumstances

Being broad-sided by all the changes happening in life,
altering and mind-boggling to say the least.

Events happening to take us aback, accidents, mishaps,
interference in our daily lives by inconsequential cir-
cumstances.

They seem to enlarge and bury us in their devastating
effects without asking us if we are willing to accept
any of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inconsequential Minds

Self-importance carries with it a smug countenance,
an aura of repugnance.
Toting around a lap top, signifying an illustrious
persona, yet insecurity and doubts flourish in
their minds.
Stepping through myriads of inadequacies, lifting
selves above everyone else - but only in their
small, inconsequential minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inconsequential Things

A soft cool breeze caressed my mind, touching it ever so gently, bringing tears to my eyes.

Loving nature and good things of life, marveling at the beauty, the greatness in even small inconsequential things.

A blade of grass, a twig from a tree, the loveliness of a flower lying open and vulnerable, filling us with peace of mind.

An irresolute tale of nothing much else, except a simplicity of thinking.

Ever so lightly, memories delicately playing and bringing thoughtfulness into a state of mind.

Everywhere, beauty lies, settling in my mind's eyes, filling this being with it's peace, easing and calming my aching soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Incorporating Fascination

Counting down tempos of life as they begin
incorporating fascination with intellect's
abbreviation.

Sliding into rhythms of Chopin, delicately and
relentlessly being challenged by technicalities
of his stringent techniques.

Brilliantly being played and attuned to cognitive
attributes as they build to crescendoes of intense
musical compositions.

Making fingers move up and down the keyboard of
interior rhythms on a piano in mind.

Blending all sounds in perfect pitches, allowing
intellect to arouse emotions and feelings into
being wired with sounds so gently touching them.

Thoughts being realized through a peaceful harmony
of anticipated joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Incorporating Thoughts

Random thoughts act on their own,
pleasing no one but themselves,
causing havoc with imagination
and it's purpose.

But only for a moment, then they
are incorporated along with every
other particle in store.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Incorrect Care

Unsuspecting people, not knowing what's going on behind closed doors of rehab and nursing homes until they suddenly find themselves in them.
Being at the mercy of their staff, you won't get the correct care, right medicine or dosages.
Special diets you're supposed to be on are ignored, because the kitchen staff knows nothing of the diets patient's doctors put them on.
Staff is not properly trained to take care of the variety of medical conditions people are admitted with, and many ignore sanitary procedures that need to be followed.
All of these things I now know from personal experience and want to make patients aware of everywhere.
You never know if or when it will happen, so prepare yourself for the worst if you end up in rehab in Phoenix, Arizona.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Incorrect Schemes Of Interior Design

Carpets running all over the waiting room, not matching
at all as they travel into back rooms.
Totally separate designs on carpet squares going to the
doorway, where another carpet, lying in a single file
continues on it's way to the end of the hallway.
Different aspects, not all correct in the scheme of
interior designs - a mixture of hodge-podge, settled
into place without any actual purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Increasing Clarity

Listening and growing exponentially through music,
increasing clarity of details, giving intellect
endless space to increase it's knowledge and wisdom.

Beautiful and easy living in rhythms of a peaceful
existence, tantalizing and soothing, relaxing every
fiber and particle of my being here within me.

Sparkling embers of enlightenment charging my mind
through the writing of poetry daily, giving me the
impetuous to keep thinking of new ideas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Increasing Emptiness

Alighting from interior thought, grief climbs off of it's cycle, watching tears fall deeply into sorrowful pits of human loneliness.
Being filled with an increasing emptiness, solidly building itself within - a category of tepid landscapes in misery.
Palpable darkness forming on every horizon, taking with it a formidable part of life into a steaming abyss of unforgiveness.
Totally absorbed in puddles of tears left unattended on shores of unlimited grief.
Saddened tears being left to find their own way into purposeful caricatures built from fathomless emptiness, no longer held down, but floating out over the entire universe with crystal blue teardrops.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Increasing Existence

Touching every note with heart-felt emotion,
feeling it's existence increasing within me,
spreading boundaries of creativity to
farthest reaches of my mind.
Holding beauty so exquistly with a richness
of ebullient joy, satinly draping over
thought as it is made known to all the world
from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Increasing Knowing

Discovering many moments of
peaceful intuitity, watching
as this mind is increasing in
silent knowing of things
perpendicular and upending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Increasing Limits

Silently screaming into the nighttime darkness,
searching to find a way into interior depths.

Placating the very desires springing into action,
filling me with their essence and beauty.

Finding them increasing many times their limits,
giving all spiritual honors that are allowed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Increasing Mind Power

Writing and experimenting, testing ingenuity and
letting it strive to increase in power over this
mind.

Totally eclipsing natural inclinations with an
innate talent filled with many possibilities coming
about through life.

Doors suddenly being opened wide, wanting me to
express poetry of every aspect of life in poetry
groups, open mic night and reciting.

Taking life intuitively into possibilities of every
impossibility, gathering together, looking for a way
to be discovered.

Inventing and delivering them into an opened vacuum
now before me, living in many moments of life, each
one filled with excitement and vibrancy for desires
and passion rising insatiably within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Increasing Moods

Touching upon chords of this mind, playing them with enthuse-
iasm and liveliness, increasing moods of melodious positivism,
moving within rhythms that bring thoughts readily to mind.

Perceiving ideas rapidly and turning them into poetry instan-
taneously, constantly falling into place with rhythms through-
out each day of living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Increasing Pleasure

Shooting for the stars, knowing that life is never going to stand still so we have to pursue it to the fullest amount we can.

Bringing around the things we like doing, increasing their existence in our lives, we can increase the pleasure we get from ordinary things through their priorities in our daily routines on entirely new levels of intensity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Increasing Possibilities

12: 49 p.m.
White clouds, floating across this open-ended mind,
seeing through senses being blinded by their light.

Accumulating passion and essence from every avenue
of rhythm, searching for beauty being placed on
interior screens.

Photographically placing energy of rhythms in these
allotted spaces of time, increasing possibilities,
filling hearts with promises to become reality
tomorrow.

White clouds absorbing this mind, taking it into
lights of heaven this moment, an everlasting peace
set in the cortex of this brain.
12: 50 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Increasing Power

Remembering the past helps to not make so many mistakes
in the present.

Hopefully eliminating them altogether from the future,
continually learning and doing my best to increase brain
power towards intellect.

Using every particle and fiber to do many things in this
life, increasing power of inner strength and character,
never allowing it to ebb, continuing to keep pace with
an individual and innate talent.

Wishing to expand and push away limits and boundaries
that stand in the way at any given time, soundly moving
them with all the will power at my disposal, always get-
ting my way while writing poetry beyond edges of what is
expected of me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Increasing Thoughts

Writing incessantly as it is, now two gentlemen, a
scientist, Tushar Ray and his friend have me reading
scientific, and human interest articles, discussing
many aspects of life in the United States and India.

This has increased my thoughts immensely and now I'm
writing even more than before, they have opened my mind,
and expanded my consciousness to ponder and think about
so many more things outside of intellect and imagination.

Enjoying it all immensely, finding myself writing and
enjoying even the readings and discussions with these
two brilliant men.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Incredible Images

Slacking off, getting out of life's way, wanting only to write and be alone with what is found silently being laid bare through an innate wisdom and knowledge.

Truths unfolding, blossoming forth from within nature's depths and meeting up with interior spiritual depths of this life, seeing incredible images as they fill this mind through music and rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Increments Of Passion

Drumming steadily into the afternoon, creating rhythms
from within intellect.

Giving exact moments of pleasure with increments of
intense passion.

Believing in the vibrant essence that comes from my
being, as time marches on through melody's measures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Indecision

Scared of doing some things that
I know can't be done, but knowing
that I will anyway.

Sort of hanging back, yet wanting
to - and soon I will.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Indefinite Time

Dimming lights of sorrow, wanting to distance self from
their incessant tears dropping from this heart into my
eyes.

Expressing heart-felt sadness, loneliness and abandonment
through poetry of interior feelings.

Always saying exacting truths of how they all make me feel
in and through life, alongside roads of indefinite time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Independent And Alone

Always here, always faithful and loving, caring,
independent and alone.
All people take advantage of someone with a good
disposition, yet are never there to lend a helping
hand, give encouragement, care, or love in return.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Independent Avenues

Strolling along through the desert, listening to 'Back Stage Crew' and following independent avenues of thought, never allowing any disturbances to mar the views I have of rhythm.

Taking charge of inward fidelity and letting it be situated in sequences, appearing in chords of talent.

Expecting only intelligence of any gifts coming to the surface just to be blended with all the others and set into frames of beautiful prose.

Loving the landscapes as they are set into rhythms of prose and allowed to continue growing ever after they've been composed into many poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Independent Flight

Letting emotions flow in time with melodies and rhythms, transposing all thought into prose and enjoying every moment of thinking.

A freedom leaving me alone to have an independent flight into channels of remorseful living.

Giving exact timing it's share of fame, while I training all images to walk down a street chosen just to allow them to move about freely, feeling the extraordinary freedom of living in the moment.

Allowing all desires to be fulfilled entirely within this sphere of time, and allocated just for this specific purpose in life.

Soaring into the sky, headed for outer space, where I will be in peace at once.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Independent Nature

Wheeling in all directions, not able to go one way, because there's too many avenues to explore.
Wanting to concentrate, yet also needing to expand my mind through an enlightenment of bluened atmospheres.
Given extraordinary measures to follow my independent nature along edges of forests, up mountainous heights and trails along ocean shores.
Reaching for mysterious shells, wanting to know what they contain and how they can be written into a mountainous forest.
A matching of unmatchable environments, culminating in a mesmerizing poem of intangible worth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Independent Soul In India

Sliding back and forth between moments in time and their rhythms, finding answers in depths of my being, seeing absolute truths of who I am now.

Having found freedom and independence of my soul while in India, even friends I've had for well over thirty years saying how I've changed.

They say I've become clearer, more focused, being impressed vividly with what's come over me now, feeling a transformation of my soul.

Recognizing facts of what they are seeing, moving forward, not letting anything or anyone stand in my way at all, existing on another phase and realm of life now.

This is where I can be happy, free and filled with a joy that never quits, my spirit enjoying this independence of liberty, not having to be tied down by anyone's opinions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Independent Verses

Watering seeds of ideas, tending them as they grow and mature into independent verses of reality.
Touching outskirts of imagination, stretching limits way past earth and into lands of make-believe beauty.
Naturally and ordinarily, confronting writing on walls of yesterday.
Beckoning hidden codes to express themselves once again, they answer in due time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Independent World

Rocking in depths of rhythms as they enter interiorly into recesses of elucid time, seeing images and landscapes of everlasting heavenly realms that never cease to amaze us.

Going past vestiges of reality and delving into imagination with a vengeance, spirited and alive, always looking for a passage to follow in a dare devilly way.

Loving the excitement and thrills that adrenaline produce when doing something that challenges this entire being, mind, matter, heart and intellect.

Absolutely loving the turbulence on a jet plane, loving to shut off the key, stalling the engine of a Cessna, awesome how those feelings tantalize and tempt so much, wanting more of them.

What can I say, never having any fear, just doing whatever gives a rush, letting this being feel alive, being supported by no one, not wanting to stop.

Others continually throughout the years wanting this poet to stop, but that will never happen, never listening to anybody, a free spirit, living in an independent world of my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Independently Of All

Listening to Indian classical music, loving it's sound
and rhythm, letting it take me away into imagination's
realms where it's always brilliantly peaceful and happy.

Not needing anything but a pen and paper to use what
is known freely and independently of anyone else.

A beautiful feeling of freedom, as I write continuously,
having fun while doing and exercising intellect and
brain at the same time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In-Depth Realities

Following beaten paths down life's trials, obtaining the
pictures of in-depth realities.
Sitting on fences, watching people walk through my life,
always to find someone else to be with.
Traveling alone, being spent in feelings of abandonment,
yet, still hoping to find fulfillment in some facet of
human recognition.
Walking away, through with waiting for something to happen,
existing on a lone plain outside of even family.
There being no understanding or compassion given - not even
mercy from another human being on earth.

(1: 47 p.m. - 10/26/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Indescribable Thought

Sinking into depths of being, thinking, wondering, becoming.
Silently progressing with every breath, eclipsing even
mortality with faith unbound.

Timing, rhythm of interior poetical tempos taking me farther
into being than ever before.

Feeling a joy of indescribable thought, skating across a
desert of ice, wantonly acknowledging the grace of God in
whom I place all my trust and hope for tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

India Deepening Joy

Feeling lost, lonely and alone, wanting to isolate some-
where, but what will that do for me, there will be no
answers to find, because there aren't any to be found.

Getting up, moving into another environment for a while,
being in another country, seeing sights, having adven-
tures, opening this mind to the world outside.

Seeing beauty beyond, lighting the candle of my essence
and purpose, seeing clearly, things I need to do, no
longer wanting to isolate for I see that it does no good.

Going out of self, soon seeing and finding that the an-
swers were within me all the time, I was just stuck in
the mire of my loss and grief.

Now rising and walking into the marketplace of life,
breathing, opening my eyes to the joy now awaiting me in
India, filled with adventures and experiences.

Finding myself in the process, so glad I ventured out and
found where I belong, living in a quiet paradise as I walk
about in a new country where joy is now deepened inside.

Culture, people, landscapes, soothing my soul so tenderly
and gently, as I become the solutions I've now found by
walking away from the isolation I'd sentenced myself to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

India Opening My Soul

Interior dimensions now open in India, enticing and allure-
ing intellect with rainbowly rhythms, finding their beauty
touching my mind's taste buds.

Savory aromas giving only a fruitful goodness to my vora-
cious appetite through curiosity, wanting to enter notes
and chords to find their centered codes of rhythms.

Knowing that pathways through life would gather momentum,
tracing designs as I then changed their perspectives and
analysis.

Intellect taking over, creatively investigating all perog-
atives of the passion and essence of my being now being
opened up in India.

Throughout an interior wonder and curiosity, dwelling in
the beauty of an interior spirituality that's opening my
soul to the purity and goodness of the world.

Flowing through the Divine, otherwise I could not see the
faith and hope carefully being nourished and nurtured in-
side of who I will become on my last day.

That particular moment will be my judgment on whether or
not God will answer my prayer with the mercy of His love
only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

India Unrecognized By The World

Watching landscapes passing me by, seeing the stark poverty of a gentle and generous people, going unrecognized by the rest of the world.

Indians, sincere and peaceful, hearts touching mine with their souls, learning more about them and their culture, loving them totally.

Traveling, not knowing the language, yet they come to an understanding for certain things that are needed by this American.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

India, Trying To Find A Niche Here

City of Kolkata, filled with millions of people, all
living their lives separately together, not knowing
one another unless having met somewhere before.

Filling sidewalks, looking for food, spices or saris,
sandals or jut looking wishfully at things they cannot
afford right now.

Children begging, their parents sending them out on the
streets with total strangers, instead of looking for
work themselves.

Poor, destitute and disabled, others walking or lying
on the sidewalk, eyes staring, possibly back to a time
when they were healthy and could take care of themselves.

A potpourri of religions, beliefs and cultures, all try-
ing to find a niche in India where they can thrive, liv-
ing another day with hope of a tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Indian Cultural Rhythms

Rainbow coming over a tree, adding to the beauty of
India as we sit and watch in awe at the diversity
and culture so unlike our own.

Individual styles and custom-made fabrics with unusual
designs and bright lightening colors.

Faster and faster, we move into a circle of incessant
musical compositions, taking hearts and vibrating them
along with our souls.

A tantalizing rhythm, coding itself gently, carefully,
into rhythms of India and into this poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Indian Families

Sitting watching as father and son play pool here at the
recreation center, mother and daughter sitting, watching,
talking together.

Being from India, this family continues to be close and do
things with one another, so unlike American families these
days.

Being separated from their families because of work and
taking care of the many duties that keep them away from
their homes.

Meetings, agendas, so many things to be taken care of
no time to spend with their families, children being
left to themselves, playing games, watching TV, getting
into trouble because they have no discipline or role
models to look up to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

India's Coded Messages

Changing beats, rhyming them in codes never been seen
before.

Unable to decipher any of the messages, everyone is
kept continually in the dark, never seeing the light
of intellect's wisdom.

Carefully and intently moving into the future, adhering
to photographic screens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

India's Music Touching My Soul

Gentle steady tapping, creating various sounds from a drum,
pulsating rhythms creating an atmosphere of creativeness
within my being.

Enlivening my spirit, taking it into atmospheres and dimen-
sions that I've not been to before, a fascinating new sphere
of intellect.

India's music opening my mind to the complexities of life,
yet showing also, the simplicity of it's purpose to my soul
first hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

India's Rhythms

Succumbing to the incessant tenure of Indian rhythms,
continuing to write to it's beautiful melody as it
opens and contains intellect in a new category of
simplistic innocence.

Entirely pure and translucent, allowing truths of
every day life from the past to flow into passages
of this primary avenue of wisdom.

Acknowledging the acquiescence of my being to bow
before these promising thoughts, welcoming and con-
gratulating signs of an immediate tell-tale effusion.

Turning around inside my mind, a beneficent and worthy
array of colorful sensations becoming within, opening
up corners and shadows to the brilliance of another
area of this mind.

Characterized by the intensity of an evolving and
fantastic sphere being created right now with many
circular rhythms, taking turns bringing and blending
it altogether.

Sincere senses of interior direction, taking their
places now in depths of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

India's Stars

Pictures of three dimensional stars hanging
from porches in India, showing their
splendor with lights inside, giving the
world, directions to the Christ child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Indifferent Attitudes

Staying attuned to things being felt,
not wanting to be favored with anyone's
grace.
Hoping to be known, wanting just one
person to be a friend, yet being shunned
with indifferent attitudes based on
unreality.
Senseless anger directed at me for no
sound or sane reason.
Believing herself to be right, hurting me
to the core of my being, ripping my soul,
injuring me more than anyone else in the
world.

(11/26/12)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Actions

Drums beating into rhythms of my mind and intellect, all causing quite a stir of thoughts and concepts to occur, coming to the surface.

Seeing violence and barbaric ways filling our world with ugliness and murder, thinking of all the good and innocent people who outweigh these villains and thugs.

Wanting to rid this world of all of them so the rest of us good people can live our lives in peace, getting along like one big happy family.

Helping and teaching one another about our individual cultures and religions, getting along, educating our children through our individual actions, not just words with no meanings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Being

Sure-footed, not ever missing a step, proceeding into
rhythms that have developed through poetical compositions.

Knowing and understanding sensations of an interior essence,
ever living within it's universe, not wanting to climb from
it's canyons or ravines to live in the actuality of reality.

Preferring instead, the infinity of a stupendous intellect
filled with inspiration and vibrancy of imaginings.

All coming into being with just an inkling of sparks through
an integrity of another time and place in outer dimensions.

Unfolding into the essence of a passion being held preciously
by this mere poet in her individual reality of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Candles

Each of us have a candle up in heaven, some are short,
some long.
It is what each of us do with our lives that makes
each flame brilliant, each candle individually unique
in all the world.
Let your life light the flame of your candle and
reflect the love you have for each of us on earth
and God in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Corners

Life has time for each of us while we are here on earth, temporarily.

Standing about on individual corners we learn and teach others about ourselves.

Joining together, we become connected in friendship and have heavenly ties, binding us while we take our journeys on earth for as long as we each may have.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Dances

Rocking to rhythms as lights surround and flow around the dance floor, colors of the rainbow doing their individual dances as we watch, enjoying everything at once.

Music tantalizing and tempting us with a fantastic and rapid pace, picking up our spirits and giving us a free-dom nothing else can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Desires

Rushing to meet deadlines of other people's desires, leaving your own by the wayside, even when they are more important.

An insidious reality of those who feel they are above us in the scheme of things, leaving aside facts that every individual has their own identity and desire that also needs to be attended to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Destinies

Striding into depths of eternity, wasting no time,
becoming monuments to ourselves.
Fulfilling duties, constantly waiving rights just
to be accepted into groups that normally don't matter.
Ordinary stances regroup, opening up minds drenched in curiosity.
Wandering depths of knowledge with unkempt thoughts,
knowing when all of our purposes are on final
coastlines awaiting our ships of longevity, we will no
longer need them as we walk forward into our individual
destinies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Duality

Sensing an individual duality always hiding within,
keeping me company even when lonely.

Thinking about it, wondering what it actually is,
trying to determine every memory that I've felt it
in since a very young child.

Always thinking of myself as a twin somehow, not
ever knowing or having any knowledge about it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Forgiveness

Forgiveness is in the hands of individual hearts,
sometimes being given, more often not.

Feelings hurt, tears falling, staining self-esteem,
never finding a way to find comfort from the abuse
being given.

Circumstances always essentially the same, yelling
screaming, verbal, mental, and emotional.

Falling upon innocent ears and minds, taking a toll
on a child, filling them with endless fears and
stress.

Taking away their mental stamina and physical health,
marring the childhood they were supposed to have.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Gifts

Challenging ideas belonging to other people are not always
in your best interest.
Wonderment is an individual gift each of us needs to unwrap
and use while living.
Curiosity follows it like an eternal shadow of lightened
knowledge.
Catching questions throughout life, in balls of wonder,
causes a reprieve from the mundane settlements of ordinary
thinking.
Curiosity whets the brain and helps it to become resilient
and positive.
Wandering down lanes newly thought into existence, whistling
new compositions of patterns, placing them in alignment.
According to the sounds and tones already etched in mind
designs where they know they're wanted to be placed.
Making melodies stand out and be used in writing endeavors
that will last a lifetime of eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Journeys

Living in the wonder of another evening, watching stars twinkling above, thinking of the vast and mysterious universe that they're a part of.

Pale moon shining down upon earth, allowing us to step into it's lunar and enticing tides, affecting oceans on earth, waves rising, falling and crashing upon this lively and beautiful earth.

Walking along shores of individual journeys, taking curiosity and opening it wide, bringing everything into the light of another evening as I stroll quietly in my mind throughout this silent night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Life

Moving to rhythms of life, heart beating, lungs breathing,
blood flowing, we are being awakened through out bodies
as they live and breathe for us.

Minds thoughtful and ever-flowing with ideas and concepts,
nothing to intercept or take them away, thinking, pondering
and living in the beauty of an individual life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Masterpieces

Super sonic rhythms delving into my brain, enticing neurons
and synapses with pleasure and delight, accepting feelings
it gives all the time.

Taking away tension and stress from living this earthly life
which is filled with all types of people, combining it with
imagination, finding ways to escape through music.

Writing poetry, painting, giving innate talent a run for it's
money, always taking everything into images and landscapes of
words, meanings and definitions, producing individual master-
pieces through poetry daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Moments

Thinking deeply, finding that I definitely have the final
puzzle piece to complete the picture puzzle of life.

Holding the answer through death, teaching the truths of
life after it has been discharged on earth.

Claiming the estimate of an honest level of achievement,
considering all aspects from many dimensions through
interior positions of discovery.

Allowing intellect to surpass our identities within our-
selves, contentedly and completely.

Realizing the essence of wisdom as it unfolds regularly
into imagination where it is always withheld and dealt
with in individual moments of existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Predicaments

Sitting silently alone, thinking how cruel life can treat
you, wanting to do everything possible, looking for an
adventure and discovery.

Finding only a life with an incurable disease, striking
down slowly, painstakingly, steeping in a deep sorrow.

A shortened life, going to be left unfulfilled, incomplete,
feeling the bitterness creep within.

Yet seeing a friend, healthy, hale, vibrant, a wonderfully
gentle person with his life however many years ahead of him.

Able to do anything, being fulfilled if he wants to, he can
complete anything he starts with no worries.

And yet, he has been struck down as if by lightening,
because God has taken the love of his life to heaven with
him.

Now able to do anything, finding no purpose in life and is
drowning in sorrow and grief.

Thinking, God is so cruel, sitting here wondering if He
will give one more day, or possibly a year, being able to
do nothing, yet wanting to.

This friend with every possibility at hand, able to do
whatever he wants, just sits and does nothing!

Yet here both sit side by side, bitter because of these
individual predicaments.

Both just wishing for death to take them, for neither one
has any desire to pursue a purpose here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Preferences

Individuals living according to their own preferences,
looking forward to activities they are able to
participate in.

Taking pleasure in everyday activities set to music,
rhythmically placing their minds in sequences of
aspired greatness.

Concentrating on steps, blending with beats of
enjoyable melodies, caressing their entire beings
as they walk and move in time with energetic tempos,
following nature's innate aspirations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Reasons

Straining to find the way out of this mire of grief we
have fallen into.

Finding ourselves breathless, hearts empty, souls both
yearning for another horizon.

Yet, here we sit, watching our sunsets enfold us within
their final deathly grips.

Not letting us find our way to the everlasting purpose
that we were both born to fulfill.

Now for individual reasons we are both being decimated,
falling on our faces in the deepest depression life can
ever offer either of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Rhythm

Mind wandering outside the office, stopping to touch
things I want to feel so they can be formulated into
senses my mind can express.

Taking time, walking around the fountain, watching
the rippling effect of the wind as it surrounds the
environment with it's invisible presence.

Looking up through the trees, seeing yellow blossoms
holding fragily onto their places in life.

Feeling their beauty also holding onto my mind where
it can be seen as I write of their essence.

Beautiful colors of yellow, shining like the sun upon
thoughts coming rapidly into sight.

Being filled with individual rhythm, as each note is
composed at the exact same time.

A variety of life set in poetry, always ready to
reflect it back whenever being read.

A legacy given, so I never forget the richness of
these heavenly gifts, just being a mere poet, writing
as an instrument of our Lord's.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Senses

Delicate balance of nature perched insecurely on branches
of life, looking out upon the world, seeing details that
unfold right before my eyes.

Handling sights of individual senses and emotions, feeling
arid and vivid colors of the rainbow, thinking about it in combination with the all-
pervading entity that lies within.

Never leaving my interior being, aware and awakened within
corners of this mind, living in a light of an effervescent
dimension, teaching elements needed to connect with each
one in intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Tears

Blessed are those who mourn for love once known together,
their sorrow is richly cured, broken down over time, gently
soothed by another's compassion.

Pain of sorrow guides our way, bringing those of us together
who need each other's help and comfort in times of reluctant
sadness.

Embracing our feelings, sharing them, coming closer together
than ever to the truths of life on earth.

We hold our individual tears until we're safe with one another
on the threshold of new horizons.

Made for each of us by other's hearts, kind and gentle, developed
by God, Himself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Time Schedules

Wishing for the respect of my love as I wait in the
disparity of his grief, sensing his sorrow, knowing
his emptiness and abandonment as my own.

Wanting him to be open and accepting while BEing
with him, soliciting whatever it is that he needs
just by asking it of me.

Hoping to do whatever possible to awaken his mind
to the life that is still living inside of him,
praying he will recognize his purpose in life.

Opening his eyes and heart to others in pain like
himself, will help to assuage his loneliness, yet
afraid, staying within, isolating, not letting go.

Not wanting to go through another loss of true love
is understood, yet being aware of the fact that being
human means we need to love and be loved in turn.

There's nothing wrong with that, maybe he will realize
it also, in time as each individual has their own
time schedules when it comes to grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individual Well-Being

Traveling tunnels of freeways to destinations of
medical appointments necessary to health and well-
being of individuals.

Coasting along well-worn lines of white, thinking
of what is about to commence in exam rooms minutes
from now.

Blood pressure rising as stress of the unknown
grates against our minds, tightening our nerves,
boosting our levels of stress above and beyond
their circumference.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individuality

Fighting restlessly inside, being bowled over by
emotional tides not recognized nor felt.

Wondering, left upon distant shores to fend for
self, standing alone, facing the world.

Circumstances trying, picking at the edges, the
cornerstones of sanity.

Wakeful, alert, aware of surroundings, seeking
something beyond self, but can't quite figure out
what it is.

Sandwiched between memories and flashbacks, a
childhood that had never been allowed.

Growing up, searching for the answers, nothing
ever comes about.

Never grasping nor holding onto meanings brought
forth from other's minds and mouths.

Somehow never reaching the confines of an inner
being, selectively seeing what is important,
letting sight record it's questions on an inner
slate.

There is no transpiring concept of thought seeping
through, all ideas are spread about in seemingly
mass confusion.

There is none of that chaos in creative minds, it
is all sorted, filed and defined.

Constructed within the realms of genius, life is
touched, looked upon as a form of art, awaiting
it's individuality, internally inborn.

Watching misguided efforts of others along the

way, brings about the resiliency needed to survive
in this world.

Noticing every little action, reaction, emotion,
and physical being, awareness is brought into view,
and life becomes seen because it is real.

Total abandon each person takes in, manufactures the
differences relationships make.

Untold lessons of chance are tucked beneath heaven,
serenading progress of each new risk.

Luckily foretelling future's plans, hit or miss with
very little clairvoyance and lots of myths.

Watchfully eyeing dismal heartbeats of decadent
referrals, complicating life's resources, filling them
with empty dreams.

Taking down from heaven, a little every day, so as not
to miss some small blessing along the road of life
and living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Individually Hiding

Surreptitiously divining pictures of interior landscapes,
where I hide individually, not wanting to be among the
life of untranquility.

Holding instead to my life and the poetical world that
I prefer to be included in, tantalizing, full of positive
attitudes and quiet moods.

Stepping into a future without being harnessed or trapped
by other people's opinions on what they don't know about
me at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Indoor Revival

Finding spaces to fit the puzzle of being into seeing
human's inept disguises at religion.

Bare stages with curtains instead of altars, no crucifix
in sight.

Drums, organ and keyboard ready to be played in rhapsodies
of God's glory.

People standing, swaying, dancing around in the aisles,
supposedly for God's greater majesty.

Ornate gold pulpit sitting center stage where a pastor
gives an arousing sermon that doesn't say much about any
thing God, only things about himself and his struggle.

Tears falling, voice loud and strained - an indoor revival
like those outside of old.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inducing Moments

Sunlight falling against windows, bringing rainbows and prisms into direct correlation with patterns of energy, combined with solar power in my mind.
Turning around, facing the east, seeing all the sunshine being directed towards the west.
Focusing lime lights of inferior magic onto reflections of make-believe.
Sanctioning memories, giving them room to breathe and inducing moments to be made.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inducing Properties Of Creativeness

Playing measures of many melodies within this mind on an
interior piano, enjoying the pleasant and intense sounds
as they touch intellect.

Showering it with thoughts to place into ideas, concepts
and poetry, finding an exhilaration building within each
time music plays.

Having a sublime and profound effect on pleasure centers
of this brain in a creative and captivating way, inducing
properties of creativeness within imagination and reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Indulgent Fate

Awaiting, anticipating unknown
results of life and it's turn about.

Surfing tidal emotions with zest,
crashing on shores of crystal sands.

Supporting curiosity and wonder in
handfuls of sinister looking shells.

Hoping to receive the best of every
world, falling instead between cracks
of indulgent fate, crawling on grounds
of defeat.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inept People

Sitting alongside inept people,
watching them get by with very little work.

Making a big show of toiling away,
collecting a paycheck for doing little or
nothing for it.

Expecting pay, and handouts, thinking they
deserve it, yet knowing in their hearts
that they're complete failures from day one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inept Workers

Smug smiles behind the manager's back as she
ignores her position and doesn't clean her area.
A travesty of labor, dereliction of duty, and
hopeless cases of inept workers that need to be
fired on the spot, making room for people who
will actually work.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inert Chaos

Searching within, tripping over piles of remembering,
dust-covered, unused, left over pages ripped from the
past.

Survival felt throughout the turmoil of everyday life, sustaining thoughts,
creating an existence, living
solitarily alone.

Mitigating memories, placing them in books, storing
all on closet shelves, awaiting geriatric days -
unending time spent alone.

Indigenous talents in full bloom, taking on the
insistence of old age.

Indomitable obstacles inducing inert chaos.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inescapable Horror

Reality peeking through imagination, showing images
of what was and will soon be.

Taunting this mind with inescapable horror, seeing
evil rearing it's head and taking lives of innocent
children and women.

Ruining their lives with their lust and perversion,
leaving them to fend for themselves in between their
perverted lust upon them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inescapable Process

Music intensely touching this mind, an inescapable process that
entices and allures it time and again, relaxing and energizing
this being with serenity.

Tempting this spirit to find it's way into the bluened light
where all becomes peaceful, an intense quietness that continues
to last for hours.

Even through difficulties and hardships in this earthly life,
wanting to stay within this bluened light, not wanting to come
away from it.

Knowing that it's the Divine dwelling within, soul going into
a deeper contemplation where the world disappears in the wonder
of spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inevitability

Saddened hearts beating in unison, afraid of being lost to one another in the coming days.

Knowing that eventually it's inevitability will soon come to pass.

Traversing into the future, trying to come to terms with something that hasn't even happened as yet in reality.

Sprinkling hope lights and dies incessantly without any preamble to it's doing so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inevitable Fate

Being energized totally by vibrant rhythms clamoring
for attention within this being, hoping to be cooperated
with so attainment of the best things in life can become
a part of my existence.

Trying as I travel this solo lonesome journey, making
this world become real, taking me into atmospheres of
another dimension.

Living in a technicolor future, allowing destiny to
produce the best that it possibly can in steps that
will be taken to ascend life and fulfill it's purpose.

Wondering and hoping to see the end in sight, fruitful
and endearing to this heart and soul of mine, believing
in the inevitable fate that has been promised from the
very beginning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Infamous Rhythm

Figuratively listening to an old rendition of Hound
Dog, the original song and rhythm of it.
An interesting sound, filled with euphoric meaning
and bringing definition to every tone that fills
rhythm with it's incessant beauty.
Taking the guitar and bass fiddle into depths of
infamous rhythm.
Feeling the intensity of every note as it falls upon
my ears and spreads itself into the words I am writing
incessantly - as long as the musical intensity
continues to touch my interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Infamous Visions

A pocket of time opens up, consuming me in it's energetic whims.
Basically haunting me with undisclosed adjectives as yet.
Sifting through the darkness, feeling around for objects that will become infamous in just a few words melded together, giving literature new visions to add to it's repertoire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Infancy

Glancing backwards through ageless memories, a strange
sweetness, tenderness falls within.

Foreign feelings felt nervously, standing still in time,
images staying just out of reach, not wishing to match
up with the feelings.

As if shaking hands for the first time in all of life
with yourself, totally unbidden, unheedingly, they slip through into today,
awaiting recognition.

Velvet soft, pleasant, reaching through the ages to
touch tenderly, particles of mind called youth, feeling
only what can be felt through eternity, lying gently in
a crib.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Infatuation

Love streaming with a glittering recollection of innocence and purity of adolescence, true reminders of how we felt the first time love touched us or what we thought was love at the time.

Not realizing that it was only infatuation, we couldn't do without him or her; feeling that we were going to die if we couldn't spend every minute of each day together.

Holding hands, kissing, talking and sharing our dreams that we thought would fill the rest of our days forevermore, alas, being only infatuation in the end.

It's feelings dwindled away without us realizing how or why, our tears trickling at times into rivers of tomorrow, nowhere to go anymore for love was never really there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Infatuation, A False Love

Ringing tones rising through rhythms, taking everything into fever pitches, relating the intensity that young teenagers are now beginning to feel.

Rushing beats taking them further into their minds and beings, seeing things differently now, thinking they are in love.

Not knowing that what in reality it is belongs in the palms of a false love called infatuation, a place and feeling where many teens fall into it's trap.

Having the experience of wanting to fulfill their inner desires of lust through this infatuation of false and hurtful love, ending up with broken and torn hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Infection Of Perversion

Life is being killed by the disease and infection of
perverse ideas today.

We need to gather together, finding an antidote for
it before it continues to get worse.

Solutions continuing to be raised, so far it has not
been enough to stop the spread of this filthy disease.

Special prayers and graces are needed to give the
world a place to begin and get rid of this evil.

Spread the word, take down the disease, even if it's
one person at a time until all are gone.

Then we can get back to being human and not being
afraid of anyone again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Infectious Ties

Whiling away an evening in senior years, allowing the past to enter with it's images of family and heart-felt emotional ties.
So infectious, it keeps coming along through many years of life - persuasion meaning to take it into the future.
Playing fields of extrasensory perceptions while dealing in reality through imagination and it's fertile grounds.
Tearing away the erosion caused by continuous landslides of emotion.
Bringing me always to conclusions of ending days where I will finally be in an element of death's desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Infiltrated

Deep in wonder, saturated with unbelief, the road of life
uphill, cascades through eternity without any frills or
lace upon it's brow.

Forever infiltrated by the memories long since past, a
never-ending repertoire flashes in and out, focusing at
intervals, remembered nightmares.

Living on though tempests which wrack the brain of child-
hood, fears continue to haunt and be a part of adulthood.

Sever repercussions echoing down tunnels of despair, the
cries and screams continue ever onward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Infinite Creation

Sunshine freeing the totalness of me, allowing creativity
to blossom and spread it's wings.
Wrapping strings of imagination in varied styles, each
time creating new designs, patterns, and dimensions.
Soul of infinite goodness permitting freedom of expression
no one can give me.
Justifying joy someday seen and felt in heaven, the verve
of unexpected pleasure lies within, giving the only happiness
and peace I've never seen on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Infinite Domain

Life circles everything, binding all together in a
world unstable, yet beautiful to behold when some-
one is looking.
Paths of infinite domain travel with us into past
and future horizons, claiming destiny on stairways
of heaven one day.
Lessening effects of lateral composition through
eternal music - life outstanding - generates it's
selfless beauty throughout infinity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Infinite Feelings

Whenever I hold onto memories, tears glisten joyfully,
touching heart and soul gently poetical.

Feelings peace-filled interiorly, unafraid of wandering
this universe alone.

Wanting to be a part of natural wonder, freely giving
self in this endeavor, always traveling beyond this
inner dimension, skirting edges beyond any mortal being
or place.

Never landing for long in any particular place, folding
spaciously inside a rose of natural delight.

Soaring with effervescent glory towards the ends of
time, always on a wing and prayer.

Escaping the land of boring desire, alighting in the
farthest reaches of imagination's frivolous and
intense borders.

Exchanging one touch of feeling for an infinite
amount in store.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Infinite Ideas

Turntables of existence, bringing me into circles of intense focus, allowing no interference in my way of thinking.
Difficult decisions always being put off in place of listening or playing music for my interior peace of mind.
Calmly attaching self to serenity of prayer, leading me into circles of hope and faithful endeavors.
Situating myself on edges of patterns, looking for any matches in words of sentences, so I may bring an extraordinary aspect to old ways of thought.
Colliding with the future, I present myself as the poet of infinite ideas in poetical melodies on furthest shores of life's wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Infinite Lapses Of Aged Memories

Walking across a vast land of emptiness, feeling sorry for myself, yet thinking about others and their trials and suffering.
Looking into their bleak abandoned lives with rainbow-colored eyes, sensing sympathy for one another.
Contributing to exercises left out of particular rhymes, entering realms without guidance from anyone else.
Precious lifetimes passing many roads along the way, circumventing many examples left by the wayside and following inner tirades onto vast lands of total emptiness.
Nondescript allowances being forged anew as I walk around in infinite lapses of my aged memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Infinite Patterns Of Spirituality

Exceptional feelings within, alluring and positive to
intellect's decisions of ingenuity and precise wisdom.

Tempting imagination to enter realms of knowledge, in-
fluencing and adding to it's already immense repertoire.

Watching closely as designs are being rearranged according
to infinite patterns of spirituality.

A delicate web of energy inserting itself into a powerful
energy of intellect itself.

Able to alter and redesign feelings and emotions within a
new strength of character and health.

Being is responding to interior spirituality in a very
positive and assertive respect, pain disappearing.

Mind clearer and more well defined than previously, signals
of coded rhythms insinuating themselves in their midst.

Synapses and neurons, increasing pleasurable sensations
of endorphins as they gather momentum together.

Invitingly, grasping intellect as it binds itself to inner
workings of body, mind and spirit.

Fulfilling them all with the Divine and absolute truth of
living life in serenity and solace indefinitely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Infinite Thoughts

Singing voices tuning themselves throughout an inner universe,
tastefully spreading transient joy in my life.
Always, going interiorly, arriving at gates of elation, never
worrying about depression, sadness, abandonment, because I
know this inner joy of talented gifts will always be here for
me to tap into.
An infinite amount of thoughts will fill my mind continually
until I die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Infinite Vision

Tantalizing energy from rhythms filling my soul with
it's beauty and precision.

Living in an atmosphere of melody as it saturates my
being with anticipation.

Creating imagination's infinite vision on levels of
many dimensional horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Infinity Of Time

Loving you more and more as I listen to the rhythm of
your beating heart.

A placid and wonderful melody, always emanating from
your inner being.

Accomplished, sensual and entirely your own, tempting
me daily.

Enjoying the wonder and awe of every moment we spend
together.

An infinity of time, we are closer than ever, loving
to be one while making love, totally into one another.

Pleasurable feelings always when with you, thoughts
flowing and our love showing itself to one another only.

Always coinciding with the rhythms of our deliberate
and fragile beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Influential Behavior

Singly anticipating a solemn avenue on life's road toward eternity, filing good deeds in visions of tomorrow.
Sliding across images, mesmerizing each one in lightened knowledge.
Pushing on, thinking forward, becoming foremost in imagination's subconsciousness.
Allowing for innate talent to be subjected to wisdom's influential behavior.
Walking alongside every thought as it falls into place, creating new poetry as light leads the way through musical, futuristic emotions, left behind to enter dimensions of elevated consciousness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Informative Clarity

Recognizing rhythms in the light of day, accepting facts of every coded message contained therein.

Being placed within many aspects of life and continuing to have options that are fast breaking and clear.

An informative clarity, always appearing in parts of intellect and imagination, never failing to complete every picture appearing on interior screens.

Pleasing to my heart and soul all the way through while being played right here before me.

Nothing holding back or barring the way to writing poetry that is meant to be right here in life.

Focusing entirely on what is inside this mind, leaving it all to imagination and never stopping thought processes from flowing.

Delicate patterns falling from my pen, showing the world what I am thinking, so awesome and particularly sensing everything going on, soothing inner peace with uncharacteristic serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Infractions

Loving the freedom of the United States, wanting to protect it from foreign and domestic enemies trying to subvert our way of life.

Keeping track of every infraction placed upon us by the so-called president and liberal politicians.

Knowing they are up to no good, wanting to find solutions to get them out of all our lives permanently.

Striving to gather information, getting it all in this moment of truthful investigation.

We the people uniting against the tyranny and treason that the traitor is committing in the White House.

Americans everywhere will not allow amnesty, no matter what the government says to the contrary.

Anyone trying to come to America will be taking their life in their hands, so I pray they stay in their own country and be safe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Infrared Designs

Choosing infrared designs with
spectacular elements attached to each other.
Fancy petals falling onto floors of beyond,
coloring everything rainbow and leaving
nothing out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Infusing Liveliness

Lazy, laid-back, enjoying these feelings this morning as
they take my spirits soaring into another atmosphere.

Full of impressions that are looking to be expressed when
I have the time and inclination to do so.

So nice, spirits making a comfortable space where I can
enjoy music and poetry flowing so gently and evenly along
rivers of spacious imagination.

Just settling back, watching white rapids bubble past me
over rocks and boulders of gigantic proportions.

Beautiful pictures of nature, touching my soul and infusing
an effervescent liveliness within my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ingenious Patterns

Curling lines on top of
horizontal and vertical lines,
cresting ingenious patterns,
filling interior sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ingenious Shadows

Centering within interior melodies, all of them
equipping this mind with everything it needs to know.

Ingenious shadows of rhythm, grasp hold and titillate
senses with aromas of intellect as it continually
energizes all ideas.

Stepping out and finding that all is satisfying in
harmonies of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ingenuity And Imagination

Sinking into depths of my being, locating reasons penetrating this mind with equations of tomorrow's beauty and filling nature with an essence of intellectual effervescence.

Nothing able to contradict it's ability to focus on solutions that are needed, sacrificing only time spent on figuring it all out.

Presenting and implementing it all as soon as possible, ingenuity and imaginative ideas forming the designs needed to create ideal situations in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ingenuity Of India's Music

Rhythmic drums giving my heart a jump start for this new
day, realizing ingenuity of India's music as it completely
unfolds into intellect.

Collecting ideas, raking them into poems where life can
gain some meaning for another culture through it's music.

So totally and carefully exposing beautiful exercises of
it's people and their intense intellect.

Beautiful and temping to creative minds, like this mere
poet's right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ingenuity Of Purpose

Taking sorrows into beds of roses, filling them with nourishing tastes of salted tears coming from interior wells.

Scents touching senses of a being, brought to life through an exploratory curiosity of this mind being exploded in rhythms of color and auras displayed in a mind of talented creativity.

Using an ingenuity of purpose to develop and process them all onto pages of words, music and canvas's of perfection.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ingenuity Silently Dictates

Tripping on life chords in measures of music filled with
rhythmic colors, being touched in every area of this mind.

Challenged by the ingenuity of intellect as it silently
dictates to imagination, inspiring properties, creating
avenues and pathways into dimensions of other universes.

Quality of life improved with each and every thought as
they're traced through melodies of subconsciousness and
innate talent.

Reaching quietly into depths of humanity, giving desires
many sparkles of creativeness in which to write poetically
in this lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ingesting Views

Straining to place life in it's proper perspective,
yet wanting it to be unique and special.
Writing all types of scenarios, completing pictures
and videos in my mind, just to pass the time away.
Leveling playing fields, ingesting the views I'm
creating spontaneously.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ingrown Thought

Throwing hands of fate into pits of hell, terrifying
even the most strident sinners of earth.

Walking, beating rhythms of irreverent music,
striding down paths of religious fervor, getting
slowly altered down lanes of irretrievable purpose.

Faith and belief in it, turns souls around,
gravitating towards their main intention and facet
of being.

Along lines of beginning hope, feats of life are
imitated in daily rhymes of ingrown thought, floating
in melodic striae of brain waves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inhaling Breaths Of Words

Rushing through melodies, letting their rhythms go on solo
journeys through imagination, attending to intellect and
ideas that are being fostered within right now.

Capturing sounds and epiphanies of poetical interludes as
they glow into this mind, enrapturing my soul, setting it
afire with a spirituality of time everlasting.

Blazing everywhere inside, enticing desires of an uncondi-
tional love, rising ever higher, lifting spirits into new
realms above those wrought in life until now.

Soundly, taking every note, vibrating and lifting them into
an everlasting peace and serenity, nothing taking it's place, wringing every
feeling and emotion from within this being.

Always seeing details of every vision with a crystal clear
insight into it's deepest interior, systematically and
constantly inhaling each breath of life with every word that
is written into this journal of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inhaling Sounds

Staccato and singly beating rhythms counting themselves
down in measures of chords as time marches on.

Following notes and tones, inhaling their sounds within
intellect.

An inspiring innate talent growing exponentially through-
out the years taking moments in stride.

Living each of them with an inherent tide, taking this
mind aside and into poetry constantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inherent Belonging

Belonging is inherent in our human nature, causing us all to search for love in another person.
Sometimes finding it and enjoying a lasting relationship.
Other times falling along, alone, without anyone to hold, love or treasure us for who we are.
A saddened plight, never reversed, causing a disappointment in love and it's many promises.
Leaving some bereft and thrown into deep chasms of abandoned loneliness to fend for themselves the best they can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inherent Loneliness

People are inherently lonely, searching for validation
through contact with others.
Desperately needing love and acceptance in their daily
lives, trying to find that little niche that eludes them.
Only God can fill the emptiness and afterwards put people
in your life that will make you feel wanted - though it
will never be perfect while alive on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Injecting Intensive Energy

Witnessing effects of music interiorly, watching coded
rhythms as they fill intellect so totally.

Injecting intensive energy into this mind, incomparable
to anything else.

Living in moments of musical rhythms, keeping focused
and attuned intently to the beauty of nature and life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Injured Intellect

Injuring a mind of intellect, grief sidles against memories,
rubbing them raw with a sadness of loss.
Turning self into hiding from emotional depths of sorrow,
hoping to bypass all feelings of hopelessness and come out
smiling.
A never-ending hope dashed from it's beginning, silently
taking life from it's space in timeless years, stringing
it across spans of eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Injustice

Stars gazing from the heavens, penetrating the hard crust of earth.
Seemingly stalking the skies in round about ways, never staying in one place.
Roaming always, never finding peace or solace, pretending to believe in the goodness of others.
Rising on shores of ancient byways, crashing down upon the walls of death.
Forsaking special places in the sky, singeing the milky way on the way to war.
Clouds foaming and bubbling all across the world, crying for justice which will never be unfurled this side of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Injustice Done

Gentle, joyful, contented, a morning filled with strife
in the beginning.

Going to a pool tournament with my husband, and a friend,
everyone happy and excited to be there.

Getting to the senior center, talking, joking having a
good time, anticipating the game of strategy and chance.

Suddenly rules of the game changed from what they were
advertised to be, upsetting all pool players.

Getting riled before the game even began, going from
playing doubles to single elimination.

Talking to some of the players about it privately, when
the director of the center came over and started talking
rudely for no apparent reason at all.

She had no business butting into our conversation, then
started talking louder, treating seniors like children.

This director was rude, obnoxious, treating them dis-
respectfully, being a racist, so we turned her in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Injustice Of Infidelity

Torn in two by the injustice of your infidelity, lies and abuse, there is no answer to the whys and wherefores in this life.

You've done me wrong and there's no way to make it right, going our separate ways, never to meet again, your cheating heart always straying.

Going beyond the limits and boundaries of our once upon a love, stretching ties that once bound us, breaking them, never again to be a slave.

Love that was once professed, all the promises made, now broken, shattered, tears now drowning my heart in sorrow, nothing left but loneliness and abandonment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ink Blinks

Patching together what comes into view,
stitching and sewing abstract ideas and
images to form never before creations
in a blink of ink.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inking Memories

Melodies titillating my subconscious, telling tales of
happiness from beyond this world.
Taking life in broken strides, hobbling down hallways
of hazy dreams.
Talking of past people and things we've done in
coupling days of younger ages.
Inking memories forever in pages of imagination, never
to be forgotten while alive today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Ability Of Genius

Lessons in life are essential to our beings, always
learning and introducing knowledge into intellect.

Purpose and intense unification growing into wisdom,
an innate ability producing genius.

Infinite experiences of life give us many abounding
qualities, all nourished and blossoming creatively
in imagination.

At a certain moment of thought, giving effervescent
feelings to our beings as it fulfills the important
purpose of our living on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Capacity

Strolling along dimly lit pathways, looking closely
at nature while it opens before me.

Seeing trees, living and growing, flowers, their buds
blossoming creatively without any help from anyone, an
innate capacity to do what they are meant to in life.

So it is with innate talent, not being seen at all when
born, yet it's within a mind, creating enormous amounts
of poetry from within the nothingness of a vast space
of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Connection At Birth

Walking into music of life, head held high, fingers tapping
incessantly to it's rhythms as I strut into motions of it's
innate life.

Energetically and methodically, taking hold of interior reins
and never letting go of it's delight for it gives such pleasure
and joy in this difficult life.

Spreading interiorly without any fear of it being voided by
others, being totally soothed by it's melodies of peace and
serenity always.

Lifting intellect into the incessant future of a blessed energy,
feeling it cooperating and invigorating every thought that fills
this brain.

Neurons and synapses taking hold of every note and sound, allow-
ing this poet to totally be comforted in measures of timely music,
a connection innately made at birth.

Never able to be broken or erased, continuing to write into the
future of this earthly life, never being persuaded to let it go
for it is the essence of my interior happiness and energy forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Creations Of Poetry

Strumming inner violins of talent, listening to
reverberations fill interiorly, spaces of familiarity.

Knowledge, wisdom, images created innately, without
teaching learning, copying from without.

Joyfully fulfilling plans of God's, enjoying His
presence completely as each poem is written for Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Creative Processes

Listening to rhythms spreading themselves through
this mind and intellect.

Watching as they take thoughts, rearrange, adjust
and realign them according to innate mathematical
equations.

Finding them more fascinating and productive to
innate creative processes, letting go, watching as
they find their way through a tangle of coded verses.

Living, breathing, continuing to give beautiful
scents of pine trees to my mind, relaxing it, giving
it comforting thoughts and enticing it into aromas of
imaginary realms.

Expecting them to become realities in passages of
time for the future, wonder and awe, filling thoughts
with immediate codes and vibrant ideas.

Relating all sorts of realistic feelings and emotions
still, silent, yet fulfilling interior desires rapidly
without any interference.

A sincere and adaptable sequence to intellect's purpose,
never falling into recriminations of rueful regret.

Standing behind the most valued equations that are being
created in the exact moment of time that they are thought
of.

No further thinking ever needed, it's always being done
instantaneously and immediately.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Desires

Mirages of life form before me,
creating a mystic formula into
which I carefully step.

Searching for words among ripples
of transparent heat rising from
the surface of well-trodden roads
through imagination.

Equating easily with every motion
connected to natural beauty of life,
twisting, turning, following an
innate desire hiding deeply inside me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Destiny

Listening for fortuitous melodies of life,
enhanced by natural delight on misty swollen days.
Breathing in an atmosphere of nature, lungs filling
with precious fresh air, enabling life to endure
another day.
Satisfying prerequisites of tomorrow's destiny with
innate abilities and talents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Education

Dreaming over and above other people on earth,
continuing an innate education of learning
through inner thoughts, awakening and opening
during the time of sleep and dreams.
Amazing ideas and inventions being emitted
constantly.
Ideas on how to help others creatively
attuned to compassion and caring.
Never withholding any information or data in
my brain, giving it all away in detail, but
only to my self at night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Gems

Sounds lighting fires within, watching as colors twist
and turn, tossing little spurts of knowledge into the
atmosphere.

Tickling imagination with tiny sparks of enticing and
lovely designs and patterns, totally providing incessant
rhythms needed throughout life as I write poetically.

Escaping tragedies of life through poetry, art and music,
preferring to stay within the boundaries of an interior
confinement.

Filled with joy, laughter, excitement, always anticipat-
ing being thrilled with innate gems of thought as they
fall gently from this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Gift

Silence filling me exponentially, probing and penetrating
an interior innate gift, dispersing itself throughout my
being.

Every season finding it's way into my interior life through
the wayward intellect of my mind, socially encrypting every
particle and fiber of rhythms I'm listening to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Gifts Keep Me Sane

Gifts given innately from God to keep me sane and
focused through painful suffering in life, crossing
roads of tribulation and sorrow always.

Music's rhythms leading the way towards peace and
serenity that exists within, finding it's essence,
placing it upon a cloud.

Watching as it floats and drifts above me, showing
all kinds of new sights and taking me on some great
adventures, exploring every one of them in succession.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Intuition

Time after time, I've tried to tell you, but you never
listened to me.

Wanting you to know how much I loved you, yet not quite
enough to marry you.

Not wishing to hurt you, the furthest thing from my
mind, just wanting to be free and independent.

Giving my life to God, going wherever he sends me through-
out the years of life.

Intriguing and mysterious, always following God's will as
He puts people in my life when He wants to help them.

Nothing at all to do with me, just fulfilling the purpose
I was created for.

Having an innate knowledge and interior spirituality in
which to be used for whatever God had intended it for.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Learning

Thundering music rolling across the skyway of this mind,
taking opportunities to solicit new ideas and concepts
to write into poetry.

Walking through jungles of puzzle pieces, fitting them to-
gether while writing, loving the challenge of putting life
in exacting possibilities.

Watching how they work together, soaring above earth, fly-
ing into dimensions of innate learning, being inspired by
knowledge and wisdom found hidden there.

Absolutely enticing poetry, finding it's way quickly and
instantaneously into intellect where it sprouts wings and
interprets rhythms as they're coded throughout melodies.

Encouraged and inspired by depths and heights of creative
thoughts as they suddenly crop up, waiting for recognition
and wanting to be written into poems.

Waking in moments of eclipsable ideas, projecting them
upon screens of photographic memories, drumming steadily
across lines of reality and imagination.

Creativity takes every position in mind to capture and
nurture everything, living in the excitement of every
note, sound and rhythm being played.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Learning Experience

Lovely sentiments are always falling like beautiful
rose petals into my mind, tantalizing and nurturing
ideas constantly.

Attributing emotions to thoughts, giving reasoning
and logic energetic exercises to take it all, insert-
ing it into poetry.

Finding that placement of words and meanings is an
innate learning experience, whereby I don't have to
think, it just comes about without any effort.

Always giving a great amount of pleasure in daily
life and every single moment being alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Loneliness

Natural loneliness affects me deeply, especially during
contemplation where I am more attuned to it's presence
in being.

Signs of affliation bring me together with what I know
in times of sadness and despair.

All the world is pulled apart by the shape of sorrow
and whatever accompanies it into our world.

Preferring to be alone in times of deepest despair,
yet I pray for a hand to reach me - one who cares.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Metronome

Sliding in and out of imagination, keeping time interiorly
within an innate metronome, enjoying and applauding beauty
taking me far, far away.

Lifting my spirits and unfolding them into skyways of my
heart and soul, fulfilling my spirit, always finding energy
as it continually flows throughout my being.

Smiling as I write completely, enjoying music and rhythms
matching my life and attuning it to chords and quality of
incessant harmonies.

Actions coming rapidly as I write poetry, this mind afire,
blazing new experiences and adventures into the future,
seeing visions that are showing what the future will be.

Softly, yet steadily, flowing like white rapids through my
brain and into my heart, soul cheering me on passionately,
taking my essence into avenues of the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Need To Helping Others

Staccatoly pounding chords and notes on the piano of
my heart, playing for another through the years, never
counting the cost in moments of time.

Always being open to honest and outstanding people
looking for another to bring comfort to them, satisfying
an innate need to help others.

Talking, spending time with those who have lost loved
ones and are bereaved, souls now wandering this earth,
looking for those they've lost to death.

Now they are being haunted by the eeriness of the absence
in their lives, deep holes having been left within their
hearts and souls.

No matter how they try in life these holes cannot ever be
filled, an emptiness having forever being planted with
these deep wells of loss.

Nothing we can find to water the blossoms of loneliness,
sorrow and grief, something that not even time will heal
until we die and enter heaven.

Once there, then this hole will be filled forevermore and
spirits at last being fulfilled by God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Order

Forwarding incoming thoughts into scores of music, playing them in my head, changing, rearranging them to sound perfectly in tune.
A beautiful significance in avenues of life's existence, taking room for spaces of time in an order innately known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Picture Puzzles

Taking hold of this mind, rhythms grasping tightly onto
every fiber, letting it lift me into heights from which
everything can be seen.

Beautiful picture puzzles are being put together innately
while watching in sheer amazement at how quickly they are
being formed.

A variety of pictures and images talking to this mind
telepathically through wave lengths on the other side of
my brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Practice

Solitary, solemn, settled in a comfortable atmosphere
of creativity within.

Feeling contented, letting thoughts flow, relaxing
and watching them fill with color and rhythm.

Through intellect, automatically, instantaneously,
giving my mind explicit instructions.

Showing where each word will fall, contributing to
poetry as I write it spontaneously.

Enjoying this innate practice as it fulfills a purpose
I was born to write about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Quest

Soundly recognizing vibrations of extra sensory notes
beating their way into my mind, echoing and recalling
problems of yesterday's math with logic and reason.
Finely attuned to an innate quest of knowledge held
in a container to be emptied at times for remembrance
of distant days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Rhythms

Staring out of windows, looking at shadows and how
they differ.

Some standing still, starkly in the picture of their
reality.

While many others move and sway in breezes that are
continually flowing through this Arizona desert.

Seeing their innate rhythms as they dance and cavort
upon the ground beneath images they're now shadowing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Signal

Inside lights reflecting in on windows,
aligned in a circle of them.
When actually looking out the window,
seeing the storm clouds standing above,
waiting for an innate signal to start
raining down upon us here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Silhouettes

Silhouettes dancing in my mind, playing on curves and angles,
connecting many rhymes.

Listlessly camouflaging all of earth in colors, light and
shadow.

Hiding most of what we see and learn in a blob of soft grey
matter.

Twisting, turning, flying about, innate nature is folded up
like cardboard inside a head.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Soul

Stretching imagination with musical melodies,
finding no limits or expectations of boundaries.

Serenely floating down avenues of ocean waves,
belonging to inner capabilities, answering to
no one on earth.

Living a purpose rich with God's given gifts,
to an innate soul of poetical verse.

Causing ripples of creativeness to widen and
careen down paths of natural inner music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Spirit

Cathedrals in my cavernous mind, giving me respite when needed, to be away from this world.
Innate spirit deepened by the music venerating God and
His wisdom, as I write and try to do His will as much
as I can in this earthly atmosphere.
Quietly contemplating the universe He has built within, appreciating even the very little things He has given,
as I write about as many of them as possible in the
time He has allotted me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Supply Of Ideas

Listless, aimless, then a steady beat enters my mind,
waking up the creative process, always ready to begin
writing, drawing or composing music.

A vibrant flow coming from an innate interior supply of
ideas and thoughts, coagulating, stringing them altogether
and getting them set for a lifetime in a poem of rejoicing.

Cooperating and playing every moment that I am awakened
in the rhythms of intellect and imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Talent

Lace and leather combined together into one huge revival at
Harley Davidson's on Cave Creek.
A band called 'Takecover', playing explicitly with a talent
above others, sharing their expertise and love of music with
all of us who are in attendance.
Combining rock and roll with a repertoire of classic knowledge,
bringing us to the table of innate nature, allowing a joyous
freedom to escape into our lives.
A wonderful band, a great rhythm we can take with us in memory
and enjoy throughout the week when we're alone in our solitary
lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Value

Objective views in life seem to be more fitting to minds
of human beings for they display a wide variety of values,
moral, ethical and political.

Humanity revels in these particular aspects with honesty
and purity towards developing intellectual power of and
within our minds.

Each individual's consciousness enlightens an inner feel-
ing of spirituality contributed by our innate value in
this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Wisdom

Traipsing through jungles of my mind,
discovering a myriad of atoms filled
with knowledge.

Sorted and filed according to an
innate system of blessed wisdom.

Always at hand, ready to be placed in
forms of communication, written and
precise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innate Wisdom's System

Traipsing through jungles of my mind,
discovering a myriad of atoms filled
with knowledge.

Sorted and filed according to an
innate system of blessed wisdom.

Always at hand, ready to be placed in
forms of communication, written and
precise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innately Being Touched

Shouting into the stillness with a purpose of destinations.
Figuring out how to penetrate walls of future detachment, climbing out of canyons, taking nature on a spiral of beauty, innately being touched by souls from beyond.
Situated in caverns, deeply set in time, leaving no stone unturned, giving outwardly, each thought of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innately Creating

Electric surges of thought energize me through poetry,
using intellect purposely.

Utilizing an innate talent which wisdom gives this mind
with pleasure and vibrant feelings of goodness.

Allowing total freedom, giving liberty to freely go be-
yond any and all barriers.

Leaving behind inane rules of others, finally finding my
way on paths innately created in this interior life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innately Spread Poetry

Watching the borders of life's edges, making sure that no one oversteps inner boundaries.

Contemplating the very essence of poetry, innately spread within this mind.

An everlasting purpose being fulfilled and energized with perfect rhythms of life and total perfection.

Wanting to be immersed in the concentration of intellect, jumping into imagination, no fears or doubts entering into an essence of self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Abilities

Abilities and talents sitting on a shelf far too long,
atrophied from disuse, hesitant, knowledge at hand, but
afraid to depart, looking to be smart.

Anxious and aloof, learning what is not known and
repracticing what's been done before.

Allowing for mistakes and forgotten solutions, arraigned
anew in silent refusal to give up.

Living a life of renewed vigor and expertise, calling on
inner strength and becoming the healthy person felt inside.

Favorite specialization and decorum, rising to specific
occasions of life-long dreams held too tightly within.

Now before the morrow dawns again, peace and tranquil
wisdom of what lies ahead is held in the palms of hands,
waiting to be shared with all others coming in contact
with them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Algorithms

Constant thinking, keeping intellect awake, always in
the zone, figuring out rhythms, coding each into depths
of inner algorithms, not yet thought of by others in life.

Guarding with an interior peace, keeping them solely
written on photographic screens so no one can take or
steal them from me.

In the future, all will be known and explained in detail,
all of them set in finite records to be opened only after
I have been dead for ninety-nine years.

That's the amount of time I believe, that it will take be-
fore making sense and will then be understood by others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Anxieties

Lovely adornment soothes my inner anxieties as I run towards horizons, standing a short distance from me.

Likelihood of being taken to shores of my being stands out in minds of clay as designs are formed and shaped interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Appearance

Waking from a secretive sleep upon earth, no one even noticing
the difference in an inner appearance.
Slowly, moving rhythmically, going in directions of tomorrow,
taking pictures kept hidden within to my grave when I can no
longer stay alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Appetite

Sneaking up from behind curtains of yesterday, melodies begin strumming their way into innate talent, shaking up ideas interiorly, causing quite a stir.

Somewhat like a feeding frenzy out in shark-infested waters, being circled, watching in mysterious waters of fascination as mystical purposes are identified below the surface.

Acknowledging and taking them into the circle of intellect, reality and imagination, gently being tempted in tides of interior oceans.

Flowing fluently with an energy of contemplation as it takes me away into another dimension far from this earthly life and into refreshing outlooks forthcoming in the future.

Knowing nothing of what will be contained or learned, trusting only in every possibility that enters this photographic moment in time and space.

Living alone in this creatively beautiful environment, loving how it suits me perfectly, having no need of anything as long as I'm writing from an inner appetite that's never-ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Atmosphere

Sending magical beats into the atmosphere, staccatoing through the air, giving everyone something to listen to attentively.
Registering innately in an inner creative atmosphere, giving insight to something invisible to the eye.
Yet, we can hear every note being played in rhythmic rhymes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Awakenings

Colliding with outer labyrinths of energy,
and bursting within.

Letting everything flow out, letting steam
open the closures of inner awakening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Beating

Inner beating of my heart's rhythm,
blending with every breath I take in.

Keeping me in places of eternal guidance,
never letting me stray from the one goal
in life I can never depart from.

A lasting particle of my being moving beyond
me in times of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Beauty Growing

Tenderness of inner beauty growing into maturity is a
beautiful sight.

Delicate blossoms arranged perfectly as they grow a
little each day.

Soon forming a precious bud, holding all the gifts and
talents of unrecognized intellect and genius.

Carefully and lovingly tended, watered by special
attitudes of friends, each day growing a little taller,
straighter, reaching for heaven through maturity.

Standing on the threshold of yesterday's evening,
awaiting dawning of a new beginning, as each petal unfolds,
revealing the exquisite beauty of a woman, blossoming as
fragrantly as a rose in heaven's gardens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Beginnings

Holding my heart in hands of loneliness, I travel
longingly down aisles of yesterday, wishing they were
memories not yet used from long ago, so I could create
them today.
Listening easily to separate notes being played from a keyboard attached to my mind through osmosis.
Fingering songs throughout my brain, touching neurons, creating brand new pathways for me to walk upon, with imagination holding my hand in rhythms of inspiration.
Cavorting, playing, taking strides subconsciously into
this area of talent, playing and enjoying every single
moment.
Holding and swinging hands to inner rhythms of gifts
and beginnings, taking away the loneliness of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Belief

Eyes looking towards heaven,
noticing tops of trees on the way up.
Searching a vast blueness for clues
to existence and being.
Seeing blue staring back, no response
is audible.
However, something of blue touches my
soul and renders this interior life
alive and wanting to be expressed.
Knowing answers are not strewn across
skies, following inner intuition to
find out reasons why.
Carefully folded like a blossom all
of life thus far, now opening shyly
to the wonder and awe of God.
Faith still rising, knowing answers
will not be found or reasons given.
Believing and living as best we can
as mortal beings.
Letting go of earthly questions and
wisdom, flowing into spirits of our
souls.
No more reasons needed or given.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Callings

Always on the look-out for small details to write about,
giving them a reason to be significant in a poem I may
write.

Listening to inner callings and knowing, giving a purpose
to life so it can be written into destiny's book of fate.

Allowing it to be rearranged and totaled into many equations
of mathematical chemistry, often remade into new inventions
for the poets of tomorrow to show through poetry.

Leading the way through the twenty-second century, ahead of
schedule, filled with many wondrous thoughts and ideas now
coming to fruition.

Opening up doors being created and stored right now within
a generation of detailed considerations.

No more reasons to fall by the wayside, now taking lines
of literature to enlighten the world and the ones who will
be living in it yet.

Landscapes hurriedly being sketched and drawn into bountiful
edges of another dream being dreamt right now within.

Nothing can make it fall apart and disappear because it is
all connected to our souls and purpose in this life.

Energized by the integrity and honesty of every moment that
takes it's place in life and reacts to it's surroundings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Calm

Beginning strands of tenacity build themselves around me,
strengthening preservation and continuing to bring serenity.

An inner calm climbs up interior canyon walls, cushioning
reserve and allowing me to continue with my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Changes

Rapping rhythms now bouncing along measures of this
poetical mind, waking ideas so they can be revitalized
and brought to bear in poetry.

Very thought-provoking and providential, bringing about
inner changes constantly, feeling senses becoming attuned
to music and rhythms, life learning through innate know-
ledge and wisdom eternally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Child

Sending out whatever comes my way,
finding inside a happy child today.

Lapsing into favorite times, songs,
and moods, loving where I'm at and
not being afraid to be a fool.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Chords

Feeling the vibrancy of life as it fills me with purpose
and liveliness of an interior spirituality.

Taking chances every day, not being in any hurry, just
going after anything that I want in life.

Satisfying inner desires with poetical interludes and
music, picking tones like daisies growing wild in Arizona
deserts.

Enjoying their beauty that ends up surrounding intellect,
curious and totally intent on solace and knowledge of
innate talent.

Watching as it grows exponentially in time with inner
chords of coded messages of rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Circles Of Fame

Raising the rafters, letting it all loose,
fitting right in with the music and lifting
sights into the sky.
A wonderful sense of accomplishment arriving
inside, taking me to the inner circle of fame.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Compassion

Singing, listening to voices penetrating this mind so effer-
vescently with lively and rapid rhythms, justifying this
life with an interior energy and never-ending spirituality.

Being filled with hope and love, spreading it about through
an inner compassion, heartfelt and true, honest repertories
of life and it's destiny being felt and lived throughout the
years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Composition

Up and down the violin of life, my bow pulls deep emotional music out of depths of inner composition.

Spilling out beauty encased tightly in cocoons, music fills my soul with it's meaning.

There are no distortions, no missed notes, melodies are played continually inside, creating the silent beauty of genius.

Soloing intellectually, the puzzles and problems of life challenges each day.

Succulent surprises of words written out, excitedly expressed in full octaves of unkempt dignity.

Etudes filling volumes of memories, dancing with the major and minor keys of beauty.

Talently listening on many horizons, awaiting destiny to be fulfilled with interior music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Courage

I have the courage to Be there for others,
but also the courage to be who I am.
After having been present for another, or in a group,
I must Be alone for myself to replenish my need for my
own identity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Creative Universe

Centers of the universe fill my mind with questions,
wanting to know what they consist of.

Physically made from gases, rocks, shale, granite,
etc, but what of the centers of our inner universes.

What exactly do they contain? Molecules, blood, cells?

It seems to be a vast void when I look at it from within,
spirit-guided, nothing seeming to be energizing it at all.

Looking at it all the time when writing, trying to
figure out where the bluened light that fills my mind
comes from when I write poetry.

Continually trying to find answers to my questions,
because I want to know.

Wondering if other creative people can see this inner
universe like I do, or not at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Creative World

Relaxing in a creative atmosphere, no one to bother or interrupt what I'm doing, poetry flowing freely like a torrential waterfall has entered my intellect.

Rapid and fast-paced music brings poetry into being constantly and incessantly, beautiful and peaceful feelings come about through innate talent.

Giving pleasure and enjoyment throughout life until it's very end, teetering on the edge of the next horizon, tempted to fall within it's circumference.

Becoming absorbed totally by it's tantalizing essence in this inner creative world of my very own, relaxing and lounging within intellect's world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Curiosity

Traveling through time and space in an interior universe,
watching landscapes pass by, seeing depths of inner dimen-
sions with all their wonder and beauty.

Enticing, captivating intellect with an inner curiosity
that challenges the best of minds on this earth today to
exceed their past accomplishments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Decisions

Wind-swept hair tangling in front of my eyes, dancing to
a silent rhythm that I do not recognize.

Softly pattering through lawns of eternity, life lives on,
fulfilling it's destiny.

Times and places in orderly fashion, parade into place,
upon quiet inner decisions.

Tantamount to learning, wisdom grows serenely on it's own
within a mind of vision.

Ethereally forgiving minute mistakes in passing, one full
of wisdom can never be shaken from the truth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Depths

Voluptuously undisguised, a mirror of unorganized
preparation, set before one complaining.

Knowing naught from whence it came, tried desperately
to place a name or label on it.

Terror-stricken, it stepped back, refusing to be
identified with like applicants.

Surveying severe limitation, sitting back on it's
haunches, requiring time, needing space.

Tuning in, surrounding it, keenly sensing the
doubting of self, a lack of confidence, self-effacing,
self-esteem, no longer finding nor desiring, pinning
a label to it.

Drawing out inner depths, displaying strengths and
talents, long lain within, helping to resurface
them.

Looking, really seeing what is here, no longer
voluptuously undisguised, but gently recognizable
as the mirror image, once distorted of self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Depths Of Sorrow

Twilight penetrates the inner depths of life.

Longing to see clearly, memories of someone dear,
cannot begin to happen, as sorrow fills two eyes
with tears.

Aching heart, ripped apart, full of sadness which
cannot be soothed by touch.

Reluctantly going on, feeling numb, stopping and
starting with every wave of loneliness, not wanting
to go forward.

Life so full and happy once before, cannot shine for
me now.

Unhappiness fills my soul, for death has stolen a
friend, I can see him no more on earth.

Not wishing for him to come back to live again, this
reluctant life, missing him terribly, I pray that he
is happy with God in heaven.

Love is stored tenderly within for a time in eternity
when we shall meet again as friends in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Designs

Taking challenges in life allows us to move forward,
letting us know that our futures will be fulfilled
throughout our inner designs and patterns.

Living in the universe of another dimension, there
we'll find the inspiration needed to create and in-
vent ideas our world needs to help all of mankind.

Our planet needs to open it's arms to all of humanity,
no more groups and clicks, we are all created equal
and it is now time to let the magic penetrate everyone.

We all need to spread our wings, for now is the time to
open doors, letting humanity roam freely into intellect-
ual pursuits in order to fulfill energy that has been
lying dormant.

We have allowed politicians to rule our worlds with greed
and corruption far too long, it is now time to take away
their power and rule ourselves without them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Desires

Turning inward, not wanting to see the light of day
in any way.
Sticking only to my inner desires, writing, music,
artistic grace as they dance and flow before me in
style.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Destiny

Rhythms of morning breaking into sunlight, reminding us
of a new day, bringing the light of the Divine into a
bluened atmosphere.

Feeling and touching the beauty filling another day with
an energy and rhythm, fulfilling my heart and soul with-
out any thoughts.

Silent and brilliant, illuminating this mind's intellect,
doing justice to an inner destiny that is being played
out in every detail.

Nothing can interfere with God's plan, it will be carried
out no matter the opinions or thoughts of others, a quiet
reply in the form of a whisper takes me into the future.

Tomorrow takes it all into an interior bluened dimension,
sublime and profound, this heart touching an infinite
amount of wisdom through experiences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Dimensions Of Reality

Racing into the future, watching images as they travel through visions being processed right this moment.

Looking deeply within, finding many explicit ideas to follow through, spreading and blending them with original thoughts, all becoming as one.

Between pages of a mind, filling eternity with the essence of intellect, supporting every single idea, wisdom finding it's way into every sphere and particle of being.

Sorting and dividing every atom and placing them into an entire section of this brain, fulfilling the beauty of this poetical mind with favor, allowing it to expand into other realms and dimensions.

So beautiful to behold, never being taken away or folded into other envelopes of atonement, sectioning off all the important pieces in the puzzles of life.

Alliterating and posing questions of unending learning, always exacting truths and finding their beliefs being strictly adhered to throughout life.

Never leaving behind any of them, while keeping to inner dimensions of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Dominion

Following daily routines, singly tearing apart all
thought, fighting for some sanity amidst all the
drought of despondency.

What is the feeling of sadness that accompanies
wherever I go? How did I come to know it? there
never seemed to be a choice, it just appears and
continues to flow through my being.

Soundproofed insides, have I none? Constant haranguing
deep inside, causing recognition of things I do not
know of yet. sitting on the wayside, thinking musically
of life and it's continual grind.

Trumpeting the issuance of needful temperance, abiding
by laws of nature, trying desperately to ignore the
voice of man.

Secure inside of knowledge, brought together in puzzle
pictures, pasted haphazardly for short little whiles,
too soon, falling apart, broken, scattered, like before.

Gleaming from somewhere else, glimmers of life seem to
beckon beyond limits of this earthly life, tuning inner
labyrinths of peaceful dominion to match the beauty of
a secret soul held within.

Feeling my soul, it's gentleness, kindness, reluctance
for this world, is penetrating all thought, beginning to
extrapolate, finding remedies held in check so long, are
starting to be known and dealt with.

This temporary faintness of being is pivoting lamps of
learning unto vast quantities of unending praise forth-
coming.

Inner praise and glory unfolding slowly from tight-fisted
memories, laid out upon tables, unwrapped and put on display.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Dream

Watching notes flying about my mind freely, making me laugh and smile.

Popping sounds finding my intellect and teasing it so incessantly.

Loving this new little playground within my mind, being enticed with joy that I'm finding here.

A place of divine happiness, giving me such delight and pleasure in this dream-world of humanity.

Feeling free and independent, flowing with rhythms very lightly and intensely touching my being.

Living an inner dream of my interior life and enjoying it immensely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Ear

Nationalities come together through musical scores
and dancing to melodies of memories - reminders of
the past.
Waves of reminiscent images ebb and flow over
everyone, bringing a tear or two to eyes of many
colors.
Soothing emotional ties with voices singing softly
into a quiet morning.
Affecting all who are present, listening with an
inner ear to all music represents in life - both
past and present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Elevators

Opening doors,
forming lines to insides of memory's lanes,
moving back and forth,
including every motion and movement.

Touching rhythms with fast moving tones,
bringing me into elevated elevators on tops
of inner buildings - escaping the drudgery of
life's pastimes.

Culminating in deaths' grasp of meaning and
purpose, diving deeply into music's realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Emotions

Delicate balances disguised in melodies of vibrant antecdotes, guitar humming, playing it's precise and faithful field of vision.

Reaching into outer dimensions, grasping onto interior designs, fulfilling many desires, love quenching this heart with a wonderful feeling.

Taking me above this earthly space, sentiments traveling from inner emotions into this mind of poetical imaginings in one continuous motion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Essence Of Passion

Sounds of rhythm being focused in this mind, lifting spirits, soaring into many other atmospheres filled with positive attitudes and pleasure.

Covering tracks across walkways of interior universes, taking advantage of every sense in being, tasting the savory beauty of all of them.

Wanting only to be portrayed in an inner essence of passion, thoughtful and energetic, accosting every particle and fiber of this being.

Opening and separating self from the world, stepping out, reaching for the sun, letting it give an interior life the warmth of it's delicate and fragile rays, shining down upon me from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Excitement Exploited

Even just walking in the darkness is a light, bluened in
nature, appearing and enveloping my mind with a picturesque
speech and landscape of language.

Enjoying all the feelings and benefits that continue to
bring an enticing anticipation to mind.

Finally giving another's reaction to the inner excitement
being exploited by intense contemplation and intellect.

Cohesive and trajectory, dancing into the darkness of my
soul, finding an enlightenment being observed and brought
forward into the moonlight of another midnight stroll.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Eyes

Eyes looking inward, as nature touches my soul from
without, soothes this being living in a troubled world.

Taking time to look up, noticing branches of trees,
clouds gathering and skating across Arizona blue skies.

Filled with gratitude, absorbing freedom from the
atmosphere while sitting quietly, preparing in poetry.

Loving immense feelings of difference brought constantly
into my life, I bow my head in deference to Him who
continually creates through me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Faith

Strolling down lanes in nature, recharging inner
batteries, walking through forests, listening to
sounds of natural life as we go.

Seeing all details blossoming in beauty everywhere,
looking, seeing flowers, casting out vibrant colors
to catch my sight, giving pleasure in doing so.

Hues, contrasts, all touching my mind with every
sense in my being, bringing them alive, awakening
sensuous desires that naturally occur.

When walking out in nature's habitat, feeling a
spirituality of inner faith, easing gently and
importantly into my total being, giving hope and
promise to live by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Fiber Of The Soul

Inside is a numbness, vast, expanding through body and mind,
there are no special reasons to be found.

On an outer dimension, spheres of blankness envelope the
entirety of being.

Feeling absolutely nothing, gaining no insight, troubled a
little, wondering what is going on.

Triumphing bequested by another is not beginning, as solitary
abidement adjusts itself to fit an irregular mold.

Thoughts are floating in space, away, unable to be touched,
somehow the entire universe has turned it's back and left,
on forsaken shores now, alone and lost.

Feelings cannot be conjured within, special talents can only
reproduce inner life once known.

Walking around inside, emptiness fills and goes beyond,
finding dedication and responsibility are dying on the sand,
a desert has been placed inside this being.

Nomadic traits, touching no one, holding nothing of value,
brought forward to face the truth of unbelievable sadness.

Tearing apart inner fibers of the soul, wanting peace to
reconcile with it's being.

Lightly blowing, reaching beyond life, leading sandstorms,
blindingly forcing everyone to the sides of streets and by-
ways.

There are no votes of confidence, betrayal of the very
essence has been begun and finished, showing the sorrow self
has become, tears I am made of, opened up, being at once
completely washed away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Fires

Innervating leisure, saturating hearts with oils of exhilaration, keeping inner fires ablaze with intense vibrations of rhythm.

Exciting displays of feelings, opening up emotional doors of steel chests hidden beneath floors of yesterday's horrendous visions.

Carefully taking out images, drying their tears, setting them out in the sun to disintegrate their distaste forever.

Tweaking pictures with artistic finesse and closure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Fires Of Dreams

Sunshine rainbows falling on my mind, chasing shadows away, tasting blossoming passion as inner fires light an interior darkness.

Forsaking the bittersweet emotions of a love that once fell from grace, leaving this heart bereft and lonely, chasing beautiful dreams throughout the night.

Watching as they turn abruptly into nightmares, now chasing me sleepily into caverns of scary times not expected, yet finding them squealing away as life awakens in an early morning sunshine, once again in a rainbow of colorful sounds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Freedom

Talented intricacies voluntarily arranging themselves on paper,
thinking of purposes and reasons that all make sense.

Waking from sleepless reveries to pursue an idle thought,
expanding and stretching it in many directions, striving
to see how many new ideas can be brought to the foreground.

Never leashing chains or setting boundaries, letting creative
freedom have free reign while searching imagination.

Loveliness is found, portrayed, exercised and brought out into
the open air, let loose, given it's freedom to select and
choose a life of it's own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Freedom's Equality

Counseled by inner freedom, unafraid of rhetoric and it's ancient binding ways.

Guided, led straight down a path of acceptance, truth and honesty - at the steadfast forefront, lighting a path before us.

Stepping, walking, watching, no fear held inside, straight forward towards the path of most resistance.

Leaving pride and ego behind, climbing the stairway to maturity alone, destined for fame and glory quietly within, exiting itself at death for everyone to see and marvel at.

Searching no longer on earth for the innocent creation of inner freedom.

Counseling throughout life in abundant unhesitant glory, quietly giving to it's name for equality of life and quality of same.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Future

Redesigning my inner future,
preparing it for better things ahead.
Solving problems medically through
intellect's wisdom, and knowledge
after having experienced negligence
and misshapen medical devices now in use.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Gardens

Riding waves of life, surfing along roads that take me to
destiny without any effort, no use trying to fight it, for
there are plenty of choices to make before the end.

Bright lights and sharp turns, causing much excitement,
laughter, joy and happiness, although we can always expect
sorrow to flow from the same inner gardens of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Grasp

Tarot cards unfolding from an inner grasp, being read
by interior whisperings on midnight couches.
Finding visions of the future held in check today,
waiting for their turns to be exposed to the world.
Solidifying memories so they can be stored deep within
heredity's souls and taken out on quiet evenings to
study their validity and value.
Watching closely, with the mind's eye, all of life is
fastened securely to visions seen ahead of their time.
Scathing reparations arguing with themselves about
destiny's reasons and fate's insistence to delve into
each reading by oneself to figure out what lies ahead
in interior solace - kept safely hidden in subconscious
caverns of truth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Guitar

Crossing ridges of ecstasy, finding them challenging
and invigorating.

Softly picking an inner guitar, sounds taking me for-
ward, stepping quietly into moonlight on the edge of
night.

Watching for the sensations and colors of an inner
rhythm to take me into depths of heaven and back again,
just finding reasons to stay alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Heartstrings

Gliding and plucking strings of a violin, energizing a mind
with it's definite rhythm, while touching inner heartstrings
with sweetened melodies.

Playing sadness and sorrow deeply held within a being, giving
them expression and definition in musical translations of
meaning.

Coercing tears to spill out upon the violin, gathering like
dew drops in an early morning dawn.

Fingering every note with agile dexterity and a beautiful
array of chords, arranged in bouquets, quickly and rapidly
forming into poetical words of another poem.

Circling, reaching ever deeper for definition in a musical
composition, feeling this soul growing lighter with each
measure.

So totally being encompassed within the rhythms of heavenly
grace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Horizons

Systematically taking thoughts and arranging them
where they will make the most sense while creating
a priority of helping others will be best.

Opening doors and windows of my mind will carry me
forth into the sunsets' beautiful hues of color as
I walk along it's shores, .

Headed into inner horizons of what life culminates
in - a flurry of hopeful prayers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Icebergs

Stretching every idea and shaping it into other things, giving anyone thoughts of ice cold beings.
Socially independent, telling all the inevitable stories of yesterday's love potions that have turned to poison.
Catching the essence of every movement, allowing nothing to penetrate the outside portals of beings, sanctioned by inner icebergs, trailing after love is lost.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Idea

Acquisition of life is
more important than possessions.

It is of higher value, intrinsic
in nature and wholly ours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Imagination

Raising and lowering the impetus of knowledge, creating
a vast atmosphere in which to acquiesce to an all-
important wisdom, manifested from portals.

Stemming from inner imagination and intricate patterns
of knowledge, silently contained in an innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Inclinations

Watching drums fall carefully into my mind, keeping time with my inner experiences and destiny.
Totaling many efforts of past inclinations while moving, swaying, dancing in a frill of music, holding onto a peace sincerely felt inside.
Deeply held beliefs being carried interiorly towards fate's doors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Ingenuity

Traveling noiselessly down life's highways,
carrying no excess baggage.

Relying on inner ingenuity to get through
any inherent problems that may arise along
life's journey into unknown depths of living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Innate Curiosity

Staying in the background of life, preferring to
be obscure, hiding from others so I can write.

Loving to be so invisible, living in a creative
world all my own.

Taking everything learned through curiosity and
life, gathering it into intellect to be spread
through wisdom and imagination.

Having the time of my life as inner and innate
curiosity keeps my mind alive and vibrant.

Nothing to mar my being, rhythms are always play-
ing my mind into coded messages that no one can
understand, even though reading my poetry over
and over again.

Taking pleasure in this all the time, feeling the
intensity of my vibrant being holding onto the joy
and giving me life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Intuition

Relying on an inner intuition that sustains this mind continually, giving thoughts, ideas and concepts room to grow as they are now nourished by an inner spirit.

Nurturing all in places of imagination and reality, tantalizing effortlessly day and night, giving this mind meaning and definition through the perfection of music and mathematics, a truly wonderful avenue of artistic quality in which to write from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Island

Alive and flowing deep within this outer shell, a soul,
shy, timid, peers without.

Horizons beckoning with tantalizing, life-long fingers,
stretching towards destiny's lost shores.

Reminders of the past, swiftly speeding, portraying
life the way it's being lived today.

Sending forward, messages of hope, each new day ends
in prayer.

Peace residing, flowing deep within a soul, shy and
timid.

Beginning life again on a serene and talented inner
island.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Islands

Sitting in the outdoor shelter, afraid to abandon self
to any cause, afraid to overstep boundaries.

Not knowing actually what they are, living with
thoughts and ideas, no one else seems to possess,
causing a river, widening the chasm, between self and
other people.

Who can be trusted when help is needed with innermost
feelings? There is no one ever here, all have left
with others who are dear, left alone in tears, reaching
out and touching, empty space.

Not crumbling when looked at, not becoming invisible,
what do they think self is made of? Can't you see the
person standing before you, or can you only see the
needs inside?

Deserted, forgotten, alone on unchartered islands,
living days without anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Issues Of Life

Inner desires rising higher into the passion of my soul,
resting easily upon my mind, heart glowing from this
energy that never dies nor fades while living.

Soothing tenderly and gently, filling me with serenity,
giving a total energy that attains perfection at times
on earth.

Never becoming the perfectness of heaven and God, attuned
to inner issues of life, rotating and developing in many
rhythms of music.

Coded and bent to equations of mathematical formulas, giving
solutions to the difficult ones that have never been as yet
answered.

Delivering answers through each rhythm as it is translated
into poetical prose unendingly throughout this life and
into the beyond.

Never attaining full perfection, always striving for it
daily, mention of spiritual realms, encouraging and bringing
it into fruition at long last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Journeys

Willful anticipation, carrying me forward, holding onto stubborness like a life saver in details of death.
Living in turmoil, yet feeling the peacefulness of God within.
Visions making their way forward onto inner photographic screens, giving me concentrated endeavors of prose.
Lifting my soul up into outer realms of heaven, taking me on inner journeys of serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Joy

Piano playing, an intense expressive voice flowing through rhythms and tempos, lilting along pathways of joy, purity and innocence.

A life-long purpose of individuality finding it's way into an interior, silent spirituality, resting upon inner shores of peace and serenity.

A delicate balance of life surfing on the surface of an inner ocean, feelings and emotions all being felt and joy-fully listened to.

Rising and falling upon beautiful waves, dancing among clouds above, this mind being totally tantalized and tempted with an inner joy, happy and contented on every level of life today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Jungle

Calling from the wilds of an inner jungle,
tangled branches trip me up, taking the fight out of me.
Taking me into forages of intellectual priorities, sending
requiems of classifications into voids, seldom filled with
history of adjacent thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Knowings

Sensing inner knowings coming more frequently, giving me information of other people and what they are here for.
Purposes are being shown readily as I watch all of this transform within my mind right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Knowledge

Delicious sounding rhythms are forming poetical interludes
within my mind, taking me into depths of intellect.

Curious and wanting to know what is going to happen soon
in this particular aspect of life.

Prominent facets taking me into an inner universe where
light is bluened and illuminating every thought that I am
thinking on this early Friday morning.

Believing in the possibilities of inner knowledge as it
gains wisdom at a break-neck speed, allowing it to accumulate
quickly within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Labyrinths

Switching gears, intimidating interior solace
with untoward reticence.

Peacefully antagonizing every sense with
vibrations of sorrow, trying to interfere in
processes of thinking without collaboration
from my mind.

Stiffly trying to follow pathways to inner
labyrinths of imagination.

Striving to contemplate rhythm's essence in
portals of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Laughter

Finding fun wherever we can and holding it closely to home, waxing to and fro, building an inner laughter to hold onto in days of loneliness and sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Learning

Building inner strength just a little at a time, yielding to a power higher than myself.
Wandering, not aimlessly, with my life, letting God take over hours of today, while I just do the footwork, feel the mood of quiet peace and learn that God's plans are much nicer than my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Life Of Beauty

Imagination is more important to me than knowledge for I
create it in my mind, just me alone, nothing at all
required to do so.

Infinite boundaries, never-ending eternity, a soul full
of living poetry and prolific writing, continuing always
on my own.

No desires of people can intrude upon my thoughts, I am
alone, but never lonely, searching through my mind and
memory for fantastic prosaic journeys.

Always on the edge of my mind, awaiting the next poem
of brilliant words and fascinating ideas.

Thoughts running rampant, unfolding continually, making
an inner life of beauty even as the outer one falls to
dust in front of me.

Eyes seeing what is inside, touching lightly upon memories
hidden for many years.

Journey's so lively, so full of what I am within, daily
turning and climbing, jumping to my death and returning.

All the fortunate opportunity created by the imagination
of my truly gifted mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Light

Wandering into the darkness, touching my mind with an inner light of my soul.
After effects of the night fall away and a new morning breaks the spell, bringing many different areas to light.
A magnificent array of thought, sitting on edges of canyons, looking out upon the horizon.
Watching networks of images collate with memories, brilliant with anticipation.
Forward moving, taking in every detail found along pathways of my subconscious brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Light Of Energy

Feeling the exuberance that comes through rhythms, giving
peace and serenity to my soul interiorly.

Stepping and leaping into a blend of tones, kicking up my
heels and finding my way home.

Touching and lighting the inner light of energy, creating
a fire within the embers of yesterday.

Signs of coming times entering into realms of tomorrow,
treasuring and loving excitement of new discoveries.

Exploring challenges of energetic rhymes as they flow
through music of my heart.

Living in depths and vibrations of an enticing space of
time in measures of reality and imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Lonely Desert Island

Islands of rhetoric display themselves on screens of loneliness.

Inwardly portraying life of human nature and it's scenery on sides of interior mountains and cacti of deserts in my brain.

Holding all in closets of secret desire as I escape to my lonely desert island to be by myself again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Minds

Dawn breaking like a yolk from an egg, spreading itself
across the world.

Wonderfully scrambled and left to be eaten by daylight,
created through sunlight.

Increasing brightness as the hours caress our lives,
letting it tantalize and lead us.

Going down trails to our inner minds where we can find
other pathways through science.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Mosaics

Forging many patterns into inner designs,
letting them fall into mosaics of tomorrow's
future generations.

Sorting through all sorts of endings as I
watch for other beginnings to be preached in
depths of rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Music

Laughing and joking, having a wonderful time, listening
to an Italian band bring tears of sorrowful joy to my
heart and happiness to my soul.

Touching, loving being attuned to strings of reminiscence,
strumming them and lifting spirits carefully with melodic
transmutation to another land beyond reality.

Soaring through a subconscious land on notes of musical
fascination, being played whole-heartedly, like a violin
in a musical story or sonata.

Solos being played tunefully attaching to this mind an
inner peaceful lament.

Letting go of it and floating in the atmosphere, where
life is destined for better things on future horizons -
taking all memories and images beyond our scores.

Filtering into pleasant expanses on vast deserts, living
out remaining years, listening to inner music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Music And Rhythm

Attaching life to music every moment, alive, vibrant,
awesome rhythms taking me tiptoeing through gardens
of heaven and earth.

Nature playing it's part well as it grows and flour-
ishes all over the world beautifully, taking my breath
away when looking and thinking about it closely.

Finding new details, writing about them specifically
and poetically to inner music and rhythms, so lightly
and tantalizing, taking me into other dimensions.

Loving every moment spent in writing them, my heart,
mind, intellect and feelings going into every poem,
leaving particles of self in every single one of them.

Hoping they'll touch people spiritually, making a differ-
ence in their lives somehow, bringing about many positive
thoughts that may be written by other poets.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Music, Gentle Grace

Contemporary peace fills spaces of each memory left alone
to contemplate it's purpose, waving frantically towards
clouds, allowing soaring of the mind to grasp loving glances accompanied by
words.

Musically touching a certain section of grey matter, gently
tossing it into a flurry of amusement, lightly touching the
right side of this brain, chemically transferring pleasurable feelings to the left
side.

Logically attempting reason for their being there, rampantly
feeling musical etudes clittering up and down the keyboard,
playing ivories with thoughts placed upon the keys, and
listening to beautiful soft melodious tunes.

Defined elsewhere inside this heart and soul, qualifying
appreciation of special talents, notes and words rhythmically
find their paths joined, creating fascinating picturesque
displays portrayed in a mind.

Calculating beats and time, quietly becoming the sounds of
tunes, quality of perfect pitch resounds throughout serene
senses of self-discipline.

Running, jumping, leaping to interior music of lifetime
ambition, composing poetical states of mind where only one
can reside.

Absolutely no person can interfere with the phantasmagoric
ability of music to appear in mind on the screen of apt
intelligence.

Apropos, listening to delicate strains of classical music
Chopin and Poe stir and mix ideas together, writing etudes
for all eternity, passing thoughts and ideas carefully
written down in many journals.

Secretly apprehensive that someone may hear the beauty of
inner rhythm and steal away with scores of succulent,

rhythmic knowledge.

Dangling softly from the self-effacing prose of interior
music, floating along through heaven's eyes, continuously
focused on clouds of rearrangement.

Sailing across lands of intense beauty, natural inlaid
talent serenades heartfelt truths of old, picking out,
carefully, melodies swiftly falling, silently becoming
incarcerated within the knowing being of quiet restitute.

Unchaotically prancing to the airy popping of notes all
around, pounding alternately loud and low, boundaries of
positive energy are filled, taking care to be satisfactorily fulfilled, gentle grace
prayerfully invokes the goodness of
this soul.

Tenderly reciprocating tenderness and understanding,
unafraid to reach out and take a place within history,
finding upstanding classical pages of music, grand and
infinitely beautiful to minds of fragile caliber and
short-lived lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Mysteries

Strings holding thoughts, tying them down to earth to keep them from floating away into depths of the universe or outer space.
Catching every phrase as it falls into my mind, illuminating the clues needed to explain the mysteries of an inner environment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Nature

Lines of light shimmering, rippling, skimming across
the top of the water.

Darkness covers the rest of the lake, hiding it's eyes
behind a blanket of black.

Scattered throughout the view, ducks slide in and out
of the small lines of light, making them able to be
seen.

Quiet peace has settled upon the entire lake and
atmosphere which surrounds it.

Hiding within, gentleness stirs and plays music of
nature, known only to the inner nature of a poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Open Universe

Relaxing in attitudes of music, loving it's essence
as it curls about a being, taking them to heights
of unbelievable thought and goodness.

Being available to travel the world, an inner universe
that has opened itself while writing.

Causing great ingenuity to crop up, sending many visions
of energetic beauty while sitting here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Passion

Traveling through the atmosphere, life lying below, watch-
ing clouds floating above, calming, soothing, bringing a-
bout an inner knowing and knowledge of where life is headed.

Bringing light into the darkness, giving wisdom emanating
from within a bluened light of the Divine, purposeful, en-
lightening every fiber of my mind.

Blessing me intensely and thoroughly, leaving nothing to
chance, finding ancient beauty of yesterday as it slides
into the space in front of me.

Stranded in rhythms that keep our hearts beating softly and
energetically throughout the wonder of our lives though the
years.

Singing, praising the Lord, thanking Him for the life I'm
now living, being immersed in the goodness of an everlast-
ing essence of my inner passion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Pictures

Listening to sounds of music, mixing them with
sights of nature.

Warmth of late afternoon air permeates my clothing,
causing me to wish I were wearing less of it.

Gazing about, peacefully acknowledging life the way
it seems, and not feeling anxious about anything.

Quality of life is tantamount - a top priority for
this small moment of contemplation.

No one can hear sounds I hear or mix with sights of
nature that I see.

It is all mine, held in an inner picture I call my
own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Piercing

Sadness penetrating barriers of inner peace,
confusing, crushing a sense of self into oblivion.

Satisfying no needs or purpose, turning everything
into self-sacrificing piety.

Inner piercing, cutting quickly, deftly to the core
of being.

All attempts at normalcy are in vain, as memories
claim immediate images, blacking out the future.

Total abandonment fills the already empty place
inside, while rejection rains continually, solidly,
through time.

Wishing to see out the windows of life, can see
nothing but rain trickling down the pane.

Washing the dirt of yesterday, today, into pools,
gathering loneliness inside, hiding from the rain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Plains Of Imagination

Notes playing gently into the night, falling like tears
onto inner plains of imagination, touching upon sensa-
tions as they arise from deep within.

A bluened light of the Divine, living in the spirit of
this soul as beauty of God continues to enter this mind,
never stopping for a moment.

Coded rhythms are exercised throughout precious moments
of tomorrow's knowledge, a single and fruitful way to
adjust to life's hardships and sacrifices.

All tempting and gathering plentiful moments through
wisdom, gems and pearls of historical significance, al-
ways touched in imagery.

Brought forth into special unfolding of interior ex-
pressions that are never-ending and filled with love,
unconditional, never dying even on the other side of
this earthly sunsetical horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Pleas

Stepping daintily in time,
searching for perfect tones
and rhythms to play with
during imaginative ideals.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Possibility

Raking thoughts into piles of believable ideas.

Responding to an inner possibility every time a
leaf is blown into the air with a breeze of
imagination.

Quietly wondering, thinking of many things that
have happened throughout life and holding onto
them like a lifeline tied to all memories.

Mindful of every bit of a vision, seeing it
photographically in an array of color and feelings.

Beginning and ending in many poems, written in life
unable to be tempted to stop in my tracks, because
writing poetry is my passion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Power And Energy

Circular patterns sliding along, covering rectangular
ones, sending patterns swirling into mathematical scores,
taking designs straight into lines and angles of geometry.

Flowing into blossoming factors and geometric figures,
expanding, blending and repeating themselves in opposite
directions, no instructions ever needed.

Somber ideas enlightened by inner power and energy, suppli-
ed from somewhere deeply within my interior being and being
saved on photographic screens of memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Pretensions

Turning around, jumping into the midst of activity,
letting go and feeling free, nothing barring the way
to inner pretensions of imagination.

Selecting the definitions that are being created in
deference to Webster himself.

Finding new expressions to be explained as I write
them into sentences to let everyone else figure out
their meanings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Prison

Looking up and out of inner prison bars, hearing voices being carried from afar.

Listening to birds talking, weeds rustling, all things coming alive in the cool breeze of yesterday, now dying on parched lips of this morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Reality

Hand in hand, walking through the forest of an inner
reality, holding the beauty of your love,

Trusting, loving, wanting only the love of your heart
to fill mine.

Sky opening up and I think how beautiful the world is
when I am with you only my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Reflection

Reluctantly taking steps,
wandering anywhere my heart will go.
Finding messages in life are never
meant for me at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Reflections

Feelings of yesterday's memories fill within and without,
taking us back to our youth when we were thin and felt
beautiful inside and out.

Looking in mirrors, seeing our reflections now, face filled
with wrinkles, bags under our eyes, that are now drooping -
yet, we can still recognize ourselves from deeply within,
where we hold our youth closely to our hearts and minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Renown

Swinging in time with a decidedly rhythmic tune, being played perfectly by a band of inner renown.
Twisting around in circles, feeling the beats as they hit perfect pitches to my ears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Request

Waltzing in mindful hallways, stepping carefully
into circles of familiar visions, fulfilling the
purpose of being alive.
Nothing standing in the way again, giving in to
an inner quiet request.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Sanctity

Bow across the strings of a violin being played by Tory,
a wonderful dedication to the innate talent given to him
by God.

A truly awesome beginning of purpose being played out
for his future destiny, inner sanctity coming to light as
music flows from his heart and being.

Tempting and beautiful, a wonderfully fascinating tribute
to God who created him for his place on earth, a musician
filled with talent from above.

Reaching and grasping interiorly, spiritually attaining
peace he so justly deserves, soaring thoughts musically
flowing through his soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Sanctuary

Stringing along, feeling power of a major amount of music
touching my inner sanctuary of rhythmic glory in diamond
glittered harmony.

Peacefully tackling all interludes with melodies of accord
in logical steps, preparing accolades into the next
century.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Sanctum

Silent sorrow shaking my insides with unwept tears,
tearing my heart in two many pieces of loneliness.

Often finding crystal blue tears falling from my mind,
turning inside out.

Touching the essence of past memories and locating it's depths, I flounder and beckon to an inner sanctum that
only I have the keys to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Sanctums

Images inside views of yesterday
are quietly blowing kisses to me.

Taking in all the silence of this
day, filling my soul with a
passion unknown in life before.

Sending messages to and from inner
sanctums, tabulating the essence of
all that breathes within my soul.

Getting to my feet, sliding into
mind-sets, taking flight, expanding
imagination into outer dimensions of
life's tender, sorrowful moments.

Gathered closely and written from
each day that I am allowed to exist
on this earth.

(4/22/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Scrutiny

Energetic and intense beauty collecting details through music, fulfilling epic periods of life as we live through all it's experiences.

Looking within, a self-realization comes about and we suddenly need to subject ourselves to an inner scrutiny that we have not done so far since being born.

Seeing our failings, feeling hopeless, ashamed at times, wondering how we could have gone so far out of our way, losing faith and hope, no reasons for us doing so.

Reckless in our younger days, uncaring, wanting our own way, yet at times gaining an acumen of understanding, trying to bring us back to where we ought to be in life.

Taking us back to our origins, opening our eyes, heart and mind to what we are needing to be doing instead, giving us hope and faith in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Selection

Walking along river banks, feeling calm, listening to
rapids slip bubbling by.

Keeping quiet and silent, no one else around, because
I am alone within my mind.

It's the only place that peace and serenity can be
found, important attitudes that are needed to live a
separate poetic life.

Living in a desert of inner selection, not wishing to
be a part of anything else in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Senses

Heeding inner senses, touching interiorly, my soul, music develops talent within, giving me something to look forward to in my mind.
Soothing nerves, giving me mere moments to associate and take time to gather in what is going on in my being.
Notwithstanding, life is difficult, full of pain and at times not worth it's weight in gold.
Yet, here I sit listening and taking in rhythms from melody's heaven-sent talents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Shadows

Looking sideways into the future, seeing it's ending
not too far ahead.
Light shining, illuminating it's serenity and beauty.
Unfolding fragrant scents for times to come, bowing
to life as it becomes undone silently with no
interference or disharmonic gaiety.
Lifelessly blowing apart years of maturity and sense-
less noise, while bringing together all of life's
moments stored away since childhood.
Looking sideways into inner shadows of a future,
closing it's doors as I reach the last step.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Sights

Connecting moments of peace, enhancing intellect and gliding along into imagination's realm.

Skating so effortlessly, thinking and reasoning, gliding, seeing visions with an inner insight.

Beautiful rhythm carrying everything into depths of intellectual pursuits, having timeless moments to gather the knowledge that is being found within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Silence

Singsong melodies coming to rest within intellect,
awakening creativity to it's innate abilities.

Loving sounds as they soothe and vibrate within my
mind, dreaming of a future destiny of my soul.

So far from home, just keeping me spiritually in
touch with God alone.

Manifesting faith and hope that fills my spirit
with heavenly hopes and prayers.

Awe and wonder leaving silent impressions on photo-
graphic screens, picturing images of their vision.

Flowing into my mind from an inner waterfall, always
enlivening intellect settling within every fiber of
my being, taking me into other dimensions through an
inner silence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Smile

Elderly, tired, dartedly looking around the room,
searching for a friendly smile.
Alone, in the farthest corner, waiting to be sought
out and spoken to.
Tittering on the abject side of loneliness, afraid
of it's emptiness.
Song-filled memories, sung in ages past, bereft now
of the flavor and spice of life it once had.
Eyes catching sight of mine, reacting, a glistening
light begins and ends in a wide, beautiful smile.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Spaces

Blankets of ancient wisdom lie wrinkled, crinkled in corners of vast
prisons in a mind.
Autumns casually penetrating ages of youth, brown, fading, brilliant
colors of red and yellow.
Talents withstanding tremors of age, brought from depths of learning,
secreting meanings deep inside.
Farthest reaches of inner space, holding tightly, emotions and feelings.
Stretching their usefulness across spans of time, etched in memories,
forgotten, brought to the foreground by insubstantial paths of life.
Pivoting lively, running away from the density of aging, sorrow
slices through, taking and burying all meaning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Spheres Of Intellect

Enjoying music as it lifts my soul's spirits, feeling it's effects on mind and being.

Bringing to life all bodily functions, aligning them all to the rhythms flowing steadily within.

Touching inner spheres of intellect, calming and enticing life to come around, exacting tones and tempos touching perfect pitch.

Bringing all into melodies perfectly set in rhythms, flowing into imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Spirits

Images of people,
crippled, using walkers,
still dancing with inner spirits
as they float across the dance floor,
finding music has given them a reason
to get out of bed this morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Spirits Of Being

Thrilled to inner spirits of my being, taking self up and down chords in measures of time as I find dreams suddenly coming true.

Solitary and wholesome thoughts filling my mind with many precious images from an interior photographic screen, a lasting vision coming vividly to mind whenever writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Springs

Escaping a lifetime, burying myself in rhythm and feeling in touch with life and it's inner nature.
Folding everything carefully so as not to lose any particle of my being.
Existence dancing in front of my mind as I write of enlightenment and wisdom's knowledge of who we are.
Taking turns with nature, creating all new patterns and puzzles, viewing them from every angle and moment, as accomplished visions of movement made their way to inner springs of creative knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner State Of Mind

Protracting into the density of my inner intellect,
developing it's efficient portrayals of everything
I see, continuing on my journey down the streets of
an inner state of mind.
Quite an experience as I walk among the hallways,
capturing my attention and keeping me focused as I
proceed.
An apoplectic tribute to the world within me, a
cooperation of wisdom entering imaginations' realms
without wondering how to do it.
Completing this tiring journey, holding on to the
promises of a lifetime, never catapulting beyond what
I can focus on and take with me into denizens of my
intellect.
Surely finding nothing but wonder and curiosity
being fulfilled with a moral security always in
place.

(10: 48 p.m. - 11/16/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Storm

Stepping into the rain of an inner storm, following paths
of sorrow and abandonment.

Always going down beaten pathways of an outdoor dominance
in the atmosphere.

Raining and commencing to end the abandonment of another
hurdle of strangulated voices in a sanguine disposition,
left alone in corridors of time.

Silently crying as the storm flows over this turmoil, being
interjected from another lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Storms

Crashing with tumultuous waves of inner storms,
riding out blustery winds, tossing me about.

Holding on to nothing, because there is nothing
to hold on to anymore.

Bobbing alone in the ocean, wondering if I'll
be eaten by the sharks of emotion or will I end
up eventually, safely, on shore after the inner
tempest has died down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Streams

Writing notes to perform in compact compositions, filling entire pages with signs and symbols, causing secretive thoughts to be able to be understood by a select few.
Trusting everything to inner streams, running into tides of ocean's frothy, foamy situations.
Taking care to pause at times, just to be rejuvenated for the remainder of years on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Strength

Strength filling me inwardly, giving my faith a boost as
I climb interior mountains and walk through deserts of
my soul.

Totally feeling the joy of life through the happiness of
hope, never wavering, always expecting miracles through-
out this life.

Touching upon the Divine as I walk through the passage
of time, allowing God to lea me where He wants me to go,
using free will to follow Him while pursuing my purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Sunshine

Being swept away with all rhythms playing beautiful
melodies to touch my senses.
Awakening an ample supply of them, I reach steadily
into their midst to take and place them in whatever
poem they'll eventually fit in.
Keeping in time with a sunshine being held inside,
illuminating so many ideas with just a note or
sound touching my mind.
Perfecting the essence I hold inside myself daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Tapestries

Starting morning with a charge from nature's habitat,
visually seeing into next horizons of life.

Writing from these inner tapestries, unfolding songs
of poetry.

Reacting silently to their alterations as they
assimilate themselves into volumes of literature
hidden inside my mind.

Awaiting their times of awakening - opening like rose
buds in the early morning sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Tapestry

Lively and vibrant, singing loudly, listening through-
out the evening to rhythmic designs of melodies.

Solidly tempting aspects of an inner tapestry, unfolding,
and opening up to the world.

Driving towards tunnels of the next generation, ancestry
being compiled with genuine history of living and love
of others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Tempos

Slowly walking to an inner tempo of notes, measuring life's
steps and beautiful nature.

Noticing particles of being, growing on edges of my mind,
setting their roots in sublime environments.

Nurturing and catering items being brought to mind as they
fill me with a soothing energy of contemplation.

Being alone, tracing lines of past years, bringing them
forward to present time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Thinking

When hiding faceless situations in backwoods of a mind,
it's best to keep them away from recriminations.
Slowly pounding out the reasons for their existence
while keeping close inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Thoughts

Standing in dire straits, keeping company with inner thoughts and past memories.

Thinking of moments filled with sorrow, caused by another, feeling the pain of grief at the loss for no good reason.

Somehow finding a way to get through the suffering of a lifetime, by just stepping from moment to moment.

Placing trust in God until entering death and then finding yourself in His arms at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Tickling

Limbs of conscious
imagination dangle inside,
tickling inner bellies,
charming them with humor
and delicacies of the mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Tides

Lines of courage, fragment throughout life's trials
and reunite in times of happiness.

Successfully completing journey's of existence on
moments of rhythm's timetables.

Flowing with motion and movement of inner tides,
coinciding with ebbing of ocean's depths in my mind's
ingenious fantasies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Times

Pictures of silence hung
with care on walls of interior
interpretation, awaiting times
of renewal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Trails Of Spirituality

Hurrying down inner trails of spirituality, loving peaceful feelings that enter into mind, intellect, heart and soul, finding solace within.

They cannot be found outside this being, elaborately defining sensations of nature in relevant positions of an interior spirituality.

Soul being lifted into atmospheres of contemplation and serenity, asking nothing more of this human life as long as it continues to abide in the solitude of an interior life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Trends

Precision of life is enabled as we each hear the harmonies of
our own beings on different roads of emergent feelings.
Satisfying inner trends I move forward into new desert realms.
Pushing back, releasing an energy of synergy, becoming the
talents God has given me to use.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Trepidation

Disguising patterns as they fall into intellect, silently progressing from there.
Choosing a method of poetical music to get my mind around.
Listening to inner trepidation, wanting to eliminate it's stance in my life.
Never forgetting that all of the words being fixated in poems can be changed and rearranged to suit my purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Turmoil

Covert ideas swim around on oceans of inner turmoil,
awakening threads of existence.

Placing no undue stress on levels of competence, but
able to continue feeling it's effects.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Universes

Fragrances releasing yesterday's memories,
playing havoc with hearts steeped in sorrow.
A world of images, traveling inner universes
with clarity and spirituality on the tip of
a pen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Vision

Views of imagination stretch beyond anyone's innate intelligence, creating fastidious innovations, experimenting daily within subconscious ideas.

Filled with the anticipation of creating new and different inventions, splitting apart ancient propositions.

Finding many factors hidden away, simplified beyond recognition, starkly staring into horizons of limited editions, cautioning valuable assets to strive for certain positions.

Turning round, silently building impressions of inventiveness, stacking all thought towards new environments, readily believing in forward movement.

Proclivity of inert testimonials lie in wait, unjustified, mysteriously unified in doubt, where all knowledge seems to stem from.

Only living great moments gives us access to the experiences they hold within the confines of their beauty.

Words expressed poetically take on the necessity of proclaiming natural beauty, portraying the endless question of artistic fantasy and illusion.

Never-ending limits of creative intelligence and inner vision, climbing dimensions yet to be seen or heard of in normal life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Visions

Rejoicing in freedom of my soul, following intellectual path-
ways through music, mind always providing clarity, keeping
me focused entirely on coded rhythms of every melody.

Touching silently, yet vibrantly, an interior and spiritual
life with innate talent and intensity, unfolding thoughts
like an umbrella.

Ideas and concepts falling out, scattered throughout intel-
ect and onto photographic screens where they're instantan-
eously memorized forever.

Like a glowing interior light, showing pathways of patterns
and designs automatically taken and written into poetry, one
poem after another.

Flowing from an interior waterfall, a never-ending repertoire
always in mind the moment music starts playing, keeping focus-
ed and concentrating on the beauty of nature and people.

Seeing evil and wrong-doing in this world, writing it all in-
to poetry, hoping one day it will culminate in inner visions
that I've seen for our entire world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Voice

Paintings hanging on walls through passages, opened,
leading into catacombs of yesterday.

Ancient patterns titillating feelings of inner designs
without any notice.

Recognizing, realizing where they come from, slicing and
dicing every fiber as they pass by.

Knowing there's no fault to be blamed anywhere, just an
effervescent touch of life, lending it's ear to an inner
voice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Voice Of Poetical Talent

Looking over an inner rainbow, seeing joyful music coming my way.
Beautiful notes and tones escalating and carrying me into atmosphere's of belief and faith, awaiting my arrival.
Tenderly, solidly touching rhythm on the head, lifting me higher into realms of spirituality.
Blessed moments, weaving their way serenely into my inner voice of poetical talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Voices Silenced

Taking into consideration, a lifetime of pious deliberation, aspiring to become a part of the universe exteriorly.
Blending thoughts, language, and behavior, sending messages of coded enlightenment to ends of neurons to electrify synapses into activity.
Silencing inner voices, watching pictures flash quickly off and on the screen.
Writing intimately without copious feelings or emotions involved and used constantly through interior designs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Wastelands

Crossing wastelands, tombstones and graveyards appearing before me.

Watching silently, as I pass by, ghosts of yesterday reach out, wanting to share their sorrowful hearts.

Having no more room or space inside, shaking my head from side to side, walking past, knowing that I too have died.

Leaving in my wake, white cross markers leading me beyond this saddened life that I have always lived.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Waterfalls

Empty-minded until picking up a pen, then inner waterfalls start flowing energetically into my mind where they'll be written down naturally in prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Weeping

Filling the emptiness with tears, allowing them to overflow
and slip down my cheeks, wanting to retort, yell out in anger,
I cannot.

Talking, telling with many words that I cannot have control,
that I must give up and trust in someone else.

How can I? - it pulls my insides in many pieces, causing
confusion and inner weeping.

Why should feelings be given away? What good or use are
they to another?

Wandering inside, another hits a nerve, wanting me to be
controlled, it's not the way to get to me, not liking it.

Stubbornly holding onto inner strength, not willing to let
it go - hesitantly, reluctantly, unknowingness settles in,
awaiting a reply.

What to do? follow someone else's rules and take forever
slowly or allow self to carry through alone. I do not know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Wells Of Grief

Soundlessly, sorrow trips into this heart, not letting me
know ahead of time, just sneaking it's way into my mind
whenever it wants.

Disturbing solace and serenity, disrupting my state of mind
with it's salted tears.

Finding no reasons, letting itself in magically, waiting to
be expressed no matter what I think.

Experience has taught me to just let it be recognized and
have it's moments in time.

Watching it take a seat, unfolding it's feelings and emotions,
laying them out upon a table in front of my mind.

Spreading out a feast, goblets of teardrops, platters piled
high and salted generously.

A huge amount flowing from inner wells of grief, hoping it
will not last too long.

Yet, knowing it will continue in it's own time until it is
done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Whispering

Tucked neatly and safely into a corner of inner space,
I sit and write, completing my mind's journey into patterns
of thought and wakeful ideas.

Fried to a cinder inside, so fragile, unable to be touched
or held, afraid I will disintegrate into nothingness.

Held by no earthly or personal boundaries, I travel and bump
into limits set by narrow-minded people, causing me to recoil
from their cold, calculating touch.

Preferring warmth of limitless horizons at my fingertips,
allowing inner knowledge, wisdom and freedom to grow.

A perfection which can never be harnessed or harassed into
submission.

Always outside the reach of human grasp, held accountable
only to God in His infinite wisdom, and allowed the spirit of
freedom not to be disturbed from without.

Answering only to God's inner whispering in a separate level
of dimensions, not included in earthly schemes of people and
their myriad hosts of all-important selfish matters.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Whisperings

Quiet and gentle, inner whisperings giving equations
that will bring about tremendous changes in mankind's
environment.

Going behind all politicians, obama and government's
backs, our world will be saved and further attacks
will be prevented from happening.

Keeping citizens in the dark, afraid of spreading panic
through the U.S., not knowing that We the People have
already raised the alarm and are waiting.

We have taken steps to combat anything that isis and
obama can throw at us, ready at a moment's notice to
stand against evil and tyranny.

In girl scouts when younger, having been taught desert
survival, emergency preparedness, how to shoot a weapon,
use a bow and arrow.

Taking care of ourselves at twelve years old and younger,
well equipped for any emergency, locked and loaded, ready
to annihilate any enemy from within our country.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Words

Bypassing calamity with a burly attitude, respecting no
detail, as spreading itself thin, life unfolds onto
tables of backwards learning.
Wisdom cannot be found anywhere in sight, because it sits
countingly in a space of silence, wandering forward in
spacious rooms of dawning sunlight, protecting always
inner words of awakening literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inner Workings

Vibrant and explicit thinking is being realized effortlessly
in inner workings of intellect.

Inherent compositions being written from many sounds, being
generated from another land of music.

Transparent and wide open lines of sight are showing many
types of particles that can be formed and tempted to change
or alter existing channels of thought.

Focusing intently in racing foundations of inner listening,
tranquilly enhancing moods of a poet while writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innermost Beauty

A fleet of clouds looking like an armada of ships and submarines
charging slowly into seas of atmosphere, a sky of blue.
Innermost beauty standing on edges of horizons, watching, waiting
to see explosions blast across my vision, sinking ships or
submarines, sending them to the bottom of layers stacked in
readiness, awaiting their ghosts on subsequent shores of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innermost Being

I can reach in and touch my innermost being with both hands.
It is gentle and kind - filled with compassion and a joy for others.
I cannot pull or take it out of my being, because it is me - it is who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innert Behavior

Somber slumber turning away from me
as I wander into an avenue, leading
towards imagination and it's innert
behavior.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innert Chaos

Searching within, tripping over piles of remembering, dust-covered, unused, left over ages ripped from the past.

Survival felt throughout the turmoil of everyday life, sustaining thoughts, creating an existence, living solitarily.

Mitigating memories, placing them in books, storing all on closet shelves, awaiting geriatric days, unending time spent alone.

Indigenous talents in full bloom, taking on the insistence of old age, indomitable obstacles inducing inert chaos.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innocence Of Being

Having somnolent thoughts after a long day of abuse from other people, thinking that what they say is gospel and must be listened to.

Ignoring their remarks, not listening to reasons of their insane minds, only carrying on beyond what they think they know.

Always taking solo paths of knowledge and wisdom through the passage of time, never turning from what is known innately.

Moving forward, in step with the innocence of my being throughout the prose of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innocence Of Child - Like Purity

Slowly moving, ingenuity is continually creating from
it's interior wisdom, giving this mind food for thought
at every moment in time.

Attempting to portray the beauty of intellect in an
array of poetry, delivering it in many different words
and meanings to a brain always awaiting new selections.

Mind and heart, developing coded sequences to enter
domains of creativity, always being touched by fantasies
of imagination and it's absolute beauty.

Through honesty and truth, an innocence of child-like
purity taking first place in everything ever being
thought by this mere poet in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innocence Of Snowmen

Pristine and beautiful, winter sunshine falling onto a snow-
filled ground, crystals of ice lying around, icicles hanging
like Christmas decorations from every tree.

Snowmen having been built by children throughout the neigh-
borhood, showing the goodness and purity of children, their
innocence reflected in their snowmen.

Telling the story of their young lives and what joy they
put into everything, enjoying every creation coming from
within.

Children are our blessings here on earth, it's a shame
that not all people feel the same way, instead they mur-
der their own children in the worst ways.

Letting the baby come full term, taking the baby out ex-
cept for it's head, then taking scissors, stabbing them
at the base of the brain.

Twisting and turning the scissors to cut off their little
brains and kill them painfully, abortion is murder, there
are no excuses for it.

Pristine and beautiful winter sunshine falling onto a sun-
filled ground, crystals of ice lying around, icicles hanging
like Christmas decorations from every tree.

Ghosts of snowmen never having been made by children whose
mothers thought they were not worthy of life, even though
God gave them life to be born here on earth.

Mothers deciding to overrule God and take matters into
their own hands, murdering their children for no reason
other than selfishness, usually, or doctor's suggestion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innocence Of Youth

Noticing two boys playing pool here at the Senior Center,
both concentrating intently on trying to get the balls in-
to the pockets and winning the game.

Pure and total innocence on their faces, the wonder and
beauty of youth not yet learning the truth of what lies a-
head in their futures.

Hoping it's not all strife and strain, having hope and a
genuine faith will get them through whatever is thrown at
them in the years to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innocent Child

Happily traipsing through the wonderment of mindless
memories, writing joyfully in rhyme, enjoying this
day, given by God.

Having breakfast, talking to my son, fulfilling
motherhood through unlimited duty.

Now sixteen, nearly a man, so naive, complicated,
yet still an innocent child.

Tantalizing sense of humor surrounds his personality
with wonder and awe.

Such a talented, resourceful child, soon to be a man
on horizons of my setting sun.

(10: 50 a.m. - 12/7/94)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innocent Children

Innocent children being defiled by their own parents and grandparents - no one to help them as they try to act out what is happening to them.

No one notices the red flags of such an obvious display practiced on baby children.

Secrets, closed doors, nightmares preying on undeveloped psyches from their very beginnings.

Pedophiles ruining lives of countless babies and children while they get their sinful pleasures satisfied by hurting innocent minds and bodies of our youngest beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innocent Game

These blue, green, gray eyes are changing from one
color to another since being in my mother's womb.

A unique quality that I thoroughly enjoy seeing
when looking in the mirror.

Sisters and brother always trying to guess what
color they'll be every morning when we were young.

Closing my eyes, making them guess the color, it
was so much fun back then, a child's innocent game.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innocent Idea

Watching a clock upon the wall, it's no longer telling time,
it has stopped in rebellion, wanting time to stand still,
apparently to show us all that it's in charge.

Showing us it is the reason we can tell what time of night
or day it is, laughing at it's innocent idea, going along
with it in this little poem because I can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innocent Images

Injurious memories, creeping around, ashamed to come
to the surface, yet pulling them up anyway.

Letting the light of day shine upon them, disclosing
their essence, letting illumination provide explanations
of it.

Knowing now that they are just innocent images of child-
hood, before anything was done to harm them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innocent Moments

Walking down shady lanes on top of a mountain where
I once lived in New Jersey.
Remembering the quiet respite I would accept as I
looked around me, all alone, leaving my sisters
back at the house being loud and rowdy.
Every moment spent by myself would give me the
energy to go back home and be able to be good to my
sisters while we played dolls and such.
Pure, innocent moments of life way back then, always
bringing fruitful thoughts of peace right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innocent Pastimes

Slow and steady, reaching into depths of innocent
pastimes, catching emotions in pictures of yesterday.
Tell-tale signs of beautiful lasting love and it's
focus on tomorrow.
Nothing standing in the way of fanciful happiness as
they magically occur on a journey of innocent design.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innocent Pleasure

Being placed in regions of innocent pleasure, taking
in everything being sensed from without, feeling
textures and senses of pictures, forming incessantly
on screens of intellect.

Feeling motions of rhythms, creating passion, as it
comes to a crescendo, playing itself so perfectly
in pitch, never missing a beat, with somnolent heart-
ache creating musical compositions within the sensuous
beating of drums.

Playing forthrightly without stopping, taking turns
in revolving rhythms, placating minds as it soothes
the soul.

Creating and seeing sights through intellect's
insight, always open to an entertaining mode of
composing musical interludes, watching temptations
calling interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innocent Pleasures

Seeking a place in life where I can reside in innocent pleasures of an exponential measure of time, being enlightened by rhythms as they twist and turn.

Explosions of light filter through the passage of time, striking matches in another place where memories used to be vibrant and lively.

Now just being pleased with the strident and stringent purposes that fill this vast and empty atmosphere, whiling away melodies of an effervescent serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innocent Qualities

Holding onto dreams while listening to music, keeping them
fresh in this mind forever.

Childish wonder catering always to an inner curiosity,
giving my mind chances that most others do not have.

Never losing innocent qualities of childhood, keeping them
always as treasures of being.

Looking only at details that intellect sees, no matter how
old I become.

Playing with the astonishment of a child, because within
that is what I truly am.

Enjoying this life while remaining in the past of yester-
day's imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Innocent Yearnings

Fragrantly advertising tell-tale signs of spring,
allocating beauty of natural desires clinging in
the air.

Sensing emotional yearnings of younger generations,
frolicking through flowers and jumping into cascading
water, cooled from mountain springs.

Life promises are made in vows of innocence, reality
never setting in to discourage love or young lover's
prayers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insane With Desire

Swishing open the door to this mind is so easy, as
thoughts gather and collide down the waterfall of
elusive paths into another world.

Positive attitudes, combining with senses of life,
driving me insane with desire palpitating heatedly
within this body.

Wanting to be quenched immediately and thoroughly,
desire climbing to heights of heaven without any-
thing getting in the way at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insanity Of Control

Walking a line, attempting to stay on the straight and narrow, falling by the wayside to break down when pain becomes too much.

Timely aggravation finds it's way into direct pathways of eyesight, letting go of insanity and control by other people, beginning to stand alone, appraising situations found in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insatiable Appetite For Everything

Working since very young, baby sitting when eleven years old
to buy food for my family, working through high school, three
jobs plus going to college at the very same time.

Having a photographic memory, receiving a scholarship to
A.S.U., learning quite a lot, totally loving chemistry for
the very first time ever.

Mixing chemicals totally appealed to me, doing and inter-
preting codes was another favorite of mine, maybe that's
why writing poetry incessantly and instantaneously fits.

Learning all instruments, being self-taught was and has
always been a plus, loving to entertain myself, doing
crosswords and all sorts of puzzles tickles intellect.

Keeping always aware and alert, taking everything to
task, totally curious wanting to know everything, needing
answers always, my mind has an insatiable appetite for it
all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insatiable Appetites

Being caged like animals, having no freedom to just Be,
*muslims having no clue to what is really on earth.

Knowing only what they have been taught since being born,
a total failure of being human.

Incessantly thinking of themselves and their perverted
ideals, following someone they revere, never having
thought things through.

Beating, torturing, raping children and women, beheading
everyone, all of them innocent victims on this earth
filled with the blood of their purity.

Staining mankind with their perverted pedophile ideas,
not caring who they hurt, as long as their sexual
desires are fed with an insatiable appetite.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inscripted Within Intellect

Energetic neurons and synapses carrying my mind into
depths of intellect, creating mind power beyond what
has already been given.

Thinking done through spheres, holding onto picturesque
images, photographic screens holding them all, never
letting them go.

Special and private, they are inscripted within intellect
constantly and incessantly, subconsciously reiterating
the many puzzle pieces of tomorrow.

Lifting everything into one beautiful, complete detailed
picture of the future, taking it altogether, hopefully
giving an essence of wisdom room to grow.

Imagination nourishing it all through the years, and
eventually taking it into reality now through a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insensitive Darkness

Traipsing slowly through enlightenment, trying to find my way through the darkness of insensitive, unknowing people.
Starkly searching for something more, yet never coming close to what I actually need to exist.
There's no avenue open to me as I stroll through the gardens of eternity, not finding my way back home, and I fall upon the ending days of my lone existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inserting Tenderness

Pounding reverberations touching inner peace, inserting an amount of tenderness and compassion to turn life inside out.
Wrecking daily formulas, recreating them in ancient ways, only to have them approach center cores of life.
Transferring all that's been taught, learned, and transposed into words and musical compositions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

In-Service

Wallowing around the room, hearing voices flow through
the air and hitting my ears.
Not listening to the words directly, just the sounds of
them.
Wondering where the time will begin, the meeting will
start, the popular demands of suicide are to be explored.
Patiently awaiting the in-service to begin.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inside A Heart

Deep inside a heart beats, hurting with every little movement
it makes.

Trying to breathe real shallow so it won't hurt so much,
doesn't work.

With every second slowly slipping away, a heart full of pain
also feels sorrow.

Stopping and tripping every once in a while along the way,
it beats slower.

Wonder when it will stop

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inside Circles Of Light

Circles of light, standing still before me, entering my mind
to quiet me.

Staring, mind a total blank, lights start circling each other,
creating sensations of moving light within my limited eyesight.

Dancing prettily, halos surround them all, while deep inside,
circles of light have become an image printed on my mind,
filling me with inner quiet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inside Knowing

Stepping lightly on future horizons with a knowing
deep inside, of fate's destiny for me.
Silent tears of weeping softly, interiorly, getting
ready for a future mournful event.
Lasting memories playing before my mind, giving me
insight of things I don't want to know, but realize
through reality's stare into the unknown.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inside Memories

Reflections mirroring whatever is being looked at, giving
many images to collect and gather into photographic screens.

All to be saved for later on when reunited with them in quiet
reposing of this mind.

Relaxing, recalling everyone of them, listening to rhythms,
translating each into their own poems, never leaving any of
them out in the cold.

Continually writing, keeping them safely inside every memory
that is filled with beautiful energy in picturesque landscapes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inside My Brain

Shaking the insides of my brain, delicately giving me tones and sounds to work with as I write poems.
Trying to explain what I do is actually unexplainable and can't be attained unless I teach someone how to do it right from the beginning of their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inside Of Life

Solitary mornings, awakening early, before the sun decides to rise.
Jumping into a reverie, beginning to cultivate an effervescent energy.
Calming nerves, touching the inside of life with an intense needle of unkempt quaff.
Realizing the antiquity of yesterday, playing it constantly with a rhythm set up from birth.
Contemplating justice in forms of pious endeavors, placating feelings of peaceful yesterdays.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inside Of Memories

Losing myself in daily music of rhythms, floating on it's steady beats as they carry me deeply into intellect.

Concentrating and feeling the intensity of sorrow pulsing through me.

Grief never seems to leave a being for very long, always pricking minds with the sadness inside of memories past.

Knowing what future memories will bring, seeing them ahead of time, a never-ending stream, flowing onto photographic screens, allowing the future to torture this mind also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inside Poetry

Located here inside this mind lies all the loneliness
and emptiness that imagination can bring.
From this deep well of emotion and grief come poems
of varied styles, each standing on it's own merit.
Lifetimes come and go instantaneously with thoughts
and images balancing, acting like acrobats and trapeze
artists, while creating poetry sublimely.
So evenly, methodically and gently, words attach to
music, dancing in my mind rhythmically, peacefully,
solemnly.
Throughout decades of life, like rosary beads held,
which create musically, poems in hand for an eternity
in just a few short years of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inside Subconsciousness

Softly into the night I traipse, looking for elusive thoughts escaping me in daylight.
Knowing sears my mind, but there's no pictures to go with it, they are hiding deeply inside my subconsciousness, afraid to alight, because I may disappear at their sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inside The Airport At Lax

Looking around out the windows at all the activity going on
outside, airline crews doing all sorts of things to prepare
jets for take off in all directions.

A jet sitting right up close to the window, peeking in at
me, curiously it seems, a few people are sitting about,
taking picture of the architecture, paintings, etc.

Things of interest scattered about the interior of the air-
port, many people have taken off, leaving this area pretty
empty right now, as I sit here and wait for my flight to
Hong Kong.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insides Of Silver Linings

Storm clouds gathering in my mind, traipsing through
it's skyway, watching everything beneath them.
Living on the insides of silver linings, being
suffocated by the closeness gathered around me.
Sunshine peering through it all as I watch it in my
mind while writing.

(8: 48 a.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insidious Evil

Counting all sins against humanity, holding them account-
able on every individual responsible for evil of their
own hearts.

Taking away their dreams of grandeur, riches, one world
order, destroying them from the inside out, tearing apart
their insidious evil.

Showing the true colors of isis and muslims for they are
rapists, pedophiles and gay men, having no belief in God,
no freedom, just slavery of women and children.

Their lust and depraved mentalities keeping them from ad-
mitting the truth, that muslim men are gay for they rape
and have sex with boys, yet they kill others for what they
themselves practice daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insidious Feelings

Careening down pathways,
running to meet melodic harmonies
as they tickle my brain with
insidious feelings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insight

Leaves, branches, trees waving good-bye to me
and playing a beautiful symphony with the
gentle breeze.

It touches my soul and draws me nearer to
heaven and God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insight Appearing

Stepping softly to beats of my being,
allowing them to alter meanings and
recognize them with each new appearance
before me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insight Into Sadness

Insight into sadness is tactile, keen, hurtful, yet helps us get through our grief in time.
Always taking whatever comes into our lives and assimilating it as best we can.
Never perfect, we wallow in tears at times, not wanting to go on living.
Listening to our heartbeat's rhythm, pumping away at life, as tears flow
constantly with every reminder and memory brought to mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insight Into The Darkness

Twilight gathering stars in my mind, twinkling rhythms in the beauty of this brand new night.

Welcoming the essence of it's tiny particles that can be seen in this darkness.

Moonlight shining across pathways of intellect, showing the way through the ultimate blackness of another time.

Giving us all an insight into the dark night of our souls, alone in the desert, waiting for the light of God to shine upon us again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insight Into Wisdom

Whirlpools spinning my mind into and out of reality's
turmoil, making it hard to sustain sanity at times.

Thought processes whirl, giving insight into many
areas of wisdom as I age and mature.

Looking around, searching for some answers, trying to
prepare for the future which I know absolutely nothing
about right now.

Wishing to escape this world, knowing it will happen
on the day it's supposed to, without any effort at all.

Looking forward to it's bluened peace with great
anticipation, enjoying the comfort and serenity it gives
me even now, as I think of it calmly without reservations
or doubts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insight Not Apparent

Changing times are here and now.
Birthdays bring that thought readily around as the music is different, beats are separated and then joined back together.
Watching all children as they talk and have secret discussions, while parents sit on the outskirts, just watching as all happenings go on right in front of them.
Clueless, no insight is apparent, somehow children grow up anyway, seemingly overnight and on their own.
Celebrating another year older, looking forward to another year of growing up, but not yet being there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insightful Journey

Creating from a sphere of self-indulgence at times,
wanting to delve into pyramids of puzzles, ten-
dimensional in depth.

Filling boundaries with landmarks from an insightful
journey through this life.

Building on signs and patterns of a delicate balance,
being triggered subconsciously with no thoughts being
intertwined.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insightful Visioins

An evaluation of life continues
constantly without repose or respite.

Talented focus brightens horizons of
nature with scenes of snow, sun and
winter leaves, scattered under stars
of twilight.

Reiterating scores of talented etudes
on shores of insightful visions,
standing in line, awaiting a
peacefulness of adversity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insignificance

Monotony of repetition is encased in moments of drunken stupor.
People talking, but not speaking of anything of importance because they're not hearing or listening to conversations being spoken.
Tearfully engraving moments of silence onto ceramic
plagues of insignificant bliss, causing a compulsion of
disregard for any other being in rooms of dizzying fog.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insincere Promises

Causeways of intelligent thoughts, focus on presiding formulas,
interrupting constantly.
Giving insincere promises no particular way, yet fulfilling the emptiness of ages.
Solemn peace, somberly laying to rest all manner of creative
rhythm, as fidelity slips past and death enters through doors of
tomorrow, letting no one escape their fateful destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insincerity

Requesting things from others with no intention of ever paying them back is an insincere attempt at being caring about them.

Never replacing what they take from another so as to replenish themselves, sucking love and compassion from a person, leaving them drained and bereft.

Walking away and never shedding a tear for them, what kind of person do you see them being in life, only that of being users, takers and moochers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insistence

Strangulating positions sever
themselves from life,
insisting that people partake
of life-giving essences,
especially at the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insistence Of Inner Beauty

Writing so quickly into the atmosphere, enjoying the lilting rhythms at hand, believing in their solemn promises of serenity as they play in my mind incessantly.

Lightly touching every fiber of my being, allocating measures of tones and their tempo to the insistence of inner beauty being focused on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insistence Of Interior Desires

Relying on the insistence of interior desires to collect
and store great amounts of love within, time moving for-
ward, taking our lives with it.

Climbing interior mountains as I walk towards the last
horizon alone, feeling good about self, hoping to continue
along lines of goodness and purity.

Staying on the straightaway throughout this life, never
disavowing anything connected to God and heaven, living
only to find my way eventually into the gates of heaven
once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insistent And Intense

Steady and totally immersed in the rhythms of life,
moving forward through their beats as they grasp my
heart within them.

Even though I'm broken-hearted and devastated, forlorn
and abandoned in this life, rhythms awaken an interior
life, not letting it go to waste.

Bringing it to the forefront, if even to just keep me
alive and writing, an insistent and intense positive
way of life.

Spiritually significant, keeping hope and faith alive,
nothing to destroy it's enlightenment or knowledge in
this earthly life.

Looking forward to heaven, hoping to disappear from
earth with my very last breath, a fire in my soul for
our Lord.

Passion rising, only wanting to be with Him once again
in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insistent Barriers

Faith walking a fine line after death has crossed life's timeline and taken away everything I ever cherished on earth.

Buried beneath the pain of loss and that of our love being taken away, even though we've never discarded it on our own.

Living in the hell of abandonment, not able to find the way to heaven, parted by the insistent barriers set up by death itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insistent Beckoning

Suddenly falling into a despondent state of mind,
thoughts trying to close in around me, torturing
with their insistent hurtful memories.
Thrusting them away, trying to ignore and disregard
them right now.
Their insistent beckoning of thoughts are keeping
me at a distance - one from which I will move
beyond now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insistent By - Products

Listening for an exchange of harmony to instill itself
into this poem, waiting for it's perceptions to fill
this point of a pen.

Lifting spirits, heightening senses and focusing more
intensely on open endings, finding there are more
beginnings awaiting their starts in rhythmic songs of
yesterday's melodies.

Taking turns and bringing them across borders into
blossoms of tomorrow's expectant realms.

Accessing depths of inert ideas so they can be thought
and brought out from below moods of intellect's
knowledge.

Insistent by-products of all mind-altering sensations
of perception from beyond, stirring up imagination's
storehouse so everything can be blended into a melody
of beautiful situations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insistent Callings

Rocking to the tempo of incessant beats, strengthening ties
with suicidal thoughts deluding my mind.
Walking, spacing steps as they parade onto dance floors of
wood and taking paces as life falls down around me.
Keeping lines in crooked precipices, furthering the sadness
as it envelopes my being with insistent callings from beyond.
Seething clouds, storming on lands of imaginary reality,
hoping to alight one day on a happy island.
Joining the fortitude of old timers in their days, measuring
the lines of total abandonment as worry takes itself away and
dives into the deepest silence ever provoked by death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insistent Emptiness

Lights dancing prayerfully across the horizon, focusing their
brilliance in many directions all at once.

Stirring imagination, tugging at memories past, wishing for
some company, hoping friends will call.

Holding tightly to a thread, inner loneliness calls, it's
whisper echoes throughout my small eternity.

Grasping at straws, tears fighting to streak out, held back
by insistent emptiness, afraid to let anyone see the heartache
fast asleep inside.

Pathways lighted by candle flames, guiding me to an answer
brought from heaven.

Scarcely living a fruitless life, exhibiting within, a faith
deeper than any known to man.

Beginning and ending all moments with thoughts of God, holding
hands with angels, invisible to the naked eye.

Seen only from the soul, awaiting a reply, my guardian angel
smiles at me, prepares my soul for it's final journey.

Peace descends upon me, a gentle whisper kisses my mind, and
at last I am ready, awaiting my Lord.

Being blessed with earthly death, reminiscent no more of the
sorrow and pain I have intensely felt through life.

Like a beacon in my mind, reaching out, seeing beyond sight,
leaping with faith into my Lord's waiting embrace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insistent Faith

Softly crawls a melody, encapsulating my mind with
soothing vibrant tones, alleviating worries and
stress of living.

Besides imagination, life is a mere category of
belief, intent always on insistent faith of
matters, earthly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insistent Futility

Love once again has been torn and ripped apart by
death's insistent embrace.
All of life is futile against it's strength, no
one can conquer this ending of earthly life.
Only hold on to eternity and promises of God in
heaven as He repairs our hearts forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insistent Life

Searching through movements set to music, and taking
the motions to hear.
Whiling away the technicalities of insistent life as
particular bits of yesterday filter themselves through.
Characterizing the many facets being portrayed in
visions of silent undertakings.
Sincerely putting thoughts into deeper categories
where they can find even more selections to adhere to.
Whispers of conversations continue to follow paths
least traveled and going off onto trails made by wild
animals.
Creating on every level, thought on the spur of the
moment.
Carefully moving into sequences of tomorrow's pastimes
with ideas held tightly in fists of hands.
Punching their way through tangled underbrush and way-
ward vines, closing in and blocking entrances to some
other land.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insistent Melodies

Measures of life stand on their own,
bringing purpose into the picture.
Universally leading processions of
talented musicians on tours through
rhythm and it's beginnings.
Allowing infuriating situations to
be calmed by an insistent melody,
portraying lightening, quickening
pulses of tonal quality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insistent Picture Of Thought

Listening to funky music, moving and grooving to the
rhythms as they balance themselves in intellect.

Watching their see saw motions, keeping me aware of
what they are doing all the time.

While an insistent picture of thought continues to
stay silently in my mind, waiting.

Steady and implicit, softening and absorbing the
melodies and harmonies tickling my insides with much
laughter and giggles.

Thinking through awesome memories of teenager days,
taking them all together, writing with their essence
into this poem.

Liking what is seen and heard as I sit here, stepping
in time with the motion of rhythm, never missing a
step throughout many measures.

Lasting through each and every song, all pleasure and
joy continue building themselves throughout every en-
joyable melody.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insistent Pictures

Intimidating glances thrown over shoulders, enhancing those who've not shown an interest in anyone around.
Cooperating gallantly without supporting an ounce of temperament in hallways of insistent pictures, treated by lunar beams.
Calming effects sent by a bevy of collectible sayings, are kept in a book filled with pictures from past memories.
Stalking roadways, watching where everything falls into place so it can be gathered at a later date.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insistent Rain Clouds

Cloud formations flowing across the sky, black, gray
and white, sun being hidden behind them, doing it's
best to push it's way through.

Not being very successful because rain clouds are
insisting on staying in front, pouring rain upon this
earth, soaking it with needed nourishment from above.

Wind doing it's best to blow clouds on their way, but
they're not cooperating, wanting to be independent,
dropping buckets of rain upon those of us who are caught
in it's fury.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insistent Talent

Reaching into the atmosphere, grabbing the insistent
talent lurking there, wanting to be acknowledged.
In the front lines of every sentence, being proclaimed
in necessary forms of compositions and sung out to the
world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insistent Thought

Taken by an insistent thought, delving deeply into my mind, finding a complacent nook to settle into.
Rightly, holding to everything important in life's destiny.
Comparing all manner of images to feelings stirring within.
Labyrinths opening up, swallowing it all as pathways continue moving up mountainous hills into unexplored terrain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insolence Of Imagination

Restful, easy-going, just letting life begin and
happen every morning as the sun rises in the east.

Opening up the eyes of this poet as everything is
collected over nighttime hours, pulled from dreams
and laid out upon tables of my mind.

A feast for intellect to digest and hungrily eat
through rhythms giving coded messages provided by
the insolence of imagination as it confines nothing
within it's boundaries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insolent Remarks

Excessive beauty following the rhythms playing,
giving them the expressions they so desperately
need and want today.
Equipped with the insolent remarks of abrupt
people, finding the entryways of emotional
turmoil and letting them out onto this page to
be written later into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insolent Sorrow

Running away from life many times throughout the years,
not wanting to face it's myriad troubles and dutiful
stress.

Being captured, held in an emotional prison, never
being let go, held in the tightened grip of insolent
sorrow and sadness.

Wanting to let go and live a life of freedom, no stress
or turmoil, yet that never happens, unfortunately walking
earth, wending my way through jungles of strife and never
ending sorrow

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspiration

Interactions of elderly band members is carefully solicited
from sight and vision.

Watching them individually and as a whole, brings solace
and a sense of humor to mind as they talk and joke with one
another.

Something they've done for years on many different stages
in life, producing a gentility of friendship and cohesiveness.

An inspiration to all, acute and keen enough to notice it
beyond the scene of music being played.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspiration And Reality

Falling into depths of my mind are experiences in life
with other people and alone on solitary pathways, always
exemplifying nature and spiritual sides of interior lives.

Supporting creativity through imagination and fantasy,
giving thoughts and ideas menus of ingredients to choose
from.

Intellect taking each one into consideration, finding
places where they will do the most good, bringing inspir-
ation and reality into perspective for those who read them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspiration From A Friend

Walking hand in hand down the streets of Kolkata, seeing things never seen before, a new and exciting adventure that stirred imagination.

Inspiring a new avenue into writing many pages of poems of these experiences in India, filling three books full to be published in Phoenix, Arizona.

All books on India being dedicated to my dearest friend in this world, who gave me the pleasure of taking me by the hand, showing the precious treasures of Kolkata, then taking me on a train ride through five states, showing so much of India first hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspiration Through Nature

A great morning, watching clouds climb on top of each other, creating black and gray mountains right before my eyes.

Sky tantalizing this mind with it's beautiful and picturesque vision, anticipating the coming rain before too much longer.

Sun shining brightly however, warming my skin so tenderly, soothingly, so many levels of clouds growing ever higher into the heavens.

Inspiring this poem as I gather my senses along with nature while writing it here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspirational Bouquet

Attempting to beat the personal record of writing one
hundred twenty two poems in one day.

Taking on the mysterious fathoms of knowledge, going
sveltely into the subconscious mind.

All things being awakened in the mist of atmospheres
coming from another dimension and investigation.

Discovering interior purposes of all things arranged
in bouquets of inspiration.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspirational Breaths

Clowning around, playing ambiguous games,
enjoying fun times with glorious aspirations.
Keeping time religiously with rhythm,
inundating daily breaths of inspiration.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspirational Clouds

Crossing ivories with talented precision, taking off to another dimension for creative intuition to become itself in being.
Writing on clouds of inspiration as thought melds with subconscious ideas, making images appear interiorly with spiritual vitality.
Critically adjusting attitudes throughout myriads of experiences on horizons of everlasting piety and soulful prayer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspirational Courtyards

Sauntering down pathways of nature, exploring adventurously,
finding exploration is a joy when using innate talent to
explain it on paper.

Swirling and bending, finding new paths out of nowhere,
leading to beautiful encounters with novel aspects of nature's
bounty.

Sizing up courtyards of inspiration as they fill my mind
spaciously.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspirational Creativeness

Wonder of a child fixed permanently in my mind, aiding me in an imaginational creativeness, keeping everything new before me.
Fixating on all I see with a genuine curiosity throughout life.
Feelings of peace keep me whole - keep me sane - in this poverty-stricken life of beauty.
Rich beyond earthly standards, filled with a subconscious joy of writing.
I sincerely enjoy every moment, hiding behind pen and paper for an entire lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspirational Love

Sparkling like diamonds through my mind, continuing into midnight hours.

As I think of you with an infinite love that will not be quenched unless we are together.

Making love, both of us quenching our passion and desire so delectably and sensuously.

Traveling a solo journey for we have become one through our enticing and inspirational love for one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspirational Mysteries

Inspiration flowing throughout my being, giving an essence of inner poetical mysteries, and generating a peaceful serenity of seclusion.
Easing self gently into pools of sorrow, bathing in the stillness of a quality silence.
Seeking times of ideal loyalties, walking carefully through abject tears as they fall to their demise, never living on edges of eternal beautification.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspirational Path

Gliding happily from one thought to another through innate intellect and talent, musically forging ahead through invisible Sistine Chapels of this poetical mind.

Reaching for the heavens, touching upon the Divine, filling this soul spiritually, soaring into the beauty of heaven interiorly.

A lasting and inspirational path to God and another horizon beyond earth, wonder and awe consuming the very within of my soul forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspirations Of Life

Entertainment filling the ballroom with excitement and
fun for all this Christmas season.

Stepping to melodies of chance, integrating what I know
to what I continually learn at wisdom's gates.

Novel thoughts appear on screens with every note I
translate from g clef to poetry.

Serenading my mind constantly without reprieve, injecting
imagination with reality's impositions, turning them
around into beautiful inspirations of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspired

Thoughts coalescing inside, meeting with an intrepid silence of unfulfilled love that once promised to be mine forever.
Now, all that's left of it's beautiful feelings are bittersweet tears filling chalices of remorse through the years.
Wanting so much more from what we used to have, now I sit in saddened dejection, playing music in depths of lonely emptiness.
Alone in life, bereft of companionship as I play emotions in spaces of musical measures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspired And Delighted

Spending evenings on my own, loving to delve into an
interior life of my soul.

Inspired and delighted to be alone with it's quiet,
brilliant thoughts throughout years of life.

Rainbows of beauty appear like diamonds in the night,
solemn, quiet and shimmering in twilight areas of
intellect.

Searching through the atmosphere, wanting to satisfy
curiosity of my being without disturbing the light
held closely treasured in my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspired By Rhythms

Living life within boundaries of humanity, yet letting
this mind roam free and easy, creating life in an imag-
inational reality that suits me fine.

Watching every detail as it comes in sight, feeling
intensely every emotion as senses become attuned to
everything in the environment.

Selecting landscapes of beauty, walking through them
and writing whatever comes silently to mind, inspired
by rhythms, coded and awaiting absorption in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspired Creations

Poems creating a mind of beauty and imagination,
titillating senses of involvement as words become
emoted and said in stanzas of musical recognition.
Tonal qualities mystify the brain, putting it in
modes of creativity to express somehow, the visions
being created in a mind of inspired talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspiring A Soul

Strolling along beaches in my mind, feeling the warm sand soothe my feet and toes.

Sun shining upon me, tanning my skin with it's incessant rays, feeding me vitamin D.

Keeping me healthy and able to walk as my mind delves into subconsciousness and imagination, giving inspiration and peace to a soul given gifts from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspiring And Exciting

Feeling elated, feeling good while listening to Springsteen,
I could no longer listen to that dull musician, now rocking
to great rhythms that inspire and excite me no end.

Searching and locating interesting ideas as they flow from
an interior waterfall endlessly, taking measures of time,
incorporating them into pleasant memories of poetry.

Filling my brain's pleasure center with an infinite amount
of fun, laughter and joy daily, helping to center attitudes
and moods in a positive manner.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspiring Attitude

Lively and full of energy, rhythms are beating throughout my being, feeling so good, energized in a vibrant and enlivening way.

A beautiful inspiring attitude and a happiness that is filling me with a feeling of gratefulness and appreciation for innate talent.

Total concentration and intense thoughts filling intellect with a purpose and meaning for life.

Surging and immensely satisfying, it's sensation filling me entirely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspiring Creative Processes

Flute-like vibrations sounding through the atmosphere,
tantalizing with it's tender rhythms, going up and down
chords trilling notes.

Inspiring creative processes as they're enhanced by
musical interludes, alluring and tempting ingenuity as
it flows from an interior and innate talent.

Showering the beauty of desert landscapes held on photo-
graphic screens, lilting and gentle rhythms pouring from
an interior musical score of faith.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspiring Echoes

Reaching rhythms perfectly, echoing into alleys of
my mind, talk to your daughter lyrics being sung
inwardly.
A moving rendition of blues, inspiring many thoughts
and compositions to be written, composed and played.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspiring Hearts

Ringing in the evening, Angela singing at karaoke, a fantastic voice, heaven touching our minds with every word.
Beautiful sight, hearing her sing every time - it's amazing how she can touch our hearts with such inspiration, chilling us to our souls in a good way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspiring Love

Waiting for a man like you forever, one who's patient, kind, innocent and loving.

At last I've found you and an unconditional love that you've given to me totally.

It is so beautiful, so inspiring that I live each moment anticipating joy, love and caring coming from you my love.

Having at last found my heart being held, treasured and cherished by a man who's patient, kind, innocent and loving.

Loving me beyond measure in this life, keeping me close and our love sacred throughout the years we are together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspiring Musical Ability

Exchanging words with a very great musician, playing
guitar up and down it's neck, never missing a beat
or note.
Enjoying the frequency with which he plays melodies
and remembers them instantly.
A very knowledgeable gentleman, who's musical ability
inspires my poetry no end.
Always looking forward to hearing him play whenever I
can, helps me to write much more poetry than at other
times.
Playing from his mind and heart, immersing himself
much like I do myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspiring My Soul

Restlessly listening to music on my walkman, moving to
the rhythm without thinking, not caring if others think
it's funny or not, just liking it.
Satisfying my poetical spirit, enjoying the enormous
difference it makes in my little life.
Always ready to listen to rhythms, that inspire my soul
to write whatever it wants to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspiring Others

Writing through the night, greeting a darkened morning at midnight with an expression of happiness.
Traveling through a repertoire of blending thoughts, writing them each in many words and sentences, forming poems from the essence and passion of my inner voice.
Having been silent all of life, now they are being voiced loudly through musical poundings of rhythmical words, dancing through the nights I have left in this life.
Bringing fruitful designs to many minds and inspiring people to use their talents exclusively to help others find themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspiring Passage

Spreading music laughingly about the room, along with an exquisite energy of belly dancing.
Folding stress and putting it away for the time being, silencing any problems standing in the way of promoting a peacefulness of the soul.
Taking a rapid avenue to serenity, music brings it totally into being, expressing it in a lively and energetic stance, qualifying every step with an acrimonious piercing of the atmosphere, equipping every single moment with a vision of propensity.
Across and back, pointing ahead to a center of focus, inspiring every passage of neurons to open up and let in every particle of imagination to be examined and used, instead of lying in depths, never to expire again, because they're etched in memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspiring Speaker

Listening to a speaker talking of Ronald Reagan, his first-hand experiences with him personally in his years as our President.

Very inspiring, interesting, finding out things I'd never before heard in life, matters never published in newspapers or seen on television.

A reproduction of their years together, telling of the day Reagan got shot, he wasn't present, but his deputy was and got shrapnel in his face.

Afterwards Regan met privately with Mother Theresa and told her he thought God had saved him for a specific purpose in his life, to take Communism down forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspiring This Poet

Looking out the window at a huge ocotillo sending
it's long thin brambly arms into the sky.

Only one branch of it is still holding onto a
brilliant orange spiral blossom.

Looking so beautiful, inspiring this mere poet,
all other arms have dried out and are dead brown.

Once before, blossoms were at the ends of the
ocotillo's arms, overlooking the dead ones.

Still seeing the beauty of this wonderful and
tantalizing cactus as I gaze upon it's splendor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inspiring Within

Windows of my soul are open, allowing me to see into it's
dimensions, interiorly feeling the serenity that is fill-
ing me entirely.

Keeping watch, safely tucking me into beauty of the Divine,
softly with compassion, giving energy quietly and timidly
to an intellect of innate nature, knowledge and wisdom.

Possibilities abounding leaving impressions, inspiring from
within to speculate, explore and discover impossibilities
of another universe.

Completely oblivious of anything around me, just living in
a space of thought through intellect, exploring ideas, con-
cepts and abstractions.

Using imagination to incorporate it all into poetical works
of art in many poems daily, awakening minds of poets through-
out the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instant Discovery

Rounding corners, seeing messages appearing in photographic screens interiorly, flashing important details into sub-consciousness openly and readily.

Forging and etching the beauty of nature into subways and tunnels of an inner mind.

Pounding rhythms, falling energetically into a distant memory, welcoming it's insight into the instant discovery of this early morning sunshine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instant Of Every Moment

Readjusting inner feelings, not wanting to feel some of them
as they tend to get in the way.

Leaving all ideas to be picked up somewhere along the way in
time tunnels on another day.

Coasting down highways of a lasting journey, taking me into
future possibilities of another tomorrow.

Motioning all feelings to push through entire thoughts of
another field of direction.

Sololy visiting edges of life, wanting to choose or select
effervescent ideas to be left in the center of many poems.

Softening blows of many different aspects of entire hardships
through life and it's trials.

Wanting always to be in the instant of every moment, not
wanting to be left upon the doorstep of another life in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instant Purity

Searching far and wide for just the right sounds
and tones to circulate the poetry I write to the
world.
Always finding them within when I least expect it.
They enter my mind so perfectly and entirely,
giving me an instant purity of silent serenity.
Never regretting any time spent in writing and
listening to music, especially when I write it
into compositions of my own.
Loving it all, keeping it close so I don't lose
any of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instant Reprieves

Catching sight of the past in images, walking upon
screens of visions that appear automatically inside
of my mind.
Providing instant reprieves from all the turmoil in
daily routines, kept soundly in nets of tiring beats
instead of unharmony.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instantaneous Knowing

Depths of my being are completed and healed through the
variety of music I'm listening to every moment of life
possible.

Being titillated daily by it's rhythms, chatting with
my mind silently and incessantly, loving the feelings
entering every sequence of thought processes.

Writing into the spaces of my brain, questioning, always
curious and being unsatisfied the more I wonder, searching
and discovering their answers.

Finding mathematical solutions and equations that fit in-
to pictures of my life, inventing so many ways to improve
the lives of humanity.

Mankind being the final resting place for everything in
this world of poetry, taking me always into depths of an
infinity of choices as I write constantly.

Forging into every concept, accepting or declining them
instantaneously, according to the accuracy of my intellect,
knowing precisely whether they're right or wrong.

Nothing getting into the equations of a solidarity of the
mind as my intellect assesses and places every thought where
it belongs automatically.

Enjoying this particular trait and gift immensely all through
my life, a mystery within that always makes me smile when it's
happening as I watch it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instantaneous Mind

Uneasy and not wanting to take it slow, getting bored
too easily if made to learn slowly.

My mind needs to go faster as it picks up things at a
much faster rate than normal.

Even in school getting so terribly bored, because of
other students not catching on, being too slow for me.

Going at my own pace means to go quickly through the
lessons, one right after another with no breaks between.

Otherwise, there is no sense in ever trying, because my
mind becomes too bored and starts daydreaming of ways
and concepts to facilitate the process so I can continue
at my own rate of speed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instigative Talent

Rocking away along manufactured creations, pulling everyone into depths of instigative talent, authorizing itself to compete in aftermaths of it.
Taking off into dimensions of similar emotional content, partaking of the essence of any and all etudes as they produce more tempos. Keeping exact timing without hesitation, provoking necessary promotions of desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instilled Images

Yesterday's tears return when I think of their beginnings,
fulfilling inner grief left me when my parents died.

No more memories to create my lifetime into the future, I
am bereft without them.

Forever, their images are instilled in my mind, yet can
never come alive and be a part of my life again on earth's
shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instilled Pictures

Jumping and leaping off of ledges, being instilled in pictures
left on sidewalks, awaiting garbage pick-ups.

No one caring to display them anymore, paintings having to be
sent to havens no longer treasuring them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instilled With Passion

Entering tunnels of another dimension, watching the
beauty of nature with wonder and awe.

Being instilled with a passion that continually takes
me into the interior of intellect without any doubts.

Steadily and totally aware of what I am thinking as
I write tonight, rocking imagination and enjoying
every moment of it, traveling at super sonic speeds.

Circumventing the many errors that others make in
their lives by carefully reasoning every aspect and
facet I am thinking.

Wondering about it, intellect always at my beck and
call, using everything in sight to write poetry.

Turning my world inside out, having a great time
watching ideas falling out like jacks being thrown
down by a child.

Waiting to bounce thoughts, picking up the jacks -
ideas - of intellect and winning the game in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instilling Peace

Searching skies, looking for images I can associate with and place in poems.
Eyes touching clouds reverently, knowing heaven is just beyond them.
Instilling peace within my soul, helping me to keep moving forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instilling Spirituality

Silence of this night bringing me into the beauty of it's nature, instilling a spirituality as I watch stars above.

Twinkling their smiles down on earth, standing here and wondering how they manage to hang there, suspended.

Fulfilling their purpose so happily, looking to the moon hanging lifelessly in outer space, rotating on it's axis.

Looking beautiful and regal while shining it's rays upon earth through the night.

Here I sit writing it all poetically from memory, placing it into this poem for you to read right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instincts Of Tomorrow

Melodies playing quickly, barely touching, yet quietly
registering and taunting the poetry right into my mind.

A wonderful formula, calculating itself as it flows
along with rhythm's talent.

Traipsing into many avenues of lively anticipation,
taking steps to illuminate the immeasurable poetical
essence hiding inside.

Sharing it with the world, walking into other
dimensions, spreading words needed to express to a
wider audience.

Bringing a particular sense of inner solace into being,
always finding a beautiful persistence keeping on the
right track and going with instincts into the future
of all tomorrows.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instincts Opening

Stridently walking down barricaded avenues, watching for
lightened rays of learning, awaiting to be discovered.

Checking instincts, opening wide, doors to imagination,
folding in again upon itself, encompassing everything
in it's path with an other-worldly energy.

Selecting triggers to enhance memories, pushing them
forward onto plateaus of open knowledge and then
returning to the sea.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instructed By Innate Intellect

Rising with the sun, being blinded by it's light,
yet happy to feel it's warmth against my being.

Trusting in our Lord, knowing this day will be
lived solely for Him.

Being instructed by innate intellect how to go
about it through writing.

Filling pages of poetry journals with messages,
entering spiritual universes.

Finding words automatically falling into my mind
through an inner waterfall and placed in ink on
every page.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instructions On Life

Signals being sent through an innate wisdom,
giving exacting instructions on life and
pathways needing to be created.

Fulfilling an interior spiritual purpose,
tantalizing and wonder-filled, touching upon
specific particles of this mind.

Using them in the future in order to fulfill
the purpose of life also, an extraordinary
pursuit for wisdom as life opens itself up in
wide open spaces of inner universes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instrument Of His Love

Blessings being poured abundantly upon this mere poet from
above, loving feelings of serenity, peace, comfort and a
safe security.

Knowing that God is taking care and watching over me care-
fully, an instrument of His love, using talent and gifts
he's so graciously given here on earth.

Fully appreciating and using them completely in order to
always glorify Him is all I ask of Him in this temporary
earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instrument Of Totality

Living an existential life during philosophies being
exacted today as I sit here contemplating what I
think and how.
What is life? What is it's reason for meaning anything
on this earth?
How was a purpose created and what is intended by it?
Conversations constantly ring around discussions of it
all.
Late night talk circles itself for hours into the early
morning hours and nothing is ever really settled or
realized as everyone goes to bed.
Waking the next day none the wiser for any of the
thought put into finding a mechanism or instrument of
totality.
Living an existential life from beginning to end with-
out a reasonable, logical explanation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instrumental Chords

Rhythms filtering through intellect, touching upon
inner realms of knowledge.

Interesting and incredible images being proliferated
throughout visions of the future.

Solemn oaths taking creativity into depths of imagin-
ation where commitments are made holy.

Scented with aromas of heavenly gardens, touching
senses completely with instrumental chords.

Following rose petals deep into a mind filled with pro-
cesses of thought, provoking ideas.

Allowing them to be cherished preciously in many ways
through this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instrumental Keys

Playing musical instruments allows your mind to break free
from bonds that being born has placed on it.

Tearing apart circumspect aspects of intelligence gives
new perspectives, allowing an energy to be produced and
brought forth from within.

Nothing can be forced, it flows outwardly with peace of an
inner serenity; a passage of sorts being opened as keys of
an instrument are being played with chords and notes of
many musical compositions.

A faster repository of knowledge than ever thought of before,
a lasting beauty of intellect situated within each of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instrumental Knowledge

Thrilling measures of ZZ Top filling the atmosphere with hesitating rhythms, leaving me breathless and yet wanting more than ever for it to go on and on throughout this night.

Burning into this mind with a strong desire of instrumental knowledge, riveting every particle of my mind within an exciting vibration that takes me into the jungles of imagination.

Wandering curiously alone, loving the adventure and discovery being given to intellect, rising to the occasion each and every time and slicing hurriedly into dimensions awaiting my every endeavor, allowing for the juxtaposition of every fiber to be formed into sound.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instrumental Preludes

Moving slowly, rotating in my mind, picking up senses
and movements to compress into words.
Portraying a vision of instrumental preludes, filled
with God-given talents being expressed as each one
is explored in depth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instrumental Sorrow

Pounding keys of a piano, playing chords of my sadness
in the key of E flat minor, never being far from the
tears it generates because of your loss.

Strumming my heartstrings like the strings of my guitar,
striving to erase your loss, hoping to bring you back to
me now.

Nothing seems to work, I am still sitting here alone in
a room filled with instruments and none of them are able
to take away the sorrow.

They only allow me to play my heart and soul out into
their melancholy and sorrowful music, being composed
constantly from intellect.

Missing you darling, wanting you back in my life, yet
seeing nothing but instruments of my life, standing cold
and lonely all around, feeling just like me inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instrumental Understanding

Alone in a saddened plight,
people all around,
yet not one knows that I'm sitting here,
sobbing inside silently,
wishing for a friend to come and talk to me.
Time slowly ticks away,
I listen to a CD of classical Chinese music -
the only understanding I will ever get on earth
as I hold on to the instruments playing to my
heart and mind while writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instrumentally Writing

Rocking rhythmically into future tomorrows, always seeing
many visions being interpreted from music.

Instrumentally being played and written incessantly into
poetry that everyone will one day read on

Exclusive video of how writing takes off onto screens of
others, not just mine.

Scary thoughts hit, as I write and do this for the first
time for anyone in the world who wants to know exactly
how one poem after another is written.

Hoping that someone may like what they read, others being
helped by some idea that touches their hearts.

Taking time to share a most private particle of life with
poet friends all over the world and being placed happily
in poetry that comes eventually into the light of day,
even when writing throughout the entire night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instruments Of Forgiveness

Creating pockets of interpretation in crevices of my mind, taking me along the universe's outstanding avenues of intellect.
All motions in rhythm are filling and emptying me with an exercise of energy for my spirit's soul.
Exciting sounds taking me for a ride as I elicit patterns and designs of creativity, to be seen from above and used as instruments of forgiveness through parallels of logical conclusions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instruments Of Living

Tending to instruments of living, listening to rhythms I
continue playing on my clarinet, guitar, violin, piano,
all bringing joy to my soul.

Self-taught on every instrument, preferring not to play
the tuba though, striking a match in the darkness, follow-
ed by rhythms taking me into a blaze of fire.

There I watch fascinated, curious to see what's going to
appear so it can be written into musical compositions and
poetry.

Sometimes writing lyrics for music, listening to another
sing it to see whether or not this mind and intellect like
their tones and sounds of music and lyrics together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Instruments Of Talent

Sounding terrific, playing instruments of talented
individuals, creating galleries of sound in artistic
ways.
Pulling out all stops, partaking of every creative
form and shape to mold songs for generations to come.
Secreting notes and rests in measures to be read
later on while playing them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insurance Companies Afraid

Insurance companies not wanting to move into this
new century of medical advancement.

Afraid that patients will get healthy, cured and
not need them anymore.

Then where would they be? No more money to be had
for all people would have no need of insurance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Insuring Existence

Relief flooding through me, ascending turmoil,
taking me on a journey above life's demands.
Insuring my existence on thoroughfare's byways,
while soaring subconsciously into heavenly
gardens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intact And In Touch

Surreptitiously standing back, watching people while being
unnoticed, writing down impressions, gestures, feelings
and emotions as rapidly as they come into this poetical mind.

Racing silently, touching intellect with a purpose of poetry
to be created imaginatively in this innate mind of interior
talent.

Intact and in touch with nature and surroundings that always
come unbidden, naturally delving into this mind of mine con-
stantly and incessantly to write poetically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Integral Puzzle Pieces

Humanity, all races, colors, nationalities, living on this
earth, needing to unite and come together for one purpose:
to help one another through the trials of life itself.

Helping those living in poverty, destitution, sorrow and
loss, it's up to everyone to pitch in and do their parts,
for we're all integral puzzle pieces of humanity.

All of us share the same failings of being human and not
having answers to the mysteries of our lives here on this
earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Integral Rhythm

Surprising our ears with songs of wonder and paradise,
getting up, dancing to rhythms of elderly life with
enthusiasm.

Clapping, happy people enjoying every note and beat
with one another over loud speakers set in corners
against the wall.

Smoothly gliding across the eyes of my mind as I write
from my heart, so tuned in to musical beats, that
they're an integral part of who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Integrating Happiness

Integrating happiness into years of sadness is necessary
to balance life so it won't end in an untimely manner.
Sitting on the circumference, looking over, waiting for
just the right nanosecond to take a solution in hand
before dying to a world of grief in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Integrity Of Our Spirits

Solitary, alone, happy, waking to an empty room, feeling the emotions that lie within me when I fell asleep next to you, my dear.

Vibrant and lively desires heightening our passion to an inner music, nothing to bother or interrupt us from what we wanted from one another.

A purpose that could never be swayed or turned against us, it's beauty and courage touching us with the integrity of our spirits throughout the years together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Integrity Of The Known

Breathing, inhaling and exhaling through rhythms
of music that I'm listening to.

Touching upon the integrity of everything known
through my intellect.

Adjusting, altering, re-aligning and finding the
right words to express every one of my thoughts.

Expressing them precisely along with feelings,
insisting they be heard along with hidden emotions.

Finding beauty of my soul when doing this intensely,
knowing that God's presence is within me always.

Being grateful to Him for these great and wonderful
innate gifts given from the moment of conception.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Integrity Unfolding

Dreams coming alive, giving moments of peace, signs of integrity unfolding exacerbatingly, touching fringes of this mind.

Trusting in dreams that we made so long ago, finding that all life has to offer is out of reach for now.

Wanting to hold onto everything that has meant so much through the years, finding it's being kept in memories only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect Absorbing Particles

Changing life with every word written, one at at time
and culminating in an ocean of meanings, definitions
and insight.
Particles all being absorbed in intellect so they can
be used for the betterment of all mankind eventually,
in depths of interior inventions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect Always Building

Calculating depths of an interior world, unable to
come up with any figures because it's universe is
far to vast to even consider.

An entire dimension being held within, leveling out
into many others, also as intellect continues building
through wisdom and knowledge gained from innate talent.

Musically, artistically, poetically being written down
daily, concentrating on all functions that are being
used.

Loving to learn, being excited with every new facet dis-
covered through intellect and imagination, always building
and enticing intellect through learning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect Chosen

Life taking us by the hand, showing off it's delicacies,
savoring them exquisitely for they've chosen intellect
to deliver each of them through music.

Exciting and enticing, feeling the intensity of every
note, as it unfolds openly, watching as life goes through
details of humanity for the benefit of mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect Contained

Slowly moving towards another afternoon session of writing through
sounds of music and it's rhythms, filing away coded rhythms within
each and every poem written.

Keeping all poetry in this mere individual with poetical ideas and
a perfect sense for all things in this world, taking them solely
into being where they each become a part of mind and intellect.

No one can ever take a single thing because it's all contained in
this mind and intellect of poetical landscapes and portraits, noth-
ing to be taken from within, it's open only to this mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect Enjoying Freedom

Soaring into an Arizona sky, intellect enjoying the freedom it's being given through music out here on the patio at Buddy Stubbs.

People listening, totally in synch with the music being played, feet tapping to beats while left hand plays piano and continuing to write with my right hand.

Loving how fast this brain works when attuned to rhythms, striding into the light of intellectual bliss, finding the beauty in life and writing it into poetry.

Sharing it with other people all over the world, ideas spinning and swirling about, keeping this mind alert, awake and focused, no doubts to mar any of the views or landscapes coming to mind constantly in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect Expanding

Listening to future stirrings of enlightenment, sensing
them coming up stairways of intellect.

Bringing adventures and complete discoveries already
formed into picture puzzles of the future.

Stealthily and concomitant, striving to be placed in the
confines of hidden spaces of imagination, leaving no
room for mistakes or errors.

Intellect expanding to encompass all that is being given
to it interiorly, experiencing every particle and fiber
in new ways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect Extracting

Pulsating and powerful, intellect extracts from the atmosphere and environment, all that's needed to develop innate talent.

Inducing the creativeness of imagination, taking me through beauty and vibrant scenery of life and it's essence.

Constantly and incessantly, filling my being with extraordinary fulfillment and peace of the Divine, allowing serenity to continue falling into me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect Holding Childhood

Walking through life, being curious, wondering like
a child.

Intellect still holding onto beauty and innocence,
the purity of childhood.

A grown-ups world still being seen in a detailed
innocence, wishing to never lose this quality in life.

Thinking it will never fade or disappear because in
sixty-four years it has not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect Leading

Silent mystery surrounding my existence with effervescent truths, plied from wisdom's abyss of talented knowledge.
Leading intellect in directions of foresight and future signs of discreet beliefs held closely to the heart and never let go off in a lifetime of sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect Of Profound Meaning

In depths of another time, watching and looking around at
insight picturing itself in this mind.

Eclipsing all constant meanderings with an intellect of
profound meanings, wanting to enter into all of them at
once just to see what will happen in the interim.

Qualifying every aspect and factor in habitats of thought,
a heroic reality is coming into focus.

Taking ideas into an entitlement of sorts, life portrays
itself in puzzles, insistently and all at once.

Retrieving incessant processes, imaginatively keeping them
flowing, never stopping to rest in place.

Always marching in time with rhythms of this soul, letting
nothing else interfere with it's essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect Opening Heart And Soul

Steps being taken into days and nights, filled with
a poetical essence, bringing the brilliance of nature
into depths of an interior universe.

Allowing heart and soul to be opened, causing intellect
to be able to teach beings a wisdom sensed from ancient
times and now being presented through poetry.

Strict adherence to the beauty of knowledge as it climbs
and rises ever higher in a subconscious realm, being
stored and accessed from within.

Calculating and figuring out how to take what is seen,
placing it mysteriously into inner workings of the mind,
clearly and rapidly.

No stone left unturned, all of it accumulating, to one
day benefit all of mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect Rising And Falling

A perfect melody being slid from one side of my brain to
the other musically, loving the intensity, pressure and
rapid beats as they entice and tantalize my brain.

Acting on the velocity and intensity my intellect rises
and falls according to the notes and tones being played
throughout melodies and harmonies.

Just enjoying and having fun an I write poetically, trans-
lating music into many poems because a waterfall of many
meanings and definitions continually splashes my mind.

Always creating and developing it through imagination
and intellect, composing music along with it to give it
a better rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect Takes Over

Silently quiet, folding within myself, letting intellect
take over, resting my mind complacently with a relaxed
freedom.

Sounds finding their way into colors of rainbows and being
arranged within newly created ideas, blossoming, sending
their wonderful aromas throughout the atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect Taking Care

Cozy, curled in a corner of my mind, intellect taking care
of my being innately, feeling protected and safe in prose
as I write poetically in chords of an earlier time.

Stretching out, encompassing every moment that opens up,
surrounding areas of my brain, never ceasing to formulate
easier ways of doing difficult tasks within daily living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect Transforms

Solitary thoughts float aimlessly into the atmosphere
where my mind captures and places them abundantly in
many poems.

So exuberating and exhilarating, taking this mind in
to spheres of many lands of beautiful visions.

There intellect transforms them all with an exacting
and precise expression and explanation for all to
read and understand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Blossoms

Rising to the sun, crossing rivers of my mind,
leaving behind the only reasons of being here.

Wanting only to ride away into other dimensions
where maybe I'll find what I've always reached
for.

Hoping to fill my treasure chest with all sorts
of gems of wisdom to write here in prose.

Looking forward to the conclusion of so many
ideas through intellect's, lovely growing blossoms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Chambers

Reiterating life through poetry, taking it into
chambers of intellect where it grows with the
nurturing of imagination.

Such a fantastic beauty always being found, even
within the remnants of this tattered and broken
heart.

Sorrow being tested and reinstated into poems,
using different words to reinvent and reiterate
life here on this earth.

Circumventing the alchemy of disaster, reaching
within, never leaving this mind empty, having
certain and aspiring thoughts combine with rhythm.

A wonderful way to take temptation and turn it from
a vice into something much more holy, sacred and
enlivening my spirit.

Continuing to reach into intellect, expecting only
facts of life that account for the poetry that I
write incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Choice

Raking through thoughts, piling them into selective
piles of intellect's choice.

Riding on decisions that are brought to bear, giving
talented portion's, shares in every particle.

Rhythms falling into and over everything, likened to
being in a cocoon, favored by nature and every one of
it's interior senses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Close Eye

Feelings taunting desires, trying to infuriate them
into flying off the handle, yet they are being kept
under control by intellect.

Always taking the slippery way into an outside force,
wanting to rant and rave, going to extremes at times.

Life needs to be calm and serene, that's why intellect
keeps a close eye on things from an intellectual vantage
point within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Cocoon

Soothing, soft, wrapping intellect in it's cocoon,
protecting it from the damage of life's turmoil
and stress.

Altogether walking away, falling into caverns
hidden by emotion, looking up through tear-filled
eyes, wondering what to do and what will happen at
long last.

Nothing coming to light as I continue to think and
stagnate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Depths

Chiming melodies find their way into my mind
as I listen to Bruce Springsteen.
Soul-moving rhythms guiding me into depths of
intellect where they sense and touch literate
aspects of my brain.
Always taking me on brief interludes of writing
while listening to it.
Positive attitudes coming out of depths, bringing
me to realizations of destiny in future aspects
of life.
Totally surpassing any other that life can show
or give to me.

(1: 04 p.m. - 1/7/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Desert

Getting lost in the desert of my intellect, roaming freely among it's designs and shapes.
Considering thoughts always emerging from an inner wisdom that can never be contained or blocked by anything or anyone.
A wonderful desert, I revel and glory in it's presence within me,
watching it's every sunrise and sunset as each day progresses.
A lively spirit always being observed gives it liberty to form ideas whenever it wants to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Eyes

Feeling vibrations of intellect
carousing with imagination.
Creating tunes of rhythm as it
watches the eyes of the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Forte

Calmly solaced, looking out upon
the night and it's darkened moon.

Awaiting quiet solitude to bring
forth intellect's forte to produce
earth-shattering events on many levels.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Inner Workings

Solidifying plans in curious circumstances.
Hoping to invent envious sounds and pious
tones of words put together to make sense.

Beautiful definitions set out in lace, taking
opportunities to make life more exacting,
precise, artful and keen.

Sensing feelings just below the surface of
consciousness, attaching meaning to inner
workings of intellect.

Circling forever, tender emotions, bringing
them into corrals of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Inroads

Wandering inroads of intellect, seeing the familiar patterns
and detecting designs changing each time I thought of
something.
Beautiful, illumination of a different sort than usual,
taking me to a sublime destination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Interior Imagination

Thinking deeply while listening to Chopin, letting intellect
take me into an interior imagination.

Soaring quietly with an appetite for intense curiosity, only
believing in a faith so deeply set within.

Knowing that God is always with me, holding me closely to
His heart, otherwise I know I would not be alive today.

Beautiful memories of heaven's gardens flood my mind with
scents of His love still hovering within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Interior Light

Beads of light shining down on me,
reflecting the interior light of intellect
on mirrored walls.
Sojournly awaiting novel ideas to be situated
in thoughts, waiting to be written in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Limits

Sending thought into labyrinths of worldly endeavors,
hoping to find solutions as they are rounded about
and placed upside down.
Later, to be figured out in life as I end up on edges
of outer limits of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Lively Interest In Poetry

Breaking sundown into bits of time spent with
meaning for each other.
A lifeline, invisible at times, yet forever there
when needed.
Perfect silence taking us into outer rims of heaven,
showing us what is coming after this world is over
and done with.
Reasons abounding in intellect, emitting an inspired
lively interest in poetry, finding ways to express
every day events in poems for everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Parlor

Looking from within an interior garden, feeling peaceful
and contented.

Having nothing to interfere with my mind, just relaxing
on a couch in intellect's parlor.

Enjoying this visit, learning and finding the essence of
what I am doing while writing poetry.

Clouds lifted from landscapes of sorrow secreted within
my mind, feeling weight being lifted from my shoulders.

Tears are flowing away and into rivers on their way to
the ocean.

Watching their glimmering and glistening grief being
carried into another dimension far from my being.

Relief flooding through me as I find a new pathway in life
to follow to my final horizon and slowly moving forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Prowess

Pressure of life pressing me into petals of blossoms
inherent in life, forging pathways of delight into
the essence of being.

Light emanating into spheres, sitting patiently in
my mind, awaiting stimulation to strike an ember.

Getting thoughts revolving in rhythms of tantamount
importance, coded and entwined in every flex of muscle
that ideas protrude into.

So much having to be enlightened in times of illumination
of intellect and it's prowess.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Rush Of Energy

Falling into line behind the rush of energy coming from
intellect, absorbing it's every particle and fiber into
being.

Maybe seeing the beginnings of another world just beyond
this one, sensing a knowing coming to light, and getting
ever closer to seeing it's reality.

Obvious and tantalizing to intellect, collecting words
to be arranged in many measures of an interior rhythm.

Sojourn and lonely, it doesn't matter anymore, for the
path has been opened and set with a beauty of intellectual
development.

Sparks of enlightenment are shooting into the skyway,
allowing feelings to separate and reunite again in a
total essence of my beginning.

So all-encompassing, enticing, taking me away upon oceans
of stormy waves as they crash silently again and again upon
shores of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Slippery Slides

Riding waves of music into ebony parks, keeping to natural alcoves, being interested in all types of isolation.
Always trying to fit into anagrams of excessive talent.
Following rhythms along walks through life, bringing all aspects into view.
Traipsing gently down tree-lined avenues of fortitude, placing three-dimensional pictures onto a screen of my choosing, bringing it into focus in photographical visions.
Talent shaking itself, lunging happily, falling upon thousands of thoughts as I slide along slippery slides of intellect.

(8/28/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Spaces

Telling stories through an imaginative realm kept
hidden within.

Able to reach it's depths at any time in life,
taking it's avenues also into poetical musings.

Attaining great heights as music brings me higher
into intellect's spaces above earth.

Always believing in the equations fulfilling me
with their formulas in writing music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Spiritual Sanctuary

Sanctuary of intellect playing in the key of E flat
minor, giving spirituality a boost as it flies freely
within my being.

Standing tall, being counted along with a God-given
faith, always providing hope needed to live our lives
here on earth.

Momentary tones filming themselves onto inner photo-
graphic screens of memory's integrity, slowly moving
into directions of silence.

A contemplative mystery of humanity, soothing, teasing
life into moods of positive laughter, and moments that
increase with humor.

Being free as the clouds, floating above us, never ever
hitting any traffic jams or barriers on their way to
heavenly realms.

Leading the way, taking us all into recesses of tomorrow
where we will be joined with our heavenly Father in His
mysterious rhythms.

Taunting our beings and humanity with promises of truth
and love, incessantly practicing ideas of purity, innoc-
ence and a total freedom of interior spirituality that
no one can ever take away from us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Stimulation

Stimulation by intellect gives my being an energy
beyond the ordinary in life.

Continually astounded by properties that intellect
actually controls in our minds and brains.

Listening to rhythms, seeing connections, hair-like,
that are somehow attuned to our way of thinking.

Continually keeping our minds wondering, curious and
able to think of ideas and being creative.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Test

Reaching words in picturesque thoughts upon an inner screen, taking them in and out of context, whittling away, placing them into extraordinary circumstances to see how they stand the test of intellect.
Accruing wisdom as it collects all manner of special definitions, putting them into poems, giving them a voice to be heard throughout the land.
Touching hearts and minds of everyone who may read the words written carefully to probe other's minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellect's Trails

Looking at mountains sitting quietly, peacefully and
serene, sharing their innate natural spirit with my
soul.

Outside in the morning sun, enjoying being here alone
for a moment, band playing on stage loud and intensely,
just how I love it to be.

Taking me on a journey, musically, down many trails
of intellect, as rhythm creates landscapes that are
being pictured on interior photographic screens.

Totally calm, quiet, still, writing from depths of
these fantastic and vibrant rhythms, so intense,
taking me far away from earth and all of it's turmoil.

Such wonderful beauty being collected into this mind,
giving deeply, pleasure, within my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Beings

Scattering seeds of wisdom throughout the universe,
shaking their effervescence onto humans.

Hoping for growth of morals and ethics in the future.
Beings of intellect, collecting shards to put together,
a quilt of heredity and roots.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Bliss

Silently, solemnly gestating and conjuring ideas appearing
interiorly, appeasing my soul, giving an energy to intellect.

Wandering and tasting the beauty of nature from the senses
of my soul, being held in solitude in an intellectual bliss
of perfect solace.

Nothing comparing with it's essence, letting me feel it and
the passion of an interior serenity.

Liking feelings of natural highs as I walk through rhythms
and into dimensions of another world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Boundaries

Drizzling into my mind is a cacophony of deliberate thoughts,
giving insight into specters of life.
Totalness grasping every soulful idea being formed within
imagination, spreading them evenly throughout my mind.
Intellectual boundaries are being expanded quietly, letting
me get used to their clarity, so I may picture all of it in
concise musical poetry.
Showing what comes of this new type of picture clarification
and illuminated insight.
Characterized in verses and tested here, outside of imagination's
boundaries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Delicacy

Enjoying rhetoric of the past, reading it like a delicacy
to intellect, satisfying certain interior thoughts with-
in my mind.

Not knowing about them earlier, now having found it to
be so here in later life, accepting ideas and facts of
past historians, philosophers, priests and learned people.

Not exactly taking it all to heart, for there are things
I don't agree with at all, arguing their points don't
really draw any conclusions the way they're thought about.

Testing everything, being exceedingly inquisitive and
curious, learning at my own pace and in my own way how to
correct it through innate knowledge and wisdom.

Some thing's being so blatantly a lie, curtains of illusion
being drawn closely around them, trying to hide the truth
from the general population, so as to make them slaves of
their greed, selfishness and individual corruption.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Designs

Falling into categories of sublime intellectual designs,
watching their patterns being fulfilled and coded into
interior rhythms.

Taking time to see them produce amazing results as ideas
flow from them, exercising and flowing into the atmosphere,
touching minds with an exquisite sense of purpose in this
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Development

Strumming heart strings, eliciting beautiful prose from a bluened atmosphere. Tossing rhythms into melodies, enveloping them with solid perceptions as they travel onto future highways of intellectual development and are saved for pursuits of interior beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Energy

An energy pulsating through my veins, traveling always
to intellect, blending with an intellectual energy, it
is ever-lasting.

Tasting beauty of an interior spirituality and creative
ability, stretching reality, bringing it into imagina-
tional and spiritual realms seeing what comes of it.

Knowing that feelings and sensations are heightened
avidly, completely, taking me into unknown dimesnsions,
all filled with thoughtful interludes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Fire

Stirring thoughts, kindling an interior intellectual fire
of resistance against all the wrong and evil being done
in this world.

Finding corners of complacency to settle into noting all
that is being seen and recorded upon photographic screens,
preparing this mind to write it all into poetry.

Wonderful and enticing, placing thoughts into whirlpools
of energy to be written out to the world, making a difference
in the scheme of world peace, tantalizing the best of what is
known through innate wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Fun

Watching reflections walking across windows overlooking
beautiful natural landscapes right outside, gently slid-
ing back and forth across them in my mind.

Giving solace interiorly as my mind lies back watching,
spreading like jelly across intellect, capturing the
essence of what it is I'm seeing.

A truly remarkable and exciting adventure of intellect,
totally and completely separating reality from outer
dimensions within.

Specializing in the intuition of a lively and vibrant
brain, sensing feelings, emotions and finding new and
exciting ideas.

Concepts and thoughts all dancing around, waiting for
their chances to join in this intellectual fun that I
continually create in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Gardens

Gardens of roses now filling intellect with their
enticing aromas and penetrating nature, their essence
flowering itself into the passion of all humanity.

Following interior pathways, zig sagging around and
through intellectual gardens of Eden where I sit and
write without anyone being the wiser.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Gifts

Walking into graphic and realistic aspects of this
time, betraying the next periods of existence.

Allowing them a place inside of intellect. causing
imagination to open ever wider, taking selves deeper
inside of it.

All aspects growing more expansive, seemingly rising
into a mind with every idea that is provided to it.

Gathering and collecting, finding explorations and
discoveries of it's essence as it produces more
intellectual gifts of talent throughout existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Individualism

Surrendering to feelings that continue washing over,
letting them take me out with tides of this life.

Searching for some sort of meaning in their insistence
on staying within me with such great intensity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Integrity

Intellectual musicians take minds into new dimensions with an intensity that cannot be matched, it's pure and unadulterated rhythms carrying life preciously in their measures of sounds.

Compiling and holding onto their rhetoric as compositions are being automatically written and played in tune with poetical ideas and concepts.

Such beauty and arrogance find their ways into music and it's rhythms, strumming and sliding along the neck of a guitar, playing hearts from around the globe.

Touching minds of sadness and joy, leaving imagination to translate every note and space into a sublime and profound desire accented in chords of each and every measure.

Pleasure centers being overwhelmed with the purity of sound as it completes cycles of innocence in and around intellect and imagination.

Wonder of all that is alive and well in this temporary life, perfect, harmonious, totally soothing and calming minds of tension and heartache.

Tears flying at the sight of this precious and delicate awe of life and spirit combined into one, blessing everyone who's listening intently.

Continuing to take everyone into depths of an intellectual and transcendent land of integrity and ingenuity, leaving nothing but a total and intense sense of wonder.

Flowing through musical rhythms, allowing poetry to be written incessantly and completely, relating everything in life through portraits of memory.

At times bittersweet, yet still filled with the integrity of what we've lived through already, another tomorrow a-ligning itself within.

Always allowing the scene to be set on another horizon of life that will at last fulfill what and who we are at any given moment in our temporary lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Jungle

Incessant beating in my mind, touching creativity, enabling it to come quickly into being, a definite and wonderful way to live life intellectually and finitely.

A purposeful and technical ability coming through mathematical equations, falling effortlessly from within this mind, blending with an exponential possibility of enlightenment.

Wondering while traveling rapidly through this intellectual jungle of sorts, thoughts exploding into this mind without any effort.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Knowingness

Reaching into the mix of many rhythms, blending them with
excitement and verve, tantalizing them into jumbling every-
thing into a new form of intellectual knowingness.

Wanting to be spread and acknowledged throughout the world,
forgiving and symbolic, nothing else being like acceptance
that is contained in the being of true Americans.

Often moving across vast deserts, mountains and forests
into a universe of an interior life.

Glory days are always right in front of us, never being
exhausted, only remembered in every pledge of allegiance,
prayer and freedom that we enjoy here in the U.S.A.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Mind Power

Listening to perfect harmonies in rhythms of my soul, transcribing them into poetry effortlessly, when listening to music.

Translating musical notes, rests, measures into words with a message, placing them into poems of various types and subjects.

Flowing from the waterfall within my mind, splashing me coolly as I write, enjoying diving into the pools below, having a great time.

Lots of pleasure being given in this way, pleasure centers of my brain being touched incessantly, keeping my mind happy and filled with joy.

Even when drowning in loss and sadness, it's funny how this mind of mine works, energizing being and thoughts with the reality of intellectual mind power.

Touching and taking over everything I do, spirituality always being connected no matter what I'm doing in this life while writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Power

Burning brightly within my mind, intelligence lights eternal candles to guide my way, leaving the darkness to explanations of visions and images along the way.
Laughing softly, quietly, behind my mind, enjoying the humor of silent prodding, watching little sparks of laughter turn into a smile for a moment in time.
Enjoying the power of my wit and intellect as it caters to my whims.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Prose

Living in a dimension of creativity, watching music
filtering it all into intellect, giving an idea of
brilliance and wonder.

Being reminded that innate gifts can be used for the
benefit of all of humanity, close and touching con-
figurations in patterns of mathematical designs of poetry.

Spreading themselves quietly and silently into the
very depths of an intellectual prose, opening like a
rose to the effervescence of liberty and freedom of
the soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Prowess

Depicting eternal gardens, set in mosaics of mind tiles - exceptional value for intellectual prowess.
Processing entire pictures of yesterday's images, placing them into exacting measurements to be traced again in certain orders of routine.
Especially providing extra definition for future writing, becoming interesting as life follows intuitive senses of living.
Having sensitive questions, finding no answers in reply, taking it all and wrapping it into silent sentences, giving meanings to whomever reads it in their own times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Pursuits

Walking down through abysses set inside, touching their darkness, reading their meanings through my senses.
Delivering messages to the world from within foreign walls of existence.
Finding meaning in the darkness, illuminating every corner with knowledge taken from intellectual pursuits.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Pursuits Of Creativeness

Walking upon clouds, loving their titillating sounds,
using them to compose classical music, soothing and
soaring through intellectual pursuits of creativeness.

Slowly at times, capturing ideas for later use, then
riding rapidly, on flowing brain waves as if they were
air currents.

Riding them so intensely, loving their vibrant energetic
feelings as they reverberate within this soul so gently
and prayerfully.

They captivate intellect and it's ability to produce
mathematical formulas and equations through coded rhythms
of music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Revolution

Seething with an inner energy that never quits, even
though I get physically fatigued at times, my mind
keeps me going indefinitely.

Writing poetry, composing classical music and painting,
living in a totally creative and intellectual world
interiorly.

Listening to coded rhythms that are continually heard
through my mind, mathematical equations along with their
solutions fill my brain with their goodness of mankind.

Taking humanity to the next step on the ladder of an
intellectual revolution, our younger generation being
born now are coming into it totally aware.

It's headed towards us and they are already attuned to
the things they need to learn and do for humanity,
everything is in place for the future.

It's vision to become a reality in the near future, all
of it will be accomplished and set into motion from
within inner workings of their minds, being led by God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Seriousness

Nature being fulfilled all around me, nothing interfering
with it's calculated methods of survival.

Being one with Mother Nature, knowing all is wonderfully
intricate, wound together in a beautiful spacious area
of my brain, awaiting an increased amount of illumination
coming from within wisdom's sphere.

Placid and uncontrolling, giving an essence of pure
innocence and passion, never letting go of any of the
sensuous intellectual seriousness of a renewed energy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Sublimity

Holding onto intellectual sublimity, giving it free rein to attain it's purpose and unravel the mysteries of life as we are living it to the best of our knowledge. Arranging compositions of talented insight, preparing the world for an onslaught of grief and sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Voices

Lasting impressions confronting reality with stubborn exertion, causing an explosion of nerve endings to blast outwardly into inner space, taking precautions and throwing them to the winds.

Playing on ivories of a mind, placing undue stress on grey matter as it rests continually in realms of spirituality.

Soothing music, interpreting voices of intellect as we hear results of rhythm, producing sounds and tones of never-ending joyous balance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectual Wisdom

Blessings coming from heaven,
hitting me squarely where I need them,
benefiting intellectual wisdom when I
need its inspiration.

Insipidly taking notice, even when asleep,
feeling tired and contributing consecutively
to ways of exploratory and momentary stopping
in mid-air.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectualizing Scientifically

Scientifically intellectualizing, trying to identify
things logically and going further into detail with
more practice as I go along.

Being coached by the best, hoping that some day I will
be able to do what it is I'm being taught, having a
fire within my soul, wanting to learn so much more.

Never giving up, trying to sate curiosity in every way
possible, even at times through impossibilities that
enter through intellect.

Totally concentrating, listening to everything in life,
acknowledging facts of tis earthly life as I write it
all into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectually Climbing

Supporting and living the passion of life through
listening, writing to rhythms of natural curiosity.

Seeing canyon walls shimmering in darkness, always
waiting for me to climb them intellectually.

Grasping them in poetry, being energized and placed
within intellect, watching it give energy to thinking.

Being aware and living, messages keep getting clearer,
seeing now that there is something crossing neurons.

Synapses being produced by innate intelligence, vibrant
and effervescent, seeing how my mind finds it's passion.

Writing with an innate bio-chemical reaction between two
molecules situated in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectually Exercising

Whispering breezes talking quietly to storm clouds in the sky.
Lasting moments, crawling across my mind, exercising intellectually at a different pace than most.
Feeling emotions taking over and supplanting them with an expertise unknown in the world today.
Flagrant exposition turning heads, twisting gently beyond a mind situating itself at the doorstep of creation's beginnings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectually Intact

Vibrations carrying me throughout rhythms being listened to, fully alive and intellectually intact, being kept and cherished deep within an interior life.

Spiritually holding on to the Divine, knowing therein are the answers to life we are living, encased within knowledge and wisdom of interior and innate intellect, being held together by the gifts given by God, alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectually Powered

Striking chords of resemblance, touching their essence with pure, avid, innocence.
Calculating moments in time when no one else can see into them, finding an expertise beforehand, never recognized for what it was worth in a lifetime of perfection.
Solutions abounding, with no end in sight, beautiful landscapes sliding across the future, creating an existence of goodness and equality for everyone.
Solace settling on the earth because of a few people who are intellectually empowered.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectually Reaching

Thoughts unfurling in an interior spiritual breeze while focusing on writing poetry, intellectually reaching into other dimensions with spirituality touching my soul.

A deepened faith comes to the surface, soul sinking deeper into a bluened light within, feelings and emotions being caught in webs of ideas.

Concepts and an everlasting benevolence that fills this heart with purpose and definition that can only come from the creator who has made me in His image.

Quietly going into depths of innate contemplation where I can be alone, loving solitude and serenity penetrating and taking me home to heaven while listening to music and writing from them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intellectually Understanding

Decorations of patterns and designs being all around at any given time, expressing curiosity within, wanting to know how they fit in the scheme of codes and formulas.

Fascinated with their glimmering thrills, touching my senses from the inside out and back again.

Understanding intellectually and innately, the wonder and awe of human nature and the workings of it's brain.

Neurons and synapses always working together in perfect unison throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intelligence Hides

Throughout life we all have to deal with ignorant people in positions of power.
Being totally frustrated by some who think they know it all, when in reality all they know is nothing.
Making up rules as they sit behind desks of make-believe knowledge, they impose their beliefs and will upon us.
Knowing the pettiness that is their life, patiently, following their pretend rules while inside quietly fuming is wearing on the nerves.
Why do intelligent people let morons run governments and businesses, when they have more knowledge and organizational skills in their little fingers.
Our economy and national debt - not to mention social security and welfare - would be functioning in the green if an intelligent person were in a position of power.
Has anyone noticed that morons hold places of authority, wielding and lording it over everyone beneath them?
And an occasional genius in the same position has everything running smoothly, on an even keel without threats and authority of cruelty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intelligence Of New Days

Wondering at the intelligence of every new day as it
comes gently over the horizon, bringing with it new
wonder and awe for everything that will become today.

As life sets into motion, tides rolling onto shores
slide across my mind, taking it to depths beyond prior
comprehension.

Now, knowing what to expect with every vision entering
imagination's intellect with abstract wisdom and beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intelligent Angles

Triangular shadows of window blinds are being
shone on dark brown walls, showing off their
intelligent angles of design.
Darkened areas of the room have no sunshine
illuminating them this morning.

(8: 53 a.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Alignment

Falling through clouds of darkness, hoping to catch hold
of life's soul, taking steps to follow it's purpose in
this earthly life.

Adjusting totally to an intense alignment with sacrifice
and hardship, knowing only that something must be done to
take hold of the reins.

Continuing this solo journey into the sunset of life, ful-
filling every particle of destiny as I move forward, life
always dangling interestingly in front of my insatiable
curiosity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Appetite

Racing through lanes of intellect, tracing every line of
rhythm into dreams during the night, concepts circulating
and counting moments left.

Leaving sounds lying around as rhythms continue to appease
my mind, living in an intense appetite of music, allowing
freedom of ideas to penetrate all areas of my brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Appetite For Music

Melodies rushing energetically into mind, deliciously sating
an intense appetite of musical rhythms throughout life, want-
ing nothing more than to be captivated by measures and chords.

Loving how they feel as they gently and lightly touch this
mind, ingenuity and knowledge being awakened so sublimely and
profoundly.

A wonderful way to live in an artistic atmosphere and environ-
ment alone, solitary as living on an island, yet so much more
fulfilling than anything found before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Attitudes

Moving to the rhythms, enfolding me within their souls,
giving a happiness and cheer through their placement
of notes and tones within my heart.

Playing music with a mood of intense attitudes, forming
in intellect, allowing a strength of character to become
itself in every rhythm, sending messages to this brain.

Illuminating the essence and purpose of all of life here
and now, and not waiting for death's embrace.

A warmth forming around my heart, touching the innermost
feelings of my soul as I walk into the bright lights of
mourning's sun.

Holding tear drops of sorrow carefully so I won't lose
any of the memories they so preciously held for me
throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Childhood Memories

Swinging from tree branches in my mind, enjoying childhood
that has now passed by, except in these intense memories
where I can relive them whenever I want.

Feeling free and independent, images reminding me of the
essence that is my own, enjoying every moment and thought
that I am in the midst of them.

Altogether soaring into realms of wonder and awe when I
was a little child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Concentration

Entering domains of exciting dimensions, music and rhythm
carrying this being into new circumstances and adventures.

Challenging and very rewarding, giving pleasure and free-
dom throughout the moments of life.

Vibrantly tantalizing every fiber and particle of an inner
humanity and spirituality, reaching proportions of intense
concentration while writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Curiosity

Facets of learning are fascinating to say the least, insofar
as formulas begin to stretch and lengthen in timeless fashion.

Becoming coiled inside a brain, slowly unraveling in time with interior rhythms.

Beckoning notes to join in and be composed into artistic etudes, sonatas and symphonies - all in generous supplies of beautiful
grace.

Held forgivenly in hearts, life sets itself aside and watches with intense curiosity all the time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Deserts

Sad things come to mind on empty playgrounds
of childhood.

Memories never being stilled, continually
being shown in images being recalled.

Forward-minded thoughts, developing by them-
selves in the intense deserts of interior
intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Desire

Racing quickly into melodies of exercise and verve,
enjoying fully, their beauty and agility.
Surviving intense beats, fulfilling measures of
notes with intense desire.
Standing joyfully in stanzas of ingenuity and prose,
happily lying in minds of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Desire Felt

Selecting the beauty of intense desire felt through
nature and it's wonderful steps of liveliness.

Totally recognizing the energy in every movement, not
wasting one iota of it.

Taking notice of everything in the surrounding areas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Desire To Share

Lazily moving listening, finding thoughts dreamily washing through intellect, watching them as they float through imagination's atmosphere, feeling light and carefree.

A wonderful sensation of freedom filling me so deliciously as I pick up a pen and start writing poetry, an intense desire to share thoughts and ideas with the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Desires Rising

Gentle prodding sounds enumerating feelings as my senses
find their way into hidden passion, watching and waiting
for the universe to open up and take me.

Going into generous depths, loving and energizing through
a feeling of intense desire, remaining in images of a
lasting and beautiful love first felt when very young.

Growing old, still feeling it's pleasure and holding my
heart within it's sensuous grasp, nothing ever in life to
take it from my interior being.

Absolute and alluring, testing the strength of our love
through all these years, fulfilling and giving many moments
of joy.

Never forgetting a single one of them through all these
years, intense desires always rising to meet one another
when our eyes meet and we come together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Displeasure

Crossing ravines of intense displeasure in life,
holding onto promises held in place by unyielding
fields of love.

Sincere emotions flowing gently within, hoping to
capsize and fall into oceans of intelligent
cravings.

Taking particles of being and encapsulating them
forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Dreams

Wondering at the intense dreams befalling me, sending pleasurable vibes up and down my soul.
Inside, being filled with hopes and beauty sent through my guardian angel.
Minueting around the room, dancing into the heart of many splendid dreams, abounding in edges of every wakeful vision.
Suddenly seeing myself accepting the Nobel Peace Prize in front of millions of people across the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Emptiness

Chill of death in the atmosphere, taunting me with the
wonder of Tushar's life, the brilliance of his mind,
letting me remember it all vividly through intellect.

Emotions and feelings filling me with an intense sorrow
that will not let go of my heart, falling despairingly
into his final sunset.

Hope of researching together gone forever, now there's
just an intense emptiness filling the hole his passing
has left within my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Energy

Forging into tomorrow with an intense energy that never
seems to quit, living overtime in the desert frontier,
putting life into the future of another dimension.

There ideas and concepts flow like waterfalls into this
mind, taking everything I see into depths of intellect,
finding rhythms soaring with me like jets into the night.

Loving how their lights illuminate the sky, showing path-
ways to the stars, bypassing the moon along the way, carry-
ing on through life as long as music leads the way forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Feelings

Intensely feeling the music, listening to the sadness which
pours from deep within, wanting to be expressed in words,
finding that it can only touch the barest tip of it sends
a flurry of writing to commence, constantly.

Searching for the words to express this intense burning
pain that will not be quenched, looking to others,
attempting to explain the predicament, no one understands
the torment some music brings into being, likewise, having
no recognition of the expressions given by uncreative people.

Losing souls to pleadings of desire being fulfilled, ungentle reminders of
emptiness play inside this mind, playing
quiescent games with total abandonment.

Sojournly settled with no repose in brief, acrimony,
intentionally disturbed by fears of undesired foes, invisible
to another's eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Ferocity

Like prayers from heaven, rhythms of music spread through
this mind and intellect, nurturing and nourishing every
particle of innate talent.

Entertaining while at the same time enabling creativity
to have free reign, developing ideas and thoughts, entic-
ing and captivating with an intense ferocity felt within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Fire

Heart beating with intense fire, taking me down avenues
of unhesitant, powerful rhythms, creating the life force
within me.

Clasping onto pictures, coming to the forefront of
existence and becoming a part of who we are.

Shaking brain waves, changing their contours and
arrangement of neurons in delicate designs, traveling
ever onward into another time and place.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Focus

Scaling mountains with agility and verve,
enjoying the atmosphere above with an
intelligent air.

Successfully incorporating patterns with
extenuating abyss's mazes, incorporating
puzzles in elliptical forms and shapes.

Enduring alterations being made constantly
without qualms or distant renderings.

An intense focus, lighting the way through
darkened tunnels along paths of justice
on the way to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Formalities

Driving along avenues of intense formality,
beckoning stars to imprint their auras in songs
coming into view.
Sights following the twinkle of heaven,
partaking in all manner of indecision.
All parts are infiltrated with an echo of
beautiful talented photo sensitivity.
Traipsing down categories of fragile understanding.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Ideas

Switching tactics, finding that being out-
spoken doesn't always seem to work.

Instead standing back, quietly observing
and making intense ideas come to light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Images

Loving life's music, taking it all in,
reviewing the past with minute precision.
Living a fantastic fun-filled mind of events -
past, present and future.
Interrogating images, wondering at their intenseness
and vitality throughout a lifetime.
Bread winners, all of them, in the history of poetry
written in books for decades on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Images Through Senses

Awakening every sense of being, delivering intense images, feelings and emotions throughout intellect, a wonderful, quiet soothing picture of another life.

Entering realms of interior spheres where they will never be forgotten again, images taken on photographic screens in intellect will last forever.

A wide open mind being touched interiorly with enticing strings of symphonies, playing beautiful harmonies through many measures of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Ingenuity

Ringing melodies are finding rhythms that soothe a mind
while listening to them.

Controlling depths of intellect, increasing it a great
deal with every note and tempo coming into existence.

Fulfilling an energetic liveliness of intense ingenuity,
bringing it out into the open where I can write about it
incessantly.

Always a smile upon my face never being a slave to sorrow,
just experiencing it, going forward with the experience
of having gone through it.

Leaving everything on photographic screens of an inner
being, loving all aspects and details of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Loss

Feelings of loneliness drip into a mind, stirring a
heart into remembering those whom he loved.
Lamenting their loss, visiting their graves with
flowers and prayers.
Tearfully thinking about those who are gone, even
after leaving the cemetery and going home.
Taking a heavy heart laden with sadness everywhere
he travels.
Eyes downcast, not seeing the blessings still being
sent to him, stumbling over thoughts of grief so
intense he can't seem to get in touch with those who
might need some advice or a friend.
Holy circumstances given to him to bring joy into
other's lives, are left undone, because he can't get
out of himself and his personal grief to help anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Melodies

Scissoring through an atmosphere of tension, relaxing it with
an intense score of melodies.

Bringing fanfare to the foreground and belief in destiny's fate.

Subcutaneous particles, swimming above, locating new patterns
of invention as they clamor for attention.

Discovering ideas, shaping new thought in a myriad of land-
scapes.

Focusing quietly inside visions, portraying life as it could
be lived, energizing agile movement with perspectives of
adversity and calming interior motives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Memory

Looking into my mind, eyes shut tightly, seeing a
winter scene filled with sparkling snow across the
ground.
Willow trees gently swaying in a morning breeze,
filled with icy coldness, touching them.
Searching for the meaning of this, beautiful picture
I suddenly realize I'm on the front porch of our
house when I was only nine.
Seventy-five acres all ours to play on, a gigantic
playground at our disposal, my five sisters and I.
Sticking out my tongue, still feeling snowflakes
moisten coldly, my childish tongue.
A wonderful intense memory of one of my favorite
places to be and play in the snow.
Sensing the presence of my Dad and Mom here beside me
as I write this memory into life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Moments

Set in stone, placed in catacombs
of inner mind-sets.

Placating positions of intense
moments set in motion.

Filling out labyrinths in nth
degrees.

Solemnly partaking of an energy
sensed from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Music

Tapping to the sound of life portrayed in music,
forgetting for a time where I'm at.
Feeling intensely, notes playing themselves
inside of me.
Heart, soul, inner thought, all enmeshed,
allowing spiritual freedom to be expressed and
experienced through music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Natural Mind

Joyfully singing throughout the world, life celebrates it's birth each day.
Joyous songs fill the air - fragrance of all flowers titillate a sense of smell in everyone walking by.
Gentle breezes - soothing even the most troubled minds, finding a quiet place within someone's heart.
Keeping all of nature locked within senses of human nature is too great a task.
So, look around, come and go, or bask in celebration, as life shares with you,
God's intense nature through intelligence of creative minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Pain Dissipates

Writing incessantly, noticing intense pain dissipating
with every poem being written.

Somehow this poetical mind distracts and puts my being
on another plain, pain not able to follow for the time
being.

So happy to get that reprieve for even a little while,
giving freedom to continue writing through the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Particles

Writing in sequences of hidden codes deep in definitions
of this mind, keeping to the secretiveness of aging life.

Often penetrating very intense particles of intellect,
seeing them attach to fibers of being, classifying every-
thing constantly and immediately to this brain.

Wonder and amazement concentrating them, providing an outlet
from which to write from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Pictures

So explicitedly clear, every detail magnified walking up the many mountains in my mind, effortlessly climbing, not even out of breath on the steepest parts.

Feeling the saguaros and other cacti actually touching, gently taking in their desert scents and textures.

More intense than a mere picture taken with a camera, is my imagination and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Purposes

Feeling electricity of an energetic evening at
the Wagon Yard, letting it divulge the passion
so totally a part of my being.

Never letting go, keeping straight on pathways of
electric thoughts, coming from intellect's depths.

Never swerving from it's intense purposes through-
out time and space.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Quiet Silence

Having a good time just sitting here writing, being
ignored totally by everybody.

Loving the interior atmosphere of an intense quiet
and silence being afforded me right now.

Preparing my mind for the onslaught of words, meanings
and definitions, never allowing any interruptions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Reality

Leaves of fruition center upon life's meanings,
their being more than one.
Musically they play with my mind, tuning it
soulfully, adjusting it's tone and melody,
making it coincide with an intense sense of
reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Realization

Playing a piano in my mind, letting rhythms take me soaring
into other dimensions and universes, believing in the good-
ness of this earthly life.

Enjoying the moments that are given to me alone, finding the
feelings and emotions that death and loss have left me upon
photographic screens where they are all remembered.

Forever felt and realized intensely, a purposeful need when
writing poetry and composing music, even painting portraits,
a totally wonderful and intense realization.

Incorporating imagination and reality through intellect and
an open mind, always absorbing every detail in this poetical
life, savoring and placing them all in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Recollections

Leaves like crackling oat bran, lying strewn
across a bright green winter lawn.

Soaking up the less intense rays of the sun
as it sits higher up in the heavens over us.

Lighter, freer, procuring the best of living
and dying, holding it all close to your heart
for times of intense saddened recollections.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Rhythms

Trumpet building energy,
fondling my brain cells
with intensity and
reserve as they belt out
excellent rhythms, filling
them with words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Rush

Dancing in the center of a country-western atmosphere where
everyone gathers to have a great time, getting in the swing
of things constantly throughout the night.

Feeling an intense rush of energy pulsing within, bringing
about so many pleasant feelings touching pleasure centers
of the mind.

Feet tapping, hips swaying, hands clapping, songs and music
running freely through everyone's minds as they dance with
one another, smiling happily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Serenity

Tranquil rhythms calming my soul, taking me into musical deserts filled with comfort and joy.

Tasting the savory morsels of heavenly bliss as they fall before me into this beautiful inner desert realm.

Finding justice and peace releasing me from an existence full of suffering as I walk in my place through this reluctant life.

Insisting on the beauty of the desert to placate all my sorrow and worries, I soar into it's complacent atmosphere in another, farther dimension.

So far away that only I can see it's immense difference in environment of my choice.

Sliding along, watching everything as I go by and loving all the memories as they quickly and quietly adhere to photographic screens in my mind.

Allowing me to come back to this time and place, free and filled with the same intense serenity inside of me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Shades Of Emotion

Signals sent from interior realms, fixating on striata of electric brain waves, picturing intense shades of emotion.
Focusing on delivering images intact for generations to see and reverse.
Plotting design's characteristics of interior moments, showing animated waves of oceanic views.
Taking pictures mentally with photographic regularity, leaving nothing unnoticed, taking it all into pockets of reality at a second's notice - for becoming truthful honesty, situated in attitudes particularly reminiscent of elderly courage.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Solitude

Intense solitude covering my mind,
helping me cope with unaligned sorrow,
fed into my heart through intellect.

Calling forth beautiful visions to
saturate my being with consoling
thoughts from beyond my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Stillness

Reason has left me and logic has slipped away into the night.
Following the rhythms of interior desire, I come into my own with writing.
Sliding into the inner journeys of my mind, fulfilling the beauty that has transpired in my soul.
Culminating in a majestic period of intense stillness, I keep myself in tune tactfully, without losing anything of my intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Strain

Writing to music as it touches my interior soul, emitting such strains of intensity that can never be matched by earthly traits.
Straining to capture the essence of all that is heard in a poem, waiting to be born.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intense Videos

Realistically, life is a terrible yet wonderful experience,
taking us on many roller coaster rides.

Into heights and depths of emotions and feelings, giving so
much turmoil and grief.

Nothing can improve or take away from it's landscapes of
intellectual beauty.

Nothing can ever bring so much sorrow and yet so much
happiness in the same moment.

Memories are etched in our minds and take us on many journeys
throughout our lives.

Riding the rhythms of intense videos, reliving everything
through the years, ending up wishing that we could go back
to live them again.

In spite of the cruel reality that they provided to us
continually throughout the years.

Leaving us here on the doorstep to the future looking to more
of the same.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intensely Soothing

Carrying on as if nothing has happened, wanting so much
for life to be a happy melody that can always be listened
to in a calm flow of ocean tides.

Many times crossing back and forth, traveling through
visions being dreamt in imagination, spread across heaven
in a mind, like foam from within a cup of hot cocoa on a
cold winter morning.

So Intensely soothing, satisfying a need for the sweetness
of life, so generously being given right now in an area of imagination's
acquiescence.

A wonder to behold throughout time, delivering us from
the incessant pain of life here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intensified Vistas

Wonders of nature capture my mind with beautiful
prose as they stand out in poems of mine.

Green with life, brown in death, colorful in
blooming sights, all of it intensified through
imagination's vistas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intensifying Ideas

A steady beat to write to, causes an awakening to come about,
intensifying concise and clear ideas to come forward.

Lightening, airing out this inner mind allows an effervescent
beauty to be spread on everything contained within insight.

Plying moods, emotions, behaviors from cardboard boxes left
in storage areas of a latent brain, waiting on desires to be
fulfilled.

Energy is rising higher, keeping to the intense demand of
intellect as it continues to rush ahead into another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intensifying Senses

Sweet smelling music, filling my mind with bouquets of roses,
tantalizing my senses intensely.

Listening to every beat and note soaring throughout my being,
giving off fragrant aromas, growing ideas, forming them into
decorative poems of Eden.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intensity

Preserving alliteration of poetical words, striving for perfection and seemingly falling backwards.
Always ready to be transported through the world of intensified minds.
Craving affection, building limited reserves at times, forever searching timeless skies for signs of anything.
Intercontinentally rendered helpless in an unknown sphere, placed haphazardly in rows of hapless signatures unknown to the rest of the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intensity Of A Mere Poet

Screaming from the darkness, genuine fear standing here
in front of me, looking it straight in the eyes, not
letting it get to me at all.

Watching it back down, leaving me alone unto myself, a
beautiful feeling of peace filling all corners of this
mind's intellect.

Listening with an intensity befitting this mere poet,
allowing only landscapes of hope to enter into my being.

Lasting thoughts continuing to build around this inner
environment, taking everything and letting it drop here
onto this page for anyone to see.

A life of interest and adventure, still being discovered
and honored within the core of this being's soul.

Never letting the existence of evil to incarcerate me in
this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intensity Of An Invisible Silence

Walking through an invisible silence, feeling it's intensity touching our very beings with an expectancy of the Divine, letting it capture our souls and intellect while praying or contemplating interiorly.

Respecting the Divine dwelling within each of us throughout this life, always anticipating the beauty of heaven while continuing our human lives with one another here on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intensity Of Darkness

Lying upon waves rising and falling, enjoying peace enfolding me so exquisitely, thinking of all that this life has brought throughout the years.

Love, sadness, sorrow, loneliness, joy and happiness, quite an array of feelings tied around each and every experience in life.

Learning lessons, thinking at times that I wouldn't make it through the intensity of darkness, wishing for death to take everything away.

Somehow surviving, through no fault of my own I feel, in my heart knowing that God was with me through it all, otherwise I'd not be here today writing poetry for people all over the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intensity Of Energy

Receiving an energy from musical rhythms being played.
A live band, genuine talent sounding off to my ears.
Giving an intensity not normally found in local bands.

Constantly walking, treading water, offering many
moments to be chosen and enjoyed.
Moving faster and faster, motion moving forward without
any effort.

So beautiful, the visions that are being shown on inner
screens of innate talent, invigorating my mind no end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intensity Of Intellect

Jouncing along measures of music, feeling great, being inspired with some Irish melodies, exuberant and lively, kicking in an energetic feeling of total passion.

Writing poetry, a steady beat and rhythm taking fibers of being into an atmosphere of wonder, many thoughts rapidly growing.

Much like an automatic weapon, loving this total intensity of intellect as it continues to be filled with rhythms inspiring poetry through it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intensity Of Knowledge

Specially moving through skyways of being, living vibrant
and lively thoughts that are flowing abundantly into this
mind for a complete and total satisfaction of my ego.

Yet, taking it all to heart with beautiful aspects of
intellect, combining, blending the integrity of ingenuity
with that of a knowing wisdom developed from childhood.

Proven to be truthful in an opening wisdom, generated by
the intensity of knowledge having been accrued throughout
a lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intensity Of Life

Turning at every corner in life, always looking for the goodness through people and their compassion for one another.

Sentiments holding us all together, feeling the intensity life holds for each of us until our individual eternities.

Quietly taking turns, edging around corners, living our lives in turn, bringing happiness and joy through a poetical nature, hopefully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intensity Of Reality

Relaxing in the palms of God's hands like a small child,
helpless and alone, trusting in Him to bring relief from
this pain of living an earthly life.

Feeling the intensity of reality as it continues to rise
and fall, never ending at all, just having to live with
it through time and eternity.

Until one day dying from this human life, being brought
beyond the curtains of life to begin again on another
shore where our spirits will be restored.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intensity Of Rhythms

Looking outside at crowds of people walking around,
talking, being a long way from them, still hiding
inside my mind.

Writing and exciting all senses with an intensity
of rhythms focusing on intellect, shining eloquently
within my soul.

Living for energy that I get every time I start writing,
feeling the warmth of knowledge as it warms my mind
with a bluened aura and light, always engulfing and
encompassing intellect in it's effervescent light.

Billowing thoughts sailing on it's surface, taking me serenely
through the waters of my mind on a delicate and interesting
journey through writing.

Living in it's depths, giving my essence a boost with the
enlightenment of intellect's shining portrayals of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intensity Of Sorrow

Reaching from within depths of being, feeling the intensity of sorrow and loss that time can never diminish no matter how long it's been.

Once in a while being refreshed with happiness and joy, yet far too often death cuts it short, leaving us bereft and lonely.

A solitary entity in the life of all humanity, wending our ways the best we can, with an occasional helping hand along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intensity Of Vibrant Images

Watching snow fall steadily on a television channel,
enjoying it immensely, minus the chill, wetness and
cold of actually being knee-deep in it.

Desiring it's beauty, loving it's essence as it
continues to pile higher atop itself, clogging
streets, covering cars, freezing hands and faces
exposed to it's elements, as it snows outside.

Realizing that my mind has gone beyond itself and
I'm feeling as if I'm really there instead of sitting
here in a waiting room at the doctor's office.

Sitting back and smiling at the intensity of vibrant
images of my mind at work, watching photographic
screens for both thoughts and feeling emotions
thoroughly in imaginative realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intensive Moods Of Poetry

Swirling poetry following rhythms up and down measures
of music in perfect time with the beating of intellect
and my heart.

Situating self in the midst of rhythms, taking time to
relax and calm down, finding myself deep in contempla-
tion.

Sensing everything within a bluened atmosphere where I
love to dwell, sensations and total rhythms taking me
soaring into heavenly realms.

Peaceful feelings of serenity, enticing heartbeats to
match those of rhythms playing interiorly, loving the
beauty of it within intellect in an innate environment.

An actual reality and imagination, dusting off cobwebs
from within my mind, creating and developing intensive
moods of poetry, positive attitudes and illusions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intensive Thoughts

Beating of this heart is incessant, taking self down pathways
through literature.

Pounding the earth, watching powdery dust form all around,
taking self into realms of intensive thought.

Nothing else mattering, but the ideas continuing to fall
through designs and dangling gently into this mind's depths.

Once again, pounding starts and never ends until I have
written all of life into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intent On A Game

Kind of watching and listening to the guys play pool.
All intent on their game, hitting balls into pockets,
missing them altogether.
Every once in a while joking around to lighten the
mood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intent On Destroying

Reality fighting to hold it's place in our world, because
too many people are building fantasies of a one world order,
a mistake of huge proportions.

Destroying every culture through greed anda host of evil,
trying to get rid of moral and ethical values, wanting only
sharia law, so women and children can be raped by pedophiles.

Persecuting anyone believing in God or spirituality for they
are pure evil demons wanting their own lust to rule over
everyone else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intent On Life

Feeling, using senses to see in detail what everything holds within it.

Loving to find out all there is to know, curiosity is abounding and out of this world.

Absolutely intent on life and what's in it that is so mysterious and mystical.

Why don't we know all about our lives, we are living them, yet don't even seem to surmise or care about what's in our make-up, minds and intellect.

This mere poet is always on the prowl, wanting to find answers and solve these mysteries in any way possible, still always looking for answers everywhere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intently Focused

Killing time, being at peace and finding the best in life
through writing poetry, composing music and oil painting.

Being in the zone all the time, artistic endeavors always
at hand, never forsaking, never abandoning, in moments of
need that are found in life.

Continuing to exude an energy at all times, never losing
particles of energized intellect, keeping intently focused
on poetry being written at hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interaction

Focusing on the intrinsic beauty of people, while watching
them interact with one another.

Coming alive, eyes looking interestingly at everyone in
the vicinity, caring and sharing with all others near them.

Laughter, senses of humor, all combining together to form
a congregation of sorts, interaction of many, becoming one
for the time being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interaction Happening

Stepping inside the circumference of life, watching
people as they communicate, play games, be together
for companionship.

Seeing the various types of interaction happening in
all walks of life, wondering at the many stances and
opinions that people have.

Wanting to know all about each person, an insatiable
curiosity always abounding no matter who I'm with,
having enlivening, energetic times spending it leisurely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interactions Of Love

Ripples of incessant poems tune into the atmosphere of tomorrow, leading me into vast mysterious designs of integrating desires.
Corrupting every sense of intelligence, taking out every sentiment and placing them into sentences, rhyming melodies with precise interaction of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interchanging Dimensions

Listening carefully to interior feelings, thinking deeply about life
and it's transition from birth through senior years.
What does it all mean anyway?
Is there any cohesive pattern we can write down, so whomever follows us can have some direction?
Will there ever be an intelligence that surpasses yesterday and it's unknowingness?
Attempting to be that one who changes details to make it easy for future beings to travel more easily.
Lifting spirits into realms of interchanging dimensions, beyond what we love and know in the here and now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interchanging Grief

Singing in the rain as it pours from my heart,
ripping and tearing it into pieces, broken and
torn from a friend
Melody happy and lilting through me, yet I am
following beats into a dismal abyss of grief.
How can the two be interchanged and brought,
both to the edges of a mellow happiness at
least for a little while?
Waiting for a refrain to begin again, singing
in the rain alone and forlorn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interdictions Of Life

Triangular prisms form in my mind, mathematically formulating
patterns and designs for future images of words.

Timing and tone are perfect and precise as I write of them,
filling them with adjectival meanings and scores of music.

Beauty brought out into the open, blossoming like a flower
budding into the garden of Eden.

Alighting in poetical forms in various poses and interdictions
of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interest And Curiosity

Cherishing knowing that comes unexpectedly into aspects
of my mind, becoming accolades written in poetry.

Always stepping quietly and expertly into palisades and
churches of imagination.

Visiting them all with an interest and curiosity that
never dies down in this life of mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interested Intellects

Lights fading in and out, keeping me focused on
horizons beyond sight, as I walk forward.
Listening for thoughts as they are inspired in
beautiful ideas and concentrated in lines and
spaces of measures attuned to their natures.
Never before seen in any element until laid out
in plain sight where they will one day be placed
on library book shelves.
There they'll sit in silence, staring out at those
who walk by, hoping they'll be chosen to be read
in depths of interested intellects.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interesting Aspects

Filling emptiness with a period of listening, and learning
things that I don't yet know about.

Interesting facets of language, Sanskrit and it's unusual
way of speaking.

Curiosity always filling me with questions that want to be
answered through knowledge and wisdom.

Learning all that can be learned from interior depths, then
looking without in the world.

Containing all sorts of interesting aspects that can combine
and blend with other concepts in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interesting Decor

Looking around at the décor here in the Hideaway, pictures
of motorcycles and bikers everywhere.

Dollar bills staple all over the ceiling and walls, each
holding a personal message, handle or drawing.

Fives and tens also mixed in with all the ones, a license
plate from Canada, an interesting display, showing the
diversity of bikers everywhere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interesting Sight

Looking through windows,
watching a tree become a
home for nature's closest friends.
Noticing up close, inside lights
reflecting their images to my sight.
Keeping track of the lights while
looking outside, creates a tree filled
with lights, an interesting sight,
a novel idea to write about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interference And Questions

Soothing nerves that have been frazzled by other people's
interference and questions at times, taking them in stride
but somehow they leave their effects behind.

Accepting or rejecting what they say, according to my own
inclinations, having passive positivism needed to get a-
long in this life on earth.

Cooperating and living in an atmosphere I create through
intellect and imagination, feeling an incessant urge to
keep writing while listening to music.

Life is prevailing through energy and curiosity of my en-
tire being as I walk away from humanity for now, preferring
to be alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interfering People

Silencing whispers of people trying to interfere in
my life with their demanding idiocies of challenged
freedom.
Standing aside, watching as they fall by the wayside,
not having any impact whatsoever as I continue
writing what I want.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior

Looking up on the stage, fireplace dead center, leather chairs and a sofa, black with wood frames.

Background is faded red brick from years ago, coffee cans painted black and cut just to surround the floor stage lights from shining out at the audience.

A beautiful stone cross at the front center of the stage, over the fireplace is a portrait of men in uniform from the Civil War.

Men all standing around a bearded gentleman talking to them, a wonderful picture of how are country began so very long ago.

Back to the entrance, on the left is an old piano, going into the foyer is an organ that needs to be pumped cont-ually in order to play it, and it still works! I tried it!

All in all this building, housing an immense amount of history, standing here at Pioneer Village in Arizona, thanks to Barry Goldwater and his volunteers, and only about forty minutes from my house.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Agony

Empty places, vacant spaces, staring into the future, no clue of what will be.

Roaming jungles fearlessly, being tangled in a maze of underbrush, unfolding meditative thoughts as I go walking.

Mindful of the pitfalls and traps set by natives, wary like them, of meeting individuals along the way.

Happy only when being alone, participating in life on a distant dimensional wasteland never traveled before this.

Watching the agony of interior beings as they are brought before people to be taught the so-called civilized roads of earthly life.

Managed to a nanosecond to fight off the insistence of habitual ageless coverlets thrown on me by other people.

Treading the jungle waters, filled with entirely too much hate, swimming relentlessly to find the peace I miss in daily life.

Finding everything I need inside where I can be myself alone and forever undefiled.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Albums

Pictures forming in interior albums,
held closely to hearts of blue sadness,
wanting only to carry on after loved ones die
and never have to face another day without them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Ancestry

Echoes of lasting spirits filling
the atmosphere with their eerie
tones, beckoning to an interior
ancestry.

Recalling the eagles soaring above
in the blue sky.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Appetite

Turning and twisting, lights swirling in patterns of rhythms
as they entice music to continue changing through designs of
melodies.

Always challenging and daring an interior appetite to be met
and sated, situated within a spacious and total effervescent
moment of anticipation about to become a reality.

Coasting down the hills of an interior spirituality that
keeps us moving along inner pathways, leading wholly into
another universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Atmosphere Of Silence

Silence brilliantly being spread across an interior
atmosphere, touching the very within of my soul.

Vibrating it with delicate and motivating thoughts
of spirituality and God.

Contemplating this life and our creator, everything
being so tenuous and temporary.

Looking into the future, trying to figure when we're
going and what will happen to us each day.

Always wondering about everything, asking questions
silently, wanting to know what the meaning of life is.

How are we to become who we were meant to be and what
our purpose here on earth is.

Time spent in these endeavors never seems to touch upon
any actual answers for any of these questions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Attitudes

Whispering particles of life light up my heart on
forlorn shores, today raking in piles of sorrow
like leaves under trees of grief.

Tusselling with interior attitudes, creating avenues
of mistrust, and holding onto whatever volumes of
heredity can be found.

Walking into abysses and caves, searching forever
for reminders of total recall.

Turned down on beds of lasting bereavement, soft
whispers talking into my mind, conferencing with
thoughts I feel are there and aren't being expressed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Awakening

Religiously listening with an interior awakening of God-given talents, placing moments in moving spaces of articulate innuendos.
Ebbing and rising with emotion, tides running, overflowing, drowning.
Touching above, clouds of hope, with an unending supply of architectural language.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Balance

Waiting silently and quiet, subdued and living life in
my own way, touching an interior balance that gives an
energy to my being.

Taking self into realms of another dimension, partaking
totally of particles that fall tenderly and gently into
depths of my mind.

Solely giving ways of dealing with this life, walking
steadily down pathways, finding my way, letting rhythms
lead me into areas of intellect.

Giving many thoughts in which to delve consciously,
wondering, curiosity filling me with tantalizing fervor
and an effervescent being of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Barriers

Drinking in beautiful green with soul and eyes as one.
Feeling gentle murmuring with a heavy heart, crossing
interior barriers deep into nighttime surrender.
Wondering what future thoughts will find or become on
such a plain as this - where soul travels alone -
spiritual freedom guiding life along separate paths
than others on our earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Beckoning

Rustic notions piling upon doorsteps of enlightenment,
hoping to become the latest newcomers to intellect.

Wanting to try their hand at composing rhythms and
brightening imagination with firelight from camp fires
built to incinerate mankind's foibles that get in the
way.

Taking the rustic western aspects into consideration,
hoping to perpetrate lively conversations at the
interior beckoning of knowing while standing around.

Wanting to allow these newcomers to rise to the fore-
ground.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Beginnings

Freeing interior beginnings of unheard thoughts,
charging batteries of many meanings.

Selecting only the most abstract from puzzles
and mazes of tomorrow's destiny on rampant ideas,
forming and shaping yesterday's belongings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Behavior

Galloping around on mazes of mind-bearing puzzles,
enjoying secrets of interior behavior.
Living always in a creative atmosphere no matter
what is going on outside of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Beings

Galloping full speed ahead, watching scenery pass by,
blurring the scenes and colors together.

Creating patterns and designs that will be used in
poetical compositions for many years to come.

Stillness falls across my being, touching this heart,
giving pleasure in meanings that I wish to rewrite and
change.

Popular beliefs are taken and given outside of the box,
definitions to be used again in poems of clarification.

Altogether, finding experiences and discoveries from an
open mind, passing the flow of everyday rhythms through
rhymes.

Soothing and penetrating, interior beings of imagination,
taking images, portraying them in fantastic ways as yet
unknown to man.

So totally inherent in the ways of old.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Bereavement

Charging quietly into edges of future horizons, wanting to
capture the essence of great times that were had in years
of hope and despair.

Reaching deeply into an existence of tomorrow's sorrow,
touching it's texture, sating it's loneliness with our own,
falling into seasoned particles needed in the absence of
love as we continue to fall prey to an interior bereavement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Blossoms Opening

Racing melodies riding alongside of intellect's soul,
traipsing through harmony and a perfunctory rhythm.

Standing alone in the forest of imagination, watching
as all of nature seems to follow and adhere to this
artistic landscape of tones and sounds.

Being accompanied by intense moods of thinking interior
blossoms opening themselves in creative aspects of
thinking.

Representing a magical ideal as it seems to come out
enhancing views of all that is being seen through
curtains of imagination.

An open and vast universe, filled with symmetry and
poise, entertaining and acknowledging facts of knowledge
as it settles in meadows of an outstanding vision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Bond Of Love

Scratching the surface, relieving the stress and tension of this day with a soothing stretch of music that keeps me floating upon the surface of an inner ocean of passion.

Holding onto you my dear with all the love hidden within this heart so filled with you that we can never be separated, not even beyond this life of ours together here on earth.

Even afterwards in heaven, becoming the enticing motion of the waves as they rise and fall crashing within us both, bringing our beings ever closer together.

As we lovingly feel the interior bond of love that we have for each other forever, my dear, my love, forever and ever, even death will not be able to part us, I promise you this love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Book

Clacking with sounds of tracks being ridden over, listening to their saddened journey through life alone, feeling their experiences with loss.

Filling my mind with thoughts, feelings empathetic with what's happened along the way, circumstances being filed away with experiences.

Senses attuned to emotions that follow suit, keeping time with an incessant clacking, beating in my mind while going down tracks of definitive life.

Yesterday living on back pages of an interior book written throughout the years, held secretly and privately within an intellectual mind.

This mere poet divulging it a line at a time through poetry, sending it all out to the universe to be read at anyone's leisure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Calling

Finding a place inside, keeping it and enjoying the spacious freedom - an everlasting way to express myself.
An independence wholly appreciated - being who I am is a letting go of self.
An interior calling, a form of sincere contemplation, conversing with God as He lets me know what I am to do.
He brings another person into my life who needs to change their attitudes and come back to Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Canvas

Possibilities vary from one moment to another without
warning, nothing wrong with it, just bringing forth
many more things to write about.

Lively and admonishing in a tacit way, life decides
to open onto a vast canvas of interior landscapes,
painting itself into the center of my soul for a lasting
effect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Canyons

Incessant rhythms following and take me into interior canyons, listening to echoes of the wild animals that are living within them.

Looking up the sides at walls climbing to the skies, sun shining against them, reflecting the crystals that have formed in their depths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Catacombs

Alone in a hallway, leading to interior catacombs,
searching for early writings of heaven and God.
Looking through each cell along the way, feeling
the intimate atmosphere of the past, crowding
around my mind.
A musty odor filling my nostrils, bringing me
backwards into a darkened enclosure.
Feeling around, touching stale maneuvers of
yesterday's monks.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Challenge

Living on the edge of life, loving the exhilaration of
an interior challenge touching the dare devil within
my being.

Forgetting the outside world in preference to an interior
calmness allowing intellect to focus on the reality of
this earthly life thoroughly.

Exposing the deceit, evil and corruption throughout the
world, taking apart every lie and illusion being spoken
by those who are trying to deceive people.

All over the world, a very intense and intellectual
purpose stands in this poetical life while still alive
and living to write poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Character

Unequaled pressure of life tears into existence,
pulling it apart for moments in time.

Sequestering particles, protecting them from dire
consequences of it's tearing, helping to keep
existing fibers intact.

Able to hold onto the strength of interior
character and aid in the configuration of rhythm
in the interim.

Convoluting and portraying the beauty of strength
as it is being stretched into the complexities of
life, taking us into lands of hopeful trust and
conquest of all pressure pushing us down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Color

Silently leaves change color as our lives change from day to day.
Peacefully we wend our way through life finding joy in little moments, contentment in friendship with each other.
Prejudice sits idly by, dusty with age, forgotten by most as part of an ugly past.
Thankfully we meet and talk, not noticing colors of people's skin, just the beautiful colors they are within.
Loving others for who they are becoming while talking to us.
We unknowingly help each other every time we meet to become the person we see before us.
Our love can inspire, as our souls touch one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Colors

Faith rising, hope lighting my being, sharing the Divine
within me, learning how to participate in this exquisite
and gentle feeling now coming into intellect and being.

Attuned to an intense curiosity, listening to beauty,
feeling it's savory taste within my mind, assisting in a
spectacular energy.

Super ceding ordinary pathways into another dimension,
fulfilling the spaciousness of another life, existing here
within me at this particular moment.

Colors filling me interiorly, exploding and giving many
ideas as they sprinkle into my mind, devoid of doubts or
opinions of any other.

Realizing the total sanctity of what is happening as the
bluened light of the Divine shines within intellect, giv-
ing a sense of innate knowledge interiorly.

Wisdom growing, being nurtured and nourished through a
Divine wisdom dwelling closely within me, innate knowledge
rising and spreading through my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Common Sense

Stalking logic through the night, tuning it's strength
with an interior common sense to help cope with life's
infinite demands.

Scientific issues and new ways of doing things brings
a breath of fresh air into mind along with any mathe-
matical codes that happen to be learned innately.

From intellect, flowing into my mind, being written out
in the end into poems to be read all over the world, a
picture of life for others to see.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Constraint

Existing in this ancient melody of another place,
creating a new composition now in modern times.

Beautiful concepts turning around and lying across
the threshold of a timely period of elaborate
design.

Rhythms striking chords with auras of rainbows,
taking care to bring together all of the hues of
every one.

Coupling all into depths of interior constraint,
held together with puzzles of a photographic
picture, portraying the soul of another loved one
who has passed on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Crying

Touching soothingly, heart strings of sorrowful music
being played within at any given moment in time.

Life stranded on outsides of subconsciousness, shadows
awaiting realizations of inner rhythms and rhymes.

Allotting seconds to alight from inner sanctums, cold
and damp from years of interior crying.

Holding onto lasting memories, never letting go to
become a dry, arid, dust-like being, feeling nothing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Delight

Sanguinely persisting in efforts to set aside life's demands for a while and settle into a program of interior delight.
Staying awake and preparing avenues of indefinite patterns, trying them out in different areas of the brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Demands

Relinquishing all the energy of a lifetime, just to be attuned to the poetry of interior demands.
Conclaving all the essences of nature, making it the way I thought would be best.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Depth Of Mind

Bluened light filling interiorly with peace and serenity,
a quiet joy persisting, knowing that heaven is going to
be reached in the near future.

Looking forward to it's intense peace that will fill this
being once again, an interior depth of mind that totally
nurtures soul and intellect together.

Yet solely fills this mind with an appreciation and grate-
fullness to God for innate gifts given at the very moment
of conception.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Depths

Falling into depths of interior imagination,
swimming among it's blue, crystal liquid
waters, touching the feelings hiding beneath
it's surface.
Soaking in emotions through memories, getting
in touch with the essence of it's bodily contents.
Particularly noticing colors and tones associated
with each one as I reach out and touch them
individually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Depths At Twilight

Gathering twilight, entering depths of my interior, forging memories into solid images portrayed upon screens, edging sideways onto slopes of ingenuity and purposefulness.

Entering tunnels with noticeable images tagging along, enjoying every gift as it pours itself onto pages of eternal awakening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Depths Of Feelings

Blending thoughts being beaten and rattled in concepts
and ideas, hoping there will be many beautiful things
to come of it.

Awaiting the wonder and beauty of life in periods of
joy and comfort, looking to interior depths of mysteries,
magical and intense.

Filled with many feelings and emotions reaching fever
pitch through desires and passion with someone who is
loved dearly.

Waiting patiently for the day to arrive, being one and
never parted, a lasting and unforgettable treasure of
unconditional love, caring and compassion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Depths Of Oceans

Riding waves of life into depths of interior oceans,
swimming through abodes of sea life, seeing brilliant
colors and difficult entrances into some of the
tunneled caverns formed by lava and earthquakes from
centuries ago.

Feeling their textures as I swim indifferently below
the world, searching for answers to quench curiosity
for all things unknown, as I again ride the waves of
interior oceans.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Design

Retrieving memories, having them culminate in orbs of
pantomime, seeking rainbows to paste onto blank pages
of yesterday.
Searching tranquilly for inner peaceful knowledge,
wanting badly to find someplace to become in silence.
Enfolding inner desires, hoping to be fulfilled,
wishing for answered prayers as life passes alongside
me.
Traveling on towards moments of interior design,
dedicated to future omens in destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Development

Settling into a reverie, solemnly listening to
heartbeats climb around in intellect, trying to
set all of it's brightened illumination, coming
from an interior light, shining from my soul.
Setting fire to imagination, I delve into the
abysses of interior development, hoping to be
situated in it's midst, where all of my life can
just be what it was meant to be.
Challenging intellect to a friendly dual of words
and insightful meanings.
Showing them all to people in little poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Dimensions

Music turning into writing, squeezing my memory of
it's many presents, taking me to further shores of
imagination than I've ever been before.
On knees of prayer, thanking God for this immense
increase in subconscious realms of beauty.
Living lifetimes in my mind, traveling down byways
never before traveled.
Enjoying dimensions of interior space, opening up
as I walk towards them.
Accents of life, tantalizing poetry into spreading
it's wings across eternal forms of contemplation.
Racing down avenues, turning corners, becoming in
words what I am seeing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Dreams

Waking from interior dreams during morning hours,
fills me with beautiful thoughts, as music and
rhythms quietly, intensely, surround my mind with
wonder for all things curious.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Elation

Listening to the rush of music lifting me into another
dimension, being fulfilled totally in it's rhythms,
rocking to the dreams of a lifetime.

Finding beauty of an interior life as I float into the
realms of intellect, soothing mind and heart, calling
to my passion as I sit here writing poetry.

Totally in the joy of an interior elation, magic touch-
ing me completely, seeing patterns and designs as they
come into intellect.

Selecting outcomes and goals that fit my personality,
sensing perfect attainment of the Divine, lying quiet-
ly and silently within.

Taking me away, not missing a thing, enjoying what I'm
finding in depths of myself each day, exploring it and
placing what's found in poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Emptiness

Sensing ivories within, delicately touching their feelings,
jostling words to fit their descriptions of melodies as
they play intently and joyfully in harmony with intellectual
ironies and factual tunes of creativeness.

Satisfying only an interior emptiness with musical poetry,
invented on ivories of my mind's horizon, as I glide into
other dimensions of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Energizing

Sailing exhilaratingly across spaces in the atmosphere,
energizing vibrantly, interior places of contemplation
and verve.
Routing out nonexistent avenues until now, bringing them
out to air and become one self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Energy Flowing

Silent whispering breezes touching my mind, teasing me
by blowing my hair around my face.

Loving the fresh air it's providing, enjoying delight-
ful shade where I'm sitting.

Seeing the sun shining brightly and hotly out before me,
heating everything in it's way.

Leaving nothing to the breeze, that doesn't want to cool
down this hot, arid desert.

An interior energy flowing continually, giving pleasant
feelings of solace, keeping me cool while I write poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Essence

Purpose and life are essential to this mind, living only
for times of writing intensely to poetical rhythms.

Beautiful and intrinsic, taking this being into the
atmosphere of another time and dimension.

Softly and caressingly, all of this interior essence flows
over and through every fiber of living matter.

Solitude and serenity constantly taking me down pathways,
focusing on visions of life as it opens and focuses onto
heavenly aspects of my interior soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Excitement

Atmosphere above is clear, blue, serene, touching imagination
freely, being given that liberty and privilege through the
innate talent of soul and intellect.

Pursuing hidden concepts that are constantly intriguing in
and through an inquisitive and curious mind-set, intellect
always accepting it all with a gentle humor and patience.

Like a loving mother, protecting their innocent and pure
children, a wondering anticipation unfolding with an in-
terior excitement.

One that can barely be contained within a mind of creative
ingenuity, a totally sublime and profound sense of spiritu-
ality of the Divine, kept preciously inside a pure soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Faith

Settling into a mode by myself, bored with living, yet still finding words to write with.

Delving deeply into interior realms of being, interesting intellect in thoughts rolling around an inner roller skating rink.

Sitting around, getting older, debatable on whether or not I am getting wiser, but it is all the same as I enjoy what I love to do anyway.

An interior faith keeping my world from falling apart, even when I am in the desert at midnight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Fires Always Burning

Moments flowing silently into the evening, taking many melodies and harmonies along for the ride, dancing into the future.

Lights of interior fires always burning brightly, never being put out, solidly standing at the end of each pillar of strength that's still erect in the passing of time alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Flow

Sitting alone, thinking about nothing and everything at once.
Separating and blending every abstracted thought, connecting each one to musical notes filled with colorful emotions and memories etched in photographic pictures of thought.
Filing away for future writing and poetry, creating meaning and verve for others to read and feel the flow of my interior rivers and waterfalls.
Hopefully taking to heart some small part of what I say in my writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Forest

Traipsing along pathways in an interior forest,
flavor of pine tree's aroma touching memories
of the past.

Coming alive even now, though hundreds of miles
away from them, a photographic memory serving
me well.

Seeing images, gestures, expressions, senses of
taste, sight, smell, sound, touch all together
being used in writing poetry endlessly.

Every line being written instantaneously, and
lovingly into rhythms of poetry, living through
the essence and passion of an interior life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Forms Of Shadows

Adjusting streaks of light, shining through the blinds of
a window, hoping to hide the interior forms of shadows so
no one can take them into the light of day.

Strongly, keeping all events hidden inside the darkened
caverns and catacombs of yesterday's lives, lost and left
stranded in deserts of midnight storms, letting nothing
escape the domains of their arid dryness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Gardens

Tracking sounds through coded words, displaying all my mind encompasses in colorful illumination right from within my being.
Delicately being loved for who I am and being driven to interior gardens where my soul does lie.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Glow

Lighting the way towards development,
praying for insight and guidance from
above.

Along ways of life up until now,
gathering tidbits of wisdom and knowledge,
growing towards maturity and belief.

Surprising the rest of the world with a
particular aspect of creative imagination,
glowing interiorly, hopefully guiding
wayward steps of another through example.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Goodness

Seeking solace, searching for meanings to God-given
promises, seeing how closely He watches over my life
of purpose.

Keeping me safe from harm, giving freedom of my own
free will, knowing that I will always strive to stay
on track, not straying from the goodness He has placed
inside of my heart and soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Happiness And Joy

Sitting here writing in an Arizona afternoon,
listening to 'That's the Way I Like It',
loving that it fits me perfectly right now.

An interior happiness filling my being with
joy, swinging, rocking, stepping into every
sound and tone while writing.

Tantalizing, tempting every beat in synch
and intellect, shifting, twisting, turning
in melodies of perfection as life revolves
in spheres interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Harmonies

Revolving, reviving, giving life a reprieve as it
tosses and turns to melodies of an eternal waltz.

Picking and choosing notes as everyone gets up,
rotating around in a twirling motion.

Patterns of steps, allowing for a beautiful aura
to be generated as people dance.

Energy of interior harmonies, sliding across minds
of pensive love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Heartaches

Heartaches take and grab us from within where we hide
from them mentally.
Using our intelligence to suffocate them, for a while
at least.
Releasing our soul's from sadness so they may rest
and get their bearings on life until next time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Heaven

Rhythms carrying me away, running from all difficulties of the day just to find peace and serenity within, going into a bluened light.

Seeking the Divine, knowing that everything will be fine once I'm immersed in it's light, feelings will be deafened through a silent interior peace.

Taking me into a deep and abiding contemplation, constantly descending into it's light, knowing that God will welcome me totally into His heart.

Content to just dwell within Him, feeling loved and protected not ever wanting to leave this interior heaven of spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Heaviness

Waveringly wonderful, this exotic burst of tumultuous
emotion issuing forth from adjacent pockets of deeply
felt realization.

Staunchly beginning each moment with creative thoughts
while balancing on edges of invention.

Quietly sensing heaviness inside that will not be
fading in my own time.

Seeing a certain troubled stare working it's way into
images frayed at their beginnings, knowing soon all
life will be tucked away with antiques of old.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Idea

Risking everything, sweeping clean, an interior idea
of peace and congeniality.

Striding carefully across forms of mountainous scenery,
copied from nature and kept in pristine visions for a
lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Ideas

Rocking to rhythms of a live band here at the Hideaway
in Carefree, taking stress and worry away, letting us
enjoy one another's company freely.

Talking, conversations about America, spreading through-
out the entire place, a collection of hard facts placed
in the contexts of poems that I'm writing.

Rhythms traipsing up and down chords melodically, trans-
lating them all into poetry to be read around the world,
loving to write to music.

Learning about people, their thoughts, opinions, interior
ideas, to problems on this earth helping to form logical
and reasonable ones in my own mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Images

Playing faith to sounds coming from an interior piano,
letting hope jump into the fray, and coming alive this
very day.

Finding self while trying to help another through the
sadness enveloping his life.

Looking through windows of mountains, being scaled
within interior images of visions, trying to hold onto
a friend as he slips and slides down walls of sorrow's
canyons.

Giving him the strength of presence to hold on and look
up as he sees the sun rising just for him on the horizon,
leading him into the inner light of his being once again,
allowing him the freedom to find his own way back into
the life he has always known.

Now changed permanently without the love of his life by
his side, trying to see his way through sorrow's
thick curtains of death's insistence in his loss.

Knowing he will be able to make it, being here for him
in the moments he needs me to be here, until he can see
his way clear once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Imagination

Fingering rhythms in my head, taking every note and beat into my photographic memory, delighting my imagination no end.
Forming many patterns, eclipsing light and darkness, fitting them in nonexistent spaces, to see how they'll look in different positions.
Having fun putting words juxtapositionally to see how they sound in another dimension, filled with silent expressions found along pathways of interior imagination.
Beautiful melodies performed in tunnels of mathematical poetry, fed constantly through my brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Insight

Standing here, looking around, seeing every detail of
nature in all of her wonder and glory.

Rejoicing, feeling like a new person every time I am
amidst it's natural delicacies and discovering the
essence of everything available to senses of being.

Interchanging, altering perceptions continually and
incessantly with special feelings protruding into thoughts
as they are being writtenly expressed in rhythms, playing
faster and faster throughout every melody.

Keeping time with the beating of poetry's heart, calming
my soul solemnly and entirely.

So peaceful, in tune with nature and missing nothing given
to me in photographic visions filled with intense insight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Intent

Upshots from another place and time take over, bringing
my mind into an open atmosphere where nature and fields
of vision tantalize the world.

Teasing and taunting the reality of what we all love on
this earth, not always able to achieve what we want, al-
though trying and striving towards a perfection of sorts.

Finding our way through, exercising truth through impossi-
bilites in steps of explicit and textured formulas, designed
to become purposes in our lives.

Waiting, standing at attention in hopes of being recognized
somehow in annals of time coming before us and then gone by,
swirling and being enticed in moments that elude us.

Having an interior intent of another aspect, unable to find
our way as we step onto platforms that have no semblance to
what we actually want in this earthly life.

Samples constantly blowing by, not sticking onto priorities
we all want and desire in pathways of intellect and ingenuity,
following and leading, patterns come into their own.

Set in formulas and equations, mathematical figures being fin-
alized through coded rhythms and imaginational depths meant
for puzzle pieces being configured in depths of other forms.

Noticed wandering around, simple, yet complex, ready to blend
and combine all ideas into technological substances for the
future of eternity see-sawing back and forth.

Calming and soothing methods that are being chosen and given
spaces of thought, taking this mere poet quietly and silently
across borders of interior universes and dimensions.

Striding along, perfecting many variables that make up this
exquisite earthly life, difficulties coming and going, leaving
us all bereft.

On lonely avenues of an existent death about to overtake us
at the moment of our endings, strengthening our resolves and
purposes forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Intoxication

Blinders of light combing my mind, taking out all
the riffraff cluttering avenues within.

Locating streets of yesterday, as I tread quietly
down them, looking for what I used to have and now
crave so much more now that I am older and coming
into my ending years.

Alive with feelings of safety and jumping into
conclusive images of time, being consumed with an
interior intoxication brought about by imagination.

It appears larger than life whenever writing poetry
to rhythms, creating languages that only I can hear
when listening to music of belief as it steps into
daily thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Intuition

Holding so tightly to precious memories of beautiful
moments had in life, that are now gone forever in
hands of time, their images being posed forever on
photographic screens within.

A most intense desire fulfilling interior intuition with
whispering from beyond heaven, coming and entering their
melodies inside limpid pools of thought.

Regularly being filtered, coded and turned into visions
of entire lifetimes of concern and caring, nothing taking
away the future's of their purpose, as they are placed
daily on altars of poetical intensity in writing.

Thoroughly bringing satisfaction into being through the
rhythms beating in heart and soul.

Watching it all from sidelines of intellect, continually
surprised how it combines and blends so smoothly and
happily with imagination's flowing tide.

Always bountifully being portrayed in interior depths of
artistic grace, creating masterpieces of future literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Joy

Settling into a reverie of daydreams, fulfilling hopes without interference.
Enjoying happiness through visions of pretend while shedding doubts and casting them outside realms of daydreams with just a thought.
Astounding peace fills me with interior joy for those moments in life I pretend to get whatever I want.
Imagination taking hold and giving respite from daily strife.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Jungles

Dreaming everlastingly into daylight, taking liberties
as often as wanted.

Nothing to stop them, being at home within, a sensuous
peace rising, leaving this being on a pathway of lonely
fortitude.

Never being lonely, just alone with many thoughts that
want to be expressed and written out in many poems.

Being broken-hearted at times, but continually moving
forward into denizens of last night's dreams.

Tangled in masses of interior jungles, always stepping
carefully and in isolation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Landscape

Climbing the steep mountains of an interior landscape,
finding the beauty and soothing serenity of nature all
around me.

Sounds of life, scents of pine-scented trees lifting
my spirits as I walk through pine-filled mountainsides
alone.

All glory and honor given to God for this beautiful
planet He has given to us, May we learn to take care
and protect it from humanity's carelessness and greed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Landscapes

Traveling alongside the river, looking further into details
of nature, seeing it's amazing images that are subjecting
intellect to their essence and innate intelligence.

Robust, lively, watching as it's designs reverberate and
entice my mind with their delicious desires raking through
nature.

Capturing and captivating intellect's innate talent in coded
rhythms, preparing photographic screens with energetic and
placid pictures of their interior landscapes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Language

Finding nothing to say, dwelling within an interior language,
a fire blazing into the intellect of nature, always within me.

Searching and going nowhere, yet something is coming about
silently and being coded to show that it is a possibility of
life yet to come.

That of finding a cure for death in a future lifetime, just
writing into books about it's instant appearance about to
come about on a future horizon.

Silhouettes of it's essence appearing as the sun begins to
set within my being tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Law Of Wisdom

Joining forces with nature being one with it as I
breathe in and out of it's pure atmosphere.

Tackling it's beauty and placing it gently into this
rendition of a lively song and rhythm.

Discussing the tenets of an interior law of wisdom, I
alone am privy to, because it is my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Libraries

Going through this mind with a fine toothed comb, locating
the tiniest thoughts hiding within.

Finding that they are utterly intense and familiar, always
needling invisibly, keeping themselves down in interior
depths.

Yet, needling incessantly with the finding of each of them,
racing clocks of time, spreading self throughout generations.

Allowing all of them to be expressed in many volumes of
poetry, at long last resting in palms of interior libraries.

Waiting to be read and explained in educational environments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Life

Waiting interiorly, automatically putting pen in hand - beginning writing quickly, trying to keep up with my mind.
Easing stress with each and every poem, life becomes bearable after a while.
Filling the world with thoughts, ideas and novel reasons to live good lives.
Hope and faith weaving tapestries throughout life, enmeshed with poetry for a quiet, serene soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Life Giving Energy

Slipping and sliding through cracks and crevices of
this life, trying to catch hold of something tangible

It seems there's really nothing there because every
time I think I've found a place to hold and keep, it
again slips from my grasp.

Leaving me in mid-air with no way to move forward,
just dangling with no where to go, no direction at
all.

Feeling helpless, totally hopeless, getting tired of
always fighting to find a place in life where I can
be safe and sound.

Living in a void that gives no peace or assurance at all,
if not for the fact of my interior universe, filled with
a spiritual atmosphere, I couldn't hold on anymore.

As long as I live in this temporary earthly life, wishing
things could be different, yet knowing they'll never be,
keeps me wondering while I continue to pray.

Trusting in God to show me the way, this interior life
giving me the energy and strength to carry on daily,
holding onto hope that I will find my way one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Life's Library

Stashing my mind among the political arena all morning has gotten to be too much, now I need to settle back and write.

Relaxing in the library of my interior life, reading on photographic screens what will lift my spirits and take me further into a deep universe.

There I can be at peace, contemplating the world I know and love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Light

Enjoying the light, shining it interiorly so that
intellect can awaken and begin it's daily routine
of thinking and creating so many delightful meanings
in life.

Enriching imagination with an intensity, being
fulfilled through all memories held inside, showing
their ingenuity and peaceful adherence to an
intelligence understood only by an insurgent being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Light Shining

Singly dawdling along a long and tiring lane, being
tired of the long journey and it's complicated stance
in pathways of expectations and possibilities.

Taking every stop out of the way, going forward, never
faltering, just moving one foot in front of the other.

Stumbling every once in a while, yet keeping on the
pathway with a light shining from deep within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Lights

Staccatoly moving through intense rhythms of wipe out being played by Neil.

Such intense beats and tempos, taking us into circumferences of interior lights.

Guaranteeing the most adverse poetry on earth, writing the staccato beats into words, stepping into line with the drum and it's beautiful rhythm.

A sincere and intelligent part of who I am, and always intend to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Literature

Looking around a great hall filled with people talking,
conversing, enjoying one another's company.
Yet, here I sit, in my own little world of interior
literature, alone on a desert plain, enjoying every
moment of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Lives Forgotten

Throughout our lives we find a place to call our own,
a home, business, cardboard box, tent, whatever we can
afford.

Yet very few people look within themselves to find a
space for their interior lives, being forgotten or left
to die within us.

Contemplation, meditation are left for priests, nuns,
gurus, because people think they cannot attain these
self-same traits.

What an unbelievable injustice we do to ourselves when
doing this, we all need a place within to contemplate
our lives and spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Love

Wanting to know the love of your heart totally and
completely every moment of my life, living just to
be with you all the time.

Your precious, quiet, gentle being always touching
my heart and mind unceasingly, temptingly, so easy-
going and laid back.

We hold and love one another so generously and peace-
fully, loving everything that goes between it daily,
helping to grow and blossom through our interior love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Melancholy

Violins playing my heart, keeping me in a state of melancholy throughout the day.
Never straying far from grief, saturating my heart anew each day.
Falling into chasms of darkness, not wanting to return to life above.
Looking into the ebony blackness of my mind, I find that I no longer want to talk or speak to anyone again.
A silence that has fallen upon me is grave, a silence beyond this world, taking away the will of life, losing hope, and dying within.
Only wanting to listen to music and write from deeply within where no one else can reach me.
A solitude quietly encompassing my soul trying to heal so I may return and stay this time.
Having been hurt to the core of my being, my soul ripped in two, being thrown away like yesterday's garbage, hurting me beyond all repair - beyond all prayers - as I sink into a dismal form of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Melodies

Quietly straining to hear interior melodies playing
poetical words to write down.
Falling deeply into catacombs of enlightenment,
preferring wandering through their images to portray
them vividly upon pages of books for posterity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Messages

Figuratively listening to messages careening from
darkened skies, falling into an interior living
room to quietly fall asleep til the morrow.
Sandwiched tightly will we sleep, gently covering
our fragile heads, cuddled in a corner of someone
else's bed?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Metronomes

Thrilling to exquisite melodies of favorite times
in life.
Reminiscing gleefully throughout their tones, sounds
touching off flood gates of sublime anticipation.
Beats being measured precisely by interior metronomes,
replicating our heart's rhythm, keeping time with each
other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Mind-Sets

Weighing in on elements of nature, wondering how many
there are that still haven't been discovered, wanting
to be the first to find them and what they consist of.

An inner curiosity, leading down pathways and trails
throughout forests and jungles of interior mind-sets.

Never being blinded by the fascination, always wanting
to know exactly what is going on or about to happen on
the narrow straightaway called life.

Always getting side-tracked, curiosity getting the
better of me as I wander off to find out what it is I
don't yet know.

Being fascinated, loving each and every discovery and
new adventure that comes my way in stride.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Mirror

Roller coasters taking me up and down mountains of life,
always moving in and out of the patterns of an interior
mirror.

Wiggling through designs being created in times of notes
and measures, many particular moments are accumulating
in generous amounts of creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Moments

Beating staccatoely with rhythms of interior moments,
pulling all grates of hindrance aside.
Walking roads and pathways to lands of excellence,
finding treasures along the way and saving them in
hearts of tomorrow.
Relaxing and listening to interior motives every step
of the way, while ceding to an inner calm and peaceful
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Motion

Echoes of life are smiling as they dance to rhythms
of an interior motion, giving of self in excitement
and beauty of intellect.

Pictures forming, changing as inner attitudes move
around, a semblance of the energy filing me with
wonder and awe all the time.

Certain and sure about this poetical life as I live
it significantly and totally, chances are multiplied
tenfold of it growing in the future.

Continuing to write throughout this afternoon, loving
and living the poetry that is being written constant-
ly through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Motives

Breaths of seasons whispering their calls of nature, intimidating desires,
challenging me to enter inner labyrinths of reason and filling me with a logic of
musical aptitude.
Finding my way alongside another, comforting me
without burdening my senses.
Heightening clarity, giving an acute sustenance of
ability.
Causing the stillness of interior motives to move
toward doors beyond life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Motives Of Faith

Taken for granted, life circles itself in deprecating containers, serving particles of it's self in measured quantities.
Thought-provoking ideas enkindle minds with interior motives of unending faith.
Leaping beyond boundaries in solitary confinement, appreciating talents and gifts of music, art and writing.
Blending altogether, fibers of human beings with lightened acceptance and diversity of life's circumstances.
Racing backwards through time, pulling it forward in order to live through all the rest of our tomorrows.
At long last resting in armchairs of lasting beatitudes forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Music

Musically depending on melodies of
nature to soothe a poet's mind.

Bringing about a sense of purposeful
serenity, as each poem is written out
of rhymes, interiorly held for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Mysteries

Complicated rhetoric swaying itself up and down scales
of languid ideas, bringing up fascinating mysteries of
interior living, occasionally becoming reasons for
doing things differently.

Realizing notes of success are being portrayed silently,
yet, are soon to be widely recognized by the world.

Inward, eyes are moistened by it's immensity, as life
unfolds and blossoms like I always thought it would
someday.

Vast wastelands, arid desert, all joined by forests in
a writer's oasis, opened to all who can understand and
know it's bliss for generations to come.

Complicated rhetoric swaying itself up and down scales
of notable, newly-found images.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Oasis

Rising to footfalls of rhythm as it begins to take and rock
me into depths of eternity.

Sololy sounding in incessant notes and reaching for the entire
section of orchestrated music.

Taking me by the hand and leading me always to an interior
oasis that only I can find my way to forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Oblivion

Visions of life spin into mind vividly and intensely,
taking life into a secret landscape of imagination.

Thwarting pain of life for a while, continuing to write
into an interior oblivion and bluened light.

Easing stress and tension, giving soothing peace of free-
dom from pain and life's hardships.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Ocean

Crying through the night, missing you, this heart having
fallen onto the floor of my soul, bereft and forsaken,
alone in the darkness.

Living is now hell without you by my side, wanting so much
to be in your arms, loving and being loved, a beautiful
feeling I want to have again.

Desires rising, but no one to fulfill or quench them any
longer, day and night, tears falling into depths of an
interior ocean.

A lifetime of togetherness now over, alone, a solitary
figure, devastated and wanting to be with you only, my
love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Parts Of Being

Watching sunshine filter through windows, sprawling
rays crawling across the floor, tables and chairs
here at Wendy's fast food restaurant.

Just chilling, writing, enjoying a pleasant atmosphere,
talking at times in between writing poetry, loving the
peace and quiet offered to my inner being and intellect.

Exquisite and meaningful topics being found to write of,
immeasurable knowledge being found intuitively from an
innate wisdom hidden within.

Silencing hatred and evil around me with electric
thoughts that keep appearing on photographic screens,
memories and images taking me into interior parts of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Passion

Remembering songs of old and their rhythms, still
so alive and vibrant to this very day.

Touching their memories, using them to write into
poetry at times.

Filling intellect with all types of stories in the
past, now creating new melodies and poetry.

Reaching into depths of being, finding everything
still the same as it was back then.

Placing them on photographic screens like always,
nothing ever being lost in the interim.

Knowing that an interior passion will never die
through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Patterns

Steadily moving towards an unequivocal time line, delineated in spaces of eternity.
Always being tempted beyond imagination, never quibbling about words, transporting meanings into depths of emotion and portraying life in up to the minute moments.
Delving incitefully into feelings being put forth juxtapositionally and focused on interior patterns of the soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Pens

Slow moving motion, escaping harried days of stress with longing.

Systematically intent upon enjoying every moment left to me on earth and it's boundaries.

Releasing self into outer space, watching planets, stars and the universe spin around my imagination, taking me on journeys far away while sitting in my mind.

Rocketing to the moon, watching novas, comets, and shooting stars amaze everyone on earth with their performances on high.

Seizing the moment with elation and joy, fluently flowing from interior pens, emerging on blank paper with a vitality of intense pretension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Piano

Increasing rhythms going faster, taking heart beats into depths of living that are unknown, watching as they are being nourished, growing wild like banana trees in India.

Giving fruition to all who are listening to these intense rhythms, steady, tapping into beginnings of time, tickling ivories of an interior piano that's always playing within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Pillow Dreams

Sadness of truth buries me under grief's curtains,
holding me closely near death and it's embrace.

Folding me gently into folds of a nether world now
that you are gone from my life.

Missing conversations we used to have, fun we used
to seek, humor that was somehow always around us
when we were together.

An empty place remains at my table, causing images
to appear in where you once sat, bringing tears to
my mind's eyes and heart.

Wishing that there was a way to reach one another
once again.

Falling asleep, holding my pillow dreams interiorly,
until I dream of you again.

Bidding you a fond good night for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Places

Entering the likelihood of another dimension, taking intellect
into depths of novel experiences.

Interior places opening up wide and allowing an entrance into
spheres of another world.

Taking turns to proceed into causeways of a future destiny,
holding onto the one that has now expired and left me behind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Plains

Landscapes covering interior plains,
filling me with hopes of tomorrow.
Giving a reprieve from the sadness
that incessantly envelopes me every day.
Silent passions held in check, focusing
all of subconsciousness into a funnel,
filtering it into ideas, forming
themselves in compartments of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Playground

Thinking, breaking all rules in my mind, doing what I want with no repercussions or consequences, loving the freedom of my mind and intellect.

Finding questions getting answered from backwards ways into forward ones, taking apart everything as it's thought about.

Delighting in what I'm finding, learning so many things, implementing them through writing, enjoying myself, a wonderful interior playground for mind and intellect through imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Poet

The heart of a poet touched mine, sending me spiraling
upwards into a rhythm of rhyme.

Lighting the episode within this mind, illuminating
forever the poet inside.

Lively, amiable, forgotten on barren wastelands,
scuffing toes in salt watered sand.

Awaiting the likelihood of purity and innocence to
wash gently over, acknowledging the life of a poet
as clouds possess skies of heaven.

Walking forever along shores of inner perspectives
seeing what others may never see until they read it
in my poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Pools

Losing self, swimming through sorrow and grief, trying to keep my head above water, tears falling into interior pools already filled.

Loneliness, abandonment and emptiness left over from loss, expecting nothing from life because when I do I'm always disappointed and left bereft and alone.

Sensing the Divine through a bluened universe within, keeping hope and faith alive somehow with promises God gave to humanity when creating us.

Loving and following Him all through life, keeps me focused, positive and moving forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Possibilities

Sliding in and out of measures of rhythms, surfing on
melodies of Divine inspiration, a wholly pleasant time
being had while traveling through inner dimensions.

Tomorrow watching visions unfold through intellect,
a totally open and freeing adventure, discovering many
possibilities from an exterior world.

Living, surviving and holding promises of life gently
as they fall from heaven, always bringing the best of
spirituality into this soul.

Loving and being touched by God, Himself, a perfect
experience as life opens wide, revealing all fruits
of this poet's writing daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Prayer

Solemnly adjusting attitudes to fit
particular thoughts of sanity.
Losing ground, touching stars with
a mind filled with interior prayer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Process

Seen every night, reflections of daytime thoughts,
never refraining to express themselves, giving an
inner essence to spread across intellect.

Filling the rest of the world with sensations and
vibrations of lively rhythms throughout the many
hours and measures of time.

Expanding when inhaled and exhaled by this mind,
resting and exercising to melodies playing within
intellect.

Finding pathways into areas of outer spaces, ready
to be explored, figuring out equations that will
begin an interior process, blending it all with an
inner spirituality at long last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Pulsations

Awakened by the pain of a century, taking by surprise,
eclipsing this mind.

Lavishing energy upon many moments of interior pulsations,
soaring into the atmosphere without hesitation.

Beautiful antiques, alighting from memories of yesterday,
leaving all mementoes of a time gone by in the center of
your brain.

No longer wanting to conquer vast islands of another life,
wanting only ones of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Rainbows

Petals of violence fall quietly around us, not able
to be seen until too late.
Leaning forward, picking petals up one at a time,
can eventually lead to a small community able to
live once again in peace and harmony.
Collectively, petals of violence are too overwhelming
to begin searching for the beauty and good in each
one.
Separately, we can build a solid community,
nationalities being nonjudgmental and giving every-
one unconditional love.
One day there will be an end to petals of violence,
as they all fall onto a landscape of beauty, filled
with colors of rainbows, interiorly as well as
outwardly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Reading

Situated on piers of life, fishing for periods of soothing
music, as definitions form into words of belief and joy,
unfolded from within and taken from beds of linen.

Scaling interior walls and bringing meanings close to
memories, never to be forgotten as they are read in
silence and contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Reality

Inherent learning sits within,
patiently putting together words to live by and for.
Testing stamina of interior reality as it takes over
life - sustaining efforts on our behalf.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Realizations

Rasping quietly into realms of inside forces, wondering
which direction they need to walk.

Rivaling in schemes of everyday turmoil, creeping
silently into corners of redemption.

Holding onto integrity while finding myself in millions
of words I write daily into poetry.

Sharing thoughts, beliefs and opinions with deepest
intentions of interior realizations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Realms

Voice, deep, resounding, reaching out in splendor to our ears
and hearts, calming interior realms with peace and harmony.

Figuratively pursuing soothing melodies on harried days of
life, wishing to be reminded of better times that used to
be lived totally in synch with our natural selves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Recognition

Titillating and soothing, creating a mood of acceptance
throughout my mind.

Lifting spirits and flooding my body with endorphins,
taking the pain away that binds me daily.

A holy and blessed feeling of God's presence, filling
and continuing throughout my soul.

Likely images sliding into recognition before me as I
watch them on photographic screens.

Puzzle pieces coming together, fulfilling mirror re-
flections of life.

Completing them in visions of the future, desires are
floating about, tantalizing neurons and synapses.

Arousing intellect into a type of euphoria where I can
enjoy these moments totally as I rise and fall in rhythms.

Letting spirits fill my heart and soul with their intense
and perfect melodies, holding nothing back.

Refreshing my mind so completely that it brings tears to
my mind, living in moments of the Divine right now.

Recollecting it's beauty constantly through memories on
photographic screens of an interior recognition of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Recreation

Playing in living rooms of my mind, having fun while
leisurely enjoying a sunny, hot morning in Phoenix.
Satisfying interior modes of recreation while never
leaving myself.
A wonderfully peaceful experience that I repeat often,
because it calms my soul as I write about it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Reflections

Lights reflecting off of interior window reflections, showing pathways to symmetry of nature.
Gentle bending of tree trunks, acknowledging their years of age in centuries.
Leaves spreading their fingers, waving towards heaven, hoping to one day enter it's gates.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Reminders

Sparkling gems of wisdom fall into this poetical mind,
exciting and spreading them throughout the world in
poetry.

Nary a word is spoken as music plays in rhythms of
moments, forging life with it's purpose as prose re-
minds interiorly of the contemplation of spirituality.

Meaningful and peaceful as days and nights follow
pathways left over from the sun and moon, leading
towards reminders of our destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Rhythm

Peaceful endeavors enfolding me,
sending me spiraling towards infinity in union
with an interior rhythm written in heaven.
Solidifying peace, increasing it's momentum,
carrying life forwardly without doubts or
insincerity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Rhythms

Functioning like a finely-tuned watch,
wresting interior rhythms from fires of
aged limitations, as the world glides by
in antiquated beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Rivers

Ringing through lifelines of another time, hoping to be saved,
so life will continue it's solo journey.

Quietly reminiscing in patches of another place, put together
haphazardly in haste.

Wanting a perfect stance to become and enhance this feeling
of extreme sadness.

Steadily flowing down my face in crystal waters of interior
rivers, flowing always in the spaces of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Sacrifice

Silencing interior pain by listening to Foreigner,
eclipsing time by entering it's rhythms.

Forgetting the world for moments in time, as many
as I want to.

A long-lasting effect, holding me through writing,
softening the hold of reality on me through illness,
trials and suffering over this lifetime.

Tired of holding on, wanting to immerse myself in
another world where I won't have to deal with all
of this interior sacrifice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Sadness

Sitting in an interior desolution, looking about,
focusing on nothing important.

Feeling around inside, searching for peace or
tranquility, finding none while sitting on the
verge of eternity.

Copulating thoughts and processes while inter-
changing forms of feelings.

Bending backwards through a mind's hallways,
unable to find any sort of refuge there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Sadness Being Built Upon

Golden silence being interrupted by classical music played on a harp, an interior sadness being built upon as tears flow into the center of my heart.

A penetrating and steady rhythm, straining itself over the sound of music, tenderly positioning itself in the beauty of tomorrow.

Nothing to interfere with it except loneliness being found within me now, for it's tender melodies bring tears to my reddened eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Safety

Racing into a rapid-paced rhythm, playing with the band on an interior plain.

Enjoy jamming with Springsteen, Foreigner, Queen - a total feeling of happiness while listening and writing to every note being played throughout life.

Such a perfect melody always interiorly taking a mind into the safest place in the world, that of our soul and it's peace, always protecting us from an evil world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Sanctification

Being tempted by musical rhythms giving pleasure beyond it's incessant measures and chords of beauty as they touch my mind in quiet and exploratory secession.

A lively spirit and peaceful countenance always energizing me within.

Seeing the entire picture puzzle all at once in all it's splendor on this wonderful day of existence as I fall deeply into an interior sanctification.

Contemplating the beauty of my soul as it takes me so succinctly into visions of another dimension further into the vast universe of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Scales

Strings of color swirling around my mind, breezes blowing them in all directions, exciting thoughts and ideas, filtering them with an ample filling of words.

Definitions and meanings being brought into intellect as it takes and forms music and rhythms into sentences of poetry.

Focusing, climbing interior scales that continue to ebb and then build into positive moods, filled with energy and sublime imagination, a bountiful supply that's never exhausted while living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Screens

Crawling through labyrinths of my mind,
discovering olden shapes and forms of
magical designs left on sidewalks of
yesterday.

Awaiting thoughts to carry them into
poems, creating new patterns of
literature and beauty, as seen on
bluened screens of interior contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Search

Setting aside some time in life to rest in God's
arms, feeling peaceful quiet reverberating
throughout my being and soul.
Gently wondering at life's many demands and so
little time spent interiorly hiding.
Breaking apart myths and progressive ideals,
searching inside instead, for meanings of God's
good lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Sensations

Sentimental senses filling me with a pungent aroma of sadness that envelopes my being.

Sensations are touching interiorly, gently with whispers of heaven.

So beautifully sending silent messages into my hearing, giving me blessings as I travel alone on this highway of life into a future unknown horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Senses

9: 22 a.m.
Taking chances throughout the night, finding moments
that are filled with vacant spaces.

Interior senses vibrating incessantly, taking me into
a spherical magical land of imagination.

A divine and freeing subjectivity, giving objective
particles of thoughtful interludes through rhythms.

Being in no hurry, waiting for the right moment to
follow through, not able to let go.

Taking chances forever, no place to hide or disappear,
finding myself in an interior bluened atmosphere alone.

Positively in a quiet mood of acceptance and resignation
knowing I'm in God's hands.

9: 23 a.m. Copyright: 11/18/15 RoseAnn V. Shawiak

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Shell

Motion being propelled by rhythms of a live band,
playing right before me, lapsing into a daydream
dressed in a nightmare's haunting stares.

Finding the stance of a righteous pilgrim, taking
me into the reservoir of life's intense atmosphere
finding no beginnings only endings.

Tell-tale signs and omens penetrating an interior
shell, giving all types of individual parodies by
which to follow through a back door.

Racing and stepping backwards, turning and twisting
into the solace of another time, taken aback by the
instrumental tastes of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Sight

Racing across chords of life, playing tag with melodies and rhythms hiding and seeking what's needed to write into poetry.

Unblinded by a bluened light, giving an interior sight and vision that captures everything poetically through music.

A peculiar yet fascinating way to write, abandoning the ways of others when very young, now sixty-six and still doing things my way intellectually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Sights

Marching steadily down pathways of troubled thoughts,
wondering what answers will be found to supply intellect
with a totality of exploratory purposes, fulfilling
an emptiness of all that needs to be explored and met.

Following starlight across the skyway of my heart, slowly
moving across the universe in unison with tides of life's
oceanic images as they wash upon shores of inner horizons.

Keeping time with steady elements of rhythm, time and
again, being enlivened on topics of flavored senses as
they flow incessantly into the caricatures of this mind.

A lifelong endeavor, justifying the essence of this mind
as I walk through misty tunnels of another dimension,
discovered in depths of interior sights.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Signs And Omens

Softly echoing in time, vibrating the essence of life with classical chords that climb in and out of every moment in an intense inner divinity.

Nothing to begin or part with, the only sounds coming from within the sacredness of the soul, interior signs and omens of inner beauty being exposed in annals of time.

Soothing, effervescent, challenging the sanctity of everything ever seen in a spiritual life, living it's end in the positive feelings of a becoming death.

No more to be seen in this silent repertoire of mystery and insignificance, being alone in a solitary space of negligent time forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Solitude

A quiet place which is all my own, is real, not just inside of me.
It is someplace I can see, feel and be.
Trees growing with water all around and no sound at all except my pen
writing it all down in this poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Spaces

Tapping out secret codes from an interior space of imagination, giving a message of faith, asking for
prayers, hoping things will get better, yet they
never do.

Allowing for the intensity of pain running through
me, still, I want to find the quiet place where I
can be silent in my writing, yet shout to the world
that I'm hurting and no one is here for me.

Disquieting senses of needing someone to talk to,
delving deeper into myself, not wanting to ever come
out and live life again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Spheres

Tempos rhythmically counting beats on scores of
musical etudes.
Playfully enjoying every sound of keyboard and drums
heading my way.
Life standing on sides of entertaining people, helping
them move quietly into a musical landscape away from
others, so they can use their talent for the purpose
it was meant to be.
Borne innately from the very beginning, staying
interiorly in a sphere rising higher than ever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Spirit's Melodies

Peaceful and easy feeling coming upon me as I listen to
rhythms and melodies of my interior spirit, touching so
delicately with their beauty.

Leaving it gently upon this broken heart, soothing it
like a balm from heaven, decorating and healing my soul
with a sanctity straight from the Divine.

Totally cooperating in the scheme of life where many
situations and circumstances continually fall into the
circumference of feelings and emotions.

Never to be seen outside this mere poet's mind and intell-
ect, casting about to place it all in poetry with a steady
rhythm of peace and serenity, calming my heart down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Stillness

Softly silent, initiating a definite spirituality through-
out my being, a stillness calling to me interiorly, giving
whispers of innate knowledge.

Listening continually to melodies of tomorrow, our future
standing before us, ready to stand united and fight for our
freedom.

It's our right as American's and no one can take this from
us, no one daring to step over the line, for they see we
mean business.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Storm

Like wind blowing fiercer and harder through an interior
storm, gales tossing everything in all directions, care-
lessly leaving me behind a wall of curtains.

Testing my strength and will power against time immemorial,
nothing to be taken from within this bodily being, as sounds
of silent grief are being played in interior universes.

Life quietly steals away, no one ever knowing or realizing
the depths of innate knowledge being accumulated through
it's precious wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Suggestions

Walking down leftover pathways, stepping over other's mistakes,
allowing self to make my own way and do it originally without interference.
Suggesting interiorly, ways to find peace on earth without following footsteps of others before me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Symphony

Waking to musical interpretations through poetical codes, learning their sequences and meanings while writing in life continually, using memories to enliven them in the future.

Reaching into an interior symphony where music is being composed, taking life along shores of imagination, compiling notes and placing them into poetry.

Lively and enticing beauty always being at the beck and call of my mind, creating everything that I want to see and find in my life.

Surrounding self with rhythms that are forming themselves within an innate talent, surprising and mystifying everyone else with the rhythms of my mind.

Allocating them to the interior atmosphere where everything I create initiates, testing the strength of my imagative intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Talent

Waiting for intuition to kick in and take me
on a journey in a new area of an inner country.
Relating prose to musical feelings, tapping out interior
rhythms with a talent hidden for a lifetime - until now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Thoughts

Mind galloping through the desert of thoughts, carefully looking them over, deciding instantaneously which ones will match with others.

Giving meaning and expression to poetry, relying on my intellect constantly, knowing it never ails me even when sick or dying, aiding in every respect, my life interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Tidal Waves

Soundly pounding in an arch of interior tidal waves,
flowing in the center of earth.
Going farther in directions of tomorrow, becoming
the essence of another composition.
Living in a volume of poetry, turning into musical
interludes.
Gathering bouquets into beautiful vases of another
world, taking the best of beauty onto sides of earth
not often seen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Touching

Intrinsic value finds it's way into rescinding life, ebbing away at night.
Moonbeams reaching down from heaven, touching interiorly all that I am in God's hands.
Peacefully, I address Him in prayer, hoping to find answers that are never readily at hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Travels

Likely aspects taste savory to appetites of subconsciousness,
unlike any other activity outside realms of imagination.

Filing delicately, single-file, thoughts contrive to mask
feeling emotions with aplomb and peaceful negotiations while
words meander in and out of their interior travels.

Life canters out of control, unraveling itself as central
issues become part and parcel of something bigger and better
later on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Twilight

Rocking to rhythms around firelight of yesterday's camp fire,
being lit, illuminating midnight darkness so life can be seen
and touched once again.

Living in depths of another dimension, just to not have to
deal with this one right now, beguiling spirits of each night-
time fire, rising higher and higher inside my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Universe

Wondering and thinking about many facets of an interior
universe, wanting to know how it becomes and is nurtured
by intellect and our brains.

This inner universe is so vast, with so much potential
that it's difficult to decide where it begins and ends,
or how it even came into being.

Studying this particular issue has not even been done
before, leaving a gap in knowledge that needs to be
bridged.

Minds must investigate and research on their own, because
others cannot seem to understand it's effects or relevance
to all of mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Videos

Changing times, backing up into memories, alive with thoughtful images of family and friends.
Taking parts of every function, aligning them in videos of my mind to be played continually forever in my interior mind of wisdom.
Calling to mind, visual appearances of picturesque visions, filled with talent and insipid inspiration on fields of beautiful artistry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Vision

Life belongs to other people to play with through monetary gains.

Inside is a life richly peaceful and calm, outwardly there is no money or riches, only poverty.

Working hard an entire lifetime has not brought anything, but heartache and pain.

Escaping interiorly is the only richness of life that is mine.

Solitarily walking and seeing with a vision not of my own, but God's, helping to pull me through the drudgery on earth.

Without it, without writing, no longer existing in this hardened cruel world of people who just don't care about anyone but themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Visions

Precise measurements inspecting alignment of definitions
in volumes of dictionaries and being written out in
thoughts of interior visions.

Interchanging ideas and fate of destiny with lively and
energetic prose, filling years ahead with very literate
generations of heredity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Warmth

Covered in an interior warmth emanating from heavenly
souls somewhere close by, although not being able to
see them, only hear their heartfelt pleas and cries.

So totally and succinctly coming together, never let-
ting anything tear or separate their two lives while
here on earth.

Reaching into the pockets of a deepened love, one
alive and filled with love and laughter, living fill-
ed with compassion and caring.

Soul of the other having passed over, taking two hearts
into the many moments of life in a sphere of their own
throughout their lives on earth, now becoming only a
memory left between them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Wastelands

Noise awakens my brain, erasing stress from the equation of living.

Bringing sanity in alignment with inner talent as I go about creating whatever I wish.

Talking silently with subconscious desires of the heart, adding emotions to the formula, bringing tears of sadness or joy.

Awakening acknowledgement from interior wastelands in forests and deserts within.

Silent pacing from mind to imaginational depths of subconscious thoughts lying around, patiently awaiting fruition in writing.

Banners waving, shadows sneaking into corners of my mind, dancing with ideas around circuits of my brain.

Exterior meanings crowd around, pushing apart intellect, directing bits of it for examination.

Letting sunlight shine into twilight of darkened sadness, tears gathering into my heart, searching for approval and validation.

Hoping for acknowledgement inteiorly, so I may soar into dimensions of different atmospheres for an eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Waterfall Flowing

Looking into the sky, seeing nothing coming to mind,
an interior waterfall flowing, giving thoughts that
are forming and coming out of this pen.

Rockin' in the midst of nature, listening to birds
twittering and calling to one another from their
perches upon branches.

Hidden in trees of the courtyard, living peacefully
with no one bothering them at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Weight

Crushed beneath the weight of creativity, enjoying it's magnitude, playing with my imagination, carefully preserving every second of it in glory.
Sunlight shining interiorly upon a vast expanse of freedom's open inner spaces.
Sliding across the sky, no voice to interpret clamoring words and thoughts into poetry.
Silently being chosen and gathered into many lines of written words, poems are collected into tomes.
Unaware of the world, too busy interiorly to notice anything going on.
Hiding behind golden and orange clouds at dusk, I peacefully follow paths of my own creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Wilderness

Being cut loose, going into an interior wilderness,
losing myself on purpose, just so I don't have to
be present to anyone or join in at all.

Such a difficult mood to deal with, not really
knowing what to do with it, backing into a corner
not walking out into the open again.

A lone little poet, striving to move into life and
not wanting to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Will

Roaming quietly in music, letting it flow through this being with an effervescent energy that quickens and enlightens intellect and this mind through imagination.

Pursuing the essence of a lively poetical nature as many moments continue to penetrate with passion, an interior spirit that strengthens will power through mystical and mysterious ways of our Lord.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Windows

Watching through interior windows at all that life has given me through the years.
Good times and hard, making me stronger for having gone through it all on my own.
Stressing over things at times, wanting to do things my way and not take someone else's pathway of doing something.
Mirrored images, walking, talking, living again in my mind, causing tears to flow as I see my parents taking care of me when I was a baby.
The care and love they gave me helped me on the road to maturity.
Sometimes faltering, stumbling and picking myself up again, never quitting, never giving up, remembering my Mom and her beautiful smile, even through violently stormy emotional turmoil caused by my Dad.
Coming together, bringing me to a level of compassion and caring for others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Wonderland

Playing instrumentally throughout this night, elating
my soul, going into depths of an interior wonderland,
finding nothing but a silence of rhythms.

Rocking and shaking me to the core of my being, losing
myself, solace now filling me thoroughly, living in a
place of my own.

Enjoying being on my own again, fooling around with
rhythms as they continue to tease and uplift me into
another atmosphere far from this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interior Writing

Watching and waiting as another day unfolds,
seeking new thoughts to gather round, forming
in my mind, brand new poems.
Quietly anticipating the joy writing brings
interiorly to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interiorly Bereft

Walking in the ocean, while rain pours upon me, yet I don't even notice its' cold, feelings, because I'm interiorly berefit.
No one standing on shore to welcome me back upon the sand.
Tears streaming into the waves as each one is buried and washed away.
Longing for some form of happiness and never finding any.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interiorly Focused

Living life, satisfying needs that are healthy most of the
time, fulfilling desires as they come along, living life,
not being obligated to anyone else.

Thoughts or opinions on what we should or shouldn't be
doing, strengthening our faith, giving hope a place within
each of us.

Having well-being and a self-confidence born from suffering,
hardships and loss, standards of morals and ethics bringing
peace and serenity to our souls.

As we wend our way towards God in the end, rational, respon-
sible and centered, focused interiorly through contemplation
and a separate way of life and living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interiorly Grasping

Finding self interiorly grasping hold of a sacred rebellion
of sorts.

Wanting to hold onto promises of our Lord, taking them to
heart and never letting go of them while here on earth.

Pious souls, following pathways of goodness, mercy and
having a total commitment to help one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interiorly Growing

Life surrounds me in nature's beauty, it is soft-spoken,
quiet, growing interiorly like me.

There's no one to taint it's spirit, nature always con-
tinues living, everyone loves it's beauty settled on earth.

Solemnly seeking the paradise of heaven, hoping to find
soon, gifts God has given.

Lost shores on earth are spreading ever wider, creating
a gap in life which can no longer be bridged by human hands.

Totally forgiving, there are no stages left in life to be-
come, except succumbing to the final act.

Roles have been played out, eternally beginning in the life
after this.

No one will follow another, each having a separate path built
for them alone.

Writing loneliness, totally abandoned on this earth, looking
forward to seeing our Lord.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interiorly Knowing

Searching interiorly for peace and serenity, knowing it exists innately because God dwells within each of us on earth, giving and receiving promises of heaven.

Knowing that we will always have God's love and mercy no matter what, if we follow His ten Commandments religiously throughout our lives here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interiorly Relaxing

Living in a world of beauty, tranquilized by nature and it's essence.

Relaxing interiorly, just watching videos play across photographic screens filled with memories of yesterday and being written about in the present.

Holding them all up to the light, knowing they all have something important to contribute today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interiorly Satisfied

Racing into skyways, soaring on tips of pens,
enticing words to fall onto paper.

Gathering momentum, reeling from the speed of sound,
sensing the rhythm of light as it makes itself known
through senses.

Wonderfully tranquilizing outside sources in deference
to intellect, keeping me satisfied interiorly as I
write into the morning.

Conquering the universe with ideas, copulating in
every corner of my brain, breeding sentences, aligning
them in poems, nurturing them as they enter my mind.

Giving of self in efforts of spectacular attitudes,
taking time to give every situation, attention that it
deserves.

Plenty of time to sit and write through rhythms as they
continue to play to my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interiorly Socializing

Rhythm rocks me inside out, taking me into outer labyrinths of space.
Figuring depths to the nth degree, filling me with an optimism of untold wealth.
Savoring every nuance and sense of joyous peace, filling me with an intense feeling of serenity.
Showing all aspects of interior thought, touching intellect without thinking of anything untoward.
Socializing interiorly in other dimensions, exercising tactful ideas and inventive motions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interiorly Taking Pictures

Picture taking interiorly, capturing everything my senses find in life, surprising and filling my mind with illuminating thoughts.

Rolling around like marbles, hitting others, striking a match of intellect, lighting interior candles, making it brighter so I can see what I'm writing from photographic screens within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interjecting Tempos

Reeling from energetic movements of rhythm, taking me
into heights of heaven where I can be free to learn
and be whatever I choose.
Taking steps forward and backward, walking and sliding
sideways to the beats of every note as they play and
hit my mind with firm hits of rhythm.
Sliding up and down my intellect, interjecting tempos
as they continue.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interlude Of Justice

Regarding the systematic success of a vibrant energy,
succumbing to the incessant beauty of intense livelihood.

An awesome totality of interior peace and being is emitted
into an inner atmosphere, unaware of the world.

Abounding and retrieving the essence of times played and
spoken into melodies, harmonies, then displayed in poetical
natures.

Falling into step, playing tunefully, energizing the power
of this mind.

Never failing to brighten pathways of an inner intellect,
lying sideways in pathways of a fantastic interlude of
justice, written and explained in prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interludes Of Prayer

Sensing our time together is coming to a close,
sorrow slips in, taking me by the hand, gently
tearing my heart with it's recognition.

Sadness grips my mind as I write carefully what
I feel through tears of reminders when thinking
of my demise with thoughtful interludes of
prayer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interminable Emptiness

Sitting in depths of lonely abandonment, no one here to
talk or reach out to, wanting only to isolate and not be
a part of anything in this life anymore.

Sitting at my desk, secluded in a corner, writing poetry,
listening to music and nothing else, expecting absolutely
nothing.

This world is a dark and foreign place, my heart unable
to reach out to anyone else, wanting nothing from this
lonely life, it has nothing that I want.

Only wanting to succumb to the death of it, so as to end
all the pain and suffering it has given to me, unable to
do it, just existing in this interminable emptiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Internal Lamp

Rhythms riding keys of ivory up and down scales of peace
and wonder, silent screaming filtering through an immense
landscape that's lit up with an eternal lamp.

Reflections of stars hanging above, being guided down moon-
lit patterns upon dusty trails that no longer have any
meanings.

Figuring aspects of innate formulas into an interior spirit-
uality of a perfect phase lying somewhere in the emptiness
of a lasting and total experience yet to come into being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Internal Mazes

Stormily moving about, feeling like a tempest or tornado inside.
Wanting to explode - travel the world-wide in a moment.
Nothing satisfies today, thoughts are banging and
untangling with precision, creating anger in tirades of poetry.
Calling to mind, difficulties of past times, attempting
to continue living through it all.
Adjustments, particular feelings, emotions clouding over, becoming patterns in clouds of thinking as everything
begins to sort itself out into mazes of pathways - all
of them internal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Internal Messages

Always internal messages being played, alternating
feelings between guilt and shame.

Idly listening, unconsciously letting them run,
allowing their control of life within.

Silence these thoughts somehow, to get respite,
throw them out.

Forgive yourself and become who you are, thank
God for giving life and going on, daring to live,
forgiving and be yourself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Internal Spirits

Lonely vigils stray beyond this mortal life,
wearing down internal spirits of tomorrow.
Straight and narrow, stilted experiences of learning,
bunching together in withering circles, find no vacant
spaces to reside in.
All of life's promises are severely curtailed by meanness
and atrocities of others filled with envious jealousy.
Holding true to what others can never come close to,
honesty fills the hearts of those who are lonely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Internally Wandering

Insistent sadness walking pathways of my brain,
bringing forward all thoughts that created them
once upon a time.

Signature ideas unfolding, again being developed
and expanded even as these words are being written,

Finding spheres circling around, wanting to add
something to what I am already thinking of.

Likely aspects of creativity are expanding beyond
many boundaries and limits set by others throughout
our lives.

Resisting being captured and encapsulated in a zone,
wanting to be free to roam the vast universes and
dimensions of inner intellect and imagination.

Choosing to select whatever my mind decides upon,
loving it's freedom to roam and wander internally
wherever it wants to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interpretation Of Brain Waves

Rushing musically into depths of an energetic rhythm,
playing to intellect's desires, forging thoughts as
they appear, placing them into an effervescent atmos-
phere of imagination.

Calling to mind an everlasting talent innately being
attained and used for enlightenment, separating and
compiling a myriad of information this brain is being
exercised by changing rhythms of Indian Classical music.

Totally involving both right and left sides of this
brain with a delightful pleasure, intently being used as
I continue to write, reaching into valleys, ravines and
canyons sitting within intellect.

Finding new and creative ways to attain a superior
spirituality in different forms than normally thought,
tantalizing, beating heartily and rapidly, finding
rhythms giving their interpretations of brain waves all
being realized in succession.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interpretation Of Puzzles

Flowing rhythms showing the way through
depths of life's oceans, lighting the
way to new horizons in another realm.

Interpretation of puzzles, lies beyond,
in unclouded skies, being illuminated
in brilliant sunlight from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interpretation Of Serenity

Living right here in this moment, enjoying the
freedom it is giving to my mind and soul.
An interpretation of silent serenity, coming
through melodies of music I'm listening to.
All great ideas unfolding on a red carpet,
lifted from my dreams and soon becoming my
reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interpretations

Coded messages being interpreted inside my mind,
giving me immense joy as I take them apart and
make them coincide with what they're really saying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interpreted Rhythms

Interpreted rhythms lie within, biding their time
until being thought in pictures and placed in prose.

Worthwhile messages having been wrung through intellect
ahead of time, being coded for the future.

Times of fun and beauty are fulfilling all aspects of
life with meaning, flowing from this mind's waterfall.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interpreting Attitudes

Testing the waters of tomorrow's trials,
hoping they won't drown me in their
cascading falls of turbulent sentries.

Tenderly, taking voices into tunnels of
love, hoping to never have to leave.
Just continuing to be happyily in love,
forever.

Letting the sensations interpret the
attitudes of my life as I walk care-
fully out of this world and into beyond,
where I will begin anew.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interpreting Beauty Of Surroundings

Receiving messages, coded from rhythms that I am now
listening to constantly and incessantly.

Pleasure centers in my brain being touched tantalizingly
every moment of thinking with them.

Pondering the beauty of living, it's delectable senses
making it all more pleasurable by using them.

Humans are essentially sensuous beings, using touch,
sight, smell, hearing and taste to the utmost in our
daily lives.

A wonderful way to experience life on earth, using every-
thing freely, loving to feel all of it in my surroundings.

Getting information to my brain, letting intellect inter-
pret it into the beauty of artistic grace, music and poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interpreting Rhythms

Catchy beats luring me towards a band,
listening to their rhythms as I grab hold of them.
Interpreting them into profound poetry, to last
beyond my lifetime.
Showing me the way to prosperity and fame, believing
in myself and God-given talents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interred In Past Rythms

Rolling onto a red carpet of music, going into it's depths regally, showing intellectual and mathematical routes of intrigue and intense vibrations.

Being interred in past rhythms while still living in new impossibil-
ities of lightened horizons of wisdom and knowledge, always gathering aspects of life and humanity to write into poetry.

Living in it's finite yet infinite atmosphere, captivated by every-
thing, emotions running rampant while constantly being in realms of sunsetical shores that are awaiting my presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interred In Yesterday's Sounds

Running in time with melodies, their rhythms racing in measures, capturing imagination, turning it into adventures of the mind.

Intellect taking steps into lands of fantasy, solid and penetrating, nothing taking the place of these very fast rhythms.

Lively, jovial and amusing, bringing a smile to my face, heart jumping for joy, totally excited to be interred in the sounds of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interring Melodies

Singing beyond talented skies, interring melodies, capturing perfect tones for a session of compositions in etudes and sonatas.
Living in a dream world, noting nothing but ideas dealt by imagination's beauty, sent to outer limits without any recriminations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interrogating Thoughts

Matching tones with exacting precision, giving them colorful emblems of rhythm and melody.
Interrogating thoughts, finding their essences are really imagined and have no sustenance about them.
Cutting away leaves of brutality, trying to discover their interior purposes before they expire in pyres of fire, burning away the facts of living on parallel universes.
Hitching together, symbols of solidarity as I climb mountainsides towards eternity with a hopeful heart emptied of sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Interrupting Nightly Expression

Swapping legacies, looking down straightened tunnels, wondering where they'll lead and why bother finding out?
Socially interrupting so many episodes of nightly expression and becoming attitudes.
Falling to knees, praying to heavenly angels to guide the way to a better situation this side of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intertwined Hearts

Sailing along, pleased at all the rhythms filling
my mind with joy.

Losing control, fire blazing within, not able to
resist you, missing you so very much.

Having been broken-hearted in the past, willing
to put it all away, storing it in a steel chest.

Wanting to feel genuine emotions flowing gently
into my being, unable to resist you.

Until now, wanting you so much, no games to play,
just you and I dancing to beating of our hearts.

Never wanting to let you go, your heart intertwined
with my own, taking us both to edges of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intertwining Musically

Relaxing, listening to tunes of Peggy and Neil as they
sing and play for an attentive audience.
Intertwining musically with people's minds, touching
them on wavelengths of an aged time.
Soliloquies of happiness drift onto piles of leaves
and are scattered eventually to all corners of the
brain.

(10: 45 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intimate Conclusions

Sensuously touching inner emotions and strumming them with
heartstrings torn apart from yesterday's lost love.

Missing explicit volumes of intimate conclusions now that
you have disappeared into your own eternity without me.

Thinking only of the times we used to share, not able to
yet enjoy what is still left in life.

Hopelessly looking, searching for your love, knowing that
I can never have it again, yet wanting it still.

Scathing pains, sliding across visions while watching other
couples holding hands and kissing.

Wanting you more than ever, tears start falling unbidden
from my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intimate Conversations

Speechless conversations filtering
into the atmosphere of tomorrow.

A silence evaporating into thin air,
never being recognized by anyone.
Not even the person who's idea it was.

Interior callings personally waiting
for answers that will never be
forthcoming - not in this life - at
least, not yet.

Preparing many more feats of absolute
sorrow, never letting anything except
silence rule intimate conversations
of lover's in the darkened night of
desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intimate Side Of Spirituality

Splashing into effervescent pools of loneliness, being
sated by it's lonesome tears through the years.

A being of life unfolding and drinking in the beauty
of stark reality as it drapes itself over us.

Senses coming alive, touching and opening our eyes to
the intimate side of our spirituality, unknown to us
before now.

It's intense and awesome how our sorrow, sadness, lone-
liness, and abandonment can awaken the beauty of our
interior spirituality.

Senses of our beings opened, touched and brought to
fruition through the essence of this scented path of
roses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intimately Caressed

Intense desires perspiring and wanting to be expressed in
patterns of love making.

Not wanting to wait another moment to be fulfilled in life,
wishing to be held and caressed intimately for the rest of
life, not caring about anything else that may be glanced at.

So beautiful, like a symphony placed eternally in my soul,
wanting only to be played instrumentally in many compositions
written for that exact reason and purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Into An Unknown Universe

Natural proclivities pulling peacefully, giving feelings
of anticipation as thoughts begin to flow, filling pages
with what they are saying and telling on a continual basis.

Writing, holding onto patterns, designs, ideas, taking
rides into unknown universes, unafraid of what may be
found there.

Beautifully laid out formulas, giving vivid and illumin-
ating periods of incessant innate talent to do what it's
best at doing.

Whiling away hours at a time, having lost track of all
the seconds and minutes, blocking out everything not
pertaining to writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Into Depths

Interiorly growing, watching intellect blossom into
imagination and become more a part of it.

So solemn, yet energetic, taking me away into depths
of this brain to explore and discover secrets being
kept hidden from everyone in life.

Even the scientists wanting to know what has been
kept there under lock and key through the centuries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Into Emptiness

Deeply somber, hidden away beneath a blanket of darkened sadness, unable to face the world and what's in it today.
Head bowed, shoulders slumped, mind stashed away to protect it from the bitter selfishness and jealousy of others.
There's no one to turn to - it's a totally solo journey into the emptiness, caused by other's attitudes towards me.
Upset, holding tears back, trying not to let their saltiness fall into the raw hurt of abandonment.
Stepping steadily away from life, seeking a private space for myself alone, not wanting to be close or talk to anyone ever again.
Wanting to not be hurt by ignorant people who have no clue how to run their own lives, yet are running around, tearing and abusing people with their mean-spirited behaviors towards them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Into Empty Spaces

Riding roughshod through life, not wanting to speed up
or slow down, sliding into realms of another life that
used to be.

Awakened in the peace of every morning, now so hard to
find my place there once again, listening to rhythms of
yesterday.

Being strummed and played incessantly, always bringing
me into empty spaces where I creatively make things hap-
pen in many imaginary situations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Into Life's Moments

Life changes from one moment to another,
collecting the entire spectrum of human
emotions and feelings into a poem.

Being so into life's moments, living each
one as poetry reflects this when I write
one after another.

Not dwelling on emotions or feelings I'm
having, just writing them away as I feel
them and continuing on to the next one.

Living fully and always in the moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Into Nature's Depths

Wanting to be taken away into depths of nature where no one will ever find me
and I can live in peaceful harmony far from the edges of life and it's bizarre
requirements.
Hoping to ride off into the sunset on a horse, never to return to this side of life
again.
Searching futilely for the path that will take me the farthest from human contact.
Stillness covers and protects me from the horrors of other people's abusiveness.
A grand time, setting me apart from all the claims of friendship that are
dishonest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Into Passages Of Time

Listening intently to rhythms my mind is composing
totally and incessantly.

Comparing instantaneously, every idea and thought,
locating exact spaces to enter rhymes into rhythms.

Freely, independently, imagination and intellect to
work separately and together.

An unending beauty forging it's way onto photographic
screens within my being.

A lifetime of thoughts placed in images and visions
of the past, present and future.

Letting it's light lead into passages of time through
music and it's rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Into The Background

Voices cracking, trying to sound like they used
to in younger days.

When sounding clear and loudly over many others.

Singularly finding rhythms falling sololy into
backgrounds of another time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Into The Desert

Saturated, together with nature,
iambically flowing down mountainsides,
ebbing with natural progression into the
desert.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Into The Emptiness

Silent voices now whispering from the past, retelling mysteries of old memories that take me away, reminisce-ing and holding them close to my heart and soul.

Watching and feeling those emotions that were being felt back then, arising vibrantly and intensely once again, especially those of family where death has gotten between us.

Taking loved ones of my heart into the emptiness of their loss and death throughout eternity, no longer able to talk or love me or one another anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Into The Fire

Watching as life strides ahead of me, going into the fire, looking for love and understanding, inner strength building higher within.

Confidence being energized, spirits being heightened and attuned to the Divine, soaring ever higher with every word I write.

Every melody that I hear coming from rhythms interiorly are hidden, not wanting anyone to find the wonder, beauty and talent that fills me within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Into The Future

Slipping and sliding down pathways of life, proceeding into the future, not knowing what to expect along the way.

Doing the best we can, finding the purpose of our lives and living it fully, no questions asked.

Just loving that we've been given the chance to do it once before dying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Into Twilight

Calmly composing music while writing poetry, notes slipping
from mind onto paper, designs of rhythms being coded from
intellect.

Constantly being played through this mind on photographic
screens of beauty, painting portraits of interior spiritual-
ity as life pivots and twists on pathways of measured chords.

Flowing into the twilight of musical poetry, now awaiting
it's acquiescence in depths of beginning passion for the
essence of life and humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intolerance

Reaching out for love at times, being turned away by an
individual who's a racist or intolerant of others in
their lives.

Looking sadly into their eyes, sorry to see such feelings
towards someone they've never even met or known before,
walking away.

Mind perturbed that there are people like this in our
world, so sad to see it happening not to self, but others
that come across their pathways in life here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intolerance Of Talent

Arriving incognito, volumes left unspoken, silent acquiescence
penetrating my psyche, subjecting me to nether-standings along
life's pathways.
Recognizing facts as I travel, life is so non-committal and
intolerant of innate talent.
Being subversive at times in different levels of spiritual
intensity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intracacies Of Innate Power

Silently pondering life and it's invisibility at times,
always wondering where it lies within me exactly, always
wanting to know the space it holds within.

Wanting to study and learn how it keeps me alive, vibrant
and filled with such energy, knowing faith keeps my being
going.

Still looking for the essence of my being that I know is
here within me somewhere, wishing to see and watch how it
works.

Learning about it's many intricacies of innate power and
how it connects to life itself, maybe then I'll be able
to figure out the formula or equation to cure death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intractable Situations

Beautiful moments begin in mind's ideas,
lighting the way to lives of fruition.

Intractable situations keep getting in
our way, taking us down roads we'd prefer
never to step on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intransient Rhythm

Softly melding with my heart,
feeling the hurt and pain like
violin strings being played from
within, taking me on a journey into
realms of intransient rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intrepid Dreams

Shadows of yesterday walk silently near as they whisper tired remarks and glide into darkened spots of evening.
Curling their brains around adjacent thoughts, climbing out of ruts left from daytime adventures.
Exploration fleeing, taking with it a score of intrepid dreams.
Never leading to anything positive, keeping darkness to cover all the mistakes that have been made through the long, lonely years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intrepid Musicq

Racing through melodies, letting them touch intellect
with their beautiful tones and tempos.

Surrounding my mind and subconsciousness with intrepid
music that touches me so tenderly and deeply.

Following tempting desires that are rising within, filled
with colors of rainbows from heaven.

Living in their technicolor vibrations, letting them
envelop my entire being within their lascivious beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intrepid Needs

Ramshackle egos, falling down on sides of life's roads,
discouraged and forlorn, never smiling any more.
Existing tears coming out, seeping all day and into the
night.
Folding all corners of angles into shadows of beyond.
Growing out of the boundaries of life, qualifying for
extra senses, causing intrepid needs, basically
soaking up all the beautiful energy inside me.
While this series of notes plays, I have to keep playing
the piano in my heart and mind.
Sectioning rhythms under tables of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intrepid Puzzles

Writing expectations with hopeful anticipation, giving plenty of leeway to entertain many ideas of imaginations's devices.
Wholly and totally absorbed in fantasy's of intrepid puzzles, taking back doors into alleys, steadily walking into shadows of evening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intrepid Scenes

Intrepid scenes flowed abundantly towards unknown realms,
unfathomed - scanning the memories of many years, attempting
to locate the source, and never coming near.

While shadows march into the light beyond, their images bend
and fold in half, tucked neatly inside of nature's drawers,
all laid to rest, still silent with copious thoughts racing,
trying to find their purpose.

Negligently searching - selecting piles to be deciphered in
some distant future, hopes of tomorrow lie crumpled on the
bottoms of today's unwanted piles.

No one actually wants to relive the capriciousness of intrepid
scenes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intricacies Of Life

Slowly and gently mysterious tides of music and rhythm fall
placidly deeper into another universe, from there traveling
into other dimensions, unhindered at all.

Intricacies of life and their purposes enter domains where
energy is increased tenfold, passion of the essence of being
climbing higher within this soul.

Giving innocence a boost in an evil world, enjoying and find-
ing it gives everything, taking nothing away from intellect,
soul, heart and being, loving this abundant atmosphere beyond
that of living life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intricate And Perfect

Like a locomotive, racing down tracks of music, leaving
life behind just to dance to rhythms of time, creating
steps into imagination where ideas are camouflaged.

Designs and patterns of another tomorrow giving pleasure
and joy to an inner spirit, never taking my eyes off of
the final passage of life.

Intricate and perfect, building concise rhythmic patterns
that can contend with an inner energy, possibilities tak-
ing me away.

Finding places to hide in, nothing to worry about as life
begins and ends on a note of color, profound and sublime,
being subjected to an interior spiritually.

Keeping feelings within, giving energy totally and incess-
antly, never wanting to stop, afraid it will never start
again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intricate Delicacies Beyond Life

Smiling inwardly as music drops slowly like rain into my being, filling and purifying feelings and emotions so gently with no outward signs that it's ever been here.

A total realization opening this mind to many prophecies that surround me in visions of tomorrow, destiny now awaiting my answer.

Calling to me silently in the dead of night, patiently settling in, knowing that this life is fate's reward when at last I have breathed my last breath on this earth, always believing in the intricate delicacies that are waiting beyond life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intricate Designs

Solid patterns are forming as they circle my mind, picturing intricate designs on photographic screens.
Coming alive, twisting and turning, lighting space and filling in colorful hues of the rainbow.
All of it giving intellect new directions to follow, into outer limits beyond our scope of vision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intricate Mosaics

Bending with stories of eternal truths, waving in winds of destiny, searching for individuals to impart age-old wisdom.
Likely aspects factor into everyday moments left ajar, awaiting thoughtful ingenuity and verve to enter doors of fate's horizons.
Wending ways of puzzling meanings into intricate mosaics of learning, we all become divided when finding our ends on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intricate Patterns

Intricate patterns continue forming
from within my soul's essence.
Taking daily steps in many directions,
looking for the one way that will take
me home to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intricate Properties

Memories lying here in the sunshine as my mind follows
rays across a vast universe of ideas.

Finding and carefully touching the delicate balance of
inner energy.

Trying not to upset intricate properties of imagination
as it infiltrates every particle and fiber of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intricate Tenor Sounds

Tenor sounds penetrating mind, body and spirit, totally possessed by an intricate beauty and simplicity as it's adapted to musical measures and writing.

Watching as portraits of meaning are being intuitively written down artistically through an innate wisdom and knowledge.

Perfectly matching the wonder and essence of this spirit and soul all through life and beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intrigued

Listening, not just hearing what candidate Kelli Ward
is stating when talking about John McCain having his
hands into everything.

Being himself corrupt and in office far too long, find-
ing self intrigued by what she knows about Washington,
D.C. and it's goings on.

Learning how quietly brilliant she is, not just by being
a doctor, but what she has inherently learned from her
own innate knowledge and wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intriguing And Blessing

Touching rapidly, turning, caressing all in steps of
a dance, intriguing and blessing us at once through
it's rhythms.

Taking hold of one another, grasping onto our love
for dear live as we dance around the room, tempos
rising, going faster and faster, taking us with them.

Holding on tightly, making sure that we don't lose or
let go of each other, we whirl about while laughing
and have a good time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intriguing Life Circumstances

A deep stillness penetrates inner senses of being as I
watch it's effects on intellect.

Pondering immense depths of intriguing life circumstances,
as the world spins out of control beyond sight.

Not caring too often how it manages to continue to keep
whirling around in it's solar system and perfect orbit.

Slamming thunder, echoing loudly within as torrents of
rain pour from the sadness of a lifetime.

Creating open and vast spaces in an interior desert,
devoid of all but what I am imagining.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intriguing Melodies

Intense, intriguing melodies finding their way into passages
of time, freely roaming throughout memories of this mind
photographically.

Tending gently to thoughts, their placement in poetry,
never deliberating or choosing, intellect automatically
taking care of details while writing a poetical life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intriguing Mysteries

Intriguing mysteries filing themselves in cabinets of
this mind.

Separating thoughts into many poems and being placed
in folders of varied colors, according to their topics
in life.

Forever fitting more poetry into new cabinets, soon there
won't be any room to live.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intriguing Mystery Of Darkness

Charging into the night, not wanting to be seen,
for then people will want to talk and all I want
is to write.

Quiet, serene silence, and the intriguing mystery
of darkness giving many thoughts a chance to be
seen and formulated.

Unlike daytime with the striking sunlight showing
everything in sight, not leaving much to an inner
imagination.

Building upon an interior spirituality so life will
be refreshed and energized, able to keep giving every
moment of each day and night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intriguing Possibilities

Rocking around the clock, filling measures of time with words of poetry, being intrigued by possibilities and their opposites.

Adjusting, living, rearranging thoughts, ideas and concepts to be placed into every poem, selecting topics subconsciously and instantaneously.

An innate knowledge and wisdom that intellect always keeps track of, nature, people, children, life, adventures and experiences.

All totaling the wonder and awe of my mind, giving an excitement and serenity both at the same time, feeling safe and secure in my being and intellect.

Nothing to worry or fret about, because all is taken care of succinctly and effortlessly, always beating and following my own drum and music.

Living life with truth, honesty, goodness, purity and an innocence of my inner child that will never disappear or fade away as long as I'm alive on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intriguing Rhythms

Intriguing mysterious rhythms collating in my mind,
taking me on journeys into outer spaces of earth.

Bringing me into interior modes of fatal fascination,
through intellectual imagination, and giving auras of
beauty in landscapes filled with an essence of myself.

Creating every picture and placing them on photographic
screens to be seen whenever I want to throughout my
entire life.

Always enjoying every single moment that I write and
create poetry and classical music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intriguing Sounds

Echoing into my mind, rhythms of delicate beauty
are gently and tenderly, touching synapses and
neurons, stirring them lightly in timid melodies
of rhyme.

Intricate striking sounds clasping my mind with
their intriguing and pleasurable tones falling
deftly into a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intriguing Thought

Finding love that is so intensely satisfying, wanting
to hold onto it tightly, smiling inwardly, feeling so
entirely happy and totally loved.

Such a wonderful and intriguing thought, swimming
around my mind, giving pleasure and feeling desires
beginning to rise within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intrinsically Falling Into Insight

Shaking earth beneath this mind, rhythms flowing
endlessly, taking all thoughts into a sphere of
intellect, never letting them be wasted on land
fills like other people do.

Enjoying every second, writing one poem after
another, allowing it all to combine and blend
in depths of imagination.

Beautiful words dancing to energetic rhythms,
taking and joining with words in poems.

Loving the delicate balance that is intrinsically
falling into insight, allowing the best of both
worlds to be felt within tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Introduced

Whenever I walk and seek the solace craved for from somewhere
within my being, I carefully scan every bit and particle of
nature.

Listing silently to myself the myriad qualifications of life
as they exist along the way, never forgetting the caring of
a person who has reached out to grasp me in friendship.

Forgiving the very essence of all my being as it intermingles
with that of another, not interrupting the life-long process
of a beginning relationship through a human being directly
introduced by God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Introduced To The Universe

Signaling the interior of my soul, giving me a wide berth so as not to crowd the atmosphere of intense spirituality.
Beginning senses of apoplectic findings, giving all movements needed to be introduced to the center of my universe.
Qualifying all thoughts entering consciousness, taking mannerisms of politeness because God is here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Introducing Meanings

Listening with interest to a slow musical rhythm, seeping into my being without any trouble whatsoever.

Sending many messages out of intellect and placing them in poems, introducing meanings being sent from within.

Angels telling of their insistent encounters with many people here on earth, needing their assistance with a myriad of problems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Introducing New Colors

Introducing new colors into a rainbow
filled with extra sensory perception,
reflecting thoughts as they are written in prose,
coded throughout and sent straight to hearts,
waiting for novel ideas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Introducing Pleasures Of Living

Laughter abounding, thoughts making me smile, touching my funny bone, giving enjoyment and glee when there is none to be found.

Spreading fun to everyone I meet, introducing them to the pleasures of living life to the fullest, better days being made, sun shining through even the darkest nights of life.

A wonderful quality of humanity to make oneself and others smile, finding happiness in others sad and dismal lives, a totally enticing time continuing throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Introducing Thoughts

Softly, gently, delicately, words form instantaneously, giving
ideas expression, introducing thoughts totally through poetry
and out to the world with a swoop of a pen on paper.

Joining with rhythms as they totally take intellect into atmos-
pheres of Divine love, feeling it intensely taking hold of this
heart, soul and spirit.

Rejoicing in the wonder of everything being felt so delicately
and sublimely, delving quietly into all manner of concepts and
mathematical equations without even thinking.

Loving the solace and serenity that incessantly takes over this
mind, freely and independently, flowing through the subconscious
and it's intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Introspection

Walking alone on shores of life,
picking up seashells.
Searching for the roar of ocean
waves, a simple thing that brings
peace to my soul and light into
my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Introspective

Writing in a quandary of elicitive emotion, jumping into reveries of display as I wander aimlessly through life and it's beliefs, gradually coming to terms with self.
Realizing you can't find any answers outside of self, you need to be introspective and open to what you may or may not find.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intruding On Thoughtful Interludes

Walking steppily to music of my soul,
inner feelings being touched and displayed
for all to see as they read my poetry.
Full of life inside, tiptoeing through
memories so as not to intrude on thoughtful
interludes down memory lane.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intuitive Aspects Of Life

Still silent, yet moving on, lifting spirits into an
interior motive as I go through life with my eyes for-
ward.

Thinking, pondering, taking steps into the light of
knowledge and wisdom, always tracking energy into a-
nother time where all patterns change designs.

Moving forward, accepting intuitive aspects of this
life, letting change take place through rhythms as
they race down tracks, carrying me along wayward as-
pects of another life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intuitive Brain

Daylight shining on my face, heating a desire of beauty
for nature and it's all-encompassing hold on my spirit
and interior life.
Adjusting troubles and sending them on their way as I
smell the fragrance of roses filling the atmosphere,
alighting softly on my intuitive brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intuitive Danger

Stranded in a feeling of intuitive danger, unexplainable,
yet filling my being with feelings of apprehension and
dread.

Lasting and eventual sadness settles within, keeping me
from giving in to another's wishes, for the feeling of
fear are just too intense to ignore.

Backing me up to the wall, touching the fear of my mind,
where intellect is trying to make some sense of it all,
nothing much is coming through and I sit here still.

Writing poetry, all alone in the dim light of evening,
rhythms playing incessantly where I can finally throw
away the towel and start living again in the present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intuitive Desires

Born to be free and independent, marching to a different drummer within.

Allocating every musical fiber to the differences of intuitive desires, a new love beginning in a morning sunrise.

Reaching from within, quietly touching nature as it blossoms in rhythms of beauty.

Totally and splendidly creating a new adventure, becoming a possibility in the near future.

Writing instinctively of it's essence, peeking through the myriad leaves of regeneration.

Filtering memories throughout this mind, placing thoughts in an album of poetry to be read later on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intuitive Experience

Knowing many things, having experienced sixty-five years of
life so far, finding out about some of it intuitively with-
out having had to go through anything.

Searching everywhere for answers, finding they are kept
interiorly in secret particles of my mind and heart, coming
to intellect through music and rhythms.

Written prolifically, rapidly and incessantly, then being
translated through rhythms and tempos, all of them coded
mathematically through innate knowledge and wisdom.

Trusted beyond anything on this earth for they've been
touched by the Divine, kept pure in depths of my soul and
spirit, having great meaning through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intuitive Eyes

Joyfully dancing in and around life's present moments,
lively believing in hope and faith for the time being.
Adjusting to demands and circumstances while always
praying for the strength to go our way.
Loving every precious moment spent with family and
friends, always staying close to the heart, seeing
with it's intuitive eyes.
Clouds opening up in a mind, spreading an age of
wisdom towards delightful horizons in our futures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intuitive Feelings

Intuitive feelings flowing into my being,
saturating my mind with thoughts it delves
appreciatively into.
Laying to rest, disheveled reflections of
yesterday's moments, practicing steps of
remembrance into future stances of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intuitive Imaginings

Opening up, spreading my wings, expanding intellect
with knowledge of everything around me.
Seeing into depths, uncovering the secret mysteries
kept hidden since the beginning of time.
Connecting, editing, expanding, altering, creating
exquisite moments of inventions for all of mankind.
Writing total pages into wisdom's realms, feeling
astutely calm within, nothing barring my way to a
lively happiness of intuitive imaginings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intuitive Knowing

Listening to an interior intuitive knowing, feeling
it's sincerity and positivity.

Throwing away many thoughts that have been exhausted
through the years, now finding new and appreciative
ones ready to be delved into.

Trampling down sandy beaches, searching for shells
of disobedience, wanting to rebel against voices of
this world.

So corrupt and filled with injustice, wanting narcis
sistic desires to be fulfilled unnecessarily.

Charging into the fray with a vitality that resists
evil in this world, taking a stand against it all.

Never forgetting to be adamant in the concisiveness
of a belief and conviction held closely and kept in
pockets of freedom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intuitive Memories Of Sound

Memories of yesterday, roasting chestnuts on an open fire,
being played by a gentleman sitting here at the piano,
playing the ivories through intuitive memories of sound.

As his fingers remember the notes, doing it his way, tak-
ing care to be himself, a full and lively array of thoughts
just waiting to be brought forth from within, a very tantal-
izing aspect of melodies from this gentleman.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intuitive Premonitions

Brilliance shining through the darkness, finding the priceless treasures of a mind's intellect.

Cooperating with the ecstacy of entertainment as it fills with an exuberant joy, taking into atmospheres beyond earth.

Following inclinations through their individual regimens, acknowledging their separate conclusions as they are formed.

Fulfilling many details with intuitive premonitions, filling a mind, suddenly in a burst of flames.

Taking on journeys, into future memories that are being made right now.

Unbelievable images entering new visions with glowing embers, igniting the flames of intuition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intuitive Senses

Recognizing pictures in pieces of puzzles scattered
across the planet, mind fitting them together with
it's intuitive senses.

Taking it all into the landscape of a life now being
lived in a complete and perfect puzzle, put together,
enjoying the accomplishment constantly.

Finding a place in this world at last, an effervescent
atmosphere that takes hold of intellect, fitting it in
with many abstract thoughts.

Taking them altogether with figments of imagination,
wonderful and pivotal, encompassing an interior universe
fully, leaving nothing out in the cold of a winter snow.

Blossoms flowing out into poetry, allowing their scents
to permeate the world around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intuitive Thought

Stranded in a mood of thoughtless feelings,
aggravated by the way it feels within, yet
watching, and waiting, to see what will
become of it's commotion.

Raggedly thinking, feeling emotions ebb and
neap, as abstractions fill my mind.

Pushing words over the edge so they can be
written down, exposing inner visions of
destiny held at bay until now.

Frightfully, mesmerizing mazes of intuitive
thought, playing with heavy meanings,
categorizing life in special compartments
for an eternity of poetical harmony.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intuitively Known

Cooperating with an interior atmosphere of civility,
wanting to stay calm, learning about life that exists
in and around me.

Explicit, profound, everything happening in sequences,
even though they seem not to, all timed to perfection,
we find that it is all sensed internally somehow.

Being intuitively known without having to be learned
in schools of human life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intuitively Sensing Other's Needs

Being called interiorly, hearing whispers coming from heavenly angels, needing help from vantage points here on earth.

Sensing the needs of others intuitively and finding a way to
be there for the times they will need me.

Calmly living through their periods of tender and fragile
grief, watching their emotions tie themselves around their
minds lacing thoughts with the presence of death in their
lives.

Leaving them totally bereft in their solemn loneliness and
never heeding all the voices around them, centering from
caring hearts.

Unable to see them because of their intense sorrow in
abandoned tears of hopeless emptiness.

Falling into the holes left after losing the loves of their
lives here on earth's bereft shores.

Desires abounding for the presence of those beyond their
grasp until it is their times to become nonexistent also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intuitively Wondering

Methods of interpretation are left to intellect's wisdom,
where all decisions come from.

Intuitively wondering about everything happening in this
life, taking it all in stride.

A perfect rhythm has taken over interiorly, giving solace
so needed in these days of darkness.

Holding onto expressions of imagination, giving a sense
of humor to all things happening in earthly moments of
strife and suffering.

Beautiful concepts taking hold mathematically to prospects
of peaceful negotiations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intuitiveness Attuned

Syncopation taking me into the center of rhythm,
no hesitation, bringing me directly into the flow
of a waterfall within.

Words falling helplessly from intellect into pools
of my mind, increasing vocabulary as music continu-
ally strikes chords touching inner atmospheres.

Always listening and writing motions that come into
being as poetry continues to flow from photographic
screens of an interior memory.

Never failing to fathom mysteries of life, constantly
bombarding me from without, leaving nothing unturned,
twisting the lid off of everything in sight.

Intuitiveness always being attuned and brightened in
the vast realms of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Intuitiveness Of Grandchildren

Spending time with grandkids, enjoying every moment
I spend with them in intellectual pursuits.
As young as they are, their intuitiveness is beyond
most adults comprehension.
Loving their energy and positive attitudes, always
learning from them as I teach them about life.
An expanding boundary of living, exercising necessary
directions, contemplating seconds in space that I
find to be of the utmost significance in the future.
Cooperating with a lively faith holding me to the
light and sharing it with the grandkids.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invading Privacy Of Living

Lightly, lithely, filled with joy and happiness even though
the eternal sadness of loss continues to invade the privacy
of living in peace.

Wandering through relics of yesterday, taking note of many
incessant memories that taste so bittersweet to this mind,
at times bringing tears flowing uncontrollably.

Getting the sorrow expressed at length doesn't seem to ease
the pain at all, it's become a part of this being's fibers
forever.

Always feeling and tasting the bitterness of sadness and
loss of loved ones from this earth, attempting to live life
in a void of emptiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invalid Reasons

Tending to actual business the city needs to bring expenses
into line with what we, the people want.

Their exorbitant reasons are invalid and we are not at all
impressed as we turn away from their graphs and sums of their
services, that are all far below par in our estimation.

Ask any of us seniors here and you will find out about the
cuts in meals and the lousy food being prepared and served
to all of us.

Tables, chairs, floors, bathrooms are all being left in
disrepair and are dirty, not being cleaned by the out-
sourced people who are supposed to be cleaning our center.

But we have yet to see it happen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invaluable Thoughts

Delicious fragrances of musical rhythms, connecting totally
with intellect.

Buzzing like bees around their hives, ideas gather busily
into mind.

Focusing into their midst, finding invaluable thoughts
coagulating and containing information that can be used in
everything written.

Moments come incessantly one after another without stopping,
accumulating so rapidly I have to let them cascade with the
waterfall of imagination into a bluened pool of ingenuity
where all is figured out in mathematical formulas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invented Again

Shaking hands with an illuminated voice set in prisms
of tangled webs.
Wired for sounds of melody's rhythms, taking nothing
for granted, being always in the exact moment of
daylight.
Being invented again in the moonlight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inventions Of Meanings

Lights of intelligence shine upon thought processes, bringing them to a fruition of positive longing to be in compassionate modes of serenity.
Savoring tastes and aromas, enjoying every facet of what comes through to me.
Giving many inventions of meanings, newly thought ideas and being arbitrarily forged into abstracted forms of tomorrow's literature.
Forgetting memories of regrets, following self into mazes of unheard melodies, as they rise to occasions of fidelity and peacefulness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inventions Of Usefulness

Walking along, thinking and wondering curiously
about certain patterns of life.

They develop and are created into many designs,
giving ideas to shape and form into reality.

Inventions of usefulness that will hopefully
make life easier for everyone while living on
earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inventive Creativeness

Picking up many pictures and images from things I have
seen and read, placing them mathematically into ideas
that seem to fit patterns of intellect, where many times
they can be translated poetically and musically into
poems written continuously.

Watching them being created, assembling their different
aspects and factors together with an inventive creative-
ness born of innate talent.

Seeing at last, their final picture puzzles standing
right there on photographic screens for me to look at
and contemplate at last.

Tweaking details that need to be adjusted or realigned,
just because to this mind they are not quite right.

Enjoying the entire process more than anything else,
because I am able to see them born from within intellect
and can follow them to fruition with an instantaneous
memory of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inventive Imagination

Violin bows crossing and playing strings of my mind,
taking me to levels of intellect only their music
can access.

Filtering through a process of genuine talent,
following avenues of peaceful thought as they
meander through many aisles of extraordinary
gardens.

Existing to play for my soul, melodies strike and
join with harmony's rhythm, taking me ever deeper
into areas of beautiful, sublime ideas.

Being blended with an extraordinary amount of
inventive imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Investigating Options

Wanting to investigate all options coming to mind, writing down everything I can think of.
Solemnly, arriving at ends of belief, wondering where to go from here.
Awaiting the beats of each measure so I can continue writing to my heart's content.
Serenity filling me with elation and helping me cope with what's in store for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invigorated With Purpose

People waiting everywhere along the tracks at stations
from one city to another, throughout India, all with
someplace to go or be.

Being invigorated with purpose and life as they perpet-
uate themselves into their eventual goals, early hours,
giving their best and favorite toasts to the world with
their genuine smiles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invigorating Experience

Foot stomping music taking us into lands of fantasy and beyond,
a totally awesome atmosphere always awaiting mind and being,
loving to drown in rhythms of rock and roll entirely.

What a pleasant and invigorating experience is given, revital-
izing this spirit and being from the inside out, interior
depths finding intense peace and pleasure.

Surroundings of a realistic imagination being fed beauty and
encouragement from within measures of rapid tempos, possible exceptions to
another world that this poet loves to explore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invigorating Intensity

Listening to rhythms code themselves into intellect, watching as colors flow into them purposely, invigorating their intensity.

A sort of color coding of thoughts within intellect, placed into spheres where they can be accessed rapidly and instantaneously whenever I choose.

A great way for remembering what life gives to me so I may write it all into poetry every moment of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invigorating Mode Of Life

Sounds of my mind expanding through coded rhythms of music,
increasing in dimensions affiliating everything together
in a poetical existence.

Happy, joyful sounding, always positive, achieving a great
amount of fulfillment, taking steps to create and develop
imagination through music.

A dream-like contemplative state, wonderful, totally encouraging and sensational, becoming a part of intellect through a
lot of photographic memories savored and cherished forever.

Lovely and invigorating mode of life that continues moment by
moment in this poetical mind through the years, leaving many
reminders in poems, that once I lived and wrote poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invigorating Spirituality

Looking to nature, seeing it's beauty all across the
desert here in Phoenix, Arizona, walking into depths
of it, feeling my spirit being awakened.

Aware of an invigorating spirituality abounding through
it's intense essence, cacti flowering everywhere, colors
of the rainbow being defined.

Blessing us as we see blossoms on cacti all over the
place, feeling so blessed by living here and being able
to see this desert landscape daily.

Sun shining hotly upon it, leading the way into it's awe
and wonder, showing off Mother Nature's splendor and it's
fulfillment to everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisibility

No beginnings or ends, just solemn remembering focused on vague images.

Alighting in a space somewhere outside of self, I recollect and contemplate the life I have in me now.

Forward moving, piling on top of every little thing, standing in my way.

Tapping inner resources, looking for a place to hide, wanting to get away from the entire world for a while.

Searching catacombs of my mind for a corner just for myself to retire.

Make-believe world where only I can shatter the dreams of myself, where no one else may dare enter.

A shell filled with the sound of the ocean's roar which only I can hear.

Invisibility of strength and courage cannot be questioned by anyone, because they cannot see the truth even when looking straight at it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Beginnings

Mysterious appearances of rhythm, coming
from invisible beginnings.
Gathering closely with gowns of tomorrow's
evening get-togethers.
Always stepping with the staccato beats of
indecisive talent.

(10: 01 p.m. - 11/29/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Desks Of Innate Talent

Systematically taking this poet quietly into realms of possibil-
ities that continue to tempt my curiosity, reaching interiorly
into knowledge.

Watching an innate wisdom sharing, teaching positive aspects
that need to be given throughout life and beyond, sitting at
invisible desks of innate talent.

Enjoying every moment that fills me with an inviting rhythm
that feels so good within emotions, hiding, yet loving the
feelings it continues to contemplate.

Life moving quietly on, taking nothing for granted, knowing
the intensity of lasting impossibilities always knocking at
the door of my mind, intellect always filled with curiosity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Energy

Deepening faith filling me throughout life, giving
peace and serenity totally within.

Silent and contemplative, praying and living a life
through an interior spirituality, a pathway to God.

Bluened atmosphere touching me with Divine pleasure,
lifting me heavenwards.

Feeling God's presence always, joy and happiness
filling me with an invisible energy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Energy Filling Me

Mounting steps interiorly to heaven spiritually, having peace and serenity filling me with an invisible energy, writing poetry while listening to music and painting.

Enjoying accomplishing my purpose in life that God has given to me, fitting like a glove to my being, appreciating this chance to give my life to Him to do with what He wants.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Faces Of Depression

Stepping into depths of basic sadness, darkness engulfing
everything, even shadows can no longer be seen anywhere.

Feelings of intense devastation fall upon the heaviness
of abandonment in depression.

Colliding and being buried beneath a forsaken beauty of
loss and death's tight embrace.

Tears falling slowly, steadily down invisible faces of
despair, hidden among particles of an ebony black grief.

Tasting the feelings of hopelessness and loss of faith,
striving to hold on to threads of life.

Being pulled continuously into depths of basic and de-
moralizing darkness, engulfing everything within a being.

Invisible faces of depression living in a world of loneli-
ness unable to grasp reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Fear

Tense and stressed, finding intuitively that something is
not quite right here where we're staying, going outside,
everything is fine, no feelings either way.

Yet when we first came here I sat down by the door, feel-
ing an apprehension that I couldn't quite explain, sitting
there for almost an hour not wanting to go upstairs at all.

Finally trying to face whatever it was that I was feeling,
went upstairs and put things away in the closet and bath-
room.

Afterwards, unable to stay there any more even after open-
ing all the windows to let some fresh air inside, it didn't
work so I went back outside to be with nature.

Walking one way then another down pathways, being one with
nature, then swinging on a huge swing, taking pictures and
talking with my friend and his son.

Staying outside as much as possible, wanting to avoid going
inside or upstairs, to the bedroom they had decided would
be where I would sleep.

Explaining how I felt didn't matter, just wanting me to go
to sleep, a simple solution, but not easy for me to follow,
because of the apprehension I felt when inside.

So here I sit, writing poetry, staying awake, not sleeping,
trying to stave off this feeling of an invisible fear that
has grasped me somehow, while everyone else is sleeping.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Forces

Showing the rest of the world how life rolls along on waves
like those of oceans on earth.

At times calm, peaceful and beautiful, other times, raging,
storming, enclosing everything in perfect storms of being.

Chasing us into depths of unknowingness, leaving us in a
quandary we don't understand or can get out of on our own.

Tumbling along bottoms of ocean floors like shells, we are
at the mercy of invisible forces in nature and life, desires
running rampant.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Goals

Galloping down dusty trails, holding onto manes of horses
as they race toward invisible goals with thoughts of winning
in mind.
Left alone, hooves hitting the desert, disturbing all
creatures hidden beneath the ground.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Hope

Wanting love, knowing that it is an invisible hope in
this life.

Man being man, there can never be a perfect and total
love, it is so disheartening to think about.

Wanting to run and hide in a tunnel away from all the
sadness filling me with this sorrowful thought.

Questioning the whys and wherefores does no good, there
are no answers on this humanly earth.

Having to suffer with what we can, never knowing the
love we so desperately want in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Images

Chrome-plated wheels meandering, taking me to crystal
places other's cannot see.
Helping to visit unknown destinations, places,
realities always hidden.
Talking with people I've never met or seen, who are
invisible to everyone but me.
All hiding in doorways, waiting to be discovered in
imagination and poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Nature

Staring into space, leaving mind marks to keep place.
Wondering silently aloud of all things invisibly
thought or heard.

Thinking, like water cascading over mountain walls,
rushing, splashing, pushing thoughts and images down-
stream through white water's frothy imagination.

Searching abstract views, dislocating constant words,
placing them on edges of canoes, as they hurriedly
slide through rocks and canyon walls, with views of
poetry slicing drops of water, falling quickly into
interesting poems.

Afterward, rowing to shore to camp peacefully over-
night, needing the soft soothing sounds of water
flowing by in dimly lit, semi-waking hours before
sleep.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Numbers

Scarce and unpardoning, the essence of humanity is
lessening in the wake of evil, or so it seems.

But look below the surface, all is not what it seems
to be anymore, good compassionate people are alert,
awake and aware of what is going on today.

Unwavering, getting strength in invisible numbers be-
hind the scenes, numbers increasing daily, notwith-
standing intolerable situations everyone finds them-
selves facing.

An end to the few ruling our world, starting and ending
wars fro profit, stopping stealing from the poor and
middle class to give to the so-called rich globalists.

To hell with one world order we don't need it, only the
rich and corrupt would be running it, taking away our
freedoms, our Constitution, flag and national anthem.

Replacing them all with socialism, communism, a dictator
and persecutors of anyone opposing those ruling the world,
that is what obama and our corrupt politicians want.

Who in their right mind would want any of that to happen
to America, a free country, independent and living free,
having one nation under God.

That is all We The People want, expect and will have.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Power

Loving the sound of music as it's sounds penetrate and
intrigue intellect with an invisible power like magic,
taking everyone away.

Going into fantasylands of imagination where we frolic
and find our way on pathways that we continue to create
daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Shadows

Drumming rhythms strumming my heart, sliding into depths of
my spirit, grasping onto the energy of an interior universe,
holding the fragrance of life beyond our horizon.

Sleepily forming thoughts and concepts before falling into
dreams of everlasting peace in outer levels of earthly life,
taking measures of time into invisible shadows of yesterday.

This time not rising to save the heart of my mind, letting
it rock and roll into the universe, searching for the rhythms
and melodies to keep it going.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Silence

Sometimes rhythms stick in minds,
held onto by neurons,
enticed by lyrics,
tantalizing the brain stem into moods
of invisible silence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Tears

Nothing can wash away the tears holding me together,
they are as invisible as am I.
Finding nothing in my path to keep me moving forward,
instead I walk backwards and fall into a deep well
with nothing keeping me from falling forever into a
deep and abiding loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Tears Falling

Invisible tears falling into the silence of death, capturing our hearts and minds with an intense grief, loss swimming around in the hole left in this heart.

Seeing no way around this darkness, it's sorrow keeps a hold of this heart, unable to escape, only evidence of the pain are invisible tears flowing with no chance of stopping anytime soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Thoughts

Reading musical scores within my mind, I relax and feel refreshed, enjoying the genius I've come to know as
talent given by God.

It surpasses all avenues of distaste and brings life up against invisible thoughts, causing them to appear in
words, while I continue hearing rhythms and melodies
with every word I write in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Threads

Stripped of life, left in an abyss of despair, wanting
only to die and go on to another world, one in heavenly gardens.
Stepping carefully around trials left me, wondering what
I'm still doing here.
Lying down upon beds of satin and roses, feeling nothing
but the pain of life as it stills my mind and slowly
stops my heart from breathing.
Delicate balances tipping over, falling to depths of
sadness, not being able to be borne alone.
Wakefully trying to hold on to invisible threads, yet
I can only see darkness, hanging me with dread and silent grief - left to me a long time ago.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Throne

Looking into an evening sky, anticipating seeing stars
lighting spaces above while the moon takes it's place
on an invisible throne.

Sharing the nighttime heavens with one another, looking
down upon earth and being placated right where they are
above us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Tracks

Following invisible tracks, clouds float hurriedly by,
being blown by heavy winds.

Nothing standing in the way, they go quickly through
the atmosphere on their appointed wings of time.

Stopping somewhere in the future they disappear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisible Webs

Sitting outside by the fountain, flowing with innate energy around the pool surrounding it.

Spider webs, invisible until a gentle breeze comes along and lets the sun reflect upon them.

Letting them shine in and out with the rhythm of the wind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invisibly Showing

A blackness blanketing this interior, not reflecting
anything, just absorbing all that is seen within.

Invisibly showing the facet of inner attitudes and
moods as it takes and lays them side by side where
one is looking down and glancing at them.

Seeing exactly where they have been in the previous
moments of time.

Adjusting whatever I can to alter or change attitudes
or moods that need to be realigned.

A satisfying endeavor that is not minded at all,
because it helps to feel a sense of accomplishment
in interior life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invitation

Rocketing towards inner space, a vast wasteland of blackness opening up, creating an invitation to move forward.
Taking designs to outlying spaces, introducing them through word associations and placing them together in prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invitation Of Pure Joy

Drawing from imagination, listening to it's rhythms
as they pour into my soul continually.
Peace descends, filling my soul with an invitation
of pure joy.
Slipping and sliding down staircases of intellect,
always prepared to dance into the twilight every
night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Invitation To Being

Giving of oneself in an attitude of generosity,
placing hearts in hands and taking them into the
atmosphere, giving everything inside just to be
the center of attention.
A little girl of exquisite beauty, listening to
the musical interludes going on around her,
drawing conclusions on her own.
Refusing to fall behind, just bringing rhythm
faster into the equation for tomorrow's prose.
Fully realizing the invitation to being stated
within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inviting

Rhythmically playing drums and keyboard in synch,
giving a wonderful aura of rhythm to all of us in
the room.
A strength standing out from the stage, inviting
us all into the music with a smile.

(2: 31 p.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inviting And Beautiful

Nature standing outside my window, beckoning,
inviting, and beautiful.

Cacti blooming flowers on their tips, yellow,
red and purple blossoms filling my eyes with
their prickly colors.

Inspiring this poem from within the senior
center here in Phoenix, Arizona.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inviting Opening

Stalwart, not wanting to move forward, wanting only to
watch what I'm seeing now with an interior sight.

Calmly and silently knowing there is something hiding
in the shadows of thought too timid and shy to come
out in the open.

Letting it test and explore the atmosphere on it's own,
coming out when it's good and ready.

An inviting opening, awaiting it's arrival with antici-
pation, knowing that it will be a profound and sublime
experience well worth waiting for.

Standing patiently through measures of time and their
tempos of rhythmic harmonies in E flat minor, chords
touching the essence of a certain area of my cortex
that's protected from scrutiny of others in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inviting Patterns

White clouds forming innate patterns across the sky, inviting
and inspiring intellect to gather together, ideas while watch-
ing them above.

Seeing animals, trees, etc., as they constantly change shape,
thoroughly enjoyable, using mind and intellect creatively,
giving moods a boost of energy through serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inviting Placement

Rhythms reflecting off of thoughts, showing their colorful
tempos as they collect and shine into this mind.

Somewhere in their midst, thinking becomes a mind-totaling
environment where everything is being known somehow, as this
brain opens and lights up corners hidden through the years.

Now knowing that everything is possible, gravitating towards
it's inviting placement in mind, enticing visions with
exquisite clarity, as they appear consciously now in awesome
splendor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inviting Questions

Inviting questions into being, protecting private
moments with off-hand replies, sitting on waysides
of horizons, beckoning me from the other side.
Spoken by loved ones gone on ahead of me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Inviting Solutions

Alone in crowds of caring people, aging with wisdom in hand.
Carrying incitive advice in cupped hands, pouring forth with
statements meant to ease life's strains of turmoil.
Picking up on what's not said, reading between the lines and
aiming straight for the problems at hand.
Inviting solutions into existence while sitting on the side-
lines.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Iobic Feelings

Just before nightfall the world is still - quiet -
peaceful.
Winds have died down, breezes have disappeared.
A white and light blue sky has an iobic feeling
tingeing the atmosphere.
An odor of rain still hangs in mid-air, tantalizing
senses to become aware of surrounding earth visions,
calling to our nature's to beware of failing tides
this side of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ionized Logic

Nothing expels from interior possibilities, reasons for writing what is seen on screens of reality.
So many facets are chosen and never used to help manipulate scenarios for a more positive attitude and happier self-realization in rectangular circumferences.
Alone in rigid portrayals of ionized logic, watching it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Iraq

Sitting outside on our front patio, feeling warm
sun rays caress my body, hearing birds joyfully
chirping and singing.

All the while thinking of our nephew and others,
enmeshed in the fighting and bombing of the Iraqi war.

They're overseas, preserving our freedom - allowing
me to sit out in the open and write this poem.

(12: 17 p.m. - 3/23/03)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Irate Thought

A monumental stadium
built with city taxes,
housing for just hours
at a time, some team
or another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Irish Tradition

Irish eyes are smiling on this St. Patrick's Day celebration -
a day too late - but enjoyable just the same.

Everyone wrapped in shades of green, greeting, mingling,
dancing with a lilt in every step as they sashay around the
room, liveliness touching their hearts and minds.

Energizing their souls with infinite serenity of tradition
pulsing within them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Iron Gates

Iron gates so strong and tall, so impending, keeping out
intruders with their strength of character.

They are menacing to timid creatures, yet when children
want to get inside to see their friends, the bars are
pried open and some slip inside.

Others, more brazenly climb over with agility unmatched,
unbroken - practiced daily as over the iron gates they climb
in droves.

When everyone is finally gone, the gates are still standing
feet apart, menacing only the very timid souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ironic Love

Love is fickle at times, yet it can bring happiness if you
are with the right person.

Sometimes though the right person doesn't come along until
too late in life.

All that time wasted with the wrong person, yet that is life,
it gives you 'ironic love' to tease you until the real thing
comes along.

Then you are unable to do anything about it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Irony Of Life

Irony of life is that of being lived daily without a single
known reason for doing so.

What are the methods of routine? Why are we so involved in
work, play, vacations, suffering, sorrow, pain?

Is there any one of us on earth who know with dead certainty
why we continue doing what we do?

Why we live? What is our purpose here? Has anyone found one?
Or does doubt connect to everything we do?

Reasons, answers? Reasonable answers or answerable reasons -
are there any?

Why are we here? Is there a reply anywhere in this vast,
cold, lonely hemisphere? Universe? Infinity?

Taking care to follow rules and laws made up by man - where
is God? Can He hear?

Slowly, a whispered silence breaks the mirror of existence
showing an interior universe with faith.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Irrational Thinking

Looking at the way people think when talking, listening
to what they're saying, having very definite opinions on
things like abortion and hating Republicans.

Reason for hatred is because Republicans can pay for an
abortion and won't pay for the poor to have one, but I'm
saying to myself, birth control is free to the poor.

Why are they getting pregnant, letting lust take over
their minds, instead they'd rather kill unborn babies,
their own flesh and blood, their children.

No reason I can see except they are having unprotected
sex with men they don't even know, therefore there's no
bond between them, therefore no bond with their baby.

What narrow-minded, ignorant people there are in this
world, especially some women, aborting babies, thinking
the man is going to love and support them.

The old saying goes, 'Why buy the cow when the milk is
free? ' that is many men's philosophy and some women fall
into their lustful, egotistical traps.

Looking for love, finding only heartache and suffering,
killing their own children out of revenge sometimes, but
the only ones they hurt are themselves and their child.

It is beyond me, I just don't understand the irrational
thinking of men and women in this day and age, this is
the twenty first century and people act like they're
still living in caves, barbarically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Irrelevant Life

Love of life doesn't always exist, isn't tangible,
is irrelevant.

Whenever events happen to shake our world, we find
ourselves alone in a different space than those
around us.

What happens there? Are we aware? Why is it that
these thoughts fill our minds and cause us such
loneliness?

Can we not count on anything or anyone? What about
ourselves?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Irrelevant Misuse

Incoherently besieging the emptiness of days begotten in
timid recognition, saturated with displays of unchanneled
friendship.

Time emptied into cups, filled with sugary replies of
insincere depths, tears falling down avenues, causing
irrelevant misuse of respect and dignity.

Stranded in pits of loneliness, taking on moments felt in
painful remorse, dying to self after family has been laid
to rest.

Struck with the silence of death, life takes on strange
meaning, eerily becoming less important to souls inner
pleading.

Renewing the brevity of so-called truth and honesty, finding
only lies, and singing voices early in the day, subjected to
lonely discourses, orating for the world in a small space of inopportune time.

Straightening loyalty once known into patterned formations,
shuffling creative processes under years of memories, hiding
now behind those of death's anniversaries.

Kept alive by artificial means and isolated reasons, never
feeling needs of stressful relationships to be fulfilled.

Living on in empty loneliness, the only behavior holding
meaning and reason in the grasp of sanity's punctuated
stature of co-existence in supposed life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Irresponsive People

Taking liberties in imaginative settings, fulfilling individual tastes as I write whatever I feel intuitively.
Serene platitudes settle down between ideas, consciously calming frazzled nerves left open and raw from irresponsive people, caught up in their own little worlds, afraid to wander or explore beyond their secure boundaries.
So there they stay, stagnating all their lives, never benefiting from God-given talents, wasting their gifts for no reason.
Stifled within themselves, never attaining the joy given to them in abundance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Irrevocable Pain

Loss cuts deeply into a human heart, not allowing healing
throughout life, only the continuing pain and heartache
felt forever within the hole left inside from it.

Touching mind and soul, a disturbing and irreverent feel-
ing covering a being, no longer able to find their way
through this intense and irrevocable pain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Is It Real?

As warm as a day of sunshine, your love fills my soul
with happy greetings.

Turning somersaults inside my head, doubting, slightly,
your love - can it be real? Can it be?

Thanking God for love which is sincere, stepping over
the line to drink it in deeply for the rest of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Is Life Dissipating?

Sitting in a twilight evening, praying for help and guidance from above, afraid to move or breathe in case something happens.

Wondering whether or not life will dissipate from my being, not quite thinking about it fully, knowing from past experiences that there's nothing that can be done.

Waiting for whatever the outcome will be, silent, unmoving, praying to God for He is the only one who will ever be able to help me in this and any situation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Is Love Truth Or A Lie?

Is love a lie or is it a truth, how can we tell for sure,
for at times it seems to be a truth.

We fall in love with another and our whole world is trans-
formed into a beautiful place where we become transfixed
with lovely and intense feelings it gives us.

Placing our self-worth in an atmosphere rarely attained
in life, except through love and it's truly exciting
desires and needs of another.

Yet at other times we suddenly see it all as a lie, as
someone we love dearly, suddenly cheats on us, finding
someone else to place their love upon, leaving a hole
deeply within our hearts.

Using or abusing us when they are supposed to be loving
us and who we are, why such a change of heart, is it then
that love is really only a lie?

A mystery of life that continually, either makes us feel
like we are in heaven or suddenly finding ourselves set in
hell, alone and forsaken, abandoned and we know not why.

Taking away self-esteem and leaving us at a loss and bereft
of any love at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Is The Edge Worth It?

Lolling around a DES office, waiting, people watching, noticing discrepancies all about me.
Relationships falling and breaking apart, others holding on.
Major illnesses spread around, taking turns waiting in line, hours on end.
Bridging spans of time, everyone waiting to get a pittance of help with food and medical care.
Is it even worth it to just exist on the edge?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Islands Of Life

Building the mortar of incessant pleading, attempting to
bridle us with coats of other's choosing.

Wanting only the best, it is never found, for the islands
in life are separated from the living of it.

Stuccoed in between ages of heraldry and chaotic history,
placed in tombs of love, never broken open.

Never will the placards in halls of fame read other than
names spent in life, in death now alone.

Flowers of remorse grow along every highway, crosses marking
their tears of sorrow, falling into gardens of fate,
unsolicited by humans.

So carefully tending thoughts and lives of others, forgetting
their souls in puddles of disarray, learning only of impending
doses of immortal gloom.

Tall and strong, toppling to the grounds of hell, all of us
are humanly possible no longer.

Sojourn facility of creative undertakings has crept upon us,
leaving little reminders of the passing through of it's short
span of time.

Just when we are taken aback by the folly of our mistakes,
laughter fills the air and falls upon inanimate objects of
our minds.

Thoughts of undoing, rightfully being swept along sidewalks,
situating their moments, hanging loosely towards inner
platitudes of love and understanding.

Caring has no place in our society, we must walk away, wrecking
havoc in our wake.

Leaving behind all souls who trust in people, flowing down-

stream to a lake filled with troubled, stormy waters.

Yearning for the deep, murky black waters, closing overhead,
sealing out forever, the rest of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Isolating

Life is a frailty, hinged on inner moods and emotions.

Riding roller coasters throughout our times, letting us
feel intensely, all excruciating pains of inner loneliness.

Ample time is never allowed, we're never going to catch up
with ourselves as we isolate and enter our shells for an
eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Isolating Abandonment

Walking haltingly, stepping to an individual season to be
experienced as an entity, alone, serene, noting nothing
but isolation of abandonment.
Striving to rid self and go beyond it to another place
where all can be forgotten and left on desert shores for
an eternity.
Never looking back, tunnel vision exploiting my mind as I
walk into it's void.
Capturing seasons, taking meaning from them and placing it
upon feelings, explaining them through cold, chilling,
memories of long-lasting loneliness.
Folding everything into self and taking away all
inopportune thoughts, holding me back.
Striving to get right with self, moving off the beaten path,
taking the lesser lane, wanting nothing to do with well
traveled journeys, stepping only to the beat of incessant
longing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Isolating From Cruelty

Heart burning from tears of abandonment and betrayal,
looking toward the horizon, trying to find a place to
hide and cry in.

Feeling devastated and lonely, wanting to isolate from
the cruelty of other people looking down their noses,
thinking they know who I am.

Looking back at them, wondering at their indifference
toward another of the same human race they are supposed
to be a part of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Isolating In Loss

Immersed in sorrow, heart breaking, tears unable to
fall from eyes and soul full of them.

Feelings and emotions pulling us in every direction,
nothing to soothe our minds and hearts from this
trepidation and solidarity of loneliness.

Head hanging, mind not knowing what to do or how to
cope with all of it's abundant properties, nothing
being alright as we hide and isolate ourselves within
signs of abandonment.

Keeping us dejected and forsaken, allowing us to face
nothing but the heartache of intense loss and sadness,
we isolate even more and lose our way forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Isolating Interiorly

Fencing out other people's opinions, not letting them touch me interiorly.
Keeping my mind sane, hiding within, touching past memories with tears of joy and sorrow.
Continuing to bring peace and enjoying the serenity of isolating myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Isolating Self Visions

Isolating self within melodies, integrating rhythms with words as they flash automatically upon screens inside my mind.
Filtering meanings into visions as they develop with no boundaries to sever or cut them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Isolation Fully And Deeply Felt

Stretching tones throughout intellect, letting them soothe
this soul as they roll around my mind, endlessly.

Listening to guitars strumming depths of my heart in it's
sadness, releasing emotions and feelings that hold tightly,
not wanting to let go.

Not wanting to be drowned in tears of lost love, knowing
the intense heartache that will accompany them, an isola-
tion fully and deeply felt.

Harmonically playing feelings of grief as it fills my being
so completely every moment that I experience the loss of
another love in my life.

Not wanting to go on existing anymore, just wanting music
to take me away and never bring me back again, preferring
it's isolation of being alone in rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Isolation Of Being

Curving around the isolation of my being,
gives me an idea to say how I feel in writing.
Taking extra time to become what I need to be
as I fall asleep in the interim.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

It Is Reality

Holding hands through dimensions of time, trying to grasp friendship which has surpassed this world.

Folding in upon many memories of love and caring, the universe opens, awaiting the freedom of death to measure itself and calm it's hurting.

Reaching across myriads of excuses, realizing whether or not it was meant to be - it is reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Italian Birthday Poem

Lovely days of winter, striking chords, rhythmically, in
tune with a birthday song, sung just for an Italian gentle-
man.

Fun, laughter and joy exuding from his interior spirit,
enlivening every gathering and dance he attends.

A lovely, personable being, attuned with life, good-naturedly
speaking Italian, and making people laugh in spite of them-
selves.

Up and about, women wanting their turn around the dance floor
with him, smiles wide upon their faces, because he's such a
good dancer.

Now at ninety, he hasn't slowed down much at all, so full of
life and interiorly spiritual, a gentleness always upon him.

Wishing him the best on his birthday and the rest of life,
standing always, feet on the dance floor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Italian Birthday Wish

A compassionate woman, full of love and caring for those around her.
Always praying for everyone in times of need, an unselfish person - a friend.
Today is a special day and prayers are being sent to God for her.
Filled with an abundance of music, dancing her heart out on the floor, enjoying life for all it's worth.
Soft spoken, always speaking from her heart in an honest and upright manner, she is outstanding in every way.
This fine gentle lady in every respect is honored in a unique poem for her birthday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Italian Corner

Intertwining colors with tones, melodically playing in my mind, sounding off on paper in neatly ordered prose.
Quaintly saying whatever comes to a silent part of my mind - the Italian corner of it is contemplative and private.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Italian Heritage

Grapes hanging from vines of my mind, reminding me of
younger days filled with family and love.
Playing with cousins, being watched by Grandparents,
Uncles, Aunts, parents, basking in the peace of family,
knowing I belonged and had roots forever.
Proud of my Italian heritage throughout life, always
feeling the closeness of relatives, even those who're
in heaven.
Family never goes away, even death cannot make it
disappear from our lives, because we hold everyone in
our memorable hearts and minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Italian Lady

Curtains closing upon the ending of another day, being taken into realms of subconsciousness where it will be stirred and blended with imagination, taking a certain amount of time.

No sins being found in a simple Italian lady, grasping purity and innocence closely to her heart, never taking eyes off of the prospect of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Italian Neighbors

Italian in me cries out to an Italian family who helped
our family out when we had no where to go.
Took us into their own home - all eight of us at the
time.
Yesterday, I found out she is dying of cancer, with
only a few days to live.
Running outside to be alone, I cried from deep within
for the woman our family has known for thirty-eight
years now.
A truly great and wonderful woman, full of fun and
laughter when we were growing up - just like my Mom.
Where have the years gone?

(11: 15 p.m. - 8/13/99)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Italian Sentiments

Italian sentiments dallying in an
atmosphere of prosperity, fueling
inner dreams and talents, hidden
for too long.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Italian Understanding

Italian words filling the room, resonating into every
corner, realizing dreams of all the Italians listening.

Remembering words of long ago from Italian Grandparents,
aunts and uncles, sitting around dinner tables,
talking with their hands and expressions on their faces.

Beautiful memories brought to the foreground for a few
moments allowing love of family back then to resonate
and surround us for these precious moments of life once
upon a time - years and generations ago.

Now at God's dinner table, talking with their hands and
expressions on their faces to God, reminding us that we
never really die, just are focused onto another plain
with patient understanding, waiting for each of us
in our own times, to join them once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

It's Electric

Moving with tempos of music, doing a line dance,
all seniors up and shaking with smiles on their
faces.

Americans having fun, simply and vibrantly, just
grooving and moving in time with music vibrating
our souls and tantalizing our spirits.

It's electric! Totally moving to rhythms that
speak to the heart, keeping everyone agile and
fit, enticing, fulfilling promises of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

It's Not Love

Christmas lights touching the very soul of me with their
colorful light.

Reminding old memories to come and watch the parade that
is remembered tonight of my Mom, and a childhood lost
upon the sea of aged growth.

Tinkling brilliantly from olden days at Grandma's house
when I was just a baby.

Wanting to reach out and touch the prettiness of what I
saw.

Quickly feeling the burning heat given off by the bulbs,
electrically.

Pulling quickly away, blowing cool breath to take the
sting away.

Watching out of the corners of my tears as they taunted
me again and again with their beauty.

Standing afar as Mom kissed the burn away, then sitting
cross-legged on the floor to stare angrily at the way
they are.

Just like me, not wanting to be touched by anyone, only
they have the protection of burning heat where I have
none.

Later little eyes silently staring, watching the beauty
of the painful lights of childhood experience.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ivoried Tears

A mind closing against anymore assaults on memories which are inside, sights not wanting to be seen, blinding self from seeing them, curbing desires of feeling.

Halting decay of worthlessness with rearranged priorities, stationing new alternatives, new processes of memory into reality.

Banging along ivoried tears of ancient melodies, played over continually, causing constant upheaval in daily life.

Breaking bonds of force, timidly carrying away a very small child, caring and nurturing it in an immature style, never having attained any level of understanding, making it difficult to know what is expected.

Nothingness totally engaged in the essence of childhood, enveloped into narrow places which do not nourish any type of growth or maturity.

Washed upon shores, wasted and alone, looking to heaven, praying to be borne away or disappear altogether from horizons placed upon earthly birth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ivories Of An Interior Piano

Up and down ivories of an interior piano, calming soul and intellect from the inside out, delivering purposeful messages, helping others in this world if they're open to them.

Sharing freely throughout the world, not hiding behind the darkness of lies or illusions, stating truth and facts of life, hoping to bring peace to all who live on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ivories Of My Mind

Jumping and cavorting up and down ivories of my mind,
enjoying doing so immensely.
Living on edges of melody's rhythms, I voluntarily
bounce down pathways towards perfect harmonies.
Saturating intellect with classical music, I strive
to poetically capture every tone of each note to
place it in compositions of everlasting beauty.
Tossing on waves thrown from ocean's depths, freely
letting go and thriving on edges of past shores,
ducking into never-ending places left beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ivory Sadness

Touching gently, ivory keys of sadness in life,
hoping to bring together chords of happiness.

To begin melodies of humor and laughter to take
away errors and mistakes, leading to future
sorrows.

Long-lasting qualities, silently slipping along
pathways to distant horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ivy Wisdom

Beating in time with rhythm's stance in life,
we step to the sounds of our own existence.

Lively aspects careen and crash into our lives
when we travel on our own.

Leaving behind all we know, somehow knowledge
and wisdom grow like ivy up walls of our minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Jagged Lines

Wandering, roaming around with no specific destination in sight.
Walking in jagged lines of reprieve, searching for people to believe in - have faith in.
A fruitless search while on earth because we are all only human beings, unable to find our soul mates.
Only God can fill that simple abyss.
Eerily careening into pathways of others, never having the ability to settle down and be at peace with one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

James Parker Band

Sounding echoes reverberating throughout my head,
giving off all sorts of emotions that I continue to ignore,
not wanting to be bored by them right now.

Preferring only to be within a circle of musical talent,
listening to a band, James Parker, to be exact.

All audible sounds hitting me with an intense rhythm signaling
to my brain to excel in many areas of talent.
Going through ancient moments, wanting only to proceed and gather
speed down highways of energetic pulses.
Always waving talented steps in front of every camera.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Jangled Nerves

Jangled nerves separate us from what we plan to do,
taking all our concentration to solve problems.
Untoward events cause such pain emotionally,
sending us up roads we'd prefer never to go.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Janice

Lightening blue stretching across spans of heaven, bringing an enlightenment of wisdom's knowledge.
Acknowledging beauty of intellect and justifying life in it's own lifetime of perfect harmony.
A very special endearment sent from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Jarring Horizons

Life jumps ahead, taking in stride, trials and jubilation along the way.

Turning points arise throughout and change our direction at times.

As we carry on, people enter and exit our lives, leaving some of themselves while taking some of us along for the journey.

Friends and foes alike jar our horizons, bringing about altered states of reality and truth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Jazzie

Jazzie, our beautiful puppy of seven years, so good, so gentle with our little granddaughter.
Always wanting to kiss her, protect her, as if she was her own puppy.
A wonderful friendship based on mutual admiration, formed when our granddaughter was just a few months old.
Growing up with Jazzie was a heart-warming adventure for all of us as we looked on.
Caring, love - it was always reflected in Jazzie's crystal blue eyes whenever she saw our granddaughter, and was mirrored back to her tenfold.
Too young, she died of hemoyletic anemia, I tried to save her, my precious Jazzie, but to no avail.
Sobbing from my innermost being, I cried my heart out for her, the sorrow pulled out my spirit.
I watched as my granddaughter held her paw, and listened as she cried,
'Jazzie is my puppy, Grandma, me no say good-bye, I love you Jazzie girl, no more kisses', tears pouring from her eyes.
Death touching our granddaughter's edges - she's only two - sorrow has crept upon her much too soon in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Jazzing Up Thoughts

Drumming patterns of rhythms into my mind, creating many
designs that are being stirred through imagination and
placed in forms of ideas and thoughts.

All developing poems to be written into a poetry journal,
music filling my heart and mind, jazzing up the thoughts
lying around.

Wanting an inner energy to pick them up and rock them in-
to recesses of my mind, totally fitting into the puzzles
of my life, completing it's picture for the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Jealousy

Taunting looks sent our way from other people,
jealous of the love of our family.

Although, they have their own, they are not
close like us.

Jealousy arrives in their eyes, glancing at
them, I can see the green envy staring angrily
at me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Jealousy Dissolves

Solving puzzles of hierarchy in pools of personalities,
catching, throwing, dissolving partnerships, friendships,
acquaintances, for petty things or jealousy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Jersey Mike's Subs

Jersey Mike's subs, a delicacy in Phoenix, Arizona!
Fantastic Italian sub - number 13 to be exact - with
a taste of heaven sublimely tantalizing my taste
buds.
Friendly people serving customers, making us feel
like we are special - a novelty to say the least.
Appetites sated with fresh, perfect ingredients,
spread generously on white or wheat bread.
A menu full of eye-popping favorites - so many -
which ones to choose?
Difficult decisions, because they all fill empty
stomachs in our minds, as we gaze upon their
magnificent manifestations.
Subs of all types, priced reasonably so we may
return time and time again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Jesus

Jesus, stretched out before me in total glory, becoming
an infant, innocent and beautiful.

Growing softly into manhood, becoming one of us, then
sadly hanging on the cross, the loss of His life given
for our sins.

Our lives belong to Him, they begin and end with His
prayer of creation.

Beautiful is life, His gift to us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Jets

Streaking across the sky,
leaving white marks behind
as they fly and hide their
opulent bodies in speeds of
sound.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Jilting Death

Synchronizing in the aftermath of living,
finding paths out of death's embrace.

Jilting death at the altar of untimely
demise, not succumbing to his intense and
unvibrant embrace.

Settling into the total abandonment of his
life of death, nothing holding me back from
the life that must be lived.

Touched with the spirit of God, Himself,
watching and keeping time in depths of
near-death until the morrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

John

Soothing voice, gently taking my mind on
a rendezvous with yesterday.
Fulfilling memories once again with senses
touching, bringing feelings to the surface,
reliving them for moments in time and place.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

John, A Singer

Christmas songs being sung by our friend, John.
A wonderful voice, rich, full, resonant,
tantalizing the atmosphere with good cheer and
memories for all of us here.
Such a wonderful gift of self to give, encouraging
holiday smiles and kindness of hearts everywhere.
Thank you John for sharing with us your
exhilarating, exuberance and joy, placing happiness
in hearts of those you're singing to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joining Energy

Individual qualities shine in some people, helping
them become a success in life.

People always around them, wanting to be near by,
listening intently to what they have to say.

Always connecting, having charisma, joining their
energy with others of like minds.

A total joy to watch as this happens time and again
right before me in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joining Feelings

Joining feelings of an interior sadness, being filled with
it's incessant and sparkling tears, gently dropping one by
one from either eye, showing the emotions going through at
any given time.

Dreams being filled with the starlight of sorrow and it's
loneliness, wetting my pillowcase as I sleep in restless
slumber throughout the periods of darkness we call life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joining Friends

Joining many friends, politicians, Joe Arpaio, talking,
reminiscing, having a very good time!

Being enlightened and showered by extraordinary music,
a singer with a tremendous voice, singing to an audience
outright.

Lively and wonderfully organized, loving the atmosphere,
political yet friendly, right up my alley prolifically,
getting it caught up in this little poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joining In Laughter

Meeting on trails of yesterday's forests, watching children at play, and joining in the laughter of Mother Nature.

Another aspect of childhood that awakened a love of poetry, as it settled positively, quietly, into blossoming of splendor right inside my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joining In Visions

Staying behind, setting the stage for a future time when I will be able to join in visions that continually keep coming to me incessantly.

Writing to music complimenting everything written in this temporary life, energizing and enthralling time as I live through it without any fears or doubts about doing it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joining Measures Of Music

Finding room for motion and rhythm in pockets of my
mind, there they are absorbed within intellect and
taken down in the form of poetry.

Writing into nightly skies, totally loving and enjoy-
ing tantalizing effects of everyday circumstances,
happily and carefree.

Joining with measures of music, becoming it totally,
no waiting on sidelines, jumping into the foray, being
invited by intellect's imagination to ride with melodies.

Playing teasingly with many harmonies at play within,
composing and relating every note to the beauty of
life's poetry constantly.

Enjoying positive aspects of this tender rhythm as it
takes me away into a bluened heaven above, landscapes
delicately being absorbed within photographic memories
to be savored and played again in the future when I am
alone one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joining The Fun

Running around, talking to everyone, returning sarcastic remarks with smiles and laughter, joining the fun.
Walking into and out of beautiful plateaus, scoring points as they are sung in songs at the end of a microphone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joining With Sorrow

Joining with the sorrow held inside, taking it in
strides of the Electric slide, letting it feel the
ease of something better than tears.
Waking the essence of life within, striving to
make sorrow move into realms of a new tomorrow with
much less tears and loneliness.
Joining hands, dancing, taking steps to remove the
emptiness left from sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joint Voyage

Forsaking self to appease another not so strong,
leaving talent at the doorstep of an unreal reality,
while traveling a joint voyage, trying to help out
in some phase or another.
Catching plains as they speed by, arriving by
necessity in a pattern derived from prayerful hope.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joke's On Me

Joke's on me, life has misplaced my memory, no longer
having a place here on earth, living the death of life
now that you're not here with me anymore.

Soothing rhythms following, chasing me, but I run from
them not wanting to be soothed, just wanting to be held
by you and nothing else.

Tears rushing away, trying to hide their grief, but not
being successful, leaving their imprint on my soul with-
out letting me know or say it's alright.

A lonesome time on earth that has no beginnings nor end
in sight, walking blindly through the streets of living
without focusing on anything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Josh's Presence

Measures of success come through a voice of attainment,
singing freely from grief, hidden quietly within her
heart.
Intensely, awakening melody's memories of Josh as we
are carried onto a plateau of beyond for the short
moments when we meet again on an eighth dimension of
sorrow.

(9: 10 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Josh's Spirit

Josh, sweet and tender disposition, sitting at edges
of eternity, listening to music being played by two
people he loves so much.
Shining spirit filling heaven with his antics,
spreading happiness to everyone, hoping to touch his
parents with his all-consuming love beyond life in
the hereafter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Jostled Rhythms

Music rocking my world, giving much pleasure as rhythms jostle
and tickle this brain, filling it with feelings and emotions
that want to be heard and expressed in poetry.

Loving to accommodate them all at one time or another in prose,
having fun putting thoughts, words and concepts together, mak-
ing sense and touching others with their wonder.

Curiosity always an underlying factor no matter what, always
wanting to know hidden things, mysteries and fallacies that
are not known as yet.

Loving to find out everything in life, always delving into
pockets of innate knowledge and wisdom through intellect, a
gift given at the moment of conception, cherished every day
of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey Alone

Listening to conversations beyond the music I hear, stringent, mocking me.
I hear and ignore it, take it for what it is and where it's coming from.
An outside of pain, trying to display itself on and within me, yet, I shrug it off and continue my life.
Making a journey alone, traveling and encompassing particles of life within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey Ended

Wind gently picking up a baby bird in it's
breeze-like arms.

Carrying it so reverently across the hot
desert floor.

Singing hymn-like, over earth, the wind
takes and carries and softly lays it down,
it's journey ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey Of Ancient Values

Unfolding thoughts and hanging them upon lines filled with vibrant sensations to assign a quantity of focus to their essence as it takes me on a journey of ancient values.

Finding the total essence of another era as it fills my being with effervescent thrills of sensation, picturing every image in a landscape of entire beauty and amazing vision.

Taking it's time to breathe life into every section, contributing to the evolution of tomorrow's system of lifetime provisions, giving an explicit grace of artistic talent it's place in the hierarchy of intellect.

Not discriminating against it, just totally encompassing it's very essence in the totality of this new dimension of fruitful endeavors.

Allowing creation of new depths to be opened on the threshold of a future perception being shown on photo-graphic screens right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey Of Despair

Reaching ever deeper into pockets of intense loneliness, feeling
around in darkness, never finding moments of happiness stored
supposedly inside.
Stark gray granite reef, sitting in my way, casts dark shadows
upon my brow.
Allowing for distant breakers to fall upon the sand, sounds
come silently from another land, insistently relating past
facts of abandonment strongly felt.
There are no fantasies here, imagination is not aware, it is
all forbidden when on a journey of despair.
Desperation clings to the very inside of my heart and mind,
tearing it apart, causing me to fall into it's hell.
Sublime caution centers itself in my being, ripping apart the
self-esteem I'm just beginning to see.
How can life become anything, when I can't even become myself?
Just a tainted spirit left alone on foreign shores, tides
running over, burying me beneath sands of uncaring, thoughtless
people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey Of Experience

Neglecting sleep, awakening my mind constantly through writing, being contented in dreams of intellect as I keep quietly to myself.
Finding myself in darkness, hurrying to be alone just to contemplate what I eternally want from life.
Singing always to melodies of bygone days, tapping their energy, gladdening my heart as I pray for intuition's help on my slow journey through a myriad of experiences along the way.
Strongly anticipating every avenue on the road to beyond, as I step in time with my mind's drummer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey Of Experiences

Gallivanting through the desert, eyes wide open, seeing all sorts of fascinating degrees of beauty and liveliness.

Never able to measure joy because it never lasts, but for a short period of time.

A solo journey of experiences, some good, some bad, we travel and learn something from each and every one of them.

No matter the expectations or circumstances, overall, finding that we are part of the patterns and designs of this human life.

In the end, having no choice but to fulfill our purposes and destiny on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey Of Fantasy

Sliding into a mesmerizing place,
tracing evolutionary beats onto
places of interest.
Taking us on a journey into a
fantasy each our own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey Of Fate

Solemnly listening to far-off destiny, thinking silently, images floating in and out, taking me on a journey of fate.
Partaking quietly of it's essence, blending it with a touch of gently honed intuition.
Holding on for reminders of why I am still here, wondering how things will eventually turn out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey Of Fortitude

Lights sparkling now in this mind like diamonds and gems
of thoughts, being entertained through innate intellect,
aspiring and desiring the utmost this life has to offer.

Wanting to know everything as life continues to coast along
borders of existence, taking me on a journey of fortitude
and strength.

Nothing to mar the future as I travel toward it so faithfully,
spiritually heading into a deep and abiding peace where my being
will forever be in tune with heavenly angels.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey Of Grief

Sojourn, lagging behind grief, not wanting to
surpass it right now.

Knowing that I must experience it totally and
fully in order to learn from it and understand
it's purpose in my life.

Nothing else can bring about what is needed to
get through it as tears fall, anger mounts, con-
tinuing to travel through it by myself.

A journey that is intense, difficult and one of
the hardest things in this earthly life to do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey Of Humor

Crazy and inane rhythms being sung just because of
the humor existing within it's essence.

An enjoyable pleasure, consuming my mind, taking
me into joyful avenues of life.

Sending my heart on a journey of peaceful humor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey Of Ideas

Rotating along avenues of imagination, seeing entire aspects of thought as it wends itself into abstractions.
Waltzing itself toward meanings of poetical words, lining melodies to join in, creating a joyous journey of ideas.
Fulfilling desires within to make sense somehow of life and it's puzzles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey Of Life

Simple and exemplary, a life of poetry touching me through
the journey of a lifetime, no choice in the matter after
all.

It fits with what I want and expect to do, according to
the passion filling me with exciting desires in musical
rhythms.

Living them so concisely and simply through poetry that
is being written, moving into the future, pulling me along,
showing visions and images of what will be soon enough.

Unable to change what will happen, accepting it fully,
knowing it's meant to be after all, there's no use in
fighting a losing battle.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey Of Poetical Visions

Being encased in a field of freedom, soaring above, looking down, enjoying the scenery as I go, landscapes flowing by as I continue to watch many thoughts blossom.

Filling the air with their aroma, taking me on a journey of poetical visions, giving my mind challenges that delight it immensely.

Riveting and bright, taking intellect on a psychedelic adventure, purely being given through an intellectual and spiritual high like no drug could ever accomplish.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey Of Unbelievable Joy

Behaving according to how we feel at times, love touching,
and fully capturing our hearts, taking us on a journey of
unbelievable joy.

Feeling an unconditional love that fills us totally with
a vibrant and lively energy continuing day and night, all
possibilities continuously touching sparks and embers.

Intellect giving off aromas and tantalizing tastes of
thoughts and ideas, beautiful landscapes racing across
interior photographic screens.

Showing everything being thought with feelings and
emotions, setting off and igniting senses into full
throttle, choosing to enter intellect's depths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey Through A Fascinating Life

All through the night, dreams being reflected in my mind, taking me on journeys through a fascinating life of fantasy mixed with reality of truth and honesty.

Life is living on a pathway leading to the Divine, never veering from a light up ahead, when watching and moving forward, having no past, yet the present escapes me.

Only seeing the positive aspects of my future being in heaven and having the freedom from earthly life that only stifles and suffocates me daily, trying to move forward into seasons of heaven.

There everything is spiritual and the peace is very tempting and addictive, so passively and exuberantly alive and vibrant, giving me the essence belonging to the Divine who shares it with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey Through Time

Listlessly traipsing through my mind, meandering down pathways I've created from imagination, wriggling and writhing to beats of melodies.

Turning and twisting in harmonies, finding expression in measures, able to write it all down into poetry, single and alone.

Taking paths through imagination, leaving reality to find it's own way, enjoying this journey through time and rhythm exceedingly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey With Fate

Walking a pathway to heaven, trying not to veer from it,
wanting to go back where I came from, on earth, knowing
that life is only temporary, difficult at best, a wavering
trail of sorrow, suffering and strife.

At times sprinkles of joy and happiness are strewn between
the hard times, finding ourselves in the midst of earthly
situations and circumstances set by others.

Sometimes, fate taking us on a journey without our permission,
because there are some things that we have to do to build
inner strength, faith and hope.

Believing in God, who is filled with mercy and love for
every individual, a total blessing by our creator, holding
onto us throughout life, loving us endlessly until we get
to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey Without Me

Rocking away in boats of music, teetering on rhythms
as they run out of control, bringing edges into the
center of life-giving essences.

Rotating silently as life continues it's journey with-
out me, leaving talent to create it's own pathways,
enduring through eternity as I fulfill my purpose in
this existence.

Taking strides, always walking toward literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journeying

Journeying through life, having adventures, discovering new things, inventing some of my own.
Always writing, creating new avenues of literature, while seeing the world around me so much differently than most.
From one moment to another, feelings and thoughts are changed - rearranged.
Just a reflection, sound, person, nature, makes a difference in what I write seconds at a time.
No one understands the mind of a poet, that's why they're usually found alone with their thoughts and feelings, writing into the universe, instead of talking or socializing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journeying Alone

Journeying alone, taking steps off-road, hoping to
find new locations of words and meanings in the next
dimension.

Seeing bluened light, reflecting poetical words off
of screens of intensive imagination.

Working with nothing but a pen and many blank pages,
allowing God to enlighten the world through opened
eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journeying Into Forests

Swiftly and beautifully, life takes me on a
journey into forests of my choosing.

Selecting those of New Jersey and Prescott,
Arizona, my two favorite places.

That's where I have secreted many memories
and visions back and forth throughout life.

Enjoying creative conceptions fulfilling me
within, taking all of them.

Collectively remembering aspects and feelings
that originally came with their appearances.

Never forgetting where they came from and
began.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journeying My Way

Waking from a deep sleep, insisting on completing this
long journey my way, under conditions set by self alone.
No tethers binding me, no loose ends left to strangle me,
only a freedom spread throughout my being, expressing everything in between a feeling and an image.
Finalizing plans of a lifetime, doing what I think is
best on my shortened horizon, taking in whatever becomes
me in rhythms of poetical rhymes.
Meeting me in snares and pounding of dreams, melodies
stream into interior feelings of my being tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey's Distinction

Looking out a window, seeing pure white staring back
at me.
Unlike snow upon the ground, here there are no shiny
sparkles glowing quietly with distinction.
Breaking up with little pads of blue sky, mountainous
whiteness continues to keep step on our solo journeys.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey's Of Anticipation

Listening to notes and chords arranging themselves into innate coded rhythms, taking this mind on solo journeys of anticipation and solace.

Always finding a reprieve from the stress and turmoil of this earthly life, elated to have been given the gift of contemplation through writing and music.

They keep intellect alert, awake and completely focused as this mind continues to create subconsciously and incessantly, needing to unravel all thoughts, ideas and concepts into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journeys Of Experience

Life filling me completely, going on journeys of experience
with soothing pleasure and immediate joy, tasting and feel-
ing the essence of poetry every moment that I hear melodies
filtrating intellect.

Collecting, gathering ideas tantamount to nature and life,
exercising my mind exclusively, never any shortcomings,
only the total impact of an effervescent brain emitting
thoughts into inner atmospheres.

Wherever I am or travel, having pathways open to me, always
traversing an interior life spiritually, wanting to provide
the beauty and passion my intellect needs to write poetry,
keeping everything vibrant with the exercise of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journeys Of Fabricated Adventures

Enticing and unrelenting rhythms taking me unawares on
journeys of fabricated adventures being created from
realms of an interior innate talent.

Focused totally into prose, an ultimate feeling of con-
fidence and power that enables me to grasp onto life
like no one else seems to be able to do.

Enjoying this innate possibility, having fun, letting it
take me completely into other realms and dimensions find-
ing details that other people overlook.

Wondering why they do because of finding fantastic and
alluring placements of coded rhythms, feeling completely
configured and embodied in a splendid particle of being.

Always tempted and energized in between patterns and de-
signs of this innate imagination, covering up scars of
life with prose, music and art.

Making life my own, giving freedom and independence need-
ed to continue living in depths of another universe, soft
and gentle melodies and harmonies being styled delicately.

Like blossoms nurtured and placed in memories, holding
promises of an untold purpose that'll one day manifest it-
self in another world, justifying the mystery of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey's Of Imaginative Intellect

Silently into the night I write of many things that come to mind as I listen to musical melodies being sung by the Blue Notes at the Elk's Club.
Wonder sets in and shows upon an inner screen allowing me to see everything in bright elastically clear pictures, photographically imprinted in my mind forever.
Hovering always at the tip of my brain, ready at a second's notice to complete entire journey's of imaginative intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journeys Of Thought

Picture windows allowing us to see more of life at once,
giving a clearer, brighter image than we normally see.
Preparing journeys of thought as they walk around a
circumference of daily existence.
Knowing there are plentiful ideas lying vacantly,
awaiting a word or two to pick them up and bring them
to fruition finally in a beautiful bouquet of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journey's Styles

Taking various courses and paths through life's journey,
we express our minds and lay our fortunes before us on
any given day.

Liberating our souls from words and labor while leisurely
expiring and being reborn within our minds daily.

Sometimes forsaking the old for the new, participating in
novel approaches, gathering information along the way with
every sense taut and awakened by imagination's mind.

Reversing life to fit individual styles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Journeys Through Literature

Listening to rhythms and enjoying peace it stirs within,
taking me on journeys through literature that are created
along the way.

Insipid and enticing, words falling into this mind with
every single note being played.

Solitude touching, bringing a solace and serenity that
comes solely from a deepening contemplation.

So intense and all-consuming, filling this being eternally,
never being disappointed in the total reality of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joy - Filled Contemplation

Following pathways through a bluened atmosphere and into heaven's gardens.

Seeing beautiful ten dimensional roses that have heavenly aromas and wonderful textures.

Simple and tantalizing, taking me totally into the peace-fullness of heaven without any effort.

A placid and joy-filled contemplation, giving soothing interior rhythms that keep me going.

Filling me with an effervescent energy from beyond limits of this life.

Enjoying these innate gifts immensely, thanking God for each of them.

Always appreciating and valuing Him throughout my entire lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joy And Laughter

Sitting here in a darkened auditorium, awaiting Act II
to begin and entertain us some more, knowing there will
be joy and laughter as the actors come together.

Filling the stage, dancing, singing now, making us laugh
while music keeps playing, beats sounding closer and a-
wakening.

Lights intensifying upon the stage, spotlight moving in
rhythms that entice and delight us with their constant
motion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joy In The Sixties

Rushing to meet the steady beats of a sixties song
that always gives my heart great joy.

Needlessly saying to play it day and night, as it's
always being played wherever boomers are found.

Causing many people to jump and jive to the tempo and
rhythms contained in each verse, culminating in a sad
state of affairs.

No matter the words, sound and quick rhythm gave all
people room to move.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joy In Writing

Laughing joyously, teasing a friend, because he is so entirely
in tune with my mind in it's poetical state of beauty.

Taking every opportunity to come together in mind-sets and humor,
giving such an exciting feeling of love and togetherness.

Running with comments, bouncing them off of one another, and
laughing our heads off.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joy Of Family Ties

Standing in lines of recreation, waiting for fun
and games with grandchildren on their roads to
respect and dignity for the elderly in their
growing years of life's untold stories.

Visiting happier moments together while on earth,
enjoying happiness and attention given by their
Grandparents out of pure unadulterated,
unconditional love and joy for family ties and
closeness forever on this planet and beyond
shores of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joy Of Fulfillment

Savoring every moment that is left in this pattern
of living.

Bequeathing individual behaviors of this heart to my
soul being taken to heaven when I have breathed my
last.

Kisses of death holding a future life in heaven, all
bringing nothing but happiness, a joy at last being
fulfilled with the promise God has given to us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joy Of Love

Through all the heartache, sorrow, grief,
I gaze into your eyes, see your joy of
being in love with me and tears of
happiness still fill my heart with you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joy Of Moments

Friends towards edges of life, holding on respectfully,
dancing together, talking softly to one another.
Enjoying each other's company in a lonely atmosphere,
dealing with cancer and it's unrelenting grasp.
Bravely not letting it take over a life filled with
wonder and compassion.
Living in the joy of every moment, moving with the tides
of a final sunset on this horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joy Of Romantic Love

Entirely feeling the joy of love as we dance closely together, our mood turning romantic.

Seeing the stars in your eyes, tempting me with your inner desires.

Mild and caressing, harmonies taking us into another world where we can be alone, just the two of us.

Desires filling our beings throughout, wanting to be fulfilled so desperately.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joy Of The Divine

Reticent, settling back, watching everything within sight, letting it all imprint on this photographic mind, while enjoying the beauty of it all.

Touching emotions, feelings being scattered as a quiet serenity enfolds my being, sitting here within nature's environment.

Solace enveloping me with it's genuine and total joy of the divine, watching from within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joy Springing

Lackadaisically meandering through intellect, joy springing through melodies, blossoming into rhythms coded for special purposes mathematically in writing poetry.

Gently flowing, being guided by an innate talent that is always at hand, giving insight into creativeness through music.

Totally being energized within intellect as this mind thoroughly enjoys the chords and notes forming picturesque landscapes within to be written about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joyful Day

Spontaneous movements, lively anticipation, charge
batteries of young ones as they interact with
parents and grandparents on a fun-filled afternoon.

Feelings of love and worth fill their hearts long
after the day is done and they go to sleep,
dreaming of the joyful explicit day with family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joyful Experience Never Diminishes

Relieving inner desires and passion with an unconditional
love from you my dear.

Heartfelt and being stirred within as you take and give
feelings, titillating, consuming every particle of my being.

Wanting you all the time, never wishing to be without your
love, my dear.

You're special and loving, taking my heart and dancing so
emotionally with it throughout life.

A wonderful and joyful experience that never diminishes,
only rises ever higher between us.

Loving you totally and completely, taking our time when
making love, being together throughout the moments of our
lives here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joyful Heart

Tantalizingly happy, music pours around and through,
filling me with peace and serenity.
Joyful heart, playing in tune with my soul, lovingly.
Always in the forefront, ideas form and coalesce,
bringing about verses abounding.
Life is wonderfully anew with every line, portraying
beings with capital pronouncement.
Taking in stride, all efforts to become one with
musical scores playing in time without limitations
or woe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joyful Moods

Loving this way of listening to music and rhythms, sitting here
at the Wagon Yard with our friends, singing karaoke tonight.

Excellent singers, all of them creating joyful moods, taking
everyone into positive and happy feelings of creativity.

Everyone together joining in the fun, joking, teasing, just
being with friends on a Friday evening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joyful Privacy

As I close my eyes and watch the world within spin and play to tunes of my soul's desire, a peace descends upon me and life outside my body stops for a while.

Swirling, turning towards inner rhythms with an all-encompassing wonder, I dance serenely with life and it's moments of total, joyful privacy.

No one can touch or come near when I am with myself alone.

Promises, vows, oaths, nothing to take seriously or curse - the only thoughts walking about are quiet in nature.

Filled with the prospect of beauty, voices of inner tranquility proclaim an innocence of all who enter their own private domains in times of eternal sadness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joyful Reunion

Relating sounds and tones to yesterday's memories,
attaching meaning to every word spoken in conversations of Italian.
Piercing images collect emotions, placing them crosswise in my heart, tearing me apart as tears spill endlessly into hazy visions.
Beginning over again with every thought of family gone beyond before me,
waiting heavenside for my arrival.
A joyful reunion at last fulfilled with peaceful recognition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joyful Sadness

Darkening sky filling emptiness inside, bringing it's
beauty to an abiding loneliness, while contemplating
life and it's sordid journeys.
Life-catching gazes, stirring clouds of interior
solitude, creating joyful sadness in moments of
silence throughout poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joyful Sensations

Rain falling into intellect, rinsing it clean, giving
me a brighter outlook on life, able to focus in better.
Trickling down my heart and soul, tickling my sense of
humor and making me laugh out loud.
Joyful sensations being created by imagination, taking
me onto pathways of enlightened wit and humor,
developed by inner wisdom's beauty.

(10: 56 a.m. - 11/21/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joyful Sounds

Silence beating against my mind, wanting to enter and
become part of this poem in many words, poetically.

Sounds and rhythms playing joyfully with nothing
getting in between.

Being held together with the perfume of inner essence
and passion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joyful Thanks

Blue horizons, bluer than ever seen before, filling the skies above.

Not a cloud anywhere in sight, sun shining through a blowing breeze.

Playing in the tops of trees, dancing over grass and beautiful flowers.

Never hoped or wondered for a day like this, it just became and is.

Not wanting in any respect, full of surprises to fill our senses in joyful gratitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joyful Tribute

Cold, gray skies touching my mind, reminding me of New Jersey when I was young.
Recollecting images, knowing that rainy days made me happy because I was glad to see the clouds chasing each other across the sky, etching their memories in my mind forever.
A lasting impression to keep, seeing what is a joyful tribute to times in New Jersey when I was so much younger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joyfully Listening

Choir now standing, song books open in hands of everyone upon
the stage, a tremendous quality of voices singing out with a
clarity of spirituality precious and absolute.

Wonder and awe of God being expressed by many talented people
before us on the stage, inflections, concise tones stirring our hearts and souls as
we listen attentively, solemnly touching us
with a pure innocence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joyless Happenings

Straying alone on footpaths of solace, facing circumstances
of future displays.

Forever assigning sorrow to coverlets of my heart's existence
as it settles within pools of tears.

Forgiving attitudes, crowding about, hoping to be caught and
exercised into areas of joyless happenings.

Allowing emotion to crest and fall between footprints on
paths of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joyous Day

It's the day before Thanksgiving and a great time
is being had at the senior center.

Short and sweet is playing a skit and music today
and they are great!

Happy faces, smiles everywhere, a joyous day to be
had by everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joyous Love

Savoring the taste of your joyous love forever in my heart
and mind, it's continuous beating touching me every moment
of my life.

Feeling your unconditional love being expressed silently,
yet so constantly throughout my life, strengthening my
resolve to be by your side forevermore.

Nothing to take from either of us in life, just the total
love of one another given freely from you to me and back
again to you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Joyous Views

Exciting news, overflowing into daily lives as we
are honored for serving others.
In fact, it is those we serve who should be honored
for who they are and who they allow us to be.
Joyous views, as we congratulate others for themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Judge On T.V.

Waiting at a glass window for service, hearing a voice droning on and on about standing in line, not touching the walls, speak when spoken to.

What kind of garbage is that? Voice, very demeaning, treating human beings like trash in a gutter.

Who does this so-called judge think he is? Is he any better than the people wo come before him?

There's absolutely no reason for anyone to be treated in such an inhuman way.

A blot on our justice system, by someone who got a degree to sit in judgement of decent human beings.

All the while the judge is less human than anybody.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Judge's Throne

A Judge finally seated on his throne - twenty minutes late - yet taking on the first person unlucky enough to be placed in his courtroom.
Passing judgement and a fine upon another public person who cannot pay the fine in full.
Judge decides to allow a payment plan - financing it by adding an additional twenty dollars to the fine for interest.
Since when did our government - our judicial system - become a financial institution?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Judgmental People

Sauntering through crowds of people, looking in their eyes, seeing their disgraces worn like masks on Halloween.
Falling from grace, distancing their minds from life just to face the day, alone, away from judgmental people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Juggling Morosity

Juggling thoughts in mind, finding that many are too morose, and need to be enlivened beyond measures of depression before ending up in a pool of tears that can't be gotten rid of.
Soaking thoughtfully, wondering how much longer this can go on, deciding to energize and continue on another road left from yesterday's destiny.
Taking care to always send this part on it's way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Juggling Rhythms

Taking and juggling rhythms within my mind, accepting and
placing them wherever they fit into the scheme of poetry.

Loving how they make everything more beautiful, simple
and easy to live this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Juices Of Freedom

Twisting, turning, exposing souls to humanity,
while enjoying themselves without trepidation
or doubts.

Reeling throughout temptation, bringing a
lightness - an airy brightness - to those
around them.

Boiling over with juices of freedom as words
flow casually and endlessly from a myriad of
pens through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Juke Boxes

Rainbowed colors, gliding around juke boxes,
luring people to come and put their quarters
in and choose three songs to listen to.

Easy, soothing melodies run into the room,
ready to dance with a partner if they could
find one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Jumping From Ashes

Setting fires in intellect, watching them engulf imagination,
bringing burning desires to the foreground.

Enlivening many possibilities as they jump from the ashes like
a Phoenix bird of old.

Rising above the sorrow, sadness, loneliness, and abandonment
issues of life, insinuating themselves protectively inside.

Never lessening themselves, just hanging onto their perspectives
until I write of them in poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Jumping Out Of Context

Wanting to yell and scream, rant and rave - throw a temper
tantrum, instead, sitting here as if already interred within
my grave.

Hugging a pillow to keep these insides calm enough to stay
many outside spontaneous bursts of anger, sitting in silent
conversation with myself.

Fighting the irresistible urges to fly off the handle,
anxiety builds itself a wall within.

Eating away whatever should happen to get in it's way,
hating the feelings all of this brings with it.

Jumping out of context and running away from it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Jungle Of Development

Watching landscapes pass by in portable televisions,
hanging from upper luggage racks.
Seeing vehicles traveling alongside and past us,
wondering at the speed at which they're going.
Entering a human jungle of development, anchored in
concrete and shingles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Jungle Of Musical Intellect

Roving through memories, tasting their savory essences,
following their reminders into depths of my mind.

Allocating rhythms to incessant tempos and tones, a
lasting and invigorating time alone in a tangled jungle
of musical intellect.

Taking my being wholly through the fantastic beauty of
interior landscapes, wonder and awe filling the air with
inner curiosity that tantalizes me constantly.

Special, enticing graces filling me harmonically through-
out the hours, releasing stress of the past few weeks at
the hospital.

Joy enveloping me completely as I sit and write to the
melodies of rhythm being played in close proximity to my
self and spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Jungles Of Being

Saddened desperation wrenches my heart, filling it with
salted tears, pouring them onto already saddened and raw hurt.
blistering the existence of life without thought, careening
down pathways never before resolved.
Pain climbing canyon walls of interior sadness, attempting to
ease the strain a little.
Patterns of livelihood drop into insecure spaces, portraying
sensations of living, although dying is what it is all about.
Taking flight, soaring through the skies, searching for reasons
and meaning to become a partial human being with a heart -
untouched by the sorrow of past reality.
Wounded, bleeding soul unprepared for the harsh reality of life
and it's existence.
Always riding, traveling further into jungles of misplaced beings,
focusing on untold riddles of life, unfolding like blossoms ready
to fall to earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Jungles Of Excitement

Restless, fighting inner temptations to flee, running
away into jungles of excitement and clarity.

Societal pleasures not able to entice my senses,
leaving my being bereft, desiring more than material
things in life.

Inner yearnings rising into spiritual realms without
interference, soul believing an entire solace which
only the Divine can provide for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just A Fantasy

Looking out the windows of my mind at what has transpired
in my life, seeing things for what they are in reality,
no illusions able to get past what I know deeply inside.

Interiorly wanting to be told what to do, in reality not
allowing anyone to do it and take my freedom away, listen-
ing to my heart, opening my mind, freeing my soul in time.

Knowing that if I found just one person who cared about
me they would hold the key to my heart forever, interiorly
knowing that's just a fantasy.

In my heart I know that I would never give away the key
of my being to anyone in this life, I will always be the
quiet rebel, wild and free, never to be tamed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just A Knowing

Written expressions taking into effect, impressions
continually filling this mind, effervescent, highly
energetic, vibrant and elastic, being touched by
sensations of senses being born within.

An extrasensory facet somehow has filtered generously
into being, allowing feelings of others, to be felt
intensely, and painfully at times.

Giving sensitivity needed to write poetry, being able
to see all sides of every situation, evaluate, choose
and make decisions in an instant, no quibbling over
haunting questions or answers.

Just a knowing that is always within, expecting, nurture-
ing life, knowing possibilities of having it set without
any doubts or fears as to it's essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just A Moment

Living in a temporary stance, waiting for finality to arrive,
so I don't have to amount to any other's opinions.
Giving out stanzas of yesterday's music, hoping to just
remember what that entails.
Covertly speeding across acres of moist pastures, left wet
with rain from a few days ago.
Never saturating life as it becomes non-existent in just a
moment of eternal time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just A Moment Of Life

Dreaming of the times of life when camping, enjoying
pine tree scents and campfires blazing in the night.

Somnolent thoughts touching my mind, giving it a
nostalgic atmosphere from which to write from.

Thinking of hiking through the forest with our boys,
discovering tracks of wildlife that have passed before
us.

Seeing so many beautiful plants and flowers along the
way, fishing at the lake, lines in the water, waiting
for a fish to bite.

Relaxing and enjoying the beauty of this wonderful time
in the forest, such a wonderful memory to catch hold of
throughout my life.

An enticing and alluring moment of a life always alive
and vibrant, being written into poetry incessantly,
subconsciously and beautifully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just A Thought

Quietly sitting in an early morning sunrise
thinking on life and it's meandering ways.

Thoughts coming clearly and distinctly to
mind, that some days you see the end of life
more clearly than others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just An Idea

Interesting and sublime, our minds become excited
with thoughts of the future that were just an idea
of the past.

Now spreading like wildfire, gathering momentum as
they travel forward into another dimension, preparing
and smoothing the way for the future.

Designs and patterns of yesterday adjusting themselves
and formulating the new equations as they unfold into
the present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Becoming

Standing watch, looking for endless roads, wanting to set
out on new adventures.

Sitting instead, upon a rock, contemplating nature, turning
inward, finding strength.

Not wishing to disturb inner tranquility and perceptions of
silent serenity.

Folding hands, wandering mind, producing dream-like states,
writing, feeling good, becoming just what I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Being

Looking askance as people walk by,
not wishing to acknowledge their
presence because I want to write
and listen to music without
interruption.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Being There

Sharing a little of human love with others who have need
of it in their lives, destitute, alone, floundering on
their paths in life.

Alone, afraid, seemingly forgotten in times of darkness,
just a smile, listening intently to what they are saying,
giving them love and encouragement.

Showing them there is someone who cares, helping, giving
hope and reaching out, letting them know they are loved
and valued by another.

Supporting them, being there when needed, it's really very
simple, you don't have to be rich or famous, just be your-
self, giving of your time and love is all that's needed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Being Who I Am

Somewhere along the way finding self, after drifting
along on waves of life, not caring where ending up.

Just relaxing and living in the moment, finally
floating into the port of being, feeling right at
home, like never having left it's safety.

A joyous time, enjoying being just who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Beneath The Surface

Listening quietly to the ending of another episode in life,
daintily touching the passion just beneath the surface of
our enticing love.

Adoring and consuming the energy going back and forth between
our hearts, finding the carefree and total beautiful wonder of
each other's souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Existing

Sadness of life lingers in all of us.
Watching down a hallway, seeing CNA's, once full of hopes of helping others, now languishing in mediocre pools of dissatisfaction.
No aspirations of achieving any modicum of healthy attitudes to their duties and or patients.
Sorrowful, inept individuals, walking hallways, being watched by a poet - a patient of theirs - as she senses the sheer hopelessness of their situations.
Knowing they want more out of life and are not being able to get out of the ruts they find themselves in.
Despair of human nature seen in it's fullest, complete picture as I see individuals hoping for more joy.
Capturing it now in small moments throughout days and months of just living an existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just For Fun

Profiling works, it needs to be used, it keeps
us safe, it is an excellent tool! !

Being an olive skinned Sicilian, profile me all
you want, I would enjoy the attention a sixty-
four year old senior rarely gets! !

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just For Pleasure

Restlessly thinking, wanting to move through an interior atmosphere challenging self and bringing all aspects of knowledge into being.

Helping to think and picture each thought totally and completely while listening to music, placing beautiful rhythms just for pleasure in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Having Fun

Playing upon the playground of imagination, having fun
switching words and definitions from music to poetry.

A lilting rhapsody of delight flowing into realms of
fantasy, truth and reality.

Landscapes of natural beauty satisfying laughter and
serenity.

Placid feelings of life's essence, leading me into the
next horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Helping

Sandwiched between thoughts are always prayers being
said for others in this life, asking God to help when
no one on this earth can do anything.

A sadness filling me interiorly when seeing a person
needing attention, willing to help them as best as I
am able.

Getting them to the right person or place, always
making sure that's where they need to be for what is
needed in their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just In Case

Totally at peace, writing while sitting here in a surgery waiting room, due in the operating room at nine o'clock, praying I won't quit breathing again like the other times.

Doctor well aware of it, going to do everything to prevent it from happening again, oldest son here with me, staying just in case something happens.

Gives me a feeling of being loved and cared for, he's such a good son and I love him very much.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Infatuation

Watching teenagers, both boys and girls, budding romances,
teasing, chasing, timidly reaching out to one another, now
experiencing desires beginning to grow and blossom within
them.

Not really knowing that what they are feeling is infatuation
and not love, a temporary feeling being brought about by
desire.

Wanting to continue to feel the exhilaration and excitement
of being close to another, beginning to experiment, hug and
kiss.

Loving feelings, thought of as love, don't really happen,
not knowing this, youngsters get tangled in the web of sex,
thinking this is the one for me.

Immature and still irresponsible, they sometimes get caught
in unwanted pregnancies, at times the girl keeping her child,
other times, having an abortion and killing their babies.

Not knowing how it will affect their lives in later years
when they begin to see the gray ghosts of the child they
had within them.

Wondering what they would have looked like, what they would
have become in life, growing into senior years with shadows
of these memories and images continually haunting them.

Left over memories of a once thought of love, that was in
reality and fact, just infatuation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Inside Heaven

11: 30 a.m.
Tempting melodies showing pictures as they play in
mind videos, taking opportunities to open and continue
down avenues of creative attitudes and peaceful endeavors.

Placating and comforting this soul with an extraordinary
serenity, stepping just inside heaven without any effort.

Solidly walking in hallways of yesterday, coming out into
beautiful meadows of flowers, compliments of rhythms,
blossoming entirely in this mind.

A total happiness flowing into the beauty of nature where
nothing else matters in life, except these moments of
simplicity and spiritual solace. 11: 31 a.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Letting Go

Tantalized by an intense fervor, leading me into depths
of life's sorrow and grief, being lowered into caverns
of emptiness and loneliness, .

Being thrown into the darkness of loss, abandoned and
forlorn, now bereft and no one here to stay with us as
the silence enfolds and sacrifices our lives.

Taking away our vibrancy and life into nether worlds,
no one ever able to find or speak to us again, never able
to hold on, just letting go forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Making Sense

Thunder slapping inside my head, reminding of the
heartache throughout life that's still being suffered.

Moving on, walking forward, not looking back, just making
sense of what is left now.

If there was something more to be done, it would have
been done already.

Closing eyes, imagining a life being fulfilled with
another and leaving self behind.

Stepping into another dimension of beautiful landscapes
and no more pain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Memories

Remembering times of yesterday when life was simpler and
easier to understand.

Technology and progress were not yet in full swing, no
color T.V.'s, no cell phones, no voice mail, VCR's, DVD
players, CD's or computers.

Whatever did we do without all these devices in our hands
and homes, some of them never leaving our purses or pockets.

Oh' for the simple days, playing outdoors, Barbie dolls,
board games, family, missing them now.

All of those things just memories now, remembered in these,
our senior years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Moments In Time

Watching senior men and women dancing together to melodies
they have known and grown old with, smiling, laughing, talk-
ing, holding one another.

Finding the closeness to be inviting even though for just
moments in time, slowly keeping time with rhythms and tempos
flowing gently into realms of music.

Making them feel invincible for just a little while, knowing,
each of them, that life will be ending, not knowing when, just holding onto these
last few moments together.

Having a short-lived comfort, wishing for more, yet knowing
this may be the last moment today, before eternity steps onto
the stage of their lives and brings them into death's hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Music And I

Listening to a song from years ago, called Good Night,
Irene, a favorite of my paternal Grandfather's, he
used to sing it to me every time I was at his house.

Totally love it, Grandpa's voice was beautiful and I
loved his attention, another oldie but goodie now play-
ing, Somewhere Over The Rainbow, my Aunt used to sing it.

A favorite of every child back in the day, listening to
it brings back so many good memories of childhood, sway-
ing and swinging to it's tempos.

Flying above the clouds, not a care in the world, just
music and I, enjoying one another's company in an early
afternoon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Once

Turning, revolving in life, seeing it pass us by so quickly.
Never being able to hold it or stop time from moving away from us, no matter how we wish for this.
Just once around life's circumference is all we're allowed in our lifetime, so we must make the best of it and use all our God-given talent to reach our purposes here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just One More Moment

Sparks of love dying in nights of sorrow,
unrelenting throughout this life, giving
desires a dampened welcome.

Looking to one another hoping to re-ignite
love, but you have gone beyond limits of
this life.

Holding desperately to your heart, not
wanting to let it go, tears filling these
eyes, mind looking desperately for you.

Wishing for just one more moment with you,
but there are no more, death has taken you
away from me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Tears Of Frustration

Abruptly brushing away tears of frustration as they fall uninterruptedly from my soul.
Holding hands with faith even in the darkness of pain and nausea, looking intensely into the near future for a reprieve from it all.
Knowing healing is taking place in it's own time, wishing it would speed up a little more so I can feel like I'm moving upward and away from what I've been through.
Tears of frustration continue to fall, irregardless of how or what I feel or think right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just The Two Of Us

Charging into midnight, full of energy, wanting to be
with you in the confines of my soul.

Just the two of us together in the arms of love, lying
here close together, fulfilling each other's promise
of love.

Totally and beautifully being inspired by unconditional
love between us, knowing that no one else could ever
come between us.

We and our hearts see only one another, everyone else
paling in comparison, touching, caressing, being one,
hearts beating together in a rhythm only our own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just The Two Of Us Together

Charging into midnight, full of energy, wanting to be
with you in the confines of my soul.

Just the two of us together in the arms of love, lying
here close together, fulfilling each other's promise
of love.

Totally and beautifully being inspired by unconditional
love between us, knowing that no one else could ever
come between us.

We and our hearts see only one another, everyone else
paling in comparison, touching, caressing, being one,
hearts beating together in a rhythm only our own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just This Moment

Sheer darkness blinding my eyes, casting a mind into depths of undying forgetfulness.

Faithless people pass by, not daring to say a word, not even hi.

Throwing self into the fires of loneliness to be consumed, to try and fill the awful void which lies within, finding no one who cares, each is interested in themselves.

Turning away, anger fills the void for a while, blending all feeling and pouring it out, seeking nothing, wanting nothing, God brings peace to an angry soul.

Tired and spent from living the anguish of life, softly, slowly, pivoting away from people and seeking God within.

Knowing intellectually, that the emptiness cannot be filled, but wishing for love, because I am only human, wishing for someone to care, because I cannot go on like this forever.

Wanting now, I pray only for just this moment, I cannot begin to think even of the one to follow it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Waiting

Running in and about, wanting to be held and loved, yet not wanting it.

There's too much at stake to let go and dare to be your-self, hiding always beneath a mask, masking what you are trying to hide, it's all there inside.

Some people can see it all because they are sensitively attuned to it, whereas others would never notice.

Wandering around in a very small space, afraid of breaking out and escaping, because of childhood fears still holding you in, the way is clear, no one is in the way, but your self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Wanting Fun

People nowadays just want to have fun, but they take
a turn for the worst, beginning to take drugs.

Ruining their lives for a few minutes of being high,
their bodies becoming addicted psychologically.

Wanting to feel, needing to use more in order to satisfy
their cravings.

In the end, making them lose chemicals in their brains,
turning them into bipolar and schizophrenic personalities.

A devastating effect for just wanting to have some fun in
life, in the end finding it leads nowhere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Watching

Laughing, joyfully watching seniors dancing and having
a great time, doing what they love to do.

Hoping to be as energetic as these eighty and ninety
year olds when I reach their age.

All of these seniors putting me to shame for the time
being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Just Writing

Writing poetry is an essence and passion, loving and
enjoying doing it constantly and incessantly, coming
very easily, never having to think how to write.

Picking up a pen, having no thoughts in mind, listening
to music and begin writing one poem after another.

All writing begins and ends within, when hearing music,
like a waterfall in my mind, poems are cascading from
intellect and imagination onto pages of poetical journals.

Rhythms, tempos, notes, tones, instruments, all have their
effects on my mind as I write in code.

Listening to music is like translating another language and
I translate it into poetry, never having to think the words,
they automatically appear floating into my mind, endlessly.

Taking only a minute or two to write each poem, longer ones
may take four or five minutes, always writing time I start
writing and ending a poem, along with the date, and my name.

Doing this because when younger, in English, teachers would
say how historians didn't know who had written something,
so I decided to always sign my name to everything.

Writing from one to one hundred twenty two poems each day,
all on different subjects, not afraid to write about any
thing, at times being very controversial.

Being very conservative, I am at times surprised to see the
opposite written in one of my poems; it is always an
interesting time having and being with this poetical gift.

It goes hand in hand with an artistic ability and composing
music, it is all innate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Justice And Freedom Reigning

Only living in the moment, taking the sun with me where-
ever I travel in life, burning always, keeping me warm no
matter the weather.

Shining into the darkness, brilliantly giving many thoughts
to fill intellect, justice and freedom reigning forever as
I live independently of others opinions and thoughts, pre-
ferring my own to their narrow-minded views.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Justice Falling Short

Justice falling short in the U.S. because of the corrupt
politicians, judges, etc. that were trusted and elected
to represent us.

Now all they do is lie, cheat and steal from all of us,
no honesty or truth ever passes their lips, not even
when they're sleeping.

Americans banding together now need to overthrow our
government, throwing out all the cheats and abusers who
have been killing our republic.

Listening no more to the riffraff that have taken over
and placed our country in jeopardy.

Senseless and with no purpose, needing to be done away
with once and for all.

No more people who can't prove ahead of time that they're
not cruel, abusive, power and money hungry thieves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Justice Folding Inside Itself

Writing, trying to catch up to the tempo and rhythm, striking up a conversation within my mind.
Keeping track of every word, as it measures itself into all the poems expected of them.
Grasping all exercises of beauty and folding them into beautiful packages of music's melodies.
Taking every chance to be rearranged leaving all words everlastingly by, on a table of inner photographic memories.
Staying aloft, soaring along motionless points of forgetfulness, taking every one of the stanzas left in melody's hands and giving all that I can, as justice folds inside upon itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Justice Prevailing

Possibilities are great that we will all meet our maker
before too much longer, because of evil in our world.

Not fearing anything, just waiting while fighting with
all that we have within us.

Locked, loaded, ready to save America from all the evil,
muslims are trying to force on us.

Justice shall prevail, nothing can stop it from happening,
as we conquer and destroy all of it's tyranny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Justifying A Poetical Mind

Capturing illusive subjects that soar into a mind
on currents of air, holding thoughts as they glide
along them unhurried.

Watching in fascination, considering many facets
that have brought them into view through intellect.

Collecting and digesting every particle, placing
them into words and meanings, justifying the essence
of a poetical mind on this earth.

Adjusting and wondering with every new idea entering
and blossoming within, gelling and allowing capture of
the essence of each one into poems.

Coming alive when being read by people all over the
world, being seen for the sights that have accumulated
thus far in my own little life as a mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Justifying Essence Of A Poetical Mind

Justifying the essence of this poetical mind by
writing daily from all it's different areas.

Past, present and future, all combing through
my mind from photographic screens and memories.

Images and visions all truly remarkable stemming
from innate knowledge giving so much pleasure and
joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Justifying Existence Through Poetry

Incessantly writing to rhythms coming into my mind, fulfilling the natural beauty of other dimensions, searching high and low, forging into the effervescent life of this beautiful poetical essence.

Taking on the favorite portraits of an inner photographic screen, portraying whatever is seen when I scan my surroundings, living always in the moment, justifying my existence through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Justifying Insignificance

Living alone in a nightmare of life, being depressed beyond
movement or motion, carelessly living on edges of mattresses,
too forlorn to reach out of self and help those more
unfortunate than me.
Wanting to grasp something to give hope or feed me back my
faith, instead just sitting within and feeling bluer than
the sky.
Justifying my insignificance with depressive thoughts and
medicine to cover up reality with false promises.
Bringing down other's moods with self-pity, trying to fool
them with my excuses for why I am this way.
In reality, I'm fooling no one - not even myself, if I'm
being truthful and sincere to those who love me and want
me to be a part of their lives while I'm here.
Maybe in the future, my purpose will come to light - maybe
it will be my turn to help others.
Committing suicide I will only be shirking my duty and
purpose given to me at birth.

(11: 08 a.m. - 5/20/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Justifying Interior Peace

Soothing rhythm melting my heart into a melody of pure innocence.
Liking the feelings that are being touched within my soul, giving me a pleasurable amount of intellectual thoughts.
Trying to resist the pillows being thrown inside my mind, saying only that life is existing in a mode of beautiful harmony and justifying all of the interior peace being given through this song.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Justifying Serenity

Softly, silently, rhythms touching my heart, soothing and justifying the serenity lying within me so quietly, giving my mind an atmosphere in which to contemplate.

Writing whatever music provides to intellect so I can then write it out in meaningful prose for all to read, hoping to touch even just one person's mind or heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Justifying Way Of Life

Escaping the fierceness of earthly proclivities through
writing, justifying my way of life through the arts.

Memories touching me wholly, never trying to restrain
or hold me back.

A total freedom from the barricades put in my way from
the past by other people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Juvenile Pressure

Children hanging together, pushing one another
silently with peer pressure to steal from the
pizza buffet.
Taking a black marker, putting it in his pocket,
refusing to put it back when I confronted him.
Instead, walking out the door with it, using it
to tag wherever there was a flat surface.
Teens that were with him hung out inside the
buffet by the candy - stealing it without paying.
Attempting to grab donations already put in the
clear plastic boxes.
So unlike a majority of teens who have been
taught morals and ethics by their parents.
One male teen in a white tee-shirt was embarrassed,
an 'I'm sorry' shining from his eyes, yet wanting
to fit in and be in the spotlight of the girl's
vision who were with him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Juxtapositional Universe

Rippling effects crossing over the surface of a smooth solace
from above, tantalizing and purposeful, always taking my mind
into a juxtapositional universe.

One where music is it's only sound, as life continues to crash
upon it's essence near and far, approaching depths of a nether
world, finding it's wonder jumping up and down forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Kaleidoscope Designs

Clear, thick refrigerator glass windows, reflecting
kaleidoscopic designs from an inner room.

Moving slowly, back and forth, watching them change
shape and color, being quietly fascinated by the
image.

Profound recollections pour from memory's storerooms,
spreading a thin eerie layer of misconception.

Wavering, feeling caught, images slide sideways and
then stop.

Cannot remember what they were, yet gently asking,
allows them to come silently back to be seen.

Standing back, viewing them hesitantly, afraid of
what may happen.

Fear becomes a kaleidoscope as it changes colors,
shapes and forms, no longer so interesting or
beautiful.

Icy cold reaches within, running away from it,
knowing that it shouldn't.

Finally pressed way deep down inside, fear hurts a
moment before it hides in a steel box.

Once fear couldn't touch or hurt because it was not
recognized.

Now it hurts because it can finally be touched by
the finger of it's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Kaleidoscope Of Rhythm

Entertaining thoughts entering my mind on a kaleidoscope
of rhythm, sliding through tunnels of unmet love while
stretching and coordinating every beat with a colloquy
of instant beauty.
Collapsing into landscapes of yesterday, cavorting slowly,
alone in an era of time where no one else exists, but my
inner self.
Capturing the essence of all that life is made of and
entering it onto a plain of arid desert.
Solitary pictures combining on film, making slow motion
pictures fill my mind with extraneous thoughts while rhythm
is falling across my vision and landing upside down in novel positions.
Giving away tell-tale messages, holding onto the lives of
musical pieces as they are made into artful compositions.
Only to fade when the dawning of another day breaks the
code of silence, in place since birth, rattling the cages
of inner freedom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Kaleidoscopes Of Sound

Switching positions,
adjusting linear situations to see
what will appear in kaleidoscopes of sound.
Each design's color emits a tone of perfect
harmony only I seem to recognize.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Karaoke

Hesitant voices mildly carrying through a karaoke
atmosphere.

Finding voices buried in music, peeking out at a
crowd of diners in the pizza buffet.

Whistling, carumba, swinging hips, swaying together
in synchronization, on a Tuesday evening.

Happy people enjoying themselves with children
beside them - a family night on the town.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Karaoke Mix

Swaying, swaggering, taking
strides closer to every sunset,
and bringing many talented
people into the mix of karaoke.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Karaoke Space

People gathering around a karaoke space of music.
All types of people, singing their favorite songs.

Some dressing western, ten gallon hats upon their
heads, others just being comfortable and not wanting
to fuss about anything, except the way they will sing
in expressions of melody's harmony.

A life existing preface to an energetic turn of events
when they step out after midnight into the darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Karma

Ramifications in life are always circumstantial -
according to what you expect from other people.
Bad karma given out is always worse when it comes
back to you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Karma, A Necessary Component

Deathtraps in life are all around us, hoping we will
fall into them without noticing.

Being eternally vigilant and watchful we see ahead
into the future.

Karma taking us far and wide for it's a necessary
component to living life to it's fullest.

Based on goodness and compassion for others, it's a
good measure to go by throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Karoke At Wagon Yard

Chasing colors around the room, watching people trying to have fun and develop friendships over drinks and food.
Wagon Yard hosting karoke night, many singing - some good - others off-key.
All in all a pleasant evening at the Wagon Yard.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Katie

Mesmerizing an audience with a resonant voice,
touching souls with her humor and inflective
tones.

Piercing the atmosphere with a miracle of
musical intensity, emanating from within and
given unselfishly to all who are present,
listening closely, intently with precision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Katie's Song

Dreaming in a world of make-believe,
starting in imaginative realms of
fiction and glowering outward towards
the universe of one.

Traveling silently in songs of beautiful
rhythms, gliding slowly down rainbows of
tomorrow's love, guiding all desires along
pathways of honest, truthful love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keenly Attuned

Living life in the throes of our experiences, for what
do we have besides them?

Life is full, vibrant and tantalizing, giving us many
good times along with bad ones.

Up and down like a roller coaster, we progress as best
as possible.

Natural flowing energy continuing to keep our senses
awake and keenly attuned to whatever we're seeing or
feeling.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping An Inner Faith

Inner beauty of my spirit is filled with love, caring and
compassion for others, as I fill the emptiness hiding with-
in me.

Things in life trying to bring me down, filling me with
loneliness, yet an inner faith keeps my head above water,
as my heart and mind float within a bluened light.

Guiding and protecting my spirit through God's love only,
this interior life filling me with an effervescent energy
that never quits.

Taking me through everything, always looking forward with
hope, following the light of truth that leads always on a
path, straight to God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping An Inner Light Glowing

Leaving lies behind, raked into piles like dried, brown
leaves lying on the ground in autumn, exercising truth
all the time.

Not wanting illusions to cloud my mind at all, keeping
self straight as best as I can although being only a
human being and nothing more.

Just trying to keep an inner light glowing, setting an
example for others who may be lost and looking for a way
to God.

Not knowing how to go about it, having never been taught
to fulfill and inspire their interior lives, only being
taught how to grow their wants, needs, desires and lust.

All of which lead your being and soul to emptiness and
loneliness, having lost sight of the reality of life and
God in their lives somehow along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping An Open Mind

Circuitous routes travel within, giving chances to remember
each thing as it repeats itself in depths of intellect,
continuing and giving experience, feelings of contentment
and a wholesome energy in this lifetime.

Never allowing any doors to close in front of me, always
keeping an open mind, leaving plenty of room for thoughts to
be captured, placing them all on photographic screens
interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Close

Believing held within, a genuine and true faith, seeds planted at birth by God, Himself.

Never turning from Him, keeping close always, never wanting to be separated, not even for a moment during this temporary life of ours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Distance

Walls reaching higher into the atmosphere, keeping people at a distance, and never edging closer in life.
Always at arm's length, stretching across wide expanses of earth, gesturing aloofly.
All the while, holding everything at bay and choosing to accompany self, alone, because it's better than being made fun of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Faith

Falling deeply into an interior spirituality where I look for
hope to get through this pain of having surgery.

Wanting to move on and pass through it as quickly as possible,
finding answers through prayer.

Keeping faith, letting it continue to touch my soul in order
to keep safe and totally in the arms of our Lord right now
and in the days to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Fires Of Desire

Jumping into the pathway of oncoming rhythm,
letting it hit, taking and careening into a
blissful time of musical energy.

Interludes protruding into intellect as it
watches and moves words and sentences into
displays on photographic memory screens.

Helping to write faster and faster, as it
speeds up thinking processes with rushing
beats and tempos, collecting evenly and
smoothly in mind.

Shaking and shivering to intense songs of
harmony and their rhythms, penetrating
being with incessant beats of a lifetime.

Keeping awake and attuned to fires of desire
burning brightly within a heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Focus

Life circles earth and also itself as we live in
it's depths, just trying to exist most of the time.

Keeping our focus as we go about our daily lives,
trying to keep our perspectives aligned with what
we tend to believe and look for in our lives.

A wonderful, pleasurable existence in which we can
sit back, letting ourselves think in relation to
our destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Hearts

Twisting and turning, going down spiral roads,
trying to find our way along the edges of life.

Keeping all our hearts in one definite pattern,
not wanting to stray into jungles where hearts
run wild and carefree, never being tamed while
alive.

Taking care to be in the measures of time, not
letting liberty and freedom of America get away
from us.

Necessity and never-ending blessings falling
incessantly down roads of another dimension,
racing and pulling thoughts of justice and
freedom with us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Heritage

Beating into foreign sides of life, shouting in native tongues, trying to keep their stances in life from becoming one of other nations.
Striving to keep their heritage intact, a losing battle, as all of them coalesce into casinos to make money to live on.
Tearing instead, their pride of native Americans into dust of past spirits.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Hope Inside

Taking turns with energy of intellect and knowledge,
letting innate talent work it's miracles as I live
through contemplation and faith.

Compromises being made in many areas, yet never in
the realms of spirituality, keeping hope alive -
sharing it with others.

Hoping they too can keep the light at the end of the
tunnel burning brightly, never giving in, not ever
accepting words of defeat.

Using my mind to prove to others hope's value, as I
continue to live in spite of inane verdicts, a miracle
in the making and everyone knows it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Identity A Secret

Soothing music, pulling me along on a floating cloud
from within an inner universe, hiding, keeping my
identity a secret so not having to join in with other
people all around me.

Enjoying the peace and serenity from this beautiful
universe created intellectually with the help of my
imagination.

Playing melodies as I flow with the rhythms of it's
lovely sounds, nothing getting in the way of this
beautiful interlude of poetic license.

Where I can make up an environment as I write, that's
the wonderful and delicate beauty of being a mere
poet on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping In Check

Walking atop mountains in my mind, enjoying the heights, being so close to heaven keeps me in check.
Tranquilly respecting every movement, gliding across my memory, etching it permanently in my brain, to be recalled whenever I want to see it again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping In Step

Striving to keep in step with others along the way,
helps to understand key components of life and it's
purpose.

As we continuously beckon with interior hopeful light,
guiding forever, our souls before God and His mercy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Inner Strength From Waning

Fortitude stands by itself, keeping inner strength from waning, climbing interior lives, allowing freedom of the soul to be independent.

Soaring throughout the day and night, capturing this mind successively with a vibrant energy that never quits, so different than the world I'm physically living in.

Continuing to exist within a bluened interior spirituality, giving hope and faith to carry me through this temporary life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Interior Beginnings

Life stands calmly around me, keeping interior thoughts
closely wrapped in lacy images and words.

Knowledge of everything has been placed aside, awaiting
wintry times of the soul, capturing the beauty of
maturity's seasons.

Fulfilling emptiness of years with words felt, onto paper,
expressing the intensity of what is continually felt.

Like sour lemons searing an open heart, life begins anew
with each and every poem's beginning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Life From Escaping

Future nights standing aside, waiting for the light
of daybreak peeking above the horizon.

Seething with desires, allowing them to flow into
this mind where they can be written of.

Never being extinguished, always pretending to be
unafraid of loneliness, yet in times of abandonment
different ideas come about.

Wondering about the future without anyone in my life,
no mercy or compassion thriving from outskirts of
time.

Tunnels keep opening and closing, keeping light from
escaping and bringing the beauty of love into being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Love Treasured In Melodies

When we're together, you are the only one I see and want to be with.

Loving you more every day, nothing can contain this love in our hearts.

Keeping our love treasured in the melodies of one another always.

A beautiful way to cherish and keep it alive and vibrant.

Every moment that we're together and in each other's arms is like being in heaven.

A spontaneous and brightly vibrant exercise in our mind, souls totally appreciating our wholesome love.

A pure adoration of Divine love always held within us in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Me Centered

Singing melodies that take me down peaceful pathways
into inspiring depths of the Divine.

Interior spirituality keeping me centered throughout
the years, giving respite from suffering.

Knowing that it's needed to keep living with this
turmoil on planet earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Me Guessing

Running through the atmosphere, thoughts rapidly finding their places in rhythms where coded messages continue to enter.

Changing or altering the scheme of things in this mortal life, keeping me always guessing, never knowing where a solution will come about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Me Humble

Remembering all the mistakes I've made in life,
because they are always being projected on screens
of my photographic memory.
Keeping me humble throughout life, no matter what
happens to me, good or bad, I will always remain
the same while living here on earth.

(8: 46 a.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Memories Alive

Nothing stopping this incessant and pleasurable writing,
being a blessing in my life.

Following every step that I happen to take, writing poems,
claiming my life in every single one of them.

Innocent, pure and full of life, curiosity standing out
above it all, giving the impetuous to continue questioning
everything and everybody.

Letting nothing bar my way on paths through dense forests,
jungles, deserts and mountainous terrain.

Loving the beauty found in each of these special places,
keeping their memories alive and sacred, imparting them in
poetry for others to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Minds Active

Time stands still only in our minds when it's set in memories, keeping our life in images and visions for the rest of our lives.

Vows, promises, all kept sacredly in depths of our minds, able to retrieve them whenever we want, at least those of us who don't end up with dementia.

Keeping our minds active, alert and learning is the best way of doing it, playing piano, violin, learning a new language, doing crossword puzzles, reading and writing.

Listening to all types of music helps us to focus and keep our minds alive and vibrant, pictures and images staying bright, being illuminated with the clarity of intellect and imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Music Close

Frontal attacks on boredom occur in minds full of
incentive not to deteriorate in aging years of
fragility.
Keeping close to music in any form, to listen with
every sense they are born with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Order

Messages continually being sent interiorly,
keeping everything in order, never letting
any of it disappear.

Loving feelings diving within my being,
swimming through a life that's being created
as I write.

Following trails of natural desires, beginning
to steadily open this heart to the outside world.

Expecting it's beauty to continually envelope and
encompass me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Others Away

Noting all types of reminders falling around me,
not caring about any of them.
Forging annoying actions to keep others away,
never realizing that they never really go very far.
They only hide a little better each time so no one
can tell them what they should be doing.
Wanting to coalesce and hold everything closely to
protect itself from anger's retaliation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Our Hearts Faithful

Holding you in my heart darling as the band continues to
play melodies of our love for us, looking into your eyes,
seeing notes and sounds we're hearing.

Giving us both an effervescent beauty of our combined uncondi-
tional love, feeling your sensations taking desires to heights
I could never attain on my own, for it takes we two my darling.

All the trust we have built between us can never be taken a-
way, our hearts beating in unison, loving one another time
and again through our lives.

Becoming one all these years we've been together, keeping
our hearts faithful, doing things together, always hoping
for more excitement and adventure in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Our Nation Whole

Watching the rain as it falls gently onto my mind, letting it open up thoughts that are waiting for their entrance into poetry.

Loving an increase of love gathering on earth from all the goodness of people who are caring and compassionate.

Feeling the swell and turning of tides in the U.S.A., all Americans standing and banding together.

One big happy family, keeping our nation whole and out of the hands of evil and ignorant people trying their best to tear our nation apart.

Thinking to destroy American, Americans knowing it will never happen, because we will not allow it in any way, shape or form.

Pledging allegiance to our flag, One Nation Under God!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Our Weapons Ready

Collapsing all around us, destruction of our freedom
by obama and his miniions, all out war now beginning.

United States wants nothing to do with the UN or one
world order, nothing doing.

Keeping it out of our country while destroying isis,
muslims and jihad altogether.

Forever keeping our weapons locked and loaded, secret
weapons that We the People have devised to kill any
insurgents or tyrants trying to harm us.

Our militia stronger than ever because all those that
obama has fired from our military have joined forces
with them all across the U.S.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Pace

Taking turns, reaching for whatever comes into view,
as I try to balance life with an equal load on one
side, throwing me off on the other.
Limping down the road, keeping pace as steady as I
possibly can.

(9: 00 a.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Pace With Rhythms

Talking, clapping, singing, keeping pace with rhythms
that challenge my spirituality, it's rapid and chang-
ing pictures of faith and hope.

Clicking into stages of history, looking back at every-
thing leading up to God, having the convictions of life
strengthened within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Peace

Walking sticks past the existence of legal priorities, keeping pace with all manner of endeavors kept intact.
Orderly steps stand sideways so anyone can climb inside and take part in new thoughts falling away and leaving room for no others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Sanity Of Life

Being tantalized by rhythms of music, taking me into an
atmosphere of beauty where I can be free and independent,
nothing or no one to bother or hurt me.

Feeling the freedom of peace and serenity being alone
with God brings into one's life, expressions of a life
that are fulfilled through the Divine.

Finding none of the bitterness, selfishness or greediness
of some people on earth, enjoying being with our Lord in a
deep and abiding contemplation.

Within this interior being it keeps the sanity of life in
check, not letting us fall into a depression or feeling
sorry for ourselves.

God protects us fully from human frailties by using angels
of mercy to help each of us come closer to Him on this
earth today.

A definite and wonderful way to be at peace while living
this very temporary life, as long as we don't waste what
time we have left.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Self Company

Keeping self company while thinking in nature's abode,
kept within at all times, to refresh memories and charge
inner batteries of self-realization.

Soothing aspirations, filling interior spaces with their
silent pictures being illuminated in depths of musical
colors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Self Occupied

Rhythmically moving in time to Foreigner, playing
games within my mind, trying to keep myself occupied
through the boredom of waiting.

Wishing I had a laptop I could keep with me all the
time, so I could put my poetry day and night
no matter where I am at any moment in time.

Feeling the freedom it would bring into my life as I
sense it's presence in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Silent Solace Close

Silence envelopes every fiber of being, bringing solace to my soul.
Hiding deeply within, not wanting to come out and face the cruelty of this world.
Timid, shy, wandering aimlessly, keeping what solace I do have very close to my heart.
So much of silence fills me constantly with a peaceful countenance.
Something I can't live without.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Slavery Away

Riding through blood-splattered streets of yesterday, where men fought and died in hopes of abolishing slavery from the face of the earth.

Accomplishing this very purpose,170,000 young white Republican men fought and died to end slavery, democrats fighting against them because they wanted slavery spread throughout the world.

Continuing today to keep slavery and corruption away from those who wish to have power and control over others not as strong or wealthy as they are.

Removing evil and power from those who think to misuse it to the detriment of those more unfortunate in our country, and to the advantage of the corrupt ones, joining forces to combat it all.

Many atrocities that obama and the clintons have wrecked upon the U.S.A. are now being combated by President Trump and the good men and women in our government.

Keeping our Constitution, rule of law and freedom intact in spite of what these corrupt and treasonous people have done to take away the rights of American citizens.

Justice shall prevail, they will be tried for treason and hung because that is the punishment for being traitors in our nation, and trying to overthrow our government by bringing in illegals.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Step

Running through nature's lanes, keeping step with it's beauty
as I write poetical verses.

Aligning my soul with God's answers to my prayers, believing
in afterlife up in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Strengthened

Racing, reaching interiorly, spirit roaming inner universes
with glee, seething with energy from beyond this earthly
life, a gift having been given when I died and went to heaven.

Keeping strengthened, away from the turmoil of life, helping
to sooth all sacrifices and suffering that come to my being
just by living this earthly existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Strong

Stepping gayly in rhythm, I move with an agility of bereavement, taking a stand against the sadness trying to set itself up inside my heart of crystal teardrops. Wanting to sob and cry, I refuse, swallowing every morsel I keep myself strong in the face of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping The Center Opened

People gathering together, all in force to keep open the
senior center, the city of Phoenix is trying to close.

Presenting their trial budget at this meeting, city
officials are going to show a video, trying to make excuses
for their unreliability in balancing the budget for years.

Everyone here is against the closure and are dedicated to
keeping open our senior center.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping This Mind Occupied

Soothing plaintive melodies flowing like rivers into
the ocean, building tides ever higher over the surface
of the ocean.

Solemn and enticing, ridding my being of all stress and
strife for now as I listen to a wide variety of music
while writing.

Thinking keeping my mind occupied for the time being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Time

Skipping to beats of rhythm on musical scores,
keeping time with my heart and calming my soul
with it's elemental distance.

Closing in on brain waves in soothing steps of
raindrops, falling within.

Crackling fires of mirth, burning and searing
words within my mind's grasp, relating them to
music's rhythmic measures of pleasurable tones
and intense feelings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Time With The Universe

Delving into chasms of reality, holding onto imagination,
the source of strength and character hidden within the
purpose of this life.

Encased wholly in measures of time as they fill me musically
throughout life, holding onto the mysteries of my soul
where a fire of inspiration holds onto passages of time.

Through melody's rhythms, knowing truths of living, finding
their energy and building upon it, a pyramid of intellect,
that's searching an interior world.

Keeping closely to the Divine in my exploration, discovering
ancient whispers that have been calling to my soul in many
melodies of a poetical and whimsical poetry, keeping time
with the universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping To Self

Silent now, not wishing to talk or be around people,
only keeping to myself, not wanting to be treated
like I don't matter in this world.

All the good and times given to others through the
years, now just flotsam on an ocean of selfishness
and uncaring people, thinking of themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping To The Path

Seeing through the hazy mists in front of me,
heading right into them, not fearing whatever
lies within them.
Never losing my way, keeping to the path set
before me, not worried about being late for
anything in life.
Wondering when I'll be tended to and no
longer being here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Track

Rolling into the motions of yesterday,
keeping track of all their destinations.
Never letting them disappear into the
night, holding onto separate visions of
beauty.

(10: 00 p.m. - 11/19/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Up, Staying Ahead

Silently searching this world for genuine truth and honesty, keeping up with the news daily in order to stay ahead of the fake news and illusions.

Taking time to research and investigate every single detail being revealed on the left and right, making sure we're not being taken by evil quietly stalking innocent people.

All over the world, finding that life can be united with everyone, giving soothing feelings of peace, overtaking and conquering the evil and perversion in every corner.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keeping Us Still

Riding down the road of life, anxiously awaiting the
beauty of passing landscapes.

Never being disappointed along the way, because my
passion stays energetically and mysteriously within.

Styling and reciting rhythms as many designs and
patterns are falling into place, keeping us still
and happy in the love we've found together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keepsake Of Maturity

Softly echoing moods of intensity, placating memories
with soulful music.
So gently, interpreting life into musical scores,
rounding up joyful talent, holding it closely, a
keepsake for maturity.
On lonely days to take out and enjoy those moments
again - to relive their fantastic beats in visions
plentiful.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Kept Alone And Secretly

Circular ladders spiraling to heaven, taking the
scenic route, entering gardens filled with blue
roses and yellow daffodils.

Beauty astounding intellect with it's brilliance
at times, giving access to a wondering curiosity
thriving in a vast society of effervescent thoughts.

Arranged constantly like a kaleidoscope filled with
angular designs, being totally imbued with colors
of the rainbow.

Throughout an interior universe, always kept alone
and secretly so no one may harm or destroy them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Kept From Secrets

Looking toward heaven, focusing on tomorrow with an inspiration of solitary purpose.
Contemporary domain, set in mind, able to ramble throughout archways and tunnels into several aisles.
Awaiting lonely souls, trying to move away from an existence on earth, deprived of love and hope, being kept from secrets of life that would've kept them safe from malicious harm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Kept In Wisdom's Drawers

Surrounded by close-knit images, talking silently to me, wanting to escape and be written about.
Selecting from millions of abstracted thoughts, putting them together like puzzles, making sure they make sense and are meaningful to an insightful mind.
Kept sacred in wisdom's drawers, used only for what their purpose is needed.
Invisible to everyone, encased solitarily alone, confined to brain cells with no exits, except through this pen and paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Kept Sacredly

Marching to silent beats, kept sacredly in the interior
of my being.

Responding totally to their insistence to keep step and
not fall behind.

Enticing and beckoning me to follow them throughout the
jungles of everyday life.

Knowing that my being will be sated by their staccato
sounds, tempting me to step in measures of time.

Right alongside passion being held in intellect's heart
beat, savoring it's taste upon my mind throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Kerala To Kolkata

Riding across India from Kerala to Kolkata, seeing so much
of the landscape, beautiful and scenic, showing the culture
along the way.

Everything green, palm trees, banana trees, rice paddies,
boulders on mountains, Indians call hills, rocky ground
all fascinating and wonderful to this poet's sight!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Key Of An Inner Universe

Stone stillness enfolds a mind in an inner universe,
standing alone, thinking of all that is mathematically
congruent.

Unfolding itself within poetry, and benefitting mankind
through ideals and truths of life, losing self without,
finding self again with the key of this inner universe.

Growing exponentially, encompassing creative aspects of
innate talent, expressing and investigating them interiorly,
so much history and usefulness of all that is being reached
and touched upon in poetical verses.

Strange and mysterious, our minds hold the answers to
every question ever encountered in this world, we only need
to use the key of coded rhythms to open up this door to it's universe just
beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keyboard Decisions

Keyboards of decision, sound divine as they play
to a mind of ingenuity and verve.
Vanishing qualms instigating points of revere
after they hide away in sacks of linen cloth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keyboard Of Imagination

Tapping figuratively on a keyboard of imagination, finding rhythms that match intellectual aspirations in accurate incantations.
Traveling throughout desert plains, writing down every idea as it suddenly appears and flows out upon paper.
Challenging attitudes of revelry, hoping to proclaim admissions of other worlds, carrying self to mirror-like campsites.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keyboard Of Life

Likening life to a keyboard, full of glee and sadness, all encompassed into an etude - melody - rhythm - furling around feelings and emotions, tethering us to earth with good intentions.
Finding solace in carefully composed notes and keys, sending us off in directions of our own as we listen to our own beats and drummers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keyboards Of Inner Piety

Quiet mysteries hiding behind latent feelings, knowing that they will eventually show themselves.

Playing keyboards of inner piety, letting it be transposed into sensual rhythms, carrying us into sunsets of another horizon.

Rising to meet the beauty of another evening in silent darkness, starlit from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keyboard's Whim

Clarinets musically playing my mind's ear, addressing
it's rhythm interiorly.

Life dances to it's beat, as big band eras slide
easily into mind's hearts and careful thoughts.

Those good old days brought back magically at the
whim of a keyboard.

Transpiring to elate our souls, keep us thinking good thoughts while listening,
and keeping alive, vibrant
memories of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keys In My Mind

Plinking keys in my mind with musical thoughts,
I exist in a world of my own - one with magical
times in tune with melodies of life's eternity.

Styles of nature climb aboard the fountain of
prose, flowing easily, evenly in time with what-
ever music builds itself inside of me.

As always, existing subconsciously with every
breath I inhale.

So totally mine, existence carries me through
desert plains, countering life's harried duties
daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keys Of A Child

Counting backwards into time, watching the past unfold
through children playing and enjoying nature's bountiful eternity.

Joy being brought about through eyes of the child you
once were.

Playing gently, soft melodious memories stored away in
special chests, opened only by the keys of a child from
the past.

Plucking peaceful chords of youth, feeling them strike
against your mind - causing many memories to reverberate.

Sitting back, relaxing, feeling effects old age has
brought on, settling into a quiet reverie, life goes
steadily on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keys Of Images

Rhythmically pressing keys in time with images trying to
be noticed.
Enticing so many thoughts out into the open, all of them
cooperating at one level or another.
Piercing myths of yesterday, taking abstract notes and
cognitively pouring them over rhetoric from the beginning
of time.
Solo journeys beginning now on the edge of a new musical
etude.
Likely to be a major hit set to rhythms of a radio and played
daily by request.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keys Of Life

Keys lined along corridors of memories,
opening some while shutting out others.
Life-sustaining behaviors being given
free rein as long-standing images
traipse over desert terrains.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keys To Interior Reserves

Shaping and forming creative designs out of colors, bright
and musical, giving and emanating prospects of happiness
as we are filled with joyous reunions in our minds.

Enlivening spirits, reaching for keys to our interior
reserves of spirituality and a contemplation of noticeable
serenity.

Accessing every notion as we look into knowledge, seeing
the wisdom of ages.

Acquiescing everything to popular thoughts that give us a
placid endurance that we all need to keep us as special
human beings never hurting another.

Keeping our hearts pure, our minds simple and an innocence
bereft of any evil while we are living here on this earth
of temporary existence.

Giving, never taking anything for ourselves, lest we become
corrupt and greedy like many of those in our governments all
over the world.

No country being immune from those who are so weak that they
feel they have to dominate and control others with more
intelligence than they will ever achieve.

So many brilliant ideas being manifested from minds that
are open, honest and truthful, taking everything in stride
without ever hurting anyone with selfishness or narcissistic
greed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Keys Waiting To Be Discovered

Within each of us is a vast universe that many have
not yet tapped into, yet it holds many opportunities
that we are unaware of.

Finding amazing things, expanding and developing my
intellect beyond imagination completely surprising
me with it's effects on my life.

Interior spirituality is nurtured and nourished here
within, yet many people don't bother, they actually
neglect it completely.

Dimensions beyond what we know lie inside this vast
interior universe just waiting for us to discover
the keys to their secrets.

Once that is done, a whole new world will be opened
up to each person who does this.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Kicking Ideas

Kicking ideas around, raking them into piles
in front of my mind where I can see their
colorful beauty lying there.

Carefully choosing in an instant, I see poetry
growing immediately in mind as I write it down
without faltering or losing a step in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Kicking Sand

Stepping onto moonlit horizons with a heart of love
held closely by another.
Tenderly, gently, dancing in rhythms of each other
for time's beginnings, finalized here at the end of
life's pathways.
Kicking sand across visions, blurring tomorrow's
expectancies and walking along, alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Kid's Game

Crowds watching adults playing games of football,
yelling, screaming, going crazy every time a
touchdown is scored.

Fans filling the stadium, cheering, spending hours
doing nothing else except eating foods and snacks
that are not good for human consumption.

Amazing how a little kid's game, played by grown
men can generate such outrageous incomes, nothing
much being done for it, except entertaining some
fans.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Kid's Swimming

Head bobbing up and down, arms and feet slapping
water, splashing it white and foamy into the air
for just a quick moment, then once again becoming
the water within the pool.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Kindness Of A Stranger

Extended kindness granted, albeit from a stranger
appearing in my life.

Straightened times allowing no room for mistakes
of forgotten excuses.

Smiling ambrosia, sweetened within, cascading over
me, lengthening the time I have to complete an
assignment.

Thank you Lord, for unknown people expressing
kindness in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Kisses Of Mourning

Statues of living, carved in stone, holding golden tears
of yesterday's love within a broken heart.
Tearing, rending a mind with the death of a beloved wife
one Sunday morning.
Reaching for her hand, he touches a rose bush of mourning
and tears start falling into ponds of their love.
Once, like long ago, their joy mixed and mingled with their
souls.
Sealed with kisses of mourning, embraced by death in fatal
attractions, causing rifts between lovers lives on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Kissing Sand

Beautiful soft, easy waves rolling onto shore, kissing the sand with their white, frothy lips.
Pulling sand and shells thrown upon the beach with their previous arrival, back into the deeper water where they will be irretrievable until another day in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Kissing The Essence Of Life

Rushing through hours of a perfect day, doors slamming
in homes, people wanting to go out into the wilderness
feeling an atmosphere of brilliant contrast from four
walls of a house.

Giving living beings a way to transport feelings and
beauty throughout the entire atmosphere of a temporary
world.

Kissing the essence of life with touches of nature's
lips, filling our beings with the total essence of it's
livelihood.

Straying into pathways of this life, finding a way into
dimensions that are only felt within the ones I have
gained access to wholly on my own.

Tempting and alluring beginnings and endings of a sincere
beauty of heaven beyond our knowledge and containment.

Yet, somehow having traveled through heaven's gardens
and lived to tell about it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Kites

Soaring above with kites surrounding me, enjoying
the different types, boats, planes, eagles, etc.

All of them wearing bright colors so they can be
seen better in the atmosphere.

Soldiering them into position when the wind is
just right, fighting the wind at times.

Keeping them flying higher and higher into the
atmosphere as I soar in my mind with them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Kneeling Trees

Trees sacredly kneeling on God's gentle earth,
reaching out their branches to His heaven.

Leaves folding and unfolding, praying in His
presence.

Living long, living fruitfully under His loving
care.

Gently moving, filling with green, the color of
life, nature fulfills it's beauty in everyone's
eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knees Of Advanced Peace

Hearts beating to sounds of nature, capturing it's essence, portraying it's beauty, fulfilling life with breaths of air, fashioned after an exhilarating glance at heaven.

Scratching at life's circle, edges of innocence and honesty, aligned with prudent sensitivity and serene peace residing within.

Walled between moments of reality and imagination, making it's home safe and secure in creativity, solemnly vowing to never leave behind talent and gifts graciously and generously given.

Living in total abandonment, brought to knees of advanced peace and contemplation, acknowledging the presence of goodness in all people by knowing that it resides in self - alone.

Shared, given, quietly appreciated, throughout the world of life's boundless energies.

All hearts beating to the sounds of nature, capturing it's essence, each in individual ways of expression.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knocking Unheeded

Left without any notice - any reason for it being so,
ignored from within, knocking goes unheeded.

Stranded in the nether world, wondering if someone is
friend or foe.

Unknowingness is difficult, it's hard to penetrate the
thick cloud of impersonalis.

Thinking suddenly arranges itself in a vicious circle,
chasing after reasons of which there aren't any.

Salient thoughts are in the breaking, as listlessly,
matters of importance fall short of their goals and
destinations.

Alone in the center of a crowded city, being ignored
for no reason, and the knocking goes unheeded.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knocking Upon Doors

Sensuous and intense drums beating, touching rhythms
of my heart quietly, yet steadily racing into dusk,
watching as shadows peek in and out of the darkness.

Exposing innermost corners of my mind, knocking upon
doors of this poet's intellect, taking me away into
depths of South India.

There I find myself intrigued and pleasantly surprised
with lively rhythms filling me vibrantly, interior
passion and essence now on fire.

Burning incessantly throughout my being, lighting the
music creatively with sound and color, touching imagina-
tion with a peaceful soothing balm through rhythms.

Sensing and combining beauty held within as it fills me
spiritually with liveliness, fulfilling vibrations of
intellect.

Following pathways through many tunnels and passages
opening into dimensions beyond earth's.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knotted Emotions

Keeping step in time, releasing all stress holed up inside.
Unfurling the knots tied around emotions being held together,
wanting to be rid of them forever.
Yet, they hold the answers to what is going on within each person and
if fine tuned, can be expressed, dealt with and excused into the
environment for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knotted Grief

Being held closely, grief covers me in it's heavy quilt, having been knitted through the years by life's sufferings.
Interior solace is always beyond reach, touching my soul only sometimes when in deep contemplation.
Feeling loneliness, distanced from everyone, taking nothing from the experience of emptiness, only the devastating emotions that rip and tear me apart constantly.
Having no reprieve, falling fast into black, murky, depressions of life's hard reality and hell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing

Following roads never taken before, carefully watching for
escarpments.

Taking every step with a knowing of what's
around the corner.

Knowing that whatever will happen is going to come about
no matter what I think.

With prayers in my heart, I continue forward, knowing
somehow I will be alright.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Beauty

Living within limits of life, finding destiny through
God, only.

Taking paths that lead to heaven and not into earth's
materialistic realms.

Selfishness and greed reign above everything else when
not focused on the goodness in this world.

Knowing the beauty of inner spirituality, using it to
find my way through this life, irrespective of thoughts
or opinions of others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Every Note Played

Waiting in anticipation for two musicians to arrive and begin playing.
Introducing special synchronization between them together, listening to their exact rhythms as they play.
Blending in my mind, noting every note being played, knowing what each individual one is, throughout every song that is played.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Finality Of Life

Stepping up to heights of spirituality, being touched within
by the Divine, feeling the intense freedom that it brings
with it's essence.

Knowing the finality of life in it's entirety, now knowing
there's nothing to be afraid of, it's an awesome and wonder-
ful place of peace and serenity, giving hope in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing First Hand

Having grown up in poverty, knowing what it's like first-
hand to have absolutely nothing, creatively knowing how
to give solutions to the problems that to date have never
been solved.

Thanking God for a photographic memory, living my dreams
right this moment in time, wanting to provide for family
and helping people all over the world, another dream that
I knew had to be attained one day.

Waiting to learn and put to use everything possible to
publish and sell my poetry books, hopefully becoming a
world famous author and poet, a childhood dream that was
never lost through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Fragments

Everything is noticed from leaves being scraped across
the ground by a breeze, to ducks cackling on the water.

Noises no one else would hear pound against ears and
head, hearing all that goes on in the atmosphere.

Feelings somehow are the same, they incessantly bring
the pain of others to light within a heart.

Knowing fragments of how people are feeling, brings a
deep sadness into another's soul.

There is nothing to be done, they cannot be separated
in any way.

It will always be like this I guess, sharing sorrow
that others carry with their ineptedness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Futility

Watching late at night, stars shining, moon looking down on earth, hoping to see true love walking along shores in twilight rays of pale moonlight.

Wrapping self in the darkness, like a coverlet to keep warm, finding hope along the way, not missing a step, continuing to walk along sandy shores.

Listening to the sounds of waves crashing upon the sand and pulling it back out to sea, hidden desires and hopes flowing beneath the surface.

Without a word of denial, letting the tide take them away, knowing the futility of fighting the inevitable in this temporary earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing In My Heart

Hurrying through life, wanting to do everything that
can challenge me, living on edges of death and daring
it to come for me.

Knowing in my heart that God will not yet let me go,
needing me to fulfill a purpose that only He is aware
of.

Knowing His plan is Divine and not open for discussion,
not even death can change it from what it's meant to be,
in this earthly world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing In The End

Going through the seasons being filled with the fruition
of nature, noticing the difference it makes in my life.

Enjoying perfect pitch and rhythm of inner music being
composed constantly as I write and listen to melodies.

Each one my own choice, taking them all into my being
without any prejudice, allowing intellect to always be
open, inviting curiosity and wonder to enter there.

Spreading it's joy throughout, grasping imagination,
reality and spirituality, bringing them together in
order to create ideas being written in poetry.

Inner beauty and goodness take me traveling on so many
interior journeys of self-realization, facing honestly
with nothing but the truth, no matter the hurt it causes.

Able to withstand the pain, knowing in the end it is
for the best, that I know myself completely so I may
understand others in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Life

Walking through the darkness, not minding it, feeling God's presence with me totally, knowing life is upside down and in turmoil right now.

Yet, not worried at all because God is with me, united in a purpose and an interior spirituality, taking me into the bluened light.

There everything is taken away and I can live my life energetically and continually, a great way to exist here on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Life's Truths

Energy rising, taking me vibrantly into outer
edges of space, knowing the truths of life.

Spirits filling me totally as I rest in their
spirituality, feeling protected and loved.

Knowing that Jesus is keeping me company, His
presence right beside me throughout life.

Giving His blessings and protection, nothing
to ever take me away, staying with Him only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Little Lives

Gazing upon many colored flowers, enjoying their
beauty as they sit steadily in a giant stone
planter.

Watching their dainty little petal faces looking
to the sun for sustenance and life.

Being nourished through nature and knowing that
their little lives are totally up to God, just
like my own is.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Love

Never fear love or keep it from you because you are afraid of taking risks.
Knowing true love and the acceptance it gives you of yourself causes peace and joy to fill your heart.
Never stand away from love - go to it and embrace it - hold it close to your heart.
For there are few enough times in your life when you can experience it.
Don't drown in self-pity and doubt - know that you are truly loved -
just by reaching out yourself - to another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Love Is Yours

Loving someone with your whole being, them
giving and loving you back in the same way,
life becomes heaven on earth.

Happiness and joy are unlimited, enchanting
every moment that you are alive and breathing,
vibrant and full of feelings and desires.

Bringing you into alignment with the sacred and
Divine, hearts flowing even in twilight evenings,
taking each other into peaceful emanations of love.

Walking hand and hand through this beautiful inner
universe for the rest of your life, looking into
one another's eyes, knowing that love is truly yours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Me In A Poem

Standing on corners, separated from each other in another part of the world.
No way for us to reach or touch each other in the byways of life, so we two remain strangers, never meeting or getting to know each other.
Yet, I write continually and one day you read what I have written on a page in a book.
Learning who I am, knowing how I felt.
As I bled my soul into a poem, you began to see who I was.
Years pass by, we never do meet, I never get a glimpse of you in any way nor you of me.
But you know who I am and can identify me in a poem written in a book once upon a time, reading it throughout many moments of life itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing My Mind

Never listening to others, not heeding advice either,
until after going through every detail in depths of
my mind.

Finding if what is said is true for me in the
situation I may find myself in.

Throwing away whatever my mind dismisses, it's very
intuitive and locked in on what my actual being needs
and wants.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Nothing

Wandering in a land of innocence, knowing nothing of evil or corruption while here, a wonderfully complacent realm that calms interiorly.

Standing on the edge of a last horizon, loving graces falling explicitly within, bringing peace deeply into this soul, now touching it intensely and deeply with a peace unlike anything or anyone on earth can give.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Nothing Of Tomorrow

Knowing nothing of what tomorrow will bring, hoping it will
be something good or gratifying.
Utmost care taken in the steps to get where I am today.
Indifferent ideas, stacking themselves into moderate stock-
piles after every episode of antique memories.
Rising and falling, never letting go of my inner dreams,
taking them with me into all aspects of life.
Believing in their magic as I write them into prose tonight.
Longing to be introduced into a literature, belonging to
time immemorial.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Of Being Alright

Placating inner desires by writing about them in poetry,
seeing their reflections being mirrored in tempests of
life, soothing and calming every nerve and fiber within.

Riding, surfing waves of inner feelings and emotions,
loving the experience of rising and falling with tides
taking me exclusively in and out of heights and depths.

Lonesome, yet having a knowing of being alright as I con-
tinue to discover aspects of an inner universe, traveling
into another dimension.

Seeing beauty silently waiting for me to approach, finding
my way through creativity within a bluened light, leading
the way.

A continuing and amazing journey that never ends from the
moment I wake up and pick up a pen, listening to music
until I fall asleep once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing One Day....

Quietly sitting for moments of time writing alone, while my Grandkids go outside to ride their bikes and play in the mud.

Delightful exercises they thoroughly enjoy when outdoors, glancing out the window periodically to make sure everything is alright.

Conscious of time flying by, knowing one day I will no longer be here to play, encourage, love and be with them, tears fill my mind like salt sprinkled on a meal.

Only this meal is for my mind and filled to overflowing with many loving tears for my wonderful, innocent Grandkids whom I love so much.

Knowing tearfully that one day, not too long from now, they will be shedding little tears of sorrow for their dearly loved Grandma.

Always being here for them through every sickness, heartache, let-downs and at times abandonment by friends, always welcoming them with my hugs and words of wisdom.

Songs and poems of love that I create for each of them in turn, a memory that will be in the future of their little lives.

Thinking about this lies heavily on my mind, loving and compassionate heart, so sorry that I will be bringing this tremendous sadness into their lives.

It's something not of my choosing, I would rather never die than to see them hurting and missing me, but it will nevertheless come to pass eventually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Only Beauty

Writing so carefully into the nighttime hours, selecting thoughts so quickly and instantly.

Believing in the exceptional ideas that keep coming forth into the open wide spaces of intellect.

Expecting the best of both possible worlds, knowing that only beauty will exist between their environments and last forever in the best of times.

Coming at last into the future of the next horizon and being brought forward to the steps of life as I expect it to be created.

Slanted angles bringing to mind the rhythms of chemical formulas, taking all of them into the fractious solar systems of our universe.

Forever giving the formulas of tomorrow's cures in life to take them closely to our hearts and allowing all of them to be digested and rewritten in coded messages to the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Self

Calling to interior peace as it titillates my spirit
endlessly with the wildness of an interior freedom,
giving me the beauty of doing what I want.

Challenging my being with an effervescent and touching
wisdom, knowing that I'll never be tamed in this life
by a single person.

Knowing myself, delving into my personality, finding
the truth of my being and loving it so much, never
wanting to be anyone else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Something

Letting my soul soar this morning through musical rhythms
that fill me with pleasure.

Looking around within, seeing the interior waterfall, an
infinite bluened light always within.

Colors rainbowly touching feelings and emotions, brilliantly
and beautifully filling intellect and mind.

Their special graces coded into rhythms of this musical
interlude, filling me with a Divine love.

Everyone and everything appearing in my lifetime, helping
me feel alive, knowing that something within has died.

Not caring at all, continuing to live the passion and
essence of my being as it was given to me by God to live
within myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Tears

Changing tides rolling in, turning everything
inside out.
Whatever used to be in order has now been
altered and set in disarray, because a life
has gone to the other side.
There are no more conversations, laughter,
tears or soul to soul eye contact.
All familiar environments need to be put away
in order to deal with the rest of life and it's
knowing tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing The Answer

Taking time to stop, pondering life and the way it flows
in different directions, depending on who you are and
where you're going in this life.

How do we move into one another's lives so perfectly
without even trying at times, knowing the answer comes
from God, Himself.

He puts people in our lives when we need each other, to
take the next step in each of our individual destinies,
a wonderful way He has of showing us His love.

It's a very special and unique way, most people never
realize it happens, so they miss out on the benefit of
His unconditional love for each of us in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing The Beauty Of My Spirit

Being silent, thinking, staying in an atmosphere bluened
by the Divine, checking and keeping time in measures of
rhythmic music.

Not wanting to be disturbed, because I'm enjoying myself
totally and explicitly, knowing the beauty of my spirit
as it rises ever higher.

Through poetical interludes where I continue to write
from my heart and soul, feeling sensations and emotions
that are coming to the surface with tantalizing beats.

A rhythm, steady and clear, clarifying thoughts clearly
and concisely as I write from an interior waterfall all
the time when listening to music of all types.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing The Facts

Born here in the U.S.A., a proud American,
having freedom and God-given rights to all
of it's citizens.

Educating people who are ignorant of our laws,
Constitution, foundations and principles that
our nation was founded upon.

Our forefathers drew up the Constitution with a
great deal of thought, it's based on Judeo/Christian
principles and the Ten Commandments. (much to the dis-
may of democrats and liberals) .

America is a Republic, not a democracy, people have
no clue it seems, even though the Pledge of Allegiance
is said....

...And to the Republic for which it stands, one nation
under God, indivisible with liberty and justice for
all...

Wake up, read the Constitution, it's beginnings,
history, etc., learn about every branch of government
before beginning to spout opinions, lies and illusions.

We the People are educated and already know the facts
so don't try and bombard us with falsehoods, we know
the truth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing The Purpose Of Life

Joy filling my spirit totally and thoroughly this morning,
being picked up, soaring into the vast universe of intel-
ectual ideas and concepts.

Mind being reassured through rhythms, tempos and sounds
of thoughts that are grown and nourished, nurtured by a
daily dose of writing and music.

Knowing the purpose of life as it exists within my being,
enjoying it immensely as I continue through nature and
the arts together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing The Signs

Mind awakened by rhythms lilting throughout my mind, touch-
ing feelings and emotions intensely, usurping sanity at
times through loss and grief that've certainly filled my life.

Being crippled at times by the sadness, emptiness and loneli-
ness, somehow finding a way back even though the tears never
end.

Drowning in oceans of abandonment being felt throughout my
being, taking me into depths filled with shadows of death,
there I dwell for moments in time.

Learning whatever I can about how it makes me feel to lose
loved ones, also, seeing the other side, knowing the signs
and feelings they were attuned to as death took hold of
them and they succumbed to it's deathly grasp in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing The Truth

Leaving nothing behind black curtains of a selfish hatred,
except racists and evil of this world.

Wanting to take up arms against these erroneous people,
setting them straight, that the only ones filled with hatred
are they themselves, trying to place the blame on others.

We are not falling for it and shifting the blame right back
on them because that's where it is stemming from.

Live and unite together, knowing the truth in our hearts
that we are all created equal and things should always be
that way.

Not in a communistic or socialistic way, but in a republic
and democracy, our only chance at being and staying free as
nations and the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing The Truth Of Your Loss

Crossing ravines of life, searching for the beauty that
I lost when you left me, my dear.

Solemn, eyes tearing constantly as memories continue to
appear, showing me the life we once had.

Now all our dreams are here with me only, they hold only
emptiness now for I can find no joy or happiness in them.

Silently living in a nowhere world, looking at our dreams,
remembering all the plans we had made.

Now they are laid aside, my love, because I cannot bear to
live them by myself, wanting you to share them with me.

But that's an impossibility and I've realized and resigned
myself to the facts.

Yet the pain of losing you does not lessen or ease, just
knowing the truth of your loss inside of me is devastating.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Their Loss

Flowers dried and brown, lying crumpled in a vase out of
the way and in a corner.

Bothering no one, lying in their death, wishing to have
their youth and beauty once again.

Knowing their loss, their essence is fading quickly into
another evening on their final horizon.

Last chance for each of them to show their dainty faces
before finally expiring and being thrown into a trash can.

Tomorrow being tossed into a garbage truck, their purpose
and usefulness gone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing There's A Connection

Throughout life, finding no matter what you do,
nothing seems to change for the better except
temporarily.

This tender and quiet person standing within
rhythms is still looking for answers that will
lead to a permanent change.

Not just for self, but for all of humanity,
shaking every lie, trying to find the truth,
needing to find the essence of death.

In order to find out more about life, knowing
there's a connection somewhere in the moment
between life and death.

Wanting more than anything to find out what it is,
and how it can be used to stop life from ending,
an innate feeling always lies within me.

Knowing the answer lies somewhere in these depths,
finding answers one day before my own ending comes
to pass, people will then never have to endure the
loss of their loved ones.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing They'Re Traitors

Standing on principle, loving America, uniting to come
to her aid against those whom we've elected to represent
us.

Doing everything to destroy the U.S., opening our borders
to illegals and criminals, putting our legal citizens in
danger by doing so.

Yet they don't care as long as they get their votes, a
despicable bunch of politicians burying our country with
their greed, corruption and selfishness.

How can they look themselves in the mirror without know-
ing they are traitors to the core, lying to the people,
lying to themselves.

Saying they are doing no wrong, yet that is exactly what
they are doing, nothing more in life, giving our country
to the muslims who deserve nothing in the U.S.

*(I am speaking of the muslims who think they are doing
something to ruin our country, they will find themselves
in a heap of trouble when they try and go against the
Americans) .

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Time Is Running Out

Up and about, taking everything joyfully into my heart and soul, leaving nothing to the death of life, forecasting and relating the best particles that will tell the story.

All of what I've gone through in this earthly life, traveling faster than ever, knowing that time is running out, not really wanting to see it happen.

Knowing it's going to, filling this mind with answers to cross-words and mazes that have no answers yet in life, righting wrongs daily, stepping into plains of enlightenment tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Times Will Be Difficult

Playing within, many rhythms beating against thoughts
that flow unendingly, amazing and tenderly touching
the very within of my being.

Solely and always alone with self and God, happy, full
of joy, ever filled with an energy directly from heaven-
ly bluened lights, always held deeply in my interior life.

Nothing to be afraid of, just walking forward into what-
ever awaits my being on earth, knowing that some times it
will be difficult.

Yet good things will happen, always running headlong into
all of it, loving what I do, while living like I can do
anything.

No barriers or limitations to stop or hinder me, taking
every step within a bluened light of the Divine and nothing
else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing True Love

Defining love through new definitions that you've shown
through your actions, loving, caring, protecting, shar-
ing everything with me selflessly.

Your entire being given to me through an unselfish love,
showing me the true meaning of love as it was meant to
be.

Enjoying it explicitly, wishing we'd met long before this,
knowing now what I've been missing all these years, putting
up with abuse and selfishness.

Never really being loved for who I am, seeing the reality
of lies and illusions, breaking them apart for now I know
true love and what it's meaning truly is.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing Unrealistically

Writing in an expectation of finding answers to cure
curiosity, knowing that it cannot ever happen in this
lifetime.

Being too inquisitive, loving exploring everything,
wanting to find out all that I possibly can.

A fervent desire to know it all, yet knowing that it
is unrealistic, still I can hope.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing We Are Human

Sharing life with many others, loving everyone along
the way.

If being hurt, praying they forgive themselves for I
have already have instantaneously.

Taking everything in stride, knowing we are only human
and each have our own failings.

Not letting them stand in the way of a loving friendship
or relationship stripping the bad from the equation.

Seeing only the good because that is all that really
matters in this life when together.

Because of our egos and selfishness in our temporary
lives, we accomplish goals we make without first looking
within an interior life.

Refreshing our minds and intellect with the beauty of
the Divine who is always there for us, we are again
enkindled with God's love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing We Cannot Live Alone

Rushing headlong into the morass of living, trying to forget all the grief and loss that we've been through, just remembering those we've lost to death's embrace.

Crying tears of love as we move through life without one another, nothing to keep us from searching forever for the love we have given to each other in this life.

Knowing that we cannot live alone, one without the other, never fading or disappearing, our love intact forever no matter what has happened to either of us.

Our hearts throbbing and thrilling to the essence that we've always had in life, hearts pulsating every moment throughout infinity.

Searching for our heart's desires and having hope in finding it still intact no matter where we find ourselves on death's horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing We Have Each Other

Racing together in depths of life, spending every waking moment hand in hand, doing everything with one another. nothing to separate us.

Enjoying our time, spending it wisely, being one in heart and mind; love, passion, desires always culminating in the time we share as one.

Perfect and wonderful lives that we are blessed to have, for not many can have this unconditional love that we two share so splendidly.

Life continues to bring blessings and solace as we move forward into our future, never worrying or complaining, because we know that we have each other only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowing We Were Meant To Be

Sitting back, reminiscing of the days when I was younger,
seeing seasons come and go, years adding up and totaling
where I'm at now.

Beautiful dreams that I've dreamt, being fulfilled through
the love you've given to me all these years, nothing could
ever turn off the lights of our love.

We were meant to be together, no doubts about that my dear,
thinking thoughts of you brings a smile to my face, reliving
our moments in memories of laughter, love and togetherness.

Building our lives through the years, knowing we were meant
to be, as we lie in bed loving one another fully, the night
blossoming in our passion and desires while we're together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowledge

Winds blowing through times of unheard glory.
Peering over rims, searching for queries of yesterday to be answered in full.
Turning about, all people stand in awe of other's knowledge, not understanding that they too, can attain it's realm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowledge And Wisdom Coming To Light

Swimming through an interior ocean, loving the peace being induced while floating along the surface, letting waves take me wherever they want to.

Interior knowledge and wisdom coming to light in traces of enlightenment, a bluened light now increasing in it's intensity.

Bringing with it joy and elation that cannot be found except through the Divine, delightful, ecstatic and enticing, captivating imagination and reality together.

Creating ideas and thoughts through an intensity and peace of music and it's rhythms, blending mind, intellect, heart and soul into the bluened light while writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowledge Beyond Years

Being under pressure, fulfilling precedents in life that
have reared their heads in private conversations of interior
contemplation.

Serious consideration climbing ever higher into mountains of
intuitive wisdom, while accumulating a knowledge beyond years
of earth's beginnings.

Loving the complete and total sensation of every sense that
has been heightened in nature's factual environment here on
earth.

Wandering carefully and intelligently onto the oasis of an
inner desert of solitude, being remembered in visions and
images of it.

Nothing ever failing to fall within insight and being taken
to impossibilities of life while being alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowledge Makes Itself Known

Bright sunlight shining into my mind, illuminating it for a
moment in time.

Clearing up doubts and worries, placing them in a jar upon
a shelf of forgotten memories.

Finding the sorrow hidden in a corner of my mind, crouching,
afraid to come out.

Reaching out, touching it carefully, recollection flows out
abundantly in the form of tears, salted with bitterness and
resentment.

Opening up the floodgates of my heart, they come forth,
cleansing themselves in the light of knowledge, no longer
able to hide in the corner labyrinths of my deepest mind.

Tearing into this heart, rending it's delicately, thin
cover, the pain of a lifetime claws it's way through my
my mind and heart, leaving me stranded in misery.

Like the waves of an ocean, mercilessly trying to knock me
down, as I try to stand on my own, while being thrown to
and fro.

Bright sunlight shining into my mind, illuminating it for
a moment in time.

Sparing nothing, all things are under the scepter of light,
knowledge brings out everything good or bad to be seen and
dealt with on it's logical intellectual level.

Passing ever so lightly, tiptoeing across memories,
vibrating them like the strings of a harp, knowledge makes
itself known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowledge Of Current Attitudes

Looking through windows out upon the city, watching
lights twinkle and change shape, altering visions in
timely moments, accepting evening's attitudes with
aplomb and at times agitated moods of desire.

Standing in hallways, looking out from different
angles at the city below me, all of it affecting how
I see things through poetical eyes, watching for
moments altogether in unison as I write.

Cheating on life as I watch lights beckoning me to
walk away and take all kinds of facets into
consideration, applying them to the beautiful
interests contained in me.

Socially triggering every motion and taking steps
into wonder-lights of unappreciated methods.

Lowering myself as I try to rise higher onto tops of
mountains, belying facts that I can climb without
wings forever, just changing footholds to reach
interior goals so closely held within.

Knowing first glances holding me together with the
knowledge of current attitudes.

Looking down now upon the valleys below, having made
it, finally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowledge Of Grief

Whenever I'm sad, tears fill my mind and spill
down my face, showing sorrow's hold on my heart
of hearts.
Showering rains impart the knowledge of grief
into spheres of protuberant acquiescence,
leaving indentations in my brain to remember
them forever in life's domain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowledge Of Nature

Green leaves like fresh ideas spreading thoughts
throughout my head, blessing this day with prayer and beauty.
Folding the tantalizing knowledge of nature between pages of
poetry, alighting in the wake of creative prose.
Searching and finding outcomes of nature playing in my mind,
frolicking among ideas fraught in imagination.
Fully alive in the breath of this very moment, taking time
to feed the blessedness of life flowing through me via my
soul.
All of being is ascending toward heaven in musical
contemplation, allowing the freedom I so desire.
Flying - no soaring - above this world in a space of poetry
all my own.
Contemplation on another hemisphere, parading itself
collectively throughout my mind, allowing me to enter
another dimension of life.
One not known to many, only the few of us who have developed
our sixth and seventh senses.
Allowing ourselves the freedom to think without limitation
and then to lend the voice of that freedom to be heard from
our entire being and soul throughout the fields of imagination
and creative processes, as we develop them ever further
throughout our lives with gentle care and belief in prayer
being answered.
Our lives are interiorly different than most others, because
we are living our creativity every moment of our lives.
We spend every waking moment in the expectation of
realization in the solitary thoughts of reality as they are
exposed to us through a third and fourth nature not easily
found.
Green leaves blowing in the wind, which is always bringing
fresh new thoughts into minds of continual renewal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowledge Rests

How is lightening seen in the light of day? Is it brighter than the light of the sun?

Can it's zig zag projections be seen clearly, is it seen in a different dimension or just as it is same as night?

Questions, only questions, answers not forthcoming, as knowledge rests upon laurels of things not known, hoping to gain wisdom before the next day's dawning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowledgeable Diagnosis

Once again sitting in Dr. L's. waiting room,
trying to stay awake, waiting to be called back
into the cavernous abyss of medical knowledge.
Wondering what new episodes or clues will be
found out to improve the health of those who
await his attention.
Calmly cogitating behind closed doors, Dr. L.
uses his expertise and intuition to help those
in dire need of a cure.
Insight and knowledge come to his rescue as he
wisely makes each diagnosis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Knowledge's End

Asking questions throughout the evening, wanting to
know all the answers not readily prepared.
Sordidly hanging heads in dejected unrealized dreams,
knowing that this is the end of all knowledge, no
longer being sought in daily life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Known To This Heart Alone

Roaming interior deserts, seeking answers as I go along, finding the impossible in all hidden corners where life has filled a void.

Integrating all moments of secrets not divulged heretofore, yet searching interior canyons and ravines for answers known to this heart alone.

Moving into spheres that have opened wide, exposing all details hidden inside, loving everything that's moving into this field of vision for the time being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Kolkata, The Heart Of India

Living in the moment here in Kolkata, the heart of
India, a fascinating and beautiful city filled with
people and excitement.

Thrilled with each sight, totally enjoying being here
in a foreign country which has now become a favorite
of mine and of my heart.

Night falling, darkness slowly and silently enveloping
my presence, carefully and quietly letting my spirit be
consumed in this pastime of total music and contemplation.

Falling into patterns and designs of this bustling city,
there may be many poor and poverty-ridden sections, yet
everywhere I go, people are smiling back at me genuinely
from their hearts to mine and I back to them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Kountry Western

Trailways leading me astray, tending to heartfelt treasures along the way.
Searching visions of yesterday, locating wonderful memories
in fields of fragrant roses, musically turning into a kaleidoscope of color from eternity to the present.
Offering opening tunes to gates of heaven, while passing through, dressed in Kountry clothes, hat and boots.
Pleasing to God's ears as He spreads music to all eyes in
the form of brilliant sunsets and sunrises, showing great pleasure in all things country-western.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Labyrinth Of Darkness

Loosely holding onto edges of life, balancing myself
and looking down into a labyrinth of darkness.
Curious, I want to let go and find out exactly what
is down there, hiding away without speaking to anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Labyrinth Of Timelessness

Belonging is a state of mind, caught in the labyrinth of timelessness.

Hurrying to enjoy a place of our own, finding all too soon that there aren't any vacancies.

Futilely grasping at straws, having them disappear as we watch in disbelief.

Falling to the ground, hopelessness lying upon us, pressing us into nothingness as we spread our angel wings and die.

Never having belonged on earth in reality, it was always a state of mind somewhere else in unknown dimensional localities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Labyrinths Of Yesterday's Images

Swishing words around my mind, letting them agitate
and gyrate as I listen to perfect pitches, reaching
for their definitions to explore.

Using each one that fits imagination's style in unique
ways of poetry.

Taking time to carry tones into labyrinths of
yesterday's images, watching as they walk into lanes
of blossoming poetry along life's pathways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lace Edges

Standing on edges of lace, watching worlds revolve
as I contemplate extraordinary spirituality.
A finishing touch on personality, polishing it to
a golden sheen, matching that of my soul.
Purity and godliness, awaiting moves to a closer
unity with heaven while stranded on earth's borders.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Laces Of Thought

Laces of thought carefully blow across my mind,
exciting properties of manageable enlightenment.
As gestures caress my senses, taking me onto
plains of desert sands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lacing Sentences

Delicately lacing my mind with beautiful ribbons of rainbow, watching them all being turned into lines of sentences.
Then being taught to children in schools of learning, where stagnant minds are once again taught to think for themselves.
Beauty abounding, finding thoughts dancing lightly between every word and pulling them rhythmically - altogether in alignment with heavenly scents from above.
Swinging and swaying in time with musical frustration as it continues to swerve right into depths of enlightened amusement.
Being judged sololy on innate talent, collating all of life into moments expected to be remembered forever in literature and never to be lost in adjuncts of poor delivery.
Softly, jumping up and grasping lines of life, pulling it all into the light given from those beyond earthly boundaries and saved for posterity, qualifying for ends of tomorrow's future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lack Of Poetical Acumen

Living in a land of the lost where you keep disappointing me with your lack of poetical acumen that you used to love so much.

Falling on blank pages, nothing to show that you are here with me anymore, no jewels, no feelings, no gems falling from your brilliant mind to satisfy my lust for your poetry.

Why have you forsaken our poetical courtship for another, my love, haven't I been the only one here for you through it all?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lackadaisical Efforts

Rapidly firing thoughts, not able to stand the lackadaisical efforts of our government and all of it's corruption.

Taking situations out of hand, making them worse because of their egos and greed.

Causing all types of repercussions throughout the world, bringing hatred to the foreground in many other countries.

So heart-rending and needless, all this heartache and suffering, we need to stand up and fight against the enemy within.

Charging into the future with our freedom stronger than ever and in, We the People's very own hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lacking Trust

Liquefying thoughts, flowing downhill like waterfalls in the mountains.
Serenely coasting, floating upon life's waters, never latching onto anything, knowing that it will only be taken from me.
Living an existence in hollow emotion, deciding every moment spontaneously, never leaving chances to become what I must before my dying day.
Lacking any trust, drifting along semi-peacefully on any given day, attempting to fulfill my destiny however fate will allow me to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ladders Of Life

Beyond life is a stable realization of equality and respect, standing for truth and honesty.
Climbing ladders of life towards an infinite domain, helps regulate styles of peaceful recognition.
Standard opinions are stored safely in open-mouthed words of retaliation, awaiting their turns to speak aloud.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Laden Trees

Trees laden with leaves and branches reaching out,
touching my soul, awakening life within, placing
coverlets of peace placatingly over me.

Stretching towards clouds floating over God's
natural highs, enveloping solitude within, soothing
human nature with His softest touch, causing reality
and awareness in a mourning sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lady In Red

Romantically designing patterns of living with another,
sketching lives together under stars of a twilight
evening.
Behavior solicitors, caring, showing love's brightest
lights within eyes of bluest rainbow prisms.
Glimmering signs, facing future omens of tomorrow's
romantic designs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Laid To Rest

Variety fills my mind with energy sublime, following thoughts,
tracing their origins to the end of their paths.

Folding all knowledge within patterns of thought to be brought
out later in life as ideas, then on into realities.

Nothing seems adherent right now, but one day all thoughts
will coalesce and become apparent in reasoning stages of life,
as it progresses through time, becoming everyday realities on
new and expanding horizons.

As we grow old, as we age and become comparisons to each other,
until death conquers all our similarities and we become as when
we were born, all of us the same.

Capabilities, brains and intense intelligence all wrapped up
in one body, laid to rest in death's embrace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lame Ducks

Lame ducks strutting their lies and illusions in front of
crowds of people who are now alert and awake, seeing what
is going on, not liking what they're seeing or hearing.

Democrats and liberals now switching, becoming Republicans,
more and more of them every day, so glad to see it happen-
ing finally.

Now Americans have united against them and their socialist,
communist attitudes and values, none of us wanting any part
of their one world order with a dictator at the helm.

Openly proclaiming total support of our President Donald
Trump, good to see that most Americans plan on remaining
free from sharia law* and islam.

Following our laws and Constitution of their own free
will, getting rid of those who are against our President
once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lament Of Love

Meeting, talking, playing games of love without ever
touching one another, telling secrets of your heart
and soul, somehow getting me to tell you mine.

Loving me unconditionally, making me feel like I was
in seventh heaven and could do nothing wrong, coming
to me every day and long into the night.

Not sleeping, yet having energy of your love to keep
me going, never getting tired, touching my heart ever
so gently, filling my soul tenderly with your own.

Strengthening my inner being, wanting me more than any-
one or thing in this life, riding waves of euphoria,
never coming down.

You were like a drug, an aphrodisiac that I wanted for-
evermore, you took my heart with yours, filling it with
passion, desires, want and promises.

Giving me attention, never letting my attention wane,
capturing my heart and being, making me a slave to your
own desires and passion.

Surrendering fully to you, what choice did I have my love?
for years we met transcendentally, loving, never veering
from one another.

Being held a prisoner by your heart, but not caring for I
was being loved for myself and you continually kept me so
close to you.

Then invisibly something started changing, your mind wand-
ered to another woman, you stopped talking to me day and
night.

Your promises of love lying strewn on empty pathways and
floors, no longer holding any promise for me, this heart
of mine not wanting to let you go for I was yours and you

were mine forever, or so I had thought.

Now staring into empty space, waiting for your call, hoping for an answer, holding onto a dying hope, you'd taken my heart, my innocence, my purity of intellect.

Dumping it all, leaving me like flotsam upon waves, being tossed and thrown without a thought or care from you, for you had already moved on, leaving me to fend for myself.

Wondering where the love you had professed so tenderly and lovingly for me had gone, sitting here, staring into space for hours, tears falling, heart crushed and broken beyond repair.

Now knowing everything you told or professed of your love for me was merely lies, you only wanted to help me, lead me back to a life of humanity.

For you in your divine ignorance thought it best, devastated, having given my life, heart, soul to you in return for your love, now finding it was all a lie.

As you leave me here alone, bleeding, the pain of my heart breaking, killing me entirely, being cruel, rude, unmindful as you say.

Tossing me away and never looking back at what we had, yet now I see it was only the illusion of your lies, there was nothing really there for me from you.

My life, heart and soul, you played like a concerto, an instrument of your lust and ego, then taking it all from me for you found another innocent to help and started draining her like you have done to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lament Of Many

Why can't I have one more chance
Before I leave this world?

What is it that keeps me from
Happiness, and an indefinite love?

Being barred from it
By an unholy union -
That strangles my being daily?

Where is the justice
I hear about from priests and others?

How come -
I have not been able to find it myself?

Hiding in a corner, looking back at life
In memories untold,
Trying to figure out how I can go back
In time and recreate myself.

Giving self -
A chance that I was never given,
To find a calmer path
Of solace through life.

Finally, just accepting my lot in life,
Knowing well -
It is now too late for me
To begin anew with someone else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lamentable Times Of Life

Whistling, whispering winds blowing through my mind, arousing feelings of loneliness, escaping from within my heart.

All times of sadness stretching and yawning in my sight, light shining upon them, illuminating their abandonment and sense of grief.

Leaving me bereft, holding onto the lamentable times of life that I only wish would disappear into a lost horizon, yet knowing that will never happen while I am still alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Land Of A Broken Heart

Feathers hanging on a wall made out of wood, plagues to be admired by anyone sitting in the waiting room, tickling my mind while rhythms are playing.

Going down trails of intellect, not caring where they take me, just enjoying sensations coming into by being, leaving me in a land of a broken heart.

It's pointed shards lying upon the ground, looking about, seeing all the destruction that's been wrought by someone who never really loved me.

Knowing the truth now that it's way too late, life has moved on and feelings have died, all emotions have been buried deeply inside, living in spite of it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Land Of Blossoming Fruits

Creative endeavors being enticed by Indian music,
carrying me forth into a land of blossoming fruits.

Affording pleasure of tasting it all as writing
expresses the essence of what is being brought to
mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Land Of Excitement

Symphony and ballet blended together to write poetry into
a land of excitement and passion.

Sending rhythms throughout the wilderness of imagination
and touching upon the Divine.

Tantalizing this poetical spirit with pleasure and energy,
living in skyways of heavenly realms, soaring into other
dimensions that fill we poets interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Land Of Fantasy

Wandering through a land of fantasy, beginning to dream
of non-existent things, so I can create them from
conceptions within intellect.
Sallow looking now, but when I get remake them they will
be revived in rapid time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Land Of Imagination

Rising up and down, elated with rhythms being played in a staccato style, running tempos tackling my mind, chasing down every note through measures of each melody.

Sleek and sublime, taking me on a journey into the land of imagination and destiny, letting intellect freely enter a platitude of interior energy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Land Of Imaginational Depths

Loving rhythm that escapes from within a band, taking me into
a land of imaginational depths, rocking from within solace,
hitting heart and soul.

Nothing can interrupt this peaceful and wonderful feeling
that's being placed so gently into my being, totally walking
into music as it tip toes around me.

In many measures of solitude and genuine pleasure, traveling
a mile a minute down paths and trails of musical poetry,
painting portraits as I go.

Putting them all into lines of poetry, blossoming like
bouquets of roses, their aroma taking me into a fantasyland
filled with thoughts coming directly from my heart and soul.

Stirring intellect and mind with succinct and tantalizing
moods of music, taking me into an atmosphere with beautiful
syncopation and rhythm.

Nothing like the wonder of intellect when it's touched by
musical interludes of poetical tempos, soaring into other
dimensions of interior universes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Land Of Sorrow

Wailing of a harmonica within the music I'm listening
to, takes me into a land of sorrow, unheeded by my mind.

Studying the effects of an early life on living today,
seeing the results being written in poetry.

Thousands of poems reflecting my life through all these
years, letting people all over the world get a glimpse
of this mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Landfill Of Memories

Falling into the muck of life, stuck in the mire of it's
stench, unable to rid self of the awful odors emanating
from a landfill of bad memories.

Being tangled within their gangly growth, attempting to
cut my way though it all before it envelopes me completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Landfill Of Musical Rhythms

Trouncing and jamming with new age music being played
before we leave Buddy Stubbs, being taken into skyways
of tomorrow's destiny.

Heart and soul being trapped in melodies, not able to
get away, loving it though, and holding onto notes as
they rise and fall.

Jumping from clouds, parachuting through music, rockin
all the way down, having the time of my life, falling
quickly into melodies.

Landing on my feet, dancing to a song that has taken
me flying, sky diving and landing on top of a landfill
of musical rhythms.

Not caring how or why I got here, just taking my time,
enjoying and being proud of who I am and have become in
this life.

Surprisingly, strumming coming out of nowhere, taking
my place in the annals of poetical history along with
music's measures and notes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Landing In Hong Kong - An Amazing Place

Landing in Hong Kong, an amazing city filled with people,
excitement and action, looking about, checking everything,
comparing it to all what I've known and experienced.

Finding similarities and many differences, ordinary arti-
facts end up being quite different in many respects, en-
joying and absorbing every memory being made.

Later to be explored more fully, met and written into
poetry for others around the world to read, showing them
what I have seen in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Landing In Los Angeles

Mind exploring beats and rhythms as they continue playing while the jet begins it's descent into Los Angeles, California.

An exciting and wonderful experience so far, loving to fly freely in the air with nothing holding onto us, feeling a freedom you can't get while on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Landing On Clouds

Low sounds issuing forth in time with a jumping, rocking rhythm.
Soaring into the atmosphere, nothing holding me to earthly boundaries and limits.
Feeling the intense freedom under me, taking off and landing on clouds as they swiftly fly by.
Soaking my being with effervescent beauty, bringing wisdom to fruition with every note being played through imagination's intellect.
Keeping step, never losing a beat, enjoying the sounds of a lifetime as they are played especially for my picturesque screens within.
Living quietly in an area of peaceful endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Landing Soon In Hong Kong

Soon to be landing in Hong Kong until 9: 05 p.m. then finally on to Kolkata, India and home with my friend for the next thirty days.

A whirlwind of getting to know one another better, finding and understanding cultures that we both have grown up and old with.

Talking, joking, writing poetry, conversing together from morning through the night, reminders of our talks on face book and Skype the last three years.

Will be great to finally meet face to face after all this time, cannot wait for this new and exciting experience to begin.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Landlord - Tenant In Phoenix

Numb with the indifference of uncaring, cold-hearted
people, playing God with government money.
Deciding to advise one not to pay rent, yet won't
put it down in writing - won't commit to telling the
truth.
Leaving a family of four stranded with no where to go.
A kind-hearted neighbor offers her vacant house to
move into - rent and security to be paid by the city
of Phoenix - only no one will answer or even return
calls so they can settle in for the holidays.
Northeast justice court - it's judge - ordered them
to move out by 1 p.m. the next day - not even giving
them 24 hours - and they were disabled!
Thanks to a kind-hearted neighbor offering to rent
her home, and other neighbors, with teenage daughters,
helping them to move everything out and into the house
next door.
Still nothing - no calls - from the city of Phoenix, Landlord/Tenant and
Thanksgiving is over.
They had no gas or electric to cook with or keep warm,
but city employees had a nice vacation - never once
thinking of them or how they were faring without their promised help.
Numb from the indifference of uncaring cold-hearted
people, they are still alone in their misery, with no
hopes in sight and Christmas is around the corner.
All thanks to the city of Phoenix.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Landlords And Slumlords

Although life is difficult at it's best - landlords and slumlords make it impossible.
There is no understanding or mercy on their part, people are like cattle to them - all have a price on their head.
Thrown into city streets - left to earthly devices on their own - any and all are sent to their doom.
Why is this happening in the best run city in the world?
Because landlords and slumlords worship and honor the almighty dollar and don't care one iota for American people.
And all is being done with blessings from our city council and city manager.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lands Of Creation

Touching newly made dreams with a mind of ingenuity and
focus, grasping many rhythms, placing all of them into
brightly formed compositions, taking me into lands of
creation.

Curiosity always sitting on sidelines of poetry, wanting
to incorporate it all into possible impossibilities.

Never losing sight of the intense and varied types of
life-saving and changing attitudes carrying me into and
onto the next horizon of an interior life.

Perfectly attuned to the energy and total syncopation of
inner concentration, filling every particle and fiber
of this being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lands Of Daydreams

Seeing the pleasure of life being magnified in the light
of darkness upon the dance floor, time being taken into
the wonder of another section of chords and measures.

Seeing signs of coded rhythms, focusing on the center of
another day, nothing to worry about, totally being one
with nature.

Being filled with musical sounds and tones, straying into
lands of daydreams and nighttime slumber, peacefully en-
joying music of the band playing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lands Of Dreams

Twilight hangs over an evening sun, waiting for it's
entrance into lands of dreams from above.
Watching for cues as the moon slowly rises from it's
covered bed, enjoying it's particular purpose in the
universal scheme.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Landscape Coming Alive In India

Listening to the chugging of the boat we are on, going
through the backwaters of Kerala, an occasional fish
jumping out of the water.

Houses, bungalows, grass huts standing on edges of the
water, different types, styles and colors all simply
made.

Green water like emeralds, rippling just below the boat,
looking down into them, watching rays of sunshine making
them sparkle like green diamonds.

Palm trees filled with coconuts, wondering how they stay
so long without falling, green trees, leaves filled with
the beauty of nature.

Many different varieties all together making up the land-
scape, bringing it alive in this mere poet's mind as I
relax, listen to music and write while looking at it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Landscape Of Destiny

Silent, settled quietly in a deepened awakening beneath the surface, emptying everything into intellect, giving many ideas to develop and form into the reality of the future.

Concepts shaping patterns, making individual designs and configuring them throughout my mind, never losing track of any of them, able to pick up where I've left off if interrupted at any time.

Significant and wonderful, finding answers by the puzzle pieces that my mind fits together, always having visions shown in the completed pictures as they fill my mind so completely.

A vivid and brilliant landscape of my destiny before life within has died.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Landscape Of Imagery

Flowing like a river towards the ocean, nothing able
to stand in the way as it travels onward, beautiful
and scenic displays of nature.

Sonorous water flowing through the hours of every day
and night, a landscape etched forever in ancient and
modern imagery.

Touching this poet's mind with thoughts of serenity,
a wide expanding life of it's own, taking intellect
into ever-increasing measures of time and energy.

Titillating and flying higher into the sky, leaving
clouds behind as it continues to soar, never fading
from this mind.

Bereft as life dwindles in size, nearing it's sunset-
ical horizon at last, wonder and awe taking particles
of imagination.

Treasuring them in a poem for posterity, an ever-
lasting tribute in a musical, poetical interlude,
becoming a symphony in the ending of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Landscapes Of India

Totally in a zone of creativity watching landscapes of
India capture my attention fully, hot, humid weather, tak-
ing it's toll on people as they walk, cut rice in the fields,
toil and labor to make their living.

A simple, yet very hard and difficult way to exist, no one
there to lend a helping hand, man, woman and child alongside
each other doing what they can to live their lives on earth.

This poet's mind thinking of many ways to improve the way
they live, wanting to make it easier, give them a taste of
life with some more pleasure than what they have now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Landscapes Of Intellectual Beauty

Life droning mystically beyond my being, bringing it
into an entire atmosphere belonging to intellect.

Watching concepts travel, selecting information they
feel intensely about.

Coded rhythms talently syncopated in measures of tanta-
lizing bits of mysterious and interesting livelihood.

Adventure and discovery silently moving about, touching
upon landscapes of intellectual beauty throughout inner
universes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Landscapes Of Music

Seeing mansions filling my mind with excellent imaginative thoughts, inventing, creating, putting everything into many poetical interludes which make me happy.

Giving an intense energy that takes me into positive aspects, attitudes and moods, an ever-increasing and intense pleasure standing the test of time.

Seasoning my mind with rhythms, tempos, and tones, bringing together many mind-bending, soothing rhythms of prose, lighting the fire of passion with desires flying and soaring within.

Flowing throughout intellect nothing to stop or interfere with them, totally immersed in the beauty and landscapes of music every moment of my entire life and beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Landscapes Of Rhythm

Circuits of electronic keyboards fill the air with
electricity from within landscapes of rhythm.

So often calming, soothing and beginning another
system in anticipated realms of factual atmospheres.

Never leaving sanity of life to the mercy of anyone
else, just keeping everything in collected rhythms of
poetry.

All situated talently in perfect albums of yesterday,
being written easily in many tomes, ready to be seen
in the future of many more tomorrows.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lanes Of Icicles

Wandering down lanes of icicles, hanging in my mind,
alluring and beautiful, tempting my senses to be
fulfilled and follow the extraordinary volume of
feelings being hidden behind each icicle sculpture
kept in mind.
If thawed out, they would harm and maim my heart
beyond control.
Always wanting to see and feel them anyway, they
refuse to be melted so that I can deal with them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lanes Of Interpretation

Tonal incantations flow ever on, over definitions and
peripheral vision.
Scratching and scrawling on reams of paper, writing
momentary thoughts as life continues it's pace without
me.
Head in clouds, mind in another stratosphere,
attempting everlastingly to make some sense - to find
meanings that will hold true forever.
Lightly dimming feelings as they step into the limelight
for some recognition.
All of life is spent in traveling universally created
lanes of interpretation.
Mysteriously, life holds it's solutions interiorly,
never letting them come out into the open.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lanes Of Life

Enjoying aspects of rhythm being sung in varied voices,
untired of ideas fielding themselves from interior lives.
Bowling down lanes of life, catching onto side traps laid
for tomorrow's snags.
Trials finding their ways down steep mountainsides, alone
with nature and her being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lanes Of Memory

Rolling incessantly down lanes of memory,
being re-introduced to relatives gone beyond life.
Gathering their wisdom and carrying it with me to
learn and become wiser in final days of life.
Walking into rooms of old, remembering the smells,
sounds, expressions on faces I knew when I was
younger.
Now awaiting my presence into realms beyond earths'
limits, looking forward to being together again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lanes Of Reminiscence

Strolling down lanes of reminiscence, seeing images collectively upon inner videos and then writing them into poetry for the world to view.

Reflections of enticing aspects of an interior life once held yesterday when younger, having grown and become much stronger now that I'm much older.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lanes Of Romance

Touching softly, caressing my heart with gentle pleading, filling human emptiness and loneliness with a fullness,
taking up the space within.
Treading down pathways with hands held deeply inside
empty pockets, knowing soon, feelings will overcome and
make themselves known without recriminations.
Everlasting minds aglow with memories of bygone days, yesterday taking walks through lanes of romance that
clung like ivy to my being.
Handing out joyous meanings to a subconscious idleness, awaiting creative genius to awaken tonight.
Exploding into fireworks of literature, notes and words combine to form fantastic verses in prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Language Of Creativity

Language of musical creativity, furtively takes over, rendering explicit beauty of poetry.
Flowing, ever untangled, over all aspects of humanity, saturating it with a calmness of purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Language Of Senses

Life is a continual wheel, turning through the years to
moments of time.

Eternity not taken into consideration, because it lasts
longer than the minutes we have in our temporary existence.

Thoughts being listened to interiorly, no one else can hear
them, language can only be spoken or written to be under-
stood.

Longing and desires can be explained with only a look or
touch, senses portraying the wanting and needs of our
hearts throughout life.

Life keeps rolling, turning away from us as we move forward
into our final horizons, taking us only so far and dropping
us off at the edge of eternity, not willing or daring to go
any further.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Languid Solace

Swinging in time with a rhythm of languid solace,
taking me into rooms beyond life.
Giving me a preview of what's to come upon me soon.
Having no fear, looking forward to moving on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lanterns Of Vision

We travel alone through life, yet we are all together,
never quite seeing it this way as our minds single-
mindedly only focus on ourselves.
We step along our daily paths, seeing patterns of
living as we project them into our own oblivion.
Seated on lanterns of vision, we have narrowed views
just as rays of light shining into shadows of night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lap Of Hope

Sanctioning faith and it's grace, placing my life in
the lap of hope, daring to expect a reprieve from
all the sadness and hopelessness befalling me this
day.
Wanting a new phase of thoughts to encompass
intellect and rouse more of imagination into the mix.
Capturing all the essence in a beautiful amount of
poetry, settling it in literate prose.

(1: 35 p.m. - 11/17/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lap Of Love

Settling into myself, looking to you for love and comfort, loving to be held in your arms, feeling safe and sound.

Sitting together, watching a movie, never able to stay awake, my head always ends up on your lap as I lay sleeping soundly.

Feeling your hand gently touching my face with your love, playing with my long, curly hair, knowing there's a loving smile appearing on your face as you look upon me sleeping peacefully in your lap of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lapping Mind

Sitting on banks of rivers,
water lapping at my mind,
swallowing captivated worries
over time.

Preciously guarded secrets,
tied in light ribbons,
floating upon edges of river
flotsam.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lapses Of Memory

Waltzing across my soul, notes dance and jump for joy, because they have an intense audience from within.
Tones begin and end in every poem I write.
Soaring to new heights, I fall into lapses of memory, standing aside and listening to rhythms cross over and under me in mind-altering circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lapses Of Reality

Rocking to beats of yesterday, feeling alive and
jiving to the music.
Continuing an interior education as I learn to
listen to interior whispers from above.
Oftentimes, hearing soothing melodies that take
me away, creating peaceful interludes where I can
find serenity and be close to God.
Whiling away endless moments of life, attempting
to keep busy or at least pretend to be until I can
rev my mind enough to get it wrapped around ideas
and going into full drive as I listen to music being
made all around me.
Threading it all together, I pass time silently in
lapses of reality as I long for an end of it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lapses Of Time

Systematic feelings grating against nature's bountiful love, temporarily destroying elation with it's dire consequences, regulating sorrow's place in the forefront.
Forgiving talented mainstays as they wrap around closely to respond to silent love from afar.
Quietly listening for periodic lapses of time, listlessly filling them with memories of past ages and family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lapsing Thoughts

Slowing down just a little, slows down thoughts,
they become less energetic and lapse into side-
lines, getting off the subject.

Concentrating harder, trying to keep within their
slower rhythms's, feeling insecure, mind wandering
timelessly into imagination.

Looking for some help to keep in the loop, steadily
writing into the mood I'm currently in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lapsing Time

Time is lapsing now into eternity, leading us
carefully by our soul's intent.
Finalizing plans made, resting, watching tiredly
as people and life rush by, taking no notice of
their last days on earth.
Hurrying past, doing their errands, keeping busy
without glancing in eternity's direction, because
it's not yet their turn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Large And Loving Family

Feeling emptied and lonely in a space that is not conducive
to smiles and laughter, going through a rough time in the
hospital.
Yet, my husband, son and seven year old Granddaughter came
to visit today.
Suddenly, smiles and plenty of laughter arose as my Grand-
daughter danced and made up moves and had me laughing away
in spite of my predicament.
Family does mean so much more than anything else, and I
thank God for blessing me with such a large and loving
family.

(9/1/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Larger Moments

Strings of beads, sliding off tender embraces of someone's neck, falling nakedly to the dirt-hard ground.

Being forsaken by jealous love, dying on stems of one time blossoms.

Fragrantly designing our patterns of being together in harmonies of larger moments, awaiting us in the future.

Misplacing our dreams in grown-up realms, we lose our focus and become mired in ebony nightmares.

Being awakened by strident cries of particles of love, set adrift when we grew apart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Last Call

Waiting for the last call of the night,
being drowned out instead by a crowd of
people totally enjoying their time
together - even if they're strangers when
they first start out.

All at once, turning and blaring into space,
inventing new steps in sequence.

Formulating syncopation freely and easily
with no strings being attached.

Waltzing quickly into hallways of retractive
noise.

Collecting the end of misused life

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Last Chance

Tears are pouring torrentially from my heart right now,
feeling every crystal teardrop tear open my heart.

Mind wondering what has happened to bring about this
change so suddenly.

Opening floodgates of my heart, ripping apart my soul
with an effervescent amount of sorrow again in this
lifetime.

Not ever wanting to repeat a life again after this one
is through here on earth.

Not wishing to be recycled into another lifetime ever,
no matter the price I may have to pay for giving my
last chance of happiness away on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Last Chance, Last Dance

This is the last chance, the last dance on a final horizon on life's misty shores.

Sorrow hanging over, like ivy on brick walls of an ancient building.

How insignificant, yet deadly, it can be to a human being.

So far away from the actual reality - an intense and problematic thing to have to deal with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Last Few Hours Of Dusk

Rhythms slipping across my mind, touching spiritually,
an inner spirit, flowing gently and swiftly, taking
intellect into avenues of tantalizing energy.

Keeping track of all measures of time entering my mind
today, flowers blossoming, taking poetry into gardens
of my essence and passion.

Melodies bringing me into fields of serenity as my mind
collects itself in the bluened light of the Divine, a-
lone and giving it's silent peace to my soul.

As day approaches night in these last few hours of dusk
before the sun goes down completely, praying I will once
again awaken in the morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Last Horizon

Picture perfect couples in their eighties and nineties,
still dancing together on the dance floor, happily
married and full of life.

Nothing marring their lives even through all the turmoil,
grief and sorrow they've survived, always grateful for
each other throughout the years of their marriages.

Valuing one another with an unconditional love, having
kept them close together as they continue to dance on
their last horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Last Impulse

Reigning down upon me in icy sheets of chlorophyll,
dampening spirits and burying a liveliness that's
been held within since birth.

Struggling to keep it intact, facing incriminations
of licensed behavior in aspects of fickle endeavors,
on roads towards tomorrow's last impulse.

Reaching for regret, as lifetimes fold over and rain
falls upon a dampened spirit, hope lighting His
presence in my soul tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Last Moment

Wondering what that very last moment of life is like.
What do we see? Hear? Feel?

Does our brain register the fact that we are dying?
Or do we just go quietly from life to death without
even realizing it?

So many unanswered questions, it seems to be scary,
yet, it's not.

Does our mind just shut down? Does it go on thinking
until our last breath or on another dimension?

Where does our exact life go? Does our soul take
over at the moment of death so that we feel nothing
at all?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Last Moments

It's so hard to explain the loneliness of years when one is without words.
Explicit joy brought on by a child - and then silence as a memory creeps in.
So long ago, fate had me sealed and now down the hallway, gropingly I go.
Without sight or sound, being led on to drown in this deep pool of life.
Carefully trying to recall the use of living, with hope and not giving up so easily.
Grasping onto the very minutes of existence as they fall away from your open hands.
Crying out because of loneliness - happy to hear even your own voice.
Praying - Dear God, why me?
Gnarled and torn in two from hurt - unable to live or breath or die - only lay there hanging on, hoping for one last glimpse of being alive, and then all is gone - all is lost - as sleeping you are yet alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Last Moments Alive

Breath of eternity being taken from you into death without
my love, holding your hand as your eyes close for the last
time, no longer able to see me anymore.

Your heart being wrenched from my being as I realize this
is the very last moment of your life, the only gift I will
ever get again from you my love, your very last breath of
air on this earth.

Feelings unable to understand this thing called death now
ending your life, tears springing to my eyes, unable to be
contained in this human heart.

Devastated beyond imagining, looking through my tears at
your serene and peaceful still face, knowing your life has
ended in my very presence, never to live on earth again.

Hoping to watch your eyes flutter open like before and see
your smile fall upon my face, moments pass and alas, it never
happens and now I must tell our children you are gone.

Having to leave you, going to make your funeral arrangements
alone and bereft, letting go of your precious hand for the very
last time in our married life.

Not wanting to leave you, but they have come to take you to
the morgue now, sobbing, I kiss you good-bye one last time,
your lips are cold, touching mine silently.

Uncontrollably, I break down, suddenly recognizing the
realization of your death as it hits me out of nowhere.....

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Last Moments Of Daylight

Looking outside at nature being nourished by the last of this day's sunlight, capturing it's warmth before the chill of evening comes upon it.

Trees stretching out their limbs, leaves daintily hanging from them, absorbing all they can in last moments of day light.

A gentle breeze blowing, moving them ever so slightly, exercising their beings and essence so everyone on earth may see them before retiring for the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Last Mountain Of Life

Silently I climb that last mountain of life, filled with sacrifices and tribulations that no one could ever understand.

Lifting eyes heavenward, heart heavy, spirit lifting me up in spite of everything, so acclimated to the pain and suffering through the years.

No one to greet me as I struggle with these last miles of life, walking along the shores of this last horizon, tears falling, feet stumbling, still moving forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Last Night's Dreams

Following patterns and designs of last night's dreams,
wondering in amazement how delicate and intricate they
have become this morning.

Tracing them through rhythms, watching as they travel
into words and meanings of this poem.

Truly awesome how they sparkle and glisten with an
effervescent significance in this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Last Piece

Remembering times of yesterday, wishing that I could
actually revisit them.

Such memorable times back then, each of the memories
being just a piece of the puzzle of my life.

When finally fitting the last piece in place, my final
picture will be finished and placed in the annals of
time forgotten.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Last Stage Of Life

Sanquinely resting upon laurels of intellect, testing strength of character and demeanor of faith.
Holding on tightly to values and morals, even in this, the last stage and horizon of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Last Stand

Hanging onto life until it dies, knowing that there's little hope in this world of letting go and living anyway.

Lying in the midst of everything that can't be dealt with, falling into the last stand on earth at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Last Sunsetical Horizon

Distance closing in, watching as the future comes nearer,
seeing my last sunsetical horizon right before me, enjoy-
ing every moment given with pleasure and total enjoyment.

Wonder and awe filling me blatantly with curiosity of an
entire intellect, always rising into the morning wide a-
wake and full of energy.

Not able to get started, loving a poetical atmosphere as
it's being created constantly in this mind, a perfect en-
vironment where I am myself, never beholding to anyone else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Last Sunsetical Shore

Sailing away into the sunrise, knowing that there will not
be many more to see before lying down beneath a last sun-
setical shore.

Watching clouds drift slowly across the sky, fascinated by
the way they stay afloat above the surface of earth being
carried away by some unseen invisible hand beyond our vision.

Always imagining different shapes, forms or animals within
their billowy white fluffy selves, at times being darkened
by interior storms they are carrying over earth to drench
some place or another with life-sustaining torrents of water.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Last Sunset's Moonlight

Living in times of rockin' roll, being tempted by a bluened atmosphere engulfing and enticing my spirit interiorly.

Dreams rushing by like rivers going through life, battling with the winds and fire of nature.

Always trying to reach another horizon, knowing that today is settling into the moonlight of my last sunset.

Never defeated, being realistic as I reach out to you, letting you go one final time to continue my journey alone.

Going without you my love, even though I don't want to let you go, for I will always love you so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Last Thought Of Life

Lasting memories looking back at me through melodies of old that seemed to have ended years ago, yet also seeming they have never left me.

Eyes filled with misty tears, slowly falling into depths of being, held together with the knowledge of what we had together all those years ago.

Now a silent tell-tale quietness overtakes my spirit when thinking of them, a passage of time that has been finalized on a sunsetical shore of life.

It's ending finding final moments taken into a bluened light from deep within, allowing my soul to go forward on it's journey into heaven, a last thought and then I'm gone forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting And Inviting Inspiration

Swirling chords coming together in melodies, as they
rhythmically toss and turn throughout sections of
this life.

Totally being absorbed in the entrance of literature,
putting all pieces of life's puzzles into the lives
of tomorrow.

A lasting and inviting inspiration, infiltrating all
moments that are being lived, soothing and pulling a
serene countenance into the limelight as day breaks.

Continuing to open this new day as it falls into the
afternoon, capturing the essence of individual mystery,
being intrigued by it's depths of anticipation.

Ancient, taking care of rituals and traditions with the
utmost care, all past relics filling up memories with
their beauty and ever-lasting sustenance.

Contributing to all pursuits of heavenly desires,
calling to inner creativity as it fulfills an interior
possibility for poetry that I'll be writing.

So tenuous and purposeful as I continue to become scents
of music, composing my own and finding only the beauty
of life as it's created in spite of evil in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Chance Of Love

Intriguing melodies soothing interiorly, filling intellect
with a contemplation of peaceful serenity.

Solace lying like a blanket upon this mind, allowing me to
dream and foster ideas throughout this beautiful morning.

Aspirations already climbing higher, fulfilling curiosity
of my being, soulfully enjoying the quiet stillness that
has come upon this brain.

A saturated and lasting chance of love seeping into every
particle and fiber of my soul as I sit here and write of
everything that is being felt within, no pressure consuming
me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Chances

Plausible ideas come into being with just a glance into
space, fulfilling intellect, giving it pictures, sitting
on photographic screens, uplifting spirits.

Taking desires and rocketing them into outer space where
I can toy with them in their innocent realms of purity.

Putting them into poems to be read, forgiving empty
promises that have carelessly been given, knowing that
it is human nature that is futile and not able to follow
through.

Lasting chances to realize the fruition of dreams in our
own hands where we can open them up and allow them to
blossom.

Receiving them in an open mind, totally consumed by their
possibility in life, enhancing daily lives with our own
desires being fulfilled.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Conversations

Early morning talks with my sons make the rest of the day hopeful, energizing
my soul until our next conversation.
Teasing, laughter, serious troubling thoughts, all
encompass what a mother does.
Giving from a heart of love helps develop their minds
and lives for times when I will no longer be here to talk
with them.
Treasured moments held closely forever in my heart will
one day in the future be treasured again in my son's
hearts on their last journeys.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Emptiness

Shadows of being, walking down hallways of lasting memories,
touching them individually, bringing them to life.

Wanting to relive each one in their vibrant stages from
birth to adulthood, liking their memories, loving their
feelings and taking care to never forget any of them.

Listening to each thought as they wander in and out of a
lasting emptiness left interiorly throughout this difficult
and tumultuous life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Etudes

Twilling and singing through a saxophone, dancing to the beat, bringing happiness and joy to a sorrowful heart.

Becoming lighter with each melody, turning around, finding self and enjoying it.

Balancing all of the turmoil on notes and rests - playing in my mind, etudes of lasting completeness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Images

Chapters of life open themselves without any prodding whatsoever.
Keeping some doors closed against prying eyes and noses.
Solidifying all exterior motives into one giant escape into circles of antagonistic woe.
Testing people and circumstances every day, trying their meddle in fires of adversity.
Beaming thoughts on questions being asked by others.
Giving estimations of their own, lasting images congregate in denizens of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Images Of Music

Stiletto thoughts stepping to rhythms that take life to another level, finding that lyrics come alive, bringing music to this poetical mind fully and clearly.

Lasting images being focused vividly on a wonderful fluid water-fall of poetry coming alive, light filling surroundings in this Arizona western R.V. environment where Tory Edwards band is play-ing and everyone's dancing to his lively music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Impression

Drumming in the midst of a harmony, rising ever higher
with a singular rhythm flowing in the background,
recognizable as Captain Jack.
A tone of perfect stamina, calling to mind many happy
experiences in the past.
A fruitful endeavor, keeping me intact with the reality
of past images and visions.
A lasting impression, never sinking or fading away
while I'm here listening to music at J.D.'s Lounge.

(9: 48 p.m. - 11/16/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Impressions

Bouncing to rhythms my feet are tapping out, swinging
interiorly across floors of sand, building momentum
in rectangular fields of motion.
Lungs filling with rapturous breath and an ease of
stress, pedaling along shores of musical scores,
watching notes anticipate beats of this foreign
heart.
Lasting impressions, frozen in time, like clay are
molded and defined in rhythms of life's pastimes.
Waiting no more on horizons of lost endurance,
instead following continual lanes of inner beauty
and remembrance.
Tapping to rhythms, forsaking all sanity to follow
steps of innate talent and cautious poetry.
Filing away thoughts, energy continues to ebb and
glide to watchful sonata's from higher shelves of
decency and commemorative shadows of silent beings.
Outdoing everything to be on top of the world,
enjoying popularity sprinkled with innate desires
and love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Impressions Continue Slyly

Solace trying to find it's way into this heart and mind,
not really having much success right now, too many things
happening to bring me down paths of darkness and suffering.

Walking forward anyway for faith keeps me hoping no matter
how devastated feelings are interiorly, lasting impressions
continuing to slyly invade privacy of this mind.

Disturbing the thoughts that I'm trying to stabilize in or-
der to get some of peace of mind, living through yet another
day of sorrow alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Impressions Ringing

Age old records lost within pages of once upon a tree.
Lasting impressions ringing through the years, standing
silently upright, waiting to be written upon.
Slicing into the past, our present seems to be flaccidly
indignant, letting fall, loosely, progress tumbles in.
Picking up footfalls of yesterday, our futures lie in
dirty heaps within stagnant pools, returning never, the
advice of wise men over fools.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Imprints

Riding on crests of waves, colliding with energetic
bursts of wisdom, billowing on ocean's beauty.

Foam riding atop, sliding into mind's imagination
with fervor and distinction, as poetical decisions
fill depths with their lasting imprints of what is
seen and found there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Keepsake

Reflections seen through mirrors are nothing like the
ones I see through photographic screens interiorly,
memories full and entire treasuring every feature.

Facial expressions, gestures, moments of love, tears
falling, sorrow growing, a lasting treasure chest of
keepsakes that I cherish constantly.

Placing them all into poems, remembering them vividly
like videos in my mind, always finding them tenderly
gentle, beautiful and forever mine until sharing them
with the world in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Legacy

Walking idly along boulevards of yesterday, looking about, noticing
all the beauty and fascinating energy being spread about the world,
a vibrant and breath-taking spectacle.

A landscape and portrait of an interesting and lasting environment
that will last forever in our nation, never doubting for a second
that it will last forever.

Giving it's due in every avenue of this life as long as we continue
to develop and create every measure of what we can hope to, compre-
hending and building upon it all, a lasting legacy to all Americans.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Love

October morning,
calmly insinuating itself
in images of childhood.

Creating an environment of
lasting love within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Love Of God's

Watching life crumple, falling into ruins, no longer any
reason to stop it from happening, it just is and I no
longer care.

Looking forward to being with God, knowing that at least
His love is the truth and not a lie being spouted just
to get what someone else wants from me.

Trusting in God for my prayer to be answered, bringing
joy into my heart, one that will forever last when I
finally leave this cruel world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Melody

Wanting to find a place of peace and serenity,
finding self in pain, a lasting melody to give
this mind a way to soar away.

Finding relief if even for a little while would
help immensely to get through another day to do
what I love, writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Memories

A blast from the past, starring Cher singing, 'Babe,
I got you.
A wonderful song, depicting our lives when younger
and in love.
A tribute to the poverty we lived through every day,
not knowing we were poor.
We were just kids, what did we know?
Lasting memories have been glued to my intellect and
can never be erased.
We had one another's love and understanding, we didn't
need anyone else back then.
Guess that's why I still don't need anyone's help in
my life and I always refuse other's offers in humble
woes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Memory

A lively, lilting melody chasing people
around the dance floor, rhythms stepping
into measures of music.

While creating a lasting memory of destiny
in a creative interlude of fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Peace

Waking to an existence of eternity,
knowing it is a lasting form of peace
made for each of us when we have become
non-existent on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Peace Interiorly

Traveling around, turning corners deeply within interior
spheres where they're forever treasured and kept safe.

Lasting peace continually filling this poet, never being
unsettled or disrupted.

An interior bluened light that never fades, for the Divine
always dwells within an enticing serenity throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Positive Moods

Never failing to find a note or two leading me into depths of interior spirituality when dwelling in a bluened light of the Divine.

Exuberatly feeling positive moods and attitudes that last all life through, exploiting every angle and corner of an interior universe.

Self finding itself amidst fun and laughter of a good and entertaining period of life once again, increasing positive moods throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Relationship

Living a life of sacrifice and hardship, finding a way somehow through all the adversity and sorrow, taking a back seat to the wonder of a lasting relationship with prose and music.

Soaring into particular senses that continue to rise and fall in this experience of life, moving through all the sadness, abandonment and isolation to gather the beauty that's ever-lasting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Sorrow

Having come at last to take you, put you in a wooden box,
and bury you beneath the ground.

No tears will be shed upon your passing, for your eyes
cannot see, your heart cannot love me.

What is the sense of crying when you are already gone,
dirt is steeped high upon your brow, while you brew deeply
in the ground.

Standing here above, flowers gripped tightly in my fist,
not wanting to give them up for a plot of dirt.

You are under it, under the cold, marble stone, I cannot
pretend you're not!

Forever gone to a place I cannot see or find while alive,
wanting desperately to go back in time, to reach out to
you, but you're no longer mine.

Walking on to a life without your Motherly love, it is
empty, void, without your presence.

Eyes downcast, walking silently on, no tears will I shed
for you, they are all gone, for I am dead also to a life
without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Tradition

Shaking up many pre-conceived ideas as they fall before me, showing the truth as it is stated without any prejudice surrounding it.
Taking life with itself and sharing it with whomever will embrace it.
Closely entering suites of yesterday, brings it forward into any form of prose.
As it enters and flows from within, never looking or searching for words, because they all flow out comfortably without any pressure.
Sliding across bayous of lasting beauty, saturating everything with lasting stances of tradition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Treasure

Listening to nature whisper to my mind, telling me secrets
of divine love and it's place in life.

Watching it's reflections mirror what I am thinking and
feeling a presence touching mine within.

Melodies taking me now through a forest of childhood,
helping to reminisce of yesterday's beauty and foresight.

Beautiful to behold and leaving a lasting treasure, sitting
gently upon my mind, allowing this day to move forward with
silent joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Tribute

Hitting home, death has taken another friend of mine,
saddened by the knowledge, taken utterly by surprise.

Depths of emotion building into a flood of tears, feel-
ings intensifying and sweeping me away.

Talking to her husband, him telling me of the deep hole
in his heart now, nothing being the same anymore.

When getting too lonely, telling me he goes to visit his
daughters, it helps to be with them, they were very close.

Living now on the circumference of life, having no one to
receive his love or give him that precious gift anymore.

Feeling his loss, knowing the tears will be falling for
the rest of his lifetime for her.

A lasting tribute to their love that will never die nor
be forgotten.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Visions

Entering nature's domain through a window, seeing it's sedate mood of calming serenity.

Unfolding itself separately from the interior of a mind, watching it swirl around and come into the pictures of thinking.

Lasting visions of everything, trees, flowers, cacti, sky, clouds, all culminating in this poem, continuing writing in nature's depths, completely at peace and fitting in with it's serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Warm Memories

Brightly colored leis snuggled closely around necks
of hula dancers, swaying in time with music and it's
wondrous floating sound.
Clasping sticks, tapping them gently, making rain
forest sounds, reverberating softly, touching my brain
with a mesmerizing tone.
Lifting my mind into an atmosphere beyond this world.
Watching grass skirts sway and dip as eyes take it
all in.
Such soft melodies fragrantly visiting my vision with
inspirational verse.
Joyful feelings making me happy and warm with their
lasting memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting Yesterdays

Rocking and jumping, keeping up with beats of rhythms,
taking us into pathways of lasting yesterdays in
memories forever.
Searching eternally for acknowledgment and cohesion,
climbing stairs to future heavenly grace, peacefully
acclimating ourselves to life.

(11: 15 a.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lasting, Memorable Way Of Living

Acoustic designs filtering into mind, letting me hear
various tempos as they round out rhythms, sharing and
feeling them going through my heart and soul.

Reaching for the stars, notes finding their way into
depths of intellect, being written out and collected
into classical music for the future.

Living longer in rhythms than when written into poems,
treating pictures coming to mind with the utmost care,
remembering to frame and keep them safely together.

Wonder and awe taking a back seat while writing them
into albums of my photographic memory, a lasting and
memorable way to live life when finding self, finally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Late Comer

Desert walking, music talking to me in inspiring words,
waiting on another who's always late for everything in
life's expectations.
Fulfilling purposes with delightful tones, keeping them
in deep-set volumes of verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Late Night Blossoms

Throwing away unchallenged words of lifeless moments left
dangling in space, unable to be spoken or written until
folded into rhythms of totality.

Measures of timeless rainbows, stemming from inner gardens,
on late night blossoms, twinkling in the starlight of a
past universe.

Stopped sometime ago, not able to be awakened, just left
to another period in life where their possibilities may be
created.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Late Nights

Lace and ribbons, fabricating icicles of liberty with a freedom of sincerity and placated desires often taken on sidelines of chance.
Figuratively expounding on tones of peaceful enjoyment, staying late into the night, offering no excuses for doing so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Late Taxi

Riding along in a yellow cab, late for another
appointment because there were no cabs available
when I called forty-five minutes ago.
Trying to stay calm, listening to music and
writing.

(10: 55 a.m. - 10/28/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Latent Concern

Rhythmically balanced, giving in to a plethora of
melodies, just to have a wonderful time being alone
in music's domain.
Carefully, rotating in circles, not stopping or
letting them tire me.
Wanting to always be in the midst of everything,
just because I'm so curious.
Having to know everything in life so I can go
forward into the future with perfect precision and
a latent concern for tomorrow's rhythms of belief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Latent Destiny

2: 14 p.m.
Living in and through each poem and book that has been
written, enjoying the environment that has been created
with an innate talent.

So multi-faceted, every variable in life being accounted
for and saved in possibilities of a latent destiny.

Stressing inevitable desires coming to light, encountering
rhythms that are being composed and lit within this memory
of repose.

Such in-depth sentiments and sensuous sensations, traveling
in recesses of my mind, being lived in fresh moments of
both realities contained within.

Sliding across strings of guitars and keys of a piano,
playing music incessantly in depths of this poet. 2: 15 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Latent Life

Dances of tribal life incessantly
beating rhythms in time with notes,
insinuating themselves inside my poetical mind.
Giving rise to many elapsed talents of worship
out in the deserts of latent life.
Always wondering if energetic beats will come
into being once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Latent Love

Porch lights steadily burning, reaching out, hoping
they will lead someone into the arms of a latent love.

Wanting to move forward, touching this mind acutely
with abandonment in life.

Sorrow sitting with the sun upon this heart, walking
along sandy shores, soul just drifting sorrowfully.

Nothing to hold onto, watching waves crashing over
and over, none of them washing away tears salted with
the sadness of a lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Latent Stillness

Listening to the house of the rising sun, twisting and
turning throughout the melody, picking and strumming my
mind with it's rhythms.

Taking me along for the ride through harmony and tempos,
giving me a thrill as I look around my mind at colors
exploding through notes being played with my heart.

Noticing the quiet and reticent feelings and emotions
just swaying with the music, not joining in at all, re-
laxing and enjoying the latent stillness surrounding me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Latent Thoughts

Tying together all manner of knots, binding my mind with
latent thoughts, giving extra room to gather meanings and
make them mine.

Solitude peeks out beneath coverlets of near-suicide,
seeking ways to keep itself at bay and not release any
untoward reactions on days of depressed moods and attitudes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Latently Floating

Upsides of this life take me into many trips of solo journeys, wanting only to be apprehended in music of another lasting
nighttime of tomorrow.

Purposefully reeling into the cistern of a deep crevice left
open from the other side of life, strewn all over, being kept
close to hearts afraid to be released and found latently
floating on tides of another side of earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Later In Life

Differing opinions in life are what keeps us on our toes and adds much needed spice and variety to our sometimes dull, mundane lives.

Going around, working, taking care of family, being there for others, putting yourself last or not at all.

Never feeling neglected or put upon until later on in life, as you gather your wits about you in senior years.

Tired, worn-out from all the years of sacrifice, wanting some small amount of reprieve to come about - if even for just a little while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Later Years

Igniting the fire of love years ago, holding onto you my
love all this time, never thinking of where we were headed
or what we'd do in later years when our hair was tinted
white and gray.

Joints getting tired, ailments of age coming suddenly upon
us without warning, eyes unable to focus, hands being
crippled with arthritis, teeth having fallen out and been
replaced with dentures, having to be taken out at bedtime.

No recriminations, just the effects of old age that have
come upon us here in the end of our days, holding onto one
another, for that's all we really have in life now, hoping
to be together, even at the moment of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Laughing Eyes

Thinking of you all through the night, seeing your
reflection within my mind, your eyes laughing as
you tease me unmercifully like a child would.

Full of mischief, wanting to see my reactions and
take my hand in yours, beauty and purity of our
innocence shining within our hearts for one another.

Feeling a closeness touching my soul with the Divine
loving the essence of your being finding mine and
loving me through it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Laughlin

Riding through the mountain pass away from
Laughlin's land of loss and profit.

Having had a great time these last few days,
we're now heading home to Wickenburg.

A first for my husband - going to Laughlin -
for he's never been there before.

Having had a wonderful time, he'd like to go
back again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Laughlin's Nature

Wispy fingers scratching the sky
with whitened tones,
urging a new day to begin with the
sun growing ever stronger across
the horizon in Laughlin, Arizona.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Laughter

Laughter exercises emotions,
giving a mind sensuous humor.
Aiding in a feminine mystique,
an allowable expansion of
intellectual knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Laughter Of An Inner Child

Watching reflections of inner memories floating to the
surface, hoping to be relived in thoughts of a poem to
be written.

Child-like, mischievous and perfect, giving joy to this
heart and mind, innocent and pure, laughter of my inner
child playing and teasing my friend with glee.

Happy, care-free, nothing to worry about for his love
is unconditional and steady, giving me what I need in
this life.

Beautiful and pure, nothing to mar feelings of love
being elicited from my inner child, happy to be connect-
ed to another's inner child.

We two enjoying these play dates enormously through our
lives, giving us both an exuberant and lasting joy when
together, kept treasured in our thoughts of each other
when separated.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Laughter Of Earth

Unfurling and jettisoning clouds across the heavens, heaving
a sigh of relief as they billow and float about, not a one
being hurt.

Evening light draping itself around each little cloud, gently
as a mother with her child.

Wisps of prayers tangling among the heavens, getting caught
everywhere and not minding, sharing the laughter of earth
with the entire universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Laughter Ringing

Laughter still ringing in my ears and through my mind,
of last night's play time with my Granddaughter.
Playing with small, little balls on the table, belly
laughs abounding.
Tears in our eyes as the balls bounced off and on the
table, on our arms and into each other.
A great time together, forever bonding with each
activity we join together in.

(9: 31 a.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Laughter Tickles

Finding somewhere to be, deep inside of my soul, tranquil and happy just to be here.
Laughter tickles with emotional clarity, taking me on a journey into spacious living rooms of imagination.
Searching is at a standstill for the time being - no worries as I settle down interiorly.
Focusing tightly on exaggerated views, talently taking place on roads of fancy.
Becoming loosely connected, tracing patterns in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Launching Poems

Piloting intellect, soaring through thoughts, en-
joying peace of this heavenly poetical universe,
launching poems into space.

Finding things to write about in every pocket and
corner of my mind, exciting and thrilling, taking
me into exceptional areas of my brain.

Quiet, silent, filled with an amazing amount of
ideas, concepts and thoughts, all gathering around,
waiting to be experienced in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lava - Like Words

Risking it all just to write poetry throughout life,
passing up events with family and friends unless
there's music to listen to while being there.

Always bored when not having a pen in hand, touching
paper with the flow of lava-like words, pouring from
within this volcano of feelings, thoughts and emotions.

Treasured within my mind an entire lifetime, special
and prolific, enjoying words that turn into poetical
entreaties.

Giving so much pleasure that it fills me to overflowing,
thoroughly rinsing intellect with every pen I use to
write with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lavender Dimensions

Music on fire - literally.
Dancers gyrating to melodies, waving small fires held in iron maidens.
Touching the inner screens of photography, etching their images into an insight proven to be photographically filled with an energy.
Signaling the brain, opening doors into lavender dimensions, kept hidden until now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Layaway

Standing in a long line at Walmart, waiting to get out
one of our layaways.

Talking to people in front and back of us, laughing,
joking about our similar situations.

Shifting weight from one foot to another, trying to ease
some lower back pain.

Line moves forward, we rush to fill the gap that's been
made before us.

Husband looking at items all around us as we wait in
line, saying how nice some of them are.

Accidentally bumping into the guy ahead of me as I lean
on the shopping cart to write this poem.

Saying, 'sorry', he remarks, 'you're just trying to gain
some ground', and everyone around us laughs joyously.

Right at the corner now, on the home stretch, soon we'll
be at the counter to take our layaway out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Layers Of Mindless Thoughts

Buried beneath layers of mindless thought, searching
for objects of behavior, finding none and living in
a cocoon of misery.

No one can come close or aid a desperate person
grieving for their child.

There are no incriminations or belittling on how a
person handles it.

Each of us has to find our envelope of coping as we
live in expectant prayer.

Knowing prayers will never be answered until we are
reunited in heaven's gardens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Layers Of Thought

Opening windows, climbing through them to explore inner depths
of glorious beauty.

Taking notice of the incessant layers of thought, piling higher
and higher into mountains of inventions and poetical
disillusionment.

Seeing straight past all the dishonesty, being portrayed daily
by greedy people, trying to control the lives of others in our
world.

Getting rid of all the negligent people that do nothing all
day and expect to be handed a pay check for it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Layers Of Thoughts

Layers of clouds, like thoughts fill my mind, as
lightening flickers into depths of intellect.

Roaming through them I find an abundance of life-
saving essences.

Being blinded by the amazing facts of intrepid
sayings rotating through spheres of my brain.

Holding onto the peaceful rhapsodies as they churn
within, creating moments of living to keep me going
day and night.

Soothing so many frayed nerves and managing aspects
of life that I don't have time for right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lazily Picking Up A Pen

Slowly tripping through life, not caring where it leads
right now.

Just sitting back, relaxing, writing, filling this mind
with the expertise of details all around me.

Letting them get settled so they can be fitted into the
poetry that I will now begin to write.

Lazily picking up a pen, opening my poetry journal and
letting thoughts flow while waiting for my soulmate to
Skype me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leading Dreams

Dreams leading me into deepest slumber that I may never wake from again.
Holding hands with images, taking me on a silent journey through imaginative adventures - discovering life in candid songs of beauty.
Always telling stories of my life as I have lived it through these many years.
Knowing I'd be led straight into arms of God in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leading Imagination

Slamming notes, hitting my mind with particular
rhythms as I compose them interiorly, anticipating
their wonder when finally played upon a piano.

Stretching tightly across intellect, being
played like a violin, harmonically and precisely,
leading imagination into another universe.

There it has a diverse and spectacular assortment
of thoughtful ideas, riding consciously into every
aspect of life, and is then spent in many poems
being written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leading The Way

Rapid changing and altering of interior prose, giving
an energy as I walk into the darkness of my future.

Reasoning, cooperating and tantalizing me to traipse
into the light of another day alone.

Leading the way with innate rhythms taking initiatives
to tantalize the energy of this mind.

Welcoming and coordinating the beauty of an interior
spirituality, succumbing to it's passion, feeling it's
essence rising in desires of an interior love.

Justifying meanings that have been proven through the
test of time, never lessening as truth is revitalized
over and over again.

Nothing being far from the reality of honesty and moral
beauty, keeping innocence and purity above the normal
stance of being human.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leading To Frustration

Lengthy discussions often leading to frustration because
of differing opinions, unable to compromise at all.

At times tempers flaring, words spoken out of anger, only
leaving tension hanging in the air.

Going their way, taking these negative moods home with
them, venting on the woman they supposedly love, leaving
her in tears.

Wondering why this happened, not having a clue, not know-
ing what transpired in conversations with other people be-
fore coming home to her.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaf Fingers

Leaves spreading their fingers,
reaching for the skies with double
fortitude.
Dancing in airy breezes, lifting
their leafy green souls in prayer
to God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaflets Of The Past

Carefully looking through leaflets of the past,
finding so many thoughts kept waiting through the
years and now they are producing their experiences
right out here in the open.
Reality soars into the atmosphere, leaving all doors
open to the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leafy Moon

Being pushed freely into depths of senses, watching
nature and her beauty.

Taking naturally, trees and shaping them artistically
into all types of forms seen and separate.

One looks like it's growing from the ground, appearing
like a leafy moon upon earth instead of the sky.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaning Against Thoughts

Figments of imagination hanging from creative limbs
of trees, being blown in all directions in my mind.

Waving to intellect, drumming into the presence of
this mind with lilting songs and lyrics of poetry.

Gathering around, relating details that inner sight
is seeing and relating to concepts.

Leaning against thoughts, letting them infiltrate and
be written into poetical forms.

Strident, peaceful, contented and satisfied with the
energy that they always give within.

Prayerfully listening as God unfolds all of life into
creative pathways so I may find, examine and use them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaning Into A Picture Of Nature In India

Water lapping at my mind, touching rhythms of nature while
flowing just below me on the wall, blue lights traveling
across the water in the distance.

Looking like the bluened light always within me as I write
poetry, slowly moving in it's own good time, leading to a
place that I'll never know or find out.

Wonder jumping up and down, wanting to find out, curiosity
rising into the atmosphere as I continue to watch, leaning
into the picture of nature here in India.

An amazing energy letting self fall into the light where I
lose myself totally and completely as bay water continues
to inspire me throughout this night of darkness.

Lights now gone from sight, yet remaining in my mind's eye,
quietly reminiscing in this little poem of motion, just
moments in time, playing chords of an individual rhythm.

Solemn and silent joy and elation are pouring within me, no
stopping in sight, now smelling the fish below the surface,
coming to my nostrils on wings of gentle breezes as I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaning Towards The Light

Delightfully leaning towards the light shining from heaven, feeling it's intoxicating warmth, touching this soul of mine.

Reaching into light, grasping it interiorly, spirit holding onto it's precious treasures, saving them exclusively, looking at them tenderly throughout the years, yearning to have them permanently.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learn And Accept

Realizing life is temporary and we need to take advantage of every moment that is given us.

Using each one, emptied of hatred and spite, here to learn and accept our differences as qualities of our fate and destiny.

This world is our place of peaceful endurance as we listen, converse and enjoy one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learned Men And Women

Thinking about monks, swamis and all types of learned
men and women around the world.

Their abilities, qualities and fantastically brilliant
minds able to think, create ideas and expand upon them.

Placing it all into intellect's knowledge and wisdom, a
genuine reality of genius combined with common sense.

Filling lives together with everything combined within
an innate talent, helping people all over the world to
attain spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning

Tramping through life, creating pathways and trails in every direction, learning many different aspects to this human life and humanity.

Feeling very privileged to have been given so many gifts all at in one lifetime, it always amazes me to be able to do so many things at once.

Rising to every occasion, ready to tackle every problem with an instant solution, having several to choose from all the time.

An exciting and wonderful time just being who I am throughout this entire lifetime, special graces given to me, appreciating and grateful to God for it, praising Him forever, faithfully and religiously.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning About Peace And Solitude

Remembering the sound of a screen door slamming behind me,
excited and filled with an enticing passion, wanting to
join and become one with nature once again.

Never tiring of being immersed in the forest, our front
yard right before us, giving a wonderful childhood as we
six sisters laughed and played for hours on end outside.

Running, climbing trees, jumping from them, swinging on
our tire swing, trying to catch frogs and tadpoles in the
stream out front of our house, playing dolls.

Hollering, yelling, screaming with delight, having the
time of our lives, Mom and Dad keeping an eye on us through
the front bay window.

Always ready to give first aid if needed for bruised knees
or elbows, they were good parents, never hitting us, never
having to, because we were pretty good most of the time.

Spending our time outdoors, learning what peace and solitude
were all about, learning to pray when we could talk, saying
the rosary every night as we all knelt together as family.

Teachers by example, teaching by their actions and example,
not loud shouting, cursing and foul language like I hear
parents using with their children nowadays.

Taking out their frustrations and anger against their own
precious children, hitting and slapping them needlessly it
seems most of the time.

Oh for the blessed days when parents were their children's
good examples, teaching right from wrong, teaching morals
and ethics at the same time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning About The Blues

Learning about the blues and how they began.
An interesting concept that I've never been
interested in - until now.
Listening intently to the guitar while Louis
uses a slide to entertain different sounds of
music.
Bass fiddle adding a steady rhythm, low and
strong, beautiful tones expressing song.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning An Understanding

Touching my soul, wrecking havoc with emotions,
setting me up in a variety of circumstances.
All of them entirely good, some amusing.
Tending to everything I can while learning an
understanding coming into intellect as I write.
Soothing rhymes, filling every particle and
fiber of my soul, carrying me home to where I'm
most comfortable.
Settling always in the atmosphere of divine
contemplation and forgetting all the trials and
suffering I'm going through for the time I'm
immersed in rhythms of life.
Solace filling all the hidden corners of
imagination and calming me exceedingly.

(12: 37 p.m. - 11/30/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning And Educating Self

Searching throughout life, getting older, learning
more, educating self through innate knowledge and
wisdom.

Equating poetry to music, amply filling many books
with poems to the enjoyment of people all over the
world.

Successfully creating many imaginative subjects and
pictures of literary measures, all taking place in
rhythms of mathematical preferences.

Unable to separate them from coded rhythms dancing
in my mind, doing what they want as I watch them,
then writing them into poems.

Allowing others to see what I'm seeing interiorly,
starting and stopping, never losing track of where
I am in thought.

Never having writer's block for music will never let
that happen, with every single note and sound my mind
comes alive, vibrant and ready to write about anything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning Essence Of A Poet

Watching across the horizon as ships float by, wasting time
in tides of life.

Knowing feelings of turmoil and suffering, floating along
the surf wherever it will take me.

Softly hearing so many rhythms as waves rock me in depths
of being, taking away the intensity of what I am feeling.

Going through life, casually letting myself be taken into
another dimension where I will find and follow all new path
ways on another lonely journey of learning and acquiescence.

A perfect way to perfect imperfection and even up edges of
intellect's imagination.

Yards of notes, filling every particle of my brain, leaving
me alone, drifting yet upon waves of an inner ocean, learning
the essence of being a poet as I write daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning Existence

Many avenues being opened through coded rhythms, touching
natural beauty of an interior spirit.

Soul being fulfilled complacently with a quiet harmony,
finding a space in depths of a learning existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning Expands

Tunnels of knowledge follow wisdom through catacombs, dark and dank from age, yet stirring between their walls, learning continues to expand beyond corridors, reaching into minds of beauty as they express imagination abstractly on horizons of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning From Innate Nature

Looking to the many reflections of life's mirrors,
watching and sending torrents of experiences to
and fro from yesterday into today.

Taking time to listen to rhythms, learning from an
innate nature that captures every detail as I walk
down many avenues of this life.

Alone, but being taken with joy into my surroundings
and environment, taking chances, stepping to staccato
beats of an inner spirit.

Waiting in a bluened atmosphere, being subjected to
nothing, totally free and independent, no limits nor
boundaries to fence me in.

Mind opened fully to the world, designs and patterns,
participating in thought processes completely equipped
through intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning From Life

Straining to hear what it is I'm supposed to learn from life's
experiences, a soft gentle pounding begins inside.

Thinking quietly about what must be heard, knocking beginning,
drowning tears.

Life is going on without a thought as this mind finds a shelf
to sit upon until the headache clears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning Human Nature

Quietly contemplating life, glancing at nature surrounding
me in beautiful flower gardens, scattered here and there
at the center.

Watching people interact, carry on conversations and laugh,
focusing on their body language.

Interesting concepts and ideas come flowing just by watching
people do what they do in every day situations.

Enjoying people, learning so much about human nature, it's
attitudes and behaviors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning Importance

Talking, meeting with many friends, enjoying each other's company.

Lively conversations, joking, teasing, serious subjects at times.

All of it beginning this day together, having fun and learning from one another, things important to each of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning Important Facts

Tragic marks along walls of life, scars left behind
as reminders of our pain and suffering.

Open wounds of loss that will never heal until death
takes us to heaven, our final answer to life.

Until then, causing many despairing moments throughout
our lives on earth.

There's nothing we can do except experience the lessons
they bring into our minds and beings.

Hopefully learning important facets of life to live by
when needing support and inner strength.

Getting along in our lives whether alone or with another,
taking steps to move forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning Meanings

Coming up against brick walls set in our paths by
trials and suffering that everyone goes through
eventually in their lives.

Trying to break them down does no good, frustrating
and getting us angry and upset, then we give in,
resigning ourselves to the inevitable.

We learn lessons of patience and virtues of the
meek and poor, living within each experience we
learn the meaning of being human.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning Meaning's Essence

Sojournly thinking of many things dear to this heart
of mine, taking them one by one into and out of the
caverns of my mind to be written about.

Learning what they are and their meanings, wanting
to find their essence and being, taking them into
the blessedness of life.

Giving them their due, letting them be expressed
quietly and purposely in a poem, letting them come
alive in the minds of others.

Allowing tenderness to relieve their minds also,
while enriching them interiorly and spiritually
throughout this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning New Dimensions

Arranging thoughts according to inner particles,
flowing constantly into my mind.
Eclipsing and short-cutting normal processes in
order to allow talent to pour forth, insinuating
itself into tablets of inner capabilities.
Sounding tones, mixing with enunciation, blending
definitive acknowledgements with wisdom's abilities
and using it all for learning new dimensions of
communication.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning Of India's Culture

Sitting here in a scientist's office, writing poetry, listening to music and wondering at the many pictures of swami's, genius's, gods and goddesses, wanting to know each of their stories.

Loving to hear each one explained, exhilarating, and wonderful, giving a sense of fulfillment, never having known of this particular culture, finding it to be exquisite, exciting and informational.

Loving to learn everything that I can from my friend about India wonder and awe constantly filling my mind with a purpose and idea of writing thoughts that come to me through hearing it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning Respect

Respect lies in words said when young,
reaching out, testing barriers to see how far
you can go, immediately freezing up when you
get in trouble.

Not liking the feelings that go with being in
the wrong, slowly developing a conscience from
within yourself.

Feeling good, knowing you did it alone, and came
out alright, a good citizen to others and to self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning Through Music

Incessantly, processes of thought make their presence known through music being listened to, never judging or having mistakes to impair or mar writing poetry.

Friendly and totally in synch with rhythms, helping to think rapidly, writing everything down as fast as the tempos keep coming.

Relieving my mind with the ease of contemplation, making my mind stay blank, yet filled with the beauty of placid and intense rhythms.

Calming and soothing my mind intellect, heart and soul, when in this bluened light, traveling into other dimensions, en-joying them.

Learning everything I've never known before, a wonderful and enlightening way to learn through music and it's beautiful rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning To Fly A Cessna

Wading through memories of flying a cessna when nineteen years old.
Still feeling the joy whenever thinking about it.
Taking off and landing at Sky Harbor Airport, making left banks,
right banks, flying aloft.
Instructor asking me if I want to stall the engine, totally
agreeable, he told me what to do.
Stalling - the plane dropped significantly, taking my heart and
stomach with it.
So totally amazed at the feelings, enjoying them immensely, -
wanting to do it again.
The instructor saying next time you can do it again.
Flying off into the sunrise on the way to Prescott, my very first
lesson ever and I got to do it all.
A compliment from my instructor, saying I was a natural and he
enjoyed teaching me.
Looking forward to next time also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning To Hide

Remembering playing as a child, the things I said and
those that were thought in depths of intellect.

Photographic sights being kept on interior screens,
watching videos through all these years as I've aged
into senior living somewhere along the road of life.

Enjoying all the pure innocence of childhood, happy
growing up the way I did with a curiosity and wonder
for everything in life.

Reaching always for answers in every aspect of my
little corner of the world, testing, asking questions,
always wanting to know every little thing no matter
what it was.

Putting together, puzzles way beyond my years,
according to the adults around me, and always being
told that I was too smart for my own good, as if that
was a bad thing to be.

Wondering why it was so, when I, myself, felt that
it was a good thing, because it made me feel intense
discovery and satisfaction within.

Quietly beginning to keep things inside, not
mentioning them anymore, turning to reading books
for the answers I wanted to find out.

As time progressed, finally coming to conclusions
on my own, taking abstractions from the universe
around me, and putting them together, coming up with
many different solutions than before.

Respecting parents, yet sensing that they didn't
understand what kind of child they really had,
striving to be better, finding answers to everything
in timely fashion throughout childhood.

Later going to school and being bored to death with
things I already knew, hoping to find a way to develop
into a person who could be free and independent, never listening to anyone
except my parents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning To Understand

Walking with feelings of loneliness and abandonment,
experiencing and letting them have their way for a
little while.

Learning everything that I can from them, trying to
understand their essence to help when going through
these devastating effects.

Living on edges, always watching them from within,
knowing they will be with me, yet they cannot rule
me unless I let them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning Ways

Steadily moving into another evening from deep within an imaginational atmosphere, mind touching interior spirituality, feeling it take hold.

Keeping thinking on track with this soul leading the way, learning ways in which to find an even deeper faith through hope interiorly coming from a bluened light.

Sight becoming clearer, focused, alert, attentively adjusting, aligning intellect through reality of imagination, balancing everything as if on a tightrope knowing there's only one way to get across to another dimension very carefully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Learning Ways Of The Saints

Solemn mood coming upon me, touching senses, making them
come alive, being felt throughout my entire being, con-
templating everything in life.

Wanting to learn ways of the saints, hoping to be like
them in goodness and holiness, knowing that I'm only a
human precludes me from being successful.

Because of human frailty I can only achieve somewhat of
a fraction of perfection someday if I strive towards
that goal without falling backwards in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lea's In Nature's Abode

Thrills of enticement find me in strawberry fields of
approbation, settling into meadows and cozy leas in
nature's abode.
Awaiting voices of remembrance while being covered in
lily-white snow.

(10: 29 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Least Resistance

Blind-sided by events in life, wondering what has happened
to cause such a plight in it's outcomes here on earth.

Wanting to have fun, enjoying everything until hit by turmoil,
stress and strife, being knocked down and stepped upon, afraid
it will never end.

Pitiful conditions, leaving me standing on edges of this
earthly horizon, pondering all the alternatives left, and
moving in the direction of least resistance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leave The T.V. Off

Television is not one of the things important in life,
only wanting to be a part of and belonging to an
existence while here on earth.

There's no sense wasting time, leaving the television
off, wanting you to talk, know and love me - just please
don't ignore me.

Just not enough time, wanting to get things done before
having to pass from this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaves Of Change

Leaves of change altering our minds, delving into
reveries of silence, finding spirit-filled essences
building themselves inside us.

Falling to the earth, leaves of change bring lives
to fruition from day one.

Beautiful colors to comprehend life's mysteries on
our journeys.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaves Of The Past

Raking leaves of the past into piles of recognizable entities,
watching the breezes of guilt and fear trying to scatter them.

Fragments broken off, lying still upon the lawn of memory,
hoping to remain and continue haunting me.

Afraid to end and pick them up, for now leaving them until
they can be looked at, faced and let go into the garbage can
of past remembering.

Life beginning to finally take on some semblance of being,
forging ahead on a new plain and destination, continuing the
existence of earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaves Of Thought

Leaves of thought have found their way into my brain,
leaving delicate fragile moments to contend with.

Slicing away at the atmosphere with energy, life-giving
essences become particles of reality.

Turning the extremes into opposite ends to rest in a
dreamland of future destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving A Legacy

Light fading in the distance, coming to an end of life,
turning a final corner, continuing to be illuminated.

Enlightened through intellect and it's airy explana-
tions, discoveries and close adventures.

Imagination taking hold of this mind, carrying it,
nothing to be done.

Just accepting this lot in life, getting everything set
in motion to leave a legacy behind.

Hoping it will benefit all of mankind in one way or
another in it's future destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving A Legacy Of Dreams

Rushing to and fro, wishing to be able to do everything I want
before dying, knowing that it's not at all possible, just a
dream I have.

Wanting it to come true in the worst way, setting goals and
putting plans into place in case I cannot finish what I've
begun in life.

Guarding dreams and visions of the future within poetry and
music for generations to come, loving to help others all
over the world.

Setting up funding through a trust fund in order to do so,
loving all of humanity, wanting an end to poverty and hard-
ship all over the entire world today.

Please pray that my wishes will be honored when I've passed
on to the next horizon alone, knowing I will eventually be
forgotten as a person.

Leaving a legacy of dreams behind, along with my poetry, art
and music forever, hoping all of it will make a difference
in other people's lives one day, no more poverty in a world
of peace at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving A Legacy Of Goodness

Money changes everything as long as you're not greedy
and keeping it selfishly to yourself, you cannot take
it with you.

Why not leave a legacy of goodness, helping the poor
even after you have died, leaving your fortunes to rot
and be of no use in the world, that would be a sin.

Make a difference, leave a mark, no need for recogni-
tion or fame, just do it anonymously, for it will be
multiplied back to you in more ways than one.

A little ripple in time helping poor and unfortunate
people in our world, continuing to grow into larger
waves until covering everyone with a blessed freedom
and no more poverty or hungry children or people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving A Person

Heartache breaking in the atmosphere, tears
being splattered far and near.

Life and love having been torn apart by false
promises and lies.

Leaving a person totally alone in the sorrow,
loneliness and abandonment of their hearts.

Living with nothing, not even a beating heart,
an existence, a void, nothing more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving A Purity Of Life

Italian memories keeping time in images that tantalize
inner desires.

Feeling them rise faster, spiraling out of control,
wanting to be sated by an unconditional love that takes
it's time loving and being devoted.

So explicit, wanting to be fulfilled in the excitement
of fate's absolute caring on a divine level beyond earth.

Finally sated and quenched in the cockles of this heart,
softly whispering little nothings in my ear.

A love justified by it's being totally immersed in the
feelings that usurp everything else in life.

Leaving only a purity of this life on the doorstep of
yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving All Behind

Reaching shores of life, stepping onto them,
walking through warm sand, thinking of the
life I have already lived for sixty four years.

Knowledge and wisdom that has accumulated
through moments lived, all of it learned from
experience and living, giving an expectation
of intellectual expertise.

Yet, when finally walking onto a final horizon,
leaving it all behind me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Barriers

Complications always arriving on doorsteps of uncertainty, life not being what we have come to believe growing up.

Sanctioning heart and soul of another is never complete and cannot really be attained in the moments of wonder and sadness.

Pathways are never entirely clear, having been littered by turmoil and suffering others have strewn across the way, leaving barriers across visions of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Behind

Shortly heading into the future, skating to rhythms of
life, leaving behind collectors of strife, as they rise
into the atmosphere, getting out of hand unexpectantly.

Looking cute, loving your style, reminders of the lasting
beauty of our souls as we two become one, trying to follow
you, but don't know where you went, you disappeared so
suddenly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Details In The Dust

Justifying life in ways that only I can, wanting to
always begin at the end and proceed backwards just
to see how differently things look.
Mirroring back, I see events and videos of yesterday, beckoning to me.
Realizing all that I've done has always been the way
I've chosen on my own.
Leaving all details in the dust, just reaching forward
into the future, grasping satisfaction I so desperately
need in life.
Courting injustice to get it out of the way in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Earth In Darkness

Listening from right to left at rhythms combining themselves
in this mind, enlivening spirits whenever saddened by plights
in life.

Crying for so long, filing an ocean of my own doing, trying
to stay strong, but somehow always drowning beneath the waves
of turmoil.

Watching the horizon from the east, seeing the sun spread it's
rays on earth, then looking to the western horizon and watching
it set, taking away it's rays from us.

Leaving earth in darkness for the nighttime resting on the
other side of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Footprints

Torrential downpours caving in upon this deserted island
of a being, taking away vestiges of serenity, replacing
them with a facetious sort of aplomb.

Faltering into patterns of another time, purposely holding
back the fortitude of life just to see what will happen,
following and leaving footprints in sands of tomorrow.

Voices whispering into the twilight, leaving palms of hands
in darkness and away from the sunlight of another day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Heart And Soul

Searching eternity for a place to call my own,
always being turned away because of one
misfortune or another.

Sadly, walking, feeling intense pain of being,
and swallowing the sadness in my lonely plight.

Never taking anything from life, only leaving
behind my heart and soul on earthly shores
until I get to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Impressions

Solemnly guarding particles of every movement as life takes on new meanings, finding definitions pertinent to what is going on.

Giving meaning it's due, hoping that everyone can hear and understand what's going on throughout this meeting tonight, plying the best of each candidate as they spoke.

Leaving when they were done in the end, leaving different impressions at everyone's feet, some being accepted, others denied, but all were totally respectful in the totality of it altogether.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Little Imprint

Lonely escapades traveling through musical interludes,
changing ways of behaving, leaving little imprint on
anything of meaning.
Deriving total loneliness of a soul with no love sent along.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Marks In The Sky

Riding, listening to the horse's hooves galloping into
the night, treasures of evening being held out of reach
by stars above us.

Holding secrets of life, closely guarding them so we
never get to know them, their precious images staying
always out of reach.

Nothing to take them away, stretching across the milky
way, galloping along the dusty trails, filling them with
hoof prints as they leave their marks above in the sky.

There they will remain so no one will ever be able to
follow them to their source, an everlasting mystery to
be beyond us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Me Behind

Lifeless, hanging in mid-air, no where to go or fall, on this space of earth.
There's nothing here for me to hold on to, all has been taken away, except family - and I'm the oldest of eight.
Two sons work, but they do the best they can to help me when they're able to.
Relatives abound, yet I take care of myself, even my husband, who has early onset dementia, needs my care.
Yes, all in all, I'm alone inside with no where to go for help, so I try to help myself the best I can and let life continue leaving me behind, lifeless, hanging in mid-air no where to go or fall on this space of earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Me Perturbed

Stringing emotions on a clothesline of feelings, airing them out,
even though it does nothing to dissipate the horrible feelings of
loneliness that I can't seem to fathom.
Being here on earth, isolating myself, because of you who haven't
asked a question nor cared what or if I was even thinking.
Leaving me perturbed on a curb, in a lonely episode of life that
will never be finished while alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Memories

Starting and running forward faster and faster,
through tunnels of time, my mind seeing into it's
domain.

Lifting spirits, taking me into the outer edges
of life, stretching and rising ever higher into
another reality mixed and blended with imagination.

An absolute treasure being given in every thought
that I think, letting poetry be enriched by what
ever happens to come into my mind.

Leaving so many memories in the wake of my years
on earth, all of them being remembered on photo-
graphic screens without any blocking along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Messages

Listening to sad-hearted melodies,
jouncing along slowly,
not wanting to move or turn about,
wanting only to lie down and flow
into the next world.

Taking nothing with me, but ancient
memories to look at and send back
to earth when I have gone to heaven.
Leaving little messages and visions
for my granddaughters so they won't
feel so lonely in this forsaken world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Mistakes

Realizing all the properties kept in life, all culminating
in many facets of integrated intelligence.

Making sure that everything is acceptable and above reproach,
taking off into many directions, finding the levels of energy
that incorporate themselves within.

Surprising the reality of life in depths of intellect, giving
expressions their due, and leaving all the mistakes in closets
of another time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Moments

Leaving moments of intrinsic value is difficult at times.
Because it is precious, giving, serene - I don't want to
leave it behind as a fading memory.
Yet our lives are all about moving forward with no regard
for what our hearts prefer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving My Essence In Poems

Risking nothing, playing along on playgrounds of
yesterday, giving away whatever's on my mind.
Totally into every opening, letting me slide in
and pick up writing right where I left off the
last time I was immersed in rhythms of intellect.
Always leading me calmly into avenues of the future,
and giving constant reminders of the essence I leave
in every poem I write.
Always enjoying seeing what it is I write in
poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving No Doubts

Shadows falling against buildings, those of our American flag, swirling about, letting it fly above our republic freely.

Loving our nation, protecting us from the folds of it's heritage, getting a hold on our freedom within our own country.

Standing proudly at attention, letting everyone in the world know what we stand for in America, leaving no doubts as to what we will do if threatened by evil.

Portraying the pictures of war in our past, unafraid of the world taking up the charge and making our way to the forefront, being in the front lines.

Protecting our rights and freedom here in the U.S.A. and all over the world, God Bless America One Nation Under God only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving No Imprint

Strutting melodies easily taking me along trails of
deserts in arid places of my mind.

Secret corners taking me into them without fear that
I will ruin their beauty.

Always leaving no imprints as I come and go freely,
leaving thoughts outside of deserts on papers filled
with poetry.

Heart stationed rhythmically in every tempo, letting
it begin it's soothing race in literature, finding
it's way to the finish line time and again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Nothing Untouched

Riding vibrant waves of creative literature into the
future, taking hold of destiny and feeling it's total
exuberance as it washes over me continually.

Leaving nothing untouched that comes into sight, always
checking out every detail, memorizing and placing it
all on photographic screens to hold onto in spheres of
memories forever in this world and the next.

Beautiful pictures made from puzzles continually being
created from within intellect and imagination, realms
of an interior being, accomplished within this mere
little poet.

Alone, thinking in darkness of the desert of my soul,
lost and forsaken in this life by most until they read
me in my poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Only Slight Reminders

Sequences of sounds are trailing along with rhythms
being listened to right now.

Steady, fast and slow, stop and go, nothing to inter-
fere with it's exquisite and mysterious beauty from
afar.

Soothing, quite appreciatively this mind is now
following another pathway, seeking enlightenment from
another source from somewhere I haven't been before.

Seeing new discoveries, patterns and designs constantly
changing and rearranging themselves into distinguished
blossoms of interior spirituality.

Beating constantly as it goes crashing forward, never
stopping to check the distance of how far it has come
as yet.

Leaving only remnants behind to remember music lilting
in my mind so exclusively, a perfect example of heavenly
purpose holding true to the decisive beauty of this
total being.

So calmly and soothingly, taking me away from this
earth, soaring into aspects of another dimension, one
so distant and unusual.

One that only I can see and relate to, many memories
calming me interiorly, subjecting this mind to many
aspects of life in the future.

Scanning the horizon for the forecast of another
tomorrow, leaving only the slightest reminders of time
in the pathway of eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Paper Cuts

Papers slicing through the night, cutting memories in two,
filling up the emptiness of space and time, never adding
anything to life.

Only throwing it away, in dumpsters of our minds, always
pretending to know what life is about, turning somersaults,
lifting sorrow up off of sidewalks, put there by laughter's
mirth.

Walking always into danger, not caring about what is near
at hand, forever falling, getting in the way.

Papers slicing through the night, leaving paper cuts in
each memory remembered tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Reason Alone

Listening carefully, feeling animosity for no apparent
reason, against no one I know.
Yet, it sits here upon my chest staring at me.
Nothing bothering my state of mind, thoughts are coming
up and exiting, leaving reason alone and behind.
Just these few words, letting me know what I'm thinking
with no reasons why.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Reminders

Spreading blankets across floors of imagination,
waiting patiently for ideas to make up their minds
and talk in whispered conversations of times
remembered from long ago.

Passions long since died, leaving only reminders of
the beauty we once spent in childhood, never taking
our eyes off of the eventual prize.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Reminders Behind

Life comes and goes, leaving reminders behind in pages of memories, carrying us through the death and loss of loved ones.

Remembering good and bad times with a heavy heart, tears sparkling in our eyes, running down our faces in a special grace prepared by God.

Beautiful, bittersweet, yet necessary to our well-being and mental health, a touching, memorable way to get through life while maturing and aging throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Reminders Of Images

Tripping down paths, watching, leaving reminders
of images set in visions of inner mind's intellect.

Arriving in moments of time, listening to interior
whispers of beyond.

Letting imagination flow like the rapid river it is,
allowing spirits to rise and envelope the beauty of
intense imaginings.

Being placed in deepening verses of prose, an
immediate pleasure filling within as it does so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Scars

Laughter falling down, letting off steam, trying to ease
the situation and bring some peace.

Individuals thinking they have the upper hand, finding
that they don't, have melt-downs, yelling, screaming,
cursing, thinking to intimidate another.

Watching - seeing the horrible faces they are making,
looking like monsters instead of human beings.

Laughter doesn't always take care of deep-seated pain
inflicted by another.

Puncturing holes into another's heart, leaving scars
that will never heal, many times love dries up and dies
within a person's once open and forgiving heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Something Of Self

Eclipsing life, standing at the doorway to eternity, hoping to be here a while longer.

Looking into the twilight before my final sunset comes into view, seeing so many things that I will never finish or accomplish.

That is the way of this life here on earth, ending way before you, yourself are done.

Giving everything throughout life, not taking from it things not needed.

Just writing and being creative, trying to leave something of myself behind for the ones I love so they can look up from their sorrow, knowing that they were loved and that I wanted to be with them longer than I was able to.

Hoping they will find something in my poetry to identify with and keep in memories treasured and kept close to their hearts and minds until we meet again in heaven.

Loving them all, yet seeing the future soon closing all around me, closing my poetical book of life even though I haven't yet finished it.

That is the way of this earthly life, what more can I say, except I love you and say my final good-byes.

Taking leave and leaving all behind me, I will move forward into God's light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Stress

Calm, balmy day in February, sky totally clouded over,
white as far and wide as anyone can see.
Thoughts piling and falling over one another in absent-
minded reveries.
A cool gentle atmosphere surrounds me as I sit and
write.
Activities in varied forms are all around, but I don't
care to join in any of them right now.
Buildings standing, looking over my shoulder, not being
able to read a word I write.
Such a secure private feeling stirring within, eases the
stress and strain of the day.
Now calm, serene, away from the havoc of the office
bosses, I can at last be myself and enjoy life once
again tonight.

(2/28/96)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Stress Behind

Walking down lanes, leaving all stress behind
stuck in briar bushes where it'll not bother
me tonight as I go off to the cafe to listen
and write poetry to my heart's content.
Happy and carefree, leaning towards a beautiful
evening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Teardrops

Falling carefully into depths of another silence,
feeling it's stillness startling me into another
period of depression.

Falling desperately along sides of roads where all
happiness slips and dies alone without us.

Tears are falling into crystal pools of rain water,
leaving teardrops to follow into another graveyard
of someone who was so dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving The Ashes Behind

Walking in shady lanes that I used to traipse, seeing
the underside of leaves hanging upon the trees, gentle
winds taking me quickly into the tomb of myself.

Thoughts able to start a fire with just an idea, a single
purpose, having wonder take me by the hand, giving such
great peaceful hints of magic and mysteriousness.

Blazing fire of love, shining brightly upon my future
horizon, leaving ashes behind as reminders to take into
photographic memories indelibly the rest of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving The Past

Unlocking heart and mind from the past, flying
into the skyway of intellect.

Seeing the vast freedom as it covers my being
with it's total essence.

Starting me on the way into the future, rid of
all baggage from the past.

Silent and picturesque, leaving the sordid past
where it belongs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving The World Behind

Living in times of total music, listening endlessly
to rhythms taking me into atmospheres of perfect
harmony and eloquence.

There my gift of poetry excels, traveling in dimen-
sions of melodies where no one else can follow,
leaving the world behind, taking solo highways into
innate talent.

Being absorbed by coded rhythms of intellect, soaring
into other dimensions free as an eagle, loving every
single moment that I am there.

Holding onto memories of every note that is played
and placed in a poem that I've written, creating many
landscapes, showing everyone what my mind is thinking.

Very few moments in life when I am not writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Their Marks

Listening closely as notes blend into poetry,
intricate symmetrical designs vibrantly de-
tailing emotions and feelings with an inter-
ior intensity.

Rhythms coming and going, leaving their marks
etched in depths of literature in the future
along with science and technology, one day
possibly being used to help many.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving Thoughts In Chords

Steadily strumming, letting measures of time disappear
into a morning sun, leaving thoughts in chords to be
played through rhythms.

Wonder tantalizing ideas, racing about, daring me to
chase and place them in a poem, being mischievous and
childish.

Innocently pure, finding their places within my inner
child, whistling a tune of yesterday, while looking in-
to tomorrow's destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leaving You Behind

Really trying to come back to life, but there's just too
much between us now, death's curtains cannot be parted,
they only open one way my love.

Missing you, having a hard time, wanting and yearning for
you, colors no longer exploding, your love not able to be
felt over here.

Tears cannot fall, they aren't within my being anymore,
it's silent, totally serene, nothing able to penetrate
this atmosphere.

Not even able to hear your voice any longer, time has now
disappeared and has no value at all, walking into the light,
leaving you behind my darling with love, good-bye.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ledges Of Understanding

Music speaking tenderly in my ear,
touching my mind with it's reverberations.
Gliding around, lighting insides of my brain
with quiet knowledge.
Growing on ledges of understanding, becoming
one with God's nature as I visualize His arms
around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Left Alone

Leveraging time as best as possible, never leaving enough
to do the things needed to be done before we expire.

Lending to everyday things, hoping to finish all the
important tasks for family and loved ones.

Looking to take care of everyone who needs your help, yet
finding there is never going to be enough time to do so.

Left bereft and alone at times when you need some help
also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Left Behind

Left behind many years of struggle, just to continue
struggling in the present.
What is the sense of living in this crazy world?
Wish I knew.
The only thing I've gotten from it is the need to
help others on my way.
Trying to help and inspire people along my path in
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Left By The Wayside

Softly, gently crying, wishing, hoping for clarity of mind-
ending thoughts.

Listening, creating, building, attentively attuned to inner
imagination.

Wordlessly proffering a timid hand, a fearful sequence of
selves amid the scheme of life.

Securing knowledge left by the wayside, hidden in counterfeit
coverlets, covered with lies.

Fruitfully thoughtful, chagrined at the state of affairs
brought to bear against the testimony of gentle reminders.

Wisdom pitted against the destiny of man and his licentious
whimsical behavior.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Left Corner Of My Mind

Watching, contemplating, seeking something hiding
just inside the left corner of my mind.

Curiosity sitting, waiting to pounce, yet I can't seem to get
through the barrier set up to protect it.
A queasy feeling, rumbling in the pit of my stomach, beginning
to cover me with fear.
Stillness quietly moving through me causing an uneasiness to
grow somehow within.
Moving on, trying to ignore it, yet feeling it rear it's head
as someone comes close, invading my space with her presence.
Dread enters, from somewhere from my past, taking me down paths
I don't want to be on.
Sitting frozen inside, trying to write my way our of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Left In Writing

Bricks filing steadily down concrete paths, clearly
showing the walkways we need to keep on growing.

Rocks thrown in heaps along the side, spread out
and dirty, tripping up anyone who strays from the
path.

Plants and flowers strewn around to allow nature a
small space in God's encompassing glory.

Life goes on as it will, while quietly sitting off
to one side, reflecting on another level,
contemplating life on other dimensional realities.

Forgone conclusions melting along the way, caught up
in the heat of fantasy, left here in writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Left On Pages

Echoes reverberating in a contemplative atmosphere,
bouncing silently within this mind, seeing words
collectively in prose.

Writing them down, creating a purpose for others when
read by them, left on pages of journals to later be
added to historical literature for future generations
to read and discuss, finding hidden rhythms and meaning
in them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Left Over Conversations

Locomotively racing down tracks of yesterday,
ramming into memories long ago forgotten in
cabooses of refrain.

Sending messages down through years of
running along on oceans of steam.

Discussing lively conversations of being,
left over from past relationships.

Whistling down tracks, keeping time with
ideas as they puff through towns along a
mind's ways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Left Over Poetry

Sun shining gently upon my brow, warming the inner side of imagination.

Illuminating it's joyous aspirations, tickling inspiration, helping it to flow, overflowingly into my brain, where it can be seen and written into wonderful words of poetry.

Standing on their own merit, solitarily beautiful, striking, piercing, unequaled in history, awaiting their time after I have fled from this world and become one with the next.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Left Over Visions

Evening continues to drift into morning with left over
visions of dreams dreamt last night, covering this mind
in enlightening and appetizing items to write about.

Coordinating and enticing thoughts into sublime and pro-
found meanings that will enter intellect, giving it an
effervescent feeling of joy.

Taking an everlasting view through the openings into
other dimensions, collecting the mementoes as I travel
from one universe to another.

Particular and speculative, finding things that appeal
to my mind, intellect accepting them totally into itself
for my use.

A wonder and livid imagination, thoroughly enlivening all
my senses, bringing them into the extraordinary and awe-
some reality that I've now created poetically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Left To Age

Rhythms raking my mind, bringing up ideas from depths of intellect, saturating it with bits and pieces of yester-days memories.

Forgotten, left to age like a delicate wine through the years, finally being taken from a vintage year of choice where existence has not been divided by numbers of age.

Dwindling, fading images trying desperately to hold onto some semblance of this earthly life, surpassing goals of the future with surprising agility and grace.

Performing tasks on a mysterious mist of passion as a final horizon closes it's doors on earth, showing us the pathway to heaven at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Left Without A Song

Many people coming to read poetry, delving into poetical mines, absorbing what they find, enjoying diamonds and gems of poetry.

Reading and taking thoughts into their minds, yet never leaving a comment just a silent reminder in a number on a graph that they've read a poem.

Never sharing the diamonds or gems of their own minds in any comments, leaving the poet to wonder who has read their poems.

Wondering if they enjoyed it or not, pathways of creat-ivity being left without another's song.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leftover Atmosphere

Living in a leftover atmosphere of once before, having fun,
living dreams of being an author and soon to be publisher,
waiting incessantly day and night.

Mind filled with joy, ideas, concepts and imagery of what-
ever these senses record on a photographic memory screen
within.

Lively and vibrant, always with pen in hand, mind never
slowing down, always immersed in rhythms of music that
carry this mind into an interior spirituality.

Entering dimensions where there's only one alone, being
focused within, nothing to interrupt this sphere of time
as long as this mind is immersed in a bluened light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Left-Over Images

Timeless ages of specific ideas form along lines of
imagination, energizing a flood of words, shaping
them into exquisite molds of distinction.
Worrying about nothing, finding ways to become
contemplative icons for future days.
Softly ignoring steps of indignation along shores
of definitive explanations.
Folding remnants into piles of cloth-filled memories,
hinged on left-over images of childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Legacy Of Goodness

Having appointments with Dr. L. just once a month now,
hoping to keep improving, yet knowing that I am not,
is a travesty to this mind of mine.

There are so many things and opportunities that are
slipping from my hands, wanting to grasp and hold onto
them tightly.

Bringing all of them to fruition so I may leave a legacy
of goodness behind when I am no longer here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Legacy Of Prolific Proportions

Touching me interiorly with a wonderful and tantalizing energy
that overflows throughout life as I write poetry incessantly,
procuring a legacy of prolific proportions.

Everything that happens or surrounds me is written about, no
bars held, no barriers or limitations to take anything from
my essence.

Just moving forward, ducking the inevitable and chances that
come along, reaching for challenges that entice and tempt me,
loving the adrenaline rush that comes with it.

Rhythms proliferate in the atmosphere, their melodies dancing
constantly within intellect where messages are formed and de-
veloped then written into poetry while the sun shines, pouring
an incessant energy into my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Legal Citizen

Watching through lights of tomorrow's nighttime dreams,
following and pursuing the equity of another time.

Strengthening and contributing to the welfare of another
being, an upstanding, proper and legal citizen of the
United States of America.

Rising, soaring into the atmosphere above reality, taking
history of yesterday into account, while moving ahead,
reveling in progress and technology.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Legends Of Time

Legends of time, sacrificing their lives for fame and fortune, tiring of routines and exchanging them for an abundance of character in the train of thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leisure Time

Listening to life all around me, watching it's
liveliness and verve at times.
People associating with one another, going off
by themselves, doing various individual things
of their own choice.
Abounding favorite leisure pastimes fill many
people's calendars, so much so that they are
constantly running around, actually taking away
any leisure they may have counted on.
Life and people are strange, and will probably
continue that way until the end of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leisure Travel - Inner Spaces

Placatingly beautiful, traveling leisurely through
space and time at the nib of a pen.

Glorious wonder, filtering everyday mundane images,
causing a pivot into new horizons and territory.

Hapless pleasure feeling gently through my mind,
touching reverently, all which focuses in.

Laughing at the immense pleasure and peace filling
the emptiness within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Leisurely Listen

Switching and changing thoughts in sequence, delving into
picturesque landscapes and views.

Beautiful pictures appearing in an array of distinguished
rhythms, playing constantly, taking me into depths of
good cheer as I leisurely listen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lemony Irony

Ticking of the clock fits right in with beats of rhythm
falling down into labyrinths of interior mind-sets,
tabulating end results of life-sustaining moments.

Kicking dust down trails of effervescent footprints,
watching them float and flutter to steady beats of another
composition being written within this heart.

Slowly edging towards the rim of tomorrow's horizon, hoping
not to lose sight of meanings in this afterglow of another
life, holding onto the sides of a capsized boat.

Saving lives, never returning to the center of what used to
be eternal places of hope, springing ever forth from within
fountains that constantly spurt life-giving waters into
souls of those who listen and pray to a God who supports and
loves them no matter what the time of day or night.

Cascading stars falling from nighttime skies, letting loose
their star dust as it falls into the eyes of those who were
blinded by evils that have focused themselves unmercifully
onto humans that were the weakest links of mankind.

Women and children first falling to the incessant poverty
of souls who have lost their spirits of contemplation to
the worries of days spent in captivity, never attending to
duties of anyone's business.

A particular period of unrequited love, tasting bitterness
of lemony irony of another lifetime.

Silence falling constantly onto edges of a mind, nothing
ever coming close to mirrors of yesterday's love in times
of togetherness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lengthening Feelings

Outcomes of seasonal plaintives, exhaust memories as they exercise and pour their hearts into abysses of elicit energies.

Taking possibilities one step forward, lengthening suffering's feelings into emotional upheavals.

Tearing apart many sides of grief, sending them into depths of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lengthening Shadows

Taking down decorations of yesterday's festivities,
sadly mourning over their fun and happiness, now
finished.
Crossing boundaries through my mind, taking excessive
moods into lengthening shadows of memories.
Aching heart, holding images in tandem dreams, hoping
to continue forward with increased enjoyment of
tomorrow's significant observations of hope.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lengthening Strength

Silence deepening and fulfilling a simple essence
of an interior peace, contributing to a much deeper
contemplation.

Voicing feelings and emotions through the versatility
of humor and interesting ways of perception, perceiving
magnificent purposes of life.

Awesome purposefulness alighting in subconsciousness,
keeping strength lengthening in passages of time,
tunneling into outer universes of another world interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lessening Chances Of Failure

Breaking windows, no longer wanting to see the shiny
reflections of shapes from the past.

Parting ways with silent visions always being partaken
from, living in yesterday's hallways, and traveling
constantly back and forth.

Never leaving the safety of what has always been known
for the jeopardy awaiting you in the unknown future
of destiny's life.

A beautiful mystery that you don't want to try and ful-
fill, because the fear of what may happen lessens the
anticipation of desires wanting once to be sated and now
not caring to be anymore.

Lessening the chances of failure happening, no serenity
in anything, no solace in opportunities that may or may
not be present in the end.

A future without any being, beginning and ending in a
vacuum, nonetheless being called life.

A breathless moment spent in hesitation and then it ends
alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lessening Strife

Watching with both eyes on horizons of tomorrow, seeing images waking, loving everyone of them as they beckon silently to come along.

Stepping into the light, never looking back, being excited and feeling vibrantly alive, sensing a new beginning and wanting to be part and parcel of it entirely.

Somnolent thoughts being awakened and led by intellect into a new realm and dimension of designs through imagination.

Intense brilliance going ahead, taking this being farther into a land of beauty and perspective.

Seeing it lit up before the next moment, capturing this heart and lessening the impact strife has upon it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lessons Being Learned

Lessons in life being learned through music and it's
tantalizing rhythms.

Favorites from memory, touching our minds and hearts
with an energy carried in pockets of our memories,
now being relived as seniors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lessons From Sleep

Chasing dreams, finding hidden truths kept from life's consciousness while awake.
Taking lessons from sleep and bringing them into the dawn of awakening, causing repertoires of mind-bending notions being filed constantly in fields of vision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lessons Of Life

Life has taught many lessons; most of them difficult -
making a lasting impression - an indelible one - forever.

Taking out vast files stored in cabinets within our brain
cells, using information, finding it when needed.

Lessons of life are taught in inconspicuous ways, sometimes
through natural experiences, others through people who
touch our paths, even momentarily.

We never know from what direction or circumstance it will
or can happen.

Walking our own journeys, all is given and prepared in
special grace for each of us to handle.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Let People Be Who They Are

Moving along, watching, noticing trails that I am going
down.

Giving life a run for it's money, protesting evil,
racism, and prejudice every step of the way.

Not liking it when people are condemned for being poor,
disabled or anything else.

We all have to live on this earth, so let's unite and
be the best we can be no matter a person's condition,
situation or circumstances.

Let each person be who they are and not demean, abuse,
or make fun of them, please.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Let's Get Moving

Perspectives in this life are based on our experiences
and situation.

Contributing factors are other people who cross our
paths, leaving us with their love and caring.

Thoughts on important issues and being there for us,
while living in positive realms of this world.

Inviting others to join in, becoming part of it also,
stomping out evil, jihad, isis, muslims and al queda.

Working together we can accomplish this goal within
one year.

United we stand, let's get moving now!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting Down Barrriers

Rushing rhythms beating melodies into the walls,
giving examples of staccato beats at different
tempos being played tonight.

Keeping up, not letting down barriers so I can
write without thinking of anything.

Just letting the waterfall in my intellect keep
flowing, taking all thoughts and attaching
meanings in poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting Go

Rolling desert mountains sharing the glory
of nature with their larger counterparts.
Being demure and letting go of pride in
regard of nature's bounty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting Go And Soaring

Letting go, soaring into an atmosphere of bluened light,
energizing the Divine, surrounding me with the beauty and
energy of God's healing.

Taking and keeping me safe within this bluened stmosphere,
having no reasons to be afraid or doubt His existence in
my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting Go Of Broken Parts

Stone-faced, living in a backwards side of life,
betrayed by the insistence of a past that haunts
me even now at times with it's intense sadness
and broken pieces of my heart.

Letting go of the broken parts, trying to proceed
on new paths throughout this long and tiring life,
seeing pictures hanging on walls of another time,
gone away into depths of yesterday.

Believing in the beauty of another place, wanting
to be held in it's grasp forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting Go Of Earthly Things

Music quiets and brings peace to mind and soul,
stirring emotions, allowing expression of them
safely within.

Surrounding atmosphere is filled with life and
happiness, at times with sadness.

No matter though, it all brings about peace, a
letting go of earthly things.

A tranquility unknown, unequaled by any other
activity.

At times becoming lost, hearing, seeing, knowing
nothing of what transpires in life.

Total recall of relaxation, being in the womb
unharmed, filled with grace.

Contemplative in nature, lying suspended, muscles
flaccid, mind carried off into other dimensions
where none can follow, where none dare tread.

A fear of places unknown, allows a being alone
to continue without interference.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting Go Of Life

When meeting with others, I find parking my mind out back is better.
It allows me to meet on common ground without intimidating others.
All of life, knowledge must be kept hidden.
Doubts and mistrust standing solidly, forever in the way of friendship.
Always having to pretend stupidity to get along with other people gets
me down.
I am saddened by results time and again when I have shared some small morsel
of what I know.
Crying inside all of life, being filled always with despair is something
I cannot hide too well.
There is a tiny thread of hope, but each time it is frayed a little more.
Soon there will no longer be even a bit of it left to keep me here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting Go With Love

Now is the time to make peace with all you have loved,
taking hold of many hands, thanking all who have been
there when you needed them the most.

Reaching out through sickness, loneliness, despair,
showing love to all who are in your lives.

Love so deep, so pure, so dear, no one who has been
near can help but feel it pulse through their souls.

Love is acceptance for a person totally and without
reserve, no matter the cost.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting Go Without Saying Good-Bye

Sorrow flooding this being, drowning in depths of nothingness
from which there's no return, buried in the grief of disassoc-
iated love, hope completely taken forever.

Not able to bear living this life anymore, there's nothing
left, no longer able to live with this abuse, temper tantrums,
what have I ever done to deserve this type of cruelty?

Living life helping others, being kicked aside like garbage,
no care or thought of love ever, better not to exist anymore,
a grain of sand buried under many years.

Filled with tears and disappointments not able to bear this
pain and heartache any longer, letting go of all once loved
for no one has ever loved me back.

Never being the one thought of, never missed by anyone,
therefore, it's better to not exist on this earth again,
waving good-bye, alone now as ever.

No one to hold or call my name, no whispers of I love
you, nothing, letting go without saying good-bye, knowing
I'll never be missed, it's better this way.

*See note below.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

'Letting Go, Watching'

Tender heart filled with delicate emotions, standing
on the edges of life, no purpose except to exist for
a while longer.

Thoughts rippling along the surface of intellect, pro-
jecting visions onto sunsetical shores, following tides
rising and falling, being interjected by silent knowing
coming to light.

Wanton disregard floating about, unable to find anywhere
to grasp, a lone seafarer without hope, stranded in the
longevity of this life for however long it will continue.

Then at last letting go, watching as it flows into a
darkness that will never be known afterwards by anyone
in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting Ideas Transpire

Finding new insights no matter where I find myself,
always hiding in open spaces of nature where I am
alone, letting ideas transpire, calming an interior
atmosphere.

Peaceful and contemplating on many sides of life and
death, never having a solitary thought until writing
begins, then being taken into another realm of this
brain's mentality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting Imagination Run

Deciding to collect thoughts and place them into an album
of sorts, to be looked at through the years.

Wanting to see them before they are placed in many poems,
searching their essence to see what they hold individually
before becoming meanings with many others.

Soliciting and keeping track of them just for the fun of
it, letting imagination run wild and free as long as it
wants to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting Life Dictate

Turning around, going backwards through time, hoping to get glimpses of yesterday's good times, maybe reliving them through memories.

Smiling and moving forward, having fun, enjoying the beauty of this lifetime, taking a silent voice and then projecting it into a boisterous assembly of emotions.

Testing it's strength among everything else in this world and letting it dictate what it prefers doing at night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting Life Find It's Way

Tenderly filling my soul with an everlasting serenity,
letting life find it's way throughout the years, loving
the essence of my spirit.

Forever being tantalized, an inner atmosphere clear and
filled with rhythms of peace, always taking paths that
I create for they are better equipped to let me feel.

Sololy finding my way towards heaven through the freedom
of my soul, ecstasy filling me so intently as I write in-
to my future destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting Life Go

Hanging from my mind, upside down in a tree,
swinging lazily in time with nature's tempo.
Solitarily letting go of life and basking in
the freedom, left like leaves fluttering to
the ground in search of comfort and a tireless
flowing of motion and movement

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting Off Steam

Tackling everyday problems, writing poetry, keeping senses
about me and falling into rhythms, leveling out all of my
moods.

Giving the utmost in a tender lifeline, holding together
and letting me be soothed in so many ways through writing.

A wonderful way to let off steam and calm any frayed nerves
that may be stressing me within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting Our Lights Shine

Treasuring the beauty of our souls is a cherished dream
of our Lord, wanting what He has created to soothe us
spiritually to be put to good use in our lives.

Faithfully seeing goodness that we hold in our beings,
sharing with others through love, caring and compassion
that we give to whomever needs it in life.

Never keeping it selfishly within ourselves, opening up
and letting our lights shine upon earth, giving energy of
our souls to healing others in need also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting Paths Cross

Speaking to a Chaplain here at the hospital, feeling my
soul being enlightened while telling him of myself.

A wonder that amazes intellect, because normally I don't
talk to strangers.

Relevantly being attuned to circumstances in life that
are bringing people into my presence.

Letting our paths cross and putting us there for each
other in various ways.

A special grace and blessing is given by God, Himself
through other people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting Sorrow Have It's Voice

Sensing an intensity of sorrow lying in beds of emotions,
filling me enthusiastically with a sadness that is bitter-
sweet, trying to take over my being.

Listening to rhythms, not allowing it to happen, recog-
nizing it's placement within, experiencing it's pain and
suffering as it whispers to me.

Letting it flow through me like a river, never stagnant
or staying long within my heart, needing that space so
I can feel the effervescent totality of intellect.

It's respectable information letting sorrow have it's
voice for periods of time only, so I may still live
life on my own terms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting The Past Speak

Slowly working backwards,
trying to see where I've come from,
letting my past speak persistently in coded thought.
Future marvels will always be spent in memories of
yesterday's images, traipsing always down pathways
least of all trodden throughout life's endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting The World See

Tapping out measures of notes, placing them immediately
into coded messages inserted into each of my poems.

Based on a novel aspect of knowledge, learned when so
very young and curious about the puzzles my Dad always
used to do.

When four years old, taking his puzzle books and doing
them with contented glee at my expertise in understanding
how to do them innately without having to be taught.

A wonder that still stays with me to this day, qualities
that I've always chosen to keep secret from everyone
else in life.

Treasuring intellect in more ways than one, because no
one understands me and now in these later years of life
it's okay.

Now I have the understanding needed to appreciate these
wonderfully beautiful gifts from our Lord.

This is now the time to open my mind and let the world
see what it is that I'm all about after hiding within
for my entire life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting This Mind Travel

Easy-going, laid-back, relaxing in fantasies of musical
rhythms, letting this mind travel along their measures.

Going into other dimensions and universes where intellect
surprises us by turning them into realities instead of
dreams of make-believe.

Our minds are so powerful and intense, if we just focus
them into depths of our spirituality, we'll find all
good ideas and thoughts coming from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Letting Troubles Flow Downstream

Languishing alongside an interior river bank, listening to water rush by, letting all troubles flow downstream with it, leaving only self and thoughts alone.

Writing everything into poetry, emptying self of all that is filled with sadness, pain and sorrow, giving this soul room to breathe once again.

Accessing the freedom deserved while living on this earth, soaring into the sky, building on the beauty and innocence lying within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Level Of Insight

Allocations of perfect designs fit nicely in my mind, filling in puzzle pieces, completing pictures of creativity and rhythm.
Solace fills me and I sense feelings of some good, touching my soul, bringing me to another level of insight from which I will illicit more poems than ever before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Level Of Perfect Rhythm

Lamplight showing the way in darkness,
emitting a soft glow to steer by.
Another level of perfect rhythm,
guiding me nightly into the light
where I may infiltrate life and proceed
constantly on my own in any direction I
happen to want.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Levels Of Achievement

Chasms mounting pathways to enlightenment, avariciously awaiting the failures of individuals.

Taking away all footholds, climbing and growing, becomes
a difficult, if not almost impossible task.

Regardless of age, creed or race, life asks from each
of us steps we'd prefer not to take.

Levels of achievement are not dependent upon intelligence
or common sense, just a small thing called desire is
required.

Survival instinct as technically it's known, contemplating
life a little ahead of time, striving to attain a leading
edge without falling back down into the chasm.

Bringing hope with each person's new success, we talk
and help one another to cope and continue living on,
each to our own future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Levels Of Forgiveness

Whether you are near or far we are close together in mind and heart.
Our virtues mingle and combine, radiating the beauty of God we hold within.
Lighting up the world around us with purpose and disciplined faith, taking in stride the apoplexy of sudden strife.
Building upon the stairway to heaven, levels of forgiveness.
Combined efforts rolling together to make our world a better place.
More sublime perhaps, and that by choice, forfeiting the complacency of self for other's worth.
Lifetime berets hung upon our brow, selecting the outcome of tomorrow's blessings, whatever they may be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Levels Of Humanity

Walking through forests of nature, feeling belongings
to innate talents of eternity.
Beginning visions, gathering in myriads of ideas,
matching abstractions cognitively with precision and
peace.
Life carries no promises, yet we can be fully exposed
to our future horizons on levels of humanity.

(11: 02 a.m. - 9/23/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Levels Of Inspired Intellect

Taking to streets of imagination, watching everyone
in their individual activities, unaware of the poet
watching them closely.

Writing it all into poems of illumination, portraying
lives of people on earth.

Considering every aspect as they fly quickly into
inspiration, not wanting to wait, even a nanosecond.

Pleasing interior feelings, tasting their essence in
plentiful beads of fragrance, rolling into every
word as they express themselves carefully in sentences
of worth.

Searching levels of inspired intellect and imagination,
riding waves of ingenuity as they take me into depths
of oceans filled with life from an inner mind's heart
and soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Levels Of Intelligence

Extracurricular activities maintain an element of
surprise in mediocre lives, enticing levels of
intelligence to exceed themselves.
Wondering and curiosity fulfill many hours of
enjoyment, entertaining on shadowy evenings of
winter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Liberated From The Inside Out In India

Riding tides of life into another country, feeling ex-
hilarated and thrilled at every turn, everything so new
to me, bringing this great adventure and journey into
intellect totally.

Giving me feelings of freedom, my soul now being liber-
ated from the inside out, loving the essence of this
new passion and it's never before felt desires thriving
now within me for all time

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Liberated From This World

Resting silently, writing poetry to rhythms coded by
intellect, feeling liberated from this world, entirely
free and on my own.

Living the American dream in spite of our government,
keeping our laws and following the Constitution to the
letter like a true red, white and blue American!

Loving the U.S.A. and veterans who are protecting us
constantly from foreign and domestic enemies, no one to
dictate to them, following the oaths they've made to us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Liberated Interiorly In India

Tapping, clacking like a train traveling down the tracks
of my mind, never slowing, taking pictures along the way,
saving them collectively in spheres of albums where they
will always be at my beck and call.

There's no ending to the beauty of nature and life that
I can see in details of my mere poet's eyes, finding self
in a nether land, no past, present nor future, just the
perfection of this very moment.

That is where I am now, fully awakened, alert and aware,
so beautiful this interior vision where I can be liberat-
ed, free from the errors of humanity, for only the Divine
dwells within me in a bluened atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Liberties

Sailing along rivers of life, adjusting sails when needed,
trying to keep steady and avoid trouble as much as possible.

Taking time, writing, signing away my life in verses of
poetry, while taking liberties and freedom of living in
the U.S. to heart.

Whatever is lying upon my mind becomes a verse in future
literature as thoughts roll out, like waves of an ocean,
fulfilling my soul eternally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Liberties Of English

Quality astounds perfection of talent as it resonates in
artistic minds of exacting art in pathways of sensuous
intoxication.

Leveling anxiety with every note and beat, taking time
to absolve grief and let it go into atmosphere's away
from my heart.

Taking liberties with words of English and their meanings,
depositing them into prosaic endeavors of artistic style
to hang on walls of my mind.

Periods of longevity always consider elongated webs of
prison, yet, fall by the wayside in pondering mazes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Liberties Of Fate

Stepping in stride with interior intellect, finding
an abundance of mysterious spheres that wander about.

Knowing that everything is together, gathering data
to send into realms of life on another horizon.

Capturing and holding onto liberties of fate as it
delves into vast deserts of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Liberty

Boot kicken' music traveling into nomadic hearts,
ready at a second's notice to up and depart.

Going on another spontaneous adventure with mind-
altering tendencies, to find new and exciting
experiences, not connected to any other thing
from the past.

Always free to roam the earth in and out of my
mind with liberty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Liberty Set Within Poetry

Blinded by sorrow, yet still able to see the designs
and patterns in rhythm, translating them incessantly
into poems.

Feeling the freedom of an individual independence as
it soars into the liberty set within poetry, always
striving forward into avenues of life.

Being open to intellect as it continues to blossom
exponentially and completely, never tiring of being
creatively spiritual and filled with happiness.

Extreme expectations of sublime concentration while
writing, stretching imagination, filling it with the
reality of life.

Letting it change or alter perspectives at will, never
being surprised to find immense differences in thought
processes, catching hold of their elements when writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Liberty To Pursue

Sometimes life seems like it's not enough while we are
living it, and yet it's all we have, all we will get
here on earth.

Rhythms playing, drums are beating, telling stories of
nature, God and humanity to show our existence has been
fully satisfied through our beings and free will.

Having the liberty to pursue any direction, choice or
goal, we want to with God's approval through our free
wills.

What more could one ask for of life?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Liberty's Embrace

Stranded in emptiness, walking towards destinations,
looking at evening stars with whispered breaths
encased in liberty's embrace.

Free as doves in midnight skies, loneliness catches
itself in atmospheres of ribbonless ties.

Careening around the world, life takes steps
backwards into another time when being alone meant
never being alone again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lies Of A Mother's Past

Damaging inner space, crying, filling it with crystal
tears at the thought of past memories, lost and for-
saken upon a desert land.

No tether to hold onto, no hand to reach out for in a
lonely specter of sand, free of castles and pretend
notions of imagination.

Sandwiched between emotions, not able to get out from
them and be free to choose another life's beginning,
soundlessly living lies brought on by a mother's past.

Mistakes were made, there was no judge or jury, just
blame placed upon a child for a sin that was never hers,
bottled up inside, wrecking havoc with reality.

Not able to see beyond her mother's recalcitrant behavior
through the years, yet having aged, grown old with a
sensory perception of herself at times as whole.

Still shaking like a child within, still filled with
anger for something she never did to deserve all the
pain she's had in her life.

Little one, a grown-up child, still seeking answers,
wanting to know why she' been put through hell for all
these years on earth, because of her mother's mistakes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lies Of The City

Separating funds to try and excuse the outlandish spending of our city council and government.
Attempting to tell us that they can't use money ear-marked for the arts, can't be used to balance the budget or to help those in dire need - those who don't even have money to pay for utilities or food.
Words, excuses, are falling on deaf ears, because we, the public, are tired of hearing the lies coming from city hall and politicians.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lies Through The Years

Standing in the midnight of life, moving away from the moon light and into the light of day, no longer caring what happens to be in life.

Looking the other way, not wanting to be prepared for another day of turmoil in the desert night of my soul.

Taking every step closer to the motions of interior rhythms, no longer wanting to be close to another human being, because of all the lies that have been told through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life

Life seems so long and tiring until death comes knocking, knocking
at your door.
It always seemed to be so far away before,
I used to get angry and say, 'I wish I were dead!
But then they were only words, spoken to slash out and hurt the
person who angered me.
Now suddenly it's a reality - there are no more words.
Death has come to get me, to take this long and tiring life from me.
Everything has taken on new light, this life of mine - it's not so bad.
I've had some really great times, seen some beautiful sights,
laughed a million times more than ever I cried.
Yes, life isn't so bad when I look back upon it.
But, lonely and crying softly, I look ahead and can see nothing,
feel nothing, but a dark empty sort of hopelessness lying heavily
upon this aging heart.
Life has gone too swiftly from me - if only I could steal it back.
Everything I've ever hoped or dreamed, everything I've ever
accomplished seems now was all in naught.
Exhausted from this mental anguish I fall back upon my pillow with
tears smarting in my eyes.
If only I had done more with my life, given more of myself, loved
my family more, are my thoughts as pain raced up and down my spine.
Racked with pain - mind and heart filled with sorrow, I yell - I
scream!
The nurse comes running and pricks me with a needle.
Medicine takes my last hold on life - it takes my pain away and
puts my mind in a daze.
Forms and people lose their shape and become distorted, I can hear
voices - people talking far, far away.
The pain is gone for a while, my senses dulled, my body limp with
sedatives and I fall asleep in another land, another time when I
was young.
Thinking life seems so long and tiring - when that little particle
of reality slips through the medication and says, until death comes
knocking, knocking, at your door.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life - Long Energy

Silent, passing through the vestiges of life, living
on the edge, being comfortable doing so.

Actually loving it's difficult rhythms, waiting and
cavorting with effervescent beauty stimulating energy.

Within me, striving to unfold and find the excerpts of
poetry that will fit altogether with what I'm thinking.

Totally being immersed in rhythms, taking me away,
soaring and flowing with the currents of intellect.

All senses following suit, taking cues beyond life,
catching rainbows of an interior life.

Interjecting them through poetry, a life-long energy,
tantalizing my being, giving everything the path to
happiness and joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life - Long Etude

Sweetly flowing into enticing melodies of an everlasting possibility that takes my life into depths of an interior energy.

Nothing to find measures except through a life-long etude that responds to interior coded rhythms, lightly composing words into melodies.

Wonder of joy found as it flows positively into inner realms of innate talent through intellect, many a tear falling into pools of yesterday.

There loss and grief have built a pool of scientific data, awaiting the softness of poetical expressions to ease the intensity of heartache and pain caused by it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life - Long Journeys

Reaching into trees for fruit to nourish life along the way,
giving us sustenance to continue our life-long journeys.

Feeling refreshed and invigorated by it as we wend our way
along paths of destiny.

Satisfied that we've found our way and continuing through
life from whence we came.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life - Long Vision

Suspended in a life - long vision, always
writing and hoping to become famous.

Listening through all the turmoil, finding
amusement and laughter in spite of it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life - Nearly Over

Life feels so crumpled and old, each new day brings silence and decay.

Knowing life is nearly over, it has almost reached it's end, filling my soul with relief.

So tired of traveling this earthly life alone, looking only to God for my being, I can hardly wait to finally rest in His arms as this earthly sleep falls quickly from me in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life - Promising Opportunities

Straight down avenues of life that lead into the
midst of destiny, searching alternatives to take
the right path.

Life-promising opportunities opening before me,
giving many choices to select from.

Taking creative pathways into the future of music,
art and poetry as always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life - Saving Hope

Energy filling with a sublime fascination, taking over every particle of this poetical memory, watching as intellect listens and dances with rhythms.

Reaching the very within of being, soul soaring, filling me interiorly with life-saving hope, grace and blessings every single day.

Such a fantastic way to keep giving this divine energy throughout moments of life, nothing to interfere, loving this positive way of thinking.

Feeling freedom reign within totally, breathless, yet full of air, floating on clouds, not able to be seen below on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Altering Effects

Silent sorrow reaching into my heart, squeezing it with life-altering effects as tears flow and spread themselves through my mind.
Then dripping quietly into my soul where all tears are gathered throughout life.
Sensing their presence with intellect, feeling the sorrow mounting by the moment, leaving me bereft and alone this dark night of the soul as I kneel and visit heavenly gardens once again in a brief interlude with grief draped upon my shoulders.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life And Death Begin

Freedom settles where pain and anger had once set in.
Looking on, feeling helpless, wanting to do any little
thing, finding just being there is all there is.

Where life and death begin to meet, friendship moves
on to a deeper plain, so too, the hearts which move them.

Friendship longingly defining life, built upon the
thresholds of love, ending up more pure and beautiful
than marriage.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life And Destiny Consumed

Wallowing in the aftermath of loss, drowning in it's
depths with no way out, life and it's destiny have
been consumed.

There's nothing left of our love now that you are gone,
only the memories of what we used to have when together
in our life.

Tears now parading through my heart, mind and eyes,
blinding me to the life we used to live, my dear, how
can I go on existing here on earth?

Our song of love has died away and no longer lies here,
we two have been parted permanently and there's no way
back for either of us.

Going through life alone, nothing more to keep us to-
gether on these earthly shores, we are now on opposite
sides of the horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life And Love

Never fear love or keep it from you because you are afraid of taking risks.
Knowing true love and acceptance gives peace and joy to fill your heart.
Never stand away from love - go to it and embrace it - hold it close to your heart.
For there are few enough times in your life when you can experience it.
Don't drown in self-pity and doubt - know that you are truly loved - just by reaching out yourself - to another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life And Solace

Flying high, splattering in the air,
tossing droplets of water everywhere.
Outside a little sphere, all of time
is stalemated, beyond imagining - life
is curled into a ball as a fetus in
it's beginning.
Curiously sketched with wonder,
attempting to sneak beneath the world
and living creatures, to find a place
of solace never known in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life And Time Coinciding

Soothing and calming music taking me into another land,
one of imaginative reality where I can create to my
heart's content.

Taking steps through feelings and emotions that hinder
me at times for a while, finding causes and solutions
that help alleviate sorrow and sadness.

Through writing poetry and living in a bluened light
always within, Divine wisdom dwelling there, keeping
me safe and protected from this crazy, inane world.

Always finding measures of life and time coinciding,
giving off positive and energetic attitudes and moods
every day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Apart

Moments waiting in times to be thought of or written about,
clamoring for attention in the silence of life, becoming
slowly awakened by steps and processes of identity.

Carefully weighing hastily made decisions of yesterday's
mazes, crawling across time and space, alighting in the
grooves deep enough to rest and build trust a little within.

Attempting to float and patch the floors with watered down
cement, falling to broken knees, feeling spent, apart from
life in just a moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Becomes A Delicacy

Talent comes in many splendid colors, arranged in
rainbows, filled with various ages.
Different aspects shine multi-hued commitments
into every nation and nationality.
Totally immersed within spheres of delicate thought
and imagery, life becomes itself, a delicacy of
creative imagination, being emitted from everyone
who outshines himself with wonder and curiosity.
Talent fills earth in many splendid, gigantic
interiors and forms of art in outstanding rhetoric
and beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Becomes Itself

Fidgeting with today's tears and happiness,
trying to decide what to live with.
Amazingly, my mind just gets into a groove
and continues to carry on no matter what
I'm thinking.
So much to believe and have faith in that
life becomes itself and carries me with it
to all ends of earth right inside my mind
countless times through it's ability and
verve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Becomes Still

Darkness engulfing my being as the sun sets beyond our horizon.

Life becomes still, serene and filled with pensive thoughts.

Wondering what the following day will bring, praying that it will be filled with goodness, compassion and caring.

Hoping that nothing evil or sad will come upon us as we go about our daily lives, doing the best we can with what we have.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Becoming Fuller

Tantalizing rhythms being focused interiorly, loosening
ties around thoughts being held at bay, freeing them so
they can form and develop new ideas and concepts.

Rapidly flying into other dimensions, fully recognizing
the different natures found there, sacredly beautiful
and fantastically brilliant.

Finding a whole new aspect of life with this vast interior
universe, opening ever wider, a bluened atmosphere filling
me totally.

Spirit soaring into the beyond, finding life becoming much
fuller the further I go into it's vast universe and leading
to heaven at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Began

When I was young, playing with my dolls, pouring make-believe tea, there were no thoughts of growing up, I was too busy using my imagination.
Little did I know back then of the heartaches and trials my future was holding.
Memories play hauntingly, chantingly calling to mind.
Trying to recall at what age - the exact moment - I became aware of the world outside my little sphere and how it would affect me in later years.
I see tear-stained images looking, watching through the years.
When exactly did life begin to live for me?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Beginning To Expire

Silently and very quietly, this life is beginning to
expire even more.

Taking future visions, placing them on photographic
screens, and giving insight into what will be happening
on many tomorrows of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Begins And Ends

Reality escapes at times, taking us into tunnels of fantasy where we are allowed to daydream, taking our time pleasantly.

No worries or cares to capture our hearts in loneliness or abandonment, life finding new equations into depths of imagination.

Finding fragile and delicate steps of designs as they display their energetic avenues of tomorrow, selecting periods of time that are preferred to align themselves.

Nothing getting in the way to deter them in situations of a silent contemplation where life begins and ends in an interior spirituality forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Begins Each Day

Wondering about the authenticity of life,
trying to divulge some inner secret to it's making.
Testing every avenue - every little path -
searching for the one clue out of many,
which will prove to hold true.
Standing through eternity,
life begins anew each day and no one
knows yet, how it's done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Being Complicated

Resetting priorities throughout life is necessary,
yet at times we are stressed and suffering for some
reason or another.

Life being complicated by turmoil that seems to happen
incessantly, no matter how we try to stay calm and
relax.

Attempting to keep ourselves aright, we at times slide
dismally into periods of nothing, unable to achieve
anything.

Finally grasping hold of ourselves, we set our beings
straight and move forward at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Being Erased

Solitude is confident and precious at the same time,
never causing any difficulties or injuries to stop
in between.

Levels of subconsciousness rising to the surface of
intellect, giving us reasoning of an interior con-
fiscation of liberty and freedom that can never be
taken from us.

Feeling the poverty of those souls who have no freedom,
their hopelessness, emptiness, despair and misplaced
faith in man instead of God.

Clearly being stated in certain cultures that have been
decimated, enslaved, tortured, murdered, maimed, life
for those many people has literally been erased from the
face of earth by those who practice and are evil to the
core of their beings.

Leaving nothing but a deep sensation of nothingness that
can never be erased from within them, it's a shame that
a handful of people can and are allowed to do this to another human being in this
twenty first century.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Being Gauged Unknowingly

Quiet evening, prayers rising to heaven in hopes of being
answered rapidly, but it just doesn't happen that way, for
God gives us time to think about what we've asked for.

Making sure that's what we actually want from life, bringing
emergency help to those in dire need, not wanting them to
suffer needlessly on earth.

Stepping onto gravel pathways, walking up heights that measure
our faith and hope, our lives being gauged unknowingly here on
earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Being Manipulated

Rushing, being manipulated by egos of others, and filled
with greed and envy.

Carefully trying to protect ourselves from all the evil
being portrayed by people from another third world country.

They're living as if in the dark ages, no inkling of what
life is like now in the twenty-first century.

Wanting only to hurt and maim innocent women and children
who cannot protect themselves from these indecent improprieties.

A derelict handful of piteous people taking advantage of
others for their own perverted pleasures and desires.

Sickening fetid odors of evil penetrating those intent on
doing evil and perverted things to innocent beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Being Preserved

Flitting from flower to flower, touching upon the Divine,
while nurturing and nourishing each of them.

Blossoming beautifully in the near future, taking care
and watching soundly that life is being preserved.

Held in delicate hands of mercy and compassion, striving
in the long run to take time to BE there for those in
need throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Being Untangled

Music soaring through intellect and being, tantalizing this brain with integrity and fidelity, feelings and emotions dancing together.

Forgetting for a while what they're supposed to be expressing, just for now being and experiencing the freedom of this soul.

Finding joy in this new expression of each of them, life being untangled from the inside out, turning life into an independent entity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Biding It's Time

Angles all about, a single star sitting atop one of them,
tempting my mind to study and write of it in this poem,
living in the estimates of mathematical equations.

Life exists within, biding it's time through writing of
poetry, composing music and painting portraits from memory
just for the fun and self-entertainment of it.

Giving non-ending joy, exciting me with musical, rhythmical
landscapes that open up within intellect as I write, abound-
ing thoughts jumping and carousing in my mind.

Taking me across vast wastelands of life, into other dim-
ensions where I find many moments of tantalizing, energetic
signs of lightening striking, lighting passion of imagination
with joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Burning With Songs

Perfect and sensual rhythms are beating within, filling
me with energy and passion, being fulfilled through the
writing of poetry.

Fitting right in, feeling comfortable and able to pro-
ject emotions silently into poems, making them intensely
felt by others when reading them.

Making no mistake how I feel about things, life burning
with songs of my life and spirit, always being fulfilled,
taking me further.

Going into a deep and abiding contemplation, where I will
always need to be, for I want to be closer to God every
moment that I can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Came Dancing

Filtering like a fog, the sun came brightly shining
through the clouds.
Heavenly gates were opened onto earth.
Life came gently dancing, carrying with it some hope
and prayer for eternity's bliss.
Spread across God's table, a banquet was spread, and
only God's chosen dared to tread.
Slowly basking in it's glory, the sun turned skies
an orange-red and gently tipped it's hat upon it's
head, saying good night to earth for it was going to
bed.
Softly lying down upon whitened clouds, he turned out
his light and went to sleep quite soundly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Can Become

Rattling inner cages of emotions, musical rhythms
taking precedence and evoking beautiful thoughts
of a life that can become in moments of time.

Silently researching ideas one at a time, taking
everything into possibilities of probability.

Forsaking everything just to explore what is
hiding within right now.

Finding it challenging, exhilarating, and uncon-
fining, looking into depths of my being and seeing
the impossibilities becoming reality.

Always coming through a strength of intellect and
imagination on a daily basis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Choices Influenced

Influencing life choices, music permeates every
fiber of being and imagination, causing an untoward
challenge of novel ideas coming out into the open.

Silencing inner voices of incrimination, allowing
foreign thoughts to conjure poetry never thought or
heard of in life's storehouse before.

Calming affects a soul of tortured reminiscence,
allowing new ideas to cogitate and renew a spirit
dwindling interiorly.

Avoiding characteristics of benign behavior coming
alive and including themselves in a repertoire of
notes being played subconsciously throughout life's
etudes and musical epics.

Sagas to be thought in moments of reprieve, once
engulfed in a pocket of musical scores, brought about
on porch steps of imagination.

Soldierly standing at attention, all words are chosen
with explicit care, at no one's expense save mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Collapses

Stepping down pathways towards eternity, filling senses with aromatic scents of heaven.
Sitting on edges of plaintive cries, beckoning all to join in and have faith and hope in an eternity of togetherness.
Finalizing all plans, life expands and collapses right before us, as we find ourselves matching thoughts with words in pictures of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Coming Together

Life delivering many blows from behind, tearing apart
our well-being at times, having an interior strength
that helps to get through hardship, suffering and
turmoil.

If we all just unite and come together, helping one
another on roads of life we will all benefit equally,
or else standing aside, not wanting to give of self,
continuing to contribute to evil, greed, and racism.

Are you one of the ones perpetrating evil by what
you're doing or refusing to do for humanity?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Continues

Progressing daily, circumventing some trials at best,
and landing at times in the center of disastrous
circumstances.

Unknown designs forming and shaping diamond minds,
scratching and erasing often, abstract patterns dealt
on levels of incompetence.

Circular paths unwinding themselves, straightening
out their mindular concessions for understanding of
knowledge, given by wisdom's beautiful gems of heaven.

Taking in regards of people past and present, daily
life continues to progress.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Continues To Evolve

Singly alone in the midst of a crowd of people, writing,
keeping pace with the music as life continues to revolve
within.

Attuned to poetry that's continually and incessantly
being written, acutely aware and alert to emotions and
feelings of other people.

Reason and logic in the foreground, touching upon in-
tellect, saturating my mind perfectly with an interior
rhythm and melody.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Continues To Finish

Stillness traveling into depths of my being, caressing
and touching my mind in a tentative gesture of hopeful
tenderness towards it's interior system of beliefs.

Rocking into the future of another life, taking the
essence and beauty of everything gathered in sacred
places of humanness and it's spaces.

Pleasurable quietness fulfilling the beings of we
humans, while life still continues to finish itself in
a silence of movement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Continues Wavering

Matters of intense association are closely being followed, exact measures taking their place as life continues wavering down it's simple and solo pathway.

Purpose of essence enlightening the way into darkness and bringing it into the light of day, illuminating the pathway into another dimension each moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Cords

Popping up and down to rhythmic beats of exasperation, riding an emotional roller coaster through life, experiencing what most people can never even think or derive.
So-called serenity stands waiting, hoping to expend itself in interior intellect for times of intense grief and sadness.
Feeling empty, never being filled up, except by abandonment, pulling at life cords of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Created

Timing and tempos are everything when falling into depths
of music, dancing to heartbeats, measures of music taking
me totally into jungles of intellect.

Soaring off like a jet into other atmospheres where life's
created from imagination and given room to expand, growing
and being nurtured since early childhood.

Favoring tantalizing melodies, striking chords within this
mind, lively and vibrant, never backing down, just going
on without stopping.

Loving to move into another time and place, motion pushing
forward and into many pulsating beats of rhythms that fill
my mind with grace and nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Cycle

Life is a cycle of ups and downs, taking us on a
roller coaster ride through the years.

If we could just live our lives without the govern-
ment and politicians taking away our liberty and
freedom, life would be great.

Imposing taxes, laws, regulations, ordinances that
reflect their own greediness by stealing our live-
lihoods under the guise of helping us.

All they are doing is helping illegals, muslims,
Syrians and using our hard-earned money to do it,
leaving us broken and unable to make it through life.

Having now turned the U.S. into a third world country,
dictating our way of life, coercing us to live under
unconstitutional laws, we have revolted and taken our
country back.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Dangles

Sunrise, sunset, every day the same, only different
colors and hues set in brand new ways.

Life dangles itself in retrospect, thinking and
sleeping at intervals - unchanging.

There are many inventions being wrought as people
imagine everything to make life easier.

Nondescript assignations lay alongside roadways,
hoping to be picked up and brought into a reality
of sorts.

Talent of every kind beckons imagination to open
like a parachute and entice the entire world's
population.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Decisions

Life is a tumultuous process derived from birth.
Difficult decisions and little experience cause
many moments of despair.
Strangled by others should's and should not's,
afraid to take risks because of what other
people may think.
Blast the heretics and do whatever it is that
needs to be done.
Never lying around, waiting for another to
proceed is best, especially when it comes to
thoughts about one's own future and decisions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Defining

Quietly weeping for memories that used
to be when you were here.
A soliloquy of meanings defining my life
as it used to be in days of yore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Dies Slowly

Yellow orange globe, lightly waiting in the black of night,
standing guard, warning off intruders who try to slip by in
the dark.

Looking like a blank stone sphere, no face upon it, yet
seeing what will soon be here.

Noting every change, each misconception, life tries hard to
hide within.

Finding faults, lies, deception all around, shining brighter
to illuminate and cast it all into oblivion.

Searching fruitlessly through the night, life can never find
itself until it reaches itself in broad daylight.

Illuminated in stark reality, blinded by it's selflessness,
life dies slowly, fading into it's own non-existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Draining

Watching as life struggles with death, feeling weak as this
being holds on even though life seems to be drained from me.

Saying an act of contrition, asking God to forgive me for
anything that I've done wrong, praying for His mercy.

Wondering if my last moment is about to come upon me, not
knowing what to expect, letting go and letting God, trust-
ing in Him explicitly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Dreams

Alive with a fervent desire to travel the world and
become part of it's unique treasure.
Fulfilling life dreams of extraneous thoughts,
walking upon twilight avenues after sunsets fall
onto desert plains.
Kicking up dust, enjoying silent observations of
nature, awaiting soothing music to placate my mind
for a lifetime of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Drifts Away

Life drifts away, taking with it special thoughts and
memories held closely for many years.
Taking notice no longer of hurts and injuries marring
it along the way.
Turning straight pathways - sending them into downward
spirals of dismay.
Continual heartbreak combing years of life, placing it
in coffins of disregard and disuse, as disharmonic
tones split and fall off of edges of earth's boundaries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Dwindling

Everyone should take some moments in their favorite places
where they often go with the love of their lives, sitting
there alone, perceiving feelings and emotions.

Thinking of being together before their last moments are
spent together here on earth, memories made, words of love
spoken, hearts open to the wonder of being together in life.

Teasing, happy, joyful, looking about at all that you've ever
known, letting it all consume and dwell within, thinking of
the goodness and lively times had between you.

Seeing now the emptiness of death falling upon you in the
future, life dwindling away, delving into memories that have
been made and now will soon be no more on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Encircling Itself

Energizing spirituality within, life encircles itself
with a positive attitude and peaceful countenance.

Nothing to stand in the way of achieving it's purpose
in life or the happiness and joy so totally deserved
before dying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Ending

Memories silently passing through, showing me the good times of my life, disregarding the bad experiences and suffering, leaving trials and tribulations behind me.

Watching their images, feeling the good emotions connected to them, keeping them close as my life seems to be ending around the next bend.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Ending Existence

Feelings numb, mind a blank space, life filled with
an emptiness, a void that can only be filled with
sadness, sorrow and loneliness.

How can a mere person be expected to hold all of these
feelings and emotions in one frail human mind, intense,
heart-breaking, soul being ripped from within.

Nothing to be done, no directions or guidance, life is
ending on a wrenching tear-filled note of existence.

Rhythms of love having now expired, leaving us bereft
and alone.

Where do you go from this total abandonment of life and
love itself?

Swearing I do not know as I travel a solo path through
the nothingness of what is now my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Ending In Tears

Life ends in tears of family and friends sitting together in funeral parlors, scriptures being read, songs of holiness and dying being played, everyone playing.

All celebrating lives, tears flowing, voices breaking, carrying on in praise and honor of loved ones, may they rest in peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Existing Talents

Singing Beatles songs all morning,
giving tastes of the sixties in technicolor.
Unfolding outstanding thoughts of beautiful
yesterdays', taking me by the hand, grasping
my heart with tightened grips.
Believing that all of life exists for my
talents and their benefits.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Expanded

Thoughts come tip-toeing through this mind, whispering,
teasing and taunting intellect into thinking you're
here with me.

Life has expanded, you've fallen out of it, leaving a
gaping hole behind in my heart, nothing to fill it, no
purpose for living anymore.

Persuaded to walk the fine lines of this last horizon
one last time without you my dear, how will I ever be
able to it without you by my side?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Experiences

Life is saturated with experiences - some of which we'd prefer not to have.
Exasperated beyond control, we sometimes just step back and disappear into nether worlds, stripping ourselves of emotion and wallowing in self-pity until we've had enough of it.
Returning once again to face the reality of life and it's costly price.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Falling Like Drops Of Rain

Silent wonder penetrating deeply into mind and intellect,
causing it to rise, thoughts flowing interiorly from a
waterfall of ingenuity and curiosity.

Following trails into forests and jungles, over mountains
and into imagination, watching as life comes falling like
drops of rain touching my soul.

Refreshing and renewing my being completely, blossoming
thoughts meeting with intellect through imagination and
reality, a wonderful ingenuity walking within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Flow

Life flows by, adhering to no one or thing,
falling into canyons, abysses and black holes.

Sometimes alighting on clouds of thought,
spreading ideas and words throughout the universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Flowing

Flowing over rocks and limbs, reaching out
for ocean depths at the end of it's sublime
journey through life.
River lazily careening down their paths of
purpose in death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Flows Through Time

Slowly, repeatedly, life flows through time, savoring every
moment in precious memories of those we have loved and whom
now are no longer with us.

Tears falling so heavily from our hearts and minds, unable
to be hugged or held ever again, causing us to miss and cry
for them throughout our lives.

Time passes, memories lie sleeping until being awakened
once more with thoughts, senses or feelings that invariably
will once again come up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Force

Finally realizing the progress of insipid imagination throughout the world, generating knowledge by quantum leaps and energetic bounds.

Surreal landscapes crawling towards an unrealized destination, causing reality to take a step backwards.

Finally resigned to the availability of a reason or purpose in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Going Past

Sky overcast, filled with white clouds and very
little blue to be seen.

Trees, leaves, barely moving, very little breeze
happening in the atmosphere.

Traffic flowing in a hurry, mostly heading west
very little going east.

People walking, carrying back packs, pushing a
wheelchair, kids and babies being pushed in
strollers by mothers and fathers.

Life just walking past as I look out the window
at Wendy's.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Grasped From Within

Awakening sounds now penetrating open minds through coded
rhythms, allowing some to be filled with grace and holi-
ness straight from God above.

Life being circled, grasped from within by the responses
of His faithful, sheep flocking towards the gates of heaven
here on earth, honoring God the Father in frail human ways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Hanging

Hearing melodies fill my heart with their exquisite tones,
clasping them closely to my soul with tears of sadness,
covering my being.

Hanging life out to dry as it slowly heals itself in a
myriad of notes, blending to make me feel better and
use less pain medication.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Hangs On Walls

Laughter, joy, happiness, filling me with elation
as I write of what I think and feel interiorly.
Reminders of life hang on walls in picture frames,
showing us beginnings and ends of family ties.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Has Been Changed

Daydreams leaping from my mind, taking me into nighttime corners of a life taken away before it's time.

Nothing can be sorted through or understood, not in this reality of our lifetime.

Never being taken into the realms of reality's answers, awaiting pictures of a world, becoming whole and complete.

Sorting through all of possibilities, finding none that coincide or make any sense to a mind filled with grief, sorrow being steeped deeply in a mire of abandonment and emptiness.

Taking every turn and falling down, never being able to walk forward in this time period, because life has been changed by an intense sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Has Expired

Missing you, nothing is the same, life has expired
and left me with just images and memories of our
life together.

There are no apologies, no love, your being can
never be felt again, as I sit alone, devastated
and forsaken without you, my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Has Many Webs

Sometimes throughout life feeling cheated, deprived in
a way of some people's friendship.

Realizing afterwards that it just wasn't the time to
pursue it actively.

Life has many webs to trap human beings, catching them
materialistically, taking their hearts, compassion and
caring.

Being selfish and into themselves only, turning away
from people who can see the truth about the lies they
have told in their lives.

Realizing this, they in turn, walk away from us, being
ashamed of who they have become.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Has Matured

Waiting in an exterior dimension for rhythms to come and claim my heart, being tantalized and driven into deeply held convictions of another time.

Sensing and feeling desires pushing and pulling their way up through intellect, only wanting to be noticed, heard and expressed properly.

Living in depths of a forest, knowing only that life has matured and is now on another plateau beyond whatever it is that we now know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Having No Direction

Life having no direction to go in, wanting to create path-
ways through the years, leaving the past all neatly stack-
ed in patterns and designs.

All folded in yellowed mosaics of memories, totally being
absorbed in depths of every rhythm, allocating time into
measures that are unending.

Tenderly being taken into your loving arms, holding me
throughout our lives, wanting nothing more from life and
yet, getting so much from it.

Feeling vibrant and young every time music starts playing,
succinctly and untiringly going in step with beats and
their tempos.

Constantly moving through motions of life and liberty,
being happy and contented, never afraid nor doubting the
beauty of it's wonder and awe as we hold one another in
measures of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Hidden Subconsciously

Life is hidden deeply in subconscious minds, coming to the surface through contemplation in a bluened light surrounding intellect, voicing it outwardly, yet silently in poems.

Written to music and rhythms, following avenues to their endings as they pronounce what it finds and brings to light, taking shadows out of corners and darkened areas of the mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Hiding In Wide Open Spaces

Love hiding in wide open spaces, shining brightly,
yet kept hidden from itself, because of grief from
lost love.

Letting lives go to waste, afraid to step out of
shadows of sorrow and loneliness; if only they
could, they'd find a beautiful and fulfilling love
awaiting their hearts to reach out and grasp hold of
it.

An amazing and ecstatic love that will surpass even
the one had before in life, reaching out is all it
would take, yet grief keeps a person locked in a
prison of their own making.

Afraid of breaking free and taking hold of a gift
much greater than they have ever had in life - life
is hiding in wide open spaces, shining brightly,
yet being kept hidden from itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Holds More Promise

Closing my eyes, dreaming of death waiting near-by,
knowing he's waiting for me to succumb, but he'll
have a long wait for I'm not ready to give up.

Life holds more promise for me right now, as I ful-
fill my life's purpose through poetry, when it's
time, I will come searching for you, death.

Wading through the water of my next horizon, waves
lapping gently against me as I'm purified crossing
over.

Leaving earth and it's temptations behind in order
to grasp the holiness of life in heaven with God
alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Impulses

Strengthening life impulses is difficult
when you're on the edge of life ready to
fall in and finalize all that was once a
human being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life In Moments

Waking to the shouts of people excited about life and
having fun, laughing, joking, teasing and enjoying life
as it is in each moment.

Turning towards the beauty of nature and it's spirit,
finding that life is an expression of who they are with-
in and the joy they can never let go of even in sorrow.

It's too precious and our tears are images of this de-
tailed truth as they fall from our hearts and eyes while
reliving memories of the past with loved ones.

Now gone from our lives, everything else is still here,
we're just missing them and being devoid of their once
loving and energetic lives in our own.

A total silence filling our world without them, saddened
moments coming now from all the joy we used to share to-
gether in our lives throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life In Retrospect

Living life in retrospect becomes themes for my poetry
now and in the future.
Beauty sanctifies interior images of love and family.
Soulful moments drape themselves around my mind filling
it with literature of tomorrow when I am no longer here
to write it.
No longer constantly flowing from this heart in joy and
tears from remembrance.
Taking away from life not just my being, but my presence
on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Is A Contradiction

Writing to incessant music, having fun thinking, pondering
life and it's idiosyncrasies, living on earth is a contra-
diction it seems.

What kind of lives do we really have? People separated into
poor, middle class and rich, yet we are all created equal?

Using free will, people either are good or evil, very little
in between these opposites.

Giving freely, taking selfishly, compromising, being stubbornly
uncompromising.

Yet we have families and friends, living, loving, caring and
compassionate towards one another.

Spreading from there into communities, cities, states, and
countries all over the world.

Touching other people's lives, enriching them with love and
caring, doing much more than those with lots of money.

Poor people are our examples here on earth, showing us what
it means to love and care for each other, even having nothing
themselves to call their own.

Compassion does not discriminate like money and riches do,
life here on earth is so difficult to comprehend, yet so
simple in truth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Is A Deathtrap

Life is a deathtrap in all respects, we run through life
experiencing, discovering, finding that all of it is for
naught, because we will not live to benefit from it, ex-
cept temporarily.

Once in a while we invent or produce things to help all
of mankind, and these are the only things that exist after
we ourselves are long gone from this earth.

Reaching for conclusions of life, we find it all becomes
the ending of our days when we die, never having been able
to live peacefully with the beauty of the sun.

Always running through life, trying to distance ourselves
from the rest of the world, living in this life alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Is A Prayer

All of life is a prayer, we pray it continually,
everything we see in nature, other people, life,
all of it being a prayer of living.

Looking for satisfaction of our times here on earth,
we are praying daily for peace in our world, knowing
that all is not right with it, striving daily to
change it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Is A Revolution

Wondering what's going on in the fields around me,
not listening equally to the words that are being
explained in thoughts, being kept away from what
they are.
Life is a revolution every day, causing pain and
strife to surround me, even when I go outside to
get away from it all.
Only it's here inside and I can't get away from
whatever's going on outside my scope of sight and
mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Is An Apology

Forgiving attitudes fill the air with their pity,
sending apologies into depths of unending prayer.

No one ever means to hurt, it just happens, because
people don't think before they open their mouths to
speak.

Whatever the quest might be, it will always involve
self and have no room for others, being selfishness
itself.

Standing at the doorway to the rest of life, looking
ahead, seeing it as just one big apology, forgiveness
waiting at it's end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Is Astonishing

Life is astonishing at times, filled with drama
and wonder, every day is different, situations
and circumstances changing constantly, sometimes
within the hour.

Intriguing, mysterious, unable to be figured out
or tied down to any agenda, even when setting
appointments, dates, important meetings.

Nothing is set in stone, it can change without a
moment's notice, guess that's what makes life so
interesting, complex and simple all rolled into
one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Is Awakened

Life happens daily and we participate willingly or unwillingly, sacrificing, experiencing sorrow, trying to hold on to joy and happiness, live our own lives accordingly.

Mistakes are made, apologies given, we grow older in spite of it all, handfuls of experience are traded to lessen the pain, ease the strain we all go through.

As we progress, our paths are continuously altered by innate intelligence and although the end is in sight, we focus and head towards it, knowing what is in store for each of us.

Is it ignorance? Or is it belief and faith in God that brings us all to the realization of our deaths? If so, then this is the peace I desire even now, though in middle age.

Characters of hope and joy fill the heavens, hiding within my soul today, awaiting the beginning of a new and better form and way of life.

God has created me, my soul, the desire to be with Him again in heaven.

Although others cannot see beyond their meager existence on earth, I am with Him now, totally awakened in His arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Is Awesome

Listening to country-western music loudly, writing poetry, a totally pleasant experience while being with the Grand-kids.

Life is awesome, changed when living in a different world, away from the city and all the corruption, the middle of nowhere, in the desert.

Enjoying the peace and serenity of this Arizona clear atmosphere, blue sky above us, sun shining brightly upon everything except me, for I am sitting on the huge back porch in the shade.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Is Bittersweet

Likely facets of unfortunate circumstances occur all the time,
we have no say in them.
Depression and sadness cause us to sit on life's sidelines and
we lose hope in everything.
Prospective happiness is qualified by efforts we are able to put
into experiences and explorations we have made.
Lifelong hassles are bittersweet, many times unenjoyable, but we
all persist until the day, hour, minute that we expire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Is Closed

Life is closed, there are no barriers to scale or memories
to escape.

All is quiet, withering, nondescript - a lone pathway for
a single being, traveling, solo, amid blackness of despair,
unable to feel or hear, senses completely dulled.

A continuing apathy of and for this world - not being
practiced at this moment.

Entire moods like tidal waves erupt, cover and ebb away,
leaving no debris, no thought or reprieve, alone within an
inner mind, unthinking.

Solving nothing, breaking in two many pieces, drifting to
nether worlds, straying far and wide, unable to attach or
become anything.

Loneliness submerging the being of remembered thoughts once
heard.

Alone, walking away, life is closed, there are no more
experiences to escape.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Is Existential

Slipping sideways into another silvery dimension where
life is existential, not adhering to our earthly lives
at all.

Benefitting from this wonderful facet in a separate
world of life, tasting exquisite thoughts coming from
within innate talent.

Finding many new qualities, arriving on a palate of
this mind, beautiful and brilliantly flowing through-
out intellect, gathering more spontaneous material to
write into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Is Funny

Relaxing, writing, sitting in a waiting room at the liver transplant center again.

Being constantly monitored and kept stable to have a liver transplant somewhere in the future.

Life has a funny way of existing in people, taking away some things and letting them hold onto others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Is Happening

Habitually happening, taking comfort in the knowledge that life is happening inside where enlightenment may follow in close pursuit.

Chasing thoughts, running along through forests of creative imagination, enjoying every sensation melody's rhythms send.

As they take me soaring into depths of heaven, where I may find solace and serenity in the beautiful gardens being tended by angels.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Is Happiness

Expressing my love for you every moment of my life makes me happy, contented, alive, therefor, all of my life is happiness because of my expression is in love of you only.

Consoling, fulfilling my human nature, it captures every sense and desire within me, a growing passion that will never die, only blossom the more that I love you, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Is My Song

Life is my song, it fills me with joy as I travel
through trials while on earth.
Melodies bringing hope to my heart, harmonies
blessing me with faith in life.
Life is my song, let me always sing it gladly
while praising my Lord.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Is Nothing

There's no more laughter inside of me, it has dried and blown away in the storm of life.

Joy does not fill me, I can never be again, for life is nothing, but sorrow and fills me with pain.

Letting go of self, falling into the grave of life, no longer a part of it.

Looking up, watching it parade by, nothing left of it, no tears to even cry.

Grief has shriveled and decayed, no longer any part of sorrow.

Standing on the edge of tomorrow, falling backwards, never again living life for you have died and I fall deeply asleep in solemn slumber, tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Is Profound

Rugged and resounding, blaring through an atmosphere of quiet,
subtle music.

Traipsing along ribbons of melody's highways, putting together abstractedness
and clear precise sonatas for life to hear.

Combined with nature's ear and vision, life is a profound place
to be and spend time in.

Several beats and notes define eternity for all of us as we
become etudes in our mind's and souls.

Treading on edges of make-believe, we live and breathe in absolute
wonder and awe of how we ever came upon life as we know it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Is Soulfully Temporary

Rasping against this heart, a silent sadness is penetrating
and grabbing hold of my soul right now.

Reminding it that life is soulfully temporary and now must
contemplate it's demise in a future, bringing itself to mind
within this very moment.

Not letting go without knowing of it's sentimental journey,
that I must begin taking now, in readiness of a time that
will soon be ending in a lifetime of beginnings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Is The Only Place

All through the night feeling senses awakened by intellect,
wanting to be expressed without delay, mind running through-
out the night.

Stretching and exercising every particle and fiber of my
being, satisfying desires and passion of my purpose and
destiny in this entire life.

Until it ends there's no letting up, for life is the only
place where innate knowledge, wisdom and an unconditional
love can be processed by our minds and intellects.

After death we no longer have a reason for needing it, for
all knowledge will be contained within our souls and spirits
and will not be retained when dying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Is What You Put Into It

Feeling a sense of quiet bravery within for having lived through horrendous circumstances in life, having found courage somehow to get though difficulties.

Living on it's edges, looking in with an expectancy of ending, yet that never happened, instead finding answers to keep going and staying alive.

Helping others and forgetting about self, a releasing of my spirit that helped me to find purpose and meaning in life.

Knowing that life is only what you put into it's essence, circumstances, situations and experiences, as long as love exists within one's heart that's all we ever need to meet one another in peace, bringing serenity needed in our world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Isn'T Promised

Wishing into wells of water, throwing coins, hoping we will
be blessed with whatever our wish was.
Life is not promised in any way or aspect, except the
opportunity to live it and do what we can while we're here.
Remembering all the wishes sent into the air with a coin
being thrown into depths of a well.
Now much older, knowing that not a one of them has ever been
given to us, not one iota of those we've paid for through
trials and suffering.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Keeps Living Through Me

Living on nothing, not wanting to eat, having no appetite
for anything in this life, least of all food of any kind.

Just wanting to abandon life the way it has abandoned me
by taking those that I have loved dearly in life.

Tears falling into pools of heaven, no strings attached
any longer, just memories from a heart sitting in my brain.

Life, however, won't allow it and just keeps me living
through one day after another.

Listening to music, nothing else holding me here except
winds of fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Lies Open

Rainbows stretching over earth, spreading joy to humanity
in fulfillment of God's promises.

Listening to the power of colorful explosions as they strike
in all directions, sparkling everywhere.

Beautiful, wonderful, enhancing the world with vibrant and
lively possibilities as life lies open in arms of passion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Limited By Pain

Where is the gain from going through pain, what purpose does
any of it have, always living on the edge of it's precipice
long after going through it's intensity.

Feeling it touching and pulling sanity and well-being, gather-
ing wits about us and moving forward in depths of unrealized
dreams eventually.

Feelings opened up, taking in realms of an ordinary life, yet
being filled with extraordinary pain through it all, realizing
that life is going to be limited.

Yet, not knowing for how long it will be for each of us, carry-
ing on however we can, keeping busy, some people helping others
and then others doing nothing,

Just hurting and maiming innocent people through evil attitudes
and deeds, yet in the end every one of us will die no matter
what we've done while on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Line

A white streak made by a jet in flight is reaching down
to me, it is God's life line which he has thrown to me.

Not being tall enough to reach it, I jump and fall and
never get a hold of it.

So, I stand here and let go and God helps me in another
way that I can reach out for and accept.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Lived Without Love

Life is not enough, it leaves us alone and defeated in the end, wondering why we had so little joy and happiness and so much pain and suffering instead.

A telling tale of disturbing events and lies all adding up to the ending of life one day when least expecting it to happen.

Crying in a lost desert where there has never been any love to speak of, sensing the emptiness that fills me yet, because of a life lived without love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Lived, Exposed, Died

Strings of a violin being played expressively, adding beauty to an interior landscape where creativity spills out upon intellect.

Choices abounding, touching interior feelings that are spread throughout this poetical mind, no apprehension, stress or turmoil to be found anywhere.

Lasting sentiments being focused within this heart where life has lived, been exposed and died, pieces of this broken heart lie scattered upon the floor of my being now.

Uselessly being seen and never picked up, for trust has been irreparably severed and there's no room left to plant anymore, life has been shut off to protect myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Lives

Life lives on without us, it wends it's way down paths of giving and sacrificing.

There are no obstacles large enough to block it, for life can climb and surmount anything.

We as humans constantly stand in our own way, crying that we have been forsaken.

Actually, the only problem that no one can survive is our death on the day we die.

Archways above our heads cannot collapse unless they are pushed and pressed out of existence.

We too are in this respect the same, except we are the instruments of our own failures and ruin.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Lives Without You

Watching a friend run away deep into the forest,
not wanting to face reality because his loss is
too great.

Grief makes you do strange things that ordinarily
you wouldn't think of doing.

Possibilities amount to nothing, as life lives
without you, not caring what you think or how you
feel about anything.

Just existing, nothing more, every day always the
same as the one before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Meaning

Thinking we have no purpose or meaning in life
other than helping one another.

If we find ourselves wandering and aimless with
no purpose or meaning, perhaps it is because we
have never truly helped another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Mislaid

Tears of dark emptiness fall slowly from my eyes,
each drop bringing with it a piece of my heart.

Soaked through with sorrow, my head hung limply
from my shoulders.

Sullenly forsaken in a drifting sense of space,
mislaid.

Falling lifeless onto the pile of inhumanity, life
lies open on the hearth of death.

Bleedingly fallen, never again to rise - never again
to see a new day's dawning beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Model

Blaring it's way into my mind, a trumpet sounds it's feelings into my being, awakening a subconscious desire to want to play it myself.

Notes tantalize me into existence as music beats itself into my heart's rhythm, fitting so peacefully, like a puzzle of being, a model of life.

Listening with a far-off sound, penetrating a musical etiquette never bound by existing limitations in earthly boundaries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Of Belonging

Keys of opening treasures are embedded within my mind, they
can be touched by music, lightly, emotionally, beautifully
opening chests of golden genius hiding inside them.

Fulfillment echoes it's voice down corridors of intelligence,
raking memories into piles, separating into files, sorting
and storing them for the time I have on earth.

Equally forbidding, thoughts anchored in deep dark corners
of respite, are lifted out of depths onto living quarters
felt consciously outside myself.

Depositing frequently, heard notes and melodies into etudes
for my mind to comprehend alone.

Codes are ciphered constantly from notes to words of poetry,
lasting impressions touched upon my brain, remembered forever,
always close at hand.

Keys of opening treasures are played upon talented pianos
of my mind every day that I am alive.

Recounting their imaginary rhythms into reality of inherent, genetically formed
brain cells of inner intelligence and
subconscious sublime thinking for minutes of life.

Daly recreating gullies and ravines, falling away from my
heart's beating incessantly, forming and pouring everything
into my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Of Creativity

Stimulating and vibrant, melody's rhythms awaken the very within of my being and intellect.

Connecting and rejuvenating every fiber and particle of me with an unforgiving energy, one that keeps releasing itself throughout the day and night.

Ever revolving within intellect, stirring my mind's thoughts and ideas.

A splendid repertoire of beauty through fantasy of an imaginational reality, taking me into the farthest corners of an interior universe.

Spirituality heightened through writing poetry and contemplating through prayer.

Building ideas from scratch, taking and adding abstract's to complete the picture and vision.

Loving feelings as everything comes together, images shining, smiling within when they have found their places and purpose in this life of creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Of Emptiness

Hurriedly rushing to get somewhere on time, knowing
all along that it's not important, but pretending
to ourselves that it is.

Fooling ourselves into believing all sorts of things as
we stress and engage ourselves in reticent busyness,
holding onto our lies daily and living lives of
emptiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Of Nature

Looking without, wondering at how life of nature is always astounding.

In the mentioning of it's particular names for all things growing creatively, it is set in a place of silent divinity.

There, nothing can mar it's beauty as it continues to mature and become fully atomized in blossoming prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Of Possibility

Life is a new beginning every time I wake up in the morning.
A slate cleaned and ready for any possibility that comes
along, meeting every challenge head on.
There are so many aspects and facets approaching with
renewed effort every day, it's sometimes difficult to pursue
them all together.
So they all have to be conquered one by one in order of
priority.
At times a daunting task, but I'm always up for it.

(10: 01 a.m. - 10/28/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Of Poverty

Life of poverty, lived in abject hopelessness, stands starkly,
proud of it's existence on earth.

Without it there could be no upper or middle class, poverty
does it's job well by building the foundation for these two.

Pangs of hunger, curdling stomachs of little children as they
whimper helplessly in the night.
Can no one hear their tiny voices?

In the light of day, playing outdoors, imagining sticks and
rocks are wonderful toys to play with.

Climbing trees, running, jumping, listening to the breeze as
they run alongside shadows in the noonday sun.

Laughing, smiling, having fun and no one looks closer as the
day wears on - poverty's silence continues without anyone the
wiser.

Until that is, it is too late and the children have become
the gang members we fear so much.

Little children, trusting, responsive, communicative, until
the hopelessness becomes too much for even fun to keep it
at bay.

Life entangled in the web we weave for our young ones is in
later years, thrown over our heads.

Society cannot prevent it's demise, children become our
undoing, simply because we are not there for them.

When talking we never looked them in the eye, showing a
negligent disrespect for their worth and self-esteem.

As they talked we allowed our minds to wander, subsequently
not listening to a word they said.

Tears falling achingly down their faces and we were too busy
to stop a minute and give them a hug or any reassurance.

Why did our children make a wrong turn and rebel against us?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Of Promise

Mirrors reflecting life from the past three months.
A blur of surgery and pain, but I've made it now.
Looking forward into panes of glass, leading me towards
a life of promise and prayers.
Glasses off and eyes open to many possibilities,
surrounding the future in blissful destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Of Quiet Silence

Tenderly, quietly, being who I am in this world,
living a solitary life through poetry and loving
it immensely.

Picturesque and magnificent images kept through
the years on photographic screens filled with
memories of every single thing in life I've seen.

Walking pathways created through intellect and
imagination, finding my own way through reality
of this earthly life.

Taking things in stride, living a life of quiet
silence, waiting for God to let me know where to
go or what to do next for Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Of Sadness

Stirring within, a life of sadness that cannot be reconciled in
any way for there are no answers to be given by death or for our
loss, it just happens to everyone living on this earth.

We have very little information about it, details also are few,
we surmise, recollect, use imagination and still are no closer
to why or what reasons we cannot live without dying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Of Scorn

Reaching for ropes to pull me across chasms of life.
Hoping to hold on and not fall into the abysses
created by suffering during life's trials.
Soundly taking everything by the horns and committing
myself to a life of scorn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Of This Poetical Musician

Stepping carefully into other hemispheres of intellect, subconsciously listening to them, delving positively into every nook and cranny, locating notes that pick me up.

Listening intently to every measure, letting them carry me away, not minding at all, justifying the life of this poetical musician with heartfelt emotions.

Taking care to never let go of any of them, surprised at times when finding the beauty of nature has suddenly surrounded my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Of Turmoil

Scenic vistas careening about my mind, focusing in
toward past days of ageless heredity.
Counting on peculiar ideas to cogitate and form
beautiful images of unquestionable faith, beginning
periods of serene solace in a life of turmoil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Of Variety

Being swept away in bubbles of air, soaring through
the atmosphere.
Living a life of variety and expression as I travel
avenues into labyrinths of experience.
Always ready for an adventure, wanting to discover
cures for cancer and other diseases.
Having a mind wide open to the universe, gathering
the formulas into intellect, hoping to get the
money in invest in a laboratory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Of Wishful Thinking

Leading a life of wishful thinking, taking what I want as I go
along pathways of destiny.

Knowing right from wrong, never taking away from anyone else,
just hoping for the best as I continue to go my way.

Entering the beauty of another dimension, taking my own way
into directions that I choose.

Wisely using innate intellect as life gives spirits a lift
into a spiritual world beyond.

Tasting contemplation as it blends with wonder and awe of
heaven and God above.

Needing the solace and serenity that can only come from God,
loving how He's always present in this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life On The Edge

A contemporary sound being emitted by a country boy,
telling a story of youth, alone in a small town.

Overpowered by intense reasons of freedom, he tried
to live his life on the edge, never fearing for
himself.

Justice is always rewarded by unselfish rhymes, bent
by broken years, full of hearts shattered and smashed
upon the ground.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Opening It's Arms

Dreams running straight into reality as life opens it's arms
to my being and intellect, mind always open, absorbing every-
thing seen and learned.

A galaxy of thought quietly existing in intellect, mind sort-
ing it all out in moments of time, nothing to interfere as I
live life in circumstances and situations I find myself in.

Promises being fulfilled and honored daily, a total excite-
ment, thrilling as every expectation comes to the surface,
all of it being written out into poetry.

Taking me by the soul and treating me to a spiritual life in-
teriorly, one that I always acquiesce to while still alive and
writing to music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Opens Itself

Finding more enjoyment at Harrah's in the multi-center,
sitting here by the bowling alleys, watching videos
musically playing right above the lanes, enabling writing
to be written to rhythms beating their way to my mind.

Contributing measures, lifting me higher into the atmosphere
where life opens itself completely through the incessant
music playing, loving it every moment as I listen to it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Operettas

Operettas filling my mind with their intensity, as they
form and shape themselves in my consciousness.
Special articulated notes arrange themselves in my
imagination as images combine and become a movie only
I can see and hear.
Volume, deafening, because I want to be submersed within
every beat and rhythm as I create operettas for my soul
to hear and comprehend.
Life has sprung within my nature and spread through my
being, filling every particle and atom as my soul
fulfills itself through God's handiwork, tying my lace-
like presence to God's nature interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Parade

Trapped within this body, weighed down by a mind filled with
despairing thoughts, life parades on by.

Taking no chances, finding no joy, lifting eyes up to heaven,
praying for life to end so it may begin.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Parts

Parts of life are found in art, music, poetry,
touching minds, hearts and souls with it's
poetical beauty.
Drifting along creative pathways, collecting
thoughts, ideas, images, for future use in
artistic endeavors of tomorrow's future
generations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Patterns

Streets following patterns, at times lighted so we can see
where we are heading.

Other times in rural areas there are none and we hope for
moonbeams to show us the way through darkness.

Life is like that, we find a light beckoning us to do the
good and right moral things in our lives.

Yet, darkness covers up those morally correct avenues and
evil becomes incorporated into some people's souls.

Therein lies the terrorism that we all face today from
isis and muslims who are still living in the dark ages
where everybody is abusive, cold, cruel and evil.

No forgiveness ever given or received, life is a straight
line just like at the end of our lives when our hearts flat
line on our death beds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Placed In Measures Of Time

Whining for life as we search for it's beginnings only
here at it's ending.

All of life placed in measures of time, yet we have
foolishly left it by the wayside, deserting it.

Thinking it of no use to us through the years we've
lived, now seeing that we should have used our purposes
to the fullest, achieving fruition that we so deserved.

Now no longer will it be given to us, for it has passed
from our hands now that we are at our final destination
on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Playing Within

Catching hold of rainbows of sound, listening to their delicate harmonies as they continue to surround the interior of this mind, completing many thoughts with intense and vibrant notes and tones.

All taking this mind imaginatively into depths of color and it's particular sounds, remembering it all while writing poetry, never losing track of any of it as life continues to play within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Predicting Events

Life predicting events of times spent with family and friends,
all taken in stride.
Explaining the mysteries of yesterday in solos of etudes,
bringing them into existence with every moment being expressed
in words and expressions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Progressing Faster

Entering delicate situations that conform in a maze of
attitudes, bringing about several types of moods, carry-
ing out thoughts, proliferating their essences, taking
liberties with them as I write poetically.

Realizing once upon a time, possibilities were in the be-
ginning impossible, but with neo-thinking they've rounded
corners of life, allowing transient curiosity of an innate intelligence to consider
every angle in writing.

Settling into a pyramid of concepts and ideas as life pro-
gresses faster with music, taking me into tunnels of vision
that entice me further.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Promises Nothing

Hard luck days befalling us all, better days ahead is what we continue to tell ourselves, waiting is all that's ever done though.

Goals waver and fade in and out through no fault of our own, life promises us nothing no matter what we choose to do.

Therefore, we are always on our own, hoping for a break or some lucky charm to change our lives for the better, knowing in the end it's all up to us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Proves Itself

Life seems to prove itself in strange ways through opposition, challenges and death, always having a stand, even though we don't always understand the wheres and why fores of any of it.

Day and night, taking us on a quest of truth and honesty, living in moments of daring and loss, holding onto life with sometimes only a spark of hope.

Yet, we manage to live as best we can until death takes hold, grasping our lives with a stranglehold and we are no longer alive here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Rearranged

Situations arise and change through the years, life becoming rearranged and taken into back alleys at times, sacred, yet alone, not knowing where to go.

Headed in several directions at once, beautiful landscapes opening and closing, showing their wonder to passers-by for free.

At moments in time watching as feelings become enticed with measures of other chords rising and falling with passing notions of life through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Recorded

Touching upon the inevitable measures of music's rhythms
that enter my brain, soothing and giving serenity to my
being.

Accumulating and collecting visions of intense desire,
with wants and needs that can be written quietly into
many compositions of musical poetry.

Set upon a photographic screen within intellect, totally
keeping every detail and experience of my entire life on
record through the years.

To be touched and relived again and again, nothing to be
detracted or taken from it ever, as no one knows how or
where to find any of it unless I write it in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Rehearsals

Happily rehearsing life to get it right for at
least this very moment.
Difficulties arise, putting obstacles squarely
in the way of forward movement.
Allowing for mistakes, errors in judgment and
blatant idiosyncrasies, life exists on front
lines, continuing it's unending quest for
superiority.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Repetition

Repetition throughout life gives moments of recall
as we age and have more time to think of it all.
Likely aspects predict themselves and jump into
alignment with our lonesome thoughts on empty days
of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Roles

Life revolves, each person has a role to play, all afraid of letting down their guard, in case someone makes them care about another.

Empathy, you say?

What it's actually called is indifference and it brings a sense of distance, a feeling of fatalistic despair.

Yes, no one cares to become involved in this or any other circumstance.

Life evolves, yet never moves forward, it's the same now as when it was past.

People regard one another with suspicion, doubting truths told in unexpected traumas, afraid to believe or bring aid, lest they be slapped in the face for doing a good deed.

Where will it lead? When will mistrust be brought to light and sentenced for what it's not?

Authority figures running rough-shod over fragile human beings, abused and hurt by situational circumstances beyond life's control.

Though certain people have done things in the past that got them into trouble, those days being over, they're still held tightly against certain individuals.

Authority figures refusing to let go and allow for reform and changed lives in the present.

Pushing and herding those individuals into corrals of other's mistrust and doubt, never letting them forget, never letting them go.

Life revolves, each person has a role to play,
everyone has left out caring for another human being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Scribbling

Scribbling across the sky of my mind, not knowing what
I'll find in it's colorful mess.

Playing as a musical score, feelings flowing out into
nothing and are skated over, allowing no hold on me.

Looking for another dream, another fantasy to fill time, while
life continues scribbling across the pages of this eternal
mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Sentences

Life sentences being written into many poems,
explaining and relating many experiences that
I've lived through and not perished in spite
of them.

Thoroughly enjoying my second chance at life,
reaching for outer limits, carefully examining
each one that comes to mind.

Life-altering thoughts come to the foreground
more often than before.

Realizing the great gifts God has bestowed upon
me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Settles In Cobwebs

Partially open, life settles itself in cobwebs of derision
at times.
Silently encasing etudes into scores of musical derivement,
choosing to select opposites of shores belonging to the
here and now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Side-Tracked

Glancing into the future, finding facts aren't always true,
causing life to be side-tracked and out of control.
Caring, misconstrued, turns into uncaring meanness and
altruistic harm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Situations

Swinging from ropes of life's situations,
daring to stare it down in times of anger.
Never allowing it slack, keeping it taut
so as not to fall into it's trap.
Singly taking attitudes, adjusting them,
covering over them, letting it all be,
until it comes collapsing on top of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Slaps Us

Basically, intrinsically, life tries to fit in with
what we think it is.

Always left hanging, because there are so many
versions of what life should be and we never fully
get a succinct definition.

Tribal thoughts crowd our minds, devouring barriers
to private stances in pathways of our lives.

Extant alleyways lead us into detours as we wend our
ways through mazes, attempting to fit in with our
desires and needs that we think we want.

Life is a reality, as it slaps us out of our reveries,
landing us on doorsteps out of imaginative dreams we
hold of life.

None of them true as we sit piningly alone, wondering
why not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Spent In Shadows

Life being spent in shadows, ghosts of yesterday peeking out at
times, keeping memories closely cherished.

Reviewing the past in depths of self-realization, hoping to stay
intact through circumstances of living.

Holy and sacred, our souls freely captivating our inner beings
and we rarely if ever realize this.

As we go through moments of memories and events of days gone by,
future holding much of the same for each of us until we die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Spinning

Stranded in a horizon filled with a myriad of problems,
hoping to find some solutions to puzzling predicaments.
Finding there are so many mazes to follow, all in opposite
directions, curtailing trails of happiness as life spins
on - many times without me.
Silent partners traipsing along, listlessly searching
for truth or honesty - but in reality there is none.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Spinning Through Time

Magic of childhood has now disappeared beyond curtains of
aging, leaving a void, an emptiness that cannot be filled
even with it's treasured memories.

Outlasting life itself at times, spinning out of focus as
it passes through time, aging without realizing it until
one day looking in the mirror.

Aghast at the lines of age and maturity that have claimed
us unknowingly while traveling through the passage of time
leaving us wondering where the time went.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Standing Behind Us

Stranded on a lonely inner island, wandering about,
thinking of life and spirituality.

Knowing that essentially there is not much more to
living and life in or on our earth.

Feeling the travesties of trials, tribulations and
suffering, knowing they are experiences we all have.

Such an abundant amount of promises, bringing happiness
and joy, all ending in tears of sorrow and broken hearts.

Life standing behind us in the end, no where else to go,
endings continuing into another dimension beyond our
lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Standing On End

Life is standing on end, trying to shake me off with myriad tribulations.

A son, heart-broken over losing his baby daughter to a girl who doesn't care one iota for her.

It's hurting me to see him hurt so much - he tries so hard and nothing seems right to him.

He cares about his daughter with all his heart, wants to be with and take care of her like she deserves.

Wanting to know where she is and if she's alright, haunts him both day and night.

Life is hard enough to live - how will she ever make it with only one parent - the one who neglects and doesn't care at all for her.

(12: 35 p.m. - 3/2/98)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Stands As A Barrier Sometimes

Writing one book after another, nary a break in between,
wanting to think and write through each and every day
without stopping.

Alas, life stands as a barrier at times, because there
are things that we must do just to exist, quickly adjust-
ing, realigning our priorties, nipping some things in the
bud for the safety of all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Stands By

Life stands by giving expressions of joy, sadness and loneliness, always wondering why we must have these many experiences in life.

Why there are so many questions that have never been answered through the centuries, how come no one has figured out these age-old mysteries.

Living freely, yet we never seem to know why we do it, as our days are numbered and end without our approval.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Steps On Me

Dead branches lying across pathways in my mind,
taking up space and time that I could be writing
instead.

Life steps on me too often, creasing my emotions
and stifling my independence, causing me to get
tired and exhaust myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Stories In Prose

Twanging rhythmically in my mind, waking emotions and ideas, combining them with one another through time immemorial.
Closeness, coming together in blended spirits, taking time to dance and compose life stories through poetry.
Flying into atmospheres never seen before, yet seeming familiar to my brain.
Watching rhythms twist and turn as they collaborate interiorly, striking beginnings of vestiges, including many definitions being written on paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Strategies

Strategies of life lie in volumes of poems, altering constantly, according to how I feel interiorly.
Recognition of a deep passion for life's explanations serve me daily in prayerful poems, never forsaking me in desperate times of being.
Believing in a beautiful tomorrow and trying to attain it through my writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Stretching

Life is attempting to stretch itself, hoping to encompass
some more measures of time to continue writing yet a while.

Interior wisdom flowing slowly, enveloping intellect with
a beautiful aura of hope contained in faith.

Surreal concepts stepping up into realms of imagination,
ready to find rhythms and create them readily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Taken

Touching emotions, taking me into jungles of yesterday,
being overgrown with timely and worn memories taking
life along passages of another place.

Once having been a favorite, but now being habituated,
for reasons unknown and never shared letting thoughts
fall by the wayside.

No longer interested in them, running away from their
feelings, burying emotions, wanting to forget them al-
together.

Lost in outer stratospheres some time ago, not wanting
to relocate them again, continuing through life with
a serenity of purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Tangling Energy

Life tangles us in mazes of energy, twirling us into blackest abysses with no exits to use.
Flamboyant signals ranging from life to eternity, scaling mountains to reach the other side.
Slowly walking around without a light to guide or lead, finding ways to begin anew each day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Thoughts

Just outside the door of the entrance to Brophy Chapel,
I sit and write and think no more on life.
It is too complicated - strained - slight.
The only way to a fuller life is through God,
but human nature makes it hard to stay in touch.
Pressures of everyday life seem to get into the way,
causing turmoil every step of our everlasting way.
Totally unprepared to live day to day,
I have prepared for death - I know it's way.
There is nothing to get ready or take with me - the
only preparation needed is just having lived a good
and decent life; it is enough to go on, passing
unafraid, and unattended to the grave.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Through Hardship

Falling into a reverie, seeing it's loveliness looking back at
me, smiling, taking my hand so gently, reminding me of a life
that has come through many hardships, sacrifices and heartache.

Yet always coming out in the end with a greater inner strength
of character, possibilities pressing through intellect, never
letting doubts stand in the way.

Doubts are always a challenge to this mind of curiosity which
always finds a way around any barriers, making life through
and beyond any impossibilities.

Having tremendous fun getting around them all in my own way,
so happy to just be who I am forever, doing whatever I can
to help others when they need a helping hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Tides

Seeing tides of life rising and falling, riding each wave
with joy and excitement, loving the beauty of everything
as it splashes, rolling over and over.

All the adrenaline pouring into me with each challenge,
daring death to take my life from me once again, never
being afraid.

No matter what death does to me, no fear is felt anywhere
in my being, for what is there to be afraid of now, I've
died and been brought back.

Now knowing there's nothing to be afraid of in life or in
death, a wonderful and joyous blessing given to me by God,
Himself.

Living a life filled with expectancy and joy, nothing
mattering at all as life is opened to me on every frontier
in other dimensions and universes.

A beauty unsurpassed on this earth, loving it totally,
accepting it's totality and essence, while living life
fully every moment on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Transpiring

Clouds gathering above, hovering over nature's abode,
deciding where and when they will rain upon and nourish
it's plants and trees.

Atmosphere filled with a very cool breeze as life continues
to transpire in spite of it, retiring to another dimension
while nature and weather find themselves blending together
for the betterment of earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Transposed Into Poetry

Totally wanting to be away from this world, going within
where life is simple and easier to deal with.

Memories soothing and placating my mind while daydreaming
of what we used to have.

Thinking only of what we have done through the years, all
the precious moments we've spent together.

Nothing or no one getting between us as we went our way,
loving and being with one another all through the years.

Life being transposed into poetry constantly and incess-
antly, daily spilling our lives into the universe.

Every thought instantaneously attuned to the rhythms I'm
now listening to.

A beautiful, calming effect coming from our life as one,
a constant reminder of the love we have treasured for one
another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Tucked In

Writing poetry, letting everyone know my life is not easy,
but still pushing ahead and doing it.

Thoughts just pile up on top of each other like snowflakes
forming drifts.

Sifting through them all creating many poems, looking back
upon this life.

Everything comes together and eventually it will all be
called literature.

In reality, it will only be this poet's poetical little life
with family and close dear friends tucked within the verses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Unburdened

So often life sits silently by, watching time pass
against the clock.
Knowing within, the darkness of untold truths which
penetrate sacred ground.
Fortitude trips, falling down to meet it's match
against the sadness caused by risks of caring.
Life suddenly unburdens itself, feeling hope as it's
nature turns slowly and pivots out of sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Undone

Clouds written across the sky in ink of black, white and
gray, betraying the sorrow hiddenly delayed by death.

Portraying melodies long ago given away in whispers of
love, lying dormant the rest of life, praying for fortitude
and new love in the future.

Reaching for heights unknown to men, lying down on carpets
of unused knowledge, separated from their fruits.

Life undone, unspoken, treading carefully among centuries
untold, rocks stacked like funeral pyres at the ends of
life's long roads at dusk.

Riding through the colors, everlastingly beheld in faith,
iciness of fate riding in it's wake, like the needles of a
cactus until fallen begrudgingly in haste.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Used To Be Lived

Evaporating into the atmosphere, many past memories wanting
to hide somewhere they can no longer be found, because the
life they used to live has disappeared for good.

Wanting to find and hold onto love, holding intense desires
closely, hoping they will be fulfilled with a purposeful
touch of someone's hand in mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Verses

Finding words of fancy and depth, putting them
together, arranging all to an anticipatory
collection of worth.

Some day becoming tomes in someone's library,
being read as they were meant to be, verses to
reconnect life with it's eternity.

Answering the call of celebratory belief on
domains felt deeply inside where all heart
hugging is done gently with one's self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Wanders Aimlessly

Watching as life wanders aimlessly, falling in turmoil
that evil is causing all over the world, devastating
crimes of murder, rape, incest, beheading and torture.

All being committed falsely in the name of religion,
none of it having anything to do with God, only the
lust and egos of perverted men on earth.

Banding together, We the People are gathering as one
to rid our world of these dishonest, perverted and
barbaric demons, having no morals or ethics, following
their leader, a pedophile and rapist only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Weaves And Wends It's Way

Rippling tides flowing in opposite directions, giving an energy that fills our beings with plenty of purpose as we settle into senses that entertain and delight us.

Throughout the night, journeys being finished with waves finally crashing against the surface of our minds, glassy and totally slippery settled in our dreams.

Creating shimmering reflections, filling everything with silent motions, taking minds along paths of wonderful enticement and wonder.

Walking down shores, sandy and filled with seashells to be chosen and picked up when they catch someone's eye, always being cherished.

Treasured as life weaves and wends it's way through flowing motions of undertow beneath a curiosity that never stops.

Taking intellect down corridors that are invisible to the naked eye, sojournly wandering, finding sadness has been haunting every step of the way, letting us find the answers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Weaving

Dynamic energy surging from within,
joining creatively with every
moment of life as it weaves and
intertwines with the beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Will Be Forgotten

Enjoying intimate reveries with musical rhythms, feeling
peaceful and contented, this soul joyful and focused on
goodness in this earthly life.

Finding all that's positive on difficult and long roads
of life, loneliness, despair, being bereft of hope, taken
into depths of an interior spirituality with serenity.

Having a clear conscience that holds this heart in fragile
hands of humanity, taking self wholly into the future with
tomorrow looming on the horizon.

A beautiful sunsetical shore where soon all of life will
be forgotten as I disappear beyond earth, reaching my final
goal and destination; heaven where I first became before
coming to earth to live.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Winds

When winds of life blow through my mind, causing memories and images to flap in the breeze, I remember with love the life of my mother.

Her story of life has ended, we have only pieces and fragments that each of us remember.

Her journey is at an end, but ours must continue whether or not we're ready for it.

Days are way too long, nights are much blacker than ever before.

Reaching out, we find only ourselves to hold on to, there are no more connections or reasons for doing anything, we just exist until our individual ends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Within

Watching a mother grow as a baby grows inside her.
Wondering whether it will be a boy or girl - whether
it will look like Mom or Dad.
Seeing a Mom thrilled and attuned to the life within.
Hearing a heart beat for the first time and watching
her little one on a screen as it sucks it's thumb,
patiently waiting to be born.
Life beginning and growing is a wonderful miracle,
better still is watching the child mature after it's
birth.
All thoughts and pictures blown apart of what the
baby would look like, because it's looks are theirs
alone - unique!
A beautiful baby, a treasure to behold, a lifetime
of joy still carefully wrapped within, waiting to
be experienced and loved throughout the years.
Many years and tears of joy and sorrow, hugged and
kissed away by devoted parents as they all grow
together and apart - always one in heart - always
family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Without Me

An end is near at hand, and I must turn and leave you all behind now.
Carrying all my words on paper, I leave them for you to read after I'm gone.
Thinking alongside intellect I leave on these pages, hoping to inspire some wisdom to get you through the hard times and suffering you have yet to go through.
Allowing prayers and music to flow from me to you, through every poem written down, leaving some hope to hold on to as you go through life without me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Without Me Living Within

Reluctantly looking in the past, wanting to remember every-
thing, yet not wanting to let go of any of it, especially
loved ones who have now departed.

Staying on earth, feeling lonely, holding empty wishes that
get blown away with tomorrow's time, freshly dug graves
always seeming to come into existence when least expected,
bringing many tears to swallow my heart with their sadness,
grief, and abandonment.

Soul-filled loneliness now taking over my mind throughout
the rest of this life without me living within it's vital
exuberance once upon a time.

Now always ready to take a stand, yet this heart hangs
it's head, walking into the darkness that is now a part of
who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life Worthwhile

Wishes and dreams make life worthwhile when they come true one day when least expected, lights sparkling, flitting about, enticing explosions of fireworks as they flow around this inner atmosphere.

Bringing rainbows of prisms into the lightening quick mind of intellect, treasuring every moment as reality takes a back seat for a while as I write poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life, A New Discovery

Lengthening hours taking me further into the limelight,
finding the wonder of another life, emotions flowing
fluidly and exciting me totally.

Being on the other end of my shyness, now speaking with
others and enjoying myself in this new and thrilling en-
vironment.

An adventure that is taking me soaring into the atmos-
phere where life has become a new discovery and I am
curious about everything in it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life, Finding A Way Through It

Crossing fjords within this mind, not knowing what will be
on the other side, unafraid, wanting to know what lies be-
yond, hidden within unknown and vast realms.

Thinking, creating at break-neck speed, wondering if any of
it will avail intellect or life, where is the surety and
peace that this being so desperately needs and craves.

In times of sadness and sorrow, how to find a way through
this entire life, continuing to meander in and out of sit-
uations and circumstances without ever getting any truths.

No answers coming from what it is that's supposed to be
learned, will there be a solution to this unending doubt,
how far must one travel in life to find the answers?

Now in the twilight hours of a last horizon, thinking
about many misnomers of this earthly life and wondering
what fate has in store for a future path down destiny's
lane of truths and finality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life, Unanswerable

Ringing echoes down the halls and into neighboring aisles, awaiting answers which are never written.

On ever increasing highways questions fly idly about having no reasons for anticipated livelihood.

Whereas, many answers fall in between single lines, life continues to float toward doubt and fruitless tasks.

Chances are taken hesitantly, masking fears and placing unbalanced taciturn placards of peace on banners unfurled in frigid breezes.

Quietly studying innate talents, justifying pictures and images of questionable doubts, people arrive at conclusions in life, so-called possibilities.

Warranted sections of misplaced aspirations are waylaid and spend themselves in wasteful conditions, surpassing nothing and amounting to zeroes.

Left alone in forests of empty stations, life is never answered until death questions our possibility of living and takes it gasping from us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifeblood Of Another Dimension

Seeking a myriad details in life of so many curious
events and happenings.

Creating creative atmospheres in which to live and
be accommodated in.

Nothing touching the lifeblood of another dimension,
always filling insides of delight with a purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life-Giving Essence

Quietly retired, spent in many moments of agony, trifles of great magnitude are scouring insides of a mind.

Precariously balanced, offset by the insistent anguish of the past.

Performing arts, an inner gift of talent, trying to stay afloat and not misinterpret another's language.

Truncated beyond all rhyme, situated cautiously, afraid to live and let go of ancient history.

Banning an inner sanctuary for days at a time, hurtling silence into it's deafening roar.

Solemnly transferring ageless faults and blame with a shift in perspective and transference of attitude.

Life-giving essence is fixed on horizons of a higher power and domain, no longer a part of what is going on here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life-Giving Hope

Running quickly forward, never looking back, taking everything I own within my mind.
Slowly taking my time into other dimensions, rhythmically saturating my mind with life-giving hope and an essence coming from somewhere deep within my soul.
People are never allowed into my realms except when I allow it through a poem they once saw.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life-Giving Rhythms

Soothing thoughts play around inside my mind,
touching and reaching heart and soul with
gentle life-giving rhythms.

Being acclimated into a beyond I can understand,
wanting to enter it readily without any doubts.

Taking all thoughts and registering them in a
log of tomorrow's to-do list, so I may leave it
basking in the dry desert air at the mercy of
nature, and so be it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life-Giving Solitude

Strongly anticipating inner decor being rearranged to suit musical, artistic needs for life-giving solitude.

Twisting cognitive functions, grasping abstractions to be plied and met inside caverns of my mind.

Soothing melodies, filling my soul with chimes of early traditional church organs, playing effervescently within subconscious beauty.

Finding and searching depths of meanings, changing them to suit my needs interiorly.

Keeping sane through all the hardships in life, never veering from literal pathways, enjoying every word and it's flavor filling my mind's taste buds.

Aromas of heaven's gardens, saturating atmospheres of my intense mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifeless

Lifeless, living in a box car of suffering, not knowing which way to turn.
Instead, turning inside out and away from it all in time.
Lasting on a thread of despair with no hope befalling me again.
Withering in the shadows, alone, gray, breathing slowly, giving in to a calling deeper than myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifeless Antiquity

All of life circles itself,
glides upon mantles of yesterday.
Always forging ahead, picking and
selecting jewels of becoming and
artistic endeavors.
Lifeless forms float across our
inner vision, tallying remembrances
of old.
Saturated by beliefs and rumor, life
is lived on merry-go-rounds of cagey
desire.
Fulfilling the ambiance of tomorrow's
hereafter, sounds echo throughout the
universe, foretelling our futural
demise of antiquity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifeless Content

Traipsing through a sorrowful pool of tears,
hurting intensely without eliciting a sound.

Tattered and torn, expired from within, with
no expectations in life, nothing left to
anticipate or look forward to.

Requisites being left behind, scattered to
the wind with lifeless content to hold on to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifeless Echoes

Expressly concerned fortitude rips open the side of compassion, spilling the lifeblood of utterly human endeavors.
Whiling and wasting the powders of life as they are blown away
by the wind; sent hell-bent into depths of unreprieveable
essence, lying on hard cold cement.
All joy and happiness gone, their echoes lying lifeless in the noonday sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifeless Images

Consternation sitting on faces of those worrying
about their futures, attempting to mediate
purposeful intentions.
Lifeless images, crossing paths with ease, as
strings are unattached during phases of co-
dependence, lining streets of poverty's denizens.
Fading into mosaics of desert beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifeless Schools

Lifeless schools of wisdom
sit in acknowledgement,
praising themselves for
jobs well done - even
though they're not done
to specific notations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifeless, No Substance

Special meanings being handed down through the years from
photograpic memories, their brilliant and wonderful images
bringing to mind all those who've been loved and died.

Missing them terribly, wishing they were still here, want-
ing to go and do everything just like we used to do together,
alas, is isn't meant to be.

Memories cannot be relived no matter how much we try, life-
less, no substance any longer, only lying in our mind until
being awakened in memories at times.

That's the way life is lived and learned, aging and passing
away onto the next horizon without ever coming to fruition
on earth again after our death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifeline Into The Future

Finding a silence touching deeply, bringing me to my knees
as I pray desperately for a way to continue going on.

Having faith, holding onto it religiously, tightly, like
a lifeline into the future that is filled with the out-
comes that I may not care to be involved in.

However, moving forward without fear or doubts, otherwise,
I will fall by the wayside and no longer have an existence
to hold onto in this life on earth.

A particular and intense aspect of being alive has such
depth and meaning that keeps me always wondering and very
curious.

Wanting to know everything I can about all corners and
angles of this temporary abode here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifelines

Grasping hold of lifelines directly centered
in faith and hope.

Never letting them go for fear of losing
track of time and possibilities of tomorrow.

A positive expression touching upon melodies
of beauty in interior landscapes of spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifelong Attitudes

Writing into existence, watching the difference it makes,
finally in the future of passion and essence.

Conquering and creating the impossible, never allowing
anything to interfere within the places set before my
mind.

Soothing melodies have taken me deeply into a sense of
contemplation, where waiting takes on complete different
meanings of my existence.

Leaving nothing to chance, placing it all within writing
and essence of lifelong attitudes, filled with dreams and
promises of what intellect holds within.

Reaching out and touching with every sense as it comes to
mind with every texture and tender memories lifting my
spirits into the distant realms of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life-Long Barriers

Sincere emotions riding the trains of decisive living,
attempting to catch landscapes as they quickly
disappear into the past.

Pulling often, into stations taking on more thoughts
to get past life-long barriers standing guard in the
way of everyone's thoughts.

Playfully managing the movements essential to moving
locomotives down the tracks and out into realms of
non-existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifelong Expositions

Flute whistling in melodies of classical music, enticing
a piano to chase it into clarifying depths of intellect,
creating messages of fidelity and truth.

Eliciting them into forms of poetry, instrumental to the
rhythms of creative imagination, filing themselves into
coded rhythms without any effort.

Lifelong expositions delectably forming beautiful land-
scapes and portraits of ingenuity throughout life, in-
credibly tantalizing and sublime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifelong Memories

Rustling of the wind within my mind stirs memories - making them spin and dive - mixing them up inside.
Sitting - waiting - for them to settle down and be focused in causes a restless feeling deep inside.
Wanting to be free and independent, climb the walls with succorious splendor.
Lashing out upon the confines of an inner world trying to break out and run away.
Lasting impressions embed themselves along the pathways of my mind, never to be forgotten.
Walking along, I trip and stumble over them - get up and kick at them, but they never budge.
Lifelong memories sometimes are hard to live with, especially as I grow older - wanting to forget them altogether.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifelong Searches

Wrecking havoc in lives of many families are women who use their children in dangerous games of power against their fathers.

Where they ever got the idea that they were sole owners of their children I'll never figure out, but they are totally ruining children's whole lifetimes, dooming them to repeat their mother's mistakes.

Having no fathers in their lives sends them on lifelong searches for a father they can never find.

Mothers have stolen their children's futures away from them by casting out their fathers.

The way children, especially girls, find their beauty and future examples of a husband is through bonding with their fathers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life-Pleasurable Moments

Horizons indicating life-pleasurable moments on shores
of leisure, delineating modern surfaces of incandescent
fidelity.
Spending time in a world alone without any conveniences
is a spiritual experience of contemplation.
Focusing forthrightly in tender circumstances, praying
for an intimate moment with God as an inert force
brings me closer to His love in heaven's abode.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifeprints Of Holiness

Balancing life in energy between here and now, giving an effervescent brilliance through a spiritual interior life filled with mystical properties gained through contemplation, prayer and faith.

Beauty touching the soul with life prints of holiness growing throughout the years, having a purity and innocence so many lose as they grow older and mature not realizing that it has happened.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Afterthought

Books of rhythmical notes pass through my mind on their way to poetry, advancing towards pages of history.

Victory over disappointments give continuity to a life of heredity's avowals of forgotten bliss and poverty.

Walled behind spaces of thoughtless people, marred by roles in life as an afterthought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Ballet

Deep within, pain stirs itself again and again,
increasing wounds still left behind of childhood
and life.

It brings me up short, stumbling and falling,
yet in mind, pirouetting like a ballerina, as
I contemplate and write continuously day to day
and minute to minute.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Beginnings

Writing away the morning in a tranquil state of mind, turning pages of the past on photographic mind screens, touching emotions and feelings of being a child again.
Living alone with all the memories of beginning life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Bizarre Puzzle

Wanting so badly to move on with life, turning away from it's
sorrow and finding a new pathway filled with joy.

That is not the way of living however, because we must by
default, take the good along with the bad.

Why this is, no one has ever known or found out, it is just
a missing piece of life's bizarre puzzle.

If having a choice, I would be doing my utmost to create
another brand new puzzle, leaving out all the grief and sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Black Curtains

Lost and alone, thoughts at a distance, heart heavy
with sorrow.

Touched deeply by your life, not wanting to let go,
yet knowing I must.

In my heart forever, indelibly printed on my soul,
etched in memory's mind.

Touched frequently by the tears of your loss, trying
to hold them as tiny reminders of what we used to have.

They disappear, never become tangible so I may keep them
like a treasure of your love.

With love, I will remember you all my life, for you are
a part and parcel of what we had.

Sharing now that you are no longer here is difficult - I
hear only the constant echoes of your silence.

Walking away from our favorite places, I leave a little
of self behind each time - soon there will be nothing
left of me.

Wanting to reach out and grasp again what we once had
is an empty gesture, filled with pain and emptiness,
because you are not here to reach out to me.

Our relationship on earth will never be, it has been
severed by death's insistence in our lives.

Listening to you with my heart, seeing your reply in
the salted tears that continue to fall.

Your life was called and you answered fully, not leaving
anything behind.

Our story is not over as long as I still remember you with

love.

Taking down the black curtains, life is still being lived
on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Borders Snapping

Tranquilized beyond life's borders,
watching it snap and turn away around the corner.
Listening for heightened senses to hit my mind
with flavorful scents of jamine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Bottom

Don't have far to go to the bottom of life, nothing has gone
the way I felt it should.

Life is a disappointment most of the time, can't seem to
make it right no matter how I try.

When will knowledge or wisdom come into my being? How long
will it take to learn what life is supposed to be? When can
I find out?

Everywhere is darkness and emptiness, a blank note of life
with tears all over.

Wherever love is, it's always hiding, waiting for someone
else to come along.

Thinking forever is too long, life ends it's show, let's
the curtains fall and saves the applause for another
generation along the way.

It has been too far, crawling alone, life has just lain
down exhausted from it all.

Another day finds everything pretty much the same as when
it started out, with nothing to it's name.

It's always that way until the last day of life puts the
score to rest, having done it's best, it can sleep forever
more without guilt, shame or doubt.

Life's candle just goes out and that's the end of it all.

Even with knowledge and wisdom, everything ends and no one
learns anything from experiencing death.

There's just no more air to breathe, as our bodies take in
their final gasping attempt to breathe and then they end.

(1989)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Catwalks

Crawling along life's catwalks, not caring to look down into it's depths, just slowly walking on pathways I create from whims of imagination.
Serenely capturing youth and holding it in treasured memories for days ahead when I will be of no use to anyone, except in my mind, alone with myself.
Caught up in a revelry of unanticipated emotions, striving to live as best I can with whatever I may have left to my inner dreams and what will eventually become of me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Choices

My soul soars on distant plains, touching imagination,
leading me towards heavenly horizons while standing here
on earth.
Watching forests, deserts and oceans flow below and
within, translating their beauty into rhymes.
Sensing their flowing natures meeting my words in
rhythms of life's choices.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Circle

Keeping in touch with feelings of parents, now gone,
brings intense desires to go back in time and relive
life once again.
Yet, all the heartache forgotten over time would
also return to be lived it's turn if repeated.
Wanting only good feelings to surround a being so
life can continue it's circle.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Closing Doors

Sorrowfully saddened by life's closing doors, shutting me out,
alone in the cold twilight nights.

Afraid to be known or seen, for I may not be good enough to be
known.

Tears silently fall, not touching me at all, frigid as ice, not
thawing my mind from calculating coldness of a past, better never
to be remembered.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Compartments

Enthralled with dimensions, traveling in many directions, throwing caution to the wind, running headlong into the storm called reality.

Watching life separate - enjoying it's compartments on separate journeys throughout mind-filling visions of ecstasy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Continuous Music

Blowing gently, leaves of my mind, into sounds of a
harmonica being played by my Mom throughout childhood.

Listening carefully as she played her favorite songs,
wanting to remember them forever in peaceful recollection.

Reaching out through her death, grasping her heart with
love, being portrayed in melodies of her artistic views in
life's continuous music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Corner

Taken aback with little help, feeling joy pop up and
down inside the turmoil of life.
Jackpots upending final turns, pressing change of
habits into pockets of emptiness.
Settling in for long dark months of privileged
information, we sit in darkness with no inkling of
what is happening in life's corner of the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Countdown

As the clock ticks down, silence fills the air,
and life's countdown quietly falls from parched lips.

Aridly haunting times of past remembering, filling
up many acres of tranquility, laughingly pursued
as serene.

Shattering light throughout the world, fragmenting
it's thoughts as the clock ticks away times of sand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Death

Not wanting to think anymore, there's nothing else
to say, absent mind, empty heart, tears flowing,
just sitting alone and isolated.

Being stranded on a desert island, nothing to reach
for, nothing to give any comfort or peace.

Walking aimlessly through the sand and rocks, travel-
ing through ravines and canyons.

Your love echoing throughout my soul, saddened by the
feelings of loss, heart emptied of your love, yet mine
is still there, lost and alone.

How will I spend all this love now, I had only you and
now you are no more.

Life's death is so excruciating, having no mercy on the
one who is left behind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Delicate Balance

Solidified in a life of my own, enchanted by it's delicate balance, unafraid to leave it's circumference.
Daily, traveling outside boundaries, exploring the other side, beyond what my sight can imagine.
A repertoire of beauty and satisfaction, holding me spellbound, giving reasons to sate curiosity held deeply within all my life.
A particular variety of perceptions, allowing insight to be incorporated and taken from my soul, mystically leading me in opposite directions from other people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Depths

Watching life, staring into it's depths,
trying to figure out where I fit in.
Sun sets constantly on ideas and thoughts,
fragmenting all of it metallurgically.
Sensing deepening proclivities towards an
afterlife filled with choices, lights line
up, voicing their admonishments while hiding
disappointment brought to bear upon a horizon,
landscaped and choreographed for a future
eventful death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Design

Cages holding back myriads of tentacles trying to grasp
onto life - trying to bury it beneath your hands.
Brick-like order lying in patterns - acknowledging the
fact that life is in front of and before you.
No paths to see or follow - each person must design his own.
Each one is responsible for their own tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Dust

Many major arteries in life's circles are clogged as they reach endlessly for the sky - silently, furtively, closing avenues of perspective reliance.
Altogether finalizing performances of others with jealousy and greed.
Taking away livelihoods of people with scant concern for their future well-being.
Choking lifeblood of many beings, sacrificing none of their own for worldly obligations and duties, burying carcasses of would-be caring, human individuals.
Starving many to feed their own egos, creating a make-believe sense of security.
Fabricating life as they wish, breaking spirits, hopes and dreams for future generations.
Leaving debris of their telltale associations like dust on the streets of hell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Edge

Taken with a new breath of life, hastening the
departure of time, solitary advancement in life
seems weary.

Like an asp crawling slowly, seeking something
we do not know about.

Life is like that quite often, it slithers slowly
through time seeking what? No one seems to know.

Variety, amusement, leisure are just a few ways
all of us search for meaning in everyday routines.

It does not appear to matter where we look for
answers, because life is always lived on the edge
as a beacon to what? We do not know.

Questioning all our days brings us no closer, we
seldom allocate any truths from our conversations.

We live our lives in question, putting the period
down on our final moment, the day called death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Edges

Silent patterns flow about, taking turns tracing thoughts in imagination, figuring connotations of peaceful recognition.
Savoring every nuance, each particular rhythm, sinking happily into a jargon of musical aptitudes.
Sololy journeying along life's edges, capturing it's essence in small measures throughout lifetimes, being touched by memories images. Reflecting every emotion as it hesitates for just a moment to elicit responses in lightened darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Empty Streets

Restlessly moving blindly down empty streets of life
without love to find me.

Standing up for a perfect union of a soul to the one
person who will become my soul mate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Eternal Doubt

Light shines down from above, uncertainly, it sits upon earth,
waiting to be claimed before the hearth of love.

Striving for perfection, finding that it's not a perfect world,
being disappointed is the only sound that's ever heard.

Following paths least traveled on, kicking up wanderer's dust,
scattering it across the world.

Leaving tiny holes of doubt, spreading through unsheltered
minds, love slips out.

Finding no wisdom, no knowledge, of what life has begun to be
about, talking incessantly to oneself, never getting answers.

Turning about and facing death, asleep forever in life's eternal
doubts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Ferris Wheel

Shadows of midnight drifting throughout the darkness,
looking for the beauty of another day to be upon them
in the morning.

Taking every step in life's ferris wheel of motion,
bringing themselves into corners of desire and passion,
hidden beyond humanity's sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Filter

Softly, gently, in time,
sorrow and sadness filter
through life, making it
bittersweet to taste buds
of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Final Dream

Into life's final dream, watching past memories slowly
go by - not in sequence - but beautiful just the same.
Good times shared with those we love, holding these
thoughts in our hearts to take with our souls on
journeys of last horizons, benefiting days that we have
left.
Sharing memories in one another's minds, brings happiness
when we look into each other's eyes and lasts as we say
our final good-byes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Final Prize

Rightfully standing in the outdoors where rain will be
falling soon, looking forward to the drops that will
soon be falling.

Seeds of nurturing hiding within them feeling their way
into the sunlight, leading into forests of many beings,
lasting perceptions, taking cautionary facets to protect
interior souls.

Welcoming the unison that will often come, now on the
inside of another beginning, taking fires of desire and
leading them into greater portions of beauty that will
outlast anything else on this earth.

Bringing everything to fruition within this inner sphere
of tranquility, leaving nothing behind, starting engines
of rhythm's desires, lighting them with stars overhead,
never getting outshone by any neon lights in Las Vegas.

Nothing is amiss as life continues into another dimension
beginning to move forwardm as many aspects are being filled
to overflowing.

Sending plenty of beauty and silent serenity into pits of
inner being, never taking eyes off of the final prize of
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Forces

Turning inside, deftly locating interior places of
contemplation to reside with self.
Finding vacant spaces filled with noise, unable to
settle in to prayer.
Exterior problems arising and ballooning their ways
into every nook and cranny, pushing aside life's
interior forces, causing a deep restlessness that
perturbs all semblance of peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Frames

Photographic memories being sorted through over the years.

Watching moments cross visions in pictures, precious to a heart, allowing a bittersweet love to suddenly appear in mind.

Tenderly clutching it's essence close to your heart as it turns your mind to sadness now felt.

As you remember with tears, the special times of your entire life set in beautiful frames.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Friend

Singling life into separate patterns, fitting my attitude and mood.
Letting go and soaring into imagination, finding new avenues of exploration to travel down.
Spaces opening up, allowing concentration on images of yesterday's happiness.
Through all of them, finding stars of delight and hope to carry me forward into a new millennium.
Recognizing life thoughts as I follow independent courses on my own.
Hoping to find and hold onto a friend who is very dear to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Grace

All things set around me, mean nothing without family. Purposeful life can never be without a foundation of flowering gardens, surrounding minds with reminders of yesterday's hearts full of love, poured out for an eternity and held in God's grace for each of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Greatest Treasure

What do we have in this temporary life, nothing really,
only each other, reaching out to give and accept love
throughout the years.

Love given freely, being generated in the friendships
and families that we all have, being appreciated for
who we are and not what we have to give.

Trying to hold onto memories of the past, making new
ones for our children to cherish as they grow older,
just like we have done.

Quality time and caring are all that matter when love
is foremost in our lives, we carry on, knowing that this
is the greatest treasure that we hold within on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Hell

Tears filling a pillowcase with sorrow felt deeply within grief's circle of emotion.
Satin nights spent outside of heaven, missing desperately, loved ones who have escaped life's hell on earth.
Only I am still here, crying, praying for a reprieve from the sadness, yet knowing I'll have to continue my lonely journey without them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Hidden Agendas

Curiously wondering at trials of life's hidden
agenda's, thinking ahead without a vision.
Stepping on other's, scrunching them into another
existence so progress can deal it's heavy blows.
Preserving historic places has been crossed off of
lists of officials whose job it is.
Deftly turning away, choosing not to listen to a
public demanding it's rights through preservation
of history.
City officials continue to work their own agendas -
'to h.. with Phoenix', is an answer they whisper
among themselves.
Out loud, spreading lies in print - being careful
not to be quoted on anything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Hidden Corners

Reading thoughts and ideas continually,
finding them entertaining and beautiful.

Sensing feelings filled with emotional
depth, climbing interior canyon walls
with intuitive fervor and wisdom's
knowledge of all things in life's
hidden corners.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Highway Emptied

Streets of loneliness bite this mind with their stark
emptiness and forlorn dispositions, wavering through
the night, life fading, not wanting to be alive through
the mourning of another day without you by my side.

Silent and somber, noticing details of our lives that
have now ended in tears of death, walking nowhere, seeing
nothing, life's highway emptied of us and our love, where
has life taken us I wonder.

Where are the promises we've made to one another, it seems
they amount to nothing at all as I exist now without you,
my dear, seeing the ghosts of our past in memories of what
we used to have.

Stretching out before us in forsaken dreams that will never
be awakened by either of us again, missing you my darling, not wanting to go on
any longer, yet I must for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Horizon

Alone with a pine-scented interior knowledge of death
and sorrow to be coming in the not to distant future,
pulling away and writing.

Wondering how to live through it, dying already a little
bit with every thought and image.

No longer frolicking on sands of life's horizon, now
taking steps slowly, watching from a distance, as ocean
waves come ever closer, soon to cover and swallow me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Hypocrisy

Noticing the hypocrisy of a lifetime in those with narrow,
unopened minds.
Searching forever for open-minded people whom I can consort
with, enjoy conversations and live an open and clean life
in fabulous peace and serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Identity

Life changes it's circle without a moments notice, turning itself inside out or upside down.
Life cares not if we keep up with it's whimsical fancies; it holds true to it's own identity, leaving us reeling in our steps.
As carefully as anyone can be, we all succumb to it's free will and we live life to it's fullest extent or we don't.
Our free wills mingle with those of life and we seem to always stand still or can't stop.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Interior Desert

Ideas prancing in my mind, lively anticipation filling
me with experience and thoughts of yesterday.
Wonderfully being projected on inner screens, visions
being fully recognized as I continually watch them.
Knowing the attitudes and feelings of each one, I
immerse myself in their midst, happily imparting many
words to explain their existence in life's interior
desert.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Livingroom

Bits and pieces of being scattered throughout life's livingroom,
never able to be made whole.

Vacuumed daily and spit into vast storage spaces in a mind,
taking up inordinate amounts of time, while subconsciously
bringing forth images marring the view of life.

Taking into consideration all the minutes of a day, when
calculated, no one can say how long the mind has been occupied
or how far it's traveled.

Time limits are non-existent - having no bearing on anything.

Crawling around grey matter, setting off alarms, stirring
feelings, tears begin falling.

Being alive, being human, is a painful experience - why does
everyone continue to do it?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Lost Essence

Busy mornings at the senior center, talking, writing and
conversing with nature.

Vibrant liveliness stirring quietly in the silence of the
courtyard, not letting anything interfere with the recog-
nition life is being given.

Atmosphere being readied for the timelessness of another
moment as it waits breathlessly, not daring to move lest
it disappear forever in the glimpse of a nanosecond.

Combing through subconsciousness, looking for the essence
of life that used to be so effervescent and now is no more.

Bitterness having taking it away through the stress and
loss of everyday life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Many Excursions

Swinging motionless in the air, thinking and pondering
life and the many excursions we all take through it.

Never a time without feelings and emotions to touch us
within, mysterious and intriguing.

Giving us the time of our lives or destroying us through
death, loss and suffering.

Grasping moments of joy and happiness one by one, and
treasuring them closely through life alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Meaningful Depths

Life's meaning is a distorted mirror image with no depth or understanding beckoning us.

It is a waylaid occupation, giving no security or comfort in daily living.

Suffocated by life's intensity we have no meaning - no truth, only an insatiable desire to be rid of it's unfathomable depths around every corner.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Memories

Sauntering through memories, enjoying some and turning away from others as they hurt and make me cry.
All of life is this way, joy and sadness, hand in hand, leading us to a final resting place where it will all be undone and nothing will ever matter again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Mind

Folds of linen memories quiver in the air, hesitant to make appearances.
Yet, in the stillness of yesterday, they make themselves known with softly flowing petals of life.
Searching for periods of past recriminations to secrete themselves in.
Surviving circular pathways, always enclosing the circumference of life's mind, relaxing on couches of remembrance daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Mirrored Reflections

When walking thru a mirrored reflection, life becomes divided.
It is of a sudden, fantasy and reality.
Which division has imagination conjured up?
Can reality be created from the imaginings of the mind.
Will the fantasy be able to be founded in cold hard facts?
So many questions from many sided aspects sewn together to provide what is born as questions of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Moments

Recording in my mind, exercises of musical
etudes and visions of melodies.
Heart-breaking rhythms appear on eternal
screens of ethereal moonlight, shining upon
nature and life's moments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Motives

Assisting life's motives while breathing deeply of
nature's aroma.
Listening to it's touch, feeling it gently remove
my senses into realms above earth.
Fitting many experiences into shortened years of
life.
Evaporating sorrow in an atmosphere of rock-hewn
grief, stomping out issues no longer mattering on
earth.
Serenading beautiful, artistic paintings from
within, developing senses on dimensions beyond me.
Listening to inner wisdom as it escorts me to outer
limits, transfixing myopic desires in a mixture of
knowledge.
Blending it with tinctures of novel experiences yet
to be lived, taken to sandy shores and placed in
dimensions of joyous happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Music

Relating all of life to music, playing melodies within my mind and writing them out as they cogitate and form so many poems.
Settling in for a night of writing as stars appear brilliantly in time with music's beat and rhythmic rhyme.
Longing momentarily satiated and then emptied, only to start anew.
Phases of life written stylishly as dawn and dusk open and close every poem forming within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Musical Aptitude

Realistically searching scores of life,
locating it's musical aptitude with
sincerity and aplomb.

Fantastic journeys towards ends of days,
filled with glorious happiness and joy.

Sanitizing human nature with a clean
slate and music to create it anew.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Nature

Changes in life's nature are not usually good and end up
as mutations, renovating the ugly, rejuvenating bad ideas
with despicable energy.

Eclipsing selves, filling in holes with opportunistic
properties of yesterday.

Filing away alterations with adept circumstances and
previous reminders of intensive thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Negative People

Taking steps away from a life
filled with negative people and ideas.
Being ahead of every failure sent my way,
jumping over every obstacle and beautifying
every thought with a lacy contribution of writing.
Considering all pieces tangling together, giving
away an essence of talent with each note played
and blown into an existence for just one moment
at at time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Notes

Notes of life rain within, rinsing my soul clean, giving me the gift of purity to treasure always.
Seeing the crystallized energy of love, filling every drop with an anticipation of future friendship and love only God can give a person wandering this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Order

Calculating indefinitely through years of imprisonment
from yesterday's ordeals of abuse.
Relating every thought and moment to unspent wisdom,
relying on inner perspectives of predictability.

Innocent thoughts lying perpendicular to imagination's
insinuation of reality as it flows and fills every
particle of mind-bending emotional content.
Specializing in feelings of abandonment, loneliness, and
utter dismay of self-esteem.
Taking back seats, always to others in life's order.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Poetry

Felicity of feelings touching my soul's mind,
brings exquisite beauty to unfold.

Life penetrates reality with imaginative
thoughts, beginning their travels through the
circumference of all grey matter.

Making turns, exits, detours, locating an
infinite amount of new and beautiful meanings
to choose from.

Gathering closely, all images into one
dedicated book of life's poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Prejudices

Sneering looks, eyebrows raised, looking down their noses at
how other people are dressed.

No regard whatsoever whether a person is rich or poor, depressed
or sad, neglected and alone.

However, they sit in judgement over God, proclaiming their
biased and prejudicial verdicts over people they don't even
know.

Heart raised, ready to protest or fight, but I cannot, because
I also realize the uncaring ungenerous ways of others can also
not be judged by me.

Everything I leave in God's capable hands, for I am just as bad
as others in some respects.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Prison

Looking out of prison's windows, trying to see some of
life's closely held treasures.

Within sight is only a black night sky, looking carefully,
picking out a few stars scattered across the skies.

Vastly different in every atmosphere, sitting back, waiting
in joyful hope for freedom to be invoked.

Laughing in the face of justice, taunting it's tightly held
reins, sliding down avenues filled with rain.

Staring up, reaching out, perils unending, filling our lives
every day as looking out of prison bars, we yearn for just
one of life's closely held treasures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Reality

Glancing through the years, fragmenting issues
that used to be important, but in reality never
were.
At the end of life's hallway you find that
nothing ever mattered - life was always all about
family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Reflections

Reflections of life standing all around us,
showing the beauty of it's essence.

Feeling the thrill of smelling a rose, touching
it's thorn, pricking our finger.

Seeing red blood oozing out, bright and color-
ful, even if hurting.

Picking a fig from a back yard tree, hoping to
get some before the birds have picked it clean.

Earth filled with so many reflections, feeling
and nourishing us throughout our lives.

Holding the beauty of it's essence deep inside
where God abides in our spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Rhythm

Like waves swaying with an innate rhythm of life,
our hearts beat to a rhythm in sync with an interior behavior.
Always seeking truths of reality beyond our sight,
never finding solutions while alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Ride

Reflections, colorfully shining on black and white photos,
bringing ideas to the forefront, keeping time with the
moods held inside, taking me along for the ride of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's River

Rivers of life flow beyond us in strident belief and
practice, causing forward movement throughout life as
we focus on our purposes with exacting diligence and forthright determination;
allowing no one entrance
into our desert realms of interior darkness.
Hiding from any light - a protuberance of sunny days -
or moonlit nights.
Hanging onto hopes, gliding through blackened nights
without any reassurance or love from others.
Always on a solo journey towards other parts of earth's boundaries - never
looking backwards as life takes us
apart, slipping us out of our bodies and carefully
fulfilling our spirits within our souls and landing
us on heaven's shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Romance

Trampling down lanes of unrequited love,
clinging like ivy to heartstrings of a
page in history of life's romance.

Tattered and dangling, bereft of returning
love, falling desperately into a mind of
blank, dark discovery.

No words created to ease the pain every
time music looks at and touches the
subconscious harp strings of remorse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Rough Roads

Years of experience holding one another,
stepping together in time over rough
roads of trials and strife.

Acknowledging purity of love as it
swings around with edges of maturity on
dance floors of happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Sadness

Filled with life's sadness, not comprehending any worth in living, this day is darkened by the frown upon a furrowed brow.

Dusk, bright orange and red, throwing itself across the sky, drenching my mind with thoughts of my Grandmother.

Why now, after all these years? Sorrow has not diminished, loving her just as much now as I did in 1972.

Reminding self of our beautiful relationship, pondering what death will be like with her.

Life without her has been never-ending sorrow year after year, what can be lost if I leave this world now as it is?

There is nothing to lose, except the pain and hurt of this deep abiding, residing loneliness.

Frustrated with these thoughts and ideas, wanting to end it all right here.

There is nothing to clasp or hold onto, no one waiting in this world, yet, my Grandmother awaits me beyond these earthly clouds, holding out her hand in anticipation of the joy we will once again share.

Filled with pleasure at these thoughts, turning away from life, searching for a small space to place life in death's hasty embrace.

(5: 59 p.m. - 1/5/96)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Second Chance

Respecting moments of life as they are presented each
and every day, loving to experience the wonder and awe
that fills every discovery and adventure.

Holding true to the faith of my religion, giving of self
to God in every way, knowing that this life of mine is
precious to Him.

That's why He gave me a second chance to live it fully,
writing poetry, giving honor to Him who has created this
innate talent held preciously within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Shades

Shades of life are being opened through intellect and are being taken into landscapes of beauty and wonder, looking carefully at nature.

It's bountiful gifts given from above, like angels floating through the heavens, gathering the innocence and purity of another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Silence

Lulls in life confront everyone at one time or another.
Silence fills us throughout, leaving us wondering where we've disappeared to.
Lifetimes exhaust and tire us, silence takes over, giving us reprieves when we don't realize we need them.
Comforting in extraordinary ways our hearts, minds and souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Spiritual Side

Running my fingers through desert landscapes in my mind.
Touching cacti and feeling their poking needles against my skin, yet they don't hurt me at all.
Being at one with nature, feeling the beauty as it touches my soul.
Accessing the spiritual side of life, bequeathing it to my sons through this little poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Stage

Leaves scattered all over life's stage, once so colorful and vibrant, now lying in death's cold embrace.

Life now drained and passed beyond the stars it once looked upon as they hung beautifully in branches of trees, through all types of weather and storms.

Nothing left now, even memories are spent and left only in people's minds of what they think leaves might have once thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Storms

Holding onto life as it gently and quietly falls away,
taking with it, the innate talent I was born with.

Languishing in the after-affects of an illness,
attempting to retrieve some semblance of life again.

Difficult to do, struggling from day to day with no
plan, just taking things as they come.

Like surfing, catching a wave and ending up on shore,
wondering where to go from here.

Standing alone through crashing waves during life's
storms, eventually going to another horizon alone, no
one to stay with me at that exact moment of death.

Gates of heaven will open, letting me in, stripping
all the pain and suffering on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Story

Strumming my life, telling it's story immortally through musical rhythms, moving and overflowing in tides of ocean waves.

Surfing the ocean wide, never afraid, because rhythms are always protecting me from the sharks underlying the calm surface.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Story Gently Flows

Somber, sounds beating intensely, taking me into depths
of spirituality unheeded by doubts or fears, peaceful
and soothing, life's story gently flows.

Going into meadows and fields of nature where everything
is innocent, pure and filled with energy, quietly being
taken in.

Sustenance of another dimension somewhere beyond dreams
of inner life, never letting go of the vibrant hope of
desire and being.

Totally finding an acceptability capturing the attention
of intellect, as it moves ever forward through an inner
continuum.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Suffering Dwindling

Showing faith through endurance and strength, life's
suffering dwindling within beauty and spirituality.

Blossoming into every corner of being, finding needed
happiness and joy always within me.

Never being disappointed, because God is always here,
holding my hand and heart.

Protecting me from evil, living every moment in His domain,
striving to always do good in this world.

He is my God and Savior, I never want to leave His side.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Temporary Stances

Finding love in edges of life, taking the beauty of it's
landscape totally into our hearts, appreciating it much
more than when we were younger.

Simple aspects flow and expand ever wider through intellect
and take us on separate journeys into depths of another
dimension.

Spending moments searching through spheres of intellectual
imagination, finding the essence of who we are.

Performing daily, in acts of our futures, beginning and
ending of another time and rhythm.

Solidifying our beliefs and lives within the hope and faith
of our own times.

Never leaving anything to the side, taking everything that
is important, bringing it quietly and silently into our path-
ways, being reminded of our temporary stances in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Thin Wire

Taking moments of life into dreams being dreamt in the middle of the night.

Lights are continually shining on hopes and promises that have been given to us since childhood.

Answers never fully being given, yet we continue our quests by asking an infinite amount of questions, curiosity always being at the forefront of every endeavor.

Grasping at straws, holding onto lifelines offered by other people, hoping for a reprieve from the turmoil always kept in hand.

Loss, sadness, emptiness, all of them leading to abandonment, giving us no sense of direction or security in life.

Always walking the thin wire of a trapeze, never knowing when we are going to fall off and our life be over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Tides Flow

Wherever the tides flow, life begins each day anew.

Tucking away the lifeblood of memories for future
use, preparing through reality for existential truths.

Hanging on the balance, beginning to wonder whether
there is any worth in pretending to live or is every-
thing useless.

Forgetting the disparaging remarks heard in corners
of pestilent recrimination, looking aside to find some
worth or beauty in an inner smile.

Light fades, day breaks in two, hiding beneath the
covers of eternal night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Torture Chamber

Deeply praying for an end to this torture chamber called life, and yet, there were many good times and silent undertakings, keeping me going, living on edges, perilously close to death's waiting arms.
Avoiding his embrace so far, miracles taking me beyond his cold, hard stare, still wanting me to be his in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Transitions

Life standing all around, amidst the turmoil of death.

Managing life's transitions is not easy, it's barely manageable.

Walking day by day through the sorrow of death brings gradual solace, and peace at times.

Tears suddenly splash out, unable to be contained any longer, tears of love, respect, friendship.

A friend so close to my heart, gone, and it hurts to know I can't be with him for a long, long time.

Sorrow mounts and builds, then like the tide, washes over me - the sand.

Taking away a little each time of the grief, allowing me to see the sun shine once again, possibly tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Treasure Chest

Sparkling remnants jar my memory, giving it
inspiration to see beyond limits ordinarily
set for humans.
Waltzing down avenues of yesterday's
pleasantries, enjoying past feelings of love
and caring of a Grandmother and Mom so closely
held forever in life's treasure chest of photos.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Treasures

Mementos of life are strewn throughout our minds,
collected in our hearts, dispersed when we hear
music playing harmoniously in our days.

Fields of precious diamonds sparkling, putting
stress on our lives as we remember those who
have left us with their empty places in our
hearts.

Sodden with tears of remembrance we dance to
life's treasures, kept deeply in heart-felt
storehouses of memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Turntable

Sounding off, blasting away into an atmosphere
of imagination, while tones of believability
follow words down pathways of jazz.
Holding patterns of acceptable mosaics in life's
eternal turntable, as we continue to live in
quiet acquiescence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Uncertainty

Riding the roller coaster through life, rising, falling, twisting, turning, at times going over the edge and coming back, surprised constantly.

Joyful, happy, tearful and sad at times, life is full of uncertainty and surprise, never knowing what will arise, just taking it all in stride.

Holding on, hoping for the best all through this life and not always getting it, promises lie stagnating at times, because circumstances are not ripe for what needs to be done in order to make things right again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Upside Down

Walking through the darkness, not minding it, feeling
God's presence with me totally, knowing life is upside
down and in turmoil right now, not worried at all be-
cause God is with me.

United in purpose and an interior spirituality, taking
me into the bluened light where everything is taken a-
way and I can live life energetically and continually,
a great way to exist on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Vacuum

Realizing the desperation in life, looking around, always
in empty rooms.

Noticing the vacant chairs, always staring, reminding all
how really in a vacuum we remain for life.

Never really touching each other for very long, we die in
quiet desperation, screaming from the pain of being born.

Dying, we scream to be reborn, and are yet undone as we
pass from this life alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Winter

Running as fast as possible, watching as life runs out
of time right in the center of it, not able to prolong
it even a moment longer.

Wanting to hold on, looking to carry on in different ways
somehow, letting everything go, wilting away in the winter
of life.

No way to hold onto important things and moments in life,
wind blowing, chilling me to the bone, worried beyond any
comprehension that nothing can be done anymore.

Nowhere left to hide, standing on the edge of midnight with-
out any hope of staying alive, watching as night opens it's
eyes and we fall under it's final covers at long last, un-
able to fulfill life any longer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Wonder

Life is filled with curiosity and wonder for the world
around us, yet we like to think in terms of self and
what we can accomplish on our own.

Self-esteem and ego go hand in hand throughout our
earthly life, yet somehow we reach others along our
journeys who, like us are looking for answers to life.

Meanings we can grasp with our minds and use to try and
understand ourselves.

In doing so, we forget our spirits need nurturing also,
as outside forces stress us in terms we'd prefer to
ignore or delete.

In the end we are no closer to finding what we desire,
and we learn to content ourselves with what we have.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life's Wreckage

Marching through depths of sorrow and loneliness,
emptied and abandoned by everyone.
Lost in a maze of regret, no clue as to how to
find a way back out.
Searching thoroughly through the wreckage of a
life, now lost in eternal darkness.
With no shoulder to lean on, no support or love,
I fall below and cannot be found.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Life-Standing Alternatives

Staring out into the great beyond, wondering what
is in store for future use.
Life-standing alternatives trivialized alongside of
reality, foregoing any livelihood of perception, as
life finalizes all steps to the beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime Atrocities

Lifetimes come and go, yet are hinged on relationships -
good or bad - we have with one another.
Timeless anger is situated in brains of creative minds,
being able to express the meanness in poetry and rhyme,
of what atrocities have been imposed upon them by another
of scant concern for anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime Chance

Love is being handed freely from within, essentially
a stranger's heart, that I have come to know and love
beyond the scope of imagining.

A solitary conquest of a pure heart silently sitting
inside the mind of another time.

Loving to be loved and liked for who I am and being
astounded by the unison that has been shown through
this unusual arrangement of life.

Portraying the other side of the world, leaving me to
decide what is it I am to do now.

Leaving everything behind or keep it quietly close,
turning down the chance of a lifetime to find love
once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime Exchanges

Exciting desires and resurrecting pleasure within,
giving many moments of delectable and sensuous
feelings.

Awesome emotional attitudes fall into line with the
interests of my mind, totally energizing and recreating
elements of lifetime exchanges in past memories.

Tasting flavors of auras seen in visions of the past,
producing effects of allowable desires within this mind,
always taking me on pleasurable journeys throughout this
life upon earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime Friends

Gazing across the street, my eyes catch an image of
my younger son talking to his friend, deep in a
life-altering discussion.
Standing upon his soapbox, the friend is imparting
his knowledge from experience to my son.
What I see tickles my mind and I chuckle to myself.
It's an endearing image - one to cherish in a poem.
Standing, squatting, smoking a cigarette, shifting
his weight from one leg to another, interested in
what his friend has to say as it pertains to himself
and his own situation right now.
Genuine friends who actually care when things are
troubling are very hard to find, yet watching the
comical body language going on between them, I can
honestly think they have just become life-long
friends in good times and bad.
Two buddies traversing life on an equal footing,
respecting one another's space and reality with
dignity and grace from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime Ideas

Sanctuarily begetting instant gratification of lifetime ideas
through night-like dreams.

Quiescently figuring the density of perpetual eventuality,
committing the essence of totality to the entire universe of
of the mind.

Watching neutrality parade down highways paved with iridescent opalness of
opacity.

Traveling tranquilly throughout stapled lines, stitched in
cloth of silken ebony, laced with the mime of truthfulness
and set in diamonds.

Mountainous ravines set in beautiful foggy scenes, providing
the equality of inert specialties.

Covered in nets, wrapped covetously inside of domestic minds,
awaiting the benefits of fulfillment.

Setting suns, orange gilded, preciously preserved for seconds
at a time and placed memorably upon pages of greyest matter.

Willowing out onto the verge of anticipation, a childlike
shadow sits waiting, hoping for an end to torment daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime Of Excitement

Spreading peace through my heart and soul, conspiring
to keep me placated and evenly tempered, yet, I am not
always so amenable to these situations.

At times being restless, aimless, totally wanting to do
something so very dangerous to feel the exhilaration of
living over dying.

Existing and flying into many aspects of life and it's
exciting purposes, going in directions of an everlasting
feeling of being alone.

Finding new pathways to take me into new experiences and
leveling the playing fields as I travel through them.

Completing one thing, turning to others and doing many
things at once because I can do it and no one else can.

Amazing even myself at times, just totally being immersed
and intent on what's being thought within this mind only.

Giving such interesting facets and beautiful renditions of
an entire lifetime of excitement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime Of Living Free

Life is a gift to be opened slowly and meaningfully,
treasuring every moment given to you.

Walking pathways of destiny and fate, doing good for
mankind, keeping innocent and pure in mind and heart.

Finding an essence and passion by living designs and
patterns being created for each one of us.

Following purposes daily, without wavering or taking
short cuts, a lifetime of living free and happy when-
ever we are able.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime Of Passion

Flavorful ideas fill minds with delectable scents
and tastes throughout a lifetime of passion.

Turning, making continuous circles of fire and
filling them with wisdom old and new.

Burning desires expecting knowledge to form and
shape molds of destiny into dreams of tomorrow's
facades.

Sensing periods of intense emotion, slicing through
heartaches, accentuating entrances thru heavenly
gates.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime Of Searching

Walking down dusty trails of life, dawdling along the way,
insistently looking into nature as I travel trails into
depths of forests, deserts and mountains.

Hoping to see faith lighting the way through life, intently
holding to it's beams and rays, not wanting to lose my way.

No keys, no directions to go by, just getting through life
with a stubborn intensity, wanting to get to the core of
all that is living.

Finding all treasures in this world, never ceasing to look
for them, searching an entire lifetime for everything that
I want to know, eventually compiling it all into many
volumes and epics of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime Of Sensations

Delving into mazes, finding my way around the many obstacles in life.
At times enjoying the challenges, other times being frustrated, not wanting to go anymore.
A lifetime of sensations being perceived in split seconds of time, an amazing feat of the human mind and being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime Of Silence

Silently listening to a deep silence from within,
hovering closely to my soul, rinsing a lifetime
of sorrow in healing silent grace.

Looking into imagination's future horizons with
complacency, holding onto a knowing deeply inside,
placing a doubtful trust into God's hands and
quietly expiring.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime Of Tomorrows

Softly, tenderly, composing songs and lyrics for another
time in space.
Longing for a calm serenity to replace daily stress and strain.
Coursing through amphibious desires, floating like a
life preserver, holding on for a lifetime of tomorrows.
Thoughts circle and combine into tomes of literature as
this poet walks onto a new horizon to write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime Of Yesterdays

Reaching consecutively into a lifetime of yesterdays.
Always wanting to be tantalized by the measures of
music, tasting it's essence with every note.
Twirling into spirals of intense ingenuity, staying
back, yet jumping in without any effort, enjoying
the satisfaction it brings into my life.
A sweet melody of interesting ideas creating them-
selves within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime Passion

Lightly scented music, playing lovingly to intellect.
Aromas of vanilla seeping into imagination, relaxing
my being and energizing thoughts in exacting order.
Tantalizing odors oozing slowly around my space in the
atmosphere, tempting me to write of them, fulfilling a
lifetime passion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime Purposes

Quality of life stands upright in corners, secretly propped
up by hidden forces.

Lifetime purposes set in battle array, awaiting the diligent
parade of morally correct ethics.

Sensing the egregious functions of needless prey, protecting
the well-built barriers, to keep at bay, cursory glances of
unknown enemies towards life.

Figuratively creeping along shorelines, finding meaning and
understanding within certain places in time.

Functioning no longer on time clocks built with human hands,
decisively arrogant, parading down empty corridors, wondering
what has happened.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime Sentence

Sentencing beings to a lifetime of trials, sets in motion physical illness and spiritual doubts for even little things.
Hanging onto faith becomes more difficult with every passing moment, yet what is the alternative?
Do we dare go there while on earth?
What is the eventual outcome, we'll never know, because we keep plodding along, hoping against all hope to find relief around the next corner.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime Story

Writing everlastingly into many sunsets, finding my way
through volumes of poetry along the way.

Beautiful landscapes opening up as I pass through imag-
ination, watching for the essence of nature in every
particle of life.

Allowing it to assimilate and become a part of my being
during this story of a lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime Sunsets

Rhythms trigger thoughts, forming, shaping and developing
their designs and patterns.

Clipping and touching them just so, being carried into
depths of lifetime sunsets.

Hoping they will alter or keep death away from beings on
earth.

Occupying space, wanting only to be free to roam this
wide world, creating pathways into the future with hope
and joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime Tradition

Placid thoughts shine brightly in pools of deep-
seated meaning, reaping hours of serenity in time.
Folding, focusing, taking inventory of ideas being
created with a clarity and verve.
Sensing beauty in scenic auras of discovery and
images, allowing scientific formulas to become
words.
Loving touches, reaching out to minds of clay,
feeling senses grow from shapes and molds to
fruition.
A sense of wonder always on the edge of my pen as
it hits paper, carrying on a lifetime of tradition
writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime Views

Gently rainbows slide across screens interiorly,
blending softly with melodies in honest tones of
heaven.
Lasting memories set in picturesque views, lasting
a lifetime and never being ashamed of who they
represent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifetime's Existence

Mystery sliding into facets of etudes,
written and selected for penetrating
seriousness and solid wisdom.

Narrowly attaining acceptance in years
of age, as living expands it's repertoire
and spreads it over everything.

Filtering acquiescence of experience
throughout an entire adventure in
lifetime's of existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifting A Moment Of Self - Pity

Living in emotional turmoil, not wanting to be around
people at all, forcing self to go to the senior center.

Wanting to only isolate and stay hidden in a corner,
away from the world, imagining a world without me,
seeing no real difference except for writing.

Yes, feeling sorry for myself, being entitled, and
taking advantage of it, wanting to explode, get angry,
instead just writing it all out to keep it away from me.

Leaving the world behind and taking a leave from all
the bull happening here and around this earth.

On one hand, living with a stranger whom I have been with
for thirty-nine years almost, having dementia which leaves
me feeling quite alone and abandoned, two feelings that
have been with me all through life, so nothing new, I guess.

Then thinking of all the evil going on, children and women
being raped by pedophiles and rapists, feeling hopeless
when thinking of it, yet knowing too, that it is slowly
being turned around throughout the world.

Wishing it would be turned around here in my own home,
praying only for the strength to get through another moment,
feeling writing now slowly lifting this moment of self-pity.

Soon being back to normal again, thanks to concentration
of intellect as it holds me close while writing poetry and
listening to music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifting Blinders

Intense stillness quickening my pulses, increasing desires,
building an energy within.

So efficiently, taking me into many avenues of other
dimensions, lifting the blinders from my eyes, showing all
the sights of the universe no one else can see.

Watching the star-lit nights as they take me further and
further into the blackest nights of the soul.

Taking together, the blocks of all in life and finding
their places in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifting Covers

Testing the atmosphere, finding all kinds of
examples to write about.

Lifting covers that hide the truth, discounting
lies and illusions that are continually being
spouted by liberals and communists.

Always knowing the truth anyway, because lies
are so blatantly untrue, knowing you can see
right through them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifting Intellect

Purpose and energy in life add to our passion, letting us grow towards heaven, fulfilling promises throughout life.

Not talking, just always watching and listening to everything with an intense curiosity that builds itself intuitively without being prompted or urged.

Lifting intellect into many aspects of this temporary world, giving humanity gifts of peace, solace and compassion to share with one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifting Moments

Sailing above cumulus clouds, floating towards new horizons and morning suns, dawning with hope and joy, bringing a new day.

Sauntering about, lackadaisical, moods lifted and tossed aside for this moment in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifting Passion

Intense rhythms touching me interiorly, giving passion a lift,
a joyful glee as I continue writing incessantly, listening to
notes and sounds, searching coded rhythms, seeing equations and mathematical formulas within intellect.

Watching as my mind instantaneously figures out it's solutions,
placing them rapidly into prose, out in the open, but no one
seems to understand them for they're well hidden within interior
created and coded rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifting People's Spirits

Staccato rhythms generating energy, lifting people's spirits as they gyrate and take their lives into a peaceful energy of living.

Sincere and tantamount avenues of bliss, taking us down pathways of an uplifting and powerful essence of tomorrow's exploratory adventure.

Caring and loving, everyone moving into rhythms of another dimension, beauty spaced, contributing to the landscape.

As we all get together, enjoying one another's company, loving the essence being generated within as we live together in life's melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifting Sadness

Scenic views landing calmly in my mind, picturing interesting aspects of an early morning as I gaze intently into it's lair.
Finding many possibilities lying about, grasping them with imagination and writing them all out.
Taking an inner journey, realizing facets of life as they appear in sequence, lifting all sadness to another level - one in which I can move past and around in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lifting Spirits

Motion and direction emanating from people's legs
and feet, tapping and dancing in time to the beer
barrel polka.

Lifting spirits and bringing elation into play,
brings smiles to everyone's face as they become
young in spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Absorbed

Light, abundantly flowing, being absorbed by eyes,
watching tirelessly in early evening.

Saturated with the lies of daily life, not wanting
to hear anything more today - becoming calm inside.

Seeing everything through eyes that have no sounds
to disturb them, some small lives abound with
friendly scenes shown in appreciation of nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light And Knowledge

Light and knowledge seem to stay just outside of reach,
attempting to learn and understand human nature, I am
constantly baffled.

Everyone trying to find their place in life, going it
alone, selfishly, why can't people grow and help each
other build strength within, tempering it like gold.

Loving and sharing, learning and understanding what
life is all about, doing it together.

You'll be surprised to find not soon afterwards, that
light and knowledge seem to be coming within your reach,
because together you will have made it so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Bubbles

Bubbles of light, staggering around the dance floor,
keeping time with the music being played for Karaoke.

Spinning wonder and twinkling thunderous mysteries
into intellect.

Swirling thoughts in dizzying aspects of prose,
calculating the energy being spent in measures of
rhythm.

Unending displays, keeping my mind exercising, so
it'll stay limber and agile as I enter old age at
sixty-three.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Carving Images On Earth

Rising every morning to the silence of the sun coming up over the horizon, enlightening the world with it's astute beauty, watching as it illuminates everything.

Seeking out whatever's hidden in corners of everyone's life, sparks of essence explode and mingle in the aftermath of particular aspects being made known.

Light carving images upon this earth, invisible to the naked eye, yet they are indelibly etched within this poet's mind and intellect.

Preserved forever on interior photographic screens, always kept treasured for the moments that I have yet to live on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Fading

Light fades on my horizon, taking with it hope
in tomorrow.

Having nothing to hold on to, life takes a down-
ward spiral away from me, leaving a crumbled mess
upon the desert ground.

No one sees the disappearance of me as it happens
before their eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light From Beyond

Building sand castles within,
intricate details placed complacently so.

Digging lofty ideas, piling them into
walls of sand, enjoying it's sparkling
as light hits from somewhere beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light From Both Worlds

Separating lessons of life into categories, filling the emptiness with a cataclysmic adventure full of discovery.

Finding avenues to travel into amazing forests of creation, holding onto the best of both worlds as a light shines from within, showing me the direction needed to go in.

After turning and leaving the mainstream of life for another dimension, being filled with a loneliness of forlorn injustice.

Attempting to portray entire beings as they fall aside and never get back to where they should have been in the first place.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Has Gone On

Being held up without a gun, Obama issuing one executive order after another, thinking to do the U.S. in.

Standing on the line, weapons drawn, fighting for our freedom, never backing down.

The light has gone on and now is illuminating the treason obama has perpetrated in America.

Now having to pay for sins against humanity and God, watching as his life falls apart before his children's eyes.

No future in store for any of them for he has taken away their freedom and we'll not help them regain it.

Just setting free those whom have been despised and torn apart with politically correct nonsense.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Mind

Expecting darkness to overcome me, awaiting it's arrival, yet it doesn't appear.

Instead, my mind is clear, light, flowing freely with no obstructions to mar imagination's way.

Feelings of freedom soaring within me, allowing me to take flight, music filling my being with happiness and desire.

Blessings of a Jesuit priest have given me a spiritual high that tantalizes my soul with faith and hope in future heavenly kingdoms of our Lord.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Of Being

Romance alights, joining couples with interests
and loneliness together.

Holding one another, arms gently wrapped around,
guiding and following across a floor of rhythm.

Finding a light of being and becoming friends
in a glance of momentary knowing.

Encased in the company of each other's presence,
spending time together for how ever long they
can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Of Darkness

Risking everything in the light of darkness, surrounding
tired interior feelings, standing in corners.

Withholding sympathy from a heart filled with tears of
death for a loved one.

Nothing able to stay stationary, restless and agitated,
wanting to be with them now, never facing the loss
standing upon doorsteps of my mind.

Cautiously, finding a way back to normalcy, hoping to one
day feel joy again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Of Energy

Anywhere, finding time to write, living for
rhythms as they entice my being totally.

Always finding the light of energy unfolding
from my spirit.

Gathering holiness into an interior spirituality
throughout life.

Encapsulating every moment into the future of
poetry as I write it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Of Friendship

Having been conversing with a friend, enjoying
conversations regarding everything in life.

Interesting subjects, dear to my heart that have
never been able to be talked about with any other,
absolutely entering a new domain every time we speak.

Humor, sadness, scientific or religious, nothing is
out of bounds in the light of true friendship with
a soul mate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Of Future Poetry

Slowly functioning into the light of future poetry,
giving off an essence of time, taking life off of
regular pathways and into the darkness of the night.

Listening to the spirits, whispering on subjects of
intelligent voices of the past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Of His Presence

Contemplating God, seeing His patience and mercy with all of humanity, enjoying the peace of knowing that He loves us in spite of all the evil going on around us daily.

Light of His presence shining through all of nature, guiding us to the essence of our purposes in life, hoping we will take and fulfill them, giving our lives to Him completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Of Inner Contemplation

Going through walkways into the light of an inner
contemplation where I can be aloe with God and
thoughts He allows from his plan, His wisdom.

Relating to Him on a totally spiritual basis,
loving feelings received from it all, succulent and
beneficial, the essence of nature combining with His
own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Of Life

Temporarily sitting in the light of life, trying to gain some knowledge and understanding before I die.

Reaching out to many possibilities seeking also, answers within myself.

Learning about me is difficult - I want to run away and hide,
but, in doing that, I have already died.

Desiring to live life to it's fullest extent - with my potential
and capabilities being realized.

Journeying through my mind and soul, exposing every little bit
and piece and truth of me, I will succeed.

I will find knowledge and understanding of others after I have
found and examined it in myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Of Mind

Reflections being shined upon from florescent lights above,
patterns changing and being mirrored in one another.

Leaving impressions of equations and mathematical formulas
coming into the light of my mind unheeded and complete.

Loving ways they blend and solve problems that intellect
comes up with for new inventions and technology to be manu-
factured and used in the near future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Of My Being

Valuing all life even after death is the solution to life's
puzzle.

Therein, we will find everything needed to know what we are
being here on earth.

Exploring further, discovering the essence of particles of
every human - they are all essentially connected through
the strands of creation.

Taking us altogether into realms of mystical beings after
death, shining spirits into the light of creation, allowing
us the brilliance of another dimension.

Searching through all doorways, discovering and exploring
to my heart's content, all the while learning the positive
facets and aspects of being alive, taking all this knowledge
into tunnels of wisdom.

Traveling in catacombs of truth and honesty, finding aspects
and angles of everything that has been placed in my brain.

Translated through rhythms and music into depths of a
created world and universe, taking us into inner dimensions
of intellect throughout our minds, and hidden deeply in our
brains.

Now being discovered and illuminated in the light of my being,
letting it shine throughout myself, willing to share it with
others of the same degree and level as I am now a part of.

Similar beings of wisdom, a meeting of minds through the
genius of an interior life right here within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Of Other Dimensions

Captured by the wonder of coded rhythms, being enlivened by
their explosive colors and hues from which an energy finds
it's way into my brain, filling my veins with energy and hope.

Beating excessively against intellect, pushing it past all ex-
pectations, giving a moment of liveliness then again rushing
into an environment of amazing and fantastic wonder and awe.

Pushing me farther and farther into the light of other dimen-
sions far from this world, finding delight and humor now fill-
ing me exponentially while traveling through them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Of Our Souls

Hearts reverberate with death's distance, missing the
point of being together.
Watching with misery, tears fill our souls when we
are finalized and separated from one another.
No more walks on the horizon, no longer basking in
the light of our desire, bodies getting weaker with
each admission of another day into our lives.
Yet, as we look into our eyes, we see the ever
brighter light of our souls, guiding us silently to
our resting places in each others arms, as we begin
again on new horizons where we will one day be
reunited in love and heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Of Poetry

Signals of twilight touch my heart and soul in the starlight,
tantalizing energy giving an intense and vibrant liveliness
throughout the night.

Counting down rhythms, soaring into them with a silent whisper
of yesterday, taking off like a rocket in the center of poetry
as I write through tempos.

Speeding by like a race car, enticing my mind and intellect in-
to leaving all behind and finally breaking the sound of light,
causing sonic booms that enter other places of music.

Wallowing in the sensations that can never be quieted in this
life because they have to be heard in the light of poetry in-
cessantly all the days and nights of my poetical life.

Entering and departing every moment with an excitement and
thrill of heavenly romance touching me from within, never fading
just intensifying with every thought elicited from music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Of Promising Death

Suicidally contemplating this life, it's failure, it's
miserable existence, it's cruelty.

Ties broken, lying on a grave, no stone to mark it's way,
alone, lost on a separate horizon.

Fenced apart, never allowed to stray in other yards, nor
to play.

Acknowledging the acquiescence of failure amid the suction
of a living hell.

Acquired memories of ugliness, staring from beneath covers
in the night, daring anyone to speak of their presence.

Lacking the strength, afraid of speaking, peering beyond
them into the light of promising death.

Reality unveiled and put to rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Of Tomorrow

Unsettling rhythms stepping up, pushing me into the center of every melody as it reaches for interior feelings and emotions.

Rushing and taking my heart into the darkness of life for a while, to experience the hell of it, knowing it will be short-lived and once again I'll recover and be healed.

Somnolent, soothed by an interior spiritual contemplation that always takes me into the light of tomorrow, allowing no fears to follow me there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Of Traditions

Melodies of peaceful existence foretell future destiny
and fateful promises with wisps of candle flames,
rising toward heaven with prayers upon lips of
recipient's gazes.

Spotlights shining on darkened corners of heredity,
adjusting it's hues, bringing to light, traditions
of old, pushed back into corners.

Brought out into the open now to be looked at and seen
by future generations instilled with family values and
morals.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Penetrates The Barriers

When I listen to the music I love, light penetrates the barriers of
my mind, causing me to see the words and write them out in rhyme.
Lively, happy, tantalizingly glad, tickling my brain in unending
strains of musical perfection.
Filling to overflowing, all within is in one accord, as writing fills
many hundreds of pages.
Lightly dancing, life, God, knowledge, prayers and reasoning are
awakened somehow - somewhere - deep amid my soul, carrying everything
to ease my mind and brain from becoming too full of words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light Wavering

Stillness traversing throughout my body, filling it with innate ideas as I continue down avenues of imagination, forming concise passages of literature.
Righting abstractions, putting them on end, using creative deliveries to descend into abysses of images, wavering in lightness, giving off visions, breaking off on pathways of fulfillment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Light?

Where is the light?

It's not in my eyes - therein lies only darkness
that cannot be penetrated - it needs endless time
to mature and develop.

Sidestepping life, looking askance with side-long
glances, turning towards walls, reaching to the
skies, finding only dead-ends in every direction.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lightened Darkness

Insight developing itself with strides of perfection, simplifying all ideas creatively being imagined on the side.
Negatives penetrating motions sensed from inner turmoil, forgiving sensations not able to be programmed into the stream of life.
Watching lightened darkness expand in wisdom and intellect.
Throwing caution to wilds of jungle nights.
Exasperated with the amount of time that is wasted, mourning whatever you can do nothing about - even on single, solitary, solo, journeys,
alone on mountainous trails.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lightened Heartache

Intrepidly flowing into the stream of life, letting self
fall into place wherever it can find a space to alight.

Not caring where I end up, just wanting to be alone in
writing, taking time to think and be free of the drudgery
of this day.

Being enlightened with the blueness of an interior life,
confiscating every moment of deep thought that I can
possibly hold in my being.

Finding the beauty and preserving it preciously here in a
poem of lightened heartache.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lightened In Dawn

Crumpling thoughts as they slide into minds sideways,
without eclipsing anything of knowledge and it's
essence.

A wonderful talent being written down, lightened in
the dawn of another awakening, beaming rays of wisdom
upon imagination and taking them into infinite pastures
of another time.

Solace taking away all anxiety of this under-begotten
life, nothing being moved into the solar system of
another universe, just loving motions of a lasting
eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lightened Moods

Empty spaces of desert plains are suddenly filled
with the essence of my soul as I write it into
existence for all to see.

Penetrating thoughts refill my being as I
continually empty myself of everything in poetry.
Listening interiorly to whispers of treasured
images, assigning each of them into a place of
special renown.

Holding everything inside, reaching in when
needed, to gather all ideas into submission of
dated imagination and then set free.
Exposed to the world in lightened moods of
involvement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lightened Solace

Floating succinctly into the atmosphere of yesterday's
liberty and freedom, being stationed in the lightened
solace that rises from beneath trappings of melodies.

Exercising and testing limits of life, liberty and the
pursuit of happiness around the world, wondering why
not everyone can understand wanting to have peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lightened Wisdom

Lightened wisdom beaming upon an ignorant population,
hoping that some knowledge will be absorbed through
osmosis.

Long days, arduous nights, folding atop one another,
not separating various requested images.

Saturated into great beyonds while still living here
on earth, takes our breath away and leaves us absurdly
bereft.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lightening

Moths flying high above in hot night time air.
Lightening breaking from depths of clouds, showing for seconds, their heavenly formations.
Listening to the crickets chorus - I cannot see them for they're hidden by the darkness of night.
Slowly spreading across the skies, white, hazy clouds float by - proudly displaying lightening shows they hide within their insides.
Every burst fills the air with it's silent, brightly lit, lightening.
Beautifully blue, it fills my eyes with the same color which fills my mind as I write out of it these many words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lightening Bolt Through The Heart

Living life, acknowledging it's uncertainty and incom-
pleteness throughout the years, holding fast to certain
ideas then realizing they hold no truth, being lies from
the beginning.

People tend to do this to us throughout our lives, port-
raying themselves and their lives as being one way when
in reality they are total opposites.

How do we determine those who love and care for us truth-
fully from those pretenders who in the long-run have wast-
ed our time, not caring about us we we do them.

What a betrayal that is, striking us like a lightening bolt
right through the heart, walking away without another thought
of all you've been through together through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lightening Life

Rehearsing musically for a lifetime of peaceful literature
being created intrinsically from innate ability and talent.

Softening edges of daily trials steeped in sorrow, healing
holes with notes of enhancing droplets of prose.

Neglecting to worry about things that can't be changed,
focusing on spell-binding endeavors to make life a little
lighter - a little brighter for everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lightening Quick

Dancing in the morning sunlight, toes touching dew drops as they balance upon tips of grass leaning over from their weight.

Lightening quick beauty of nature filling everything with effervescent blossoms, touching inner senses, portending the life of promise that we all live in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lightening Quick Attitudes

Lightening quick attitudes firing energy within deepest catacombs in darkened places of being.
Cutting away the hurt and suffering, trying to paint new pictures to paste on interior screens, hoping to enlarge feelings of beauty and peace.
Holding hands with past images as I careen down lanes of intense emotional prose, hoping one day to become who I really am without all the masks of humiliation and embarrassment from other people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lightening Quick Talent

Fascinating streaks of talent, lightening quick,
beguiling everything in complicit intricacies.

Delicately spun in carefully doctrineated spirals
of infidelity, with periods of docile mementos
taking over life with fervent persistence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lightening Strikes Of Quiet Intuition

Wavering in the light of wonder, trying to respond properly,
yet knowing they cannot figure out the symmetry to do so in
concave enlightenment, totally preserving interior moments
of intellect without tarnishing any aspect of it's being.

Picking up the beginnings of original ideas, thinking and
bringing them into the circumference of an absolute dimension
of equational descriptions and intricate patterns of delicate
and intense mathematics in the systems of individual knowledge.

Never giving into the ignorance of any other being here on
earth, going instead to the 'what is and finding out the exact
reasons for their existence and not believing in any other
than the truth as it is being expressed and given in lightening
strikes of quiet intuition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lightening Striking My Heart

Dancing faster than ever, trying to escape pastimes
left over from another era.
Pleasing aromas filtering into the environment,
giving me pause.
Lightening striking my heart, killing it's essence,
as wonder fills my mind with an extrasensory
perception.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lightening Wisdom

Crossroads of life intertwine with mixed emotions,
standing on edges of black holes, awaiting jurisdiction
through mid-imagination to take hold and lighten the
wisdom of the universe together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lighting Candles

Silently listening to rhythms of my heart, taking me into another realm where everything is quiet and peaceful.

Finding a deep serenity taking me into an interior faith where candles are lit for prayers being said.

Answers being awaited patiently, participating in a lively conversation with self about all convictions that I hold gently within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lighting Candles Of Faith

Shutting off interior lights, instead lighting candles
of faith and hope in preparation of God, filling me
with bluened light of His Divinity.

Blue rays glowing in thoughts, filled with energy and
soaring into intellect with a purpose and reason, ex-
plaining and telling everything.

Rain filling me without, yet I'm sitting within, dry
and safe, nothing to be done except live in the bluened
light of the Divine, God will do the rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lighting Darkness

Withering demise penetrates my being on days of edgy behavior, calling forth images of horizons on the other side.
Lifeless forms come and go, some familiar, others tailgating in shapeless forms.
Taking turns with one another, skating across mind slopes of creativity.
Sliding along, becoming part of energy and it's brazen identity.
Believing in God and His mercy as I travel down pathways of my existence, holding onto faith to light a way through darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lighting Interior Intellect

Wanting to prepare for another particular rhythm to enter
outer labyrinths and abysses of this mind.

Completing and totally absorbing beauty that I'm creating
through the freedom and independence of my soul, carefully
providing for all that may be needed in the future.

Lighting interior intellect with an abounded imagination,
open fully and not ever being closed off, sensing truths
and honesty in the placated side of intellect.

Solitarily finding and demanding an essence of self to be
sensed and brought to light within forever, an ending of
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lighting Measures Of Time

Walking along, pictures hanging on walls, reminiscent of
yesterdays when all was different and so much simpler.

Looking down passages of time, seeing images and memories
upon walls of this mind, reminders of what used to be.

Remembering days gone by, echoes of what was lived through
left behind, helping to not forget those we've lost.

Loved ones who meant so much to each of us back in the day,
lighting measures of time with their innocence.

Purity and goodness flowing throughout the years, giving
us bittersweet memories of our time with them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lighting My Mind

Telling stories of life as they come, searching for the
endless senses to write into poetry.

Intense sections of thought, delving quickly into my
brain, taking me on journeys of beautiful fulfillment
in forests of enlightenment.

Causing the immense difference coming into view, taking
me along effervescent aisles of tomorrow's visions.

Lighting my mind with the awesome feelings coming through
the rhythms I'm listening to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lighting Our Own Candles

Periods of happiness come and go throughout our lives,
normally strewn with pain and suffering, taking us by
the hand.

Looking to family and friends for love and support does
not always give us what we need, being blessed through
the years if we are lucky enough though.

If not, taking chances and hoping for the best, living
in the darkness, lighting our own candles in the night,
hoping they'll give us enough light to find our way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lighting Pathways

Opening my eyes in the morning light, watching the
sun rising, lifting my spirits along with it's
shining brilliance.

Lighting pathways, giving us a choice on which to
take, either the path of goodness, love and comp-
assion or the one leading us into temptation.

Eventually pursuing evil ways unbecoming to God,
having free will each individual can make their
own choices.

Unfortunately, most people do not think anything
through, just deciding to follow their lust, egos,
desires, and passion.

Taking them into immoral or unethical dilemmas that
they later regret when older and much wiser, but
then it's much too late.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lighting Quick Ideas

Signature rhythms calling, writing in depths of talented thoughts, cancelling out any negative ones that may be hanging around.

Listening to tempos of interesting music, letting it tap it's way into intellect.

Imagination being charged intensely, taking lightening quick ideas into beginnings of another poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lighting The Way

Drums beating to rhythms of my heart as it beats faster
and faster, taking me into the free world, liberating
and giving alluring scents of life in the world around me.

Thinking and following ideas of intellect, keeping a log
upon photographic screens, filled with the many memories
of life and living.

Taking and cherishing every moment as I live totally and
fully, never leaving out a single thing, all of it for-
ever being remembered within me.

Loving videos that I take, watching them over and over
throughout the years, never doubting innate talent, a
gift given by God when conception took place in my Mom.

Finding it takes me into all kinds of places, never
leaving or omitting anything at all, socializing and
enjoying everything in details kept treasured forever,
lighting the way into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lighting The Way Through Darkness

Crossing tides and oceans in this mind, seeing many visions, and at times illusions of what may happen in tomorrow's life, holding onto feelings, emotions and fervent hopes.

Continuing to light the way through darkness, helping to brighten even the darkest nights with an inner spirituality, melodies of yesterday playing harmonically in and through this mind.

Giving an interior beauty a space in this life where no one else can go except self alone, rejoicing in this fact, happy just to know that it will always be a part of the fiber of this being.

Able to be a part of this spectacular and remarkable moment in life, loving that God has thought to give His mercy thoughtfully and fully to us all.

Never going against Him for He is the strength and armor through all the trials on earth, rising into the after life, reaching into the wonder and awe of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lighting The World

Reaching into visions of the future, seeing hope in sunshine rising every morning and setting on promises of a new day coming tomorrow.

Love spreading smoothly like mayonnaise on a slice of bread, tempting, wanting to be taken, given to every-one on earth.

Lighting the world with peace and serenity it deserves, taking away evil and war forever, making our planet a place where everyone can be blessed.

Filled with joy and happiness, living side by side, no prejudice, racism, hatred, intolerance or corruption on earth ever again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lighting Up My Being

Incessant and intense, reading rhythms in my mind, using
and translating them into poetry easily and rapidly with-
out any effort.

Lighting my being with it's many meanings and definitions,
touching upon the ease of life to let me have the freedom
to carry on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lighting Visions

Jumping chords, mystifying rhythms, giving them an
altogether different tone in a twilight atmosphere
of another pattern.

Lighting visions with particular thoughts, pondering
their meaning in the deafness of yesterday's conver-
sations.

Not wanting to hear any excuses from without, hitting
the touch of tempos, beating rapidly into the night,
while forging the ecstasy of love.

Taking it into the landscape of tomorrow's portraits,
leaving mystery and liberty in the mixture of another
time within destiny's design.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lightly Sits The Dawn

Lightly sits the dawn of day, upon my sleeping brow.

Soaking the moonlit rays in with every breath of
light.

Soundly looking forward to the horizons of life,
possessing the knowledge of darkened wisdom, turning
slowly, the radiant sound of life into reasoning.

Wherever the eye befalls, the mind has already been
there, analyzing soft bits of wisdom thrown around
by unkempt mysterious beings.

Jumping quickly, finding, yet searching, the abyss
of life as all who live know it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lights Blossoming

Smiling, happy, finding melodies fill my mind with their
delicacies, giving it food for thought, partaking in the
best of this life through musical rhythms.

Lights blossoming, intriguing and enthusiastically inspire-
ing ideas of poetry throughout the night, pounding and drum-
ing, strumming the beauty of notes in tempos with gradual and succulent
motions of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lights Colored From Within

Colored lights aiding the atmosphere, touching the essence of my soul, reverberating silently in the outdoors, watching nature unfold itself in the capacity of it's brilliance.

Totally being enlivened and taken into circumferences of afternoon delights, it's only right to immerse ourselves in the lights that are being colored from within the energy of our spirits.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lights Of Eternity

Being shattered within, sailing away into sunsets of
tomorrow with no hopes or promises following.

Forging pathways for self, leading with lights of
eternity in front, tasting bouquets brought through
all senses of being.

Learning to distinguish and blend them with one another
on different plains, being taught by an innate talent
from intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Like A China Plate

Tears falling to earth, losing someone whom I love
with my entire being.

Deep inside somewhere, you know that I am devastated,
left here alone without you.

My heart broken like a china plate upon the floor of
my soul.

Shaking with the absence of you darling, never for-
getting that you have held my heart, mind and soul.

Holding them through the years, life having fallen
through the mirrors of your reflection.

As I gaze into yesterday, afraid of seeing you once
again, dying and leaving me.

Remembering every instance of your parting, heart
torn and ripped from my soul, never to return again.

Thinking that it was just a dream, awakening to find
that the nightmare of your death was real.

Falling apart, no longer living, for there is nothing
left to stay alive for, with you gone forever, my love,
my reason for being, my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Like A Fountain Flowing

Walking, feeling tired yet an energy comes from within a
bluened light deep inside, like a fountain flowing into
another realm.

Hope and faith being taken into a heavenly sphere where,
when writing all pain and turmoil is taken away, giving
a deep sense of solace and serenity.

Purpose of this life is to experience and find lessons
we are to learn in order to finally get to heaven when
this earthly life is at an end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Like A Lone Forsaken Rose

Lonely, feeling blue, hoping to see you come into my arms
tonight, feeling the tempting passion of your being lying
close to me.

Remembering and wishing that death never existed between
the two of us, but that hope is lying upon the floor like
a lone forsaken rose, brown with age, nothing more to give.

Wanting you my dear, staring at that now dead rose, realizing
you are no longer with me, my love, loneliness seeping from
every pore.

Tears spilling over into the blackness, past midnight, woe-
fully trying to go to sleep and having no success at all,
my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Like A Morning Rain Storm

Rhythms rushing through my being like a rain storm in the morning,
filling and purifying mind and being with love from above, it's
desires and passion rising within.

Looking for a way to be quenched with you my only true love,
there's no one else I'd rather be with than you my dear, want-
ing to be held by you through the night.

Making love passionately and completely again and again, our un-
conditional love filling us always without letting up, consuming
us both, feelings of love growing and being nurtured always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Like A Puppet

Thinking about life and it's tangled emotions flowing
from our every experience through the years, at times
wondering how our minds and bodies become so attuned
to them.

Tears fall, laughter jumps out and silence fills our
minds when thinking about something that has happened,
but how do our minds determine whether to be happy or
sad, reaching appropriate feelings and emotions.

There must be something within us that causes these
two to be, it's as if we are like a puppet and cer-
tain strings are being pulled in order to get to
the feelings within us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Like A River Flowing

Loving you darling so intensely and fully that no one else
can come between us.

Unconditional and fulfilling, always wanting you by my side,
so saddened when you aren't.

Finding your love so complete and totally mine to do with as
I wish, wanting only to return it to you along with my own.

Never letting is slow or fade away, like a river flowing
forever into the ocean is how my love continues to grow.

Falling into an immense ocean of our love together, waves of
love, compassion, caring, touching one another forever.

Never letting up, being one when making love, nothing else
giving us the pleasure that we have found in each other only.

All my love is yours my dear as it continues to blossom in
every moment we live together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Like A Squirrel

Chattering like a squirrel in a forest, listening to it's
rhythms as it scurries through branches of trees and across
the ground.

Leaving footprints here and there, hoping to be recognized
before the day is done, ending on paths of tomorrow without
being portrayed as anything.

Reminders of a little squirrel, sitting in the forest at
night when everyone else is fast asleep and no one knows
what it is doing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Like A Star

Like a star above in the heavens, I am to be seen and not heard.
To give an example by doing, not talking.
To shine without speaking.
To share my talents and abilities - gifts God has given me - silently in solitude.
In the quietness of my soul, to hold God close, knowing He will spread His love and caring through me when He sees fit.
Touching others - Himself - gently with written words.
Like a star in the heavens - serene - living life for God, alone, because it is His will.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Like A Teardrop

Deftly turning into recesses of the deepest interior.
Holding onto small fragments of a broken heart, feeling lost and empty, with no one to impart them to.
Soul-turning sorrow wrenching apart the little bit of love left over from a broken friendship.
Delaying the inevitable, trying desperately to fold in upon itself.
Hiding inside could get rid of the pain and doubt - if only it could be done!
Lying open, bleeding, turning cold as ice - left for dead before the evening begins.
Turning over silently, tears dripping down a face, eyes look straight through you and are lost upon a deserted shore.
No one can follow this lost soul or share it's heart, the journey it must take is long and hard.
Over treacherous mountains, scaling highest elevations - then falling down among dirt-filled cisterns, no one to love.
Steadfastly walking through unending canyons, finding deep their very chasms.
Left alone to find a path of it's own making - left alone without a love to console it.
Sloshing through mud mired fields of yesterday, tiring of all the filth and dirt.
So urgently praying for the cleanliness of a clean and holy spirit.
Left alone to walk along endless shores of sand, finding no one to hold hands.
So empty, thrashing along winter's edge of darkness, skidding headlong into blackest pits of hell today.
A loving heart - it has no lips by which to speak it's mind.
Only brokenness may cause it to utter a sobbing cry.
Sorrow totally rent within, breaking apart all loveliness with a sin of departing drops of tears.
Left unshed, undefiled, yet totally alone in life, like a teardrop, I fall gently - silently - and am washed away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Like A Tornado

Rocking into the evening, switching bands, picking up
rhythms left lying in my mind from the previous one.

Lightening quick, tantalizing inner musical genes,
dancing upon chords in measures of an inner time clock.

Tying together, ribbons of moments in interior realms,
streaming through systems of coded rhythms.

Stealing steadily down paths of tomorrow, riding like
a tornado, gifts of innate talent in music and poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Like It Or Not!

Spreading peace and goodness through poetry for the
most part, yet speaking out against the injustice
of this world, whether people like it or not.

It has to be heard and acted upon, learning to reject
acceptance of the wrongs and let the world know what
we think of it.

Hoping that everyone else will follow and do the same,
letting our voices be raised for righteousness and be
united as one in this purpose.

We poets are in a unique position to do this and we
owe it to the world to use our creativity for the
betterment of mankind.

Saving the future safely and peacefully for our children
and all generations thereafter, if we do not, then all
are doomed on earth.

Each of us knows this individually within our hearts and
souls so let it come into the world through poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Like Minds

Reaching into depths of this intellect, collecting memories and images of the past, connecting them to the present, hoping they will still remain in future visions.

Finding blessings and miracles that fill this world with beauty, love and caring, mercy filling those with hearts, giving to others and never even counting the cost.

Taking everything to task daily, surrounding self with those of like minds, bringing the solutions for peace together and creating a much better world for everyone on it now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Like New Born Babies

Wrapping self in a blanket of believability, throwing away
impossibilities, allowing them to come back around in new
and different abstract ways.

Whistling, sighing, enjoying rhythms pounding incessantly
in the back of my mind, caressing and holding them tenderly
like new born babies, letting them rest until they are ready
to jump in and create more poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Like Picking A Flower

Sweet little nothings being spoken through sounds and notes of music as I quietly listen to it, spontaneous thoughts being filed through my mind so delicately and softly, like blossoms blooming in silence before me in nature.

What a sweetened sight as it touches intellect, breaking open it's sincerity and dispersing it quietly over people who are dancing in a definite syncopation and pattern across the dance floor.

Watching with a clarity as steps are taken together and kept in times of each and every measure being played today, pleasure pouring from within, notes taking it, spreading it about my being in a relaxed mood of sentiment and spirituality.

Looking throughout the visions of total enlightenment from within, an interior universe that I always travel through, never missing a chance to rehearse each tone in poetry while listening.

Finding beauty scattered everywhere, picking it like a flower from it's long stem, placing it in a vase of purity and water, hoping that it will last forever in memories of this moment as I place it silently on a photographic screen inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Like Riding A Roller Coaster

Replacing sadness and sorrow set upon me in life,
instead, finding solace and peace through writing
and music.

Only two things keep me hanging on in this empty
and lonely life, so intently being mired in the
past, yet music and writing bring me out of myself.

Difficult paths, twisting and winding suddenly in
front of me, never letting me get a hold on this
life at all.

Like riding a roller coaster, never having any rest
nor peace as it goes up and down, around the circum-
ference of my entire life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Liking Changes

Sojournly scaling walls of interior mountains, standing in
the images of a mind, wanting to be conquered without falling
or failure.

Escaping meanings and definitions of every day life, preferring
instead, to create new ones to change the course of a future
destiny.

Calmly energizing every particle within, enjoying the ride
into a reinvention of an alter ego.

Taking time to be myself in another dimension, liking to see
changes happening inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lilting Images

Islands of writing open up to universal thought,
leisurely lying about in the sun under blue skies
of rainbow.

Lilting images voicing poetical verses of landscapes
and scenery being formed along the way.

Taking shape as they are created in my mind's eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lilting Voice

Tempos being picked up, but just a notch above the previous one.
Lilting voice, traipsing around the room in silken, flowing robes for the occasion.
Flirting with anyone, coming close to tones that are being produced for the karaoke audience.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Limelight Of Another Dimension

Spheres turning, spinning, posing in the limelight of another dimension, finding the exposure to be entirely delightful, soothing to the soul.

Penetrating the speed of sound, gaining on the light waves of another universe, allowing it all to coagulate and be placed into my mind with serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Limited Knowledge

Knowing the injustice of the world, seeing it for myself
first hand, having ignorant people trying to tell me it
is not so.

Seeing things and experiencing them for myself, knowing
that what I've seen is gospel truth.

People just don't like honesty, they'd rather live in
their narrow-minded little minds, full of fantasy in
la la wonderlands.

Never going beyond their limited knowledge to see the
reality of what life really is.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Limited Life

Whiling time away on strings of merciful compassion
as life evolves through etudes of ancient rhetoric.
Continuing always on paths of enjoyment, winding
around mountainous precipices, hanging tightly to
writs of life's eras.
Joining together for traditions of family on
horizons of age throughout our limited times on
earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Limited Shores

Diving deeper into oceans of intellect, collecting shells of
an intuitive nature, arranging them in a certain order.

Watching as I walk further into tides of ocean waters, touch-
ing upon the certainty of our limited shores on earth.

Timing everything in the passages of time and in measures of
melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Limited Time

Walking across borders of limited time,
stepping in line against all others.

Showing contempt for the way others are
being treated when they haven't done
anything wrong.

Letting off steam, taking others in realms
of friendships, hoping to ease their pain
of liability and strife.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Limiting Existence

Life stands to reason, yet there are no viable reasons
for it.
Where do we look when needing answers to our earthly
plights?
Acknowledging that our interpretations may be faulty,
yet we continue in feeble endeavors without a qualm,
limiting our existence by doing so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Limitless Depths

Unusual circumstances seem to fall across shadows of
sunlight, penetrating interior surfaces of intellect.

Surprising and beautiful, tantalizing all senses with
an effervescent beauty of nature, life and spirituality.

Accessing an infinite abyss of knowledge, having no
bottom, just limitless depths.

Finding their way into this mind, cooperating totally
with imagination.

Continuing creativity flowing like lava from an interior
volcano deep within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Limitless Horizons

Light being dimmed as the sun starts to set on the horizon, letting go of it's brilliance as night precedes avenues of moonlight.

Surpassing hours of midnight, evening dwindles in dissipating light, wanting to be led into the passage of another time, beyond boundaries of sunset's limitless horizons here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Limitless Potential

Liveliness bouncing inside, impatiently waiting to fly into orbit.
Difficult times filled with stress tearing away inner peace and tranquility.
Needing freedom of expression, freedom of feelings and thoughts;
instead, entrapped in a soliloquy of harassment.
Reaching towards skies of unlimited potential, carrying weightless reflections of all held within.
Embracing emptiness, loneliness, abandonment, longing to put these
feelings into expressions, words, ideas.
Tantalizing poetry into existence, bringing forth joy and happiness
needed to live.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Limits

Freedom of limit is a hesitant subject to write about, yet
here it is.

What are boundaries of speculative enterprises? Are they
begun in circles of abundance and carried from there?

Or do they get their start from closed-lid boxes, tossed
about, getting inner traces, listed on some invisible horizons.

Squarely single, hanging on threads of threatened knowledge,
limits are bound to exacting qualifications, or have they the
freedom given to no other entity for the purpose of corralling
innermost quiescence?

How are the arrangements made for settling into depths not
crossed by any other's presence?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Limits Of Being Human

Swaying and rocking to melodies interiorly, taking me
soaring into an intellectual atmosphere where only I
exist.

Being free and independent, taking life in stride as
I continually sit and write poetry, sublime and pro-
found at times, even surprising myself.

Never being in a box, having broken out of all bound-
aries and limits when just a child, always questioning
the whys and wherefores of everything.

Not believing anything that others tell me with their
narrow minds and opinions kept strapped tightly and
firmly within their absent-minded hearts.

Not ever wanting to be like the, taking everything be-
yond what it seems to be, always surprised to find that
I'm right when looking beneath the surface.

Feeling a tremendous amount of self-assurance, yet
knowing that I'm not always right, never doubting self,
just knowing the actual limits of being a human being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Limits Of Boundaries

Taking motion into wave lengths of prose, officiating speculatively in words of talented definitions.
Explaining episodic portrayals of indefinite positions as they crop up in timeless space.
Giving an ear, listening to prophetic qualms being registered and taken into areas of calming sacrifice.
Noting limits of boundaries, finalizing plans to separate dimensions across the board and benefit from the results of every thought handed off to distant memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Line Crossing

Crossing lines, playing favorites for moments in time, expecting total commitments for life.
Having a free will, it'll never happen, because strings attached are too constraining to freedom.
Therefore, plodding along satisfies any predicaments that may try to interfere in life's pathways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Line Dancers

Sliding down aisles, participating in
line dances with many other people.
Style, grace, movement in talented steps
of country excitement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Line Dancing

Sliding across the floor in time with the music,
line dancing to the beats of the Electric Slide.

Contemplating steps in a certain order,
containing every motion needed to keep up with
everyone else.

Side-stepping, crashing into each other and
laughing merrily.

Lights spinning overhead in a continuous circle
of color, falling upon each dancer in precise
spots.

Smiling and educating each other with new and
improved moves and steps.

Difficult for some and simple for others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Line Dancing To Rap

Rhyming in rap with music being played at the
center.

Watching seniors line dance to it is quite an
experience, fun to see.

Smiles covering their faces, enjoyment clearly
seen in their attitudes and lively steps as
they try to keep up with the tempo.

Taking quick steps, playfully having fun as the
music continues longer than usual.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Linear Dimensions

Pushing rhythms into linear dimensions, watching them
delineate, shimmer and focus themselves so differently
than what they are.

Keeping at and sending them to vertical corners and
twisting them horizontally to fit into pictures of
inane puzzles that are being experimented with.

Causing and making novel impressions in the clay of
photographic screens as I play continually with
rhythms in this mind explicitly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Linear Teachings

Worlds apart, we search for many of the same answers,
even when questions are different.
Ready at a moment's glance to be in tune with nature,
to be led away from reality at a moment's notice, to
be a part of something bigger than ourselves.
Our innate natures are always awaiting realizations
of inner images as we enter realms of our existence
never before experienced in our lives.
Such beauty and profound wisdom found there, enriches
our beings, spreading our linear teachings throughout
the fibers of our spiritual beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lines And Angles

Capturing my attention, lines and angles surround my mind
with their textures and accents.

Combining all elastic colors into the equation allows
imagination to be in the moment, being tantalized by their
softness and bright prismic effects on intellect.

Taking everything into account, I vanish in interior moments,
holding my breath at the beauty that can never escape.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lines Dancing

Rhythms containing words, exactly fitting musically,
to each line of poetry, written for prosperity.

Lines dancing to precise sorrowful tunes, carrying
them to centers of my mind where they will belong
to purposes of usefulness in times of extreme stress
and feelings of hopelessness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lines Of Beginning Knowledge

On a separate solo journey today, writing from morning sunrise to evening's dusk in an exam room at Dr. L's. office.

Retreating from life to get an I.V., it being worth it because poetry is being written in exchange for hours on end of time.

Not minding the wait, because all thoughts are happy for the extra time spent in putting them out to the world.

Happy and feeling appreciated, they join with this soul in praising God through innate gifts He has given.

Utilizing every moment, continuing in the lines of beginning knowledge and following them onto empty shores of seasides, sitting in mind.

Holding onto the essence of life in many modes and moods of intelligence.

Enjoying being in the presence of self, totally open and honest, being self, and not being interrupted by anyone as they leave space essentially alone to do what is needed to do.

Greatly appreciating their trust and comfortable stances of being here so long and writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lines Of Being

Leveling out, soaring through clouds of beauty,
wanting to stay above earth and never leave.
Associated lines of being spread out and
encompass sensations that need to expand,
bringing serene dissertations into pockets of
being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lines Of Emptiness

Computing moments can be hazardous to health if you get caught up in their exchanges.
Living on lines of emptiness, all those who are helpless fall short of anything the future may hold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lines Of Imagination

Straightening lines of interior rhythms, hanging them
on lines of imagination, finding the tantamount chances
in life that challenge death on it's own doorstep.

Leaving it wondering whatever happened to the timid and
shy little poet, not really knowing how rebellious and
stubborn this mere poet has always been.

Never silent, passively loud and boisterous, touching
edges of danger with an alarming rate, suggestions never
being taken, just stepping into lines of imagination with
eyes wide open.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lines Of Intellect

Innate talent immediately taking over when having it's
melodies filling my mind with rhythms.

Taking off, soaring into a bluened atmosphere, alone
and joyful, happy to be here.

Casting out lines of intellect, always catching thoughts,
and ideas, developing them instantaneously without delay.

Perfect and in time with measures of rhythm that never
stop, writing all incessantly into poetry, loving the
essence and passion of gifts that I've been given by God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lines Of Knowledge

Listening intently to intellect, thinking of mnemonics,
wondering at the difference it makes in this life of
poetry.

Remembering each and every memory as it dips and splashes
into imagination.

Careening into adjacent particles of wisdom, taking care
to be alert and aware, attuned to the beauty of every
image standing in line, hoping to become another subject
of a poem.

Loving the culminating poetical interludes attaching them-
selves to dangling participles of adventuresome trials and
coming about in latent aspects of another dimension in
mathematical theories, falling across lines of knowledge.

Collapsing inherent problems onto categories of persistent
chemical imbalances, sifting through many different aspects
and factors of tomorrow's behaviors in talented corners of
poetical minds.

Situating itself and finding ending results attuned to the
coded rhythms that will last into the future of all periods
and escapades of another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lines Of Life

Lines of life having been extended after dying, newly given ideas, thoughts and attitudes are being seen, and used enlightening intellect.

Pathways being found in this new destiny, everything now opening up, enticing and captivating, giving perspectives that haven't been seen in the past.

An unusual and peculiar atmosphere that fits poetical interludes with music filtering into a mind, now having sights set in another dimension of ingenuity and thinking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lines Of Reunion

Enjoying life, dancing to it's innate tunes, vibrating with beats of special items, waiting in lines of reunion.
Belittling minutes of existence, while holding closely to sweet perfume of melodies on air.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lines Of Tomorrow

Thinking of you in memories, feeling your presence
through the emotions and feelings they bring to mind.

Time falling into lines of tomorrow, leaving behind
yesterday and today in dreams.

Lying within a photographic mind asleep, until being
thought of again.

Reliving all the times we had together, knowing that
none of them will ever be forgotten.

They will always be held and cherished within intellect's
memories, safely tucked away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lingering Christmas's

Christmas past lingers in my mind with joyous melodies
being with family alone.
Feelings surpassing time and space, bringing us together
in displays of mind-dwelling moments.
Never again to be experienced because of aging and death's
involvement in our lives.
Days of closeness, joy and togetherness, draped in our
hearts as we celebrate Christmas every year together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lingering On Edges

Lingering on edges of life, watching people live and exist as if they're here forever.
Knowing the untruth they're living, I feel sorrow in my heart, grating against my soul, as I continue to visit and remember past good times of cheer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lingering Patiently

Totally focusing on the end of life, watching it's horizon getting closer and closer, bringing the Divine within ever nearer.

Lingering patiently, enjoying every moment of life fully, waiting eagerly for the beginning of a new life when this one is finally finished.

Seeing the fire and it's smoke of all experiences, memories getting ready to move on, without any remorse or regrets, a conscience as pure and innocent as the moment of birth, loving the bluened light that fills me purposely and unendingly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Linguistic Talent

Shaking leaves of memories into my peripheral sight,
raking them carefully into my mind where they are
perfect delights to imagination's voices.

Being held tenderly and looked at with an exact
science of linguistic talent and architecture,
throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Linking And Blending

Learning and researching, anything's possible, loving how this innate intellect likes to link and blend ideas and music together when writing.

Wonder and tantalizing melodies melding together, taking me into fields and deserts of imagination, running through every concept, definition and meaning that captures my mind.

Enticing and allocating coded rhythms to poetry, giving an interior energy that never quits, giving prolific and insatiable spheres of memory free reign within innate talent.

Proposing and finding everything that takes me into other dimensions where no one else can follow, never being able to fathom how it's being done no matter how long they watch me write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lips Of Glass

Chattering lips of clear glass, meeting in a tinkling as they touch when words are spoken, especially those in anger.
Leaving omens lying along pathways as people move away from each other in darkened moods of confusion, being abused in verbal and emotional connotations.
Walking away, stepping on lips of clear glass that have fallen with angry words upon deaf ears again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lips Of Lies

Lies are falling from lips of obama, never knowing the
truth, but we continue to tell him.

Knowing that we are failing to listen to him because
he has nothing to say that any American wants to hear.

Blah, blah, blah, good bye we say, we are not hearing
you anymore, you are just a traitor who has committed
treason against America.

We have no mercy in store for you, so you had better
hang your head and leave while you still can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Liquefying Feelings

Being alone, enjoying the peace I've found here in the healing garden.
Solitude becoming my interior moods as I sit and write beyond my stay on earth.
Liquefying feelings, letting them flow with the fountains, downhill and back again.
Thrilling to natural sounds of flowing water, tasting the beauty of nature as I
hear it's perfect pitch calling constantly through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Liquid Imagination

Acquisition of life penetrates my mind, taking,
elevating it towards final ends and peaceful
surroundings.

Totally taken in, swimming throughout a liquid
imagination, coming full circle to fruition on
final shores of existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Liquid Lava Of Passion

Listening to tell-tale aromas as they flow into the atmosphere, music touching the very within of being with a liquid lava of passion.

Erupting and flowing from deep within the two of us tonight, rushing into the beauty of another measure of time as it waltzs toward the ending of another sweet moment in our lives together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Liquid Music

Enticed by musical accompaniment, liquidly fascinated by it's enthralling feelings filling my being.
Justifying a motivation stirring within, keeping abreast of surging emotions twirling around, taking me on a lyrical journey into a realm of goodness and fun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Liquid Stones

Awakening close to midnight, beating rhythms taking steps
down the long evening.

Walking into flightly tunnels, wanting to be found in a
caprice of novelty.

Wooden floors taking a beating as everyone stomps upon
the dance floor, keeping time with the notes of tomorrow,
set in liquid stones.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listen To We The People

Falling into depths of another universe, looking and
searching for other ways to incite some compassion
and mercy for people in this world.

It's like hitting your head against a brick wall, no
one in power wants to listen, thinking that they know
what's best for the population.

Knowing for a fact that they don't know and should be
listening to We the People, we are trying to make them
see the sins they are perpetrating against mankind.

Being politically correct is an oxymoron and nothing
more, it discriminates against those who don't deserve
that kind of treatment.

Being corrupt and insane with power, needing to be taken
down and put out of office once and for all, nothing
better can be done for America and the rest of the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening

Whistling down avenues of life,
taking time to smell the flowers,
and place them in my mind's memories.

Resisting temptations every moment
of transpiring solitude.

Beginning an easy gait, as walking
down shady lanes, I remember to pray
and listen for God's answer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening Beyond

Partaking of a feast set in musical attire, touching hearts and minds with furtive questioning.
Sincerely listening to conversations beyond earth, hoping to reply and be heard some time soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening For Clues

Looking into the future, while sitting here watching
visions flow before my mind.

Intellect giving answers that have not yet been told,
writing and listening intently.

Trying to hear a clue as to what is going on behind
closed doors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening For Genuine Honesty

Semi-circles rotate around me, taking away fears and doubts, giving freedom so wanted.
Listening intently for whispers of genuine honesty, hoping to latch onto however much of it I can.
Wishing to keep going, holding onto every bit into depths of imagination, fulfilling destiny through my purpose on earth while I'm still here to delve purposely into every avenue of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening Harmonically

Tonight, reaching into interior depths of rhythms,
holding onto them so intensely, able to go on
writing and listening every night that I am alive.

Having no limits or boundaries keeping me stuck
in ruts of this life, like what usually happens
when we age.

Struck with light rhythms, striking like lightening,
thunder sounding ever louder as I listen harmonically
with an intense desire to have music never stop.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening Pictures

Shades of ebony enfold me as I listen to classical violins painting pictures for me to write to.
Fantastic shapes, patterns, and bright colors, all following prophetically down lanes of incontroversity, allowing me to be who I am, a poetical verse of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening Pontifically

Listening to melodies fill my mind's heart with
rhythmically sounding beats of life.

Pontifically listening to it's sounds and tones
of reality as it penetrates barriers, crossing
over into unknown arid spaces of life.

Times of acquiescence build images towards
heaven's gates as I write what I continuously
find within my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening Quietly

Going deeply into forests of being, walking, seeing every-
thing in a beautiful aura.

Listening quietly to the essence of Mother Nature settled
with a fascinating glow and beauty that can never be copied
by mankind in any way.

Nothing missing from this detailed forest that was created
through imagination and is thoroughly enjoyed while walking
through it's vast space and particular aura.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening Repeatedly

Listening intently to a song repeatedly without stopping,
because it continues to inspire me with it's universal
appeal and rhythm.

Socializing with it's melody, entering into all types of
rhythmic conversations with it's tempo and beats.
In synch with mind and heart, taking me aloft into an
atmosphere of total joy and serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening Silently

In the deep quiet of the night, birds sing their lonely
call, echoing about the midnight air, sending messages
to all who care.

Listening, silently, hearing the loneliness ring out
into the blackened air, bouncing off of clouds, banging
into shadows there on the ground.

Wallowing away the hours before dawn, birds cry out their
lonely songs, chirping hesitantly for those who have died,
their hearts cry out in the midnight sky.

Awaiting an answering call, they stop their singing for a
minute, when hearing no reply, they start to sing again.

Melodies known only to themselves, send out their sadness
to all who hear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening Through Silence

Standing in the light of spirituality, listening through
the silence, feeling it's intensity touching the Divine
within.

Bluened light reaching my sight interiorly, taking my soul
quietly into realms of a peaceful serenity where my spirit
gently unites with God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To A Quiet Stillness

Listening to a quiet stillness, wandering throughout intellect,
looking at thoughts that have accumulated overnight.

Dreams lying in wait, having been spent while sleeping, now
lying still as each are remembered.

Figuring out what their meanings were subconsciously, some-
times amazed at the clarity and focus penetrated by intellect.

Finally, using what's learned and applying it when and where it's
necessary.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To A Sax Player

People holding hands, enjoying one another's company,
listening to a sax player touch the divine with his
inherent music and love of it.
Prayerfully playing with the band, rejuvenating each
other's spirits and happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Another Drummer

Steadily beating, listening to another drummer, one that plays interiorly for me alone all through life, wonder and awe, along with an intense inquisitiveness and curiosity combining.

Abiding constantly in this poetical mind, never ceasing, forever burning brightly, never living a moment without it's glowing embers flowing.

Going into a full grown fiery blaze of energy, taking this mind into depths that not many have ever attained in this life of humanity.

Knowing this fact, appreciating these many gifts in life, using everyone of them fully in ways of purity and goodness all the days of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Barry Goldwater

Prescott's town square where, when I was a child, Dad brought us there to hear Barry Goldwater speak - when he was running for president.
A memory of brilliant remembrance in the child part of my brain.
Looking around now through that image, I can see what I saw back then.
Shade of the trees, lots of people, feeling the safety of being there with my parents and sisters.
An engulfing memory, living still within me, when taken out and looked at I remember good things and happier times of childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Bear Sing

Listening to Bear singing without a microphone,
singing of veteran's and their battles.
Giving me a sense of intense loneliness lying
inside of him.
Harboring feelings of somnolent emotions within
his heart, now being silently expressed to me
through his singing.
Saddened heart, being squeezed time and again,
because of his lonely heart kept in a forsaken
prison, afraid to be let out and be hurt again.
Feeling his hurt, I find my heart silently
reaching out to him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Ben Carson

Being blessed in Phoenix amidst a crowd of people here
to see and listen to Ben Carson telling us of his plans
to take back America.

Filled with the Holy Spirit, touching hearts of everyone,
praising God, being inspired by the people being united
for one purpose under God.

As Ben speaks, our minds are already taking back America,
finding strength in his ideas we begin to have hope again,
feeling intuitively that what he says is the truth.

Listening to a beautiful song being sung prayerfully,
during the event, it's melody and rhythm tantalizing us,
while we quietly rejoice in the solutions being offered.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Blood Flowing

Listening to my blood flowing through my heart, sounds
of it's life beating steadily, touching every organ in
my body, keeping them vibrant and alive.

Flowing to my brain, stirring thoughts, awakening my
mind, curiosity peering into every corner of my life,
looking for answers hiding somewhere in the darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Deathly Silence

Listening to echoing whispers of past conversations,
holding onto their love and caring memories.

Sensitive and absorbing, keeping me held together
through fields of loss I am now traveling through.

Watching as flowers no longer blossom, petals falling
to the ground, nothing coming alive before me.

Only death to remind me of your loss forevermore, now
listening to deathly silence of life as it descends.

Coming upon my heart and mind, nothing left in this
lonely world except this heart now emptied of your
love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Echoes Of Yesterday

Listening to echoes of yesterday, wondering how they've survived all these years, stepping through passages of time, taking pleasure in the little things in life.

A smile, laugh, joke, enjoying it all with mirth hiding deeply within, always touching the very innermost of our beings with silence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Edges Of Life

Falling drops of rain, imitating the pain of my tears,
as they fall into deep cisterns of my beginnings.
Severing the feelings of pain and placing them in the
palms of my hands, as I await the answers to my
curiosity in silent depths, bereft now of fears.
Complacently, listening to the edges of life
repeating my beginnings in videos of yesterday's refrains.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Essence

Listening to my essence as it's playing to
the universe.

Finding it's meaning being defined while
writing, thoughtfully encasing all of it
in treasure chests of my soul.

Forgiving everyone in sight as I'm moving
into an outer universe of another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Flowers

Traipsing through gardens of imagination, listening to flowers and their aromas filling the atmosphere, their petals reaching out, wanting to be touched.

Loving to be felt, touching nourishes them at the same time although most never realize it, light breezes brushing their hair out of their little eyes and faces.

Strengthening them through photosynthesis, nourishing every particle so they can continue to grow and be seen by us as we pass by.

Touching our minds with their beauty, creating memories for each of us to think about sometime in the future when we are unable to do much of anything else in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Future Puzzles

Listening to future puzzles waiting for me to put
them together in certain sequences, hoping to be
shown through the eyes of reality one day soon.

Concepts rising onto screens, giving off hues that
are distinguishable from the rainbows we all have
seen.

These colors being bright, attuned to poetical
interludes without the languid soliloquys of
yesterday.

Being presented through novel patterns and designs,
covering them up so they are hidden from others
prying eyes.

Steady and tantalizing, never stopping nor resting,
taking my mind along every step of the way.

Energy pouring into intellect, giving such pleasure
and enjoyment through each and every measure.

Painstakingly keeping rhythms on an upbeat path,
holding onto the staccato beats forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Images

Questioning everything, wanting to know answers
and not leave anything out of my focus and sight.
Listening to images, finding their tones are
melding with desert visions, standing in front
of my mind.
Always keeping my eyes forward so I can see all
things peripherally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Inner Whispering

Sincerely listening to inner whispering, watching images
they bring forth in lights of bluened memories.
Taking comfort in feelings of love that were once a part
of life - now lying in motionless piles, waiting to be
felt again when thought of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Interior Thoughts

Solemnly listening to interior thoughts, worrying a little,
trying to ignore their interpretations right now.

Music rhythmically playing into my brain, lifting me into
heights of intellect where I can talk myself into or out
of just about anything.

Leaving aside all misgivings and walking straight into the
pits of fire, awaiting me today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Love In My Heart

Turning around, feelings spinning, listening to love in my heart for you alone my dear, purpose and definition giving my essence a succinct feeling of your love.

Touching my heart and soul from across the miles my dear love, warm fuzzy feelings giving the warmth of your being to keep me warm tonight at this Christmas celebration.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Lyrics

Here in my imagination I listen to lyrics being sung in unison with rhythm's perfect tones.
Splashing my mind with precise melodies, placing exacting silence, and quieting my sorrow for times of peaceful serenity in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Music

Tranquilly absorbing things that are happening in and
around me.

Being satisfied with the atmosphere as it is relaxing
and peaceful here in the waiting room.

Listening to the music of Bruce Springsteen and feeling
calm inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To My Heart

Listening to my heart play melancholy music, draining hopelessness away from my soul, turning life around for a while, filling me with contented serenity for now.

Acquiescing to an innate nature, more powerful than mine.

Riding on tidal waves of ravishing feelings, becoming one with them interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To My Heart Existing

Slowly moving along, listening to my heart relate it's memories of sadness and sorrow amounting to the essence of life while living every moment of it fully.

Being saturated in it's loneliness, fatigue and abandonment, a lasting measure of time existing within as life continues to live without any participation from me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Others

Listening to others as they converse, wondering how they've gotten to this point in life and what they've been through.
Taking risks, having faith, believing in God, and hoping beyond hope.
Don't we all share in this multitude of treasures as we progress into later years of finesse?
Watching out for families, children, ourselves - how do we find time for anything else?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Our Hearts

Being silent now, just listening to our hearts, loving
one another through the regular rhythms that we exude
when together.

Life coming to heights beyond what anyone can think of
as we look into each others eyes, freely loving and
giving everything we can.

Sharing our total beings and spirits as we quench our
desires and passion within one another, smiling and
loving, taking our time, never rushing.

Every moment being precious to us in this temporary
life, being thankful, appreciating every moment that's
given to me on earth once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Passion

Quietly listening to the passion of an entire lifetime,
keeping it closely in check and safe at all times.
Nowhere passages of time, always being collected in
pieces of literature, being arrayed in fashionable
designs.
Carried forth in ribbons of rhythm, laced around each
note and being generated with a semblance of poetical
music.
Connecting with every measure of intellectual
proclivity, while continually searching for interior
pathways through imaginational thought.
Softly lit and genuinely sensed, rapidly sounding
tones falling incessantly into pools and oceans of
difficult circumstances.
Anticipating chords of discomfort and discrepancy,
allowing for their appearances to make the most of
diversity in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To People

Listening to people talk about the conventions, candidates who are now running, telling their stories in detail, many questions being answered from all directions.

Being called upon by speakers, answering everything to the best of their ability, strong convictions and beliefs now standing out above the rest for the most part.

At times though, evading or eluding them, not knowing what to answer, afraid that they would be going against what the people really were wanting to hear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Reactions

Looking into a peaceful sky, watching clouds drifting
across my sight.

Scanning the heavens looking for angels to fulfill my
spirit.

Astounded by the purity of this blessed day as I forge
my being into it's essence with a total exacting joy.

Playing in my mind with elastic thoughts, pulling them
back and letting them go just for the fun of it.

Listening to their reactions as they spiritually yell
into an inner atmosphere, being filled with the joy of
passion as I write them into a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Reminders

Smiles being remembered long after you're gone, their heartfelt memories forever etched in this mind.

Listening to what you are no longer saying, reminders of what we used to have.

Words now lost in yesterdays that are gone, never to be lived again in this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Repertoires

Standing aside, listening to repertoires
of good standing playing heavenly music.
Leisurely contemplating measures of beats
and distance of rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Silence Of Nature

Sun rising once again, morning awakened with it's brilliant
rays of light, positive attitudes being given through know-
ledge and wisdom constantly throughout the day.

Listening to the silence of nature telling us of it's stance
on earth through sight and scents of delicate flowers and
pine trees.

So filled with life, enduring the weather and never finding
fault with anything like we humans do, setting us apart with
a tempting wonder and awe for the beauty upon this earth.

Walking through the sunlight knowing that today is a brand
new page and life has been captured, captivated by this in-
terior spirituality, living in a bluened light of the Divine
as morning breaks into afternoon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Sorrow

Listening to sorrow pour from a lone harmonica, crying to the world in an abundant storehouse of grief.

Standing in line, awaiting the compassion of another person who randomly comes along, matching stride and falling in beside me.

Such long enduring periods of loneliness, followed by an emptiness and final feelings of sheer abandonment.

A hole being deeper than anyone could ever dream or think of, sitting here in my heart, filled with tears and flowing sadly down the long, lonely road of life.

Searching for the pathway to a semblance to life once again, afraid there might not be one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Souls

Talking interiorly with souls sent from above,
listening to their words touch my mind's
emotional tides as I automatically write their
feelings from the other side.

Beautifully scented from heaven's gardens, sent
to fill poems with sentimental ties to loved
ones on earth, alone and saddened by the losses
in their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Sounds Of Darkness

Pressing keys of enticing chords, filling me with a supply
of unending energy that keeps me going throughout the night,
listening to sounds of darkness.

Letting them fill my mind with their echoes, leaving their
impressions within photographic screens of memory forever,
lasting tributes to the energetic life I've lived.

Through the years, everything from the past and present
are brought into the future, photographically intact, en-
tirely giving pleasure throughout hours of nighttime bliss
while writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Speakers

Here at this Republican dinner, watching, listening to speakers, talking about many issues pertaining to the election and it's goings on.

Thinking, living on the edge, taking thoughts wholly into intellect to be mulled over later, ideas coming together rapidly as things proceed on schedule.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Tempos

Walking down alleys, listening to tempos as they continue
to play my mind, falling like raindrops on a silvery day,
touching my mind with their moistness, happily taking in-
tellect into the fray.

Surprise and wonder touching my soul, bringing it closer
to the Divine where God keeps me safe and protected, noth-
ing able to bother or hurt me, watching as faith and hope
keep growing exponentially.

Both night and day, exploding sounds titillating interiorly,
no one can see it happening, yet my being turns everything
into poetry which I continue to write and share here on
.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To The Past

Listening to the past set in melodies of yesterday's picturesque scenery, testing it's mettle against that of today.

Finding little differences in their patterns, yet progress of today seems to either be interfering or bringing things to better positions at times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To The Radio And Television

Listening to 'Over the Rainbow' on the radio, a tribute to Bill's memory,
remembering watching both Beth and Bill on channel 3 every morning.
They always brought peace and humor that lasted all day long.
A wonderful gift, given freely by the two of them to so many people in all walks of life.
Such a sad day when Bill was taken from us, yet he remains in our memories, and angel on earth.
So many treasures in every image that is remembered through the years.
All of the laughter and pleasure given by Beth and Bill will never be forgotten as long as I live.
Reaching out now to Beth in poetry, giving her a gift in poetical verse, sharing with her like they did for all of us over the years.
Knowing that your gift has been much appreciated by this poet as I thank you for being a bright star in my routine life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Thoughts

Mesmerized by the dead of night, listening for thoughts to
come alive, as they do, writing them down inside this book.

Filling many pages with the travesties of life, easing the
loneliness for everyone.

Taking all which has been given, asking for nothing more -
only longing for my Lord is important to each moment of my
life.

His love echoes and rebounds from my emptiness, taking with
it all cares and reminisces.

Faltering alongside the path of life, keep on going, asking
God to keep my life with Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Time

Slowly, listening to time move forward, watching the second hand
keep up always, at times wishing it would slow down and give more
time to enjoy moments of inspiration.

Playing with rhythms and music, taking care to remember it all in
photographic moments and videos, memories are sacred, to be cherish-
ed and treasured by their owners throughout life.

Spoken aloud to loved ones, shared with friends, important aspects
of a mere poet's life, not so special maybe, but it's what has made
the person who writes poetry incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Whispering Trees

Watching trees behind me, whispering to one another
in an afternoon breeze.

Listening from afar, hoping to hear a little of their
conversations.

Too far away though, just watching them gently in the
afternoon sun, talking amongst themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Whispers

Trudging quickly through fields of bluened flowers,
sending me into gates of heavenly aromas, as I feel
lifted spiritually into realms of existent prayer,
soulfully being elated with a joy not of this earth.
Trying on all avenues of beauty to find one that fits
my mood of undelectable sorrow.
Judging from minors of yesterday, I calmly reminisce
of those times that no longer fit me.
Sojournly finding pathways, leading me farther into
deepened ebony forests.
Hiding me forever beneath dead leaves and branches of
eternal rest in death.
Covering me at last so I may disappear and never be
found again.
Listening to whispers beyond what I can hear on earth
now and forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Wisdom

Life travels the circumference
of our beings while alive.
Enjoying it's presence,
listening to wisdom residing within,
becoming the people we are destined
to be on earth.

(10: 45 a.m. - 11/14/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening To Wonder Of Life

Listening to the wonder of life through it's mysterious symphonies as they play for each of us individually, interpreting them in our own ways.

They are each given to us in coded rhythms so only we may hear and understand our mission and purpose in this life.

At times being confused and wondering if we've figured out what it is we're supposed to be gaining throughout our life's exact destiny.

Moving forward, always searching for the truth and it's reality of what we're each here for on earth, a blessed pathway that everyone of us must take alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening Together

Rocking through centuries of music, enhancing our lives
with it's melodic rhythm and usefulness in times of stress.

Relaxing, resting, listening as we carry on our daily lives
in joy of being together every day.

Complimenting ourselves with each other as we dance into
the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Listening Without Hearing

Silently speaking, intellect is somehow telling us
what our thoughts are as they are instantly being
formed and interpreted, Never any doubts about
where they are forming and coming about.

Listening without really hearing, still interpreting
them innately somehow, mysterious and intriguing,
touching upon the divine, being right on edges of
it continually.

Concepts and imagination mixing and blending with
imagination and abstracts, standing out in the
atmosphere of an interior universe that I can see
at any time, but what of other people?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Literal Derivations

Leaves of apprehension fall over my vision, caressing
it's thoughts with peaceful recognition and substance.
Inspiration floats, covering me with anticipation and
brevity as I continue to write through all types of
feelings and significant meanings.
Improvising, matter-of-factly, as literal derivations
co-exist cohesively, adjacent to leaves of apprehension
as they cover me with autumnal secrecy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Literal Paintings

Living in a cocoon of my own making, feeling peaceful
and at ease within my mind and soul.
Recognizing natural beauty in rhythms as I encase life
in an imaginational depth beyond my horizons.
Accentuating every thought as it presents itself in
images from beneath coverlets of subconsciousness,
placing their pictures into words, forming literal oil
paintings to placate this mind's experience and sense
of wonder and awe of everything in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Literal Remorse

Blinds of indecision open and close as we collect
our thoughts literally from puddles of remorse.
Thinking, blending with feelings on voyages of
grief-stricken highways, forfeiting our rights
to personal individualism.
Attempting to protect ourselves, we wear masks
and build defenses to stay aloof, not letting
anyone get close enough to know our preferences
in life.
Preferring to keep silent on wakes of turbulent
ocean waves and striving to continue to live on
desert plains, alone, with no iota of significance
planted on our horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Literally Traveling The World

Living in prose through rhythms and music, mind dancing
happily, never having enough of it's splendid beauty,
silence being penetrated by music.

Taking me into dimensions and universes of other times,
past, present and future, finding life through lonesome
days, sorrow and sadness.

Forgetting all that has hurt me throughout this earthly
life, shaking it from my being, starting every moment
over again with a fresh new attitude and mood.

Giving my all in every endeavor, writing poetry incess-
antly, finding myself as I travel the world literally,
then writing about it from my mind and intellect poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Literary Plights

Laces of time lie unbroken upon sacred ground, never
trampled on, always thrown about without a second care.

Forging into deep, black nights, brought on by literary
plights, hesitantly authors write duos of many words.

Fighting relentlessly back and forth, trying to be the
first to write the world's greatest books.

Mesmerized by the talent of others, left alone to come
up with words of their own.

Jostling everything, just to have some peace and quiet,
totaling nothing, writing pages of sentences.

Talent sitting far away from the population growing
impatient with the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Literary Thought

Sanguinely deporting dreams
into daily conscious thoughts.
Not withholding anything from
writing prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Literate Assets

Water cascading into my mind, rinsing it clean,
preparing it for a whole new blend of
creative processing.

Tapping in to every niche and cavern,
bringing about new turns of events and twisting
around, forming beautiful assets to be lit up in
literature of the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Literate Behavior

Situating self between now and beyond,
locating talent on shores of everyday brilliance.
Taking notice of details, meticulously touching fibers
and particles of literate behavior through words of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Literate Forums

Rehearsing life from beginning to end,
locating thoughts along the way and using
them to discover novel poems of literate forums.
Tasting the delicious flavors upon my taste buds,
savoring them flagrantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Literate History

Riding enduring waves of instrumental voices, listening to their many coded messages as they play for me alone it seems.

Carefully tending beauty as it grows and blossoms tenderly the more I listen to this Indian music.

Fortunate to be able to be a part of literate history in a scientific mode and avenue of intellect.

Traveling down byways on outskirts of imagination, taking along the benefit of a lasting effect on this brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Literate Intellect

Titillating a sense of humor, giving it a chuckle as I smile inside.
Not being afraid to laugh at people's foibles (including my own) , enjoying myself immensely.
Token favorites sit upon my brain and are remembered on video screens kept intact inside my mind.
Talented literate intellect always on top of everything, keeping it separate, yet filling pages with the poetry it can write and justify on a daily basis.
Enjoying the immense difference it makes in my dull, routine lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Literate Knowledge

Knowledge sitting around, keeping it's stance in twilight years, hoping to make a break for wisdom's sake.
Tearing apart, severing things from old, trying to remake literature from the inside out.
Placating mindful ideas, reshaping every thought, bringing novel beginnings to literate meanings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Literate Meanings

Hitching imaginary horses,
wanting to ride into sunsets
full of literate meanings.

Kicking hooves into the dusty
trails, climbing mountains.

Crossing rivers into desert
terrain where life is simple.
Flowsing easily through
years of life, until its ending
sends us all up the river and
into our eternities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Literate Puzzles

Musically calling, not letting me ignore it,
filling my mind with it's tantalizing sounds,
drawing me into reveries of poetical words
and phrases.
Life beckons behind and between words and
their meanings, sewing literate puzzles for
me to express in writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Literate Rides

Listlessly portraying life in words of poetry, sanguinely listening to their promises as I wait in expectant hopes for classical compositions, touching nerve endings of imagination.
Billowing clouds above, fingering notes as I playfully write and endure hours of concentration.
Following examples, taking moments to expand an idea, filling it with emotional tides and taking it for literate rides into nights of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Literature For Hogs

Skipping heart beats, riding along streets, mixing life with glory and fun.
Not reflexing to any specific time, just listening to inner rhythms as they produce works of literature for hogs on the road.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Literature On My Mind

Guitar strumming, taking me into skyways of the future,
finding literature forever on my mind, music deafening the
world around me, rhythms filling my mind and intellect totally
and fully.

Surpassing interior curiosity, rising ever higher, twisting
and turning in tempos as ideas and thoughts capture whatever
it is that I'm thinking at any given time in this temporary
life here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Literature's Purity

Catching eyes of my mind, taking them on travels of picturesque beauty, riding inner skyways of imagination's depths.

Thoughts cascading like Niagara Falls into consciousness, cleansing and filling it with a purity of literature and reverence for life and it's wisdom.

Titillating circumstances into being, as they swim into abysses, lighting the way to fame after I'm gone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Album Of Life

Living in a cocoon of poetical nature and an intellectual
dimension, getting energy from an interior spirituality,
and holding onto the essence of my spirit.

Letting it touch my being, filling me with an effervescent
imagination, totally loving this inner universe where I
can be free and independent.

No one to depend on me here, silence and peace almost on
that of a level with heaven, not quite, responding to not
hing but an inner energy.

Filled with illuminating thoughts and concepts, roaming
through imagination, enjoying everything seen around me,
taking it all in.

Placing everything on photographic screens where they will
be preserved in memories all of my life, being treasured
and cherished, my own little album of life here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Angel

Pale moonlight glimmering off the earth showing an angel - an angel on roller skates.
Skating, gently rolling she fell - turning the grass down with a soft thump.
Getting up her head brushed against the trees and they whispered to each other in the night.
Little angel then disappeared.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Boulders

Little boulders piled atop one another,
sheltering and hovering closely together.

Appearing strongly attuned to their serene
surroundings, allowing moments to write
about them in this poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Brother

Timing is just right, giving rhythms to write through,
listening to my little brother in his grief.

Holding him constantly in images of prayerful solace,
hoping to comfort him from across the world.

Holding him in my heart for safe keeping, giving it's
attention in his atmosphere and dimension.

Traveling across the world, trying to take care of his
broken heart that can never be mended in this life.

Often listening to his tears fall into my mind, nothing
to be done except BE here for him as often as I can.

Possibly leading him through the darkness and helping
find a new normal for his future on earth.

Needless to say cheer up, for it is impossible in his
present condition of sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Child

The dawn awakes and gently kisses me.
Clouds pass overhead.
I thank God that I'm alive and rejoice again
for His love divine.
So tender are His thoughts for me -
so great His love is too.
That when I'm withered, old and gray
I will still be His little child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Gifts

Living in another day, chasing clouds of darkness away
from my interior life through prayer and contemplation,
finding peace needed to live this life as it's meant to
be lived.

Loving, caring, being compassionate, helping and taking
care of others, always being open, ready to offer what-
ever may be needed.

Tears may be falling within yourself, yet reaching out
to another having trouble or difficulty will ease your
own pain.

Tears will be wiped away spiritually through the giving
of self to another in need, a positive and enlightening
way to overcome our own suffering, loneliness, emptiness
and abandonment.

Giving of oneself brings goodness and relief to another
and is returned ten fold to us without ever having to
ask for it in return.

A holy and wonderful blessing sent to us from heaven a-
bove, little gifts given to us spontaneously without
having to be asked for.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Girl Eyes

Saddened little girl eyes, not wanting to be left behind,
but wanting to stay home with her daddy.

Playing Barbie's every day, enjoying being with one another
and having fun together.

A special relationship held closely by a Grandma and her
beautiful granddaughter, craving love from her favorite
person, after her daddy.

Carrying on with impressions of family in one person who
means the most to her after her daddy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Girl Memories

Memories of being a little girl pop up at times,
whenever I'm having fun and enjoying myself,
knowing it's my inner child smiling from within.

Beautiful images and thoughts flow from these
treasures throughout the years, giving pleasure
and adding to this photographic memory.

Things that I'll always cherish and hold dear
forever, or as long as I'm alive and can look
back with a smile at what I once did.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Girl Of God

Gently into the night voices ring out in glory to God, sitting here in a church, watching an adorable little girl of one getting up, dancing, spinning in circles, joy filling every feature of her happy face.

Now having fallen down, dizzy, not being perturbed, waiting for a moment then getting right back up doing it again, repeating a word of the song being sung off and on, cute, adorable child of God, totally precious.

Rejoicing and enjoying being a part of the Christmas celebration tonight, what a wonderful spiritual innocence is now flowing from this little girl of one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Girl Responding To Song

Choir singing Hallelujah, a young girl of one walking forward,
totally involved in it's music, arms flowing as if she's con-
ducting the orchestra before us.

Not listening to her father to come to him, dancing joyfully
to her own beat and song within, innocence of childhood being
shared with everyone around her.

Touching our spirits with glee as those of us who can see her,
smile from within, sharing their love for this cute little
girl of God's.

Precious and pure, doing nothing wrong, just responding to the
song of the Lord now being sung by the choir, as we watch the
beauty of her little spirit being fulfilled.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Girl Voice

Living in a fantasy world, making it up as I go along,
unafraid of anything standing in the way.

Softly whispering in a little girl voice, wondering
what has happened in life, why am I not enjoying it?

Folding and unfolding effects of yesterday, undecided
yet on what to do, having learned to give in or up
when the questions were too tough.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Glance Of Life

Turning pages of life's memories slowly, looking back so silently
at how it all began and now watching it's ending, curtains closing
upon landscapes of life without any fanfare or ado.

Just a separating invisibility taking place before us from one
moment to the next, our lungs depleted of oxygen, heart stopping
and we are gone beyond the life we've always known.

Silently and forever going away and no one yet knows where, no
one able to find us as we wend our paths of destiny into waste-
lands of yet another time and place.

We cannot even fathom let alone find our way from life to the un-
known in one little glance of life, perpetrated by something we
call death.

In the end leaving us bereft of everything we've ever known, so
what is the sense of being in the first place here on earth, what
is the reason I wonder, are we paying for Adam and Eve's mistake?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Granddaughter

Holding my granddaughter in my arms, sound asleep.
Kissing her forehead gently so as not to wake her up.
Heart swelling with love beyond itself, eyes stinging from tears of joy.
God touching our souls as one, our granddaughter, full of the Holy Spirit -
leading her through life and guiding her according to God's love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Haunting Whispers

Silently pounding an inner drum, listening for it's answer
within coded rhythms being played, intense and rewarding,
listening to melodies.

Rehearsing words wanting to be said, but this voice won't
utter a sound, only little whispers haunting beneath the
surface of life as it's being lived and experienced in
tunnels of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Hearts

Everything big comes from something small, our little hearts give love to another, just a small little organ in each of us.

Yet able to fill a person with unconditional love, self-assurance and compassion, sharing with others in life our love.

Single little moments in life added together complete our lives with bittersweet memories to be remembered by those who have loved us when we have ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Images

Letting go, soaring into the atmosphere, standing alone
in the storm, quietly staring into the future.

Thinking about how far I have come through the years,
wishing to go back and retrieve some precious moments
that have been treasured all my life.

Knowing in this heart that nothing can change, bring
back or take them away from me.

Tears falling, justifying the beauty of those times
that have been lost.

Crystal teardrops, holding memories in their little
images of love forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Jazzie

Writing helps keep feelings at bay, but only for a
while as tears spill about in terms of endearment
for our 'little Jazzie'.
Such a perfect puppy, smart, intelligent, crystal
blue eyes that turned red when light hit them in
the darkness.
Saddened days ahead without her by my side, because
she died this morning around 8: 15 a.m.
Jazzie was sunshine in our lives, cheering us up
when she sensed that we were sad.
Now she's not here to comfort us anymore and she's
missed exceedingly - another eternal night of the soul
has entered life today.
Farewell to little Jazzie, we will miss you forever
on earth as you play in heaven with your mom, Hershey
Boo.
One day we will be reunited and we all look forward
to our reunion.

(6: 56 p.m. - 8/8/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little John

Intense feelings of becoming grief, knowing now that little John has inoperable cancer of the brain and can die at any time.

Such a wonderful, warm, kind gentleman, full of energy, hope and life.

Always dancing, bringing joy to those around him.

Manners expounding, facing head on what is ahead of him with expectant hope and faith.

Quietly abounding, reaching out to others in life, taking each day in stride as best as he can.

A tribute to him, set in this poem for all to know how much he is loved and appreciated by those who have come to know him here at the center.

We are here on the sidelines, allowing him to be what he must, and to do what he needs done.

Our hands are always proffered in case he needs anything from us, as this poem herein indicates.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Leaf

Little leaf fallen to the ground, all brown.
Lies shivering and shaking in the wind, not
knowing what will become of him.
Fearfully waiting for death to complete it's
job, the little leaf lies praying - trusting
in God's eternal life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Life

Slipping along paths in life, trying to stay on the straight
and narrow, having a difficult time of it, because people in
life have you in their lines of sight causing you to topple
and fall along the way.

Being too innocent to realize their evil spirits until it's
too late, creating a world, alone inside, is the only way to
keep from coming within their reach.

Avoiding outspread hands, walking away and keeping on the
straight and narrow, because that is all that can be seen
in the simplicity of this little life of a mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Lone Rose

A rose blooming in the snow of winter, not feeling the
icy coldness somehow, looking fragrant and beautiful
under the winter sun.

Giving some joy just by seeing it, brightly red against
the stark white snow, a silent symbol of life and how
it continues to grow no matter what odds are against it.

Heavenly sign showing us that we can all blossom even in
the dead of a winter's lost love and it's total darkness,
it may be the most difficult obstacle in life to overcome.

Years later, remembering that little lone rose, never
forgetting the fragrance of it's everlasting essence in
my mind.

Now placing it into this little poem to be remembered
when I am no longer here on this earth, otherwise no one
will ever know it was here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Minds

Knowledge being pursued by little minds, trying to absorb everything, wanting to grow up way too soon.
Managing to be children, playing when they can, the rest of the time, living off of their parents ineptitudes and ignorance.
Never learning what it means to be a responsible citizen in every sense of the word.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Moments

Wide awake, yet dreaming of happier times
with friends at the center.
Talking, laughing, sharing with one another,
life's little moments of joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little One

Someday will never come until the last moment of breath on earth.
Then all of the sadness, sorrow, abandonment and suffering will have
ended on the last sound left behind.
Resting in the future of heaven with God forever beside me, never to allow me to feel any of those emotions again.
Taking my hand and refreshing my soul with the breath of His infinite mercy towards me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Ones Smiling

Frightening aspects of a Halloween design and costume,
lighting up faces of many youngsters out and about.

Enjoying themselves, being included in the mirth of
holiday festivities, not there myself, wanting to be
alone to write.

Little ones walking by, smiling as I smile back, just
enjoying the peace and calm being held closely inside
right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Ones Wanting To Share

Penetrating thoughts flying about this mind, reaching within
depths of mystery in experiences of life, unfolding, opening
like flowers in a garden.

Expressing their beauty and aromas to everyone who passes by,
showering their blessings and graces given by God above,
little ones rushing over wanting to smell each one.

Reaching out to grab and pull them out, just to give their
beautiful bouquets to parents, grandparents and siblings,
wanting to share with everyone they love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Prayer

God is the author of all that is good in this world,
and here I pray and thank Him.

Jesus, thank you for all that you do in my life, I'm
grateful for your mercy, understanding and forgiveness,
even though at times I feel I have no need of it.

Please forgive my human frailty as I continue to pray
and strive to be the person you have created me to
become.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Saviors

Soothing rhythms touching my mind's heart, trying to calm emotions and feelings of intense anger and emptiness.

Calling to you from within, my heart crying out, anguish penetrating my entire being, there is nothing to be done, I cannot cope.

Yet, listening to music, it's rhythms seem to grasp the emptiness, taking me into another dimension far away and into another world.

Holding desperately to these little saviors, notes and tones quieting the anger somehow within, selecting the emotions to be soothed.

Music finds the ties binding my being to them, giving me a reprieve, although tears still fall through it all anyway as I listen to it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Sisters

This heart goes out to the Little Sisters of the Poor who
taught me many things while working with the elderly.

Working in their atmosphere of unconditional love, I was
allowed to grow in many ways and am very thankful for all
the years I was blessed to work and volunteer for them.

Always will I treasure the Little Sisters in a special place
within my heart and soul.

They helped and nurtured my contemplative, spiritual interior
soul for which I will forever be grateful.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Space

Somehow missing filling this little space with poetical prose, having to fill it with whatever comes to mind.

Things happen once in a while and you have to learn to go along with them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Things

Daily life sets aside breath-taking moments,
filling our beings with joy over very little
things, ordinary in many ways.

Finding light shining into corners, illuminating
the holiness wrought by nature, bringing us to
our knees in praise of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Things In Life

Sharing and living an entire life together, finding
new and exciting things to do, having fun, laughing,
holding each other's eyes and smiling.

All the little things in life are now gone, ones I
treasured so preciously, are now only memories, look-
ing into your eyes in pictures, gives no love.

Seeing only the blank stare of the paper it's printed
upon, tears start flowing because I cannot see your
love shining from them anymore.

Life has become a bluened atmosphere nothing except
sorrow surrounding me daily, wishing to be with you
once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Tidbit

Sublime and profound thoughts are continually flowing
throughout intellect, taking care to keep everything
spelled correctly.

Not liking to make mistakes when trying to express my-
self, a little tidbit that has always been a part of
writing both music and poetry.

Like a locket kept close to my heart, vocabulary being
cherished along with grammar and punctuation together,
when making the rare mistake I will leave it as it is,
to prove that I too am only human.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Treasures Of Nature

Singularly finding a way to begin a new solo journey
down a brand new path, created just now.

Picking up little treasures of nature, sauntering
along, enjoying the beauty of simple things in life.

Grasping hold of a fallen leave, a stone with an un-
usual shape, a tiny shell from a tree, looking like
an acorn, only very tiny.

All of nature holds so much to look at, loving to
find her small details on the pathways of this life.

Senses awakened with the feel of new textures and
novel patterns of intricate delicacy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Little Unwanted Reprieve

This morning, forgot to put batteries in my CD player so
I have to listen to elevator/exam room music, kind of
dull, but my mind can adapt quickly.

Wanting to splurge and rapidly go forward, instead being
held back by slow music changing my usual pace of writing,
soliloquys of ideas swimming lazily about.

Watching me with a smile, knowing how much I'd rather be
speeding along with rhythms, allowing this little reprieve
to write how it is for this poet's intellect when having
to use other means to listen to musical rhythms and write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Live Band Wanted

Out for a night of gentle entertainment, music, friendship,
a little gaiety.
Sitting in a chair instead, watching a basketball game on
a television across the room
Something that could be done at home in the living room.
Wasting valuable time sitting, while a live band plays on.

(8: 37 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Live Each Day

Death is all around us.

This earth spins constantly,
it may one day stop.

What is our future? No one knows.

Each day is a splendid opportunity
to live our lives to the fullest.

Doing what we can to help each
other.

Preparing daily for our finality
while enjoying the precious moments
we have together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Live Paintings

Quietly sitting, watching reflections as if they were
live paintings.

Noticing their lack of color in the evening light, they
look dead-pan faced with no emotions showing.

Every once in a while, figures going walking or running
through the reflections of images, which I am staring at.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Live Taping

Rocking out with Peggy and Neil at Bitzy Mama's,
enjoying their music as it's taped live here tonight.
Choices of songs filter through our ears, tantalizing
and titillating our hearts and minds.
Chomping at the bit of rhythm, we swing into tempo
without another thought of it's origin.

(7: 16 p.m. - 11/20/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lively Anticipation

A lively anticipation is surrounding people upstairs who are waiting for the silent auction and raffle winners to be announced.
Many respectable folks have joined the Marines and are joyfully celebrating this joyous time of year.
All giving a helping hand to those much less fortunate than they are.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lively Atmosphere

Rocking and rolling, having fun, enjoying this atmosphere of lively entertainment, everything melting away in the fascination of a good time being had by all of us here.

Loneliness, sorrow and sadness evaporating into thin air, no one even noticing that it's happening, all are too busy dancing, singing, laughing, having the time of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lively Conversation

Finding words to meld into a song of love and meaning,
all of it turning into poetical interludes instead.

Dancing melodies touching, reverberating and bringing
me into a lively conversation with intellect.

A beautiful and proper infusion of illuminated know-
ledge, turning around in an atmosphere of enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lively Despair

Splendid character beaming throughout the world,
shining personality, so charismatic, endearing,
and believable.
Solidly built on spiritual qualities, fulfilling
innate talent with utmost ability.
Surrounding adjacent positions of worth,
creativity abounds on curvaceous realms of inner-
most destiny.
Building upon life's imaginative consciousness in
moments of lively despair.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lively Feelings Of Joy

Listening to rhythms dance and prance around in intellect, giving lively feelings of joy and elation, serving pleasure throughout life as our souls continue to create energy.

Beyond this earthly world, waiting to see our breathless anticipation as we reach out in an avid liveliness, looking forward to becoming a part of it totally and wholly, separating one from the other during midnight hours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lively Group

Regular songs being sung at the Wagon Yard for karaoke.
Beautiful tones and sentiments being shared by everyone here.
A lively group intent on having fun and relaxing in friendship and conversation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lively Messages

Ricocheting through imagination and intellect, ideas forming
and wanting to be heard religiously no matter what, spirited
and lively messages becoming clearer and focusing better than
ever in lines of poetry.

Triggering sublime and profound thoughts, scattering them
around, letting them cogitate, being sated totally, immersing
them intensely into feelings and emotions so they will have more
definition and meaning to anyone who reads them in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lively Spirits

Raising voices, sounding in perfect pitches,
lively spirits flowing in the room through
selected music.

Seeing the spotlights travel across the
floor, my two year old granddaughter
watches, wanting to capture each one.

Seeing a woman singing beautifully, staring
at her and wondering at the lights moving
all around her.

Swirling, stopping, moving in time with the
rhythms all night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lively Taste Of Sound

Being on a roll tonight, non-stop writing of poetry, savoring
the delightful melodies being played in synch, giving every
moment a lively taste of sound.

A never-ending eloquence of delight, forming and changing de-
signs and patterns with every note, rearranging the musical
sounds to an exacting liking of literary involvement.

Reversing and then going forward in time to the whistle of a
lonely train going slowly down the tracks of this life, a
journey being found at the ending of another day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lives Of Many Other's Minds

Searching, dividing thoughts, separating them into many
poems of poetical interludes, switching and piecing each
into picture puzzles in lives of many other's minds.

Living on through wonders of intellect and being left on
pages of poetry journals for anyone in the world to read,
opening up portals and new avenues of creativity.

Letting in the light to those whose minds have been narrow-
ed or closed for so long, now through poetry, rhythms tickle
and awaken what they never knew was there.

Simultaneously and intelligently, lifting everyone into
spacious knowledge of another universe, dimensions opening
up their doors, letting exploration and discovery take place.

Succinct and appropriate, all is given and taken in a music-
al, poetical fashion, to be lived and honored forever in our
world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lives Of Reality

Softly playing rhythms are touching my mind through
Chopin's melodies, filling me with spirits, soaring
beautifully into the stratosphere.

There I fall into the wonder and awe of childhood
fantasies and creative imagination, intellectually
finding spirituality in tune with my heart and soul.

Giving intense pleasure throughout every moment in
this life, finding creative ideas being designed by
intellect.

Imagination taking patterns, matching them quickly
and quietly into thoughts, so poetry can be written
constantly.

Rhythms folding and unfolding, touching upon the
Divine, giving reasons for being, having faith and
hope, yet still not really knowing beyond that.

Living in the uncertainty of this life, doing my
best to survive it's difficult times along with those
that are fine.

Slowly moving between lines of reality and sublime
imagination, doing the best I can as life carries me
forward into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lives Of Recollection

Energetically romping across realms of reality,
exercising special techniques and arousal of
peaceful interjection into saddened lives of
recollection.

Altogether finding answers to loneliness for
periods of space in memory.

Trampling down aisles of gardens, looking at
beautiful sights brought together for visions
to begin and end with.

Joining always with interior motives of
contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lives Pass Us

Many lives pass before us, reaching out as we walk by.
Touching our hearts and making a difference in the way
we view each other.
Beauty lies in our individual souls, awaiting recognition
as we get to know and understand one another through
friendship.
Having met is the first step towards reaching out and
making a difference as we walk by in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lives Suspended

Recesses in life, delving into pits of hell as people we know fall and get caught up in trials and suffering.
In essence, they are taking advantage of the misfortunes to rest and get stronger.
Taking a realistic stance, knowing that there are many situations creeping up on them.
Softened hearts, maintaining their lives in suspended animation for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Livid Expression

Feeling alive this morning, having been awakened by thoughts
interrupting dreams, wanting to be recognized and written
about in poetry.

A livid expression of whatever happens to appear, colorful
and beautiful, taking me into space, going past Mars and
Pluto, respectively.

Never losing the hope of actually visiting them one day in
the future, meanwhile visiting them in dreams and imagination.

Testing strength and character as I follow pathways leading
into the beauty of all life, taking every opportunity to give
explanations of everything seen as I wander this planet, earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Livid Portraits

Portraying livid portraits through words of precision.
Talking quietly in hallways of my mind, finding
expressions of musical tones, inspiring every darkened
corner with enigmatic wonder and awe.
Scientific prose, entering into dimensions of future
existence, ready for any type of description on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living

Looking out over a great expanse,
wonder in my heart at what is to become of me in the coming days.
At peace no matter what,
living each day as if it's my last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living A Blessed Earthly Life

Sauntering down life's roads, seeing sights, being one with nature, living a blessed life and enjoying every moment with family and loved ones.

Taking steps to enrich other's lives, helping wherever I can, learning and teaching along the way, spending time with Grand-kids, loving to be with them.

Encouraging laughter and compassion of everyone that comes into their lives, a wonderful way to fulfill peace for all of humanity, beginning with those closest to us, moving outward from there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living A Blessed Life

Taking time to climb mountains within, rejoicing in
their height and beauty.

Loving the exhilaration as I scale canyon walls and
look down from steep cliffs high above earth.

What a blessed life I live as I sit upon boulders,
alone with God, having a spiritual encounter with Him.

Nothing can compare at all, looking out upon landscapes,
watching clouds float by above.

The two never meeting, just complimenting one another
throughout the moments spent with them both together.

Spreading my wings, soaring into depths of life's
exclusiveness.

Listening to rhythms of nature as they beat along with
rhythms of my heart within.

Solemn and quiet, rejoicing to be invited by our Lord
into His spheres of contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living A Dream

Changing fortunes are coming soon in the guise of poetry
and fame.

Living the dream written in poems of life, knowing soon
that they and I will be in the books of literature forever
in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living A Fantasy

Settling into the nature of my being, finding the
essence that cannot be taken from me interiorly.

Fantastic and enchanting, giving beauty an atmos-
phere not ordinarily seen in this world.

Fading into the distance, living dreams of fantasy
having been created from imagination.

All due to the nature of my being as it exists here
on earth in it's entirety.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living A Fuller Life

Appreciating life and everything it has to offer, always
ready for any challenge it throws at me, ready to try or
experiment with anything at least one time.

Trying everything I possibly can, living a fuller life
than most, taking on all that enters or crosses my path
in life.

Filled with enthusiasm and a positive attitude, never
once thinking about losing or failing, just enjoying
every moment as I wake up every day.
iving in heaven while still on earth, making life the
wonder and beauty that is truly is, wandering in and out
of every situation and experience with faith, hope and
clarity, knowing tomorrow will always be a better day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living A Life I Profess

Forging my spirit into the atmosphere of an inner universe,
letting it fly and soar freely without holding or barring
it in any way.

Totally allowing it space and freedom needed to dive into
thoughts and poems written one after another without stopping.

A better place can never be found on earth than right
within myself.

Believing and living the life I profess from the essence
and passion since being born.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living A Life Of Liberty

Silently and absorbingly, music takes me into exorbitant
avenues of poetical interludes, touching upon excitement
and thrills of intellect.

Sliding in and out of rhythms, having a wonderful time,
anticipating the wonder and curiosity of this poet's life
through measures of music.

Every chance to bring life into the bigger picture, awe-
some and impeccable attitudes of positivism, overflowing
with the utmost in beauty and nature.

Continuing to write rapidly and incessantly, feeling
tender emotions fill my being every moment, living a
life of liberty, wild and untamed forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living A Life Of Opposites

Living a life of opposites and extremes, adapting throughout life
to all of them, wondering why it is expected of us, watching some
people all over the world, seeing their lives of goodness.

They are doing good, having compassion and caring, then others who
are evil, committing atrocious acts of barbarism, hurting, killing
and maiming innocent people.

There has to be a median where good finally overcomes evil so our
world can settle down and have peace for everyone in the world at
last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living A Life Of Poetry

Softly, gently, living a life of poetry, letting it feed quietly
into imagination where many adventures fulfill the dare devil
within.

Climbing mountains and swimming beneath the sea, always looking
for excitement and thrills that will satisfy curiosity for ex-
treme sides of life.

Ones that seem to entice and energize an inner purpose while
living a poetically musical life through art and memories of
past experiences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living A Miracle

Your heart, love, your life, all contained within,
feeling your unconditional peace of mind filling
me entirely.

Giving comfort and joy throughout eternity, walking
with you daily, being held closely and protectively,
knowing I'm in love and being loved in return.

It's the most exciting and pleasurable feeling one
can have in this mortal world, knowing you're living
a miracle with the one I truly love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living A New Life Each Day

Rejoicing in this bright new morning, awaiting special graces that will come our way during the day, loving the fact that every day is a brand new one.

Leaving behind the previous day with whatever tension, stress and suffering was left, disappearing through dreams of the night.

What a wonderful gift our Lord has left us with, living a new life each and every day, never having to live the same one over and over.

Letting go of all hardships, sacrifices and sadness of the previous day, a totally brand new slate each morning that we awaken to, leaving us refreshed and ready to continue our lives once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living A Nonexistence

Feeling shards of my broken heart poke memories of yester-
day when we were together and so in love.

Always with one another, trusting and being one in our love,
doing everything, going everywhere together on another plain.

Connected to the Divine, being attuned to the goodness as it
touched us every day here on earth.

An intuitive and joyful attitude shared by us both through
our lives.

Having been given the best partners on earth, our hearts
having melded and become one from the very moment we met.

Missing you more than ever, wanting you so badly, living
a life of nonexistence now that you're gone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living A Poetical Dream

Fulfilling the freedom of my soul while writing, living
a poetical dream entirely, having published two books of
poetry.

Dreams do come true when working hard at achieving them
even though it's taken many years, never having any
doubts that it would come about.

Tantalizing, awesome, increasing daily in proportion to
how long writing commenced each day, now sixty-six, find-
ing joy, peace and serenity having finally attained a
life-long dream.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living A Story

Living a story that has not been told as yet,
writing moments of life in poetry.

One day when the last one has been written,
my story will have it's final ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Alone Poetically

Silent and soft, emphatically stating loneliness as it
touches this heart intensely, midnight coming and going,
leaving me in the darkness of another time.

Filled with grief that cannot be shared, strangers tak-
ing me into myself, so deeply that I can never again be
seen, except in the poetry that your read during life.

Stretching self across many horizons, living in each of
them separately, together, seasons al coming together
in filters of my mind.

Colors exploding, lifting spirits higher with every note
and sound, like lightening taking my mind creatively in-
to another phase where no one else can follow.

An emptiness filling me completely, taking my being off
into outer space, living alone poetically, loving the
solitude it gives to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Alone With Self

Today all is wonderful, life is good, peace abounds, except in the purest, deepest part of my heart.

Within, a sadness that cannot be quenched, gnaws away at the being I am.

Forgotten are the days when freedom was unknown, now I am grown and can do what I want with my life.

However, the past has it's tentacles wrapped tightly around my inner mind.

Tangled webs of reality have been spun into the very fibers of my soul since I was a little child and it's impossible to escape.

At least that's what I've found to be true, people come and go in life as if through a revolving door.

No one wanting to get to know another, the one beyond the tests, fears, insignificant dependencies that always crop up in the very beginnings of a relationship.

Everyone always drops out at this point, afraid that they will cling too much, no one giving any chances, just dumping another at the first sign of commitment.

Life will always be lived alone, because the final point has been reached in life, they cannot go any further, having been hurt too much by other people, this is the end.

All doors to friendship have been closed, not able to handle the constant rejection anymore.

Left alone to be themselves, surviving, albeit it will be a sterile environment, but that's much better than living through one emotional roller coaster ride after another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living And Experiencing Truths

Separating life into many spheres of intellect,
expecting only the best to happen in prose.

Always writing happily and carefree, even through
all the sadness, sorrow and abandonment.

Living and experiencing truths of this temporary
life, hoping to achieve our goals and dreams before
dying.

Holding carefully to promises of God as we progress
through every pathway of our destiny.

Leaving everything to take it's place in time, never
worrying about where we will end up in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living As If There's No Tomorrow

Swiftly taking steps in and out of measures of time, finding
ways to enter inner domains where life has a way of living
in a special and spiritual atmosphere.

Moving in rhythms and melodies that grasp onto the mind,
following them into outer universes and their inner dimen-
sions.

Carefully living as if there's no tomorrow, not even accept-
ing the fact that I'm strangely entombed within it, getting
up and traveling again and again.

Going through many storms, being stranded on foreign shores
far from anything familiar, yet feeling right at home through
it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Beneath Teardrops

Defying certain things in life, hoping to be energized
in times of loss, yet falling beneath life's curtains
of sorrow.

Crying incessantly and living beneath all the teardrops
falling upon me, their reverberations sounding in my
heart and soul, eternally marking the scars of loss in
this lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Consciously Creative

Movements and rhythms both culminating in pictures
of thought, allowing me to write poetically.

Loving motions happening all around in the environ-
ment and atmosphere.

Living in a consciously creative dimension that is
a combination of intellect and imagination.

A beautiful and flowing rhythm taking me soaring,
always comforting, soothing and finding solace.

Every moment falls within subconsciousness, where
all creativity begins and ends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Daily

Registering everything on an inner photographic screen,
keeping all memories cherished and treasured, never for-
getting a thing in this lifetime, both good and bad.

Feelings and emotions all being remembered too, bitter-
sweet and lasting forever, nothing to be done about any
of it that fills me interiorly.

Having Experienced every bit of what is remembered and
saved interiorly, just keeping it safely tucked away,
living daily, trying to put it in perspective.

Keeping it in the back of my mind, continuing to live,
yet it's getting more and more difficult to hold to,
because there's nothing left to grasp onto anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Daily Moments

Touching upon the beauty of life and nature, living daily moments with those we love and cherish, perplexed at times, that our minds are filled with puzzles of our directionless thoughts.

Placing our trust in things that have no meanings and hold no promise at all, wandering through the years, taking what we know and trying to make sense out of it, dying in the end knowing nothing more than wen we were born.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Dangerously In Mind

Recklessly playing with many thoughts, finding out where
each one will fit in, slicing, dicing, chopping and living dangerously within this
mind.

Unsurpassed in periods of restlessness, always being
reminded of the purity and innocence still contained within
this being.

Never tainted from outside sources, left to fend for
myself, talent is founded innately, giving much pleasure
as I write into the future of destiny.

Leaving all possibilities right here at my doorstep, never
touching outside areas of life unless they find their way
within.

Omitting nothing, giving eternity a run for it's money as
I dwaddle in the midst of a vast universe held inside.

Nothing to explain what it is that I do every moment lived
in writing poetry, satisfied and recognized by the world
as a purpose is fulfilled here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Death

Walking through a living death, filled with emptiness, loss and sorrow, attempting to find a way through this non-existence.

Finding it next to impossible, except for those who love and care for us with all their hearts, looking out for us, sharing, listening, being there.

Doing whatever they can to let us know that we're not alone, sacred friendships having great meaning and love for each of us in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Destiny

Inwardly finding strength through faith and hope,
being stubborn and having sheer will power in order
to continue living destiny that's for only one.

Portraying years in poetry always being written, now
achieving the impossible while going through hardships
and turmoil, standing on edges of a better tomorrow,
soon to be upon me when God decides He wants me at last

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Dreams And Reality

Justification of life comes full swing when thinking of little children, watching them play and learn right from wrong.

Living their dreams along with reality, excited and open to possibilities around them.

The world is their intellect where they learn quickly and undisguised, no lies entailed, only truths of life and nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Each Moment

Saluting and cajoling those who are around with a
cowboy grin and howdy from within.

Touching a place we call home, where we live in
peace and quiet as days pass by.

Allowing us to be comfortable and at ease with
ourselves, through our lifetimes together.

Waltzing and whispering as we glide across the
dance floor in recesses of our past.

We continually live each moment for the rest of
our lives, settling in and holding each other close.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Effortlessly

Blue skies shining down on a picturesque landscape,
enveloping me in a cocoon of interior life.
A soothing feeling that comforts me as I live
life effortlessly - interiorly - in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Every Moment

Being here at night, waiting for you to arrive,
unable to contain my excitement.

Loving you explicitly, smiling and wanting you
so closely within me.

Thinking only of our times that will be spent
together.

Living every moment in the scent of your manly
body, as you hold me gently through each night.

So totally accepting of one another, holding
love within, nothing able to take it away.

Life has been given to us only, loving, sharing
everything that we can fit into our hearts.

Every moment that we are breathing, we are grasping
onto the passion of our essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Every Moment Interiorly

Watching the world go round, people living and dying, going about their daily lives in spite of knowing what their endings will one day be.

Living every moment as if it will be my last, finding more enjoyment in it than those with plenty of time left to live the way they want to.

Watching as time is wasted, goals never attained and life fades into a mundane and ordinary atmosphere tainted with depression and negative attitudes.

Sorrow and anger filling some with emotions that will never get past the edges of their interior pity that they hold close to themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Every Precious Moment

Running into rocking measures of life, eager, exhilarated and full of energy to begin another day with peace, challenging it's very fortitude through hardships and suffering.

Fulfilling the usefulness and love for others through good deeds, caring and compassion, living every precious moment in the passion and essence of a sacred life created for humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Every Truth

Lifting my mind into clouds of imagination, soaring
into outer realms of inner dimensions.

Specially marking ideas with coded rhythms that no
one else will ever know.

Peacefully recognizing and living every truth that
is relegated to depths of this mind.

Passive, shy, living for the poetry that I continue
to write.

Depths of my personality falling from feelings and
emotions into volumes of poetry I write incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Experience In Life

Living in the experience of a lifetime, a healing of the
racial wound between Blacks and Whites being talked about
by many leaders across the U.S.A.

Americans learning the truth about the Fourteenth Amend-
ment, word spreading far and near, no one afraid of being
called a racist because of the truth of this movement.

It's taking America by storm and soon the world over will
be stepping up and taking charge in their own countries,
a refreshing step towards peace in the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Extremes

Learning lessons from every aspect we live through on earth,
keeping to ourselves in grief and loss, yet rejoicing when
with others filled with happiness and hope.

Living both extremes throughout life, never knowing which
one will happen or how, always being struck by sorrow and
sadness when those we love dearly are taken by death.

Celebrating their lives with tears of love, we find it's
difficult to get back into the life we are supposed to
live, even though they'll never be with us again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Faster Than Ever

Life has an abundance of gifts if your eyes are open to
seeing them, living faster than ever, every moment now
counting.

Totally aware of interior beings, spirits being rousted
with an intense liveliness, penetrating intellect, sur-
passing natural ways and escaping into another dimension.

There everything is pure and innocent, a lifetime of
beauty through a poetical eye, filled with the mystery
and magic of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living For Moments

Wandering into lands of another time, finding
patterns of life as I watch every detail in-
tensely.

Finding answers to all my questions from an
innate knowledge and wisdom.

Sacred and positive, living for moments of
time that take me away forever into an interior
spirituality.

Only there do I find self and the true essence
of purpose in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living For Rhythm's Essence

Having a penchant for music,
wanting to hear it all the
time, never tiring of it.

Only wanting to be a part of
it's rhythm.

Alone amid the notes, counting
time and being placed in verses
alone.

Turning rests over, just to be
a part of every stanza.

Living for the essence of rhythms
in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living For Sounds

Stepping staccatoly in time with rhythms, touching
my mind, never missing a beat, just living for sounds
that take me into many other dimensions and universes.

Watching through windows of my mind, searching deeply
into impossibilities that follow my interests, allow-
ing doors into other dimensions to open before me.

Keys to every one of them found in coded rhythms, their
many formulas and equations opening them all while I
listen to all types of music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living For The Rhythm

Drumming incessantly on the air drum, breaking the
sound barrier, taking down the house.
Living for the rhythm banging always in my mind.
Totaling the essence of my being as I continue to
write late into the night without stopping or taking
a break.
Breath-taking rhythms carrying me forward, not
relinquishing a single moment to sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living For Your Heart

Longing for those yesterdays when we were so happy and
in love, life used to be so great when we were together.

Your love filling me so exclusively, nothing or no one
coming between us ever.

Distant, far, feeling your missing heart in this life,
because you are so far away except in mind and heart.

A perfect and lasting love that kept generating an excit-
ing love between us that never ended.

Your love has saved me from the emptiness and loneliness
of sorrow and grief until now.

Without you, I cannot even try to carry on, needing your
love to keep me alive, living only for your heart again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Free And Limitless

Shuddering windows of my being, wanting to escape the mundane
limits and boundaries of living, preferring to live through
imagination and writing.

Wanting to stay deeply embedded in the privacy of my own in-
tellect, not wanting any interference from others for they
put pressure, tension and stress where there should be none.

Finding the human touch a little too invasive and restrictive
most of the time, living freely as I want interiorly in a
bluened light.

It revives inner strength, faith, hope, compassion and caring,
leaving it up to me to follow the Divine which I always choose,
for life is much better when I do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living From Habit

When life is half over we fold unto ourselves,
partly alive, part death already.
We transpire into a past dream-like state,
living automatically from habit.
Watching leaves of our souls turn brown with
age, we yet see some green leaves holding on,
doing everything they can to keep us going.
Silently, one day soon, we will let go entirely
of all we know on earth and begin a new learning
experience beyond life as we have come to know it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Fully

Living for the lonesome roads, loving the highway, riding throughout the U.S., seeing our beautiful country, having freedom filled with independence.

Nothing to interfere with life at all when riding down the lonesome freeway of life, poetry and music making it all worthwhile.

Living fully every moment that I can, nothing to stop me except death peering over my shoulder constantly, while I continue to ignore it, not ready to succumb to it yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Fully In Prayer

Wandering avenues of prayer in this life, living promises
of God for all of us, loving feelings of being protected
and cared for.

Walking through paths of destiny that open before me in
every aspect of creativity, wonder and awe always at the
beck and call of curiosity.

Standing tall, never faltering, continually walking for-
ward through every hardship and sacrifice, only thoughts
spent on God as I live every moment fully.

Being His instrument in this temporary earthly life, holy
psalms always put to rhythms, spreading peace and serenity
throughout my being forever on this solo journey through
destiny and beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Happily

Soothing and placating my soul through writing poetry
helps keep me young and alive, even though having lived
sixty-four years so far.

Knowing that attitude is a factor in living happily,
always using innate talent to accomplish goals, reaching
out to others through an intense and innate curiosity.

It's appetite being so very intense and insatiable, using
it to learn and think about everything in this life.

Attempting to find answers that have always been elusive,
wanting to be the first to gain knowledge that everyone
else wants.

Keeping an open mind, absorbing everything on photographic
screens in memories of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Holy Lives

A cross stands silently aloud in stormy skies, guiding our lives, strengthening our souls to grow.

Faithfully raining upon innocent betrayers, purifying inner beings.

Above our sight, radiating life's goodness inside, stirring thoughts and ideas to live good, holy lives on earth while we are here for a time.

Loving sent straight to all souls, filling emptiness with holy tears, taking sinners, lifting them in forgiveness.

All of life lives in holy minds, being created, it will not betray us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Ignorance

Overhearing democrats talking about the inauguration,
realizing they're only repeating the lies they've heard
from the news media.

Wondering how anyone can be that illogical is beyond
logic and reasoning, we never bother talking to them
because it's useless.

Trying to reason with brain-washed people who're not
willing to listen to truth and facts is very frustrating
to say the least.

So saying a little prayer that God takes care of them in
their little closed minds, living where they are happy
and blissfully ignorant of reality, wanting to continue
to live in ignorance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Impossibilities

Tempting rhythms, taking me into myself, wallowing in mires of deathly poverty.

Moving alongside meanings of intense fortitude, placing everything in sequences of distant relativity, unknown except in the minds of a genius.

Solving elements of scientific mathematics and physics through innate intelligence.

Spoken only within a person, alive and vibrant with the insistence of a mind that will not listen to tried and true verdicts of other men who came before them.

Taciturn and hearty, living dreams of impossibility as they turn them into reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In A Blanketed World

Living in this earthly life, many times not having a clue what we're expected to do, somehow living in a blanketed world of loneliness and abandonment.

Tears of sorrow continually drenching us with the sadness of grief and loss throughout our lives, no reasons to be found while living here on earth.

Nothing being seen except pain and suffering along solo pathways during our lifetimes, doing our best to survive and keep ourselves intact.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In A Blossom

Living in a blossom of life, smelling it's
fragrance with my entire being.

Loving the freshness of it's essence as it
fills me with agile motions of being born again.

Swelling with senses, wanting to be fulfilled
with an inner spirituality.

Nothing can take away or touch the beauty which
continues to stop my heart with a divine faith.

Holding me close while walking across this earth,
living in a creative paradise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In A Cocoon

Fulfilling stations in life gives a purpose for us being here.
Touching reality with imagination, giving enlightened knowledge to our vision set within us.
Living in a cocoon of sorts, we thread together particles of existence, making patterns we can live with while on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In A Cocoon, Alone

Living in a cocoon alone, but not ever lonely, being tempted by nature, alluring thoughts and ideas, never looking beyond the music and rhythms while writing.

So solemn yet energetic, filled with vibrant feelings and emotions that taunt and want to be expressed in poetical forms of music.

Taking steps into landscapes of other universes, often staying there for hours and days at a time, beautiful long-lasting memories staying within my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In A Coma

Silently slipping beneath life's covers, needing a break
from all the suffering for a while, resting comfortably
in the arms of God, as I fade from this existence in a
moment of death.

Feeling the security, protection and love of God as I lie
here healing, being blessed with His grace and mercy, en-
livening my spirit and soul as He sees fit while living
in a coma.

Loving this feeling of freedom and liberty as I'm freed
from the hardships and suffering of this earthly life for
moments in time, experiencing the peace and serenity of
heaven's beautiful gardens of blue roses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In A Dream World

Fighting prejudice and ignorance of many who are on
drugs or drinking alcohol, thinking they are above
everyone.

Feeling that they are smarter than anyone else, in
reality they have stunted their maturity and intellect.

Unless working long and hard, not being able to think
realistically, logically and intellectually, they are
only living in a dream world where nothing is real.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In A Generous Nation

Always running the gamut of life, trying to do our best, finding ways to help other people in times of need or loss.

Contributing whatever we are able to, never considering the cost, just being caring and compassionate to our fellow man.

No matter their race, creed, religion, nationality, none of that matters when someone needs our help.

A generous nation that we live in, having taught our own children, hoping to carry on this tradition for generations to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In A Silent Melody

Steady beating, touching the interior of my being,
giving feelings and emotions to tuck into poems as
I am writing.

Rapid rhythms enticing further within self where no
one else can follow and I can be alone, writing what
I think and want.

No distractions nor disturbances, just being myself
and enjoying every moment of it to the utmost, giving
self in endeavors of writing poetry.

Delving into intellect where I can protect myself with-
out worry or strife, living on a perfect harmony and
silent melody alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In A Spiritual World

Staying in tune with an interior spirituality whenever
I write poetry, living alone and happy to be there.

Beauty and contentment filling my being consistently,
traipsing down paths created through imagination.

Intellect finding joy throughout every step taken into
the unknown.

A wonderful time, not knowing what lies ahead in thoughts,
looking forward to the experience independently.

Unknown atmospheres filled with exciting and enthralling
events that bring desires to a full feeling of senses.

Incomparable sensations being energized as I walk into
an unknowing nothingness that intellect and mind create
daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In A Vacuum

Required reading in life is whatever you can write yourself,
making your own volumes of poetry, telling of your struggle.

Eventually looking back, losing time, awakening constantly
in the dead of night, afraid and looking for someone's loving
care.

Removing all feelings, just to live in a vacuum alone, while
going through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In An Age

Living in an age of scientific and electronic technology,
growing so rapidly that even experts cannot keep up with
all the information and data being added every 20 minutes.

A great and wonderful way to stay abreast with what's now
going on, yet it's so fast that changes are happening con-
stantly, loving to learn, retaining and sharing with friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In An Age Of Corruption

Living in an age of corruption, it's spread throughout our entire government and that of other countries around the world.

People uniting, all of us voting for Donald Trump, wanting an end to political correction for it does nothing but cause intolerance, hatred and prejudice against innocent people.

Those who are tired of paying for illegals healthcare, food stamps, housing, cell phones, etc., when they can't even take care of their own families.

They are American citizens, struggling to survive and make a living, all looking to Trump to keep every promise that he's made to Americans and corrupt politicians be damned once and for all!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In An Existence Of Being

Steady, upbeat, getting rhythms into synch with
intellect, ready to write to them now.

Realizing that moments are taking over, blending
with abstracts and pouring out of my mind.

Into the atmosphere, totally living in an existence
of my being, as it runs faster into the scheme of
things to come.

No matter what happens to be going on around me at
any given moment in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In An Extreme World

Going as rapidly as I can, following fast-paced rhythms and tempos into other dimensions without anyone ever knowing, being soothed and tantalized by music.

Visiting outer regions of intellect and imagination, enjoying the direction and patterns of this mind through poetry, living in an extreme world, one that no other can fathom.

Just existing all alone in depths of coded rhythms, finding beauty and intrigue in every image and landscape, nature playing it's part in the wonder and curiosity of this interior life.

Feeling safe and protected all of life, preserving peace, solace and serenity, always delving and attuning self to tides of humanity and the world.

Peace being my ultimate dream throughout life, wanting it for people throughout this beautiful and awesome earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In An Inner Paradise

Like a clock filled solely with coded rhythms, counting down invigorating moments of a poetical life, energetically giving this soul the serenity it sorely needs.

Living in an inner paradise where no one else may enter, it is just self and the Divine where He has given His mercy and grace.

Gifts that will always and forever be cherished and treasured throughout the years of life on this earth and beyond into infinity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In An Intellectual Mind

Exciting, alluring my being into intellect's surroundings,
finding it to be exquisite and meaningful.

Definitions of this life finding the truth to live by and
posting them in poems all over the world.

Giving new meanings and prospects ideas in which to find
help for humanity and all of mankind.

Throughout history future generations can have a world
free of dictators and politicians who are corrupt.

Thankful that living in an intellectual mind now has a
purpose that can be seen and exercised everywhere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In An Interior Cocoon

Living in a cocoon, feeling safe and complacent, not
wanting to join in or mingle with others in life.

Preferring to be alone, writing, solace and serenity
being a part of who I am.

Touching the Divine in a bluened atmosphere, held with-
in an interior universe.

Giving my soul a reprieve from this earthly life, tending
to an inner knowing and intuition.

Always staying in a prayer-like stance, contemplating in
life and finding the ecstasy of an interior fulfillment
from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In An Unknown World

Living in an unknown world, curious from the very moment of birth, looking at and touching everything, using every sense within our beings to the fullest.

Writing, singing, drawing, whatever our innate talent happens to be, feeling that we've accomplished something in our own little way.

Happy to have done it, quietly humble, yet writing it simply, sharing it with the rest of the world in hopes that it may inspire someone in need of it's thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Awe Of Everything Through Indain Music

Having fun in the wonder and beauty of music being played, given to the passion of my soul as I live and breathe throughout this life.

Living in awe of everything, seeing it through eyes of love and it's possibilities through Indian music, showing and believing the faith and hope of my entire being.

Dwelling deeply with an interior universe, appeasing all suffering and pain, music spreading it's healing throughout my being.

Continuing to live with an energy that is powering and energizing every particle and fiber of my being, a supernatural feeling filling me when within this particular sphere of life.

Love flowing unconditionally, rapidly, for all who cross my path in this earthly life, a promise from heaven given to me on earth always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Beauty

Sentiments riding high, unable to restrain them, desires taking them into reflections, tasting their savory and delectable sweetness of eternity.

Always surviving, living in the beauty of life and it's joyful happiness as it elates this soul daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Beauty Of Expression

Mind seeming to be full, injected somehow, energy perpe-
trating every particle and fiber of my being, seeming to
establish connections with a side of my brain most never
use.

This poetical mind has figured out how to do it, living
in the beauty of expression, visions constantly explaining
the beauty of inner moments spent in other dimensions.

Opening up attitudes and mentality of another sphere from
some future purpose already held within my mind, expanding
and increasing the journeys of my intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Both Worlds

Finding a portal, going through, escaping reality,
not caring what way the wind is blowing, climbing
interior mountains, heights reaching clouds above.

Sensing feelings of sadness burdening me, yet still
continuing to go upward into a thinner atmosphere,
ecumenically living in both worlds.

Not wanting to leave either one of them, both are
so beautiful and precious because they have both
held my life in their hands, going back and forth.

A miracle of divine intervention, having given me
the intensity of living both lives simultaneously
for moments in time.

Loving landscapes of them both, wandering through
them forever, until my life can be blended into
one final moment as I enter heaven at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Complete Solace

Taking steps into an interior life, finding peace
and serenity alive and well there.

Nothing riling feelings or emotions, keeping calm
through everything.

Living in a complete solace of the soul, spirits
totally intact.

Giving it's essence to this being for safe-keeping
throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Darkness

Wandering earth in misty hazes,
searching lifetimes for answers or solutions to
wisdom's teachings.
Where are all of the teachers?
Where have they hidden all the steps we need to
proceed to the next horizon?
Generations have lived in darkness from the beginning
of time, must those of the future never benefit from
any past endeavors?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Dreams

Listening, hearing all types of things, conversations are abounding, all about you, what happened to the me in our relationship?

Where have I gone and why? Slipping beneath the covers, hiding from the light shining only upon you every day, it seems.

Lively and yet unhappy, because there's no more me, only you living in my dreams now, for you're no longer here with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Dreams Of Togetherness

Thinking of you constantly, living in dreams of our
togetherness.

Gently soothing images being seen of us holding each
other, giving such comfort to one another.

Tantalizing and enticing every desire to be one
with yours.

A blessed peace filling me when you love me totally
every night.

Deep inside, stirring my soul, giving all kinds of
energy through hearts of our love through the years.

Always finding me no matter where I am, being lost
in a desert, there you are ready to hold and love me.

Taking me back to the reality of your arms, holding
and cherishing me in your heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Each Other's Minds

Climbing steadily into desires of a bereaved heart,
hoping to settle it's grief with the setting sun
this evening.

Riding into thoughts of another, keeping track of
the moments being spent together over time, living
in each other's minds.

Knowing that our love grows ever deeper as each day
passes, hearts sinking into each other's beings,
holding us together through life.

Only the beauty of our love transpiring against the
moon-lit sky.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Emptiness

Living in an emptiness caused by the frailty of being human, not knowing how to combat it at times, existing in chaos, turmoil and stress.

Having anxiety attacks, shutting self off from the world, does little or nothing to help interior lives, causing problems throughout life.

Looking outside of oneself instead of concentrating on one's sadness, sorrow, self-pity would be a better use of time and energy.

Taking a stand, creating an interior life of faith and hope, sharing goodness instilled since birth, would be a great accomplishment, producing positive attitudes and moods for self and others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Every Moment

Solving everyday problems, taking it all in stride, knowing that there's nothing to be done about some things.

Living in every moment, smoothing life like glass, skating upon it through imagination.

Intellect giving the wherewithal to do so, believing something more, finding it's waiting always in front of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Expressions Of Tomorrow

Lively, anticipatory and livid, giving a total feeling of life's
every moment, finding that memories are being touched and etched
upon photographic screens.

Never to be forgotten, lively, tempting emotions and feelings
to come out and have some fun, enjoying life at every turn in
sounds, living in expressions of tomorrow.

Being taken into the spaces of yesterday that bring joy and
elation, serving their purpose while continuing to write, totally, energetically and
hidden in the motions of another sphere.

Touching the wonder of this mind and heart, never taking self
away from the center and hub of music, living in and through it
always and forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Extremes

Genuine and tantalizing, waiting for the essence of my being to come exploring this side of an interior horizon.

Living in the extremes of life, taking strides into pathways of every day strength, always plodding, listening to beautiful sounds of nature's music.

All the while standing alone in the darkness, no one coming forward to touch and heal the hurt of a life-time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Friendship

Secretly dreaming of better times,
coming in the future, freedom and
space enjoyed with a friend.
Totally oblivious to the world
around us, just having fun, talking
about life and what we want from it.
Solitude surrounding us, as we moved
forward into our next horizon together.
Friends till the end, loving one another
unconditionally, as we live our days in
friendship.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Ice

Living in ice, watching feelings drip slowly into
intellect so I can write about them without
affecting my heart and making me cry.
A lasting affair with the interior of my brain,
loving it's beautiful expressions coming into
writing continually, giving me a reason to keep
on living in spite of not wanting to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Imagination

Interior attitudes are keeping me going all day and far
into the night.

So many poems just flowing out onto paper, so intense
and alone, finding words cascading constantly, incessantly
into this mind.

Always at an energy level, increasing by the moment, through
rhythms being heard.

So unlike any other experience ever had, beautifully and
lively, living in an imagination that is used daily to
keep my sanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Intellect

Quickly and rapidly, moving to rhythms shaking within,
taking notes, running, never allowing them to wander,
keeping them to inner tempos that are beating within.

Never letting me go into outer spheres of another left-
over thought, instead, always giving the benefit of
living in intellect.

Keeping every idea so closely in mind, never escaping
from rhythms as they code imagination quickly while
listening to them.

Beautiful sounds being composed as rapidly as my brain can
decipher every one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Intellectual Compartments

Worrying about nothing, just participating in my life intellectually and curiously.
Feeling my way through mazes, mathematically laid out before me.
Exercising brain cells, taking them out of contextual boxes, spreading them around my imagination in wonder.
Living in my own compartments, moving from one to another in sublime joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Isolation

Living in isolation at times creates great genius in different areas because of self-realization and an investigation of who a person is and what they do in their lives.

Philosophers, spiritual leaders, gurus, poets, all of them have some inner innate qualities that allow them to see through lies and illusions.

Going straight to the center of pure honesty and purest reality, seeing actual truths, undeniable and stark naked, right in front of them.

Giving their minds a grasp of their own reality which enables them to quietly research every aspect and factor of anything and everything in total and complete detail.

Their insight allows them to consider all particles of what they're looking at, from their questions, answers, deducting, adding, equating and continual pondering.

Gathering thoughts collectively along with data and information, forming their precise and concise arguments for or against anything.

Sharing them in written words, not really concerned whether anyone reads them or not, trying to explicitly form their origins and endings within parameters of their own minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Life's Extremes

Living in the extremes of this life, politically adamant in trying
to restore our country and draining the swamp.

Wanting to end poverty, evil, racism, and intolerance across the
entire world also, always wondering why people try and put others
down.

We're all equal, albeit with different traits and abilities, we
are all puzzle pieces in the picture of humanity, why then can't
we allow every human being to have the same freedoms and equality
as one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Loneliness

This lonely heart is lying on the floor of my soul,
wanting you to lie beside me.

Living in the loneliness of loss, nowhere else to
go in this life.

Wending my way slowly down lanes of yesterday's dis-
appearance.

No future to find again on this planet earth, only
the reminders of what we once had.

Music lighting my mind in the ebony darkness of loss,
surrounding my being.

Rushing waters flowing over me, creating new pathways
for inner tears to flow downhill.

Trusting in the essence of another time in life where
you and I once were.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Love

Watching you from across the room my heart filled
with your love for me, bringing tears of joy from my
soul and into these blue eyes.

Just thinking about all that we've done together through
the years, promises we've made to one another and have
kept always.

Taking steps to bring us closer every day, taking our vows
seriously, watching you from across the room my dear,
heart bursting with love for you.

Praying that we have many more years to be together my dear,
all of life measured in times of us becoming one, loving
intensely and being here for each other, a wonderful feeling
always between you and I as we live forever deeply in love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Measures

Lively music totally giving an intense feeling of euphoric joy and happiness, living always in measures of melodies and their harmonies.

Enjoying this temporary life with rhythms playing throughout mind and intellect, a total pleasure that's continually being anticipated day and night while writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Memories Of Music

Entertaining a poetical mind isn't very difficult, just turn-
ing on music of most any kind will start the creative process
in fast motion.

Introducing a variety of thoughts, commencing their rhythmic
dances as they fall into place in many types of poems, happily
living in each measure of music.

Letting it absorb intellect and being thoroughly, energetic
sensations building rapidly as an interior waterfall flows
through this mind.

Not heeding the world around outside of an interior bluened
light, beckoning this poet's mind totally and comfortably,
satisfying needs of an insatiable appetite of curiosity.

Never being emptied of questions, always looking for many
answers, searching in depths of this earthly life to find
out everything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Memory

Whither I go, life is always reflected in the mirror of
my soul where it begins and ends with a solitary purpose,

Questions pondered, analyzed, placed together like a
picture puzzle that has been innately created in my mind.

Solid and impactful, rising into the atmosphere filled
with an anticipating grief, stemming from interior loss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Music

Watching bands running through my mind, touching
intellect with their varied rhythms.

Living in the music, delving into it's tones as
they fill my mind with their deliberate and accent-
uating notes and chords.

Playing defiantly in my brain, giving plenty of
energy to keep on writing through every moment
of this day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Musical Depths

Living in depths of music, soaring into it's heights so
effortlessly, filled with an acquiescence of spirituality
as God lifts this soul towards heaven.

Sparing no time in giving peace and serenity to this mere
poet's saddened heart, taking apart sorrow here on earth,
filling it with the peace of heaven while continuing to
write incessantly on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Musical Episodes

Solemn and intriguing, life sits before me, debating
itself and it's worth.

Knowing only that writing is where it's at for me,
witnessing turmoil and strife throughout the years.

Remembering every moment of it as I live in musical
episodes of this entire life.

Always a musician first, then poetry adds another
dimension to intellect.

Both then carrying forth into art, specifically oil
painting of portraits from memory.

Getting into all of it without doubt, fears or timid-
ness of yesterday, continuing to live anyway.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In My Creations

Deep within jungles of the mind, lonely wild calls of animals that habitate there can be heard through my imagination.

Low growls, high pitched sounds coming form monkeys and chimpanzees, birds cawing and warbling into the atmosphere.

Reality finding it's way into the beauty of an interior jungle, living here while creating, my creation is an adventure that curiosity wishes to constantly explore.

An amazing monument to an interior and innate intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Other Dimensions

Finding aspects of life that seem to escape ordinary ideas
and perspectives, living in other dimensions, finding the
unusual and tempting formulas starting curiosity in motion.

Leaving many equations open to solutions that are open-
ended and filled with motion and movement, allowing insur-
mountable thoughts to be formed.

Replete in mathematical solutions that fall continually
from intellect, giving promise to future inventions and
scientific technology.

Open to the universe when one is open to them through an
inquisitive mind that is always looking for a way through
the impossible.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Poetry

Climbing trees in my mind,
feeling the euphoria of childhood once again.
Letting myself go, holding onto a freedom,
growing expectantly inside, not letting anyone
interfere with it.

Grasping onto feelings, riding them off into
sunsets where I can be alone on horseback,
reveling in the spacious independence that has
suddenly come over me.

An unexpected peacefulness has enamored my heart
and brought me into an environment of a lonely
existence where there is actually no being alone
with all of nature at my beck and call.

Existing, solitarily on edges of being, living
with everything held in poetry, written through-
out life, continuing into future destiny without
any qualms about who I actually am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Positive Attitudes

Soaring into the distance, wanting to get away from people
who insist on getting me down with their personal opinions
that are usually negative.

Wanting instead to be within bluened light, needing it's
knowledge and wisdom that innately comes through, loving the
beautiful concepts that come to mind.

Whenever immersed within it's perfect presence, living in
positive attitudes and moods contained therein, being
fulfilled so completely and decidedly that it brings me
pleasure and joy straight to my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Positive Beauty

Running breathlessly into each other's arms, having missed the closeness of our love while we were apart.

So happy and thrilled to be together again and again, living in the positive beauty and landscapes that we made ourselves.

Sharing a poetical rhythm of our lives connecting us forever my love.

Writing poetry together, listening to music, loving one another every single night.

An unconditional and abiding love that can never be taken from either of us on this temporary planet called earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Possibilities

Jumping trains of thought, living in rhythms that flower
and blossom within photographic screens, beautiful and
effervescent.

Tasting aromas as they rise into the bluened atmosphere
within, listening silently to the music, yet my mind is
vibrantly alive.

Thrilling to every note as it travels on tempos of air,
totally enjoying lasting ideas that are being transported
into intellect.

Quietly sitting in volumes of poetry within imagination,
living in possibilities of interior episodes of life as
it passes through my mind in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Promised Love

Walking through life falling in love with you every time
we're together, nothing to make me lose sight of your
heart as it beats lovingly in mine my dear.

Rain or sunshine, always together forgiving and living,
searching for ways to bring pleasure to one another, our
only purpose in life to continue living.

In a love that we promised would be always within our
hearts and souls, never letting go of this promise, we
walk together forever through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Prospects Of Destiny And Fate

Resting and finding where we fit in this life, letting ourselves experience new things, adventures, exploring many meaningful pathways that we can strive for.

Being altogether, wanting the same things, just going about them in the wrong way constantly.

Unfolding our minds onto skyways of heaven, taking our minds into depths of intellect where we can be protected from horrible attitudes and judgments of other people.

Always taking our thoughts into possibilities of another dimension or universe, never regretting our decisions after doing so, living fully in prospects of our destiny and fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Reality

Drinking in the essence of life through poetry that is
written, carefully, examining everything with an aplomb
of curiosity.

Sensing the inevitable, feeling it's intensity, writing
of it, watching particles going into it's center, seeing
that reality is spread out before insight.

There it can be picked up and readily seen, scrutinizing
and going into it's depths, knowing that our beings are
temporary, yet we believe we will live forever at times.

Where do thoughts come from, why do we derive them even
though we know the truth of our short-lived existence,
finding hopes and dreams tantalizing intellect.

Trying to get it to think beyond it's limitations, all
the while tempting us to find solutions to enable us to
live forever, not just in dreams, but in reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Realms Of Music

Surpassing a life of poverty and depravation, writing
like no one else in this world, living in realms of
music, filtering lifelines with it's rhythms.

Lightening fast, not waiting for anything or anyone
to get focused or stand in lines of inspiration, only
tickling inner fantasies with prose.

Posing in measures of time, keeping staccato beats with
beauty and florescent brevity coming from an interior
musical ability.

Nothing being abbreviated in interiorly, just being dis-
played in pages of poetry that I'm now writing while
listening to music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Recesses Of Intellect

Recognizing prospects of happiness in life when looking
to nature and God.

Never falling into step with another, because they will
not understand or acknowledge what it is that I'm trying
to say.

Always looking to work things out, living in recesses
of intellect, being saved by it's intellectual pursuits.

Loving every rhythm that helps to create portraits and
landscapes from an innate imagination.

Turning them consecutively into the reality of our lives,
hoping that I'm doing it correctly and not steering any-
one in the wrong direction.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Remains Of Life

Thoughts running freely throughout my mind, soul liberated,
an interior fire purifying my being, living in remains of
what is left of life.

Reliving memories in a lonely solitude where peace descend-
ed, giving me a place to find myself and where the rest of
my time here will be spent.

What I'll be doing to finish my spiritual journey here on
earth, finding an inner strength that helps to cope with
what is soon to pass.

Loving being within the bluened light of the Divine, now
contemplating on the beauty of what lies just beyond me on
my final sunset.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Rhythms

Water under the bridge, life moves forward, taking me with it, turning rhythms into poetry without a single thought.

Living in them as they flow over interior rivers and waterfalls, reaching for galaxies that are far beyond me now.

Yet in my mind, they can be reached instantaneously, written down, loving feelings and emotions taking over my being.

Playing in tides of an interior ocean where time is not a factor in what is felt and experienced in this life of mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Romance

Jumping, cavorting, swinging, taking part in a polka with
an energy that circles the room with a sublime beauty.

Always rhyming and living in the center of romance, singing
and laughing with those who love to dance and have fun.

Nothing can come close to the wonder and awe of seniors,
fulfilling their lives through the titled privilege of age.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Sadness

Silent, enticing, watching starlight twinkle high
above in the universe.

Stepping high and low, searching for a place to
belong again.

Having been taken from all I'd ever known, deprived
of a close-knit family love at a very young age.

Living in this sadness through the years, knowing
now, tears left behind for those whom I loved dearly.

No longer living here on earth, death having taken
them from me cruelly.

After tearing me from them at a young and tender age,
an emptiness, a void, always filling me.

No one here to fill this empty hole left within my
being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Sanctity

Being overwhelmed by everything I've seen and experienced
in India, this poet's mind reeling with all the sights,
people and things shown to me.

A lifetime of beauty that I've never seen or knew existed
in this world, now having it etched onto my photographic
memory screens.

A wonderful and graphic picture of life in Kolkata and
across five states into South India, a never-ending memory
to take on my final journey.

Into this last sunset where I will end on poetical and
musical notes, being called at last into eternity with
the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Shadows

Living in shadows of death throughout life, never
knowing when the curtain will fall upon someone
we love.

No preparation, no direction, just an immediate
separation from life and all we have known on earth.

Memories, our being gone in a flash, never to be
remembered by us again, unless we are resuscitated
and brought back, then we'll remember both lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Shadows Of Death

Living in the shadows of death throughout life, never knowing when the curtain will fall upon someone we love with all our hearts.

No preparation, no direction, just an immediate separation from life and all we have known on earth.

Our memories being gone in a flash, never to be remembered by us again, unless we are resuscitated and brought back.

Then we will remember it all from both of the lives we have been a part of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Silence

Standing on the edge of a final nightfall, awaiting a sign, a portion of faith to carry me forward into the next stage of life.
Totally immersed in a quagmire of deafening silence, causing me to sink into the very pits of hell, with no voice left to cry for help, no thread of hope left either.
Solo tears forming incessantly, tightening my heart against untruths of people.
Knowing now, there's no one, I wander alone down sorrowful garden aisles, trying to find my way back.
Living in a silence for most days on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Spite Of Despair

Walking down avenues of continual sadness and sorrow,
seeing puddles and pools of tears everywhere I look,
knowing they've come from deaths of loss I've had.

Moving forward, finding an inner strength dwelling
closely within my being, never being disappointed
always living in spite of despair hidden in corners
of my mind and heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Stark Reality

Finding pathways through deserts, living in it's stark
reality, following certain trails open to our souls.

Always being tempted to carry through with many ideas,
folding them within tears at times.

Gently touching and beginning to flower and blossom so
tenderly in this bluened atmosphere.

Life being an emergency at times, we fall knowingly into
it's depths, just to become who we are, no other reasons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Synchopation

Systematically and rapidly taking rhythms, writing
them quickly into poetry.

Rocking to sensations that desires are bringing to
my heart and soul.

Traveling, winding down pathways of intellect, soaring
into heaven with compositions of musical interludes.

Taking me into depths faster and faster, loving rapid
rhythms as I continue to write along with Beethoven.

His presence in these new rhythms are now living in
the syncopation of newly thought ideas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Tears

Chains being linked together, reasons unknown, yet it
continues being done throughout eternity.

Forsaking memories that have always been free, trying
to bind them in yellowed ribbons and placing them in
antique dresser drawers, left to be forgotten in aging
years of human beings.

Never being touched again by those who belonged to them,
now strangers entering homes, taking away all heirlooms
and treasures of a family once alive and vibrant.

Now lying in the throes of desperation, nowhere to go,
no lives to take with them, solitary beings forgotten by
everyone, who used to have a meaning, living in tears,
pouring from depths of eyes and hearts.

Today, being thrown onto streets of emptiness and
abandonment, no longer mattering to anyone else on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Tears Of Loss

Departing feelings leaving me bereft, noting that
there's a deep silence touching my interior life
and no one else knows of it.

Contemplating in recesses of it's fullness, necessity
coming to the forefront, wanting to know how to find
the shortest route to an end of suffering and turmoil.

Without having to die first, is there an alternative
way or must I continue as always through the years,
living in the tears of loss?

Rejection, abandonment and loneliness, writing all of
it into poetry, composing it into musical compositions
and yet it's still here within me. Why?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Technicolor

11: 50 a.m.
Incessant and avid, living in technicolor, leading down
pathways through forests of memory in New Jersey.

An intense foreboding of better things on the horizon,
soon to come.

Thrilling passion, sparking it further into a blazing
fire of my soul, taking pleasures of it into landscapes
of tomorrow. 11: 51 a.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In The Future

Lonely, wishing you were here with me, misty-eyed, thinking of all the good times we've had together, wishing they had never ended.

Finding strength somehow in your unconditional love being held so preciously in both of our hearts, never fading or disappearing, always living in the future when we will be together once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In The Hell Of Loss

Emptiness filling me inside as I drift into another world of
loneliness tonight, beside myself with grief, loss filling
my mind at the death of another cousin of mine.

Living in the hell of loss as I experience her death from
miles away from where I was born, tears being spread through-
out my being, trying to cover up the intense pain.

It never does for the grief is far too heavy to be hidden
from my heart, listening to heartfelt memories of once upon
a time as I meander through this experience of loss alone
once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In The Moment

Stressing the physical in songs
of sexual desires, young people
live in the moment, not thinking
of what will become of them in
the years to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In The Music

Loving measures of time allotted in rhythms and music,
writing along with them constantly, fully enjoying what-
ever moments are spent in listening to all types of music.

Believing, having faith and living for it's rhythms,
picking up my saddened soul from the cisterns of life's
miseries.

Knowing the way that I am continuing to live in the music
of my total being, never despairing, fitting my shadow of
reality with a quiet serenity.

Dreaming of tomorrow while continually being myself through-
out life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In The Mystique

Staying within measures and chords of tomorrow's future, taking rhythms into their souls absolutely, reaching forward and loving the atmospheres of inner dimensions.

All portraying a life that most know nothing of, they just continue living in the mystique of what they envision this life to be.

Missing out on important details of beauty, nature and interior spirituality of humanity, taking everything at face value without ever looking beneath the surface, going through life clueless and without any appreciation for other's lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In The Presence Of Beauty

Nature surrounding, giving me it's essence to be written of
in poetry, perfectly symmetrical, standing tall and regal
no matter if it's a tree or flower being talked about.

Sun setting silently in the west, taking my mind on a journey
of interior contemplation, joyously and breath-taking, liv-
ing in the presence of beauty.

It has filled one last moment with rays of sunshine before
disappearing beyond the horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In The Reality Of Life

Reaching towards new horizons through poetical interludes,
being filled with serenity and a fulfilling solace intensely
filling every particle of my being now and evermore.

Living in the reality of life's expansive and alluring ad-
venture, discovering the many vast possibilities that have
become a part of intellect.

Soon to be particles of our real world here on earth, par-
ticipating and learning new knowledge and wisdom, attaining
a new dimension as it opens up.

A gentle touch of an interior spirituality coming from a
bluened light where the Divine is quietly, silently, re-
minding me of His presence constantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In The Stillness

Life is breath-taking, even in dreams we dream during the night, living in the stillness of our beings, minds still working as we sleep.

Giving us ideas that never stop flowing throughout our lives, loving, living, finding meaning that fits within our entire purposes.

Steadily searching, giving in to the intensity of our souls, finding the solo path to God, always seeing light ahead of us, heading for it's bright vibrant energy.

Knowing it's coming straight from God, no where else could it come from, it's much to spiritual to form anywhere but in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In The Wonder Of Humanity

Patterns, designs creating spheres, angles, definitions of
this poetical life, a never-ending vision of beauty keep-
ing me happy and contented through the years.

Pleasure filling every particle of being, saturating every
fiber living in wonder and awe of humanity, all the days
of my life.

Constantly thinking, brain never sleeping, bringing me into
creative denizens incessantly, nothing else getting in the
way as nature takes me soaring into the atmosphere.

Flying into places no one else can go, imagination becoming
a blazing fire, passion of life creating everything written
in poetry, composed in music or painted into portraits.

Innate talent keeping me busy, never a dull moment, entertain-
ing self throughout life with this artistic talent, enjoying
it to the utmost every single moment of the day and night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In This Arid Desert

Enticing and free, living life fully, seeing the
beauty of it's nature daily.

Flowers blossoming on cacti here in the desert,
giving a beauty not seen elsewhere.

Lucky to be living here in this arid desert of
Arizona all these years.

A vibrant energy that is never-ending, fantastic
and beautifully spectacular.

Writing from it constantly, allowing intellect to
be exercised throughout this exciting and wonderful
life every day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Tomorrow's Peace

Traveling down highways alone, watching for signs to
follow down avenues of life.

Looking, taking steps into the future, totally taking
chances, daring others to go against me.

Yes, feeling the animosity of other people towards me
at times and not caring one iota.

Singularly taking self into the light of day with many
heightened senses, attuned to many sensations in life.

Being wafted this way, seeing it all coming together,
living in the peace of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Wonder

Totally enjoying the music being played,
controlling all emotions and senses with
temperate rhythms claiming my soul.

Living in the visions that are accumulating
and being played on photographic screens
constantly.

Playing and replaying videos of all aspects
and times in this life.

Always giving the passion of my entire being
and energetic essence of living in wonder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living In Your Love

Wanting to hold onto you forever, loving you with all
my heart, nothing else matters but you, my love.

Living in your love, being fulfilled with your desires
climbing inside of me, thrilling and exciting me.

Every time we share our love, your smile enticing me
as your eyes see right into my soul.

Loving that you are such a part of me, giving my heart
of love to you to treasure every moment whether together
or apart, my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Inside Blazes

Selecting desires to be allowed entrance into consciousness
of my mind.

Being beckoned with a fundamental wish to be something more
than what I already am.

Soothing anger, filling every breath, as I continue living
inside blazes of fires, started when younger, never able to
be put out.

Facing these flames every day, causing an exasperating feud
to continue through the years deep within me.

Checking depths, finding that I cannot find their endings
here in life right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Inside Poetry

Wondering how life can be so full of peace
and on the other hand be so full of sorrow.
How do the two compliment each other while
tearing apart people in human nature?

Thinking all the time, behaving as if
nothing is wrong, yet knowing within, that
it is and I can't hold on to it much longer.

Living inside the poetry of interior life
and subconsciousness, letting it throw me
about on tidal waves in the storms of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Interiorly

Searching, finding, exploring and defining everything in
life through poetical and musical compositions.

Always having a plethora of ideas, totally recalling what
ever happens or is seen in this universe.

Going deeply into interior dimensions, living their essence
and feeling new emotions that give great pleasure.

Much like on an unconditional level of love, allowing a
higher level of understanding and knowledge to be learned.

Nothing being excluded in the realms of an entire universe
held gently within so as not to ever destroy it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Interiorly Alone

Silently rocking my mind into corners of yesterday,
letting me relive the serenity of peaceful times
that I used to have.

Deepening twilight is taking me down dark tunnels
of a life that has faded into the past, yet still
it lives interiorly, alone and bereft.

Looking for it's totality, searching everywhere
for the adventure and discovery that is known in
realms of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Inward

Being broken-hearted, saddened with your loss, turning inward, not wanting to live this life anymore.

Attempting to regain some semblance of life, but it's of no use, for I miss you too much, my love.

Darkness comes upon me totally, seeing nothing but the blackness of an entire nothingness.

No where else to go without you, spending all my days in the absence of your love.

Not finding a way out, forgetting how to live, without your love, I am nothing, feel nothing, want nothing.

Missing you so entirely, wanting you back, needing your love to go on.

Broken-hearted, saddened by your loss, living no more on this earth, having disappeared when you did, from my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Is Not Enough

Walking alone, along edges of the horizon, watching the
ocean rise and fall within me.

Taking a lifetime into mind, seeing it like a video once
again, as it hurries past and into the present.

Looking at all the tears that have fallen into cisterns
of life, smiles and laughter, there have not been quite
so much.

Living is such a burden, why do we have to put up with
it's degrading aspects throughout it? Why not just turn
our backs on it's sorry situations and circumstances.

Guess, because we want so badly to have more to be thank-
ful for, just living doesn't seem to be enough as we grow
older.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Life

Wondering silently about life and it's security,
feeling quietly inside.

Reaching timidly in several directions, looking
for acknowledgement and understanding.

Slightly sliding into unknown depths, unafraid
as before.

Knowing somehow deep inside that there are foot
holds below or above, and I will hover gently,
looking on, before becoming a part of it,
immersing self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Life According To It's Rhythms

Steadily writing poetry, rhythms coded and flowing,
flooding interiorly as a waterfall flows, enticing
me thoroughly.

Loving everything about writing and music, living
life according to whatever rhythms bring to mind,
never being disappointed.

Words needing to be defined in every poem written
while alive, passion and essence of my being keep-
ing me going day and night.

Living and dying here in the U.S.A., never tiring
of having liberty and freedom standing between us
and socialism, Communism and isis.

Vets fighting terrorism here on American soil while
all Americans have their back no matter what, a un-
ison, a force that will never be defeated.

All enemies will never last against the strength of
our spirits forever, God blessing us all here in the
United States of America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Life I Profess

Forging my spirit into the atmosphere of an inner universe,
letting it fly and soar freely without holding or barring
it in any way.

Totally allowing it space and freedom needed to dive into
thoughts and poems written one after another without stopping.

A better place can never be found on earth than right
within myself.

Believing and living the life I profess from the essence
and passion since being born.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Life In Love

Carving love onto and into our hearts when meeting that someone special that we want to spend the rest of our lives together with.

Getting engaged, married, having children, living an entire life with one another, making love, becoming one, living our lives totally in love.

Growing older, children grown now with children of their own, families getting larger through the years, sitting now at home, alone.

An empty feeling inside of us now that we're on our last horizon, after all this life here on earth is so very temporary and was never meant to last for ever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Life In Titillating Ways Inspired While In India

Preparing to mark another lap in the venture of poetry, hoping it will be the top one so far, writing and designing messages to be shared with others throughout the world.

Anointed with blessings through innate gifts that often lie about being wasted by many, not knowing the more they are used the faster they will reach others in a shorter period of time.

Creating and developing negatives that are needed to reproduce pictures taken long ago, separating the past from the present, an energy that fills every particle, taking every bit into the quietness of nature.

Believing in the bountiful and tremendous effects they will soon have on the world, listening to heartbeats coming faster, pounding their way again into a vibrant and elastic behavior.

Living life in the most titillating ways while we're residing in it's mortal and temporary stations, biding time, yet jumping into the cycle of the future, together being acknowledged and taken into higher realms of intellect through music and it's rhythms, together reaching for the stars.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Life Intellectually

Soaring into a bluened light interiorly, finding peace
and calm from the hectic business of life.

Wanting a reprieve from it all, thankful that God has
given many gifts in order to deal with everything.

Not a soul can equate with what I feel, hear and see
within intellect, there's no one I can talk to.

They do not understand or want to bother, so what's
the use of trying to explain to anyone.

Staying quiet and peaceful within my being, feeling
the intensity of the bluened light I immerse self in.

Fleeing from a world that I do not understand, because
of it's many contradictions and problems.

Finding life is better off being lived intellectually,
for then it has less of a chance of being hurt, lonely
or abandoned.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Life Now

Remembering through moments of life, wishing to bring
them back into existence, but they can only be relived
through imagination's doors of the past.

Timidly providing subconscious particles to attach to
cognitive moments in being.

Stretching and reaching through tears of yesterday,
enabling me to live life in the present and look to
the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Life On My Own

Waiting through measures of time, life moving quietly at it's own pace, taking everything in stride, leaving strife to deal with itself for now.

Not wanting to be bothered by unnecessary interruptions, just writing and living life on my own, independent and free.

Allowing my spirit to soar wherever it wants to, giving great pleasure and joy in doing so, quietly responding through intellect at my leisure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Life Within Themselves

Solving thoughts of wonder that come from curiosity
rising silently, but intently within, sorting out
mysteries, seeing there's nothing magical about them.

Many times finding they are only illusions being per-
petrated by those who live in lives of themselves,
afraid to venture out into the truth.

Holding fast to their theories and doubts, not wanting
to learn about the existence of anything that lies in
facts.

A lost and lonely entity submerged in their own negativ-
ity, poor attitudes and inconsistent judgments, never
able to find their way in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Life Yet

Straying into edges of life, walking through their
tangled pictures, lying between life and death.

Soothing my mind, touching them, suddenly seeing
them blossom, separate and make a pathway for me.

Entering depths of death's embrace without succumbing
to it, feeling the intensity of it's peace naturally.

Desires of heaven rising within, wanting to succumb
and enter into it's reality filled with beauty and peace.

Coming back to life, suffering, grief, loneliness and
sorrow immediately filling my being once again, letting
me know that I am here, living life yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Life's Mystery

Living in mysterious times of abandonment and
loneliness, wondering why these feelings must
constantly return to make me cry.

How do they decide to come about whenever they
want to, is there a way to confront them once
and for all.

Will they be with me because of their memories
etched in this mind forever, having to live
with them always.

Intellectualizing them gives only temporary re-
prieves, because somehow feelings and emotions
don't ever want to be silent in life.

Resigning self to this situation, living life
in it's mysterious ways alone, finding ways to
deal with them when they arrive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Lives Of Beauty

Mind plucking sounds of nature, listening to them portray
what lies in landscapes outside my door and vision, sounds
joining in, creating a cacophony of music.

Intermingled with calls of nature and it's songbirds, sit-
ting in trees practicing their daily rhythms, so softly
and tenderly living lives of beauty and peace also.

Never being bothered by poverty, intolerance or prejudice,
just living peacefully in this vast land of nature, content-
ed and happy just to be alive.

Never having to worry, a wide open expanse, an environment
and atmosphere of their own, to find answers and experience
life completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Losses

Shooting stars traveling through the skyways at the
speed of light going through the darkness of grief
and it's sorrow in years of life.

Living losses of loved ones so intensely that it's
a wonder that anyone can even see the light of life
within them.

Stretching self exponentially into the outskirts of
another time, burning through the night with concepts
and ideas traveling across and beyond limits of this
lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Marks

Life is an experience everyone enjoys for a time.

All lives are unique and special, each person has a reason for being - some people haven't figured out yet what it is.

Homeless and poor, walking streets, looking for handouts or food, some haven't an inkling of what they should be doing, because they're too busy trying to stay alive or exist.

Others choose to ignore all signs of their purpose here and instead, delve into pleasure principles, neglecting their lives and selves.

Those who search, find and follow their reason of existence, are making a mark in the world by helping others and living their purpose daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Moment By Moment

Finding paths leading to heaven, wanting to leave this
world behind and grow into another atmosphere where
there will be no more pain and turmoil.

So adept at hiding out within intellect, keeping self
busy, thinking and writing poetry to fill the time I
have left on earth.

Recognizing facts of life, having a knowing set deeply
inside, preparing for the final moment whenever it
comes about.

Possibilities of having a miracle are running low,
transpiring hopes and faith keep piling themselves
into this mind as I continue living moment by moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Moments

Strengthening my life through music helps me get
through each day with a little melody pertaining
to everyday strife.

Leaving stress and problems in an abyss as I
carry on each day, living every moment as best
as I can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Moments Constantly

Reason and logic abound through music, taking intellect on
a never-ending journey of experiences that I've learned to
love.

Curiosity and awe still like a child's, keeping me focused
on the purity of it's innocence as each moment passes into
a future of nothingness.

Always touching upon sacredness of this holy life through
nature and the goodness of humanity every living moment here
on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Now In Spirit

Succinct and triumphant, playing with rhythms trilling and
bouncing down chords of C major and E minor.

Strong, realistic, touching upon the childlike aspects of
my mind, enjoying it's fulfilling, smiling ways of entice-
ment.

Exercising and loving all the beautiful visions coming in-
to focus, letting me see my friend, Tushar, being healed
and whole again in spirit.

Living now in the present, no more depression, appreciating
every moment of his life from heaven, a blessed event and
miracle created by God, Himself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Old

Gaily tapping fingers, stomping feet and smiling.
Enjoying a polka and being happy with who they are.
Living into old-age with an attitude of pleasant
surprise.
An exemplary example of taking care of themselves.

(3: 03 p.m. - 10/28/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living On A Limited Income

Late night laundry having to be done at the Laundromat,
a weekly duty.

Not minding at all because I'm saving money by not
using water or electricity

Have to cut corners one way or another nowadays, think-
ing of every which way to save time and money.

Living on a very limited amount of money because our
government has yet to give us a cost of living raise.

It has been several years now without one, they prefer
to have seniors living hand to mouth, nothing in between.

They are so greedy and selfish, living high on the hog
with our hard-earned money.

Needing to be kicked off of this government 'welfare'
from we citizens, and made to get jobs to pay their own
way, like the rest of us had to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living On An Edge Of Life

During late nights, falling deeply into a stupor as I write of yesterday's memories.
Living on an edge of life, never knowing where I'll land or end up.
Charging every image, illuminating pictures, standing alone, awaiting another place in an original poem.
Taking me into labyrinths and abysses of subconscious lengths and depths, giving an envelope of experience to choose scenic virtues left in pastures of lightening beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living On Edges

Jumping around, looking for the beauty following me throughout nature, and bringing peace to my mind and heart.
Living on edges, touching what most people never even see in their lifetimes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living On Edges Of Time

Running through forests of imagination, following many
intuitive directions into the future of my destiny.

Fulfilling intense desires of an interior life while
exhausting self in endeavors that consume me.

Always living on edges of time, listening to rhythms as
they fall between lines of poetry that I'm writing.

Escaping boring routines of life through imaginative
pathways I create myself in edges of time.

Focusing on intimate details of tomorrow's moments
with those whom I love and cherish, for nothing else
matters in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living On Faith

Stranded in a land of unknown fears, wondering where life will leave me, hesitant to surmise.
Totally wrapped in tissue paper, afraid to move too fast, because I may fall apart, shatter hard against fate as it revolves in a timely manner without my knowledge.
Living in a quandary of thought, not knowing whether I should give up sooner rather than later.
Hopefully, gathering many prayers to hold me up and keep me going, if only on faith for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living On Roads Of Life

Frolicking into mysteries of life, enjoying their fundamental basis with pleasure.

Testing their integrity, finding that it is stronger each time they stand and come forward.

Living on roads of life, taking steps to stay straight as an arrow, nothing to lead me astray in this world.

Exiting only bad things that happen when least expected, finding in the end that even though they're evil they have good qualities hidden deeply within them.

Possibilities abounding as life tends to fall into it's temporary stance for awhile, being resurrected, focusing on the best possible circumstances on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living On The Edge Of A Pen

Living in the reality of this life, escaping through imagin-
ation of intellect keeping this mind occupied through the
writing of poetry.

Loving the beauty of worlds being created in depths of mind
and being, taking feelings and emotions into actual colors
that tend to motivate while listening to coded rhythms.

Soaring higher every time, finding self totally in denizens
of poetical atmospheres, delicately and gently motivating
my entire being.

Tears all finding a place within a poem, feelings being re-
searched, thought through and written into a life that's
being lived in poetically.

Thriving, enjoying where this mind takes me, an exper-
ience thrilling and exciting without ever hurting, al-
ways living at the edge of a pen as it hits paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living One's Life

Reaping mysteries from fields of yesterday's memories, languishing peacefully in their essence, longings and yearnings, desires and passion finding their way into lives of those who fall in love.

Nothing to stand in the way of living one's love, two people on the same wave length being together, caring and conversing through their love.

Walking into visions of their future destiny, being made one through the consummation of their marriage, blessed and fruitful, being in love, never wandering, holding each other throughout their lives together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Outside It All

Trees with arms outstretched, balanced gently with
roots under the dirt ground.

It does not reflect on the beauty or it's growth,
because life is seen from without as whole.

Living also is looked upon this way, for we do not
constantly dwell upon the way we breathe, on our
heart beat or how our brains work, we see ourselves
normally as whole beings.

Describing the spiritual aspect is treated just the
same, individuals see life as different ways or
experiences added together to achieve continuity and
peace.

Altogether, many of us do the best we can with what-
ever we have at our disposal, hoping to at least
break even.

Others snatch and grab, afraid to let go of their
problems and become who God knows they are.

Saddened by this, searching, finding no answers,
continuing to live as a being outside of it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Outside The Box

Reaching out in this world, wanting to do so much, yet
living in poverty myself, having to invent new ways of
helping others.

Getting creative, thinking outside the box, living in
an imagination that gives me so many ideas and thoughts
to use.

Helping others without expecting anything in return,
loving and doing everything from my heart, for that's
the only way to help others and never count the cost.

Never looking back or expecting anything from anyone else,
doing what I do, living life in a bluened atmosphere, and
being loved by God in this lonely sorrowful world of mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Passion

Skating, doing figure eights around my mind, enjoying the exhilarating feelings, stirring within.

Lovely thoughts joining the fray, enlivening my spirit as I continue to live through passion on this skating rink inside my mind.

Twirling and jumping, finding the beauty in life throughout it's flight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Poetry Of Life

Intimately forming poetry of life and the living of it here on earth, watching as words fall gently into musical measures of rhythm and melodies.

Happy and joyous, euphoric, feelings soaring higher within realms of self-realization, self-esteem and self-confidence where ideas and concepts are being formed.

Flowing from an interior waterfall incessantly, exploring and expanding intellect through doors of knowledge and wisdom innately.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Portraits

Portraits of life coming alive through music being listened
to this night, giving my mind a perfect harmony to write into.

Rhythms collecting themselves quietly and energetically, noth-
ing to deter them from sinking into intellect, rhyming and
solidifying beauty that entices my being so totally.

Awesome innate talent keeping time throughout every song, no
matter what it is, tantalizing and energetic, tossing ideas
into the mix as I listen intently to every note being played
and riding away into the sunset.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Productively

Doors slamming, their echoes attempting to shut out a
life that I want to be a part of.

Finding self walking into portals and avenues of other
places, sensing opportunities to make a difference
quietly in the lives of others.

Not letting anything stand in the way of living a pro-
ductive way of life even though dying physically inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Purely

In younger days, avoiding the sting of love, keeping
my virginity safe and protected until I was twenty -
six, never having been kissed, only hugged by family.

Safe, loving embraces, staying pure and innocent, lov-
ing life, being independent and self-reliant, an energy
flowing from within.

Getting an education, being wild like a tiger not able
to be tamed, seasons of life so gently bringing me
through their essence and beauty of nature.

Having joy and happiness in my private domain, keeping
the disgrace of life from enveloping me, living purely,
innocently, a whole woman filled with innate knowledge.

Always sheltered in life, protected by a loving Mom,
able to enjoy a wonderful and pure life that I enjoyed
immensely and miss to this day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Quietly

Falling into a ravine, not being seen by anyone, save God.
Living a life quietly, alone inside my being, where only I know what I'm thinking.
Unless I decide to share with you through my writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Quietly In Poetry

Relaxing and enjoying this morning, living quietly through
poetry, picking up vibrations of rhythms, delicately spread-
ing them through this mind.

Tiptoeing and teasing intellect with coded messages, touch-
ing interior dimensions with an enlightening and beautiful
sense of delight.

Focusing and believing in the endless flow of this interior
waterfall, always filling me with thoughts and inspiration,
a total joy I continually look forward to in this empty life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Solely In The Light

Gazing into the darkness, not seeing a soul anywhere,
living solely in the light of the Divine.

Expecting prayers to be answered with wisdom and know-
ledge.

Taking lessons from nature and every aspect that falls
into intellect.

Matching it spontaneously with what I already know or
learn from other sources.

Always relying on innate intellect that I was born with,
possibilities never-ending.

Taking me into the light of the Divine with prayer and
spiritual enlightenment.

Unfolding upon the specter of life as I find all of the
answers needed for service to God in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living The American Dream

Calm, studious, learning as I have fun here at the Wagon
Yard tonight, rocking and writing to tunes of life as
they take me soaring into upper stratospheres alone.

Solitary, keeping time in measures of rhythm, living the
American dream through it's music, enjoying the beauty
of our freedom and liberty forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living The Death Of Love Only

Looking into the vast desert of my mind, watching an arid
wind blow dust all about, filling the atmosphere with part-
icles of the desert, getting in my eyes at times.

Not caring, because I too am now a part of this desert waste-
land, feeling dry and left out in the arid heat to shrivel
and die.

Watching as everything is blown away within this vast desert
of my soul from this day forward, filled with lonely empti-
ness that comes from a broken heart and life.

Never to begin again in love, only live the death of it,
while here on earth, the loneliest place in the universe,
nothing to be done except to exist.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living The Dream

Exercising restraint, living the dream of writing in
every exciting experience as I live through each one.
Taking times as they come, never missing chances to
remove and place all of it's feelings and
emotions into words describing how it feels to be me
in every day situations.
Keeping track of many moments every day, tabulating
all thoughts in every poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living The Dream Through The Years

Tempted by rhythms taking me into depths of music and
the joy it always fills me with.

Enthralled and filling me with the essence of tempos
running wild, coming within my spirit.

Holding onto the person I have become, the musician
that I've grown into through the years.

Living the dream and taking life by the hand purposely,
listening to inner whispers of lonely echoes of the past.

Back when life was simple and there was nothing complex
to worry about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living The Passion

Grasping ideas growing and being nurtured by intellect
daily, forceps pulling out qualities of enticing pur-
poses by their roots.

Leaving beyond life, impossibilities of yet another environ-
ment and playground, fortunately and meaningfully giving all
of living a sample of natural inclinations.

Sailing upon oceans of entirety, leaving the world behind
while traveling interior worlds of fantasy and imagination,
peace and quiet filling me with their intense stillness,
never interrupting the purpose I was born to pursue on earth.

Capturing and living passion of my mind, encompassing the
world around me and being enveloped like a caterpillar in
a cocoon for periods of time, incumbating ideas and thoughts
to be fully realized in the near-future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living The Passion Of My Being

Running away into the night, keeping to myself, not
wanting to talk or carry on a conversation.

Only writing and listening to music, having the time
of my life, living the passion of my being's heart.

Never worrying beyond the next note or rhythm, just
believing in this innate talent that never leaves me.

No matter what may happen in this life of turmoil and
strife, just living and loving while existing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living The Quest

Rising into the light of a morning sun and nighttime
moon rays, surviving life's beginnings and endings
through poetry and having fun.

Pleasant and exciting times always finding me throughout
the years, a mesmerizing experience, thrilling my being
solely and invitingly.

Automatically finding coded messages every time, listening
to rhythms of this earthly life, beautiful and energizing,
taking me down pathways that I'd otherwise never be able to.

Creating each one on a journey through poetry, living the
quest of an inner passion while loving it fully and being
enticed throughout life by the rhythms of each one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living The Song

Letting you into my heart, learning slowly to trust you,
yet keeping you at a distance until I'm sure you are
what I want and need in my life.

Undecided, yet definitely filled with an unconditional
love being held onto for only you, unsure what keeps me
from coming to you totally.

Heart yearning to be with you, but something within stands
between us, thinking of you every moment of the day and
night doesn't change that equation somehow.

Fearing giving myself to you fully and only, a step I'm not
quite ready to take intellectually, yet my heart wants to
take it and grasp yours forever.

Silently wanting to be with you only, moving closer, then
running away, waiting for you to take me down paths of your
forgiving and unconditional love, baby.

Knowing that when you decide to make me yours, I will give
my all, fears dwindling in front of the trust and love that
you'll show me at last.

Finally we two becoming one in all aspects of life, loving
together, always in unison throughout our years together,
living the song of our lives finally in our love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Through An Inner Child

People thinking they know who we are, just fool themselves with this asinine knowledge of theirs.

We live life through our inner child, even though everyone sees us as mature, wise and knowledgably responsible in life.

Never knowing our truths, yet they are jealous trying to separate us from them - even though they don't know they exist, only wanting to kill that part of us that they don't understand.

We celebrate life fully through our inner child and keep them safely hidden from others, protecting and only letting maybe one or two people in life to see them openly.

Trusting only these special people, because their inner child responds to our own throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Through Compositions

Fingering beautiful melodies as they travel within my brain, alighting in my mind.
Twinkling brightly, touching imagination with renewed rhythms, taking me to outer atmosphere's where I can be settled down.
Living through each musical composition that reveals itself to me in knowledgeable proportions so I may sit comfortably in life's hardships as they come and go in blinks of an eye through moments of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Through Darkness

Living life through darkness of loss,
hoping to find some small light to
guide the way.

Attempting to find and hold on to
life, believing there will be a way
through it all.

Wandering and drifting along paths,
faith wavering hourly, searching for
the end of sorrow's road.

Wishing to be through this empty,
lonely sadness, trying once more to
stumble forward.

Hoping I will be able to see my way
through and find some aspect of life
again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Through Expectations

Ripping and tearing memories with shards of tears, letting
them flow endlessly into this heart.

Full of crystal drops, heart so heavy, that it cannot hold
onto them for very long.

Asking God to give a reprieve, but He doesn't seem to be
listening or hearing me.

Continuing anyway, moving forward into another day, another
moment; living through expectations even those that never
are brought to fruition.

Another dimension stepping up, giving a special feeling that
brings a lot of hope into this fragile and frail life.

Surviving out of sheer will power, knowing that it can't
last forever, yet holding on to it for now to get through
all the turmoil and suffering entering life daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Through Experience

Slowly moving into spheres of tomorrow, believing in God's
goodness and thanking Him for it all.

Playing the piano of life, taking me into the patterns of
heaven's music where I expand and blossom ever more.

Widening intellect's boundaries as they open up imagination,
bringing me home to where I always want to remain until death.

Actualizing every dream dreamt, awakening in a mire of
beautiful rhythms in synch with not only my life, but my
eventual death.

That which I cannot leave behind because it has become a part
of my life, having now experienced it and lived through the experience.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Through Grief

Showering sparkles of wisdom, knowledge falling upon minds
that have been opened fully, awaiting pearls and gems to
fill intellect with their promises and sunny dispositions.

Living through sensuous times of grief and loss, wondering
if life will ever begin again and where we all end up one
day afterwards.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Through Hell

Life is difficult, having large and small problems
while we live through it, nothing else can be done.

At times crippling people with disease or pain, some
in wheelchairs, others with walkers and some completely
bed ridden.

Usually having their minds to fall back on, using them
in conversations, reading, writing, living in moments
that are given through family and friends.

Seeing the strength of those going through their personal
hells, standing tall, never complaining, just living as
fully as possible, smiles on their faces, dying within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Through Life

Reasons falling by the wayside, nothing keeping the light
of knowledge from disappearing in depths of intellect.

Occasions in life occurring at opportune times, giving
us a chance to catch our breath in this fast paced world
of ours.

Wounded in life and love, we all have to live through it
or make a final choice of suicide, which is the only choice
that gives no promise, only an instant and everlasting hell.

Filling self with an exemplary heart of strength, taken
from an inner faith made stronger through it's contemplation
that never dies away or disappears.

Solving picture puzzles of life and it's reality will
bring us closer to heaven when we die, knowing that peace
will be found in depths we've never seen on this planet
earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Through Measures Of Music

Being attuned with life, living through measures of
music everywhere on earth.

Manufacturing, manifesting, truly wonderful and beau-
tiful music from within intellect and it's perfect
open mind.

Teaching and learning facets in this life that hold
meaning and purpose in union with innate talent and
knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Through Senses

Speeding down the race track of this mind, not wanting to stop now, having a great time.

Wandering throughout this interior universe, living through senses as I travel at the speed of sound.

Always signaling intellect as I roam and take matters into my own hands, washing tides accumulating on skylines of intellect,

Wayfaring thoughts playing in outskirts of this knowledge on tomorrow's shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Through This Life

Living through life, expecting nothing much in return
for experiencing it's strife and turmoil.

Exploiting the fruits of nature and humanity, polluting
the environment and killing wildlife for the fun of it.

Where has our conscience gone, not to mention our morals
and ethics?

Why haven't the younger generation been taught right from
wrong?

Why does everyone get gifts even when doing nothing for
them, what kind of people has this nation nurtured?

It seems a bunch of lazy, good for nothings, looking for
freebies and handouts.

But if you look closer, you will see Americans working,
taking care of their families, teaching them right from
wrong, patriotism and love of others.

Looking even closer at our nation, seeing that the free
loaders are of illegal status, Mexicans, Africans,
Muslims, etc. obama letting them in using our money.

American's hard-earned money taken away and being used
to support them for no reason, put them to work, make
them earn a living, give us a reason for accepting them.

As it stands now, all we see are insolent, racist, in-
tolerant illegals, lazy, not wanting to work or take
part in the American Dream, just destroying it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Through Writing

Soothing and mild, touching inner chords of a piano,
always waiting to play through intellectual imagination
and fortitude.

Nowhere else can freedom and independence fly, spiritually
being engulfed with all that is good on earth.

Purposely being filled with an energetic feeling through
writing of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living To Die

We die just by living on this earth, there is no way to
hinder it at all.

Being born, growing up, loving, having children, being
caught up in melodies of life, never thinking of our
lives as we are living them.

Aging, maturing, continuing to grow, no matter what goes
on in our lives here on earth, everything will always
end in death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living To Exist

Shrinking from the light, standing in corners of darkness, quietly watching what's going on, being captured in reflections of a black and gray mist.

Holding onto shadows of loss and grief, letting go of feelings and emotions that have hurt me for so long, finding thoughts rambling around my mind.

Looking for their meanings and definitions, not able to see clearly in this dark and black environment, nothing to find, only living to exist in an intense sadness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living To The Fullest

Distinguishing life from death is a very fine line,
it depends on whether or not a person has a strong
mind and will.

Having a life-devastating disease, some people just
give up, doing nothing to help themselves, thinking
what's the use.

Then others of us having very strong minds are
living to the fullest while dying.

Taking everything in stride, being dealt with all
types of diagnoses, slamming minds into cement.

Yet, gathering self, going interiorly, contemplate-
ing, finding a strength somehow through faith and
hope.

Collecting thoughts, being energized by intellect,
moving forward, living in the moment every day of
our lives.

Doing things to strengthen our minds, using music,
art and writing to occupy thoughts and intellect,
it seems to be working to a certain degree so far,

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living To Write It All

Crossing and re-crossing pathways of memories throughout
life, remembering it all on photographic screens where I
live to write it all upon pages of poetry and music.

Falling through the night, an interior light shines upon
my mind, allowing poetry to be never-ending, in the deep-
est bluened light.

Finding life is the gift that God has given each of us,
one that we must live to the fullest with no barriers
placed by ourselves, no matter the cost or loss in life.

Anything and everything for our lives is foremost to our
beings immediate concerns, all of our particles and fibers
need to be woven into the fabric of our lives so we may go
beyond earth's horizon and be brought to God in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Together

Suggestions abound in this world, yet many do not want to follow them, because we have our own decisions that we prefer.

Living together in this society creates all types of personalities and problem solvers or causers.

Since there is no one way to do anything, we use our free will and do what we want to in life.

Sincerely and happily wanting everything to be our way only, but the world does not work that way at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Visions

Pictures surrounding my mind, wanting to be expressed in poems right now.
Switching and altering themselves, jostling for the front of the line.
Pounding incessantly in the darkness, trying to be heard in picturesque volumes, sending all of it to my brain.
Writing totally in peaceful rhythms, calling each one in turn, living the visions that I see and write of here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living What Was Taught

Believing in truth and honesty, telling nothing through
lies, for I cannot.

Having morals and ethics, holding purposely and tightly
to them, born within, will never be separated from them.

A tribute to the parents who raised me from birth with
the help of my maternal Grandmother.

Josephine was her name, she held me closely in her heart
throughout life, teaching traditions of our Sicilian family.

Imparting them from day one on earth, thankful for such
an exquisite upbringing, living life the way I was taught.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living While Dying

Living while dying, justifying the momentary
cycles throughout our time on earth.
Spectacular sights appearing quickly as I
find every picture being portrayed on screens
of my inner mind.

(10: 42 p.m. - 11/16/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living With Creativity

Carefully acknowledging this day and all events that may arrive, taking me along with them, so intensely listening to music and moving toward another space in time.

Living with whatever I can create in intellect and imagination, wonderful aspects that entice me daily, soothing, calming, through any stress and turmoil that comes into this life.

Just sitting here writing many books of poetry, shooting poems constantly into the world, hoping that they make a difference in someone's life, somehow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living With Freedom

Shutting out the people of other countries is only because they are treading on our way of life, they do not understand the inherent principles of Americans.

Let us live with our freedoms and you can do the same, when you try to push your beliefs and laws on us, then we will rebel against you and push you away.

That is when we will no longer accept or respect your rights, when they infringe upon ours!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living With Love

Wanting to just sit and write, feeling happy and
contented, needing nothing else in this life.

Writing fulfills me completely, giving peace and
serenity interiorly, touching my heart and soul.

Living in an interior spirituality gives all the
support and love that I need.

Because God is always present, loving and caring
for me throughout my life.

A peace that is intense fills me entirely, accepting
me for who I am is the greatest gift anyone can have.

God has put a person in my life who gives me a total
and unconditional love no matter what I do.

Loving and supporting me through everything and I do
the same for him.

Living life with God's love and my soul mate's, keeps
me going, striving for the best possible life I can
have in this mortal world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living With Minute Traits

Realizing very few people are a bargain in life, having
their idiosyncrasies and failings touching us in positive
and/or negative attitudes.

Fulfilling very little promise, losing our trust, handing
us regrets at times, altogether, we find some sort of a
measure in the way we are treated.

At times with respect, dignity, traces of whatever another
person possesses for us, living with these minute traits,
yet we wouldn't give them up for anything materialistic.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living With Shadows

Experiencing the beauty of life through events and
situations that I've been through.

Knowing that grief and sorrow played their parts
the same as happiness and joy, maybe even more
intensely as I achieved an appreciation of the
things that came to me along the way.

Spending tears gave me wisdom beyond years, and
took me into the splendor of other dimensions where
only the spirit of this inner being knew what it
was that was being accomplished.

A totality of being, becoming whole and living with
all shadows of sadness, grief and lonely abandon-
ment that kept me based in faith and hope through-
out life.

No doubts along the way to sway me from what it was
that needed to be done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Within

Thinking and reflecting on life and it's many aspects, loving
to understand the relativity of it's beginnings and endings.

Always curious and wanting to learn every bit of life, it's
attitudes, emotions, behaviors and inner existence.

How do we live outwardly and yet have this vast inner universe
within us?

Always trying to expand all facets of intellect, imagination,
wisdom, emotions - and how do we elicit each of them?

Attempting to find answers every time, going into my mind,
finding many dimensions there and exploring them.

Wonderful thoughts and ideas are found constantly, doors and
windows of my soul are always being opened to this inner
universe.

Forever giving opportunities to wonder and be curious, awed
by what is continually found here within this small sphere
of anatomy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Within Your Rhythms

Delicate, tender, softly touching an interior love
that has only room for you, my love.

Expressing, teasing, placing my heart between your
heart and soul.

Feeling your heart beating and pulsing along with
mine through the night.

Every day taking me into depths of your being with
an unconditional love, forever.

Holding onto my body with the warmth and tenderness
of your own.

Living within your rhythms, playing them for pleasure,
coming together, enjoying one another's love always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living Wtih A Stranger

Catching glimpses now and then of the man I married,
more often than not these days he's hidden behind a
dark cloud of dementia.

Negative attitudes, moody, yelling, verbally abusing,
frustrated because he's losing the image of who he was
and cannot deal with it's insistence.

Unable to do what he used to, forgetting to accomplish
tasks that were once very easy for him, silently crying
at times in a deep depression.

Sitting for hours staring at the television, lost in a
vaporous void, losing touch with reality, losing his
sense of direction.

Going south, thinking he's heading east, but isn't,
putting things in odd places, throwing away important
items needed to be attended to.

Living with a stranger I've known for thirty nine years,
it doesn't get any easier, each moment is more difficult
to cope than the one before it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Living, Passing Time

Realizing the life being lived is almost near it's end,
it has been a long one, yet now it has become short.

Living, passing time and not even realizing it, so many
things happen throughout life that it is amazing we have
lived through so much.

Thinking about it brings joy and tears of sorrow, both
to the forefront of your mind.

Difficulties have been plentiful and happiness has been
a lot, but not as much as the sorrow.

Why is that I wonder?

Life is such a crazy state of mind, it is a wonder how we
ever get along with all we go through.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Locating Flames

Standing at the edge of nothingness, looking into it's
depths, finding extremes of life lying about in the sun.

Locating flames of it's center where passion lies dying,
because there is nothing to grasp onto anymore.

Feeling the hopelessness of it's emptiness as I continue
watching it doing nothing but exist where it is now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Locating Our Constitution

Searching through the crumpling foundations of America,
trying to locate our constitution once again.

Putting it back together where it will be used and
respected to govern the United States of America.

Taking politics aside and all crooked politicians,
putting instead, ordinary folks, citizens, of our country
interested in keeping our country in the hands of the
people.

All honor and glory pulled out from under the rugs and
dirt of those trying to disillusion everyone.

Only honesty, truth and integrity allowed to have free
rein here in the USA.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Locating Peacefulness

Listening to an interior contemplation as I write
through it's bluened atmosphere.

Finding explicit themes to write about, watching
images upon photographic screens as they flit by.

Locating peacefulness that is centered within,
letting it soothe my being with placid feelings.

Finding transcendental ideas coming from Divine
levels of another dimension, using them in the
wisdom of an inner intellect.

Assisting me interiorly to take life into the core
of my innermost being where it will do the most
good.

A certain situation that floats and soars into me
without injury or abatement, always soothing frayed
nerves and posing questions I can answer at times.

Otherwise I use imagination and knowledge to try
and find the beauty that I so desire in this exist-
ence.

Taking always, the essence of passion into an enlight-
enment of inner knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Locating Solutions

Living in a pastime of creativity, giving details
a place to be remembered forever in poetry.

Freeing my mind totally as I write, finding an ex-
ceptional peace as it forms solitarily in my mind.

Noticing life as it progresses into another dimension
within, saturating intellect with it's details.

Soaring and searching for the liberty to free the world
from the hatred of a few people.

Solid and focusing on solutions through every poem that
is being written.

Knowing that there is one and finding it is my passion
to locate it through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Locked Away

Running and searching for something that may never be found,
causing inner pain and quiet desperation.

Alone, an outcast, misunderstood on all accounts, left out
in the dark, no one to hold her.

Moving further into self, knowing that to become will cause
difficulty and much shame, preferring to hide away, never
coming out into the open again.

Sequestering all thought, imagination, creativity, memories,
images and ideas behind steel doors, locked away forevermore.

Existence of it all from this day forward, eternally denied
on any level or dimension.

Plastic curtains pulled shut, suffocating life, keeping it
from an existence in name only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Locked In A Cage

Locked in a cage, desires burning interiorly, unable to
quench or sate them, following your words, not wanting
to do as you ask.

Afraid if I do, all of self will be lost in the end, only
wanting to be free, on my own, liberated, not kept by any
man on earth.

Yet the feelings that come when you tell me what to do,
make me feel somehow how much you really care about me,
listening to your authoritative voice freezes me interiorly.

Standing still, unable to move, something of your love
touches me and makes me feel good, not understanding these
feelings at times scares me.

Do I want to be a slave to you, let you love me totally
and completely, or run from your love to keep my freedom,
I don't know, cannot make a choice because of the fear of
losing myself to you forever.

A scary thought to someone innocent like me, never knowing
true love in life, wanting to, but always eluding it in
preference to living freely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Locked Trunks

Silently mimicking life, living beyond it's borders
in my mind.
Languishing amongst memories kept in locked trunks,
to prevent tears from constantly flowing throughout
the years.
Filled with uncontrollable anguish when first opened,
yet the bitter sweetness of my tears experienced is
well worth it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Locomotive Energy

Locomotive energy flowing through my mind, taking
intellect soaring above.

Figuring out mathematical equations that will keep
me going higher, desires coming right along with
rapidly flowing rhythms.

Making dreams, heart breakers, realizing that love
is crystalizing in the crowd in spite of how it
tries to separate lovers.

Together making things right with those who are now
holding hands, kissing and hugging, a heart breaker's
nightmare.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Locomotive Ideas

Rolling around the station, then heading down tracks
in search of locomotive ideas.
Listening to lonesome whistles of trains pulling out
in every direction, never intending to return.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Locomotive Lines

Bouncing rhythms being sung by an elderly woman,
speeding up faster and faster, keeping up with
beats pounding on my brain.

Recollecting circumstances of yesterday's music,
always remembering every note, pleasing many
people with harmonic melodies.

Pursuant facets, running down lines like railroad
tracks underneath a locomotive.

Whistling along the ground, letting everyone know
it's coming and they better look out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Logical Essence

Checkered thoughts crept
around insides of my mind,
playing chess with a logical
essence of attentive memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Logical Measures

Running around musical scores, playing them with grace and ease on any given source.

Practicing daily with their rhythms, holding them up against each other or putting them back to back, causing interesting outcomes every moment.

Seeking logical measures of every etude as they stretch mindlessly into tomorrow's moments of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lone Beauty Of Life

Life has a beauty all it's own, tranquil, serene, a wonderful peace for our souls and minds, people acquiescing for the most part to it's experience.

Everyone must work, go to school, take care of the many chores in order to take care of their families and themselves, hoping to find happiness and joy in between.

Looking into windows of life, watching reflections of everything passing through time, sitting quietly, thinking about the purpose of living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lone Butte Casino

Flowing sheets of colored water pouring, streaming, down panels of glass, ceiling-high, in the middle of Lone Butte Casino.
A beautiful array, an artistic style set in ordinary materials and made creatively into existent thoughts, left for all to see and appreciate.
Eyes walking back and forth, enjoying the presence of genius.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lone Candle Flame

Mourning stars poking my interior mind,
filling it with tears of grief.
Causing a sadness so deep, life cannot
contain it within it's meager grasp.

Holding on, being guided by a lone candle
flame, lighting the way towards hope.
Bringing faith closer, yet not altogether
close enough to be used in prayer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lone Confinement

Settled into a lone confinement, nothing appearing in a quiet
mind, praying, hoping for ideas to fall into intellect with-
out effort.

Living an everlasting serenity as thoughts fill every crevice
with enlightenment and an innate knowledge, leading eventually
to wisdom that will take us into realms of heaven at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lone Creativity

Softly, enticingly, charging my spirit with
peaceful energy as I drift over heights in
my mind.

Sliding down mountains, holding onto cacti,
touching, holding, rattlesnakes, petting
coyotes and javelina without being hurt in
any way.

Imagination enables it and wonder and awe
are transfixed in an atmosphere of lone
creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lone Drummer

Pounding ivories gently with an innate rhythm,
beating to it's own drummer as it marches on
newly-made pathways.
Keeping to itself, privatizing thoughts on
adjacent shores.
Soundlessly listening to waves of frothy foam
fold themselves upon the sand, ending on
sunsetical coastlines of the hereafter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lone Leader

Lightening striking blindly, hitting my mind with
the sanctity of life.

Justifying the essence of everyone on this earth,
looking to protect America and Israel, is Netanyhu,
all alone in the world it seems.

Wanting to stop isis in their tracks and keeping
Iran from developing nuclear warheads.

Like We the People of America, all knowing that Iran
will use this weapon against both of our countries.

A brilliant world leader, standing alone except for
the citizens of America and those who voted for him
in Israel.

Being a traitor, obama cares nothing about anyone,
except his muslim brotherhood, jihad and terrorists.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lone Little Life

Leaving self behind, delving into depths of being, finding
a spiritual side of life living brightly and vividly with-
in me.

Sun shining upon earth, rain falling lightly, rinsing who
I am with the purity of heaven, awakening each morning with
the kiss of God's love.

Touching my heart entirely, placing His mark upon my soul
with His mercy, lost but now found, tears of joy flowing
rapidly, joining those of an interior waterfall.

Enabling me to write poetry with the blessings of God to-
gether in this innate intellect and soul, counting on a
miracle to take me through the purpose of my lone little
life while writing poetry to music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lone Pilgrim

Finding myself at last, a lone pilgrim in a world of life, portraying loneliness, fraught in a state, a void, empty.

Where are the mantles of yesterday? Have they all been chiseled and tossed away? Am I too, supposed to leave, is my usefulness done?

Sojournly down dry brown paths of life, I travel, finding nothing to quench my thirst for knowledge.

No one to give me truth. Verdant pastures, I have not found.

Morosely set upon a stone, moss gathers round my feet.

There are no ways, no life, to be found in this land, finding only death gripped in skeleton hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lone Small Tree

One lone, small tree standing in the sunlight in front of a wall, it's shadow crawling over limbs bending to get over it.

Stretching and enjoying the little bit of freedom being afforded it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lone Soldier

Seeing my niece's emptiness and fear, because her
husband is somewhere in Kuwait.
Tearful, constantly lying in bed, thinking of him,
a lone soldier, like all the others in this war of
Iraq's manipulation.

Feeling helpless, unable to comprehend the total
immenseness of war and it's reason, just hating the
fact that he's overseas in a strange and cruel
country, afraid to think of life before her without
him by her side.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lone Wayfarer

Life unendingly tormenting it's bearer.
Shackled and horsewhipped, a lone wayfarer.
Traveling roads, twists and turns, heading
into violent emotional and stressful storms;
afraid of lasting benefits shaping our characters.
Thorough to a fault, misspending our youthful
ideals, forgetfully lapsing when old, into narrow
tunnels of vision.
Finding when too late, searching that has been
done is incomplete and can never fully aver
anything of value.
Backing down slowly, retracing steps of old,
now focusing on eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lone, Cold Thoughts

Coldness of the empty sun, alone in the heavens,
betrays the innocence within this heart.

So lonely, the beating of it, separating life in
fragments of time, allowing thoughts of death to
take hold.

Prisms shining outwardly, do not focus on the
eternal emptiness inside.

Not a soul knows what is going on within a mind
filled with lone, cold thoughts.

Holidays bring no happiness, just sorrow, heavily
laden with tears.

Turning away from life, walking through it's watery
grave, fear leaves itself behind and I become extinct.

A writer, a poet, no longer here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loneality

Light of evening falls away and nighttime becomes fulfilled.
Grasping ineptitudes of quiet praise, failing to make any plan of sense today.
Trying to hold together semblances of life, fragmented and tossed aside through misery.
Facing hardships in abandoned loneality and sitting on many deserted shores, forever steeped in nothingness where love is no more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonelier Times

Retracing steps along roads of lonelier times,
escaping crossroads in our mind with a finesse
we don't feel.

Beds of poetical terms, trail along behind,
reminding us of what we thought through life
and it's byways.

Relegating every iota to one poem or another,
portraying moments caught in words of
description as we walked, stopping to smell
the flowers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loneliness And Sorrow

Staccato sounds touching this mind, stepping in time, finding they are going to be put into poems of certain topics.

Interesting and astonishing, giving life a nice exchange and fidelity, bringing me into another tomorrow, living an exciting, yet quiet life as a rebel.

Doing things my way, not staying still, always moving forward into the singularity of loneliness and sorrow, watching as life steps beyond me in another universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loneliness Becomes Me

Crashing with each wave that knocks the boat in
another direction - just existing and going along
for this diabolical ride, life has set up from
birth.

Talking, speaking to the wind, no one else will
listen, as I grasp my little space in time.

Loneliness, the only friend I have, it's been
with me since being born, it's human nature.

Knowing how much loneliness becomes me, I slip
under the boat as it rocks above me, flowing
with memories and water down the river.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loneliness Creates Space

Slowly soothing melody, traipsing along highways of
imagination, taking a journey into melancholy avenues
of adversity.

Always fighting to keep from falling apart, tired of
incessant downbeats in life.

Soundlessly wandering, dismissing all the admonitions
falling this way.

Standing alone, preferring it this way, giving self
the room needed to be separated from this life, and
write into the space, loneliness creates in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loneliness Harassing My Mind

Mystical thoughts lying here in my mind, grasping feelings
so gently yet sorrowfully as I lie in wait for your body
to lie here next to mine.

Nothing, empty space enclosing my being, loneliness fill-
ing so totally, harassing my mind and squeezing my heart
over and over.

Honey, I can no longer feel your heart beating against
mine, reaching for you, coming back empty-handed time and
again to a life with no purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loneliness In Spaces

Spaces of loneliness are forged within, left by people who
negligently hurt feelings so terribly with careless words.
Tossing about, being thrown into dungeons of medieval times,
lost forever in the blackness of shadows, burying me beneath
once thought of kindness and compassion.
Going deeply into labyrinths, taking my soul with me, never
letting it go again.
Riding into sunsets of eternal time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loneliness Of Aging

Loneliness of elderly who are left to get along the best
they can with no one's love to help them, save their own.

Desperately trying to fit in a place they once belonged,
only to find that no one cares.

Sitting, staring, looking around at the young, wondering
where life has gone, wondering where the love they gave
so unselfishly all those years could possibly have gotten
lost.

Questions with no answers are given, everything seems to
pass, as they grow old, no one left, until they die and
memories are laid bare, a few tears to flow from someone
who was once born to them.

Now lying upon a barren wasteland like skulls of cattle
in a summer's heat, a heart stops beating for it's once
young life is gone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loneliness Of Being Human

Arizona sky above, blue everywhere you look, not
a single cloud floating in it's soothing realms.

Watching it's beauty with fascination, feeling
the peace of heaven wrapping itself around my mind,
heart and soul.

Lonely, walking through this mind and finding the
solace needed to survive the loneliness of being
human throughout this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loneliness Of Dried Up Tears

Slowly riding down trails, dusty with the loneliness of
tears now dried up in whirlwinds of sorrow and grief,
splitting feelings into bittersweet emotions.

Poking and pricking my heart with sentiments of liability
that continue to make me feel your loss, never able to
carry on like before.

Sorrow dragging me down darkened paths that shed no light
upon the signs or direction in which you've gone, keeping
me captive between your death and my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loneliness Of The Soul

Ivories tickling a loneliness of the soul, bringing a smile
to the hearts of the lonely, standing upon mountains of yes-
terday's life.

Nothing left to do except accept the inevitable as day turns
into night silently like a prayer traveling to heaven with
promises of answers healing the very within of human beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loneliness Of Years

It's so hard to explain loneliness of years when one is without words.
Explicit joy brought on by a child - and then silence as a memory creeps in.
So long ago fate had sealed life and now down the hallway groppingly I go.
Without sight or sound, being led on to drown in this deep pool of life.
Carefully trying to recall the use of living with hope, and not giving up so easily.
Grasping onto the very minutes of existence as they fall away from your open hands.
Crying out because of loneliness - happy to hear even your own voice.
Praying - Dear God, why me?
Gnarled and torn in two from hurt - from being restrained - unable to live or breathe or die - only lay there hanging on, hoping for one last glimpse of being alive, and then all is gone - all is lost - as sleeping you are yet alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loneliness Taunts

Loneliness touches souls everlastingly, taunting
inner peace, attempting to destroy it.

Solid, penetrating, always seeking itself, nothing
can dislodge the peace of God.

Living with stress and difficult people eats away
at many aspects of a person's life.

Yet it cannot reach within a soul and do harm,
because inner peace keeps one whole.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Abandonment

Staring down the long, lonely halls of life, wanting only
to reach the end.

Full of the company of others, seeking only the solitude
of loneliness.

Being afraid of the necessities in life, trying to rid
oneself of all things - material and otherwise.

Abandoning all who love you, choosing to shun the friendship
of someone you've known for so long.

Forsaking this love to grow in self-pity, unaware that it
is so.

Taking nothing into consideration except selfish thoughts
and ideas.

Leaving a friend stranded - alone - with no idea of where
he is going from here.

Having once said, 'trust me', 'wait and see if you can trust
me', all along claiming to be a friend - and now as he runs
and hides from me, showing that he has never been.

Selfishly hiding behind closed doors - refusing to see
anyone, rejecting and abandoning, he once promised that he
never would.

Sitting here, dying inside, trying to decipher what this
friendship is now supposed to mean, tears fall deftly -
silently - where once a friend's love had been.

Turning away sadly, totally devastated inside, running
blindly away - knowing the sharp intense pain of abandonment
again - I walk away - thinking I've never really been his
true friend - it was only a game of pretend to him.

Life is not precious or dear - it is nothing. It can be

wiped away like the drop of a tear - or forgotten as words
are flung cruelly at someone who thought they were friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Broken Escapades

Broken hopes and dreams, falling down
faces of despair.
Bereft in life, of people who care.
Lonely escapades are all they have,
staring back at them from the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Career

Hangers being filled with words, meanings, definitions
that continually soar into the atmosphere of poetry.

Beautiful patterns being formed from beginning designs
of thought, closing in on them, capturing meanings in
prose.

Always giving a wonderful gesture through poetical inter-
ludes, a lonely career, but very fulfilling in later life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Caring

Looking around, heart full of sadness, wishes,
hopes, dying slowly, gradually.

Squalor of an apartment, where did it come from?
When did the caring stop?

What is left of life?

Seeing nothing ahead, tears of hopelessness fill
the depths of a soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Chances

Lonesome people gathering in rooms of purpose,
meeting other's eyes, shyly introducing them-
selves to one another.

Finding subjects in common, talking, feeling
one another out to see if there's any chance
of compatibility.

Meanwhile, it's passing away time before they
must go home to their lonely abodes for the
evening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Children

Lonely hearts of children, dying inside, parents split, families torn apart, leaving an emptiness where their shouldn't have to be.

Tears formed when very young because of selfish, uncaring parents.

Left in homes with no love, no one to comfort them, children growing up with intense emotional deprivation by those who profess to love them unconditionally for life and just don't step up and do it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Corners Of Twilight

Lights being carried forth into the darkness of sorrow,
attempting to set some answers in lines of loneliness
that continues into infinity.

Tears falling silently, reaching out to others through
loneliness, but there is no one watching who has any
compassion whatsoever.

In lonely corners of twilight, people are stranded,
alone in their abandonment yet again, no one wanting
to give a hand.

No one wishing to be involved in another's grief for
they have enough of their own and no one was there for
them either.

Guess they think that makes their inane decision alright
to make.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Corridors

Singing along to rhythms of interior blues, going into lonely corridors of abandonment.

Having sweet dreams of yesterday, not wanting them to end, only to begin again.

Taking the road of least people just to be alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Days

Talented reprieves situate themselves in the middle of tempests, taking in everything and playing it over in their minds for future lonely days of sorrowful writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Depressions

Lights chasing folks dancing
in rooms of loneliness,
following themselves in
saddened depressions of
existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Dimension

Forgetfully carrying myself into a lonely dimension
of tomorrow.

Begetting particles of yesterday's light, taking
strides along highways of inner intellect.

Following in steps of life as it exists in a hollow
tree, away from the mainstream of this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Echoes

Wandering aimlessly, looking for a place to belong.

Watching windows dancing happily in light, no cares
or worries hanging around for the moment.

Wanting so desperately to be welcomed into a circle
of anything, instead being singled out and left
standing alone.

Wishing for a word of encouragement, a friendly
conversation, nothing happens.

Hearing the only sound - the reaping of silence.

Like an arrow piercing the center of a heart, blood
falls and no one cares, because no one is ever there.

Is there anyone else on earth who feels the pain of
loneliness or is it only the echoes of my own voice
I hear?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Entity

Breaking waves of emotion endlessly, tirelessly, run
through my mind, recreating visions and images of
symmetry, allowing expansion - ever-widening - to
continue it's boundary, extending into even more
processes of creative ideology.
Patterns, non-existent until now come into focus,
clearly delineating definition, depth and meaning in
brand new ways.
Like ever-dreaming while still awake, grasping,
finding, revealing interior feelings and thoughts,
combining them like newly formed DNA, creating entirely
new beings from nothing but lightening of iotic ideas
snapping into sight.
Beyond points of ordinary recognition, life lives a
separate existence and I write of it so I may also see
it as an entity of my being alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Escapades

Glockenspiel beats, tracking across pathways of mindful ideas
waiting in line.
Crossing boundaries of interior jungles, giving way to ongoing journeys of the
past through images riding horses across the
desert.
Lonely escapades fulfilling the emptiness inherent in everyone's lives.
Digging deeply for mysterious thoughts of curiosity, shaking
off the abandonment of yesterday's abuse.
Taking on new dimensions of fragile beginnings, starting again
on further doorsteps to eternity.
Letting nothing get by - not even in the darkness of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Eyes

Lonely eyes showing my soul, deterring others from wanting to know me.
No longer holding onto hope, I dash myself upon the concrete and feel nothing anymore.
Not being able to penetrate this prolonged haze hanging over me I hold onto rhythms as they take me where I can play and write with my imagination on paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Forest

Shredding the facets of empty pockets, giving me no peace or truth
to contend with.
Treating self to adjacent positions, altering everything that's been
given posthumously.
Starting over again each and every moment after your leaving me alone
in a forest of loneliness, taking away the peace I felt for just a
moment in time.
Regretfully, moving away from all that I know and love to give you
your space.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Gardens

Constant reminders, blinding daylight,
keeping it at bay.

So twilight can take it's time walking
through lonely gardens, bereft of
companionship and love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Happiness

In a darkened room, relaxed, enjoying the sense
of loneliness for a while.

Visions dance and circle within, contemplating
moments of hidden bliss.

Wandering aimlessly through mazes with a mind,
enjoying the feeling puzzling within.

Kindly creative, wanting no undue excitement to
interfere with this short little period of lonely
happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Heart

As lonely as a day in hell, this heart lay broken like an ocean shell.
There seemed to be no soul around, to aid a drowning person.
Up and over head, foam sprays all it comes in contact with.
Everyone is touched by the loneliness - their emptiness can't be quenched.
No where is there any help and a person falls silently into a bed.
Nothing ever seeps inside their mind, because it shut out all the world. Why?
Because it was just too lonely and there weren't any more friends.
A life comes to an end when there are no more friends.
As lonely as a day in hell, this heart lay broken like an ocean shell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Heart Cries

Times of a blue sadness where tears fall silently onto my pillow, thoughts of love tenderly filling my mind as this lonely heart cries constantly for you my dear.

Missing you every moment of every minute, so lost and abandoned without you my love, wish you could come back to me right now so we could continue our journey on earth together once again, now blindly following my heart into the darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Heartstrings

Music pulling at lonely heartstrings, touching the sadness hidden deeply within a soul, harkening to this spirit for help to keep from despairing.

Helping to give strength to keep going and not give up, having so much yet that needs to be accomplished all over the world, loving to help people wherever and whenever possible.

Music playing, touching the sadness hidden within, yet still able to carry on through writing poetry, listening to music and painting portraits of loved ones through heartfelt memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Horizon

Brushing away forces put upon a child is difficult after
a number of years have passed and middle-age has begun.

Jettisoning pieces around a mind, attempting to put
together, an unfinished puzzle, causes anxiety and panic.

Sometimes two parts will come together, causing great fear
to rise from depths of being.

Crowding, growing wildly, weeds of abuse flourish and it
is hard to find the way.

Searching for answers leaves an emptiness that cannot be
filled until the whole picture becomes clearer.

Crystal cathedrals will not rise inside, because of the past,
left over from constant abuse.

Rising above heights of a lonely horizon is seemingly done
only through eyes of sight, because feelings are buried deep
in caskets of steel, unable to be opened and brought forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Journey

Circling life, watching it's sorrow flow into my heart with tears of tender grief from people who've died and left this earth of mine bereft.

Wondering tearfully as the sun rises and sets each day, always leaving me alone in emptiness.

Knowing now, the rest of life will be a lonely journey, that I will have to endure until the moment I'm gone also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Mind

Smiling interiorly at the times we used to spend together.
In my lonely mind, I remember to shed a tear for our past.
Remote though it is, images are still in my dreams and fall
down around me in the stillness of my ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Nature

Feelings of loneliness abide within,
wringing their hands in desperation,
wanting to be freed.

A lifetime of human nature innately
built inside, wanting to escape
from it.

Knowing it's an impossibility because
we are each, lone beings, adrift in
space.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Nights

Lonely nights, sleeping against memories of you, dreams being
filled with tears and sadness, wanting to hold and hug you
but you're no longer here with me, my dear.

Instead every moment is filled with the dread of loneliness
as I lie here in the midst of an irrefutable existence of loss,
alone and bereft, not an ounce of love left by your passing my
love, only the memory of it is here in my mind and heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Paradise

Realizing that everything is just a temporary situation,
settling for it at any cost, because it's better than the
alternative.
Stranded in a lonely paradise with nothing to show for it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Pathways

Dying inside, beleaguering any chance of hope, as life
drifts away, following it's own creative designs on
lonely pathways.

Constantly looking past other's shoulders, trying to
see what is behind them as they go in opposite
directions from me.

Lasting thoughts strung out on clotheslines, airing in
breezes of fragrant melodies, awaiting liberty-awakening
freedom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely People

Words spreading their meanings across time,
alighting in twilight, escaping the bright
sunshine of the day.
Stars lurking above, entering dreams and
desires of those lonely people on earth.
Sensing inner feelings filling my heart
with an unkempt emptiness.
Solitary figure, traveling down life's
roadways and disappearing with the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Period Of Life

Whispers coming through closed eyes in prayerful patterns,
tired of clinging on for life.
Not mattering to a life of effervescent shadows, falling in
lines of tomorrow's destiny.
Feeling intrepid dawnings, keeping me company in this lonely
period of life.
Reaching out in dismal tunnels of darkened lightness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Pilgrim

Wandering this earth, a lonely pilgrim looking for avenues and pathways in order to find the way.

A transitory life that continues to travel it's way through all hardships and sacrifices which stand in the way of living.

Joining forces with an interior spirituality, an ability to find a private way to achieve the impossible.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Pilgrims

Hearing whispers calling from somewhere beyond this horizon,
listening intently, hearing their saddened and sorrowful tones
coming through the music.

Lonely pilgrims floating in and out of this dimension, alone,
some of them now forgotten, yet all reaching out, wanting to
be heard and loved once again.

Being cold, ignored by most, yet somehow they still come through
to me in musical rhythms, and I continue to listen to them and
their words come into my poetry through coded rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Reality

Talent of life is expedient, never dallying a minute, creeping past it's time, galavanting through the space of age, enjoying itself.

Expressing life in many fascinating ways, speaking silently in works of art, words of poems and musical scores.

Swept away from the mundane tasks of life, it's daily routine, exploring the vast universe of imagination, unseen.

Loving the intensity, the vibrancy hidden from other's view, wanting forever feelings of gloom and despondency that help me come alive.

It's unlike any other part of this life, I can hold, touch it, embrace it, and always come away feeling the sorrow, loneliness, emptiness with a sense of infinite reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Roads

Traipsing down lonely roads,
enjoying nature's bounty as
I feel it touch my soul so
completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Roadways

Stressing times in life when all that was thought of was conquering another in love's throes, never thinking of a future together.
Failing to exist with only one person, changing attitudes, always taking them astray into lonely roadways, alone every time with no songs to sing.
A dwindling desperation, creeping away in life's ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Rose

Sitting in my loneliness, thinking of my best friend,
praying for her to come back into my life.
Missing her presence in my daily life, wishing she
would forgive me, because I know she's hurting and
missing me also.
Being the stubborn woman that she is, she stays away
from me and there's nothing I can do unless she
decides to take the first step and meet me half way.
It was her decision to throw me away, so I have to
hope and pray that she decides to bring me back into
her life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Shadows Of Life

Lonely shadows hanging their heads as they follow sadly behind, not knowing what's happened, just reflecting the moods of those they are attached to through the light of the sun creating them.

Leading down paths of this life, no one ever seeing a smile cross their blank gray faces, everything just going along pathways of life, taking their lonely shadows, hanging their heads as they tag along sadly behind their owners in this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Solo

Hankering for melodies to touch sorrow growing within,
shielding myself from deep emotional turmoil.

Selecting words to keep a distance from the world of
reality - staying out of touch so to speak.

A lonely solo, playing in the desert of my heart's
journey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Songs

In the deep quiet of night, birds sing their lonely call.
Echoing about in midnight air, sending messages to all
who care.
Listening, silently, I hear loneliness ring out into the
blackened air.
Bouncing off of clouds, banging into shadows on the ground.
Wallowing away hours before dawn, birds cry out their
lonely songs.
Chirping hesitantly for those who have died, their hearts
cry out in the midnight sky.
Awaiting an answering call, they stop their singing for a
minute.
When hearing no reply, they start to sing again.
Melodies known only to themselves, send out their sadness
to all who hear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Sound

Roaring into this night, whistle blowing as the train passes
by, it's lonely sound reaching the sadness that never leaves
my being.

Resting upon my mind, taking me into memories, reminding me
of a life that once upon a time I used to have and live to
the fullest.

Now just sitting on sidelines, all hope gone, along with the
promises that used to decorate this mind with an intense liv-
liness.

Walking into the mire of another day, all moments now being
jumbled in mixtures of indecision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Space For One

Being unrecognizable to self at times when other people stress me out, trying to involve me in their particular dramas, not wanting to be a part of their misery.

Walking away, finding a lonely space for only one, fitting perfectly in it, sitting quietly and peacefully in another dimension alone.

Writing poetry while listening sololy to music that I dearly love, no interruptions or duress, just this mere poet doing what I love the most in my own space and measure of time through rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Spaces

Singling out routines never followed,
passing time together,
being inspired by sights of nature's mountainous ranges,
feeling small gusts of wind, touching interiorly,
spaces of loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Spirit

Thinking quietly, watching thoughts gather together,
looking to combine and create poetry in depths of in-
tellect and imagination.

A wonderfully peaceful and soothing pastime giving
solace to this lonely spirit, finding serenity in
depths of a spiritual interior life.

One that no one can interfere with, a beauty that
none can surpass here on earth, because God is at
the center of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Spirits

Lonely spirits, traipsing the aisles in church,
wondering what could have happened to all the
pious, holy people who were once inside every day.

Sayings being spent in bygone days, no longer
applying to the rhetoric of today's world.

Lighting the matches of destiny as candlelight
extinguishes itself in self-deprecating silence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Thought

Squirreling away memories in
the backwoods of my mind,
wanting to save them for
rainy days of aloneness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Thoughts

Darling, my love sitting here day after day, longing for
you to come and be with me, loneliness penetrates my being
so effortlessly, pulling my heart in all directions.

It's dark, I cannot find you no matter which way I turn,
blessed moments spent with you for a lifetime can be no
more and I am forlorn, forsaken, torn without you.

Oh my darling, my love is still here inside of me, waiting
to be given to you once again, sitting here day after day,
longing for you, but you never come.

Lonely, living a solitary life, bereft and always wanting
you my love until the day I too die and join you forever
in eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Thoughts In Melodies

Strumming my heart, unbeknownst to the one playing his own heart into the melodies of transparent beauty, icicles now forming in the frostiness of what used to be my heart.

Now it is to be no more for beauty of past love lies there frozen, unable to be melted for my love is gone and will never come this way again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Vigil

Seeking reasons to live on a daily basis, seeing as from a mountaintop, all there is to life.
Finalizing plans in an empty space left only to me in my emptiness.
Giving sadness, filling my heart with oceans of tears, beautiful - blue crystal - yet, so devastating to my soul and mind.
Writing incessantly to fulfill my dreams, I continue on a lonely vigil into a final sunset.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Visions

Lonely particulates filter into visions of particular resonant ideas of nondescript placement, in tiers of respect and dignity.

Fortunes changing descriptions as they alter the fate of destiny's relativity tonight, in rigid poses of mediocrity and slight deviations of electric mind phases.

Magnetically tied to stratospheres, hanging loosely in greyest of matter, awaiting stringent thoughts to coalesce all lonely particulates, not strengthened by nooses of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Walk

Recording memories in our minds allows us to remember them in later years, giving us expectations and dreams that we had when younger.

At times they become realities in life, bringing us great rewards and inspiration.

Sometimes they are never found again and nothing comes into lives near their ends.

Expectations and dreams all ended when younger, no longer anticipated on our lonely walk to final horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Whistle Of Death

Silence breaking apart memories like eggshells falling
aside, letting images and visions of our lives together
fill my mind.

Now devoid of your love, stirring desires and yearnings
still present within my being, wondering if you feel
them too or has death stolen them from you when breath-
ing your last breath on earth.

Wanting it all back, hoping against all hope as I hear
the lonely whistle of death haunting me even now, tell-
ing me the end has come and gone and there can be no
more love for either of us again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Whistles

Lonesome times whistle throughout my mind as I hear
of telltale ideas rhyming into musical scores.
Taking my mind up stairs of remembrance, climbing
higher with time, reaching for heaven's edges.
Railroading thoughts into corrals of enticing beauty,
stampeding life with poetry's enlivening spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Winter Desert

Signaling an emptiness of sorts, filling me interiorly with displaced tears, setting me up to be lonely in the coming days.
Sitting in front of a cold, empty fireplace, feeling no warmth being emitted, no conversation being carried on, just sitting alone on a bear rug in the middle of my winter desert.
Feeling hopelessly lost, wary of any contact, yet, looking, hoping, for the one person who'll seek me out and befriend me in the loneliness of last days on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonely Woman

Melodies singing themselves into mind-bending poetry for all
to hear and enjoy through lifetimes of succorious splendor.
Beautifying pathways of the mind as poetical blossoms bloom
and spray their fragrance into areas of my brain to be used
and reused throughout moments of time.
Renewing everlasting tomes of thought, gathering in crowds
of levity, balanced by creative talent possessed by God's
own hands and given free rein through a lonely, spiritual
woman.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonesome Blues

Blues of sweetened sensations ride through desert
plains, hastening their destinations to unthought
plateaus.
Watching silently, tossing out definitions that
haven't met with creative meetings of the mind.
Lonesome blues take into consideration that life
is destined for elimination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonesome Darkness Of Night

Shadows awakening to another nighttime moon shining upon earth
fully, unfolding their arms, reaching into the light they find
themselves encased in.

Pious feelings of sacredness touch minds quietly as people walk
towards home after a long day of toil, trudging silently, let-
ting the moon sooth their frazzled nerves.

Feeling the emptiness coming heavily upon their hearts in this
lonesome darkness of night, thoughts running through their minds
of a once upon a time when happiness was theirs.

It's no longer within their scope of realization, sojourn jour-
neys being brought to forebear on minds filled with apprehension
and silent pleadings.

Hoping that tomorrow will bring some joy or happiness to wipe a-
way tears of this night's loneliness, steering the way clear to
find a path through it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonesome Days

Encompassing thoughts of a lifetime as I write them into
a poetical interlude that will last forever, lonesome
days becoming the volumes of poetry that I write.

Music playing through intellect, taking me into another
universe where only I can envision and display images
of my past, present and future.

Nothing else can soothe my mind and intellect as easily
and sensually as writing poetry and composing music can
accomplish within my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonesome Journey

Reaching into interior rhythms, finding pathways now
opening up to me as I find the clues that will lead
me to the answers of life eventually.
A lonesome journey to be sure, yet a magnificent way
to be alone in an atmosphere of intellectual
imagination, subconsciously.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonesome Place

Seething emotions buried beneath coverlets of sadness,
left behind by loss and grief, love lying tattered and
torn within.

No one to mend it, leaving it to die throughout the
rest of this life, negating and finding nothing to take
it's place in the future.

Always finding tears spilling in places held within
treasure chests of yesterday's memories, now only places
where collections of pictures appear.

Love and caring having left for there's no more room in
your heart, a lonesome place now that you're gone my dear,
missing you forever and living a death sentence without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonesome Sands

Removing self from depths I so often tarry and linger in.
Trying to accentuate a normal way of life, and having a
difficult time of it.
Beginning of self must begin in me, yet others slam and
shove me in directions they want me to go.
How precious do you think that makes me feel?
Definitely, it brings me to an all time low.
Energies fracturing the little self-esteem I tried to grow.
Staring at a future of non-ending disharmony causes severe
despair inside my soul.
Lifetime peculiarities shape and form, crystallizing in
brand new ways, taking away breathless feelings I do not
crave.
Crumbling from my hands, future dreams are washed away on
lonesome sands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonesome Soul

A lonesome soul sitting at a table in an upscale restaurant, whooping and hollering within a drunken stupor.
Never knowing how foolish antics show her mind of confusion and sorrow.
Sadly, heckling musicians as they earn a living, doing what they love best.
Loneliness makes fools of those who turn to drinking to solve their problems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonesome Trail

Traveling down a lonesome trail through nature,
losing myself in it's serenity and beauty.

Taking in fragrant pine scents as I walk deeper
into the forest, looking at every detail.

Whatever comes to this curious mind and intellect,
is transformed through music and written in poetry.

Glorious and joyful, everything around touching me
from above, all of it a blessing in my quiet and
contemplative life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lonesomeness

Lonesomeness is a trial of life for most people,
but I can deal with it as I write purposely of
anything I think of out of the ordinary.
Sololy following edges of night into the daylight
of next mornings, without thoughts to contrary
predicaments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Long Ago Thoughts

Calling forth memories from past ages, looking to reconnect with people whom I've lost touch with over the years.
Tossing little particles of memory into the mix, hoping they'll reconnect thoughts in times of old, calling forth their ideas and lovely sounds, bringing back the past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Long Difficult Road

Fingers of my mind playing an interior piano in intellect,
keeping me entertained and alert, noticing what's going on
interiorly.

Taking it all in upon photographic screens so it can be
written eventually into poetry, yet living life is a long
and difficult road to follow.

Setbacks, limitations and boundaries set by others to take
you from your purpose in life, avoiding them at any cost
while writing and finding my own way through it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Long Live The American Dream!

Liberty and freedom are filling hearts and minds of
Americans, realizing their dream is not dead!

Donald Trump has reawakened hopes of millions of
Americans and they are definitely reaching out.

Wanting to make our nation become a world-wide
symbol of freedom and independence once again.

Some people are voting for Hillary, yet she has
committed treason, is a traitor to America, she
belongs in jail only.

This goes to show you how young voters don't have
a grasp on real issues at hand, they're voting for
someone who will give them what they want.

They want only what they desire, instead of what is
good for the entire nation, our young ones have been
dumbed down by liberal democrat communists.

Our younger generation doesn't know the difference
between honest and dishonest politicians, they are
voting for whomever gives them free stuff.

America is now on the warpath, we want no more corrupt
politicians ruining our nation or the American Dream,
we stand up and proudly proclaim: God Bless the U.S.A.!
Long live it's dreams!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Long Lost Feeling

Alone in a tempest of yesterday, left within a situation that
is not a normal one, at least not for me.

Wanting to walk away into the desert all alone, but now there
is another in the future, waiting for me with bated breath,
wanting to take me home and love me like I've never been loved
before.

A long lost feeling of love, desperately wanting to be realized
in the here and now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Longing Being Quenched

Reacting to fast-paced rhythms of Lennard
Skinner, rolling along and having fun with
it's tempo.

Longing being quenched in an insatiable
beat, music totally enticing, keeping me
awake.

Noticing wonderful times that my mind is
having without even trying, a delectable,
and enjoyable session of poetical notes.

Taking me into the character of tomorrow
so that I may become through tantalizing,
incorrigible mysteries of midnight.

Covering steps of every measure like a
metronome, having an easy time keeping up
with the rhythms.

Fulfilling passion with an interior essence
that is keeping me going every day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Longing For An Evening

Sliding through the sunlit day, mind filtering thoughts like
clouds do the sun.

Regulating musical rhythms that insist on dancing in my head,
falling forward and stumbling onto paper.

Lovely days parade down avenues of ideas, picked up along the
roads of life.

Tenderly choosing bouquets to give as gifts to loving friends,
finding also, friends in dreams.

Daytime longing for an evening spent in pleasant company, is
put on hold as the holiday of Thanksgiving must lend itself
to family.

Disappointing though it be, looking forward to the return of
friends is just as nice as it can be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Longing For Another Moment

Drenched in sorrow, feeling very low,
wanting to disappear and become totally
invisible.

Longing for another moment in another time
and place, separating myself from the here
and now.

Knowing that life is expecting me to live,
yet pouring so many trials upon it, that I
have trouble trying to live my purpose.

Writing, a gift that I treasure, is the only
way I can conceive of to live this reluctant
time that's supposed to be my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Longing For Life

Thankfully being well enough to go hear Storm at FOP and see some of the old gang from the cafe.
Been longing to get back to life and here I am again, writing and listening to karaoke and it's music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Longing For Old America

Tackling moments of a corrupt government, wondering what to do to keep freedom alive and live the way I want to, and not the way some evil, corrupt person says I must.

Longing for the good old days when America was free of coercive factions and greedy people, living a life of peace and serenity, enjoying being an American and taking it into my being with pride.

Saluting the flag, pledging allegiance, singing the Star Spangled Banner - hand over heart, and honoring our country and all of our vets for serving and protecting us through the years of growing up and old.

A life that was very productive, honest and fulfilling.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Longing Of Belonging

Sanctioning purposes throughout this day, giving such
pleasure in writing, barely being interrupted the
entire day.

Falling into games of rhythm and rhyme, delicately sending
sounds in and out of every poem being written.

Nothing stopping from thinking faster and faster through
intellect and it's wonderful ecstasy, feeling the longing
of belonging consuming with an effervescent energy lighting
the way.

Never dividing attention with anything else around, signing
the ends of each and every poem with times, dates, and name.

All fatal to anyone wanting to plagiarize anything ever
written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Longing Tempos

Longing seeks it's comfort zone, searching everywhere
for the object of it's desire.
Finding admiration for many unknown objects, unseen
before this simple journey.
Forsaking self to find answers never kept in jars,
yet looking to stars in heaven for comfort needed and
wanted.
Tempos filing throughout life, locating centers of
melodies as they defy gravity, touching mind and soul
together with one accord and no regret.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Longings

Wandering down pathways, searching for something
unknown.

Challenging inner strength, finding many questions
which are unanswerable.

Totally living on a daily basis, preferring instead,
to live fully, a life of untold beauty.

Flying and looking within, soaring the skies, longing
for companionship.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Longings Rising

Letting go, soaring into the wind and rain, never shedding a tear, smiling all the way, glorious feelings of freedom and nothing barring my way.

Liberty is mine alone, longings rising within, taking all strife and turmoil, stress falling away from my mind altogether.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Long-Lasting Knowing

Darkest corridors of night, hiding pathways of escape,
blinding those who can no longer stand and fight.

There are those poised, ready for flight, into unknown territory, because
hopelessness has overcome them.

Leaning forward over the abyss of life, stretched before
them, lie eons of endless torment.

Forgotten in mists of mazes, with no where to run,
choosing instead to lie down and die before their time
has come.

Lonely, sifting through desert sands, searching for even
a minute particle of meaning, they turn away defeated,
none is found.

Looking ahead, mountains loom, foreboding, hastily
looking to the ground, traipsing through shadows of noon
day sun.

Never seeing the light it casts upon earth, just
observing what beauty can be found in daily shadows.

Finally, meaning has been uncovered, within shadows of daylight, stunned
meaning spills forth into the wisdom
of long-lasting knowing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Long-Time Memories

Rain pouring into my mind, erasing longtime memories for a while.
Tap dancing onto the pavement, splattering everywhere, keeping pace with inner turmoil.
Taking chances, developing pictures hidden in darkness, awaiting their times of discovery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Look Below Observations

Looking at the surface of life will often give you the wrong impression of what is going on.

Get involved, talk with people, make informed judgments based on truth and not suppositions that are falsely impressed by your own opinions of others.

Understanding can only begin when you realize that each individual brings into view what their thoughts are on subjects they don't know so much about.

Go to the heart of people, find out how they feel about others of different races and nationalities, don't pretend to know what they are thinking about, just observing them.

In the end maybe this real life communication - heart-to-heart - will make a definitive difference in the way others will eventually see things.

It must all begin with one individual at a time and proceed from there to a better and more balanced world for all to live in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Look For Laughter

Life is funny in many ways, if you look for the laughter
that is always below the surface.

There is plenty of time to be serious when there is loss
or misplaced love entering the picture.

Falling into the darkness does nothing to improve your
situation, so look up and find something to make you
smile or laugh out loud.

It will relieve your heart and soul, helping you to live
longer with a lot less tension plus lowering your blood
pressure, making you a healthier person in the long run.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Look Of Love

Holding tightly to the look of love in your eyes,
feeling it's intensity touching my soul from within.

Seeing new things in life, watching your love cover
me entirely with caring, tender, unconditional love.

Carrying my life in your arms, giving me the essence
of your heart and being all the time.

A lovely and beautiful gift of yourself to me only,
always thanking God for your presence in my life.

Appreciating and valuing your love with mine all the
more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Across Jetty's

Standing on shores of tomorrow's horizons, looking across
jetty's at the ocean rising and swelling with it's foamy
waves of temporary beauty.

A placid feeling, filling fully, settling peace in fibers
of being, taking particles, resurrecting them in many
reflections of the sky, giving earth an aura of translucent
beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Around

Look around, I am here, I am there, yet you cannot
see me, however everywhere you look I will be there
with you.

Have you figured out yet how I can do it?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Around At Kolkata And Writing

Writing, expressing my happiness, sadness, feelings
and emotions given to me through the beauty of music
and it's rhythms.

So enticing and tantalizing, giving everything in life
that I may need, sounds reaching and focusing my mind
onto the words being written in poetry.

Living the actual poems as I write them, touching and
making them become a part of every particle that is my
being, all that is needed is being provided by rhythms
and music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking At Essences

Hitting my mind, rhythms focus closely onto intellect,
posting the beauty of expression, finding a syncopation
of timing touching chords of fidelity.

Pouring rapidly onto strains of life, tantalizing,
vibrating and leading them down paths of lively
anticipation.

Riding waves of sound, delving deeply into their tones
and looking at their essences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking At Instincts

Writing into interior depths, looking at instincts within, watching as they move about, protecting and caring about everything that happens to hit this being.

Taking steps constantly, to use just the right one to keep me safe and sound, never doubting the energy and peace needed to take care of everything that is going on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking At Interior Videos

Silent sorrow dripping into my heart from memories thought of, palpitating loss always beating in synch with my heart, never letting me forget the past.

It's most fascinating and wonderful images with family and close friends, never able to recapture any of them in reality, thanking God for a photographic memory, looking at interior videos as long as I'm alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking At It's Reflection

Looking into the breezeway, seeing a black crow
walking around, finding some food dropped on the
ground by someone.

Having eaten now, going up to a window, looking
at it's reflection, trying to get the attention
of the crow in the window.

Getting no response, tilting it's head from side
to side, so comical as I sit and watch this little
bird of Mother Nature's being curious.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking At Our Future

Living in the beauty of life, nature and children - our future generation of humanity - pure and innocent, the world open and waiting for them.

Choices abounding everywhere, hoping their parents are decent, caring and loving, guiding them in the right direction.

Teaching morals, ethics, right from wrong, manners to help them have a good and decent life, a truly wonderful look at our future world right here in this grade school.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking At Pictures

Sitting at the table, looking at pictures my friend took
while in Australia makes me a little sad, although very
grateful for having had a chance to look at them.

Australia is a very beautiful place, pictures looking at
me, houses piled up alongside the water's edge, looking
beautiful as they lap up all the fantastic scenery.

Misty eyed, several dozen times, feeling in my heart what
I would never see in person, pictures taken with me in mind,
showing beyond time all the wonder that was experienced
by my friend.

Thankful for having seen Australia through my friend's
eyes, brings some peace because now I've at least seen
some piece of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking At The End Of Life

Looking at the end of life, knowing that everything is completely out of my hands, it is all up to God, only.

Broken-hearted from loss throughout life, suffering and strife always foremost throughout the years.

Yet, looking at the end of life, feeling joy because soon all heartache will be over and I will never again have to experience any of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Back

Looking through the eyes of a child, watching the wrinkles of life take over faces of love.

Settling back, feeling so tiny, rocking in an antique chair, seeing the world in a special sphere, wondering what lies in store in future years.

There are so many tranquil hours sitting under the grape vines, eating grapes - seeds and all!

Enjoying moments of recall, wishing to go back in time and relive it all over again, expecting everything to be the same.

Gathering together family members, all sitting under the vines of life, speaking fervent Italian.

Passionate, using their entire bodies to make a point or argue a position.

Italian, flowing as a small child, sitting in a rocking chair wondering at how quickly it all passed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Back At Images

Lyrics of a song, reminding me of San Diego and Monterey, California where I spent weekends through the years.

Swimming, body surfing, walking around the bay, eating in restaurants built over the water, giving the appearance that the whole place was floating.

In the town of Monterey, seeing an organ grinder and his cute little monkey with a little smile given when a coin was dropped into the cup.

Taking an excursion on a ferry boat, to see seals and walrus, cavorting through the waves and water.

Beautiful times with nature, feeling content in the middle of nowhere, no troubles or turmoil, just peaceful serenity quiet and reserved.

Looking back on these wonderful images continues to give peace needed even now when strife and turmoil hit home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Back At Life

Quietly interpreting life as it fills me with trials and suffering, yet managing to give me resolve, inspiration and hope in times of despondency.
Looking back, wondering where life has gone, it's passed so quickly I barely had time to catch my breath.
Sensing emotional upheaval when seeing others as they meet me in stride, gives me time to think and wonder why.
How are such diverse people, from opposite ends of the world, so knowledgeable about where we will all end up in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Back At Yesterday

Mirror's reflections walking about in the midst of
yesterday, seeing images of old oak and birch trees
that I used to climb in younger days, filled with
hope and enthusiasm.

Dreaming and wishing all sorts of childish things
that I wanted more than anything else in the world,
looking back now, realizing that very few of them
were ever fulfilled.

Not mattering then because there were so many other
fascinating ideas to pursue.

A little life of elated spirits, racing into all
aspects of nature with a joy of increasing feelings
in an interior universe, expanding into reverberations
of an awesome youth.

Remembered even today, with a vision that is never-
ending inside intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Back In History

Smiling inwardly as I listen to Page D's music, very
pertinent to what's going on today in the U.S.A.,
looking back through history, taking an intense look
at our country today.

Seeing how our government has become so corrupt, going
against the Constitution to take away our freedom and
weapons away.

Voting hasn't had the desired effect of changing any-
thing, because too many people don't investigate or
think about who they vote for.

Continuing to put incumbents back into office who don't
represent us at all, because they have their own agendas,
doing favors, taking bribes from lobbyists and special
interest groups.

Our flag is still waving over the land of the free and
the brave, but our lives are struggling against the ty-
ranny of terrorists.

Waiting excitedly for the November elections and Donald
Trump being our next President, getting rid of all Obama
and the establishment ruining our country.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Back On Life As Seniors

Jumping from one melody into another, never stopping, cascading
down the many mountains in this life of idolatry.

Withering at times inside of ourselves, wanting so much more,
yet not lifting a finger to find our way to what we need to
get there.

Excuses abound, procrastination reigns in front of us, seeing
our goals right in front of our eyes, choosing instead to
ignore and detour around them, finding it is too much to do or
absorb.

Continually finding silent trails and following them instead,
lazily not being involved in major pastimes of our lives,
wasting talents and gifts on alcohol and drugs in place of
them.

Then when seniors, looking back and saying how hard life was,
never placing the blame on themselves where it originally
belonged, life having been turned into a recreation area for everything illegal.

Whose fault is any of it? When asked, they always point to
another person and blame them for the conditions they have
put themselves in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Back Once Again

Dying within, traveling into denizens of grief where everyone
will one day find themselves absorbed deeply in it's mire, no
escaping it's deathly hands.

Grasping, it as it's just a fact of life on this earth, living
an existence of forbearance, taking what we are able to in stride,
being delivered at times in life by an understanding family member
or close friend, at times by a stranger.

Most of the time though traveling solo throughout this earthly
temporary process, uniting in sorrow, tears bonding us with one
another as our hearts continue to be broken in our lives.

Looking back seeing markers and headstones of all the graves
where our loved ones have been buried throughout the years, tears
moistening our eyes with feelings and emotions that have been left
us through their passing.

Leaving us bereft, alone, forsaken, saddened, and abandoned on
this earthly planet, our temporary home while living our little
lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Back Upon Life

Watching an innocent and pure childhood with a smile on my heart
and on my face, enjoying all the feelings and emotions of the
child I once was.

Seeing and still feeling the joy and innocence even now, play-
ing dolls, school, having a great imagination in all things, I
endeavored to do.

Fascinating me even then at what I could accomplish with my mind
and intellect, looking back upon life and how far I've come, every
thing I've accomplished through the looking glass of my life now
satisfies my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Backwards

Sliding back and forth, criss-crossing, in intricate concentration,
looking backwards into pages of memories, remembering with joy, the beauty of then.
Pictures were brighter and happier, when you were a child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Beyond Myself

Stepping through puddles of tears, a lifelong stream
having formed through sorrow and sadness, interior
spirit billowing into an interior spiritual life.

Going through difficulties, suffering and pain to get
to where I'm at now, having had misery as my constant
companion most of my life.

Teaching lessons that I ordinarily would never have
learned along the way, it kept me from wallowing in
self-pity, selfishness and evil.

Making me look beyond myself, seeing that others were
going through their own hells, not having a chance,
for they kept getting lost in the devastation of it all.

Keeping eyes filled with tears on the future, reaching
and holding onto hope no matter how faint it appeared
before me.

Knowing only that faith would keep the light of my being
lit, leading me into depths of self-realization and
truth.

Never looking for lies and illusions, for they never
have any possibilities and are never focused on the
positive in life, only the negatives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Beyond Sorrow

Another day has opened before me, bringing new experiences, expectations and ideas into my life.
A wonderful sense of peace fills me, even though life is full of suffering and I'm falling into a darkened abyss, a pit of grief, that I can't avoid.
Looking at it, delving into it's hurting, finding reasons to look beyond sorrow, look above it, seeing God every time.
A wonderful experience, a splendid moment in my life span on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Deeply Into Intellect

Swiftly, quietly gliding through skyways of my mind,
looking deeply into depths of intellect, noticing
how thoughts are being used and processed.

Wonder at how it's done, staring contemplatively as
they are stirred, churned and swept onto the flow,
heading towards the edge of an interior waterfall.

Significant and purposeful, letting themselves fall
joyfully into the fray, carrying energy into my being
along the way, into pools of my mind right below.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Down

Puffy white clouds flying above,
smiles on their faces as they
look down on upon earth.

Seeing Mother Nature in all her
glory from above as they pass
over.

They are so lucky being able to
soar above and do this, wish I
could.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Elsewhere

Rhythms and music making me smile, running throughout the desert of my soul, finding respite in faith of religion, spirituality giving serenity.

Beliefs of convictions are held and treasured deeply in my soul, wrapping intellect within an innate contemplation, being teased incessantly with rhythms and notes.

Pleasing and instrumental, soaring into sounds, exploding feelings and emotions filled with colors, tantalizing memories incessantly.

Truth and innocence taking place alongside one another, keeping me company on long and lonely journeys, left to myself, abandoned by those I loved, now looking elsewhere for what I need to keep going in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking For Answers

Thinking constantly about reasons for living, be-
cause so much in this world is experienced through
grief, suffering, loneliness and abandonment.

Why do we have to go through it all so intensely,
at least most of us do, there are a few that are
free from those tremendous burdens for a while.

Is it because in previous lives they have lived
and learned the lessons that God gives to all of
us, this I do not know.

Never believing in reincarnation, but having met
many people from India recently, learning their
culture, way of life and thinking.

Now curious and wondering about these particular
things in life, belief in solving pain in ones
being seems to need to go through our hearts.

Causing much grief, intense sadness, a healing
seems to come about, not totally, but a fraction
of it anyway.

So here I sit writing, wondering and curious to
find the answers that I am now looking for, maybe
finding them buried deep in my spiritual humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking For Clues

Walking through long, lonely tunnels of the past,
looking at videos hanging upon walls as I travel
through experiences.

Feelings and emotions looking for clues to future
visions that once filled my mind with truth and
serenity.

Going on voyages of reality in moments of trans-
formation through a deep - seated contemplative
spirit all the days of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking For Connections

Carving apart everything in life, wanting to explore and learn what it takes to exist and or live, looking for connections between life and the moment of death.

Wanting to find a cure for death, knowing intuitively it does exist, hoping to find the link one day in the near-future.

Joyfully taking every chance, every moment in order to research and locate that link, seeing it in my mind, trying to perceptualize it fully.

Turning it off so that life can go on forever, in the meantime, finding a way to bring peace and serenity to the world at large.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking For Creative Pathways

Finding narrow ways in life that suffocate us at times,
wanting to find freer parts to go into, hoping to be
independent and away from narrow limitations of others.

Always looking for creative pathways in which to roam,
finding my own way through them, watching landscapes
passing by as I do so.

Beautiful, yet also insignificant in the scheme of things
here on earth, taking time to walk alone into sunsets of
each day without being lonely or forlorn, just watching
the beauty of each day fade from sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking For Goodness

Darkness unfolds us all at early hours of the morning,
spending time alone once again in a waiting room.

Hoping to be called back into I.C.U. soon to be with
my closest friend in this earthly life.

Looking only for the goodness in our lives, wanting
to work together for another five years.

Doing mind, body, spirit research, while he also
studies me to find out how intellect and spirituality
give so much energy daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking For Impossibilities

Always thinking, wondering, looking for impossibilities everywhere, jointly finding beauty within intellect and imagination, inserting it all into poetry.

Finding an essence of being and placing it in positive ways throughout a poem to be read later when alone and able to concentrate indelibly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking For Peace

Looking around seeing trees, some with leaves changing
color - those are the ones that don't belong here for
we have no seasons made for them.

Palm tree are always welcome because they're always
green and alive, spirit of the sky is blue, always
touching tops of their frond tree heads.

Sitting here, looking, wind still gently blowing their
leaves and branches, as I look for some peace in it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking For Reasons

Stepping into the broad spectrum of innate talent,
traipsing down back alleys, always looking for
reasons for things to be done and following through.

Standing still, yet this mind never seems to, as it
travels light years into eternity.

Following thought processes every which way, jumping
in and out of all types of situations, real and
imagined throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking For Reflections

Now looking below, seeing only a deep blue sea, traveling miles and miles towards and beyond the horizon, searching plateaus and moments of the past.

Looking for reflections that have been seen before and are etched upon screens of my photographic memory, scraping a-long sideways at times just to see what would happen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking For Strength

Fighting in the center stage, trying to stay alive,
looking for the strength that used to be there - be
a part of me.
Now, not knowing what has happened to me with the
transfer of life to death and back again.
Wanting to get back into the scheme of things, but
somehow it's all different now and I can't find my
way back to where I used to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking For Sunlight

Riding the freeway of my mind, wind blowing my long hair
in all directions.

Surviving the strife, only to run headlong into turmoil,
a long standing pathway through jungles, over mountains
and through deep abiding canyons and ravines.

A beautiful landscape through this fateful world, at
least giving a few moments of peace and serenity along
the way.

Tranquil and free, living on the edge of darkness all
the time, holding on, trying to not be contained within
it's ebony blackness.

Always looking for the rays of sunlight that at times
peek out from behind the clouds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking For That Man!

Wanting to have someone in life to love me for who
I am, and not what he can get from me.

Showing a genuine love and caring throughout our
lives together.

Never being unmindful, telling me endlessly how
much he loves and wants to be with me forever.

A man who doesn't think only of himself, not vain,
thinking of others, having compassion and under-
standing.

Listening with his heart, responding from it also,
is that too much to ask of a man, I don't think so.

Yet, I haven't found a man who doesn't hide behind
his ego, telling everyone how great he is.

Laughing as I write this, because I've seen this time
after time in the men I meet.

Even when single, it always happened, on first dates
being asked to marry each of them, thinking they were
God's gift to women.

Having no substance other than their egos shining so
brightly, the only answer ever given to each of them
was no.

Older now, still looking for that man who has been
suffering all these years like I have, yet knowing
that it is too late in life for wishes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking For The Unusual

Standing at attention, at least in my mind, waiting for
new experiences to write about, totally accepting any-
thing new.

Always looking for the unusual and peculiar to investi-
gate through an innate curiosity and inquisitiveness
that never dies down or fades.

Beautiful and poetical atmospheres that I live in daily,
moments being precious in this temporary life, forever
taking time to become who I am within.

Realizing potential is amazing and non-ending as my mind
travels to other universes and dimensions throughout in-
tellect.

Listening to music of all types on the radio, having my
favorite CD's and writing to it all no matter what it is,
tempos going at break-neck speed.

Going further into other dimensions, writing faster than
ever with their tempos and rhythms, so happy and elated
to have this fantastic innate gift from God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking For Truth

Wandering in and out of forests, jungles, mountains and deserts
through imagination, finding reasons and desires rising within
the passage of time.

Always searching, looking for truth in this imperfect life,
seeing beneath the lies and illusions pervading our lives every
day.

Wanting to discover the essence and wonder of life that has always
been hidden from us, knowing that with an effervescent curiosity,
all will be revealed in the end.

If we sacrifice and never stop looking for answers that we know
will be there if we never cease to search for them throughout the
years of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking For Wisdom In Kolkata

Opening up avenues of knowledge, looking for wisdom that
will give answers to endless questions of life, superb
and filled with an energy, bringing joy to my heart and
mind from the inside out.

Sitting by the hearth of an interior fire, filled with
the passion and essence of who I am, walking along path-
ways of heaven.

Seeing majestic beauty taking me away, silent and spirit-
ual, hugging and breaking wonder into particles of the
future where I may see everything clearer.

In the light of intellect where all is learned and kept
on photographic screens for future reference, watering
the nature of my soul on a constant basis.

Nurturing and keeping life well and alive, such a perfect
longing, a yearning within me taking it's time, sliding
through every puzzle piece of my life.

Nothing able to penetrate or mess up eventual pictures
that intellect finally portrays in portraits of music and
rhythm, sitting back, enjoying the wonder of it all as
poetry flows magically from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Forward

Writing into a somnolent pastime, picturing what I've gone through
and letting it go.
Wasting time listening through the years, I no longer want to be
tied to all the rhetoric of the past.
From now on I'm looking to the future, because it has suddenly
become very shortened.
Listening to what I want is creeping alongside my mind, helping me
to make different choices and alter my pattern of living from now on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Forward To A New Experience

Walking into the wilderness, not bothering to look back,
preferring to leave everything behind, not wanting any
baggage in this life.

Ending stages being upon me, watching sunsets, wondering
which one will be mine.

Hoping it will be the most beautiful ever seen, as I
whisper good bye and flow toward heaven.

No regrets, no more pain or suffering, looking forward
to a new experience, filled as always with curiosity.

Splendid colors deep red, purple, pink, staying behind
me in my final sunset, reminding everyone that I have
gone beyond the horizon of this earth finally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Forward To Challenges

Our destinies are standing before us, bright and inviting,
yet somehow we never seem to think about the future, only
concentrating on living and existing in our daily lives.

It's a sad state of affairs, wondering why people don't
think into the future, seeing opportunities and possibil-
ities to do good for ourselves and others.

Looking forward to challenges, creating new ideas and con-
cepts that will allow them to focus and rise above their
situations and circumstances.

Fulfilling their essence and promise, setting an example
to everyone in the world, especially their children who
are always looking to them.

Thinking their parents can do no wrong, knowing they do
anything they put their minds to, wanting to grow up to
be exactly like them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Forward To Death

Recognizing prospects of death as he lays his cards on
the table before me.

Knowing that he's going to take me in my sleep, no pain,
no struggle at all, just peaceful and serene, taking my
hand, letting me say good bye to family and friends for
a final moment.

Then leaving this world quietly, gently, unlike when I
was born, crying.

Looking forward to my demise, knowing that the intense
quiet and stillness awaits in heaven's gardens.

Beautiful and enticing, looking forward to seeing and
smelling scents of blue roses in heaven, not for just
a moment, but forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Forward To Eternity

Wishing many more times would enter and come
before me in the poems that are being formed
right now in pulsating rhythms of energy.
Facing all aspects, as I look forward to
eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Forward To Our Trip

Rising fresh and alert on this Arizona stormy morning,
looking forward to my trip to the Casino today.

Sitting here on the bus, waiting to head out, storm
clouds everywhere, rain off and on, sometimes heavily.

Vibrant and full of energy, my mind is filling with
thoughts as I write.

Finding words needed as the pen touches this paper,
set and ready for this brand new day.

Hoping that I will be a lucky one as I play free bingo
at the fort and try my luck at the slots.

Waiting yet, for the bus to load up so we can get on
the road.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Further

Energizing my body, spirit and mind with jolting,
vibrant rhythms.

Filling and pushing intellect rapidly, yet silently
into the wake of another horizon where life after
death awaits my presence.

Walking continually along sandy shores alone,
pondering life here on earth.

Nothing earth-shattering, all of it so simple
and yet complexity of answers cannot be determined
within intellect.

Practicing scientific processes, learning how to
deduct, looking further into even the smallest
amount of information to find what details are
yet missing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking In

Writing quickly as paddles of sound hit my mind,
taking me on a voyage of profound knowledge.
Existing to become a part of natural life,
wanting to separate from the center of all beings
and sit quietly on the outside looking in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking In One Direction

Sitting in a dusky back room of life, looking about,
noticing the incessant outlook of people's ego's
covering up the beauty of each of their lives.

Wondering how a person develops such a huge ego that
blocks out everything else around them and during
their whole life.

Missing out on friendships, relationships and many
offerings of intellect from another, being solitary
and alone, not knowing why.

Continuing to look in one direction only - that being
inward where they oftentimes live in a false pride
caused by their very own egos.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Into

Circular windows catching reflections of cars speeding by.
Looking like circular windows of clothes dryers, reflections are tumbling inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Into Feelings

Looking into feelings of being, letting them flow freely, capturing ideas of living in a solitary lonely world, imagination and creativity filling it with passion and desire.

Flowing through the essence of our spirits alone, challenging mysteries in this world, daring to question everything, always on the lookout for the impossible.

Then turning it into possibilities through thought, enlargeing and capturing future ideas through the ones they bring to our minds even now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Into Mirrors

Looking into mirrors of the future, watching the
world as it falls apart, seeing miracles begin
happening everywhere.

Those who have been hurtful, evil or prejudiced
are seeing the error of their ways, tears falling
into their hearts and minds.

Changing them for the better and giving goodness
to others and not just being selfish alone anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Into Souls

Instead of looking into each other's eyes,
they are looking into one another's souls.
Feeling the music of heavenly chords.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Into The Abyss

Frolicking, enjoying music and it's rhythms, plucking
my mind with them, tossing and relieving every sense
held within me.

Traveling down sensations that fill me entirely with
silent and energetic syncopation, finding special
graces that rock me back and forth.

Going into depths of another distant universe and
dimension, allowing me to stand on the edge and look
over into the abyss that's never ending.

Opening and swallowing me in the tears of my abandon-
ment, soaring and falling into priceless treasures of
another place.

Always finding the total emptiness that saturates me
from the inside out and back again, leaving me en-
thralled and visibly shaken in the beauty of it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Into The Darkness

Looking desperately into the darkness wanting to have your love always next to me, our heart beating in unison, never missing a beat of our rhythms.

Finding tempos touching us together, reaching in the throes of our love as we lie here in our bed, never at a loss for affection and fulfilling our passion.

Quenching all our desires one by one together, symbolizing our unity, always being one throughout everything in life that comes into our hearts and souls.
po

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Into The Future

Quietly, silently looking into the future, finding many visions, developing inventions that will help mankind.

Medical types of assistive devices with perpetual motion, turning the medical profession upside down with it's absolute simplicity.

Cognizant of it's design, my mind has created and having plans hidden within intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Into The Past

Walking, talking, looking back into the past,
rearranging life's patterns, making an attempt
to move on, all of it an endeavor to become an
adult.

Pictures of a child, beautiful, shy, innocent,
do not mirror the truth of the hell she's going
through.

Taking apart the memories, pasting them to
images of faint and faded pictures.

To lighten up the darkness, ease the horrors of
a nightmare past is difficult - is it an
impossible task?

Therein lies the truth of never-ending growth
of self, taken from the shelves of yesterday.

Wanting to discover facets of a child who used
to be - tapping on the windows looked out of
from a steel cold box.

Big blue eyes peering into the light, scared,
timid, afraid of what is going on all around,
pictures being taken of little children.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Into Your Paper Eyes

When someone you love dies, life ends it's existence,
nothing has meaning anymore.

My smile doesn't come from my heart nowadays, it is
just a joke that my lips pretend to smile for me.

This mind is a blank space and isolates me from every-
thing in life except the picture of you that I sit
in front of daily.

Looking deeply into your now paper eyes, trying to
find that spark of love that you always gave me when
looing into mine.

Your smile doesn't hold your laughter, or the sound
of your voice, my world is gone without you my dear,
how can I go on without your love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Itself Increases Desires

Lighting softened for the night, illuminating your
manly physique, so fine and tempting to my being.

Looking itself increases my desire for your love,
wanting you so intensely, nothing else able to ful-
fill my inner desires except you, my dear.

Through the years being together, loving and touching
each other's minds and hearts, giving us a lifetime
of intense beauty and fulfillment.

Always being within each other's hearts, we continue
to be fulfilled in this life every moment we are to-
gether.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking On Positive Sides

Swatches of life being handed through memories on river banks of yesterday's life.

Caught up in depths of a photographic memory, constantly accessing and reliving them at will.

Always settling into rhythms, letting them ease thoughts into this mind, finding the beauty and purpose of my life.

Taking and giving throughout the years, always looking on positive sides, not liking to put any negative energy in this mind.

Walking with head held high, feeling confident and being aware of everything in this life, touching depths that most people don't even realize they have within them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Out A Hospital Window

Looking out my hospital window, I see puddles of rain formed across the desert.
Brown desert dirt being flooded, because the ground can't absorb any more heavenly water.
So calm and beautiful, yet desolate and forlorn, much like me inside, sitting alone in this room, listening to Chopin, wishing I could be home writing.
Although, then I would've missed the scene outside my window and this poem would never have been written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Out From Within

Thinking being held closely, as I enjoy the peaceful
pleasure of it, dancing in imagination.

Entering gateways of fantasy, coming alive in these
awakening moments of serenity.

Beautiful morning, opening before the dawn of sunrise,
gathering thoughts and giving freedom and liberty of
inner solace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Out Of My Mind

Interiorly climbing mountains, hiking their steep walls,
holding onto rocks, helping to keep my balance.
Extraordinary sights as I look out of my mind onto the
awesome views coming to light.
As I watch what is going on, seeing desert animals
scurrying about in their little designs of habitats,
feeling their way throughout pathways that they've worn
on the sides of mountains they call home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Out Windows

Peering out the restaurant windows, watching people walk by,
cars traveling through town, everyone just passing through
or stopping to eat some lunch.

Watching children playing across the street, running, chasing
each other, some swinging and laughing as they rise and fall
in the atmosphere.

Little boys pumping their legs, making themselves go higher
and higher, here inside two little ones putting their coins
in a giant machine and getting bubbles of plastic, toys inside.

A totally enjoyable time being had here in Duncan, Arizona, a
beautiful quaint western town seemingly on the edge of nowhere,
yet a delightful place to spend some time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Out Windows Of My Soul

Lonely, looking out windows of my soul, watching the bluened
light surrounding me, soaring joyfully into a spiritual realm
of beauty and Divine love.

A wonderful place to be part of, enjoying the peace and seren-
ity filling me thoroughly, feeling the wonder and curiosity
that takes intellect totally into an innate wisdom and knowledge.

Such a wonderful feeling, taking my being into dimensions of
the Divine totally without effort, loving the joy bringing a
smile to my face, heart, soul and mind.

Completely at ease in this fascinating place within my inner
universe, watching as intellect takes me further into depths
of innate talent.

Absorbing and completely being filled with the totality of
the Divine, changing me spiritually and giving happiness and
joy from heaven above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Over A Shoulder

Tossing everything into an empty vehicle,
not leaving any particle of music's rhythm
behind in a restaurant closed for the night.

All the chairs are being put upon the tables,
lights growing dim and voices suddenly quiet
in the silent moments before the door is
locked behind everyone.

The last person looking over his shoulder,
tears in his eyes and heart, not wanting a
good time to be over and done with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Over Earth

Loving to fly, soaring high into the atmosphere,
no fears at all.
Watching clouds open and separate, taking me
into their mist with tender arms of wispy
particles.
Looking out over earth, enjoying the view as I
drift over mountains and seas, all seen from
imagination as I play around in it's domain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Past Life

Sorrowfully looking past life, hurting,
sadness deepening within.

Soul crying out, wanting to talk to my
Mom.

Tears falling silently as I watch
her face in images preserved from
yesterday's spent in her company.

Heavy heart filled with remorse,
tenderly picking blossoms from a garden
of memories.

Holding their essence close to my being
as I am washed away in grief's grasp,
out to sea.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Through Books

Looking through many books written through the years,
finding pages of an entire lifetime spreading themselves,
out for all to see.
Yet, no one can tell where I've been or where I am now going.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Through Snow Drifts

Snow filled deserts being thought about, loving the
coolness being brought about, sullen, yet precious,
watching and looking through those left from the past.

Snowstorms when little, playing, running around, laugh-
ing, having a great time remembering doing everything,
once when reality was still young and being experienced.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Through Windows

Looking through windows, watching images of grandchildren
as they grow before my very eyes.
Enlightening visions giving me pause, wondering what life
will bring in nights of starlight beaming upon me from
above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking To Escape

Standing before an iron gate, looking for escape.
Seeing trees and light just beyond.

Loving the freedom, hoping for it's attainment,
sitting back, not working for it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looking Toward Nature

Slowly looking toward nature while sitting here, peering
out over the mountains in the very near distance.

Watching birds fly, flapping their wings and then landing
on a billboard to join many others.

Cacti climbing the mountains, looking about them, enjoying
the view as they live where they are throughout many life-
times.

Equally beneficial to their environment, protecting all the
animals with their prickly needles, warning man to stay away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Looks Of Wonder

Watching people come and go at the entrance of Home Depot,
a very busy place on a Saturday, children wanting to touch
everything they see.

Being fascinated with things they've never before seen,
seeing looks of wonder and curiosity fill their sight is
magical and wonderful.

Knowing their little minds are learning and absorbing
every little thing seen, parents, most of them, are
talking and explaining what they know to them.

Very patient adults, most of them, there are a few that
seem to have no patience at all and the children aren't
allowed to learn what they see, which is a shame placed
upon their parents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loosely Connecting Life

Writing and writing, loosely connecting life to past
remembering.

Hoping to discover something in all of these words
to bring about healing, finding only more hurting
deeper inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loosened Tongues

Wines flowing from somewhere in the atmosphere above, loosening tongues quickly with expert tenacity.
Secrets told and spread about, chastising those in the wrong, praising all others for being themselves and having truth buried within wherever they go.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loosening Grief's Hold

Singing sadly in tones of utter bereavement,
letting my heart loosen it's hold on the grief
of every day loneliness.
Holding empty hearts of yesterday in today's
soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loosening Ties

Galloping in time with a horse not having a proper name.
Counting down miles as I progress towards an ending of sorts.
Calculating all endeavors made in the past, as they all flow before me, passing by eventually.
Loosening every tie that binds me along the way, separating the past and placing it in rhymes of concern.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lopsided Beliefs

Reaching into the atmosphere, trying to hold on to a lifetime of
memories that went astray one day during surgery.
Finally walking upstairs, into doorways of blocked interference.
Washing away the energy just being brought into my heart.
Crying in the night, during every sunset that comes around.
Rapping quickly on the side of every thought, chasing all meaning
into the after-life, where it doesn't belong.
Causing the lopsided beliefs still haranguing me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing All Hope

Streaming down hot, black, tar-paved streets, looking for
life to meet my needs.

Stopping off and on, never getting what I am looking for -
down streets of life.

Seeing sights, beauty, along the way, finding an umbrella
once in a while for shade to rest beneath.

Losing all hope when looking up ahead at my horizon, because
it is too far out of reach.

Standing still within my mind, choices of life cannot be
defined.

Grief from the past, pounding, pressing heavily upon my
life's blood, causing pain to fill my tormented mind.

Causing it to turn inside out - searching for the reasons -
and meaning of it's scattered fragmented existence.

Finding reasons from the past that have brought this
lasting impression of what life is about - leaving no room
for asking questions - just leaving unsettling doubts
creeping out from pages of yesterday's memories.

Debris piled high, giving life the image of being a dump -
a garbage pile - rife with pain.

Standing on the edge - looking back - slipping - falling -
landing in a heap of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing At The Casino

Majestic beauty sitting on steep slopes and ledges of
mountainous stability.
Thoughtful in forests of sleepy nature's abode, watching
people race around curly roads on their way home from a
casino, where they've spent all their money.
Losing precious dollars and sense that should've gone
towards rent and bills.
Hopelessly thinking of their recklessness, giving up
hope as they think about their desolution, hanging their
minds in shame, while outwardly appearing to be the same.

(9/5/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing Game

Having been cheated time and again, always trying to
catch up, but finding it's a losing game.

Life has a mysterious way of favoring some people over
others, odds are tremendous, much more than the lottery.

How do we find the exact equations to balance energy and
riches for everyone alike without harming anyone?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing God

Humans live life according to their inner purposes,
some bringing joy and happiness through serving of
others.

Some playing in bands to entertain with innate
feelings, those who have an affinity to their soul's
livelihood.

Touching hearts of, even sinners, on pathways crooked
and losing God.

Tears of melodies, playing their parts well, jarring
delinquents back on course.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing Identity

Patterns of extreme decoration fall upon my sight as I sit in a book, writing away my heart in deference to an unwielding manner of sophistication.
Understanding much more than is being said, hurting, maiming a little ego of a child forever hidden within.
Secluded from an entire lifetime, sequestered in folds of yesterday's misery and faulty thinking.
Solitary openings into nether worlds even shut themselves before I can enter, trying to escape this inferno of undeniable hell on earth.
Losing all identity, forgetting who I am as I pass into nothingness and am disapprovingly gone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing Life

Losing life is part of our lives on earth.
It's deathly embrace puts sorrow on each of our tables, sometimes.
Even though we try to get through without meeting it personally.
Grief tends to wrap itself wherever it feels like, leaving us wondering why.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing Mom

I've been there, taking care of my Mom out of love, doing
everything possible for her, loving her throughout it all.

Losing sleep, worrying I wouldn't be with her when she
needed me most, worrying that her final moment would be
lived alone, that I'd fall asleep and she'd be gone.

Praying constantly, selfishly, because I couldn't bear to
lose her, yet praying unselfishly because I couldn't bear
to see her suffer.

There were so many conflicting emotions and thoughts
running rampantly throughout my mind and being, thinking,
not wanting her to suffer, yet not wanting to lose her,
vacillating continuously.

A final battle, tears falling, stirred by memories of the
past, loving, caring, sharing, a mother is always a friend.

Preparing myself mentally, thinking I had emotions under
control, 'I am prepared for her death', at least I had
told myself it was so, and then it happened, unexpectedly,
quickly, her life was over, she was gone.

Sorrow was too heavy, heart and soul were suddenly filled
with a gaping hole that could not be filled, the emptiness
was too great, too vast, nothing could quench it.

Intense pain wrung my heart over and over, tears surged
repeatedly from depths never known before, the sheer horror
of losing my Mom, losing her love, sent me spinning head-
first into the deepest sorrow I have ever known.

The pain was real, it was hard! every way I turned there
was total darkness, the spirit of her life was no longer
present to me, the essence of her being that I'd known my
entire life was gone in a flash, a moment of deathly silence.

Mom was ripped from my gentle grasp, never to be seen again

on the shores of earth, there is nothing like the loneliness, deep and hurting, etching it's memory forever within.

People all around, none of them could help, a Mother's death is an experience that can only be lived through, it is a journey every individual must make alone.

Words cannot comfort or touch and ease the sorrow, not even from one family member to another, we all hold our Mother's close to our hearts, we share the same sorrow of death, but we still cannot help each other.

None of us can see above our grief, our eyes are downcast, our minds are running through the past, after only a moment of death, an eerie haunting feeling that she is not really dead, yet the moment after death has completed it's task, our minds take over, trying to fool us into thinking Mom has not yet died.

A surge of power from within our hearts pushes out and we believe that prayer will save her yet, praying, eyes closed, concentrating, praying like I'd never prayed before, when that slip of stark reality hit with a force I could not cast aside.

Reality hits hard and fierce, not caring how it hurts and causes pain, it is unaware of our pretenses and denial, it sits instead, awaiting our pain and grief, sorrow and dis-belief for the power death has over each of us.

My heart heavily overflowed, fell out of my body, was crushed beyond comprehension, wrung by sorrow's hands, no longer able to hold on to hope, let go of reluctantly, I felt a part of myself being wrenched from within, forever gone, taken with my Mom to heaven.

The silence of her death continues to begin forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing Moments

Standing in the back roads of life, just watching
time pass me by.
Losing moments in days of suffering, yet knowing
that there's nothing to be done, it just is and
there's nothing else to be said.
Filling my mind with all manner of rhythm, the
world passes by, letting me go wherever I want to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing Ourselves

Speaking of funny episodes in life through lyrics
of music.

Climbing and soaring above effervescent clouds,
always hovering above us in certain stages of life.

Losing ourselves at times amid constant turmoil
and injustice in this world.

Forgiving and holding hands, throwing in the towel,
an ever-changing atmosphere, because we are only
frail human beings.

Never finding our meanings because they are always
altering and turning us inside out.

Having our share of blame, we all at one time or
another decide to raise hell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing Self

Delving deeply into emotion, stirring it with hardened
tears of life.
Losing your way, alone on a journey of knowledge, trying
to find and replace an existence with security.
Basking in sorrow's glare, listening to noticeable tones
of bereavement, drinking from cups of grief.
Delving deeply into emotion, riding it's tidal waves with
trepidation and losing self beneath them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing Self In Mystery

Marching down the road to beats of yesterday's rhythms,
taking the latest feelings and letting them run wild.

Through the brambles and underbrush, making their own
way, creating pathways where there aren't any.

Losing myself at last in mysteries of coded rhythms of
destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing Self In Nature

Intrepid meanings sitting back while life's intensity
begins every morning when the sun rises.

Losing self in nature, walking through the desert alone,
peace and solace being induced just by doing so.

Watching clouds scatter across an Arizona sky, inspiring
and finding definitions hiding beneath the surface.

Delving into the beauty of an Arizona morning, finding
self-realization climbing within with every mirage seen.

Continuing walking towards the west, awaiting another
beautiful Arizona sunset in the distance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing Self In Shadows

Losing self in the shadows created by sunlight and moonlight
each and every day, muses never sleeping, taking moments of
talent and placing them constantly in pages of life's books.

Always giving pictures a place to abide in while writing of
life and it's experiences, an entire album of our lives,
sharing it with loved ones throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing Self In The Boulders

Up and down, rocking the atmosphere with a steady polka rhythm, traveling down paths on horseback, galloping northwards into the mountains.

There I plan on losing myself in the boulders, writing poetry alone, watching as nature tempts my mind and intellect through nature.

Skipping into canyons and ravines, looking for peace of mind I so desperately need and want through riding and writing.

Up and down in the saddle of my imaginary horse through the wilderness of a desert mountain pass, joy and elation filling me exuberantly and fully.

Tapping and beating my heart in time with rhythms, loving this exacting study throughout every musical composition being played for my benefit by my musician friends.

Telling and relating the stories of life through music and rhythms, still galloping through the mountains on horseback totally alone at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing Stature

Standing off, facing no one, afraid to spell out the truth, even to best friends - soul-mates.
Taking the easy way out, lying to another's face, being asinine, losing stature in a friend's eyes.
Feelings get hurt and bruised, hearts are broken, tears come unbidden, freely, totally, uncompromisingly.
Filling empty hearts and minds with emotional abandonment.
Unfulfilled promises are piled high inside, a mind keeping track of each and every one, photographically being remembered for an eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing Themselves

Calculating purposes of usage while at work,
figuring out networks of incapacity, sitting
idly by.

Forcing orders aside, not doing their jobs,
not maintaining their positions.

As they lose ground with every thoughtless,
smart aleck remark, pushing themselves
farther from a raise than ever before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing Track Of Time

Losing track of time as I continue to write through ideas
and thoughts of intellect, all of them insuring reality of imagination through their perpetuation of an interior life.

Watching as my soul rises into heights of a Divine spirit
through a bluened light where I write from constantly, con-
templating every moment of life from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing Trust

Watching men in life constantly lose control, cheat,
lie and deceive the ones they claimed to love with
all their hearts, then go out with other women.

Seriously wanting to know what kind of inhuman people
they are, what were they thinking, why didn't they
just stay single?

Then women wouldn't be hurt and maimed, losing the
trust they learned after being born, how cruel men are
to do this to the ones they say they love.

Maturing, leaving out that one word from their vocabulary
women end up being jealous and angry all the time,
knowing only the lies of their husbands.

Their children are hurt by this infidelity, even though
their fathers rationalize what they're doing, trying to
make it acceptable in their own minds only.

Who is to blame in the end, the man who cannot stay true,
or the woman who believes in love and then finds out the
truth in the end.

Either way, both of them contribute to their children
growing up learning not to trust or have faith in the
opposite sex, and boys learn to follow their father's
examples, carrying on this disgusting legacy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing Ways

Memories of songs from childhood fill our senses
with happy times when we were more open to life
and it's paths.

As we aged, we seemed to have lost our ways and
left what we had known and loved along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing Wonder

As we grow older we seem to lose our wonder and enthusiasm for life and living it.

We no longer grasp the tragedy of dying young, because we have gone beyond that particular stage in life.

Now in senior years, life becomes a burden to be suffered through, no dreams left or goals to reach.

A dead end in what was once a fruitful and rich life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing You Every Time

Capturing moments of memories, letting my mind re-
live them, just wanting to be with you in some way,
it matters not how.

Your image is all I crave, yet your face is fading
daily, your voice has become just a whisper once in
a while.

Your love cannot be felt anymore physically, just my
heart is aching agonizingly, because you are not here
with me.

Heart being touched only by the sorrow of your missing
love in this life, it's tears tearing me apart.

Wanting to hold onto you forever, yet time is stretching
ever farther from you my love.

This mind unable to hold onto the vision of your beauty,
now looking at you in pictures only, no life or love to
give me any longer.

My heart breaking daily, one moment after another, losing
you every time your image disappears from my sight in a
mirage of misty, silent sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing You Fatally

Echoes of your love reverberate through my mind and
heart.

Memories being touched by the whispers of your love's
echoes, sending chills up my spine.

Looking about, wanting to see you near me, but only
emptiness awaits, you haven't been able to come.

Wondering, tears falling, heart totally missing you
in my life.

Nighttime darkness blending with the sorrow of my
mind takes me silently into depths of a nether world.

You have gone, taken by death's embrace, troubled, un-
easy, wanting to hold and protect you, but I cannot.

Supposed to love and protect you, failing miserably,
losing you so fatally, never to see or be with you
again on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losing Your Existence

Feeling the loss that has taken over my life so totally
and completely, causing me to mourn and have no hope.

Looking for you throughout the day and night, but you
never come and I fall time and time again.

Never complaining to anyone, just dealing with it's
total intensity, however I possibly can.

Nothing helps, no one has a solution, eternally feeling
this sadness, incorporating it into my being.

There seems to be no other way, there is no healing
from this pain of sorrow and grief.

Continually living with the pain of losing your existence,
never again getting it back again, never having your love
touch me again so perfectly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loss

A deep abyss has stretched itself out these many months, leaving an empty darkness filling the space.

Whenever someone's death touches human life a vacuum forms to help contain and carry on a person's life.

It can be felt through a heart's sensitive loss, wanting to touch, to feel, to talk again to a loved one, it becomes such an empty hole, life falls down into it's deep, deep well.

No one can reach into it and pull you out, when you are ready it will disperse itself and bring you back out into the open to continue living life.

It is an empty, lonely place where all must somehow face their loss and continue on their journey to the end of life, themselves.

Where they will one day meet with friends and relatives, trying to overcome the loss of you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loss Follows Us

Flowing like a river through our lives is loss following
us throughout the years, a steady stream of tears, hidden
within our beings.

Waiting to be shed when something touches our lives with
sorrow, sadness or grief, needing a place to lie our minds
at times when the emptiness becomes way too much for us to
handle.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loss Of A Lifetime

Driving it home in a song of uncontained love left dying on the concrete sidewalk.
Everyone walking by, not noticing the pain a person is going through as they die inside from the loss of a lifetime.
Being taken from someone you've loved all your life is devastating and unable to be held inside.
A torrent of tears fall quickly, soaking the ground with intense suffering, leaving a hole in a now empty heart.
Mourning throughout the grief left behind, not knowing where to turn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loss Of An Uncle

Chasing ideas around the countryside, attempting to corner
them in inventions of technology.
Ending all beliefs that meet and find their way into poems
through musical interludes.
Lonely shadows reeling from the loss of an uncle, crying
bitterly into long and lonely nights.
Reaching for stars, hoping they'll be holding your essence
for me to meet again here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loss Of Friendship

Watching a friend who has turned his back and walked
away, listening to rumors of a heartless and mean-
spirited person, taking them to heart.

Now friends with that self-same cruel person, going
to lunch, doing things with him and his wife now, the
pain stings my heart.

Although I am glad to know his true character, now
considering it a blessing in disguise as I continue
being blessed by true and genuine friends.

They discarded those rumors, knowing they were all
untrue, those are the friends I appreciate above all
others in this world.

Looking forward to the love of those who have stood
by me through it all, making life worthwhile and showing
me the way through this pain.

It was the loss of this once upon a friend that has now
shown me that, in fact, the loss of our friendship is
totally his.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Losses

Deepening sadness over what has been lost to us
over the years, strikes us to the core at times.
Filtering through our hearts, remembering the
past, somehow it reiterates itself through a
depression of saddened love of what we have lost.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost And Unremembered

Flakes of remorse fall to my shoulders,
attempting to hide until falling over
the edge of an abyss, created for life
which has died.

Being forsaken on a farm of sadness,
plowed over and over, never showing
cares or worries to anyone.

Holding within, the particles and atoms
broken and fragmented with the passing
of time, shed now, alone.

Falling flakes of remorse tied together
and stepped underfoot.

Lost and unremembered, scattered to the
winds like dust.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Childhood

Scratching the surface, revealing life inside.

Tormented by a past that buries itself in ashes,
from fires burning angrily still.

Doubts, shadows, heads without faces, file slowly
past, haunting inner safety, loosening the security
that's never really been too good.

Unfolding memories from scraps of paper, wrinkled,
torn, difficult to read.

Distorted images parading forward, thrusting them-
selves where they don't belong.

Pleading, cries of woe within, spilling tears
abundantly, crying forever for a lost childhood,
one that never began.

Growing up right from the beginning, taking care of
self with no past experience, results in failure,
wanting and rebellion.

Withstanding all attempts at reaching in, standing
off, aloof, wondering why it's empty, so alone.

Not daring to look beyond the surface of the skin,
shallow, self-centered, taught by no one how to
feel, standing stranded, a child in a grown up's
world, with a body of the same.

Where is the child? Hair long and flowing,
unsmiling?

Dying inside a grown-up body, never having lived
a child's life, not ever knowing what it meant to
play.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Destiny

Life has changed so drastically, it holds no promises,
gives no hope.

Emptiness surrounds the atmosphere, filling sight with
the grayness of lost destiny.

Abandoned, walking the final paths alone, no friend
here to help or guide me.

Lord, you took him so gently, so tenderly, so lovingly
that I have no cause to be angry with you.

The sadness of his death fills me, and I feel myself
crumbling within.

Yet, I feel his joy and happiness at last fulfilled
in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Girl

Working her way into passages of make-believe and hoisting the beauty of insincere people into the air where no one can understand what is happening.
Colliding with the essence of another, turning about and stalking out the door, leaving it all behind, no longer looking for the attention of anyone.
Forlorn and empty, portraying the lost girl in life and walking away alone into the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Hopes

Shouting interiorly, committing life to strenuous endeavors,
being pulled out of existence.

Nowhere finding any one to talk with, all have abandoned me
on wayward paths of life.

Strangulating every day, losing hopes preserved from one day
in the past.

No more living to be done now or in the future as I write my-
self an ending befitting a poet lost and abandoned by everyone
on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Horizons

Transcending hopeless features set in place since childhood, brings about a loneliness because no one else can understand where you've come from. Alleviating the pain caused in the past can never be done for there are no reasons for it to have begun.
Lost horizons carrying souls lost upon earth's shores, being left yet alone, emptier than previously known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Images

Lost images, totally forgotten in sands of time,
lost on an invisible horizon from behind.

Rising and ebbing with the tide, life captures
what it can while riding waves of turmoil and
suffering.

Lending self to sand dunes on shore, going through
particles one last time.

Hoping to find some images that have not been torn
from pages of a mind by dementia.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost In A Netherland

Sounds of sorrow flow silently through my mind, sending tears flowing from my heart to these eyes, a never-ending feeling of loss, perturbing peace of mind with it's stinging pain.

Taking away an interior livelihood, holding onto a thread of hope, held so tightly, afraid the tension may break it and I'll be lost in a netherland, unable to escape.

Sounds of sadness continuing to fill this mind with sorrow that I cannot tear apart or put asunder, laughter and joy cannot find their way through feelings and emotions.

They continue to lie heavily upon this aging heart, looking into the ebony darkness, wondering if it will ever clear away.

Will there ever be sunshine again to lead into a life of happiness, joy and laughter or will I be eternally stranded on a lonely island of darkened spirits dwelling in the death of loss for an eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost In A Sandstorm

Loving your image as it floats before me,
forlorn and no place to put down your head.
Crying so definitively, doubly missing our
times together.
No way to focus or come back to life, it
was left behind on shores of heaven.
There's no more fun or joy in the spaces I
have left.
Solace can't be found in any of the usual
places, and neither can I.
Lost in a desert, crying, watering the cacti
of my mind as they stick and poke me with
their arid arrows of desert dust, like in a
sandstorm of all my tomorrows.
Following the footpaths I have made,
traveling this interior world of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost In A World

Every day is so volatile, nothing to soothe or calm inner feelings, nothing coming into the atmosphere of spiritual enlightenment, it's silence is deafening.

Yet hope is burning brightly in darkness, a candle flame ever waning, keeping faith alive in spite of everything that has happened.

Lost in a world of desolation, searching for answers that haven't yet found a question to be asked, a total reminder of the inner quiet holding us together.

Like the glue of our souls interiorly, senses and sounds wrapped within candle flames, burning in our minds, never waning, taking us into intellectual sides of our brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost In Abstract Thought

Thinking of things just lying around in my mind for a while.

They weren't in any hurry to be brought into the open, even now.

Lost in abstract thoughts, left to cogitate and reminisce until ready to be spoken in silent poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost In Arizona

Getting lost in an Arizona sunset, as it sits upon my brow.

Hoping for direction in the darkening sky of night as the sun moves over, toppling into beds of tomorrow's dreams.

Alighting on clouds of barren wastelands, too tired to continue finding a way through puzzles lost in Arizona deserts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost In Horizons

Spinning wheels, putting this brain in gear while
writing poetry daily, totally being lost in horizons
of another universe and dimension.

Nothing else even existing in this creative world
that's being developed through an exciting and
vibrant imagination.

Always open, enticing and producing concepts that
touch this mind, tempting it into gear, poetry
flowing energetically and rapidly.

Never slowing down, enjoying it's insistence while
filling life with joy and sustenance constantly
throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost In Misplaced Abandonment

Reaching into life, seeing it's frailty and weaknesses
being kept exclusively for we human beings, giving us
faith and hope, trying to strengthen our spiritual life
and character with Divine goodness.

Free will more often than not getting in our way, wanting to do whatever we wish, even when it's not in our
best interest.

Allowing ourselves to veer from the straight and narrow,
straying too far off the pathway of righteousness, forgetting our purposes and promises.

Living in sin, not caring to come back to where we should
be, some of us turning to drugs, alcohol, sex, perversion
and evil.

Not thinking of what the end result will be, just getting
lost in the misplaced abandonment caused by ourselves,
trying to find our way, going about it in the wrong way.

If lucky enough, finally coming to our senses and getting
back on track once again, finding ourselves and giving to
others again, instead of selfishly turning inwardly toward
our egos.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost In Rhythms Of Time

Rhythm pulling me into it's depths, filling my being with exciting new ideas, thrilling thoughts and many positive attitudes.

Laughter, happiness and joy touching my heart with their enticing feelings, enjoying them totally as they bounce and jump within me.

Longing and passion climbing wildly, unfolding the essence of my being, wholly and entirely taking me into another dimension with every note and tempo.

Rhythms exciting me totally, remembering younger days when dancing and feeling the beats going through me with every motion and movement that I made.

Completely going into depths of music, alleviating the pain of growing up that I was feeling at the time, using my mind to touch the loneliness and abandonment within.

All the time feeling it, except when I got lost in the rhythms of time in measures of music it no longer mattered to me at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost In Starlit Darkness

Recesses of my mind find feelings of savory tastes as
they blossom and come alive in the beauty of another
sunrise.

Living and loving, walking along forest trails lost
in the starlit darkness alone, finding vibrant rays of
the moon lighting the way.

Giving an energetic totality that keeps me going, never
losing my way at all, stepping into the emptiness of
life, filled with it's sorrow and grief.

Touching my soul and giving me hope from beyond, some-
thing that I'd never have except by the grace of God,
wallowing in the sadness and grief looking for peace
that I'm missing through loss.

An everlasting solace that cannot be held in these two
hands or in this mind, except through the grace of God
alone, every thought belonging to Him, given through
a bluened universe to my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost In This Modern World

Studying life's mosaics, finding answers lying out in the
open, waiting to be explored, lines crossing each thread,
seeming to be attached to something beyond visibility.

Always luring me into their webs, feeling the somnolent
peace that is attained through the years, selecting and
seeing each detail as it finds it's way into the future.

Thoroughly and faithfully taking me farther away than
ever, leading me into habitats of nature alone, a solit-
ary entity wanting nothing more than to belong somewhere.

Somewhere Divine, yet feeling lost in this modern world
of temporary things because none of it has any substance
in a spiritual reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost In Thought While In India

Lost in thought all through the night, wandering in
the bleakness of it in my life, autumnal leaves of
memories falling gently from trees.

They themselves having been kept temporarily until
fulfilled in depths of a photographic memory, re-
sounding and enlivening my spirit.

Encasing intellect within the beautiful and precious
moments that have been a part of my life, now only
being seen in a dimensional memory.

Always savored in portals of intellect, this mind
able to access and relive them all fully once again
when thinking of them through tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Life - Part I

Waking seconds before in apprehensive knowing of death approaching.

Rapid wind, making sounds by a speeding car up above us on the road at Roosevelt Lake.

Husband and I awoke at the same moment, listening to the speeding car as we held our breath.

Somehow knowing, seconds before the crashing noises hit our ears, that death was near.

Then a male voice in agony, yelling, 'someone help me! Please someone help me! Oh my God, my God, help me! '

In the quiet darkness of early morning, those words chilled us to the bone.

We donned shoes and took off up the mountain, hearing the screams yet, up above us.

A boat was lying on the side of the mountain down by us, no one was in it.

Starting up the mountain to reach the person, jumping a barb wire fence and listening for the repeated agonizing screams to lead us to him.

Slipping and sliding, trying to gain ground, falling back when someone yelled, 'we're paramedics - camping below' and then ran on ahead to do what they could.

We could hear them talking, reassuring the voice we heard that help was on the way.

Then suddenly nothing but silence was heard, the male voice would never speak again, he died right where he lay, his head in a pool of blood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Life - Part Ii

The male voice had belonged to an eighteen year old, walking on the road when a speeding truck came upon him and swerved so as not to hit him, but somehow the boy walked directly in front of it, getting hit.

At least that's the passengers story, I cannot judge what happened because I was not there when he was hit.

Recalling only, those few seconds of hearing a speeding vehicle, crashing and agonizing screams for help.

Why was he speeding? You could tell by the sound he must have been doing sixty at least on this winding mountain road.

Not pitying those people in the pickup, their lives will be exceedingly long, thinking of what has happened and replaying the video of their minds over and over again, trying to make the pieces fit.

They'll never make sense, they never do.

A few people now around me, looking at the boat which had been thrown over the rail and down the mountainous cliff, amazingly it looked intact, out of place, but intact.

Hearing the sheriff above asking, 'where's the boat'? 'Down here', I pointed and he shook his head.

Everyone dispersed and I stood there alone, thinking of the boy and praying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Life - Part Iii

A man and woman walked up and we started talking, he had been the first one to the top to help the boy, telling me what had transpired, then went up the mountain a second time to give his report to the sheriff.

His wife and I were talking when a small pickup with a camper came down the road towards us and stopped.

Some people got out and came over to us, they needed help getting some things out of the boat and I realized they had been involved in the accident.

One young girl, blanket wrapped and held tightly around her, shaking, had been in the pick up - a passenger, she smiled, but seemed yet to be in a state of shock.

Talking for a few minutes then she and the others got into the truck and drove back up to the road where the driver of the pickup was apparently still in a state of shock.

Officers and paramedics talking to him, trying to get him to respond; an ambulance came, no sirens, to pick up the boy and take him away in silence.

A violent end to his life and no one seems to know why it happened, or even what his name had been.

Sounds of a speeding vehicle, crashing noises, agonizing cries for help, then moments later, deathly silence.

A tow truck and a flat bed came down to somehow extricate the boat from it's side on the mountain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Life - Part Iv

Looking up, now morning sun aiding our eyes, we see the pathway the careening boat had taken.

Several water skis, a boogie board and something else were still missing somewhere on the side of the mountain.

The driver of the pickup appeared and was amazed that his boat was in one piece, no major damage done at all.

Visibly upset, the young girl upset that he would even care about it, when he had just hit and killed a boy barely older than herself - none of it made sense.

The flat bed driver started to drive away and the owner asked him where they were going to take it, then everyone was gone, except the paramedics and myself.

We stood there looking, not saying much, as she waited for her husband to climb back down.

When he joined us we stood there for a moment, then he took his wife's hand and we all started walking back to our camps.

Getting back I told my husband and sons everything I knew, then quietly walked away to be alone, echoing cries of help resounding in my mind, his last words on earth, touching my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Life - Part V

Later, finding out that there had been another accident while they were trying to figure out what had happened here.

A roll-over, just a little way down the road, another pickup, this one gray, had careened down the mountainside much like the boat had done.

Only, as far as I know right now, the driver got out and walked away.

How come you wonder, but there are no answers, life goes on around us pretty much as usual, except for these three families.

Last night before we went to sleep, a brush fire still burned the side of the mountain, further up above where the accidents occurred.

Firemen were still clad in their gear, smoke hanging on the ground and in the air when the young boy lost his life this morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Regal Deserts

Staring out over a sea of skyscrapers, hoping to see
glimpses of our beautiful desert wasteland.
From this particular direction, other than grey and
brown buildings, all I can see is the sky above.
A vast light blue in every single direction without
a cloud in view, gives wonder and thought as I
contemplate a desert of my own doing within.
A desert I played in all the time as a child.
One, that in reality, city officials long ago
destroyed, because they prefer the color green to
rainbow colors of our desert decked out in regal
brown.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Sequences

Silently grieving for a lost sequence set in poetical rhymes, having disappeared within minutes and not been able to be found.

Tears falling incessantly, leaving me in an ocean alone and forsaken, no reprieve at all, as I slowly sink beneath the waves this afternoon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Shores

Furrowed eyebrows knitted together upon a forehead of ingenuity.

Tassled, shrouded in mystery, knotted into a sphere of intelligence, caught up in a whirlpool, neverendingly spinning to inner depths of silent waking.

Forgiving the audacity of life, surrendering to it's will and nature, while casting aside all human endeavors, in search of complacent mirroring.

Narrowing of strolling pathways, set astride the colony of death, following inane terms of life.

Altogether, finding no solace nor hope in the joining years set before us at birth.

Concaving, the atmosphere turns itself, creating a new haven, a cave of exploration, existing in deepest labyrinths of the mind.

Grasped tightly, afraid of letting go, the incognizance of brevity slips inside, tattering the nervous system provided by life.

Folding in upon strands held so gingerly in childish hands, are the wonder and curiosity thought to have been killed when very young.

There are no more belittling strides to be taken, all have been laid aside while the memory of forsaken love treads drowningly in waters deep, of lost shores, forgotten from this day forth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Soul

Music touching my heart, milking tears of sorrow from within my soul, drops of pain crying out and drowning.

Always wishing for some love - never receiving anything in return, only emptiness to fill my being.

Heart getting pulled in all directions, trying to settle down and make some sense of life.

There is none I find, the more I look, there's no one to care about a lost soul, being empty, life is drowned.

Seeing everything as if under water, life becomes nothing but a blur of emotion.

Sacrificing life day after day for no reason, there's no one who cares, no one who loves a miserable wretch.

Being alone, no where to turn, going inside of self and getting lost in sorrow.

There's nothing left to do, but face life in pain and sorrow, all my myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Souls

Hearts of loneliness stride around the room looking for
hearts of emptiness to confide in.
Searching lifetimes together, asking and answering
hundreds of questions, trying to bring together two souls
lost on life's journey.
Finding similarities and differences in each other's news, latching onto them with hopes that maybe two hearts can be finally filled with togetherness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Stars

While stars are searching heavenly shores, fantastic sequences have begun - new days are born and life is hidden from view.

There are no postcards, nor letters to answer, for there are no friends or relatives left to share life with.

Reaching depths of sorrow, finding once upon a joy, memorized in saddest voices of long ago.

Finding sorrow in the sunset, burning with the rage of lifelong setbacks, wanting to regurgitate the whole of it, I start all over again.

Lost in a maze of forgotten games, visualizing the ending of hopes and dreams that can never be realized because of insensitivity and broken-hearted friendships.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Statue

Losing the statue of childhood that I had, now no longer
even sitting upon a swing, but walking around it to sit
on a bench - the grownup thing to do.

Sitting into the night, dressed in sadness, refusing to
participate in any part of life.

Tearing apart this heart, slicing what is left of it into
tiny pieces, never to feel the hurt of abandonment and
betrayal ever again in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Stranger

Lost, a stranger in a familiar world,
unable to connect or become a part of it.
Struggling to participate, failing
consistently without any effort.
Calmly resigned to the facts of this
mundane universe, untied, untitled to
my stay on earth.
Quietly existing, putting in time, so
one day soon everything will end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Tomorrow

Likelihood of life lies beyond us in unkempt dreams, wet and moistened by our tears of contempt.

Sombre attitudes stretched beyond capacity, forfeiting all of our lives paths leading to the future.

Swallowing endless forms of loneliness and solitude, we creep through our lives, pretending to have found some meaning, and yet, we have not.

Losing battles every day, forsaking each other for mundane rules and uncoordinated efforts of fools.

Trampling underfoot, intense briars of yesterday which will not lessen nor clear our ways.

Softly, echoes pilfer our thoughts and memories, tokenly portraying the essence of a lost tomorrow which has started only today.

Finally forging the magnificent torture of daily living, soundless, we stumble from this day forward, meeting death along the infinite darkened way of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Train

Whistling like a long lost train
in the night, bringing it's sadness
into the light of day with this poem.
Only living for the moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Within

Rocking down cobbled pathways, enjoying sounds as shoes
tap upon it's surface.

Walking, listening, finding an incessant beat has arisen
and is taking us into measures of another atmosphere.

Touching hearts and souls in the gathering dusk, feeling
a deserted emptiness inherent in we human beings.

Being lost in deserts of our interior minds for the time
we spend here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Within Designs

Listening intently to sacred music of my soul this
morning, watching as it takes life into an interior
bluened atmosphere so gently.

Feeling it's silent intensity filling me completely,
skating quietly throughout this mind, taking in the
quality of life as it surrounds me totally.

In it's tender grasp, completely being taken into
another dimension, wonder and awe filling my mind
at it's vast and sacred beauty of the Divine.

Looking, casting my inner mind's eyes about, search-
ing every bit of it's graphic detail, seeing steps
and directions that are infinite and absolute.

Following them willingly, no hesitation at all, get-
ting lost within designs creating themselves with
inner color and resolve.

An addictive and tempting peace filling me like when
I was in heaven not so long ago, reaching out to the
Divine within me.

Solace and serenity touching me intensely, interiorly
easing the stress of life so pleasurably and casually,
I cannot resist it's pull at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lost Without You

Feeling lost and alone here in Hong Kong without you,
seeing your smiling face and mischievous eyes twinkling while looking into mine.

Missing you now that we're apart again, hoping we will
be reunited in the U.S. once more, cannot wait to see
the expression of surprise on your face as you experience Arizona for the very first time in your life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love

Love exists only in a person's mind.

If this were not so, he would not know
it's meaning.

His heart would not recognize it's own
feelings of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love And Respect

Thinking of ancestors, strong and stubborn Sicilians like myself.

Once living their lives on earth with family, doing every-thing expected of them and then some.

Always loving and expecting the best out of everyone they met.

Children, Grandchildren, all taking part in family traditions and get-togethers constantly.

Celebrating Italian ways with good food and joyful love, , nothing ever able t compare with any of it.

A totally wholesome and genuine love and respect for family ties throughout our lives together.

Everything encompassed and learned within family is brought outside into the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love At First Sight

Living in the emptiness of sorrow, wanting your love only, knowing that I will always have it, protecting me, loving me unconditionally without any strings attached.

Being true, keeping our love pure and undefiled by being only with me throughout life, faithful, fulfilling promises of our vows we made when we first met.

Love at first sight, our hearts as one, being together forever, always putting each other first as we travel through out the years of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Becoming Pictures

Rehearsing daily, finding pictures being put in albums
already for the future.

Seeing them being taken by interior cameras and developed
here in many words.

Noticing that all of them are of a new love, holding
tenderly, silently, with a heart that belongs to only one.

Feeling this love touching interiorly, wanting to feel
it's intensity even more, knowing that it will become
stronger in the near future.

Becoming the pictures already being seen, giving them a
reality of their own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Being

Slipping, sliding through the morning, listening to Cindy
Lauper singing, 'Girls just want to have fun', an uplifting
song.

Enjoy it totally, having fun in life also, finding being
with family is always a joyous occasion, partying together,
all eighty-three of us.

A new little grand niece has been born, her name is Lyric,
a very musically inclined little one.

When the doctor was doing a three-D video of her still in-
side her mother's womb, my niece and doctor started singing,
they watched in amazement as she started clapping in time
with the music! Doctor could not believe his eyes!

The video was on facebook for a while, don't know if it
still is however, it was just amazing to see this tiny
being listening and clapping to the rhythm.

So happy to have her with us now, to hold and love her
all the time, coming to my birthday party tonight with
her Mom.

My birthday is on Tuesday, but we are celebrating it to-
day, that way I can also celebrate the last few days of
my sixty-fourth year and living through it! !

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Being A Woman

Sometimes picturing you in recesses of my mind, just
watching you time after time as you rise within my
consciousness.

Touching me so expertly, giving me a sublime feeling
of your manliness, loving being a woman with senses
and many sensations to be stimulated by you alone.

Taking us both into heaven, knowing that without each
other, neither of us could feel this exquisite beauty
that takes us farther into each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Burning Brightly

Oh my love, burning brightly through the night, out-shining the moon and twinkling stars on behalf of my heart.

A truly tantalizing and effervescent sense of being together, intensely beating hearts knowing that our love is absolute and infinite.

Always being one through the love of our souls, no matter what death chooses to do to us on earth and beyond it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Combining

Loving you honey throughout the night, our love combining,
heightening desires for one another, hearts beating as one,
reaching out and touching each other.

Bringing an energy that cannot be quenched between the two
of us, through the darkness our love shining light into
our minds and souls.

Spirits rising ever higher into the ebony sky, staying to-
gether, never wanting to part, for we are one and always
will be while here on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Delicately Flowing

We two sitting here quietly talking, reading to one another so peacefully, feeling close at heart, touching one another through our love as we sit here together.

At times reminiscing about what we used to do together, but long since have abandoned because our times together have begun to mean much more than ever to us.

Holding hands, looking into one another's eyes, cherishing every moment we have left, stringing beads of placid complacency together.

Happy, satisfied just being with one another, life surrounding us with images and memories of our once upon a time of yesterday.

Love flowing delicately from your heart to mine, fluttering like a butterfly, our passion lying between us and desire, waiting to be fulfilled once again tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Dying

Swelling hopelessly - a heart tripped and then fell out.
No one cared to pick it up, they just stepped around it.
It lay dying on the floor, because no one wanted to love it anymore.
A meaningless blob, it perished and never loved again.
That is how a great love died, because no one cared anymore about it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Ended

In depths of sadness, life crawls around and hides in a corner.

Love ended, tears falling softly and steadily as snow on a winter's day.

All vulgarity lies in human nature somehow, yet God has created us in His image.

Everywhere people pull their shrouds tightly about themselves and ignore everything else.

Forsaken and left to lie in a muddled heap upon the ground, leaves fall from trees and cover a precious soul, left alone in the sadness of purest emptiness.

A shell containing nothing to resemble a human being, save the outline of shadow in the darkest hour of midnight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Flowing

Walking down pathways strewn with rose petals, put there
by one who loves me unconditionally.

Feeling so special and blessed when with him, taking vows
made into the future, leaving behind oaths that no longer
matter in this life.

Wandering and holding onto the best times of tomorrow,
letting my heart flow with love of past memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Gone Wrong

Listening to a love song gone wrong.
Singing saddened verses of the past where love turned sour.
Now lonely and wanting what she once had in the past.

Hurting, feeling the pain turning back the clock, yet time
doesn't move and the future sets reality in place.

Unchanging, hard, cruel and sorrowfully taken away forever.
Lost love has gone ahead and found someone else.

There's nothing else to be done, except shed tears for what
was before and now is no more.

Heart, heavy with insipid tears left in hands of your heart.
Soul being ripped apart and there's nothing left to find.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Growing Spherically

Evenings cooling down, awakening senses in the darkness, knowing you're so close to me, not wanting to disturb you deep in thought, watching as you listen to music.

Seeing the twinkle in your eyes, knowing your love is growing spherically in depths of both of our hearts, unfolding endearingly in traces of one another's passion and desires.

Rising and falling in this evening dusk as it cools down, totally awakening senses within, passion rising even more as I continue to watch you listening to music we both enjoy very much.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Guiding Us

Catching the look of love within your eyes, feeling
it touching my hart with yours.

Tripping, falling at times, yet you are there to
catch me, loving your love into my soul.

Such a perfect and unconditional love between us
in life.

Picturing us walking hand in hand through all the
years, needing nothing but our love to sustain us.

Through everything, suffering, strife, turmoil, none
of it affecting either of us, having our love to
guide us always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Has Left Only A Memory

In many ways I try to reach for your love, even in my
dreams you escape my touch.

Wanting so badly to hold your hand, hear you speak to
me again, hold me like you used to when we made love.

You always made me feel alive and energetic and now I
am numb and tired from searching for you day and night.

Not sleeping for want of you my dear, how can I ever
stop crying now that your love had left me with just
a memory.

No sentiments or feelings of yours touching me anymore,
as I continue to live alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Has More Depth

Life becomes so intense when with you my dear, our love has more depth, our tears more sorrow, our hearts beat in synch with each other more deeply.

Desires and passion climb to fever heights when we're near each other my love, wanting to be with you in every way all the time, not wasting a single moment in our lives together.

You are so special and mean the world to me, no one else will ever be, for you are my one and only true love on earth for the rest of our years on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Held Gently

Sharing our lives, hearts and thoughts with one another
through the years, gives us an appreciation for one an-
other.

Nationality, race, creed nor color haven't any part in
our decisions to love another, being freed from racism
and intolerance of people's hatred.

Feeling the liberty of true love held gently within me,
reaching out in faith, finding strength interiorly to
love someone from another country completely without fear.

Such a pure and innocent love, unconditionally now fill-
ing both of us totally for the rest of our lives in this
temporary world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Hiding Inside

Sincere beauty, falling onto rhythms of a sonata, giving
an essence to another side of music.

Tantalizing this love that hides inside, not wanting to
be shone upon in daylight.

Quiet beatitudes being strewn around on floors of heaven,
shining and absorbing all the goodness stored in borders
of another imaginative corridor.

Lighting the way through, everything striving to move
forward through the strategy of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love I Always Deserved

Having a chance to be with you in body and spirit has
given me the love I have always deserved in life.

Taking your heart into mine, letting it have it's way
within my being, loving how it touches me so tenderly.

Taking charge shyly, yet positively, all of my love
is yours while sharing with me this eternal spirit.

Energy innately given at the moment of conception,
having a chance to be with you in body and spirit.

It has given the blessedness of love that I've always
deserved throughout this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love In Later Years

Finding love I deserved all my life, now having it
in later years, a total unconditional and true love
I've wished for all my life.

Loving you with all my heart and soul, taking me in-
to realms of a seventh heaven, and seriously all the
way to the end of my life, only with you, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love In Poetry

Wanting to be with you all the days of our life, sharing everything, both good and bad, loving deeply and intensely all that you are.

Nothing to compare to joy and happiness brought into this poetical life, sincerely enjoying every moment spent all these years.

Nothing ever preparing the way to a deep and abiding love, taken by surprise, falling and never doubting for a moment in a love that's been professed through poetry.

Touching this heart incessantly with desires and passion while continuing to live the beauty and intrigue of a love that completely captivates one all through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Insistently Caressing Us

Lasting feelings of love for you fill my heart so gently,
wanting to share them all with you only, my dear, beating
of this heart beats unconditionally for your love in return.

Caressing, holding, kissing one another, bringing us ever
closer to our passion that continues to rise, taking us in-
to fever-pitched desires wanting to be quenched insistently.

Yet we go slowly, wanting to savor every moment, tempting us
more and more, unable to resist the wonder and love that so
very insistently caresses us, making us one again tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Is Insistent

Wake up tonight in the throes of passion and love, tossing everything aside, nothing is important in this world, it is materialistic and not worth waiting for.

Yet, love is insistent and cannot be tossed aside, not even for a moment for desires and passion need to be sated and quenched in moments given to them through an intense and abiding love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Is Laid To Rest

Shallowly hurting by the images I grew up with and cling to all of my life.
Beseeching inner prayers, hoping to hear their answers before I fall into sorrow's deepest ocean, alone and forgotten.
Soul searching for a love lost long ago, unable to find the way back to it's enlightenment of yesterday.
No more answers to be given as love is laid to rest and forgotten beneath a slab of stone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Is Not

Love is not.

It is the truth of all ages.

There was never any love in this world,
only the imagining of it in each person's mind.

Everyone claimed to have felt love consume their
hearts with fire.

It was all a lie - they had no desire to find out
the hidden truths inside.

Where can love fit in their tempestuous lives?

How would it have fit in with their bodily, lustful,
unmeaningful desires?

No. Love is not.

There has never been love in this world, we have no
room for it - we keep selfishly unto ourselves -
never letting anyone get close enough to see that
we are only empty shells.

Putting a hand, cupped, to our ears, we hear not the
ocean's roar, only stinginess and greed.

There is no way for anyone to reach out and grasp
life peacefully - it is always snatched close, in
tightfisted hands, belying rights of others - throwing
them - burying them - in shifting sands.

Yes. Love is not.

That is the truth of all ages.

We only imagine ourselves - our world - in love.

But, we are not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Is Strengthened

Loving this night, being filled with your love completely,
touching my interior spirit, totally giving of yourself to
me and I to you.

Magic of your love touching mine, speaking silently through
our touches, loving completely and succinctly, emotions now
rising, keeping us together as one.

Nothing else coming between us as this night is remembered
time and again through the years, just like all the other
ones before this.

Our love is strengthened more and more as we stay together
as one in life, growing stronger through the years, never
letting up, just continuing to give us both pleasure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Is Too Strong

Faithful to vows we've made to each other, never stepping outside the sacrament of our circle of love as long as we live.

Never letting the sun set on our anger, whispering I love you throughout the night and well into our futures together.

Dancing to rhythms of our beating hearts, never tiring of their melodies waiting within, knowing that we will never be separated.

Our love is too strong for our bond to be broken, always being one, never straying from one another's hearts for we are of one mind and being.

Taking our love into our souls, living through the hard times, turmoil and suffering of this life never letting up, danger always coming at us.

Yet, as we walk hand in hand through it all, we both know that nothing can ever separate or destroy us or our love, it just keeps growing stronger while we're together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Lives On Eternal

Standing upon mantles of yesterday, forlorn and blossoming
from beneath the sun.

Weather-beaten signs filling life with decay, sending
changing functions one by one into briny depths of yesterday.

Pacing left-over prejudice of love, and being counted among
many choices of eternity, selections are few.

Noiseless teardrops being carried on funeral pyres, watering
eons of eternity with their sadness.

Wandering down forest paths, watching them being consumed
with ageless fire, figuring out their places in the universe,
causing great gladness.

Yet, the symphony of meaning is a liar, burning, down through
heaven, messages are sent to be remembered and love lives on
eternal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Looking About

Reigning in a harness,
wanting to control motion
so it's not so out of hand.

Yet, once music starts it's
rise and falls of tempos,
all is lost in one quick pull,
as the dance floor becomes a
mass of people dancing.

Slowly moving, creating quite
a stir as love starts looking
about and shyly decides to
become a part of the larger
picture.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Memory

Broken windows filling every vision of a broken and torn
heart by death's embrace.
Leaving a woman in the throes of widowhood, alone, saddened,
beyond grief in a sorrowful world all her own.
Wanting to hold on through memories, grasping at straws as
each one holds past joy, now no longer able to be held
without intense sorrow and emptiness.
A loss beyond words, felt deeply in a heart torn from love's
embrace, ripped from a mind of togetherness, hope disappearing
daily, as death's insistence won't let go of his appearance
in life ever again.
Stranded alone with a life, looking for him to be near her
again as tears fall through heart and mind for all time -
until reunited once again in heaven.
A picture in her heart's mind, to look at with tears of love
shed for him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Never Awakened

Life is still, waiting for itself to begin in people who wake up from a good night's sleep, sleepily rubbing their eyes, trying to clear their heads.

Realizing as they get up and walk around that they are heading into another day devoid of goals they have not yet set for themselves.

Pouring coffee, sitting down, flipping channels with a remote, not really seeing anything of interest, sitting alone, staring into space, no thoughts in mind.

Sipping their coffee as if it's going to suddenly give them something to look forward to, some imaginary goal that will appear out of nowhere.

Hours pass by, still sitting there, not having moved, wasting precious time they could've spent with their wives and children.

Too late now, for the children have grown and moved on, his wife died of cancer, he hadn't spent much time at all with her, too intent on himself to help her through her pain and suffering.

Hardly ever kissing or holding her when in pain, saying he was afraid of hurting her, in reality it was his own rejection of what was happening to her right before his eyes.

She left this world like she came into it, lonely and wanting love that never was awakened in him for her, a sad and hopeless life now left to him for his fear has left him without the love given to him all his life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Never Diminishing

Reaching inside for feelings, touching them trans-
cendentally, feeling a surge of love bubbling over
for the one I love so entirely.

Fulfilled totally and completely every time we look
into one another's eyes, seeing our hearts beating
in unison for each other.

Wanting to quench our passion and desires together,
never wanting to be parted, always being one, no
matter what may happen in our lives.

Love ever growing, overflowing, never diminishing,
just totally spreading throughout our beings and
lives together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Never Dying Between Us

Shadows of midnight hiding the love of my life
beneath them.

With the coming of dawn, dissipating and there
standing in rays of the morning sun stands my
one true love.

Like a fairy tale come true, reaching for and
taking my hand in his, our hearts meeting and
joining our beings as one.

Fulfilling promises of a lifetime, now being
together for the rest of our lives on earth,
one day dying and walking our final horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Never Growing Old

Regrets, I have none since being together with you my dear, life has been joyful and beautiful by your side, being loved totally by you my dear.

Desires running like white water rapids every time you're near me, always wanting to be with you no matter what, our love never growing old, just stronger every moment we're together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Never Realized

Tiredly waiting to reach out to someone, passing by every single chance, because I'm not good enough.

Desperately wanting to talk about something - anything - and never do.

Love stalks me from the shadows, never daring to creep out into the light of day and take me by the hand.

Always scurrying inside the realm of make-believe - never bringing to fruition any source of love.

Days go by, as so many pages in a book, and love is never realized.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Not Being Found

Running into the arms of another, always hoping to be
accepted unconditionally, yet being young and immature,
disables our intuition about another because hormones
and emotions are flying high.

That's where infatuation comes into being, lives fall
below realms of love, untold and unbelievable, insincere-
ity is discovered in invisible solutions, not able to be
visualized in the midst of younger generations.

Being explained and taught is the only way to learn, being
always in the center of another calamity, turmoil rising
into every equation, leaving no room for anything else.

Taking pathways finally, down empty trails of nowhere
lands, love never being found within anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Not Emanating From Your Heart

When I thought you were mine, life was being lived in a heaven for only we two, now knowing the truth, there's no love emanating from your heart for me.

Being hurt to the core of my being, my soul once again being ripped and torn by you, whom I thought cared about me the same way I did you.

Wandering this earth alone, feeling nothing, only numb throughout my being, all the wonderful times I thought we were having were only a lie.

Turning out to be a bouquet of convenient lies that you spoke to me, thank God nothing more happened between us, keeping my body from being battered, abused and used.

By using your lust and pretend love, I learned a difficult lesson, but thank God, I didn't fall for your false words of love but for a short while.

Sensing the truth all along, not wanting to believe you'd be so cruel to me, one you said you loved, wanted and would have me.

Living now in isolation, not wanting to be near you or even talk to you anymore for life has been made hell for me.

Thanks to your lies and false love that you proclaimed to me, even telling your brothers and sisters how much you loved and wanted me with you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Of A Being

Loving the intensity of an interior feeling touching my heart
with an all-encompassing finesse.

At times, the only thing saving me from going off the deep end
is your love of my being.

Showing the utmost respect, kindness and compassion, letting
me know the idea of what love is supposed to be.

An emotional turmoil taking over, then being calmed by reason
and logic from a friend.

Always helping me to live life the way it should be lived while
on this planet earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Of A Grandchild

Looking up at a beautiful picture my granddaughter drew for me.
Hanging on the wall of my hospital room, showing how much I am loved by her.
Every petal of the flower is an individual heart, and the leaves are like her seven year old arms, hugging me all day, every day, right here in my lonely room.
Feeling the depth of her love gives me hope, and the faith to continue getting better so I can get back home and play Barbie's with her again.
One of the many lights in my life, given to me by God through my ten grandchildren.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Of Imagery

Slippery, sliding down canyon walls, viewing every
minute detail on the way down.

Being excited and happy as life takes off before me,
wondering and having a love of imagery in sight.

Touching and releasing significant particles of
intellect into coded mysteries within rhythm.

Exercising and finding answers that are created from
innate knowledge.

Knowing that I can equate the equations of various
impossibilities with an accuracy beyond intellect.

Dreaming of incessant fibers that are needed to be
attached to molecules that are dancing to rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Of Music

An intellectual musician understanding what it means to play
an instrument from his heart, attuned completely to his mind
and being.

Tory using every particle of his intellect as he plays and
gets lost within rhythms he's playing, never having to judge
others as he plays from his heart and soul.

Taking all others into a dimension of love and caring, music
encompassing one and all throughout the afternoon, pleasing,
touching our senses exuberantly with his love of music.

Interpreting and accepting the finality of life on this very
temporary earth through his musical ability and intellectual
acuity always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Of Music's Tears

Insistent, lively, spreading an energetic rainbow of
color and loveliness across the skyway of my heart
and soul.

Sanctions of rhythm holding and giving every motion
a look into depths of an interior musical rhythm.

Being allocated to every thought as suddenly a love
of music begins to pour forth like tears from a
person, bereaved and crying for loved ones incessantly.

Portends of lifetime sadness being echoed throughout
incessant and beautiful landscapes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Of Strangers

Sensing strongly the love of other people,
strangers in the night, coming to wish me
well and show their appreciation for the
gifts God has given me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Of The Universe

Beautiful afternoon at an Indian Festival, trees spread
out, reaching towards heaven, white rippled clouds touch
my heart.

Believing in a love of the universe, rising spirituality,
surprising an interior environment with gestures of life
that constantly fill and take intellect into insides of
this mind.

Disappearing quietly as I go, finding a self of poetry
that will always - incessantly - choose the liveliness
of another atmosphere and dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Of Those Who Are Gone

Listening to heart beats from beyond, knowing they are
coming from the love of those who were so close to me
in life.

Reaching out, calming me with their own hearts, keeping
me steady and helping to rise above the stress of life.

Rushing to my aid, not wanting life to be cut short now
that I have been given the gift of living once again.

Staying in touch with them through death and it's curtains
between us and heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Reaching

Love reaching into my heart, opening my mind to the fullness of life, it's adventure and discovery of everything in it.

An exclusive and beautiful tonal quality, vibrating within, exacting perfect sounds and rhythms from the air.

Allowing them to float into the center of my brain where I'm waiting for them to explode into harmonies and melodies.

There being translated into poetry instantaneously in this mind's intellect while listening to all types of music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Reaching It's Peak

Moods rising, love reaching it's peak here in a late moonlit night as we sit holding hands, looking into one another's eyes so lovingly.

Passion being inspired through our hearts as they beat in unison, taking us with them into a twilight evening filled with rhythms that are all heading energetically into the New Year.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Recognized Within

Joyfully feeling your presence in my mind and heart, life being so very delightful now that you are mine my dear.

Laughter now a part of my soul as we two share and come together in a spirit of love.

Senses being totally awakened and fulfilled now that our love has been recognized within for each other.

Piano playing our hearts and minds so sensuously with a sublime intensity taking us wholly into heaven's gardens.

There we can never be separated, always being in love and finally being realized for who we are when together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Recognized Within When Together

Joyfully feeling your presence in my mind and heart, life being so very delightful now that you are mine my dear.

Laughter now a part of my soul as we two share and come together in a spirit of love.

Senses being totally awakened and fulfilled now that our love has been recognized within for each other.

Piano playing our hearts and minds so sensuously with a sublime intensity taking us wholly into heaven's gardens.

There we can never be separated, always being in love and finally being realized for who we are when together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Seeping Through Memories

Succumbing to interior sadness at times, no way around or through it except experiencing it first hand, insistent tears spilling from this heart.

Etching the pain deeply within, it's scars already there seeping through memories, love of those who have died lie stinging my eyes, tugging at my heart deftly.

Wishing for a reprieve of sorrow intensely affecting life daily, rapping at my brain, anguish never letting up even for a moment, nothing easing the hurt of missing those you have loved.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Sparkling In My Eyes

Finding the magic of your love sparkling in my eyes,
touching my heart completely, feeling the beauty of
your unconditional love stirring within me.

Keeping me going throughout life, filling me with an
untiring energy that never fades or dies away, a last-
ing fire of love and imagination filling my being.

Faithfully and totally, never leaving room for any
doubts or fears, a delicious and beneficial attitude
exuding from within my heart and spirit.

Falling in love every single moment whether we're to-
gether or far apart, hoping to be with you only for
the rest of my life, only you, my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Staying Close To My Heart

Life is blossoming, filling the air, surrounding me with
the joy of an interior spirituality, taking off, soaring
into outer space where intellect takes off.

Traveling into other dimensions far from this earth, de-
livering the beauty of intellectual and transcendental
love that stays close to my heart.

Using inner energy to keep it lit like a candle that is
never able to be extinguished in this lifetime, letting
it continue to shine from an inner enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Streaming From Our Hearts

Slow and easy, gliding along memory lane, hand in hand with you by my side my love, watching images of bygone days while talking and reminiscing about all the good times the two of us have had through the years.

Pleasant, joyful, yet at times tears spill over from the past unable to be contained in this heart, being overwhelmed with sadness that we've both been through together as we've lost the ones we loved so much.

Now holding on to one another tightly, knowing that our turns will be coming in the future also, looking into each other's eyes, love streaming from our hearts as we hug and kiss for as long as we can until we are no more on earth.

My love, keeping you treasured and cherished so closely as we live whatever moments of life we have left with one another, hoping that we'll have many more yet to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Strums My Heart

Rhythmic sounds enticing intellect, feeling your love more intensely with every note as it strums my heart with your unconditional love and caring.

Making me feel whole and fulfilled completely at last, wanting you more with each passing day, touching your heart as deftly as you've touched mine my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Teasing

Sashaying down paths of life, touching upon our love, wanting to be with you forever, finding melodies that bring us closer together.

Romance and love teasing us every day, not able to wait for the night to come, lying in bed, having an afternoon delight.

Kids in school, just you and I alone taking each other to heaven, our hearts beating as one while making love, not seeing anything but fireworks exploding between us.

Totally loving one another, becoming one time after time, kissing, hugging, finding and quenching each other's passion, fulfilling our desires together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love That Will Never Be

Tears pouring from my heart unmercifully, tearing me apart
within, for a love that will never be met here on earth,
desire and need intensely driving us, wanting to be at rest
in one another completely.

Alas, it is not meant to be and I continue to cry from the
very depths of my being, we are both too good and don't
want to hurt anyone we love.

So we sacrifice ourselves instead, giving up the only true
love ever had in life, letting it go now as the petals of
a rose being held in our hands, falling to the ground, dy-
ing because love will never be met while living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Trinkets

Respect and dignity follow love throughout it's respective lifetime of marriage.
Little trinkets showing love through actions of particular caring.
Coy looks, happy smiles, lighting up drab and dreary days when together.
Aligning feelings and attributes of love for one another along pathways of solitary travel.
One day to be brought back to each other in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Uncensored

When you are near me love, my heart pounds steadily
with yours, wanting to be met within us.

Eyes glistening with the innocence and purity of a
love that I have for you.

Uncensored and completely yours, watching your every
move, being thrilled when you come near me.

Wanting to feel your touch and have you hold me tightly
within your arms and heart forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love Within Us

What makes me happy is being in your arms, closely, being held while you are loving me completely, the way only you can do.

Fascinating and beautiful, your entire heart touching mine, staying together through the years with nothing coming between us.

Love within both of us, reaching out, always taking us into dimensions of pure unadulterated love, preserving our innocence throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love, A War Zone?

Love is like a war zone at times, going back and forth
from hatred to caring and loving, what causes such an
inflation of emotion?

Turning two people suddenly into enemies, just a little
spark sets fire to the war in the blink of a moment,
carrying the weight of feelings heavily against another.

Creating a friction causing dissatisfaction, perpetrating
anger, throwing accusations and blame like bullets back
and forth.

Lips spitting fire, heart beating endlessly through the
night, where just moments before words of love were being
spoken, kissing and wanting to make love, then war happens.

Sounds of an eternal love coming together in the sunrise
of passion yet love festers throughout the night in a war
zone, hoping to be resurrected once again in the morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love, What Makes It Happen?

Love driving me insane, wanting to find out everything
that makes it happen.

How it arouses it's passion within a human being and
how it is extinguished at times by some people.

Never having found answers as yet, continuing however,
to search for these hidden truths and solutions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loveliest Of Nature

Fulfilling the destiny of serenity, nature spewed forth beauty
of every natural kind.

Towering pines looking over diamonds of water, stretching out
between the shores edge, delicately placating gusty winds,
blowing from skies all around.

Rocks forming themselves to each other, making rockscapes
unseen before now.

Glistening sands, golden, being illuminated by the sun,
showing pathways which eventually lead to more of nature's
beauty deep inside the confines of the earth.

Powdery blue skies shaken all over the land, bringing
peaceful bliss to seeing eyes.

Slowly walking, traipsing over coats of pine needles,
blanketing the earth, protecting it from human desires.

Loveliest of nature, all it's natural beauty, here for us
to enjoy and live with in tranquility.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lovely Afternoon

Life always hanging in the balance, it can go either way, but medical science and technology have come a long way through the years.

Safe in the arms of God, as He allows these inventions to save God's chosen children, listening to melodies as they are blown gently in the wind.

A slight breeze in this early afternoon, sun shining, air warm and soothing against my skin, a lovely afternoon to be having a bar-b-que at Buddy Stubbs with friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lovely Atmosphere

Tenderly touching my soul with wonder and joy, filling me, being elated, with an absorbent curiosity.

Laughter emanating from my mind, tickling my brain unendingly.

Beauty unsurpassed in life, seeing all the blossoms opening their eyes, hands reaching for a morning sunshine.

Lovely atmosphere not being seen anywhere else but within this poet's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lovely Escapes

Totally watching gusts of wind blowing limbs and leaves in time with nature's rhythms.
Lovely escapes, thoughts being blown far and wide, covering more distance than I can sitting in a chair by a window.
Delicately lacing together memories being sent to my creative passion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lovely Memories

Reminders of past years, tenderly touching my mind with their precious flames of love for one another.

Lovely memories taking me through melodies we used to dance to every night.

Stepping into the essence of music we listened to, always capturing the joy of our hearts as we danced side by side, along the harmonies as we took to the dance floor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love's Beginnings

Roaming earth, searching for that special someone to
hold close and dear.
Following heart's wishes to ends of earth, finding
places where birth of love's beginnings are specially
made, creatively by God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love's Carpet

Standing on love's carpet, answering it's call
for thirty-two years together, holding eyes on
one another.

Beside life we walk towards our future destiny
with soul's open and calm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love's Empty Songs

Tapping to the staccato beats of a lonely song, calling to my heart.
Knowing it's being wrapped in sadness throughout life, trying to reawaken the voice that fell silent one day in past mournings.
Nothing to talk about or relate to anyone, it's just settled into a daily routine of lonely participation.
Nothing going on in earthly desires on our timid shores of love, all ending in empty songs, never being sung by anyone except bereaved poets in echoing hallways of never returning happiness.
Placing all thoughts in vats beneath the cellar.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love's Expression

Quiet love and expression of it held in hands together,
dancing closely, eyes drinking in each other, words not
being necessary.
Aging memories, steps slowly taken, expressions of love
in patient waiting.
Hearts holding onto one another in gentle apprehension,
as the future looms hesitantly before them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love's Innocence

Love seething within my heart, filled with a fiery blaze
that cannot be put out.

Loving you so intensely that it cannot be quenched unless
we are both together.

Holding one another, loving and looking into your eyes,
seeing my love reflected in them.

Being ten times more intense because your love is mixed
with mine.

Life is beautiful, filled with spiritual imagery that
intensifies through our love's pure innocence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love's Lifetimes

Forever, my love will soar through earthly atmospheres,
shouting to the world all I hold dear.
Wandering shores, finding treasures as I walk along,
watching for sparkles gathering in your eyes as we
touch soul to soul, becoming one for lifetimes beyond
our years on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love's Lost Hopes And Dreams

Always wanting to know what love is, how does it happen, why do we choose the ones we love, is there a definite reason why we do fall in love.

How do we know we're making the right choice, for so many people get married and realize too late that they've made a mistake, ending up living a life of despair and abuse.

How does one avoid the pitfalls of lust, desire and passion, is there a way to protect oneself from the hazards of perverts or evil people.

Wanting to know what love is, yet knowing that it can never be known in this earthly life because we're all human beings doomed to failure, lost hopes and dreams.

Somehow we survive, yet we are battered, bruised and left without the love we've always wanted and dreamt of growing up, apparently there is no real answer of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love's Own Beats

Love has it's own beat and time of rhythm as it
sparkles in eyes and souls through eternities.
Gazing into life-long expressions, adorable to
one another forever, stars will shine out-
lastingly in love's beautiful arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love's Present Moments

Your precious love touches me interiorly, giving desires
heightened feelings, intensely wanting to be held by you,
my love.

Seeing your eyes looking into mine, touching my soul,
defining our love within totally and completely, casting
glances into the atmosphere, watching as they meet.

Touching one another, fulfilling our feelings for each
other and no one else, striving to be always together, we
have no past, no future, only the present moments.

Holding, kissing, ourselves becoming one in the passion
of this well-defined and beautiful love that we share so
intimately together.

How wonderful it makes me feel when being touched by your
loving being, giving me such feelings of contentment, it
is unexplainable and delicious at the same time.

Unique and sublime, taking us forward through the night
as we continue making our love known to each other, loving
and keeping our vision under lights of the Divine.

There we will always be one in spirit no matter whether we
are here on earth or have gone beyond it to our realities
in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love's Sensations

Sensations of timeless love twitter along
lanes and down myriads of rose bushes,
scenting the atmosphere, filling twilight
evenings with an aging beauty, lasting forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Love's Unequaled Peace

Through the nights of my life being awake, watching the preciousness of our lives in an abiding and true love.

Beginning and ending within our souls, unconditionally touching our hearts with it's unequaled peace and harmony.

Our past reaches into the future, our hearts beating as one, letting us both treasure each other's heartbeats throughout years of our lives.

Touching and feeling the spirit of our beings with an interior spirituality, giving us hope and faith in the love we have for each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving

Loving set down quietly with no rules on who or why or
when to love.

Silently it just seems to come your way and take possession
of your heart and mind.

Giving freely, sharing, being blind to any faults or
idiosyncrasies in another person.

Totally going out of the way to become a part of each other's
lives and respond to each other on the same loving level.

Never having to wonder whether you'll be alone or not, you're
as close to each other as the telephone when you are separated
for too long.

Holding hands, hugging, kissing not wanting to let go of each
other, because in the other person's arms is where you belong.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Acceptance

If God loves you just as you are, who am I not to do the same?

Loving and accepting, not wanting to change anything about you, just loving you the way you are.

Unconditionally loving you the way God does, I will too.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Adventure

Running down tracks of this life accompanied always by music
and it's rhythms, joyfully riding along, enjoying the scenery,
living life as I speed through it's essence.

Finding plenty to think and write about, continuing from one experience to
another, loving every adventure, piecing together
the puzzle with each one gathering momentum through moments of
life being lived.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving America

Loving freedom of riding a motorcycle into the desert and mountains, hair flowing flowing in the wind, mind catching at the landscapes as I ride through them, letting go of all the turmoil of the day.

A sppacious space left open just for my pleasure, enjoying the miles as I continue throughout the day and night, loving the beauty of American while enjoying it's total freedom and essence of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving An Existence

Choosing to let self go, entering another dimension to
feel alive with an excitement of rhythms forever beating
within.

Noticing the reality of life slipping into a fantasy of
imagination, wonder and awe, being considered immediately
in mind.

Finding the totality of life hidden considerably behind
writing and never coming out fully, not wanting to be
recognized just yet in life.

All will be exposed and opened to the world in time,
expressing only the explicit thoughts being written down
for viewing.

Inner particles of being rise higher and higher into a
future existence, loving it all together, using every
fiber of particle to do so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving And Appreciating God

Loving the world, everything and everyone in it,
finding much pleasure in the living of it while
writing and listening to music every day.

Watching nature, people and the sky, still having
an interior universe intensely at my fingertips
when picking up a pen and writing.

Lively energy touches intellect, energizing my
entire being daily, exchanging thoughts and ideas
throughout life.

Having given a wonderful fulfilling life that I
appreciate and am grateful for, along with these
innate gifts from God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving And Living

Arriving in the night, taking me in your arms, holding me tightly, giving me your love.

Enticing desires, bringing them vibrantly alive and exciting, thrilling me excessively.

Loving and living in perfect harmony, heavenly spirits surrounding us with their beauty and energy.

Nothing taking from each other for the time being as we live and breathe together with our love flowing ever-lastingly between our minds, hearts and souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving And Living For You Alone

In dreams at night, loving and living for you alone,
my dear for within my heart is where you survive night
and day.

This love enticing, alluring and keeping yours alive
through simple and fulfilling desires that bring our
passion effervescently into both our beings at once.

Blessed and special graces that aren't seen anywhere
else in life, except through our two hearts alone my
love.

Endearing and thoughtful, we walk down these streets
at night, talking, teasing, feeling satisfied with one
another in this life.

Stepping into our future together, no one able to come
between us or our love during our lifetime together my
dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving And Living In Particles

Running with rhythms, scaring away the blues, accosting
them with staccato beats and brilliant tones, spreading
themselves evenly throughout my mind.

Finding beauty in life being played by bands of great
ingenuity, loving and living in the deepest particles
of being.

Always feeling them, touching my heart and soul tenderly
and intensely, so aptly and courageously being taken
into the surrounding environment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Aptitude

Crawling down aisles of patterns, following designs into the future, accentuating signs in life that have meaning and purpose.

Forever hoping to lead others into the light of wisdom where they can gain knowledge on their own, watching fires being sparked brilliantly as flames spread ever wider through intellect.

Enjoying seeing eyes light up in wonder at what they are learning and discovering, especially when it comes to children and their insatiable curiosity for everything around them.

Exploring and discovering life on their own terms, not ever being dissipated throughout their younger years, loving aptitudes supporting them in their endeavors as they grow solidly in their minds and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Atmosphere

Syncopating beats of my heart with rhythms of what
I'm writing and composing.

Loving the atmosphere being created, filling it with
the beauty of imagination.

Living intrepidly, being totally alive in everything
I choose to do.

Vibrant and tantalizing, giving self in every endeavor,
always creating and writing poetry throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Balance

Tossing along on crests of waves, losing my balance as I am thrown about without control.
Never hesitating, reeling from exhaustion, yet finding an energy in daily aftermaths so totally quelling of stress.
Inherently, I acquiesce to it's rhythm and voice as it takes me ever further from life's shore to my destiny, given me from our Lord.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Beauty Of Pure Intellect

Mind being titillated by notes as they play the piano in
my mind, exciting and thrilling my entire being, feeling
vibrations being taken throughout my entire body.

Reverberating and exercising intellect, rising and touch-
ing edges of heaven rhythmically, enjoying every feeling
that it imposes on my brain.

Nothing able to enter this mind when in a realm of bluened
light, music playing while I write effortlessly, constantly
loving the beauty of pure intellect.

Instantaneously having thoughts lit up, exploring with
colors of the rainbow, setting my soul afire, peace and
tranquility filling me with the serenity of heaven on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Being Thrown About

Never having to join in because I'm always writing
and doing my own thing.

Music taking me through loneliness, sickness, sorrow
and abandonment.

Riding emotional waves like ones formed by a hurricane,
never losing hope, being tossed to and fro.

Sinking, drowning, floating to deepest rhythms of being,
loving the way I'm thrown about on the ocean's surface.

Not caring one bit if my hair is messed up or not, just
having fun, enjoying every moment in life.

Riding the waves, feeling movements of turmoil running
beneath the waves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Both Lives

Joining my spirit in giving praise to God for letting
me be alive, free and enjoying this day, given to do
with whatever I want in this little life.

Surpassing the best of yesterday's times, continuing
to go at a reckless pace, introducing rhythms incessantly
into my essence.

Filling passion with the utmost lively compassion for
all things living and beyond death.

Loving both lives and addressing them both within my
writing.

Taking care to portray both in the special grace they
are entitled to while I'm here on this earth.

Living according to the commandments as best I can,
being only human, affecting interior solace with
purity and chance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Both Realities

All in the past, our lives now existing only in memories,
even what we have done just yesterday is no longer able
to be relived except in our minds.

This is the inevitable ending of what we live for and
attain until we die, unable to take any of it with us,
only our soul keeps it all treasured within.

A special gift given by God to those who love both of
His world's and realities, always remembering both lives
on a photographic screen, keeping them with me forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Both States

Autumn in Arizona is not much different than the rest
of the year, here in Phoenix, there are a few trees
with leaves turning red or yellow, nothing like the
splendor of Hackle Barney In New Jersey though.

All the colors of the rainbow fall and swoop down
into that forest, transforming it into a wonderland
of exquisite beauty.

Loving both states for special graces provided through
the years, always being welcomed into their natural
habitats, allowing me to remain one with nature no
matter where I am at any time in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Children Of God

Existing in a space all my own, concentrating daily on whatever I want, and expressing myself ultimately in poetry of interior placement.
Sanctioning every piece and atom, situated in each poem, effectually bringing home every point needed to be met or contained.
Slipping past barriers, giving of myself, telling particles of life, touching others in different ways, helping them to see themselves as I see them.
Unconditionally, non-judgementally, lovingly, as the child of God they have become in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Days Of Life

Titillating, invigorating, tasty melodies and rhythms touching this brain with a lively anticipation, forever taking my mind on interior adventures.

Discovering many facets of life that are not usually seen in the mundane and boring days of living, challenges finding their way into paths and patterns throughout the years.

Throwing curves, falling into corners, taking me on exciting and thrilling times of laughter and pleasure as I relax in the arms of the Divine.

Recuperating from the tension, stress and turmoil of every day living, finding solace in new adventures that come my way, enticing curiosity to start questioning once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Discovery

Taking life by the hand, waltzing into the future
without any fears, loving the discovery of new
things coming into view.

Always looking forward to anything novel or
unusual filtering into pathways.

Taking everything in stride, believing in the
meanings of fate and destiny, as they are poured
into my being with a steady rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Embrace

Thinking of my love so true, loving to be with him only, the puzzle piece that fits my being completely, unconditionally being loved for myself.

Nothing could make me feel safer or more protected, your arms wrapped around me in a loving embrace, sharing my life, thoughts, ideas, joys and sorrows.

No one could ever take your place for you are my one and only forever my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Every Moment

Being rocked into the future, feeling it's different
atmosphere filling my being with absolute perfection.

Only thinking is becoming, manifesting a whole new
life to be accustomed to.

Living in it's entirety, loving every moment that
allows invigoration of my soul.

A challenge that I can easily accommodate and enjoy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Explosively

Smiling inwardly, giving my all to you my love, nothing
else mattering but your heart in mine throughout eternity.

Love continually sprouting and blossoming between us with
each new day, sun pouring itself upon us as it rises over
the horizon each and every morning of our lives.

Feelings and emotions always attuned with one another's
hearts as we live together side by side, loving and having
a great time.

Living as one, loving each other no matter what, making
love so gently, tenderly, exploding with effervescent fire-
works and pleasure each and every time.

Always sending me into heaven because your love touches me
explosively within, intensely feeling your love as it enters
and fills me with great pleasure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Feeling

Walking sideways down new lanes of thought, trying to see everything on both sides while watching where I am going.

Taking solace in the periods of entertaining moments of imagination.

Taking time to settle back and find some pleasurable times within, where there is nothing to worry or fret about.

A loving feeling through desires rising higher within my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Feelings Of Freedom

Racing with rhythms, soaring into the heavens, loving the feeling of freedom that overtakes spirit and soul so quietly yet exuberantly throughout the day.

Soothing melodies slowly finding their way into this mind, filling it with peace and contentment, nothing else to fulfill intellect or soul on this earth.

Delectable sounds of life hurrying about, realizations finding their way through the darkness, helping to find self through the haze of living this temporary life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Free - Falling

Sitting, enjoying music rushing in country western
beats, enlivening this mind, making my heart beat
faster as rhythms combine and take over the interior
of this mind in writing.

Cascading down a waterfall, keeping time with flowing
water as it falls constantly into thoughts of this very
beautiful and open interior life.

Occasionally - sometimes, taking a dive into it's depths
at the bottom, loving feelings of free - falling.

Then coming up from beneath bluened and cool waters with
a magical feeling coming over me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Goodness

Happily in love with all that is good here on earth, enjoying
it fully, both the good and bad teaching lessons of truth and
goodness.

Doing so through compassion, caring and love of one another,
a lasting legacy of all mankind, each individual making up
the beneficent beauty of a wholesome integrity on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Has Stopped

Wringing my mind, watching teardrops softly fall from my eyes and heart.

Loving has stopped and now there is nothing left but a grieving sorrow, blackening every outlook in the future.

Sorrowfully walking forward, turning my head in another direction, trying to avoid pictures of life that have lost those whom I have treasured.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Having Experiences With A Friend In India

Loving experiences with a friend whom I dearly love,
sharing meals, thoughts, ideas, secrets, hopes and
dreams.

A total and complete picture puzzle that brings my
life to fruition, a picture of an infinite and uncon-
dional love that no one can ever put limits upon.

Loving being together, enjoying one another's company,
throughout whatever time, experiences or circumstances
is left to us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Having Fun

Being filled with enthusiasm and energy, nothing
standing in the way of our fun today, singers
singing, hitting us with their best shot!

No one can take away desires of each one of us,
to enjoy what we are doing and loving.

So intent are we on the music and conversation,
that nothing else matters to any of us right now.

Such focus is an awesome sight to see, we are all
concentrating on the same thing and are having
fun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving In Unison

Resting in the peace of serenity, feeling at last the love that
was meant for me alone, finding it exciting to have, thrilling
me no end.

Ready at a moments notice to acquiesce and follow him anywhere
he wants to go, spreading my wings, flying freely through life
as his love now sets me free.

Giving me the power to learn and know myself, discovering the
love we have for one another, a blending of our caring and
compassion combining with the love we hold within, loving in
unison together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Ingenuity

Running throughout ideas and concepts in intellect, en-
joying their refreshing new aromas and textures, giving
my mind challenges that it cannot resist.

Being tempted just by seeing them coming out of hiding,
calculating, figuring out each and every equation to a
fraction of wisdom and knowledge.

Totally counting on possibilities of intellect, knowing
it will never fail me, living with the ending of every
impossibility that's created.

Turning them into extraordinary and beautiful possibilities
never losing hope at finding the way to do it every time,
loving the ingenuity of innate talent, putting it to good
use always in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Insight

Scribbling and drawing any manner of designs and figures
across this mind, adding colors, reaching deeply within.

Allowing energy and electricity to flow through my being,
enjoying it's intense feelings and using them in writing
of poetry.

Living in Technicolor, patterns giving beautiful insights
into an existence of life, finding all the symbols of
meaning that have been coded into messages I have written.

Totally loving insight given by intellect as it assigns
the knowledge of a particular dimension to attributes
and thoughts of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Intellect

Showering life with picture puzzles and pretzels tangled
together, inviting me to untangle and place their images
in poems of praise and thanksgiving.

Filled with humor and laughter, making me smile and laugh
out loud with joy, loving intellect and how it encompasses
me in every aspect.

Especially knowing how much I love humor and comedy enter-
ing my life explicitly and whole-heartedly, leaving me en-
tertained and serene.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Invisibility

Watching, observing, seeing people's gestures, expressions
and peculiarities as they go through or past me, oblivious
of my presence.

Loving invisibility and creativeness, being able to use
innate gifts and talents, putting them all to good purposes,
helping humanity in the long run.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Life

Listening to music, feeling the liberty and freedom of it's rhythm, lifting me spiritually.
Recognizing the beauty of life in every melody I hear, and being carried away with it's airy lightness.
So lightly touching my soul with scents of heavenly aromas, taking me to outer limits of space and into heaven's gardens.
So at peace inside and loving life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Life As A Senior

Wanting to be young and free, playing all day long from morning to night just like I did way back then, but alas, today I'm sixty-six.

Having lost some of my physical abilities, not able to climb trees or run, two of my favorite things when I was so young.

Now I write poetry, take walks, visit with many friends, go to meetings, Trump rallies, volunteer, all worthwhile endeavors.

Mostly writing poetry and listening to music throughout the day and night, energy still very high, fully charged no matter the time of day.

Always ready to go and have fun with family and friends, a lot to do in these senior years, loving life having survived my death in 2014.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Life Fully

Marching rhythms one by one, capturing my attention and
playing the piano in my mind, grasping chords playfully
and beating rhythms joyfully.

Having fun just being within the melody of an intense
and beautiful tone and it's sounds, always touching my
intellect, causing it to translate music into poetry.

Translucent and intense, keeping me filled with Divine
energy from a spiritual interior life always living in
the deepest part of my being.

Finding the miracle of life that has been surrounding
me these last few years, appreciating my life was saved
and given back to me by God.

Living the purposes He has gifted me with through poetry
and music, loving life fully every single moment as I
continue to be an instrument of my own free will.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Mathematics

Thinking and proving equations that intellect is
sending to mind, finding them slightly challenging,
being a little disappointed that they weren't a
bit more difficult.

Still in all, having fun solving them, seeing very
interesting and fascinating solutions come to light,
loving any type of mathematics as long as I can also
write poetry while doing it.

Steadily and meticulously striving to keep up with
solutions through the music being listened to, being
enticed by the way they come into my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Morning Rhythms

Moving and grooving early in the morning with rock
and roll taking me into wide open spaces.

Loving rhythms as they beat along with my heart,
energizing intellect and being totally.

Wriggling and jiving to Moni, Moni, having a great
time here at the senior center.

Everyone up and dancing, having a pleasant time and
enjoying every note being played.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving My Brain

Adjusting attitudes, switching moods in constant
moments of living.
Exacting many thoughts of pleasure as I contemplate
life through serenity and peaceful images through
interior visions.
Loving my brain and the things it creates, keeps
me totally in synch through rhythms of the poems
I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving My Essence

Always dreaming in nighttime slumber, living my hope and desires under cover of nighttime thoughts.

All wishes that I wish, come true in dreams, allowing me to have some fulfillment as I sleep.

A quiet undertaking, lifting me higher into the heavens without angel wings to carry me.

Loving the essence of my being as I fall asleep every night.

Totally living in a pretend world until morning.

(10: 06 p.m. - 10/12/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Mysteries Of Nature

Somnolent thoughts sitting around, watching what happens
in life, softly touching with an energetic beauty, and
unfolding into the outskirts of my mind.

Looking to nature, seeing every detail so clearly, noticing
so many things that most people will miss as they pass
through life.

Loving to see mysteries of nature, keeping them so close
to sight, intellect and imagination, writing incessantly
from this wonderful repertoire.

Vocabulary and it's meanings showing ways to arrange them
all, bringing enlightenment to the world through poetry.

Slipping knowledge and wisdom beneath many pages written
for others to see.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Nature's Beauty

Loving the beauty of nature in fields of beautiful flowers
covering this earth from one side of it to the other, sight
being filled with it's wonderful colors everywhere I look.

Letting feelings rise within me of joy and pleasure, it's
funny how our sight can stimulate feelings so euphorically
at times.

How it can bring tears and sorrow to mind, making us feel in-
tensely, the pain of another when seeing them struggle through
their lives.

In the end those self-same flowers of the fields, brilliant and
satisfying to our sight, give a solemn joy to us when buying
them for those who have died.

Showing their loved ones that have been left behind how much
they were loved, sight does so many positive things in all of our
lives, I love how it does so, don't you?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Nature's Expressions

Waking up and entering a desert, the moment I walk out
the front door, loving expressions lying before me.

Cacti, palm trees, blue skies and peaceful serenity,
calming and soothing, desert atmospheres have a way
of taking me into the desert of my soul.

There I can be alone, learning about what I think, feel
and am in this world of ours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving No Matter What Happens

Holding love in my heart as the band plays melodies that fill this mind with contemplative rhythms.

Knowing that love is wearing many disguises, calling my name incessantly and touching the tears hidden beneath my pillow.

Wondering who is standing in my heart, professing their love and covering me with immediate and considerable times spent together, but only in dreams.

Once strangers, now lovers, taking one another's hearts in the palms of our hands, our future being spread before us, nothing between our hearts in love.

Following our minds through the destiny of darkness, not knowing what will befall us in the passages of time, only loving each other no matter what may happen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Our Brave Veterans

Soaring musically into another Arizona atmosphere,
sitting here and enjoying this wonderful afternoon.

Beats steadily filling the air here at Buddy Stubbs,
a favorite place of mine every fourth Saturday of
every month.

Free bar-b-que and live band to write to musically,
feeling the total freedom of the United States of
America.

Being blessed by God, kept flowing throughout our
nation, nothing to eliminate it's greatness no
matter what corrupt and evil people may think.

Being a part of my being forever, composing music
and singing refrains of the U.S., loving the brave
Veterans who are protecting us from enemies from
within and out of our nation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Past Days Being Single

Longing for peace and serenity, being alone, untethered, tied to no one, loving to be reminded of past single days when life was one good time.

Being totally free and independent, always having family and friends in my life when I needed contact with the outside world.

Otherwise, being alone with my instruments, playing them for hours, then writing poetry all times of the day and night.

No one to take care of, cook for, give up my precious time for, just living in an interior environment with God always present within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Purposes

Chasing dreams through the reality of time, trying to
catch them and place myself safely among them.

Instead, not capturing their essences and surviving
the chase without getting what it is I want.

Pausing to reflect and sensing that the time isn't
right, folding myself in half, putting it away in
reserve for another day and time in destiny.

Loving purposes being delivered to my soul, immensely
and continually reaching them in depths of intellect.

Collectively using them for the most beneficial of
all of humankind while I'm here on this saddened
earth, liberty in hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Reflections

Steady and easy going, just flowing with rhythms of life, taking
time to enjoy what time we have together, yet finding many moments
to love one another, totally and completely.

Softly whispering back and forth, sweet little nothings tempting
our desires deliciously, causing passion to be lit, a blazing
fire growing higher and more intense with each and every moment.

Loving and wanting one another more with every passing minute,
anticipating our love blossoming between and within each of us,
watching our love growing and being nurtured.

Seeing to it's many reflections in our eyes as they meet in many
loving glances throughout our lives, giving us moments of passion
that never die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Serenades

Only for you my loving darling, nothing can be compared to your compassionate heart and love as you hold me so closely, talking to me with your passion.

Sharing your inner desires, all you have given to me with an unselfish gift of your entire being, letting me meet you half way in everything we choose to do together.

Patterns of our hearts, rhythms beating silently within each other, always being there for one another, promises given and always kept.

We two traveling in depths of our love, so happy and loving, keeping us elated and joyful forever in this life on earth.

Wanting only each other, holding on with a peaceful joy that's never-ending and keeps us always together, hearts bound in loving serenades of our quiet beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Serenity

Swirling beneath sorrow, drowning in a desert oasis,
left alone with meager thoughts to keep me company.

Thinking along lines of tomorrow's horizons, already
walking down their sandy beaches.

Picking up conches and listening to prayers of heaven
speak to my heart, placing my mind in an atmosphere
of loving serenity from God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving So Gently

Waking throughout the night, looking over at you, making sure you're alright, not needing anything from me as yet, wanting to be here for you in every moment we're together.

Loving you so gently, never wanting to be without you my love, staying by your side, loving and holding you all the days of our lives.

You are the only one who can ever have this love of mine, expressing it through our desires and passion as it builds higher and higher, nothing coming between us as we lie together throughout the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Sounds

Waiting silently, listening to music of India while
sitting here writing.

Being non-plussed and energetic, loving the sounds
of it's rhythms.

Fast and slow, yet steady throughout it's depths
across the board.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Spent

Nothing touching a broken heart, tears keep everything away, not wanting to feel the pain of love or remembering the things done together.

Times spent loving and believing all the promises being made. Now, nothing is able to touch a broken heart, because it has died to it's life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Spirit

Loving the spirit of my soul mate, he touches my life in such a special way, giving his unconditional love in an overwhelmingly unselfish way.

Without his refreshing and inspiring advice there's no telling where I'd be, totally appreciating and valuing his spirit, heart and caring as he shows me daily in this life how he loves me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Storms

Black clouds coming in fast across the sky, warning us ahead of time that it will be raining and storming soon.

Lightening and thunder, standing by, waiting on side-lines for their cue.

Loving storms, liking to stand in the rain as it falls from heaven.

Pure and cleaning, taking me into depths of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving The Adventure

Interacting with the younger generation is very
invigorating and a great learning experience.

Meeting many teens on the parks and rec side at
the senior center, talking with them, finding
common ground, learning what's important to them.

Interesting conversations and intelligent thoughts
coming from these teens, responding to an adult
who takes an interest in what they are doing.

Appreciating the attention and someone who listens
to what they have to say, a totally wonderful
experience for your and old alike.

Everyone enjoying and loving the adventure of it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving The Loving

Burning with desire, wanting to be with you totally,
having you by my side throughout the day, loving the
loving experience you give to me.

Thrilling and exciting me delightfully and completely,
nothing like being your one and only, baby! feelings
taking off, emotions soaring.

All being enticed and allured by your innocence now
touching me deeply, loving how you invite me to love
you each and every time.

You sure know how to create the mood of romance that
gets to me always, never at a loss, wanting to be and
make love with you only my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving The Ride

Rising with waves upon the ocean surface, gliding and rolling over it, then suddenly crashing and frothing upon sands of the shore.

Loving the ride, my mind enjoying it totally and completely, absorbing it's feeling as I gently swim out into the ocean again and again, having fun while doing it all the time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving This Country

Moving forward, taking steps into the future, playing songs that fill us with the American spirit, land of the free and the brave, always waving our flag.

Our republic standing united, loving our country and praising our Veterans for their service, protecting us solely, through the years.

Everyone singing God Bless America with their hands over their hearts or saluting, showing the world that God does bless America all the time!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving This Life

Turning and returning to the past of an interior sphere,
giving self pleasure in remembering so many happier
moments.

Reliving them musically, filling intellect with a cross
fire of energy, sublime and profound.

Listening, dreaming, taking everything into consideration,
realizing the beauty of an absolute imagination.

Siding with beliefs from childhood, stepping up to the
entrance of life, living it to the fullest in and out
of it's realms here on earth.

Being satisfied and happier than ever, building upon it
a sturdy foundation of faith that can never be shaken or
taken away.

Loving this life, full of experiences and adventures,
discovering, excitement and turmoil, all of it sublime
and giving an energy totally fulfilled forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving This Moment

Throughout the night, precious thoughts of your love fill me with pleasure and desire, wanting to start making love not stopping until we are both satisfied.

Our desires and passion completely quenched and sated, loving this moment we are spending together, holding onto it's very essence until the very end then wanting more.

This precious and perfect love is ours alone, it can never be shared by another in life for we are the only two who can fulfill our love together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Thought

In our lives, I see the story of our love
within your eyes as you look into mine
so lovingly while making love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Time In Life

Soothing moments of life, giving me a feeling of peaceful thoughts that I appreciate.

Thankful for this extra time in life, taking every moment and being close, as I remember everything given to me.

An essence of being is standing out and enveloping me in the most beautiful and enchanting solace, as I love this time in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving To Be Entertained

Watching seniors dance and enjoy life for moments in time.
Being together, socializing and becoming young for a while through music, flowing smoothly and constantly.
Allowing every movement and step to keep them agile and adept.
Never trailing around, just leading everything with special rhythms of the past.
Cooperating interiorly with all the beauty of insistent melodies.
Gathering together, always having a great time being themselves and loving to be entertained in everyday life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving To Find My Way

Conquering fears and doubts that life throws at each of
us, trying to defeat us, yet I laugh in the face of all
of it while writing poetry.

Dancing to it's rhythms in the twilight of intellect,
loving to find my way through thoughts and ideas, letting
them flow constantly throughout this mind.

In an effervescent and bluened energy, filling this life
interiorly with a fulfillment of spirituality that fills
my being with joy and happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving To Imagine

Sitting on sandy shores, watching waves crashing upon them as they drench me with their salty waters.

Figuratively picking up beautiful shells as I get up and slowly walk along edges of the ocean, lapping at my feet.

Wandering down shore, past craggy rocks and cliffs reaching for the sky, knowing that they will be underwater when the tide comes rolling in.

Loving to imagine being there as it rises, tossing about, trying not to be thrown against their rock hard bodies.

Thinking, wanting some excitement in life, not getting any, so just imagining all sorts of situations where I can enjoy the adrenaline rush through intellect instead.

Loving feelings, real or imagined, as they touch my being throughout the years, a great way to feel alive and vibrant as I continue to wend my way through this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Very Much

Lying there on the bed, tired out from a day's work, my
love reaching out across the room, touching him gently
so as not to wake him up.

Floating quietly to him, my heart is full of love and
pride, because he is mine.

Loving him with my whole self, no one else will do,
because he holds my heart inside of his.

Protecting, loving, living, the perfect love as far as
I'm concerned.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Watching

Feeling your tiredness within my being,
knowing you haven't gotten enough sleep
yet tonight.

Loving you through this sleepless night,
watching over you as you sleep by my side,
not waking you up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving What I Learn

Walking in an inner time, filled with wonder and curiosity,
following trails into the wilderness, seeing sights and
details of everything as I take this solo journey.

Finding a peculiar beauty and mystery abounding within nature,
always stepping into the darkness and corners where certain
things in life have been hidden.

Bringing them into the light to find solutions and deal with
their particular traits, exploring and discovering many ideas
and experiencing the wonder of this life on earth.

Taking it all in stride, loving what I learn throughout it
all, a wonderful time always had as I delve into the many
impossibilities of life's moments expecting the unexpected
and treasuring it wholeheartedly always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving What You Do

Music's playing, lights are lowered, writing poetry and thinking of you holding me closely, wanting to be with me always.

Loving what you do to me when loving me only, my spirit soaring freely, feeling your unconditional love always setting me free.

Knowing that you can never tame my love for you for it's a wild and tantalizing love that continually thrills and excites you.

Loving me totally, our passion always running at fever pitch, giving us both everything we need as our desires continue to climb within each of us.

Bringing us ever closer through the years, our love keeps getting better and nothing can ever separate us in this life, for we are one forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving Who I Am

Slamming doors shut on life for awhile, tired of all
the turmoil and strife,

Then you walk into the room and everything is alright,
as you begin talking to me of your unconditional love.

Telling me how much I mean to you personally, what a
difference you make in my life!

Hearing your soothing, loving voice touch my heart,
so gently and totally loving me for who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving You

I love you, even as I turn away from you in sorrow,
many moments of happiness have crept into my life
since I have known you the second time around.

To continue without you, I must treasure these very
moments forever in my mind, there will never be an-
other, so the ones I hold within my mind are priceless.

No one will ever come close to them, only me in my
fondest memories, I've reached out many times and
found you there waiting, now it seems to be no more.

From depths of my soul I cry out and look to find no
one there, sad, the day I met you, because now I must
let you go and I don't want to.

Our friendship has been a treasure held in heaven, I
have loved it so, on different paths now, we go our
separate ways, each in our own sorrow.

Looking back, tears flowing steadily, I stop and turn
around, running back to you, hugging you close, not
wanting our friendship to be destroyed.

Deeply sorrowful am I, but I must keep you close to
my heart as life nears it's end and our friendship
slips away with me to heaven.

There I will be awaiting you to fulfill it's quest
in full when we meet again in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving You The Same

Coming upon your image through music, a smile appearing on my face, joy suddenly filling this heart of mine, knowing that your unconditional love is a permanent one.

Loving you the same way, never wanting to part, enjoying your being with all my heart, walking, sharing, doing things together.

Holding hands sends shivers and sparks of desire throughout my body that rapidly blossom into a full grown flower of passion that cannot be ignored by your one and only love.

Happily going into your open arms, wanting to quench and be quenched by one another's passion throughout the night and well into the morning, loving you every moment, totally and fully forever my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Loving You Until I Die

Hearing your silence in the room where I'm sitting,
that's all that's been left to me.

Tears flowing, anger being stifled because I don't
want to be angry at your memory.

It is still too loving and joyful to be ruptured by
the anger of your having left me.

Wanting only to be near you, sensing your being even
though you cannot come to me.

Loving you until the day I die, then my love will
find you in that other universe and dimension.

The one that I cannot enter into now while I'm still
alive and well.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Luau Celebration

Lilting and energetic music playing for the luau,
today's special celebration at the Senior Center.

A great and happy time being had by all of us,
singing about coconuts from Hawaii.

A very lovely, lively tune, pepping us up quite
a bit and energizing everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lucky In Life

Lucky in life, I am not, according to those who have
money and fame.

Yet, feeling richer than they are, because I have a
large family and lots of friends.

More than enough to carry me through the years I have
left on earth.

Being poor, not having to worry about appearances,
keeping up with the Joneses, and worrying about who
to leave what when I die.

Knowing there will be nothing to fight over in a greedy
frenzy, for a fortune that no one is really entitled to,
because they didn't make it themselves.

Lucky in life? I think so!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lulling Passion

Smoothly and tenderly, rising and falling with the swelling
of the ocean, as it's rhythm sinks within our intellect.

Building it's meaning through creativity, lulling passion
into a silent awakening, ideas along with thoughts, surfing
on top of the waves.

Harmony, like a violin stringing hearts, as they are gathered
into bouquets of sadness from beyond.

Cresting, foaming with imagination, as it crashes upon shore,
grasping sand, wishing to hold onto it forever, not flowing
back out to ocean depths again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lunar Delicacy

Softly lighting the evening, a full moon shining upon earth,
a lunar delicacy for everyone to look at and appreciate, a-
bove, stars twinkling merrily, dancing in the heavens so
daintily it seems.

Such a beautiful universe is ours and it's not appreciated
as much as it should be, mostly those in love, walking hand
in hand along shores of life notice it.

Kissing, hugging, letting the moon and stars see the secrets
of their love only, making it all the more important in the
circle of life.

Gathering in all of humanity with it's spacious and univer-
sal appeal across the earth no matter what country we happen
to be in, it's always shining up above us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lunar Influence

Listening to thoughts as they air themselves out in this
bright sunshiny Arizona evening.

Soothing and crossing ideas with inventive periods, inter-
lacing themselves in waves of an inner ocean, rising and
falling with rhythms of a lunar influence upon tides of
this interior life.

Continuous and tumultuous as storms arrive within, giving
thoughts to hang onto while riding winds of fate penetrating
this life.

Wanting to be amidst crashing waves in a rowboat, being
tossed about on the surface of the ocean.

A wonderful, exhilarating rush of adrenaline, capturing my
attention and filling this being with an energizing feeling
of anticipation and total wonder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lunch With Our Grandson

Now moving to the next lunch period with our Grandson,
J. who's now in sixth grade and doing really well, al-
ready having had eaten, we're just going to sit and be
with him while he eats.

At least we have some quality time to be with him, en-
joying one another's company, cafeteria filled right
now with fifth graders finishing their lunches.

J. now standing in line, getting his lunch, we're sit-
ting at a table with a sign that says, 'peanut free',
for children who are allergic to peanuts.

Deciding to sit here anyway for it's empty, being able
to talk quietly with our Grandson when he comes to sit
with us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lure Of Meanings

Jumping into the mix of melodies, clapping along with
everyone else in my mind.
Rhythms enticing the lure of meanings, collecting
them all into a poem, written to the tempos of a fast-
paced song being sung.
Tacit feelings, piling higher, taking me into the
heights of mountainous clouds soaring above.
Finding footholds on the way up, never losing my grip
as I continue to climb towards the heavens I've always
dreamed of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lurking Around Corners

Shadows steadily moving through the darkness, trying not
to be illuminated by light from anywhere.

Lurking around corners, hiding their personification from
peering and curious eyes.

Trying to stay by themselves, being alone without becoming
a part of an interior world.

Always remaining on the exterior sight of daylight, afraid
of what it may discover or find.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lush Green Park

Sitting on a bench in a lush green park, waiting for my
friend to return, people walking by, staring as I write,
poetry forming in this evening breeze.

Candid photos of my mind, pasting themselves into photo-
graphic memories, preserved for all time in an album of
my intellect.

Birds chirping, cooing, tweeting as people pass beneath
the trees they're perched upon, light gently fading as
the sun begins to set beneath the clouds.

Sun now playing peek-a-boo behind a dome of the Victoria
Memorial, sinking too fast to get it's picture of bril-
liance before disappearing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lying Back

Resting in a desert oasis of my own creation,
lying back and thinking of what life has
brought into my being.

There are many projects and experiences that
have given moments of pleasure in between
sorrow and suffering.

All of it having always been close to interior
feelings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lying Beneath The Waves

Islands of love shifting moods within, desires and
passion rising within us.

Wanting to be held and kissed throughout the night,
feelings of blessedness soaring through our bodies.

Moon shining upon us as we lie naked beneath the
waves, having found love here within our beings.

Passion filling us gently with the fireworks of
exhilaration as we become one, thriving on it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lying Dormant

Sitting by the fire, reminiscing with past memories,
letting them come flow over, tending to emotions that
were driving me back then.

Finding and discovering the beauty of all good times,
tears underneath all of them because for they are not
accessible to me anymore.

Some day I will be reading these poems and tears will
form in my heart at what I've written and now can no
longer experience any of it either.

Life is a constant tidal wave, ebbing and crashing on
our individual horizons, then with tides being drug
back out into depths of our being.

Lying dormant until the next time they are remembered
in this tender mind and it's emotions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lying In Cancer's Embrace

Devastatingly beautiful, peaceful soul and spirit,
lying in cancer's embrace, dying minute by minute
before our eyes.

Memories flash quickly in and out of our lives
together growing up.

Older sister always there, waiting to help, not
wanting to interfere.

Pals through childhood, so many experiences lived
through with one another.

How am I supposed to let you go? What will life be
without you?

Emptiness fills me even now, knowing that you are
disappearing before my eyes, knowing there's no
way to hold you here, even with a thousand hugs,
kisses, pleas.

Prayers said over and over for life to continue,
knowing in our hearts your life on earth will
soon be over.

Hands held tightly, hearts as one, tears falling
shamelessly in grief, as devastatingly beautiful,
peaceful, your soul and spirit will go to God,
breaking finally, cancer's embrace on your life,
as it also breaks our hearts to let you go.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lying In Pictures

Suggestions continually filling a mind with words and
sentences coming into an essence, appearing on photographic
screens just for the purpose of writing them into poetry.

Symmetry of many patterns are developing at certain angles,
sensing their moments to become a part of literature.

Beautiful landscapes are forming and lying down in pictures
of thought, incessantly bringing a gentle amount of peace
into the entire poem, filling it with rhythm and flowing
touchingly into the stream of life.

Caressing my being so tenderly with it's caring of who I am
and placing all of it in poems of some worth.

Sometimes being read by a person who needed to hear the coded
message it is hiding just for them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lying In Shaken Trust

Winds shaking trees within it's gripping clutches,
throttling their long necks, causing them to jerk
and twist about.

Throughout the ordeal, leaves are wrenched from
their meager holds upon the branches and are hurtled
to the ground.

Lying in their shaken trust, peering upwards, horror-
struck, for way on top, where some of them have fallen
from, there is no covering, all is bare.

Aging in so short a time, weeping trees are suddenly
bald.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lying In Wait

Silently waking, breaking over the horizon, sun rising
in the east, taking the new day into another sphere where
life begins again on a new plain.

Perfect and sustaining this life through an energy from
somewhere beyond this earth, singing musically, finding
rhythms that equate with it's essence.

Like chemistry, mixing special graces and ingredients to
give this purposeful energy a goal in this life, scaling
canyon walls, looking down at the beauty already attained.

Looking up, seeing much more beauty, enticing and alluring
my intelligence, wanting me to find and focus on the vast
knowledge and wisdom lying in wait here in India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lying Lifeless

Washing ashore, lying lifeless, hopes and dreams all gone,
nothing more to hold onto.

Waves crashing upon them, unable to move them as they be-
come buried in sand of an uncompromising end.

No longer able to respond or be retrieved from their darken-
ed corners of an unrelatable death.

Sorrow silently sounding the toll of another loved one pass-
ing, joy and happiness having succumbed to another horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lying On A Desert Island

Life is stranded on a desert island, solitary and
alone, no one caring that it is.

Lying there with no hope or love to help get through
the purgatory of earth.

Unable to live, sleep, hope, take self into the midst
of humanity for I am no longer a part of it.

Sliding down beyond the horizon, incapable of holding
onto anything, anymore.

Abandoning my space in life for I no longer fit, I am
a broken piece of life's puzzle meant to be thrown away.

No longer of any use to anyone, not even myself, unable
to open my heart anymore for it has died within me for-
ever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lying On Edges Of Reality

Life is lying on edges of reality, looking over, desire
rising wanting to fall off and put it to rest once and
for all.

All excitement and anticipation have fallen through the
cracks of loss, leaving me derelict and in a shambles.

Having no power to reel self in again, failing to exist
within the boundaries of life.

Looking forward to nothing, for emptiness has stepped
into everything's space, where hope and happiness used
to reign.

Now being a lifeless ragdoll, no stamina or purpose,
having disappeared from the edges of reality where I had
been lying, and now do so no more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lying On My Mind

Dying, lying on my mind,
just preparing to meet
it again in a final journey
towards a sunset on another
horizon beyond this one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lying Still

Lying still in the middle of the night, listening to your heart beating with my head gently upon your chest, my love, looking at your peaceful face as you lie sleeping peacefully.

Not wanting to kiss your lips, just feeling your body close to mine while making love passionately and wonderfully in the throes of our love and desires.

Wanting so badly to awaken you, but knowing that you're sleeping so soundly, not wanting to wake you, being content to just lie here, listening to your dear heart beating.

Knowing that through the love you will have when your eyes flutter open and you reach for me, that all the waiting for your passion to meet mine as we once again share our love together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lying Within Serenity

Slamming and hitting minds with ideas and creative understanding, loving the peaceful atmosphere of spirituality.

Lying within serenity of the Divine, solitary, finding solace taking care of my soul with compassion and caring.

Finding all the essentials of life having been given through solo journey's I've taken through this entire lifetime.

Never wishing to part with it's essence, for it fully compliments my heart, soul and being, as it patiently waits for time to come around.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lyrical Closeness

Reading lyrics in a mastermind of thoughts and notes,
singing out with joy and gusto to crowds of elderly
people,

Raising their levels of enjoyment while lowering their
blood pressure with ease and comfort.

Foot tapping, keeping time, a beautiful voice spreading
itself out to our ears with sensuous excitement while
holding hands and cuddling.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lyrical Moments

Happily stomping like the polka in our hearts and minds, freeing all inhibitions we thought we had, holding hands and spinning about the room, feet dancing on, with or without us.

Taking us onto other plains and dimensions with totally joyful hearts, minds jouncing merrily in time with rhythms and lyrics, fun surrounding our lives for these precious moments as we enjoy them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Lyrics Holding Tears

Life turns around, changes daily, brings fruition and disappointment in measures we can deal with.

Taking us on a roller coaster ride down mountains and into caverns of despair.

Yet we alight with the mere mention of a song, holding tears inside lyrics and melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Machete Of Grief

Distancing myself, floating through the skies alone, thinking of nothing in particular, but feeling hurt, I can't seem to let go of.
Despair following me into an abyss of darkness from which I write from, trying to detach myself again from it's sadness.
Telling self it no longer matters, knowing it still does, as it's machete of grief cuts me into millions of pieces.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Maddening Reflections

Looking out windows, reflecting the room back at me is
disconcerting.

Expecting to see the out of doors when looking out,
instead, seeing fluorescent lights shining back at me!

Trying to see what is outside this room, I look and see
the wall that is behind me!

Reflections can be maddening sometimes, as I recall, but
when shutting the lights off, it all resorts back to the
way it is to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mad-Made Ruts

Quads and ATV's, scratching and ruining beautiful
mountains, with their owners riding roughshod over
desert plants and cacti.
Never looking back, marring once majestic mountains
with their lousy tire tracks.
Creating ruts for everyone to see from their seats
as they travel on the highway in their cars.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Magazines

Articles and magazines lie in disarray around every office
and home in America.

Unread, tossed aside, cut up and sent to bins of recycling,
created for the monthly moments of minutes in reading.

Folded, painted, piled high in corners, kept in storage
never to be heard of again.

Likely aspects of predictive behavior in the future, yet
they are still published and sent out month after month to
addresses of people paying money wastefully until the end
of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Magic Dreams

Dreaming in desires of our love, fulfilling the meaning of our lives together, sharing life through moments of magic dreams, mysteries of love and tender feelings.

All unfolding when we're together, praying that our time will never end, now knowing that I won't be able to live without you and vice versus.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Magic Explored

Fairy dreams fill our nights in sleep, they do not
stay with us through daylight.

Bits and pieces are left to remind us now and then,
showing us the magic we have explored in our dreams.

If holding onto them, making goals, we eventually
find our dreams have become a reality in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Magic Of Believing

Midnight hour striking a chord within my heart,
bringing out the magic of believing and placing
it within the arms of my heart.

Listening and holding onto beating rhythms,
finding it's way into another's heart intuitively,
filled with beauty of the divine and it's healing
power.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Magic Of Creativity

Jubilant and possessed with magic of creativity,
intellect mixing it altogether with an interior
imagination.

Giving all that I ever need in this life to keep
me alive and breathing, being vibrant and energetic,
taking all rhythms right into my mind.

Letting them use themselves in beautiful, prayerful
episodes of detailed life, being sated and soaked
in the holiness of an inner spirituality.

Nothing able to change this fact of being in this
earthly life of mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Magic Of Kindness

Living in an atmosphere of faith and hope, being
nurtured through an interior and sacred life,
taking in the beauty of nature.

Finding it's goodness, counting on it's blessed
sanctity throughout the years, totally focused
on miracles that I've already been given.

Giving back through helping humanity throughout
the world, believing in the magic of kindness,
caring and compassion given from my heart.

Never counting the cost, living in realms of for-
giveness and love for everyone, counting all the
blessings that have been given to me.

Now giving everything I have to see that others in
this life and world will be blessed abundantly and
fruitfully also, like I have.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Magic Of Mysterious Depths

Listening to a new sound, as it rasps gently across my
brain, teasing as I try and place it into a category or
sphere, keeping it in mind to write through.

It's sound is lyrical and interesting as it wraps itself
around my brain, enjoying effects it has placed on it.

Encouraging and alluring it is being taken to exciting
levels of anticipation with no effort at all.

Intricate patterns are creating designs of musical color,
testing strength of each one as it is placed onto photo-
graphic screens of memory.

Pleasant and enticing, giving an euphoric sensation to my
heart and soul through this mind of intellect.

Accurately and correctly adjusting and aligning pathways
of my mind to difficult passages of intricate and technical
aspects.

Every note is being played in measures of music, engulfing
every thought in the magic of a mysterious depth within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Magic Touch

Talking incessantly through music hovering in my mind,
grappling to be heard in a literate swirl of meaning.
Touching magically, every sense, awakening feelings
hidden in temples of being.
Forcing music into every fiber and particle of my soul
while gliding peacefully down pathways of my own choosing.
Independently soaring above life on wings of heavenly grace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Magical And Mystical

Interested in everything in life, wanting to learn all that
I can, always curious and open to all explanations.

Finding mysteries along byways of life, unusual circumstances
happening everywhere.

Beyond stages of daily living, remembering the past, looking
into the future while all the while living in the present.

Taking steps steadily upward into another dimension, walking
along many different walkways, noticing beautiful landscapes
as they constantly appear and disappear throughout destiny
in important aspects.

Taking steps into magical and mystical measurements of pure
spirituality, always finding the most difficult and extreme
calculations as they move steadily into the light of day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Magical Landscapes

Signals of eternity come forth, edging in lace-like tones, existing in total rhythms of living.
Sincere sentiments, tallying everyday thoughts, picturing many visions in colorful array.
Always keeping busy throughout nighttime fantasies of imagination.
Crowding out unfortunate feelings of emptiness, filling self instead with particles of joy in effervescent lumination, creating a magical landscape.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Magical Love

Entering a place filled with mystery and magical love,
stepping into your arms my darling, makes this world
a perfect place for us.

Nothing can hurt me when I'm with you, always being
protected with your innocent appraisal of people,
knowing and trusting your judgment of others.

Being sheltered my entire life, not having the ex-
perience that you have, loving to give my trust to
you, thus freeing me from the evil in this world.

Life has taken on special meanings now that we two
are in love, our hearts now one forever, as we live
our lives together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Magical Moments

Visions and dreams now crossing through intellect, this mind
watching on photographic screens as they flow endlessly by.

Fantastic thoughts taking hold, giving magical moments, hang-
ing on and enjoying them tremendously.

Forever living with an incessant and curiously wonderful land-
scape being seen interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Magical Patterns

Swaying with unfelt emotion pulling at my heartstrings,
wanting to be heard and acknowledged.
Tallying up pretenses of imagination's focus, weaving
them into magical patterns, catching sunlight in prisms
of crystals and affixing them to cacti in desert gardens
above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Magical Talent

A natural system of beats are being contained within a spirit
of untold joy.
Sending expressions of tell-tale anxiety into depths of abysses
filled with grief, taking many times of moments away.
Freshening each little particle with a magical touch of talent,
constantly writing in bluened skies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Magical Vision

Sincere and being appreciated interiorly, walking into
the light of another universe, believing in the goodness
of humanity and people everywhere.

Placing trust in God's love, letting Him take me where-
ever He wants, being an instrument for His work, a mys-
terious and magical vision always within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Magical, Mystical Spirit

Blowing bubbles, tempting the kids, they look up, but never leave their stations at the stream of water where they continue fishing their colorful little fake fish.

Now making mud pies and food for a pretend picnic outdoors, music filling the air, melodies and rhythms touching my heart and mind.

A magical mystical spirit filling us totally, throughout this wonderful joy-filled day with Grandkids and their Dads.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Magnificent Darkness

Brophy's buildings all aglow, shining white like palest
snow.

Reaching out with eyes, touching it softly, tenderly,
filled with awe.

Set up against a midnight blue, stars lying thrown
across the sky.

Lightly touching buildings sides, shadows hiding shyly
from all eyes.

Never looking upon the tower from above, seeing it's
beauty with love, wanting to climb the stairs within so
experience may be contained inside this mind.

Whenever not around, still climbing the steeple stairs,
leaving beauty impressed upon this heart forever, in the magnificent darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Magnificent Secrets

Being inspired by ordinary things in life,
at least they seem to be on the surface.

Yet, beneath finding all kinds of magnificent
secrets that they keep hidden from humans.

Afraid of being destroyed or mutilated by
man in his greed and selfishness.

Not caring about anything except fulfilling
his desires, taking without asking and then
giving nothing in return.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Magnifying Expressions

Stepping into spaces of creative timing,
acoustically playing their rhymes as they
fulfill measures of timeless music.

Finding beautiful ways of portraying every
day sights.

Magnifying their expressions of God's hope
and faith throughout aging shores of the
hereafter, soon to be upon and a part of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Magnitude Of Life

Stars turned around, looking up instead of
down, locating the magnitude of life.

Breath upon breath held gingerly inside,
focusing all attention onto the serenades
of being, altogether forgotten until now.

Scissoring prayers to and fro, hoping to
have at least one answer before death finishes
it's quest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mainstay

Sliding into a poetical line dance through this poem,
giving steps to every beat of my heart within each
word that I write.

Self-assured and confident in beautiful moments of
love, dancing going on, forward, backwards, side to
side.

Evenly keeping time to each and every measure of time
in poetical rhythms, tossing and moving, rhyming to
the beauty of a Valentine's Day special.

Treating everyone with dignity and respect here at
the Senior Center, a mainstay for many elderly who
are living alone these days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mainstream Of Life

Written prose crossing this mind, coming alive when
writing from a pen onto paper.

Taking out all sadness and grief, letting it all be
seen, read and felt by other people.

Listening to the cries of all mankind, finding that
we are all made up of emotions and can identify with
one another through them.

Exercising every one in poems, letting them flow into
the mainstream of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Maintaining Friendships

Sitting in a calm atmosphere thinking of
life and how it becomes each of us individually.
Varied interests, different opinions, yet we all
fit molds of ourselves and live together on earth.
Not always agreeing on topics, yet we try to agree
to disagree and keep the peace, still maintaining
friendships for the most part.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Maintaining It's Place

Twilight descending upon this earth, allowing a deep
ebony blackness to enfold it.

Stars twinkling above as our planet earth spins on
it's axis in steady rotations.

Never tiring of it's routine as it continues to
maintain it's place in orbit along with gravity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Majestic Palm

Engulfed in nature's abode, seeing her textures up closely while sitting here.
Roots, thin and many above ground, being dried out by the sun.
Just above them is a soft wispy, powdery section sliding to the ground.
A slight step up, looking like bands wrapped circularly above each other, almost two feet of them.
Then more bands with long brushy strands leaning out and to the left, catching slight breezes, dancing stiffly at times.
Scanning higher, wood-like panels crossing each other produce designs of natural beauty, flattening and or jutting out the sides, cradling hair-like cushions on the way up.
Smaller, softer patches of baby mosaics, climbing towards smaller bands, inching their way up.
One last group of panels, holding deadly for dear life as eyes gaze upon symmetrical fans of green, sprouting from the top.
A palm tree in all it's majesty, from bottom to top, created by God's nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Major Passion

Wanting and needing you baby, rocking in the rhythms of
our beating hearts in unison, love blossoming, gathering
our feelings and desires into major passion between us.

Feeling free, being liberated, our souls soaring into
heights and depths of our love for each other, placing
our trust and love within each other's hearts.

Loving and completing our lives as we love each other
through this night once again, knowing our futures will
always be enfolded between us as one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Major Ruptures

Minor chords dropping slowly into recesses of a mind, taking time, blending it with a melody of unchartered sophistication, a beautiful rendition to be able to write to.

A flurry of rapid notes attracting the attention of increased tempos, adjusted just perfectly, letting thoughts run wild within, all choices delegated to the importance of interior life styles.

Softly moving through the past of a camera lens, watching pictures come forward in my mind, tranquilizing with a perfect sense of being in every one of them.

Exercising possibilities incessantly, finding ingredients to keep life whole and together in spite of the major ruptures caused in pathways of life by politicians and government - all corrupt and tainted with the evil of greed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Majoring In Life

Rocking into the middle of a song, being filled
entirely with it's rhythm, beating in unison
with my heart.
Lovely melody taking me away into the empty sky
where I can be free to do what I do best.
Write and enjoy being alone in a crowd.
Finally majoring in life on my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Make My Heart Listen

Hearts of stone, strengthened by heartbreak
and pain of lost love, not wanting to be hurt
anymore.

Diving into depths of emotion, feelings sting-
ing with the suffering gone through, making
them numb so they can no longer be felt.

Not wanting anything to do with love or caring,
not even speaking the words, others trying to
make my heart listen to what they're saying.

Knowing that if love should touch me again and
be let in, the open wound of this heart would
again be exposed.

Not ever wanting to go through that pain again,
preferring to be alone and isolated where nothing
can touch or hurt me again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making A Difference

Wanting to help those more unfortunate than myself to
stand on their own two feet.

Getting off of food stamps, welfare and making a living
for themselves and their families.

Wanting to make a difference to help people gain their
freedom from corrupt government and greedy people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making A Difference In Life

You've got to live your life fully, giving of yourself
for endeavors that will make a difference in this life
for others and not being selfish.

Coming out of yourself, being there for others brings
a goodness into our world, from just one person it can
spread across our entire earth.

A sacred and entirely compassionate, loving kindness
making a difference in our lives and lives of others
who cross our path in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making A Person Live

Making a living compared to making a person live are
inseparable on earth.

How you say? Think about it, why don't you?

When the world is helping you help yourself, things
go on just fine.

Then when it pours it's cruelty upon someone, making
them live in spite of themselves wanting to, causing
a vibration of despair to begin to fill that person.

Life although continuing from outward signs has in
fact, stopped living within, for hope and faith have
seeped away and are no longer filling them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making An Impact

Creating and shaping thoughts into infinite amounts of
words and meanings.

Forming them into prose, delivering messages to all of
mankind through each and every one of them.

Collecting images, seeing visions and placing them with-
in intellect where they will be put to good use.

Altogether sorting, collating and developing them, in
the end making an impact on minds of others who read them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making Decisions

Sitting alone, writing, making decisions based on truths
of reality I've investigated fully, covering every aspect
and side of each thought.

Giving it all the respect and thoughtfulness needed to
give a thorough investigation and deserved attention in
order to keep on top of things.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making Designs

Designs in the making, images trying to form into
creative masterpieces before my eyes.
Liking rhythms of mariachi bands, so uplifting,
in cadence with steps of dancers as they glide
around the floor.
Happiness is spread throughout as tears and sorrow
flow downhill for periods of time.
Life stands still, waiting for it's existence to
continue.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making Disappearing Vows

Wondering what has become of life, knowing it is hiding
still, in shadows of yesterday.

Seeing roses, petals falling to the ground, sweet scents
now gone from their essence, because it's winter and they
have become dormant.

Changing and altering throughout this life, our minds and
bodies grow and age, we don't realize it, even as we stand,
sit or lie down within our bodies.

Being surprised one day in senior years when looking in
a mirror, seeing crow's feet by our eyes and wrinkles on
our faces.

Sagging breasts, skin and neck, now wondering how it
could've happened so suddenly - over night it seems.

Turning away, making resolutions to lose weight, tighten
our muscles and skin, yet walking further on, we forget
again, all these things that we vowed to do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making Humanity Recognizable

Life continues with many hardships and sacrifices, keeping
faith, doing the best that can be done, rich in family and
friends, poor in everything else.

Nothing much to be done until we get rid of our corrupt
politicians and government, one tragedy after another happen-
ing around the world because of these evil, greedy people.

Having money and power over others, keeping them from getting
ahead, we must all unite and go against all who are doing this
to our countries.

Taking back what's ours, helping one another and finding ways,
solutions, peace for all of us, making humanity recognizable
once again on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making Life Interesting

Tackling problems totally, intellectually investigating
every opportunity and selecting choices of intense
opposition just to make life interesting.
Exacting attitudes of little consequence, portraying
extreme thoughts onto inner screens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making Little Gifts Of Poetry

Following a river like a blank page, drifting, meandering
wherever it takes me, letting sight take things seen into
my being.

Feelings and intellect where they are kept like special
treasures of my mind that it doesn't want to part with,
making little gifts of it into poems.

Enriching and fulfilling a little something to anyone who
reads my poetry, letting thoughts and ideas float upon
their minds also.

Thinking that they'll find hope, strength or inspiration,
giving purpose to those who read my poems, carrying on
with their own lives.

Spreading it about in their daily measures of time and al-
so with those whom they know or meet along the way, giving
others and selves a reason to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making Love A Priority

Strumming guitar strings of my mind, touching the love of
my heart so gently and tenderly, giving self into your arms
so willingly.

Never resisting or fighting temptations that happen to enter,
passion taking me soaring into the wonder of love, finding
heaven through each other.

Mystical yet real, never letting go of what we have found
together my love, rejoicing and living in the attitudes of
a positive facet as we make love a priority in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making Memories

Dusting off old memories that have been sitting on shelves
of this mind for years, reliving their feelings with bitter-
sweet and heartfelt senses.

Once again given the beauty and innocence of times that were
spent with loved ones, together enjoying close ties of family
when getting together.

Missing it now, wishing to enter each memory, participating
in their past reality once again, but alas, once the past has
come and gone we have only the present and future to live in.

Making more memories that we can never again live through ex-
cept in our minds when we have the time to spend on reminis-
ing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making Paths

Mindless tears fall, being felt deep within a heart, no words to express the sadness, it's sorrow penetrates all of it's parts.

Lasting forever on edges of time, sending messages to outer labyrinths of minds.

Forsaken totally, all absence begins inside where sorrow has it's beginnings.

Lowly bringing upon itself all that does not matter, resting unsurely beside unholy slaughter.

Taking always the road that leads to lesser paths, getting lost in forests of another's making.

Setting out, criss-crossing your way over the terrain, making paths, finally, of your own choosing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making Peace A Factor

Living in the glory of life, finding purpose and ideals that can be lived by honestly, loving, caring, compassion are essentially the ingredients needed to live a good life.

Nothing will ever be perfect for we are only imperfect human beings, yet we can all do the best we can and make the most of our time here on earth.

Helping one another, making peace a factor in every relationship we have in life will help us to keep a positive outlook throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making Rhythmic Memories

Rhythms roaming across the United States, touching
down in New York, Chicago, Texas, Arizona and
landing eventually in California's bright and sunny
shores at the Atlantic Ocean.
Finding rhythms at the beach, zoo, Disneyland, etc.
Wherever people gather to have fun and reminisce.
Making photographic memories to keep with them
forever.
Looking at them in later life when unable to create
any new memories because they're too frail to travel
anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making Sense

Opprobrium designs, colliding inside a pattern of objective sayings, trying to make sense of something, even though ashamed, hiding my face from all outsiders looking in from their own opinions and worlds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making Sure

Sequestering thoughts at times, hoping to gather more data and information to make positive statements accurately and precisely.

Wanting to always be sure that what is being written is what I wanted to say.

Thoughts flow abundantly from within, telling stories of life and feelings, that normally go unnoticed in this busy and harried lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making The Best Of What You Receive

Life is surreal at times, like a painting that
I am looking at in the back of my mind.

Mirroring life in reflections of memories gives
us a chance to learn from our mistakes if we are
inclined to do so.

Always finding benefits useful when doing this,
not hitting the roadblocks again in the future.

Being free and independent to do what pleases you
on another trail in intellect.

Catching hold of every reflection on inner photo-
graphic screens, using them always to benefit life.

Making it easier to live through all the turmoil
and suffering that is a part and parcel of life
here on earth.

Nothing else to do but make the best out of what
you receive from the world around you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making Things Better

Pursuing dreams, looking for the ultimate possibilities
in this life.

Wanting to have more than what we already have, helping
us and our families to have an easier time in life.

Dreaming of many ideas, inventions, thoughts, at times
creating the way to do what needs to be done.

Making life better for all of mankind on this planet
earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making Things Happen

In a short time, collections of poetry are written sublimely,
an impossible task except for this mere poet, meaning it for
others, not for me because it's a normal situation in my life.

Making things happen, mind working so totally, nothing at all
interfering with thought processes of intellect as I use them
proficiently.

Telling the world everything in short stanzas of prose,
accomplishing what this mind decides to do, watching astonish-
ingly as messages are provided totally and succinctly.

Having meaning for those who read them, meant for people who
need to change their attitudes or lives, not at all according
to me, but to God, because I's only an instrument to do as He
wishes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making Thoughts Stand Alone

Rhythm taking me to places no one else can go to,
because they cannot interpret the music like I can
into English.
Making thoughts stand alone, giving them definition
and extensive emotional meanings.
Bringing tears, smiles, laughter, depending on what
is finally written in prose.
Daily life being expressed in many tones and given
to everyone in the world through poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making Up All The Moments

Stepping into the light of intellectual brilliance,
falling to rhythms as they lead me further into
other universes.

Dancing steadily through each tempo, sounds explod-
ing everywhere, nothing to be heard by anyone else,
it's only to be mine, a reminder of an inner life.

Sending me into an atmosphere of light, capturing
imagination and relating it to the reality of in-
genuity.

Taking me into blank pages of yesterday where one
day they will be filled with poetry one moment after
another, making up all experiences within my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making Up Dances

Enjoying a world of music,
having fun with it as playfully,
a couple makes up their own
dance steps.
Inviting others to join them as
they float laughingly around the
room.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making Up For Lost Time

Holding you closely in mind, feeling your heart beating
against mine, nothing to do but love each other totally
and completely.

Living in storms of life, finding a haven in each other's
arms, nothing to worry or fret about for we are both safe
here together.

Silence filtering through our eyes as we look into one
another's souls, giving our love back and forth in depths
of our passion and desires.

Fulfilling them with every particle and fiber, uncondition-
ally loving and keeping our hearts as one while making love
night and day.

Making up for all the lost time through the years, now, we
can come and be together as much as we want in life for we
are one and cannot ever be separated or parted again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Making Up Visions

Sinister thoughts rumbling about, looking for a place
to alight.
Turning away from them, I wander alone down streets
darkened in the night, just thinking and leaving
everything be.
Just being and wondering as I look above at the vast
universe that I can only see a minute part of.
Curious to know what is out there, making up visions
to amuse my imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Man Destroying Nature

Wonder filling the air all around me, thinking of every-
thing God has created and watching with thunderous horror
as man is destroying it with his selfish and greedy ways.

Always wanting to make easy money by destroying God's
creations, using the money for evil purposes, trying to
make everyone submit to their perverse, corrupt ways.

Wanting only to be the boss of everyone, feeling them-
selves so important when in fact they are the least of us
on this earth.

So many people living in poverty around the world, yet
they are the most important people I find time and time
again.

Having compassion, kindness and love for all of humanity,
what's more important in this world than that - nothing -
nothing at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Man Of Integrity

A man of integrity and full of life, musically enjoying
getting up and dancing to his heart's content.
Always laughing, full of fun, oblivious to sadness when
with his many friends, talking and reminiscing.
Yesterday, he slipped and fell, hitting his head pretty
hard.
Paramedics came to check him out and take him to the
hospital, he refused to go and his daughter was called
to come and get him.
Never making it home, he died in the car with his
daughter beside him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Man?

Falling in love the world is a dream, a fantasy come true, feeling in seventh heaven for a man who loves only you, getting married, having children, growing old together.

Then a poison arrow is sent into your life, another woman has entered his heart and ripped your soul apart, tears, pleas, truths are said and done.

Yet he continues to carry his heart for another, letting go of true love, forgetting everything that they've gone through together through the years.

What insanity is this, perpetrated by a man who promised to love and protect the woman he married, doing just the opposite by hurting her, no longer protecting her at all.

Abusing, hurting, lying, cheating, killing the woman he had vowed was his true love only, now just following his lust-filled ego.

Leaving her and his family behind, abandoning them to a life of misery and pain, his children not understanding why he doesn't love them or their mother anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Manhood

Wondering what to do with his life, looking for things to
occupy himself.

Always on the go, never wanting to stop and let anyone
know that he hurts inside and needs love too.

Filling his days with endless occupations trying to let
his uniform fill his need for love and acceptance.

Needing to feel acceptance for what he is, not for what
he can accomplish.

So little worth for such a great man, he wears it all upon
his badge and never lets it sink in.

Rejecting his goodness by listening to his subconscious,
he becomes a little boy again.

Trying hard to find his manhood, not realizing fully,
that he's already stepped into it years ago, his mind
just hasn't learned to grasp the fact of it yet.

Knowing that he soon will find himself, he keeps running
in all directions, hoping he can outrun the outcome and
not have to face it.

After all, problems don't just disappear if you learn to
ignore them.

Put in proper perspective there is no mother here to
straighten things out for him.

Never having learned to do things on his own, he's sliding
through life actually ignoring himself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Manifesting A Support System

Thinking of my friend, knowing he is in capable hands, loving him still and holding him close.

Manifesting a support system for him, because I am too far away to do what he needs done.

Happy to see he's doing better with his relaxed spirit and noticing his demeanor within.

Being able to enjoy seeing the effects upon his mind, I am enlivened by his spirit and it's resilience in strength of character.

Continuing to surrender myself to this knowing, interiorly being comforted by what I am seeing in visions of the present as he is living carefully in his home many miles away in India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Manifesting A World

Reverting to past ways, taking up revolutions of entire interior nations, fighting between themselves, causing pain to rise above allegations.
Testing my patience, giving me heartaches that I can do without.
Lifting eyes to heaven, manifesting a world I can call my own, where I can feel and touch whatever I see in mind.
Vivid colors reaching my taste buds, giving me delectable tones to write about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Manifesting Love

Rushing to meet the clock, wanting to be with
each other, not wishing to be cheated out of
even a nanosecond of being together.

Manifesting our love on inner horizons of the
divine, never parting, nothing but the sound
of our hearts beating together as one.

Breathing totally in synch as we inhale and
exhale, lying next to each other, no room for
anything else between us.

As we scale canyon walls of our love, always
striving to take our love into every aspect of
our lives and into death afterwards.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Manipulating Thoughts

Aspiring dreams gathering in a circle of togetherness,
calming nerves in tranquil ideas of invention.
Creatively manipulating thoughts into bouquets of
prose to be brought into literature of the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mankind's Hearth

Quiver of a leaf upon the gentle wind, softens the hearts
of hardened men.

Telescoping ideas cast in stone, breaking them open and
developing the future destiny of mankind.

Before the mountainous memories kept inside a brain can be
exposed, life must be brought into perspective again.

Living life fully, not daring to participate in pastimes of
death, reality enters and sits upon the hearth of all mankind
until the ends of earth have passed away, leaving only silent
canyons in it's wake.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mankind's Tears

Setting straight, all ideas falling dramatically into
intellect, not stopping, just cascading continually
into this mind.

Nothing coming about except what is happening here
inside subconsciously, filling always with the beauty
of nature and allowing living to continue in this
wonderful picturesque landscape.

Fulfilling a purpose and leaving time for nothing else,
sensitively becoming attuned to every nuance and emotion,
filling me from every direction.

Those of other people's, along with my own, taking me
into depths of ocean's, filled with tears of sorrow and
grief.

So devastating, feeling the millions of tears that are
drowning me so incessantly without any of it.

Yet, if not happening, they would get another and take
them into forms of suicide, because they are not as strong
as I am.

So, there you are, having to help all of mankind find the
expressions needed to help their tears be appreciated.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Man's Destruction

Capturing my essence in the beauty of nature as it envelopes me in it's loving arms.

Taking and showing it's environment, letting us see the immense difference all of it makes on earth.

Then the destruction of man hits, as he destroys all that has been given to this earth for our enjoyment and pleasure.

Casting aside natural beauty and it's essence for man-made ugliness, constructed and being built into it's past, present and future.

Tearing apart the landscapes of earth for the progression and technology of some people's greediness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Man's Footprints

It's a shame that man has to
put his footprints everywhere.
Stomping out majestic beautiful
mountain scenery and landscapes,
ruining the beauty of nature itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Man's Fragile Shell

Waves gently rolling over sands of heaven, washing away iniquities of the world.

Steadily flowing, breaking away fragile shells of man, replenishing souls with harmony and peace on far away shores.

Storing goodness and mercy in pockets hidden from the view of earth and it's many setbacks.

Stepping lightly over teasing tides, attempting to take life in stride as much as anyone can on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Man's Tenacious Hold

Lost horizons of light passing into eternity, fulfilling promises of ages.

Tearing apart foundations, building on fragile memories, being careful not to upset the natural order of things.

Walking paths that are well-trodden, and turning suddenly to create a new one, life slowly ebbs it's way into the future.

Taking with it, all hopes and dreams, brand new, forgiving the tenacious hold of man sliding into the possession of eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mansions Of Wisdom

Carrying me forth into volumes of music, popping
constantly into mansions of wisdom where all of
intelligence is acquired and kept safely.

In this case, always on photographic screens where
everything is readily available, not really having
to think.

Just looking at a sphere interiorly opens it up
where knowledge I want to retrieve is situated.

So easy and effortless, giving me an edge in every-
thing wanting to be learned and experienced.

So intent and quietly able to concentrate in a deep
and lasting contemplation, nothing ever coming close
to joy and happiness given through the energy of my
brain.

Mental capacity so totally normal and titillating
to this mind and being, unafraid to become what I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Manufactured By Passion

Stepping high, placing every idea within a pattern
or design of nature and it's rhythm, categorizing
the essence and passion of everything in these
particular aspects of it's unforgettable desires.

Sensuous thoughts being manufactured by passion of
this eternal soul without any possibilities missing
the tip of this pen.

Never leaving any words bereft or lonely, letting
them all be affiliated and incorporated into many
poems one after another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Manufacturing Details

Searching depths of intelligence, forging inventive words,
melting them into prose begetting of literature.
Tossing away thought with careful ingenuity, watching it
fall into sentences that beckon maturity on earthly sands.
Manufacturing conscious details, made from pretend,
coagulating and juicing them onto slices of tantalizing
sense.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Many Depths Of Intellect

Being surrounded by many depths of intellect,
enjoying it's exquisite and fundamental ideas
that proliferate within my mind.

Catching hold of all details that come about,
allowing a variety of thoughts to be pondered
and written out.

Listening and taking in all that astounds and
gives an inner exhilaration of glorious free-
dom.

Slowly, steadily, going into other properties
in different directions, locating scenes of
transcendent nonchalance while walking through
inner depths of self.

Feeling spirituality taking hold of my heart
and soul, enticing a total fulfillment of my
intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Many Directions

Corners of life are filled with many directions to travel
in, choosing a different one each and every time makes life
challenging and interesting.

Following leads of interior thoughts helps to select one
as I travel it's length, discovering many types of
adventures, waiting to be begun and going ahead with each
one in turn.

Believing that one day I will find the one true one that
takes me back to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Many Friends

Many men showing up today to play pool and
having some fun together.
Joking around, friendly talk and chiding
one another.
A wonderful place to be themselves through
friendship and competition, all on an
amazingly cooperative level.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Many Lonely People

Halls of lonely people, sitting in chairs of despair,
hoping to fulfill life-long dreams of success and
tranquility.

Many of them not daring to stir from their seats of
safety in moments of truth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Many Memories

Hemmed in by many thoughts and feelings of the past,
each day lasts forever in my mind.

Wanting to erase or get rid of all the memories, I
succeed only in getting trapped by them.

Wishing doesn't change a thing, nor does getting
angry.

If only nothing had ever been left to chance, many
memories could remain sweet and undefiled.

All is thought in vain, because what has gone on in
the past is always to be remembered.

Whenever life swings full around, horrible memories
always seem to slap you in the face.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Many Mixed Feelings

Living in this life of sorrow and turmoil in not easy,
we have so many mixed feelings, confusing us along the
way.

Nothing seeming familiar at times, being filled with
an emptiness that consumes us from within, leaving a
void deeply set in our hearts, minds and souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Many Moments Of Truth

Taking hands of life and time, memories being placed
in annals of tomorrow.

Easily moving through trails of incessant rhythms as
I lift self from depths of sorrow and grief.

Knowing that no one else can do it for me, finding
rhythms and their senses leading me forward.

Into another dimension filled with positive and
adaptive movements, flowing gently with them.

Sensing signs of our times, filling them with faith,
hope and prayers.

Living exacting morals and ethics, not caring if others
don't, it is their choice after all.

Just wanting to die and enter heaven when this earthly
life is over and done with.

Many moments of truth and enlightenment having been
covered from within a spiritual passion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Many Reasons

Coming to the point of no return, seeing the end in
sight, not knowing exactly which moment of the future
will hold my final and total ending of this life.

Memories passing before me, watching them live again
in my mind, enjoying their bittersweet images and
visions through intellect.

Knowing that they will always be a part of who I am,
they are the many reasons why life is still being
lived quietly within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Many Single Avenues

Thinking in outer realms of intellect, seeing so many
things that are needed to make life easier for those
who are incapacitated in so many different ways.
Mentally, physically, emotionally.
So many simple avenues to take into consideration as
engineering, medically and technically, take ideas that
come unbidden to intellect just by my thinking and
listening to music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Many Spheres At Once

Lightening quick thoughts constantly coming into this
mind, opening up avenues that were often closed.

Brightening an interior dimension, letting me see so
many spheres at once.

Bringing together many feelings and emotions, coinciding
with thoughts that are being compiled within intellect.

Opening each sphere specifically, allowing other factors
to enter into each particle of life without any effort.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Many Things Left To Do

Stretched beyond endurance, being pulled in many directions,
not wanting to go in any of them.

Silent, yet thinking abundantly of the many things in life
that have yet to be done.

Many ideas needing to be placed in poems, left quietly in
lines of prose, having so much to say.

Allowing others to read whatever they choose, hoping some
of the words will touch others in a positive way.

Helping them in their lives somehow and touching others
after sharing them with family and friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Many Tomorrows

Pictures of patterns falling quickly into my mind,
expressing many differences that my mind is seeing
and appreciating.

Lolling about, watching everything in details of
picturesque landscapes, being presented on inner
photographic screens.

A lay-out of developing concepts, forming their
realities as I explore and discover possibilities
now and in the future of many tomorrows.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Many Unanswered Questions

Looking into a blue sky, trying to see what
gives it the color blue, wondering why it
couldn't be another color just as well.

Wondering how clouds form themselves just so
and float through the blueness with no barriers
at all in the way.

There are so many unanswered questions in this
life, even about seemingly simple things all
around us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Map Of Destiny's Pages

Life is filled with wonder and awe, giving us a map
to follow through destiny's pages.

Moving forward, taking steps into the future, heart
filled, soul energized, mind looking forward to the
exquisite and solo feelings that will befall us.

Taking it all in stride, even through sadness, sick-
ness, strife and turmoil touch our lives from time
to time.

Dreams are still being dreamt continually, hope and
faith being trusted to get us through the difficult
times in life.

Alternatives always standing in front of us as we walk
in the sun, head looking up, loving the world around
us even more with each passing day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Marbled Gray Skies

Gray clouds sliding around South Mountain, over and
around.

Filling skies with marbled gray and white, bringing
a tale of rain.

Sunlight hidden, barely peeking out of the west,
holding hopes and promises for a clear sky tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Marbles Of Yesterday

Marbles rolling around in my mind,
touching memories and images of yesterday.

Playing my mind like a pin ball machine,
with no regard to a sorrowful heart.

Joyfully recalling good times when younger,
catching on barbs of remembering, causing
tears to flow as a memorial of love, lost
long ago in death's embrace.

Marring the view and disturbing the image
into a blur of feeling - a heavy heart
trying to stand alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

March Of Death

Rejoicing over my death will be plentiful and of good quality.
Songs will be sung and bands will play the march of death for me as I pass away.
Never staying too long in one place for very long, taking to back roads where I am always most at home.
Run away with feelings and silently be happy for death has played it's part well and I can no longer co-exist with others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Marching Contentment

Listening to a Sousa march over the intercom at Fry's,
watching people go by me, keeping time with it's beat.

Contentment on their faces as they are energized by the
music and walking faster through the store while their
minds remain checked at the door.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Marching Rhythms

Incessant memories falling out in images of past
times had when younger.

Marching in step with the rhythms we all enjoy
remembering.

Especially as we grow older and have no where
to go, nor have any visitors.

Alone with our thoughts we quietly sit back and
relax.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Margins Of Life

Lonely and bereft, taking self into a margin of life that can barely be felt, yet it holds onto me for now.

Living in the sorrow of all yesterday's, yet still in the here and now, existing and being fully aware of what life is giving to my being each and every day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Marking Graves

Saguaro crosses atop
desert mountains.
Marking nature's graves
on precipices of wanton life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Marks Of Existence

Steps of life cannot be budgeted by whims of idle gossip, strong-willed fillings seek acknowledgement even from the grave of departing memories and images.

Snared by indecision, allowed to bask there, bringing a truth of lifeless disdain and ignorant ideas to fruition.

Nothing can withstand allotments of resentment throughout the years, it tears and claws it's way like a long time cavity into the very heart of personality.

Eating it away, eroding every good point that once stayed close within, an open, gaping hole, saturated with salty tears of sadness, wounding the very soul of inner peace.

Chances are all gone, a dark stain, a spot, are the only marks of yesterday's existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Marred Reflections

Tall, beautifully landscaped buildings standing, looking over the city of Tempe.
Chase Bank prettily reflecting new model cars and trucks as they drive by.
Silly moving reflections - new with each passing car.
In front of the building, sitting with head bent over, leaning on uplifted knees, trying to sleep.
Homeless, down on his luck, dreaming dreams of depravation and loneliness, no food in his stomach.
Behind him is a beautiful building, Chase Bank, filled with money, none to share.
Vision of the future marred, but by which sight?
Is the view of the bank marred by the presence of a homeless individual, or is the view of life marred by concrete buildings?
Is Chase Bank a blot on our future horizon?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Marred Views

Buildings and skyscrapers, marring a view of the city on the 10th floor of city hall.

Ugly concrete and steel pouring into the heavens with their malodorous scent - stale and stagnating.

Clusters and rows clumped around town, completely blocking views of beautiful, natural mountains and deserts.

Why are developers persisting in their materialistic endeavors, while the public demands less of them and their monstrosities?

Our wonderful desert has been trampled and built upon enough, there is little left.

Phoenix is a desert community, we don't want Arizona to become another ugly city.

To those of you who hate the desert and want to ruin it, we say go home to your old trashy dumpsite cities and leave our desert, mountains, and forests alone.

Snowbirds and developers leave - you have no homes here - you and your businesses are unwanted to those of us who really live here!

We were fine on our own and didn't ask you here to ruin and pollute our once pristine Grand Canyon State.

Which incidentally, you have also trashed in your money-hungry greed with motels and other unsightful buildings and helicopter rides over our canyon.

Please just stay away and let our state be what it is meant to be - a beautiful state filled with wonder and awe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Married Love

Savoring the closeness of a partner, as dancing together, two people contribute to romantic interludes.
Lending hopes to younger couples just starting out in marriage and
passing on the enlightenment of being one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Marring Ways Of Progress

Comprehending existential expressions of philosophy
as they were written centuries ago and placed in
books.

Echoing views that are still followed in today's
world, in spite of progress and it's marring
ways.

Tantalizing ethics and morals being tested today by
young people, stretching our patience, frustrating
all of us together.

Yet, we hope and pray everything comes back around
one day soon, to everyone's amazement and joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Marshes Of Life

Nightmares finding their way into the marshes of life,
sticking like toasted marshmallows to the roof of my
mind at times.

Looking at them in detail, trying to explain their
appearance to others through a simple poem.

Raising hairs on the back of my neck even though knowing
they are harmless in the light of day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Marshlands In India

Alive, vibrant, taking life into incessant portrayals of internal beauty where only the soul is able to exist, a quiet reverberation filling the atmosphere.

A rippling effect that cannot escape the moment of transparent ideology between two people totally in love, waiting for the other to make the first move.

Thereafter turning their individual lives into one to be united thoroughly in love forever, never regretting their decision, just cherishing it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Marshlands Of India

Looking out a window into a field of green where three
buffalo are grazing, white cranes crowding around them.

One flying just a little to get upon one of their backs,
a beautiful and picturesque side of nature.

A quality of life that cannot be equaled or repeated by
any human being.

Shaking their heads, ears flapping, tasting the delicacies
of Mother Nature's greenery.

Patterns expressed over and over through many more moments
of memories on earth as I watch it all from my friend's
dining room window in Cochin, India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Martha - A Singer

Sunday evening concert, Martha singing, beautiful voice - angelic.
Touching our hearts with intense amazement, filling us with a peaceful calm and lighter hearts.
Mixed with a chorus of other people, strobe lights flashing stars and symbols all around the room.
Caught up in the excitement of the moment, everyone jumped to their feet, clapping and singing along.
An awesome concert by all intentions, as we left with joy and prayer filling us with faith.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Masking Emotions

Masking emotions, pretending they don't
exist while I hide in corners and cry.
Full of grief, touching my mind with it's
harsh and brutal insistensity.
Corrupting the best parts of life with
it's hurtful demeanor and cloak of death
pushing me forward into a spire of
loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Masquerades Of Life

Masquerades of life are endless, taking everyone into their lies, trying to get over on them.

They never seem to realize that they are only kidding themselves in the end as they stand along and have nothing in life except their selfishness and greed.

Two things that will never encourage love, caring or true friendship in their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Massaging Serenity

Stirring up emotions, pulling me in many directions, feeling an intensity
mounting interiorly, taking me soaring above mundane things today.
Rhythm scoring itself within me, soothing my mind, allowing thoughts to flow
evenly, smoothly, taking me to outskirts of imagination.
Freely letting me contemplate and gently massaging serenity into my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Masterpieces In Poetical Forms

Tables stacked high with a feast for my eyes,
seeing all the delectable fruits of my writing.

Everlasting beneficence saturating intellect with
so many ideas crowding together.

A stillness abounding, a deafening quietness always
surrounding this mind.

Allowing freedom to do what it wants to do while
creating it's many masterpieces in poetical forms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Masterpieces Of Existence

Swaying with rhythms of beauty, unfolding, taking me to new heights, writing incessantly with tremors of passion filling me interiorly.
Giving me peace and acknowledgement of my life yesterday, tomorrow and today.
Holding hands with melodies of old, taking me into patterns, newly formed right before my eyes and fitting perfectly into screens of photographic scenes filled with images ingratiating themselves to my soul and beyond.
Following instincts all along roads of interior delight and co-existing with art and masterpieces of life, tallying efforts of beautiful memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Matching Childhood Feelings

Children outside, playing in the morning sun,
happily climbing and running, enjoying
beginnings of a brand new day.

Inside, I watch and feel their wonder, curiosity
and joy as it matches feelings I have stored
inside from my own childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Matching Heartbeats

Steady beating of the drums, matching heartbeats, taking me down avenues of heart-felt feelings and meanings in this life.

Reaching inwardly for conquests that need to be met and justified somewhere through aisles of mysterious puzzles being put together within jewels of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Matching Mirages

Tracing lines of rhythm into deep recesses of being,
watching auras filling me with their beauty, filled
from rainbow's arches and given in many visions.

Matching them with images coming right into sight,
taking me always into landscapes that will go onto
ends of our horizons, leaving us bereft and alone.

Yet, it is a good feeling of isolation, never marring
emotions, only adding to them on many levels,
containing them in spheres of twilight.

Anchoring all of them in a desert of beautiful
destinations, collecting everything on plateaus of
individual consideration, using levels of intellect
on many different dimensions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mathematical Concepts

Life is based on numbers of age, birthdates, doctor appointments, anniversaries, graduations, deaths.
We are all mathematical concepts and formulas
conjuring up our separate particles of being.
Components of analytical physics and chemistry, we mathematically formulate ourselves and our futures.
No matter what we see or speak, there are always
numbers involved, circling us with their precise
exactness as they shower our lives daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mathematical Equations In Poems

Waltzing through life like a flute, playing it's melodies,
always beginning and ending with lilting notes of peace
and serenity.

Never at a loss throughout this life, taking every chance
to invent or write calculations of mathematical equations
into a poem.

Challenging the reader to find it's actual existence and
solve it with their intellect, having an enjoyable time
doing this constantly, knowing there are only a handful
with the solutions, eventually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mathematical Formula Of Life

Guessing the weight of the world as it lies upon my shoulders,
waiting for the truth of it's life here on earth, watching as
it is filled with adventure, experience and measures of music.

Chords enticing this mind going through every moment in a
passive joy of being, lifting spirits joyously involving
every particle and fiber of being in this musical experience.

Keeping me focused, alert, being awakened to the spirit of God,
while writing, joining feelings and emotions into the equation
where all completes a mathematical formula of this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mathematical Horizons

Tossing down balls of math onto patios of
resourcefulness.
Testing mercurial distances on verges of
a certain timelessness, again watching
for bluebirds of happiness on the horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mathematical Life

Figuring mathematically what life holds for me,
squaring all roots, placing them carefully in
my heart and soul.
Adding together, the many blessings I've received
throughout life from family and friends.
Dividing the good and bad times, separating them
by subtracting the sorrow and grief from happiness
and joy given freely all my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mathematical Music

Submersed in beautiful music, allowing it to take over
all thoughts and images, recreating them sublimely
with ease.

Movement with aged waltzes across floors of my mind,
stepping to rhythms and beats tantamount to bliss.

Notes folding and unfolding in my mind, bringing joy
and wonder, filling me interiorly with awe and
amazement.

Looking outwardly, finding the world is encased in
mathematical etudes, sonata's and music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mathematical Nature

Music's special light beckons to me to travel over lands
of infinite imagination, filling me with a liveliness
and pep unlike any other.
Etudes forming and creating themselves, folding and
unfolding meanings of lyrical words.
Tossing notes around, matching them, with mathematical
beats of careful existence, being serenaded by lovely, intuitive musical scores.
Lifetimes being carefully held in instruments of future poetical natures, always
awaiting the forward motion of music's impetuous behavior.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mathematical Poetry

Fingering rhythms in my head, taking every note and beat
into my photographic memory, delighting imagination no end.
Forming many patterns, eclipsing light and darkness,
fitting them in nonexistent spaces to see how they'll look
in a different position.
Having fun putting words juxtapositionally to see how they
sound in another dimension filled with silent expressions
and found along pathways of interior imagination.
Beautiful melodies performed in tunnels of mathematical
poetry and fed constantly through my brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mathematical Poetry Journey

Watching as life takes me on silent journeys through interior universes, going in and out of other dimensions, living in their refreshing new concepts.

Finding an exemplary amount of ideas being interpreted and translated through music, new levels of interpretation constantly being fulfilled through equations of mathematics and poetry.

Creating inventions and new ways of doing everything, a blessed and inspirational state of mind that continually amazes me while traveling through it on this solitary journey of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mathematical Senses

Faster than the speed of sound, alighting in the
center of a strengthening and livid pattern of
tomorrow.

Selecting and portraying essential exercises of a
fantastic formula in modern medicine, syncopating
and figuring mathematical senses in another figment
of intellect.

Swaying and stepping forward into rhythms of beau-
tiful landscapes, understanding thoughts, holding hands,
becoming one together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mathematical Sequences

Signatures of yesterday sign themselves into my brain, causing remembrances of times well-spent through the years.
Figuring out formulas of life, giving them mathematical sequences so they may be recalled in the years to come.
Omens of what will one day be expressed in poetical forms for eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mathematically Fitting

Rightfully deciding to become a new thinker, finding my place
in the universe at last.

Fitting the puzzle like I was created just for that particular
space.

Knowing with a definite acknowledgement that I am here to make
a difference in this world, nothing anyone can do to change
that fact.

Allowing no bridges to collapse, finding the path that leads
to better understanding in life and chase after it until it
catches me in mid-air.

Blowing about, soaring into the atmosphere of intellect, being
activated by an intense desire of approval, seeing the steps
and puzzle pieces needed to complete the picture together with
others of like minds.

Wandering into the depths of interior voices, listening to
whispers and placing them all in an explicit interior domain
filled with wisdom and never let go of.

Dreaming into the future, seeing the landscapes and picturesque
beauty of tomorrow's beauty, complacently being realized in
outer spaces of humanity.

Solidly taking into depths of consideration all the aspects
and facets fitting together rhythmically in mathematical
formulas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mathematically Looking

Leaving the world behind for moments at a time to delve
deeply within a bluened light, mathematically looking at
all rhythms being listened to.

Finding an exciting pattern each time I do so, enabling
me to code every poem into it's music, fascinating and
wonderful.

Touching intellect, expanding imagination and reality
into realms of other dimensions and universes, formulas
and equations being created all the time.

An interior energy of innate knowledge and wisdom being
constantly accumulated, lying here within just for the
right moment to be entered into a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mathematically Perfect

Incessant beating of the drums, enlivening mind, soul and
heart, captivating and inspiring interiorly, this intellect
and mind.

Perfect rhythms of melodies and harmonies, taking each one
in stride as they spread throughout this entire being, be-
coming a part of every fiber and particle of it.

Fulfilling destiny and it's purpose on earth, a temporary
heaven where music plays it's part without any mistakes,
mathematically perfect through musical equations and formulas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Matters Of Opinion

Listening to all the debates going around, everyone placing blame on white people who have just been struggling and working to exist here on earth, the same as everyone else.

If there is such a thing as white privilege, how come I have never heard or seen it before in life?

Is it only visible to those of other colors? How is it that they can see it, when I cannot?

Apparently it is only a matter of opinion in some people's minds, because it definitely is not reality in my world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Matters Of The Soul

Strumming life's music with banjo sounds of literary fundamentals.
Savoring the tones as they stream into my mind with clarity and accuracy.
Taking me on journey's through memory's times, holding hands with a myriad of ideas.
Folding together matters of the soul as I enter realms of eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mature Love

Living into senior years with a sadness always at the edges of it, thinking back, wondering how you ever made it in one piece to where you are right here in this place.

Seeing an entire lifetime filled with family in and out of grief, sadness, loneliness and emptiness, how these things get hold of us is a mystery never to be solved.

Loving into the future with a mature love filling your heart, keeping you warm on dark, cold nights and holding your hand through daily trials and suffering of life.

Knowing the goodness, peace and kindness as it fills your mind and heart, reminiscent of a baby being born and the unending love you have for it's beauty.

A love in the end, holding you safely, helping you feel alive, keeping you within the confines of your being, yet being sent all over the universe in depths of happiness for what you have found at long last.

One true mature love, no more childish whims or mistaken traces of it's essence, it is a total emotion, a choice selected by a heart that cannot contain itself without the other.

A beautiful sentiment filling your senses with the utmost sanity you can ever find in this life here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Maturing

Lackdaisiclly stepping to laid-back rhythms, finding
myself at ease, letting my spirit be taken into many
pleasurable memories of yesterday.

Solving mysteries that were tantamount across our
great country, growing older, maturing, now finding
answers to each of their mysteries.

It's amazing how a little maturity adds to years of
adulthood, looking about, wondering how come every-
one hasn't figured it out.

Realizing now, that not everyone has the ability to
take adventures into learning, it has to come from
an innate curiosity.

Tempting ideas of those possibilities, giving extra-
ordinary senses viability while retaining an entirely
open mind and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Maturing Is Hazardous

Maturing has a hazardous effect on life, causing it
to fly high and drop, any day becomes a risk as each
attempts to fit in daily.

So many tasks and choices, which ones to tackle
first?

Making wrong turns at times, then veering back to
straighten things out, life twists and turns with
every move we make.

Trying to turn around, we step deeper into the mire
and mud called life.

One day maybe hope will jump up and come alive to
bring about a change, so interiorly we may grow and
mature beyond our age.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Maturing Time

Time is everlasting, waiting on sidelines as we wantonly pass
it by, taking no notice of our human clocks of birth racing
by with only a few pictures to remind us of it.

Becoming a toddler, learning how to live, eat, talk, learning
most of what we will in just those few short years of life.

Our personalities are formed, mapping out our futures, laying
roads to what we will someday be or do.

Finding ourselves floundering through puberty, awkwardly we
shape our values as we stumble into adolescence, finding we
now have morals, we understand them, but life is so much more,
it is here for our enjoyment.

We abandon ourselves to seek whatever we may find, turning it
over in our minds once and discarding it forever.

Finally grown and matured, as adults we learn there are no
answers to the questions burning in our minds, only memories
of other times.

Stepping ever slowly through our times, older, grayer, finally
seeing time, no longer on the sidelines, but holding your hands,
guiding your steps along the way.

Slowing the steady rhythm of your beating heart, life no longer
benefiting from your existence, it is time to part with it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Maturity Ebbs

Quietly beating, life slowly ebbs it's way towards
aging maturity.
Softly bouncing throughout inner universes, carrying
on with lonely explanations.
Wending ways, hoping to realize quiet dreams thought
of in labyrinths, filled with puzzled ideas, sliding
through silent echoes of yesteryear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Maturity Growing

Life, once so full - so fragrant - now lies dying
amongst friends.
Caring no more for things sought in life to keep busy,
now it rocks gently in the cradle of death.
There are no more tears left to cry - to shower life with
sweet sadness can be no more.
Having taken commitment seriously - living life to the
fullest - sharing with many people,
the petals of each phase of maturity have fallen and
been placed in the book of life, now ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Maturity In Prose

Watching over the horizon, wanting to see what's going on
in it's other dimensions, curiosity getting the best of
me each time.

Taking this mind into areas of the brain that most people
don't even know of, let alone how they work, a fascinating
and tantalizing aspect to this mind God has given to me.

Being able to enter a bluened light of the Divine, dwelling
within my being, always ready to enter it's peace and serenity
alone.

Delving immediately into the beauty found there, splendid and
totally serene, giving thoughts a place to grow, be nourished
and nurtured to maturity in prose.

Giving each of the poems a place in history, so happy to be
able to aid in this heavenly purpose given to me by God, so
happy to be an instrument of His love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Maturity Of Being

Reliving every memory, tasting it's scent of beautiful
essence pouring forth in images of innocence and visions
of clarity.

Taking into account, the artistic graces of innate talent
portraying our lives in poetical words and innate wisdom.

Brought about from living many years and entering a maturity
of being, as life continues to it's end in a beautiful light
of flowering death beyond the shores of earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Maturity's Circle

Growing older, maturity has grown full circle,
now it's seen as an arc with a beginning and
end, life having been lived in the middle.

All of the hardships, tears and suffering seem
to completely outweigh any joy or happiness,
at least until you sit down here at the end.

Maybe the bad did far outweigh the good, but it
seems the good is more intense now and memories
are more pleasant.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Maturity's End

Life, once so full - so fragrant - now lies dying amongst friends.
Caring no more for the things it sought in life to keep it busy, now it rocks gently in the cradle of death.
There are no more tears left to cry - to shower life with sweet sadness can be no more.
Having taken commitment seriously - living life to the fullest - sharing with many people, the beauty and wisdom of it's silence.
Petals of each phase of maturity have fallen and been placed in the book of life, now ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Maturity's Void

Forlorn, aging, wandering around, trying to attain some
of the activity of the past in new surroundings.
Pretending to be busy, finding things to do while feeling lonely and trying to fill the void left by maturity.
Sensing reason and logic at edges of particular
rendezvous, not really willing to participate, because
reality sets in and riles feelings of peace with lonely thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Maureen, Gone But Not Forgotten

Maureen is still touching lives through her memory
as it is passed on from Mom and friends.
Far-reaching effects stem from her life's work on
earth and her love for all things good and proper
will last an eternity.
Sometimes people reach others from the other side
of death, like Maureen is doing even now in this
poem.
Tears fill eyes and heart with images and pictures
of a daughter much loved and missed.
Spanning the years with her dreams of environmental
issues, voting rights, helping people, an ongoing
impulse to bring aid is carried forth by friends,
family and everyone who knew her.
A haunting spirituality emanating from her eyes
even now, as she watches from above, good deeds
being done in her honor and loving memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Maybe It's A Test

Sadness seems to penetrate everything in life, even
happiness.

Because when the elation is gone from our minds, a
sadness at it's ending takes place, not as incessant
or intense, but sadness just the same.

Why can't we stay happy and never have to experience
it I wonder at times, then thinking more about it,
finding it might be a test, repeated over and over.

Maybe it's getting us prepared for the sadness of death
and loss of ourselves eventually, it's a possibility,
I guess.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Maybe The Sun Will Shine

Nature waiting calmly, silently, for a pending storm to descend on earth.

Sun hidden behind a blanket of clouds, not even letting it peek out this morning.

Atmosphere is dark and heavy, darker than usual and filling life with an expectation of something better to happen soon.

Maybe the sun will shine on earth later today or maybe not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Maze Of Talent

Swinging in a mindless maze of talent, enjoying it's sounds as they calm and touch my soul with little effort.
As conversations enliven my spirit through prayer, life unfolds it's serenity prayers of hope.
Tallying everyday endeavors, adjusting them to fit daily living, generating all-time syncopation with rhythms of yesteryear's life of supposition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Maze Of Togetherness

Piecing together a life of many sorrows and pain, hoping it
will come eventually into fruition.

Letting loose, the many tears holding me prisoner in this
interior suffering, finding my way through the mazes of
togetherness.

Knowing of the atrocities loving another can bring to light,
wanting to run away into the silent night.

Locating many pieces along the way, walking back to fit them
into final pictures of a lasting masterpiece being created
throughout life.

Talking and telling of many episodes in this life, deciding
to move forward and leave it all behind me at last.

Coming quickly out of the maze, curious to find my place
again in this life of pain and sorrows.

Knowing now, therein lies my purpose, life and another entry-
way into it's essence and passion.

A portal of love taking, holding onto me without any doubts, proceeding to the
next level of ingenuity and wholesome
contented love to keep me always intact.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mazes Of A Mind

Moving forward, taking intellect into an extraordinary way of
life through an intellectual avenue of existence, solving
puzzles of this existence one at a time.

Never giving up, knowing that intellect will always find it's
way through mazes of a mind without any trouble or effort, ex-
isting in an amazing dimension forever in life.

Enjoying it's fantasy and imagination while living in it's
depths alone, no one able to catch me in this earthly life,
a wonderful feeling of liberty filling my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mazes Of Intelligence1

Slowly pushing rhythm, pulsating beats touching interior senses, bringing them to an awakening of knowledge in musical intonations and tempos.
Anticipating new chords as they are written to poetical terms, exchanging memories for many meaningful words set in literate frames.
Touching sorrowful images, crying into chalices as dirges are played silently in quiet chapels of contemplative lives, always kept in mazes of intelligence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mazes Of Music

Following mazes of music through life, finding and losing
my way through measures of time, loving experiences and
treasured moments I find along new pathways.

Dancing and joining in on harmonies as they play my mind,
taking it into depths of new adventures where I continue
to discover more answers to life's puzzles.

Looking through an inquisitive mind, intuitively knowing
what to look for, being guided by innate wisdom, knowledge
and talent.

Tip toeing through forests of imagination, never losing
the way because rhythms continue to flow through my mind,
challenging intellect to keep track of where I'm going.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mazes Of Technique

Lost in a maze of music, feeling it's
intensity hit nerves of my mind.

Tantalizing rhythms of words to enter into
designs and formations of poetical ease.

Driven insane, pushed by the beat and tempo -
into melodies of technique.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mcd Hiring Illegals

Stationed in life, doing tasks at work to get paid
so bills can be caught up.
Always on the edge, struggling to exist, not just
survive.
Those with money, holding it in tight-fisted hands,
not wanting to let go of one cent of it.
Crippling workers with less pay and even less hours,
because they have the power of owning their own
business.
Hurting the economy and our families all over the
nation with their stinginess and greed - McADs being
the biggest problem.
Causing American citizens to lose homes, starve,
struggle to buy, even the meagerest of groceries to
feed their families.
Hiring illegals to work in their restaurants, taking
away jobs from Americans.
Using excuses that white people don't want to work
is a myth illegals perpetuate.
When advertising for help, posting jobs, many people
show up and get hired, only to get less hours, being
made fun of to their faces in other languages, causing
them to quit because illegals are being catered to and
given preference in all aspects of the job.
If illegals were fired, Americans could once again make
a living in their own country.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meadows Of Choice

Locomotive issues driving me down tracks of hidden
ghost towns, showing visions of what used to be
when people inhabited spaces before now.
Gently moving with idealized intuition towards
histories of past eras and how they lived back then.
Longing for simple lives in ages of quiet renaissance
meadows of choice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meadows Of Friendship

Settling into an aura of complacent peace, watching those around me with curiosity and wonder of who they really are within.
Spirits lifting together, bringing us all into meadows of friendship where we can be ourselves and enjoy one another's company.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mean - Spirited Beings

Strengthened by the lies and cheating of others,
wanting to destroy interior peace with their
insinuations.

Leaving me stranded on islands they have brought
me to, abandoning and taking away their friendship,
hoping to destroy me.

Having no compassion, only cruelty of their own
mean-spirited beings, as they walk away this
heart is bleeding from wounds they have inflicted.

Caring not that they have hurt me very deeply,
offending me with their dishonesty after having
thought they were my friend.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mean Beings

Stilted beings, conflicted with themselves, turning events around to suit their gossiping mouths.
Regurgitating phony remarks and less than flattering statements made behind someone's back, does nothing more
than show us who the shallow, inept persons are.
Nothing sticks in minds of honest, reputable, caring, kind individuals in spite of these mean-hearted stilted beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meandering Lanes

Journeying through life's meandering lanes of hope
and faith, searching for the meaning and purpose
of life as it happens.

Creative puzzles attentively reason their ways
through age-ole questions, never locating answers
of validity or truth.

Reality stands erect, watching the dilemmas carry
on without ever offering any input or data to help
us figure it out.

We ramble and roam until eternity opens up and
brings us into our destiny's eternally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meandering Life

Ways of life meander over earth, telling stories of
toil and strife, keeping itself afloat through many
trials, head up, shoulders back, heart forward.
Traipsing slowly, commandeering purposes, doing
everything in ways of my own making.
Nothing getting in the way, no obstacle too large
to obliterate daily.
Always following self down pathways I create and
imagine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meaning For Self

Judging future aims by yesterday's standards does no good,
keeps goals at bay, never to be reached while living.

Figure, calculate, spend moments in contemplation, find
purpose and meaning for yourself and share it with others,
so as to use it for God's intended purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meaning In Prayers

Throughout the night, listening to church bells pealing in the atmosphere.

Quietly, yet ringing their rhythms far and wide, setting free religion and it's meaning in prayers being said.

People all over the world under it's spell, touching the hearts of young and old.

Taking them into the fold of our Holy Father to prepare them for the coming glory of God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meaningful Horizons

Intensely permeating my soul, arranging visions within my mind,
filling it with accents of poetry.
Nature climbing aboard, giving life-awakening graces interiorly.
Searching lines for meaningful horizons, bent in and out of
shape.
Waves flowing, ebbing, taking everything in with lucid thoughts.
Ideas form - soar - into outer dimensions, taking new shape and
cutting them into particles to be carried to ends of earth and
beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meaningful Invitation

Gentle breezes blowing wisps of long hair into my face,
a delicate and meaningful gesture sent from God, Himself.

A wonderful and happy time here at Buddy's, always worth
coming for he knows how to throw a party fully and ulti-
mately.

A stupendous choice of bands at every event, great food
and companionship, strangers coming together, talking,
laughing, enjoying everything around them.

In the end everyone being friends, vowing to meet at the
next event, no excuses, just a meaningful invitation to
meet every time we come here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meaningful Lyrics

Looking back over the years, listening to songs of the
seventy's with an intense desire to relive it's music.
Meaningful lyrics tied in with life's natural rhythm
and events of the times.
An abundant repertoire lasting through the years, many
classics being played repeatedly, requested many times
over and over by a myriad of people young and old.
Never out of style, they will be with us forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meaningful Music

Gentle breezes brush my heart and soul,
soothing them with natural wonder and beauty.
Love emanating throughout the atmosphere,
rejuvenating hospice staff and volunteers.
Life is carried to another plain and dimension
far beyond any we could ever dream of.
Blended together - multi-faceted talents and
hearts - treasuring ends of lives in very
special, meaningful ways.
Living through music emanating from the
heavens and interpreted in hearts and souls
of one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meanings Have No Definitions

Impossible dreams leading me into depths of sorrow's
beliefs.

Meanings have no definitions to procure incessant
feelings that are filling me.

Going through the uncertainty of life without your
love takes my breath away.

Always leaving me hopelessly in love without the
source of my recognizable being in your heart.

Attempting to see the world through inner desires,
holds only the darkness of your death.

Cannot find anything, no light, no meaning to this
life anymore.

Creating an emptiness now that will not go or fade,
it confuses and fills my mind and heart daily.

There is no way to bring back the happiness that we
had together because your heart has been taken away.

Birthdays, holidays, times together with family are
all just numb, nothing touches me anymore.

Darling, missing you infinitely and intensely, cannot
even try to go on, needing your love.

Wanting to be with you dear, head bowed, no longer
praying for the impossibility of you being with me.

An ending of our lives has been thrown upon us forever
now, we had no choice and now we are parted.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meanings Of Loneliness

Thinking loudly, matching thoughts with melodies,
flowing out into interpretive words of life.
Sounding meanings of loneliness, turning them
into abysses of enlightenment, using them as
teaching tools for human beings, because they
have no lists or how-to books to refer to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meanings Of Love

Trapped in the necessities of life, love is freely given and taken away.
Never truly dependable - always hurting - love tears people in two.
Meanings of love once joined in harmonious bliss, suddenly breaks down - clanging everything around into sadness and despair.
Hatred fills the space that only love once was allowed.
No tender kisses, no soft arms enfolding in hugs, because the meaning of love never coincided with what in reality it was.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meanings Of Purpose

Traipsing along river beds, watching water ripple and rush
by, knowing that life is doing the exact same thing.

Filled with elaborate and delicious meanings, being followed
throughout with entire meanings of purpose in life.

Stressing liberty and freedom, taking lesser traveled roads
into interior dimensions, forming routes that creativity
will eventually follow.

Becoming a part of musical compositions even now forming
within this mind of intellect

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meanings Unwound

Taking turns reaching for goals, twisting their infinite
aspects into factors of reality as they progress ever
tightly around thoughts of imagination.

Unwinding meanings in transient knowledge, allowing them
freedom to aspire to inner heights, growing in abstracted
proportions with wisdom's humor-filled voice.

Sensing serenity in volumes of peace-inured sensitivity,
becoming encased in fate's future destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meant To Be

Battling the confusion of life on earth, wanting to do
the right thing, never losing sight of purposes that
were meant to be.

Selected commitments were always waiting to be fulfilled
no matter the cost, always being there, never shirking
duties that needed to be taken care of.

Being lost time after time, now only aware of what I'm
to be doing, no questions asked, a beautiful comment
and blessing from God, trusting in this mere poet to do
what is asked of me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measure Of Peace

Laser points of colored lights,
moving in patterns of diverse
technological quantums of inert music.

Slowly, entrancing eyes as they stare
intently, watching every motion as it
spreads through my mind, finding a
measure of peace falling onto my
shoulders in deference to ordinary
circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measure Of Peace And Love

Living in a world of love I've never had in this life, wishing
with all my heart that I had, always being alone, no one here
for me.

A lifetime of wishing and dreaming for a love of my very own,
but it will never be, for I've been tarnished by a demon, tak-
ing everything from me from the very beginning.

Always wondering why life has abandoned and left me cold and
alone, nothing to ever help nor give comfort all the days of
this life.

A solitary entity on this wide world of earth, nothing to be
given, not even necessities to help live, an outcast by all
respects, no one ever wanting or loving my being.

Living in the dark, away from love and joy, no happiness coming
my way, just an ordinary person with no one to care about me
ever.

Silenced by the evil that has struck when younger, never able to
get past it, keeping me captive in shame and humiliation all the
days of my life.

A life full of promise, hope, joy and it has remained crushed by
the evil done, I alone am not connected to it's evil, I'm still precious, innocent
and pure in spite of all it's done to me.

If only one person would come and love me for who I am, taking me
into their life totally and unconditionally once and for all, I'd
be forever grateful.

All this love being held inside would be theirs forever and ever
in this world, maybe giving a measure of peace and love to this
being until dying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measure Of Tempos

Steady, marking the beat with extraordinary talent,
never missing any notes or beats in a measure filled
with tempos.

Twanging mind strings with excellent tones and abridged
memories, fulfilling every expectation and universally
becoming the poetry that I continually write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measure Of Worth

Languishing in an attitude of calm anger, visibly upset, yet lying like a tiger inside, waiting to pounce on unsuspecting passersby.
Gathering fodder from people who have no manners, nor are they nice.
Exacting promises from empty shells with no souls, dust falls at their feet, no measures of their worth, because they have chosen to have none while on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measured Life

Withering slowly and dying to hear something
good - something to show us hope is still alive within.
Eyes looking - showing love - trying to get through the
difficulties on her own, even though she's not strong enough.
Praying with all her heart and soul to be with her family
again, she waits and tries to hang on.
Her dear life is all we hope for - nothing can be measured -
it is totally up to God.

While we live with our insecurities of life,
Mom lies in the surety of her demise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measured Refrains

Riding down trails of yesterday, clipping at a fast pace, yet noticing every detail along the way.
Choosing to ignore inner emotions, feeling numb as I ride into the sunset of my life, taking nothing with me, but my faith in God and the gifts of music, art, and writing.
Singeing my breath as I ride in burning facets of yesterday's memories.
Taking particles of visions and building them through imagination on the way to destiny's land.
Thinking daily, finding, seeking measured refrains from musical scores as I write them down indefinitely.
One day to be read by millions of people lying on deathbeds without hopes or dreams, lying back casually and fulfilling life's final dream of eternity.
Blessing every moment with titillating joy as darkness blooms on the other side.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measured Time

Changing hands of time throughout every day, measuring moments we have together my dear.

Then suddenly we are one, living, loving and sharing everything, filled with joy and hope.

Nothing can take away from what we have and will be all our lives as we find love every moment we're together.

Nothing to separate us as we dance into the light of evening, stars twinkling above us.

Our desires and passion flowing like lava between us, fulfilling us over and over.

Making love throughout the night, we two alone, having everything we need between us only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measures

Tapping around the room, dancing to rhythms,
soaring through the air on clouds of
measurement.
Wonder taking over mind and heart as feet
glide through beats and melody's testimonies
of endurance.
Tallying rests and notes, a juxtaposition of
souls align with God's wishes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measures Of A Mind

Tiptoeing silently through measures of a mind, melodies playing, hoping to be recognized in poetry and original compositions of music.

Wanting to be held peacefully in depths of serenity where no one else can tread, a bluened light focused within, shining through intellect directly from the Divine.

Beckoning attention, solely and wonderfully giving peace and solace interiorly, traveling into an atmosphere of heavenly promises.

Justifying the wonder and awe of God, while dwindling in comparison to His love, holding closely, all who believe in Him no matter what may befall them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measures Of Anticipation

Tossing cares and worries to the wind, letting it take
them all away from me, enjoying the elasticity of joy
and happiness, coming through the joyous rhythms being
played by Doc and Gaul.

So perfectly in tune, measures bringing me into aspects
of heaven in another dimension, calmly writing and keeping
time in measures of peaceful anticipation.

Reliving every notion through poems, giving of myself in
every endeavor and leaving nothing behind, including it
all in imagination.

Playing happily with every note, taking time and going
entirely with the tempo of this morning melody.

So profoundly, taking me down pathways, letting me live
openly on each one, honesty and truth outlasting all the
lies and dishonesty left me from others in life.

Now no longer being a part of my life, taking nothing
away again, as I continue my journey without them.

Listening and being comforted by everything that I hear
in this moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measures Of Coded Rhythms

Decorating life with spiritual bouquets,
blossoming moments at a time in measures
of coded rhythms.

Touching interior attitudes and moods,
giving exchanges and pleasant surprises
to self through it all.

Wonderful and tantalizing thoughts sett-
ling within unlimited boundaries of inner
universes I've discovered and gone into
through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measures Of Definition

Silently and euphorically lifting my spirits into seventh heaven, always making me feel so good, finding music in measures of definition.

Continuing to keep thoughts flowing, having effervescent feelings keeping me in touch with colorful emotions, slipping and sliding into the beauty of imagination.

Fulfilled fantasies and wishes are walking about, tantalizing and alluring, tapping into an inner strength of being and an interior courage lifting me onward and upward.

Never being discouraged or despairing, living and loving this life through measures of intellect, as notes travel up and down alongside thoughts.

Following suit in an intense and creative pathway, nothing able to interfere as I concentrate totally and completely on the music that I hear only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measures Of Destiny

Silence singing into intellect, selecting rhythms coincidently, taking them beyond what is being heard here, silver strings permeating my mind rapidly, taking me across the universe.

Showing the world many lifetimes and how to enter their beautiful realms of another period in this time, taking me on a journey into another land.

Touching upon the essence of interior imagination, rushing carefully into measures of destiny as it unfolds religiously inside of taciturn beauty.

Scratching the surface, reaching for the stars, being left behind each time as they move farther out and away from my heart.

Unfolding rhythms interiorly, holding my mind, being mesmerized and held in a state of wonder and awe, permeating the essence of my passion.

Leading me down trails as they are being created in today's world, beauty unfolding from within, suggesting new designs and patterns as they fall from many moments of past lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measures Of Existence

Flowing ever through this life, toiling, laboring every day just
to make a living, never getting ahead, measures of existence fad-
ing in the distance, life bereft of everything fun.

Laughter having no room to move around or take people into depths
of pleasure, always stepping to tunes of another beginning, living
in an opposite universe far from all these problems and things of
no use.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measures Of Happiness

Selecting words, fitting them into lyrics of songs
I create.
Feeling tempos beating inside, giving measures of
happiness to fill my days.
All of life is taken in by music and it's quality
of rhythm, always filling me with pleasure and
elation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measures Of Harmonies

Rhyming throughout the morning, finding explicit rhythms
playing energetically.

Foremost in everybody's minds are reasons to find something
to do in this lifetime.

Figuring and factual timing set in measures of harmonies,
just waiting for everyone to come together, joining in the
fun for today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measures Of Harmony

Totally attuned to melodies of this wonderful life, loitering, relaxing in measures of harmony, having a great time, wonder finding ways to entice the intensity of an inner curiosity.

Following lines of questioning into depths of solutions that gather in wisps of intellect, going towards effervescent and alluring poetry, taking me along roads of tomorrow's destiny while playing with coded rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measures Of Life

Holding tightly to inner convictions, letting no one take
them from within.

Sliding down measures of life, seeing how every note is
traced backwards and into the forward motion of rhythm.

Never stopping, just listening, keeping time and track
of every thought being processed automatically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measures Of Life Unfolding

Shades of nighttime slowly being opened as a morning sun
rises above the horizon, bringing a new day of designing
hopes and livelihood.

An existence of enlightenment dwelling within reach of
anyone who cares to see and live for it, building their
faith through an interior strength that can't be denied.

Living life daily no matter what happens in hours of time,
measures of life are unfolding within chords of open-ended
solutions.

Looking and finding them, utilizing every ounce of intellect
in order to free them from the drudgery of anticipated sorrow
and loss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measures Of Totality

Exercising life in measures of totality as music compliments
this being, listening to echoes and watching as fireworks
continue exploding, filling this mind with colorful sounds.

Flavorful beauty of the countryside, going across America
in silent and tempting quietness of my soul, finding that
energy flows everywhere that others can never go.

Loving this peaceful environment as it gives serenity from
within, nothing to break this barrier of silent beginnings
taking intellect further into spheres of innate talent.

Crossing into patterns of delicate designs being created
through rhythms of musical interludes while listening in-
tently to beats of every rhythm.

Stepping in and out of this environment with joy and
happiness that stays for hours on end, loving how it cap-
tures and captivates this entire mind with it's sounds.

Awesome and mystical, magically keeping attuned to whole-
some feelings of this moral life, never changing directions,
going in all of them at once.

Enjoying how intellect does it, savory and lasting, always
touching this mind satisfactorily with every note being
played incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measuring Memories

Fields of azure blue, touching humanity with their
effervescence of flowering intellect.

Touching the affectations of other-worldly avenues
of thought, soothing memories of the past and present.

All of them measuring what we've done in our lives,
both good and bad.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measuring Moments Of Life

Measuring life in moments of strife and suffering, folding under it's pressures,
searching for something more to encompass creativity for a spell.
Rigorously, intermittently, pausing for a rest, deciding along the way how to fulfill
life's purposes without leaving any ill-effects.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measuring My Life

Watching time slowly tick around my watch,
writing down the beginning and end of each
poem I write.
Measuring my life in rhythms of music and
time as I write poetically to musical
intellect, guiding me in everything in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measuring Out Our Time

Forgiving essential people in our lives at all moments is
a necessary prerequisite to being compassionate and kind.

Significant possibilities are always ready at the outset of
every beginning.

Finding lengths and times that life is most acquiescent,
falls between the almost perfect stances of a myriad amount
of rhythms.

Getting ready and living in the moment, we begin to find the
best in life as we fold and unfold ourselves between exact
designs of our lives.

Taking all outsets and placing them into pockets of our
loved ones, we will always be contented in our lives and
never be antagonized beyond what we can handle.

Understanding is tantamount to living an earthly life,
nothing matters except our love that is being processed
throughout our lives in loved ones.

Family and friends are always standing before us, waiting
for the realizations of intense passion and purposes of our
lives to be known.

Reality being taken first-hand into the beauty of our times,
holding onto our rhythms as we measure out our time in notes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measuring The Distance

Measuring the distance with faded eyesight, preparing the spinning span of time for it's rest.

Singing in days of old, grasping lightly their melodies, afraid of breaking their age old clasp.

Tightly holding onto memories lest they fade from minds, not realizing that when tightly held, present memories soon fade away.

Living in a fog made from the past, all days somehow lose their meaning.

Faces of family all around, becoming faces of youth, no longer hiding truths of age, everything becomes blinded to this day, today.

Running through corridors of yesterday, reliving childhood, all of life has suddenly stood still, as once again you become the child of your youth.

Grown now in body, aged in health, only your mind has the capacity for eternal youth.

Stepping over the brink of time eternal, moving on towards death as a little child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measuring Time

Measuring time in nanoseconds, because it goes so quickly out of hand.
Searching canyons, noticing their beauty as it coasts across my vision.
At times, leaving me breathless, unable to feel bad about anything.
The ending of each day is filled with colorful sunsets as they grasp my eyes with their scents of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Measuring Time In Rhythm

Tense, intently listening to rhythmical tempos coming
quickly into senses of my being.

Complacent and tantalizing, covering my being with a
beauty of living in this time and place.

Measuring time in steps of rhythm, following it's
wonderful and enticing images through music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Medhi

A general for the Shah in Iran, escaped and is now
just like any other person here in the United States.
Elderly, with a fantastic history, many memories held
quietly of the past - it's excitement and terror,
combined in one place.
Yet with sounds of music, pulling at his soul, he
rises from his seat and walks out to the dance floor
to join others having fun.
All of them enjoying what's left of their lives and
existence on earth.
Tempo of melodies touching his being, awakening the
beat of his heart as it flows from his feet in gentle
swaying rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Medical Decay

Stuck in a corner right now, the only exit being behind me,
and I have no desire to retreat that way again.
Instead, I will sit here and contemplate what I may find in
a solemn silence of medical decay.

Soundly listening to hear advice from knowledgeable sources
who can help me ponder this deliberate attack on my being,
by outside forces pushing their way into me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Medical Progress

Photographs set in frames of days gone by,
all pictures of hospital patients, nurses,
doctors.

Taking care of people, reminding us of how
far we've come through progress in medical
procedures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mediocre Life

Wishful thinking, always singing
about getting or being rich.
Wanting to live leisurely with no
worries to mar the years ahead.
Flying comments never adhere, and
life continues to be mediocre.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Medium Of Notes And Sounds

Sounds of banging, changing, people working in the back-
ground as music adds it's beats to the commotion, turning
it into a composition filled with interesting thoughts.

Artfully moving into a constant atmosphere of emotion
that never stops along the way, ever increasing, energy
building itself with a very vibrant intensity.

Touching in the medium of notes and sounds as men continue
working all about, creating the musical interludes to keep
on composing and writing poetry incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Medley Of Prose

Pondering a medley of thoughtful verse,
changing and altering it to fit the mood I'm in.
All of it done automatically, subconsciously, in
moments of contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Medley's Of Beautiful Pictures

Remembering pictures hanging in hallways of yesterday,
holding them all in gilded frames of strength.

Positive feelings emanating, giving testimony to the
essence that will always be endured throughout this
lifetime.

Walking slowly, looking at every one of the pictures
in turn, remembering and seeing images of everyone
who was there at the time each picture was taken and
placed on photographic screens in mind.

Never allowing any of them to disappear while alive,
using them to stay sane.

Medley's of beautiful pictures never leaving in times
of need, holding and anchoring in depths of a soul.

Visiting the memories, continually walking down
hallways, taking visions and planting them again
and again in mind.

Prolifically watching and writing them into
paragraphs of poems that will decorate every picture
in memories brightened with beauty and integrity.

Following through imagination's intellect and down
roads never trodden before this moment in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meeting

Life brings people in and out of our lives, yet somehow they should never really completely leave.
There will always be something to do for one another.
That's why God takes such special care in having us meet one another through His grace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meeting A Marine

Having just met another Marine, here at Buddy Stubbs,
a fine and upstanding young man having sacrificed four
years of his life to help protect us in the U.S.A.

Heart going out to this wonderful young man, named
Robert, who will always remain in my prayers as long
as he lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meeting And Combining Our Talents

Fanning out from our hearts, touching our beings and
desires fully with love.

Adjusting, meeting, allowing our minds to find ways
to bring happiness to us in the interim.

Meeting, combining our talents, a world finally being
amazed at beauty placed into it by grace.

Our spiritual beings totally united as one, reaching
into depths of one another to reveal the truth of God.

Tantalizing beauty being captured and inured in the
catacombs of our minds.

Ever and always touching senses of everyone as we write
truths of life into poetry.

A never-ending portrayal of how life is to be lived
with compassion, mercy, love and caring.

No room for racism, intolerance, prejudice or hatred,
loving, making humanity open it's eyes or be defeated.

In this dismal caricature of evil, tasting moral and
ethical purposes, turning the world on it's axis.

Forever providing us with a peaceful and serene world
at last and filling our hearts with love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meeting Bruce Jenner

Chance of a lifetime coming up,
meeting Bruce Jenner and getting
a picture taken with him.

An exciting time, awaiting this
event, now it's come to a head
and our pictures are on the
internet.

(1: 45 p.m. - 12/7/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meeting Buddy Stubbs

Buddy Stubbs tour was fascinating, educational and informative, teaching a lot about motorcycles.
Stories abounding about the good old days when he raced, did motorcycle stunts in movies, like Bronson and Bob Hope movies.
A non-assuming, quiet, gentleman, famous in his own time and manner.
It was a pleasure to have met him and gone on the tour.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meeting Destinies

Rambling throughout musical notes and beats,
assigning them to words of meaningful desires,
to be spent in quiet moments of lifetime events.

Whiling away many unsecured visions as they
circle and augment whatever happens to fall into
pathways of peaceful endeavors.

Socializing uneventfully, traipsing over uphill
slopes, eventually meeting other destiny's besides
my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meeting Entertainment

Sparkling times of entertainment with friends and family, enjoying acrimonious effects of being together.
Strolling over meadows and grassy knolls, meeting new people along each path, having a good time being together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meeting God In People

Wandering through life, meeting God is so many people
needing a quiet and listening ear to talk to.
Undecided futures, pasts left dying without any
interest in them, so many lonely people.
Not being able to afford the luxury of buying their
way into a psychiatrists office, stopping their
harried lives just to talk to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meeting In Depths

Thunder clapping incessantly within the storm
of my life, enjoying it's thunderous sounds,
feeling vibrations touching and energizing the
process of thought.

Calculating, evaluating, taking equations into
depths of a mathematical essence, ingenuity and
innate knowledge giving plenty of time, figuring
out the body of information now accumulating.

Sending and receiving properties of physics, tickling
everything with imagination, as ideas are forming,
shaping and being sent into interior dimensions
with an alluring speed and understanding.

Soothing quietly, everything that comes into my
mind with melodies and rhythms, focusing intently
on the effervescent moods of inner spirituality,
sanctioning impossibilities as they envelope my mind.

In the tempting process of imagination, intellect
and wisdom, meeting in depths of another universe,
finding only beauty that is everlasting because of
Divine energy constantly filling me within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meeting In The Midst Of Heartache

Meeting in the midst of heartache, taking us on trails
of emptiness, isolating and being alone, hearts aching
for love no longer here.

Talking, walking on a parallel course, sharing grief
and sorrow that fills our beings so totally that we
cannot see beyond our tears.

Time slowly forming a bond between us, somehow bringing
us together, hearts quietly melding as one, unbeknownst
to either of us.

Until suddenly, one day we look into each other's eyes,
recognizing the love of our hearts now shining into the
souls of one another.

Embracing, holding, hugging, now becoming one heart again,
still talking, sharing our grief, but now having each
other.

Finding happiness once more through a new love of beautiful
possibilities, taking us down a new road, holding hands,
together now for the rest of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meeting Interesting People

Conversing with seniors we've never met before today.
Totally interesting people, one woman who was a
teenager when Stalin was in power and she and her
family were thrown into concentration camps and her
mother beaten.
They were starved, tortured, not able to take showers
after working and toiling all day long.
Ending up with lice and itching like crazy.
Being adopted by a soldier's family just to get out of
the concentration camp to safety.
Later another soldier helped her Mom escape and re-
united them.
On the run together, they finally escaped and made it
to America.
Such an interesting woman, married to a college English
professor.
What a wonderful world of people from every nationality
and corner of the world, brought together here at
Paradise Valley Community Center.
How amazingly our world has become in this tiny little
space in time.
An absolutely amazing woman with a positive attitude,
even after all she's been through in her life.
No longer in Arizona, I pray that her life is filled
with blessings, always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meeting Life Again

Being ready to meet life head on again,
very soon I hope.
Wanting to get back to the computer,
entering poetry contests and hopefully
winning them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meeting Needs

Filled with Italian spirit, settled deep within, there
appears to be a gentle, caring person.

Afraid on several different levels of becoming real,
walled protection is erected in place of opaque shields.

Looking cautiously because of career and work, missing
many opportunities to make friends, helping and developing
innate talents.

Spreading gifts very thinly, afraid of rejection on
personal levels, a sense of well-being is hidden still.

Running, one step at a time, pausing, alternating between
reality and dreams, perfectly forgiving everyone else,
forgetting self.

Talking, helping others, forgetting that needs must be
met also for herself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meeting Of Minds

Crossing roads and thruways in my mind, finding elaborate trails into denizens of mountainous caves, creating hidden pockets of an essence not able to be held onto or limited in any way on earth.
Standing galaxy's apart, all of existent knowledge gathers for a meeting of great minds.
Deciding it's destiny and fate for tomorrow's generations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meeting Polish Citizens

Meeting with a panel of Polish citizens, listening to them explain
their country's politics, freedom, or lack thereof.

Fascinating young people, very astute and knowledgeable in their
own areas of expertise.

Exultant speakers each and every one of them, enjoying their
presentations, excited to meet on common poetical ground.

Telling them where to find these poems and investigate our
freedom here in the U.S. through poetry.

Letting them know that freedom of speech is priceless, we
are not afraid to speak our minds at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meeting Self

Crawling around the clouds, looking for something to do,
searching for answers, but not following through.

Nothing is the way it seems on the surface, inside just
biding time.

Knowing what is going on, wading through it a little at
a time, all will be revealed when at last I meeting self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meeting Spirits

Meeting spirits, my nurse and I walking and talking around the pod, visiting one another's lives in moments of quiet conversation.
Finding similarities and differences through our separate years, meeting on a spiritual plain, inspiring each of us on our journeys through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melancholy Memories

A loneliness has set in quietly, carefully sitting among my thoughts, making it's presence known.

Living on edges of life, falling between rainbows of loss as darkness enfolds my mind again.

Waves of forgetfulness fall away, leaving me with memories of yesterday's melancholy melodies held at bay.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melancholy Mind

Melancholy states of mind register readily for unknown reasons, not really knowing how to cry, tears lie forgotten, scattered in doorways, gone forever.

Forgiveness does not enter here, forbidden from straying down corridors of past history, for once life has found and opened this hidden door, sorrow flows heavily through without any warning.

Flooding a vulnerable mind with the pain of sadness, a spark ignites, exploding ordinary patterns and short circuiting reason and wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melancholy Notes

Sojournly thinking, listening to classical violins playing my heartstrings to the tune of sorrowful remembrances.
Touching the hurt of a lifetime with their melancholy notes of bereavement, ebbing and flowing through tumultuous oceans of ever profound tears, salted with the loneliness of years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melding Minds

Heart dancing in time with yours, we two making perfect melodies together through this heavenly night, our minds melding through the essence of our passion as we make love.

Becoming one time and again, such harmonic rhythms being placed into poetry of our hearts and souls, a total unison in the center of our beings.

Nothing like this could ever be replicated or duplicated for it comes from within the two of us only, our beings always loving and coming together.

Meeting in the passion of our interior essence, a beautiful place to be, always wanting more, we two of one accord, dancing in our love every moment, holding one another tightly and closely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melee Of Living

Cooperating in the melee of living, we all run around, hoping to stay out of it's conclusion as we live in different aspects of it's domain.

Keeping always to the interior canyon walls, we find ourselves believing in the righteousness of living holy and perfect lives, yet being human we cannot keep ourselves on the straight and narrow all the time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodic Aromas

Nature swells with pride, filling atmospheres with lively fascination, attributing selectable tones to perfect pitch inside.
Cautioning interior motives, having them secreted in caches of my mind.
Waiting impatiently for a thought to be spread around, fitting it progressively to energy's of impact, surrounding it's detectable melody with aromas of rose gardens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodic Illusions

Single file, walking into melodies of yesterday's thoughts,
feeling their intensity burn into neurons on their way to
memory.

Figuring formulas amid many partitions of the brain.

Solitarily giving in to imagination's whims, and flying on
kite tails of illusion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodic Intrigue

Twisting, bending, contouring bodies to dancing
melodies, swinging in the atmosphere.
Figure-eighting down and across the floor,
keeping in time with musical scores all hours of
day and night.
Ever-increasing circles, widening accordingly,
bringing a special intrigue into existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodic Styles

Relaxing, feeling stress ebb away as I
write on lines from within my hiding space.

Tranquil, calm, using brain cells to cope
with everything outside my brain.

Listlessly, attention span being stretched
with every song being played on a casino
radio.

Tokens having been used up right away, now
just passing time quietly.

Loving to hear many old favorites, being
placated by their words in melodic styles,
adhering to my mind with clarity.

Touching upon imagination with feelings of
joyous anticipation.

Altogether, taking time to settle rhythms
upon my interior mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Byways

Irregular shapes slowly form, taking the lead as melodies
whisper into winds of fate.

Tatters of remnants flow throughout the atmosphere,
lighting knowledge along byways of wisdom.

Picturing misty vistas with accuracy and static energy as
life revolves itself from beginnings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Charging

Charging into melodies of upright stances,
belonging to them heart and soul without
doubts or fears.

Singing loudly, silently within, combining
an energy of life with imagination.

Living dreams others can't even imagine,
yet I am in the midst of every one as my
mind allows freedom and liberty to roam
about whenever I want.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Lyrics

Delicately tracing notes I hear,
interpreting their letters into
notes of music's melodies.

Traversing interior rhythms,
occurring constantly with intensity.

Unable to stop their continuous
measures within, writing melody's
lyrics into poetry forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Of Age

Life takes us by the hand as we stroll towards our ends,
always expecting it to turn out differently in our minds
than it does.
Holding lives together, love is held like a keepsake
through time, unfurling it's circle in rings of fiery
closeness.
Sensing truth and explanations that never appear to
interfere in melodies of age.

(7: 43 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Of Childhood

Noting the effects of drum beats as they continually beat along with my heart, taking life down alleys and back streets, looking for paths to heavenly enlightenment.

Knowing that they are few and far between, yet continuing thoughts with a salve of some sort in the interim, finding beauty in rhythm's energy, while taking in every thought in sequence.

Nothing able to keep up with the steady beating of the drum, as it continually pounds out the essence of our lives into melodies being sung to us since childhood.

Eventually wandering away into distant lands of adversity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Of Christmas

Christmas melodies being played,
filling the atmosphere with
elation and joy.
Spreading the spirit of Jesus,
throughout the season.
(10: 30 a.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Of Clarinets

Melodies of clarinets striding through the atmosphere,
nothing to bind or tie them to measures of music, they
are playing from.

A tantalizing and beautifully soothing reign of abso-
lute poverty being examined through musical interludes,
special and ingenious formed in rhythms.

Wonder and awe filling this earthly life with the energy
of tomorrow's destiny, being fulfilled with purpose and
vitality in waterfalls of time.

Never falling short of nature, only nourishing and keeping
it alive for the life span of infinity's interior visions,
sensations falling quietly and easily within.

Movements of an extraordinary orchestral figment of the
imagination, concluding in depths of solace and it's
serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Of Delight

Riding exchanges of bass and C-clef notes, enjoying their ranges
when they are played in melodies of delight.

Focusing on musical scores while playing my clarinet, quiets my
soul immensely and brings it into synch with God's requests.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Of Honesty

Picking up tones of a lifetime, as I walk down
little trodden pathways, left to be overgrown
with remainders of life and it's dying breaths.

Leaving patterns of death everywhere I look,
choosing to touch some of them, yet they all
turn into dust the moment I reach for them.

At a distance, seeing their one-of-a-kind
beauty, explicit delicacies reaching for my
mind.

Wonderful replicas of what life used to be and
hold closely in hearts filled with lovely
absurdities in bouquets.

Solidly being observed throughout days of untold
truths, being carried forth in harmonies through
melodious melodies of honesty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Of Life

Rocking and rolling to the guitar as it strums my heart
and mind, rushing through patterns and designs of an-
other rhythm.

Splicing and touching strings of my heart, putting them
back where they belong so inner music can be played once
again.

Flashing and colorful lights cross the stage, shining
upon the band, gyrating and vibrating across all of our
faces as they play their instruments.

Playing to melodies of life in a country-western style,
always exercising and keeping track of moments as they
come and go, never losing a moment of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Of Love

Joy thrilling within as music plays gently across my mind, reminding me of dancing with you, desperately wanting to be close always.

Stepping in time to precious melodies of love that wrap their notes around us, beautiful surprises, whispering sweet nothings, eyes sparkling so brightly with the love we have for one another.

We two have it all when we're together, nothing can interfere with what we have, it's so precious, a love designed especially for us only in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Of Other Cultures

Revolving throughou6t rhythms in our world,
finding there are many different, spectac-
ular ones in melodies of other countries.

Aware, filled with the anticipation of learning
about everything musical, reaching towards beauty
of an interior harmony.

Being pleased when grasping hold of new tones and
sounds, catching our breath at each and every rest
in measures of musical notes.

Resting in the solemnity of soothing sounds, touching
our minds with the sanctity of another aspect of
heaven in the future of other cultures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Of Our Heart

Magic of last night keeps me bound in the spell of your love,
giving hope and strength, taking me into your arms, holding
and keeping me safe all through life as I do the same for you.

Melodies of our hearts completely in synch, playing to one
another constantly, no one between us ever, cherished and trea-
sured by our love.

Always here for one another no matter what, a total and un-
conditional love that has ever been between a man and a woman,
loving you only my dear, forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Of Our Souls

Music playing, mind rolling down tracks of life, train
whistle blowing in the wind as intellect continues to
drive forward into darkened corners of other dimensions.

Looking for beautiful landscapes that keep passing us
on our way, not stopping at all, waiting for another
sunny day.

Hoping we can keep rolling through thoughts and ideas of
this mind, watching as we continue to find a better way
to live this tempting passion closely with each other
tuning our hearts to melodies of our souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Of Poetry

Fluttering silently, affecting all neurons, gently teasing them, as I enjoy the titillating avenues of fantasy springing deliciously inside.

Lighting the world interiorly, with a fascinating repertoire of beautiful music, stirring whatever feels good, breaking endorphins throughout this being, feeling so good experiencing this altered stage and sense of mind.

Heavenly beauty hanging above, transforming life into melodies of poetry, always momentarily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Of Romance

Moments of love lost in melodies of romantic songs
written yesterday on pathways filled with roses and
their fragrance.

Beautiful scenes described in detail, etched in minds
of aging couples as they dance together, fitting
closely in life's existence.

Love, dancing from their souls, shining from their
eyes, as they lovingly gaze into each other's beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Of Sanity

Standing alone, thinking around boundaries, knowing I will extend them to fit my expectations and promise.

Living in circumstances beyond control, I move cautiously until I enter an inner domain where I let my entire being reach for the stars beyond our universe.

Traversing imaginational skyways, going beyond in dimensions of beauty and fulfillment of nature.

Measures counted and treasured in melodies of sanity, kept together by poetical initiative and a streak of Sicilian stubbornness always held inside to keep me moving or going.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Of Sorrow Being Played

Listening to melodies being played by sorrow,
plucking heartstrings of sadness, tears fall-
ing like notes through many rhythms.

One by one dropping from eyes of blue, moisten-
ing cheeks, glistening in the sunlight like
gems from above.

All in all, living in spite of it, finding a
way through turbulence and turmoil of this
earthly and temporary life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Of The Future

An interior piano rumbling through intellect, configuring the wonder and curiosity of life into many mathematical equations that add up to the sanctity and sacredness of life itself.

Playing melodies of future generations, a lasting tribute to all of mankind left to their own devices throughout the years and into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Of The Past

Listening to rhythms intensely roaming throughout this creative mind, playing melodies of the past, creating a lifetime of intense fun, laughter and peace within.

An interior spiritual life free to reign and become the wonder of this lifetime of creativeness throughout the years, solemnly slipping against rhythms in and through an interior bluened light of the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Of Time

Listening to melodies of time, nostalgic and at times saddened
from the past through loss and grief, yet somehow, they soothe
precious feelings of love holding onto me.

Touching gently, images of Mom, Dad, Grandparents, Aunts and
Uncles, cousins and siblings, a blue darkened sky rains down
upon me and tears fall, easing the pain a bit.

Giving a chance to achieve the love once given when younger,
a taste of God's love for this little one in dire need of a
love to fulfill the purpose of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Penetrating Souls

Ritually dancing to music, focusing on it's intense
and immediate rhythms, always following them through
formulations of mathematics.

Giving deliberate facts of honest and genuine feelings
brought about by melodies that are penetrating their
souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Spreading Throughout Life

Silently being touched by moonbeams of love as we stroll
through midnight along sandy shores of an inner ocean,
looking for the precious wonder of what love has become.

Such a vibrant and energetic feeling comes from within
an unconditional love, melodies spreading themselves in
our lives, touching the very within of heart and soul.

A preciousness of spirit and innocence combining love,
sometimes like a child wanting a mother to love and care
for them.

Other times being the man always hoped and prayed for,
in your arms, tenderly loving, becoming one, desires
and passion climbing higher through every moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Sung By Angels

Strengthening ties in heaven, allowing this mind to
flow into and beyond this life on earth, preferring
instead, to travel into heavenly dimensions.

Peace and tranquility held closely within, melodies
being sung by angels, keeping me company in every-
thing I'm going through on earth.

Tears silently falling, realizing how closely angels
are watching over me, thanking God for thinking of
me and having them keep me safe from harm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Swinging Like Vines

Focusing on sounds of instruments playing, guitar strumming gently through the night, taking me into a picturesque land-scape that beats within my heart.

Going along with rhythms, melodies swinging like vines in my mind, following measures of notes in and out of time, living syncophantly through each and everyone of them.

Sashaying down avenues of each tempo as it keeps time with the beating of my heart in every song being played by a wonderful musician tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodies Vying

Melting into my soul, melodies vie for the chance to meet me at my innermost best.
Filling all spaces with an energy full of my essence as I traipse down lanes hidden from others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melodious Splendor

Intellect configuring all rhythms while listening to their
tantalizing and savory colors, always attuning my mind with
the reality of feelings and emotions.

Taking sensations and placing them into the music, wonder tantamountly filling
intellect with a melodious splendor
as life continues living in rhythms.

Daily going into levels never before seen in many other
dimensions, lifting spirits, giving energy, a wonderful
feeling of euphoria taking up every fiber and particle
within, solace soothing interiorly while serenity fills
me completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melody Of Another World

Waking in a sleepless dream, wanting to be driven into avenues
of delicate artistry, never slipping away into cisterns of
darkness.
Completely engrossed in the melody of another world as it's
being created from clouds of another dimension and being brought
to the here and now without any effort whatsoever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melody Of Joy

Keeping up with a fast-paced polka being played by
Bobby Freeman and his wife Darlene.
A beautiful melody full of joy, energizing everyone
as they clap it's rhythm and tap their feet in
unison.
Steadily beating up and down chords, keeping time
within it's boundaries and having fun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melody's Scent

Reluctantly thinking of the pain rumbling through me, trying intently to focus on the melodies I'm listening to, so I can get away from the
pain for a while.
Working wonderfully for periods of time I sit back and let rhythms sooth me with their soft, gentle scents, wafting to my soul and mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melody's Strings

Playing melodic strings of a heart, churning
and stirring images and memories of a life
left behind on a desert plain.

Not taking any part in a long, lonely journey,
forking out on pathways of brevity and lofty
discourses.

Holding onto voices and ideas of yesteryear,
clutching them in pockets of despair while
fighting to live in an unfriendly atmosphere.

Beyond belief, all heaviness of a heart falls
upon hardened soil, soaking up it's life blood
in veins of soft relief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melody's Strings Of Music

Jamming to tunes on a karaoke machine,
singing from inner depths.

Letting words out into the atmosphere
for everyone to hear and respond to
with emotional ties.

Everyone tied to another with strings
of music, brought together by melodies
and their rhythms.

Taking part in generational gaps as
one in tune with the universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melody's Truth

Colorful rhythms gaining recognition as they vibrate into my mind, touching every sense with melody's truth.
Piling beats into everyday thoughts, gaining insight into depths of yesterday's memories.
Picking up ideas with every iota of wisdom integrated within synapses of my mindful imagination.
Taking care to portray every nuance seen or felt through emotional content and placed in vocabulary understood in simple prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melted Dignity

Annoying conversations being carried on while someone is singing
their karaoke song to people in the room.

Wanting to hear every note and tone of voice, matching it all to
yesterday's memories when everyone was respectful, quiet, filled
with a dignity that seems to have melted into thin air.

Hoping for rhythms to settle in and take back the respect due
when singing, for the sake of feeling good amidst all the turmoil
in the lonesome journey of life's tormented embodiment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melted In Love

Silently thinking of yesterday, wishing I could go back in time to relive those beautiful memories of our love when it first began.
A clear morning, sun shining brightly as a gentle rain fell from an Arizona sky.
A sight to behold, one that will never be forgotten as our hearts melted in love.
We became in life through our future marriage of many years together.
A wonderful pathway strewn with rose petals as we stepped through the years, holding hands and stealing kisses on the run.
We traveled our busy days, working together, side by side.
All the moments we've spent together will always be held in the albums of my heart for eternity, never to be repeated again on earth for you have gone beyond me on a solo voyage to heaven's horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melting Ice Cream

Reflections mirroring light from the top
of melting ice cream, sitting in a bowl,
pretending to be a sundae in the night.

Failing miserably in it's plight, yet
tasting good anyway, I place it gently
into my mouth.

Exquisite tasting, even though I shouldn't
be eating any bit of it's delectable
substance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melting My Love

Leaving me alone, despising and hating myself for falling
for your lies, inexperienced, innocent in the ways of men,
not knowing or believing that their love is untrue.

Melting my love entirely from my heart, like wax in a hot,
hot fire, nothing able to console me, as my heart continues
to break and shatter into millions of shards.

Wonder how you could take the purity of my love and fill it
with your deceit like this, what kind of uncompassionate and
uncaring beast are you?

Looking at you, seeing now, that you are the devil in disguise,
ruining my life while pretending to love and care for me, a
despicable excuse for a human being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melting My Mind

Battling between lines of coercion and rhyme,
making decisions to melt my mind - at least half-way in time.

Fortunate aspects of integrity split and produce clone-like
images, countering intuitive desires, settling in upon
interior sublimity.

Focusing intently on portions of divergence, accentuating
some parts and taking them to specific sections of proper
etiquette and respect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melting Pot

Sliding seriously along edges of an interior circum-
ference, letting nothing past details that are being
fathomed in sideways glances of yet another memory.

Watching from underneath a willow tree, seeing many
patterns that leaves made as they were blown around
in a morning breeze.

Sending an amount of ideas into the melting pot of
adherent thoughts, taking chances with the best in
life being at stake from the very beginning.

Looking hard and finding that careful insight will
serve well as it accepts the curiosity of advancing
moments in living a solitary chemical life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Melting Rhythms

Watching rhythms melt into my mind and soul, taking them gently into their tender care.
Loving feelings soothing me throughout, relaxing, enjoying the effects of melodies saturating me.
All of life escapes through these beautiful rhythms as I breathe in all of their wonderful aromas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Member Of American Kountry

Decidedly absent, a steel guitar player is missed today.
Recuperating from a heart attack and surgery performed.
Missing him, looking forward to seeing him next time
American Kountry performs.
Wishing him all the best and letting him know he's in
our hearts and prayers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mementos Of The Past

A little wooden stepladder held on to through the years,
filled with memories of a grandmother as she used it to
reach shelves beyond her grasp and sight.
Painted many times throughout the years, memories of it
being red once and also green.
Nothing can compare with the images glued within a mind's
eyes.
Preciously guarded, carefully kept - and beautiful -
ready to pass down the line of loving relatives -
perfectly poised in space and time.
Once it was a mother's and was utilized as a plant stand -
a wonderful idea!
Going quickly through the years, memories seem to stand
still as they are watched, silently growing before us in
beauty and priceless value.
Savoring the richness of all the memories by gazing upon
a memento of a loved one's past is poetical and beneficial.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memorial Moments

Crying stills my heart as I remember moments of
yesterday's sorrow.
Falling into pools of tears, emotion rides the
surface, collecting feelings felt so deeply
within.
Facing them squarely as reality continues it's
stark journey on pathways too sensitive to walk
upon daily.
Watching, searching horizons for a way out of
sensuous desires, causes relief of grief's hold
for a while.
Crying stilling my heart as I exhaust my mind
thinking of memorial moments in timeless ages.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories And Lonely Feelings

Emptiness filling an abandoned heart with memories
and lonely feelings, taking me down hallways echoing
with your spirit.

Tears spilling everywhere that you used to go with me,
not a word, only silence being uttered and feelings of
dread held within.

Knowing that you will never be back again, I wander the
corridors of our past together, remembering good times
we spent, feeling their bittersweet joy and sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories And Reminders

Life at Channel Three News has vanished into clouds above, no longer looking to Scott or Jim to cover a fast-breaking news story.
Individuals walking around the news room, see reminders of their two best friends and all their love and joy in photos or gifts surrounding them.
Memories placed just so before they left this earth for good.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Awakening

10: 18 a.m.
Memories awakening, sometimes sprouting new ideas and concepts with dream-like rhythms.

Stepping into and out of fantasies, this imagination rising like the sun in a morning sky, fresh and new, having been refreshed by sleep.

Watching as the sprouts begin growing at an exceptional rate, soon having grown into a garden of beautiful new thoughts blossoming in intellect and knowledge.

Giving this interior universe even more to work with through poetry, writing in my sleep, thoughts righting themselves as I awaken and immediately start writing the poems of my interior dreams on paper.10: 19 a.m. 5/23/15 RoseAnn V. Shawiak

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Collected Through Time

Putting together puzzle pieces one by one like we
gather our memories throughout life.

Differing because the puzzle when put all together
will give us an exact picture of what's meant to be.

Being human, memories are collected through time,
fitting together in life, no reason or logic to it.

Not until our deaths do the pictures become complete,
we never get to see the final picture however.

Because we have already escaped this life through
death's embrace.

Leaving only blurred pictures of who we really were
to those who are left behind.

Others are still in the process of gathering their
memories in gardens of their minds.

Taking them on a journey like we have done, in the end,
having the same outcome everyone else has had.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Curl

Memories curl around the edges with age, yellowing themselves with the passing years, incontinently filling them with tears.

Guilt-ridden, down lanes of timeless, forgotten images, protruding lances cutting the mind, while solemnly pushing beneath the crib of innocence.

Life-sustaining myths perpetrated from fantasies, standing always unforgiven, touching life with stolen kisses, sealed tight in dresses of past love, hurting quietly beneath it all inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Discarded By Mistake

Soothing melodies caressing me in the tranquility of my soul,
where I abide in loneliness.

Looking away from life and all of it's empty promises, not
listening to incessant voices, trying to get me back into
their lairs.

Instead, quietly traversing into blank verses of childhood,
hoping to escape within memories long since discarded by
mistake.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Embers

Wooden caverns filled with material
of fires, waiting to be burned in
darkened spaces with embers of
memories ever glowing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Falling

7: 07 p.m.
Yesterday's memories falling out all over themselves,
wanting to be seen first.
Allowing the images to line up and unite, giving in
to each other so they'll all get a chance to be seen
and written in poems.
Maybe becoming famous in literature of the future.
7: 08 p.m. 11/7/13

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Felt In Our Hearts

Everywhere we've gone here in India we've created memories
of a lifetime, never to be erased as long as we are alive
and breathing.

Leaving you and India, placing all these memories in your
mind and the pictures we've taken along the way, hoping
you will look back upon them when I'm gone.

Remembering all the good and wonderful times we had together,
wishing we could've had a lifetime filled with them, but
satisfied at last that we've had this time together.

Moments will always be felt in our hearts and minds as we
remember these good times through the years of being far
from one another and separated by the miles between us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Flood My Eyes

Memories pounding against my mind incessantly,
giving me no reprieve from the past.

There you were always with me, I never was lost
back then, your love enveloped me totally.

Today it is a different story, my heart has been
taken by death, there is nothing left but a huge
hole and void where it once used to be.

An entire lifetime with your love now gone, dis-
appeared, now on another horizon without me, here
I stand, looking out across the crashing waves alone.

Hoping to see you walking towards me once again,
dreaming of us together, here on the beach, holding
hands, sitting in the water.

At times making love within the crashing waves, ex-
hilarating our love making deeply and entirely,
memories like that are never to be extinguished.

Yet, now their memories flood my eyes with the tears
of your love and I miss you more than the life I used
to know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Into Poetry

Finding my way into imagination and it's forests where
I feel at home and comfortable, nothing to interfere
with what I have to do each day.

Writing poetry, listening to rhythms serves intellect
by taking my mind into inner landscapes, going further
each time into a sensory perception.

Totally filled with feelings and emotions, taking all
memories into the poetry that's being written and put
out to the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Keep Me Bereft

Stranded alone in sadness, finding no recompense or silence of memories as they continue to keep me bereft, drowning in oceans of loneliness finding myself in daily.

Often looking through these crystal tears hoping to find a long lost love I had once before, wishing it had never left me stranded and alone on earth, heart falling apart and devastating me over and over again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Lying Wasted

Cries of sorrow being peeled from within souls who
have lost loved ones and are wandering earth, lost
and alone.

Funeral march playing in the background as our life
continues to live as if nothing has happened, people
shedding tears, yet still somehow living.

Walking through fires of love, touching and burning
our minds with all memories of the past years of our
lives together.

Now lying wasted in a muddled atmosphere, not feeling
or knowing which way to go anymore, sitting alone at
times looking through pictures of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Of Age

Christmas being held tightly, awaiting it's day with
delight and joy.
Filled with grace and spirit, all decorations glistening
with happiness on everyone's faces.
Children watching and walking past holiday beauty,
enthralled and awed by this beautiful treasure that can
never be held except in memories of age.
Traveling down pathways towards days of Santa, and baby
Jesus being placed in mangers the world over.
Hearts are held in hands of peaceful serenity for a
lifetime of interior moments of silence.

(10: 5 a.m. - 12/09/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Of Cold Winter Nights

Rhythms keep forming within my mind, giving tempos of
life an existence within intellect, enduring lines of
melodies are being played incessantly in undertones
of a deepening darkness.

When in the throes of another dimension, spheres are
revolving, taking me into the loneliness of a solitary
pilgrimage, filled with an emptiness.

That excludes all senses of love from within it's cir-
cumference, reality of times held together by memories
of cold winter nights, today being looked at in the
light when no one is around to see their significance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Of Gracious Hope

Tonight, settling back into regions of creative intellect,
a wondrous sight from within, continually opening this
mind with a contemplative and positive attitude.

Expertly letting go, watching as imagination takes me into
depths of self-realization, feeling invigorated by every
moment living in memories of gracious hope.

God always standing by, a major treasure of great porportions,
that I treasure always within my heart and soul, knowing that
God is always here with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Of Grandpas

Special requests honor people of the past,
painting pictures of images into memories
of children.
Favorite songs of grandfathers passed
down through the years, heard over and
over, blessing minds of children as they
grow older, remembering them when death
has taken away their times with grandpa.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Of Mom

No memories of Mom being old and wrinkled, she was taken at the age of 61, alive and young at heart, a wonderful woman, an incredible human being, unafraid to laugh or cry.

A being filled with the soul of delight, waltzing through poverty and heartache with a smile in her heart so as not to let her eight children know how much she really hurt inside.

Never complaining, quietly keeping everything to herself, hurting alone and lonely deep within the abyss of her little life.

Knowing her has been a privilege, having her for my Mother an honor, never lightly taken.

Indebted to her forever for bringing me into this world and universe to write through my soul about everything I've seen and experienced.

Now sixty-three, I hope my children, my sons, will someday feel the same way of me, their Mother.

A shining example for her seven daughters and son, Mom built a family amidst the poverty and decadence of an unwilling spouse and father failing to do his duty.

Strength of character, strong by faith, led by God to teach against all that was immoral and unethical to her children, giving us all to God, because she could not handle the job alone.

Forging a pathway where there was none, she raised us all as best she could and when she died, we know she went to her reward in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Of Old

Frolicking across many memories of old, hoping there'll be many more to look back upon one day when I can no longer see through life's windows.
Because death will be clouding my vision with integrated wisdom, completing my journey with a distant dream of fate, sailing away with my destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Of Tears

Moving slowly through the atmosphere, wandering in my mind.
Looking for themes coming together, easing into memories
of still, heart-rending tears.
Commonly attending to wounds, bleeding internally, hoping
to stop the flow of reddened crystals falling from my heart
steadily.
Unstoppable energy, flowing toward my mind, copying and
mirroring another, trying to reflect what she's doing back
to her, showing what signals and signs she's giving to others.
Taking it wrong, accusing me of all manner of rude and untrue
things - all of them hurtful to me.
Insufferably tending to my heart, hoping to put away the hurt and stepping away
from it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Of Things

Time slipping away so fast that I cannot catch hold
of any part of it.

Just watching it in the future while looking back,
seeing it in memories of things that I have done
and accomplished in life.

Satisfied and soothed with the ambivalence in life's
attitudes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Of Tradition

Relying on loved ones who have passed on to give us
memories of our traditions during the holidays.

Tears come to mind because of our loss, yet the love
and beauty continue to remain in our hearts and minds

Throughout our lives, passing them on to our Grand-
children through stories we tell them about days when
we were younger and growing up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Out Loud

Memories thought of out loud as sorrow wends it's
way through avenues of my mind.
Twinging tiny moments of past glory and happiness,
melting them onto my brain as I constantly think
about them.
Tears flow down, crystally shining, showing the
value of family who have gone to another horizon.
Sparkling on cheeks of mine, remembering the love
and happiness I felt back then - missing all of it
right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Pathways

Walking through pathways of memories, watching their videos from photographic interior screens always waiting to be accessed in intellect.

Feelings and emotions are ever vigilant, turning up their volume as I watch with bittersweet tears, the life I used to have when younger, it's innocence and purity standing out all through life, staying focused and balanced.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Transpiring

Silently watching with closed eyes those memories of
past times lying now upon lost horizons, forgotten
until times of remembering.
Forlorn, tattered, straying down aisles of shadows.
Thoughtfully knowing of their existence while
plodding forward into heavens beyond thought.
Stretching into beautiful spaces of nature as all of
being follows itself spiritually into realms of the
unknown, wanting answers and turns of conversation.
Lonely, wandering along pathways fragrantly filled
with roses and violets, touching senses of yesterday
without regret.
Silently watching with closed eyes, those memories of
past times, coming alive in minds of thought this
moment.
Willowing about in spaces of nature, growing like
trees and flowers, beauty abounding in sacred
closeness, no regrets of what has transpired tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Turning Pages

Standing at a window watching rain pouring down the pane, tears mixed within it's drops as memories turn the pages of life one at a time.

Every moment having been recorded instantaneously, a life of music, art and poetry keeping life vibrant and filled with an effervescent energy that brings life to fruition daily.

Moving in many directions at once, able to keep track of every one while writing to music constantly, living in moments and measures of rhythm.

Always finding joy and delight in sounds and tones flowing through notes being played, inspiring intellect incessantly all through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Unfold Their Hands

In the back of a mind, so many memories fill the
thinking span of time.

Saddened times no longer here, are still touching
strings inside a feeling heart.

Gently weeping through the years, of times remem-
bered in the past.

Softly, echoes call from heavenly causes held inside,
awaiting an inevitable touch of associated love attach-
ed to them.

Memories, so deep, so sad, gently unfolding their
hands, allowing the good and loving times to touch and
heal all the hurts and sorrow.

So we may again clasp the hands of memory in sweetened
prayer tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories Waking

Lonely and forlorn, walking down trails of yesterday,
mind touching upon nature and it's beauty as it soothes
sorrow building within me.

Memories waking with every step taken, as I settle back
in an interior spirituality, letting it overtake my being,
filling it with a perfect silence of serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memories With Friends

Hurriedly racing through another day, wanting to be united through memories with friends who have survived their lives also.

What a fantastic time is being had, laughter and fun, reminiscing and living again, feelings and emotions that hold great meaning for us now and in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memorizing Etudes

Rectangular shapes form in memorization of musical
etudes, allowing their energy to communicate with
inward ideals, continuing an education of learned
men.
Forward thinking individuals fall back upon past
memories in order to progress in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory Elapse Recollected

Having no recollection at times of things I've done
or people I've talked with annoys me sometimes.
Where was my mind I wonder, why didn't my brain tape
it into my neurons or synapses for future
recollection?
Memory is a fortunate tool, keeping us in touch with
those we love and people around us.
Yet, where does it disappear to at times?
Is it on vacation? What happens to cause a totally
blank picture screen in my mind?
Then later images pop back in, showing me what I
thought had escaped my thoughts and memories - all
intact - recollected once again after a lapse in
memory brought back to reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory For Life

Step lightly, softly, upon the tender young ground.
Talk gently, lovingly into the whispering atmosphere.
Feel peacefully, joyfully, right where you are at
this moment.

Nothing can take the place of a memory you choose to
be etched in your mind for life.
Politely being all you hold within, taking the risk
of letting others step curiously in.

Holding hands like children, trusting, step lightly,
softly, upon the tender young ground, especially when
it rains within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory History

Lively, unanticipated music, singing to my heart's mind
with verve and vigor.
Enlightening my morning, stepping up a mood of enjoyment,
and filling me with elation.
Soundly focusing life into a musical history of memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory Lane

Country-western music taking me down memory lane, back
when I used to go dancing all the time, never without
a partner, on the dance floor throughout the night.

Barely taking a moment to sit and drink my soda, living
the life of a musician and writing poetry, nothing to
take away from what I loved to do.

Going by myself if no one wanted to go with me, knowing
that I would always run into some friends and have a
great time anyway, it was all fine with me back then.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory Leaves

Raking memory leaves into colorful piles,
jumping into them and reliving each one gently in my mind.
Savoring each and every one, treasuring their essences,
keeping them safely tucked inside where only I can go.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory Observation

Sun shining on a tree's
symmetry of branches,
planting it in my memory
of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory Of Childhood

Music harmonically playing in my mind, reminding me
of childhood when my Mom would play her harmonica
for us.

Captive audience, listening intently and marveling
at how she was able to get such beautiful sounds
and melodies out of something so small it could be
held in her hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory Of Seaside Heights

Seaside Heights comes to mind, full of ocean and
boardwalk, crying to be seen again.
A formidable memory of fantastic sights, smells
and experiences.
Wading into the ocean, body surfing, being knocked
around by waves of wonderful delight.
Picking up seashells off the ocean's floor of sand,
listening to their salty roar when put by your ears.
Coming out of a refreshing time, walking to the
boardwalk for sausage, peppers and taffy, then rides
on the scrambler, octopus and merry-go-round.
Times of exuberant joy are everlasting in this heart
of mine, exploding poetry out of the memories never
lost inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory Of Sense

Sleeping in trends of fantastic dreams, touching my
sleepy mind, wanting to speak silently through
written words and literature.

Locating words and definitions of unsolicited meanings, traipsing through valleys
of undisclosed death, never
in a hurry to get through them, wanting to see
everything displayed in a memory of sense and beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory Of The Eagle

Eagles of midnight flow over me, soaring into the heights above.
Disappearing before I can hold them in my mind, a beautiful sight also eluding me.
Dreaming into the night, wondering if I'll ever hold that eagle or it's spirit before I finally expire.
Knowing that nothing else in life is important, except that memory of the eagle at midnight, an omen of tomorrow's riches in destiny's hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory Pockets

Watching scenery through blinders of my mind, as it
scurries down paths of reminiscent parades.
Curtains pulled back, allowing picture windows to
project nature into pockets of new memories, saved
for rainy days.
On prairies alone, thinking in my mind while
journeying throughout imagination's wiles.
Coasting down hills of white snow, pretending to be
home in New Jersey during winter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory Sparkles

Photos of family, how precious they are.
As we remember lives, sparkles of memory appear,
touching our heartstrings with tearful love.
Playing violin-like melodies of yesterday as we
watch our personal videos of a life now past.
Tearful joy spreads our emotions over us as we
laugh and remember the little things so full of life,
our treasures to care for when we have nothing else
to hold on to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory Time Capsules

Thinking through experiences and situations, writing about them so others may see what I'm feeling, creating many memories of life through time capsules of everything in life.

In our daily lives, pulling together every detail, making them tell stories of what we've done in this world exclusively, precious and dear, allowing us each to seek our paths towards our final days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory's Bouquets

Planting and sowing through my writing, touching people's hearts and souls with feelings usually kept hidden away.
After reading poetical verses, finding life-altering emotions, sliding around their minds, applying some to their daily routines, others helping to reminisce of much younger days.
Gathering memories into many bouquets, presenting them to interior screens of remembrance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory's Coattails

Catching coattails of memories, attaching them to images
safely held in mind to be foretold in years to come.
Sidestepping, swaying, touching designated possibilities
on the run.
Sauntering down lanes of brightened attitudes, believing
in tangible feelings cavorting about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory's Fragrance

Walking around in nighttime air, listening to sounds reaching my ears from around the neighborhood.
Creating new memories with the fragrance of heavenly gardens, allowing generous periods of decisive reasoning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory's Hallways

Recollecting times as I traipse through memory's hallways, watching as I walk further into the past.

Looking for thoughts I had as a child in regard to what was happening in my environment that helped me to become who I am today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory's Hands

Living in an honorable place, watching inner
pictures move and become a life history to
ponder while continuing to fulfill it as best
we can.

Watching for pitfalls and curves along the way,
avoiding some, yet hurtling head-long into others.
Waylaid by those dear to us, we hold our memory's
hands as we glide musically into the next world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory's Leaves

Walking along perfumed pathways, searching for perfect admissions to literature.

Following avenues into periods of elation, we gathered leaves of memories, drifting from branches on high.

Languid with yesterday's solemn answers on life and death, beginning with birth and ending with death's embrace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory's Library

Memories of life sitting still in
pictures upon a wall or bookshelf.
Looking out into your livingroom,
reminding your heart of the love
you hold within for loved ones
close to you always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory's Light

Memory is the interior light, helping to write
incessantly of whatever becomes creatively illuminated.
Wandering around, taking everything in stride, pride
and ego set aside so there's no interference in flow
of thoughts, charging interiorly.
Riding waves of energy and enlightenment into oceans
of delight, constantly swimming in beautiful auras of
thought, completing an amazing amount of puzzles
with an ample supply of solutions taken from outside
the box.
Reaching for the unusual and off the wall ideas never
being expressed by another.

(7: 57 a.m. - 1/27/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory's Moments

Serenity filling life like the beauty of an orchid,
sitting in front of us.

Dazzling beauty, standing upon it's sturdy stem,
gracing us with it's perfect presence.

Fathoming aromas encircling, giving an essence to
enrich intellect with peaceful songs, sung in church
when just a child.

So tender and graceful, savored now in memory's
moments of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory's Shadows

Pulling up from the deepest part of self, shadows of memories
vaguely appear, but only momentarily.

Trying to focus in seems to be impossible, memories float in
and out like gray ghosts, not wanting to be black or white or
color.

Trying to keep barriers up, protecting the fragile child
within from being hurt.

Being mature and grown-up, wanting to know and unlock the
steel drawers of yesterday and go through the shadows in them.

Needing to do this to get on with life and leave the past,
all searched through, met from beginning to end and lay it
all to rest.

Peaceful, never to bother me again with it's mysterious
shadows.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory's Shadows Of Yesterday

Soothing rhythms comforting interiorly with a complacent
melancholy that entices moods to come out into the open,
a wonderful and enticing reminder of our bittersweet life.

Holding desperately to it no matter what, when loved ones
die and leave us behind, being devastated and bereft, our
tears falling like petals we once placed upon their graves.

Kneeling, praying, not knowing for sure if they're hear-
ing us or not, doing it more for ourselves and family, as
we show our love to one another.

Everyone who has crossed our paths in this temporary life-
time fills us with shadows of their memories and meanings,
always standing before us when thinking of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory's Tears

Looking into future realms while poems of the past
continue to speak out, rendering tears of memories
into activity.

A lifetime written through poetry and hung in books
to dry, awaiting final moments of intense thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Memory's Tombs

Remnants of a peaceful world float around in memory's
tombs of yesterday.

To be recalled by a wish, desire or image in just a
matter of seconds.

Carefully calculating, trudging uphill, destiny always
out of reach.

Somehow never will be grasped or turned around,
because their time of life has run out long ago.

Now they remain on distant shores, hoping for someone
to remember them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Men Vying For First Place

Sitting here at Devonshire Senior Center watching a pool tournament my husband is playing in, nine men vying for first place.

All of them very good at billiards, at times someone will mess up or miscue and lose the game, sometimes winning overall.

Enjoying their fifteen minutes of fame, all smiles and laughter as they get their pictures taken, getting their awards and seeing themselves upon a plaque of winners.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Men! ! ! !

Men lament that they have no time to do things
needed being done.

Yet, they sit wasting time, watching T.V. for
hours at a time.

Not associating it with their apparent laziness
and lack of initiative.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mental Delivery

Tiptoeing through clouds of smoky haze, combining periodic images with abstraction and cognitive practices.
Conquering the world of emotion through poetical horizons, delivering fragrant roses of thought onto conveyor belts of mental delivery.
Altogether, invitingly mystical on shores of earthly
eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mental Fit

Skidding and sliding
into a mental picture.

Trying it on for size,
because if it doesn't
fit, poems can't be
exercised.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mentioning Possibilities

Rallying together many images now tired of waiting
for a turn in realms of natural silence.
Nature providing all landscapes to be read in
picturesque beauty.
Mentioning the possibilities in tantamount reality
set in pastimes of last moments before death steps
in and takes them away permanently.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mentor And Friend

Mind wandering aimlessly around the room, watching and observing everything that is going on.

Alighting on a gentleman, named Tom, having gotten to know him very well, enjoying his intellect and contented laid-back personality, loving to converse with him on many different subjects.

His mind prodding, poking, getting me to think about what it is that I am writing, at times wanting to dig my heels in yet not being able to, because he is continually pushing my limits beyond what I thought they could endure.

Somehow he knows that my boundaries can be stretched limitlessly in any direction and he entices my mind and intellect where he wants me to go.

Interested in everything he gives me to read and think about, asking me to write extensively on each subject to his content.

Personally being a mentor, never judging, yet pushing intellect to match his, with an expectant hope and promise of a smile, a light shining in his eyes when I have lived up to or surpassed his expectations every time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mentoring With Wisdom

Totality of energy, postulating on the serious
problems of community.

Knowledge needed to be taken out and shared with
others.

Mentoring with wisdom, anyone willing to become
a part of the entire solution.

Whatever the race or religion of those present,
unity brings the force of moral and ethical
rights to the forefront.

Religious freedom awaits the final answering call
to complete our lives by gently taking the hands
of neighbors and becoming one with all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Merciful Holdings

Rearranging patterns, climbing into canyons of tomorrow
to search the ledges for merciful holdings in the depths
of their souls.

Figuratively separating classical music and jazz, then
collating both into a radical new theme of intense
rhythm and difficult designs.

Forming interior phases as I write all of it out in
episodes of daily life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mercurial Silence

Forcefully ruminating about nothing in particular,
testing mercurial silence with prodding of particles
shot into the darkness of unthought thoughts.

Watching blasting fireworks squirt and shoot themselves
about an inner atmosphere, leaving honorable marks of
contention for others to figure out in years to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mere American Poet

Reaching out to people in India, so happy to have had
this chance to visit their awesome country, a complete
and total experience I've enjoyed immensely.

Cannot wait to go back again, anticipating so much when
returning, hoping to bring hope to the poor and a poet-
ical essence to it's people from this mere American
poet who loves India and it's people very much.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mere Poet's Library

Reading many books through the years, having over seven
thousand of my own stacked on many bookshelves lining
the walls throughout my house.

All of them interesting, thought-provoking and intense,
each on different subjects from mathematics to theology,
psychology, philosophy, literature, poetry and everything
in between with varied assortments of each type.

Looking to inventory, categorize and place them on a
spread sheet for now, when finished, wanting to find
someone who wants to buy them all as a collection from
this mere poet who has read them all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mere Poet's Passion

Surviving this life, not knowing exactly how, just knowing that my mind and writing poetry has a great deal to do with it.

Imagination and intellect giving a great amount of energy, surpassing any vitamin ever made for this purpose.

Staying awake for days without sleeping or eating, just writing constantly, one poem after another.

A scientific anomaly they have called me, all the while trying to figure out how I am able to do what I do on a constant and incessant basis.

All I know is that it is my passion, it gives me pleasure and enjoyment, that's all that matters to me, 'a mere poet'.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mere Poet's Soul

Tepid, yet arid, an interior garden is growing unheeded
through poetical landscapes being written as I go along
in life.

Watching everything, capturing the essence and details
of nature, people and an interior life, giving a purpose
and goal to the essence of an interior spirituality.

Growing and being nourished, touching and then reflect-
ing what is seen through mirrors of memories always with
me now.

Picturesque and filled with life, giving an energy from
the Divine to the heart and soul of this mere poet's
inner spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mere Poet's Thoughts

Listening to music as my mind continues thinking around
the clock, never stopping, not even when sleeping, this
mind constantly and incessantly letting poetry flow.

Upon awakening, writing down what my mind thought through
the night, satisfying an innate knowledge and intellect,
giving every opportunity to write about everything in life.

Nothing being taboo or out of bounds, people always looking
and searching for the truth, letting my mind and opinions
be known on various subjects, many people wanting to know
what this mere poet is thinking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mere Political Poet

Seriously thinking about younger days filled with
promise and hope, having done many things that were
dangerous and exciting, wishing I could still do
what I did then.

Also, thinking how very political I have always been,
and wondering why I didn't get into a public office
besides being a notary public here in Arizona.

What a progressive I would've been, new and creative
ideas would have added much to government, wondering
to myself if it is too late now.

Thinking, should I run for some office here in Phoenix,
Arizona, it would be interesting, a learning experience
that I would look forward to readily.

My Dad having worked for Barry Goldwater when he was
running for President back in the 60's, while I was
volunteering every week in his headquarters, loving it.

Having met and worked with Eisenhower's daughter, Julie,
enjoying every moment there and later visiting with Barry
and Peggy, having tea and many conversations with them.

Yes, all my life has been closely associated with politics,
I think I may have missed my calling by going into nursing
way back then.

Now being a mere poet, getting studied by scientists and
enjoying life and it's fascination being placed in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mere Precious Moments

Looking through reflections of life having written books and watching patterns that are filtered through music, composing classical music while writing each poem.

Loving to play instruments constantly, especially clarinet, piano, and violin, having a wonderful life full of excitement and wonder using innate gifts incessantly, enjoying doing so.

Getting such a kick out of living life totally, never letting hardships and sacrifices get to this spirit but for just mere moments, for life is too precious to waste on things you can do little or nothing about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mere Words

Racing within, rhythm chasing thoughts into recesses of
a mind, giving contemplation in mere words as they form
themselves into more poetry.

Sacrificing nothing, fulfilling the essence of being,
totally encompassing every particle.

Taking the beauty of life and attaching it to beginnings
of enticing joy as it touches an interior mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Merging In The Darkness

Reaching into foliage of my heart, feeling it's light now
touching infinitely with special graces from above, genuine
finalization of love has begun and ended within.

Because of you my dear succulent desires are being tempted
into passion that's growing, being nurtured by your love
my dear.

Sprinkling it throughout the years with tears of joy, laugh-
ter and sometimes grief, getting closer together through it
all.

Lying in your arms, becoming one as we make love, continuing
to be together as always my dearest love, my darling, my life
forever more on this earth.

Totally finding ourselves merging in the darkness of night
as we continue yielding to one another's hearts and emotions
of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meshing Thought

Listening to hearts beat, rhythmically transcending
reality and it's intensity.
Forever allowing thought to mesh with natural ability,
enticing imagination to forge itself into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mesquite Trees

Waving delicately like fine lace, branches of mesquite trees shyly wave and beckon me.
Tilting my head, watching them as I configure their personalities from where I sit.
Knowing their textures of thorny essence, feeling it even though sitting far from them.
Memories of once upon a time, touching their prickly fingertips was enough for a lifetime.
Now I'm contented with just watching them wave shyly to me from a distance I can deal with and admire them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mesquite Trees Standing Tall

Mesquite trees reaching out to this mind, green and thorny, laughing at my reluctance to come close and hug them.

Standing tall and proud in this Arizona sunshine, fulfilling God's glory in a spectacular way, looking into their depths.

Following their fragile limbs along edges of their personalities while they laugh mirthlessly at my timidity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Messages Flying

Solitarily flowing into the atmosphere, messages flying every-
where throughout the night, classy, totally capturing beauty
of this country-western atmosphere.

Lights, colored, now focused on the band, giving them rainbow
shadows as they continue to play, flashing back and forth with
rhythms dancing in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Messages For Everyone

Lightly stepping on synapses of my brain, bringing rhythms into step with writing.
Faster and faster, approaching poems with accelerating mastery towards endings of beautiful prose.
Each poem holding a message for every person who reads them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Messages Hidden

Racing down lines of a poetry journal, writing out my
heart and soul, loving to send it all out into the
universe.

Leaving messages hidden within for anyone who happens
to read them in the future, taking moments of life,
into measures of time again and again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Messages Intercepted

Silent wonder of where you are triggers the sadness
of your memory within me.

Strident and agonizing, our love has been taken from
both of us.

This final moment when your heartbeat stopped and
never started again.

An absolute and total agony enveloping my mind and
heart beneath grief in life.

Nothing feels the same, no more words of love passing
from your lips to mine as we used to kiss when together.

Messages of life and death cannot be intercepted, nor
can love.

Sincere and contributing factors once here, now reality
has taken it all.

Never more to be translucent here on earth, life going
on without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Messages Of Rhythm

Lifelong history's careen down paths newly made,
freshly flowered and created for imagination's
depths and caches.
Solitary voices ring out like bells in church
towers, sending messages of rhythm to all who
will listen.
Subconscious memories grow and flourish through
time, acknowledging images standing about.
Relating beats of measures to words of writing,
taking memorable journeys to far away lands in
a mind-amazing set of circumstances.
Finally alighting in pages of poetry books.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Messages Waiting

Messages being posted on facebook, waiting to be read,
they go undiscovered for some time, because I am busy
writing this heart and soul onto paper.

Touching upon many subjects in turn, wanting explicit
purposes to be contained and confirmed by this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Messy Office

Rugs wrinkled, lying on the floor, bamboo, painted pictures
hanging upon the wall.

Papers piled all over a wooden desk, a bookcase, stuffed
messily with everything, but books.

A couch and two chairs sit crowdily in the room, while a
filing cabinet stares out silently in the corner.

Within this little cubicle and big mess, sits a therapist,
a co-worker standing at the doorway just shaking her head.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Method Of Happiness

Methods of being happy are so easy to attain,
just listening to music speak to my soul and
touch my brain entirely and intensely with
vibrant tones and colorful hues of anticipation.

Awaiting the consequences, appearing quickly on
pages of prose that I am continually writing in
a peaceful serenity and blissful joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Methodical Deliberations

Reservations of indiscriminate methods continue down
roads of belonging, ushering in new deliberations for
tomorrow.
Watching steps of yesterday's memories walk in
circular motions, beginning again at each ending image
of refrain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Methodically Reaching Conclusions

Listening in depths of intellect, deciphering the truth
through coded rhythms and a healthy amount of fast-paced
tempos.

All taking me on a solo journey through this earthly life,
alone, but not lonely, enjoying this wonderful experience,
able to take my time.

Learning, finding conclusions in definite spheres of in-
tellect, joyous and fulfilling, always taking me into at-
mospheres and new environments in other dimensions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Methods

Gentle foreboding, omens tickling inner fears with their discovery.

Intimidating scores of educated learning, turning it about, evening scores of daily existence.

Tables of equivalent methods conquer frightening aspects of everyday strife.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Meticulous Thoughts

Filling every ripple of disdain with heart-warming
feelings, softly cradling a being with soulful
wisdom and gentle caring.

Sincerely voicing meticulous thoughts, crowding
across visions of tomorrow.

Unrequited beauty sliding into caverns, hiding
faces from without.

While tending to interior beacons focused on a
wholesome truth, based in reality's fate forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Metronomes Of Belonging

Hurting rhythms beating against my heart with images
that have gone beyond me.
Focusing on listening to inner raptures as they flow
interiorly like leaves on water, sliding past me in
memories of you.
Forever timing measures in metronomes of belonging
once long ago.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mid Mornings Nightly Dreams

Totally awakening, feeling energy of a morning evening's
sunlight shining broadcastingly across the sky.
Delving into wells for certain hopes and wishes to
happen and begin.
Circumstances shielding shadows, allowing them to
penetrate crosswise over interior terrain, accosted by
cacti and mid morning's nightly dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Middle Of A Desert Sandstorm

Prayers being prayed, life continuing onward as usual
daily.

Wanting changes to occur, doing my level best to make
them happen, nothing yet.

Disappearing into the confines of intellect, expanding
and living it's essence fully.

Always taking advantage of every opportunity to advance
knowledge.

Existing just to learn and entertain myself while doing
so, loving interior beauty.

Living creatively, artistically and poetically, in a
different world than most people on earth.

Feeling alone, abandoned, finding no one in life that
can understand me, until recently.

Left in the middle of a desert sandstorm, no direction
or guidance from without, deciphering everything myself.

Always trying to learn more about how this brain works
so I can use it more fully for the betterment of mankind.

Having no selfish reasons to keep any of it to myself,
once having learned it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Middle Of Memories

In an Arizona sun, sitting in a courtyard, writing alone,
loving peace descending upon me.

Quiet, intensely solemn, allowing the finding of interior
lights to illuminate pathways of imagination.

Thinking and participating in the middle of many memories,
being blinded by images as they crowd closely into mind.

An interesting array of beautiful, tantalizing subjects
basking in their essence, as I take wonder and curiosity
into inner realms of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Middle Of Midnight

Messages being sent through the night in neon lights.

Focusing their words into depths of evening, where
not everyone can clearly see them.

Lights sparkling and pointing the way towards future
codes, opening themselves to preservation of their
livelihood.

Purchasing life-giving essences with hurting memories
taking them oftentimes, into a future image where they
will prosper and grow into their own shining lights.

Feeding humanity with their all-encompassing knowledge
found in realms of a nighttime message, and proclaimed
on a billboard one cold and lonely evening.

In the middle of midnight from years past by, it was
not quite forgotten, as yet it's message is still being written about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Middle Of My Heart

Passing time, spending it with loved ones as I
travel through many excited moments of life.
Holding all the details in the middle of my
heart where they can be safe from the arrows
of hurt thrown by other people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Middle Of The Night

Trees bending over with the weight of the wind, crying softly
to all who are around to look up at the moon, clothed in
whitest night-satin clothes.

Tiny stars leading the way for all to follow, sparkling like
cobwebs up in the skies, capturing everyone's eyes and sending
them heavenward.

Loveliest of sights in the middle of the night causes peace-
filled love to stir inside.

Quietly bending, trying to hide this spectacular view from
sight, shadows fall and lightly cross darkened paths.

God silently blows the view to mind, even after I have left
and gone home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mid-Life

Stranded in mid-life, aware of impending old age
creeping upon me much too soon.
Trampling underfoot, memories collide, striving
to be heard among anger blaring alongside.
Wallowing every once in a while in the asphalt
of believing, taking on new experiences, allowing
growth to continue, as learning rears it's curious
head.
For the first time in this life, wanting to let go
of everything and run fast on my own.
Being held back by friendly caring, yet not wanting
to hurt any feelings, I resign myself to another's
care for the time being.
Gently, as rapidly as I can, continuing forward,
somewhat thankful for the helping hand.
Feeling the urge, keeping it under control,
enjoying the gradual feel of soon to be freedom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Midnight

8: 17 p.m.
Midnight has come upon me, darkness enveloping me in
it's nothingness.

Hope having disappeared with the sunlight, leaving
me abandoned in the middle of an ocean of tears.

Betrayed and feeling totally alone, no one to guide
me through the emptiness and abandonment.

Heart ripped in two, it's beating rhythm echoing
from a hallway of despair.

Walking, stepping off the edge of a life that I no
longer want. 8: 18 p.m. 5/27/15 RoseAnn V. Shawiak

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Midnight Breezes

Differences scattering themselves within, not caring who is what or if something's there.
Tattered remnants hanging from banner poles, recognizing facts of life now torn asunder.
Waking to a special reverie, wandering pathways lighted with fiery depths deep within souls.
Fragrantly teasing scents tossed upon gentle midnight breezes, spelling out new horizons veiled by hidden conspiracies and put on display to be seen on future days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Midnight Funeral

Midnight funeral, feelings of death touching me deeply
with sorrow, wanting to let go, following you onto
another horizon where your life exists now.

Flowers now dying on your grave, empty, void of people,
wind blowing, scattering leaves and scraps of paper,
some getting caught on headstones.

Reminders of life still being lived by many others,
here alone, feeling your loss so intensely, heart beat-
ing, feeling so heavy inside by being.

Broken pieces of our love stabbing my mind full of
memories, oozing slowly out, and into my heart, burn-
ing like salt being poured upon an open wound.

Eyes filling and being emptied of tears through long
moments of despair, hungry for your love once more,
knowing it will never be again on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Midnight Shadows

Knocking on inner doors throughout catacombs,
underground, leading into fashions of exuberant
mosaics.
Being partially hidden in darkness, covered by
the shadows of midnight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Midnight Show

Starlit night, ever darkening,
bringing solemn quiet forward.

Dancing gently, turning pivotally
as nighttime progresses, drawing
the curtains to end the midnight
show.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Midnight Talent

Wealth of old never lasts except in memories,
thinking backwards to the beginning.
Arresting interior voices, telling whispers
of midnight talent, hiding beneath coverlets
of latent sorrow.
Claiming souls beyond whatever happens to
appear in skyways of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Midnight Tides

A melodious stupor comes upon me in midnight tides
of effervescence.
Moonbeams straggle across the moon's reflection,
watching themselves as nighttime slides towards
morning skies.
Fish swim beneath beams, liking the colors it
provides in the dark.
Since eons of ages, ocean waters continue to move
with rhythmic time, allowing words to continuously
rhyme on sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Midnight Voices

Delivering messages in songs being sung from midnight voices,
being hidden in silence during daylight hours.

Concentrating interiorly as life beats at the doors of twilight,
begging entrance to another world.

Watching doors being opened and light shining brightly upon him, bringing him into tomorrow's essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Midst Of A Musical Storm

Stepping steadily into the energy of rhythms tonight,
enjoying placid feelings being generated through them
all.

Being enticed with the pace as it riles my feelings
and emotions inside my being, wondering at the success
whispering it's license for poetical fame and beauty.

Posting lyrics with the senses of reality, blending
abstractedly along trails hidden in deep dense forests
that only I can find within an interior universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Midst Of Grief

Woe is falling around like hail from a hailstorm,
hitting me squarely in the heart, not letting me
escape it's sorrowful grasp.

Giving in to it's demands, I flow downriver into
the midst of all grief, as it carries me away.

Folding into myself while holding onto life and
it's sadness, writing about it for everyone to
see how it grabs a hold of you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Midst Of Melody

Energy being fulfilled and created in soul's
of many.

All rhythms being interpreted in a language
of music where all of life has existed from
the beginning of time.

No one can deny the truth for it is all around
the universe, gyrating to an essence from above.

Following innate rhythms, all the world stands
in the midst of melody.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Midst Of Reality

Understanding and accepting what it is I understand,
brings about realizations of life.

Being in the midst of reality helps to find facts
that appear in intellect.

Taking steps to proceed with a purpose and idea of
what is expected of me throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Midst Of Rhythms

Watching you with a smile on my face and in my heart,
radiantly loving you, my darling, fully and admiring-
ly, secrets of my heart uniting with yours.

Making love tonight, such a precious amount of feel-
ings touching both of us explicitly in the midst of
our rhythms of life altogether.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mike

Mike, a retired newsman, sharing his life and memories
with a room full of elderly people.
Touching their lives with music of his mind, creating
miracles from whispers of heaven.
Singing gently to a guitar in the background, holding
us all up to words flowing from heaven above.
Filtering beauty of untold grace to those around him,
filling eyes with tears of yesterday, as memories are
being relived again this moment in time.

(10: 52 a.m. - 12/09/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Miles Of Unrehearsed Death

Living in the shadows, hoping to never be seen in this life again, looking through the misty curtains of death, wondering how life can ever overcome it's grasp.

Reflections stranded in corners of yesterday, touching refrains of sorrow, playing the guitar, strumming my heart so truthfully as I walked through many miles of unrehearsed death.

Hanging my head in depths of rock and roll, listening to the rhythms pulling me into the fantasy of another life, I lived so long ago.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mimicking Inner Thoughts

Reality lives on edges of inner circumferences,
watching everything that comes into view.

Similar ideas fall in line with the mind, trigg-
erring intellect as I stare into the future.

Waiting for all the impossibilities that are
being manifested within, knowing that life will
mimic inner thoughts.

Placing them into imagination, letting them
reflect fantasy, people not forgetting what is
being written for years into the future.

Pages of poetry will be kept in literature books
for many generations to come, satisfied with the
energy that will never die.

As long as it is being read by people all over the
entire world it will remain alive, vibrant. and
relevant.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mimicking Memories

Marching into rows of melodies that mimic memories already etched within this poet's mind, written indelibly on inner photographic screens.

Holding everything ever seen, heard or felt, kept in sacred depths of my being, letting senses open, blossom, taking in all of life and nature.

Giving a sense of oneness that penetrates my soul effervescently and totally, combining, blending, exercising freedom of rhythms as they cooperate, falling into lines of poetry.

Withstanding all that happens in this earthly life, stretching across turmoil, sacrifice, suffering and loneliness as it empties my being, filling it with an abandonment that can never be retracted while still alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind - Awakening Moments

Memories dangling like earrings from my mind, always present and beautiful, thoughtful, viable and constant, a treasure trove of ideas, concepts and data to go through when writing.

Traversing imagination on avenues of daydreams, finding that life coincides with other dimensions, watching breathlessly as their depths open up to mind-awakening moments and placed in prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind - Blossoming Love

Looking at you my dear, heart full of love for you only,
mind-blossoming poetically whenever you're near to me.

A wonderful expression of tenderness being spread through-
out this heart, soul and mind.

Catapulting love into heaven, giving us the wonder and
awe of being together on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind - Strumming

Mind-strumming across strings of a harp, tantalizing a poetical mind beyond reality and imagination, subconsciously realizing aspects of life that aren't as yet recognized consciously.

Delving deeply into them, being amazed and fascinated time after time, mind locating through intellect, an immense wisdom being stored within interior dimensions of inner universes.

Loving to explore and discover everything that's hidden subconsciously, figuring out tremendous formulas and equations that are consistent with coded rhythms in music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Abysses

Wings of prayer form circles around me, casting shadows
of angels upon my surrounding environment.

Likely aptitudes filtering forms of exact pitch into my
mind's abysses, raking talent into piles of leaves to
be scattered and blown into poetry in times of intellect
and creative stances.

Wriggling through moments of time, cavorting with melodies
of olden days, when we were all younger.

Now our minds play in images of curiosity and wonder on
lonely days at home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Accepting All Ideas

Bouncing ideas leaving me breathless, filled with an energy that doesn't seem to quit, always ready, never having to wait for a moment even.

Testing inner strength with curiosity's questioning, intensely believing in finding answers and solutions found in depths of another dimension.

One that will help solve problems of humanity, taking care to not overlook anything possible or otherwise, an open mind accepting any and all ideas.

Thoughts and suggestions also filling intellect with every kind of solution to delve into and take them further into the future, answering every question.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Acid

Swaggering into an environment, tasting it's fragrance
of bittersweet emotion.
Sourly detesting each drop of acid as it falls from a
mind of recrimination and reproach.

(10: 25 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Aisles

Wandering aimlessly through aisles of my mind,
locating rhythms I prefer to write with and
easing my soul into depths of contemplation.
Building an interior space of ingenuity and
peace for a lifetime.
Noting incandescent lightening shining within,
illuminating learning techniques used through-
out life to satisfy curiosity whenever it
appears.
Finding ways to explore avenues of imagination,
bringing discoveries to light, so I may write
about them and ease my mind of their plight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Albums

11: 29 a.m.
Writing into depths of this being, taking many
memories and images into the albums of a mind.

Following pathways along empty stretches of
life, looking for hopeful endeavors to
accomplish. 11: 29 a.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Always Open

Moving into other dimensions, taking on elements of things
not even seen before, now finding beauty coming to light,
enlightening me steadily through the years.

Always having my mind open, ready to take everything onto
a photographic screen, keeping memories forever within,
totally inviting whatever appears in innate intellect.

Enjoying it's ability to keep me energized and motivated
throughout this earthly life, loving to see the designs
and patterns being elicited constantly through colors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind And Soul's Benefit

Chasing dreams through poetry, displaying them on pages
where they can be seen and experienced fully.

Gathering, collecting and compiling them all into albums
of this particular moment.

This little life of a mere poet, enjoying doing what I
am doing, writing one poem after another at Buddy Stubbs.

Not caring about what others think, because what they
think of me is none of my business.

Self-confident, and assured, not needing anyone's assurance,
just being myself for the benefit of my soul and mind alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Auras

Sounds of notes and tones playfully touch my mind with
auras of color and words to match.
Rainbows of literature at the nib of my pen whenever
music joins in the melee and rendezvous' with artistic
style - forming lines of strength to give me an attitude
of stubbornness to carry on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Awakening

Realizing things in life happen for reasons unknown to anyone,
yet I seek answers constantly, wanting to know what will happen
next or one day.

Somehow I'm never satisfied with waiting, biding my time, using
intellect to push me forward into future imaginational visions
so I can keep on moving into unknown terrain.

Hoping to find realistic precision to base thoughts on,
awakening my mind to different discoveries, inventing new ideas
and ways to think about ordinary things.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Awakening Cause

Soothingly soft against my brow, caressing an intense mind-awakening cause interiorly.

Walking on skyways and paths among high white clouds, keeping quietly to self, enjoying peaceful solitude.

Thoughts, ideas, images, furling and unfurling, enjoying them-selves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Beat

Being reinvigorated through yesterday's memories
of musical interludes, drums beating incessantly,
giving my mind a beat to roam throughout my body.

Totally enthusiastic and vibrant, enlivening my
mind with solid rhythms, taking me through the
day and every one of it's moments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Bending Enthusiasm

Jitterbugging to music, flying and soaring with it's
rhythms, noticing the agility and grace of the past
coming to mind.

Appreciating and loving it for the beautiful melodies
it continually produces in life, nothing disrupting
the smooth and even flow of heart beats.

Dancing together with harmonies being played and
danced to right now in my mind.

A beautiful sensation of mind-bending enthusiasm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Blinks

Lonely echoes follow me across heated deserts,
wetting my brow as I contend with anxious moments,
creating dreaded fear.
Wallowing in mires of past ages keeps me from
attaining great scores of music as I play again,
quietly in mind blinks, showing small aspects of
my soul to those who happen to be looking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Blossoming Musically

Mind blossoming in musical rhythms, taking intellect soaring
into atmospheres of beauty, landscapes, picturesque and lovely,
tantalizing this mind into realms of imagination and poetry.

Dwelling in a bluened light, being filled entirely with serenity,
one with the Divine in a sphere all alone, feeling safe and pro-
tected, knowing that God has my being within his arms.

Promises he's made to us all are still being fulfilled here on
earth, loving how He takes care of us, no one else has ever done
this before or since.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Blowing Adaptability

Solely living a poetical life through an innate intellectual
wisdom and knowledge, finding images and landscapes beauti-
fully portrayed in innate imagery.

Standing out vividly in my mind, capturing the wonder and
awe of nature and our world explicitly, sharing and spread-
ing it with the world poetically.

A lasting and amazing facet of this mere poet's mind, an
exceptional feeling of accomplishment filling me at times,
for the most part just pleasantly enjoying writing it.

Mind and imagination cooperating wholly through intellect
and reality, focusing on interior contemplation the entire
time as I continue to write from within a bluened light.

Divine dwelling and filling intellect with wisdom and know-
ledge, beautiful images being scattered about, mind blowing
adaptability taking me through it all.

Enabling this poet to wade through waterfalls, rivers and
oceans onto pages of poetry journals all written into prose
and shared with the world on a poetical journey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Blowing Adaptability Growing

Solely living a poetical life through an innate intellectual
wisdom and knowledge, finding images and landscapes beauti-
fully portrayed in innate imagery.

Standing out vividly in my mind, capturing the wonder and
awe of nature and our world explicitly, sharing and spread-
ing it with the world poetically.

A lasting and amazing facet of this mere poet's mind, an
exceptional feeling of accomplishment filling me at times,
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Enabling this poet to wade through waterfalls, rivers and
oceans onto pages of poetry journals all written into prose
and shared with the world on a poetical journey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Books

Delving deeply into subconscious dreams, taking whatever
I find and placing it in books of my mind.
Noticing quiet sorrow always standing idly by, taking
part in every facet of thought as tears glisten down
into a myriad of pools, full of forgotten or forlorn
landscapes of the past.
Watching them being formed from beyond heart's
knowledge, life acknowledging their presence through
emotion and moist eyes, thinking sadly of their very
beginnings.
Taking steps down avenues of grace and beauty, awaiting
future reunions of the past in all their wondrous glory
and happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Buds

Knocking on wooden doors of the past, wanting to elicit wondrous memories, tantalizing good times out into the open.

Wantonly passing through aisles of left over facets of unlived life, throwing arms, raising eyebrows, falling into the very existence of poetical forms and words.

Creatively dousing poems with flames of desire, burning to be known.

Adjusting existent walkways, veering off onto lanes and making highways of imagination's choice.

Titillating various mind buds with exquisite, savory flavors, tasting of the very essence of life's boudoir.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Calluses

Soothing calluses of my mind with balms of writing through music.
Tell-tale signs of repetition circling endings of life, bringing them back around for the second time to be remembered and held close for a while.
Bringing tears to mind afterwards, flowing downstream and into vaults of steel.
Encased, treasured, protected for an eternity of absolution, awaiting forgiveness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Calming Ideas

Conquests of life fill moments in time with their difficulties,
strategies and insistence on doing their best to dissuade us
from living peaceful lives, free of worry and stress.
Becoming adept at introducing mind-calming ideas into
psychological realms of adventures good for the soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Catching

Staring out a glass door at Fort McDowell,
people sitting around me playing Bingo.
Mountains surge before my vision, showing
their regal majesty from God above.
Desert beauty, arid in my mind, catching
on cacti needles, poking and prodding
ingenious thoughts to lie upon a screen,
awaiting their universal purpose in a rhyme
of sorts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Catching Rhythms

Catching rhythms, taking them to heights in other dimensions
unknown from beneath horizon's deserts, solidly reneging
peaceful interment on far sides of yesterday's notices.

Bringing an array of beguiling inspiration to the forefront
of memory banks, instilling precision and affability into
every nuance of integrity and commitment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Chambers

Sounds echoing throughout chambers of my mind, interiorly touching the very core of my being.
They're bringing me into alignment with stars scattered throughout the universe.
Bringing hard feelings to pull me down into labyrinths of darkness.
Sololy choosing to be alone in the mystery of life's sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Climbing

Mind climbing steep mountain precipices with it's
eyes, scaling walls and cliffs with ease, never
having to leave the comfort of my seat.
Crevices, holes, jutting rocks all coming to lie
in my mind and write themselves out for all to
see.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Clouds

Clouds forming across my mind -
some black as coal, others as white as snow.
What brings them into this state of mind today -
where can they fit in?
Will they eventually write themselves into a poem?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Corners

Standing on corners of my mind, watching images walk by,
caressing their meanings and knowledge with my mind.
Wondering where they might fit in and what they will
eventually say and become.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Daring To Travel

Listening to notes climb up and down, going faster and faster, making my fingers fly, playing the piano in my mind while writing rapidly with my right hand.

Rhythms filling me with pleasure and rhymes, nothing else to be heard now in the middle of this night.

Music drumming with a whining sounding instrument, all rotating and conceiving the birth of another poem right this minute.

Allowing persistent rhythmical staccato beats to take me into dense forests of India where finding life is becoming simpler.

Easing the stress and strain of daily living, an inexhaust-able aroma filling the atmosphere where this mind dares to travel, wending it's way through the culmination of innate talent.

Being rooted within the undergrowth of an intelligent being of a poetical nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Delicacies

Puzzling minds create solutions out of abstracts,
pairing them with every day notions.
Cognitively seeing identities in opposite or
unrelated items on earth.
Choosing delicacies of the mind and arranging
them just so - giving meaning to everyone as
they each obtain an individual purpose from the
exact same one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Deserts

Wandering through deserts of my mind, touching upon every facet of reality as I made my way to the mountain's entrance, ready to climb without any doubts or fear creeping upon me.
Holding truths of life's promises closely as I scale the mountain and reach for the heavens on my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Dominoes

Playing dominoes within this mind, watching dots add up
and down in a tranquil sea of solitude.
Situating moments in aligning thoughts, straight - yet
in all directions at once, featuring calm acquiescence
from all fronts.
Recent episodes wandering about, searching for places
in each game to become the purpose they were meant for.
Tactful throughout days as they again sit on shelves,
awaiting amusement of themselves and others who play
with them in minds of ingenuity, allowing creative
juices to flow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Drinking

Tranquil peace fills my soul as I walk around.
Joy sits within as I sit among the cacti.
Serenity is throughout me as I gently touch
the needles of a cactus.
Sitting down upon a rock, my mind drinks in
what my eyes see.
Beauty everywhere saturates my soul, for it
is truly the beauty of God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Elements

Filtering and allowing only important factors to
enter photographic screens, all other mundane things
get placed in photographic spheres that are stored
within this brain.

A specific and particular element of this mind that
has consciously been developed over the years.

Knowing that I didn't want to have everything cluttering
up my mind, wanting it to be clear and without thoughts.

Letting the waterfall of my mind continually cascade and
fill a pen with thoughts flowing into poetry, continually
and incessantly.

A beautiful rendition of poetical and musical gifts,
innately given since conception, loving to delve deeply
and letting them fill me intensely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Ending Peace

Jostling apart mind-ending peace, scattering and dispersing
it to the ends of earth.

Whiling away tense situations on edges of stomachs and chairs,
city employees find they are grossly underpaid.

Although many tasks are simple and boring, just putting in
time answering phones, doing paperwork and hoping for final
moments to end this tormentuous day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Enlightenment

Tranquil peace settling into my soul,
awakening thoughts of educated minds,
while waiting for enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Excavating

Soundly excavating rivers through minds of clay.
Heralding new ideas on novel pathways formed in
an instant.
An imagination of thrilling fortitude, being
painted on an empty landscape, focusing on nature's
scenery, while contemplating visions of beyond.
Floating on clouds into my subconscious mind,
matching, blending, shaping rainbows in realms of
literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Expansion

Developing interiorly, mashing and scraping against
a mind full of wonder and questions.

Searching for prisms of thought in mazes that are
incorporated with imagination on farther levels of
subconsciousness.

Tangling and connecting unrelated ideas and images,
bringing about novel conceptions and illusions.

Cognitive analysis gathers all data, inferences and
related materials to expand the mind interiorly of a
poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Fields

Seeking a quiet place away from everyone, feeling kind of lonely, but not wanting any company, tears being hidden, not wishing to let them glisten in daylight.

Knowing they would only bring attention to the loneliness and sorrow that finds it's way into open fields of this mind, re-minding of days gone by.

Music filling in the spaces through time everlasting, finding peace and serenity that coaxes, cajoles and refreshes innate intellect.

Flowing throughout many moments of life that exist only be-cause of a passing fancy that can never be replaced in this temporary lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Filling

Years of wisdom and experience contained in a senior
center add to the joy of life.
As people stand and walk to the dance floor, happy
just to be alive and able to bring some happiness to
themselves and others.
Melodies filling their minds for moments in time,
crowding out thoughts of impending death, theirs and
others.
Living life to their fullest, enjoying however much
they can, every time rhapsodies tickle their brains,
playing lifetime etudes to share with partners for
the time being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Flying

Skidding across the sky, a jet from Southwest flew
high into the clouds and disappeared.

My mind went with it as it sat inside, feeling the
thrill of it's take off.

Turning the corner of the sky, noiselessly it sped
away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Forests

Trailing along pathways of earth, watching for all manner
of nature's beauty to appear.

Inspecting every little blossom, feeling it's colors touch
my mind with their hues.

Hearing sounds of every natural occurrence, happening in
forests of my mind.

Sensing their appearance in my imagination as they gather
together, rallying for places in lines of future poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Formations

Dancing into the night, falling prey to a melody caught in realms of ballet and it's agile movements.
Pivoting and leaping, all eyes are upon the pictures, watching in fascination as this all happens in formations of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Full Of Memories

Loneliness comes from behind it's hiding place, letting itself be known.

Grasping onto it's partner sorrow, taking me into decades of abandonment, pulling me along behind, nothing to say about it.

Going on it's solo journey, alone, in a mind full of memories that will not be forgotten, time never lessening their feelings even as I move forward continually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Galleries

Touching steps in my mind with feelings of peace and
serenity even though devastating sorrow aids me in
my existence of grief held closely to my heart.

Walking steadily down hallways filled with memories,
pictures hanging on walls of mind galleries of life.

Beautiful treasures filling every inch of untold
living, being positive events whether happy or sad
because they are moments of my meager existence - an
epitaph of who I am and was.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Games

Likely aspects of childhood stray in and out of focus, playing detrimental mind games within the realm of unconsciousness.

Veering off center, crashing into painful memories, falling, hurt, crushed, alone.

Still alone, no parents there to watch or care, forgotten in lieu of smaller siblings.

Cast about on the ocean of neglect and licentious behavior, steering headlong, headfirst, into ruin.

A life of dependent behavior, untrusting, afraid of everyone, aware at every unconscious level.

Facets of childish intuitiveness, scattering for cover under pretenses of love.

Solemnly situated in the midst of doubt, insincerity, uncaring, attitudes dealt from the hip, unaware of lifetime consequences and termination of friendship and loving relationships.

Silver linings never meant to be on earth, calculating the time spent here in productive undertakings has been nil.

Null and void are dreams before they are even subconsciously undertaken.

Falling continuously under graves of forbearing, stumbling upon the blocks of life as they are tossed like dice upon a space in time.

Creating a destiny I have never played a part in, never taken up, because it was not my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Glancing

Glancing in my mind, locating peaceful scenery of nature,
arranged the way I creatively made it.
Perfectly aligned in gardens of ideal thoughts and memories.
Picking images that are just right and describing them with-
out hesitation in poetical forms.
Never without feelings, a juxtaposition of my soul always
fits whatever I am writing down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Hanging

Sitting quietly, steeping in sorrow, sadness falling from
eyes in misty drops of past joys.

Unwanted feelings brought by grief, hanging upon branches
of my mind, looking back through past memories that once
kept me glad and filled with joy.

No longer doing what they did once before, hanging my mind
in reminiscence of everything that has happened to transform
life and leave it out to dry.

Unable now to balance the usefulness of days gone by with
the purposefulness that has yet to begin again since being
grief-stricken in my prime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Hidden Memories

Like an important paper hidden in a book,
a mind hides memories.

Love stirs without a reason, sadness fills
us with no rhyme.

Where do they hide and why come unbidden
to sprinkle our hearts with feelings?

Breathing deeply, sensing somehow what
feelings a mind hides between memories in
pages of it's own little book.

Sitting on a shelf, daring not to take it
down to look closely, because it may be a
page of history that you won't want to see.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Images

Crossroads enter mind images now and then,
adding elements of adventure to experiences
containing some enjoyment over the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Imagining

Stepping back while moving forward, standing still
while being transported.

Some days are crazy like this, which direction do
we face? We walk the opposite way and never go
anywhere.

By now you might have guessed there has been no
movement except in my mind's imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind In The Clouds

Stepping onto lines of tomorrow, following them with an innate knowledge as to where they are headed.

Dreams and visions having been guarded well, not allowing any harm to come into the picture of life.

Storing facts and aspects of what is hiding within, not sharing them with anyone else.

Knowing the potential that is hiding within each sphere, anticipating the energy and growth of each and every one as it matures into benefits of mankind.

Tallying promises in quiet, serene minds, figuring out how each will take us into outskirts of another atmosphere.

There we will be anointed by truths of this life and the next, always walking, mind in the clouds, looking for answers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Joining Rhythms

12: 01 p.m.
Picking and choosing, selecting notes from a guitar to
enter into poems that are being written.

Songs being sung with a perfect pitch in every note,
nothing flat nor sharp, a pleasure to listen to.

Corrective stances not needing to be exercised as this
poet writes and listens.

So energizing and peaceful, rhythms joining with this
mind, putting it to bed in the evening of heart's desires.

Folding together, keeping them rested for another moment
in tomorrow's bliss. 12: 02 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Jumping

Mind jumping from boulder to boulder,
across ravines and dry riverbeds,
left unwatered during a long drought.
Jumping cacti wedged between saguaros
and ocotillos, being protected solely
so they may add to the green majesty
of reality.

(9/5/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Jungles

Resisting temptations of evening bliss, wanting only to
relax and become what I must for early morning sunrises.

Gently beckoning toward eclipses of yesterday's moods
and attitudes, wanting only to be alone with inner
thoughts and reminders of home once upon a time.

Thinking silently in jungles of my mind, as beauty falls
around me in nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Keeper

Rocking faster and quicker than ever, thought keeping up - just barely.
Having fun with the rhythm and beat, listening and identifying all notes being played - enjoying every one as I keep time with my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Keys

Fingers tapping and touching keys of my mind,
focusing bluened light upon my brow, writing
everything automatically in books of sorrow.

Holding them in hands of bereavement, going
back and reading them, bringing about some
healing as days go by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Letting Go

Life lying in beds, all across hospital floors,
holding people in many stages of life on earth.

Some so close to death there is no longer any
room for death to escape.

It then takes away all breath and beats of each
heart, as the mind lets go and it disappears be-
yond the gates of heaven, alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Looking

Inside angles, bricks and glass, accepting a view of
plants, bushes and trees as they are not growing,
because all of them are plastic and phony.

At least that's what a mind looking, sees.

Yet, a branch from a tree leans backwards and hugs a
glass window mirror.

Entrances and exits, hovering nearby, allowing patrons
and workers, access to indoors and out.

Sprinklers hanging upside down, looking like spores
from a sci-fi show.

Quiet music playing softly in the background, helping
to achieve peace and some interior solitude.

Another day is happening in new surroundings, expanding
this mind outside it's boundaries of mundane daily
living.

Feeling the luxury, money does bring in an office
building, doesn't attach itself to my being, as I write
down what I feel, see and hear.

Three things no amount of money can bring or create
through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Mazing

Tawdry ideas swimming about, attempting to cling to
insides of memory's ideas.
Mind mazing with solitude of prose, investigating
priorities forgotten in lands of time.
Widening horizons forming edges of wisdom's life,
transforming images from inner spaces, bringing
and forging them into a new existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Mosaics

Mosaics crisscrossing in my mind, trying to fit the pieces
of a puzzle together again, with renewed energy they try
over and over with no results.

Looking like they may fit, sets a pattern and off it goes
again as it doesn't go together to complete a picture.

Knowing that the puzzle can never be whole again, because
the biggest and most important part of it is gone - my Mom.

She is no more, crying with all my soul, throwing the other
pieces out, because I can no longer make any of them fit.

No longer seeing my life in relationship to past mosaics, I
just give up, there is no more.

Nothing else that I can do to set things straight, helpless
and so afraid, trying to hang onto the memory of my Mom.

Must I go on? Won't you just let me quit life and get rid
of this suffering?

It is consuming me with a fire of hatred in everything that
I see and I wish that I were blind so I couldn't see anymore
of it.

Just lie down and let life pass over, setting me in a grave,
then I could love again on some other plain, without any pain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Of Beginning

Responding to calls of nature while sitting here inside by
the computer, writing.

Whiling away in wonder and curiosity, letting imagination
have it's turn with ideas being churned out through intellect.

Senses intensely filled with all types of scents, tastes,
and textures, coming into an existence on their own.

Playing in a mind of beginnings, tossing ideas around, finding
interior sequences of coded messages being sent steadily within
this soul to intellect.

Causing turns of events, conspiring to enlist outer dimensions
of space to become a part of the nucleus of original being.

Noticing the total textures of other worlds never being
expressed, in relation to what is already known here on earth.

Life becoming what it is made of from the very origins of
time in it's lonely space forever.

Coming into the light when reflected upon in memory's images,
and never being blended by the darkness of the night, as it
travels through the soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Of Collective Adventure

Sliding electrically into the night, keeping sound attuned to
an insightful intellect that never sleeps, continuing it's
creativity no matter how tired this poet may get.

Twisting and turning into curves of elation and syncopation,
lively, vivid and entertaining, rising to heights of another
dimension.

Lifting inner spirits, soaring into the night, delightfully
fulfilled and energized through intellect and it's formidable
innate talent.

A possibility of life standing in a mind of collective adven-
ture, a journey of an innate mind constantly exploring, dis-
covering how to change impossibilities into valid solutions.

Helping others in need across this world of poverty, needing
peace and comfort through it's necessities and desires, a total
benefit to all of humanity.

Filling this beautiful world that God has created for us all,
an invigorating thought to live by, providing the way, leading
everyone through poetry and music to this final ending before
we all die from the pervading evil covering our world today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Of Intensity

Reciting words in a sing-song manner, tripping along
rhythms path, filling interiorly with graceful melody
and serene discipline.

Forging new poems based upon life's peculiar habit of
becoming one with nature and living accordingly.

Traipsing through every moment, beginning novel
feelings, scratching against a mind of intensity
and enfolding memories.

Taking together, all moments, bringing rhythm to a
head within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Of Interior Vision

Tasseled ideas, clinging to walls of ivory-studded
vines, hoping to be extricated from aspects of
knowledge hidden in tomes of writing.

Learning facets of wisdom as they appear in images
of calculations on blackboards of inner intuition,
writing formulas and equations realistically created
in a mind of interior vision.

Lighting figures with facts of truthful reality,
acknowledging freedom of thought with each recognized
change in venue.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Of Life

Life of mind so green and tender, sprouting with a freshness of purity.
Not a thought of ugliness, nor of barren wasteland, could conjure long enough inside.
Ringing freely are dancing bells caught by flying laughter all around.
Blazing fire with no smoke curls upward and out of sight.
Blossoms popping out upon the ground, filling the air with a scent of nature.
Walking down paths of many minds, these memories hang limply, barely touching the brown dirt.
Everyone famous, everyone small, has a mind of life so green and tender, although it never lasts, but for a short, short while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Of Sadness

Strolling down memory avenue, locating and watching
images of long ago that matter so much to an aging
heart.

Holding tears from an inner tear diamond mine,
seeing their crystal beauty reflect inner workings
of a mind of sadness.

Radiant feelings brightly coloring moments of life
throughout day's spent alone in a sphere, focused
intently on those who are no longer here to
reminisce with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Orchestrates It All

Listening to the workings of my body, hearing this heart
beat irregularly, giving extra beats throughout the hours.

Nothing to explain it, just the one word, 'idiopathic'
tells simply that no one knows.

Feeling blood pulse through my veins and arteries, ting-
ling with it's energy as it moves throughout my body.

Muscles and tendons moving, allowing me to walk and move
simultaneously.

All of these extraordinary things happening within every-
one's bodies.

No one ever realizing that our minds are manipulating our
brains into producing what we need to live.

Like the center or main frame of a computer, our minds do
orchestrate everything that we do in life.

Knowing this truth through writing poetry, seeing it always
happening just this way through years of life.

Science needs to take a closer look, our minds are right
inside our heads, behind our eyes and ears, that's where I
feel mine working as I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Overflowing

Centering, focusing in the midst of rhythms, mind overflowing with soothing thoughts, intellect collecting all these memories into a photographic memory album.

Nothing escaping this mind as details are remembered, one day to be reminisced over in a living room or kitchen alone, bringing bitter-
sweet images to mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Piano

Tunnels of musical perfection
and perfect pitch allow pianos
of my mind to touch upon nature
and heavenly words of expression.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Pictures

How lovely is everything I see standing before me.
Nothing to mar it's beauty as I stare intently,
getting pictures in my mind to write about.

Softly my heart fills with joy, slowly it seems
to seep into my chest - then explodes into my mind
as Beethoven speaks to me through his intense music -
helping to feel all these things I see.

As a little child, looking at everything, always
wondering - full of curiosity - full of loving for
all that I could see and feel around me.

Violins play inside my mind and dance around my head,
as I see images full and bright and many, causing
ideas to tumble and fall out here for you to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Playing

Wishing to be like Einstein,
DaVinci and Shakespeare,
searching for imagination's
connections, being delighted
when one is found - no matter
how slim it is.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Playing Along

Swallowing daily doses of other's stresses as they try and place them on us.

Withdrawing from their insistence, listening and playing along with a saxophone.

Clearing my mind, leaving it emptily free of every-thing, playing with notes and rests that are sent my way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Playing Tricks

Heart beating incessantly, hoping that I will again
hear yours as you lie next to me.

Yet, it is only my mind playing tricks on me, making
me think I'm going insane.

Not having anything to hold onto in life anymore, I
cannot justify it, there's nothing to live for.

Prayers continually going unanswered, candles burning
out without any answers being arrived at.

Desires still rise within, yet end up dying, because
I no longer have you to help me fulfill them.

Exercising futility in depths of being, lengthening
shadows holding the portent of my spirit within them.

Darkness breaking into the light of every day, covering
over sunshine I used to see when with you, my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Pleasing

Mind kicking up dust, creating and developing ideas a mile a minute, feelings and emotions being spread across thoughts like jelly on bread, pleasing my mind.

Tasting savory and delectable flavors of words and definetions as they cross my mind, flowing continually and incessantly throughout my entire life and beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Pockets

Finding my way through writing, not letting go of self as
I wander through imagination.

Leaving nothing by the side, always taking it into pockets
of my mind for expressions of entire landscapes in totally
recalled abstractions.

Enticing intellect, unfolding blankets of wisdom in amazement
at what is being found and formed within.

Steady beats keep words and sentences flowing, never even
slowing down for a moment.

Beautiful ideas, taking me into another level of achievement
on my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Power

Quiet, retiring, sitting back, letting all sorts of
thoughts have their way with my mind.

Allowing all ideas and designs form calculations and
formulas in intellect.

Increasing the power of this mind, allowing it to
become superior in every way.

Accumulating knowledge, finding spaces needing to be
filled with an ever-increasing wisdom.

Giving this mind ways of placing it directly into the
reality of this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Puzzles

Shiny patterns filtering through my vision, sending angles to and fro, fitting into puzzles of my mind exactly so.
Flashing pinpoints of energy towards whatever ideas fall before them in rote.
Scattering sounds as they follow rhythms in circumventing pathways of dull voices.
Waiting patiently as waves of puzzles flow into line, completing themselves in rhymes of one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Puzzling Games

Playing with colorful music and rhythm's tempos, having a
great time, joyful and pleasurable, thoughts jumping and
dancing to rapid melodies.

Walking silently into pleasure centers of my brain, taking
advantage of every single opportunity that enters my mind
and intellect.

Totally enjoying puzzling games my mind plays through an
innate intellect, fascinating, intricate, mind translat-
ing and making it simple to turn into coded prose.

Writing constantly, having fun, never really wanting to stop
for a moment, it is my total and complete passion, making
time for living this earthly life also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Rays

Mind rays filtering into many catacombs, finding their
way into massive arteries of intellect, sharing all
elements with extrasensory academics.
Sensing formulas of innate intelligence as patterns
form and innovate trillions of ideas all at once.
Transposing all innate codes into legible mosaics,
posted onto photographic visions, taking illumination to
new grounds of inertia and foundations for discoveries.
Lasting moments of thought continually mounting obstacles,
barriers, difficulties, placed in line as learning
opportunities for imagination to learn to focus and transcend
itself while infiltrating reality within it's elastic boundaries
and past limitations.
Seeking truths, looking through mind rays of thought at a
vast expanse of intelligence, sharing itself with imagination's photographic
moments, alongside of rhythm as it all begins
and blends into one fluid motion of innert observation while
innate statements are made through poetical intimidation.
Allowing usage of limitless access on many different levels
and dimensions of thought.
Entering now, the ninth dimension - a beautiful expansive
landscape with scenery never before seen or experienced.
A whole new world opened to my mind as I bask in it's refreshing purity and
ponder how future poetry will be mined and separated
into many particles, isolated for portions in times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Realizations

Realizations hit and strike against my mind, attracting thoughtful abstractions to describe what I am seeing interiorly.
Notes follow moments down paths of ingenuity, alongside of subconscious relativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Responding

Mind rapidly responding to rhythms and music, immediately translating every note, sound and tempo into poetry, at times focusing on one instrument.

Writing from depths of it's rhythms, enjoying how it's being done, giving pleasure centers of the mind and brain exercise so delightful and beneficial.

Enticing intellect to unfold in other dimensions to learn even more of what lies within inner universes and dimensions of a creative mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Ribbons

Ribbons of mind flow gently in a soft pale breeze,
bringing to light, thoughts and novel ideas in
flight.

Selecting those most colored and favorable, putting
together words like bubble gum in a machine, to bring
about gumical magical poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Rinsing

Rinsing my mind, touching my heart, notes of enrichment
flow through me, allowing imagination's gates to open
wide and spread it's wings, developing poetry.
A contemplative form of spirituality, filling my being
innately from memory's storehouse.
Freedom enjoying itself beyond human limits, without
rules of coercion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Riveting

Wanton melodies touching my soul, riveting my mind
in time as I scale through all keys in succession.
Playing across winds of change, holding on graspingly to
the lines being altered just for my pleasure in rhymes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Rummaging

Caught in a reverie, scanning the environment, seeing nature
in every glance, applying peace generously throughout the day.

Wanting for nothing as I gaze upward, focusing on tops of
trees, seeing leaves pressing their precious faces against the
morning rays of sun.

Altogether, rummaging around in my mind, trying to forget the
abuse and hard times given by another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Screens

Staccatoly marching down avenues of pretend, finding
a sort of happiness lifting our spirits as we listen
to rhythmically portrayed desires.

Interior lights turning themselves on, reflecting
pictures of images from long ago onto our mind's
movie screens.

Stepping in tune with our subconscious realms on a
Tuesday afternoon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Searching For Peace

Abstracted through life, rounded up and into itself,
tending to spread out and be uncontained - a dreadful
trend.

Filling out into space and time, touching almost on
divine.

Swiftly fading from a memory before it is defined, full
and resonant, it does appear.

Looking at something, watching it closely in repine
lest it disappear, softly leaving nothing in your mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Sensing

Twisting into a regular rhythm, beating to the tune of my imagination.
Talent shaking itself from rafters in the ceiling, turning them loose in a mind of regeneration.
Taking hold of every loose idea forming in pools of crystal sand, showing us pictures of what our future's will become.
Beating rhythms constantly, touching senses of this mind, reverberating in caverns of stifled beauty, awaiting returns of brilliant voicing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Sets

Sinking into a mind-set,
listening to inner whispers of usefulness.
Writing down interior feelings,
giving them a voice to speak and orate
until time has passed and left them on pages of a poetical book.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Settling

Walking far away, settling in my mind,
trying to think of pastimes to get
through this life with freedom intact.
With all left over feelings written in
ink and sent off to seas in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Sheltering

Sheltering my mind through writing, not letting others in, keeping them at bay, so they don't interfere with my solitary gift.
Being able to write, alone in a subconscious state of mind, gives me a gentle joy every day of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Sights

Puzzling looks create many moods within my mind's sights,
bringing light into imagination and it's many dimensions.

Brightening logic and reason with splendid precision and
beauty.

Walking back and forth between images and meanings of
words, gathering them all into abstract paintings on walls
of imagination.

Always there, always ready to be taken down and written
into poems, delectable to senses of the mind and soul.

Heart feeling every innuendo, vibrating into my inner
atmosphere with a tender touch of future destinies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Sitting

Feelings of roaming earth saturate my inner being,
challenging my vagabond way of writing poetry.
Pulling ideas from inner recesses of subconsciousness,
giving an energy and lively anticipation of things to
come.
Future thoughts are even now coalescing interiorly,
putting together new abstract images from beyond
thought, forging new visions of sight as I sit in my
mind and write constantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Skipping

Minds skipping in time with music, fascinating and stepping
through measures of time so expertly, touching upon wonder
of life as it does so.

A fantasyland filled with fun and laughter throughout life,
a fabulous mixture of imagination and reality taking every-
one beyond limits of an ordinary life.

Walking down avenues of energy that grasp mind and intellect
so strongly, delving into depths of life that would ordinary-
ly never be seen.

Quality of music entertaining minds totally, completely
giving pleasure and serenity in moments of stress, tur-
moil and hardship.

Always looking forward to melodies and harmonies taking us
away into frontiers of other dimensions where innate wisdom
and knowledge are nurtured exponentially within intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Smiling

Reservations held in mind, wondering what to do and when to appear in writing.

Soliciting images into scenery, being shaped talently inside neurons, awaiting silent moments of activity and encouragement.

So many senses making my mind smile at itself and it's myriad forms of intelligence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Snapping

Slowly snapping my mind, remembering what yesterday
was like, trying to begin again with a new set of
aging rules.
Forgiving, forgetting, learning, finding answers of
yesterday don't apply mathematically on today's
shores of life.
What can one do about it?
Just create new formulas and exist anew,
mathematically on a final special tour of existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Spiders

Memories of decadent times fill piles of dirt
with their earthen thoughts as life escapes,
becoming happier on lines of ecstasy.
Beaming rays of sunlight illuminate webs of
spiders hiding in corners of mind's attics,
on rainy days of reclusiveness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind States

Lingering in states of mind that challenge intellectual abilities, creating new abstractions to coincide with cognitive functions.

Trading insatiable yearnings to provide literature to the world, with ideas of novel imaginational meanings just now discovered.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Stepping

Sitting alone at a darkened table, thinking.
Stepping in my mind, trying to find my way
back to you.
Lights shattered all around me with your
passing, giving up lightened songs in time.
Embedded in my soul, sitting here alone at
a darkened table, unable to carry on without
you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Storms

Storm clouds drifting across my mind's sight,
indelibly etching their patterns and formations
in my brain.

Tinges of black, strapped around their bellies,
waiting for a precise moment for rain to be
born on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Stretching

Rigorous exercise of the mind, stretching and pulling
beyond boundaries of life's hidden aspects.

Turning and folding ideas like laundry, placing them
in closets of wear for days of contentment.

Showing details for conceptual designs, preparing life
goals for future use in times of aging loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Strings

Twanging strings, feeling vibrant rhythms touching
my mind with delicate fortitude.
Just reasons falling down upon etudes and melodies
striking chords of beauty as I write of them.
Lasting memories being made as I carefully listen to
every beat and rhyme flowing this way, while enduring
it's sensuous pleasure.
Consciously portraying a decent knowledge of music
and it's intense desire to hold onto my soul forever
in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Suggestions

Silently, softly walking through this mind in passages of time
that continually grow and expand through maturity and it's many
experiences.

Delicate and detailed circumstances that flow so easily into
every moment of living, an exciting and opportune existence
while creating poetry from an innate talent.

Loving every possibility that inspires a process of thought,
developed quietly in measures of time sequentially, mind
suggestions springing from within coded rhythms.

Their patterns blossoming as ideas flow from an interior
waterfall freely and constantly, interesting interpretations
being cast upon the stage of intellect.

Waiting to be absorbed in landscapes of poetry, nothing es-
caping this interior pathway of inspiration as intellect
collects all details and data to be used in writing.

Passion and desires keep fires blazing immediately and
automatically day and night, nothing to interfere with their
tantalizing rhythms.

Music playing euphorically as life continues it's express-
way to living in heaven, hoping to attain it soon, mean-
while doing everything possible to get there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Tangling

Tangling, in my mind,
ideas sort themselves
out in mysterious
fashion as music
titillates their
essences into a
beautiful beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Tasting

Looking to the east, just remembering my past in New Jersey,
yet seeing cacti and palm trees sitting outside my window.

Always love New Jersey and it's beauty, forests, leaves and
beautiful gardens of flowers.

A part of past memories, writing, mind tasting their savory
textures and aromas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Tears

Meandering down pathways,
searching for gems of wisdom.
Picking up pieces of literature
as they drop from mind tears,
filling ponds, lakes, oceans with
their divine presence on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Travel

Traveling through my mind of imagination,
seeing sights I've seen in the past,
enjoying feelings their images bring to
mind.
Freeing me from a life of sorrow, giving
me a reprieve, sending messages of life
to my soul and being, cascading light
into my subconsciousness for a lifetime
of reluctant good-byes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Unfurling

Sothingly soft against my brow, caressing an intense
mind-awakening cause interiorly.

Walking on skyways and paths among high white clouds,
keeping quietly to self, enjoying peaceful solitude.

Thoughts, ideas, images furling and unfurling, while
enjoying themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Videos

Skyways of imagination are wide open, beckoning thought
to widen and expand it's dominion.
Sophistry of reality is a dime in a fountain; reverse
and unwind, unravel curled up ideas to be seen and
shown on shorelines of heaven here on earth.
Watch replays of yesterday alter and rearrange them-
selves into patterns newly-displayed and programmed
subconsciously in frames of mind videos, played when
alone with imagination and it's thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Views

Pressing rhythms being produced from ivories within deep
caverns of energy, penetrating mind views.

Rallying thought and pushing it forward into dimensions
of truth and reality, saved for puzzling days ahead.

Sharing ideas interconnected with neuronal synapses,
attached to images of freedom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Violins

Music touching mind violins of yesterday,
tuning them to today's ambitions, reverberating
with an acceptance of rhythm on roads of future
joy.
Sated by the melodies flowing over and across
my grey matter, becoming a fantastic subconscious
voyage to homes of yesteryear in New Jersey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Visions

Quietly interpreting life through mind visions
starting from childhood.
Life-sustaining rhythms continuously penetrating
inner feelings, thought and joy.
Soulfully, blending everything into a mixture of
melodious sound, playing interiorly every day as
words make their appearances in one poem after
another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Wandering Through Memories

Walking down country roads, smelling aromas of roses
growing wildly along the trails.

Letting minds wander through memories of the past,
dusty trails leading into dense jungles and back
again.

Voices calling from whispers of yesterday, giving
hope and taking us into the wake of our livelihood.

Bringing us back home through our minds, right to
our doors from memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Wide Awake

Sleep has come upon my body, yet my mind is wide awake
and rapidly running through the gambit of rhythms.

Quickly and quietly bringing me into the light of this
world tonight

Prison bars unable to hold or keep me from the passion
of my being.

Holding tightly to the inner convictions of my beliefs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Work - Out

Flowing energetically into the afternoon, taking pleasure
into my soul and being, taking in elegant rhythms rising
and falling.

Giving me food for thought as I exercise my brain and in-
tellect, giving this mind a work-out through the writing
of poetry, looking at pictures and visions of the future.

Waves now swelling and rising higher through innate talent,
their crashing with sounds and colors, splashing throughout
my mind, creating the wonder and beauty within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind Workout

Chasing imaginary mirages in my mind, playing with concepts, enjoying their disappearance at my own request.

A total joy, giving this mind a definite workout, imagining all sorts of pictures and placing them in mirages just to see what they look like.

Capturing the essence of imagination in each one of them, enlivening mystery and intrigue, strengthening it's resolve to increase and expand beyond it's own borders of enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind-Dwelling Particles

Twinkling particles of mind-dwelling ideas jump out
and capturing adjectives, ideal words, and adding
icing to their meanings.
Rendering everyone who reads this intense feeling,
unable to be held tightly in rein.
Tears twinkle as they drop out of sight, leaving a
glistening pathway to follow back to heart's sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mindless Endeavors

Swinging and swaying in time with melodies and rhythm.
Feeling lighthearted and free, heart skipping beats
with merry anticipation of musical tunes.
Lively and rampaging through mindless endeavors,
preferring instead to step in time with my spouse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mindless Memories

Mindless memories pass in the darkness,
not recognizing one another or their
originality.

Carefully scanning all scopes of
environment, each has it's own little
cache where they enjoy hiding away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mindless Thought

Soothing my soul, willow trees in memory
flow and sway in rhythms of my youth.

Ever green, fresh, tactile to feelings I
can always touch with my mind.

Solitarily imagining whatever I want,
placing it on edges of desert plains,
letting it dry out, refreshing tears
falling within.

Finding always, crystals shining with
the tenacity of migrant breath on arid
days of mindless thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Minds

Wires connecting lights to electrical power, like synapses
of the brain energize our mind to think and light up with
knowledge.

Touching upon sights seen with open eyes and closed minds
or vice versa.

Qualifying seconds spent in organizing body processes, life
is made up and created by individual minds of each of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Backwoods

Situated in backroads of my mind are melodies of intense fervor, tickling my brain with avid reminders of the past.
Standing by the wayside of my imagination, filled with unanticipated hopes, leading me to tunnels of past recrimination.
Folding remarks made in haste, stashing them in caverns, away from my mind so I may not think of the hurt associated with them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Minds Being Numbed

This world is falling apart and there's nothing we can do about it, because too many people out there don't care what happens as long as they receive their benefits and freebies.

Losing all freedom, being under a dictatorship, all is okay with those whose brains have gone numb and can no longer think for themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Bookends

Bookends in my mind,
holding together memories
through the years of life I have lived.
Sauntering along products of imagination,
watching for signs of intrepidation,
lying in wait, forlorn and forgotten in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Bottoms

Deeply profound, set in the bottom of my mind, checking what is there in hopeful chests of thought.
Bringing feelings into clouds of heaven, as they fall around me in desperate moods of resignation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Corner

Listening, hiding in a corner of my mind,
relaying all-important ideals through
wisdom's back door as I write of life and
give it up for all time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Dance Floor

Quietly answering beats that are falling deeply into canyons
of life and it's interior melodies.

Singing into the distance, walking up and down chords as
they open and close their minds in depths of another world.

Squeezing thoughts that come completely unbidden into the
light of this day and night, folding and unfolding onto the
dance floor of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Dance Floors

Entire beings calculating measures of length in life,
formulating solutions to keep in shape and not lose
their elasticity.

Agility and grace are a part of staying young at
heart and physically keeping in shape.

More people need to follow their examples, stepping
in time with rhythm on everyday dance floors in
minds and hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Ears

Swinging, sashaying through etudes of music,
picking up rhythms as mind's ears reach out
and grasp notes of desirable pleasure.
Hanging on and pacing back and forth,
latching on, and keeping tangled webs of feet apart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Eyes

Ripples of clouds gathering around the steeple with a cross.
Filling mind's eyes with joy and peace - fully recognized from above.
Life full and turned outside - upon the altar of His humble abode -His glorious heaven.
Totally bathed in His love - life becomes recognizable once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Freezer

Frozen tears being stored in freezers of my mind,
lying there in the cold, watching my life being
lived without them actively involved right now.
Not stirring, letting the interior environment
move and shift, showing different aspects of
their sadness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Heart

In the still of the night where memories are taken out
and looked at, tears fall, cascading from your mind's
heart, doing double duty for your soul as well.

Water under the bridge is backwashed into our thoughts
as we lose our way in depths of another horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Highway

Living on a highway of this mind, realizing every motion
is going forward, never stopping in the middle of traffic.

Listening to rhythms of tires, as they roll over asphalt
going in all directions, taking other portions of life to
be explored or discovered.

So filled with many experiences of this lifetime, taking
them on every trip and journey.

So perfectly energizing interior batteries, loving another,
traveling highways and byways together, locating centers
of imaginational depths.

Beginning to find ways into darkened nights of turmoil,
choosing and selecting appropriate avenues of progress to
follow forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Highways

Cruising rapidly through highways of my mind, searching for the one path which will take me to meet myself without recrimination.

Slightly watching the directions I am taking, so I may find the way back.

Taking back my kernel of truth, unwilling to share it with anyone else, they are not worthy of it.

Protecting it with all the will and power I possess, no one will come near or touch it unless they ask in sincere and total friendship.

Guardianship is all mind and is not taken lightly, I will survive the onslaught of uncompassionate people pretending to care and be kind, yet in truth and reality are not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Keyboard

Rhyming chords, traveling up and down the keyboard of my mind distinguish objects in poetical episodes of explanation.
Giving them special significance in moments of truth as life dwindles in years to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Knowing

Following trails through deserts, forests, and mountains
throughout life, searching for answers that make sense.

Reacting instantaneously, either accepting or rejecting
each thought, suggestion or opinions of others.

Minds knowing the difference between lies, illusions, and
the truth, sensing it within our souls.

Realizing that it can only be this one true way, no other,
staking a claim, although it's temporary.

Trying to rise above the excesses of this life and live it
simply without too much trouble or sorrow.

Alas, that is never the way life is played out in the end,
because of death always standing ready to take the ones we
love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Minds Of People

Noticing movement all about, but not letting it disturb
my thoughts.

Wondering what is going through minds of other people
as they wash their clothes, waiting around for them
to get done.

Frowns, knitted brows, stress showing, sometimes a
smile comes my way.

An interesting array of people, children, clothes and
an assortment of nationalities, all exercising their
energy doing a chore in public.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Pillow

Staying up all night until the morning light falls upon
my mind's pillow, continuously writing poetry, feeling
the intensity of music confiding in my being.

Totally accepting of every tone, placing them each in
their own categories, knowing where they will fit in
perfectly with what I mean to say.

Touching every particle with rhythms of heavenly glory,
giving joy and happiness throughout many hours while
listening to it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Prescience

Prescience of this mind filters into the intellect
of it's eye, factually searching, finding locations
of tender, complacent thoughts tucked securely away.

Nothing really mattering as life continues to fold
and hide beneath gray skies, covering earth.

Slowly and covertly, sending images and visions onto
photographic screens where the only one who can see
them is a mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Reminders

Strumming down lanes of life, hoping to lift spirits in interior gardens of heaven, leaving only reminders in minds of yesterday.

Causing pain-filled images to proliferate throughout the days and nights, tossing aside the side of night where lights are shining brightly.

Instead, following the paths of darkness, not wanting any reflections to dawn on them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Minds Seeing Tears

Sensing sentiments and emotions of the seniors, having a great time, but memories seeming to creep slowly in.

Minds seeing tears smarting their eyes, remembering past good times with their own children and Grandchildren.

Hearts breaking a little amongst all the joy and happiness being brought about by all the children around them.

Enjoying and having a great time in spite of the memories trying to break into the good times being had right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Skies

Locating sections of imagination rarely used, focusing in on them, preparing to debut them on paper.
Strangulated in copious ideas, listlessly staring into the light of intellect.
Becoming brighter with each moment, taking care not to break the fragile lace threads holding them together.
Cloudless mind skies, scanning the environment, locating and using sections of imagination beginning to be used in literate prose for the first time.
Filling my body with an exquisite energy - uncontainable inside. Billowing with winds of sailing thoughts, carefully thinking how to interject their creative purpose into what I write.
Setting tables of my mind, using nature's bounty to set a feast of literature in future books.
Recalling echoes of musical bliss, awaiting their reappearance in visions of prose.
Literally approaching my hearing, setting themselves in mind with joyous happiness at having been reintroduced.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Solitary Universe

Living relentlessly in a cacophony of sorrow, being surrounded day and night, nothing to be done about it at all.

Feeling emotions intensely throughout life while continuing to live day by day through it's every experience, learning exponentially.

Beginning and ending every day in a poetical existence, a never-ending depth of imagination, giving an essence of passion a major boost through intellect.

Writing enthusiastically every moment that I'm in another reality and dimension somewhere inside this mind's solitary universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Soul

Setting sun pouring through the trees, facing the end of another earthly episode of life through nature's abode.
Sinking picturesquely between bent branches of trees and their leaves, singing silently into my heart while enlightening the soul of my beloved mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind's Treehouse

In the treehouse of my mind, I sit and relax, looking over
rooftops and into windows of my soul.

Careful obligations of life are safely stored with countless
linens in closets of memories.

Starchly regal, parading through the den of my mind are view-
points and opinions I have always lived with.

Nothing has turned them from me, not even the swaying of a
good argument.

Stubborness sits casually in an armchair, having been with
me since birth, controlling and demanding it's way in every-
thing.

Past dependency forced unwillingly upon me lies on a shelf
crammed into the back of an unused closet.

Suffocating fears and doubts are strewn without, ready at a
second's notice to start their reprehensible dance away from
life.

Sitting in the treehouse of my mind allows me the vision to
see who I really am, and take the time to dust and rearrange furniture of the
past; putting it all into perspective, so I
may decide to change the ways I have of doing things and
possibly change something of myself while I'm at it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mind-Swallowing Visions

Swallowing beautiful visions in my mind, allowing them
to become a major part of intellect.
Picturing every thought in poetical musings, taking me
through the universe and beyond.
Everywhere I travel while sitting right here is taken
to mind on photographic screens of memory.
Pleasant surprises always awaiting me with amazing
results in new ideas and inventions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Minefields Of Visions

Clouds looking like puppy dogs lying about the sky,
cute and fluffy, floating above earth.

Transporting imagination and it's minefields of
visions, erupting in similar fashion, unbidden
from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mingling

Lonely people mingling with each other,
drinking alcoholic beverages and reminiscing
about yesterday and how good it used to be.
Times have changed, life is fruitless and
demanding in extremely opposite ways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mingling In Pastures

Horses and cows grazing together, eating, talking,
being unreserved in time, mingling in pastures,
passing the days away.

No reasons to forgive, no wars to end, living peace-
fully, co-existing on lands, no problems with color
or race.

Just friends in a pasture, no time to waste in hatred,
only sacred peace can claim them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mingling Shadows

Shadows fall on floors,
dancing to rhythms of human nature.

Putting on airy disguises as they
happily join in and mingle.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mingling Tears

Quietly sounding echoes secretly filing into depths of
sorrow, telling of lost love, loneliness and abandonment.

Ever-flowing tears mingling with rivers and hiding beneath
the surface.

At times grasping onto rocks lying at the bottom, knowing
they're there by the shining glimmer of sunlight during
the day and moonlight at night.

Appearing in recesses of this mind, picking them silently,
placing them in this poem gently and carefully so none of
them will be misconstrued.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mingling With Nature

Restlessly sitting here writing, letting music soothe and
calm me interiorly with it's rhythms.

Ideas and subjects continually coming to mind while writing,
loving sensations that are filling and giving great pleasure.

Especially through mingling and being one with nature in
everything that I do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mini Pool Tournament

Listening intently while watching pool players at the pool
tournament, all the while writing this poem free hand.

Altogether, a great crowd here for this event, smiling and concentrating,
awakening brains and keeping them wired and
alert, trying to outdo one another.

Everyone here having a great time, hitting balls around a
table, just for the fun of winning a trophy in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Miniscule Little Life

Walking alone, giving thought a myriad of subjects, rain falling gently upon me as I search for meaning in my miniscule little life.
Thriving on adventure and excitement, hoping to never give up either one as long as I live.
Rushing quietly, easily, through all trials sent my way, finding my path, going it alone, traveling through oceans and over mountains towards an eternity of musical scores written for posterity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Miniscule Ride

Being alone in a forest, birds singing their choral tunes,
awaiting others to join them on a miniscule ride through
this life.

Beautiful and liberal, forming on edges of a particular
horizon, looking for a chance to be born on the side of
a scattered mountain of racial intolerance and then die.

Knowing that no one else will ever come upon my music,
because it comes solely from within my essence and human
nature, with intellect orchestrating it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Minor Chords

Minor chords of life touch my mind with incessant words
and quiet wonder of their meanings in definitions.
Living in minor shadows, touching them softly in my mind
with ivory and senses of the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Minor Keys

Gliding along highways, following side paths of
reminiscence into pastures of leisure.

Sojournly exacting measures of etudes from keys,
minor in accord, relating everything to a myriad
of melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Minute Pleasure

Sectioning particles of my brain into exacting measures,
fitting my appetite to a tee.
Absorbing any and all silent potions of magical derision.
Taking all the minute pleasures of today and using them
to the fullest extent.
Believing the experiences of tomorrow will add up to be
the best ever found or told on any plain in life.
Straightening every crooked route away from my heart,
instead, leading me into the spheres of heavenly gardens
all alone.
Beseeching all of life in one small breath.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Minutes Add Up

Quickening pulses beating in time with musical tempos being sung in a karoke cafe.
Life-like words stating what people wish, or yearn, to feel better on any given day.
Minutes add up and come quickly together to make some sense of the universe I find in my daily life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Minutes Of Existence

Living in measures of musical poetry,
existing because of it's presence in my life.
Alleviating the stress always pressing me from
other people's opinions.

Beaming the passion I have interiorly, sending
it into the atmosphere of my inner environment,
taking all mathematical formulas and infringing
upon them.

Counting down the minutes of existence in tell-
tale poems, leaving all of life in it's depths
and walking off into another length of rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Minutes Of Gentle Life

Ticking and tocking, time gently reminds us of it's passing,
causing no flurry of emotions.

Until that is, we begin to think of life as it exists,
shortening every minute.

Waltzing through passages carried on winged feet and left
dangling in the air.

Wherever designs lie, patterns are forming, catching the eye,
focusing it upon the exact clocks of life.

Heeding time spent on and off, temporarily taking advantage
of every minute sent their way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Minutes Of Life

Saving grace for lonely days, sitting at home without
anyone to talk with.

Loneliness saturating spirits with careful assimilation
as clocks while away timeless moments aging before us.

Waiting for signs, omens, sounds of approaching death,
hearing nothing, seeing nothing, yet feelings slowly
overcome beings with a knowing.

A sincere thought that life is growing shorter and can no
longer be bought through prayers or lighting of candles,
the coming days, hours and minutes of a life on it's final
breaths of air.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Miracle Of Compassion

A wonderful musical for the Christmas season being performed
by young children at Heritage Elementary School.

A cute young man smiling, stylin' and profiling, just before
everyone begins singing about a Christmas Shoe Tree.

Being a wonderful tale of decorating a tree with many shoes
that are to be given away on Christmas Day to those children
who haven't any to wear.

Such a beautiful thought, full of love and caring, followed
by action to help those unfortunates struck by poverty.

Voices singing proudly of this fascinating little miracle
of childhood compassion and giving.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Miracle Of Innate Wisdom

Mind being awakened by the incessant rhythms being played
within, bringing a joyous tiding to this being.

Exercising all of intellect, allowing it to take over and
cure whatever ails one through their minds, even though our
physical body may be a total wreck and falling apart.

Cautious and always reserved, taking part in this wonderful
miracle of innate wisdom and experience of knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Miracle Of Life Being Given

Emotionally draining melodies collapsing my heart, taking me into devastating particles of being, tracing patterns within it's circumference, touching the interior of my soul.

Reaching out from within, hoping to find a purpose or design to add to the total expansion of my mind, a tactile, effervescent little miracle of life.

Being given to intellect through the beauty of another dimension, one where I have now been eliminated from depths and margins of another life, no longer present within this day and age.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Miracle Of Spirituality

Softly touching my mind with rhythms, feeling their
beauty so intensely as it blossoms into poetry with-
in me interiorly.

Moving forward through the night, showing the miracle
of spirituality as it lives within, giving the power
of God a place inside to be used.

An instrument for whatever purpose He has in mind,
helping to heal and make life easier for others that
He chooses to help.

All of it done entirely by God, for I could do nothing
at all, it is all His doing and none of my own, happy
to be used as an instrument to do His work.

Always at His beck and call of my own free will in this
earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Miracles Created

Loving to be a witness to God's own love,
creating miracles for those who need them.

Deserving of His love or not, a wonderful
quality that spreads His word.

Thoughts inspirationally enter through our
silent and temporary worlds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirages Of Another Era

Horses galloping across this mind and through creative musical
landscapes touching upon the beauty of being in the desert of
life.

Exacting the fruition of being while riding bareback, hair
flowing in the breeze, heart beating pleasurably in silence
and sounds of an arid desert breeze.

Watching picturesque portraits of this Arizona desert look-
ing like mirages appearing and disappearing like a mystical mysterious magic of
another era through imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirages Of Life

Spells of darkness abound.
Clouds form on every horizon, blocking out the sun.

Running to catch glimpses of good times that were
had, only to reach them as they fade.

Mirages of life can be hard, sometimes cruel, as
being left behind, the hurt folds in ever tighter
ripples, throughout the soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirages Of Talent

Revolving doors, swaying with mirages of talent,
entering deserts of present circumstances afforded
to the lonely and bereft.
Staking claims and voicing opinions in open markets
of delivery and appreciation.
Folding open, thoughts flow like water from Niagra
Falls, landing upon rocks of prose.
Swimming strongly in currents of light, poking heads
of attainment above water, thrilling to the excitement
and adventure of every moment in pools of life and
it's desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mire Of Grief

Solemn and hymn-like, my mind is responding to the
sadness of an interior loneliness.

Face clouded with tears, sight blurry, yet feelings
and emotions continue to bring me into the mire of
grief with no reprieve in sight.

Rhythm touching my mind so intensely, making me
sadder, tears flying rapidly, taking me into a jungle
of abandonment where I cannot find my way into deserts
of my own making.

Trying to find some peace amid all this forsaken and
forlorn emotion taking over me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mires Of Excuses

Sharing hours with a friend, trying to be helpful and he
won't let me.

Putting me off, in mires of excuses, as he loses sleep
over non-existent problems.

Actually causing his own misfortunes, daily refusing help,
he can do it better on his own.

Now, sitting here, trying to keep his eyes open and hold
his head up, sleep overtakes him and he's asleep at his
desk again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirror - Like Thoughts

Standing on sandy shores of another horizon, taking picture
puzzles into wide areas of focus, letting only the beauty
of this morning be seen.

Being absolutely fond of intense desires, counting down
expedient courses, while time is measured and placed in
dresser drawers left over from beginnings in childhood.

Creating joys every moment, putting them all into memories
that have stood the test of time, never fading nor changing
as they lie about on the floor of this mind.

Waking every detail to come into reflections of mirror-like
thoughts, being expanded in timeless precision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirror Images

Yesterday's life has disappeared into a haze of memories
to take out on particularly lonely days.

Present times always seem to intermingle with what we've
already lived through in a myriad of experiences.

Focusing on future shores, we continually find our ways
into atmosphere's of joyful activity.

Seeing novel images in mirrors, we reflect on life and
it's prospects daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirror Of Despair

Encased in a mirror of despair, looking inward,
finding nothing there to hold onto.
Reserving poses of sadness for reflections
standing in sidelines past the darkness of sublime
thought.
Crippling effects strangling a being, taking away
happiness and letting life die in a backwards alley.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrored By My Love

Tenderly thinking of my love, wishing he were with me on
this interior journey, for it's lonely here without his
company.

Missing holding his hand, feeling his touch, looking in-
to his eyes with my heart in full bloom, holding and re-
flecting his love stirring through every thought in mind.

A peaceful and quaint way of looking at love, rustic and
western, always checking into the mirrors of my mind,
living altogether in thoughts being mirrored by my love
mingled with his own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrored Images

Mirrored imitations hanging from doors, reflecting
images of still life always within reach.

Nowhere eyes staring into mirrored spaces, endlessly
defying gravity, by tracing reflections subconsciously
throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrored Into My Mind

Reflections showing prisms of color as light hits them
from different directions, leading to new thoughts and
ideas to be mirrored into my mind.

Intellect ready to interpret everything through music
that I'm listening to right now, stepping into the
reality of my imagination.

Having fun, feeling elated, my spirit soaring into
seventh heaven and many other dimensions where life
will be turned from night into day.

A solemn promise of better things to come in the future,
chasing away the bleak and negative attitudes of others,
forging through them all and flying above dreary days of
the past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrored Lights

Soiled and reflected in mirrored lights of tomorrow,
images taunt and beguile with witty thoughts of you
and I before now.
Truthful words ring clear as crystal, no matter what
may be said to the contrary by liars, trying to ruin
your little life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrored Moments Of Life

Volumes of poetry are being coaxed from within as I quietly reminisce in a mood of sublime contemplation.
Without moving beyond life in a corner of beauty, nature is finding my passion and lighting it like a blossom of fire from within.
Etching memories into waxen candles, preserving their colorful sights in dense molds of tomorrow's evenings.
To be held in mirror every day as it is told in moments of poetry and expressed in the minds of all those who read them this night.
Under cover of darkened shades, life walks around in nightgowns of insight, portraying hidden qualities in open-ended equations of poetical essence.
Looking into canyons of a mind, full of today's echoes, recalling every nuance remembered throughout the days.
Always being known and recognized as blinders are taken off and placed aside for other diversions of sight.
Calculating measures of every forthright point of reference as life steps into the stance of it's beginnings once and for all.
Energy colliding with an exorbitant amount of silent aptitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrored Past

Riveted in a time of past remembrances, life dangles fragily
to and fro.

Wanton images cascade stormily in front of my mind, too
strong a hold, yet on present life.

Following diagonal paths to inner peace, attempting to avoid
the prickly nightmares cast in sleep.

Numbed by the insistent fear of ages, tramped down amid the
debris of the past.

Allocating freshness of purity to back roads, traveled in
times of early birth, forgotten through the years, hidden by
the darkness of unshed tears.

Solo fragments tended carefully have not as yet revealed
many truths of what once happened.

Regularity of hurt and pain reflect shadows to an inner mind,
mirrored from the past in lifeless forms, set upon a drifting
sea of abuse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrored Pathways

Watching life through a mirror,
as it rotates slowly backwards
through unending reflective
hallways.

Patterns building themselves,
attempting to alter and change
pathways of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrored Pictures

Rainbows sprouting out of intellect, spreading prisms of color
into reflections of spirituality, associating it together in
mirrored pictures and portraits of another time.

Past rememberings of yesterday being thought today, having time
to look over them, tears coming to bear upon sight that sees
visions appearing in the future of our time.

Spilling into pools of thoughts, soaking quietly in colors that
have been poured out, scurrying across earth in blended rhythms,
coding each one in poems that are written interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrored Reflections

Receiving an energy, innately carrying senses to ultimate highs beyond expectations, taking me to regions never before reached or seen.
Life standing alone, being admired from afar, showing inner screens of picturesque mirrored reflections, causing memories to stir within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirroring A Forest

Beating rhythms taking me along river banks, mirroring a forest of tangled pines.
Tossing many thoughts into a pile of scenic portrayals, watching to see which one will prevail and commit locomotive functions.
Certain designs appear and become invisible in moments of time.
Relatively finding rhythm's somehow penetrating the solace of tomorrow's spaces.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirroring Effects

Never minding, waiting for hours on end, just to be able
to freely continue writing to the essence of music,
filling me with wonder and beauty.

Every tempo reciting itself in coded messages,
silentlessly, posting every idea on photographic screens,
living out dreams in total ecstasy, withholding nothing
in writing.

Capturing it all literally, playing and spreading it
placidly into reaches of my mind, where it can all be seen
with a keen clarity unknown to others, while contemplating
effects of every mirroring design upon intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirroring History's Life

2: 54 p.m.
Rhythmic tocking of this heart, walking into infinite measurements of the universe.

Leaving nothing behind closed doors, scented life with aromas of heaven's gardens are filled with blue roses.

Timely exposure mirroring the life of history, mine alone, meeting with itself in poems written for lasting expositions of mankind.

Erasing evils of this world through poetical music and beautiful passion, filling patterns and designs of the fabric of being, alone, waiting on shores of heaven.
2: 55 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirroring Memories

Moonlit trees, reflecting a mood of silent adversity,
waiting in corners of my mind.
Taking steps to remember days of old as they try to
be forgotten in times of lonely sorrow.
Mirroring left-over memories as they float away upon
waves of an ocean.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirroring Moments

Scrambling around, trying to do it all, having fun,
enjoying the freedom of this life.

Doing a variety of projects, forming ideas, bringing
them into existence with a creative eye and inventive
mind.

Producing all pictures poetically in ideal landscapes
of reality, mirroring the moments of life daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirroring Nature

Looking into a mirror in front of me, watching trees
bend and bow, being blown and tossed about freely.

Watching it's leaves wildly jumping about, no way of
knowing which way or direction they will be shaken.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirroring Pasts

Longing for portraits painted in happier days, expressing
delight in thousands of detailed ways.

Sequentially braiding effects of sensitive breeding and
recklessness, causeing a rift between normal and scientific
methods of evaluative chemistry.

Testing the sagacity of temporal questions, alighting on
positive probabilities of negativity.

Narrowing possibilities of sensuous winding paths, primly
formed circumstances gather in pompous joy awaiting the
howling cries of untold sadness.

Divining the effervescent spontaneity of creating solutions
from an atmosphere of quiet interstitial learning, betraying
the loneliness kept in beakers of glass, tossed aside at
the end of day's yawn's breaking.

Sleeping throughout the scheme of unplanned reasoning, cast
from pillows of yearning desire, and placed in caskets of
mirroring pasts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirroring Qualities

Entering another domain where life isn't known and can be created in any way that is wanted.

Desires are running rampant, following no known plans, allowing a freedom of senses to belong all to themselves.

Actuality reigns above a certain type of reality taken back into depths of yesterday.

Undecided on which direction to take, finding the path least trodden into inner depths of self, mirroring qualities of innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirroring Reflection

Steady as a rock beneath the rapidly flowing rivers
crossing over it, thinking through a keen clarity of
precision and beauty.

Rippling reflections mirroring the honesty and truth-
fullness of every thought being created within
imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirroring Reflections

Searching through looking-glasses, mirroring reflections
of inane curiosity.

Fulfilling interior absences with many words, extracting
feelings along the way, and putting them quietly into
words of poetry.

Straying along, traipsing down avenues, looking for
reasons to put to use, myriad arrays of splendor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirroring Yesterday's Tomorrows

Moonlit night fading in the distance, taking memories with it throughout this life.

Holding hands through an intense sadness, as I follow it's tears of abandonment in throes of loss of loved ones.

Supporting and finding the most important aspects that control outcomes in life.

Fulfilling and inspiring the innate talent of music and poetry through their rhythms.

Beating and drumming incessantly, steadily finding beats matching feelings and emotions that have lived with me.

Interiorly through years, mirroring reflections of yesterday's tomorrows in pools at the bottom of an interior waterfall.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrors Of A Mind

Moments spraying life in all directions, watching it land
in all sorts of predicaments.

Trying to untangle itself - extricate it's thoughts from
portions of weeds that are interfering in plans already made.

Piquant ideas are rotating, trying to decide who is next
in line.

Writing quickly, slyly, as people are looking on, wondering
what I'm doing.

Enjoying poems as they flow from my mind and out of my pen
incessantly, like water off a waterfall.

Watching reflections of words, rippling across mirror-like
screens in my mind, portraying whatever happens to hit my
mind's eyes.

Lounging and letting it all happen the way it wants, knowing
that always will there be something to write about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrors Of Crystal Ice

Floating fancifully throughout the atmosphere, ideas, thoughts, feelings, surround and lend a mood of inner peace.

Tranquil endeavors of mind games are played continually on other plains and dimensions during hours of awakening or sleeping.

Selecting patterns during life, serving them together to enhance personality and charm, disregarding traits of human indifference and selective diversity.

Tenderly viewing life as in mirrors of crystal ice, forming foundations of shifting platforms, trying to stay balanced and focused, on track in becoming and being self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrors Of Endless Space

Blanketing everything in so many beautiful justifications
of living in a freedom of joyful anticipation, coming into
junctions of eternal beauty.

Peaceful entities meeting me half-way through jungles of
timeless endings, wanting me to enter abodes of attainment
while waiting to expire.

Soothing temptations carrying me forward, rewarding me with
crystal desires, awaiting transformations in careful thinking,
as I roam skies of realism.

Journeying through reality's edges, finding knowledge smiling
back at me through mirrors of endless space, beckoning me to
follow and explore the existence on the other side.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrors Of Last Night's Dreams

Suffering details of past endeavors that have been gone
through, taking lasting thoughts and letting them fall
into beautiful avenues.

Flying and soaring into the heavens where bluened pools
of intellect are being reflected in mirrors of last
night's dreams.

Lit by many stars of heaven, shedding their essence into
the universe, finding amounts of lasting impressions.

Not wanting to stop or wait for the anger stepping over
everything in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrors Of My Eyes

Looking into mirrors of my eyes, watching
myself slowly fade into non-existence.
Not being able to stop the progression of
my body from attacking itself, unable to
get healthy and enjoy my life - what little
I have left.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrors Of Poetry

Desert nature fills me with exploration and discovery
on sands of my horizon.
Calling me explicitly out of jungles, tangling my
interior life, to reach underneath blankets of thought
and recreation.
Silently foraging for cognitive abbreviations to blend
with abstractions of art and painting.
Hanging all of it in galleries for times eternally,
immortally being recognized on mirrors of poetry set in
motion with rhyming of rhythm.

(10: 49 a.m. - 11/14/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrors Of Rainbows

Translating words into musical etudes filled with
major and minor chords of existence.
Entrenched in a world of silence, hearing only
melodies and rhythms of life being played out.
Ornamentaly decorated in ghosts of yesterday,
reminding us of whence we came, showing us pathways
to our destinies through reflections in life's
mirrors of rainbows.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrors Of Reflection

Waiting in avenues of another world,
hoping to be found and taken in with
all thoughts of yesterday.

Consulting with seers of fortune,
falling into sections of life's
thoughts as they are constantly fed
with extreme insight.

Solidly forming pictures while thinking
of many past memories of life.

So attuned to living images, becoming
more alike than ever through mirrors
of reflection on any given day.

Selecting the sounds I see in deafening
silence, bringing all music into me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrors Of Self - Reflection

Listening to lonely echoes reverberating in the atmosphere, touching interior feelings, stirring them with spoons of intellect, at times tasting their bitter-sweet flavors.

At long last, finding pathways leading into environments of future visions, becoming the being that I have always been in mirrors of self-reflection.

Sensing their inner beauty, feeling the essence that comes in a pure innocence from somewhere in heaven, secrets never being kept from intellect, always placed upon paper in many poems of thoughtful remembrance.

Never forgotten as they are placed on interior photographic screens, always readily available and peaceful, inner depths taking time into lifelines of tomorrow's landscapes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrors Of Stamina

Sizing up situations as they pursue us in lifetimes
of precursory doubt is tantamount to staying alive
without falling into depressions.

So aptly, we trust everyone with respect except
ourselves, and we fail to leave our marks in life
because of this.

Once we awaken our minds to potential and
consideration, our horizon and time in life expands
in generous increments, enlivening our spirits.

Hope and faith encourage our endeavors as we reflect
mirrors of stamina, fulfilling our purposes on earth
at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrors Of The Past

Looking into mirrors of the past, seeing Americans always working hard, supporting their families.

What happened to those people that I see when looking into mirrors of the past?

Nowadays, women sleeping around, as are men, creating and aborting babies, being so proud of their sins.

What about all these children they are murdering, never giving them a chance to take their first breath.

Never seeing their mother or father's faces before being killed, dying from abortions.

All those good decent women who bore their children, raised and took care of them throughout life and into adulthood.

Those self-same children now killing and aborting their own children, using the excuse it's their body, their choice.

If they would only abstain from having sex, they'd have a choice, they'd never get pregnant, their own bodies would not change within in order to hold the child they don't want.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrors Of Time

Roses reflecting in mirrors of time,
enticing me to roam around again in
heaven's gardens.

Reminding me of the beauty I left
behind, to come back to life again.

Staring into realms of then, wishing
I were able to stay inside the gates
of heaven eternally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mirrors Standing Back

Reflections reaching me from mirrors standing back,
trying to be inconspicuous, yet I can see them
touching my mind with secrets of life.

Illuminating Christmas lights, beckoning imagination
to issue it's thoughts and bring them out into the
open where I may write them down to see them more
concretely in visions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Misanthropy

Some people's irascibility is violent, touching a
misanthropy of major proportions.
Wondering how they became to be this way, if it
was the way they were brought up, taught by their
parents or life situations tearing them apart.
Recreating their personalities and turning them
into monsters, who hurt and maim others, taking
out their anger in hateful, mean ways, still ends
in a violent way of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mischievious Poem

Starting with beginnings of every tempo, letting it
tantalize my brain, knowing that poetry will be forth-
coming, no effort, always at my beck and call.

Shouting and yelling, raising a fuss just for the fun
of it, yet remaining quiet out loud, only my poetry
tempting you who read this poem to follow and do what
ever happens to be written.

Laughing, finding it to be great fun, because no one
will know that you are just reading the instructions
I've written in a poem.

Raise your hands, clap them, spin around like a child,
march in place, tap someone on the shoulder, giggle
uncontrollably, then suddenly stop, feeling the fun as
you look at the puzzled looks on people's faces.

What a great way to unfold your personalities by letting
your spirits go, afterwards feeling lighter, more in
tune with your spirituality, feeling a total change within.

This is my playful and inner mischievous child, playing
with your minds as you read this poem because I can, and
you continue reading it because you cannot help yourself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Misconception Of Despair

Watching myself slip and fall, breaking into many fragments,
unrecognizable to all.
Disturbed by the flagrant uncaring attitudes of most people.
There are no clues or rewards for being kind and gentle.
Sinking in footprints of disconsolate miseries, carried off
to unpleasant corners of life.
Light shining down, illuminating blackness of despair, no
help offered or given.
Wasting away on benches of liberty, full of cobwebs and
dust - views very limited.
Pathways overgrown and tangled, kept that way by
misconceptions taught from birth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Misconceptions

Energized by an article written on racism in America, while reading it, seeing the misconceptions people in India and other countries around the world have of America.

It seems to me that these misconceptions stem from our own politicians and those in our government, portraying their own agendas, greed and corruption to the world around us.

When in reality, Americans are not at all what we are being portrayed as by these supposed representatives of ours.

We the People are being misrepresented and this error must be corrected now.

As Americans, we see a need and we are there to lend a helping hand, to do whatever we can to help those who are more unfortunate than we are.

Our minds and hearts are open, giving, caring, compassionate towards others, even here in the U.S. we help each other, volunteer, give of our own time and money to help whenever we can.

And how are we portrayed by our government? As rich snobs who care nothing about people in other countries, who start wars out of selfish greed, protect the wrong countries and let those deserving of our help go unnourished, unfed, doing without our protection and help.

Helping the countries whose people are evil, greedy, corrupt, and selfish, because that is how the reality of our politicians and government act towards everyone.

It's no wonder other countries have such a bad impression of Americans.

We the people do not stand behind the atrocities our government and politicians are committing, they have not been listening to us, not representing us at all.

They go against what we Americans want and that is peace and equality all over the world, because we are all equal in the eyes of God.

Personally, I do not understand racism and hatred of others because of their color or nationality, it makes no sense to me at all.

We are after all human beings across the board, I see no difference when looking at people, they are all the same to me, we just have different outlooks and values on life and that's no reason to hate anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Misdirected

Spitting out possibilities of life,
lying them flat upon the surface of
sidewalks that lead no where.

Finding fault with every aspect and
relative situation found along the
way.

Postponing the probability of standards
and quality generated by each individual.

We follow paths in life that make no
sense and lead us into vast wildernesses
without a compass.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Miseducation

Looking at our school system, comparing it to ones of the past, seeing quite a big difference in curriculum and teaching.

Today encouraging children to not question anything and go with the flow, regardless of the lack of morality, ethics or values.

Telling children to reach for whatever they choose and others be damned, illogical, having no reasoning skills themselves, teaching common core principles of a socialist government.

Children being brainwashed and left by the wayside for they're not getting an education, just being fed socialist propaganda and taxpayers are paying more than ever of their hard-earned money for it.

This miseducation is dumbing down even the smartest child, do away with common core or we will have a nation of backwards thinkers.

None of them able to think for themselves or go to work, all parents need to start getting involved in what their children are being taught.

not, we're going to see more thugs, criminals and protestors thinking they are entitled, also because of examples of parents on welfare with their hands out expecting everything to be given to them for free.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Misery's Tears

All the sadness of my soul has filtered into the heavenly blue skies so I may watch tears as they fall from inner misery, touching my mind and tossing it aside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Misguided Conceptions

Now is the moment when we begin.

Life has spread it's wings and soared above the earth.

Galavanting musically, ideally, with wordy clouds and soft images.

Balancing in mid-air, feeling gloriously free - no tethers binding.

Feeling complacent in an interior vacancy, keeping beat with poetical music and flying with intense curiosity.

Holding on to everyday memories, playing them incessantly like a CD.

Careful not to expose too much to a world filled with frightened people and misguided conceptions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Misguided Power

For some reason the world enjoys celebrating ignorance,
only once in a very great while does a genius or
intelligent being get honored.

Abounding ignorance displays itself at every level and
concept of government and business, reasoning propensities
do not dawn or glisten for many in positions of power.

Authoritative coercion sustaining limits of work
environments, calculating errors of mistaken identity,
forfeiting the success of life.

Tossed upon the waves on inconspicuous necessity,
awaiting the demise of impudent knowledge set in pages
of printed ideas.

Words penetrating the essence of elemental protuberance,
following the prepubescence of non-ending defiant behavior.

Academician, professor unapprehended, uninvestigated,
leading to lives purposely misusing power over the earth
and it's inhabitants.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Misguided Superiority

Downtown high rises filled with mirrors, reflecting
the incompetence of businessmen and lawyers through-
out the day.
Lies reflecting and reminding them of good deeds
gone undone, heartache replacing peace in poor people
that they themselves have caused.
Tenants of these skyscrapers have mistakenly misplaced
being in mid-air with notions of their superiority and
think themselves gods above everyone else.
Airs put on from their own minds have no truth or
reality in this life, yet they go on believing their
own lies, while taking lives away, discarding them
like droplets of water being tossed out of a fountain,
or leaves dropping to the cement ground without anyone noticing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Misplaced Memories

Rummaging around in pools of sorrow, wondering what it is
that I will find in their depths.

Memories that have been misplaced or forgotten in time,
now being revived without any reprieve or mercy.

Tears beginning to flow, filling rivers with glistening
drops of crystals.

Wanting to turn away from it all, something pulls my
heartstrings, not letting me go until I have traveled
every pathway of reminiscence, seeing images and visions
of the past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missed

Palm tree fingers waving good bye frantically at the sky, their lover's lips steal silently away on a cloud, to be kissed by many others and only missed by their first-time love.

Stuck in the dirt by their roots, like many marriages are stuck in a rut.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missed Interview

Taking in stride, the appalling lack of coordination and feelings of helplessness.

All the wonder and fun dispersed because of a lapse in memory.

An entire experience so looked forward to seems to be forming into a disaster.

Hopefully, a single phone call after dinner will help ease the pain of mistaken appointment times and once again rearrange life in a cohesive style.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing

Mind feeling hollow,
emptied of something
that seems to be missing,
but as yet, I don't know
what.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing A Friend

Feet sifting the sand, feeling it's heat and burying
toes with it's particles.
Lowering self into a seashore of sand, watching waves
fold over, rinsing feet clean.
No cares or worries attaching themselves to a mind
blown away with suicide.
A great gentle mind filled with knowledge and
kindness, living in earth's hell and not wanting to
be here.
Sorrowful hearts beating - grief-stricken from hearing
about what happened to him.
A nice man, yet no one knew him alone with his sadness,
it was too great to hold for just one person.
Now he's in heaven with God - no more loneliness - he
has at last been fulfilled.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing A Musical Friend

A song being sung that a friend of mine always used to sing.
Full of energy, smiling the whole way through it, laughing as she'd change some of the words to get a chuckle from the audience.
Missing her insidiously, wishing she were still alive so we could get together and talk while cooking and listening to music.
Life leaves us so bereft when death takes our friends of life away in hidden whispers sent from heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing An Award Ceremony

Early morning rising, ready to be discharged from
the hospital, yet it may not happen for a while.

Knowing that my Granddaughter is expecting me,
hurts to the core of my being, life isn't fair even
to the youngest of us.

A ceremony where she will be receiving an award, a
great honor to her and I am totally proud of her
achievements and hope to be there for her.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing Ancestors

Ancestors speak interiorly through their Italian
music, touching me emotionally with love, bringing
forth their caring and our youth once shared.

Missing everyone I grew up with, living now on
horizons with new ancestors of my own doing, I
await my time in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing Elements

An emptiness scours my insides as I listen to the Blues Brothers alone in the audience.
Missing the antics and smiles of my granddaugher, and son.
An entertaining time, yet missing that one element of family being together in fun.
Searching images, finding those of past times together, smiling within as an emptiness still fills me silently.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing From My Life

Woke up this morning with a feeling of emptiness,
everything was in place, looking around you were
nowhere in sight.

Dreams awakening love we had through the years,
when awake feeling the loneliness that has now
filled me since you've gone.

Missing from my life, your essence, your trembling
desires, love that you caressed me with so tenderly
through the years my dear.

Tears falling with every step I take through this
empty house I now live in alone, your memory taunts
me endlessly throughout the days and nights.

It cannot be captured or held within my heart any
longer, wanting to see you, feel your love and what
we had, yet knowing none of it will be again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing Ingredient

Falling into spirits of darkness, searching for the
absence of light.

Finding it hiding beneath the aspirations of this
morning's sun.

Developing and forming sequences of another plain
as many ideas conform to those of yesterday.

Nothing else can ever become the essence of their
beings.

For a missing ingredient cannot be found except
through spirits of the night.

Taking them always into depths of another moment in
the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing Key Factors

Ending of life is a mystery that we haven't fathomed as
yet, somehow missing key factors the moment in between
life and the death of it.

Unable to figure it out, because no one has really been
able to be there at that exact moment every time, there
is no specific aspect that causes it though, I'm sure.

It must therefore be the same event that occurs for every-
one at that precise moment in time, something must trigger
it to end our lives, but what could it be?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing Life Again

Missing my life as I sit here in the hospital again.
Wanting to be free to do what I want, and here I am
at the mercy of doctors, trying to find out what's
wrong with me.
Leaving me in a hospital room just wanting to go home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing Links

Missing links strung out across the atmosphere, unattached
to any living being.

Tossed aside, filtered down to nothing, captured and held
with no pride.

Single file, stretched beyond imagination, living in hell
and knowing nothing of it's presence.

Serenely struck with sounds of music deftly playing in the
background of life's stare.

Billowing across strings of sorrow, gently plucking pain,
hurting inner strains of an unhappy soul, sacrificing
daily pockets of love for untoward recompense.

Dying on the edge of living, soundlessly hidden underneath
piles of ashes from burnt out fires.

Passing alone, beyond earthly graves, touching images of
graven idols.

Whiling away, ages of mystery in educated pleasures,
searching heavens of tomorrow, finding at the very least,
a touch of emptiness.

An expression of nothing living on the hearth of death's
handmaiden, scouring tiled floors with besmirched innocence.

Remarking never again will missing links live on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing Myself

Going through lapses of memory, trying to revive them, yet somehow they've died inside.
Wanting to find them, I continually write about them to no avail.
Searching endlessly does no good.
Hoping beyond what I can hope, being left out in a vast desert landscape with no way to return to normal ordinary things.
Intensely missing myself, I go deeper inside, hoping to become catatonic, except through my writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing Our Dogs

Paw prints stepping into mind, reminding me of all my
dogs now gone to heaven.

Missing them deeply in thought, I guess that's why
I'm seeing their prints etched in my mind.

Realizing life is so lonely without them always by my
side, being shadows and loving me unconditionally.

I think that's what I miss the most - the love they
gave me without reserve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing Patterns

An energy inside is missing, has disappeared, caused a failure to thrive from within.

Patterns of life, other people, no longer have the significance they used to.

Truly alone in this vast desert of life, there's no one here except God, I am going to Him to be rid of this emptiness which resides within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing Peace

Longing possessing the intricate weavings of inner emotion,
strumming particles of sorrow and pleading.

Allowing blades of pain to furrow deep and bring about tears,
falling into realms of discouragement and rebounding
fears.

Compelled to pretend that nothing is amiss, checking quietly
for the missing peace of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing Piece

Like the missing puzzle piece no longer fitting in the picture, am I.

Never fitting or belonging anywhere, always alone, a solitary figure, I roam this earth through darkest nights.

Finding at last a temporary hold through Hospice, where in.

We are companions of a sort for a short while as we teeter on edges of death, and then let go.

So I guess if I were to belong somewhere on this earth, this is the place, until I at last let go to become a part of a universal heavenly picture puzzle for eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing Pieces

Folding wings around me, guardian angel protecting and guarding me from harm.
Helping me to move forward out of the deep haze that has been hanging over me for some time now.
Getting totally into the tempo, finding myself in hallways of beauty.
Taking place in a jovial arena of karaoke, filling in the missing pieces where blank spaces were left me from so much anesthesia.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing Puzzle Pieces Of Life

Searching everywhere for puzzle pieces that are missing
from this life, wanting to know what exactly they will
add to life's dimension already being lived and known.

Researching, locating and measuring it all mathemati-
cally, capturing equations creatively, watching as many
pictures come slowly together.

Melding senses, feelings and emotions to form a more
perfect image of all that has been found and placed on-
to an inner portrait of creative prose, a final master-
piece seen through poetical imagery and words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing Small Miracles

Vacantly staring into environmental landscapes, hoping to see future
omens of predictability so life can be sent straight to the end of a good cause.
Splendid sights appearing in visions of tomorrow's fate, holding on regularly to
ordinary things, missing the small miracles of every moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing Someone

Suddenly a sadness seems to cover me in tears of crystal blue, taking me to edges of sorrow, looking out over it's great expanse.

Filling me unperturbantly with visions of grief I have already traveled and experienced.

There's no turning back as I walk into the waters of loneliness, leaving behind the joy I used to know before all this came about.

An entire lifetime bereft of someone I dearly love and miss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing The Sun

Daylight has disappeared into evening and streetlights have come on to light our way.
Missing the sun as it spread it's bright countenance over earth, touching my skin with a warmth and some vitamin D.
Loving the way it shined on parts of things that it could touch, leaving the rest in shadows, hiding away from everyone's eyes.
Daylight - an enlightening experience in our daily routines.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing Us

Since being back in the U.S., mostly just sitting here
at my desk, writing poetry, commenting, thinking and
writing titles for my poems, then posting them.

Not like being there with you, walking every day, talk-
ing, listening to music together, loving how you took
the time to do these things with me.

You gave of yourself, unselfishly and fully, here no one
will walk with me or do anything else, so I just sit at
my desk alone.

Happy when you come talk to me, thinking of all the good
times you and I had together, remembering every single
one from this photographic memory and missing us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing What I Had

Outside, clouds filling the blue sky with their grayened tones, letting rain come between and fall upon this earth, feeling the denseness of their fullness filling my heart.

Feelings of sadness now because the joy in life has been taken away and now I am missing what I had before, such a devastating thing our lives have included.

Death and loos of those we have loved in life, wanting to relive those moments once again, yet never able to, brings tears falling like rain just outside this building.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missing, Yet Still Loving You

Living without you, my faith has died, hope is no
longer lit within my being, strength is waning with
each passing day, there's nothing I can do about it.

Missing, yet still loving you with all my heart my
dear, wanting it all back, but mostly wanting you only
to give me the strength of your love to keep me going.

Passionate and filled with the love you have given me
through the years, trying to hold onto it, but it's
never being replenished again without your being here
beside me my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mission In Life

Too many people never become the person of their dreams and
that's a disservice to all of mankind, all hopes, desires,
ideas and wants in life are draped within our minds.

Waiting to be discovered, rearranged and fitted properly to
our individual beings, thoughts filling everyone's minds,
varied, totally different and matching their personalities.

Not just watching interiorly, but grasping hold of them,
using, finding their essences as we constantly wend our
way into our future selves, having at last found our
mission in life and become our dreams at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mission Through Imagination

Pounding out the rhythms of a musical mind, onto reams of paper and held in journals to occupy my mind with joyous peace.

Sent on missions through imagination by genius, totally forgotten, lying in a corner hidden from all eyes.

Quietly striving to remain a non-entity to preserve privacy, a small but dignified life through a self-respect not known before.

Grasping the hand of repeatable emotion, frolicking down the lanes of least resistance in time to the notes of fantastic inner music.

Supplanted by the eerie density of a previous life, standing on the verge of a greater destiny than I have ever known or imagined.

Twirling about the dimensional universe only I can know, holding on to the blueness of my soul, writing from it's magnificent silence.

One day all the world will know of this small life and it's favorite pastime of written poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Missions Of Education

Missions of education on earth, passing on literature, history, math, science and reading to our youth,

Surprising what each of them individually can do with their own intellects.

Some will grow up to be scientists, mathematicians, teachers, psychiatrists and some, laborers who toil through their lives always living through hard times and poverty.

What causes such a disparity in children that their careers in life can either make or break them as adults?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Misspending Our Money

Wondering why baseball, softball, sports teams are here asking for money to keep on coming.
Sports! Why can't they just play their own games - why do we have to subsidize them?
Let them go, let volunteers work and fund them and give their money to the elderly and disabled.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mist Of Loneliness

Striding forward into a moonlit evening, loneliness walking
alongside, holding me back at times, crying out of an in-
tense sorrow that never wants to leave me interiorly.

Living alone in it's mist, taking steps into it's rhythms
of time, longing for a moment where life will come and res-
cue my heart from this strange and foreign feeling of loss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mistaken Love

Tokenly mistaken on a journey of love, searching for
an elusive thought, no tangible meaning to hold on to.

Flavoring black caverns of totality, all the while
beckoning to matters of relevance.

From somewhere beyond knowledge, withering amidst
many creative images and thoughts of what love
supposedly is.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mistaken Pretenses

Deserted, lost, alone, set apart from others, left
dangling in a life of gloom, forsaken by everyone
who ever said they cared.

Lost among the living, having no life, sends shivers
of abandonment through my mind.

No longer languishing under mistaken pretenses,
turning slowly, walking away, leaving behind imagined
friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mistaken Ride

Silent, still Monday morning, clouds filling
the sky overhead.

Trance-like qualities filling without, letting
imagination take whatever turns it prefers.

Riding down the 51, in a yellow cab, very late
for an appointment, because someone at the office
made a mistake, yet again.

Not knowing what the words, 'high priority' meant.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mistrust

Curtains closed ahead, shutting out the future - blocking the view
of insight discouragingly.
Colored, draped, unable to be opened, standing outside looking on.
Finding no reasons, no hope to go on.
Having lost what was really important years ago, find nothing to
alleviate the pain - the constant sorrow - brought forward from
childhood.
Standing on the edge, always looking, watching, never, ever
participating in life or friendship.
Alone, afraid of others, mistrusting those who love or care,
knowing only the unhappiness settled within through all the years.
Nothing prepares a being to live it's entire life slowly bleeding,
going to it's death because of fear.
No one can touch or hug - allowing them the human contact to come
alive inside.
Someone not interested in pain or abuse offering only friendship
unconditionally, setting aside any obstacle in it's way.
Saving a human being just by being a friend, talking, allowing
them to one day become who they were always meant to be.
Then let go with love if asked, knowing one day that all must go
beyond the horizon and come back in their own time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Misty Atmospheres

Blackened skies, gray clouds scattered about, all of
them holding precipitation.

Soon it will be raining on earth, forming misty
atmospheres, holding moisture within skyways above.

Waiting for the cue to begin pouring upon earth, all
the water it can hold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Misty Eyes Of Loss

Everyone standing or else sitting around, bored with life, having given up on it's essence, passion now dying, looking through misty eyes of loss and grief.

Finding ourselves blinded by loneliness, emptiness and feelings of total abandonment throughout life, feeling rejected, alone, forsaken and forlorn.

Wondering where to go from here, is there a pathway to be taken, gaining back the impetuous to continue looking for that inner passion, or must we be left on a deserted pathway never to find ourselves again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Misty Skirts

Looking out a hospital window once again, watching rain
gathering it's misty skirts around the city, covering
it with mystical proportions.

They seem to be coming from somewhere over earth's
horizon, scattering raindrops over earth's surface,
touching it with torrents of rain, pouring down.

Seeming not to notice or even see the devastation and
flooding it's causing for so many people who are just
trying to live their lives from one day to the next.

A magical sort of glory mixed with an apprehension of
life being taken away from some here on earth, yet at
the same time nourishing nature.

Giving life-saving water to wildlife that depends on
the rain for sustenance, along with humanity needing
drinking water to survive also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Misty-Eyed Persuasion

Silent sounds arrive in my mind,
beckoning me to ride away with
them into the night.

Telling all, repeating heart-felt
words, adding rhythms to brighten
their many moods, arriving calmly
in a cloud of misty-eyed persuasion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Misty-Eyed Remembrance

Fantastic motion, swirling into my being,
taking me on a voyage through pathways,
leading to forests of childhood.

Premiering visions left behind, only
brought forward now, because I've gone
through filing cabinets of my brain and
taken them out to look at in misty-eyed
remembrance.

Mysteriously, emotions and feelings erupt,
placing themselves in my heart, causing
tears to swell and sorrow to flow into my interior.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Misunderstanding Of My Life

Carefully watching events happening in life, seeing people for who they are, anticipating nothing, preparing for no one.

Life is to be lived alone, there are no friends who choose to understand this love of writing, misunderstandings a-bound when speaking.

Meaning being taken from me, I do not understand any of it except the pain, emptiness fills my being, I contemplate it, feel the hurt it brings.

Alone, hating this very existence, but nothing can be done about it, no one willing to get past the writing to see the reality of this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Misunderstandings Of Life

Carefully watching events happening in life, seeing people
for who they are.

Anticipating nothing, preparing for no one, life is to be
lived alone, there are no friends who choose to understand
this love to write.

Misunderstandings abound when speaking, it hurts when others
say what is said, and I not meaning it the way they said it.

All mixed up inside, crying, loss of life again - meaning
taken from me.

Why do people do this? What is it that others cannot like?
Why be offered friendship, then have it snatched away through
nothing I have done.

Not understanding any of it except the pain, emptiness fills
this being, contemplating it, feeling the hurt it brings.

Alone, again, hating this very existence, hating self, why go
on living.

There is no one in life willing to get past the writing and
see what I am really like, no one.

Why live alone on a planet filled with people, when not one of
them cares to take the steps to come and know me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Misused Power

Rushing to meet up with someone with intelligence, knowing
that the odds are against that happening.

Moving forward anyway, going through the motions and looking
for answers that are probably not going to be given today or
in the future.

Awaiting intellect to find the way through the junk being
presented on the face of things.

Only pressing forward into the jungle of misused power,
finding the way through the illusions of dishonesty and lies.

Using only truth to begin again and do away with the energy
of those in power - taking control where they shouldn't even
dare to tread on this day or any other here on earth.

Still, walking away and being plied with the uselessness of
those standing in the way of normal people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mixing Present And Past

Being in touch with self metes out many troubles, because
thoughts are held tightly close.

They have no way to air out, becoming stale from waiting,
unless they are brought out and spoken of no one can know
what is going on inside your head.

Thoughts become distorted and blur common sense, distilling
your mind as if it is drunk with liquor.

It's not, but that is how the mind feels when it is in
constant turmoil, mixing the present with the past.

When you are in touch with self, knowing the hazards it can
bring, trouble can be stood off bravely with no tears because
thoughts are no longer held so close.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mixing With Imagination

Rushing to meet ideas forming and shaping closely in
my mind, keeping and mixing them now with imagination.

There they are giving me more designs to work with,
patterns exuberantly shaping in and out of many per-
pendicular angles.

Giving a pleasing tone to thoughts, wanting to be
placed sideways into a poem, working it's way care-
fully through avenues of intellect.

Focusing totally on the ending goal of a major formula
filled with equations of ideas for inventions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mixture Of Interior Knowledge

Actuality sitting within the actuality of life, causing
an existent blessing to be found and expressed.

Lonely times unfolding themselves in probabilities of
another dimension, happening to occur in a mixture of
interior knowledge.

Allowing self to be entirely absent from life around me,
always tending to be introduced in volumes of poetry
being written and unfolded, open to intellect and closed
to the rest of the world.

Always knowing the beauty of rhythm as it flows through
energetically, keeping me going even in the darkest hours
of this life.

Sadness growing and leaping into this mind whenever it
wants to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mode Of Poetry

Going through pages of writing, giving poems titles so they can be posted on .

Having an enjoyable time, listening to music from yesterday, writing to it's rhythm as it flows through my being.

Also, on facebook, having a conversation with a close friend, multi-tasking is fun, keeping your mind alert, awake and always in a mode of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mode Of Thought

Riding high in realms of rhythms of integrity,
keeping up with the usefulness of my mind as
I write in depths of reality.

Speaking silently of it's false hopes,
uncompromising wants and selective desires are
hoping to continue forever in this mode of
thought.

Cognitively letting all words and ideas flow
normally out of intellect like a perpetual water-
fall, never running out of any thoughts, jumping
over and free falling into depths of inner canyons.

Letting imagination carry me, never getting hurt
or deceived by the fall of myself into a land of
silent writing where I'm most comfortable living
life alone.

No penetrating feelings of doom are able to hold
on to me as yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Models Of Disparity

Thinking of the disparity in this life of people's attitudes
and aspects on issues that are important.

Some people, a minority, have major barriers of their own
ignorance on political topics and government.

Our nation has hit an all-time bottom when it comes to being
free and respecting others.

Politically correct rubbish was thought up by a few corrupt
people who are actually the racists and intolerant ones.

It is only to berate the majority of U.S. citizens and cause
racial tension and intolerance where there never was before.

Trying to destroy American values and bring in pedophiles to
take away American freedom with the ignorance of sharia law.

Islam is only after the riches of the world for only the few,
wanting to dictate their narrow-minded evil ways to the
population of the world.

There are more people than this handful of infidels who call
themselves muslims, the rest of us can overthrow them now
and do away with their dark-age mind-sets.

We have progressed way beyond these intolerant cave men, we
don't rape, molest and kill innocent people like they do.

Anyone who converts to islam it's because they are depraved
individuals, following the example of their so-called non-
prophet pedophile, mohammad.

A disgusting model of depravity that needs to be gotten
rid of totally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Models Of Future Generations

Singularly advancing life into the twenty-third century by
involving intellect with the spheres traveling around in
my mind.

Testing the formulas and inventions of a future lifetime,
taking every idea and processing it into models of future
generations.

Silencing the naysayers, finding a way around every negative
opinion, never allowing anyone to move me from my convictions.

So totally contented with every thought coming into this
existence of forbearance

Allowing the future it's time to come into the here and now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Modern Invisibility

Changing times, rearranging age-old memories.
Holding on to values tightly while being
thrown into the modern world.
Unsightly circumstances delving into recesses
of past jealousies and envy.
Characterized by self-importance, casting
aside societies morals and ethics to move up
the ever invisible corporate ladder.
Letting go of past mistakes, becoming the
destiny planned from the beginning.
In the end holding and embracing the values
taught when young, no longer needing the
over -worn tendencies of the modern world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Modern Technolgy's Torch

Visions dancing through this mind, giving concepts for
innate ideas that continually pop into mind, ingenuity
and purpose enlivening light lit from within this being.

A total universe interiorly, coming about every day,
nothing ever parting nor separating ideas that have
been seen within.

Complete perspectives working through properties of
designs and patterns, liking it all to ones seen from
sun shining upon ample corners and shadows, climbing
walls of this mind.

Picture-perfect, infamous, nothing ever seen like it,
landscapes born within imagination and fantasy that a
poet is writing, while listening to music incessantly.

Brilliant and particular in all endeavors of the world,
making decisions, secreting so many things in life,
making them so much better.

Simplifying complications made, redefining simplicity
that is inherent in human nature, being plentiful and
essential in life, figuring out mathematical equations
to make it all possible.

Sensing figures that will bring together productivity of
all that is being thought, processing every idea with a
modicum of knowledge, letting intellect increase in innate
knowledge, developing wisdom in leaps and bounds.

Essence of all nature and mankind, picking slender thoughts,
bringing them to fruition in the near future, modern tech-
nology carrying the torch for advances in medicine,
engineering and technology, all of it culminating in the
next generation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Modes Of Thinking

Tactfully enjoying thoughts being shaped in ovens of subconsciousness, playing with their atoms, rearranging their magnitude with lilting tones of regularity.

Attaching them to storms of incongruity, to wander through life.

Growing interiorly with a quality of timid rejoicing in novel modes of thinking, while relying on bland days of laziness and basic needs for a semblance of living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moist Enlightenment

Registering dialects of rhythm interiorly, letting
them settle into a melody, tantalizing inner senses.

Retrieving the delicacies of sensations building
throughout my being while listening to music.

Hope climbing like ivy up an ancient building,
seething with moist enlightenment.

Tempting thoughts to be fulfilled, enjoying every one
of them as they alight upon my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mold Of Discrimination

Silence heard round the world at the stroke of a pen,
destined for an eternity to change this world, tearing
apart myths of misconception, people have walled around
themselves.

Taking matters out of closets for all to see what
they're doing is hurting those who are not being
recognized as worthy of note.

Discrimination is the mold of today, blackening most
people by focusing and helping only some.

Tearing at people's self-esteem and worth by hailing
only one nationality's purpose, ideals and feelings -
so much so that other nationalities are actually being
discriminated against.

There is no first or second thought about any of it, but
it's being allowed to happen by so-called 'politically
correct' statements of some people in the City of
Phoenix.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Molded Deserts

Desert evenings,
darkened by a sunset on a western horizon,
leaving us in an ebony landscape,
surrounded by mountains,
climbing everlastingly into the sky.
Molded deserts, put on earth for our enjoyment,
provoking thoughts to be spread about in books
for all to be reminded of God's innate nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Molding Impressions

Impressions daily impressing themselves
deeply in my soul.
Quietly altering my mind and molding my
being ever gently towards my God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Molecules Of Life

Once when springtime endured, the living came out of hibernation, quiescently negating the necessity of barren achievement.

Loving the experimentation of ages, culminating in expanding horizons without forfeiture of linear equivalents, focusing daily on treatises of inner self-discipline.

Creating adversity of a life-time, endowing talents of inner structure to become what they must.

DNA of each is lived accordingly, separated by the molecules of life, filled with the information given at the moment of conception.

Outlying delays amount to little as everything continues to grow in it's own way and time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mom

Mom, can you see me?
I'm a person - a boy - a man.
My life is here - it is now.
I believe in it.
Mom, can you hear me?
I can talk - carry on a conversation - listen to you.
Why aren't you listening to me?
Mom, can you talk to me?
I can hear you talking - see your mouth moving - but
you're not saying what I want to hear.
Mom, can you reach your arms around me?
Please hug me - I'm a person - a boy - a man.
Mom, can you love me just as I am?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mom And Dad

Pictures hanging on the wall, remind me of memories
that made each one in our lives.
Walking down the hallway, remembering the goodness
and beauty brought into our lives because we loved
you and still hold you close to our hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mom Comforting Me From Heaven

Purple visions of violets sitting in my mind,
a message from beyond, one from my Mom.
Trying to protect me, hold me close in the
coming days of suffering alone in a hospital.
Comforting my soul from heaven, helping me to
be strong and get through this terrible ordeal
one more time.
Significant observations and reasonable logic
sits inside my mind, as Mom touches me gently in
the night before going back to her place in
heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mom? Mom?

Mom? Mom?
I am calling you from the very depths of my soul - my being.
Death won't let you answer and I can feel it's icy chill come
down upon me.
Wanting to hear your voice, to see your eyes, to hear you
laugh - nothing happens and your silence continues to begin.
It is unbearable - the sadness, pain and deep emptiness pull
me down into the blackest despair.
There is no one I can turn to, as slowly, I turn over and die
deep inside for the rest of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moment In My Mind

Meaningful and accepting life takes me on a solo journey, showing what others will never be able to see unless I write it into poetry.

Each poem just a moment in my mind, expressing the very complexity of life succinctly and legibly throughout the measures of time and rhythm.

There's no stopping any of it until the very second when I move from this horizon into that of heaven, looking forward to once again going there.

Heart filled with joy and happiness just thinking of it's fruition, mind being filled with all sorts of questions wanting to be answered when I get there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moment In Time

This moment in time belongs to anyone who will live
it fully, believe it totally.

There are no unforgiven moments left to chance, each
one is acceptable, allowing tranquil living.

Through life, understanding fills volumes left
unlearned, unsatisfied yearnings spent in timely
acceptance, are properly coerced.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moment Of Appreciation

Caring and loving for those in love that have no one to
care for them.

Left alone in darkened and lonely rooms, no one to talk
to, nothing to ever get excited about.

A dull life with an equally dull routine that is practiced
every day without thought.

Strictly taking care and watching, seeing a shy and timid
smile, apologetically shining from within their souls and
onto the one who has given them a moment to be appreciated.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moment Of Disappearance

Remembering past images that are now waiting for me on the other side.
Watching me fold under the pressures of today and knowing I look forward to being with them very soon.
Nothing to stand in the way of a darkened mood, filled with thoughts, ideas, a plan to entice it's coming sooner.
Ending pictures already forming in my mind, using imagination's fantasies to incorporate them with musical actions and rhythm to move forward.
Relaxing in a passive mood, choosing the right moment to disappear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moment Of Glory

In the middle of the night all of life stands still,
breathless, waiting for it's moment of glory.

Knowing that it will find no way of becoming whole
until morning light comes and shines upon it.

Fascinating serenity falls next in line, raspy, full
of antagonistic prayer, unfolding life itself,
leaving open, a heart which is totally vulnerable.

Sifting through wanton debri of the past, life suddenly
turns away, running faster.

Never catching up to itself again, falling short of
progress, dying in sin, never to be blessed again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moment Of Insight

Tranquil, in a state of grace,
filled with the peace of the Holy Spirit.

Prayerfully recollected, serene, at one
with the world.

Interiorly calmed by a gentle wind, blowing
across the deserts of my mind, altering the
moods and attitudes that were once mine.

A new, different person inside, unlike the
one I was before.

Just moments of insight, brought home by a
caring and unconditional friend.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moment Of Life

Living in another moment of life,
enjoying it's essence while I'm
there.
Reveling in an immense elational
period as life spins around and
surpasses me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moment Of Living

Hollowly beseeching the person I cannot be; many people place limited
boundaries on me because of their own tightly held views.
As if being held in a prison cell, I squirm and squiggle to gain control of self.
Knowing I can never be happy, falling prey to another's merciless whim.
There are far too many places to be explored, and I must go alone to
find and meet whatever comes to me.
Freedom of movement, thought and ideas fill my every moment of living.
Why be shackled to another man's idea of life, when I can have the freedom of
just being alone with my inner self and not be subject to another's greed or vice?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moment Of Living Through Nature

Watching nature, able to contemplate on an interior life of spirituality, bringing peace and serenity to this creative mind and intellect.

Absorbing beauty and ingenuity found in nature everywhere, beautiful ideas being inspired at every turn, natural land-scapes living their purposes.

At the same time, giving us enjoyment as flowers blossom, leaves grow and the seasons change color, giving us wonder and awe regarding God and His hand in all of creation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moment Of Quiet Joy

Staying calm, enjoying this moment of quiet joy alone,
writing and listening to music, thoughts taunting and
teasing intellect.

Giving intense pleasure the whole while, talking in my
mind through thoughts that continually come into being,
writing them down rapidly and silently.

Knowing that what is being written will finally repre-
sent what intellect has been thinking so intently about
through musical rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moment Of Respite

Enjoying a moment of respite after a hectic morning
is satisfying to my soul.
Listening to Peggy and Neil singing through their
sorrow, attempting to find some relief in grief by
making others happy.
Appreciated greatly by the seniors as they dance
and sway to beautiful musical poetry at the center.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moment Of Today

Galloping away into the cool evening twilight, taking nothing but a quiet aptitude to reminisce about all the times we've had.

Taking walks and finding our way through all the turmoil and never giving in to any misery trying to take our happiness away.

Instead, taking courage, stepping up to the plate, using intellect and imagination to take us farther away, into dimensions where we can wisely go beyond what we have done before.

Loving all the steps that have been taken and going beyond the horizon with a long standing ingenuity, taking us by the hand.

Contributing to our success while here in this space on earth, a beacon lighting the way for many others who will follow us, such beautiful moments are being thought and recorded.

Thankful for every moment that continues to be a beacon also to intellect, by-passing feeling desolate and forlorn for now, just relaxing silently in a sacred space within.

So far out of reach from everything, yet being in touch with all of it tenderly and amazingly wonderful in a moment of today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moment Of Wonder

Reading words, leading into the music of intelligence.
Knowing that wisdom will be following me in every case.
Wending my way somewhere I can relax and not think of anything else.
A moment of wonder filling my mind with a sense of desire, coming from outside the context of my mind.

(12: 00 a.m. - 11/15/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moment That Just Is

Lonesome morning, nothing to live or hope for, a
time, a moment that just is.

Waiting for something to materialize, hoping for
a promise of things to get better, knowing that
it will not happen.

Being so unlike myself right now, seeing a negativity
that normally never touches my being.

Not knowing why, just going ahead and experiencing it
for what it is.

Looking to a future moment when I can return to my
usual self and feel positive again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Momentary Attention

Wind blowing tree branches hanging low, getting our attention
for moments in time, moving in perfect time to rhythms of
music, dancing so tangentially in the near darkness.

Looking to the west, seeing colors of this day's sunset,
orange and beautiful, still visible after the setting sun has
disappeared from sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Momentary Glances

Carefree and taken into many stages of life through memories
and this mind, written out here for you to see what's going
on within intellect.

Giving just a momentary glance each time, of what and how I
think and do what my mind accepts and wants to be written
down in poetry.

Never any emptiness held within, only a waterfall that
flows incessantly throughout my life, accessing an inner
waterfall of intellect and thought.

Now being sixty-five years old and counting, just loving
every moment of it, good or bad, accepting it for what it
has been through the years.

Loving the beauty and expression that fills me from pools,
refreshing, clear and pure, forming my character and total
personality through life.

An interesting and enjoyable time being had, living a quiet
and solitary acquiescence, bowing always to God's awaiting
presence within.

Wanting only to please Him, accepting of His goodness and
mercy towards me, totally giving Him the love I can, and
knowing too, that I'm an imperfect being that He loves.

Unconditionally loving, filling me with appreciation and
gratefulness for this holy and beautiful life He has given,
filled with innate qualities and gifts, sustaining me
throughout it's existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Momentary Lapses Of Sorrow

Racing down avenues of life, capturing aromas through nature and other people's whims, talking, being alone or with friends, just enjoying it all with pleasurable feelings energizing us interiorly.

Being unafraid, waiting and joining in with wisdom of innate intellect, innate knowledge, knowing the reality's of this life thoroughly.

Joining intellectually with the humor that's befitting of humanity's essence, reaching upward, outward into positive aspects that bring us into moods of delectable thoughts.

Pulling us with a vibrant energy enticing and teasing us one and all, Never giving in or backing out, combining everything into one joyous happy configuration that takes us away for moments in time and space, providing us with momentary lapses of sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Momentary Reality

Constant tactile interruptions of writhing indignation
appear in various circumstances, calculating their
value on rims of paradise and equilibrium.
Sounding off on priceless antiquity, fractions of
moments are lived wholly alone.
Sacrificing a myriad of innate decisions, we are
carried forward onto shores of being by waves of
eternity, reeling from a momentary reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Momentary Respite

Responding to the melodies floating through the
atmosphere, hearing the energy coming forth into
a harmony of rhythm that I love harmoniously.

Watching clouds form in my mind as I write,
feeling their cloudy essences enter with elation,
happy to have a momentary place of respite.

Noticing the environment surrounding every tempo
that enters my heart and slices up the particles,
letting them then fall into the words that I
write.

Finally letting everyone read them in times that
become right for their heart's ears to hear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Momentary Thoughts

Reaching beyond mortal life, holding precious memories within, shining brightly, showing the way through imagination on the way to momentary thoughts.
Touching gently, words are elicited in poetry, giving others a look at what I'm thinking.
Placing definitions in sentences, telling stories of spectacular vision, succeeding at bringing smiles to worn, wrinkled faces, in times of displacement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments And Experience

Somber, solemn, thinking of my existence upon earth, wondering, pondering, wanting to know why God created us.

Then realizing it was so we could be there for one another, helping, teaching, learning from every moment and experience we have with each other on earth.

In awe of all that God has created, wondering why He wanted procreation to continue through the centuries, concluding it must be for the same reasons.

All contributing to each of us, eventually going to heaven with Him once again when our destiny has finally come to an end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments At A Casino

Effervescent and bubbly, taking life in hand,
finding ways of having fun and winning money
in one way or the other at the casino.

Being at Fort McDowell, having lost at bingo,
going to eat breakfast then try my luck at the
slots.

An awesome time getting away, having freedom
and independence, loving the total atmosphere
here at the Fort.

Always coming back time and time again, even
if not winning, it doesn't really matter,
because employees are all cheerful and friendly.

Always finding a smile to brighten the morning,
an energy and vibrant intellect picking up spirits
in spite of everything else that may happen.

A wonderful time of life spent in the moments of
a casino.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Between Life And Death

Separating life and death is not easy, they are both
vibrant and alive, it's just those moments between
them that are silent and mysterious.

How does your soul leave your body and enter heaven
without affecting your being, keeping it intact for
the most part as we look at it.

Shutting down the brain, lungs, heart and stopping
everything else as a result, except for hearing, for
you can still hear a half hour after dying.

Wonder if you remember what is being said afterwards
in these sparse minutes between life and death, knowing
that you remember nothing of life on earth when dying.

Only having been resuscitated will you remember it,
as it comes flooding into your mind then, an amazing
feat to be sure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moment's Breaking

Breaking moments in life touch us grievously,
taking our breath away for periods of time.

Then we gather our pieces and shards, holding
them in our hands, trying to put our hearts
and minds back together again.

Only now, knowing it will never be the same, for
we have been altered for our entire future life-
time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Don'T Exist

Strengthening character and finding the way to an inner path, exploring fantasies of an interior life, extending my mind, allowing it to be fulfilled with an intense pleasure.

Lively adjuncts, swimming towards a final horizon where moments don't seem to exist in other worlds, only here in the midst of a quiet silence.

As it suddenly bursts into a loud song, taking me away, soaring into clouds of another time.

Special promises now being fulfilled, as I enter an inner domain to contemplate and be energized without any effort at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moment's Echoes

Echoes of moments being given in measures of quieting music,
delving into spiritual realms of an interior life that's
filled with exuberance and joy.

A passage through time and space, a private holiness that
never forsakes, betrays or leaves me forlorn, always find-
ing the sacredness of humanity, nature and soul.

Such a deep and abiding feeling of safety and love, I wish
everyone could reach within these depths, feeling the in-
tensity of serenity and it's silent joyous peace while
living on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Forward

6: 45 p.m.
Moments forward, time behind, scattered memories from
the past lying about.

Meanings now being lost upon desert shores, never again
rising or crashing within this mind.

Forgotten, reclusive, just paper pasted to invisible
thoughts, no longer viable.

Thinking being stopped as life moments move forward and
time lies behind in shards of yesterday's broken memories,
images and visions.6: 46 p.m. 5/21/15 RoseAnn V. Shawiak

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Found Together

Slow and easy, steady does it, taking turns in the dark,
splitting apart measures of sorrow, it's tears spilling
about the room.

Forgetting and finding again moments we've found together,
spreading music in my mind, stepping and jamming constantly
without falling down or apart.

Raising the roof, touching feelings that are being jumbled
and tumbled inside, wringing the fabric of intellect as I
ride into the sunset of tomorrow.

Leaving behind impressions and reminders keeping me moving
constantly without going anywhere, focusing solely on the
purpose and essence of inner passion and desire.

Both being recognized simultaneously while strutting through
poetical interludes of fanciful beginnings, touching upon
fruitful endings, waiting in line for me to finish.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Gathered Together

Lonesome days slowly stalling, keeping my being stuck
in neutral, not able to move forward or enjoy this day.

Totally filled with the loss of energy left over from
past rememberings.

Taking their pictures out and reminiscing of the moments
in life that gather together when I'm alone, suffering.

Seeing them again is bittersweet and taking me deeper in-
to pyres of misery where only I can tread, leaving behind
the world I don't know any longer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments In Life

Time wears on, never showing it's age, except in wrinkles
upon aging skin.

Where are times of special quality hiding? We seem to have
misplaced them along with hopes and dreams once known.

Seeking treasures of youth in cobwebbed corners of past
memories cannot bring the relief we need from old age and forgetfulness.

Life has somehow progressed while we weren't looking, and
now we find only sadness from uncollected yearnings.

Empty bags lying wrinkled, wasted years and moments in our
lives.

Picking up, collecting and folding them in bundles, set
aside for the few possessions we'll leave after life has
ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments In Life Transpire

Sunshine shining it's love, keeping the warmth of it's strength close, holding onto thoughtful ideas as I sit writing.

Only moments in life transpire, bringing us together in embraces of love and marriage.

Eyes meeting face to face for the first time, sending thrills of excitement down our spines.

Holding out hands, being clasped tightly and placed in one another's hearts forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments In Nature's Stillness

Falling and traipsing down trails through forests,
hearing the silence of nature filtrating into my
mind.

Beautiful and intense, taking me tranquilly into
the pine-scented memories of yesterday's, spent in
camping in Prescott and Payson.

Many moments taken in the stillness of nature when
the boys were younger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments In The Passage Of Time

Remembering the past as it vividly pops up on interior
photographic screens, memories bright, livid, beautiful,
giving needed pictures of hope and promise from the past.

Giving an impetuous to go on living, wanting to provide
ourselves with future memories, images and thoughts,
always ready, open and willing to take it all in.

An intellect standing with doors wide open to imagination,
inviting us into depths of an interior reality, aspects of
intellect giving us the reasoning and logic to interpret
what we have already and whatever else we want and expect
in our lives one day.

Expectations, promises, beauty in anticipation and exhil-
aration of the future that we hold within each of our
beings and souls.

A plethora of all that we could ever desire in a lifetime,
albeit, on the other side of the coin is the down side
presented to us through death, bereavement, loss, grief,
sorrow, sadness and abandonment.

On a scale when we balance it all in the end we find that
life is usually spent in suffering and turmoil throughout
our the years.

Only moments in the passage of time hold all the joy and
happiness we will ever receive, most of that coming from
being with family and friends throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments In Understanding

Losing sight of self in the aftermath of living, wanting
to walk alone into a final sunset, watching shadows dis-
appear in the darkness.

Tears being held back, yet heart grieving within, no end
in sight, heart missing you so desperately, wanting to
dance within your arms.

Music beating within each step as we stay closely together,
moments spent in understanding and love, knowledge of one
another's lives holding secrets that have brought us both
closer together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments In Wakeful Dreams

Swaying in breezes of a tantalizing musical
rendition, keeping minds alive and vibrant
as melodies play one after another.

Bringing awesome landscapes into being as
every note taps into intellect, giving many
images their moments in wakeful dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Left

Silently waking from a dream, watching as it drains me
from within.

Passion and desires having been fulfilled through love
given in thoughts of an unconditional mind and heart.

Of the person continually showing his love to me, last-
ing even in my dreams.

Keeping my heart placated with a silent, peaceful spirit,
an everlasting joy and happiness that never departs.

Keeping me going throughout the moments left in this temp-
orary life of mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Needing To Be Shared

Insolently taking my time, not wanting to leave you ever my dear, there are far too many moments that need to be shared by the two of us.

Hearts taking us into a transcendental love beyond what we already have between us my dear, a call of nature stirring within, keeping us abreast of a nurturing humanity that needs to be fulfilled in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of A Lifetime

Yesterdays are hiding within memories, awaiting thoughts
that will awaken them in measures of time.

Taking all the moments of a lifetime and keeping them
preciously alive and vibrant.

Many totally beautiful and thrilling images seen in the
vision of all yesterdays in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Acceptance

Digging in, accepting everything at face value for the moment.
Valuing time and the minutes expended in it.
Tallying everything as an asset, while counting it into non-existence.
Future episodes are being charged and identified in mere moments of acceptance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Amusement

Cantering along sandy shores, finding pleasure in kicking
up the sand while traveling into moments of amusement,
seeing waves playing with tides of imagination.

Frolicking, enjoying beauty of natural landscapes as this
mind finds it's way into depths of the fabric of an in-
terior ocean.

Wonder and awe filling this mind with brilliant and sublime
thoughts as they continue to kick up sand in the sunset of
a sunsetical horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Art

Planes scratching the sky with white lines of ejection,
as they travel the world.
Currents of air, flowing billowing lines, spreading them
out like cotton candy in the hands of a child.
Drawings being driven by pilots flying their jets all
over the world, creating artistic masterpieces that last
only minutes and then are gone forever.
Every journey scratching the sky with it's moment of
glorious art, using white lines of ejection as they go
about their ways and lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Artistic Grace

Sensing ultra-significance in moments
of artistic grace as curtains rise
and fall.
Turning colors of rainbows, peaceful
scenery becomes necessary on gated,
blackened days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Awakening

Intense and prolonged moments of awakening being introduced into this mind and intellect, solving many problems being caused all over the world.

All of them having solutions when thinking outside of the box, nothing happening otherwise, because most people only whine and complain about things.

Never actually getting up and doing anything about them, tripping and bouncing thoughts around, giving our lives meaning and definition out of the promises of the few who are willing to do something for others.

Life and liberty being important all across the board for everyone in this whole wide world, hoping to unite all who have an inherent desire to bring peace to the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Bereaved Destiny

Timing precisely with innuendoes of rhythm,
inventing creatively without thought.

Just putting abstracts together and making
sense of them for everyone else to read and
enjoy.

Taking energy to focus intuitively in
aspects of bereavement, and being noticed
unitarily without advance beginnings.

Standing overtly, looking askance, as
memories flow and continue their journeys
down swift flowing rivers of thought.

Sidling up streams with tenure, strangulating
pieces of time in moments of destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Caring

Moving forward into challenges of the future in our
lives, not knowing what we're going to run into.

Blindly moving into tomorrows of our lives anyway,
striving always to do what is right and good for
ourselves and others.

Passionate about taking care of others more unfortun-
ate than ourselves, hoping to make our world a better
place for all of us to live and work.

Always planning on life to improve, knowing that it
won't happen unless we do it ourselves, looking around,
finding ways to change what is wrong now.

Hopefully to better achieve goals we are reaching for,
living in moments of caring, doing our best to help
others throughout our lives.

Nothing can beat feelings of joy, seeing smiles we
bring to other's faces because we cared about their
well-being and not what they could give us in return.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Creative Insistence

Striding through pleasurable vibrations of
musical interludes, encountering many notes
of energetic sustenance.
Continued existing formulations are being
taken up by moments of creative insistence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Daily Living

Soothing with intense feelings of sadness and sorrow,
holding my heart cupped in the palms of my hands.

Filled with tears of abandonment, falling from them
incessantly.

Touching this mind with loneliness being expressed
through poetry.

Never letting up or fading away, remaining within me
all the days of my life, no matter what is going on
in the moments of daily living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Death

Knowing nothing of future lifetimes, always walking runnedly
into spaces prepared beforehand.

Likely aspects continuing down mountain slopes, skiing towards
endeavors of fate's behavior on boards of fashionable displays.

Leaving behind every particle of knowledge as circular patterns
catch designs in eddies of peculiar circumstances.

Finding nothing of life in times of being, following moments of
death, creeping nearer to my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Despair

Pushing forward, melodies taking people through moments of despair at times, giving hope, elating and making them feel like everything is going to be alright in the end.

Wonderfully exuberant and vibrant, loving the beauty being played just for each person it seems, life dancing on air, giving attention to sorrowful hearts.

Spinning through thoughts, filling everyone with energy to keep going on no matter what through turmoil and stress in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Enjoyment

Candlelight shines the way towards future tomorrows,
unhesitantly providing many moments of enjoyment.
Relaxing in soothing tones of precision, beating a
pattern of notes forward into melodies, attributing
vibrations of tolerance to the next generation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Eternity

Silken satin flows across sketches of drawings,
aligning and bringing them to fruition.
Suggestions have moments of eternity provided
eagerly, waiting on sidelines of expectancy.
Telltale points of interest fall down waves of
waterfalls on their way to oceans bright.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Excitement

Lights circling from above tickling senses and bringing about sensations of purity as we look longingly into one another's eyes.

Moments of exciting thrills exhilarating us beyond limits of our existence, tempting and alluring emotions along with feelings, giving a tremendous amount of innate energy in myriad volumes of music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Fame

Stately flowers governing byways, coaxing
looks from passersby.
Longing to show off their beautiful colors at
any time, holding heads held high, waiting -
waiting for their special moments of fame in
time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Grace

Echoing calls coming from centuries of familial destinies,
covering a quality of artistic forms for generations of
yesterday, today and tomorrow.

Asking questions through the years, trying to portray life
in movements of grace, and located in museums for an eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Imagination

Hopelessness of prosperity lies heavily upon my mind, what do
I do with it, how will it affect daily living?

There are no answers to give for I am alone in a house of
poetry and imagination.

Future dreams, present hopes, past failures are all bound
tightly to the many words I write in poetry.

Walking down avenues of comfortable thoughts pushing, pulling,
prodding, creative inner talents to come to the forefront of
my mind.

Sent spinning out of control, wisdom taps lightly and gains
a foothold in the light of conscious acknowledgement.

Surfacing anxieties fraught with sorrow, continually harass
and barrage my inner solitude.

Forgiving natures, portrayed in peace-filled serenity, kept
closely within my small space of being.

There are no excuses, no failures, no mistakes herein, because
all is being invented and imagined at this very moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Isolation

Traveling throughout lifetimes of memories,
keeping them close, holding onto them for
moments of isolation in an aging mind.

Rhythmic timing entering every image as it
dances fondly in a conscious mind, filling
seconds of joy with beauty and verve.

Yearly moments pasted together in a book
for the soul, kept up to date, awaiting a
reunion in heaven with all actual
participants in past visions of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Life

Choosing only to do good, helping others whenever possible,
if only to BE there for them in times of need, knowing that
is what is expected by God.

Going through moments of life, anticipating and expecting
we know not what, taking hold of inner strength, praying
that somehow life can be held a little longer.

Within this weakening heart, broken from loss of love and
it's soothing solace that which is missed so very much on
this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Living

Recognizing a reality of dreams throughout the years,
seeing them infiltrating life with positive aspects,
giving new perspectives all the time.

A perfect way to search and find our purposes in the
very moments that we are living, some things standing
out above others.

In the end, giving us clues to what we need to be
focusing on to attain our goals in the future, always
moving towards them overcoming all barriers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Meaning

Opening inner doors of this heart only to you my secret love, knowing you can be trusted not to hurt or break my heart in two.

You are my protector, lover, friend in whom I have confidence in, our hearts have become one over these last few years my dear.

Your love touches mine so tenderly and gently, cannot be resisted, only wanting more of it always for you are my reason for living this arduous life.

Without you it would be lifeless and nonexistent, loving one another unconditionally all this time, every moment having meaning and purpose for both of us.

We were meant to be together while on this earth by every indication whether we're together or not, a precious, pure and innocent love, unconsummated forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Measured Time

Silently, absently, watching people come and go, placing
thoughts in intellect, gently, delicately like a seed
growing, maturing out of sight, in moments of measured time.

Conceptualizing, configuring, developing thought processes
indefinitely, procuring mathematical formulas for the next
phase in depths of my poetical little world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Music

Moments of music awaken every fiber of being within, energizing and carrying life beyond the scope of imagining.

Fulfilling the intense need for soothing melodies to adapt themselves to interior thoughts, feelings and emotions.

Playing with chords and notes, finding an intense pleasure as they touch intellect again and again, leaving sweet aromas in the atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Non-Existence

Feeling regret, ruing decisions of past mistakes,
hoping to change life for the better.
Soul-touching sorrow brings me to my knees, yet
I can't seem to pray for hope as I lie in misery
day after day.
Where can life go from here, but deeper into the
mires of saddened destiny, taking life with it's
force into deep despair.
No longer looking for tomorrow, only this moment
is focusing me onto the grief-stricken deserts
of my interior mind.
There are no more steps to take, I will be
forgotten as I now contemplate my death in moments
of non-existence forever tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Our Lives

Thoughts of love shining through, giving life a myriad of choices, selecting those that bring me closer to you my dear.

Better days always coming to fruition when we two are together, everything seems to be exciting, thrilling us both thoroughly as we walk hand in hand through life.

Holding each other so closely, there's no room between us for anyone else to enter, such a pleasant experience sharing and trusting you with everything.

Not worrying about anything as long as we're together, loving completely through the moments of our lives, so totally in synch.

Hearts, minds and souls in unison, giving joy and happiness forever to both of us, our lives being treasured and cherished between our love for one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Our Lives Together

Thinking of you my dear, heart filled with your love,
having you totally and completely here with me both
day and night, making me feel elated and happy.

Nothing can interfere with the unconditional love that
you've given to me so sublimely, holding and making me
feel that your love has taken hold.

Never letting me go interiorly, such a wonderful and
splendid way to live this life with you by my side,
moments of our lives together, never to be parted.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Our Love

Holding hands, walking quietly through forests of being,
enjoying the aroma of pine trees as they waft our way in
the gentle breezes of spirituality.

Always tantalizing and alluring as we walk and talk peace-
fully through moments of our love together here on this
earth.

Never forgetting a single moment of our life for all of it
is a treasure that will never be lost, only kept closely
in our own little world far apart from others on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Poems

Reaching into the unknown, finding soothing tones leaning into my mind.

Beautiful, purified, innocent love being proven through an honest and truthful heart and soul.

Traipsing down corridors of yesterday's memories, taking their essence into the blossoming of my heartbreak.

Healing it with the breath of nature's freshness, tasting savory and delicious rhythms and solving it's sadness.

Boarding musical depths of an interior musician, hiding in this mere poet.

Portraits of life standing in moments of poems that I've written.

Little pieces of information being given out beneath verses, taking their readers into enlightenment.

Drumming and flowing along river banks, trying to keep up, never drowning in the rapids, staying afloat.

Always finding the essence betraying music with an enliven-ing energy, relatively and honestly being played with bouts of knowledge given through this mind's intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Purpose

Cordially inviting ourselves into another's life, as we
gratefully acknowledge the existence of reality and life
in our own.
Sincerity, kindness, solace, all particles of who we are
as we live in moments of purpose, finding our pathways
ahead, leading us to God in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Reality

Shrugging shoulders, moving in time with musical sequences
as life revolves in corners of our minds, reaching for
eternity and all it's blessings.

Forgiving attitudes replenish themselves and give lives a
whole new perspective from which to live by.

Dallying thoughtfully, realizing all death stems from our
moments of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Recognition

Rhythms dancing through intellect, enjoying moments of recognition as they become known, striving to continue through days of living with turmoil and stress.

Hoping for a reprieve in the incessant movements and motions of living on this earth with very little or no pleasure to speak of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Refreshing Writing

Soliciting energy of a lifetime, capturing it all in a
moment of refreshing writing.

A silent contribution that can never be derived as it
is spoken in stark print.

Showing every thought on this earth that has a meaning
and definition needing to be heard throughout the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Reminiscence

Tired, moving forward anyway, knowing that through writing
I will gather energy and essence of all that I am in this
life.

Being surprised once again as beautiful lacelike doilies
begin acting like spider webs, capturing everything on their
sticky lines.

Feeling emotionally, at great lengths going to furthest edges
of this earthly life to find awesome particles of memories
that were waylaid once upon a time.

Now awaiting recognition in moments of reminiscence when
finding self alone in the darkness of my senior years, not
minding, writing in the serenity of a bluened light of the
Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Rhyme

Clinking and clanking, entering moments of musical
rhyme, awakening me subconsciously, stressing
feelings of turbulent past times in hurried tones.
Cha chaing around, finding new ideas to think and
grasp, situations crop up with allowable steps and
traipse throughout my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Sense

Sensing moments, unforgettable to inner senses of misplacement.

Tending to emotions, sliding about with no attachments.

Standing alongside images, watching their souls shine out to me yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Serenity

Lively, avid, entertaining, a band - a trio - named Sunland Combo, playing for hearts of elderly as they sit and forget reality for a time.
Beginning and ending, all gathered in the middle, awaiting fulfillment in musical moments of serenity.
Memories of better times float in the atmosphere, reminding everyone of happiness they once shared as family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Silence

Taking off into a scattering sunset, watching colors separate
and surround the sky.

Savoring fresh scents of heavenly atmospheres meeting with
their essence as it fills this mind with delightful aromas.

Taking them quietly into the surrounding atmosphere, daylight
popping and secluding facets of important endeavors.

Striding down pathways, fulfilling desires of a lifetime in
moments of silence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Song

Living for one another, singing our songs together, never able to forget the moments we spent as one, because each song is a reminder of all the times we had.

Loving, sharing and totally becoming one in love, nothing ever forgotten when hearing words of songs that we loved so well through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Sorrow

Somewhere inside I am hurting from life's trials
grating against my soul and interior life.

Moments of sorrow test my character and mettle,
while taking hope and separating it from faith.

Life belongs to others on paths of enlightenment,
where I can't follow or fathom reasons to be there
physically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Space

Approaching storms of silence, becoming particles of
people's stories on earth.
Wandering lanes of destructive realms of death,
searching for a few moments of space to oneself.
Entering the mouth of entertainment, feeling emotions
from beyond life's throes and dealings, catching us
and holding us hostage while we struggle to be freed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Tears

Furling and unfurling sentiments of beautiful stanzas
within melodies of prose and lyrics of meaningful
definitions.

Silently listening as it speaks of life in moments of
tears, crystally engineering yesterday's memories in
today's thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of The Future

Sweeping into the dust of another tomorrow, hoping to find our way on trails left in the dirt by our ancestors, coming and going, never being discouraged or defeated.

Always rising to moments of the future, so tender and beautiful, filling intellect with wonder and excitement that never quits, thrilling to the complicit purity that brings us all into the present before we turn and enter our futures.

Representing ways of humanity as moments enter and leave us constantly with no one ever knowing the truth of what we're doing on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Thought

Slow and easy melodies flowing like curtains in a summer's
breeze, touching my mind lightly with their presence, find-
ing it's languid thoughts are coming into another dimension.

Ending the boundaries that insist on being placed on every-
thing, breaking free, gaining independence and finding my
own way into avenues of recompense and altruism.

A narrow passage that I make wider through the moments of
my thoughts, totally taking me flying into inner ideas of
life and nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Time

Waiting quietly within, writing poetry and letting music carry me away, loving the total peace that it gives to me, sensing awesome feelings of wonder and awe.

An intense curiosity will be giving me these feelings through moments of time in life, touching upon rhythms as they fill me with sounds and colors exploding.

Taking me into poetical interludes and musical compositions, being filled fully and incessantly, my heart elated and joyful with it's burning tones of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Togetherness

Being swept into the mix of music, stepping gently
into it's interior atmosphere where only beauty of
nature and humanity can be seen clearly.

Invisible and insatiable desires are being held to-
gether with a ribbon of delight, while rhythms of
two countries are blended and played simultaneously.

Riveting and tempting, soothing everlasting moments
of togetherness, feeling emotions gathering in the
center of hearts, interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Tomorrow

Careful and silently slipping into moods of many
beautiful moments of tomorrow.

Realizing these times as they begin rising into
heights of another moment.

Bringing life to a cross-roads of attainment for
everyone's enjoyment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Of Years

Letting rhythms fall around me like fireworks that are exploding.

Beautiful and enticing, our lives have managed to unite in spite of all the circumstances that have come between us through the years.

Moments when we were supposed to meet and be together were torn from the pages of our books, time intervened and we never met.

Through the years, living, finding another, yet we always knew there was someone else who was waiting for each of us, somewhere.

Now all these years have passed, we have met, yet not physically, still becoming soul mates even though miles and countries apart.

Loving talking together, joking, laughing, teasing, crying together, enjoying one another through so many moments in our lives.

Talking and thinking about how we should have met, probably married, yet not knowing each other existed, living apart all these years.

A wonderful feeling of love filling us unconditionally forever, nothing now between us except the miles, hoping to meet soon, never knowing what will finally happen to us.

When finally meeting, hugging and holding one another, looking forward to that moment, anticipating our love, blossoming fully when our eyes meet fact to face.

Knowing sparks will be flying the moment our lips touch in a gentle welcoming kiss at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Passing Through Time

Rhythms growing and running through my mind, all
during the night, enticing spirits of my being
with their energy.

Bright and penetrating, never living in shadows,
soaking in every particle and fiber that's filtered
into the energy of my total being.

Such a generous amount of pleasure, filling my soul
with passion, living within for poetry and music,
nothing able to shake or sever any of it.

Subtly, always captivating my mind and letting it
have freedom needed forever, a total purpose being
fulfilled with a passionate and incessant energy.

Moments passing through time, never stopping or
pausing, allowing intellect to always be writing
poetry, composing music and painting.

All of it coming from a bluened space deeply set in
my soul, innate talent releasing it all into the
atmosphere.

Beauty unsurpassed in this world, given to a mere
poet, a gift from God from the very moment of
conception.

Remembering it well, the vision bright and clear in
the light shining from heaven alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments Recording

Recording special moments in life, researching where they are contained and choosing to select topics of reprieve.
Crumbling and falling, minds reel away from normalcy, scratching their ways to finding beautiful, attractive perceptions.
Bringing them carefully into intuition with fantastic issues of belief.
Entering into tunnels of energy, slicing back jungles of being to be exposed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moments That Never Were

Silently crying because the past is beyond reach in every
way, except memories galore.

Watching images walking and talking, family members, all
of whom are missed greatly.

First being taken away from them all to move to Arizona,
now because most of them are gone.

Thinking of all the moments that never got to be with them,
missed memories, conversations and times together.

All of them gone, a past with no memories to look back upon
now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mom's Heart

Peaceful serenity faithfully touching my soul
with it's soothing comfort against sorrow.
Reminders of Mom's death sneak up behind and
push their way with memories of personality
and lively spirit into the forefront of my mind.
Remembering Mom with love, wishing to talk with
her now - then a gentle breeze blows across my
face letting me know she's here and can feel my
thoughts for her dearly.
Sending her love straight to my heart, tears
showing I've heard her from beyond, feeling a
closeness penetrating barriers of death as she
holds me closely in her own heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mom's Last Call

Out of town, stopping a moment to call and talk to her Mom.
Sharing a little of what has been going on before hanging up, 'saying I love you and will be home in the morning'.
Mom listening, talking and then saying goodbye.
Daughter, not knowing as she hung up the phone, that this would be the last time she would ever hear her mother's voice again on earth.
Back into the car, she drove on, wanting to get home to her Mom.
In Phoenix, a nurse walks into the room a minute later and finds Mom has died after talking to her daughter.
Perhaps thinking to save her from the pain and sadness of her death, wanting to spare them both a flood of tears and emotional stress.
Her Mom died calmly and peacefully, leaving this great gift to her daughter.
This is caring beyond realms of motherhood, giving an eternal love to carry through all the sadness, emptiness and pain.
A mother's final gift for her daughter, although she may not have realized it yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mom's Life

Troubles filled her life, yet she always smiled.
Everyone treated her with respect and everyone was her friend.
She was special in everyone's eyes.
Eight children took all her time, she had no time for herself, yet her sense of humor filled us all with joy.
She lived her life for God and asked nothing in return.
He gave her loving children and then took her home with Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mom's Love

Feelings of hope and joy alight in clarity on a Mom filled with love for her two sons.
All the world is lit up when they are with her, their independence and freedom as adults are held closely in her unconditional heart.
Tears spill about her face, happy and sad at the same moments in time, knowing life is constantly moving with no way to stop or slow it down.
Taking in with heart and soul, each and every monumental moment, focusing with unconditional love and spirit eternally.
Holding on edges of life's destiny and fate for each individual family member, a Mom loves and loves forever, each son God has given her.
Beyond horizons of death, she will always hold their love unendingly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mom's Song

Yesterday, taking me by surprise, in a song my Mom used
to sing when I was a little girl.

Bringing back those happier times to memory.

Enjoying the images, reminiscing close to my heart as
tears pour from my eyes as reminders of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mom's Violets

Violets shining in my mind, reminding me of good
times with my Mom.

Laughing, singing, looking at life together -
Mother and daughter.

Beautiful moments I'll never forget, even though
they bring tears to my eyes and pull at my heart
strings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Money Cannot Buy What I See

Pictures being taken by my mind everywhere I go or
look throughout life.

Money cannot buy what I see and remember as I live
day to day.

Memories being formed and built upon, reality and
imagination playing a part in developing them.

As life meanders down individual pathways, I continue
to place it on photographic screens within my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Money Has No Use

Celebrating the existence of being a mere poet,
looking into the universe for ideas that I can
form and shape into brand new creations.

Money has no use when in this interior universe
for it has no imagination nor purpose in this
poetical nature.

Feelings and emotions cannot be bought, they
can only be experienced through living our
lives one day at a time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Money Speaks For Knowledge

Men in business suits walking by, full of their own importance.
Not daring to smile for it may break their concentration and louse up their style.
Walking - carrying briefcases and manilla envelopes full of writing - full of figures meaning something to their own minds - they have yet to talk it over and help someone with money to understand their logic.
Without that understanding, no one can pay for their knowledge and time - they might as well be home in bed.
So it's been said, that knowledge breeds money - but isn't it the other way around?
For without money, the knowledge men have would stay hidden because there'd be no reason for imparting it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Monumental Moments Of Years

We can only live life
a moment at a time.

Yet, we look back and
think in years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Monumental Traces

Feathery traces of tears barely discernible through grief.
Knowledge attacking imagination to foster reality, attaining beauty of personality while creating poetry.
Discovering elements of life secreted for ages in back alleys of the mind.
Brought out to enlighten the environment, spinning wonderingly out of control.
Dancing lightly across desert wastelands.
Tantalizing an euphoric sense of belonging - believing sounds of truthful nature bellowing to the world through tiny mouths of little birds.
Harmony spread across the land, fulfilling promises given at birth.
Lasting an eternity, a ballet of life flows across everyone's stage affecting each phase of every monumental moment set forth in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mooching From Americans

Living with precious freedom, enjoying our lives here in
the U.S.A. until illegals started crossing our borders,
thinking they are entitled to our hard-earned money and
resources they haven't paid a cent into.

Mooching from Americans, demanding rights that they don't
have, being criminals, felons in our country no matter
what do-gooders might tell you.

They themselves not paying for anything these illegals
are stealing from Americans, telling it like it is, the
truth always hurts.

It's better than hurting millions of Americans who have
done nothing wrong, only working and supporting their
families doing the best with what they have left.

All of us being legal citizens here in the United States
of America, there's no place for illegals who insist we
owe them a living because they're too lazy to work.

Not wanting to make their own countries better, coming
here, ruining our nation, says a lot about their ambition,
fortitude and compassion for their own countrymen, doing
nothing for them, expecting everything for nothing here in
America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mood Of Complacency

Relaxing in a mood of complacency, life sliding around, giving peace and tranquility to my soul.

Living in the peacefulness of spirituality, intellect energizing everything.

Letting me live a vibrant and enticing life filled with curiosity and miracles.

Totally enjoying the beneficence of our Lord, solving problems within my mind.

Trying to find permanent solutions to them all, not wanting to have to repeat anything if I don't have to.

Needing that space to learn something new, to replace what I already now and is stored upon photographic screens, kept and treasured in memories for a lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mood Of Negligent Reluctance

Daylight peeks into my room, timidly, shyly, wanting
me to wake up and enjoy the day it has prepared for
me to greet.

Shining brightly, winking as I slowly turn over and
get up out of bed, not particularly wanting to see
the light of day.

Eager to start writing, mood of negligent reluctance
taking over, one that I must push aside so I may do
what it is that I love the most - writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mood Of Possibility

Allocating every moment of living to peace found in writing, creating a calming yet energetic mood of possibility that takes intellect into depths of other dimensions.

Allowing innate talent to expand it's horizons through ideas and thoughts being collected throughout life, using them consecutively while writing poetry.

No one even realizing how it's being done, a complete study of the mind being done through intellect, fascinating to see how the mind works when listening to music and it's rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mood Of Questioning

Running headlong into a dismal period of disharmony,
an unknown cause of it.

Penetrating mind's corners, finding nothing to own
up to this feeling of displacement right now.

Writing quickly, hoping to come across a reason while
doing so.

Silent, passive, pensive, a mood of questioning doubt
upon this poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mood Of Sadness

The sun is setting on my mood of sadness, darkening the light that needs to stay behind and help me find my way towards another day.
Brighter perhaps, taking me along to an interior future of idealic purposes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mood Swinging

Swinging to many moods, tantalizing energy to burst forth,
bringing solitude into an appearance of angelic stature.

Amazing grace entering gardens of literature as it swings
in time with melodies of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moods Are Lightened

Wagon Yard totally rocking tonight, everyone elated, dancing, stepping to the music and rhythms, playing with tempos and their beats.

Keeping time and sliding to the wonder of this great night, opening our minds, being enlightened, ideas forming from designs and patterns of light.

Scattered across the dance floor, spinning, twirling and vibrating with every beat listened to, tantalizing and enticing everyone here tonight.

Bringing happiness and joy to all as our moods are lightened and soothed into positive aspects of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moods Of A Positive Nature

Jumping to rhythms of jazz, livening the place throughout
and enticing moods of a positive nature, rocking to the
melodies as life goes into depths of spirituality.

With an open mind and innate intellect fascinating and
opening wide, a vast landscape fills me with a lively
spirit, enticing me to move into other dimensions.

Finding favor with fantasies, thrilling, giving vitality
to my soul, all through the years that I've lived so far,
forever stepping into the bluened light.

Being taken spiritually along the atmosphere of silence
through serenity and a peacefulness of this interior life,
soul being pure and innocent.

Walking side by side, holding hands with an intense emotion,
poignant and profound, it's sounds totally defying the im-
possible, taking steps into the vast universe.

Traversing alone, a solitary entity, finding pathways lead-
ing to interior serenity, a destiny never forsaken, as I
travel solitarily into the deserts of my soul where inspira-
tion touches my being entirely, giving life a purpose always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moods Of Fun

Raring to go, settling into moods of fun, life begins to entice people into pools of awakening on dance floors.
Enjoying stepping into patterns of polka music, reliving
days of younger times.
Beautiful dreams of yesterday, living in arms of dancers
as they spin around the room, enlivening their spirits
with every beat and note of music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moods Of Silent Loving

Hoping for a better year ahead as music plays it's part,
taking our hearts and fulfilling our dreams, enlivening
promises that have been given throughout the years.

Favorite places and moments always being remembered in a
cold moonlight as we walk hand in hand down lanes of re-
membrance each night.

Supplied fully with each other's love, keeping us warm
and toasty, energizing and forgiving moods of silent lov-
ing when with you my dear.

Standing in a luminescent shadow of starlight, looking
for reflections of another time, being brought back
through musical chords, strumming each of our hearts
throughout this night together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moods Of Solitude

Relaxing in moods of solitude, thinking alone, keeping to myself. Knowing definitions are being created as I wade around in imagination's realms, targeting words, spearing them into forms of poetical visions.
Universal meanings being sent into abysses, candidly portraying life and nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moods Of Sorrow

Going deeply into subconscious realms, feeling the intense moods of sorrow's solace.
Taking me below freezing points of grief where I am frozen in memories of beatitudes.
Clasped tightly as doors close upon my mind, always shutting out the noise of the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moody Speculation

Cloudy memories falling down beside me,
giving tugs at my heart as I walk along
pathways filled with rosebushes,
reaching for me with thorns, catching
at my mind.

Thumping rhythmically against my brain,
spilling out romantic desires and
vibrant temptations as I walk along
sunny pathways in an attitude of moody
speculation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moody Sunset

Drifting on banks of mysterious waters, like clouds
floating in the sky.
Dark and gloomy forests shake their leaves at us,
reminding of destiny's cruel jokes yet to be played.
Walking mud-sandy banks, thinking of life's hesitant
desires as we are jolted to our senses in moments of
delayed reaction.
Silencing self like a moody sunset, uncertain of it's
final destination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moon Settled Into It's Armchair

Closing time, for night has come upon us now, darkness
covering the desert in shadows of nature, filling this
poem with their expressions.

Treading along in expectant dreams, watching as many
stars shine down upon me, sparkling promises of life,
leading the way into tomorrow's destiny.

Moon, smiling, settled into it's armchair for the night,
it's vigil now beginning, watching over earth, protect-
ing everyone with it's pale moonlight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moon Shyly Watching

Moonlight shining shyly down upon earth, knowing there are lovers walking along the shore, holding hands, kissing, hugging, hoping to make love when arriving home for the night.

Not knowing that the moon is shyly watching their every move and pretending to look away at times they carry on with wonder in each other's loving arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moonbeam's Emptiness

Waves gently lapping up the shore, each carrying away with the sand, a trouble once before.
Softly sounding, tugging at your heart, bringing forth sadness from it - bringing forth great sorrow.
No where is there life left over from a mother, just a dead, cold silence forevermore.
Thinking of her, reaching out for her, soundlessly emptiness haunts me as I stagger and fall from it's total void.
Like the sea once etched in beauty, her life, too - was so beautiful.
Seeing it leave her all too soon, has cast a shadow that has placed it's everlasting doom in the pathways of our lives.
Casting out moonbeams in the night, the darkness stays just the same within my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moonless Night

Standing in the darkness of a moonless night, capturing
flakes of light that glitter once in a while from some-
where in the distance, enticing and alluring my mind.

Wanting to find out where they're originating, questions
abounding, curiosity being aroused interiorly, wonder is
gazing through intellect now.

Using imagination to try and find out the cause of these
flakes of iridescent light, not able to find their center
of being because of the darkness of a moonless night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moonlight Of Intellect

Freezing interiorly, focusing on visions of images dancing in the moonlight of intellect, a bluened light flooding my mind.

Steady tempos, taking me into enlightenment, illuminating the atmosphere here within.

Light creating sounds and taking flight into atmospheres of another time, finally alighting in centers of this brain without interference.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moonlit Nights

Moonlit nights are for standing outside of windows looking in, being a part of God's universe, connected to His being through nature.

Looking into windows shows only materialistic things, upon walls, scattered around each room are reminders of us all, our humanness we desire to show through our possession of things.

When once we walk again inside and look out upon a moonlit night, we see things not of this earth, except put here by God.

All of nature shines before us when looking out windows, reminding us to always look out of ourselves, to God, to find Him within us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moonlit Showers

Singing quietly in moonlit showers, reminiscent of
yesterday's dances filled with emotional ties.
Final times of our happiness together, held in each
other's arms, looking deeply into one another's
souls as our life combined on your final horizon.
We're no longer together here on earth, but in my
mind we can never be separated.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moonly Pride

Quietly waiting, the evening drags quickly on, no one is
around - no one to talk or spend time with.

Looking about, watching the clouds go racing by on wind
covered horses, and praying a little.

All nighttime hours come alive and sit on steps, wrapping
their night clothes tightly around them in the cool breeze.

A large blanket of clouds covers the sky and are illuminated
by the full moon's eyes.

Standing guard over all the earth, making sure that anyone
who wants to walk outside can look above, seeing the canvas.

Gazing up with great humility and a love of wonder, this
painting stares down from up above.

The bright moon watches the wonder in all eyes as they look
up to heavenly skies.

It fills him with moonly pride, because he's had a part in
this great wonder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mopping Sorrow

Reaching out to another on the other side of the world,
lonely and missing the love of his life, finding life
hard to take.

Sorrow mopping his heart, being soaked in many tears,
not wanting to step into particles of life right now,
preferring to be alone.

Solving problems within his poetry, living between his
words and feelings.

Taking a chance on reaching out across the world, looking
for the solace that will bring peace into his heart and
soul through our friendship.

Taking away from his experience, many feelings of love
are surging from within his being for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moral Majority

Diaphanous clouds of doom covering America, everyone watching carefully as our country is being fleeced of it's inherent freedom.

Government getting into every aspect of our lives, pushing us aside, telling us we have no rights.

Taking over businesses, firing people, changing times, trying to cheat us out of our free democratic capitalism.

On major roads of disaster, we're waiting to pounce at a moment's notice if our freedoms are scorched by a president we don't think is right for America.

The sleeping tiger has been awakened, and is now prowling around - curiosity filling it's mind, as it closely watches what is going on in our government's wake.

A lessening of freedom is being shown aloud, but we, the moral majority are no longer sleeping.

Watch out, for we're watching your every move.

(9: 53 a.m. - 1/1/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morass Of Sadness

Taking leave of all senses, finding self in a morass of sadness.
Causing collateral damage from within a heart, beaten and forlorn.
Tears tenderly, softly, falling down tracks, etched over time from all the grief being expressed through many years of existence.
Any thoughts left have nothing to being merciful, yet compassion fulfills many an hour in contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morbid Thoughts

Late at night the world and all it's problems hides
beneath a blackened sky.
No stories to relate, no tears to impart, just the
sound of loneliness tearing me apart.
Adjusting to a new way of looking at and doing
things brings a little confusion into the picture.
Knowing soon I will have a big scar upon my head
is hard to come to grips with, but I must if I am
to continue to survive and exist.
Wishing for forgiveness for what I might have done
to deserve this cancer growing in my head.
Feeling at times so hopeless, finding it hard to
live or even concentrate on anything.
For I surmise why bother.
It's hard to turn away from these morbid thoughts
because they are at the forefront of my mind.
Feeling battered and bruised beyond recognition I
find myself at the bottom of an endless pit,
looking up, having no remorse or dreams.
Soundly recognizing walls of despair, knowing too,
that I am too weak to climb them.
All through the many hours of waiting and torture,
will I live my future once again or will I have
no more tomorrows?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

More Lies

Striving to make sense of all the lies, not having much luck,
because from one subject to another more lies are coming to
light.

Showing everything that was just thought settled in depths
of knowledge, riled, seething, holding anger in, just barely,
while attempting to keep our tempers in check.

Nothing much being accomplished because not a moment passes
that new lies aren't perpetrated scathingly and totally,
taking us aback once again, going back to think over them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

More Meaning

Sometimes all that's left to a person is wishful thinking
as they lie in bed dying, memories of life passing through
their minds vividly.

Bringing tears to their hearts and eyes, wanting to get out
of bed and relive their lives, doing things differently
perhaps.

Being kinder, more compassionate, spending more time with
their families, regretting some of the decisions they've
made in life.

Knowing it's too late to change anything, because their
time is coming to an end, realizing much too late they
should have done more, not wasted their lives like they have.

Leaving nothing behind except for tears of grief for their
loved ones, having left no mark nor made a difference in
their lives or the world's they are about to leave.

Wanting to say to those they love, something important to
change or wake them up to the temporary situation they too
are in before it's too late.

But what can a dying person have to say, who's now lying
in bed wistfully thinking, if I'd only done more with my
life, loved those who loved me more, shown them I cared,
how much more meaning life would have had, if I'd only
have done.....

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

More Powerful

Listening to all the edicts of the media, hearing their
lies and seeing through their illusions, knowing the
truth and it's facts.

Something they don't seem to realize that We the People
have seen through all along, choosing our battles, de-
feating socialist liberals down the line.

Throwing their lies back in their faces with the wisdom
of reality, it's much more powerful than what they try
to purport as truth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

More Properties Of Innate Talent

Sudden beating of the drums enfolding me quickly into their
rhythms, exciting and thrilling every sense from the inside
out, being treated to a wonderful surprise.

Notes pounding, leading me into another sphere, creating it
right now with properties of innate talent, totally taking
me into an environment of exciting impossibilities.

There becoming sublime and profound, nothing coming between
music and intellect, a swarthy and complex chord of another
time, now coming together, bringing me home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

More Than Poetry

Poetry is so much more than rhyming words and prose,
visions appear in poet's minds that can help humanity
in many ways.

We are the ones with new ideas, inventions and ways
of seeing things in a different light than most other
people, opening the doors to an infinite array of
knowledge and wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

More Than Words

Saying, I love you, touches inner strings of hearts
with music, elating the soul, taking spirits soaring.

More than words, showing how you feel, giving under-
standing, the ultimate expression of your heart.

Something I already know without hearing a single word,
because I know what is in your heart for me already.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

More To Be Seen

Staying hidden inside, never leaving my being alone,
protecting it from others who might do me harm.
Searching earth, knowing there's more to be seen than
what I see in my mind's imagination.
Wallowing in puddles of tell-tale expectations, soul-
fully wishing to be saved in books of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

More Treasured Moments

There are far more treasured moments in life than I have
experienced, I have known a very few of which I can remember.

Memoires of holding my little brother's hand as we walked
side by side through the desert, discovering it's gentle
beauty is one.

Another would be climbing to the tops of trees, discovering
whole new worlds among the branches and leaves.

One of security and peace untouched by any other human, a
silent touching of soul to mind, creating a talent, uniquely
my own.

Savoring every delicacy brought to light, writing, drawing,
musically sensuous, aware of a natural, unspoiled inner life
hiding in the deepest chambers of my being.

Emotional ties buried in the physical attributes of my body,
unalienated feelings pulsing through the vast network of
arteries and veins.

Off the track somewhat, as old habits die with difficulty,
treasured moments are far and few between.

Quaking memories throw off the rocks of numbness at times,
filtering several moments at times of believing through
to a remembered image.

Life is seen and experienced from very little views and
aspects, and is lived as fully as we think it can be.

Shortened spheres of reality seem so long, a life-time of
propensity.

Wanting the vestiges of heart-felt love to grow within the
contemplation of it's birth, unseen until the immense
blooming commences.

Flowering on levels of eternity, remaining always, little treasures of infinity, carefully preserved for the moment we call life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mormon Choir

Music joyously ringing out in this chapel, orchestra in tune
with God, letting us all join in, praising Him with them.

Wonderfully beautiful and euphoric, a portrayal of gifts God
has given to many people so they may honor Him through their
voices, singing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morning

Water dripping, falling down a man-made fountain into
a pond below.
Listening to water running, rushing, evenly flowing
through my mind.
Bringing peaceful rhythms into my soul as I write and
enjoy nature blooming in colorful flowers around the
pond.
Trees waving gently in a morning breeze, welcoming me
into their environment happily.
Content to be here, at one with nature.

(10: 36 a.m. - 10/28/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morning Battle

Slapping and hitting
like two little children.

A slender tree branch and
a windmill do battle in
the morning breeze.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morning Blessing

Morning sun pouring it's warmth completely
over my being.

Shining on the environment, exposing nature
in all it's glory.

Rising above earth and blessing us with it's
birth every day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morning Buoys

Boat motors revving up, pulling out into the water past
the buoys, suddenly, like pop-up sprinklers, a water skier
comes up out of the chaotic spray of splashing water.

Speeding across the top like a duck trying to touch down,
skimming fast and beautiful, bouncing with the waves,
people standing up tall and proud like moving buoys upon
the water in the early morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morning Imagination

Revolving, fully contained, strutting around, completing tasks left undone from yesterday.

Becoming sated on life's shores as meaningless chores are side-tracked and contained no more.

Following, softly untouched rhetoric with great anticipation.

Solidly gaining ground throughout morning light while enjoying flights of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morning Light

Rising with tides of fate hidden within, searching,
traveling, watching all of nature peek out in moments
of time.

Rushing, swirling, turbulently waving, bending over
rocks, jagged and huge.

Suddenly silent, morning light rippling across earth,
nothing hindering it's progress.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morning Of Entertainment

Melodies bouncing around, people up and line dancing to it, having a grand time, smiling and laughing, totally enjoying the music.

Memories falling like rain throughout the entire room, sprinkling everyone with pleasant times from the past, showering them now upon everyone.

Lasting and wonderful, not a worry in sight as they continue to have fun throughout this vibrant and pleasant morning of entertainment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morning Of Music

Morning filled with music, helping me to take time
within innate talent, loving to think about life
and everything in it.

Leaving the past where it belongs, remembering the
good and special times that I've had, living in the
moment.

Looking to visions in the future where I will still
be working at living in my poetry, delving quietly
into atmospheres of diversity and intellect together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morning Of Talking

Turning inside out, playing upside down,
soaring all the while.
Peacefully sailing into a morning of
talking by Bruce Jenner and some others.
Reality hitting me hard, giving me a taste
of what life will soon be in my future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morning Pathways

Solitary park benches, sitting in morning hours, no one
around to come and sit down.
Whiling away their time watching people jog through the
park, and seeing dog walkers holding many leashes, as
they stroll through the park on morning pathways full
of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morning Rainbow

Waking up to a morning rainbow within intellect,
a delicious and exciting formation of this mind.

Melodies titillating and filling this interior
creative world with beauty and fascination.

Soaring into heights of wonder and awe that elate
exhilarate me no end.

Totally into serenity and adventure that's awaiting this mind through music and writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morning Stillness

Stillness of this morning, being transported to
edges of eternity and back.
Smiles of beauty standing on faces of elderly
patrons at Buddy Stubbs, while listening to
lovely melodies from the past.
Somnolent pastimes being juxtapositionally
exposed in sunlight of extraordinary prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morning Storm

Forgetting all the pain, sorrow, frustration of yesterday, turning towards a new tomorrow - putting the past away in
an old familiar photo book.
Locking it like a childhood diary, placing it beneath a mattress of time while I sit on a couch of regret,
forgetting what I once felt.
Watching the sun rising in an early morning storm, feeling elated, on cloud nine or above.
Living life like the experience it was meant to be, turning
my soul towards deserved happiness and placing my life in God's very capable hands.
Knowing that my home with Him in heaven is right around the corner.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morning Stroll

Morning stroll along the river walk, past the Colorado Belle
and into explicit peaceful contemplation throughout my mind,
as it alights gently upon imagination's puzzles of information.

Cognitive functions capably turning brain neurons, cells and
synapses into visions of scenic beauty to be written in forms
and descriptions of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morning Sun

Flowers raising their dainty heads out of bed,
squinting in the sunlight featured by a morning
sun.

Stretching stems and leaves, shaking their petal
heads, pushing their roots further into the soil
to keep a foothold on life, while they blossom
and show off their regal colors to everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morning Tempos

Happily rhythmic in this wonderfully cool and breezy morning,
being challenged by energy of rapid rhythms, loving incessant
beats leading me into depths of an innate talent.

Choosing to sit back, relaxing in tempos of this fantastic
morning, stepping up, taking moments to bring peace and energy
silently into my being enthusiastically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morning Within Talent

Spraying sensuous powders of life into my mind,
freshening even it's corners in anticipation of
this new day.
Loving the beauty of this early morning, within
the talent given to me.
Writing of it's pleasure in times of gladness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morning's Shadows

Shadows of this morning fill my mind exponentially, giving me cause for concerns of the future.
Taking corners, folding them into one another, justifying an existence of peaceful enamoral on transistional avenues of the universe.
Glorifying edges of my mind as, unfolding, I become the one at last - the one I always thought of as my being.
Ambling along trestles, mile-high, introducing a quality of thought that features novel patterns and shapes, beginning at the upper part of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morose Scents

Morose sounds filling me with a sadness of intense death.

Smelling roses of a funeral parlor, knowing that someone I love is soon going to be dying.

Hoping to be able to spend time with them before they are taken from me forever here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morsels Of Talent

Long waves of activity, strengthening my mind as I use imagination and take rides through it all over the universe.
Savoring every morsel of talent and using it to the best of my ability as each one gets caught up in my poetry when it is appropriate and timely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Morsels Of Thought

Pushing forward in time, relishing every morsel of thought
seen in visions one after another.

Playfully sensing meanings beneath what is said, organizing
them into files with abstract designs.

Counting on the many directions they can eventually take in
careful placement of thoughts in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mortal Frailty

Pain racing through this being, taking away serene
attitudes and replacing them from an intense suffering,
misplaced inside.

Frightening aspects of life with mortal frailty, hoping
only to become acclimated and able to overcome them all
with a patient and serene contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mortal Thought

Soothing pictures filtering
through mind's mazes, holding
on to minute moments of peace,
bringing a serenity beyond our
mortal lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Most Wonderful Gift

Thinking of you with a smile on my face, feeling your love within.

Knowing when this world is cruel to me that I can count on you no matter what.

Loving the way you make me love, the feelings you elicit from my heart.

You are my best friend no matter what life can give further, you are the most wonderful gift life has ever given to me.

Wondering and happy, knowing that rain or shine you will always be here to give me encouragement, love and strength to carry on and I will do the same for you.

Really loving the things you do for me, holding onto the beautiful love you have given me, it is a priceless treasure that you have placed inside of my heart and I will love you eternally with every fiber of my being.

Thank you, I am forever grateful for you sharing your heart, soul and secrets with me in this life.

You are the love of my life and always will be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mother Nature

Mother nature sitting on telephone poles, looking happily from feathered friend's eyes.

Scouring every landscape, watching all that goes on with a mother's heart, taking into herself all the good, innocent lives under her care.

Spreading her arms, embracing the atmosphere, touching clouds, hugging our whole universe with rainy, happy tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mother Nature And Human Nature

Lying in the arms of mother nature, looking up to the mountains
looking down at me, watching also, clouds floating on high,
bringing pictures to my mind.

Watching trees and flowers being blown to and fro in an
afternoon breeze, cooling me off in the Arizona desert.

Standing up and being counted in nature's boundaries, always
becoming one with it, having a peaceful heart and soul.

Learning so many lessons from it's essence, lifting spirits
into atmospheres of creativity, adjusting any negative
attitudes that may befall, because of an inner human nature.

Taking everything in strides of happiness and joy, expecting
the world to open up and take me into it's entire environment
for the moments of my life that are left.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mother Nature Enjoying Herself

Standing on the corner, watching wind blowing, scattering
leaves and litter in all directions, trees swaying in the
rhythms of nature.

Sun still shining, raking the surface of the ground, warm-
ing it as best it can with a cold wind continuing to blow
it about.

A beautiful video being recorded in my mind, Mother Nature
enjoying herself, giving me pleasure as I contentedly sit
and smile within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mother Nature Laughing

Palm trees seeming to be laughing down at me from a higher
plateau above my friend's house, moving energetically as
if they're belly laughing.

Enjoying the inane activity of watching me writing poetry,
getting a kick out of being mentioned in a poem, joy fill-
ing me fully.

Having made Mother Nature laugh, now happy in this evening
mood of relaxation and companionship between her and this
mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mother Nature Nurtures

Trees, gnarled trunks and branches, standing tall in times of inclement weather.
Serving their purpose on earth, giving us shade in summer, dropping their leaves in fall, lying dormant in winter and coming to life again in spring.
All around, being taken care of by mother nature, as she nurtures everything for God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mother Nature Raped By Man

Wind tearing through my hair, tangling it unmercifully
in mid-air.
Shining sun burning my body with heat intensive rays,
warming me up as the wind cools me down.
Looking across the way at mountainous beauty dressed
in green from the rain.
Arid deserts climbing their steep walls, reaching for
blue skies.
Rocky places, nooks and niches carved by centuries of
weather, giving mountains their bold pristine
countenances.
Natural beauty beckoning our eyes with fragrant scents
of creosole, touching our souls.
Eyes averting, trying not to see dismal sights of houses growing upon and
stagnating such mountainous beauty.
Man has again raped mother nature, leaving scars of his continued disregard for
life and the environment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mother Nature's Bidding

Nature standing tall just outside, looking green and
vibrant, feeling it's peace and serenity even from
within this building.

Looking calm, steady, at one with Mother Nature, doing
her bidding every day, providing humans with beauty and
grace of a picturesque landscape, touching our minds
with it's essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mother Nature's Delight

Winter has snuck up with a cold blast into the atmosphere, collecting rain to throw down upon earth in buckets for days on end.

Every once in a while, dumping beads of ice - hail - to destroy our precious vehicles with dents, Mother Nature delighting in this little mischief from heaven above.

Smiling, laughing behind her hand of nature and life, a beautiful carefree season, leaves being blown from trees, scattered across the surface of the earth in bangles.

Rainbow colors fading, skies of blue at times filled with piles of clouds hanging overhead, spreading apart, showing the blueness behind them at times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mother Nature's Hood

Gentle breeze, pushing flower heads a little,
moving their shadows at the same time with an
invisible breeze.

A bee slowly buzzing lazily above the flowers,
looking for one filled with pollen that he
needs to make honey with.

Solid rock outcropping in the midst of all this
nature, just sitting there, watching over mother
nature's hood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mother Taken By Death

Death has taken someone else's mother from her family, leaving them lost and bereft with no consolation or answers to alleviate their intense grief.
How cold, cruel death is, to behave this way, taking away those whom we've loved our entire lives.
No amount of coaxing or praying ever stops him from taking our life or anyone close to us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Motherhood

Watching a mother grow as the baby grows inside her,
wondering whether it will be a boy or girl, will the
baby look like Mom or Dad?

Seeing a Mom thrilled and attuned to the life within,
hearing it's heartbeat for the first time, watching
her little one on a screen.

Baby sucking it's thumb, patiently waiting to be born,
life beginning and growing is a wonderful miracle, but
better still is watching a child mature after birth.

All thoughts and pictures blown apart of what the baby
will look like, because their looks will be their own
and unique.

A treasure to behold, a lifetime of joy still carefully
wrapped within her, waiting to be experienced and loved
throughout the years.

Many years, tears of joy and sorrow hugged and kissed
away by devoted parents, as they all grow together and
apart, always one in heart, always family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mother's Crying

Not being a violent person, gentle by nature, yet when
finding out about the cruelty of people and how they
are torturing, raping and murdering innocent women and
children, my blood boils and I see red.

If having a gun in my hand, everyone of these perverts
of innocence would be shot where they would never again
be able to rape anyone again.

Making sure their manhood is extinguished from this
world, letting them live like helpless women, miserable
and hopeless.

Having no desire to live, yet let them live in misery
for the rest of their lives, not having mercy on them
because of what they have done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mother's Day

Sitting here with an orchid pinned to my white blouse.
I feel the sorrow, being a Mother brings.
Gifts from my sons, touch my heart.
My oldest bought an orchid corsage for me with his own money.
He had been saving for a nintendo game for himself, but felt I was more important.
That is love, shown to a Mother, bringing tears to my eyes, for in his love happiness lies.
My youngest, made a pad in school.
He stamped each sheet of paper in it with his own hands, explaining to me that each page was a little different from the others, and he tied it with a blue and silver ribbon.
That is love, shown to a Mother, bringing tears to my eyes, for in his love happiness lies.
Sitting here with an orchid pinned to my white blouse.
I feel the sorrow, being a Mother brings.
Until my sons give to me, with joy-filled hearts, a little bit each, of themselves.
Then Mother's Day is filled with the joy of their births.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mother's Love

Sun shining brightly on angels brought to earth, floating
amongst women who believe in birth, bringing together
many talents to save unborn children.

Counseling here, loving there, layettes and booties every-
where, stating life is beautiful and alive inside.

Holiness abounds wherever Mothers' meet with one another
for future sons and daughters conceived in prayers to
recreate our Lord's image here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Motion Creations

Motion creating artistic grace as it flows,
gyrating through the atmosphere.

Placatingly peaceful, following laws of
nature into generations, passing by on their
way towards outer space.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Motion Of Intense Curiosity

Steadily moving forward through rhythms and tempos, mind always keeping up, using innate talent to form knowledge interiorly.

Finding answers to questions in this life, seeking and researching the whereabouts of details, relating them to reality.

Tracing them into imagination where many other details can be made to improve each sequentially, a motion of intense curiosity perpetrating their essence into the future of medicine and medical engineering.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Motion Of Poetry

Energizing fervor is pouring into me with feelings
of hopeful joy, entering my being.

Tranquilized in a motion of poetry, taking me on
voyages into the unknown territory of prescience
knowings.

Daintily touching upon secrets hiding beneath
coverlets of lacy thought, immediate vibrations
begin to take effect, connecting with brain waves
and knowings of interior being.

Sensing thoughts of another comes unbidden into
mind, expanding and formulating courses of action
in order to meet with their quiet demands.

Standing at attention, awaiting further telepathic
instructions in order to move into the next portion
of communication with others, through mind-bending
voices in rhythmic time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Motion Of Regret

Dreams disappear when you awaken, usually.
Otherwise, they follow you through daytime hours, causing you to ignore reality on your journeys through life.
Separating separate parts of thought is tricky and is considered a bit of a task, difficult at best when trying to concentrate on a concept or idea benefiting yourself, alone in a motion of regret on the road to life's adventure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Motion Of Sound

Strumming soundly on guitars of talent,
soaring with beats of a drum and key-
board.

Singer's voice penetrating the music,
being heard through it, giving a beauti-
ful quality to everything.

Sounds flowing into my being, spheres
twirling, spinning about, enjoying the
rhythms that have developed.

Having been created throughout the years,
a wonderful and special grace coming
from innate knowledge and wisdom.

Tension having been eased, finally taken
away, now pleasantly enjoying every motion
of sound through measures of chords.

Notes infiltrating, taking all of life, cap-
turing it in memories of a poetical life
forevermore on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Motion Of Thoughts

Reaching silently into intellect, touching upon the beauty of
imagery for insight and intuitive memories of what needs to
be written about.

Sharing thoughts with the entire world, letting them coalesce
and come about on their own in extraordinary ways, being re-
vealed in full color.

Sounds and tones exploding through intense rhythms and motion
of thoughts, lively, avid, deriving an energy from somewhere
within intellect and spirit.

Concise and exacting, finding the right words and definitions
to put together and give examples of life and it's many dif-
ferences and attributes.

So timely and intense, taking this mind into tunnels and pass-
ages of time, all the while energizing intellect, enticing
it intensely and not letting it go.

Soaring in the freedom of creative and artistic processes
that are innate and given at the very moment of conception
by God, Himself.

A bluened light is placed within the soul and the Divine is
always dwelling there throughout this temporary and difficult
life here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Motionless Day

Tomorrow will be another motionless, waveless day
in this world.

People will walk, run and ride away from all their
forbidden woes, hoping to complete themselves with
illegal drugs and consignment of souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Motionless Thought

Silently behaving in a plethora of motionless thoughts
as they take everything floating upon an ocean of bliss-
ful feelings and into this open-ended poem.

Gently wavering, sensing the beauty about to be spilled
out in picturesque thoughts upon minds and sights of other
people.

Reacting and touching infinite senses of memory that fall
from blossoms like petals that have lived their lives
totally and have now left us forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Motions

Going through the motions of life, attempting some
normalcy in everyday living.

Constriving for continuity, enlarging horizons,
focusing on unfocused ideas and thoughts, all seems
for naught.

Going through the motions of life each day are
meaningless, done only because they are being done,
no other reasons.

Nothing seems to touch me, no matter what I do,
emotionally I am numb, intellectually am on another
level.

Physically, I can't begin to say, spiritually being
on another plain, already living after-death.

Meaningless activities facing me each morning,
getting up anyway, performing every one of them.

Finding no joy or fulfillment anywhere, even though
others say it's so.

They cannot see into my mind, yet they reject this
way of thought and classify me into their neat little
category of depression.

Although that is not where I belong, because I'm just
facing the reality of life and finding nothing there,
contemplating glad tidings of death.

So there is my reason for living, to die, and no one
understands me because of that.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Motions Of Evening

Watching sunlit shadows stalk the ground,
hiding within the new coverlet of darkness
descending on earth.
Bellowing out chords of reparation for some
to see and anticipate regularly.
Quietly pacing through motions of evening,
listening to eerie pools of past representations,
timing everything in moments of access limited
only by the boundless energy of youth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Motivation Schemes

Mind opening engineers, holding out millions of dollars in
simple ideas.

Motivating people as they sit in chairs, causing emotional
turmoil through words which seem to make sense.

Throughout the day, sitting in one place, awaiting an
opportunity that one can afford.

Reaching into empty pockets, wanting to realize other
people's dreams in your own way.

Feeling tired as the day progresses, disappointment sets
in, because you are not rich yet.

All that is offered is above your means, and you realize
there is no realistic outlet for your dream.

Sitting yet, determined to stay 'til the end to receive
a free home study course.

It was a nice day, but mostly it was a monetary waste,
although our minds have been opened, expanded and put back
to rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Motivation Through Poetry

Trees shaking their heads in consternation at the way people have treated and are treating me so badly.
Alone, I continue a journey through it all, head held high in spite of what others think of me.
Keeping my eyes on the future, I move forward, always.
Motivation comes easily through writing poetry that flows from some inner river of picturesque intellect.
Imagination fills me with peace and a life I can never know outside of myself.
Knowing it is where I must stay all the days of my life to remain free.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Motorcycles Riding

Singing, feeling blue, touching the twilight evening with stars shining brightly from my mind.
Illiciting feelings of sadness as they touch my heart, overflowing with an empty loneliness that continues to descend upon my mind.
Walking in a darkness of daylight shadows, continuing to feel a bluened ocean of teardrops, as they rain upon me.
Noticing images from yesterday, walking away, leaving me behind in a syncopatic vision, alone, with no reasoning beyond what I have always known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mountain View

Above fragrant earth watching clouds roll through the sky, throwing their shadows down mountainsides and cliffs.
Holy peace saturating mindful eyes, carrying serenity deeply into a soul.
Fascinating views from all directions, wind blowing carelessly - scents of wildflowers to my senses.
Bouquets of beauty fragrantly placed upon tables, awaiting compliments of many guests.
Water cascading gently from a small fountain, titillating memories of youthful nature, playing once in forests placed on top of mountains in New Jersey.
Wonder of natural life, comes from our soul, traveling through our hearts and shining from our eyes.
Bountiful treasures stacked neatly in organized piles, stored in memories, saved for rainy days in later years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mountainous Forests

Surprising rhythms sounding like they are riding on horseback,
lying back, resting in their beauty, yet taking this poet into
mountainous forests of peace and serenity.

Living in the wonder of the wild west, loving it's landscapes
many times throughout life, enjoying cacti climbing up sides
of mountains and down into ravines.

Entering canyons to get out of the hot scorching sun of Arizona,
drinking in the awesome desert vistas, taking them into this
photographic mind.

There they can continue to inspire and expand through the years,
living to recall them in poems of Arizona and sharing them with
everyone in the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mountains Hugging Me

Riding down the mountains in a tour bus, on our way home,
getting caught behind a wide load truck and being forced
to drive real slow behind it.
Going through mountains, rising high into the atmosphere
on either side of us.
I sense their closeness and stop writing for a moment.
Feeling the mountains holding me closely, hugging me in
my mind.
An awesome feeling of being loved and respected by mother
nature herself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mountains Of Age

Our childhoods approach us even in our aging years, reminding us of our one-time hopes and dreams that were never attained.

Our paths left us, criss-crossed with adolescence and re-entered our lives in maturity, saving us from mistakes we may have made in youth.

Climbing mountains of age, we progress slowly, only to realize in our later years that it was with rapid progression we materialized on our final horizons, trying to save ourselves from fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mountainside Forest

Skiing down mountainsides, speeding quickly between trees
and brush, never faltering or falling over.

A downhill voyage into nature as this mind concentrates
on beauty surrounding me.

Pine trees filling the air with their scent, beyond compare,
an essential liveliness of spirit joining that of Mother
Nature's, bringing into focus, an imagination of reality in
a mountainside forest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mountaintop Poetry

Roads lead to memories living in the country on a
mountaintop when I was young.
Willow trees billowing out, reaching for the ground
they were growing out of.
Voices carrying on conversations in past minds,
being remembered right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mounting Landscapes Of Time

Rehearsing memories through the rhythms coded with their images,
listening to music that was heard when they were first made,
knowing that not a single detail will ever be forgotten.

Through the years always finding pleasure in the mounting land-
scapes of time, wishing those good times would come about once
again.

Knowing full well that they've been spent and can never be recap-
tured by wishing or hoping it through the moments of loneliness
in years of being human.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mounting Pathways

Chasms mounting pathways to enlightenment,
avariciously await failures of individuals.
Taking away all footholds, climbing and
growing becomes a difficult if not impossible
task.
Regardless of age, creed or race, life asks
from each of us steps we'd prefer not to take.
Levels of achieving are not dependent upon
intelligence or common sense - just a small
thing called desire is required.
Survival instinct, as technically it's known;
contemplating life a little ahead of time,
striving to attain a leading edge without
falling back down into a chasm.
Bringing hope with each person's new success,
we talk and help one another to cope and
continue living - each to our own future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mournful And Silenced

Creativeness being innate, following patterns of brain
waves and interior designs created before I was born.

Tell-tale signs of imminent sadness touching this heart
with it's tears, letting me feel the beauty of it's former
memories stored within.

Splendid and sensuous emotions, dwelling deeply in my heart,
having a way to be expressed through writing of poetry.

Living, hidden in darkened corners, mournful and silenced
in depths of energy, wanting to be brought out and taken
into the sunrise of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mourning Glory

Incessant devotion falling on it's knees before a loved one's lost love.

Always being in love, never denying it's effect on his heart, a morning glory scenting every morning throughout life.

Now it's turned to a mourning glory as the love of his life has been taken beyond the curtains of death and he can no longer go on without her dear heart.

Thunder rolling, lightening striking his mind with her loss as raindrops cover over his many tears at night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mourning Songs

Surly and out of sorts, not wanting to listen to
anyone, just wanting to be left alone to contemplate
mourning songs of my heart.
Bent, and falling, aching breaking apart my mind's
heart as I think of you and all our times together.
Missing your beautiful smile as you look into my
eyes with love and wondering when I'll see you again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mourning Thoughts

Somnolent melodies gently playing in portraits of tomorrow.
Listening attentively to every note, reaching into sunsets
for mourning thoughts to place in poetical harmonies.
Saving them for a place in my funeral mass one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mourning Walk

Taking mourning on a walk through life,
showing it how it has tainted happiness
and joy for those of us still here.

Watching dawn and dusk take heartache
with them into sunsets beyond our vision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mourning's Sun

Moving to rhythms enfolding me within their souls,
giving a happiness and cheer through their placement
of notes and tones within this heart.

Playing music with a mood of intense attitudes forming
in intellect, allowing a strength of character to become
itself in every rhythm, sending messages to a brain.

Illuminating the essence and purpose of all of life here
and now, not waiting for death's embrace.

A warmth forming around this heart, touching innermost
feelings of my soul, walking into bright lights of
mourning's sun, holding teardrops of sorrow carefully so
I won't lose any of the memories they so preciously hold
throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Movement

A camera of life cannot be still, movement is a recommended stance fulfilled constantly within reason.
Lively - anticipated entirely, escaped from in imagination only.
Formed within creative processes of thought, ideas flow incessantly, not allowing for normal routines to block or mar the view.
Saturated from all aspects, facets continually flow from all exigencies, burying piles of exaggerated timelessness.
Flowering in the bosom of desire, deeper yearnings are brought to mind, forging like steel, images into everlasting memories.
Saved from an age-old decay of unspent wisdom, overjoyed at the prospect of living in another land of creativity unbounded by certain limits set on earthly shores.
Expanding oceans, shrinking deserts, any type of event a person could want.
Picking up shells along the shore, finding different imprints every time one looks.
Fluttering, flying, casting out triangular placement invented with a globe, circumferenced and illustrated with intense familiar style.
Created pillars rise above ordinary stations of life, placating no one, yet instilling the essence of joyous freedom within a genial intellect.
Untouched by the severity of a limited vocabulary, expanding and alliterating on and on into the universe eternal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Movement Of Humanity

Standing against illegal immigration, putting forth the truth about what the 14th amendment means in reality, being chastised by Gowan and Bolding for not being diverse enough.

Even though we are trying to bring together and heal the relationship between blacks and whites at long last, the time has come and is here this very moment.

This positive and true image is being called racist which is the farthest thing from the truth, this is a dream, a vision that will take our nation by storm.

It's beginning, grass roots are being planted here in Phoenix, Arizona, remembering that dreams are normally an individual thing, but now have grown much larger.

When something as huge as this vision is seen by many more people, everyone can grasp it's essence, using their inner passion to spread it from the U.S. to our world, thus making this a movement of humanity on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Movements Of Anticipation

Beats touching hearts, causing feet to tap and
minds to stir beyond their limits as music
stretches itself elastically into movements of
timeless anticipation.
Programming brain's devices as it hears and
sends signals to subconsciousness, awakening
it's prowess in literal endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Movements Of Recovery

Strings slowly pulling melodies out into the open,
dancing in my mind to their quixotic rhythms.

Feeling with emotion, lyrics touching hidden
memories with love through tears.

Listening with quiet anticipation to movements of
recovery, becoming healed through each sense of
belonging.

Holding hands with moments of memory as we waltz
to music of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moving Along Avenues

Silencing effects of another time, taking their toll
now, as I attempt to enhance inner life through writing
constantly.

Being in an attitude and mood of genuine happiness,
moving along avenues in peaceful serenity.

Taking the time to become myself, only knowing that I
need to be alone to recharge inner batteries.

Lasting friendship with self is an unconditional love -
love of self that I hold onto and cherish lovingly
throughout life and it's hardships.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moving Among Spirits

Moving among spirits from beyond, able to be seen and acknowledged behind curtains of death, whispers of solitude open up to hearing.

Being given love and encouragement from those who have always loved and cared for me when here on earth, feeling safe, knowing that one day I will again be with them.

Looking forward to that very moment when loss will lose it's meaning and all suffering will be forgotten forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moving Away

Remembering times when younger, playing on seventy-
five acres on Tullo Road.
Willow trees all around, my favorite hiding places
when I wanted to get away from my five younger
sisters at the time.
Reading books, doing puzzles, playing dolls, having
a good time just entertaining myself.
With all my sisters those times were few and far
between and I looked forward to hiding from them.

New Jersey, a beautiful place to grow up in the
forest on top of a mountain.
Although time there was cut short, as my parents
moved us to Arizona.
Heart still holding all memories of a happy child-
hood, also of the lonely hurt and emptiness of
leaving close family behind.
Sadness at losing all those precious future memories
with them, is still held here in my mind and soul.
Writing always from this sadness as it touches me
intensely, trying to ease the pain of it, although
it hasn't happened yet and I'm sixty-three.

Parents don't always realize what they put their
children through nor of the lasting damage done to
their souls.
Children left to their own devices, undeveloped minds
trying hard to understand the reasons why they've
been hurt.
Understanding never reaches their little hearts as
they cry themselves to sleep night after night,
growing up with the pain given them by their loving
parents.

(10: 58 a.m. - 1/19/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moving Away From Strangers

Days go by, melting into melodies of past love, no longer shining for us anymore.
As star dust sprinkles down upon us, we search and move away from strangers
in the dark, afraid to meet them, because of all the borrowed time spent -
wasting time and never realizing that it is forever gone from us.
Love, if it is to be spent, must be held close to you, as you travel past highways
alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moving Forward

Moments forward, time behind, scattered memories from the past lying about.

Meanings now being lost upon desert shores, never again rising or crashing within this mind.

Forgotten, reclusive, just paper pasted to invisible thoughts, no longer viable.

Thinking being stopped as life moments move forward, time now lies behind in sharks of yesterday's memories, images and visions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moving In All Directions

Moving in all directions at once mentally, taking in a variety of subjects, issues, activities, able to concentrate and focus totally without effort.

Feeling peaceful within, using gifts God has given since birth, loving to be there for Him in whatever capacity He expects us to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moving In Circles

Juggling time with momentary disillusionment as I uncertainly move in circles towards eternity.
Checking daily with schedules of interior peace as I travel along rose gardens of heaven.
Serenity encapsulating my being as I cross over into a future horizon beyond life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moving In Many Circles

Rising in the evening to melodies I love to hear, going into their rhythms as they lift my spirit, taking life above into realms of innocence and peculiar habits.

Moving in circles of lively directions that hold out promise of something special and great, moments having their time now.

Lightening strikes the essence of my being, bringing innate wisdom into the center of everything going on right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moving Into A New Life

Wandering through crowds of people in mind, smiling, yet
not touching my heart, being hidden in depths too deep
to be reached anymore by anyone else on earth.

Buried beneath the remorse of life once lived, now gone to
another shore in another dimension.

Suddenly watching as an opening appears, beckoning with a
mysterious aura, one never before seen, yet welcoming me in.

Stepping through the opening, moving forward, seeing the
ambivalence of the life I have left behind.

Now walking through pathways of tomorrow's future, aware of
the moments of happiness and despair that will be coming
upon me.

Knowing though, that an inner strength is being increased
rapidly as I move forward, showing me the way to proceed.

Looking into self, seeing an image, holding me in shadows
of tomorrow's death, not yet ready to let me go, instead,
healing me.

Soft gentle breezes blowing across my face, touching inner
healing as it's being done.

Feeling the touch, I am now walking forward in perfect health
and stature of life's horizons.

Not looking back into the mirrors of yesterday for I have
moved on into a new life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moving Into Circles

Opaque screens awaiting someone to turn on a switch,
lighting them so x-rays can be seen and diagnosed,
by the Doc, full of knowledge and learning to think
outside the box, thanks to a patient of his.

Holding on with all her might to the life she knows
is waiting for her to get better, and move into
circles of fame and fortune.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moving Into The Next Moment

Ready, always searching for opportunities to learn and
educate myself, aside from innate knowledge and wisdom
that intellect already has access to.

Knowing that I don't know everything, wanting to find
out what I don't know makes me excited, loving to use
my brain in every endeavor.

Especially when it comes to creative processes and im-
agination merging with reality in many forms of poetry,
telling life of this mere poet's adventures.

Being so poetical through music, having the ability to
access other dimensions, exploring them exclusively,
never tiring of doing so.

Exemplifying the purpose of my life, having an essence
and passion that never quits, giving an energy that keeps
me going no matter what may happen.

Through every situation and circumstance, never backing
down or retreating, always moving forward into the next
moment.

Expecting many important and fun things to appear, taking
me into impossibilities that I make possible in the end
after all, by thinking outside of the box, always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moving Into Tomorrow's Destiny

Losing sleep, thinking about things that don't make any
sense, wondering how to make them come clearer somehow.

Wishing against the strength of others, hoping to enter
gates of livelihood that might tend to take me into the
depths of some other time and place.

Touching and reverberating rhythms in measure of beating
tempos as liberty and freedom continue to move into to-
morrow's destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moving Into Tomorrow's Future

Tickling my brain with an ecstatic and profound feeling
of intense joy, being blessed by an interior spirit.

Moving into the future of tomorrow, finding various
repertoires that will take us into new concepts.

Equations with sounds of rhythms that interface with
a spiritual life within.

Designs being created from this beautiful sight, ful-
filling intellect by making patterns that can collate
it all together into a morass of knowledge and wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moving Softly

Morning softly moving towards an afternoon of solemn thoughts
in avenues of grayened skies above, thinking of all the evil
and hatred that has somehow been born these days.

Wondering what it is that I can do to help erase it from all
our lives, knowing only that lust, perversion and men's egos
are at the center of it.

Seeing the dastardly deeds being committed of rape, beheading,
murder and all sorts of atrocities, men blaspheming and saying
it's in the name of religion.

Being the furthest thing from it and God, understanding does not
come about, there's no logic or reasoning to any of their per-
verted ideas or ideology.

How can anyone with a brain and mind think to perform these evil
acts hurting and maiming so man innocent people, especially little
babies and children.

Better to kill all evil people and bring total peace to our world once and for all say
some, never again letting evil and corrupt
people have any power or control whatsoever on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moving Through Intellect

Driving forces steadily continuing to move forward through intellect, taking me further into depths of other universes where I'm learning many new things.

Discovering their essences through coded rhythms, essentially finding new adventures that excite and build curiosity greater than before.

Loving how intellect interprets then instantaneously for my mind to grasp fully every time, steps laid before me, following them steadfastly without any worries at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moving Through Silence

Quietly moving through silence, listening for rhythms to guide me on the way to heaven.
Missing boats, treading water, watching serene waters reflect tranquil scenes of mirror-like forests and horizons in the distance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Moving To The Future

Going home within my mind, following the routes shown me from childhood.
Knowing every turn as photographic images keep me on track, never losing my way no matter the time of day.
Sincerely hoping to stay among all the memories of yesterday.
Moving in directions of the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Much Less Government

Change is right around the corner, Trump is at the fore-
front, leading us into a greater American than ever be-
fore.

Returning our nation to American citizens, standing in
the way of corrupt politicians, making their true colors
seen.

We the People have known for years what was going on,
working behind the scenes, building our defenses, stock-
piling everything.

Getting ready to defend our country, one and all, solid,
constant, united, totally behind Donald Trump, watching
and catching voter fraud happening around the country.

The establishment knows Trump is going to win, putting
them out of business, a government with no corruption,
no lies or illusions.

No more favoritism, nepotism, lobbying, just straight
and honest - but much less government in our daily lives,
the way our Constitution meant it to be from the start.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Much Too Free

Incessant, totally tantalizing this mind and intellect,
not wanting to follow well-traveled paths, preferring
to be alone.

Taking a solitary path created by self through imagination,
living in patterns and designs that are formed through
music and rhythm.

Coding every rhythm inwardly, filling me interiorly with
beautiful melodies and harmonies continually touching my
being.

Exciting, fulfilling, perfectly attuned to the personality
I was born with.

Not wanting to be or do anything else in this life for I
am much too free to let go of who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Muddle Of Loneliness

Being slowly entrenched in a muddle of loneliness,
sinking deeply into depths of grief.
Not being able to hold on to anything in living
that means anything.
Dusky materialistic journeys culminating in a pile
of disgusting jargon.
Wanting to always begin on new tones, never quite
making it.
Yet, trying to never forget any particle of meaning
as it treads through my mind, alleviating the
mindless pity finding it's way into my brain.
Sololy beginning to partake of an energy, finding
it's way into the pathway of enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Muddy Essence

Waiting forlornly in a bankrupt sort of life,
bereft of love and dreams.
Singly listening to sounds, traveling around, never alighting
on the petals of any bouquets given to me.
Certain notions crowding me in puddles of loneliness, covering
my mind with it's muddy essence, hiding my thoughts in their
depths.
Never relating stories always keeping them inside, wanting to
express them, all that ever comes out is one poem after
another in a constant succession of enlightenment.
Touching the environment, bringing it to an awareness of others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Muddy Puddles

Dark day, storm clouds spread across the sky, daylight spirits hiding with the sun beyond sight.

Loving dreary days, they remind me of childhood in New Jersey on rainy days.

A pleasant time, memories of being in our underwear and jumping, playing in the rain and puddles, having the time of our lives.

Stepping in muddy puddles, walking on our porch and leaving footprints all over it.

Knowing that the water would evaporate and dry, but the mud would stay behind, preserving our footprints until Mom or Dad would sweep them away.

Great memories of being a child and feeling loved.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Muffled Expressions

10: 28 p.m.
Prancing around deep within imagination, looking over
imminent reflections shining brightly through all of
the sequences on life's stairways.

Traveling up and down amid fallacies of this life, finding
no more what was once all mine to hold throughout the years.

Being singed, taken apart, ashes strewn about, recognizing
nothing between the empty pages that have crept upon this
mind.

Recriminating exercises, vague, transparent, yet so very
complicated, taking this mind into tunnels of muffled
expressions.

Understanding that everything has been rearranged to fit
the retrospect of aging, fitting it within boxes of used
spare parts no longer viable.

For life has progressed beyond yesterday through updated,
modern technology, gaining materialistically, yet losing
peace of interior solitude at times of great discomfort.

Disturbances taking us into the darkest nights of our
soul's lives and leaving us alone to fend for ourselves.

(10: 30 p.m. - 11/16/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Multi - Directions

Quietly astounding, reflections being captured in various windows in multi-directions.

Lightened orange-yellow with a hint of gray, lying silently around and above the setting sun as it tiredly smiles on earth.

Ready to retire for the night and rest it's weary head on the other side of for a while.

Picturesque landscapes shining slowly downward, beyond the horizon, out of sight, only being seen here in this particular poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Multi - Tasking

Standing in the background, watching intently and listening
attentively to what is being said.

Yet, all you will see is me listening to music and writing,
not knowing exactly what I'm doing.

Loving to multi-task, enjoying the pleasure I get from doing
it all the time.

A particular habit of mine that most cannot comprehend, even
when they watch and see me doing it while writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Multiplying

Wonder of this night fills my mind with awe,
and heaven is bright with the glory of God.

All rejoicing stands still while it multiplies
in the hearts of men.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Multiplying Loneliness

Fastidiously searching for a fraction of intimacy, safe and secure, no trace of rape or selfishness tied hiddenly to emotional hype.

Wanting to be held, loved, be one's self, finding no one who cares, silently sitting back, watching others.

Is life really as hopeless and lost as it seems to be?

Multiplying loneliness by the infractions of abuse, growing inwardly, becoming a reclusive hermit.

Hiding in caverns, deep and dark, afraid to venture out again, because everything always remains the same as yesterday.

Wishing to be any other way is futile, love can never be found in this world, it is expressed from hellish nightmares brought to truth and reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Multiplying Thoughts

Thoughts being multiplied a thousand times a nanosecond, mind so responsive to the environment, ideas, nature and humanity, a wonderful experience.

Living creatively through an interior life, expanding throughout the years, giving peace, serenity, hope and a purpose to destiny while living every moment.

Adjusting, aligning and adapting to every situation, circumstance and experience in this temporary world, giving new adventures and challenges constantly, keeping intellect alert.

Awake and aware, focused all the time as music measures each line of poetical melodies through passages of time, chords reverberating throughout the atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mundane Activities

Asking for no assistance, running through days with strong
resistance, hoping to pass all daily routines with the
least amount of stress.
Going along, attempting to do the impossible, letting go
if nothing can be done.
Living on the edge, playing with loaded dice and marked
cards, eventually beating their odds - although stacked
against me.
Minutely searching for anything which will help me get
through another day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mundane Requirements

Being tired of everyday mundane requirements of the human race, preferring to step out of it's boundaries and play to my inner drummer, where I can never be wrong, only creative and inventive for myself, alone.
Treating self to individual times of wonder and curiosity, placing my life in God's capable hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Murder Of A Being

Regret - there are too many.
They cannot be shared because
the broken strings were left
lying there.
No more margins or boundaries to share,
they were all scattered because you no
longer cared what happened to me.
Ripping apart every fiber of being and
soul, turning away, unable to look me
in the eye any longer.
Your life on a pedestal for mine -
broken beyond repair, lying on your
filthy floor.
Undiscovered because you hid me away
and locked the door.
Blocking every exit, there wasn't any
other choice but death.
I was taken and tortured by your
blemished hands, unable to recover or
fight back.
Regrets - there are too many and there
will never be room enough for the two
of us.
Deeply buried in the grave you dug - I
can no longer stay above this earth.
At your insistence, my life and the child
within were killed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Murmuring Of Sadness

Antiquity of life exists in memories of the past,
poignant, sometimes stinging, always on the edge
of a point as we remember with tear-felt murmurings
the sadness at we have lost through the years of
our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Museums Of Knowledge

Success in mirrors, reflected in images from the
other side, become reality in minds of those who
dare to dream at length.
Paddling canoes filled with ideas, downstream on
waves of foam.
Rapidly touring ageless canyons never seen before
in time, momentarily elicited in visions of
exterior sounds.
Tomes of art venerate themselves in masterpieces
of intrinsic value, lasting in museums of knowledge
on walls of formulated brick essays.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music

Filtering rough the core of my being, music
gently permeates inner depths.

Like water through a sieve, it flows into
every fiber, allowing no room for thoughts
or desires.

Just an immediate response to this fantastic
music, filling spaces of my surroundings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music - Filled Night

Rapidly walking into the center of another music-filled night, bristling with an enticing mood of expectancy, hoping to forget problems of this day.

Stepping quickly into the vibrant talent of 'Cold Front', a band of wonderful talent, playing here tonight at the Wagon Yard.

Leveling the playing field, taking people rapidly into a world of lovely designs and patterns that keep changing with the lights, inspiring my writing of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Being Seen

Quietly swaying in the breeze just like leaves upon
the trees, dancing in time with rhythms being played.
Having fun, elastically bouncing around, rhythms
running through my head as I watch everything that
can move in nature, dance with every ounce of energy
within their power.
Always a beautiful scene, music being seen as it is
played in unison with my heart and soul.
Gently sliding down breezeways, happily flitting in
the wind, tossing heads in tempos of movement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Burning In My Mind

Touching upon senses of nature mixing with my own,
mysterious and yet known to my soul only, vibrant,
telling of the future and my place in it.

A darkness unfolding itself in ripples of waves,
like the ocean tides, music burning in my mind, tak-
ing me away upon their rhythms.

Giving peace and serenity as I look about other
dimensions, finding explicit beauty and reasons for
living until I die.

Thought processes revolving and rotating within spheres
of intellect, touching them and instantaneously getting
the rhythm of what they contain.

Always filled with concepts, concise ideas and thoughts
to be used and written into poetry, finding ideas in my
imagination connecting them to reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Created

Hearts and minds being resurrected through our Lord in music created from souls of talented people on earth.

Grasping the reality of what it means to be human in this imperfect world.

Doing their best to achieve their purpose on earth in order to fulfill their destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Delighting My Soul

Suddenly awakening to another beautiful day, watching
ideas climbing out of their beds, hidden in canyons
of intellect.

Soliciting measures of rhythm without having to determine
anything but the coded notes falling into place.

Never failing, always taking me soaring into lands of
desires, searching and exploring as long as I want, never
partaking of anything that I don't wish to.

Bringing and establishing the music that delights my soul
with pleasure and enlightenment.

Illuminating extraordinary talents, loving the innocent
measures of imagination as I step in and out of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Eliciting Videos

Steady staccato rhythms taking me soaring faster and
faster, loving sounds and tones that are filling me
profoundly and excitedly.

Watching as music elicits videos of color, words flow-
ing from an interior waterfall, designs and patterns
bringing fruitful messages into the light.

Inspiration and fulfillment, capturing wisdom of interior
enlightenment so gently, holding it up to rainbows of
light shining within my mind.

Beautiful and filled with qualities of poetical music
and rhythms, soaring, taking me up and down chords and
through measures of amazing melodies.

Jumping around, scaling interior feelings and emotions
hiding within, loving seeing them exploding like fire-
works as I write incessantly.

A quiet stillness enveloping my entire being, keeping me
focused, clear-headed and silently writing through my
purpose in life.

Destiny is being fulfilled and nothing can hinder it's
progress, looking forward to it's existence ending in
the bluened light of the Divine always within my being.

Thoughts juxtapositioning themselves, running in circles
and figure eights, looking for formulas as rhythms are
being coded constantly in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Focuses Rhythm

Smokily raiding the atmosphere, lifelines are extended
through it all, taking connections together, probing
further into the psyche.

Infiltrating and penetrating the essence of intellect
is a serious intensity of mind power, spreading through
consciousness and filling in spaces left from stress.

Allowing music's rhythms to fill them, seeing realizations
of life so clearly that mirrors appear, reflecting every-
thing back into intellect.

Healing effects taking place inherently and completely,
testing this intriguing process over again, finding that
it works about 87% of the time only being done once.

Later being done again, complete healing takes place, an
amazing event in the depths of the mind's intellect as
music focuses it's rhythms where they're most needed.

Performing absolute miracles every day throughout the
entire world, these connections become permanent and
lasting until death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music From The Past

Listlessly sitting and listening to music from the past,
before my time, some of it is quite entertaining, some
of it puts me to sleep.

Loving the upbeat music and rapid tempos, writing quickly
with every beat, composing poetry literally as rhythms
take me away, swiftly and easily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Grasping Hearts

Fancy and lively, a romantic feeling of beauty that takes
us by the hand, traipsing all around the room.

Energy unbound, settling within everyone, tapping into the
music as it dances around, letting it entirely vibrate and
grasp our hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Grasping Our Souls

Picturesque images of shepherds tending their flocks quietly
and gently, peacefully flowing thoughts finding their way in-
to hearts of many listening here tonight.

Reaching for our souls, music grasping them solicitously want-
ing them to be fulfilled with grace, love and mercy of God,
listening to future visions through coded rhythms.

Seeing peace descend upon this earth, giving a soothing calm-
ness that no one can deny because they will be living it all
succinctly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Handing Out Wisdom

Jovial times, gathering around music, polkas, rock
and roll, waltzes.

Properties of all human endeavors where life joins
hands and benefits all at once.

Music falling upon one and all, stepping onto the
platform of happiness.

Always ready to be used for pleasure in between
notes being played in measures poof time.

Expanding mind, blossoming exercises of intellect,
handing out wisdom through melody and harmony.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Hiding Love

Sun rising in your eyes, elevating the beauty of a lifetime, becoming a part of another facet, belonging to heaven.
A tender sadness grasping my heart, not wanting to let you go, knowing I'll never see you again.
Though the feelings fill my heart with your life throughout the songs I write, intensely meant for only your mind as the music hides the love I felt for you on earth.
Taking many tears and placing them among the treasures of my soul today.
Saying good-bye through the rhythms merging with my interior life and can never be torn from me.
Absorbing the crystals into my mind, carrying you with me forever and ever, until my life has also ended on a final note.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music In My Soul

Roaming around through tantalizing rhythms, searching through melodies and harmonies for those that are coded so they may be written into poetry.

Dancing and floating into the atmosphere where intellect sees and captures their essence, being enticed by their steady beat and eloquence.

Stepping along pathways of fulfillment while looking everywhere for pastimes of liberty and freedom, always flowing down rivers of another tomorrow.

Traveling in spite of any barrier or obstacles that may be standing in the way, lonesome, yet never lonely as long as music plays in my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music In Writing

Music is tantamount to life,
exercising and energizing even
the worst moods on any day.
Calculating, precise, rhythmic
balance, giving meaning to
every aspect of life.
Donating amounts of creative
processes, adding to lives with
melodies, music inspires itself
in writing, art, and inventiveness,
lengthening life by notes and beats
in each measure of our lives,
exacting happiness daily with every
song and musical instrument you hear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Is The Passion Of Earth

So attuned to life through music, nothing can ever take it's place
for music is the passion of earth that keeps it going even through
the sadness, emptiness, loneliness and abandonment we live with.

For they are all expressed in music, we sing about it all from our
hearts, feeling better through it's beautiful expression keeping us
centered even though life at times is falling apart around us.

There's only one way to be together and that's through rhythms,
melodies and songs of what we live through, feel and at times
die when experiencing loss through death of loved ones.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Listening

Silently, music is listening to me, taking me on a journey into depths of intelligent beauty.
Mixing and stirring notes so they will blend with the words I so constantly write from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Of A Lover's Heart

Staccatoly beating the drums, sating himself in the
music of his lover's heart, even though she's now
in heaven.
Brightening his soul with her love, shining
continually upon him with every note he drums in the
rhythm.

(3: 04 p.m. - 11/19/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Of Elucidation

Racing into measures of rhythm,
taking melodies onto levels of
subconscious realms.
Interpreting their meanings into
poetry, while living in the music
of elucidation.

(11: 05 a.m. - 12/22/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Of Life

Staking claim to inner joy, becoming the music of life,
contented and serene in a sonata of imagination's realms.
Deeply thinking, abstractly sorting cognitive placement
of energetic and sublime ideas.
Keeping astride of extraordinary thoughts as they proceed
down memory lane.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Of Other Nations

Figuring and finding ways through other nationalities and
their music, at times tame as a lily of the valley.

Suddenly picking up like a lion escaping from it's cage to
freedom and liberty.

Giving chase to the intensity of living in another country,
exhilarating people who listen to it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Painting

Drawing pictures in my mind, as music paints them with colorful attitudes and meaningful words.
Giving of myself in dirges, holding me through all the sadness of my youth.
Living in depths of lonely abandonment, existing in this nether world with only my poetry to keep me whole and intact.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Playing

Twanging music, playing itself
into depths of subconsciousness,
where it finds a place to belong
in and be heard throughout the
evening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Quieting My Soul

Music quiets my soul, brings peace to my mind,
stirring my emotions, allowing expression of
them safely within.

Atmosphere surrounding me is filled with life
and happiness, sometimes with great and some-
times with an abiding sadness.

No matter though, it all brings about peace in
the end, a letting go of earthly things, tranq-
uility unknown, unequalled by any other activity.

At times becoming lost, hearing, seeing, knowing
nothing of what transpires around me, finding my-
self in a bluened atmosphere.

Total recall of relaxation, of being in the womb
unharmed, filled with grace, contemplative in
nature, my being lies suspended there.

Muscles flaccid, mind carried off into other dim-
ensions where none can follow, where none dare
to tread.

A fear of places unknown allows me to continue a-
lone without interference from anyone, for people
are afraid of what they might find within themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Takes Over Definition

Sitting back, enjoying a repertoire of techno music,
loving it's fast-paced melodies and rhythms.

Writing, racing to be written long-hand onto pages of
this journal, calculating the intensity of each note
as it beats incessantly into my mind.

Words have no meaning as music takes over definition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music Transcending

Swelling, rising with music of polish descent,
filtering happiness into a saddened memory of
yesterday's family get togethers.

Touching heart and mind with tears of the soul,
joining in images joyfully for moments of time
as life stands still while dancing the polka.

Transcending trials of today as music plays
it's part well.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Ability

Careening down pathways of musical ability, enjoying it's freedom as I soar into melodies of the soul.
Grasping edges of rhythms, I feel and play to my heart's content.
Satisfied with an innate energy, keeping me swaying with agility and grace on every horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Abodes

Slowly walking, strolling along, lolling in avenues of musical abodes, no cares or worries for the time being.
Adjusting attitudes to fit moods of quiet listening, learning that rhythms will always be right within my soul, leading me through life and into my home one day in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Acuity

Traces of tears falling behind pictures, hiding in corners of deepest canyons within my mind.
Settling down with musical volumes of acuity, fingering every bit of energy as it flows downstream, engaging every synapse in my brain; exercising all the neurons in time with musical splendor.
Taking place within spaces of integrity, displacing anger and emotional turmoil.
Placing detrimental facets of yesterday's life in books of photographical order.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Algorithms

Soundly listening to algorithms of musical formulas, intellectualizing every note and placing it into accountable treasures fit for royalty, yet given freely to anyone with an open mind.
Filtering life and beings into fields of imagination, saving them from eternal damnation.
Calculating interiorly, sounding every beat with intense fire and contemplative silence.
Inside, burning with an intellectual ferocity of purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Anticipation

Falling upon the universe, taking time to fit in spaces - at times temporarily.
Whiling away the moments, freely giving in to the musical anticipation awaiting at a moment's notice.
Stepping into pictures filled with candy-hearted dreams, sweet to my mind, savory to my heart.
Tantalizing colors, matching flavors of heavenly gardens, issuing forth the solemn grandeur of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Aptitudes

Controlling circumstances set in motion through moments
in time, allowing contact with inner spirits as they
rein in tantamount purposes forgotten for ages at a
time.

Signaling awaiting precious thoughts to resume their
journeys along ocean highways, divulging memorial
interests and contents of everlasting thought.

Taking in stride, all events countered by living daily
decisions as they are made.

Reaching forward into major arteries of life-giving
musical aptitudes, focusing energy into corners that
have forgotten how to live happily.

Showing off every note and measure of heart's beating
in rhythm with thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Art

Expanding into the universe, a well-versed musician
playing saxophone so fine and filled with dignified
musical notes.

Creating a hush on the crowd with it's billowing
burst of radiating musical composition and rhyme.

Echoing in the background, a drum staccatoely
racing to beat to the music of a piano, tinkering
with the self-same rhythms, touching hearts and
causing them to swell with reminiscence.

Such beauty in this fantastic work of musical art,
portrayed in honorable sound to our ears as we listen
and can see images of what is being played on stage
in front of us today.

Welcoming the distraction prayed for, being blessed
with God's grace in musicians on stage, along with
a tenor singer who belts out words of melodies.

Turning our dreary day into a reprieve of past and
present songs, gently leading us to the doorstep
of heaven and leaving us there for moments in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Art Of Poetry

Inner realms of faith being reached through an innate interpreta-
tion of spirituality, taking intellect and soul together into dim-
ensions of heavenly knowledge and wisdom.

Opening particles of the mind so they may capture each one and etch
it's essence into screens of memories lying in wait, while hope plays melodies of
trust, honesty and compassion through the musical art of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Atmosphere

Tapping melodies sounding like a woodpecker pecking in
this mind, living in an atmosphere of music, flying,
soaring into the skies.

Free, never having to listen to anyone else, doing
what it wants and answering to no one, able to get
away anywhere he lands.

Finding a home no matter where it is on earth, a
perfect balance of nature and wildlife living off
of the land free and independently.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Atonement

Truly astonishing are faces of people sitting around
talking and laughing with glee, while listening to
Peggy and Neil perform.
Creative performances abound each time we hear them
play from their hearts, touching our souls with
innocence and purity of musical atonement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Avenues

Placating rhymes take my mind down musical avenues of
bliss where I can be free from oppressive life and it's
tribulations.

Narrowing views cram together, forging tunnel vision
and I'm gently expanding it with dreams of awesome delight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Blessings

Sorrow standing on stages, fulfilling the emptiness
of death with heart-felt joy at helping others feel
peace and happiness they themselves don't feel.

Entering realms of music's depths, losing selves in
tunes of yesterday, setting aside thoughts and
images to confide in musical blessings of blissful
healing numbness for now.

Notes of historical grief forward themselves onto
pages of music to be felt without tears for the
time being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Bouquets

Sounding out verses in a myriad of ways,
touching masterpieces of art with musical
expressions through words set in bouquets,
arranged to touch hearts of anyone who
reads them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Brain Food

Finding entrances into other places secreted away, always
opening at my insistence, wanting to discover whatever is
in pages of this mind.

Logically, systematically, going through each rhythm care-
fully and concentrating intensely so as not to forget a
single beat that is being heard.

Staccato tempos pounding incessantly and giving this brain
the musical food that it needs, while taking time to locate
every minute detail to be taken into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Combing

Strumming rhythms in synch, giving attention to every beat in a measure. Gyrating soulfully around every note, taking everyone there on a listening trip through a timeless space in outer atmosphere's of imagination and intellect. Soothing frayed nerves, calming stress with a musical comb, keeping everything together in a solitary place within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Delectibility

Testimony recalling past miracles,
giving hope that there will at least
be one more to become.

An energy building up inside, letting
me move forward into another dimension
where I will have no more suffering or
sorrow.

Finding my way into the musical
delectability of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Delicacy

Starbursts and moonbursts, sliding across imagination's
highway, providing a delicate peace and serenity to
last many hours today.

Lazily walking, holding hands, becoming intrinsically
happier with each and every musical moment.

Living on edges of earth, falling into depths of a
universe filled with intense appreciation of a delicacy
felt through musical scores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Destiny

Play the piano inside your mind, touch the chords that'll make you feel fine.
Dance upon the ivory with your bare feet and let concertos flow through your body.
Become the music that you hear inside, because it is your life - your destiny.
And only you can play it for yourself to hear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Dimensions

Swinging and swaying to an inner joy of musical
dimensions, finding moments of beautiful scenery
in visions of my mind.
Lovely thoughts conjugate and stretch themselves
into meanings of life as it is being lived every
moment.
Foraging in deep forests of imagination, feeling
peace and comfort cover my soul.
Beauty indelibly imprinted on sands of my soul
and interior life as contemplation overflows
throughout my mind tonight.
Times of day have no relevance to where I'm at
when imagination takes me to horizons beyond what
any mortal can comprehend.
Rhapsodies fill my being with their significance
and ambiguity as life continues to fill my spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Discussions

Lengthy discussions in music playing back and forth,
tempting rhythms, taking this mind into recesses of
life.

Loving to write about all that is found and listened
to, forgetting problems and trials as they disappear
from within melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Ecstasy

Letting my fingers fly to fast-paced rhythms, so gently
yet firmly, giving an exciting and thrilling feeling that
is taking me entirely into fields of music and tempos.

Chords swinging around, giving essence a party filled
with passion and desires that keep climbing higher with
every second and moment that passes.

Thoroughly and completely giving my spirit uplifting feel-
ings and emotions into heights of musical ecstasy, never
wanting to leave this rhythmic heaven, lights flashing, as
colors keep enthralling me totally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Ending

Hoping for a reprieve so I can go to New
Jersey and fulfill more of my purpose
through song and dinner with Frankie Valli
and his brother, Bobbi.
A lifetime culminating in a musical ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Ends Of Life

Crackling voices sounding off behind saxophones, squeaking and squawking from a lack of breath.
Counting measures not quite making it from one beat to the next, generating a winding down of tolerance as they slowly proceed towards ends of life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Environments

Rushing rapidly into the darkness of this night, believing
in another tomorrow that may never come.

Lightning striking in the sky above, never reaching the
ground, leaving me speechless as it strikes again and again.

Sending sparks of enlightenment into my mind, intellect and
heart altogether.

Beautiful concepts finding their way carefully, climbing
always up canyon walls interiorly.

Performing and creating musical environments, taking me away
into outermost possibilities.

Never being faded or disappearing into the night's darkness,
just whiling away the hours before dawn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Episodes

Fiddling in my mind with Italian phrases and songs,
melodies touching gently, playing joyous rhapsodies.

Alive, vibrancy stirring within, loosening tightholds
over interior images, spreading them throughout life,
to be used at any time in the future.

Quiet respite filling now inside, shutting out many
recriminations and doubts.

There's no longer room for anything except that of
poetry and it's beautiful musical episodes from now on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Exercise

Rumbaing, swaying back and forth, getting musical exercise thru dancing and thought.
Talking in a language fraught with decision and subconscious faith, touching upon elegant style and grace from above and beyond our graves on earth.
Pleasure abounding as fingers cross and recross three accordions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Experience

Rhythms jumping and cavorting throughout the evening, bringing joy and excitement into the brilliance of another musical experience.

Quieting my soul, allowing spirituality to attain fruition within, moving with the Holy Spirit across landscapes of this earthly journey and into depths of it's energy.

Loving the experience and fulfillment that comes into my being without any effort, flowing from an interior waterfall totally unheeded.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Fantasy

Technology hastens moods of happiness and joy with
it's broad knowledge of music and playing of it
when someone touches keyboards, black and white.

Eras of big bands, pop and rock, country western,
all emanate from one instrument played by a human
with interest in letting others listen to it.

Breaking up boredom of daily living, attempting to
alleviate pain and memories of it for times, seeing
and believing in a world of fantasy, created by
musical instruments all over the earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Foundations

Words skating across my mind, figuratively sliding
into a subconscious dream.

Floating gracefully across my sight, levels of
forgiveness crowd in closer than ever.

Foundations of literature present themselves quietly
in verdant pastures of musical bliss, refraining the
utmost heavenly melodies in time.

Pressures releasing and easing everything within,
while arranging sensations and feelings of human
nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Grief

Feelings of sorrow are scratching
inside my heart as
music plays my mind of grief in
soothing rhythms of weeping.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Hearts

Loving the gentlemen playing their hearts out in music,
westernly touching brains with wisdom of melodic aromas.
Mystically performing while displaying their innate
talent for all of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Heaven

Last song now being sung and played, sorry to see the
ending of this little concert here at the Wagon Yard,
our little bit of musical heaven here in Phoenix, Az.

Delightful, invigorating, filled with an awesome vital-
ity of incessant music, filtering through tunnels of
inspiration created by innate intelligence.

Seeing wonder and illusions of life as it revolves,
turning about, keys being pounded intensely, strings
strummed with instant pressures of fingers on frets.

Making beautiful music that everyone listens and dances
to, nothing like the rhythms here in the U.S.A, going
late into the night.

Penetrating sleep of all of us here, because this is
what we all prefer to be doing with our leisure time,
when free and at liberty to do what we want.

Spiraling like rocket ships and fireworks being shot
into the sky, exploding into notes that fall upon our
ears as we listen attentively all night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Highlights

Playing Chopin in my mind, fingers moving in precise
fashion to every note being played.
Settling my heart, giving me highlights of music as
they are illuminated in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Highs

Patterns forming to match the melodies
playing in my head, sending me on
musical highs throughout many rhythms,
giving me happiness and joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Honesty

Musical honesty filling my mind with it's truth,
tantalizing imagination's depths,
challenging intuitive creativeness,
bringing about an altered consciousness for timeless moments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Horizons

Galloping throughout an eternity,
trotting up and down lanes of
clarinet's expression, playing
along the way.
Testing waters on musical horizons
in beds of rose gardens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Identification

Portraying sounds of nature through a clarinet,
bringing musical identification to all I see in
visions of words.
Sounding beautifully in artistic rhythm, calling
to my inner being and talent throughout life and
it's unidentifiable reasoning.
Taking innate steps to follow a purpose of my
own towards the gates of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Illusions

Illusions of the shore penetrate my mind through
musical melodies and lyrics, touching memories
of my soul as joy fills me elatedly.

Thoughts of sunshine filtering through cloudy
thought, spreading them thinly so I may walk
towards future horizons onto beaches of grace
and solace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Imagination

Magically entering winding roads through imagination, twisting and turning in passages of time, developing many thoughts that continue to amaze and intrigue a poetical mind.

Tasting the beauty of interior designs as they keep changing with patterns of musical imagination, whiling away these many moments of livelihood through an intense intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Intellect

Rampaging through hours of musical intellect,
rehearsing airs of liberty, benefiting from
hours of practice as moods soar and climb to
heights never attained before.

Silence enveloping atmospheres of joy, carrying
them into all facets of daily life, hoping to
begin again in areas of peaceful visions and
scenery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Interludes

Locating sensors that feel interior thoughts through
rhythms, gathering ideas along the way.

Penetrating and delivering messages during musical
interludes as I translate them quickly into poetry.

Never missing a beat, studying instantaneously, while
gripping every measure filled with notes and tones.

Feeling free and at home, listening, taking me home
where I live in a bluened atmosphere of spirituality.

A fascinating place to be all through life, days and
nights fading in the sunset while writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Jet Ride

Capturing and captivating this mind is easy when music begins to play.

Rhythms instantly creating all the words as they fall into one poem after another, daring to continue for hours on end.

Never leaving an idea unturned, frolicking, enjoying the lilting energy of every song, especially faster ones taking me on a jet ride through clouds and skyways of intellect.

Careening through imagination, grasping thoughts and letting them constantly and instantaneously stream into consciousness and out along edges of subconsciousness.

Playing with their tantalizing melodies and rhythms of incessant voices of musical instrumental music.

Always caressing this mind, helping to recall every memory and image ever contained within one person.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Journey

Walking along, touching my heart lovingly as fingers
gently touch a keyboard when they play a love song.

Dangling notes along the way, teasing me, they play
hide and seek in my mind, as I find tokens of love
hiding there.

Reaching into the depths of love-finding peace and
joy, fantastic feelings flowing through me.

Playing my heart, taking it on a musical journey
through an immobile frame of mind.

Dancing lightly, touching, tip toeing across the
great expanse from one mind to another.

Delighting in the sweets - the pastries - that we
find there.

Tasting each other's secrets, placing them in time's
heart and embracing one another in love.

Fully understanding that this friendship is made in
heaven.

For no other way could two people, so blind, ever
care about each other.

Closely flowing together with fear stepping aside,
trust has placed love within each for the other to
guide.

Waltzing joyfully to music from heaven's keyboard,
two people come together to become friends.

Feeling light, the burden lifted, two souls have
bloomed in God's loving care this night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Journeys

Joint jumping across the atmosphere, filling an
entirety of genuine realization as thinking begins
it's circular turnabout.
Wondering and tuning into an array of vocal talent,
watching music silently getting it's way with my
mind, taking it on many journeys every time it's
played anywhere in my vicinity.
A lively entrance guiding my imagination on it's
way to poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Journeys And Explorations

Rocking to interior rhythms of life being played instrument-
tally on instruments and sung through lyrics by many varied
people and singers.

Taking in tempos, beats and sounds through the years takes
us on many musical journeys and explorations, finding and
detecting details and aspects of our lives.

Watching other people, sharing experiences with them along
the way, a great time to share particles of our lives with
one another.

Always touching others minds, hearts and souls through the
poetry continually being written every day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Knees

Innocent lyrics, bringing people to their musical knees in solemn prayer.

Withholding all bittersweet tones, touching parts where tears have already formed and are waiting to be relieved in crystal drops of inner heartache.

Softly inquiring into the questions of every child ever born, the whys and what fors that keep children curious and wondering.

Silently raising the marker to incorporate everything impossible into a circular ring of determination, relating everything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Language

All languages blend musically into poetry, full
of splendid images.

Life builds to a crescendo before leveling and
beating staccatoely within our hearts.

Words flow through neurons in our brains, making
connections and sense out of mere thoughts lying
about.

Breasts filling, eyes tearing at the beauty of
nature's sounds through musical poetry in many
languages - words of love translated into works
of art, Italianly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Lighthouse

Silently shadows appear amongst us in musical brevity,
touching with love, each one of us in their memories.
Living on in our lives, breathing gently into our
hearts and quietly whispering in our ears that they
will never forget us through the years.
Love will always enter and last through eternity and
we will be reunited again on heaven's shores.
Shining like a beacon in a musical lighthouse you will
one day find your path leads to me, as I await you with
open arms in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Lines

Tranquilizing mind patterns and thoughts for the time
being with musical etudes swinging through my mind.

Pushing ideas and images into each other, coming up
with novel and joyful motion and movement throughout
today.

Bouncing along with melodies as they line dance in
my mind, enjoying every moment they possibly can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Magic

Thoroughly enticing my mind with tempting mysteries of
musical magic, using intellect to gather translations
of a poetical essence within me.

Always being a particle of life left in imaginary areas
of my mind, social and wonderfully attentive, soaring
with the beating of my heart.

My soul flies with the notes interiorly, incessantly and
instantaneously, slipping into my mind the strength and
beauty of my interior life.

Always alive and vibrant, never ceasing it's tantalizing
of feelings and emotions filling me entirely, sating my
appetite through poetical verses of prose flowing from
my pen continually throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Measures

Racking brains with titillating touches of Cajun music.
Understanding not needed as long as the beat affects
the tempo of your being.
Becoming many measures of musical scores, talented
issues flow out untethered.
Freedom sets itself on pedestals of flowery scenery,
letting earthen blossoms fall down around every note.
Peace fills every neuron, sating all desires for quiet serenity on floors of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Memories

Giving attention to a band, playing oldies,
letting us remember the past in musical memories,
taking us on a melodious journey into pathways of
yesterday.
Living in visions of beautiful moments, holding on
to them through the years, treasuring them closely.
Remembering always when a song is played.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Mystery

Kicking off shoes, tripping on bare feet, enjoying
feelings of toes in the sand.
Warm sensations flowing to my head, rejuvenating my
entire body with life-giving energy.
Spirit-filled, gathering food for thought and riding
waves of existence into deserts of beyond.
Forsaking life's boundaries and walking off into the
distance of musical mystery and hidden clues.

(9: 38 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Nature

Romping easily to a waltz playing in my mind,
enjoying it's laid back melody as I strum
chords of my heart with it's rhythm.

So calmly serene, my soul rests as one with a
musical nature, holding every note closely to
words in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Observation

Stage set, instruments awaiting
their musicians to come bring
them into realms of rhythms and
unforgettable melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Opinions

Candlelit music voicing
melody's opinions, taking
notes and creating etudes
of longevity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Order

Thinking processes always in perfect musical order,
timing perfunctionary, words and meanings exquisitely
forming themselves from imagination and knowledge
into poetry of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Outlet

Music is a miracle maker when it comes to death's embrace,
holding us in a vacuum, giving us an outlet to hold
another human being close as we dance together.
Forgiving solace, keeping us from falling completely into
mires of sorrow.
Grasping straws, taking steps to prolong moments of
artistic grace.
Finding solace in little bits of nature and it's rhythmical
verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Parables

Reigning in excitement, then having to let it go,
because my mind needs to expand itself in
imagination and not be kept from what it loves
to do.
Nothing seems to happen unless I think in musical
parables, benefiting the entire repertoire of
meanings I place in each poem.
Their ideals falling rapidly in every corner of
my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Parades

Wandering through rooms of yesterday's memories, whiling away time in each image of concern.
Wise beyond years, foraging through notes, trying to find the meanings in stanzas of life's musical parades.
Feeling the pull of deep emotion, wringing tears from hidden pockets of my heart, forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Passive Aggression

Strumming strings with a creative energy, filling this
restaurant with the brilliance of musician's talents.

Pleasure beaming from patron's faces, taking them deeply
into canyons of rhythm.

Singling out the substance being felt through melodies
being strummed and shouted to the world.

Strident and beautiful, filling this period of time with
the energy of tomorrow's destiny.

Fate being fulfilled with passive aggression that is held
within human beings while playing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Paths

Beating of the drum hits my heart's rhythm squarely
in it's solar plexus.

Taking me down musical paths, wandering leisurely,
never in a hurry, yet wanting to see everything that
is opening up.

Banners of talent are unfolding and giving me room
to place my thoughts.

Challenging intellect to rearrange all notes coming
through with crystal clarity.

An incessant variety of intelligent sources coming
from innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Pathways

Taking off, meeting nature head
on in melodies of musical pathways,
alluring and tempting my fancies on
wayward tunes of tomorrow's shores.
Touching beats with my heart as they
flow in unison downstream, awaiting
their fruitful renditions of thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Perfection

Rocking to tunes of musical perfection, tasting their savory sounds, exploding colors adding their seasonings, filling me fully with senses of an interior heart and soul.

Genuine and totally in tune with my spiritual interior life, placid and gentle, searching forever for the laughter that comes in and out of this innate intellect.

Just seeing the causes of ideas and thoughts that continue to perfect themselves through an interior knowledge, letting musical interludes perfect each measure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Plains

Rhythms flowing happily from two perfect ballroom
dancers, floating above the floor, precision
visually apparent to everyone.

Lives so perfectly matched in steps of melody's
embrace, speaking volumes without uttering a word.

Minds filled with spiritual thoughts of music,
taking in every nuance caught between them.

Energy focused on total concentration, kicking up
heels, spinning, turning, enjoying life's moments
with one another, dancing on musical plains forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Poetical Mind

Instant musical karma touching and giving beautiful rhythms
a place in this mind and intellect, watching as it fulfills
it's purpose.

Taking notes sublimely in and out of this poetical mind,
satisfying feelings and emotions, draining out the stress
and turmoil of this day with wonder and beauty.

A gentle rolling beat finding that all of life is found
in a musical poetical mind, thinking and focusing on details
cropping up through rhythms coded as they're listened to at
length.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Power And Strength

Never standing still, yielding to a power and strength
of music, never to be interred in death's embrace.
Sticking to paths, lit by moonlight, shining the way
to past tomorrows.
Unafraid of it's possibilities, as tones beat upon my
heart's ivories, exacting tender images for times when
I will be alone and drenched in sorrow's thoughts.

(8: 57 p.m. - 11/28/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Prayer

Bowing my head in prayer, humbled by the music I hear from long ago.

Such a realistic approach, a direct way to get in touch with life.

Touching the strings of gladness or sadness with melodic notes.

Some high strung and replete, others low and mellow, strumming the soul deep within.

Listening to sounds continuously, wordlessly filling my mind with thoughts, words and expressions used to write poetry.

Amazing, wonderful, beautiful, resounding through the atmosphere, quietly laid to rest in peaceful surroundings tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Precision

Wind blowing voices, tenor in nature, to my mind.
Clearing the misty haze presenting itself as a cover, and penetrating it with thoughtful investigation.
Searching thoroughly, every single line of rhythm and falling into exacting measures of melodies being played now as I picture them in full regale.
Totally beautiful with a musical precision from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Puzzles

Soundlessly developing rhythms, filling a soul with melodies, discovered inside patterns and mazes of delightful puzzling depths of intrepid silence.

Standing on sidelines and edges of thought, becoming puzzles for musical instruments and voices.

Playing with notes, fingering beats of mystic proportions, enlivening spirits and most beautiful wondrous creative genius.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Quartet

Daylight rushing to meet me at the outset of a
musical quartet, playing to a biker audience.
Nonsteirdly, choosing songs across the board
as they go along.
Reading spontaneously as melodies harmonize
and touch subconsciousness while I'm engaged
in contemplation of another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Reflections

Reflections of light fall upon the floor,
making interesting visions, moving and
changing every time someone walks across.

Shadows, movements, ripples gliding on
reflections of light, enhancing showers of
dancers sprinkled about.

Stepping in time with musical reflections of
olden days, careening down memory's pathways.

(11: 02 a.m. - 11/24/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Rhetoric

Living on imagination, floating with billowy clouds across the heavens, tantamount to miracles of young hearts.

Practicing rhymes, bouncing them back and forth, grasping and releasing them in separate moments of time.

Spaced just so, running with the wind, relishing delicate tastes in my mind.

Never withholding musical rhetoric, as writing becomes who I am in everyday situations and circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Rhymes

Satin pillows resting my head, relaxing my body,
taking away all stress.
Combing my mind with exacting allusions, keeping
time with sensuous intuitions of rhymes.
Collecting data, visions and senses of nature into consciousness, awakening
literate subconscious dreams,
to form poetry in rhymes of music.
Loving every beat and note being instilled and played
in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Road Of Life

Off-key, trembling voices, missing words along the way.
Yet, they're trying their best on roads of life.
Taking listening to utmost directives, smiling, giggling
when they make mistakes - still carrying on with courage
and respect for the rhythm of music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Scale

Relaxing, easing into an atmosphere of talent,
balancing beautiful grace and agility on an
elevated motion of dance.
Smiling and enjoying life on a musical scale
of one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Serenity

Ditching ordinary endeavors to go to Buddy Stubbs
and rock out with the bands and awesome music.

Totally into every beat of the dream, I feel
energized as I let the tempo immerse me in it's
artistic flavor of the moment.

Style and grace flowing energetically, electrically
in scales of serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Song

Sauntering slowly forward,
ready to portray poetical
words into a musical song.

Giving it all, spreading smiles
throughout Wagon Yard, soaring with
the angels into blue skies of wonder.

Seriously looking inward, feeling the
stress ease itself within, relaxing
heart and mind as one.

A lively mood, settling into a pool of desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Sorrow

Hearts attuned to musical sorrow, playing strings
of harmony attached to grieving souls, bringing
about subtle changes from within.

Touching the innermost heartfelt loneliness ever
known, sadness flowing interiorly, being washed
by tears forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Spirit

Swirling tendencies flow continuously as music
perforates my spirit, setting me free to
discover all facets of my imagination's livelihood.
Permeating neurons of my brain, keeping me alive
with a tenacity of tomorrow's fate.
Horizons light my mind, setting it afire as poetry
continues to alight into eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Stairway

Amazing grace is bestowed on every one listening to
old time music, taking them into an atmosphere filled
with entrancing love and desire.

Waving to people on stairways to heaven, as they waltz
along on notes of an accordion.

Gathering in silence, beautiful feelings, enhanced by
rhythms flowing into hearts of timeless ages on wings
of angels.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Swirl

Family is everything, everyone can feel it's love
in a musical swirl of adventure as members sing
and play instruments in tune with their hearts
and souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Talent's Fire

Sinking into designs of intellect, being acknowledged
like never before, finding the reality of totality,
liberated and free.

Keeping time with the music, feelings of euphoria tuck-
ing themselves into my being, signs of spirituality,
caring, kindness and compassion touching me.

Essence of my being through all of this entire life is
being energized with a fire of musical talent, totally
synching with my mind and intellect.

Soaring away into drums, drumming into darkness, now
bringing enlightenment, taking me apart piece by piece,
putting me back together transformed and unidentifiable.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Tastebuds

Nature frolicking about, traipsing to music all it's own, being played for those attuned to hearing it's rhythms and tones.
Enlightened mosaics, touching my mind's piano and taking me down pathways of musical taste buds, letting me feast on the many beautiful directions life can bring me to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Time Tunnels

Dancing into the night, living for melodies as
they bring me into a musical dimension of beauty
and intellect.

Touching and reaching for energy always accompany-
ing it, being filled with splendid rhythms set in
time tunnels, continuing into the future having
come from yesterday's past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Totality

Delighted beyond imagination, filled with wonder,
peace and tranquility, listening to a band of
Italians.

Touching my heart so tenderly, sweetly, all of
life turns around and follows it's sound.

Traipsing into destiny's paths, leaving all
cares and worries behind.

Living and breathing musically on another plain,
beyond life's matters and trifles, completely
destressed and happy.

Saxophone, piano, drums, guitar, all followed in
song by a tenor, singing from his totality - his
soul, today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Treasures

Listening to musical interludes as I compose them in my mind with no outside help.
An enjoyment of intense desire, taking shape inside me.
Talent exposing itself to all the world, as it quietly, timidly, sends out messages in poetical codes of life and it's purpose.
Fulfilling many hours with beautiful melodies, tunefully administering the intensity of prayer into my soul.
Soaring into skyways of imagination, flowing with notes, touching heart-felt emotions.
Allowing them to be kept and treasured in moments of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Venture

Rocking and strumming, taking a walk through tunes of yesterday,
calming interior stress, chasing it away.
Breathing easier with every measure, conducting life on a musical
venture towards heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Visions

Visions of Indian music playing daintily in mind, bringing pictures and words from photographic screens deep within myself.

A place where only I can exist, no one can find their way in, it's peace and serenity can never be exposed or taken away from me interiorly.

Perfect stillness touching my soul, a totally wonderful feeling, opening up this poetical mind, setting me free in a land of musical interludes, translating it into poetry.

Screaming and yelling with delight, a fascinating journey for only one, a bluened and silent contemplation giving only that beauty needed to write everything poetically, derived straight from Indian music and it's sounds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Voice

Sharing his voice in song, Neil got up and sang to
us all at the Wagon Yard on karaoke night.
A soft sensuous rhythm covering us in peaceful
desires, holding us in a picture of melody and
harmony that will never be forgotten.
A poem in the making, filled with the memory and
tone of his musical voice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Wave Of Thought

Lines of color flow in a musical wave of thought.
Melding together pictures of yesterday, touching and pulling them into pictures of the future.
New thoughts blending sideways into prints left on desks of tomorrow.
Sheets full of notes, showing the way through compositions, never berating their existence, only enjoying every ounce of pleasure being exuded from within them.
Sanctity overflowing, creating another upheaval in paradise.
Outlooks forming and shining again onto plains of another year.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Word Doctor

Doctors of words and music blend
perfectly with rhythms of nature
and God's presence, as we listen
for messages being sent from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musical Words

Watching visions start and stop in succession
as they transport me to another country deeply
held inside.
Crossing words, issuing feelings to coincide
with their articulations.
Soothing ligaments of meanings as they expand
and introduce cognitive activities never before
thought of.
Musically allowing a scenic picture to become
reality in a masterpiece, a work of art,
pictured in a mind of decision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musically Drawing Portraits

Drawing portraits through music in words of poetry, living
the beauty and truth of each one, fulfilling the essence
and purpose of living while using gifts of innate talent.

Always having a welcoming feeling coming from within an in-
terior bluened light and spirituality, being blessed contin-
ually through melodies and rhythms while writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musically Inclined

Dancing to our inner rhythms while waltzing across
the dance floor.

Turning our memories back and forth, feeling life's
score entirely as we are lost in a mist - a haze of
memories found as we cavort and listen to lively music.

Sounding off rhythms with clapping of hands -
joyfully choosing to become music we are listening
to.

Happiness is contagious as the whole room becomes
musically inclined.

Saturated with notes of pure and simple rhythms,
we are carried into another land for a while.

Pleased to have had another subconscious trip to
a fascinating world of inner depth and love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musically Sending Messages

Musically sending messages to intellect, thoughts flowing gently through this mind, gathering in many portals of energy.

Wanting to be utilized in meanings and definitions of life and it's mysteries, hoping to match them together responsibly and truthfully in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musically Thinking

Thinking with music,
opening my mind wide and letting
in so many pictures, sounds, and
individual thoughts, unsuspecting
in repertoires of instantaneous
memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musically Writing

Calmly enjoying soothing recollection of yesterday's
classical music while listening to a repertoire of
today's sounds, mixing and matching them in realms
of my mind.
Watching a video I put together in my mind every
time I think of writing to music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musician Friend - A Final Conversation

Seeing a friend after a long time was so great.
We talked about what we've been going through and now are back, a little less for wear, and doing what we love musically - as much as we can.
Whatever should happen we agreed if we both go beyond life here, we'll meet in heaven and have a party to celebrate making it at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musician's Heart

Musically being sent into an interior heaven,
justifying the existence of a musician's heart.

Longing being extended from notes of melodies,
being expressed within heartbeats of a mind.

Discovering the essence of passion in every
single beat touching with effects of fireworks,
creating a peaceful existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music's Depths

Timidly walking into the game of life from birth,
not having any direction or instructions to follow
throughout the years.

Letting music take me into it's depths, giving an
interior lifeline to grasp onto, always smiling and
energetically moving from one dimension to another.

Finding self acclimated to every impossibility that
comes my way, sliding into their depths, rhythms
accompanying me on this solo journey of creativeness.

Touching upon the Divine through nature and humanity,
a splendid combination that develops and creates
poetry within an interior life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music's Elongated Strings

Floating beyond seascapes in my mind, serenity
beckons on waves of foamy waters, smashing into
stressful situations, sending them away,
dissipating the tenseness built up in my body.

Solace filling every acre of my consciousness,
bringing an elated sense of being in rhythm
with nature, touching my soul with elongated
strings of musical timidity and extended peace
of mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music's Food For Life

Dancing together, holding onto love, enticing beautiful
memories to unfold before them.
Lasting steps taking them beyond the music playing,
giving them food for life in visions of happiness, as
they quietly sit and talk afterwards about what they feel
for each other.

(10: 48 a.m. - 12/03/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music's Food For Thought

Tantalizing and energetic, music providing food for thought,
always giving extra portions to relieve stress and tension
through their easy-going rhythms.

Simply and finely attuned, giving soothing and calm feelings
to this interior spirit, enjoying relaxing to it's imaginative
beauty as I write incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music's Freedom

Lackadaisical, laid back, enjoying freedom
music brings to my mind and heart;
leaping through rhythms, adjoining beats
to my soul.
Calculating moments on musical scales,
relating all of life to reading musical
scores, translating all of it to poetry
in writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music's Rhythmic Freedom

A talented young man playing a solo upon the piano,
doing very well, perfectly in tune and time with
the music.

Fingers limber and precise as he enjoys the freedom
he is feeling through each measure and note.

Talented, mistakes don't keep him from playing to
the end.

Renditions of life still eluding him at times, yet
he is on the right track, tuning in to nature and
it's rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music's Rhythms Tickling My Mind

Kicking back, relaxing, writing poetry to music, enter-
taining myself inwardly, loving how music's rhythms
tickle and awaken my mind, inspiring it through nature.

Feelings, emotions, hope and experiences in life, liv-
ing and giving of self in every poem, leaving a little
of myself in each and every one.

When life has ended, I will have been completed in a
book of my life's particles and fibers for generations
to come.

Being read by others around the world even though I'm
no longer here on earth to write any further, hoping
my thoughts will live forever through history.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music's Spirit

Jumping to rhythms in music's fantastic spirit, going quickly into depths of contemplation, finding a soothing place to remain while writing.

Lasting endurance, keeping it's pace with life as it moves forward, pulling us along with it no matter what we may think of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Music's Twins

Trumpet staccatoly sounding out notes at attention,
making everyone sit up and take notice of the twins
playing instrumentally and singing along for all of
us at the New Year's Party.

Cowboy music galloping along, followed by slow songs,
polkas and jitterbugs, alternately tapping out rhythms
in everyone's feet as they keep time with music and
dance across the floor, enjoying the blissfulness of
melodies and their insatiable rhythms.

Hearts filled with the joy of notes, blending together
in minds of jovial intent, bringing peace and
contentment to our hearts on this wonderful day.

Minutes of existence spent with their instrumental
heaven, quiets the minds and souls of all present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musings

Spectacular musings tuning in to inner talent,
exposing itself in many forms of musical poetry.
Testing the strength of every shape as it falls
into line with my mind's atmosphere of imaginative
existence.
Strident visibility taking place within every
sound.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mustering Strength

Life has many stanzas compelling us to measure up
and become our best.
Sometimes we fail and can't seem to muster up the
strength to carry on, knowing in our minds that
we must, for our children's sake.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Musty Shadows

Musty shadows dancing about beneath the curtain of light,
twisting and tossing, getting long and tiring kinks out
of their gray bodies.

Waving, nodding hands and heads, picking up speed as the
wind gusts through them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mute Reasoning

Signs of distinctive beer hang on walls of establishments, proclaiming their spectacular beverages of undeterred drunkenness.

Blatantly expressing themselves in outlandish neon colors, building up tolerance within certain humans filled with weakness from what they are drinking at bars of

reprehensible forgery.

Intolerance muting reasoning and logic - turning beings
into non-compliant drunks against authority, while
families break and fall into holes of hell.

Drunkenness mostly maiming and hurting those who are perpetually innocent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mutely Speaking

Annexing feelings a little at a time, trying to focus
on intellect and it's generosity, hoping to become
famous in my own right some day.

Until then, just writing, enjoying whatever comes my
way in discovery of imaginational depths.

Speaking mutely through words on paper as the world
hears and responds to my thoughts through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mutual Moments

Sharing particular moments with others through melodies of yesterday, finding mutual ground to begin friendships from.

Tuning in, listening closely to words that notes portray with every beat that comes forward, developing serene contemplation that lasts a lifetime, then some.

Recalling expressions and meanings left behind so long ago, now facing beautiful reminiscent dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mutual Relationships

Resigning self to the fact that there are jealous people always wanting to take away everything and leaving feelings of being bereft of companionship that were really enjoyed.

Relationships that are as perfect as they can be on earth are very special and are enjoyed, wanting to be with some people more than with others.

People that want to drain and take up all our time, get on our nerves and we avoid them.

Others whom we could spend time talking with twenty-four seven, are a joy to be with and our relationships are give and take mutual ones.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

My Blood Runs Cold

Listening to the breaking of my heart in the quiet
stillness of this night, thinking and wondering how
I am going to live the rest of my life without you.

Sorrow tears my heart like a kleenix, wet from drops
of pain that are falling from it tonight, now rinsing
my mind, trying to focus on our love.

It has since passed away, now knowing it's being
moved further and further with every passing moment,
wanting to grasp and hold onto it, but I cannot.

Not wishing to let it go, yet what choice do I have
now that you are gone from sight, my blood runs cold
at times, shivering from the silence of death.

It has taken you with no compassion, sorrow or apologies
given dear, still holding onto your memories, that is
all I have left of you now.

They are slipping slowly away, time is spreading them
further and further, yet when they appear vividly,
tears continue to drown my heart and soul.

Listening to the breaking of my heart in the quiet
stillness of this night, thinking and wondering how I
am going to live the rest of my life without you now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

My Dream Will End

Listening throughout the night, precious and serene,
finding me dreaming of you my darling.

Holding and feeling your arms around me, kissing and
touching me so tenderly.

Filling my being with an absolute and unconditional
love forever.

Enjoying being with you through the beauty of this
night, knowing that I'll be crying when I awaken in
the morning because you will no longer be with me.

For my dream will have ended when opening my eyes,
the pain of losing you once again filling me totally,
my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

My End And Beginning

All of me is alive in your heart, living in perfect harmony,
giving the light of eternity to the interior soul of my being.

You are my end and beginning as I walk away into a continuous
sunset of tomorrow's horizon.

Finalizing every feeling of desire and entering the tunnel to
find and follow the light into the love of your heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

My Friend

Reflections of the past, mirrored within my mind of a friendship.
Beautiful memories, filled with compassion, joy and laughter.
Times in my life that will never be forgotten as they've been etched in my photographic memory banks forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

My Future Is A Bright Sunset

Perfect lines of life lead me towards destiny, knowing
nothing beforehand, yet continuing to look forward to
every moment of it's fate, nothing can take this away.

My future is now a bright sunset, awaiting my fulfill-
ment, many moments of tears and joy await my presence
in the coming moments left to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

My Love

Gently clinging, your love holds me prisoner
forever in your debt.
Giving me all your love unreservedly, taking the
chance to give your heart totally to me, the poet,
trusting me to love you forever and never depart
ways while on earth.
Thank you my love, you have always been the very
life of every breath I take.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

My Mom

My Mom is my best friend - I can talk to her about anything.
Whether it's real or make-believe, Mom is there and she listens.
All those years of waiting in line for some attention - now grown-up and can see her alone just about whenever I want.
What I missed as a child doesn't matter so much anymore, because now my Mom is my best friend.
She talks to me and asks advice, we laugh, we cry, and things are nice because we share.
Because she's my Mom. Because she's my friend.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

My Only Forever

Smiling inwardly while thinking of you only, finding that
everything in this life is found in harmonies that we've
composed together while making love through the years.

Remembering and always recalling moments we've had both
joyous and free when with each other, no fears or doubts
my love.

We will always be one no matter what our circumstances
in this life are, never judging, only accepting one an-
other with all our faults.

Respecting and admiring qualities we love so much and
can't seem to get enough of, loving you so succinctly,
wanting you now even as I write of us through the years
my darling, my love, my only forever in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

My Open Soul

Wind caressing my body, heightening my sensitivity to
feelings and things around me whether or not I can see
them.

Feeling intimately so all alone, a journey has ended
in my open soul.

For God is the only joy that can be found in me today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

My Own Best Friend

Feeling cheated throughout life, wondering why I haven't ever had a real best friend.
Then thinking, I realize that I'm my own best friend and that somehow energizes me, because that's where the poetry stems from.
A solo journey through life prohibits other's from taking my essence from me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

My Own Creations

Sliding and strumming along strings of my mind,
testing chords as I make them into creations of my own.
Deliberately focusing between notes held in rhythms,
unfolding like blossoms, relating a sensual language
of music to coded mathematical concepts, lain bare for
the universe to absorb.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

My Own Oblivion

Enjoying the peaceful calm of the insistent rhythms
always consuming my intellectual imagination, taking
me into an oblivion that is all my own.
Shutting out the world, writing down the incessant
rhymes, rhythmically filling me night and day.
Thoughtfully expressing their essences in a myriad
of sentences, never at a loss for words as I float
upon a medium of intense feelings of perception,
noticing everything in detail, never leaving a
particle behind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

My Own Rhythm

Falling right in with my own rhythm, not worrying about a thing, because I know nothing is going to be alright.
A perfect sentence fitting every aspect of my life on earth.
An exacting timing of measures filling out the essence of my being, giving me a brightened illumination of everything expected in the round of daily life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

My Own Sunset

Crashing into depths of depression, falling, not caring, leaving the world behind.
Not wanting to listen or give in to hope, listlessly moving beyond life, trying to escape through my mind and not letting anyone know that I've gone.
No one will notice, as I walk away into my own sunset.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

My Philosophy

Releasing all stress through listening to rock
and roll music as it wrestles with inner turmoil.
Asking the melodies what they represent,
finding the answers bewildering.
Finally taking off and choosing a way less
traveled so I can continue to be true to myself.
Nothing can get between the pages of my mind,
because they are all filled with a philosophy of
my own creation.
Letting go of all tension in my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Myocardial Infarction

In a vast wilderness of personnel and jargon.

Waiting on edges of stairs, hoping and praying
for major miracles.

Back in CVICU, Dad lies mired in I.V. tubes and
monitors, living on the rim of his life.

We are all standing back watching, as God handles
it all.

Knowing Mom is waiting in heaven, yet we do not
want to let him go just yet.

(1: 26 p.m. - 6/28/98)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Myriad Feelings

Touching writing rhythms deeply held within, creating
prose and images from them.
Bringing forth, fascinating thoughts and ideas,
brilliantly picturing new scenes and memories, all the
while sitting here listening contemplatively to music
resounding through my head.
Locking together, phrases and sentences throughout
intense myriad feelings.
Stirring rapturously, all grey matter into future
literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysteries Explorations

Mysteries unfolding everywhere, allowing their essence
to be explored in novel ways, filling empty pockets of
intelligence from within their depths.

Covering the entire period of any possibilities, carrying
forth ideas into other categories, awaiting fruition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysteries Hidden In Shadows

Swirling patterns finding ways to fold and unfold in many peculiar designs like a kaleidoscope of ideas and thoughts, blending in rainbows of colors.

Being spread across pathways of creativity to enlarge their scope and enjoyment of rhythms as they're being coded, all the while swaying with sounds and beats.

Constantly taking me thoroughly with their staccato tempos into and out of shadows of the past, pouring light upon mysteries hidden in depths of this mere poet's life.

Holding onto images of light as I walk forward, being energized and touched by the divine in all things being written through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysteries Of Interior Darkness

Tapping out mysteries of an interior darkness kept hidden
below the surface, never seeing the light of day, exposing
us to essentials of another form of enlightenment.

Striking poses as beats suddenly come out from the shadows,
taking moments into and out of our reflections, once mirror-
ing who we were.

Now not even recognizing ourselves in the sunlight, causing
an emptiness that fills us with a scornful picture of nothing
more to be explained.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysteries Of Life

Walking along narrow pathways, finding our ways forward, practicing daily, our individual likes and dislikes.
Wandering into and out of jams we get ourselves into, how does life put up with our insecurities and doubts?
We find our ways through entangled weeds and jungles we've put in the way ourselves.
Mysteries of life continue as we wend our ways to death's doorstep - at times, even messing that up when we live moment to moment in dire need of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Apprehension

Filled with a mysterious silent apprehension before the day has begun.
Knowing nothing that is going to transpire within minutes, I await the answer to my prayers of the other day.
Somewhat saddened that they haven't yet been heard.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Balance

Strident echoes are falling down inside,
searching for contents of their passion
as they fold upon themselves in closing
buds of exploration.

Slowing down into single measures,
tempting my soul with an unusual sense of
mysterious balance.

Totally encasing inner cachements of
feelings finding their places in a new
environment of solutions, standing outside
evolutions of theories from those who have
no truths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Coalition Of Life

Growling sounds coming from voices of rhythms, living
in tempos of lively endowments, giving up spectacular
moments like fireworks filling the sky.

Brilliant colors and bursts of smoke, sounding loud
and superb in the blackness of this interior night,
pacing along with beats as they tantalize inner fears.

Providing tempos for rhythms, energetically moving
about with the liberty of an interior creativity, as
literature abounds in continuing melodies.

Getting louder and faster, writing into this mysterious
coalition of life and it's possessiveness, thrilling and
being filled with anticipation and verve into the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Codes

Manifestations of cryptic disclosure and mystery
fall open onto tables of discussion.
Veracity of learning, accumulated in volumes of
books, stored on shelves of memory, awaiting
messengers of olden days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Consequences

Stylishly walking down lanes, capturing the essence of
nature's life on byways of mysterious consequences.
Enlivening bursts of energy fall from branches of trees,
saturating the ground with their life-giving essences.
Futuristic beauty sits in waiting as time marches past
on skateboards of eternity.
Squelching insignificant motives on canvases of
yesterday, placing instead, treasures for tomorrow's
museum.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Darkness

Resting alone in an aura of mystique, watching a mysterious darkness surrounding me interiorly as I calmly wait to see what will develop from it's atmosphere.

Hoping it's contents will carry me throughout the days of suffering ahead.

Lying in wait, being touched by rainbows of learning as I wait for death to embrace and walk me to the doors of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Denizens

Haunting dreams following avenues of nightmares where things don't always make sense, taking me into very mysterious denizens.

Alternate things being manifested through different aspects, crookedly beginning and ending in between episodes of waking and sleeping.

Rivers of images flowing constantly throughout sub-consciousness, leaving me lying wide awake, wondering about it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Directions

Signs of living appear in many different aspects and
facets, never alluding to anyone or thing in life.

Mysterious and intriguing, life has a variety of ways
to live, each species has a novel direction to grow in.

Always taking paths of enlightenment through time and
finding light of the divine shining upon them.

Together, everything has one purpose in life and that
is to help one another from the smallest being and
molecule to the greatest.

All of it depending on the compassion, caring and love
given to nurturing everything on this planet earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Edges

Quiet morning whispers speaking to my soul through gentle prayers, keeping me peaceful and serene through all trials of being human.

Strident thought, falling upon edges of reality and then being taken up into mysterious visions where they'll be placed in poetical wisdom, picturesquely and creatively.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Endings

Resting in similar fashion from one day to another,
keeping up with the present just to find out what I'm doing.
Looking to the future, opening doors without thinking about it,
and finding mysterious endings to everything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Gifts

Soliciting times of yesterday and taking them into the future.
Never taking eyes off of visions holding me within, solitary misgivings don't apply.
Secrets falling on deaf ears, not letting them escape by not mentioning them aloud.
Canisters of intrigue are filled within a mind of mysterious gifts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Glimpses

Walking along, searching for pockets of joy to hold
onto, finding nothing hidden between the rocks or
shores of earth.

Mysterious glimpses sometimes being sensed beyond
our comprehension, kept away from the promises left
over from yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Illusions

Patterns of living shine in volumes of tomes, ready to be transformed into butterflies of beauty.
Taking off, soaring into gardens of eden, leaving behind all troubles and limitations of being humans stuck on earth.
Flying higher through a mind of ingenuity and purpose, taking intellect to new heights where it can be translated into coded messages to be figured out.
Then finally calculated in many forms of mysterious clouds of illusion and magical thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Imagination

Telling a story of this life in poetry, delivering it's
essence with all the mystery surrounding it.

Breaking open like an egg being cracked and separated,
throwing away the yolk, all the garbage of the past,
that I no longer want in life.

Holding to this essence, all innocence and purity that
has never been taken, keeping it's tears in treasured
crystals of insight.

Projecting all of it into the poetical nature of this
imagination, forseeing the beauty of it all in picture
puzzles of another horizon on tomorrow's shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Innate Curtain

Empty inside, able to fill my being with plenty of musical
rhythms climbing throughout my mind, having a great time
as I write through this mysterious innate curtain of know-
ledge and wisdom.

Touching an interior spirit as I enter a bluened light
of the Divine, absorbing energy being provided to my soul,
loving feelings being given of peace and serenity, solace
now draping me completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Inquisitions

Settling into copses of wanting,
desiring an epidemic of beautific auras.
Hoping to become an entity in an earthly
plan for being open to everything good
and wholesome.

Likewise, thinking thoughts of wonder,
bewildered by mysterious inquisitions of
enamored need.

Sometimes, afraid to move into forward
facing thoughts held in place by yesterdays'
images in quiet memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Interludes

Sounds of music bring me to my knees, begging for mercy,
wanting to rest a while.
It's never to be, as rhythm plays me into the atmosphere,
taking me to treasures unfolding from every note, leading
into mysterious interludes of magical environments.
Lighting pathways as I come closer, never turning back,
falling inward into chasms of beautiful landscapes that
have been reserved.
Thanking all that befalls me in fascinating thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Land Of Imagination

Rocking to melodies as they rise and fall, taking me into realms of another dimension where life comes alive, awakening, coming into it's own with each new concept and rhythm.

Entering every facet of another universe as it leads me totally into the mysterious land of imagination and fun, rocking and taking melodies one by one.

Entering into the light of this energetic and fun-filled evening with Cold Front, a wonderfully talented band playing at the Wagon Yard tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Levels

Kyrie eleison, sounds of memorable Latin Roman Catholic
masses when younger, combining music with contemplation,
placing it on mysterious levels of the Divine.

Touching our souls of religious upbringing, giving us
blessings from God here on earth, a quieting effect
from on high.

Filling our beings with a spiritual high and fidelity,
holding us to truths and promises given from heaven,
through God, Himself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Looks

White mists enfolding thoughts, giving them mysterious
looks throughout my mind.

Utilizing every movement and shadow coming from within
it's content.

Solidifying the concepts of an abstract form, as they
are written down here from within a pen filled with
black ink.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Lyrics

Tempos being sounded out, shining in the darkness, insisting on being heard by everyone, telling stories through mysterious lyrics.

Traveling along lines of measures, bringing about the chords of our lives, mentioning mere opportunities, meeting goals and stepping always into another destiny awaiting us silently.

Never really thinking about any of these things, yet they continue to happen anyway right before our eyes, never moving backwards.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Magic

Following intense rhythms into the flow of music,
it's beating drawing me further into thoughts,
mesmerizing and intriguing me.

A mysterious magic I can't seem to resist, loving
to be close to you, can't seem to pull away, only
wanting to get closer more and more.

An enticing and alluring pattern of passion, love
and desires given to me when we make love, sharing
ourselves with one another.

Never despairing, only loving one another even more,
totally giving, sharing, becoming one in the throes
of our love forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Magic Of Contemplation

Peering from beneath the coverlet of darkness, watching as
the moon comes upon me with it's rays of enlightened wisdom
and knowledge.

Guiding, bringing me into the mysterious magic of contempla-
tion where I find God always present and inviting me to join
Him in moments of life that belong to Him.

Appreciating His time and love spent with me since I was a
child, experiencing the beauty of His Holy Spirit, constant-
ly being awakened through the poetry of a bluened light for-
ever shining within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Mist

Prospects in life are many, finding them through discovery, exploration and total investigation, being curious abut each and every one of them.

Spreading a transparent mist across intellect, enabling it to absorb everything, feelings of elation and joy filling my being as learning takes place innately.

Giving my mind substantial substance, developing many formularies in which to interpret life mathematically, as certain ideas come directly from this mysterious mist touching intellect time and again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Omens

Junctions of life perform their duties when people
meet in haphazard ways and means.
Taking a liveliness on journeys through minds of
acknowledgment, progressively resting on laurels
of eternity.
Tacitly learning about exacting rhythms as signs
of mysterious omens form before us in moments of
joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Palaver

At last being sung a lullabye, softening my heart,
touching the divine within me.
Sacrifice and suffering melting away like ice cream
in a cone, dripping away, for now.
Senses touching fragrantly, my being, bringing it
to realizations of human nature.
Wholly involved in activities encased in mysterious
palaver, while hearing sounds of tomorrow's destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Pathways

Mysterious sky filled with color - orange, pink, gray -
sun setting on the horizon.

Brophy chapel, spire rising, set in stone, sending a
message of faith and hope to those lost on life's path.

St. Francis Xavier's dome, set against a backdrop of
twilight's evening sky, welcoming all who need to rest
in God's arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Patterns

Listening to inner whispers, relating all
types of mysterious patterns to musical
interludes and anticipated compositions,
lyrics being written in prose.

(10: 27 a.m. - 11/19/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Reputation

Escaping the lime light, hiding out in a cafe
of undisturbed reticence.
Curling up in corners of musical composition
as lights are dimmed and fall asleep.
Taking immediate steps to keep away from bright
lights, not wanting to be illuminated, for it
will ruin my mysterious reputation.
If sent out into the open I will dissolve,
disappear and melt into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Rhythms

Musical depths coming from pictures of churches from
my youth.
Their memories bringing back the mysterious rhythms
and sacred feelings that always seemed to touch my
soul when I entered them in silent awe and wonder,
that I would be allowed to enter such beautiful
places where God resided.
According to the elders, God would always be waiting
for me to come and speak prayerfully to Him in good
times or desperation, in dire need of His help or
mercy.
A serene place that I can still enter into by first,
visiting the memories in my intellect.
Thanking God for the gift of a photographic mind,
more so in these videos of life than others.
Appreciating the details, smells, feelings, textures,
spirituality of their complete essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Sounds

Visions growing from my mind, taking me through the lonely deserts without fear.
Wandering through all the mysterious sounds of silence, giving the eccentric ideas of tomorrow a place in the annals of time.
Letting silence spread itself throughout me, echoing in the desert winds, blowing thoughts of nature into my mind.
Beautiful words written in depths of poetry forever timid and peaceful.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Spell

Loving is hiding deeply within this periodical side of
life, turning aside and letting me sing not into the
world, faking not a thing.

Living only on edges of another eternity, I fall steadily
under the spell of a mysterious spherical entity, touching
interiorly, with a magical spell from another time.

As soon as I take it's essence, make it over, hide and
fake it totally, noticing and putting it to rest beneath
coverlets of another séance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Symbolism

Waking from a deep sleep, citing thoughts that have crept
beneath folds of my brain.

Under many beautiful landscapes I find nothing except
soothing serenity giving me a faithful hope, helping to
continue this life.

At times holding onto just a shoestring or thread, yet
so far it being enough to keep me here, is it fate or
destiny I wonder at times.

There is a mysterious symbolism creating thoughts from
intellect, finding reasons for being and traveling on
a solo journey towards tomorrow's horizon, nearing the
end of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Triangles

Dividing moments, trying to make them last longer into the night.
Wandering on pathways, keeping hidden in shadows of evening, not wishing to be found by daylight beams of sunlight.
Forking over an insistent persuasion, trying not to part with
inner particles of lasting friendship.
Holding onto each other as time flows onward, finding themselves
in pyramids of mysterious triangles, no longer available to walk
past tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mysterious Visions

Hearing church bells ringing religiously in the distance,
calling all people of faith to join in and sing praises
of God and Heaven, souls being touched by intense hymns.

Seeming to satisfy our spirits while we're engrossed in
their rhythms, finding mysterious visions of tomorrow,
opening the minds of those who are in touch with the in-
finite beauty of God's nature here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystery Of A Life

Tunnels of perfection enter minds of intellect, wishing to
get in touch with divine prospects of heavenly discretion.

Tasting savory ideas as they play incessantly into a mind
through musical rhythms of instrumentation.

Looking into eyes of melodies, falling for their soft even
tempos and tones, never wanting to leave them behind.

Needing to always have it all wrapped up here within
intellect and imagination.

Secretly holding onto the mystery of a life held closely
inside this poet's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystery Of A Little Life

Strength of music gently flows through this mind and deep into my soul, touching a part of me that only God can know.

Mystery of a little life held carefully, protected in a hidden part of heaven secreted here within.

Pulsating love ever increasing as I grow older, pulling me closer to it's final destination.

Memories of painful strife will soon be forgotten as I leave this life behind, never again to take it up.

Searching no more for the reasons of being, allowing my soul to go to Him who made me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystery Of Imposition

Special techniques foster compassion throughout our years
on earth, bringing us to conclusions of heart-felt wisdom.
Knowledge is gained through trial and error for most, yet
there is a small amount who never seem to learn anything
across their span of years.
Why the discrepancy?
That is the unknown factor in life, a so-called mystery
of imposition on the rest of us who have to take care of
them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystery Of Sadness

Wailing like a lone wolf on a lonely mountain rock, trying to find his way home.
Conquering the mystery of a saddened heart, silencing tunes of yesterday with an anger of a fierce roaring tiger.
Trying to handle terrible feelings being brought up in terrific emotions and sensing a deepened sound of crying, never to be stopped or silenced - carrying on, finding no reprieve in sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystery Of Wonder

Up and down rhythms going through life, picking those suitable for happiness and sorrow, no two ever alike, because every individual interprets them in a different sense.

According to what they're feeling at the time, a typical mystery of wonder that never ceases to amaze while watching others co-mingle with music and it's rhythms.

Always combing through the pleasures of life, finding unique treasures of blessedness and precious possibilities along paths of time immemorial.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystic Dedication

Mystically dedicating lifetime motions to desirable events.
Totally keeping in time with feeling moods of anticipated movies running through minds of imagination.
Flowing downhill, running roughshod over whatever obstacles get in the way of detachable endurance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystic Journeys

Lights shining their glare onto rays of sunshine,
disappearing as they do so.
Losing their ways on mystic journeys, while
attempting to find themselves on distant plains.
Perspiring in the shade of sunlit trees, whiling
away time in momentary glances, jaundiced with
interior colors of the sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystic Sadness

Crying through songs of sorrow, feeling them pierce
your heart with their infinite pain and grief.
Icy snow of bereavement chills me to the bone, as I
feel more of it than I warrant.
Senses quickly opening, letting in all the hurt
feelings of mystic sadness, engulfing me with finality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystical Beauty

Lights beckoning my mind with their orange tint and mystical
beauty as they entice intellect to drive through imagination
alive and vivid no matter the time of day or night.

Grasping the tantalizing wonder and curiosity of an interior
spirituality, never letting go, giving an intense energy
throughout this lifetime and it's every moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystical Communication

Unchanging realms become stagnant and die within us.
Life is a bereavement of those we know and love
through our lifetimes.
Sending messages through dimensions beyond our seeing,
we hold onto one another even through death.
Reaching into our souls we communicate mystically
through our feelings of mind and heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystical Comprehension

Strutting down lanes and through gardens of musical poetry, fantasizing all the while.
Memorizing notes of lyrical content, inspiring mind blossoms in verse.
Taking strides towards mystical comprehensions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystical Desires

Rendezvousing, bringing all of life into the balance of a superb cooperation of intelligence and imagination.

Stacking messages quietly, allowing them to be closely brought together in verses of mystery, creating mystical desires of intense attitudes.

Challenging the beauty of each landscape, showing their entirety in a new vision as it spreads throughout my mind, bringing enlightenment to the foreground.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystical Foundations

Rhythmically proceeding into highways, leading to an eventual
ending to this life on earth.

Seeing it occurring a lot faster than I think it should, but
it is out of my hands, because destiny has everything planned
already.

Only having to follow intuition and stay on the straight and
narrow, except through intellect and imagination.

They are allowed to continue to expand and widen, my mind extraordinarily into
the world.

Listening to interior rhythms, nothing much else to hear,
except the ticking of my heart in time to the mystical
foundations held here within.

Searching throughout the universe, continuing journeys into
the unknown.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystical Magical Music

Marching through tunnels of time, seeing sights that normally are not seen by others, always being captured through a photographic memory.

Etched upon screens, kept organized in spheres where they can be thought of in an instant, relying on memories is safe, because they never fade or disappear.

Relieving the stress of ever forgetting anything, music recalling it all the time the minute music begins to play mysteriously, using it's fantastic magic time and again.

Enjoying how this mind works, creating, developing, organizing, remembering, everything done so perfectly, giving this mind an amazing hold on everything English and literate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystical Nectar

Melodies fragrantly decorating intellect fully and aromatic-
ally, fulfilling the essence of a poetical nature, capturing
it all through poetry.

Reaching the interior spirit of my soul, tasting it's mystical
nectar, spreading throughout my being, gathering me into the
bluened light, keeping closely to the Divine dwelling within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystical Pictures Of The Future

Reaching for depths of my soul, grasping feelings and
sensations being kept treasured there for life.
Sololy able to look through and connect them to
pictorial words, forming musical etudes at the same
time.
So all-encompassing, combining it into a calm serenity,
taking me into deeper depths and ravines, canyons and
up mountainsides to look at life differently in many
dimensions and aspects.
Facets never before seen unfurl, showing intense mystical
pictures of the future unfolding their mysteries.
Letting a new wisdom form and join with the rhythms
constantly coming to mind.
Covering an entire lifetime with a sublime energy, taking
me past ordinary limits and boundaries, and setting me
free forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystical Prospects

Drawing self into portraits of imagination, taking all the ideas filled from yesterday's compositions.
Always being interpreted from inner notes and language of rhythm's articulate intensity.
Rounding out nature of life with abundant magic in mystical prospects of a new dawn, waiting to break open on tomorrow's landscape.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystical Sights

Adjusting inner sanctums with candle light.
Stirring the mystical sights of another
time in life.
Torrents of happiness, finding their way
through a front door.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystical, Magical Tones

Hurriedly accepting musical peace of a band flowing into
the center of my mind, being strummed in the wayward wind,
touching the beneficence of my soul.

Turning ever so slightly in the darkness, unafraid of the
coming daylight, mysterious, magical tones of yesterday
fill me within.

Tears saturating my being, taking me into depths of some-
where I do not care to go, holding back, hesitating, as
emotions fulfill every feeling entering this sacred domain
of sanctity hidden within this interior spiritual life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystically

Mystically, a sterile atmosphere surrounds myriad talents,
inviting them to create everything undone.

Surging through space of past experiences, falling right
side up on wings of flavor.

There are many factors describing essences of beauty as
seen by individuals.

Capturing, as waves capture the sea over and over
tumultuously.

Never swerving from their impact on life, held within
their salted grasp, weeping carefully into pools of ever-
lasting secondary transpirations.

Time held tightly within, awaiting it's chance to speak and
bring about momentary relief.

Set in borders of recompense, stifled in extraordinary ways,
afraid to wander out and walk along shores of tranquil birth.

Lively, taking on most from spiral courts, belying aspirations
of those enclosed in prisons made from another's doing.

Solemnly partaking of varied causes, sandwiched between
dimensions of past endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystically Eternal

Eternally mystical, wandering through a thickened haze,
searching for clues of humanity.
In a flurry of haste, life slows to a crawl, letting us
know it's beyond our control.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystically Stimulating

Silence breaking in two as rhythms flow into my being, un-
deterred, blessing me everlastingly with words of poetry
being translated through the music I'm listening to.

So magically, mystically stimulating my brain, feelings
coming full circle as I continue to write through measures
of time.

Into other dimensions beyond this life, wandering about,
wonder and curiosity filling intellect with the innocence
of childhood time and again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Mystifying Wonder

Natural wonder mystifies us with it's intensity,
melting it's images on our minds.
Years to come we will recall it's beauty in
memories sweet with age.

(4: 09 p.m. - 11/17/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Naked Truth

Tempting rhythms giving desires a run for their money,
a lasting feeling of effervescent vibrations taking me
away into the future.

Flying away with the morning sun, painting landscapes
through innate nature and showing them upon inner photo-
graphic screens.

Naked truth filling the stage within iridescent flavors
of pine-scented aromas as my mind traipses backwards into
memories of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Names On Printed Pages

Searching through canyons, leaving behind markers for another purpose unknown to anyone, but the one who has left them.

Continuing on a solo journey, bereft and not being affected by the remoteness of life hanging back and aloof.

Strange omens leaving their signatures in the annals of time, never to be found again once their name has been printed on pages holding future death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Naming Emotions

Naming emotions as they grow and crop up out of nowhere.
Never solicited nor wanted, yet they are always there
beckoning me to explore and learn who they are.

Promising recognition as I do so, yet I pull away and
disappear deeply into myself, not wanting to know their
depths, because they are filled with the sorrow and
sadness of life so far on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Naming Images

Diving deeply into subconsciousness,
awakening feelings that have been
buried since childhood.

Naming images, locating ages when
they first appeared.
Lonely conclaves open up and sinister
thoughts fly toward me, taking away
feelings of security, just like back then.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Narrow Minded People

Situated in a tangle of misjudgements by narrow-minded people who take
everything for themselves and leave others in the abyss of destitution.
Why's and wherefores abound, yet no one checks and/or puts a stop to any of it.
Solitary figures enamored by themselves alone, willing to justify their actions and
words without compassion and putting everyone else out in the cold.
Narrow-minded people, thinking they rule the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Narrowing Views

Slipping into a coma, listening only to rhythms and
melodies of artistic endeavors.
Pliable and insurgent, filing into preludes of exacting
etudes.
Glass prisms narrowing views as they rainbowly
crystalize in pearls of knowledge.
Contorting and altering avenues of realistic gestures.
Movement fluidly awakening innermost abysses of caverns
and their treasures.
Locating synoptic adjectives, describing it all in
expletives and boisterous screaming of interior motives.

(9: 24 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Narrow-Minded Spirits

Life is difficult as it is, yet certain people
triplicate hardship for others by not minding
their own business and talking out of turn,
behind people's backs.
Cruel and unjust to others because of their own
narrow-minded spirits.
Untiring in their quest, they purposely ruin
lives of many good-hearted people by their
asinine outlooks, nurtured from kindergarten and
held onto throughout life.
Tattling, immature children, grown up physically
only - minds never catching up with their age.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nascent Thoughts

Writing and thinking, becoming clearer, taking precepts
from beginning to end, finding many different details
coming out in fascinating dialogues of intellect.

Naturally flowing ideas, changing and altering with
every tone and note being played, a rhetoric from India,
somehow being translated into poetical interludes, filled
with beauty, intrigue and nascent thoughts.

Everything being compiled, contributing greatly to the
evolution of poetry even while writing it here, all
thoughts penetrating and forming an ancestry to everything
else that will be written in my lifetime.

A challenging proposition, filling fully with anticipation
of joy and hopeful feelings, standing back, watching with
genuine emotion being filtered from music into writing of
poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nashville Awaits Me

Sitting at the senior center writing and listening
to a song given to me by two gentlemen from Nashville
who absolutely love my poetry and want to put it to
music, sending me a contract to sign so they can begin.
Then I ended up in the hospital, having emergency
surgery, ending up in a coma for four and a half days
on life support.
When they found out what I was going through, they
sent me a song entitled, 'You Can Do It', to inspire
me on the road to recovery.
It helped me a lot and I'm still here - better yet,
they still want my poetry to put to music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

National Rebuilding

Listening to Donald Trump speaking, what an amazingly
brilliant man and President he really is, describing
his first month in office, explaining everything he's
accomplished in this short period of time.

Making and improving ways for women to start their own
businesses, a topic I'm totally interested in, the time
has come for a National rebuilding, it's a stance that
Trump stands behind and I support him completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

National Rebuilding Beginning

Listening to Donald Trump speaking, what an amazingly
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businesses, a topic I'm totally interested in, the time
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RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Native Cultures

Different cultures looking on, watching dancers dance to
unfamiliar music, a look of wonderment and loneliness
sitting on their faces.

Longing for sounds of native voices to touch their hearing
with familiar rings as it engulfs their hearts also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Ability

Walking beneath bridges, peering out from under them at a
new angle of life.

Noticing cracks and openings in a man-made development,
comparing them to nature and it's complicit beauty.

Standing always in the forefront, proud as it can be of
it's natural ability to procreate itself symmetrically and beautifully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Avenues

Watching closely, surrounding landscapes passing by, leading into stretches of poetry being opened to me.

Never breaking stride, letting all thoughts fall gently where they will, following questions puzzling this mind all the time.

Finding natural avenues through ideals, going to their sources, never losing track of where I'm going or where I've been so far.

Lengthening and falling into designs as they continue to abide within.

Sojournly at times, filled with sorrow and sadness, finding my way into the fibers of being as I walk forward into an everlasting peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Backdrops

Riding high on life's natural beauty, rising and falling on
ocean waves, walking along it's shores feeling the soothing
balm of nature taking effect.

Deserts in bloom, climbing up mountainsides here in Phoenix,
Arizona, giving we Phoenicians majestic views, brilliant sun-
rises and sunsets each day with them as natural backdrops.

Always taking pictures of their beautiful colors, arranged so
perfectly and splendidly across our skies, all of us being
blessed here in Phoenix, Arizona.

God has used His artistic talent exclusively it seems in our
atmosphere, thanking God for bringing family here when eleven
years old, now writing of the wonder and beauty seen everywhere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Cleansing

Desert rainstorms falling upon arid plains,
awaiting long drinks of water.
Odors of creosol fill the atmosphere,
absorbing all smells and smog in the air.
Wonderful eco-systems cleaning deserts of
modern pollution left over from developers
controlling the City Council, Mayor and
Governor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Consequences

Nature succulently forming scents and aromas from
many blossoming flowers, growing plentifully across
the desert.

Sun rising, shining it's rays onto earth, refreshing
it with the light of energy and vitamin D.

Keeping all life alive and vibrant with the essence
of beauty and natural consequences of it's rays.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Designs

Breathing deeply, silencing an interior attitude, letting
in another facet of culture to penetrate and encircle
intellect with an astounding amount of life-giving passion.

Noticing mystical avenues as they open wide to let this
mind enter and watch an enticing array of different melodic
rhythms being played in an artistic center of my brain.

Soaring colorfully into the sky, being benefitted by
circular ideas in spheres of little chimes, hanging lividly,
being gently swept by inner breezes of wisdom, lightened
illusions coming about, being transferred into adept
languages of poetical music.

Symbols of life, shining on an interior screen of intense
beauty, tantalizing and taking me into many corners of
tomorrow's nature.

Welcoming the diversity of another vision as it travels
quickly along coded messages of another channel of time.

Spectacular views of unrehearsed knowledge are being
brought to light, illuminated in rapid succession, a
bountiful assortment of designs twisting, turning and
falling about like snowflakes in a winter storm.

Absolute intrigue centering itself on edges of another
horizon, watching and awaiting for a sign to move forward
and take up residence within an atmosphere of inner
ingenuity.

Being welcomed with an open mind, heart and soul, nothing
barring it's entrance into this poet's intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Desire

Roses flowering in my mind, fragrantly sending out scents
of nature, reaching my subconscious levels of natural desire.

Taking on euphoric journeys through space, interiorly keeping
my sanity in tact throughout poetical moments of life's
endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Distinction

Rocking through life's doors, enjoying natural rhythms
and escalating happiness, lazily knocking at my mind.

Reaching forward, grasping knowledge and setting it
between pages of wisdom and imagination.

Taunting picturesque scenery into having meanings,
spreading them to all ends of earth, giving feelings
to whomever reads them in poems of distinction.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Feelings

Taking time through memories of yesterday when we were
together, touched by your unconditional love beneath
the covers as we became one.

Natural amazing feelings coming from within each of us
as fireworks of our passion were being lit by desires
throughout this fiery night and in love forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Growth

Grass growing around concrete
and steel buildings, bothering
no one, asking little or
nothing, knowing God will take
care and nurture it during it's
lifespan.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Humor

Writing poetry, sitting on a little wall at Brophy, my mind keeps getting interrupted by sounds of falling leaves.
Dried and crackling, falling to the ground faster and louder than usual.
Stopping and taking a look up, I watch for a while and then finally see the cause of such commotion.
Sitting upon the roof, some pigeons are gathered there.
By sounds I hear of sweeping, it appears they are doing some spring cleaning.
Apparently using two feet - one of them is pushing dead leaves off the roof, sending them floating quickly to earth.
I laugh out loud - it amuses me so much to see this happening - I have never in my life seen anything like this before.
Wishing a friend would hurry and come get me, so I may share this gentle joy with him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Instinct

Mind lying back in a softened light, thinking of yesterday
and all it meant with special loved ones whom we spent
many moments of time with.

A totally natural instinct to reminisce, wanting to go back
and relive every aspect of life we had with them, today
building upon those happy times.

Creating new memories with loved ones who've now been born
and those who are still here with us, devoted and true to
one another.

Living each moment fully, hoping to have enough time with
one another to create memories that will last in minds of
those left behind when we too are gone from this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Issues

Writing lessons of life as they come to me, beginning to stretch me inside with lengthy incandescent words, set in pearls of wisdom.
Seething with an energy, filling all particles of my mind, tasting flavors beyond my universe.
Loving the attraction I find from beyond the grave, delving into the natural issues being laid out before me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Landscape

Majestically situated all around the outskirts of Phoenix,
looming ever beautiful through days and nights of a lifetime.

Years spent living amongst their beauty and magnificence, a
long-lasting eternity, keeping me going while I enter the
domains of nature.

Climbing higher into the atmosphere without any fears to
hold me back, only loving the essence of everyone of them,
holding onto saguaros, barrel cacti, and ocotillo.

Never forgetting any of the creatures living in the arid
desert atmosphere surrounding each of the mountains.

Claiming all habitats and creatures throughout their
environments, locating only serene solace and complacency
of natural landscapes of this beautiful city of Phoenix.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Life

Rising above depths of despair, clinging gingerly
to the natural life before me, I await some sign of
intelligence.

Spread out across my horizon, steps of tomorrow cross
my view.

Wondering as the waves wash over me, how much of life
is real and what of it isn't, and why?

Thinking always about what lies beyond seeing, hearing
and feeling.

There are so many unanswered questions that I can make
up answers for, but are they logical and can they do
no harm?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Life's Aura

Natural life has an aura shaped around it, bending, molding,
forming itself to meet every situation life undertakes to
hand it.

Unfolding solutions, solving problems, taking into consideration
every facet and aspect connected to final answers.

Hopeful at the ending of it that dreams will begin to come
true, stretching out, attaining and meeting goals at last
within the grasping of folded hands.

Natural life has an aura brightly colored, vary-shaped,
reaching out, meeting and accepting the actual life to be
lived.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Machinery

Living a life of leisure, while finding beauty and
rhythm taking off into skyways of another dimension.

Placid and contemplative, finding peace and serenity
in imagination, locating centers of being, arranging
inner molecules into circular patterns.

Having them spiral around, taking fibers and particles
within, changing their structures with my mind, giving
an energy otherwise not found in a human body.

Finding the mind is an extraordinary natural piece of
machinery after all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Perspectives

Walking into nature's abode, feeling it's essence
enveloping me into it's hold on my heart.
Everything becomes clearer, senses are piercingly
stronger here as I walk along, alone in thought,
being given the privacy to write to my heart's
content without interruption.
Looking at the forests of imagination, touching
their leaves with my mind, feeling them brush
against my soul with love and caring for my being.
Loving the stillness and peace folding over me,
giving the tireless feelings of natural perspectives
coming to mind.
Acknowledging every thought as it floats into
existence on rhythms of music, taking my entire
being into another dimension to behold beautiful
entities floating around, luring me into their
circles of friendship, forever brought to their
interior systems of intellect.
Watching their visions as they telepathically give
them to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Remedy

Catching rays of sunshine first thing in the morning,
energizing my body with plenty of Vitamin D.

Accelerating and giving energy along with Vitamin C,
capturing my needs within their grasp.

Heat beating it's rhythms upon my being, soothing
pains, easing arthritis and joint pain with it's
healing essence.

A wonderful natural remedy that always seems to help
somehow, along with it's beauty as it enters my mind,
lifting spirits, chasing away any bad moods or attitudes.

Who could be in a bad mood when the sun is smiling happily
at you from above?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Rhythm

Lazily swinging with an ocean's natural rhythm,
ebbing and crashing with beautiful precision,
never missing a beat, never skipping a moment
of innate desire.
Placating every nerve and fiber of existence
into a calming atmosphere of beauty.
Never tiring of a peaceful complacency for an
eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Rhythms

Songbirds living their destinies as we listen joyfully
to their music.
Watching with bated breath as they sit and perform for
one so tearfully lonely, seated on a chair within.
Reaching with their songs of beauty, ears are filled
with natural rhythms, beating in tune with our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Schemes

Falling leaves hitting earth with colorful hues,
showering the ground with beauty.
Acorns lying there, being slowly buried so they
may one day become great oak trees in the scheme
of things all natural.
Silent awakenings fall upon deaf ears on snowy
winter nights, leaving us stranded with lone
thoughts of yore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Shade

Nature reaching to heaven, spreading leaf-like into the atmosphere, hoping for some nourishment to get through this day of heat.
Birds flying in and out, landing on interior branches, trying to stay in the shade that trees naturally provide.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Silence

Strumming sounds of natural silence awakening beatitudes of interior life is quite astounding.
Fragily accelerating quietness into tunnels filled with beauty and wonder.
Afterwards, creating sensations of all-natural life in one single moment, full of the sound of music.
Recordingly playing dirges of ancient pastimes, appearing to fondle the existence of positive memory.
Sensing something hidden deeply within, walking towards it, reaching constantly to grab hold of it in my writing.
Silent loneliness surrounds my heart with tears of tomorrow's suffering as tonight, alone, I make my way in peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Thought

Quarters of mountains
hiding beneath clouds.
Freeing themselves
from smog and pollution,
breathing easier with
every breath.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Natural Universe

Traveling down a road of unending pathways,
subconsciously selecting ones least traveled
upon.
Preferring to see natural wonder and beauty,
compared to monstrosities man has blindly made.
Tenderly alighting on a soaring mind, traveling
throughout networks of imagination's doing.
Rolling along narrow roadways, living in future
crevices and belief, one with God's universe -
nothing to mar our way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Naturally Dispersed

Striking chords within, playing on a piano keyboard,
catching every poetical rhythm being created.

Faster and faster, becoming another beautiful landscape
in a poem, being created without effort and continuing
the passion far into twilight evenings of the future.

Painless endurance, forgiving nature, explaining talent
through musical tempos as they are dispersed naturally
into the universe from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Attires Itself

Succulently sensing the wonder of nature as it
attires itself in what Mother Nature has created.

Splendid in colors of the rainbow, nothing timid
in the way nature blossoms all around us.

Lovely and elucidating, taking our breath away
when we come upon it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Awakening

Dropping into pools of crystal blue, memories accumulating
and aligning themselves with emotional multitudes.

Preparing future designs with extraneous thought, quietly
enjoining patterns to alter and reshape themselves over
and over again.

Purportedly beginning endings from the start, bringing
conclusions to admonishments of unequaled joy and entered
into lyrics of poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Awakens

Introducing highlights of each day, nature
awakens to a peaceful serenity approaching
the divine.

Silence lying upon everything as it grows
before our eyes, even though we cannot see
it growing.

After many years, walking into the self-same
forests, finally seeing their growth standing
before us.

Results of nature having nourished and tended to
her own relentlessly against all odds and mis-
fortunes in life.

Tall pines, oaks, birches, all standing straight
and shading everything beneath them with their
own shadows.

Seen under the shades of Mother Nature's solemn
eyes as she watches, protecting all that's hers
in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Becoming One

Sparks of life are flying about like fireflies in a forest, lighting the way with hope and faith, taking this mind into realms of the divine.

Walking down carpeted forests filled with pine needles, touching branches and tree trunks lightly, feeling nature becoming one with mine, even in the darkness.

This outer world falling apart, as I continue to walk through imagination, seeing ideas and thoughts being created throughout the very moments of existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Boss

Gently forbidding,
nature takes hold
and shows man who's
boss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Captured

Taking off and landing in sequences of air currents filled
with rhythmic equations, playing their melodies throughout
interior spheres of intellect.

Totally finding the beauty of nature captured in landscapes
that open beautifully into blossoming portraits of prose,
never leaving behind, measures of unruly notes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Collecting My Soul

Purpose in life is our main direction wherever it may
take us on any given day, it's beauty shining from above,
nature collecting our souls so attentively.

Giving them a wonderful perspective to carry through life,
quietly, respectfully, peering into another dimension,
awaiting it's attainment, attuned to it ahead of time.

Allowing us to contemplate, appreciate and look forward
to it's every vibrant and electric moment in this life
of ours on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Eating

Watching nature waft in the breeze, thinking of pleasant memories of childhood; living in a big house on seventy-five acres - on top of a mountain in New Jersey. Apple, cherry, mulberry trees abounding, filling us with their fruits every time we climbed them.
Dreaming dreams of beauty and peace, life was filled with serene harmony, as we sat on branches, pretending we were in our own little worlds with no adults to boss us around.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Entertaining

Entertaining the environment with it's essence, nature
blowing wind in all directions, enjoying the way tree
branches and leaves move.

Shimmering and glimmering in the sunlight and shade,
superb and beautiful colors touching everything through
it's melodies and harmonies.

Letting light infiltrate into the skyway of my heart,
not wanting for anything else in this life, except the
use of innate talent and gifts.

Pleasurable and filled with joy, they give a positive
attitude and mood, along with a mischievous whisper,
enticing this mind quietly.

Silently thinking of ways to create some mischief while
sitting here in the dining room at lunch, looking around
wanting to stir things up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Flights

Flights of nature continue their journeys on any given
day, placing themselves in pathways of humans.
Set there to conquer doubtful failure of sensation and
power.
Twisting among corners, submerging their pathways on
nights
of twilight beckoning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Keeping Company

Nature walking along the shores of my final horizon,
keeping me company, showing all the secrets being
held carefully, treasured beneath a heavenly skyway.

Protected and highlighted when I am one with it,
taking time to watch, listen, and fill desires of
most everything in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Of A Mind

Flowers awakening in the nature of a mind, touching the atmosphere with scents and aromas beginning anew.

Beautiful aspects, continuing to open like blossoms and be spread through the pollination of busy synapses acting like bees of nature.

Wonder and awe are being accessed and are taking us into forests, fields and meadows of an inner atmosphere, there, all will be noticed and praised for what they are.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Of Life

Intransigence of life's nature compels me to live it
fully, without remorse, without glancing back.

Pushing to look forward, towards a new and upcoming
horizon which will always be under the spell of God's
nature.

Looking ahead, with thoughtful desire, intransigence
of death's nature will also compel me to enter heaven's
gates with onward momentum, always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Of Man

Resisting the condescending nature of man is a veritable burden.

It speaks of courage and egotistical pride, it cannot lay itself aside for practicalities sake, yet it continues roaming the universe in sheep's clothing.

Bandying about in the cold north air, livelihood peers out to seek it's shadows beneath the sun's stern stare.

Turning about, running wildly, clutching at air, the nature of man is finally laid to rest with an uncondescending look.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Of Mankind

Recalling echoes of yesterday's heartache, attempting to reach beyond it and grasp hold of a semblance of reality's dreams again.

Traipsing always down earthly pathways of wayward tears, leaving trails of an eternal inferno of pain and hurt.

Knowing nothing can ever touch my being this intensely, except that of the loss of someone's life whom I hold to dearly on this earth.

Collapsing desperately beneath the turmoil, not able to hold onto anything while going through this horrible and troublesome heartache and pain.

Always being taken alone into depths of a canyon that I prefer to never visit, yet it is where I will always end up while here on earth, because that is the nature of mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Of Oklahoma

Yellow sunburst popping up through the ground,
filling my mind with thoughts of the sun trying
to hide.

Light orange, timidly peeking from beneath the
grass, tiptoeing quietly inside.

White, like powdered snow, strewn here and there
across the land, living piously, reaching purely
out to life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Of Spirit

Feeling the intensity of this new day as it takes
me into it's vibrancy.

Looking forward to moments ahead, looking for beauty
that always comes about because of the nature of my
spirit.

Lively, animated, totally in synch with who I am as
I write, always ready for whatever may happen.

Taking it in stride as I continue being intent, for-
ever wondering and curious, noticing everything around
me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Of Water

Sparkling waters, sun glistening it's bluey eyes,
looking like diamonds strewn upon a blue velvet
field.

Waving ever so slightly, beckoning all to come
nearer, giving in to temptation, we do draw nigh.

Suddenly disappearing from sight, and again being
seen seconds later, only they're too far out of
reach to touch.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Reaching

Cycling around my mind,
sensing nature reaching out
to me in gratitude of life-
giving ideas written down
for posterity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Speaking

Nature speaking to me through it's quiet, silent wonder, as I look about and find all manner of beauty.

Moistened by morning dew, leaves shine brightly as they sit around orange blossoms waking, opening their eyes to a cloudy, sunless afternoon.

Rocks mounted on pebbles of ground, hardened by many years of being parts of mountains, climbing around.

Brown leaves scattered, lying on wet ground as they watch people pass by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Standing Alone

Storm brewing just outside, wind blowing trees filled with yellow flowers, bobbling their miniature heads as dust begins to blow across the desert.

Watching nature standing alone against the force of the wind, cacti barely moving, being sturdier than much of the other plants and flowers across the land.

Separating the beauty of nature with it's devastation from the storm, now ready to spill it's rain upon us al-gether.

Waiting patiently for just the right moment to drench us all here on earth while watering nature fully at the same time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Still Lives

Walking up the mountain in my mind, stopping to touch
a blossom or bush along the way, a forgiving feeling
of nature filling me totally.

Loving the scenery, being atop the world, nothing get-
ting in my way, peaceful and yet quietly alive through
nature.

Such splendor and glory come only from God's creations,
always shining in our world even though now it's filled
with the ugliness of evil and corruption.

There is no ending to the sins of humanity, yet nature
still lives through it all and fills our sight with the
beauty of God's wonder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Sweeping Through

Mournfully softened silence, tenderly touching the sadness
sitting so quietly within.

Nature sweeping through attempting to revive the essence
of yesterday's childhood through memories of it's joy.

Stillness of them, moving within, tending to the pain and
sorrow of all the suffering that was gone through.

Touching the loneliness and emptiness of intense abandonment,
fulfilling the existence of my being with the beauty of yes-
terday's bliss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Taking Care Of Itself

Running across sandy shores, hair flowing in the wind,
laughing merrily at the wonder and feelings of freedom
stirring within my soul.

Feelings being titillated through an intense energy of
the Divine, touching the very within of every fiber
and particle of being.

Seeing sea gulls flying over the surface, diving and
catching their morning breakfast, nature always taking
care of itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Thought

Quietness surrounding this orb of atmosphere,
where I sit and watch nature grow and play.
Swaying gently in a peaceful breeze, life
continues existing in it's own way around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Touching My Soul

Looking out the window, seeing trees, young and just beginning to grow towards heaven, nature touching my soul so delicately with a peaceful serenity and spirituality.

Living life on my own terms, taking everything in stride, knowing there's nothing to be done about all sacrifices and hardships that will come my way.

Always striving to reach for positive aspects, expecting impossibilities and grasping at every possibility that comes into view.

Reaching for beauty, being one in nature, loving and being loved in return in this temporary world, taking what's been given to us and accepting it's eventual ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Unfolding

Melancholy melodies playing softly in the wind, taunting tears to begin, yet not wanting to cry, holding them in instead, not wanting to waste a moment at all.

Wanting to see life and nature, searching moments of living quietly to see what's going on, watching with care as spiders spin their webs, prairie dogs come out of their holes of hiding.

Squirrels scampering from one hole to another or up a tree, looking to store nuts and seeds for storage, birds flying, spying food below, diving to the ground to eat it.

Nature is always on the move it seems, their little unknown lives unfolding right in front of these eyes, always enjoying their little antics as they survive in this Arizona desert.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature Unmoving

Clouds spread across the sky, darkening the atmosphere
upon earth.

Life standing still, nature unmoving, not a breeze is
stirring beyond this building.

Watching with quiet interest at the cacti growing in
the courtyard.

Loving the way they reach to heaven, yet being bound
to this earth as we humans are until our deaths.

Taking us beyond the atmosphere above, clouds spread
across the skies, unable to help us here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Abode

Rocks gathering themselves into small
remote castles of nature's abode,
hiding and protecting animals, reptiles
and insects with unreserved compassion
for God, Himself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Ambiguity

Listening to water babbling and traveling along lengths
of cement trawls, flowing into a circular fountain.

Noticing stones and coins sitting translucently upon
the bottom, letting water cover them protectively and
opaquely.

Water pouring down, creating bubbles of perpendicular
latitude, swiftly moving across the top, creating all
manner of bubbly creations into designs of nature's
ambiguity.

Serene capability of nature's own elements, taking
intellect on a circular imaginary journey into domains
of it's natural beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Beauty

A beautiful snow-filled mountain,
jutting through billowy clouds,
letting us know it's stateliness
cannot be cowed or covered up,
because nature stands behind
their statuesque beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Beauty Pageant

Trees of all sizes and shapes, standing in lines, being
in nature's beauty pageants unknown to people on earth.

Tall and slender, bent and fragile, sturdy and stout,
all of them having branches outstretched, leaves being
held in each of their hands, delicately and carefully.

Winds whistling, whispering silently across the surface
of this earth, silently clapping for it's favorites.

A wonderful and beautiful pageant where each one of them
becomes the winner and stands, reaching toward heaven,
praising God all the rest of their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Belonging

Silently graying, mind at ease, taking in everything
seen far and near, belonging to nature and God - open
to anything.

Stringing lights, illuminating darkened places, seeing
them for what they are.

Old-time nightmares, seething in corners, always afraid
to be seen.

Yet, now that they are bathed in bright lights, they no
longer seem scary - pathetically they no longer glow
in shades of darkness, for they have been exposed for
what they once were.

No longer able to have a hold on mind and soul, allowing
an inner child to come out and become the meaning it
was meant to be while living on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Birth

Reflection of a tree in a doctor's office visit,
placatingly signifying nature's choice of a
natural subject for a poem.

Taking time to caress it's fascinating
architecture and beauty with my mind.

Seeing a gentle breeze blow it's little twig
limbs in time with daylight's rhythm.

Patiently waiting to be seen, content with the
time I have in mind to create and develop
another calculating poem in favor of nature's
birth of within my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Bliss

Walking onto campus, the brightness of the colors
waft their way to my sight.

Nature wallowing it's life in peaceful bliss,
stands firmly implanted on this earth.

Warmth surrounding the atmosphere, touching softly,
senses of my skin, filling always the beauty inside.

Life standing alone, so beautifully, gracefully as
one by one, so many of us choose to ignore it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Caresses

Swirls of clouds flying overhead,
leading me into seasons of forgetfulness.
Giving pleasure through nature's caresses,
holding me closely with open breaths,
giving me pause without regret.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Chemistry

Swallowing chemistry of nature, filling senses with delectable scents, euphorically penetrating my mind with precision and gentle expectations.

Sounds wafting towards imagination, slicing patterns and energetically balancing innate talent with promises through generations.

Totally in unison with one another, here and beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Confessions

Wind blowing cattails and ragweed to and fro.
Marching to a rhythm that no one else can know.

Spiders crawling eight-legged up the walls,
never counting the bricks it takes to get to
their webs.

Confessions of something better than all of
this is promised, but never comes to be
realized at anytime in nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Delight

Tall, reaching heavenward, presupposing the magnitude of the night, lying about in bedclothes made from nature's delight.

Sounding, sending forth the beauty of a human being, bringing about a loving reunion each and every night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Diversity

Trees touch my soul,
the desert scratches
my mind with rejoicing
in and for God's
magnificent diversity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Ebb And Flow

Autumn leaves gently falling onto rocks, spreading
their colors around, overlooking a sprawling river,
half frozen with cold.
Ice developing amidst the water, encircling myriad
rocks placed by nature's ebb and flow.
A forest of many-splendored rainbows of orange,
yellow, red and tangerine.
Softened images to eyes, watching their vision with
mystic wonder and awe of God's hand in it all.
Majestic, royal, a beautiful scene hand-painted and
articulate on mother nature's canvas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Enticing Grip

Looking, peering out windows of a door, seeing the sun in
all of it's glory, enlightening the world outside.

Enjoying the brightness of it's focus, letting it warm
my mind as I sit and write.

Gently entering imagination, walking out the door and
strolling down sidewalks, letting nature capture my
essence in it's enticing grip.

Loving how it feels against my being, holding it closely
so as not to lose the gracious feelings it is giving to
me right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Examples

Twittering down paths of imagination, enjoying the worms and bugs in front of them, birds live freely and indepen-ently.

Totally self-sufficient, never even worrying where their next meal will come from, their homes are the trees in the forest, they are never at a loss.

Going home to rest from a day of flying, all gathering together on limbs chirping, singing, talking with one another, loving the life they are living.

In peace and harmony, no battles, wars or prejudice, no racism, hatred or evil, we humans need to give notice to their love and harmony, using their examples to improve our lot as human beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Expressway

Walking through the desert of my soul, watching mountains, climbing them and enjoying the dizzying heights they can attain on their own without any help from mankind.

Clouds passing by, touching their faces and powdering their noses with a sprinkling of snow upon them.

Caressing and feeling their softness, enjoying their beauty and meaning in the expressway of nature contained within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Eyes

Beauty spreading across my vision, scanning the
universe with nature's eyes, irreversibly
continuing throughout life's corridors.
Affecting hues of rainbow shores along byways of
tomorrow, focusing upon reality.
Strolling to an inner beat, novel music creating
it's own stance with fortitude and reasoning
across lines of everlasting memories throughout
time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Forgiveness

So perfectly, soundly, life continues to enjoy
my company as I sit and write.
Totally forgiving of all my faults and mistakes
as I bask in nature's forgiveness spiritually.
Feeling benefits of being accepted without
reserve, I write constantly from it's serenity,
held deeply and closely inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Fulfillment

Leaves, never-changing, holding the breath of life within,
grasping the frailty of being, wondering significantly about
the nature of life and death.

There are no promises made, no dreams traded, only bits and
fractions of hope or faith prayed for daily.

Many times not answered, prayers float around the heavens,
awaiting their time of fulfillment.

Colorful awareness set before us so we may be occupied with
thought, ideals sought, experience fraught with the exorbitant
routine from day to day.

Betrayed beyond all comprehension, placed in a tubular
dimension, unable to think or move.

Following sadness, frowning, falling into depression's abyss,
no way to avoid missing it's extreme.

There, watching all go by in a blur with no comprehension of
what life is about.

Purple-pink shadows, roaming and following throughout a
lifetime, never alighting or touching any part of me except
my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Future

Looking out into the future of nature, seeing it's
tenuous mountains, standing erect and protective
all around our thriving city.

Trees being blown gently in and out of focus, at
times hiding mountains for moments in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Grace

Trees sitting in the sun drinking in it's rays with a thirst never quenched.
Green leaves filtering, keeping trunks cooler in the shade, brightening days left alone for beauty's sake.
Living constantly for nature's bountiful grace in life's paradise.
Parading colors, scents, aromas of everything for moments lasting in memories for a lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Graces

Seeing nature flowing
through tops of trees,
soothing souls
interiorly with a peaceful
serenity from heaven and
God's graces.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Guiding Plans

Clouds slowly, silently, cross the skyway of mind, bringing me to inner
contemplation on another plain of interest deep within my subconsciousness.
Whispering breezes telling me to keep heart, things will work out.
They are already being placed juxtapositionly with God's grace and mercy.
Looking up, placing my mind upon brambles - thorns of an ocotillo.
Fingerprints of all the yesterdays have become what my future is.
Thankfully, gratefully, I place myself in nature's guiding plans of destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Habitat

Noticing every aspect of beauty based in nature's habitat, becoming energized in minds of talent.
Incised by thoughts placing themselves in adjacent movements during times of placid temperament.
Settling slowly in trenches of scented creativeness, belying incessant sensitivity.
Beginning daily on a basis of penetrating processes, taking it easy on highways to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Hand

Beautiful patterns interlacing among different species of trees, placed in a desert garden alongside a small creek of running water.
Splendid ideals tucked into a corner where life can be reached and touched by nature's hand.
Selfishly holding onto every aspect seen, wanting to keep it to self for all time.
Yet, knowing even as I write, that all who read this will know where I am and will be able to see my little corner of heaven right here inside this and many other poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Hold On Senses

Stridently focusing on nature and it's hold upon senses
in every aspect of life, completing beginnings of time
and becoming an eventual ending on this earth.

One day to be buried beneath the beauty of nature,
allowing to become what I never could while alive.

Natural remnants of life's nature, held together in a
coffin of displacement off normal pathways, being walked
upon.

Soaring to heaven with a beginning spirit of birth once
again, starting over in the center of the universe where
once we all started out, before our moments of conception
happened to us on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Innate Rhythm

Looking into puddles, watching reflections shimmer in a morning breeze.
Seeing ripples of brown mud lying at the bottom of another puddle,
looking like it's moving, but in reality it's not.
Noticing branches on a tree, gnarled, brittle, dead.
Tender branches waving gently with a breeze, rocking them back and
forth with an innate rhythm of nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Innocence

Yellow blossoms popping out before my eyes,
brightly shining in my mind.
Totally rewarding, innocently betraying the
vulnerability of nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Innocent Games

Night is coming soon, needing to see everything in the daylight, brilliant, solitary and unblemished, walking into the forest, climbing a mountain or sitting in a boat.

Making ripples on the surface of the water, smiling within, knowing that I could have such gentle power over nature, loving how nature plays and lets me in on it's innocent games.

What a lovely life this is on earth, being touched by the tender and gentle love of God through nature and at times humanity, loving it so much all through this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Intense Desires

Flowing through tunnels of thought, enjoying the
sensations they are providing through intense desires
of nature.

Beautiful, carefree ideas gently, softly lying in beds
of intellect, fulfilling themselves with particles of
symmetrical essences of being.

Touching and caressing every thought, creating one after
another then taking them into depths interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Intimidation

Nature waiting just outside the door, beckoning me
to come join festivities it is creating today.

Splendid intimidation calling me into it's fullness,
wanting to be a part of everything in this mere
existence.

Not allowing anything to get in the way of passion
as I travel down rhythms into deepest tunnels of
life where I often hide.

Now just watching, seeing nature play, romping and
jumping around my mind, so quietly and joyfully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Lessons

Looking to nature for lessons in life, helping us to
be forgiving and compassionate towards those who are
unfortunate and have no way to come into their own.

Giving them a hand up, never letting a moment go by
that you hurt a single person in life.

Being only the single person in life who smiles and
gives another a reason to be alive.

Sadness and loneliness being major reasons that people
find themselves alone with no companionship in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Lessons For Humanity

Walking through lanes of beauty, living in nature and taking my time, watching it at play, enjoying everything about it's essence in our lives.

Leisurely contemplating it's lessons for humanity, wishing everyone could be as complete and purposeful as God's creations, all knowing what they must do in their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Music

Sensitively feeling heartbeats,
keeping time with nature's music.

Wandering in and out of heaven's
gardens, growing here in my mind.

Blue roses of sorrow, beautiful to
behold as they become memories,
always at hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Mystery

Searching the world over for exploits attuned to this mind,
loving nature and all of it's delicacies, taking part in
it's essence by taking walks through forests, deserts and
over mountainous terrain.

Never over-exerting self, keeping cool and calm, watching
as everything that is passed by becomes alive and vibrant,
allowing this mind to hold onto it's mystery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Opera

Sitting in the shade of a beautiful old tree, writing,
listening to Bach on my Walkman, watching shadows dance
and jump about from the corner of my eye.

Lively, anticipating the coolness blowing across my face,
seeing the beauty conquered by nature in wonderful splendor.

Voice of nature blends in with the music of Bach, helping
to create poetry, holy and sacred within.

Operatic voices, singing to music in Italian, totally
refreshes my mind and leaves me feeling very peaceful.

All the world has disappeared as I write and become one
with my little inner universe.

There are no interruptions here, no demands or questions,
being myself for fractious moments in time, filled with awe
and wonder, much like a little child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Paradise

Flowering birds of paradise,
standing out orangely in regal
majesty of natural design.
Being shaken in an evening breeze,
touched by hot, dry air.
Still showing everyone who passes
by, their natural beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Particles

Particles of nature gathering together, creating a picturesque landscape for me to describe in writing.
Satinly speaking of God's goodness, set in hallowed ground upon earth's surface.
Sliding across water, ripples, ducks, reflections, all finding their places in this mind of imaginative solace.
Gingerly stepping into visions and images being newly formed and shaped with every passing moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Pastimes

Drumming along, strolling down lightened pathways
of frosted pastimes.
Viewing every particle of nature within spiritual
eyes, taking advantage of it's effect on calming
nerves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Patterns

Patterns of nature enter my mind, touching senses of
intellect to awaken them and learn what is beneath
their meanings.

Have they given life or breath to any parts of reality
or are they just becoming thoughts in a quilt of beauty.

Are there any missing aspects, invisibly reaching for
imagination or are they all contained in a primary
conception awaiting to be born.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Peace

Trying to follow a close friend's suggestion, sitting here
at a picnic table writing about reality.

Birds are singing, chirping in the air, water is rushing
by, sending it's peaceful music to my ears.

Leaves are fluttering in the afternoon's hot breeze, several
people are sitting alone doing their own thing while nature
and wildlife are being ignored by them.

Feeling peace fill my soul, looking up, drinking deeply with
my eyes of the beauty I see.

Looking at the sun shining brightly on my long hair, feeling
it's warmth as it shows where I belong.

All creatures begging to be seen, while jets, cars and every-
day things drown out their gentle pleas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Peace And Quiet

Desert landscape lying just outside the window,
sunning itself in bright rays of an Arizona sun.

Tantalizing pictures settling in my mind, enticing
me to come outside and walk around in nature's
peace and quiet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Perfect Rhapsodies

Beautiful music playing softly within, perfect pitch
touching mind's ivories with gentle humor.
Sounds following melodies around the world, searching
all corners for the perfect rhapsodies of nature as
it comes upon intellect in every aspect and subject
of this interior life being lived in innate talent
and never left to chance.
Believing in the promises of God as they flow from
the waterfalls inside intellect, incessantly shining
and illuminating the universe all at once.
Tranquil in beauty, sitting always in minds of gifted,
chosen ones preferring to be used by God.
Lightened tones, feeling the emotions of other
dimensions and settling in their depths, unafraid of
their intensity as they fall separately onto pages
of poetry for all to see.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Playtime

Beautiful green full trees tickling the atmosphere with it's leaves, as a small family lies on the green grass, laughing and having fun hysterically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Ploys

Walking to ends of earth,
never taking eyes off of nature's
ploys, while playing with it's
natural beauty in winds of grace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Pockets

Growing daily, finding tiny increments of improvement,
satisfying the parts which are most pleasing to others.

Taking the beauty of nature and holding it carefully
in pockets, secretly hidden for protection.

Life expects nothing more than this, we don't have to
have explanations or understanding.

Just an intense joy and silent wonder, mind in awe of
what is accomplished in nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Prisms

Insinuating lessons of life in palms of hands,
holding up prisms of color as they jettison
their hues onto nature's beautiful petals of
interesting mosaics of diffidence.
Recalling exacting treasures of past ages as
they tinkle and fall into pools of reminders.
Tasting the essence of pure innocence with
ingenious articulation of rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Prose

Beneath the skies, stretched out on a field of grass,
lies a pool of water.

Left from the rain, it reflects images of what is
standing over it.

Droplets slide gently into depths, merging with the
rest.

Ever wider ripples from each drop, causes images to
seem to shiver.

Weeping willows with heads bowed low, reach out and
over, forming beautiful prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Reality

Traveling down a bumpy road, being thrown back and forth,
mobilizing every muscle just to remain in a seat of choice.

Watching scenery pass by, sensing it's innate nature and
realizing it's frail limitations.

Parting ways only leads to more scenic views with another
focus of nature's reality and memories lying latent until
the next poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Reflective Memories

Caressing life's cheeks, nature folds in upon reflections
of memories, holding them like sacred relics of the past.

No substitutes in line, only the truth of reality standing
the test of virtual time.

Simultaneous and brilliant, all-knowing intellect beckoning
to join the search for interior knowledge.

Nothing ever forsaken as ideas gather and are collected
into a series of albums to be looked at through the years,
especially when entering senior years of enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Rhythms

Swaying to and fro, listening to rhythms of nature
as they ease slowly down avenues of mind-altering
motions.
Careening sometimes into one another, blasting
novel editions of poetry into being.
Existing contentedly within a sphere of matter -
creating from it is absolutely fascinating - filling
me with an ever-growing curiosity of how it's done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Rocky Ways

High upon a rock, jutting out over the water, breezes blow gently across my face and arms.
Water is rapidly rushing, racing over and around the many rocks in it's path.
Branches swaying, leaves moving, nature waving good-bye.
Looking down atop the water, nothing can be seen but muddy water - little twigs are swirlingly doing the ballet.
Under the shade of trees along the river's bank, the water becomes a brown mirror reflecting trees and skies within it's grasp.
All around are mountains full of trees reaching to the heavens while looking down at me.
Rocks lay scattered everywhere - some sparkling like diamonds under the noon-day sun.
There are many rocks lying on their backs beneath the water - tanning themselves - gathering warmth while they can.
Because when night-time falls, so does the cold - and they will freeze until the morrow.
Trails leading everywhere - haphazardly disappearing and coming into view while walking on them.
Quietly, I sit and notice everything - become still inside and out - watching nature rest and play around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Sanctity

Showing the world it's sanctity, nature flows so
magnificently in front of us.

Streaming along in every part of life, giving us
a look at it's splendid delicacy and fragility.

Strengthened by it's great reserve of interior
energy from another universe.

Deeply set in imagination and shown on photographic
screens of fulfillment in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Sanity

Shadows of intellect fill my mind as I walk down pathways,
keeping to myself in all aspects.
Touching senses gently, hoping to retrieve some semblance
of nature's sanity and place it permanently in a picturesque
landscape.
One to be kept indefinitely in neurons of my brain to be used
on a later date.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Scent

Caring. Not caring. Light as a leaf.
Floating on freedom - no thought of dying.
Flowers breaking from the ground - stinging the air with their fragrance.
A sense of fidelity sits in the clouds, as birds slip through the air.
A scent of nature is wafted this way, a radio blares and scares it away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Serenity

Leaves waving in the wind, coming into my mind, touching me with nature's calm serenity.
Holding me in arms of God, trees shape around me, keeping me safe in my mind's eye, just being with God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Shadows

Shadows of mountains shining down upon our minds,
reflecting cacti and bushes growing on their sides
and tops.
Living lives of complacent beauty as nature draws
our eyes towards them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Silence

Long-time sorrow, continually drips into my heart,
overflowing it with saddened thoughts of yesterday.

Searching always for tears of joy to counteract
grief which piles high inside.

Thinking of younger days when nothing could turn
me away from nature and it's joy, daily walking
around our seventy-five acres, finding happiness
and peace in everything.

Waltzing throughout childhood, curiosity in hand,
learning about peace and serenity from nature's
beautiful silence.

Predictable environment, never changing, keeping
interior solitude in place with changing colors
of leaves in every season.

Falling snow filling earth with it's white
brilliance, springtime blooming everything in
color, opening buds with warmth and sun.

Summer heat hotly blowing it's breath on everyone,
toasting their hearts and warming their hands.

All of these images coated in sorrow, because I
can only see them in my mind, touch them with my
heart, but never live them again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Spell

Wind blowing heartily against my face,
whipping my long hair in different directions.
Casting about an interior silence I am sated
by nature's spell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Spiritual Bouquet

Quiet, silent desert lying in front of me, resting
leisurely, as wildlife roams across, tickling it at
times with gentle breezes.

Blowing plants and flowers gently on it's tender sur-
face, making it smile, joy filling nature all around
with delicate laughter.

Creating a beautiful model, a spiritual bouquet, with-
in this mere poet's mind, as it blossoms fully while
I write about it in this poem.

Trusting in the complacent attitude of Mother Nature,
allowing me to see every detail and hidden feeling
with an artistic and musically poetic mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Treasured Secrets

Wriggling away from reality, taking in experiences along the way.
Traipsing over landscapes, delving into nature's treasured secrets, while finding clues to inner life, spiritually being awakened.
Watching many picturesque images beaming forward into photographic memories saved for future days of dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Vision

Streets of New York are three thousand miles away and I am sitting here in Phoenix on Central Avenue.

It's amazing how imagination can take me back and forth across country without taking a single step.

Seeing skyscrapers towering over the street, smelling the aroma of heated pretzels and fried bread making my mouth water.

Looking again, desert landscapes of Phoenix fill my heart with cheer as I survive in this beautiful desert city.

Aroma of heated pretzels and fried bread mixed with the smell of creosole.

So far apart in miles, so close in memory, the two cities are not that much different from each other.

I rejoice in the fact that I'm home forever in this western city, because it fits my style of living, easy going, laid back, giving to my inner heart and soul, the peace I crave within.

Only nature's vision can give so much tranquil beauty in just one moment's glance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Vulnerability

Yellow blossoms popping out before my eyes,
brightly shining in my mind.

Totally rewarding, innocently betraying the
vulnerability of nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Window

A little hollow in the midst of limbs and leaves,
a fragile sparrow sits looking up and down at his surroundings.
Eyeing everything in sight, sizing up some mysterious situation with innate knowledge bestowed upon him.
An intimate look at one of nature's creatures filled
with wisdom, deciding on his future inspiration and destination while assessing a lifetime full of
serenity.
Quietly finished, he flies off into the atmosphere, continually hopeful of his worldly fate and destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Wishes

Rhythms of the desert, issuing their beats and tempos into my mind as I watch the sun slowly ease itself into an arm-chair for some needed rest in this late afternoon.

Cacti wishing for a few more hours of sunlight to keep them warm from the coldness of a desert night.

Shadows shivering already in the shade, coldness touching them first, because the sun cannot reach them from around corners of natural beginnings in lightened daylight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nature's Yearnings

Nature arousing yearnings to become one with it on a
camping trip out in forests of life.

Enjoying fresh air, feeling the beauty of it's images,
while fulfilling and charging inner batteries to help
me get through life and it's exhausting agenda.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Navajos

Stamping around the lake, giving in to peaceful drumming out on the reservation.

Away from the crowds and city life, happily being on their own forever.

Listening to their olden spirits, obeying their past and elders.

Giving spirits room for freedom, teaching their young how to become real men.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Naval War Hero

Our Dad, a Naval World War II vet and hero, Father and Grandpop, died last night.
At eighty three, he fulfilled his life's mission with
seven daughters and one son.
A life always filled with spontaneity and unending work.
Dad wanted to be buried with full Navy Honors - a right
and privilege he richly deserved.
This morning our Dad was buried with full Navy Honors
and the flag draped over his coffin was given to his
oldest daughter to keep.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Navigating Hardship

Stepping along edges of life, seeing and appreciating what
I have now and in the past, all of it culminating in a
wonderful and vibrant creativity in and through poetry.

Always at the helm, navigating through hardships, suffering
and loss with an intellectual ingenuity somehow attuned to
an intricate part of innate wisdom through intellect.

Steering through every experience with faith and an inner
strength given through a bluened light of the Divine always
dwelling within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Near Death

Polite, quiet, respectful,
fully aware of God's presence in the room.
Prayerful, hoping against all hope,
yet knowing the end is near.
Wanting to go back in time and recreate the steps that have
led to this moment, my mind knowing it cannot be done.
Where has the past gone?
It seems to have taken only a moment to disappear in a
hazy mist - a fog.
What has become of the child just beginning to grow and
learn of life?
Where are the footprints up til now?
Have they also been washed away with tides of aging life?
Memories gray and fading, swimming at times in confusion
before jaundiced eyes - once they were colored rainbow -
now they lie dying in the black cradle of cancer, being
plied full of pain medicine, disorganizing what is left.
Sleeping in the arms of near-death, striving to breathe
for a few minutes of uninterrupted rest.
Moaning, wracked with pain at times, wanting to be held
like a child, hoping to wake up from this dreadful dream.
Unsolicited thoughts prey upon the inner mind, stripping
away peace slowly, breaking up the harmony so longed for
through the agony.
Losing strength, barely able to turn your head, trying
desperately to hold on to some small form of independence,
knowing in your heart it will soon be over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Near The End Of A Lifelong Friendship

I love you, even as I turn away from you in sorrow.
Many moments of happiness have crept into my life since I have known you.
To continue without you, I must treasure these moments forever in my mind.
There will never be another moment, so the ones I hold within my mind are priceless.
No one will ever come close to them - only me in my fondest memories.
I've reached out many times and found you there, waiting.
Now it seems to be no more.
From depths of my soul I cry out, and look to find no one there.
Sad, the day I met you - because now I must let you go, and I don't want to.
Our friendship has been a treasure held in heaven - I have loved it so.
On different paths now, we go our separate ways - each in his own sorrow.
Looking back, tears flowing steadily, I stop and turn around.
Deeply sorrowful, am I, but I must keep you close to my heart as
life nears it's end and our friendship slips away with me to heaven.
Awaiting you to fulfill it's quest in full when we meet again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Near To The End

Being in the hospital with many doctors and nurses taking care of me,
helping me on the road to recovery.

Yet, it was a long and dreary journey that I thought would be the end
of me.

Having I.V.'s blow out or infiltrate in both arms, causing pain, bruising and many
floods of tears didn't help the cause one bit.

Interiorly giving up, yet no one could tell that I was no longer
here with them.

Off on some distant horizon, I lay in bed as everyone worked around
me, not really noticing that I wasn't participating in life with
their efforts.

Nurses calling in swat members to start new I.V.'s, using ultrasound
to find a vein at times.

Without a sound a little nurse appeared at my bedside - I didn't know her - she
took my hand, talking softly, trying to get me to
concentrate on the music playing on my radio.

Calming me down, trying to help me relax in the awful situations I
kept falling into.

When it was placed and running fine this little whisper of a nurse
would again disappear from my life.

Then it happened again, and suddenly this little nurse whispered in and took my
hand, gently speaking to me interiorly - the only place I
could be reached - and somehow she knew it.

Helping me through another episode, speaking softly, quietly -
relentlessly, getting me to respond and relax so the I.V. could
again be placed.

Last time this whisper of a nurse came to help I saw the most
serene countenance on her face as she took my hand and I knew she had been

sent by God.

An angel to bring me forward into the present.

After that whenever I saw her, I'd say 'my angel is here'.

When discharged from the hospital, I didn't think I'd see her again in life.

God had let her serve her purpose helping me and I was eternally grateful for her presence in my life so near to it's end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nearing Death

Soul searching abilities, touching lives of near death
with an illumination of loving beauty.
Rays of heavenly light enter minds, awaiting God's
call with prayerful diligence and hope.
A knowing secreted within life becomes stronger and
more persistent as death slowly takes over and brings
us home to heaven's gardens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Neat Little Packages

Sinking slowly in my mind, an idea settles in, taking up some time - thinking about it.

Loving to reach out and come to conclusions, solving problems in neat little packages, tied with ribbons.

Stepping into places that haven't any reason and finding something hidden there anyway.

Ready to take on more than my share, continue looking for more than what I have gotten from life so far.

Taking a stand, ready to move, no one is around, turning inward, no one ever suspects a thing to be wrong.

Smiling and hurting all the while within - left alone and forgotten as a waltz that has no melody to step in and dance to.

Falling, lying there, looking up into the atmosphere with absolutely no way to get there and look around.

Finding no options, making a choice, deciding where to go in life, picking up a pen and writing once again.

Searching for the answers no one has ever found, having faith, trying to hold onto it, bringing peace into focus and letting go of all other things.

Turning slowly, dragging feet, grasping on to words that have crept up from the deepest part of a mind and broken heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Necessary Enrichment

Born to run, take risks, live dangerously and become the person I am, letting nothing stand in the way, fearing nothing and always trying new things.

Challenging myself on a daily basis, finding that I can do and accomplish anything that I put my mind to, a total enjoyment coming from every effort made.

Incorporating every fiber and particle of being into many positive attitudes and behaviors, no sense in being antagonistic or negative, those are signs of a dissatisfaction deep within oneself.

Most likely an effect of not developing an interior life spiritually, nothing to fall back on, carrying through situations and circumstances we often find ourselves in.

Joining with others, we can learn and help one another become necessary puzzle pieces in life, creating inventing, and enriching this world.

Becoming closer together through the humanity of our total compassion, caring and mercy towards one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Necessary Introspection

Flavoring life with unexpectant surprise,
filling hearts with love and caring.

Before dying upon an earthly shore, time
fills us with necessary introspection,
fulfilling important steps, unhurried.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Necessary Promises

Retiring from life, wanting to hide away in corners of
darkness, living in silence and a quietness of nature
forever.

Not expecting to find my way into or out of this interior
lonely emptiness, strolling along, exercising intellect,
searching for answers that escape and disappear quite often.

Stretching and reaching into the future, hoping to find the
necessary promises keeping me going through hardship and
suffering.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Necessary Steps

Necessary steps are being taken throughout life to
continue an innate existence of creativity.

A solemn and perfect space in time, allowing the
freedom to be myself in all endeavors.

Capturing, using finite possibilities, combining
them with abstract concepts and inventing novel
ideas to be carried out in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Necessary Truth

Seeking answers constantly, wanting to know the truth
hiding behind all the lies and illusions in this life.
knowing they are ruining our country and others.

Finding it a necessary thing to do, ready to expose
everything that I find out so we can get rid of evil
and the threat of islam, isis and terrorists.

They are trying to destroy our government and Constitu-
tion in the U.S. and other countries collectively, but
will not be allowed for we are standing strong and united.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Necessity

Necessity causes people to invent new ways of taking care of problems.
Many inventions through the years have been thought of because of the need to repair something or find a way to better take care of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Necessity Of Instruments

Slowly forming an educational system within, taking into
account, the necessity of learning to play an instrument.

Music encompasses every aspect of learning, math, spelling,
language and reading.

Focusing the brain's energy into that part of it where
intellect intersects with imagination, all of it leading
into future wisdom for each individual in their own time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nectar Of A Poetical Essence

Listening attentively and completely to time centering
itself within the music of my interior life.

Second hand marching on, giving a metronome effect in
measures of rhythm.

Lively and constant, penetrating images of life through-
out this world.

Succulently feeding nectar of a poetical essence to me,
making sure I never go hungry through the incessant hours
I continue to write without eating or sleeping.

Appreciating the care given interiorly through a bluened
light of the Divine, always protecting and guiding me
through the tunnels of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Need For Love

Wondering how life could have progressed this far in
sixty-five years, having a lifetime of experiences
all in one being.

A truly amazing feat, not believing that all this time
has already passed me by and I really haven't anything
to show for it.

Only pages and pages of poetry in hundreds of poetry
journals, filling them all with feelings, emotions,
experiences, family, friends, thoughts and ideas.

All through the years what else could a mere poet have
done in life, being born into poverty, having no past,
present or future in fields of rich and famous people.

Yet, living in the beauty of nature as one, touched
and loved by God and no other, always being immersed
in a bluened light where no one else can come join me.

A wonderful and peaceful experience, away from people
and their cruel insistence, trying to make me always
unhappy with their lies.

Failing at their evil purposes because God has always
protected and kept me safe from their cruelty, for only
when I felt the need for love was I ever hurt by others
in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Need Of Communication

Still listening to rhythms of intellect as they come
into mind, stealthily moving forward through poetry
being written daily.

Thoughts, ideas, feelings and emotions being imparted
for the world to see in verse, complete thoughts and
feelings reaching across limitless atmospheres.

Connecting people from all over the world, a necessary
function needing to be done, for life has need of
communication between all people.

We are all created equal after all, and there is a
love that will continue to bring us together one person
at a time throughout this earthly life.

One day we'll be united on the other side of this life
of strife and turmoil, a lasting peace will enfold all
of us in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Need To Knowing

Taking myself into patterns of a powerful image, living it prophetically and letting it infiltrate my being.

Seeing the adventure and discovery in everything, absolutely becoming a part of who I am.

Fibers are holding onto inner traits of literature and are taking me away down fast growing river banks, trying to drown me in the past of all those memories, grasping at my mind.

Double visions are flowing, leading me out into depths of unbelonging.

Coasting down waves of unexistent solitary anniversaries of nothing less than an excellence of a particular particle eluding the pen of my writing.

Encasing everything in the capsules of existence, always insisting on swallowing, wanting them to become a part of me so I may understand and cooperate with them in my writing.

Leaving nothing to explanations of another, having to know all of it on my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Needed Facts

Separating life into many aspects and varieties of subjects,
attempting to give understanding to it's concepts.

Some people finding ways to screw up it's meanings, just to
confuse the issues they don't choose to reflect upon.

Ignoring all parts of important facts needed to impart some
knowledge into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Needing A Reaction

Standing in the reality of imagination, living in an
explicit happiness while doing so.

Never being tired or bored with self, because intellect
is always on fire.

Risking nothing to use innate talent, just exercising
my mind with the beauty of intellect.

Taking hold of coded rhythms, finding self in a land
of truth and fantasy, beholding the divine through an
interior spirituality.

Needing a reaction as sparks flare about in the dark,
starting a fire in depths of imagination that will
take me into outer universes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Needing Companionship

Driving defenseless into every day, knowing nothing of what we'll experience during the hours of daylight or into the night, going to activities with our eyes essentially closed.

Seeing only what we feel is important in our own lives, taking our individual agendas into account and not any others, meeting strangers, talking, at times recognizing that a friendship is developing.

Walking side by side, communicating, finding common ground, living alone, yet being with others all our lives seems to be odd when thought about.

Yet we all need the love, caring and respect of others, also needing the companionship that it provides us while living our lives the best we can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Needing Fast - Paced Rhythms

Slowly, too slowly it seems, melodies taking me by the hand,
quieting this soul, arranging thoughts with loving care, now
hoping to connect to faster rhythms.

Wanting to not stay still within, mind wishing to be thrill-
ed and excited instead, needing fast-paced rhythms to keep
me from falling asleep while writing.

Motions slowing down, turning into jazz like harmonies, put-
ting me to sleep, trying to keep my eyes open, finding it
quite difficult.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Needing Love

In life everyone needs somebody to love and be loved,
we all communicate through it on varied levels.

Although we never or rarely think about it, getting
caught up in situations, putting love on hold or
ignoring it's presence in our daily lives.

Yet, it is what is needed to keep us happy and content
filling us with purpose and passion.

Supporting one another, needing to each feel our useful-
ness, we progress through our lives, following pathways
into our future destinies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Needing Mercy

Mercy playing it's part well, taking care of those
who are in need biologically.

Vestures of fate claim their totality in depressive
states, festering silently as they vegetate alone
in dark corners.

Pure thought filling every particle of motion with
abandon.

Stretching all aspects of beginning with movements
in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Needing Necessary Changes

Necessary changes in our government need to be dealt
with, addressed and given solid solutions to problems
we are having all over the world.

Needing brilliant and mentally competent people, many
scientists, physicists, mathematicians, poets, being
creative and intellectually sound.

God-fearing, morally and ethically correct, someone who
is fair across the board, accepting of all faiths,
cultures, people of every nationality, race and belief.

Then this world will be on an even keel, bringing peace
and serenity to everyone, no matter where they are or
what they are doing in life.

No more politicians with agendas, lobbying for themselves
and not listening to We the People, we are officially
through with them, their greed and selfishness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Needing Necessities

Reality strikes and takes away people's individuality at
times, leaving them in the middle of a vast expanse of time.

Taking away everything that exists in imagination just to
serve life and it's necessities in lapses of reality.

Exacting measures stretching and shrinking under the guise
of timelines and deadlines.

Nothing giving in when bills have to be taken care of for
needed necessities in this life.

Solitary figures alone, in this vast superior area of
other's expenditures, coming before caring or compassion
to those in need.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Needing Nothing

Silently sacrificing throughout life, giving everything I
have within me.

Yet, getting nothing in return for all the trouble and
caring given to another.

Wondering if I should just give it up and become like the
rest in life, selfish and uncaring at every turn of the
second hand on the kitchen clock.

Sensing forbidden tones, knowing that I never could be
any way except the compassionate caring loving person that
I have become from the moment of my birth, sixty-three years
ago.

Waiting incessantly for a symbol of something to validate
what I do, now recognizing that there needs to be none,
because what I do is straight from the heart and needs
nothing in return from anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Needing Positive Stimulation

Closed minds are shut tightly against learning and educating
oneself, not allowing anything to enter, change or rearrange
thought patterns.

A sad state of affairs, because one cannot really survive
that type of brain function throughout life here on earth,
needing stimulation and positive aspects touching your mind.

Enticing and alluring thoughts, settled in and portraying
things in nature with aplomb and imagination, picturing and
envisioning everything throughout life.

Giving in to the beauty of natural occurrences, taking over
and leveling out with a sensuous compassion without being
needed to tell anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Needing Release

Intense pain filling this being, writing anyway,
needing the release it brings to intellect, a
finite and beautiful melody.

Bringing peace and serenity while sitting here
with pen in hand, loving the imagery coming to
mind.

Going through imagination and intellect together,
blending so perfectly and gently with this poet-
ical mind.

Giving an intense sense of joy and elation while
writing and listening to music, taking away all
the stress of living on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Needing Solutions

Indentations across my mind are constantly being filled with questions where solutions need to be found in particles outside the atom.
Thinking, becoming unlimited as all passes and pushes outside the constraining box.
Lifting imagination into denizens of heavenly scents, filling it with all types of invigorating rhythms to live with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Needing Space

Needing a lot of space to enter imagination and
play around with it's tempting thoughts and ideas,
spreading myself in all areas like peanut butter
on bread.
Enjoying total freedom that comes with entering
it's sacred and beautiful realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Needing Stamina

Crossing thresholds of heaven, not wanting to come back to earth.
Still able to visit God's home, giving me the stamina to go on.
Needing to cross over more often, I pray that soon I'll have served my purpose on earth and can then go home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Needing The Answers

Striving to put together pieces of life with the reality
of imagination, solace and serenity solving answers that
are needed to complete the cycle of this life.

Cornering the explicit and beautiful melodies, flowing
with them through an atmosphere of an unconditional love,
holding onto it's deep and abiding feelings.

Soaring above the universe while being grounded in innate
talent, filled with the peace and serenity of an interior
life fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Needing To Be Sated

Tonight just relaxing after a day filled with family
at a Thanksgiving get-together, all being filled with
turkey, stuffing, mashed potatoes, and all types of
desserts.

Everyone having brought something to add to the table,
a wonderful feast for this Sicilian family.

Now hearing music in the background, my mind salivating,
wanting to taste rhythms and sounds, desires running
rampant, needing to be sated right now this very moment.

Beautiful ideas are flowing with rainbow colors into
my mind, forming words silently, letting them fall into
verses of poetry.

Solemn and joyous, gathering thoughts and placing them
on lines of paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Needing To Grow

Taking anger out on someone who loves you causes great harm, pushing them away and out into the street without realizing it.

Being fed up with all the games, denial and guilt, there is nothing else to be done except be there for the other person.

If you keep on pushing a person away how long do you think they will last?

How many times will they come back after being pushed away like that, not many I'm afraid.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Needing To Know

Every day I seem to grow more; not actually physically, but mentally and intelligently.
So many of the things I used to leave undefined are beginning to need reasons and definitions.
They need to be focused on specific problems.
Education and educated people do not supply me with the answers I need.
I'm in a vast wilderness with help in every direction, but none of it for me.
Somehow it seems that there are no answers, they're bottled up in computers to be used only as scientific solutions.
Out of the grasp of worldly things, maybe I can help myself obtain my greatest limit without being shackled to human drudgery and society's rules on learning.
Without going through many processes of human thought on what is right or wrong, I will decide what to do or where to go.
Somehow, I'll achieve, on my own, what others think is impossible.
My mind is going to be open, always absorbing the littlest facts and developing into a mind of ingenuity and purposeness.
For the knowledge of knowing when you've had it in every aspect is to begin once again on another route in an unfamiliar place.
I'll live long enough to fill my life with learning and on the day I've learned it all, I'll die without any knowledge of where I've been or where I'm going.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Needles Of Wisdom

Taking steps incessantly into areas unknown and
unheard of before.

Filing away all it's images, projecting them into
caverns - all opposites from each other to make
outcomes more interesting.

Lifetimes becoming, alternating universes to
capture every thread in needles of wisdom.

Sewing them all together into doilies of lace,
fractious and beautiful to the mind's eyes.

Fascinating and glimmering, glowing from beneath
lashes of poetry as it is written spontaneously
and continuously.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Needs

Understanding the need for dying much more than that of living.

There seems to be so much more dignity in death, it's much more realistic and inspiring.

Life held within death's arms as it expires is more precious than the living of it.

Becoming more valuable at the end because God is recognized and known within, as we let go and become one with Him at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Negating Negative Thoughts

Negating negative thoughts, letting them fall by the
wayside and disappear into the universe.
Simple things touching my heart and bringing me into
realms of heaven where I may be totally myself and
write forever in an atmosphere of beautiful eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Negatives Of Photographs

Finding a place in life, wanting to stand alone and fill a space in time with a proper stance of fashionable poetry.
Taking strides without moving, yet beginning to search acres of books not yet written, just basking in the light of wisdom's ancient tomes, awaiting their times of incessant titles in literature.
Taking time to be in a creative process, whiling away moments in special waves of subconsciousness, setting things straight as life gets written on every page as it appears exactly as it is inspired on interior screens within.
It's length depends upon just what is going to be said and how it is to be developed in negative strips of photographs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Neglecting Gifted Children

Closing doors without a thought, to shut in stale minds
who cannot think for themselves.

Stagnant ideas lie heavily in classrooms with no where
to go and no one to bring them to life.

Extinguishing every bright little star, only slower
children achieve a certain repertoire.

Dreams die in silence as teachers nip them in their prime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Neglecting Interior Lives

Having chances throughout our lives to make it real,
trying to do so many things that we think may help
us find our essence.

Sports, intellectual pursuits, leisure, travel then
returning home, realizing that none of it added to
the reality of life.

It only gave us experiences to remember in later
years, having had chances through life to make it
real.

We however have missed the most important aspects
of finding them because our interior lives have been
neglected.

Spirituality having been disregarded and in it's place
was work, money and selfishness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Neglecting Thought

Settling back, soaking up penetrating warmth in shade
patches of tree shadows, neglecting thought and it's
ideas for the moment.

Allowing this morning's anxieties to fall away, leaving
flaccid moods swimming further and further from being.

Silently being watched, striving to maintain a semblance
of sanity, to begin again.

Grasping a tiny thread, remaking this day's pattern to
fit a more serene and peaceful woven afternoon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Negligent Benefits

So-called benefits of life are negligent or non-existent.
Whatever happens never matters to anyone.
There is an onslaught of loneliness stretching itself over all those who are elderly or alone.
Most days are spent never opening their mouths because there's no one there to speak with.
Four walls are not conducive to thought - it's as if you're caught in a solitary jail cell, alone all your days and nights.
Never seeing another soul as you finally close your eyes and expire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Negligent Pictures

Jukebox of negligent pictures, hanging on sidelines of
interior ideas.
Capturing sources of everything as life folds in upon
itself, finding extra-sensory particles left behind in
pits of yet to come tomorrows.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Neighborhood Sounds

Sitting on the front porch writing, listening to music and sounds of the neighborhood, funny how the noise suddenly starts keeping time with the melody playing right now.

Watching and beating to the rhythms as a neighbor airs up his tires, walking around, his step keeping time with the rhythms beat.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Neighbors

Neighbors are a blessing in our lives, giving care
and friendship in very hard times.

Willing always to lend a helping hand, make us laugh
and smile when our hearts are silently crying.

Just being there sometimes with open arms has touched
us deeply, helped us to know we don't have to be alone.

Friendship given freely by our neighbors, has helped
us to get through these grueling, devastating times,
yet, we have a way to go, an uphill climb, for how
long we don't yet know.

With the good, kind-hearted people in our lives, a
glimmer of hope still shines into our dark days.

Hopefully this poem can show an inkling of our
gratitude and thankfulness today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Neon Thought

Dreams of reliance picturing images onto my vision of thought.
Living momentarily as each one shows itself fully in depths only I can appreciate.
Reaching into feelings to find emotions that qualify themselves rightfully on extraneous screens, portraying each heart beat in neon thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nephew C.'s Birthday

Thinking of my nephew, C. and hoping he's having a wonderful
birthday today.
Full of joy and anticipation in every precious moment sent
his way.
I miss his spirit and gentle nature whenever he comes to mind.
Which is quite often.
Again, wishing all the best will be his for the rest of this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nervous Emotions

Nighttime dreams culminate in colorful schemes,
while planning patterns of thoughtful ideas.

Juxtapositioning modern inventions with ingenious
precisions of latent desire.

Casting aside nervous emotions, striving to begin
again without having to coexist with nothing but
pain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nether Worlds

Slowly reeling into nether worlds, unafraid of what
will be found there eventually.
Looking around, seeing so many sights through rose-
colored glasses.
Finding just the right amount of beauty to last a
lifetime in memories bright with clarity and verve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Netting Dreams

Rising to the dawn of life every day,
and setting with an ending sunset as
I fall into a deep sleep, capturing
my dreams in nets.

Writing them into poetry the following
morning.

Quietly aligning thoughts with whatever
I can find through innate gifts,
portraying it all in beautiful artistic
works of the mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never - Ending Circumstances

Circumstances in our lives are never-ending,
some good others very difficult, somehow we
make it through them and continue to live.

Always seeming to be surprised when something
happens to us unexpectedly, yet that is the
way of humanity.

Never having any certainty, having doubts about
our own existence and what will happen in the
future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never - Ending Fulfillment

Things in life blind me, taking away my sight for moments
at a time.

Waiting patiently for intellect, knowing it will bring it
back better than before.

Insight kicking in intensely, overflowing gently through
my brain.

An exciting and challenging feeling that's incessant, a
never-ending fulfillment energizing my being totally.

Smiling and being enticed by energetic vibrations that
are elastically filling intellect and my mind together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never - Ending Pastime

Swaying to rhythms and beats of music, feeling free and easy, alone on this horizon in life, waving in an inner breeze, flying with the clouds.

Soaring high into the atmosphere, filled with love for you, my dear, things won't ever come to an end as long as we're together.

Finding passion and energy through love in our hearts forever, beginning and ending with desires of our beings, taking us into circles of our arms as we embrace.

Making love incessantly, loving passion as it takes us beyond this mortal world, giving such pleasure in the moments we are loving, my dear, a never-ending pastime of our love for one another always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never - Ending Repertoire

Lively, vivid and energetic, this poetical mind always ready
to create and develop ideas, a never-ending repertoire of a
poetical life.

Always being lived fully through nature, humanity and spirit-
ual realms that keeps all of it together, finding the spirit
of my soul dwelling in a bluened light of the Divine.

An ever-compelling energy keeping me moving forward no matter
what may happen in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never - Ending Trails

Loving friends and times we have together,
a joy to be with them all.

We have an unconditional love going on
between us that is never-ending.

A true blessing between friends that will
last a lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never - Ending Wonder

Wonder and joy filling me so peacefully through rhythms
that are settling within my being as I listen to them.

Altering and changing thoughts in time, adjusting and
finding ways to mix and blend it all with abstractions.

An inner energy and talent, a never-ending wonder that
totally keeps me energized and always on top of life no
matter what happens to derail me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never A Happy Ever Ending

Dreaming of fantasies, wanting to have a happy ever episode.
Knowing it'll never happen, because life just isn't like that.
There's no reason to hope there'll ever be a good ending to
life on earth.
All the conviction I hold within, still cannot give me a happy
ever ending to let me fall asleep and dream of unkempt dreams.

(9/12/12)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never A Moment Of Silence

Tinsel being blown around by breezes,
coming from outside an open door.
Tallying amounts of many hours,
sitting, listening to singers of karaoke.
Never having a moment of silence, because
there is only music being played and sung
for one another's enjoyment.
On evenings of relaxation set in motions
of rhythm's existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Abandoning Their Post

Spending this fourth of July quietly at home, writing
throughout the night and posting poetry on poemhunter.

Thinking of all our Vets throughout the years, owing
our lives to them for protecting us all the time.

Such a total commitment they have made for us here in
America and we all appreciate them.

Never abandoning their posts, taking their oaths to
serve and protect America to heart.

Seriously knowing we can trust them, because they give
their lives in service to us.

Not counting their sacrifices, standing tall in the
line of duty, our national heroes one and all.

Saluting all Vets wherever they are on this fourth of
July, a mere poet giving tribute to everyone of them.

Many of my own relatives having given their lives to
protect our family and nation also, respect lives on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Afraid Of Difficulties

Walking tightropes of stress, strife and turmoil in
this life, being careful not to fall into depths of
a black and darkened depression just below me.

Always looking up, hoping to capture light of the
Divine, holding it within where it will keep me safe
and never afraid of difficulties in life.

Each one of them is a challenge to be overcome, always
knowing that with each one I will become stronger and
more capable of handling things in this earthly life.

Worry would only spoil the fun of being challenged,
taking away from logic and reason needed to progress
beyond every situation to succeed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Again At My Side

Rhythms rolling through memories, touching upon their
essence as I remember them with bittersweet reminiscence.

Holding your love close to me, feeling your heart still
beating in every memory that I see.

Wishing it could all be just a dream, that death hadn't
taken you and we were still together in each other's arms.

Yet, when calling your name, there is no answering reply,
only my tears wrapping themselves around memories of you.

There's nothing left to me except rhythms rolling through
memories, touching upon their essence as I remember you,
feeling them with the intensity of a burning fire.

Wishing that you were still here so I could hold you once
again, yet, the only way to see you is through a memory,
you will never be with me ever again in this life.

Going to bed, tears flowing, heart aching, feet dragging
across the floor, not wanting to get into a bed where you
will never again be at my side sleeping peacefully with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Allowing Anyone To Break Me

Taking everything in stride, not being upset by what others do
or say, letting it all flow off like water off a duck's back,
never allowing anyone to break me no matter how they try.

Leading self down paths of creative patterns and designs, being
totally absorbed in an imaginative reality deep inside intellect,
hiding in a secret garden.

Sitting on the shore of a lonely island or desert, anywhere
feelings and emotions happen to bring me at any given time in
life, a totally enjoyable experience.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Allowing Entrance

Windows being opened and closed upon horizons of tomorrow,
never allowing entrance of anything other than sorrow to
penetrate window panes of solid grief.

Painfully and tired, hoping beyond hope to find completion
in mirrors of tomorrow's reflections.

Developing and inspiring any manner of a universal interior
life, changing and looking back at what used to be and now
is no longer becoming.

Romance and love have danced their last dance on this earth,
no way to find your way into it's depths unless you die
also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never An Answer

Finally screaming into the invisible environment of loneliness, not hearing anyone's voice soothing the pain filling me within.
Sulking out into an ocean of rain soaking me through.
Lifting my head, crying to the heavens, why me?
Yet, knowing that there'll never be an answer.
Singly taking the straight and narrow path, only to be left alone in the middle of the desert - no where to go.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Backing Away

Always taking charge, keeping spirit and soul together, praying and taking care to stay in the presence of the Divine, whenever doing anything in life.

Capturing the beauty of nature and humanity within intellect, never backing away nor moving into the darkness for it is not holding anything at the moment of any use to mind or intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Been Kissed By Love

Never been kissed by love, not even knowing the meaning
behind it, how do you find love, where is it hidden?

Looking into the eyes of men all around, seeing nothing
but lust and desires of rape flowing from their loins.

How can a man love anyone when they only fulfill their
selfish pleasures?

All women and children living in fear of what will be
done to them by men who have only hatred within them.

Spilling the life-blood of innocence and purity with
nothing but organs of evil desire.

How utterly depraved and inhuman they are, also never
going to be touched by a kiss of love, because they are
incapable of feeling or having it for anyone but themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Been Kissed By Love Before

1: 09 p.m.
Never been kissed by love, not even knowing the meaning
behind it, how do you find love, where is it hidden?

Looking into the eyes of men all around, seeing nothing
but lust and desires of rape flowing from their loins.

How can a man love anyone when they only fulfill their
selfish pleasures?

All women and children living in fear of what will be
done to them by men who have only hatred within them.

Spilling the life-blood of innocence and purity with
nothing but organs of evil desire.

How utterly depraved and inhuman they are, also never
going to be touched by a kiss of love, because they are
incapable of feeling or having it for anyone but themselves.

1: 10 p.m.5/31/15 RoseAnn V. Shawiak Copyrighted: 5/31/15

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Being

Balancing in the center of life, watching as it teeters
back and forth at times, wondering why it doesn't comp-
lately topple over.

Standing in a field of emotions, letting them sate me
in ways in which they have of doing so, tears being
caught during the night in cups of sorrow.

Crying continues to overtake me, witnessing others hav-
ing and being in love, never to experience it on my own
has left a great silence and loss of hope within me.

Sincerely praying to find the love of my life before
dying, somehow knowing it will never be for me on this
earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Being Appreciated

Recognizing the reality of our time here being so
temporary, not letting us get used to our lives
too well before taking them away from us.

Death attuned totally to our spirits, waiting for
the exact moment to grasp our breath and take it
away from us.

Never being fully appreciated by anyone on earth,
as all our fickle and essential self-centered.

Living, dying, never able to attain anything in our
lifetimes, at least not permanently.

Even those who achieve riches and fame cannot take it
with them when they leave this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Being Blinded

Sounding off quietly into the atmosphere with fresh
new and exciting inventions to help all of mankind.

Splitting hairs and atoms, finding places for them
to coexist with molecules in this environment.

Taking care to explore and find the exact sphere to
place them in.

Never being blinded by the darkness of ignorance
throughout this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Being Lost

Whispering thoughts, vibrating in my brain, wanting to be let out to soar into skies of bluened beauty.
Wandering in and out of moments held closely in days still ahead, so they would never be lost in stranded corners of life, decaying from a loss of love in senior years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Believing

Mind energetically running, nothing able to keep up with
interior thought processes except for intellect, exciting
and relative, soaring past impossibilities people keep
telling me exist.

Never believing them, finding out for myself that what
they say isn't true for me, excited by these wondrous
possibilities at every turn, innate talent giving much
pleasure in this life.

Grasping an intellectual spirit that's alive and well
within, sensations totally fulfilling, always giving
an intense and vibrant energy that cannot be matched
artificially by anything else in existence.

It's mine alone it seems, coming from within a bluened
light of the Divine dwelling inside my soul, imparting
grace and goodness of God into my being, spreading it
throughout life, sharing with everyone I meet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Belonging

Surreptitiously searching for a place to call my own,
wondering interiorly if it will ever happen in my lifetime.
There's never been a space for me, its always been taken
away time and again.
Knowing life is a temporary stance, yet seeing many people
who have a home for their entire time on earth.
Where is the justice, the fairness supposed to be?
Why is it hidden away and reserved for certain people only?
Walking away, tears flowing, knowing I will never belong on
earth, because I am a poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Cease To Amaze

Standing in front of bands, listening to beautiful music being played, sending rhythms into fascinating ideas and thought.

Playing notes and fingering them quietly into musical compositions that are being created right now, so that my symphonies will one day be played all over the world.

Beautiful renditions and soft light, touching people's hearts all over the world, never ceasing to amaze and tantalize everyone's minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Changing

Thinking backwards into past times, watching for mistakes made, wishing to turn them around - to make them right.
To change life around, thinking it would've been better
had they never lived.
Feeling sorry for themselves, tiring of life's suffering,
yet doing nothing but reminiscing about past errors, never changing anything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Collecting Dust

Measures of moments stand out in symphonies of musical
interludes while writing poetry, interior lights shining
brightly upon a Divine bluened light.

Giving a sense of relief and peace to sooth daily pressures
in life, addressing them as they happen, experiencing and
writing them, never letting them collect dust.

Not wanting to tuck them away to blister and erode the
positive attitude and mood I awaken with each day, no
grudges or regrets to mar my spirit.

Life is too short, not wanting to waste a precious
moment, living life fully for soon it will be ending
and my poetry and it's memories will be all that's
left of me my friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Compromising Fear

Rising and finding patterns and designs coming into my
mind for the day, letting the morning sun fill me with
it's warmth.

Touching and filtering the beauty of life into intellect
where it can be written of here in poetry, leaving the
game just to promote awe and wonder through prose.

Never compromising fear of our Lord with that of humanity's
thoughts on the subject, always staying back, looking in-
to the future through intellect.

Solutions being found and adapted in order to take care
of questions that are always abounding, borne of the
necessity that is filled with an energy that never dies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Condemning Anyone

Sincere and wonderful, lifting inner spirits into outer
stratospheres, filling life with many expectations and
looking forward to outrageous possibilities happening
in the near future.

Coming into welcome sites of neighboring thoughts,
giving all endeavors moments of lifetime efforts,
deeply seated within the chasms and ravines of our
destiny.

Absolving facets of every individual and their faults,
never condemning another for just being themselves and
adding another dimension to our lives in positive ways
throughout this temporary period of time here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Confining Self

Satisfying thoughts are playing in this mind, giving much pleasure and anticipation.

Light finding it's way into images of beauty that are being envisioned at this moment in time, coming into the night, wanting to see things unseen by daylight.

Reaching for the utmost in life, never confining self to the ordinary, just constantly looking for the extra-ordinary and impossible to enrich my life.

Taking me into dimensions of after-life, rocking to the music of an interior life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Conquering Friendship

Straight-laced feelings being tossed aside, they have no
meaning in life right now.

Wildly chaotic, running into winds of derision and
insincerity, falling never upon my knees.

Never asking anything from anyone along the way and at
times, not accepting gifts given freely, preferring to
be a lone individual without interference of anyone in
life.

Conquests of friendship meaning nothing, holding hands
with lonely destiny, plotting through fate of unreality,
riding by, just for the sake of doing so.

Scattering thoughts like leaves on windy earthen days,
unafraid of their mistaken destinations.

Playing idly, confessing to no untoward priest or person,
preferring to speak to God in heaven.

Loneliness hanging from trunks of trees, like willows
falling to their knees in thanksgiving and praise for
one more day of existence in this miserable little world.

Catching a rainbow suddenly appearing, following and
grasping the tail end of it's color to fly away to
distant lands I have not yet been to.

Lighting the ancestry of darkness with one lone ray
of eerie light, maybe losing it's strength as another
day closes - yet, maybe not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Counting The Cost

Living in extremes of this life, going from within and
out to the entire world.

Giving of myself to anyone who wants to read me, always
supplying an unending abundance of poetry to be read.

Throughout the centuries never counting the cost
personally of my time to do so, feeling it's worth
deep within my soul.

No one else can ever reach me for my being belongs
totally to God, alone, the way He always meant it to be,
it seems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Deviating

Religiously being faithful, never deviating from the straight and narrow.

Looking about, being tempted, thinking to myself once in a while, why not, what can it hurt to stray.

Wondering what would happen if I did in the end, not doing it, because of the person that I am.

Never wanting to hurt God by giving in to temptation, something I couldn't live with if doing the wrong thing, giving in to it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Disavowing Purity Of Love

Focusing on honor and peace, the life we all want to
live is ready and waiting us to step up and proclaim
it as our own.

Never disavowing the explicit purity of our love in
purposes of a fantastic story being created now, even
though the world is falling down around us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Ending Faith

Recognizing life in beats of rhythm, enthusiastically
filling this mind with many expectations, giving purpose
and meaning throughout every situation and circumstance
in daily life.

Outstanding benefits opening doors into the future of our
destinies, believing and enduring in the midst of any
turmoil that may come along.

Sustaining purposes, feeling optimistic, spirits soaring
into the stratosphere beyond life, encompassing a great
faith, bringing me beyond sins that can be temptations,
helping to avoid them entirely.

Just and innocent, allowing a purity to be continually
sustained throughout life, a beautiful and awesome
integrity, fidelity and hope always at the forefront of
intellect and it's immense knowledge.

Always being kept closely and used whenever needed in
life's circumstances, a wonderful way to live life and
keep hope alive no matter what may occur in the future.

A wisdom of love and caring, nurturing compassion and a
goodness, brought forth forever into eternity, a never-
ending plethora of faithful purposes to hold onto.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Enough

Walking into a final sunset, sun shining on my being for
hopefully the last time, for life has lost all meaning
in these past few hours.

Wanting nothing more upon this earth, giving up what it
has in store, knowing it will never be enough, my spirit
intensely wanting to go back to heaven

Soul is more than ready, hoping the wait will not be too
much longer, for this life has already died and no one
seems to understand that.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Enough Time

Mirroring reflections of people in life,
all different types and styles of dressing.
Diverse attitudes, moods and life stories
that I can never have enough time to
capture them all in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Expecting

Being disappointed all through life
is something I'm used to.
Listening to what people tell me,
knowing that it will probably not come
true.
Just always, sitting back, never expecting
anything from anybody.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Fading In The Distance

Racing down tracks of life locomotively, doing figure eights
in my mind as I travel straight into depths of a solace made
just for my being.

Charging and delving constantly, never fading into the dis-
tance, moving incessantly to beats of another passage in this
life and time.

Making and breaking the wonder and awe of life and it's land-
scapes, truly adjusting and rearranging pathways standing a-
long sidelines of the next horizon.

Making way, taking me into the most splendid and awesomely
beautiful places never seen before, always placating my mind
as it races down tracks of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Fading Love

Whispering thoughts floating through my mind, taking me on past journeys of love.
Remembering earlier days when dating my husband and being married all these years, love never fading from my heart and mind.
Holding his love in my soul, always with hope in our tomorrows.
Loving him even with my last dying breath of life when it comes to me.
Love never dying even as I'm taken to heaven one day in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Fearing

Solidly following rhythms into mysteries of this life,
enjoying the positive and vivid rainbows of thoughts
giving me such pleasure.

Laughing, teasing me with tempos fast-paced and slow,
always playing with intellect, tasting effervescent
pleasure, ensuring my life will be joyful and happy.

When disappearing in the world of poetry that is so
dear to my purpose in this earthly life, taking me on
one adventure after another.

Never having to fear, not having any doubts about the
innate gifts I have been given, living my life fully
and intensely every moment that I'm alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Fearing Or Doubting

Solidly following rhythms into mysteries of this life,
enjoying the positive and vivid rainbows of thoughts
giving me such pleasure.

Laughing, teasing me with tempos fast-paced and slow,
always playing with intellect, tasting effervescent
pleasure, ensuring my life will be joyful and happy.

When disappearing in the world of poetry that is so
dear to my purpose in this earthly life, taking me on
one adventure after another.

Never having to fear, not having any doubts about the
innate gifts I have been given, living my life fully
and intensely every moment that I'm alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Feeling Love

Tempos coming into view, taking me into their rhythms and giving an intensity of hope and forgiveness to carry forward into a future life.

Having very little that can be seen, because of grief, creating a barrier in front of my being.

Wanting only to see and feel your presence beside me, not even noticing the true love lying right next to me.

Hiding here inside an interior subconsciousness, my mind finding expressions of love and caring, very touching.

Yet, not able to connect to them, because of the sorrow engulfing me from the loss of my forever love.

Never feeling her love again except through tears of crying flowing from my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Feeling The Love

Tempos coming into view, taking me into their rhythms,
giving an intensity of hope and forgiveness to carry
forward into a future life.

Having very little that can be seen, because of grief
creating a barrier in front of me.

Wanting only to see and feel your presence beside me,
not even noticing true love lying right here with me.

Hiding here inside interior subconsciousness, my mind
finding expressions of love and caring very touching.

Yet, cannot connect to them, because of the sorrow
engulfing me yet from the loss of my forever love.

Never feeling her love except through tears of crying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Filling A Void In Life

Hurrying through life, looking for happiness,
searching for companionship.

Walking into relationships without thinking,
walking out of them, thinking afterwards of
what you've lost.

Mind finally in gear, feverishly trying to
pull together, fragments of their individual
selves.

Whenever hearing something of meaning, rushing
into it, finding it is only another phase of
life, not ever coming near to the filling of a
void held deep within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Forgetting

Depths of passion, falling into seaweed of the ocean,
telling stories of storms that have been lived through.

Waves rising and crashing upon the surface, giving
emotions and feelings an intensity that will always be
remembered in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Forsaken

Soothing this interior spirit, filling it with a peaceful
serenity that cannot be taken, whether you get mad or not.

You are an entity without and can be blocked from the
energy of our souls.

Loving the power within, to contain everything so well
with the purposeful writing that is done while listening
to music all the time.

Listening day and night, never being forsaken by it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Forsaking My Poetical Life

Rhythmic and pulsating, keeping my mind keen, aware, alert
and never forsaking my poetical life, always writing the
best and worst of life in poetry.

It all is important to my purpose and destiny, it matters
in the scheme of things, yet in the end, not a bit will be
left for I will travel beyond this life and universe.

Living in an entirely new one that will be unlike anything
I have seen and experienced in this earthly life, this soul
will always remain free.

Being independent no matter where I end up, for God will
protect me from everything in this world and the next, only
because He loves me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Forsaking The Music

Piano playing softly in my mind, touching chords so
delicately, yet intensely, feeling the presence of
God within my soul.

Treasuring it with my heart and mind, finding life
is taking me joyfully into depths of self, there
finding the passion of my being.

Filled incessantly with the beauty I've found through
the years, so many treasures hidden there, never taken
away, even though there's been so much loss.

Grief, pain and suffering have taken a toll on my life's
mind, such a reprieve of self-respect, love and caring
have formed that I became a person filled with hope.

It continues to live and breathe within my spirit, never
forsaking the music of my soul, for without it I will be
nothing but an empty shell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Giving Peace

Reprobate feelings hanging desperately
to straws of sorrow as it melts into
your soul, never giving any peace from
its' existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Gray

Enjoying the song of black and white -
just the way I say everything and see
it - never seen in gray.

Nothing is creeping down sidelines, staying
forthrightly in straightened lines, never
ever veering.

Complicated strings of thought are eliminated
in songs, filled with black and white - no
signs of tracing backwards into edges off to
the side.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Having A Perfect Love

Everyone is craving love, wanting to be that someone special, feeling wanted, cared for and protected, wanting to be with someone who thinks the world of them.

Willing to do anything at all to make them happy, but such a perfect love is beyond most people's reach, yet we strive to get to that point in our lives.

Being human we will never have the perfect love for no one is fully capable of that type of loving, there's always something standing in the way.

Attitudes, moods, egos, keeping us always wishing and wanting more, settling for whatever we can get in the end and never fully being happy with what we've ended up with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Having Endings

Memories running through my mind, beginning over and over,
yet never having any endings because my mind just keeps on
recording everything in my life experiences.

Enjoying this precious gift constantly, learning always on
the run, remembering every little detail, even those that
others never realize are there until reading them in a poem.

Then exclaiming how wonderful they are and saying why didn't
I see this, but they never do, because they're not attuned
to things around them.

This mind is always open, absorbing everything and anything
in sight or touching any of my senses, I guess that's how
it happens in my brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Having Met

Along the way down life's road we met and fell in love, never ever meeting each other on a physical plain.

Yet, transcendentally becoming one, together, for all eternity.

Poetically meshing, becoming one in spirit, living in separate countries, yet coming together whenever we want.

Talking to one another, sharing our lives on another level in another dimension, favoring our pastimes forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Having To Be Alone

Tempting me with the look in your eyes, ablaze with desire,
touching my tender heart with a loving burn.

Sensibility being thrown out the window, just wanting to be
next to you totally.

Knowing your secrets and interests, matching mine, giving
us things to do together.

Never having to be alone as we travel this earth, holding
hands and hearts forever.

Senses being attuned to our heart's desires only, as we are
excited and tempted by the closeness of our beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Hiding

Living in the aftermath of turmoil, feeling it's
devastating requirements on my being, taking the
last vestiges of life from me.

Wanting only to continue writing, hiding within
verses being written, letting others who read them
know who I really am.

No pretenses, lies or hoaxs to confront, just plain
truth, honest and forthright, never hiding from
faults or mistakes in life.

Always admitting if I have done wrong, making amends
wherever I can possibly do so, living an honest and
narrow path in this world, never compromising self
for anything or anybody else.

Being true to God and self, nothing having mattered
at all, except family and friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Hiding From An Essence Of Life

Quickening the pace all through the night, loving how it's being done, just right for finding adjacent memories to go with each measure.

Once upon a time being in synch with irregular traits of other people, their expressions exacting many beliefs and convictions from within this being.

Comforting and soothing, lifting interior spirits with beautiful melodies being placed in tones that are being played one after another in a constant sequence.

Many possibilities turn into equations of life, nature and humanity, a delightful and promising stance, never hiding from an essence of living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Hiding From Intellect

Restless, energized, wanting to travel the world through
reality and imagination, filling this poetical mind with
new experiences, adventures and situations.

Always on the lookout for something new that I've never
seen before, curious about everything that comes into my
life.

Expressing interest and wonder in all that my mind per-
ceives, whether through reality or imagination, it all
interests and tempts curiosity incessantly.

Questions abounding, taking me soaring and looking for
answers down every avenue and into every corner, they
can never hide from intellect.

Satisfying my mind unendingly, giving me plenty to
write about poetically, enjoying the innate workings
of this mind immensely every moment of the day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Knowing

Traveling roads, narrow and meant for only me, watching every detail that befalls.

Seeing the passage of time, taking me farther away from the beginning of life.

Not knowing how it can happen so quickly without realizing how it is done.

Silently, alone, traipsing through it, never knowing when this will be my last moment on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Knowing Another

Watching men and women falling in and out of love,
caring then throwing the other away for someone
else.

Causing turmoil, grief, sorrow, loneliness and
abandonment, not caring one iota for doing it, just
selfishly wanting something more than what they have.

Why do people do this horrendous thing to one another,
what is the reason? Wouldn't it be kinder and easier
to love one person throughout life.

Getting to know each other intimately and thoroughly,
having a wonderful life, instead of going from one
person to another.

Never having the experience of knowing someone so
intensely and never being known the same way by any-
one else in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Knowing How Much

Sadness quietly flowing from these eyes, sitting here
wondering when life is going to stop knocking me down.

Never knowing how much more can be endured, as wave
after wave bowls me over.

Understanding of fate escapes me at this moment and
any that may come after it.

Knowing nothing to help, always standing alone in a
boxed off section of destiny.

Finding there is no explanation or reason for my being,
yet, here I am still living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Landing

Taking off from airstrips in my mind, soaring with eagles, never landing, wanting only to be above in memories of flight.
Chancing liberties as I travel into storms of emotional thought and placing faith into prayerful poems.
Ascending to heaven's edges, where I grasp and hold onto them forever in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Learning The Truth

Gladly watching as music takes everyone into a splendid atmosphere
of intellectual order, tearing apart the stupidity of some people
who are clueless and have no common sense.

Seeming as if the door has slammed shut in their minds, never learn-
ing what the truth is listening to lies and illusions and thinking
that wrong is right.

Totally being backwards and not even noticing how everything they
believe in is morally and ethically wrong and there's no purpose in
relating it at all.

Stepping on the truth, patriotism and unity in order to support
traitors and illegals instead of American citizens, going completely
against our Constitution and laws.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Leaving

Soundly trying to stand by a friend whom I love
dearly, never leaving his side no matter what
until he no longer needs me.

Knowing the interior pain and sadness that are
his, feeling it intensely, intuitively, even
though thousands of miles away.

Taking care to always be there for him, talking,
listening, just BEing there through it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Leaving Behind Music

Filling the atmosphere with integrity and soaring high
into the sky, leaving no doubts as to where, why or
how life is connected to rhythms.

Always interiorly holding the truth of honesty and an
innocence, riding waves into the future, crashing and
tempting landscapes of in inner spirituality.

Riding along with strides of active tides, creating and
developing iridescent colors as they blossom and form
ideas and thoughts into prose.

Throughout the night, stars twinkling brightly, shining
into the twilight, alone on a separate journey that can-
not be escaped from.

Living on edges and never divulging secrets that lie with-
in, a beauty defined and kept on photographic screens,
never leaving behind the music as it entices me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Left Behind

Insatiable desires fill us with His love as we try
and be obedient to His holy will.
Holy Spirit flowing out upon everyone in this room,
healing and loving everyone in His name.
Whole in Christ once again, reborn in His arms,
never to be left behind through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Letting Me Forget You

Sun setting here in a nighttime moon of life, touching and filling me with the essence of a poetical harmony, taking my heart soaring as songs continue to play within.

Lights of the dance floor, colors flowing across the room, as ideas sprout and blossom, wonderfully vibrant, lively and sensing inherent love that will always be mine.

No matter how much I forget as life moves on, you holding me gently will never let me forget you my love, throughout our lives together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Looking Beyond Depths Of My Soul

Somehow being guided down a path of enlightenment, life
fulfilling it's own mysteries, touching upon the reality
of a perfect atmosphere through prayer.

Watching as portals open before intellect, seething with
impossibilities of innate wisdom, yet knowing that all
are possible and attainable.

Never looking beyond depths of my soul for the beauty of
being created in this world, grateful to God for being
my creator, having mercy and loving me always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Losing Sight

Calmly sitting here, writing rapidly to rhythms
being listened to.

No worries, continuing to reign within this spirit
where life has begun and continues through my soul.

Beginnings have been brought together with the ending
of life as it transpires with every new thought.

Never losing courage or sight of what is important
in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Lost

Tiptoeing through fields and meadows of fantasy,
keeping track of where I'm going, never lost no
matter what, because sense of direction is fine.

Seeing shooting stars above as I walk into the
twilight, seeing their beauty strike like lighten-
ing, sparkle and then dying in the darkness of a
fading life that belongs only to them at moment
in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Measuring Time

Walking into an eternal sunset, darkness surrounding me, thoughts stirring, taking memories out to look into once again.

Wanting to find out what's being hidden in recesses of my mind, looking about, seeing people laughing, talking, being excited about opportunities and new experiences.

Yet life keeps running into barriers along the way, never measuring the time it takes to relieve the hurt, pain and individual suffering each person goes through while living on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Meeting In The Middle

Living in extremes of this worldly life,
never meeting in the middle for some un-
known reason.

Carrying dreams into intellect, leaving
the rest in cisterns of yesterday, yet
tallying values and qualities, letting
them continue to multiply into the future.

Darkness spreading apart, revealing the
sunshine shining brightly with no clouds
to mar or block the view of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Noticing

People everywhere I look in all directions, going about
their own business, not caring about anyone else.

Living in their own worlds, never noticing pain and con-
fusion in those going through extreme difficulties alone.

Compassion and caring seemed to have died somewhere along
the line, has evil erased faces of goodness from our world?

Is there no one left who cares for the rest of humanity and
it's future?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Noticing Time

Strolling down lanes in the fall, watching the leaves
changing colors right before my eyes, leaving every-
thing to imagination's byways.
Tantalizing aromas reaching my mind with significant
memories of the past.
Never noticing time flying by, just being prepared
for death as I wend my way towards the sunset of my
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Owning Up

Silently wondering, thinking over many items that have been
happening lately, wanting to be sure what I've been hearing
from other people who have been bullying and causing trouble.

Cannot believe how they're picking on others for insane and
inane reasons, singling out and trying to blame people for
what they're thinking.

Typical liberals never able to take the blame for things
they themselves have caused in people's lives, never owning
up to their mistakes.

Blatantly giving and assigning their mistakes on others,
throwing it all right back at them, not allowing others to
place their blame on anyone, refusing to own it, period.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Pacified

Rhythms riding down train tracks in life keeping me fully energized and vibrant as I live this earthly life alone.

Never being pacified, traveling solitary avenues into the future of my destiny.

Keeping you closely to the heart of mine that is still holding onto yours.

Time interceding between tears, yet nothing can interfere with out hearts as we continue through life.

On opposite sides of life's death, holding onto each other no matter what, never able to coincide again, my heart remains heavy without you, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Peeking

Voices calling deeply from depths of canyons, wondering
why no one is answering their constant echoes.

Existence has disappeared from earth, yet they know
nothing of where it has gone.

Disappearing into the atmosphere, leaving no traces
behind for anyone to follow.

Clouds continually looking down, the only ones who
know the answers of their lonely calls.

Echoing throughout ravines and canyons of nature where
rivers flow and are undivided in their mountainous depths
by the touch of mankind.

Keeping always hidden, not wanting to be seen, afraid
of being displaced or destroyed by man.

Rightfully being kept hidden, never even peeking beyond
the edges of their interior landscapes.

Soothing rivers flowing, keeping their memories sacred
in depths of their nature's given and protected by God
Himself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Quitting

Winners always stay on top because
they've learned from their mistakes.

When failing and never quitting,
knowing where they're headed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Ready

Problems always arising when going to the pharmacy to
pick up prescriptions, the pharmacist telling me they
will be ready, told her I'd be there after lunch.

Giving a few hours more to make sure they were ready,
going to pick them up, finding they haven't even been
filled as yet!

Having to wait while the pharmacist fills them now,
instead of them being ready for me to pick up and go
home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Running Aground

Rippling effects of life circumstances wash over me like
waves of the ocean, constantly cleansing and purifying
my mind of emotions and feelings.

Never running aground, always free to continue their pur-
pose in my life, keeping this mind clear, free of any
debris that might try and gather inside of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Satisfied

Black ebony of nighttime where many details lie hidden,
always being curious, wanting to know everything there
is to know.

Never being satisfied with incomplete or fragmented
answers, continuing to look for their truths, an unend-
ing quest while alive.

Persistent and never tiring, living a life of longing
and purpose, nothing to take from the essence of who
I am, writing through moments of this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Satisfied With Love

Looking around at all the elderly couples dancing and
enjoying themselves tremendously, knowing many of them
have been married fifty or sixty years to each other.

Thinking of couples nowadays, going from one partner to
another, getting divorced, never being satisfied with
the original love's of their lives.

What the tremendous difference in this century of
life, love not being so transparent today, full of lies,
cheating and subterfuge.

Parents ignoring their children, sacrificing their
innocence and livelihood for adult pleasures and
selfishness.

Our world today is defiled and depleted of love and joy,
fidelity and security, why does it have to be this way, I
wonder.

Watching people being greedy, evil and thinking of themselves,
fulfilling their own desires, not caring about anyone else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Shying Away

Melodies being syncopated in the sweetness of our love, spreading out our lives of passion as we spend every moment together.

Our lives can never be separated for we were meant to be together my love, our lives are being held in an unconditional and loving hearts.

Vital emotions forever filling us, feelings rising to the surface, never shying away for we were meant to share everyone of them throughout our lives my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Thinking Of Growing Older

When young, never thinking of self as old, never a thought of what it would be like, aging was natural, everyone went through it, thoughts were never a part of life beyond the present.

Volunteering with the elderly at twelve years old, helping to feed those who couldn't feed themselves, talking and helping them with things they could no longer do for themselves.

Never thinking about it at all, later specializing in geriatric nursing, in charge of the men's and women's infirmaries, doing everything a nurse needed to do.

Working and taking care of the nuns and priests, caring for the dying patients, always being chosen by the Mother Superior to attend to their needs.

Loving doing it, never complaining, enjoying working and caring for the elderly, never a thought of self growing older, somehow it happened through the years.

Now needing care with every day things that cannot be done for self because of many surgeries, hating to lose independence and freedom, wanting to do things alone.

Biding time, getting stronger, needing more surgery to make it better, impatiently sitting on the sidelines, wanting so badly to do what was done when younger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never To Be Tamed

Appearing in reflections, images taunting me with their
mysterious looks, finding the very within of my being
where I hide poetically and silently.

Writing rapidly, touching upon facts of life and it's
mysteries, curious and questioning, never stopping,
living the way I want to.

Unable to be tamed for I'm a quiet rebel, wild, free and
independent, like a genie giving self wishes and the hell
with waiting for someone else to provide what I want.

So enticing and favorable, giving and paving the way in-
to the future of my destiny, living life my way and to
hell with opinions of others about what I should be doing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Trusting

Trusting in other people is very hard to do if you have
no trust to give another.

Having been hurt way too often in life, not wanting to
give of self to another ever again.

Always, the thought of being hurt is lasting in your
mind, a memory that can never be erased.

It is associated with pain and abuse from the past,
still never meeting anyone in life that won't hurt you.

Because we are all only human beings, unable to go
through life without hurting anyone.

Our egos are constantly getting in the way of trusting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Understanding

Sheer and total beauty finding it's way through deep and abiding canyon's filling this being, crossing through them, watching with breathtaking wonder at the stunning awe-filled nature that has dealt God's hand on this earth.

Giving everyone on earth the mentality to look, yet never understand the meaning behind the Divine's total mystery through measures of rhythm and melody.

Treasuring and cherishing each moment that enters this life filled with exquisite experiences given to each and every one of us.

A lifetime to find our way and purpose on paths of destiny along years of life we have left here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Wallowing In Temptations

Realizing the beauty felt in life, hoping to give it justice
through the years, cooperating with laws and morals of this
world.

Never wallowing in temptations or evil, standing always alone,
following inner pathways that are never-ending, always moving
closer to the ending of my destiny.

Fulfilling every purpose I was born for, walking always on
trails of lonely and empty impossibilities, having the courage
to continue on through this life.

Taking everything in stride, allowing for situations and cir-
cumstances to change or be rearranged, not letting any of it interfere with what I
am to attain in this life of mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Wanting An Ending

Lifting this heart into outer atmospheres when you look
at me lovingly, whispering I love you in my ear, it's
sound tickling and filling me with a childish glee.

Wanting to be held and made love to, delighting in your
love, mind, body and being, taking it all within gladly
through the night.

Loving the beauty that you give me through your being,
touching my heart with wanton abandonment, wanting our
love-making to never have an ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Wanting To Part

Sensuous and loving, wanting to hold onto a love of
considerable joy.

Wanting to always be alongside the love of my life,
knowing that life will be enhanced with this one
person held close to my heart.

Dancing in memories and having the time of my life
in the arms of an unconditional love.

Pulling together through thick and thin no matter
the dangers and sadness that may come upon us.

Looking constantly into each other's heart's eyes,
always finding the essence of one another being held
right here within our souls.

An interior and beautiful life together, never wanting
to part, yet also knowing that the ultimate sacrifice
will be taken from each of us.

Wondering which one will be the first to be taken beyond
life's black curtains, ruing that day, knowing we will
have to part as it pulls at our heartstrings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Wavering

Faithful to convictions of truth that are religiously held onto, never wavering from the path of righteousness.

Knowing that times will be difficult, having to hold onto hope for dear life, knowing that there is nothing more in this temporary earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Wavering Or Faltering

Finding a promised land, within an interior universe,
taking the road into my future and not looking back.

Seeing unlimited possibilities standing directly in
front of me, taking advantage of them in a big way.

Never wavering, staying on the straight and narrow
always, without faltering or doubting my ability to
do so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Wishing To Be In The Picture

Always standing back, never wishing to be in pictures
of fame and riches, preferring to be in the background,
alone, writing to my heart's content.

Missing the love of my heart, yet knowing that purpose
of his is to love me unconditionally throughout his
life.

An inspirational and valued treasure, I keep cherished
within my heart as well, nothing else matters, fame,
riches, they can all be won and lost over again.

But to have a love like yours and mine is worth more
than all the precious metals and diamonds in the entire
world.

A sacred and holy love that God has given to us both,
a pact with the Divine that nothing can corrupt, it's
totally precious throughout every moment.

We cannot trade this love for all the riches and fame
in the world, because it's worth more than all of it in
my mind and yours, I know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never Working

What are you going to do with your life, have you made
up your mind, made any plans?

What is it that you really love to do, what is your
inner passion in life?

Find out what has meaning deep inside and do something
that you know you'll love throughout your life.

If you can do that, you will never have to work a day
in your life, because you will enjoy what you're doing.

It's best if you are doing what you love every day, it
will never get boring or tiresome, for it will be your
passion and desire in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never-Ending Complacency

Feeling the senses of inner perception, curling
around my mind, giving me plenty to think about as
I write constantly and incessantly through rhythms,
playing on my walkman.

All of them leading into depths of intellect where
they're ironed out, pressed into sentences, given
new ideas to shape and form intellect's solemn
particles into many poems of tomorrow's literature.

Always becoming, in every motion of pen and mind,
flowing in time to music's rhythms.

A never-ending complacency, coming through time
and again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never-Ending Hole

Years of tears filling this heart, loving continuing
for everyone who has passed from this life.

A never-ending hole in my heart, nothing to fill it,
because those I have loved, each took a piece of it
to heaven with them.

Glad to know that they were able to take it's pieces
with them, knowing at least that we'll never really
be separated from one another.

Yet, what's left of my heart is torn and pierced, a
tattered rag in all respects, unable to be repaired,
mended or filled in again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Never-Ending Reality

Washing melodies with bluened tears as images flow through hearts and minds, eventually leaving all thoughts in mid-air where they're not easily disturbed. Focusing on the problems at hand, never turning from finding solutions to fix them.
Leaving all formulas in caverns of decisiveness, touching only the relative purposes of never-ending reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Americans

Children of many different nationalities finding common ground while playing at various games here at the senior center and parks and recreation.

Playing pool, ping pong, shuffleboard, basketball, soccer, pickle ball, all getting along really well, no fighting, taunting or bullying.

Enjoying watching them learn how to communicate and live together in this world of ours, even though their cultures are so very different from one another.

Proud to see that they have all become Americans and that they are also proud to have become American citizens, it does my heart good to see this.

Future generations finding the solutions to racism, hatred, prejudice, that many of their parents still adhere to, not yet having overcome any of it in their own lives.

Children being resilient and accepting, always ready to reach out and accept others living lives that are different from their own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Angles Of Thought

Flowing down river, watching scenic views catch my eye as I wade through a maze of memories.
Thinking of new angles of thought, playing finitely with elegant lace caught on edges of my mind.
Delicately taking promises to heart and disappearing beneath a haze of dreams, finding staying awake is much too difficult to do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Avenues Of Learning

Creating from new patterns of Indian rhythms, adjusting
brain synapses and neurons to new avenues of learning
and exploration.

Sensational ideas popping in and out of intellect, emitting
an absolute beautiful amount of intense messages coded so
delicately with this new prospect of life inside.

Another sphere has been created, taking peace into a realm
of exacting directions, splaying, opening widely, taking no precautions, letting it
happen in intricate designs and
patterns.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Avenues Of Sight

Triangular shapes making their way into my mind,
poking and prodding, giving me new avenues of sight.
Letting me be myself, giving insight beyond ordinary
comprehension.
Reliving experiences, seeing new angles never looked
at before this.
Relying solely on beautiful visions as they escape
and run rampant through leaves of my existence.
Carrying voices through the years, discerning every
particle of entreaty that alights upon the table of
my memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Beginnings

Silently perturbed,
awaiting answers to prayers said daily.
New hopes are arising that today will
be the day of new beginnings for an old
friendship.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Blood

Everywhere you look, people are interfering with nature and devastating it's beauty throughout our entire world, corrupt people out to destroy our environment in return for money.

Why? Because they're greedy, wanting power over everyone, We the People trying to stop the horror of what they're doing through legal avenues.

They are too slow, so now we're going after every incumbent in office, getting everyone to vote for their opponents, needing new blood with values to take their places.

Finally ending the corruption in our government, removing them from office and eliminating their agendas at long last, enabling us to be free from their tyranny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Blossoms

Trudging along, wondering where mysteries are coming from,
appearing out of nowhere.

Taking steps into springtime where all pieces seem to fit
in refreshingly new blossoms of thinking.

Opening buds, engulfing life in periods of antagonistic
sorcery from outside the world of nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Car Showroom

Enjoying music at a new car showroom, sitting in their lounge
and writing poetry, brand new cars all around, lights shining
upon them.

Reflecting from windows, causing many absorbing designs and
patterns through intellect, to touch interior thoughts mind-
fully.

Staff is courteous, offering water or coffee; cleanliness
in an atmosphere that achieves the purpose of newness, re-
freshing and tempting people to buy a new vehicle.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Cloud Of Creativity

Staccato sounding beats hitting places of my mind, waking them to the awareness of a new cloud of creativity

It's now forming in intellect, roaring into the limelight with a perfect vision that incites my curiosity.

Exciting me thoroughly in this state of mind, twisting and gyrating, finding thoughts no matter what direction intellect goes in.

Riding waves of excitement, taking my being down mountains, up steep canyon walls, finding beautiful landscapes appearing everywhere I happen to look.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Construction

Buildings new and bare, at a construction site on Thunderbird.
Buckets, tools, pipes, debri, lying everywhere, waiting to be cleaned up.
Workers on roofs, hanging from ladders and scaffolds, daredevily putting together wood and stucco, creating clusters of apartments.
Talking, yelling, trudging through mounds of mud to reach the doors of those already done.
Trucks parked haphazardly throughout the parking lot with doors hanging open for easy access to depths of tools and supplies within.
Landscapers attempting to place and straighten trees with wire and pieces of hose tied to posts.
They look like they've been placed upon the rack and are being stretched out of proportion.
Men walking around with bright orange safety jackets and hard hats, intermittent spanish heard, teasing, cajoling, trying to make the most of it in the hot morning sun.
Some apartments finally ready, awaiting the vinyl layers, my son and husband, for the final touches on their new, clean splendor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Dawning

Waking reverberations climb within, opening mind's eyes
to a new dawning of wisdom.

Entering visions of lively animation, maintaining
excellent views of emotion, catering to them.

Crossing over and through pathways of character as it
forms itself into words of prose.

Lifelong stretches, calmly existing alongside natural
beauty, as I serenely quit being inside myself daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Dawns

Warm feelings saturating my mind with their crisp light touch, sending ideas into creative juices of imagination.
Sounding echoes of thought into the open, awakening my subconscious to new dawns on future horizons.
Relating abstractions along paths of puzzles, fitting them into lyrical verses of continuity.
Savoring their tastes as my mind salivates just thinking about them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Day

Capturing the aura of this morning in a poem,
watching the sun crawl across the ground very
slowly.

Touching flowers, trees, bushes, life with it's
effervescent beauty and splendor.

Shining brightly, spreading it's vitamin D upon
everyone who's out walking or standing in the sun.

A wonderful way to wake to a new day, seeing every-
thing as if it was brand new, like a little child.

Never having lost that wonder and awe through all
the years of life, continuing to enjoy everything
as if it were brand new to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Day Out Of Reach

Writing into a new and as yet darkened morning, sun
still sleeping beyond the horizon, no where in sight.

Stars still shining, twinkling upon earth with their
bright and steady blinking.

Looking at the face of a clock, seeing the moments
moving forward through the rest of the night.

They seem to not be moving and a new day is standing
just out of my reach.

Giving in, putting down my pen once again, going to
sleep, awaiting the sun in dreams, refined through
reality's imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Day Waiting

A new day awaiting it's beginning, filled with a wonderful curiosity to handle, searching for answers in every subject.
Combining all thoughts, adding hues of varied colors and adding a lot of music and rhythm.
Watching all the experiences of a lifetime revolve around interior picture screens.
Taking part in an array of beautiful visions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Depths

Life being lived fully, completing everything before it's over and done with, enjoying people, activities, adventures and challenges.

Forging into new depths of life experiences, hoping to find a challenge that will excite and bring different circumstances than previously had.

Never losing excitement and hopes, for another tomorrow will be here to investigate, finding and learning new things we've not had the experience of before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Designs Of Love

Surging interiorly like ocean waves during a storm of
epic proportions, desires taking on new designs of love.

Like a kaleidoscope, feelings and emotions constantly
changing, creating new ideas through an everlasting love.

Changing colors, effervescent and pastels blending with
foamy waters that never do stand still.

Calming and placing hearts to rest as storms of desire
fill them incessantly.

Finally landing upon shore, lying within, taking the shape
of a formulated love.

Silently it consumes those who give in to it's passion and
beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Destiny

Reaching beyond what we have seen before,
now living constantly in His presence and
touching other's lives that we know nothing
about.
Yet, we are all being helped by God, leading
us down new paths to a new destiny filled
with gifts now fully being used.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Destiny's Chance

Solitarily living a life of tranquility, keeping pace
with rhythms as they lead into a new destiny being
created while writing incessantly.

A productive and assertive ability to take life by
the horns and move it into beautiful realms of
possibilities.

There being rearranged and given a second chance
to take new and open pathways into the future, mind
ready to take on any new challenges in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Dimension

Laughing, feeling happiness coming within through music
of Cyndi Lauper, enjoying her upbeat music very much.

Enticed by rapid rhythms and tempos, falling into it's
patterns with intellect on the run.

Traveling into another dimension that has opened wide,
inviting me into it's depths.

Delighted, I enter and look around at the crystalline
environment surrounding me.

Visions of beauty coming into my sight as it fascinates
my curiosity, wanting to know how it becomes this way.

What will be found here in this new dimension beyond,
that of earth?

Is there anything that can be derived here to help when
I get back to reality on earth?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Dimension Of Thought

Blending mind with an intense imagination, taking reality
by the hand, giving it a new take in thoughts through music,
softly playing the piano in my mind.

Letting notes and tones soar into fantasies and daydreams of
purposefulness, wanting to find solutions to problems of this
world.

Uniting and living in peace is an interior vision that's never
ended, wanting it's definition to include my name in the annals
of time, literature, science and math.

Forging a new dimension of thinking out to the world for every-
one to see and grasp tightly with their hearts and minds, all
people contributing to peace in our world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Directions

Lifetimes created before me in seconds of chance
each day.

Feeling the sounds of nature beginning inside,
reaching depths untouched by words.

Living throughout the minutes, sacrificing inner
turmoil, surfacing, able to find new directions,
new pathways through life.

Soundlessly enjoying peaceful contentment, idly
sitting on shores of my horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Dreams

Titillating my mind, giving me new dreams to set in sleep and memorize.
Twisting and bending, forming new breeds of subconscious ideas.
Bleeding from memories, emotions flow, covering me with intense feelings,
making me feel what I don't want to.
Trying to escape, searching for exits to get me far away from the past, instead I
turn another corner and run headlong into another
just as hurtful and full of pain, sent from yesterday's corner of
my mind's heart.
Slicing and slashing, cutting inside, taking the will to live and
hiding it inside boundaries of suicide.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Episodes In Life

Traveling down roads of peaceful endeavors,
hoping to find a quiet, still place to hide
away and become another self - one that I
can live with in future hope and happiness.

Lasting impressions fill my mind and keep
me whole and balanced for the time being.
Finding a whole new episode in life as I
walk forward into new avenues of prayer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Experiences

Today, opening up new experiences waylaid in younger
days, alert, aware, sensing a change in future life
right now - today.

Moving forward without hesitation, carefully weighing
conclusions before they are foregone.

Life sits on many merry-go-rounds as we progress
through it, choosing which direction to go until the
next change of rearranged life.

All is finished when each merry-go-round has finally
stopped in stride.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Experiences In Life

Life introducing many new and wonderful experiences
into our lives, some we love, others not so much,
yet we take whatever we're given in stride.

Finding ways to go around some of the more difficult
ones when we can, looking for solutions along the way,
hoping we will survive and continue to have faith all
the days of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Expressions

N-thinking, a new expression for something I've always done,
learned when extremely young.
Being right-brained and left at the same time, rearranging
interior solace while watching pictures of thought combine
with music's rhythms and tones to compose, write and paint
what it is I see photographically in mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Frontiers

Rhythms bouncing back and forth, playing ping pong with
thoughts crowding within this mind, penetrating, color-
fully performing beautiful melodies.

Being played instrumentally, testing and forming every
equation as they open onto new frontiers in this vast
interior universe.

Always taking me into it's fields of vision, sublimely
and profoundly soaring into landscapes of tomorrow's
destiny.

Looking through windows of the future, intuitively seeing
images and pictures of what is now happening through the
brilliant minds of men and women all over this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Goals Being Made

Goals in life are many, we all have different ideas of what is the best, fitting them to meet our individual needs.

Searching at times after fulfilling the ones we've made in the past, attitudes and ideas changing through the years.

Looking for something a little different, wanting to make a difference in this world, having matured beyond the selfishness of ourselves in youth.

Looking to the world, finding something we can do to help others, not only in America, but in other countries as well.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Heights

Coming of age, talent stretches itself and builds
interior stature in leaps and bounds, culminating
in an extreme amount of poetry being written in
formulated experiences and taken to new heights in
life's expectancy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Horizon

Running into the future of a new horizon, seeing our way
clear through freedom and our Constitution.

Weapons locked and loaded, ready for the way that our own
government has brought to our shores.

Ready, waiting, snipers hidden everywhere, the enemy will
never know what has hit them until they die.

Dead on the ground in pools of their bloody lies and many
illusions, now no longer doing them any good.

Setting the cry of freedom across the world, reaching out
to everyone, everywhere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Leafs

Turning over new leafs in my mind,
wondering at their timidity
towards illumination of their beauty.

Fascinating thoughts ready to be
compiled in volumes of activities
in daily life.

Then they can be written in books of
poetry where they will always
be seen in the light of day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Learning

Tender sadness fostered within, belying many stages of anguish left outside.
Side-stepping many paths crowded with life, seeking instead, solitude in making new and different pathways toward intellect.
Creating an atmosphere of exciting learning with new ideas on knowledge.
By-passing the erudition of old with it's tell-tale signs and creating a new mode of learning through intelligent genius.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Life

Rollicking frivolously in and out of a polka, enjoying
it's syncopated beats in every measure.

Skipping, sliding, riding the waves of inner rhythms,
climbing clouds into the heavens, capturing the essence
of another era in musical interludes.

Giving it a new life through exceptional feelings, and
abounding in and out of every tune being played.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Life Of Reality

Mourning sounds, echoing dismally in early morning hours,
discouraging those mired in grief, forsaken and alone.

Traveling deserted back roads, trying to continue to
exist alone, having a difficult time in their bereft lives.

Absenting and isolating, because they cannot face their
new life of reality without the one they loved so much in
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Light

Figuring numerical codes, finding solutions through
poetical descriptions in imagination's depths.

Tangling with features, breaking through old barriers
of yesterday's faded questions.

Bringing them to new light and dimension in solid
graphic, picturesque poetry.

Finding answers to never-ending questions, always on
edges of belief and sincerity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Limitations

Waking thoughts taking me gently by the hand, bringing me
into depths of all the yesterdays of my life.

Pictures, walking through them, feeling the emotions
attached to them so long ago.

A beautiful rendition of how love and caring used to be
such a large part of my life.

Adjusting to the new limitations life has extracted from
me is difficult, I miss the love and caring I used to
know from family and friends.

A solemn dejection always following and within me anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Mathematical Ideas

Regulating irregular thoughts as they beat against
chords of life, adjusting lightening strikes,
giving them other universes to light up electrically
novel ideas.

Encapsulating brilliant aspects of fantastic properties
in new mathematical ideas, simple yet not yet identified,
holding perfect formulas for future ways of performing
solutions mathematically.

Wanting to establish the arrival of it's prospectus in
visions of intellect, completing picture puzzles of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Meanings

Fissures of absence are filled with a bluened light
being sent from above.
Turning about, leaving no traces of being here,
figuring totals of some day will be found on doorsteps
of tomorrow.
Finally deciding to become a page in life's dictionary,
bringing new meaning into view.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Memory

Auctioneer now auctioning off many valuable prizes to those
sitting here listening, people making bids, raising their
hands, smiling when getting the highest bid on everything.

A wonderful experience to watch and listen to, people clap-
ping smiling, then comes more raffles of prizes donated by
people and politicians.

Many wonderful, beautiful prizes laid out upon three tables
covered in red tablecloths, prizes regally situated upon
each of them, awaiting someone to win and claim individually.

So happy to see my friend, the man publishing my books here
in Phoenix, Arizona, has won the first prize, a Trump hat,
tee-shirt, an RNC insulated coffee tall mug.

A woman helping with drawing tickets and handing out prizes
to each winner, now on the last table, drawings for consola-
tion prizes like a basket of wine, roses, etc.

All wonderfully being presented eloquently and beautifully,
watching as Trent Franks and his young son walk by, a cute
little boy for sure, hands in his pockets.

Up on the stage now, standing next to his Dad, looking out
over the people seated in front of the podium, as everyone
claps for them both.

Almost to the end, having enjoyed this event explicitly, a
memory now carved permanently, to be remembered with a smile
from time to time throughout years of life left to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Missteps

Alighting on a misstep in the wake of discovery, finalizing preparations for future destinies.
Startling events into turning upside down, laughter rising from unknown depths.
Wandering aimlessly, walking into zones of unfriendly misconceptions, stepping on no one's toes.
All the while, singly finding new ways of doing things.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Mood Of Reality

Tender sounds touching inner senses, brilliantly lighting
colors with four-dimensional crystals.

Allowing for complete action to be roused within visions
of applicable blossoms, as they tantalize this mind with
fragrances of another land set in the background of it's
intricate music.

Splendid clarity giving way to many scenes of wisdom's
balance on centrifugal sides of scientific formulas.

Outcomes are beginning, slowly at first, because of the
eerie sounds not heard musically before.

Silence as my mind listens, enraptured by unusual tones
being played by instruments of India.

Full-flavored and invigorated by inner senses as they
fall forward into a circle of unanswerable questions.

Waiting to find the epitome of questions in the forest
of a lasting purpose set upon this mind from the outset
of a new and inviting mood of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Morning Being Born

Blackened clouds starting to spread themselves out,
as the sun starts opening it's eyes and peeking
timidly out upon the world.
Beautiful blue eyes taking in the wonder of this
new morning, soon to be born on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Morning In India

A new morning now creating energy of this day through
imagination and intellect, a chemical mixture of reality
and fantasy that cannot be still.

Filling this poet faithfully and completely throughout
every moment in life, socially becoming a part of this
world, yet remaining each of us individuals.

No comparison anywhere as we all join in, finding the
beauty of nature and the Divine, all at once becoming
in one place, where nothing matters except one another.

Each of us contributing to the sensations and liveliness
of where we're at in any given moment in time, coming to-
gether for the good of humanity only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Morning Sun

Watching water flowing quickly in a circle around the pool
below a fountain, seeing it's energy being projected in
ripples, circling and crossing it's surface in the sunlight
of this new morning sun.

Reflections of trees and flowers swimming gracefully atop
the water, leaving no impressions within that they were
held there for moments in timeless spaces, traveling around
my mind taking a journey through nature's beauty and essence.

Whiling away moments of life just to savor the wonderful
essence of Mother Nature in her now unnatural habitat,
made solely by man in his desire to try and outdo God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Outlooks Open

Somnolent thoughts are awakening, stretching, yawning,
getting ready to start the day with renewed energy.

Looking around while drinking their equivalent of a
cup of coffee, seeing the many manifestations that
have been wrought since the day before.

Looks of appreciation cover their faces and fill them
with hope and expectations.

Whole new outlooks open up endless possibilities in
a lifetime of existence.

Beginning right here in the center of this being and
spreading from one to another, around and through the
world and back.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Page In Life's Storybook

Dawn awakening, sun sleepily rising over the horizon as I
silently watch from my bedroom window, thinking how beauti-
ful the new day is beginning.

Bright and cheery, alive and vibrant, a whole new world
just opening up once again, a new page in life's storybook,
taking a look into the future as it awaits my presence.

New outlook is finer than ever before, wonder and awe
taking their places in my mind and intellect yet again,
as I get out of bed.

Getting ready to meet whatever is in store for today
with great pleasure and hope in a better world for every-
one across this beautiful globe of God's.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Paths

Lively adjuncts of others
bring some joy in lives.
At times turning them around,
leading them on new paths and
creating endeavors that last forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Pathways

Overshadowing the effervescent personality bubbling
inside is an unquenchable thirst for quiet, peace
and calm.
Looking through jaded curtains at a life passing by,
noticing it is standing still, yet I continue in
circles, connecting past and present moments with
quickened memories.
Standing on the polka-dotted carpet of some inner
domain, wondering how it got there and why it's not
also staying still.
Measurements of quality associated with inner
tranquility, falls forward spilling onto the pavement, scattering all thought with it.
Listening to several voices carrying on minimal
conversations, turning about, leaving debri to be
sorted out by somebody else.
Standing on the edge of life looking for new pathways
of adventure and excitement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Patterns Adhering

Water flowing, creating bubbles while lights of varied
colors flow over it all.

Changing views and hues, enticing children and adults
alike to look and watch it change.

Beautiful accents and designs falling brilliantly into
areas of imagination, allowing intellect it's chance
to also adhere to new patterns in all of it.

Everything is now cohesive and not letting the world
do anything to alter what it has already planned.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Personal Journey

Energy and excitement building, everyone happy, positive,
ecstatic, waiting for Trump, he'll be here at six o'clock,
people coming from everywhere.

Arizona loving Trump and anticipating rhetoric that is
truthful, honest and exacting, all of us wanting to know
his reality, knowing it will match our own.

Still sitting here listening to conversations all around me,
finding out good things I didn't already know, being fascin-
ated by all the facts that've been accumulated.

A total experience of learning first hand about our political
environment with Trump and Pence, invigorating our souls and
spirits, enlightening and taking us on a new personal journey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Pitches

Playing around jazz, circling notes of life,
just to experiment with their temperaments.
Slicing tones, energizing major rhythms so
it will turn all tones into speeding measures.
Taking sessions of sadness and bringing them
to new pitches, enlivening the attitudes and
giving moods happier smiles as the day
progresses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Poetry

Dark caverns scattered throughout a mind of creativeness,
hiding morsels of imagination yet to be uncovered.

Barren wastelands strewn across the mind, holding on to
the beginnings of timelessness ready to explore and be
adventuresome.

Wayward winds blowing across canyons of unconsciousness,
slowly forming a new abyss of mourning.

Light filters onto the skyway of remembrance, shining
brightly in anticipation of new poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Purposes

Leaves dropping relentlessly, finding new purposes
beneath the trees.

Like humans, dropping slowly by degrees, from life,
constantly realigning themselves to fit their new
descriptions.

Finding balance and purpose they can live with on
their final journeys down earth's shores.

Remembering yesterday, walking along, noticing every-
thing missed during younger days of life.

Now it has all taken on new meanings, a new wisdom
created in the end to finalize ideas of a truly
beautiful life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Reality

Rushing to meet a new beginning, awakening from a deep sleep
through the night.

Keeping mind wide open, never taking my sight off of the
future.

One where I will soon be living in peace, harmony and fame,
all in my new reality now having taken over my being.

At long last taking my rightful place in this earthly life,
once and for all.

A wonderful feeling, having descended upon me forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Stage Of Reform

Motions of creative design etch their way
into creative sides of magnificent nature.
Never embalming any particles, giving them
free rein, throughout the puzzlement of life.
So, they may enter cognitive stages and begin
again on a new stage of reform through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Style

Unusual and unique tempos stirring within this mind,
creating a variety of beautiful rhythms.

A mixture blending with techno to bring about a new
style of poetical interludes rising energetically
higher and higher.

Complex maneuvers running amuck, filling me with
their beats as I rush through their measures.

Taking me through the lifeblood of music while
listening carefully in quiet anticipation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Subject

Causative cases of ingenuity lead us into many peaceful avenues of spirituality.

Never ceasing to follow reasons of cause and effect, while purposes of each endeavor follow precautionary realisms throughout history.

Being held in minds, never being written into any books of written knowledge, because it has yet to be proposed as a new subject to be learned.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Tempos

Crying through the night, remembering all the good times we've had and wishing we could still have them in memories anew.
Giving a new tempo to relate to as we walk pathways through friendship.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Twilight Of Chance

Supporting life from beyond creativity and intellect, being carried by imagination into a new twilight of chance.

Forgetting the absence of so many things in life, carefully watching as they no longer mean anything to anyone.

Wanting to start from the beginning again, knowing that it won't happen and there's nothing to be done about it, but resign myself to what is going to happen.

Living in the present, I find myself living every moment to the fullest, loving family and friends more than ever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Waves

Pictures of everyday life sail along on oceans of
memories, having been past and remembered.

Yet set before us in new waves are future and present
images, wanting to be entered into our intellects.

Hoping to one day be placed within the gardens of our
yesterdays.

Beautiful blossoms, blooming gently from the spirits
of our lives, giving us hope, joy, grief, and love.

Unable to do without any of them as they are the pictures
making our lives what they become through love.

One day in the future, at last lying in the cradle of
death, no more thoughts or feelings coming from them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Way Of Thinking

Life has hit the fast track and is climbing into another entirely new atmosphere filled with exciting, refreshing examples of a new way of thinking.

Blistering the old ways, taking exciting new paths into the future, totally ready, wanting to begin this new adventure.

Finding that it's a wonderful new experience, full of exciting discoveries hoping to be fulfilled thoroughly in moments I have left here on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New World Of Music

Sparkling moods cascading through my mind, lighting an
interior spirit with hopeful beauty, taking insight and
watching it encompass the environment around me.

Somnolent thoughts being awakened in measures of time,
rhythmically intertwining with intellect's imagination,
quickly running across the universe in acquiescence.

Fulfilling properties, becoming the total aspect of a
new world of music, soaring quietly into the atmosphere,
leaving our world behind.

As it moves outward into many new dimensions, taking
liberties poetically without permission and letting
them fall off of the ledges of imagination into depths
of another sphere far above the one we now know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

New Year Opening

3: 27 p.m.

A new year almost upon us, filled with unknown situations
and circumstances, yet we will step into it anyway, not
knowing what to expect.

Perhaps becoming closer to those we love, learning to better
appreciate them along with friends and strangers who will in-
evitably cross our paths.

Another year to fill our calendars with appointments and many
events, will we have any space left for ourselves and loved
ones to be and do things together?

Will this be the year that we fail or succeed in life, will
our goals be attained or fade into yesterday's hopes without
ever being recognized?

So many questions, do we have our individual answers to them,
or will we have nothing but excuses instead, just like all
the previous years we've already lived through?

Are we going to embrace this new year with hope and faith
in God or be led down the lonely path of least resistance
and temptation?

Impossibilities waiting along our individual paths through
life, hoping to blossom and bring the fruitfulness of life
into our beings.

Will we be open to them or carry on like the year before,
ignoring them along with any possibilities of improving our
attitudes, moods and lives?

In the silence of your thoughts perhaps you're now becoming
aware of your potential, maybe not, but the world is now
opening to your imagination, you can do or be anything you
want, it's totally up to you only.
Copyright: 3: 28 p.m. 12/26/15 RoseAnn V. Shawiak

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Newly Created Definitions

Watching venues of rhythm as they climb into heights beyond me, leaving me wondering what's going to happen next.
Waiting for another episode of divine intervention to acquiesce and begin attaching newly amazed emotions to travel freely.
Landing softly in many poems of explanation, full of newly created definitions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Newly Weds

A color of sunset traveling down the street,
making a racket with 'wedding cans' tied to
it's bumper.

Children of various ages and sizes, hanging
out everywhere, yelling out merry exclamations.

A volkswagon filled to the brim, overflowing
with a joyous crowd of children all wishing the
new bride and groom many laughable memories of
this day in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Newlywed Hopes

Walking slowly through the corrals, seeing everything
with newlywed, newly found love.

Looking silently at the future, within a mind full of
hopes and dreams, wanting to reach out and touch it
all now.

Quietly waiting in unexpectant bliss for the imaginings
of tomorrow's hopes to become today's realities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nexervention

Never reading two books in a row on the same subject,
reading about totally different countries.

When I've finished, letting them, their ideas, combine
or collate in my mind and come up with novel approaches
to the same subjects.

It's like my mind created an entirely new dimension to
rethink routine books, ideas, concepts or images.

Even giving a name to what my mind has created, calling
it nexervention - the creation or invention of the next
intellectual dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Next Domain

Searching interior skies for reasons to begin a new purpose
in life, one that is just now being created by intellect.

Integrating an essence and passion of heart and mind,
opening up an entire universe within.

Taking every opportunity to put myself in every avenue
that has been opened to imagination.

Qualifying for beginnings of another dimension, running
headlong into an interior purpose of being.

Opening up the door and soaring through it to the next
horizon, no fear at all to interfere with anything.

Exceptions are abounding, yet continuing anyway with a
limitless energy into the next domain of intellect's
imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Next Horizon

Somewhere in this world, laughter is resounding
joyfully, while somewhere over the next horizon
death has played it's part.
Causing grief and sorrow to begin it's role in
another's agonizing soul.
Turning from sunrise to sunset, another life is
gone to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Next Moment

Being held closely in your arms, feeling your unconditional
love filling and exercising my mind and heart with exciting
thrills, feeling chills running inside of my being.

Soaring spirits being lifted into other dimensions of life
and it's adventuresome times through our love, noticing how
we two come closer with every moment we're together.

Holding one another as we fall asleep for the night, looking
forward to the next moment of our love making when we awaken
in the morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Next Phase Of Life

Pictures reflecting what I'm thinking here on pages
of written poetry.

Flowing thoughts separating and coming together,
altering my mind-set.

Giving me lightened attitudes to match the feelings
of happiness sitting in my heart along with family.

Quiet peace generating the systems of my soul as I move
forward into the next phase of life, taking nothing with
me except my being.

Leaving all memories behind in a tomb of concrete,
beneath the earth.

Family visiting my grave through the years, placing
flowers on my headstone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Next Sunrise

Living each day fully, being surprised by what happens, never knowing why we must keep going in spite of it all.

Searching, retrieving information from the past, using it when needed for future predicaments and situations.

Circular spheres always present to collect everything seen, heard, experienced throughout this life.

Always needing directions, finding the one that suits us in the long run, hoping for the best.

Never wanting to give up, knowing with the next sunrise things will get better and hope will fill us once again.

Remembering all the past circumstances and seeing how they've turned out, believing in a new tomorrow, fulfilling destiny at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Niche In Life

Running through fantasies of imagination, free, joyful to be
a part of something alive and well in poetry, finding this
niche in life has brought great happiness to the soul.

Giving it an intense energy from within, spirit continually
awake and alert, going along on every poetical journey in
this earthly life.

Noticing the wonder and beauty in the world through it's
sublime nature, humanity being fulfilled with everything
possible while living in imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Night - Time Furor

Time lengthening it's stay, curtailing ambition to prey upon
eons lost in nighttime furor.

Ghosts parading their images down dimly-lit halls, sparingly
translucent in pretended joys of living.

Tender-hearted memories, tucked away from prying eyes, erased
from slates of happiness, joined together through the demise
of laughter.

Frantically jumping, leaping, covered with soot from ageless
fires of passing, swept into little piles of unmeaningless
purpose, blown from sight by winds of uncared sensibility.

Thrown altogether, mingling with the human dust of indecision
and defeat, sojourn journey's etched in salted tears, pointing always, the way to
failure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Night Approaches

Silence coming upon us in an early evening sunset,
taking away tantalizing beauty of nature and encasing
it in the darkness of nighttime skies.

Leaving everything to imagination, nothing being seen
except shadows of images that can no longer be found
by the light of daytime sun rays.

Holding this image in my mind as night approaches on
the coattails of tomorrow's awakening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Night Beyond The Glass

Looking into windows only reflections of self staring back
at me, darkness of night beyond the glass silent and still.

Leaves of a small tree leaning against the window, hoping
to feel a little of the heat being generated within.

As it's cold outside and like we humans, they try to get
away from it however they can also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Night Dreams

Bluened night falling below the sunset's horizon, taking me beyond life in night dreams.
Sleeping in imagination and wandering through episodes of silent awakening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Night Edges

Edges of night engulf me in
their fantasy's of bewilderment.
Asking nothing for the exhaustive
rainbows glowing through the darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Night Ghosts

Night ghosts roam around desert gardens, botanical in nature,
searching for descriptions left in cacti and aloe vera.

Prints defining images, protected by saguaros in the twilight,
are illuminated by mind's eyes, showing the world their
usefulness in quiet evening stars, leading the way home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Night In Dreams

Roaming through the night in dreams, finding you're holding me tightly when I try to move.

Opening my eyes, seeing you looking at me so tenderly, smiling, caressing and love me totally throughout the night.

Feeling your presence within my being and tantalizing desires so wonderfully like always.

Waking from a deep sleep, knowing you're not here with me any longer, tears silently falling from my mind and heart and into my eyes forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Night Of Creative Silence

There are no words to speak, so songs to sing, earth is silent, filled with awe and wonder.

Taking care not to utter a whisper, watching in serene quiet, waiting for a moment of glory to break through the sky and set the world ablaze in miracles beyond imagination or thought.

A night of creative silence, prepared for our inner essence, urging us to go beyond this earthly life and become who we have been made from the start.

We are the wonder of this world, created, mated, blended with a nature of goodness.

There are no words to speak or songs to sing, our souls are silent, filled with awe and wonder in praise of Him who gave us life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Night Of Experience

Rebuking envy of other people, being satisfied in moments
of self, placating and indulging my mind at the end of
another joyous day.

Feeling the ecstasy of friendship and it's unconditional
love being shown in this dimly lit moment of intellect.

Recollecting and writing of what thoughts are conjuring
in an interior insight for a final time, on this one night
of experience.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Night Poems

Waking up during the night, poems stirring in intellect, wanting to be written down immediately, not letting me sleep until they've been fulfilled on pages of my poetry journal.

Messages shining from each one, needing to be shared because someone in the world needs to meet thoughts that have been written for just that one person needing to be touched by the hand of God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Night Rain

Dark clouds gathering, covering up the evening sky in a
cloak of darkest gray.

Putting upon earth, a dreary countenance, dampening the
atmosphere, making it sticky with perspiration, hiding
beneath it's cloak of darkness.

Flashing through blackness, every once in a while, the
blue sky winks it's one little eye before it's covered
up again.

Soon the rains will come, after night falls, splashingly
silent upon us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Night Shadows

Lights of color seeking shadows of the night,
hoping to illuminate them with effervescent
beauty.
Reaching deeply into nighttime's abyss,
realizing in amazement that voices of the
dark are translucent - unable to be touched
by any sense of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Night Storm

Walking straight into a blackened night storm, filled with an anxiety of unrehearsed emotions.
Stalking away, hand held by fear, wanting to run and never stop.
Longing lasting, hoping to beat whatever is hiding in the darkness, before it catches up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Night Time Edges

Thunderbolts hitting my mind with musical aptitudes,
rising ever higher into realms of familiarity.
Posing at the peak, waiting for everyone to catch up.
Dancing, lights flashing, not slowing down for anything.
Portions of night time edges, tugging at the stars,
pulling them closer so they can be seen by all who are
looking upward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Night Unfolding

Testing mercurial waters, wanting to enter into
them without any fears, watching their silvery
surface ripple in response to entering and diving
below into it's deepest depths.

Hiding away from everything, knowing that no one can
see anything from where it's hidden from sight.

Loving the antecedents that are arranged carefully
wherever I happen to sit watching the beauty of this
night unfold into twilight denizens, disappearing
from my sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nightened Color

Riding courageously into darkened nights of light,
finding the way in spite of an ebony world, enfolding
everything.

Seeing an ebony rainbow illuminating every particle
and fiber of being.

Collecting ideas that are growing within this nightened
color, taking self into every corner to find the best
way to uncover every word in a poem.

Letting the mystery of life open itself through me

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nightfall

As night falls, the sun begins it's rest on another horizon as it lights up the sky bright red and black in our vision.
An ebony blanket covers evening with it's silken atmosphere as the bleeding red runs to horizons beyond our sight.
Nighttime blackens our eyes, yet we can still see it's beauty unfolding with stars and a silvery moon rising, edging us closer to our beds with sleep in our eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nightfall's Stanzas

Moonbeams silently aligning my heart with nature
as I sit in loneliness, hoping for happier times.
Becoming fastidious in everyday strife, walking
away into nightfall's musical stanzas of belonging.

(8: 10p.m. - 10/6/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nightly Job

Walking down streets at dusk, looking at the eastern
horizon, seeing the sun setting beneath the sky.

Deepening colors of orange, yellow, red and purple,
enveloping the atmosphere for miles around.

Painting beautiful pictures of heaven so we may see
what it will look like, at least somewhat.

Shadows lengthening as the sun moves slowly to earth,
going to it's nightly job on the other side of the world.

Looking around while still walking, thinking about life
and what we are doing here.

Never knowing from one moment to the next whether we will
live to enjoy the sunset of another day.

Or if it will be our own life setting upon heaven's next
horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nightly Lullabye

Silently listening to sounds of midnight, every
once in a while hearing a bird tweeting a nightly
lullabye.

An insistent and lovely tone that adds to nature's
symphony, finding it's way into this mind where I'm
writing it into a poem.

A delicacy for the soul of spirituality, taken in by
my heart, giving exquisite feelings of joy and a deep
disciplined hope and faith.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nightly Oceanic Memory

Shredding feelings and emotions, letting them drift
into the ebony darkness of night.

An illuminating and very bright moon casting it's
luminescent rays upon earth, lighting pathways into
another dimension and future.

Picturesque, vibrant and silent, rising within depths
of being, solitarily defining the beauty of an inner
spirituality.

Walking down shores of a nightly oceanic memory, sensing
and taking the entire knowledge of a lifetime and placing
it into the spirit of inner and innate knowledge.

Accumulating, collecting, infiltrating all senses into
centers of it's being and spirit, lengthening shadows
wanting to be included in positive aspects of another
lifetime.

One that stretches out before me in a landscape of
infinite sensory perceptions, leaving me to absorb every
moment of it's passion as it continues it's journey into
the next world.

Just over the hills of a spiritual and enticing land of
wisdom that can never be shared unless you strive to
attain it in life, this is where spirituality awaits us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nightly Pulses

Moving through the night,
steadily feeling nightly pulses.

Reaching for the essence of my
heart, to cease it's beating
and die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nightly Spirits

Spirits of the night dance rhythmically and untiringly
into the morning light, at times bringing a particular
joy to the surface.

Finding an even complacency spurting through all the
experiences of every day routines being lived in
spirits of the night, enchanting us with their
spectacular auras of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nightmare Of Life

Living life doesn't mean you're living - many days,
hours, minutes we are just existing.
There are no untoward heavens waiting to take us in
here on earth - only hells to practice goodness in.
Forever tasting a good life in our dreams - waking
to reality instead.
However often we wish things were different - they
never seem to be, as we continue living in this
hellish nightmare we call life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nightmare's Dreams

Following streets down nightmare's dreams,
carefully watching for unanticipated ditches
along the way.

Hoping life will end it's reprehensible
dance towards death as I revolve and rotate
through imagination's hoops and circles.

Floundering on patches of broken dreams,
jumping out at me throughout all my days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nightmare's Impending Loss

Lost my heart, hope to die, life is an empty canvas
devoid of color, nothing to be painted on it again.

Wandering the white blankness, unseeing, feeling
nothing but emptiness throughout the rest of life.

Tears spilling wildly about, being uncontainable,
because heart is lost and can no longer store them
in it's depths.

Moving, turning over, awakening from a horrible
nightmare of impending loss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nightmares Of Reality

Tufts of memories placed on outer branches of remembering so
they can't be reached easily.

Precariously hanging from dizzying heights, seeing images,
wanting to let go and drop into eternal pits of hell.

Not wanting to know what hellish nightmares were reality in
the past.

Tripping over them, afraid to pick them up or look at them,
ever avoiding the hopelessness that must come at last upon
facing them.

Delving hesitantly in shallow graves, not wishing to dig up
too much of anything.

Living always on the fringe of life, not wanting any part of
it for knowledge of it meant instant death.

Crashing emotionally, falling deep within, novacaine-like,
life has always been unfelt inside.

Heart deadened long ago by a man, supposedly good, a burning
lie, instead, a killer of innocent childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nightmares Of Scary Thoughts

Finding a steady rhythm dancing with my mind, pulling
me onto the dance floor of intellect, playing with an
intelligence of innate talent.

Giving pleasure that it so deserves in this hot after-
noon sun, washing up on shores of my last horizon, now
taking the energy of life.

Saving it in sunsets of tomorrow, stepping softly onto
paved streets of destiny, lifting spirits into a glow-
ing night time moon.

Stars lighting the sky with help from a full moon shin-
ing down into the darkness of an earthly night, bathed
in a quiet stillness.

Silent and compelling, touching and playing many rhythms
not seen in daylight hours for they are only meant for
dreams of sleep.

Always tantalizing people in nightmares of scary thoughts
that disappear with the morning's early light as the sun
begins to rise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nightmares Turning Into Daydreams

Nightmares turning into daydreams, lying open
and enticing, beckoning intellect to pick them
up in writing.

Satisfied that they are figments of imagination
sitting on edges of reality, hoping to blend
and integrate their essence within concepts.

Based in the absence of wisdom, establishing
them profoundly and sublimely into rhythms of
interior music being played.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nightmarish Creatures

Serenading a wind-blown heart with whistling breezes,
sending shivers throughout a mind to the spine of
an inner soul.

Creating the fastidious affordability of constant
remembering upon an empty slate, kept beneath a mind
in filing cabinets of steel.

Dancing across barriers, fragrantly blossoming among
many gardens of yesterday's childish images.

Forgotten underfoot, squeezed dry by embarrassment of
silent eye-awakening memories.

Sadly straddling fences of untold sorrow, afraid of
what tomorrow may bring.

Lightly criss-crossing, avoiding pitfalls of tomorrow's
choices.

Left dangling in the aftermath of voices, creeping up
stairways, calling forth nightmarish creatures from
depths of childhood.

Signing death warrants of unsuspecting children with
antagonistic foes, pretending to be chosen delights,
when in reality it is the devil in disguise, awaiting
the defilement of more pure innocence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nightmarish Dreams

Continually rising above all catastrophes on earth,
not letting anything stand in the way of writing daily.
Even on a death bed, words will flow out.
Loving to see what I'm writing as it forms in pictures
in my mind.
Oblivious to outside influences, keeping in tune with
an inner rhythm all my own.
Gifted beyond measure, using them to fulfill my purpose
on this earth.
Camouflaging nightmarish dreams of the past in poetical
visions attuned to innate fuses.
Sojournly moving forward, keeping all senses in tact,
nothing standing in the way - not even past strife.
Allocating measures of intense emotions to precise
words with exact definition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nights Of A Lifetime

Silencing the world around me, going deeply inside
where I can't hear anything but my soul whispering
melodies to me as I write.
Rotating thoughts, emitting specific sounds to match
tones coming from above.
Never forgetting every vibration and note, placing
them all within pockets of being, holding onto them
throughout the nights of a lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nights Of Quiet Grief

Sadness envelopes itself around me, wrapping this brain
with it's melancholy strains of music.

Smoothing out wrinkles of the past kept securely in the
outskirts of every pastime.

Always taking parts and particles out of equations of
happiness and pleasure in night's of quiet grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nights Of Rhyming

Staying up through nights of rhyming,
finding causes to begin thoughts of interest.

Walloping turntables, walking quickly into
scenes of penetrating images, producing
visions of beauty and lasting impressions.

Results tantamount to future literature in
library's and museums, displaying famous
articles of those who have exhibits set
within.

Collectively sharing items, words, and art
with the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nights Of Sunsetical Lives

Tender and dear, your love is to my heart, pure and so innocent, calling to me within an incessant and vibrant melody.

Taking me into your arms, night after night, streams of light filled with colors of the rainbow, tempting inner desires and passion.

Rising higher and higher, taking above, my sorrow and despair when I'm with you only, my dear, whispers of silent love, enticing me through the night.

Filling me with effervescent and beautiful doilies of our love, as we hold each other, nothing to interfere or mar the feelings that we have for one another.

Stretching further into the years as we live together, making love late into the nights of our sunsetical lives on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Night's Seashore

Even as I sit and watch, so many thoughts and feelings are coming through the rhythms of a peaceful existence, alighting gently on the edge of this night's seashore of enlightenment.

Taking me away into many future sunsets alone in another dimension beyond everyone else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nighttime Beds

Continually on a mission of quietly spoken words,
always written on blank paper, coaxing all manner
of words into meanings of my own.

Calling spirits from nighttime beds of roses,
wanting them to form gardens from within, so people
can select or choose the flowers of poetry that
they want to read.

Many volumes of poetry that I've written through
the years are kept securely in books, blank until I
filled them all with my thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nighttime Bliss And Heartache

Intense and livid music taunting me with it's beats,
drumming up against my mind, nothing able to sway
me from what I love to do.

Finding no better way than to immerse myself within
rhythms that invisibly carry me into outer frontiers
far from this earthly life.

Midnight sneaking up on me, rolling down the highway,
as life keeps driving my mind away, testing random
thoughts as they fill me with their intensity of rhythm.

Totally in synch, nothing else mattering in this life-
time, letting incessant beats take me into outskirts of
a nighttime bliss that is filled with heartache.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nighttime Canvas

In the deep of night a certain stillness settles in upon
earth.

Taking with it all sound, all life, and hiding it somewhere
in a vault below the ground.

Tenderly filtering through the clouds, the moon strays out
upon a canvas of the nighttime sky.

Bringing with it, stars, all bright, set in battle array,
noticing their proud formations, the moon meticulously makes
sure that each and every one are in the spotlight, so they
can be seen by all below, watching from the earth.

Gathered around heaven's hearth, silently they all glow,
sending out a message that all is fine tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nighttime Dreams

Dancing through nighttime dreams,
keeping pace with beats of my heart.
Intolerable conditions during daylight
hours give vent to many visions while asleep.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nighttime Drum

Becoming one with the dawn of your fateful beat,
brings an enviable knowledge to your soulful being.

Loving every single moment sashaing towards me,
brought closer to an interior heaven.

Sanctioning taylor-made melodies, creating them-
selves every minute.

Life becomes the beat of my drum as I saunter through
pathways of creativity on moonlit nights for an
eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nighttime Exits

Lengthening shadows falling across darkened corners,
giving off vibrations of being involved, secluded
from particles of existent fortunes.

Hesitantly caressing insights, calming innocuous
reasons, leading me toward exits in the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nighttime Gathers

Racing through skies, clouds gather quickly to form
a night storm.
Blowing leaves frantically - tossing trees about
as they stand in radiant glory, waiting out the
storm.
Branches being blown - birds crying loudly for all
to beware.
Night time gathers close around me as I sit and
write under God's loving care.
Beauty unfolds gently - silently - before my eyes, as
God's heavens make ready the water troughs that will
soon water the earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nighttime Has No Voice

Slithering down mountainsides in the dark, looking to moonlight to get me through.

Stars doing their part, watching over earth, generating the peacefulness of another night.

Realizing the beauty of a darkened evening, taking me into step with a gentle whisper being carried through the atmosphere.

A breeze, silent and invisible keeping it's vigil, preparing everyone for the night's ebony beauty that has no voice.

Choosing to portray signs of nature and life, holy and delicate, nighttime comes upon us once again, reminding everyone that day has ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nighttime Quietness

Sitting all alone in an empty restaurant, watching cars travel by, listening to a CD of JoDee Messina and enduring the peace of nighttime
quietness.
Feeling an unsavory dimension lurking outside in darkened corners of the parking lot.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nighttime Spirits

Standing back, watching an absolute essence entering the
atmosphere of another time in life.

Occasionally moving into directions of other dimensions,
symmetrically engineering the energy of all prospects
that come into the line of fire.

Lasting always on the edges of night, wandering across
deserted plains of yesterday's past.

Memories keeping track of everything in the little world
surrounding it with a silence of interior souls as they
lie down in desert wastelands.

Ready to expire and find self at the doorstep of nighttime
spirits, held in a gripping embrace as he takes us with him
beyond this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nighttime Thoughts In Kolkata

Listening into the night, crickets calling to one another,
praising God, an amazing and beautiful way to approach in-
tellect without having to think beforehand.

Allowing rhythms to penetrate and take my mind on a separate
journey alone, away from this life, being a solitary entity
of my own.

Satisfying the intense yearnings and desires of my being
that cannot ever be satisfied in any other manner, lifting
my soul into realms of the Divine.

Vibrating like that of reverberations of a drum or cymbal
into the night, dropping and picking up all feelings and
emotions from within.

Running, galloping away with them, an incessant yet quiet
feeling coming over my being, taking away all temptations,
and leaving me in depths of solitude.

Finding myself in total nakedness of body and soul, facing
self as if in a mirror, being reflected by the beauty and
scent of the music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nighttime Visions

Somnolently traversing paths in life, staying asleep,
walking into dreams, increasingly finding that they
are coming true in ways that are unbelievable.

Serving to encapsulate this being, yet freeing at the
same time, following desires quietly into each sunset
that approaches in nighttime visions.

Calculating equations of many concepts that keep appearing,
letting them be solved and open to expansion when awakening,
taking an attitude that never resists fortitude in excelling.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nine Eleven

Today is the deathly anniversary of 9/11, a devastating day in the life of every true American.

Terrifying memories etched forever in our memories, never to be forgotten even after we are gone.

Tributes always written to those who died on that fateful day, heroes selflessly helping and saving others.

Americans coming together, united in one cause, no racism, intolerance or prejudice, everyone being human.

Taking care of one another no matter what their color or creed, God standing with us, saving many people as the towers fell.

Miracles happening in every walk of life, everyone being totally equal in not only God's eyes, but everyone who was there.

On such a tragic day, beauty of love and compassion shone outright in every person, the memories will always remain in our minds as I also write them out in poetry, like others will throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Answers

Sounds of voices coming from beyond window panes full of
reflections of passers-by.

Nothing staying long in mind, always being placed on
interior photographic screens for future use in poems
when thinking of some particle or another.

Leveling the field throughout life by writing and think-
ing through musical rhythms.

No one ever coming close to what it is I do, even being
scientifically studied doesn't find any answers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Answers To Love

Liking this feeling of love as I fall into step with
the beating of my heart.

Snapping fingers of my mind in time to rhythms being
played within it.

Questions rising, wanting answers to the reasoning
and logic of love.

As yet, there are none to be found, because it's a
fiber of the heart and has no rhyme nor reason,
except in a poem written about love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Bed Of Roses

Life has been no bed of roses, only their thorns, having
lost love and life before, regaining it and living through
turmoil and suffering of experiences after that also.

Paid my dues throughout life, have done my time, but have
not committed any crimes, yet still having no sure footing
in this life.

No time to feel sorry for myself, for I have to keep moving
forward, people throughout the world know of me through my
poetry and how I manage to continue writing.

A very few trying to take advantage of my poetical talent
for their own fame and riches, and some few have tried to
do just that without success.

Being so prolific and open, stopping them dead in their
tracks before they can snatch what doesn't belong to them,
but it's sad how some people who have no talent, morals or
ethics try and excuse their bad actions for no good reason.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Beginnings

Silent waiting, creating a depth of untold heartbreak, hiding
within.

Knowing there will never be one to understand meanings and connotations of
past memories, wishing only to hold on for
the while it takes to get a foot-hold on life, exteriorly at
least.

There are no beginnings at hand, life has started here in the
middle and I can no longer pretend to care or believe in
anyone.

All have betrayed and sent me on the way, not caring whether
I am alive or if death has won over me instead.

Nothing will take the place or follow remembering again, for
it will not be allowed.

Forging the sword of relentless motion, hovering on the edges
of unheard prayers, sacrificed for other's qualifications
and kept away forever.

Life stances are ignored and built only to be stored in steel
drawers of unwhispered knowledge.

Walled between bridges, unable to take a single step in any
direction without falling into the ravine of unprotected life.

Walking steadily on towards the finality of this world, I ask
nothing of it or the people living upon it.

Desert shores fall quietly upon my brow, allowing sands of
distant yearning to cover me up, carrying out the intentions
of the world of death.

There being no afterworld experiences here on earth, I can
go openly, with honest heart and no inner doubts into the
territory of unperturbed rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Chance Of Escape

Flowing down the river into the steam of life, eventually
joining the turbulent ocean filled with trials and suffering
that everyone must live through.

No chances of escaping any of it's domain, for we have to
experience every aspect before our own death takes us away
into it's darkened depths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Chances

Flowing abundantly, are sands of yearning, hopeful wishes of wonderful times to come.

Their beginnings are just peeking about, complacently studying their surroundings.

Whispered desires spirited into the open at tiny moments of joy.

Listening carefully for familiar sounds to beckon inner creativeness.

Knowing that trust is missing from life and love can never be attained, because of this missing ingredient, saddens hearts at times.

There is no consoling or healing to be done for scars have been too long embedded in a being.

Unafraid of life and change, walking through it all, knowing inside that a fear does exist of getting close or loving, and hiding from it, not wishing to be hurt anymore.

Keeping everyone at a distance is alright most of the time, but finding at times wishing for companionship or a close friend to share little things with.

Continuing to be a hermit in a great big world, silent, shy, timid throughout days of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Chances For Companionship

Flowing abundantly are sands of yearning, hopeful visions of wonderful times to come, their beginnings are just peeking about, complacently studying their surroundings.

Whispered desires spirited into the open at tiny moments of joy, listening carefully for familiar sounds to beckon inner creativeness.

Knowing that trust is missing from life and love can never be attained because of this missing ingredient, saddens my heart at times.

There is no consoling or healing to be done for the scars have been too long embedded in my being, unafraid of life and change I walk through it all.

Knowing inside that a fear does exist of getting close or loving, hiding from it, not wishing to be hurt anymore, keeping everyone at a distance is alright most of the time.

Finding I wish for companionship or a close friend to share little things with, yet I prefer to be like a hermit in a great big world, silent, shy, timid, being alone throughout my days of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Choice

Living and dying throughout this earthly life, no choice in
the matter or circumstances we are each given, wonder and
curiosity taking us down avenues of desperate choices.

Never knowing what will happen from one moment to the next,
yet continuing to live as if the world of our existence will
never end.

Unknowing effects of what will come in time, maybe good cheer
maybe not, continuing to be with the ones we love or else dy-
ing and going into the darkness of death alone.

Again as when we were born into this world without any expect-
tations, taking whatever life handed to us, everything already
set in place.

Having no choices until growing and maturing, finding our way
through life, then on the last horizon finding that we've left
our lives behind, again without a choice at all!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Comfort

Tears, washing and cleansing, yet not removing an iota
of sorrow from my heart, which is overflowing and
bursting with grief.

Songs and words of comfort do not seem to touch my soul,
they only cause my heart to swell and my tears to fall.

Each tear like a watery grave holding my Dad close to me
as they fall slowly down my face.

Dad cannot be held or hugged, nor can my tears as they
wash sorrow over me again and again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Comparison

Reflections of interior thoughts do not reflect on the outside.
I can't see what I'm thinking until I go away and look from within.
Then all is shown to me in pictures that are worth one thousand words and don't compare with anything else on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Destinations

Riding around, trying to lose myself in another dimension - I fail hopelessly.
I succeed in thinking of what they did to my Mom and hate fills my being and keeps me driving, late into the night.
With no where as a destination and with no one to talk to, I try desperately to hold on to nothing.
Reality is at every turn, trying to make me face the black emptiness surrounding me, but I refuse.
I stay awake - not wanting to fall asleep - afraid I might drown in nightmares that run very deep during sleep.
Looking - always looking - for something to hang on to.
There is nothing anywhere in sight and I continue to crash and fall, night after night.
Where is the hope I used to have? Where is the faith? Where is God. Nothing.
I know nothing, yet I am supposed to go on living?
Why? Where is the sense? What is the meaning?
How come I have to suffer this emptiness all alone?
Why can't someone come along to help me ease the pain?
Oh God! Why am I suffering like this?
My love ran deep - it came back up through my soul.
It is being pulled from me, yet I will not let it go.
The meaning of life lies buried in all of this meaningless death, but I have not found it yet!
I have found no meaning for life to go on.
So maybe it must just stop.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Earthen Cares

Erasing lifetimes with sorrow's face, taking time
away from daily living as I find no comfort.
Lining my mind's pockets with lace and velcro,
trying to hold on to some sort of familiar justice.
Folding in on self, focusing away from gentle tears
in pillows of sacrifice.
Wondering what will come about on successive days
without any thought process carrying on.
Surviving on rafts of throw away pieces of wood,
hoping to travel beyond life's borders on edges of
tunnel's entranceways.
Finding solace on sides of mountains as I fall from
them onto the ground below with no more cares left
me on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No End To Loss

This life is full of anger and sadness, caused by
it's turmoil and suffering, mainly because of loss
and it's total bereavement in years of life lived
already.

Knowing that again and again, my heart will be torn
apart, losing those I love and hurting intensely,
there will be no end to this loss as long as I am
still alive and loving others close to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Entrance

Tapping on doors of empty rooms, forlorn and tattered curtains hanging on the windows, furniture burned and broken, lying scattered around on floors of every room.

No human being having ever entered through the front door after the fire burned and destroyed the lives of everyone who used to live there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Escape From Hidden Love

In darkened corners of the night are hidden many hearts,
forlorn and desolate because of loss in one form or another.

Searching high and low for the precious gems that hold all
aspects of a deepened romance being held within.

Soundlessly living alone, wanting to be held and told how
quietly beautiful you are, even in the morning.

Always going beyond the circumference of interior pleasures,
knowing nothing of individual cases that are constantly
trying to arrive in an oasis of nature.

Now no longer being the solitary love that it has always been,
finding that there is more than one form of love standing out
in the rain.

Drops of it falling down upon love, cooling it and lifting
it into the flames of intense desire.

Knowing nothing beyond what is being expressed in depths of
unknowing thoughts.

Conquering advantages of yesterday, giving them a chance to
perfect their inner intellect through imagination.

Freely giving wisdom taken out, fixed into many varieties
and types of love, keeping sanity in check, wanting to throw
it all away.

Now knowing that there is no escape from a love that sneaks
up behind as you grow older, finding nothing else to hold on
to anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Escape From Reality

Traveling across the world in my mind, never being
tired or faltering along the way.

Seeing sights of the world encased on a photographic
screen in memories from every experience and detail.

Specific and articulate moments describing who I am
in many poems - an entire being.

No escape from reality as I have to live it daily,
being indelibly placed on photographic screens, unable
to hide from it's particular images and memories.

A blessing and a curse both at the same time, yet
enjoying it with heart, mind and soul, a joy that I
carry with me all the days of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Exceptions

Sending messages to and fro, beginning and ending
tears and sorrow through the grief of loss.

An urgency of essence, wanting to crawl away,
hiding forever from the effects of it's loneliness
and abandonment.

Searching for answers, wanting to perfect life,
using only happiness to do so.

Yet life just won't allow it to be done in that
way, wanting only to have it's own way always.

Leaving us to fend for ourselves, wallowing in many
tears, salted with the loss of those we have loved.

Misfortune of human nature dealt to one and all of
us throughout our lives, no exceptions seeming to be
allowed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Feelings

Wandering aimlessly, not letting anything
close enough to touch me.
Wanting to not have any feelings right now,
just to see how it feels without emotions
insinuating themselves into my poetical thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Footprints

Stretching vines like elastic bands across great spans of imagination, so as not to touch the ground.
Not wanting to leave footprints etched in unmolded brain matter.
Preferring to leave it like virgin soil in the nighttime air.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Guarantees

Marching to different beats as people strut down the dance
floor on their own, feet stepping on every note, taking
them totally into circles of patterns and designs musically.

Exercising and energizing abilities of every dance here
tonight at the Wagon Yard, people finding their way through
motions and movements being given off through musical tones.

Tapping along the sides of our feelings, hoping to find com-
fort along the way, no guarantees at all to prove any of us
were even here tonight.

Music playing, endearing each of us with it's repetition of
chords and notes through the night as we calmly enjoy this
wonderful mode of entertainment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Guidance

Life being lived by every individual on earth, no one
having any directions, their destinies left to each,
deciding where they want to go in life.

Choosing what good they want to accomplish for all of
humanity, yet parents don't usually let their children
know these important factors and aspects of life.

Just letting their children randomly pick and choose,
giving them no guidance, never having taught them the
way to inner enlightenment or strength of character.

Leaving them bereft of an interior life and peaceful
spirituality, they search constantly for what they are
missing throughout their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Hindrances

Catching sight of rhythm as it rocks me into the future
and blasts me back into the past, no hindrances to hold
me back.

Wanting to be loved and held closely at times, then
wanting to be let go without any fuss.

A beautiful scene, being held within my mind, allowing
me to be myself, alone.
Not pressuring me at all as I slide into beyond, letting
go of all the annoyances and trials of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Influences

Walking through lightened darkness, watching for signs
of life becoming normal.
Wretched people sending timers into space for unknown
reasons.
Blocking all entries of spacious knowledge, working
against internal voices.
Becoming what I must with no outside influences clouding
my mind with vacant, unmeaningful glances into this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Interference

Smiling interiorly as music and it's rhythm calms and soothes my brain.
Releasing feelings stressing me is a wonderful euphoria to my intellect and soul where wisdom lies in anticipation.
Gently, laid to rest, no more hopes or dreams, just tones of rhythm keeping me in a quiet, serene atmosphere that no one can interfere with no matter how loud or insistent they happen to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Justice

Looking for justice in this world, finding there is none,
for people have gone crazy, calling good, bad and vice
versa.

Morals, ethics and values have been trashed by rapists,
perverts, racists and hatred of others, normal people
wondering what has happened everywhere.

Especially here in the U.S.A., not realizing that the
media is broadcasting only fake news to go along with
their agendas of breaking down society in the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Justification

Justification in life doesn't happen often,
usually you're left out in a freezing cold
desert with no where to turn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Last Chances

There are no last chances when it comes to living up to
the truth of our convictions.

Stolid, strengthened by our faith, hope and beliefs,
they are a stalwart way of life here in America.

Our beautiful and free country is the envy of the whole
world, but why?

Other countries need to step up, get good people to
represent them in government, do away with evil.

Getting rid of those raping, torturing, beheading
people in the name of a false religion that has no
god, only a pedophile they call allah.

Stand together one and all, uniting against tyranny,
it's time to end reigns of corrupt, powerful, greedy
and evil people once and for all.

Every country can be just like the U.S., get educated,
fair-minded, be people that God will admire for doing
good, changing the world and stamping out evil.

Together we will make the world a peaceful place where
all can live with hope, faith, families and friends.

No need for people to be better than another, we were
all created equal when we were born.

Step up, stop standing back doing nothing to solve the
world's problems.

Let change take place with each person doing one thing,
making a stand and if all of us do this, no one can
defeat us ever again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Lies Or Illusions From Trump

Being enthralled with crowds of people, all nationalities, personalities and persuasions, all united as one for Donald Trump.

Knowing he's the only one who has the answers, truthfully and honestly, no lies or illusions to be seen or heard, totally able to believe what he says can be counted on.

Unlike what Hillary says, one lie after another while in between stealing, bribing, committing treason, being a traitor to our country.

Wondering why in the world some people are still going to vote for her, she must be paying for their votes or else they're more ignorant than dirt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Limits To Creating Love

Realizing there are no limits to how far love can be created,
lasting beauty stands beside torrents of desire as it crashes
and breaks against a heart of softened melodies.

Surfing rapidly through perfect storms, enjoying feelings being
brought onto an inner plain of unconditional love, pursuing
pleasures of it's tantalizing joy as it increases them ten-
fold.

Elating, taking me into folds of another dimension, unchartered
volumes of music being invented to match with emotions of love
as they envelope my mind in a new atmosphere.

Being fulfilled with an energetic focus of interior love and
devotion, sandwiched between the influence of knowledge,
intellect and imagination, now being played in many measures
of talented creations of melodies and harmonies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Longer A Reason

Light in my life has gone out, no more to be seen
on this earth.

Leaving only the poetry I've written behind to be
read, so others can see this light was once lit.

Now there is no longer a reason to keep the light
glowing, I have finished everything.

Putting away pen and paper, closing my poetry journal
for the last time.

Fading into the nonexistence where once my life had
begun, and has now ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Longer An Invincible Equation

Collapsing against the fever of ignorance being touted by our politicians as they portray and tell us lies to keep us from questioning their expertise.

Only we are more adept at finding out what they are really telling us, producing illusions to try and hide everything from us.

Ready to address and focus it all back on them, reflections of themselves in a poetical mirror, a new concept as it was just described for the first time here by this poet!

Now poets over this world will begin to portray injustices, corruption, greed and evil, being perpetrated by them on an unsuspecting public - or so they thought in their selfish self-centered ignorance.

Being quiet about what is going on is no longer the invisible equation they once thought it was.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Longer Any Trust

Knocking at the door of my heart,
wanting it to open and let others in.
Never doing so, because there is no
longer any trust within me.
There's no going back, always resisting
another's vestiges of friendship.
Swallowing the fear in gulps of silence,
staying far away from the people that
want to know me.
Continually, knocking at the door of my
heart, but it never will be opened to
another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Longer Caring

Reading my mind, abstractedly taking pictures, photographically
leaving imprints - solitary factors leading into empty spaces,
fulfilling promises of yesterday.
Leaving, saying good-bye without regrets, knowing the emptiness
of abandonment as it scrapes raspingly against my inner mind,
subconsciously dying instead of trying to hold on any longer.
Living in despair, noting that life is no longer within me,
and what's more, I no longer care.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Longer Having Meaning

Wanting to be deported to the other side of death for
I am missing you, my dear.

Not knowing what to say, you are gone and I'm alone
for the rest of life - no more destiny together.

What we had has now been taken from us forever, what
is the sense of it I want to know.

What recourse do we have now that we've no more enrich-
ment from one another.

Deep inside, loving and wanting you, nothing or no one
else will do.

Purposes and love no longer having meaning, tears fall-
ing torrentially down upon earth, alone, no longer a
voice on earth.

Suddenly beaten down, no longer having a song in our
hearts, our lips never again meeting in a kiss on this
barren, lonely earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Longer In A Vacuum

Life is a vacuum, we take chances, hoping for the
best, we each have our spheres of living.

Certain people as friends, family members, things
we do.

Yet, going out of our spheres, spreading our wings,
soaring into new atmospheres just to see what's there.

Never being disappointed, traveling the world, meeting
new people, finding out about other cultures.

Becoming aware of the world around us all alone, yet
no longer in a vacuum.

We have gone beyond our spheres in life, now living
in another dimension of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Longer In Love

Wandering through streets of yesterday's memories,
opening and watching them as I walk in a lonely world.

Seeing your image in so many memories of our lives to-
gether, tears springing to my eyes now.

Remembering every tender moment spent with you, my dear,
soothing our desires with our loving pleasure always.

Through the years never feeling empty or alone, holding
one another closely all the time.

Now as I watch our memories, seeing the emptiness and
feelings of abandonment that I'm left with.

Sorrowfully going through this life without you anymore,
no longer in love with you, only your memory.

Continuing to watch each moment we spent together, now
cherishing and treasuring what we had.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Longer In Wolf's Clothing

Disguises being taken off, masks thrown aside,
obama and his traitor friends now showing us
their real intentions.

We have known about their plans all along and
have plans of action of our own that will never
be known until they've been activated.

Reasons being to protect America and it's citizens
from their evil deeds, being put upon us all the
time.

Resisting and overthrowing the evil perpetration
against all of us, by preparing for the worst and
helping one another through it.

Sheep in wolf's clothing no longer, having pictures
of them all over facebook and our underground shows
on television.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Longer Intimidated

Devastating odds are challenging us on a daily basis
throughout the world.

Everyone feeling anger growing because of terrorism
and cruelty to others.

Not being intimidated any longer, just wanting to go
after those who are causing the destruction of pure
innocence in this world.

Sincere and heartfelt, we are united as one to conquer
and do away with evil being perpetrated in our world
nowadays.

Soon only goodness and love will be openly and closely
celebrated everywhere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Longer Keeping Up

Losing sight of life at times, finding nothing but
sorrow being poured over my mind.

Lonely, wandering into depths of another time, past
and no longer keeping up with inner desires.

No answers being found anywhere, until listening to
inner rhythms of yesterday.

There, maybe a little of that human nature in another
may one day be open and inviting to my soul's interior
spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Longer Life

Rejecting life brings a sadness of it's own,
tears flow steadily, no one can stem their
flow.

Racing quickly, they touch the heart,
causing it to tear slightly - sorrow trickles
out.

Not able to stand and fight, life-blood drains
silently, spilling itself across the lighted
path of once thought of knowledge.

No more waiting, there will never be another
knock upon the door - life used to live here
once and now does so no more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Longer Light

Hanging head, shoulders drooping, sadness filling spaces of grief left behind after attending funerals of loved ones.

Tears falling, choking life, wishing to go back in time and knowing it's impossible.

Wanting to continue the way we were, yet, there's no loved one there to hold our hand, look into our eyes, or speak words of adoring love to us anymore.

A total and complete abandonment of life the way it was before, now trudging through an ebony darkness, no longer a light to find our way through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Longer Listening

Rhyming in rhythm with Foreigner playing on my walkman,
totally enjoying their music this morning while writing.
Hoping to save myself from the drudgery of boredom,
living seems to want to place on me by causing medical
problems to keep me from doing what I love.
Grounded, not able to sky dive or fly a plane, because
doctor's orders forbid me from doing things I had
always done.
Not wanting to listen anymore, to just throw away all
the meds and go for it alone, leaving the medical
profession long behind me so I can have some fun for
a change.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Longer Mine

Heart breaking, tears falling, mind going blank, loneliness
taking over, emotions rising, abandonment filling every void
and bit of emptiness now filling me with your loss.

Looking up, tears flowing, heart breaking, love scattered to
and fro, I cannot collect and treasure it for you anymore,
my love.

Mind being seared with blazes of grief, burning every particle
of what we had together, now it's just a feeling of cold ice,
feeling numb without you, your love no longer loving me.

Bereft, forsaken, forlorn, nothing in this life can sooth or
comfort me anymore, you were the one who did that for me, now
what will I do, my dear, you're no longer here for me.

Now I am alone, a solitary being, my partner in life and love
now forever gone, this heart broken, lying upon the floor of
my soul.

Unable to sweep it back up again, no longer having space for
it, belonging to you only, it is no longer mine and I cannot
comprehend it at all, my love - I want you back.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Longer Running

Running inside, hiding away from a love being professed honestly and purely from a heart of truth, caring and compassion, our hearts beating in unison even though at times I run from it.

Always being drawn back to him like a moth to the flame, attracted totally and wholesomely to the flame of his love, passion and desire for me.

Loving the intensity in which he cares so much for me alone, feeling the same towards him, willing to give my life for him, ready to give everything I have in me.

Allowing him to possess me and no other, a willingness that never fades or dies away, a lasting love that is his forevermore, coming to a standstill at last, no longer running from, but to him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Longer Shadows

Shadows of life stand about expectantly, wanting to
be brought into the light.

Knowing that they are missing feelings and emotions
of being while watching everything that fills the
essence of people with an intense creativeness.

Once they are filled with the passion of life, they
will no longer be shadows, but thoughts upon this
photographic screen forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Longer Silent

Keeping aligned forever in
certain parts of acknowledgement,
sololy being in the mixture of
any molecular formula.

Once being a silent partner, now
stepping into the limelight
and enjoying each and every minute
of delight in songs tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Longer Suffocating

Changing and rearranging inner behaviors to match what
desires prefer.

Continually pressing forward, not hanging on the past
of suffering and trials.

No longer suffocating beneath their blankets of so-
called protection.

Throwing them off and running free away from them, being
engulfed in the propensities of sensual desires.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Measure Of Consolation

Tears slipping away, turning into memories of the past,
forlornly traipsing into a barrage of feelings and in-
tense emotions that continue to run away.

Leaving behind the wonder that used to be ours, now on
the doorstep of an unwanted reality, wanting to cry,
nothing to console this heart of mine.

It's so lonesome and all I can do is cry, no measure of
consolation is able to reach within me to heal the hole
left by your passing, my dear.

Experiencing the emptiness of a past that used to have
you in it's clutches, now there's just a mixture of feel-
ings and emotions.

Passing me by, not seeing their devastation, numb now to
living this earthly life, my heart still alive and full
of love for you, I don't know now what will come of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Miracles Waiting

Living on earth, knowing there are no miracles waiting
to happen, they are saved for those whom God decides
to baptize with goodness and mercy.

Lighting candles, praying, taking notice of it all, yet
the person's heart whom He looks into, seeing their love
poand compassion for even the littlest, meekest on earth.

They are usually the ones He decides are worthy of His
mercy, yet people don't understand His very mysterious
ways.

That is the way He works when we're not able to see or
understand what He does.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No More Beginnings

Alone in a familiar world, I wonder what has happened to make me grow older.
Parents both are gone with very little reminder.
It numbs me with the pain of their passing.
Wanting to reach out to them and hold them close, but how can you hug their deadened ghosts?
Where are the words, 'I love you', felt so deeply here inside?
I feel, but can not speak to them for they are no longer here.
Where is the past I once knew with them alive and living here beside me?
What has happened to our love now? Where has it gone?
Can I ever see my parents or hold them or talk to them like I used to?
Why does death have to be so total? So permanent for those we love?
Once, long ago, happiness prevailed on occasion and brought us closer together.
Lord, why can't I be with my parents anymore? I love them so much that my heart is tearing apart.
Is nothing ever able to be held close to my heart without it's dying?
Why then, must I continue living, while everyone else dies around me?
Let me die also, I have no desire to stay here alone among people who are strangers.
I need love, I need my parents, even if only to say 'Hi Mom, what's to eat'? Or, 'Hi Dad, can you take me shopping'?
Lord, I don't need much in the way of anything, but Lord, my parents, why did you have to take them from me so soon?
I was just beginning to know them. I love them Lord. I just can't go on living anymore.
They were all I had, Lord. Mom and Dad. Nothing more. Just the two of them.
Crying from bottomless pits, there is no end to my sorrow, I must detach myself if I am expected to live - I have no other choice if you do not take me also, now.
Lord, I look out and see me - my eye with a tear in it, just open and so very sad.
So sad, that it cannot even fall for fear it will be too much for this child to endure.
For it will unleash the sorrow with a fury never known before.
A sorrow turned to anger, turned to hate.
I'm puzzled - it has me floored. Lord, the sadness I embrace is too much for me to handle.
The only thing that I can ever possibly do is to push it in the back of my mind and split myself in two.
Keeping the hurt and sorrow hidden always and forever from view, because otherwise I will fall totally apart and lie broken among sinews of the past.
With no future at all ever to grasp again.

Lord, where can I go now that my beginnings are both dead?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No More Endings

Racing into another moment, head up, seeking knowledge that
eludes you throughout life.

Wanting to find answers and solutions to the essence of
death, searching for a cure for it so no one will ever have
to feel it's intensity in sorrow again.

Holding onto feelings of joy through love, hoping to bring
happiness into the lives of everyone here on earth.

Leaving out the horror of death as it embraces those we love
with all hearts in the here and now.

Benefitting all of mankind with the fruition of this dream
will culminate in a world of absolute joy and serenity.

No longer will anyone have to live to see the ending of
another loved one's life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No More Harmonies

There are no more harmonies being
listened to, yet fingers continue
tapping into the night, without
waiting for sounds or beats.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No More Reasons

Recognizing truths in this life, not always liking
them, but accepting the inevitable in the end.

There's so much cruelty and injustice happening in
our world, being caused by just a handful of people.

It is amazing to me why the rest of us don't just
rise up totally and do away with them.

That is why they persist in persecuting others for
their beliefs and opinions, because no one puts them
in their place.

Why is that? Recognizing the truths in this life, not
always agreeing with them, but accepting the inevitable
in the end.

At least until now, finding no more reasons to accept
the evil in our world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No More To Claim Me

Sorrowfully walking down sandy shores, alone and crying,
asking why does life have to be this way.

Receiving no answer in return, looking out across the
ocean and it's furthest horizon.

Thinking to self, how will I ever make it out there on
my own?

Having faith, listening to the pitter patter of hope
within my heart, that I had thought was long gone.

Now seeing it's not, having stayed through it all,
finding an ending of life's path on this sandy seashore.

Directing in directions of inner thought, letting go to
travel past myself and into a garden of heaven at last
with no more pain or suffering.

Freed at last from the ties that bind me to this earthly
life, now no more to claim me on these sandy shores, being
illuminated in the soft moonlight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No More Yesterdays

Settled into self, thinking of all the yesterdays that are no more in this life, images of good times had with family and friends.

Being touched by love that once was felt in this heart, now only feeling the sting of bittersweet love that will never a-gain be mine to hold.

Sandwiched between pages of my heart and soul throughout the years, waiting for times when I'll open this book of life and memories will be relived silently, each of them in images upon photographic screens as I sit alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Need For Measuring Time

Going through forests of imagination, following trails of
innate nature into the beauty of it's reality and fantasy.

Needing to run through this night, dreaming of the wonder
intellect continues to select in my mind when awake.

Never being dissuaded from truth and light, guiding me in-
to the gates of heaven.

Watching as heavenly angels reach out to me, welcoming me
home for a while just to visit and then return to earth.

Every moment never being registered in measures of earthly
time, for heaven is eternal - no need for measuring time
at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Opening To Forgiveness

Searching for palatable thoughts to ingest through writing.
Touching the beauty of my soul, watching it's rhythm sway
in time with music.
Blood of abandonment flowing out - unstoppable - hurting me
just to see it's wound.
Trying to ascertain how it can be healed, yet, finding there
is no cure for a soul ripped open by a friend.
Tell-tale harm already done, there's no pathway to healing -
it's a brand new experience to find myself in.
There's another side of me, standing in the wings, wanting
to just fold up and disappear forever.
Knowing there is no opening to forgiveness from another.
Living on shores of loneliness, unafraid of what is in store.

(10/03/12)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Passing Fancies

Rising to the occasion of another beautiful day, ready
to face life head on.

Born to write, compose music and paint, being artistic,
creative and enjoying all these endeavors every day.

None of them being passing fancies, totally living each
of them daily.

All of it ringing throughout this soul and giving life
a purpose to carry on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Preparation For Ending

Flowing down river with no preparation for it's ending in rapids before heading to the ocean and it's tides of eternal equinoxes.

Fathoms of interior designs corral me in accents of yesterday's thoughts, afraid to waver from edges and shores of water's turbulent forces.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Presence To Confide In

Running fast, passing minutes on the clock, racing faster, moving further away from the source of anger.
Covering up with a piece of calm serenity, keeping up appearances, trying not to expose any inner turmoil, never wanting people to know what I am all about.
Things are slowing down, slowly turning around, twirling emotions into labyrinths of darkness, carrying no lightened hope.
Afraid of nothing, dragging on steps of yesterday's memories.
Stalking away, finding no lasting presence to confide in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Prior Thoughts

Detecting movement stirring within my brain, looking forward to writing and hearing music being composed in seconds of time.
No prior thoughts to find or think about, they just flow downhill like a rushing waterfall into my being and are written out at the end of a pen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Promises Were Given

Memories of yesterday filter through into the present,
bringing bittersweet joy to my mind.

Emptiness today, fills my being with it's abandonment,
taking me into sorrowful moments of grief.

Walking down our street alone, remembering your hand in
mine, laughing, talking, doing normal everyday things to-
gether.

Now my hand grasps onto nothing, I walk silently, not
really noticing anything, just remembering things you've
said in the past that make me smile even now.

Life has lost it's meaning, you have gone away and I am
left here missing you with my unspent love still being
held within my heart.

Loving and holding your memory close my dear, hoping to
be with you again, yet there were no promises given to
me when you were taken by death.

This total unknowing, whether I will see you again when
dying is tearing me apart inside, all I want is to be
with you.

As millions of tears flow from my heart, showing to this
world how I truly felt about you, my dearest love, I fall
into a fathomless, restless sleep without your love tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Reason For Being

A canopy hung over my head to
contain all that I am and have.
An intense desire to be alone,
to think, to become unknown again.
A person without a reason for being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Reason For Loss

Interpreting sounds of music into poetry, intellect
surpassing itself in these endeavors.

Always keeping time with rhythms, chords spelling
meanings of another world.

Being held together in quiet, somber tones of grief,
wallowing in tears of sorrow, not allowing steps of
tomorrow to enter here right now.

Violins playing intricate and delicate emotions of
this inner being, tears forming in tiny increments
of drops to be spilled immediately.

Heart pounding, chest heaving with the heaviness of
inner pain since loss has placed it's burden deep
within this soul.

No one else can make it depart from it's throne of
total abandonment, atoning for nothing, having no
regrets.

A silence always continuing to begin, no ending in
sight, eyes looking towards the horizon, hoping to
see the loved one who so quickly vanished from sight.

Leaving only reminders in memories, nothing tangible
to hold onto or hug, just a total aloneness now upon
my being.

This mind incapable of finding any reason for this
loss to have come upon me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Regrets

Life is about to end on earth, and I can leave it behind with no regrets.
Having done what I was born to do, fulfilling my essence with passion.
Writing poetry my way, not letting interference from anyone get in the way.
Always writing, thinking and composing everything, leaving nothing to another's imagination.
Using only innate talent to walk my path through destiny and fate, always counting only on my inner voice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Reproductions

Justifying who I am in a bevy of language, being protected by it's inherent coded messages for all time.
Keeping out others, stripping them of abilities so they can never be reproduced by any other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Respite In Isolation

Tender melodies causing tears to fall like dew drops
onto the morning grass.

Watching them with saddened eyes, wondering how in the
world I will ever learn to conquer grief held within
these photographic memories.

How can I exist, feeling as cold as ice when losing
those I love, holding my existence in pockets of in-
spiration, taking it out only to be written in poems.

This silent being residing in the pillows of an after-
life, death having taken over all aspects of my life,
leaving no understanding filtering through the years.

There's no respite found in isolation, but neither is
it found in others, living a life in an interior domain,
allowing inner spirituality to take life within divinity.

Keeping me away from edges of death's everlasting silence
at least for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Room For Regrets

Figuring out paths of life that I have traversed thus far,
wondering why I ever decided to take some of them.

Life would have been much easier I believe, had I gone in
other directions at certain times in life.

No room for regrets now, there is not time for them, as I
continue to follow the ones I am on, hopefully to riches
and fame!

Not really caring much about money, just wanting to have
it so I can help those who are more unfortunate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Room To Worry

Worries fly away on white clouds when listening to music
that touches our minds.

When rhythm fills intellect and imagination there is no
room left for worry and stress, all is taken from us.

Thoughts of goodness and pleasure instead, fill us with
pursuits of happiness.

Regretting nothing, as we follow melodies of our souls
into depths of beautiful gardens of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Safe Havens

6: 21 p.m.
Watching people with lifeless eyes, seeing pain on
their faces while hearts are dripping with sorrow.

No safe havens to protect them from the struggles
of life, just more turmoil and suffering as each
day the sun sets itself on the horizon.

Having no comfort or alleviation from one day to
the next, unless a person crosses their path,
lighting the way with their friendship and love.

Making a world of difference in life, even though
nothing else has changed within them. 6: 22 p.m.
6/7/15 RoseAnn V. Shawiak

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Solutions

Feeling close to someone who's a friend of quiet respect, taking in every aspect from every direction, trying to understand how I write so he can pass it on to his significant other.
As usual, I'm a puzzle with no solution that anyone can find or locate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Tears Left Unshed

Sojourn journeys through life and sorrow, walking in pools of
sadness and grief, no tears left unshed on earth, waiting for
the few moments when joy and happiness will arrive once again.

Then elating and taking me into furrows of promise and beauty,
reluctant to enter edges of humanity without being held closely
in God's hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Thought

Life is so temporary, yet we build
houses, accumulate property, gather
money and assume we're living forever,
without another thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Tomorrow's Held Within

Delightful rhythms now carrying me into extreme dimensions,
there being no tomorrows held within the futility of this
life.

Been to hell and back, still focused on living life to the
fullest, never giving up, grasping hold of every concept
taken into visions of tomorrow.

Sitting on edges, peering over, enjoying all that is being
seen, a total recall of everything in life, watching it all
on photographic screens within.

Reliving experiences, situations and circumstances that have
made a difference and impact on every particle of this mere
little life of mine.

Rapidly exchanging ideas through intellect and imagination,
delving quickly into coded rhythms that continue to deliver
many thoughts into intellect.

Exchanging opinions and finding new ways of doing things,
loving to experience each one separately, letting them
all be touched musically through poetry.

Energizing and prying every ounce of liberty and freedom
into thought processes as this mind thinks and continues
to produce creatively, finding rest in writing only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Understanding

Settling back, letting things flow by as I watch them pass.
Feeling a sadness, because I realize that no one understands
who I am or why I write incessantly.
They just say, Hi, not wanting to talk, thinking I'm too
profound or deep for them.
If they'd take the time they'd see how simple I really am.
It's just my intellect, standing in the way again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Understanding Of Fate

Sadness quietly flowing from my eyes, as I sit here wondering
when life is going to stop knocking me down.

Never knowing how much more I can endure, as wave after wave
bowls me over.

Understanding of fate escapes me at this moment and any that
may come after it.

Knowing nothing to help, always standing alone in a boxed
off section of destiny, finding there is no explanation or
reason for my being, and yet, here I am, still living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Voice

Silence sprouting within, growing quieter over time,
never uttering a whisper out of hand.
Listening to chords being reproduced in measures of
harmonies, letting all the silent spirits fall out
onto floors of tomorrow's tiers.
Hastening times of grief falling beneath coverlets
of age, finding that life is still present even
though it no longer has a voice to utter a word to
anyone in life's winding stances of music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Way To Mend A Broken Heart

Collecting feelings and emotions into my heart
through the years, finding that they accumulate
and try to take over thoughts.

Leading me into sadness, loneliness, grief and
at times, happiness and joy, writing about them
all in poetry.

Hoping that what I write will one day help someone
who is going through the same things and feelings
that I have already done.

Heart having been broken through the years, never
mended, just tattered throughout, saturated with
the tears of loss.

Never being tended to because there's no way to
mend a broken heart, we just have to learn to live
with it the way it is.

Others throughout life having torn, and ripped it
apart with their insensitivity, jealousy and opinions
of who I am.

Usually being wrong in their assumptions of my being,
yet having the same effect on my poor broken, tattered
heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Women

Again, watching as I sit noticing how the workers are
actually working as a team.
Because I think the women are not here, it's their
day off.
Everything is running smoothly, like a swiss clock
and customers are very happy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Wonder!

A.T. & T., with your unsightly black and gray ball of ear wax,
blocking the heated sun and view from becoming a poem in my
book.

With all your money and fortune you have no idea what nature
and natural wonder are all about.

Tear down your scar of a building on our desert and build
with preserving our natural desert in mind instead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Words Left

Empty envelopes where love letters used to lie safely,
their odor of perfume permeating the atmosphere with
the love we had for one another.

Victory we thought was ours can no longer be, for we
have been separated unnecessarily and have no room to
be separated on purpose.

There's no more succor in life for death has taken
everything and left us with nothing at all, it doesn't
feel the same without you, but what can I say?

There's no words left to express the emptiness and
abandonment left within my heart now, there's just a
void where my heart used to be when we were together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

No Worries As Yet

Little children playing in the distance, not noticing or feeling our eyes watching them as they find joy in little things around them.

Laughter, giggles, shouting, filling the atmosphere lividly, loving how their curiosity and wonder bring cries of surprise at every new adventure and experience.

Climbing on rocks, up trees, riding bicycles, skate boards, hover boards, enjoying their moments of childhood whole-heartedly.

Watching them playing in the near distance, no worries as yet of tomorrow or the future, living their childhoods with excitement and fervor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nocturn Equations

Letter-like rhythms playing in my mind, alphabetizing
my thoughts one by one.

A lively, catchy tune developing in the light of dawn,
taking me into realms of an intense nature.

Quiet, calculating, kept within, away from all others,
intrigued with nocturnal equations of a lightened day
here in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nocturnal Ideas

Oceans of locomotive thoughts wave to me from beyond
horizons and coasts of this lifetime.
Nocturnal ideas thrive and sprout from imagination,
unfolding from interior souls.
Formatting ideal pieces of literate prose for every
occasion and state of mind.
Forging moments of precise memory and tomorrow's
images with family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Noise

Towers erected within my mind send messages to every fiber of nerve contained in my body.
Letting me feel, all that I see and hear, jamming frequencies, causing quite a stir.
Memories stirred in little jars are brought forth and talked about.
Listening to all this noise going on within my head, I retreat and withdraw within my hidden self to find peace this life cannot give to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Noisily Buzzing

Flies hanging around, bothering me while
I'm trying to write, think and be at peace.

Noisily buzzing me with their endless tones,
I decide to write about them so maybe they'll
leave me alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Noisy Silence

Attitudes abounding, negatively in a circle of dismay.
Nothing comes forward, nothing is emitted as a noisy silence fills heads with disobedience and takes them away from life's purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Non - Compliance

Dissipating liveliness at times coming into my being,
non-compliance falling deeply inside, not wanting to
follow what other people are doing in their lives.

Alone on vast deserts of being, wandering about,
searching for so many ideas to be completed and written
down for posterity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Non - Conforming

Inner tangents being smoothed like glass with water flowing constantly over them.

Portraying intrepid sights of noncommittal, while holding onto threads of a bare existence.

Sensing an emptiness crawling on all fours, lurking behind closed doors, keeping hidden from those who dare to tread upon innocent souls out of greed and malice.

Non-conforming, exciting life's shores in a storm of intellectual reasoning, subconsciously.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Non - Descript Attitudes

Feeling senses being awakened through gentle rhythms,
filling this heart with passion and joy, a non-descript
attitude so positive it cannot ever be denied.

Walking through life, enjoying every little thing entering
sight, completing our beings so totally that we can only
accept it more.

Taking pathways along our destiny, being sure of what we're
doing and going, never looking back, taking everything as
it comes.

Experiences and circumstances bringing us joy and happiness
while we continue to live as one in this temporary world,
we call earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Non-Conforming Walls

Painting nature's vision onto inner canyon walls where
I can forever see them at any moment I recall.

Twisting, turning, non-conforming, frolicking about
earth while standing still, enjoying the freedom only
God can instill.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

None Can Be Held

Reliving yesterday through memories, yet there is no
laughter, giggles or compassion to be heard for videos
of memory have no sound at all.

Reminders all around, bittersweet and beautiful, but
none can be held together like the original times that
I've had in life.

Succeeding only in the achievement of recapturing the
images, no volume or sound to be heard anywhere in my
mind or intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Non-Existent Care

Turning inside out, feeling so sick - doctor doing nothing to help.
Surgeon wanting a cat scan done to check for infection, yet the rehab doc acts like a god, and it's not been ordered and it's three weeks now.
So much for medical care at this rehab center, it's non-existent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Non-Existent Equality

Searching for equality around every bend, finding none worthy of speaking of.

Recalcitrant hopes waylaid on a journey to nowhere, as life steps out of tune and falls upon rocky crags in outlandish events.

Where is the equality in our land?

Are we to fight continuously for a recognition of our futile blight and attempts to be normal in the realm of our country's democracy?

If all of us have equal rights, why are we being treated differently, being put out in streets, homeless and afraid, our lives taken drastically from our grasp?

As others walk by, warm and cozy, stomachs full of good food, turning an eye away from us as we sit in hopeless wonder of our existence in this world.

How are we to behave, knowing we have nothing, and having our thoughts tell us from behind saddened eyes that we aren't worth the trouble of those walking past us every day.

Never truly opening their eyes to see we are human, that we want companionship more than anything else.

To have someone speak to us, to listen as we share our thoughts and ideas would be sublime joy, but it never happens as we sit here on the street day after day with no reprieve from the weather, no equality of life on this planet we share together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Non-Existent Ethics

Watching, looking at those in power, lording it over unsuspecting people in their care.
Abusing in every circumstance so they can stand aloof and not bother to do their duties.
Work ethic and pride in what they do is entirely non-existent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Noontime Sun

Morning hours drenched in nighttime's sleep,
trying to awaken, open mind and eyelids to
greet the new day.

Being a night owl, it's much too hard to
restart my engine, I don't want to begin.

Later, when I've begun to think and create
new ideas, will be soon enough to greet
the noontime sun.

Until then, I wish to be alone with my
sleeping senses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nostalgia

Nostalgia permeating my mind through a distant voice,
whispering into the wind of my being.
Softly bringing all events together so I may begin to
be lifted into spires of intensity.
Collecting every motion and idea, creating movement
towards opposite shores of existence, leaving all of
my being on deserted waves, tossing me about.
Reaching into depths of a crate filled with dynamite,
ready to explode into a million shards of glass on
sands this side of horizons.
Little known episodes, beginning over again every time
another song is played out loud.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nostalgic Aromas

Using make-shift patterns left over from yesterday,
wanting to add a nostalgic aroma to something old
and tested from the past.
Taking the designs and clipping them into subjective
themes to see if they'll fit the new scheme of things.
Reality setting in and becoming the backdrop to all
of the rhythm being manufactured right now, this
moment.
Testing the fidelity of the last of major portions
of substantial dreams now being lived in tones of
music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nostalgic Creations

Walking across desert sands as I contemplate puzzles of life,
reaching within to collate what mosaics I'm thinking about,
giving me spaces to create nostalgic new forms of ideals just
thought of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nostalgic Love

Nostalgic songs filtering into my mind, reminding me of yesterday.
Tears begin falling inside, flowing through my heart, touching my soul from long ago, filled with a love of parents, relatives and childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nostalgic Scents

Taking a walk to shores of a river bank, wanting to sit
and watch water flow by, taking stress and turmoil away
with it.

Glad to see it disppear towards a bend in the river and
out of sight, soul feeling soothed, heart gently beating,
mind just drifting like a raft with the river's current.

A pleasant voyage all alone, enjoying beautiful landscapes
along the way, forest and pine trees on either side, their
scents filling me nostalgically.

Remembering days of old when going camping, being twelve
years old, such a wonderful passage of time filled with
memories of life when younger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not A Witness

Not wanting to be a witness to the cruelty of isis
as they tear apart families, purity from children
and torture and murder innocent populations.

Where do they get off propagating their filthy
perversions and trying to say they are doing it for
God - that it is His will when it is not?

Atrocious and absurd, they need to be taken from this
earth by God, having no mercy on them - their own creed
when dealing with good people on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Able To Forget

Looking for shelter from the coldness of your death as I fight to stay alive, wanting to lie down and die, yet then I'd not be able to think or remember you again in life.

So confused, life being mixed up with loss, love and your heart, missing your lovely tender, gentle heart, not able to forget every moment we've ever spent together in this earthly life, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Able To Retrieve

Cold, lonely nights, sitting by myself after death has
visited with the seriousness of lost love.

Presenting itself in crashing waves of remorse, no way
to recover or go on.

Life buried beyond everything with no reprieve, a hapless
existence with nothing to show for it anymore.

Now that love has gone and left for that great beyond,
here I sit, mourning your absence in my life.

No way to go back in time to retrieve what we once had.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Able To Understand

Love hiding within hearts, afraid to shine because they
may end up being hurt in the long run.

Wishing, listlessly living their lives, not able to share
with anyone else because of their self-centeredness.

How cold and lonely their lives must be on a daily basis,
unable to understand their way of thinking.

Preferring to give my heart away, sharing love uncondit-
ionally with another person.

Maybe being hurt because of it, but then again maybe not,
just reaching out with hope.

It seems much better to me than aging and becoming bitter,
never tasting the sweetness of another's heart of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Accepting Time Limits

Rushing to meet deadlines that others have placed upon
my time, not wanting to accept their limits, being
annoyed with their coercion, trying to take up my time
with their agendas.

Nowadays, making my own schedule, not working with other
people's agendas unless it's something that I wish to do,
freeing up my hours and days so I can write poetry, not
being limited creatively by any others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Adding Up

Realizing facts of life don't always add up, yet we usually take them at face value, leaving educated guesses in the past.
Rectangular squares rotate and caress angles of particular shapes, taking measurement of other facets.
Living in apprehensive beauty, whiling away moments in backwards time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Always Making Sense

Jovial and thinking of jokes being told by my Grand
daughters when they were younger, making them up, not
making sense at times to a grownup.

Being so cute they make me laugh out loud to their
great delight, a fascinating and beautiful time in
their lives that I thoroughly enjoy being a part of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Anymore

Everywhere I don't go anymore, you frequent,
hoping to see me again.
Refusing to go back, I do not want to go through
the pain and abuse anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Being Chastised Again

Walking toward death's insistence, unafraid, no doubts that God is leading me to Him.
Wanting to let go and become who I will be in heaven.
Nothing standing in my way as I travel ahead, straight through my final sunset in all it's wonderful splendor.
Never being chastised again for having intelligence, aptitude and artistic bouquets of music, art and writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Being Deterred

Thinking deeply, settling back within an inner universe,
wondering how life will be figured out, locating different
situations that have touched life off and on.

Sadness pouring itself over this mind, not knowing what to
do, it being too much to handle, but somehow I must,
covering eyes with insight while lying back and watching
images hopefully bring something to light.

Chances appearing delectably not being marred by anything,
spelling out all details and not omitting a single one,
hoping for the best while writing it all into this poem.

Adversity collecting at every turn, yet continuing to not
be deterred a bit by any of it, watching from afar at times,
trying to get new perspectives so new concepts, designs and
patterns can be created.

Much like a kaleidoscope, collecting and changing colors
of each design, except doing so for words, meanings and
definitions, going directly into another poem, loving to
create and write over and over, never tiring of doing it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Blinded

Serious rhythms being played, asking questions of reality, trying to find some sort of forgiveness within it.

Supporting the beauty of this planet in every way, never forsaking it, preserving our freedoms and sovereignty from all enemies.

Standing strong, keeping forces from without and within our very own White House, not being blinded by our politicians and non-president, obama.

Taking care to protect ourselves and our freedom from tyranny, locked and loaded, alert and ready for anything, our volunteer militia at our backs.

Nothing to be sorry for as we all join together, united on one front, never backing down from an unjust fight, especially on our own soil.

Beware! You are your own worst enemy in America, we will hunt you down like the animals you are.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Caring One Iota

Living in an emotional period of time, filled with many evils and corrupt people trying to take away what we have lived and worked for all our lives.

Feeling entitled selfishly, not caring one iota about any-one else in this world, transparent curtains that cannot be seen through for all the lies and illusions are clouding the fiber and material they are made of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Deserving

Looking out over the horizon, seeing the beauty of God's
creations, flowering and blossoming within my mind.

Knowing that all of it has been a gift from God to us
here on earth.

Not deserving of any of it, yet He bountifully has bestowed
it out of His pure goodness and mercy.

Always finding details of His knowledge and wisdom in
everything in this earthly life.

Nature filled with his spirit, our own beings filled
with the wonder of His total magnificence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Enough Time

You are the love I never had, but wish I could have, this heart unfolds completely when near or thinking of you.

Interiorly my mind is filled with the sweetness of your gentle nature, pure and innocent, touching me within.

My heart responding as if you were a child needing to be hugged, not understanding the way I feel about you.

How can I respond so fully without not knowing, just wanting to spend a lifetime with you, but there's not enough time left for either of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Even A Reflection

Stricken in strides of life with emotions stealthily riding
over others through death's encapsulation, unaware of anyone's
grief himself.

Just walking across earth, taking, choosing, selecting at
random, those he wants to take from the safety of their
families and friends.

No thoughts nor conscience to affect him in the least, yet
in the wake of his parting, lives have been torn and destroyed
beyond repair, never to be restored this side of life.

Only pieces of a shattered glass life are picked up, yet
shards are forever missing now and there isn't even a
reflection left of what life was meaning just yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Existing

Being caught up in the strings of suffering, having
the tenacity to break free until the next time.

Tears still falling, heart breaking in time with the
measures of music.

Taking me through the desert of my soul and into a
darkened sorrow where the blackness will fall upon me.

Not existing for the time being, isolating, feeling
empty and abandoned, nothing to be done about it.

Continuing to experience every particle and fiber of
this until it's eventually partially over.

Knowing there will really be no end in sight as long
as I'm still living on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Feeling Safe

Our story ends on a note of desperation as you call out
to me in the middle of the night.

Alone, afraid of the dark, wanting to run away, feeling
unsafe.

Timid and shy, soaring into skyways of my heart, finding
landscapes enticing and thrilling intellect.

Touching an interior atmosphere filled with energy, fueling
thought processes by doing it so succinctly.

Wanting to know how it's done one by one, following the sun
to the next horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Fitting In

Subjecting myself to outward appearances,
not fitting in with what others think I should be doing.

Being myself and loving the essence of who I am.

A presence of mind is always right beside me, keeping
me focused and in tune with my environment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Forgiving

Forgiveness is innate for some, but most people need to be taught by example.
Circumstances in life end up dictating whether or not another person is to be forgiven, and usually, even if deserving of it - aren't.
Abuse in a person's life causes them to be stubborn and unwilling to compromise or forgive, leaving them to forage for themselves and to grow old alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Getting Any Numbers

Riding now down the road to the casino, playing
five card bingo on the bus.

An exciting little exploit on the way, so far not
getting any of the numbers.

Oh well, that's life in the desert, then all of a
sudden getting three numbers in a row.

Wait and see what, if anything will come to be as
we ride to the casino.

No, not this time, but there's always next time
as we continue riding down the highway to the Fort.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Giving An Inch

Running down the track, not stopping for anything, just running
and taking democrats onto the Trump train to change America the
way it's supposed to be according to the Constitution.

Being united no matter what race, religion or creed we are, all
knowing that we cannot have a liar, thief and traitor in the
Oval office of our White House.

Wanting our freedoms thoroughly protected from gun control, keep-
ing our religious freedom at any cost, never backing down or run-
ning away.

Just standing firmly at attention, not moving or giving an inch to
socialists or communism in our country, nothing to do with Sharia
law ever in the U.S.A.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Giving An Inch Ever

Running down the track, not stopping for anything, just running
and taking democrats onto the Trump train to change America the
way it's supposed to be according to the Constitution.

Being united no matter what race, religion or creed we are, all
knowing that we cannot have a liar, thief and traitor in the
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law ever in the U.S.A.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Judging By Reflections

Reflections of self in mirrors and windows don't tell or
show who I am, what I think, how I feel, what my opinions
are, what my life is like.

Yet, people passing by see that image, the same one I see
in the mirrors and windows and they judge me.

Putting their stereotypes into action, their likes, dis-
likes, consequently I suffer from their judgment against
me at times.

Thinking to myself though, knowing that I am not the image
that they portray of me, in their minds.

Being a poet, artist, musician, intellectual, a non-con-
formist, a quiet rebel, well loved, being wanted by others
to be their friend once they get to know me.

None of those qualities can be seen in a reflection of a
mirror or window when glancing at me, being sure that is
the case with all people, their own reflections not being
who they really are within.

A lesson to be learned, never judge a person by reflections
of their image in a mirror, don't judge, period.

Just accept everyone for who they are, and our world will be
a better place if we could all remember that and act accord-
ingly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Knowing

Frustrated, being subjected to many particular feelings
all at one time, using poetry to separate and identify
each of them, flowing out into poems eventually.

Slowly finding our way through mazes in this difficult
and ultimate lonely life, walking on paths of destiny,
meeting others along the way.

Gathering friendships, finding aspects of daily life
that we can eventually master through intellect and logic,
nowing very little on how to make life work with and for
us all our days.

Not having a map or directions on how to work any particle
of it's steps without falling and failing, nothing really
mattering after all.

In the end, when dying, nothing really mattering after all
because when we die we leave it all behind us anyway.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Knowing I'M Watching You

Being near to you, hearing you breathe in your sleep,
not knowing that I'm watching you, seeing you as the
angel that God meant you to be.

Praying for your soul, loving you beyond life itself,
looking at you lovingly, your love filling me with the
wonder and awe of your generosity and unconditional love.

Being next to you, feeling your heart beat against this
silent night, desires running rampant, wanting to wake
you, but I don't because you're resting so peacefully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Knowing What Might Have Been

Socializing, standing off, wanting, yet not wanting some-
one to talk with.

Conversations never carried out for very long, because
thoughts refuse to be opened up when not wanting to do it.

Rebelling against time-related questions, turning my back
on them, letting life stand on it's own as I travel alone
into another galaxy, beyond what we all know.

Intelligence lights up the sky, a person still so much a
child, shedding tears for what might have been.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

'Not L.A.' At Buddy Stubbs

Surrealism at it's best, in a biker's den, having a bar-b-que and listening to a band named, 'We're not L.A.'.
Satisfying inner cravings for musical renditions on a Saturday morning.
Featuring sounds of exhilarating beauty set in visions of intuitive memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Letting Me Forget

Vibrant and enticing, bringing life into my being, not
letting me forget that I'm still living and need to do
it fully and completely.

Being entranced with inner energy reverberating through-
out the years, trusting, never doubting beauty that is
hidden often behind turmoil and suffering of life.

Enduring, finding hope generating the liveliness of mind
and heart, intellect exuding the brilliance of energizing
thoughts in the darkness of this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Listening

Talking incessantly going on around me, but I'm not listening.
Going deeper into my interior self, I become calmer with every moment.
Joy settling in my mind, spreading itself thin so as not to let the sadness get too heavy.
Thinking of all the years I've lived, appreciating the good times while trying to forget the bad.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Missing Any Steps

Loving and thinking of feelings being generated at the thought of a special someone in life.

Chemical reactions being set off instantly when seeing pictures of us together, enjoying life.

Significantly learning about each other's lives bringing us closer through the years.

Thoughts flowering in our minds, spreading joy and happiness throughout our beings.

Waiting for each other along roads of turmoil, holding hands, in step with one another without missing any.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Needing Things

Listlessly sitting, quietly thinking, wondering of many things in this life and why they're here when we don't need them.

They don't enhance our lives in any way, shape or form, yet we must put up with them anyway.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Noticing

Lines, shadows of them lying upon the floor, people stepping on them, not even noticing what they are doing there.

Not a thought is being used in anyone's mind, sun shining all around them, projecting their presence and essence even more than before.

Angles being made from them as they are laid out just so, no one having put them there, they have just begun and now lie there basking in the lime-light of this mere poet's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Opening The Door

Rising above turmoil in life, forgetting about it's
strife, not opening the door to any of it at all.

Listening to happy uplifting rhythms and melodies,
creating inner happiness that I tap into all the time.

Energizing my mind as I race down the tracks of this
lonesome and talented life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Realizing

Love stepping out from the shadows of doubt, wanting to be expressed and refined in ways of unconditional and forgiving love.

Letting the light shine upon themselves and the one that they are in love with, wanting to express their desires and insatiable thirst for another.

Love for the first time ever, not being realized for what it is, it's only a thing called infatuation and serves the ego's lust.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Recognizing Truth

Fulfilling peaceful interludes with a contemplative nature, one with God.
Learning as I go along what life is meant to be.
Everyday, ordinary life is precious, needs to be treasured while you have it at hand.
Soon enough it is taken by death's insistence, finalized in ends of natural time.
Foundations of positions thrive in some instances, yet, we ignore these moments instead of listening to our souls.
Tantamount to an energy deep within, we search for truth and trip over it, not recognizing that we've held it from our beginnings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Repeating Mistakes

Circulating throughout history, meaningful and precise facts have been written down in hopes that no one will repeat past mistakes.

Wanting to tell the truth so new approaches will be used instead of the tried and true old ways that are now way outdated because of progress.

Introspection coming into sight, letting only the silent reverberations of truth play out in future problems with humanity and evil.

Hoping to eliminate the worst scenarios from the slates of time and make our world a better and safer place to live than ever before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Ruffling My Feathers

Sitting here watching guys play pool in between writing
poetry.

No one bothering, leaving me to myself, knowing that I
prefer it this way, yet also knowing that I will stop
what I'm doing to have a conversation with them.

Interruption happening, stopping in the middle of a
sentence, then when done, picking up a pen, turning music
back on.

This photographic memory picking up exactly where I had
left off in my thought process, a wonderful gift that is
exercised and used all the time, people never really
ruffling my feathers because of it.

Only every once in a great while feeling a little annoyed,
not wanting to stop writing poetry even for a minute.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Strong Enough

Straight-backed chairs, standing around expectantly in a
doctor's waiting area.

Looking as if they will get up and dance freely about the
room, legs askance, posed for rhythms soon to be played.

Watching expectantly, they do nothing, but sit there right
where they always are, because even my imagination isn't
strong enough to make them move and dance around the room.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Subjected To Normal Boundaries

Rigid and rapidly defying the laws of gravity through
music and it's rhythms, zooming at super sonic speeds,
taking this entire being into another universe.

Flying, soaring, out of control, vibrant and alive,
totally living within an energy brought about through
intellect.

Subjected to none of the normal boundaries or limits
of others, playing rhythms of my interior being alone,
stretching, finding my way in an interior concentration.

Developing knowledge and wisdom from which to continue
writing, using imagination and independence of this
free spirit of mine to do so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Tied To Limits Of Reality

Fantasy falling about, listening to edges of reality and
laughing aloud at it's serious attitudes.

Wanting to be free to anticipate dreams, never being tied
to limits of a reality that holds pain and loss.

Preferring to have laughter, joy and happiness altogether,
throughout this life and it's tiring turmoil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Touching Tears

Slowly moving, feeling tears form and leak within, not wanting to touch my heart for themselves.
Reliving yesterday, watching it recreate itself again on soft covered boring days, not knowing where to form itself again in the future.
Silently, quietly, adjusting every aspect to fit what never will fit in any alcove of life again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Treading On Americans

Clocks ticking, tocking, rocking to tunes of music,
giving us pleasurable feelings as we sit here doing
a variety of things.

Holding on to what we have, not giving up our free-
dom, flying our flag and colors freely.

Daring Un-Americans to tread on us, if doing so, paying
with their lives or being deported to a country where
they have no freedom.

Only evil people treading on them, taking away their
lives, beheading them like they do to others!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Trusting

Being beleaguered by many instances we sometimes create
as barriers in our way, leading us astray.

Standing stubbornly, facing those who try and make us
back down, sometimes making the most of the situations,
other times we turn and run away in fear of what we have
tried to accomplish.

Giving up too soon at times, not trusting in ourselves
and our strength of character.

Never wondering, knowing we falter at the slightest
controversy blocking our pathways.

Crowding us down with extraordinary odds against us,
betraying our confidence and leaving us defenseless in our
self-assured shame.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Trusting Anyone

Running after emotions as they rush into plains of exuberance,
bowling over everything in the way of turmoil.
Giving of self in every corner, yet not trusting anyone to
treat life with the dignity it deserves.
Only traces of endeavors are lying out of bounds on arid acres
of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Understanding

People from all walks of life walking around this mall, single, married, pushing children in strollers and in carriages.

Going from one store to another, looking for objects to spend their money on.

Wondering at their insistence of doing so, sitting here, continuing to write, not understanding their need to spend their hard-earned money on non-essential material things.

It seems so unnecessary to me, coming from a poverty-stricken childhood, even now wondering and continuing to do what I do instead of wasting time and money.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Understanding Friendship

Ruffled unendingly in a maze of puzzles,
not understanding limits or requirements
of friendship.

Trying to get better at it,
yet, I falter and stumble every step of
the way, and I just can't seem to be able
to figure it out.

Silent beings sitting around in my mind,
quiet talk among themselves, wondering
how they can help out and turn things
around.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Wanting Time To Pass

Traipsing through a calendar, dragging my feet,
not wanting time to pass to quickly.

Wanting to relax and enjoy each minute before it
passes into the nothingness of another one.

Hoping to have moments of joy and happiness, living
in that hope, praying for more time to spend there,
before being struck by more strife and turmoil in
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Wanting To Be Captured

Running through many avenues of present life, watching as the past zips by, time flying way too quickly.

Similar events and happenings occurring even now, being assimilated and continuing into vast atmospheres of an interior lifetime.

Skipping through puddles of sorrow, roaring through mistakes that try to bury me in their devastation, not wanting to be captured, moving rapidly out of reach.

Settling within intellect, carefully running into the future, looking for a horizon of lightened purposes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Wanting To Be Defiled

Letting no one enter depths of being, not wanting
to be defiled with anything foreign.

Mind still, contemplating an inner existence with
sensitive thoughts and life-giving energy.

Perfect, delicate, finding that life is fulfilling
me spiritually, nothing else can be held within.

No where else to hide, sadness and emptiness getting
to that place eventually in this life somehow.

Reality never touching the sacredness and sanctity of
a love waiting to be filled in a spiritual way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Wanting To Come Back

Remembering feelings and thoughts of death, not wanting
to come back, wanting to stay forever where I felt that
I belonged in heaven.

Being brought back, a layer of despair remains beneath
the surface for I didn't want to return to earth, only
wanting to remain where I was healed and safe.

Not wanting to come back to life and be sick and in
pain for the rest of my time living on earth in abject
poverty because of our corrupt government.

There is definitely a heaven and I prefer it over earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Wanting To Hear

Running with rhythms, feeling their beats as they hit
each note forcefully, bringing sweet music to my ears.
Folding and unfolding on perspectives of inner solitude.
Sliding across the dance floor, being light of feet and
saturated in melodies full of soul.
Taking me away swiftly from all the poisonous thoughts,
trying to tell me things I don't want to hear.
Soft blossoms sending aromatic scents to my senses and
gifting me with gifts as they open up further.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Wanting To Leave

Cha cha-ing around the floor, bouncing merrily with
one another.
Seniors staying healthy, limber and agile well into
their later years.
Beaming with good cheer and attitudes, enjoying the
time here with others.
Not wanting to think about leaving and going home
to a lonely, empty home where they will sit between
four walls and have no conversations with anyone.
Just listening, maybe to the television or radio
by themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Wanting To Mar Nature's Beauty In A Poem

Throwing rocks into a lake, skipping them just right,
watching as they dance across the surface, a delight-
ful pastime to be sure.

Especially when a youngster, landscapes of cacti, palo
verde and mesquite trees in the background, hoping to
keep things real, not wanting to mar nature's beauty
in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Wasting Moments

Listlessly sitting back, watching people live their lives, knowing they are only standing around the edges, not really participating in most of it.
Living every moment of my own life, it's easy to tell how others are just barely living theirs.
What does it take to move others into circles of their everyday routines, and actually enjoy what they're doing.
Pleasant activities are the most fulfilling - usually.
For me everything has meanings, I delve into all of them whole-heartedly, not sacrificing any time, just being a part of life with all my heart and soul - not leaving out even a particle of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Wishing To Be Found

As loneliness pours from my eyes, this heart is
being squeezed to death in sorrow.

Forgetting to fulfill life, death stalks slowly,
creating it's accidents.

Tell-tale signs of broken dreams being thrown
onto heaps of garbage, waiting to be buried.

Sending out signals of breathless sorrow, anger
builds itself gently inside.

Setting up walls, purposefully keeping hurt away,
lying deadened in the shadows of life, not wishing
to be found.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Not Worrying

Swiftly falling into the rhythm of another funny song.
Taking me down flowing spirals of yesterday's echoes
and climbing canyon walls with no excuses or alibis.
Moving forward into spaces reserved just for me,
twisting and dancing energetically into the night,
not worrying about what I'll look like.
Faithfully portraying the essence that I've always
been.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Notations Of Expression

Ringing in my ears, trying to keep up with rhythm's
delectable sounds and tones, surrounding my mind
with pleasure.

Relegating interior motives, calming their reserves
for tomorrow's spacious new creativeness.

Filtering endless patterns of language, fitting them
into frames of grammar with curves of nature.

Becoming words in strident clauses and terse notations
of expression.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Notes Of Evening

Sleepily nodding, eyes half-closed, sitting with a shawl wrapped around her cold shoulders.
Listening silently to musical songs and their renditions.
Enjoying every word as it falls between the notes of evening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Notes Of Interior Design

Visions jumping and steadily composing their coded messages
as intellect proposes each one thoroughly and completely
for every composition.

Enlivening interior spirits of livelihood, leaving everything
hanging out where it can always be seen and written about.

Mathematical equations unfolding from within tempos and notes
of interior designs of insight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Notes Of Life

Quickly stepping through desert plains with boots
of cowboy origin.
Swinging, dancing in time with western music while
aligning spirits through rhythm.
Giving life an explosive reason to carry on for
however long it may.
Holding onto it's beauty as melodies touch
feelingly, hearts of the moment, closing their
minds around notes of life forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Notes Of Sadness

Notes of sadness are raining quietly into my mind, expressing the intense sadness that is giving thoughts of panic and suicide.

Although they will never be acted upon, they still exist and want to be expressed fully so they can then disrupt obvious details that can easily come upon me.

Now that they have been recognized, they will quietly leave me in peace, not wanting to exercise their secret wishes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing

Nothingness consumes me with an abstract environment,
taking me through absolutely nothing, showing me that
even nothingness can be a learning experience.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Being Fulfilled

Struggling daily, trying to make sense out of life and finding there's really none to speak of, it is fragile, delicate and yet can knock you for a loop at times.

There are no answers to the plethora of questions we all may have, only more mysteries and reasons to find out more about it's circumstances.

Nothing being fulfilled, love being found and lost, death hitting us hard when least expected, many accidents happening without explanations or reasons.

There are no logical explanations for humans being born on earth, except to procreate, have love and compassion for others.

But what is the sense of any of it, we are only temporary beings on an unexplained earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Being Said

Lights hiding in the darkness,
trying to be inconspicuous,
hiding behind some columns so
no one may see them.

Yet, they still are visible and
out in the open, their reflections
are shining on stainless metals of
locks and handles on doors and lockers.

Volumes being spoken, yet nothing
is being said in the silence of
this strange and mysterious environ-
ment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing But A Void

Walking along, head down, not looking about, struck down
by grief, not able to notice anything right now.

Life having died, yet is still living within, not knowing
how it happens, just continuing to exist anyway.

Colors are drained from your mind, happiness disappears
and there is nothing left but a void.

An emptiness, a deep hole within your heart that can never
be filled this side of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing But An Empty Shell

Victories in life are irrelevant without you by my
side, building a life and future together it seems
now, was just a futile exercise to fill our time.

Empty promises, longings for something we'd never
attain, hurting somewhere deep inside, missing you,
cannot find my way without your love.

Standing in the desert, life and nature all around,
yet there is no longer anything to be found within
my being.

Sorrow touching every aspect of inner talent, tears
falling steadily because I cannot find you any more
in this life.

Letting my soul find it's way to God, I can no longer
accompany it through this life, inner sacrifices all
for naught.

Why did I bother when all I wanted or needed was to be
with you through thick and thin, being in your arms,
feeling your love, giving mine in return.

Yet what has become of it now, cold as ice, my days are
filled with nothing, senses deadened, feelings numbed.

Life no longer is living within, I miss you my dear,
there's nothing to be done, I exist, a nothing now.

An empty shell never to be filled with love again in
this life, for I only ever wanted you, your love
being my saving grace through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Changes

Psalms being sung from heavenly gardens, enticing me to come home where I may find peace and begin to hope in something again.
Nothing can help as I continue to listen and contemplate all that I've endured on earth to no avail.
Opportunities come and go, yet even when taken advantage of - nothing seems to change.
All of life remains tattered, soaked in tears and left alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Comes To Mind

Smoke signals within, sending messages into the universe,
attempting to find some sort of salve to heal or cure me
from this puzzle.
Nothing seems to come to mind, not even to the doctors I
see.
So here I sit, wondering, if this particular ailment will
kill me or just get in the way, slowing me down in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Diverting Purpose

Registering music rapidly as I listen, shaking and
taking me into realms of another night of entertain-
ment.

Systematically following patterns and designs being
seen through intense lights of intellect, nothing
causing me to be diverted from a purpose of this mind.

Lifting spirits out of this world, bringing me into
heavenly universes above, forgetting to eat or drink,
not even sleeping, just keep writing constantly.

Losing not a beat, rapid and loud, holding me all to-
gether as I go along.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Escaping Interior Purposes

Watching, telescoping ideas as they gather
in intellect, separating and joining them
with conceptual abstractions entirely.

Nothing escaping an interior purpose of
mind as thoughts proliferate and increase
exponentially in time.

Leading innate knowledge into realms of an
interior imagination and reality, solving
abstract equations of coded rhythms.

Enjoying the challenge more so than cross-
word puzzles or sudoku.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Ever Perfect

Justification in life is never very fertile, leaving
a lot to be desired as many details are left to us,
to figure out eventually.

Thinking, pondering about what is trying to be just-
ified, thinking of every way to make it explain in
clear-cut explanations, giving reasons to qualify it
all.

Nothing is ever perfect, but we do the best that we
can in this imperfect life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Ever Solitary

Adjusting volumes of tones, letting them flow easily
and steadily into memories being touched religiously
in times of beginning life.

Untoward feelings, jumping into the foreground,
giving explanations of creation and it's extraordinary
miracle of being created.

Outstanding beauty standing out beyond ordinary stances
forcasting many special events as they happen through
suffering and trials throughout life.

Nothing ever solitary - it is all connected in realms
far beyond us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Going On

Little or nothing going on, just being lazy
here in a hospital room.

Writing into the boredom of this day, made
so by the dull routine of hospital life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Holding Time

Timing life as it empties itself into the atmosphere,
disappearing beyond an invisible horizon that we on
earth cannot see at all.

We measure it's motion as it moves constantly away
from us, never missing a beat, following it's own
rhythms.

Ignoring those of mankind for they have no relevance
at all when it comes to divulging the equations of
it's essence.

We have applied our minds to tracing it's paths
throughout our lives with clocks, watches, digital
moments, yet we do not control or engineer it at all.

Time is totally on it's own, nothing holding it because
it's beyond our earthly comprehension and no one is able
to keep it from moving on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing In Between

Reality sets the world afire at times, so much friction and tension going on between people during election time, wanting different candidates.

Having intense opinions about their own and opponents candidates, at times tending to agree on some issues and going crayzy with other ones.

No in between it seems, all is heated and taken personally, but life continues to go on, moving forward into the future to live our lives with whomever wins the election Whether or not we like them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing In Synch

Signaling the end of an era in this life, moving forward into a senior circle of aging.
Finding that yesterday's way of doing things doesn't quite fit any more.
Nothing seems to be in synch no matter what I do or think.
Always trying to exercise my mind and body - my mind responds, yet my body is slower than before and doesn't seem to want to move like it used to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Is Certain

Destiny lies before us with fate, hand in hand, both on
the same paths, taking us on journeys through life, not
really giving us choices, even though having free will.

Nothing's certain, something's always happening, changing
our direction in life, commonly called accidents, yet so
many little things are always coming up.

Taking our choices and goals, turning them inside out
without our permission, crazy how life really is, we
have no control over anything at all in reality, we
only think we do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Is Ever Ours

Nothing in life is ours, this whole world is temporary, a gift from God to each of us, not everyone appreciating it like they need to, that's up to each person, yet they enjoy everything God has given.

Always trying to fulfill a purpose here on earth through writing, music and art, hoping that He's pleased, never seeming to think it's enough.

Loving to live a simple life, eating, sleeping when not writing, is quite enough, having a big family, close and loving, and many hundreds of close friends.

A puzzle of life filled with the goodness of God, innocence and purity of heart and soul forever is sacred and treasured totally in this spirit forever.

Nothing to ever change or take it away, no one having any power over anyone, so it will never be done, safely protected here on earth.

Looking forward to one day soon going to heaven once again to be with all those who've been missing and loved with all our hearts and souls.

Still here living on earth, although heart broken, sorrowful, so alone, dreams having been lost through death's grasp, yet still believing in God's goodness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Is Ever Sure

Life is a feckless task, giving us hope then taking it back,
dashing joy and happiness with sacrifices and hardship.

Nothing ever sure in this life, fulfilling our beings as best
we can through faith and spirituality.

Keeping our eyes on the next horizon, doing our best to stay
on the straight narrow road of goodness, decency and respect.

Loving one another, caring, having compassion, helping others
when possible, living a life of purity and innocence.

When we finally leave this empty, temporary world, we will
enter the gates of heaven having lived according to God's will.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Is Ever What We Think

Looking into facets of living, seeing the good and bad, always
getting some of both, never knowing when or which one will hit
us first.

Life is a game of roulette, we are forever guessing what will
happen next, nothing is ever what we think it is or will be,
can or will we ever know the truth in life until it's too late.

Why do people die, why can't they see what's wrong with them a-
head of time and avoid all the pain and misery of going in the
hospital, on medicine or cancer treatments, dialysis too.

What kind of instrument can be devised to test and find at the
very beginning what's wrong and create a way of getting rid of
or curing it completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Is Fair

Tackling life with little strength and a lot of intellect,
keeping my head above water, just a little bit.

Sizing up situations with liberty and fairness, beginning
to find nothing is fair on this earth and being lucky to
get what you do before expiring.

Knowing through inner serenity, the peace of heaven
standing before me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Is Ours

Sometime in life we all find that we are only temporary
beings, just renting space here on earth.

Nothing to call our own, filling our time with family,
friends, careers, recreation, at times remembering to
recharge our spirituality by going to church on a Sunday.

Quietly going about our business, thinking, building a
life full of dreams and hopes, yet in the end they all
end up burning.

Nothing but ashes are left, just like our bodies turn
to dust and we return once again to earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Is Ours On Earth

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Still here living on earth, although heart broken, sorrowful, so alone, dreams having been lost through death's grasp, yet still believing in God's goodness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Is Permanent

Thinking of many different ideas and concepts, find-
ing enlightenment as I do so, seeing beauty of life
in the simple things.

Little things, their details becoming great when I'm
searching them thoroughly in intellect, collecting
data and information to write from.

Nothing is permanent in this life, whatever we see
now will not remain forever, that is the way God has
made our world, so we may realize and do only good.

People don't stop and take the time to think about
this, although they need to in order to have an
interior life devoted to God throughout their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Left

This heart and spirit have been broken to bits, beyond repair, there's no way to salvage any of the pieces, I just don't care anymore.

Having lived a life of sacrifice to help others, now only sacrificing myself, having lost everything that meant something to me tonight.

Not able to see my way clear to exist any longer, this is goodbye, for I can no longer hold on to life, there's just nothing left in it for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Left Now

Traipsing down pathways of least resistance, not wanting
to stop or be reminded of the loneliness of his life.

Barely holding onto his heart for he had buried his wife
amid great confusion and sorrow.

Flowers lying around, dying in vases, colors fading, aromas
now decaying.

Glistening tears seen everywhere, nothing to be seen except
through the tears that continue to fall incessantly.

Nothing to erase the beauty of her life, only enhance it
the more he looks around, seeing all the things and places
they used to see and do together.

Now nothing left of her being, only the memories he has kept
and treasured throughout the years, only the silent memories
to keep him company now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Left Of My Humanity

Being sick and tired of everything, finding no joy or
purpose in rising in the morning.

Watching the miracle of life changing our night into
daylight, yet it doesn't find it's way into realigning
my attitude.

Looking down and out, being so lonely, isolating in
a netherworld of another space and time, certainty and
a positive mood do not fit in with who I am tonight.

Being sick and tired of everything, finding no purpose
or joy, dying to the essence of who I was, nothing left
of my humanity at all for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Left Of Us

Thinking of you my dear, tears flowing hurriedly down my face unheeded for a sudden and uncompromising death has taken you from our love.

Having been together, joyous, in all our glory, belonging to one another throughout the years, nothing else ever mattering while we lived and joined in our love-making.

An intense and exciting promise of heaven that we thought would last forever, now no longer kissing you, because there's only an empty space where your face used to be.

Such an abhorrent and devastating experience that should never have happened, this life no longer has a purpose or an existence.

Death has taken all that we had, everything we lived for and there's nothing left, except a void of emptiness where neither of us can come together in this life again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Left Of You

Reaching for you my love, mind closed, frustrating me
intensely, because I want to connect to you totally.

Unable to any longer for death has taken you from me
so completely, there's nothing at all left of you.

Only the memories that we shared and nothing more, a
saddened world now that you are gone from my life.

Finding it difficult to carry on anymore with just
myself to depend on and without your love forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Left Of You Now

Waves of emotion flowing over me incessantly, no reprieve, nothing but tears of sorrow to glow through my being for-evermore.

Tender whispering everywhere, but your voice is not audible, there's nothing left of you now, except in dreams that come to me in the middle of the night.

With ever-increasing intensity they take me into interior depths where I cannot control them any longer, once perfect now they take me into cisterns of grief where I cannot turn away from any of them, my love for you will not allow me to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Left To Give

Refreshing and invigorating, holding onto facets
of this life that our hearts are grasping.

Wanting to be taken into realms of generosity and
beliefs that are genuine, wishing for a complete
and total love to come, sweeping me off my feet.

Heart hurting, not knowing where it went wrong,
loving the wrong person, one that does not return
love, only indifference and abuse.

Knowing that it will never happen in this lifetime,
for I have already been spent and have nothing left
to give another person.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing More

Distant drums beating, taking me away, going into interior depths of intellect, finding many concepts rising, always touching my mind with tantalizing and beautiful visions.

Comforting my heart, silencing my soul, being filled with anticipation and joy, set free, soaring into other dimensions where life encompasses everything that I am and will ever be.

A total and fulfilled poet, living life on my own terms, nothing more to want or wish for.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing More In Life

Forging into dreams of tomorrow, hoping the beauty of them,
will somehow come into my life, bringing joy and happiness
in abundance.

Living and existing in this world through all it's turmoil
and insinuations, folding within renditions of another time.

Always being bound by tradition and an incessant portrayal
of something better than what has always been.

Knowing there is nothing more to want or say, leaving life
alone at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing More In Life These Days

Solemn and sojourn, life just keeps hanging on, feeling alone and saddened by an inner atmosphere of grief that will not let my heart go.

Transcending pathways that hold nothing more for me, having taken away everything that had meaning, now walking without the ones I loved so dearly in this life and who are no longer with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing More Needed

Being filled with your love, when you're near, overflowing, tantalizing and alluring every fiber of my being.

Enticing desire and passion constantly, not able to be far
from you without them rising and heightening ever higher,
wanting to be with you only.

Holding, kissing and hugging me, there's nothing more in
life that I want or need from you, my dear, just always
wanting to be near you, feeling you next to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing More To Be Said

Silence touching my inner being with spirituality,
this is where my story begins and ends.

A totality that is incessant and absolutely tested,
being experimented with through intellect.

Memories and yesterday's mixing and blending with
tried and true beliefs of centuries.

Nothing more to be said, there's nothing to be done,
all of life is held in treasured spheres.

Within my being, they are awaiting their times of
sincere recognition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Of Life

Songs lying broken on floors of yesterday's china hearts,
often having eras of eternity fall below a sky of enlivening
purposes.

All ends dear to no one on this earth, lifeless and left with
no energy to speak of, leaving the nothing of life in hands
of lady death so she may fulfill her quota before her brothers'
arrival.

Centering amid bereaved ones and their broken, desolate hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Ordinary

Totally enticing my heart and being, explicit rhythms taking me through the everglades alone on a solo journey, behaving like a wolf, wandering about, looking to the moon in wonder.

Quaint curiosity touching this mind, believing in the silence of nature as I write into every chord being played, watching and carrying on, never going to stop.

Wanting to be one with nature and life as I live many years on this temporary earth, focusing on the beauty of small details as they become apparent to senses.

Continuing this poetical journey alone, yet not alone, because the Divine is always dwelling within, nothing ordinary about any of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Passing

Life begins and ends in the beauty of conception,
our lives are set within the boundaries of our
genes and chromosomes.

Living takes on various aspects, we find our way
through pathways and trials that pursue us on
the way to our final days.

Nothing passing, everything is being experienced
and told from within memories we hold and treasure
forever.

Passion, desires, thoughts and love fill us through-
out our lives, nothing able to take them or their
images from us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Set In Stone

Our destiny's are not really set in stone, for we
have free will and choose to go down another path,
setting our sights on new goals and age-old values.

Taking a stand for equality of everyone no matter
who they are, what color, nationality, or beliefs
they may hold.

As long as they all respect and treat everyone with
dignity and compassion, if not, they're welcome to
leave America and go somewhere they can fit in with
their immoral and unethical practices of perversion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Slips Out

Darkened corners of my mind see injustice of the past, they fluidly rerun every circumstance I've been through.
Silently saddened, tears forming, flowing straight from my heart.
Feelings being felt at the same time and kept hidden from everyone around me.
Nothing slips out and no one can tell what is going on inside of me, unless I write it down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing So Lonely

Truly, there is nothing so lonely as loneliness.

Stirring within are feelings of depravity, abandonment,
insecurity, rejection - they all comprise loneliness.

Being within, it is difficult to sort through and see
it for what it is.

Intensity of each emotion brings sorrow, sadness - all
the feelings and reasons for being lonely.

Focusing always, seeing and feeling thoughts of loneliness
makes one depressed.

It's a circle - a never-ending one, only way of breaking
and turning it into a horseshoe for good luck, is to look
up.

Seeking out friendship, knowledge, happiness, sharing
with others on different levels.

Everything will still be inside, depravity, abandonment,
insecurity, rejection - they may even remain intense.

Yet, they can be pushed aside for more pleasant experiences
and they won't matter as much anymore, because life has
suddenly become a nicer place.

There is now happiness and joy, in spite of loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Taking Place

Going into a space of no return, silent, devoid of peace,
just waiting in a vacancy of life and spirit.

Reverberating all around is the Divine trying to wake up
those who are unbelieving and stubborn.

Knowing that if they'd let go, all will turn out well,
yet they hold onto their egos and refuse to admit to it.

Awaiting just outside this space is God, arms open wide,
waiting for them to accept Him once again.

Wanting to show them His mercy fully, totally and so
completely.

Sitting by a fire, ablaze with the passion of life, nothing
else mattering in this space of time and healing, nothing
taking place without faith.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing To Be Afraid Of

Tempos playing tactfully in and out of life, taking
us into new atmospheres and adventures.

Nothing to be afraid of, having fun, traveling
throughout avenues of our lives.

Giving, receiving and holding onto love, peace and joy
as much and as long as we possibly can.

Living and dying in the interior life of spirituality,
the only place we are able to find ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing To Combat

Vibrantly, energetically, falling in step within
rhythms of your love for me.

Taking me so perfectly within your heart, giving
all the beauty of your being and spirit to me.

Forever to be cherished and treasured, moving to-
gether in this world.

Finding there's nothing else to combat as long as
we're always in love, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing To Regret

Realizing many more things growing older, noticing that
people are all insecure in one way or another.

Tapping into each other's beings, looking for validation
and security, hoping inside to also find love to cherish
in hearts for all the time we have left.

Leaving ourselves on pathways to the other side, conversing
and getting to know one another, getting into each other's
psyche, sharing thoughts and ideas equally.

Having propriety and keeping it together through all turmoil
of life as we each walk our own paths, living side by side.

Taking turns, giving each other respect and dignity in things
we do, living on sacrifices and not reneging on anything if
we can help it.

Situations happen, we have to deal with them the best way
that we are able to with our meager knowledge and wisdom here
on earth.

Meanwhile still searching for someone to love us just as we
are - just for ourselves and who we have become in life.

Nothing to regret or be sorry for, having an existence of
forbearance and always moving forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing To Say

Waking in the early morning, nothing to say, being silent and comforted in solace of the sun rising so expertly and quietly.

Watching and being mesmerized by the existence of another time still existing within this mind, taking everything in stride.

Intellect capturing the essence of nature and my being, carving senses from patterns of music and rhythms, action gathering faster as tempos begin picking up speed.

Taking me into depths of beautiful landscapes, nothing to stop or interfere with what life is preparing to do in end-less forms of destiny as they unfold in eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing To Soothe The Way We Feel

Listening to sorrow, quiet stillness of death after some-
one has died, life no longer beating with the rhythms of
an innate nature.

Leaning over the body, tears falling, heart aching with
the loss, being devastated totally, mind, and soul, just
living on a temporary earth, no promises ever given.

Prayers rising to heaven, filled with the passion of our
souls, wanting to not let go, our entire beings now are
filled with emptiness death has brought into us.

Nothing will ever be the same again, even our psyche has
been changed, attuned now to the abandonment we will feel
for the rest of our lives.

There's nothing to soothe the way we feel or calm our
minds throughout our lives, it is the finality in the end
that tears us apart, mind, body soul and spirit.

Living every moment of our lives, being killed in the end
just because we have dared to live our lives of humanity
and experience them while alive on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing To Take

Mystical properties of intellect peek out, wanting to
reach out, but they are reluctant at times.

Alone, without anyone to take my hand or bring me into
halls of love where life lives fully for everyone else.

Blissfully sorrowful, brushing tears from my eyes as I
wait for something that may not exist on earth for me.

Searching everywhere, walking along the river bank,
thinking how peaceful the water flows.

Wanting to lie upon it's surface, face down and flow into
the entrance of heaven somehow.

Nothing to take with me for God will give me whatever is
needed, nothing to worry about as long as God is by my
side throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nothing Unbidden

Displays of angles and lines, hiding within shadows of
evening, awaiting darkness so they can hide completely
out of sight.

Nothing in particular coming unbidden except through an
enticing and intense sense of ancient vibrations that
lie hidden deeply in catacombs of long ago.

Swerving and finding measures of rhythms as they totally
fall into categories of yesterday's memories, bringing
new depth to intellect's outreach.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Noticing Angles

Watching a pigeon in the courtyard, strutting around looking
for food, stepping on angular shadows being cast by angles
of the building.

Noticing that the pigeon doesn't even seem to notice the
shadows, being inanimate objects of another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Noticing Children's Behaviors

Noticing styles of young children as they adapt to their
lives when with others.

Some shy and keeping to themselves, other's outgoing,
laughing, enjoying being with everybody, allowing them-
selves to shine and be a part of the group.

Silently, shy children sit on the sidelines, watching,
learning from everything they are seeing around them.

Finding out, understanding communication between people,
watching their body language, expressions, gestures, how
they interact and converse.

All of it etched in their quiet absorbent minds, one day
to become poetry in our world.

Future poets writing their life's expectations, hopes,
dreams, experiences, circumstances and situations into
poems for all to read one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Noticing Clouds Watching

Clouds gathered together, closely,
right outside an elongated window,
looking in at what we're doing.
Happily, sitting in the sky,
contented now to know what we're
up to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Noticing Connections To Abstracts

Traveling inner highways, looking at picturesque landscapes,
as I wander through intellect, seeing fascinating mathemati-
cal formulas and equations relating to medical technology and engineering.

Adding increasingly abundant innate knowledge through rapid
rhythms being listened to constantly, finding that life is
opening even more than before, allowing intellect to enter
dimensions beyond imagination and into subconsciousness.

Seeing new aspects and concepts coming to fruition while I
write poetry, beautiful, refreshing, fascinating, taking me
down new roads of intellect and imagination being totally
intrigued by what I'm seeing there.

A purely innocent and great way of thinking that continually
opens doors and windows of this mind daily, seeing ideas ex-
ploding into particles of ones derived from the originals,
now creating individual solutions to world problems.

Noticing the connections to abstracts as I watch colors of
everything being transformed into sounds and rhythms while
a feeling of wonder sends curiosity into outer dimensions
of this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Noticing Emptiness

Music touching an interior sky, lifting me solemnly into
an interior life, noticing the emptiness surrounding me
on earth.

Showing how life is only temporary, living in it's heart,
nothing really substantial to hold onto, God having made
it this way purposely.

A station where we live and have experiences, learning
how to get along and love one another, testing strength
of character, our faith and convictions.

Both morally and ethically clearing our paths to heaven
when we die, leaving this very temporary life behind to
enjoy the beauty and spirit of God and heaven first hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Noticing Interior Decorations

Scattered around are pieces of modern art, some stretching in bodies of sculptures, dancing in time without moving an inch.

Other decorations mounted on walls, portraying their shiny countenances through dull colors and reflections of light, hitting them in depths of interior serenity.

Bamboo partitions and vases of dried-out looking, tall weeds, just sifting and standing in corners of the waiting room here at the pain center.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Noticing Lives

Requiting love silently standing by, noticing lives of
everyone passing by during daytime hours.

Bringing thinking into new areas where all kinds of
questions and curiosity come brilliantly to the surface,
not letting me be until writing about them for all to see.

Carefully and gently, considering each one and all of their
details, taking explanations seriously and writing opinions
into poetry.

Letting them be read and thought about throughout the entire
world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Noticing Shadows

Looking all around, noticing shadows, textures, angles,
sunshine filtering through a skylight onto a concrete
floor.

Spreading leisurely about, holding onto shadows of
several angles hanging up above, people and children
walking across it.

Their footsteps being seen in shadows, then disappearing
off to the side, all types of picturesque images unfold
at the touch of intellect and curiosity in this mere
poet's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Noticing Streams Of Consciousness

Westernly walking down lonesome streets, noticing
streams of consciousness as they move through intellect.

Following along pathways of cowboy ballads being played
in fields throughout desert plains, cacti and wild daisies
enlivening the beauty of it's stark reality.

Tangently holding onto morning sunrises and evening sun-
sets, forever keeping their memories stretched interiorly
on photographic screens to be remembered in the future
when alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Noticing The Environment

Reaching, noticing the environment around me, sensing emotions of people passing by me, sensing emotions of people passing by me.
Letting all of it drape my mind and saturate intellect with it's scents of transition, as I write from what seeps through to me in picturesque images and visions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Noticing The Unnoticeable

Heavy heart sitting in my chest, looking out at life revolving around me.
Noticing the little, unnoticeable things taking place around me in many exacting moments.
Riveting attention on people and what they're not saying or expressing, wondering at the ease in which I can get in touch with inner feelings or thoughts of others.
Empathic senses always on the alert, especially zeroing in on saddened loneliness, emanating from another's soul as it reaches out to mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Noticing Trees

Watching trees grow through my window, noticing their curves and limbs twining around.
Different colors of bark, depending on the type of tree it is, show off their splendor in beautiful attire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Noticing Wind

Bright blue skies now turning a darker grayened blue,
getting prepared to create a storm of rain, lightening
and thunder upon this earth.

Noticing wind rapidly gaining ground, being gusty, now
turning into 40 mile an hour winds, taking everything
not tied down, lifting and throwing it about where it
doesn't belong.

Mother Nature wrecking havoc with man's possessions and
enjoying every minute of it gleefully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Noting Importance

Traveling throughout the world, noting every
important artifact and relic inside on photo-
graphic screens, treasured and kept so I can
write them all into a history of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Notions Of Pleasure

Music pulling, feeling locomotion of a rhythmic train
rolling down the tracks, my mind on board, rising to
many notes and moments in measures of tantalizing beats.

Notions of pleasure hitting the center of my brain very
quickly, constantly taking me into fields of tempting
imagination where poetry flows rapidly yet smoothly.

Beautiful picturesque landscapes passing through this
poetical mind effortlessly, giving intense peace and
serenity through the energy of intellect.

Chugging soundly, enjoying this musical poetical journey,
keeping pace with it's measures, tones infiltrating the
innermost depths of my being and brain.

Mind dancing with motions flowing into every fiber and
particle, a fascinating train ride with exploding fire-
works and concepts blended together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nourished By God Alone

Stripping life of living, being given only a
way to barely exist.

Bantering with necessities, not caring if they
are available or not.

Just writing, listening to music, praying and
contemplating.

Going within an inner spirituality where I am
nourished by God alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nourishing Grief

Melancholy, brooding, watching rain drops fall
incessantly into pools of sadness already re-
siding within.

Nourishing grief, keeping it readily available
so I can write of it in poetry, life inherently
filled with loneliness left us after death of
those we have loved.

Leaving a void, an emptiness that can never be
quenched while we are yet alive, trying, knowing
that there are no substitutes to give us what we
had before.

Only empty gestures holding false hopes, quieting
our souls for moments at a time when we are with
another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nourishing Nature

Gray and darkened skies holding onto clouds as they
float by, tired of being held back.

Wanting to pour down upon earth, nourishing nature's
bountiful flora and fauna nutritionally and soundly.

Carefully doing their jobs, not risking a drop of
water unless it's needed here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nourishing Poet's Minds

Walking up mountains and capturing nature within a single mind,
focusing it on an inner screen, filling it with pictures only
seen from within, until described in writing for lifetimes of
expediency.

Portraying the beauty seen down every walk of life, allowing a
mind to discover, invent, illustrate in words precisely measured
in steps of pure unadulterated symbols, attached to coded words,
held intact by a brain nourishing the mind of a poet forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Novel Abstractions

Melting thoughts flowing creatively into my mind,
mixing and blending many abstractions into novel
exhibitions of talent and a remarkable ease of
writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Novel Approaches

Singly finding and discovering elements of life, hidden
from view, even from the scientists.

Collecting data from every area, gathering it together
and combining it with knowledge of one another.

Blending the essence of what we know with that of any
unexplored denizens, coming up with brand new cures for
many diseases that plague mankind.

No other way to discover novel approaches except to
attempt doing everything that can be thought of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Novel Concepts

Silently awakened from dreams of interior thoughts on
life and it's purpose, fruitfully thinking about it's
impact on choices made during feelings of depression
and grief.
Butterflies of decisions land in fragile lace doilies,
trying on new concepts, searching for novel adventures
and coming to conclusions through dreams, silently
awakened in moonlight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Novel Directions

Interior senses claiming my soul and mind,
recreating images in time, strengthening
their feelings.

Entirely stimulating vast corners of novel
directions, calculating immense desires left
wanting.

A soliloquy of musical attunement discovering
itself through subconscious creativity is
allowing distinct possibilities of future
poetical literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Novel Ideations

Rocking to rhythms, taking them in stride,
quickly following steps into dreams,
sliding down the slopes of mountainous ledges.

Turning into a paradise of extravagant ideas,
placing hand-held spectacles into the bottomless
prisms of today's novel ideations, as they circle
the earth

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Novel Orchestrations

Reaching for motions of rhythm being scattered about
in depths of mind-altering thoughts.

Attempting to grasp and place them into orchestrations
of classical instrumentation, giving them a novel
sound to be used everywhere in concerts and songs.

Taking off, soaring musically, fitting in with the
pictures I can now see.

Designed and discovered in moments of intelligent
provisional methods, now being able to be used for
aspirations of great musicians.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Novel Poetry

Another new beginning stretched before me,
leisurely awaiting strokes of genius to
form novel ideas in separated columns of
knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Novel Situations

Falling through cracks of earth,
finding crevices leading into
imagination's plains and desert
realms.

Searching for imaginary ideas set
in novel situations, awaiting
forthright explanations, due over
time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Novels Of Life

Evening stars sprinkle in my mind,
sparkling throughout imagination,
causing images to form.

Allowable ideas stretch into novels
of life while existing on the nib
of a pen before being written out
on paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Now Family

Totally jazzed, for my first book of poetry has been
published, titled, 'The Zones Of Pleasure'.

Writing since I was ten years old, now all these years
later my poetry has been published.

Thank you dear poets for reading, commenting and en-
couraging me here on !

Totally loving and appreciating all of you, some of
you have become close friends of mine also.

Feeling it's wonderful how we've met through the love
and passion of our love for poetry.

Our world has become so small, we are a family now and
I want to say thank you to one and all!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Now Only Tears

What used to be is no longer, we used to talk,
laugh, enjoy each other's company, now there
are only tears when we're together.

Never saying anything nice, verbally and mentally
abusing, dementia having gotten the best of you
away from me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Numb Beyond Recognition

Falling into an abyss of grief, not even trying to get out, just succumbing to it's deathly pull into nothingness.
Failing to realize any senses touching me, numb beyond all recognition.
Forestalling every motion as I walk down deeper into the black hole it has created.
Which in reality is set deeply within my being for all time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Numb Faith

Shredding last bits of recrimination on bended knee,
praying with a devotion felt only in mind, because
my heart is numb.
Faith indelibly impressed on stone grey matter, never
allowing one tiny shred of evidence to deny it's all-
encompassing existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Number 783

Number seven eighty-three, a number in a music book
introducing the tarantella to those who are Italian
and love to dance with exacting precision.
Moving free and swirling with every tone of rhythm.
Sacrificing nothing as they step around the dance
floor, freedom waving, pulling them out of themselves
for a few minutes of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Numbered Days

Relaxing in a bed of pain, trying hard not to feel it
stabbing me, without much success.

Looking ahead, focusing over grey and black clouds
smogging up my mind, taking away my will to continue
in a desperate way.

Seeing friends, watching them dance and enjoy life
with one another, all much older, yet they can move
around better than me.

Why must my days be numbered any less than another?
Haven't I put in enough time to allow me to stay a
little longer?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Numerical Faces

Gentlemen, elderly, gathered around a pool table
enjoying one another's company.
Filling a morning with coffee, conversation and
thinking on how to play each ball as it lies there
looking up at them with a curious numerical face.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nurture The Future

Ruminating over life and it's cataclysmic effects on many
people, letting others run their lives without even speak-
ing up, living like slaves in America, land of the free.

Whites, blacks, Chinese, Mexicans, Syrians, Muslims, etc.
all standing in line with their hands out, wanting free
health care, food stamps, welfare, having no pride.

Not wanting to work to feed and care for their families,
an abominable situation, how were these people brought
up without being taught self-respect and dignity?

Democrats, liberals, socialists, communists, all greedy,
giving away taxpayer's hard-earned money to take care of
these moochers, not giving a dime of their own money.

Why? Because they want a nation, a world, of slaves be-
holding to them, allowing them to rule and dictate what
we can or cannot do in countries all over the world.

Wake up people, get real, take back your lives from these
corrupt people, politicians, governments and live freely
without lowering yourself to their levels.

Get rid of these so-called free gifts, because in reality
these 'gifts' and favors have bound you hand and foot to
lives of slavery and poverty, nothing free in either one.

That's what it comes down to, if you're that lazy and
have no self-respect, giving your children really poor
role models to living lives like your own.

Teaching them to be slaves of corrupt people, as long as
they can have some food and barely enough money to exist
on, is that what you want for them?

Why not go to work, earn your own living, buy what you
want to, give more to your children than just a mere
existence.

No goals, no ambition, nothing in life but becoming failures, wanting so much more, instead turning to crime, drugs, becoming thugs, scum of the earth.

Parents are responsible for the way today's generation has become being so disrespectful and lazy by not setting a good example themselves.

Allowing corrupt and evil people to rule what used to be good and refined in society, refusing to set a good example for their own children.

There are always exceptions, but not as many as one would think, so live responsibly, morally, ethically and help our children and future generations.

Stop thinking only of ourselves, there is a future that also needs to be nurtured, and we are the only ones right now who can do that.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nurtured By Imagination

Inner energy pulsating and keeping me alert, wide awake,
and clearly thinking.

Beautiful images coming to mind, awakening life within
to it's blessedness.

Daily using gifts given through an innate intellect,
watching as it is nurtured by imagination.

Being done in order to expand ideas and knowledge in
all directions, opening this mind wide.

Thinking outside the box, completely going out of it,
seeing extraordinary things and inventing procedures.

Aspects of technology and science, enhancing humanity
in many new ways.

Concepts filling this mind along with abstract ideas,
all coming together, blending and finding new ways of
doing many things for mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nurtured By Mother Nature

Closing doors, opening windows to nature, aromas wafting through them, touching our minds and souls with a beauty of their essence.

Gardens filled with blossoming flowers, being nurtured by Mother Nature as she cares for everything within her gentle and motherly powers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nurtured In Lines Of Verses

Racing into depths of intellect, finding causes and
adversity, all holding onto objectives that have
meaning in one way or another.

Whiling away many an hour in the throes of special
graces that are attuned to the things that I want
to always remember throughout this life.

Knowing different aspects that are being nurtured
in lines of verses, allowing them to be spoken aloud
in silent poems that I continually write daily.

Always living in the moment, never taking eyes off of
the things that have meaning to this heart and soul,
forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nurturing Concepts

Enjoying sounds of rhythms as they flow gently through this open mind, giving delectable thoughts and ideas in which to expand and nurture concepts fully into existence.

Many times taking them from the edges of existence, wanting to use them for many new innovations in this life, bringing processes wholly into the limelight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nurturing Every Experience

Finding self, judging no one else, listening to rhythms of
an interior atmosphere, allowing them to overtake intellect.

Climbing in and out of canyons, finding a plethora of ideas
courting intellect, letting them all combine and touch many
feelings waiting within.

Listening to thoughts that arise in melodies while being
played, knowing that wisdom is being enticed and is growing
with every experience being nurtured in this being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nurturing Existence

Wanting to dance in the rain, let it cleanse me with
the purity of heaven where it falls from.
Softening my hair and skin with it's life-giving
essence.
Filling my being with it's beautiful drops of crystal
falling into my mind with the simplicity of a rain
fall pouring over earth, nurturing it's existence so
we may continue living here while alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nurturing Future Minds

Sending greetings through inner spaces of insistence,
carefully portraying myriads of useful particles in
sensuous knowledge.

Taking parts in every circumstance that comes along in
our short-lived lives.
Tantalizing amounts of sensitive materials sit like
fodder, waiting to nurture future young minds at rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nurturing Passion

Kicking around, being bored and restless until sitting down outside on a patio, taking out a CD player and listening to music.

Rhythms comfortably popping like popcorn upon multiple measures and chords of life-awakening desires of passion, watering and nourishing it fruitfully.

Making sure that it's being totally nurtured and taken care of through the years, embers quietly waiting to be reborn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nurturing Patience

Neglecting the world, going into myself so I can keep in touch
with nature's essence.
Preaching it's stable nurturing patience as I soak in it's
presence, feeling it become a part of my soul as I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Nurturing Religion

Church bells ringing in the background, nurturing
the religion of my childhood even now as an adult.

Loving it's mystery and mystical auras that have
filled me throughout life.

Lifting inner spirituality into realms not reached
before this.

Feeling the beauty that is being seen all about me,
visions tantalizing intellect, giving victory.

An inner sense that is infiltrating my being so
totally, absorbing an essence of a waiting divinity.

Winning the best in life, nothing being left to fate,
destiny taking it all into the center of my universe.

Nothing to be decided, life has an ever-lasting passion
that continues to fill this being no matter how large
or small.

Significant and peace-filled, taking benefits of another
lifetime, placing them interiorly, where only this mind
can access it through an innate intellect.

Summer winds flowing through me aridly, as church bells
continue ringing in the background.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Oasis Of Adventure

1: 16 p.m.
Sun shining desperately into an Arizona desert, hoping to
give it an everlasting belief in it's arid atmosphere.

Taking steps down walkways, finding beautiful treasures
lying plentifully in an oasis of adventures, falling
into step with rhythms of this timid soul.

A placid solace picking this brain, taking me into an
exploratory meadow of intense visions, landscapes entering,
giving a whole new aspect to this and my other life.

Peaceful anticipation taking this beauty into an after-
life that I have already been to and visited, not wanting
to return. 1: 17 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Oasis Of Bereavement

Bountifully thinking on plains of desert gardens,
aridly sitting alone, crying drops of loneliness
under mesquite trees of brambly beauty.
Thorns of adornment jut from every limb, warning
of their desire to be left alone on hot summer
days and evenings of balmy coldness.
Settling into an oasis of lush bereavement on
edges of cacti needles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Oasis Of Nature

Crossing ditches, walking down washes, no water to be seen
until another storm.
Climbing mountains with heartfelt anticipation at sights
that will be seen on the way up.
Locating natural beauty everywhere I glance, a desert oasis
on sides of mountains here in Phoenix, Arizona.
None that look like pictures with palm trees and water in
the midst of desert plains, but an oasis of nature just the
same.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Oasis Of Time

Life turns itself into many avenues, dimensions and forms.

Predicting movement of individual beings throughout daily activities.

Soundlessly dancing along, becoming particles of energy in a vast oasis of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Objective Endeavors

Slowly moving around spacious designs being filtered from reality's depths,
enjoying the beautiful, prismic rainbows floating above auras of intense desire.
Scanning pictures, taking whatever can be salvaged from a hurricane of
emotional turmoil.
Subjectively considering all entries into creativeness, giving away all of self in
objective endeavors of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Objects Of Loneliness

Life begins with separation - pushing, pulling, taking us
from our mother's womb - our first home - our safe place.

All the rest of our lives we live with the emptiness and
loneliness our birth begins.

Searching for love we think has escaped us, our days on
earth are spent looking for lost love.

Until we have met death and have been again taken from
our places of semi-safety.

Looking towards eternity, never locating objects of our
loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Oblivious Atmosphere

Solitary and free, feeling independence overflowing from within intellect, carrying me into an oblivious atmosphere, one where I can multiply concepts infinitely.

At the same time, absorbing ideas from imagination, watching and intuitively thinking, seeing images and visions appearing in my mind, giving pleasure interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Obscure Existence

Ways of life can be so cruel as some people get cancer and try
to survive, living for family members when they'd rather let go.
Yet, hope lingers when with loved ones, challenging illness with
unconditional love.
Going through treatments to cure or allay symptoms, brings with
it more strident problems, leaving you in a quandary, not knowing
what to do next or where to turn.
Living moment to moment in an obscure existence, finding reasons
to believe in and have faith through it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Observing A Palatable Energy

Sounding off, soaring rhythmically into the atmosphere,
heart vibrating rapidly in every measure as it keeps
time with intellect.

Observing a palatable energy doing it's job, taking
words and meanings, placing them in poems at the speed
of light and sound.

Having fun, enjoying this beautiful feeling of purpose,
fulfilling my essence with the passion of intellect,
taking peace into journals of scientific experimentation.

Wanting to learn exactly how I am doing this throughout
my mind and intellect without even knowing how it's done
and with no effort on my part.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Observing Teenagers

Observing teenagers as they gather together for organized
get-togethers at the center.

Enjoying seeing them interacting and having purposes in
life, giving them positive aspirations to set goals for
their very own futures.

Setting their minds on paths of their own desires and
passions, knowing that this will allow them to move
forward into successful careers and positive attitudes.

All of these things together, providing safe havens from
drugs, alcohol and gang activity, giving them role models
to guide and lead them in ways of doing right.

Enticing youth on this path of righteous moral and ethical
avenues will help them to become future responsible and
dependable parents and citizens themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Occasions Of Promise

Promises falling down into pits of unknowing realms, never being realized.

Going out into the world, finding some promise in things we do for others.

Many occasions arise where you may make a difference in someone's life, not thinking of yourself, just doing what-ever you are able to.

Promises won't matter so much when they are forgotten or broken, because your heart will be taken up with fulfilling someone else's promise for them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Occluded Spaces

Straddling fences, daydreaming of reminiscent memories
unfolding in my mind consciously.
Holding hearts together through many years of separation
on earth.
Spaces are occluded with sorrow and grief, telling tales
of how much family is so missed.
Yet, one day faith will bring us together again in
heaven.
Something to look forward to in the not too distant
future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Occupying This Mind

Trying to forget pain being experienced, by writing
poetry, rocking to Springsteen and letting his rhythms
take me away into foreign lands created by music itself.

Beautiful rocking melodies, titillating this mind,
touching this brain intensely.

Giving an energizing feeling, vibrant and enticing,
totally occupying this mind with rhythm, leaving no room
for the pain that continues to haunt and wreck havoc with
this human body.

Thankful for innate talent and the gifts of music, art
and writing, altogether helping to keep me sane and calm
in the presence of all this pain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ocean Beauty

Slowly swaying like ocean waves as they come closer to shore, being caught up with their motion and beauty as they dance before me in splendor.

Floating up, spraying white misty flowers, sending them one by one to shore.

Quietly dancing and swelling, then crashing on shores of sand.

Splashing with their salty water and pulling sand from under my feet, enticing me to go out further, becoming one with it's ocean beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ocean Depths

Streaming lines of verses being sung in rhymes,
together with melodies, gliding across seas of
a mind, floating in imaginative depths of an
imaginary ocean.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ocean Fun

Relaxing leisurely in an ocean of tidal waves, rocking me all about in fun.
Delving beneath its depth, seeing the fish and seaweed swimming around me in splendid detail.
Not fearing my sudden appearance in their lives, just seeing me pass by as they go about their business.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ocean Of Joy

Tomorrow's sights set on another horizon where one day I will be surviving on another plain.

Looking forward to the experience with a welcoming and open mind.

Noticing beauty of colors being reflected in rolling waves of an iridescent ocean spread over a new life.

Never having to drown in sadness of tears again, this ocean is made entirely of joy, energetic and brilliant.

Taking me happily across it's waters, floating in a serene happiness and into another world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ocean Of Loneliness

Tasting salted tears of sorrow, feeling tranquil within,
as waters rise within an ocean of loneliness drowning me
in their depths.

Seeing you have gone to the other side of life without
taking me, leaving everything here the same, except you
are not here anymore.

Timid rhythms touching my heart gently, as I continue
missing you, my love, playing the heart strings of what
we used to enjoy together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ocean Of My Empty Heart

Retrieving memories through this life, living in part
through the past, remembering everything that has trans-
pired, both good and bad.

At times smiling, other times crying, tears falling into
the ocean of my empty heart, filled with the loss in life
of those whom I have loved.

Keeping up with experiences that continually enter my life,
giving wonder and curiosity to fulfill my purpose through-
out living while in this world of turmoil and suffering.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ocean Rhythm

Ocean flowing before me, dancing to a rhythm known
only by it's depths.

Clouds floating colorfully, peacefully watching their
reflections travel atop ocean waters.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ocean Rhythms

Ocean rhythms flowing through life, touching our souls
with their peaceful existence, bringing refrains of
serenity into being.
Stepping into prayerful stances of loving as pathways
open before us, filled with shores of sand, we trudge
towards ends of horizons on days of eternity.

(10: 13 a.m.12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ocean Waves

Shore lines lazily weaving in and out along the sandy beach.
Waves running, catching up to jetties, crashing whitely over top.
Blue water as far as can be seen, rolling gently, softly before me.
An ocean's beauty set poetically before me in nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ocean's Expanse

Looking out over a vast expanse of ocean,
moving with life, being taken on a voyage
into another dimension.

Rolling upon waves, knowing I'll be in the
depths of heaven while here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Oceans Of My Mind

Waiting on shores alongside ocean waves, taking in
breath-taking walls of water falling and crashing
beneath our eye's sight.
Watching foam and droplets of water dance about,
mixing and blending with an overall view of oceanic
beauty.
Lovely blue skies overhead, reflecting their wonder
into depths of ocean waters, seeing from shores and
reflecting images that I remember.
Depths of life lie hidden in ocean's, taking in the
wondrous beauty to see for the rest of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Oceans Of Prose

Patchwork thoughts bind together creating
a pattern for living long and happy.
Both ideas form adjacently, blending ideals
and puzzles into fractious bewilderment.
Reaching into abysses of emotion, feeling
their excruciating pain wash over and take
me out into oceans of prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Oceans Of Solitude

Flowing movements of music tantalizing and carrying this
being into oceans of solitude where life is kept hidden
in secret depths of creativeness and innate talent.

Positive and intense moods giving pleasure and fulfillment
through music in moments of solitude, tempos keeping time
with inner rhythms.

Totally sublime, holding their own through hardships, sac-
rifices and turmoil in life, still finding peace in depths
of solitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Oceans Of Spirituality

Open-hearted, honest, laying everything on the line,
searching for answers to begin solving whatever needs
to be done.

Settling into a confident state of being, not afraid
to become a part of it, just wanting to change the
tides of this revolving life on earth.

Wanting to understand the intense rhythms that come
upon me from inner oceans of spirituality, welcoming
it's every blessing as it fulfills my life's purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Oceans Of Tears

Compiling messages from past encounters, collecting them carefully, arranging each one in exacting order, according to emotions formed within my heart.
Developing mind-sets in jungles of ideas, calculating, dividing, separating and uniting it all into whatever I write down in poetical form for selfish reasons of sanity.
Keeping close, huddling together in fields of remorse, filled with oceans of tears, centered within my soul while on earth's shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ocean's Of Thought

Gathering oceans of thought
while being tossed and waved
in constant turmoil beneath
our sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ocean's Of Winter

Writing constantly on lines of abbreviation,
causing others to pause and think about what
is going on around them in seconds of
seclusion.

Penning words as they flow out in streams,
flowing into white rapids and beyond to
ocean's of winter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ocean's Persistent Caresses

Ocean waves swelling, foaming, caressing a large myriad of
rocks fallen from cliffs above.
Softly touching surfaces of wet rocks, feeling their
stubborn strength unyielding to the ocean's persistent
caresses.
Being swallowed time and again beneath brilliant cold waters,
grasped in moments of quiet time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ocean's Reflections

Walking through skyways of yesterday, floating above
reflections of ocean's frantic waving misty arms.

Washing ashore, shells of disobedience have fallen
and been tossed about, not able to be touched again.

Wondering about exact reasons for the exuberance of
tomorrow's vision, allowing images to keep themselves
close to another step in tomorrow's calendar.

Nothing straying any further into solemn caverns of a
person's solitude, as it penetrates and falls out among
stars of midnight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ocotillo Cacti

Ocotillo cacti, climbing up the side of the highway,
looking like hermit crabs, legs extended, folded over
onto the ground.
Slowly crawling to a desert home in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ocotillos

Twisting, turning, tangling themselves into limber,
slender arms of a desert plant.
Beautiful to behold, green, spiny looking, amazingly
soft to the eyes.
Holding it closely with a vision of acuity and artful
appreciation.
Growing, surviving in a little patch of desert, watching
over other plants in it's vicinity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ocotillo's Natural Beauty

Nature allowing ocotillo's to grow into the atmosphere,
their arms reaching to heaven, twisting and turning,
never being held straight.

Perfect patterns being seen throughout our world, ex-
pecting to see significant orange bursts of flowers
sprouting upon needle pointed arms of their natural
beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ocotillo's Tangible Colors

An ocotillo standing out in the courtyard, prickly arms
spreading themselves out, stretching in their earthly
roots just to touch the sky.

Benefitting from the sun and being nourished from the
soil of earth and rain whenever it comes pouring down
from the heavens.

Throughout the months of the year, at times growing
full and green, flowering it's orange blossoms, fragrance
of their colors touching my soul tranquilly without effort.

In winter and colder months, looking brown as if in death,
yet just resting in a dormant state, thinking over their
purpose and affairs in life.

Thinking of what it must continue to do in spite of it's
most desirable dreams, wishing to achieve them and knowing
that it will be an impossibility unless it coincides with
what it's purpose holds true to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Octopus

Like an octopus sucking up the city, a building stood
in the middle of the airport.

A monstrosity beckoning people to turn their eyes and
look at it.

After seeing it just once, all eyes will ever afterward
be drawn to look at it again and again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Odd Angles

Spinning like circular lightening,
striking at odd angles, bursting
whatever stands in their way.

Some abusive people carve their
initials in other's souls, claiming
them as victims they have infused
with unworthiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Odd Feeling

Laid back, relaxing totally in an atmosphere of
recalcitrant feelings.

Knowing that nature is just on the other side of
venetian blinds, awaiting it's many fortuitous
moments to write of them.

Looking across the exam room, not moving an inch
to open them and peer outside.

Not being ready yet, to think upon anything else
until moving past this odd feeling.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ode To Motherhood

Mother's Day is a wonderful day of joy and cheer.

Without our Mom we couldn't have been born, and
yet, without a Dad it would've been impossible
for us to be here.

So with a mixture of feelings we celebrate motherhood -
passed on to all seven of us girls and our brother by
both of our parents.

Even though everyone is celebrating and giving presents
to Moms' everywhere, I write this poem, dear Dad, in
honor of you're having made your wonderful wife our
dearest, sweetest mother.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Odor Of Stars

Odor of stars comes from heaven, sweet and gentle,
it reaches our noses, tantalizing us with their
heavenly aromas,

Stars from up above, gently filling us with the
fragrance of God's love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Off Guard

Billowing recognition vies to
catch us off guard when seeing
someone we know and can't
remember who they are.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Off The Beaten Path

When younger, taking self off the beaten path, wanting
to know what lie ahead, not afraid to find out truths,
always turning and facing it head on.

A wonderful, beautiful way to live this life in depths
of music, picturing it in poetry, all types in years
of life spent experiencing poverty and enslavement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Offering It Up

Fighting difficulties, pain and suffering each day,
offering it all up for those in desperate need of
some happiness and joy in their lives.

Hoping they will be blessed in some way, large or
small, thinking always of others, hoping people
will take a stand and do the same in their lives.

If everyone would do this, all lives would greatly
improve for the better I do believe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Offering No Solutions

Employees milling around, not sure what they're supposed to be doing, offering no solutions, listening to lies of their immediate supervisors.
Desperately trying to hold on in these trying times - trying that is to keep their three figure incomes! ($100.000.00)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Offering Sounds Of India

Settling into delicate patterns of delectable attitudes, tasting blossoms of India in the darkness, climbing it's heights, finding depths of beauty flowing.

Like lava from beneath rhythms of it's essence, particular and enjoyable, stepping into prints of an everlasting possibility.

Rising and taking the spirit of intellect onto a stage of enlightenment, brilliant and breath-taking, offering sounds of India to the world of music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Offering The American Dream To It's Citizens

Awakening inner spirits, nature bouncing to beats of
American music, nothing like it anywhere else.

Pure and absolute, taking us through the pledge of
allegiance and into depths of patriotism.

Land of the free and home of the brave, enticing and
alluring, offering the American Dream only to those
willing to earn it legally.

Responding totally and absolutely to the red, white
and blue, colors never running, because we are all
patriots of this fantastic republic and no other.

Our Constitution standing fast and true, giving us
all freedoms of our country that were fought and
died for by our Veterans.

Giving their lives to protect and serve so we could
live a long and prosperous free life here in America,
this poem honoring them for doing so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Office Windows

Sitting here thinking, wondering if Dr. L. ever actually
looks out one of the many windows of his office.
Experiencing the thrill of mother nature, awaiting
recognition from onlookers as she opens her arms to all
who embrace her.

(10: 39 a.m. - 10/28/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Official City Hippocrits

Writing poetry, I don't care for facts and figures,
leaving all that to hefty bureaucrats, just writing
what I see, and commenting on modern hypocrisy.

Ciy Officials giving selves raises and pats on the
back, doesn't decrease the amount of people in need.

Blanketing our city with inspectors galore, giving
them power to throw more of the poor into jail who
cannot pay for unconstitutional fines.

Trying to cover their ineptness with programs and
studies, all the while spending money meant for the
poor.

No medals can be given here, hypocritical politicians,
legislators and officials, all have hands in their
pockets and refuse to take them out until they get
home and use the money on themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Often Draped In Sorrow

Living in a world of loneliness and sadness, being
draped by sorrow so often in this world, we tend to
look to other people for company.

They aren't there for us, they have their own lives
to live, dealing with problems and circumstances of
their own in this life.

Never give your being or power to another, for they
don't deserve it first of all, secondly, they will
not appreciate it, stomping on your heart.

Turning on you, walking away into the sunset, leaving
you more lonely and bereft than ever before, sorrow
over-taking every fiber and particle of your frail human
essence and being.

Walk alone, find your own inner strength, nurture and
grow it on the plateau of your spiritual life interiorly
and you will live a life of peace and serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Often Looking Inward

Slowly turning about, often looking inward to reason and logic as nighttime gleams in the darkness, being lighted by rays of moonlight.

Softened timid tones of life, creating a mystical thought process as I walk along ebony pathways alone, deep in thought, no one to talk to.

Lonely, yet contented with what this mind is seeing and thinking along the way, happy just to be alive and enjoying everything in life peacefully and fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Often Traveling Through Our Minds

Moments of innocence rest safely in the back of our minds through the years, being cherished and precious to our beings, proud of them through the years.

Our lives having been pure and innocent, living a life of goodness, never dabbling in evil for it was self-defeating and somehow we all knew it intuitively.

Getting an education, learning, spending time reading, playing, loving life during childhood, doing everything our way - up to a point.

Looking back now, loving the peace brought into our lives by these precious moments of sharing with family and friends, times that cannot be captured today except in our memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Oklahoma's Red Dirt

Dirt, red with the life blood of earth.

Essence of being, gently covered with grass,
tucked neatly in at the corners of earth.

Sliding down hills, red dirt, mixed with
green grass, filling the ground in Oklahoma.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Old Age

Gnarled and worn together, hands stood out upon the arms.

Wrinkled and wearing apart the skin slid down upon bones
of his eerie skeleton.

Life now drained has become a part of another universe
in an outer labyrinth of time.

Grabbing out into space has left him dead upon a dry
mantle of decaying skin.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Old Blue

Old Blue knew he was smarter than anyone else.
Every day he'd go lie down in his favorite spot beneath
the trees and look out over the fields.
For hours he'd daydream about things he was going to do in life.
As the years passed quickly by, Old Blue remained in his mind's
eye, always thinking of what he would someday accomplish.
Last Tuesday, Old Blue died in his favorite spot beneath the
trees, never having done any of the things he'd daydreamed of
doing one day.
His mind surpassed his reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Old Crush

An oldies song, Johnny Angel, being sung, totally causing elliptical joy.
A rhythm I remember when I was a girl scout and had a crush on our assistant scout leader, John.
What a crush it was, at such a young age.
A beautiful memory, remembered with a smile in my eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Old Fashioned Fun

Children running onto the dance floor as a disco ball rotates above, throwing little lights around the room.
Landing on the youngsters, they begin jumping and twisting in rhythms of their own, not caring what anyone thinks of them.
They're just into themselves dancing, having fun without television or electronic games.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Old Memories

Dusty trails lighting imagination, riding a horse
into the sunset, while looking around at beautiful
sights set in nature.
Listening to old songs in memories of Roy Rogers
and Dale Evans.

(11: 21 a.m. - 11/20/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Old News

Watching yesterday's news, reliving events,
sobering to intellect.

Collecting issues, expanding them to fit
time slots.

Hoping ratings will soar, always trying to
beat out other stations at their own games.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Old Sweater Of Love

Losing each other in the tunnel of love as we get older,
finding that memory is fading at times.

There so no fault, it is just a part of human nature,
losing sight of what we used to see in each other, feeling
rejected or abandoned at times.

Then realizing that our love is like and old sweater,
wrapped around our shoulders, keeping us comfortable and
assured that when remembered we are loved.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Old Time Songs

Old time songs coming out into the open today,
reminding people how old they are.
Sitting, listening, trying to get into rhythm
with Perry Como's song, Cocomo.

Not quite getting into it, because they want
to feel and think young with modern melodies
of verve and quickened energy, beating their
hearts in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Olden Days

In days of old, people were kinder, more compassionate
towards others in their spaces of time.

All attitudes were merited with adjunctive personalities,
taking turns with older generations reveling in greener
destinations far beyond those of nature's abode.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Oldest Daughters

Bright orange sun, burning into my memory as slowly, darkness begins to overtake it, putting it to bed.

A welcome sign this evening as I go to see my Aunt Mary, praying off and on that she will be just fine.

Thinking about her brings tears to my eyes of love as I remember special moments in time when once we were together.

Remembering her with fond, happy memories, my one and only Godmother for all time.

Aunt Mary has always been very special, have always had a bond with her.

We were both the oldest living daughters in our families.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Oldest Son's Graduation

Sitting high upon the bleachers to get a good view of the made-up stage.
A castle drawbridge with banners flying above it, the backdrop for the walkway soon to be walked upon by many outstanding students.
Announcements, Star Spangled Banner, Pledge of Allegiance, and noted teachers making their speeches.
At last, students standing row by row, single file, waiting for their names of distinction to be called.
An eternity goes by, then suddenly my son is standing, walking, waiting to be called onto the imaginary red carpet, as he strides proudly across the walkway suspended slightly in the air.
Then it happens, they call his name, mispronounce it, but my son walks without any hesitation or break in stride, to receive his diploma, his moment in the spotlight.
Tears in my eyes, I quietly clap with dignity for my son, I couldn't be prouder, my love for him overflowing.
Such a joyous moment in the life of a Mother, there are no words to express how proud I am of him.
This moment in time reminding me of past moments in his life when I was proud to be his Mother.
And now, once again, he has touched my life with his achievement and I can only say, so humbly, how very proud I am, to be his Mother.

(5/16/96)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Omen Of Disappointment

Lonely, into the night I wander emptily, with nothing keeping
me company, just an omen of total disappointment about to
alight upon my being once again.

Living in the experience of life, I find so many opportunities
to learn and take advantage of pursuits that I love to partake
in, when I have a moment to remember what I am here on earth for.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

On A Mountain

Alone upon a mountain top,
no one to lend a helping hand.

No one to talk with or listen to,
It's just a deepening silence near
the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

On A Quest

Probing life and searching for answers that are mysterious and elusive, taking me on a quest until the day I die.

Leaving this world with only the words I've written in poems, never again to be seen on this lonely planet, earth again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

On Call

Withdrawing from life's borders, seeking God instead.
Beginning prayers with hopeful desires, enquiring whether I am good enough to enter the gates of heaven.
Waiting for the go ahead, watching death come around, bringing it's shadow to bear upon my mind.
Placing my entire being on call, awaiting a knowing to appear in my mind, justifying my demise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

On Hold

Sometimes life puts you on hold, nothing will go right,
nothing good happens, it feels like you're in hell.
Once life restarts it's engine and you slowly move into
gear again, you find that being put on hold was the
better judgement, because it has prevented far worse
catastrophes from happening.
Listening to your inner nature is a wonderful way to
live life and it avoids worse things from coming your
way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

On The Band Wagon

Governor's race - only one candidate is coming,
answering questions.

Quipping, joking, attacking issues with inane
remarks, causing laughter to erupt.

Health and education not being addressed, no
substance again being offered.

Yet, he'll support career pathways, occasionally
it seems.

Housing crisis, banks refusing to do the right
thing, this candidate is finally on the band
wagon with talk gathering solutions.

A final ending of candidates and now the
recruitment of people begins.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

On The Brink

Prancing through the early morning light, visiting a delightful
array of new beginnings in a brand new day.

Enjoying the cool briskness of this crispy morning air, taking
it into my lungs for a refreshing bit of liveliness.

Now standing on the brink of a new adventure, a new experience,
I bring everything into focus to start this day without remorse
or at least pretend to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

On The Brink Of Heaven

Silent beauty of dignity wound tightly within an innate
nature, scarcely noticing side-long glances, looks of
pity and nodding of heads.

Sorrow of others not touching minds or hearts of an
elderly person, having gone so far in life, thoughts of
other people have no impact on their person, for they
are who they are and nothing will change that.

Listening to another nature beyond this world, tuned
to a peacefulness of heaven, heading straight, keeping
track of where they are in regards to death.

Knowing on a different level, what people cannot fathom,
the secure peace and serenity floating within them.

Cares and worries come to a point and then are let go
of, because after-life becomes suddenly more important.

Casual glances, eyes not seeing below sights of their
perception, people failing sometimes to see the pure
dignity written all over the being of an elderly person,
standing on the brink of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

On The Edge

Energetic and exhilarated, mind climbing mountainous landscapes within, breath-taking views surrounding intellect, standing on the edge of an interior waterfall, looking over.

Watching water flow so effortlessly across boulders and falling into deep pools of bluened water, an exceptional sight to be able to see every moment of day or night.

Just by thinking through imagination, thoughts falling freely with the water, swimming about below in pools of watery ideas and concepts.

All of them happily enjoying the creative process as they scoop up what's needed for poetry, hoping they will inspire others, helping if needed in whatever way is required to move ahead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

On The Edge Of Every Moment

Sleeping in the darkness of loss, tears flowing onto my pillow where I can no longer lay my head because it's soaked through with my sorrow.

An anxious and foreboding way to live life on the edge of every single moment, awaiting the period of early morning light before the night has faded completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

On Water's Lips

Rocks lying on their backs under water, looking up into the sky, ducks sleeping lazily, floating like toy sailboats on the water.

Feathers sitting lightly on the water's lips, moving in whatever direction the breeze will blow it in.

Looking out onto the lake, white feathers look like snowflakes lost in another time or space.

Gently swimming below the water's surface, fish slide by, noticing everything, but taking it in stride.

Ripples slowly circling outward as ducks awaken from their naps intent on feeling.

Birds climbing on a little palm tree, looking for food and some shade from the hot noon sun.

Out upon a tiny little island they find both and delight in their good luck.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

On Wings

Solemnly on wings of prayer,
daylight filters down through
clouds of misty haze.

Banqueting on the lush green
grass of earth, leaving behind
tiny droplets of dew, a new day
is being born.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Once

Once when I was little. Once when I knew nothing of life.
Sorrow and death visited me at my Grandmother's grave. Crying. I cried and cried because there was no longer a person who cared for me, loved me.
Would never again take my little hand in hers on journeys across the sea to her homeland of Sicily.
My heritage, it's presence was brought to me through her gentle caring memories of life now lost - left behind the curtains of her future.
Crying. Gone now her voice of broken English, her
laughter, smile - tears flowing - sad - a broken life
awaited me at her death.
Memories no longer being made, just remembered in the
passing years of life, of those when once I was little.
Once when I was young and knew nothing of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Once A Cycle Of Love

Love is not always what it is said to be, because men
and women choose to party and drink when younger.

At times getting married way to young and not able to
contend with living with another personality, different
than their own.

Later on, after divorcing, sleeping around with the same
type of people, alcoholics and drug addicts, never finding
the love they seek.

Because they are looking to sex to give it to them, and
sex has nothing to do with love unless you're in a
committed relationship or married.

Through the years bitterness mounts towards the opposite
sex and life is fractured permanently, even those few
that find love in the future tend to spoil it with abuse.

Abuse left over from past days with others rears it's
ugly head, meanwhile all drinking and drugs has killed
billions of brain cells through the years.

What you have left is a person who loves you and all you
do is treat them badly, abusing them with your unreasonable
demands through the years.

A vicious cycle being finished in what started out as a
cycle of love, trashing it because of who they have
become, leaving the other hopeless, crying, loving a total
stranger and not wanting to be with them anymore.

Deciding what to do in the end, giving up on love and
moving on alone, not wanting to trust or let anyone love
them again, it's just not worth it they have realized.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Once A Star Of Life

The star of my life has disappeared from sight.
Gone beyond boundaries of this mortal life,
succumbed to heavenly departure.
Crying, wishing, feeling the emptiness left behind, wanting
her to be with me and knowing it can never be again.
Reality is so strong - so unembraceable - so cold.
Remembrances of living with her, growing up and together,
knock hard against my mind, making it cry out in pain.
Lifeless anticipation bellowing from within, hurting and
full of sorrow, pleading for a reprieve - an ending of
life - to diminish it's pain.
No one hears and I continue everlastingly to miss you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Once A Stranger

Love is such a wonderful concept and feeling, it can travel across the world and touch another totally, hearts being attuned to each other even though never having met before.

Wonder and beauty that heartfelt love can conquer no matter who or where we're at on this earth and in life, amazing feelings of an unconditional love perpetrating peace and serenity to a stranger, who's now a close friend forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Once About Freedom

Living in a country that was once all about freedom,
but now politicians and government have stepped in,
taking our sovereign rights away.
Making inane laws and ordinances to deprive us from
even keeping our front yards the way we choose.
Absurd things like vehicles not being on a non-dust
proof surface - in the middle of a desert yet! !
Are they crazy or just plain nuts? !

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Once Again Reborn

Lively, avid, tender and so silently exciting, thrilling me in every way, withstanding the tension and suffering of this earthly life.

Finding what's needed spiritually, wandering and roaming everywhere possible, taking ideas into the wonder and curiosity of this mind and intellect.

Sensations filling every particle and fiber of my being, gently touching my essence, taking me closely into the center of another dimension where I am once again reborn.

Glad to be alive, wanting to stay in one place, yet traveling through every dimension, leading me into realms of heaven where I love to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Once In Love

Once in love, your heart is in danger of losing it
throughout life.

Passion and desires rise and fall within you, love
like a beacon continues into the light and darkness
of life.

Toiling, keeping promises, being hurt, having joy,
losing patience with a lack of romance at times.

Everything is encompassed within the heart of love,
it's fire ablaze, consuming your mind and soul
throughout life.

Yet the danger of it's loss is never fading, it can
be destroyed in life by one moment of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Once Known

Willing partners standing on corners, awaiting busses
to destiny's unknown.
Hampering life, utilizing nothing of importance, always
beleaguering muted points of view.
Buried long ago by intelligent people who knew the
values and morals of life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Once Pure And Undefiled

Tears falling down faces of innocent children once
pure and undefiled, now being raped and tortured
by pedophiles of isis who honor and praise allah
a horrendous pedophile they call a god.

In reality he was only a tyrant, against God and
all of humanity as he tore apart the innocence of
children with is sexual perversion and evil lust.

There's nothing good about what these pedophiles
do in life, they are only to be despised and done
away with as quickly as possible.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Once Upon A Playground

Leaves blowing. Children swinging - noisy swings. Sun shining.
Children running on dirt hard sand.
Sliding boards braced tightly to the ground.
Sun heating steel top rungs and part where kids go down.
Sandboxes sifting silently to themselves - no children within to imagine they're something else.
Playgrounds are a happy, lonely place when as an adult you return to them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Once Upon A Time

Reading through thoughts of intellect, touching their
meanings and definitions once thought about, suddenly
feelings start popping up.

Blossoming into the evening air, purified, blinding
with an effervescent beauty of this soul, stretching
itself into frontiers of a desert.

Filling me with emptiness, capturing feelings in poetry,
letting others live through what I'm thinking and writ-
ing throughout the day and night.

Moments flowing past doorways of my mind, catching hold
of memories of my heart's lost and forsaken love of once
upon a time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Alone

Slowly opening eyes of intellect as the sun appears over
the horizon, peeking out at a new day, feeling comfort-
able and at peace.

Nothing to mar it's pleasure in this desert wasteland,
such an arid and vast landscape filled with a beauty all
it's own.

Not able to be shared except in depths of being, just
one alone who appreciates the solace of a wonderful land
in the wild west.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One American Family

Moods of excitement traveling through the crowd of people here
tonight, patriotic feelings running high, everyone loving being
here to honor our Vets for their service.

Children wearing patriotic tee-shirts, dresses, headbands of
red, white and blue, American flags being waved by toddlers,
enjoying feelings of happiness and joy being exuded.

Parents, Grandparents, Aunts, Uncles and cousins all being
a part of one American family, united for one purpose under
God to celebrate the U.S.A.

Our freedom also being hailed, Independence Day, a totally
wonderful time in all of our lives, appreciating our Vets,
nation and one another today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Another's Futures

Staying in touch, gently hugging and dancing, cheek to cheek.

A pleasant afternoon together, speaking to one another and enjoying the feelings of tender humor, appearing in smile lines around our mouths.

Music playing rhythmically, helping us to keep time, practicing the beauty of exercise and balancing in circumstances of an entire absoluteness.

Taking steps into one another's futures, now holding hands and stepping quietly home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One At A Time

Screeching loudly, finding a voice in music,
living it's sound.

Finding it's life full and overjoying, banging,
pounding, incessantly attempting to penetrate
a mind's inner ear.

However long it takes, puzzles must be put
together a piece at a time to create a rhythm.

There is no mass manipulation, one at a time
can only be seen and worked with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Common Thought

Heart on fire, wanting to be quenched in another's arms,
not being heard, yet desires keep flowing like a river
to the ocean.

Only one common thought, to be together, sparking love
with our hearts and souls, sitting on the horizon, want-
ing to reach each other through divine intervention.

Not leaving desires to burn out, turning to ashes, seeing
only the ending of our lives together, held quietly for-
ever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Day

Struggling to understand certain circumstances in life,
there's just no logic or reasoning for most of it.
Thinking, always trying to find solutions, yet they seem
to elude me.
One day, I will find the answers that I constantly search
for, because I will never give up or in.

(11: 56 a.m. - 10/30/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Day We Live, One Day We Die

Considering all possibilities in this temporary life,
knowing that one day we live, one day we die, without
any warning whatsoever.

Once in a while having some symptoms, warning us of
what is to come, but the moment is never really ever
known to us.

So reluctant we are to leave this world filled with
turmoil, loss and suffering, because of the few moments
of joy and happiness with family and friends.

These moments are so intense, filling us with beauty
of the life we are living, especially the ones spent
with family.

Nothing can ever take the place of those fantastic and
happy moments in our lives, so we rejoice while we can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Direction

Written words being calculated into measures of a continuous rhythm, containing many coded messages of new ideas and inventions.

Being laid out upon photographic screens within, tantalizing and beckoning intellect to expand and create a new reality from all of them blended together.

One direction for the betterment of all humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Disrespectful Vet

Standing here in the VIP section, having volunteered for
Trump, being bullied by a Vet who's cursing and yelling
at me like the fool he is.

Trying to listen to Trump's speech, this so-called Vet is
yelling over him and treating me like dirt for no reason
at all, I have done nothing to him.

My husband passed out and I couldn't get to him to help
because this Vet would not pull the barrier towards him
a little so I could get by and help him.

Trump needs to know about what happened, so I've written
it into a poem and hopefully Trump will get and read it,
so maybe next time staff can help those who need it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Entire Little Puzzle

Standing on edges of dreams, listening to heavenly rhythms
fold themselves into my mind with a sublime passion.

Wrapping may mind around every measure, allowing them to
take me into heights and depths never experienced before
and now opened wide to intellect.

Seeing the world altogether as one entire little puzzle
piece of life, seeing in it's diminished size within the
puzzle, many ways to help and improve the lot of all of
mankind.

This bigger picture has been miniaturized into my mind,
allowing me to find answers no one else has had the good
fortune to recognize and decode.

There are so many messages lying about, just seeing them
allows them to grow and enlarge to encompass our world
with solutions to wide-spread problems throughout our
entire universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Fell Swoop

Rasping against my mind like a guitar out of tune,
hurting intellect with it's noisy distribution of
inert sounds.
Swallowing hard, the temptation to end it all in
one fell swoop, not caring what happens as long
as I disappear into the next horizon.

(8: 56 a.m. - 1/6/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Granddaughter Now Sixteen

Sitting here at the senior center with my Granddaughter,
she's doing her homework on her lap top for summer school,
a very smart young girl.

Active in many projects, one of them being homelessness
especially of our Vets, doing her part in helping out in
any way she can.

Very meticulous and responsible for a sixteen year old,
I'm very proud of her and all of her accomplishments, she
will go far in life.

Having already set goals for herself, working towards them
rather quickly already, always putting her utmost effort
into every single thing she does.

A fantastic young woman doing her best in life, strong,
self-confident and independent, all the qualities needed
to succeed in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Heart And Mind

Forgetting nothing in life, wanting to hold everything
closely as we strive for a togetherness.

Communicating, listening to one another, vociferously
inhaling good times enjoyed in each other's company,

Days and nights being spent together, always wanting
to be with one another on another sphere.

Whispering and telling secrets through the years, never
omitting anything.

Knowing everything there is to know about one another,
there's nothing like being of one heart and mind through
this lonely journey on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Life Only

Picking melodies that are lying around, smiling, enjoying attention being given to them, blessings abounding, watching as life attains it's fruition.

Taking me above into unknown dimensions and universes, pictures wavering in the distance, images of what is to come in new visions being shown right this minute.

Time elapsing, becoming clearer, focusing and remaining still now so they may be seen and read thoroughly, designs and patterns reaching for interior depths of spirituality.

Going to lengths and breaths of life and death, hoping to meld the two so there can only be one life and never any death again on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Little Glance

Hiding behind curtains, peering out at the world,
watching it go around without any fuss or bother
every single day.
Taking me by the hand, showing off all earth's
glory in dazzling simple beauty.
Touching heart-felt strings of violins, playing
to insides of my mind, awakening subconsciously,
all of eternity in one little glance of knowing
wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Little Particle

Silently, effortlessly sliding back and forth through
measures of time, being introduced through rhythms
being listened to.

Thinking of lifetime experiences in childhood, their
purity and innocence still being held within my mind,
nothing ever escaping intellect.

Scanning photographic screens held interiorly, never
missing any details no matter how small, fitting them
into rhythms of life.

Creating and taking new pathways along roads of life,
it's trials, tribulations and suffering, all of it
contributing to the essence of who I am and have become.

Realizing that I'm the essence of nature, faith, hope
and everything in this world, just one little particle
of it's fascinating wonder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Little Question Of A Child

Looking around earth, seeing innocent little children,
alive, vibrant and curious about everything that they
see.

Wanting to know answers to their many questions posed
by their little creative intellects, even now growing
substantially into beginnings of adulthood.

Never satisfied with the ordinary, always thinking of
the impossible and functioning on an exacting level
to find out the beauty of discovery and exploration.

Causing, reacting, being affected by everything that
they do in their little spheres of being.

Always learning and maturing, their brains wiping out
prejudice and racism by their one little question, why
must we hate others when we are all created equally on
earth?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Little Sister And A Memory

When you were born, stars popped out of their sockets with your loud crying.
You didn't like strangers - you'd yell at the top of your lungs.
Poor Mom, you were such a cute little baby - but, boy what a pair of lungs you had.
At Christmas when we all got to sit on Santa's lap - your little face got all screwed up and out came the yells and crying - as the photographer got the perfect shot for the newspaper's front page.
Poor Santa Claus!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Moment

Teardrops lying along pathways of life.
Sparkling in the light - looking like diamonds strewn about.
Teardrops glisten with the pain of being left alone.
They glitter with the sorrow thrust upon them.
Daily reminders of pain, hurt and suffering - a lifetime of
tomorrow's will always bring before us.
Standing on the edifice of self-sacrifice - hypnotized into
falling in without a backward glance.
Knowing that all of eternal rest lies in one moment of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Moment At A Time

Finding my way through this life, testing and exploring
everything in my path, hoping to discover facts and their
answers to life.

Every step of the way, writing poetry, keeping my eyes
on heaven, living spiritually within an interior universe,
taking life in stride.

Falling into it's pits of sorrow, grief, despair, loneliness,
abandonment, being forsaken by loss of loved ones continually.

Every day is a different measure of time, yet each of them
hold turmoil and suffering, sometimes joy and happiness, but
darkness ultimately fills my being with past shadows.

It's beauty and attainment keep me wishing for the joy and
happiness of the past, but taking one moment at a time,
hoping for the best and an ending of all this strife.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Moment Of Tears

Writing about nothing except sadness, sorrow,
loneliness, abandonment, feeling them erupting
within, because I have not talked nor heard
from you in so long.

It's causing me to feel this tremendous hope-
lessness within again, now devastating my entire
being in one moment of tears that will never
stop if you should leave me here alone on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

'One Nation Under God'

Managing to defy the ridiculousness of political correctness,
an abhorrent liberal concept from minds of evil men, trying
to discriminate and dictate the lives of others.

Obvious disrespect for our country, yet we have freedom here
in the U.S.A., of religion, speech, to carry arms, etc. and
follow the Constitution to the letter.

Refusing to allow a traitor dictate to us, flying our flag,
being patriotic, 'One Nation Under God'.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Natural Rhythm

Solitude captures attention wholly, finding self in
definitions of scientific discovery.

Ready to fulfill explanations, equations and factual
mathematical aspects of physics.

A plethora of designs and patterns of chemical composi-
tions, meshing with those of musical ones.

Combining together into one natural rhythm that leads us
into the answers of life and death.

Unknowns now, becoming shining lights in the realms of life
here on earth this moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Of Them

Secular, separate, watching the world as people scramble,
trying to get out of the way of evil flowing everywhere,
no one being safe.

Uniting, people are taking the law into their own hands,
ignoring the politicians who've caused this travesty of
justice by taking refugees in against the people's wishes.

Terrorists are murdering people, beheading them, burning
and drowning them alive in steel cages, throwing gays from
rooftops and persecuting Christians.

All being done by a cult of pedophiles, gathering together,
going after them, burning mosques and refugee camps all over
the world.

That's what we need to be doing here in the U.S.A., also
bombing terrorist camps here in America, a great idea to
keep us all safe from their evil, our militia standing by,
doing the job our government is supposed to be doing and
is not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Of Those Things

Some days things just don't seem right, everything is
off kilter somehow.

Everyone irritates you with what they do or say and
your mood is awfully out of control.

Thinking what is wrong today, but there's no explana-
tions or reasons for it that can be thought of.

It's just one of those things that happens from time
to time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Perfect Nation

Exercising intellect, listening to music, a tribute
to the heroes of 9/11 that a friend wrote.

Awesome, fantastic lyrics and rhythm, exhilarating
and beautiful, filling me with pride and energy,
feeling tears coming to my eyes with every note.

A steady and complete song, telling the events of
9/11, the brave and free Americans thinking only of
others and not themselves.

Our perfect nation banding and uniting together amidst
the disaster and devastation right in front of them,
an amazing account of the heroes we will never forget.

Never letting future generations to forget either, pride
in our country and it's heroes, filled with courage and
compassion for others, instead of their own welfare.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Track Mind

Exciting nerve endings, pulling my brain into the mix to join
in all the fun.

Finding puzzle pieces throughout desert mountains, joining
the formation of interior thoughts as they figure out clues
and codes of every design and color, waiting to be placed
within a frame of the entire picture.

Becoming the ending of every beginning, finding in the end,
every beautiful attitude being matched with every piece found
and placed in poetical forms, no one else can think or figure
out here on earth.

Linking abstract designs with intellect without exacting any
measure of timely essence and keeping it all together in
rhyming sequences.

Put all into volumes of literature in a timely picture, perfect
from every direction and never mismatched in any form or shape.

Beginning likelihood of future inventions, newly formed
ideas and concepts are turned over to imagination and left in
depths of wisdom's hands.

Nothing ever being fulfilled unless written by an individual
poet, writing throughout the desires of life as continuing
on a solo journey.

No one leading astray, because this mind is on one track
only in this entire lifetime on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Way

Soothing silence sliding across my mind, bringing with it acceptance of the many trials in life.
Only one way avenues traveling into the future, keeping time with every ounce of pleasure sent my way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Way Out

Walking into the darkness, a quiet silence hovering over, seeking out attention to details surrounding me.
Echoes of whispering stillness spread about, covering all parts and corners of insistent wariness.
Charging into the shadows, knowing there's only one way out and not realizing where in the ebony blackness the exit is at.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Way Pieces

Strange and eerie shadows sending echo's vibrations into eternity, waiting for answering replies.

Yet, in all sincerity, knowing that there can never be an answer, for life can never be taken apart like a puzzle.

It can only be put together like one, because the pieces only go one way and there's no other course to follow as long as we are on pathways of our future.

Always putting pieces together, fortifying pictures on display in a photographic mind of exemplary sensitivity.

Taking a diffident look at the past for a lasting impression in destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Worldly Goal

Just sitting, thinking, pondering problems the whole
world is having.

Speaking up on the side of justice and truth, never
backing down in the face of adversity and evil, quite
a feat for someone who is shy and timid.

Wondering often about it, knowing only that I cannot
bear to see people being mistreated and injustice
winning out.

Because of all the greedy and evil people using their
money to twist everyone's lives into doing their bidding.

It's just not right, everyone has to stand up, uniting
in one worldly goal, to stamp out this tyranny.

Never willing to rest until everyone is free and happy,
and not just those few selfish evil people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One Year Old Boy

Watching a little one year old boy going in front of
the band, dancing and running back and forth, his Mom
now dancing with him.

Smiles spreading across his face, laughter spilling
out everywhere upon all of us here watching them dance
together with glee.

Buddy Stubbs being a place for family fun and enter-
tainment, a delightful and wonderful time all together,
music popping out along with dancers on the floor.

A magnificent way to have fun, bikers all great, making
sure we're all enjoying ourselves while here, dance
floor still hopping through this sunny afternoon in
Phoenix, Arizona.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

One's Soul

Reliance on the faith of my soul has brought me this far in life.
Depending on itself to carry me to the end, I watch and pray to make it so.
There are too many pitfalls and hardships to walk through life alone.
Keeping in touch with one's soul is the surest way to get to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ongoing Definitions

Dreaming of future times with significant thought,
allowing sincere ideas to coalesce once again inside
margins of time.
New ideals become more organized, squaring off into
individual circumferences with no effort.
Being sated in places of comfort, relaxing totally
as peace descends upon me in dream-like stances,
conjuring novel placid puzzles of ongoing definition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ongoing Journeys

Soothing music taking me through categories and aspects
of an interior atmosphere.

Ongoing journeys, forever lasting in the basics of love
and it's purpose here in life.

Watching for the overgrowth of learning through osmosis,
hoping it will capture concepts and ideas.

Always following intellect everywhere that I eventually
travel in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ongoing Poetry

Lighting viewpoints while scratching the surface of my mind, expressing ideas I've been hiding for so long.
Energizing forms of musical ability in instrumental volumes of ongoing poetry, while living in the words I write them in.
Meaning being elicited from within my heart and soul, hopefully touching others on their solo journeys as we all grow forward in life, getting closer to our endings.
Exchanging a plethora of information of ourselves, we still have no idea who we are in each other's minds.
Our endings still not explaining anything about where we've been or where we're going.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only A Measure Of Your Heart

When you're gone, only a measure of your heart
lies within my being, knowing that it is so be-
cause I feel your loss now defining my life.

There are no outward appearances of you anymore,
only sorrow of the emptiness you have left me
with when you departed this earth.

A solo journey I wish you never had to take with-
out me, wanting to have gone with you, my dear,
for there is nothing left for me here anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only A Miracle

One stop environment, where a waterfall flows incessantly
and thoughts are always flowing, never stopping, keeping
the beauty of instantaneous thoughts ready to unfold from
my mind and into a poem.

Solitude quietly silent, giving inspiration and a whisper-
ing consolation and hope within, sorrowful and pain-filled,
downtrodden by life's turmoil and abuse.

So hard to say good-bye, yet life is closing it's doors
more and more, there's not a thing that anyone can do, so
don't feel sorry for the way things are for that is the
way of life on earth.

Death must take each of us in turn, only a miracle can stay
it's deathly hand from taking me now, not worried, finding
that life has become brilliantly perceptive and allowing
me to find self in a truthful and honest perspective.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only Darkness

Rocking in the cradle of death,
looking about, seeing only
darkness enfolding my mind.

Turning in every direction,
yet not able to move at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only Glimpses

Spilling into pools of thought, ideas and concepts swim
about, doing the back stroke, relaxing, smiling, testing
the waters and their abstract elements.

Waking to new dimensions, stating equations as they swim
beneath the surface, challenging and venturing into depths
of a florescent brilliance.

There all is revealed of the master plan, only the Lord
has access to allowing glimpses of it on occasion, always
being treasured within depths of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only God Knows

Life slams shut when we fall into death's embrace,
nothing to stop it from happening.

A fact of life that cannot be altered or changed,
it is a particle of our human reality.

At times a miracle will happen, someone will be
brought back from the other side of death.

Living life fully, more productively than before,
all due to God's mercy, giving His blessing.

Letting them live their lives and purposes once a-
gain for His particular reasons.

Humanity having needed something to give it a vibrant
and energetic energy to get beyond the ordinary.

Taking strides to alleviate polluted attitudes of
greed, selfishness and evil in this world permanently.

Solid solutions no one on earth could possibly have
thought of, because only God can know ahead of time
what is needed in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only Have To Listen

Secretly finding puzzles lying beneath the surface,
a performance of quiet purpose lying in wait, hap-
hazard voices, instrumentally being heard.

Stepping, tip-toed, behind the steady beat of another
time, melodies flying, soaring into the atmosphere un-
heeded.

Softly, whisperingly sounds of an instrumental concert,
bringing together many rhapsodies that can be seen and
heard throughout the world.

We only have to listen for it's essence as we prepare
to fall asleep in midnight hours, hoping no nightmares
will interrupt sweet dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only Key Kept In Intellect

Excited and full of life, exhilarated to be going from one
dimension to another without any interference, a quality
of genuine exuberance filling me with a peaceful countenance.

Holding onto living, breathing, anticipation, that keeps
revolving and taking me into spaces and spheres, where only
I can find the way into them.

Having the only key kept in intellect, a sacred place of
hope and faith that opens every door of my mind into it's
vast universe.

An entire world laid at my brain to excite and educate
self in ways no other can fathom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only Little Brother

A beautiful fantastic day for my little and only brother
to get married.
Life is just beginning for him and I feel his maturity.
Always a joy ever since he was born, my brother in whom
I am so proud and full of love for him.
Family love totally encompassing us today as all six of
us sisters are here for his wedding.
Mom, dear Mom, and out other sister present at his
wedding from up in heaven.
A joyful day in every way, congratulations given to our
only little brother and his new wife.

(3: 19 p.m. - 5/6/00)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only Lonely

Lonely, bereft, aimlessly walking, looking about, finding no companion of old to be with.
Painstakingly realizing that I am alone.
Curling up in a fetal position, eyes longingly watching for you, no message at all.
No longer caring about the rest of nature, allowing it to do what it will.
Lying here where we used to share this space of green grass, feeling empty-hearted - tears sloshing invisibly down my face.
No where are you to be found, sighing deeply, I cannot get you out of my heart.
Deftly, I wander through my mind, looking at shared memories of not so long ago.
Hurting deeply inside, I sit here in the backyard that once was ours, and now is too big for only one.
Carrying on like before is too hard to do, I must constantly reach for you or listen for your voice.
Neither happens as I lie in the noon day sun, finding it hard to just be alone.
Lying down, looking to escape through sleep, hoping soon, dreams of us will overcome my mind and give fractious moments in time to imagine us together again, but I'm only a dog.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only Look Forward

Lights burning brightly in the dark of night, disappear suddenly, being turned off.

Everywhere around, darkness has enveloped the earth in blackness, abounding.

There is no where to go, no roads to walk, everything has been plunged in midnight darkness to hide the evils of men from curious eyes.

Standing edgewise on the brink of day, there are no handles to grip or prayers to pray before falling down off either side, leaving life alone, behind.

There are no reasons for reaching out or touching the lives of others, because there is no love to stand the stead of time.

All work is carried on without thoughts of people who are doing it, trying to raise money for wife and kids.

Life is a crock for all who are alive, yet, maybe it's better than the crock of death, for at least we can still move about, trying to correct the many wrongs we find.

In death, we can only look forward, because our minds are turned off and we no longer remember the life we once lived.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only Looking

Walking along emotions,
not wanting them to enter my mind right now.
Preferring to look, but not feel - giving my
heart a rest from all the trials that will
soon give me an example of sorrow.
Wanting all of life to just accept me through
nature, loving the peace being instilled in
my soul.
Thanking God for putting it there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only Loving You

Dreaming of you, wanting to hold you through the night,
only loving you throughout life, tenderly holding you
in my heart.

Always mine, always yours, nothing can take that away
from us, hearts and souls together no matter what may
befall us in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only One Cloud

Stormy clouds pouring rain down upon us, only one cloud doing so in the center of the court yard.

There you can see the ground wet with puddles from it, all around outside, the ground is dry as a bone.

Love how clouds pick and choose exactly where they want to nurture foliage, cacti and flowers blossoming here in Phoenix, Arizona.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only One Life To Live

Mind skipping merrily through intellect, having a great time playing with notes and tones, running across a piano key-board with excitement and verve.

Lilting and harmonic melodies touching upon the interior life of each individual, fulfilling the essence and passion each of us are born with.

Taking chances and risking it all for we have only one life to live, why not experiment with it while we are living on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only One Moment

Caught in a web of entangled ideas as a spider holding
prey in it's web.

Feeling claustrophobic, looking around, adjusting mood
and attitude, anger slowly subsiding with every word
written.

Listening to poetical rhythms coming from musical
compositions, playing incessantly, forming and using
meanings and purpose becoming who I need to be in life.

Choosing to do what it is I do, not heeding another's
word at all, finding a fascination deep inside, taking
every moment to stay in step with rhythms being listened
to.

Acquainting self with attainment of peace this morning,
liking to hear music blaring all around, taking me into
other dimensions far away from this earth.

Finding beauty in darkness, watching shadows as moonlight
shines it's rays upon my mind, losing self in an empty
atmosphere.

Not fearing or worrying about the future, just living in
the moment because it is all I know how to do in life.

That's why poetry is so wonderful it contains only one
moment of my life at a time, incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only One Person

Brimming with love, my heart is beating for only one person in my life, the one who has taken me into it's mystery where no one else can enter.

Spaces are many, but only can fit us as we love and fill one another with the lust and beauty of what we have found in each other only.

Nothing can ever be written down in a book, for what we have created belongs only to us, we will cherish and treasure it always together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only One Who Understands

Letting go can never happen, you mean too much to me,
finding paths that will cross and re-cross yours, a
challenge that is never-ending.

Losing control, seeing the fire blazing in my soul,
unable to resist your peaceful and soulful energy
when we were together every day and night.

Being the only one who understands who I am, yet it
doesn't really matter does it, for we will no longer
be together anymore in life.

Life is so very temporary anyway on this earth, so I
complacently am going my own way without you by my
side, alone and forsaken for the rest of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only Pictures In The Present

Listening to the sorrow of a dear friend, knowing that
his heart is broken beyond repair, or so he thinks right
now in this present moment.

Afraid to peek about and look at the world without his
beloved wife, mourning her loss, being totally devastated
by it's clutches on him.

Isolating and hiding within himself and his room with just
pictures to look at now in the present, wanting to hold
her and be held by her.

Knowing, but not realizing yet in his sorrow that it will
never be possible again in his life, he will have to look
elsewhere if he wants love to come into his life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only Reminder

Falling asleep beneath life's covers, succumbing to the everlasting peace of heaven after death.

Watching in awe at the breath-taking views being shown in detail as I lie here where no one knows that soon I will be gone.

The only reminder being the memories of family and friends and the poetry that's been written during this lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only Shadows

Listening to your voice drifting down the hall
of this empty house.

Haunting memories we once shared together in
love, now only shadows of what we had.

Hiding in corners, taunting memories to cry
for what we've lost in life.

Nothing to be done, unable to continue as we
were before.

Our days are done on earth, ended in death's
embrace, no more moments to be together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only Solitary Windows Of Life

Solitary windows peering into life, letting loose thoughts
of the universe.

Thoughtfully praying behind closed doors, leading solitary
lives that have never lived before.

Standing, scattered over many horizons, wanton looks, staring -
despising the many tell-tale signs of strife and struggle on
earth.

Whatever cannot be told out loud remains hidden in a cloud of
rumored whisperings.

Many times over, the roads which everyone trod, become muddled
with greed and sloth.

Where in this solitary roving can perfect beings be seen? Only
through the windows of life can anything be sighted.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only The Truth Be Told

Shooting straight from the hip, not veering at all,
wanting only the truth to be told in place of lies
being spread by corrupt politicians trying to push
their immoral and unethical agendas.

'Standing up for something' as the old adage goes,
or 'you'll fall for anything', so believably true
in this day and age especially, don't you think.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only Truth Be Spoken

Expressions of nighttime echoes,
reverberating through eternity.
Calling friends into the beauty
of dreams, sending minuets into
waltzes of talented episodes of
enduring prayers.
Prayed for through the years of
our lifetimes.
Asking for nothing in return,
only that the truth be spoken no
matter what the issue seen on
future horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only Wanting You

Listening to the serenade of your heart as it beats in a rhythm of love, enticing desires to rise within.

Seeing your love expressed from within your eyes, seeping from your soul in a divine transcendental hug, holding me closely to you throughout the day and night.

Wonderful feelings filling my being with your quiet, gentle love, as you engulf me with kisses of your mind and intellect.

Wishing that we two could be together in an embrace of our love all the time.

When not talking with you, thinking of you always, knowing that you are always thinking of me, wanting to be held closely by this Sicilian for all time.

Expressing the love of a lifetime through melodies being played by our heartbeats, melding as one for eternity.

Stepping into time, listening to the serenade of your heart as it beats in a rhythm of love just for me, desire continuing to rise higher, wanting only you, my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only When Dying

People speak of paradise, yet I haven't ever seen it here on earth.
Only when I've died have I seen heaven's gardens for myself.
Blue roses growing effervescently in abundance everywhere I looked.
An intense bluened silence holding me spell-bound as I took it all in.
Peace filling me totally, intensely, so great that I can still feel it's presence whenever I think of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only Wish It Would've Been.....

This time with you has almost come to an end, I don't
want to leave you, but I must, moments with you have
been filled with joy, love and caring, couldn't ask
for anything more.

Although I would like to spend a lifetime with you alone,
for I see your gentle essence touching mine interiorly,
so soothing, so serene, wanting to feel it forever.

Knowing it's an impossibility, for my life will be ending
before too much longer, my only wish would have been that
we had met in our twenties, for then we could have had a
wonderful life together all these years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only Writing

Lights shining into my mind as I watch everyone climb around, not staying close to anyone for any reason.
Not leaving room for a person to talk, because I'm writing to my heart's content, freer than I've been in years.
Loving every moment I can be holding a pen in hand, writing life down for others to read in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only Yesterday

Listening to echoes of the past recalling life
that existed only yesterday.

Wanting to be engulfed within it's possibilities,
being held tightly by your love.

Feeling your soothing voice calming me, touching
this soul with your spirit.

Yet, still I cannot see or touch you physically,
heart breaking, mind cracking open.

Finding nothing but memories of you and our life
together, unable to put any of them back again.

They refuse to become a reality of the present
and are always dead when I come into my future.

So lonely and bereft, not wanting to step into
another morning, sun blinding me within.

Finding nothing, but shadows of our life together,
wanting every desire to be fulfilled like before.

Knowing that it will never happen, you are lost to
me forever in life, I cannot live without your love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Only, Lonely

Lonely, bereft, aimlessly walking, looking about, finding
no companion of old to be with.

Painstakingly realizing that I am alone, curling up in a
fetal ball, eyes longingly watching for you, no messages
at all.

No longer caring about the rest of nature, allowing it to
do what it will.

Lying here where we used to share this space of green grass,
feeling empty-hearted, tears sloshing invisibly down my face.

No where are you to be found, sighing deeply, I cannot get
you out of my heart.

Deftly, I wander through my mind, looking at shared memories
of not so long ago.

Hurting deeply inside, sitting here in the backyard that once
was ours, and now is too big for only one.

Carrying on like before is too hard to do, I must constantly
reach for you or listen to your voice.

Neither happens as I lie in the noon day sun, finding it hard
to just be alone.

Lying down, looking to escape through sleep, hoping soon,
dreams of us will overtake my mind and give fractious moments
in time to imagine us together again, but I'm only a dog.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Oozing Feelings

Touching my mind with titillating sounds of
intrinsic melodies from somewhere above my
intellect.
Singing quietly without wavering a note in
time.
Grasping onto whatever feelings come oozing
out into view, taking them and experiencing
their value wholeheartedly without doubt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Oozing Memories

Despair seeping up from within in a state of
threnody, closely binding feelings and memories.

Oozing them throughout my mind, while images
hover over it all.

Secretly hiding until it's safe to look above
the sorrow and grief at life moving forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opal Crystals

Waking from a sleeping dream and falling into another realm where all dreams are made to come true in manifesting auras.

Completing all aspects of interior peace, giving me an essence of beautiful opal crystals, dangling and effervescing in my mind.

Collecting the true meanings of life in today's concepts and meanings.

Preferring to use those of the past, because they are much purer than those of today.

So many obstacles and barriers that I have to keep out of my way in order to look forward and write into the next horizon's dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opal Thoughts

Dipping gently into minds of reminiscence, watching life
tune in to nature, building itself a nest of beautiful
noteful memories, musically set in time.
Gems of opal dignity, shining radiantly over space and lighting subconscious
thoughts as if they're Christmas
tree lights in tinsel town.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opaque Reflections

Opaque reflections suddenly occurring, unusual in that they don't happen very often in this mind.

When they do, watching and enjoying the effects they have when listening to rhythms of musical rhymes.

Noticing their shadows and light reflecting within them, seeming thicker than usual, giving a sensation of looking into cream of mushroom soup.

A wonder being tantalized by curiosity of this mind, seeing darkened and light reflections existing in separate realms than normal ones seen daily in many windows as I pass by them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open - Ended Roads

Journey's of time allow no repose, they are open-ended
roads of love that take us into other realms we've
never been before.

Starlight shining upon us as we walk through darkest
nights, alone and forgotten, not finding our way for
there is no moonlight.

None to guide us on our way through deathly embraces
from our mortal lives on this forsaken planet earth,
we just die at the ending of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open And Absorbent Minds

Easing into life, having fun playing with children
at the senior center.

Having bought a bunch of little toys for my Grand-
children, bringing them to the center, letting kids
play with them.

Using their imaginations, creating people out of all
the parts that I have added to my collection.

Enjoying watching them develop and create their own
intellect's and imaginations right before me.

Always happy to see the open and absorbent minds of
children as they learn and become more inclined to
finding out how things work, using curiosity to their
full advantage.

A blessed time being a senior, loving to bet enter-
tained by children as they are so full of wonder and
innocence, a total purity about them, inside and out.

Suddenly thinking about muslim and jihad children, who
never learn anything except to hate and murder, having
no fun, being raped and tortured, never growing up to
enjoy life or become anything but a cell of hatred.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open And Forgiving Poet

Sincerely taking life into my heart, as it touches my mind,
forgiving and solidifying total meanings of propriety.

Flowing gently into nighttime darkness, being led only by
the twinkling of starlight shining down upon this brightened
day of an extreme life of poetry.

Never missing a single beat as many rhythms are played on a
continual basis, taking me through the passage of time and
down through the ages, filled with future literature.

Left on these many pages of ceremony, intellectual tradition
is perpetrated sololy by my interior essence, wanting to be
sated in the words of this open and forgiving poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open Being

Reciting intellect's memories through double visions,
taking time to notice every particle swimming.
Insight claiming mind's focus totally, showing senses
what to feel and proclaim.
Sensations of beauty touching always innermost depths
of imagination, letting all images take over from
their essences.
Overall achievement being the challenge every time,
opening being to the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open Destiny

Singing sweetly, believing in ageless emotion, cogitating within.
Fulfilling fate with an open destiny, on pathways of twilight evenings spent alone with you.
Forgiving an everlasting lonesome love with empty promises made before your mind became muddled with the ashes of Alzheimer's.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open Fields Enticing This Mind

Following through with life and it's many twists and turns,
always running into the unexpected and circumstances beyond
our control.

Taking what we can, doing our best, leaving the rest to be
sorted out in realms of time, leaving behind the suffering,
not caring to take it with us into the future.

Open fields enticing minds with it's many flowers blossoming
in intellect, choosing some for bouquets to plant in poems
that I will be writing.

Going within, finding new trails to follow, allowing my being
to grow and blossom along narrow pathways left in this lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open Fires

Songs of chestnuts on an open fire help
memories come to the forefront.

Bringing a reminiscent tear to eyes of
blue, and a quiet thoughtful image of
joy from yesteryear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open Heart Of A Mere Poet

Hurrying into a rhapsody of living, energized just by
being awakened every morning a simple and easy life
reaching out, wanting love and acceptance from others
who are able to give it.

Knowing that there are those who are grieving and at
a loss themselves, totally unable to look out and
see the pain of another in dire need of love also.

That is what grief does to a human being for quite a
while after a loved one has died, especially when a
husband or wife, leaving their life partners to live
alone, a devastating situation, leaving a very deep
hole within.

Their hearts and souls can never be mended or healed,
there's just a gaping hole that will not let them
forget the closest bond they've ever had with a person.

Having had sex, two becoming one and the birth of their
children, how much closer can anyone get in this earthly
life?

This mere poet's heart going out to all those who have
experienced this intense and deep sadness, loneliness
and total abandonment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open Hearts

Rhythms stretching our minds religiously, giving an interior
spiritual liberty and freedom, living melodies penetrating
our hearts with their beauty and imagination.

Creative minds developing a variety of harmonies, taking
measures of time to great lengths in tempos and quiet music,
forging the wonder and awe of God into minds of those listen-
ing with open hearts and spirits.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open Inner Vision

Musical apparitions dancing in an open space, filtering all melodies into measures of chords.

Sashaying across the floor, flowing ribbons floating behind rhythms of life.

Succulent and beautiful, allowing this inner vision to open taking hold of everything that can be tantalized by desires.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open Mind

Sliding along measures of timely tempos, taken carefully
into their essence with no effort whatsoever, silent, im-
posing, steady, taking roads through a wide open mind.

Intellect alert and aware, important aspects of life being
seen in their totality, picturing the wonder and discipline
needed in order to write incessantly throughout life.

Righting any wrongs with concise and succinct research, find-
ing exciting truths in depths of every calculation, blending
and combining them to fit reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open Minds

Switching gears in mid-thought, wondering where lights of yesterday have gone and why they've been shut off without ceremony.

Rites of passing collect themselves on pages forever, remembering all of past memories, as in a book of open minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open Minds Being Challenged

Roaming earth, gathering data in order to think of new things
bringing them to fruition, enabling new advances, techniques
and properties of technology to be created and developed.

Ones that never existed before our time, open minds, challeng-
ing everything, questioning it all in order to expand know-
ledge and wisdom.

Gaining a comfortable hold in the design and patterns of this
life, existing in the openness of another dimension in order
to derive new solutions to problems of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open Minds Of Creative People

Wanting only moments of love with you, our hearts in synch, playing a duet through our souls.

Whispers coming from heaven as angels look down upon earth, sending hope and promise to a world that is filled with sorrow and suffering.

A fragrant scent filling the air as angels fly about, their wings fanning, tantalizing heavenly aromas throughout the world.

Lifting then falling into open minds of those creative people with an intellectual creativity and wholesome spirituality.

Silently soaring throughout our environment here on earth while we are immersed in moments of love, our hearts in synch and totally creative.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open Outlook

Reaching deeply inside, finding a plethora of thoughts,
happily jumping about, waiting to be set in poems.

Sitting here in another waiting room, liver transplant
doctor, hoping to be seen before too much longer.

Looking around, people are of all types and nationalities,
all either staring into space or talking to one another.

A complacent atmosphere, one where I find myself in
constantly.

Life has just dealt a hand that is filled with trials and
suffering, but with many gifts to help me get through it
all with an open outlook.

Always expecting something to come about, smiling in hopes
that it will happen soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open Poems

Striated thoughts, stringing along,
causing vibrations to be strummed within.
Tantalizing beauty to exercise itself into
many emotions and feelings, lying open in
poems of honesty and truth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open Receptive Intellect

Syncopation filling this entire being with a vibrant and
colorful music, intertwining with the essence of life.

Incessant rhythms taking off into distant lands where all
is lightly and carefully executed with a clarity and total
expression of intuition.

Figuring out equations of a different vision at every turn,
following dynamics of landscapes set in images, portraying
aspects of this life that escape into and out of imagination.

Surreptitiously taking every step into new sights of knowledge
being created with an intellect that is always open and
receptive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open Soul

Wind caressing my body, heightening my sensitivity to feelings and nature
around me whether or not I can see them.
Feeling intimately, so all alone, a journey has ended in my open soul.
For God is the only joy that can be found in me today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open Spaces

Resting in an ageless period of tomorrow,
searching for new views and opinions,
because those of old have become riddled
with holes and no longer seem to apply no
matter how we try to fit the frayed pieces
together.

Leaving open spaces in life, not knowing
how to mend the tears and rips in lacey
doilies of thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open To Expectations And Needs

Lyrics entering poetical realms, showing rhythms beating
steadily within my mind, strenuous and enlightening, giv-
ing an understanding of this heart in serenity.

Dreams waking me throughout the night, present feelings
being raked into piles like dried out leaves, being ignit-
ed, a blazing fire consuming me thoroughly from inside.

A prayer being said earnestly, having hope it will be ans-
ered in due time, bringing peace to my heart and intellect,
sending rhythms of wisdom poetically into an interior space.

Always being open to the expectations and needs continually
filling me with their desires and passion, as I try and live
my life simply.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open To Explanations

Smallness of someone contained in a particle far from
everyone else.
Lonely because of needing to be alone.
Withdrawing to shores of intensity, knowing the
impositions it places on others.
Caring not an iota, needing to adhere to inspiration
in life's abode.
Searching, finding all sorts of treasures being exposed
in melodies as assorted as millions of boxes of
chocolates.
Never stationary, mind roaming the universe, always
open to everything explaining itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Open To Others

Fascinated by other people's stories,
open to their feelings and emotions,
allowing them to express the truths
of their lives and, if inspired I
write poems expressly for them.

(2-18-13

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening A Boring Morning

Ripping apart a once boring morning, now opening
it up to a great time of dancing, laughter and
fun.

Nothing getting in the way of our lives, leaving
behind all the strife and turmoil, giving it up
for the beauty of music.

It enlivens our minds and bodies, picking up our
moods and spirits, taking us soaring forever into
other atmospheres away from earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Blossoms

Walking hand in hand with rhythms, steadily keeping up,
incessantly composing works of classical music.

Profound and deeply moving, setting emotions afire,
bringing out intense desires that have been hidden for
a lifetime.

Suddenly waking intellect, bringing it full-swing into
melodies and harmonies that are filtering through the
rhythms of this mind.

Now being uncovered and opened up like blossoms of a rose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Closets

Concluding messages of life in a variety of poems,
bringing it all out into the open.
Opening closets of interior thoughts, allowing them
the freedom to show their beings.
Giving them expression in many words throughout life,
loving the beauty and ideas always brought out to be
looked upon for the first time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Doors

Walking into denizens of life, not knowing what to
expect at any given moment.

A total expectation of things yet to come into being,
waiting for topics that will present themselves, yet
knowing all possibilities and wondering what each one
will develop into.

Expanding new progressions of what has already been
thought of, lasting qualities taking us altogether
with ingenuity and intellect.

Progressively advancing in technology and medical
realms, inventing many aspects and formulas not yet
thought of.

Soon, turning from vague ideas into the reality of
today's world, opening doors for the futures of all
mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Elderly Lives

Loudly playing music, filling everyone with it's
rhythm, awakening them to past memories of sublime
joy when dancing and listening to past melodies.
An opening in elderly lives, allowing flowing of
happiness to crawl over minds, demented and
forgotten far too long.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Expressive Avenues

Skating silently across acres of moments settled into leisurely pursuits of everyday routines.

Being generous in thoughts and deeds, giving in to many ideas that are captured in subconsciousness by innate talent and placed in poems at one time or another.

Giving thoughtful interludes chances to become patterns and designs of an interior essence.

Allowing an expressive avenue to open up and give all rhythms their due.

Climbing excessively into the expert sentences of intelligence, letting imagination do it's magic and recreate them in total awe and amazement to the wonder of myself, included.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Heart And Soul

Pulling aside gray curtains, looking into depths of caverns
hidden within, placing all ideas and thoughts into the light
of darkness to be read and written out in poetical form.

Socializing with every particle and fiber, noticing every-
thing that has happened throughout this vibrant and silent
atmosphere that I have been living through all these years.

Handling it with a sophistication and articulate intensity
offered when they first happened, opening my heart and soul
to each of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Imagination

Sounding throughout Wagon Yard, rhythms blending with thoughts and concepts, taking this poet's mind into another dimension, living in the moment.

Touching upon the Divine in a bluened light, as imagination opens it's door wide and let's fantasy enter, beautiful and sublime.

Touching energy that combines with intellect, carrying me forward into realms of freedom and liberty, soaring on my own, flying into the wonder and awe of another place and time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Intellect's Doors

Shining lights on darkened corners of my mind, wanting
to figure out what is hiding in it's depths.

Away from all definitions and meanings used for writing,
ideas are timid, shy, not wanting to be exposed to the
world.

Only now, I'm ready to open wide the doors of intellect,
peering out, wanting to be expressed, but fearful of
their eventual outcome.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Interior Depths

Watching natural scopes of artistic grace walk into
this mind, giving so much pleasure in ordinary ways
and nature.

Continually opening up interior depths of imagination,
following creative paths of inner talent, enjoying it's
appearance every time it alights in visions of beauty.

Looking for somebody who can match intellectually and
artistically, would be an added benefit in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Mind

Sliding down routes never before taken towards the future
in hearses of blackened mourning.

Staring straight ahead, opening my mind to any and all
directions in life.

Never quibbling over any differences in reality, always
retreating into labyrinths of desirable pathways.

Striking down the last particles of yesterday as they
rear their ugly heads in protest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Minds Of Children

Children sitting at a table with me, doing their homework,
watching silently as I write, fascinated as they see how
I do it through music.

Wonder and awe filling their innocent eyes and mind, hope-
fully they're learning something more than what they are
learning in school.

Opening their minds wide to the world and people around
them, teaching a form of contemplation that will help
develop their intellect as they discover another side of
life while young.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening My Spirit

Delicate rhythms taking me down paths of interior peace,
opening up my spirit to the Divine.

Reaching into depths of spirituality, finding faith and
hope are filled with desires of being with God alone,
wanting to be close, feeling love and mercy coming from
His presence.

A gentle and easy rhythm engaging my spirit and intellect
as one, enticing and engulfing them into a realm of spirit-
ual beauty where freedom of will and liberty of spirit can
be felt as they envelop me in their tender embrace.

Such a wonderfully pleasant feeling, filling me with God's
perfect love here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Of Another's Heart

Always looking around, and in depths of feelings being emanated
from people standing all around me.
Catching the rhythms of what they are feeling, I write them
increasingly into poems of worth.
Allowing compassion to exert itself and unfold it's soul towards
the opening of another's heart.
Recalling all the times that were once spent breathing in the
same sentiments and sorrow as those who get in touch with my
inner being now - writing of their emotions also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Of The Mind

Whispers falling upon my mind from somewhere
within intellect.

Fortunes and times of reality are prospering
and tallying rewards of everyday life.

Wonderful and exciting aspects of this earthly
life are being distributed on a constant basis
with no retribution being acknowledged.

Calmly anticipating energy of my mind through
music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Of Vision

A heavenly burden has been lifted, I feel free,
I can see a brighter future in store for me.
Waltzing through gates of imperception, lifting
spiritually, all previous weight, weighing
heavily upon my mind.
An opening of my vision, clearly stating what I
see in the future, unafraid of climbing the
peaks of life's attainment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Our Hearts

Tightly holding onto life with you my love, afraid of losing you way too soon, wanting to be by your side for many more years.

Loving and caring for you, nothing less will do my dear, opening our hearts continually to one another, praying for moments of enlightenment to always be upon us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Our Minds To Dreams

Nighttime bursting open after day is done, lighting the skies with twinkling stars and a pale moonlight, opening up our minds to sleep and dreams throughout the night.

And to this mere poet, how it takes my mind and intellect into depths of life, exploring and discovering so many things in the quiet silence of it's darkness each night that I'm alive to see it's vibrant beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Petals

Flowers opening their petals to drink in rays of the
sun, enabling photosynthesis to begin, starting off
their day with a nourishing breakfast.

Watching as moments pass suddenly and silently, just
blossoming into the beautiful flowers God meant them
to be here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Possibilities

Quietly watching, searching shadows for explanations that are truthful, wanting to know the reality of everything in this life.

Finding possibilities opening up into finite solutions to show the world in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Self

Opening myself to new adventure and discoveries,
waiting for these new prospects to give me a trial.
Looking forward to entering a new dimension in life.

Musically flowing, easily drifting down destiny's
pathways, stepping in time with my essence and
purpose in life.

(2/22/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Senses

Sitting around camp fires through the years, quietly responding to nature within, becoming one with it's essence without resisting at all.

Opening all senses to tantalizing feelings that penetrate my being, giving an essence of interior contemplation as it fills my soul with a pure and innocent spirituality.

A quiet stillness filling me entirely, feeling serenity touching every particle and fiber of my being through the bluened light of the Divine, dwelling within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Soul

Walking down lanes of yesterday, taking memories for a walk, alone, just to feel the love and joy from way back then.
Soul opening, letting in God's inspiration, as it gently allows innate talent to be exposed in writing.
Tearful blue eyes, flowing with such sadness that it can never be contained.
Longing for an inanimate object to listen as I pour out my heart, knowing that there is no person out there who can do the job I need.
Solitary feelings being penetrated as I remember the memories from long ago and what a difference they make in my life today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Spheres

Insolent and indifferent, yet forming and focusing
intently on what is needed to be done.

Rising early in the morning, finding my way into
the atmosphere and environment of another universe.

Bringing spheres into depths of imagination so they
can be opened, tested and placed with abstract ideas.

Straightening out puzzle pieces of life, arranging
them in different styles and designs, checking out
how they fit together without any problems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Telepathic Routes

Romping around in playgrounds of intellectual bliss,
indulging in whatever lures my senses into it's being.
Touching new sounds, hearing new delectable tastes,
all wiring themselves into my brain's neurons and
synapses, allowing telepathic routes to be opened and
listened to.

(4/19/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening The Expertise Of Creativeness

Listening to music as it rocks me into twilight dreams of lovely landscapes where I roam freely and at liberty, nothing to interfere with the wind blowing through my mind.

Following rhythms and tempos gently into and across the desert, finding the expertise of creativeness opening within this mind and intellect.

Enjoying sensations and serenity they bring into my being, rejoicing in depths of playful tempos as they race up and down chords of life and death, into horizons of tomorrow's destiny.

Giving back to my mind in the wonder and curiosity of living that fills me fully every moment of life as I find joy and pleasure in every particle and fiber of it's essence always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening To Wisdom

Searching for new adventures and experiences, having left
fear and doubt behind.

Waving good-bye for a final time and walking joyfully through
portals of new dimensions.

Opening up to wisdom as it takes me into it's ancient and
true rhetoric, adjusting and changing it to meet up with
new technology and progress of our times in life.

Satisfying all the equations being thought of anew.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Treasures

Folded curtains, partially opened, looking through
timeless eons of cloudy skies.

Always searching for answers, scanning horizons
others have lost, to complete individual preferences
while living still on earth.

Carefully optimizing everything, becoming who I am
to be, while traveling pathways others may never find
nor walk upon.

Forests and jungles open their treasures before me,
as I wander their lost valleys alone and forgotten.

Deep in my soul where I abide infinitesimally, forming
and molding particles of an entire lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Up Vision

Looking out the window here at the senior center,
watching the wind blow an ocotillo back and forth.

It's scratching leaves and branches of a tree,
filled with the greenness of springtime.

Keeping on looking, watching, eyes suddenly drawn
to depths of the tree itself.

There seeing a hole through it's limbs, opening up
to my vision is a tunnel through it.

Inviting my mind, entering and using imagination
to explain it's positive influence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Wisdom

Platforms and significant designs, fitting in rhythmic patterns are falling silently and acceptingly into intellect.

Depth of it's wisdom, opening like blossoms in gardens of roses, being placed into subconsciousness where they will spread like wild flowers.

Finally smoothing out wrinkles of distaste with patterns of modern delight in colorful auras of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opening Your Minds

Open up your minds and let me roam around in your
thoughts, loving to stir intellects and minds of
others with poetry.

Relating facts, telling truths of life, building
fantasies from interior ideas of imagination and
giving of self in every poem.

Letting escape, particles of who I am to poets of
this world, totally appreciative of everyone's
comments as they encourage me.

Continuing to write into the future, prolifically
capturing the world as I see it, eclipsing all of
the illusions and lies.

Centering on the truth every opportunity that comes
into my mere poetical life, praying that what I now
write will still exist in the world when I'm gone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Openings To Beginnings

Striving for the best in life, searching hidden canyons for echoes of fame and fortune.

Seeing colors of another dimension, looking to an interior soul of heaven, finding self opening up to beginnings of life on another stage.

There I will be in the center of it, getting accolades and many praises.

Yet, sitting here writing, thinking of only what is set in ideas, touching the essence of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Openly Discordant

Tangling balls of energy with mysteries of incessant words, taking inside stories against their will.
Being openly discordant, enjoying every note sending off miscreant sounds.
Adjusting every time to the music being played.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Openly Responsive

Taking me into depths of excited inspiration with all senses being opened and responsive.
Receiving the information from my surroundings and placing it in musical interludes just to be played within imagination.
Delving quietly into every rhythm, letting it take me away into distant lands of beautiful tones.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Openly Wanting

Wanting to rendezvous across the world, just wondering what it would be like to live in another country.

Satisfied with what I have already learned, knowing that one day I will be traveling and seeing the sights of India and delighting in everything that will be seen and heard.

At once, writing it all into poetry, making many books from the one experience, openly wanting to be surrounded with the vital components of life being lived over there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opinions And Views

Taking stances in poetry, that no one wants to discuss in conversations.
Yet, here I sit, writing whatever I think in rhyme, trying to benefit mankind and open other people's closed minds.
Always wanting to discuss taboo subjects, finding ways tactfully in poetry to bring them to the foreground.
Saving graces, never arguing, respecting everyone's views and opinions throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opportune Moments

Waves crashing in the turmoil of myself as I walk across the desert gathered closely in the dark night of my soul.

Moving into depths of every oasis, finding the perfect space to figure out calculations of mathematical formulas on the particular routes of every chemical equation.

Dancing in the rhythms as each code is deeply expressed in a make-believe story of life's beginnings.

Falling upon incessant positions of life-long times set in stones of yesterday's regions.

Peaceful steps of timely positive notions, always dancing into the future of another hopeful moment on life's earthen shores.

Creeping upon the horizon as they fall open, unfolding before me on opportune moments in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opposing Forces

Cooperating with others as best I can,
leaves me in thoughtless avenues of
bereavement where I am stranded in
total loneliness.
Opposing forces continuing to struggle
in moments of intense grief as life
carries on without me in sight any
longer.

(9/5/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opposite Colors

Heaven spewing gray and white clouds all across the sky,
sliding against my mind as I write.

Watching them make their way to each other and criss-
crossing pathways, touching and patting each other on
the back.

A wonderful deluge of opposite colors, traveling together
and getting along to fulfill their purpose in this poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opposite Directions

Surprisingly, feeling at ease with the sudden turmoil of
emotion caving in, tasting it's bitterness, not wanting
any part of it's essence, looking in opposite directions
from where it originates, wanting to find anything in
this aspect of nothingness.

Crippling the tears, not letting them erupt from within
this heart, not wanting to be a part of them today,
catching them behind my eyes so they will not race down
my face and throw me into a worse turmoil than before.

Reaching within, focusing on the beauty lying in wait,
instead, feeling textures calming, taking time to think
and become in a place of serene contemplation, nothing
stopping me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opposite Of Everything

Riding into the sunrise just because I am feeling contrary
today, not wanting to write the ordinary.

Sour grapes hanging in this mind, waiting for the right
moment to pounce on anything that comes along.

Wanting to do the opposite of everything in life, just
because I can.

Blind-siding people that come along at the right moment,
as I throw a curve, knocking them off balance.

Laughing, thinking it's funny, giving an unusual amount
of pleasure, being outside the box where I love to sit
and write, contrarily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opposite Realities

Attracting opposite realities on barren plains,
putting them together on floors to dance.

Surprisingly, looking good together, reaping
benefits of companionship never thought possible
in days on earth.

Taking steps in rhythmic precision, keeping time
with tones of melodies and enriching rhymes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opposite Schemes Of Life

Lofty ideas figuring into schemes of life, strolling down
avenues of opposites, looking for novel experiences to
write about.

Searching diligently for colors of design and patterns,
fitting and blending them together into picturesque poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opposite Shore

Trees are waving, telling me good-bye.
Life is to begin once again on an opposite shore.
One without any parents this time.
A void - and emptiness - brought on by death.
Age weakens, grows old, can no longer hold any life - sits quietly as death's parade marches slowly by, awaiting people to fall in step through eternities last door.
Paradise can not yet be seen, but the fragrance of the cemetery's red roses blows keenly, sharply, in the air to all who enter this private little sphere.
Stones marking graves, giving very little mention of what anyone has done with or during their lives.
Just a few lines - a small picture - navy anchor - praying hands.
Death can tell us even less about ourselves as we rest eternally interred in graves and our souls fly on daintily to heaven.
But we never see - our past is forgotten, present is no more, the future cannot be seen beyond life's doors.
Wandering this earth until we die, everything we've learned then lies hidden six feet underground.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opposite Worlds

Growing up in two different states, finding amazing facets
of both of them.

From a garden state to the desert capital of Arizona, a
unique experience for just a child, experiencing opposite
worlds from a child's point of view.

Extraordinary perspectives continuing through this day,
finding many details while writing exponentially.

Through a life-long wonderment and peaceful environment
given to an exceptional attitude still with me as an adult.

Curiosity as intense as it has always been, never having
left me throughout all the turmoil in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opposites

Athletes running back and forth silently,
awkward and clumsy.
So totally unlike dancers, sliding over
the floor with grace and style.

(9: 01 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opposites Take Over

Being tempted by life and nature, continually seeing humanity in many different lights, both good and evil, wondering what makes these opposites of life take over in different people.

Why does it happen, are they really choosing to take the opposite of goodness or is it circumstances that push them into that evil darkness, thinking they have no other choice?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Oprah

A shining light to millions of people around the world with questions and comments abounding just for her.
A profile in fame, a woman with innate talent, sharing it wherever and whenever she can.
Being an angel herself, people less fortunate are helped by the goodness she gives from her heart.
A beacon to follow in this world of heartache and reluctant loss.
There's not much you can say about her, except that she's the 'word' and people will go wherever she leads them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Optimism And Hope

Enjoying another musical morning, filled with optimism and
hope, even though things aren't going well medically, hav-
ing a lot to deal with right now.

Finding life difficult to say the least, yet, living life
to the fullest and plan on continuing down this same path-
way all the way to it's ending.

Then being free to roam the heavens, being loved by God
and free of the pressures of living on earth, looking for-
ward to it totally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Opulent Piety

Ecstasy of memorable moments reading my mind in an atmosphere
of contentment held inside.
Complimenting tremors of my heart as it beats in time with
destiny's feats.
Coming together, awarding supreme writing with sublime
contemplation, awakening from a deep silent, sleep.
Crossing deserts of an opulent piety, shining into my soul
as I walk a narrow path straight to God's home, where I want
to be the most.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Orchestrated Beauty

Feeling haphazardly, interiorly, a grating of talent
mesmerized by a higher intelligence than you or I.
Sensing a candid honesty, filling minds and hearts
with sounds of heavenly music.
Sleeping quietly in my mind, as melodies escape and
climb within imagination.
Titillating it with intense movement and motions of
love and eternity.
Bringing about a new page filled with brand new ideas
and images, stolen from reality's storehouse.
Tempered with a peaceful desperation, scores and etudes
form in atmosphere's of genius, contemplating itself
throughout a purposeful life.
Waiting for a transcendent array of power, building
itself around every beat and instrument in an
orchestrated tale of imminent picturesque beauty.
Searching for intimate questions to pose upon pages
written out on musical scores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Orchestrated Lines

Writing exquisitely with mind in hand, thinking alluringly
of many things new and old, taping them together for
posterity.

Inventing words and meanings, carefully aligning and
adjusting them in orchestrated lines of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Orchestrated Talent

Sticks in hands, music in mind, trafficking in
sublime melodies orchestrated innately from
interior talent and knowledge.
A way of expressing emotions and paths of speech
are still being learned.
Occasions of celebratory moods, opening flood
gates of being into the open air of freedom.
Life-long premiums being secreted in a heart of
compassion, carefully given in measured amounts
of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Orchestrating Life Within Deep Passion

Orchestrating life within a deep passion for it's
rhythms, placing it into tones and notes of pleasing
melodies.

Soothing, sending platitudes gently into the center
of my heart and mind, rhythms stretching and filling
every particle of my being.

Fibers touching the essence of every harmony, seething
with desires and their passion, wishing to be fulfilled
completely and totally.

A knowing taking over my being, showing pathways through
jungles of darkness and ebony suffering, senses of bereft
emotions spreading themselves calmly throughout my body.

Separating everything, placing it all within the land-
scapes of another time that will come upon them in the
future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Order Unknown To Anyone

Posterior emblems coincide incidentally with past dreams in coded manifestations of present graphics.
All are set silently in orders unknown to anyone else in the world.
Trying to test, examine, poke or prod will never divulge how any of it happens to come about.
All is kept in silence, never exposed to the outside world, held closely in treasured moments of existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ordinary Beginnings

Titillating an energy of fortitude, exercising strength
of character and truth.
Lending an arm of reality to aid along the way on paths
of integrity.
Honest ability caressing interior talent, tantalizing
an odor of imaginative orange blossoms into realms of
ordinary beginnings.
Solitarily standing on edges of thought, looking
forward to it's exacting prose in avenues of tomorrow's
visions.
Problematically anticipating extraordinary advances in
processes of abstractive images in dawning of poetical
ages.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ordinary Directions

Hurrying through melodies of yesterday,
keeping up with their rhythmic beats on
a constant basis.

Covering ground not usually seen,
wandering and roaming away from ordinary
directions in familial time.

Coursing through veins of reminiscence,
bargaining with time, hoping for an
allowance of bereavement before joining
it's circumference.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Organized Mind

Rhythms taking me soaring into the air without benefit of
a jet or plane, having fun, enjoying this pleasant space
above, air currents cooling me as I write.

Delving into depths of my soul, finding facts of self-real-
ization and truths that I've always lived with, a perfect,
organized mind that excels in anything I choose to do.

An array of formulas and mathematical equations, surprising
and keeping me thinking, fully awakened and enlightened any-
time of the day or night.

Accomplishing the impossible, creating new pathways, flow-
ing into other dimensions and universes, always thinking
outside the box, way beyond the ordinary and loving every
minute of it throughout my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Organized Serenity

Genuflecting nicely on steps before the altar,
praying for peace, delving into depths of
organized serenity.

Playing fully accented notes towards placating
avenues of sadness.

Discovering asides of benign caricatures, out-
lining banners of twisted thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Organs Of Beauty

Pulling curtains from my mind, watching life live
itself in everyone around me.
Holding safely, all endeavors, including videos
of entire lifetimes, being kept hidden from view
until they're shown in forms of words and set in
poetry.
Organs of beauty play their music harpily, gently,
into scores of etudes for operettas stashed in
complacent neurons and synapses, awaiting their
discoveries on later dates.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Original Melodies

Wishing to cooperate entirely with inner imaginings.

Keeping up the most enthralling excitement, wanting
to exact the following thoughts from measures of
exhausting, feverish musical episodes.
Winning the place of other worlds, having no other
spaces open to you.

Never following another, sticking to original melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Original Nucleus

Responding to calls of nature while sitting here inside
by the computer, writing.

Whiling away in wonder and curiosity, letting imagination
have it's turn with ideas being churned out through
intellect.

Senses intensely filled with all types of scents, tastes
and textures, coming into an existence on their own.

Playing in the mind of beginning, tossing ideas around,
finding interior sequences of coded messages being sent
steadily within a soul to intellect.

Causing turns of events, conspiring to enlist outer
dimensions of space to become a part of the nucleus of
original beings.

Noticing the total textures of other worlds never being
expressed in relation to what is already known here on
earth.

Life becoming what it is, made of from the very origins
of time in it's lonely space forever.

Coming into the light when reflected upon, in memory's
images, never being blinded by the darkness of the
night, as it travels through this soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Original Rhythm Of Love

Walking together, talking, being teased by you
and laughing uncontrollably.

Loving to be with you, our purity and innocence
always within of this new love.

Promising to keep us together through the years
of our future, being blessed beyond life.

As we caress and kiss one another, our minds
melding as one.

Our hearts continuing to beat together in an
original rhythm of our own love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Originals Of Intellect

Creativeness filling me full of new ideas and thoughts,
not ever being tied down before, all of them originals
straight from my own intellect.

Chances to forge new pathways of discovery, taking me
into outer limits and spaces closer to the Divine where
life is so much safer and protected.

A liveliness that captures joy and happiness in this
earthly life, nothing to fear at all for God is always
and ever with me at my side.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Originate And Create

Looking from the inside out, waiting for changes to
come about and alter situations being thrown at me
from those around me.
Constant turmoil forming in life's abysses without
any solutions being given.
Now knowing that it's entirely up to each individual
to originate and create their own solutions to any
problems that may arise.

(11: 21 a.m. - 1/15/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Orpheum

A circle of bricks, some with names, sit adjacent to
Orpheum Theatre.

It's a beautiful old building, actually restored and
made a historic site.

Intricate carvings, forming a balcony and ornamental
top on the outside of the building.

Carved faces looking out, laughing, crying, jeering
as people pass by.

Such a beautiful site - too bad it's marred by an
ugly modern city with no archaic class or ambiance
at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Orpheum Of Phoenix

Leaves dancing in the wind, whispers floating on noon
air, being blown about by statues standing rigidly on
top sides of the Orpheum.

Watching everyone walk below, sizing up looks, fashions,
people, and those in quiet despair.

Never telling a soul what they see, just standing there
fulfilling their destinies for those who see them when
looking up out of their little frozen worlds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Other - Worldly Periods

Swinging with steady beats throughout the morning and early afternoon, placing a sequence of other-worldly periods on display for my mind to see.

Wonder and excitement taking over, pushing me into another time and space, perhaps finding the revelry that once used to be at home in every aspect of life, but not any more.

Realizing that effort means nothing when you are creating, because it all comes naturally and sits in front of you, waiting for the moment to begin once again.

In the beginning or ending of another harmony as it widens and includes all of the picturesque landscapes surrounding me intellectually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Other Arenas

Chapels in the countryside,
holding onto frontiers of yesterday's future.

Grasping hands, walking to the altar,
eyes filled with love,
hearts beating together in tempos of rhythm.

Synchronizing minds with harmonies,
giving experiences a chance to move into other
arenas of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Other Destinations

Rocking to the rhythms of an interior melody, playing
across and into my intellect.

Totally energizing and taking me soaring into other
various destinations in many dimensions.

A bluened atmosphere filling me with it's pleasant
peaceful and serene stillness.

Being addictive, giving me such spiritual pleasure
and joy, carrying me away, giving my soul it's due.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Other Dimensions Sunsets

Taking notice of heartbeats hitting chords of an inner piano, playing many rhythms normal or irregular.

Taking off into waves of another dimension, living wholly in the beauty of another land.

Promises flowing unendingly, wading through waters of Siloe and taking place among the chosen ones, brought into the eternity of after-life before it's time has come.

A wonderful honor to be fulfilled from the inside out, never letting spirits down, walking into many sunsets, leading into other dimensions.

Through writing of it, a mind following willingly, and adjusting to the new demands it finds there, allowing no faltering of hopes or dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Other Side Of A Mind

Silent questions flowing into my mind, looking for answers
that will never be found in this life of existence.

A bevy of promises being held in reserve, yet never allowed
a voice in the passage of time.

So many days of loneliness have travelled through life,
leaving me bereft and on a solitary pathway to another
desert where I will meet no one ever again.

Turning away, wanting instead to be a part of another world
on the other side of my mind.

Chanting softly, wanting rhythms to sooth and calm me into a
deepened sleep away from this life completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Other Side Of Life

Silence deepening within, finding it's way to the
other side of life.
Beauty falling open before me as heaven appears and
welcomes me in.
Many times before I was brought back from the edge
and was again lost upon earth's horizons.
Wanting so badly to stay there, not wanting to come
here, just wanting to wander the gardens of flowers.
Blue roses still pricking my mind as I live and look
beyond where I once was for a short while, and now
am only in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Other Side Of Love

Walking along shores of life, standing on the other side of love, strangers facing one another on either side of life and death.

No longer seeing one another, crying, forsaken, not able to find what each of them once had, a total and effective balance that falls apart between them.

Life no longer able to exist on this earth, walking away, sadness flowing from eyes of grief, trying to come to terms with what is left in this temporary and bereaved life here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Other Side Of Our Life

Entering other dimensions and universes takes us all on solo journeys into the other side of our lives.

There we will find only peace and serenity, nothing to disturb an intense and still environment that becomes very astute and clear.

Helping us to continue our journeys into interior atmospheres of lightened wisdom and knowledge in order to help humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Other Sides Of Twilight

Hidden in a corner of life, not wanting to become part of it because of all the turmoil being caused by other people.
Twisting and turning, wanting to avoid facing anything right now.
Looking out into the darkened distance at other sides of twilight as it holds a fascination within my mind.
Wandering through a variety of entrances and exits, sauntering down vacant lots, just to see what is there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Other Universes

Joyful rhythms beating in my mind, tickling my fancy,
giving thoughts to ponder with a smile, waiting on a
moment of happiness watching me from afar.

Timidly wanting to come into my being, inviting it in-
to my interior world, kindly finding that it's presence
has taken my mind into the center of laughter and joy.

Heart flowing so tenderly, gently turning towards gates
of heaven, eyes filled with a purposeful anticipation,
letting my soul soar in total freedom.

So contented and filled with curiosity, blending it with
a natural inquisitiveness and taking imagination into
other universes of illuminating fantasy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Other Worldly Beings

Musically speaking to my mind, rhythm filters itself
into thoughts, gyrating ideas into novel approaches,
swirling into catacombs of deep abysses awaiting
discovery.
Chords touching strings of my mind with gentle
pleading as they help create other-worldly beings of
prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Other Worldly Thoughts

Gently touching strings of my interior mind, blended with
subconscious dreams, bringing to fruition, an atmosphere
I can handle, becoming my purpose in spite of other people.
Listening carefully to other-worldly thoughts, seeking me
from beyond this sphere in life.
Taking the time to care for me, because no one ever will.
A pleasant surprise, a gift, given to me from God in His
great mercy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Other's Causing Pain

Tender blossoms thinking generously alongside a boulder,
hard and resistant to someone's love.
Just like in life, people can be the same way as they
tear into your heart and leave it ripped open and raw.
Putting salt into the wound to top it off and cause more
intense pain to their satisfaction.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Others Creating Havoc

Succinctly and entirely taking a place backwards into
time, going back to where I can be alone and not be
hurt or offended by another.

Serious and deliberate, finding the pain of knowing
others hurting me way too much, people being frail
and opinionated, creating havoc in life.

Wanting only to be accepted as I am and nothing more,
expecting to be treated with dignity and respect, not
ignored, shunned, or hurt.

Life is just not worth living with the human race,
sometimes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Other's Elevated Opinions

Courage stoically finding itself interiorly as it builds a dwelling to become in.
Scorchingly burning as it turns from ordinary events and becomes a bigger part of future presences.
Nearing execution of brave-like tendencies on the way towards elevated opinions of others of themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Others Feelings Touching Me

Watching other people with a discerning eye, noticing
everything as they pass by.

Body language and expressions telling me what I need
to know with their gestures being an added bonus.

Feelings intensely touching me within, knowing their
sadness and grief, tears falling within in silence.

Recognizing emotions quietly seething within another
individual empathically.

Compassionate and caring, stopping to relieve the
suffering of others for moments in time.

Allowing me to identify some of what I'm feeling and
releasing it also.

A give and take throughout life with people I don't
even know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Others Generating Thoughts

People from everywhere are very fascinating at times,
coming from various backgrounds, filled with stories
that are intriguing and intricate.

Positive attitudes have gotten the most successful
people through failures and hard times, nothing stopping
their insistence to meet their goals in life.

Expressing true values and ethics when telling about
what they've been through, generating thoughts within
my own mind, helping me to figure out where to go next.

Finding where the next step can come from, a lively and
poignant beginning to another area of life, inspired by
another's story of success or failure.

Contributing to ways of improving methods of learning or
teaching oneself the process to follow into directions
other than what you've been doing or using all along.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Other's Loves

Calmly and quietly looking around, thinking of
others and the loves they may have in their lives.

Wondering if any of them have ever had true and un-
compromising love, unconditional and total, completely
encompassing them throughout their lifetimes.

Clearly focusing into the beauty that has been carried
into all aspects and facets that are being lived
momentarily and sublimely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Others Missing The Little Things In Life

Walking along paths of life alone, always thinking, lost
in other dimensions quietly, not missing out on anything,
knowing that others are the ones who are missing little
things in life.

Finding them so important in the long run, solemn, at
peace, so unafraid of life, it's suffering, change, tur-
moil at times.

Experiences of learning about all things I'd never have
experienced otherwise, living in poverty growing up and
learning to live with very little.

Still being able to be thrilled just taking a walk in the
desert with my little brother, yes, little things are what
have stayed in my mind through all these years on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Other's Motives

Sitting, screening passers-by, as I contemplate
their benign actions for moments at a time.
Silently watching faces, sensing emotions,
striving for an understanding of life in motives
of others.
Nothing is noted - nothing comes of it, as I
continue to sit and try to figure out why anyone
is here at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Other's Passion

Kicking up dust, having fun, listening to rocking music
that takes my soul to heaven and back.

A mere poet, sitting here, enjoying other people's talent
as great musicians play on stage before me.

Intense and poetical lyrics, flowing upon the rhythm of
other people's passion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Others Peeling Me Like An Onion

Offenses of others are peeling me like an onion,
causing me to cry incessantly.
Wanting to find some comfort along the way,
seems to be impossible on any day in life.
Sorrowfully, I escape into my little world of
paper, living for the words that I write constantly.
Emptying my mind into this paper world, leaves me
bereft of friendly company, yet gives me the stamina
to continue living in spite of everything.
Settling down along imaginations' intellect, I can
stay sane and in a beautiful frame of mind.
This is how love feels when I find it, solace filling
me with an electric charge of fidelity in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Other's Wasted Efforts

Reaching deep inside where I lie hidden from view,
people's lies and jealousies find me.
With noses high in the air, they think and plan to
snub me in a public way.
Not noticing their efforts for my mind is far away
on another plain in time.
There are no combinations tackling me from the
outside world that I've not already used on myself.
Wasted efforts on someone else's part mean nothing
to me.
Hearing no sounds, being deaf to the pain others
seek to inflict, rolls off my back like jello from
a knife.
No one will ever know or see if they've reached
inside of me with their intentional pain, because
not a tear will be shed for them to see and use
against me.
Strong? Not really.
Cold? not me.
Uncaring? Maybe.
Only because it keeps me free from the pain others
try to inflict on me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Otherwise Wasted Moments

Sitting here writing in another doctor's
waiting room, hoping to get in soon so I
can be done and go home.
So many reasons for me to be here, yet,
I wish I didn't have to be any longer.
Always having to return, go through tests
and hope the news will change to something
good or at least a little better.
Knowing that it never will, I bide my time
by writing poetry which helps me while
away this time that otherwise would be
wasted moments in my life.

(1: 32 p.m. - 1/7/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our America

America belongs to all of us legal citizens, no one is taking it from us, roaming across the lands through the states where freedom reigns.

No one daring to cross us for fear of being taken out, no one able to sway us from our Constititution, flag, national anthem and songs of beauty and freedom.

All of them describing our nation so wonderfully in poetry and music composed by freedom loving U.S. legal citizens, our land only and forever being protected by our Veterans and Volunteer Militia.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our American Flag

Looking out the window at our American flag hanging limply
from a flag pole in the courtyard here at the Senior center.

Little breezes blowing whispers, moving it gently and deli-
cately, not quite unfurling it.

Giving it some exercise in this hot afternoon sun in Phoenix,
Arizona, proudly showing our heritage in the U.S.A.

Thinking about how it has flown through the years, being sal-
uted, loved, carried into every battle ever fought.

Pledging allegiance to our republic, freedom and American's
way of life that is blessed by God, Himself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Bond Grows Tighter

Dying in your incessant love through the night,
feeling it's intensity fill me entirely and
completely.

Thinking of nothing, but you my dear and the love
you are giving to me only, a match made in heaven.

Bringing us together in spite of all the odds that
have been between us.

Now there are none left to keep us apart as we lie
in each other's arms night after night.

A wonderful beauty between our hearts together,
creating a lasting bond that nothing will sever.

It strengthens every moment we are together, feeling
love growing in leaps and bounds, seeing no end to it.

All through the night we lie together and our bond
grows ever tighter, touching our beings forever.

Love never ending between us for we are one until
eternity and beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Destinies

Every leaf upon a tree is given some life to live as green,
fulfilling each, their own destinies as they live each day.

Soon passing away, turning old, crumbling, crackling, falling
to the ground in death.

So closely are our earthly lives in correlation, except for
one significant fact.

We have the potential to do so much good, we do not have to
stay firmly planted on the edge of a limb, at the mercy of
wind and rain.

We can seek shelter within ourselves, and be compassionate
caring people helping others in life also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Destiny

Life does not come full circle, at times it is rectangular or square with no logic or sense to rhythms of life.
We fall between corners, are bewildered and lose our way.
Searching, finding our way interiorly, will set us straight in our circular circumference again.
Living as best we can without losing our ways completely.
Set in motion, we travel to each, our own destination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Devotion

Loving you, holding your heart with mine, finding the truth of life held in our devotion for one another.

Feeling a total appreciation and regard for each other throughout our lives together.

Music of our love standing the test of time, bringing an unconditional love into both of our hearts.

Not wanting to live without you, sparkles of your passion filling me with desire, always wanting you more my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Divine Differences

Socially accepting everyone, no matter what their positions happen to be, because we are all of the same human race, nothing else mattering.

Enjoying each other's company, finding the best in each of us, as we learn to understand our divine differences and beliefs.

None of them wrong, all just our own opinions and perfectly alright.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Ends Becoming Us

Reliving memories in moments of solitude and despair,
wondering where the time has gone and how could it be
spent so quickly.

Feelings and emotions coming to light that were thought
to have disappeared in the stress and turmoil of life,
yet they've reappeared in all their glory.

Their intensity to be relived in memories on photographic
screens in later years of life, tears filling eyes with
the love of family and friends taken by death's cold hands.

Hearts are still warm with love being felt from their pasts,
given to us now to keep their memories alive and vibrant
within us.

Even though they're saddened and filled with sorrow, they're
all we have left of our loved ones unfortunately, as we con-
tinue living our experiences of life until our ends become us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Existence

Musically filled with rhythms of love continually, enjoy-
ing being with you, feeling your heart beat rhythmically
with mine, hearing your breathing touching interior tones.

Creating notes altogether in melodies, attesting to the
love we have and hold for one another, precious and tender
harmonies incessantly being created between us.

Through love our total existence is with one another,
every moment we spend in each other's presence is another
moment in heaven.

Loving and emotionally staying as one through our passion
and desire, giving back and forth whatever is needed for
the other, love standing above it all forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Flags Sacred Meaning

Looking beside the usual hiding places, seeing lies
that are being told to us.

Relying totally on an intense focus that we enlighten
others with.

Never letting go, backing down or giving in, protecting
America with every ounce of bravery that we have within.

Watching our flag waving in the breeze above the White
House, knowing that no one will ever dare to touch it's
sacred meaning for all true Americans.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Freedom

Sitting at the hearth of America's freedom, knowing and feeling our freedom deep within our souls.
Our national fire warming the rest of the world, sharing embers of democracy with any country who wants to accept and hold freedom close.
Ideals of our forefathers remain true to us today - we always struggle to keep them before us, even in this new immoral population moving with us into this twenty-first century.
Even then we take everyone under our wings as the eagle soars over our nation, providing the freedom which keeps us all equal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Friend

Sitting, hands clasped upon his knees, watching the other guys play pool.
Wanting to be able to join in, but having to wait for the next game to get a turn.
A quiet, gentle man whom I respect tremendously as a friend of ours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Friend's Moves

Walking across the floor, our friend, wanting to
move to the beat and tempo of the music being
played, attempting it half-heartedly and then
giving up.
What rhythm he showed was perfect, too bad he
didn't keep going, he's really a natural if he
put just a little effort into it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Futures

Capturing life in the hands of our minds, enveloping
the equality of joy, happiness and sorrow, succeeding
in finding our places in life, losing them again also.

Finding in the interim, something to be done to keep
ourselves useful, wondering, placing life into spheres
of consciousness, giving us an energy and vitality to
exist.

Searching, locating the essence of ourselves, growing,
nurturing passion, becoming and finding the qualities
needed to find a place in society.

Plentiful and wonderful opportunities present themselves
at every turn, if we are open and confident we find our
futures to be happy places to reside in at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Generous Nation

Always running the gamut of life, trying to do our best, finding ways to help other people in times of need or loss.

Contributing whatever we are able to, never considering the cost, just being caring and compassionate to our fellow man.

No matter their race, creed, religion, nationality, none of that matters when someone needs our help.

A generous nation that we live in, having taught our own children, hoping to carry on this tradition for generations to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Heart's Final Resting Place

Suddenly being transported far and wide across oceans
and to another country.

Hoping to find my place among the culture where I will
finally rest my lonely and tired heart.

Thoughts silently holding onto a promise of love un-
conditionally, knowing life will be entirely ful-
filled at the sight of you, standing before me at last.

Eyes shining, reaching out to each others souls, having
found our hearts final resting place right here within
each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Hearts Say It All

Taking you wholly into my heart, there's nothing more
to say, our hearts say it all.

Minds close as ever, loving, touching interior desires,
loving sensations coming upon us in throes of love.

Winning every time we come together, nothing else
matters, we are one and that is all we care about.

When apart, missing you, your love having to hold me
tenderly until you return.

Seeing the future, we are always together, loving,
singing, dancing, talking, all that have brought us
together, my love.

Finding truths of life within you, my dear, feeling
treasured and cherished throughout this earthly life,
loving you forever only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Hearts Treasuring Vets

Honoring our Vets with more than just lip service,
let's show them how much we appreciate them each
and every day, just like they protect us in the
same way every moment.

No questions asked, their duty being taken seriously
and given freely with their lives, never thinking
twice, facing danger and taking all our lives in
their hands unselfishly.

Honoring our Vets with their hearts treasured forever
in ours, remembered here also in this little poem
along with all the blessings we can muster for them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Heroes

Riding waves of patriotism here in America, loving the red, white and blue, our Star Spangled Banner and the freedom they stand for.

Totally being Americans, standing together with men and women of honor, our Veterans whom we love and cherish, never able to do enough for them.

They've given their lives to serve and protect all of us, taking an oath and never veering from it's words, they are our brave heroes one and all.

Loved by Americans and those who cared throughout the world as our Vets also protected many in other countries, a tribute to all those who have served our world.

Also to their families who have made many sacrifices so all of us could be safe and sound, living in freedom here in the Untied States of America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our House Is The Mountain Top

Our house is on the mountain top
And soon a Christmas tree we'll chop.

Santa Claus, our six stockings are
hung with care.

And our goodies and candy we will
all share.

We would like a two wheel bike
And maybe six dolls that are all alike.

Some toys and games would be fine,
For all us girls at Christmas time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Inner Child

Our inner child is bereft, caught within past memories, now wandering around lost and alone, wondering where life has disappeared to.

Heart hurting, having lost so many loved ones, family and friends both, wasting time through the years, so many things to do and agendas to fulfill.

Losing ourselves in the process, our inner child sitting back, watching it happen, tears falling, unable to do anything about it.

Just watching our world falling apart right within our own beings, leaving our inner child in a pool of tears, wanting to be young and vibrant once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Journeys Begun

Life, it sits and waits for it's time,
acknowledging purposes and divine
intervention.
Standing in corridors of heaven,
knowing we have begun our journeys into
God's hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Life Is A Solitary One

Reminders lying around everywhere that life is really a
solitary one, because we enter and leave it on our own,
no one with us at all.

Being held in a Mother's womb, safe and nurtured, a
wonderful place of birthing, lasting only a short while.

When born, having no expectations beyond being fed, held
cared for and loved.

As we grow and mature, being left to our own devices,
hopefully adapting and learning to stand on our own.

Life is a continuous lesson to be learned in time, and at
our own pace.

Leaving everything in the end to the universe as we dis-
appear along with it entirely, leaving only memories be-
hind in other's minds to remember us by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Little Secret

Rumors of our love are traveling over air currents and into poetry we write to one another without a moment's notice.

In black and white, all our feelings are seen in poetical rhymes, giving one another the essence of our souls in words of definition and meaning.

As our messages are being read the world over, no one being the wiser, a silent, yet energetic melody that we constantly and incessantly keep to ourselves.

Loving our little secret, feeling titillated and energized every time another poem is written, knowing that you will understand my feelings and love are for you only.

All of our love traveling down lines of poetry, reading our hearts through what we're writing, loving every bit of it as the world unknowingly reads of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Little Universe

An eternal sadness is filling me full of tears now as my heart cries for your love.

Wanting to be fulfilled entirely with you, feeling the emptiness of not having you here with me so intensely.

Sensing the beauty of our love together as it mingles in laughter, joy and tears as we talk and communicate.

A total sense of togetherness in this little universe of ours, touching us both with sincerity and a love for one another no matter what happens in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Lives Defined

Solitary, living in a peaceful atmosphere within, looking to you at times, knowing that you are my heart, giving an unconditional love without doubt or fear.

My heart within yours, protecting, caring and loving each other totally, having confidence in you, knowing that you are truly one with me, never letting me down.

Always giving a wonderful and serene peace to my soul, because you have taken me wholly into your being, sweetheart, never doubting your love for me.

Treasuring and cherishing every single moment we spend together through the years, our lives defined by who we are together whether we are with one another or far apart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Lives Disappear

Taking turns in life, altering our lives and destinations according to what we want from it.

Ever changing, finding new interests along the way, wanting to follow through with them and see what happens then.

Situations and circumstances constantly making us change our plans to accommodate them temporarily while waiting.

At times we suffer from loss of loved ones and find it too difficult to start over again.

Flowing with the pain and emptiness left by their deathly abandonment we no longer seem to exist.

Knowing they also had no choice in the matter for when death comes knocking we no longer have a say and our lives disappear behind black curtains and veils of it's eternal mystery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Love Eclipses The World

Unable to look about, wanting to be with you, finding your presence a soothing solace, wanting to be with you only throughout it.

Using every ounce of strength to change the course of my life so I may continue to be given your unconditional love, my dear.

So close to you in mind, heart and soul, letting our love eclipse the world as we live in each other's arms and heart.

Our minds are beyond this earthly horizon as we love and quench desires that have been building ever higher within each of us every moment we're together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Love I Am Missing

Love, where have you gone, suddenly waking up and you
have disappeared from my life.

Fading from my existence so exclusively, not letting
me know where you have gone.

Desperately crying in the night, wanting to feel you
beside me, you don't even send a whisper of a reply.

Lonely, living in isolation, because I cannot bear to
be near anyone else in this life.

Being saturated in sorrow of your loss, life falling
away from my being, because our love, I am missing.

Totally and completely, death has eclipsed our lives
together here on earth.

Reminders are everywhere, yet nothing brings you
back to me and I continue to isolate from the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Love Spreading Deeper

Reaching heights of passion together, hugging and kissing
throughout the night, finding our love spreading ever deep-
er within the two of us.

Nothing coming between what we have come to know through
the years we've lived as one, such a splendid and peaceful
life that we treasure so purely and innocently.

Never wanting it to end, yet knowing that one day it will
all expire, not looking forward to that final moment, just
cherishing every moment we now have together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Love Will Last

Rhythms taking us through forests of living, giving the wonder and awe of true and unconditional love, trusting totally in our commitment, being faithful to a fault.

We could never bear to be separated, being captured forever in depths of our beings, holding onto ourselves through desires we proclaim.

Life delving deeply into spiritual realms when we're together, an interior wonder and beauty giving us strength, faith and hope that our love will last forever between us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Nephew

Our nephew, same age as our youngest son, same exact
birth dates, year and all.
In the Army he was sent overseas to Iraq, soon after
he married our niece.
A tremendous sacrifice, given freely for wife and
family, so we all might remain safe and free in our
own country.
Life for our nephew and the rest of his company was
difficult, dangerous, forever changing them within.
All honor, integrity, love of life, lies buried
deeply in each and every one of them, as well as in
our hearts, souls and beings here at home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Oldest Son

The day you were born my life began with your very beginnings, wanting and loving you more than anything else in the world, more than life itself.

You have brought so much joy, happiness and love into our lives, we could never repay you, for it is an ever-lasting treasure we'll cherish forever.

It's the little things we do for you out of love, that hopefully add up, showing you how much we really care about you, son.

When all is said and done, you are the one that touches our hearts with an unconditional love, giving us immense pleasure nothing else could ever give to us.

Thank you for everything you've done throughout the years, we are so proud of you, the man we'd hoped you'd become has far exceeded our dreams.

You have surpassed all our expectations, and become a wonderful and devoted father to your girls, we will love you forever, son. Love, Mom and Dad.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our One Moment Of Life

Slowly thinking on aspects of life, how our experiences, goals, love, caring, compassion in the end all amount to nothing, as we die and leave this earth, leaving nothing behind.

Our one moment of life, no matter how short or long must end whether or not we are ready or want to go, our beautiful moment, filled with celebrations, joy, happiness is finite, ending when our life is finally over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Own Helping The World

Opening doors and windows to freedom, allowing people to
stay in their own countries and be free of all the killers
of innocence and purity.

Giving them the way to defeat their enemies and be free
like the U.S.A., tyranny being annihilated at last across
our world, none of it standing when America is done helping everyone!

No government involvement at all, just Vets honoring their
call to duty, serving and protecting not only the U.S.A.
but the world against tyranny and evil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Own Island

Loving you so tenderly my dear, holding your heart within mine for safekeeping, joy and happiness filling the two of us un-conditionally.

Our love bound together, totally taking us to heaven every time we become one, loving the harmony we have, our hearts beating in unison.

Going where no other can accompany us, alone on an island of our own, enjoying time together as long as we possibly can.

Looking into one another's eyes with an insatiable love for each other here on earth, fulfilling our promise that we made so many years ago.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Sheriff

Highlight of this evening, listening to Joe Arpaio sing
'My Way', everyone applauding so happy to support him
even now.

A wonderful voice, filled with conviction and heartfelt
emotion, touching our hearts through the truth of words
being sung by our Sheriff, Joe Arpaio.

Such a genteel man, filled with love for all of humanity,
wanting to protect Arizonans from crime, corruption and
terror.

Being thwarted by those who are on the take, Soros pay-
ing millions in order to defeat him in the last election,
just letting it be known that Joe Arpaio is and was our
hero right here in Phoenix, Arizona.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Soldiers

Seeing flag-draped coffins of our soldiers,
pushed my heart into my throat and I choked,
tears pouring from my eyes, knowing they gave
their lives for all Americans.
Beautiful souls returned to heaven, guiding
and guarding us from beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Son In Heaven

Whiling away musical proficiency, holding it closely
as life folds it's meaning into places of remembrance.
Softly lit thoughts touch our hearts and souls with
the magnificence of our son.
His spirit reminding us that he is with us all our
days on earth.
Blessing our lives with his memories and images of
love throughout our days.
We will always rest in his thoughtful spirit, holding
him close to our hearts, minds and souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Son's Debut

On a Thursday evening, picking up Dad and taking him with us to TGIF's for dinner.

Ordering dinner and enjoying the atmosphere, it's our son's night to go to an acting class to learn how to be intimeate with a camera and work with many people, producers, etc.

Leaving for a few minutes when we're done to walk to class with our son, and pay his fee.

Talking a few minutes with Mike Blinderman, a famous acting teacher, and then going back to sit with Dad, an enjoyable dinner to celebrate hopefully, an upcoming new good year.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Son's Driver's Licenses

Saddened by a state of affairs beyond control, having
paid twenty-five dollars apiece for my sons to get their
driver's licenses.

Husband, home, out of work, has the time to take them for
their tests.

Wishing I could've been there to watch as they sat in the
car, nervous, scared, hopeful.

Having missed this special occasion in their lives, I can
only surmise and write feelings, listen to their versions
of what they went through and enjoy the pride shining
from both of their eyes.

It's too bad my husband doesn't write, because he was on
the spot and I know his heart was being pulled by many
little tugs in different directions.

Imagining the lump in his throat, his teary eyes, the pride
swelling within him.

Having experienced a lot of what I would have, except that
my depth of emotional ties and feelings goes deeper into
my being.

Yesterday held another milestone in our two son's lives -
it's a day they will remember and recall because they
received their very first driver's licenses on the same
exact day.

Wallets now bulging with that little plastic card, reflecting
the growth of their self-esteem.

Being parents, years are filled with proud moments and
special occasions.

Sometimes sorrow as children grow older, because with each
step they grow closer to our hearts, yet move farther away -

into lives of their own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Souls

Life is full, crowded with ideals and purposes meant for everyone, holding nothing dear, all will pass from our senses when dying.

Death of eventuality belongs to us as a whole, none can escape it, but why grab material things as we pass through?

There are more important necessities we need to fulfill and learn about or otherwise our lives are empty and meaningless to ourselves and others.

We cannot separate values, morals and ethics from our souls, because that is where we store, use, nurture and grow them.

Our minds cannot do this because they are too forgetful, too bound to desires to keep on the straight and narrow.

When our deaths come to pass, our minds will no longer be of use, but our souls will take us to heaven, filled with what we have learned on earth.

Will God be pleased with our individual soul and it's growth and fulfillment?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Soul's Memories

Taking little steps backward, remembering with a clarity,
conversations from the past.

Exacting moments with words, telling the story of what we
have gone through in our lives.

Standing on edges of our horizons, we realize our lives
are made up of mostly past images, talking from graves
of our hearts and minds.

Now only reaching us through connections of our soul's
memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Story Has Ended

Sensuous and vibrant, that was how life was when with you, but our story has ended through death.

Being parted from you without a thought of how I'd feel without you.

Intense sadness, good and bad memories are all that are left to me, how could this happen to us?

This heart of mine has been shattered, never to be put together again, because some of the pieces left with you.

Now there is a hole in my heart where you used to hold the pieces of my loving heart.

Not bearing to leave me, knowing that you took these pieces with you to keep and treasure forever with you dear.

The only solace of this broken heart is that I am still within your heart wherever it is you have been taken and secreted from me.

Missing you totally and deeply, never living again this side of life without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Strength Being Found

Faulty thinking coming from democrats, always and ever
clueless as they pretend to know what we as a nation
need.

Knowing better, taking action, finding our strength in
unity, taking back our country in one fell swoop, not
letting the left in on the coup at all.

Registering incessantly with every American standing
up for what we believe in, taking over completely in
spite of the left and their phony and fake news.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Talented Nephew

On stage, cute, adorable, filled with excitement,
keeping rhythm, right on beat.
A beautiful resonant voice, lulling everyone into
a delicious atmosphere of serene beauty.
Listening, fully attentive, he's oozing his talent
onto this audience, as our souls are soothed with
his musical tones and the wondrous smile he graces
us all with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Vets

Our lives being protected by our vets whether we're
awake or asleep in our beds.
Risking their lives for us all, so that we will
remain free in the U.S.A.
All of us being proud to live in the land of the
free and the brave.
Blessing our lives while risking their own,
appreciating every moment they are battling the
enemies for us.
Praying for their safety and hoping they are all
going to come home soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our Western State

Looking out into the vast landscapes of our western state,
deserts, arid and beautiful, luring me out into it's cacti-
laden atmosphere.

Totally awesome as steer roam around freely, bison standing
there looking at me with their wide brown eyes, wondering
why I'm looking at them.

Horses trotting by, cowboys and cowgirls sitting atop them,
enjoying the lull of the dusty trails meandering through
the desert.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our World

Sharing with others should always be done while we're on earth, taking care of each other, leaving hatred, violence and intolerance to die like weeds in the hot Arizona sun.

Life is precious and needs to be valued by and for every single person on earth, why have evil, what does it do for anyone?

Does it make for a better world, bring peace to humanity or make anything better, answers to all these questions is a resounding, NO!

There are only a very few who would be totally for evil and even then they would be looking for the freedom they felt they deserved.

Our world is to be lived in together, no one is any better than anyone else, that thought exists only in minds of the delusional.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Our World Standing United

Energizing my spirit with wonder and curiosity of a poetical
life, walking into the future filled with faith, hope and
charity for everyone.

Nothing less to offer, giving of self in these endeavors,
accepting others, loving them, helping whenever needed, an
unconditional compassion and love for all.

Special graces have been given since coming back off of life
support and out of a coma, wanting to share positive aspects,
inspiring all those who are despaired, forlorn, depressed.

Being unable to rise above it all, knowing what it's like to
grow up in poverty, having paid a price myself, having nothing,
being treated like I had no value at all.

Standing up, uniting all those who have had a difficult life,
trampled on by our so-called governments and corrupt politicians,
going against their greed and evil.

Voting for a positive change through Donald Trump, trusting his
devotion to the American people, really caring about America,
his views matching mine, identically.

Wanting to end poverty, homelessness, destitution just like
me, taking a stand, uniting people all over the world through
my poetry.

Bringing peace, defeating evil, isis, terrorists, and govern-
ments that are corrupt and evil, not wanting law and order for
all equally, leaving themselves out of that equation.

Loving a world that stands against evil and is for true and
lasting peace, being for goodness of humanity, together our
strength stands in unity with one another.

No more racism, intolerance, discrimination, political correct-
ness, all of it gone one day soon if we stand united through-
out the entire world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ours Alone

Wanting to trust in God, there is no other with the heart
and love that He has, a perfect being and spirit, looking
into our hearts, minds and souls.

Knowing who we are, what we've done in our lives whether
we've followed the ten commandments or not, judging accord-
ingly at our deaths'.

Yet still having mercy for each individual child of His
created to have life, stripping away what is left, leaving
only our spirits.

Nothing can tear them from within our beings, they travel
willingly when death invites them, our souls remaining
pure and innocent in spite of what we humans do in life.

In life, a human touch portraying love, compassion, caring
that we each possess, leaving nothing to be unturned, always
reaching into our interior lives without reluctance.

Positive attitudes holding our faith in the palms of our
hands, no one able to stop it for it's a gift we have each
been given.

Cherishing and nourishing throughout our lives, nurturing
our souls, which in turn nurture us spiritually, special
graces and blessings, ours alone to treasure from God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Out In The Open

Sun shining brightly into my being, illuminating
who I am and what has been accomplished in life.

None of it having a thing to do with any other
person on earth.

It's just me out in the open, sun shining on the
reality of my self.

Truth and facts showing the purpose of life, giving
an energy that's needed, coming from within me only.

Intellect keeping me focused, this mind always open
and ready to learn.

Deciding whether or not something is good or not, a
decision no one else can make, only me, myself and I.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Out Of Body

Relapsing into a coma of sorts, only this time on purpose,
in a design, just trying to replicate what happened before.

Many concepts and puzzle pictures are forming a picture of
unanimous decisions, contouring themselves to coded rhythms.

Precious, priceless and treasured with this interior atmos-
phere where they're nourished, grown and blossom.

Wonder and thought joining curiosity in depths of intellect,
voicing melodies and harmonies of distant equations.

Always analyzing chemical formulas, bringing self into this
coma-like stupor to find it's answers, wanting to know how
it happened.

Not liking the fact that I didn't know anything, being out
of body and gone, just looking down at myself then finding
myself in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Out Of Context

Rolling over mountains of feelings hiding inside,
writhing restlessly from the pain of being human.

Stillness grasping interiorly with questions and
curiosity, taking in everything and putting it out
of context onto paper of reason and logic.

Confiding to no one, keeping it all close so as not
to be ripped apart by other people with ill-kempt
desires to harm another person with rhetoric.

Black and near-death, because of erudite enabling
brought on by prospects of evil doing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Out Of Control

Living in a world of chaos, evil and corruption, elitists
and rich people thinking to control everyone, implanting
microchips into their hands.

Wanting to know every move that people make on a daily
basis, a business called "Epicenter" has already implanted
150 of their workers with this microchip, doing even more.

A Belgium company has now begun doing it also, what is this
world coming to, it's out of control, democrats, liberals
and some Republicans wanting a one world order only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Out Of Proportion

Wasting no time, writing out all thoughts as they flow
continually from within an interior waterfall, isolate-
ed in depths of an interior life.

Alone, self-assured, living in the vibrant and energetic
liveliness that has become the center of my life through-
out the years.

Watching as the world aroundme grows out of proportion,
material things becoming more important than people,
negativity running rampant.

Leaving the world in the hands of evil and corrupt people,
none of them having a heart, made purely of evil intent
only, no compassion.

No love for women or children, using them only for their
perverse lust, wants and desires, why do we put up with
their kind just because they're coming into our country?

Ending this atrocity now needs to be number one on our
priority list, doing away with radical muslims, isis,
pedophiles once and for all.

No sharia law for it is obsolete in our country, prosecute
all rapists, pedophiles, murderers because that's what we
do in the United States Of America, one nation under God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Out Of Reach

Tumbling down mountainsides, unable to grasp hold of
anything to stop the fall.

Out of reach, not focusing on points of interest
lying below, thinking how this body will be crushed
upon the rocks and will no longer exist.

Words cannot explain the finality of death, as I
find a way to exist on another plain far from this
one on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Out Of Sorts

On certain days life is out of sorts,
roaming around in triangular directions.
Bumping into troubles and their
antecedents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Out Of Step

Singing - rocking - out of time with each beat -
sliding across visions with irreparable tempos.
Collapsing all the notes, putting them together
where they belong, yet still out of step with
what you're singing.
Caustically creating a mirror that no one would
ever want to look in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Out Of Synch

Calming down within, having been restless and not
feeling quite myself this afternoon.

Noticing deeper in, feeling abandonment and extreme
loneliness being pushed down all these hours.

Adding to the discomfort and saddened atmosphere,
wishing to rid myself of this intense foreboding.

Writing now, where I was not doing so this morning
at all, trying to hide from the awful feelings inside.

Heart and soul out of synch, life not finding much
joy nor happiness this day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Out Of The Darkness

Amazing beauty of grace filling my soul and spirit to overflowing, looking forward into the future, seeing life transpiring into the holiness of spirituality.

Seeking His forgiveness for all the wrong that's been done, knowing in His mercy He will forgive whatever it is, now seeing the light of His grace and love, leading us forward out of the darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Out Of The Pits

Living on the edge, sorrow and loneliness overlapping joy
and happiness, wanting so much more from life, going after
it and not being stopped.

Knowing necessary steps needed to be taken, climbing out
of the pits of interior abandonment and grief, reaching
out, up and beyond this life.

Knowing there's a way to enrich my life and that of others
poetically, striving to attain these inherent goals in
order to help myself and others find the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Out On A Limb

Strength waning, feeling out on a limb
without a place to land.
Keeping together by thought placed in many
poems throughout life.
Precluding any possible missteps while
moving forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Out-Dated Memories

Running out of locomotion, heaving under the spell of out-dated memories kept treasured within a chest of heavy loneliness.
Gaining nothing, but a sense of dissident dreams, leaving me alone on an empty shore.
Awakening grief of yesterday, flowing tears into a somber shade of gray.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outdoor Biker Enjoyment

Twanging guitars, tumbling tones and chords over our minds.
Choosing to envelope ourselves in their awakenings, enjoying rhythms as they vibrate thoughts throughout beings at Buddy Stubbs' in an
afternoon bar-b-que.
Strumming strings, turning minds with perfect pitch and tempos, bringing alive surroundings, peaceful and majestic, mountains to all sides of us - noticing rocks and formations in musical apertures.
Signing poetical epics into being while totally relaxing, enjoying a biker's paradise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outer Boundaries

Silent tears flowing down into my heart, rending it asunder with shards of lonely abjection.
Caring no more for joining in conversations, or taking part in everyday exercises of living.
There is no joy today as I determine exactly how many moments I have left to travel into.
There being no patterns to behold, calculating is difficult, yet I muster what formulas I can delve into.
There is no visible, tangible feeling to be found; traveling without a cause to stagger into unbound abysses of unknown emotion.
Drowning in oceans of hurricane fury, tabulating depths of insanity, floundering on outer boundaries of another world, still unfolding slowly before my visions on inner photographic screens.
Pictures taken with an intensity of detail - never to be forgotten - etched in my brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outer Dimensions

Alone on a coastal highway, riding along, taking in
fresh salt water air.
Beautiful ideas commencing in my mind, filtering
subconsciously into aspects of outer dimensions.
What wonders spill out upon tables of inspiration,
poured over and given places in poetry of jazz-
induced music being played in front of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outer Horizons

Reliance on hope can be a patiently long wait throughout life.
There are so many hideouts and caves hidden in corners of life, awaiting discovery and fulfillment of interior dreams.
Incandescent ideas flow like red hot lava on forward pathways to outer horizons, searching for hope and it's lifelong companions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outer Inner Dimensions

Settling into a relaxed state of mind, looking interiorly
through outer inner dimensions, soaring and flying into
mathematical formulas coming at me from all directions.

Musically intoned, rhythmically beating their equations
into my mind, exacting measures being formed and developed,
exercising my mind thoroughly.

Not having to figure anything out, it all just seems to
accumulate within my mind as equations and chemical form-
ulas come up on photographic screens.

Giving so much to see and think about on a continual basis,
intellect keeping up rapidly with all of it, solutions being
shown with each and every one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outer Limits

Creating music of liveliness, wrapped in a violin, playing
to tunes of inner serenity and difficult hardships.

Noting effects of allowable transformations beginning to
take affect, limited not by any sounds or words on earth.

Flying, soaring on angel's wings, taking off towards outer
limits of heaven with the peace of life itself.

At times, reluctantly returning to the reality of what on
earth I am here for.

So far, this life has shown nothing except sadness and
despair, and been filled with despondent depression through-
out, never seeming to lessen even a little bit.

There are others like me, but we cannot seem to communicate
except through poetry, and not always then.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outer Limits Of Joy

Combining talents and gifts, I diversify and blend
abstractions of many different types just to find
a way to put them together like a puzzle or a maze.
Always finishing with a new creation or invention
that totally amazes everyone who sees or reads
about them.
A wonderful feeling comes over me, thrilling me to
the core of my being, taking me to outer limits of
joy and elation.
Gently keeping in tune and time with easy playing,
laid-back rhythms, rejoicing in their actual rhythms
of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outer Limits Of Life

Titillating this mind, a gentle, swaying melody, picking up, soaring into outer limits of life and beyond.

Serene and tender like a lover in the night, caressing and keeping close while making love.

Beautifully and wonderfully giving essence to the passion and desires needed to continue this life fruitfully until expiring.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outer Mind Limits

Forever is such a long time to think about, it stretches
and strains a mind to outer limits and space.
Yet, it is an unforgettable experience to live through
and ponder about.
Liberty of it is absolutely autonomous and independent.
Seeking peacefulness on hectic days reminds our minds
of thinking processes, calmly reciprocating interior
thoughts with airy tunes of yesterday.
Now entering them once again into a repertoire for
tomorrow's purpose and horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outer Realms Of Tomorrow

Facing outer edges of life, not knowing what will happen
in the near future.

Just existing with what I have within, calculating and
giving lasting possibilities to regions of inner being.

Not losing sight of what is happening in outer realms
of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outer Spaces

Staring out into space.
Aware of wind blowing and shaking trees wildly by their limbs.
Not wanting to concentrate on anything inside my mind.
Feeling somewhat restless - insecure.
Testing memories made anew.
Finding safety within, lights the way to a new beginning.
Stepping lightly past whatever's been done to go on - moving forward to the next day's sun.
Leaving everything outside my mind, I concentrate on what I have begun.
Life opening up to swallow me in - only this time I am whole.
I am one. I am done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outer Sphere

Immortal draftsman of the heavens, painting centerfolds
of glorious beauty.

Stepping back, holding up a thumb, checking perspectives,
creating the pitch and colors.

Radiographic, picturesque, untamed beauty brought to rest
upon outer spheres of heaven.

Brilliant, intellectual, genius, movement of it spreads the
clouds, colors and rearranges it constantly, finding someone
to appreciate the beauty of belonging to God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outfits Of Maturity

Rehearsing guide lines set from birth by paternal
orders of obedience.

Preferring to wander when growing into teen years,
testing boundaries and breaking limits.

Trying on different outfits of immaturity until
one day becoming a full grown adult.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outlandish Courtroom

Sitting in the courtroom, looking around at all the
people from different walks of life.
Everyone here for a reason - a policeman's ticket -
or to be forced into paying fines of outlandish
exuberance, brought to bear by a judge.
Sitting upon his pedestaled seat, looking down on
everyone in his courtroom, reminding himself that
he is above everyone else, including God.
Passing judgment on people, because rules were
broken that never should've been made law.
This atrocity is given blessings by the cities and
state of Arizona, because that's how their coffers
are filled with money.
Never mind that what they're doing is illegal and
morally wrong, their judges sit in judgement of
those who haven't done anything wrong in God's eyes,
only corrupt laws being enforced by judges, and
policemen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outlasting Life

Joyous motions filling inner renditions of compositions,
being traced from intellect and playing into the spaces
opening up for them.

Quietly reminiscing within, giving careful consideration
to all the particles of being as they revive themselves
every seven years.

Wonderful feelings filling me with their novel, individual
sensations, providing me with unending videos to outlast
life through literature of the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outlasting Memories

Motion taking over, filling all the empty spaces
within in rhythms of poetry.
Outlasting memories being made constantly through-
out times of enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outlasting Passages

Writing poetically in Latin verses, enjoying it's
foreign sound, lending music a different type of
verse.

Falling from lips of intellect, insuring that life
will be opened in another culture of being.

Taking prospects into fields and meadows of thoughts,
unblemished and pure from the outset of writing.

Dying never in this world, Latin outlasting many
passages of time throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outlets

Significant advancements in thought processes fill me with excitement, thrilling my mind endlessly with their progress, seeing my mind's wit.

Being instantaneous, as I write many comments in a row on poetry, articles, stories on facebook, loving all these outlets, enabling me to use intellect.

Making thoughts and opinions known throughout the world, watching as what I've written goes viral, everyone commenting positively on whatever I've said.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outline Of Self

Spinning wonderfully out of control, pivoting on
grace and show, becoming part of our worlds
through animosity and diversity.
Altering our mind's eyes and paths so we may fit
the outline of ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outlines

Reaching into depths, pulling
all manner of prose out into
meaningful measures of life.

Not leaving anything behind,
encompassing all that enters
the circumference of a
thoughtful mind, sitting on
outlines of meaningful
definitions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outlines Of Beyond

Dreaming of tomorrow's horizons, looking forward to life's moments not yet lived.
Tracing outlines in the sand beyond, anticipating their glorious feelings filling our souls.
Taking steps to continue our way into future destinies without qualms or doubts upsetting us.
Locating purpose and intelligence along the way, guiding us through our fates in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outliving Boundaries

Challenging the brevity of this life, striving to
again outlive it's stringent boundaries and limits.

Overstepping each one with determination and verve,
finding an expansion of intellect as it grasps each
of the situations, one by one.

Feeling a vibrant liveliness building within, taking
this heart and mind into the everlasting blossoming
of wisdom.

Continuing to create itself through properties of an
intellectual imagination and intuitive insight, coming
from innate talent, culminating in the being that sits
here writing in front of the world even now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outliving Fragility

Movement allows us to outlive our fragility
as we dance across our minds in times of
absence.

We become rhythm itself as we wend our souls
towards God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outlook

Squashed beneath stares of other people, looked down upon for what you wear or how you look.

Ignorant remarks caught plainly in your eyes and placed without much reason on other's self-conscious mind.

Hacking away at the self-esteem of another, wondering what they feel about themselves.

Buried in a prejudicial swamp of their own minds, not seeing beyond their eyes, missing many opportunities to meet truly great people.

Despise felt for the ways people dress or look contaminates their outlook on life as they pass through life in fear and ignorance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outlook Of Being

Tentative schedules can always be changed spontaneously
and according to the mood I happen to be in.

Writing from an outlook of being, taking only feelings
that are encrypting this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outrunning Tears

Sorrow following every step as I try to outrun the tears that are always chasing me down yesterday's pathways.
Taking mysterious side roads, trying to interrupt signals grief insists on sending my way.
Lifelong melodies standing on their own, sometimes comforting me with tear-stained pillows, as I sleep into the future no longer able to move from my bed.
Lingering lightly, awaiting my angel, hoping to let go and follow her to heaven's gardens, where I may at last be buried peacefully alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outside Acceptable Bounds

These days nothing really matters, scopes of ideas
have increased ten-fold, they easily collapse in
lines of poetry, being content to lie there and
be read by others.

Not stepping out, yet going to great lengths to
stay outside of acceptable bounds, determined by
others.

Forging elasticity, moving on, expanding the basis
into a future where it will be gaining access
to more knowledge in and trough tablets of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outside City Hall

Scurrying outside city hall to sit by a fountain and write
about all that is seen.

Shadows of a dismal city building fall upon gravelly side-
walks, interspersed with brick tiles, cracked and crooked.

Water from a fountain, spurting into the air - splashing
down everywhere.

Rushing sounds of water, man-made, falling from holes in a
beam across two oblong pillars.

Under water bricks are lying all askew, threatening to give
sprained ankles if walked onto.

Bubbles ferociously gathering into white foam, spreading out,
now a bubble here and there.

Life continues amidst this picture perfect bubble, the city
of Phoenix has created for itself.

Patting itself on the back, because they, themselves deem it
the best run city in the world.

Rubbish, hog talk, through and through. What about all those
people who sleep in front of city hall during the night for
protection from the weather and violent people?

If Phoenix is so well-run, why are homeless people increasing
and abounding?

Could it be they condemned people's houses, took away their
belongings and left them to die in the street under the hot,
Arizona sun?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outside Influence

Totally concentrating on the outlines of effervescent
rhythms as they twirl and move in the middle of another
band playing for a senior dance.

Particular pigments of an outside influence penetrate
and cast about beneath shadows of death and remembrance.

Towering above earth, crystal pools cascade into the
ground, opening up portals of rivers hidden beneath the
earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outside My Space In Time

Feeling blue until you call, then my world is wide awake
and I'm very happy!

Sitting alone, thinking, writing, pondering questions
that my mind creates interiorly.

Writing poetry, listening to music, playing my instruments
and having a great time entertaining myself.

Reading at times, one book after another, averaging about
sixteen or seventeen books a week, speed reading.

Living in my little space of time until hearing from you,
then I am yours fully as we talk, laugh, joke and write
poetry together.

You give my life meaning and definition outside of my
little space in time, giving pleasure and balance in a
life of turmoil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outside Of Life

Drizzling into minds of clay, thoughts of incredible
fortune lie unclaimed, while solidly built futures
lie in wasteful piles of history.

There are even values awaiting an innocent mind to
pick them up and carry them away.

Talent forsaken on every doorstep, leaving all gifts
for someone else to learn to use.

Lazily living life, standing idly on the sidelines,
never actually becoming a part of any of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outside Perspectives

Taken in stride beside the aspects of life, totally engaged
in levels of pride outside the perspectives of reality.

Forever delving into pyres of memories, setting them ablaze,
tearing them from fantasy's shelf, turning pages from within.

Tickling edges of mirth, forever climbing onto tiers of
subliminal reality.

Hitting the ivory, battling the tones into the atmosphere
turning life inside to classical tunes of sadness and
recompense.

No longer fearing the ending of the years on earth, diving
swiftly into pools of eternity, splashing no one, being
totally immersed into oblivion, finding new shores with
different horizons in other lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outside Poetry

Cars riding by the house, as I sit outside and write.
Writing down with pen and paper, ideas and thoughts together,
to make my meaning of life become more real to me.
Reading what I write after being done, I contemplate what I think I want.
It never seems to be the same thing twice, so I continue to sit and write.
One day when it all adds up and seems to make some sense, I'll know that I am finally done and write myself an exit poem, letting it sit upon a shelf to gather dust.
As other poets come along and do the same thing I have done - only writing in their own words - which will be different than my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outside Society's Box

Young and old gathering at the center,
trying to give purpose and love to their children.
Taking steps to encourage life gives them the best
of natural education and hope.
Testing, pushing limits, learning how to work within
the confines of other's boundaries.
Some children breaking out of society's box, daring
to do their own thing and live their lives to the
fullest possible.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outskirts Of Life

Being surrounded by people, living in a cocoon anyway,
not letting them get to me as I stay on the outskirts
of their lives on purpose.

Watching and learning from them, being tempted to write
their foibles poetry, heroics, pain and suffering, into
poetry, all of it has meaning in annals of time.

Also, in the future of American literature, amazing facts
and directions coming to light during all moments of life,
sensations taking me into depths of every moment.

Leaving me breathless, looking for the next episode to come,
always taking steps into a bluened light, seeing the Divine
in every single thing I see, do and take place in.

Changing, rearranging, taking it all in stride, being able
to adapt to anything and everything that may happen in this
earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outskirts Of Tomorrow

Traveling lightly, taking life on a scenic drive through reality, reaching outskirts of tomorrow.
Keeping closely connected with inner depths as I see all manner of intelligence hiding inside.
Bewildering traits of wisdom, keeping everything situated nearby. Folding within, holding all images, giving them free rein in depths of imagination.
Never clouding any prospects of futuristic memories tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outward Motion

Listening to many rhythms as they fall into place with locomotive ideas, pushing them forward.
Pleasing to inner desires, emitting aromas pleasant to hear and taste in mind.
Quietly moving into rectangles of outward motion, figuring out formulated patterns as they rush by.
Barely brushing the mind with excellent character and muses of poetical composition.
Delivering perfect stamina to those strong enough to hold on for dear life.
Exercising swiftly in poems as the world flies by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Outward Plain Of Abandon

Tracks of locomotive tears find their way through pent-up
sorrow, wanting to be heard, splashing to be seen.
There are no quarters given when stretched beyond endurance.
Only that of precious sacredness, giving unlimitless
saturation without obliterating the exact moment of freedom.
Wayward, wallowing along shores of frozen despair, penetrating
pain encased secretly inside a tomb of glass, unseen until
now.
Strings plucked with purpose, emitting strange and eerie,
mysterious sounds.
Outliving boundaries of no return, fluctuating on edges,
afraid of being torn in two before falling into the circle
of unbecoming.
Racing towards sounds and sights of believable rescue,
crying out in agony as the scene is taken drastically from
me.
Instead, finding pressures of reality are pulling me in
upon myself.
Giving no quarters, expecting none, transfixed on an
outward plain of abandon.
Circumventing life's frivolous endeavors, wanting adventure
to fill the emptiness of pain and regret.
Alone now for the rest of eternity, blessed with it's
knowledge and existing for it's sacred presence.
Gifts of giving are no longer awaiting donors, they have
spent themselves on unheard of dimensions.
Speeding locomotively down tracks, spilling tears everywhere
the mind can see.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Overburdened

Writing extensively without a thought to begin with.
Sorting through memories and images, finding every-
thing traced back to sorrow and a sadness always
filling me with it's tasty morsels of grief consuming
me.
At times I feel overburdened with loss and it's
loneliness.
Turning always to writing to fill me up, yet it never
does and here I am doing it anyway with a hopeful faith
that one day I may be away from it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Overcome

Songs freely filling this desert atmosphere, gaining their independence as the afternoon moves slowly forward in many rhythms of blues, touching and taking off through the hours.

Leaving behind their heavenly tempos to continue relieving stress of this past week, loving beautiful horizons across the mountains.

Lifting eyes and souls towards the divine, accepting a total purpose of life on earth, overcome by a bluened interior atmosphere covering me timidly and quietly.

Kissing my being with divine intervention and love, enticing, alluring, feeling the intense peace filling me throughout my mind, heart and soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Overcoming

Wandering through life looking for goals that will satisfy
my soul alone, catching sparks of energy, being led by my
spirit into many avenues of difficulty.

Always finding my way into the light, darkness never lasting,
because I find other things to live for in this life, travel-
ing down pathways and dusty trails everywhere.

Never being discouraged as things fall before me and are over-
come in the long run, exhausted at times by all the turmoil,
yet never giving up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Overcoming And Eluding

Listening to breezes of heaven's angels whispering quietly in my mind, telling of all the wonder and awe that I will yet be seeing in life.

Being spell-bound at the conclusions that will be a part of my ending, looking forward to them, one and all, knowing that all will be well as I leave this earth for a final time.

Spreading wings of truth and honesty, soaring into the atmosphere like a cumulous cloud standing watch above this earth, alone, yet never lonely, able to look upon everything.

Stretching imagination with tones of music that are always being performed throughout the years, lifting spirits and exercising mind patterns and processes to expand my being.

In more ways than just growing older and maturing, now finding that everything can be tested, explored and used in engineering technology through writing of poetry and composing music.

Coming from within intellect's imaginative reality, overcoming and eluding misgivings, always wanting to entertain, perpetrating new fields of visions through newly formed spheres of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Overcoming Difficulties

Riding into the darkness,
dim headlights showing the way.
Running into obstacles, barriers,
difficulties - all in the way -
yet I surmount them and continue
going towards an unknown future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Overcoming Power

Lightening quick diplomacy heading my way
as I delve into a private abode alone.
Sacrificing nothing, but some time alone,
always being alone, no one to turn to.
Yet, within me is the power to overcome
it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Overcoming Sadness

Knowing nothing of what is going on, yet I am not trusted by one I love.
Tangling up my mind like ivy growing wild, there is no sense in being meek and mild.
Everyone else is allowed to have free will, when I try - I am despised.
Forever sending away things which are held dear - noting everything is carried away by other people's dreams - left hanging by a thread, dangling from a life which has never been dear to anyone.
Ideals penetrating farther into grief-filled anecdotes - causing no smiles on anyone's face.
Tragedy crosses itself over and takes the place of yesterday so it may continue to carry on in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Overdrafting

Wringing the life out of people, banks stealing what little money we get from social security.

A law needed to be passed, making it illegal for banks to charge such exorbitant overdraft fees, they do that realizing charges keep adding up.

Bills are paid and accounts become overdrafted and should not be allowed to be done, especially to the poor who have nothing much already.

Laws should be made so banks cannot steal from the poor, that's how they get so much money, just by dollaring the poor to death and it must stop.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Overlooking Hurt

Loneliness being sung by a rhythm of my heart,
taking me on a journey with images of sadness.
Feeling the abandonment of others intensely,
trying hard to overlook it and continue writing
for life to keep it's hold on me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Overpowering Scents

Deeply diving into emotional depths,
touching their tearful essences with
gentle, bitter-sweet love.

Overpowering scents, penetrating mind
senses with an energy and verve of
unlikely aptitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Overrun

People get together, talk, argue, find common ground, and become friends, coming together in times of need, helping others to a fault.

Now we have been overrun by 40 million illegals in our country and more coming over our borders every day, taking American jobs, resources, our hard-earned money.

Having their hands out, not willing to become U.S. citizens or speak English, not wanting to assimilate, totally different attitudes, not like we Americans at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Overstepping Boundaries

Looking glasses staring backwards into the past, recreating
incessant patterns set up in childhood.

Building within, a barricade, limiting possibilities, caring
swept up, crumpled inside of ancient hopes and dreams.

Unfettered, unkempt, sidled against the world and it's
ignorance, the prime of life has passed too quickly and
turned around upon itself.

Watching liveliness die along the way, upsets the scheme of
things in future dealings with other people.

Counting on the reliability thought to be at hand, silently
tucked away, nothing can be counted on.

Opening doors to outstanding opportunities cannot be, because
of the negligence of caring.

Overstepping boundaries set in place ages ago has been a lie,
there have never been any, except in the minds of man.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Overtaking Pathways

Amazing and mystical magic overtaking pathways of this
imagination in a wonderful pattern of intellect.

Picking up thoughts, like dynamite, blasting away inner
domains of my mind.

Developing, building and calmly figuring equations of
this moment.

Allowing for insipient travails of this life, completing
and making sure that all is kept closely in mind, so
tomorrow will always be available along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Overthrowing Evil

Walking on air, believing in the divine spirituality of
this world, knowing that God is looking down on earth.

Disheartened by the evil he sees, now taking a stand
and disrupting lies, greed and corruption of those who
are harming his loved and chosen ones.

Innocent and pure, never hurting or harming anyone else,
He's getting ready to strike them down, allowing the
downtrodden to rise up now and overthrow them once and
for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Overtures Of Imagination

Saturating memories with poignant emotions,
picturing them over and over in many videos.
Overtures of imagination crashing onto shores
of intellectual desire and effrontery in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Own Ideas

Settling into the morning, being absorbed by thoughts
that cuddle sleepily in corners of my mind.

Peeking lazily out from under the cover of their ideas,
softened sunlight shining outside.

Not touching or blinding them as they continue resting,
watching as they toss and turn.

Getting restless for recognition, yet not wanting to
get up and be utilized.

Thoughts are so funny at times, having their own ideas
about things in our lives mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pacified By Corruption

Watching our country go down the tubes because of stupid people
not realizing what's going on here in America.

As long as they have their free stuff they think all is right
with the world.

Yet, it is not, for they are being pacified by corrupt politicians
giving them what is not even theirs to give.

Taxpayer's footing the bill for democrats and rhinos to give away
free stuff to illegals, muslims and lazy people to get their votes.

Forgetting that We the People whom they are taking away from are
also registered voters who will never again vote for them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pacifying Turmoil

Awakened fully at the very first sound of musical
compositions, believing in positive aspects
contained in every note as it increases passion
and desires of this mind.

Pacifying turmoil, pain and suffering, having gone
through it all in this lifetime, allowing peace and
serenity to fill each word being written and entered
into this poetry journal and every other one that has
been already been filled.

Poetical prowess humbly giving up in writing what is
thought in this mind constantly, moment to moment,
living and breathing creatively into destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pacing Life

Totally enjoying what I am doing, writing and texting my
friend in between.

Beautiful landscapes are forming continually in mind
without ending or stopping.

Giving many pleasurable measures of happiness, contributing
only to my well-being, giving into desires of interior needs.

No one else can fulfill any of what I need in life, only
myself, because I know what is forever needed.

Glad to know that no one else can be a part of me or this
innate talent, being so totally focused into the person that
I am to eventually become.

Stepping quickly to a rhythm all my own, pacing life in
measures of rhythmical steadiness.

Giving a quality to life that is unendingly filling me with
joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pacing Poetry

Thinking filling me exquisitely, with positive attitudes
and enjoyable moods, taking me totally into another dim-
ension.

There this poetical mind is melded within the Divine,
filling me explicitly, never missing a beat, keeping time
with tempos whether rapid or slow.

Pacing poetry within my soul as it travels through my mind
unheeded, giving a last feeling of unity and freedom as my
soul soars above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Packages Of Youth

Carrying hope in packages of youth, taking their time as they wind through avenues of circumstance, taking always - the high roads over untrodden land. Taking intuition and verve to unknown heights of glory, testing pathways of reality, making sure they lead to joy at times of need and blessings.
Focusing always on shores of beauty somewhere in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Packaging Thoughts

Jumping right into rhythms of melodies, enjoying notes and tempos being played.

Packaging thoughts in pretty lace and ribbons so they may be unwrapped carefully and enjoyed by anyone who might read them.

Dreams coming to light, taking them into tunnels of another dimension where life becomes something other than what is thought of here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paddling Out To Sea

Paddling out to sea, wanting to find the way in vast oceans
of life, locating the effervescent pleasures that have so
far eluded being seen.

Hoping to capture inner realms of promise that continually
tease and poke the mind, being aware of the integrity and
ingenuity of innate talent.

Escaping into it's depths every chance possible, not caring
what is left behind as it's carried forward through intellect
and music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pagans Of Unrest

Pagans of unrest settle on ocean waves, rising and ebbing,
eternally forgotten.

Unsubstantiated steps towards new horizons are halted,
unable to reoccur or continue.

Lasting impressions erase themselves and are hidden forever
in depths of blackest ebony.

Waylaid, posterity titters on the edge, reaching and never
grasping pathways to inner stability.

Programmed lineage takes a step backwards and falls into a
deep purity of silence.

All is quiet as pagans of unrest settle on ocean waves,
undisturbed, unenlightened and perturbed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Page Of Reflection

Rising and climbing like ivy in my chest, emotional
truths banter within my brain.
Slowly flowing with waves of differential thought,
circulating throughout subconsciously with
imagination well in hand.
Bluened lights shine all over fractures being caused
by thinking between sorrow as it insists on following
my mind over rough terrain and mountainous desert
plains.
Traipsing down lanes of yesterday, writing about them, bringing all to the
forefront and placing them into
tomorrow's future.
At long last, to be seen in bluened light on this page
of reflection and entertainment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pages And Spheres

Running along inner shores of being, looking through pages and spheres of thought, wondering how one little mind can hold so many ideas, concepts and foundations of creativity.

Wonder and awe filling each mind with an increasing enlightenment, brilliant and totally energized from within splendid spirituality through a bluened light of the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pages Of Deduction

Ivories tickling interior musical scores is totally
sublime, energizing me into a fever of melodic rhymes.

Dancing inside my mind, feeling beats soak into me
through osmosis.

Twisting and turning meanings into meaningful rhythms,
alighting from my pen onto the page of deduction,
perpetuating an enormous pattern of literature for
future books in my lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pages Of Existence

Enchanting melodies turning me inside out,
belying thought of yesterday, as I turn pages
of existence into poetry.
Bouncing down aisles of interpretive thought,
working their way into visions of now.
Suffocating images from without, quieting
their dispositions as interior awareness fills
my every thought.
Focusing only on what my mind is creating,
poetry fulfills many hours of happiness as I
wander aimlessly free of coercion from outside
influence.
Taking strides of liberty with all ideas becoming
of age in a pattern of literature, creating new
puzzles of amazement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pages Of Fate

Sailing, drifting, being carried away towards lonely shores
and peaceful endings.

Wanting nothing more from a life that has dealt too many
blows, sending me to my knees and never rising again until
God chooses to take me with Him to heaven.

Forecasting probable memories hidden in closets, waiting
to be gotten rid of before I die.

Separating nightmares of inequality with visions and images
of consciousness while being drowned in pages of fate at
destiny's hands and sent tearfully to my death in sequences
of endings.

As I rise again to fall and never more be seen, I gather
myself as close as I can, never looking up, never walking
forward instead lying down on beds of roses held in God's
hands as death slowly lets me go so I may rise to heaven
to be with Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pages Of Humanity

Shutting out the world, finding solace behind my mind, delving into intellect where thoughts are nurtured and grow.

Blossoming, filling pages with poetry, anticipating a wealth of information to be brought forth, enlightening and enticing the present.

Preparing for the effervescent knowledge of tomorrow's wisdom being left upon pages of humanity, emotions rising, climbing higher and faster.

Riding into the sunset alone, locating the essence of another life about to be born, sensations flowing through feelings and emotions only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pages Of Life

Life bound in volumes, standing upon wooden shelves,
awaiting the learned, hoping soon they will visit.

Beautiful covers hiding many facets of life between
them, willing to share with anyone who wants to open
them.

Carefully, gently, stories, and words unfold from one
generation to another, relating the history and lives
from ages past.

Numbered pages, one at a time, turn with a quiet
rustle in splendid respite.

Prayerfully suspended in another time, another place,
while remaining in the same chair, traveling the
world within a mind.

Vast knowledge placed right before your eyes, made
just for your field of sight.

Forever to be remembered and passed on to little
children.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pages Of Loneliness

Trying to conquer feelings of total abandonment, flowing throughout my being.
Taking me on journeys over oceans of tears, wept through the years, adding up, giving me food for thought as I write the words onto pages of complete loneliness.
Afraid that if I look beyond it all, there will be nothing and no one there for me again.
Lost in a maze of inconqruity, wandering listlessly forever in a tomb of another's making, keeping me in isolation, never finding my way back to civilization as long as I live.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pages Of Maturity

Life adjusting circumstances alter our inner perspectives,
creating newer, better, mature personalities.
Foraging in twilight evenings, accumulating many pieces of
acquiescence, providing clues to an interior existence,
founded on honesty and truth.
Placating motives of voiceless trepidation, focusing
attentively on pages of maturity, stepping over the last
boundary of life, we become our final purpose and destination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pages Of Moments In Our Lives

Pages of life are turned daily, containing moments of
our lives, passing by them without ever really noticing
their essence.

Always reaching into the nothingness of destiny, hoping
to find where we're headed, if only we'd take the time
to read and think about our pages in life.

We could find many treasures that we are overlooking,
smiles of our grandchildren, flowers blooming, leaves
blowing in the wind, clouds floating over us.

Love hiding within for another, as yet unrealized, just
waiting to be recognized and brought fully to life through
the love you can give them only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pages Of Parchment

Stepping carefully in time,
watching for ropes of
entanglement amongst weeds of life.

Separating particular pages of
parchment in pages of mind-generating
vision, reassigning them to letters
of yesterday's images.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pages Of Souls

Wandering the deepest interior of tangled jungle,
searching for some caring, a little understanding.

The only theme dredged from below is the misguided
presence of hate and withdrawal.

Sounding tributes of past indecency, written on
pages of souls, are listed inconsequentially on
tattered books in rows of disarray.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pages Of The Past

Living always in the past, pressed beneath pages of my mind,
my future lies just within my grasp.

Reaching out, but never taking it up for lack of motivation.
Wanting always to be able to find my own way, I get bogged
down with haunting memories.

Moving forward, trying desperately to pick up pieces of my
life, only to become depressed and lose interest before I
even take the first step.

Nothing has been able to penetrate barriers set up in child-
hood to protect myself.

Trying desperately to find a way, I continue reaching out,
hoping today may be the day.

Praying that my life will go on trying - every day I turn
another page hoping to stir up memories.

Hoping to grab on to some sort of reality, because my future
lies just within my grasp.

Pressed beneath the pages of my mind, I am always living in
the past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pages Of Time

Pasting back pages of time, not wanting to reminisce,
feeling saddened, wanting to bury feelings.

Taking time to forget about life and walk on distant
shores, sandy beaches in the future lying in my mind.

Wishing for waves to break gently over and wash me
out with the tide.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pages Of Unlimited Potential

Stone cold passages keep moving through foyers of long ago,
tunneling beneath the ground, having all that is needed in
this wonderful world of unheeded favorite thoughts.

Coming slowly into visions of intellect, images being taken
out of imagination are portrayed in full splendor right in
front of reflective mirrors.

Spending time continually with more recent measures in
rhythms, taken into depths of all odds that are forgotten,
often crying and remembering how legends of yesterday began
in the beginning of another time.

Believing, together with a unity of each particle that is
being stored in everyone's capsule of being, so calm and
energetic, sololy being brought between the pages of
unlimited potential.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pages Of Wisdom

Tantalizing and enduring a repertoire of rhythms gathering
into this mind, spreading itself through innate knowledge
in lifetime's of yesterday.

Nowadays, turning pages of wisdom into actual reality to be
used against those who choose to live in ignorance, depths
of intellect taking routes that help impoverished people.

Living fully, coming out of the poverty of this world, now
standing on their own, knowing it's the only way to be free,
and not fall into the hands of a corrupt government.

Not falling into the mire and mud of politicians, gaining
inner self-confidence and self-assurance, the quickest way
to enter a new phase in life of fame and fortune, being free.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pain Comes In All Forms

Yes, pain does come in all forms, loss, having cancer, being bullied, not being loved in return, others putting you down or looking down on you.

Gossiping and/or spreading rumors about you or those you love, so many aspects to being in pain and many never even realize you're hurting.

Ignoring you, which coincidentally causes more pain on top of what you're already going through, do you see the vicious cycle a person goes through, or are you too wrapped up in yourself, your pain, to even take notice of another's?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pain Never Assauged

Many hours of crying and tears happen in our lives, pain never seeming to be assuaged in the long run, no matter what we do or say.

Going places, finding other interests and dividing our attention never seems to get us past the crying and tears of death and it's loss.

It continues into our future unendingly and somehow we manage to live with it all our lives, because it keeps happening to those we love, and we want to be here for those who are still here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pain Of Being Ignored

Saddened dances ringing around, pulling me into their
circumferences, not leaving me alone with thoughts.

Releasing tears from flood gates, locked far too
long now.

Wanting relief from the emptiness, feeling stranded
in a pool of echoing rhymes no where to escape,
nothing to be done except feel the excruciating pain
of being ignored and misunderstood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pain Of Youth

Feeling the pain of youth and it's abandonment, even now, no comfort or person to make it better.
Living a life of hell and no one even knowing it is happening.
A twisted view of all that is supposed to be good, burning it's memories into the brain forever.
Countering the darkness with a turning away from life's edges, retreating forever back then.
Hiding the child within, protecting her from everyone standing outside her realm of ingenuity.
No one knowing that she was quickly disappearing from sight as she fell gently into the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Painful Growing

Growing up is painful, there are no directions to point
the way.

Spinning crazily like a magnet in the north pole, life
gyrates without control.

Trying to head in every direction at once, ending up
standing still, for there are no cures, no remedies for
growing up.

Each day begins anew, each day we fill a brand new cup,
there are no set rules from A to B.

Everyone tries haphazardly to keep themselves alive,
amidst all the noise and craziness, yet there's not a
soul with answers to questions of maturity.

We all strive for this something we call growing up, yet
we know little or nothing about it.

How can we be so naïve, trying to attain an impossibility
while making every attempt to live our lives?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Painful Tunnels

Harrowing escapades fill tunnels of life with pain and strife.

Taking away peace for moments in time, hurting and rasping against my soul with utmost pain, slicing life in half once again.

Remembering all the hurt, my mind tries to readjust itself to help me get through it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Painful Walk

Fountains of tears reflecting brave hearts - journeys winding down long roads of life, awaiting relief from stresses and suffering brought to us by living.

Knowledge of another's pain cannot be fathomed nor judged, it hurts only the person within.

Such a pain-filled walk through life is not fair to one so young.

At nineteen the world is weighing him down with excruciating pain that should never have been.

As loving memories continue to rip and tear his fragile mind and heart, wanting only to hold his little daughter again.

(4: 42 p.m. - 8/26/97)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Painted In The Past

Paintings, portraits pained in the past are
now coming back into my mind.

Wondering where they are now hanging, if
they are still being treasured or not today.

Remembering painting each one, every stroke
and which way I applied them.

Nothing ever escapes this mind throughout life
because I remember everything good and bad.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Painted Through Rhythms

Flowing safely and securely in depths of a bluened light of
the Divine where life begins and ends, the switch between
life and death exists.

Beauty and poetical musical portraits being painted through
rhythms and words are filled with meanings.

Intense and delightful, energizing the wonder and awe of
living independently.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Painter's Souls

Painting pictures with oil paints, colors floating about a canvas. Textures, as artistic strokes turn into soon to be great masterpieces
displayed in art galleries where anyone may buy them.
Savoring painter's souls in all their depths, quality of life increasing with every one finished.
Inspiration portraying every day life set in different aspects and shades of light, depicting human differences with each brush stroke.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Painting A Portrait

Quietly riding over a mountainous desert, life held onto without any interruptions or barriers standing in the way.

Interior and beautiful wonder, shyly peeking, nothing to complain about in this moment of time, listening to the impetuousness of this talented night.

Taking everything into the puzzle of life, pieces fitting together so perfectly, painting a portrait through words of intellect as they flow from an interior waterfall.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Painting A Portrait Of Heaven

Rocking and riding bareback through an Arizona desert on the way
to our camp sight, loving the sound of hoof beats against the
ground.

Looking into the sky off and on, clouds drifting by in a beauti-
ful evening atmosphere, daylight about to acquiesce into a brand
new sunset.

Colors of red, orange and yellow blending together to paint a
portrait of God's own heaven, brilliantly lighting up the entire
sky with praise and grace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Painting Images

A piano forming beautiful pictures within, tantalizing
poetry to begin it's exit, onto pages of history.
Hammering gently, ivories, as they fall into place,
painting images onto spaces of a mind.
Scores of notes interpreted onto keys to be played
magnificently, by a person attuned to life and purpose
of meaning.
Magically transposing written language into music
everyone can hear and enjoy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Painting Images And Visions

Tracing measures of coded rhythms into intellect,
watching as they step into my mind with an array
of effervescent rainbow colors, painting images
and visions in depths of my brain.

Collecting and gathering ideas and thoughts into
colorful prose and poetry, having an unlimited
amount of vocabulary from which to choose from,
making meanings clearer.

Always using the dictionary and thesaurus through-
out every writing session, just because I like to
use new words all the time while changing meanings
and spellings to fit the tempo of my intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Painting Into A Poem

Orange honey suckle blossoms waving about in a late
afternoon breeze, looking like an artist, painting
the landscape, imaginatively.

Humming birds, wings flashing rapidly, fly and hover
over the orange flowers, getting their fill of nectar
from within their essence, adding to the portrait
being painted.

Changing it from a still life painting to a colorful
and vibrant video of nature, which I'm completing here
in this poem so those who read it can visualize within
their own minds what I've written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Painting Of Darkened Back Alleys

Painting of darkened back alleys, little light
emanating from it, showing only short bursts of
dull color with an added purple highlight
draining into the bottom of the canvas itself.
Blackened eye windows, staring vacantly into
space, not noticing anything going on down in
the dirty street of an alley.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Painting Of Illumination

So peaceful, calm, enticing, a beautiful classical
rendition taking me into imagination's fantasy,
showing all the wonders of it's interior solace.
Scenic views more fantastic than before, taking me
into affirmations of belief and faith.
Prescription of joy and elation - self-prescribed -
in a realm of innocent beauty.
Focusing on its every detail, putting it all into
a painting of my illuminated mind.

(10: 21 a..m. - 11/19/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Painting Of Intellectual Nature

Quietly sashaying into the night, sun already gone beyond the western horizon, spreading colors from one end of the sky to the other, like a painting of pure intellectual nature.

Sensing interior wonder as it puts pressure beneath the surface of it's innocence, wanting only to come to fruition in lonely places, tears watering and nurturing it's blossoming even though sorrow touches hearts of others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Painting Portraits Through Words

Walking into sunlight, water splashing and crashing
against sandy shores, giving sight so much pleasure.

Comforting this soul, soothing frazzled nerves and
forming picturesque images and landscapes.

Painting portraits through words of poetry filled
with sights, sounds, senses, colors designs, lines,
patterns and angles.

All automatically being arranged in an order known
only to an interior innate knowledge and wisdom
that formulates equations of portraits into words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Palest Of Moons

Palest of moons sliced in half and set in the sky at
the middle of noon.

Standing gallantly in the daylight's hot sun, letting
everyone know it will soon be dark and will have it's
turn to shine brightly for us all.

Not daring to share it's twilight evening with the
next day's sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Palm Natural

Clustered about,
legs crossed at the ankles,
heads of hair barely touching.
Palm trees stare as they
haughtily grow there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Palm Tree Spiders

Tops of palm trees looking like spiders sitting atop them,
enjoying an early morning breeze, blowing their legs gently,
making them look real.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Palm Trees

Palm trees standing, different shades portraying
sunlight and shadow in the morning sun.

Regally stanced in quiet conversation, chilled
from the morning atmosphere.

Heights of varied sizes, all a part of nature's
devices here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Palm's Greeting

Palm trees with elephantine trunks, standing sturdily,
strongly along many roads of man's doing.

Casting long shadows onto sidewalks and streets, tripping
up sunshine and it's magnificent heat.

Walking along the street, looking up, watching palm leaves
lazily waving their fronds in greeting to every passer-by
who takes the time to look up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Palms Of My Mind

Succinctly and deliciously eating out of the
palms of my mind.

Forging a plethora of exciting ideas waiting
to be improvised and brought into the solidity
of primitive forces of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Panegyrical Thoughts

Panegyrical thoughts twirl around, thinking of people who are good and compassionate in their lives, helping others, never expecting anything in return.

Why everyone can't be even just a little like them is beyond me.

Our world would be so much nicer in retrospect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Panoramic Mountains

Morning dew having evaporated, sun shining brightly
across Phoenix's desert lands, arid, hot, beautiful
weather and landscapes everywhere you look.

Surrounded by mountains, if taking a 360 degree pano-
ramic view of Phoenix you will see the steep mountains
protecting us all the way around.

Being blessed by living here, being free and loving
it's wonderful laid-back western atmosphere most of my
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Panoramic Picture Thoughts

Looking at panoramic views of picture thoughts from
one side to another, gathering in every detail seen,
knowing that each one will be written into a poem,
with no exceptions.

Succinct, precise, totally concise and fully portrayed
in words, meanings, definitions, taken together into
verses of prose to be read by others later on in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Panoramic Views

Strangers all together, timidly searching for
companionship in places where groups of people gather.
Music playing invitingly, accepting everyone alike
into their company of rhythm.
Pleasure reaching out, touching innate features of
conversation as everyone gets to know one another in
realms of friendship.
Developing from negatives into panoramic views of
beauty and sometimes love.
Narrowly enticing all to come back again and again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pantry Of Thoughts

Lively memories traipsing here before sight, taking me on
a voyage down memory lane.

Finding the life I used to live, still young and vibrant
in this time of senior living.

Beaming with a solace from all the years of life that have
been lived so far.

Running and playing in my mind, enjoying moments as they
are relived again in this pantry of thoughts.

Loving to resolve situations from the past with insight
and hindsight from age.

Wisdom and knowledge having been accumulated through the
years and now being used to resolve the problems of youth.

Leaving this being with no regrets as I am readied to leave
this earthly life before too much longer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paper Images

Blossoms popping their beauty fragrantly into my eyes as I pass by.

Tranquilly easing into the easy chair of life, unbending, uncaring, bent upon inner destruction.

Thinking alone, long and hard about reasons for staying alive.

Tearing into the very bowels of my being, ripping apart whatever was once there.

No longer wondering what to do next, unfailingly tired of doing my best.

Riffling through paper images, attempting to put them in order, finding no sense for even collecting and storing them in jars.

Alleviating the saddened pain of yesterday is a task much too great to complete, there is no ending and I admit defeat.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paper Memories

Seen through wisps of hair, blowing around my eyes.
A sleek, white jet seems to just be sitting in space.
Flying swiftly, on an even roll of air it looks beautiful - way up there.
Closer in, my view is of an old tree, with yellowed leaves catching a morning breeze.
And closer still, oleanders moving back and forth, keeping time with a rhythm only nature knows.
Sitting in my van, with door wide open, I watch this scene with peaceful joy and happiness, closer even than before.
Thinking to myself - Mom would've loved seeing it!
She is gone now as my memory will one day be.
So writing everything down will preserve the two for eternity.
When I am no longer here, you will see me still - on a piece of paper - with my Mom right beside me in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paper Poems

Tonight I lie in beds of roses, filled with thorns
of yesterday, remembering the times of a lifetime
with family when younger.

Tears being misplaced from my heart and falling out
of my eyes in torrents of rain.

Missing everyone so much and the years we had together,
now all are in books of paper poems.

So alone, by myself in lonely nights, just trying to
make it through another day without losing myself and
hope.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paper Prayer

Tactfully entering realms of spacious knowledge, entertaining many particles of wisdom as I share them creatively in pathways of luminescent knowledge.
Allowing myself to fall over the edge, letting go effortlessly, becoming one with death's embrace.
Last days of living ended in a paper prayer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paper Thoughts

Remembering paper thoughts filed in drawers,
waiting to be written in books of poems on
ordinary days of prayer.

Entitling them to a place in history forever,
being at last recognized as particles and
atoms of life as it was lived once upon a
time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Papers Of My Mind

Etching gentle reminders on papers of my mind,
recovering facets left alongside waysides on
travels beyond comprehension.

Succourious splendor stretching itself elastically
across canyons of pious expression.

Decorating corners of nature with human error,
changing outcomes of longing beyond self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Papiermache Self

Pasted together with hope and prayer, a paper person stands before you and stares.
Nothing going on, no where to go or have been - outside circumstances filling the being within.
Not knowing how to be a self - a person - continues living - an empty shell.
Trying to fill self with others - filling their needs, taking care of them - has left no place for a self to be.
What a great person, a wonderful wife!
Praise flows sweetly for the person who is only an empty shell.
Slowly, quietly, anger fills each nook and cranny, just barely being able to contain it, for it is an exploding sun - catching fire within - building up like a volcano, ready to erupt.
As suddenly as it's realized, it's stuffed back down within the shell, so no one can be hurt, but self.
Self is nothing, self is worthless - unless doing something for someone else.
Praying without much hope that the paste will not dry out and the person shell will not crumble.
Papiermache self - empty - no self-esteem - no self-worth - nothing hiding inside.
An empty vessel, waiting to be filled and never is.
Not knowing that it must be filled by itself - it sits on the shelf.
Slowly, quietly, suddenly - overnight, it seems - a person began to develop - to blossom - to begin to fill the empty shell with feelings -felt, opinions - spoken out loud, a worth - that could finally be felt.
Somehow years fall away and a self has finally evolved and become a person worthy of love, respect and dignity.
A person - a self - has finally arrived, leaving the papiermache shell behind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parables Of Prose

Rounding out syllables, putting vowels into compromising situations, just to see how they fit together in placements of extraordinary delivery.
Watching as they twist and turn, fitting themselves into workable parables of prose.
Telling intimate stories from memory, progressing slowly into centuries of silent behaviors as secrets are secluded in vast plains of mountainous deserts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parachute Jumping

Breath-taking views left in a mind from past sky diving episodes.

Beauty from on high, floating from heaven on a silken parachute, totally exhilarated, feeling free and alive while traveling rapidly through the atmosphere to earth.

Traveling back to the images seen back then, awakens this mind, making it wistful, wishing I could go back in time to jump again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parade Of Prose

Regaling life with parades and parties,
developing social skills and learning
words, being filled with their meanings,
grasping onto beautiful prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parades Of Defiance

Bricks of fortitude surrounding life, keeping pain at a distance where it can be handled and not felt.

Solitude pretended, to keep out unwanted thoughts and conversations, serendipitously programming the life of a fragile mind.

Surpassing emotions, short circuiting all feelings, sewing together some semblance of living, but being human does not preclude facts of certain disillusionments.

Mightily forging into parades of defiance to strengthen one's inner power before it's once again destroyed with the dawning of a new day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parade's Pageantry

Balloons of many colors, hanging out of a downtown
bus, clowns carrying bouquets of brightly colored
air, causing laughter to stir everywhere.

Flower-filled floats, going down the street like a
puck from an air hockey game.

Seeming to glide across the pavement, it only adds
wonder to the magic already gathered on the street.

Mexican heritage flashing by in dresses worn by
girls and women dancing with their amigos, twirling
and whirling, stomping, bringing glee into our hearts.

Indians dressed in clothes of ancestors, beautifully
portraying their heritage, wonder and mystery fills
the atmosphere around them with electric feelings,
touching souls.

Sparkling life settled everywhere, happy thoughts
and visions dancing before our eyes, later to be
remembered in our minds.

Charles Barkley riding fearfully atop a vehicle, so
out of character, we wonder if it's really him, so
unlike the man we've seen on the basketball court,
against other teams.

Is it just a figment of our imagination, or has he
really been here in this parade?

Sheriff's posse riding by on regal horses, stately
stepping to drumming in their ears.

Davy Crocketts, beaver furs upon their heads, rifles
ready, held in hand, knifes jutting from belts around
their waists, soon to be used in hunting animals when
not in parades.

Street cleaners brushes scrubbing the street, signaling the ending of this year's Fiesta Bowl Parade.

People packing up their belongings, crossing every which way, looking for the road they parked their cars on earlier in the morning.

(12: 54 p.m. - 12/31/94)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parading Images

Signaling messages coming in from beyond, sensing beings and feelings moving forward into realms that I already recognize.
Beautiful images parading before me, giving expressions of life-long ambitions being brought and placed in hands of tomorrow's fateful destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parading Thoughts

Never blindly moving forward, always having a goal,
although it's hidden from others for it has noth-
ing to do with them.

Parading thoughts through innate knowledge and
talent, finding avenues by which meaning can be
defined absolutely through innate wisdom, defin-
itions abounding for everything being written
daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parading Through Life

Being blinded by the light that is emitted whenever you
are nearby, taking you into my arms, only knowing every-
thing will be alright once again.

Parading throughout this life, energy flowing, touching
interior situations to be taken over again in the future,
lights going to find me eventually.

Not being blinded or blue, knowing that you're here some-
where in the clouds, even though not seeing you anymore
in my lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parading Vests

Medallions, patches, pins, parading around Buddy Stubbs on vests of proud chests.
Smiling, talking, looking through the crowd for a familiar face to greet and pass the time of day.
Eating, drinking, enjoying the band and loitering through the day.
An event full of good times and friends - new and old.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paradise Lies Ahead

Paradise lies ahead of us, wanting it so very much, yet knowing that life must fulfill it's sole purpose first, searching and doing everything possible to finish it in order to go to heaven.

Yet it keeps getting stretched out further and further it seems, the more we gain on it, the farther behind it seems to get, leaning on poetry, music and art, all gifts from God.

Doing what can be done through writing to people all over the world, listening to others, treating everyone with respect and dignity.

Expecting only goodness from everyone we meet, but it doesn't always happen that way, because there are some very evil and depraved individuals in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parallel Lives

Rising desires are filling me within, giving moments
of exciting thrills, just thinking of you coming to
be with me along pathways of our, so far, parallel
lives.

Wondering why we haven't yet met face to face except
for in dreams of nighttime peace and serenity, lights
trailing and focusing on our lives, taking us into
horizons of another time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parallelograms Of Fate

Taking time to outer limits, giving it the freedom of poetry to enlighten the world around us.
Giving measures of motion free styles to maintain a singleness of purpose.
Creating puzzles out of cognitive thoughts, spacing everything in positions of incoming images.
Arranging columns of outstanding parallelograms of fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parcel Of Reality

Insinuating circumstances foretell life's predictions
on hazy boards of education.

Searching for precise decisions, qualifying eddies of
truth on horizons of belief.

Solo properties besiege us on highways of travel,
helping undertakings to become a parcel of reality.

Magazines of relativity seek common ground somewhere
beneath earth's civil banality.

Letting loose of bequeathed reasons, belonging to
diversity's rules and regulations, awaiting finally,
steps to future fantasies and fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parchments Of Imagination

Written words fall softly onto pages of eternity, like teardrops from heaven.
Lasting treasures repeated daily in collections of literature.
Pictures of life are held tenderly in portrayals of paintings made in poems of thought.
Allowing for ideas to form and be shaped as pens continually place ink onto parchments of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parents And Children

Children sitting, eating, appreciating good food.

Parents also with them, drinking coffee, watching
their children growing right before their eyes.

Silent, happy, peaceful, joy stirring deeply with
in their hearts together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parent's Anniversary

Watching elderly couples dance to old time music,
light on their feet, stepping and turning to the
beat of each song.
Swaying, swirling, suddenly hitting my mind with
memories of Mom and Dad, dancing together on their
anniversary.
If they had only lived longer, there would've been
many more dances for them.
Tears take over my mind as I watch them in a globe,
dancing as tears fall from it's top.
There should've been many more years for them to
live, we would've had many memories hiding within
if they had.
As it is, what we have will have to do until we too,
move to our futures beyond us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parents At Sinatra's Concert

Listening to Frank Sinatra singing 'Strangers in the Night',
brings memories full swing of my Dad.
Remembering Dad telling me when Mom and him went to see
Sinatra in person at a concert.
Mom said girls were going crazy and fainting all over.

It's quite an image in my memory bank, looking back at it,
as I imagined Mom and Dad when they were young, attending
a concert - seeing a famous person.
It's awesome to think of, at times as I grow older - it
makes me smile to know my parents did fun things together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parent's Dismay

Swinging in trees, holding on to branches and letting go, feeling the scary feelings of falling, yet being excited at the same time by them.

Feeling like a dare devil, always pushing the envelope, much to my parent's dismay, wanting to feel the adrenaline rush through me, as I jumped from planes, soared, propelled up the front of sheer mountain walls, always attuned to what was flowing through me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parents Waiting

Remembering titles from yesterday, knowing where I heard each song first.
Walking through the desert, going to high school, wanting to stay where all living creatures hid without going to school.
Yet, always doing what was right, never veering from the straight and narrow pathway that I was taught to follow from birth.
Parents being treated with respect and trying my best to not make them worry about me through the years of their life as they waited for me to grow up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parking Lot

Empty cars sitting in the parking lot, looking forlorn, lost and abandoned for other pursuits during the day.
Each one holding belongings of their owners, responsible in every way, yet left alone constantly in the hot sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parlor Of Intellect

Rocking back and forth, feeling rhythms as I listen and
let them take me away into a far off land.

Interiorly finding the peace needed to travel this vast
universe within.

Sight opened and focused clearly on the journey set out
before me in all it's splendor.

Tacit and quiet, relinquishing all within to my soul
where faith is always growing.

Unfolding and living in the parlor of intellect, not
wasting time with everyday things, instead, taking paths
into the interior of my mind.

That is where it is by far more interesting and exciting
than anything life can offer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parlor Of Life's Resistance

Longings for a future filled with love and peace,
taking steps to attain this dream of a lifetime.

Stationing self in the parlor of life's resistance,
wanting only silence of heaven to descend upon me.

Reaching for wonder and an entire life of a perfect
person, never hurting or harming the child within.

God will be the final judge as we go through our
lives and into hands that have created our beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parlor Of Our Soul

Quietly partaking of individual solitude, completely
spent from a day filled with people and deadlines.

Desiring the peace aloneness brings, stepping back,
retrieving it on my own.

Life happens to all as each day progresses, it is
full of strife and sorrow, pain and joy.

Were can anyone get away from it? Within our selves
is the only place I know of.

Casually sitting in the parlor of our souls,
contemplating, praying, becoming whole.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parlor Of Your Being

Carefree laughter when we're together calms my soul,
refreshing my mind totally through our love.

Sensuous and tempting, your being exudes a manliness
that I so crave, gentle, loving and caring.

Touching me with every expression of your body as it
takes me into the parlor of your being.

Satisfying desires constantly rising whenever being
near you.

Sparks of love ignite our hearts as we lie here in
bed together.

Taking each other into recesses of our total beings,
giving totally, our love to one another.

Fireworks exploding within, as we become one in body,
mind and being through our love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Part Of American History

Stories still being told of Ronald Reagan, fantastic and
true, entertaining, heartfelt and a great part of American
history itself.

Thank God for this gentleman who served with Reagan, keeping his life's story alive for us to hear through the years,
as we listen attentively to what he has to say.

Hearing these fabulous anecdotes of the past, gives pleasure,
bringing a smile to my heart and face, loving how Reagan was
such a powerfully quiet man, respected all his life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Part Of Another Universe

Clouds scattered about the sky, little puffs of white, fluffy
and mischievous, playing tag, running to the sound of the wind,
air currents taking them across nations, countries over the world.

Having the freedom and liberty to be what they need to be, alone,
so high in the sky, part of another universe that doesn't allow
us any part of it except when we're flying in a plane or jet.

Going somewhere ourselves, looking out the windows as earth pass-
es below us, people and cars looking like tiny ants, landing back
on the ground, looking up, wishing we were once again flying above.

There is where our lives are filled with our spirits, able to fly
away from earth's gravity and soar with the angels, bringing joy
and happiness to our souls instinctively.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Part Of Fulfillment

Climbing heights and depths of solace, finding they calm and energize us at the exact same time.

Having no excuses to cut into the routines of our daily lives, wanting to be a part of it's fulfillment instead.

Taking us into passageways of another time and dimension where we'll be fascinated with what we find there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Part Of Living

Life is filled with sorrow no matter where you are or go,
losing loved ones, pets, jobs, life, love, arguing and
losing faith in one another.

All of it coming upon human beings and touching our lives
with grief of some sort, with sorrow, sadness, loneliness
and abandonment being the result of all this grief.

How do we get away from it all, there seems to be no way,
because it's a part of living and being with others, an
interior life of faith, hope, prayer and belief in God.

That's the only escape I've ever found for moments in time,
keeping me sane, strengthening my being for turmoil coming
into life, giving me confidence, self-assurance and God's
love always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Part Of The Bigger Picture

Tapping, beating, giving my being excitement and thrills as it continues playing into the universe, learning, teaching, becoming a part of the bigger picture, looking into the future,

Seeing tomorrow rising beautifully before us, striding towards it's essence, hoping to find something new to grasp onto, placing it into poetical interludes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Partaking In Existence

Blinking lights, soaring past the steeple, waiting patiently
at the midnight hour.

It's gaze silently falls upon those who walk the earth, sadly
partaking in their parts of existence, wanting only finality
to walk upon this earthly shore.

Stricken with ineptitude, life melts as if made of candle wax,
melted, not being able to light it's flame of truth and
holiness, it lives in total darkness.

A dark day for a lonely soul filled with sorrow - peaceful;
laughter falls from dying lips - joyful never after.

Seeking wisdom, never getting any answers, just questions
thrown back at you.

Forever signing the pages of eternity, never realizing it
cannot be held while you are alive.

Lively as a rooted tree standing amid the dirt, trying to
grow to heaven all the while being held to worldly things.

Because it's roots are cast far into the earthly ground,
never to grow to it's full aspirations while still bound
to this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Participating In Intellect

Letting the door of my mind slam and reverberate throughout
intellect, awakening it's pulses and letting edges be seen
alive and vibrating with colors.

Anticipating energy that will soon be arriving in the ideas
of yesterday's memories, coming alive once again.

Remembering the loss and death that has begun in the past
and is still with me here in the present.

Knowing it will be with my future, only because it is being
written here where you are seeing it as it appears from this
pen of mine.

Serving only the mind of literate people who are going to
read it no matter what should transpire, even after untimely
demise from this earthly home.

Participating no more in the atmosphere of my very own
intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Participating Recognition

Striking chords of reminiscence, stirring happy sadness over
a loved one that is lost.

Candid images, reaching from inner depths, tearing apart the
pages to get at the core of our beings.

Finding the strength needed to move forward, growing and
strengthening the ties that bind.

Cloudless skies, racing alongside us, playfully acting out
our fantasies without restriction or remorse.

Wandering highways with only one purpose in mind, to find
peace in a harried world.

Sounding musical trumpets, afraid of not receiving replies
and dying alone without companionship, in a vale of empty
tears.

Participating wistfully in a world which has left out
compassion and heart-to-soul recognition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particle Of Breath

A bitter end lies within sight, crying softly, crouching
lowly, waiting to let go.

Pain has overwhelmed, drowned all hopes and dreams of
living life freely tomorrow.

There is only a past spread out, casting me into depths
of despair, filling time with darkness in death's open
door.

Time has packed it's bags and left, no longer interested
in what will happen.

Tired of incessant sadness crowding every moment, leaving
nothing - joy and happiness cannot abide within.

Winds of sand form dunes upon the desert of life, forsaking
every particle of breath to lie down and be buried beneath
the heaviness of memories and it's images.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particles

Particles of time descending upon life,
eating away minutes calculated for a
small sphere of reality.
Always wanting more, desires running
rampant, overflowing onto distant shores.
Spherical limits and boundaries circle
timelessness of actual life.
Dreams rotating on pathways of the same
orbit, shining blossoms of knowledge
into the foreground where seeds were
once planted.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particles Of A New Love

Shattered hearts falling into seasons of winter where they will freeze in the iciness of their demise.

Lingering, falling apart, as they shatter and break like precious china crystals.

Grasping the magical particles of a new love as it warms a heart again.

Taking it into realms of peace and serenity, from whence it should have never fallen.

A total happiness melting the iciness of death at last!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particles Of Being

Excitement fills every particle of being with it's
anticipated joy as I saturate myself in an
existence of inspirational music.

Living lonely, but not alone, as I sit and
contemplate the feelings given my by rhythm, the
most intense musical feelings anyone can have.
Shuffling with every step, becoming more a part of
it than yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particles Of Being In Solitude

Traipsing down back roads in life, wanting to see
what's not ordinarily seen in everyday activities.

Being fascinated with beautiful details of nature,
exploding in tones and sounds of music.

Rhythms playing intensely, touching every fiber
and particle of being with silence and solitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particles Of Circles

Galvanizing inner talent, gaining strength with every
passing rhythm floating towards my space in life.

Reaching through puzzles, fixating on their solutions
as my mind traipses into their beings.

Swinging along, finding intimate details crawling away
from intensive scrutiny, prolonging time with animosity
and verve.

Calculating and figuring avenues of intelligent etudes,
singly participating in every particle as life comes
full circle.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particles Of Curiosity

Strewn about my mind are particles of curiosity that always break off of every question mark, wanting to find answers that are hiding within intellect.

Interesting and mysterious, always expecting to find unusual circumstances popping into equations of what I truly want to know.

Never stopping, easily flowing against gravity as I flow upstream and away from ocean tides, just because I can.

Imagination gives me the power to use my will for whatever purpose I want or prefer and I definitely use it totally.

Loading this mind with the utmost of creativity, adding elements of science and math, because I can be so logical when wanting to be.

Not stopping for anyone at all, just continuing down avenues of my choice through destiny and fate, happy to be existing in this life once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particles Of Existence

Tonight is opening up a whole new denizen of thoughts,
awaiting it's coming in the dawn's early light.

Filtering particles of peaceful existence into shades
of daylight's heartbreak, blinding echoes of taunting
images, sitting on sidelines, awaiting the ebony of
twilight debacles with forthright ingenuity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particles Of Importance

Living on edges of space, dangling my feet above
earth in a contented mood of peace.
Visualizing particles of importance in life as
they foam and bubble before me in wisdom's guise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particles Of Inner Shores

Traipsing rapidly up and down chords as they appear
fastiduously in thoughts of saddened poetry.

Softly, climbing in and out of tides of life,
not letting any of them hold me back or throw me
forward.

Finding a hold on particles of inner shores,
searching their essence, hoping some parts of it will
match my own.

Remembering the images, keeping them closely attached
to my being of shadow where they will be safe from
prying eyes, protecting me from all devices of
others to get me to let go and join them for a while.

Never falling for their animosity, not letting them
cling to my heart nor hold me prisoner in their daily
needs of someone to abuse and throw away on a whim.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particles Of Life

Stomping down on particles of advice given to me on how to write their way.

Why when I have innate talent to dictate how I write already.

It irks me to think other people know better than me how to write and use my gifts to express what I'm thinking and feeling.

It all comes from within me, no one else, therefore I'll continue doing what I know is the best way for me.

Living the essence of my passion with out deterring from it's purpose in life for me alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particles Of Life's Appetite

Music slowly forming itself to the atmosphere around me,
touching upon certain particles of life and how they de-
velop.

Watching as they move and build upon themselves every
moment of the day, being showered constantly by a variety
of tempos and rhythms.

All of them delighting and tempting this interior mind
with verve and wonder, choosing to feel calm as it fills
me exuberantly and fully.

Nothing to mar imagination or take from it's vibrant in-
tellect, all of it going directly into poetry that I'm
writing intensely and incessantly throughout the day.

Thrilling and filling every fiber of being with an en-
ticing rhythm that never tires, keeping energy high and
always rising, a wonderful and beautiful achievement for
this poet each day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particles Of My Life

Needing so much more space around me than most people do,
being accommodating to self, making sure that I get what's
needed whenever possible.

Separating from others, not letting them interfere with
thought processes and anticipated ideas, playfully romping
in a playground of this open mind.

Carefully thinking and taking care to place each word
where it will have the most meaning, allowing people to
know exactly what I am thinking.

Always searching, for beauty in life and nature - even
sorrowful and saddened ones that bring tears to my eyes,
because even they have had joy before the tears began to
fall.

Wiping them gently with the tissues of my soul, being
careful to not tear any of them as I do so, inner watching,
seeing so many landmarks of life through memories and images.

Sounding echoes, traveling into pathways of meaning, filling
me with picturesque beauty of landscapes and joyful photo-
graphic screens filled with videos.

Finally having the tenacity to conquer every feeling no
matter how difficult each may seem.

Offering it all to the world in a myriad of poetry, a
plethora of particles being taken from life and given to
the world to see, in these, my images taken from life
screens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particles Of Puzzles

Rocking into the afternoon, totally enjoying what I'm
doing.

Particles of puzzles, falling into places of intellect,
combining together, soaring into atmospheres of other dimensions, and opening up constantly before
imagination.

Solemnly taking every rhythm seriously, holding on to
them and closely feeling every note being processed
through each melody as it's being sung.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particles Of Thought

Memorizing musical notations and rhythms as I play their melodies in my mind,
recreating their process into
poetical rhymes and verse.
Wondering, thinking, becoming fascinating particles of
thought processes filled with an energized spirit.
Mind-snapping creations of beauty causing a stir within
as they scramble to find a place in their new
surroundings.
Spreading themselves about, settling in amidst
abstractions and cognitive development as they are heard
on the silence of this paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particles Of Time

Clapping my mind in unison with a musical beat
from beyond, touching my heart on this dreary day.
While nature sings quietly in her corner of the
world, I tranquilly watch each particle of time
as it travels from the past to beyond my sight.
A knowing situating itself deep within, playing
my mind like a guitar of sound, writing upon
pages of subconscious being, letting free the
tangles of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particular Linguistics

Sidling down avenues of particular linguistics, pulling adjectives out of abstract ideas, setting them in careful array.
Attending to emotions, pushing their way through and writing down novel ideas to be creative with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particular Meaning

Reciting many lines from past poems, letting them
live again in other's memories.

Long life has a particular meaning in some areas,
taking many moments, blending them into abstractions
from another place.

Attracted by rhythms, as tempos keep picking up and
taking down pathways of another time.

Living and keeping step with the beating of my heart,
leaving particles alone inside this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particular Moments

2: 17 p.m.
Moments of time elapse while writing, allowing thoughts
to continue in motions of ocean tides, mirrored in lunar
rhythms, shining upon this mind.

Carrying time into memories, blending them with inner
sentiments, finding their way to an unconditional love,
waiting patiently for an arrival in physical aspects of
life.

Long-lasting honor and praise for another, alighting in the
brilliance of indeterminate talent, adjusting for particular
moments and being saved for future poems.

Living on pages of many memories, letting them live also in
minds of those who continue to read them throughout their
lives.

Still not being done in remembering, falling onto shores of
a final horizon, one last moment in time.

Thunder blasting it's way like a trumpet in a marching band,
telling of the fascinating beauty always held within this
particular poet's soul.

Writing from depths of being, playing into compositions for
all to hear musically, even in poetry. 2: 19 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particular Rhythms

Lines forming congruent angles within mathematical reminders
of triangles as they dangle musically in mind.

Always beating with their particular rhythms, recognizing
each one in their pertinent associations as they're blended
together in poetical forms of prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particular Sound

Opening the screen door of this mind, letting it slam shut,
loving to hear that particular sound, a reminder of days
when just a youngster and filled with life.

Playing outdoors for hours, sisters and I playing tag,
swinging, running races, enjoying nature and the great
freedom nature provided to us.

Memories staying within completely, even feelings of joy
and excitement never fading, enabling this mind to relive
them now while writing them into this poem for you to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Particulates Of Faith

Socrates-smart, articulating words and phrases of
intelligent life on scores of ambivalent rhetoric
and samplings of tomorrow's pages in history books.
All endeavors, including good and evil battling
for a place of power over earth.
Notwithstanding talents of erroneous displeasure,
all particulates of fate become everlasting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parties Of Movement

Bending, swaying, taking in every nuance and step of rhythm on floors of dancing.
Choosing parties of movement, taking motion to depths of ocean abysses, standing on edges of everlasting tides.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parting Of Life

When I hear the parting of our lives in the distance, tears come inside my heart, for I know it's not too long in coming.

Life jumps and dances around me, welcoming me into it's last phase of contentment and joy, if I only let go and become a part of it now.

Everlasting memories shower down and fill minds of those around us, to keep them sacred and whole in their own lifetimes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parting The Overgrowth

Registering in depths of imagination, taking routes that
are overgrown from disuse through the years of neglect.

Walking along, parting the overgrowth, gently choosing
ideas growing there, hidden in depths of being, no one
ever being wiser.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Parts Of Yesterday

Touching joyous parts of yesterday, bringing into focus,
the really meaningful treasures of today.
Nothing of material worth has managed to stay through
the years, we have only ourselves to enjoy through
family and it's heredity.
Sensing emotions rising to my eyes, appreciating every
one of their feelings in my soul.

(10: 59 a.m. - 12/19/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passage Beneath Earth

Stepping on stones, leading me into caverns of my being.
Climbing down further and further, seeing the insides of
everything sparkling like tiny lights upon pools of water
below me.
Catching sight of colorful rocks in every hue as I go
further down in the passage beneath earth, where no one
can see or reach me again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passages Into Imagination

Twittering melodies traipsing through my mind,
finding passages into imagination.

Delving deeply into it's beautiful fantasies,
often relating stories of yesterday's happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passages Of Longevity

Taking hold of melodies as they speed into the night, having fun and yelling in delight, you and I together having a great time just being in love for all of our lives.

Nothing to get between our passion and desires as we live in the beauty of our love constantly through measures of time and passages of longevity in hopes of always being together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passageways

Wandering down lengths of passageways, searching for
liberating freedom along the way, seeking new doorways, opening unlocked
memories, leading them astray.

There are plenty of ideas and thoughts strangling
idly within.

Wherever life stops, standing still on edges of
eternity, new experiences open up and become reality.

Dreams forever flitting just beneath the surface, not
sure if becoming is quite within their reach.

Notwithstanding, eternally sent into oblivion if no
one waits at the end.

Tunnels of vision playing repeatedly in lines,
imagination delves seriously into distant times.

Exploding independently in bursts of color, life
continues growing ever onward to it's end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passed From This Life

Stillness all around, touching spiritually as I
contemplate through an interior atmosphere.

Seconds pass, yet seem to be an eternity for I
have passed from this life into another dimension
far from earth.

Totally absorbed by a bluened light of the Divine,
fulfilling creativity that's been given to me fully,

Inspired and enlightened by the experience of being
taken spiritually away from this life into the here-
after, enjoying it tremendously.

Time has no meaning when I am immersed in a bluened
atmosphere of the Divine interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passifying Delightful Feelings

Sailing down corridors of silence, deepening the farther
along I go.

Thoughts behaving differently somehow, playing with rhythms
that are filtering gradually, more rapidly than previously
done.

Pacifying, delightful feelings, continuing to fulfill an
interior beauty, running into jungles of intellect along-
side of imagination.

Invisible and enticing, sparks flying, carrying many lights
into darkened spaces of enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passing By

Solitary, watching strangers as they go about their business
not aware of this poet seeing them passing on their ways to
unknown destinations.

Not knowing their stories unless they stop and talk for a
while, a wonderful way to pass the time, sitting, wondering,
conversing, enjoying this pastime immensely throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passing By Ordinary Things

Being tempted incessantly with vibrations and beats of music,
allowing intellect to continue playing in chords dancing in
and through my mind.

Giving an enlivening nature an intense energy that focuses on
every moment as it's filled over the top with wonderful ideas
taking over.

Always bringing me forward into another dimension, passing by
ordinary things in life just to get glimpses of future visions
that will one day come to fruition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passing Earthly Borders

Fragrant blossoms spraying their bouquets to my senses,
enlivening my spirit, lifting it beyond earthly borders
for moments in time.
Singly lining up against nature's scenery as life
swiftly carries us away in atmosphere's of creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passing From Love

Sounding solace in measures of beauty,
lighting my soul in houses of midnight sorrow.

Taking my hand, kissing my fingers, noticing
their lifeless disposition, waning heart beat,
growing weaker with every second.

Letting my love sink into the sunset without me.
Hope dwindling with your voice, passing quietly
forever from our love tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passing Ghosts

Silhouettes of ghosts passing through hallways of my mind, touching on times we've had together in the past.
No longer able to traverse our beautiful paths alongside one another, now traveling separate ways until we meet again in heaven, some day in our futures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passing It On

Grasping hold of an essence that keeps me writing even through hardship and suffering, knowing that eventually someone will be reading what I've written.

Hopefully leaving something in their minds that they can take to heart use and help them in the future, perhaps even mention what they've read and learned, passing it on to another needing to hear the same thing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passing Landscapes

Traveling through mountainous desert lands,
watching nature's awesome beauty create new
ideas within my mind.

Grasping innate knowledge as our bus passes
through all types of landscapes.

Holding views of intellectual processes as
they develop inner desires to be upheld
judiciously.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passing Life

Sullenly thinking as life passes by, reminding me of
it's haste into the near future.
Wanting to reach out and grab it, slow it down,
doesn't work, because it has already raced past
without so much as a tiny breath of air.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passing Lives

Many lives pass before us, reaching out
as we walk by, touching our hearts and
making a difference in the way we view
each other.

Beauty lies in our individual souls,
awaiting recognition as we get to know
and understand one another through friend-
ship.

Having met is the first step towards
reaching out and making a difference as
we walk by in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passing No Judgement

Tall pines standing at attention, looking down upon all who come within reach.

Silently staring, they reach out for regal skies, knowing nothing of the daily routine of human life.

Standing and passing no judgment on anything, just living their lives in silent peeking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passing Of Time

Steadfast in passing of time,
letting it go ahead.
Retroactively grabbing hold of it
as it slips from our grasp.
Knowingly hiding in spaces,
not facing the truth of life as it
fades from sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passing Through Barricades

Hitting a wall, not being able to pass through any barricades
before the next call of rhythms.

Straying around the pavement, holding onto the totality of
what they thought reality was going to be.

Placed in many picture albums, kept safely in their places,
deeply set in cavernous trunks of old.

Antiques and ancient knowing of combinations only we can
know, as we travel along the pavement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passing Through Intellect

Sounds taking me down rocky pathways into twilight avenues
of tomorrow's vision, capable of many impossibilities and
mysterious thoughts moving in measures of time.

Placing tantalizing tones into airways, filling every poem
with the essence of a delectable and powerful passion being
lit up in desires that conform to the purpose of my life.

Oftentimes taking me on routes that suddenly open up, taking
me down dusty trails and into another atmosphere of heavenly
melodies, filled with memories passing through intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passing Time

Sparkling sands of time gently flowing.
No cares or worries to mess up it's journey -
just sands of time in no great hurry.
Loving space and reveling in it's mime,
happily, it wanders in and out of everyone's mind.
Time then quietly disappears upon a whisper and no
more kisses fall from loving lips.
Only cold, pine coffins feel the pressure of a once
upon a kiss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passing Time In Music

Jumping and leaping quickly and rapidly into the
atmosphere, taking me into beats of an intense
rhythm.

Pleasing and tantalizing song of never-ending love,
enticing desires to climb throughout it's rhythms.

Leaving me in a scented and heavenly attitude and
mood, only wanting to be with the love of my life.

Time passing, wondering how long it will take for
life to give me what I want.

So entranced, loving the melody that takes me by
the hand, through an atmosphere of another universe.

Solidly dancing though intellect, grasping every
colorful tone being sung.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passing Time Pleasantly

Trains rolling down the tracks, allowing rhythm to take a
solo journey down paths of life.

Forging ahead, always moving into the future, not holding
back for any reason.

Totaling the beauty of younger landscapes, while continually
moving forward.

Passing time in pleasant occupations, going through trials
and suffering, none of them keeping me down for long.

Faith and Sicilian stubbornness come into play, taking over,
bringing me down lanes of life not ordinarily taken.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passing Time's Existence

Losing track of where I'm looking in the distance for
the horizon that I'm trying to get through.

Listening to church bells ringing through a morning
mist, as melodies take me racing into waters of
rapidly flowing rivers.

Never ceasing their rhythms as they rush along banks
of earth, passing time and it's existence, roaring
into their futures without fears of failure.

Being assured of victory over all trials ever gone
through so far in this pitiful stretch of life.

It's forlorn shores of tired boredom and insincere
positions of those who pretended to be honest in
love are over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passing Years Of Life

Moods and feelings of passion live and die in passing years
of this life, leaving us to wonder why, when young and very
vibrant, making love.

Living for the next moment to be together, such happy times
back then, now you're gone and there are none, missing you
so totally.

Wanting nothing but to go back in time to recapture days
of our togetherness, memories etched in mind and heart do
nothing but remind this heart of what we once had.

Feeling the love we made all our lives and now feeling
only bittersweet knowledge through tears that we'll
never have again in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passion And Desire Bursting

Loneliness filling me when we're not together, only wanting to be with you no matter what music is playing, because you fill depths of my heart with yours.

Unconditionally loving your tender touch and gentle emotions, as you kiss and hug me through the night, holding me closely.

No room for anything else between us, filling me with your love, giving such pleasure as our passion and desires burst into flames within the two of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passion Being Driven

Rhythms splashing into mind, tempting intellect with tantalizing inspiration and beautiful images, walking into the reality of fantasy, courtesy of imagination.

Beginning to fill my mind with many exploding sounds and tempos, giving love that takes me totally into your unconditional heart throughout this life.

Passion being driven by interior desires, stirred by you my love, giving pleasure beyond earthly boundaries and limitations, loving you even more than ever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passion Being Lit Again

Loving how you start a fire in me every time, touching
me with your eyes, striking a match of passion, desires
catching fire.

A blazing hunger for you consumes me totally, unable to
resist coming to you, knowing you're feeling it's burn
intensely.

Wanting our love to quench and sate both of us together,
totally into one another, love overflowing and bonding
our lives forever.

Loving how you constantly bring me to you with that look
of fire shining and glowing in your eyes, a smoldering
passion that entices and tempts me.

I cannot resist it my love, for you are much to hard to
stay away from, needing to be with you, being held closely,
giving me what I want.

Accepting me fully into the night, afterwards, relaxing,
hugging, kissing, watching the passion being lit again
through desires that won't be silenced.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passion Being Lit With A Look

Matches of your passion being lit with just one look
from me, holding and caressing my being, letting me
feel your desires between us.

Heart overflowing with love, wanting you completely
right this moment, loving how you listen to me totally,
giving to me what I truly want from you.

Beautiful sensations filling me with your pleasure, tak-
ing me into an atmosphere of love and color, passion ex-
ploding creatively as desires flow like lava between us.

Tempting each other teasingly as we finally become one,
relieving the intense feelings we have for each other
lovingly throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passion Filtering Into Intellect

Responding deeply from within to the love of another
person, feeling their energy give a positive outlook
on everything in life.

Atmosphere being lighter, more brilliant and inspiring,
because of finding this love placed unconditionally and
compassionately within.

Deepening passion filtering into intellect faster than
ever before, bringing an acumen that is continually
building itself interiorly.

Never lessening beliefs and hopes being given unselfishly
by another, holding this heart in his gentle hands and
soul throughout eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passion For Family

Crossing swords with death many times in life, finding resolution in pain and grief.

Writing my way through it all, learning along the way how family and love of them is the purpose of life's meaning.

Touching strings constantly with a sense of vitality and peace, bringing about serenity in trials of severe sorrow.

Soul-enhancing beauty striking flames of passion and desire for family and friends in ordinary ways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passion Has Died

Lasting feelings burning in my heart, yet alas, there's no one waiting there for me, lights are dim, noise has gone, rhythms playing softly.

Waiting interiorly, knowing no one will come for there is no more love, passion has died, desires have all been dried up, no longer running or feeding the passion of my once vibrant and beating heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passion Hiding

Sun shining interiorly, settling amidst particles and fibers, lighting new prospects of an individual complicity.

Creating the beauty of impossibility, stretching it and unfolding the possibilities from within it's essence.

A passion hiding inside intellect, reaching out and taking up it's cause, bringing it to fruition in depths of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passion Of Being A Child

Swinging through trees of childhood, being a tomboy and
having fun, joining with nature, becoming one with it
and living in peace that comes from within it's essence.

Hands holding onto branches, letting go and laughing,
just a child filled with mischief and a spirit that just
won't quit or stop.

Beginning and ending, never forgetting the passion of
being a child and left to myself to do what I wanted,
being trusted totally.

Never being admonished for it ever, listening, capturing
the beauty of an entire lifetime, placing it within poetry
that I write daily now that I'm grown.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passion Of Existence

Interesting developments appear through rhythms of intellect
giving an epic volume of thoughts in this arena of poetry,
leaving only life expected, enjoying it's presence in the
moments taken into being.

An awareness of intense beauty all around the atmosphere
of intelligence, absorbing the essence of it with the
passion of this existence.

Varied desires bringing pleasures into an open and arid mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passion Of Integrity

Listening and collecting data from every source, finding
a memento and some other notable details, fitting all to-
gether in a harmony of nature.

Always transpiring and becoming a truly wonderful passion
of integrity and ingenuity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passion Of My Heart

Totally entering another realm beyond this earthly one,
capturing and captivating every particle and fiber of
this being.

Tantalizing and enduring, giving passion of my heart
an outlet to continue penetrating the love that I keep
showing to you.

Witnessing effects of the beauty as it touches us both,
wonder and awe touching and giving wonderful feelings of
our passion as we make love and move through the night.

Twinkling like stars within our bodies, titillating us
beyond realms of earthly love, touching the Divine and
living in the wonder and awe of our love and togetherness.

Nothing to stop our feelings as they flow electrically
through us while holding one another all through the
night, together joining as one in heavenly abodes above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passion Quietly Steaming

Loving sitting here with you my dear, holding hands, enjoying feeling yours in mine, feeling desires of you and I melding together, giving us pleasure of just being here side by side.

Cherishing these moments throughout our lives, wouldn't trade them for all the money in the world my love, our passion quietly steaming between us, waiting to be satisfied tonight when we are home alone in bed together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passion Rising, Desires Climbing

Silently feeling your love all through the night, keeping me close, protecting and taking me with you wherever you go, my love.

Passion rising, desires climbing whenever we're together, no one ever making me feel so beautiful and genuine, your total and unconditional love filling me fully.

No regrets, no recriminations, just a blissful joy and happiness, soaring with you through out love-making and exploding into heaven's glory together.

Just you and I my love, tenderly holding each other as we love throughout the days and nights of our love always and forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passion Taking Over

Feeling quite at home within a creative environment of poetry, continuing to write, an intensifying feeling of passion taking over every sense within my being.

It's sounds and rhythms capturing the attention of intellect, giving it freedom to roam throughout this mind, looking into everything being seen or created.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passion Unfolding

Reflections and patterns of life are mirrored every day
in many ways and forms even though we may not recognize
any of them.

Staring into the fire of unconditional love, holding on-
to one another, our passion unfolding, spreading through-
out our beings as we make love daily.

Giving strength and hope back and forth to one another
allows us to keep the energy of our lives burning ener-
getically every day.

Faith and hope keep us on the path to the Divine, as we
continue to love each other all through our lives, find-
ing happiness and joy just being together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passionate Attitude

Playing instruments in my mind while listening to music,
writing and accompanying self in this endeavor, having a
good time entertaining myself.

Writing in order to entertain others through my poetry,
always finding beauty and nature wherever my mind travels
through intellect.

Living in life, getting the most out of every moment, liv-
ing them all fully, receiving peace and serenity in doing
so each day.

Never bothering to talk to others when I don't have to,
just going deeply into myself, reaching depths below the
eye.

Using what's found there to write into poetry, fulfilling
my essence and passion with an exciting and passionate
attitude.

Always positive, even through sorrow, sadness, loneliness
and abandonment, keeping my mind and spirit always within
a bluened light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passionate Desires

Exercising life through musical rhythms,
giving beings tantalizing and tortuous
feelings.

Passionate desires start rising ever
higher into nighttime, rocking heaven
and giving us pleasure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passionate Embrace

Caressingly touching my heart with expressions of untold
love, promising to cherish it forever.

Feelings and desires filling my being with an all-knowing
expectancy. anticipating the best senses can give to excite
depths of enticing and serious loving.

Unfolding secrets of sensuous touches throughout my being,
giving it an undivided pleasure from within, as I am held
in a passionate embrace by the one I love.

Totally and absolutely feeling with an unconditional and
abiding love forever in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passionate Mind

Symmetry of life aligns completely with my soul,
taking me on voyages throughout imagination and
intellect.
Capturing the essence of every thought and idea,
placing it in the path of my passionate mind.
Always filling every idea full of patterns and
designs, to bring every one of them to fruition
in future endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passionate Nature Of Life

Lifting eyes to tops of mountains, sitting placatingly
across the street from me, watching their stately maj-
estic beauty, bringing serenity into my entire system.

Feeling solace overtaking my being with an explicit and
strengthening emotional fortitude, placing self in the
midst of the passionate nature of life.

Stillness filling me with a quiet contemplation, allowing
my spirit to grow and be nourished with tantalizing aromas
of heavenly gardens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passionate Purpose

Hour now getting late, yet I'm still going, washing clothes
at the Laundromat after having a totally full day of both
activity and errands.

Feeling tired interiorly, writing anyway, feeling an energy
coming into being, relieving the stress of the day, touching
me with a peaceful demeanor, quieting my soul with serenity.

Looking within, seeing interior contemplation beckoning my
mind, awaiting the beauty of inner anticipation and burning
desires of a passionate purpose through destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passive Desire

Serenely protesting a lividness of aching desire
hidden away in pastimes of unequality.

Waiting to rise above all adversity, while sitting
on a wire, quietly expiring with no one noticing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passive Poetry

Watching the world pass over - seasons come and go,
anticipating an eternal glory.
Unbothered by the materialistic world, preferring to
launch a lifetime in silent captivity.
Alone in a passive atmosphere, awaiting the thoughtful
poetry of each day's tide; complacently living a
solitary life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passive Shyness

Filing away characteristics of darkened beings, looking back on cloudy days, to what was happening long ago.
Taking time to focus on thinking in deep domains of subconscious latitudes.
Reverting to silence of childhood to sift through the piles amassed from a lifetime of passive shyness.
Interested in many moments of intellect, recalling their delicious interference with my brain, hoping to keep them close throughout all time.
Being attracted to what is being thought in and among details of every day routines.
Exacting a totality of love for intellectual ideas, after they've been fashioned faithfully by imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passive Slumber

Gentle movements of my mind, as it thinks in
pictures of imagination and intellect.

Solemn peace taking me for rides upon ocean
waves of my soul, gently rocking feelings
into a passive slumber.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passivity In An Empty World

Passivity in throes of life, throwing people off, not knowing what to think about the situation they're in.

Thinking, straightening out lines of ideas and placing them into thoughtful sentences to be pondered on quiet silent evenings, alone.

Snaps of memories being held carefully in mind, no way to picture them except on photographic screens, not blinded by raucous behaviors of another, trying to find their own way in this empty world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Passivity Of Life

Figuratively thinking in many designs of pictures, placing coded thoughts amidst each landscape in forms of rhythmic tempos, playing chords and enjoying sounds emanating from melodies within.

Enjoying the passivity of life during times of intense writing, always placating and arriving at conclusions of peaceful endeavors, so entirely at one, seeing nature in everything I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Battles

Soldiers of battles fought during
lifetimes are bittersweet and tender.
Vulnerable undertakings veritably
taken with unaccorded pride.
Standing away from battlefields,
afraid of the tears shed yesterday
and many more tomorrows.
Playgrounds lying upon the fields
of battle, blood soaked into the
earth long ago.
Flowers growing from someone's
lifeblood, spilled in the past.
Requiem fortunes forsaken on token
desires of a few.
Endings existing throughout eternity,
carefully guarded secrets as each
new war is fought.
Only to be remembered in later years.
Mere afterthoughts, a paragraph or two
inserted in history books for future
reference of why it one-sidedly
happened.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Beauty

Mosaics, picturesque, filled with landscapes of past beauty
taking me quickly into forests of childhood, walking through
the trees down pathways I'd create on my own.

Only following ramblings and sights I constantly saw ahead
and behind me, delving into the wonder and awe with all the
curiosity I possessed.

Having a grand time searching the corners and heights beyond
me along the way, justified and totally happy being the way
that I was feeling.

Free, liberated from all opinions and thoughts of other
people, dancing in ideas and thoughts of my mind all the
time.

Fantastic and beautiful in every respect as I went on my
way alone each day into forests of childhood, walking on
pathways I'd create on my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Becoming Present And Future

Wading in the river of my mind, being tantalized by
so many things surrounding and touching me interiorly,
watching intently as picturesque landscapes flow past.

Thoughts flowing as I wade in the river, bringing me
at times into the past, remembering days of old when
we used to tube the Salt River.

Wonderful times, hoping to return again to it's shores,
floating down the Salt River, the past being a part of
my present while also being part of tomorrow's future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Beyond Our Grasp

Complacently looking back upon yesterday, wondering where time has gone, it seems to have disappeared so suddenly, even though it has taken years.

Wishing for what was had back then, knowing with an intense sadness and sorrow that it can never be again, for what has past is now beyond our grasp.

Seeing it all now, only in yellowed memories or nighttime dreams, no longer tangible here in the present, giving us bittersweet thoughts of what used to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Coverlets

Wandering through an energy-filled haze, trying to catch up with something not yet visible.
Searching for answers, hearing no replies forthcoming as I dwindle slowly inside.
Covering up self with coverlets of past suicide, leaving earth to it's own demise
as I am lifted heavenward towards my future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Decades

Steadily moving, swirling about, dancing to rhythms of past decades, seniors smiling and floating on air, thrilled to be dancing with others to their hearts content.

A wonderful sight to see, so many having fun and staying in shape, even though in their eighties and nineties! !

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Definitions

Settling into a compliant mood and attitude,
letting me feel at ease.

Wondering all the time how to become myself
in new beginnings.

Associating so many sights and sounds with
meanings of words, selecting those that
sound more musical than the rest.

Forming compositions in sequence, reliving
the past in definitions of yesterday's
pastimes.

12112Looking forward to the next era of eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Devastation

Sadly feeling empty within, no where to go,
direction and it's sense have left me behind.
Lost and forlorn, hurting beyond this world,
hoping and longing for it's end, sitting and
waiting here yet.
Alone in a desolated place, a space inside
where I can relate to myself - hate myself -
as I wander through this devastation of the
past, as it rears it's ugly head, scaring
me closer to death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Dreams

Leaving everyone in dimly lit rooms, holding onto their dreams of long ago.
Never approaching their quality of life because they've never moved forward to encompass it's essence.
Forgetting that it is the responsibility inherent in each of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Echoes

Picture of lullabyes dance in my head,
caressing memories of childhood.
Lightly turning and focusing on good
times once had, enjoying the innocence
and happiness once lived.
Characterized in past echoes of wonder
and awe, tremblingly hesitant to recall,
afraid of past joy ending in tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Essences

Movement taking my mind away from it's sadness,
listening to another whisper from beyond.
Totally recalling past essences of a lifetime,
allowing for no bridges to cross borders,
leaving me stranded and without any grip on
today's moments.
Focusing on pictures coming into views, taking
me on a picturesque journey held in mind, taken
out to look at and put away again for another
moment in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Glory Days

Looking for those happy days of yesterday, wondering
what happened to all those good times we had when
younger and now are no longer visible.

Finding them in former memories, wanting to make them
come to life once more, basking in their glory days
with joy and achievements since then.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Histories

Realizing the truths of life as they stand out
boldly in the wake of trivial and inconsequential
issues that are just petty annoyances in reality.

Taking stock of our world, noticing the wrongs
and injustice being perpetrated on innocent people
and children.

Asking age-old questions, why is this still happening,
haven't we as human being learned anything from our
past histories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Ideas

Bubbles blowing through the atmosphere, soaring into
rhythms of another time.

Past ideas taking life into many ravines of landscapes
and out of the underground where they've been hidden.

Quiet and still, reaching the very intimate interior
of my life, tantalizing and enticing the essence of
tones spreading themselves in the pits of my being.

Always withstanding the total emotions holding me in
their grasp forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Images

Memories are lonesome and sorrowful, even when they are joyful and happy, because all circumstances are beyond reach, sitting in pathways of yesterday.

No longer developing or renewing, just stagnating until remembered with sorrowful joy, the wonder and caring of those past images.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Love

Pictures in my mind,
hanging on empty walls in living rooms of past relatives,
bringing tears into eyes of bluened sadness.
Imagining the love I used to feel when parents were still
here - alive and well.
Now, causing so many regrets of missing times together,
wishing I could go back in time again.
Facing the lonely shadows holding on to my being.
Having many dreams of yesterday, yet none of them can give
me back times I miss so much now in mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Loves

Remembering love in the past, it's intensity,
it's place in my life.
Never to stay too long,
walking away into the mistiness of tomorrow.
Leaving me alone and bereft, yet the feelings
were beautiful while they lasted.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Mistakes

Falling deeper into abysmal feelings of past regrets,
no longer sleeping, just lying, watchful eye seeing
only mistakes of the past.
Crying, no way to adjust or alter their memories in
my mind's eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Moments

Late night sorrows being played in musical
compositions, bringing tears to my heart,
and falling from my eyes this very moment.

Living in past moments right now, wanting
to capture their essence in poems of
carefree grief tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Of A Child's Future

Remembering the past of my future as a child, always thinking of other people, wondering curiously what they were doing when I could no longer see them. Never finding an answer when so young, yet when I grew up I found out just by what I found myself doing on any given day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Playtimes

Watching children in my mind, seeing their images traveling forward in time to the present.
Focusing on the fun and playtimes from yesterday, wishing I could go back and join them.
Images jumping, shouting, laughing, running - looking at them now, I see myself at play when I was younger and had no worries, because my parents did all the worrying for me back then.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Presences

Singing to my heart and mind, touching my being, allowing all of my senses to come into the foreground without any friction or doubt.
So taken with past presences, following lines of ecstasy, as they circumvent all ties with reality.
Forcing me into the limelight as senses come alive and take journeys with my mind.
Such elastic limits, opening up other dimensions - the eighth dimension of another side of life.
Existing only for the time of writing, sololy walking away, yet never leaving rhythm altogether on sidewalks to eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Presents

Racing around a wide expanse of ground - children going to and fro
on bikes, playing in the sand, climbing on the monkey bars.
Grandfathers pushing their loved ones on swings, listening to their
glee - their laughter - and remembering doing the same thing for
their loved one's mother.
Time has a way of passing, yet every once in a while a moment in
time has a way of bringing the past to come before you now.
Those short moments of remembrance are what keep the elderly going
when things get too rough on them in the present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Record

Music from childhood being played and sung,
reminded me of the same record I had back then.
Playing it repeatedly, every single day, with
Dad being tired of hearing it.
We had to keep listening to it's tones because
of it's staccato beat throughout.
A wonderful epic of childhood joy found in a
record filled with the music of the past.
Bringing yesterday into realms of now just by
hearing it's self-same words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Reflections Shining

Never looking back, seeing reflections of the past shining
in memories brightly and vividly.

Touching and taking us into their feelings, tears of joy
and sorrow both mingling.

Expressing how we once felt, now remembering it all once
again, totally in the beauty of another time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Shores

Waves flowing and ebbing over me, at times thrashing with emotions,
knocking me onto glass-like sands upon shores of my past.
Shards of sadness rip and tear me as I wallow alone in a life only I
can justify through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Silhouettes

Silhouettes of the past flow before my sight giving me food for thought as I remember what used to be when young.
A photographic memory, everything is relived over and over again throughout life without ending.
Seeing, feeling intensely, all of it forever, is a gift and at times a curse worse than death.
Living for peace, going within and finding peace through deepest contemplation hidden inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Snowstorms

All of eternity is held in hands of God as He watches
our love for Him being expressed through our gifts
and talents.

Every day, on fields of glass, cutting our ways inside
of amazing blizzards of glistening tears on December
days, lying in past snowstorms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Truths

Picturesque scenery sketched in books of my mind,
remembered through all time in bluened lights
sent from heaven's abode.
Keeping time with self, delivering definitions of
life in coded notes, taken and held with truths of the past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Videos

Soothing and filing away everything ever seen in this
mere poet's life, all of it going onto photographic
screens held interiorly.

Watching it's videos daily, using them to express
images and picturesque landscapes that have meaning
and interest to me always in a poem.

Playing once again in videos of the past, loving and
cherishing them totally, never tiring of seeing them
over and over through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Vision

A rhythmic melody filling totally, bringing a
happiness - a colorful elation - spreading it-
self over me in a fashionable style.

A placid lake set before me, sitting in a row-
boat, line in the water, catching fish one after
another.

A blissful vision of contemplation, hearing the
splash of fish as they jump up and out of the
water, hitting it's surface with a little thwack.

Such an old-fashioned and serene vision, taking
my mind into the past where life has already been
lived to it's fullest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Visions

Intelligent beings speaking and singing Italian, a treasure held close to my heart, playing it's strings of remembrance so tenderly, missing parents who've gone to heaven not so long ago.
Journeying down paths of bereavement, looking at past visions of beauty and closeness with family ties, holding us together through the years.
Memories happy and filled with bittersweet joy, titilate inner feelings as smiles fill faces, even though tears are streaming down cheeks of an Italian family member.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Past Writing

Recalling times of past writing, remembering exactly what
I was doing, sitting, the music that I was listening to.

Seeing pictures of the poems flash before me interiorly
on photographic screens.

Being amazed at the memories as they fill my mind with
pleasant thoughts to write of now in this particular moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pastimes Of Another Area

Playing safely in dangerous places within my mind,
living precariously, feeling the edge of life and
being comfortable with it.

Scaling outermost portions of heights and depths
of imagination, finding an adrenaline rush flowing
within.

Soaring on feelings, enjoying the precipitous totality
of it in my mind whenever wanting to.

A playful style of emerging, quietly entering into pas-
times of another area of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pastimes Of Leisure

Slowly stepping out into the open, senses awakened,
attuned to everything being brought into our beings
and widening our horizons.

Broadening our views and at times, altering or re-
arranging them on life issues, always ready to take
on new tasks.

Through adventures and learning, new possibilities
come about in life, a relaxing way to entertain one-
self in the scheme of things.

In the long run they are wonderful pastimes of leisure
that continue to please us through the years, passing
through many hardships and sacrifices that we may have
to deal with along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pastimes Of Poetry

Figuratively enjoying conversations with a friend, touching upon the different facets involved in our lives.

All of the sorrow and undeserved turmoil that has landed us in the positions we have found ourselves in.

Energy wasted, ebbing and waning, depending on what is happening to us at any given moment in time.

Burying ourselves in pastimes of poetry just to keep ourselves going to the end of life, our spirits ebbing and flowing rhythmically throughout our days and nights.

Floundering and succumbing to every rising tide, carrying us out to sea and sending us adrift in a sea of grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pastimes Of Tomorrow

Pointing arrows,
showing the way to pastimes of tomorrow's goals.
Looking forward to energizing an essence of goodness,
enveloping it in interior hymns of beauty.
Loving it adoringly, hoping it will never end, lasting
indefinitely with an image etched within my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pasting Safety

Continuing on this marathon of music and
writing into it's meanings as I come upon
them in details of fervent nature.

Pasting their pictures in screens
photographically, keeping them safely where
none can do them harm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pasture Of Enticement

Sincerely and happily enjoying a pleasant day here at
Buddy Stubbs, the bar-b-que is great, music even finer
today than usual.

Being in synch with inspiration of a band that plays
in tune and on beat within every single song being
played.

Thorough and complete sentences of coded rhythms are
coming to touch this mind, filling intellect with a
purposeful ingenuity and vibrancy.

Always taking me through an illuminating pasture of
enticement being contained within, instruments of this
wonderful band performing here at Buddy Stubbs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pasture Of Thoughts

Wandering through an incessant pasture of thoughts spread
across the country and filled with flowers growing wild
and free like I wish all people would be here on earth.

Knowing that not everyone is across this wide world of ours,
pulling the wool off of people's eyes in hopes that they'll
see reality bright, clear and filled with hopes of better
days to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pastured Words

Never blinking away
from an inner passion,
leading me to pastures
filled with words that
fit perfectly in every poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pastures Of Being

Listening to inner measures of time, portraying the years I have lived.
Following my heart, choosing my own paths to bring me home to pastures of my being.
Selectively touching heart-strings, pacifying inner turmoil left from yesterday's years of abuse.
Whistling down darkened aisles, hoping to keep away frightening images, trying to attack me again.
Pushing away memories, allowing me to shake off and revive in a sandstorm of strife.
Painfully aware of pivoting into pools of suicide.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pastures Of Green Meaning

Occurrences happening around every corner of my life,
watching them all, writing of their existence in many
poems of contemporary literature.
Moving forward into pastures of soft green meanings,
lying in their midst, enjoying every feeling soothing
my body and soul.
Eventually definitions roll and rotate over and through
me, giving plenty of solace in writing of them all.

(12: 56 p.m. - 1/17/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pastures Of Passion

Musically sending, me into a whirlwind of rhythm,
breathless and full of energy.

Plenty of rhythm sliding down many pathways of life,
allowing experience of all tragedies and sorrow one
life can contain, also, giving intense joy and
happiness at times.

Calculating the essence of being, walking into pastures
of an only passion to be lived on quiet solitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pastures Of Rhythm

Frolicking in pastures of rhythm, allowing them to take us
into lands of imagination where poetry is thought of and
then written.

Lively, anticipating joy that continues to fill every
particle of being with an energy that cannot be contained
for it fulfills every purpose destiny has in store for us.

Collecting and gathering information from the world around
us, placing it upon photographic screens to be looked at
and written into poetry both day and night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pastures Of Words

Creating pastures of words, nurturing and growing them
along with intellect, combining and settling them into
every day definitions and meanings of unlimited reasons.

Treating and predisposing every idea as I blend and care
for each of them, lifting spirits beyond the beauty of
a morning sunrise at dawn.

Picture perfect and containing the essence of talent
with it's colors of illumination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patches Of Corduroy

Twilight fills this mind with stars of universal
platitudes, decorating themselves and hiding on
shelves.
Portrayals, never-ending, inside of picture
frames of elegant timelessness, ending with
vacant stares and bereft hearts.
Taking along bits and pieces of forgotten talent,
balancing on edges of mountainous abysses, lying
upon far-fetched ideas of togetherness.
Living only on patches of corduroy, scratching
quietly, letting quiet rectitude find it's way
in foreign lands of tomorrow - yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patches Of Enlightenment

Flowing along darkened pathways of sorrow, entering patches
of enlightenment on the way, touching an interior innate
knowledge and wisdom.

Expanding it immeasurably through melodies and harmonies
filled with rhythms that carry sounds into atmospheres
and dimensions, loving how freely it happens interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patches Of Life

Feeling alright, taking paths into rainbows of color,
prisms enfolding me intact.

Securing many different patches of my life through
the years.

When feeling tired, going into a trance, then waking
up to a nightmare in the middle of the day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patches Of Love

Lifetimes of earthly desires fall aside in journeys
of yesterday's patches of love.

Nothing ever becomes open to a heart wanting to find
love in streams of fate.

Turning around, searching the ends of tunnels, finding
no lightened knowledge, never returning to a place of
beginning love.

It has been shattered in two many pieces, scattered
throughout the temples of lasting futures, fading into
distant sunsets.

Disappearing with long faces, never
finding a true solace in lover's prayers, just being
set aside for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Path Of Intellect

Heart beating away in time to rhythms playing in
my mind, finding the path of intellect that will
bring me into the center of the Divine.

Without any hesitation at all, tempo rising, and
falling, keeping time with interior rhythms of
intellect.

Sorting out every situation and circumstance in
life, giving every possibility a chance to recoup
it's stance in the scheme of things on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Path Of No Resistance

Standing alone, waiting for someone to come and let me in,
fear filling interiorly with unshed tears.

Never knowing which way to go or who to trust, following
a path of no resistance, no love.

Ever hoping for lost inventions of the mind to help sooth
it's troubled thoughts.

Standing alone, time after time, soon forgetting the way
to go home.

At long last finding what you've always known, that you
are yet alone no matter who you're with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Path Of Reminiscence

Sitting here at Encanto Park, remembering when I was
just eleven - the first time I ever came here with
my Mom and Dad.
Favorite ride was the airplane that went around and
up and down.
Still remember the feeling it gave me back then.
Seeing the roller coaster, same one - going around
in a little circle.
I was afraid way back when because I'd never been on
one before.
After the third time around, I finally settled down -
then didn't want to get off.
So many memories falling gently upon my mind.
Feeling the feelings and senses still within my
photographic mind of being with my parents and sisters.
A wonderful path of reminiscence on a day of beautiful
memories being made with my seven year old
Granddaughter and her Dad.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Path Of Vision

Life waves itself gently in the path of vision,
sometimes it is a past vision, other times future.

There are many thoughts, ideas, concepts, woven
together into patterns forming the minutes, hours,
days of each vision of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Path To A Final Picture

Regulated beats touching intellect, giving an exquisite
rhythm to my mind.

Steady and brilliant, taking me on an excursion into
deepest equations of another land's musical measures.

Touching and letting my mind wander into all sorts of
other dimensions while listening to it.

Watching emotions rise and fall within as rhythm plays
them fully while writing.

Faster and staccatoly rising, giving wonderful feelings
of intrigue and mystery.

Soothing ego and arousing curiosity about the music of
India which is now giving me much pleasure as I listen.

Tapping away, sliding along, creating a crazy amount of
ideas and thoughts alike in my mind.

Wandering back and forth across the walkways of intellect,
giving many pieces of puzzles the path to a final picture.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paths Of A Mind

Indelibly imprinted on the paths of a mind,
a future takes shape and begins to unwind.

As a tree sending out it's branches to
reach the sky and touch each passer-by,
a mind leaves itself a little bit with
everyone it meets.

An impression filling up part of an empty
mind, as all of life's thoughts are stored
and kept this way.

We all become a part of each other's minds,
and lay our lives upon an imaginary line,
crossing over it constantly to take each
other in.

That is how we all become friends in need,
we rely on each other's greed to love and
be close throughout our lives.

Always, giving up something to remain in
another person's life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paths Of A Near - By Future

Jouncing along with a slower beat and rhythm,
strolling leisurely, having a good time just
keeping in step within each measure as it
enters my mind in turn.

Alluring, enticing me to take paths into a
near-by future, traveling along edges of another
dimension while enjoying this one for a while yet.

Picturing thoughts as they come to mind without
any effort, lifting spirits and adjusting inner
attitudes as I stroll along, minding my own
business.

Writing to the music that a band is now playing,
enjoying and taking it all in with a memory that
is fully alert and aware.

Clarifying everything that is seen, keeping every
detail in sequences of coded messages with the
many rhythms being listened to, then relating them
to experiences I've had and writing them into poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paths Of Abandonment

Alone and forsaken, walking down petal-strewn path-
ways, letting tears fall and be strewn atop each one.

Singly tapping into the atmosphere, handling moods
of loneliness being intensified by rhythms and tones
of sadness, all leading onto paths of abandonment.

Alone and forsaken, walking down petal-strewn pathways,
letting tears fall and be strewn atop each one.

All reminders of past good times in life long ago, now
in senior years, looking back, remembering and pining
for those glorious days of old.

Knowing in hearts that they are lost forever, except in
each of our minds, lonely, awaiting times of remembrance
when thinking of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paths Of Abuse

Pathways to freedom are fraught with male individuals
trying to block the way.
Standing about, yelling, cursing, making cutting remarks,
tearing apart the very fabric of a woman's being.
Casting her aside with little or no care or concern.
Never realizing that the woman is being ripped to shreds
by his violent actions and words.
Or maybe he does.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paths Of Childhood

Pursuing the idleness of memories, tip toeing through hallways
afraid of waking them, afraid of the remorse which will pour
forth consciously.

Lightly skipping down paths of childhood, never straying to
pick flowers or investigate the other side of fences.

Walking straight, facing the horizon, never allowing reality
to take a bite of imagination.

Quietly playing in outskirts of unconscious reasoning,
living in isolation to grasp the fragile hold of life with
a baby's hands.

Tucked under the edges of love and understanding, never
reaching for it out of fear of being hit and abused
sexually.

Retired, sitting out life in a distant corner - another
dimension of reality.

Holding tightly to fantasies of inner turmoil, afraid to
speak out or belong to anybody.

There are no substitutes for love, therefore eternal sadness
lies filling the emptiness created by lust.

Wishing life had been different, cannot ease the loneliness,
going on with life cannot release it from the fiber of a
being.

All is lost, suffering held in shells, focused out of self,
allowing internal waves to crash noiselessly inside.

Never erasing or obliterating the chaos brought about through
sexual abuse and memories of fathered lustful desires.

All of innocent life died upon the shores of birth, never
recovering any worth or love, drowned beneath the sperm of

fatherly, masculine hatred.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paths Of Destiny

Second guessing chance, hoping to beat it's odds and
come out on top.
Nowhere roads leading to starting points in circular directions, never ending in conclusions, never finding
any solutions to alter fate's paths of destiny.
Recognizing pictures of yesterday in succession, videos
of a sort, reminding us of temporary life following
it's progression.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paths Of Existence

Shaking off the darkness of yesterday's loss,
attempting to find something to bring me back
into a semblance of life.

Careening down paths of existence, looking for
the energy that will give some vibrancy to my
being once again.

Selecting attributes that I wish to hold onto,
proceeding down highways of the future, head
held high.

Confidence soaring with an innate talent, written
into poetry that will never dwindle nor die, only
be read often through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paths Of Goodness

Appearances are deceiving at times, because lies and illusions
cover the truth with their fogginess to hide themselves from
honest people.

Walking paths of goodness we hold onto our faith religiously,
keeping hope alive within us at all times, cherishing our beings
with the significance of mankind.

We live in the personification of poetical people writing about
spirituality and possibilities, taking turns alleviating the pain
of those who are more unfortunate than we ourselves are.

Getting it straight as we live by the Ten Commandments throughout
our earthly lives while living them, believing in God's promises
knowing that they will come to fruition in the end of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paths Of Insincerity

Following self down paths of insincerity, hoping to find an anchor of love along the way.
As far as I've gone, there seems to be no answering reply - no one in life to help hold on to me - letting go myself, because it isn't worth being found by another. Even a friend will abuse and hurt you deeply, leaving you forever dead within. Nothing standing in the way any longer, a hold of life is no longer possible as I let go and float away into the wild blue yonder of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paths Of Linguistic Adventures

Galloping into the desert, dust flying behind, leaving
a cloud in the atmosphere that dissipates slowly in an
arid and invisible breeze.

Combining twists and turns into mirages, popping up and
down before me as I travel further into denizens of the
desert, finding it's heated isolation tolerant.

Taking me into magical and mysterious paths of linguistic
adventures, visiting an oasis of mathematical equations,
adding to depths of solutions in the interim.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paths Of Nature

Riding along horizons during sunsets of tomorrow's avenues,
watching desert growth fulfill it's destinations in denizens
of animal homes.

Completing entire paths of nature, following mountain trails
into an eternity of prose.

Galloping down canyons, withdrawing from ledges as I recall
yesterday's beautiful landscapes kept secretly within for
an entire lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paths Of Our Lives

Chances we have to take in life are many, deciding on our futures happens in every moment, each in succession taking us down paths of our lives.

We have no cover to protect us from heartaches, suffering or tribulations along the way, no one is running by our side as we slip and fall.

Rising and going on in spite of it all, not really knowing why anything matters, we keep on making sacrifices as we live our lives the best we can until the last tomorrow leaves us on our final sunsetical shore, alone once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paths Of Twilight

Liveliness traces itself down pathways of twilight,
beckoning to all with frivolity and enhancing life
with sounds and tones of Christmas.
People gather with family and carry on traditions
they were born into.
Closeness, happiness, family roots, hold us stead-
fast in our walks through life.

(10: 46 a.m. - 12/19/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paths Of Uncommon Rarity

Rolling across the heavens,
taking life down paths of uncommon rarity,
helping to see extraordinary visions in
three dimensional figures,
totally accumulating images and putting
them altogether in solitary spaces,
reserved for thoughts taking place in my mind.

Witnessing many efforts at timelessness,
making sure that I am comfortable with
whatever comes into view.
Lapsing, folding self away,
further and further into abysses where no one
can ever find me again.

Lost in a land of never-ending malice,
hiding and ducking beneath awnings of safety.
Hoping I'll be safe from armor-piercing tongues
of a once before friend.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paths Through Darkness

Under white street lights, walking into their brilliance,
showing paths through this night's darkness.

Penetrating thoughts fill my mind, thinking, wondering,
being curious about many things in life that have inter-
ested me throughout the years.

Watching for signs of peace in every corner of this
world, hoping to gain acceptance from all cultures,
religions, races to band together in a poetical bond.

Helping to annihilate the evil being perpetrated in our
world today, it's all wrong and has no place at all
wherever human beings live, because we were all created
equal by God, our creator.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paths We Used To Share

Resistance to life's pathways, now that I live alone
in a cocoon, isolating and finding nothing to live
for without you now gone.

Walking paths that we used to share, holding hands,
talking quietly, expressing our thoughts, opinions
and love for one another.

Stepping into each moment and cherishing every
second we spent together, knowing there was nothing
we couldn't accomplish when we wanted to.

Now suddenly it's just me without you by my side,
bursting into a flood of tears, drowning my mind
with memories of us.

There's no more laughter, no joy, no desires being
met or rising anymore, where are the possibilities
we had discovered together? Where have they gone now?

Eyes still glistening with tear drops, looking down
into the depths of my being, finding nothing but
emptiness, having nothing to say.

No one to listen, even if speaking, a total eclipse
of this life, now haunting me with your disappearance
every moment I'm alive.

Who would've ever thought that this would come about
all those years ago when younger and in love, our
world opened before us to conquer the earth.

Now there's not a thing I wish to do, nothing more to
interest my being, an aloneness of spirit is the only
invigorating aspect left in this life of mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pathway Of Love

Taking a pathway of love into your arms, wanting to be with you forever, my dear.

Loving and never leaving our hearts alone, having them always becoming one, especially when loving all through the night.

Never forgetting the beauty of heaven that we attain when together, consummating the gift and sacrament of love God has given to us on earth.

Lifting eyes, watching my reflection in yours, seeing the love we have together, melding us throughout our lives on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pathway Of The Future

Twisting and turning, looking back and forth at all
possibilities on the way to our deaths.

Listening and covering our tracks through difficult
times of unbelieveability.

Choosing paths, steep, underneath possibilities
of achieving them, so utterly finding experiences,
intolerable and restraining to our inner stubbornness.

Powerfully pushing aside all doubts and fears, going
forward, trying in the face of all these odds and at
last coming out on top in spite of them.

Standing in the way of ultimate defeat, now proud
and steady in the pathway of all future prospects
of winning.

Everything that we seek in our lives, nothing ever to
surpass the major achievements that we have made.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pathway Through Starlight

Energizing my mind from small things traveling around,
touching and never restraining me.

Capturing and touching an interior contemplation that
is placid and soothing.

A particular rhythm and sound taking me forward onto
plains of the desert of my soul.

Staying calm, finding a pathway through the starlight,
watching the moon above glistening his smile upon us.

Walking hand in hand, nothing holding us back, moving
into the future where we can continue to make love and
be together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pathway To Illumination

Straightaways keeping me on the pathway to illumination, bringing me closer to conclusions in wisdom's domes of intelligent decisions.
Strengthening my resolve and helping me take life in strides, fitting of my being as I relent and continue to move forward with all that I must eventually do while still alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pathway To Nirvana

Singeing walls of interior canyons with sparks of enlightenment and prayer.

Signaling souls to migrate and begin again on newly created pathways to nirvana and a peaceful existence, at one with the universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pathways

Pathways to careers, but to whose pathways - American citizens or illegals?

Whatever money that's being collected will undoubtedly never see the light of day for rightful citizens.

Whose families will enjoy the benefits of this new training and good paying jobs?

Most likely, only illegals will reap the rewards, because of the many so-called do-gooders who are in reality, ruining our nation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pathways Followed

Following pathways into and out of landscapes through
imagination, being captivated by an intense creative-
ness that happens in just a moment.

Giving rise to poetry in rhythms and movement of it's
steady flow through intellect, a joyous feeling always
filling this entire mind and being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pathways Of Creativeness

Train coming down the tracks, pulling me along, racing
down the mountain, taking me I don't know where or when,
loving realizations as they flow by me.

Going into pathways of a creative process, allowing me
to write while composing music, painting portraits in
and through imagination, hanging them on walls of my mind.

Picturesque and tauntingly beautiful, soothing feelings
and all emotions, favorite rhythms taking me exploring
while writing, never looking any further than intellect,
coasting downhill with a fervent and vibrant melody.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pathways Of Creativity

Traveling down the road, looking to see sights never seen
before, always ready for a new adventure, wanting to learn
and explore everything.

Letting life take the lead, down pathways of creativity
where an inner essence can be illuminated and enlightened
by the many experiences found along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pathways Of Emptiness

Submerged in black ink, totally down, saddened beyond compare.
Knowing there's no way to escape this downward spiral into a
hell of unknown furor, I turn away from life's existence,
burying self beneath earth's rhyming death of birth.
Alone, intrepid, suffering for unknown reasons as I wander
aimlessly down tangled pathways of darkened emptiness.

(12/01/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pathways Of Fame

Sensing inner whisperings, trying to contact and nurture in
novel facets of tomorrow.

Some days telling me to listen and figure out a way that
leads to intense pathways of celebrity and fame.

Without any preamble, gathering every idea and expanding it
into experiences of this personality, taking steps needed
along the way.

People we have always known, have been here in the background,
never moving into our outer spheres of belonging.

Sincere duties, filling beings with an energizing fortitude,
equaling the spirit of life above in heaven's realms.

Far from me, yet sitting tightly within forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pathways Of Intellect

Mind clearing, thoughts being clarified rapidly and succinctly, nothing leaving a mark in pathways of intellect.

Waiting for openings to jump in and take over a vast universe of inner intellect with coded rhythms of insolence.

Jumping, tossing, creeping up on the silence as it rests quietly in corners of my mind, just watching and listening.

Hoping soon to find the best of both worlds - those of reality and imagination.

Seeing them opening up and blending once again, unfolding colors and hues that are matching feelings and emotions flowing within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pathways Of Longevity

Capturing effervescent and palpable figures of speech to figuratively and literally flow into many poems.

Walking along pathways of longevity as I carry the weight of the world upon my shoulders.

Leaving borders of this horizon, charging my being as I walk along seashores of interior horizons, peaceful and contented beyond reason.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pathways Of Misunderstandings

12: 49 a.m.
Believing in something that keeps me going through all turmoil and suffering in life.

Rising and falling, trying to interpret life into rhymes that make sense to emotions and feelings always tugging at me from within.

Life can never be understood I'm afraid, it is totally simple, yet complicated, having no answers, only more questions that cannot be answered either.

Wandering along pathways of misunderstandings throughout this life, being hurt and abused, not knowing any more which way to turn.

Moving forward, yet wanting to go backwards to get away from the pain, going back in time when love was an unconditional one and always there for me.

Nothing seeming to take it away, until yesterday became tomorrow, leaving everything behind in tattered and joyless memories held onto with sadness and bittersweet joy.12: 50 a.m. 5/26/15 RoseAnn V. Shawiak

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pathways Of Mountainous Creativity

Mountains rising to the heavens, majestic, beautiful and rugged, representing those of us who strive to better ourselves in this life.

Inner strength, courage, a non-ending movement forward no matter what difficulties stand in the way.

Like mountains pushing up from within the earth, finding their way, now standing on pathways of their own creativity and perseverance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pathways Of Past Youth

Patterns falling and lifting into special etudes,
being recognized from daily stances in life.
Becoming the essence of intense passions as they
ooze from petals fallen from many bouquets of
flowers.
Rising to denizens of past rhythms, no longer
able to be a part of any of them.
Lasting memories being torn asunder as life
continues to become itself in bluened pathways of
past youth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pathways Of Thought

Intense rhythms are carrying me further into a tunnel
of music where poetry reverberates and continues to
move forward in this mind.

A never-ending pattern and design that travels into
infinity, never failing to progress and give thoughts
avenues to live on pathways of thought processes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pathways Of Winter Snows

Livening this spirit, awakening freedom only being created interiorly, running, taking pathways into winter snows and hailing snowflakes to come into mind.

Storms filling with anticipation as life goes on into depths of intellect, creatively searching into the future, taking everything as intellect pictures every thought into albums of imagination.

No where else can processes of creative ideas find a place, except here within every atom and particle of energy, sating this mind with a beauty of tomorrow, singularly finding the only ideas that will fit into puzzles of intellect.

Stressing rhythms being composed, as going along, writing every note explicitly to articles of what needs to be expressed and tabulated in formulas of another time.

Ageless centuries fall into line behind the music being listened to, sandy shores taking steps slowly into the ocean where this being will be left stranded on a silent island oasis.

Loneliness never bothering this spirit as long as writing and composing what it is, that needs to be explained in the poetry of this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pathways To Dreams

Longest days of the year accumulate and adjust
as we saunter down pathways linked to dreams
and set in sunsets.
Deepening in death's embrace, we move forward
into denizens beyond us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pathways Towards Goodness

Focusing interiorly, seeing our world from the inside out, wondering how to appease God when all this evil is prevalent.

Knowing that mercy is given freely, forgiveness available for those who ask for it, humbly.

So enticing and alive, following pathways towards the goodness in the world, there is no other purpose than to help those whom God as given to us in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patience Being Taken Down The Road

Indefinitely stranded in depths of this mortal life,
living in the coldness of a hard and dark time where
we wonder if we'll ever live our lives fully again.

Striving to do our time here on earth, always looking
for signs that we will maybe receive a miracle, but
the longer we wait for one, the more we see they're
called miracles.

Because they are few and far between, always taking
our patience further down the road, leaving us to
wonder why our prayers to God have not been answered
as yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patiently Waiting

Taking life as it comes, waiting patiently for whatever it brings.
Throwing caution to the wind, allowing my free will to roam wherever it will.
Taking flight into a reclusive interior where I can sit and enjoy God's holy presence within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patient's View

Somewhere in this place of silk and golden lace, stands a white knight with a pale, but composed face.
A cap upon her head added to her stateliness - the shoes upon her feet, whispered to him.
One cheery smile and his frown turned upside down - one look and he went wild.
So often does she walk, stop and help to end a dreary or a teary countenance.
Taken for granted and giving with joy - this helpful, this wonderful, this proud and coy lady - the Nurse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patriotic Liveliness

Listening intently to the context of every day constitutions,
set in sections of liveliness, giving their all to be patriotic.

Sensing hearts of everyone are true to the red, white and blue.
Never running from any hardship, just digging into the job at hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patriotic Tears

Flags furling and unfurling, in a morning breeze,
catching rays of sun and throwing them into a sky
of blue.

Watching, sensing patriotic pride beginning to
swell inside, along with sorrow's tears.

Remembering Grandma and how proud she was of being
an American, her broken English still ringing in my
ears so many years after her unthought of demise.

Filled with pride, bringing sorrow, having lost my
wonderful Grandmother in tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patronizing Sorrow

Sorrow lining my mind, giving in to tears hidden away.

Unfounded thoughts, crawling on all fours, searching
for the spectacular romance that only occurs in fairy
tales, once upon a lifetime.

Reaching for the empty glasses of hope and belonging,
bereft of friendship and left alone on avenues of
insincere dialects.

Patronizing only the sorrow, wafting it's way to me.

(9: 47 p.m. - 11/29/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patsy Cline

Sensing someone beyond sight as a song is being sung from when she was still living on earth, herself.
Quiet intensity holding my mind as I remember the exacting perfect pitch she used to sing in.
A woman remaining in memory for being crazy loving you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pattern Combinations

Talking away, finding words to express feelings,
filling in blanks with newly made thoughts.

Justifying every nuance with aplomb and stances
of difficulty.

Striding forever into mazes brought about by
thinking and using combinations of many patterns.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pattern Of Non - Existence

Thoughts trickling downstream lazily, never thinking of
anything but where they're headed, alone and unaccustom-
ed to having company along the way.

Not knowing how to break the pattern of self-pity and
depression, so continuing to live in depths of despair,
not ever trying to break from self-defeating behavior.

A travesty in itself, being perpetrated by an interior
ignorance, not trying to break this vicious habit that
continues in a pattern of non-existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pattern Of Poetical Formation

Settled into a pattern of poetical formation, loving to write
about everything in the world, spreading good cheer and friend-
ship to all nationalities.

Enjoying the differences found when talking, fascinating to
find cultures, religions and ways of life, taking steps always
to learn about them.

Being informed and creating a way through poetry to bring the
world together in peace, all of us uniting as one in this en-
deavor, poets of peace and tranquility forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pattern Tracing

Stranded on an island of the past, wondering how I arrived here.
Picturing scenes of imaginative bequilement to show others how to follow.
Nothing comes to mind, but rhythms continue to rock and sway within my imagination.
Telling my mind what abstractions to grab, what one's to leave behind.
Tracing patterns throughout life's circumference, exacting measurements of learning from listening and watching the atmosphere cater to music's talent in uncomparable gentleness and verve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterned Designs Of Creativity

Developing designs as I look at things throughout life.
Seeing the backwards strokes in numbers in reverse,
sending thoughts about coding them in reversible images
and turned inside out.
A different approach and image every time I twist them
around in my mind.
All of it making perfect sense to intellect as it seems
to recognize itself in each vision sent to me from
patterned designs of creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterns

Stars forming patterns in the blackened sky, shining
brightly so all can see their artwork hanging overhead.
Looking up as Michaelanglo must have done in the Sistine Chapel, wondering if he was good enough, even though the
proof that he was, stood right above him.
Laughter fills nighttime air and stars are scattered everywhere.
Their patterns always standing out on easels of black -
sky-high - showing us all levels of what we can become,
if we but try.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterns And Designs Of Sadness

Rhythmically thinking, patterns and designs of sadness
forming themselves thoroughly, giving room and space
for tears that are continually falling, filling my mind.

Life having fallen into a deep void where nothing can touch
or bring me to my feet for now, having to experience every
feeling and emotion, letting them consume me totally.

Then I will have the experiences imprinted and etched upon
photographic screens within, implanting all memories for-
ever in my mind.

In the future I will relive them again and again through
poetry written throughout my life, then everyone will be
able to see how much they have meant to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterns Crisscrossing

Crisscrossing patterns flowing through my mind.
Interweaving memories which were scattered inside.
Closer together - traveling in the same space of time
for a short while.
Latching onto each other like pieces of an old broken puzzle.
Coming close - edges ragged and torn - trying to fit together
complete pictures.
Bringing the past to mind - giving itself room to form a complete
puzzle - making everything one piece - totally - almost done.
Filling in blank spaces, slowly, emerging from a fitfull nightmare
of the past - finally waking up to live life as myself.
Nothing haunting me, I laugh at pain - the sorrow that once had
made me lost - made me sorrowful.
On the threshold of a new life - my own - possibilities are open -
nothing can fence me in.
My mind has been opened by myself at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterns Designed By Stubborness

Gliding slickly into patterns designed by the
stubbornness held closely within my soul.
Never departing from the interior bliss that
comes along once in a while.
A deafening sound, piercing my heart with it's
lonesome voice, leaving me hanging loosely in
winds of destiny.
Never losing the hold it has on me throughout
life, kicking all contrary insipidness to the
side.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterns Elicited

Triangular squares taking shape, forming in my mind.
Eliciting patterns of novel thought, sliding across
memory's unconscious paths of rightful thinking.
Contrary to pillars of strength, all eyes fall instead,
upon the weakest, least of all, manner of being.
Waving red and silent beacons to passers-by, steering
them away, never letting anything close enough to matter.
Piloting music down strains of unfamiliar tunes, catching
etudes at triangular moments in time, while maintaining
the single square rootedness of sublime concentration from
within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterns Of Angles

Noticing shadows of angles lying upon walls surrounded by sunlight, showing off darkened contours, watching as the sun moves higher, changing patterns of the angles.

Softening them at the corners somewhat, triangular lines of shadows poking my mind with their points, oblivious to gravity for it's pull has no effect whatsoever on them.

Shadows roaming our world, doing and going wherever they want without worrying how they'll get there, climbing walls, crawling across the ground, sneaking around corners.

Always taunting me with their blank and expressionless faces, yet they seem to be a calming presence in my life as I write about them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterns Of Destiny

Life comes and goes, taking us for a ride of happiness, difficulties and sorrow.
All the times we knew are gathered collectively in the palms of our minds.
Carefully, gently held, becoming a part of our earthly beings while we are present in our daily lives.
Lighting pathways, taking care of our directions, becoming meanings in patterns of life's destiny.
We are all an integral part of the bigger puzzle as we progress towards our deaths.
Handling life with care, we may perpetuate the purpose of our earthly journeys with an explicit beauty only we can fathom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterns Of Forgiveness

Seasons come and go, leaving memories of hereditary
reminders on waysides of living.
Gathering decisions like wild flowers in bouquets of
reminiscence.
Talking of vibrant issues within niches of coagulated
being, recognizing interesting factions through
patterns of forgiveness.
Messages being sent to heaven in wisps of candle flames,
rising higher with every prayer.
Soliciting an attentive initiative towards endings of
life.

(9: 29 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterns Of Gentleness

Thrusting energy from a mind of recoiling shyness
allows a becoming verve to become a particular
particle of life and it's rhythmic timeliness.
Strings of instruments join together in melodies
of future horizons, seen only through etudes
musically tied together in patterns of gentleness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterns Of Interior Moments

Being swept away on clouds scurrying across patterns
of interior thought, destiny falling and awaiting it's
frivolous moment, setting free creativeness of
imagination to reap benefits of the soul hidden quietly
within.

Resting in peaceful notions and gentle reminders of
friends known quite some time ago, whiling away the hours
until dawn, securing alone, the knowledge kept inside.

Always kept from prying eyes bent on destroying what
is good in another, watching with care, the beauty of
intellectual premises, conquering those of evil intuition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterns Of Knowing

Patterns of knowing, falling into cauldrons of settling
moments, bringing about callings of nature in it's most
wondrous moments.

Embracing tears in cobwebs of maturity, tantalizing
embryos of novels to open and begin existing in welcome
dialects of literature.

To be read in future edicts of reality, sitting upon
it's steps on a stairway to imagination's subconscious-
ness every moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterns Of Life

Patterns of life walk around attaching themselves
to corners dim with age.
Visions are reverberating into countless moments,
bearing resemblance to past encounters.
Walking and watching patterns in life constantly
changing, recreating daily chores, turning them
into an array of beautiful tunes to enjoy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterns Of Others

Blinking back tears, staring into space, watching images walk in and out of remembering memories, trying to remind us of the past where everything was had, that a child could ever want.

Now feeling like a stranger in my own life, having died and lost myself already, trying to find my way again, but am alone with no one to understand a single thing that I am going through.

Tears flowing into the sea of my soul, rising and ebbing with excessive lunar tides, riding waves of intellect, soliciting memories of the surf, trying to recall all the times spent on shores of inner horizons.

Strolling along, picking up shells that catch these two blue eyes, feeling their essence within my chest, knowing exactly which ones were meant for me to find and capture in a poem.

Feeling an exhilaration unfolding with every beautiful one that finds itself standing alone in a poem.

No ordinary ordeal happening, just the experience of a life-time being captured in this exquisite poem for future generations to read and see within their minds, etching them forever in patterns of other's lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterns Of People

Noticing patterns of other people, their idiosyncrasies
and gestures, finding it very interesting, reading
other's body language.

Knowing intuitively how they're feeling and what their
thoughts are like, an important way to find out and
write into poetry, enlightening and enriching all of it.

Finding an intense understanding in life through this
gift of mine, everything coming clearly into this mind
and heart, enabling me to write thoroughly of what goes
on around me.

Environment and relationships with others at times getting
me in trouble, because even if something was not written
for a particular person, someone reading it recognizes
themselves in a poem and gets angry at me for writing about
them.

Not realizing it's not about them - that all human beings
have these self-same feelings in life at one time or an-
other, yet they yell at me for writing about them.

Some people will never understand the basics of poetry,
and that's okay, I will just continue to write it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterns Of Silence

Redesigning past mosaics, contributing to their memories,
allowing beauty to exhibit them in landscapes of ingenuity.

Portraying inner talent innately, in patterns of silent
visions, expressing totality of beings in every respect.

Testing all facets of literature with pieces of exacting
alternatives.

Hallowed aisles, leading to religious experiences outside
of church, bringing belief into souls of one, concentrating
contemplatively on hope and faith.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterns Of The Young

When little, falling into a pattern, not one of my own
choosing to be sure.

A lifetime of horror and abuse by those who supposedly
loved me more than anything on earth.

Walking from day to night, never knowing from one moment
to the next, what would end up happening.

Following no routine, rules were set up to end in sexual
abuse, for no matter what happened, whether listening or
not, the end result was always the same.

Pain, abuse, physical violence, all were normal events of
each day, no one seemed to care, no one stopped any of
it from coming about.

All the screams of tears fell silently, wasted on those
who endeavored to use the little body of an innocent
child.

Falling into a pattern as a child, it followed into
puberty and on into adulthood.

This pattern no longer fitting, but it's carried like a
school bag, not knowing how to get rid of it.

Not too long ago, starting to learn, slowly, beginning
to barely understand what had happened as a child.

Making progress a tiny bit at a time, finally can see the
light, the barest thread of hope in all this eternal
darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterns Of Thinking

Droplets of patterns spill upon the fabric of life,
staining it, spoiling it's looks and possibilities,
searching for a way to recover it's usefulness again.

Starting at the beginning once more, starting from
scratch is a possibility as we find, create and deve-
lop ideas through and according to patterns.

Designs of geometric symbols enhancing mathematical
calculations of new forms through intellect, blended
with imagination and a reality of humanity's destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterns Of Wisdom

Wavering under scrutiny of a backwards glance
into yesterday's homage, placating reason and
silence of thought.

Rummaging about rooms, ambling through hallways
and aisles of facade, embroidered with delicate
fingers, twisting fate into patterns of beautiful
wisdom and grace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterns Of Yesterday

Natural circumferences surround me with their
indifference, taunting me with their innate
intelligence as I write about their existence.

Laughing as I notice little nuances of nature
picking apart visions of ugliness in death
and recreating them in my mind with rhythmic
blues of yesterday's patterns.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Patterns Within Rainbows

Rocking and rolling to tunes of many different rock bands,
flowing through the atmosphere on air currents of beautiful
patterns within rainbows of various colors.

One always being every shade of blue, no matter what else
should appear, favorite bluened designs always within, never
failing to inspire every fiber of being through rhythms.

Continuing on pathways through the years, passing timelines
along the way, always expressing innate talent in writing,
expressing it all for others to read in their own times.

Precious melodies being spread across the world in many
poems and shared individually on special quiet evenings,
spent alone in senior years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pausing On A Grave

Solitary confinement emptying out into the nighttime air,
lovely as the night began, restless torment filling the
jowls of life.

Fermenting - deadly wars have been raged - turning into
pages of history to be read at later dates.

Fragrantly, flowers pause upon a grave, taking their short
place in life, throwing all to the wind and becoming dust
once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pavement Of My Mind

Wakefulness hitting me in the middle of the night,
catching my eyes in starlight.
Watering sorrowful thoughts growing inside my mind
waiting to be picked and shown in written words.
Sharing all manner of thinking with whomever wants
to be present in sacred times, kept hidden until now.
Creeping down back stairwells, hoping to be set in
lines of adjacent thought, while ideas find their
way onto the pavement of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pavement Of Youth

Images of broken light cast their shadows on the pavement
of past youth, hopscotch drawings, long since washed or
faded away, leaving only vague traces of having been there.

Timelessness is an illusion of inner workings of the mind to
preserve our sanity through all objectionable times, helping
us look into and find the memories of our lives at any given
moment in time.

Intellectually stimulating the brain so it may continue to
be life-sustaining in spite of the provoking ideas of death
and dying.

Selflessly copulating many avenues of defense on behalf of
strangled childhood, running the gambit of emotions.

Stepping out of context, disassociating from life functions
and soaring out of windows, compliments of the fantastic
properties of our mind.

Carrying an inner child on shoulders of intense nature,
allowing escape of a world too ugly to look upon, a world
of ritual, symbols and excuses too numerous to list.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Paying The Price Later

Erasing and starting over again, all mistakes we've ever
made are not reality, just a dream we have at times.

Slamming doors hitting our memories, words in anger,
meant to hurt the one you are angry with.

Not realizing that these memories will come and cause
you pain when older.

Tears in your eyes, falling in sadness, knowing now,
how much you have hurt the ones you loved and have
loved you unconditionally.

Such a price we all pay for mistakes made when younger,
paying the price later in life, when remembering it all
as seniors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peace - Filled Mountains

Lounging on life's porch, eyeing magnificent
mountains overlaid in clouds scattered about
the sky.

Silently praying for peace in our world, as
views of many mountains stand before me, in
statuesque countenance.

Lifetimes have come and gone before them, yet
peace remains their mountainous domain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peace And Justice

Touched by hardened love, taken slowly together
with each stitch.

Tibetan heritage comes together inside a home
in inner America.

Peace and justice stroll hand in hand, down
paths of greatness.

One day soon to be in bloom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peace Begins

Waltzing through the tunnels of life, eyes full of stars,
awaiting the comeuppance of eternity.
Standing off, taken aback by the quiet unperturbance of
silence affecting outcomes of everyday life with a
screaming quietness inside.
Alone, unfettered, conquering fears of childhood with
reverent aspirations.
And peace begins.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peace Filling Soul

Staring within, searching for patterns and images,
scanning many interior horizons with immeasurable
success.
Listening to tunes sounded out by birds in trees,
calming my soul, allowing peace to slowly unfold.
Straightening out wrinkles, pressing and gliding
through stress and unfamiliar pressures.
Wanting to engulf interiorly, my entire being,
having to be content with solace just touching my
soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peace In Rock N' Roll

Finding peace in rock n' roll music, writing to my heart's content, filling my brain with worthwhile ideas, forging and etching all onto inner screens of memory. Fixing them indefinitely in spaces of time, taking moments along with rhythm's formulas, testing them all in compositions to be played in details on tomorrow's horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peace Of An Interior Life

Living in the world is a difficult prospect, especially
with all the people in it, a plethora of personalities
and attitudes, not to mention stereotypes and personal
opinions being held to.

Walking along, taking everything in stride, creating
pathways of my own to get along with everyone I meet,
living a life of forgiveness at length, because of
being human.

Others will always have ways of hurting feelings in
some way, instant forgiveness gives hope in tomorrow,
without carrying the ugliness that rears it's head from
time to time.

Sliding down pathways created, enjoying peace that an
interior life has continually given throughout it all,
writing and filling life with a beauty of innate creative-
ity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peace Of Heaven

Tempos beating their way into depths of my soul,
leading me into realms of the Divine.

A place where I can be alone in the peace of
heaven provided for me.

Special graces being given through innate talent
that others cannot attain in the same way as I.

Repeating it's stance constantly, reminders always
at hand to take me immediately into periods of an
absolute nothingness where I love to stay.

Enjoying the stillness that envelopes me within
it's bluened lights, no disturbances, nothing or
no one to interrupt my mind or intellect.

Just God's presence surrounding me totally, holding
my being in a state of grace that no one else may
share with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peace Of Love

Your faith strengthens me interiorly, your hope fills me with a mystical touch of becoming in the future, your kiss calling me into the fire of your passion and desire.

Rising ever higher into the beauty of heavenly gardens, quietly still, finding the peace of love coming from within you as we lie here together.

Loving one another, smiling as we soar into heights of passion, our minds exploding into colorful fireworks, glittering and glimmering across the sky.

Our hearts being together, never turning away, just continuing to be one forever, no matter what's going on in our daily lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peace Offerings

Jousting memories from their constant straits,
taking them out of shadows, prodding them to
move around.
Changing scenic ideas, rearranging them into
beautiful moments encased in time for now.
Loving feelings brought up from depths of being,
believing in a special offering of peace right
now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peace Through Contemplation

Sleeping peacefully through the night, listening to
heavenly melodies that enchant my mind constantly.

Listening intently, finding peace and serenity fill-
ing me with the silence of heaven.

A quiet stillness lifting me into heaven's depths,
challenging my being to stay calm.

Look forward to entering it's gardens once again in
years of living.

Taking me interiorly into a wide expanse of heavenly
gardens, letting me be filled with beauty of it's
silence.

Aromas filling the atmosphere so fully with aromatic
pleasure, always beckoning me.

It's savory tastes of peace are strong through inner
contemplation of an interior life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peace Unfolding

Lilting peace unfolding, treasuring wisdom building
itself continually within me.
Seriously thinking of all the fun of yesterday and
all the places that I've been in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peace With Myself

Forwarding myself into nature's surrounding atmosphere, instantly feeling calm and peaceful, intuitively becoming one.
Stretching, easing, taking moments to look closely at what is going on in nature.
Finding what I'm looking for, each time I see landscapes before me, knowing how lucky I am to be exactly who I am.
There is no other me, I'm at peace with myself and can transfer that same feeling of peace to others in my life.
Yet, some do not respond positively towards me.
Somehow they turn negatively and berate me for being who I am, for being calm when they're stuck in a quandary they don't know how to get out of.
If they'd just stop, quit fighting with themselves, they could respond to serenity and calmness positively and have a nicer life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Arizona Desert

Out and about, riding the range, sitting back in the saddle, just moseying along, enjoying peace and quiet of an Arizona desert.

Scenic views collecting stark beauty into albums of memories kept safely tucked away for a time when they will be needed to write a poem in soon to be blossoming thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Attitudes

Finding myself inside a cafe, listening to customers sing karaoke quite well.
There isn't any sadness hiding around corners or peeking inside my mind.
Total concentration giving me peaceful attitudes and a calming sense, while shutting out the rest of the world.
Exciting interior emotions as they fill me with beautiful sounds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Background

Puffs and wisps of clouds floating about the atmosphere, slowly traveling the universe.

Always open, tantalizing and beautiful, looking down upon earth's surface.

Background being a brilliant blue, giving minds a peaceful and effervescent look at life from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Changes

Pressure building within every person, threatening to
explode and send us flying into millions of pieces.

Fighting feelings of self-destruction, we move among
each other in circles of friendship and communicate
as best we can.

Always throughout life, misunderstandings will happen,
if we talk about and work trough them together, they
will never stand in our ways of loving one another.

Peaceful changes are needed if we are to all have our
chances at doing things we like.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Cognizance

Walking slowly, looking all around, unrecognizable
landscapes passing by in black and white shadows.

Sensing a knowing coming to pass through an intuition
of peaceful cognizance.

Unaware of the past, looking only to the future and a
destiny saved for me alone, as I pass into another sphere
of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Curiosity

Reckless havoc contributing to a melee of music
as it interdicts with measures of rhythm.

Cast out on lengths of facets, soaring downward
into the setting sea, placating heart's of
serenity and peaceful curiosity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Distance

Acceptance is difficult at times, especially in extenuating circumstances.
Bereft of companionship, no one to talk with, causes a sadness to develop and envelope a being in an aura of grayness.
Diving constantly into an ocean of coldness, alone and feeling abandoned with no one to turn to.
Allowing self to be swept away by rhythms of waves being listened to, and finding my way through writing.
Watching images waver in front of me, hearing visions appearing before me.
Finding some lonely happiness in melodies with crisp, clear tones, penetrating my mind's intellectual imagination with a peaceful distance in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Endeavors

Peaceful endeavors flow quietly down streams of
crystal tears, rending hearts with their shards
of glass.
Like mirrors of the soul, reflecting our pasts
onto lakes of shiny repast, we move silently in
and out of sorrow, wearing it like medals of
courage.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Endurance

Legends in our own time, recalling music of yesterday,
bringing it vividly into our minds.
Rhythm moving and rocking inside, turning life into a
space of happiness, delaying old age for moments in
time.
Sparkling pictures spreading grins from ear to ear,
feelings electrically filling our souls.
Gathering thoughts into movements as they step and
glide across the floor.
Blues Brothers with microphones in hand, traipsing
around the room, filling everyone with joyful scenery
to look back upon when they are home alone later on.
Rhythmically, remembering ideally, in hearts of
peaceful endurance.
Solitarily providing entertainment from within them,
their enthusiasm overflows and covers everyone with
joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Energy

Feeling peaceful energy being elicited in every song being sung tonight.
Loving the ease in which it's being done, wishing that it continue
in the same manner for all time.

Special interpretations design themselves into tomes of listening
poetry, climbing walls of libraries, hoping to reach a wider scope
of readers.

Intellect attracting many major portions through lifted pages of
spirituality.
Always moving into the next format, like a video playing incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Episodes

12: 42 p.m.
Stepping into peaceful episodes of life through music,
taking a rest from trials taking place entirely too
much.

Carefully approaching edges of this bountiful heaven
secreted inside, being uplifted and elated through
rhythms in synch with this brain. 12: 42 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Evening

Gazing at an evening sky, watching gray clouds circle above us.
Pine trees silently growing - as I watch I cannot see their
growth.
Branches whispering in the wind as they reach out to each other.
Pine needle silhouettes lacily, fragily, spreading themselves
in blankets above us, protecting us to a degree from drops of
sprinkling rain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Feelings Of Anger

Tenderly questioning peaceful feelings of anger.
Touching sections of talent, issuing forth
beautiful tones of scents irradiating my mind.
Causing exacting qualities to emerge, continually
surrounding the atmosphere wherever
I am at any moment in time.
Circular patterns, circling ideas and capturing
imagination for poems and rhymes, kept in vaults
of ancient times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Growth

No matter the deeds we wrongly commit on earth,
as long as we ask forgiveness from our Lord we
are allowed to die in His peace.
Leaving no grudges or malcontent behind to
cleave like ivy growing from hell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful In India

Comfortable and complacent styles come through in rhythmic measures of time, incessant pleadings being intercepted throughout daylight hours.

Storing and keeping all together to be examined in darkness, filling every expectation that finds it's way into a momentary lapse of peaceful resignation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Interludes

Softly speaking my language, giving thoughts in solace, taking me on a voyage of peaceful interludes.
Such beauty has never been seen before in a song, placating my heart with it's peaceful tones and sounds.
Liberty being set in my heart, letting freedom take over, bringing me into outer limits of life and it's excessive moments of intensity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Love

Sadness sweeps itself across my line of sight, showing the depression that covers me this night.

Full of hopelessness, the spirit of joy is nowhere to be found, life is a cavity that cannot be filled until death has occupied it.

Finding nothing but emptiness and black, falling deeply inside a cavernous pit, awaiting the end of it, stillness filling my being deep within.

Setting aside the bleakness, listening intently, sounds penetrate this mind, touching my heart, filling me way down deep with a peaceful love.

Joy surges through every inner fiber of being, healing, touching, setting me free to be myself, guiding me.

Loving totally, peace is left, life has taken on new meaning since being set free from within this soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Mode

Wondering what to do, not lasting very long, picking up a pen and writing whatever comes through music and it's rhythms, instantly energizing this mind and being completely.

Rarely getting time to rest, for through writing and music being totally at peace, relaxed in a peaceful mode, never having any blocks; thoughts flowing from an interior waterfall through music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Pastures

Pastures lying peacefully in the darkness of night,
being lit by rays of the moon from above.

Lucid, gently and heavenly as the beauty of this
evening falls into dream-like stances.

Sleepiness pressing upon them silently, unable
to undo the magic of nighttime reflections.

Gathering in dusky trails of heaven, a totally
mysterious ceremony being prepared each night.

As we lay our heads upon pillows of silk and
fall quietly, gently into the night asleep.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Place

Lifting spirits immediately, nothing stopping music
and rhythm from flowing through my mind and body.

So all encompassing, a beautiful tribute to innate
gifts God has given to me.

Working on living life, trying to get through the
devastating results of something I don't wish to
recognize.

Dealing with it in an interior spirituality that
enlivens my spirit and keeps my mind expanding.

Allowing intellect to care for my body totally and
completely through this life.

A total wonder, giving everything that I need
intellectually to keep this mind, heart, body and
soul going.

Reaching for the stars even when no one holds out any
hope, faith is the only hope that I need and is ever-
increasing through the coded rhythms I listen to daily.

An explicit and enticing happiness, bringing joy to my
soul interiorly, a most happy and peaceful place to be
and stay within all of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Remembrances

Sanctioning contemplation at a higher level of concentration, performing at exceptional realms of thoughtful existence, while I am filled with a quiet solace, bringing a genuine calmness into my being.
Fulfilling my essence, like the aroma of abundant rose gardens of heaven, giving me peaceful remembrances of life I have already lived through.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Resignation

Stepping through visions of imagination, making them a part
of reality as I welcome their new experiences into my
subconsciousness, and delivering joyous beauty into being.

Searching visions for clues to life, finding only coded
messages peering through rose-colored glasses of being.

Touching soul's depths within, finding inspiration, climbing
walls of my imagination.

Clinging easily to memories of photographic grace, allowing
peaceful resignation to take over interior faith and place
it foremost in intelligent thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Reverence

Steadily listening to a silence of interior peace,
filling every corner with trance-like solemnity.
Entering an atmosphere of relevant spiritual enticement,
luring me into catacombs of past religious tolerance,
resting in my presence.
Awaiting the ending of life's demise, in an avenue of
peaceful reverence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Sadness

Falling into the abode of peaceful sadness, never
knowing how things will turn out, wishing that
somehow they could be different.
Yet, all the wishing and hoping will never deliver
me from this insistent mood of sadness.
My heart continually sitting in the mire of forever
emptiness.
Settling onto a divan of loneliness, knowing that
I'll always be forlornly sorrowful.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Serenity

Flowing musically over us and into our entire beings,
touching our souls with mystery and excitement,
enlivening our spirits and gathering us close together
in mind and heart.
On common ground, we listen and desire more of it's
soothing melodies to flow continually, bringing
peaceful serenity into our existences, always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Signs

Searching mountaintops for signs of peace and quiet,
trying to calm my soul from the activities of a long
day already.

Recognizing an aura of inspiration from heights,
matching my imagination with it's prosaic rhythms,
naturally occurring within my mind and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Silence Within

Sun slowly rising and setting each day, taking with it thoughts
ruminating from morning to night, exuberantly noticing wonder
and awe of each new day.

Living through poetry and it's silent existence within this
mere poet, violins playing softly in the background, piano
then joining in to accompany it through intellect.

An appropriate ensemble of poetical thinking, encouraging
rhythms as they touch this mind with a purposeful energy
to keep going through another day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Slumber

Rocking back and forth on notes of inner chords
in E flat minor.

Collaborating with rhythms as they deliver coded
messages interiorly.

Inner desires rising along with the energy of
life, entering a land of peaceful slumber.

Taking a chance that it will be my last, not
rising when the sun rises over the horizon again.

Taking my spirit into an everlasting peace and
solace, a total serenity of heaven finally upon
me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Sophistication

Slowly rehearsing in depths of intellect, finding practice
to be all-consuming.

Heart always open to every emotion being felt through every
line of poetry, sending messages to and from imagination.

A peaceful sophistication found when much younger, keeping
company through lonely days and nights of a lifetime.

Beginning and ending in every poem, noticing how calm and
serene this being's soul becomes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Sorrow

Retrieving all thoughts and shining them into landscapes of
infinite possibilities.
Taking care to keep individual purposes in an alignment of
particular reasons and logical explanations.
So far, holding onto imagination and soaring to new heights
of intellectual happiness.
Moods being brightened by the existence of talented etudes
in silent thoughts, expressing themselves in poetical
measures of rhythm's solace.
Intriguing mysteries fall out upon the table of destiny,
giving me all types of peaceful sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Stirring

Jumping, turning around, dancing inside, tipping over and moving on the outside.

Flowing with the rhythm of music tuning in, feeling it containing and enabling me to let go and feel my body's movement as it dances naturally.

Music all the while playing inside, going and not letting anyone disturb this wonderful peace which stirs within my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Stirrings

Resounding tunes striking my mind, touching my soul with peaceful stirrings,
leading me to edges of tomorrow where I will one day stay,
enjoying the essence of being beyond life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Timing

Lights shine brilliantly inside with a bluened glow,
showing the way towards ideas, collating them into
many particles of literature.

Forwarding life into those visions, finding positions
of imagination's reality.

Always being soothed by generous strands of tones,
collecting within my mind and attaching themselves
to my interior being.

Focusing nature into images of peaceful timing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Waiting

Waiting for peace to descend upon this worldly orb,
placating and easing it's stress.

Playing accordionly to bring smiles to faces of
many people, attempting to slow the strain of every
day living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Waters

Drifting into deepest waters, floating carelessly
upon waves of remorseless fatigue.

Up to shoulders in a fast moving ocean current,
watching everything pass by with no emotion
holding it still.

Quietly anticipating peaceful waters in mercurial
silence, as life floats down canyons hidden from
view.

Finding fantastic scenes never before shown as
waves come along again, pushing us further into
passes too narrow to float through.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peaceful Writing

Thoughtful interludes calm down travesties of life,
giving a peaceful atmosphere in which to write.
Elevating any idea that wishes to be known in poetical
works of art.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peacefully Dwelling

Bright sunlit desert mountains roaming the land
in regal fashion.

Clouds overhead, some low enough to cast their
shadows over two lane mountain roads, letting
them stand out among the rest.

Gathering our attention as we pass by landscapes
of nature, dwelling peacefully on earth, touching
our souls with quiet serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peacefulness Of The Desert

Take me into the darkness of an interior desert,
moonlight hidden behind dark clouds of a coming
storm.

Stepping carefully, watching out for cacti, bob-
cats, scorpions, and rattlesnakes, lurking under
rocks and in the shadows.

Still feeling peacefulness in this desert, travel-
ing through it's absorbent atmosphere, reaching
forward, while grasping onto an essence of spiritual-
lity, taking me quietly into realms of the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peak In Life

Watching as life comes racing down the track, whistling, blowing, warning people to get out of the way, for my energy has increased a hundred fold.

Being at a peak in life unequaled before now, feeling positive attitudes, moods, ideas filling me exponentially through and through.

Continuing to exercise intellect and ingenuity through reality, imagination and will power focused always on God throughout my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pearl Of Wisdom

Lights of knowledge transfixed on borders of midnight, noting the phosphorescence of meaning begins at the end of life.

Toting everything from day to day, belittling advances of society, feeling turned in upon itself, sucked inside out, vomiting treasures of knowledge upon a sea of sand.

Lying forgotten there, years constantly rolling over it, movement of shifting sands smoothing it carefully, shining it into a glossy pearl of wisdom, waiting to be picked by learned men.

Hidden beneath depths of many minds, it solitarily defies all ages to try and pick it up.

Looking so wonderful, many have tried to claim it as their own, only to reach down, touching a vision of the wisdom pearl, and having it retch upon their hands, leaving the stench of ages filling their nostrils.

Finally, dawn breaking, light of knowledge is transfixed on borders of midnight, challenging everyone who dares to claim he's smart.

Casting out anyone getting in it's way, the pearl of wisdom ever stays in the teeming pit between heaven and the hell of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pearls In Memories

Finding ourselves in the dead of night, wondering what has awakened us, unable to find any reasons, logical or otherwise to end the dilemma.

Situations are comparable to ageless visions of tomorrow, complete and organized, only fitting into puzzles of a wonderful picture set in time.

Capturing lights and shadows that perforate images, we string them together and keep them forever like pearls in memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pearls Of Heartache

Scott free, scooting along pathways of heartache,
taking all the tears and stringing them like pearls
to be kept in necklaces, treasured forever in jewelry
boxes.

Sacred, taking time to become valuable with every
passing moment.
Never lessening, only moving onto plains where they
will be seen by everyone in a poem written quickly
in verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pearls Of Intellect

Looking through books, reading wisdom and knowledge of
learned men and women of the past.

Being at times, fascinated by what pearls of intellect
are written there.

Waiting to be picked by someone willing to accept them
into their lives, using them to move forward.

In another universe, like buds of flowers being picked
and grown within.

Watching them blossom fully when my own thoughts gently
begin feeding them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pebbles

Whenever I hear a song, my mind is filled with words it's notes create.
Stepping and standing on life's shores, I reach for the impossible, I am never disappointed.
Life is made of the impossible, it lies in pebbles on the beach.
Each one in it's little way has a meaning all its' own in the destiny of life.
Taking hold, searching dreams of mankind, ideas form and bring
people together.
Looking always for love which brings knowledge and meaning to the foreground.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pebbles Of A Mind

Bursting open upon pebbles of this mind, feelings suddenly felt
and being expressed.

Wondering how it comes about, seeing them popping up in poems of
every size, shape and subject.

Hoping to capture their every feeling and emotion in capsules
of moments that had never been shared with anyone before.

Hearing them said silently aloud in poetry, finding definitions
of their essence through meanings opening expectantly within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peculiar Definitions

Adjusting irregular patterns into views never seen
diametrically with meanings crossed into.

Pitching feverishly with desires combing hairs of
ideas into special piles and dimensions, as life
creates many peculiar definitions never considered
before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peculiar Habit

Taking time to wonder and question everything in this temporary
life, wanting answers that no one has yet found throughout the
centuries.

Choosing to follow paths no one else notices, a habit peculiar
to the poets and thinkers of this world, thoughts freely flow-
ing, encouraging ideas to be expressed in poetry, music and art.

Many different poets, authors, musicians, composers and artists,
involved with so much talent in this world and not much of it is being used as
yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peculiar Sides Of Life

Heart and soul being taken away upon notes and rhythms of melody's rhythms, peculiar sides of life being seen lying upon chords of life as I travel abroad through intellect.

Going into another dimension, soaring happily, looking into it's depths, finding so many things I've never seen before on earth.

Enjoying different inner landscapes as they take me further into depths of an absolute wisdom innately hidden within, waiting for me to discover and reach heights no one else ever has.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peculiarity

Notions of peculiarity rear their heads,
wanting a chance to be among the normal
beginnings of ordinary things.

Not wanting to stand out or be complicated
by other endeavors on waysides of life.

Targeting infinite possibilities of beyond,
grasping them tightly with open arms and
sorrowful hearts.

Staying within periods of bereavement that
need to be tended in compassionate ways.

Longing to become tantamount images in
areas of interior screens of life waiting to
be seen in details of natural science.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peeking

Peeking above life, searching for indiscriminate matters
to absolve and continue forward in spite of everything
incorporated into mind messages.

Guiding, leading, getting stuck and running through a
myriad of ideas as they hold on.
Soon to be able to become a part in a poem, being written
to musical scores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peeking Beneath Curtains

Staring into the black sky, jets soaring across
it, going past my sight.

Stars twinkling timidly, peeking beneath curtains
of this night.

Everything is now filled with a rhetoric that
continually slips through rhythms.

Flowing from a band, playing in the middle of Phoenix,
Arizona.

Jamming with sounds of silence, tripping through the
measures of time.

Living in the beauty of perfect landscapes, always
written in skyways of my heart.

Staring into the dark sky, jets soaring across it's
past reciprocations, now lying dormant in sands of
another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peeking Into Heaven

Remembering sitting in front of our bay window, looking
out at our front yard, as far as you could see to the
forest ahead.

Beauty of nature in hanging willow trees being blown
gently in the wind, like the ripple effect of wind
blowing across the calm section of the ocean.

Incendiary flames of the sun shining upon the water,
like an oil fire resting on it's surface.

Seeing also, a swing hanging from a branch high in an
oak tree, standing alone on it's seat thinking and
pretending that I was peeking into heaven.

Childhood memory when ten years old, a pleasant time in
Bridgewater, New Jersey, where we lived on a mountaintop,
seventy-five acres to roam around.

Playing, using imagination in every possible situation,
making life livable in spite of having nothing.

Parents renting this two story house for $60.00 per month,
those were the days when landlords weren't out to rake
their tenants over the coals like they do today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peeking Into Shadows Of Death

Peeking into shadows of death, knowing it's depths surround
me now even as I write here alone, faith holding me tightly,
reminding my heart of the hope being held within.

God watching over me silently, yet I feel His presence al-
ways with me in every moment of life, enigmatic thoughts
intuitively fill my mind.

Giving self-realizations room to be felt and seen, rummage-
ing around with parts of myself, piecing together feelings
and emotions that are intensely filling me now.

Seeing how far I've come in life, knowing my path is lead-
ing me into the shadows of death that I will one day be a
part of, letting go of all earthly life at last.

Waiting for God's decision, ready and able to accept what-
ever He has planned for me, waiting patiently to step onto
distant shores on a final horizon of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peeking Mountains

Mountains peeking
through low lying clouds,
trying to hide themselves
from the threat of reality.

(9/5/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peeking Over The Horizon

Here comes the sun, peeking over the horizon, blinking it's eyes from a deepened sleep on the other side of earth.

Preparing us all for a brand new day, filled with wonder and awe at what it will bring.

Fascinated, reaching out it's arms of shining rays, gathering in all of nature and nourishing it with it's heat.

Touching human beings tenderly at times, filling their beings with an abundance of vitamin D.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peering From Underwater

Foaming waters traveling around rocks, peering from under
the river's water, not able to go rushing downstream with
the rapids streamlining forward.

Catapulting into the water, not able to hold onto anything,
exhilarating, yet fearful of the excess of gravity pulling
it all into depths of pools after cascading over the water-
falls.

Settling amid calming surfaces of each section below,
finding the extraordinary beauty that is lying there ex-
pectantly, awaiting the splendor and significance of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peering Into Darkness

Artificial light, poking it's way through the dark
night.

Beaming it's rays upon objects that would prefer
to remain obscure.

Lighting the way, peering into the darkness, curiosity
gets it's way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peering Into Reflections

Watching children as their curiosity gets the best of them,
running from parents, wanting to explore different things
they're seeing outside of their homes.

Touching, feeling, peering into reflections, watching and
looking at themselves in them, laughing with glee as their
reflections imitate everything they're doing.

Happily sitting and watching them play, seeing their innate
curiosity getting the best of them, the same as it has done
to me throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peering Into The Future

Sadly walking down back roads, peering into forests, trying to see between trees so closely situated together.

Taking many thoughts, attempting to picture a better time, hopefully in another dimension far better than this one.

Tears falling haphazardly one by one, nothing mattering, no one caring, just pools of sadness strewn throughout my being.

Not able to climb out of the way as grief comes constantly washing over, peering into the future, seeing nothing coming to light.

Yet hope still tries to shine into the darkness, no end in sight, being abandoned, left in the cold, lonely spaces left behind by a lost love.

Knowing that this hart has become frozen from the inside out, now wavering, trying to hold onto this thread of mere life, nothing much to hope for anymore.

Periodically seeing a tiny star light, then it's blacked out by dejected aspects of loneliness, holding onto the insides of my being forever.

Letting go seems to be an impossibility, yet I hold onto that hope eternally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peering Into Windows

Peering into picture windows upon a library wall,
seeing reflections of outdoors in colorful,
picturesque images.

Looking carefully, squinting - inside can also be
seen, tables and chair legs, silver and shiny,
standing around, looking like a modern day work of
art.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peering Sunlight

Shades of sunlight peering through arches
and doorways, looking for a place to relax
and feel at home until sunset comes to b
bring them home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peering Through Venetian Blinds

Peering through venetian blinds at a world of nature
waiting to be noticed and voiced in poems today.

Trees, skies, all vying for a place in my mind,
wanting to be first in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peggy Kaye And The Blue Notes

Singing tunes one after another while playing keyboard and drums to their heart's content.
Visualizing every note as it places itself on lines and spaces of my soul's delight.
Holding all symphonies like treasured memories, acclimating them to inner desires, picturing landscapes with rhythmical precision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peggy's Birthday

Musically inclined from birth, destined to be a
performer for life, Peggy celebrated another year
of fate yesterday.
Calmly, serenely, gently heading into another
year of bringing pleasure to others, playing key-
board from her heart.
Enjoying gifts given from above, sharing them and
the stage with her husband, Neil.
A wonderful personality and talent - a musical
friend, remembered in a birthday poem one day to be
read in literature's tomes.

(10: 48 a.m. - 7/29/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pen In Hand

Steady beating rhythms enticing my being constantly,
giving an energy that continues to penetrate intellect
with it's sublime and profound effects.

Wandering, traveling through many dimensions, living
fully in each of them, writing feelings and experiences
of each into poetry.

Finding each experience extraordinary and beyond belief,
totally into being present in each of them alone, a
solitary figure looking out at each of their horizons.

Pen in hand, blank pages of a journal always ready to
be written upon, nature within taking me on excursions
throughout reality and imagination.

All without anyone ever knowing anything about what I
do, even those watching me write cannot fathom depths
that I've traveled into intellect with.

Intrepid, solid feelings and emotions taking me into
volumes of poetry needed to be written by this mere
poet alone on a solitary journey through a lonely life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Penchant Meandering

Shadows crawling part way up tree trunks, trying to capture
the sun, shining towards their tops.

Silent, penchant meanderings, moving upward and into another
existence beyond what they've already attained.

Slowly, methodically covering ground, knowing they will soon
achieve their goals.

Reaching tops of trees, yet when doing so, the sun will have
set, taking away shining dreams and goals they've set for
themselves.

An untold beauty yet to be unfolded in measures of time, as
shadows continue crawling around the world, attempting to
realize the reality of their situations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Penetrating An Outer Crust

Carrying on throughout life, trying to always do the
right and proper things.

Being human, failing at times, striving to get along
with everyone, finding it fairly easy to do.

Loving the hard-nosed people the best, eventually
penetrating their outer crust, finding the beautiful
person that they are.

Knowing that their outer demeanor and meanness are
just covering up a very sensitive and hurt person in
life.

Heart going out to them more so than others, feeling
a close kinship to them, maybe because they are so
much like myself within.

Only difference between us is that I don't let things
make me mean, stubborn at times, yes, but never mean.

Never being able to bring myself to hurt another un-
necessarily,

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Penetrating Barriers Of Light

Shattering the speed of sound, rhythms penetrating barriers of light as rapidly as possible, mind keeping time separately, nothing to keep up with the beating.

Patterns conjured up one after another, lively, frantically playing chords of a guitar, daring anyone to try and keep up.

Loving the tempos as they race ever faster, titillating and tantalizing every fiber and particle of this mind, innate talent filling intellect with it's beauty.

Sounds and senses flowing through instruments, drums and cymbals being strummed by a guitar, producing a whole new design in music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Penetrating Edges Of Creativity

An urgency settled within, decorating creative
endeavors with a glittering expectancy.

Thoughts waiting, anticipating the beauty of
other atmospheres being thought of in moments
of instant discovery.

Coming together, exploding onto the horizon,
filling the environment with a vibrancy and
startling landscapes into a variety of picture-
sque visions, open and inviting.

Always penetrating outer edges of creativity
and inventiveness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Penetrating Evil

Seeing this world just as it is now, horrified at the
changes that are taking place.

Evil is penetrating every corner of the world, killing,
maiming innocent people just because they don't agree.

Injustice, hatred, intolerance, racism, being spouted
from a handful of evil and selfish people in our world.

Thinking they have permission because of the evil in
our White House, their muslim leader obama not ours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Penetrating Inner Depths

Rumpling thoughts as I gaze into space, thinking of
nothing in particular.
Focusing on some invisible point beyond my sight,
catching melodies as I listen to Queen on my walkman.
Delving into rhythms, totally being consumed and using
them as steps to more poetry.
Loving the sounds being produced and introduced to
my brain.
Altogether, melding and penetrating inner depths,
bringing me to a better cognitive understanding of
logical reasoning and rhythm and how they play such
important parts in my writing every day in every poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Penetrating Intellect

Hammering rhythms into this mind, penetrating silence of
intellect, illustriously giving off immense degrees of
flexibility and performance.

Opening up, letting a flood of thoughts enter and mingle
cooperatively with everything already encompassed within.

A tempest of incessant notes and tempos, coming together,
creating a great amount of joy and happiness as I write.

Beautiful and tantalizing, separating nothing from the
beginning of time, being sated finally in comfort with
an insatiable appetite created from innate curiosity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Penetrating Intense Moods

Hauling melodies into the night, orchestrating
them with a fluid motion of sparkling colorful
hues left over from yesterday's rainbows.

Penetrating intense moods of interior creativity
and slipping imagination into depths of poetry
where it shines brilliantly in the atmosphere.

Timely anticipation of all that was good once
upon a time, nothing now making as much sense
as back then.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Penetrating Language

Silencing habits from within as I travel down streets of routine.
Likely wisdom falling at my feet, never injuring my soul, as I write whatever I feel at any given moment in time.
So happy to penetrate the english language with innate intelligence and joy at it's presence within.
Never lacking in words to express what goes on in the reality of my mind and soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Penetrating Moments

Stroking, breathing, faster and faster,
penetrating moments seemed to have been
lost along the way and now are staring
me in the face.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Penetrating Reminders

Quietly reminiscing, hoping to intensify feelings of yesterday's happiness.
Hopefully, causing memories of good times to penetrate this curtain of dismal reminders.
Sojournly dedicating past years to future picturesque visions, taking into account all the times put together for another year.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Penetrating Silence

Silence penetrating my soul, giving me an energy to
become solitarily safe in present circumstances of
life.

Taking plenty of time to relax and fold myself into
musical rhythms, while fading into the distance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Penetrating Stillness

Slowly and steadily working towards a creative process,
using thinking in a new way and form, taking truth into
a new horizon.

There it can take apart lies and illusions no matter
what they are, a stillness penetrating beings when honesty
is being taken to the next step.

Invigorating and giving feelings of relief, pressure now
being given the boot, letting me go into depths of insight
heretofore unseen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Penetrating The Atmosphere

Stressing the enormous ideas that life ordinarily brings forth, expanding and growing them like flowers in the garden.

Standing tall, penetrating the depths of intellect and giving immense pleasure in every aspect of life.

Quieting the emotional turmoil that continues insisting on eruptions from deep within my being.

Enclosing and including every thought as I spread them about within my poetry, enlivening their essences and penetrating the atmosphere with their intensity

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pens Of Iniquity

Selfish, narrow-minded people litter earth with their ineptitude, causing pain and strife where there
shouldn't be any.
Why can't lives of people be off limits to these
transient mitigators of travesty?
Total morons of our planet, painstakingly making even
the most humble honest people pay for their stinginess
and greed.
Somehow these selfish, narrow-minded people find them-
selves in positions of power over others and like
dictators, try and coerce everyone around them into
their pens of iniquity.
However, this time, power of a humble pen will outdo
the sword of gossiping, lying tongues.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pen's Shadow

Shadow of my pen writing down whatever I think in
tandem with the real thing.
An interesting concept, a sideline maybe, to ghost
writing that I've done in the past.
Loving to be invisible while right out in the open
where everyone can see me, but doesn't.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pensively Joyous

Pensive, thoughtful, on another plain, farther away than
ever before.

More steps into the beyond than I've ever dared to tred,
yet God is leading me in His own ways, in His own time.

Leaning so slightly into heaven's realms, seeing it's
gardens, full of blue roses of sorrow, reserved just
for me.

Heavenly scents wafting towards me, even now filling my
senses with aromas fragrantly tantalizing.

Joyously, I step into the light, knowing I will be safe,
living still, knowing I will not be abandoned, but will
be standing here through the roughest trials in my life.

Holding family together for one another without doubts
or fears standing between us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Penultimate Designs

Amazing truths are being explicitly seen in depths of new
rhythms, delving into all knowledge heretofore learned
and used.

Fascinating ideas and thoughts are brought to mind through
all types of musical rhythms.

Automatically composing penultimate designs of notes, tones,
and poetical interludes.

An exceptional variety of imminent caricatures in destiny
and fate of tomorrow.

All of it culminating in a powerful meaning of life and
the extent of it's far-reaching enlightenment, illuminating
the world around us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Penultimate Love

Nighttime episodes of love being held in arms of another, professing undying devotion, lips than meeting, kissing passionately in the dark.

Promises being made, joy filling minds and hearts with prospects in the future, enlightening, vibrant thoughts of being together for a lifetime, sensing something deeper going on within.

Finding the essence of one another while listening to soothing music, playing two hearts like a violin in an evening of twilight and rays of moonlight.

Adding romantic touches to an already inspiring scene where love has been reached penultimately between two loving and consenting adults, wanting companionship and a relationship beyond the ordinary.

Taking steps forward into a future being built for the two of them, hearts now bound, traveling in the same direction, together in life from this day forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People Are That Way

Watching interiorly as people wander around, sensing
something that doesn't feel too well.

Knowing that others often look down on people, be-
cause of their own views and opinions.

Sad, but true, that's human nature and the way some
people are in life.

Not knowing anything or at the most, very little
about who or what others do.

Believing in or adhering to misconceptions, yet pre-
summing that their thoughts are correct.

Far from the truth, yet they persist in this line of
thinking, losing out when they could've had a friend
for life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People Clicks

Rejected from clicks of people, always standing
ready, alone without anyone beside me.
Freedom of trust and friendship stay aloof,
never trusting anyone because they will misplace
everything said and done in honest circles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People Feeling Entitled

Listening to the masses cry and whine about the situation
our country is in, yet all they ever do is complain, never
coming up with any solutions themselves.

Never attempting to do anything for anyone, yet expecting
everyone to do for them, because they feel entitled, just
because they are lazy and don't want to work.

They want to be catered to explicitly, not caring about
anyone else in this world, not even the children, that's
what the welfare program has done for our nation.

Never giving anyone a step up, just keeping them down in
a dependent state of mind, depending on the government to
take care of them and their families at American's expense.

They continue to have more children that they cannot care
for, expecting help to be readily available to them, this
situation has been perpetrated by our corrupt politicians.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People Feeling Important

Colliding with this world and all of it's ills, not
wanting to keep hearing of all the evil going on in
every country.

Just wanting people to start noticing, looking and
seeing solutions to combat it around them, taking
matters into their own hands.

Standing together, getting rid of corrupt politicians
and governments is the beginning of a peaceful and
free world, I believe.

For the people ruling countries are the problem every
where, having so much money, not knowing what to do
with it, using it to place everyone under their thumbs.

There's where their greed takes over, life becomes use-
less to them, and they begin despising the poverty they
have caused.

Making it worse than ever, thinking to have one global
government to spread their evil ways, taking away the
freedom that belongs to everyone on earth.

Dictating and making themselves feel important, in fact,
they will be nothing to no one, only being intolerant
jackasses.

Having no one's respect, people rising up and going
against what they stand for, taking back our countries
from those who hate and despise us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People Feeling Pride

Being subjected to the beauty of nature in our every
day lives, serving our Lord through the way we treat
one another.

Striving always to take the lead, spreading love and
compassion to everyone we meet along the way, can you
imagine the beauty as all people feel the pride.

Each of us being particles of humanity, mankind be-
coming the shining example of the world instead of
evil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People Make A Difference

So generously and lovingly, people make a difference in
lives of others.

Lending a helping hand, listening with an attentive ear
and noticing things that make life have value.

Producing a great amount of caring for those around them,
giving from their soul and heart to everyone who needs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People Now Understand

Sudden and apoplectic turn of events happening all
over the world.

People rising up against governments and politicians,
choosing to live free and independently.

Getting rid of the muslims from every country around
the world, disgusted with their barbaric evil ways.

All people have learned first hand they are pedophiles
following mohammed's perversion wherever they are.

Usurping the innocence and purity of little children
and women by raping and torturing them for no reason.

They are men just wanting to fulfill their lust in
perverted ways nothing else.

Leaving them behind to their own devices until wanting
to fulfill their lust once again.

People everywhere now understand what is going on and
they are no longer putting up with it.

There's no longer any place for them to hide anywhere
in this world of ours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People Of Hatred

Looking into tomorrow's future, sensing travesty and
turmoil about to descend on our loving country, America.

People full of hatred for us are all planning to destroy
our way of life in the U.S., because of their jealousy,
prejudice and racism.

Hating an entire population because of their own disdain
for their sick way of life in their own country, culture
and religions.

Such a sad state of affairs when a handful of people
decide to ruin an entire country with real values and
patriotism for nothing more than hatred of people they
don't even know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People Of India

Walking quickly down dirt paths alone, wanting to be away from everyone, not knowing exactly where I was going, enjoying the scenery and landscape totally.

Meeting strangers along the way who couldn't speak English, yet they were pleasant, smiling and making gestures, welcoming me to their country.

People of India have a very special place in my heart, they are open, honest, truthful, trusting and I respond to them in return for they are the type of people I prefer as friends.

Walking on alone, finding a wall up ahead, sitting down to listen to C.D.'s, writing poetry, not wanting to go back to my friend's house just yet, enjoying the peaceful countryside for now.

Suddenly looking up, seeing my friend walking up the pathway, looking for me, smiling I said Hi and he asked me what I've been doing, I tell him everything and he laughed joyfully.

Then saying he was worried about me; he's such a gentleman making me feel loved and protected, a perfect companion in this life, we feel the same towards one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People Praying

Strongly being pulled back and forth from life to death's edges, wanting to fall back into the peacefulness of heaven where I was for a while - too short of a time.

People constantly praying for me, keeping me here until it's my time again, but the next time permanently.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People Realizing Their Value

Life leaving a bittersweet taste upon my tongue,
yet taste buds still yearning for more of it in
time, touching upon the essence of being.

Finding it wrapped gently in the nature of my
soul's spirit, a lovely feeling of refreshing
blossoms bringing life into my mind.

Faithfully and cheerfully with love seething
in this poet's heart, looking for those who
need it's joy to help them come to the meaning
of their lives once more.

Giving it freely to everyone around me, never
counting the cost, just seeing the familiar
smiles erupting on faces of those who realize
that they're valued.

Treasured because of who they are and nothing
more is involved, an unconditional love that's
always on hand for those who need it without
any strings attached, no pretenses or lies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People Thinking

Not knowing me, although seeming to think differently,
never disclosing a single thing, just writing poetry,
letting thoughts fill pages of poetical journals.

People thinking because of this they know who I am, yet
contrary to their individual opinions, I am a much more
complex person than they could ever possibly imagine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People Unannounced

People coming into my life unannounced, filling it with their goodness, their souls meeting mine in the midst of the Divine.

Accepting them, finding so many similarities as we talk and converse together, a beautiful and wonderful power that God sheds His light upon us through it.

Treasuring each one that crosses my path totally and unselfishly like always, savoring the spirituality of their souls, knowing God has put them in my life also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People Uniting

Entering chasms of life, seeing the suffering and
sorrow all over the world.

People are now uniting across the board, ready to
take back what is rightfully ours.

Putting an end to the evil protruding into our lives,
sending those who take part in these horrible crimes
to be killed themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People Watching

Watching people live their lives, doing what they feel they must while on earth.
Acknowledging facts, regrouping after circumstances grow beyond them.
Taking time out, getting away every chance they get, just to catch their breath and live a little.
People going about their business, doing what they can under ordinary circumstances, always trying to get ahead and divert their energy into areas other than stress.
Taking matters into their own hands and releasing the heartaches left them in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People We Love And Admire

Thinking along lines of bereavement,
wondering why we have to suffer so much at
the loss of people whom we love and admire.
Tenderly holding their special talents and
souls always in our hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People Were Sacred Once

People are sacred, living in holy moments easily.
Forgiving nature's, helping and compassionate,
living lives, fortunate to be alive.
Pressuring selves with stress, working long hours,
ripping and tearing apart interior harmony.
All done for inane reasons, splitting our universes
within like atoms of an atomic bomb.
Sometimes exploding and doing things we'd ordinarily
never have done.
Children and spouses killing and shooting one another
because they feel like it.
Home invasions being done, harming people and stealing
what they worked so hard to get.
Material items standing in the way of love, home and
family, ruining lives that once were spiritually full.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People You'Ve Never Known

Lives of people you've never known, at times touch
yours head on.
Finding out the trials and suffering they've gone
through is totally amazing and at times heart-
wrenching in the nth degree.
Realizing that every individual has their own story
to tell, sometimes in my poetry I will relate it to
the world, anonymously of course.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People's Hearts

Colorful lights shining the way to an upstairs room where a silent auction and raffle are being used to help the Marines give toys to more children on Christmas Day.
A peaceful enclave, singing alleluia in praise of God's great goodness, shining from many people's hearts of different nationalities and circumstances in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People's Reactions

Reasoning and logic, always present through intellect,
giving pleasurable thoughts to write from.

Sparking many ideas throughout moments of every day,
falling into memories of this photographic ideal, hidden
within.

Having so many different and varied thoughts, constantly
forming, shaping this mind in a plethora of poetry.

Reactions happening from people all over the world, as
they read them.

Tears, laughter, thought-provoking, all of it causing
other people to think and ponder their lives and the
lives and thoughts of others in the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

People's Reflections

People standing around, playing pool, reflections of them keep time with what they're doing inside.
Spider webs blowing back and forth outside the window, holding on for dear life.
How satisfied people can be just relaxing and enjoying one another's company on a blustery day in November.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perceived

Stretching, being led into a myriad of situations,
entirely living possibilities of this life, expecting
only the best from everyone.

Coming out, looking around, watching people, animals,
nature performing their innate duties, taking all
that is seen, placing it within this mind.

Giving many ideas and thoughts to write into poetical
forms, reaching others around the world.

Showing things that happen in and around this being,
enlightening, amazing, striking fear at times in the
things that are perceived from every prospectus.

Allowing to entertain notions that all of it will only
be temporary and lose it's place in the long run.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perceiving Thoughts

Meeting out in open clearings, forests surrounded with nature, pulling me in directions of peace and solace.

Perspectives and all thoughts being perceived in the quietness of a silence felt interiorly.

Knowing that everything will coincide with the serenity of hopeful faith through contemplation of my soul and it's spirit.

Fulfilling it's purpose, progressing safely through all the turmoil and evil perpetrated by others in pathways running parallel to mine.

Taking stock of illusive issues in life, changing only attitudes of another period of intense comprehension from intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perceptions Misconstrued

Perceptions seem to be the reality of each individual
whether they are right or wrong, they can tangle and
be misconstrued easily.

We must learn to clarify the truth without in turn,
insulting people in the process, it stands that not
everyone can face the truth.

So we must be careful when presenting our perceptions
to others, especially in the political arena, always
make sure of the facts, nothing can be disputed then.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perceptions Well Thought Out

Laughter and humor filling the atmosphere around me,
touching my heart and mind, keeping them alive and
vibrant throughout this difficult life.

Soothing, keeping life calm and perceptions well
thought out, keeping me focused as I live through
daily strife, stress and tension.

Able to laugh even at myself at times, when things
become too much to handle, easing pressure upon my
mind, enabling me to write it all into the universe
and be done with it for good.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perceptive Indian Music

Lightened thoughts taking time, traveling across
and through atmospheres of other dimensions, slowly
traipsing, finding a rhythm that is continually
changing.

Fantasy abounding, emitting many visions from within,
taking voyages into depths of an inner universe.

Beautiful ideas spouting plentifully along pathways of
intrigue and mystery, Indian classical music leading
the way perceptively.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Percolating Senses

Darkened shadows hiding in corners of my mind, timidly watching goings on in close surroundings.
Exercising a sadness filled with a bluened fasade of untoward feelings, causing a lonely emptiness to be elicited from depths of an eternal waterfall of abandonment.
Taking time to conquer fears and doubts, ongoing senses, percolating in deepening emotions waiting to be let out and aired.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect And Everlasting

Insatiable appetite for writing poetry hours on
end without eating, sleeping or drinking anything.

Finding solace and serenity set deeply within,
soaring fully into the atmosphere without having
to think about anything.

Perfect and everlasting, giving a great sense of
satisfaction in life.

Quickly finding pieces of puzzles that fit together
completely with no gaps in between, making picture
thoughts look like reality on the run.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect And Timely

Discovering the beauty of an interior musical landscape as it cycles beautifully through my being, filling me with sensations of passion and desires.

All of them taking me forward into a peaceful domain, such a perfect and timely way to become the person I truly am to be in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect And Total Sense

Racing through this life, tempted constantly, wanting
to see everything for I am curious to find out about
each and every detail that I don't yet know.

A perfect and total sense of the Divine is hidden
everywhere and I want only to meet each particle to
become alone, with His truth and enlightenment.

For only in this way will I be able to leave this
temporary world at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Atmosphere

Living in the forest of an interior imagination, enjoying the quiet, silent stillness enveloping my being incessantly, watching as nature grows all around.

Nourishing and nurturing my soul and intellect with relish and joy, a perfect atmosphere for this mere poet to write in, filled with music and rhythms that keep me going.

Free and independent throughout this little life of mine, enjoying it immensely and definitely, having the time of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Attitudes

Lifting eyes heavenward, reaching for the stars,
touching the universe instead.
Sating an appetite of innocent renderings on an
evening's journey, calculating adjustments of
daily attitudes with slight hesitation, knowing
it must be perfect or failure will have to be
dealt with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Balance

Holding on to prefaces in this life, not really using them,
not needing their introductions to what I want to do within.

A perfect balance of being and innate talent, covering every
aspect of living in this world.

Peaceful and humane, fulfilling the essence of humanity with
the wilfull stubborness inborn in my character.

All told, being strengthened in everything I do to write
poetically throughout my entire life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Balance Of Unity

Nights are long and lonely at times, missing you my dear, holding onto your love through the darkness, waiting to feel the pressure of your arms holding me throughout the night, desires flowing unceasingly.

Always filling me with the passion of our love uniting, sensuous, erotic and made only for the two us us, a perfect balance of unity and tenderness, acclimated to you and I alone, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Balances Of Music

Perfect balances of music flowing continuously through fibers of intellect, generously being satisfied with the equality of exacting rhythms as they play in and with a creative mind.

Particles of being enticed into realms of intellect through imaginative forms of reality, totally conquering fears and doubts.

Calming them intuitively as life progresses down avenues of other dimensions, holding onto the essence and passion of an interior being and it's spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Balancing Of Creativity

Nighttime dreams opening up in the afternoon, letting
thoughts appear in dreams from the night before.

Seeming to be happy as they portray a person who is
loved dearly, wanting to spend more time in writing
poetry and having tea together.

Intense, intelligent conversation being uppermost in
every thought, never leaving it alone to be forgotten.

Being perfectly attuned to everything going on, looking
interiorly, constantly, matching what is seen to what
is being thought.

Falling into the perfect balance of creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Blend

Posting poetry incessantly every chance I get when not writing
it, listening to CD's as I type, fingers energetically typing
and keeping pace with every rhythm.

Body moving to tempos at the same time, reality and imagination
coming together in a perfect blend of musical chords, calming
my mind and soul while listening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Blending

Looking into the distance, practicing living in the goodness of our Lord.

Separating intellect between reality on earth and an inner spirituality.

Perfect blending, taking me further than I would've gone without it.

A beautiful tantalizing innocence and purity of the Divine living here within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Companion

Reaching into consciousness, trying to figure out the
truth of reality and where it stems from.

Bringing reality into passages of imagination, noticing
if it is being carried forth or not.

Stretching out and encompassing the entire atmosphere
and environment in tantamount abilities of this active
interior life.

Being accomplished, filled with self-confidence, totally
into the quality of inner desires, and how they are all
feeling to this mind and soul

So tenderly and gently, speaking musically, rhythmically,
throughout this being, never being forsaken for any reason
because intellect is the most perfect companion within us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Day For A Birthday

A perfect day to turn 70, filled with life and a spiritual elation, feeling the blessings from above, intelligent and brilliant, one of the elite spirits walking this earth.

Heart full of love and compassion for those around him, reaching out, generous in every respect, touching people's lives with his eternal spirit.

Totally being blessed with the friendship of this dear man, honored humbly to be in his life, wishing him the most blessed birthday ever.

May it be filled with all that is good in life for Tom is a beautiful spirit of heartfelt energy, surpassing life itself.

Happy Birthday Tom, love you forever, Your poetical friend, RoseAnn

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Delicate Balance

Worshipping each in his own way, finding God in unique
and positive avenues throughout life.

Introspection, contemplation, both being used to identify
silent and inquisitive properties of liberty in regard to
religion.

Finding where we stand on issues of the ten commandments,
knowing that there are no counter-measures to them, they
apply to everyone on earth.

No matter what religion, atheism or terrorism, a perfect
and delicate balance of life and the death of it through
sin.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Embrace

Slow motion lovingly touching me interiorly, tantalizing this being with an energy of serenity as I waltz to your heart's beating rhythms throughout the night.

Stars shining down upon us as we lie in a sleeping bag beneath the darkened sky, moonlight shining upon our faces, illuminating our feelings for one another.

Lovingly and energetically, we hold onto our love, never wanting to let go, a perfect embrace as we lie in patterns of midnight.

Loving and becoming one in the desert of our lives here on this last horizon, loving one another through designs we have made through the years of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Illumination

Hurriedly running into the sunset, trying to beat
it to the horizon where I like to sit and contem-
plate the other side of life.

Born to be a part of a livid and delightful vision
that always gives such a perfect illumination of
distant thoughts and ideas.

Satisfied and contented being within the beauty of
an inner atmosphere, going beyond life and it's
incessant turmoil and strife.

Wanting to always be a part of another dimension
where there is nothing but the solace of joy and
happiness in another lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Landscape

Solitary, totally alone, loving peace and quiet
of an inner atmosphere.

Feeling calm, soothed by inner peace that no one
can compromise, for it is mine alone.

Silencing fears and noise of the world around me,
isolating self in inner domains of spirituality.

Stepping into the deepest contemplation possible
as a human being, feeling God's presence within.

Seeing and hearing nothing outside this being,
totally compromised within an interior mind.

Intellect reposed, refined and relaxed, solemn and
quiet, finding no interference whatsoever.

Silence falling into my mind, taking stock of every-
thing that relates to the Divine.

Living and breathing within spheres of an interior
wisdom and knowledge.

Rhythms and music taking me on a solo voyage through
depths of another dimension and universe.

Lights of wisdom filtering into intellect, not allow-
ing anything to interfere in my life.

A perfect landscape created through imagination and
intellect.

Nothing able to compare with this fantastic combina-
tion of beauty and reality.

Being totally taken in by God, Himself, living within
realms of spirituality, the Divine having taken over
my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Loving

Lying there on the bed, tired out from a day's work, my
love reaching out across the room, touching him gently
so as not to wake him up.

Floating quietly to him, my heart is full of love and
pride, because he is mine.

Loving him with my whole self, no one else will do,
because he holds my heart inside of his.

Protecting, loving, living, the perfect love as far as
I'm concerned.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Nature

Having walked so many miles in life, up mountain trails,
down into their canyons and ravines, seeing their beauty
and also deadly side of living there.

Magnificent views from atop of them, mind playing silent-
ly with their fascinating lines, angles and landscapes,
such a perfect world God has created for us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Paintings

Spirits gathering into the midst of writing, wanting to be
part of the prose being written of everything around them.

Beautiful pictures being framed in thoughts and ideas of
interior discovering, taking self carelessly into dangers
that help feelings stay alive.

Somber feelings being touched and reminded of the vibrant
essence held within this soul.

Perfect paintings of ethereal silence coming into view, as
I fall to their tones of exacting promises in written
verses of lifetimes on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Picture

Incessantly being blessed with an innate talent
and interior spirituality, finding patterns and
designs that take me into a perfect picture where
I live my life in harmony.

Listening to melodies and rhythms that come from
within, as I compose, fulfilling my being and
purpose with a lively faith and hope.

An everlasting spirituality holding me together
through life's turmoil and suffering.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Pitches

Recognizing pitches perfectly as they are being played
into my mind time and again.

Fleecing woolly, softened meanings into precious pictures
of telling feelings and ideas.

Researching in a moment's notice, their balance, precision
and exactness of tonal quality and emotional worthiness set
in motion at fingertips of musicians.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Presence Of Nature

Visions dancing in sight, keeping me recollected and focused on important things in life today.

Perfect presence of nature awaiting recognition in the mind of a mere poet.

Hoping to be called upon to watch and hold onto those who want to relive their special moments once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Sense

Invigorating, tantalizing my being, soaring beyond limits of this life, forgetting sadness and loneliness of this earth.

Finding and being one with nature and God, totally at peace and refreshed plentifully throughout the day and night.

Having a spirituality that continues to take me through-out inner universes and dimensions, nothing to hold me back or take me away from it's light.

A perfect sense of God's presence, never failing to penetrate intellect, heart and soul with His blessed beauty and love for this mere poet, whom He has created.

Always being appreciated and valued by God, showing me how much by the gifts He has given and by the wonderful, awesome and beautiful people He puts in my life.

Blessing me with every one of them forever, feeling His touch with each one as they come into my life, filling me with an energy of the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Sense Of Mathematics

Sounds of pleasure coming from musical rhythms, delighting
my mind with their vitality and perfect sense of mathematics,
exquisite and pure.

Taking intellect on journeys throughout other dimensions
through intuitive and lively connections somehow being made
by this poetical brain.

Feeling the wonder, thrill and excitement filling my mind
completely, taking senses to heights beyond those of earthly
sensations.

Enjoying complicated rhythms taking me on journeys through
intellect and imagination, having a great time with insight
and fantasy as they combine.

Bringing new pictures of ideas into this mere poet's mind
and soul, reality and imagination diving and delving into
recesses of subconscious dimensions beyond this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Sense Of Time

Stationing self in a place of quiet stillness, able to see
in every direction, watching people in many dimensions toss-
ing rhythms about.

Plenty of thoughts racing into waterfalls of my mind, want-
ing to be heard silently in a poem or two, fascinating and
triggering messages coming to light.

Staggering or wavering steadily and attentively flowing,
intuition carefully placing each one into lines of flower-
ing blossoms.

Always taking care to treat them with kindness as they tend
to be fragile at times, a perfect sense of time through each
rhythm.

Tempos staccatoely beating against intellect, creating a fas-
cinating composition, notes pouring out onto pages within
hidden poetry journals being written incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Space

Fiddling, playing a violin in my imagination with preciseness and perfect pitch. Allowing it's strident sounds to match the feelings of abandonment and loneliness, as my heart and soul cry silently within their tones and harmony. Playing so no one else can hear, because I'm in the perfect space reserved for me alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Star

Keystones of mountainous purpose fall into my mind,
being oblivious to everyday opportunities.
Preferring to create my own, following a star,
perfectly in tune with my spirit of enlivening
purpose.
Taking carefully planned steps in upward directions,
upward indications relying on inner mandates.
Mountainous keystones fall in and out of my mind,
churning ideas in a quandary of identity.
Projecting a quantity of altering facets to lean on
in times of broken lessons of memories laid to rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Supple Generosity

Separating and secluding self from the world by entering
an interior universe where contemplation can take me into
a world of silent writing.

There I am most vibrant and alive, present to intellect
and writing whatever it selects and tempts me with.

Such a perfect and supple generosity given constantly
in beautiful patterns of imagination's total wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Time

Working at puzzles, fitting words and meaning together,
formulating ideas with each one completed.

Luring my brain's intellect into it's trap of enlighten-
ment with every word in perfect time.

Satisfying an interior thirst for imaginational precision
on pathways towards final sunsets.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Timing

Toe-tapping swing, swaying people in
the room to it's melody's beats.
Resting in between notes, glistening
beauty flowing from a voice - tenor
in pitch.
Quite sincere, timing perfect,
kicking up heels interiorly.
Voicing a natural talent with
anticipation and soothing calmness,
offering serenity to all others in
the room.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Tones

Listening to sounds in the atmosphere,
identifying their pitch and intensity
with a perfect tone.

Altogether, hearing notes and their
signatures stir thoughts in sub-
consciousness.

Awakening awareness interiorly,
justifying possibilities, traveling
and hiding within processes of
imagination.

Writing and formulating melodies of
poetry for aspects of contemplation
in the environment around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Union

Feelings of nirvana consume me from the inside out,
leaving me in darkness at the edge of my existence.

Secret pleadings constantly falling within like
leaves and pine cones on a windy day.

Taking away the fullness of agony, replacing it in a
perfect union with the Divine dwelling comfortably
inside my spirit.

A spiritual life of tremendous proportions lifting me
into other universes, their intimate dimensional beauty.

One that cannot be mirrored by the human mind, unless
given special insight through intellect's essence and
soulful spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Union Of Life

Smiling inwardly with the joy of life inundating mind, heart and spirit, following the course of freedom and liberty into new areas of intellect.

Mind totally acquiescing, loving the challenge of a perfect union of life through imagination and reality, succinctly forming new avenues towards other dimensions.

Those that are continually opening up new landscapes through portals of intellect, reassuring and comforting to mind and soul.

Reawakening hope, giving faith an open garden to travel into, welcoming the beauty of another environment through intellect, imagination and reality.

A purposeful parlay of thoughts that fulfills the essence and passion of being and soul, all through this temporary life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect Unison

Solid, imagining the perfect unison that continues to
exist within every American, patterns and designs are
fathomed from the beginning of time.

Still here to create our strength in numbers, reaching
for heights, never forgiven in times of distress and
war from within as we silently amass our protection.

Sharing it with one another only as we sit back, locked
and loaded, knowing that our militia is growing ever
faster.

Regular every day people with plenty of answers, weapons
and inner strength, a mass of people no one will be able
to reckon with, it will be their end not ours for sure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfect World Created

Walking along sandy shores alone and forgotten, thinking of times when life was full to the brim, younger and filled with dreams, needing them to be fulfilled.

A never-ending voyage being perpetrated independently by self, satisfied with things the way they were, never knowing anything better.

Plodding along, doing what I chose, no one ever interfering in my plans, such a total and perfect world I'd created from within, never wanting it to end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfected Life

Hold me closer, don't ever falter or fall away from me.
Yours forever, life has perfected it's happiness to
include the two of us.
Clasping minds and memories, we walk together through
years of lifetimes, one moment at a time.
Following charismatic feelings towards lightened
futures, we dance together, moving ever forward towards
our destinations the other side of earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfection

Enjoyable melodies of childhood, develop musical perfection along the way.

Creating prodigies of quality and tonal perfect pitch while stirring happiness inside talented minds, reaching for achievement through daily lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfection Of Interior Life

Striving to reach perfection of an interior life
while still being human, a task hard put in this
hectic world we live in.

Settling into a pacifying state of mind, using
nature to bring about an interior peace needed
to accomplish this.

Noticing patterns unfolding from within this mind,
placating my heart and soul with gentle rhythms of
Gregorian chants being sung and listened to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfectly Fitting Together

Rushing carefully into throes of desire, expecting
beautiful colors of passion as desires fulfill
themselves through our love.

Hearts holding onto one another through everything,
boosting endorphins, making us both feel like we're
in heaven already.

Holding and being held, finding only positive feelings
being touched, coming alive vibrantly while we make
love together.

So perfectly fitting, two pieces of a puzzle making our
picture of love complete, as we continue in throes of
passion all through the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Performance Beginning

Watching people coming into the auditorium, sitting,
waiting for the performance to begin here at the
college.

Expecting a great time here with my Granddaughter in
attendance, whiling away the time, listening to music
and writing poetry.

One poem after another flowing into this poetry journal,
keeping my mind awakened and aware of what is going on,
someone announcing the beginning of the show now.

Lights dimming, stage still empty, yet the band is still
playing, intense and delightful, rushing into mind, now
people are coming onto the stage dancing and singing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Performances Of Rhythm

Moving out of the circumference of interior belongings,
traveling out into the universe where all of life has an
ending.

Noting that it's always unfolding, taking steps forward
towards avenues of outstanding performances of rhythm
and climbing to it's ivy towers high above any dimension
here on earth's shores and horizons of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Performing A Musical

Sitting in an auditorium, watching high school children
perform a musical.

It is great, touching me interiorly, seeing talent that
is being displayed by children - it couldn't be better.

All together it is amazing, holding the attention of
both sons, mesmerized with the fact that it is being
put on by high school children, all alone.

Asking if they are really singing, replying, 'yes', it
is certainly amazing to 10 and 11 year old boys.

The whole musical is by far a wonderful star, shining the
way down a path of future glory for a great many youth.

(3: 53 p.m. - 3/4/90)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Performing Arts

Recognizing truths in melody's rhythms, forging ahead - writing descriptions, performing the arts in penmanship for viewing by anyone interested in reading it. Many aspects being explored through intellect's kind wisdom, and being shone in new lights of discovery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Performing Experience

Periods of enlightenment, capturing my essence and
fulfilling it proportionately.
A delightful experience being performed within me
right now.
A poetical interlude of tantamount importance in
my earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Performing Life

Laying tones on top of one another like bricks, making a wall between others and myself, wanting to contemplate, be away from people to do what I need to.

Keeping alive and vibrant throughout this life, unfolding, opening up and blossoming into my future-filled life, read-justing, adapting and being adept at anything and everything.

Filling life with interest and curiosity, loving the magic and mystery being formed innately within, spreading it around like cream cheese on crackers.

It's flavor being tasted in my mind so sublimely and totally, always regarding what is going to be written into poetry, my mind and intellect being sentinels.

Keeping the accuracy and definitions of meaning, making sure that all is working along with innate talent, flowing into the future silently.

Never forsaking this life and time for anything or anyone else, a totally beautiful way of performing life through music and poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perfumed Creativeness

Newly decorated interior thoughts pounce upon deserted
oasis' awaiting picturesque moments of decisive belonging.

Folding adjacent images onto screens of plain adventure,
riding down beautiful insights, caressing all senses as
they perfume around my spacious avenues of creativeness.

Striding along through arid places, watching cacti waving
silently to my soul.

Loving characters of words as they grow into prose,
blossoming fruitfully without hindrances or other's
doubts to mar their beginnings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perhaps

Thinking about obama as a child, his mind being corrupted
by a communist, selfish and lying always to him, had that
not happened to him, perhaps he would not be so intent on
destroying our great nation.

Instead of intensely focusing on corruption and greediness
of politicians and government, maybe he would've been able
to see American's for who they really are.

Full of compassion, mercy and love for all humanity, not
greedy or selfish or evil, just ordinary people, working
all their lives to feed and nourish their families.

Still having it in them to give to the poor, help those
more unfortunate and loving those who have no one else to
love them.

Had obama had a chance in life to be human instead of being
taught selfishness, greed and destroying people he didn't
understand, perhaps he might have actually done some good
as president even though he's not legally one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perhaps In A Greyened Shadow

Feelings standing erect, peering into an everlasting dark-
ness of loneliness, wanting to find the light that will
lead me to another past, perhaps in a greyened shadow just
beyond death.

Seeing corners being tucked in, covering each one somehow,
so as not to be exposed, a burning stinging being ignited
over and over, even though it's extinguished constantly
from the interior of this blackened darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perimeters Of Another Universe Through India

Rocking to beats of another life, finding it's rhythms pertaining to feelings and emotions that I've felt through the years.

Paramount in the scheme of things, are ways in which I find to express self poetically through music as it takes me into perimeters of another universe through India.

Sitting on it's edges, unfolding intellect in an exciting new adventure where nothing can be expected, only ideas spreading criss-cross through my being.

Tempting me into a sphere of totality where life appears in natural circumstances, holding them in mystical coded rhythms of silence as it deafens sounds of this world around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Period Of Grace And Music

Feeling rhythm falling heavily in this mind, not letting
itself be ignored in any respect.

Searching for the words to speak of it's tender touch in
behaviors and attitudes in measures of notes.

Catching it all together in the same atmospheres of many
other dimensions, forever explaining every aspect of life.

Different tempos through melodies and harmonies of another
time are specially marked for the future in a period of
grace and music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Periods Of Contemplation

Immediate and intense rhythms focus my mind on a
waterfall cascading and falling into depths of an
everlasting peace.

Serenity taking care to fit puzzle pieces together
in a specific order, not defined by anything except
coded rhythms.

Flowing, taking an existent pathway straight into
myriad thoughts that are crossing barriers of an
inner universe.

Both dimensions carrying ideas into different aspects
of intellect, intending, differentiating subconscious-
ness of thoughts as they play.

Giving many soft and gentle periods of contemplation,
their energy surpassing everything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Periods Of Serenity

Clacking rhythms into melodies of sublime landscapes, revolving down highways in periods of serenity.
Inviting tones into existence, creating beautiful exercises of poetry.
Laughter spilling out into the crowd, offering an association of fun and companionship to all who enter the establishment.
Finding themselves in a latent position of energetic facsimiles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Periods Of Silence

Quality of life exists in little ones, enjoying what they're doing.
Cascading along rocks high into the atmosphere and delving deeply into pools of knowledge.
Justifying periods of silence with truthful facts and peaceful entitlement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Periods Of Suffering

Quiet conversations held together in melodies heard from afar.

Draining interior solicitude by taking every vestige of trials
and letting them form into periods of suffering, never being
responded to in the light of day.

Exchanging feelings and attitudes with silent partners,
staying away from all the elements of friendship.

No one finding an essence except in talent's depths from
underneath beatitudes of religion.

Being stranded in a wreath of death, supposed to be placed on
a grave for the once upon a love before it died.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Periods Of Time

Butterflies flitting over the lawn, exercising their wings and exploring other worlds right around them.
So graceful and softly flowing, leaving their presence soaring around my intellect, touching parts that haven't been written about in long periods of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Periods Of Twilight

Whatever comes into view of the miracles
sent down to give us hope in life.
Interchanging systems, putting us in
mournings of woe.
Lasting periods of twilight, give an
enlightenment, shining the way to the edges
of heaven.
Still hanging there in front of everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Peripheral Vision

Talking, moving, carrying on in a peripheral vision
as music takes me beyond what my eyes can see and
mind can grasp.
Catching sight of mountains in the distance,
feeling them soothe my mind with their majestic
nature, as they continue to mature in their homey
abodes beneath Arizona skies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Permeating Death

When a bough breaks the world will fall apart, leaving nothing in it's stead.
Memories will fall and fade away, there will be no direction or placating truths to find this time.
Trapped in a cavern, no way out except with someone's help.
No one is there to reach out to or climb up a ledge.
Death has permeated everything and all light has burnt out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pernicious Emotions

Pernicious emotions are filling my mind with deceiving ideas,
putting me down into unknown depths.
Trying to stay above water level lines or I'll drown in human
sacrifices for no known reason.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perpendicular Moments

Moments of time build themselves into the parlay of
yesterday where life began.

Enjoying and looking forward to another moment, never
letting a second of it disappear from sight.

So intense and perpendicular, posing against the moon-
light, shadows crossing and re-crossing in front of
sight.

Yet, until life has opened it's gates, wanting to feel
senses that are being wrapped around integrity every-
thing in one period of glistening sorrow is unfolded
and sacrificed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perpendicular Prose

Contentedly listening to classical music into the night, experiencing it's difficult patterns and designs for future episodes of perpendicular prose.
It's always waiting to be checked and brought into formations of tomorrow's compositions.
Lilting lightly, airily, resting my mind as it travels quietly through my soul, taking me to a land of peace and serenity where only I can dwell for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perpendicular Thought

Sensing perpendicular strides of thought as they make me
laugh at their crazy antics.

Trying to disguise their efforts, within seriousness,
smiling incontinently inside, causing me to fall down in
gales of laughter.

So many feelings being set aside just so I can enjoy the
festivities of my mind as it steps out on the town,

Inviting me to join in it's silliness and games, just to
relax inner self and take away the stress I'm feeling.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perpendicular To Living

Swinging from vines, this mind enjoying the freedom that
it brings, melodies soft and vibrant, tantalizing feel-
ings hiding within.

Waiting expectantly for somewhere to locate energy of a
passionate wisdom, desires being held in check, not want-
ing to be, unable to break the control of the one keeping
a watchful eye.

Looking always for a way to escape, anything will do, as
long as I'm released somehow from this watchful eye, roam-
ing edges of life, perpendicular to the way living is per-
ceived by many, but not the way this poet sees it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perpetrating Questions

Songs telling stories of people who have lived and loved
us in our lives together.

Hearts beating in unison while we traverse little parts
of a larger world.

Studying in vain, knowing that it's a futile endeavor to
succeed at, yet we continue searching for the wisdom and
knowledge to bring us above the carnage and poverty that
has encased us in a life-long misery.

Each alone in it, with no rehearsal or review to get
beyond it's certain poverty.

Mainly perpetrating the questions we all have asked of
life and that no one has ever gotten the answers or found
any solutions to.

Nothing ever beyond what we have already known, living
until we die, knowing nothing to make a difference.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perpetrating Racism

Wondering at the rudeness in people of power, thinking
they are better than those they are supposed to be
serving.

It's hard to imagine how people can feel that way,
while disrespecting others who are gentle and cooper-
ative to a fault, treating them in turn with the utmost
respect.

Just can't believe some people's kids, impolite, no
manners or common decency towards others in their lives.

Horrible and totally horrendous people, perpetrating
the racism that's keeping peace from happening in our
world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perpetrating Rhythm

Riding syncophant beats into the evening, enjoying their feel against my mind.
Perpetrating a rhythm gathered within, being arranged and set in floral bouquets of music set in lace-like doilies.
Carefully stitched in my mind with delicate heart-beats and spiritual lightness, illuminating all of inner wisdom as midnight draws nearer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perpetrating Solutions

Whipping and rocking in steps of happiness as prose is being handed through every measure imaginable, storing it all on photographic screens interiorly.

Rushing rapidly into another dimension of reality that sets my mind afire with sparks of totality coming from within imagination.

Straight into intellect where they make total sense, always perpetrating solutions of tomorrow in pages of poetry, taking steps to process everything in a creative way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perplexing Eternity

Avenues of perplexity penetrate southern corners of a mind, tranquilly participating in forgiveness.
Swaying to and fro, sliding through green waters of interest, flipping upwards at times of silent bliss.
Rippling across the surface of mind-enticing beauty, a simplicity of conquest becomes known.
Wallowing and swimming side by side, life unfolds gently, showing it's underside to all.
Vulnerable and swift, gliding quietly throughout eternity for wisdom's sake.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perplexing Inertia

Intrigued with very intense and rapid rhythms, lolling behind tempos, trying not to catch up, sating an intense appetite that keeps growing.

Giving an insatiable energy that enables me to continue to fulfill motives and spaces of perplexing inertia, tapping and silencing inner anxieties in situations.

Arising from time to time, collecting and soothing every thought that happens to move into realms of this night's vision.

Proceeding down avenues of lavish designs, allowing for moments of tomorrow's alignment with the future, finally settling into a circular domain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Persistence In Overcoming

Life at times falls to ruins no matter what we do, nothing
makes a difference, living in this uncertain world gives us
much doubt and mistrust.

We continue to go about our daily lives, hoping things will
get better, easier, simpler, having faith, although at times
it's wavering like the flame of a candle with a gentle breeze.

Inner strength holding onto hope, our faith taking us over
mountains, through canyons, as we persist in overcoming what-
ever comes to pass in our lives, knowing we have no alterna-
tive, but death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Persistent Balance

Life has sinners and innocents all living together,
surprisingly, not defiling the purity of those who
follow God and believe in the sanctity of life.

A total and persistent balance that doesn't make
any difference in the existence of someone who is
far beyond them in spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Person I Want To Be

Deeply feeling emptiness of life as I walk through the desert, leaving everything behind, missing nothing, wanting to find a place where I can be the person I want to be.

Instead of being quiet, timid, shy, wanting to be boisterous, outgoing, the life of the party, yet something stands in the way, for I am introverted.

Not really created for extroversion in this world, always thinking, pondering, writing both poetry and music while painting portraits from memory.

Going from one to another without a rest or break, mind filled with an energy of anticipation that has kept me going day and night through all these years so far.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Personal Communication

Sitting and talking with a friend, sharing personal ideas
and thoughts that touch each other's hearts, caring and
loving one another through this life, helping to understand
the cultures we have never been a part of.

Now joining families, learning and enjoying our many
differences, fascinated by traditions and closeness, even
though we are so opposite in nationality.

Taking steps to become more learned in Indian culture,
wanting to know more, because it is totally interesting
to me.

Touching and endearing, talk with one another becomes a
personal communication, at times emotional and always
very beautiful.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Personal Experience

Life is precious from the very beginning to our last
breath.
Afterwards, we know nothing more - there's no
explanation written anywhere.
We talk about heaven and God from our imaginations
and faith, based on people's accounts centuries ago,
but none of us know from personal experience.
Faith guides our hearts and souls while we are alive,
even though our minds aren't expansive enough to grasp
the reality of us after death.
Belief in God is all we really have in life, our faith
lights the way, helps us to bear our burdens - although imperfectly at best.
Respect all life, treat it with dignity and love and
when we have breathed our last, we will finally become
our personal experience in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Personal Heaven

You make me feel alive, as your love fills me
incessantly and completely every moment of life.

Do you know how much your love means to my heart?
It lives for only you, taking my life into yours.

Loving the genuine caring and protection you pro-
vide constantly.

Such a wonderful feeling, knowing your unconditional
love is mine only, making me feel so alive and vibrant.

Life has become a personal heaven being with you alone
in this world.

Nothing can shake or harm me with you by my side,
loving me through it all.

Love you, darling, forever, you are always in my heart,
mind and soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Personal Heroes

Outside, an American flag furling and unfurling in this morning breeze, sharing it's symbol of freedom and liberty with us all.

A reminder of all those who have sacrificed to protect our nation and all it's citizens.

Loving our Vets, thanking them for their service and always asking God to bless them and their families.

A nation proud of our Veterans from day one, for they are our own personal heroes, one and all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Personal Journey

Looking selfishly within, seeing screens of imagination
all my own.
Scraping away reality from my mind's shoes, taking
pleasure in it's disappearance.
A world fashioned with what I like and want, no one
allowed in to bother me on my personal journey.
Walking forward in time, allotting myself opportunities
to feel freedom's wiles and take advantage of them.
Listening to what is said beyond life's horizons,
feeling - a knowing - that is indescribable in words
spoken aloud.
Words silently written on paper, thrust themselves into
people's minds relentlessly, taking their minds on
endless treks of feelings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Personal Level

Sanctity of life is important, close to my spiritual heart,
wanting others to realize how attitudes and words they say
to another can hurt and even rip their souls.

People need to be sensitive and not annihilate another be-
cause of their own insensitivity, developing a keen sense
of identity with others.

Helping to be more compassionate and caring when dealing
with them, while talking behind another's back is never
conducive to any relationship.

It cannot survive on the same level throughout life, it
destroys a person on a personal level and tears them down,
an abusive way to get what they want.

A selfish tactic for sure, having something to say, going
straight to the source, telling another personally, tact-
fully, not after the fact when damage has already been done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Personal Melodies

Taking time to listen to nature, enjoying every moment
alone within it's circumference.

Touching personal melodies hidden within which I compose
and listen to all the time.

Classical music tempting mind and intellect, soothing in-
ner feelings and emotions completely when listening intently.

Every melody and harmony taking me into an interior universe
reserved for self only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Personal Rainbows

Beneath life's covers we become who we are whether or not we believe. Somewhere on our journey we meet our rainbow and swim in it's brilliant colorful hues, developing our personalities and meeting one another heart to heart - joining our souls with God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perspective Diagnosis

Looking down on people from above gives a different
perspective, especially on how they walk.

Some are pigeon-toed, others with a limp or click.

Maybe doctors should look down upon their patients
to get a new angle and view of how they walk, instead
of just watching patients walk towards them and back.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Persuasive Powers

Penetrating thoughts following measures of rhythm, aligning themselves with untold powers of persuasion.
Counting down beats to an everlasting portion of reality.
Following tradition, sending signs through the years, allowing thoughts to be written and fend for themselves.
Distinguishing only to interior periods of harmony.
Forgiving nature's unfolding in tunnels of retribution, showing the way to untold happiness at the end of each day.
Setting with the sun, glimpsing rays from the moon, calculating the travesties of everyday foibles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pertinacity Of Being

Pertinacity of my being leads me down avenues of intense stubbornness, not wanting to agree with anyone.

Having my own opinions about things and issues in this life, tomorrow is soon enough to compromise, today is mine to do what I wish.

Will think, discuss and enjoy this total agreeable obstinacy for today, for it gives a feeling of satisfaction for the time being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perusing Ideas

Picking out different ideas, allowing them to develop and show their respective powers, displaying them all to be perused.

Loving concepts occurring, taking them into this mind, accumulating and adding to knowledge, many renditions of logic and reason.

Perpetrating their essences, combining them individually with fantasies of imagination.

Delving deeply into progressions of calculations being provided innately from within this being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Perverting The Hippocratic Oath

A doctor's Hippocratic Oath is essentially to do no harm
to his/her patients.

Yet, these are doctors who don't care what they have to
do as long as they can earn the almighty dollar, doing
whatever they can to acquire it and place it in their
bank accounts.

Never really caring who they hurt in the process as long
as they can attain desires of their pleasure.

A tantamount plagiarism of the oath that they have turned
around into a promise to do that which brings them money
and not caring what has to be done for the good of all
mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Petal Of An Inner Rose

Mysterious eerie sounds of a violin stroking intellect, now tantalizing this brain to code each individual rhythm, giving energy a place to grow and blossom through poetry.

Loving, holding onto a delicate petal of an inner rose, showing the way to heaven if only people would stop and smell their aroma.

Always delicious and filled with heavenly graces from above, steady, solid, rising up into heights of another dimension, looking around, seeing nothing.

A bluened light of the Divine surrounding me on all sides, expressions of love, compassion and caring being nurtured in gardens of heaven.

Awaiting our entrance, recognition of who and what we were here on earth, now our spirits being lived in the beauty of heaven at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Petal Of Life

Tender, fragile petal of life I am of late.
Sensitive to a fault, wavering on the brink of death.
Delicate and gentle, unafraid, yet ready to become
unknown in this life.
Scanning horizons of yet to be experiences, sifting
through with careful expectancy, ready for anything.
Expounding on necessary pilgrimages of life within,
carrying them to farthest reaches of mankind.
Hesitantly aware of precarious moments, building on
them, hoping to prevent any illusions or accidents.
Sent from a peculiar emptiness of silence, I am a
tender, fragile petal of life about to be non-existent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Petals Of A Mind

Waving gently from beyond depths of knowledge, personal identity hides.
Afraid to let itself be known, forging pathways of it's own.
Needing no one to lead the way, prefers to explore new byways of it's own choosing.
Life experiences are multiplied this way and wisdom grows with youthful thought to a land of wonder and awe.
Carefully picking thoughts to remember, pressing petals between the mind, allowing itself a home to call it's own forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Petals Of Death

Continuing stepping along lanes of happiness, gaily joining scented fragrances of heaven's abodes.

Traipsing quickly into areas of forgotten memories left on petals of death.

Precise moments graze and lengthen their designs in spheres of blueness and depth of inner abysses.

Calling forth energetic beatitudes of prayerful assignations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Petals Of Existence

Rapturous music filling people sitting around talking and eating, meeting on another plain.
Traipsing forward on paths little traveled on.
Softened petals of existence, flowing downhill, capturing every image with lightening quick thoughts.
Nowhere seeing matters of obsession or heartbreak for the time being.
Allowing words to escape from bits of repertoire, ending only in existential behaviors.
Penning each phrase with normal acumen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Petals Of Music

Softened petals of music bloom quietly, serenely
in my mind, an acquiescence of joy.
Forward sounding rhythms, causing tremors of
excitement on a journey of absolute precision and
beauty, sliding into a future of melody embracing
intellect and genius.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Petals Of Musical Notes

Gently, softly, petals of tones and notes fall gently into this mind, at times bringing tears of sadness through it's melodies, touching the very within of being.

Bringing sorrow closer than ever to a broken heart, going behind the black curtains where once you were taken by death far from me, my dear.

Trying to go on without you, but finding it very difficult to do so, leaving so many things undone that we had wanted to do together.

When going to where we used to enjoy ourselves, not able to stay for long, losing self a little more than I can bear my love, for you're never there.

Wanting you so badly, this being is one big pool of tears that cannot be absorbed in this lifetime, it's way too much for this heart wants you back.

Still continuing living without you, but cannot wait to leave this earth to be with you once again, just for now missing you, going back to the other side of the black curtains where I must find a reason for being without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Petals Of Natural Aging

Taking steps along highways hidden from sight, finding treasures wherever I happen to look down.
Becoming bed-ridden as aging banners fall upon me, covering me with petals of natural aging, mellowing me alongside yellowing lace of old.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Petals Of Roses

Lonely, holding onto a love we once had, even though no
longer here with us, not wanting to let go of our love,
for it still lies preciously in our hearts.

There it's cherished and treasured forever within our
souls, a total and complete life held closely, unable
to live without them anymore.

Yet life is still flowing through us, although wanting
to let it go, lilting breezes bringing scents of their
beings enticingly to mind.

Brushing away tears with soft petals of roses that were
tenderly placed upon a grave last week, bringing us to
our knees, sorrow overflowing intensely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Petals Of Silence

Talkative episodes of music,
giving chemical elements the right of
way as scents of livelihood fall down
around me in petals of silence.

Never beckoning me to leave, only to
remain here in a sphere of definition
all my own.

Caressing my mind, telling all emotions
to line up in single file, to continue
telling the stories that have been
deposited into my heart and soul.

Entering dimensions of yesterday's
tomorrow, escaping all the empty
promises given me through the years of
my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Phantom Roses

Going nowhere, yet still moving forward to who knows where,
being stimulated effervescently and completely, calmly sit-
ting, letting intellect exercise itself in solitude.

Always being available within, taking time to be mesmerized
in fields of phantom roses, bringing silence totally into
my being.

Walking down highways, not hearing anything yet writing quiet-
ly into the future, nothing to mar thought processes or any
creative juices flowing fluidly through this brain.

Tousling feelings and emotions, keeping them hidden until
written spontaneously into poems, expressing them in vivid
imagery and picturesque landscapes.

This memory being filled with many invaluable thoughts, past,
present and future visions, carefully keeping them all safe
and protected upon photographic screens throughout life.

Quietly and contemplatively being filled with an inner spirit-
uality and wonderful beauty developed through fantasy, imagin-
ation and reality.

In tune with life and nature, completing it in prose, enlight-
ening, taking steps into other dimensions others have never
seen or entered, self and ideas concisely being learned from an
innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Phantom Seeds

Puzzling rhymes etching themselves into pictures of words and phantom seeds, waiting to grow into majestic trees of delight.

Answering platitudes of prayer as candle flames light the way to ends of tunnels, exposing wisdom for all to see in every moment of pronunciation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Phases And Caricatures Of Nature

Calculating essences of energy, finding mathematically that life is filled with formulas, even one for death's embrace at the end.
Tallying enough thought to process ridiculous amounts of images as they all vie for a part in life's puzzle.
Taking whatever they can in the event they may be able to spread cheer throughout the land.
Selecting phases, caricatures of nature, and beautiful landscapes of paradise on the way through life's pathways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Phases Of Intellect

Shooting from the hip, hitting the mark every single time,
enjoying pleasurable feelings being brought to this heart.

Silently exercising interior phases of intellect with an
artistic grace, refined through the years through writing.

Loving solace and peace being brought into life through
it all, safely hiding beneath words of every poem written,
satisfying self alone with the essence of passion.

Beautiful sensations taking, going into gates of heaven,
solemnly and without any effort whatsoever.

Planning every note in rhythmic sequences of mathematical
progressions, totally into measures of it's tempo, continuing
to enjoy writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Philosophy

Burned out philosophy of life lies tattered
on dishonest shores, pulled eccentrically
by lost tides, beckoning future liabilities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Philosophy Of Quiet Renderings

There is no real or worthwhile way of getting
to know life except to live and experience it.

So many barriers of stress and difficulty stand
in our ways, harassing and sending peace away.

Tranquility is hard to come by and many of us do
not do the work - the gentle work of our interior
quiet lives.

Reasons abound why we do not do so, yet we continue
to complain and battle with ourselves.

Consequently we falter and stumble through life,
afraid of what we might find.

Never reaching a point of concern, backing away from
realities of our time, watching the world pass by
hurriedly and full of stress, not wanting to caress
a philosophy of quiet renderings, peaceful and calm
from within our souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Phoenix Blessing

Clouds forming whitely behind statuesque mountains,
climbing towards the sky.
Wind gusting slowly, sending a gentle breeze to
waft their scent to nature's abode.
Light foliage straddling sides of rocky cliffs,
spreading their green hues colorfully over desert
brown-red tones.
A natural rock-hewn Monk, kneeling on the edge of
a cliff prays day and night, blessing Phoenix with
his gentle quiet voice and presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Phoenix Courts

All of life revolves around children, taking care of and protecting them.

Why then do our courts keep giving abusive mothers children to maim, batter and emotionally abuse? ?

Judges and their counterparts rule in favor of mothers no matter how horrible and bad they are to their children.

Even when fathers bring court reported evidence to present to judges they choose to ignore the facts right in front of them.

Why do young fathers feel they have to kill themselves and their children? Why are our courts allowing this abusive error to continue?

Apparently, money is all they're after, because they sure aren't protecting innocent children.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Phoenix Landlord - Tenant

Standing blindly in a hall of injustice - city hall
to be exact - waiting to be jerked around some more
at city employee's whims.
Landlord - tenant, a department created to help those
having problems with landlords also.
Yet, the only help any tenant will receive is a kick
out the door to live on the street.
They'll help some, by putting you up in a motel,
giving out McDonald's books of gift certificates for
meals and possibly extend your motel stay.
Also, if you can find a house in three long days, the
city will pay first month's rent, security and
utility deposits for you.
Just try to find a place, have it inspected by a city inspector and okayed - in Phoenix? - it's next to
impossible!
Yet that's the city of Phoenix's solution to a major
problem with slumlords and greedy landlords.
It works not at all, as poor people get tossed and
thrown from one hell-hole to another with no hope of
rest or a home in sight.
Ask Mayor Phil Gordon, about his slumlord legislation
and he'll tell you, 'but he's one of the good ol' boys.
I can't touch him - he's a landlord and helps me get
elected'.
So poor people are more often than not left in the
street to fend for themselves.
On television you'll hear all about problems of the
homeless and how the city will legislate to get them
off the streets into shelters and jails, while never
raising a hand to alleviate the problem the city of
Phoenix is causing.
Just ask around - but ask the right people - those
who have been and are being abused by the city of
Phoenix.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Phoenix Throw-Aways

Birds chirping restlessly, looking towards the skies intermittently.
Leaves shaking as gentle winds move them with silent
speed and wonder.
Trees ever moving, filled with grace, yet always
standing in one place - one space to call their own
for a lifetime.
So unlike we humans who are always moving, never
standing still, yet have no place or space to call
their own, for the city of Phoenix makes many people
homeless.
With no chance to live, grow, nurture their own
children like in days of old, when your home was yours
to pass on to family forever.
Today, left to chance, circumstance and prayer, lives
are transitionally changed with no where to call home -
except maybe very temporarily, until the city of Phoenix
again throws them out in the street.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Phoenix, Arizona

Sitting in the midst of bikers at a bar-b-que, enjoying
their company immensely.

All around, nature is nurturing us in an Arizona sunshine,
mountains watching closely.

Seeing the beauty of this morning spreading across the
land, our desert standing it's ground.

Arid and sunny, taking us into depths of everything that
is wonderful here in Phoenix, Arizona.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Phoenix's Environmental Nightmares

City-wide smog spread thickly over everything, brown, ugly,
dirty, put there by city officials who have no clue about
environmental measures to clear out the air in Phoenix.

Instead, building more freeways so traffic may go slower,
get clogged up, stand still, therefore throwing ever -
increasing amounts of carbon into the air.

Allowing buildings to be built over two stories tall, in
order to trap the pollution and prevent desert winds from
blowing it away naturally.

City officials - those with the say-so, have no clue how
to prevent pollution, they just keep accumulating tax money,
pretending they're doing something.

Another method added to increase pollution was to add more
traffic lights so traffic could stay congested at almost
any hour of the day or night.

Patting themselves on the back, increasing their wages is
al that matters to them.

To hell with Phoenix - it's population and pollution! !

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Phoenix's Government's Prejudice

Shattered into non-existence, groping for some stability, finding none at all.
Although life is so very temporary, there are people - government employees -
who try to make lives on earth go through pure hell.
There's no explanation, no rhyme or reason - just people
who feel they have power to control and ruin others.
Splashed with prejudice, allowed to live in houses with
not much more than the amenities of a cave.
Poor people in Phoenix have been taken, turned out,
stomped upon and left to die outside of spacious
buildings and skyscrapers of downtown Phoenix.
Where is the justice everyone is told about?
There's none in the city of Phoenix, unless you're rich
and can control lives of people on golden strings.
Strings called ordinances, created by the City of Phoenix.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Phosphorescent Creativity

Music gathering people into it's circle - smiles, laughter, joy - dancing to rhythms, infiltrating thoughts with splendor of meanings, literally.
Holding onto pieces of life, bringing their essence into being.
Calmly riding stormy clouds above earth, hoping to traverse the entire universe with pleasure.
Conditioning people, helping them to override sorrows of life through melodies of phosphorescent creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Photo Memories

Scented memories waft into my mind,
bringing etchings of images into view.

Watching them grow, enlarging with
words, describing what I see, turning
adjectives into prose.

Developing prints of creation like
photos of the past, taping them to
memory so I may recall them any time
I choose to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Photo Memories Of Life

Bebopping down memory lane with tell-tale hints of
romance and love back in the day.
Living with thoughts and images, winding and unwinding
themselves in lacey doilies, reminding of good times
and joy with family and friends.
Looking at photo albums kept in minds for years, even
though the actual pictures have disappeared from life.
Heartfelt wishes never fulfilled with hopes of finding
them again some day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Photo Recall

Good times passed away with childhood,
memories of grandparents crawl around
my mind, reminding me of whence I came.

Loving to recall images, voices, sounds,
movements from each and every memory.

Photographically remembering it all,
etched in my mind forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Photographic Feelings

Silently quiet, stirring grey matter, trying to adjust
to hidden feelings now rising above all else.

Jutting into my memory, pushing me around, causing
quite a frenzy inside.

Feelings of being trapped, breath being squeezed from
within my mind, trying to hold on as I experience it's
horrendous feelings of helplessness.

Catching at abandonment, not letting go, allowing it
to consume my entire being.

Unable to yell or scream, only little grunts can escape
as my whole body tightens up, trying to escape this
interior hell.

Wanting to swim above it all, being pulled constantly
down, back into the image that captured me in it's
unholy grasp.

Taunting, ripping away all logic, flailing in bottomless
pits of feelings as I'm trapped incessantly inside,
until it decides to let me go.

(1: 32 p.m. - 1/17/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Photographic Memory

Helicopter shadows flying across mountains, filled with pine trees and rocks.
Watching out windows of my imagination, seeing everything focus onto backs of my mind where screens reside, holding on to my photographic memory.
A talent, a gift from above, I treasure it greatly, it is simply beautiful and I enjoy it more fully every day I have it.
It's an extraordinary feat, and always at my beck and call when I hear music, melodies, nature and images hiding in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Photographic Memory In Genes

Being energized while sitting here in my Granddaughter's
grade school, she's now in third grade and soaring way
above others in her class, being very smart, having
innate knowledge.

Everything coming easily to her as it has always done
for me, loving to see her doing her work and excelling,
learning everything instantly, having a photographic
memory like her Grandma.

Wonderful how our genes can be passed on for generations
into the future, so far seeing my particular acumen and
photographic memory having been passed on to both our
sons and three of our Granddaughters so far.

Life is amazing and beautiful over and over through the
years and generations of family members.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Photographic Movie

Pulling apart shards of a mirrored reflection, piercing my piece of mind, causing memories to leak out and affect me again.
No reprieve in sight, life stands still while a photographic movie plays itself repeatedly, making sure I didn't miss a single word inflection, expression or emotion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Photographic Screens

Drawing me into rhythms of an interior life, music reaches
within intellect, tantalizing and alluring it's presence
so gently yet intensely.

Such a perfect and wholesome feeling is being given to me,
a Divine one at that, I believe nothing can give me this
beautiful feeling except God, Himself.

Writing from an interior inspiration and passion, letting
the essence of my being be free to do what it must do to
live and keep giving me energy.

Vibrant, so deeply felt every time, loving how it reaches
the very within of me, totally and completely mine, no one
able to take it from me.

Even without a pen and paper, I see words, images, visions
on inner photographic screens, pure and intact, a wonderful
gift that has been given to me alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Photographic Thinking

Reaching out,
taking all of nature's environment
into a mind of photographic thinking.

Linking everything to images in visions
of contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Photographically Imagining

Beautiful morning, overcast sky with black and gray storm
clouds, reminding me of New Jersey when much younger.

Living in an imagination of yesterday, photographically
imagining it's essence and texture in an atmosphere back
then.

Feeling moistness touching my skin even now, enjoying
feelings as they bring me into a landscape of pictures-
que scenery.

Attuning it with intellect without any problem, loving how
I can do this among so many other things, enjoying the God-
given talent I was born with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Phyllis Diller

A bright moon is looking down on me, I don't know why,
there's nothing to see!

Just sitting here thinking of Phyllis Diller and child
hood dreams of glamour.

Always, I have thought of her with courage abounding,
flowing out to others - knowing.

Phyllis comes across so put-together, that envy slowly
ebbs in me.

Always lacking the courage to be - freeing self, from
a shyness of myself.

There is great worth in me I know, but I can only see
it in Phyllis Diller and recognize it within herself -
not me.

Yet, I know it is there - the greatness of me - if I
could only show it off like her!

Then everyone would know it and I too could claim myself
and give me fame like hers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Piano Keys

Playing keys of a piano, listening to every note
as it brings a coded message into the existence
of innocent childhood.

Pure and untainted by anyone, playing on roadways,
knowing it's safe, being protected so all children
no matter where in life they are can always be safe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picking Apart Our Country

Our country is being picked apart from the inside
out by obama and his jihad buddies, intent on
ruining everything about America.

Wanting to take away everything that people have
worked for all of their lives, just to distribute
to people who refuse to work and are lazy.

Having collected welfare all of their lives and
still getting it, along with other freebies funded
by those of us who have always worked for what we have.

It's bad enough all of our politicians have been taking
and stealing from us to give to illegals and now they're
putting us under the government's thumbs.

All of it done just to raise themselves on self-made,
corrupt and rusty pedestals.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picking Ideas

Touching interiorly, wonder and curiosity of an explicit wonder, always wandering down pathways I continue to create and imagine.

Laughing and inventing, making patterns appear through coded rhythms, finding new adventures to go discovering throughout this life.

Staccato and entertaining, giving this heart a peaceful attitude as I wander through fields and gardens of wild roses, picking ideas to place into many poems of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picking Pockets Of Imagination

Waltzing throughout life, focusing on the music of rhythmical prose.
Crossing barriers of interior force, eluding any semblance of normalcy.
Picking pockets of imagination on the path of reality.
Juxtaposition of equal parts - soul to heart - on a make-believe journey through time and space, into realms of creative forces, awaiting recognition of mind-blooming prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picking Through Darkness

Emptiness surrounding spheres within, totaling loneliness
that is now encapsulating an entire personality.

Loving daily routines, yet wanting so much more from this
life.

Wanting desires to be fulfilled from within depths of
spheres where only I am able to get through or obtain any
knowledge from their essence.

Picking my way through the darkness of sorrow, I follow
myself out of the gloomy picture set before me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picking Up A Pen

Rhythms driving me crazy, tempting me interiorly to write
poetry only.

Picking up a pen in hand and begin to write with rhythms
now being played rapidly.

Enticing patterns and desires coming to mind, beautifully
filled with purpose and attuned to every note.

Letting tones and tempos also carry me away into a bluened
atmosphere where I am alone and freely writing constantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picking Up Pieces

Reality hitting hard at times, knocking one to the
ground, taking away our breath.

Dreams being confiscated, trampled upon, leaving
us wondering what has happened.

Reaching out, picking up the many pieces of our
puzzles, trying to redo the pictures we had in mind
for our futures.

Hope and faith challenging the causes of reality,
knowing that we are going to resurrect every particle
of our puzzle, attaining our goals and dreams forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picking Up Spirits

Energizing, picking up spirits interiorly in those who
are here at the Monday afternoon dance, having fun, en-
joying one another's company for a while.

Finding companionship, happiness and joy, getting away
from four walls at home, opening horizons to freedom,
feeling good and getting out for a while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picking Up The Pieces

Going through life picking up pieces that have fallen
by the wayside, expressions of sadness, loneliness and
abandonment staring into space.

Holding onto them for future use, feeling their bitter-
sweet taste upon this brain, rocking into a wasteland of
tomorrow.

Finding an everlasting formula in which to bring about
a willful and lasting power within, sharing it with many
people eventually reading what's written in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictorial Images

Stretching my soul towards heaven,
collecting pictures and images of
stormy clouds, tall trees, gusts of
wind.
All entering my mind where I will be
able to write of them later.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picture - Perfect Scenes

Awakening from a dream of lasting peace, keeping it
safely tucked within me at all times.
Never losing the wonder and curiosity of childhood,
delving into it constantly as I write from memories,
seeing them walking right into my mind with melodies
holding onto them.
Picture-perfect scenes, continually coming upon my
mind, giving me feelings of freedom, my soul always
soaring into spaces of creative knowledge.
Taking advantage of all that I learn and know, putting
it all into everything I write.
Hoping that some of it will have meaning, at least to
someone, somewhere in this expansive universe of ours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picture Framing

Relating to my environment, seeing it all abstractedly
as I piece together brand new forms and shapes, placing
them in depths of widening borders.

Soliciting ideas, carrying them forward carefully as
they slide and fit beautifully in patterns of ideallic
display.

Framing each picture as it is finalized in details coded
for future landscapes

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picture Imperfect

Flowers casting their life out from a picture on the wall.
Their fragrance missed by all, because they are only a painting.
Birds flying through white clouds and clean air - all the while standing still, because they are only an oil painting.
Butterflies, rabbits, trees and leaves all brilliantly before us as if in flight - as if they are breathing and moving, but they're not.
Because they are only an oil painting hanging upon the wall.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picture Of A Life

Watching people run away from life, afraid to stay and live
their purposes.

Living in the midst of all that is evil, finding that they
are traveling in circles with no visions to hold onto in
this picture of a life that is uncommonly real.

Wanting to traipse soulfully into another solar system,
preparing the way, leading into depths of another untold
story.

Racing hurriedly after dreams that continually escape a firm
hold on life, giving it one's all, yet nothing ever has the
strength to stay until eternity comes and takes us home.

Another chance is never forthcoming as we live this life
until it's very end, leading to it's final call of destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picture Of Tomorrow

Picking up speed, living in a picture of tomorrow,
choosing to find all types of memories to take with us.

Enjoying musical rhythms, energizing and soaring within,
particularly finding passion growing with every measure.

Desire filling beings with explicit thoughts and entire
manners of the opposite sex.

Thoughtfully, listening to accents, portraying different
hearts of people as they come in and out of our lives.

Sequences of tempos, catching up and taking strides into
lands of wonder and excitement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picture Of Youth

People coming, crowding around as I sit and write, a bunch of little boys, here to play a little league game.

Not worried at all, just allowing them to be the kids that they are, loving to hear their joyous and boyish elation and laughter, filled with energy, they hit the ball and run the bases.

Parents all sitting here watching them, proud as could be, a very nice picture of youth to recall in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picture On A Wall

Clouds floating across vast areas, images touching,
kissing, reflections on top of water.
Waves gently rising and falling, leaving patterns
lying in the wind.
Ripples coasting along, catching colors of a
beautiful sunset.
Alive with vibrant hues, splashed across skyways
while being reflected in the ocean's glassy, wavy
face, silently undivided.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picture Paintings

Painting pictures within my mind, creating masterminds
of selfless endeavors as I create interior motives to
future employment.

Bringing poetry into lives of many as they flow downward
into spirals of despair, reaching out to them with words
of confidence and hope, letting them feel compassion of
another's heart and soul.

Coalescing faith with one another, arranging true friend-
ship without conditions of disturbance.

Unconditionally extending a hand, helping those who are
in need, standing beside them through it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picture Perfect Idea

Categorizing life in many rhythms coincides with writing
poetry daily.

Every note and tone ends up within every word and verse
throughout moments I am in a bluened atmosphere within.

Taking part in every melody intensely gives a picture
perfect idea of life and how it effectively works.

Twirling and dancing with each of the rhythms gives me
an undying energy throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picture Perfect World

Feeling good, going into overdrive, listening to music
and writing poetry, taking a devil may care attitude,
realizing potential held within innately.

A picture perfect world settled into imagination, al-
ways giving an intense aroma of rose petals, their
blossoms wafting into my mind incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picture Puzzle Of Yesterday

Loudly rearranging sounds of rhythmic series playing in my
mind, calculating the effects of another place in eternity,
finding the best particles sounding in distant fields
of propriety.

Lasting enigmas falling in front of beautiful imagination,
taking me on a voyage of lasting promises, getting honest
truths of life as they fall right here, collecting in a
picture puzzle of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picture Puzzle Video

Windows always open, airing out my mind with the beauty of
a lifetime.

Nowhere else can this be accomplished except right here
in my soul, tantalizing, enlightening, a vast universe at
the tip of a pen while writing.

Finding the compositions of rhythm as they alight one by
one in a land of poetical interludes.

A fascinating approach to many avenues of thought and
ideas, magnificent and grand, taking me into depths of my
brain, it's neurons and synapses showing the way.

Watching it happen, curious and fascinated with the entire
process as it happens on a photographic screen where it can
be transferred and an entire picture puzzle can be seen in
the form of a video.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picture Puzzles Of Equality

Enjoying the freedom of life here in the U.S.A., doing
what I want, saying whatever I think and the world be
damned.

Yet, still being respectful towards others, not wanting
to offend another, using inner freedom to live a life of
tantalizing senses and purpose.

Justifying freedom by the way it is used, showing others
by example how to treat people you meet when they cross
your path in destiny.

If everyone was morally correct, respectful, treating
everyone with dignity, nothing else interfering in this
blessed freedom, then everyone in the world would be
sharing and totally equal.

In order to live a privileged and free life as individuals,
justice needs to be set straight, no more slanted truths
or lies, everything being just right, fitting in the final
picture puzzle of this life of equality for all people.

There should be no differences in the way we treat one
another throughout our lives, no double standards nor
favoritism to give unfair advantages to anyone on earth -
just being equal would be enough.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picture Taking

Turning inward, looking out, a person, lovable, sits
for a picture.

Pride, a feeling of love reaches out from my heart,
my friend is wonderful.

A photographer telling us how to pose for different
pictures, says, say money.

When it's time for a picture without me, I sit and
watch, my friend smiling so beautifully, so lovely,
I feel my heart being pulled with love for him.

Family pictures, including a best friend for all
times is brilliantly beautiful, something I'll
always enjoy and treasure forever.

Two friend's love being shown through the eyes of
a picture together.

The only way their love can ever be shown in public,
Father - daughter love, so wonderful to behold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictureal Images

Remembering the past while driving down highways of the present.

Knowing life has been rearranged here in senior years, slowing down, not able to do what was done when younger.

Although memories are still being made with sons, Grand-children and family.

Beautiful thoughts of pictureal images, sounding happily through my mind.

Technically listening to aging rhythms, composing those of my own to take into death with my soul.

Riding into the distance, letting everything flow beyond me, preparing my place in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictured In Books

Singing songs from memory, giving lasting impressions that will always be available in senior years.
Looking back, remembering the lovely times and bountiful moments filled with artistic grace and beauty, serenely pictured in books filled with my images.
Painting murals along the way with written words, bringing to mind all the moments of pleasure mixed with sadness, loneliness, abandonment and noticeable joy of serenity.
Across the years, finding measures of happiness coinciding with whatever life happens to give me.
Standing back, looking in, being given a reprieve as life exists for my talent alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictured Moments

Voices carrying through the years, loving, caring and forgiving us at times through memories of yesteryear.

Moments being pictured on inner photographic screens, beautiful, gentle and memorable.

Never having anyone touch or take them from us through life.

Only death has that possibility, yet we do not know for sure that it does or will.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictures And Portraits

Walking down sunsetical streets of tomorrow, feeling
lonely and hopeless, not noticing anything except
shadows of despair.

Settling next to me in corners of my mind, holding onto
memories that have yet to be made when we meet one day.

All pictures and portraits of our love have only been
painted on many canvas's throughout time.

Picturing the curve of your smile, twinkling stars held
within your mischievous eyes, pouting lips that want to
kiss mine with your every thought and heartbeat of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictures From The Past

Quietly reminiscing, seeing images of the past
with good and bad memories coming to light again.

Loving to see them, even though at times they are
bittersweet, bringing tears to my eyes and pain
to my heart.

Mind and intellect opening up, letting me see and
feel everything again as if it is just happening
right now.

Pictures of thoughts from the past, showing every
detail that happened then, along with feelings
and emotions being felt.

Seeing expressions, gestures, eyes tearing or joy-
ful, all of it being handed to me generously each
time I go back into visions of yesterday.

Such a rewarding experience, even though being
fraught with good and bad images, filled with all
emotions being felt.

Taking it all in, over and over through these years,
splendid and totally perceptual, giving new ideas as
to what to do if these same problems arise again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictures Of A Verse

Young child girl, being paid attention to and going constantly to the dance floor with her Mom and Grandma.
Doing her best to move in rhythm with them, her young body not totally being introduced to the rhythm of moving in dance steps.
Then Mom was singing karaoke, and she wanted to be included, so Mom picked her up and continued singing, beautiful voice, yet now the child's holding onto her leg.
A quiet masterpiece to one day be painted into a picture of prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictures Of An Aging Life

Pictures of life hanging upon walls of interior memories
where we walk when alone, trying to make sense of where
we've been in life.

Thinking how we've gotten to this point we're at right
now, forgotten as we grew older, left alone by children,
family dying, friends also leaving this world.

Sorrow building it's walls throughout our lives with no
way to stop or prevent it from happening, leaving us in
the end forsaken and bereaved.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictures Of Another World

Puzzles penetrating this intellect, pulling abstracts
from the atmosphere and forming beautiful landscapes
and pictures of another world.

One where there is no corruption, greed, hatred or
racism, where all glory is in the significance of God
only.

Everyone finding the peace and solace of an interior
life of spirituality, keeping all on earth in a peace-
ful mode of serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictures Of Being

Friends of gentility, kind and caring,
living their dreams alongside mine with
faith and guiding lights from above.

Following hearts of musical masterpieces
into galleries of future museums on paths
of eternity.

Sashaying through life, enjoying entire
visions of yesterday, blending with
another tomorrow forever.

Touching examples throughout echoes of
love, as they focus brightly on exacting
measures of existence.

Enticing adventure into pictures of being,
as we wend our ways through life's daily
grind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictures Of Fame

Rushing into the fray of talent, creatively amassing a fortune in beauty and artistic grace.

Lovely pictures of fame rise and fall within many poems, never allowing another to mess with the passion that is kept alive and vibrant alone within self.

A joyous, serene and playful interior sphere, always at my beck and call.

Twilight and sunrise, hanging on every word, thunder and lightening striking against intellect, taking me into skyways of this heart and soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictures Of Grammar

Perfectly simulated with brocaded ideas of old,
tenderly assimilated, altering as it does so,
images being written down in languages all their
own.

Mistakes not being sent my way, as grammar becomes
pictures in mind and spelled out upon paper.

Noticing every nuance and expression of faces as
it falls before me in fields of snow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictures Of Interior Mysteries

Walking down lanes of yesterday, holding onto childhood awe
and wonder.

Letting other's notice what they want, yet not letting any
of it touch this heart.

Sliding into a virtual reality of another time becomes me
right now, giving another sphere of intellect to open and
explore.

Delving deeply now into the most beautiful pictures of
interior mysteries of life, coming constantly into view.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictures Of Life

Pictures of life pass through my mind complete with
feelings and emotions, reminding me of all that I've
gone through and felt through the years.

Loving to have this wonderful gift, enjoying it imm-
ensely every day of my life, all impossibilities be-
coming possible daily.

Taking me on new adventures, allowing me to explore
new things constantly, learning from every one of
them while writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictures Of Love Standing Still

Memories picturing those we have loved in our lifetimes, seeing and feeling our love for them time after time all through the years.

Holding onto these precious memories, cherishing them in our hearts forever, after those we've loved have died and gone from our lives forever.

In the end the only things we have left are their pictures, seeing our love standing still in each one of them, tears falling steadily.

Each tiny drop showing our feelings and love are still being held in our hearts and souls, our minds not wanting to let them go.

While all through the nights of our lives we spend in remembering them in dreams as we sleep and again in our waking hours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictures Of Moments

Pictures filling my mind at every moment whether awake
or sound asleep.

Figuring out concepts of particular ideas, wanting to
extract their essence and mix it with abstracts that
keep coming to mind.

Filtering and positioning each notion into a pathway
of retribution, looking to find absolutes of another
picture now forming thoughts to figure out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictures Of Music

Rhythms collecting debri and placing it carefully into prosaic sonatas, filling every page with essence of opuses's.

Gathering talent into exacting pictures of music, playing it's originality in domains of beauty.

Tranquilizing rhythm, sending it into atmospheres of existence, qualifying it with liberty and freedom as benefits of life's reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictures Of Nature

Air above me hung like silken lace upon a bridal gown.
It's touch left me without a hint of life untold and
to a memory left still and cold.
What has happened on this hearth of dry and bloody
stone to bring a tear to a frozen passer-by?
A hint of weeds blew gently over and touched the green
grass ground.
For a few seconds it stayed slightly bent and popped up
again without the wind.
Sticks stuck mightily in a garden rare, of chicken wire,
rags and bare, bare roots heaving everywhere.
Things are bad and flowers gather in small crowds to see,
hear and feel the wind-swept flood of tears.
A cloud crawled into the bluest of skies and like an ax,
it fell upon these eyes.
Knowledge that this one hadn't any silver lining.
Blades of grass whispered silently through the air and
clung heavily to their small round bits of earth.
A dandelion blown away to send it's seeds for newness
come again in spring.
Life goes on, it cries and is scattered throughout the
nearby skies.
Rolling upward curves a hill and falling, it goes down
the other side.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictures Of The World

Listening to sounds of nature being played enchantingly into
this mind, titillating senses, touching souls with wonderful
pictures of the world.

Never being seen, now being imagined in picturesque thoughts
of wonder and beauty striking chords within, bringing hearts
on pathways of lilting truths.

Blossoms of honesty bloom incessantly in intellect with
blessings of imagination's intense beginnings, culminating
in my ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictures Of Thought

Riding in the future realms of another dimension, preparing
for the journey at this very moment.

Slowly moving onto coastlines of memory, finishing sentences
taken from pictures of thought.

Intellectually speaking through tomes of poetical literature,
comparing life in imagery, finding the best ways to say what
needs to be said in many different modes of thought.

All will be opened in the end and placed in seashells,
scattered across the sands of shores and floors of the ocean,
folding carefully and protectively over them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictures On The Wall Of My Mind

Staccatoely striding alongside rainfall filling me with
it's intense outpouring of intellect, taking me into
beauty of another summer day.

Explicit and tantalizing, finding energy that keeps build-
ing itself through enticing forms of an interior creative
process.

Chasing away clouds of misery and pain, not wanting to feel
them right now, validating that they exist within, yet let-
ting them hang like pictures on the wall of my mind.

Tempting, yet being made to realize they are not a part of
what I want, watching as they silently obey my commands of
intellect, glad to feel freedom and independence of my soul
instead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pictures You Will Never Be Seen In

There's nothing left to say, life has ended for you
and I have nothing left but the memories you have
given me through the years.

Yet, our sons are still here, waiting for me to
continue making memories for them and their children,
giving them their moments to treasure.

Precious and lasting, tears flowing, knowing that you
won't be a part of their present and future memories
anymore.

It's tearing my heart apart, for there's nothing I
can do, except remember you with love, as I stand here
in pictures that you will never be seen in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picturesque Landscapes

Listening to Springsteen, rocking to his rhythms and music,
loving it's tempos and fast paced beats, taking turns list-
ening to different individual rhythms.

Having glory days of my own right this minute, writing them
all into poetry so they can be shared and remembered by any-
one who cares to do so.

Making my life into a picturesque landscape of words and
meanings, portraying it's beauty and sharing it with the
world in rhythms of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picturesque Music

Sitting in my van, listening to music and focusing what is said musically.
Translating all of it from notes to words, gliding and sliding through inner universes.
Picturesque views filling interior walls for future use.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picturesque Portrait Of Nature

Restless and longing to get back outside to nature's abode,
feeling cooped up way too long in this conference room, my
mind already outside.

Imaginatively jumping and running down dusty pathways
and trails through the desert lying before me on the other
side of a window.

Promises of fresh air, breath-taking views and fantastic
picturesque portraits of nature, truly realistic, awaiting
my presence shortly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picturesque Quotations

Stringing thoughts like notes in a measure of time,
an endless composition represented by a continuous
light into the unknown.

Following sparks of ethereal globes across the wide
universe, placating and soothing everything within
sight.

A plethora of ideals seen through insight, aiding
in the development of knowledge as it sits absorbing
the world around it.

Always amassing a fortune through picturesque
quotations of an interior possibility.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picturesque Requirements

Staying in touch with inner tapestries,
clinging to their images like lifelines to past memories.
Being inhered to future recriminations, satisfying emotional
tides with many secret pastimes of dreams.
Living in my mind with picturesque requirements, forging
extra ties to the beyond of life, over the next horizon,
unable to be tied down to any one coastline.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picturesque Water

Empty tables and chairs under a gazebo, awaiting morning people to come and partake of their comfortable pleasure.
Water fountains spewing water and adding to the picturesque quality of water flowing into edges of the river.
Under a walkway, existing for our benefit, as wisps of clouds sail across my vision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picturesque Wisdom

Retiring in a sunlit yard, quietly scanning nature
and all her treasures.

Serenely watching growth take place through senses
of smell, sight and touch.

Learning new images and ideas through old-fashioned
ways of yesterday.

Clipping aside all picturesque knowledge to suggest
quaint new forms of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picturing

Rhythms glancing back and forth throughout my mind,
looking for concepts, identifying and placing them
into coded categories of intellect.

Picturing them into ideas and puzzles of picturesque
knowledge, nothing comparing with the mystery and
pliable energy being focused into poetry being
written on many subjects and types of rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picturing Clouds

Peacefully picturing clouds in skyways of imagination,
attempting to make myriad decisions on how to occupy
interior photos that never die down or disappear.
Delivering exceptional issues of personality onto piers
of possibilities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picturing Emptiness

Secreted in a tunnel of natures' foliage,
trying to stay away from life for a while.

Taking steps further into catacombs,
falling downward into deep pits of sadness
and grief.

Staying still, picturing the emptiness,
fulfilled through the loneliness of human
nature and left alone to figure out where
to go from here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picturing Every Thought

Melodies living within my being, allowing rhythms to
generate ideas and many thoughts, filling intellect
with it all imaginatively.

When getting the chance, penetrating life with an
innate curiosity, picturing every thought within
lively landscapes.

Portraying life in different ways, having various
views, all of them culminating in a poem, when it's
finished, polishing them like silverware.

Little treasures being silver-plated within and kept
within our imaginations, providing us with many years
of beautiful moments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picturing Images Whispering

Softly silent, filling intellect with shaking rhythms,
calling to my mind through their sounds and tempos.

Picturing the images even though not able to hear what
they're whispering to me.

Just knowing they are meant to be life-altering, look-
ing forward to their explicit directions.

Ready to follow their every word, wanting to live what-
ever is in store for me in depths of other universes.

Going through their every dimension so carefully and
meticulously.

Enjoying and satisfying my curiosity as
it tickles intellect giving me such joy while doing so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picturing Invasive Ideas

Glancing around the waiting room, noticing designs,
reflections, and patterns of exquisite harmonies.
Shining in lightened areas under beautiful spheres
of fantasy.

Soothing me interiorly, giving respite from all the
trials of daily life.
Participating totally in the ends of all time,
picturing invasive ideas up against mountainsides of
intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picturing Life

Reaching forward into a panoramic view of tomorrow,
taking what is needed to picture and bring life to
fruition within a poem.

Stepping into the night of regrets, sadness, sorrow,
looking for a place to alight, a place where my mind
can relax and not worry.

Just totally being absorbed in the fidelity of another
dimension, filling spheres on an ongoing basis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picturing Particles

Noisy patterns,
arranging themselves in mosaics,
picturing particles of yesterday's
future.
Now held in aged hands and mind.

(7: 53 p.m. - 11/28/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picturing Puzzles

Windows standing open to nature and her beauty,
allowing an atmosphere of honesty and forthright
talent to appear.

Picturing puzzles and making up solutions to
challenge the mind in unknown ways.

Treating synapses to many ideas of worthy respect
in tides of nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Picturing Visions

Rhythms riding trails into the atmosphere, finding their
way into my being, placing them into poems to be read by
anyone wanting to.

Finding rhythms matching each meaning and definition that
attaches itself to my intellect, picturing visions and
tantalizing my mind.

Incessant fire-branded tones, enticing and alluring me
throughout every concert that I attend, always finding
peace and contentment while doing so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Piece Of Heaven

Sitting around, watching people as I get older, always wondering what life is about even though I'm living it exponentially every moment.

Dancing in the fire of my exuberance while writing and composing music, painting portraits whether through oil painting or writing them into a poem.

Loving the way feelings and emotions can be spoken so silently and tangibly, yet touching others so intensely that they will respond in kind.

Always curious, wondering what's going to come into my life next, always excited, waiting expectantly for something new to enter my mind and life.

An elated feeling rising within when listening to music and writing, a quiet piece of heaven that's been attained right here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Piece Of History

A stone, remote, cold, brought from another world - an environment of mountainous beauty, sitting now on an asphalt road in downtown Tempe.
How did it get there?
Was the journey long and tortuous, or easy and fun?
It's silence is profound as it steadily sits, unrecognized for what it is - a piece of history - a part of a long ago mountain.
It is now thought of as merely a stone, having been separated from it's counterpart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Piece Of Life

Someday things will change, bringing us
all into a new age, full of anticipation
and purpose, where everyone has a piece
of life's entirety.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pieces Of A Mind

Realizing the entirety of life in one fell swoop, alongside of beating rhythms falling in line with thinking while writing.

So nice to be intellectually gifted, writing from it's essence and being so life can continue to exist in every verse.

Sololy wanting to be sent into outer limits of life even when others push us into being like themselves.

Holding onto oudselves, never letting go, for it is where we find all the pieces of our minds, putting them together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pieces Of Emptiness

Reaching for emotional contents, letting them flow, erupting into a puddle left on a sidewalk one day.
Sorrow spilling across the floor, as Sam plays his harmonica in grief of silent undertakings, ground to pieces of emptiness left alone in the dark.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pieces Of Expression

Flowing streamers blowing in winds of fate,
carrying purposes of life into reality.
Creeping along lanes of next horizons,
finding pieces of expression in tears of
joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pieces Of Hearts

Pieces of many hearts are strewn throughout this life, unable to be picked up and put back together, for many times it's been death that has caused this chaos in people's lives.

Tears watering many minds with thoughts of sorrow and sadness, left shimmering in darkness where they can never be seen again, only reflected in memories throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pieces Of Judgement

Hazy admissions of liberty struggle to overcome details of submissive substance.
Reigning in feelings, finding fault with all areas of suggested freedom, watching indecisive foes relegating nonconformist ideas of history.
Sauntering lanes filled with a buildup of fragmented sources of idealism, wanting to stray and become part of a moral majority.
There being no wayward avenues of escape, trudging daily down withering aisles, face to the east, awaiting pieces of judgement as life dwindles slowly away from it's liberty, being bound by outlandish laws and backwards enforcement of them.
Stranded on a planet of nonexistent free will, standards, morals and values pass on without anyone noticing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

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outlandish laws and backwards enforcement of them.
Stranded on a planet of non-existent free will,
standards, morals and values pass on without anyone
noticing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pieces Of Life

Writing pieces of myself into poems for anyone to read
is probably the only way anyone will ever come to know
me.

Usually when with someone, I listen to their stories,
commenting and easing their particular stresses in life.

Never talking or very seldom talking about myself the
real me within, preferring it this way.

When people know all about you, they tend to then use
what they know or find out against you.

Totally been there once and not caring to experience
it again.

So choosing to be free and independent gives me the
opportunity of keeping safe throughout life.

So if you want to know me you'll just have to read the
parts of me that I've written about.

Putting myself on ice for life, being numbed from the
uncaring, selfish people I run into at times.

(4/13 p.m. - 2/24/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pieces Of Mind

Pieces of my mind are lying about,
basking in the afternoon sun
without me.

Not missing them, knowing where
they are, and letting go of them
for a while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pieces Of Ripped Hearts

Traces of life are left scattered on the ground, strewn
about by winds of death's entrance into our world.

Taking down all barriers, crossing chasms of living,
just to take away the loves of our lives here in the land
of the living.

Not allowing anyone a choice in his selection, we are
ripped and torn apart by death's decisions alone, then
are left to pick up the pieces ripped from our hearts,
minds and souls.

No directions or help on how to find our way, there's no
turning back for any of us.

Going within, withdrawing from the edges of blackest life,
we fall and can't get back up.

Unless someone who has already experienced the tragedy
themselves comes along to reach out their hand and take
ours, supporting our beings and being there no matter what
when needed.

Days and nights blended together in episodes of crying
and many tears.

Nothing can be done, it all must be experienced in our
lives, even though we'd prefer to die ourselves and leave
this empty life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Piecing Natural Wonder Together

Tangling ideas on forest floors, piecing natural wonder
together, creating songs of rock and roll.
Chuck Berry completing works of art with musical tunes
begun in his head alone.
Traipsing the world, upside down, going to jail, never
finding himself again on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Piecing Puzzles Together

Singularly piecing puzzles together,
finding solutions to every day problems.
Breaking long-lasting figures of distaste.

Plugging major ideas into flimsy thoughts
and making gigantic steps towards immortality.
Suiting self to aspects of knowledge and
wisdom, hoping to resurrect learning inside
of my brain forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Piercing Inner Creativeness

Showing signs of maturity, holding youth closely as I proceed into my senior years with a timid shyness entrenched in my heart.
Piercing an inner creativeness, I loll in pastures and forests, situated in a myriad of natural dimensions.
Quietly stepping into an atmosphere of other dimensional visions, calmly attaining the peace I deserve without any interference.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Piers Of Indecision

Echoes of recrimination flounder
on piers of indecision.

Awaiting submission of eternalness
in one second of giving.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Piles Of Thought

Silence dropping slowly into piles of thought.
Contemplating eerie consequences, afraid to think them out.
Life-long ambitions taking hold a little at a time, reversing ideas and attitudes - rapidly turning around.
Wherever a mind becomes tainted through life, walls build themselves as barriers of protection.
Although patterns are formed in earliest childhood, they can be worked on and changed.
Leaving a little reminder of what life looked like once before in time.
For now, silence drops slowly into piles of thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Piles Of Turmoil

Falling into an avalanche of rocks,
being pounded into entries of hell
beneath the earth.

Wallowing existentially in pits of
self-pity and remorse.

Covering myself with it's particles,
keeping me hidden inside of piles of
turmoil, unable to return to life.

Positioning everything into lines,
never aligning any of them correctly.

Keeping sounds buried throughout life's
endeavors, finding no reason to unbury
any of it.

Solemnly giving me a self-preservation
of sorts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Piles Of Words

Rending memories from past renditions through a song from long ago.
Taking tempo and rhythmic absolutes into other channels above and beyond what we think of today.
Special outcomes continue to proceed into formidable occasions.
Ushering thoughts into piles of words so they may all order themselves and follow like before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Piling Clouds

Wind blowing my hair wildly, clouds black and menacing,
approaching from the south.

Whiling away the moments until rain starts pouring down
upon earth.

Forgetting passive thoughts for a while, seeing the
beauty of clouds pile atop one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Piling Thoughts

Morning hours waken from a deep, restless sleep,
pressuring life into existence, even though it
wants to stay abed.
Piling thoughts, because a mind is too tired to
sort them out as yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pillow Of Remorse

Being suppressed by another, trying to disentangle myself from their emotional world of turmoil.
Sacrificing self for a chance at friendship, being torn from my ledge in life's mountainous elevations.
Wondering curiously where it will leave me when the sun sets upon my brow.
Tempted by suicidal thoughts to give up and throw in the towel.
Nothing seems to be worthwhile as I fall asleep on my pillow of remorse tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pillows Of Discovery

Lying back, relaxing, being transported by musical notes,
flying softly upon fluffy clouds, head leaning back on
pillows of discovery.

Dream-filled contemplation allowing opening of chambers
hidden secretly inside my brain.

Wandering joyously, seeing illuminated knowledge running
to greet me - meet me through wisdom's doors.

Laughter reverberating, tickling my soul and burying itself
sedately in my mind.

Feeling changes alternating each state of mind I'm in, taking
charge, creating new experiences, leading me on to ever greater thoughts and
inventions, filling me with innervating energy
losing itself within.

Being dealt cards with changing pictures, forming the nuance
of inner division, playing behind walls of complexity.

Narrowing events brought forth, quivering in pools of salted
tears, suddenly stand up, straight-faced and walk away.

Leaving it all behind, lying on pillows of discovery, no
longer blinded by the stressful turmoil caused by other
people.

Pressing the side of my face and cheek, comfortably into the
softness of my pillow, being carried away once again by music, drifting along my
mind, filled with whispered discovery.

Fulfilling the well of my soul, stacking within it the pillows
of discovery leading me back home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pillows Of Remorse

Life is getting dangerous, it stands starkly in
mid-light, searching for meaning, hoping to find
it hidden in the stars of heaven.

There are no reminders of hope or light, lying
upon pillows of remorse.

Tears silently falling, wetting the material
slipped purposely over the cheeks.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pillows Of Thought

Recognizing patterns of intellect associated with wisdom, interjecting them with creative anticipation for newly formed idiosyncrasies of rhythm.
Bent on savory intuitions of inner spirituality, listening to voices beyond scope and visions, finding their effectiveness gently in pillows of exacting thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pilot Of Words

Careening through skyways of imagination,
a pilot of words and meanings, fitting
them all from abstractions into intelligent
poems so literature can become them in fate's
hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pin Point Memories

Throughout nighttimes of living, happiness dances with
calm reserve, praying for life-changing alternatives
while balancing on a pin point of final remembrance.

Choosing to watch and allow all things to infiltrate
a deepening chasm of thought, carrying away novel
predicaments with new and exciting images, preparing
dishes and platters of extraordinary poetry.

Claiming endeavors towards future literature in mind
and soul forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pine - Scented Intellect

Riding rhythms of past images on horseback, finding
beauty everywhere I happen to look.

Seeing ahead, mountains piled high with pine-scented
trees of intellect.

All sources of visions are accumulated and always
attributed to the essence of this mere poet through-
out life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pining Daily

Selectively honoring the essence of another, loving the
passion he sends to the universe through his living
poetry.

So possessively holding himself within, yet giving his
all when asked with genuine honesty and caring.

So intense with his feelings and emotions, filling up
others with special gifts he possesses.

After everything in life has touched him, sorrow has
come upon his life and set him back in time.

Wanting with all his heart the woman he has loved for
so long, emptying his soul for her, now pining daily
over her death.

Not looking up unless a person comes and opens his heart
to genuine love and caring, and this I have done completely
and totally just because of who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pining Of Life

Cautiously living lives of honesty, trying not to
betray anyone's trust, we all live in doubt and
insecurity.
Once we are living in upended stances of doubt, all
around us seems to fall down about us.
Causing misery and a pining of life beyond our
comprehension and worth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pinnacle Of Darkness

At the pinnacle of a deep abyss, darkness surrounds
this inner world with fear.
Labeled as if a being is wear and tear, life jumps
off the edge, not thinking about where it will land.
Faith is a cloak pulled tightly close, so as not to
lose hope or courage in a downward spiral of
emptiness.
Scanning darkness, images appear, hitting and
fighting to break clear of the blackness and open
like blossoms of early demise.
Turning and rotating like a nightmare, bringing life
to a grinding halt so it may be dealt with and
cleared.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pinpoint Concentration

Tossing about melody's rhythms, carrying me in and out of
imagination, giving an energy as I write poetry, loving
and dealing directly with feelings and emotions.

Sensing and pulling an interior pulse from another dimen-
sion, collecting and gathering everything in a pinpoint
concentration.

Touching upon the beauty of an inner serenity as a quiet
spirituality rises higher within my being, taking my soul
into a silent contemplation with our Lord.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pinpoint Of Future

Looking to the bluened pinpoint of my future,
knowing that it's everlasting, beyond what I see.
An exorbitant amount of intellect is being touched
and manipulated in extraordinary ways towards my
near future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pioneer

Pioneering souls of yesterday's untold strife, waysiding pools of heretofore uncollected data.
Reverberating totally throughout ages of long lost history, parading quietly in pages of recent books.
Details not fully given, because no one knows for sure what happened long ago.
Trudging slowly, forming circles at times, folding in upon centuries of untold eons.
Related now in oft time stories, relying on the word of mouth - oratory.
Fascinating trails along mountainous ravines, striding with ever - widening beliefs, to arrive intact at estimated destinations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pioneer Village

Sitting here at Pioneer Village in a building that was
going to be destroyed in Prescott, Arizona, Barry Gold-
water finding out about it's history, had it taken apart
brick by brick and rebuilt here in Pioneer Village.

Now sitting here in this wonderful building of history,
an opera house, it's atmosphere filling me with American
and Western pride, getting feelings of history settling
within my being.

Totally appreciating what Barry and all these volunteers
have done to preserve our western heritage, no thanks at
all to those who wanted to destroy it, just grateful there
were people that allowed it to be rebuilt in Pioneer Village.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pioneers

Pioneering souls of yesterday's untold strife,
waysiding pools of heretofore uncollected data.

Reverberating totally throughout ages of long
lost history, parading quietly in pages of recent
books.

Details not fully given, because no one knows for
sure what happened so long ago.

Trudging slowly, forming circles at times, folding
in upon centuries of untold eons.

Related now in oft' told stories, relying on the
word of mouth, oratory.

Fascinating trails along mountainous ravines,
striding with ever-widening beliefs, to arrive
intact at estimated destinations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pious Spirituality

Vestments of pious spirituality bless our souls with promises
of God.

Tracking life with commandments of love, doing the best we can
with what we have.

Knowing facts of truths as memories turn and twist with our
every step, taking us down pathways of choice through our
times on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pious Thought

Platforms of pious thought gather
like flocks of sheep.
Keeping pace with silent, unseen
rhythms, flowing through being's
souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pit Of Emptiness

Granules of life are thrown about, never collecting themselves for important moments along life's trails.
Forgotten feelings take us all on journeys away from our purposes, neglecting needs of another human being coming close to our situations in life.
Talking heart-to-heart - missed - because another makes a choice to despise and hate you for no known reason.
Leaving you in a mire - not one of your own making - and stranding you in a lonely pit of emptiness for the rest of your life.
Lying in oceans of tears, cried from your very soul, never touching the interior sadness another has caused you in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pitfalls

Losing myself in a mire of obstacles, overwhelming me with their diversity, leaving me in a quagmire of disbelief.
Transcending all the pitfalls is difficult, taking away energy and fortitude, giving me instead, a hopeless form of prayer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pitiful People

Windows of glass and mirrors held together with concrete and steel.

Monstrosities of a race in love with self, greed and other people's money.

Forgotten are the days of pride in work and helping one another build a better place for all.

Each building is it's own memorial to designers who created the blueprint for it.

Never mind all those who built it from the ground up, they are of no concern at all once it has been erected.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pits Of Life

Wallowing in pits of life, reaching for outcomes that I'd
like to participate in, music encouraging and tempting me
to do so with their enticing rhythms.

Watching as seeds of intellect grow and enlighten thoughts,
giving ideas to write into poetry, looking into the future
as all of them blossom into knowledge and wonder.

Curiosity nourishing them constantly with a vibrant energy,
taking intellect and imagination on a vivid, lively inner
journey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pits Of Loneliness

Cooling edges of my mind, sun setting slowly over my horizon.
Untalkative, unreachable, unable to be reckoned with on any
human level.
Settled into the deepest pits of loneliness, kept there
because of a lack of trust.
Finding there are no reasons or provocative arguments to
sway the situation, unwaveringly staying where I am most
comfortable and the rest of the world be damned.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pity

Steady beat and rhythm galloping along with writing, leaving the main road, finding dusty trails that lead to parts unknown and forgotten.

Escaping from the mundane arc of life for adventures of the wild west outside the box, exercising rights and freedom of my soul.

Riding incessantly into the sunset of the next horizon, finding just the right pace to keep on track, succinctly finding words, ideas and definitions that match silently in rhymes.

Going down inner train tracks of possibility, crossing and recrossing them, seeing things that appear and interest this mind, loving details closely that many others fail to see.

Being too busy many times filling their calendars and agendas, nothing to stop and catch their eye, not even the beauty of a red rose, a pity they're so involved in their egos and selves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pity Of Humanity

Open, picturesque and quite beautiful, our planet earth
is filled with wonder and awe for everyone alive.

There's awesome landscapes covering earth, deserts,
mountains, forests, jungles, all sorts of natural
formations, oceans, rivers, lakes.

Quite an assortment of nature at our beck and call, if
only we step outdoors to enjoy it fully, when doing so
finding spiritual joy that can't be found anywhere else.

Scents, aromas, alluring us from all directions, perfect-
ion of nature itself, trees, flowers, bushes, cacti, wild-
life, fish whales, sharks, everything anyone could ever
want to see in life.

All of it spread throughout this world for us to enjoy,
and yet it seems we are too full of ourselves and our
agendas to notice most of it.

Missing minute details, always looking ahead, wondering
how to obtain money, riches, and fame, leaving simple
things by the wayside, keeping us empty within.

Neglecting our souls and interior lives for worldly and
materialistic things on earth instead, a pity of our
humanity today, bereft of the most wonderful and beautiful
part of our spiritual lives interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pivoting Life

Grudgingly awaiting a new day, wondering what it will hold,
yet not wanting to know.

Holding everything in, hating existence for now, watching
closely to see if any changes will occur.

Crossing slowly over into a sedate sort of time, realizing
nothing is being depicted for what it really is and life
pivots, turning in upon itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placating A Mind

Beating staccato rhythms into the atmosphere, carefully leveling foundations of yesterday's recriminations.
All the while, placating a mind filled with questions in anticipation of tomorrow's ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placating Composition

Writing through music, enjoying tones and sounds of every note as it fills my mind with an energy from above.

Never needing any thoughts ahead of time, because the first note of music's melody brings words flowing like a beautiful waterfall, cascading through my mind.

Many beautiful accolades form in the nature of poetry as life is attuned to the many particles of what surrounds me in wonderful array.

Tempting associations shape, form and entice rhythms into existence, giving me a pleasure exceeding life itself, nothing compares to it's essence and passion of being.

Taking everything into account, I continue to enhance life through every note being played into every poem, written and placed in the universe divine.

A placating composition soaring into an interior intellect and imagination, a beautiful wonder, always filling me no matter what I do, a mater of urgency, tantalizing my mind to write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placating Encounters

Thoughtless encounters placate interior motives for a short while, yet begin to move forward in a haphazard pattern.
Wringing memories with many designs, traipsing away on solo journeys of temporary abatement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placating Images

Solitary moments quieting my soul,
welcoming thoughts to enter my mind
with peaceful endeavors.

Exciting innovative motives into an
ecstasy of energy, placating even the
most rabid images set in time.

Giving away the rhythms I've chosen
to place here for anyone to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placating Melodies

Wailing, flailing, taking turns in one another's arms.
Dancing around with indecision flying off the handle
in multi-directions.
Easing into placating melodies while floating along
pathways into major arteries of perfection.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placating Opportunities

Sloshing through earth's turmoil, staying away from it's
edges, not wanting to be brought into it.

Listening instead, to upbeat rhythms that occupy my mind
allowing more immediate thoughts to be seen on interior
spheres of being, giving opportunities to be placated
within new pictures of ideas and concepts.

Avenues of perspectives pop into view, gathering themselves
collectively into puzzles, putting them together so that
inventions can be brought into a reality of sorts today in
print.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placating Rhythms

Rhythms placating this poet's mind for hours at a time,
relaxing yet energizing soul and being, curiosity and
wonder being filtered through rhythms.

Playing so gently within a mind, a deafening peace fill-
ing every particle, sating feelings, senses and emotions
with pure mathematical compositions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placating Sorrow

Remembrances of the past come back to placate
my heart's sorrow and place it in picturesque
landscapes.
Taking life as it comes along is the only way
to encounter it fully and find peace for time
beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placating Thoughts

Tapping to beats of ideallic notes as they float exuberantly over my mind,
catching every idea as it places it's formulas alongside whatever comes to pass.
Playing beautifully on edges of compositions as they're played continually
throughout the evening.
Catering to emotional turmoil, bringing out every morsel and placing it on the
table of bereavement, placating sorrowful thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placating Turmoil

Tantalizing rhetoric infiltrates sensory perception,
enlivening it's stance within.
Punctuating life with exhilaration, taking steps
towards placating inner turmoil with acceptance.
Opening up mindful encounters along the way, sating
abysses of tenacity with complete ardor and candor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Place Of Being

Entertaining the crowd, watching for signs of liveliness and a release from capture, to a freedom of rhythm.
Flowing past the rigors of everyday strife, feeling the intensity of senses, and thrilling to the effects of incessant rhythm calling my name.
Hoping for a retribution of a sort, to bring all talent into a sheltered place of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Place Of My Own

Signing within interior depths, quietly sending messages to intellect while writing, finding many new ideas forming and shaping poetry.

Calmly and unhesitantly, turning music silently into poetry, while playing a mind piano.

A universe all alone, no one can enter, that's why it is so enjoyable, with no interruptions, serene, peaceful, totally a place of my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Place Of Serenity

Walking into pastures of intellect, noticing beautiful
wild flowers blossoming everywhere in sight.

Their aromas filling senses with purity, opening and
unfolding their only purpose each time it is their
turn.

Replenishing life with their beauty, decorating earth
and pleasing our minds.

Moving slowly through them, feeling desires rising,
sensuous and alluring, taking me into a place
of serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placed In Hearts

Two people singing about love being lost, crying over it's death.
Associated with a deepening of loss, touching us with a saddened song, being sung for everyone who has lost someone in their lives.
A steady rhythm being placed in hearts of many as they are brought to their knees in hopes of reviving the love they so desperately wanted.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placed In Measures Of Time

Opening hearts and minds to tones being placed
in measures of time.

Living alone in depths of rhythms, no one else
able to follow paths I've taken through life.

Finding the energy that fills intellect through-
out the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placed In Secrets

Joy being shaken interiorly, falling into a trance that
keeps beckoning temptations to come into the light, un-
folding in moments of thought.

Being placed in secrets of a garden once overgrown with
beautiful wild roses, touching senses with their aroma,
giving an essence that will never fade or be erased.

Never disappearing from earth for it's now being placed
in this sacred little poem, being saved for posterity,
one day in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placed In Signs Of Life

Neon thoughts being placed in signs of life throughout daily entrances on earth.
Delicate lace-like ideas being woven into beautiful patterns to be sent to inner screens of vision.
Leaving openness to sooth itself within parameters of explicit language.
Sirens blasting through intelligence, anchoring every word to sentences of informative intuition, belonging to a special league initiated beyond intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placement Of Thoughts

Scurrying hurriedly across my mind, intellect's rhythms playing rapidly and holding tightly to their effervescent livelihoods, never tiring of their essence.

Beseeching my soul to continue hurrying into many other dimensions of allowable junctions in formidable placement of thought.

Among talented gifts within, playing with all of them, enjoying them all like a little child filled with awe and wonder.

Curiosity abounding, never being turned off in this life, gathering information and data to assimilate within my intellect.

Blending it all with the awe of imagination as it takes every thing in stride while capturing alluring possibil-ities of enquiry.

Questions and unending thoughts continually fall into my mind with an everlasting beauty and fortitude.

Withholding nothing, as I write of everything that comes into realms of this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Places Of Contemplation

This mind stepping into beats of rhythms, taking me to
places of contemplation where peace enfolds my being,
living in depths of a bluened light.

Filled with spirituality found from within the Divine,
being blessed continuously from above, going in what-
ever direction His love takes me.

Sure as time keeps moving forward, my life will continue
to be an instrument for Him to use for whatever purpose
He needs me for in this mortal life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Places Of Intuition

Rays of sleepiness tender soft caresses of light
as it folds itself between blinds of vinyl.
Worried platitudes search forward, wanting to
become portrayals in masterpieces of art, set in
galleries of ancient musical poetry.
Taking into account places of intuition
manufactured out of abstract designs, futures of
their own making.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placid Beginnings

Short circuiting an interior possibility, rewiring synapses
and neurons with batteries of intellect being intertwined.

Aspiring to heights of an energized inspiration, taking all
of life into placid beginnings of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placid Emotions

Slow and easy, flowing with rivers of rhythm, decidedly
calm, not caring to be upset.

Going along with motions, taking self into ocean tides
to surf out into farthest horizons.

Placid emotions, feelings numb and not interested in
being expressed or coerced into it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placid Ingenuity

Calculating mathematical rhythms, churning melodies
into them, expressing one of life's infinite mysteries
on earth.

Sitting back, easing etudes and sonatas into beds of
beauty, listening covertly all the while to an ancient
beauty of a mind's ingenuity and sacrifice.

Tending gardens of living with sunshine of giving to
a heart's remembrance, pulling out weeds of derision
and placing food for thought instead, to aid in the
growth of healthy scores of music forever on earth's
placid shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placing A Presence

Topless palm trees,
standing naked in the Arizona afternoon sun,
not being seen by anyone besides this poet.
Placing it's presence now in a poem to be
looked at and recognized.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placing Chords

Cantering with inner rhythm, reliving images of the past through musical reverberations, anticipating visions of careful beauty, interiorly signaling all principles of definite meaning.
Placing chords into and upon sheets of music held closely in mind, treasured for all time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placing Designs

Straining in the best of times, wanting to create
what is felt within so easily, even through total
stress of another time.

Talking, communicating in ways as yet unknown by
others in this life, rising, going higher with
each passing minute.

Locating irregular patterns, pulling them, placing
designs in their depths, wanting to see what will
come about in the long run.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placing Emotions

Rocking into the afternoon, happiness filling my soul,
an energy building ever higher, placing emotions on
an inner tower where they laugh and jump into pools
of water below, enjoying themselves.

Telling stories through poetry as I continue to feel
and write them into poems, life standing beyond this
atmosphere, taking cues from coded rhythms and signs
of an interior spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placing Emptiness

Desires rising like ocean waves and ebbing
like tides of eternity.

Placing an emptiness upon the crest of foamy
waters, letting it flow outside of me, where
I can see and write about it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Placing Memories

1: 43 p.m.
Seeing the wonder of a child peek out as a band plays
renditions of melodies alive and vibrant.

Placing memories onto pages of intellect in every child,
growing the seeds of rhythmic music inside their spirits
and souls right now. 1: 44 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Plain Of Memories

Heart being torn apart with grief and loss, listening to
songs playing on the radio, giving memories a plain to be
remembered upon.

Stepping and reaching into the light of another dimension,
bringing me onto an emotional roller coaster, taking this
heart along wherever rhythms go.

Winding through mazes of tomorrow, destiny unfolding before
the sun rises each morning, speakers rattling, whirring with
beats and tempos, riding air waves through the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Plains Of Another Dimension

Thoughts seething within, looking to escape through door-
ways and portals of time, exercising their muscle within
intellect.

Filling my mind with energy, ready to be expressed in all
honesty in this poem being written, wanting it to be known
that it has needs and desires also.

Just as my being does, being excited at having this interior
revelation, succumbing to wishes and writing what they are
saying through intellect.

Wonder alighting through curiosity, taking me onto plains
of another dimension filled with enlightenment and discovery.
creating pathways into subconsciousness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Plains Of Forgiveness

Echoes of yesterday are filling this heart with
livid emotions and feelings of heartfelt beauty.

Sandwiched beyond rainbows in stormy rain drops,
lifting minds into higher realms, wishing to some-
day be a star in freedom's skies.

Leaving behind sadness, holding onto dreams being
dreamt and focused onto today's plains of forgive-
ness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Plains Of Humility

Pride swelling through music, looking about at many
options through humanity, not really seeing any place
to stop and put it's feet up.

For mankind has settled into plains of humility now
learning that life is much larger than they are and
will always be.

Catching hold of innate talent, building itself ever
higher through the wonder and magic of everything
good on earth.

signals of fortitude capturing our souls, floating
and being surrounded by a bluened light shining from
within.

Perfection of mathematics enlivening music through
it's equations and formulas, giving humanity a path
to follow through natural endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Plains Of Interior Freedom

Early morning energy taking me onto plains of freedom
interiorly, understanding that I am alone, living from
my soul through the Divine.

Both keeping me alive, filling me with hope and faith,
living fully every moment that's left, taking life and
it's circumstances in stride.

Knowing that there's nothing to be done about much of
it, only to experience it for some unknown reasons as
yet.

Not minding, looking into every corner of life with an
abundant amount of curiosity, asking questions about
everything.

Staying young and vibrant through intellect and imagina-
tion, mind absorbing innate knowledge and wisdom beyond
this world today.

Finding there's so much yet to learn and grow exponentially,
being nurtured through a bluened light interiorly that feeds
my soul completely through energy of the Divine spiritually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Plains Of Serenity

Listening to music tempting my soul, luring me onto plains of serenity.
Calming my soul with accents of beauty in songs of old.
Tantalizing melodies fading in and out of memories storehouse, altering edges of consciousness, turning around moods, placing them on hold in closets for now.
Forgetting stress and living in the presence of musical life, enjoying it's texture on my mind.
Moments of solitude, creating themselves in poems of a creative mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Plane Soon Taking Off From Hong Kong

Looking out a huge window here at the airport in Hong Kong,
mountains looming in the near distance, beckoning to my
soul at an interior level.

Finding them to be spiritual as they lie in wait while I
continue to look at them, imagining climbing them, just
below me is the airport tarmac.

Everyone is working like busy bees to prepare airlines for
their flights to take off, a lovely and respectful young
lady has just escorted me to gate four, leaving for LAX in
fifteen minutes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Planet Hollywood Birthdays

Music blasting it's way throughout Planet Hollywood,
giving the atmosphere an upbeat rhythm.

Walls are covered with mementos of every kind,
voraciously taking in, patrons of this fine establish-
ment.

Waiters and waitresses, happily flaunting their jobs,
enjoying their positions.

Serving food, playing at entertaining, creating a mood
of jovial contentedness.

All types of people from all walks of life, most just
haphazardly walking around the restaurant, taking in
the sights.

Food served on many trays, eaten, plates taken away,
enjoyment on a common level, providing good times for
minutes of an hour.

Pleasant conversation for a special event in time,
seventeenth and sixteenth birthday parties of my two
sons,

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Planning Sensuous Sentiments

Reckless challenges taking me into surprises of tantamount importance.

Shaking and rattling, giving invisible thoughts in every note, coded specially for the exercises in futility that fall into time.

Skating and moving along roads in life, traveling faster and faster as I get older.

Seeing sights throughout the world, touching upon visions of entire landscapes at one time.

Rotating and planning sensuous sentiments falling into my being, leaving nothing to another's suggestions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Planting Flowering Ideas

Surrounding moments quietly in whispered conversations,
telling stories of days gone by, and adjusting to life
now that I'm getting older and wiser.

Tranquil oceans sweeping continuously over fields of
imagination, planting flowers filled with brand new
ideas in lovely rhymes of thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Planting In Fantasy

Ebony mahogany being seen through imagination,
collecting reflections through it's interior
universe where anything is possible.

Futures being planned, goals set, all at the
beginning of thoughts planted in fantasy.

Circular squares used as tools of inner imagina-
tion, rectangular triangles, anything can be
possible through an active and vibrant imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Planting In Imagination

Plants all placed in a concrete version of a planter,
freezing outside in the cold weather.
Varieties with no choices, all jammed in together.
Textures not matching one another, yet they do look
alright.
Arousing my curiosity, wanting to reach out and touch
them, to feel how they feel and plant them in my
imagination to look upon many times in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Planting Memories

Collecting photographic memories in my mind, ever expanding it's repertoire into many avenues of conversation through picturesque words.
Likely aspects are wafting across areas of ingenuity, sending fragrant aromas, touching my heart with their memories, planting them immediately into my brain.
Forever etched there, never fading or disappearing, always ready to be examined and placed reverently into books of poseable imagery.
Silently taking life into corners where it hasn't been before, opening it up expectantly and sending enlightenment through every poem to be read for it's prescient rhythms.
Inclinations moving, always ready to fulfill meanings of unused knowledge.
Always on edges, being programmed for adventurous risk and daring to move out of a comfort zone to replace what is known for what can be learned experientially from innate talent, never buried, always remaining on the surface, while touching every image with a clarity in a vision of purity and serenity.
Clasping hands with a love of language, using words to prove everything is really always silent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Planting Myself

Planting myself in a patch of wonder, inviting all
senses to enter and help take in the environment,
noticing every little blossom, blooming nearby.
Clouds whitely floating, spreading their far-
reaching arms across the expansive blue skies.
Everything beautiful is here beside me, while we
enjoy each other's presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Plateau Of Relief

Music blaring, mind partying among notes and rhythm,
enjoying the beauty of harmony and melody at my beck
and call.

Fearing nothing, finding my way through sorrow and
grief onto this plateau of relief, etching my mind
with joy and serenity.

Picture-perfect passion, dwelling deeply in the
essence of my being, kept safe for all time beneath
coverlets of this interior soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Plateaus

Snapping up and down, reuniting pictures of sound
on mountain plateaus.

Turning everything into words, delicious to the
mind.

Featuring rendezvous with scores of music, rattling
on edges of tomorrow.

Hoping for prayerful celebrations to contend with
as rhythm continues beating to it's own soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Plateaus Of Reality

Walking a fine line between here and beyond, seeing visions of personalities, emotions and spiritual beings at edges of sight.
Being gentle, kind, and compassionate with everyone, writing feelings into words of what I am seeing.
Plateaus of sense mix with reality, combining in words with explanations ensuing, showing poetical visions in verse to see what's been thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playful Attitude

Living in the blessedness of God's love, enjoying life
and finding beauty held in it's nature.

Walking through fields of roses, aromas filling my mind
with their savory tastes.

Touching my mind enthusiastically, giving an energy from
intellect that never quits, just keeps me going every day.

A playful attitude completes me within as I roam trails
of an interior forest.

Happy and contented with gifts God has given to me through
this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playful Enjoyment

Skipping lightly through imagination, elated, happy and free of turmoil, thanks to music filling every particle and fiber of being.

A gigantic feelings of peace and serenity totally rolling onto the surface of the ocean, frolicking with the waves.

Being splashed so playfully and mischievously, loving it's attention as I laugh and enjoy this afternoon delight through coded rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playful Interlude

First one I have ever written and it just flew out of my mind, in anticipation of the expression on your face and the genuine smile of joy within you.

Now enjoying this little playful interlude, poetically sharing it with you and wanting to be loved by and with you tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playfully Entering Imagination

Incessantly thinking and writing in an atmosphere above
this earth.

Playfully entering imagination, taking it by the hand
and running into it's depths, ready for anything that
presents itself.

Sparking a fire as my mind takes over through it's
intellect, giving brand new concepts and perspectives
to grasp onto.

Finally pushing through every negative thought, coming
up with a positive solution for it.

Lassoing them all, coding and placing each one into
many different types of poems.

Every subject falling from this pen, no matter what
other people may think or talk about it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playfully Watching Nature

Looking out across the great expanse of grass, trees spread about the edges of it's luscious green lawn.

Phoenix mountains reaching into the atmosphere, hoping to catch a cloud or two for the fun of it.

Air currents tickling the arid atmosphere, a warm wind from the west blowing everyone's hair in all directions at once.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playfulness Of Adults

Waking up every morning, going to sleep at night,
every moment is included through poetry, writing
incessantly and prolifically.

Having the time of my life through intellect and
imagination, watching people and nature, at times
comparing them.

Watching their antics joyfully, enjoying the play-
fullness of both, even as adults tune into their
inner child for moments at a time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playfulness Of Spirit

Rushing into the morning, speaking to the Lord,
starting the day in a very positive way.
Being fulfilled in the spirit of life as I arise
and begin listening to music as I write.
Energizing mind and soul with glistening rhythms
taking over intellect, giving my essence a charge
of ionized particles to jump start thoughts.
Figuring out all the centers of intense emotions
and recognizing their particular importance in
the scheme of eventual things in life.
Accepting all of it in a joyful attitude of
appreciation.
Being attuned to the playfulness of an interior
spirit playing with my soul and letting go of all
the fears and doubts of the day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playground Of Imagination

On the playground of my imagination, enjoying thoughts of childhood that were a learning experience, filling my mind with equations of nature and life.

Mathematically finding out secrets hidden in music and it's rhythms, sliding down slides of formulas, inventing techno-logical derivations of what was already in place.

Forming and developing so many ideas as a child, never for-getting a single one of them, joyful and happy, elated when thinking and imagining.

Manifesting a whole new world within intellect and my mind, still playing in the past, always grasping, increasing and creating many more inventions now in the present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playground Of Melodies

Talking has ceased, only feelings and emotions have an
existence in the sensuous spaces of my heart.

A total effervescence gives it's all, completing the
essence of my life through poetry and music.

Playing with coded rhythms on a playground of melodies
and harmonies, tossing notes and catching tones.

Finding solutions of beautiful contemplation interiorly,
where wonder and awe are exploding in sensations.

An awesome flood of enticing musical interludes, giving
me a break in the middle of an interior passage that
fills me with an intense blessing of the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playground Of My Mind

In continuing circles, taking away inner emotions,
sending them into circumferences of interior spaces.
Coming wholly out of myself and placing me in a
playground of my mind - allowing me to stay away
from others and keeping me sane.
Foraging for peace through nature, needing to be
free from all turmoil on a daily basis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing A Part

Walking a lonely solo path through life, learning, experience-
ing every moment poetically, musically and artistically, play-
ing a part in destiny to a tee.

Fulfilling a purpose that God has created, focused, never waver-
ing from what needs to be done here on earth, a lasting impres-
sion of divinity inspiring through a bluened light.

Forever dwelling deeply within, giving solace and serenity un-
endingly, never really wanting to leave His presence, if not
for having to out life as He wants, wouldn't go anywhere.

That's not the way life was meant to be, living as God's in-
strument and enjoying what He needs to be done through poetry,
music and art is all that's needed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Alone

Mind soaring among the clouds in a brilliant blue sky,
pretending I am swimming in the ocean and the waves are
clouds moving in slow motion around and over me.

Splendid feelings, soaring among it's depths, playing
alone in my mind with a freedom of solace and serenity.

A reprieve from this prison of every day life, that we
humans are caught up in daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Basketball

Boys playing basketball after school, just for fun.

They are funny as they go around in circles, dribbling
the ball, trying to keep it away from each other and
score points for themselves.

Jumping up, trying to slam dunk the ball, they end up
hanging on the rim with one hand.

It makes them feel tall, makes them feel cool, as they
identify with the pros.

Running, blocking, dribbling, feeling good about them-
selves.

Every once in a while, making a basket when they don't
think about showing off to those who are watching them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Bingo

Playing free bingo at the Fort, relaxing, and
enjoying the sport of it all.

Expecting to win at least one game while I'm
here, is it too much to ask?

Watching people around me, listening to others
yell Bingo, waiting for my board to help me
collect some money when I win.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Existence

Focusing on edges of beyond as I sit here
listening to a live band play my existence
in rhythmic notes, in front of many people.

No longer a secret self, brought out into
the world of musical talent.
Offering up many melodies, to be sent into
interior collections of poetry.

Insinuating themselves in an array of roses,
scented from within depths of my soul,
standing in heaven's realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Games

Alone in a deserted crowd of ideas, playing imagination's game with interest and sublime concentration.

Following images closely guarded by subconscious whims and fancies, poking through to anticipatory feelings of hope and joy.

Lying fitfully in chaise lounges from yesterday's lifetime, awaiting differences to procure words and sentences, diffidently hiding interiorly without doubts or qualms of any interference.

Whole lifetimes ride on winds of fate, allowing one to alight and live abundantly at times.

Always watching, looking over edges of creativity into abysses of decorated imagination, waiting to be discovered and used in poems for destiny's illumination into infinity from yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Games In The E.R.

Evenly living in the wonder and awe given through
curiosity throughout life, rejoicing and finding
an interior life alive and well.

Walking into the fantasy of imagination, holding
hands with reality, blending the two with ease as
I race back and forth.

Playing games with them both while sitting here
in a hospital emergency room once again, entertain-
ing self, tired of this boring little detail in life.

Wanting and expecting so much more from life as I
walk pathways of my own creation, silently quiet,
finding fun and inner laughter.

Touching my soul with it's reverberations, giving
hope and joy everlastingly on this temporary earth
I call home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing His Soul

A harmonizing figure of music
being played in perfect pitch
by a heart-felt fellow,
coming close to heaven as his
harmonica plays his soul on
horizons of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing In A Poem

Dragon shapes racing across the bluened sky,
frolicking, playing with quiet energy.
Participating in cloudy storms, centered above
earth, waiting to drench everything below
with a refreshing rain.
Soaring toward new boundaries, vacating
priceless spaces just to be observed in a
playful poem.

(9/5/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing In My Reality

Taking my heart, stomping it into the concrete,
never feeling the impact because I'm no longer
existing in your reality, having one of my own
to play with.
One that can no longer hurt me because there
are no people allowed near.
No one can talk to me, because I no longer hear
the cries of those who despise and tear me apart
with their emotional abuse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing In Wonder

Listening to music as it takes me soaring into skies of imagination and fantasy, filling my mind with fascinating ideas and thoughts to write into lines of poetry.

Walking roads of loneliness into forests green with foliage and beauty, insistent and intense aromas of pine trees wafting through the air, enticing my being to become one with nature.

Loving to frolic and play in the wonder of curiosity where life begins and ends for me alone, happy to have been gifted with innate talent from God above, always thankful and grateful for what He has given to me so selflessly when I was born.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Inside Intellect

Quaking in strings of violin music, playing my mind with
exquisite timing and rhythm.

Racing through every image, looking for the perfect one
in all the world.

Fascinating concepts being portrayed as I play inside
intellect.

Watching all thoughts run and jump, dancing with
every melody, chasing notes around my mind.

Falling, picking up selves and chiding one another.

So glad to be the person I am with innate talent
keeping me together.

(7: 08 p.m. - 10/12/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Interior Chords

Wandering down to the seashore in visions of my mind,
watching waves rising and crashing, dealing blows to
turmoil stirring inside.

Listening to waves sitting still and silent, not
wanting to disturb the atmosphere that I'm in and
being blessed by quiet peace and serenity.

Spacious, generous, beautiful and free, a liberty
of innate talent residing within, nothing able to bother
this interior universe, keeping me safe from the outside
world.

Placed inside spiritually, contemplating beauty of what
I am seeing creatively through intellect, enjoying play-
ing chords of interior life, senses being awakened and
used in poetical writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Into Heartstrings

Penetrating rhythms taking me with the band into
musical compositions now being played to enrich
intellect as I listen.

Alluring and steady, not moving away at all, just
playing into heartstrings of my mind where they
are being translated into poetry.

Nothing to stop this prolific waterfall from doing
what it is meant to do in this life within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing It Again, Bingo

Finding myself here at Fort McDowell, playing free bingo
and enjoying the excitement and anticipation of winning,
although losing each game so far.

Loving numbers, bingo always tickles my mind when I play,
playing just for the fun of it, so there's really no
disappointment at hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Life's Games

Wearily walking down lanes of yesterday, fatigued and absolutely drained of energy.

Then putting in a CD, turning it on and listening to the music touch senses with an intense pressure, feeling good, bringing being alive again.

Taking it into stairwells, getting ready to climb to heights of intellect, becoming self, energetic and lively.

Playing the game of life again, defining meanings of designs, creating them for future poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing My Heart

Listening to another voice singing touching songs, playing my heart like a violin concerto.
Giving me sentiments to cry over, allowing me to express the great sadness always filling me.
Only the playing of tears helps for just moments in time, always handing the grief back to me when I least expect it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Notes

Listening intently to musicians jamming with intense music,
figuring out that yesterday's tunes are appealing nowadays
to everyone.

So agile, flexible, notes play themselves into poetry,
relieving stress and anxiety, giving needed rest from life's
busyness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Out Ideas

Wandering through dreams, looking closely at their
fabrics and designs, collectively arranging every
image in progressions of calculated formulas, accord-
ing to mathematical equations.

Apportioning each one equally into facets of intellect,
absorbing every tiny detail afforded to each vision,
while playing out ideas of future pleasure, counting on
interior treasures of life-long assets.

Cooperating extensively while imagination takes every
aspect of knowledge, adding it to equations falling
forward onto photographic screens, taken into scholarly
avenues of scientific data.

Analyzing and adding to what has already been met and
found to be accurate, not afraid to think and grow out-
side boundaries, holding and capturing what has been
known so far.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Poetry

Silently listening to Chopin, reaching out to his poetical
rhythms as they play my soul's harmony in depths of fantastic
intellect.

Sideways and across, building to a crescendo then lowering
themselves to a whisper only I seem to hear.
Writing meanings to what I am hearing, fills me with
anticipation.

Awaiting to hear final products of imaginative music.
Losing myself in a bevy of cause and effect, carrying on to
realign chords and give them much more volume, so I can play
poetry along with the many instruments that I play.

Midnight sonatas built into etudes of E flat minor, taking
me on a tender voyage into heartache I always seem to have
near me.

Feeling emotions ever strengthening in my heart and soul,
accentuating the grieving hurts of all my yesterdays.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Pool At The Center

Walking around the pool table, concentrating, figuring out his moves ahead of time.
Holding humor in as he aims his pool stick and shoots one ball after another into pockets around the table.
Laughter spilling out when remarks are directed towards him and he finds them funny.
On the whole, a happy, laid back gentleman who's very good at his game.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Slots

Looking around at all the flashing lights,
hearing the sounds of slot machines egging
people on, urging them to spend their money
on exorbitant odds, making them think they're
going to win the jackpot or something more.
Yet, when all is gone, the game over, what is
left of the fun?
Nothing. Not even the rent money.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Sorrow

Glistening teardrops forming within my mind
as music plays sorrow in songs of sadness.

Gently taking hold of memories, using them
as rhythmic life rafts to find my way through
a lifetime of grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Strings

Guitar playing strings of my heart,
taking me on a journey through a
land full of musical aptitude and
bliss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Subconsciously

Taking trips through my subconscious mind, playing and touching everything I find, discovering new properties that exist, but only if you know where to find them in your interior life.

Lights shining brightly, consuming and producing energy keeping the darkness from caving in on it's effervescent and brilliant totality, while finding beginnings and endings of everything in life and placing them in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Tag

Ducks swimming single file all of a sudden decide to play
a game of tag.

Splashing wildly, chasing each other, they get going so
fast that they take off flying.

Playing tag in the sky now, I'll never know which one of
them will win.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing The Game Of Life

Playing the game of life now for sixty-five years,
winning and losing, at times coming even.

Sorrow outweighing the joy, yet life has been kind
in certain ways, taking me down paths of nature
where I've become one with it's essence.

Beautiful and enticing, touching my heart and soul
with tender mercy and some compassion given through
good people God has placed in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Thoughts Intuitively

Deepening thoughts carrying me away, walking along edges
of another dimension, looking into it, mind amazed and
curious at it's interior surface.

Diagonal, perpendicular, horizontal, vertical, quadricular
volumes attuned to thoughts, playing them intuitively,
able to see into the interior of other's thoughts.

Surrounding intellect, major differences in this universe,
watching how it revolves creatively like a magnanimous and
invisible brain, a spiritual mystery within it only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing To Dimensions

Running with rhythms, enjoying their presence in my brain,
calmly they energize my entire being.
Allowing the freedom to entertain imagination with tones
and sounds of melody.
Spacing every note just right, background being perfectly
set for writing as they play to my dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Violinly

Crostics of antiquity, piling atop memories kept in
cages of remorse so living can be rehearsed even when
no reason exists.
Plenty of grief can be held in check as life grows
around itself, fulfilling promises of honesty and
truth while watching facets of knowledge pledge them-
selves with faith in God.
Placing puzzles of creativity into images of exacting
creativity and peace, lasting forever on nature's
shores, always touching edges of my mind with bliss.
Energetically blowing across waves of effervescent
illumination onto plains of desert visions, violinly
playing heartstrings of my mind on calm sadness days
of yore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing While Waiting

Enjoying peace and quiet of a Tuesday morning, sitting outside in the early sun, writing to my heart's content.
Filtering rays touching me softly as I play the piano in my mind.
Satisfying myself, I play as I write, taking literature to new heights never experienced before.
Talent climbing ever higher into realms not explored or met on earth's horizon.
Silently discovering every atom sent my way as nature walks beside me, aiding my quest for adventure and risk-taking.
Becoming my poetry even as the music plays it's melodies to be written to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing With A Puppy

Children playing with a little puppy, throwing
a rubber ball around so he can chase it.

Laughter filling the air as floppy ears go waving
in a running breeze - tail wagging all the while.

Fun is all that children and puppies should be
having on such a day as this.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing With Every Thought

Retrieving thoughts from yesterday, listening to them
once again to see if they still made sense and if they
could be expanded with new knowledge.

Accumulated since then, picking up rhythms collectively,
remembering each of them playing with every thought that
I had back then.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing With Ideas

Journeys down measures of music bring a lot of happiness
whenever taking time to stop, listen and enjoy it.

Letting it's beats lead me into another dimension, moving
around without any effort whatsoever.

Containing every idea, allowing them to air out in poems
through life in writing.

Nothing ever penetrating intellect, except imagination,
playing incessantly with them.

An intense curiosity figuring into equations forthrightly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing With Images

Deep-seated serenity plays in my mind, figuratively
playing with words of images.
Sensing the Divine, realistically participating in
a spiritual life, I walk in imagination's realm,
testing and formulating whatever I can think.
Solidly watching and waiting for definitive answers
to questions from beyond my subconscious mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing With Imagination

Riding ocean waves, being tossed about wildly, enjoying the freedom and independence from life it gives me.
Suddenly being thrown upon the sand, laughing, being stunned, and enjoying the experience immensely.
Nothing to mar the good time I'm having, playing with my imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing With Intellect

Hearing soothing melodies in the background, listening
intently as they fall deeply into my being.

Taking their time, infiltrating my mind with their
essence, playing with intellect, inspiring it intently.

Beautiful and vibrant landscapes of poetical comfort
come into existence, giving me total control.

Leaving everything to imagination to deal with the
reality of this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing With Interior Senses

Waving and sweeping across my mind, palm fronds
outside the window, playing with interior senses.

Watching as they say good morning, touching my
soul with their gently fingers.

Beautiful and tantalizing, taking me into depths
of imagination.

There my spirit is generated fully and given an
infinite energy through intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing With New Thoughts

Somnolently stepping from sleep into a new day, taking
us into new experiences and filling us with ideas to
be fulfilled.

Excited and happy to have something new every day, loving
to discover and explore this world, playing with these new
thoughts and enjoying time spent configuring them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing With Notes

Steadily drumming rhythms filling my head, roaming and wandering aimlessly through my mind.

Playing with notes, bouncing them around, tossing them against major and minor sounds.

Seeing how they fit together in musical compositions, being composed at the same time as this poem is being written.

Pictures of rhythms excelling, developing, being created as I continue letting thoughts flow that have not even been identified as yet.

Soothing, wonderful, serene and placid, taking my soul into depths of heaven where life continues to grow and be nourished like plants of nature through time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing With Pleasure

Dancing together, feeling your body close to mine, moving
totally in synch with rhythms, steps flowing exactly as
we dance around the room looking into one another's eyes.

Listening to sweet little nothings as you whisper in my
ear, making me laugh out loud, tempting desires to rise
and come out in the open.

So deliciously playing with pleasure centers of my brain,
loving feelings growing within both of us, knowing later
we will both be enjoying one another with great pleasure,
our love consuming both of us together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing With Poetical Talents

Quivering with excitement, feeling music touching
my soul and mind interiorly, playing with my
poetical talents, helping them reach upward towards
the epitome of excellence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing With Rhythms

Rushing hither and thither, enjoying immediate feelings of joy as this mind dances, playing with rhythms, being roused within, taking time to watch them move and groove within.

A funny way to enjoy music poetically, but it's fun to do, so continuing to sway in time with it feels good to my inner spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing With Rhythm's Notes

Whipping about, living in depths of music, clasping this
mind and heart, giving me great pleasure as I play with
the notes.

Rhythms continue to take me in and out of harmonies also,
letting my spirit enjoy this morning of music as my mind
writes poetry incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing With Snow

Winter breezes touching me silently, snow falling gently
upon the shoulders of my mind.

Running and jumping into snow drifts, laughing, freezing
from the cold, but not wanting to stop because it's fun.

Sun going down quietly behind today's horizon, growing
darker with every moment.

Moon peeking, one-eyed, having just been awakened by it's
universal alarm clock.

Still having fun throwing snowballs at each other in the
darkness and shouting with glee when hitting one another.

The snowman we built still standing, watching us cavort
and have a good time, as if to say, keep playing, I'll
watch and enjoy your joy and happiness before I melt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing With Stress

Gazing at the morning skies,
imaginatively seeing stars as
if at night.

Playing and cavorting about,
within a stressful mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing With Suicide

Hanging into caverns of emptiness,
playing with suicidal thoughts as
if they're toys from childhood.
Liking their textures and feelings,
holding them closer as the years
go by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing With Teardrops

Listening to the whistle of the lonesome train taking my heart into depths of sadness where I look around, playing listlessly with teardrops continually filling my being.

Silently and selectively pouring my heart into depths of this interior ocean, shimmering and glistening in path-ways of grief, never leaving room for joy or happiness.

Solemn, always crying, never hearing anything except that lonesome train whistle calling to me throughout this life, letting nothing come between us except tears falling into it's sounds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing With Thought

Circular motions curling up within areas of thought,
winding them up, then letting them go, watching their
reactions as ideas and concepts begin to flow easily.

Loving to play with intricate parts of my brain and
interior universes, watching their peculiar ways of
contriving to have my mind think, ponder and write.

A truly brilliant brain filled with so many creative
endeavors and images, a never-ending accumulation of
everything I could possibly want to write about.

Constantly doing so regardless of whether there's a
thought or not within my mind at the moment I pick
up a pen and start writing to music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing With Visions

Gathering together, listening to music playing
beautiful rhythms, favorite tempos and melodies,
tantalizing moments of thoughts into writing.

So calmly adjusting attitudes and moods of delight,
coasting and sliding down mountains of ideas,
listening to everything and taking in all that is
being seen.

Forever living in this passionate essence of being,
carefully protecting it, encasing self in an interior
desert.

Traversing it within this vast interior universe,
nothing ever taking any of it, all being attached and
held within this soul.

Lasting insights kept safely tucked in memory's visions
and images, always ready at a moment's notice to jump
into a poem.

Ready, willing and able to withstand the onslaught of
rhythm as it grasps visions and plays with them, placing
them gently into words and verses of purposeful meaning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing With Words

Joyfully playing with words, jumping, bicycling, roller skating around into many avenues of intellectual imagination.

Always having fun as life continues to harry me through suffering and trials without any thought of how I will get through any of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Within

Reaching towards the unknown, hoping to find some
familiar voice or sound issuing forth.
Monkily playing on trees and ropes, awakening
basic instincts hidden inside.
Nothing to do with evolution or theory, just an
innate desire to be who we are within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Playing Wonder

Totally rocking in the zone, being transported into another
universe beyond this dimension and into another time where
life is happy, contented and relatively safe while writing.

Into this night, playing the wonder of interior landscapes
to music that I'm composing while writing at the same time,
taking moments to find new rhythms in an interior atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Plea For Acceptance

Fulfilling dreams of a musical essence, contributing to a hopeful plea for acceptance in corridors of life.
Always changing what will become of me, tones flit in and out, aligning, adjusting themselves to fit whatever mood I'm in.
Giving a beautiful aura, I succumb and become sublime while writing myself away in visions of yet to be thought of prayers for life.
Being assuaged by candlelight in the darkness of my being, I confidently disappear into a bluened light from heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleading With Curiosity

Teaching my eyes through intellect to see details and
minute specks of life that all have meaning in some
form or another.

Pleading within curiosity wanting to know what every-
thing is, growing to appreciate it's total essence
throughout life.

Grasping and holding onto the sharpened effervescence
of an interior universe that strives to make itself
known to those who wish to explore it's depths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasant Enticing Atmosphere

Watching as the sun enters through glass windows, shining
on the floors, reflecting off of pieces that sparkle in
the sunlight.

Making the environment look festive and gay, as people
walk upon them, their eyes are caught by it, designs are
patterned on floors also.

Configurations geometrically fashioned to please eyes of
passers-by, all in all a pleasant and enticing atmosphere
here at the airport in Los Angeles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasant Expectation

Living in measures of musical rhythms, artistic portraits
and colors, watching everything immediately on interior
photographic screens.

Such amazing feats through intellect and imagination, ful-
filling my purpose through innate and God-given talent,
socializing within this mind.

Enjoying it as I feel a satisfaction filling me interiorly,
watching videos over and over throughout life without losing
an image, thought or ideal.

Living for the excitement and thrills that continually sur-
round my mind and intellect, carousing, teasing, taking me
into depths of spirituality.

Enticing me forevermore with a wonderful and pleasant ex-
pectation of better things to come in the future, all of it
given through the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasant Inner Music

Stereophonic sounds floating through the air,
vibrating inner ears with pleasant music.

Notes reverberating through the mind, touching
on memories, causing words to rhyme.

Life is constantly rotating to different drummers,
listening to different beats within their frames
of self.

Life-distancing acrobatics slip in place, teaching
others to face the music set forth in brilliant
colors, and tuned to inner beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasant Memories

Making pleasant memories for
grandchildren and children,
collecting many images to
promulgate in excessive moments
of picturesque photographic
scenes for a lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasant Memory

Coming into the center this morning beneath black
stormy clouds hanging overhead.

A foreboding morning to most, but it totally gives
me pleasure, enjoying seeing it.

Always reminding me of New Jersey, giving pleasant
memories at once.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasant Occurrence

Speaking softly through poetry, letting the world know
what I'm thinking in ink.

Picturing what comes to intellect and finding the words
flowing from an inner waterfall that's incessant.

Even when interrupting me in the middle of a poem, I can
go right back to what I was writing and thinking.

It's just like I never was interrupted at all, a pleasant
occurrence coming from within innate gifts and talent.

At times being lost in sadness, grief, loneliness and
abandonment, falling into pools of despair.

Yet an energy comes from within intellect, touching it
gently and reverently.

Seeming to know that it's coming from God, a deep knowing
that cannot be separated from my mind.

Loving that it's such an explicit part of my entire being,
seeing visions that prove what it is I'm thinking.

Delving always into pools of intellect, giving of self,
feelings, emotions and thoughts all readily available
to be put to use and written into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasant Surprises

Lighthouse beacons show the way towards life-defining
moments of grace and blessings of God.
Calming effects cover me like the ground with snow of glistening white purity.
Touching my life with wonder and curiosity fills my
days with an everlasting happiness, covering my mind
with God's pleasant surprises.
Shining forward to a future of beautiful images in a
lifetime of memories, always shining in the past
without recriminations on days of holy loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasing Senses

Still and quiet, music pleasing all my senses as I
listen intently to each coded rhythm.

Swirling contentment soaring through me, tantalizing
vibrant sensations and desires into my heart, always
appreciating the blessings given through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasurable Expressions

Trudging my way through waist high sufferings and trials of senior life, just trying my best to keep my mind occupied.
Thoughts come together, placating my interior soul with their pleasurable expressions in picturesque memories and images.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasurable Sense

Enticing memories through the music I am listening to gives
an intense pleasurable sense to my brain.

Grasping onto it with my mind, being enlivened by it's
circumference, loving the feelings being brought to light.

Carefully protecting myself through writing, allowing myself
the freedom to roam wherever I need to go.

Swallowing my pride, walking away, taking new pathways that
I am just now creating to get farther away from where I am
right now.

Listening to the melodies of distant dimensions, enjoying
their call to me interiorly, loving the feelings coming into
my being and particles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasurable Sights

Plants of interior gardens sprout all around us in beautiful splendor, catching us by surprise with their regal colors icing our eyes and minds.

Pleasurable sights, taking me on voyages of faith through hope's gardens.

Sauntering along pathways, looking, touching soft petals as they soak into my skin with a melting, gentle heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasure Beyond Me

Passion rising higher, taking it with me into your being,
realized between us while making love tonight.

A beautiful stretch of imagination that nothing can stop
from rising within me.

Thrilling to the incessant and tantalizing intensity
filling my entire being with excitement.

Pleasure beyond me, in another dimension being completed
through a spiritual revelation that so very few have ever
known or felt.

Such an intense and deliberate knowing that completely
gives it's all, holding nothing back, an unbiased and
wonderful feeling of sensations and desires.

Blending with the passion of our hearts and beings,
altogether touching divine realms within where God
touches us in a way that we can never again doubt His
presence within each of us here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasure Building

Resting in your arms throughout the evening, feeling safe and secure, knowing you're here with me, hearts beating in unison.

Taking our desires ever higher into passion of this night, allowing it to climb like ivy within us, feelings touching one another, racing back and forth between us.

Never tiring at all, pleasure building and taking us into extensions of life with colors and emotions now exploding within our beings.

Tenderly, delicately responding to one another through the moonlight, fulfilling and quenching us both together, never letting up for a second.

Moments gathering and spreading into the distance of this intense and wonderful evening of loving together, finding our passion complimenting each one another's.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasure Can Never Be Measured

Feeling alive and refreshed, finally out and about after two months in and out of the hospital, free from all the medical devices, doctors and nurses.

Able to move about without all the attachments adhered to me before, enjoying life, feeling liberated and joyful to be a-
live.

A moment of pleasure can never be measured for it is price-
less after having gone through hell and back, looking for-
ward now to traveling once again to India in July/August.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasure Centers

Wagon wheel set up against the building, ivy climbing upon
it energetically without any qualms at all, nature nourish-
ing and nurturing it from the ground up.

A delightful display of foliage touching my mind with it's
essence and beauty, spectacular thoughts always splurging
vibrantly into intellect.

Being transferred into my mind where they are then written
into poetry, music in the background, cheering me on with
smiling pleasure.

Touching pleasure centers of my mind so selectively and
intimately, no one ever knowing how exquisitely I feel
the joy of writing poetry intellectually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasure In Life

Allocating pleasure in life to it's rightful place in daily routines, always letting it be practiced and enticed by rhythms incessantly.

Being particularly happy as I travel into other dimensions of an interior universe, locating and discovering meanings and definitions of this mortal and temporary earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasure Of A Lifetime

Wanting you this morning, tenderly, gently lying beside me, holding me as our passion begins to grow so intensely as we kiss, desires filling us both so immediately.

Taking us into heaven, fireworks bursting and flaring as we two become one, oh my love, you are so tantalizing, tempting me with that wonderful love emanating from your eyes.

Enticing me even further, loving one another unconditionally, feeling excitement building, thrilling both of us so entirely, giving us pleasure of a lifetime over and over again throughout the night, my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasure Of Desire

Watching the world go by and living in it's presence,
soaring into the mix, blending with the solvency of
a group that is playing for us here at Buddy Stubbs.

Relegating the pleasure of desire right through rhythms
of the band, beautiful and tantalizing, encouraging the
tenderness of unresolved issues to be manifested in
this poetry.

Explanations reaching deeply inside, depths of tomorrow's
messages being coded in stride, wandering calmly with the restlessness of a
lifetime residing within.

Solitary ideas forming and jumping into the best of
rhythms as it fills everything quite diffidently without
stepping back or out of the way.

Loving the essence flowing like a waterfall into the
center of intellect and it's being here on earth.

Dividing and conquering, altogether giving up everything
just to be in interior landscapes upon photographic
memories being shown upon screens of an entire life
and being kept safely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasure Of Your Company

Images being remembered explicitly into this night, feeling
their blend of rhythms tangling with inner desires and a
passion now driving me crazy.

Wanting to be with you badly, waiting for you to come, giving
me the pleasure of your company in this totally lonesome world,
looking towards the door, expecting you to enter.

Dancing into my heart once again, taking me away with your
passionate and unconditional love into another dream world
made for only we two, my love.

An imaginational reality created solely within my mind,
filled with feelings and emotions of this little life of
ours.

Tenderly and delicately finding my way through life, thanks
to you, my dear, loving you and only you throughout the
years we've been together.

Love draped over our minds and hearts for one another, only
in this earthly life, for once we leave through portals of
death, we know nothing that will bring us together again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasure Unsurpassed

Collecting ourselves daily, we humans get exasperated with daily routines and aggravating people bothering us, wanting to be ourselves, having the freedom to do whatever pleases us the most.

Never having evil or harm on our minds, just treasuring and caring about our friends and family, taking our moods in stride, trying to keep busy, taking care of necessary tasks in life.

Poetical treasures being a delightful bonus added to the exquisite purposes in intellect.

Highways taking us far away from our troubles when going to the lake, mountains, camping, getting far away from the city and it's stressful pressure on our beings.

Having the time of our lives as we build our campfires, set up our tent, eat and hike through forest trails, nothing on our minds.

Being settled into a regime of quiet, soothing, tranquil serenity - at one with nature - catching fish, cleaning, cooking and eating them around the campfire, marshmallows and 'smores for desert.

Singing, talking, enjoying our family camping trips together, a pastime we still have even now as we all go off into the wilderness - all eighty-two of us.

Having fun and enjoying nature with one another, a pleasure unsurpassed in this life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasure With Learning

Concepts continually coming to mind unbidden, helping
to create unique ideas and bring them to fruition.

Working with a scientist, learning about his scientific
discoveries in detail, finding that concepts begin to
flow.

Thinking of scientific video games to teach children
valuable lessons, describing how certain things in our
bodies work to keep us living.

Interesting, fascinating, giving pleasure along with
learning, a perfect combination in a child's young life.

Giving inspiration and creativeness a chance to expand
in their lives, helping their minds grow exponentially
through the experiences of it.

Hoping my creations will soon be marketed and sold all
over the world, giving every child a glimpse into them-
selves and how they function.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak Copyright: 4/27/15 Patent pending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pleasures Of Music

Voice singing rhythmically, bringing a smile to everyone's face as they listen and or dance.

*Achy Breaky heart being played succinctly, taking us by the hand, letting our minds glide into step.

Enjoying motions of rhythm, awakening thoughts of another time, bringing us into many volumes of poetry that are being written by a poet open to pleasures of music and it's harmonies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Plentiful Expressions Of Hope

Expressions of hope and joy are plentiful around Christmas holidays, feeling sensitive towards the needs of others and helping in ways that become possible to each of us.

Giving from our own poverty, feeling the happiness of other's appreciation totally, searching our hearts for the same hope we give to others, praying that God will see and meet all of our needs in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Plenty Of Room

Twinkling stars of ideas scattered throughout my mind
like diamonds waiting to be mined, reaching, grasping
each one in turn.

Filled with enrichment, satisfaction and tantalizing
brilliance, always loving these wonderful feelings that
arise within.

Giving plenty of room to sort things out properly, watch-
ing thoughtfully, pondering everything in a quiet silence
enveloping my being.

In it's bluened atmosphere, respecting the Divine within,
using talents God has given to be used in fulfilling my
earthly purpose and final destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Plenty Of Want And Desire

Silent, pacing self with tempos and beats, music playing
softly within my mind.

Never hearing anything, but it's melody and harmony,
nothing gets beyond it when I'm listening and writing.

Plenty of want and desire playing around in intellect,
giving pleasure in the most desirable way though life.

Having the security of knowing I will never be forsaken,
because rhythm will never be confiscated nor snatched,
it's the universal language everywhere in the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Plethora Of Thougts

Experiencing joy within, jut because of poetry and the
writing of it.

Taking in everything in life, putting it to paper with
a fine point black ink pen.

Nothing is taboo, it's all fair game, life and it's
experiences - even the lack of them can enter into a poem.

Scientific ideas, mathematical formulas and problems seem
to find solutions here and through rhythms.

Such a plethora of thoughts and ideas are always cogitating
and producing procedures

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pliable Life Of Childhood

Swinging from a tree, childhood tunes running through my
mind, clearing cobwebs of the past, green and beautiful,
grass covering the soil like a velvet blanket.

Dressing it in finery so everyone can see it's beauty,
Mother Nature exemplifying senses from within human beings,
giving them feelings of innocence thought to have faded.

Finding everything intact today, joy spreading it's laugh-
ter, giggles and smiles through us with a steadfast rhythm
that keeps on multiplying.

Settling it's energy into the future where life will once
again be pliable just like it was back in childhood, full
of innocent purity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Plight Of Desire

Strangled by the purpose of human values no longer counted among attributes of today, the unlisted age of carefree sexual pleasures has arrived.

Wholesomely decaying energies of people, lying them in early graves, filled with the diseases of our day.

Lined up, heads hung low, shuffling their feet, saddened by the plight of aids and other similar diseases.

There seems to be no caring, no compassionate hearts to see the bleeding of another's shame.

Forgotten on back roads, misery takes over, staking it's claim like a prospector with his mine.

Yet, there are no riches to be found anywhere, death lies waiting at every doorstep, claiming it's ownership of souls in the end.

Tears are shed, no more life held inside except the warmth of died-down passion.

Holding close, several moments of spoken contact or hugs given sparingly, protected in quiet memories, held tightly in fists of sorrow, let go of only when death takes over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Plights Of Illumination

Hiding within, looking outside self at the
environment, surrounding earth in plights
of illumination.

Taking notice of the issues that are playing
increasingly in minds of other people and
developing ideas about each of them in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Plucking Blossoms

Plucking blossoms from graves of loss, hoping to
find some part of their love still existing within
them.

Carefully placing them in water, a beautiful vase
of remembering from all the years together.

Watching from one day to the next, seeing nothing
but the withering decay of what used to be a perfect
love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Plucking Feelings

Turning the volume up, trying to get away from everything -
not having to think - just rebel and go inside myself.

Letting the music fill me totally, absorbing feelings,
allowing me to stuff them deep inside so I may continue to
hide from others what I don't want them to see.

Riding high on melodies, taking me away to a safe place
where no one else can reach me.

Plucking away at feelings, notes stir up everything to
be swallowed and not allowed to think through them.

Afraid of letting any one of the secrets out, always in
total control of self, no one knowing me, not even self.

Allowing others to say what I was, having no choice, losing
myself, my identity, back somewhere when I was four.

When I didn't know any better and thought people who loved
you could only say what you were.

Yet, life-long habits, buried deep in a child's mind, don't
have any idea of how to break out and grow in their own time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pocket Holes

Celebrating this year of life with a party,
because I am still alive and slowly getting well.
Empty pockets wanted to be filled, yet the holes
won't make it possible to do.
Resisting efforts by anyone trying to produce an
energy from absolutely nothing, never more this
side of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pocket Of Aged Loss

In the everlasting jowls of hell, life on earth is split
apart and thrown to all ends of the universe.
No quiet release from the pain which grasps so tightly,
no breath left to breathe within.
Sojournly treading pathways of irreversible doubts,
propriety amiss, floating somewhere on a sea of
blackened clouds.
Tepidly attempting to rearrange treasures of life in
pockets of aged loss, unable to grasp or capture their
meanings of old.
Placid stillness enveloping the quill of this inner mind,
segregating it from explosive postures of imagination.
Fighting on the forefront of discovery, alive and beating
incessantly on drums of strife.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pocket Of Intellect

Propelled into an everlasting dream, searching for a
reality of life that lies hiding somewhere between
midnight and morning.

Surprising and spiritually allowing hope to fill this
soul with a Divine spirit, holding onto faith with an
interior courage.

Forged through strength of interior spirituality, a
pocket of intellect holding everything deeply within
an innate wisdom, never able to be captured by anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pocket Sublimity

Wonderful sounds tempting imagination with a guileless taunting.
Reverberating throughout a mind of subconscious desert scenery,
reaching into pockets of sublimity and enticing it onto paper
for all to read in their leisure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pocket's Edges

Little children taking time as it comes, enjoying every moment given to them.
Expectantly wondering with curiosity always sitting on edges of life.
Taking everything at face value for now, looking at nature's beauty, taking it as their own.
Wanting to keep whatever they find and put it into their pockets for safe keeping.
Treasuring it all for memories brought when found in secret places only known to them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pockets Of Emptiness

Waiting for an event to begin,
life carefully flows forward
into adjacent aisles of creativeness,
filling pockets of emptiness with
sufficient tears of sorrow.
Acknowledging stanzas in melodies of
extrasensory perceptions,
while rhythm takes over and processes
equal portions of mathematical formulas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pockets Of Imagination

Wide open spaces filling my mind with occasions of
writing, sitting on an immense frontier all my own.
Riding musical waves, cresting with anticipation,
wanting to see into the future so I may look at what
I may be writing.
Locating so many feelings, arranging them expertly
so, into poetry.
Watching for signs to lead the way into tunnels of
perfection, blending music of poetry with life and
back again.
Coercing life into little pockets of imagination,
spreading thoughts about like jelly and cream cheese
on bread.
Gathering words, filled with the treasure of their definitions, into Mint York
patties, delectable to
mouth and mind.
Heartfelt joy encapsulating all aspects of life and
reality into one soulful being of poetry for
eternity, as music plays before me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pockets Of Joy

Fortunes of time lie in wait as we recall past
avenues of detail, thought to be forgotten on
a lost horizon.

Finding pastimes of life hiding in pockets of
everlasting joy, we participate knowingly in
everyday activities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pockets Of Lace

Trees reaching out across the water, crossing barriers of time and space, sensing love of one another and carrying it in pockets made of lace.

Centuries strive to fulfill everything with a place of their own, noting nothing leaves it's appointed place unless it dies.

Lying there silently, love cries out so it may not be denied the truth, if time and space should choose to stay aloof.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pockets Of Music

Inner desires being fulfilled with pockets of music turned inside-out
every day, playing to their hearts content.
Whispering words as they play, my mind quietly spreads the peacefulness of
each song across the wide expanse of intellect.
Succeeding totally, to integrate existing sounds with what I am receiving within
imagination's details, while holding onto the exquisite stamina of inner turmoil.
Dancing to the tune of incandescent brilliance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pockets Of Musical Rhythms

Sinking into pockets of music, fingering their rhythms just like
playing a piano in your mind, feeling happy, melodies soothing
and straightening out a tumultuous day.

Lingering doubts now being chased away in an evening light, follow-
ing lines of notes into depths of intellect, challenging this mind
with many thoughts of the future.

Seeing visions in the light of day in another dimension, one where
life has it's own way, pleasing it's inner depths with a purity of innocence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pockets Of Prose

Looking askance at life, watching an angle not seen
often in minds of logic.

An introduction of imagination from the other side
seeps deeply into thought and regenerates ideas,
novel and opulent.

Reverberations sending messages throughout time,
capturing themselves in pockets of prose,
while flying into space with a spirituality of
completeness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pockets Of Reason

Dancing forgiveness together, placating desires within,
of lonely fears.

Forward-looking, seeing an uncertain future dressed
already in lacy tears, timidly wondering how much
longer life would exist on horizons of tomorrow.

Strings of fear played decidedly in hours of loneliness,
rhythmically meted out onto distant waverings of unkempt
thoughts.

Feeling deeply in pockets of reasoning and logic, it
doesn't render an answer or truth, so holding hands,
arms embraced, dancing forgiveness together, momentarily
forgetting about life's shortcomings and reservations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pockets Of Sadness

Walking lonely upon shore, thinking vaguely of why
you are here.

Not wanting anyone to intrude on your silent reverie
in your little space.

Continuing walking, hands in pockets full of sadness
and no one to share your thoughts with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pockets Of Silence

Circling life with an energy contained within,
holding onto every thought as it finds an area
to spread itself out, locating a space to fit
and being put to use on many daily tasks.
Only stilled and secreted in pockets of silence,
one day to be pulled out and used.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pockets Of Space

Reciting many episodes of yesterday's poetical essence as I walk through the passage of time, equipping myself with a myriad of images to take me through daily life.
Answers being hidden all the time, yet I continue to reach into pockets of space, hoping to be surprised one day with an actual answer to life's mystery.
Knowing only that I can hope in it's happening, never truly knowing if it will occur while I'm alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pockets Of The Heart

Nowhere emotions hiding within, looking to escape into
the wilderness of unexpected love.

Soaring and diving into experiences, finding many ex-
pressions of intense sensual passion, unforgiving and
unconditional.

Holding onto memories of yesterday, placing them care-
rully away in pockets of the heart for safe-keeping,
not wanting to forget any of them, all treasures of
love now lost.

Moving on into the light of another tomorrow, bringing
desires into the possibility of another romance with
someone totally in love with you and wanting no other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poem Blessings

Myriads of words crowd around inside, waiting to be
aligned and designed into poems of future abilities.

Networks constantly being formed, far-reaching effects,
lasting a lifetime.

Blessings being counted as each poem is read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poem For Younger Son's Birthday

Thinking of my younger son on his birthday, now 38 years old,
a terrific man, a gentle father, taking care of his own family,
working hard just like his parents did through the years.

A wonderful work ethic, morals and values, a son whom I've
always been so very proud of; life hasn't been easy, yet he
continues to strive for excellence.

Always wanting to better his life and that of his family,
his daughter's especially, the love of his life and he's
hers.

So magical to see him grow from a helpless pre-mature baby
to this great man right before my eyes, a blessing in life,
now having an opportunity to watch his daughter grow up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poem Not Feeling Sorry For Myself

Never having had a manicure or pedicure, no pretty dresses
or jewelry anymore for I'm unable to work according to my
doctors, it's too much stress.

Constantly going without, getting only one pair of shoes
a year that insurance will approve to fit with the braces
I now have to wear because of a doctor's error.

Wearing jeans and tee-shirts because I cannot afford any
other types of clothing as cheaply, no dress clothes, no
jacket, not even a sweater.

Never having anything, not caring at all as long as I have
a pen in hand and paper to write on here on the desk in
front of me.

Using my mind and intellect, writing poems without having
to think, a treasure trove of verses, words and meanings
at my beck and call.

What need I for riches and materialistic items in this
world, you cannot take them with you when you die, being
so rich in poverty, not having to worry about taking it
with me.

It has already fallen through my hands during life, but
poetry I have written all through the years will be left
behind on earth for everyone in the world, as I step into
heaven receiving promises of God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poem Of Harmony

Looking down narrow, darkened hallways, hoping to continue to see bluened lights at it's end, carrying me forward into a world of acknowledged beauty and reformation.
A pristine arena of life as it is taken out of normal contexts and given the freedom to soar into new frontiers, allowing people to be like pioneers of old.
Enjoying desert landscapes, appearing in full attire before me with splendid touches only nature can bestow upon earth.
An intense desire sits upon my brow, wanting to get lost in it's immense beauty and vast space.
Now looking outside of the narrow, darkened hallway, seeing bluened lights and beyond - their visions filling my intellect, bringing me to amazing places and locating them within a poem of interior harmony.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poem Of Interior Worth

Wringing this heart in quiet solace of a sorrow that has
been borne within.

Knowing nothing in the beginning, acquiring knowledge and
wisdom throughout the years with an open mind and honest
heart and soul.

Never discarding any bit of information, keeping it all
stored safely away to be used at some time or another in
a poem of interior worth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poem Of Justice

Long lasting thoughts, revolving in my mind, never tiring
from their daily toil, always being persuaded to carry on
through every situation.
Never leaving anything undone, choosing to continue
divulging ideas to be written out.
Many uncommon and rare ideals pop in and take over on
many a day, contributing to volumes of poetry in life's
outcome.
Justice always right around the corner in a poem.

(7: 17 p.m. - 11/01/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poem Of Musical Art

Retiring from life in a way, having found a new productive
and fascinating way to go beyond what I've always known,
taking me by surprise.

Gaining insight that's amazingly bright, filling this mind
with energy and beautiful landscapes of other worlds beyond
what we've always known.

Justifying the meaning of nature and humanity in forests of
imaginary thoughts that are closely tied to reality, seeing
ties that bind them totally and completely, studying them
purposely finding threads to bind them in an entire poem of
musical art.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poem Of Togetherness

Traversing roads in life, taking time to be together,
other times going off alone, like I'm doing right now
while writing poetry.

Family surrounding me, talking, laughing and here I
sit, listening to music on my CD player, writing joy-
ously and happily.

Loving the fact that I can do this and still be loved
by family no matter what, later reading what I've written
and appreciating that we've all been remembered in a poem
of togetherness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poem Of Understanding

Balancing reality while traveling imagination's byways
is fascinating on a contemplative plain.
Lively conversations banter through afternoon silence,
never disturbing life's anticipation.
Wherever subconscious atmospheres open their minds,
literature finds it's way out into a little poem of
understanding.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poem Of Worth

Posters of diabetes, glycemic goals, new tests for heart disease and nerve damage, standing brightly aglow on exam
room walls, awaiting patients with nothing better to do
than read them.
So much data and information soaking their brains - not
much is retained as people walk out into the hallway.
Armed with knowledge instantaneously forgotten, how does anyone benefit from the poster's information?
In steps the doctor to explain in layman's terms what is expected, how to follow directions and final results of
all the tests.
A patient's hero - or not - a daily regime of praising
or disliking him for numerous reasons.
Doc's a funny guy with a sense of humor, wanting to be
written about in poems of worth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poems Of Accessibility

Tunnels of perfection formed by nature in quiet,
gentle ways are set before me as I write of their
peaceful waves of existence in poems of accessibility.

Charging ahead with energetic thoughts, regaling
imagination with notations that will one day be
spent in heaven's gardens.

Specializing in areas beyond boundaries, I go freely
into an existence of my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poems Of Life

Talking, listening, finding out facts, truth and positive attitudes that enliven thoughts written into poems of life throughout moments left to me.

Not wasting time with mundane things, using time wisely, focusing only on thoughts relevant to what is happening in the world.

Relating it to others across the miles, understanding coming about, deciphering and sharing it with everyone, taking steps into the beauty of nature and how it relates to humanity.

Portraying it in picturesque portraits for all to see and explore for themselves on an individual basis, tempting inner senses with abstract patterns and designs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poems Of Satin

Sweetened ideas, heading into perfect storms of thought, extracting the best of both worlds, held together by wisdom's delicate balance.
Predicting sessions with splendid volumes of feelings as they are held in check until given away in poems of satin language.
Tissues are held gently, as tears are put onto expressions of sadness, being felt within.
Their fragile predicaments precarious and absolute until sent into messages floating away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poems Of Silence

Placing myself in an abstract painting, walking around
it's depths, delving into it's morose darkened colors.
Feeling an invisible being, roaming around, watching
me as I gather insight from the strokes tempting a
picture to enter imagination.
Feeling the lightness of an area painted in white,
touching the interior poems of silence, waiting to be
written out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poems Of Your Love

Definitions of interior lives are always being amended through the years as attitudes change and rearrange our beings.

Finalizing beginnings of another year with patterns of tantamount puzzles, leading into designs of tomorrow.

Beginning and ending in the aftermath of grief and finding it's way into lonely abandonment and emptiness.

Sojournly and somberly finding your way in the endings of another's life, bequeathing all meanings and memories into poems of your love.

Staying always within your heart and soul, never taking anything away from you throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poet In Tears

Being extremely tired and in pain, once again in the hospital,
pain medicines wearing off much too soon, leaving this mere
poet in tears.

Wondering why this keeps happening, never getting any answers,
subjected to the horror of this life, at times wishing it were
over, yet wanting to continue to write into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetic Justice Coming About

Simple and uncompleted, finding solutions to even out
distorted illusions and lies of democrats and liberals
trying to make a one world order.

One in which it will benefit only the few corrupt and
evil people who are thinking to be it's dictators, mak-
ing sure no one else can protect themselves.

People the world over now knowing the desires of these
evil ones, taking a stand, not letting anyone dictate
or take away their freedom.

Armed to the hilt, waiting for the whites of their eyes
to take them from the face of the earth, all their money
and riches to go to the poor, poetic justice that will
soon come about in our world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetic Mind

Looking through slats of life at the sky above, seeing it
darkening, brilliant colors, red, orange, yellow, filling
the western horizon standing before me.

Palm trees set against it's backdrop, their silhouettes
dark against beautiful colors, folding under an umbrella
of this coming evening.

Stars awaiting their moment alongside the moon who's keep-
ing them quiet, like a teacher or mother with her little
children.

Reminders of life being reflected in depths of a natural
outer space in measures of time, filling this poetic mind
with the beauty of another sunset.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetic Pathways

Driving down poetic pathways, grasping nature by my
soul, taking words from meanings, forming picturesque
pictures in my mind to write about.
Caressing their feelings closely and enjoying their
touch upon my brow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetic Trumpet

Quietly reminiscent, sitting back lazily,
enjoying music of a trumpet player.

Clear, concise, beautifully poetic as notes
and melodies collide into wondrous soothing
sounds.

Lifetimes come together and calmly exist
within realms of music, touching souls of
everyone here today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Answers

Asking questions, wanting to place answers in poems so I may read and understand everything I can in life.
Constructing new venues to think among and steering myself into volumes of music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Arizona Deserts

Regaling the beauty of our Arizona deserts, perfectly
awesome in every way, arid, sensual, prickly, deadly,
yet so surrenderful to this soul and being.

Never letting life forget where it's soul belongs for an
eternity, softened hearts, tender minds, poets of varied
types often find their poetical ways through the Arizona
deserts.

Watching the sunsets and sunrises coming full bloom into
every morning and evening, never letting us down with
their total serenity and beautiful colors throughout the
sky.

Detailed and picturesque, always ready to have their picture
taken, so people can see how an Arizona desert can fill all
minds with peaceful accolades and scientific poetical views.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Aromas

Mind spraying a mist of poetical aromas throughout intellect, revitalizing and refreshing it so musically, enlightening and awakening every aspect of a this poet's mind.

An energy filling my mind with an intense flurry of excitement, seeing everything vividly, as it penetrates awareness, building upper echelons within this brain.

Gentle, carefree, a lively and exciting event to watch from within, feeling joy climbing like ivy and attaching itself effortlessly to my inner being.

Mind swaying, taking me into an euphoric state of mind that is absolute, serenity easing itself throughout consciousness and this brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Attitudes

Adjusting attitudes to fit in with poetical horizons, giving me novel procedures to deal with every nuance.
As I genuflect and pray to God to thank Him for the gifts He has given so generously in this earthly life, set in motion before me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Avenue

Easy listening, filling me with serenity and atonement from
an other-worldly forgiveness, being tantalized by an ever-
lasting energy building itself through music.

A wonderfully entertaining melody, tasting it's effervescent
and savory moods of life in this poetical avenue I'm driving
through intellectually.

Watching eagerly as notes flow continuously throughout this
mind, tempting and taking neurons and synapses into double-
time through these awesome rhythms.

Calculating perspectives automatically, putting them incess-
antly into poems, mind rising and falling like ocean waves
within my head, as I think constantly through pictures of music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Avenues

Amazing beauty lies before me on a future horizon,
shining brightly in this mind, leading to the
right path.

Wonder and awe are being fulfilled through a
generous curiosity given from above.

Nothing standing in the way of a purity and
innocence of love being spread across the
world at this very moment through poetical
avenues.

Now being opened completely through poets filled
with love and compassion for other people all over
earth.

Sparkling, shimmering ideas being brought
forth into the atmosphere, filling them with
the knowledge and wisdom being given to a poet,
opening her heart to God at this very moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Balance

Breezes blowing into my mind, constantly changing and rearranging thoughts, creating myriads of ideas in imagination's depths.

Canyon walls deriving measures of poetical balance on shores of maturity and dextrous horizons, every moment of life's existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Books Of Tomorrow

Rhythms striking this mind, fulfilling landscapes of
intellect as they beat incessantly against my brain.

Forfeiting nothing, being given strength of another
decade to live and become a purpose in life, that's
always been pursued.

Never letting anything get away, just keeping it under
wraps where it can always be lit by imagination.

Swerving and twisting into pastures of another dimension,
finding beauty everlasting, in flowers that are found
there.

Never disappearing into the atmosphere, staying closely
together, not being separated ever in this world.

Beginnings are standing and walking onward into depths
of many varied locations, taking the best life has to
offer.

Using it all in ink put upon papers, blank in poetical
books of tomorrow, up until now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Compositions

Watching angels fly about,
auras and halos enchanting with
wonderful prayers.
Signs of life to come up in heaven
are extraordinary.

Wanting to always be close interiorly,
reaching out through veils of life just
to be attuned with heavenly scents of
musical compositions being written
through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Definitions

Rhythms meeting up with poetical definitions in depths of intellect where life begins and ends in a puzzle of many questions.

Following and figuring out where each word leads, bringing me to definitions of life and it's finite properties through music while writing poetry.

A lifeline of value that keeps aligned interiorly with who I am, beautiful landscapes being arranged in an array of designs through this intellect.

Always finding a way through rhythms being listened to constantly throughout many hours of the day and night, writing through codes, leaving a trail of clues.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Desert

Talking going on around me, yet I prefer to be alone
in my head where no one can hurt or touch my heart-
strings with their selfish desires.

Going deeply into the wastelands of subconsciousness,
I wander and enjoy the immense difference walking
around there makes in my life.

A pleasurable experience in all respects, keeping me
alive, allowing me to be myself.

Never tiring of living alone in a poetical desert
where I'm always at home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Desire

Regulating periods of intense desire through poetical
stanzas, arranging them prettily in doses of lace and
roses.
Affording limits of quality to measures of lifetime's
consciousness.
Only attracting pictures hidden in depths of grief
and toil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Detour

Silently detouring through
a mind full of mundane work.

Searching for moments snatched
in time to write some poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Discovery

Never far beyond a thought, always on the brink of a
new poetical discovery, naming feelings and images
of life's exhausting embrace.
Deadened limbs, holding yet, fruits of nature with
open arms and mind.
Discovering identities held closely together for all
time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Diversity

Contouring intellect with adjacent meters,
compiling sorrow into many projects of
poetical diversity.

Planning each verse intellectually with no
interference or blocking from any aspect
or origin.

Fastening synapses to jar meanings of
words, clarifying extraordinary
rhythms with precision and artistic
concentration from inner depths of
imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Energetics

Singly traveling a path no one has even been on,
loving it's peace and quiet, no one to interfere
or bother me.

Writing and composing my life into symphonies and
rituals of poetical energetics, all being written
from mind-body-spirit.

Entire depths of my being, a wholesome and energetic
aspect, fully effervescent and shining out upon every
corner of intellect.

Expecting to hear voices in the beyond, as they blend
in with the music being played incessantly through-
out life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Energy

Details creep upon my mind as I ponder musical rhythms
at Buddy Stubbs.

Reminiscing with every beat and strum of the guitar
player, playing with my heartstrings in a morning
breeze, keeping time with an innate poetical energy.

Beguiling expressions taken to inner depths, foraging
abysses and caverns for hidden thoughts.

Rummaging around piles of ideas, fitting them together
into outfits of poetical rhythm, satisfying to my soul's
inner peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Episodes

Trembling within, stretching imagination to fill out pages with extraordinary beginnings in literature.
Someday electrifying words will portray whatever I state and explain.
Words coming from professors and learned men and women praising my contributions to world-wide poetical episodes and chapters in literature and English books.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Essence

Ripping apart the sorrow being held captive within,
letting it soar into another capacity, giving it
another purpose, setting it free within creativity.

Special spiritual graces saving me from it's intensity
as I write it here into poetry, a stillness that is
never-ending and filled with hopeful faith.

Running with exhilaration and soaring into another
morning with laughter and humor, seeing lightness of
the sun as it pours itself into my mind.

Taking it into realms of another sphere that is being
created within me this very minute, filling it like a
balloon with air.

Except it holds vibrant and lively thoughts from an
inner waterfall, letting it choose whatever meanings
and definitions need to be written into verses.

An exceptional and wonderful gift that is always being
given incessantly through intellect and writing, softly
and gently this mind dances to the rhythms.

Listening to them, musically composing every note and
tone of poetical essence within me, creativity filling my entire being with
heavenly rhythmic aromas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Etudes

Rival notes edging each other into etudes of poetry,
singly memorizing each aspect of tempos as they rise
above the others.

Featuring extraordinary ideas to pathways of my inner
mind, eclipsing jointly, periods of rhyming literature.

Standing expertly, the test of time, as signatures
fill pages of tomes in stylish prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Excellence

Watching crowds of bikers have good clean fun, listening
to music, having a bar-b-que and talking with one another.

Total and sensational, a band filled with rhythms and
fantastic tempos.

Taking me away, enticing my soul eloquently and precisely,
an experience of poetical excellence.

Sitting here writing of it's delightful and exciting ex-
perience.

So fulfilling, tempting desires to rise, wanting to be
loved along with this inspirational environment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Excursions

Running across fields and meadows, mind filled with feelings and emotions, expressing them in poetical excursions.

Roses leading the way through atmospheres of heavenly commotion, tenderly tasting honey suckle wine of tiny flowers along the way, a total journey of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Exercises

Energizing talent secreted timidly inside,
awaiting it's expression in poetical exercises.

Stretching and lengthening meanings of memories
along with a mind of imaginative repertoire.

Sensing altogether, particles of past, present
and future images, coinciding all into a wisdom
of knowledgeable thought.

(10: 35 a.m. - 3/30/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Existence

Gently justifying inner feelings, letting them have
free rein while riding emotional tides throughout
life's poetical existence.

Tidal waves, washing over me, taking me willingly
out to sea.

Floating on destiny's tides, I become non-existent,
except in depths of my own mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Existence Enlightened

Symmetrical thoughts flowing from
ideal trees in talented subconsciousness.
Figuring how to enlighten the world in
just a few words of poetical existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Explanations

Harpfully enjoining melody to perform actually in real time.

Sensing beautiful interpretations in several languages, all
of them poetical explanations in accordance with perfect
pitch.

Entering doorways of ecstasy and bewilderment in temporary
installations of antiquary placement.

Solitary pining, quietly whispering into echoes of longing,
long since past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Fame

Streaking nakedly across the sky, a jet shines an eye
against it's whiteness, showing off it's splendor and
speed as it races across the sky.
Clouds billowing all around it, as it disappears from
sight.
Having had it's moments of fame written in this poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Forest

Sensing the fullness of nature as I sit amongst the beauty
of it's essence, watching it intently, listening to it's
whispers throughout the atmosphere.

Tantalizing and alluring, enticing me into it's realms
with full attention, thoughts immediately transpiring,
finding the needed inspiration from everything around me.

Loving the environment that I find myself in, turning it
immediately into a poetical forest of fantastic dreams
and visions.

Totally intact with nature, being one with it, never
failing to be amazed by it's genuine integrity and solace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Forms

White clouds forming clusters about the sky,
spreading ever wider, shutting out the blueness
of an early morning sky.

Chilly little breezes, combing the atmosphere,
yet the sun still chooses to warm me while
sitting in it's soothing light.

Calmly and energetically thinking of many things,
allowing my mind to cogitate and find the best
place for them to shine in poetical forms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Friend

Living in the present, enjoying happiness brought into my life by an Indian gentleman, a man of great respect and dignity, proclaiming an unconditional love towards me.

Keeping me ever close to his heart, writing poetry with me at times, staying close always in mind and thought, images and memories of time we spent together when in India.

A joyous occasion, that of meeting for the very first time in person, eye to eye, doubly fantastic because his younger brother was with him, double pleasure for sure!

Lasting impressions of a pure and innocent meeting of friends from across the world, never will be forgotten, it's like we are still together.

Never separated as our love for one another continues to grow ever higher within our respective hearts through our unconditional friendship.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Friends For Life

Resigning myself to every day routines, can hardly
wait though, to get back home and enter poetry into
my computer again.
Living to show the world just who I am, sharing
myself in a lifetime of poetry with everyone in the
world and loving the feelings of belonging it gives
to me daily.
Poets all over the world, loving and encouraging me
through their poems and comments.
Although we've never even met, we're friends for
life through our love of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Highways

Wrestling happily with musically talented people,
dancing in time with life's beautiful nature.

Twisting along, interested in writing to rhythm
day in and out.

Filling blank lines with poetical ideas in high
ways of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical History

Feeling the choices of life gathering together in
moments of energizing beauty.
Sliding around in an atmosphere of quality and
inspiring poetical history of tomorrow's centrifugal
forces, being borne through rhythm right this minute.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Illustrations

Left hand fingering tempos,
rhythms and notes being played
while intellect seems to recite.

Translating it all into poetical
illustrations and portraits of
real or fantasmical life creatively.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Immersion

Trapping my mind in a soliloquy of poetical immersion,
showing me the outstanding beauty surrounding me all
the time.
Beating incessantly, always keeping rhythm in time
with what I'm thinking.
Leading me into pathways of enlightenment, even as
I move into other dimensions of irregular foundations.
Taking the melodies deeply into intellect to be
memorized and taken apart to fit into a plethora of
poems to be written with every breath I take in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Incantations

Interesting symbols appear in dreamlike moments of
contemplation, seeming to be surreal, like an oil
painting of the past.

Codes are re-opened along the way, picturing
scenery in words of beauty.

Long-lasting inspirations can always be seen in
picturesque books of poetical incantations,
rhyming words with every stroke of the pen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Insistence

Morosely settled, wondering what's next in life's scheme of things.
No longer being young, yet my mind is still young at heart in every way.
Enjoying every moment given in an atmosphere of music to write whatever comes near to thought.
Exemplifying intellectual innate talent through words of poetical insistence, as they flow like water from my pen.
No stopping or blockage barring the way to their particular purpose under heaven's guidance, always pinpointing what needs to be said.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Installments

Fateful birth sitting on a cusp, withdrawing from the
edge of destiny as it envelopes my mind definitely in
an aura of blue.
Scalloping through creativity, pulling out necessary
themes, producing life in poetical installments for
a future of freedom - individual and financial.
Tasting a better life through artistic magnitude and
grace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Interludes

Complacent, melting into a spiritual realms of poetical
interludes, suggested and built upon by intellect.

As it entices my mind to capture ideas, developing them
exponentially day and night.

Products of an energetic invisibility that keeps me
writing incessantly into every measure of musical ideas.

Combined with it's mathematical perfection, through many
equations found and intercepted within imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Journey Of Life

Throughout life I have walked many pathways, followed
trails into the unknown.

So many seasons have passed, I've seen, observed, wondered,
experienced and undergone beauty, ecstasy, grief, agony,
and struggles of life in many ways on this solo journey,
all of my poems are a testimony to these experiences so far.

Living with poetry, dreaming it, sinking into each poem,
at times being deprived of food and sleep just to keep close
to the words I continually write, instead of partaking of the necessities of this life.

Every poem is a particle of my being, my energy, my existence,
all that I crave and desire is fulfilled within each one.

Living, breathing, existing with poetry and one day poetry
will die with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Judgments

Balustrades of life's stairways take me above into
realms of ingenuity and purpose where I can roam
and make a difference whenever I want to
Concise limitations have no hold on me as boundaries
of my mind are endless and eternal.
Questions flood my conscious as imagination delves
into subconscious abysses taking with it meaningful
abstractions on solo missions.
Silent, serene, poetical judgments are created and
spread upon many pages, thinking out thoughts that
were once bottled up in caskets of steel.
Now, refreshed, they grow and blossom into poems of
worth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Justice

Watching every detail in this life, touching upon each
one in a poem or maybe more than one.

Telling of intolerance, racism, prejudice, corruption,
any and everything that's wrong in our world.

Poetically bringing the sins of mankind it's justice
due times one hundred.

Writing of goodness, innocence, purity, faith of those
who have no need for power, money or fame.

Being self-assured and confident in their own skin,
having no need to harm others for they are stronger
than that in every respect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Landscapes

Interesting facets of life rally around
music as it lifts spirits and takes us
to other lands right here inside intellect.

Poetically beautiful landscapes within a
little poet's mind, as she writes her
heart's life into songs of poetical rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Life

Setting life to poetical works and etudes, studying sides never or rarely seen through anyone's eyes.
Yet, as seen through eyes of a poet, all of life takes on new light, keenly sensitive to all emotion and unspoken words.
Carefully taking in all sides of sensitivity, charging full force into gales swept over us by perfect storms, enveloping each of us in individual circumstances, causing havoc in all situations, researching
so many ideas at once.
Curtailing so much value in life as to leave us reeling from the inside out, rushing us into involvements we'd do best staying out of.
All things neat and trim, gather under one umbrella and enfold us in their manners and speech, being laid out on mattresses of time.
Comfortable sensations set in our hearts by erratic thoughts in times of special occurrences, held on to through traditional means of writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Life Experiences

Listening to people's voices, tagging notes of speech and matching them to their tones of voice.
Some being in keys of 'c' and others in 'g'.
Combining interpretations and exacting cohesive volumes from all of them.
Significant memories blending with sounds as they are ushered into the atmosphere to be seen and heard together.
Staunchly preferring to keep wrapped up in cloaks of secretive desires, singly expecting to find animosity traipsing after every score.
Yet, finding only beautiful dreams of sleepless nights, beginning to form in sunrises of songs, leading words into poems of life's experiences.
Lasting and keeping me safely in an environment of poetical visions where I can't be reached.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Life Meanings

Reciting meanings of life through poetry, giving them a place in existence, one where they can be enjoyed and played with so intensely.

All the wonder and awe that can be found is in intellect and imagination, never being forsaken, for it is all a part of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Lives

Tenderly holding you all through my life, nighttime filled
with romance and love, never-ending when morning peers
over the horizon.

Leaving our bed when the sun beckons us, kissing, hugging,
sitting on the verandah drinking our tea and watching the
very beginnings of another poetical day in our lives.

Rhythms musically binding our hearts together for eternity,
love of ours never-ending, just beginning forever and ever,
through the night our hearts beating rhythmically in synch.

Writing our love into compositions of delight that we will
forever remember when morning wakes us, side by side in one
another's arms, protecting our love all through the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Love Song

Silent renderings are flowing throughout my mind
as I listen to a poetical song of love, being
sung into an interior soul.
Smoothly, softly, taking a road to serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Measurements

Adjusting channels of indifference at the outset of
every dilemma, figuring formulas to ratios in
occasional poetical measurements.

Trying to oversee expedient decisions at opportune
events in tomorrow's daylight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Melodies

Walking through my mind, not knowing what I'll discover, but I am looking forward to every experience in store for me.
Lightly, motion stirs and surrounds my soul with rapt attention, leaving me open to any and all suggestions that flow into my subconsciousness.
Dreams and memories trudge out onto pathways, making their presence known to photographic screens, filled with intense feelings and sounds.
Giving my mind thousands of pictures to write about in poetical melodies for others to enjoy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Messages

Sending messages into the world through poetry, touching others deftly, silently, getting in touch with their spirits.

Lifting them hopefully from difficult and sometimes hopeless times in life, touching upon specific circumstances and situations.

Focusing on positive aspects needed to motivate and help them find solutions on their own, building strength and self-confidence as they find their way through it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Mind

Tantalizing an inner energy with a vibrant intellect and poetical mind.

Enticing ideas to form, entering definitions and meanings into the equation.

Necessary to the health of my being, living in beautiful landscapes that are always within intellect.

Capturing and captivating an eternal grace within bluened light held always closely and treasured in my mind forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Mind Pictures

Solid footing having been found through poetry and writing
of it for an entire lifetime.

Focusing on problems facing everyone, seeking and finding
solutions to them in final preparations of all mathematical
equations at my mind's fingertips.

Engulfing every myriad thought and idea, a plethora of
pictures form in my mind, always knowing that everything
will be shown at once.

Never having to wait to think of answers to mankind's sorrow,
seeing it all instantly in just a second or two.

Being formed in a mind's beautiful landscape, never being
marred by anyone else's misguided misconceptions or errors in judgment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Moment

Minor chords of being touch the interior mind of
subconscious imagination, awakening it's charms,
pulling it into the light of innate talent.
Realizing it's importance in writing conceptually
throughout all time, while forever being in the
moment of a poem.

(11: 05 a.m. - 12/03/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Musing

Withdrawing for awhile, thinking about other worldly
things, not generalizing any of them.

Following heart and mind on a solo journey through
depths of poetical musing.

Taking time, reveling in the beautiful pastime
thoughts it brings to mind.

Educating self through nature and it's nonconforming
ways with mankind's.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Musings

Wonder and excitement filling heart and mind, enjoy-
ing this life here in America, loving the freedom to
do what I love and have great passion for.

Writing poetry constantly and incessantly, thoughts
pouring forth through rhythms of melodies, and collec-
ting themselves instantaneously in poetical musings.

Having meaning for those who read them and find their
lives have been changed permanently for the better,
always appreciated and thanking me.

Instead, they should be thanking and appreciating them-
selves for having insight and changing what they have
determined all on their own.

Something needed to be done from the inside out, it's a
tribute to their honesty and self-realization, proud
of each of them who have let me know what they've done,
this mere poet, valuing each of them in turn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Mysteries

Divulging mysteries unknowingly through written poetry, doing everything my way, regretting nothing being written throughout the years of my life.
At times I threw up my hands, surrendering myself to death, hoping he would accept me with all my frailties, yet he didn't want me either.
Giving all talent and gifts to the universe without reserve, but always doing it my way, never letting anyone have a say with my words of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Mystery

Rocking into the next century,
full flavors of rhythm taking
steps into aisles of musical
ability.

Beating itself into measures of
contemplation, arousing curiosity
in everyone.

Wandering slowly and picking up
speed, as every turn brings a
tone of poetical mystery into the
equation.

Tapping incessantly to beats of
innocence, following in the wake of
sublimity, it finally rests in peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Nature

Writhing and crawling through measures of intelligent
paraphrases as they are written in generous proportions
for all who read them.
Contacting the synapses as they wriggle and gyrate into
rhythms of indescribable records of poetical nature.
Hindering nothing, enticing it all to come forth and
take over melodies rocking and rolling through every
note being sized up and likened to steps in actual
dances being danced in unison.
Rhythmically sending smiles onto the dance floor,
taking off to lands in other environments of lively
participation.
Carousing and shaking, dancing with Molly as they
roll and jive to the music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Nuisances

Massive energy filling this mind and it's subconsciousness,
giving a blending of natural and innate abilities that are
stretching and growing within intellect.

Borrowing from a timeless measure of melodies, using it's
coded rhythms to open intellect selecting many interesting
variations of life-swirling adventures.

Riding waves of anticipation, expectations surfing about,
waiting to see what will happen, touring intellect inside
and out, creating poetical nuisances just for the fun of it.

Living out fantasies of yesterday in poetry, teaching and
learning through it all effortlessly, ever-changing, bring-
ing about different moods altogether as I write and think
through rhythms keeping me alert and functioning always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Passion

Reaching outer limits of life, riding waves of inner
accomplishments that take me into other dimensions.

Looking about, seeing landscapes of intellect as they
are painted through musical rhythms touching my soul.

Perfect, poignant, delightful, manifested within my
mind while living in an existence of creativity through
intellect, imagination and spirituality.

Always touching me with inspiring thoughts and feelings,
climbing into depths of my being as I soar contemplatively
into the passion of my soul through poetical music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Paths

Thoughts of bluened light unfold before my mind, allowing
an effervescent liberty to fill me subconsciously.
Rambling on poetical paths, awakening deeply held beliefs, holding them up to
be looked at differently - new facets appearing with every blink of an eye.
Luxurious meanings roll out like a red carpet, holding
various ideas from interior inspiration, creating a world
only one can live in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Portrayal

Sleepily wandering through meadows and fields, feeling free and independent, nothing holding me back, only allowing incessant motion to continue into the future.

Lightened qualities of attitudes becoming on their own, developing an essence that cannot be reproduced by any other manner than through a poetical portrayal of what is being seen and or happening right in front of me at this very moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Portrayals

Melodies rushing through intellect, collecting thoughts
quickly, trying to gather them into poetical portrayals
of innocence and beauty.

A purity of childhood that glows within every word of a
poem, touching upon the sincerity of another time in life
when everything was simple and easy.

Private and awesome, a place where only I may go, walking
through intellect, an interior fantasyland where I wander
aimlessly whenever wanting to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Prayer

Taking time to pray, letting it energize and fulfill my
being with it's definitive purpose, living and breathing,
loving and caring, a total turn around in the atmosphere.

Bringing healing to the forefront, watching as life is
being refreshed and restored, giving a miracle, a chance
to grow and be nourished again.

Only time can bring it about with God's help and I can see
it coming about in images and visions, a beautiful moment
in the life of Tushar.

Seeing his happy and smiling face, looking at me with his
piercing and inquisitive eyes, attuning himself this very
moment to the blessings and grace of God.

A miracle as I watch from within rhythms, bringing visions
of the beauty coming upon him at this very moment, this
poem a poetical prayer that God will give a miracle to him.

Looking back, now realizing that the miracle was happening
for Tushar, but not in the way I expected it to happen, for
God brought the beauty of this vision into heaven with Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Psalms

Inspiring thoughts begin to flow the moment music
starts it's rhythm, taking me to outermost limits
of intellect.

Moving closely in forms and shapes to startling
intuitions that come unbidden.

Wonderful melodies, filling me full of harmony,
enough to keep writing for hours on end.

Wanting to see what I'll be saying in poetical
psalms of near perfect syncopation, touching my
mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Purpose

Strings of remembrance fill my mind, just touching one of them brings it's memory into focus instantaneously, never any waiting having to be done.

Sating curiosity immediately, even when writing, still recording everything going on around me silently or subconsciously.

A wonderful gift of innate talent that I use all the time with my poetical purpose in this earthly life, never wanting for anything when in depths of writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Puzzles

Easing into daylight hours with feelings of laziness
and leisure.
Posting bulletins in mindful phrases to be read
later on.
Analyzing their contents without thought, knowing
automatically, where each word will fit.
Putting together, puzzles of poetry, soothing to my
subconscious imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Quilts

Taking strides into futures of peace and solemnity with
every word written in prose.

Standing out in acres of imagination, putting together
many quilts of poetry, each one having it's own story
to tell.

Finalizing threads with thoughts as life keeps moving
ahead, enjoying whatever words may say on pages of today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Realization

Protocols of life being left behind hospital doors as I
venture outside to ruminate and write poetry abundantly.

Vast opportunities to be alone, giving of oneself to the
universe in poetic interludes of realization and expression.

Quintessimately viewing ethereal nature in moments of somber
solace, given when entering a contemplative state of mind,
in conjunction with imagination's domain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Reason

Overflowing with an effervescent feeling of joy, listening to melodies rhythmically touching my mind with their beautiful insight.
Taking into account all avenues of life, adjusting to the different directions it has been taking since putting poetry out to the world.
Every one being a song, taken from my heart, expressing life in poetical reason.
Unlocking all emotion and placing it where it can be seen and listened to, just by reading pages of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Reverie

Settling into a poetical reverie, watching interior videos
and writing whatever I see or think, gathering together,
ideas and pictures.

Thinking spontaneously and placing them all into poetry,
loving the freedom it gives to me, giving self-confidence
and self-assurance.

Knowing that these gifts I've been given continue to ful-
fill me spiritually and interiorly, satisfying my spirit
and giving great joy and happiness as I write incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Scheme Of Things

Reaching into outer atmospheres, searching for every moment
of creative imagination to place it's results into poetry,
listening to every detail.

Looking always into nature and humanity for ways of learn-
ing new things and using them fully in the poetical scheme
of things.

Forever pushing limits and boundaries made by man, antici-
pating new ways of looking and discovering adventures
through science and technology.

Wanting to go against the illigitimate ways of old totally
and inventing the new, finding different and better ways
to improve what we already have.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Silhouettes

Silhouettes of symmetry stand before me in a morning sunrise,
set in perfect atmospheres, penetrating intellect in full bloom.

Visions shining into corners, showing images of what I'm thinking,
thoughts dropping like little leaves.

Falling from symmetrical tree branches, touching my mind with
fragrant ideas and maximizing senses so intrepidly and intensely
that I can hardly contain myself - and heart's emotions.

Musically filling me with intense rhythms, pushing all else from
within, playing my mind with notes of poetical silhouettes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Solitude

Fingers rapidly playing rhythms on the piano that are always
on my mind, rhapsodies being finely tuned in measures of time
while sonatas dance continually under the moon each night.

Magical and totally vibrant, keeping a light lit deep inside
while living a life filled with meaning designed by a crea-
tive imagination that never fades.

Existing to be seen by this mere poet, details that are very
seldom seen by other people, sounds rarely heard by anyone
else.

Tasting colors of the rainbow while grasping sounds of notes
so closely that I can smell their exquisite aromas in the
atmosphere around me.

Wonder thrilling and exciting an inner curiosity as life is
lived in a poetical solitude through these long and lonely
years on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Sonatas

Thinking of many things in life, wanting to reach
beyond the stars and hold outer space in lightened
mosaics, arranging all of the things I find in
murals of art.
Deciding where everything will be, I set about and
think many ideas that can be put into beautiful
bouquets of thought.
Stationing whatever is seen into many particles of
poetical sonatas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Spheres Of Delight

Sitting here watching puzzle pieces floating about,
scattered throughout this mind, waiting to be put
together.

Surgery sort of throwing them into intellect, ex-
pecting it to solve each particle of it somehow,
realizing this, my mind diligently grasping each one.

Putting the pieces in an exacting order of ingenuity,
a feeling of fulfillment totally filling me with in-
tense pleasure and excitement.

Lifting the essence of life into poetical spheres of
delight that can then be written out into many verses
of prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Spice Of Life

Savoring the spice of life with poetry, as it fills
intellect, emitting many beautiful heart-felt thoughts
into the universe.

Wanting to always engage in this inner atmosphere,
hating to come back to reality, but that is the weak-
ness of being human on earth.

Having to live in the here and now, at least innate
talent God has given, keeps me vibrant, energetic and
alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Strength

Wind furiously blowing through my mind,
mixing and blending ideas with a cognitive memory
of abstraction's definitions and well-thought out verse.
Rocking to and fro, being blown about with a will of
poetical strength.
Loving feelings surging through my being, filling it
with wonder at life's behavior in each of us.
Selecting barriers to keep us apart from another,
yet wanting to be closer than ever to someone else.
Opposite feelings throwing themselves around,
confusing our minds with unheard of rhetoric and rhyme.
Searching forever for records of elation or supposition
on barrier reefs of oceans we have made for ourselves to
keep from being hurt by another.
Far-reaching results contain our every emotion as we
purposely make puzzles of our lives on temporary edges of
short-lived horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Substance

Collapsing tiredly on edges of night as bedtime falls, taking me gently into a peaceful sleep of unknowingness.
Tracing patterns of unconsciousness into prayers of poetical substance, allowing for vast spaces of time to be filled with an essence of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Symphony

Writing a symphony of poetry while listening to Yanni, finding
a space within intellect that helps sooth and bring serenity
to this soul completely.

A private area where no one can invade privacy that's held so
closely to being, mind and spirit, holding onto it religiously
for it's all that's needed to exist through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Talents

Breeze blowing gently across my face, waking me from a reverie.
Sitting and thinking deeply about what is going on
everywhere but here.
Time is always so all-consuming when it's someone
else's.
Our own time has ways of moving with just a whim.
Wanting to do something - it gets done - but not now
when someone else wants it.
There are certain limits to the extent we want to go in
all phases of our lives.
Mine aren't very structured and I doubt if I know what
they are, because I don't care to set boundaries on my talents.
They are ever-increasing and need no one to tell them
where to go or when to stop.
Talent is a reaching out beyond whatever you have done
before, it is always reaching - yet never grasps what
may be stagnating there.
Always, going beyond what others think is the end.
That is the sign of a real poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Testimony

Quietly sitting, visiting ideas and thoughts that happen
to penetrate my mind like scattered leaves in a wind storm,
watching as they fall, tumble and are blown about my mind.

Touching feelings or emotions, awakening them to become
particles of the poems I'm writing all the time, finding
the passion and essence of my being.

Taking it into depths of intellect where it can be pro-
cessed, developed and given in poems of testimony to who
I am and what I feel in this temporary life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Texture

Silently gliding through the outskirts of imagination,
taking hands with it's beauty and fantasy of mystery.

Living, breathing, and being enticed by it's excitement
throughout love and life.

An explicit poetical texture, unfolding gently, shyly
as I write of nature and anything else that comes to
light.

Wending and wavering my way into catacombs of yesterday,
allowing it to wind it's way through the present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Thought

Concentrating every particle of thought into
melodies of beautiful landscapes.

Spreading themselves throughout intellect and
flowing into imagination.

Taking and running away into distant lands to
plant and nurture their souls in poetical
ground of inventional thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Truths

Thousands of words cannot completely comprehend life
and it's eternal meaning and purpose of being.
Points of interest focusing attention, altering
opinions and theories cannot grasp political avenues
of eternity.
Never thought of mosaics continue to form and shape
themselves in circulating diatribes.
Founding a basis in living creatively without being
swayed from an entire existence of vision and
poetical truths on this planet earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Value

Swinging rhythmically in time with music and it's tempos,
taking steps into rhythms as they cooperate with an interior
spirituality, filling our souls in depths of the Divine.

Customizing and associating everything with a poetical value,
having been coded within melodies and harmonies automatically
in this innate intellect.

Always capturing it's essence with an enticing and hopeful
energy, going forward into a fateful destiny where nothing
else can enter or dissuade it from attaining it's goals and
purpose in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Verses

Walking through blossoming gardens as they are nurtured
from within imagination.

Growing and flourishing naturally into poetical verses
of lively prose, kneading my brain and intellect, also
massaging and soothing my mind with many effervescent
blends of rhythm and colorful tones.

Sounds touching my soul like prayers being sent to heaven,
being answered within every poem that is written in depths
of a deep serenity coming from the solace of contemplation
that is always abounding interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Visions

Saxophone, clearly calling me into it's musical
realms with insistent beckoning rhythms.
Hoisting happiness and tantamount joy onto it's
shoulders.
Touching incredible mind-awakening discussions
with blissful co-existence, holding silent rhythms
of poetical visions.
Watching images unfolding in circular patterns
creating beauty ensconced in mosaics, put together
in moments of imagination's creations for future
thoughts of togetherness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Voices

Beating staccotely to an inner rhythm,
focusing itself into my brain with it's
lively beat and fascinating effect upon
thoughts, conjugating in abysses of
vibrant images.
Searching always for novel enticements
to write about in voices of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetical Whims

Crossing words and making up their definitions to suit poetical whims of imagination.
Taking me along highways where I can travel to outskirts beyond what I now know.
Languages beckoning me to learn them, so I may expand repertoires of poetical insistence.
Hopefully spreading intellect upon fragile brain cells, awaiting some wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetically And Musically

Falling into recesses of life so early in the morning,
praying to God, welcoming Him into my soul.

Feeling His presence within, so totally all-encompassing
and beautiful, nothing like it anywhere else on earth.

Forging ahead through intellect, taking my mind poetically
and musically into depths of an interior universe.

Watching, searching, finding so many different ways of
saying what I'm seeing in the environment.

Feelings and emotions filling and spreading throughout
my heart and mind also, delighting me no end.

Never able to let any of these gifts go to waste, using
them to enable poetry to form and blossom around the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetically Describing

Hearing triumphant joy entering music as it slides into
my mind, giving an assortment of ideas to write from.

Seeing nature in the background, silently watching what
I'm going to do.

Clouds now floating overhead, looking over my shoulder
with curious interest, taking pen in hand, writing down
what is being noticed through this mind.

An intensity filling this mind through rhythms of music
that continually play throughout the night and day as I
describe it poetically and incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetically Rhyming Music

Poetically rhyming music through notes and rhythms, fitting
lyrics and words together in unison, following pathways of
color into picturesque landscapes.

Tempting this mind exclusively, saving every detail on inner
photographic screens where memories are kept safely, treasured
in spheres where they can be reached.

Opening at any time when needed to write poetry or to compose
sonatas or rhapsodies of life and death, spirituality soaring
into the total equation in every poem written and kept in
books everlastingly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry

Silver shining in spatial rooms of solitary
lining.

Filled with an uneasy expectancy of short -
lived lives.

Calculated into thousands of syllables, life
is reduced to mere words, written in the
passing sands of storms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry Becoming One

Silently thinking, pondering facets and aspects of
life's daily routine, wondering what it will bring.
Saundering along, watching nature grow and become
one with me through poetry.
Enlivening steps towards the next horizon, yet with
both feet planted firmly on the ground, I gather
bouquets of everything to my mind, memorizing it
for an entire lifetime of writing.
Painting pictures inside my mind, carefully
reproducing them in musical rhymes for others to
admire and enjoy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry Blossoming Within

Music blaring - filling my ears full of it's wondrous notes.
Tenderly exploding in my mind like blossoms of a rose.
Beauty spreading it's perfume throughout - touching gently for
a moment - my inner soul.
Silently translating notes into words to form more musical poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry Brings Into Existence

Weakness is life at times, incapacitates oneself with
doubts of a fruitful existence here on earth.

Purposeful thoughts giving feelings of goodness, mercy
and compassion towards everyone on earth.

Living patterns and designs that all of poetry brings
into existence as I create it from within depths of
being.

Altogether, finding meanings and definitions to treasure
within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry Continuing Our Love

Silent and penetrating, thoughts coming to mind of another who stands beside and by me no matter what happens in this life.

Continuing our relationship through the love of poetry and beyond, lighting one another's minds with sparkles of passion and desire.

Wonderful, intriguing and mysterious, giving us both a livelihood of our lives through giving, taking, sharing, laughing, crying together even though miles apart.

Transcendentally we are both connected in mind, heart and soul, not even time and space can separate us with love filling us both.

One for the other - living, breathing through intellect and it's transcendent wisdom, together taking the world by storm through poetry.

Every moment of every day, nothing to stop or stand in our way, always loving and staying together throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry Doesn'T Hate

Poetry is always rising like the sun in the east
and setting in poet's minds on western horizons,
finding the beauty in life.

Writing it out in many verses across the world,
touching countless people's hearts and minds,
lifting their souls to the divine at times.

Poetry doesn't hate, discriminate, is not racist
or prejudiced, it just tries to make people aware
of these dire evils.

Hoping to correct and erase them from this world,
prayerfully hoping for a total world peace today,
not tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry Emerging

Waters deeply running over mind rocks on it's way,
rippling effects causing poetry to emerge and be
displayed energetically.
Frantically waving as it flows downward towards a
sea of subconscious prairies, collecting thoughts
in tomes of creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry Falling From Within

Cooling and refreshing, poetry falling from an inner
waterfall, tantalizing and keeping my being totally
relaxed and comfortable.

Letting thoughts come as they will, diving and dancing
into and through my mind, enjoying watching them as
they find places for every word.

Being saturated with the beauty of each and every
vision as it is shown on inner photographic screens,
it's reasons helping me to become more poetically adept.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry Flowing

Rapping in the evening, soaring with lights of rhythm, sensing melodies as they fall onto the dance floor unheeded, blending totally with the band.

Listening to energy playing on air currents in measures of time, calculating, figuring out the mathematical problems of music into formulas.

Tempting my soul to enter another dimension of beauty, foaming and bubbling into an atmosphere of inner spirituality.

Guessing at the heights and depths of it's precise dimensions, as music continues to surround me entirely with significant poetry.

Flowing from within intellect, causing relief to spread throughout me entirely, pulsating and growing every step of the way towards another volume of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry From Music

Talking through rhythms being listened to, translating
it into prose constantly, loving the beautiful tones
and notes heard.

Figuring out their equations and placing them right from
music into poetry journals, an everlasting and prominent
joy in this mere poet's life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry Giving Understanding

Moods and attitudes continually find their purposes through poetry, telling the world all about themselves.

Always bringing and giving understanding to some people who have open minds, absorbing the wonder and awe of it all.

Respecting truth and virtue of it's purity in all writing, expressions always portraying it's possibilities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry In Another Atmosphere

Living according to belief in faith and God, having no other reasons, poetry gives me another atmosphere in which to look.

Enhancing what it is that I already know, switching and turning about at times, wondering how it's connected, knowing it's because I sense it through an innate spirituality.

Silent and penetrating, keeping me ever closer to God's heart as I pass through this temporary world here on earth with others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry In Chopin

Late at night when everyone is asleep, I sit and write to the sound of Chopin.
He fills my mind with words and poetry. An unending supply each and every time.
Each piece brings different words to match his beautiful notes.
The sound of it fills my ears and penetrates my subconscious, settling there to stir thinking in my mind.
Thoughts exploding, falling out one after another to fill pages with what his music brings to me.
Happily, I sit and write continuously until I feel a need to stop and rest.
Forgetting time and daily routines - sitting - writing - not knowing anything going on around me.
It's beautiful! It is contemplation on another plain - another dimension - where I am free to be - free to express desires without remarks running rampant from other people's ideas.
Chopin is the love of my mind's eye - in his music I am set free!
Chopin's Etude in E flat minor is my all-time favorite piece to write to.
It touches my mind in a very special way, because it holds my heart each and every time.
Allowing peace to fill my being, so I may write without stopping, all ideas it fills me with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry In Flight

Skirting edges of remorse, tears hide behind clouds of
unknowing despair.
Wallowing in worry-filled aisles of truth, carefully
stopping to step around moments of saddened discourse.
Scenely becoming parts of a landscape, trodden with
collected tomes of poetry written above the earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry Keeping Me Centered

A nondescript absent day in many respects, wandering about, nothing tempting me to do anything.

Thankfully having poetry to keep me centered today, focusing inwardly, finding a reason and purpose to be here.

It's such a crazy and inane day, nothing seems normal or relative, so I will just go with the flow wherever it will take me, seeing what I find to write about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry Moment

A thought is only for the moment
you are thinking it, then it is
gone.

I write each moment poetically
and then go on to the next
momentary thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry Of Inner Tomes

Contemplating the morning as I arise from a restless night,
wondering at the ease of life when put to music and played
incessantly to rhythms of an inner energy.

Living and moving, according to tomorrow's essence, being
fulfilled in the utmost practice of everything spectacular.

Universally and totally in synch with heartbeats of my mind,
justifying patterns and designs as I write them into poetry
of inner tomes.

Saving them for times in my future when I will have left
it all behind me.

Nothing being able to be brought with me to the other side
of this life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry Of Interior Ages

Carrying a heavy load of past sorrow and abandonment,
always smiling while crying deeply within.

This soul swims in tides of inner oceans filled with
salted tears of my heart.

So tired, yet filled with an energy of peaceful solace
and serenity.

Taking exposures of images quietly into photographic
memories.

Leaving them across many pages filled with poetry of
interior ages.

Silently walking across forest paths, living in nature,
becoming one and falling into it's rhythm so soothingly
and calm.

Reality trying to strike down infectious happiness that
will not be struck down as long as I shall live on earth.

Letting spirits soar constantly and incessantly until
that very moment of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry Of Life

Listening, acutely aware of what is transpiring around
me as I write quietly in moments of serene contemplation.

Telepathically communicating between consciousness and
subconsciousness, touching creative pathways leading into
imagination's possibilities.

Defining life in poetry, accessing dimensions beyond
normalcy, delving continuously into horizons unknown,
undiscovered and plentiful.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry Of This Night

Patterns and designs are coming together in poetry
of this night.

Glistening and reflecting a beauty of effervescent
thoughts, all of them bluened in interior spaces of
this mind.

Letting barriers down, ideas flowing gently upon
ocean tides of this universe.

Reaching out and touching textures of this life,
taking it all together into a reality of morning
sunshine.

Regretting nothing as I walk alone, along a horizon
of tomorrow's destiny, believing in the simplicity
of nothing more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry Pointing To Life

Thinking of many things, matching them with sounds and rhythms,
colors exploding in the background, making beautiful designs
and portraits of nature, life and music.

All naturally being unfolded from within intellect where these
rhythms are carefully recorded in sequences of life episodes
to be seen in videos throughout life.

Sharing the with people all over the world in poems filled with
imagery and natural beauty, finding them all pointing to the
wonders of life and it's awesome picturesque landscapes.

Always sharing them with everyone, not afraid at all, enjoying
the comments and fragrant aromas of definitions and meanings of
other poets.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry Reciting

Socializing at a poetry function, reciting my poetry
and enjoying it immensely.

At last I am finally getting my life back after the
hell I've been through these last few years.

Doing what I love and want to on my own, free and
independent, solo and loving it.

Again tonight going to recite my poetry for another
function, getting invitations now that I'm back.

People wanting to hear what I have to say, it's a
good feeling inside to know that so many people
appreciate what I write and actually enjoy it!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry Singled Out

Singling out poetry in the dark of night,
pronouncing it's presence in life.
Giving it a picture perfect landscape to
portray it's essence in.
Packaged beautifully, tied with lace and
wrapped in silk, giving of itself in every
aspect of meaningful creation.
Slipping into pages of literature for all
to see and appreciate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry Standing Alone

Sacrosanct thoughts sitting in reflections of my mind,
cogitating, lying out in the open, awaiting the moment
when they will be written into a poem.

Thinking about their possibilities and how they will
be received when others come and read them.

Will their messages be clear and concise, will they
have meaning for the person who is reading them?

Poetry standing alone, timid and shy, until someone
looks upon it's words for the first time.

Either tears form in their eyes, or a smile of under-
standing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry That Soars

Getting nowhere in life, yet writing poetry that soars
into other people's lives honestly and truthfully.

Always unedited, pure and innocent, writing in this
way, the only way I know how.

Continuing to move forward into other dimensions and
another universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry Through Nature

Waterfalls of happiness and joy portray landscapes of nature through poetry, delivering messages to others around the entire world.

Floating silently through interior atmospheres, quietly finding pathways into depths of life that are not always seen by others for they are too busy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry's Essence

Tantalizing music flowing in my ears, entering my mind,
filling it full of ideas and images for imagination's
enjoyment and peace.

Lively beat, taking me into another horizon, meant for
only me and the essence of my poetry.

Thinking quietly, all thoughts coalesce and mesh with
subconsciousness, deeply stirring this interior life
and soul, bringing both closer to God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry's Hands

Capturing rhythms in the palms of poetry's hands,
collecting them and beginning to provide their tempos
into flowing motion of ocean tides.

Normally being caught in perfect storms, loving the
tumultuous waves throwing me about, tasting the salt
water and spitting it disgustingly out.

Still though, enjoying the ebb and flow of desires as
they ride upon the surface of my being.

Affectionately being held in caverns of my soul, waiting
to be used in arms of loving in nighttime aromas.

Gently pulsing with the invigorating rhythms of a loved
one's heartbeats, as they lie together in one another's
arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry's Purpose

Resting in a bluened light of the Divine, feeling loved
and supported by God, not wanting for anything, not even
caring if I have food or sleep at all.

Witnessing to the wonder and awe of God every day of my
life, finding it's purpose through poetry, having seen
how it can change people's lives for the better.

Just being an instrument for God's love, a total enticing
and wonderful way to be in this life, having nothing to
do with evil at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poetry's Roadways

Enjoying peaceful quiet, no talking being done or
expected, increasing in size, roadways of imagination.

Spacious deserts, grasslands, mountains, forests,
filled with fragrant scents and aromas, bringing words
for poems through a natural high to my soul.

Lifting rocks, kicking leaves and pebbles, looking for
mystery words to highlight what I write.

Mysterious edges cutting through white clouds and
landing on runways of imagination where they will soon
alight and take off again in another poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poet's Comments

Lonely, wondering what is going to happen now that surgery has been temporarily cancelled.
Sitting here, writing, contemplating my place in life.
Such hard circumstances, but I must get beyond them and get back to living normally.
Prayers from every nation, people I don't even know, yet we are all bound by the poetry we write.
A select bunch of us altogether, writing to our heart's content, remembering each other in words that we have written in comments to one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poet's Dream

Stairs always going up and down, never finding a way to go from side to side, they remain immobile and people take it in stride.

Having invented escalators to climb up or down a little bit faster and easier than usual.

Still nothing that will move from one side to the other with any amount of speed.

Great inventions are always in need and it seems that poets must first have the dreams of them in order for them to one day become realities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poet's Eye

Waiting along shores of life, watching the ocean rolling
over and over with tides roaming beneath them.

Loving to see foam tumbling when waves come crashing down
upon the surface of the water.

Or being smashed on rocks of the jetty, watching as waves
ebb upon the sand.

Flowing out again, gently pulling it's grains with an under-
tow lying there unseen yet powerful.

Lovely and beautiful to this poet's eye, as I quietly write
it all into a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poet's Eye On Nature

Looking out upon desert mountains, enjoying the view tremendously with a poet's eye on nature and essence of it's being, an up front and candid view of Mother Nature's own.

Transforming this poet's eye creatively into a wide open atmosphere, watching as a desert breeze wildly shakes mesquite and palo verde trees like pepper shakers.

Their branches and leaves flutter about, seeming to enjoy getting the dust left over from dust storms out of their hair finally.

Feeling a complacent and contemplative value being exuded from within this very creative landscape lying before me right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poet's Mind

Dotting a morning sunrise,
like exclamation points,
eight hot air balloons
journey over desert horizons,
leaving a lasting impression
on this poet's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poet's Oasis

Watching through the years as life wanders about earth
in silence, capturing beauty on breezes of antiquity.
Tenderly entering minds of maturity, filling them with
moments of peace and security for the time being.
Sensually heightened, neurons grow creatively with
every passing note and melody within a brain of
ingenuity.
Placing life on borders of new horizons, flowing with
ocean waves and out with ebbing tides.
Returning in the future to distant plains and quietly
remaining in a vast oasis where no one may enter except
the poet, sitting within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poets Sharing Truths

Always living in the purity and innocence of the Divine,
seeing the atrocities of evil being done all over the
entire world.

Speaking out every time when coming across them, other
poets also are taking up arms against it through their
poetry and messages.

All of us sharing the truth with the world, awakening
an awareness of evil wherever it's found, hoping to
eradicate it forever and bring peace to this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poet's Soul

Likening music to nature and it's rhythm of calculation,
siphoning talent into imaginational depths.
Sacrificing everything to become a melody in juxtapositions
of poetical souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poet's Space

Writing incessantly in blank books, recording thoughts and
ideas to be read by everyone who chooses on ,
a place where poets can release their feelings, emotions,
joy and sadness.

Hoping for some understanding and meaning that other people
can notice and take into their hearts with compassion and
care.

Renditions of life are all settled and kept within words
and definitions of all thoughts, holding feelings intensely
in depths of beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poignant Belief

Touching and finding a sincere and poignant belief in the
freedom of the American spirit, loving to live free and
independently, allowing others to do the same.

Beautiful and serene, out nation stands for equality of
everyone in the world, stepping over borders when needed
to protect the innocent.

Having a heart, being compassionate, no matter your race,
religion or belief in God, our Lord has given each of us
a way to fulfill our purpose, we need only to find out
what it is interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poignant Messages

Life dwindles on forsaken days of sorrow, taking with
it all relative feelings of doom.
Dangling into pools of existence, feet swing back and
forth, allowing the mind to think and move forward
into dimensions of relief and cogitated memorials.
Receiving decently soulful conclusions like cake at a
birthday party on an evenings's sorrowful aging sunset.
Horizons filling eyes with it's once beautiful
artistry and poignant messages.
Lifetimes carry on towards new mystical shores, waves
crashing and pounding into beautiful scenery forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Point Of Thought

Finding needles poking my imagination
with gleeful joy, surmising daily
thoughts as feelings are being numbed
into existence from dawn to dusk.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pointed Reminders

Traipsing down pathways of destiny, starlight beckoning to travel lonely highways throughout the night, pointed reminders of a poetical life stuck within this mind always.

Wandering alone, finding that desperation at times was a strange bedfellow, but going through motions of living with hope moving forward.

Finding enlightenment and encouragement from within the bluened light of my interior spiritual life, knowing the Divine is always protecting me.

Leading this poet down life's lonely and abandoned pathways and into the destiny that's awaiting my presence one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pointed Tears Of Grief

Singing for the lonely, hearts cry in the sorrow of darkness, tasting the bittersweet honesty of death's embrace.

Chance thoughts meeting on lonely lanes in forests deep in nature's abode.

Filling so many minds with the essence of life once lived, and is now buried in this shaded side of life.

Sololy, taking time to journey into the facets, following pointed tears of grief, hurting and cutting our hearts in many pieces.

Never letting us forget with intense emotions, the pain and suffering we're going through.

Shining auras, filling sight with so much interior wisdom found on pathways of lightened knowledge, as we wend our ways through them one by one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pointing Cacti

Saguaro cacti pointing fingers in
all directions to make sure we
see everything nature intended
for us to see.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pointless Arguments

Wishing and hoping to be together for an eternity,
holding one another closely, afraid to breathe too
hard as it may push us too far apart.
Touching sensitively, inner portions of an eternal
love, feeling it's powerful insistence holding on
through the ages.
Fulfilling emotional depths with hugs and kisses
throughout years of sacrifice.
Pointless arguments are forgotten as quickly as
they arrive, never letting the sun set without
forgiving one another before going to bed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Points Of View

Neutral thoughts coalesce and interject their points
of view along roads of imagination's life.

Sanctions of beauty fill landscapes with visual images,
sparkling in quiet thought, being contemplated with
inner eyes of blue.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poison Of Reason

Rattlesnakes of thought, coiled and ready to strike
depths of imagination's intellect.

Letting the poison of reason fill corners, changing
the direction of their final outcomes of ideas.

Allowing it to spread over everything just to see
what will happen as writing continues.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poking Aggression

Prickly words, strangling my mind with their annoying whining, tripping over their tone, scraping my mind with incessant jolting conversation - one-sided.
Wanting them to go away - anywhere but here.
Desiring some peace and quiet - some gentle conversation to soothe my angry aggression, poking it's head above my serenity.
Not wanting to feel the exasperating feelings again - pushing - regaling them to the background so I may piece together some semblance of calm again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Police Person

Hiding deep inside, so far in it's hard to decipher who you are.
At times glimpses make you known, mostly though instinct tells if you are home.
Trying so hard to be strong and deny your feelings of anger and guilt, you just drift through life not really belonging to it.
Balancing yourself in two parts can be dangerous to your mental being,
it's like walking a tightrope with no net.
Climb on down the ladder, don't be scared - so what if it's in mid-stream.
It's better to let go in the middle and not wait - hanging precariously at the end.
Let go and become yourself, you have needs like all of us do - you're no superman.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Polish Line Dance

Valentine polka, racing across my vision,
enticing everyone to clap without stopping.
Holding onto rhythm with a love undenied in
life.
Stretched wide enough to line dance to Polish
music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Politely Trying

Listlessly listening to small talk, making comments from time to time, hoping the conversation would soon be over.
Trying to be polite, not interested in what's being said, wanting only to listen to the music being played by the band.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Political Correctness Be Damned

Joyous, feeling alive and being entertained through rhythms
of music, listening and enjoying it's flowing sounds now
stepping into my mind.

Writing and chasing clouds of darkness away interiorly, see-
ing beauty in life and it's dreams as I live and breathe in
the freedom of the U.S.A.

This mere poet being a total red, white and blue American,
never bowing to islam or any other way of life, proud to be
an American going forward into the future.

Letting everyone in the world know the truth of who I am and
political correctness be damned for it is totally immoral and
unethical and should never be done or practiced!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Political Environment

Sitting here in the midst of a Trump rally, having volun-
teered as one of the VIP, loving the excitement and thrill
of this political environment.

Wild and energetic, people talking and getting to know one
another, exchanging information and phone numbers, getting
into the intense mood of positive energy.

Filling the atmosphere with a poetical volume of musical
rhythms, watching as people continue to fill this gigantic
hall ready to hear what Donald Trump has to say, knowing it
will be great as usual.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Political Lies

Politicians surround us with their lies and fraudulent schemes, always ready to take advantage of the public.
Smiling and looking into your eyes, while lying to your face, without so much as a blink of an eye.
Facing everyone, yet hiding in depths of themselves, never letting anyone know the truth, lest they don't get voted in at the next election.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Political Spin

Political spin is out there, claims a council woman, again making excuses for city government's failure to balance the budget.
A true showing of how little we are being acknowledged by those in power, taking practically everything from the public and not giving even themselves to the public cause.
Having been getting paid more than they deserve, not wanting to give an inch to help out, they stand before us spouting words that never reach their hearts, and hands that refuse to give to those in need.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Politically Correct

Faulty thinking resurrecting a notion of healthy
prejudice in our lives.

So deep and hurtful it stands as a stepping stone
onto plains of good, honest people trying to exist
and live their lives without incriminations.

Discrimination is more rampant today than ever
before by so-called politically correct people in
high places.

Pointing fingers at religions, nationalities and
genders, everyone decent is being misplaced by
these erroneous machinations.

Because, in order not to discriminate against one
faction, all others are immediately put in the dark
and are held there by prejudice supposed to be
nonexistent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Politicians Exempting Themselves

Seeing sights throughout this lifetime, being remembered always on photographic screens interiorly.

Watching politicians corrupting each other with taxpayer's money, exempting themselves from laws and punishing the public because of their own wrong-doing.

Taking away the livelihood of people barely existing so they can use the money for things on their own agendas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Politicians Get Free Rides

Whatever happened to volunteer services, for ambulances, paramedics, firemen and police?
In New Jersey they all operate on a volunteer basis, having fund raisers to buy and pay for fire trucks, ambulances, police cruisers, etc.
What's wrong with phoenix city council and government, that they have to pay family and friends one hundred thousand dollars in pay per year?
People who need jobs go without or have to take minimum wage jobs to feed and house their families.
Why, because politicians take care of their own and look away if it's someone they don't know.
Why don't politicians work for less or free - why do they expect ordinary people living on the edge to do so?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Politicians Need To Be Held Accountable

Values, perceptions, truth, lies and illusions all needing
to be evaluated by We the People, we are the necessary ones
of our government.

Needing to hold our politicians accountable for everything
they vote on or introduce in the House, Congress and Senate,
keeping them honest or getting rid of them.

So many laws and issues come before them every day and we
all need to know what is included in them, no more secrets
like obamacare and the Iran deal.

Our politicians are supposed to represent We the People, we
have chosen them, they need to be totally open, honest and
up front while in office and limited to terms from now on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Politics Of Today

Laughing matters take me through the politics of today,
giving the impetuous to keep going, taking everything
in stride.

Watching as Hillary lies and takes us into depths of
evil and corruption, can't understand exactly how she's
still running for president, when she belongs in jail.

Obama still trying to take away our guns as he sits amid
people with guns protecting him and Michael, wanting to
die when hearing all the plans Democrats have for the U.S.

Wanting to take action and do away with them all for good,
knowing our only hope is having Donald Trump for our next
President, looking forward to that day with hope and courage.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Polka Rhythms

Frantically spinning, enjoying rhythms of
a polka throughout the atmosphere.
A continual melody of happiness, stringing
personalities around.
Filling a morning with requisite beauty in
a peaceful surrounding.
Environment turning itself into a special
dedication for this brand new day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pondering Difficulty

Strewn about imagination glimmering from newly created motions of synapses and neurons, glowering as I think.

Recreation posing beautiful sentiments in this mind as life moves forward into the present once stuck in the past.

Living now in moments of today only finding the purpose of intellectual pursuits through the pressures of this daily life.

Speaking and pondering difficulties being pursued within the primary activities of this unconsuming period in our lives.

Laughing, crying, turning about, not knowing what to do and then suddenly finding the way.

Experiencing the sorrow and turmoil fully, finding an inner strength at last to help us climb out of all the misery piled upon us from reluctant times of grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pondering Ideas

Sojournly traveling down pathways into new territory, discovering new and brilliant ways of thinking.
Pondering ideas as they pop like popcorn in a kettle, each one standing tastefully on it's own.
Letting me season each with just the right amount of words and adjectives.
Brightly lighting my interior with an illumination it brings to mind.
Developing and mounting it all on photographic screens

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pondering Life

Pondering life and it's urbane uselessness throughout,
just keeping us busy to fill days of existence, without
considering our feelings in any matter.

We are like robots, trudging through life, doing what
we can, experiencing strife and trials on a momentary
basis.

Then one day we up and expire, leaving our families and
friends behind to rue our deaths and emotionally crumble
from the inside out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pondering Life In The Future

Sitting alone, pondering life and what's going to happen in
the future, our destiny already laid out before us.

What ordeals, sacrifices, hardships are we yet to endure,
will there be any pleasure to grasp for mere moments in time?

Or are we to be bereft for periods of time through death,
loss and grief forever?

Praying for the strength to get us through if that's what is
to be in each of our futures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pondering Mysteries

Awaiting an individual of deliberate methodical, experience in all things medical.
Believing in the holistic beauty of people, producing far-reaching results through medicine.
Pondering mysteries of the human anatomy and effects of diseases on it's essence.
Always looking for new technology to improve ways of doing things.
Giving all matters to his mind to deliberate and hopefully solve through sheer determination and a fair amount of time, as life quickens it's pace towards an ending of failure to thrive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pondering State Of Acquiescence

Silently pensive moods taking me into a pondering
state of acquiescence, finding knowledge of supposed
inner talents that are always hidden.

Popping up only when they feel the urge to do so,
nothing ever bursting into the cycle of things, unless
first being thought of.

Rocking and rolling into the morning sun, finding an
energy that keeps rising into the afternoon, nothing
barring their way, allowing freedom to continue reigning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pondering Steps In Life

Trotting along, sitting upon a horse, thinking and pondering all the steps already taken in this life.

Turning, aligning with the entire universe as it revolves in it's inescapable orbit in our solar system.

Black holes holding mysterious curiosity within me, wanting to find out what they contain, not caring if it's bad or good, just wanting to find out what's in them.

This adult also having a child-like curiosity that has never left, not even for a moment during this lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pondering The Meaning Of Life

Harmonica playing, sadly falling upon this mind, taking it along in melodies of sadness.

Looking ahead, seeing nothing but emptiness as I sit here in front of a campfire by the lake, pondering the meaning of life, knowing it's reason will never be known.

Watching sparks rise into the atmosphere as I poke it's embers with a tree branch taken from the ground where it lay, dried out and broken, no longer any life within it.

Continuing to watch little sparks glisten and die, knowing that this life will expire in much the same way, one day in our futures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pondering Through Music

Delight and happiness come about fully for this mere
poet through measures of music's rhythms.

Pondering equations, mathematical problems, connecting
them with hypothesis' of physics and science.

Bringing continuity to the purpose of intellect and
knowledge.

Key determinations may have to do with how we interpret
and see each aspect from every single action in life.

Collating, experimenting and discerning every particle
of every issue, leading to final solutions in end results.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pondering Yesterday

Clouds passing overhead, wind blowing them across the sky, lonesome evening, pondering yesterday and all of it's past moments.

Knowing that they will never come around again in this lifetime, corners of a mind are being penetrated by feelings and emotions.

Surrounding this heart with the mistiness of yesterday's tears, watching through interior windows, hoping to find a way to ease or sooth this emptiness left behind by death's insistence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ponds Of Complacency

Stepping down from on high, placating feelings, jutting
above levels of maturity and stinging with reality -
life's experiences.

Patterns unfold themselves from closet shelves, where
they've been hiding shyly away, insinuating displays
of emotions, while living painfully from day to day.

Sorrow jumping upon my heart, sending tears flowing
throughout my soul, filling ponds of complacency and
taking me to yonder shores of past grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pontifical Serenity

Reminders of yesterday, talking with
you down avenues of delight.

Selecting pastures of fragrant desires,
picturing hostels of belonging.

Life-long strings of musical compositions
falling before me in pontifical serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pool Of Contents

Sojournly settling into a mode of tender emotion, playing in tune with emotional needs as all become one in a moment's notice.
Coagulating and gelling in a conglomeration of thought, giving off many beautiful rhymes as they continually drop one by one into a pool of contents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pool Players

Aged wisdom sitting around a table of sorts,
discussing issues, life, joking around,
teasing one another - all in good humor.
Taking turns, getting up, shooting balls in
turn into pockets lining edges of the table.
Points accrued, winners placed, losers sitting
down to wait another round.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pool Players Not Focusing

Watching, listening while writing, pool players arguing
back and forth, each wanting to tell the others how to
shoot.

Tempers flowing at times, yet one man comes forward,
calm, focused and takes his shot, winning the game,
leaving everyone else to wonder what happened.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pool Tournament

Listening intently while watching pool players in a
tournament, all the while writing this poem free hand.

Altogether a great crowd here for this event, smiling
and concentrating, awakening brains and keeping them
wired and alert, trying to outdo one another.

Everyone here having a great time hitting balls
around a table, just for the fun of winning a trophy
in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pools Of Deathness

Equality of life hangs in an unknown balance, teetering on the edge of all existence.

Whirling about on the twisted cisterns of unreliable virtue, hammering out a cadence in step with reality.

Great havoc, piercing armor of life-long pity, swallowing with difficulty, measures of truth and justice in our society.

Sincere efforts are paltry compared to the ineptitude of finished epistles.

Standing on the very edges of past fruitlessness, we are washed over the edges and splashed into pools of deathness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pools Of Disability

Reality is staring into the future, watching lives
falter and tremble with age.
Exercising, dancing, coming together - all efforts
to stave off crippling or degenerative forms of
fatigue - siphoning off lifeblood into pools of
disability.
Warranting care, many do whatever they can just to
be independent as they grow older.
Clever attempts, using music to keep their bodies
flowing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pools Of History

Listening intently to the beauty of music, looking
insightfully inside this mind, sensing intellect
and reasoning.

Changing religiously, pictures of inner wisdom,
selecting restful peace of consistent knowledge.

Seeking ever new and different phases of creativity,
placing importance upon the sensitive nature kindled
gently within, awaiting the mature existence it will
soon lead to.

Spiring heights of interplanetary memories, tranquil
beyond any formal portraits of quietness, descending
into pools of personal history, seeing inconsistencies
floating like dead men upon their faces.

Breathing no more, thought patterns stopped somewhere
past abuse, totally unwarranted, the richness and beauty
of genius stifled immeasurably by adults, diffusing child-
hood and youth into pots of boiling lust, uncontained in
perspectives of ethics and morals.

Pleasurable sequences brought to focus, feeling throughout
many ideas, touching the soul of an entire being, saliently progressing through
interior wells of intellect, seeing a
crystal palace of wisdom and reasoning.

In awe, watching, touching the astonishing mind that has
finally been uncovered, many have spoken of it's brilliance,
but never knew it, now this glimpse has shown the reality
of self and gifted talents.

Hugging it, no chance of it falling ever away, basking in
it's glorious warmth today and every day for eternity.

Life for one has begun on another dimension alone and
unafraid, becoming the person always been inside.

A woman so longed to be is at last, the finality of me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pools Of Imagination

Enjoying particular aspects of music playing to
my mind with it's softened essence.

Serving facets of my brain with acceptance and
privileged information.

Choosing light and airy perspectives, allowing
them entrance into pools of my imagination,
swimming accessibly into my writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pools Of Inner Turmoil

Sweet sadness brush away my tears, take this feeling
from me, it is too painful to hold within.

Let it take a separate journey so I may not know it
so intimately.

Eyes will follow until it sinks from sight, holding
on no more this side of life.

Momentary glimpses as it passes farther away each
minute, playing silent games of revocation, quietly
disappearing into the shadows of night, no qualms or
fears.

Transported to depths of unknowing sorrow, allowing
it no time to build or stockpile, languishing on the
doorstep of tomorrow's hereafter.

Listening with half an ear to tell-tale signs and
watching glistening tears falling, tremblingly into
pools of inner turmoil.

Dropped by a feeling of caring into life's surrounding
atmosphere, quivering with the generosity sorrow's burden
has dispersed.

No time saved to wander amid the pain, sinking shockingly
to this world's graveyard, unafraid.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pools Of Misery

Broken-hearted people being brought into pools of misery because of love lost, promises broken, and compassion discounted.

A lonely forsaken human no longer having faith nor hope, spirits taken away in a solitary moment, without a single thought of why or how it's happening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pools Of Personal History

Listening intently to the beauty of music, looking insightfully inside my mind, sensing intellect and reasoning.

Changing religiously, pictures of inner wisdom, selecting the restful peace of consistent knowledge, seeking ever new and different phases of creativity.

Placing importance upon a sensitive nature kindled so gently within, awaiting the mature existence it will soon be leading.

Spiraling heights of inter-planetary memories, tranquil beyond any formal portraits of quiet, descending into pools of personal history.

Seeing inconsistencies floating like dead men upon their faces, breathing no more, thought patterns stopped somewhere in the past.

Totally unwarranted, richness and beauty of genius is stifled immeasurably by adult games, diffusing childhood and youth into pots of boiling lust.

Uncontained in perspectives of ethics and morals, pleasurable sequences brought to focus, feeling throughout many ideas touching the soul of an entire being.

Saliently progressing interior wells of intellect, seeing the crystal palace of wisdom and reasoning, in awe, watching, touching an astounding mind.

It's finally uncovered, many have spoken of it's brilliance, but I never knew it, now this glimpse has shown the reality of self and gifted talents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pools Of Sadness

Love and laughter have fallen silently within.
Tears of joy have joined and mingled with pools
of sadness.

Through pain filled eyes, only pain can be seen
and held.

Losing the battle in tiny increments every day,
life slips farther away and is difficult to hold
on to.

Despair filling up every particle, left alone to
die, life is pasted onto pages, holding no meaning.

When a friend was there at least the pages could
be turned and learning taught, reaching a tiny
shred of hope that had almost been put out.

Where is that friend now? Lying himself, in a
state of sadness, depression filling him without.

It seems that love and laughter are also silent
in him, killed by cancer's whim.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pools Of Water

Living on the edge of nature,
wanting to delve into pools of cool water left in forests.
To let all animals have a place to drink what they need to stay alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poor Education

Education today is very poor, our children are on lower
levels of learning.

Classrooms are geared nowadays to the smallest percentage
of slow learners.

There seems no middle ground can be found by our learned
educators.

What is causing them to create a backward landslide into
an abyss of poor education?

Our children are beleaguered by mediocre teachers who feel
threatened by bright students.

They are putting out the bright lights of many smart
children, because of this.

What will our future hold, how optimistic will it be with
scientists and world leaders who have only poor educations?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poor Vision

Circle of light, shining bright, keeping secrets hidden
without, of people's sight.

Highlighting only certain phases of life, all of us
continue walking our own paths of destruction without
the light to see which way we are headed.

Encumbered with poor vision, we cannot see what is ahead
of us, even in the next few minutes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poorest Of The Poor

Bare with gnarled fingers of ancient bark covering it's
body, trying to keep out the cold.

Unlike the others dressed in holiday finery, it stands
shivering, the poorest of the poor, to all who cannot
see the joy and love of God inside it's being.

Bent upon destruction with idle words spent in gossip,
standing alone, forever banned from the lives of others.

God's glory, as yet untold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poorly Made

Replacing the old for the new every day,
hoping to find a better use from new
things that we buy.

It doesn't always happen, because even
when brand new, they can break or be
damaged.

Happening through no fault of our own,
it's just that they were poorly made in
another country and not America!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Popping Blossoms

Blossoms popping open,
showering life with
their aroma.

Spreading spiritual
truths to everyone's
hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Popping Chords

Slip sliding away, loving to be tantalized by rhythms
as they have fun playing with my mind.

chords popping, notes flying, tempos soaring into my
mind, all of it fascinating intellect throughout life.

Always being within another universe and dimension,
alone and in depths of imagination.

Learning how to invent, discover and create new ideas
forever without having any boundaries or limits.

Nothing to worry about, knowing that everything will
work itself out in the best possible way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Popping Ideas

Lights dimming, shades of shadows turning to corners where darkness lies.

Heartstrings slightly being touched by rhythms played in exciting levels of compositions.

Faster, slower, speeding up thought processes in succession, giving explicit feelings of joy and happiness.

So many ideas popping like popcorn in a pot of hot oil, exploding into auras and visions, waiting to be discovered and explored by this open mind.

Questions are mounting through the turmoil of life, all wanting to be answered and never left to circumstance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Popping Images

Wakeful moments spent in trying out new tastes of music
and lively measurements of novel ideas.
Images pop out like notes on a banjo, picked just for
my mind, over a delightful dinner for two.
Beats and musical notes scenting the evening air with
happier tunes and melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Popping Thoughts

Watching edges of tomorrow,
hoping to see an image that I can relate to.
Holding on to thoughts that keep popping in
and out through the years, wanting to be
expressed in remarks said on paper.
Believing in the outcomes of incessant prayers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Popular Rhythms

Forging right into the fray, music now flowing at the Wagon Yard, band taking us down memory lane with their popular rhythms.

Taking our minds down onto the dance floor, line dancing in synch with perfect and steady rhythms as we all smile, laugh and clap in time to the music they're playing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Population's Explosions

Explosions of our populations are a non-existent nomenclature.
Abhorring imaginary visions and images of people, blowing up and exploding, is much to grotesque to continue writing about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Porches Of Heaven

Beyond living we are final beings situated on porches
of heaven with no more troubles or pain.
Sitting, watching those left behind on earth, filled
with tears and sadness at our passing.
Understanding eluding their earthly minds, full of
grief, while we are content in heaven alone for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Porches Of Intellect

Long lasting memories of yesterday's love,
are still sitting on porches of intellect.

Remembering all the desires and needs from
another person, wanting a relationship to
be out of the ordinary.

A complete and total transformation of love
with two becoming wholly one.

A young dream, not very realistic, but thought
of just the same.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portals Of Time

Records of the past play in my mind, bringing images back to the forefront,
designing new environments to begin again.
Handling everything with moody dispositions, figuring out destiny in portals of time.
Cascading along, traveling in many directions, according to whims of fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portals Of Wisdom

Wrangling cowgirl-like in wonders of music, tapping and dancing to rhythms, following their beats incessantly.

Stepping to staccato tones in lengths of interior rhythms, stroking every beat with intellect, taking most of it's essence and playing it into portals of wisdom.

Touching and burning fires of tomorrow's blazes as they take flames, lighting torches of yesterday's fires again today.

Trying to strike and relight memories into life once again before leaving realms of reality in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portends Of Life

Panels of discussion take on a meaning and liveliness of their own.
Selecting topics and manufacturing ideals, giving up volumes of meanings for a balance of life to become a prestigious asset for scholastic aptitudes.
Thinking slowly, yet bringing mythical proportions to unseemly portends of life.
Beckoning to major thoughts of insistence as time forges itself further and further into an avalanche of beautific values.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portrait

A brilliant orange orb peeking
from behind several clouds,
caught around it's head.

Glowing in the evening sky, a
portrait of the colors of
heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portrait Of A Man

A million words would not be enough to describe this young man, but I will try my best to give you some idea of what he is like.

Standing at five feet ten and a half inches tall, as sturdy as an oak tree, his one hundred sixty pounds are evenly distributed.

Having soft blond hair like delicate threads of fine silk innocently tucked in place.

Blue eyes are alarmingly brilliant, but they possess a depth of understanding and tranquility.

A serene profile of his expression, teasingly irresistible and beckoning.

Gentle subdued voice is capable of sharing many things mildly, and his teasing smile brings forth a tantalizing fragrance of humor.

Hands are those of precision and capability, his mind like that of an astronaut searching for a peaceful place to settle down.

These qualities and many more paint a portrait of 'little Jimmy'.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portrait Of Love

Showers of love sparkles falling upon mind and heart, shot from an arrow of love, giving so much to be thankful and grateful for in this life.

Appreciating everything shared daily, loving through it all, a fascinating and wonderful portrait of love as an example to everyone around us.

Loving so totally for the rest of our lives with hearts, souls and minds on the same plain, a true love in this life-time, a gift from God every moment alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portrait Of Nature

Picturesque and tantalizing, wonder filling every portrait of nature with exhilarating and exciting new temptations of joy.

Explicit properties of innate talent being nourished and nurtured with a breath of fresh air.

Awakening intellect vibrantly, being touched by silence and wondrous beauty everywhere on this temporary world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portrait Of Rhythm

Looking out over a sunny morning, seeing mountains looming
ahead, majestic and mysterious, a beautiful landscape set
like a portrait of rhythm in a poem.

Gradually taking me into it's essence and depth, eliciting
feelings of comfort, excitement, liberty and freedom a
benevolent taking of all senses into the wonder of life.

Rarely do we ever travel into this wonderful and fulfill-
ing journey that gives so much pleasure and enjoyment in
a life filled with loneliness and loss, lifting spirits
and doing so much good for our well-being interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portrait Of Sorrow

Broken-hearted, wanton emotions burying me beneath the
sorrow of lost love.

Withstanding nothing in life anymore, not wishing to do
anything, exiling and isolating self in a portrait of
sorrow and loneliness.

Pictures falling into past images, watching them with
tears falling into pools of my heart, standing aloof,
not moving forward.

Seeing no sense in doing so, left to face the future
alone without you, my love, nothing I can do about it,
just crying and missing you forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portrait Of We Two

Compassion flowing from within your heart, touching mine so
tenderly and gently, all my love sensually attuned to yours
my dear.

Mind being filled with your love and caring as images of we
two filter into the beauty of the Divine, bringing us together,
a beautiful portrait of the two of us.

Holding onto one another's hearts, overwhelming us both through
an intense passion of our desires carefully until they are fin-
ally quenched between us my love.

A wonderful and continuous feeling that touches us both, sur-
rounding us totally and completely forever, far into eternity
my dearest love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portraits From Memory

Pictures sounding off in tempos of beauty, showing signs of life in many strokes of paint brushes.
Letting spirits flow, paint flowing down the canvas, picturing awesome portraits of life from memory.
Tossing aside all other manners of outside sources, and thoroughly listening to muses of distant lands, coming together and sporting the lines of a person in a painting made from innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portraits Of Life

Changing routines sometimes gives new perspectives on routine
attitudes.
Specializing in quiet, sensually gentle ideas, cultivating and nourishing them with
soulful love.
Casting all negativity to careless winds of human anticipation.
Forgiving portraits of life left hanging on walls by ghosts of
yesterday.
Seeking answers within - gentle reminders of an interior mind.
Calling forth beauty and a single validity of what you are doing.
Outlines are vague, but are becoming more sure of themselves -
darker and broader.
Left alone, these fragile blossoms will overgrow themselves and
create their own jungle, tangling playfully within.
Watching antics begin, unafraid of a softened calm they somehow
always bring.
Shadows and reflections crowding about looking into depths of my
being, finding out reasons for living and bringing them out into
the open.
Voices rising to altars - past, present and future - multiplying,
dividing, always reaching for heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portraits Of Life In Prose

Pictures coming to mind as I go walking through intellect, hand in hand with my imagination, reality having a place within.

As I gaze upon the beauty being created by this wonderful combination of color, thoughts and ideas, all coming from deep inside.

Time after time, creating and developing new concepts to paint portraits of life into prose, liking end results of intellect, because it always has the last say in how the pieces are put together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portraits Of Life Through Poetry

Tempting sounds of rhythms soaring within intellect, creating images and portraits of life through poetry, pictures of solace and serenity flowing gently in and out of this mind.

Relieving stress and turmoil of each day, waltzing through depths of being, joyous and inspirational, never disappointing or fading from sight intellectually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portraits Of Nature

Tapping out rhythms to write to, riding through the
desert of my soul, capturing the essence of life as
I sit in the saddle.
Alone, in a world - a universe of my own - where I
can see the portraits of nature as my mind paints
them for me, in sequences of how they appear to me.

(9: 45 a.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portraits Of Our Lives

Thinking of you my dear, all the times we were together,
having fun, enjoying one another's company, teasing,
joking, feeling free and loved unconditionally.

Such a beautiful life we two have had, sharing and giving
to each other throughout our lives, portraits of our lives
together hanging in halls of our memories.

All reminders of the times in life when we were closer than
ever before, mind recalling the laughter and merriment that
always seemed to follow us.

Helping each other keep away from the sadness, loneliness
and abandonment of life, a treasured life to be sure, one
that I will miss when taken from this earth without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portraits Of Precious Memories

Catching up every day in rhythms and music, finding the beauty in
life through nature, children and other people, feeling safe, loved
and protected from above nothing else ever giving these feelings.

Walking on paths of goodness and innocence, never veering from them
while alive, precious memories, portraits of life written through
the imagery of senses while it's being lived.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portraits Of Prose

Imagination is sublime, recording fantastic journeys
never been taken outside of your mind.

Listless, bored to tears, unless writing hour after
hour.

Life is so much more than what we live each day,
acrimonious deliverance upholds our truth as we walk
through gardens and down paths that have just this
moment been thought of.

Creating is spontaneous, it's instantaneous, a bubble
of life, flying high, popping and falling to a page
that until now lie empty.

Days cannot close out thoughts or images from within
us because each is our own creation and only ours
throughout eternity.

At least, that is, unless we choose to disclose all
in a portrait of prose for anyone to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portraits Of Reality

Hurrying through melodies with racing rhythms grasping my
mind, never letting it go as I write continually.

Precious and intelligent, gifts that are innate, keeping
me alive in a creative world, alone with thought processes
that give inspiration and feelings of self-worth.

Respecting, always endeavoring to keep everything together
with a healthy experience of curiosity, as it always asks
pertinent questions that haunt my mind with many expressions
of novel ideas and inventions.

Solemnly taking time to keep it all in precious memories
where no one else can taint their images and visions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portraits Of Rhymes

Picturesque images reflecting upon my mind, intellect capturing
them to be set in portraits of rhymes in poetry, never tiring
of the expression of life as I write through melodies.

Always listening to music no matter how I feel or what mood I'm
in, a total ecstasy unfolding within me daily, giving pleasure
while touching centers of my mind keeping me focused and positive
throughout each and every day of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portraits Through Images Of Music

Deeply concentrating in rhythms and chords of Yanni, being delivered from mundane avenues of life this morning and being taken totally into imagination's fantasies and abysses' of picturesque landscapes.

Portraits of life being shown through images of music, nature and humanity, such a sweet and soothing feeling coming while writing calmly and peacefully.

Nothing else on earth can sooth a person quite like music and it's rhythms as it roams through our minds serenely, like an antibiotic through our bodies, invisible yet curing what ails us in a life of turmoil and stress.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portrayals In Depth

Entertaining self with a mind of ingenuity and fun.
Thinking, wondering and becoming adept at musical
melodies as they advance in strenuous precision,
allowing portrayals of every one in depth.

(7: 56 p.m. - 11/28/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portrayals Of Life

Deafening silence seeping into my soul, regulating fate's intense desires for my life.
Reaching for chords to sustain me, feeling their satiny strength course through without hesitation or doubt.
All senses intensified with pure unadulterated truths of perfection, precisely managed with untold strength and verve.
Altered patterns bringing forth designs from other inner dimensions.
Solidly portraying mannerisms forward onto screens of a lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portrayed In Lines Of Poetry

Moments of life being portrayed in lines of poetry, lifting
the essence of intellect in tangible reality's for others
to taste, smell feel or touch through their own senses of
intelligence.

Some are not quite developed, yet it seems that minds of
poets and very creative people are able to do this, readily
grasping everything in stride.

Taking extraordinary perfection into the portrayal of life,
nature and humanity, sounds sending me into feelings and
emotions through music.

A tremendous way of telling what I know and feel through
many words that are constantly being written down within
poetical interludes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portraying Ideas

Petals of inspiration fall into imagination, calling to
mind, precious images and visions of intellect's choosing.

Stacking and relaying their immense details against wisdom
and knowledge, focusing on each of them, shining through
brilliant colors of an unusual process of thoughts.

Portraying general ideas in various ways, taking them out-
side my mind, trying them on in other dimensions to see
what will happen in the interim.

An allowable contribution to the future of scientific
exploration in spirituality and it's vast interior universe,
already laid out to be investigated by those who are curious
enough to find and explore it's depths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portraying Life

Slowly creeping along, enjoying scenery as it forms
memorably against a backdrop of music constantly
playing rhythms only I can hear.
Stretching every facet and dimension, engulfing all
grey matter in it's syrupy creativity.
Portraying life in many aspects of nature, becoming
one with interior purposes given by God to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portraying Lives

Taking to the skies, living for the independence and
freedom it gives to me interiorly, adjusting life to
fit visions that come to mind whenever writing poetry.

Thoughts always managing to fascinate and amaze me in
every way, living in intellect where there is no pain
because feelings and emotions become intellectual only.

They're frigid and only to be written of through my
mind and intellect, ways of a poet to exist through all
the intense suffering they go through.

A pathway to express everything that we feel in this
deathly life, touching many others with our heartfelt
emotions.

Allowing tears, smiles, laughter, love and compassion
to be poetically expressed, giving everyone a sense of
connection through our feelings when reading each one.

All becoming one with the poet in a poem, vividly seeing
through poetical verses, portrayals of lives of people
that each of us meet or know in one way or another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portraying Melodies

Portraying musical melodies crisply inside ridges of consciousness, yet delving calmly into passions of rhythm.
Ideally, portraying every nuance, according to feelings of exemplary beauty.
Landscapes proving too astounding to be reality.
Yet, with every image, meanings fulfill every vision with self-obtained inner light as they unfold themselves without any effort.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portraying Moments

Rattling soundlessly along moments of spectacular tones, gathering each note and placing it against my mind.
Placing every beat and rest on musical scores, arranging and composing a lifetime of beauty as it comes into my being.
Picturing it all on inner screens, portraying moments of design and pattern into motion, moving along sideways at times.
Reveling in steps of particular notions and taking senses off into other worlds beyond me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Portraying The Future

Lights reflecting darkness and shadows hiding in corners
and under furniture strewn about the room, reaching into
reasons, questions and curiosity.

Finding answers or more questions needing to be answered,
always stepping silently into the future of destiny, there
picture puzzles await intellect to figure them out.

Through music, putting them together, making sense and com-
pleting each one in turn, landscapes, picturesque and beauty-
ful, portraying the future through their ten dimensional pro-
jections, like those in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ports Of This Soul

Playing the piano of this mind, letting it take intellect into ports of this soul where God has His hand, keeping this mind open to sounds of nature.

Learning to capture and place them into coded rhythms, taking them into caverns, up mountains, through forests, alongside train tracks and through tunnels.

Listening to rhythms of everything, identifying each and turning them into musical compositions and etudes, especially in E flat minor chords.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poses Of Sadness

Bellowing softly in tune, catching emotions and letting them be heard in words of saddened prose.
Singing from a grieving heart, a part of him being exposed to the world,
spreading his voice to every lonely soul, listening intently within their own pain and suffering.
Leading a chorus of beautiful melodies in poses of sadness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Posing For Poets

This world is spinning with us all on it's surface, living
our lives without thinking or realizing it, except every
once in a while.

Noticing the moon in the middle of the morning, sitting
and waiting for recognition to come about.

Meanwhile posing for poets, so we may write about it's
stature in a poem for another time to be read.

Finding places throughout this brain to make it come out
in vibrant auras and meanings.

Touching this spinning world as we eventually come to our
endings on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Posing Questios

Standing here always looking at the environment,
figuring out what it is that's not being seen at
the time.

Knowing there will always be something not noticed
before this, going deeper into curiosity, feeling
senses coming alive.

Bringing a mixture of thinking and photographic
memories, shining always thoughtfully, pondering
what will soon appear when delving deeply into
interiors of artistic rhythms.

Balancing truths of honesty with reality of life's
unending lies, listening to them all and determining
which ones to allow into writing.

Forward thinking, posing questions for answers that
are found in this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positioning Mind

Treasuring innate talent and creativeness, loving how it feels while immersed in it's depths through writing, art and music.

A special and positive attitude always being kept through each of them throughout life, an exceptional feeling of peace and serenity touching this being.

Moments of life divined and lived, positioning mind into spheres organizing each one, keeping them clear, focused and alert so as to touch and open them in a glance of intellect when needed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positioning Senses

Quickly dancing to melodies set in rhythmic patterns for all
to hear and see in sequence.
Living on edges of beauty, finding there is everything inside,
fulfilling inner desires, while a mind describes every detail
with precise exactness and a sentry of deliverance.
Keeping time, allocating verses and contemptuous thoughts for
a lifetime.

Focusing continually on death as it usurps every one of us in
it's final stage, incorporating everyone into endless piles of dust, while our bones fall apart.
Ending up in coffins made for each individual as they pass
beyond life and enter a new dimension unseen until we
eventually get there ourselves.
Positioning all our senses, we live beyond our earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positions Of Acceptance

Looks of love passing through eyes to souls as elderly
couples hold each other closely in time with music's
beat.

Withering soulfully, melting adoringly into positions
of loving acceptance.

Tenderly touching gentle parts of one another in
moments of dancing together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positions Of Individuality

Waiting for blossoms of life to return,
hoping to pick up where I left off.

Now reality striking, directly showing
that it will never be, because it has
been taken forever from me.

Standing on a past horizon, looking
forward does no good.

It only creates more painful memories
to continue in my head.

Focusing on the yesterday's that I can
live no more, saddens and disheartens
my soul.

Walking away, feeling sorrow, falling
to my knees, awaiting the forgiveness
of God and losing self in the middle.

Charging life-long positions of
individuality, creating some of my own,
wishing to cherish anything that will
come into my being.

Nothing contemplates my predicament,
finding there is no reason for being or
seeing, alone, I go in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positive Apprehension

Mind lost, wandering through moments of thought, listlessly
falling into a deep sort of melancholy, yet it's not quite
a state of mind.

It doesn't seem to affect anything at all, an anomaly of in-
tellect it seems, watching it curl up like a kitten for a
moment then suddenly it springs forth like a cricket.

Unable to stay still any longer, playing and running around,
jumping over neurons and synapses, having a great time by
itself.

Taking time to race up and down measures of chords, rhythms
and patterns constantly changing, designing, breaking open
and creating poetry in a lightening flash of positive appre-
hension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positive Aspects Of A New Age

Readily listening to Queen, holding rhythms and placing them
into poetry for all to read.

A rendition of quality surpasses the past with it's olden
tunes of memories, now posted together in fading albums.

Opening up new ones with refreshing talent and gifts of newer
bands and poets creating positive aspects for a new age.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positive Atmosphere In School

Running into moments one after another, feeling refreshed
by each and every one of them, totally at peace right now,
writing poetry and listening to music.

Mind-finding thoughts escaping from the dull routine of
another daily grind, happy, elated in a positive atmosphere,
having it fill me with excitement, thrills and hope.

Getting through another dull day, singly writing, keeping
focus, thinking clearly and watching everything going on
around me here in my Grandchildren's school cafeteria.

J. now having lunch in hand, coming to join us at the pea-
nut free table, ha! ha! it brought a beautiful smile to
his gentle and adorable little face.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positive Atmosphere Of Love

Lying back in your arms, letting your love fill me
completely, seeing your tender feelings for my life
through your heart-felt unconditional love.

It's always bringing me into the closest part of your
body, nothing between us but our deepening love, ever
incessant and never-ending.

Keeping me always in attitudes and moods of a positive
atmosphere in this life with you alone, sharing our
love between us forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positive Attitudes

Talking to young children is exhilarating and adventure-
some, they are so totally curious and wanting to learn
everything they can about people.

Wondering who they are, what they do, how they live and
work, wondering if grown-ups play or have any fun at all.

Laughing, while answering all their questions, happy to
be giving them information that they want from an adult.

Also, loving positive attitudes that become attuned to
one another, making meeting each other quite an experience,
pleasant and fun for each of us.

Talking and letting me know what they think, are interested
in and how they feel about issues and problems in our
world today.

Some of their answers are so amazing, their solutions so
simple and uncomplicated.

A wonderful way to spend time, being with young children
for hours during a day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positive Deaths

Reaching souls deeply held within,
feeling them pulse with God's life
and grace.

Bringing us to realizations of
positive deaths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positive Details

Stepping rhythmically into the mix of life,
accentuating positive aspects of details
being shown through inner curiosity.

Watching everything coming together in an
amazing array of sunsetical bouquets.

Arousing senses, letting them be fulfilled
through intellect where they will be brought
around into another time and day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positive Energy

A positive energy flow easing alongside,
attempting to coincide with who I am.
Neglecting to cast a glance aside,
continue writing words to music of Chopin
I hear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positive Enlightenment

Solitarily alone, enjoying peace and serenity of playing in
my mind, a vast repertoire of rhythms and tones vibrating
throughout intellect.

Bringing joy to my heart and mind, a positive enlightenment
always filling my being and spirit, deeply spiritual, this
mind surrounded within the Divine.

Dwelling in a bluened light, spiritually fulfilling my being
constantly with a tantalizing wonder, faith and hope held
within closely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positive Environments

Contemplating hours of time on the other side of the world
where it's now night, people getting ready to retire for
the evening.

Having eaten their dinner and had time to visit with family,
enjoying their time together fully, lights turned on within
their homes.

A cozy and comfortable atmosphere in which to live and have
hope in a tomorrow, positive environments for children to
grow and mature in.

No fears of the evil that exists all around the world out-
side of them, thank God for this absolute privacy in each
of their lives.

Not being stranded in mires of evil people and their many
dastardly ideals, promises of hope bringing faith to the
foreground where parents take care and watch over their
children protectively always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positive Experiences

Hearing a hound dog from the past, lyrics of a song,
enhancing it's melody through remembering it on photo-
graphic screens that have always included musical
videos of what I'm listening to.

Positive experiences abounding, filled with the bright
illumination of intellect, creating and inventing many
poems in which to describe what comes into my life.

Untoward effects giving an absolute beauty to this
corner of darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positive Force

Looking through a smokeless
haze at the world around us,
attempting to be a positive force
in it's circumference.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positive Life Style

Wanting to be an individual and not follow any others,
not wishing to be coerced into doing something that I
don't believe in.

Loving the way life gives me freedom to make choices
of my own, thanks to being born in the United States
of America and nowhere else.

Only here can a person be him or herself, a positive
lifestyle that everyone is jealous of and is always
trying to take away from us in the U.S.A.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positive Mood

Awakening to a morning of blue skies with a few white clouds
floating by, sun shining so happily and brightly, teasing us
with it's rays alighting warmly upon our beings.

A beautiful day in every respect, a positive mood and attitude
within, listening to music, energy building substantially with
every measure heard.

Here at Dr. L's office, just chilling and enjoying writing
while listening to music, a peaceful endeavor that's accomplish-
ed every single Monday in his office.

Atmosphere being very conducive to writing poetry, Doc always
encouraging and hoping for another poem to be written for him
alone, no one ever bothering to interrupt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positive Possibilities

Living in dreams of intellectual abstracts, loving the beauty of it's ideas, taking them wholly into depths of imaginary thoughts.

Believing in positive possibilities that continue to be emitted through creative processes falling from an inner waterfall.

Listening to rhythms as they translate themselves into all manner of concepts, organized, and then arranged in sequences of coded rhythms.

Finding answers to theories and mysteries of the past, traipsing joyfully through an energy being provided interiorly through a bluened light of the Divine, always validating and confirming gifts God has given on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positive Reality

Dark storm clouds rising from the desert, blocking our
view until rain comes clearing the way for an under-
standing of nature.

A positive reality on the planet earth, taking care of
it far better than mankind ever could.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positive Reinforcement

People jumping up and hollering, excited at sounds of music being played by a band called, 'Kickin' Cactus' here at the senior center.

Knowing how to get people into joyous moods immediately, up and dancing to rhythms that vibrantly take them away from all troubles and ills of this life.

Positive reinforcement coming from all melodies the band is playing, keeping a smile on everyone's face as they continue to enjoy life no end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positive Side Of Tomorrow

Patterns of life tear and are ripped by other people, yet
we continue to live our lives in spite of this.

Healing through the compassion at times of good people,
prayers and God.

Touching our lives explicitly throughout the years, having
hope for the future even when the present is totally bleak
and forlorn.

Always seeing the positive side of tomorrow in my mind,
nothing able to tear this aspect from my mind for it's
embedded within intellect.

A gift from God that I continually use and am grateful for,
a total wonder that fills me with excitement and a vibrant
energy constantly.

Always thrilling to the knowledge and wisdom that flows
from an inner waterfall belonging to the creativity of
intellect and imagination.

Exacting and concise, putting together words, meanings
and definitions to form incessant and lasting poetry to
be read throughout the world today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Positive Signs

Balloons floating above my table, given to me by my sons, granddaughters and grandson for Mother's Day.
Cards and roses of many colors, parading their aromas throughout my room, helping me have positive thoughts by which to recover.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Possibilities

Sitting alongside imagination's byways, watching self
delve into it's many mazes and creative paths, being regenerated and renewed with each passing second.

Living on top of an inner world of beauty and grace, tranquilly believing in peace and truth.

Allowing self to know these many particles of
subconscious worlds, and bring them to the surface to
be written about for all the world to see.

Atoms of imagination rotating and being retrieved for possibilities in life's huge plan.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Possibilities Are Aligned

Wanting to reach out and touch you, wishing
you were here by my side, kissing and holding
me tightly.

Desires rising within, reaching out to you, but
you're too far away and I continue to miss your
touch.

Possibilities are aligned, ready to be taken into
my being, yet life is alone, solitary, for you are
no longer with me here on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Possibilities Exhumed

Walking alone, through a talented forest of beauty,
engulfed in the energy of life, totally enveloped
in the security of who I am as a mere poet.

Always taking the world by it's temporary ribbons
and holding on for dear life, never letting go,
just being here through it all.

Turmoil, suffering, finding sprinkles of happiness
strewn over and through this darkened life, always
remembering time here on earth is only temporary.

We need to enjoy it all the more because it's very
precious, equality being the statement of the world
as we all try to achieve it in our individual way.

Possibilities always being exhumed and brought back
to the reality of what we are here for, one purpose
only, to love and care for one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Possibilities Of A Future Change

Standing watch as many particles filter through possibil-
ities of a future change in destiny, alighting quietly,
not a word being spoken by anyone.

An alert and open minded portal giving genuine memories,
standing again through gestures of emotions and feelings,
rising to the heavens as they gather information from ex-
periences throughout this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Possibilities Of Creativeness

Runaway dreams take me into places that I would ordinarily
never get to see.

Loving to experience differences they bring about in thinking processes, finding
avenues leading to many possibilities of creativeness.

Quietly tantalizing thought processes, having fun as I flow
into an ever-increasing river towards oceans of wisdom,
awaiting me to splash headlong into them.

No fears, always expecting to find the surf so it can take
me into farthest depths and back.

So quickly and rapidly falling all over waves, grasping onto
shells and finding beauty beneath the ocean's surface,
searching for brilliant rainbows of underwater life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Possibilities Of Ending

Creating an inner atmosphere of beauty, landing in spaces
of interior deserts, finding a way through the drift wood
of yesterday's rivers.

As they stretch through my mind, flowing down towards the
ocean, eventual outcomes are ending upon the waves as they
take me out of reach of anyone's grasp.

At last becoming the outcast as I stretch out upon an
unchartered desert island, alone and away from the
difficulties of this inherent life, questioning even the
possibilities of ending on this side of interior dimensions.

Allowing freedom to take me soaring, flying above the
appearance of life's unending tribulations and suffering.

Landing upon the entrance of my own essence, holding onto
the interior spheres of intellect as they collect all
feelings and take me away from all that I know willingly.

Running as fast as I can to keep up with the ideas flowing
and cascading down my mind, eclipsing thought and joyously
falling into writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Possibilities Stretching My Mind

Resisting inequality of life in this world through
it's creativeness of intellect.

Going within, recognizing rhythms as they are being
coded rapidly and exacting.

Pressures of this world stressing me, yet listening
to music, writing poetry, satisfies a need for solace.

Tracing avenues through the beauty of visions created
through imagination.

Fulfilling inner energies with many possibilities that
stretch my mind into other dimensions and universes.

Solidly and completely coming full circle throughout
earthly life, coming to conclusions after reaching for
the truth, going beyond illusions and lies of others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Possibilities That Have Passed

Watching life while sitting on edges of it, seeing possibilities that have passed me by because of my own negligence at times.

Looking back through the past, wanting to retrace steps and turn things around, yet knowing that it is an impossibility no matter how much I wish that things could be different.

Not wanting to look too closely into the future, taking care that each step will be meaningful and having a purpose to be fulfilled for all mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Possibility Of Knowing

Solemn and contemplative, rising ever higher into spiritual realms, holding onto faith with wisps of hope still within us.

Straightening up, bringing objects of this world into perspective, now knowing exactly how we can become ourselves.

Touching upon religious beliefs and convictions that we have been taught, nurtured by us and our parents.

Needing the possibility of knowing God in our lives gives us the practicality of reason and wisdom, intriguing and blessing our beings from beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Possible Avenues

Following interior pathways of spirituality, finding a way to
a straight and narrow one, bringing this life closer to heaven,
hope filling like air in a balloon.

Soul soaring into atmospheres of effervescent energy, letting
it expand into every possible avenue of intellect where it en-
ables this being to roam about freely.

Delighting in the beauty and wonder in all facets of an in-
terior life that keeps mind and intellect well-balanced and
organized.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Potent Explanation

Way past dark, sitting on shore, thinking and pondering,
wondering what the rest of life has in store.

Noticing every detail that comes into being, accepting
it all and transposing it into rhythms of poetry.

A potent explanation of whatever is happening in many
thoughts and reality of this life.

Left alone on shores until gone once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Potential Fame

Looking into my mind, watching reflections of all days in life, answering with plaintive cries in poetry.
Placing it all into verses of potential fame, sitting right before me in colorful hues, awaiting my okay to proceed down the pathway of all who are destined to be known throughout this world.
Leaving behind us a legacy for all those coming behind us in future years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Potential Individuality

Looking hard into the future, seeing damage that has been done in the end.

All dreams having turned into nightmares of another time during sleepless nights.

Crawling on all fours, barely making it into the beginning of a fateful destiny.

Collecting all possibilities, placing them on photographic screens where they can abstractly be turned into ideas of another questionable design.

Being patterned and woven into exacting positions where no one else can become what another means in life.

Purposes are only individual in centers of our souls and can never be given to anyone else.

Loving the questionable side of life and holding onto it's potentially famous individuality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pots Of Gossip

Spinning tales of empirical lies,
spitting them off of forked tongues
of liars and sinners, pretending to
be pious and loving.

Always calculating rumors and gossip
to be spread around and dipped into
pots of mean-spirited individuals.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pottery

Crockery lying broken atop a desert floor, shards strewn everywhere you look.

Once long ago pottery used by American Indians, now all just pieces of it scattered across the desert.

Nowadays there are no Indians to be seen anywhere

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pounding Echoes

Softly sleeping, echoes pounding minds in deep reveries,
awaiting the dawn of breaking with unkempt desires.

Nights blackened with soot of ages past, burned to cinders
and dust, blown throughout the dusk of life.

Begun again on other dimensions that we know nothing of,
calling out for truth and honesty of a past no longer
remembered, because the final dirge has been played and put
to sleep.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pouring Away Life's Essence

Strumming heartstrings, tenderly touching my soul with it's
rhythmic sounds, forming words in my mind.
Taking peaceful endeavors, placing them onto pages of life,
hoping to be displaced in time forever.
Taking steps, wandering deeply in caverns of emptiness,
pouring away the energy of life's essence.
No longer needing it on the journey that I'll be taking into
horizons of tomorrow.
Ending everything with one last breath as I expire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pouring Measures Of Love

Lovers dancing across the floor, holding on to one another
with arms draped around necks.

Stepping in exacting rhythms, close together.

Measures of love being poured into each other's hearts as
they waltz consistently throughout the music of the song.

A penetrating beauty, sliding smoothly into depths of
aging love, being proclaimed right before us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pouring Running Thoughts

Pouring over thoughts, running through my mind,
looking closely at their images.
Scanning them from beneath and behind to make
them more interesting on different levels and
aspects.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pouting Boy

Sitting, trapped within a space, determined not to have
any fun, only sitting, staring, checking the time upon
his watch.

Like a little boy at a symphony, expected to behave and
finding it next to impossible, constantly fidgeting in
his seat.

No problem, nothing, is wrong you say? They why are you
acting like a little boy, waiting to be scolded instead
of talking to us like the man you are?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poverty

Poverty - the slums where children have to fight their way just to exist, where parents either don't care or can't afford to care.

Stench of human waste lies heavily in the air and children's clothes hang dirtily from clotheslines in total disrepair.

No one cares.

A little one standing alone and crying, wishing for a little milk to drink, waiting for someone to put some shoes or clothes upon his freezing body.

No one steps up to help, this little child ends up with pneumonia, falling asleep on the pavement with a fever, people walk on by not stopping to see if they can help.

Can you still ask what poverty means after seeing this?

Poverty. No one cares.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poverty Has No Miracles

Filled with anxiety over not having a place to live after
this week, tears down hope and joy, replacing them with
doubt and fear.

Life fails and exists anyway with no reasons to continue
it's waylaid journey, tasks amount to exorbitant rituals, unattainable at best.

Continued frustration from a blinded world, too full of
itself to look at the poverty it is right now growing and
nurturing.

Symbolic fragrances, running amuck, losing all semblance
of humanity as lives are left to toss upon a flotsam sea
of human waste.

Where are the miraclse read and talked about on television
and in church's all over the world?

Why is there homelessness, starvation, working poor with
no relief?

How can we call this the united states of America when no
one is united - no one cares to unite and help anyone -
except in catastrophic disaster?

What about the daily existence of people who have lost
hope and confidence in a world they helped to make?

Reality stares from all directions, except within, as
life is barely contained by many.

There are no solutions at hand, because everyone looks
away, pretending life is good for all - as another family
is thrown away and left in a dirty street, no food left
to eat.

Who claims that miracles exist where they're aren't any?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poverty Of Being

Raising expectations, knowing that they will be met in
time, allowing an internal spirit to open and blossom.

Gathering many interpretations of meanings into rhythms
of verses, and breaking the barriers.

Leading to the extinguishing flames of knowledge of evil
and it's horrible misgivings.

Soaking some people who are so weak from fighting the
battles of life just to continue living in a poverty of
being.

Wanting to be expressed and brought out into barren plains
of inner deserts.

Always contemplating inner aspects of beauty given by the
Holy Spirit in return for just loving and being with God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poverty Of Interior Lives

Reading in faces of other people, the needs of their souls, poverty of interior lives illuminating the position of their beings within the fruition they give to others.

Seeing the poverty of their souls decorating their hearts with cobwebs and dust, knowing they too have not had an easy life.

Filled with pain, hurt of rejection and abandonment in the years they've been alive, sensing the depravity of their beings, having empathy for them on their lonely paths.

Reaching out, smiling, doing whatever they will allow to make their loads a little lighter as they travel their way aimlessly into the future.

Unknowing, never heeding the ones that genuinely wish to help, trusting only those who should never be trusted, for they hurt and maim others to save themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poverty Of My Soul

Leaving everything in God's hands, having found out that
His plans are far more abundant than anything I could've
ever thought of.

Watching as He has taken me from the poverty of my soul
and given me so much through an interior life filled with
bluened light of the Divine.

Wisdom and knowledge, spending quality silent time with-
in it, no thoughts, mind immersed totally in the light of
His wisdom.

Being enlightened and renewed, transformed into who He
always wanted me to be, filled with an intense spiritual-
ity.

Faith and hope bursting forth from deep within, inspiring
others who cross my path in this life, giving a glimpse
of His love as we talk.

Glimmers of hope now appear in anyone whom he places in
my life, knowing that He's now creating miracles in the
lives of others and their families, so wonderful to see
it happening! !

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poverty Of People's Minds

Moving forward into an exquisite design of interior life,
watching it's patterns being coded and expressed in whole
new ways in intellect.

Fulfilling an exact rhythm with tones of uncharted musical
compositions being tuned into while writing incessantly.

Forgiving the poverty of other people's minds, living any
way in depths of visions as they slowly emerge.

Traveling down lanes of renewed energy and possibilities,
never to miss any explorations of innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poverty Of Souls

Working frustratingly slow, thinking of the poverty of
our souls.
Wantonly reaching degrees of safety far apart on
different horizons within.
Placating moments of searching begins to stir and mount
resistance to thoughts growing out of control.
Severe weathering, blasting away at interior peace, all
the while beginning to feel calm.
Being undecided in many facets of life, when within
God's presence we think and make ourselves known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poverty Of The Soul

Regaining composure as I listen to silent melodies
before me in lightened rhythms being played on a key
board.
Remembering Peggy, with tearful joy, hoping that she
is enjoying her new life above.
Knowing loved ones are having a hard time existing here
on earth without her love.
Lost and forsaken, finding their way through the long
lamented road of poverty of the soul, caused by loss
of a loved one.
Deserted and alone, walking arid desert plains, not
knowing where to turn here on earth.
Heart going out to them, prayers being said every day,
hoping they can live again through her music.
Playing grief out in many melodies from stages of
different places in Phoenix.
(11: 15 p.m. - 11/16/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poverty Scraping Minds

Silence of the night, poverty scraping the minds and
stomachs of those who are living on the street.

No home to go to, necessities of life are non-existent,
because there's no money to purchase anything.

Children crying, eyes staring as people walk by, not
even acknowledging their appearance right before them.

Innocence left to fend for itself, no one turning around,
no smiles given, no compassion shown.

Just a turn of the head, avoiding eyes of the destitute,
how far our world has traveled from unconditional love.

Having no humanity left for another, selfishly taking
care of only themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poverty's Beauty

Empty, vacant lots, standing barren, desolate, forgotten.
So much like the poor are portrayed in every day news and stories.
Yet, never does anyone look beneath poverty, it's joy at times, of very little things.
Staunchly sitting at the edge, looking over, knowing that at the end their situation in life is better than those with lots of money.
Worrying only about daily existence, eating, necessities of life, while their counterparts are constantly stressed and worried about keeping up appearances and not losing all they have.
Poverty at certain levels is beautiful in it's sparce inconvenient ways.
Life lived on a thin thread is more satisfying in the end, because there are no things material or otherwise to worry about.
Souls pass peacefully to heaven, for they don't have to hang on to unimportant things, they can instead spend their time with family and close friends.
Passing the few minutes and hours in quiet joy and remembrance of past good times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poverty's Boundaries

Stoically living from day to day with no future to
see from inside poverty's boundaries.
Needing necessities, hope, faith - nothing is
provided beneath blankets given by shelters.
Friendship, hugs, true caring for each individual
is non-existent, because it is only a business to
occupy time.
Receiving credit from a community too busy to care
or take time to make friends with anyone living on
the street.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poverty's Breath

Our lives on earth are based on poverty, why then should anyone make a 'vow of poverty'.
No matter what we accumulate after we are born, it cannot accompany us into death.
We are born with nothing but our life and intellect in tact.
Those of us who are lucky enough to maintain our intellect to the end must also lose it along with life when we take our final breath.
There are no exceptions, we are all in the same situation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poverty's Eyes

Twinkling stars of poverty's eyes, stay stranded in
my mind, watching the depravity of lives starving
inside for companionship.

Tattered images beginning each day with eyes of
dismay at having woken again in an alley of a rich
city, no one to care for them.

Alien sounds ringing through their minds, pulling
unwanted thoughts of comfortable homes and families
only wished and hoped for on earth.

Twilight settles on them every day without ever
having made anything better in their lives.

Shining stars only reflecting the poverty of their
every breathless, unkempt hunger pang of remorse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Poverty's Reminders

Everything is abright, life continues it's journey
through moments of time, taking this being with them.

Finding novel ideas blooming along the way, stemming
from poverty that has raised this being with a knowing,
especially of it's stark beauty.

Leaving many reminders to know how to eliminate it in
the future of our world on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Power Of Faith

Listening intuitively to a spirit of being, finding many
things not known, finding through an innate knowledge and
wisdom what they are and how to figure out their equations.

Using mathematical music and it's coded rhythms, faithfully
building upon intellect's questions and solutions, having a
great time.

Enjoying the wonder and beauty of living a totally creative
life here on earth, having been blessed with an innate talent,
using it's knowledge to figure out solutions to problems.

Feeling the power of faith as it fills this being, soaring be-
yond many dimensions of life, our minds and spirits having no
doubts at all.

Thoughts springing forth, diving into a waterfall, being nurture-
ed and nourished fully, entering a deep pool where creativity
takes over, using music to write constantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Power Of God

Lightly strumming the energy of life with the bow of a violin, musically touching the very within of a soul attuned to the spirituality of the Divine.

Filling and healing with the power of God, turning the corner, building life in a crescendo of hopeful faith, truth climbing higher.

Everyone around will soon be believing in this miracle of faith as it sprouts and blossoms into the world, given to humanity by God, alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Power Of Innate Knowledge

Stringing abstracts together in sequences normally not
thought of, yet my mind finds that opposites are able
to be blended and matched easily.

Intellect openly putting mismatched puzzle pieces to-
gether like they were always meant to be, wondering at
this mysterious and magical power of innate knowledge.

Watching talent each time, seeing it being done in an
amazing way, not knowing myself, how it's done, yet
continuing to challenge scientists to figure it out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Power Of Life

Opening flowers, letting their scents engulf
all my senses, drenching life in aromas of
heaven.

Feeling the perception and power of life
coming fully into my being, solitary journeys
coming together at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Power Of My Mind

Realizations coming to mind, exercising the power of my mind
as it deducts and analyzes everything given through experi-
ences and adventures.

Excelling at formulating many new ideas, seeing more than
four sides to everything, studying, investigating and solv-
ing any problems found from the very beginning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Power Of My Soul

Strengthening lines of thoughts, blending and rearranging
them within intellect.

Sojourn and palliative, focusing on intense feelings that
arise from another dimension.

Living in incessant rhythms that are enlivening my spirit,
recharging batteries of this intellectual mind.

Always standing on the edge of a precipice, awaiting some-
thing to come about, saving me from the fall and thrusting
the power of my soul into full swing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Power Of This Mind

Standing in the darkness, thinking of ways to bring en-
lightenment into the power of this mind, watching as a
spark begins and is lit up in a fascinating method.

Through an interior intellect, precise, concise and to
the point, always exciting and completely intact from
beginning ideas to final products and pictures.

Never forgotten, taken into photographic screens in a
remarkable and wonderful way, sating my curiosity fully,
running into visions and properties of the universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Power Of Unconditional Love

Rushing into twilight, hearts racing, love touching us
interiorly, feeling the power of our unconditional love
holding and loving one another throughout this night.

Sparks of passion being lit by desires that we are feeling,
being stirred continually as we find the peace and serenity
within each other's hearts and beings tonight.

Living for one another, never being separated as long as we
live, giving everything that we can to one another while we
we are still alive and together my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Power Over An Inner Mind

Satisfied with talent that excites and elates on a
constant and incessant basis.

Together being one, nothing getting between us ever,
love spreading like glue, stronger than anything man-
kind can produce.

Fostering and guaranteeing basic necessities of an
earthly life, falling onto pavement, awaiting seasons
to come and go without interruption.

Continuing to adhere to interior picturesque puzzles,
newly created, waving like a flag in the breeze.

Poetry sailing faster and faster through desert storms
unable to destroy beauty that is constantly being
created in pockets of knowledge and intellect.

Power over an inner mind, giving energy a place to coin-
cide with an intense intellectual purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Powered By Unconditional Love

Switching, turning sideways into avenues of love that
are always alive with lightening sparks, creating a
rhythmic energy.

Endurance and strength being powered by an unconditional
love, given by another and treasured beyond any other.

Deep in syncopated feelings, following closely on the
heels of a beautiful aura.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Powerful Passion

Following the existence of many ideas as
they are awakened in an early morning sun.
Vocalizing many thoughts as they open
their eyes to a new day.
Being softer than rain on a satin dress of
lace, focusing on the missing essence of
powerful passion, letting it burst into the
room without losing any of it's focus.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Powerfully Awakened

12: 00 p.m.
Being powerfully awakened from sleep, going entirely into realms of energy, pulsating vibrantly, taking me spiritually into a nothingness where life had it's beginnings.

Revolving, reaching through my spirit, grasping the reality of life and it's incessant energy into a consciousness never experienced before this.

Amazing cognizant truths of life, existing in this magnificent energy of an innate eternity, coming to mind in a flash of spiritual enlightenment. 12: 01 p.m.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Power's Mask

Hanging around with importance sitting silently in the air - some people put on power and wear it like a mask.
Under it all, they're only people with many cares.
All of their own and not much for others.
Allowances must be made for only them, no one else is as important as they are in their minds.
Wanting only to have the power to use for their own ends, I defy them.
They cannot use anything against me, because I have what they do not.
Insight, pure and simple, and the clue to all I am to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Powers Of Creativity

Soundly listening to rhythms, playing themselves
in tune with inner sounds.
Climbing rhythms throughout life, enjoying their
heights with perfect intellect.
Rising far above melodies, getting caught within
their powers of creativity, writing their essences
into poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Practical Oneness

Multifaceted people, gathering together, talking,
getting to know one another.
Practical oneness beginning and ending conversations.
Starting to portray a pattern to follow, attempting
to draw closer together.
A loneness stands in the pit of each one and every
person, in their own way, develops a speech pattern
to converse with.
Stuttering and stopping, noise of voices and sudden
halting quiet.
Everyone getting up and helping to clean up or pack
their things.
A wonderful day of peace and quiet, touched by hidden
angel wings.
All go home and settle in with their families.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Practice Living

Practice living daily,
entering into a silence
of the mind.

Contemplating and standing
throughout life as it stands
alongside your self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Practices Of Politicians And Governments

Picking up where I left off the other day, reading and
writing, rhythms playing definitively in this poet's
mind.

Delving deeply into the practices of our politicians
and government, seeing through their lies and illusions,
noticing every little thing.

Their many laws, executive orders, regulations and ordin-
ances placed on We the People all involve money that they
expect us to pay for.

Keeping us poor, slaves to their inane rules, their only
purpose to keep us down so we cannot revolt against them,
having no money left.

They're taking it all, people who have jobs and work are
only given specialized tasks to perform, given a small
salary or paycheck to keep us working for them.

Never able to get ahead, barely existing, and why? So
they can continue to stay in control, yielding their
power over us.

Politicians and governments need us for these reasons,
otherwise we're negligent pieces of their puzzles, we
have rights and freedom to take back what is ours.

Getting rid of all those taxes, inane laws and regula-
tions, for it's time to start seeing what they're doing
to us all over the world.

It's time to keep what is ours, freedom, liberty, the
right to the pursuit of happiness, keeping our own hard-
earned money instead of paying their way through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Practicing Ideas

Sentencing creative license to the forefront of destiny, musically composing poetry as I listen intentively to notes as they touch the very within of my soul. Practicing constantly with every idea and thought entering my mind alongside of imagination.
Dancing always on synapses of collective rejuvenation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Practicing Solace

Soothing tones, calming hearts of stressful undertakings
on days of toil and strife.
Words spoken quietly, enticing desires of serenity to
enter abodes, practicing moments of peaceful solace.
Crying into cups of language, translating sorrow into
feelings set in words of transition.
A picturesque mirror of adjectives, describing moments
of life on blackboards of slate, to be erased by tears
in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Praising Nature

Clapping, waving, yelling, whistling quietly in the breeze, praising nature with it's leaves.

Trees daintily spreading their roots beneath the ground, balancing their beautiful branches without much thought or effort.

Filled with the greenery and sap of life, trees share their shade with those in need of it, never changing or demanding anything.

Silently sitting beneath the sky, fulfilling God's promises while they are alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayer

Skies bluer than the mantle of the Blessed Mother sending
peace throughout me, even in my sorrow.

Hopeless feelings kept inside, hidden away so as not to
disturb others with the pain it brings to light.

Solitarily filling life, holding such emptiness inside,
tears finding relief in prayer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayer - Like Atmosphere

Devoting most of my time to thinking on other plains
within this mind of rhythms and tones, being enlight-
ened constantly with their movements.

Hoping to feel the continuous vibrations as they are
being played through my being, always enticed into
writing their beauty into poetry.

Always filled with sadness and emotion, opening up
depths of those who read what is written, a prayer-
like atmosphere of contemplation.

Singing, whispering throughout intellect, touching
feelings just below the surface that are so timid
and shy.

When brought out into poetry they become very intense,
creating emotions to be elicited by other people as
my words find expression within their own beings.

Eerie sounding loneliness flapping in the wind of an
interior breeze, fanning emptiness that I'm experiencing
deep within.

A penetrating silence of inequality being felt emotionally
inside this mind, eclipsing thoughts, centering them be-
tween pages caught in time, held carefully lest they be
ripped from my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayer For Life To End

Trapped within this body, weighed down by a mind filled
with despairing thoughts, life parading by.

Taking no chances, finding no joy, lifting eyes up to
heaven, praying for life to end so I may begin.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayer For Preservation

Blue skies storming into my mind, trying to illuminate
darkened corners hidden always from view.

Standing back, drudging through a plethora of trials
with hope in faith and maybe an understanding heart of
a friend or two.

Watching for any semblance of life in the coming days,
looking askance at everything that comes into view.

Searching on every plain, observing every vigil honored
in candlelit prayer to God in heaven.

Praying He will send a blessing to preserve my life in
His hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayer For Those Who Live Alone

Living alone dear Lord, looking to you, an unfailing
source of comfort, hope and faith.

Please help me to care for myself as best I can so I
remain healthy, my mind alert and outlook positive.

Help me use my time, talent and energy well, reaching
out to others with joy and appreciation.

Please remind me to give as much as I ask to receive,
and to forgive as much as I ask to be forgiven.

Help me to do for myself for as long as I'm able, and
to always see the good in everyone I meet in life.

Double my blessings in the sharing of them, and may the
world end each day a little better because of my presence
in it.

August 1,2008

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayer Of Appreciation

Guitar picking on my thoughts, strumming melodies from
their tightened lines, stretched on it's body.

Beautiful rhythms being produced in delicate balances
of harmony.

Sensuous and finely attuned to an inner mind of
intellect, leading onto trails through the desert of
my soul, unafraid of it's arid streams of empty sand
dunes.

Walking alone towards the sun, setting in the west,
watching its' descent onto another horizon,

Quietly disappearing from sight as I kneel in a prayer
of appreciation for this beautiful image given to me
on this wonderful day of insight.

Enjoying the peace afforded in these depths of well-
being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayer Of Light

My soul quakes with the effervescent glow of holy thoughts, placed before my eyes on pages of the Holy Bible.

So thrilling, so plausible, so enriching, turning all thoughts to God and heaven.

Light beckoning my soul, leading me towards the path of His own choosing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayer Of Remembrance

Prayer of remembrance to all those I loved in life,
never able to forget any of them, as they all live
on in my photographic memory and now here in this
poem.

Grateful for each of them, as they blessed me for
the time they were with me here on earth, each one
considered as blessings and little miracles of this
mere poet's life.

Acknowledging everyone collectively as there are many
who have touched and made a difference in my life,
now all will be remembered not only by me, but by
everyone in the world who reads this little poem of
remembrance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayer Of Sacrifice

Stillness coming upon me, testing my mettle, feeling my strength as I sit and write about life along with it's trials and suffering.
Plaintive cries sent to other worlds in pious prayers of sacrifice.
Always left unanswered, lives are continually emptied and put on shelves to wither and die like winter leaves falling from bare branches left freezing in the cold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayer On My Lips

Lying back, thinking about you, knowing you are
sitting up in bed reading, only because I am not
with you, nor will I ever be again.

Summer, winter, spring and fall, weather beating
through every season, nothing to help you overcome
your grief.

Feeling your embrace, yet there's nothing I can do
about it, because death has pulled me into it's vast
nothingness.

Preparing to enter heaven without you, my love, a
prayer on my lips, letting you go with my love kept
safely in your heart, but wanting you to let me go.

Knowing there is someone who loves you with all her
heart, waiting quietly for you to realize that you
also love and want her.

You're just holding onto my memory because you do
not want to hurt me, my love, yet I have chosen this
one, so let go, love her in return.

You deserve to be happy and fulfilled with another,
for your life will continue, you are very healthy,
and filled with love, still.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayerful

Falling deeper into a contemplative stance, enjoying the prayerful quiet and solitude.
Taking part in heavenly moods, calming myself in a dimensional way without interference.
Collectively touching my senses and putting them back in the mix where they belong.
Textures refining my brain, grasping it's cells and retraining them with many episodes of enlightenment.
Using what wisdom I have left, taking the time to readjust synapses by thought, taking me hopefully back to myself and what I have always known through my intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayerful Destiny

Scooting around edges of destiny, finding things we
haven't gotten around to doing or finishing.
Yet, we become satisfied with who we are as human
beings and curiously continue asking questions of
God and heaven's saints.
Qualifying memories with cognitive abstractions,
praying we've been doing the right thing all along.

(11: 26 a.m. - 9/11/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayerful Dignity

Rising and falling into life's rhythms, enlivening spirits
of interior talent with a spiritual fervor.

Rivals of earthly priority, scan the horizon for omens of
a better time to come.

Even knowing with an intelligence of productive thought
that it will never be perfect.

Faith and hope keep up with prayerful dignity as life
blooms into eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayerful Dreams

Life's dreams become prayers in every day routines.
Standing, watching, deciding how much effort will
go into making them a reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayerful Petals

Bursts of color sprinkled across the lawn of earth, standing prettily, faces turned up, watching passers-by.
Petal tresses arranged neatly in geometric forms around their heads.
Leaf hands held gingerly at their sides, then reaching skyward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayerful Waiting

Waiting for someone to come out of surgery is a very boring, worrisome feat.
Necessary, but mindless and time-consuming for all involved.
Praying, writing, listening to music to pass the time productively and not dwell on worrying so much.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayers Answered

Heavenly signs from above,
showing themselves in
answers to prayers.

Living on in hearts and
souls, meeting God within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayers Being Answered

Saying prayers constantly for those I love and care about,
asking for healing and knowing it will happen.

Totally in a peaceful atmosphere, holding a knowing deeply
within, that my prayers are being answered around the world.

Going about life with the knowledge that God is always per-
forming miracles here on earth.

Knowing that He will give those I love a miracle to let His
light continue to shine throughout the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayers Of Good-Hearted People

Peaceful serenity falling down upon me, draping me in prayers of good-hearted people, living life accordingly.
No thoughts of sorrow touching me right now, God is giving me moments to recharge my heart and soul, bringing me closer to Him here on earth.
Not yet ready to bring me to heaven, but keeping me close beside Him as the gifts He has given me begin to come to fruition.
A lifetime of suffering finally culminating in poetry in praise of Him who made me innately creative.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayers Of Hope

Fervently holding onto life in
hands folded in prayers of hope.
Waiting for expressions to propagate
in gatherings of intense piety.
Listening always for the beauty in
eyes of sunsets.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayers Of Sacrifice

Stillness coming upon me, testing my mettle, feeling my strength as I sit and write about life along with it's trials and suffering.
Plaintive cries sent to other worlds in pious prayers of sacrifice.
Always left unanswered, lives are continually emptied and put on shelves to wither and die, like winter leaves falling from cold, bare branches, left freezing in the cold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prayers Of We The People

Striving to move ahead despite the hardships and turmoil
heaped upon this earth through evil ones.

We honor those who watch over and protect us through the
years, ever vigilant, alert, awakened by tyranny's silence.

Trying to advance and sneak up on us, never lessening, our
Veterans are always on the watch.

Never sleeping on the job, doing their duty, never neglect-
ing to take care of American citizens.

With candlelight, offering up the prayers of We the People
for each of our Soldiers protection.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Praying And Forgiving

Gathering together, praying for one of their own,
as they lifted their voices in praise.
In one accord, everyone was united in love,
forgiving every wrong ever done to them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Praying Daily

Squeezing the life of our interior spirituality,
stress and suffering not able to hurt or damage
it in any way, shape or form.

Praying daily, always preparing each day through
faith and hope, nothing to bar or take it away.

A total belief in God and His presence within,
all through life, even through tears and loss.

Straight and narrowly walking a path that will
lead to heaven where I have always wanted to go.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Praying For A Friend

Praying incessantly for my friend, Tushar who is now on a ventilator and been placed on a roto prone bed to help him recover.

An intense and deliberate attempt by doctors to save his life, responding to this particular prescription, doing much better than expected.

Yet still has a long way to go, hoping for the best and praying, filled with faith as I use imagery combined with prayer to manifest his treatment and cure in the future.

Alas, it was not to be, the plug was pulled by family consent and he is now healed, but not in the way I had expected, for now he's with God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Praying For Hope

Trusting in a doubtful faith, praying that hope will explode and fill me interiorly with it's belief.

So taken aback, filled with grief and remorse, afraid to move forward and out of life's depressive state.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Praying For Our Vets

Praying for all of our soldiers here in the good ol'
U.S.A., wanting them to know how much we appreciate
their service for us all.

Protecting and serving all of America, honoring Vets
with our prayers, sending words of gratefulness out
to all of them

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Praying Monk

Riding down Lincoln Drive, drinking in the beauty
of Phoenix's mountains, running the fingers of my
mind gently across their surface, feelings being
soothed as I do so.
Soulful, pious, majestic, religiously standing
over our city, marking it with desert growth and
animals of God's distinction.
A praying monk kneeling on the edges of a steep
cliff, asking God's forgiveness for the horrible
mess humans have made of his earth.

(9: 33 a.m. - 12/11/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precarious Positions

Silence keeping still in precarious positions, trying not to offend anyone with inaccurate predictions.
Holding onto presuppositions to hasten the departure of inner desires, keeping in tune with hopes of tomorrow and it's home-made ideas.
Always keeping track all the time, as tempos rise and change over time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious And Few Moments

Sincerely holding our love forever in this gentle heart
of mine, loving you passionately throughout this earthly
life.

Precious and few are the moments we have left between us
my love, wanting to spend every one of them with you and
no one else.

Patterns of our lives being fashioned after an unconditional
love that takes us into the future together, light-hearted
and free to be who we are when we make love.

Desires melding, bringing us into realms of each other while
we find our hearts beating in unison breathing as one being
into eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious And Loved

Through this holy night I will be with you,
close by your side.

Precious and loved, we are forever bound to
one another.

The need to be together burns within us, our
desires afire, touching us interiorly.

Our love ablaze as we love and share our beings
throughout this holy night.

An abundance of spiritual graces are enfolding
us within love and it's essence.

We have no past, we have just this moment, no
future, no tomorrows.

We just begin and end in this very moment of
total love.

Being absorbed completely with one another's
hearts held closely forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious And Rare Moments

Remembering the past and all it's freedom, life being so carefree and easy, no one to have to share your body or life with.

An entire world of independence that gave feelings of hope and enlightenment, fulfilling an interior purpose and genuflecting before God.

Thanking Him for these precious and rare moments given to a woman, free to be herself, no man to be there like a dictator abusing her.

Defying the goodness that is found within a woman, heart filled with hope and faith, the world an oasis open to exploration and discovery.

When with a man, being trapped in an emotional hell, losing sight of self and all the hope and dreams of being alone and fulfilled throughout this life.

Is loving a man really worth all the heartache and trouble they put upon you from day one, or would life be more enjoyable without them?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious Anecdote

Lilting music filling minds, energizing majestically and soothingly,
a precious anecdote to help keep calm and serene, all images in life
gathering around.

Awaiting their turns in lives outside of intellect, a rendezvous with
English, grammar and punctuation, being made perfect through innate
talent and wisdom.

Definitions, meanings and words perfectly being matched to interpret
and explain everything simply and easily, even the most difficult of
explanations will be understood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious Are Moments

Life is calling constantly through nature's wonder and
beauty.

Breezes softly whispering, rays of light shining so
holily on grass and trees, shadows dancing and wavering
in illuminated quarters.

Precious are the moments spent contemplating God and His
presence here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious Brilliance

An interior prayer to God, being sent to heaven with an urgent request to heal my friend, knowing him has been a unique experience, one which I don't want to lose.

Wanting to be in each other's life for at least five years or more, working together, talking, laughing, having many happy memories being made and treasured with his family.

A total existence of Divine intervention, keeping our minds on the same wave length, having a bond that extends beyond our life on earth.

A most wonderful and beautiful part of life that I don't want to end this way with him on life support and a roto prone bed.

A life of precious brilliance should not be wasted like this, it needs to be lived and treasured for many years to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious Depths

Closing the door and leaving the world behind,
preferring to come into the universe as a whole.
A darkened tunnel lighting my life and taking me
forward into the precious depths of beautiful
outer space where life exists in many forms that
we have as yet never seen.
So many things being formatted and taken into
being by thoughts, telepathically sensing the
knowledge needed to form whatever can be imagined
in a mind of ingenuity and honest truth in life.

(11: 18 a.m. - 1/15/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious Family Memories

Listening attentively to other voices from past and future talents, sending rhythm my way, through Italian arbors of grapevines.
Talking silently through the years of precious family memories.
Holding them as priceless treasures through the years, gathering dust from disuse.
Formulating every sensuous idea as it careens into my pathway, rolling downhill, stampeding my ego with beautiful mementoes of yesterday and the wonderful family I was born into.
Always hanging onto every conversation through all the rhythmical years of togetherness.
Never folding any memories away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious Feeling

A new-found love coming from within a dream and landing in my heart, sending me dancing within your arms, hearts racing silently in a race that will never end.

Our minds and souls living for one another always, a precious feeling of love that quietly thrills and pleases me unendingly, such a beautiful vision of love that has alighted upon my heart for you alone, my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious Feelings Of Love

Loving rising within, lifting me into the desires of
your being.

Touching heart and mind as it elevates my soul into
the reality of your unconditional love.

Sensing the totality of your desires as they fill my
heart and meet with my own.

Such a precious and cherished feeling, giving me the
key to heaven as I lie alongside you tonight.

Happiness and joy finally a part of my being, never
will be separated in this life here on earth.

So beautifully accepting my love and blending it
with that of your own, spreading it between us forever,
protecting each other throughout eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious Gems

Hearts shine on moonlit evenings, sprinkled with diamond pearls and gems of precious opal.
Waking from dizzying sleep, discovering new attitudes
while breaking ground for new thoughts of morning and
running away with them into a wonderland of twilight dew drops.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious Hold

Carefully controlled, inordinately protective of self and emotions.
Gently holding onto childhood memories of peace and nature along streets of yesterday.
Taking daily walks down memory lane, seeking images of delight and serenity to bring solace to a being ravaged by life and it's exhausting, tiring reality.
Looking off into the distant future, sitting at ocean's shores, listening to sounds of it's life force, feeling it enter and energize my mind, being and soul.
Tasting the salt water, feeling the sand washing over my feet with each frothy wave.
Tidal waves of remorse being torn and washed to sea, giving me a precious hold on life and nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious Life

Prayers being said all through the night for a precious
life, lying in a bed, dying.

Tiny figure of a child lying lifeless, still covered in
the love of his mother as she watches over him.

Tender, delicate feelings, trying not to think of death,
keeping vigil, watching him breathe, feeling his forehead.

Faith pouring everywhere, filling the atmosphere with
hope, taking care to let God be there beside him as we pray.

Knowing God is the only one to save him, yet God gently
touches and takes him to heaven, quietly before us.

No more suffering to endure, except for those he loved,
crying by his bedside, holding his little hands.

Giving every ounce of their love to him in this, his
final moment with them on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious Love

Loving you more and more with every passing moment,
being touched, cuddled and protected by your uncond-
itional and luxurious love, as you hold me closely.

Precious and few are the times in life when we can
find this enticing and wonderful love, watching it
fill me time after time.

Giving such wonderful feelings, making me feel your
positive and tantalizing love, wondering how in the
world this could have happened to me, a mere poet.

Thinking and pondering over it, realizing and knowing
it was totally God bringing us together, there's no
other possibility on this earth or in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious Measures

Succulent and beautiful cacti blossoming in bright red, yellow and orange, taking my sight into their intense and colorful fields of vision.

Returning constantly, finding reasons to take time in realms of another dimension, peeking around corners when no one is looking.

Taking steps to overcome the silence, sprouting about, wanting instead to hear music and it's rhythmic sensations.

Playing incessantly, combining with precious measures of poetry as it continues to be written into poetical journals daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious Memories

Mind racing, reaching for the skies, desire burning
intensely, wishing to be quenched.

Life-times of precious memories focused, floating on
clouds of white, gray, black of impending storms,
unlike any others ever seen.

Winds gusting, blowing continuously, moving, twisting,
sending perfect pictures and images to mind.

Once living on plains of decadence, looking up to see
the magnificent beauty created by nature for all of
us to gaze upon now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious Moments

Tapping feet, listening to an upbeat song - a melody of pure delight as I hear and watch notes being played on a guitar.
Allowable joy penetrates within, giving pleasure in so many ways.
It's so good to be alive and able to talk about it while living in each and every precious moment given to me.
An interior reservoir, holding all the blessings God has given me in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious People

Sacred and blessed are moments of life, giving us precious and loving people to befriend, some family, others strangers until we meet and know them.

A whole world opened to us through our senses, feelings and intellect, wonder and awe filling our minds with the intensity of being and living.

A magic and mysterious presence of humanity, the only explanation being God is ever present in our lives, nothing or no one else could ever be so perfectly loving, caring and good to us.

Being imperfect human beings prone to failure and veering from the path of goodness, knowing what a God of mercy and wonder He is, wishing others could see this also.

It would end evil, poverty, intolerance and prejudice, if only they would stop and look into depths of honesty and truth our world could be so much better than it is.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious Reassurance

Sanding off life, polishing it brightly, letting it
shine forth to light paths for others to follow.

Apologetically timid, shy, wavering in commitment,
only enhances it's glory for God.

Realizing entire lifetimes are caught up in your own
little world causes a realistic fear at times that
one is not worthy of His love.

Reassurance however, falls from heaven, guaranteeing
our preciousness to Him who made us in His image.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious Time, Just You And I

Tapping sounds entering this mind through the night,
silence penetrating this precious time with just you
and I in this vast universe.

No one else able to enter the perfect sphere where
we are now traveling across India, unconditionally
loving, joining hearts in an experience of Divine
choosing.

Nothing to stop or interfere with either of us, for
only God can allow this poetical friendship to go
on continuing.

Traveling to the next level of transcendental nature
and beauty of His creation within our accepting hearts
through the love we have built within from the moment
we met.

In musical poetry, straight from one to the other, now
continuing to grow and be nourished without us conscious-
ly thinking about it here in India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious Times

Unable to sleep, thinking of you only, all the precious times we've had together this past month, not wanting them to end,

Knowing that's only wishful thinking, yet hoping for it anyway, atmosphere filled with the constant caring you have shown to me without fail.

Explaining, relating, communicating and being here for me, you're a wonderful human being, taking everything in stride, always helping and careful, seeing me through it all!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious Treasures

Soaring, falling, crashing like never before, hitting the concrete hard with mind in hand.
Saving it's precious treasures from being spilled all over the ground, yet never letting it go down in another's realm or spectre of land or space.
Conquering death in my mind, using it's presence to fulfill my purpose of life in a book of poetry, explaining how abuse affects your friends and places them in unknown dangers, because of mental and emotional abuse.
Just being with someone who's been abused and takes it out on others close to them - best friends - sisters - are found dying in relentless feelings of another's distress from a lifetime of abuse.
Notwithstanding, a bond - a love - closely and cleverly defined in their friendship from day one.
Resembling one another, being brought together, a strong family link joining them forever in life's journey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precious Vitality

Revelations of an entire lifetime being reciprocated from
within photographic screens and videos of the past, present
and future.

Playing versions of every moment upon the piano and trans-
lating it all into poetry, a fulfilling, delicate and in-
tense way to endure the turmoil and stress of living.

In this temporary world, holding onto it's precious vital-
ity that holds the secret of an unending energy through-
out life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preciously Blending

Senses never being dulled by boredom,
continually picking up perceptions as
they suddenly appear in sight.
Blending preciously with the beauty of
melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preciously Holding Memories

Taking sorrow down lanes of reminiscence, projecting
lasting images onto screens of this mind.

Lending to visions, planting flowers that will soon be
blossoming as traveling past, alone in being, strolling
through longings and desires that have never been ful-
filled.

Burying their tears in crystal cases of beautiful opal and
gold, holding preciously, memories that once went with them
through the ears of growing up and childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preciousness Of Our Beings

Traipsing through parables of life, searching for
the reflection of ourselves in mirrors of innocence
through the years.

Trying to live good lives, staying away from evil,
avoiding temptations that would distract us from
goodness in life.

Finding solace and serenity in a spiritual interior
life, holding onto the preciousness of our beings
while finding our purposes here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precise Feelings

Gardens of strengthening beauty
inundate my spirituality with
a lightness, precisely felt by
my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precise Memories

Scenic views of the Atlantic ocean,
penetrating my mind with it's swelling
waves and beautiful tides, running into
me whenever I think of it back in New Jersey.
Liking everything that I remember about those
days when younger and freer.
Mounting steps in ways of wisdom that are
exacting and full of precise memories kept
close to my heart through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precise Moments

Loneliness of man rests upon human nature through times
of eternity, allowing no bridge for absence.
Talking, touching, eye contact - none of it makes a
difference - except in that precise moment of time when
you are looking for some human contact.
Life takes us by the hand, leading us through pathways
that we must all find our way in.
Nothing but our souls to guide us on daily treks
through our circumferences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Precise Moments Of Actuality

Precise moments of actuality sometimes are a turning point in people's lives, bringing satisfaction, pleasure and fulfillment.

Touching their intellect, bringing them into a cycle of advancement, turning about yesterday's outlooks and attitudes intensely, going into a future dimension.

Proceeding to the next step of enlightenment, special divine graces filling them contemplatively with a new and vibrant take on things needing to be refreshed nowadays.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Predicament Of Palm Trees

Palm trees, alone, forgotten on street corners,
wearing still, their overcoats of winter.

Standing in one hundred degree weather, forlorn,
desolate, waiting hopefully for someone to notice
their predicament.

Then cutting away the brown overcoat so they can
bask in the sunlight wearing only their swimsuits.

Feeling much cooler at last, they can then be happy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Predicting The Future

Satisfying an inner desire, taking time to express it through
flowers and statements of love.

Knowing thoughts, purposeful glances, hints at romance in the
future.

Plans on hold for the time being, waiting for another to find
their way through the devastation of life.

Being careful to listen and never offend, only loving, adoring,
and praising forever.

Showing love from a transcendental plain above that of earthly
love, soothing, tender and beautiful, taking both down melody's
hidden lanes in forests of everyday beauty.

So totally alone in a love of being, together spiritually,
knowing love like at no other time in life, intensely, quiet
and filled with sharing of souls.

Only the two, blending in thoughts poetically, forgetting the
world around them for now, predicting the future for one another through
rhyming interludes and poeming together.

Wonderfully placed romance on pages of future literature,
showing the placid beauty of love through a lasting presence
of eternity on every page written to one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preening And Primping

Two birds perched in a tree, branches bare because winter has not yet left.

Preening and primping, shaking from the cold and rainy atmosphere.

Raindrops falling upon them, washing their feathers and wetting them thoroughly.

Heaven sent, rain water spent on cleaning earth in a much purer atmosphere has also cleansed these two birds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preference

Disregarding conflict and preferences of others,
preferring instead to become what I have in store.

Writing intensely, keeping in time with music's
beats, climbing highest peaks of pitch.

Falling into perfect pitches of tone with no
effort at all.

Listening always, to what I hear within my mind,
as it swings and sways in time with life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preference Of Writing

Living with whatever this world gives each day, not wanting for peace nor pleasure, at times, desires being satisfied.

Even in the worst of times, picking up a pen helps to forget it all in preference to writing them into the universe where they will do the most good, finding stationary places in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preferred Mode Of Relating

Exercising intellect, giving it a workout, now wanting only
to think and write after all the hours spent in talking and
creating designs and intelligent formations of information.

Wanting to quiet that part of my brain where communication
has been carried on way to long as far as I'm concerned.

Writing is a preferred mode of relating to the world around
me, speaking and talking is unfamiliar and I don't really
like doing it too often.

Always touching upon intellect in a quiet silence that suits
me just fine in my little life as a poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preferring An Open Uncluttered Mind

Remembering with joy, past good times, yet a bittersweet
curtain is upon them, because those whom I have loved
have gone beyond me in this life.

Arranging each memory in chronological order automatic-
ally, wanting everything to always stay organized in order
to keep my mind open.

Absorbing everything around me to be used later in writing
poetry, once written it goes out to the universe leaving
my mind open at once.

Leaving intellect to continue creating without interference,
a wonderful way to live life also, not allowing any regrets
to mar my way to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preferring Deserts Empty Sounds

Riding up and down, leaving the town behind,
preferring the empty sounds of the desert.
Wonderful ideas being formed and shaped into
numerous figures resembling desert natures
hiding secludingly in corners of the cacti
growing there.
Silent silence capturing the fullness of a
desert after the rain has poured over it,
nourishing everything in it's pathway.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preferring Excitement

Living on edges of an earthly life, taking chances every day, wanting to have more excitement in life.

Not liking dull routines, preferring to have lively rhythms flowing through my mind.

Loving happy positive attitudes flowing through intellect, giving an energy that cannot be found anywhere else in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preferring Fast Upbeat Music

Rocking to music of Springsteen, tired of listening to
old-time music from when I was born, seniors here are
all older than I am.

In their seventies, eighties and nineties, all dancing
up a storm, yet to much slower music, I prefer upbeat
faster rapid beats.

Taking up the slack by listening to my type of music,
to write and enjoy self thoroughly, glory days still
here within my being.

Never leaving it behind for I cannot live without it, so
beautiful and enticing, loving it totally as it energizes
and takes me soaring into it's rhythms.

Playfully teasing me through beats being played, chords
flowing through measures of time being kept rhythmically
and steadily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preferring Honesty

Listening to people, watching their faces, looking
into their eyes, seeing truth or lies touching my
mind, instantaneously.

This mind accepting or rejecting what is being said
to me, not liking illusions, seeing right through
them, turning from them always.

Preferring honesty from everyone I meet, having many
friends that are above board whom I can trust totally,
not wanting to be lied to either.

It disrupts my sense of values and I don't like to be
associated with people that can never tell the truth,
never able to know where they stand on anything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preferring Invisibility

Hiding within, letting no one know who I am,
preferring to be invisible for a lifetime.
Soundless fears try to awaken me, and I don't
even respond to their calls.

Quietly, I sit in morose loneliness, alone
with my thoughts and insinuating myself into
abysses of yesterday.

Never wanting to be met, retreating from those
who want to be friends.

Knowing only that I don't want to be taken and
abused ever again, by someone pretending to be
nice, then running over me with an emotional semi.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preferring Music

Recognizing rhythm's in every day activities,
getting close to them and keeping them always
open and playing in my mind and environment.

Sololy preferring music to human conversations -
just sitting with someone else while melodies
are playing is more than enough for me to endure.

Sacred emotions flee into pathways of rhythm as
I think about them in quiet moments of deliberate
silence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preferring Solitary Time

Trying hard to be alone and write, people keep coming
up to me wanting to talk.
Preferring solitude, being polite, making small talk
and then getting right back to being alone, free
of interruption.
Solitary time is most pleasing, because my mind takes
me on journeys into wave lengths being met for the
first time and surfed into depths unheard of as yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preferring To Daydream

Evening coming upon me, tired, bored with everyday things
that concentrate instantly in the darkness, preferring to
daydream of other things bringing happiness and joy into
my mind.

Listlessly holding onto the daylight, looking over my op-
tions, seeing the logic and incessant tempting desires
coming into my mind and intellect.

Nothing able to break into my mind, nothing to be stolen
in the dark, just solitary moments of myself with self-
realizations, helping life to become more fulfilled than
it was before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preferring To Not Be Known

Curtains being draped over this mind, hiding and
keeping me obscure.

Not letting the world know who I am, preferring
to not be known.

Otherwise I will never have any more peace through-
out this world, no peace would I have again.

Loving the fact that my life is a solo journey that
only I can make.

Sojourn at times, yet happy at the wonder and peace
that fill me constantly and incessantly.

Having such a good time just writing and looking into
the atmospheres of other dimensions and universes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preferring To Trust Ourselves

Living life fully only to die in the end, never knowing how long
we have on this earth, doing whatever we must to make it last as
long as we can.

Wanting to have love, caring and compassion from family and
friends, giving our love and hearts in return, learning through
life to trust others.

At times being abandoned and losing it, having to start over
again or give up on ever trusting anyone ever again, because
the pain is too much for us to handle.

Preferring to rely and trust ourselves only throughout the
rest of life, a sad and forlorn way to live, but it's
the only way we really have of protecting ourselves from
being hurt by others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pre-Lived Ideas

Sentimentally flourishing within memories,
reliving imaginatively, their heart-felt joy.

Sending messages through past images of love
and family togetherness.

Signing future ideas from pre-lived years,
gathering them into folds of literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Premature Dignity

Woodenly bursting at the sight of beauty,
watching it closely, knowing soon it will die.

Suffocating the center of breath with the
powder of nightfall, covering all minds with
tainted dust of yesterday.

Sideways, slipping in between sheets of
bygone days, hoping and praying for respite
from the rain of stormy suffering.

Altogether, the most poignant observations
ever made have faded dimly in our modern sight.

Falling below the premature dignity of another's
calling, we slowly walk away, shoulders drooping.

Beauty woodenly meeting our eyesight, knowing it
will die tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preparations

Leaves shaking in the wind, crunching their way through minds, scurrying memories like leaves being kicked by passing feet.

Walking along, picking up colored ones, sightful to the inner eye, allotting time to begin again in winter's slalom, racing downhill in hurried thought.

Glancing at the scenery, memorizing the way back up in the future.

Paths are heavily laden with snowdrifts blocking the way, icy winds are blowing, freezing memories across pathways, causing slips and falls.

Being bruised and hampered, limply faltering to the side, ready to lie down and become the driftwood soaking in the cold snow, finally making preparations to close the too oft open windows of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prepared To Continue

Still and silent, beating rhythms systematically,
realistically coming together within.

Melodies as tones and notes pour from your soul,
life being what it is on any given day.

Always prepared to continue down pathways of an
everlasting piety we live our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preparing An Interior Life

Delving deeply into the basis of intellectual thought, watching it transcend life itself at times, waking and keeping this mind alert and always absorbing everything.

Silent and special graces traveling ever faster into depths of an interior life through spirituality and serenity, giving experiences of energy and expectations a chance to perceive.

Explaining what is hidden beyond the existence of life itself, many moments are given to thoughts and ideas, concepts being derived from them, enabling intellect to take in their designs and motions.

Creating and then developing patterns to work from the inside out and upside down, preparing the beauty of an interior life for a spiritual awakening that persists throughout this entire life and beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preparing For Our Final Journey

Going forever, walking many miles through life, being led to God innately, keeping satan far away, having morals, ethics, values, love and compassion for everyone around us.

Bringing peace into our surroundings totally without malice ever entering our lives again, preparing our hearts, minds, souls for our final journeys to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preparing For The Journey

Taking wrong turns at every corner, hoping to find the right direction one day and become the star I know I have always been in life.

Hungry for the limelight at times, yet preferring the shadows to hide me from that soon to be celebrity status.

Forming and preparing every particle for the journey that I will be taking down this least trodden pathway of life today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preparing Intellect

Following trails into lonely forests, going into meadows
of clarified thoughts.

Finding the anticipation of an enticing motivation, ever
and always preparing intellect.

Giving the energy of another aspect of interior realms,
seen now in the farthest corners of a darkened image.

Unfolding and opening like a blossom into the glory of
the Divine, openly.

Allowing intellect to pick up on every aspect as it is
being brought forth and elicited into the atmosphere.

Another brilliant propensity of curiosity's knowledge,
overtly containing beauty of our future's humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preparing Ourselves

Rising every morning, eyes opening, minds awakening,
we know not the reasons why, we just keep doing it
silently and automatically.

With the breaking of each and every day, we find a
new light is shining, there are things we must do
and learn.

A challenging life, always at hand, yet some cannot
handle it and fall by the wayside, alone and feeling
forsaken.

When all they had to do was look into their souls to
find the answer, that's why an interior life is so
important to all of humanity.

We must all find and develop our souls in this way,
preparing ourselves to live life to the fullest,
given energy and being ready at a moments notice for
death to take us from this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preponderance Of Suffering

Crying incessantly into the atmosphere, not caring if anyone sees, living in abject loneliness even though people are all around.

Just wondering and questioning the preponderance of suffering in this life, understanding nothing, only wanting to be a part of something else in this world, not just intense loneliness.

Being silent throughout the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pre-Requisite To World Peace

Reaching out to the world through poetry, hoping to
make friends with people of other countries and cultures,
wanting to learn what others do and what they believe in.

Communicating our differences, I believe is the key to
understanding one another.

So much hatred and prejudice is based on misunderstanding,
causing people all over the world to be persecuted.

So what if another doesn't believe as I do, what does it
really matter if we can agree to disagree and become
friends anyway.

Is there anything wrong with doing that? Nothing that I
can see.

Always continuing to write poetry, allowing the world to
know how I think and believe, becoming friends.

A beautiful way to reach out to each other, a necessary
pre-requisite to world peace one day, I believe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prescriptions Of Holiness

Wavering like rays of hot sun shining brightly in spaces
of openness, precious and enlightening equality becoming
an expression of life.

Through tranquility with moments of quiet interpretation
and silence, taking strides in and out of contemplation,
preparing for an ending of life ahead of time.

Making sure that there are no mistakes that need to be
mended or made right, clearly a prescription of holiness
that's trying to be attended to before it's too late.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Presence

Deepest of hearts, crying softly, pleadingly towards heaven,
wishing to leave this world, hoping to fall asleep and awaken
on the other side, peacefully in heaven's garden.

Waylaid no more by idle pastimes or remorse, immersed totally
in the presence of our Lord, no longer wasting away in a mortal
body's shell, powerless to do God's will.

Inner sanctuary, blossoming forth, allowing the life of being,
to shower forth under His holy guidance and peacefulness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Presence Of Cancer

Quietly reticent, unfamiliar with a sense of relief,
trying to penetrate the barrier of despair always in
existence.
Stating facts of cancer's presence, calculating the
excision of it from my head.
All facets have been described and dealt with for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Presence Of Mind

Saving myself from a danger of dying, by writing and
keeping my music playing constantly.

Having the presence of mind to think through everything,
no matter what happens to pop up in my mind.

Explaining, expressing, placing all thoughts on paper
where I can see and read what it is I am thinking so
deeply about.

Peacefully acknowledging everything in it's place as I
go about my business of writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Presence Of Thought

Signaling for attention, racing along roads towards imagination's avenues of mystery and mystic proportions.
Climbing aboard trains bound for poetical lyrics, grasping meanings and definitions of human nature as I continually write of thought and it's presence in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Present Happiness

Bubbling, frothy water rapidly flowing down river into
the ocean farther down the line.

Capturing everything not anchored, giving it all the
freedom to roam and explore the little world above
and below the rapids.

Stirring it all into a beautiful landscape that people
want to be a part of as they climb into river rafts and
go down stream with the water pulling and pushing them
along.

Adventure, excitement and beautiful visions of nature
to be captured on film and digital cameras, nothing like
the personal pictures each person takes.

All being meaningful to their minds and placed when
developed or printed into photo albums or in a frame to
be hung upon the walls of homes.

All picturesque memories of moments where happiness was
present through all the excitement of good times had.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Present Moments

Soothing, caressing melodies flirt with my mind,
easing stress and grief slowly from within, taking
problems with it.

Gentle, kindly voice, strutting it's way down lanes
of memories, touching our hearts with serene
satisfaction as we wend our way through life's
present moments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Present Of Life

Packages of renewal standing on steps for future use.
Wrapped prettily - ribbons and bows - tied in lace.
Ready to open - be prepared - life doesn't stand still and wait.
We have to reach out and pull it close, unwrap it in our own
time - setting it before us, ready to live.
Don't put it on display, because that is certain death.
Walk on, gathering as you grow, making an entire life-time
presentable, but not for show.
Wear it in at the corners, flatten it here and there,
use it before losing it to death's hideous stare.
Fall, stumble, bruise it - but be sure to use it to the
fullest measure - for then you will find life's greatest
treasure right inside the person you've become.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preservation Of Life

Splendor twinkling all across interior universes,
taking hold of inner spirits, bringing serenity
into intellect.

There it's preserved through a super-natural energy,
given out in tremendous amounts to those who know
how to access it.

Throughout the years of their lives, holy and sacred,
prepared for those who are opened to preservation of
life and it's beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preserving Meanings

Moving me beyond the seat I'm sitting on, traveling to rhythms.

Taking my mind and it's intellect into depths of reality, soothing the past through bittersweet memories.

Tactfully assembling ideas into abstract lines of thought, preserving the meanings in titled books of poetry.

Never losing sight of the innocent renderings of childhood or the coming years as a senior.

A proclivity of theories inspired by an innate gift from God.

Spreading so much enrichment through poetry and to the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preserving My Life

Embracing every moment of life, knowing that I haven't too many more, each one being more precious than the one before.

Like teardrops, each one holding the treasures of love once had and are no more, memories touching my mind like jewels.

Preserving my life in a picturesque beauty all my own, able to rummage through their images any time I want to, seeing the experiences that I've already lived through.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preserving Our Freedom

Recalling another election when I was a child of twelve, my
Dad working for Barry Goldwater, all six of us girls at the
time volunteering, stuffing envelopes, helping any way we could.

Enjoying being in this political atmosphere immensely, leav-
ing an everlasting impression in the mind of this young child,
today here I sit, listening to other politicians.

Absorbing their ideas, what they're saying to this generation,
everyone trying to preserve our freedom, Constitution and the
American Dream here in the U.S.A., except for our politicians.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preserving Thought

Gathered into piles of thought, music blares and
marches in, arriving with flares of ambiguity.
Talented prose springs to life as it waltzs
throughout an afternoon, delighting everyone who
comes and sits - listening to beauty penetrating
a day in the life of eternity.
All being spent today with pleasant memories held
closely and chosen to take home.
Forever spending time with solemn thoughts,
preserving them for a future in heaven's abode.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pressed Between Pages

Articulating a lifetime in poetry, tying every moment to
the one before it, culminating in life's story and told
poetically through music's rhythm.

Matching it's sounds and tones to inner feelings and emo-
tions, continually being aroused within depths of innate
talent.

Flowing inwardly, never backing up, taking experiences
from the past and bringing them forward, meaning and pur-
pose emanating from their essence.

Melodies tracing themselves through harmonies, touching
heart and soul faithfully, in silent depths of knowing,
reality finds a space.

Within the imagination of intellect soaring into atmos-
pheres of another dimension, always on the move, gather-
ing knowledge and wisdom to press between pages of my
poetry, like a flower I want to keep forever in my poss-
ession.

Yet like the flower in time, all will crumple and be-
come the dust of my being, lying in a grave with me, no
more life or spirit left for I will have gone to heaven
without you, my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pressing Ambiguity

Stressing expressions on a faraway island,
blending after-effects with noble thoughts.
Selecting a few ideas, pressing the
ambiguity of life into a few sentences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pressing Noses Against Our Souls

Sunshine and cloudy days surround us through the years,
rain and snow falling upon earth paying no heed to what
we want or don't need.

Supplicating our presence we find the beauty of seasons
playing their parts equally well on earth, pressing their
noses up against our souls.

Giving up an interior pleasure that fills photographic
screens and can be replayed over and over again whenever
we want to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pressue Of The Past

My soul cries from depths of being, calling for some
achievement, an easing of tension within.

So intensely, so deeply feelings of abandonment feed
me, knowledge of it's ignorance forces me to retire
from the light of day and wander the darkness alone.

Tormented, stretched beyond endurance, wanting to
let go entirely of the flaccid hold life has
to me.

Heaven beckons, the way seems clear, yet something
holds the very within of my soul.

Searching enduring thoughts cannot fathom the
predicament of this mind, life is not here even
though it is being lived.

Wandering outfields, straying farther and farther
into a land of oblivious desire.

Letting the past slip through my mind's fingers so
I may at once find the peace my soul seems to endorse
in measure beyond my feeble control.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pressure And Meaning

Searching for meaning on a moonlit night,
gathering wooly thoughts in sleepy attire.

Pressing for answers during nightmarish
dreams, waking suddenly, finding no comfort
in words or rhyming.

Diligently pretending that sleep will befall
again very soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pressure Of Man-Made Schedules

Volumes of pressure from all directions, pushing us down
from all the stress of hurried and harried schedules that
are only man-made and quite unnecessary when closely looked
at.

No time for peaceful interludes is ever scheduled for our
interior lives, they have been excluded from most people's
calendars.

Often suffering from depression, sorrow and loss because
of this reason, a simple solution is to just schedule time
to spend alone with nature and our interior selves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pressure Of Others

Languishing under pressure of others, no longer holding on to it, releasing it all, becoming their own person once again.
Leaving past occurrences where they belong, taking steps to proceed on their own, down avenues chosen just for them, as they succeed without any interference along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pressure Of Racism

Pressure of racism flows from mouths of those who proclaim to be politically correct and who are in fact, just the opposite.

They are found to be most often, the bigots and racists filled with hatred, anger and jealousy.

A relationship between all people should be looked at as equals and not by color or nationality at all.

Maybe then this imbalance of all people will straighten itself out, and rightly so.

This hatred for all mankind needs to be ended and the only way to do this is to realize we are all equal in the eyes of God.

It is our human failure alone that purports this war of racism here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pressures Of Loss

Wind flowing silently in the quiet of an ebony darkness, touching hearts with pity, striking fear into some who are trying to hide their sorrow, sadness, loneliness and abandonment from others.

Pressures of loss infiltrating the atmosphere where they can be felt emotionally through the music of certain instruments, strumming, beating, caressing, blowing incessantly with wind flowing quietly into an ebony sadness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pressures Of Solo Journeys

Losing someone projects you into a loneliness all
your own.
Hanging onto syllables, hoping to clarify through
writing, the pressures of solo journeys.
Pretending to be alright as hearts are ripped,
torn, and never again repaired.
Singed with fires of love as death embraces loved
ones, taking them to farthest shores and over ocean
ebb tides.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pressures Of The Past

My soul cries from depths of my being, calling for some
achievement - an easing of tension within.
So intensely, so deeply, feelings of abandonment feed me.
Knowledge of it's ignorance forces me to retire from the light
of day and wander in darkness alone.
Tormented, stretched beyond endurance, wanting to let go entirely,
of the flaccid hold life has given to me.
Heaven beckons, the way seems clear, and yet something holds the
very within of my soul.
Searching enduring thoughts cannot fathom the predicament of this
mind.
Life is not here even though it is being lived.
Wandering outfields, straying farther and farther into a land of
oblivious desire.
Letting the past slip through my mind's fingers so I may at once
find the peace my soul seems to endorse in measure beyond my
feeble control.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pressuring Thoughts

Struggling along, veering away from reality for
moments at a time, interiorly enticing beautiful
imaginative creativeness to come forth.
Emitting sonorous fragments with decisiveness and
fortitude.
Pressuring thoughts in idle reprieves, to promote
everlasting solitude, from earthly shores of
tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Presupposition

Staring out into landscapes from a hospital room,
noticing mountains in the distance.

Standing regally in their stances, beckoning to
come climb them and see what they are hiding upon
their rocky sides.

Jets taking off, going up into the skies at angles
to earth, looking beautiful in their stark little
airy worlds.

Clouds being layered in currents, soon to be leading
into storms, pouring rain and cooling down earth.

Misty-colored air touching gently with a presupposition
to life's other side.

Another sign of what can be seen when going within
to learn something more than what is now known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pretending To Be

Talking with the pool players, laughing, smiling,
pretending to be alive and well.
Inside, I have already died, left without a word
and no one can even tell the difference.
Only a shell is present, no feelings felt, no
interest in anything about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pretending To Be People

Do you realize that out of six billion people in the world
only one hundred fifty one million are atheists?

There are two billion Christians in the world, so you see
God is not dead, He is at the center of our world.

Other religions make up the remainder of the six billion
who all believe in God also.

Doesn't that just boggle your mind when you think of isis,
radical muslims with their pedophile prophets that they
follow, trying to make Christians and others follow them?

Why? They are a disgrace to all of humanity! Unbelievable
that a handful of pedophiles, rapists, murderers are trying
to turn people against God.

What do they think they are, who has come up with such an
asinine thought, I wonder.

Perverted individuals, nothing much to give to society,
except perversion, and hatred of good people.

It shows how much of a sinner they themselves are, going
against God.

Perpetrating this perversion needs to be stopped, everyone
has to step up and defeat these abhorrent people who pretend
to be human like the rest of us, when they are not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pretension

Tables scattered haphazardly around the room,
awaiting visitors of deceptive moods.
Pining away with explicit sarcasm, amounting to nothing,
pretending to be pillars of the community.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Previous Memories

Riding expressively into sunsets of unlimited beauty,
watching landscapes of previous memories pass slowly
by.
Sensing fragrances of those who have died, holding
their memories so close that my heart aches, tears
fill my eyes, my soul reaches ever gently out for
them.
Knowing only that one day we'll be together again
stills my mind temporarily - until next time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Preying Evil

There are many facets to many lives, decadent,
removing, retired inside.

Maniac lords doing what they will - no one
gets a choice except themselves.

Without any essence of being, their inherent
natures are evil.

Preying upon undeveloped bodies and minds,
their pregnant lustful desires.

Craven, departed, sick mentally for all time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Priceless Children

Priceless generations of children are born to unwed
parents, predicting their futures to the world.
Used as pawns in games of deceit, lies from mothers
mouths tell the story of their actual abuse.
Little babies being hit and abused for what comes
natural - putting their fingers in their mouths.
Why? Because mothers are only children themselves,
with no instincts of motherhood as yet - they are
much too young.
Give fathers their rightful duties - they are far
better equipped to raise their children with love
and gently disposed discipline.
No time for abuse, because they are enjoying their
times with little ones they've helped to create.
Children's futures lie in the hands of their fathers,
little lives growing with respect, dignity and self-
esteem.
That's what's missing in so many children's lives -
yet courts continue giving custody to unfit mothers
who have themselves experienced no love from a father.
Look at our world with honest eyes and you can see
that the results of fatherless homes are gangs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Priceless Feelings

Touching interiorly, a vibrant sensation causing desires
to be manifested, rising ever higher within each poem,
living in experiences of another sphere and dimension
once music begins to play.

Mind dancing to absolute rhythms as they beckon to inner
intellect, bringing about priceless feelings of joy and
happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Priceless Gift

Chasing dreams through the night, fulfilling daytime desires with fervor.

Absent visions during the day, appearing in vivid picturesque images in every dream coming into focus.

Beautiful scenes, setting and rising suns beginning and ending with the love of another person, giving the priceless gift of unconditional love and compassionate caring.

Sending a mind into another atmosphere, far from this earthly one.

Behind the screens of photographic solitude, taking me on many journeys throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Priceless Life

Melodies rolling, rocking throughout this priceless life of poetical creativity, splendid and magical, keeping an inner energy from dissipating in life.

Tirelessly being inspired every moment as life lifts spirits through it's profound and intellectual music forever, justifying the healing of musical rhythms.

Easing the pain of a lifetime, a necessity that was found early in life and has never been lost throughout the years of aging.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Priceless Pearls Of Love

Walking through rows of tears, feeling their saddened presence in my life.

Watching them with a grief-filled heart, in and out of bittersweet memories always with me.

Glimmering and glittering like diamonds, priceless clear pearls of love.

All of them have fallen from the oyster shell of my heart filled with love for you only.

Rhythms of precious melodies being held gently within every moment of loneliness.

Walking into a mystery of lonesome whispers falling from your now silent lips, bringing only tears of sadness.

Words have all been taken away, now only the faint and fading vibrations of your once upon a life fill me.

An unfulfilled feeling of abandonment is all that's left, this heart searching endlessly for what it will never again find in life, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Priceless Sense

Mind walking through intellect holding onto your hand,
finding there's nothing else in this world as beautiful
as the feelings we have for one another.

Being blessed beyond compare from above, sharing a life
of goodness, purity and innocence that can never be
taken away from either of us.

Lucky to have one another's love dwelling so deeply and
intensely within for each other, pleasure abounding in
our lives.

Composing our eternity as we continue to walk together
in the peace and serenity of who we are, always feeling
joy within us.

A complete and total energy continuing to fill us,
reaching our souls, spirits soaring, taking us into
heavenly abodes with a priceless sense of loving tender-
ness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Priceless Thoughts

Wonderment at scores of people's lives,
screens across my mind,
scraping particles into everything I write.
Listening quaintly to priceless thoughts,
lingering from youth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Priceless Treasures

Painting pictures within my mind, splendid portraits
on canvas, existing and being within me.
Traces are non-existent, no one can tie themselves to
what I have created interiorly.
It is all mine to do with what I will.
Priceless treasures lie within and no one is the wiser,
as I play imaginatively whenever I want to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Priceless Worth

Changes in life alter the way we look at things in the long
run.

Traveling after the good life, at times we get bogged down
by the materialistic world of fake riches, knowing within
that family and friends are the real treasures of our world.

Nothing can compare to their worth as they are priceless and
cannot be bought by anyone, no matter how much money they may
have.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prickly Flowers

Beauty of our Arizona desert touches my sight whenever
I look out across it's vast emptiness.

Yet, if you look closely, you will see it's beauty in
all directions.

Saguaros standing tall, protecting everything living
in this hot and arid environment.

Everywhere you look it is stark and brightly colored
in a picture perfect reality, with cacti blooming.

Blossoms all over them, in many different hues and
colors, an amazing variety of them.

A garden of prickly flowers everywhere, a quiet and
still, very peaceful place to live and roam throughout
it's tenuous landscape.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prickly Thoughts

Pointed remarks of desert cacti fill my mind with
their exquisite searing touch, as I watch them
look back at me in wonder.
Ability to walk, talk, think as I live and breathe,
is unfathomable in their prickly thoughts of nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pride

Taking pride in who i am at times is nice.
Making me feel that somehow I am alright
inside.
Times are few and far between, so I'll
enjoy these feelings while I can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Priestly Prayer

Melodies are being played and heard
at distances of safety and quiet peace.

Holding together, foundations of eternal
life while we are still pursuing present
ambitions on earth.

Sensations of liberty and freedom possess
us from our beginnings, guiding us to
lights of knowledge, earthly and quaint.

Portraying popular visitation of a
merciful prayer from the lips of a priest,
as he stands before us, leading everyone
into God's presence today on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Primary Doctor

Infinitely finding problems in the daily grind of this life,
medical assistants failing to do their jobs, many times over.

Loving the doctor, he's very good, knows what he's doing,
it's a shame that his staff is so horribly unqualified to do
what he needs done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Printed Blossoms Of Poems

Arms holding memories in tender hugs, loving them safely in moments of timeless endeavors.

Printed blossoms of poems decorating insides of intellect, reflecting onto mirrors of photographic screens.

Holding dreams forever in tight-fisted thoughts, allowing themselves to be held in gentle moonlight, hoping to never lose them in wayward escapades of life.

They waft in smoke-filled hazes, tangling mazes of all that is seen in juxtapositional patterns.

They fall separately onto horizons we cannot always see, while standing on shores of this horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Printed Word

People have learned many things from others, written
down in books so men may read and learn more.

There are so few people who have not learned a thing,
but have done the teaching themselves.

Beginning from brand new ideas never thought of before,
exploring those and creating more.

These are the books written first, all others are just
imitations, copies of wisdom.

They could never begin to understand the creation of
a printed word brought forth from within an unprejudiced
mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prior Evenings

Stillness of prior evenings fill my mind
with tender feelings of solemnity and peace.

Throughout he day, touching my soul, giving
me strength to participate in life in a
major way.

Delicately savoring freshness and crispness
of novel thoughts, actions, words in
activities of the day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Priority Of Finding Solutions

Respecting others is tantamount to communication and
treating others as they should be treated.

Dreaming of a world filled with peace, yet seeing
the obnoxious behavior that some people have with
others.

Looking down on them because of their color, racists
to their core.

Getting rid of prejudice, racism and jealousy should
be a priority in the finding of solutions for world
peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prisms Exploding

Silently sitting, writing, filling pages poetically,
straight through an inner waterfall of intuition and
beauty.

A substantial and wonderful array of colors, prisms
exploding everywhere in ideas where concepts are com-
pletely full and explicitly clear.

Framing every photographic picture in the present,
past or future, loving to experiment throughout each
discovery and process of reality and imagination.

Realizing, touching upon inspiration and natural beauty
as I write, somnolent thoughts being carried on beds of
roses into intellect.

There aromas fitting my mind with fresh new formulas,
taken into consideration while writing automatically of
what comes to mind in an instant.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prisms Of Etudes

Touching interiorly, signs from God, using innate gifts, colorful and met in prisms of musical etudes, being composed as I walk along edges of tomorrow, alone and forlorn.

Being tempered with suffering and a sacred grief, held in check by sounds of ancient music, stationing itself deeply within - resting peacefully in depths of a holy loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prisms Of Light

Deepening depths of feelings,
being touched with pangs of love,
felt tremulously with reverence.

Hiding from sympathy, pointedly
choosing arrows of sanctity -
giving heartfelt musings in many
colored images.

Caught in prisms of light, showing
the way through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prison Cells

Moving into patterns and designs of life's compositions,
traveling joyously, not leaving beauty behind to fend
for itself.

Always portraying it's essence into poetry written, never
leaving anything to chance, being alive in every moment,
living in the poetry I write.

Feeling the emotions tensing within, waiting to be written
out so they can be eased and freed from the prison cells of
this mind.

Creating the measures of all that comes between me and this
pen, rhythms fall constantly, giving meanings to every
thought I will ever have.

Beautiful atmospheres opening up into dimensions of eternity,
running and jumping right over the waterfalls of intellect,
imagining everything in silence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prison Of Another's Choosing

Despair layered on top of itself for years, a grief now hidden behind laughter and a sweet disposition from childhood.

Reaching out, never grasping her future with an innate talent and gifts, a mind rich in ideas with no way to let them out for fear of both failure and success.

A double-edged sword to her fragile being, holding her hostage within, not realizing it's herself that's crushing her own spirit and self-worth now.

Wanting to give her a hug, but she will not allow it, yet knowing she's in the same place that others are in, afraid to touch or feel all the pain of a lifetime.

Is there any help for any of these women, or will they all remain in a prison of another's choosing to the ends of their lives on earth?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prisoner Of Love, And Yet...

There's nothing you can teach me about loving you,
or so I think at times.

Then you surprise and confuse me with new ways of
tantalizing and enticing my heart, mind and body.

Totally wanting to be only with you, can never get
away, you have persisted and now I will not let you
let me go.

Such a captivating freedom you have set within me,
intriguing and making me your prisoner of love, yet
at the same time you are totally freeing me from life.

Your unconditional love, holding the key to my liberty
and complete freedom, wanting to only be with you for
eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prisoner Of Sorrow

Feeling tears of sorrow beginning to fall into and out of
my heart.

Not able to stop their flow, they continue to fill my soul
with their intense grief.

Wallowing daily in sorrow's oceans, unable to come up for
air.

An unaccessible entrance for any others, yet my mind keeps
the doors opened on ending sunsets as I walk forward.

Knowing I will soon be beckoned and will never return to
shores of earth again.

A sorrow holding me prisoner, knowing that my family will
be suffering as I disappear from sight forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prisoners

Watching fish swimming back and forth in their limited environment, living life as best they can, being fed and cared for, yet prisoners just the same.

In a tank of water, unable to travel their natural habitats, no longer free to do what they please, for they are only exhibits for we humans to stop and watch for a while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prisoners Of Human Frailty

All of us are prisoners of this earthly life, held within
the confines of our human frailty, subjected to many as-
pects of reality.

We try to live our lives according to God's Commandments,
at times finding it difficult to do, yet continuing to
struggle through them all.

Having hope that things will eventually turn around and
bring us in the end to our eternal salvation above in
heaven with God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pristine Puzzle Pieces

Writing, watching words flow onto pages as rhythms
continue to be played and listened to.

Mind running away with so many thoughts, grasping
ideas and abstract concepts as it goes soaring
through the sky.

Lasting impressions falling incessantly from photo-
graphic screens, to be written into poetry for future
generations, ordinary things and situations falling
onto pages of untold truths and it's aspects.

Portraying life in pristine picture puzzle pieces
throughout the years, focusing totally and intensely
on the beauty, sorrow, injustice and evil enfolding
our world today.

Tracing patterns of sunlight into shadows of tomorrow's
destiny, fate playing it's part handsomely throughout
this entire life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Privacy

Closing doors on a continual basis,
keeping some things in private where
they belong.
Knowing they will always be available
at the turn of a doorknob inside my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Privacy Of Interior Spirits

Taking steps, one at a time, being blessed just by
the fact that they are human.

A fantastic and symbolic feat of pure innocence as
time takes everything into a purpose of intention.

Such a pensive mood developing, being created, en-
livened through intensity of an all-pervading rhythm.

Lasting and energetic, stepping back into tunnels of
time, never to be forgotten, only remembered.

In tomorrow's dreams of the future, solemn, tantalizing
as they unfold in the privacy of interior spirits.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Privacy Of Leaves

Leaves turned colors in autumn and are still somehow
gently holding on to branches gingerly, not ready to
succumb to winter's embrace.
Birds gladly hopping from one limb to another, enjoying
the privacy behind leaves of life for yet a while longer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Privacy Of My Soul

Saturated in the privacy of my soul, walking about,
feeling peace soothing me from within.

There is nothing worth losing this peace for, not
loss, grief nor failure, it all has it's place, but
cannot ever replace the peace of God within.

Deep inside is where He dwells, so always focus on
the light of His power and perfection, perhaps it
will lead one to the pathway of truth.

Finding wisdom and innate knowledge in time that
will give you the strength and hope to live your
life the way it was meant to be lived.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Private Airport

Airplanes sitting down among trees alongside of houses where very little air can get beneath their wings.
Wanting to take off and fly around the heavens, they can only sit and dream, unless someone comes to get them and starts them with a key.
Being dependent on humans for gas, water and a revved up motor, to hop into the air and take flight to who knows where.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Private Contemplation

Wrecking quiet peace with intentions of
getting people to listen attentively.
Experiencing the privacy of contemplation
and being elated with the intense serenity
it creates.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Private Conversations

Wasting time, sitting around, talking, comforting one another for now.
Covering ground while together, gathering words and sincere thoughts to savor later on today when home alone.
Conversations serving their purpose in our lifetimes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Private Domain

Swaying closely together, no space in between us.
Wanting to stay together, never leaving one
another's side.

Joyfully encouraging one another with love and
respect, never stepping aside - never permitting
anyone to enter our own private domain.

No outsiders ever allowed entrance into our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Private Interior Spiritual Life

Wandering through deserts of this mind, finding it's vast
atmosphere delightfully fulfilling, an interior spiritual
life kept private and sacred throughout this poetical life.

Ripping open every experience like a gift, enjoying and
having a good time defining their meanings, terrific ex-
pectations coming to the forefront in writing.

Galloping steadily into every crack and crevice of life,
wanting to know and learn everything, never leaving any
stone unturned, literally or figuratively.

Wanting to quench this insatiable curiosity, loving to
question every little thing, excited when finding out
answers I was hoping for all along.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Private Intuition

Slithering through rhythms and images, feeling their
textures touching interior depths of emotion.

Cavorting merrily in visions as they open up to con-
templation, finding the arrival of new concepts.

Tripping along in tripods of sensuousness, revelations
rising between rhythms and notes of compassion.

Teasing interior senses with an enlightened atmosphere
and a private intuition of what's to begin again in
measures of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Private Little Keepsakes

Life is filled with enticing excitement and fulfillment
if we just go after it, living in every moment, never
looking back except at good memories.

Leaving the bad and sorrowful ones for moments of con-
templation to be used in the future for more poems to
be written.

Always being aware, alert and awake to new things on
the horizon, capturing all of life and it's experiences
on photographic screens forever.

Nothing to compare with a life filled with everything
kept and treasured in memories, private little keep-
sakes of this mere poet's life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Private Moments

Enjoying Harrah's environment, sitting outside,
quietly listening to the water fall and splash into a pool.
Feeling contented, totally at peace, doing what I love the
best - writing to my heart's content, as nature whispers
all around me.
Charging interior batteries with a serene outlook towards
life in it's very private moments alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Private Moments Of Anticipation

Gravity filled situations creep closely into our lives,
trying to be heard over objections of absurdity.
Whiling away begotten times of frightful imagination,
holding on to private moments of anticipation as life
winds it's way through every desolation known and
experienced on earth today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Private Place

Blue skies gathering their skirts around them as they step over and into a flowing river beneath them.

Slowly at first, checking the temperature of the water, then being satisfied, jumping in to cool off for a while.

Floating and diving beneath it's depths and upon it's surface, peaceful and serene.

No one being any wiser, a private place all their own in the center of nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Private Places

Written in private places,
not letting anyone know what
it is I'm doing back in corners,
writing incessantly.

A secret tell-tale note, insipidly
playing itself in my composition,
being sung within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Private Reverie

Settled in a private reverie, quietly contemplating the end
of life being felt within, eyes watering just thinking of
leaving loved ones behind, crossing over from life to death.

Emotions held in check, not wanting to cry out loud in public
where I'm writing while waiting for a friend to finish shop-
ping here at Big Lots; fulfilling a void of depression within
her lonely and abused soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Private Rhythm

Rocking interiorly, keeping pace with my own private rhythm, I seek nothing more than the words to describe my talent as it writes itself out on paper.
Keeping time with signs and peaceful designs moving in patterns of notes as they transcribe melodies for me to hear and describe to others.
Full of signals and patterns, on closer examination, becoming three-dimensional in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Private Talent

Illuminating the florescent beauty of integrity as it
innocently is being portrayed on shores of inner aging.

Calamities also happening through life, yet not affect-
ing the person that I am and have become.

Listening intently to coded messages as they are filtered
through poetry while I write daily.

Instantaneously being thought and recorded here within me
from day one, a unique and private talent always energizing
my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Private, Silent Tribute

Simplifying life through death and it's imminent loss
is an easy turn of events, because death of a loved
one leaves nothing on earth to hold onto.

Devastation darkens every thought and there's no where
to hide from it, as it envelopes an entire being and
surrounding their mind totally.

There is no room left for thoughts, ideas, nothing
except the love and memories of our time together, a
silent and private tribute from my heart and being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Privately Touching Souls

Wanting you with me, desires climbing within, hoping to settle back comfortably, talking privately, touching souls one on one in the beautiful silence of our genuine and unconditional love.

Feeling safe, trusting in one another throughout our lives, knowing we have our love to look forward to through the years, broken promises, fragmented hopes, but having your touch.

Helping to sooth it all, giving me your love in life, becoming one, time and again is all that's needed to keep us both going vibrantly and energetically.

Our purposes melding together, never waiting to be loved because what's between us both has become eternal, love forever being ours together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Proactively Loving

Succulently penetrating my mind, your love moistens
my lips and private nestling place for only we two.

Lively and proactively, you enter my being, giving
sensations of vibrancy and intense feelings through-
out me.

Emotions and desires rising higher and higher as we
fulfill the passion of our heavenly and abundant
love for one another through marriage.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Problems Of Aging

Listening to questioning melodies as they titillate this poetical mind, provoking man memories of youth and younger days when life was much simpler and easier to live in.

Growing older, living through experiences that have become more difficult each and every moment through no fault of my own.

Aging brings with it many problems, causing one to not have the strength we used to have, falling prey to many medical problems that can't seem to be avoided any more.

A wide variety of surgeries having to be performed and lived through, no matter how painful and difficult we find them to be, because they help give independence in some degree.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Proceeding No Where

Stretching outwardly, finding no way to proceed without a friend.
Such anger has turned into the saddest portrayal of memories that once used to be happy and filled with joy.
Forsaking everyone, taking off for other dimensions on the other side of life's voyages.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Process And Experience Of Death

At times losing our way in the stress and turmoil of the day,
as it scrapes against the grain of our spirits, thinking may-
be we aren't going to make it on our own.

Wishing we were young again, being taken care of, yet we have
a family now that we've grown up and matured, loving, caring
and supporting our children the way our parents did for us.

Having been taught by example, most of us do the right thing,
working, having a work ethic, principles, values and morals,
now teaching our own children what we were taught.

Balancing out the equation of life and maturity we grow older
and eventually make room for the next generation, loving grand-
children, nieces, nephews, parents, brothers and sisters.

Life continues to grow, families expand and we die in the end,
it's called the process and experience of death as we know it
and we all go through it one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Process Of Creativity

Recreating images from inner memories, taking them through
a process of creativity that excites intellect intensely.

Forward moving, a lasting momentum, taking shape in a
beautiful atmosphere and landscape, soaring beyond this
daily life, discovering another dimension to play in.

Faithfully and hopefully locating the purpose of my life,
always religiously taking steps to live in possibilities,
never taking anything for granted.

So vivid and intensely, this mind focuses on an immediate
playground of imagination.

Perfectly, succinctly traversing into a desert of my soul's
creativity, loving the essence of my being as I unfold in-
to the future of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Process Of Imagination

Sleepily nourishing thought, floating lazily along it's many rivers, drifting in and out of memory and it's patterns.

Likely to forget the world around me for hours at a time while listening to artists of the past, their music blooming beautifully in my mind.

Feeling the soft touch of melody and fragrant notes filling all my senses, nothing transpires within, conscious thought does not occur.

Serene platitudes fill all sections and aspects of my unconscious mind, slowly filling, like a hot air balloon, the process of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Process Of Life

There came a time in life when you must decide whether
or not to go on.

It is a moment of great thought provoking decisions
and must not be taken lightly.

Tenderness for oneself through the many aspects of others
must be reached out to and touched.

Met on common ground - in order to fulfill the life-long
processes of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Process Of Questioning

Throughout life our feelings and emotions rule the way
we think, especially aggressive ones like anger and
rage.

How do our beings get so riled up? What causes our minds
to finally have too much of something and blow up?

Thinking about it, the only thought that comes to mind
is that it's a final choice we make and act on it.

Sadness and crying seem come from somewhere within the
connections between our hearts, minds and souls.

Intense feelings grasp hold of all three and combined,
our bodies respond by crying, tears flowing.

This is the simple explanation that I have seen through
this process of questioning everything.

It is based totally in creativity, nothing really scien-
tific at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Process Of Reality And Imagination

Knowledge hangs within my mind, taking me back and forth
through memories and photographic screens.

Tantalizing and portraying all of life in poetry that
intrigues and takes people's minds into other places.

Undeterred by anything that is going on around me as I
write, solemn and ingenious in a corner of my mind.

Subjecting thoughts to an all-encompassing process of
reality and imagination, buttressing all details with
incessant rhythms of an inner spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Processes Of Music

Eerie sounding choruses saturating my mind with their mysterious sounds, filling ears full of monochromatic tones, sliced, diced and left to roam within.

Attaching themselves to thoughts, pulling, roping them in to make processes form and adopt new ideas.

Strained to maximum capacity, stressed beyond measure or compare, left alone to gather moss and coalesce in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Processing A New Aspect

Practicing writing left-handed and playing the piano
in my mind with my right hand.
Activating my left-sided brain to begin processing a
new aspect I've thought to do.
Wanting to expand memory and experience of them,
visualizing it all in photographic visions.
Knowing within, that it will make a huge difference
in intellect and imagination.
Resolving to keep at it and keep track of the results
over time.
Beautiful ideas forming even now in blankets of
thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Processing Choices

Choices throughout life are sometimes difficult,
affecting many lives that have touched your own.

Decisions are based on what we want and in the end
must be made according to this private rule.

There is no need to leave behind people you have
befriended, they can walk with you off and on.

People change, and all lives get rearranged in
the process of proceeding life.

If there are people whom you like, continue seeing
or visiting with them, it won't cost you anything.

Show the love that you profess, opening your life
and heart in deference to inane rules.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Processing Details

Jumping through foregone conclusions, looking for a way to tear them down and rebuild into other sizes of inventions.

Carefully creating and processing many details needed to begin on new pedestals of illumination and enlightenment.

Focusing and seeing deeply into the insight of years of experience.

Lifting up prospects, carrying them faster into latent knowledge where they will be picked up and never fail to turn the world around within their spherical systems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Processing In Writing

Racing heartily down trails of incessant, pure and
delightful rhythms, taking my soul into depths of
heaven where I dwell as much as possible.

Always moving and grooving, finding the best of
life's precious moments, existing in it's inner
melodies and being surprised with the beauty that
is found within it's total essence.

Immersing self, being intoxicated with the beats
as they enter and tranquilize feelings in a flurry
of hastily appropriated flavors of savory thoughts
and ideas.

Flowing across pathways of this mind, increasing
limits and boundaries that can never quite hold me
back, living in the moment, always enjoying everything
that my mind is introduced to.

Solidly partaking of every measure that I am attuned
to, processing and creating patterns and designs
forever in writing, loving the innate creativity born
within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Processing Information

Seething inside with anger, erupting silently with no reason to exist.
There are too many faulty ideas in life, where can anyone turn?
Alone, processing information from what I can gather without.
Holding onto nothing but an independence of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Processing Loss

Loss affects everyone at one time or another, under different circumstances.

We all grieve in ways known only to each individual, there are no right or wrong ways of doing it.

People process loss according to how they were taught when younger, or how they observed others grieving throughout their own lives.

As long as the grief is there, go through it's experience, there are seven stages of it, we experience them in different orders sometimes repeating some of them.

In the end nothing is set in stone, approximate times are often between the loss and two years, before being able to begin living with a new normalcy in life.

One thing loss does to everyone is change them somehow within, once experienced, great loss will have a definite effect and a person will be permanently changed within.

There is no explanation for it, that is just what happens to people after going through loss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Proclaiming Love

Recognizing now, hidden signs of love that have never been
realized before this.

Being a part of inner desire, inhibitions being removed
one by one, slowly without even realizing what was happening.

Now, open, bared, pointed out by another person who says he
loves me, one who kept trying to get me to return his love,
but I knew nothing of it!

Staying anyway, frustrated by loving unconditionally, waiting
for me to recognize what was hiding within me.

Now with joyous exhaltation, proclaiming his love openly and
boldly to the world in hidden poetical words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Proclaiming Nature

Racing through the desert, being torn from life's edges,
watching - consuming with eyesight - many saguaro cacti.

So proud, standing, protecting desert realms, yet arms
reaching out to all, humbly proclaiming all of nature
as God's own.

Touching interiorly, inspirationally, what is written
here for you to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Producers Of Drugs

Wondering at the stupidity of pharmaceutical companies
that are producing drugs with tons of side effects to
Maybe, help one little aspect of a person's well-being.

How can they be so insolent and uncaring when it comes
to a person's life, what are they thinking?

There are real cures, recently discovered, to cure cancer,
liver disease, rheumatoid arthritis, flu and even the
common cold.

Yet the FDA continues to promote useless drugs that only
hide symptoms behind formulas that in reality don't do
much for what ails people.

Only reason is their greed for more and more money for
themselves, not caring about the people they sell to.

Getting richer by selfishly keeping real cures that will
give people a chance to live their lives, healthy,
instead keeping secrets hidden within their greed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Producing Aspects Of Another Life

Sunset playing around, taking me on thoughtful rendezvous of talented creative processes.

Singly producing many aspects of another life as they quietly drop onto another horizon.

Watching the magnificent colors spread themselves across the sky in my sight.

Loving the quiet feelings of solace, settling down upon my brow.

Easing the stresses of each day as it moves forward into tomorrow's pathways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Producing Beauty Of Lost Life

Relating abstracts to everyday life, extracting meanings
from impossible concepts, fitting them together like puzzle
pieces made for each other.

Being let into mysteries of intellect, this mind confers
automatically with ideas tantalizing them into poems.

Living in an atmosphere of creativity every day, enjoying
beauty that surrounds this world, placing details of it's
existence into spheres of creativity.

Inducing meanings of life to be formed into poetry, broken
lies, separated from loved ones, existing in a vacuum,
hoping to have them returned in time.

Finally coming to the conclusion that it isn't going to
happen, pursuing now, instead, a place in the arts.

Filling their lives, their emptiness, with artistic en-
deavors touching their minds with extrasensory perceptions.

Wanting to be a part of something higher, seeing visions
gathering, sending desires climbing into an inner awareness,
showing them clearer pictures of existence without their
love.

Now living to produce the beauty of life lost, into the
sadness of artistic graces, standing before them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Producing Feelings

Searching everywhere for images to appear in tantamount color, producing many explicit feelings as they touch my heart.
Gently prodding my mind to feel and draw them into poetry, researching every aspect as they silently become poems in each book.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Producing Ideas Vividly

Expecting so much from life, not getting it, having
to go within subconsciously, taking imagination along,
delving into intellect deeply, producing ideas vividly.

Holding onto the beauty of nature, using abstract
concepts to portray things seen in unusual and very
enlightening ways.

Combining and attributing rhythms along the way to
make them sound better interiorly to my perfect pitch
when hearing them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Producing Literature

Going deeply within where no one can follow, loving the solitary environment totally, rhythms and music the only things that are heard and responded to.

Memories coming alive, spreading through intellect, reaching into the very depths of being, allowing intellect to create and develop whatever it wants.

Giving the freedom and liberty to produce literature silently and incessantly, filling pages of journals with messages of nature and humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Product Of Absolute Truth

Sparkling thoughts glimmering and shining in my mind,
precious and settling me within their essence.

Quiet, silent, becoming one with this mere poet's soul
and integrity.

In the light of an inner atmosphere, traveling through
other dimensions, surviving them all.

As I witness visions of past and future events coming
to mind, accepting them all at face value.

Knowing that what I'm seeing is the product of an ab-
solute truth, given innately to my senses alone in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Professing Individual Purity

Following spirits through an evening twilight, gaining spirituality and insight into heavenly things and those that pertain to aspects of holiness.

Softly, gently, professing purity of each individual on earth, bringing all of us together to conquer evil, even now hiding silently behind the scenes.

Nothing able to outshine spirits and angels now taking their places against all that is wrong in the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Professor Guiding Us

A gentle man of sixty-five, a professor, a learned man,
guiding us through Tagore's house and life, giving the
history of both.

Now sitting, writing of his patience and quiet virtue,
nature calling from below, a silent beauty descending
upon us all.

A vision of what may happen in the future is awakened
and entices intellect, there are no words to describe
this mysterious circumstance, it has come and now is.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Profiling Notes

Collapsing upon tables of ingenuity, giving in to an innate talent, profiling anxious notes of rhythm.
Calculating the existence of another dimension before life can be lived on another plain in realms of desert creatures, aridly keeping cool in times of deepest distress.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Profound And Above Reproach

Recognizing the purity of life in children, seeing a
total innocence in their daily lives.

Such excitement for everything, playing with all their
energy, trying to win in all games.

Nonplussed when losing, trying harder the next time,
speaking from their souls, saying only the truth as
their little minds see it.

Very profound and above reproach when truth comes from
within a child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Profound Depths

Nature flowing through our veins,
blending us as one for life.

On a journey, individually walking
alone, meeting our fate along
destiny's path through the universe.

Satisfying daily requirements for
our abilities to manifest themselves
through innate talents and creating
our lives with profound depths of
imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Profound Desire

Racing quietly and quickly into many lines of prose at
the very first tone of every song heard within spheres
of intellect.

Ink falling steadily upon many pages, letting the whole
world know what is in a mind.

An explicit and profound desire to always be present to
the logic and reasoning of the entire universe.

Listening to it's beautiful rhythms mixing and blending
with an essence and being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Profound Experience

Soothing, smoothly and evenly swimming through a
perfect and solemn rhythm.

Touching a sadness of yesterday, bringing it for-
ward and into the possibility of another poetical
discourse.

Being filled with the saddened loneliness building
within, rising with the music being played right
now.

A crescendo taking me into heavenly skies, filling
my eyes with tears of a lifetime.

A profound experience brought about only by music,
relevant and touching minds of those who are present,
listening to it's beautiful melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Profound Intellect

Lilting music touching my mind and heart, bringing an awareness of life and it's position to fruition.
Lively endeavors driving happiness into a brave existence, allowing a freedom and liberty heretofore unknown.
Soundly refreshing body and spirit while embellishing my
mind with newly-formed literature - poems profoundly associated with intellect, being created on rainy days of destiny's choice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Profound Life

Soundlessly speaking in my mind, putting words and arranging them on screens hidden from others view.
Hearing tones, melodies, rhythms of beauty, matching up with nature's outstanding, picturesque liveliness.
Watching nature at play, I am deeply impressed at how profound life is, as nature pursues it in many different forms and ways.
Reaching out, calling me silently, giving me such pleasure as I relax and begin my journey home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Profound Thoughts In Life?

Wondering if everyone at one time or another has
thoughts in life that are so profound that they
feel no one else will understand them.

Not sharing them with anyone else on earth, ideas,
thoughts, curiosity, being so individual, not being
shared totally with anybody else in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Profoundly Attuned

Totally enticed beyond comprehension, watching as rhythms
code themselves automatically into measures of artistic
grace.

Profoundly attuned to intellect, finding avenues that
continue to open and create so many ideas, completing
their pathways into measures of inner dimensions.

Looking into every corner, seeing patterns and designs
fully blossoming into creative concepts, portraits
and landscapes being painted through prose.

Picturesque, colorful, inspirationally lifting spirits
and giving intense energy throughout this temporary
life here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Profoundly Focusing

Wonder and awe filling me thoroughly, jumping and leaping
through gardens of inspiration and beauty, feeling it slow-
ly blossoming within.

Splendid and gorgeous, reaching into my being, tantalizing
innermost feelings and emotions, needing to see everything
close up, taking it all into intellect.

Focusing it profoundly in the direct light of a bluened
interior where it touches my spirit, taking me soaring in-
to skyways of heaven.

Never leaving anything to be desired in life, knowing that
God will give me everything I will ever need while living
here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Programmed

Stormy winds blowing raindrops around, formed by
garden sprinklers.

Unanticipating rainy weather, continuing to do
the job they were made for.

Oblivious to impending weather, mindless of the
havoc it will bring, knowing nothing except what
it has been programmed by man to do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Progress Is Not Reality

Graceful trees, dancing in the sun, stretching their
many branches, enjoying peace and calm.
Glancing about, seeing man's progressive plans,
building and erecting monsters of doom.
So unlike trees, flexible, bendable, beautiful to
behold, man's buildings are rigid, unbendable, ugly
in wakes of nature and reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Progress?

Driving along, hoping to catch momentary glimpses
of the sky in between high rises dotting our skyline.
How terribly progress mars our views of nature,
planting trees and buildings on our horizons.
Totally oblivious of everyday life, developers
continue placing steel and concrete trophies to
their names.
So unlike truly great people living quiet simple
lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Progress? Who Needs It?

Walking fast down the street, people on campus go fleetingly by.

Looking around, seeing what I have always seen before, yet progress has turned everything around, I can't seem to get where I am going.

Everywhere there are detours, barricades, construction going on.

How did college life become such a mess? It used to be so easy to find your way around, but now there are parking garages where there weren't any before.

Dodging buildings, to and fro, getting exhausted from all this walking in circles and not getting where I want to go.

Restricted parking everywhere you look, the only parking meters are by the bookstore.

Leaving my van, I begin to walk to the other side of the campus just to pick up a manuscript.

Practically running the whole way, because I only had enough change for twenty minutes.

Progress? Who needs it?

We are walking fifty times more than we ever did before, because we have to park in designated places.

Parking. Always parking. Is it really worth it to own a car?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Progression Of Life

Steadily and concretely moving into the future,
not able to do much else.

Nothing able to stop the progression of life,
except for the death of it.

Wanting to do otherwise cannot happen no matter
how we try.

Living life has advantages at times, but avoiding
the future is definitely not one of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Progressions Of Tomorrow

Leaving lonesome thought beneath coverlets of tomorrow's promises.

Knowing only that I must always be on the side of another direction, seeing realms scattering themselves across the world in many sequences of mathematical formulas.

Numbers being exercised and taken into volumes of coded messages where they will be kept safely for at least ninety-nine years consecutively, without any means other than what has been given to them.

Singly watching the most beautiful rhythm fall into the progressions of tomorrow's melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Progressive Yearnings

Midnight blackness of a mind, expressed in doubts, mislaid hopes, crept upon from without.

Signifying recorded events kept in memory's storage sheds, symbols qualify their existence in papier-mâché books of past ages.

Lightly pulling atrocities heaped daily onto doorsteps of livid mentality, perplexities of inner questioning fall short, caught up on welcome mats.

Running, scoring, hailing cabs of progressive yearnings, safely pocketing them away for rainy, tear-filled days.

Icicles dripping, sliding unafraid into oblivion, never again finding their former selves caught in drifts of snow.

Rolling, packing, throwing balls of play at inner fears, knocking them over with waylaid laughter.

Pulling from racks of libraries, secreted in depths of being, soul-learned wisdom connects, taking it's seat - it's rightful place upon the high-backed chair of latent genius.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Progressive Idealists?

Rippled effects of landscapes being caught in reflections of windows located in skyscrapers.

Tantamount to elevated heights, tossed above the city in spirits of progress.

Avalanching down streets, buildings scatter reality to the wind and man's folly seeks praise for it..

Running to outrun the growth of progress, calculating architectural styles and models does not qualify any of it as art of beauty.

People do not wish to sound ungrateful, but there are better ways to spend money and gain fame.

Progressive idealists are undoing the very qualities they are seeking to fund.

Although developers find a certain monetary gain, there seems to be no other purpose in minds, except to grow and prosper alone.

Not sharing the ill-gotten gains with another person, selfishly wishing for some recognition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Progressive Individuals

Reading signs of future attitudes as they're written in books, taking care to keep libraries filled to capacity with words of progressive individuals.
Viewing picturesque moments from screens inside, withdrawing from life just to stay focused on what I'm feeling, while writing down all kinds of poetical sounds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Progressive Insensitivity

Acres and acres of beautiful land across the country,
marred by the progressive insensitivity of man.

Molding and shaping nature into brazen ideas, whimsical
to the imagination.

Scouting horizons for beauty and skies, seeing poles,
one after another, tied together with wires.

Dust devils escaping, twirling around, trying futilely
to erase the ugliness of man.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Progressive Moments Of Life

Tones of sounds renewing imagination with thoughts flowing
rapidly down waterfalls of literature and poetry, keeping
time with rhythms as they develop.

Being created in measures of time, years progressing in
syncopated chords throughout the years, tantalizing and
executing progressive movements of life through music.

Knowing that I'm giving everything that's possible in
accordance to talent innately growing within, living a
life of positive reinforcement through poetry always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Progressive Standstill

Machines in life are all sitting idle in parking lots, no gas for their tanks, no parts to repair them with, no one to care for them.

Left in parking lots, garages and in tunnels, no where to go because everything has been shut down and life is at a stand-still, no longer able to move ahead.

Progress has put a stop to all that once was a pleasure, yet is now taking a stand in the center of another life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Projected In Ripples

Watching water flowing quickly in a circle around a
pool below the fountain.

Seeing it's energy being projected in the ripples
circling and crossing it's surface in the sunlight
of this new morning sun.

Reflections of trees and flowers, swimming gracefully
atop the water, leaving no impressions within that
they were held there for moments in timeless spaces.

Traveling around this mind, taking me on a journey
through nature's beauty and essence.

Whiling away moments of life just to savor the wonderful
essence of Mother Nature in her now, unnatural habitat,
made solely by man in his desire to try and outdo God's
plan.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Projecting Creativeness

Waiting patiently for our son to pick us up at the center,
enjoying private and quiet times of being alone, together.

A gentle peace has descended and like a cloak envelopes
this mind, allowing it to project it's creativeness into
expressions of innovative poetry.

Living meanings and definitions of reality while exploring
and discovering impossibilities that become possible through
thinking and writing.

Enlivening and exciting passionate desires, allowing it to
enter denizens of imagination so one day wisdom will be
attained through all the interaction with it and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Projecting Flames

Fire burning deep inside my imagination, never hurting, only projecting it's flames on my mind.
Feeling the pressure of it's heat, warming thoughts that will be written down, because of feelings hitting at solemn times in life.
A burning fire, purifying all thinking as time moves forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Proliferating Chances

Tickling brain cells, making me smile and laugh, giving many ideas chances to proliferate and ascend into heights of another dimension.

Filling this mind with bright lights from a distant universe, enlivening an inner atmosphere for thoughts to be utilized and focused on in the near future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prolific Magic

Quietly looking about this night, staring into it's shadows, trying to make out their forms in moonlight, mystifying, a sense of prolific magic hanging in the air.

Kicking dirt with toes, playfully scuffing them, watching dust as it's lifted into the air in darkness and then it disappears in a moment of moonlight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prolific Rhymes

Taking off on a transient rhythm, feeling it's reverberations going through my mind, touching images of intense visions, filling my eyes and heart with all sorts of ideas.
Writing constantly, trying to get them all written down for everyone to read and enjoy.
Sophisticated and naive at the same time, all culminating in prolific rhymes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prolonging Destiny

Heading straight for divine life and intervention -
head held high - searching this earth for the shortest
path to this end.
Quietly prolonging destiny and fate through my mind, apologizing to no one on the way, for lives are life-
giving when all is said and done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prolonging Thoughts

Prolonging thought, lengthening it's stance as ideas revolve through tubes of creative processes.
Shaping my mind anew with linking meanings, leading to a myriad of trouble as life melts into puddles of tears.
Waylaid one October in the birth of an ideal language, supported by cryptic codes arranged in many colored hues and stepped over for other endeavors of peaceful reminiscence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Promise

Remembering the time we first met, your face alight with happiness
and love, so happy seeing me, your eyes bright and sparkling
with your love.

Feeling it across the airport as you waved to me energetically,
hardly able to contain yourself, wanting to hug and hold me so
closely.

Such a feeling of unconditional love that I've never had before
in this life of mine; you, my dear are my only and I never will
leave you for another, this is my promise to you my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Promise And Possibility

Decidedly enjoying this day and everything about it, filled with promise and possibility, giving a wide open expanse in which to write in.

Developing and intriguing this mind with a spark of light, taking me into an interior part of my being, watching with total amazement as I see my mind create and take thoughts in an instant, writing poetry with no effort.

Letting that spark ignite a blazing fire of intrigue and mystery, curiosity enveloping me within it's essence, giving many ideas and opening up intellect wider than ever.

Asking questions of life, realizing so many answers are incomplete and empty of fulfillment.

Wanting so badly, to fill in all the blanks, creating the puzzle pieces to finish them, that no one else has been able to finish for one reason or another.

Believing and finding the previous links, coded and linked to rhythm's of music, seeming to open my mind and it then can decode each mystery, writing it all out legibly.

Fascinating and wonderful, beautiful to behold, wondering how I can do this so instantaneously and also immediately how thought processes always attuned to intellect and imagination both together happen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Promise From Childhood

Journeying across the country in this mind, remembering
everything across all the states that I traveled through.

Majestic, fantastic and innovative lands of America the
beautiful, touching upon memories and images seen while
traveling as a child.

Learning many things about life I'd never known before,
finding out for the first time about prejudice and being
horrified at it's presence in people's lives.

Thinking that all people were created equal, suddenly
finding that not everyone thought so.

It struck permanently in my childish intellect, vowing
to never close my mind against a single person as long
as I lived on this earth.

Hopefully still fulfilling this promise made in childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Promise Of Another Day

Climbing mountains without ever looking down, scaling
their faces with no fear.

Views being magnificent as horizons appear in the west
where the sun sets in it's little space of time.

Colors erupting and flowering across the sky, taking
daylight into the darkness of twilight.

Promises of another day being given by rays of the moon
and tiny star lights twinkling above us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Promise Of Better Days

Skies filled with the love of humanity, looking down upon
it, watching evil traipsing across it's surface, hoping
it can be conquered before it completely takes over.

Evil constantly destroying everyone filled with goodness
and innocence, perpetrating genocide so it can rule the
world with it's perverted sickness.

Blessing earth with rain, purifying everyone, giving us
promises of better days coming in the future, ones filled
with peace and equality for everyone on earth.

Giving life a refreshing beginning to renew the world with
a total peacefulness and serenity, a world of beauty that
no longer has corruption or greed to ruin it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Promise Of Fate

Energetically falling into a dilemma, catching my breath
while life continues on it's haphazard way.

Leaving me in the background, awaiting reasonable answers
to what is to come about next.

A continuum of what destiny has wrought since birth, giving
a promise of fate to become the future as I walk into
tomorrow's realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Promise Of Fulfillment

Waking to create again throughout the day, enjoying a
promise of fulfillment coming into my mind and soul.

Covering tracks through poetry, sliding onto slippery
slopes of life, as it gets out of hand at times.

Getting an interior strength through spiritual faith,
it's hope keeping me going every day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Promise Of Happiness

Standing alone - deeply embedded in misery - life tramples on,
listening to another's beat.
Everywhere, turning joy into sorrow - leaving piles of feathered tears
to sort out life's miseries.
Searching certain paths of meaning, filing memories in cardboard boxes, getting them ready for funeral pyres.
Ascending to heaven, sitting at it's gates, wondering if life is really as bad as it always seems.
Knowing that it is, sensing it's ruin, falling to earth with pain
surrounding it's atmosphere.
Everywhere, sadness sits upon people's brows, slowly falling -
dripping down their faces.
Where is the promise of happiness - where has it gone?
Listening to silence filtering through the noise - finding very few
moments to enjoy anything.
Heartlessly carrying on for another, not wanting to retreat from the
borders of life.
Finding nothing, but deep ravines - crevices - sliced from your
grasp - life is made up of nothing but glass.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Promise Of Interior Spirituality

Rhythmically racing against time just for the fun of it,
placing words into the midst of rapid rhythms, watching
them flow into an interior waterfall.

No barriers or limitations standing in the way, taking
steps into depths of another dimension, finding aromas
tantalizing and temping my senses and desires.

Soaring into the atmosphere, always lifting spirits,
broken heart or not, living in the promise of interior
spirituality.

Loving the way melodies take me into dimensions of inner
universes without any problem, showing the life that's
possible here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Promise Of Living

Living life through poetry, a realistic dream world of
life that fascinated me constantly.

Truth setting me free, finding keys to living eternally
somewhere in an interior life.

Holding onto the promise of living and dying, finding
this existence not entirely pleasant.

Too much suffering, trails and tribulation going on, not
wanting to see the devastation it causes to everyone.

Wanting only peace, joy and happiness to reign, but it
never seems to happen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Promise Of Rain

Clouds crowding out blue sky,
heading to a destination no one
on earth can tell.

Yet they promise to send plenty
of rain to help creative nature
blossom and grow into a lush
green atmosphere.

(9/5/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Promises Are Lies

Devastating and bereft, being left in the abandonment
of extreme loss.

Always holding onto tears of my existence, hoping to
find a way to see a semblance of life, something that
I used to have a long time ago.

Love given and taken away, losing hope, despising all
promises because they are just lies, spouted by deceit-
ful people.

Forfeiting properties others purport to give freely,
knowing they will always be given at exorbitant costs
or exacting it from beings with no compassion or mercy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Promises Of Life

Love and hope don't end with the
ending of a song sung from a
heart of compassion.

Enduring promises of life enfold
us with their faith as we grow
older in life.

(10: 58 a.m. - 12/09/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Promises Of Nothing

Thinking deeply about social issues, seeing through politicians campaign speeches, directly to what they're really saying.
Their lies come to light - brightly leading unsuspecting people astray.
More importantly, those who can't seem to think for themselves.
Resorting to promises they never intend to keep, talks that say nothing as they do what they say - Nothing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Promises Of Our Love Today

Temptingly slow, touching desires within with soft gentle
memories attuned to melodies of yesterday, words not being
enough, our eyes looking into each others'.

Our hearts being filled with a total and unconditional love
as we dance holding one another, going in and out of rhythms
as they traipse along beside us throughout this evening.

Hearts sinking into each other's, wanting our passion to be
quenched and sated over and over again my loving and dear
heart forever.

Mystical and precious is your love to me my darling, always
finding the tenderness of our beings filled with wonder as
we continue to stay together through the years.

No good byes to ever speak of because we will always be one,
this is the promise of our love today, one we made the moment
we met each other so very long ago.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Promises Of Your Vows

Mind being stirred by your love my dear as I sit here writing poetically of all that you mean to me, rapidly moving tempos taking me into the visions I'm having with you.

So tender, gentle, feeling your love touching me silently yet intensely as I think of you holding me, arms wrapped protectively around me, keeping me safe from harm.

Heart beating in unison with mine as I rest alongside of you, allowing your love to absorb me totally as we make love once again.

Feelings of exuberant joy touching my being with promises of your vows to love, honor and cherish me all the days of your life.

Professing an unconditional love, always cherishing and tresuring me with your words and actions of such sweet and tender caring always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Promises On A Whim

Promises being made on a whim, never really thinking to
fulfill them, just talking rubbish, filling in time.

Casting to and fro, looking into depths of heaven with
a telescope of ingenuity.

Creating, designing picture puzzles needed for tomorrow's
writing.

Becoming satisfied with the beauty of nature and flowing
down the river of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Promising Visions

Searching on future plains to see what will be involved next in life.

Promising visions, beautifully orchestrated, stand out above others, leading in their directions.

Following illuminating bluened auras and light, quickly finding a way into knowledge's vast yard of peaceful thoughts.

Arranging themselves in order of priorities, all of them, assisting the poor and those needing life-saving rhythms to encourage them through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prompting Ideas

Somewhere I became lost, wending through many complicated
twists and turns.

Finding no way back onto paths of unreality, finishing
each day with prayers.

Hoping to be found again, back upon upon a path of my own
creation, before going through all the surgeries I've had
lately.

Prompting ideas saving me, leading into enlightened lanes,
filled with bluened scents of roses sent from heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Propelling Events And Experiences

Music justifying mysteries of life through it's depths and dark-
ness intensely, propelling events and experiences into the lime-
light that once were hidden in shadows of ebony.

Reflections being shone upon what used to be and is no more, yet
their memories never die or fade into the sunset until the day
we die.

Tripping through time and space, happy as a lark in springtime,
posing with nature, taking time to live fully in every measure
of an intense creative life of purpose through poetry.

Rhyming musically with nature and imagination as we travel ex-
quisitely down paths of intellect and ingenuity, our minds being
filled with knowledge and wisdom.

Creating new worlds, thoughts and concepts through a totally
opened mind, giving pleasure and lifting spirits into another
atmosphere beyond this earthly life.

Stepping faster into the lyrics of life musically, fulfilling
the essence and purpose of an entire lifetime, allowing the
totality of living to open every avenue of it's sacredness.

Giving to minds of creativity that are ever-increasing and
blending with musical rhythms, solidly comprehending the equa-
tions mathematically from within every intense measure.

Rhythms flowing throughout life and nature, going beyond earth,
waiting silently on shores of a final sunsetical horizon, a
lasting peace awaiting us on the other side.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Proper Mood Of Artistic Grace

Pressure building and pushing me further into an inner
world of poetry where only I can find myself in a proper
mood of artistic grace.

Filling in pictures of thought with puzzle pieces that
I continue to create from imagination, creative and
vibrant, filled with the aplomb of a beautiful essence.

Always contributing to the passion of my lasting heart's
embrace for a time while here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Properties Of Innate Talent

Sifting through intellect, seeing all properties of
innate talent and gifts, loving feelings that they
give to my mind and heart.

Always generating an effervescent energy that keeps
me going through heartache and suffering on earth.

Special and pure, this energy is sent from God, I do
believe, because I could never give it to myself.

Wonder and curiosity bringing many things through
enlightenment, finding it exciting and thrilling.

Enjoying whatever comes through intellect and this
imagination, purified and given through His Holy
Spirit.

Walking a solo pathway through many hardships in
this life, nothing else can be done as I continue
to write whatever I can until my death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Properties Of Inspiration

Precious and few are moments of love in this temporary earthly life.

Poetically being arranged on panels of interior screens, allowing intellect to project novel ideas being taken into account by knowledge.

So thoughtful and energetic, never missing a beat as rhythm continues to placate this intense mind with vibrant and brilliant absolutes.

Forever sliding into open doorways, unnoticed and living for properties of inspiration, altogether searching and delving constantly into mountains of integrity, folding in upon itself.

A precious amnesty of life, taking turns figuring out symbols that have been created for the total outcome of mankind's life force.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Properties Of Particles

Unlocking and opening up spheres kept hidden, now wanting
to look within them at their special gifts.

Unwrapping them to begin using their essence for excitement
spent in another atmosphere.

Characterizing and engaging everything that is being held
and thought inside my brain, no matter what it happens to
be.

A blessing in disguise, filling every particle with an
innocent purity for all of eternity.

Exercising each of their properties in turn, allowing them
to come into their own.

Looking around, seeing what they think they might want
to know, what they'd like to do someday on another horizon.

Benefitting all of mankind in an atmosphere of interior
love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Properties Of Talent

Singing emitted from within, a voice of hidden charm,
echoing down aisles of imagination.

Properties of innate talent compile and join art,
writing and music into one gift of God's talent.

Taken altogether, poetry encompasses them all,
bringing pleasure to all aspects of consciousness
that I can share with the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prophetic Visions

Soothing and fully filling my mind with prophetic visions
coming into intellect from the future, passionate and
bright.

Seeing clearly, the pictures and images that appear with-
in, photographic screens from a bluened light, reverberat-
ing and gathering every detail.

Giving the total picture that will be forthcoming, loving
to see the beauty, peace and serenity that will be spread
across the entire world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prosaic Beauty

Snowbound within my interior mind, watching blizzards
of visions falling before my creative eyesight.
Selecting beautiful ones that fit descriptions of
imagination's desires, adjusting them into lengths
and depths of prosaic beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prosaic Designs

Traipsing through forests of this mind, getting lost in their denseness and essence, watching as wildlife filters into intellect with effervescent patterns.

Eliciting designs that fit totally into poetry, traveling faster and faster, gaining speed in a creative process, filling this mind with many interesting thoughts.

Continuing to remember good times has while in India, never at a loss for words poetically, mixing and matching in prosaic designs and puzzles prolifically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prosaical Wisdom

Away from bittersweet memories, handling the present
carefully, watching closely so as not to make the
same mistakes of yesterday.
Calculating escalations of energy, spreading it across
waves of future lifetimes, aiding processes of creativity
with prosaical wisdom, alongside solving puzzles and mazes
with gentle pride.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prospects Always Ready

Settling down into the spirit of an energetic and
lively life always fitting perfectly with my spirit.

Being the main piece that fits throughout life's
gigantic puzzle, prospects always ready to be taken
into poetical interludes.

Without any barriers standing in the way, searching
and finding only the best in life, keeping it always
preciously in intellect's heart.

Standing through the difficult parts of life with
head held high, and spirit alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prospects Of An Enticing Adventure

Looking forward to being amazed by knowledge of this
world, hoping to learn about different cultures,
people, differences in thoughts.

Wanting to be educated by anyone who has had experiences
different than my own, tripping down avenues that have
never been traveled before.

Depending on others to lead me down them, exciting times
that I look forward to, hoping to be made aware of situa-
tions and circumstances unknown to me as yet.

Wonder and awe, filling me at the prospect of this enticing
adventure that I have already begun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prospects Of Poetry

Recriminations, I have none, feeling peaceful
and soothed by coded rhythms of my mind.

Continuing to look for prospects of poetry
that rise within each passing day.

Living on the beauty of imagination, stalking
liberty and freedom in depths of intellectual
bliss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Protected By Music's Rhythms

Settling into an atmosphere of beauty, loving landscapes that are appearing in visions of positive attitudes and moods.

Taking steps to bring self into their environment where I am protected by music and rhythms being coded, falling forward into the American way.

Living the reality of our freedom, bikers filling our country with their patriotism and liberty, protecting us everywhere across the U.S.A.

Because most of them are Vets who have fought for our freedom and many of them have died, to keep out evil people and tyranny from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Protecting A Spirit

Wallowing in the winds as they blow across my face, taunting me with their lively stunts.
Protecting my spirit, keeping me safe from the illusions of the past and future.
Getting caught in the middle of an extra-sensory storm, calling out to be tethered before being torn asunder from all I know and love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Protecting From Distractions

Sitting in the E.R., listening to Queen, feeling sadness
penetrating this mind with sorrow.

Tending to the incessant melodies of grief, being stranded
again on an unchartered island.

With nothing to keep me company, keeping gifts close, using
writing to continue carrying on.

Dense jungles growing around this little space, protecting
from all the distractions in surrounding areas.

Focusing continually on the sequence of events being recalled
in memories of intellect.

Never being watered down, they are always fully intensified
in depths of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Protecting Future Generations

Looking to our youth for the future, hoping they will stay
away from drugs and alcohol, using their minds only for the
good of humanity throughout the world.

Learning, being open to the Constitution, respecting our
Vets, flag, national anthem and the elderly, valuing every
person for we were all created equal, no exceptions.

Having intellect, nourishing it along with a spiritual life
to gain strength of character, faith, hope, compassion, love
and caring for our fellow man.

This is the hope of our future to nurture and protect our
innocent children and Grandchildren, for they will inherit
our world when we're gone.

Evil is trying to take their heritage from them so we must
stand fast and protect them always, especially from those
who want to rape and destroy them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Protecting Images

Noticing surroundings,
watching as they appear and
disappear in ghost-like fashion.
Protecting images from past memories,
as earth spins on it's axis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Protecting Intellect

Shining brilliantly on a sea filled with rays of a morning sun, showing beautiful essences of another planet.
One tucked far away in an interior mind, covered with special lace and satin, protecting and guarding an intellect in jeopardy of being invaded by an abusive person, collecting spurious insults to hurl at me.

8/5/11

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Protecting One Another

Everyone is now locked and loaded, revolvers ready
to protect one another from isis and illegals who
are threatening our freedom.

Searching our nation for the enemy, watching, alert
and all of us taking a stand against obama and his
muslim brotherhood.

Nothing in the way of America and it's military
here at home, volunteer militia having our back
also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Protecting Self

Smothering the need to talk, afraid to open my mouth, because I may hurt someone's feelings that I dearly love.
Staying away from conversations, laughter, people, to protect myself in the jungle of human beings that I cannot seem to be a part of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Protecting Shadow's Privacy

Evening shadows coming out from hiding all day,
stretching their limbs, adjusting their eyes to
see around them.
Listening attentively to all that is being said
in their spaces of time.
Being poked and prodded, not wanting to be known,
protecting their privacy and locking away their
hidden secrets so no one can ever know what they
were.
Searching in heights of tomorrow, falling down
among depths of yesterday, all the while being
dimmed into a future away from all of us in
careful entreaties of pious developments, left
behind on sidewalks, never letting go of their
own beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Protection Of Desert Mountains

Mountains all around us, desert plants everywhere, green
now from all the rain we have had recently.

Beautiful and enticing, mystery of nature flourishing
across this desert city.

Nothing can compare with the majestic steep mountains,
standing tall all around Phoenix.

Surrounding our desert city and protecting it from most
bad weather, because it can't get through the mountains.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Protectors Of Freedom

Moving across skies of our world, U.S. jets continuing
air strikes against isis and all terrorists, giving
them what is due.

Cremating and creating a graveyard for their ashes, we
are proud of our military, honor them totally for pro-tecting American from cultist
perverted fanatics.

Helping the entire world get rid of evil and terrorists,
standing up to them without fear and never backing down,
well done, Protectors of freedom, our American Veterans.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Protesting Interiorly

Engrossed in tantalizing music, listening for creative
ideals to perceive themselves in areas of enlightenment.
Protecting inner domains of sensitive endearment we walk
in circles until we find ourselves out in the world again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Protruding Faces

Taking on concentrated efforts to continue living
through hardships of all kinds, showing brave faces,
laughing outwardly, crying sadly inside all the while.

Staring at the make-believe clowns in life, watching
their grotesque faces sneering down their noses at
other people.

Protruding from waiting room chairs, thinking they
are better than the rest of us waiting there.

How ignorant some people can become when they have
nothing in their lives to satisfy their inane desires.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Proud Of Family

Caressing sweet memories of the birth of my sons,
their beauty, innocence, and dependence on me for
every need they had.

Wishing I could go back in time to relive those
moments again, yet being happy with the way they
have turned out.

Proud to call them my sons, my little family and
I are one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Proud Of Our Son

Watching our son, once again behind a McDonald's counter, working, doing his best to become a manager and run his own store.
Tall, handsome, extremely smart, waiting on customers with a tactful art.
Smiling, respectful, treating everyone the same while making each customer feel special.
Giving directions, cleaning, cooking, taking orders, all done with meticulous sincerity, as he steps on the runway, taking off into his new future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Providing Extra Ideas

Entrance into imagination has been opened through
music's melodies and harmonies.

Pulling this mind along, giving surrounding atmo-
spheres thoughts found lying scattered around.

Waiting, looking into space, providing extra ideas
needed to write of many subjects, all falling into
mind one after another.

Pleasure being bound to an inner imagination that
is full of intense and projected devices to write
from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Providing Inner Turmoil

Smelling destiny closing in, readying itself to
rain on my existence.

Toggling images, jarring memories, causing all
to escape and become what they were meant to be.

Tantalizing tidbits along our paths, creating new
experiences and adventures to provide us all with
inner turmoil through advantageous entertainment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Providing Life

Blood flowing and pulsing through a beating heart,
never wavering in it's goal of providing life to
those of us living in depths of it's desires.

Completing it's journey on a continual basis with
out stopping, until it is our time to expire from
this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Provocative Poses

Touching senses delicately, arousing passion for rhythmic
invitations to fill my mind with sensuous melodies.
Fitting precisely with verses of poetry for generations,
being mesmerized and taught in meanings of artistic style
and it's wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Provoking My Spirit

Taking moves forward into a future of being myself,
becoming the person I've always been inside.
Living life on the edge, always looking for
something exciting to provoke my spirit into doing
the impossible and doing it perfectly.
Sharing self with the other side of my inner being,
riveted in pathways of wild jungles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Provoking Words

Filling empty thoughts with photographic memories set in picturesque landscapes and placed in volumes of thoughtful prose.
Intelligent beings provoking words and meanings into displays of beautiful artistic talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Prying Loose Thoughts

Joyful music filling my mind expansively with energy and verve.
Inquisitively bouncing around, prying loose thoughts, kept
hidden from sight through times of sorrow.
Allowing hope to penetrate and become an entire part of life's
stance on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Psychologically Knowing

Fulfilling our own moral character, never copying others,
keeping ourselves within boundaries that we know bring
goodness, purity, joy and happiness into our lives.

Not listening to irrational people, knowing they don't
have any of the answers we need in our lives, psychology
ically knowing to just keep focused.

Steering clear from irrationality and purposeless acts
of life, always following the straight and narrow on our
roads of destiny and tomorrow's fulfillment of grace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Public Education

Touching upon the edges of sublime ignorance, public school
is a stagnant pool of knowledge.

Teachers, principal, all involved in education in their
personal ways - not evolving or coming out into the myriad
pools of students.

Not portraying or teaching any form of wisdom, causing only
distractions from the halls of supposed learning.

Ignorance abounding, wiping away the innate intelligence
of young minds.

Teachers doing their own thing, neglecting their jobs,
causing many problems where there should be none.

Watching the petty idiosyncrasies of wayward teachers,
knowing that our educational system is going down the drain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puddle Of Loneliness

Standing in the puddle of my loneliness, feeling damp with misery,
coagulated in a mire of persistent sorrow.
Crying within to the tune of my particular pain, gingerly walking
away, careful not to upset the puddle of my weary existence.
Capturing the essence of pure, unadulterated packages of presence,
holding them like fragile mirrors away from me.
Never knowing whether life will be here tomorrow, behaving as if
it will.
There are no guarantees for anyone, that is what causes such
purulent silence through sorrow.
Whatever will be, cannot be known until it is.
That is the tremendous burden of being human.
Evenly flowing, letting go of regions which cause tears and
constant injurious memories and images.
Forgetting everything, suddenly standing still, finding myself
once again in the puddle of my loneliness, knowing all the rest
will follow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puddles

Puddles lying on the ground reflecting things around them.
Splashing apart when passers-by ride upon them and closing back up slightly smaller until another arrival.
Night and day reflect within and children's faces fall within it's shiny grasp.
Only to have their little feet jump and splash their reflecting pictures in the street.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puddles Of Bittersweet Sadness

Falling into lines of demarcation, wanting to be freed from
life's hold, yet desiring to be held in nature's realms.

Life-altering ideas, continually seep into my mind, detaching
my soul from the circular aspects of tripping epics in
yesterday's ages.

Wallowing through so many puddles of bittersweet sadness,
collecting memories to pass on to my grandchildren, kept
safely in poems I write myself.

Knowing that they will be passed on legibly for the rest
of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puddles Of Expiration

Energizing purposes of this life, taking them from
the deserts of desolate dissonance.

Picturing the essence of an irretrievable totality,
leaving it to dissolve in puddles of expiration.

Ensuring tactics of evil will be squashed for good
under the beauty of poetical ideas and inventions.

Training minds of brilliant people into leaving
behind egos, greed and selfishness, to stand alone.

Above those now in power, taking away everything
they have gained through their corruption and greed.

Leaving them stranded, alone in helpless positions
of powerlessness from now on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puddles Of Grief

Swimming in puddles of grief, taking sunsets into account
as days progress into years.

Virtues single themselves out in the midst of sorrow as
we remember love ones dear to us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puddles Of Imagination

Sloshing through puddles of rain, feeling young again,
enjoying the childish wonder as I watch the drops of
water splash and fall all over the place.

A new and vibrant feeling coming over me each and every
time, even when lost, forlorn and alone, finding puddles
of imagination where I can be young once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puddles Of Life

Talented withdrawal forming puddles of life, uncreated,
tenderly misleading, guidance from others causes bleeding
internally.

Defiance crowding inner strength, lowering the defenses
always counted on.

Reliability does not transcend the infidelity of memories,
cold, dark, unforgiving.

Saturated with belief, death threats are taken literally,
silencing reverberations of hatred and anger are shame and
guilt felt forever.

Placing the smallness of life inside of brown bottles in
refrigerators, daring to touch and slice away the innocence
of a child.

Branded, sent away to other dimensions, where no once can
hear the cry of sadness.

Plaintively stating facts held within secret rooms, carcasses
of remembrance fill a mind with reserve, tearing apart
intelligence and wonder.

Laced with taciturn pleadings, life continues it's journey
somehow from the minutes spent in freedom, away from lusting
appendages, screaming.

Scaring all betrayal from ever being thought, sitting absently
throughout life, never belonging.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puddles Of Music

Wallowing in puddles of music, enjoying their
wetness upon arid thoughts pulled from inner deserts.
Creating all manner of playful games, giving rise to
laughter through splendid lines of humor.
Taking strides like a dismounted cowboy, walking bowl-
legged down streets filled with puddled music.
Enjoying the playful games throughout days of leisure
and plaintive laughter.
All together, getting wet with spectacular rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pull Self Up

Wallowing in self-pity feels alright for a while, but even I can't do it very long.
It's taxing on your mind, but the tears flow and that always helps your body cleanse itself for awhile.
Then you have to pull yourself up out of the mire so you don't stagnate and lose your mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pulled Into Pools Of Darkness

Rocking back and forth, thinking about life and what it's meant through the years.

Feeling joy, happiness, sorrow and loss, experiencing each one in turn and writing of them in poetry.

Allowing lessons to be learned, although difficult and intense, at times being pulled into pools of darkness.

That once I thought I'd never survive, but somehow, God was able to reach me through faith and hope.

Giving help needed, bringing life back to life, appreciating Him, grateful for everything that He's done all through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pulling Apart Loneliness

Inspiring loneliness to turn the corner and free itself
from dividing forces, trying to push it into boxes and
crates of unidentifiable pictures of alien images.

Instead, reaching for creative reasoning, pulling
loneliness apart and stripping it of narrow-minded ideas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pulling Faith

Fairly, an afterthought of faith cannot come within limitless boundaries.
All thoughts must be tended and cared for so as to grow ever larger in faith as each day passes.
Inner strength and endurance cannot become unless faith is already there to pull it into existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pulling Out All Stops

Rushing to greet me, rhythms slamming into my
mind as I begin to write in depths of contemplation.

Flowers blossoming in words, meanings and definitions,
giving the essence of each one to be seen in
picturesque speech.

Beautiful particles sparkling against intellect in
diamond patterns of exuberance, etching themselves on
photographic screens.

Playing with imagery set in imagination where it can
be illuminated in dimensional aspects of beautiful
landscapes.

Being taken into the wonder and curiosity of
everything, while coming into view at the same time
as rhythm beats itself into my brain faster and faster.

Never letting up, trying to push me to keep up the
pace and not slow down, finding meanings lying about
that I want to put in interior sentences.

Now pulling out all stops as I climb mountainous
walls of inner canyons where I keep crystal ideas of
talent right up front, always at the ready when pen
is in hand.

Reporting rhythmic sounds in lyrics of elastic
music coming into sight, as lively anticipation grows
with every proposition, jumping straight into the
mix of poetry that I'm writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pulling Out Forgotten Images

Life never addressing issues of what death does to our loves
in life, thoughts lie lifeless and numb refusing to be brought
to life again except through our aging memories.

Somehow scents, gestures, lights or shadows pull out forgotten
images of what we used to have when together, heart being wrench-
ed totally in two.

Bleeding tears of love and remembrance of we two once upon a
time when younger, hand in hand, loving and passionate about
our lives and futures as we boldly moved forward.

Love now being tested, gaining strength within each other's
beings, hearts and souls forever, although we never really
even think of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pulling Sensations

Rows and rows of blue roses growing silently in this mind,
scenting every thought with rhythms of heavenly sorrow.

Never losing sight of tidal motions of an expansive ocean,
filling this empty heart with the love of Mother Nature.

Carrying it onto other horizons where it will shine and
continue to illuminate subconscious enlightenment of
another world.

Sensations being pulled into an existence of exquisite
intensity that is inborn and not left idle for even a
moment.

Incessant beating of rhythms, taking off on tangents into
outer limits, out of mundane boxes of life, finding instead, untrodden trails
existing only in this quiet shy mind.

Nowhere else can an imagination have such free rein as the
one that is innately attached to this soul forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pulling The Rip Chord

Flying high into skyways of my mind, parachuting through the nights, billowing chute soaring farther out of sight.
Heavenly blue roses, folding over my soul as I pull on the rip chord.
Suddenly being pulled up and carried on whims of air current until I touch the ground, ready to go up again for another spin through heavenly skies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pulling Thoughts

Morning light shining into this mind, awakening thoughts
and allowing them to pull me in all directions.

Writing something of value, hoping that people like what
eventually is put in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pulling Thoughts Out Of Inner Drawers

Riding into the midst of a hail storm right in the
middle of Wagon Yard, living in the highlights of
another rhythm as it falls upon my mind.

Withdrawing and stepping back, watching and wondering
when it will stop, thinking and pulling thoughts out
of inner drawers.

Seeing spheres floating above, carrying me into the
atmosphere where no one else may follow, senses rising
higher into desires.

Wanting to feel the love that they are showing my heart
tonight, not knowing what to do, as they envelope my
soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pulsing Rhythm

Ranting through music, feeling it's beat, keeping time with it's rhythm.
Listening with an inner ear to entire stories, falling from
a repertoire of imaginative creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pumping Rhythm

Pumping rhythm into life while I sit here waiting
for ideas to formulate and keep jumping into the
lines as I write them down as rapidly as possible.

Noticing the variety and timing as they come closer
and are honed to a perfection of spiritual knowledge
in wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Punctuating Rhythms

Punctuating rhythms being taken into poetical illusions, finding a beneficent and alluring fantasyland created by intellect and imagination.

Surprising truths exposing lies and illusions, finding footholds in life to climb to tops of heights and depths in canyons and perfect spaces of mathematical equations.

Awaiting recognition and wanting to be placed in a poem of invention, tempting intellect to inscribe them into poetical journal's being written in by this mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puppies Crying

Puppies crying, whimpering out of loneliness,
only wanting to play and be free outside the
confines of a wire fence.

Longing to be petted and loved, lying there,
waiting for their owner to get up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pure And Simple

It's so amazing that American seniors continue to laugh,
sing, dance, letting go of their ills and troubles in
the midst of entertainment, pure and simple.

Living through a time of corruption and turmoil, every-
one disgusted with politicians and establishment, every-
one voting for Donald Trump to make America great again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pure Existence

Rain falling into the world, nurturing it with an invisible force, never letting it give in to humanity.

Watching everything as it grows and flourishes in and on this earth.

Rhythm swaying continually, giving all of nature an energy that fulfills my human spirit at the same exact time.

Exuberating within self, giving an exciting and thrilling essence to the passion of my soul as I sit and live in the presence of God.

Witnessing the family that says they love him give up and wanting to pull the plug.

Like they do to babies they want to abort because they're being inconvenienced by their existence.

That is all it is, a selfishness of egos penetrating the sacredness of life and it's pure existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pure Forms Of Sadness

Succinct and poignant areas of intellect intent on
thinking of death and dying this very moment, bring-
ing feelings and emotions into the thick of things.

Everything written can then be felt by those who read
this poem, intense sorrow filling me like air being
blown into a balloon.

Not really touching my being, yet filling feelings
and emotions so fully and completely that I can feel
the loneliness and emptiness acutely.

Feeling it's pain touching mind and heart exquisitely,
yet painfully, realizing that an intense sadness is
the product of once intense joy and happiness.

It was once celebrated fully as an event was happening
in my life, now feeling intensity of it's loss gnawing
at my interior spirit.

Allowing me to feel the sadness in a pure form, so as
to recognize that it's coming from a past joy and how
intensely I am missing it in my life these days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pure Heart

Darling, loving you so intensely, feeling your pure
heart next to mine, emitting beautiful landscapes
through musical interludes.

Flowing enthusiastically throughout my entire being,
feeling so blessed by your love as it thoroughly
blends with mine.

A perfect match made in heaven, gently moving, com-
posing rhapsodies of our love while we participate
in their rhythms equally when we're together in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pure Innocence

12: 09 p.m.
Rushing into the center of life, listening to a rock and
roll band filling minds with it's glorious music.

Strengthening inner thoughts with steady rhythms, giving
an intense volume of words.

Shapes and forms fall into regular tones as I enlist their
essence to enter poems.

Enhancing their flow and melodies with a pure innocence of
life, taking me forward into the energy of being here on
earth.

(12: 10 p.m. - 3/29/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pure Life

Children light our lives with their simple joy and
curiosity in everything they see and do.
Seasons pass adults as years of age, yet to watch
a child, they become an adventure in timeless
moments showing so many signs of life as they play.
Filling life with wonder, watching through their
pure eyes, life becomes a prayer in everything we do.
Watching them play, invent new games, think with a
simplicity that is far beyond our years.
Candles, lit with innocence, invite us into prayer-
filled circumstances, learning from our children,
we see life on earth anew.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pure Life's Innocence

Children holding the beauty of innocence so carefully
in their undeveloped minds, practicing it naturally
without qualms or doubts.
Feeling the purity of life setting them apart from
teens and adults.
Wonder of everything, learning minutes at a time,
expanding their minds with leaps and bounds.
Forging new pathways down life's rose gardens,
enhancing their knowledge and wisdom with lessons
learned forever in interior minds of clay, molding
themselves without any reserves, becoming the children
of God they are.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pure Nothingness

Watching serenity float above, drifting along, now descending slowly into this being, bluened light of the Divine, giving needed solace this very moment.

Living in depths of contemplation, not worrying about anything of this worldly life, for it cannot enter here, no stress, turmoil, suffering, hardship, it is a pure nothingness filled with the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pure Rain

Rain comes and cleanses my soul
and mind with it's pure essence.

Riding along with the windows down,
watching rain drops gliding and
sliding across my windshield.

Taking me into imagination's depths,
so I can play with words contained
within, waiting to be spoken in
writing of poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pure Understanding

Significant purposes in life tend to help others, there
is an inherent unselfishness in it.

Wanting to initiate this type of environment throughout
the entire world would be an absolute wonder.

Think of the power each individual could develop, and
in turn help others around them.

Discovering concepts, prospects would be a great and
wonderful achievement for the world.

Silence and contemplation encouraging ideas, bringing
them to fruition, reality taking steps to make them
come about.

Figuring out interior designs, patterns and eventual
outcomes will be a pathway to ending results.

Ideas lending themselves to beauty of this world, all
through unselfish necessities needed by so many people
living in poverty.

Using ingenuity of proclivities in innate nature and
knowledge, taking power of many individuals into
consideration, as we move ahead into the twenty-third
century ahead of schedule.

Peaceful and natural conditions finally being considered
and made into the reality of today's world uninhibited
and totally relevant.

A solace of pure understanding would envelope us forever
in this modern world of science and religion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pure Wishful Thinking

Wind blowing just outside, branches waving in time with the
music being listened to.

Quiet silence speaking, yet this mind is taking notice of
every detail going on in the environment.

Sky so blue it looks like an ocean, wanting to swim above
in it's heavenly purity.

Wishful thinking carrying imagination to all aspects of
nature while writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purely Innocent Talent

Staring at intellect as it begins working it's interior
magic, seeing it arrive at conclusions and decisions
so instantaneously one moment to another.

Never any hesitation to be seen, either accepting or
rejecting every thought or opinion openly discussed
with me.

A unique way of living, a purely innocent talent, like
that of a child when very young, seeing through lies
and illusions throughout life.

Always being lied to because people would tell me things
then not remember what they said to me, yet I never for-
got a word they told me.

Being hurt by others because none of them understood what
it was that I was able to do, not knowing about my photo-
graphic memory, so they carried on like I would never
know or remember what it was they said to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purely Selfish

Your love has hurt me deeply, leaving me in tears every day, having no recourse, no way to heal, being left in a deep chasm, no way to return to the way I was before, happy, free and content in life.

Now realizing you have given me your love for purely selfish reasons, a temporary love to have me help you get through a difficult situation in your life, you never really loved me the way I needed.

Understanding fully now, what you've done to me, yet it doesn't help or heal the intense pain of loss you have now left me with, crippling me emotionally, giving me no love at all, abandoning me to get on with your life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purest Form Of Love

Red roses showing love in it's purest form, blossoming
out to all who are born.

Touching our hearts as Thomas, doubting, touched God's
hands to see if it was He.

Feeling Jesus's wounds, putting his fingers where His
hands were nailed to the cross, Thomas leaves us feeling
a mixture of joy and sadness, because Jesus had to endure
such cruelty.

Looking at the blood red rose, smelling it's splendid
perfume, brings Him closer, ever nearer to my heart.

A red rose showing love in His purest form.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purified Atmosphere's

Soundlessly echoing throughout levels
of purified atmospheres, life caters
to itself in ever widening circles.

Injudicious statements collected in
bins, saved for unsavory moments of
callousness and remorse on wintry,
salty days of pregnant demise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purity Of Heart

Holding hands, dancing close together, room only for our love
to reach out to one another, nothing else able to get between
either of us.

Listening to notes as they leave coded rhythms that only we
two are able to understand, sitting together in the light of
a full moon.

Looking forward to going home together and making love with
the purity of our hearts and souls taking us straight to
heaven's beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purity Of Love

Appreciation of others brings about a new knowledge of caring for another.
Pleasure is unfolded and handed to someone in need of it's release - it's freedom.
Sensing intimate beauty as it flows throughout the atmosphere, being carried by rare thoughtfulness.
A purity of love usually unheard of, except in a certain few, born with this open, honest nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purity Of Rain

Rain now pouring down here in Phoenix, cleansing our
desert and replenishing i's nourishment, getting it
once again green and vibrant.

Loving to see the purity of rain dropping onto this
earth, finding a fresh and alluring smell of creosol
filling my mind with it's exquisite essence.

Loving it's scent as it takes me back to childhood when
walking through the desert on the way to school.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purity Of Thought

Time marches on through life, dragging us along
with the hands of it's clock in rhythm with our
heart beats.

Soothing us in periods of intense grief, bringing
laughter in moments of happiness through our
children and grandchildren's innocent wisdom.

So simple and direct, coming straight from their
minds and out their mouths in a purity of thought
only children have the wisdom to know of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purity Of Unrealized Love

Take your time baby, my heart still waits expectantly
for you to fulfill desires that are ever rising with-
in each of us.

Standing by, allowing you to take a chance on me, still
being free, independent and unable to be tamed by any-
one in this life.

Knowing innately of inner strength, feelings that dwell
in secreted spaces of my heart, afraid at times, yet,
intuitively knowing that you hold the key to my heart.

Biding your time, wanting me to come to you on my own,
allowing realizations of my love for you to come to the
surface, shyly, timidly, watching you from afar.

Wanting you to hold me tightly, not letting me go from your
arms, yet I continue to run away from you, seeing in your
eyes the unconditional love you hold in your heart for me.

Desires and passion wanting to be met by your own, just
hoping and waiting that you will come to me, taking me
into your arms, kissing me passionately, yours at last.

Looking into one another's eyes, knowing that there is
no longer anywhere for me to run, being tamed by your
loving, patient heart.

Our future now sealed, together as one, we walk hand in
hand into our lives, with me no longer running from you
only towards you, wanting to be held.

Loving and cherishing one another throughout the rest of
our lives here on earth, the purity of unrealized love
now being fulfilled and recognized.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purple Energy

Romantic and cheeky, lilting in a solemn tune of desire,
allowing people to feel love growing within their hearts,
unsteadily yet firmly.

Taking the beauty of melodies into each other's hearts
with such eloquence, not seen too often upon a dance
floor filled with so many people at once.

Loving to see the purple energy being thrilled into a
purple essence of an absolute and penetrable atmosphere.

Challenging the very existence of love in the air, music
soaring and diving into the universe with an unabridged
laughter and innocence of pure love.

Being spread upon hearts of those who are dancing, a
divine and supportive presence from above, protecting
everyone who has come here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purple Mist

Purple mists, hazing my sight, gelling inside, delicately protecting innate whisperings of genius.
Relaxing in an atmosphere of antiquity, perfecting rhythms
of life to exacting measurement.
Attacking circular methods of circumstance with hesitant efforts and mystical romance.
Curtains of purple mist fall across my sight, encapsulating
me in an envelope of timid remorse, while expectations
sprout and blossom before me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purporting Essence

Stopping along the way, hoping to find ideas that will
readily fit in with what I am thinking, quickly and
quietly lifting inner spirits as I write constantly into
the vast bluened atmosphere within.

Nothing able to move or take it away from me, such a
reverent spirituality it creates in intellect, filling
this mind, heart and soul with it's soothing beauty.

Touching all senses, letting me feel the divine within,
calmly giving serenity needed to fulfill my purpose,
wonderful, perplexing, complex and simple, purporting the
essence and passion of my being into an existence all it's
own here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purporting The Essence Of India

Train now having left the station, on my way to Cochin,
looking forward to the ride even though it will take
many hours to get there.

Riding a train will enable me to experience more of India
in an absolute genuine landscape, characterizing what life
is really like from the grass huts to apartment buildings.

Mosques, Christian architecture in churches, Catholic
churches with beautiful cathedrals everywhere, pond and
rivers, flowing all over.

Rice paddy's and crops being grown across earth's surface,
such a contrast as we travel miles across the landscape,
it's beauty purporting the essence of Indian culture and
people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purpose

Sacrificing daily serenity for upheaval and great joy, we
enjoy our children and watch them play and grow.

Pride and love, encouraging them along the way, understanding
and caring for all little people wherever they happen to be
born is the obligation of all grown-ups, not only to their
parents.

Mentoring, teaching, listening to all children no matter whose
they are seems to me to be the purpose of everyone being here,
living on earth.

Future parents are being taught by us all in one way or another,
what have you done to aid this endeavor? Have you been fulfilling
your purpose in life, or have you failed until this moment?

To bring about change, eliminate gangs and violence, is up to
each of us right this minute.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purpose And Love Disappearing

Reasons abound in life to continue living, not many of them being valid, according to what I've seen and experienced in life.

Seeing our earthly lives on a layer of soil with heaven always above it, enticing our souls to head straight for it's realms.

Having to live through turmoil, suffering and loss of our loved ones, where is the reason to continue on, our purpose and love disappearing beyond the horizon.

We cannot go beyond it unless accompanied by death, leaving us bereft and forlorn with no relief, as we exist without them.

Soaked in tears throughout the years, joy and happiness sating our souls and hearts only occasionally, never staying with us because sorrow takes our lives and buries them in the darkness before death comes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purpose And Reason

Relieving stress and strife of this day by listening to music, letting it's rhythms soothe and calm my soul interiorly.

Tenderly filling heart, mind and soul with delicately created thoughts and expressions of serenity, touching intellect silently.

Bringing me into the center of an interior life, alone and satisfied just by being there, a quiet and simple environment.

Giving the life I'm living a conscientious purpose and reason for writing poetry throughout my life, never stopping or thinking to take a break from it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purpose Being Forgotten

Having to go deep within, feeling sorrow and sadness holding onto each other through loss in life of loved ones.

Stepping into the light, power and energy fulfilling my being and spirit, keeping secrets to myself, lost and alone in nighttime dreams.

Realizing the beauty of an environment beyond this life on earth, storms coming and going, leaving very few reminders of what they were meant for.

Their purpose being forgotten so soon after they a-light on this earth, striking like lightening, then disappearing with the clouds above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purpose For Passion

Writing in the twilight of life, loving it's
cool darkness and absence of light.

Taking the essence of midnight into poetry,
loving how it fits factually into each verse.

Relating concepts that fall unhesitatingly
into the deepest part of my soul.

Lasting and totally beautiful, bringing life
to fruition in the center of intellect, giving
my mind a purpose for it's passion in writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purpose Of Interior Life

Listening to angelic music being composed within
my mind, nothing standing in the way.

Bluened light beckoning this mind with a clarity
and purpose of interior life.

Sensitive and innate, writing the essence of my
intellect into pages of poetry.

Poems will continue to fall upon many blank
pages before I finally succumb to death on my
final horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purpose Of Meaning

Bands of ribbon, elastically balancing on bars,
fearful of falling off and into deep pits of
blackness and horror.

Colors riveting themselves to objects and things,
turning dull ineptitude into rainbow based endeavors,
held onto by everyone wanting to find a purpose and
it's meaning in their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purpose Of Mind

Somnolent thoughts are hanging upside down like bats in a darkened cave, waiting to be awakened and chased out into the open.

Solidly knowing the practice of exercising futility and it's promise of eternal assistance.

Following the purpose and every endeavor that enters this mind, taking them all as a whole, not parting any of it - just compiling everything in notes and measures of a particular rhythm.

There is no other way as every idea is automatically coded straight into the essence of my being with no exceptions to it's purpose.

Realizing the surety of this statement as it is being written down on a line of prosperity and taken over tomorrow's horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purpose Senses It's Being

Reacting totally to rhythmic beats of a past that continues
to haunt with it's ghosts.

Being constantly taunted by the memories, finding that only
silence takes all of hurt and sorrow into the folds of empty
entitlement.

Tantamount to the incessant purposes of intellect, purpose
senses it's being and follows it all into cellars of another
continuum.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purpose Through Poetry

Jumping into the peace of this afternoon, feeling joy
and happiness touching my heart and soul tenderly.

Following the purpose of my life through poetry, a
never-ending quest that fills me with energy.

Intellect taking me on pathways no one has ever been
down, exhilarating and thrilling my mind enticingly.

Wonderful and tantalizing, every experience being
created totally from a bluened atmosphere of Divine
intellect touching mine.

Surpassing realms of this earth, taking me into vast
dimensions and universes of heaven, never faltering
or diminishing when writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purposeful Activities

Juggling activities with ease, enjoying their beauty and fervor with a splendid sense of purpose, altering and enlivening our movements through the years.

Finding exercises of futility disappear with the experience of tones and notes of rhythm, beating in unison with our hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purposeful Destiny

Abundant and lively visions dancing upon keys of an
interior piano, falling gently into this poetical
mind of purposeful destiny.

Dancing to moments of chords in fast-paced melodies
and rhythms, enjoying their intensity and beauty, so
like a ballet and symphony together.

All being written into poetry rapidly without any
effort at all, like a bee buzzing from one flower to
another, pollinating each poem, an intense experience
that no one else can ever duplicate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purposeful Enigma

Vibrantly feeling intense sounds and colors of space
filling with expressions of total life.

Spreading it's essence throughout the universe, no
thoughts left out in the cold to freeze within.

Piecing together, every particle and fiber with a
cement of emotional glue that never leaves your mind.

Always being a reminder of what you have felt through
your entire life, even if you want to forget it.

A purposeful enigma, holding memories of sorrow forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purposeful Expression

Reality wishing to be more like imagination, creating and
divining absolute truths that it carries within.

Finding that life has a way of building statues to show
us meanings of gods that we cannot grasp nor understand.

Peaceful endeavors being created from questions of our
minds through intellect.

A purposeful and beautiful expression of the way our
brains work in an expert direction to the one who has
created us in His image.

Fulfilling and anticipating the wonderful promises of
our spirits, one day being brought to Him in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purposeful Meanings

Disabilities are set aside when music plays and
resurrects youth on the dance floor.

Walkers are set aside, hands are held, arms give
human contact for a while and meaning's purpose
becomes apparent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purposeful Passion

Stretching and lengthening periods of expression being
taught within this mind through knowledge of intellect
and spacious properties of wisdom as they are constantly
reached and expanded.

Previously guarded and kept close to a mind as life
does somersaults around inside of being.

Rejuvenating and adding many designs and patterns to the
interior spheres of an enlivening spirit of ingenuity.

Always being filled with an integrity of purposeful
passion from the soul itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purposeful Truths

Constantly touching our minds with poetry, giving our souls
their purposeful truths as we live our lives separately.

Parallel equations we two, consistently being pulled towards
one another, giving no slack.

Reaching out, losing everything and nothing at the same time,
giving our all and hiding within.

Finding all the pain and sorrow that has filled each of us
throughout our lives, sharing it all and helping it dissipate
at times so we can have some life to continue writing our
hearts into the stratosphere.

Our place is hidden above in the stars, shining down upon us,
blessing us with the infinite wisdom of eternal love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purposefully Silent Nature

Settling into surroundings of nature, finding peace and
serenity in it's quiet splendor, looking at everything,
trees, leaves, branches, flowers and grass.

All of it beautiful in it's own right, nature being so
purposefully silent, allowing our minds and intellect
to take it in vibrantly.

Feeling it's essence within our soul throughout the years,
thinking of God and how happy He must have been creating
nature for our pleasure here in this temporary life on
earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purposeless Lives

Rushing into and out of so many activities, trying
to keep busy, so afraid of idleness and being alone
with themselves.

Instead of relaxing, sitting down watching a tree
grow, letting their minds wander around aimlessly
and daydreaming.

Never really knowing what they are thinking because
they feel they must fill their agendas with things
to keep them busy, making themselves feel important.

As if this is going to give them self-esteem and a
reason for being alive, all of it just taking the
place of creating an interior life.

Building faith and hope to get through their purpose-
less lives would increase their spirituality and give
them direction in their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purposely Exercising Futility

Exercising in futility on purpose, just to see how
frustrating it feels.

Turning and twisting inside, not liking it very much,
feeling anger being triggered spontaneously without
being decided upon.

Rolling down windows of my mind, escaping from the
clotting of futility on my inner spirit, deciding
that futility wasn't something I wanted a part of in
life.

Wanting only a definite purpose to develop all senses
and intellect from.

Noticing that everything is much freer and calm that
way, feeling so much better and not being stressed to
the max like before.

Relaxing in measures of rhythm with a slackening in
pace, able to fall back and think alone in past moments
of thought again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purposely Writing

Purposely writing poetry, musically listening and soaring
into imaginative creativity, taking an interior life into
a bluened light.

Finding imagination opening up totally and completely, en-
joying and loving, having great pleasure, feeling hopeful
with euphoric tastes of delectable thought coming to mind.

An effervescent glorious feeling that excites and thrills
me no end, as it entices and lifts my spirits, enlarging
and expanding memory into the reality of imagination.

A totally explicit and beautiful atmosphere that explodes
into colorful beauty as landscapes form in my mind and I
write from them incessantly.

Taking my life into a mysterious and tantalizing atmosphere,
coming and going into another dimension freely, absorbing
the energy that's in my being.

Totally finding self in the center of my bluened universe,
soulfully, spiritually, finding the peace and serenity in-
side of me entirely.

So calmly, energetically filling me with an effervescence
that brilliantly illuminates and enlightens me completely,
with feelings and emotions completing the circle of events.

Mind dancing with rhythms, having so much fun and pleasure
that I could write like this forever without stopping, if
only I didn't have human qualities that prevent it.

Like eating, drinking, going to the bathroom, laughing at
my foibles of humanity and still enjoying what I do, always
being fulfilled by it incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purposes Not Mattering

Walking through this elastic atmosphere, things always snapping back after being given to us.

Returning and ditching elements that are abundantly handed to us throughout life.

Purposes in life not seeming to matter to others, they lose their way, judging others, refusing to judge themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purposes Of Love

Qualifying purposes of love through dancing together, holding one another with languid intensity.
Holding eyes, meeting souls in depths of their beings.
Staying close, bringing hearts in synch with tones of songs sung in unison.
A liveliness encroaching upon two minds, creating one in melodies of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purposes Of Talent

Silencing effects of yesterday, focusing instead
on purposes of talent.

Given for express reasons of increasing knowledge
in and of the world in respect to other dimensions
interiorly.

Being blessed with a beautiful and intense value,
creating in mind, an interior life to live in.

Giving not only self a place to be at peace, but
letting it flow out onto others also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Purses

Purses, handbags, pocketbooks, all holding treasures
of owners they are with.
Taken everywhere on shoulders or held by hands,
transporting owner's identification, pictures and
personal items.
Lost without one, women search store shelves to find
just the right one to fit their personalities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pursuing Every Move

Writhing to the antics of the cha cha, letting it take
me into it's depths.

Invigorating and pursuing every move to rhythms as they
fall across my path.

So lithesome, energetic and fully alive, bringing the
beauty of each melody into synch.

My mind grasping and taking in every beat, touching
intellect and imagination with it's rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pursuing Me Through Life

Silent, peaceful, settling into an atmosphere of beauty and enticing love, one with nature and you my dear, holding my heart in yours gently and tenderly.

Finding stars in my mind, following them interiorly, all leading to thoughts defining everything you are and mean to me.

A totally unconditional love that reaches into my soul, grasping passion and desires with your own, pursuing me through life.

Always giving your best, caring, listening and believing in me, never letting me down, my love, cherishing and treasuring you in all the same ways my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pursuing New Prospects

Leaving everything behind, wanting to pursue new prospects,
new challenges, move into another sphere of life, recognize
ing facts of living can sometimes stagnate over the years.

Routines becoming cumbersome and dull, doing the same thing
over and over with nothing new happening, discovering paths
leading into new explorations making me happy.

Finding daily challenges that bring about new possibilities,
taking them in stride, happy to once again have a life ful-
filled with excitement.

New and wonderful ideas, concepts and meanings, altering the
mundane ways and means that have been occurring far too long
through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pursuing Rhythms

Listening to the melody of a guitar strumming my heart,
touching this mind with tender notes of breathless
sounds.

Feeling the intense tones pursuing rhythms into spaces
of an interior being.

Leaving no emptiness, bridging sorrow with all of life's
beats in measures of my soul.

Being fulfilled at last, in the culmination of musical
compositions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pursuit Of Eternal Life

Having grown old before my time, but only in my mind.
There I cogitate and reminisce as if on a rocking chair
of ninety.
Balancing words and thoughts, exacting literal meanings
from everything that is said.
Slowly walking towards the age I will someday be.
Taking along only precious things - the thoughts I have
amassed so far in life.
Always writing and searching for meaning because I have
as yet found none.
What will life be like for me when I have forwardly
advanced to the last earthly age I'll be?
All questions normally reserved for later years in life
have already been asked with no answers brought forth.
What will I think about in the future?
Will I have exhausted every topic or will I continue to
find or extract more as I move forward in time?
Maybe steps will turn outward, searching deeper for
meanings of life as I come to an end, no longer growing
older, taking the final step in this weary trek of life.
Surpassed by the pursuit of eternal life itself, where
will I end up?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pursuit Of Lifetime Endeavors

Living and loving life, finding so much promise and
fulfilling impetuous desires of excitement, wanting
to challenge and conquer everything I choose in life.

Possibilities rising, taking me further into the pur-
suit of lifetime endeavors, touching upon the freedom
of an inner spirit.

Choosing to do dangerous things to get my adrenaline
moving, knowing intuitively that I will be safe while
doing it.

Tempting and enticing calculations of formulas, figur-
ing out exactly how to do each thing I attempt, seeing
in visions of the future how everything fits together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pushing Flying Shadows

Flying shadows being pushed and shoved through the air,
daring any of them to protest.
Waving away every bit of leaves, shattering them into
the pool as they're yanked off of trees where they were
safely located or so they thought at the time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pushing For Election

Ms. R. states she wants to work on foreclosures and loan officers, etc.

How, is not told to us - just that she will push this if elected.

According to her, everything is broken and she is going to fix it all!

Also, she'll enforce SB1070 humanely - meaning more specifically, letting illegals go scott free - claiming police, mcso, etc. are behind her.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pushing Forward

Being sought out by rays of sun,
warming, giving a touch of being,
looking down upon me in straitened
times of life's journey.

Pushing forward, lending every
ounce of possibility to affects of
nature, working to hold me close
enough so I don't fall into pits
of suicidal derailment and hell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pushing Grief Aside

Christmas cheer scattered about, still bringing
happiness and joy to everyone.

Candid energy spread over all, allowing for
a peculiar environment to penetrate sorrow's
realms within.

Pushing grief aside for moments in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pushing Into Romance

Being lost and forlorn, hoping to find someone to
love, until one day no longer living.

Pacing the countryside, wondering where and when
the one person who will love altogether, with all
faults and imperfections, will be found.

Hoping against every hope that somebody will love
honestly and truly for the rest of life just this
one.

Rhythms hanging on, pushing forward, into depths
of romance, hopefully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pushing Limits

Deep down, into depths of my interior,
I hide from life and those around me.
Listening to the words I need to hear
from myself, heeding no one else's.
Figuring pieces of my essence as one
would a jigsaw puzzle.
Many times nothing seems to fit, yet
I persist in pushing it to the limits.
This is what I need, I guess.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pushing Music

Hesitant male, unsure of his voice,
lacking confidence and poise.

Until the stanza and melody of
exciting tempos start pushing music.

Then forward thinking individuals of the
evening become bright lights of insight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Putting Death On Hold

Reluctantly moving into the future at times, not knowing
what lies ahead, wanting to sever time from life so I can
move about eternally.

Not listening to intimate aspects of death as it hides in
the corners of my being, striking when least expected,
taking life and expiring it before knowing what's happened.

Curious as always, waiting to find out the exact cause at
the moment of going from death to life, what happens and
how I can find a way to shut off the interior switch,
putting death on hold forever if at all possible.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Putting Grief To Bed

Solitarily alone, sitting by the window, looking out
at nature, watching disinterestedly while writing.

Yet, a perfect landscape entices this mind, giving it
such a wonderful detailing of each and every moment.

Sorrow sitting alongside, watching what is going on
outside, contemplating reasons that confiscate the heart.

Taking my being, making it feel forlorn and forsaken,
midnight coming upon me as I put sorrow's grief to bed.

Continuing to write, solitarily alone for hours yet,
greeting the morning sun when done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Putting In Our Time

Walking along shores of life, looking to the horizon,
dreaming of what's beyond it, placing footprints in
the sand, knowing they will be erased with the tide.

Just like the tides of life will be washed away by
death, yet throughout life picking up treasures and
memories of our years while living.

Walking along shores, picking up shells and trinkets
we find and cherish in places of recognition at home,
looking t them from time to time.

Living our individual lives on earth, putting in our
time through experiences we go through daily, waiting,
but not really thinking about it.

Our deaths will take us away from everything we have
ever known on this earth and we will never be again
seen or loved like before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Putting Life On Hold

Insinuating circumstances causing havoc within,
writing dimensionally, figuring phantomly, signs
of tomorrow's destiny.

Fighting fate along the way, pretending to be
somewhere else in time.

Changing attitudes, delving deeper into labyrinths
of inner thought, believing in faith to pull
through, putting life on hold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Putting Mind In Gear

Starting and ending every single day with music and it's rhythms.

Exercising my brain in this way upon awakening and then again when going to sleep.

Not knowing of anyone who does this, it's just my way of putting my mind in gear and learning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Putting Up Barriers

Walking into the courtyard, looking at all the cacti,
feeling a little exhilarated, knowing that they are
alive and breathing like life is supposed to be.

Needles sticking out, warning people to stay away,
just like when I am writing, putting a barrier between
myself and others, not wanting to be bothered.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzle Of Existence

Crystal clear rhythms appearing on photographic screens,
rapidly energizing particles of a mind's essence.

Forming and shaping intellect's solemn pieces of intense
ideas, putting them together in a puzzle of existence
being created right this minute.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzle Of Goals

Wavering as we get close to our goals, not believing we've come this far, yet knowing soon we will have traversed beyond our imagination's hopes and prayers.
Alleviating stress and worry, they are all part of the past, as we walk slowly, thoughtfully, beyond our goals, already planning the next pathway to newer further aims in life's puzzles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzle Of The World

Biased opinions stated early in life have a way of fading
as the years go by.

Somehow reality sets in and we begin to allow others the
right to live and enjoy themselves.

We care no more for insistent pictures of fostered growth
and maturity, knowing that all will arrive at the conclusion
of life, as suns set on our final chapters, relieving us of
all duties we thought we had in youth.

So-called rules and religions have swarmed full-term and lie
about, gathering moss and worms, untilled now, by any thoughts
of coercive action or planning.

Rigorous control is no longer needed or wanted, peace has
filled our reasoning and we can no longer fit the puzzle of
the world.

We must become the missing piece now, so we may begin the
next and greatest puzzle of existence, that of our souls
uniting with God's love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzle Of Truthfulness

Alone in a maze of truthfulness, finding my way
through it's puzzle to the light of day.
Dead-ends all around, but I see them beforehand,
avoiding their traps so I won't be delayed.
Heading straight for the hidden truths in life's
exorbitant winding maze, I come into the light
of honest truth from God.

(2: 18 p.m. - 1/20/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzle Piece Existence

Reading lines through my mind, finding those that
fit nicely together and have a meaning for eternal
literature.
Timely coming together, rehearsing their puzzle
piece existences in timeless phases of life.
Always drifting and floating on waves of
appreciation for their reality on life's pages of
literature in centuries to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzle Pockets

Going deeply into puzzles of life, drowning in their pockets,
filled with pieces of discarded ideas, being kept in case
they one day can be used in a sentence of a thought pictured
in my mind.

Loving to hold onto what doesn't seem to fit anymore, just
knowing that I can find a place for it somewhere in a verse.

Lending an ear to insides of intellect, taking apart all
sorts of abilities, just to rebuild them with a different
angle or take on the old.

Supporting every particle in life's musical scores, running
away to settle in my heart's mind where I can play with them
time and again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzle Thoughts

Recesses of my mind are never at play, they find
every opportunity to create and learn.
A positive attribute challenging imagination and
subconscious thinking of cognitive puzzle thoughts.
Mazes are formal, solutions are always a part of
the creative process.
Wisdom conforms to habitual thought until it is
stretched and pulled out of it's circumference -
then it is given free rein to become what it has
never been.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzle Treasures

Becoming an atmosphere of rhymes,
watching them parade by in regal
patterns, as they set themselves
into unknown puzzles, turning
them into beautiful treasures
for an eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzles Left From Childhood

Swarming strategically down lanes of shapeless forms, putting them together like puzzles left over from childhood.
Anticipating given moments, leaping upon them with forceful energy, proclaiming freedom and liberty for all.
Suspended in an era of lost purpose, now begun anew in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzles Of Beauty

Secluded in a forest of untamed feelings,
feeling wild and free inside a modular
cabin of intellect.
Scooting into piles of sensory perception,
shining them onto interior picture screens,
portraying images of intense significance.
Forwarding excessive wording into novel
definitions of exacerbating knowledge.
Turning it into puzzles of beauty on
picturesque landscapes, intended for
tomorrow's generations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzles Of Destiny

Venturing into piercing traditions, finding all kinds of prospects as they are delved into with aspiration.
Picturing sensory illusions, dancing around in a quiet reverie of contemplation.
Saltly shimmering in the evening twilight, holding onto a peaceful particle of life's future puzzle of destiny.
Sounding so perfectly in tune, reaching to heavenly skies with no qualms about doing so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzles Of Expectation

Sliding to and fro, energized by the beats of rhythmical folly, following steps beyond what we're used to.
Yet, we continue our journeys hoping to catch on to what we need in our soul's life.
Caught in the puzzles of expectation, we ride tidal waves of reality into our deaths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzles Of Fulfilling Mystery

Silence enthroned within my soul, glistening like
a diamond mind beneath earth.

Atmosphere filled with the quiet sound of rhythm,
spreading like a flood of water after a rainstorm.

Gently, like a butterfly alighting upon a flower,
never harming it's petals with their delicate feet.

Steady and tantalizing, life proceeds in this way,
moments of eternal splendor that most people never
encounter.

Their minds thinking of materialistic and earthly
subjects that have no bearing in nature or Godly
things.

Skeptical, questioning everything, acquiescing in
aspects of life, allowing it to follow an innate
desire.

Going into new puzzles of mystery and fulfillment,
enticing remnants of yesterday that are always being
revitalized in a morning light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzles Of Life

Standing along streets of life, we watch it parade by us in
rhythmic beats of adventure and experience.
Living accordingly, matching our inner moments with peaceful
solace at edges of heaven's gates.
Momentarily, clouds form, bringing trials and tribulations
into our pathways, some we can sidestep, others we hit head-
long and attempt to find our way through.
Never really knowing if we've actually made it or not.
Faith and hope keeping us together even when we don't realize
it for ourselves.
Taking into account, our human nature, we behave in ways we
feel comfortable, and fit into our puzzles of life as best we
can for our time here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzles Of Nature

Silently watching puzzles of nature grow before me,
continue to be, even though progress is treading
upon it so carelessly.

Hearing the pain through silent renderings, as it
tries to move away from man's coercive endeavors.

Wishing that nature and I were one, so I could
continue to be indefinitely, until our days were
done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzles Of Parity

Letting skylines go beyond an interior value where they enter heaven's gateways.

Starlight being interpreted as I listen and see master-pieces of artistic grace fall in many picturesque puzzles of parity in life.

Allowing for prayers of hope and joy to be expressed as they float across heaven on clouds of established memories held onto from early childhood.

Selecting those to be remembered so their mistakes will not be repeated again, soliciting also, feelings felt intensely when seeing them being applied in visions of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzles Of The Past

Like palm fronds spreading themselves thinly in the
atmosphere, raking images of many pasts, tuning them
with saddened recollection.

Forever, unbidden memories lie in wait, preferring the
moments of late night darkness to begin.

Head upon pillow, eyes open wide, staring at the
ceiling, trying to hide the fear inside under layers
of fantasy.

Pictures flashing sideways, constantly unwavering, no
way to silence or stop them, they continually advance.

Fighting on a conscious level, memories hidden for years
unconsciously; life becomes a burden too difficult to
comprehend, there is no meaning.

Jumbled up like a hundred jig saw puzzles stuffed into
one box, nightmares continue to haunt and suffocate
during the light of day and through the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzles Without Pieces

Justifying puzzles without any pieces,
hoping to get over on all those who
think they are smarter than the poet.

Rising to the challenge and completing
a journey begun in childhood, finally
being finished in this, the last episode
of a long and tiring life, being exercised
in too many turns of events.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzling Antidotes

Wandering into solemn archways, leading towards another
realm where very few may follow.
Puzzling antidotes lay upon tides of beautiful oceans,
taking me out beyond life to experience novel scenes
and perfect storms.
Listening quietly as whispers follow me through the
atmosphere, landing in pools of crystal tears, moving
and cutting me with shards of broken liar's words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzling Forms Of Thought

Living in recesses of yesterday's visions, attempting to
take and place them into many poems of intuitive knowing.

Placing words adjectively into many pictures, watching,
looking at them from every angle.

Wanting to see if they fit the meanings that I am presenting
to the world.

Loving this little exercise in puzzling forms of thought,
feeling an excitement from within imagination.

Pictures come together forming beautiful ideas into thought-
ful and hopefully enriching poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzling Illusions

Situational circumstances abounding in life,
trying our patience, giving us strife.

Taking in horrendous sights, trying to puzzle
them into life's purposes.

Never quite getting it right, as all illusions
fade from sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzling Intellect

Puzzling aspects of intellect conspire,
becoming wisdom's entrance to horizons beyond knowledge.
Insight glimmers, shining upon invective sources of yesterday, calculating it's effect on reality's steps towards heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzling Patterns

Blue lights sparkling in visions of my mind,
enticing it to write in rhyme quickly and
precisely.
Doubts don't enter unless they are the subject
being discussed in depth.
Blinking reasons and definitions of life, as
if in morse code, to brain patterns of puzzling
mosaics.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Puzzling Thoughts

Serenading self in peaceful development of puzzling
thoughts, coming together in rhythms listened to
with love.
Beating melodies, keeping time like a metronome with
an aching heart.
Sanguinely eliciting images, taking by the hand,
words of beauty and truth to be sung into musical
poetry of one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pyramid Of Self

Building from within, a pyramid of self.
Strong foundation, rising higher, empty still within.

Hiding treasures, gifts and talents from prying eyes.
Trap doors, secret doors, many defenses.

Whiling away many hours in intellectual bliss, not
really living life, just existing within this temple.

Pyramid, a symbol of life once lived, sits here
inside, a memorial to death.

Self-disclosure buried beneath tons of rock, looking
for a way to be exposed, to discover life anew.

No longer wanting to breathe the staleness of the
air lying for centuries, stagnating in the silent
tomb of hell.

Looking for respite, climbing quietly in the blackness
of sight, feeling the way.

Praying for some light to escape and show the way
to a better life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pyramids

Pyramids of awakening, sleeping for centuries in desert sands, being blown upon by winds of fate, yet standing there still, awaiting some catastrophic event.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pyramids Of Life's Questions

Challenging pyramids of life's questions accumulate
and rise higher than before.
Protecting interior beings from captured insolvency,
never letting it go beyond what it can not do.
Slipping on passageways through slippery circles,
being taken with uncanny ideas, generating more
enticing realms throughout ages of beginnings.

Pulling together all remedies of the past, never
finding one that will work, curing many problems,
yet they never existed in reality.
Mysteriously growing out of sight of normal visions.
Always proving, escaping is not necessarily the
correct thing to try.
Faulting others for failures due to their own suppositions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Pyres Of Literature

Riding a locomotive down imagination's tracks,
picking up images along the way, implanting
them into visions of livelihood.

Understanding coming into view, crystal clear
and beautiful.

Rooms full of creative forces, no room for
people caring only of themselves.

Forces of nature, building itself into pyres
of literature, outlasting, even memories of
old.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quagmire Of Abuse

Relaying thoughts in tunnels
of yesterday's abuse,
not allowing anything to delve
into the quagmire of abuse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quagmire Of Isolation

Along the way, losing myself in a quagmire of isolation,
not bothering to turn around, just keep walking into
unknown depths, no one there to talk with.

All just a silent period of intense stillness, tossing
me aside in retrospect for nothing else that really
mattered to anyone.

Scattered about, going under, not deserving another
chance as far as I can think forward.

Yet, there's something ahead, shining a light just
around the corner of intellect and it's forthright
honesty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quagmire Of Negativity

Some people are worse than pessimists,
in that they are never happy, joyful,
grateful or loving and are always in
a negative state of mind.

They can't be healthy or fit, because
of their bad attitudes.

Individuals always ruining good times,
pulling others down with them into
their quagmires of negativity.

How do people get like that?
What is their inspiration?
Or lack of it?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Qualities Of Life

Interiorly crossing deserts, barren and arid, yet seeing intense life foraging beneath sand and mountainous terrain, living life in spite of their environment. Ensuring methods of periodic maladies to be dealt with as events turn about and fill us with qualities of compassion, kindness, gentleness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Qualities Of The Past

Looking to death, hoping for it to rescue me from
this crazy world.

So many things happening for no reasons other than
people in power becoming totally corrupt, thinking
only of themselves and lining their own pockets.

Truth and honesty are becoming qualities of the past,
lies and cheating have taken their place it seems,
all across the world, in everyone's governments.

People are tired of this malfeasance of justice, all
are ready to generate an uprising of un proportionate
levels.

Tired of being treated like infidels and losers, every-
one is uniting, coming together and turning the tides
of all the horrendous evil over our entire world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quality Of Imagination

Life's shores lap along a mind's interior thoughts.
Touching memories, images, dreams of the future.

Lines entangle themselves with reality, causing
stressful endeavors to ensue.

Periodic quality seeps into picturesque scenes of
timeless endings, bringing about recognition of
particles while puzzling imagination from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quality Of Life Improved

Nature closing in on all sides, driving focus onto the
reality of life and it's being, tantalizing and ener-
getic, moving rapidly into landscapes.

Creating picturesque beauty within my mind right this
moment, living and dwelling in it's depths while writ-
ing through rhythms of nature.

Vibrantly and without any difficulty, photographic
screens continually providing images of past, present
and future in visions.

Ones that are absolutely divine and creative naturally,
nothing can be imitated as it's an instant creative
process happening only in my mind.

Future and lively visions showing a world of peace and
equality through music and rhythms, quality of life is
totally improved.

Brought into perfect focus, nothing left out of the
process, because innate wisdom and knowledge have taken
hold within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quality Of Life Soaring

Movement, motions, gestures, all focused into
rhythms of music, taking us away in moments of
agility and balance.

Quality of life soaring with every step taken
in rhythm, having a wonderful and exotic time,
in touch with our bodies, attuned to every beat.

Playing into and of our hearts, living through
senior years, always dancing and having a great
time, nothing like it.

Beautiful and tantalizing to our souls into the
nighttime shadows we continue to smile.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quality Of Life Unsettled

Quality of life lies unsettled on edges of our horizons,
teetering with each new source of terror, yet balanced
and focused even though somewhat fearful at times.

Knowing that death will come when it pleases, as it has
always done, we continue living our lives accordingly.

Praying and helping one another through daily struggles,
knowing this is the only way we can get through our life-
times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quality Of Moments

Concentrating closely to see anything of value, finding it
held within each being on earth.

Seeing the quality for which every moment is being saved for
everyone, consulting with learned men and women, finding out
what wisdom and knowledge can be expanded into and from.

Stretching boundaries to encompass major particles of every
aspect in mathematical equations.

Watching as each and every calculation can be figured and
provided in the best way possible.

Caressing all the answers found in depths of problems, always
taking every number, fulfilling the chemistry of life

Laying it all bare where anyone can see and use it, as long
as they can find a way to decode it along pathways through
many lifetimes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quality Of Remembered Times

Separate covers of memories at times hide feelings that
went with them in the past.

Sacrifices having been made, decisions given and answers
delivered in an inconsistent aspect whenever they have
been questioned time and again.

A sensuous pattern of desire always perpetrating energy
needed to compose poetry and music while painting and
drawing portraits, also coming to mind constantly in and
out of images of people I have known in childhood and
beyond.

Quality of times remembered in many tomes of poetical
reference that I have written through the years, loving
the essence and purity of subconsciousness as it relates
to the writing of intellect's existence deep within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quandary Of Deceit

Rings of truth peal out loud and clear on this earth, spreading integrity and honesty throughout this planet, secretly whispering beneath our breaths about those who lie and are dishonest.

Keeping their illusions in the center of things, expecting everyone to follow their example down crooked pathways, but we have morals and values and cannot think of doing wrong.

Unlike our politicians in government, trying to take away our innocence and purity, leaving us in a quandary of deceit that tells no truth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quarters Of A Soul

Pounding rhythms into my mind, carrying after effects secretly,
to outer labyrinths of truth.

Riding waves of derision slowly, walking a mind towards depths
of an inner glory, postulating on the varied categories alight
upon every highway's shoulder.

Softly caressing individual differences within, without an
outward glance in any direction, simultaneously, beginning
in a hazy cloud of memory.

While consciously knowing the world around me, carelessly
tiptoeing through verdant forests, alive with anticipated
inner joy.

There are no failing, misused moments spent in sorrow when
within balanced quarters of self's soul, delightfully soothed
by the eradication of an outer conscious life.

Living subconsciously vibrant, alive, no thoughts of human
desire, only the wanton abandonment of a mind filled with
freedom of itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quelling Jealousy

Living in a blissful state of love together with you,
knowing that you are jealous when another speaks to
me.

Yet, I quell it by letting you know truthfully, that
you're the only one in my heart and I treasure your
love above any others that may come along.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Querying Eyes

Stormy clouds gathering above, looking down upon
earth with their querying eyes.

Floating so slowly, looking to see where earth
needs rain to nourish this arid and dry desert.

Complacently taking their time as they continually
watch us here below.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quest For Answers

Trickling down into my mind, a quest for answers to the
meaning of life anchors itself delicately to imagination.
Unfortunately all thoughts conquer consciousness and leave
it stranded and alone in far corners of earth.
Living according to God, always trying to be a saint, while
failing miserably, because I'm only human.
Still, writing unceasingly, constantly in contemplative
stations, produces many theories of life.
All of them still unanswered and soaring in my mind with no
where to land except in this poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quest For Relaxation

Awaiting more quiet times to be alone and enjoy
nature's ways again.

Hectic, frantic, stressed beyond comprehension
at work.

Looking for breaks to become complacent and at
ease with the universe.

It appears none of the above serenity is going
to happen so I'll try to squeeze in a few minutes
here and there to complete my quest for relaxation.

(1: 58 p.m. - 5/12/99)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quest Of Creativeness

Walking alone, looking closely at nature's bountiful beauty,
writing whatever details are seen into a broad spectrum of
poetry.

Never leaving a blossoming petal unturned as I go, wanting
to express it all graciously, appreciating every particle
of what nature has in store to write about.

Continuing to walk though this life unheeded by anyone or
thing while on this quest of creativeness, looking always
for the minutest details.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quest Of Living

Tripping down lanes of drums, beating rhythms of my heart, skipping up and down chords of beautiful particles of nature.
Being enhanced daily by the enormous quest of living, always correcting and absorbing the essences of everything imagination holds within me.
Sensing all factions as they are divulged intrepidly in quiet aptitudes of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quester Of Knowledge

A quester of knowledge, I constantly learn new things, keeping my mind young, allowing it to grow and expand with a will to live in an era of wisdom.
Touching all areas of my being, falling into new circumferences, just to see where I haven't yet been.
Toasting the atoms of subconsciousness, changing their reality to cognitive designs, putting them on display with an open mind, showing them all the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Question Of Calculus

Praying in a soulful way, hoping for better ideas to come.
A combination of calculations spread apart in a question
of calculus, finding the direct correlation of each
formula in unison.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Question Of Faith

Taking notice of the littlest facts in this life, bringing
an example of pious simplicity into the picture, producing
the most interesting position of every living glory.

Fascinating and beautiful, taking me into depths of another
realm, giving every ounce of another belief to the question
of faith.

So fully taking life into steps of eternity, simply living
an existence with ideas of another dimension in hand.

So lovely and complacent, entirely at peace within this
existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Question Posed To This Mere Poet

A question has been presented to this mere poet, here is is:

If a person changes their religion to the majority of the
country they are living in, will things get better for them?

Being a mere poet, I do not claim to have all the answers,
I can only give the questions that I pose in return.

Do these people who are doing this actually believe in this
religion they have suddenly decided to become?

How deep is their faith in this religion? What principles
does it believe in, are they humane, based on God?

What is their reasoning, spiritual or human? What are the
effects on individuals and their families?

Why change when you are happy with what you are already
believing in?

These and so many more questions are brought to my mind, so
I have no answers to give anyone, each individual has to
answer them on their own.

Continuing to believe in what my faith has nurtured and I
agree with, I will forever be a Catholic, there is no other
religion that fits who I am and my beliefs.

Being grounded in the Catholic faith allows me to be indepen-
dent, sincere, filled with goodness, mercy and compassion,
the way of our Lord.

Man has nothing on Him I have found, following the ten
commandments is the only law I need in my life.

You are welcome to disagree, being a Catholic, secure and
certain allows me to let you give your opinions and beliefs
a voice without being persecuted.

Mankind is beautiful, I love being a part of humanity with my own beliefs, joy is my constant companion when living according to God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questioning

If tonight I should disappear from life,
would it matter?

If my shadow never again appeared on the shores
of life, would it be missed?

Are the archaic answers of old churning
rapidly inside your head?

Can an answer be given to anything I've written?

If nothing can change the outcome of withering demise,
is life then allowed to die?

Answers in requiem remorse can be countlessly preached,
lectures given, but can any of it amount to an iota of
simple reason?

Can you yet solve the dilemma?

If tonight I should disappear from your life,
would it matter?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questioning And Rebellious Attitude

Riding ridges and canyons through life, daring death to take me over their edges, loving excitement and thrills of life as I run roughshod through it's excruciating turmoil.

Watching out all the time for details in everything, touching inner senses with music, living fully through them and writing.

Curiosity always alive and well, fully being utilized every moment of my little life as a mere poet, enjoying it's questioning and rebellious attitude within my gentle soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questioning Anyway

Knowing and questioning everything anyway gives a
great interest in life's manifestations.

Even smoothly accepting in stride, the turmoil that
happens to stumble into pathways, uncompromised yet
wonderful.

Amazing to see life promised to be, happening right
now this minute.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questioning Death

Rehearsing death's funeral march, trudging through life,
searching for meaning or reasons for one or the other.

Opposites always, what lies between?

Can we fathom an answer or must we only guess and surmise
of how it must be?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questioning Existence

Sounds of music are forming pictures within my mind to write from.

Thinking of my friend, wondering how he's faring and if he's holding his own in his new world of lonely emptiness without his wife.

So tenderly seeing him, drowning in his tears of love as he tries to live without the true love of his life.

All of the time here on earth now having been changed forever, nothing ever going back to the way it was.

Learning to capture his new being in an empty sphere of loneliness, he is barely holding his own.

Questioning his very existence in this world and time, not finding any answers for the reasons of his turmoil through grief and sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questioning Minds

Roots of strength grow strongly underground where they cannot
be seen, but are used continually to live through this life.

They are foundations born within us, silently pushing, helping
us to grow when others would rather not let us do so.

Only our timid little minds question it's being and existence.

Without intellect, we would not care to know any of the reasons
for our being here either.

Seeking nothing, putting everything in at once, stirring it up
and allowing all to mature and grow inside of boundaries loosely formed or
recognized.

There are no empty spaces in our atmosphere, we have accounted
for them all and no one is the wiser.

Kindling fires of heated sun and cooling moon, stars above grin down on us
playing their twinkling games of unknowingness.

Taunting us with false beliefs which have grown and been nurtured in our minds,
life is balanced on highest tightropes, awaiting our falls on either side so we may
gracefully rise to heaven one day, totally forgiven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questioning Opinions

Realities of tomorrow are sometimes absconded by evil people
pursuing their own agendas in everyday lives, pounding out
and delivering lies until people actually believe them.

That is what Hitler, Stalin and Lenin did, are you one of
those who never investigates to find out the real truth or
one who accepts the lies readily and spreads them yourself?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questioning Poet

If there was no work today and everyone
stayed home, what would you do all day?

Where would you go? How would you
entertain yourself and family?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questioning Protocol

Pain inflicting itself upon me, tearing through my flesh and mind with it's intensity.
Causing me to cry out spontaneously without being able to hold the hurt it brings, stinging to my mind's eyes.
Tears begin falling like raindrops, rapidly and silently into the early morning air.
Waiting for a nurse to apply a patch to my skin to ease the intensity of pain ripping through me.
Not caring about the pain of her patient, just rigorously following protocol that doesn't match up with the reality of needs of the patient.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questioning Realities

Questioning the realities of existence and faith,
wondering why life is the way it is.

Long hours of discussion, truths, myths, questions
and quiet answers.

Sometimes no replies are given - there are no
explanations, no images portrayed.

Southwith, riding camels of derision into complacent
sunsets, all the while acquiescing to the beginning
of life.

Opening doors of existence with each new birth -
opening also, renewed questions of reality, existence
and faith.

God, all the while listening to our feeble attempts at
understanding an entire universe, created by His hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questioning Reality

Softly penetrating the dull effervescence of reality,
standing on consecrated ground, turning inside out,
emptying lonely feelings tangled within.
Unknowledgeable about their existence, wary of
intended meanings, yet silently questioning reasons
of reality.
Rising and falling with each new wave of remorse,
hiding away in depths of intensive, all-encompassing
recompense.
Lightening excising the boundaries of being, quickly
and quietly before retiring beyond limits set by
man's incomprehensive thoughts and meanings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questioning Reason

Sadly sorrowful, heart breaking, silence touching my
mind.

Truth of our lives together has now past, we are no
longer a couple, no longer together.

Death has made me the loser, himself the winner for
he has taken you from me forever.

Looking into the distance, tears flowing, heart so
attuned to the love we had.

It has not died, only you have, my love, wishing that
we were young again, starting over.

Yet it's a foolish thought, only a dream, because
death is so final, leaving no room for our love.

Future's hopes, dreams, wishes and promises are all
nothing to death, even though they're the world to me.

If they were possible I would gladly accept them once
again, just to be with you my love.

Now life has nothing in it, only loneliness, sorrow,
grief and an empty hole within my heart.

A wound within my heart that can never be healed while
living here on earth.

Your love had carved a space in my heart with yours and
is now no longer able to love me since you are gone.

Feeling so terribly alone, wanting to join you, but
death refuses to take me still.

Living here, loving you incessantly, dying inside, yet
you cannot feel my love or how intensely I feel your loss.

What is the use of this life without your love, can it
ever be given a reason or must I forever keep questioning
the reasons why until I am taken also?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questioning Significance

Questioning marks of constitutionality within mired
puzzles of unpredictability, accounts for momentous
strides in science.
Withdrawing, watching, withering, walking towards
absent facts and figures of imaginary significance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questioning Technology

Reaching deeply into intellect, questioning the way things are being done now with surgery and medical technologies.

Striving always to think of ways to pioneer new techniques and procedures, knowing we can always come up with improvements to increase health of people.

So many advances have already come about, from all walks of life, this mere poet thinking, questioning everything that is now being used.

Maybe one of my inventions or thoughts may change everything, you never know, stranger things have happened in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questioning The Void

Striving for answers that will give peace of mind,
questioning the void that fills me with your empti-
ness and abandonment.

There is never an answering reply, I don't know how
to attain any answers, there is just this feeling of
desolation encapsulating my heart and mind.

Serene and abiding loneliness saturates my being every
moment of my life, even in my dreams you are holding
me in your emptiness.

Love is so all-encompassing, even after death has taken
away our loved ones, how does anyone find their way
through this darkness alone.

Tears falling into my heart and mind, never letting up,
yet shutting me down within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questioning The Void Of Emptiness

Striving for answers that will give peace of mind,
questioning the void that fills me with your empti-
ness and abandonment.

There is never an answering reply, I don't know how
to attain any answers, there is just this feeling of
desolation encapsulating my heart and mind.

Serene and abiding loneliness saturates my being every
moment of my life, even in my dreams you are holding
me in your emptiness.

Love is so all-encompassing, even after death has taken
away our loved ones, how does anyone find their way
through this darkness alone.

Tears falling into my heart and mind, never letting up,
yet shutting me down within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questioning Ways

Finding rhythms running away, joyfully encountering
every note, then slowly grasping onto tempos as they
again go racing through my mind's atmosphere.

Feeling thoughts energizing through their initial
curiosity in questioning ways of life, suggestions
abounding as intellect grasps every possibility.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questioning Why

Words are irrelevant now at this particular moment in time, Tushar has gone on ahead of me into heaven, and now is looking down upon earth.

His heart filled with a brotherly love for me his friend, a mere poet whom he had an unconditional love for in his loving open heart.

Life has now fallen apart, I cannot fathom how it happened so quickly, how could he have gone from a healthy, positive man teaching me, into the condition he died from.

It shouldn't have happened like this, it should have been me, not him, why is it that I'm still here and he is no longer alive and with his family and friends, continuing his intense research that is even now helping millions of people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questioning Without Doubt

Questioning how you could love me with all my faults,
idiosnycrasies and emotional feelings, yet you are
always here no matter what I do or say.

Our hearts beating as one throughout the years, every-
thing you give unselfishly, unconditionally and emotion-
ally, filling my heart to overflowing with love for you.

Giving you everything in my heart and soul that is pure
and innocent, knowing you will never defile or destroy
it, never hurting me because your love holds me forever.

Each and every beat of my heart, every breath I take is
filled with my love for you only, my dear, nothing to
ever worry about for we were made for each other totally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questions Answering Questions

Waiting hesitantly, timidly, afraid of the unknown,
settling into patterns, deeply hiding under the surface.

Looking about, curious, wondering - wanting to know every
little detail, choosing not to let chance have it's way.

Always searching for knowledge, finding answers to satisfy
the questions, yet the questions are answered by more
questions.

It does not end and silently this mind races on through
unending passages of time.

Forever being answered by questions flying free from mind
to knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questions Are Like Weeds

Singly, searching for ends of time, wanting to grasp hold
of them, shifting, spinning, catching everything tightly
in arms of love.

Changing and dancing into the lightness of musical inter-
ludes, sashaying slowly and methodically across the floor
in time with rhythms of a clarinet.

Softly and gently playing wonder of life through curiosity, investigating and
tossing about deserts, roaming through
ravines and canyons looking for answers to life.

Questions continue to keep coming like weeds in our minds,
teasing and tempting us endlessly with their mysterious
and suggestive ideas.

Getting us to use our minds, looking for answers and many
solutions that will help in the future when we may need
them the most.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questions Awakening Senses

Silently finding ways to envelope intellect with spirituality,
loving the amazing results every time.

Exciting and refreshing whenever it happens, this morning
taking me into atmospheres of positive attitudes and moods.

Enticing my mind exclusively, seeing starlight surrounding
interiorly, all particles of intellect.

Providing very interesting designs and patterns to look at
and discern through rhythms.

Always being invigorated through many reverberations of
curiosity as it's aroused with details I'm now seeing.

Questions that are appearing in my mind, now having awakened
all senses to landscapes being seen interiorly in visions
of enticing images.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questions Hanging On Clotheslines

Flowering patterns hung upon walls of a doctor's office, enticing this mind to follow them through to unknown destinations.

Enjoying their exquisite human lines and angles, exploring the spaces within each of them, imagining all sorts of exciting things that allure curiosity.

Questions hanging on clotheslines, awaiting a creative process as they air out and are looked closely at, a prevailing joy being fulfilled while entertaining intellect in the wake of finding answers being looked for.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questions In Realms Of Reality

Reality is forming in corners of life, watching
us and how we react to it.

All of us have individual ways with dealing with
turmoil, strife, even joy and happiness.

That's what makes life so interesting, vibrant
and full of vigor and blessings.

What would we do if not able to do what we want
or desire, within limits of course.

Questions always being welcome in reality's realms
and imagination, giving different aspects to think
about when being bored.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questions No One Wants To Answer

Romping and playing with beats of rhythms, touching my mind incessantly.

Wandering through deserts, over mountains and into the atmosphere overhead.

Searching for answers to quench curiosity, always ready to look behind closed doors and curtains.

Asking questions that no one wants to answer, yet I insist, because I'm curious to learn and know everything in this life before I finally die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questions Of Being

Intent on fame while becoming insistently and increasingly closer to interior contemplation on coastlines of treasured clouds.

Following steps away, as steps continue to walk forward on wayward treks to explanations of questions of being.

Writing replies to thoughts, gathering inside of tears,
while angels flit above my mind.

Touching emotion with their gentle heavenly wings, pushing me forward onto the runway of success, leading me to straightened roads of prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questions Of Eternal Doubt

Scattered amongst ourselves, are questions of eternal doubt.

Frustrated by the lack of answers generated, knowledge takes a back step, preferring to hide high upon aged shelves not having to make a remark or cast about for words that make sense.

Roused beyond mortal dreams, reflecting the gifts and talents waiting patiently inside, counting on others to fulfill our inner dreams without any work from us.

It will never happen, people lead themselves astray with this wild thinking.

Instead, each should begin and end within their own beings, not relying on anything, but personal experience to find their way, and become the person they were meant to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questions Of Faith

Concentrating on beguiling questions of faith,
scanning past memories of hope.
Gathering some answers into small piles to be
gone through every once in a while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questions Of Love

Wanting to know what love really consists of.
Is it a reality or just our thoughts we place
in our hearts for our convenience?
Why do we emotionally feel that we're in love
with another person?
Can anyone show me what love really is?
There aren't enough explanations in life to
explain it, I'm sure.
Living an existence, never knowing the beauty
that some people think that it is.
What is love? Maybe a state of mind that we
adjust to our image of what we think it is.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Questions Of Maturity

Growing up is painful, killing me when a teenager.
There are no directions to point the way.
Spinning crazily like a magnet in the north pole,
life gyrates with no control.
Trying to head in every direction at once, ending
up, standing still.
There are no cures, no remedies for growing up.
Each day begins anew, each day we fill a brand new
cup.
There are no set rules from A to B, everyone tries
haphazardly to just keep themselves alive, amidst
all the noise and craziness.
There's not a soul alive with the answers to
questions of maturity, we all strive for this some-
thing we call growing up, yet we know little or
nothing about it.
How can we be so ignorant, trying to attain an
impossibility, while making every attempt to live
our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quickened Moments

Rushing through moments of rhythm, writing as quickly as
possible to keep up with every word that they are showing
within my mind.

Calculating and figuring exactly where each one must go,
rhyming them so entirely and sublimely within sentences.

Being in touch with feelings and senses, as they are also
being brought forth to match with everything I am saying
and writing.

Succinctly and precisely, relating what intellect is giving
and placing upon photographic screens in quickened moments
of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quickening Light

Light quickens time, remembrances follow
night and become thick with gloom.

Life falls down, hiding among the floor
boards, never again uttering a sound.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quickening Thought Processes

Living in a corner of the planet, essentially non-
existent to those around me.

Being known only to the people God has chosen to
be with me.

Finding lighted pathways with these individuals,
bringing an illuminated enlightenment into my being.

Giving this essence a surge of energy and strength
that quickens thought processes as I write.

Believing in possibilities of another world, a vast
universe stationed deeply inside all beings.

Collaterally taking everything that I hold within,
blending it with intellect, imagination and reality.

Focusing intently on the incessant thoughts that arrive
without invitation, yet are welcomed profusely through
my mind, loving feelings being created every moment in
this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quicker Time

In tempo with music, playing piano in my mind, forging many happy notes to be played faster and faster into quicker time.
Foisting each beat onto the platter of my brain, delectable to the taste.
For betterment of intellect, it rushes quickly and penetratingly onto the dance floor of my mind.
Giving me thoughts to supplicate the many ideas surging forward.
Taking all of creative assertiveness and laying it on the table.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quickly Beating

Quickly beating in the atmosphere, fastly turning around, creating a joyful picture of the elderly dancing in rainbows of smiles and beats.

Taking hands and hearts to fast-paced rhythms, pasted in hearts and minds, fascinating depths of serenity and beauty of a polka.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiescent Time

Solemnly enticing an inner conflict to emerge and let
itself be known.

Wanting to be energized and learn everything there is
to know, yet not being able to do it in the time that
is left here on earth.

Resigning self to the facts, deciding to learn what-
ever I am able to while I can still function mentally
and intelligently.

Living in the quiescent time of life, enjoying the
mentality of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Acceptance

Many types of people roaming around,
doing their temporary errands for today -
all sizes and shapes from all different walks of life.

Appearing to be quietly accepting of their individual
fates, yet, who knows what they are going through in
their daily lives.

Prayers are sent to everyone I see that transfers to
me some sort of emotional feelings they are trying to
deal with.

Then I move on with my own problems held in check,
hoping someone along the way will pray for me also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Anger

Seething inside, filled with a quiet anger of betrayal.
Wandering around, not being able to control it's escape as it neutrally sits inside, waiting to pounce like a tiger wanting a meal.
Moving along pathways, tracing indefinite patterns, leading nowhere.
Sauntering down emotional lanes of sadness as if in a trance - a dream like quality with no relevance to observe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Aptitude

Serenely gathering thoughts like a tree growing moss,
around it, taking in all thoughts, images, ideas and
novel inventions made up at this very moment.

Filled with an immensely quiet aptitude, reading
signs of nature bestowed within, while life is enjoyed
only temporarily, with a peaceful knowledge that ebbs
and flows with tides each day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Aromas

Music filling this heart and mind with it's essence,
tasting it's quiet aroma as it fills taste buds with
it's sweetened rhythms.

So wonderfully sensuous, touching this soul with it's
tender solace, soothing intensely and giving a reason
to go on living.

Softened tempos, settling into measures of life, always
playing to the interior being of myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Character Of Clouds

Quiet character of clouds slowly drifting above earth,
floating to their own land in laid-back musical scores.
Sending soothing thoughts of peace and serenity through-
out the world to whomever is observant enough.
Beautiful, fluffy white, carrying away all stress and
troubles from my life, leaving me relaxed and serene.
Stretching across heaven, splitting apart many times to
relieve themselves of burdens placed within them.
Carefree, they roam atmosphere's of the world, enjoying
the life God has given them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Confinement

Solitary confinement isn't bad for a poet, it's actually a good thing to block everyone out.
Forming many sentences, colliding with new ideas is more efficient.
Cloistered brain cells have a chance to be opened up interiorly and placed on screens of my mind.
Playing with words, making up new ones is great fun for my soul.
Enticing new facets and aspects come to light, engaging so much of my intellect, it's so enjoyable and I totally fall into it's lightened abyss.
Never minding being alone, it suits my soul and heart to not be reminded of betrayals of other people.
Left alone in a quiet solitary confinement suits my personality.
Recent goings-on touch and dive into pools of images and memories giving me plenty of food for thought.
Liking the motion of rhythm, following and keeping time with my writing is an excellent pain reliever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Days Of Aging

Lolling about in pastures of beauty, nature surrounding our
lonely beings, giving us peace in quiet days of aging.

Preparing for our sunsetical shores, watching to make sure
we've done things right all these years of our life.

Knowing that our passing will leave many tears flowing from
eyes of loved ones, especially children, grandchildren,
nieces, nephews and cousins.

Such a peaceful feeling covering minds, hearts and souls,
yet a sadness stills our joy when thinking of the ending
of our lives and those we leave behind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Desires

Solemn thoughts doing the back stroke through intellect,
trying to bring a recollection of the future into view.

Watching through imagination, noticing every little
detail in visions that are appearing in fascinating
experiences.

Particular aspects of life are being portrayed in auras
and images of actuality.

Such important depths and perspectives, coming to light,
touching this mind with many quiet desires coming to the
surface.

Swimming furiously into destiny, being unafraid now to be
expressed in verses of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Desperation

Sitting in quiet desperation,
wanting to be able to talk - finding that I cannot.

Insides turning over - flipping out, because of stress,
being tuned in to a past that fills me with fearful dread.

Knowing that to talk is best, I find I cannot do it even
though it would lay to rest all memories of yesterday.

Living in a secret hell, wanting to get through it all,
but never tell a soul about it.

Sitting here in quiet desperation, filling my soul with
prayers - unanswered. Hopes unfulfilled.

Crying deep inside, afraid to get angry and yell four-
letter words.

Afraid that I will go to hell, because of what I might
say.

Knowing all along the hell I'm living is the worst kind.
Sitting in quiet desperation, praying and letting myself
go to God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Desperation Being Lived

Quiet desperation being lived all over the world by those who have nothing in this life of ours, pondering situations, noting circumstances beyond our control.

Finding a reluctance to continue on in this way, looking within to create new ways of doing and dealing with those things that weigh heavily upon us.

Walking forthrightly into other dimensions, seeing the insight of our intellect's, collecting information needed to get beyond this quiet desperation.

No longer being resigned to it's detrimental effects upon our souls in this earthly life, seeing a brighter picture looming ahead, beautiful visions coming in the near future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Embers

Island in the midst of storm clouds, separated by sunlight, peeking all around, one lone black cloud in the sky, enticing my mind.

Standing out and beckoning to be written about, palm trees standing in the foreground, looking, tracing thoughts in the sky above.

Giving me precious and silent quiet embers of nature to write into a poem, giving a gift to others around the world, hoping to enlighten at least one person with joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Essence

Singing my song interiorly, playing it's harmony
in tune with a sadness that continually keeps me
in hiding, so I may write of it along the pathways
of life, divulging it's quiet essence in poems
that fall out at the ends of pens on paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Evenings

Quiet evenings spent in dreams of future happiness,
alive with fervent images dancing in minds.
Walking serene shores of life, kicking up sand at
times, to feel it's texture against soles of our
feet.
Watching the sunset on ocean waves, sinking below
it's depths in silence.
Quiet reveries falling like crystals into minds of
peaceful thoughts.
Stepping through sands on quiet evenings is what
life is about, as it is wrapped in dreams of future
happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Exhilaration

Being filled with a quiet exhilaration as it touches my spirit intellectually with joy, whispers of nature falling upon my mind.

Awakening it mindfully to beauty in artistic poetical portraits and landscapes that never end, giving many pictures and images through music.

Soft gentle melodies humming their way into this mind with a fervent and joyful happiness that flows throughout the fabric of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Expression

Morning sky, gray stretched out clouds strewn across the horizon, touching inner sadness of my life, past and present.
Somber, yet lit with an intellect of bright-colored talent situated deeply in my being.
Awakened senses, creating poetry with silent awe of what God has created in our little world.
Grateful beyond words, I quietly express myself in poems, musically brought together by rhythm and it's tones.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Fire

Like a quiet fire melting the sky, rays of light
from the moon fall down upon my eyes.

Filling my heart with total joy, because I can see
God's glory clearer than I've ever seen it before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Freedom

Nature waving to my mind, reminding me of it's wonder,
wanting itself written into poetry for posterity.
Leafy shadows caressing hundred degree concrete with
mindful touches, delicately performed, doing no harm.
Satisfying a majority of brain cells with sincerity -
gingerly holding them in limbs of quiet freedom in a
passing storm of words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Healing

Water flowing, carrying away all disappointments of this day, giving me respite that's badly needed during this third hospital stay.
Giving in to beats of nature's rhythm, allowing peace to feed and nurture my soul from above.
Following pathways that curve in and out of forests and deserts, taking time to show me the mysteries of life that have been hidden so long.
Twirling happily, letting my soul dance to interior music and giving me solace to hold onto as I progress daily through life's trials and sufferings that are holding me back when I only want to move forward.
Rapidly dissipating the sadness as I continue through quiet rhythms of the soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Humor

Quiet humor setting back on it's haunches,
awaiting the moment to jump into the
musical lyrics with rhythm.
Picking up minds and tickling them with
humorous words and attitudes chosen just
right and becoming hilarious, falling in
front of us all in genuine laughter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Images

Easy sounds of morning dripping into a pot, permeating
the entire house with it's scent of coffee.

Quiet renderings filling a mind with peaceful, heartfelt
thought of in backwoods of memories and images of yester-
year.

Sitting back easily in a recliner, all thoughts convert
to imagination and it's sublime joy.

Hovering constantly throughout the day, waiting for
chances to be written in works of art, a poem, a picture,
sustaining life from minute to minute - to outlast an
eternity from this day on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Intellect

In a crowded waiting room at the doctors',
sitting and writing out in the open.

Yet being totally invisible, enjoying myself
in an atmosphere of quiet intellect by myself,
alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Journey

Patterns of thought, escape rules made by others,
wanting to be creative in their own right.

Signals traveling from mind-bending corners,
penetrating niches, not formerly introduced into
realms of writing.

Protruded spaces, opening up to their endeavors
as they slide around and continue to participate
in life's quiet journey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Life

Quietly mesmerizing life with a keyboard
at hand.
Tantalizing music poetically from ivories,
filling our world with peaceful joy and
subsequent thunder of applause.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Lips Of Solitude

Wispy mesquite trees fanning sides of buildings
erected in the arid desert framework.

Life dwells intelligently alone on an oasis,
becoming the beginning, parading heaven-sent
through all-consuming desires.

Fragrantly passing messages throughout eternity,
living on the edges of misspent hopes.

All truth belying the requests hidden behind lips
of quiet solitude.

Re-attempting to become again the salt of the
earth without first dying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Little Bird

Autumn leaves sitting on a branch, colors beautifully
sitting upon them, alluring passersby to look and ad-
mire them as a whole.

A little bird quietly sitting on the branch a little
way from their beauty, back turned to them, looking
in the opposite direction.

Preferring to see the rest of the countryside and
not just one little detail of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Love

Loving set down quietly with no rules on who or why or when to love.
Silently, it just seems to come your way and take possession of your heart and mind.
Giving freely, sharing, being blind to any faults or idiosyncrasies in another person.
Totally going out of the way to become a part of each other's lives and respond to each other on the same loving level.
Never having to wonder whether you'll be alone or not, you're as close to each other as the telephone when you are separated for too long.
Holding hands, hugging, kissing, not wanting to let go of each other, because in the other person's arms is where you belong.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Loving Reason

Flowing with the motion of ocean waves, tears fill my heart, yet I am overjoyed by the love you have given me since we met.

Living in a peaceful garden, holding onto your being with a quiet loving reason.

Slipping in between the covers of your mind, feeling your emptiness, knowing also your loneliness.

Taking you in hand, walking through gentle avenues of poetry, touching your heart with mine through words that are heart-felt and enriching to your soul.

Wanting to be here beside you for all time, knowing that it is not possible, causes desires to run higher for now, in this little life of mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Lullabye

So solemnly, soothing inner sadness with rhythm's of ocean's innate nature.

Capturing the essence of it's purpose, configuring it with an imaginational intellect and re-introducing a modicum of desirable traits into this seaside landscape.

Singing tenderly, a quiet lullabye with peaceful joy, as ocean waves continue to soothe and put me into a beautiful state of mind through sleep.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Melody

Rhythms of happiness being sung to us all, bringing memories of Burl Ives to mind, singing, 'Holly Jolly Christmas'.
Quiet, energizing melody, taking me down snow-filled lanes, filled with holiday cheer this year.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Moment Of Silence

Quietly residing in a moment of silence, enjoying the peace and serenity of an interior spiritual life, no interference, barriers or limits to God's grace, mercy and love.

Checking every aspect of this earthly life, finding that God is part of everything here on earth, overwhelmed at times by His goodness towards me.

Never could I ever turn from Him, not even in the worst time, or moments of my life, God is my God, there is no other, I believe in only Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Moments Of Love

Tender, soft-hearted words being spoken in quiet
moments of love between lovers, intent on their
gentleness, touching and making feelings known
to one another.

Placid, complacent and totally into each other's
emotional needs, each fulfilling their own at the
same time.

Expressing their happiness and joy with one another
through loving motions, togetherness being shown in
their treasured closeness and companionship.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Music

Music playing quietly in my head as I memorize harmony's delicate lace-like notes within my writing.
Keeping track of daily moments as they struggle to get by, withstanding all the horrible threats of humanity in juxtaposition to my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Nature

Living with freedom of inner life and
contemplation makes a sound character
and identifiable personality of quiet
nature, in touch with a spirituality
of God's own doing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Of This Night In India

Stillness of my heart in the quiet of this night here in India, beating incessantly to rhythms that last as I lay sleeping in my bed.

Upon awakening in the morning, seeing the beauty of this country and it's positive nature, my mind going through unfolding questions that I have.

Forever searching for answers and purpose of life, an un-ending curiosity always infiltrating intellect, causing me to lose sleep just to write of it in poetry.

Hoping some solutions will be forthcoming in the ageless measures of chords and rhythms as I listen to music in-cessantly and write about experiences in India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Particles

Haunted by necessity, an inner realm in other times is
forever mine.
An eternity of particular momentary glances, continues
to guide me throughout dark and cavernous corridors,
hiding and frightening images out into the open.
Meadows pass by, as grabbing, they slide past too
quickly.
Wanting to run, to jump, to falloff this circular trial
of performing arts.
Alas, only the quietness of my soul can change any
particle of itself alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Pockets

In the lonely, echoing halls of tomorrow,
peace eludes and contains itself in corners.

Wary of strangers and voices telling lies.
Peculiarly hesitant whenever anyone comes
near.

Standing apart from the world as it turns
constantly in another orbit far from this
one.

Scanning lights, fall silently upon memories
of yesteryear, tokenly skirting their
essence by slipping past edges, frayed from
constant misuses,

Allowing the vantage point of youth to
penetrate and become one with the future.

Celebrating the deepened recollections
tucked safely in quiet pockets filled with
doily-like whisperings.

Too quaint - too distant - to be included
in any agendas or plans today.

Saved by the blinders of pent-up emotion
and slid under the doorstep of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Poetical Voice

Constant reaching into reflections, being blinded by their brilliance as they are brought to this side of reality.

Mirroring and playing against sharpened signs of life, puddles of iridescent dew, standing aside, living for the future of tomorrow's dreams.

Pulses getting weaker, fading in the distance as we step out onto the plateau of tomorrow's pedestals, looking out over the world.

A quiet gentle poetical voice, ringing out through the atmosphere of tranquility, bringing peace through the entire world.

An end to the hatred and injustice as people come together against evil and corruption, destroying it once and for all so we can live in a peaceful world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Purpose

Rushing to edges of our lives, looking for answers, not wanting to be kept in the dark, expecting questions to be asked and satisfied.

Curiosity left totally unmasked, searching and finding many things yet undiscovered in this life, hoping to escape the mundane and find extraordinary principles and inventions.

None of which have been thought of as yet, a quiet purpose that exists only within this mere poet when writing and finding out what needs to be known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Rainbows

Sunset rising before me, attaching pastels of quiet
rainbows held tremulously behind realms of earth.

Brought out at night to mix and play with the setting
of the sun each day.

Under-bearing, dainty, lacelike praying on knees of
splendor rejoicing in the part it can play in the
universal plan of inherent earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Reality

Seeing through the light, following it's rays to patterns
of daily living.

Hearing voices, penetrating atmospheres of love, touching
fragile hearts of many.

Silencing facets of partial reality with a little imagination
gathered along the way.

Tranquil alternatives always trying to be heard above the
din of yesterday's loud, hurried voices.

Tipping quietly so as not to be heard by another soul on
earth, hoping to be at peace, forever, eternally asleep.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Rebel

Wallowing around, feeling lazy, wanting to go back into
nature, walking through forests, climbing mountains,
being totally rebellious today.

Having always been a quiet type of rebel, doing things
my way and the hell with ordinary things in life, excite-
ment and adventure are more up my alley.

Completely enjoying doing the unexpected because people
don't believe someone as quiet and shy as I am would do
these dangerous things.

Always taking roads opposite of what other people will
follow, loving freedom and independence that has been
cultivated since childhood, being perfectly happy with
who I am and have become.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Remembering

Slipping into a silent space inside, reserved for only my mind,
centering itself in the midst of interior melodies, as I totally
relax and feel at home, with no interference.
A polite, quiet remembering, placidly suggesting soothing tides
of life, sequestering me within oceans of rhythm as I float upon
waves of truth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Remembrance

Watching people as they relax, converse, play pool together, a quiet remembrance of days gone by when being with them through the years.

Looking at pictures of past moments, tears touching corners of my eyes, because several of these decent gentlemen have succumbed to death's embrace.

Always having their memories to look and think back upon, brings a smile to y lips, in spite of the many tears flowing upon remembering them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Reminiscing

Rising above the grief of death, I sit in stillness,
quietly reminiscing about yesterday's love of family.
Resting heads on silken pillows, I touch days that
are now lost in death's embrace.
Knowing the sadness leaving me, descends upon sacred
grounds, touching my heart with a gentle timidness
borne of yesterday's love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Remorse

Quiet remorse tabulating in my mind, setting joy aside,
moments at a time.

Lifting eyes towards heaven, wanting to lift spirits,
but nothing comes of it, as duskily, I sit and repudiate
days of unheard livelihood.

Testing boundless chasms, frequenting canyons of my own
making, hoping against all hope to become what in the
end I must.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Reserve

Quietly, I adjoin nature and become a part of it's
contemplation while becoming a part of it altogether.
Craving it's necessity and serenity as it beautifully
addresses life in all it's glory, I calmly become
it's silent partner, achieving a purpose of oneness.
Allotting moments peacefully acquiesced in hallways of
yesterday's youthful expressions, with wonder and awe
of it's presence in everything I did to exist with it's
elements.
Soothing my soul as I gently touched it's quiet reserve
of joy, filling my soul with gentle prayer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Resolve

Quiet resolve, holding hands and hearts with spectacular promises of eternity.
Solidly, walking together in evenings's twilight, promising to be an eternal desire for one another.
Creating designs from inner patterns, tracing footprints down shores of whitened sand.
Holding hands and minds, gradually keeping step with the ocean's tides.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Respect

Looking within, feeling the serenity of a lifetime with prayer and solitude through a creative mind and intellect, grasping knowledge and wisdom through many avenues.

Opening and always looking outside the box for solutions to life's mysteries, curiosity and wonder wanting explanations for every single thing in this life.

A quiet respect for all that God has created for humanity throughout the world, thanking and appreciating His great mercy and love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Revolution

Waters of life rising, rinsing everything with a spiritual
purity, cleansing sins of humanity, watching as people are
stepping up.

Wanting to be known as God-loving people, true to only Him,
no other, strength in numbers, keep adding to it, complete-
ing the unity of those who've dedicated their lives to God.

Helping others wherever help is needed, a quiet revolution
that evil cannot penetrate nor stop from growing ever larg-
er, happening even now, although because of people's interior
faith no one can yet see it going on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Rhyming

Walls of meaning stand before me, blocking my view
as I participate in rhyming an entire lifetime.
Walking up to and around, listening to etudes
studying themselves in quiet rhyming.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Serenity

Whenever hearing sounds of nature wafted to my ears,
a sense of peace fills my being.
Relaxing, letting go of the pressures of a frantic day,
feeling quiet serenity fill my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Silence

Silence fell quickly, quietly, upon my world,
gentle breezes blowing, softly touching my cheek.

Thoughts of yesterday crept, pondering into my
awareness, deftly watching, eyes touching nature's
sightful voice of beauty.

When young, this self-same feeling descended upon
my mind, embedding thoughts, emotions and ideas
inside the insightful side of me.

From within this fascinating sphere, this moment
of time, life turns around, looking at itself.

Looking back on distant years, searching forward,
hoping to remember something, or hold on to a
thought, for the future may not hold anything of
importance.

If it doesn't, life may fade, turn away, visiting
the farthest shore, preferring death to living
anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Silence Of Midnight

Swishing down back roads of another time, giving past dreams a chance of resurgence, hoping they will appear entirely.

Taking me into the mysteries of yesterday while falling into tempos of tomorrow, watching others rush back and forth, not touching effervescent liveliness of rhythms.

Soaring through the skies, going heavenward, not looking back, finding eerily brilliant mystics, lasting in the quiet silence of another midnight talk.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Silenced Spirituality

Sailing into storms of turmoil,
beginning to find my way through
every episode that happens to get
in my way during life.

Sailing on, preserving my soul,
keeping it safe within melodies
and rhythms of heaven.

Taking spirituality with me
forever in quiet silence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Space

Wandering through a mindful life, trying to make
some sense of why exactly I'm here.

What's the meaning of life as we are living it today
in places of suffering and trials?

Winning and losing ground daily, wondering why it
can't stay still, so I can find myself in the quiet
space left over from all the movement of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Steps

Taking quiet steps into another realm, far away from reality as I escape life and carefully ride waves into the brilliant star-lit night.

Surfing the expansive and vast body of water, floating, adrift, going wherever tides will bring me.

Enjoying the freedom of being afloat upon senses of interior peace, a solace that begins to touch every fiber of my mind.

Totally and completely entering another domain beyond this earthly one, contemplating the reality of this once upon a time place of being, where I used to belong.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Stillness

Silently grazing with the clouds, being gently, slowly driven through the skies on solemn breezes.

Everywhere, vast expanses of extraordinary beauty lie within reach, yet are not able to be touched except with sight.

Looking over and seeing the depth of down, realizing how extreme it is from the height of it.

Confined to a small space, no room to take a walk - but skimming the skies in contented freedom, treasuring the quiet stillness for a time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Stillness Accepting Me

Collecting shadows in evening forests, watching them sneak behind trees, peeking out occasionally to see who is coming into their domain.

Quiet stillness accepting me into deepened scents of pine trees, crowding around, being filled with their essence as I walk slowly through their forest.

Nature filling me with effervescent feelings, giving everything full recognition of what is coming within their realm.

Moonlight filtering through darkened clouds, peeking down to see what we are doing there.

Solitude coming, being filled with the peacefulness of another space in time.

Resting easily in the night, taking all cares and secreting them in the hollow of a dead tree.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Stillness Of Love

Listening to the quiet stillness of our love throughout
this night, feeling closer to you than ever before.

Touching one another with the passion we hold within
until making love, letting it consume us together in
it's brilliance and uplifting pleasure.

Knowing there's nothing else like desires constantly
gripping us when we're together, always enjoying every
treasured moment of our lives through our intense love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Storm

Quiet storm brewing inside, waiting for the end of time.

Cowering on the edge, faltering steps of knowledge are unsteadily climbed.

Raked out in front pages of a mind, piled idly on top of each other, simplicity beats a path through the back door.

Wondering left on edges of a seat, brought forward under everyone's feet.

Solitude stands for a moment and quietly backs away in the thunder of unpleasant knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Stubborn Rebel

Silently living in a poetically musical world, loving this
interior and creative atmosphere that's continually being
created every moment without any interference whatsoever.

There are always those who try and stand in the way, keeping
away purpose and destiny in life, but being a quiet, stubborn
rebel, always ignoring their opinions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Thought

Quiet ineptitude silently apropos,
being jerked along edges of the ocean.
Bouncing and drowning alternately,
keeping a vigil with the light of
knowledge beneath this soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Times

Daylight showing visions clearly,
insipidly without coloring anything
with rose-colored glasses.

Finite pastimes listed in mind-
boggling avenues and venues of non-
invasive categories and saved for
quiet times in choice environments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Undertaking

When life stands still, moments of silence penetrate the atmosphere,
leaving imprints of memories again remembered and held dear.
Softly cascading, recreating happiness, echoing it's joy infinitely
in minds usually filled with sorrow.
Soothing, serenading voices laid to rest in bedding of silken peace.
Sliding along paths of least resistance, flowing with patterns of
music, becoming the soul's quiet undertaking.
Finally at rest within oneself, feeling the quietness of natural
calming solace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Vow Of Marriage

Forms and designs of music being strewn through a poetical
intellect, collecting pieces and fragments that have broken
off of life.

Inherent and promising, gestures of love and romance peeking
above edges from friendship, lights being lit interiorly, en-
during an abiding love.

One that's been patiently awaiting it's just rewards from the
one being loved so silently, cherished secretly, kept closely
through the years.

Recognizing now that actions speak louder than words, reach-
ing out timidly, hoping that her love will be reciprocated in
return.

Shyly looking down, hoping to be taken in love's arms, kissed
and made whole finally, feelings climbing timidly, quietly
moving forward.

Looking away when his eyes are shining with amorous and intense neediness of
her love at last, gently taking her into his arms,
whispering that he loves only her and wanting to know if she
will marry him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Watching

Looking out of windows - watching nature flow by,
taking in it's beauty - full of God's love inside.
Standing on the brink of eternity, hoping to stay
a little longer to watch nature play.
Still - silent - quietly watching everything -
knowing soon, I'd no longer be able to watch or
participate in any way.
Longing already for a little more time -
finding there is none and I am led away.
Walking away from the windows, turning my eyes to
interior things.
Looking closer at important objects, leaving nature
to fend for herself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Waters

Sun setting on peaceful ocean waters, reflecting orange and
yellow, over and over with each passing wave.

Stillness enveloping entire beings, even though the water
is ever moving, ever noisy.

Sun setting on soul's quiet waters, laying to rest the
turmoil of life's incessant quest.

Lovingly watching nature as it calms each day's fears,
bringing about the end of all it's fruitless tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quiet Whispers

In life there is sadness abounding everywhere,
pulling at people's heartstrings, causing tear
drops to fall incessantly.

Watching signs and omens of death silently walk
about, quiet whispers being heard as life no
longer remains within a loved one.

Being taken from earth and unceremoniously dis-
appearing from our sight here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quieting Emotions

A stillness touching my mind, quieting emotions, lifting intellect into a spiral of thoughts, inserting formulas and codes to write to.
Witnessing an abundance of beautiful landscapes as they collect in pictures of memories saved for future days in poetical musings, serving as backgrounds for new ideas boiling to the surface.
Being entered into blueprints for accessibility when I'm ready to manufacture them in reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quieting Memories

Faded scents of roses touching my subconsciousness,
tenderly quieting memories alive with sorrow.
Tears sitting silently in the chapel of my soul,
wanting to be expressed in enlightened words of a
poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quieting My Soul

Leaving behind cohorts of yesterday, moving on to
greener pastures in nature.

Wandering earth, traveling into forests, finding
beauty of life being lived in divine spirituality.

Loving excitement filling my being with thrills of
anticipation.

Atmospheres quieting my soul with serenity as I
continue walking into eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quieting Soul

A stillness descending on this mind, quieting my soul
and bringing a lively faith to the foreground.

Lighting and brightening life with a vibrant energy,
awakening the brilliance of intellect and it's innate
power.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quieting Tenseness

Beautiful lilting melodies strumming themselves into my intellect, quieting the tenseness being caused by certain people in my life.
Walking away, closing the doors of my mind to them, delving instead, into myself, finding strength God has given me to make it through this earthly life.
Grabbing all ideas as I search thoroughly for the traditional faith left me by my parents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quieting With Solace

Scanning a paper with a pen lying quietly upon it,
wondering what it will jar loose in a mind of
memorable occasions.
Soothing sensations rush over feelings, quieting
with solace, all nerves on edges of eternity.

(8: 03 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Accepting

Sincere efforts of friends are felt throughout a lifetime,
even after they've passed on from our sight.

Life is so exacting when it comes to timing, everything
becomes a precise reason on a schedule, yet we believe it
isn't so.

Finding with every thought that we're part of a larger
picture than we ever think about.

Accepting quietly, we never really stop, always enjoying
moments together.

Bringing us full-circle, are our clocks of inner rhythms,
keeping us on tracks we know little of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Attaching

Wrestling with thoughts, arranging them any way I want to,
because I can.

Freedom is a wonderful joy, contemplating liberty, holding
hands with a vast imagination of immense chances of novel
ideas, forming in silence and attaching themselves quietly
to moments of today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Being Inspired

Tapping into the glory of intellect as it opens ever
wider through a creative process of imagination, tak-
ing over every particle of being.

Soliciting tender and gentle melodies from within a
bluened light, watching interiorly as the Divine takes
over this mind.

Serving peace and serenity in fields of roses, as pine
needles fall from above, touching an essence and passion
of my being, solemn, yet very quietly inspired interiorly
by the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Busy

Altercating quietly
in a corner, alone,
doing new things, being
a little adventuresome.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Dancing In Your Presence

Dancing through melodies of life, stepping to the beats
as they fall before me, whisking me into the beauty of
another world.

Feeling free, wandering through rhythms as they envelope
me within their fruitful energy, holding on for dear life,
twirling into the evening twilight with nothing but you.

Holding you deeply in my heart, nothing else passing
before me, as I quietly dance in your presence, letting
you hold me closely so I cannot escape your love this time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Desperate Inside

Sitting in quiet desperation, wanting to be able to talk,
I find I cannot.

Insides turning over, flipping out, because of stress,
being tuned in to a past that fills me with fearful dread.

Knowing that to talk is best, finding it cannot be done,
even though it would lay to rest all memories of yesterday.

Living in a secret hell, wanting to get through it all, but
never tell a soul about it.

Sitting here in quiet desperation, filling my soul with
prayers - unanswered - hopes unfulfilled.

Crying deep inside, afraid to get angry and yell four-
letter words.

Afraid that I will go to hell, because of what I might say.

Knowing all along the hell I'm living is the worst kind, I
pray that I do not stray.

My own choice, my free will, sitting in quiet desperation,
praying and letting myself go.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Enjoying

Living within a bluened atmosphere, quietly enjoying it's presence in my life as I thank God for giving it to me.

Silence penetrating my soul with it's golden treasures, taking and fulfilling my being through the beauty of it's essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Existing

Listening to lights as they rotate on the dance floor,
lonely, twirling, giving senses a wonderful turn of
events.

Holding onto rewards of another tomorrow, awaiting
depths of life to be upheld and taken in turn, rolling
down inner streets of racism.

Not wanting to hear the cries of those who have been
hurt by other's hatred and intolerance, quietly existing
in an inharmonious seclusion.

Nothing to help or touch their loneliness and utter empti-
ness, watching, gliding onto abandonment always found on
steps of yesterday, alone, tempting egos of other men.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Expressing Views

Quietly expressing views, taking a stance.
Unperturbed, vigilantly moving aside to let
opinions cower, waver and eventually come
into their own power.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly In Mind

Screaming across the land, having a grand time
while sitting quietly in my mind.

Escaping many varieties of stress as I ride
along the highway on a bus.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly In The Background

Significant differences in life stand out, constantly
reminding us of the corruption that is gathering speed
in back alleys of politicians and our government.

Leaving us in a dense poverty they have purposely creat-
ed so they can retain their control and power over each
of us.

Relying on one another, lying, cheating, stealing, commit-
ing treason without having any repercussions, at least
that's their way of thinking.

They pay millions in bribes to get their own way, 'quietly
in the background', We the People are watching, biding our
time, building our plans together.

Waiting for the moment when Americans win out over evil,
encouraged by Donald Trump, we'll triumph over these poor
excuses of humanity, they will get what they deserve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly In The Night

Whispering words of love quietly in the night,
feeling so close, hearts racing to greet one
another in the dark.

Eyes drinking in the passion of each other's
desires, beautiful feelings filling us together
as we love through the night.

Holding onto one another, whispering sweet noth-
ings in the dark, kissing breathlessly, holding
onto the wonder and awe we're now generating as
we become one again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Kept Secrets

Secrets kept quietly behind silent and closed lips,
yet creating havoc in the world.

Our politicians now ready with a plan to confiscate
American's 401K's and IRA's to cover the $126 trillion
debt we owe beside the National Debt we know of.

They have bought things from other countries, specifically
China and Russia and now they expect us to pay for their
reckless spending sprees.

Leaving American's with no savings or pensions to live
on after working all their lives for it.

Inflation in reality is now 8% and climbing, not what
our government is reporting at 4%, they are all lying
to us.

Politicians have skewed the numbers quite a bit and
that's why we who are on Social Security and Disability
saw little if any money for the cost of living for years.

Now they are planning to steal more money from social
security and disability, making people live on barely
nothing after also working all their lives.

Already in progress, banks are ready to close everyone's
bank accounts down, ATM cards will no longer work,
pensions will be confiscated and placed into their hands
to spend on whatever they want.

You can bet it will be on lavish vacations and things for
themselves, while doing nothing at all for the American
people except steal their livelihoods.

Wake up America, this is your new reality thanks to the
UN and their new world order already in place thanks to
obama.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Listening

Listening quietly while writing poetry here at the senior
center where at last I've come back to after a very long
recuperation after surgery.

Still not over yet, having to go to the emergency room
for more I.V.'s in a little while, no end it seems in
this process.

Hoping for the best, wanting to get well as soon as possible
so I can once again travel to India to be with my many
poetical and musician friends there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Remembering

Wading along shore, waves lapping at our feet, reminders of when
little, slapping them with both feet and laughing with glee, so
happy back then.

Now quietly remembering those happy times with Mom, Dad, sisters
and brother, being the oldest and for a while being the only one,
having my parents to myself.

What a joy it was in my little life, loved, being the center of
attention, well taken care of, couldn't have asked for better
parents or home life.

Then along came a sister, Mom had to take time to care for her,
I'd play for hours alone, then another sister was born and an-
other, I lost even more time with Mom, Dad was always working.

Taking care, entertaining myself, drawing, writing, putting to-
gether puzzles, reading books, at four years old Mom took time
to teach me how to read and write, improving the situation.

Thanking Mom for teaching so well, it has helped all through life,
three more sisters and a brother were born later on, by this time
being shy and introverted, not wanting to be with anyone.

Being loved and cherished by my maternal Grandma, her very first
Grandchild, we became very close, she'd always tell stories of
Sicily and growing up there.

Explaining it's landscape, where she was born, how she got here
to the U.S.A., struggled, married had children, her first two
were twins who died at two years of age.

One was being buried, when she got back home the other one had
died, a heartbreaking story that touched me forever, she meant
the world to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Reserved

Happiness and joy being fulfilled within, sensing
and knowing intuitively that life has been renewed
and replenished.

Quietly reserved, filled with a peaceful serenity
that is now taking place exponentially, a sweetened
melody and harmony being played within.

Taking mind and heart into the presence of God, Him-
self, looking for light shining at the end of the
long and darkened tunnels of humanity.

Illuminating and enchanting mysteries that come from
God because of His great love for each and every one
of us individually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Silent Spirit

Negotiating life to keep it open for writing and music, two
favorite thing aside from contemplation and spirituality.

Living constantly in a bluened light where my spirit is so
quietly silent, reposing in an interior serenity that's very
intense and addictive.

Not wanting to leave it's solace for the outside world, being
perfectly content to be alone, wandering other dimensions and
discovering all manner of things that come into sight.

A marvelous, awesome feeling coming over me as I continually
find a way through a new, refreshing insight through intellect
and imagination.

Both together showing the way into other realms of my poetical
being in life, showing knowledge and wisdom openly through the
passage of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Silent Stillness

Listening to tempos climbing within my mind, raising ideas
that were latently waiting along neurons and synapses inside.

Traveling up and down, filled with an intense energy that
moves through me.

Holy Spirit touching me with a quietly silent stillness,
renewing hope and faith in my mind and heart.

A vitality coming, surprisingly energetic throughout my
entire being, captivating and holding my attention totally.

Responding with a totality of purpose and a curiosity ablaze
throughout my mind and intellect, always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Striving

Stillness, quietly striving, giving thoughts
peaceful, soothing atmospheres to lie back in
and relax.

Taking respite whenever possible, finding the
strength needed to bring emotions into a here
and now capacity of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Unfolding

Chasing sparks of enlightenment throughout life, enjoying their innate wisdom, unfolding quietly from depths of being.

Holding onto the wonder, awe and intriguing mysteries that come to mind, inquisitive, questioning everything that happens in this earthly life, while learning and understanding what's beyond it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Unfolding Life

Chasing sparks of enlightenment throughout life, enjoying their innate wisdom, unfolding quietly from depths of being.

Holding onto the wonder, awe and intriguing mysteries that come to mind, inquisitive, questioning everything that happens in this earthly life, while learning and understanding what's beyond it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Walking Through Life

Walking quietly through life, noticing everything in the environment,
focusing interiorly on their meanings and definitions.

Unfolding ideas in the midst of a peaceful atmosphere, there finding
realizations, experiencing truths of life and living.

Expecting beautiful facets of the Divine to be shared totally in the
spheres of intellect, sharing and gathering benefits of this world
into one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Watching

Standing on sidelines, finding out quietly and surreptitiously how things are now being done improperly.

Watching through nighttime visions at the ignorance being used to torment parents who love their children.

Fighting for the sake of their little undeveloped minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietly Watching Nature

Quietly watching nature grow, tending to it's duties, keeping everything watered, strengthened by the sun, blossoming all over the world.

Spreading it's beauty for everyone to see, a blessing from God above to all of us who believe, knowing He created all things for humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietness Of My Soul

Living and breathing in the quietness of my soul,
being touched by my spirit in depths of spiritual
perfection within.

Listening to sounds of life, matching them with
rhythms that I'm hearing, finding they blend to-
gether so perfectly.

Attuned to beauty of interior life, flourishing
in gardens of intellectual thought, blossoming
beautifully with no effort at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietness Of Spirit

Including everyday meanings in total quietness of spirit,
anticipating future fortunes enmasse.

Daunting circumstances gather around, repelling peace and
taking over.

Bringing stress to bear, against all trials, forming in
our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quietness Of Thoughts

Music from somewhere inside the recesses of a chapel, bound
by centuries of continuous melodies.

No one speaks in the presence of the Lord when He touches
our hearts with His song.

So tenderly does God touch our lives, that in the quietness
of our thoughts, our hearts are brought to overflowing as
we spill our tears of sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quilt Of Existence

Triggering thoughts in little thumbprints of music,
sending us into outer realms of reality.
Beating hearts keeping time and existing in an inner
beautiful melody, being played individually for each
one of us.
Gathering all particles into a gigantic quilt of
existence, keeping us warm and safe.

(2: 42 p.m. - 10/26/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quilt Of Poetical Grace

Languidly playing the piano in my brain, giving it free and limitless freedom to go towards horizons of tomorrow in fields of picturesque beauty.
Meshing every emotion into a quilt of poetical grace, beginning from here to eternity.
Finding solace accompanying me throughout evenings of tantamount excitement and allowing no gaps to bridge faulty ideas.
Penetrating every sense of being, bringing them all out to exercise and become a part of something bigger and better.
Taking all sounds and spinning them into yarn, knitting masterpieces of prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quirks Of Reality

Positively amused with quirks of reality as they wiggle
and worm their ways into life's ever-changing puzzles.

Taken across vast acres of talent, beautiful aspects
are brought into solitary beings.24586

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quitting Life

Insignificant as I am, there's still a lot I need to do
for others before I quit my term of life on earth.

Wanting to be a part of family, be with friends, do
what I can, using up my purpose so I may fall asleep in
another time.

(11: 31 a.m. - 3/2/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Quotation's Wisdom

Forging ahead in a mire of caustic behavior,
traversing mind waves into closets of ancient
skeletons, taking whatever thoughts happen
upon the site.
Living always on edges of rapture while main-
streaming a semblance of normalcy.
Noting everything standing by, as quotations
fill minds with their wisdom in short spurts
of words set in timeless spaces.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Racing Along Measures Of Notes

Languishing in rhythms of delight, anchored in attitudes of positivism keeping me afloat, energy climbing within, soaring higher.

Taking intellect into other dimensions farther than ever before, midnight hour coming clearly into this afternoon, bringing joy completely into my being.

Feeling happy, letting rhythms sooth away all the stress and tension of the past week, forgetting it all as I race along measures of notes with the beating of drums at my heels.

A thousand echoes following, giving thoughts, recollections and images to take into the sun, loving everything falling upon interior photographic screens.

Allowing me to unclutter this mind of useless thoughts, being solitary and unconfining, feeling free and easy as I continue writing this poetical life into prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Racing Alongside Myself

Taking self away, finding new pathways to self-esteem
and self-confidence, breaking into faster rhythms,
keeping up with them, billowing out into other dimen-
sions and universes.

Loving the effect it is having on my interior being,
living in measures of time as chords pull at my mind,
notes caressing intellect, coming together in the cen-
ter of this mere poet's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Racing Ideas

Falling into canyons of tomorrow where flowers grow
and are nurtured incessantly, thoughts blossom and
are nourished in this poetical mind through music.

Ideas racing through the ravines looking to see
where they can be planted in visions of imagination
and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Racing In A Yellow Cab

Racing down the 51 in a yellow cab, on the way to an
appointment, relaxing, listening to KOOL radio and
it's many great oldies.

Sun shining brightly upon me in the front seat, traffic
flowing smoothly, keeping time with rhythms on the radio.

Seeing jets taking off and landing for seconds at a time
at Sky Harbor Airport, wishing I were on one, heading for
New Jersey.

Instead, going to the doctor again, hoping one day soon,
to be visiting relatives in the town where I was born.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Racing Life

Life races outside, beyond me, lights blinking,
flashing, going the speed limit, passing me by
in a hurry.
Not a care in the world except landing in the
right place at the right time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Racing Mind

Black and white checkered flags racing throughout
my mind, bidding me to go faster than the speed
of time.

To race towards finish lines with poems in hand,
happily traipsing down unknown paths, made by me
just now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Racing Poetry

Thinking and writing rapidly as I hear piano
ivories playing swiftly and exactly in my
musical mind apertures.
Enjoying their beauty, matching their rhythms
to explanatory words.
Creating adjectives appropriately as I race
along meanings and definitions, placing them-
selves in poetry for all time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Racing Slowly

Racing towards horizons
as slowly as we can.
Not wanting to hurry our
aging bodies beyond our
world too soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Racing Through Morning

Mind racing through another morning, alive and vibrant,
filled with an energy that keeps intellect going.

Striving always to do what's best for others, not always
accomplishing our goal, yet we try.

Keeping step with rhythms of life, we continue to have
experiences and adventures.

Learning from each of them, something more, new - look-
ing to be accepted fully, but because we are mere humans
it can never be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Racing To The Finish Line

Rushing into the afternoon, mind wide open, racing to the
finish line as fast as rhythms will take me, loving the
speed, going with it's beats.

Tempos tickling and gesturing intellect, wanting it to go
faster through time, energizing self vibrantly as life is
being expressed.

Going through fast-paced rhythms, solace and serenity silent-
ly keeping up with it all, contemplation racing and finding it fascinating.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Racism Is Passe!

Recognizing rhythms as they rock their way into our lives here tonight, being proud to be together without any intolerance, hatred or prejudice, nothing to do with racism for it is passe!

Only the truly ignorant and those from the dark ages still live according to these irrelevant ideas, people of the twenty-first century taking life by the reins, keeping sharia law and racism away for us, putting political correctness where the sun will never shine upon it again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Radiating Thoughts

Knocking around rhythms, enjoying their beats, syncopating notes, touching depths of innate intelligence, thoughts radiating throughout intellect.

This mind being filled with reverberating tones that capture imagination, many movements rolling along like waves of the ocean.

Captivating and creating equations of profound and sublime energy, taking place within spheres that hold onto thoughts emanating from within photographic screens, entertaining and amusing intellect with joy and pleasure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Radical Images

Reprisals of apprehensive thought gyrate and spin
out of control, feeding off of radical ideas in
sound-proof images.
Throwing moonbeams across sunlit days, cracking
daylight with clouds of disarray.
Foraging for reasons in meaningful logic turns
mathematical, in quixotic puzzles of an aftermath
of severe distension and clouded quietness of
daytime moonbeams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rage

Rage is bubbling hotly inside, scratching, tearing,
clawing it's way through tender flesh.

Ripping, pulling insides apart, throwing the pieces
everywhere.

Body clumsily holding, trying to hold, sanity in mind.

Low-roaring rage, howling through memories of yesterday,
setting a heart on fire, pulling it through burning
coals, hurting the child inside, writhing with pain.

Running away, as quickly, as fast as it can, only to
be sucked in time after time with yesterday's anger
gripping the child's neck.

Choking, throttling, the little body of a child who
knows not of what is going on.

Blindly falling, head on chest, filled with the fire
of shame put there by blame and guilt of adults who
were supposed to be responsible and caring.

A little child, torn apart at last by horrors of the
past, as anger quenches it's last small breath, rage
promising the death of past memories.

Scratching, tearing, clawing it's way through tender,
innocent, young flesh, rage bubbles hotly inside,
searing a young mind eternally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Railways Of Ancestry

Written cards through the years, telling stories of age and conflict.

Holding onto all of them so as not to let them drift into a forsaken land where they would never be seen again.

Suffering and being a part of another time, watching every moment as they coincide with thoughts and senses being brought into pockets of imagination on railways of beautiful ancestry.

Nothing left behind, satisfactory beginnings having their final essences remembered with words set into many poems.

Loving senses that are always taking me into sensitive areas of intellect, where no one else can ever be a part of them.

So intact, so perfect, all in the entirety of this unwholesome time in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rain Blessing This Poem

Below on a dirt roadway a black and white cow is making
it's way slowly as the rain falls steadily, faster and
faster.

Some drops finding their way through this cottage roof
out on the verandah, and splashing a few drops upon
this page.

Soaking a word or two with their natural essence coming
straight from heaven, just to bless this poem as I write
it before anyone can read it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rain Coloring Earth

Rainy gray skies, floating above, coloring earth with a
dull façade of grace.

Unseparating, eluding the world within writing, accessing
the beauty around me without marring any of it.

A celebration of obvious rain from heaven, watering the earth
and nurturing all that is growing there without any hindrance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rain Colors

Rain colors the earth with deeper hues, richer vibrancy
of sighted feelings.

Rain colors are many as they fall, clear little crystal
drops, from heaven spread upon earth.

Filling the land, watering all living plants with colors
of rain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rain In Gutters

Water being spit from broken gutters, flowing down
the outside and mingling with the water coming from
the inside.

Steadily dripping, loudly, causing bubbles, white
ones, being silently created.

Beautiful white bubbles, not man-made, all gathered
round at the bottom of a drain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rain Mist

Being high above in cloudy skies, watching rain fall
out of them from up above and over them.
Not able to see each rain drop fall, only see a black-
like mist making it's way to earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rain Of Misery

Falling into waterfalls, cascading curtains of sorrow fell upon me. Driving the rain of misery onto my face as I wavered in times of excruciating pain.
Leaving me in empty corners of a non-existent life, allowing nothing to be felt within to associate myself with love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rain Of Talent

Sideways sentencing, flying adjacently to meanings
incarcerated in tomes of literature.
Soul in juxtaposition with God's grace, being
given free rein through talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rainbow Ball

Over and to the right, above earth,
a ball of a rainbow shows it's worth
between dense clouds.

Beautiful in it's own right, it catches
my mind without wavering, taking a stand
in nature.

Doing colors it's own way, while displaying
novel ideas through it's innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rainbow Droplets

Shooting straight up in the air like a line,
flipping over backwards, falling down in
rainbow droplets, sparkling in the moonlit
night.

Being immersed inside the fountain with every
other one that's fallen, swallowed into one
big mass, falling below the surface of the
water.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rainbow Fireworks

Crying deeply inside, no fear of being discovered, wrapped in tears, filling my heart with retrievable memories of yesterday.
Visions splurging like rainbow fireworks inside my mind, dwelling forever in quiet solitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rainbow Intelligence

Second chances pull themselves from mires of tragic
circumstances, fixing sights on shores of tomorrow's sunrise.

Silent sayings, bringing miracles to light with breaths of
rainbow intelligence, never interfering with innate talent
as it grows beyond reaches of earth's horizons.

Settling on deserts of beginning thoughts, allowing an
increase in perturbed ideas wanting an outlet for creative
intuition and life's purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rainbow Of Black And Gray

Quavering on the quantum edge of no return, frowning,
turning inward, blaming no one, signaling waves of
yesterday as they crash over, tumbling back to sea.

Senior programs of longevity, wallowing along the way,
bringing to mind, solace of another time.

Reliving the hellish nightmare through respective doubt,
consciously betraying abuse brought up.

Captured by a rainbow of black and gray, falling into
it's pattern, left alone, straying through life, not
holding onto anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rainbow Of Color

Rotating, spinning, tapping, joining in all the fun as
music continues to play harmoniously throughout the
afternoon, being blessed with an effervescent pattern.

Blossoming quietly into a beautiful rose garden filled
with a rainbow of color, sincere and beneficial, nurture-
ed in the wonder of nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rainbow Waterfall

A rainbow waterfall,
flowing from cumulus clouds above.
A beautiful sight sent from God, Himself.
Touching my soul with prayerful love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rainbow-Colored Ideas

Standing in aisles of fame, looking at other's destinations, wondering about my own.

Vacating life many times each day to write what lies deeply
in a subconscious state of mind.

Like heroes, thoughts bravely issue forth one after another, unendingly
throughout this quaint little life.

Rainbow-colored ideas shift and slide about, matching words, expressing
themselves in memories and images.

Writing explicitly in black ink, all sentences and words
which stick together, waiting to be written out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rainbow-Colored Melodies

Sliding rocks, slipping down sides of mountains, reaching for the heavens where aromas are scented falling to earth and keeping promises on evening oceans.

Curtailing messages of coded integrity as they once were sent to places spent in loneliness.

Riches no longer bountiful, unable to be seen or reached. Lovely aromas being seen through flavors of rainbow-colored melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rainbowing

Scratching softly inside a mind, talent wishes to be let out to spread itself around.

Fascinated by the outside world, wanting to create the inherent abilities for all to see.

Imagining circuitous routes, settling in among reality of current affairs and duties.

Officially recreated within a constant nest of wisdom's knowledge, set forth in prisons of creative talent.

Rainbowing on the world, living dutifully and sharing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rainbow's End

Passionate feelings touching my being,
bringing it into fruition as I walk
toward the end of my rainbow, a pot
of gold held prayerfully within my
soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rainbow's Fantasy

Rainbows glowing in my mind, reminding me of brightly
colored arches after rain storms sometimes.

Famous for the fantasy of the pot of gold at the end
of each rainbow, that no one will ever find, because
it never comes near to touching earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rainbows Of Color And Sound

Settled into a reverie, mind blank, thoughts drifting about
randomly, idly floating in a mist of creativeness alone

Rainbows of color and sound distributing their beauty
throughout this mind.

Taking into account the immense processes that create
everything written into poetry.

Alive and filled with nurturing ideas and concepts of
intellect as they are nourished and continue to grow.

Blossoming fully and finally are ready to be sown in
many poems that will be read throughout the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rainbows Of Decidability

Frolicking along playfully, whimsically entertaining
myself with beats and notes of rhymes circling my mind.
Jumping and stomping through an evening of absolute
delectibility.
Wandering down measures of vibrations, sliding down
rainbows of decidability on acres of a single solitary
moment.

(9: 13 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rainbows Of Listening

Strutting through measures of music, being tempted through sounds and notes of yesterday, rainbows of listening twinkle in the darkness, reminding us of the beauty to be found in life and our total and complete love.

Energizing our beings, soulfully and spiritually, never missing a beat as we travel with one mind through jungles of our intellect, tangling vines of tomorrow with it's silent visions of waiting, to be given another chance.

Tenderly moving into the cycle of another tomorrow where life will be awakened and stirred again in depths of what used to be, wanting to be given reasons that are valid, locked into crevices that have been forgotten this time of day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rainbow's Prisms

Energizing storms of rain, clouding my vision,
blurring my mind with it's unsure demise.

Sliding across skyways of imagination, rain-
drops glide down my face and out of my eyes,
leaving traces of sadness, like puddles,
left over from a storm of yesterday.

Singling every cloud into lines of interior
systems, belonging to a heart, hiding shyly
all it's life, afraid to show feelings of
hurt and abandonment.

Yet, silently, it's tears flow constantly in
quiet realms beyond reality, to be soothed
into rainbow's prisms for a lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Raining Beauty

Rain falling down in rivers upon my van, cleaning off the summer's dirt and leaving water spots in return.

Darkly, cloudy, everything dressed in gray, yet feeling happy inside my head, I played in the rain.

No one else seemed as glad to see the rain, it's beauty as it flowed from the sky and filled the desert with life-giving fluid.

It's fantastic! How can anyone not like it as much as I?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Raining Grief

Raining into hearts of sorrow, tears flow upwards and
out of sightless eyes.
Grief takes and hides our sight from us when someone
close to us dies.
Our hearts become sensitized beyond control, as
feelings ebb and flow over us for what seems to be an eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Raining On My Mind

Feeling defeated, dejected, abysmally hopeless in a situation of life, diminishing ineptitude, alone in a perfect storm, looking for the lull I expect to come. Abnormally, it isn't in the forecast and I continue to rain on my mind, as it cleanses itself in poetical precision, blending with an intellect of poison, inscribed with a tattoo of pious forgetfulness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Raining Rivers

Rain falling down in rivers upon my van,
cleaning off summer's dirt and leaving
water spots in return.

Darkly cloudy, everything dressed in gray,
yet feeling happy inside my head - I played.

No one else seemed as glad as I to see the
rain.

It's beauty as it flowed from the sky and
filled the deserts with life-giving fluid.

It was fantastic!
How can anyone not like it as much as I?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Raining Thoughts

Thoughts raining down upon me, filling me with grief's sorrow.
Drenched in a lifetime with bluened crystal teardrops that are never-ending, yet always seem to be available when lonely.
An eerie emptiness settles inside, catching me with it's effervescent thoughts always in the foreground.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Raining Tones

Tones raining into my mind refreshing and purifying thoughts
prolifically and logically, resting thoughts awakening so
thoroughly invigorated and alert.

Watching as life takes part in adventures and journeys of
fascination, joining imagination on expeditions and travels
into and out of many experiences and situations.

Always finding exhilarating feelings of satisfaction, totally
being enlivened in depths of my being, touching upon a bluened
light of the Divine within my spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rainy Morning

Enjoying this rainy morning here in Phoenix, Arizona,
watching as drops fall to the ground and splatter while
going down the freeway.

Watching them flow up the windshield, because of the
wind from the speed of the vehicle, so many things
these little drops of water can do.

Falling to earth, creating pools and puddles of water
after completely disappearing within them, even if
cupping our hands to capture it before hitting puddles.

Not a drop can be discerned from all others, mysterious
occurrence much like that of snow where each flake is
unique, but once on the ground it cannot be detected.

None of them can be distinguished from any others, they
are delicately and sublimely beautiful, touching the
minds and hearts of all who watch this phenomenon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Raising Cane

Left by the wayside, wondering what to do next.
Curiously watching people in the Wagon Yard doing
their individual things.
All of them different, some majorly incongruent
and unusual.
Raising cane, pulling others into the mix, having
a joyous time without fear of being ridiculed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Raising Children Without Hatred

Stimulating thought, urging me to write incessantly, letting
ideas accumulate and become inviting.

Seeing the travesties of this world still taking place, some
from the dark ages.

Wondering why we have progressed so much in technology, and
yet can't get along with one another.

What is the missing equation in this mathematical problem,
why can't we solve it?

Knowing that every individual has talents unique to themselves,
yet not everyone uses them or doesn't use them intelligently.

Hatred of another is so commonplace even now, why can't people
overlook color of skin and poverty of others?

Everyone is still human, there must be a common denominator to
be focused on, disrupting the angry thoughts of hatred.

Raising children properly without teaching them to dislike
others just because they are different is a beginning step.

Yet, those who hate, continue it's source by teaching their
children what they themselves have learned from their parents.

Why not decide, make a choice in their lives to get rid of it
and begin to tolerate others by getting to know them better.

Allowing everyone to live side by side, sharing their lives
without any peculiarities of discrimination?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Raising Creative Knowledge

Children experiencing life with caring parents, taking the time to be close and important in their lives.
Stretching hours of every day, holding onto memories of families as they grow to adulthood in time.
In the future, becoming caring, loving parents themselves, raising an exceptional amount of creative knowledge and innate talent in their own little ones some day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Raising Expectations

Quietly rehearsing tokens of love in solitary moments of peace.
Placing faith in the agility of music as it placates my mind's intellect.

Always rising to every occasion that comes into being as it is created in shape and formed perfectly to fit any avenue of rhythm.

Delicately pursuing the pitch and beat that fits my particular mood right now.
Dancing on air, being in my mind and enjoying the freedom it gives me.
Feeling lighter than air at any given moment, so perfectly in tune with every staccato beat and intended rest between.

Sololy tracing each pathway into lands of deviation from the normal, just to see how something ordinary can take shape and become something worthwhile for tomorrow's generations.

Teaching all those who have an innate talent to expand and raise their expectations above the ordinary and normal dull, routine avenues from now on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Raising The Bar

Rolling smoothly off her tongue, words flew beautifully in rhythmic harmony.
A stillness penetrating interior peace, taking it to new heights in this life.
Taunting periods of suffering to come join the circle of light emanating from compassion and caring of others.
Raising the bar of an all-time beauty set in musical tones and calmly bringing one forth into the illuminated destiny of fate's favorite child.
Listening to the essence of her being tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Raising The Flag

Working adamantly towards goals in writing and music,
moving quickly forward, having great fun in doing so,
meeting many people from all parts of the world.

Finding ways to come together, networking, helping
one another with particular projects, all heading to
similar goals eventually.

Creating and developing all types of ways outside the
box to tackle issues at hand in the U.S.A. and other
countries.

Searching for solutions together, intellect and wisdom
being used totally in order for things to improve ex-
potentially.

Freedom and liberty raising the flag, inspiring us to
continue to strive for equality, so everyone in this
world will have serenity and peace without any evil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Raking Feelings

Stampeding through deserts of feelings,
trampling them all and leaving them to
dry out in the hot desert sun.
To be purified from all of existence and
later to be raked into piles and thrown
into poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Raking Hearts

Taking into account, life's balance act on any
given day, we seek avenues of ease as we pass
through hours of daily acquiescence.
Touching all senses as we momentarily advance
onto plains of yesterday, taking all experience
with us.
Remembering to listen carefully as we exercise
our minds in conjunction with our senses.
Filing into another dimension, hearts raking
through many emotions, piling them readily for
entrance into poems of natural desire and life.
Cantering along with inner music playing silently
throughout, as neurons and synapses exercise their
rights of becoming into a land of creative poetical
musical scores on paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Raking My Soul

Covering my mind with many leaves of nature that fell onto the floor of my soul.
Raking it gently, giving attention to every detail as it shines itself in pine-scented particles, giving off scents that will end the sour smelling odors left over from daylight hours.
Stretching each aspect to limits of boundaries, never going beyond tell-tale hints of supply and demand of inner potential.
Sitting on occasional benches, off to the sides, people pretending they no longer need anyone's help.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rampant Desires

Desires running rampant, trying to locate places to be
set into, wanting bravely to be expressed in imprints
of sandy shores.

Willing to be taken away with ocean waves, falling upon
beings of life for moments in time and then aligning
themselves with beginnings and endings of each new day
at sunrise.

Spreading wings and soaring into magnificent heights
where desires can be quenched through scents and aromas
of prose being written, just for their express wishes in
life's tunnels of devotion and self-love.

Finally corresponding only to the effects of a purposeful
energy flowing inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rampant Vibrations

Suffocating in life from sorrow, loneliness
and abandonment, then coming here, listening
to a band.

It's filled with a vibrant and colossal
energy, rampant vibrations taking my being
into depths of rhythm.

This is where I find total peace and serenity
of and in myself entirely, living life in the
wonder of spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ranch Hand

Roaming mountains, watching the sun lower itself beyond the horizon in the west.
Riding and running faster, trying to get to the shelter of the forest before night falls completely over him in darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rancher

Rhythmically riding into the sunset, hat brim pulled down over his brow, as he rides deeply into desert mountains looking for his herd.
Watching the ridges, eyeing all ledges, making sure none of the cattle had been caught off guard.
Placating his soul with a heart of gold, caring for the least of God's creatures as if each was a total part of himself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Random Poem

Spinning memories randomly spilling,
wondering which one of them will
suddenly stand out and be written
about in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Randomly Gliding

Basking in details, gathering them like leaves being raked into piles of entertainment.
Sending messages with increasing intensity so they may be written down in books of history.
Tolling african signs as they race between pages of documentation, accruing wisdom as it flows downhill into ponds of learning.
Opting for and choosing select meanings of prose as I glide along on melodies, random and adventurous through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Randomly Wandering

Awakening spirits coming to mind, rested from their long time sedative sleep with pain medication.
Looking about, taking in everything in a sphere of environment with innocent wonder and curiosity, loving the total enjoyment all of it is bringing.
Setting me free to soar into atmospheres of particular interest - so engrossed in thought, letting my mind wander randomly with no limits put upon it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rapid Thought

Setting off on a run, flying - soaring - into rhythm's highways, elevating my spirit with every note played.
Existing in a realm of imagined textures and patterns, fully giving me thoughts in rainbow colors, stationed alongside images of tomorrow's psychological screens of intense beauty.
Signifying all thought as it is raised toward wisdom's enlightenment.
Going higher, faster, soaring ever after into another solar orbit of thinking.
Absorbing every particle of feelings, sensing more below the surface the longer they're playing melodies - more rapid thought unfolds like a locomotive in motion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rapidly Racing

Watching with great interest as life parades by an
interior sight, lifting spiritual heights within,
giving intensely profound thought to thing and ponder
about through life.

Racing rapidly into another universe, loving and being
energetic, all feelings and emotions being set free,
knowing they'll be instantaneously felt.

Given the recognition they so vibrantly want through
intellect, feeling neglected because I deal with them
only on an intellectual level daily.

Wanting their own ways, knowing that I will allow it to
happen, they step out proudly to show what they are made
and consist of.

Their essences filled to overflowing from within all the
experiences that I've had throughout my entire life so
far.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rapping Christmas

Young men singing a special rap song of Christmas cheer,
a wonderful perfection, creative and holy.

Being sung to a modern day music that children understand
and learn by with a steady beat, time being kept to rhythms
of glory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rare Forms

Livening inner feelings, turning them up to fever pitch and fulfilling every fibrous tissue with excellent touch and vibrant rhythm, sending melodies into rare form. Side-tracking every note and picking them up into selective musical beats of reference.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rare Individuals

Life follows lines of access into caverns of deep thought, aligned with many portions and particles of grey matter, untainted by environmental pollution spread by man-made inventions of destruction.
Completing many differences of opinion, manufacturing them with an insight beyond comprehension of ordinary individuals.
Stored in closets of perturbed ideas, holding on to any that may be used in future signs of pious liberty and major countenances for a few moments of enlightenment, attained by very rare individuals living today on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rare Moments

Peace deepening within my being, feeling it penetrating every
fiber and particle with solace and serenity, soothing everything
being felt - tension, turmoil, sadness or sorrow.

Touching it all so gently and tenderly, not wishing to cause
any more hurt or pain, living for these rare moments in life,
hoping to catch hold of them more than just once in a while.

Nothing else can take the place of these wonderful and very
pleasant moments of our lives, their memories will forever
be with us throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rare Peace

Quality of natural goodness and beauty surrounds me in a
small patio at Kino.
Hummingbirds flitting from flower to tree, gathering
nectar with their long, slender beaks.
Rare peace found at last in a little known space on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rare Times

Frolicking along inner highways, feeling happy
and titillating laughter from humor remembered
of long ago.
Thoughts from little children, reminding of an
innocence not ever taken lightly by mothers
around the world.
An honesty emanating from each thought out
question or remark - an integrity beyond that
of any adult.
Such a fresh approach to a young life, fills
the air with an appreciation of rare times when
God is actually seen through eyes and minds of
children.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ratcheting Motion

Ratcheting every motion to beats of
melodies, turning up the volume so
I don't miss a single note, wanting
only to enjoy myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rationalizing

Rationalizing, giving excuses, instead of just coming right out and telling the truth when not wanting to do something for someone.

Not wanting to appear as if they're ignorant when doing this, yet we walk away, thinking exactly that, feeling angry for being lied to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rattling An Inner Cage

Rattling an inner cage, trying to escape the emotions hiding there.
Wanting to be free of them, leave them behind and go on to better times, I find myself stuck in their quicksand, alone.
Treading water in my mind, waving to the person I long to be, but have only just begun.
Stung by the cacophony of turmoil others have caused.
Injustice thrown from behind closed doors, hurting me unmercifully with no end in sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rattling Images

Rattling through images, trying to find something to show who I am to another.
Finding nothing, seeing how worthless I really am in their eyes.
Standing aside, letting them pass as I am hindered by my pain, totally being ignored as I steadily move forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ravine Of Life

Rain splattering against my thoughts, marking the exact time
of extraordinary frankness, holding nothing back, transport-
ing all of life forward, seeing the way reality is.

Hands folded in answerable prayer, fighting to live on the
edge without caving in to pressure built around a small space
of my own.

Wishing, drowning deep inside, overflowing with sorrow of a
lifetime, being hurt more often than before, totally giving
up the struggle - it is not worth it.

Pain of staying alive is far too much - out-weighing every-
thing else, there is no special place for me to be, I'm always
cast aside on a sea of worthlessness.

Striking out, trying to run does nothing, feelings still lie
within, piled so high there is no way through - no logical conclusions can be met
or drawn.

Suffering daily for someone else's misspent childhood is
ridiculous, yet here I sit, unable to think or move, lying
depressed in a state of mind.

Vegetating, totally resigned to the negativity of uselessness,
power of another has completely sapped my strength, I've given everything
within my power to give.

But have received absolutely nothing in return, I no longer
have anything left, I lie here completely empty with no way
to refill my soul.

Instead, I prepare for death, it will at least make me whole
by completing my existence in this awful place of life, on
borders of no return, I cross over.

Not looking over my shoulder, because I no longer care about
anything, stepping over, sliding into the ravine, giving up
my last horizon for peace of mind and eternal tranquility.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ravines Of Loneliness

Funeral sounding sadness filling this heart,
overflowing with intense forebodings.

Sliding into ravines of loneliness, searching
for ways to fulfill it's sublime abandonment.

Listening to echoes of angels calling, enticing
this mind to walk into canyons of fulfillment.

Introducing melodies of beauty, constantly
touching Divine spirits, silently watching.

Life plays it's part well, showing us the way
to God in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rays Of Daylight

Twilight beckons on hazy, cloudy mornings of
indignation, wanting to come before it's time.
Lasting rays of daylight refuse to move away,
preferring to take a stand and be what they
are.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rays Of Innocence

Lights of goodness, focusing on peaceful countenances, deriving beauty from places of innocence throughout
natural sites of impossible joyous reunions.

Surfing simple respect and dignity, holding gently
onto lives of despair, not wanting to lose any of them.

Rays of light shine upon us all through eyes of
goodness from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rays Of Rhythm

Signing pages of heredity with poetry of interior
visions, finding solace languidly.
Flowing across avenues of subconscious abstractions,
forming ideas illuminated by sunlit rays of rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rays Of Sun Reaching

Shining rays of sun reaching into windows of a waiting room, tempting me with their beauty and warmth. Knowing that it's all an illusion to fool me into stepping outside the door and freezing in the coldness of a winter morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rays Of Truth

Sight focusing on liberty's light of freedom shining
from within, beckoning me to follow it's rays of
truth on roads of life.

Practicing rhythms while living in a decadence of
morally corrupt people, trying my best to not fold
myself into one of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Re - Experiencing Beauty

Significant memories are coming to mind, reminding me of
the past and many good times I used to have, lighting and illuminating precious images, giving pleasure
now in senior years.

A once in a lifetime memory, seen over the years on photo-
graphic screens, loving the beauty being experienced again,
brings a tear to my mind as I watch it replay over until
deciding to stop it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching

Soul whispering into the heavens, allowing a glance into it's special beauty of spirituality.
Accessing new and broader aspects, opening up doors and windows, airing out all the years of being kept hidden until written out in poetry.
Holding all up to warmth of the sun as I reach continually towards a new beginning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching And Grasping

Senses combining and blending with rhythms, enjoining tabulations of mathematical equations, allowing this mind to figure out many calculations sent into it's depths.

Reaching and grasping lifelines throughout peaceful endeavors, occurring in the turmoil and strife of living in this temporary world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching Beyond Death

Beyond the horizon of life, love lives on and
on.

Our lifetimes are held in memories, beautiful
yet sad, because those times are no more.

Reaching out beyond death and it's permanence,
hoping to catch momentary glimpses of love
lived once upon a time.

Being disappointed time and again as it's
memory quickly fades.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching For A Lifeline

Reaching desperately for a lifeline, hoping to
be pulled ashore and out of this nightmare in
a hospital E.R. again.

Looking in all directions, not able to see any-
thing except walls of the cubicle I'm enclosed
in.

Listening to music, letting it take me away from
this confining space of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching For An Anchor

Being pulled along by rhythms that are holding feelings and emotions so tightly wrapped up in the intensity of life's losses.

Hurriedly reaching for an anchor, something to help get my bearings once again, drifting upon the surface of an interior ocean of tears, created and spilled upon memories of the past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching For Concepts

Reaching out for concepts to enter into many
abstractions that I'm picking up through
avenues of rhythm.

Placing thoughts inside of their essence, just
to see what will transpire.

Noting changes moving through the tempos, slowly
affecting the melodies I am composing.

Silently arranging notes in a file of integrity,
as they acquiesce and listen to where I want them
to go in instrumental sequences, culminating in
classical renditions of musical scores of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching For Death's Shadow

Sheltering a child, being who she is as I climb through life, always uphill.
Occasionally sliding beneath it's muddy catastrophes where I often hope to finally die, without recourse.
Standing past death's shadow, yet reaching for it constantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching For Desires

Calmly being intrigued by mysterious codes of rhythmical
syncopation.

Sliding throughout this mind, piecing together abstract
thoughts to interior feelings, giving an intense peace.

Straying into other dimensions, reaching for desires
that are being shown and wanting to be held in this heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching For Destiny

Reaching for beauty in nature, watching it flourish, grow
and stand out, letting us enjoy it's total effect as we
walk through life contemplating our lives along the way.

Knowing we will always be waiting for something no matter
what it is we need or want, life is a waiting game, not
realizing it each and every day, it's a time of waiting.

Our eventual deaths will come about someday, remembering
this will help us to think before doing, staying on the
straight and narrow, not straying into evil pursuits.

Altogether, we help one another, trying our best to keep
honest, truthful, caring, compassionate and loving towards
all of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching For Dreams

Waking in the calm of a storm, reaching for the dream
I was lying peacefully in.
Wanting to touch every moment with an alarming siren,
giving it away, sending it to the garbage heap of
deepest jungles.
Wending my way through with a machete, cutting down
all obstacles before me.
Watching eyefully as passing beautiful scenery, I
become one with the imagery of nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching For Edges

Reaching for edges of life,
grasping them with loosening holds
throughout forces of nature.

Choosing expanding walkways to
continue a journey of creative
enticement.

Fulfilling purposes of life,
finding reasons to believe in
tomorrow's horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching For Eternity

Trails leading nowhere, having been cut off by sorrow
and grief, taking away everything, leaving me wander-
ing hopelessly through life.

Finding nothing to complete me anymore, writing, com-
posing, looking into sunsetical horizons that appear
daily.

Their beauty tempting me to reach for the shorelines
of eternity, wanting a reprieve from this earthly
world and all it's turmoil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching For God

A spirituality stirs telepathically within my soul,
reaching for God's robe, hoping for forgiveness
with just a touch.
Realizing what is being done brings about the
realization of healing wholly and completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching For Limelight

Reaching for the limelight, spreading myself thin,
trying to become everything in life, matching
intellect with sincere aptitudes of heightened
intelligence.

Unwrapping gifts we have hidden beneath all our
fears and tears of unselfish desires, afraid to
become who we are through ourselves.

Throwing over heavy blankets of disguise we emerge
from insecurities of our subconsciousness, daring
to really live in the closest environments we can
ever find ourselves in.

Finding ourselves in the grasp of infidelity, we
shake loose as best we can, just so we can peer
into images we want so bad to investigate this
side of artistic life.

Prepared as always for rhythms of interior peace
being pounded out upon ivories we recall, as we
progress down roads of life.

Crossing streets as we ride into the night, blinded
by unknowing fears we so desperately want to get rid
of and cause to dissipate.

Knowing now, just how to go about doing so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching For Mind Relics

Wandering through miles of visions, not focusing
on any right now.
Enjoying the silence of a peaceful interior
existence, no one interrupting my subconsciousness
so I'm in heaven.
Lovely sights as I pass by them all on a journey
of my own, searching for the relics of my mind.
Thinking of all the inventions being held closely
in, not sharing them yet, with anyone else.
Knowing now, how to help the poor and do away with
food stamps at the same time.
Not creating any disturbance at all in doing so.
A wonderfully great idea that has never been thought
of until I found the solution.
Always on the verge of another idea to solve so
many other problems of the world.
Never lacking for any sort of solution to problems
I encounter.
A feeling of euphoric peace, feeling elated at the
source of my ingenuity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching For My Mind

Looking out into space, day-dreaming of things I
want to do today, comforting thoughts of writing
poetry stand out the most.

Knowing there are a lot of thoughts, awaiting
rhymes and prose to enlighten intellect and
stretch out leisurely, feeling right at home.

Listening to tempos as they reach for my mind,
touching it gently, tenderly, and illuminating
it's every particle.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching For Opportunities

Being reminded daily of how precious little time we have to live our lives here on earth.
Not wanting to waste any moment at hand, always reaching for every opportunity that I can locate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching For The Past

Reaching for those days that have now past, looking for
your heart, knowing it holds your love for me, hoping
to locate it and hold it close.

Yet you seem so far away, and I've died within, because
our love has been stolen from us by death in it's deadly
grasp.

How can I ever try to go on without it, tell me please,
that you'll be back soon, I couldn't bear it if you were
no longer here.

Life will be over on this earth if you are truly gone,
my dear, my tears showing me the truth, our love can no
longer be complete.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching For Ties

Reaching for the ties that bind us to this world is
futile, there are no attachments here for us.

All is temporary, life cannot be held onto by either
you or I, it is a fragile endeavor to say the least.

Apoplectic tributes falter, struggling to carry us
through with no paths unwinding before our horizons.

Left standing, life inside, awaiting other shores,
beckoning to come ahead.

There are no messages or notes to be taken or given,
no one knows how but at death we all become strangers
to our lives on earth.

We no more carry voices or heed communication like
before, we have wandered off, over the future's sinking
horizon.

Tentacles not able to bring us back, we will soon be
forgotten as we float upon the seas of future death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching Heights Of Satisfaction

Living in the beauty of imagination and intellect, taking
all thoughts into poetical interludes, finding peace in
doing so.

Reaching heights of satisfaction, not able to be attained
in any other way in this life, offering everything to in-
tellect as it takes me on avenues of exciting journeys.

Having adventures, playing with ideas, blending them with
memories as I listen and configure it all within rhythms
being listened to.

Challenges coming at me from all directions, standing up
to them all and overcoming any obstacles or barriers that
try to stand in the way of progress.

Always being ready to move into other dimensions, wonder-
ing what I'll find in each one, loving how my mind works,
going into other universes so quickly and easily.

Letting me forget the world around me for many moments in
time while writing, yet within all the poetry you will
find I've written about it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching Higher

Reaching for higher notes,
singing in vibrant tones.

Letting nothing get in the
way of a beautiful voice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching Into Depths

Walking alone, reaching into depths of my being
with heart-felt feelings from yesterday's visions.

Seeking solace within my spirit, because there is
none holding me without.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching Into Empty Pockets

Not one of the people speaking is thinking out of the box,
all are trying to find ways to increase revenues. Why?

We need more volunteers to help out so we can cut back on
paying bureaucrats and those who get paid for not doing
their jobs of serving the public.

Wanting to yell and scream every time revenue is brought
up, it angers me, that no one else can figure out the
public cannot afford to pay these outrageous taxes, and
fines.

Increasing costs to seniors trying to exist in this
community where everyone is falling into dire straits with
no way to live, because the city of Phoenix is reaching
into everyone's pockets who can't afford it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching Into Innate Talent

Racing down the straightaway, guitar in hand, strumming like lightening in a coming storm.

Watching rhythms unfolding with balanced tempos, all of them vibrating my soul with the utmost care.

Touching my mind, letting every note step into the lime-light, reaching quietly and silently into innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching Into Moments

Reaching into moments of yesterday, taking whatever can be written
into memories of the past that was so filled with happiness and joy,
burning our minds with the intense love once had.

Bringing tears to our eyes now in the present, hoping and wishing
to awaken and relive each and every precious moment once again,
leaves us empty, always expecting and wanting life to begin again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching Into My Mind

Strange sounds come beating rapidly from weird Al Yankovich,
tempting me to write quickly, mind smiling at his parodies
of other's songs.

Always giving me feelings of joy and happiness as I listen
and write, so totally funny and yet enticing as I listen, a
completely wonderful experience giving an exhilaration to me.

So beautiful, giving thoughts a race for their time then
stopping, alive and running, strumming, taking me down avenues
of enlivening tempos, energizing my mind with lovely sounds.

Reaching into my mind, touching upon melodies that are being
encrypted solidly, as I run faster through concepts and ideas,
thoughts running up and down staircases of intellect.

There's no letting up, keeping me moving and thinking, now
slowing down, every breath I take, keeping up with rhythms,
making me breathless, needing air.

Rushing quickly through every measure in rhythm and time,
getting around through tempos as fast as possible to keep
up with the music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching Into Mystical Spirituality

Knowing that someday I will walk into a final moment,
nothing to keep me here on this earth, not wanting to
be here any longer than I have to.

Reaching further and deeper into a mystical spirituality,
not listening to anyone or anything, hearing only the
silence I've left behind.

Heeding only God's call as I leave this earth for a final
time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching Into Particles

Directly reaching into particles of existence,
touching their essence and feeling their beauty.
Partaking of their freedom of energy and solvency
in everything they begin to do and see.
Wanting everything to be exact and precise,
fulfilling every idea with thoughtful peace and
conviction.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching Into The Light

Traipsing into the wide blue yonder, taking everything into consideration as I walk carefully through denizens of every day jungles, tangled with emotions and difficult situations.

Sorrowfully reaching into the light as it mysteriously grasps my mind and leads me into another dimension of life, giving me the wisdom to figure out what it is that I will learn there.

Knowings are abounding, amazingly coming into an intense clarity of peaceful countenances in everyday circumstances.

Along the pathways, I find there are many gems of knowledge strewn about for me to hold onto throughout my lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching Moments

Thoughts dwelling in minds of creative individuals throughout life,
finding the magic through mysteries of innate talent, walking path-
ways of nature seeing many details that others never see.

Eyes wide open, always observing and taking everything onto photo-
graphic screens, each memory lasting forever in human time limits,
letting moments continue to reach and pleasure us well into old age.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching Out

An enjoyable evening with a small crowd of people.
Reaching out in humor with songs and talk of family.
Joking around, holding our minds in a territory not many can attain.
Human spirits, beautiful to behold on earth, with eyes always on heaven's gates.
Following a pathway to holy lights of bluened gardens in our final resting places.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching Out Of Sorrow

Families and friends holding hands, hugging one another, trying to get closer to Jim and Scott somehow through their genuine love for one another.
Photos forever etched in mind's of love, never to be forgotten as every heart holds so much sorrow - yet such bittersweet joy of two lives so closely entwined with an entire community, their extended family - all of us here in Phoenix.
When our eyes look to heaven, we will always see your smiles and never forget you or your families.
Thank you for sharing your lives and now your memories with us.
Our prayers are with you as we light candles for you and loved ones.
Take care of one another and if by chance you need one of us, we'll be there to help or serve any way we're able.
For now, just being here is all we can offer until you reach out of sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching Out To Others

Life is filled with pain, some of it caused by others and
some of it coming from within ourselves.

Wondering why we do this when life is already so difficult
to live on a daily basis.

Our minds at times conjuring up our own limitations, and
placing blame upon us, not knowing what to do with it,
feeling inferior at times and losing our ways.

In the end, we continue anyway, trying to pull ourselves
out of the mires we have fallen into.

Helping or reaching out to others often is the cure we
need to heal our own pain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching Out To The World Poetically

Reaching out across the world, making friends poetically with people who write poetry, a gentle and inspiring amount of them.

Positive and ready to make friends also, exchanging ideas, putting together our imagination's at times just to see what two nationalities can come up with.

Interesting, fun and an absolutely great way of learning and entertaining one another.

Finding other countries fascinating, loving to converse with people from all walks of life, traveling throughout the world through our poetry and friendship.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching Out With Truth

Always talking to our Vets on facebook, learning about what's
going on in the world, using the information to make decisions
about who to vote for.

Making sure none of the corrupt, evil illegals or muslims are
ever voted for, enjoying finding out the actual truths instead
of all the lies and fake news on T.V.

Democrats, liberals and Trump-haters, spouting racist remarks,
telling lies about Trump and trying to discourage Americans
from supporting him, so we are supporting him even more!

Getting friend requests every day, loving to talk to everyone,
it's a privilege of being and living in the U.S.A. where free-
dom continues to run rampant.

Spreading truth the world over in spite of those who want one
world order, and are touting climate change (a hoax) being per-
petrated by those ignorant elitists.

Our world is filled with evil, that's why I reach as many people
as possible with truth, hopefully in some way promoting peace,
going against politically correct elitists as they call themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaching Out, Within

Talented, alluring, full of a kind gentleness stirred
once in a while with caring.

Often sitting, settled into a silent reverie on some
distant plane.

Echoes of another world softly calling, wanting to
be heard.

No mountains or horizons, all is flattened beneath
the earth.

Reaching out in darkness, taking hold of small branches
as they break away quickly out of fear.

Somewhere, standing out of reach, filled with compassion,
a person waits in silent contemplation.

Praying for the person she is trying desperately to
reach.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reacting To Emptiness

Thoughtfully looking from way in back, getting a different perspective on surroundings.

Everything looks so far away, so distant, that it brings loneliness closer in.

Reacting to the emptiness inside, the world seems to have disappeared and left on one here to confide in.

Lacking in self-respect, no one caring if you're alive or dead, feeding on self-pity which brings hatred into focus.

Tempting fate to run away with someone else, thinking thoughtless deeds for no reason.

Stepping upon left over fragments that haven't been swept away, taking away the shroud of life and looking beneath it.

What you will see is all beneath you, resting in an avalanche of deadened time, totally forgotten and never more brought to mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reacting To Nature

Melodies calming me inside, helping to come alive again
on backwoods of life.

Reacting strongly to nature, listening to the cries of
it's birth as it fills habitats with newborn animals and
plants.

Forming many futures from seeds, allowing the ground
comfort and protecting everyone that's planted in soil
around my heart.

Calling an existence into the parts of life that can
appreciate all the memories of lasting conversations,
taking them all to a final grave.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reacting To The World

Sometimes reactions happen when you don't know or prepare for them.

Emotional impact swerves and careens through life, crashing and falling at inopportune times.

Sometimes getting away and taking over with no thoughts or ideas.

Sudden trepidation steps into the picture, a hurt look, wounded pride, bowed head, reactions to another person.

People reacting spontaneously in different situations, no acting or words make a difference, just stark reaction to the world and space around them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reactions To A Poem

Walking in footprints of yesterday, listening to forgotten melodies from then.

Remembering now, attitudes and feelings that have always been hidden.

Wondering at the intensity of everything that's felt through life, putting it all into words of poetry.

At times, making people smile, other times cry, always thinking further of their own actions in their lives.

At times, people have actually been inspired to turn their lives around.

They say that a poem made them see things differently than before, showing them the error of their ways.

Now realizing what they had been doing was hurting others and not even knowing it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reactions To Poetry

Ready, willing and able to write poetry constantly and
incessantly, listening to music flowing with rhythms
to my heart's content.

Relying on innate talent to continue forever, seeing
everything vividly from interior photographic screens,
taking me on journeys and excursions.

Going into daylight and nighttime adventures, telling
everything in details that are remembered accurately
and completely.

Forwarding sensations, feelings and emotions, include-
ing them all in depths of what I write, people reading
it around the world.

At times crying, laughing, smiling, chuckling to them-
selves or getting goose bumps over something they've
read.

All sorts of reactions happening when reading my poetry,
always amazing and keeping me on my toes, never fading
or diminishing, full of energy every moment in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reactions To Timelessness

Taking into account many moments of life, we are stranded in
a limited timeless sphere.
Death takes us out of this limited space and allows us to
continue unendingly through our souls and spirits.
We practice almost daily, losses in our lives, of money,
loved ones, self respect - thoughts and ideas when we forget
them.
Why therefore, is death so distant and foreign to us?
Is it our connection - relationship - to those who have died
that keeps us in a constant state of emotional upheaval?
Is it our love for one another?
Families, I think, are soul-centered around each other and
when one person dies in the family all souls are pulled in
different directions, yanked into a sorrow that is unique
for each one.
Death causes us to start anew, lying around in shock and
disbelief, eventually in our time, crawling on all fours.
After quite a while we stand upright and begin slowly to
walk again through life, searching for meanings.
Sometimes this search leads us into new careers or on
different paths towards attempting to fill gaps and
emptiness left in our lives by death.
Everything is okay when we meet death head on, there are
no right or wrong things to be doing.
No right or wrong ways to behave - each one decides within,
what their reaction will be; albeit, instantaneously, and
immediately.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reactions When Thinking

Opening and closing doors, letting new reflections
enter windows of my mind, bringing them to
realizations of alternative techniques and ways of
doing things.
Creating means of attaining them through novel ideas.
Catching images like light in prisms, white or clear -
yet, when light reflects on them, all beautiful colors
reflect from within, just like my brain reacts when
thinking.
Colors shining everywhere, honing in on the original
prism.
Creative thoughts spreading and honing in on precise thoughtful ideas,
taking wing and flying into active imagination, making them come to fruition in specific
plans on how to achieve the results I depict in
visions.
Collecting on photographic screens and being held
forever, hoping to see them all in pictures of reality, helping those in need.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reading

Reading many sayings of Sri Ramakrishna, some having
to do with the existence of God, finding them to be
closely attuned to my own thinking on the subject.

At times wondering about stars or moon being not seen
in daylight hours, yet still knowing that they are there,
because I cannot see God, Himself.

Yet, seeing His image in every man, woman and child on
earth, in nature, animals and wildlife, seeing His hand
as their creator.

He is the creator of all things seen and unseen, for we
know that there are atoms and particles because now they
can actually be seen, before they could not.

Yet knowing that there was some force beyond our sight
and knowing, in fact this is the same way in which God
is known, felt, yet not seen by mortals here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reading Layers Of This Mere Poet's Life

Imagination fantasizing in my mind, spreading humor through-
out intellect, giving inspiration rapidly and fully through
reality also.

Even-tempered, sharing back and forth through subconscious-
ness, tempting me from beneath mysteries of an intense and
vivid imagination.

Colorful, exploding into fireworks of poetry, falling ex-
citedly into other people's minds as they read each poem,
everyone finding pleasure, tears, joy or sorrow.

Depending on which ones they read, all in all seeing the
life of this mere poet, layer by layer, my heart, soul and
mind always being opened in a poem to be read by anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reading Ledgers Of Life

Reading ledgers of life throughout history, seeing the pros and
cons of everything our government has done to or for us from one
generation to the next.

The last twenty-five years at least have been devastating to we
Americans, too many lobbyists asking Presidents, senators, con-
gressmen and representatives for favors.

Giving them bribe money to do what they want, to the detriment
most of the time to our country and it's citizens, corruption
has gone over the top.

It's filling every portion of our government, we must get rid
of corrupt politicians now, people need to be more responsible
when voting.

Electing only those who have morals, ethics and values, no
more gaining power and money at taxpayers expense, we must help
President Trump drain the swamp once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reading My Mind

Reading my mind within, taking pleasure in finding the literature that appears in rhythms of life.
Enjoying formulas and scientific beatitudes as they light up my imagination.
Awakening subconsciousness and touching twilight emeralds, showing their value in words of enlightenment.
Scoring facets of beauty as they filter closely into outer limits of a mind, sensitive to emotional feelings in others, even if they don't recognize them on their own.
Typing every letter on scores of pages, tabulating exacting thoughts for ever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reading Nature And Humanity

Reading nature and humanity all the time, writing
what it is that I find in their beings.

Taking and putting it all together in many poems,
small queries coming to mind.

Seeing in tandem with imagination, and doubling
sequences throughout intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reading People

Reading people as I sit and watch all that goes on, describing feelings and attitudes as they appear in my mind.
Writing adjacently, behaviors come into view readily and shine light upon every thought that fits into a vision of the people I see.
Poetry calls everything briefly into itself, falling in line with what I write.
Tears and sorrow inevitably come from between each line without being realized until they cascade down waterfalls of truth and honesty in life's environment.
Made beautiful by meanings set in frames of poetical music and art.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reading Pictures

Thinking and reading pictures in my mind, seeing
thoughts that have come before sight.
Wanting me to evaluate and explore their essences
so I can break them down into little poems of
reminders for the rest of my life.
Remembering every detail photographically and
writing them all into books where I can savor
their definitions and place them in my
intellect's life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reading Poems

Reading poems on poemhunter about what's going on in other
parts of the world, seeing and feeling the horrors of evil
through their words.

Piercing my heart with the agony and anguish they portray
of torture, raping of women and children going on every-
where.

Feeling the pain intensely as my mind paints a video of
what they are saying and I fall to my knees in prayer for
all those who are suffering in this way.

Encouraging all poets to continue to write about the horror
of evil in our world, letting everyone know of the cruelty
and sins isis and terrorists are causing world wide.

People everywhere need to unite and fight to the death to
eliminate these sins of humanity while still here on earth,
taking needed steps to head in this direction together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reading Sentences Of Music

Watching steps in darkened shadows past midnight.
Lights all have been turned off so sleep can
progress into beds of restful dreams.
Counseling the beats, settling them into verses
to be sung on another day in another time.
Reading sentences in music as they appear in
black and white on lines and spaces of measures
to be played in sequence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reading Signs

Rising sun shining overhead, relaying messages of
nature and serenity to all who take time to listen
and obey it's call for peace.

Silently portraying live art in every detail, leaving
nothing out, allowing an imaginative eye to place it
all in words on a universal canvas.

Rewriting history with every puff of wind and bud that
blooms in a forest or desert of existence.

Florid pictures never decaying, a form of natural art practiced by God, Himself.

Touching all particles and atoms of fusion, we allow
our minds and eyes to read signs for us along the way.

Filled with wonder and awe, noticing every moment of
peaceful silence and quiet rectitude of life's rules.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reading Silence

Watching, reading silence in the sadness of being, wanting answers to comprehend, letting my mind find them, feelings and emotions to be set free.

Emptying interior spheres of everything that takes away from who I am, knowing there are depths that haven't yet been attained.

Never giving up, letting faith and hope give whatever can be fathomed from an interior spirituality while living on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Readjusted Liberties

Natural wonder, escaping onto reams of paper, calming my soul with after-effects of music.
Searching diligently for episodes of life that I can be a part of.
Enjoying every moment, living in a bevy of entertainment, nothing else mattering.
Bringing me up from depths of medical problems and pain every day.
Never wanting to take medications, just listening to music and its' awesome rhythms, beating in tempos of intense tones, bringing me along in dreams of the future.
Never-ending, always being written in time of music.
Following interests of mine into caverns of displayed thoughts.
Taking aspects of life-altering events in stride, as long as they can be entered into melodies or harmonies, besieging intellect and giving opportunities to express myself in music of wonder and curiosity.
Left-over tunes completely overturning life expectations with readjusted liberties, continuing on into the future beyond life's boundaries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Readjusting Life's Circles

Liveliness sits behind,
watching screens portray silent emotions
as they readjust life's circles and turn
thoughts inside out.

Wanting only to be at peace,
thinking serene thoughts,
hoping some of it will sink in permanently.

Losing faith as it slips out the door,
away from my mind, not letting it grasp
even a thread of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ready For A Final Moment

Brevity of life is an impetuous to push ahead, get everything done that you feel is important and be ready for your final moment on earth.
Sensuous timing, adjusting every atom with precision to make sure life has been used fully and completely without leaving any empty spaces to contend with.
Sating life's infamous thoughts, keeping them flowing always, never forsaking any words that pour forth from screens in picturesque speech.
Always taking time to enjoy puzzles completely done and filed into memories forever eternal.
Tenderly touching interior ideas, bringing them into view without any temptation to erase them.
Finally speaking with aplomb through literate poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ready Thoughts

Thoughts ready at a moment's notice,
never hiding, always ready to be
expressed as they fall steadily from a
fast falling waterfall always in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ready To Cross Over

Separating and taking everything together again,
a genuine vibration of life developing in many
sequences of music and it's rhythms.

Solitary and full, placing the essence of this
poetical nature close to the next horizon, ready
to cross over when it's time.

No hesitation, doubt or fear, looking forward to
the peace of death, for it will match my spirit
when I take my last breath on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ready To Disturb Earth

Leaves stirring winds of a brewing storm coming over
the horizon, spreading quickly into the atmosphere.

Dark gray clouds now facing each other, daring the
other to strike earth first with a downpour.

Lightening and thunder, looking down upon earth,
getting ready to disturb it, shaking it's calm peace.

Beautiful, sudden quiet, a total stillness upon us
for moments in time before being hit full force.

With the power of it's wind, leaves now being blown
across the pavement, scraping their heads.

Being bumped around, everything else being blown into
another area where they don't belong at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ready To Go Beyond

Getting real in life, finding avenues that take me into a land of plenty, hard work and sacrifice, having gotten me here at last.

Elated and enjoying fruits of my labor through the years, finally paying off, all the suffering and hardship worth every bit of it.

Now so happy and looking forward to living freer than ever before, nothing to stand in my way now or evermore, at last having fulfilled my every dream and purpose in life, ready now to go on to the next horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Real America

Knowing how much other people are missing by not being here, feeling sorry for them, however, it doesn't stop me from enjoying myself and having fun.

This environment is totally an open and inviting one, bringing everyone together in one united front of humanity.

Loving one another no matter their race, creed or nationality, no wars, no hate, no deceit, greed or corruption.

If only everyone could enjoy this beautiful peace and serenity with one another our world would be so much nicer.

Our politicians need to come here and see what America is really about and what Americans really want and need from government.

One thing for sure it is less of politicians and their corrupt ways of reigning over our government, what a pitiful situation they have made of our world.

It is despicable how they are doing things now, taking from the have-nots and giving to those who don't need anything!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realignment

Hollowing out the being I have become so changing and
altering myself somehow.

Realigning characteristics which have made themselves
known by falling off of a shelf from the past, hereby
declaring this reorganization to begin at last.

In ages past, having fought to stay the way I am, now
no longer, I have begun to claim my lost childhood.

Perhaps the road will lead to parts unknown, definitely
to those unexplored.

Quietly tasting boundaries, then blowing them apart to
take steps towards new beginnings.

Fostering ideas of complacent peace and joy to replace
those of hell always neatly tucked away between me.

Striving to live a better life, find a reunion of childish
ways, combining both and moving on.

Hammering together, sorrow and pain of a lifetime, remolding
it all to bring happiness at last into my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realistic Designs

Noticing different details as they come into realistic designs of nature.
Settling on rich and vibrant tones with musical patterns of exotic sounds, written down in verdant pastures of verse.
Touching aspects of imagination's images with purposeful intent and decisive action.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realistic Visions

Silently sitting in a crypt of future demise,
feeling around in the dark for lightened images,
dancing naturally in rhythm of life.
Sounding phrases of beautiful imaginative verses
in Italian voices, sensuous, loving, rhythmical.
Associated closely with every day tasks, finally
stirring in patterns of yesterday's precious
pictures of family and friends, taken
photographically in a mind of realistic visions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realities Of Yesterday

Sunlight shining through so many past memories,
touching my heart with it's warmth, taking me
into realities of yesterday.
Heart-warming visions being brought to the fore-
ground with extra resonating beauty.
Filtering music, classically into a world of my
own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality

Lifelines being strangled underfoot, lying upon sliding chastes of neon.
Telltale openings radiating down, searching deeply, looking for other's souls.
Forever reaching outward, grasping elite bonds, ebbing out in silent wayward tides.
Rushing over, titillating nature's intimate peace with echoes of recurring nightmares.
Oblivious to pleadings, underwritten by eons of undecided fortitude, crept upon by unkempt beings.
Shallow sensing images, seeking revenge, contemplating untimely ends of certain treatises.
Along pathways of dreaded fear, daring to walk carefully, hesitantly, into reality's bareness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality And Imagination

Strengthening resolve, giving thoughts a place to exercise
within intellect's reality and imagination.

Totally being sensitized through intense feelings and
emotions, senses heightened through an interior spirituality.

One that takes me through a bluened atmosphere, capturing
my attention, keeping me focused intently on what I'm writing
through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality And Reasons Of Love

Singular and positive, an excellent mood being brightened
every moment with a delicate and enticing effervescence,
taking this mere poet's spirit into the best of life.

Exciting measures of time, totally allowing an existe4nce
that nothing can erase or enlighten anymore, rushing into
pulses of rhythms as they beat in time.

Fast-paced tempos taking me vibrantly with them, never
leaving me to back roads, only giving a slice of heaven
that I've always dreamed of.

Nothing can take away from this intense and perfect melody
as it's harmony continues playing to my heart's content,
displaying sparks of our love like fireworks.

Always exploding ecstatically into our minds as we blossom
quietly into the reality of our reasons of love, forgiving
and loving throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Biting Hard

Reality biting hard, showing me the distant fervor
of yesterday, how it has left me in a cell of lone
desires.
Knowing there's nowhere to turn, gyrating silently
in a sand storm of desert proportions, sifting me
in a cyclone of regrets.
No one to hold or show me their love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Defined

Lightening striking thoughts, knocking them about like
cue balls on a billiards table.

Watching sparks fly every which way, touching intellect
and imagination with thunder, diversifying their designs.

Emitting alternative thinking patterns, letting them be-
come possibilities in my mind.

Only realizing the essence of new portals being opened
and redefined, reality being seen in a new and positive
way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Lying Outside

Vaporous breath blowing from within a freezing
corner in life's restaurant.

Looking outside, watching the wind blow gustily
thinking it must be cold outside also.

Yet there is no heat within, fingers are numb
from the cold, goosebumps are everywhere.

What a situation we have here, because the reality
lying outside the door is an amazing one hundred
fifteen degrees in the shade.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Nothingness

There is an eternal loneliness inside, gnawing it's way, finding
and filling every empty place and hiding.
Melancholic music surrounds my mind, taunting, teasing, spelling
out many rhymes.
Feeling deserted and alone, I listen to this music, I find a way
back home.
Words are found wandering around, I choose those I want to use.
Sadness envelopes my mind even more as my inner self submerges
itself beneath ethereal notes - getting lost within and finding
beauty held there, trapped, only able to come out through poetry.
Life from outside crushes, smothers, turns me upside down.
Looking in from clear glass windows, seeing reality for what it is.
There is nothing in life, it has no hold on me, so falling, deeply
within, I let go of it.
Knowing it will not matter to anyone, least of all to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Of A Purpose

Energizing every particle and fiber through music in
total concentration, as my mind prepares to develop
landscapes of so many plains of imagination.

Running back inside just to find peaceful contemplation
that hangs upon my mind like fresh green ivy.

Raising consciousness into realms of another tomorrow,
taking me into a reality of purpose that cannot be
purchased for any price here on earth.

Only being secreted here within this mind, taking piano
and guitar together, playing melodies and harmonies into
a spacious cavern, hiding here inside.

Keeping it's solace unknown and hidden from the rest of
world, special precious treasures being reverently carried
close to my heart.

Nothing else on this earth ever coming close to their
beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Of Both Lives

Looking through tears of a lifetime,
looking out of fear, seeing inside
that being with God is so precious.

He's shown me that my little life
here on earth is very precious
to Him and I know that more than
ever now.

Touching my soul has brought
insight to mind that I may see the
reality of both lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Of Death

Raking coals and embers into the hearth of my soul,
believing in faith even when I can't seem to see it
anywhere in my visions.

Regaling feelings soaring higher into realms of
contemplation where no one can find me.

Filling every corner of imagination with a semi-
reality of death's embrace it slowly walks me
beyond

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Of Dreams

Softly flowing, stepping lightly up and down like
a horse on a carousel.
Decked out in finest braid, painted in brilliant
hues of childish colors.
Around the room, swiftly balancing together, as
life depends on the reality of dreams in clouds
of yesteryear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Of Ego's Feelings

Finding that my ego is an infinite part of an inner life,
and not suffering from any deficiencies.

Always instantly learning and accepting ideals of reason
and logic, constantly being accumulated by intellect just
for this particular purpose.

Interiorly, my ego readily says it's sorry when it has
pained or hurt another person. a reality of it's feelings
is tantamount when dealing with others.

Sanctioning the pursuit of knowledge, my ego has become
an entity to be reckoned with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Of God's Blessings

Living once again in the reality of God's blessings,
feeling His goodness and mercy protecting us always.

Being inspired by His beautiful artwork spread across
the sky so wonderfully colored with an artistic eye.

Such a beautiful gift He has given us once again, His
blessings pouring forth upon all of earth.

Grateful and appreciative of everything He does for
humanity here on earth constantly.

Welcoming Him daily into this poetical heart with a
love so tender and of the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Of Humanity

Believing in truth and justice on earth, the reality of
our humanity standing straight and tall, as we give our
all in America.

Magic and whispers of fairies and wishes are not seen ex-
cept in fairy tales and imagination, strength filling us
through faith, hope and God.

Never following the lies or illusions of demons or false
prophets, telling us tales of deceit, desire, lust and
racism.

Counting on miracles at every turn and corner, hoping to
find one alight with the beauty of heaven into the midst
of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Of Illusion

Heart-felt thoughts being touched by my mind, delving
into abysses and caverns, seeing everything lying there.
Being amazed at it's beauty that can't be seen unless
I express it in words.
An unexplored world within, landscapes, scenery and
images yet to be uncovered, filling my imagination
with a rainbow of talent, expressing it humbly in many
poems - a descriptive reality of illusion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Of Imagination

Taking trails of my soul into depths of being, touching
upon the reality of an intense imagination, an alluring
and enticing aspect of this mere poet's life.

Insuring a beautiful facet of an interior contemplation
from deep within my soul, always wondering, curious,
wanting to know reasons and logic for everything in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Of Intellect

Taking off into another dimension, soaring into the
atmosphere of intellect, wanting much more than what
I'm finding here on earth.

Wanting a shot at the impossibilities in life, test-
ing the waters, finding the answers that are eluding
people and scientists throughout history.

Hoping to tackle everything with the wonder and total
curiosity always being within me, wanting nothing but
the reality of my intellect and imagintion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Of Interior Spirituality

Entering areas of another dimension, challenging intellect
to fathom new depths and conceptual ideas from musical per-
spectives.

A totally new and adventurous way to integrate imagination
with new endeavors through the reality of an interior spirit-
uality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Of My Own

Singing to the silence of another day, enjoying the light
of a brand new concept.

Beautiful scenes passing through this mind, fluently and
filled with an energy of divine love.

Succinct portrayals of what life is like, creating a
reality of my own to counter it daily.

Forging new details every step of the way, so boredom
cannot set in.

Confining thoughts that flow effortlessly down waterfalls,
taking me with them into refreshing pools of effervescent
beauty.

Brought forward by imagination and it's innate talent to
alter an inner universe.

Fighting adverse effects in daily living, never letting
them defeat me in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Of Poetry

Eagerly awaiting another world beyond earth, meanwhile
being content with the vast universe secreted inside
my mind right now.

Colorful and brilliant, a vast desert of beauty that
never ceases to amaze this being, helping to write
every detail from within photographic screens.

Allowing memories to become the reality of poetry each
time I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Of Purpose

Energizing every particle and fiber through music in
total concentration, as my mind prepares to develop
landscapes of so many plains of imagination.

Running back inside just to find peaceful contemplation
that hangs upon my mind like fresh green ivy.

Raising consciousness into realms of another tomorrow,
taking me into a reality of purpose that cannot be
purchased for any price here on earth.

Only being secreted here within this mind, taking piano
and guitar together, playing melodies and harmonies into
a spacious cavern, hiding here inside.

Keeping it's solace unknown and hidden from the rest of
world, special precious treasures being reverently carried
close to my heart.

Nothing else on this earth ever coming close to their
beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Of Purpose In Life

Going around the room, decorated with musical rhythms being
thrilled and energetically happy with the way life is treat-
ing everyone here tonight.

Finding the steps all leading into a reality of purpose and
a pure wonder that takes me into an inner wilderness filled
with beauty and fullness of everything good in this world.

Coming together, helping one another and bringing God's bless-
ings to the U.S.A., taking our country, unifying it against
the wishes of every elitist wanting a one world order.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Of Truth In Living

Resting and relaxing in the bliss of writing poetry and listening to music of Springsteen, rejoicing over wonder and awe it brings to mind as I look around.

Attentive to the world and it's surroundings at all times, living in the reality of truth, having no time for lies or illusions of others.

Seeing them perpetrating fallacies and unproven theories of not so intelligent people, sublimely profound thoughts come unbidden solidly through intellect.

Loving how it's done, making my being feel elated, mind constantly open and filled with joy, with an intense energy that always keeps me moving forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Of What's True

Lengthy explanations are not needed, just giving a precise
and concise one giving all details in as little time as
possible is fine.

It seems the more details given, are just to cover up lies
and illusions, wanting to know the truth, the reality of
what is true is always needed by itself.

Waiting patiently to hear it only, tired of everything
being said from others trying to put one over on everybody
else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Set In Time

Thinking around circumstances brings enlightenment to mind.
Searching realms of subconsciousness for examples of reality,
set in times of imaginational space for appointed points of
tactile existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Spent

Steadily walking alone in forests of beautiful dreams,
watching them become reality without even trying.

Light filtering onto lanes of integrity, being
constantly built within over a lifetime.

Fascinating views of meadows and flowers where animal
and bird life flourish interiorly.

A dreamland unfolded in mind, all of it based on
reality already lived and spent.

Waiting to see the next step in life's reverie,
unhesitantly mired in it's tenacity, alone.

Watching the fruition of love mingle with curiosity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Stepping Backwards

Crossing interior boundaries many times throughout the
years, always searching for measures of intuitive music
to take us on travels over and through imagination.

Reality taking a step backwards in order for life to ex-
pand and grow beyond it's native barriers, always ready
to grow exponentially into other dimensions and universes.

Finding our way through internal depths of sacrifice, hard-
ship and suffering that each of us must find our own way
through.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality Stirs

Clustered in natural columns, standing proudly,
regally flowing.

Tantamount to higher dreams, reality stirs
within a breeze.

Taken lightly, fortitude sits idly by, perchance
to dally among the servitude of God.

Glancing serenely atop their little world, seeing
life, it's entirety, in a look, searching
interiorly for the truth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality, Fantasy Or Illusion?

Is reality actually a fantasy or an illusion?

Are we developing it as we go through life, thinking
and inventing according to our whims or values?

Living each in our own reality makes it seem that
this is true as no one has the same life as another.

Are we then producing lives we are living, according
to our past, our attitudes and opinions?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality's Background

Tumescent feelings of happyness and joy, wandering into playful moods of childhood, tumbling and jumping onto playgrounds of adulthood.

Notwithstanding the brevity of it all, we conquer
fears and doubts as we grow into maturity and flounce
our knowledge onto back burners, awaiting times of
recognition.

Using our wisdom only when we feel like it, on some condition or another, one day in a hazy future.

Rising and falling with intuition and thoughts of memories, as little children remember their ambitions for short periods of time, adjusting themselves as they grow older, reaching for brass rings on reality's depraved battleground.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality's Clarity

Clarity of reality touches imagination, turning it into
a fantasy of surrealism, artfully demonstrating creative
ingenuity of heavenly gifts.

Intrepid feelings are expressed in moments of existence,
fleetingly hesitant to remain where they aren't respected
for their parts in reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality's Coldness

Falling asleep, drifting into silent dreams, white with snow,
making me cold and shivering as if it was really the coldness
of reality.
Walking against the tides of yesterday's promises, taking all
the doubts into awakening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality's Context

Apparent reasoning belies certain facets of imagination.
Often teetering on edges of disbelief and fantasy.
Moving forward through a crystal gel, feeling intimately, every sense awakening and being brought out into the open.
Actually touching feelings with a sixth sense, trying to know what they are and put them into a context of reality.
Stroking them, examining every facet to bring about some knowledge, then sending all information to a subconscious part of the brain where they can be arranged thoughtfully and written out in the form of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality's Dimensions

Holding hands through dimensions of time, trying to
grasp friendship which has surpassed this world.

Folding in upon many memories of love and caring,
the universe opens, awaiting the freedom of death
to measure itself and calm it's hurting.

Reaching across myriads of excuses, realizing whether
or not it was meant to be, it is reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality's Dreams

Swinging in lines of adversity we get caught up in other people's travesties
without a clue on how to disentangle ourselves.
Paths of diversity open up, welcoming us into patterns
of living heretofore unknown to us.
Realizing reality's dreams are kept hidden because we
can't cope with such direct visions of naked truth.
Hitting us straight as an arrow after accidentally
discovering what has been kept from us all along.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality's Dumpsters

Looking, closely, down at earth from above in my mind, watching everyone scurry, be busy filling their pocket-
books with money.
Searching for presents or gifts for those they love so
much.
Wouldn't it be nice if they could be still long enough
to spend time with their families and friends, instead
of looking for peace, presents and gifts in reality's dumpsters - earths stores and markets?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality's Past

Cold, lonely, contemplating the world around me under skies
of gray, hazy, bleak, unknown.

There are thoughts hiding within, afraid to come out and be
known, afraid of being discovered and acted upon.

Leaves falling, covering the ground in blankets of yellow
and brown, my mind hiding beneath it, quivering and shaking
from the coldness of lost childhood's memories.

Silencing the little lamb of innocence within reality of the
past, hidden in forests dense and forbidden.

Wanting now to come out, be known, explored, understood and
met at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality's Patterns

Realizing patterns of reality can at times be fickle,
throwing us into gales of violent winds, bringing us
to our knees in silent prayer.

Beginning life has a way of innocently taking us in
opposite paths than what we're supposed to be taking.

Serenity gets misplaced through stress everyday,
leaving all behind, shutting the door and walking
past the threshold of this earthly life.

Light showing the way out of it's landscape and into
waves of enlightenment, surfing on oceanic waves of
thoughtful interludes.

Peacefully enjoying every step as I go about the
business of finding my way through the deserts of
illumination on shores of this new horizon.

Being free to walk or roam wherever I want to,
characteristically finding my path leading me through
a curiosity of refinement still with me from childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality's Piles

Silence beckoning thought to outdo itself with
imagination's storehouse.

Fulfilling dreams of evening's beauty, listening
to prayers of endearing foresight as reality
shows itself in unwrapped gifts and presents.

Tinctures of rainbow colors scatter across
skyways of subconsciousness and coalesce in
picturesque mirrors of foregone images.

Dried, forgotten, set adrift in piles of leaves,
raked into bags to be thrown away with yesterday's
nightmares.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality's Portrayal

Testifying in examples of piety,
processing testaments of life's measures,
although impatiently.
Taking care to portray reality in it's
finest hours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality's Response

Waiting expectantly for a reply to questions that
are gnawing at intellect wanting to know.

Focusing intently on endeavors, peeking out from
yesterday's images, hoping to be expressed in the
present.

Longtime periods of isolation, wearing thin, now
causing anticipated pleasure to be desired in cozy
nights of contemplation.

Obvious moments coming to light, enchanting this
mind with fantasies of imagination, taking over,
beckoning to inner lifestyles.

Shining intently, bringing a response from reality
speaking in an icy countenance in front of illusion,
lies being told by liars and treasonous participants
of evil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality's Rhythms

Rocking to beats and tempos of reality's rhythms, being
enticed by daydreams and fantasies at times.

Numerous opportunities in which to learn or be taught
new ideas on ways of doing things.

An open and free mind keeps us aware of our surroundings,
environment and what's going on in the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality's Sands

Flashing lights sanction a beautiful vision of nighttime effervescence.

Bordering on edges of subconsciousness, waiting to take the plunge into unknown territory.

Imagination spills over onto reality's sands, devouring it's triangular points and placing them into interesting aspects of poetry.

(7: 29 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality's Tarmac

Lost in a forsaken dream of life, exacting familiar visions from the tarmac of reality.
Intently thinking, being so very habitual as I succumb to death's nearest horizon.
Sleepily focusing on what I'd like to be doing as I silently fall asleep on the next horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality's Tarpits

Climbing heights, soaring into the atmosphere with a freedom held closely inside.

Avoiding all the stance and opinions of others buried in themselves, unable to see the day as it is.
Instead, floundering on edges of eternity not knowing which direction to take so as not to fall into tar pits of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality's Theories

Showering explanations, none of reality,
only inexhaustible theories, never
proven on earth.

We imagine many thoughts, none of them
relative, to what we want in life.

Make-believe instants, carrying
pretensions of what we don't know.

Mysteries always remaining mysterious
with no truths to associate them with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reality's Time Zones

Life is stranded in a time zone of reality,
forcing itself to fit individual molds.
Shaping minds intuitively, striving for
something more than what it's been dealt.
Nothing is possible unless visible for
most people, as they tear apart their
spaces in time with strife, trials and
mistakes.
Ever erring on edges of earth as they toil
from dawn to dusk, emptying themselves in
between of free will.
As others grab for it's position, falling
on their faces with dejection, humiliation
and strident misdirection.
Nothing happens in life unless it's a
reaction to something or someone else.
Figurative dioramas are piled haphazardly
onto one another, never making sense of
life's inherent rhythms of nature and it's
place in our environment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realization

Nursing feelings felt too deeply inside, like a wet nurse
in stride.

Reading, writing, deciding upon whatever enters my mind,
passing barriers set in my brain.

Finally realizing that there are no limits or boundaries
to thought as long as it's held onto in works of poetry
written down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realization Of Death

Growing realizations of death coming upon me too soon
fill my mind with thought of family and life, because
in the end that is all there is left from our time
spent on earth.
Concentrating on work and useless endeavors takes us
away from our heavenly purposes of family, unity,
kindness and caring for one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realizations And Recognition

Understanding dreams brings realization and recognition when awake
and alert during the day, having faith and love in love, watching
as everything eventually falls in place.

Striving to do our best, we capture our essence and never let go
of it, knowing that it will keep us going, giving us energy to ful-
fill our purposes here on earth.

Taking steps in life that will take us into the future, keeping
attuned to interior melodies of spirituality, bringing peace and
serenity all the days of our lives.

In the end we are taken by death and there's nothing left of who
we were when alive, a devastating thought in one respect, when
thinking as a mere human being.

Yet, spiritually, loving that we are now set free and are able
to go to heaven, through the power of our souls interiorly be-
cause of God's promise to each of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realizing Differences

Realizing the differences in many cultures, trying to understand
them and learning new concepts from it all.

Whiling many hours, watching and listening to interior objective
manners and attitudes.

Complacent energies being used in favorable episodes, filled
with an essence of yesterday and lifted into the present just
to be freed from the future.

Soaring into it's realms untethered and at liberty to create an interior paradise all
to myself.

Beautiful visions being fulfilled with an intense desire to
always fill up time and space with writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realizing Dreams

Tinkling ivories cutting through my mind,
touching melodies of life, keeping them
alive with musical mirth.

Frolicking down pathways, realizing
dreams along the way, choosing those that
coincide with innate talents held closely
inside.

(10: 44 a.m. - 11/17/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realizing Facts Of Life

Starting in the fast lane, going into beginnings of time,
writing poetry to tunes of music today, tomorrow and yes-
terday.

A full assortment of every day experiences, taking me into
arrangements of poetical verses, walking into and out of
this world.

Finding all of it's beauty and that of natures', spending
time in rhythms of another dimension, searching realms of
darkness and light together.

Realizing facts of life as they are made known to me and
continuing to find areas that are hidden from view through
the years.

Never letting go of chords that carry me into the spiritual
side of this life, always touching upon the anonymity of
the Divine in this world.

Taking what is already known, adding to it's knowledge and
allowing wisdom to fill it to the brim, assuring truths of
life will always be shown.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realizing I Am Nothing

Life being mystically changed somehow from within my soul,
timid, shy, looking about, learning wisdom of the ages in-
nately, using it's truths to enlighten others.

Through poetry being written, realizing I am nothing, rely-
ing solely on God for everything in my life, unable to do
anything without His love and guidance.

Never turning away because there's nothing else in life,
seeing self, knowing the truth, one that tells me I am
truly nothing on my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realizing Intelligence

This brain takes me into tunnels, over mountains and into
skyways of every facet of living.

Always bringing details closer than most people, realizing
the intelligence of everything in nature.

Causing this mind to encompass the world within poetry that
I write daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realizing Life Situations

Realizing life situations are so very different from one
person to another, I can listen and adapt myself to whom-
ever is talking to me.

Life stories are so varied and interesting, taking lives
to all areas of individual minds, in hidden caches of
reality and secretive abysses of liberty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realizing Love

Listening to your voice, accent falling into my mind,
tempting desires to rise higher with every word spoken.

Laughter, raucous and enticing, enlivening spirits,
making me come alive once again within.

Secluded for so long in a darkened desert, nowhere to
roam, finding light when in your spiritual presence
across the miles.

Realizing the love between us is silently growing,
wanting to be together in each other's arms for an
eternity.

Never having to part our loving embraces here on earth,
holding hands in final moments of life, dying together,
not wanting to be without the other.

Flowing into heaven, side by side, life never keeping us
apart again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realizing Luck

Western twangs touching moods of rock and roll
as songs are being sung.

Nasal sounds filling my mind, reminding one of
old country westerns from the fifties.

Roy Rogers comes to mind immediately whenever I
think of those past western shows on television.

Being just a little child, still I can see the
videos of the movies in my mind, full and wonder-
ful episodes, much better than any reruns played
over and over on television stations.

Realizing the luck of photographic memories, I
appreciate and enjoy them very much every time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realizing Potential

Hurrying to destinations unknown and invented on the spot.
Taking particles and matching them chemically in my mind with literal thoughts.
Forging in minuscule compartments so as not to take up space in my brain.
Roaming about like a nomad in a large, unkempt desert, as I realize the potential I hold inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realizing Predicaments

Realizing the predicaments in life are all temporary
and we can live through them with great patience and
inner strength.
Thinking at times that we can't go on anymore, our
existence waning in times of trials and suffering.
In the end, we somehow find faith that picks us up
and takes us through it, in spite of our having
given up.

(2: 37 p.m. - 10/26/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realizing The Importance

Realizing the importance of what's been happening in the U.S.
all the corruption being perpetrated by Obama and the Clintons,
the F.B.I. having a silent coup to turn it all around.

Leaking emails from Weiner's laptop to Julian Assange, knowing
that he will send them all out immediately which he's now done
to expose the corruption that's been going on.

Explicit conversations from Stephen Preiczneik also, a top
psychiatrist with top security clearance in every aspect of
our government, helping the truth be told in every peaceful
method possible.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realizing This Temporary Reality

Lights interiorly lit, shining upon the Divine within, faith, hope and charity always sitting quietly, yet exuberantly inside my being.

Filled with the energy of my spirit, realizing the temporary reality of my life, never forgetting that this life of mine is being lived on borrowed time.

Living every moment of it avidly and fully, reaching within for everything that I need in this world, never trusting or relying on anyone else for sustenance or what I may need.

Repressing feelings of wanting love of another, having been hurt too much along paths of life, not wanting to lose myself in the ego and lust of another.

Relying on God and faith to continue this solo journey on earth, keeping pace with natural inclinations of my soul so I may one day enter heaven again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realizing Treasures

Today, realizing the treasures life gives unexpectedly.

Seeing the enviable joy in women, helped to a stage in
life which can be multiplied a hundredfold.

Rolf's Salon has encouraged many displaced homemakers
to feel good inside by showing a warmth and kindness
through their eyes.

Gifts were given plentifully, but the most treasured
of all was meeting Rolf eye to eye and seeing the
acceptance in his soul of joy for me.

With just one look, moving to the next stage in life,
feeling lifted towards a higher good.

Fulfillment does not always come gift wrapped, but it
is always shared.

Thank you Rolf for the most wonderful gift received,
non-judgmental acceptance given without greed, to a
little homemaker, aspiring to be a poet.

(8: 42 p.m. - 12/5/94)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realizing Truth

Living inn a world filled with pretenders, casting lies
and illusions all about, trying to trick our minds into
believing they're not greedy, corrupt and evil.

Somewhere within, life sparks a special grace that can
see right through all of it destroying it satisfactorily.

Giving thoughts that are needed to project things that are
false, toppling their pretty pictures right in front of
others.

Letting them see also, the amazing difference truth makes
when it's realized.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realizing Worth Of Love

Playing games with other's hearts discloses varied
personalities in the interim.

Love is a figment of our imaginations, yet it is
attached to our inner feelings and gives us either
much pleasure or intense heartache.

Sandwiched between the two are desires and sentiments
that give us pleasurable joy while we are benefitting
from another's love.

Totally giving of oneself, unselfishly, gives us a
sense of well-being, increases our self-esteem and
takes us out of ourselves.

An unconditional love is by far the best in this world
of ours, taking us into levels of divine intervention
when with a person who is our soul mate.

Believing in us, not noticing our faults or idiosyn-
crasies, a total belief in one another's love.

Taking us into the highest realm of love one person can
have for another, realizing hopes, dreams and ourselves
as worthy of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realizing Worthwhileness

Let it rain down upon me, what does anything matter now?

Always curious, wanting to know what will happen in the
future and using this mind to change it's outcome.

Realizing that only I can make life worthwhile no matter
what may happen before reaching it's end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realm Of Silent Anticipation

Long lonely days being encapsulated quietly in a realm of silent anticipation, waiting for something they know not what.

Possibilities expanding, creating new ideas, wonder developing fascinating thoughts that can eventually become a reality, thought-provoking ideas and inventions coming to mind.

Entering boundaries of another hemisphere of the brain always being there, now being recognized for the wonder of what can become a reality on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realms Of Another Dimension

Entering realms of another dimension, taking time to
find an inner realization and self-expression, avoid-
ing the reluctance of grief and sorrow.

Not wanting to shed tears on such a glorious morning,
filled with promise ballooning into the atmosphere,
keeping liveliness out in the open like a campfire.

Vibrant and telling in the background of memories
still alive, boosting beauty, letting my soul rise to
the occasion in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realms Of Another Spirituality

Palm trees gathered together in clusters, holding tightly
to the fruit of their essence, coconuts growing up high,
just below their branches, forming circular sights to us
below.

Filling themselves somehow with the milk of their interior
essence, unbeknownst to we humans, yet when taken from their
safety above, we humans hack and cut them open.

Just wanting to taste the fruits of nourishment, an absolute
perfection coming from within interior reaches of another
spirituality that we know absolutely nothing about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realms Of Earthly Minds

Marking time in outskirts of this life, entertaining
this mind with excellent melodies, jumping, leaping,
and forming poetical interludes.

Possible endeavors of inventions, sacred and ideal,
serving it all in intellectual realms of earthly
minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realms Of Energy

Rejoicing in realms of energy, being given through intellect,
taking me on a joyride through imagination, taking all senses
on a roller coaster ride through experiences of life.

Giving excitement and thrills constantly through the years,
if something happens, picking self up and starting all over
again.

Happiness and joy keeping me company through every moment,
staying alive and vibrant, focusing on the goodness all
around me in nature and people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realms Of Individuality

Solitary thoughts sprout within an interior garden that
is continually blossoming from ideas and concepts.

Following intellect into realms of individuality, where
everything comes together and is totally innate through-
out life.

Picturing and knowing every idea that comes through this
mind, knowing outcomes when finally put together ahead
of time, believing in an innate knowledge that has brought
them in to my mind.

People are hesitant to believe, yet it is the nature of
my being to grasp abstracts, concepts, ideas, picturing
them entirely within from beginning to end.

Not ever having to do the work in between, because it has
already been seen through intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realms Of Inner Desire

Shaking within rhythms of being that are taking me far
into realms of inner desire and passion.

Filtering into the essence of myself, as I reach into
depths of tomorrow's love.

Being one with you in times of lovemaking, staying
close to you no matter what happens around me.

Life vibrating, taking me into every crevice that
shows itself in the darkness of this night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realms Of Inquisitiveness

Solemnly adhering to a peaceful interior, not taking part
in incessant routines in life like other people.

Participating only in things that interest me and having
to do with nature.

Pleasing answers fulfilling questions that I incessantly
have cropping up in realms of inquisitiveness.

So intense is curiosity that my mind is expanded constantly
with it's incessant thoughts coming into view from intellect.

Interesting and thought-provoking, keeping this mind alive
and vibrant always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realms Of Relaxation

Slicing through the trials of today, lifting myself
into the realms of relaxation, not caring what
happens in the light of nighttime dreams.
Finding solace, ever emerging from inner serenity,
being formed by every melody and harmony being played.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Realms Of Unwanted Pain

Penetrating thoughts piercing my mind, taking it to realms
I'd rather not feel right now.

However, emotion has already gotten hold of images and won't
let go.

Wishing and praying has done nothing to alleviate the non-
ending ache in my heart.

Is there a solution or am I doomed to feel this pain forever?

(10: 52 a.m. - 7/9/10)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reaping The Harvest

Reap the harvest of your life,
but don't keep it locked
in storage.

Spread it around, touch others,
and watch it's goodness grow
and travel ever further beyond
your limited boundaries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rearranged Life

Archways reaching to the sky, narrowed slightly - listening to silence measured out in moments.
Rigidly setting aside minutes of each day, attempting to sidle up to quiet times.
Thruways lining streets of thickest woods, narrowing closely, views of life.
Setting sights somewhere in outer atmospheres' allows life down here to breathe.
Freely attained, passed down from eons ago, our lives are simply rearranged as each new day begins.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rearranging Lives

Discoloring lies given to me, I rearrange them to my liking and hues of contentment.
Taking them on journeys around orbs of rainbows, touching upon ideas sounding from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rearranging Puzzles

Finding games to play in visions, creating them and
challenging myself continually.

Semblances to life ever forging into their existence,
as I overcome and win each one.

Hoping to do the same in life, daring to be at one
with nature and the universe, coming out on top.

Never leaving anything or thought outside my mind,
fitting it all in puzzles and rearranging them
constantly, to see how many opposite pieces I can
put together in abstracted forms.

Loving the mysteries issuing forth with every try,
liking the result and solutions that keep coming into
sight.

Forgiving pleasures, filling the desires that erupt
in moments of time, as I live through every discovery
and expression, appearing on photographic screens
within.

Politely, taking on every challenge that enters my
mind with new images.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rearranging The World

Stars light the sky as children are born into this
world of corruption and decay.

Yet, life has a way of awakening interior motives
in individual beings, giving them the impetuous
needed to rearrange the world and it's bad behavior.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rearranging Ways

Urgent thoughts jump and glide to mind, wanting to be heard right now.
Watching them unfold and procure space, desperately wanted to be able to prove their mettle in supposed areas of new discoveries, rearranging ways of doing things for all mankind.
Giving priorities extra time to manufacture themselves in reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reason And Purpose

Mind strumming the guitar of my heart, placing me in hallways of yesterday's rhythms, giving all the pain I've felt through the years, words to process it and heal me.
Throughout the universe I've traveled in aisles of my mind, strumming the pain held inside through all these years.
Bringing it all to the forefront of my life, allowing all feelings to finally be strummed and taken away from me for a while.
Giving me respite, taking emotion and giving it reason and a purpose for it's being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reason For Being

Set loose in the world, individuals have to make their
own way, fend for themselves in order to survive.

Finding like partners to spend their lives with or being
singly alone through the years, each person has a choice.

Staying straight, finding paths that lead to riches and
fame or to poverty and shame, no one knows until they
follow the path they eventually choose to take.

A diverse selection and purpose helps to decide which one
to follow, interests and hobbies taking some into nature
and others into crowds of introductive ideas.

Scientists and mathematicians finding their little pockets
to exist, teachers, CPA's, laborers, all of them make their
choice, depending on their situations and circumstances.

Along the way, all of us having a reason for being on this
earth and living accordingly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reason For Living

Whispering hopes soar about, helping to understand certain aspects of life and finding their ending results are easier to bear.
Watching another in a wheelchair, one leg having been amputated, seeing the sadness emanating from her interior being.
Loss having taken her down a road she'd rather not be traveling upon.
A nurse walks by and grasps her hand, saying, 'good morning' and talking to her for a minute.
Seeing her whole attitude change and a smile appear on her face, looking like an angel has just touched her with whispered hopes from above.
Sitting up straighter in her wheel chair, head up, watching the activity around her with a renewed interest in life for a while.
Having been touched by a caring nurse, letting her know she's still a human being even with her loss.
A calmness seems to have filled her now with a reason to live her life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reason For Shyness

Still hesitating, wanting to join in and let self go,
something always holding me back, never fully entering
life for some reason unknown to a conscious mind.

Relatively seeking images of yesterday, hoping to find
one with a reason for being so shy and reserved.

Taking care to hide constantly, from whom I am inside,
yet always hoping to join in one way or another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reason Slips Into Patterns

Sounds of music enliven inner spirits and our
spirituality.

Reasoning slips into it's patterns of coded
rhythms with ease at the very first note.

Lengthening tones taking me into the atmosphere
of heaven.

Living in soothing areas of photographic memories
of when I was there not so long ago.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reason To Stand Up

Leaving this world to it's own devices, knowing that I
am only one person among millions.

Is there a reason to stand up and be counted, should I
hold on to freedoms of our country or let them go into
hands of evil people.

This heart shields and chooses rebellion, taking chances
given, choosing to fight hatred, racism and prejudice
in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reasonable Degrees

Challenging ordinary paths of life, never being satisfied
with olden ways.

Taking on undiplomatic pursuits brought to light by un-
justified ambition.

Stressing taciturn offers and stretching them to the limits
of eternal bliss.

Catapulting the essence of beauty to outer limits of the
atmosphere, never grasping meaning of reasonable degrees.

Unchanging habitual ruins of degradation, calling to wilds
of diplomacy, returning things to the way they were.

All of life is kneeling at the altar, awaiting the natural
calamity that will soon follow it.

Buried beneath many moods and strains, decorating the
exterior, saddened by an empty sorrowful placement of
eventual distaste.

Wherever we find our commonplace desires, knowledge will
already have been spent, folded in half upon itself.

Draped across the back of an antique chair, sitting on
thresholds of existential harbors, stressing the wonder
of reality, never benefitting from it's source.

Whenever seeing emptiness, it is reflected in a mirror,
not so distant from other's desires.

Walking slowly towards a future of saddened recollection,
stress of ambiguous reason starts the progression of
development, a sincere attempt to become exempt from life.

Taciturnly taking time without regret, leaving me on
deserted shores of sand, alone and unrecognized, forsakenly remorseful,
understanding none of it.

Not openly willing to pay another's debts towards innocence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reasons For Believing

Silence always walking through my mind, putting it's essence on the table beside intellect.

Striving to collect feelings and emotions, placing them altogether to inform self reasons for believing and helping others throughout life.

Experiencing and touching the essence of others who aren't as gifted, wandering through life without any goals, their spirits having lost their way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reasons For Everything

Outside, blue skies filled with snow white clouds trying to
take over, hiding the sun, cooling things down significantly
beautifully billowing across this morning.

Tantalizing poetry from within this open mind attuned to nat-
ure and the ways of weather, everything happens for a reason,
for everything there is a season.

Getting caught in between is just one of those things that
makes life exciting with never a dull moment, always expect-
ing the unexpected throughout this lonely temporary life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reawaken

Reawakening the prospect of life, catching and
watching it's progress through the years.

Programming situations, experiences and errors,
our minds separate from our brains altogether,
forming new ideas, images and inventions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reawakening

Searching chords for melodies that I'm hearing, feeling
an interior spiritual calling, enticing the wonder of my
being and spirit.

Heavenly thoughts penetrating every mood and attitude,
silently changing me within, as I gradually find a way
to develop creatively in this world.

Living in a many splendored atmosphere as rainbows flow
through an inner dimension, spilling gentle colors over
everything, spreading themselves interiorly.

Touching sadness and loss, bringing them to the surface,
yet telling of their reawakening at the end of our world
as we lose sight of what's important.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rebelling

Rebelling even now against wrongs and injustices of
this world, not afraid to speak out any more, stating
and telling everything in truth.

No illusions standing in the way of what actually is.

Knowing truths stand on their own, not allowing lies
to crowd them out, becoming stronger and letting others
know exactly where I stand in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rebelling And Surrendering

Treasuring every moment spent with you, feeling your presence standing within, filling me with an unconditional love no matter what I did.

Being constantly amazed at your intellect, sense of humor, innocence and what you call common sense, enjoying everything we do together.

At times allowing you to dictate and tell me what to do, but not always, for it would get to me when you expected me to do it.

Rebelling against you, going and doing what I wanted instead of what you expected me to do by listening to what you'd tell me.

Feeling the need to let you know that you could not boss me around and get away with it, nipping it in the bud so to speak.

Although at times having the upper hand, not giving an inch, making me do what you said, causing me to feel sexcited, thrilled, then squashing the feelings.

Freezing inside, not able to say anything, just could not speak because of something, maybe fear, not sure yet how I felt deep inside, no one has ever known of it.

Because I felt embarrassed and yet rebellious at the same moment, going against you, yet listening, although not wanting to, a mystery I have not yet figured out any answers to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rebellion Of Human Ingenuity

Sun scraping it's beams across the windows here at the center, trying to penetrate screens that have been put up to block it's rays.

Fascinating how it finds a tiny hole and peeks through it in rebellion of human ingenuity trying to protect itself.

Shadows still being hidden inside the room, because the sun is shining and doing it's best to do the job it is meant to do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rebellious Poetry

Reading words others have printed
in their lifetimes gives inspiration.
Even if it's to go against what
they've stated in their writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rebellious Sorrow

Pushed through spaces of picket fences, unaware of the sorrow
lying bare on fragile eggshells of despair.
Poked and jammed through holes in space - allowed the freedom to
travel through emotional creativity.
Sliding down many faces of innocence, droplets of pain coincide
with salted tears.
Bearing down upon smooth wrinkles of life, unable to traverse
very far because of inhuman disgrace.
Kept in furthest glass jars of tepid compassion - shelved forever
in the backs of closets, bare and empty.
Rebellious to the point of despair, finding there isn't any hope
left on earth this year.

(10/6/96)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rebelliousness Of Youth

Rioting within, finding an abundance of feelings as I
dance about my mind.

Elaborating senses and taking them forward along byways
of an interior reality.

Always wanting to tread carefully down roads of life,
until I get set in rhythms, looking out.

Finding the rebelliousness of youth casting about in a
specific sequence of an absolute power of mind - boggling
ideas.

Vagabond heart, trailing down behind them all, wanting to
be written together in a volume of poetical interludes, a
peaceful attitude that takes me away from an existence of
turmoil and strife.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recall Of Yesterday's Mind

Worlds fill lives of being, beginning, ending and in between.
Standing back, scanning horizons of empty thought, providing dignity of unestablished wisdom, echoing the recall of yesterday's minds.
Where is the light which shines upon knowledge of ancient times?
Has it gone on before us or has it been quietly snuffed out?
Filing images, learned, into a mind already filled to capacity creates momentous feats of articulate expressions.
Solemn, solitaire reminders transversing an elliptical century, casting shadows into pools of bluened light.
Brigades struggling with the battle of life, continue filling many worlds of being, beginning, ending and in between.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recall Returning

Shaking notes, falling into rhythms, bringing melodic beauty to photographic pictures of thought.
Total recall slowly has returned and once again I can write from it's total essence in peaceful joy.
Beating rhythms, holding my mind in anticipation of poetry beginning to form within and being written at the nib of this pen on paper.
A glorious feeling, exciting me with an exceptional euphoria of fulfillment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recalling Images Told

Walking silently, hand in hand through gardens of remembering, having never been together, just re-calling images that we have told each other.

Enlightening, always energizing our minds into writing poetical episodes using one another's memories to create poetry.

Illuminating both our minds and other's memories after reading us both.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recalling Past Thoughts

Walking down empty streets, noticing the signs ahead,
wanting to find my way to destinations into outer spaces.
Soliciting new dimensions of sensory perception as it
hits my mind, giving me pause.
Recalling past thoughts, anticipating their intense
emotions, running through my heart, touching my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recalling Sequences

Recognizing steady rhythms of life and nature as they
gather into intellect, showing discoveries and ideas
that appear in sequences, coded to be exactly as they
are being predicted on photographic screens interiorly.

Somnolent thoughts being awakened, hurrying along,
rushing, now trying to become flowering ideas unfolding
in generous amounts of thoughts.

Adhering to intellect and combining with imagination
to become reality, now absolutely filled with energy
and vibrant life.

Constantly moving and dancing into motions, rising and
falling into the heights and depths of heaven as I
recall each of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recalling Times

Patterns of the environment circle and taunt, pushing me to notice every detail formed and shaped by intellect.
Solidly testing ideas as they are being created one by one.
Amazing feats of memory, taking me on roller coaster rides through yesterday and all it's trials, suffering and happiness.
Serving me in depths of lifelong endeavors through poetical musings, carrying me forward into a future destiny of my own creation.
Playing on ivories of everlasting moments, taking liberties with each profound moment that I exist.
Holding carefully onto the passage of time, making sure I never fall into an abyss so deep that my poetry can't get me out in writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recalling Times Now Gone

Reaching within, searching every moment in time for messages
of hope and recovery, trying to elude me always.
Sauntering down pathways of inner thought, recalling all the
times of bittersweet joy being with family - now gone beyond
me, yet held completely in my mind's heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recapturing A Wish

Tonight, alone beneath the stars, I will recapture my wish for I no longer want it to come true.
Left alone, I will wander this earth through my imagination.
Forlorn and angry, because I have no perception of anything anymore.
Struggling with feelings of abandonment, I sit outside realms of reality and try to manage life without anyone in it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recapturing Moments

Striking, lightening hitting intensely with intellect,
causing a perfect storm of learning within, recapturing
every moment in life from photographic screens.

Watching their images, unfolding, sharing picture puzzles
and mazes mathematically through rhythms, tempos and tones,
coming from innocent measures of time immemorial.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recapturing The Fountain Of Youth

Exercising bodies through dancing, keeping agility
and balance through senior years.

Capturing the fountain of youth within minds that
are intent on being young at heart.

Nothing else really mattering except the rhythms
bouncing around our minds and through intellect.

Taking us on a voyage through life, and into another
dimension.

Being on a final horizon, watching moments pulsate
and carry on into the future with a vibrant liveliness.

Always stepping into the rhythm that is exercising
bodies daily while dancing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Receipt Of Unconditional Love

Romping around this mind's playground, having fun, enjoying games being played and won, using innate talent and it's energy we all hold within us.

All needing more of this fun time to keep us young and away from becoming bitter old men and women, for what good would that do for you or anyone?

Lightly sliding down a slide, swinging on a swing with our Grandchildren, talking happily with sons and daughters, trying to remember when they were younger.

Their laughter, lit up faces, excitement and joy when looking into their eyes, seeing their full reflection in your own.

No interference ever back then, so why not now also, keeping those pictures in mind as you talk to them now, all grown up, seeing those same faces lit up now.

When looking into our eyes they can see their own reflections shining back at them through our eyes, those little ones are still there, waiting for a mother's love.

Especially in moments of turmoil, stress and bitterness, needing your love and caring just as much as back then, unconditional love is the best receipt for both them and you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Receiving A Post Card

Receiving a post card from Australia made my day! It was great
to hear from friends on vacation!

Just getting it put me on top of the world, it meant that they
had thought of me, even so far away!

Feeling so good inside to know friends really cared to keep in
touch.

Thinking of me over there left my memory within another country,
while I am still at home.

A memory of writing a post card in Australia, while waiting
for a softball game to begin, leaves me always in the mind of
my friend when she thinks of her time there.

Yes, it has made my day and I revel in the lovely friendship
it holds for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Receiving Thoughts

Somnolent and moving slowly throughout tunnels of tomorrow,
casting out pointed looks, hoping to attract and catch hold
of extraordinary perceptions being held by abstract concepts.

Awaiting a tightening hold on peace and justice, proclaiming
the essence of another time, never letting it take away a
single moment from intense rhythms.

Giving us proper placement in the future of our lives, always
receiving many thoughts and placing them all into seconds of
another lifetime.

Peaceful and sincere, letting all endeavors fall into depths
left open and inviting, taking in aspects of an entire life-
time, as words fall poetically into an absolute quietness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recesses Of Total Knowledge

Standing at the edge of destiny, waiting for fulfillment to come into being, realistically knowing it cannot be in this lifetime.

Having perfect silence, causing deafness to walk before me, stepping lightly in the wake of dawn.

Protecting innocence from ever launching itself into depths of hell, reaching out, forward, tumbling over top of self, forever searching, being at every moment a tiny bit of human sea.

Always knowing in the recesses of total knowledge, that destiny can never be held or fulfilled.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recharging Batteries

Taking off into the wild blue yonder,
saying good-bye to all the strife for
a while.
Tantalizing my mind, giving me an exit
from reality so I can recharge my
batteries and wind up the life I need
to get by with, once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recharging Interior Life

Feelings jumbled and distorted for a while, trying to find
the focus needed after a horrible morning spent with my
husband in a rage, because of the stage of dementia he's in.

It just happens out of nowhere off and on and there's not
much that can be done, not even wanting to think about it
for it will tear me down more.

All the years together amount to nothing when it comes to
dementia, not remembering much, in lucid moments he's
frustrated, angry because he cannot do what he used to.

Being understanding, taking care of him, wearing self down
more and more, yet writing poetry has helped me quite a bit
these last five years.

Especially going within an interior universe, immersing
self in an inner and innate spirituality which brings
peace and serenity while I'm there.

Recharging inner batteries, helping to carry on through it
all, continually and incessantly writing poetry every chance
I get.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recharging Self

Feeling closely, melodies stirring words within,
sorting, energizing, spitting them out as musical
scores of poetry throughout this book.

Focusing on rhythms, flowing with notes as words
place them in melodic rhymes, singing joyfully,
silently, interiorly with such peace and serenity.

A gentle calm, filling up inside, recharging dead
batteries with renewed life of spirit, pleasantly
being re-created to begin another boring hour.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recipe Of Energy

Life is living in rhythms, all gathered into techni-
color patterns, designed to fit my particular style
and mind set.

Allowing motion of tempos to enter into this mind,
collecting notes and beauty being seen throughout
the day.

Beautiful and effervescent, taking melodies by the
hand, giving life this morning, a healthy recipe of
energy.

Loving to be at peace in this serene atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recipe Of Hope And Faith

Being addressed interiorly by self, interpreting what is found out through a deep self-realization and thought process.

Affected by feelings and emotions throughout the years, taking everything in stride, letting it all fill me with wonder and awe of what is found in this life.

Picking up the pieces of a broken heart, looking closely at them, trying to figure out what happened and why, still puzzled, yet finding some answers within myself.

Thoughts coming together in an imaginational place where reality stands also, a sadness of my own steadfastly soaking my being.

Keeping tears falling throughout the years, wanting to be well, safe and happy, doing whatever can be done through writing it all into a recipe of hope and faith.

Hopefully taking me into outer realms of humanity, traveling to shores of other dimensions alone, looking always for what is yet needed to give in order to find my way in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recipe Of Love

Colorful verses of yesterday's love stick like post-it notes in my mind.
Reminding me of the essence of rose-colored petals given in beautiful bouquets of love from another.
Holding all sensuous desires in inner depths, kept secretly under lock and key until opened up with a recipe of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recipe To Keep Youth

As we grow older our enthusiasm should be intensified
for we create value in our lives, it becomes more
precious to us.

We take less steps to make it have being, working better
for us and others as we share our inspirational values
with those around us.

We see clearer, pictures of thought become more detailed
and clarified in another dimension from the one we had
when younger.

Life becomes an exhilarating and vibrant time as we ful-
fill our purposes, blossoming beautifully into aging
gracefully and peacefully.

No longer afraid of becoming old, for we have found the
recipe to keep our youth held within us by sharing with
others in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reciprocating

Loving and being loved in return, feeling like I'm in heaven whenever near you my love.

A beautiful and intense sensuality rising, along with desires, only wanting you totally within my being.

Doing what you do to me, taking over, surprising and filling me with your total and complete love, darling.

Wanting to always be wrapped within your arms, heart and being, loving you in the exact same way.

Reciprocating and revolving love, keeping us together so closely, filled with joy and happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reciprocation

Rainclouds gathering in a mind, spreading themselves,
intertwining their souls with mine.

Hurtling storms, felt intensely inside, to all ends of
heaven.

Clashing, pounding, excruciating weathered tears
splashing to the very depths of my soul.

Running faster, trying to outrun the downpour of sadness,
falling inside.

Rain ringing in my ears, rising fears overtaking me with
the constant flooding of tears.

Reaching out, finding no one there, no one willing to
help or reach out of their own safe worlds.

Listening, obeying, searching for the answers you say
will give peace of heart and soul.

Talk to me? You ask a lot. What will be received in turn?

Your friendship? Or will you too walk away, too afraid.
Are you willing to reciprocate your life for mine?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recited In Moments Of Life

Standing in tones of every melody, listening and keeping
time with every note in measures as they are recited in
moments of life.

Mixing it together with instrumental tones, dancing and
having a great time, exhilarating and thrilling me beyond
all human expectations.

Feeling the energy of your being finding the purpose of
the Divine, so it can continue to fill me endlessly in
the times that are left to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reciting Poetry

Crossing terrain, open and arid, welcoming us all
into the heat of a desert night here in Phoenix,
Arizona.

Gathering together for fun and an enjoyment of
artistry taking place tonight, taking the mic and
reciting my poetry to all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reciting Poetry In My Mind

Walking up mountains in my mind, wishing I could still climb
on my own, like I used to.

Scaling mountainsides, writing poetry everywhere I looked,
seeing the beauty of nature.

Immersed deeply in music of Bocelli singing Italianly, his
operatic voice reciting poetry in my mind.

Gathering poetical expressions, placing them in formulas,
exercising rhythm with every word and tempo.

Everlasting memories, holding images forever here on earth,
as anyone who opens and reads a book of poems I wrote.

While I watch from heavens above, knowing God's gifts have
helped people on earth understand life a little better.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reckless Feeling

Talking, relating with other's, becoming ourselves through
other relationships.

Holding onto priceless answers we find from within and from
those we associate with.

A total lifetime of culminating traits, opinions and a
tantamount knowledge that we each accumulate without even
thinking about it usually.

Being attuned and sensitive to the feelings and desires
inherently within us, attained from being with others
throughout our life.

A reckless feeling of abandonment filling us as we take
steps of fulfillment in activities and learning that we
are affiliated with in our lives.

Beautiful sounds and tones being readied as we search,
explore, discover and become who we will one day be,
before we die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recklessly Prepared For Death

Reaching beyond realms of thought, searching for a pattern
to meanings, getting caught in a secluded space of silence, appreciating the
quietness alone.

Being saturated by the morning sun, waiting carefully for
an event or happening to occur.

Expecting nothing less than a miracle, laughingly knowing
it won't be today, floating along a pious route of life,
living recklessly, prepared to die tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reclusive Moments Being Held

Interior serenity being disturbed and disrupted by
certain thoughts that I'd prefer not to write about,
ripping up edges, trying to grab hold of serenity
and upend it.

Not allowing this to happen, pushing it away from
interior feelings.

Reaching for faith and hope, leaving them in charge
while I continue to write of everything else being
held in thoughts of reclusive moments, not allowing
them to see daylight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reclusive Silence

Inside, tender yearnings of a child hide, afraid to speak
or quench the silence, lest abusive undertakings fill more
of life.

Watching many facets of relationships expending themselves
in daily friendships, wishing to become a part also of this
world.

Running through hundreds of situations, never touching limits
of expansion, forever limited to inner boundaries.

Daring not to venture far, because pain and sorrow are the
only things held reservedly for self alone.

Turning eyes away from living, climbing down the stairs inside,
reading, writing, reclusively becoming the silence cast
upon them from birth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reclusive Visions

Fragrantly existing in blossoms of thought,
sending their scents to all corners of my
mind, enticing words to form beautiful
sentences,

Building towards books of life, as pages
close quietly from one room to another
in prayerful reclusive visions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recognition

Cooperating with many attitudes of people,
some demanding to be served, others readily
taking care of themselves.

In recognition of our parents, we all tend
to do what we were taught as youngsters.

Amazing how some people's parents were so
illiterate and ignorant of common decency.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recognition Of Life

Recognition of life is secreted within our souls,
we never find it until we have died and gone to heaven.

There we are reminded of the temporary station of life
already past.

We do not linger long on explanations or reasons for we
are beyond that expanse of breath and life.

Free of toiling labor, grief, unhappiness and sadness,
no one has the wish to look back upon what once was.

Preferring instead, the unrecognizable truth and beauty
which eternally awaits our after-death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recognition Of Pastimes

Strumming down lanes of hidden melodies,
feeling impressions of nature etching them-
selves within my mind, bringing me to a
recognition of life's pastimes and inuring
abilities.
Powerful signs of blue, engulfing every
particle of being in atoms of future desire.
Secluding self in basements of life,
not wanting to be left alone with my thoughts,
enjoying the serenity only writing poetry can give.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recognition Of Self

People develop permanent personalities by age five,
remaining the same throughout life unless they work
at it daily.
Only recognition of self, an insight beyond life can
change or alter who you are within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recognition Of What Lies Ahead

Awakening noises of morning, birds chirping, letting us know that a new day has arrived and is waiting for our response to it's beauty.

Recognition of what lies ahead beckons us every step of the way, love and faith keeping us believing that there is still hope we can hold onto while alive.

Pressing forward, never letting go of an interior faith, spiritually allowing each of us to find our way down the frail pathways of life, nothing to stand in our way or mar our progress.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recognizable Truths

Walking soundlessly into the tunnel of eternity,
feeling the blueness holding me in peaceful rendering.
Sincere apologies flowing from all directions,
giving the support I never had on earth.

Finding specific innuendoes, fastening themselves to
imagination, carrying it all forth with recognizable
truths set in stones.
Migrating along pathways of fortitude, we majestically
forfeit everything for wealth and greed, instead of
family and friends on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recognizable Within Spheres

Sanctuaries of nighttime dreams fulfill a day's worth of questions, finding solutions through thoughts that have been pondered.

Sublime, profound, detailed, put together in puzzles of visions, giving complete pictures and landscapes, nothing ever left out or avoided.

Great concepts totally recognizable within spheres of this intellectual mind, filled with innate talent and creativity, being used daily through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recognized Reality

Reality seems suddenly to come to thought, whereas before
it had no time for it, fantasy and abstract ideals kept
this mind in focus, as I wrote from imagination's flight.

Now, realizing that reality has been steadily creeping into
poetry, once hidden on outrageous sidelines, kept constantly
at bay, now it seems to have moved in and found a place within
my writing.

After countless hours, poring over volumes already written,
thought shouts and points it's finger, it has been hiding
here in the open all the while.

Puzzled, confusion settling within, wondering all the while
why I'd never recognized it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recognizing Beginnings

Looking through rhythms that I'm hearing gives me pleasure
as I recognize their beginnings inside.
Declaring fundamental exercises on sides of harmonic chords,
balancing all of it and inflecting it with perfect tones.
Showcasing the beauty of it's landscape and fantastic views
as it's played instrumentally.
Flowering the universe, blossoms popping out everywhere,
throwing their scented aromas into the atmosphere for all to
enjoy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recognizing Facts

Recognizing facts that keep poking my heart,
making me realize that there is a genuine
love for another secreted within me.

Afraid to let it go free, it's scaring me,
because I never thought it was possible in
this lifetime.

Yet, here it is right inside my aching heart,
wanting to be fulfilled in the worst way,
knowing he wants me with all of his being.

Wanting to go to him, yet staying back, still
afraid of this love's intensity and it's all-
consuming perfection.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recognizing Faith

Spiritually recognizing faith in all aspects of life.

Keeping hope alive through mazes of grief and disappointment, still standing when they're over.

By some miracle, looking forward to more in days to come.

Believing in God's compassion and mercy, slowly enduring trials as we wend our ways to Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recognizing Honestly

Listless, not knowing what I want to do today, in a mood of indecision, wanting everything yet not wanting it also.

A void that needs to be filled, yearning for fulfill-
ment, not able to decide what to fill it with.

All the while still writing poetry, a never-ending waterfall that continues to flow no matter how empty, lonely or abandoned I feel.

Emotions always ready to step into a poem and be recognized honestly.

A regime of continuing searching, curious as to why this indecision happens occasionally and what it's reason is.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recognizing Inner Qualities

Recognizing inner qualities of self and others, complimenting
and respecting, silently being considerate to all we meet,
sidling up to the wonder and awe of the Divine.

Thinking we're not as good after all, yet we continually are
appreciated by God because we are His children and He loves
and cares for us always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recognizing Lasting Truths

Composing musically within a sphere of my mind,
touching upon imagination with a feeling of joy.
Being together with my Granddaughter and the
guys playing pool at the center.
Living in the moment, recognizing the lasting
truths of life as they appear in death's doorways,
waiting patiently for my appearance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recognizing Living

Reliving past years, listening to melodies of yesterday, dancing with lively steps, entering visions of youth for moments in time.
Exacerbating rhythms flow evenly within atmospheres, bringing us with them in recognition of the years we have lived.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recognizing Pathways

Getting involved deeply within,
as images beckon and show me
the way to an everlasting poem.

Illusions of yesterday are being
illuminated in the darkness of
midnight as I step into the
center of a musical interlude.

Recognizing pathways to another
time when life was much simpler
and easier to define.

So much has passed through the
years, that we don't always
realize what we still have left
in our possessions.

Hearts are scarred after having
been broken to bits and pieces,
yet they continue to shyly look
about and have hope held within
their hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recognizing Patterns

Racing over desert plains, not wanting to stop for anything,
nothing is going to keep me from taking off for parts unknown.

Waiting for corners of the world to open their doors so I can
explore them to my heart's content.

Wanting to be anywhere else right now, discovering outer
aspects of life boundaries, subjecting self to new adventures
and curious sections of interior circumstances unknown until
now.

Watching as I learn about them, seeing their progress growing
tremendously, in many directions, leading to many other new
discoveries around the bend.

Moving forward, recognizing patterns forming in quiet silence,
combining and blending everything into new combinations of
formulas and equations.

Bringing systematic projections into medical engineering realms
where they can be manufactured and built making things better medically, for
people all over the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recognizing Tempos

Patterns of reality are forming in the designs being imparted
on this side of life.

Realizing pieces falling again onto certain rhythms, calling
to me from all corridors of past times.

Recognizing the tempos as they are being played into other
dimensions, never being held back in domains of tomorrow.

A strain of tantalizing formats being kept in treasured hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recognizing The End Of Life

Finally realizing that the end of life is always with us, waiting for us to recognize that fact and face it head on.
Imagining life without having to ever die, is frightening to an extent, I wouldn't want to live forever, it would be definitely boring to face the same old life every day for an eternity.
On the other hand, think of all the things you can learn and achieve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recognizing The Good

Shadow of an umbrella, standing guard, making sure sun-
light does not touch or burn my light skin.

Listening to rhythms, watching bikers set up booths and
filling them with supplies of all types.

Seeing Black Sheep bikers at long last, having missed
seeing them here for quite a while.

They are so active in doing good things for children and
society, good hearts and beautiful souls.

Not all bikers are rough, mean and evil, there are a lot
of good ones out there.

Doing charity events, fund raisers for the poor, giving
children their undivided attention, giving them motorcycle
rides.

Raising money to help those who have been burned in house
fires and such.

Having learned as a child to never judge a book by it's
cover, enjoying mixing with this diverse population of
bikers and writing of their good deeds.

They deserve to be recognized for the good that they do
for society.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recollecting Joy

Softly frowning, thinking of a time that has long since passed, remembering it with heart-felt sadness.

Tenderly touching it's essence, allowing it to flow throughout, leaving teardrops behind in my eyes.

So gently, beholding images as they sit before me in visions of untold sorrow, recollecting their joy from within depths of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recollecting Thoughts

Feelings being chained inside my mind, hiding in compartments, kept safely tucked away.
Gathering mementos to spread around, following an energy being taught as I recollect thoughts of yesterday.
Filtering episodes of life as it mesmerizes intense emotions, barely being held in check.
Surprisingly, wonder unfolds from subconscious realms, taking over and giving all manner of creative ideas to the world of imagination, dwelling inside my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recomposing

Musical interludes surging within, giving me intense rhythms to sort out and recompose in literal verse of extraordinary purposes.
Desires of a young poet still can be found in depths of my soul, but at times you may have to delve deeper to find them at home.
Solace being scratched with cat's claws, carefully though, so as not to leave a mark except in my brain, where it will be etched forever, so one day it can be made into a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reconciling In Time

Back and forth, feelings and emotions rocking in a mental rocking chair, relieving inner stress, hearing whispers calling me to the edge of life.

Showing depths just ahead of where death is at, winter snow falling within it, toching wonder and awe with it's cold, icy hands.

Feeling cooled, taking time to reconcile where I want to be, having positive sides of heaven with negative thoughts lying here on earth through life.

Acquiescing my being, leaving self open to depths of my death on sunsetical horizons, right in front of me this very moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reconstructing Language

Reciprocating conversations,
rallying energetic ideas into being.
Reconstructing a language to fit new
meanings and definitions, I create.

Giving them new life in moments that
will never be rehearsed or made anew
again.
Waltzing along, balancing on one, too
strung out to fit needs of personable
abandonment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Record Speed

Stamping feet, clapping hands, in time with rhythms rocking the house to it's foundation.
Solid, going about the room, smiling and laughing with elation.
No turning back to another page, only moving forward at record speed.
Voice holding up the song with beautiful tones and precise timing and tempo.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recording Details Of Life

Stories being told and underscored by melodies in the night,
recording details of life that continue to flow from inner
beginnings.

Trusting in hopes filling beings as they travel in depths
of many endeavors that have never rescinded from edges of
yesterday's moments.

Returning often to the ones that were fresh in our minds
once upon a time, crashing, yet not burning in flames of
an absolute fire shining from a spirit of adventure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recording Rhythms

Recording motions of rhythm to be recalled forever more through
a photographic memory, always at my beck and call.
Answering each moment of thought with another whim as it is
tossed about in atmosphere's of talent.
Situated alongside members of yesterday's group, together on
stages of energy, following steps provided in years past.
Sojournly choosing openings towards saddened rhythms, penetrating
even tears, falling into pools of dismal fortitude on torn
garments of old.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recording Thoughts

Changing everything through intellect, finding totally new landscapes through creativity and imagination, wanting to never come out of an interior poetical, musical environment.

Action and excitement, taking me rapidly into rhythms of life, starting a fire in intellect that can never be extinguished.

Taking time to record every thought and idea into poetry journals, knowing each one will one day become a poem instantaneously.

Seeds of life are being grown constantly, growing and blossoming into beautiful portraits and landscapes too beautiful not to be expressed in poetry.

Forming ideas, concepts, images and thoughts into the wonder and expressions of my love for this very temporary earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Records Of Life

Records of life fill pages of eternity with their incisiveness.
Freedom to be whomever you are at any given time, pushes us
towards better times ahead.
Yearning for altering mechanisms to pursue other options on
our ways to seashores of beginning horizons new to our intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recreating Chances

Finding our way through the jungles of life is difficult many times and we don't always make it through the way we had hoped.
Everything moves and realigns, taking away our chances and placing obstacles in the way instead.
Persevering and keeping focused, will bring us back into possession of our destiny.
We can then recreate it with renewed vigor and intellect - as long as we don't ever give up the fight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recreating Designs

Recreating designs, forming new techniques in order to create one of a kind tendencies.
Changing behaviors of all acknowledged aspects of formal training, as it pertains to stifled independence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recreating Ideas

Insinuating silence continuing without reprieve,
it's cessation of life.
Forging possibilities into the night, recreating
ideas to be used differently in dimensions set
juxtapositionally in spaces of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recreating Images

Lost in skies of wonder, recreating images to walk across stages of life, exciting synapses into recovering lost memories, left alongside avenues in retrospect. Altogether, rising and ebbing into waves, pounding ocean sands in absolute intervals.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recreating Selves

People recreating themselves with melodies of mathematical formulas written in musical sonatas and cleverly disguised as life.

Desires planning surprises for an eternity of bliss, while settling back and enriching their lives with a soothing atmosphere of coherent pleasurable sensations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recreating Through Imagination

Sliding into a silent forest, wandering, looking at every-
thing, feeling at one with nature, giving an essence that
is captured in every poem.

Sincerely and totally believing in God, who created all of
it, Including this imagination to recreate it whenever I
want to in my mind.

Lifting fog from landscapes, interiorly taking self into
depths knowing that peace will completely descend, lifting
spirits, giving faith a great boost of hope to carry on
through moments of life.

Seeing beauty in every vision, completing each one in images
placing them on photographic screens where videos of life can
be seen over and over again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recreation

People gathering in places of recreation,
playing billiards, games, and talking.

Resting from the week's activities and
enjoying pleasant company while they're
at it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recruiting Images

Recruiting images from every aspect,
I watch as they merge and grow into
my mind, taking with them, visions
never before seen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recruiting Memories

Silently brooding, thinking of past endeavors and experiences.
Saddened by their recollections written for all to see in
books of poetry.
Lifelines dangling from inner weeping willow trees, fragile
and timid amidst sweeping billows of sadness's canvas.
Twilight creeping on all fours, hesitant, unrewarded in deep
abysses, always crying forth in penetrated darkness.
A blackened inner eye of depression recruiting memories of
old and parading them unendingly before a sallow mind consumed
with their sorrowful remembrance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rectangles Of Reality

Standing in atmosphere's of lively anticipation,
expecting poetical excitement to create anew,
scents of musical perfume.

Satisfying desires of inherent symphony-like
moods of serenity, increasingly pleasant to
hear.

Adjudicating life into realms of destinical
talent, rehearsing forever to become a major
participant in reality's rectangles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rectangular Center

Coverlets of innocence hiding the purity of children,
nothing interfering in any aspect, yet when a component
from an adult enters, a certain perversion happens to
the rectangular center of their horizons.

Becoming the latent and sole entity, a property of this
world's existence, shaking foundations of an interior
aspect, filling empty spaces left over from the abandon-
ment of childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rectangular Depths

Rectangular depths of thoughts square off in circles
of imagination, taking me with them into interior
denizens of amazing results of poetry, leaping into
volumes of blank books, just to read and be heard
all over the world.
Sacrificing everyday renditions to find ways through
the life that is mine in poetry.
Loving that I can do this, and thanking God for this
wonderful gift to get me through this reluctant life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rectangular Spheres

Pleasurable moments mounting in doorways, awaiting
tomorrow's acknowledgment.
Tender instants of cohesive thought, awakened on
desert plains, filling every particle with friendship
as life carries itself forward.
Movements unfolding in rectangular spheres, traveling
toward destinations of luxurious familiarity.
Deriving echinate pulses from natural desires, as
living revolves itself into future thinking, placing
importance on necessary ideas and approaches towards
independence eternally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rectangular Thoughts

Rectangular thoughts catching at my brain,
making me stop and find ways to escape
from the box of rigid living.
Oftentimes, pushing the limitations into
other dimensions, recalling the best
formations sitting, waiting for a
spectacular ending to a poem in dainty
lace-like evening particles.
Soothing me within, sleeping alongside
wayward events, missing from my intensity
of suffering.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Recurrent Themes

Racing down tracks, collecting strains of music in synapses,
actually aligning them in rows of recurrent themes.

Stressing items of value, giving in to desires, yearning to
be engineered along words of poetical vision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Red And Blue Aromas

Rhythms talking to intellect, giving codes as I listen
to them, pressuring my mind, telling it what direction
to go in, allowing thoughts to flow rapidly.

Lengths of time stretch into infinity, without barriers,
while listening and carrying on into all hours of the
day and night.

Following pathways of creativity, feeling impetuously
fulfilled through colors of music, roses filling my
mind with their deepened red and blue aromas.

Allowing my mind to hold onto inner visions, bluened so
deeply forever in an innate spirituality and intellect
where they're always accessible to write from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Red Flags

Romance is not within everyone's reach, for not all people
have been taught how to love and respect others, which does
cause heartache and misery.

Women need to not rush into any relationship, take as much
time as needed to be sure you're making the right decision,
it will save you from a broken heart and life in the future.

There are always red flags, don't ignore them, for it will
be to your own detriment, use your intuition, trust in it,
for it will keep you safe from harm.

Don't ever think you can change a man, if you see things
that aren't good, don't ever settle for bad behavior or
neglect in anyone.

We all have a lot to learn before making any decisions
regarding the rest of our lives, all of us are precious
and valuable.

Don't let anyone take from you what they cannot give
to you in return, it's not necessary to give your heart
or power, strength or self-confidence to anyone else.

This is your life, keep it always to yourself and you
will never be alone or unloved, let go of those who have
no interest in your well-being when with you.

Please have a good caring life of your own before decid-
ing to share yourself with anyone else in this life and
you will never go wrong.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Red Hot Rainbows

Penetrating an atmosphere of silent stillness, my being
going interiorly, finding the peace that I desperately
need right now.

Rainbows being red hot like they're on fire, arched a-
bove my mind, daring intellect to cool them down, not
trying, just watching, wondering how they got that way.

Curiosity fanning flames as they continue burning in my
mind, time elapsing slowly, as I realize it's my desire
and passion burning them, not able to be quenched any-
more since you're not here my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Red Skeleton - A Child's Love

Lights turned down low, sleepily glowing over people-filled
tables set for a banquet.

A spotlight popped out upon a stage, revealing a celebrity
I remember when of an age of six.

Red Skeleton, a lifetime friend, appeared before us all,
catching sight of him filled me with childhood love and
respect.

Many nights I dreamed of telling jokes, because I wanted to
grow up and be filled with laughter just like him.

Always watching all his programs, hoping to get more than a
glimpse of him - I wanted a kiss on the cheek - I was only six!

Red Skeleton, a good and gentle man - I would dearly love to
just sit and talk with him, because my love could be fulfilled
as I give it now back to him.

A childhood sweetheart tho' he never knew of me, we've grown up together -
sort of - and now I'd like him to know me too.

Red Skeleton, I have always loved you and now you can love
me too!

(4: 27 p.m. - 8/27/88)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Red, White And Blue

Rushing rapidly into streets of America, holding onto the
freedom I was born into, thanks to our vets who lived,
sacrificed and protected all of us.

Red, white and blue, wrapped around my mind from time
immemorial, never forsaking this nation for something
called sharia law and all it's evil stipulations.

Wanting to ruin democracy, peace and our republic that
we have all faithfully built from the ground up, we are
standing our ground not allowing a single muslim or
terrorist to tear us away from the life we love.

Our faith and strength as Americans can never be defeated
as obama will soon find out, standing at the gallows,
waiting to be hung, all the world to see his ignorance
at trying to destroy what God has made.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reddened Loss

Reaching out across a span of time, emptiness fills every-
thing.

Always soothing echoes of the past, life floats by, never
taking time to pass a memory on it's way.

Looking to the future while always looking back, nothing
matters, nothing presses and sticks to a mind.

Shards of glass, stabbing painfully into memory's core,
bleeding out memories once blocked, now becoming hemophiliacs
in disguise.

Until some sense is made of the dripping pools of red, life
will be filled with deadened pain.

Nothing matters, everything will be gained when life is
explored and met in the past and brought forward to become
the person always hidden away inside a jar, whom only you
could see and know.

Being afraid to let anyone else look at your self, kept
bottled up, now removing the lid, peeking out, finding
self is worthwhile.

Reaching out across a span of time, emptiness no longer
fills it, your life has become itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Redesigning Futures

Listlessly wandering alongside river banks,
combining all of nature with innate gifts,
producing valuable thoughts to be seen in
prose.

Giving some people pause, stopping ways
they have always done things and now are
changing their lives for the better.

Redesigning their futures, giving the
world the benefit of their individual
talents and ideas.

On a plain of beauty, all of mankind is
united in one endeavor, bringing it to
final fruition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Re-Dreaming In Time

Dreams catching my mind in yesterday's hallways,
framed and waiting to be written out.

Illuminating essences as they are looked upon,
remembering what they portrayed in time.

Now being placed behind more recent dreams, none
of them the same, yet all wait patiently to be
recognized once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reeling In Sadness

Reeling in the sadness, feeling it's intensity through
tears that are falling into my mind, hurt beyond recall,
now standing totally alone.

Dying in depths of abandonment, finding there is no long-
er any hope in life, holding my breath, knowing there will
be no reprieve.

Waiting to disappear on this final horizon, the sooner the
better, heart lying in pieces within my soul, never to be
made whole again.

For the last vestiges of love have been destroyed and I now
walk away from this deceitful life because of it's lies to
humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refiguring New Designs

Centering all thoughts as they try to alleviate the pain situated inside many points of interest.
Sticking every song's rhythm into plateaus of new dimensions, gathering all things closely so as not to lose any of them.
Staying close, rhythms placating all senses, as nighttime positions of being fall upon the essence of lonesome emptiness, unable to comfort any sections of my brain.
Searching helplessly for a corner to hide in until all aspects have been taken apart and refigured in new designs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refining Lives

Refining our lives goes on throughout the years, hoping
to do more than just exist on this earth.

Keeping our freedom at any cost, even though Obama is
trying to take it away with Hillary's help, wanting us
to be defenseless, trying to take away our 2nd amendment.

Trying to twist everything to their socialist/communist
views, forgetting what George Washington said, we are a
nation built upon Christian - Judea principles.

We believe in God, follow our Constitution to the tee,
salute our flag, respect it and our national anthem, too
many true Americans have died fighting for our freedom.

Keeping our nation safe along with every American citizen,
loving our Veterans, honoring them for they are every one,
an American hero in our eyes!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflected Holiness

Light of life surrounds me, reflecting the holiness of God.

Tri-level colors of orange, pink and gray spreading their
peace across my soul.

Intense and brighter, still filling my mind with the wonder
and awe of it's beautiful poetry.

Unafraid of it's inner glowing, taking hold of it's holy
memory, storing it forever in my inner world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflected In Mirrors

Memories being reflected in mirrors, up and down hallways
of this mind.

Beckoning and wanting to be relived and remembered in many
present moments, not caring about the tears that they will
be creating from within.

Wanting only to be with me in mind, not wanting to crack
or break any of the beautiful pictures of life that have
already been painted onto the canvas of my soul for an
eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflected In The Past

Shadows of a Christmas tree seen reflected in the past,
lights shining dimly, waiting for memories to awaken it
once again.

Love of family lit like glistening tinsel hanging from
branches of yesterday's Christmas trees, yet their love
once so vibrant can no longer be felt except through a
memory of it's existence in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflecting

Coquettishly figuring how to speak candidly without
resurging doubts and figurative positions of language.

Sauntering down lanes of experience, attempting to
reflect what's seen within on inner screens of past
remembrances.

Entirely feeling winds of energy settling within,
penetrating inner sanctums of existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflecting American Spirit

Incessant, tolerating beats of a staccato rhythm,
teaching innate talent how to respond through the
writing of poetry.

Intriguing excitement, flowing into inner spirit-
uality, participating within an interior domain
where life is perfect and non-partisan.

Reflecting the spirit of the American people in all
their glory, nothing ever standing in the way of
their unity.

As they stand for and unite against tyranny, hatred,
racism, intolerance and prejudice, preferring to
protect everyone across the board from evil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflecting Beauty Of Love

Reflections of yesterday beating against my heart as we speak
of things we once did when just meeting, hand in hand, speak-
ing of our dreams to one another.

Planning our lives together, never thinking of anything bad
happening to either of us my dear, life began and continued
throughout the years, forming the love between us perfectly.

Genuinely setting us apart from the rest of the world, en-
tirely becoming the melody of our souls as we steadfastly
held our faith in God and our love for each other.

Even today, never regretting a moment of our life together,
knowing that our love is still growing and being nourished
without fail.

Never forgetting to say I love you when turning to me with
desire meeting mine as we look into one another's eyes time
and again.

While making love our hearts and souls reflecting the beauty
of what our love has become, remnants of our past life still
having such meaning.

Never failing or finding anything wrong with each other, liv-
ing and one day dying, existing every moment, treasuring what-
ever time we have left, hope consuming us as always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflecting Darkness

Lights reflecting the darkness of my soul.
It has been drenched in sorrow for so long.
Retired attitudes of life lie crumpled in corners,
awaiting restatement of tomorrow's fate.
Silently anticipating the re-issuance of natural wonder;
painstakingly quiet, alone on this deserted shore,
away from everyone, needing companionship.
How much longer can life's horizon stand still without
any encouragement, as lights reflect the darkness of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflecting Designs

Created designs reflect themselves into my imagination.
Flipping images in and out of mind, settling on inner
screens of other dimensions.
Believing they'll eventually become a part of eternity's
phase in life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflecting Differently

Looking above at lights around the room, being sunken into the ceiling, ones directly above me clearly showing white reflections against their receptacles.

Others farther away having their strips of many colors being reflected within their chrome, funny how each one is exactly the same in appearance, yet reflect entirely different spectrums of light and color.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflecting Honesty

Honestly reflecting days of youth, before a lie was
told outright.
Past ages sprout from truth, bringing out young men
who follow pathways of righteous knowledge.
Staying on the straight and narrow, even when no
longer living at home with their parents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflecting Mirrors

Evenings spent alone, reminiscing interiorly,
fragrantly being reminded of thoughts from long ago.
Dancing about, recording music and thoughts for
future remembrance.
Reflections mirroring what happens in life as we walk
alone down pathways into our futures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflecting Mistakes

Looking into mirrors of the past, seeing all the mistakes that have been made.

Wishing time could turn around so they could all be corrected.

No amount of wishing and hoping will ever allow you to fix what you once did.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflecting On Thoughts

Lightening quick responses are created when listening to music and it's rhythms.

Reflecting on thoughts, like in mirror images from inner photographic visions kept safely within my mind.

Perfect rhythms being coded and placed into the prose that's being written.

Keeping everything aligned logically and precisely so intellect can keep control over every thought in mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflecting On Truth

Looking intently into my mind, reflecting on it's
truths and idiosyncrasies.
Finding depths existing more than before, knowing
that the more I learn and know, the deeper I'll
go into realms of knowledge, led there by
wisdom and intellect in turn.
All of it kept sacredly close to my soul and mind
throughout life, as I walk around and touch it
whenever I want.
Taking it and turning it all into poetry of my
being, here in life's beautiful landscapes, doing
whatever is best for all the world in silent words
of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflecting Rhythms

Light reflecting in odd shapes, giving off solicitous senses
of something new to be created and associated with musical
rhythms as they fall in place among circles of words,
uncovering themselves in rhyming diction.

Moving forward, beginning and ending in melodies, bringing
a balanced harmony into view on inner screens of beauty.

Locating every nuance, watching as picturesque words continue
to fall into place as I write it all down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflecting Shadows

Watching wind invisibly spinning around the courtyard,
picking up leaves, scraps of paper and swirling them like
dust devils.

Trees bowing down to Mother Nature, waving and moving in
symmetrical rhythms of silent melodies.

Lights shining and reflecting in shapes against the walls,
splashing their shadows in many directions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflecting Silhouettes

Silence beckons to me from within, tying me to imagination's realms, helping to regain inner balance.
Silhouettes reflecting imaginings of my spirit, taking over memories and describing them picturesquely in visions of yesterday.
Ideas begin rippling across my mind with ever widening circles, breezes gently blowing, taking me soaring towards intellect and far into wisdom's reign.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflecting Situation

Sitting here looking out windows in front of me, seeing
gray rain skies peering back.

Reflecting cold and bleakness of their situation, then
suddenly turning to the south, looking out those windows.

Sun is shining, sky is blue, brilliantly bathing sidewalks
in heated rays of intense sunlight.

Different weather on separate sides of this building makes
interesting thoughts on paper, placed in poetry for every-
one to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflecting Sorrow

Broken mirrors of life still reflecting the sorrow that
will not disappear from within.

Shards of it's memories cutting and slicing this heart
with it's many bittersweet memories of what is left.

Once vibrant and filled with hope, now just existing
for no reason whatsoever.

Looking about, seeing our world falling into hands of
evil, greedy and corrupt politicians and governments.

Wondering what has become of the sanity that used to
be present in our world.

Reflected along with my sorrow, it's hard to find any-
thing positive in life, yet looking at the simple things,
finding that there is still something to look forward to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflecting Trees

No mirrors to reflect images of trees as they stand
gently along the highway, looking at their shadows
against barrier walls to see how their shapes appear.
Reflections of trees in shadows, posing prettily for
everyone to see and appreciate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflection

Heading east,
Superstition Mountains wake up
and greet me with their child-
like faces.
Petulantly looking skyward,
unafraid of the coming day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflection Of Life

Wonder being filled with inner curiosity, taking me
across deserts of my soul and into interior dimensions.

Wandering and living in the beauty of fascinating imag-
ination and ingenuity.

Innate talent blooming within, spreading into other
universes and dimensions.

Totally being a reflection of life and living, always
mirroring everything into poetry that I love writing
daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflection Of My Love In You

Looking into reflections, seeing yesterday appearing in
their mirroring images.

Holding onto the precious visions that have been preserved
on photographic screens.

Taking pictures with an intellectual mind, capturing every-
thing in a glance.

Touching desires climbing into skies of a heavenly bliss,
enthralling my being, bringing me closer to you my love.

Through every melody and harmony, sincere and genuinely
vibrant moments touching us when we're together.

Loving one another through it all, looking into your eyes,
seeing the reflection of my love in yours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflection Of Treasured Love

Joyful and tempting, rousing temperamental disguises, allowing them existential sensations from another form in an interior universe.

A plaything of life and it's freedom of soul, taking steps into another realm where all of love and laughter seem to accumulate.

A fascinating and beautiful reflection of how treasured life can be when falling in love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflection Of Water

A full moon looks like a tiny glowing ball, bouncing
up and down in the reflection of a fish pond's water.

So playful, yet delicate, it sets the mood of night-
time prayer.

So fragile, like whispers on an evening breeze.

Reaching out to touch it's beauty, ripples float
across it's image, distorting and rearranging it's
nighttime image.

Slowly fading back into it's rightful reflection, it
once again shows off it's beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflection On Life

Life and sacrifice are two of a kind,
similar circumstances met between them.

The only difference being, one is alive
with doubt and the other is not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections And Patterns

Looking at lightened areas shone upon by artificial light.
Searching their reflections and patterns as they stretch themselves up walls and across the floors.
Pausing to rest for moments upon chairs seated across the room, waiting to be used as seats for any number of patients coming in to be seen by the doctor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections At A Fish Pond

Mirrored reflections standing stately in the fish pond at
Brophy Prep, wind blowing gently, shaking it slightly like
a bubble.

Mirrored images waving back and forth, blackness of the
night making the water look deeper than it is.

Cool breezes gently waking trees so they won't miss any of
this nighttime beauty.

Shadows lying across the grass, like markers on a grave,
somber peace, deafening quiet all around.

Anxiety inside is stirred, like wet polish moods are being
rubbed off one by one, as I watch the water, quake and move
because of the fish swimming in it's depths.

Nighttime brings with it fears ready to jump up and devour
me, unsoundly pretending not to be afraid, finding that
surprisingly it is so.

Filled with sounds of nighttime dawning, nightmares bounce
back and forth, bringing their terrors, trying to make me
run.

Yet I stay, sitting on the wall of the fish pond, recounting
many episodes of life that are better unknown, better under-
ground.

Leaves hitting up against the walls, crackling their heads
to keep from falling off.

Sensing a deeper note of calm approaching, soon I will be
able to go home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflection's Movements

Watching reflections move to and fro in windows of glass,
seeing their movement, graceful, and at times awkward.
Flowing through my mind in light and darkness, giving rise
to ideas poetical in nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections Of A Mirror In Flight

Technically speaking, life is very complicated in it's
simplicity, we are very complex creatures of habit, yet
we can suddenly be spontaneous.

There's no way of knowing when we will be either one in
life, surprising and elating our spirits, giving a tex-
ture of intense designs.

Collecting our thoughts like reflections from a mirror
in flight, thorough and final, we admonish each other
for being who we are at times.

When it comes to the core of being, all of us are of
one accord, figuring out how to live with one another
in this world of ours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections Of Afternoon

Sunlight shimmering and glimmering across the parking lot,
giving reflections of this new afternoon, leaves being
blown in a gentle breeze.

Sunlight shining upon their fragile beings, a totally vib-
rant and wonderful look at nature from a different perspec-
tive in this little poem on a peaceful, quiet afternoon
at the senior center.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections Of Delicate Designs

Noticing reflections of designs moving delicately in the light,
at times rays of sun are shining through the windows, allowing
designs to change and alter patterns instantly.

Bringing ideas quickly and incessantly to mind where intellect
rapidly places them into poems, a lot of writing being done on
a constant basis.

Not ever wanting to take a break, not even to eat or sleep, a
perfect balance in mind and spirit, often going interiorly in-
to a life of spirituality.

There finding serenity, peace and tranquility filling self com-
pletely and totally, a gift from God that is being used by this
mere poet throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections Of Echoes

Reflections of echoes heard faintly in whispers of wind,
being blown about in memories of the mind, causing the
images to be brought out in the open.

Watching as they hide in jungles of fear and doubts,
being entangled totally in the mysteries of evil and
corruption.

Never untangling their knowledge and wisdom from the
decadence of yesterday's humanity and lust, keeping
up the immorality of their inner beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections Of Happiness

Rooms filled with parents and people, playing games, laughing, having fun.
Reflections of happiness stand out in windows, focused inward.
Sunlight and shadows all together, accessing life in a beautiful shade of bluened knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections Of Jesus

Wind stirring up water, moving reflections back and forth in front of me.
Jesus - arms outstretched - could calm them if He wanted to.
I ask Him not to, because I want to see the turmoil caused by it without His gentle hand.
Aspiring to greatness - never quite getting hold of it - I sit and watch reflections moving wildly about, trying to find some meaning.
Knowing all along that only Jesus can give meaning to a reflection in the wind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections Of Life Being Seen

Reflections of life are seen through poetry that I write, somehow unfolding from what I see, hear, touch, taste, smell and feel within throughout life.

Feeling the beauty and love from those around me, feeling their sadness and tears as well, taking it all from photographic screens within intellect.

Finding the words to give meaning and definition to it so others will read, see and understand what I've written in my poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections Of Lights And Shadows

Reflections on an interior window, showing lights and
shadows behind it's panes of glass.

Light and shadows also being reflected on this side,
showing the reflection of a window from behind me,
being able to see outside also.

Scene of blue sky, green trees being blown about by
a gentle morning breeze, seen always beautifully
over everything.

Seeing the mirrored reflections of the waiting room,
standing in the midst of it all, as shadows of a pot
of flowers also show their wares.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections Of Love In Friendship In India

Picturing the lake close to my friend's house, expansive,
beautiful, banyan trees on it's shore, plants and flowers
hanging about, looking into reflections on the surface.

Sun silently touching upon the water, being rippled on
it's surface by a gentle breeze blowing across it invisibly,
yet knowing it's there steadily throughout the morning.

Living in the beauty of it's essence, finding so much to be
thankful for as we walk hand in hand alongside the lake,
talking, reminiscing and finding one another's hearts.

Both on the same path in our lives, feeling the closeness
and coming closer as we walk together alongside the lake,
a final horizon for the both of us now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections Of Nature

Sitting at the water's edge with nature's creatures
all around me.

Watching a lizard cross my path, a bird comes and
sits by me with mouth open, looking for some crumbs.

Listening to God's music from afar, being in His
protective arms.

Loving His fragile feathered friends, hopping,
looking and flying all about me.

Ripples filling the water and messing up reflections
that are shining into it.

Distorting, rearranging, redefining, all for nothing,
because the wind dies down and it all becomes the
same again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections Of People

Watching reflections of people walking back and forth,
touching my mind with their essence and being, like
shadows behind glass.

Making me aware of their presence, but never interfere-
ing at all, somehow representing another world far from
the one I'm in, yet still being part of it, albeit poet-
ically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections Of Personhood

Expressions of faith stand out in reflections of personhood, calm and tender people filled with compassion, constantly tending to dire consequences in this world, trying to make it a better place for all.

Thunder clapping, lightening striking, there a spirituality is developed naturally, not taking from anything else, nurturing self from within, holding onto nature throughout the entire procedure.

Always loving lasting effects this renewed faith has upon our hearts, souls and mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections Of Rhythm

Sliding comfortably into a rhythm of reflection, taking
me deeply along the straightaway, touching and being
touched by nature.

Loving it's essence and aroma, filling this intellect,
being effervescently given a meaning as I write.

Traipsing, lolling about, having pleasure enter my heart
and soul, tantalizing and alluring desires to peek about.

Wanting someone to hold and hug, helping, giving a hand
to climb mountains, cross ravines and canyons standing
before me on the road to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections Of Self

Precious coverlets folded neatly, placed aside on bedsheets
draped with memories.

Sequestered in cells of uncomfortable selection, siphoning
reason from the well of wisdom, creating the possibilities
of everlasting transformation.

Struggling with the infinite details of makeshift
problems, dropping heavily to knees of grace, afraid to stay
and face the ugliness of lying people.

Turning rapidly from the mask of unreal derision, crawling
through port holes of successive unruly discipline.

Rising on clouds of imaginative realms, sitting by a pool of
water, watching the reflection of who I am, shimmer and
disappear from sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections Of Sorrow

Midnight blue skies, reflecting the sorrow of my mind,
shrouded, locked away in a room.
Wishing to see the light of another dawn, knowing I
cannot.
Impossibilities crowd around, shoving and pushing their
way through.
Lifting hope for seconds before shattering it like
glass upon the ground.
Broken, in pieces, alone and forgotten.
Abandoned to inner sorrow and loneliness.
Tucked beneath a forgotten rainbow from a rain storm of
the past.
Midnight blue skies spread across the heavens.
Reflecting the sorrow of my heart and soul through bluest,
crystal tear drops.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections Of Tomorrow

Reflections of tomorrow cast their gazes into imagination,
brightening it's future with a glistening of snowy contours.
Bluing clouds of gravity across skies of yesterday, allow
creatures of habit to endure, even following failures of life.

(7: 22 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections Of Yesterday's Shadows

Chords being struck, densely and purposely in reflections
of yesterday's shadows, playing and frolicking, being taken
into playgrounds of memories no longer valid today.

Unequal standards of the past, striving now to contact
reality once again, the only way is through the test of
time and a future voice that whispers within each of us.

At one time or another, elastic, enticing, bringing every-
one together in our lives, gathering and stumbling in back
alleys of time immemorial, not wanting to ever give up hope.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections Staring

Traveling on a journey to another world in dimensions unfolding before imagination.
Seeing all sorts of reflections staring back at me through the years.
A lifetime of wonderful experiences set deeply in memory's mindful tranquility.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflections Watching Me

Desert mountain reflections sitting in the background of my mind, watching what I'm doing as I write.
Fostering growth, expanding my mind acoustically in rhyme, as I sit readily thinking of sublime situations that I create instead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflective Being

Capturing the essence of life in reality's dreams,
focusing outward to other times in vertical horizons,
of tomorrow, appealing to an inner sense of being silent
with reflective cogitating interiorly.
Stepping upwardly, out of sight, images and their ideas
constantly trade places with one another, forming,
molding, and shaping future literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflective Contemplation

Leaves changing colors in the dark of night.
Moon shining, reflecting yellow and red from
branches holding out their arms.
Life is like trees, showing off their splendor,
as it brings you to your knees.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflective Designs

Reflections of yesterday fall into designs of selective notions,
taking on new patterns of equilibrium on darkened shades of
earth.
Plenty of periodic sidelines, emptying into pools of watery
demise, folding hands in prayers of hope.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflective Mirroring

Circular hexagons spin within my mind, creating illusions of thought.
Watching them, I relax and enjoy their disparity upon my mind.
Finding a sort of reflection mirroring life's extensive existence in a polarity of mathematical deliverance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflective Shadows

Shadows of reflections, mirroring nature into my soul,
quieting stress and it's doubting lines of expressions.

Touching many strains of tedious feelings, giving them
new life in lines of poems, brought to the foreground
in talented paths of subconsciousness.

Holding prayerful notes within beautiful musical realms,
dedicated to realistic properties of God and His gifts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflective Sounds

Sounds of reflections touching inner rhythms of imagination,
instilling auras with aromas of inebriated presences that
continue to dance in twilight rays of sun.

Unfolding themselves in the interior of each aura, calling
to mind the effervescence of yesteryear when life was so
much simpler.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflective Stances

Patterns of light filter surrounding environments
with many different qualities, not found ordinarily.
Flying across the room in reflective stances, beams
of light flow and follow their own desires, according
to their inner attitudes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflective Thought

Stepping stones of yesterday
have built a stairway to the future.
Climbing steadily upward, one day
to reach a fateful destination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reflexology Of Life

Watching as my soul silently swims in an interior bluened ocean of the Divine, creating in an atmosphere of innate talent.

Seeing beauty filling and surrounding my mind with the reflexology of this entire life, systematically and effer-vescently sensing the Divine.

Being closer than ever to the interior of spirituality, finding occasions of intense mercy being felt so gently, nudging my soul from beyond this world.

Beauty being manifested from a creative desire, always rising to the anticipation of another dimension through music.

Capturing the essence in this purpose of my life by it's presence every time I open my eyes and mind to a new and exciting morning of surprise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refocusing

Irregular routines are a good way to make your brain
learn different ways of doing things.

Changing from your right hand to the left will refocus
your brain from creating to reasoning and logic.

Projecting and animating visions and images continually
through intellect.

Passages of time prolonging aspects of listening, recog-
nizing and learning new methods of thinking, always being
ready for anything needing to be worked on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refocusing Interior Energy

Resisting the flow, going against the current and tides of earthly life, instead relying on an innate talent that uses it's knowledge and wisdom wisely.

Energizing an interior life with the positivism of spirituality, enabling people to rely upon their inner strength and abilities.

Adapting and realigning thoughts in order to refocus an interior energy into creative thought processes, using a combination of imagination and reality to usurp ways of old.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reforming Spirits

Spinning, turning, swirling in magnificent form,
reforming an otherwise boring day on earth.
Lively, picking up spirits and setting them free
for minutes at a time.
Taking minds and focusing them on musical rhythms,
bringing back past thoughts and memories, allowing
us to be rid of reality and it's stress for a while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refracted Thoughts

Stationed in a solitary mood, keeping all thoughts peacefully refracted in a tomb of memory.
Handling everything alone, keeping every distraction far from my sight within.
Leaving abstractions to drift on their own into paths of poetry whenever they've gathered thoughts together in similar fashion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refraining From Life

Deciding to refrain from life for a while,
choosing to sit on sidelines, thinking
sololy of whatever comes to mind without
interruption.

Softly, gently, ideas ooze into existence,
spreading their balm over a mind and heart
of literate love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refrains Of Harmony

Getting lost in love, stepping into melodies and rhythms
attuned to our souls, feeling no pain as we look into
each other's eyes.

Hearts feeling our love, wrapping us entirely in their
beauty, aromas of roses flowing, surrounding us in the
atmosphere as we dance and hold one another.

Silently being together in refrains of total harmony,
love reigning within without any complaints or regrets,
building ever stronger as time wears on.

Knowing that we will never be parted until we finally
leave this temporary earth, hopefully as one just like
we have been here on earth throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refreshed Nature

Peeking through blinds, watching nature bask in a morning sun.
Tickled with an early breeze, plants and trees laughingly giggling and wiggling about in mid-air.
Reaching out into the atmosphere, all of nature is refreshed with a breath of mother nature's cool sweet air.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refreshing Desert

Satisfied, contented, living in the desert, enjoying
walking it's arid and dusty floors, nothing like being
one and a part of this beautiful landscape.

Seeing blossoms popping out all over the place, decor-
ating cacti one and all, giving the desert a beauty
unsurpassed anywhere else in the world.

Seeing wildlife scurrying and hiding, running into
holes in the ground, birds called cactus wrens, going
into their nests within saguaro cacti, tall proud,
watching over the entire desert.

Giving them a real majestic feel, looking at them with
admiration and feelings of pride to be living in such
a refreshing and fantastic place.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refreshing Intellect

Blood rushing to mind, exciting and refreshing intellect with an
electric energy that fills every particle of being with positive
attitudes and moods, always keeping away negative ones.

Never despairing or being depressed for there is always too much
motion and focusing of thought happening within intellect, collect-
ing and gathering materials seen and felt through senses.

Enabling intellect to stay open, absorbing everything that's being reflected into
reality and imagination, all dwelling within, never disappearing nor fading
throughout the moments and years of living.

A divine presence always dwelling constantly within, nothing able
to interfere or interrupt when in deep contemplation with our Lord,
a blessed event in the life of a mere human being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refreshing Look

Listening to Weird Al Yankovich, enjoying his musical
parodies very much, loving his humor as he changes the
words, giving each song a new twist.

Bringing a smile to my face or making me laugh right
out loud, giving a positive attitude filled with joy
and happiness every time I listen to him.

Such an upbeat, tantalizing and vibrant feeling fills
me with rhythms touching intellect, giving a refreshing
look at life's mundane reasoning at times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refreshing Memories

Music blowing into my mind, refreshing memories
and images of yesterday.
Cleaning the cobwebs, dust and debris from the
floor of my imagination, so thoughts may be
created from new ideas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refreshing Moments Of Life

Listening to rapid melodies and rhythms raking my brain with
seeds of life and fantasy, taking imagination totally into
interior screens of photographic memories.

Delectable and enticing, exciting and thrilling this mind
with exceptional innate thoughts that continually take me
soaring into other dimensions.

Filling this poetical being with enthusiastic and refresh-
ing moments of life as I focus on rhythms all through the
night, feeling positive vibrations within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refreshing My Memory

Thoughtfully abrogating minuscule particles of my being,
rearranging the compartments in my mind intellectually,
so I can try to hold onto sanity without losing my mind
altogether.

How to do this is the riddle, mysteriously taking up my
time right now.

Are there exercises to refresh memory somehow?

There has to be a way to come back and see pictures of
thought on photographic screens for tomorrow's poetical
interludes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refreshing Reflections

Collaborating with a peaceful resignation, adjusting life interiorly to attitudes that touch my soul, reminding me of the temporary position life has placed on me. Scented images hover, waiting to be set in stones of black ink on paper. Reminiscing collectively, never harming or tattering what has already been done. Refreshing reflections mirrored in my mind, showing me what is transpiring as I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refreshing Salty Aroma

Waking to a rumbling sea, waves crashing, hitting the sand with a slap, refreshing this mind with the salty aroma from within the ocean's depths.

Loving being at the ocean, it fills me with a purity of nature and God like no other place does, wonder and awe filling interiorly with an energy and curiosity that never fades, only grows stronger.

Swimming, body surfing, floating so peacefully, relaxing, enjoying the exquisite peace and intense solitude, feeling like the only person alive, perfectly content in this space of time alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refreshing Senses Of Thought

Watching rain as it falls from heavenly skies, giving a
refreshing sense of thought in each and every drop as it
hits the ground.

Creating it's own magic, collecting every drop and making
puddles across the ground, fascinating collections all
in one area where they all mingle and get along unlike
human beings for some reason.

Watering every plant and tree as it flows from above,
nourishing and giving sustenance to it all, knowing the
explicitness of finding reasons and logical explanations
when there are normally none to be found.

Existing to be written into poetry, no other form of
expression so concise and accurate, giving everything
it's total due in one fell swoop of a pen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refueling My Soul

Rain crossing over, landing on the ground, wetting
me in the interim.

Cleansing and refueling this soul with the solace
of raindrops falling.

An essence of passion being used within, encompassing
the wholeness of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refugees

Helplessly thrown upon the flotsam of the earth, being not caretakers nor partners in the enterprises concerned with self.

Having to rely on the generosity of others, appreciating everything that is done for them.

All the while not knowing they are being taken advantage of and trampled over, while they remain polite.

Heads turning, talking coming from the sides of mouths, smirking, snickering, trying to boost their own egos as they put down the refugees.

Ignorance abounds, the uninformed remain that way, not realizing that all are people in a very special way, they shut out the refugee with walls of unfound prejudice.

Looking, being polite, the refugee realizes it is just the insecurities and the fact of not knowing their culture which causes the boundaries people are afraid to cross.

In their gentleness and kindness they are quick to forgive, hoping to make yet another American friend.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refusing Involvement

Legends of tomorrow fall back on past endeavors,
exercising righteous plans of formation.
Situated in spheres of placid mourning, lying down,
refusing to become involved in today's agenda,
written by those who know nothing of me or what I
enjoy in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refusing To Listen

Born to lead, never meant to follow anybody in life,
creating pathways and strolling down them, alone
through forests, deserts and mountains, never needing
to be led anywhere.

Actually refusing to listen to another, preferring to
find my own way through obstacles of life, knowing
that my way would always be the best for myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Refuting Loss

Attitudes of sadness penetrate consciousness, rising and
falling with feelings of abandonment left beneath layers
of this heavy heart.

Senses dulled, emotions periodically numbed and intensely
awakened, throwing life into a tailspin like nothing before
has done.

Refuting the dense mist of loss halfheartedly, knowing it
cannot be pushed aside or forgotten, it is an experience
that must be lived in order to get through it.

Excuses, anger, dispute of it's existence are all in naught
as our life continues to exist in spite of what we feel or
thing about it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Regaining Balance

Stressing my mind at times, letting it go to fend for itself in this cruel and painful world.

Looking to religion, finding my way to God again and again throughout this life.

Wondering why at times that I can't see Him, then realizing it is my own fault, being caught up in this human life of toil and turmoil.

Realizing this, getting back on track, praying and looking into an interior life.

Contemplating and preparing heart and soul to once again meet solely with Him, regaining balance and purpose in the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Regaining Composure

Strutting down lanes of this earthly life, ready to take on
every situation or circumstance as I progress in realizations
of tomorrow.

Prepared, or so I thought, for the unexpected, then being thrown
a curve with a surprise that takes me aback, once regaining my
composure, continuing on my way.

Living every moment as best as possible from then on, finding
pleasure and joy to fruition, giving properties of assimilation
in time to find my way on roads of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Regaining Life

Success at regaining life, trying to hold on to it now, so it cannot be taken away again, by no one.
A serene quietness basks inside, lying about it's existence through each day and never telling a soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Regaining Precious Moments By Speaking To India's People

Regaining precious moments in measures of time through
writing, poetry giving sounds and rhythms by which to
gather words, definitions and ideas altogether.

Unfolding and releasing moments and pictures of life
that will forever be shared in intellect whenever con-
versing with another.

Remembering specific times, expressing them in conver-
sations of lively animation between two people who are
enjoying one another's company.

Loving the feelings and emotions compelling me to write
enthusiastically, forever combining and intertwining
realizations of my interior mind and spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Regal Elegance

Sounding out tunes and lyrics as they rejoice in melodies,
played by the Paradise Valley Band.
Wonderful men, entertaining their peers with a regal
elegance of musical talent, knowingly being who they are
and always have been.
Soul-filled musicians, given gifts of talent by God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Regarding M.

Thinking of others, joy standing out on her face,
reaching always without qualms or fears, to
others in need of a sprig of happiness.
Dancing, gliding, being an outpouring of God's
compassionate grace, showering it upon people she
comes into contact with.
Selfless, touching so many other's hearts, because
she is translucent with love from above.
Reminders of what we all need to be doing in
circumstances of the lonely and down-hearted, M. is
a light of joy from God's heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Regenerating Effect

Appealing to my sixties teenage mentality, a band touches past memories with music from back then.
So memorable, soothing, to my being, as I sit back and listen attentively to every beat as they hit against my mind with a regenerating effect on my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Regions Of Silent Atmospheres

Energizing certain areas of this brain where poetry wishes
to be written, living in regions of a silent atmosphere.

Softened whispers of intellect capturing the essence of
interior serenity.

Giving pleasurable feelings deeply inside where I finally
settle in, taking everything to heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Regretting Passages Of Time

Reaching into depths of yesterday's faith,
trying to find some vestige of it left in
strands, strong enough to hold onto through life.
Failing miserably on pathways of future destinies.
Lying back, regretting passages of time that have
gone by, disappearing in invisible pictures of a
caring compassion, left to itself in a puddle of
remorse.
Saddened heart refraining from ever loving again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Regular Routines

Regular times in life we all travel
down pathways of daily routines,
never faltering in our steps.
Knowing the way to our livelihoods
on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Regulating Emotion

Waking from a semblance of sleep, awakening into a person I used to be.
A figment of my imagination, whiling away time in adjacent phases of life.
Somber attitudes feeling their ways through me, giving clues to the horizon I'm in.
Regulating periods of intensified emotion, tabulating their essence in notes of melodic forms.
Raining upon my mind, delicately carrying me into interior plains of incessant journeys.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Regulating Interior Symphonies

Strumming chords of my interior piano like a guitar,
just to see and hear the differences in tone and
texture of their sounds.

Lively, vibrant, E flat minor tones filling me with
the sadness of loss as they reach fever pitch and
then drop back down.

Deftly regulating interior symphonies through my
intellect, giving measures of time to recollect
memories of yesterday's freedom.

Allowing it to be sustained throughout this life,
perfecting rhythms, continuing to find expectations
higher than normal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Regulating Talent

Reciting measures of melodies in my mind, regulating talent as it is portrayed deeply in musical sonatas filled with stories of life.
Pretending to be sated with life's bizarre requirements, yet finding reality has struck again full circle.
Taking down patterns of yesterday and replacing them with brightened florescence and darkened cavernous desires.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rehab Still In Dark Ages

Wandering aimlessly, thinking of so many unfair policies
and regulations governing rehab centers.

Arcane ideas being used to perpetrate crimes of seeming
caring practices.

Outdated dark ages still being tended to as patients are
hurt by their existence.

Doctors, nurses, CNA's, carrying out this abuse disguised
as care is abhorrent.

So many people suffering at their hands because they are
afraid to rock the boat and band together for the welfare
of all their patients, and yes, themselves.

They can care so much better for those who need it if only
bureaucrats get up-to-date and let go of their stale ideas
of running their facilities.

Growing uneasiness rising ever higher as people are tired
of being treated with disrespect and no dignity.

As if they are non-existent even while lying in hospital
beds, awaiting the care they need and deserve.

Their doctors placing them in rehab, expecting each person
to be taken care of the way they should be, but it is not
happening at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rehearsing Backwoods Of A Mind

Bells ringing in my mind,
pealing laughter and happiness
throughout time.
Sudden depressions of fallacies
hitting consciousness becomes a
sublime intuition, rehearsing
itself in backwoods of a mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rehearsing Life Interiorly

Rehearsing life through interior images and visions coming from photographic screens through intellect, watching them over and over.

At times learning something new that was overlooked before, not happening very often, but it does when my mind attunes itself to something or another over all others.

Eventually finding and researching what was missed, then writing poetry, shining light upon it when found, at times causing enlightenment to be fulfilled fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rehearsing Notes

Tangling weeds of joyous bliss with notes as they dance and frolic throughout my mind, taking no breaks as they finish journeys towards tomorrow. Believing in a future holding goodness and kindness without fear, doubts never entering into any account of faith.

(9: 38 p.m. - 11/28/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rehearsing Throughout Life

Renovating and revitalizing interior subjects as they peer about looking for renewal and independence, watching and rehearsing throughout life.

Hoping to find details that have been missed by others, expansive, colorful, always effervescently brilliant to the touch of sight.

Expressing feelings and emotions intensely as they come out from hiding when tears begin to sprout within my eyes, touching hearts and souls with a spiritual faith and hope.

Combining abstract concepts symmetrically with those of my imagination and the many fantasies that exist and are always created within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reiterating Life Situations

Movies flashing in and out on screens of outdoor movies,
remembered by photographic screens as I sit back and
watch them reiterate life situations here and now where
I'm at.

Showering thoughts with memories as they pick me up and
throw me back into leaves of otherwise normal circumstances.

Orderly tangible sequences unfolding themselves as I wander
along lanes of diffident behaviors and moods.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reiterating Symphonies

Reiterating symphonies in my mind, connecting them
to sounds of today, along with rock and rap.
Together, coming into the future with a mixture of
techno, involving all the tones in tandem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rejecting And Rebelling

Trying desperately to hold onto life as it frays
around the edges and starts ripping at the seams.

Having no one who cares or who will give support,
makes it difficult to even try or want to.

Being against doing what is felt is right, people
try to take life into their own hands and dictate.

Rejecting any suggestions they send, rebelling
against their outdated modes of thinking, walking
away.

Turning on their abandoning ways of hospitality,
beginning to see self in perspective and rejecting
other's styles of life.

Thoughtlessly mindless people pushing away, pushing
in the wrong direction.

Silently sitting, waiting for the end of their
renderings, so crying may continue.

Tearfully recollecting the very few happy moments
of a long and tiring life, filled with emptiness,
sitting here alone, again, tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rejoicing In The Divine

Solitarily listening to my spirit rejoicing in the beauty
of the Divine, immersed totally within a bluened light,
taking me into depths of serenity and peace.

Giving a soothing feeling throughout this poetical being,
taking me away, soaring into the atmosphere alone, nothing
at all to take away from these joyous and glorious feelings.

All coming from our Lord, heart and soul being consumed by
His total love and mercy on earth for now, looking forward
to being with Him in heaven soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rejuvenating Establishments

Records of yesterday being replaced once again by live bands, because they bring business into restaurants and concert halls.

Rejuvenating establishments, boosting their sales and bringing in money for renovations and paying employees more wages.

A great way to improve a business, following this genuine interest as it comes quietly into being to those who are open-minded.

Ready to use new ways of thinking into the general society and population, a great way to boost spirits and liven up places of business to boot.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rejuvenating Mind

Feeling rhythms vibrating and playing my mind instrumentally
with their chords and tempos.

Realizing an energy always coming from them and rejuvenating
my mind with their visions.

Auras and sights being held by thoughts that are seen incess-
antly every time hearing their rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rekindling Purposes

Penetrating melodies falling into lines of rhythm, mellowing out the stress of life and giving a period of serenity to fill my soul.

Energy being replenished, calming thoughts following steps of an interior contemplation.

Soul-finding harmonies, going into depths of unknowing, sitting at the back of this mind, awaiting thoughts to find and explore them thoroughly.

Separating, rekindling their purposes in the light of day, bringing them to the forefront, taking flight, soaring equally into bright blue skies of tomorrow's morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relating Everything

Energy rising abruptly, taking us all into the
tops of atmospheres and stratospheres.
Living in the moment as the drums beat into our
hearts with all the motion they can muster.
Alleviating the stress and strain of this life-
time, taking me into a tunnel of peace and quiet.
Relating everything in this minute to another
time and place, settling in the nicest space of
time.
Exposing the spirits of everyone here in this room.

(3: 32 p.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relating Experiences

Thoughts running through a mind, participating with rhythms
in poetry, developing ideas creatively, positively identify-
ing life situations and circumstances.

All being shared to hopefully help another through a diffi-
cult situation, experiences needing to be talked about and
shared with others.

Letting them go and continuing life in a positive attitude
and mood; in this way lifting away any baggage holding a
person on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relating On A Divine Level

Standing by, watching a friend go through so many hard-
ships in life.

Talking, letting to him honestly tell me everything he
wants to, sharing back and forth, never leaving out any
details, trusting one another with our lives and stories.

Helping each other as much as possible, just being there
for each other, at times crying, laughing together, joking.

Never forsaking one another through life no matter all the
jealousies abounding from those all around us.

Taking care to be always respectful of one another,
we relate on a divine level, giving attention each of
us deserves in this life.

No other person every having done this for either of
us all through our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relating Tales

Relating tales of yesterday, sitting upon my mind,
complacently loving to hear all the details, giving
me pleasure as I write.
Seriously contemplating all the reasons why life is
what it is and why it can't be simple and easy with
directions to do what is possible and right.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relating Thoughts

Intrepid thoughts filling every moment as I listen
to rain falling within my mind.
Relating all sorts of thoughts as I find discovering
methods of chemistry through an almost limitless list
of advanced chemical blends.
Some causing miracles of medical medicine, taking
away diseases of the mind and body.
All of them awaiting testing when I relate their
essences in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relating To One Another

Together we gather and relate to one another, always
having fun and creating new memories with those we
love and care for.

Simple things that don't cost any money, talking,
laughing, being there for each other when needing
some consolation or companionship.

Nothing much when seen by others, yet a tremendous
feeling of belonging is felt within.

Treasures of life kept hidden within where they
cannot be seen, yet they are greater than all of
the money and riches in the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relationships

Ending relationships are not easy, there is always
heartache, tending mostly to be on one side, because
one person loves more than the other at times.

Love, if it's true doesn't tend to end, but continues
into the future, until death do they part.

What people thing of as love is many times just in-
fatuation and lust, which normally ends in frustration
and tears because there is nothing, no love, just lust.

Life has many facets and so does love, be sure to
figure out which type you actually have, it will save
you a lot of heartache and pain in the end.

Use your mind and intellect ahead of time, it will prepare
you, so the choice you make is the right one from beginning
to end, whether to plunge or run away.

Had more women especially, done the math, they wouldn't
have ended up getting pregnant or having an abortion, many
babies would have been saved from torture and murder that
way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relative Memories

Searching through fog in evenings light, being stranded
on edges of highways across country on journeys of life.
Hoping to visit relatives of old, enjoying warm feelings
being together raises between us, helping us get through
our lives as we talk about relatives past and our
precious memories of each one.

A stillness filled with gentle joy stirs our sorrowful
hearts and helps us remember where we came from.
Forever holding our roots close to our hearts, we
always look forward to seeing and visiting each other
in the days to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relative Senses

Circles and spheres are two different statistics of intellect
that roll around and encrypt patterns of thought processes in
reality and imagination.

Creatively providing depths of poetry through coded rhythms,
finding relative senses figuratively being developed as they
continue to play.

Watching, playing, being tantalized by many feelings and
senses as they all combine to give certain poetical aspects
to whatever I'm writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relaxed Frame Of Mind

Picturesque and enticing are visions of India and
it's gentle brilliant people.

Settling into a relaxed frame of mind, finding so
many things while listening to Indian music,
writing it innately through subconsciousness with
the help of intellect and it's transection of
developing formulas.

Being coded secretly within a mere poet's mind,
wanting to always be in the present moment whether
it's now, in the past, or will be in the future.

Roads into wide open processes keep me always in
the open-ended sections of wisdom's knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relaxing Freedom

Left to my own desires, conspiring to do all that I have not been able to do while under a watchful eye.
Enjoying this freedom, sitting here and writing, knowing nothing I do can make me leave here.
Writing, drawing, walking around is all under my power, because I am in a room by myself.
No one can tell me what to do with my life right now, so I just relax and enjoy it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relaxing In Nature

Lazily going along, taking my time, in no hurry, just
relaxing in nature, thinking, wondering, being curious
about everything in life, wanting answers.

Looking for them in depths of intellect, innate know-
ledge and wisdom, waiting for the wonder and awe to
come through the bluened light of the Divine.

Soothing, calming effects filling me totally, giving
peace and serenity to my mind, soul and being, loving
the beauty and love God has given to me through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relaxing In Peaceful Spirituality

Alone in a crowded room, writing and listening
to Mama Mia, it's fast and rapid beat just the
way I love rhythm.

Totally being energized by this vibrant music,
taking me soaring into an interior atmosphere,
nothing holding me back.

Being relieved of all the strife here on earth,
relaxing in the peace of spirituality set deeply
into my soul.

This day has now begun with joy and elation,
keeping me smiling interiorly throughout hours
of today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relaxing In The Past

Boulders of Watson Lake sit in mind pictures from days gone by, when we used to camp there.
So many memories flooding into view, stunning images bringing me into focus from yesterday.
Loving to roam around in imagination's subconscious realms, I enjoy myself, relaxing in the past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relaxing Method

Blooming thoughts and ideas filling this poetical mind with beauty and curiosity, listening to strains of enticing music.

Letting it captivate and inspire intellect, a relaxing method of opening this mind fully, enabling poetry to be written solely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relaxing Mood

Simple and vibrant, melodies and their rhythms taking me into interior depths of intellect, giving me many pleasurable sensations throughout my entire being.

Always responding through an innate knowledge that touches and awakens this mere poet's mind, a relaxing mood coming over me.

Taking away the stress and turmoil, placing me into a bluened atmosphere in another dimension far from this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relaxing My Spirit

Contented now to sit and write,
allowing my spirit room to relax and be at ease.
Thoroughly feeling the stress being vanquished by
classical music I'm listening to while writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relaxing Peacefully

Family, sisters, Granddaughters calling me to talk and see
how I'm doing and if everything is alright, assuring them
that it's all good, I'm having a blast!

Relieving their minds, joking, enjoying my time, soon will
be flying, a favorite pastime of mine that I've missed for
quite some time now.

When younger and single, always in the sky going somewhere,
if not on a jet, taking myself up in a Cessna or a biplane,
a wonderfully peaceful time in the silent sky.

A beautiful place to be, quiet, serene, suiting my personal-
ity perfectly, loving to isolate, write poetry while listen-
ing to music and relaxing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relaxing Rhythms

Blowing my mind like a clarinet touching my soul,
awakening musical talents waiting silently inside.
Enveloping sounds, holding them closely, listening
to their tones with perfect pitch, relaxing to
rhythms of peaceful existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relaxing To Energetic Moods

Topping a musical cake, rocking the house with drums beating at lightening speed, taking us away into the night, loosening our minds, giving inspiration and lively rhythms.

Soaring lightly into beats of every measure, a wonderful, tempting sound that takes me totally into rhythms of yesterday, falling into the wonder of life.

Landscapes coming unbidden into mind, relaxing to energetic moods through rapid paced melodies, shaking and rocking, loving how each note reaches interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relaying Messages

Strategically writing from within depths of the Divine
through a bluened light that's always shining brilliant-
ly through intellect and time while alive.

Doing it's part to give messages that our Lord needs to
give to others through poetry, a purpose that I take to
heart and fulfill with everything that's in me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Release Inner Spirits

Equally apportioned throughout the rest of life.
Taking turns with each and every moment of artistic grace, placing innate talent where it will do the most good in the future.
Knowing there is nothing better than releasing all emotions and their feelings into the universe where they will do you no harm.
Thinking on edges of it all, writing down explicit descriptions in poetry to warn others of their crippling effects if held fast to all of life.
Existing to be miserable is not what we're expected to do.
So release your inner spirits and let them roam in freedom's vast area of imagination.
Twanging gently as they go, being taken away in sodden songs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Release Of Wounds

Wounded deeply, afraid to look about, bleeding profusely
within, healing unable to come about right now.

Listening to echoes and whispers of the future, taunting
and teasing my heart to come and beat circumstances that
have torn me apart.

Looking timidly, wondering how to do it, mind now working
towards the possibility of continuing in life without
giving up.

Seeing strength rise within me, life fighting it's relent-
less battle, moving forward, bleeding has now stopped and
healing has begun.

Standing in the light now, feeling the release of wounds
as I step freely into my own mind, safe and sound at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Release The Pressure

Frustrated, crying, trying to bounce off of rubber walls, attempting to knock the anger out.

The hurt that anger, hate and rage bring is here inside, somehow unable to peek out.

Trying to hit against it, smack my head against the wall, just keep on bouncing, feeling nothing.

No release at all from these horrible inner feelings, wanting to cut myself, see me bleed, release the pressure from inside to stop the rage, the hurt it brings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Releasing Endorphins

Features of life lie in music's definition of melody and rhythm.
Likely aspects continue drumming throughout the day,
releasing endorphins to ease moods and pains of old age.
A release from explicit facets of destiny's fast pace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Releasing Everything

Signatures of tomorrow placing memories onto sketches of
paintings that were painted in oil yesterday, today, dry,
totally sharing the vibrancy of landscapes on canvas.

Still, quiet, silent and yet vividly being placed into so
many people's minds every day, hearts beating, emotions
rising into plains of feelings that won't be quieted.

Releasing everything holding interior solace from being
exercised, yanked and twisted at last in the sparks of an
interior fire, never to be extinguished while living,
Wonder bringing it all into perspective in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Releasing Facets

Releasing prescient facets into my being, sating me like a prestidigitation affectation.

Easily flowing, turning backwards, altering life's patterns with comedic relief and silent crying afterwards.

Moments of every day begin with anticipation, an intuitive feeling of better ideas to come into my future.

A liveliness of beauty settled in nature's bountiful presence, slowly drifting from spring to winter's snowy, complacent scenery with a hug of coldness and a kiss of momentary heat from a fireplace inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Releasing Pressure

Spinning and bucking in the rodeo of life,
letting it's tempo lead the way to heart-
felt emotions.

Soliciting the many thoughts as they wash
upon shores of my mind.

Always leaving beautiful ideas for me to
pick up and plant their seeds deeply in
fertile earth.

Beds of thorns, sticking in my mind,
releasing the pressure of feelings being
pent up ever so long.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Releasing Sorrow's Energy

Gently playing ivories within, tenderly touching emotions
and feelings of this heart.

Letting sorrow seep out upon pages of my mind, releasing
it's energy so it can help in daily life.

Questioning everything, trying to find any or all reasons
for doing so.

Enjoying the constant searching, finding self in depths of
another dimension somewhere within imagination.

Leaving nothing out, placing all of it into every single
poem written now and in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Releasing Tension

Taking notice of nothing around me, concentrating totally on the
tempo - drums keeping time, perfectly sublime.
Touching deepest feelings, bringing them up.
Releasing tension as it gets stirred and thrown out.
Likened images streaking out into the turmoil of yesterday.
Today, getting around and finding blessed phases left us by God.
Finding phrases set in music, not needing words to be expressed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Releasing Weather

Watching weather float to me on gentle, puffy breezes, forecasting a storm moving in, carrying rain within it's domain.
Gray and black clouds moving closer, looking for a place to release it's heavy watery load.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relegating Thoughts

Sitting back, thinking over many moments lived through already.
Unknown pathways never figured out, just traipsing over eternal periods of silence.
Tuning carefully to mixed emotional senses, while relaxing in reliable spheres of leisure.
Noting stances of past ages, trying to relegate thoughts from back then, with those of now and brimming over onto waterfalls, cascading onto mountains of celebrated journeys.
Beckoning every vision, touching each one with sentiments totally open.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relenting

Believing in dreams, rainbows, and love at times,
filling life with their expressions and memories.

Giving in to so many expectations that await us
over the horizon.

Heavenly promises beckoning to become an angel in
time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relentless Rhythms

Relentlessly pounding the air around me, pulverizing tirelessly, all beats of rhythms in my mind.
Leaking out of circles, gathering about notes that
never retire.
Following carelessly, steps being made up as I go on.
Founding and creating new songs with every thought as
images quietly appear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relentless Torture

Covering life with shrouds of death, we wallow in grief-stricken poses, unable to free ourselves from interior sadness.
Living up to expectations we've set for ourselves is difficult at best, yet we torture each other relentlessly with supposed failure.
Even when we've reached the top in spite of everyone's opinions and attitudes towards us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relevant Ideas

Picturing many outlets for piecing together,
solutions to problems of the world.

An excess of ideas, all of them relevant in
one respect or another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relics Of A Generation

Sturdily writing of the world's endeavors,
not sure of the steadfastness of anyone
claiming to be true.

Sincerity and truth are not exploding today,
for lies and dishonesty are the easier ways.

Suicide being the mode of coping with a world
run wild, because there are no certainties.

Life outlasts just moments in time, for it has
been cut and pasted far too often.

There are too many pieces of our daily puzzles
missing - we cannot begin where we left off.

Attempting to span the breadth and depth of
our generation's desperation.

There are no ways of telling, no crystal balls
or future relics, all lies in the hands of
incapable beings - ourselves included.

Life is waylaid for promiscuous reasons,
selfishness and uncaring, it may take a long
time in coming back around.

Prayer for our children's future is the only
way in which we may help, for our time has come
and gone and now we leave this world in the mess
it's in and start again in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relics Of Tears

Tracing tears in time, finding their origins, left like relics in past circumstances.
Recreating life-like dreams through subconscious images and thoughts, bringing their joyous sorrow to pass again.
Finding extremes have lived and died, leaving us memories to forgive and remember in times of reminiscence.
Solitary figures surrounded by past images, drowning in their sweetened feelings from long ago, felt again in mind and heart as we travel on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relics Of Yesterday's Memories

Traipsing down western trails, searching for the relics of
yesterday's memories.

Finding them so easily, as I move into realms of another
sphere, and moving towards another dimension.

Bowling along the ground like a tumbleweed in a dust storm
through the desert.

Believing in the darkness of nighttime skies, enlightening
all corners of my mind, illuminating everything with rays
of moonlight, shining upon every shade of evening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relief Of Faith

Reaching for empathetic feelings, lazily sauntering
down avenues of belief.

Satisfying inner qualms with gentle relief of faith,
carrying hope onto plains of reality for the time
being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relief Of Tears

Humor being given amidst sounds of intense tones and realistic etudes of loneliness.
Pouring tears out of interior wells of sorrow, we slowly move away from life, not wanting to feel saddened.
Then, again, tears bring a relief of sorts to heart's and souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relieved

Never looking back with regrets, having none to speak of,
living, loving, accepting people and circumstances for
what they are.

Knowing this life is temporary, relieved by that thought,
doing what needs to be done to accomplish my purpose in
this life and fulfilling my destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relieving Dreams Artistically

Mission on earth is special to each one of us,
as we walk our daily lives in complete silence.

At night, lighting our spirits with contemplative
insight, we continually are being spent with the
sorrows and troubles we encounter in our daylight.

Feeling so drained and finally calm in the darkness
of lightened dreams, fulfilling our minds with many
concentrating efforts, as we wander and live our
lives during the daytime.

Always remembering the dreams as they relive them-
selves in other forms of artistic grace that we
find ourselves falling into, according to our gifts
and talents.

Fitting us as gloves on tight-fisted hands of our
minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relieving Hearts

Losing myself in a saddened instrumental, touching the grief
from life in my heart right now.
Piano playing chords in E flat minor, hitting part of my mind
where loneliness abides and becomes a part of what I write in
poetry.
Taking all experiences into intellect and sharing them with
feelings of my inner heart.
Mixture of both helps to create tears forming in poetry,
causing those who read my poems to shed some tears, allowing
their hearts to be relieved a little in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relieving Loneliness

Birds flying by, dipping their wings into my loneliness,
sending it flying as I write to relieve myself of it.

Pounding rhythms through my mind, hitting feelings,
knocking them out into words, knowing someone will read
them and understand a little better who I am.

Violins playing like ducks with feathers, shaking in the
air, stirring life from all this despair.

Tantalizing, healing, protecting from things that are
bad, looking to find answers, now only able to sit and
wait for them to be found while I let go.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relieving Our Souls

Seeds we've all sown, nourished and nurtured through our thoughts, ideas and feelings through the years, climbing mountains, crossing deserts and finding our way.

Going through mazes of forests and jungles, everything blossoming joyfully at times in life when loss or grief hits us squarely.

Sorrow spilling it's tears of sadness and relieving our souls of the heaviness that it definitely causes both waking and sleeping.

Crying and laughing, all taking our lives into gardens of caring and loving, one day all coming to an ending on our last horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relieving Sorrow

Falling into step with rhythms, looking within, seeing
scars of life hidden within my heart, soul ripped and
torn, no one ever knowing about it's suffering or pain.

Never telling anyone while it's happening, only writing
about it in the distance so it won't affect me, not hav-
ing the tears falling, showing hurt it's all causing me.

Relieving sorrow and tribulations through poetry, send-
ing them out into the universe to be forgotten, helping
to heal me interiorly.

No one ever knowing when I'm going through the pain of
loss and abandonment of love in my life until reading
about it some day in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relieving Stress

Living on edges of everything that I am able
to, reaching for clouds, wanting to hop into
another time and dimension as life stresses
me out.

Nothing better for relieving stress than to
stress your being even more by sky diving, let-
ing your body fall endlessly until pulling the
ripchord.

Being lifted to heaven every time, sincerely
and faithfully going into the atmosphere, leaving
all stress to the universe, leaving me alone to
live.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Religious Adherence

Studies of the past kept in books, pamphlets, and articles,
giving an incessant direction to write poetry in.

Being tantalized time and again, religiously adhering to
the possibilities of an inner universe.

Playing and exercising throughout the past, circling forward
into the future where I will eventually succumb to the
existence I have been fulfilling with perceptions that never
fail to execute and amaze my mind.

Throughout expectant promises of life on earth, realizing
and wondering about the purposes that have held me together
so far.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Religious Rights

Religious rights are inherent in our world, they are a
main principle building block in every detail of humanity,
the cornerstone of humanity in fact.

Our governments, laws, etc. are all based on this right
to believe in God, each in our own individual way, it's
called religious freedom.

Every country needs to recognize this fact and work to-
gether to eliminate those who are persecuting everyone.

Let's all band together and begin to eliminate these
perverted persecutors now, one by one if need be.

Like a sniper, taking them out, everyone doing their part,
then we will be able to get rid of them in this way.

Let's start right now, get ready, set, begin.....

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relinquishing Hope

Relinquishing a lifetime of hope, noting there's no place
to put it that will do any good.
Sincere apologies are ignored, thrown into the dirt of
harm and never again resuscitated, never to perform any
emotion again as life is lived around it's circumference.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relinquishing Spirit

Relinquishing my spirit to writing, allowing it to
follow me into passages of time where I can be free,
light, soaring in my mind, expressing itself in various
poems.

Wonder, amazement and awe continually finding their way
into patterns and designs of an intellectual mind of
reverence for life and what it means to be human.

Knowing that my being is totally dependent on God, there
is nothing to be done, He takes care of everything on a
daily basis.

Trusting Him totally, enjoying the peace God brings to
mind and soul just by always being here with me, His
spirit moving across dimensions of His holy deliverance
here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relishing The Future

Steadily moving forward, reaching out, looking for
many opportunities in which to create poetry.

A lasting and vibrant mind and intellect becoming
absorbed in the reality of life and imagination.

Helping to keep this mere poet focused and intent on
fulfilling her purpose in life.

Cherishing the wonder and curiosity given constantly
to this inquisitive mind, relishing thoughts and visions
of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relivable Feelings

Thinking about times spent together, things we've done that
have brought so much pleasure into both our lives since we
first met all those years ago.

Delving into these memories, not able to get enough of them
for they give such immense happiness, telling you through
this little poem how it feels to be in love with you.

Experiences explicitly with you being fulfilled, for you are
an amazing man that gives unconditional love never had before
in this life.

Making our hearts feel so good, settling back and letting
our times together fill our minds with relivable feelings of
us in a world of our own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reliving Danger

Sensing an ocean rushing at me, ready to knock me down and pull me under.
Mixing me with sand and shells, no way to tell which way is up or down.
A feeling of fear catching in my throat, yet knowing if I can only touch ground, I'll find myself right-side up.
Taking visions from my past, I can relive any moment I want to in my own time where there is no danger to myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reliving Dreams

Quickening the pace, rhythm strikes and takes me into pleasurable realms of exhiliration, combing through imagination.
Freely enjoying combinations crowding around inside my mind.
Taking liberties with my existent intellect, savoring it's wisdom
as I write and recollect distinctly, attitudes of rectified life living within my subconsciousness.
Touching softly, a gentleness set in memory's times, images
cavorting and twirling with anticipation as I walk into avenues
of photographic scenes, helping to relive dreams of long ago
through writing of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reliving Life

Reliving a life lost once upon a time.

Regrowing it's memories often in
solitary journeys of everlasting
promise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reliving Memories

Forgetfulness seeps from within, cushioning thoughts
of yesterday on whims of fancy.
Beginning images anew, filter through, tending them-
selves with renewed energy.
Figuratively flying above thoughts on evening stars
of enlightenment.
Sensing beautiful oasis's of once grand moments in
time, falling asleep within their memories, reliving
them once more before final horizons close their
doors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reliving Moments

Windows of reflection illuminating life in accented images,
appear when we are accepting of them.

Waving emotions and details in front of our minds, wanting
us to remember them with love.

Obligingly, we listen and watch videos of our past, reliving
moments now gone and grown over with sadness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reliving Peaceful Times

10: 14 a.m.
Feeling spirits being lifted as K.W. plays YMCA.
A blast from the past, touching my mind and
taking me back in time.
Reliving the peaceful times before senior living
hit me smack in the face.
10: 14 a.m. 10/11/13

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reliving Remarks

Thinking, laughing, remembering funny things that have been said through the years, silly comments, yet very memorable in later years.

Special moments like this are lively and enjoyable, not taking up much space in a mind's vast atmosphere, having a good time just reliving the remarks being made by those I love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reluctance To Live Life

Running through life with a positive attitude, always
waking up in a good mood, enjoying being alive, doing
what I love.

Wondering why everyone doesn't appreciate their life
and chances they have to learn and excel, each having
individual abilities to also do what they would like
to in life.

Thoughts readily arranging themselves, aligning with
those from intellect, questioning possibilities that
others disregard continually.

Understanding reluctance of people to live their lives
fully, expectantly, is not quite understood, trying to
figure out why it is so brings only a few words to mind,
but no real reasons appear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reluctant Beauty

Jumping to rhythms placing themselves into my
repertoire, letting me play with them.
Fascinating stretches of forests, taking me
into depths where I can benefit from their
peaceful quiet.
Sensing a beauty hiding between trees,
reluctant to be seen, yet peeking out at me
timidly.
Holding my eyes in theirs, filling me with pine
scents, touching softly, gently, in the passion
of my heart and soul.
Loving all the feelings calling to me from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reluctant Formulas

Energetically forming melodies out of instruments
being played in friendly tones of syncopation.
Following avenues of measured periods, filled with
notes and rests, playfully sounding the echoes of
yesterday.
Taking uneventful times we've kept close and
placing them into compositions readied for the next
time in concert.
Truthfully benefiting the people who are listening
and finding favor with each and every syllable of
the lyrics in each song.
Delivering melody's times on trays of sounding
tones, forming and shaping in the deepest recesses
of our lives.
Noting that there's nothing more important than the
essence and passion of writing poetical interludes
into wonderful renditions of tomorrow's love stories.
Written by the lover's themselves, forging every
turn of events into the deepest form of reluctant
formulas in interior realms of ourselves.
Carrying on into the narrowest of backstreets,
tomorrow.

(11: 10 p.m. - 11/16/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reluctant Journey Of Loss

Sprinkling tears of sorrow throughout our lives, loss takes
us on a journey, reluctant as it is, to teach us about the
joy and beauty of it's birth and passing.

Taking time with us through the years, holding our hands
through darkened days and nights of grief and suffering, an
inward look at what our lives mean in the end.

Finding at times, tiny gems within suffering and sacrifices
that befall us unceremoniously, leaving us holding our breath,
tears falling, gasping for air.

Those we've loved our entire lives have now been taken from
us, nothing left to hold onto, sorrow enveloping us totally
and completely.

Nowhere to go, life having forsaken us on our paths through
destiny, nothing to deliver us from the pain, it's intensity
completely capturing our beings.

Nothing to do except experience it, learning what we can
from it's total devastation and purity, sadness keeping a
hold upon us for the rest of our lives.

Even though we continue to live without all those precious
people and moments that we've had together, knowing this too
shall pass, but not until we continue to feel intensely, the
pain of loss until our own deaths come about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reluctantly Waking

Lying in bed, looking at the ceiling, wondering why
I cannot get up.

Reluctantly waking, mind thinking of you, a tired
bleakness filling me within.

Not wanting to face another day without you, feeling
your silence so intently.

It carries me into depths of my being, trying to find
an iota of meaning.

But there is none, no understanding either, being
buried in the midst of death's insistence.

Never trying to free self from it's grasp, only wanting
to hold onto you my love, forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relying On Each Other

Closer to you than ever, in the middle of the night.
Holding onto one another, totally in love with no
room in between us.
An accompaniment of rhythm beating with our hearts
in unison.
Dreams have all been taken and used, now we're
relying on just each other.
A feeling of secure safety, knowing that we are near
the ending of our last sunset, looking forward to the
rest, we are deserving of as we leave this earth.

(9: 57 p.m. - 11/16/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relying On Instinct

Riding waves of an inner ocean, loving the feeling of
rising and falling dwelling within.

Senses being kick-started through music and it's rhythm,
delicate and frivolous, having fun just being alive.

Doing whatever happens to hit my fancy, wanting to do
dangerous and risky things because they are exciting.

Giving me a sense of accomplishment like nothing else
does, relying on instinct, going with intellect.

Allowing my mind to take over, bringing me into realms
of adverse circumstances to find new ways of handling
and finding solutions to them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relying On Nothing

Tackling problems through an intellect of choice, selecting many purposes to alleviate past hurts and develop them into future hope and dreams until midnight's of life come to pass.
Singling out ideas inside of fields and deserts, alleviating stress and grief forever on horizons of another dimension.
Finding almost nothing to count on, learning to rely on nothing, but intuition and innate wisdom.
Learning always to seek answers from abstracted knowledge and tallying breathless energy from counting blessings into atmospheres of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Relying On Self

Relying on self to gather courage and strength
for the remainder of life.
Never knowing from one moment to another whether
I will be able to get through.
The better part of life is a saddened plight of
suffering with a ray of sunshine once in a while.
This is all I can see as I look from within,
contemplating the juxtaposition of my soul to reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remade Future

God has entered the room, joyful and full of happiness, seeing everyone totally into His presence.
Fulfilling promises even as we are celebrating His love, no one fearing His grace.
Stepping into a circle, beginning the first steps into a new pathway to a remade future.
Restful serenity has placated those in tearful distress.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remaining

Lost and alone, falling through the cracks and into deep
ravines, not caring anymore about where we end up.

Spreading our arms, reaching for heaven and asking God
to keep us safe and whole.

Without letting any evil take place in our beings, looking
to heaven, not listening to evil people.

Following the ten commandments and nothing else, knowing
we are doing the right thing, remaining in God's favor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remaining A Mystery

Playing incessantly in blocks of time, building my own little world of fiery imagination as I hide from a world of people who do nothing but hurt and maim to the very core of my being.
Solidly standing alone, not allowing anyone to get close or know me.
Remaining a mystery to everyone, I write myself out so one day when I'm finally gone they'll get to know who I was.
When it's too late to personally talk with me, finding I would've made the very best of friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remaining Prisoners

Despair layered on top of itself for years,
a grief hidden behind laughter and a sweet
disposition from childhood.

Reaching out, but never grasping her future
with innate talent and gifts.

A mind, rich in ideas with no way to let them
out, for fear of both failure and success - a
double-edged sword to her fragile being.

Holding her hostage within, without realizing
it's her self that's crushing her spirit and
self-worth.

Wanting to hug her, let her cry her heart out,
I cannot, knowing she's in the same place that
I am, afraid to touch or feel all the pain of
a lifetime.

Is there any help for either of us or will we
remain in a prison of another's choosing to
the ends of our lives as friends?

(10: 17 p.m. - 2/20/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remains Of Love

Racing through feelings, feeling their tears
rip through my interior soul.
Filling it with remains of love now lost,
never forgotten.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remarkable Pathway

Walking into realms of lightening quick thoughts,
finding joy instantaneously when ideas and concepts
immediately fill my mind.

Totally open, absorbing everyone of them, watching
through open windows of my mind while deep inside
intellect.

Attuning itself to the rhythms of my being, allow-
ing the passage of innate knowledge and wisdom to
continue no matter the situation or circumstances.

A truly remarkable pathway into the depths of in-
tellectual aspects of an inner nature and spiritu-
ality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remarkable Transformation Since India

Resonant and clear, thinking about all the wonderful
experiences I had while in India, now that I'm back,
talking to friends of mine about it.

They are remarking that I sound so much clearer and
stronger than ever before, knowing that I have chang-
ed, been transformed somehow through my soul.

Amazed that they can sense and see it also, life has
come around, giving me strength and courage, taking
me into new realms of inner beliefs and convictions.

People being drawn to me somehow, coming into my life
unbidden, loving and caring about me more than ever,
it's a good feeling.

Wondering where it's coming from and why, ever being
the curious and inquisitive poet as always, question-
ing everything in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remember With Your Heart

Love not wanting to talk, just sit quietly within,
for there's nothing to say.

This heart has said it all when you were holding
me closely to you, loving me only.

Giving every particle of your being, never counting
the cost through the years.

Now losing me, your life feeling empty, sorrowful
and abandoned, loneliness penetrating every thought.

Remember me with your heart and in our memories,
wishing I could be with you, my love.

But afraid if I say a word that I will hurt you even
more than death already has.

For now, my love, sitting quietly, hoping to be reunited
somewhere in the future of our eternities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembered Eternally

Penetratingly intense melodies find their way into my interior being without any problems.
Kicking and pushing, lively energy taking over every particle of innate talent, spreading it throughout eternity so I may be remembered when I am no longer here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembered In Droplets

Softened tones coming to mind as sadness tiptoes in and
sits down in a corner, watching what is going on.

Holding back as they are forming within it's eyes, stories
being remembered in droplets of many tears as they create
moods that dwell within this soul.

Wanting and hoping to remember everything without them,
but it is impossible, because even the joy and happiness
must always come to an end in tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering

Family gathering past memories into
collective conversations of enthusiastic energy.

Remembering exact images, each in our own way
and thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering A Song

Sweetened tears flowing in past joy, remembered in a song being slowly sung in a timeless age-old rhythm.
Caressing hearts, one and all, blessing all that are listening with heart-felt emotion.
Feeling their heartstrings being gently pulled in past directions, guiding them to the edges of 'Swanee River'.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Another Friend

Straight as an arrow to everyone's hearts, brother and
sons sharing his life with us all.
A talented musician, a creative man, a very special
person to everyone he met.
Hearts touch and share the sorrow his death has wrought.
Everything our minds cannot fathom is felt deeply
throughout.
Our emotions and depth of feeling for our friend will
always be stored in hearts everywhere.
A hero to his children and grandchildren, a smile
goofilly plastered on his face in our memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Beautiful Moments

Thinking backwards through time, reliving moments of precious images and conversations, having the time of my life while remembering those beautiful moments spent with loved ones.

Through the years doing things together, loving and caring about one another no matter what, aging taking it's toll as death took away these very special people in my life.

Causing tears of sadness, sorrow, loneliness and abandonment to fill my being instead of the joy and happiness that we once had shared together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Beauty Of Love

Easing myself into a patch of quilts, cuddling beneath them,
clutching our love deeply inside my heart, wanting so badly
to hold you until you are with me again.

Time has a way of keeping you separated from me through this
long and empty life.

Tears always wetting my pillowcase, causing my heart to
remember all the beauty of love that you gave me throughout
life.

Little things that had no meaning at times back then, now
seem to be so important as they stay upon my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Being Single

Remembering how I felt when single, at times feeling lonely, but going right into poetry and composing musical compositions together.

Passing time into the night, morning coming, phone ringing, friends wanting to get together later in the morning for brunch or walking around town, shopping.

Tomorrow's plans taking us to the subway and into Madison Square Garden for a hockey game, having fun being together, friends to the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Childhood

Remembering Bound Brook, New Jersey, my very own Mayberry, R.F.D.
A small town bordered by brooks - a beautiful place to live and grow.
Living with my Grandmother, parents, Aunts and Uncles we had a happy time together.
Grandma was from Mierto, Sicily and spoke broken English.
When I was one she became an American citizen and forbid speaking Italian any more and I struggled at that young age to learn English.
When starting school, I wouldn't talk and had a hard time remembering what I read because of the language barrier.
Having a difficult time trying to think and and revert from Sicilian to English.
Suddenly in fifth grade that miraculously turned around and I developed a photographic memory to go along with my thinking in colorful pictures - finally combining in my mind I received the best of both worlds.
Reading my way through the grade school library, I read all the classics, Dickens, Mark Twain, O'Henry, etc.
Also reading classics from our church library, I was fascinated with Dark Night Of The Soul, That Man Is You, Thomas Merton and every book I could obtain.
Absorbing every word, collecting thoughts and blending them all in my mind, a mystical call awaiting me as I grew and started writing poetry when eleven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Danny

Cornerstones of concrete sitting
like markers on patches of green grass,
reminding one of gravestones in New Bern,
North Carolina

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Desire

Trying to find reason through love, yet there is
never any logic to be found.

A temporary fantasy soon run aground, being with
another eventually wearing on your nerves.

Wishing for younger days of freedom and independence,
then remembering the loneliness and desire that wanting
and needing love held in your life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Each Path

Walking up South Mountain with my eyes, remembering each
path that I have walked, having them memorized.

Wanting to be able to do it again, mind turns to crying,
tears join happy memories, leaving me lost and lonely
upon a bed with a pillow underneath my head.

Fantasies playing in my mind, helping to cope with things
I dread from day to day.

Focusing in on what I've done in the past, gives me courage
to go on even though one day, I won't be able to walk on
this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Family

Trailing along roads of life,
wanting to return to the past of long ago.

Ceasing every opportunity to look backwards
and continue forming roots with family,
instead of being alone.

Signaling images through music, never missing
a beat in any measure.

Falling thoughts, gathering around pools of
crystal, clear water, remembering every detail
of growing up with family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Good Times

7: 55 a.m.
Sandy beaches popping into my mind, as the sun rises over ocean waves, forever crashing without resting through each night and day.

Feeling their strength in mind, knowing they can knock me over, I smile, remembering all the times that it actually happened.

Once, even hitting me so hard that my bikini top was taken off, still feeling the embarrassment of that situation, making me blush even now, all these years later.

Continuing on, walking and feeling the serenity of just being close to the ocean in mind.

Wonderful memories of many good times back them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Grandma

Frolicking and having fun down memory lane while listening
to an accordion player bring the past into our present here
at the center.

Oh Solo Mia being played now, remembering my Sicilian Grand-
mother would sing it with her broken English, loving the
attention she centered on me while singing it.

A wonderful memory that brings a tear of joyful sadness to
my mind, because she is no longer with me on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Images

Diving into the spirituality of my being,
feeling enlightenment touching my mind so
gently and delicately.

Savoring the essence as it effervescently
moves through my being, quietly and very
silently, echoing throughout my mind.

Remembering images that have great meaning,
issuing forth particles of an inner reality,
and stepping onto it's platform.

Ready to explore many aspects hidden in the
shadows of intellect, softly taking passion
into depths of another dimension.

There all of a sudden it leaps into spirits
of the night, blossoming fully into a genuine
memory of the future as I fall openly into the
essence of it's fruition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Impressions

Certain enhancements being created, forming impressions to be remembered
with musical compositions fully rehearsed beforehand.
Countered with explanations set in lyrics, being sounded out in verses of rhythm.
Counting down notes, beating to extensions of outer linear memories.
Sacrificing daily time just to practice playing and singing for a living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering India Fondly

Remembering every detail in India, wishing I were back
there and walking around Kolkata and Cochin, having al-
so enjoyed Devikulam and the resorts we stayed in.

Peaceful, very remote and filled with the serenity of
nature, and past history, slipping along back waters of
India in a boat for the three of us.

We made our way down the river and to the wide expanse
of the biggest lake I've ever seen, houseboats slowly
cruising along.

People waving and smiling at us, a little watery neigh-
borhood compiled with just this one white American woman
and many native Indians.

Feeling blessed, having the time of my life, loving my
friend and his son who have taken the time to treat me
to these fantastic wonders in India.

Memories made that I will never forget throughout this
life of mine, so perfect and attuned to the peace and
serenity of my soul here in India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Innocence

Remembering the essence of being a child
in yesterday's years of life.
Seeing the dreams alighting in my mind,
wanting to be borne to fruition.
All memories being displayed on inner
screens of pure innocende

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Josh

Josh, singing in my mind, wanting to talk to his mom.
Touching her gently through pictures and video,
hoping to keep her and dad strong.
Loving his sister, teasing her via video like old
times.
Resting and enjoying life on the other side, yet
missing being with his family.
Sunrise and sunset reserved especially for those dear
to him.
Arms around each other, music in the background,
watching the sky with heartfelt sorrow, feeling Josh's
presence with them all the while.
Bringing his boyish charm to the forefront, staying
forever on the minds of everyone's hearts who was
close to him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Life

Sitting here with life still alive within, knowing the day will come when I'll only be able to remember life the way it was, before these last years are through.
Tears softening their bittersweet memories over time so they can be remembered and lived with continually til the end when my pen is put to rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Life's Nightmares

Remembering the past and all it's nightmares, now
suddenly realizing that they never had any power
over me as I lived life the only way I was able.

Knowing now that all sacrifices were in naught,
yet it doesn't matter anymore in this day and age,
for now I have reasons to believe.

Having an unconditional love that was never before
fulfilled, now it has come into my life, having you
to thank for this special gift of my future.

Keeping it along with your memory and your love,
treasured forever in my heart, to keep me going
even when life becomes unbearable.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Loss

Sadness penetrating my mind, remembering all the loss in life, taking me back into those moments of grief, emptiness and loneliness.

Causing me to stand still, missing the people that meant so much to me in life, somehow I've managed to continue moving forward.

Living an existence filled with emptiness, attempting to carry on although it's been difficult, with memories at times, making me smile.

Just remembering the good times we had back then, knowing now how bittersweet life is, yet living is what must be done anyway.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Melodies

Fiery hot, being enticed by rhythms of yesterday,
gyrating and dancing again like back then.

Having fun, taking chances twisting and turning
in the afternoon, being tantalized and allured by
energetic melodies.

All songs being rolled into one composition so people
can remember moves and melodies they heard and danced
to when younger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Memory's Senses

Watching nature through windows, memories giving senses an
exclusive way of remembering, holding leaves of branches
between fingers.

Feeling their soft, fragile fiber of life carefully so as
not to harm them, touching the brittle needles of a barrel
cactus in the past without fear of being poked by them.

A tremendous amount of information filling our minds at any
given moment, allowing us to remember everything, including
feelings and senses attached to their memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Our Moments

Precious time thinking of you, my dear as I sit here
writing, remembering all the moments we used to sit,
writing poetry and loving one another.

Never going to forget the holiness between us as we
made love throughout the night, holding one another
tenderly, gently, as our spirits and beings soared.

Into inner universes, exploding in colors brilliantly
filling our minds and hearts, special blessings coming
upon us as we continued loving through our lives, noth-
ing to interrupt our love and hearts in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Past Beauty

Lifting and ebbing this mind of intellect and exchange
with imagination.

Enjoying it all with pleasure, allowing desires to be
fulfilled and carried over into writing.

Lying in wait, hoping to find important and specific
details to be written into poems of worth.

Always remembering the beauty of the past in all of my
thoughts, even here in the present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Past Heroes

Remembering heroes from the past, loved ones who cared
and loved us more than anyone else on this earth, our
memories being driven from within intellectual minds.

Tossing us onto the flotsam of sadness, then drowning
beneath it all, nothing left to be held onto as life
fades away into the distance without our loved ones.

Lasting anger, never dissipating, as moments come and
go in and out of the years

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Past Stories

Ideas and notions of the Statue of Liberty from a
crowded boat.

Arranged marriages, the Black Hand, smuggling, -
politicians - it's all so fantastic to the mind of
a small child.

Growing, maturing, it was all a part of life.

Silk shirts, folded papers, umbrellas, even when
there was no rain!

What an indelible impression melted onto a child's
brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Pictures

Memories of fishing alive in my mind, capturing peaceful
joy of all those perfect times being held in nature and
filed in photographic images spent alone.

Fitting perfectly in pictures that are being remembered
even now, loving the feel of a fish on the line as I reel
it in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Qualities

Lonely, traipsing through memories of yesterday, smiling
at faces of their images and remarks at times, funny how
we remember qualities that we lived with throughout the
years.

How they are still standing out and being remembered,
time not able to erase them from our minds at all, some
days being alone with nothing but these precious thoughts
to keep us company.

Hours of thought being gathered like bouquets of life in-
to our hearts and minds, bringing a silent sense of peace
somehow, knowing that once in life we were loved and cared
for just by being who we were.

A feeling coming over us in a thoughtful mood while tears
are falling from within, nurturing our lives from these
wonderful memories that have now passed, existing only in
our minds when thinking of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Rhythms

Thoughts spreading throughout intellect, tracing patterns
in all directions, entering coded messages into my mind
as I write and listen to music simultaneously.

Taking equations, turning them into designs that I'm now
creating, allowing my mind to open wider, composing music
to add to each poem's rhythms.

Remembering melodies they are written from, always able
to sing them with their original rhythms, beats and tones,
a wonderful way to spend my time daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Tears

Deeply meditating in
showers of reminiscence.

Finding many reminders
for tears to flow as I
remember them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering The Past

Hemmed in by many thoughts and feelings of the past, each day lasts forever in my mind.
Wanting to erase or get rid of all the memories, I succeed only in getting trapped by them.
Wishing doesn't change a thing - nor does getting angry.
If nothing had ever been left to chance, many memories could remain sweet and undefiled.
All is thought in vain, because what has gone on in the past is always to be remembered.
Whenever life swings full around, horrible memories always seem to slap you in the face.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering The Wonder

Laughing in the rain, enjoying feeling it splashing upon
my head and face, feeling it purifying my soul and rinsing
my hair, making it soft and shiny.

Making me feel so young and vibrant, taking me back into
the past, remembering the wonder, beauty and curiosity
that I had then and is still with me to this day.

Loving these awesome feelings as I wander throughout my
photographic memories in time with music and rhythms of
the Blu Notes playing here at the Senior Center.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Through Imagination

Remembering screen doors slamming behind me as I ran
outside in the summer sun to run and play the day away.

Making mud pies and cakes, sharing them with sisters
and my brother.

Playing Barbie's all together with friends, using our
imagination as we played in the desert space we had to
ourselves.

Playing hot wheels with my baby brother, racing them
down desert hills and watching them crash.

Laughing at the antics of my brother because he was so
young and got so excited over little things.

Such a memorable time in childhood, all of us so close
together and never fighting, too busy playing.

Always sharing and loving one another unconditionally,
a truly special time always spent together.

Thankfully having both of our parents to appreciate us
all with their complete and absolute love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Times

Rain trickling through my mind, giving me pause, remembering the last time I was with family back east and tearfully watching memories as I lived back then. Wishing life could sometimes stay the same and not move forward, knowing that will never be the case.
As I sit and remember, images flow like rain, trickling down my face.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering To Genuflect

Sashaying around this mind, slow then faster, remembering to genuflect and thank the Lord for every fascinating moment of life.

Dreams building throughout the night, hoping to be worked upon, fulfilled and becoming a reality, bowing to thoughts of intellect as it echoes pleasures, failures and memories.

All collected in years of our lives, saved preciously so we may relive them later on in our senior years when children are grown and we sit and ponder where life has gone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering When

Experiencing life at A.S.U., remembering all the fun and enjoyment had when younger in attendance here.

A wonderful time, learning and finding out what it was like to have freedom and independence from all the duties of living at home.

An unlikely period of time, sitting here watching students as they come, go and interact with one another.

A beautiful and exciting time as I continue to write and let everything fall into place here and now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering When Young

Remembering when we were young and in love, it was so pure and innocent, we were seeing no one except each other, our eyes being made for one another and held together unconditionally.

Thinking of all the years we've never doubted one another, feeling trust growing between us through everything, keeping our hearts melded within for all time, memories reminding us of our lives forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering With A Smile

Remembering with a smile, a situation when I was just
eleven years old, where a neighbor boy who got me very
angry one day so I called him a jacka**, a word I had
heard my Uncle say recently.

This neighbor boy ran and told my Mom, she called me
and I went running up to her, saying 'What'? Mom then
asked me if I had called him a jacka**, I told her, 'yes,
I did because he got me mad'.

Mom made me apologize to him so I said, 'I'm sorry you're
a jacka**'! And my Mom slapped me for it, never forgot
that slap in the face and God forbid anyone ever touches
my face, even now.

Mom told me one day when in my forties, 'do you remember
that time when you called the neighbor boy a jacka**'?
I told her, 'yes, I never forgot it, why'? Mom told me
that she couldn't do anything else to me, she went into
the house, in the bathroom and laughed so hard she cried.

She had barely been able to control herself in front of
me, she said, I was totally oblivious, just went and
climbed a tree, telling the boy I'd never play with him
again, and I never did, because of the way he treated me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Yesterday

Sinking feelings, remembering what yesterday's happiness
meant and brought to life.
Unknown reasons taking precedence over realms of togetherness,
hindering growth through bereavement and beyond.
Enclosing feelings in steel boxes, not wanting their thoughts
to enter into debates of what should of been done back then.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Your Face

Waltzing along, sliding into pools of yesterday's totality, invigorating my spirit, tantalizing and tempting desires to be quenched by you, my love.

You are no longer here with me and tears begin to fall, moonlight bathing me along with sorrow, filling me altogether.

Remembering your face as the moonlight used to illuminate it in the darkness of the night, memories touching my heart as I begin to cry again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Your Touch

Looking through memories at images and pictures
of your handsome face and profile.

Remembering your touch as it sears my skin with
your manliness, eyes beaming your love into mine.

Desires rising all the time when we're together,
quenching them time and again in the night.

Only to have them return once we are near to one
another, lying side by side in the dark.

Pleasant sensations filling my being, never want-
ing to leave your side for a moment.

An impossible dream at one time, now we are insepar-
able, loving all the time.

Filling every moment with our positive feelings for
one another daily.

Pictures just don't do you justice, yet I can't take
my eyes off of them until we're together again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembering Youth

Songs of Elvis Presley still resound throughout
the world in spaces of congregation.
Senior centers come alive with his musical
memories even now, as people dance and jive in
time, although a little slower these days.
Familiar tunes allow minds to remember their
youth and good old-fashioned feelings of joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembrance Through Tears

Heart, breaking with moments of death, standing just the other side of tomorrow.

Tears already forming, flowing unconsciously from eyes of bluened sorrow.

Wakefulness of yesterday upon memories glorious, filled with familial untold joyous laughter.

Seeing pictures and images of times we've spent together, knowing only our own deaths will take away our individual impressions of every family event.

Watching yesterday's images upon an inner screen, allowing us to venture into the past for moments in time.

After deaths, talking to our children, sharing with them all our beautiful moments together.

Another side of tomorrow will be here all too soon, our laughter and good times will then be remembered through tears.

Also, life must continue on without family and loved ones.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remembrances Of Yesterday

Slapping and hitting me like mosquitos in the night,
stinging and making tears flow by remembrances of
yesterday and all the love and fun that used to be
ours.

Now, I sit alone in my room, staring at your picture,
wishing to be by your side once again, but life has
also stopped living within me as it has for you.

Through the darkened atmosphere, wondering if there
will ever be a future in life for me again, seeing
nothing ahead but silence without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminder

Reflections of today, sinking with the sun in a
mirror-like glass of water in a canal.

Candidly portraying the reality of life's ending
in a beautiful moment suspended in time, written
for an eternity's particular reminder of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminder Of Who Politicians Represent

Treaties trump our Constitution, that's why politicians
keep trying to push and get them through, tearing away
our rights and freedom, through words of every treaty
they try to pass.

Wanting to abscond with our freedom of speech, religion
and taking away our weapons, thinking to strip American
people of their lives, liberty and pursuit of happiness.

Standing up, getting in their faces, reminding them of
who they are supposed to be representing, getting rid of
them if they're not doing their job for us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminders

Life is so difficult yet exciting, no one knows the
future, we just keep living.

Loneliness abounds, we search lifetimes for peace
in friendship, but it never satisfies the emptiness
we feel daily.

Untoward reality rakes across our inner visions,
tearing us apart, while keeping us in tight-knit
sorrow.

Reminders of closeness from family follows our
hearts as we travel through life, reminders that
once we were loved and cared for.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminders Following

Rivulets of rain fall down upon my face, rinsing me of grief
held on to for so long.
Reminders shine and glint under a clear sky, following my
heart into moments of beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminders Lying About

Reminders lying about throughout life of loss, grief,
sadness and sorrow.

Penetrating and alluring, always beckoning to us as
we walk out solo journeys.

Not allowing anything to deter us from our purposes
and passion in our lifetimes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminders Lying Silently

Reminders of a good time had are lying silently upon the
floor, respectfully touching many memories of happiness
and joy of a wonderful evening had by all.

Smiles and laughter filling my mind with wonder and awe
of what life can hold freely for everyone in this world,
quietly moving towards the sun on another horizon now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminders Of Beginning Love

Slow, steady beat, lolling down memory lane with heart beating faster, the closer I get to you.
All the years haven't killed our love, it's still the same after thirty-seven years of marriage.
So placid, calm, always remaining in each other's arms, no matter the time of day.
Standing together, always being reminded of our beginning desire when we first met, memories softened with age and love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminders Of Every Moment

Rocking to rhythm's steady beats, being thrilled by their intense sounds and tones as they touch this mind so gently, yet intensely, constantly being reminded generously of every moment in this glorious life.

Taking it totally into a photographic memory where it will be preserved until the end of time, somewhere on pages of a poetry journal, we lose everything when death takes us finally from this earth, causing us to no longer have an ego to deal with.

We are at last whole and spiritually contained, only able to be pure and innocent once again, but now no longer having original sin, we're free of sin, punishment and loss at last, once we leave our sunsetical shores behind on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminders Of God's Love

Voices reminding us of God's love within, surrounding our lives with extraordinary graces even though many never seem to know about them.

Waking people's minds, showing them the path to enlightenment, opening intellect, swinging open doors to depths of our souls.

Sinners repenting everywhere, tears falling from their eyes and hearts, sorrow turning to joy as God in His mercy forgives one and all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminders Of Life In Poetry

Leaving reminders of life behind every poem written through
the years, like bread crumb trails in stories of fantasy,
although these are planted in reality.

Sharing self with the entire world at times, knowing when
the time has come that I'll never physically return, yet
whatever others have experienced in life lies on pathways
we've crossed together, all safely kept in their minds
until their individual passing in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminders Of Lost Love

Remembering somebody doing wrong, ripping and shredding
this heart in a saddened rhythm,

Remembering crying, tears falling into chalices of
remorse, leaving me alone and bereft.

Never bothering to pick up the pieces, letting them be
strewn across the floor of my soul where all sorrow seems
to accumulate and find a place to become a sad little
corner for poetry.

There is where this mind travels, going through all the
scraps of love, trying to put them together into reminders
of love having been lost.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminders Of Our Lives

Wearily resting, waiting for life to catch me up and
set me down anew.
Somewhere close to God, maybe a stairway to heaven
or two.
Mixing sentiments and hope together, trying to compose
a prayer for healing, hoping to be rescued by a bolt
of lighting or God's hands, reaching through some
clouds.
Lifetimes fill history with our own lives, putting
some to paper, other's to statues or memorials.
Still, some are filled with invisibility and ghost-
like images, haunting and taunting history into belief
that they once were.
Altogether, reminders of our lives on earth are
gathered in cemeteries with headstones marking only
our births and deaths.
Nothing about our struggles, sorrows, grief, joy or
happiness.
These remain in loved ones and close friends memories
for as long as they are alive.
Then the cycle repeats itself into eternity, with no
one ever knowing another except through images and
memories until they too die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminders Of This Life

Listening to echoes of another time, wishing that
I could be with the people whose voices I remember
so clearly.

Misty-eyed, heart tenderly being enriched by their
memories even though they are no longer here on
earth with me.

So near to me in spirit, giving the beauty of their
smiles, laughter, joy, from yesterday.

Totally inspiring, enticing the love I still have
for each of them within.

Never able to forget any of their memories in my
mind.

They are so immortally important in the remainder
of this life to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminders Touch My Heart

Tears blurring my vision as sorrow fills my heart,
enveloping me in it's heart-felt loneliness and
emptiness.

Growing like ivy within my total being, feelings
absorbing my essence as I think of the life we once
had together.

Missing you completely, everywhere I look reminders
of you touch my heart with bittersweet sorrow, and
tears must fall, showing the love I have for you still.

Knowing that wants, desires and wishes will never bring
you back to me makes life difficult, because I only
want you my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminding Memories

Inquietude of life's passing, surfaces momentarily
through dark days of reminding memories.
Left standing alone on porches of deceit, nowhere to
turn, no one to calm insistent doubts of yesterday.
Untranquil feelings objectifying visions of extrinsic
value.
Innermost recesses centralize a new-born focus on
images, finding words and new forms of saying wisdom
of old.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminding Reflections

Watching reflections of palm trees waving in the
wind outside.
Their fronds shining in the afternoon sun, looking
beautiful, reminding me of my little Granddaughter's
shiny clean hair.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminding Sights

Natural wonder coincides with a photographic mind, bringing patterns, mosaics, designs into focus, reminding me of all the sights I've seen.
Remembering them will maybe bring my mind back to where it was again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminiscent Aspects

Lifetime of annuities, beckoning beyond a stillness
borne of fragile tenderness in sorrow's hallways.
Likely aspects gather in circles, revolving around
fragments of jovial recreance, no ideas formulating
or echoing anything literate.
Calmly reminiscing about later day events as life
fritters itself away on non-important thoughts heaped
in piles of acquiescence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminiscent Auras

Rummaging around closets of my mind, looking for relics that have been hidden at the bottom on lower shelves.
Taking things out one at a time, searching through many thoughts for just the right ones.
A special evening spent in reminiscent auras of yesterday, loving the time spent in that small portal of peaceful solace.
Just minutes that make such a difference in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminiscent Shadows

Sentimental morning, I am awakened by your timid
persistence in my mind.
Disallowing sleep, jumping onto escalators,
attempting to reach the highest number of images
contained in one moment.
Settling in, sipping a hot cup of tea, thinking
of good things done in bygone days.
Reminiscing shadows, quietly sitting on the floor
around me, awaiting their turns to appear and
bring good cheer and happiness into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminiscent Sorrow

Forgotten memories forge around,
trying to be recognized in interior images.
Silently standing, awaiting a thought in
their direction as tears slowly form and
fall quietly into past pools, sparkling and
shining with reminiscent sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminiscing At The Fort

Nonchalantly sitting back, thinking about ideas being
collected by intellect as we ride back to the senior
center and then to our homes.

Loving this beautiful day and everything about it,
having met a bunch of our friends at the Fort, having
lunch with them, joking, talking, having a great time.

Reminiscing, telling stories of reality that have been
parts of our lives in the past and laughing joyfully
at the antics of our younger days.

Discussing a variety of topics and issues well-known
to us, happily learning each others opinions and
agreeing or disagreeing at times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reminiscing The Past

Silently picking up the energy of an Italian song,
reverberating through my heart.

Reminiscing of the past with family in get-togethers,
always enjoying and thrilling to the music that flows
over and through me.

Always filling and enticing sensations of yesterday,
taking me into the wonderful times and places with
those I love and miss now that they are gone from
this particular life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remnants Falling Inside

Battered, bruised, feelings of hopelessness consume me
as life buries itself interiorly.

Faces looking, never seeing, the pain and grief hidden
within.

Putting on a mask filled with smiles to reflect a life
of happiness to those outside.

Remnants of yesterday continue falling inside, bringing
no solace except through tear-filled eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remnants Of Yesterday

Working it out within my mind, taking different avenues
into jungles of fantasy and intrigue, finding beliefs
are shining brightly.

Hailing me through the darkness this very night, being
blessed and taken into figments of imagination, collect-
ing remnants of yesterday, finding they will fit into
the future also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remorse After Death

Life is painful enough without death confiscating our loved ones from this earth.
Everyone dies before everything is ever said or done.
We remember one another as long as we each live life as it comes.
We try to do it with love, but sometimes we fail in this endeavor.
Later, after death, our hearts break into tears of sorrow and guilt for life.
When all is said and done, I will remember you with love, but will anyone remember me at all when I am gone?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remorseful Puddles

Puddles of remorse overshadow life at times,
remembering with a vengeance, images of past
forget-me-nots.
Cleansing hurt and sorrow from pits of hell,
dwelling on the better parts of yesterday's
memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remote Corners

Aimless wandering down strident pathways, weaving in and out of yesterday and the future.

Being here today has done no good, nothing matters, nothing changes, just trying to exist is no longer a priority in life.

Stepping out of it's circumference, leaving this hell on earth, never looking back, moving on, seeing the light, wanting only to find the way.

Aimless wandering down strident pathways, weaving in and out of yesterday and the future.

Today is never coming back and into my life's destiny, it has been left on remote corners of the universe, not wanting to be with me any longer.

Lasting thoughts finding their way into intellect, traversing with me to the ends of rhythm as my last dirge is played on edges of night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Remote Resort In India

A foggy mist hanging over the mountainous forest all
around me, now suddenly rain is coming down, it's
gentle mist relieving the stress and tension of life.

Listening to it's quiet melody and rhythm below this
second story cottage, filling the atmosphere with
many bursts of color spurting their beauty everywhere.

Quaint pathways meandering across the grounds, taking
those who want to wander about to corners of nature,
tantalizing and enticing imagination in all directions
at once.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Removing All Obstacles

Walking down pathways of intellect, opening my mind to
many new concepts and ideas that are being presented,
all of them important steps needed to take in my future.

Ready, willing and able to move forward, no bars held,
developing and creating everything in my mind, delving
creatively in picturesque landscapes.

Imagination is now providing them to intellect, quietly,
silently looking around, finding everything is able to
be attained.

Removing all obstacles, taking hold of the future and
enfolding myself in it's depths for the benefit of self
and humanity only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Renaissance Fair

Walking through another world, checking out all the shops, watching others enjoy their time.
Renaissance Fair, a wonderful place to spend hours being entertained and amazed.
So much raw, innate talent being spread across an artistic environment, displayed openly, happily, as smiles emanate throughout the crowd.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rendering Poetry

Awakening from a dream situated in a space far from anyone.
Listening to musical melodies from a walkman, taking time to render poetry from within my soul.
Having a great time being with my gifts, using them exponentially from within.
Deriving enjoyment and pleasure as I go inside myself, contemplating life on edges of sunsets, everlastingly taking me further from the life I know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rendering Visions

Calmly rendering visions as I relax in an atmosphere
of creative absoluteness.
Picturing many particles, joining them together in
definitions of mind-provoking ideas.
Sensing something beyond words and sentences, feeling
the worth of nature as it saturates my being, turning
me from reality's shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rendezvous With Fate

Tasting reality as it finds me hiding behind venetian blinds
in the darkened night.

Not wanting to be found, so I can continue my rendezvous with
fate.

Following lines down concrete highways, leading me into fjords
of inexperience where I must learn the language of the road to
travel down it.

Memories carrying me part way as I look up the exact routes
from memory.

Traveling roads in the family car, Dad driving and bringing
us to Gettysburg and other civil war grounds of history.

Teaching us so we would always remember - and I do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rendition Of Love

Listening from heaven, tears in her eyes as Neil sings to
her through another song, 'Can I Have This Dance'.
A beautiful rendition of love even after death has taken
the love of your life.
Wonderful tribute to the love now in the distance, waiting
for him in heaven.

(3? 06 p.m. - 10/28/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Renditions From The Past

Musicians playing beautifully, lively and vibrant, taking me on a rhythmical journey long into twilight, giving a great amount of pleasure.

So totally satisfied with every single melody being played, most of them renditions from the past, touching tender and sweet memories of life back then.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Renewal

Renewal begins with reaching out, looking out,
coming away from within.

Standing before many horizons, seeking ways to
build upon the shifting sands of life.

Turning, ever so slightly, to paths not heavily
trod.

Weaving patterns together, covering different
aspects of life.

Producing many moments of truth, converging into
one.

Renewal has begun in silent nurturing, fed from
within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Renewed Effort

Sorrowfully looking back over my shoulder, seeing the life I have lived, at times in abject dejection, alone and on my own through ravines of confusion.
Lasting impressions of a younger version, walking haphazardly down lonely lanes of habitual solitary confinement.
Putting out sensors, enticing feelings of others to join with mine. Building a fortress to protect oneself from within, allowing all to participate in a life being slowly torn apart and rebuilt once again with renewed effort.
Lives of being and purpose standing on their own, now walking on pathways they have made for themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Repast Of Thoughts

Playing the piano through intellect, letting it thrill and entertain
for hours on end, being led by rhythms into a new and enlightening
pathway in another dimension that has suddenly opened up.

Giving a new outlook and perspective on everything in this temporary
life, exciting and thrilling this entire nature, lifting inner spirits
as it soars into even more positive dimensions.

There, learning about and through, searching in every nook and cranny
for anything hidden beneath the scope of this mind, loving whenever
finding something new and different, giving a new outlook on the past.

Deriving great pleasure from this repast of thoughts in an inner
world and universe where no one can interfere or disrupt an innate
learning process that continues to evolve interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Repercussions Of Loneliness

Loneliness springs unbidden from depths of my being, spilling from my heart in tears.

Eyes reaching towards the heavens silently begging for release, praying quietly for life to end.

Morose melodies play incessantly, repeating themselves over and over.

Laughter has died on the lips of the sun, burned completely out of sight and sound.

Soft gentle light spreads it's rays over me, gathering thoughts of loneliness into a single pile so I may walk through it's endless tirade of painful remembering.

Stinging, pulling the hurt again through hot coals of sorrowed recollections, following, unprepared, for any repercussions.

Loneliness has overflowed within, unbidden from depths of my soul and it's being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Repertoire Of Past Images

Writing into this sovereign night, sky overcast, hiding
the stars from sight.

Nowhere seeing anything but shadows creeping all around,
beseeching momentary lapses of thought.

Keeping alert, filtering thoughts constantly, incessantly
into this mind with a repertoire from all past images and
memories coming into view.

Being exhausted from the tiresome routines of daily mis-
fortune, only wanting to be free of this life.

Walking into a final sunset, looking forward to a life
in heaven without trials and tribulations, antagonizing
my being.

Rushing into fields and gardens of heavenly aromas, never
being plagued again with anything mundane in a life of
sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Repertoire Of Unity

Allowing life to go beyond this atmosphere and into an
interior spirituality where solace and peace dwell.

Having energy and power to quiet this soul with serenity,
flowing into many dimensions through intellect.

A wealth of information being found while watching visions,
recording them upon interior photographic screens.

There they can be seen, expanded and taken into reality
through many mathematical equations and formulas.

A fantastic repertoire of unity and peace coming to-
gether in the center of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Repetoire Of Life

Bing lifted spiritually into sacred realms of heaven with
just a simple thought.

Quickly finding the fastest way into depths of rhythm as
life opens up, expecting a particular beauty of expansive
thought.

Unfolding many ideas and giving them room to expand into
wider territories of intellect's wisdom.

Justifying the essence of mathematical equations as they
automatically fall into progressions of intelligent
problems of physics.

A combination of an easy conversation going on between
intellect and it's quite verbatim imagination.

Encompassing an entire repertoire of life and reality
with an exquisite world of feelings and emotions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Repetoire Of Words

Rhythms waking my mind, keeping time with thoughts that
are being generated within intellect.

Totally immersed in melodies of rhythm, taking time to
become intensely elated as spirits are raised to a
divine level inside this being.

Drumming, parading incessantly in the atmosphere, taking
me into the beauty of nature and building a repertoire
of words within

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Replacing Joy

Reaching forward into depths of bereavement, glistening tears, sparkling and hoping to be taken to fields of picturesque happiness.
Never wanting to be laid out upon the grass of yesterday's mazes.
Taking away the joy and replacing it with a solemnity deeper than any depth upon this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Replaying Moments

Touching chords interiorly, replaying moments in time.
Shining rainbows of good times spent together with family.
So touching, so loving, an atmosphere of heaven-sent bouquets.
Roses falling into our changing lives, bringing the fragrance of God into view.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Replenished Through Listening

Rushing through measures of music, keeping time, extracting
coded rhythms along the way, playing them in memories of
yesterday, today and the future.

Being replenished constantly throughout moments of listen-
ing, finding hope and faith always kept interiorly through
an interior life that's alive and healthy.

Always paying attention to this soul, finding self contin-
ually within a bluened light, drawn right into the center
of the Divine dwelling within this being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Replenishing Nature

Rays of sunshine pouring from behind gray storm clouds, floating majestically above us on their way to push storms with rain upon earth's grandeur.
Spilling tons of drops where they will do the most good, replenishing mother nature into designations of world ecstatic solutions.
Traipsing talently into steps of desire provided by interior motives of excellent wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Replicas Of Yesterday

Finished replicas of yesterday, standing alone on dusty shelves,
of no use to anyone.

Tattered remains of several doilies lying yellowy upon an
antique table.

Somewhere, in a time of long-lost dreams, there are shadows of
hopes and dreams.

So much a part of the grayness of age, hardly able to address
the outlines of their images.

Forlornly suffocating in requiem piles, unable to light the
spark of life and begin breathing again.

Looking sidelongingly against dust-filled panes of glass, no
longer recognizable as windows.

Searching shadows for promises long since forgotten and put
to rest.

Quaint little mistakes caked against canyon walls, unable to
scrape themselves off and become useful again.

Wonder and belief of finished replicas of yesterday lie alone
on dusty shelves today, of no use to anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reporting

Following the practice as everything is being talked about, finding reasons in which all issues were going to be printed, letting thoughts flow energetically.

Taking the debates further into depths everyone is wanting to talk about, reaching endless ones who needed more than any others, being too curious for their own good.

Loving and touching upon the essence of whatever is going on, straight and to the point, never backing down or letting up.

Only the best of the best staging and standing on the top, listening and reporting the most important parts of the entire portion of the debate tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reposing Thought

Strengthening resolve and it's stubborn attitude,
predicting lengths of analyzing rhythms in timeless
editions of prose.

Recreating moments of life in an endless stream of
reposing thought, lighting pathways towards eternity's
embrace.

Quietly expectant, thinking of daydreams stored in
mazes of opportunity for a moment of expectation in
hopes of tomorrow's expression.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Repreive From Stress

Experiencing a lightness starting to envelope my
interior being, giving a reprieve from the stress
of this afternoon.

Encapsulating feelings of earlier, sitting back,
finding music has lessened all the turmoil caused
by others today.

Relaxing and curling up to write another book of
poetry, listening to the rhythm of melodies calling
to me through intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Representing Our Creative Side

Futures of tomorrow are always opaque and vague, having
little substance until they become now, in the present,
then they suddenly are filled with ideas, journeys,
thoughts and family.

A wonderful world of enthusiastic people looking for
things to occupy their minds and time, so afraid to be
alone, having time to themselves to ponder life, the
state of their mind and soul while living.

Dying one day without ever having given thought to their
spirituality, paper thin and holding no hopes or promises
from within themselves.

How utterly inhuman that seems, always going quietly with-
in, energizing mind, soul and spirit, a beauty being ful-
filled through an inner spirituality that forms and shapes
not only ourselves, but the entire world eventually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reprieve From Insanity

Staying up late into the night, hoping to find a reprieve
from the insanity of humans trying to impose their beliefs
on others whether they want to be submerged in them or not.

A liberty taken upon themselves, yet taking away the
freedom of all others just to pacify their deceitful
pleasures of profanity and demonic stature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reprieve To Aging

Where are those happy days of yesterday, ones
where life was so good and enticingly young?

Lifting minds into heaven, filled with angels,
giving us a world of imagination and fantasy.

Somehow growing up caused a dying of perspectives
within us.

Luckily, intellect held onto them, placing all of
them onto photographic screens to be remembered.

Tapping into these memories gives a reprieve to
aging, a place where they can be relived over and
over throughout the years that are left to us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reproachable Existence

Windows reflecting thoughts of reprieve,
hoping to mirror them in visions on inner
screens of peaceful solutions.

Exacting changes from within, settling
everything and placing it into appropriate
spaces for pursuing later on in life.

Spinning around, designs are being created
and matched with mazes situated in synapses,
unafraid to come out and blend cognitively
in play.

Enduring positively in a sound-proof entity,
keeping contact at a minimum, and salvaging
it constantly for a day in the future when
my mind is opened and everything flows out
before I die and leave this reproachable existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reproductions Through Music

Running away from the latest memories and images, fast, rapid, totally new, cannot understand reproductions brought to mind with incessant music.

Finalizing depths of emotions, falling down slopes of inconstant images, tearing at the walls, trying to hold on or stop once and for all.

There are no alternatives, life begins and ends within our brain, life-like, entering our minds daily, memories creeping in.

Leaving the tape recorders on, never sleeping, always on the run.

Forever touching the sleepiness of mindless gazing, pushing it into the forefront of our subconscious minds.

Reaching in, touching our hearts, stirring whatever happens to be there and focusing our entire thought in one exact place.

Brought up from inner depths, rising on waves of creation, never quite settling in imagination.

Forever living, seeking plains of unforgiving futures, prepared to leave the desert's dust behind, preferring to forget the past.

Galloping onward, being alone and strengthened through each delay and misfortune.

Sailing on clouds, high above ills of earth, following the emptiness and disregard of other people.

Learning what it is to be self-taught and finding self-worth in hidden pockets found finally along the way of everyone's choosing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Repugnant Life

Dreams beyond this world, a wonderful sight to behold.
Fantasy-filled outer space, placing importance on the reality of death stirring within.
Repugnant thoughts of life, dancing clumsily in my mind, attempting to hold on when there is nothing worth grasping.
Elusively floating above the wishes of other people, holding on to what means the most to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Requiring Us To Change

Silently walking across front porches, looking out over
landscapes, finding a peaceful and soothing calmness
coming over us.

Watching the horizon, thinking of what is to come in our
futures, looking to nature as it grows right in front of
our eyes.

Tantalizing and requiring us to change our views and
perspectives at times about life and how we advance through
it.

Coalescing and blending our thoughts and opinions, finding
a wisdom approaching a new horizon, adjusting and walking
towards it, eyes wide open.

Learning about things we have never known about, taking
steps to procure new ideas, inventing procedures and
solutions to help with ills of mankind.

Always adding to our repertoire of life and it's many
facets.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rerouting Sadness

Intensely feeling sorrow mounting then sliding, according
to sounds and tones of music.

Filling interiorly, an amazing profound rhythm that lets
my mind float so perfectly in a bluened atmosphere.

Nothing to hinder it's beauty as it sends many messages
to and from intellect through reality and imagination.

Rerouting sadness gradually into rhythms that carry it into
another realm in the right side of my brain.

There it settles down and gently rests itself for the time
being, alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rescued From Nightmares

Being rescued from stormy waves of fright, jostling against tides of eerie continuity of nightmares.

Forgetting insides of torment as it grates penetratingly across my mind.

Taking steps, lightly, onto fields of vision, attempting to trigger emotion into a relay of sorts, to ease it's hold and strain on daily living stances of rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rescuing Life

Rescuing life through music as it envelopes my soul entirely in renditions of nature.
Taking me into storerooms of unanticipated joy, feeling the silence as it becomes me through music and it's many moods.
Intensely beckoning in all pathways of enlightened wisdom, it follows me.
Carefully investigating every ravine set within, looking for aspects of intellect through imagination and writing it for the world to see.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Researching Feelings

Scoring rhythms, engraving them into grey matter for an
eternity of lively spirits.

Artistically creating favorable melodies and playing
with them interiorly.

Bouncing them about, enjoying every moment they bring
into life.

Squeezing feelings in and out like a sponge, holding
onto memories brought up from a subconscious plain.

Existing in a quiet realm alone, away from all the
noise and stress of every day life.

Knowing, deeply held within cases of experience, taught
from escapades of old.

Taken out on lonely days to research their feelings,
finding always, new and tender meanings being spelled
out in novel ways.

Scratching surfaces, testing mercurial waters of a
soul, awaiting melodies of heaven, intuitively sent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Researching Scientifically

Scientifically researching every connotation, every inflection of superfluous statements.
Interceding quietly on rhetorical questions of fate.
Interested in formulas and equations placed in front of imagination's screen, portraying explicit items realizing clues always pointing futurely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Researching Tones

Playfully sounding
out notes on a guitar,
researching all the
tones that can be
reached in chords of
rhythmic beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resembling Lullabies

Rocking music,
putting it to sleep between evening hours.
Whiling away tempos slowly,
creating a resemblance to lullabies being
sung to a child at bedtime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reserved For You

Talking and unwinding in the solace of harmonies and melodies, quietly soothing me interiorly.

Filling my mind with enticing rhymes of tomorrow while sometimes thinking of the past and matching it's images with the present and future.

Taking it's sweet old time, tending to edges of my mind, Father Time keeps me tossing and turning throughout the energy of each night, leaving me to my own devices.

Enjoying each interval alone, measures of extraordinary tones filling me enticingly forever, remembering holding onto your memory through life.

Lifting my spirits, letting me be set free, independent and loving it's space, a special place in my heart always reserved for you only, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reserves Of An Interior Sphere

An energy is revitalizing my spirit this morning, taking
me above drudgery of life today.

Totally being encompassed in the reserves of an interior
sphere, soothing and comforting this mind with music.

Noticing everything around me, yet ignoring it to keep on
writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reserving Spaces

Running, catching rhythms in my mind, composing their essence into sublime poems.
Giving scents of life their due as emotions continue to flow down rivers into oceans where they at last can rest and reserve their spaces in the universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reservoirs Of Peace And Serenity

Looking out the window, watching storm clouds approaching
gathering atop and across mountains in the south.

Fluffy white and beautiful, adjusting the landscape of
heaven constantly and totally.

Like a portrait of nature they continually keep moving so
we never tire of seeing the sky and horizon.

Sun shining shyly behind them, always giving me the energy
of insight through an interior intellect.

Reservoirs of peace and serenity totally filling me with
an effervescent spirituality throughout life and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Residing Love

True love resides in lives of those who fully anticipate
life with wide open arms and minds.
Taking strides down avenues of caring, two people can
surmount every obstacle in life with love set deeply
within their souls of faith.
A ring of respect encircles their attitudes for one
another above all others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Residing Quietly

Deep in my soul, I reside quietly, contemplating life through writing poetry.
Delicate issues, emotional turmoil - it all gets ironed out through thought.
Intense, silent, becoming inner solitude alone.
Serious visions cloud my mind with turbulent images of the past, surrounding me with sadness,
pushing me deeper, closer to the edge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resignation

Resigned to life's pathways, submitted to ways of
it's definition, awaiting a fortitude to be placed
inside for future reference.
A forbearance of sorts continues to placate my mind
with it's effervescence on cloudy, gray days.
Longanimity stands firmly in it's own space, never
swerving or turning so we may learn our purposes
rely totally on God's promises.
Restraint is always practiced, our daily moments
confirm this practical aspect of it's continuance
in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resigned

Forging behavior, turning against tides of life,
forgetting to remember past times of sorrow for
now.
Holding back tears of abandonment, hiding away
inside, no longer looking for a way to escape.
Resigned to the fate of destiny, standing alone
on life's fateful journey, ending with eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resigned To Living

An uproarious silence fills my mind loudly, touching
sensitive areas of my being, filled with quiet resolve
and sorrow.

Resigned to living in this empty loneliness, hearing
my heart beat as it fills me throughout, blood flowing,
keeping me alive.

Sadness permeating every particle and fiber of my self,
life fading into the darkness, a lonely solitary figure,
wandering this earth with no consolation or love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resigned To The Facts

Spending our lives waiting for that one moment of joy and happiness, being disappointed time after time, resigned to the facts at this late stage in life.

Hardships, sacrifices, tension and stress will always have the lead in our lives here on earth, nothing more, so enjoying every moment with family and friends is all we have.

Holding onto memories of what we've had in life, giving thoughtful consideration to them, keeping these moments treasured, cherishing them often when alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resigning

Resigning myself from the insistent memories plaguing
me day and night.
All the tears running through my mind, flowing over
every cell and particle inside.
Waiting to be touched and turned around, being brought
into the realms of an entire population as I continue
to be immersed in insistent memories plaguing me day
and night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resigning Ourselves

Nothing in life is free, even the air we breathe we
must pay the price of living in this world.

Tucking our essence into pockets of knowledge, we
step into realms of intellect without a thought.

Everything is changed in a flick of a moment, nothing
is permanent, we live in a temporary world only.

Regretting the loss of it even though we suffer, having
many difficult times here.

Loss touches us all, joy and happiness only come off
and on, infiltrated with the strife of living on earth.

Yet, here we are, always moving towards the end of life,
hoping to be given more time, even at the ending of it.

Time has a way of passing, leaving us in a quandary, not
knowing what to do, resigning ourselves to the facts of
our temporary placement on earth after all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resilience Of American People

Long standing emptiness fills the world, people being depraved and deprived of necessities to live on, taken away by politicians and governments.

Wanting to cause all countries to become third world countries, unable to rise against them for they will have no weapons or strength in which to do so.

Little do they know the resilience of the American people, growing their own vegetables, having fruit trees, solar dehydrators to package and store food.

Making cells to run appliances with, made with boric acid, salt substitutes and Epson salt, making magnifying electrical engines, Tesla generators needing no electric.

Producing enough energy to power a four bedroom house, storing rain water, regular and drinking water, purifying and keeping it fresh and drinkable.

Yes, Americans also hunt, fish, can make many products from little or nothing, ingenuity of the American people far outweighs that of politicians and governments.

Wasting their time being greedy, corrupt and maligning themselves with evil around the world, they have been out-done by Americans and they don't even realize it yet.

In the U.S., sending diagrams, videos, plans on how to build these energy powering devices to friends all over the world to build and use them wherever they are and sharing with people in their own countries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resisting Communication

Saying nothing, resisting communication with anyone, preferring to slip into a silence beyond earthly matters.
Watching others in their haphazard behaviors, not wanting to be like any of them, just being myself and unique.
Writing sololy every day, no one interferring in matters of subconscious imagination, filling my mind with innate intelligence and learning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resisting The Urge

Resisting the urge to give in to the pain filling my being,
writing and listening to music, wanting to overcome the
hurt, stinging and bruising being caused by an infection.

Touching within, watching in reflections of this mind,
rhythms flowing across vast dimensions of imagination, hop-
ing to grasp onto something to anchor and keep it from
falling into the very treachery of despair in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resolution

Significant visions raising their eyebrows at the intensity
held within them.

Fulfilling emotion's abysses with tears and character,
trying to strengthen inner fortitude.

Believing in a resolution one day, or at least a conclusion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resolving Life

Resolving the life I have lived with the dreams
that might have been attained.
Things don't always turn out as planned, but
somehow we survive in spite of it and continue
on our way.
Always looking for even just a piece of the
original dream, knowing now that life has changed
and rearranged what we used to know and love into
different prospects kept in hand.
Waiting to be resurrected in a delicate picture
of revival one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resolving Self

Singly moving beyond life while others look on,
not noticing the signs of aging debilitation.
Slipping past other's sight into an oblivion of
my own.
Coasting along imagination's highways, freely
floating wherever I want to in my mind, no one
to deal with.
Creating unmeddlesome barriers to keep others
at a distance, giving me time to resolve myself
and the talent God has bestowed upon me gracefully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resounding Echoes

Resounding echoes of laughter and happiness surround
seniors at the center as they dance and play with
music in their minds and feet.

Around the dance floor, changing partners and enjoying
themselves in times of being together for a while
before they have to go on home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resounding Notes

A surge of music flowed through the band room, saxophones
glittered and sparkled while being played.

Different shaped keys were pressed up and down, producing
brilliant music all around.

Golden trumpets being pumped up with air, as three fast
fingers played a melody.

Trilling trombones quickly sliding to and fro, bringing
a full sound to the round notes.

Rolling drums, stepping to the staccato beat while marching,
rigid notes blending into music.

Ebony clarinets, full of silver brace-like keys, running up
and down their long slender bodies.

Silver, horizontal tubes, squeakily sending resounding notes
which echo through the air, like a wild, primitive bird call.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Respect

All the diversity groups in the world won't help any situation.
One solution is getting to know one another, then deciding whether or not we like a person for who they are.
It's a way to combat what some see as racism.
We're not meant to like everyone we meet and that's okay.
Live and let live, and respect the fact that we can't all get along.
That's what makes the world unique and diverse.
Trying to make people fit some preconceived idea of a few people is totally absurd and asinine.
Leave people alone, go your own way, find your own place in life and don't expect others to follow your pathway.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Respectful Narratives

Stilted, stretching, finding escapes of old age in dancing rhythms of fate.

Toasting each other, flouncing around, touching upon respectful narratives to portray a beautiful serenity felt deeply inside.

Sure-footed, hanging back, awaiting steps to be taken and exacted, back to the beginning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Respecting Compassion

A silence covers me in curtains of ebony,
hiding beneath the sorrow filling me right now.
Wanting the comfort of someone who loves me to
just sit and be with me.
Talking in not necessary, holding my hand would
be appreciated.
Yet no one knows the ways of human compassion
or else they've forgotten them.
Life needs to be set in fields of love and caring
for the respect of another's life while on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Respecting Ideas

Separating thoughts and deciding where each one will be
placed and in what message it needs to be defined solely
in a certain poem.

Allocating and divining an instantaneous participation
of each idea, giving them the utmost respect and dignity
due them in literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Respecting Intellect

Living in an atmosphere of music, letting it fill my mind
soothingly, relaxing my entire being from the inside out.

Heartbeat slowing down, easing the tension and stress of
this morning.

Tactfully respecting intellect as it unwinds and begins
creating the essence of my passion.

Eliciting an elixir of innate talent into the atmosphere,
preparing my mind for the enticing poetry coming unwound.

At this very moment giving pleasure as each note is heard
and touched upon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Respecting Life Through Music

Respecting life through tons of music, keeping in
time with it's various rhythms forever in bliss.
Happy are those who dance and get together on
dance floors all over the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Respecting Officers

Against the wall of recognition, officers' pictures are hung in respectful places, carrying their memories with great dignity.
Remembering each one in thoughts, prayers and love.
Protecting us all from the evils that befall life, yet they fall at the hands of evil human beings.
Leaving their own families to the protection of officers who are still living and following the codes of compassion and caring.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Respecting One Another's Views

Throughout life, I've found that when talking to people,
if for some reason they don't agree with you and think
their point or issue is more important than yours, they
will start adamantly yelling and screaming at you.

Trying to get their point across, even if it's not correct,
they will persist in this respect, so just listen to them
yell, seeing that their ego is standing tall and knowing
they will not listen to reason or you at all.

It's alright, just listen, let their anger abate, it does
not affect who you, yourself are, it is a first baby step
to teaching that person how to give and take both good and
bad.

It's the beginning of understanding between two people, a
good thing in the end for both of them as they find common
ground between them afterwards.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Respecting Opinions

Living in memories of the past at times, going over every-
thing, watching carefully at the mistakes I used to make,
assimilating and making sure they never get repeated again.

Listening intently, creating from innate talent throughout
the years, enjoying every moment in doing so, feeling an
exhilaration and excitement within.

Bringing me into a positive state of mind, quietly taking
a stand in things I feel strongly about, not really think-
ing of it's consequences.

Because my opinion counts the same as the next person's
does, freedom is great that way, nothing can beat it's
independence and intensity throughout life.

Taking everything into consideration, realizing not every-
one can think alike, respecting their opinions also, while
making mine known at the same time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Respecting Others And Self

Respecting privacy of others and wanting the same respect in return, knowing that some people are very good in doing so and others have a very long way yet to go.

Pouting, being rigid, not cooperating or complying at all, not seeming to understand the concept of treating others as they'd like to be treated; at times yelling, screaming, flying off the handle when not getting things their way.

Many times, doctors have to deal with this type of person, when finally giving up because their patients will not do anything they are supposed to do to keep healthy.

No other choice, so instead of banging their heads against a brick wall, the have no alternative but to discharge them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Respecting Someone's Rights

Wanting desperately to reach someone, letting
them know that I do have some understanding of
their situation, respecting their right to be-
lieve in what they want to.

Being talked to with such vehemence and hatred,
never directed towards me, but only God, letting
them talk, knowing they need to come to terms
with their great loss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Respecting Wisdom

Respecting the pace of wisdom, following it's heartbeat,
bringing joy to inner spirits.

Happily dancing in time with beating rhythms, leading
like a lullabye into the cradle of serenity.

Taking strolls through interior gardens, watching all of
nature grow and mature in my own little world.

Sensing the beauty of it's texture, letting it be absorbed
by intellect and taken out of it's content, placing it upon
many pages of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Respite

Looking out into nature, the only respite I get from my room.
Watching wind blow leaves and limbs.
Shaking their fragile beings, waking them from an evening's sleep to greet the new day with a breath of fresh air.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Respite Found

A man named, John, belting out a song to everyone.
Solid, true voice staying in tune throughout the
entire song.
Respite is found in his beautiful voice and tone.
Life revolves around those who can keep inflections
and tones in a marker of excellent quality.
Totally enjoying his performance, writing on a much
happier note now that he's sung his best, touching
minds with a perfect pitch.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resplendent Photos

Light shines upon all life at times, giving it hopeful faith to exist in.
Treading softly, careful not to disturb any particle of nature, settling into an existence of forebearance.
Nodding in sleepy attire, keeping eyes partially open to let in dreams that will change the world with spectacular beauty set in photos, resplendent with familiarity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resplendent Rainbows

Reaching into depths of being, calling lively thoughts to
the forefront of an interior mind, beckoning me to respond
and fold into rainbows, resplendent and beautiful landscapes.

Always enticing, allowing me into episodes of poetical
instrumentation, giving an enlivening mood of complacent
contemplation that opens my mind and takes me on solo
journeys of imagination.

A favorite pastime of mine, especially on rainy days of
winter when it is too cold to go outside and write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Responding Through Love

Life is filled with pain, sacrifice and death, yet we somehow continue to live through it, although tears fall, hearts break, our minds and souls are torn beyond belief.

Grief and loss tend to tear us apart, we feel broken, battered and bruised, yet in time somehow we are held together by the love of family and friends.

Being there for us no matter what, thankful for each and every one of them, coming around eventually, responding to their honest and true love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Responding To My Environment

Mind-bending rhythms captivating and capturing intellect and imagination, taking me soaring into other worldly interior dimensions.

Playing with words, meanings, definitions, creating them of my own accord, rebelling against the mundane and ordinary, loving how everything falls rapidly into place.

Ingenuity quickly responding to my environment outwardly and interiorly, focusing in on feelings and emotions, blending them into expressions vividly and intensely through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Responsibility Of Adults

Reasoning and logic have no meaning in some situations
in this earthly life, especially in the throes of love.

There, all goes out the door for what one thinks love
is, not realizing that what they thought was love was,
in fact, was infatuation and lust.

Not pre-requisites to a lasting love throughout life,
lives are totally destroyed because people and teens
have not been told the difference between them.

Therefore, they cannot teach what they do not know,
caring and knowing adults have a responsibility to teach
the younger generation these basic truths.

In the end it will do away with a lot of abuse and domestic
violence in relationships, because they will have avoided
the pitfalls of false love.

Women are so sensitive, wanting love, but so are men and
they are both very vulnerable to the effects of an un-
guided love, their hearts and lust override their minds
and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Restaurant On Main Street

Still here, sitting, waiting for our lunch being prepared back
in the kitchen, looking around, seeing an old tree trunk with
different cattle brands on it in the center of the restaurant.

Old fashioned lanterns hanging on each side of it, reminiscent
of the past when cowboys were prevalent, floors being black and
white checker boarded all throughout this quaint little place.

Horseshoes hanging over the entrance to the 'outhouses', making
me smile, hitting my funny bone directly, kitchen wide open,
anyone can see into it over the counter.

Totally loving this little restaurant on the main street of
Duncan, Arizona, knowing that I will be returning again soon
to partake of their western hospitality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Restful Contemplation

Intrepid and intense beauty of music filling me with it's many
rhythms, calculating mathematical equations with perfection,
taking me soaring through rapid tempos.

Finding my way through the coded rhythms with ease, adroit and
adept at figuring out each and every chord that plays itself
in intellect.

This mind being enticed with it's extreme intensity, all of
life being brought to bear in a moment filled with pleasure
at just being alive.

Motions taking me forward into the passage of time, experiencing
the brilliance and fortitude of faith and hope as my spirit finds
it's way into the bluened light within.

Divine dwelling so quietly, giving restful contemplation my soul needs daily,
touching peace and serenity, feeling it bringing me
into heavenly realms with ease, nothing to bar the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Restful Images

Strolling quietly down aisles, thinking of nothing
much.

Looking into forests of interior recollection, being
relieved and satisfied with all that I'm feeling as
I walk carefully.

Softly enjoying restful images as leaves gently brush
against memories, bringing them to the surface.

Watching them continue on my journey, never tiring of
being with me throughout times of gathering thoughts.

In evenings of my beginnings, I constantly have
peaceful feelings descending upon me in quiet mysterious
visions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resting At A Park

Finding pathways of life are much too difficult,
straying from them to rest awhile.
Stopping at a park to drain the day and it's
stresses from my body so it may come alive is
peaceful.
Enjoying it whenever I can, helps sanity to
stay close by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resting In Ballads

Resting in ballads of music, just listening to it
fall into poems of inherent meanings.

Voice keeping silent, yet words fall out honestly
into history of the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resting In Chords

2: 49 p.m.
Signing lines on many contracts, releasing self in poems
to be put to music at long last.

Resting in chords of melodies being originally written
for each one.

Emotions being brought up and touched singly in alignment
with hearts of many other people.

Causing tears to fall and at times smiles widening, at
hearing poetical words of an un eclipsable moment, set in
time.

Without hesitation, nothing to fear in sight of the past,
present or future tomorrow. 2: 50 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resting In Emptiness

Resting in a place of emptiness, losing myself in
the atmospheres of yesterday's sadness.
Grief always standing around every corner, waiting
to continue it's journey as we walk into it's path-
way again and again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resting In Melodies

Resting in melodies of rhythm playing, giving an exciting
rendition of life as they fascinate intellect with their
innate wisdom.

Ascending chords caressing measures of time through their
precious memories of yesterday's moments, all lived fully,
expecting a wonderful interpretation of childhood.

It's innocence holding onto their loving feelings as the
past is relived through the brilliance of their individual
presence in our minds forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resting In Pieces

Resting in pieces of being, stretching legs and arms, not reaching for any of them, happy to see them lying on the floor.
Where once I was whole, now being broken into many shards and pieces, not letting any one near enough to help me sweep them up.
No more conflicts, no arguments to speak of anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resting In Placid Ideals

Walking down avenues, finding details, filling this
hungry mind.

Nature filling it with wonders of it's unique essence
here on earth.

Combing ideals, locating locales of such fantastically
intense depths situated here within.

Resting in the placid ideals of life, complacent and
serene, writing through the hunger of this heart.

Always looking for the perfect love that will fit and
consume this eternal hunger within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resting On Pathway's Edges

Trucking through canyons of life,
noticing many details along the way.

Resting on edges of pathways, waiting
to catch my breath, then continuing
on my own through the brush and
forests standing in the way of
forward moving perceptions.

Collecting exacting definitions and
placing them in written words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Restless At Times

Restless at times, not wanting to sit idle, always writing
to music because that's what I love to do.

Important issues, life, death, fantasy, reality, all are
within my realms of this poetical nature I was born with.

Nothing seems to interfere with it at all, even death did
not affect it's essence.

For even after being brought back from the other side, need-
ing and wanting to write poetry constantly and incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Restless Youth

A young boy, restless, wanting to throw rocks and chase birds, grabs a rock with two hands and tosses it with all his might right underneath where the water is flowing from the fountain.
A motherly voice rings out and reprimands his solo attempt to rebel against being at the hospital far too long for one so young and restless.
Standing up, running across the wall, he disappears to find another way to help him calm his restless feelings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Restlessness Within

Silently portraying inner restlessness, seeking peace,
reaching deeper for understanding.

Lightly sending vibrations to and from nature, capturing
senses of tranquility and reluctantly letting go.

Searching still, for something more to encompass life,
like a caterpillar building itself within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Restoring Hidden Faith

Hearing shots, striking chords of living deaths as
moments begin to expire on hearths of yesterday's
fireplaces.

Placating senses with silent reprimands of mysterious
circumstances.

Praying for another's life as they lie upon a bed of
cement, soaked in the blood of forlorn abandonment,
left to die without anyone else noticing what is
happening in moments of death.

Restoring faith hidden within secrets of living, just
being alive within your own beings.

Deriving whatever is left of the human soul, taking
the rest to a grave of complete misunderstanding and
misplaced dreams, taken from each of us in our precious
youth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Restoring The Constitution

Fighting for liberties and freedom granted to all who are born as total American citizens, an injustice that should not be happening.

If not for the man illegally taking possession of the White House, it would not be.

Everyone uniting, becoming the voice of America, letting the world know that we are still here, still strong!

We the people will restore the Constitution fully and completely, much to the woe of liberals and the man in the White House.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Restricted By Passivity

Wandering onto plateaus of reticence, careful, wanting to know the answers to this interior life, not knowing how to play the messages being sent.

Waiting for enlightenment to come my way, cold and tense, everything falling apart around me, no where to run or hide away.

Sitting, waiting for the breaking of a new day and it's ice keeping my heart captive in it's total iciness, being restricted by the passivity of blank atmospheres now closing themselves to a new reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resulting Poetry

Eyes of my mind awaken, seeing every detail in my
surroundings, curiosity taking over as I look slowly
from left to right and back again.

Noticing the unusual or out of place things here at
the center, wondering why it's so, finding out, asking
or figuring it out for myself.

Facing truths in what is being seen, centering, aligning
them with abstract concepts dangling about, resulting
poetry stemming from these and other possibilities that
surround me in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Results Of Creativity

Life being portrayed in depths of art, music and poetry
by creative people on earth.

Innate talent being used in ways to show everyone the
beauty and vibrancy in this lifetime.

Stretching and reaching for positive attributes in
depths of being.

Results of creativity fulfilling individual wants and
desires, picturing life in different ways.

Nothing to be left out, everything being used through
an alive and vibrant imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Results Of Existence

Results endeavoring to come into the existence of
life without paying their dues.
Being held captive in a space of age-old platitudes,
not being able to escape the vise of gripping
indecisiveness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Results Of Expectations

Lack of knowledge leads some to fall for anything along paths
of their lives, others attain reasons for believing in any-
thing that comes into their lives.

Justifying experiences and their reality with questions, want-
ing answers, repertoires, conversations and others entering
their lives all have relevance.

Being taken into consideration when trying to figure out what
they want in life, selecting and choosing from options through
the years gives people results of their expectations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resume Of A Poet

10: 55a.m.
Words, feelings, emotions of life on every aspect here
on earth do I declare through poetry.

Using reality, imagination, sorrow, grief, happiness,
joy as pictures of thoughts always readily at hand,
showing injustice, hatred, intolerance of man against
others in horrendous truths and crimes against humanity.

Touching hearts with softened rose petals, bringing
tears from within pain and suffering, showing the
world what destruction it has caused by doing whatever
it selfishly wants or desires.

Yes, if you want the truth to be known, rely on a poet's
words, their messages within each poem will astound,
annoy, sadden, or anger you, but the truth of life will
be unabashedly told. 10: 56 a.m.6/28/15
RoseAnn V. Shawiak

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resurrecting Imagination

Walking through a valley of darkness, watching shadows
falling into depths of imagination, climbing out of
many canyons that have been created along the way.

Steps of unsure thoughts, keeping me unsteady while
delving into deepest parts of intellect, resurrecting
it's imagination in every way that's possible.

Important meanings unfolding in pathways of another
purpose, one that has been created just for this being
to move forward into other dimensions of intellectual
pursuits.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resurrecting Living

Swirls of yesterday sit lazily in my coffee cup, taking up time in memory as I think of pictures conjured up from each ripple created inside my mind.
Sizing up situations, calculating what I want as each piece of symmetry balances out everything in the visions planted upon my mind since birth.
A lifetime of consequences gathered, separated, placed on bars of excellence to be captured exotically, mysteriously, in capable hands of authority, only to be thrown into the ring of fire, burning away all thought to leave only the essence of being, standing alone in darkness, awaiting the radiant light of expectation in wonder, leading the way through inventiveness and calm reserve.
Passing along precipices, barely hanging on as I cross ravines, putting together any particle of being to resurrect living, breathing partners in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Resusitating

Twanging heartstrings
amid the ivory of life,
resusitating the breadth
of energy through everyday
strife.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rethinking Voices

Rethinking voices heard from the past,
images gaining momentum as we age and
relive them visually in our minds.
Beautifully illustrated cognitively,
tending to touches of past feelings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rethinking What's Important

Pointed aspects of life direct thoughts to absolutes
without even thinking about it.

Always having some sort of direction to find out what
is happening in life.

Turning about, curiously looking and searching for
pathways into infinity.

Slowly rethinking what is important in this day and
time.

Affording any and all thoughts to a distant future,
one where I will not be able to go to unless a miracle
befalls me soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reticent Atmosphere

Swiftly being carried into another dimension where hearing
is blocked from entering realms of intellect.
Nothing standing in the way of total concentration, as I
write words into poetical verses, continually.
Minding the atmosphere within me, keeping it calmly reticent
with no one interfering in it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reticent To Let Go

Voices of the past singing through elderly women today,
glazing minds and memories with past joy.
Flowing easily over everyone, spreading cheer throughout
the room.
Beats of music fill up the minds of people reticent to
let go of yesterday and it's beauty.

(10: 31 a.m. - 11/17/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Retiring Life

Capturing sentiments
in chests of golden love.

Stretched wider with all
people who've been kept
together with your intense
desires to be close forever.

Settling into a regime of
early retiring of life's
untimely ends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Retiring Life's Spaces

Opening periods of listlessness, belittling the time
of peace with insincerity.

All of nature flows openly into every crevice along
the way, filling empty spaces, at times with sorrow.

Life dances lightly with agility and grace, perfecting
it's stance of willingness before retiring.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Retiring Minds

Interior attitudes adjusting quietly unbeknownest to
anyone.
Sanguinely detached from outward motivational urges,
thoughtfully turning over, staying far away from
crowds of people.
Fixating purposeful meanings on slates of glass,
looking through them into plates of fastidious growth.
Rounding corners of unsurpassed eloquence, retiring
minds stand off, while watching life pivot and turn
in other directions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Retiring Music

Reality coercing music to strive for the night, exhausting
all endeavors to follow truths through moments against all
odds.

Tripping along verdant pastures of imagination, turning
them into picturesque masterpieces of art for written words
set in gallerys for future literate family members.

Consuming moments consecutively, choosing only to live
every exacting particle of whatever comes along, soothing
my soul interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Retracing Memories

Growing within is a feeling of energetic poetry, wanting
to be seen forever in lines of meaning.

Touching all interior beauty of landscapes created by
intellect and it's exercise of eternal promise.

Filled with happiness and joy, searching forests, smelling
pine trees and reminiscing about camping in the past.

Retracing the memories of all good times as family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Retracing Steps

Wandering realms of deserted dimensions, searching for answers in every corner.

Finding steps being retraced back to intellect, wondering what is to come in the near future as we altogether keep falling into medical problems of great proportions.

Hoping to see the sun rise every day, expecting death to meet us with his ghastly stare as he leads us away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Retracting Life

Moving rhythmically in motion, settling carefully inside, taking steps forward as life retracts itself from earth.
Sensing a deepening of death's insistence, allowing it to gather and envelope this being in it's tight grasp.
Lightening quick flames fan themselves, producing ideas and meanings of interior solitude, existing momentarily on shores of tides, ebbing and flowing in rhythm with lunar beams from another atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Retracting Steps

Sadness hits me lightening quick,
wrecking havoc, ruining my outlook, taking me through memories I don't want to see right now.
Conclusions being drawn, steps being retracted as tears fall continuously, filling my mind's grief with love left behind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Retreating

Riding waves of emotion, all feelings being splashed about our beings interiorly, at times hurting and causing such pain.

Retreating from edges of life, not knowing what to do or where to go, just being together at times in silence seems to help.

Although there's nothing to be done, distancing ourselves from everyone until we can come out of our shells of grief and emptiness.

Sitting around with broken and frayed hearts, not knowing which way to go from where we have been struck by grief so suddenly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Retreating Into Imagination

Taking the sadness and placing it in a compartment away from me.
Not wanting to dwell on anything that will upset my sense of balance right now.
Retreating into imagination to live within thoughts and not be bothered by another person' silly, immature games.
Conversely turning around and settling into a calm serenity for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Retrieving Good Spirits

Particular landscapes are coming to mind of when my sons were younger.

Climbing rocky pathways into ravines and up South Mountain, coming to a place where I found you could yell and scream and your echo would do the same.

Whenever the boys seemed stressed from things that happened at school, I'd bring them here and let them scream and holler their little hearts out.

They'd always end up laughing and in good spirits, forgetting the stress that had them strapped in strait jackets all day at school.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Retrieving Memories

Nature smiling around me, justifying it's personal beauty
in dresses of green and varied colors of flower.

Nestling in arms of the atmosphere, retrieving memories of
old and carrying on without regrets.

Running together as one unit, believing in holiness and
creeds of God.

Flowing from faucets, coming from heaven, pouring down
upon earth, regaling it in splendor for all to see and
feel.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Retrieving Memories Of The Past

Disappearing into another universe, faithfully following every image, pattern and design that this mind is coding through musical rhythms being listened to.

Retrieving memories of the past, watching them on interior photographic screens throughout life, finding and capturing their essence and feelings so gently and tenderly.

Loving all the intense emotions rising within with all the wonder of their curiosity, taking steps into another dimension where life continues to begin again.

In another atmosphere that totally entices and ensures that this creative process will never end as long as I live on this earth

Behaving quietly and silently alone while writing poetry quickly all day and night long, savoring it's quality and taste in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Retroactive Memories

Retroactive memories bombarding our minds, saturating them
in rage, feeling blood of anger.

Torturing physically, inept traces of tears, not allowing
them to have voices.

Quaintly settling back into a rocking chair of the past,
trying to remember the insanity of a time which is best
forgotten.

Taking too lightly at the time, not given the chance to
be properly voiced and brought out into the open.

Frozen solidly inside, memories of past deeds were allowed
to hide from sight and not be recognized, safely hidden
within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Retroactive Thoughts

Listening to rhetoric pouring from somewhere within my mind,
beckoning me to enter into a voyage particular to intellect
and capability.

Dissolving together, ideas created from beneath a conscious
endeavor.

Alluding only to major portions of eternity, causing retro-
active thoughts to participate in beginnings of solitude and
contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Retro-Active Visions

Sensing rhythms of life-time,
standing in line with fractious desires,
hoping to bypass sorrow's ponds of remorse.
Turning atmosphere's into plains of retro-
active visions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Retrospectfully Listening To Images

People talking to one another,
trying to hear over a band playing
old-time melodies for all to hear.

Retrospectfully listening to images
appearing on picturesque screens of
moments lived in past days of yore.

Gathering their essences toward
soulful, heartfelt tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Retrospective Contemplation

Softly, gently like the silent flame of a candle, thoughts
continue to shine and guide intellect with an intensive
purpose in life.

At times wavering, doubts filtering in, but they never get
a chance to rest or sit down within mind or intellect for
an interior spirituality continues to emerge.

Energizing with an innate force of knowledge and wisdom,
always preparing ahead of time by entering a bluened light
of the Divine, delving rapidly into a retrospective contem-
plation that eases the strain of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Return Of Love

Mind being titillated by energetic and vibrant rhythms
and their tones of clarity.

Sending sensations up and down, tickling this stomach,
leaving me wanting to meet and satisfy needs of desire
through another.

Touching and grasping, holding onto an incessant love,
one that will return love in like amounts.

In the face of great hoping, looking for the person who
can return my love and claim it for his own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Return Of Meaning

Junctions of mirror images tingle with anticipation,
looking forward to extraordinary feats of language
and expression.

Quietly stepping in time with unequaled precision,
finding truths bound in ribbons, awaiting returns of
meaning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Returning

Returning time and again to past ideas set
in memories and held onto for a lifetime.
Serious prescriptions of abstractions,
handled with care and placed candidly inside
of untold volumes of literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Returning Fire

Reaching into the future, looking for many things in
abundance, letting everything fall gently into place
as I strive to take life one step at a time.

In life, being attacked at times by more than one issue
at once, returning fire through writing poetry, having
fun and laughing.

Turning the tables upside down and inside out, enjoying
mischief that I'm creating and watching in wonder at the
reactions of other people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Returning To An After Life

Soundly listening to shores of beyond, focusing on their beauty and intensity as they lap upon my mind, ebbing and neaping, carrying me softly away in tides of remorseful grief.
Touching every fiber like a harp being played in a requiem mass, signifying a return to an after life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Returning To Experiences

Reverberating excessively and steadily as I listen to
revolving eight beat measures from India.

Collecting and thinking provocatively with new ideas
that are being brought into my mind.

Living in imaginational depths of rhythms while writing
poetical verses in prose to their tempos.

Tingling and antagonizing measures of notes keeping me
together as I live in the fruition of my beginnings.

Strolling down beautiful trails of nature, finding their
essence matching mine in it's simplicity.

Enticing moods of happiness, finding exacting words that
will continue to bring me back to this experience.

Even after it's over, it will live forever in this poem,
stating everything that I'm feeling and seeing.

Lovely and inspirational, giving heavenly pictures of
what is going on in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Returning To Heaven

Standing on edges of eternity, looking out across it's vast expanse, knowing soon I will be returning to heaven to once again experience it's intense and brilliant silence.

Completely coming over my spirit, totally being in a space where I belong and enjoying it immensely, loving how God takes and allows me moments in heaven with him before returning me back to earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Returning To Living

Back in the saddle again, looking forward to whatever life brings to mind and holding on with faith.
Having been through hell, now returning to living and being drawn right back into my passion of writing where I belong.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reunion

Water cascading down mountain cliffs,
spreading a white mist into the atmosphere.

Droplets scattering about, falling fast,
anticipating joining all others that have
fallen before it.

A vast pool of rushing water, scurrying
hurriedly down ancient pathways, heading
for a joyous reunion with it's counterparts,
swimming happily in the ocean together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reunited After Death

A mixture of nationalities reaches from beyond, leaving douleur spread over me from past to future destiny's, singling out memories that leave me bereft and without joy, until I remember that with my death I will be reunited again in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reunited Journey

Taking strides towards steps of heaven,
watching what is happening so I may stay
on track.

Continuing my journey in gardens of Eden
when I finally am reunited with family
who have gone on before me in the past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reunited With Ageless Memories

Walking through my mind, traipsing down hallways of
yesterday, finding memories I thought had been lost
all these years.
Looking at their essences, taking time to live
within them again.
Rising to occasions forgotten until now, beginning
altogether on another plain where time has been
reunited with ageless memories.
Figuratively recognizing every detail, reiterating
their total meanings in sublime literature.
Resting on final sunsets, happy once again as waves
of remembrance crash over me, taking me beyond this
mortal life into spaces and hemispheres never
travled along before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reuniting Mind And Soul

Being still amidst the turmoil of this day,
reuniting my mind with my soul, bringing
me into realms of eternity.

Scheduling appointments as needed, giving
in to effects of disease taking over my
body and releasing all worry into an
atmosphere of finality.

Always knowing that when I die, it will
be fine as I travel at last beyond all
that I've been through in this little world
of turmoil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reuniting The Child Within

Taking away fears, storing them in a chest of steel,
so as not to let them spread throughout life.
Wanting to explore and go on adventurous travels
alone, building self-confidence and self-esteem along
the way.
Fulfilling inner needs, becoming who I've always been,
yet not knowing who I was.
A reuniting of sorts with the child within, making
peace with the finality of God's own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Revealed Eventually

Walking in shadows alone, searching always for the
energy of goodness.

Seeing black and white in the light of day, able
to tell where every person stands in relation to
truth or illusion.

Yet at night when everything is gray, there is no
way to tell where a person stands or what they are
going to state to another.

All will be revealed eventually in the words they
will speak aloud to others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Revealing Reality

Tolerant poses of life being satisfied in an epiphany
of music, taking me to edges of one horizon and placing
me onto another one.

A totally euphoric feeling, being developed in my soul,
taking over my entire being and placing me at the door
step of a revealing reality of the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Revel In The Purpose

Cutting away edges on borders of life helps to maneuver more agility through it's mazes and labyrinths.
Fixating on a point beyond what I see, brings me to conclusions of what life has been about and I revel in it's purpose as I write to it's rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reveling In Moments

Children singing, voices ringing with happiness and glee,
being noticed for who they are and reveling in their own
moments.

Taking in stride, notes grating into their brains, lighting
their memories, sparkling in time with proud self-esteem,
flowing into their hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Revenues Of Belief

Switching with a flip of a knob, tuning acres of
rhythm to beats and tones of operatic delight.
Standing out on edges of arias as life turns
itself on a dime.
Instigating revenues of belief while standing on
beautiful stances of fate's destiny.
Holding onto points of interest as revolving
doors spin and turn on an axis of regret.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reverberating Echoes

Echoes reverberating throughout our lives, memories
generating new ideas and thoughts, helping us to grow,
reaping rewards of our ingenuity.

Marginalizing and crippling the evil all around us as
we forge our way throughout all the turmoil it is
causing.

Rushing to one another's aid, nothing mattering except
saving a fellow American, throwing caution to the wind
yet being totally focused.

Keeping the enemy in our sights, hiding within nature,
pretending to be meek and helpless, luring the enemy
into a false sense of security.

Behind the scenes, ready to attack and take them out once
and for all, echoes reverberating through our lives,
keeping us aware and alert to any danger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reverberating Images

Creating an atmosphere of mystery through a hazy storm of yesterday, taking me through the breaks of daytime solace.

Changing and altering the atmosphere of interior peace, leaving reminders of the essence of yesterday's memories.

Watching even now from another horizon, images continue to reverberate through the years in videos of the mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reverberating Sounds

Chasing notes around the atmosphere, capturing their essence
within intellect, precious and intense, continuing to spread
joy and happiness throughout the afternoon.

Awesome melodies taking it upon themselves to open and speed
up ever faster with every sound reverberating from the atmos-
phere.

People listening, appreciating and feeling the beauty and in-
tegrity of a serene and absolute wisdom, innately; looking a-
skance, learning as rhythms keep running faster than ever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reverberating Through Being

Living in an atmosphere of lively and enticing energy,
always inspiring every particle of my mind.

Reverberating throughout, taking care of the person I
have become, giving everything needed to keep me alive.

Special graces from above, leading me down the path of
God's purpose.

Awesome and totally perfect, knowing I could never do
anything like this on my own.

All that I have has been given by our Lord so He may
use me as an instrument in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reverie Of Minds

Watching vacant stares of passers-by, wondering what it is
they are seeing.

If it's the same as I am envisioning, or is it something
different.

Wonderment fills my mind for a very few minutes and then I'm
gone on a journey of my own, filling thoughts with a reverie
of color and poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reverse Mortgages

Smooth talkers putting on a show, attempting to
sell their product - a reverse mortgage - to
senior citizens.
Explaining every detail, answering everyone's
questions, appearing to be on an honest level -
yet there are unanswered questions preying on
my mind.
For instance, what's in it for the banks?
They're definitely not doing it out of the
goodness of their hearts.
So many abysses open before us, which one will
people fall into?
Hopefully none of them!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reversing Direction

Wandering around, doing nothing, traveling from one poem to another with someone in mind.
Getting blended into poetry of melting ice, taking pictures of it's demise through words of strife.
Mind-bending thoughts stressing how short life has become.
Taking time and wrapping it in a coffin of disuse.
Clouded by the distinction of youth with it's strident tension, I reverse direction and follow my own ideals into infinity, hoping never to look back on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reversing The Process

Existing in the darkness of misunderstanding, many people
become stuck within the mire of themselves, knowing not,
how to do anything about what is going on.

Wondering how to reverse the process and live life to the
fullest, coming out into the light of an existence that
has purpose in meaning for not only themselves, but also
their family members.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reverting

Living in the hell of humanity, finding human being to
be so fickle, undependable, always flitting from one
thing to another in life.

Never seeming to be able to adhere to anything for very
long, always being so indecisive and not knowing what
they want in life.

Yet, when they are being focused, centered, being filled
with compassion, caring, and love for others, always
giving a hand when needed.

Being there for someone else, they once again revert back
to the caring, loving human being they really are within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reviving Everything

Watching nature as it blows a steady morning breeze across the desert.
Reviving and refreshing everything, including me, in this exciting space of earth.
Stepping in every facet presented to me through nature, writing away in
fantasies of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reviving Ghosts

Somber attitudes lying on outskirts of consciousness,
raking coals of deadened ghosts, trying to revive them.
Wanting to see what is missing without their presence
in dances of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reviving Ruins Of Loss And Death

Sensations now filling me through sounds of melodies rain-
ing down upon intellect, reverberating inwardly, reviving
ruins caused by loss and death through life.

Tombs of grief scattered within like leaves being blown
in a storm, seeing images and memories of all yesterdays
existing still upon inner photographic screens.

Giving great joy and elation at first, remembering them,
tears start beginning to fill my mind and heart with an
intense sadness they've left within me afterwards.

No way to extricate them, not wanting to, because then
the joy of their beings would be gone and forgotten also,
that I never want to experience in this life, ever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Reviving Spirit

Singly falling into a brevity of tonight's beauty, softly
delving into the awesome totality of this life.

That I am living precisely with an energy that continues
to revive my spirit throughout all of eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Revolving Door

Lately, sorrow fills a heart of love, because life has
taken a turn and somehow I've gone through a revolving
door, to a place not known before.
Over here I know my husband isn't the man I married.
He's so forgetful, so emotional with outbursts of rage
at times - screaming and hollering for no apparent
reason.
Leaving things around, not putting anything where it
belongs, tools, papers, dishes disappear - sometimes reappearing in unusual
places.
To look at him, he seems no different than yesterday.
His smile is the same, his eyes still twinkle brightly
when he looks my way.
What happened in the interim? Where did common sense
and reason flee to?
It's frustrating trying to clean house, do dishes or
clothes, because no sooner than it's all done, he goes
behind me - I turn around and everything's a mess again.
Love is still pulsing through his heart for now, but
what happens when he forgets me altogether?
When I'm not even a memory in his mind, what then?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Revolving Life

Flowering patterns flowing across material, flowing above stairs of necessity.
Tantalizing enduring moments, adjusted to non-ending seconds in revolving areas of life, beckoning to those from the other side.
Listening exactly to notes of experience, trying them in ordinary circumstances, proclaiming extraordinary pieces of little known information.
Taking stands against untidy hopes left on the asphalt of unnecessary positions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Revolving Life Stops

Life revolves and comes up short, little known facets
are recorded and kept.

Situations arise and are gently put to sleep, no cries
or whimpers heard above the noisy streets.

Welfare of despair is flung recklessly about, forming
clouds not able to look out.

Stranded on lonely streets of apathy, caring and
compassion are stepped on and put out.

As life revolves, it suddenly stops.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Revolving Mind

Stopping along the way, finding exciting things in nature, discovering and exploring all of it without losing the integrity of anything.

Albeit, triggering the passion of ingenuity being nurtured inside this colorful and vibrant mind, always revolving in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Revolving Moods

Straying into desert ruins, searching for an oasis to reside in.
Climatic moods revolve then come full circle and straighten themselves out.
Curling around meanings, holding closely, thoughts of you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Revolving People

People come into your life for a while, making a difference just by being there in your little circle.

Smiling, being nice to all they meet, enjoying company of everyone, in every respect, and then they die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Revolving Positions

Reflections of circular and triangular positions revolve
in designs like kaleidoscopes, filled only with thoughts
and words fitting themselves together in poems that I am
writing.

Feeling intensity of their purposes while letting them
flow from my pen, beautiful renditions of intellect
forming themselves into tasty morsels of invention.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Revolving Time

Wonderingly amazed at life's turmoil through the years,
as we are born and age so nonchalantly without a thought.
Astonished at every birthday that we have grown a year
older, while at the same time, declaring we aren't going
to have another.
Revolving time dissipates as we attain our goals and
reach for our dreams, yet we are closer to our final
destinations without thinking or realizing it until it
is too late to do anything in regard to our lives.
At the last moment, when we have breathed our last
breaths, our minds let go of all thought and our hearts
cease to love.
We travel beyond our mere existence to a new adventure
beyond our scope of vision on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rewarded Faith

Leaving earth, traveling in my mind to places where I can entertain myself without having to worry about physical ailments.

Listening to reason as I soar into backwoods of this imagination, touching upon many aspects of intellect and grasping them absolutely.

This faith will be rewarded as I fall into realms of hope, holding onto the promises of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rewarding Intellect

Lively rhythms energizing me as I write, listening
intently to the beats hitting my soul.

Taking me soaring far away from where I'm sitting,
lilting imagination holding me above the world.

Hoping to never be let back down into the depths
of life and it's dull routines, because intellect
is much more fascinating and rewarding to me.

Being inspired constantly with thoughts, pure and
undefiled, enjoying their meanings and culminating
their definitions with abstractions, giving them new
meanings of fascination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rewarding Life

Strong, strength, throwing punches, blocking, kicking, fighting sternly.

Rigidly graceful, flowing, following through, confidence exuding, building ego and self-esteem internally.

Standing taller, prouder, claiming self, validating self, becoming self.

Walking, undefeated, eyes on the horizon, seeking life naturally with friends, focused on internal healing.

Encompassing karate is a satisfying, rewarding way of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rewarding This Soul

Calmly resurrecting self, continuing to reach heights set automatically within intellect.

So-called reality cannot set me back, soaring everlastingly into depths of heaven.

Surrounding self with angels and gardens of heaven, falling to my knees daily.

Rewarding this soul with gifts of heavenly gardens, filling senses with scents of ten-dimensional roses.

Nothing like them upon earth, enjoying these gifts from God, Himself, humbly bowing to His great love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rewards - There Are None

Looking ahead, watching the future opening before me,
giving opportunities to achieve the impossible in life.

Rewards - there are none, they are being saved for the
other side of life when entering heaven.

Now solving an incessant and continuous curiosity that
builds itself interiorly in depths of reason and logic.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rewriting Life

Spinning circles rectangularly, moving through square orbits, challenging old ways of doing things.
Rewriting life to fit modern traditions, yet they are still based on past family ways of doing whatever has been passed down through the ages.
Truths have lasted the test of time and are helping to keep modern ideals in line with ethics and morality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhapsodies Of Innate Talent

Reflections of thought reverberate throughout my mind,
catching on ideas, being tangled in abstractions and
equations, not minding at all.

Loving the interaction that comes about and forms
pictures, portraits and rhapsodies of innate talent,
bringing it all together.

Soothing my inner being and spirit, greeting me on an
equal ground, touching the essence of my total soul
and spirit forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhetoric Mood

Settling into a mood of rhetoric, sliding across my mind, hoping to meet any number of episodes of thought, giving me fuel for many a night.
Selecting from categories, catering to inner imagination, giving of itself in endeavors of poetical landscapes.
Never hurrying, taking beats slowly through rhythmic lines.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhetoric Playing

Living in thoughtful desire, wondering where all life
has been sent and scattered.

Hopefully finding conditions that they can gather and
hide in.

Rhetoric playing in background harmonies, lost to the
world outside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhetoric's Delicate Fabric

Changing attitudes and moods just by different types of
music that is being listened to.

Inherent aspects of our brains can exhibit many new and
different qualities, also just by listening to a variety
of rhythms.

A predisposition existing, especially for this poet to
write constantly with a delicate fabric of rhetoric and
novel designs of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhyme Of Childhood

Rushing through a nighttime atmosphere, looking up
into the starlit sky, wondering if our wishes are
really being heard by them.

Hoping that they are, we continue doing what we've
always done, reciting the rhyme of our childhood.

'Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might, have the wish I wish
tonight'.

Tossing a kiss with our hand, skyward into the ebony
blackness hoping with our little heart's minds that
our innocent wish may be true when we wake tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhymes Of Aptitude

Sitting in the darkness of my mind, concentrating on
ebony ideas that want to continue to be hidden for now,
yet are being relegated to a myriad of results in time.

Scaling everything to measures in rhythm, taking into
consideration, tempos and tones as they're pre-composed
and played in depths of musical interludes.

Touching on many aspects of mathematical concepts as
they are energized in the folds of my mind, in many
different types of colorful thoughts of rhyming prose.

Falling deeply into a prolific mind, being written out
into a universal code of physics.

A scientific method and technique resulting in
definitions of literature, giving it all up to those
who can understand it's formulas and equations in
rhythmical rhymes of aptitude's persuasion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhyming Conclusions

Trundling amid black noise and blinding darkness,
details sound themselves out in dresses of ebony images.
Lining up against dangerous curves in absolute silence,
hiding within deepest encounters of mindless acts of
subconsciousness.
Wasting no time, struggling to come to conclusions in
rhymes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhyming Riddles

Elderly musicians, coaxing melodies of yesterday from their abodes of disarray.

Tempting dancers to arise and take to flight across the floor in an array of beauty and grace.

Tenturing blossoms into designs of antagonistic words and notes of music.

Declaring intricate systems of tomorrow, out of hiding, allowing insight to portray living organisms and particles of interior behaviors so they may be written in riddles of rhyme.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm Across Highways

Strengthening ties of bliss along with aging habits, doing whatever feels good inside.
Taking to highways across rhythm, following innate desires into pathways belonging to yesterday.
Liking many avenues of passion, unfolding one after another, bringing each to a close encounter of further dimensions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm Creating Poetry

Stepping in time to music, rocking to it's rhythm, believing
in it's ability to create poetry.

Filling depths of intellect with an imagination of truth
and honesty, always being manifested.

Solid pictures, popping into mind, leaving imprints of every-
thing seen and untold.

Folding and unfolding so many episodes of life, taking care
to speak the truth of what has happened, felt and experienced
throughout it.

Never betraying the goodness of this life or my soul, so
beautiful and energetic, only writing to satisfy the desires
of passion filling me within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm Of Eternity

Listening to that lonesome whistle as the train comes passing by.

Wintering thoughts come into mind, filling intellect with their cold and lonely ideas.

Feelings of abandonment building within, totally scattering emotions as they come into sight, letting them all fill me with their verve and energy.

A total being filled with the rhythm of eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm Of Future

Sending kisses through the years, alighting always on past memories, letting the essence of their love fill me with tears.
Beginning always with thoughts of someone who used to care for me.
Parents, relatives, friends, all waiting to greet me on the other side.
Knowing at least in my heart that I am wanted and loved for who I am.
A freedom defined in the rhythm of my future life in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm Of It's Own

Withering silently in the morning sun, heart traipsing
slowly with a rhythm of it's own.

Surging forth beneath great pressure, sending signals
wanting help.

Forgoing all pleasures in the wake of interior death,
crawling carefully to it's bed.

Without sensing anything from beyond melodies of time,
sinking slowly, hidden in depressions, gone from sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm Of Life

Pounding out the rhythm of the road,
taking any direction headed out.
It's an arduous journey down a long
and twisting road, filled with surprise
and heartache, deserts and rainbows.
To see the good times, climbing mountains
through the suffering to see what life
has in store on the downward slope.
Holding loosely to dreams and hopes for
along the way, you may discard them,
replacing them with new and better ones.
Don't allow natural fears to spin you out
of control, hold on through life and
learn how to cope with changes or
alterations.
Always giving up attitudes no longer
valid, let yourself be freed, be open.
Live through your soul and you'll always
be true to God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm Of My Own

Whiling away existence, listening to a different drummer play a rhythm all my own.
Roaming through my imagination, kicking up dust, exposing my inner personality, delivering self from suffering as I immerse myself in depths of musical rhythms.
Giving up my being to music of my soul, regretting none of it.
Foregoing modern technology to just be myself and enjoy what I can of my life while I'm here.
Satisfied that I can do no more than this, I live to justify my life at it's ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm Of Poetry

Being a musician, playing lilting carrying melodies
above heads of audiences.
Tantalizing ears with quiet notes of splendor while
beating staccotoely, rhythms of innocent poetry.
Sitting on sidelines of seashores awaiting tides of
etudes to come and begin every moment of life under
bridges of supercilious images.
Beating minds of clay, forming them into pools of
loveliness, wrapped in lace of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm Of Sadness

Incessant rhythm of sadness sets itself within, casting about self-doubt and insecurity.

Placing the tragedy of life untold, on front pages of a mind, too deadened to think.

Formless, tepid fragments, touching strings of fallen sights, obscured now by the recalling of insight omitted through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythmic Balance

Flowering into existence, an abundance of rhythmic
balance is developing an essence of maturity and
genuine aging belief of honesty.
Blooming imperfection together in binders of classic
melodies held against darkness of absurd inertia,
while light of wisdom gains acceptance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythmic Freedom

Dream-catching rhythms emanating from an electric guitar, sending sounds directly to my soul to be kept in treasure chests of my mind for future days of writing.
Always pounding gently upon my brain with beats of soft drumming tones.
Intending to play within my mind, imaginatively, and playfully, taking into consideration my total interest of rhythmical poetry as it flows from my pen and silently alights on paper.
Soaring minds set free to enjoy whatever touches a freedom of subconsciousness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythmic Intelligence

Balancing rhythms and beats upon his set of drums,
flowing with a natural innate rhythmic intelligence.
Smiling and contented through each performance,
playing from his heart as if he were one with the
drum.
Continually filling his soul with beautiful music,
and enjoying himself.
Gracing his audiences with ability and songs of
remembrance as they listen attentively throughout
each of his appearances.
A work of art in himself, being graced with a poem
in his honor, especially for his birthday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythmic Kaleidoscope

Focusing on rhythms of interior beginnings,
watching them as a kaleidoscope changing
patterns and designs automatically and
unendingly.

Sight and picture coming together in many
sentences of meaning and definition, being
written in many poems of illumination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythmic Ledges

Slapping definitely into the offering of a sensation
that appears soothingly in the future of another tune.

So happily tuning self into the new eras of other
dimensions.

Leaving rhythms out on ledges where they can rock and
perform in pleasant moods of a time and place from
yesterday.

Nothing letting anything come in the way and barricade
it all together.

This never is going to happen, clapping and swinging
into another sphere instead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythmic Moods

Many moods of rhythm play in tune with my mind as I
write rhythmically with every sound I hear.
Playing by ear, writing through my soul as it is
stirred beyond imagination's abyss.
Challenging altogether, every rhetorical question
as it arrives in unison with meanings being heard
throughout the universe and into eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythmic Persistence

Crossing deserts in my mind, takes me on fantastic journeys
with absolutely no effort.
Enjoying every creative motive along the way, filling empty
spaces with brand new exercises of imagination.
Solo thoughts link themselves to forms and shapes, clouding
and forming patterns with non-existent materials.
Combining and etching memory's pathways with unconditional
efforts, putting them on display in galleries only I can
ever see.
Yet, poetry written precisely, can enable anyone to see,
just maybe not as intensely and acutely as I feel
persistence tapping rhythmically against creative ideas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythmic Pleasure

Racing ahead into fast moving rhythms, leaving nothing to chance.

Leaning sideways just to have some way to squeeze through the doorway into another dimension far from the trials and suffering in life.

Vying for the top of every mountain, taking time and making certain everything is where it should be.

Tangling straps of puzzles being put together in solitary places of abject authority.

All of it culminating in a response of rhythmic pleasure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythmic Reflections

Rippled water touching my imagination with proliferation,
subconsciously entertaining self within abysses waiting to
be filled.
Silence beckons thoughtful stances, becoming major works
of art through literature.
Watching reflections wave back and forth in rhythm, with
wind blowing across faces of this earth.
Wordlessly carrying breaths of fresh air wherever it goes,
freedom of being is it's fare in life.
Wandering rhythmically with sounds, foreign and domestic,
drawing in a universe and space of people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythmic Ride

Soothing and calm, a steady beat settling within, taking me for a rhythmic ride through poetry.

Songs singing thoroughly and intensely, leading me into depths of intellect.

A waterfall of thoughts keeps flowing incessantly, never leaving my mind empty at all.

Fulfilling my essence, taking everything within, placing it into poetry for all to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythmic Senses

Excitingly listening to rhythms soothe my aching
soul with contemplative senses.
Touching corners of my mind with happy thoughts,
elevating moods into atmospheres of heaven.
Joining all images, printing them out in poetry
of excessive worth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythmic Tradition

Picking, plucking, strumming music into minds of musical ingenuity as our worlds gravitate towards unseen rhythm filling our vision with beauty and grace.
Swinging, swaying, tiptoeing, dancing in rhythm with an ancient culture,
adhering to custom and tradition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythmical Balance

Atmosphere filled with a purity of joy and happiness.
A familial environment taking precedence over the cafe,
hosting it's rhythmical balance as people get up and
dance in tune with each other's beating hearts.
Superb talent floating about, reaching for words in
a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythmical Images

Taking a walk down a rocking lane of fantastic memories,
fantasizing about irregular and ingenious ideas filled
with imagination and curiosity.
Standing by the wayside further on, watching each one
come into fruition, elasticizing mind-bending boundaries
to fit the most unusual and creative into circumferences
of rhythmical mazes, decorated for allusions of the
subconscious mind to fit into.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythmical Mind

Poetical time is exacting and precise,
kept eternally in my mind.

Only I can fathom it's existence,
because no one else can keep up with
it's rhythmical ticking.

There's only room in a corner of
life to keep track of it in
spacious domains of subconsciousness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythmical Moments

Tripping along life, roaming amid many moments of rhythm, never looking back. Reiterating backwoods thoughts of yesterday, pulling them into the light of today, causing pile-ups, just running around them, never letting any of it's remnants get in the way of music's fascination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythmical Ripples

Ripples implore inner attitudes to make themselves
known in repertoire's dear.
Finality rears it's head with roaring ideas,
sublimating images in steps of prose.
Tantalizing life's inner motives to peek about and
make themselves known on shores of lost horizons.
Mazes curl and uncurl from depths of darkness and
it's abysses.
Curtailing the presence of left over thought,
rearranging all literature in a mind of wisdom.
Arrayed in splendid lights, beckoning to everyone's
inner eyes, carrying on conversations in musical
notes and scandalous sonatas.
Varying degrees of sociability trace sensuous
lines down smiling faces, imploring ripples of
adversity to come and join the clan of rhythmical
families on this planet we are so fond of calling
earth.
Walking away in a hush of silence, beginning another
season of serenity's music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythmically Waving

Reflections looking in at a room full of people
dancing and having a good time.
Brilliant smiles sitting on faces, being reflected
from hearts of beautiful music, shining forth from
everyone's eyes.
Desire held in arms, tired from the day, yet happy
to be holding and being held themselves.
Being serenaded across the floor, voices reaching
out in friendship, totally musical from interior
lives.
Never letting go of flirtatious fun, bouncing and
becoming one in an atmosphere filled with the peace
of dancing ingenuity.
Waving rhythmically in time with all melodies in
this room tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Blending

Rushing against the heartbeats of time immemorial,
creating a jungle of rhythms in depths of energetic
melodies, taking moments hurriedly into the circle
of antagonistic gems of tomorrow.

Wanting to go into interior depths of another universe,
splashing around and finding it relaxing, cooling down
my being complacently.

Filtering and listening intently as all the rhythms
start blending themselves, making an amazing sound
together, njoying listening to it, unfolding interiorly,
hoping to hear it continually playing forward into
intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm's Blessings

Swinging on ropes, hanging from mazes in my mind,
loving the feelings it brings to the foreground.

Watching them take over as I write and enter
imagination's realms many times throughout the
moments of each day.

Blending, steeping, keeping time with rhythm's
blessings as I whirl with it's flow through
time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Challenging Intellect

Rhythms beckoning and calling to intellect, challenging it
at every note to write poetry that would last forever in
people's minds the world over.

Encouraging this poet to leave a legacy of life on earth
through every poem written, telling of a little life that
survived hardships and turmoil.

Still having strength and energy that never waned nor dis-
appeared, positive attitudes and moods committed to ful-
filling a lifetime purpose and destiny completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Chasing Intellect

Vibrations of actuality taking me through photographic
screens, going over every aspect of my life interiorly,
watching and listening intently.

Letting feelings and emotions continually touch me in-
teriorly and intensely, switching into high gear as I
write and the music begins to get faster.

All rhythms chasing intellect, it keeps catching up to
it, exploring all of it's possibilities, masquerading
as an elusive mystery through poetry, being mystically
magical as I write into the evening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm's Coattails

Experiencing an interior high, feeling absorbed by
the music being played and able to express it in
words for all to see.

Expertly tasting the savory melodies as they flavor
taste buds of the mind.

Flowing into depths of my soul with a plethora of
thoughts, taking me quickly into a museum of
fame, waiting patiently to be discovered.

Wonderful pathways suddenly being opened wider as
I ride on rhythm's coattails into their interior
designs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm's Code

Describing twilight during the morning is an approach of intellect in the reverse.
Soundly discussing notes as they appear simultaneously along with melody, abandoning rote of yesterday, in favor of more bass toned ones.
Sliding along, pressing advantages of rhythm as they continue to careen down pathways of excellence and fortitude, leveling playing fields as they pass by.
Meeting and adhering together with an elite atmosphere of delivery and spoken words, hidden in rhythm's code of music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm's Door

Sedately dancing, looking within at opportunities of
realization in life's tunnels of destiny.
Playing at rhythm's door, being calmly soothed by
it's beauty of feeling.
Attaching self to unhindered melody, taking off into
realms not able to be reached in normal circumstances.
Searching allowedly for beats counting themselves in
measures of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm's Fragrances

Wanting to be immersed in rhythm's fragrances,
delving deeply into them.

Forgiving attitudes taking this being down
lanes of truthfulness and honesty, making sure
that all of life is being lived in a straight
and narrow pathway, never straying, just staying
faithful to morals and ethics.

Creating avenues of picturesque landscapes,
following them through life and being carried
away with their actual realities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Have Been Strung

Walking into the darkness of death alone, unable to see
the light of day any longer, finding rhythms of life have
been strung in beads of a funeral march without our love.

No longer participating in it beyond life, standing apart,
unable to see or love one another, stripped of everything
we knew and loved about each other.

Now existing far apart, having no knowledge where we both
have gone, because of death's insistence in our lives to-
night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm's Heart

Incoming thoughts flowing with ease, importing themselves
into many a poem without any effort whatsoever.
Calming effects are felt in my rhythmic heart, and soothing
accents fill me with incessant tones of perfect pitch as I
give in to their bountiful beat.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm's Lair

Nose-diving into depths of patterns, feeling their textures
and sensing their sweet garden aromas as they twiddle in
rhythm's lair.

Making contact with all of it, sorting through, getting full
of their essences so they can be spread like cream cheese on
crackers and fed to others through poetry and it's music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Matching Moods

Strumming the guitar strings of my mind and heart,
composing rhythms and melodies to match the moods
that I'm in this moment.

Steady and rapid, they come to mind, one after
another, no rest in between, much like when writing
poetry.

Simple, abstract concepts being formed musically,
kept in measures of time with perfect pitch always
accompanying it.

Quality of tone and perception being infinite through
intellect's innate knowledge and wisdom, as the guitar
strings of my mind and heart continue being strummed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Of A Pen

Spinning to rhythms, falling upon this brain rapidly,
stirring and blending thoughts with them, attracting
an inner energy, delighting intellect.

Sparkling, glittering, enjoying the beats giving
their renditions of life through musical interludes
of interior beauty.

Fantastic realizations surrounding every idea as
they rotate and start their journeys into farthest
reaches of a mind.

Sololy, taking particles through tunnels of thought,
giving them words of purpose in sentences being
written rapidly, in time with incessant tempos of
creation,

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Of Another Language

Creatively instigating new avenues of intellect, watching exciting new ideas come about.

A mysterious sounding whisper is fulfilling interior purposes in a whole new way, major rhythms are allowing intellect to create and assign wonderful messages in coded aspects of another language.

Reaching into an atmosphere of foreign tones, sensing a lasting beauty being borne within, peaceful, solemn and yet tenderly soothing to this mind, drums staccatoely wringing saddened feelings, escaping from within, allowing it's strange music to enter my mind with curiosity and interest unusually brilliant and refined.

Taking time and measuring it entirely in different rhythms with changes of an interior attitude appearing suddenly in the view of photographic images.

Visions being focused in new and exciting ways, noticing angles and corners not usually seen in western music.

Formations of interior designs are shaping in all types of patterns, shooting out in a fourth-dimensional landscape that has been passed by when listening to other music that I have always heard.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Of Birth And Death

Life begins and ends in the rhythm of birth and death and throughout this walk of expectation, hope and peace help to find what's needed to carry on.

Stepping onto platforms of heaven, being given peeks at what it's like to be immersed in the beauty and wonder of living another life.

Although spiritually, sensing things that ordinarily cannot be detected, placing them into books of poetical knowledge for future generations to read, inspiring others to write also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Of Chance

Mind tickling ivories of an interior piano, enticing melodies to stray into intellect, giving many notes to apply to innate rhythms of chance.

Focusing on rhythms of interior and innate talent, that continues to flow inwardly, giving intellect choices of positive attitudes and moods.

They'll be reflected in prose on a constant basis, interest always being piqued throughout many experiences of life and it's lessons to be learned.

A complete and total submersion within an interior waterfall of thoughts that take this mind traveling everywhere, like a hobo riding a train to whereabouts unknown.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Of Contemplation

Living in a clearing of life, looking beyond it,
finding happiness surrounding me.

Taking everything in, silence folding over in
rhythms of contemplation.

Sincere and positive moods covering me with their
beautiful landscapes.

Fires burning higher within desires, giving much
pleasure, elating me no end.

Searching this dimension's skies as they illuminate
ideas and thoughts, filling my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Of Creativity

Designs formulating and creating paintings of intelligent masterpieces.

Pastels and luminescent colors of the rainbow flowing onto canvas's, letting themselves vibrate with incessant rhythms of creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Of Dead Spirits

Indian drumming, sitting in my mind, beating out rhythms
of spirits of the dead.

Sacred and holy, always kept closely in traditions and
ceremonies of ritual throughout years of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Of Imagination

Wonderfully and happily turning ideas into words you are
reading here, coming from deep inside intellect just
because they are better fitted right now to the rhythms
I am hearing.

Listening to them, feeling their delicate serenity lacing
neurons and synapses with the beauty of nature waiting
here in this poem.

Scents wafting into thoughts, enticing beautiful colors to
play melodies for imagination.

Taking the least trodden pathways, falling upon the
saddened hearth of tomorrow, filled with the loss of yesterday
not knowing how I'd forgotten for so long.

Now stirring up, recalling and reliving their essence in a
collection of poetry that will one day be read throughout
the world.

Never letting go of a single beat of inner rhythms that were
composed at the exact time as each and every poem was written.

A balance so delicately met by the wisdom of intellect as
it meets up with the rhythms of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Of Integrity

Heartstrings being played to the satisfaction of intellect
as I bow to rhythms of integrity.

Playing to inner rhythms, succinctly transferring knowledge
at hand into astonishing words of poetry on a constant basis.

Totally trusting in the beautiful insight that flows softly
and incessantly along shores of an interior horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Of Interior Freedom

Special commitments being held in hearts, kept safely within pockets of remembrance, grasped and lonely through ages of mystery, finding a place, hiding in a hidden wisdom, always out of sight.

Placidly holding onto a moment of quiet joy, spaces being moved through an atmosphere provided by intellect that has been taken from limited boundaries of boxes.

Turned loose by rhythms of interior freedom, staring in mirrors, seeing misty reflections through many tears of sorrow that have fallen through the years.

Clouding and distorting what happened once upon a time when younger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Of Life

Beating of my heart keeping time with rhythms of life, being played through harmonies and melodies, standing forever in this mind.

Awakening thoughts, keeping them aligned, forever straightened, flowing forward, cascading down waterfalls, and over cliffs on sides of mountains.

Beautiful crystal water being shined upon by an early morning sunshine.

Daydreams are made from such beauty and are continually being put into photographic screens of another time where I will proceed into the ocean of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Of Motion

Agile, moving forward in rhythms of motion being played musically while writing, entering playgrounds of imagination through intellect.

Practical, yet creative, keeping track of every idea and thought through measures of time and coded rhythms, a pleasant source of appreciation and gratitude while living in this temporary world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Of Motorcycles

Tackling notes of beginning forms, walking around, touching all particles of enticing desire.
Wandering about, wanting to fit in, wearing all styles of biker clothes, bandannas, vests with many colored patches, sayings pertinent to what minds are thinking on a day like this.
Behaviors toned down, mild, touching one another with rhythms of loud motorcycles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Of My Soul

Insistent worries creep into mind, but I chase them away with musical rhythms of my soul.
Interpreting situations into far-reaching compositions of relativity.
Sanctioning relaxation of my mind through writing contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Of Natural Instinct

Steady, falling into measures and chords with a hunger
for music always ready to be absorbed within, challeng-
ing and daring many things along the way.

Wanting to know how to drop into a harmony without any
doubts echoing in mind, stealing moments, climbing
heights of innate talent.

Finding self in rhythms of natural instinct, subconsci-
ousness unfolding in narrow canyons of realization, toss-
ing particles of it into fields of poetry to grow wild
and free in books of literature throughout the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Of Passing Time

In the end seeing everything in black and white, all shades of gray flowing to cover it, losing self in the reality of a gray rainbow.

Alone on a wonder-filled journey that no one else can take with us, they are just passing shadows that come along, supporting and loving us for a time.

Grayness of a rainbow that has filled our observations with it's mysterious vigil, listening to rhythms of passing time, being a part of it's eternal equation in the end as we pass from life to death alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm's Of Propensity

Charging insides of a brain, giving it a jolt of energy
through music and compositions that I am writing.

Peaceful and thoughtful through many hours of each day
and night, so many ideas flowing into intellect.

Never letting any of them escape as they flow into my
being directly, sololy, for the purpose of gifting
intellect and imagination.

Quietly, listening and being properly attuned to the
coded messages being sent from rhythms of propensity
and livelihood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Of Prose

Sandwiched between the notes, tapping out tones that keep striking intellect with strident rhythms of prose that I continue writing down.

Measures of relative thoughts keep popping up like popcorn in a corn popper, stepping and reaching into interior depths of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm's Of Prose

Words dancing in atmospheres of silent awakening, arousing mind-bending thoughts to float and air out.
Reverberating and challenging life's particular dreams, creating new ones constantly in rhythms of prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Of Purity

Life is a blank white screen until our vision and senses are awakened from their tombs.
Focusing on their entirety, blessing their individual reasons for being.
Quietly being immersed in interpretations of grey matter, inspiring talent to become itself while on earth.
Saving promises of gifts closely in hearts of memory as our souls are spent in heavenly rhythms of purity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Of Twilight

Playing pianos of my mind, stirring creativity with
gentle rhythms of twilight.
Placating inner desires with musical scores, written
in words and terms of prose.
Fingering notes of beauty, translating them into
images for everyone to read and contemplate.
Talking, speaking through my mind, touching other's
with scented sprays of intense feelings of reflection.
Noticing the world, corraling the universe, all in the
peaceful visions of today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Reciting Feelings

Singing Amazing Grace, all the patrons here at the Wagon Yard rise to heaven as one voice.

Tears falling, voices choking, music continues to play in spite of it all.

Rhythms reciting the feelings of everyone gathered here, together for this wonderful tribute to Max.

Both daughter's dear loving father, having beautiful memories of his life keeping them close to him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm's Reflections

Rippled water touching imagination with
proliferation, subconsciously entertaining
self within abysses, waiting to be filled.

Silence beacons thoughtful stances, becoming
major works of art through literature.

Watching reflections wave back and across in
rhythm with the wind blowing across the face
of this earth.

Wordlessly carrying breaths of fresh air
wherever it goes, freedom of being is it's
fare in life.

Wandering rhythmically with sounds foreign
and domestic, drawing in a universe and space
of people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm's Shadows

Shadows of rhythms are now playing in mind, feeling syncopation in rhymes of an energizing desire that I wish to deny, because it will not suit me in the long run.

Leaving reminders behind on floors of desert plains, nothing to be gotten by keeping them alive, only heartache and suffering will become of them.

Never into a future will they be able to fit into the puzzle of life at any time while I am still alive.

Careful to not divulge their essence to another soul, knowing that it will do no one any good in this time and place in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm's Stepping

Age and wisdom converge on the dance floor, stepping to inner rhythms, keeping in time with years in life.
Finding a bond amidst all the turmoil living causes us, is a cinch when music brings together all ages in unison.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm's Steps

Running across my mind,
never faltering in steps
of rhythm, as I glide into
many words of expression.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm's Stirring

Considering rhythms stirring interiorly, blending with those of life and it's plentitude.
Sacrificing and being alone through everything, keeping sanity tucked hiddenly within, holding onto every aspect of suffering, for in it wisdom can always be found.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Strung Across My Heart

Finding pathways overgrown with weeds and outdated
thoughts looking to be born again into a poem or
two, hoping all will be written in silence.

Ideas and concepts proving that everything has a
second chance and can be reborn once again, light
bearing healing rays and sensations to cover hurt.

Pain of a lifetime forging into sorrowful duties
that lie about, going to waste day after day with
no thought ever given until it's much too late.

Unable to do anything about it, hoping that rhythms
being strung across my heart will enliven my soul
once more.

Tears being held back, not rising into the cloudy
haze of a saddened emptiness still covering my being
for the rest of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm's Tears

Reading the music playing in my mind, listening to every tone and inflection of each note as it fastens itself to words that flow so easily into every poem I write. So eloquently, cascading like a waterfall from my mind into deep calm pictures of words, like pools sent from heaven.
Holding the tears of a lifetime - those both of joy and sorrow, reflecting a life of poetical musings through musical rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm's Tenacity

Walking and talking in rhythm, keeping time
with elastic tenacity, taking care to touch
upon living edges of life.
Never refraining to exist in abundant sorrow
as life revolves itself in moments of joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm's Time

Merrily stepping in tune with a polka as it takes us
up and sets us down over and over again.
Bodies filling ever faster with the elation of notes,
building themselves in hearts of emotion.
Clapping and swinging in time with rhythms, bouncing
and beckoning each person on plains of personal
happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm's Train

Stepping onto the train of rhythm, collapsing onto the caboose,
trying to hold onto the tightly enclosed rhythms enclosing me
with the essence of a wonderful life of nature.

Noticing the alluring facets of everything, touching interior
faces, watching the expressions as they continually come into
sight.

Finally leading them to the end of the tracks and climbing the
platforms of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms Under The Badge

Reeling with fantastic rhythms of 'Under The Badge',
a band filled with enthusiasm and life, taking us on
an adventure through music altogether.

Being totally in synch, not missing a beat, filling
every particle and fiber of my being with an energetic
and vibrant feeling.

Touching and giving me everything needed to come alive,
beating to rhythms of life, provided by this band play-
ing here at Buddy Stubbs, giving their tips to Veterans.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythm's Zone

Listening to music as I watch and write, people swaying and dancing in time to shaking rhythms.

Enjoying the tempo as it beats gently and steadily into the atmosphere.

Laughter, eyes merrily sending messages of pleasure to another.

A wonderful, thoughtful gesture and people are up out of their seats and whirling across the floor.

Totally in the zone of beautiful rhythms, coming together and having the time of their lives here at the center.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rhythms's Picture

Nothing looks the same when rhythm enters the picture,
life explodes into many colored notes of bereavement,
taking privileges with joy in hearts of many.
Bittersweet, tantalizing taste buds of the mind are
filled with an other-worldly energy.
Sustaining interior motives, aiding in the process of
living free and independently with no thoughts of dying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ribbons Of Remembrance

Ribbons of remembrance touching my mind, tangling it with sacred moments of our lives, now mingled with the death of it's passing.

Decorations being blown in the wind, no rhythms or rhyme in life for it has been taken and buried somewhere in an unknown tomb.

Graveyard holding you hostage, only your cold entombed body, our love is nowhere to be found, it has disappeared beyond the scope of our everlasting and beautiful love.

No more coming to our hearts for we have been separated forever on opposite horizons of death, my love, and I am missing you forlornly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ribbons Of Thought

Ribbons of thought waving in an airy mind, filled with rapturous joy.
Stationed tantalizingly inside, awaiting exploration of renewal, imaging thoughts, taking on new styles, fitting them comfortably wherever they happen to be.
Taking words, placing them in orders known only to God, forming in the end great works of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Richer Treasures

Shining into the night, stars beckoning to move into
the light.
Stepping faster than lightening, keeping time with
the music.
Richer treasures there never were, compared to
feelings you get with rock and roll.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rid Of Incumbents

Necessities of life are scarce nowadays, too many people are homeless here in the U.S.A., especially our Veterans, that shame falls upon our politicians and Obama.

They have not even tried to represent We the People, Americans, they've been too busy letting illegals, isis, Syrians and muslims cross our borders.

Giving them handouts, everything free, except that we taxpayers are paying for all their free benefits while we keep going without.

Getting rid of all the incumbents is the first step to draining the swamp, now that we've elected Donald J. Trump as our new President, we know he puts Veterans and Americans first.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ridding Our World Of Evil

Standing in hallways, awaiting newly formed designs to
to enter imagination and shape vocabulary to be used in
writing a brand new poem.

Excelling at every moment of life, conquering different
aspects as they present themselves in a cornerstone of
yesterday's delight.

Folding down blinders that are being used to hide from
facts of life, the corruption, greed and evil that are
destroying our world for sake of a perverted pedophile
who some evil people are calling allah.

All I see is the rape, murder, torture of innocent little
children and women by asinine culprits of depravity.

All of them need to be put to death, ridding our world of
the vilest evil ever perpetrated on mankind.

Having nothing to do with God or religion, just some
selfish narcissists who have forsaken all of mankind for
evil perversion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riddled Life

Tattered within, riddled with life, no where to go.

Escape is impossible, because I'm always within, no
way out.

Canyon walls thriving, keeping everyone at bay, while
I listlessly ride waves of becoming horizons

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riddles Of Rhythm

Awakening to another day filled with poetical thoughts,
taking my mind into riddles of rhythm.

Translating and transposing notes and tones into poetical and musical interludes of my heart.

Succinctly and gently flowing in depths of my mind and
imagination, nothing but the purity of intellect and
it's intensity always in sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Cycles

Golden helmets sitting on the side of a boat, waiting for someone to place them on their heads and climb upon a motorcycle.

Racing around the streets, not caring if the wind blows around their heads.

Sitting proudly, riding joyfully down paved and unpaved

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Down Highways

Rip roaring Harley's racing down highways,
showing off their individuality and inde-
pendence.

Being free as a bird, although tires are
rolling along the asphalt, while paying
attention to landscapes.

Passing by all types and sights of nature,
knowing that this is a paradise on wheels,
enjoying sounds as I ride into the sunset.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Galloping Rhythms

Reeling into the evening with justifiable rhythms taking me down trails of country western melodies, feeling upbeats rising and swelling into my heart and soul.

Riding rhythms, galloping into the sunset with hopeful joy and promise, letting tempos take my being into the darkness of this desert night.

Riding into another midnight, eyes wide open and mind flowing with ideas, concentrating intensely within intellect where they stand the test of time in measures of long-lasting harmonies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Highways

Riders, all ages, nationalities, shapes and sizes, coming together for pleasurable events and companionship.
Silent voices, mingling with the environment, tasting lasting morsels of life as it is ridden down natural highways for individual reasons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Horizons

Riding horizons on rhythms, recalling younger days when life
was brilliant and so satisfying.
Tokens of memories remind me of family, so close, now gone
away from earth.
Looking forward to rowing my way to their new horizon one
day when I am finally finished with destiny and future as
fate turns me around again for the time being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Imagination's Waves

Solo, charging to music that climbs inside my mind, taking me to outer limits and beyond.
Languidly indisposed towards other people, living in my intellect, finding it to be more exacting, in time with my self - no judgement allowed interiorly.
Mocking does no good, for I am in another world, living alone, enjoying peace and quiet.
Riding waves of imagination, flowing across the universe, nothing standing in the way of time.
Spacing notes together, allowing no time to be wasted as I rock in tune with rhythm from another world outside me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Into Sunsets

Opening aged minds, taking them on a journey over
cowboy trails and through wonderful deserts filled
with antique melodies and wonderful scenery.

Riding horses of imagination over desert plains,
happily enjoying the freedom and vast expanse of
wide open spaces.

Cacti reaching out, touching subconsciously, areas
of grey matter with wonder and awe.

Filling yesterday with moistened eyes of beauty,
remembered dearly, close to hearts riding into
sunset's of tomorrow's horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Into The Night

Crawling through the sky, lit with illumination from the moon.
Giving a yell and riding into the night with a promise of returning one day.
Living on the range, taking pictures in my mind, savoring their textures and reflections as I write them down in a pattern of exquisite taste.
Never going back, sololy moving through the sky alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding My Harley

Shifting gears, soaring down the freeway on my Harley,
loving the freedom as my hair blows all over in the
hot wind here in Phoenix, Arizona.

Placing self in the middle of musical rhythms as the
miles accumulate and I pass landscapes quickly, catch-
ing sight of things, like speed reading nature as I ride.

Going into an empty desert, fulfilling the perfect sensa-
tions of all my senses, throttle opened fully, wanting to
express the liberation felt from the Harley beneath me.

Sitting in the seat of control, totally enjoying feelings
of strength and inner courage flowing quickly and enhance-
ing my entire being.

Grasping onto rhythms poetically as I ride down the free-
way of this temporary life, nothing to interfere with my
joy and happiness right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Oceans

So gently, rocking me on waves of emotional content,
letting me feel their textures and benefit from
their depths of intellect.
Riding always through the open oceans of intelligence
and hope.

(1: 00 p.m. - 11/17/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding On The Freeway

Riding down the freeway, writing rapidly as the miles
gather beneath the tires and thoughts are collecting
along with them.

Singing and humming, the car's engine revs itself
down the road, with a young driver behind the wheel.

Moving across town, attempting to make it in record
time, barring any accidents or break-downs on the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Pathways

Grasping reins in my hand,
lazily sitting in the saddle,
looking at the beauty of the
desert around me.

Riding across pathways,
reserved for desert animals, alone.

Now they're sharing their little
secrets with me and my horse as we
ride towards the mountains.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Rapids

Paddling down life's river, riding the rapids, holding on, never tipping over, and finding solace in doing so.
Testing the waters as they ramble on like an old person's story.
Taking on many memories as they unfold, giving me pleasant and bittersweet thoughts of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Rhythms

Taking chances riding the rhythms sky-high, climbing up volumes of sound, never looking down.
Scaling episodes of supreme intensity, dealing essences of yesterday in morning verses at first light.
Coveting the many experiences of rhythms being tackled in non-descript attitudes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Sunsets

Traveling roads through my mind,
taking whatever direction I prefer.

Catching glimpses of imagination's
byways as I ride euphoric adjectives
into sunsets of tomorrow.

Hoping to find more creative ideas
as I traverse crosswords of poetical
decisiveness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding The Freeways

Riding down the freeway, landscapes racing by,
cars passing and leaving our sight.

On the same stretch of highway, we are traveling
down, bank robbers, murderers, rapists, pedophiles
and abusers all remain anonymous as they race by
at any given time.

There are no detection systems to identify them,
no glaring marks, we travel unknowingly together
down the roads of life.

If we think of it we push the thoughts quickly
from our minds, preferring not to contemplate
them and ruining our piece of mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding The Waves

Mirrors reflecting my heart, filled with your love, beating solely for you, my darling, accepting and taking us into one mind set, allowing our bodies to find their way into each other's arms.

We're perfect now, no one can say otherwise, for we have become one another, tracing and aligning in life just to be able to find love in many twilight nights not caring what anyone dares to say.

Being together and able to dance and sway into our dreams, a pleasure that keeps us going throughout the world in this wonderful space of time and elation, riding the waves of enticing moments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Through Edges

Waking to a new day, sun shining down upon earth,
refreshing our lives, distinguishing morning
thoughts from those of nighttime dreams.

Riding through edges of our horizons, seeking solace
and comfort from nature, hoping to be caught up in
the serenity of it's essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Tidal Waves

Continuous rolling vibrations of rhythms, rapidly taking
me into oceans of tidal waves that incessantly engulf
and enfold me within them.

Covering my being with it's foamy surf as I ride waves
of eternal infinity all the days of life that are left
to me in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding To Beats

Watching and riding to the beats of a beautiful
morning, up and down, as if riding a horse
through an interior desert.

Now galloping faster, letting him take me into
the dense oasis of palm trees, stopping by the
pool of water and getting a drink to cool off.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Towards Destiny

Sounds of an Indian drummer taking me away on a galloping horse into tomorrow's sunset, filling my mind with wonderful pictures of light and joy.

Riding quickly towards destiny, at times resting, leaning back in the saddle, mind wandering into thought patterns designing themselves as I continue riding forward.

Finding satisfaction, soothing rhythms and picturesque landscapes through imagination, watching carefully as I write them into poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Turmoil

Soothing nerves with musical rhythms, attempting to remain calm through the hell of medical reality.
Wading through waves of turmoil, choosing to ride them to shore, instead of fighting my way into and out of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Waves

Riding waves of ocean rhythms, beckoning all manner of euphemisms, while
burying thought in energetic blocks
of space and time.
Entering all phases of beauty and resigning self to
outer thoughts as they arrange themselves in rows of picturesque landscapes,
being ridden on horseback
through inner deserts filled with innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Waves Of Ageless Oceans

Simple, beautiful, feelings of peace saturating my soul and being.
Drifting with melodies of life, riding waves of ageless oceans.
Exploring their depths through imagination, holding on to serene dispositions of natural movement, lovingly caressing them in enjoyable increments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Waves Of Exuberance

Exercising mind and body with ecstatic rhythms of an unearthly talent, inspiring poetry from beyond this world.

Diving intervention playing it's part well in the scheme of life where all things have a purpose and essence on this earth.

Riding waves of exuberance as they send me flying and soaring into an everlasting beauty in times since forgotten, except to this vibrant and lively mind.

An alluring mystery to scientists in this world, all wanting to find out just how my mind works and where all the energy of intellect comes from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Waves Of Music

Riding waves of music, captivating attention religiously, never seeming to let go throughout life.

Climbing mountains and their rhythms, going through deserts in chords and measures of time.

Keeping life enticed in every moment of daily life, watching always for the beauty of nature and it's awesome landscapes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Riding Winds

Wounded deeply from past abandonment, torn from the fabric
of life, left in tatters and rejected, far from being.

An urgency not needed, wanting only to travel pathways
that are open to interior curiosity, exercising the will of
my mind.

Riding winds of diversity, enjoying seeing many different
aspects in other cultures and nationalities.

Strength in the face of life's turmoil, keeping me afloat,
no matter the amount and intensity of trials that still
await my presence.

Taking steps to go outside boundaries and limits of others,
breaking through them all with a stubborn will, kept always
in store so I cannot be taken in by the cowardly corruption
of jealous people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Right Intentions

Roads standing before us, wondering which direction to go,
taking into consideration our moods, attitudes and lively
existence as we two find our way in this wide world.

Giving us love, temptations, the existence of desires and
passion to take us down the road of perfect balance or that
of wrong-doing.

Always choosing the most difficult path, staying away from
turns taking us into an evil situation, preferring instead,
to take the road of goodness and perfection.

When we're together making love with only the right intentions
and nothing in between, we find our way into a sphere of heaven
where we are at peace with one another and God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Right Out Of History

Taken aback by the Flintstones song from the sixties,
a place right out of history.

One that I visited many times when younger, loving the
good times once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Right Paths In Life

Resisting temptations, keeping closed off from evil
in this world.

Silent, watching, knowing what is right and wrong in
life, staying on right paths always.

Not wanting to be a part of the dark side, living
every day as if it is the last.

Taking care to be respectful, caring, compassionate
to everyone I meet in life, not ever wanting to veer
from this way of thinking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Righting The Wrongs

Riding through the darkness, feeling the coldness of
night as I walk down this lonely road, a solitary
woman, roaming this world as a quiet rebel only.

Wanting to right all the wrongs in this world, having
no money or power, just gifts God has given through
poetry.

Bringing attention to each one of them, letting every-
one know what's going on throughout the world so those
with money and power can take up the baton and help.

Connecting them with a goal and purpose, in the end,
giving people in every single country the peace and com-
fort of their lives without evil and corruption draining
it from them anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rigid Roses

Rigid roses, blooming in their emptiness, softly defining
meaning and fullness of an entire lateral planet.

Perfumed scent sailing far into the heavens, unclaimed in
this century.

Falling up, over, into the heavens, unclaimed laughter,
centering itself under roots and thorns hidden painfully
from shaded eyes.

Grazing in pastures, awaiting the endless purgatory of
life to end so a new, more perfect life may begin.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rigid Walking

Rigidly walking down lanes of antiquity, following
echoes of past proclivities.
All sunbeams set ablaze, a path before you, opened,
filled with broadened heat of a hidden eternity.
Stepping over edges to get closer to heaven, we
walk rigidly, afraid of what we may see on the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ring Of Truth

Justice sits back, watching every beat pound itself
into a ring of truth.
Belief and honesty are being filled continually with
the greatest ideas left us by our forefathers.
Morals and ethics to live our lives by, standing
always in the corridors of yesterday.
Wonderful aspirations hoping to be followed by every
one, yet justice is disappointed every time as people
choose the path of least resistance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ringing Truths In Music

Ringing truths surrounding me in music, living in
the sunshine even as I dwell in pain, trying to
ignore it's presence in life.

Getting more difficult with each passing day, moving
forward the only way possible, by listening to music
and writing poetry continually.

Planning to do it for as long as I'm able, as it helps
take me away from the medical problems I'm continually
going through.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ringlets Of My Childish Mind

Slipping, sliding into many measures of inner music,
guitar carrying me into another tomorrow, filtering
the wonder of this total moment into it.

Holding onto ringlets of my childish mind, hoping
to never forget the pure innocence captured in my
intellect from childhood.

Nothing left to do, but go with the flow, traveling
lightly to sounds of musical compositions alone and
untiringly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rinsed Clean

Looking forward to the rain coming tomorrow,
hoping to be cleansed and rinsed clean from
all of life's iniquities.

Grasping onto independence and freedom in
this life with every sense in my being that
I have left.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rinsing Souls

Swiftly dancing in time with thoughts as they gel and
swarm into precise logarithms from space and depths
of sensitive emotions, taking steps to contemplate
spiritual ingenuity with aplomb and fascination.

Crossing boundaries, heading towards new desert plains
on carousels of yesterday, finding new exercises to
blend into scales of obsolescence.

Challenging visions gather like forests of pine trees and
send aromas to ends of earth, like smoke from lit candles,
wisping it's way towards heaven and receiving answers to
prayers of life at last.

Tears rinsing souls of beauty as they grow closer to God
and His genuine love for each of us on earth.

Plucking every ounce of ingenuity, turning it into chords
of meaning, translating them into scores of poetical verse
with each and every beat.

Finally sanctioning blessed eternity on time tables of
yesterday's sorrows.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rinsing Thoughts

Circling like a hawk, searching for prey, wanting to find
answers in interior depths of wisdom.

Talking to no one, staying quite alone and encouraging not
a soul to come and visit with me.

Preferring only to be on a deserted island, free from the
restrictions of other people, contented to be in depths
of my soul.

Lasting beauty emanating from within, giving all thoughts
a rinse off before using them in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ripping Apart America's Fabric

Centuries of life have been lived by many people and cultures, attempting to cooperate and live in peace together.

A majority of us being lovers of equality and having a behavioral attitude of creating diversity into a rainbow of lasting beauty here on earth.

Then others, just a very few, ruin it all by being evil, greedy, satanic and full of themselves, green with envy for what others have and they have not.

Ripping apart the fabric of America with their mean-spirits, narrow and closed minds, never wishing to be open, tolerant and loving towards all people just because we are humans here on earth.

All of us are only temporary beings, yet, silent screams are being heard around the world from mouths of women and children being raped and tortured by isis, terrorists and muslims, alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ripping Rhythms

Voices cracking, radiating our minds with their loud
clanging, flattened by tones coming out.
Winding around our inner rhythms, ripping them apart
with undue terror.
Mind running quickly away, looking for the sunset so
we can eat and go home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ripple Of Disdain

Standing strength perched on shoulders of soft steel.
Bearing burdens of sadness in quiet abiding, whispering of it's loneliness to no one.
Squelching tears which try to escape and tell the world about what lies within landscapes of lonely heartache.
Fortunes lost and gained, causing not even a ripple of disdain, for all of life is contained in patterns swept beneath couches of remorse.
Figuratively reminding everyone of silent unrehearsed sorrow, the depth of pain held far too closely without realizing the harm it causes.
Swinging wildly by a camel's hair on the rim of oblivion, left by saddened courtesies of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ripple Reflections

Mind rippling like the water in a swimming pool,
wafted by breezes of images coming into being.

After sending all sense's feelings of meditative
contemplation to heart and soul, a brain picks
up signals and words begin to flow.

All due to the gentle ripples in a swimming pool.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ripples Of Horror

Staring into murky waters, dull with age.
Barely moving, ripples lazily floating
downstream.
Thoughts alight upon a fallen leaf,
carried off to distant lands where one
can breathe the air of freedom.
Leaves hanging over shoulders, nature
caressing an innate spirit, breathing
sighs of intense relief.
Letting go the flood gates rusted with
years of misuse, pouring unmercifully,
horrors of the past upon a frail human
being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rippling Reflection

Steady as a rock beneath the rapidly flowing rivers crossing over it, thinking through a keen clarity of precision and beauty.

Rippling reflections mirroring the honesty and truth-fullness of every thought being created within imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rippling Reflections

Dreams being made as water flows steadily downstream in a calm afternoon breeze.
Ducks floating upon rippling reflections, resting their wings and taking in the sights as they pass by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rising Above Horizons

Stepping in and out of a musical world, rhythm being injected ultimately through an interior design, present since the moment of conception.

Moments climbing within, giving my mind pleasure in every one of them being and feeling alive.

Rising above horizons, lifting spirits into realms of heavenly bliss, waiting to meet the divine in a special grace given by heaven itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rising Above Obstacles

Climbing rocks up the sides of mountains,
rising to great heights without any danger
of falling.

Knowing exactly how to continue upward, no fear getting
in the way of what I wanted to do.

Life tempting me in every way, moving in directions
unknown by others, continually rising above obstacles.

Walking through catacombs, finding my way out of the
darkness and into a spiritual light of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rising Above Trials

Rising above all the trials of life,
catching my breath in pauses of musical interludes.
Sounding happy, listening to inner laughter,
spreading around humorous thoughts, prevailing
happiness abounding.
All of life expressing the beauty of song, taking
me above to exclusive melodies being given by
angels on high.
Touching my soul, bringing desires into my heart
for living in desert piety.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rising And Moving

Realizations taking their turns in cosmic and innate talent
down strenuous mountains that arise before me in situations
arriving daily.

Rising with ideas of imagination, thinking and relaying con-
cepts constantly and incessantly into the universe, always
moving, providing the energy needed to walk across this world.

Serious, yet accomplished, wanting to take on evils in this
world, dissolving them one by one into a nothingness of an-
other tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rising Attitudes

Easing into patterns of solitude, expressing emotions on paper for all to see and identify with.
Quiet attitudes rise to the surface, bringing with them a new resolve to attack and change whatever surrounds me by other people's ineptitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rising Dream

Dreams rising in a placid moment of twilight, spreading
their twinkling wonder into the darkened sky.

Brilliant, awakening earth and all of nature into a
wonderland of titillating and enchanting place of in-
lightenment.

Placing many thoughts alongside each other in lines
of poetry, never missing a beat as music continues
playing rapidly throughout this life.

Rounding corners and lifting spirits with a resound-
ing melody of timely beauty and wonder in chords.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rising Early

Rising early this morning to beautiful colors of orange and red, soaring across the sky, fascinating this poetical artist's eye.

Such a beautiful sight given by God above for all of humanity to see and know that He is still with us here on earth.

Never having left us, so pleasant and filled with blessings, showing us His total love for all, answering our prayers when beneficial to us in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rising Energy

Resting upon aging laurels, listening to an upbeat song being sung by a gentleman with a great voice.
Getting everyone to join in and smile.
Jotting down words from his memory, filling our heads with humorous laughter.
Being joyful and taking us all on a ride through rhythm and humor, making everyone have a great time at the Wagon Yard.
Delightful energy rising ever higher, taking poetry into the rafters with each note.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rising Faith

Silently, secretly praying for essences of God's
nature, rising faith beyond hope so we may one
day be reunited with sacred family.

Sending blessings upon us to keep us straightened
on life's many crooked paths, we live life
according to how peaceful and serene we are
interiorly.

Progressing further than we ever thought, rejoicing
over simple things and bringing us His holy light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rising From The Ashes

Having fun, joining in with others, fulfilling desires of
life in songs of America being sung, tranquil and free,
living the American Dream despite Hillary the fraud.

Getting on with freedom and love for our nation, holding
onto our Constitution, Bill of Rights and the Ten Command-
ments.

Standing united and strong, voting for Donald Trump, our
next President, Pence at his side as our Vice President,
both joining forces with Veterans and Citizens of the U.S.

Making the U.S.A. great once again, rising from the ashes
of Obama and the Clintons, fire and brimstone of evil that
were reigning with them in power.

Standing atop their ashes, united and stronger than ever,
everyone of us an American hero having voted for our Presi-
dent, Donald Trump, welcoming him and Pence into our White
House.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rising In Perfect Storms

Journeying through an existence that is filled with innate knowledge and wisdom, rising so often in perfect storms of life.

Often finding that this existence can and does open ever wider in tones of music, rhythms soothing and controlling emotions as they constantly crash upon shores of another universe.

Reaching interiorly, wanting to spread their wings, soaring into atmospheres that haven't yet been discovered, talent wanting to coincide with intellect, rising into another dimension of this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rising Inside Myself

Rising inside of myself, feeling good,
feeling attuned to nature and it's world.
A heavenly peace filling me with serenity
as I sit inside and write.
Watching bees fly around on tops of trees
right outside this second story window at
Dr. L's. office.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rising Intellect

Strumming stormy skies, rain drizzling down,
listening to the blues, fitting right in with
the mood I'm in today.
Talented musicians singing and playing the
tunes that touch my heart and make me swoon
to the tempos challenging intellect to rise
and meet them in pleasant rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rising Literature

Rhythms of natural desire live within minds of intellect.

Genially equipped with sensitivity and elation, becoming wisdom in placement of thought and behavior.

Alighting on wings of imagination, ideas linger and grow with little persuasion.

All of literature rising like the Phoenix into future generations of idealists.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rising On Angel Wings

Rising into the atmosphere
on angel wings, feeling so
close to God that I feel
His presence within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rising Spirituality

Angels singing praises to God, listening to them,
heart swelling with His love.

Such sweet and gentle words and rhythms touching
my soul.

Moments of inspiration tending my being right now,
rising spirituality as life continues going towards
heavenly realms.

Complacent, peaceful, awaiting God's answering words,
knowing they will be meaningful, full of forgiveness.

An all-encompassing love, descending on my being from
God in His mercy.

Doing the same for anyone who comes to Him, believing
in Him forever.

Never turning from the righteous path, going to be with
God when my life here has ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rising To Flames Of Desire

Lights twinkling, tickling the nighttime sky, laughter filling the heavens while the moon shines radiantly down upon those in love.

Walking hand in hand, talking, kissing, loving romantic-cally, this perfect and serene time in their lives, every-one rising to their flames of passion.

Having to wait until they reach home to share with one another, solace permeating every particle and fiber lying within them.

Nothing to deter them for they are all intent on one purpose only, climbing mountains of the sky, clouds part-ing, willing to share their pathways with love being ful-filled on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rising Waves Of Emotion

Exercising my mind with chords rising up and down,
taking my brain on waves of emotion.
Tell-tale hints being portrayed whenever I write,
gaining strength and expanding limits beyond the
circumference of my brain.
Intelligence gaining ground as I listen to classical
music and write.
(12: 47 p.m. - 11/17/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Risking It All

Rhythms beating to measures of time, giving melodies
and harmonies, pathways to delight in, walking joyfully
through thoughts, ideas, concepts and beliefs.

Interiorly being selected by intellect innately and in-
stantaneously, risking it all as I write into one poem
after another.

Feelings and emotions putting finishing touches on each
one while entering into interior senses that take me on-
to rainbows and raindrops falling from heaven.

Everything in the end being a fantasy play land where I
can do whatever pleases my spirit through purity and an
intense goodness of innocence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rivulets Of Visions

Justifying ideas in frames of images, pulling them together in rivulets of visions, taken into avenues of subconscious memories. Stirring them and clearing all else from interfering with their poetical essences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Road Block

Continuing on life's journey, hitting another huge road block, barring my way into another surface of wisdom.
Knocking constantly on the door of a mysterious condition, assessing all aspects of the problem, yet only hazy answers fill the mind without coming up with a cure for any of it.
Lively energy electrocuting insides of a being, filling it with an amazing intellectualization of development on this side of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roads Of Behavior

Sauntering down roads of behavior, trying out different dimensions of inspection.
Situating phases of integrity on pyres of blazing fires, out of control.
Puzzling continually in mazes of yesterday, falling into labyrinths of decadence.
Dissolving mannerisms like acid in bottles of perfumed aromas, touching gently,
parts of figurative speech.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roads Of Man

Riding the bus across country leaves no time for fussing
or fuming, just resting, head back, enjoying the view.

Landscapes constantly changing, rearranging themselves
into different cities and states, individually independent,
traveling down roads of man.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roads Of Melodies

Tapping into an energetic spirit filled with a bluened light
touching my soul, wonder and insight feverishly touching me
irreplaceably night after night.

Beating of drums regulating heart and spirit, traveling in
and out of this temporary life at times all alone, other
times traveling with friends or strangers.

Never missing a single beat as I travel down roads of mere
melodies intent on keeping time with measures going along
incessantly with intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roads Of Turmoil

Traveling down roads of turmoil, lacking the energy to defeat them as I continue on, never looking back, never looking forward.
Just hoping to end perplexing thoughts of death as it sits by the wayside, waiting for me to give in to an interior suicide.
Never letting it happen, going along roadways of inept decisions.

(7: 47 p.m. - 11/28/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roadways Of Life

Stepping in time to rhythms, feeling alright, watching scenery go by as I continue to walk down the roadways of life.

Treading off and on them, depending on what I happen to see along the way, adjusting and aligning to melodies being played right now.

Knowing the beats as they protrude into incessant tones of intellect, going along with whatever comes into being, poetry always being written with the music's rhythms.

Nothing else going through this mind, just a waterfall cascading through intellect, giving the words by which I continue to write poetry, telling the world everything I see and do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roaming In A Mind

Sliding across a vast inner universe, rhythms grasping
this mind, joyfully playing with words and meanings,
while putting puzzle pieces automatically together.

Using an inner strength and faith to give a more pur-
poseful definition, hopefully to live a better life
through new meanings.

Watching doors opening, sitting on front porches of in-
tellect, daydreaming through imagination as it gives my
mind a wide open atmosphere in which to think.

Beginning to feel intuitively into the vast beyond, no
barriers to run up against, no prejudice to interfere,
just a wide open mind to roam around in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roaming Outer Universes

Sparkling lights sprinkling into my sight, energizing
and enticing this interior atmosphere, filling it with
a life that allures all my senses.

Giving thoughts exquisite feelings of emotional and
tantalizing desires, reaching further into melodies
than the rhythms themselves.

Reeling and rocking to staccato beats as they take me
into the beauty of another dimension, roaming outer
universes alone, finding enduring senses that have
been hiding from other's sights.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roaming The Desert

Roaming through the desert, feeling it's arid heat
soaking through my skin, warming me excessively.

Reaching out with my eyes, noticing prickly needles,
sticking out of various cacti.

Each of them having different styles and dimensions,
all of them with a propensity to hurt a human being
or animal if they're not careful when walking by them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roaming The Desert Daily

Roaming through the desert, feeling it's arid heat
soaking through my skin, warming me excessively.

Reaching out with my eyes, noticing prickly needles,
sticking out of various cacti.

Each of them having different styles and dimensions,
all of them with a propensity to hurt a human being
or animal if they're not careful when walking by them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roaming This World

Listening to harmonic music filling a mind with it's graceful melody, giving it plenty to think about as I roam this world, trying to find my way around.
Lonely, being abducted by an intense grief that just won't let go.
Idly, standing by, adjusting and altering my stance in darkened hallways, crying abundantly, wanting to be held and cared for, knowing that it will never be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roasting Marshmallows

Roasting marshmallows on the campfire, night skies
twinkling above.

Guitars playing, regulating the music through a
time tunnel of musical beauty, giving much pleasure.

Singing along, enjoying the tones being heard as
marshmallows roast quietly on the fire.

Tasting their sweet sticky flavor upon my tongue,
sucking it off of my fingers afterwards.

A great and wonderful experience being remembered
just by listening to this song, giving pleasure
once again through it's memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Robotic Competition

Attending a robotic competition here at A.S.U. Memorial
Union, where our friend's Grandchildren are competing,
having been the state champions just last year.

Young children having built robots are now competing
against each other for the championship.

Excitement building, teams winning, others losing, every-
one having fun no matter what happens.

Tee-shirts, hats of different colors and mascots swirling
around the entire room.

Announcers telling us all the moves and what we are watching
on the two large screens before us.

A wonderful experience, first-time ever witnessing something
like this and finding it a very entertaining time this morning.

Our friend's Grandchildren having done their best, but their
computer malfunctioned and they lost the competition.

Walking past us as we sat in the audience, we witnessed the
tears of frustration sliding down their faces, and our hearts
went out to them.

Next year, they will again enter their robots - we anticipate
seeing them win again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rock Games

Beds of rocks roll over upon themselves, clicking
and communicating with natural elements all around
them.

Hiding from sunlight, they have fallen leaves cover
their bodies and play hide and seek.

Winds blow across, exposing their presence to all
of us who have knowledge of their little games.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rock Garden

Rocks laden with guilt,
strewn around in some people's minds,
never letting them grow beyond what they feel.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rocked To Sleep

There's a melody singing it's life for you, settling notes into sleepy etudes so everyone can close their eyes and begin to dream in slumber tonight.
Even recumbent personalities, touching tips of musical impersonators as they gently rock one and all to sleep with never a frown to mar a face.
Touching down on keys of soft beauty, manufacturing a bevy of songs for all to hear and enjoy as they are gently rocked and swayed to sleep by a lovely lullaby.

Soothing hearts battered from daylight hours of working too hard.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rockets Of Ideas

Succinctly coming into mind, thoughts crawling and leaping in and out.

Finding an effervescent, wonderful rhythm entering portals of wisdom giving knowledge quite a boost.

Sparks start flying through this inner universe, flying, soaring, taking me skyward into depths of beauty and intellect.

Watching rockets blasting, full of ideas into music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rockets Of Prose

Digesting immediate portents of tomorrow, swallowing memories whole, savoring them as they go down into hollows of my mind on rockets of beautiful prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rockin' At Stubbs

Reeling to the rock n' roll music of Doc and Gaul.
Yes, again at Buddy Stubbs, we are here and having fun.
Strangers gathering, altogether enjoying ourselves and becoming friends.
Motorcycles galore, bikers exchanging handshakes, women smiling like they've swallowed the canary.
A secret, yet well-known hide-away in Phoenix, a place I will continue to haunt with my poetry,
even after I am gone from this life.

(11: 29 p.m. - 11/20/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rocking In Freedom

Watching as if seeing a video being planted in my
mind, recording every detail seen by intellect.

Memory being photgraphical and sitting permanently
alongside intellect, increasing in intensity with
every new and beautiful discovery found within.

Solidly beating in the distance of my soul, never
withdrawing a single particle from anything held
inside.

Rocking to the freedom that fills me independently
here in the U.S.A., nothing comparing to amenities
provided in our Constitution.

Hopefully, every country will take up arms and stand
up for what they believe in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rocking Jingle Bell

Listening to a jingle
bell rock in my mind,
giving memories quite
a stir, reminding me
of younger days at
home with family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rocking Rhythms

Rocking in rhythms with
our individual souls,
feeling vibrations of
intense beauty playing
our heartstrings on
levels of pure innocence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rocky Depths

Sadness pours from within,
unable to contain itself.
Spiraling downward into a
dark abyss, unfalteringly
unwaveringly, destined to
crash into the unseen
rocky depths below.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rocky Shores

Political unity apparent, speakers saying what is true, candidates sitting shame-faced behind them, afraid to say the wrong thing.

Sitting up, attentive, listening, wondering how to commit themselves to this new agenda, candidates seem worried.

Crossing arms, searching for strength to hold their heads up within.

United, we hold truth to be self-evident, as we clap for the truths we hear being spoken.

Self-effacing, turning to the people, fighting the power of office or wealth.

Beginning the wheels of networking, spinning, connecting, political - all together we become one.

Certain trials, situations, life-long embracing of problems will start to unwind.

Relieving the strain that has evolved and developed through the epic of poverty, standing as the guiding light on the rocky shores of life and equality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rodeo Starting

Rodeo has begun, first roper's out of the chute, got the steer down and now it's one team after another - 175 teams in all - it's going fast!
Even some young children roping - they're really good!
So many team ropers, all having paid entry fees - a lot of old roping buddies donating for a good cause.
There's so much generosity and care for the entire family from everyone in attendance.
An atmosphere of love, with our family, friends and strangers who have heard the story on the news, bringing everyone together.
Children, proud of their roping team Dads, running to the rails just to touch their hands when their turns are done.
Dust rising above the arena, buzzer going off, preparing riders who are going next.
All in all, a fantastic turn-out for the event to raise money for a family who lost everything in a fire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roger And Sandra

In a pocket of the community center are seniors enjoying
a newly donated pool table.
Joy upon their faces, concentration of their next move
dwelling in eyes of different colors.
Shooting balls across and around the table, colors rolling
and falling into pockets made just for their entrance.
Winners, losers, it doesn't really matter, everyone cheers
for one another, especially when a difficult shot is
mastered and a game won.
In total agreement all the pool players, enjoying their
friendship and friendly games, give thought to the
wonderful people who donated the pool table for their
pleasure.
Thanking them immeasurably from their hearts, a wonderful
couple, caring enough to share their past joy with others
now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Role In Existence

Outdoors, sitting on a patio here at University Banner
Hospital, writing poetry, nighttime having fallen upon
us all.

Loving the ambiance, people sitting, eating and talking
together, family doing things with their children while
visiting.

It lifts my spirits knowing that they're being well taken
care of by their parents, everybody playing their parts,
each having a role in the existence of humanity on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rolling Beats

Listening to the rolling beat of an Indian drum,
being pulled into depths of it's vibrant rhythms,
loving every minute of it!

Delving quietly into staccato tones, reaching
further into intellect for ideas, concepts and
simple explanations to write into poetry.

Plenty of measures in time, delivering intense
sounds my mind can easily grasp onto, subsequent-
ly writing poetry from them.

Totally enjoying fast-paced sounds of this South
Indian music, being delivered into a spiritual
realm which no one else can interpret.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rolling Thunder

Thunder rolls across the heavens - laughing, I love to hear the sound of it - it is music to my ears.

Looking up to heaven, seeing the fantastic light show, feeling the urge to reach out and up, grabbing hold of a cloud.

Peacefully, letting the feelings pass and enjoy looking on as the storm blasts it's way to earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Romantic Dinner Waiting In The Dark

Strange and lonely, sitting, thinking about you when
not together.

Lighting candles, romantic dinner, waiting, wax melting
onto the tale in sadness.

Looking past the candlelight, into darkness, wondering
where you are, tears now sparkling upon my cheeks.

Remembering that you are no longer here, never again to
have a romantic dinner with me.

Silence deafening, now only sounds of my crying for you
can be heard in this darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Romantic Feeling

Running through this particular rhythm, letting it over-
take this mind and soul.

A beautiful and tantalizing sensation filling and growing
intensely with every note in each measure.

A lasting and romantic feeling, bringing this being joy
and happiness, elating interior possibilities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Romp Through Melodies

Watching as lights chase rhythms, rapidly taking my
mind around the room, listening actively while writ-
ing faster and faster.

Having fun as I continue down lines and measures of
music, together in an explicit avenue of rhythms, ex-
citing and gathering emotions and feelings.

Accurately being settled into this one little poem,
vivid and lively, nothing missing from this romp through
melodies tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Room For Memories

An empty bed in a room full of memories, standing alone,
being neglected day and night, no one here anymore to
lie in it.

A loving couple once having had a wonderful life, shar-
ing good times together, making love and experiencing
unconditionally, the wonder of becoming one in the night.

Desires rising, being met within two people's passion
as life brings them into another dimension, just the
two of them.

Alas, their lives no longer exist here on this earth,
for both have passed through to death's horizon and
will never again come back to earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rooms Of Color

Rooms of color flashing in memories of the past, giving
many portraits of life through the years, touching upon
many facets that have already passed by.

Looking into the future, hoping to match and blend the
past and present together with a wonderful tribute to
poetry that's always being written through the years.

Riding across an inner desert, living in the saddle
where life takes me into a vast wilderness, mountains
inviting and enticing this soul.

Drawn into depths of contemplative peace throughout this
earthly and temporary life, my being totally serene and
soothed from within my spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roots

Calling from beyond, bringing us together for all occasions,
giving us firm roots kept from childhood and brought to our
children now.
Forever, traditions being carried on from our Grandparents
on down the line.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roots Of Importance

Zealous affection fills hearts of Grandchildren as they
see smiles beaming from their Grandparents when they
come to visit.
Bonds of family are extremely strong whether near or far, which is important to roots of family closeness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roots Of Poverty

Stressing the little things in life, always remaining true to the roots of poverty left from a childhood held together by a mother who loved us with all her heart. Taking care of all our needs and keeping us as safe as she knew how.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roping Ideas

Resting and roping in many ideas as music fills me with
a totality of rhythms, sparing no time, taking life into
this poetical mind with a perfect staccato beat.

Tempting and exciting me interiorly, giving an energy
that thrills and makes desires climb ever higher into
realms of another atmosphere.

Solitary and non-confining, each beat taking me further
away from earth, leaving me breathless and gasping for
air.

Loving this reminder of living that extends forward into
places of rhythm that stretching and pulling me into all
of tomorrow's possibilities.

Wayward thoughts being roped in and treasured in poetry
that will affect millions in the future, somewhere in the
world one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roping Thoughts

Roping in the cattle of my thoughts, herding them in
corrals to be seen with my mind's eyes.

Reasoning intricately with their formations in dis-
orderly fashion.

At length in borderline features of poems, they are
expressed in foreign hands of language.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rosa Parks, My Hero

Looking about, noticing the crowd here at the MLK breakfast,
thinking we have come a long way since 1961.

Back then, moving to Arizona in December, we had to travel
the southern route to get here.

How well I can remember when we stopped at a small restaurant,
got out of our vehicle and walked to the door.

There was a sign in the window next to the door, it read: 'no
coloreds allowed! '

Why, I wondered, I was eleven years old, and had no
understanding of this horrendous statement.

Back in New Jersey, my best friend was colored, as was
politically correct in those days.

There was nothing wrong with her I thought, as we ate by
the window, I watched as they walked by us, seeing no
difference.

This little mind was in a quandary and there was no
explanation.

Deciding then and there that nothing was wrong with my
friend, therefore, there was nothing wrong with anyone
who was colored.

From that point on being color blind, it was the choice
of an eleven year old child, but it hasn't changed at all
through the years.

Today, I find myself at the MLK breakfast celebration,
listening to many people talking about 'the dream'.

Yet, I'll never forget another time when eleven, yelling,
'alright! Rosa Parks is the greatest! She stood up to
everyone! Alright Rosa!

Thinking she was the greatest person alive because she had the courage to do what she was supposed to be able to do all along in the United States of America.

To this day, thinking we should be celebrating a Rosa Parks holiday.

Being admired within this mind, even at the MLK award breakfast, wishing you were receiving an award for just being, because you are.

A little lady on a bus broke open the world, made it take notice, not only for the colored, but for women everywhere.

Our thanks, mine especially, for all she has done with an action, silently, no hundreds of unmeaning words to mar her courageous act of faith.

Faith that she would not be thrown off the bus, faith in people, that they would do the right thing.

Your steadfast faith and courage have stayed with me all these years.

(8: 59 a.m. - 1/12/01)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rosary Of Talent

Midnight blue skies, deepened by sorrow inside.
Gingerly held with gentle fingertips, afraid of crushing or dropping the crystals of life.
Delicately laced together, becoming each one's future, they are embroidered with care.
Interlocking, as in a jigsaw puzzle, each piece is individualistic in it's own right.
No two are exactly the same, yet all have the capacity of identical human nature.
Developing talents that lie within each one, brings about this change.
The world becomes a rainbow of talent - none of it the same.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rose - Colored Sight

Peering through glasses, darkened to keep out the sun,
yet when taking them off, using rose-colored sight from
within my mind.

Able to see life in a brand new way from another dimension
where I like to habituate and live in it's essence, because
of all the new things I ampo able to see and experience.

It tantalizes and fills my heart with a joy that completes
intellect somehow, an unusual knowing and feeling which I
enjoy and look forward to all the time when listening to
music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rose Circles

Bouquets of roses capture my mind, setting me free, allowing
their beautiful scent to come to mind, smelling their exquisite perfume on a
serene morning of reminiscence.

Circles of roses drift through my consciousness, portraying
lessons of musical instruments played for years.

Touching soft petals, feeling their gentle fragileness as they
attach themselves to my heart.

Riding backwards through time on tracks of railroad cars,
visiting edges of time forgotten.

Familiar faces popping up in memories filled with relatives and ancestors.

A journey of past years brought before me now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rose Covered Pathways

Mystery and intrigue slide into a creative avenue,
always opened through music as I write poetry.

Tenderly thinking, delicately sensing feelings I
thought were gone long ago, now seeing it wasn't so.

A thorough and vibrant emotion taking me along rose-
covered pathways of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rose Paths

Recharging inner batteries, finding my way through the maze of life.
Falling at times, but always getting up - at least for now.
Thinking there'll be a time in the near future when I'll lie down and be done with it all.
Fragrantly sensing heaven's gardens, no longer waiting, walking down rose paths in lights of bluened illumination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rose Petal Tears

Loneliness settling deeply inside my being, rousing
feelings of sorrow and sadness, touching this heart
and soul.

Roses of memories meeting with them, rose petal
tears now flowing through me, thorns puncturing images
of lost love and causing rose petal tears to form within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rosebud Of Birth

Forgetting hidden desires of life, leaving them aside, moving ahead with no expectations or hopes.
Dealing with an infinite amount of extraordinary challenges as I fold back into the rosebud of my birth.
Unable to succeed any further on the road I'm on.
It is already a dead-end street on which I must stop and forgive the shortness of life sent my way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roses Of Life

Becoming self in the midst of many melodies,
playing in the atmosphere of love and living.
Energizing inner traits with enhanced chords
set in an array of technical difficulty, and
culminating in a bouquet of scented roses in
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roses Of Music

Playing rhythmically with sounds surrounding me,
hitting keys, black and white, to bring compositions
into being.

Lifting spiritually, raising self upwards towards a
graceful melody, prayerfully given from heaven.

Special love spreading itself over and through me
into a beauty never found on earth today.

Selecting roses of music, setting them free,
independently growing creatively with every bud
that blooms fragrantly into my mind.

Causing satin sheets to become scores of music
enclosing me in their splendor of poetical tones.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rose's Reflections

Reflections of roses, standing in mid-air,
looking their best with a cold, glassy stare.

Refreshing outdoors with a scent of glass in
the air.

A mind roams over and touches them, as they
stare glassily back in turn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rosetta

Bubbling from within, an extra facet of life is
brought to the surface.

Floating slowly in the atmosphere, drifting with
gentle breezes, surveying landscapes from above.

Living quietly in an environment of my own,
lackadaisically riding towards the moon on a journey
of my mind, allowing freedom of thought to be
beyond any normal limits.

Thinking wondrously without hesitation on this
lovely plain of tantalizing imagination.

Privacy well-maintained throughout thought
processes, wrapping and unwrapping themselves
from this brain of curious composure.

Living life alone, having no regrets or
oppression from it's depths, sauntering home to
a lifetime of interior prose, following newly
created pathways and lanes to a beautiful soul
within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rotating Existence

Taking steps into a nether world of emanating music.
Delivering my soul into God's hands, being content to sit and wonder at the immense difference it all makes in the scheme of things.
Setting down times and motion into discreet rhythms of freedom.
Totaling existence as it rotates in diagonal experiences on vertical plains.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rotating Memories

Rotating memories come around, touching my heart with their echoes of retreat.
Sounding perfectly in synch with the beating of my heart as it keeps time with the incessant breaths I take in with every inhalation.
Strutting along, enjoying every moment I'm awake, in tune with life and it's existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rotation Of Imagination

Staccato sounds slapping against my brain, taking this mind across the desert and into another realm over the rainbow of privacy.

Noteworthy thoughts being generated constantly in a rotation of imagination, realizing fantasies as they appear, waltzing around edges of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rotund Silence

Sending writing into the environment, filling prose with many emotions kept hidden far too long.
Sending many tunes into the atmosphere, taking matters into private stances of energy.
Allowing no one to come near or touch interior thought as it sits in rotund silence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Round Table Of Intellect

Meeting so many brilliant people all of a sudden,
enjoying them all, loving intelligent conversations
that we're having.

So many thoughtful interludes coming together, all
collectively, having logic and reason being accepted
as the norm.

Loving this gathering of minds, choosing to continue
being around these people who have now all become my
closest friends.

Enjoying our times together, making times to meet again
soon, life has become a round table of intellect and
purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rounding Out Destiny

Searching in turmoil for answers, hoping to find the
right ones that will turn life around, giving hope and
prosperity to this mere poet's mind and heart.

A silent and deepened stillness quiets my soul, giving
my being the disposition and attitude of a positive
mood throughout life.

Figuring in every dimension and aspect of this life as
I reach into other universes with potential, exacting
equal measures of intellect and inspiration.

Allowing a perpendicular adjustment to benefit this
interior life at times, rounding out the final destiny
of my being.

Mathematical equations of innate gifts giving an edge
over everyone else in life today as visions keep moving
forward into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Route 66

Jump starting this day, a band plays into our lives,
bringing lasting joy.
Swerving and twirling to 'Route 66', bringing back
memories of the trip from New Jersey to Arizona.
Reminders of youth, always playing in minds like
video tapes.
Taking life, holding hands with past good times on
'Route 66'.
A fun time for all in synch with melodic rhymes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Routes Of Scientific Endeavors

Detachment from auricular sights, takes me into caverns
of anti-gravity, letting me float into atmospheres
beyond earth.

Diving and delving in remains that are found below the
surface, getting possible solutions or beginnings of
them just being created or started.

Clipping their possibilities and growing them like
plants being born, taking thoughts on travels off the
normal routes of scientific endeavors.

Moving faster and faster, movements getting surer and
more positive as they wander further into them with
questions lying about, waiting to be asked.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Routine Matters

Justifying life just by being alive
and living every day the best you can.
Keeping track of mind-bending exercises
so brain cells stay active and charged.
Calming effects of routine matters
allows serenity a place in your heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Routing Depths

Bouncing, booming, falling into a rhythm of grace and agility.

Cornering the market with exacting precision and calm enthusiasm.

Routing ideas quickly into directions, flowing from every corner of imagination's ocean depths.

Believing in circumstances of reality as it becomes words in earthen digs of archaeology.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roving Pathways

Carefree and light-hearted, listening to mountains
calling to my soul, pleading for my devotion to
their heights and peaks of escalation.
Roving over pathways of life, feeling rhythms of
nature dancing within to tunes of particular
melodies as they slowly erupt and spread themselves
over lands of cacti in deserts, covering mountainous
plains calling to my soul quietly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rowboat Of Life

Writing amidst confusion, relating self to a deep contemplation,
reaching entirely over my being.
Consoling my heart, touching my mind with whispers of heaven sent
straight to my soul.
Filling every atom with hopes to continue in directions towards
shores of tomorrow, awaiting my time to alight upon them in my
little rowboat of life.
Sustaining wisdom in the palms of my mind, taking care not to spill
a drop, because I'll need every particle to find my way home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rowboat Of Seclusion

Adrift in a rowboat of seclusion upon a stormy sea of life,
no oars to move ahead, depending on the waves and tides to
carry me where I'm supposed to be in life.

Letting my spirit have it's way, knowing it will help me to
fulfill my purpose here on earth, no distractions, illusions,
lies, only the silence of truth.

Honesty, purity and innocence of my soul, heart overflowing
with the curiosity and intense desire to be taken into the
arms of Jesus, the love of my life forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Roy Rogers

Quietly soothing memories of Roy Rogers,
cantering down trails on his way out of town,
until we all meet again one day.
Existing in a western of the past, enclosed in my mind,
forever treasured in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rubbing Desires

Rubbing our desires on bedposts in life,
knowing they'll never be fully satisfied
while alive, yet we strive for just that,
hoping we will make it with very little
effort on our parts.
Dusting ourselves off and picking up where
we left off, just passing time and eventually
coming to an end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rude Yearnings

Awakening rudeness climbing inwardly, taking it's time to grow proportionately.
Whiling away the precipitous mourning of alternative clamoring, anticipating
harmony of glorious moments while filing away
liveliness sitting in the parlor of yesterday.
Proclaiming the anniversary of inner yearnings left over from
previous years, allowing no time for eager avidness nor
unclaimed rhetoric, instead, waiting and watching unchecked
rudeness climbing still within me.
Stepping aside, letting it pass, the journey of today continues
in silent fascination, unafraid of it's choices and certain circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rudeness Abounding

Relaxing to music of old, enjoying it's beat and rhythm.
Taking advantage of melody, existing in an atmosphere of soul-searching peacefulness.
Trying to ignore rude people talking incessantly throughout the performance of volunteer entertainers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ruffling Feathers

Birds flying low, going around me,
letting gentle breezes ruffle their
feathers as they land in a park
filled with grass.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ruffling Moments

Silently singing words of every song in my head
as I continue to be immersed in musical rhythms
while writing poetry.

Thoroughly being within coded rhythms no matter
which way they happen to go, forwards, backwards,
in and out of memory folders and spheres.

Alive and vibrant with energy that never ceases,
coming from within intellect and innate talent,
ruffling many moments being touched rhythmically.

Nothing to interfere, mind blocking out every-
thing here at Buddy Stubbs, sitting here in the
warm Arizona sun, outdoors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ruining Desert Visions

Girders standing erect, pointing skyward,
ruining visions of a desert that used to
be there.

Nothing left now except scattered dirt,
blowing around the ugly beginnings of
another developer's inane idea.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ruining Nature

Atop Mogollon Rim, sitting at a campsite two miles from Knoll's Lake.
Quiet, peaceful, delicate nature being ripped asunder by ATV's haulin' down dirt roads, spreading layers of dust in camper's lungs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ruins Of A Jesuit Mission

Siting in America, a quaint little mission church built by the Jesuits of England long ago.
Serene, quiet, gentle whispers cross the wind, speaking of Father Kino and much later the Franciscans.
Teaching Catholicism to Indians, helping them to plant and tend for food so they could make it through cold winters and long lost summers in the desert.
A unique glimpse of the past as it now falls into ruins before us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ruins Of Life

Footprints in the sand, leading to waters of heaven,
drenched in bluened colors.

Stretched out before me, ruins of life cannot keep
me earthbound for our Lord has chosen future angels
in heaven already.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ruins Of Progress

Sitting at a bus stop in Tempe, looking around, seeing things
not as they used to be in more ways than one.

The 'A' mountain I climbed as a freshman to whitewash it for
the upcoming years.

A small, beautiful town that I learned to love and appreciate
has now grown and burst it's seams.

It has become a business town, whereas when I went to A.S.U.
it was our own little college town.

Things have certainly changed - and not for the better!

To return to the good old days, not just in mind, but
physically, would be great, stopping the progress of the
future from it's very beginning.

Tempe would still be like it was in '61, not filled with an
unidentifiable element ruining everything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ruins Of Regret

Ruins of regret sift themselves in untimely rest,
offering misspent hopes and dreams, dying beneath
a capsized boat.

All of life is mesmerized by the complaining lull
brought on by strife.

Outlasting everything that is unimportant, reality
rows off shore and quietly watches swimmers
negligently drowning under huge waves swallowing
them forever.

Tempting lips of fate, intense desire purloining
the coasts of unswept lust.

Pressed beneath the weight, softly prodded, relent-
lessly forcing itself upon the shortened skirts of
sand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rule Of Thumb

Reaching for peace in this world, not liking the fact
that so many innocent women and children are being
raped, tortured and murdered.

Putting a stop to it now has become the rule of thumb
in America, no more mercy, shooting first, asking
questions later.

Nothing standing in our way to fighting for world peace
beginning right here at home in America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ruling Banning Grandchildren

Waking up to the chill of morning, hoping to warm up,
going to the Senior Center and being greeted by cold-
hearted greetings from higher ups at City Hall.

With a ruling, banning Senior's Grandchildren from
coming to any events for Christmas and New Year's, a
cruel and heartless plan of liberals and racists.

Interfering once again in the liberty and freedom of
elderly Americans, averting our eyes and turning our
backs on these indecent, depraved so-called people.

Nothing will we give to them, they can wallow in their
sins and the abuse of seniors as we silently unfold
our freedom and show them what for.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ruling Spiritually

Ruling life interiorly with a spiritual essence, staying
on track, veering from evil and mistakes, wanting always
to keep eyes on God in order to find a path to the future.

Diligently working to keep focused, close-minded and faith-
ful, not wanting to lose self along the way, interiorly
going within a bluened light.

Loving serenity that's always found within the Divine,
joyous, filled with hope and faith, heart leaping into
atmospheres of spirituality without fear or doubt.

A lovely place to be, immersed in intellect and imagina-
tion, looking about, seeing positive results and aspects
of an interior intensity, keeping sight of what's import-
ant in the reality of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rummaging Around Subconsciousness

Unusual sounding notes reaching into intellect, giving
me pause, watching thought processes tangle and untangle
themselves to fit the music of India.

Secluding a section of this brain, allowing it to expand,
extending normal boundaries beyond musical rhythms normally
heard.

Rummaging around subconsciousness, taking time, allowing
a blending of innate talent and possibilities to become
poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rumors

Rumors flying about, never touching the shoulders
of the one they're talking about.
Staying on the outside, never looking into the
comments being falsely spread.
Looking over and above the rumors of illiterate
people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rumors And Gossip

Reception of jealousy is hard to understand, difficult to confront, because it is the idea in the mind of one.

Advocating the delusions of an angry frustrated mind is an absurd idea, but is done in ranks of power and authority.

Remarks and catty looks are stockpiled in the minds of the few who are green with envy, attacking innocent people with inner imagined rage.

There is no defense against an insane wild person intent on spreading rumors and gossip throughout the office.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rumors Of Gossip

Rumors of gossip running through hallways,
telling all it's lies, trying to be the
first one to spread them to the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Runaway Dreams

Constantly rushing into streets of our runaway dreams,
separated from childhood, wanting to be regained from
our past.

Running as fast as we can, trying to catch hold of all
moments in measures of time.

Lasting visions holding images of our memories, looking
back, resolving issues sometimes when gaining some in-
sight through our senses.

Incomplete and sorrowful, we wander earth, never leaving,
yet not staying here either.

Wanting to just let loose, finding another way to heaven,
being broken and tired, nowhere to hide.

Trying to live with this intense sadness, nothing left
to do but cry and let the tears fall as they will, maybe
finding their purposes as they hit the ground.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Running A Race

Time's slipping away faster and faster every day,
always wondering how it gets by me when writing.

Trying to keep up with rhythms in measures of
time, seems like I'm always running a race and
losing.

Socializing, writing, being with family and friends,
listening to music and residing in a bluened light
of contemplation and innate enlightenment daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Running Away

Running away from awful feelings of abandonment, meeting self instead, within melodies always playing in my head.
Composing musical etudes, setting patterns of music in abstracted forms of wisdom.
Turning whatever I think in outer spaces and bringing it coherently into forms of poetry and rhapsodies of life.
Entering contemplative exercises alone, where no one may follow or peek at what I'm doing.
Sending motion into lively steps of words, penetrating feelings of the heart and soul, filled with a freedom of expression and being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Running Backwards

Coming full cycle, throttle opened wide, steering straight
towards a wide range of mountains.

Seeing the environment settled into an inner view of life-
times spent on the road.

Traveling, listening to sounds that follow and entice my
entire being.

Thoughts rattling around, giving feelings of intense happi-
ness and joyful emotions.

Always running backwards, trying to stay away from pathways
leading into the future destiny of my being, tossing it to
the winds of fate before me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Running Down Highways

Rhythms singing loudly in the afternoon sun, a cool mist flowing, being blown by the wind, softly giving a tantalizing melody to intellect.

Running down highways of my mind, having fun traveling alone with musical rhythms as my companion, enjoying them immensely, finding them enticing.

Distracting me from this temporary world of lies and illusions going on, moving with tempos, exposing truths along the way.

Exploding all the myths and theories that are abounding throughout the world, abandoning the paths of others and creating my own along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Running Errands

Totally exhausted, here I sit, wishing I were back in bed.
Going all over town, running errands has got me down.
No where to turn around and be at rest, only sit for seconds
and then get on with the rest of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Running For The Senate

Been here listening to Kelli Ward, stepping up to the
establishment, letting them know that they are now done,
finding that Kelli has done her homework quite well.

Having a solid foundation to take her place in the Senate,
ousting John McCain at last, Kelli having inner strength
built on faith.

A tremendous and wholesome person whom I have a lot of
respect for, straight forward, not pulling any punches,
touching upon issues other candidates are avoiding.

Microphone in hand, looking around the room as she's talk-
ing, her eyes meeting and making contact with those who are
listening to her.

Forming a silent commitment with her audience at the Arizona
Project in Phoenix.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Running From Edges

Running from edges of situations in life, not wanting to deal with their worries right now.
Just wanting to be free - rid of the turmoil caused by other people not wanting to deal with their own problems.
Instead, pulling us down with their inane expectations of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Running Mother's Ragged

Wide open spaces, enough room for an adult, yet a child
is so much smaller and runs their hearts out, back and
forth in the waiting room.

Smiling and laughing, having a great time running their
mother's ragged, chasing after them.

An exhilarating experience, remembered in this gentle
poem of childlike humor, benefiting spirits immensely
as the child runs up and says, 'Hi'.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Running The Other Way

Scurrying across the desert like a rabbit running from
it's deadly enemy.

Not able to stop, being afraid of what will happen if
I do.

Pushing against all possibilities, not wanting to try
any of them, closing the doors to another's request.

Walking away from these intense feelings coming quickly
as I run the other way instead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Running Thoughts

Jumping to attention, filling in empty squares with thought
running in circular directions, keeping closely to rhetoric
and rhythmic rhymes.

Unclouding intellect, giving it's due as lapsing into a
reverie, words flow out evenly, keeping track of thoughts.

Lifting them into a mire of existential abhorrence.

Staking lives with definitions of positive assimilation,
holding them to idolatry and purposeful usefulness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Running To The End

Eternity's seconds measuring the time of life left to live
in fulfillment and unkempt glory.

Rising above the heights, cascading down the mountainsides
of beauty.

Landscapes along the pathway of death are totally awe-filled
and peaceful.

Walking along the paths of fate, following my destiny down
the slides of future bereavement.

Enjoying the vicissitudes of never-ending reality, running
towards the end of my journey, arms outstretched.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Running Towards Eternity

Listening quietly to music playing my heartstrings with talented musicians at the helm.

Taking me on excursions to neverland, beckoning me to taste adventure and dare to become a part of something larger than myself.

Forgiving nature, fostering whatever I locate within nature and self.

Appearing over and again in dreams of a lifetime, running away and always toward eternity's silent form, shaping me constantly as I return again to imagination's corner.

(11: 28 a.m. - 1/21/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rush Of Freedom

Seesawing on a rhythm, getting higher in sensational words of poetry.
Timing, following the beats into an interchange with fantasy's journey.
Floating on the ocean, heading out to sea with no worries holding onto me.
A rush of freedom, sending me into depths of extra-sensory perception with a total knowledge at my disposal, through musical intonation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rushing Across Inner Deserts

Situations arising, causing life to be rearranged for a while
as we cope with the new arrangement as best we can.

Tolerating circumstances on a momentary basis, we move forward
in anticipation of it all being finished so we can get back to
daily routines.

Rushing across plains of inner deserts, finding reasons to
continue believing in something better at the end of the road,
someday in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rushing Nature

Swirling against calm waters,
nature rushes to and fro.

Creating criss-cross ripples
and little waves of flashy
light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rushing Slowly

Reasoning and logic are abounding, returning through knowledge and finding self on the edge of wisdom, wondering what is going to come about this very moment in time.

Listening effectively, trying to be in tune with the morning sunrise as it touches the sky in tormented wanting.

Hurrying through boundaries of life, hoping to avoid the memories that hold onto depths of my being, as I try to escape to another side of this world.

Rushing slowly to edges of tomorrow's destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rushing Through Every Purpose

Hurrying throughout this life, taking part in every aspect that I possible can.

Losing control with the fire in my soul, wanting to aspire to anything I can afford to try.

Danger never being a factor, unless it provides a challenge to my being.

Living and loving life, having a great time as I continue rushing through every purpose on earth.

Finding thrills and excitement in all of it, no plans to stop doing any of it while still alive and breathing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rushing Through Life

Rushing through life, trying to capture every moment and
hold onto it for dear life, feeling intensely, every feel-
ing and emotion.

Being carried away into atmospheres of an inner dimension,
opening up and grasping me altogether, designs forming and
twisting into many colors like a kaleidoscope.

Beautiful and totally inspiring, as music plays in and out
of it's patterns, titillating and giving off aromas of in-
tellect.

Rushing even faster, rhythms galloping like a horse through
the desert, leaving a trail of dust behind so no one can
ever see who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rushing Through The Desert

Rushing through the desert, seeing it's vast and arid atmosphere,
feeling it's total isolation and bereaved heart at being so lost
and forlorn.

So like those who have been taken through a wilderness after death
after taking those we loved with all our heart, leaving us empty,
forsaken, abandoned.

At a loss for the rest of our lives until we too are brought to
the other side of life, being reunited with our loved ones and
happy forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Russian Roulette

Tossing and turning,
even though I'm awake,
my mind held at bay,
trying to anticipate
the fury and anger as
it roars through my system.
Taking sanity and playing
Russian roulette with it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rustic Restaurant

Walking the planks of a rustic western bar and
restaurant, dim lights shining on the wood,
showing me the way to the dance floor.
As I walk, noticing the light reflecting off of
each separate plank set upon the floor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Rustling Thoughts

Leaves fluttering in my mind, quietly rustling
thoughts from depths of imagination.

Flitting them in vertical directions as they
float like oil upon water.

Horizontally shifting sands beneath ocean waves,
accidently getting mouthfuls of distaste as salt
water splashes itself into a mouth silenced by
thought-filled words.

Antecedent-like, listening to white foam whistling
as it's jostled about by vibrations, breaking over
jagged rocks scattered along the beach.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ruth Chris's Steakhouse

Settling in here among the elite at Ruth Chris's
Steakhouse, wearing jeans and a tee-shirt, my
usual attire.

Watching women enter with dresses, high heels and
jewelry bangling about, men wearing shirts, button
open and slacks.

Feeling right at home, not being intimated by my
surroundings, enjoying the atmosphere while sitting
here writing.

Activity galore, many people coming to eat their
house specialty, steak, supposedly very good from
all reviews about it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sacrament Of Marriage

Hope newly sprung, filling the world with love.

Reaching out without fear to another, being
closely held, fulfilling love's endearments.

Touching the spirit of two within the sacrament
of marriage, binding in love.

Walking timidly, confidently, forward, into their
newly formed career.

Building a foundation where they will nurture a
brand new family always built on their original
pure spiritual love for each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sacraments Of A Spiritual Life

Slowly stroking this mind with God's spirit, nature fills my
being with freedom and exhilaration, nothing being taken away,
always giving sacraments of a spiritual life.

Counting on the mercy and love of God above, pulling me into
the wonderful shades of colorful music as it explodes around
and in intellect.

Satisfied that everything is mine to love and care for, but
only temporarily for nothing on this earth is mine, it all
belongs to God alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sacred And Silent

Clouds spreading across the sky, enlightening my mind with
a spiritual essence, taking my soul, quietly into a bluened
light of the Divine dwelling within me.

Totally sacred and silent, brilliant and oh so mighty,
touching upon the essence of being while writing poetry,
finding God's love is real, tangible if open to it, always
ready to fulfill anyone who believes in Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sacred Beauty

Keeping treasures of meanings to myself,
never disclosing them verbally, because
that will take away from their sacred
beauty.
Instead, placing them like a rosary into
a poem of placid effervescence, halo
hanging exclusively above them.
Not letting any particle slip away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sacred Benefits Of Mankind

Visions of the future now flowing into my mind, seeing hard-
ships that may happen for a while, then the beauty of free-
dom coming fully into fruition for our world.

Chances to make things better for everyone are now on the
horizon, taking our world in the direction it rightfully
belongs in.

Thunder and lightning striking with truth, honesty, peace
and righteousness, a truly wonderful and brilliant future
does lie in wait for all.

Stand up, go against lies, illusions, greed, corruption and
a one world order with a dictator at it's head, standing a-
gainst elitists, globalists, those with too much money.

Not wanting to spend anything on solutions or for helping
people in need the world over, but would rather spend it to
commit evil, harming people everywhere.

It's so wrong, this mere poet wanting to make a real change
in all our futures, living in peace and harmony, being friends
no matter the differences between us all.

Wanting an end to poverty, homelessness, hatred, taking another
direction into the sacred and holy benefits of humanity that
were meant for each and every one of us on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sacred Moment

Youngest Granddaughter, talking, sharing, drawing pictures with Grandma, fell asleep at the dining room table, her head lying upon her little stuffed blue bunny rabbit.

We'd been playing with it for hours, so tired from playing all day with me, never even waking up when Grandpop carried her to bed.

I covered her up and kissed her sweet little cheek, she never stirred at all, a beautiful and sacred moment given by God to this poetical Grandma so I could write it into a delicate and loving poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sacred Moments

Shadows walking around me, taunting, teasing, trying to make me come out of my safe place.
It just won't happen, because I'm perfectly content exactly where I am interiorly.
Sacred moments keeping me aware of where I want to be, sending prayers my way.
Their candles cannot stay lit, because I'm already on the way out of life's circumferences.
At last a feeling of elation, glad to be leaving and going home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sacred Places Of Intellect

Nothing to say to anyone, just tired of speaking, no one
ever listens anyway,

Taking all thoughts and holding onto them, placing them
in sacred places of intellect to be written from later on.

Putting them into poetical compositions where I can savor
and enlist them interiorly, constantly watching, listening
to what it is I have written.

Just trying to complete many books of literature for future
generations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sacred Rhythms

Energizing a lively spirit hiding inside this being, taking
it forward into the sunlight of another sunrise.

Tempting progress of yesterday to keep in step with the rest
of the world.

Putting every idea into motion and taking steps widely trodden
beneath coded rhythms that will continue to be forgotten
through the years.

Yelling into daylight hours, wandering onward, putting life
behind sacred rhythms that have precedence over everything
else in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sacred Thoughtfulness

Sacred thoughtfulness approaches contemplation on a higher level.

Living alone on a desert shore, creating wonderful visions of imagination, believing in a higher power above.

Sounding echoes of everlasting peacefulness throughout the universe, hurling thoughtful ideas into existence, placating minds of eternal bliss.

While knowing glances trip and fall, scattering belongings of a distant star onto all the world, burying it under acres of clouds.

Thoughtful reminiscing, hidden in picture books, brought forward and settled into a corner of the world within, spaced appropriately in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sacred Treasure

Minds being made up from the beginning of time, wanting only to keep Americans safe and protected, not letting anyone trip up our nation.

Always on top of the corruption in order to keep it from overflowing and taking away our freedom and liberty, having done a bad job up til now, but remedying the situation immediately.

Sacred, cherishing and treasuring what we have built from the beginning, our forefathers having done everything right, putting a lot of thought into every phase of our Constitution, laws and government.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sacredness

Sacredness is held in golden silence,
stilling the soul in wondrous prayer.

Life-extending possibilities steal
into our hearts, taking us on
spiritual journeys throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sacrifice

Climbing heights within a mind, looking about and
finding beauty everywhere.

Sounding echoes are filling ravines and chasms of
inner learning.

Sacrificing daily to fulfill desires of constant
writing, allowing outer influences to penetrate
my outer being for very short periods of time.

Looking around, seeing caring people, smiling in
return.

Searching the heavens where I am right now, blessed
life is going away.

Downward, my gaze is cast, plummeting to horizons of
emptiness and loneliness, scratching at the granite
trying to keep from falling totally into depths of
suicide.

Attempting to again look up and see the beauty is much
too difficult, mind falling asleep in a maze of fury.

Anger sliding across mountainsides, attaching itself to
nomadic ideas, thoughts drift away and can no longer
be heard.

Scantily dressed in ribbons and lace, the caring of
friends is replaced once again by silent, crouching,
thoughts of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sacrifice For Freedom

Music filtering through the atmosphere touching heart
and soul, releasing tears of patriotism as they fall
gently into our pool of freedom, giving us the
knowledge of love for one another, as our soldiers
sacrifice for the United States.
Hearts flying like the red, white and blue on our
shoulders, displaying our pride out in the open.
Furling and unfurling in freedom's breeze,
acknowledging rights and freedom of our nation,
standing erect, watching, protecting our piece of God-
given earth.
All branches of service united under one flag, doing
their jobs for all of us - so we will always be free.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sacrificing

Watching shadows of night fall upon earth, darkness
not being illuminated except within people's homes.

There they live peacefully and contented, loving
one another, family members talking, having meals
together.

Relishing one another's company throughout their lives,
no one looking over their shoulders, knowing our Vets
are on duty, watching over America.

Protecting all of us throughout life, totally and
completely giving their lives, sacrificing their time
to make sure all of us stay free.

Why aren't we doing more for them?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sacrificing Feelings

Traipsing through jungles of sorrow, hacking my way at times
with a machete.
Getting tangled at inopportune moments in life as darkness
falls and covers me entirely.
Forsaking self many times during years of aging, sacrificing
my feelings for those of a loved one's in desperation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sacrificing For Another

Sacrificing a lifetime for another person isn't absolute love, it's a part of a neediness - a co-dependence of sorts.

Giving up what you like and want in order to fill up someone else is not exactly the way you should be living.

Giving of yourself happens after you've been good to self, taking care to be selfish for your own well-being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sacrificing Self

Artistic graces falling into innate intellectual minds given to some individuals who actually use their talent for the good of this world.

Sacrificing self and time for others, sharing what they are able with people who are empty, lonely, despairing in their situations and experiences of earthly living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sacrificing So Much

Visions dancing across my mind, feelings joining in along with interior emotions, showing faith in self, taking chances and meeting challenges head on.

No doubts or fears standing in the way, always contributing to an inner wisdom and knowledge, forging through life experiences, gathering data and information first hand.

Never halting, tripping or fading into non-existence, taking long walks day and night, focusing on the beauty and energy of this life.

Sacrificing so much daily, yet receiving so much more in return, all through love and compassion from those around me, family and friends, even strangers tending to love unconditionally when with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sad Clothing

Rummaging throughout closets, finding nothing of worth or value.

Belongings left hanging limply without clues to their futures.

Dust gathering around shoulders and sleeves, showing facts of being left alone too long.

Mothballs without scent, shriveled and crumpled, staring at the walls.

Death has a habit of leaving clothes, bereft, unaware of a person's demise.

Afterwards, strangers enter, touching with unfamiliar hands, carelessly tossing, sorting, deciding where they will be put to good use or if they can be used.

Where will the clothing's tears be hung when everyone is gone?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sad Dreams

Interacting, gliding into the sunset, hiding tears below
in ocean waves, rising and falling constantly, tides and
undertow steering them into motions on the other side of
eternity.

Slowly pausing, giving energy silently as it takes me a-
way into a peaceful serenity, all alone and in the midst
of bouquets of roses once and for all.

Dreams saddened, sitting in the shade of a willow tree,
knowing we'll never again be seen on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sad Events

Instilled sorrow sits upon my
shoulders.
Watching saddened events through
the years, as life falls down
before me in all it's glory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sad Recognition

There is no joy in remembering, because sorrow
clouds all views, wanting everything to continue
in life, not changing nor altering any part of it.

Wishing for friends and relationships to be always
in our lives, brings a sad recognition, knowing it
can never be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sad Song Of Beauty

Reminiscent of yesterday, a sad song of beauty, left in the pathway of another dimension - one I have no directions to.
Timely concentration intimidating my mind with reckless thoughts, leading me astray.
Knowing the circumstances of yesterday, yet still not able to change or correct any of it - not even in time immemorial.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sad State Of Affairs

Life is funny at times, people undecided on where to go
or what to do with their lives, yet seeming to be will-
ing too readily, to fall into traps of drinking or doing
drugs.

A very sad state of affairs, children, young and just
learning, beginning to start out, finding their purpose
and destiny, getting turned and twisted from a moral and
ethical life by using drugs and alcohol.

Families being torn apart, loved ones dying for unreal
reasons it seems, tears being shed, hearts breaking and
minds being tortured and taken away due to habits of
drugs and drinking.

Wanting to help others, but at times seeming to be lost,
satan having taken over their beings, leaving them with
sad and helpless feelings, not able to do anything, not
even for those you have loved your entire life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saddened By Circumstances

Feeling saddened by circumstances in life, nothing
to be done about any of them, just experiencing and
learning as I go through each one.

Leaving the world behind, going into an interior
spirituality where God protects and safeguards my
being and gifts while I continually use them.

Special graces being given constantly, just because
He loves me for who He has created me to be, that's
all I can ever ask for, it is more than enough for
this mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saddened By My Loss In Loved Ones Lives

Romping through fields of roses, their aromas reaching my mind and senses as I walk through their beautiful landscapes figuratively and imaginatively.

Knowing that sunsetical shores are lying before me, awaiting my presence on the other side where I belong and look forward to being on.

Leaving behind this temporary life gladly, yet sorrowful that those whom I love will be saddened by my loss in their lives, knowing one day we'll see each other on the other side.

However, it doesn't lessen or dissipate the sorrow that is filling me now with these thoughts of my ending and how it will affect them with sorrow and loneliness also.

Leaving a hole in their hearts when I am no longer here with them brings tears to my eyes, overflowing my heart with the sadness I know they will be feeling over my disappearance into death's eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saddened Cloud

A cloud glances across the sky of my lonely mind, reminding me how there's no one who understands what I'm going through.
Somehow, I still manage to live life as though enjoying it's essence.
Finding my place is always impossible because of my sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saddened Landscapes

Sadness flows like an eternal spring into my heart,
holding me close to memories of past, present and
future ones to come.

Anger crashes from outside sources hitting my ears,
but I don't want to hear anything, so I quietly
escape into landscapes of my imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saddened Mask

Steadily walking forward no matter what happens in this life, a sadness always pulling a mask over faces of our loss and grief.

Showing pain that each person is suffering in the moment of it's existence, wonder and thoughts falling upon one another.

Searching for realizations that everyone is always looking to solve, finding pathways needed to survive in order to progress through this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saddened Morning In Time

Standing on high, listening to a trumpet solo, erect
with staccato rhythm, penetrating a mind with it's
tone and depth, soaking into this being.

Languidly listening, feeling it thrill an inner
picture of musical destiny with sublime interest and
intent focus.

Tapping easily and flowing musically, notes attune
themselves to the creativeness of my soul, bringing
enjoyment to it.

Long lastingly beautiful and wondrous on a saddened
morning in time, just moments from glory's infinite
reminders.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saddened Predicament

Not being able to get out of the hospital and go to the cafe to listen
to music for two weeks now.
Feeling saddened by this predicament and wanting to be extracted from it as soon as possible.
Wandering up and down interior pianos, poetry wanting to be expressed in talented voices, singing karaoke in the night.
After effects culminating in blanket strands of tonight's inherent rhythms, being put to sleep without being soothed in musical melodies and written poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saddened Purity

Watching curtains closing, night falling, sorrow fulfilling
it's promise of crying, teardrops falling plentifully into
chalices of emptiness.

A lonely place secreted inside, always with me, never able
to let go of it through happiness or joy at times.

A permanent fixture, sitting in an abandoned heart, wanting
and needing unconditional love, caring and compassion.

A tainted and saddened purity of innocence, sitting at the
entrance of this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saddened Recollections

Swarthy gaits momentarily enter gates of hesitation
while waiting for peaceful negotiations with sorrow
and it's limitations.

Regaling precious times with loved ones through
crystal tears as they cut our hearts with their
beauty in saddened recollection.

Cutting ourselves off from everyone as we go through
our personal journeys of grief is normal, expected,
yet others think they have to intervene.

Allowing people their space, room for grief, allows
every crevice and niche to be explored and met.

Leaving no unfinished business of sadness to
interfere with every day grief and recollection as
it forms the rest of our lives and gives us
parameters to roam and work within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saddened Tales

Saddened tales of woe finding their way through bitter-
sweet memories of yesterday, climbing like ivy on this
heart.

Capturing their essence in melodies of saddened recoll-
tions through life, being saturated with their undying
love within tears of life.

Continuing to fall for you my love, an everlasting
beauty of our togetherness having been compromised by
death itself.

Now we are parted beyond this life forever, will we
ever find one another again or must we continue alone,
you in a nether world while I continue to exist on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saddened Times

Allowing safety of life in times of sadness,
to take over our lives until we can again
manage to function and gain control over
ourselves and our emotions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saddened Yearnings

Sitting outside the chapel walls, listening to the beauty of a song floating gently to my ears.

This music fills me with saddened yearnings left behind from youth.

Life gone by with no love spent, a difficult way to grow up, knowing nothing can be done about it, crying tears from youthened memories.

Life no longer carries with it, promises made in youth, as an adult, silently looking for it, knowing it shall never be found, not even a sliver of hope to hold on to.

Forever going on, living in despair, pretending that life has been good and love never far away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saddling Up

Streaming rhythms flowing like ribbons flying in the
wind, alluring and wonderful.

Solace and serenity unfolding within as each note is
being played.

Solitary meanings coming to mind while writing and
feeling an inner spirituality being touched by rhythms.

Saddling up, riding across the desert of intellect,
finding interesting landscapes on the way.

Enjoying the feel of being in the saddle, riding to
the music of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sadness

The sadness is so deep, nothing can soothe it.
Nothing can touch it.
The emptiness is so total - nothing can penetrate it.
All eight of us children and Dad can feel it each on our own.
Yet, even we can't ease the pain for each other.
Nothing has ever felt this way before.
And nothing is all we have to look forward to with Mom gone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sadness Blossoming

Sadness blossoming in my head, taking my heart on a solo journey through
space, feeling emptiness take hold and not let me go.
Apprehensive, fearful, yet willing to leave myself behind and
follow grief wherever it will lead me.
Knowing there is nothing in life except an ending of it's total abandonment.
Such is the way for someone with talent, they are shunned and
locked out of places they really care to go.
Thrown away and left behind, no more hurt to wreck their souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sadness Emanating From Within

Shaking memories like wind blowing leaves in a storm,
letting them fall where they can be seen for exactly
what they are.

At times seeing sadness emanating from within them,
yet their beauty, sweetness and love still shine,
finding an effervescent loveliness.

Filtering through at different intervals of time,
filling important parts of living in spite of what
it may eventually bring to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sadness Emptying My Heart

Intense peace filling my mind as I write, taking in stride, everything I see before me.
A sadness emptying my heart, creating a void, a hole, that no matter how much I write, it never will get filled.
Keeping me on edges of consciousness, aware of only what is going on within me.
Taking solace, practicing bereavement through all hours of the day, hoping to somehow reach an agreement with myself.
It can't be done however hard I try.
Silent, parched, finding no where to lay my head when I am tired of this world and all it's strife.
Consciously arranging thoughts, allowing them to gain control and help write peacefully, continually all the time.
Softened melodies tending to imagination, creating tones to match what I think within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sadness Grasping Senses

Hollow and lifeless, feeling emptiness filling the void
within my heart.

Lonesome and abandoned in this world, holding onto a
friend who believes and treasures what I do explicitly.

Never having been so close to anyone before, feeling
a sadness grasping all senses within my being.

Taking my heart and wringing it like a sponge, yet no
tears fall from within it.

Sorrow having dried up my tears with continual crying,
because I cannot fathom life any longer without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sadness Holds On

Life breaks apart like an egg being cracked open,
everything being emptied out, we eat what we cook
and live off of it.

Loss is similarly different, when losing someone
we love, we are broken apart, heart, soul and mind,
we are emptied of their presence.

Yet, there is only food for thought, our memories
keeping and storing the beauty of our every experience
together, love shining through every image and vision.

Totally and beautifully, our sadness still holds onto
the touch, smile, laughter and love they have shown us
throughout our lives together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sadness Lying Within

There's a sadness lying within every person that others will never know about unless they speak of it aloud.

Feeling strangely divided at times from the rest of the world, wanting to connect, not able to do so for unknown reasons.

Justifying our realizations we continue on our solo journeys into the future without looking back.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sadness Of Life

Sadness of life surrounds me, not taking into consideration what I have to put up with on a daily basis.
Giving all I have, receiving little or nothing in return.
Becoming despondent along the way because everything in this little life must be done alone.
No one to turn to for love and kindness, direction or guidance.
Saturated in the grief of time, no where to go for relief.
Tears, unwept, building a wall - a fortress - inside me for protection against life's cruelty and perplexing, non-existent meanings.
Waylaid throughout all seasons, unfettered, unbalanced and tossed upon stormy seas.
No anchors or places to rest along the way.
Tired and weary of this seemingly endless trek across years of time, always folded in a pile away from other human's and their social wiles.
Bereft of companionship or solace, meaningless tasks to keep busy are no longer enough to keep me going.
Stopping, planning no more detailed explanations, drifting down byways left to me, closer every moment to meanings of death and it's insistent pleas to give in and rest eternally.
No longer tied to life's fragile strings of perpetual sorrow and strife.
Leaving all to yesterday, looking forward to today's hoped for demise.
Persuaded no more to linger on the edge, instead letting go with all my might to new insights beyond this mortal world.

(9/19/96)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sadness Of Living

Sadness of being alive is a misfortune unheard of unless
you are a child dying inside.

Telling the truth of hell, while living it is a gamble
of love, it will likely be taken away, leaving you alone.

There are no reasons or answers for knowing what you know
in hidden spaces, yet reality places it all into memories
which remain faithful.

Trounced upon by everyone in life, hurt, turned away, full
of grief and never-ending needs, continually ignored.

Placating necessities of numerous excuses, sitting on the
side, staring, knowing themselves they are but lies.

Hints of things done in years gone by haunt this child's
mind with fear and shame, taking drops of life and energy,
burying them in shifting plots of ground, sanctioned by
supposed love of parents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sadness Of My Heart

Looking outside, seeing everything through the
sadness of my heart.

Tree branches drooping with the silence of grief
touching them interiorly.

Leaves letting go, giving up, dropping to the
ground, having lost any hope of having joy again
in life.

Giant ocotillo cacti leaning over, giving up their
stances in life, bowing from the weight of sorrow.

American flag, hanging lifeless from a flag pole,
not furling or unfurling, even the breeze has stopped
blowing in this silent sorrow.

Looking out a window seeing everything with the
sadness of my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Safe Haven

Looking out a fourth floor window at the awesome desert
of Phoenix, Arizona.

Nature abounding, cacti and brush everywhere, spacious
and beautiful in every respect.

Majestic desert mountains surrounding Phoenix, protecting
in all directions, a safe haven for all of us.

Feeling safe in this huge natural fort that God has made
for We the People of Phoenix.

Loving the hot, arid desert, our home, our life all in one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Safely In Achievement

Solitary, alone in the wilderness, moonlight shining down
upon my poetical essence, starlight twinkling, approving
of my presence.

Seeming glad to see me sitting here in the desert writing,
washing away grief, loss and loneliness as this desert
atmosphere sooths and comforts my soul so completely.

Reverberations of lonely wolves and coyotes touching my
heart's mind gently from afar, their abandonment filling
intellect with measures of sorrow in their desert lives.

Keeping this mere poet interiorly contemplating, staying
safely in the achievement of this poetical nature as the
moon and stars watch over me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Safely In Your Heart

Saving my life with your unconditional love, keeping me safely in your heart and arms, not letting any harm come to me.

Caring about me so much only, watching as you take me into your arms, kissing and holding me closely as we become one, time and again.

My heart aching when we're apart, wanting you only within my being, heart and soul forever, my mind thinking and never letting go of you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Safely Tucked Away

Positive attitudes being held within this mind's
intellect for safe keeping.

No keys needed because no one else can enter here
where I disappear when writing.

Rainbow colors, prolific words, meanings, definitions,
not able to be changed, altered realigned, nothing.

All of it comes from within depths of my being only,
this temporary life will keep them safely tucked
away forever in my mind and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Safety In Notes

Being carried away by melodies of safety
in notes transposed especially for my
nature of thought in writing whatever
comes to light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saguaro's

Beautiful saguaros' standing tall, watching over
the desert with a regal stance.

Mountains looming closer now, reaching out to my
heart, knowing that I love them so.

Steep and climbing into the sky, awesome and so
majestic to see, saguaro's marching up their sides.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saguaro's Watching

Saguaros standing guard over desert land, carefully
watching God's plan.

Being misunderstood, as big and clumsy, their
awkwardness is really God's strange beauty.

Needles keeping distance from most all things, save
a few, to let everyone know, it is to look at, not
to be touched by mere human hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sailing Tides

Deeply breathing in my existence, taking moments to counter all the problems haranguing me within.
Several motions send me sailing onto ocean tides, riding the surf like in younger days when I still could balance.
It's just amazing how growing older creates so many problems with agility and leaves us bereft of a quality of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sailing Vibrations

Changing winds keep standing back to back with constant
rhythms of ancient liberty.

Independence strumming down lanes of incessant vibrations,
sliding in breezes of another direction, calling to the
interior of a soul's blessings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sails Of A Continuing Journey

Throwing caution to the wind, letting it fill the sails
of a continuing journey into depths of nothingness.

Onward through steps of tomorrow into eternity further
on, holding life close while living it.

Ready at any moment to let it go from this mortal body,
no crying, no regrets, just a longing for heaven.

Finally being able to be appreciated as I sail away
from this lonely earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sake Of Music

Tumbling like clothes in a dryer, my mind is being
inundated by rhythms traipsing all about me.

Wanting to be aligned with truth of another's mind,
hoping to be placed in measures of their rhythms.

Caring and compassion filling me throughout, nothing
standing between moments that we are together.

Living for the sake of music, beating within my mind,
knowing no other way to endure this life of suffering.

Frailty of all life being held inside, keeping it safe
from all outsiders not wanting to endure anymore of
their abuse for the rest of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Salted Tears Of Dust

Life begins and ends with a cry of unexpected disappointment.
Thrilling to voices surrounding self inside, intimidated by
them once you are born.
Essence of being is kept hidden, deeply buried in prisms of unglorified love until your death.
Painstakingly acquiescent throughout enduring stresses of life, quixotically hesitant in respect to adverse circumstances.
Beautifully held, quietly admired from afar, taken in curious
glances stealingly persistent and unhurried hesitance.
Withering with placating reminders, storage of memories - past
and present - focus into the future with salted tears.
Many times pressed into a powder, a dust, to be blown away with
age and distaste.
Conquering liabilities daily, setting up paths leading to
eventual death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Salvation Of Sorts

Rocking in cradles of rhythms, soothing and calming,
covering over stress with gentle melodies, rushing
like water over rocks in a stream going downhill.

Playing notes and chords realistically and lively,
touching upon this heart's spirit, finding ways to
alleviate the turmoil of living here on earth.

With all of it's suffering and pain in between a
few moments of joy and happiness, wishing for an
ending of it somehow.

Wanting life to be lived in a space of serenity
and solace, always tip toeing down pathways of
destiny with an inner energy.

Helping to contain peace of mind and a salvation
of sorts through faith and hope, preferring it to
ways of mankind that never really work out well.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Salving Feelings

Taking up time with an ageless collection of meanings,
keeping them together and giving them places in poetry.

Rocking and rolling into inner corners of being, taking
and sending messages throughout life to salve someone
else's feelings of abandonment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sam

Harmonizing rhythm's, bringing them
into line with lyrics being sung.
A familiar song being played with
sincere acceptance of musical quality.
Listening to a gentlemen called Sam,
playing a harmonica, tends to bring
memories to the foreground that had
been forgotten for too long.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sam, Falling In Step

Fantastic Sam, playing his harmonica with the band,
relishing the experience of playing for an audience.
Such a gentleman, falling in step with surroundings,
as candlelight shines all about us in the dim light
of shadowy reflections in the night.
Somber thoughts gently filling my mind with gypsy
fantasies of yesteryear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Samb

An elderly gentleman, quietly humorous and gentle,
displaying his prowess at playing pool while his
partners look on, laughing and giggling at his
attempts.
Ignoring the laughter and remarks, this gentleman
slowly, calmly, takes his shot and the balls roll
into pockets, allowing him to win the game.
As he walks away, I can see a grin - a smile -
proudly displaying his heart and soul upon his
shoulder.
A tip of his hat brim as he walks to his seat.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sanctifying Solitude

Solitude sanctifies inner beliefs and faith with it's quiet interpretation under the breath of God's Holy Spirit.
Holy and peaceful, touching edges of heaven's gates, with purpose and ability.
Using talented gifts bestowed upon a mind of incessant intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sanctioning Every Moment

Raising caine, hollering and yelling into the center of turmoil,
hoping to be heard, knowing that I will not always be, sincere
and totally focused on many opportunities stepping into limelight.

Sanctioning every moment as it's eliminated from one dimension and
appearing in another, particular attention being taken of an inner
intellect.

Innate and nearly perfect in most every aspect due to the bluened
light forever encased within my soul, never departing because
every particle and fiber is connected to an inner spirit of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sanctioning Graces

Taking off, rocking into the universe on a variety of rhythms, all chosen for their predictability of being impossibly naive and innocent.
Sanctioning beautiful graces as they fall from heaven's lightened pathways.
Incongruent differences compiling logic and reason, to be used in novels of poetical license, becoming aspects of wisdom as they are written down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sanctity Of Imagination

Reaching into depths of another world, grasping it's essence
and building upon it a mirror of reflection that I can use
in everyday life.

Cooperating with intellect and wisdom, deciding to come into
the picture, erecting structures needed to be fulfilled with
mathematical formulas and calculations.

Watching as a ten-dimensional puzzle is being created and
displayed on photographic screens, allowing a scenic view,
a panoramic sight, to become a picturesque landscape.

Going on many voyages alone, into visions that will always
accompany each one, considering spaces and equality of every
idea as they grow and are nurtured further into a deepening
blueness of an interior universe.

Being seen fully in this mind, nothing clouding or marring
it's effervescent beauty illuminated in the sanctity of this
imagination.

A total and personable mystery, energizing and taking every
reflection onto a solo journey of this soul, alone in depths
of another dimension, never again returning to a normalcy of
life.

Being born to a death of earthly life, enticed, forever
captured in an aura of sacred visions, beautiful to behold,
shaped by circuits of this poet's mind and intellect, so
carefully tucked and hidden away inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sanctity Of Innocence

Dancing to rhythms here on paper, giving vibrations of life
to every poem that I am writing, touching and noticing every
aspect, expression and experience of an after-life, awaiting
my presence on the other side of life's curtains.

A peaceful countenance, bringing about effervescent platitudes
of respect and dignity, while placing trust in an everlasting sanctity of innocence
in life's precious arms.

Being held in an embrace of love, no understanding ever is
needed, just knowing that everything is perfectly alright
and set in depths of heaven.

Since the first light ray of beginning time, once when life
began, and now no longer worrying about anything that comes
into pathways of this torrential downpour of existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sanctuaries

Silent and prayerful, sanctioning inner peace as it fills my soul in tandem with music.
Intertwining with meanings of life, giving individual compositions free rein as they travel around.
Wandering through ideas and selecting each one on it's own merit, not counting on any one else's opinions.
Sanctuaries, settling within my soul's interior life, asking nothing from God, yet being filled to overflowing from heaven above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sanctuaries Of Yesterday

Sashaying through many tantalizing and memorable
rhythms, lifting spirits into heavenly realms,
while we remain bodily here on earth.

Souls lifted into the sanctuaries of yesterday's
beautiful moments, feeling movements rushing
through us with rapid beats of rhythm.

Surrounding ourselves with music from the past,
bringing us closer together, dancing and having
so much fun today.

Laughing, talking, feeling moods getting lighter
with each and every beat of music, forward moving,
we're finding our steps getting easier every minute.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sanctuary Silence

Sitting outside, looking into my mind, finding exhaustive
levels of remembrance there.

A holy place residing quietly within, nourishing the soul,
growing serenely in place.

Outward signs of grief and sadness haven't any space in
the private sanctuary of inner peace.

Contemplation soars on repetitive clouds of solace,
focusing on prayer.

Silence of many ages descending upon me, stirring my quiet
nature in response to God's loving touch.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sands Of Arizona

Sauntering through arid desert sands of Arizona,
acknowledging the heat sweltering around me.
Looking skyward, seeing no clouds scattered above,
wondering where life has gone.
Hidden in underground mind shafts, ebony light,
glowing like blackened embers of midnight.
Steps of silent acquiescence, begin in time-allotted
slots of tomorrow.
Holding onto pages of yesterday as they climb over
and crawl under obstacles left in the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sands Of Eternity

Dark places, hiding on a carousel, taunting with it's silent mystery and bright lights.
Forgetting to be careful, rushing into black corners before thinking.
Causing a myriad of hesitant thoughts to rise to a troubled surface tonight.
Stamping out tapes and recordings going around in my head - head falling downcast upon my shoulders.
Slowly walking, keeping step with self, looking for nothing, because no one can give what they have not inside.
Turning away from compassion and caring, drifting onto sands of eternity.
Sensing the darkness of life closing gently about me.
Shoulders draped with sorrow's tears, unable to be held together through all the strife.
Casually strolling down a quaint pathway, choosing to walk alone forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sands Of Time

Sparkling sands of time gently flowing.
No cares or worries to mess up it's journey - just sands of time in no great hurry.
Loving space and reveling in it's mime, happily wandering in and out of everyone's mind.
Time then quietly disappears upon a whisper and no more kisses fall from loving lips.
Only cold, pine coffins feel the pressure of a once upon a kiss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sandwiched Between Emotions

Damaging inner space, crying, filling it with crystal tears
at the thought of past memories.

Lost and forsaken upon a desert land, no tether to hold on
to, no hand to reach out to in a lonely specter of sand,
free of castles and pretend notions of imagination.

Sandwiched between emotions, not able to get out from them
and be free to choose another life's beginning.

Soundlessly living lies, brought on by a mother's past
mistakes, no judge nor jury, just blame placed upon a child
for a sin that was never hers.

Bottled up inside, wrecking havoc with reality, not able to
see beyond her mother's recalcitrant behavior through the
years.

Yet, she has aged, grown old with a sensory perception of
herself at times as whole.

Still shaking like a child within, still filled with anger
for something she never did to deserve all the pain she's
had in her life.

Little Rose, a grown-up child, still seeking answers,
wanting to know why she's been put through hell for all
these years on earth.

(10: 17 p.m. - 2/20/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sandwiched In Pages

Sandwiched in pages of this poet's mind are reasons for many
things in life that need to be fixed, problems having solutions,
creating them outside the box of yesterday.

Having now created a new way of thought, ideas, concepts and
using imagination to meld them all with reality of our lives
and circumstances that need to be made right.

Our government has skewed so many things on earth and we need
to go against it, uniting and gathering our strength with
one purpose.

To bring back to life our American ways, values, morals and
ethics once and for all, no more other nationalities coming,
trying to overthrow what we dearly love and have already
fought for.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sandwiched Life

All of life is sandwiched in between spans of time.

Total immersion in reality or fantasy creates our
beings meanings.

Each has his own realm to forge and live within,
sometimes looking without, helping others find their
ways on lost horizons.

Living, each in an atmosphere, their's alone, to
find the path which belongs to them.

Solving problems, hardships, failings, takes up most
of everyone's life.

Endeavoring to prevent them and enjoy some leisure
does not appear to be our pleasure.

Life is sandwiched between spans of time on many
different horizons, taken lightly all the way to
death and dying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sandy Shores Of Intellect

Rising and falling, crashing with waves of rhythm
as they fall upon sandy shores of intellect.

Mind being inspired with the purity and innocence
of the divine.

Taking this essence into domains of an entirely
new atmosphere.

Quietly and silently taking steps down highways of
life and onto shores of death beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sangini's

Sangini's Italian Restaurant, a feast in disguise.
A dominator pizza with double ingredients, and half
sausage, half pepperoni - large.

Fantastic, savory, delicious tasting, leaves no
indigestion.

Italian scent wafting through the restaurant, causes
taste buds to rise and mouth to salivate.

Such delicious pizza, it fills nostrils and belly,
while at the same time conjuring up memories of an
Italian childhood of family dinners and get-togethers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sanitizing Memories

Horizons widening, allowing sensory perception to
accumulate and gather moments towards imagination.

Fields of apprehension twindle in comparison,
tending to fade in the distance.

Provoking perpendicular ideas out into the open
where they can be analyzed and picked apart with-
out hesitation.

Sanitizing memories to preserve them absolutely
on shelves of my brain for poetical posterity
in future tomes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sanity Being Saved

Waking to the rising sun, living a freedom of my interior
being and soul, having joy filling me, taking me soaring
into other corners of the universe where no one can follow.

Soothing, quiet, silently giving an eternal peace that
places me in a bluened light, holding my breath, seeing
the wonder of the Divine.

Mind being held in awe with beauty of solace and serenity,
taking me into a land of dreams, letting my mind wander
among them, saving my sanity from disappearing in this
world of pain and suffering.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sanity Lies

Filling up slowly with emotion, turning inside out from
all it's commotion.

Hurting and crying, wanting to die and be left alone,
there's no sense in holding on.

Whatever happens to be hanging in the air is a falsehood,
a lie, and I don't care anymore about it.

That's where sanity lies - in hatred of what you loved
before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sanity Of Harmony

Listening to an energy filling the room, feeling the compassion and unity of the people
A sanity of harmony coalescing in smiles from everyone.
Touching the essence of each person here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sanity Of Music

Settling into the evening filled with anticipation
and friends who are intent on having fun throughout
the night.

Playing rhythms rapidly, attuning self to the sanity
of music in depths of my being, satisfied with it's
delicate and rocking rhythms carrying me away.

Soaring into poetry of every measure, being coded
while going alongside tempos in extremes of time,
living in zones of pleasure and freedom.

Having a great time while continuing rocking through
this fascinating night, taking life into interludes
of another dimension.

Full of life and anticipation, prepared to continue
rocking the whole night through, all of us finding
immense pleasure in having fun together in music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sapphire Atmospheres

Noting every manner of feelings and senses being immersed in melodies and rhythms.
Justifying every facet of life with peculiar adjuncts set in particles of ebony.
Shining explicitly with neon thoughts siding around my mind.
Thankfully reliving all memories in sapphire atmospheres.
Placing value upon whatever I see in nature, reigning over poetry with a gentle will, keeping company with musical trills experienced in total splendor.
Always keeping to self, tripping alongside behaviors of others.
Finding many formulas, adding them to lists of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satan's Advocates

Standing rigid and unbendable, certain people think they are important.
In positions of power or control, they become satan's advocates - maiming and hurting those under their supervision.
When looked at under the light of God, Himself, they somehow don't glitter or glisten within or without.
Black sooty souls protruding into other's lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sated In Vocabulary

Satisfying desires hidden within, giving plenty
of opportunities to be sated in the vocabulary
of a dictionary.

Taking words, mixing them into poems, creating
and inventing words having better meanings,
fitting them into puzzles of uniform prose.

Carefully examining and fortifying each one
instantly, one by one, as they fall into each
verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satin Ink

Carefully written in satin ink, watching ideas as they
flow from pen's of imagination.

Touching histories of past memories, watching images
prance down lanes of existence.

Timing exactly, minutes of life's moments as they race
by, flitting about in vacuums of thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satin Looks

Satin looks exchanging many emotions,
bringing them to the forefront as life
rearranges facets heretofore unknown.
Collapsing ancient ideas, leaving them on
sidewalks after the sun goes down in disarray.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satin Solace

Wondering about past years in songs of sadness as they touch my mind in cohesive desires, walking through deserts of becoming.
Walking in and out of starlit nights, bringing a sense of achievement into my soul.
Awakening my spirit I rest inwardly in satin solace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sating An Appetite

Delicious feelings sating an appetite of intense curiosity
for nature and it's integrity, following trails of picture
puzzles into mazes of life and liberty.

Holding onto the reality of love and honor, hoping to never
lose sight of what is really important in life.

The power of ingenuity comes alive, putting everything else
to shame, nothing else able to continue keeping up faith with
reality in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sating Desires

Focusing life on intense desires, hoping they will be sated
for all they are worth.

Noticing that nothing can take the place of innate pleasures
of the intellect and soul.

Reaching down into depths of liberty and a freedom of being,
grasping ideals, hopefully, that will bring the most respect
and dignity to mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satiny Days

Tantalizing repertoires of satiny days of yore,
choosing light and airy beauty of rhythm,
staking claims of nature within.
Locating sensuous particles of being,
and living on edges of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfied Bliss

Love forever trips and stumbles down paths of life-long hunger.

Searching for it's destiny, looking to share with anyone it's little love in quiet respite.

Intense yearning lives on through each day of total loneliness, hoping to be made satisfied in matrimonial bliss.

Never really finding anyone in which to confide their love, life stumbles on, searching for a place to live on in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfied Enough

Shaking and blending ideas and thoughts, sprinkling
them through intellect, wanting to see how they'll
affect future thoughts in poetry.

Wondering how they'll bring about changes in other's
attitudes and life, if they will find a new purpose
within them they can put to use themselves.

Probably never knowing if they do, leaving it to destiny
and fate in the end, satisfied enough just with writing
what I have in each poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfied In Life

Triggering thoughts, being shot back and forth through
intellect, adding to and developing them progressively.

Concerted efforts between wisdom and imagination melding
with intellect, giving pleasant and enticing feelings
to write with.

Sensations floating around, being grasped by each of my
senses in turn, investigating, being curious and finding
everything they can.

Watching every thought that appears in picturesque
visions on photographic screens, images prancing and
dancing about.

Titillating my mind, giving happiness and joy places to
be in, taking me toward spheres and elating me beyond
joy.

Sensing spirituality being fulfilled at the exact same
time, exuberantly feeling contented, serene and satisfied
in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfied Intensity

Standing here in the heat of an Arizona afternoon,
feeling it's warmth touching my heart, giving a
satisfied intensity of peace.

Looking around at nature, noticing every detail as
it falls within sight, loving it's beauty as it
surrounds me so poetically and intensely.

Becoming one with it totally, walking along side-
walks, being contrary, preferring to walk on soft
green grass, feeling it's texture.

Cushioning my body so tenderly, reflections of self
and my surroundings being seen in windows of the
building behind me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfied With Intellect

Finding self in a morning light shining upon earth,
wondering at the beauty of nature, being satisfied
intellect's interpretation of it.

Seeing it being written totally in a descriptive way,
filled with color and vivid feelings through imagery,
loving the pictures that always come out.

Lying upon photographic screens and being replayed
through the years like videos inwardly showing the
past once again.

Also being viewed in poetry that is written and read
by people all over the world, finding an appreciation
in the lives of other people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfied With Life

Relieving this soul in so many soothing rhythms, gives
solace for the time being.

Loving how tempos take me away to lands in imagination
where a state of mind can be created, contributing to
my well-being.

So intense are feelings that come, being amazed time
and again, happy to be just who I am.

Loving talent that I was born with, using it to the
fullest extent and never letting it wither or die.

Every moment is spent in an intellect where I can be
content and live the way I want to.

Satisfied with the life that I have been given once
more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfied With Rhythms

Keeping me alive and vibrant, music playing everywhere
that I choose to go in life.

Being satisfied with rhythms as they play my soul in
depths of an interior spirituality.

So perfect and divine, giving the pleasure I so much
want to have every moment that I breathe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfying Contemplation

Wandering pathways through deserts of my own making,
creating a vast emptiness to seek self-preservation.

Wanting to find where I am and where I'm going in the
future, a vast spirituality taking me far and wide.

Sensing the greatness of our Lord dwelling inside,
satisfying contemplation through a Divine essence.

A beauty and serenity never found anywhere else, it
lives only within the bluened light of intellect.

It's creativity filled with a spiritual peace and
fulfillment that is everlasting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfying Cravings

Lasting thoughts being uprooted like weeds in a garden,
making room for future shores, spreading ideas of beauty.

Singing words of melodies as they float about circum-
ferencely, in peaceful harmony.

Taking me on voyages of explicit literature from beyond
graves of life, satisfying cravings of calm serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfying Curiosity

Children so innocent, pure and curious, not being able
to sit still because there's so much for them to explore
in their surroundings, and they don't want to miss anything
of interest to them.
Watching them avidly, enjoying their wonder and awe at
satisfying their curiosity in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfying Endeavor

Delving deeply into an innate interior spirituality where none can find where, being tempted by a beautiful silence and peace that's found there.

Waltzing through thoughts, mind fully alive and aware of feelings and emotions, noticing the passing of time while walking through imagination.

Elated and thoroughly enjoying the serenity of an interior and solitary spiritual enlightenment, a satisfying endeavor, taking this mind into other dimensions.

Away from the stress and turmoil of everyday life, contemplating the beauty and compassion of nature and humanity on earth, feeling blessed and filled with joy, living life on our own, fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfying Hunger

Flowering items continue to send their fragrance to my mind, playing with imagination on rainbows of color, rising and setting with sunrises and sunsets.

Tickling feelings, getting them out of closets, airing them out, twirling them around in fresh approaches for thoughtful foods, satisfying the hunger of my mind's stomach.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfying Inner Curiosity

Silence filling this night through and through, quiet
whisperings being emitted from nature, taking intellect
on many journeys in depths of life most never learn about.

Under the starlight, eternity surrounds each of us, yet
most never even think about it, never realizing or even
investigating at all.

This mere poet is curious, always inquisitive, hoping to
find answers that have eluded others through centuries,
hoping to satisfy the intensity of an inner intellectual
curiosity from within my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfying Inner Desires

Whiling away moments in time and space, thinking deeply about many important facts of life that keep changing and altering everything.

Looking into their particles, finding them all spectacular in being, lights and auras shining brilliantly into the world of literature.

Continually moving, never slowing down, holding to rhythms of interior life through intellect, nothing changing much otherwise in this form of being, satisfying only inner desires of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfying Inner Intellect

Stillness fills the environment around me, letting me feel it's quiet silence throughout my mind.
Giving me a chance to think and create any literate meaning that comes to me in contemplation, deep and filled with wisdom.
Satisfying inner intellect, fulfilling knowledge's purpose and allowing me to help others who have needs, through my innate talent in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfying Intellect

Wandering through a desert atmosphere grasping hold
of it's intellectuality as I ride horseback.

Wonder and awe taking me off into edges of another
dimension, recalling aspects of prior visions

Taking roads least traveled across the desert into
steep desert mountains, spirits being lifted high.

Climbing them in my mind, elated and happy, filled
with joy.

Satisfying intellect interiorly, finding solace
within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfying Intellect Rapidly

Spending another Monday morning at Dr. L's, getting my I.V.,
having become pretty much a ritual over the years, keeping
me alive and energetic, giving me energy.

Writing one poem after another while I'm here, always antici-
pating many of them coming rapidly to mind, listening to the
various types of music.

Loving to hear it's different rhythms and tempos, taking me
on excursions through measures of time, fulfilling my passion
fully for writing concisely and succinctly.

Satisfying intellect constantly through music as an interior
waterfall flows incessantly, letting thoughts, ideas, concepts
come instantaneously to mind.

Filling it with wonder and verve as it does so, searching and
finding ways of putting them all into lines of prose that make
sense, giving intense or sublime meanings to those who read me.

Going along pathways of life as our minds meet and greet
through each poem, living in their depths, sharing whatever it
is I'm thinking about from one moment to another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfying Life

Wishing for the strength to carry on through life's trials, taking steps to stay on the right track as I proceed always on my own.
Living along pathways that I've designed and fortified, giving myself the strength needed to satisfy life and it's meaningful purpose.
In the end, letting it exist in the definition it has made of itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfying Needs

Opening windows, airing out intellect, allowing fresh air
to renew all thoughts.

Giving them an energy from within, taking hold of music's
thunder, letting it blare incessantly, vibrantly into my
being.

Trusting in the wisdom of innate talent, growing, nourishing,
and nurturing our minds with the beauty of nature and our
experiences found in life.

Spreading out feasts of intellect, feeding our brains and
souls interiorly, satisfying our need for spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfying Our Minds

Lateness and silence coming upon my mind, causing it to stand still and ponder life and the way it continues to benefit mankind.

Totally satisfying our minds as we pursue our pleasures and purpose in the many canyons of existence.

Walking in and out of entrances and exits, taking and leaving a part of us with each new experience we find ourselves encased in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfying Rhymes

Exercising my mind with Chopin, limbering up, stretching, bending, twisting, touching the sky of my heart with novel issues as they fall and rest before me.

Deciding which parts go well together, mixing and matching abstractions at will.

Bringing everything to fruition on a window sill of my mind as it looks out onto an open wasteland filled with hopes and desires, waiting to be plucked and pruned to become satisfying rhymes created from ruins of yesteryear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Satisfying Rhythms

Satisfying rhythms of life with music,
letting it touch troubled souls,
bringing soothing balm to alight within.

Traveling along, listening, taking in
peaceful displays of measures as they
enter into auras of today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saturated

Saturated in yesterday's left over memories,
standing on sidelines of humor and adversity.

Life slips and slides down avenues of unkempt
sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saturating Devotion

Twilight holding onto my spirit, letting it's mystical
properties be shown through poetry.

Saturating devotion held within, giving it a special
grace that continues to flow through my being and spirit.

Stars shining through the darkness, allowing their beauty
and essence to flow effervescently.

Illuminating and containing a brilliance that gathers a
continuity throughout intellect.

A total and complete beneficence, apprehending my mind
with a captivating energy.

Fulfilling visions of tomorrow scientifically with an
outpouring of grace from our Lord into my being.

Alone in a twilight evening, this solo and solitary peace
conquering all fears and doubts that try to come near and
haunt me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saturating Silence

Silence saturates my being, taking me to expanding horizons of imagination. Writing details for posterity, likening life in it's reality, matching abstraction's holds in venues of subconscious realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saturating Thoughts

Archangels sitting above people, selecting calmness from the atmosphere, pulling it into gatherings of contemplative energy.
Saturating thoughts with an armistice of poetry situated in banks of brain cells, sending both ways into the night.
Retrieving ideas from depths of imagination, calculating how melodies will delve and outlast other modes of communication.
Sliding off into panasonic pictures, taken from a photographic mind, sitting back, watching every movement with an intense air of magic.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saturday At Buddy Stubbs

Again, a Saturday at Buddy Stubbs, with hot rods and all.
Many people filling the parking lot, tables and store, a
good day for having fun.

Bikers gathering, talking, reminiscing of days gone by.
A wonderful venue to mix and meet with others interested
in the same types of leisure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sauntering Through The Desert

Sauntering through the desert, wind blowing,
dust filling my eyes as mountains climb ever
higher before me.

Stepping along the needles, sticking out from
cacti, shielded from the tempest, storming all
around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sauntering To Rhythms

Breezes blowing into the east,
giving me dreams of beautiful
landscapes of interior spaces.
Just languidly walking through
them, seeing sights that no one
else can see.
Transposing images as they
saunter to rhythms of slowened
remorse.
Sending messages into the
atmosphere to be held for a
while and then tenderly being
let go to wander wayward shores
of eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saving Grace

Saving grace left over from daily prayers,
acts like a cushion on long, dark, lonely nights.
Taking over and guiding me to pathways of enlightenment
and hidden knowledge of yesterday when immature and naive.
Vibrantly accessing thought brings an acquiescence to life's
fate as destiny develops a special place for us in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saving Graces In Life

Sending messages out into the darkened night,
hoping that they'll reach the ones you're
trying to reach.

Living in ebony light, searching always for
the embers that will bring you into realms
of life that living is all about.

Signaling the perfect sight that is always
waiting just around the corner of your mind.

Taking time to stand up for what you believe in,
will be the saving grace for the rest of your
life.

Never being burdened by regrets and sorrow, as
life gets put aside, taking you beyond heaven
above.

Solidly happy, forevermore, as I see the proof
of justice and faith right in the center of life,
never letting me fall behind the curtains of
death's evil persistence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saving Precious Treasures

Soaring, falling, crashing like never before,
hitting the concrete hard with mind in hand.

Saving it's precious treasures from being spilt
all over the ground, yet never letting it go down
in another's realm or spectre of land or space.

Conquering death in my mind, using it's presence
to fulfill my purpose of life in a book of poetry,
explaining how abuse affects your friends and
places them in unknown dangers.

Because of mental and emotional abuse, just being
with someone who's been abused, and takes it out
on others close to them - best friends - sisters -
found dying in relentless feelings of another's
distress from a lifetime of abuse.

Notwithstanding, a bond - a love - closely and
cleverly defined in their friendship from day one.

Resembling one another, being brought together, a
strong family link joining them forever in life's
journey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saving Time

Stepping into the center of life, finding it's
intensity intriguing intellect, collecting every
detail absorbed through an innate curiosity.

Saving time, placing it in measures of music to
be taken out and played when my own minutes have
run out.

Seething with inner energy, letting it filter
through the transient being of intellect, as it
recollects my entire lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Savoring Attitudes

Swinging into nightlines of extraordinary beauty, facing every trial in life.
Endeavoring to bring about a peaceful existence as life careens by with nothing standing in my way of writing.
Making sure edges are curling around intellect, purifying a sensation brought on by all my senses.
Focusing every imaginational figure onto screens of legitimate behavior.
Savoring attitudes brought from the past, stubbornly choosing to do it my way without interference from anyone else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Savoring Beauty

Waiting in the outdoors, savoring the beauty of nature,
letting it fill me completely with the scent of pine
trees being blown in the wind.

Cool air gently brushing against my mind, refreshing my
intellect, soothing the stress of this day, nothing more
to do.

Relaxing in the freedom of my soul as I write throughout
this evening alone, pondering the everlasting destiny of
life on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Savoring Intelligence

Kick starting thoughts, giving pleasure, as I soar through clouds of imagination, tasting of their flavors as I pass through.

Getting all ideas and focusing them into a bright future of possibilities set within.

Solidly bringing memories into the picture, taking all images into round spheres of intelligence, to be savored and thought in other dimensions of unearthly circumspect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Savoring Music

Figures of speech go skating around the rink of literature,
creating an energy of contemplation that takes off soaring
into a poetical atmosphere.

Watching sounds rise and fall, cavorting evenly with rhythm
and concentration, favoring delicacies of blossoming beauty
upon taste buds of my mind.

Savoring sounds of music within my mouth, letting them swim
and dive, eventually being swallowed with intellect.

Using them to bring about poetical codes, usurping needs of
bodily functions in lieu of this soul's happiness.

Quietly sitting in salt mines of lost November evenings,
functioning no longer, being allowed to flow through my
fingers like sand fallen from a broken hour glass.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Savory Buds Of Life

Rhyming into the atmosphere, feeling rhythms as they touch
me interiorly.

Losing nothing within inner dimensions of a vast universe,
playfully entering many domains that set my soul free.

Tasting the savory buds of life as they fall into the
center of this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Savory Odors Of Music

Taking a stroll down memory lane, finding yesterday's that
were wonderful and beautiful, tasting savory odors of music
as it plays through measures of all good times we've had.

Loving songs being sung and played, giving this poet's mind
a tender young curiosity, a place to play within this play-
pen of life, being fulfilled with an energy of another dim-
ension far away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Savory Recipe

Living in feelings of sadness as my mind dances to
rhythms of delectable joy.

Surprising and astounding, finding that exacting
beauty of life through poetry, never being disap-
pointed.

Touching others with thoughts, feelings and emo-
tions throughout the entire world, a mysterious
magical power that words have over other people.

Arranged with rhythm and stated artistically,
musically and poetically when placed together in
a savory recipe of innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Savory Recipe Of The Mind

Pages and pages of ideas vibrating from intellect,
taking me on excursions of flight throughout India,
and into dimensions not attained elsewhere.

Depths also being searched, finding picturesque and
original facets not usually decipherable, enjoying
this delectable and savory recipe of the mind.

Bringing peace to the comfort of contemplation, now
taking into consideration all feelings and emotions
of an interior spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sawdust

Sawdust from yesterday's buildings, long since vacuumed and thrown into dust bins, leaving no traces of doing anything good for anyone.

Finding nothing left of their essence, wondering how anything was created or made from wooden tables and chairs.

Seated around the table so delicately, reminding anyone who steps inside that they once seated a family long ago.

Introducing everlasting places in centuries of yesterday, hoping to hold onto some semblance in the future of their actual purposes in life.

Sharing the wonder with anyone curious enough to ask.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sax Control

Scratchy sounds of an elderly saxophone player,
doing his best to entertain us today.
Getting his senses under control, relaxing a
bit, helps his mind concentrate on what needs
to be done.
Suddenly, his saxophone is playing heavenly
musical tones in time with the music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saxophone Music

Music of a saxophone, clear, precise, in time, filling
the atmosphere with notes and beauty through it's
master's mind and fingerings.

Catching rhythm of a piano, drumming into beats of
songs, strumming my mind and heart with tantalizing
melodies, felt deeply within my soul.

Teetering on edges of musical bliss, letting go,
becoming part of musical's mist in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saying Forget It

Moods of being saddened are crowding into me,
tearing apart peace of mind and creating a
split of inner proportions.
Blaming the change on everything standing in
the way of expression tonight.
It's too late to start anew, so I'll just say
forget it and continue on my journey into the
night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saying Hello Just To Say Goodbye

Deepened tones of an elderly gentleman,
voice touching the very inside of my mind.
There's no place to hide from his light.
Subjected to his subdued style, feeling
that it's just the way it should be.
Meeting each other on a separate plain of
everyday lifetimes.
Feeling the words absolve every question
being asked in corridors of time.
Saying hello just to say good bye.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saying Love

Rhythms gliding into my heart, shining light on the dark-
ness of my being, touching my soul, giving your love to
me in the silence of our togetherness.

As we lie in bed making love, so gently you entice me as
you touch me with wonder and magic, filling my mind with
the smile of your heart touching mine so tenderly.

Saying our love when we're together without having to
speak a single word, fulfilling our promise of love in
the arms of one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saying Our Vows

Tonight I lie here thinking of all the times we have had to-
gether my love, breathless and unconditional love at first
sight.

Very first time we ever saw one another, love being stirred
in that precious and everlasting moment in both our hearts,
a chemical reaction once started could never be stopped.

Becoming one before even having kissed or made love, wonder
and beauty hand in hand taking us into the sacredness of our
marriage.

Saying our vows with hearts filled with love, never doubting
or parting ways, knowing we'd love forever no matter what
life would throw at us through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saying Thousands Of Words In Silence

Thousands of things that could be said in just as many ways,
feelings being lassoed and kept tied up inside.

Thinking to hide, yet reality is right outside, waiting to
slip in when you're not thinking.

There is nothing you can do to take away the pain, you can
only live through it, there's no other way.

If you say there is you are only trying to fool yourself
and deep down knowing you can't really get away with that.

Go ahead and be afraid, be scared, be whatever you have to,
while feeling away the hurt.

It will consume you in the end if you don't learn to deal
with it right now, there will be an end to it, but not one
you will be expecting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saying What We Are Not

Our world has been turned inside out and we are unbalanced
by the dizzying heights being reached by bigots and racists
trying to say that is what all Americans are about.

Nothing could be farther from the truth, on the whole, seeing
people - everyone - on an equal level, we are all human beings
nothing more - nothing less.

We all strive to do what we can in this unfair world of ours,
politicians and those in government attempt to keep us
unbalanced and in dire need, so they can feel self-important,
satisfying their own hunger and agendas of greed.

Keeping people down is their particular forte and they have
practiced this through the years and have perfected it to the
satisfaction of themselves only.

Whereas, Americans are only trying to exist, get along with
others and make our world a peaceful place for all people to
live and be friends.

Nothing in our minds, no hatred, racism, prejudice, nothing,
it is only when we see others step over the boundaries of
decency and law-abiding principles that we become angry.

Those ignoring our laws, flaunting their criminal behaviors
like a slap in the face, these are the people that raise our
tempers and we turn against them for that only.

Obey our laws, treat all with respect and dignity and be
treated the same in return.

It's a simple principle to understand and abide by, those
looking from the outside in often miss the symbols of humanity
that we American's possess.

We tread on no one and want no one to tread on us either, we
have our Constitution and our freedoms and we will protect
them with our lives.

To exacerbate our wrath, go against this honorable principle
that we live with and you will strangle yourself with your
own unfairness.

Not with anything we as Americans have against any of you,
there is no hatred of others here, just a rainbow of talented
people who hold true to our convictions of freedom and democracy
for all.

There are only a handful of people that the world is basing
their opinion of the U.S. on, and they are the racists and
bigots that live in every country - they do not represent the
people who live here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Saying Yes

Sorrowfully echoing, calling through the trees, whispers
softly sighing, floating upon the breeze.

Life falls, sliding through a side door, one that has not
been marked, but opens quickly when given a second chance.

An entire world opens up to an invitation, love is emanating
from people everywhere.

Splendidly opening upon a new shore, being rinsed clean, a
pure and newly sprung life.

All around sounds of nature are pouring forth in tribute of
our lives and experiences.

Bowing down, kneeling on one knee, saying yes with a gentle
happiness and a joy so great it cannot be contained.

Flowing out upon others who are in need, filling them with
the love and peace of a new world without war.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scaling Interior Motives

Standing in tempos, wanting to step into their measures
with an unlimited supply of energy, watching as it rises
ever higher within.

Scaling interior motives as I find my way along jungle
trails filled with many traps and lies of another time,
trying to stay beyond the illusions, having a hard time.

They continue to rise and block my view time after time,
sections of this life are always intense, wanting to by-
pass them, yet knowing that it must experience each in
order to meet my destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scanning Horizons

Following interior pathways of imagination and fantasy, allowing them to open minds wide, exposing them to new ideas and concepts from other dimensions.

Those beyond the limits and scope of humanity right now, scanning each of these horizons, finding beauty and ex-acting peace therein.

Honoring innate intelligence with wonder and awe at it's wonderful essence and presence in our lives here on this temporary earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scanning The Horizon

Sorrowfully hurt beyond repair, fragmented, broken, left to
despair, no life within left to care.

Looking out over Phoenix, seeing nothing as I did in 1961,
all has changed, nothing for the good.

Joyous seconds not in sight, little happiness in life,
scanning the horizon, seeing the pollution, hazy over the
city, programming our lungs for years of asthma or worse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scanning The Universe

Looking into a rocky and mountainous future, scanning the universe in a glance, seeing all possibilities and opportunities awaiting fulfillment.

Knowing that I'm up to the challenge, daring to step forward and write with the world, helping anyway that I am able, nothing is impossible in the scheme of things here on this earth if you have faith and hope in the Lord and people who care.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scars Of Death

Solemnly parading through gardens of yesterday,
searching for poorly lit images of happier times.

Walking down lanes of remembrance, shedding tears
slowly over what used to be.

Yesterday, it was such a joyful journey, until
death stepped in, leaving scars of itself behind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scattered Pages Of Life

Climbing up and down, entering and exiting dimensions at will, finding interesting facts to write into prose continually.

Sliding away into the night quietly swaying, swashbuckling into the blackest of nights, a fearful and doubting tale of intrigue and mystery from the past.

A long ago wonder that had long since been thrown aside in the throes of another time, pages being scattered here and there.

Life finding itself being disparaged time and again, always following pathways of another place and time through many harrowing experiences, frightful yet exciting.

Continuing the trail of intrigue into the future visions of tomorrow that will continue to find their way through the centuries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scattered Thoughts

Scattered thoughts flow through the skyway of my mind, being blown about by wind bursts, thrusting themselves upon the table of my mind.

Somewhere there are ideas coalescing in jungles of intellect and wisdom.

Somehow taking all that I know and formulating it into prose, so I may see what is held in depths of my subconsciousness.

A little wiggle of imagination stirs and blends with melodies from above, giving me the serenity I need to be sane and calm, even though my life is a giant tangle of weeds that needs to be cut down and burned.

Making sense in times of contemplation is different than usual as I travel through underbrush as if on a safari in Africa.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scatterin Leaves

Rolling, topsy-turvy, over the heated pavement,
looking for some coolness beneath a shady tree.

Crackling, hanging it's head, just as it finds
a needed shadow of shade, the wind picks it up
and blows it away, back out into the sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scattering Leaves

Rolling, topsy-turvy, over the heated pavement,
looking for some coolness beneath a shady tree.

Crackling, hanging it's head, just as it finds
a needed shadow of shade, the wind picks it up
and blows it away, back out into the sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scattering Life

Scattering life across deserts of interior arid
spaces, tossing it into periods of rain-splattered
images, soiling thoughts with blackened memories of
abuse.
Left in corners through the years, neglected spaces

of harm and hurt.
Watching them rise and find their ways into poems to be read in silent loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scattering Life's Leaves

Scattering leaves of memories across yards of life,
drying out my mind with past images of parents,
collecting them into photo albums of yesterday's
conscious mind.
Feelings hurry to be notice before hiding again
beneath piles of leaves to be raked tomorrow with
fragility.
Sonorous echoes, delivering voices I long to hear
once again.
Awkwardly, running into piles, scattering them to
arid winds of reminiscence.
Standing back, watching as videos play subconsciously
over and over without repetition or replay.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scattering Peace

Saddened recollections hit me squarely in my mind, scattering my peace to four corners and bringing tears to rain on me.
Locating areas of my heart torn in pieces, wanting to reach out and heal it, knowing I can't ever do it.
Only live with the pain of being human while on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scattering Pieces Of My Heart

Scattering pieces of my heart in all directions, not wanting to feel emotions tearing at me from within.
Lessening the intensity, pieces can't hurt as much as when they are together, forming my heart and it's tragedies inside it's quiet mind.
Beating in a rhythm all my own, I turn away and contemplate a spiritual side of suffering, handing all to God in order to live in a peaceful atmosphere that I need to be in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scattering Seeds

Awakening through the evening, watching and listening
for sounds and sights of nature abounding everywhere
on this earth.

Scattering and taking seeds of life across the world,
hoping they will take root and grow forever.

Wanting them to stretch out, taking everything into
account as we unfold our lives in the middle of this
century coming up soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scattering Wisps

Mushrooming, flattening, splitting into many parts,
scattering across the sky, to be replaced by wisps
of clouds, hanging tightly to each other's skirts.

Afraid to let go and become a part of something so
much larger - so much more than what they are.

Blue sliding across the sky, slamming into whites
of cloud's small eyes, gently dipping into depths
of ocean tides.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scenery Of Life

Rushing into the energy of an interior universe,
finding the pace to be exciting, thrilling me
altogether within.

Succulently sweetening taste buds of this mind,
giving it feelings of savory meals served in
feasts of celebrations.

Flavoring life with it's delicate and vibrant
concepts, being established alone in inner rooms
of festivity.

Clarifying the total essence and passion of time
as it travels through tunnels hidden in distant
and future thoughts.

Telling tales that will happen tomorrow, details
and pictures being set up and portrayed in scenery
of lifetimes spent in the past.

Searching images in moments that can only be held
within a mind, never being touched or held otherwise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scenes

Water surrounding our boat was like glass.
Yet, just a few feet beyond, the water
looked scribbled upon.
As if a child had taken a pen and made his
mark on the surface for all passers-by to
see.
Wind blowing past, just slightly, erased
the scene before us and set it up somewhere
else, just as nicely, farther on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scenes Of Dancing

Suddenly stepping up to music in a staccato-sounding beat,
lifting me from my seat.

Stepping around the dance floor but only in my mind, as I
relive the past in scenes of dancing, feeling alive and
vibrant, even through these past images.

Loving incessant beauty of rhythms continuing to fill
me full of energy and vibrant tenacity, being held captive
every moment of each measure.

Such a pleasant feeling coming into my being, taking me
into a vast universe, coded, while enjoying music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scenes Of Life

Walking towards a final sunset, heart held in check,
tears secreted away for now because happiness is
just ahead.
Beauty filling my eyes and mind with scenes of life
past, present and future.
Delays have disappeared into thin air, while forward
moving paths lead me towards my final end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scenes Of Nature

Insects crawling across the ground, water falling unbidden
from a fountain, wind blowing gently, branches of trees.

Planes with bright lights flying overhead, hiding away the
stars in their steel-hard bellies.

Storing away memories, filling up an imagination's cookie
jar with them.

Delicately embroidered clouds fill the skies, echoing the
loneliness of days gone by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scenic Beauty

Staying back, keeping calm, walking through fields
filled with flowers, blossoming as I watch them
flourish and grow.
Scenic beauty laid out before me as I take in every-
thing being shown to my inner vision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scenic Thoughts

Wide open spaces drift into my path, allowing vast horizons to open before my mind, testing their veracity and cognizant upheavals in words, forming sentences of life poetry.
Railing together like a locomotive and boxcars, traveling down tracks being made as I go on.
Momentary visions keep urging me onward towards mountains, plateaus and desert acres, picking through thoughts as scenery fills my mind with it's exquisite sights, odors, senses touching every niche of my mind and it's synapses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scenic Tour

Rattling inside playing a ukulele, shaking up the
crowd with a Hawaiian song.

Beating, taking us through the islands, having a
great time, enjoying the scenery and people.

Echoes of the past, surrounding us with the beauty
of life, nature taking us by the hand.

Giving us a scenic tour through intellect's mind,
finding it most energetic and lively in paradise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scenic Views Of Talent

Leaving memories of today pasted in albums, hoping to
lose them somewhere else in time for now.
Looking up, watching the sun illuminate special corners
of magnificent scenic views of talent.
Awesome pictures replacing those in pasted albums.
Putting them on shelves in a closet for the time being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scent Of Blue Roses

Gray clouds swirling around in visions of my mind, generating a myriad of thoughts, gently touching my soul with delight.
Caressing notes of my own rhythms, taking me into interior parts of heaven's gardens where I am calmly soothed by God's intense presence at my side.
As I walk among gardens filled with blue roses I once connected with sorrow and the Blessed Mother, now I feel the joy of being with God whenever the scent of blue roses enters my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scent Of Fate

Branches creeping and crawling towards unknown destinations,
groping their way silently.

Deeply in thought, contemplating the twists and turns their
lives must take.

Gently blowing with hesitant gratitude, the scent of fate
into future destinies.

Carefully tripping over important matters, leaving the
mundane to care for themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scent Of Heaven

Raining angels into my life, bring spirits of God's
goodness into my being.

Reality touches my mind, sending senses flying in all
directions.

Fragrantly filling all aspects of my time on earth
with picturesque beauty through words.

A lasting scent of heaven always within, guiding
treasures of talent given to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scented Bereavement

Falling into a musical pattern, taking off with it's design as it builds itself into a rhyme of selection.
Grasping thoughts, a dozen at a time, filling the emptiness of my mind with prosaic blossoms, scented with bereavement.
Roses to be set upon a grave dug for a family member in her prime.
Scheduling an opportune time to respect and praise her life in moments of latent demise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scented Requisites Of Love

Silently furbishing an interior palace of contemplation,
never turning it into anything else so hope and faith
can always be burning brightly without failing.

Stationed within a peace, blossoming like a rose, power-
fully scenting requisites of love along the way.

Apprehending the holiness of spirits within and keeping
them safe always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scented Visions

Rocking needlessly into beds of garden beauty,
taking in it's rainbow colors with scented
visions of tomorrow.

Enveloping me in grand scales of musical talent,
taking me on a journey of future horizons not
yet attained.

Watching images turn and swing into mind-splaying
encounters, to be herded into corrals for safe-
keeping until the morrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scenting The Atmosphere

Soliloquy of another time came poring into patterns of a
beautiful landscape, taking all ideas being formed,
placing them together into a puzzle picture of interior
life being accessed day and night without any conquest
to speak of.

Delicate bouquets standing out, looking around to see if
anyone is noticing them for the beautiful flowers they are,
aromas scenting the atmosphere with melodic compositions
flavored to taste like vanilla pudding.

Energizing beliefs that have been within for a lifetime
already, never slowing down, just speeding up faster and faster, not
letting anything get in the way or interfere with what I want
to do unsolicitly and daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scents Of Being

Thinking ideas while seeing horizons beyond eyes of
penetration, enveloping each iota of cognitive
mosaics in turn.
Accumulating wise anonymity on verges of paradise,
petals of roses glide into view with fragrant scents
of being.

(8: 52 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scents Of Desire And Passion

Senses opening like many blossoms in springtime,
carrying interior scents of desire and passion.

Creating my essence like that of heavenly inter-
vention, clean, pure, innocent and appealing.

Rhythms collecting me into their midst where I
will be accepted completely by intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scents Of Destiny

Strutting in time with the speed of sound, hearing now,
rhythms penetrating and availing themselves to an inner
nature.

Landscapes moving, showing picturesque visions in beauty-
ful scents of destiny, unfolding slowly on the green
carpet of earth today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scents Of Love

Listening in my mind as thoughts cogitate and
let themselves be known.
Opening like blossoms,
filling the atmosphere with lovely descriptions of life
and it's tender scents of nature's love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scents Of Nature

Readily hoping to be going camping soon, wanting to recharge inner batteries with silent and refreshing scents of nature.

Looking forward to pine trees, walks in the forest, fishing in the lake aboard our 14 foot rowboat.

A peaceful and serene time, communing with natural life alone, being in the center of it's serenity and loving every moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scents Of Near-Death

Rhythm is taking me to places beyond where I am right now.

Finding places to hide and write, getting away from the pain of life and lifting self's spirits with the music.

Walking down lanes, turning about, dancing in my mind, as life emits it's tell-tale scents of near-death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scents Of Remembrance

Feeling chords touching inner synapses with beautiful tones to reminisce by.
Recalling entertaining memories of yesterday, laughing about the antics contributing to humor-filled episodes of family fun and entertainment.
Lassoing many a tune and attaching each one to an image that I remember in depth.
Blooming thoughts sending scents of remembering to my mind, giving me joy on saddened days of recollection and sensing detailed descriptions of all my favorite things.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scents Of Yesterday

Sailing along, ocean waters cresting, falling and
sending me into a silent deepening.
Quiet beauty surrounding me with scents of
yesterday's gardens, allowing memories to calmly
escape and bring past joy again today.
Soundly echoing through atmosphere's of love,
keeping cameos of lifetime beginnings between us.
There's no room for anyone else in our space of
time, moments belong to just the two of us eternally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scheme Of Poems

Awakening memories deeply embedded in sleep, stretching,
yawning, emitting brief and simple pictorial images into
a mind.
Watching as they fade and wan, suddenly coming into view
as in a movie theater.
Tentatively testing whether truth or fiction may be
hiding there, separating both, then rearranging all to
make an imaginative new scheme of poems.
Life-dangling threads tied together, swinging across
horizons of make-believe, jumping and landing in piles
of thoughts, happy to be relived.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Schemes

Churning and revolving, under a spell of fortune five hundred ads in a magazine.
Allotting all sorts of wonderful money-making schemes, taking your money and giving them more riches than they had before.
Living beyond their means as often as they are able, yet you continue to be poor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scholastic Designs

Synchronizing designs of patterns, developing ingenuity as
it climbs higher with ivy up scholastic walls.

Touching mildly, tones of bereavement scaling mountainous
sides of cliffs, elevating wisdom to prominence, keeping it
crystal clear with poetical nuances.

Taking notes, traipsing into jungles of imagination,
searching for any clues of yesterday's talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scholastically Perfunctionary

Intrepid feelings falling down inside, wiggling and
twisting, causing quite a stir.

Unknowing, wondering what is happening without, as
life moves forward one moment at a time.

Rhythmically motioning to intellect, watching it,
beckoning to inner depths of sight.

Scholastically perfunctionary, raising the bar in
deepening thought, trying to increase the presence
of ideas being fulfilled in energetic fields of
sonar technology.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

School Is A Hazard

School is a hazard by any rule,
Things aren't what they should
be anymore.

Learning takes a back seat to
social skills.

It seems it's more important
now to learn how not to be,
instead of how to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

School Talent Show

A new experience in talent of young students.
Children running back and forth across the stage,
leaping and jumping to get onto it.
Microphones and wires being stretched across our
view, being readied for talented young people.
Waiting, anticipating expectantly, our nephew,
who is going to share his wonderful voice with all
of us.
Singing, 'Here Without You Baby', by Three Doors
Down.
We know he'll be a hit, because he's so very
talented and has a voice that won't quit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Science Of Literature

Science and technology advancing into the next century,
giving our lives needed respite.
Yet, writing is the key of it's existence, continuing throughout eternity.
Without it, all progress would be null and void.
Literature is the containment of all it's fruition on
pages of books for all to continue to advance through
one century after another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scientific Discovery

Clouds piled high within my mind, awaiting times
of their individual discovery.
Scientific ideas and images expand and bend out
of shape, reconfiguring themselves to fit into
poems, outlasting even myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scientific Fascination

Walking into the darkness of yesterday, crying as it taunts my heart and mind with the sorrow that's been left within the emptiness of my being.

Nothing to ever take the place of my dearest, closest friend on this earth, to everyone in the world a top scientist, a totally brilliant man at the top of his field in biochemistry.

To this mere poet he was like an older brother, one who studied my mind, intellect, energy with a fascination his scientific mind enticed him with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scientific Friendship

Thinking in the loneliness of my mind, bereft and filled
with loss at the death of my friend.

Wanting to call or drop by to talk, yet remembering when
tears start falling that death has taken him from me so
permanently.

Now having no one who understands me once again in life,
so totally alone, nothing or no one to console me as I
think of him and all the talks we used to have.

Learning about one another, both of us interested in the
other unselfishly, and with love and respect for who we
were when together in a scientific friendship.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scientific Ignorance

Formulating ideals, questions, intellect, grasping
cognitive answers waylaid from yesteryear.
Unenlightened heresy, aware of retaliatory self-
deception and self-delusion.
Ignorant of dissent, science continues seeking
comprehension of latent ideas, crammed between grey
matter of human beings.
Confessing unawares by an aberration of fanciful
dimensions.
Visionary ideals, questions, intellect, falls latent,
missing euphemisms, a manner of speaking, all
interpretive and explicable.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scientific Illusions

Governing intelligence with a mighty embrace, hugging thought in a memory of peace, allowing every sense to be immersed within.
Jostling atoms, resurfacing each one with scientific illusions, preparing each one for a special assignment on a page of poetry in a book.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scientific Proof

Filtering exhilaration into passageways of yesterday.
Beckoning onward, never losing ground, taking steps to be ever nearer to my mind.
Entering mazes with wisdom taking me by the hand, leading me into unknown depths and labyrinths of beauty.
Scientifically proving how life can proceed without anyone being able to catch hold of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scientific Prospects

Shining designs are collecting within, reflecting light
and color throughout my mind.

Spreading about many creative patterns as they move and
flow in every direction.

A wonderfully beautiful array of a scientific prospect
in a new mathematical formula as it fills my mind with so
many impossible possibilities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scientific Senses

Textures of things are felt by sensations, touching my brain scientifically, helping to feel them through writing.

Totally immersed, touching thoughts with all feelings, traveling throughout life in imagination.

Following through with every step in being, researching constantly, always finding reminders to sanction what I'm thinking subconsciously.

Tenderly, gently, finding a way through chords of silent etudes, always playing, giving a peace so intense it can never be described no matter how many times I try.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scientific Void

Living in a void, darkness surrounding my being, taking
every step along the way, trying to strive for the best
that I can do, enlisting intellect, letting it have it's
way as I write continually.

A great scientist meeting and wanting to study me through-
out an intense and unique episode in life, waiting for it
to begin again, wanting to be alone, hiding until he can
come back and live again.

Talking and studying with and of me the rest of our days,
through the seasons of life, taking steps into the void
of scientific expression and discovery while learning of
each other's intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scope Of Interior Wisdom

Intriguing and comfortable beats of rhythms now fitting
nicely within this being.

Satisfied intently with emotions that are being created
with sounds of notes placed in a sequence of recognition,
coded in a primary instance of poetry.

Insipidly inherent, calculating the balance of another
moment just before it is experienced.

Talent set back watching as a life of meaning is being
brought forward, giving an aptitude for inner knowledge
to come about.

All of interior thoughts jump and collide, wanting to
increase the magnitude and scope of an interior wisdom.

Allowing it to continue to exercise it's freedom in a
vision of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scores Of Compositions

Staccato beating, pounding notes into words, hanging in the air, falling into rhythms given to me in scores of compositions that I have composed through the years.
Many tears have fallen, leaving me lonely, tearing me asunder, falling into a deep, deep slumber from which I'll never awaken.
Too far gone, giving up everything, I fall forward and let go of all that I was - now I have surrendered to the infinite past of suicide.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scores Of Music

Jangling nerve ends, poking them with notes of
melody's rhythms, stepping on measures of expectancy.

Belittling no one, organizing life moments into etudes
of imagination.

Standing still in words on paper, yet agility and
movement canter down scores of metronomes of time,
beating energetically to forces of nature and it's life
on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scores Of Thought

Finding personas filtering down through atmospheres
never looked at before now.

Thinning air, heightening perspectives and dimensions
equally and setting them onto plains of melodic
destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scourge Of Humanity

There's not a soul in the White House who cares about
life as they watch people being killed, murdered by
isis, muslims, jihad and al queda.

Where did these monsters spring from? How could their
mothers have raised such irreprehensible demons, alas,
the blame seems to fall on the fathers.

They've fed them hatred in baby bottles, constantly
throughout life giving them many doses of intolerance,
racism, prejudice of anyone who disagreed with them.

People of every walk of life, different cultures, races,
religions cannot be infidels for they are the ones who
believe in God.

These demons are defiled, not having any beliefs in God,
only human lust and pedophilia, living like the ignorant
one who taught them this way of life, their mohammed.

What a waste of intelligence, they need to kill and murder
themselves for being the scourge of humanity on this earth
not the innocent women, children and men of faith.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scouring Nature

Fulfillment captured in the little things of life, scouring nature, finding that it's peace always finds a way into our souls.

Taking it's spirit into tranquil centers of heavenly abodes, seeing the beauty of life through promises of God, cavalcades of innocence and purity being derived.

From an inner acceptance of fate and destiny, following a path into tomorrow while finding a way through denizens of hardship and sacrifice, walking through grief and loss in mazes we sometimes cause ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scrabbles Of Words

Fluttering in my heart starts when I hear your voice
singing songs of midnight, as candles glower in minds,
lifting moods skywards.

Sifting through shimmering scrabbles of words,
searching for just the proper ones to express how I
feel in prayers of sacrifice today.

Finding an amen to lighten the way towards destiny
and fate, holding hands over desert plains, carefully
touching cacti of my sunken heart.

Slowly easing selfishness into graves of earthen dirt,
freeing selves from rights of passages in aisles of
yesterday's tomorrows.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scrapbook Of Hope

Softly tuning to an inner nature, seeking peace within,
fulfilling obligations as so many duties of this life.

Going deeply to this inner mind, sorting out pictures
of the past, affixing them to pages of memories kept
hidden from view.

Looking ahead to books full of blank, empty pages,
temporarily pasting in dreams, hoping that tomorrow will
bring them into reality, while holding them closely now.

Keeping all hopes and dreams on the fringe of every day
thought and holding them close to the heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scrapbook Thank You

Separating moments in time, placing them in scrapbooks
of the mind, looking through the pictorial images on
tomorrow's shores and reminiscing.

Remembering will surely bring back the smiles, laughter,
friends and good time at the Spagetti Company for my
birthday.

Thank you for the wonderful celebration - it will last
a lifetime in my memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scrapbooks

Solemnly in synch, dancing across my mind, feeling
time-altering mechanisms move and gyrate within.

Collecting visions of subconscious imaginings and
putting them together in scrapbooks of memories
for all time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scraping Away Blues

Serious contemplation sets itself down inside of me.
Giving pleasurable feelings through thoughts, inspired by pure melodies, incessantly beautiful in written words.
Lively attitudes scraping away the blues, giving way to happier moments set in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scraps Of Paper Written Upon

Reaching into depths of intellect, taking bits and pieces
left from scraps of paper written upon, putting these
thoughts together purposely.

Tangibly taking them into parodies of life and death, hav-
ing meaning and a clear definition of the instability of
this earthly life.

Walking down and through trails of yesterday, looking for
the connections of the present, connecting them all to-
gether.

Balancing equations in rhythms of music, seeing everything
clearly, focusing on the center of being and how it exists
through all experiences daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scratches Of Reality

Fending for oneself in difficult times and situations
takes time away from peaceful contemplation.

Scarring serenity with scratches of reality as they
tear into peaceful minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scratching Life

Scratching the surface, revealing life inside, tormented
by a past that buries itself in ashes, from fires burning
angrily still.

Doubts, shadows, heads without faces, file slowly past,
haunting inner safety - loosening the security that's never
really been too good.

Unfolding memories from scraps of paper, wrinkled, torn,
difficult to read, distorted images parading forward, thrust-
ing themselves where they don't belong.

Pleading, cries of woe within, spilling tears abundantly,
crying forever for a lost childhood - one that never began,
growing up right from the beginning.

Taking care of self with no past experience, results in
failure, wanting and rebellion, withstanding all attempts
at reaching her, standing off, aloof.

Wondering why it's empty - so alone, not daring to look
beyond the surface of the skin, shallow, self-centered,
taught by no one how to feel.

There stands stranded - a child in a grown up's world,
where is the child, hair long and flowing - unsmiling,
dying inside a grown up body, never having lived a child's
life, not ever knowing what it meant to play.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scratching Melodies

Melodies scratching my mind, wanting to be let out to roam,
finding different venues of rhythm.

Wanting to be lost in fathoms of underwater depths without
a compass.

Floating around, not staying still, moving beyond the
sections scratching my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scratching My Mind

Wildfire escaping, a new lead singer not as
good as the other one.
Hitting sharp on every note, scratching my
mind with it's insistence.
Roping in on the musicians, listening only
to them.
Blocking out the voice so I can continue to
listen and write to my heart's content.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scratching Sorrow

Resonating sorrow scratches our minds,
recalling memories of yesterday's lifetimes
in words of sublimity.

Touching upon intense feelings of grief as
tears flow out, representing our love for
those who have passed on without our
participation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scratching The Surface

Drifting along on waves of ecstacy, feeling
inspiration of music enveloping an interior
essence, while writing down words, poetical,
of many more poems in life.

Scratching the surface with a pen, as intellect
opens up it's eyes, taking in a plethora of
ideas to turn into more poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Screaming In Delight

Water running down a trench in the back yard, Grandkids
gathered around, putting toy fish in it, playing joy-
fully, loving to play in water.

Now getting toy fishing poles to catch them with, all
smiles and laughter, water flowing faster, fish flowing
down the yard.

Kids screaming in delight, dog trying to catch the fish
with his paws, only succeeding in pushing them under-
water.

This is so much better than watching television or play-
ing video games, Grandkids getting their vitamin D and
exercise.

Totally enjoying themselves and each other, not a single
spat or argument at all for hours on end, while I sit and
enjoy seeing them play together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Screaming In Silence

Showing faith in moments of deep troubling events and situations of our lives here on earth.

Creating a world interiorly to cope with it all, because reality is far-fetched and out of reach.

Living in darkness, nothing to keep our heads above water, only music and rhythms to keep us company under such great pressure.

Screaming in silence, crying out in quietly secreted sobs of sorrow, nothing escaping our mouths, yet tears are falling helplessly into our lifeblood.

Uncensored, undeterred, we follow our destinies towards our end, holding hands with fate all the while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Screaming Messages

Tattoos hotly screaming messages onto tender sensitive flesh,
echoing the sickness of man's mental status and turmoil.

Physically abhorrent, eyes turning away from the pictures
and words of torment.

Gentle minds are reminded of the wars of hardened men.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Screaming Renditions

Exasperating renditions screaming to the world,
wanting people to listen to their lasting tonal
impressions of worth.

Characterizing life coming to ends of earth,
flowing easily past into areas of nothingness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Screen Of Enlightenment

Easy living in forests of time, smelling pine scents,
climbing mountains with serenity.
Joining circles of energy as the atmosphere gets
thinner the higher we climb.
Atmospheric pressure playing with minds as images
focus in and out of skies, taking them along for the
ride of a lifetime.
Soaring up against precipices of flavor, toasting
them within my mind and buttering prose so as to
savor it always.
Wanting talent to rise above every day levels of
strife and create a whole new world of literature,
with backgrounds of scenic obstinacy.
Pivoting across the screen of enlightenment I
suddenly stop and become my own being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Screen Saver Ocean

Observing a screen saver depicting an ocean scene
before me.
Clouds circularly surrounding mountains on a distant
shoreline.
Choppy waves, splashing in my mind against imagination
and pulling me into it's salty depths just so I can
write a poem about it's beautiful essence here on
earth.
Waving upon the shore, closer in, rippling in pools
between holes in rocks, hewn by the many years water
has flowed and eked them into the hard mountainous
rocks.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Screens Of Sadness

Standing listlessly by an imaginative oak tree,
whiling away memories - long-standing - catching
my eyes.
Dreaming of their languid blossoms, blooming
tearfully within.
Hearts of purity and innocence feature themselves
in tabernacles of the soul.
Shining examples of past beauty, existing in the
present, looking forward to future times upon
screens of interior sadness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scribbled Into Mind

Patterns of lights scuttling around the floor,
showing off their rainbow reflections through-
out the room.

Shining and dancing upon a wooden dance floor,
justifying the sensations of life, music takes
me down slides of yesterday's desert mountains.

Leaving imagination to uncover the best there
is in this intellect, loving feelings coming
through the darkness.

Hiding interior addresses of life, writing on
the wall being scribbled into my mind through-
out the hours of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scribbled Thoughts

Scribbles of a genius
form from thoughts of
intellectual wisdom,
becoming future
literature in history.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scribbles Of Indecision

Languidly rising in early morning darkness, waiting for rays of sun to appear and warm my heart.
Hoping to find avenues of decisive moments to interject pious thoughts constantly, without any doubts entering my mind.
Waiting for visions to open up before me, giving signs to follow on my way out of life.
So far there haven't been any, I just sense feelings and knowings as I go my way, preparing for departure as I wantonly go ahead into scribbles of indecision, looking for more to go by as I walk forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scribbling In The Wind

Ocotillo arms reaching out, scribbling in the wind invisibly
for poets to imagine what it is they're writing so intensely.

Secrets of life and nature kept under wraps until a poet re-
veals them in a silent and enticing poem.

It's tiny little leaves being used like erasers, not wanting
just anyone to see what's been written so delicately on air
currents of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scrutinizing Thought

Careening down paths of absolute predicaments, searching for answers to put to the test and finalizing temperaments of formulas to see what works in tandem with truths of past mistakes.
Little bits of knowing, sharing particles of honesty without missing major portions of how some theories seem to be working.
Even though they're never proven to any type of satisfaction, leaving thought out in the open to dry out and crumble under any type of scrutiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sculpting Prospects

Falling into and separating many details found in
life, bringing about alignment and adjustments in
inner thought processes.

Allowing intellect to intersperse wisdom in between,
enjoying all varieties of ideas as they are created
and thought of.

Letting imagination do it's part in literature,
swiping against my mind, reigning in prospects of
other worldly measurements and rhythms of mediocrity.

Shaping and forming like a sculpture made of clay,
giving it an image that can be explained when looking
at it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Scurrilous People

Scurrilous people think I'm an easy mark, that they can control me in some way. When it doesn't happen, they get mad, because I don't respond or listen to their orders.
Being my own person, free, independent, smart, walking away to take my lonesome journey without anyone forcing themselves upon me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sea Of Darkness

Tossed on the sea of darkness, filled with the dread of life,
finding no one to talk to, sealing a promise of death.

Sending out signals to all who are drowning, holding on to
each other - we're all going under.

Tossed on the sea of darkness, eyes filled with sand, turning
over and over to an unheard of band, standing on walls of
silence, eating words of wisdom.

Thinking I heard someone dying, but it was only laughter
filled with despair.

Tossed on the sea of darkness, lost forevermore - no one seems
to care if I have gone before them.

No one hears any laughing, there's no one to hear a prayer, as
I lay dying in front a crowded chapel - no one dared to care.

Tossed on a sea of darkness, mirrors of images cast, no one
here to see the last of mankind crying, it was drowned out by
tears.

All the sorrow of earth was felt here inside my heart, I could
feel your pain, but do nothing to stop it - not even to save
myself.

Tossed on the sea of darkness, fallen under the gentle waves,
life has been tossed into darkness below a watery grave.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sea Of Life

The sea of life has closed around me - engrossed me in it's deadly grasp.
In one last effort I will try to save my precious past.
Leaving behind all the memories of the years, and looking forward to tomorrow with fresh and golden tears.
Living in a place unknown, learning once again what it means to be full grown.
No longer a child, but an adult and getting on in years, I live my past in hidden tears and then go on with confidence to joy in these, my last few years of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sea Of Red

Rocking altogether to a country-western melody,
allowing seniors to line dance and enjoy the
lyrics.

A sea of red moving across the dance floor for
Valentine's Day.

A beautiful touch to the early morning
celebration, giving a sense of relief in the
energy it's producing right here inside of me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sealing Death

Wisps of clouds running single-file through the skies,
trying to lead all eyes to look towards heaven.

Taking time to patiently look down to see our human
element and flee quickly away.

Like a desert, waiting to be filled with greatness, all
of earth forgets to wait and turns it's back to seal
it's death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sealing Lives

Our eyes touched in a moment's caress, what our minds missed each minute.
Closeness was so all around when our eyes touched it was totally profound.
Sealing our lives with one kiss of our eyes we are as close now as brother and sister.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seamless Atmosphere

Recognizing aromas of desert landscapes as they touch senses
of smell, taking the essence of all that is plentiful.

An asset in the morning, sun rising above desert mountains,
sky being painted red, orange and yellow, brilliantly shining
over the eastern horizon of Phoenix.

Continually basking in light of heated brilliance as it
spreads itself over our Arizona desert, preparing another day
for all of the people who live here.

Loving the environment as it opens itself for another day of
peace and serenity in the quiet stillness of nature, taking
us all into the seamless atmosphere of this brand new day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Search For Identity

Bringing about a search for my identity, it was covered up somewhere along the way and I haven't been able to be myself for a while now.
Continuing down this path of plight, is hurting me deeply inside.
Afraid of never coming back, I continue writing, hopefully I can find my way through the emotional toil brought on my another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Search For Logic

Gliding across lifetimes on earth, of experience in a myriad
expanse of thoughts, rendering aid to whatever comes about.
Silencing indeterminate reason as it searches for logic in
amusement of pleasure.
Mattering least of all to inner rhythms, careening about,
just for the fun of it, we merely exist to become what we
are on our final sunset.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Search For Right Words

Suggestions that we must search for the right words to
place in our poetry, but why?

Are not the words already there? Formed from the beginning
of our life?

Flowing openly out through a pen onto paper from a mind
which is a tape recorder, all words find their place, and
are justified by being there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Search In About

Wrote this poem just now, right in front of my computer,
at my desk, because doing so irked me no end.

Whomever's idea this was, just seems to be an invasion
of privacy.

If I want these things to be known, they will be written
in the space marked: story (optional) .

This requirement detracts from the site and should not be
required.

Just saying, this is my honest opinion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searches

Rushing through rhythms, trying to keep time in writing.
Enjoying the beats as they hit my mind with inspiring words to help others in their searche for peace of mind and comfort in aging years here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching

Wandering thru pathways of purgatory,
searching for anyone who may know me,
yet afraid I'll be caught between
memories and be buried alive without
any one being the wiser.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching Always

Spirited and lively early in the morning, full of energy,
enjoying life as it unwinds from a nighttime dream.

Finding plenty to be thankful for, appreciating every
moment God gives to me.

Searching always, for truth and sincerity, not wanting
to have anything to do with lies or illusions.

Life is way too short and temporary to be wasted in the
shortcomings of other people.

Truth and honesty being keys to goodness, compassion,
faith and hope in this reality of earthly life only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching Clouds Of Memory

Soothing, calming, softly, whispers speak of things beyond life, leaving them quietly lying in intellect where they're being interpreted and left in one poem after another.

Searching clouds of memory, watching for a plethora of feelings to capture and blend with words of an interior meaning.

Talking explicitly of emotions that gather and take me interiorly, farther and farther each moment, solemn and persistent, holding onto their presence throughout the hours of every day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching Collecting Thoughts

Searching, finding, locating whatever comes into view.
Curious about everything, collecting thoughts like seashells along the shore, storing them for future use in poems.
Living in strength of character, portraying a myriad of images into tomorrow's horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching Dung Heaps

Searching hearts for decency and integrity amongst
unscrupulous, discriminating people is hopeless.

Lies abound, faceless rumors are portrayed and
spat upon innocent victims.

There is no fairness in this world because there
are too many unfair people in charge of power.

Only minions of perplexing vexatious questions
are left in dung heaps with no one willing to
clean them up.

If done, it would eventually proclaim the return
of honesty and truthfulness in this decadent,
decaying world of today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching Feelings

Swinging in time to shores of life, walking under
boardwalks of picturesque ocean views.

Calmly searching inner feelings of quiet joy to
place in front of others on paper.

Memories of Jersey shores, fresh and salty in my
thoughts, walking through warm sands barefooted,
clad in tee-shirts over bikinis, happily feeling
contentment of peace and holy quiet.

Situating all of life's situations into
compartments of aging, as steps of contemplation
take me back and forth from past to present.

Looking forward to future events, praying that
they will be good times and hoping to have a
strong faith to get through the bad times.

Altogether, living in moments as they add up to
my future beyond life's horizons into heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching For A Reprieve

People walking past my room as I sit here in the hospital.
Each with their own story line and pattern of life, doing what they've thought was theirs to do.
Along the way, meeting others, finding ways of doing things and getting along in their own trials and sorrows through life.
Not always finding answers, yet always searching for some reprieve from their circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching For A Restful Mind

Depression of sadness bears down upon me as if in extended labor.

Treading over hills and valleys of my mind, looking for a rest area to sit awhile.

Nothing seen, trudging ahead, hoping soon to become a part of the next level of life.

Surrounded by incessant incantations, swirling about looking for a place to reside.

There are no distinct methods to life, it has it's haphazard ways and expressions of dealing individually with each of us.

Alighting on battered doorsteps, decayed and falling through from years of constant use.

Sending milestones of aggravation to their death, so as not to have to deal with policies of inherent living.

Scattered unwillingly throughout the universe, accepting frail hopes and promises made from angel dust.

Losing all there is of earthly life to a flimsy sentence of abhorrent rust - left in the spattering rain for another decade lost and alone.

There are no sorrowful recriminations waiting in lines, all have been forgotten in books of rhymes.

Aged, filled with dust, no longer of use to anyone - not even the author who now lies at rest beneath the earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching For A Soulmate

Singing into the universe, hoping someone can identify my song and meet up with me.
Leaving behind, those raking me over coals indifferently, leaving me to overcome the sadness they planted in my heart.
Searching for a soulmate who'll never abandon me for deceitful endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching For An Explanation

Ever increasing emotions flow and
drown me in their everlasting grasp,
giving no respite in life.

Carrying on as though nothing's happened,
causes signals within that blare and
leave me stranded on lonely sands of tomorrow,
searching forever for some sort of explanation
to keep me grounded on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching For Answers

People tied up in knots, not able to separate themselves from emotional turmoil, feeling it's intense pervasive odor, filtering into lives, sparsely holding onto so very little.
Beginning to move into circles that are never-ending, causing such upheaval that there is no room for pleasurable thoughts or events.
Glancing around, watching others traipse through their lives without any problems, wondering why it can't be them.
Searching for answers that just aren't available and maybe never will be.
Seeking memories of the past, hoping to find some vestiges of the times that were once good.
Traveling alone, set in silence, life becomes a stagnant picture album, gathering dust.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching For Convictions

Searching for convictions held for so long, ivy has grown
over them from many years of disuse.

Life having gotten so busy that they are dormant, watching
closely as I write them into this poem.

Hoping expectantly to right themselves now that they have
been thought of again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching For Echoes

Climbing canyon walls, searching for echoes, calling me from below.
Hiding beneath rock formations, quietly intense, giving me reasons to wonder and be curious about where they hide, why they repeat themselves and then are quietly attentive.
Never trying to give answers, just clues to what might have been, had you found them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching For Footprints

Waves rising, falling, crashing and rolling across sandy shores
of eternity, searching for footprints that have long since dis-
appeared from sight.

Walking along, not able to find proper paths that will lead in-
to serenity when needed, taking a long time, allowing hearts to
calibrate what's left of life on sunsetical shores of the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching For Keys

Wandering into deep mysteries of life, curiosity intensely
searching for keys by which all answers will be found.

Looking into every aspect of humanity's existence, letting
this mind absorb them all while watching.

Waiting for intellect's innate wisdom to attain what's need-
ed to make wise and informed decisions as to what all the
equations finally add up to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching For Light

Racing on through fields of tomorrow, looking for a love
that I never have found in life so far.

Wondering what has happened to cause this state of affairs,
deciding to look for it on my own.

Traveling everywhere, knowing how to go between the lines
and yet, still not finding what I'm looking for.

There is no reprieve from the loneliness I feel intensely
every single day, as I sidestep the darkness and search
for the light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching For Meaning

Tender life, gently growing, seeing the world close
around you, timidly reaching out to touch and explore
it's little tiny universe, a tender life is left
yearning to discover more.

As it grows quickly through time, new dimensions are
added to it's desire for exploring, venturing out
beyond the confines of it's home, seeking to find the
things it's never known.

Wonder-filled eyes, drinking in every bit of earth's
green grass and skies, ears, filled with wonder at so
many diverse sounds, feelings, full of wonder on how
they're made.

Searching for meanings every step of the way, seeking
new thoughts, ideas, hearing new sounds - wanting to
know everything about the earth and universe of ours.

Carefully treading into territories unknown, careening
through vast lands already explored!

Searching for the wilderness on every sphere - feeling
it on every plain - experiencing all it has to offer -
each and every aspect and dimension.

Taking life, always finding it deep in wonder - full of
curiosity, tender life, gently growing, trying not to be
bruised on the bumpy roads of it's young life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching For Myself

Somewhere, someone in this world may find me as I wander
earth searching for myself, knowing little if anything,
attempting to discover who I am.

Exploring inner byways unexhaustingly all of life, knowing
so much that I now know so very little.

Going deeper into a fine tuned contemplation, seeing so
much, listening eagerly to it all, only finding out once
again, even less about me in this time of so-called
enlightenment.

Not stopping, taking it all in stride, my mind stretching
itself around an inner universe looking for myself more
than ever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching For Pucca Shells

Spending days having fun, searching for pucca shells
along the shore.

Picking them up, collecting them for making necklaces
for those we love later on.

Enjoying eating alongside waves, crashing on shore, a
picnic of exquisite desire where we can feast all day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching For Reprieve

People walking past my room as I sit here in the hospital.
Each with their own storyline and pattern of life, doing what they've thought was theirs to do.
Along the way, meeting others, finding ways of doing things in their own trials and sorrows through life.
Not always finding answers, yet they keep searching for some reprieve from their circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching For Subjects

Going between pages of intellect, searching for some interesting subjects that feel like coming out and entering literature.

Staying aloof, watching instead, what is happening outside of intellect.

Being alright with it, I smile and let them all have their way for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching For Truth

Circumventing reality through imagination, taking roads less trodden, finding images along the way to guide me in a search for truth.
Living close to nature, holding hands and heart, praying fastidiously for wholeness of spirit and body.
Taking moments at a time, living them to the fullest, because I may not be alive for the next one that comes along.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching For Truth Being Told

Riding into the sunset, searching for the truth, wanting answers that aren't being told to everyone, keeping people in our country dipped in lies and illusions.

As our nation falls into the hands of corrupt politicians, our enemies within, yet people are too blind to see what is happening around them.

Trying to show others does no good because they are choosing to listen to fake news and the lies being told instead of believing the truth told by true American citizens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching For What's Missing

Restless, aimless, feeling there's more to life than
what I'm seeing, a knowing deep within, validating
thoughts rightly.

Wanting something solid to sink my teeth into, but
there's nothing, it has all vanished, leaving me with
naught.

Searching everywhere for what is missing, finding no
reasons or ideas of where any of it could have gone,
listless, not knowing anything right now.

Tripping through moments of awakening this morning,
mind aching for a love that I cannot have, heart is
breaking, it's sound reverberating.

Throughout emotions and feelings, crying tears of an
intense sorrow, not wanting to face the reality of
the situation.

Passion and desires needing to be fulfilled, there's
no one here to love me, take me as I am into their
arms and bring me satisfaction through an uncondition-
al love that's meant for me only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching For You

Throughout the evening hours, walking around city streets alone.

Watching shadows peer around buildings and into alleyways, fear timidly touching me, but not able to overcome me as I continue to walk under street lamps, looking for you my love.

Searching everywhere, not finding you, behind any lights in sight.

Wanting to be held and caressed by your gentle arms, desire running rampant, filling me with an electric feeling, filling my heart and soul so delicately and totally.

Waiting for you in every corner, watching for your image to enter into my mind as I lie down to sleep in dreams.

Taking the covers of night and holding them close to my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching Frontiers Of Life

Living in destiny's challenges, being censored by others
even though doing what was meant to be, thoroughly and
completely looking outside the box.

Feeling tension mounting as momentum gathers, turning
and rotating into an everlasting tunnel that allows one
to follow ideas from within.

Traveling further away than ever, feeling an energy eff-
ervescently collecting itself in the outreaches of free-
dom and liberty.

Choices being made constantly, searching frontiers of
life that are still unexplored and left by the wayside,
leaving the world by tidal waves of creative enticement.

Alleviating the sentiments of others opinions, continuing
to follow insatiable thoughts through intellect's knowledge
and wisdom.

Feeling cold like ice in a deep freezer, loving the way it
creates new senses within this being, allowing for greater
advancement into frontiers of life in India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching Glass

Looking through glass, searching for life's truths and existence in a format which fits idealistic realities.
Wherever it's hidden along the way, fate seems to step
into the picture, shimmering and gliding over reality,
tracing and altering life with every breath.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching Horizons Of Tomorrow

Sounds of music can make a person happy, sad, cry, get goose bumps,
never telling what it will make someone feel, not knowing what
emotions will be brought up and felt.

Rhythms matching depths of what is being touched within each of us,
searching the horizons of tomorrow, hoping to find the sensations
of true love that will give us hope to survive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching Infinitely

Naturally inquisitive, always wanting to know everything
there is to know, searching infinitely for truth lying
within all of life.

An integrity above reproach, always avoiding the gutters
of men's lives, preferring to associate with the goodness
of all mankind.

Having no patience for liars, thieves, evil people, for
they hold nothing, no keys to the interior life of most
people.

Not figuring out what they get from being the way they
are, what is the usefulness or purpose of it except for
their own individual greed and selfishness.

People of goodness share themselves in compassion, kindness,
caring, always ready with a helping hand or lending an ear
when somebody is hurting.

What a difference between the two! It boggles the mind to
know that there are murderers, pedophiles, people who
torture and harm others.

Why? I cannot fathom any truth or reason from it, they are
all inherently evil and should not live themselves, among
the rest of mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching Intellect

Surviving another day, attempting to continue with this
reluctant life, searching in depths of intellect for
reasons to prolong it.

Writing, art and music seem to be the solution, they
give determination to strive every day, strength coming
from them into my spirit, lifting my soul out of depths
of sadness and grief.

Living for these passions are what makes life worth
living, so I do them all incessantly every moment possible.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching Interior Depths

Looking into intellect, finding needed answers and watching
more questions popping up amidst them all.

Finding and searching interior depths for ideas and concepts
that will help all of mankind in the future.

Holding it all within spheres of intellect as it grasps
onto the information needed to complete picture puzzles.

Soothing an inner curiosity sometimes, every moment looming
ever higher into the atmosphere where life begins and ends
it's journey.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching Life

Life is toiling around, giving grief and stress,
while all the while inside looking for peace and
calm, given from birth.

No recriminations, no hatred, a time of visiting
this spirit alone.

Questions, doubts, disappear into the blueness
of my soul, blending in with serenity.

Absorbing sorrow and guilt within, where God takes
it all from us and allows us to write in forms of
poetry all that has gone on before and inside of us.

Interiorly feeling sated by Gods' goodness and
grace - every poem is in praise of His love and
goodness towards me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching Rhythms

Handwriting on the wall takes me over pitfalls, wondering why I'm still here and not at death's doorstep yet.
Searching rhythms of life, noticing they are still breathing, living, justifying my being with their beats and tones, helping me recall what I am here for.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching The Unknown

Running, stopping the insistent merry-go-round of life.
Turning and twisting, looking for reasons to jump without
looking.
Sidewards, glancing at tiny moments in past spaces.
Forgotten, yellowed with age.
Tempting sparks of hope barely visible within.
Moving on, taking all steps in stride, unbeknownest to
any mortal man, following the course of least resistance
and authority.
Leaving quarters of life's chances in video games, meant
to continually lose.
Waking and jumping to tunes of silent rendezvous, preparing
ways into hidden jungles of undergrowth.
Turning away from many people, places and material things,
searching for the unknown.
Signing daily papers of unforgiveness, leaving trails of
blood that never end, because cruel people are always
hurting someone on this earth.
Continually growing, foraging through deep forests,
riveted with clamorous courage, wondering what to do next.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching This World Of India

Bluened silence of many interior designs are enticing
my intellect, capturing the essence of my being and
allowing it to find it's way through poetry.

A beautiful and fantastic way to search this interior
world, placing self into the combinations of rhythmic
patterns, thereby enlarging the scope of intellect.

Entering an innate wisdom that cannot be denied under
any circumstances, for every little thing in India
holds the key to her charm and beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching Through Information

Resting in the peace of late night darkness,
awaiting death's entrance into my domain.
Whiling away emotions in tidal waves of
yesterday's images.
Relating all facets of tomorrow, searching
through many piles of information and still
not knowing why.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching Through Loneliness

Searching everywhere for an answer to the loneliness felt deeply inside for years.
There seems to be no reason for it, no logical answers to be found on earth.
Yet, it continues to abound with an emptiness felt, where there is a hole in my heart, and no way to fill it.
No one to help me find a way in this life of saddened sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Searching To Survive

Silently crying inside, tearing down ramparts of pain, wandering into particles of dismal proclivity.
Sensing innuendoes of desire, filtering through, hoping to languish under moonlight til dawn.
Focusing lightly on ways to thrive and forget what is going on inside.
Searching endlessly for ways to survive and get through life in one piece - hanging on to grace for life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seascape Of Ocean Tides

Stepping around the places that try to keep me from being myself, not wanting to be stopped for any reason as I move beyond this world into the next dimension.

Notwithstanding, the turmoil of this evening, incessantly moving toward momentary living in another space of time.

Savoring every moment spent in depths of beautiful times, alone in a seascape of ocean tides, taking me away with drifting motions, never letting me fall below the wave of living.

As I drift alone on tops of waves I finally am being taken home to a place where I actually belong.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seaside Heights

Hiding in a shell, listening to the ocean, bringing good memories of times had through the years at Seaside Heights, my favorite shore in New Jersey.

It's where I'd spend every weekend during my twenties, swimming in the ocean, body surfing, enjoying every second I spent there.
Locating shells, watching seagulls swoop down to skim the ocean waves.

Quiet calming movement putting me into a sleep of stressful serenity.
Always finding joy in being on shore, just listening to it's rhythmic melody calm my nerves and get rid of any stress I might have had.

A total effect of serenity draped upon me whenever I went there to recharge my batteries of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Season Of Great Joy

Ringing chords and tones of children's voices singing,
touching hearts in it's splendid rhythms.

A choir of musical beauty, taking us quickly into the
season of great joy and heartfelt spirituality.

A complacent and timid shyness coming from the interior
innocence of all these children, putting on a performance
for us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seasoned Talent

Seeking visions in places of knowledge, acquiescing
their moments for words to enter and belong on
margins of existence.
Twilight rays of entertainment focus themselves onto
events of misplaced trust.
Images counting on meanings to enliven their beings
with seasoned talent.
Living altogether on avenues of placid mountain
deserts, searching minds of innate talent to suggest
a word or two in poetical music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seasoning Life

Seasoning life with unkempt desires, becoming serene
against stances of difficult times during stress.
Particular problems float above others, waiting to
be solved in creative new ways, so they will never
have to return again.
There are so many decisions to form and become
reality, it's a wonder we ever do anything else for
enjoyment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seasoning My Mind

Seasoning my mind with the flavor of life that has been
manifested and built creatively through imagination.

Selflessly divulging it's secrets in a nighttime essence,
filled with starlight and being kept safely in timeless
rhythms where they will remain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seasonings Of Joy

Sleeping soundly in boxes of rhythm,
listening to melodies infiltrate my
heart with their tonal quality.

Reaching depths of my being with
tantalizing seasonings of joy,
fulfilling moments of truth with
splendid peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seasons Coming, Seasons Falling

Summer, winter, spring and fall, seasons coming,
seasons falling into the nothingness of your death,
holding nothing to look forward to again in this
earthly life.

Completing your journey without my presence, leaves
me crying, standing at the ocean's edge, waves crash-
ing over me, a tiny particle of life now no longer
having a reason for being or staying here.

Strength waning daily, mind in pieces, scattered
about within my heart, shards cutting me incessantly.

Feeling the insatiable desires of your life no longer
brings any peace or happiness to me, for your life
has been taken somewhere.

Not allowed to follow you, filling me with your sad-
ness, crying my heart out into an ocean filled with
my tears.

Salted waves continually crashing over and over me,
no compassion being shown, just a passing thought to
touch my mind for moments in time.

Nothing more given, lonely, bereft traveling through
life with a forsaken and abandoned heart, no fault of
yours my dear.

Death is the culprit that has separated us from one
another, loving and hurting, wanting you beside me,
walking into my future, emptied of love and everything
that you were to me in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seasons Of Belonging

Dawning darkness falling upon us on our
journey home.
Relating sights and colors to our senses
as we interpret life in our own reasons
of belonging.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seasons Of Love

Turning and spinning, all of our love keeps going unto the end, never fading, always shining brightly, never turning away.

Being totally self-assured, giving our hearts to one another throughout our lives, watching as snowflakes fall all around us in winter.

In fall leaves being blown and scattered about, then spring comes blossoming far and wide, surrounding us in a garden of color.

Summer beating upon us heatedly as we continue our dance of love through every season of our lives,
still completely and totally in love forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seasons Of Moments

Summer roses reminding me of weddings, love and funerals,
red showering us with scented meaning of love throughout
our lives.

Walking forward into the future each day, no thoughts of
what is going to transpire with every step.

Sun lighting the sky, illuminating sudden ideas being
generated by intellect and taken into an inner universe
filled with landscapes of eternity.

Nature and love of heaven watch while following a path
that creative destiny has already written poetically.

Steadfast, curious, always being taken into portals of
inner dimensions and universes, sun and moon showing the
way through darkness of night and desert of this soul.

Achieving happiness and joy somehow through stillness and
silence in pathways of life, enjoying and creating every
moment and being elated constantly.

Without any recrimination on this earth, hearing sounds
of musical rhythms as they continually lead us throughout
this world.

Whether alone or with another, just being who I am and
living in the seasons of every moment on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seasons Of Tomorrow

Visions of quiet sounds, reaching my sight with
expected reasoning and logic's absolute power.
Until that is, wisdom touches it with a reverence
it cannot ignore.
Sensing delicate balances as reaching ever inward
I fall into a sphere, filled with an aura of beauty,
willing to take me on a journey into seasons of
tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seats Of A Mind

Dancing in mind, twirling into the sunset as music
continues to play well into the morning.

Positioning itself comfortably in seats of a mind,
listening and benefiting from the incessant beating
of notes into my heart.

Rhythms meshing with the total essence of being,
adjusting inner tones to meet with those without.

Being pounded generously and staccatoely, in synch
totally and constantly in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seats Of Safety

Halls of lonely people, sitting in chairs of despair,
hoping to fulfill life-long dreams of success and tranquility.
Many of them not daring to stir from their seats of safety in
moments of truth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secluded From People

Calming effects of music slowly cover me, giving me a comparative silence to hear through all the noise around me.
Enjoying moments of seclusion without any ill-effects and conspiratoraly sending reminders to outer regions of my brain.
Surrounding other worlds with any type of vision possible, accessing deeper emotions with heavier tones.
Descending further into my being, secluded beyond any reprieve from people who bother me incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secluded In Poetry

Sandwiched between pages of this mind, are many different
types of thoughts, none of them ordinary, living, vibrant
and impossible to leave alone.

Wanting to grasp each one as it shines within my mind,
illuminating everything with an other-worldly brilliance.

Not able to escape this enticing atmosphere they are now
creating, instead taking and using them in sequences of
positive attitudes and moods being secluded in poems.

Soaking up the essences of each and every one, creating
even more from their centers, performing major adjustments
and alignments.

Interior arrangements of each of them being made as they
circulate through intellect, all of them relegating the
mystery of intrigue to beliefs being held in reserve.

Folding up within, checking edges as they unroll onto
segments of life unknown to man, watching strength and
endurance accumulating, bringing fruition to the center
of life itself.

Merry and happy, no longer having to wait and watch for
any other in life, sandwiched between pages of this mind,
many different types of thoughts, none of them ordinary,
living, vibrantly and impossible to leave alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secluded Loneliness

Talking into eternity,
watching for signs of peaceful acquiescence.
Traipsing down avenues of secluded loneliness,
finding particles of anticipation lying around,
awaiting decisions to be made in secret conversations of silence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secluding Self

Mornings brighten my day with their clear reflections of sunlight,
pointedly touching my being, energizing it with plenty of Vitamin
D3.
Feeling warm love enveloping me in a cocoon of intellect, as I
wander around, trying to research wisdom and make it a part of my
imagination.
Leading always into subconscious realms of thought, I willingly
follow it wherever it may stray.
Longing for midnight ventures to end my days on earth, I
continually search for openings to seclude myself beyond vision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seclusion

Calming effects of music slowly cover me, giving a comparative silence to hear through all the noise around me.
Enjoying moments of seclusion without any ill-effects, conspiratorially sending reminders to outer regions of my brain.
Surrounding other worlds with any type of vision possible, accessing deeper emotion with heavier tones, descending further into my being.
Secluded beyond any reprieve from people who bother me incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seclusive Travel

Settling on boundaries of life,
watching etudes flow heavenward.
Beginning stances of electric emotion
peer out of a tangled web, looking for
exits of tranquility.
Searching avenues for beautiful scenery
so I may travel seclusively alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Second Chance Living

Stopping to touch a rose, it's petals feeling like velvet
as they also touch my mind, intellect interpreting these
feelings here in a poem.

Aroma filling my being with memories that take me back to
childhood and it's innocence, a vibrant and refreshing
period in my life where I learned and experienced so much.

Always standing in the midst of faith, having hope and an
energy to continue living for the time being, enjoying
every moment given to me since my death four years ago.

A wonderful experience was death, it taught me what's im-
portant in life and how to achieve it once again since
dying and coming back.

A pleasurable learning experience was had when dying, it's
peace and serenity was intense, taking hold of me even now
that I've been brought back.

Tot ally loving living life this second time around, be-
cause God is always with me and I am grateful to Him for
this second chance to live His promises.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Second Hand

Second hand, jumping from one moment to another, never
heeding time lost to individuals, trying to get all the
things done that they had planned to do.

Following lists, crossing off one item at a time, but
the second hand, never stopping, continuing it's counter
clockwise rotation through days and nights.

Always reflecting moments standing in line.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Second Thoughts

Twilight has come upon my life, giving me second thoughts through memories of yore.
Lasting auras fixate themselves before me, emitting scents of heavenly roses and taking me along odoriferous avenues into tomorrow's destiny.
Stepping lightly, moving carefully towards an energy beyond me.
Encasing lofty ideas without sending anything to heaven's gardens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secondary Imagination

Somnolently greeting me at an entrance to secondary imagination.
Grinding open slowly, peeking around the corner as tones come melting outside the doors of my mind.
Excusing nothing, delivering an open mind and allowing it entrance now to a ninth dimension.
Unfurling itself in an Arabic song filled with an ancient harmony, distancing me from an iridescent opal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seconds After Death

Fields of forgetless memories, lying in disarray, waiting
to be picked or chosen and arranged in certain bouquets,
sunlight airily focusing in, spraying corners with the
brightness of it's smile.

Walking through fields, creating pathways wherever
seemingly fit, cascading waters of life, filling them
beyond redemption, finally alighting from an insistent
memory of a loved one's death.

Shelving incriminations of past mistakes, gathering
pleasant moments close to the heart, souls surviving the
end of life, glory fulfilling farthest strands of being,
ending seconds of life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seconds At A Time

Sunshine glaring into this waiting room off and on,
whenever the door is opened by a person walking into
the room.

For seconds at a time, creating patterns and designs
throughout the room, then just as quickly disappearing
from sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seconds Of Thought

Not knowing what will turn up within seconds of
thought, as I listen to rhythms of melodies
turning rotatingly in mind with sublime concentration.

Deeper feelings abounding in folds of grey matter,
goodness entering every idea, loving each one of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secret Caverns

Rending situations in dire straits, tearing apart life's attitudes with strident positions, affecting new ideas of penetrating existence.
Closing doors on efforts to befriend are finally realized as slamming them I become alone again and justly so.
Filled with a grace and peace of antique familial feelings.
Sealing it all with a sincere effort at keeping it all secret in caverns below earth, never finding a place at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secret Death

Blood flows through my body to help me stay alive, but it is
a fruitless, thankless task, there are no hopes alive within
to grasp any meaning or purpose on this or any other day.

Bored to tears with the self-same existence year after endless
year, touching the embryonic growth of death, feeling it grow
deeper, wider inside, hidden from all eyes.

Seeking out the meaning buried, kept secret from birth, wanting
it to blossom, grow over me a shroud, so I may no longer be a
part of this world.

There are eons of reasons to progress into death and it's
unknown seasons, uncharacterized by a shell of a body, death
lives secretly behind my soul.

Watching the lateness of the hour, providing circumspection,
categorizing the moments of life's importance in files
unbeknownst to any others.

Patiently hurrying, taking little time living, instead
preparing for death, stepping out from the darkness and
boldly claiming it's waiting prize.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secret Dimensions

Secret hiding places kept forever,
never allowing the alien presence of another.
Portraying silent shadows, aimlessly wandering
through inner universes, unable to connect in
any dimension.
Livelihood beginning always on ends of strangled
ropes, leaving possessions of interior souls to
locate their own resting places.
Without help or discussions of facts, swiftly and
silently becoming what they have been from the start.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secret Intuition

Insights abound in a corner of consciousness.
Secreting pieces of intuition on cliffs,
overhanging, above.
Breaking waves, landing in ocean's depths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secret Knowing

Certainty wallowing in mires of captivity,
awaiting replies of ancient wisdom on
scenes of desperation.

Creeping along with no abilities to mention,
finding answers among uncertainty and doubt.

They are all lies and cannot be comprehended
without a knowing, secreted deep inside
knowledgeable people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secret Meanings

Taken aback by the many rhythms falling into my mind, continuing to flow faster and faster into this night.
Penetrating the linear depths being exposed as secret meanings fall back and become known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secret Mysteries

Focusing and taking time to write about everything, living
in the vividness of color and music as it continues to ex-
plode all around me.

Taking notice, seeing even the smallest details, never
letting anything get by without writing about it first,
splendid and temptingly beautiful, tastefully done.

Expressed in truth and a factual reality, never tiring of
keeping up with it all, loving the tantalizing wonder that
my curiosity and inquisitiveness keeps bringing forward.

Enabling me to continue creating and developing mysteries
of the human mind, perhaps studying me and my writing will
one day open the magic and mysteries that have been secret.

Throughout life, watching carefully, seeing and wondering
what will or may happen one day in the future as my ideas
and inventions become reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secret Past

Fear multiplied times seven, mingling in with anger deep inside, not wanting anyone to know what hell life has been, keeping quietly, secrets for all time.

Acknowledging to self and one other trusted friend, the extent of things way back in childhood, talking to just that one trusted person helps to get a perspective on life for now until it ends.

There is no need for spreading a secret around, except that it satisfies the yearnings of curious gossipy people.

Staying close-lipped, hiding within, talking to one trusted friend enables you to live your life with the privacy you have so long fought to get.

A battle begun back in childhood, can now rest as you have a choice and can decide that no one else need know about your past or when you were a child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secret Place

All alone and no one around, that is the reason I am here.
I can't take having people always near - I need some space in my secret place to come back to sanity and be what I am to be.
I need to be alone with myself to try and find out where I'm going.
No one else needs to know why I do it - it satisfies myself alone.
Whispering particles of life need to sometimes be rearranged and put in jars - separated from life's bizarre requirements.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secret Quest

Energy building, spiraling within my being, taking away
all fatigue, helping to feel free and totally peaceful,
striving to enter dimensions of other universes.

Ones I've not yet entered, being amazed at the multiple
ones that exist, loving to explore them, discovering so
many thoughts and ideas.

Leading me into inventions of many beneficent ways to
improve medical technology among other things that need
to progress much further than they already have.

Enjoying this secret quest, innate knowledge and wisdom
at the fingertips of my mind, excellent purposes always
coming to the forefront.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secret Sadness

Sliding into an emotional turbulence,
being flushed out of life's encouragement
and placed alone on a tree stump in a
forest, burned beyond recognition.

Walking away, feeling the secret sadness
as it stayed behind in the hollow of a
tree.

Still standing majestically, proudly
displaying scars of the fire.

Inspiring all those who remember what it
once looked like, before the day the
forest burned at sunrise, clouding the
morning with a hazy mist.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secret Silent Winds

Wonder swaying in tops of trees, being blown about by secret silent and invisible winds, tantalizing this mind within and without.

Allowing ideas, thoughts and concepts to form patterns, designs and thoughtful interludes, musical rhythms playing through measures of time.

Soothing, gently rocking, suffering in the cradle of an unconditional love, positive and everlasting moments of being together will hopefully come at last.

In the meantime, life lies in the wonder, continuing to sway in the tops of trees, being blown about by secret silent and invisible winds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secret Song

Raining down upon me, as I ride through forests on horse-
back, dreaming of the future with just the two of us,
waiting on the sun to appear, warming us up.

Looking around, seeing all of nature glimmering in drops
of rain that have fallen to this earth, being drenched,
not caring, keep on riding through the rain.

Loving to hold each other closer, riding, galloping,
keeping time to measures of rhythm as our hearts beat in
unison, playing our secret song of love for one another.

One not another soul can ever hear, only for our ears,
hearts and souls will it be played, bringing us together,
tantalizing and enticing every feeling and sense being
touched through your love and being quenched by my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secret Tunnels Of Vision

Satisfied with an inherent place in this world, finding
beauty and amazement in every corner, reaching deeply
into secret tunnels of every vision.

Popping out ideas steadily, nothing to mar their way,
not a barrier or limit set before this mind, traveling
down avenues of a particular mind-set.

Wondering how things will eventually work out, hoping
that everything will lead to world peace and prosperity
for everyone in this entire world.

Placid feelings are entering intellect, soothing my en-
tire being with their serenity, knowing that everything
will be alright in the future.

Destiny of everyone on this earth walking hand in hand,
just one big happy family, no more racism, hatred or
intolerance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secret Wishes

Books of lightening, opening subconsciousness with aplomb,
giving purpose to passion of this being, serving platters
of ingenuity and a variety of tastes from intellect and
it's intelligent wisdom.

Secretly wishing to become a part of history in every world
that is written from this pen, as thoughts flow and cascade
from an inner being.

Capable of taking me further into other dimensions, losing
self within their vast new realities, overcoming everything
with a vivaciousness of another life coming from the other
side.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secreted Clues

Solitary meanings secreted inside each poem, lingering just beneath the surface, taunting minds who read them.
Curiosity swirling in their circumference, taking time and space for a ride continuously through mind's imagination.
Coasting along subconscious avenues of brilliant delight, grasping ancient learnings and delicately secreting them to fulfill my spirit.
Cascading timelessly through reality's domain, filtering words with beautifully eclipsed subterfuge.
Always peeking out of cavernous poetical depths, awaiting one person who can connect all the clues that are secreted within and have the solution of life's questions fall out upon the page.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secreted In Beauty Of Life

Wanting to be together for an eternity, cloudless skies
and all.

Being secreted in the beauty of life, effervescent hues,
tantalized by desires using, giving pleasure deeply within.

Being undaunted in love, taking the incentive to be strong
and holding onto inner convictions, never letting go.

Always holding to the love desired from within this little
poet's heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secreted Memories

Quietly playing piano in a mind of instant creativity,
hearing tones of every note being played in perfect pitch.
Heavenly sounds, blending into melodies unheard of on
earth, as stirring grey matter, new knowledge emerges,
clean, refreshed, beautiful, musically inclined with deep
emotion and brilliance.
Shining magnificently over an entire lifetime, filling
memories with total recall as each one is secreted inside
a mind of innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secretive Generations

Razor sharp electricity, zapping interiorly with emotional
fervor and raspiness against my being.
So terrifying, concrete hard, penetrating a mind of
secretive generations.
Solidly grasping the neck of destiny, throttling it's
existence into reality's denizens.
Strangling thoughts of imagination grow on infertile
grounds of stone, clashing, thrashing, into oceans of depth.
Nourishing beds of ideas for future fortunes of penniless
stations until death pushes forth into wide open spaces of
treasure and fame.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secretive Voices

Expressions of didactic feelings open up in words,
coyly, softly, taking cues of enticement.
Being lured into a written universe over time,
adjusting daily secretive voices of eternity.

(10: 41 a.m. - 3/30/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secretly Flowing Thoughts

Ever increasing mind thoughts flowing secretly
within this brain.

Taunting others constantly with ingenuity of
balancing acts of mind-altering thoughts,
cupping their hands in prayerful supplication.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secretly Yearning

Relics of past centuries filter through today, finding a
way into realms of beauty of another time, still, quiet,
taking me further into the silence of unknown depths.

Rocking and rolling along dusty trails into a no man's
land, casting glances to and fro, catching one another's
eyes, knowing pretty soon we'd be lying in bed together.

Looking forward to it, secretly yearning and hoping this
evening would end so we'd be lying in bed once again,
making love and becoming one throughout the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secrets Being Read

Risking everything for a love of writing, wanting to
express every thing in a poem or verse.

Allowing an honest and open look at who is writing
what you read.

Secrets all folded within the words being read by
everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secrets Held At Bay

Annuities abound, but only for other's who have plenty of
money already, lasting secrets to the opening of another
dimension, leading to other worlds of finance and riches.

Allowable only to those who learn secrets held closely at
bay within the few who are chosen in life, giving only
the magical formulas to those who show potential.

Overwhelming choices and intellectual genius of a mind,
totally encapsulated in an array of goodness and beauty-
ful thoughts.

Taught to only a few, somber liberties left on pathways
of silent undertakings, helping only the rich, letting
the poor continue to barely exist.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secrets Of Life

Enlightenment wandering into my mind, touching me deeply
inside where secrets of my life have been kept sacredly
and religiously.

Trusting no one with their essence or purpose, a beauti-
ful secret place that enhances the rest of my life, giving
such pleasure in moments even of sorrow.

Tempting and compelling emotions to be released into the
universe, a recognition of what it's like being with the
Divine alone in heaven one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secrets Of Life And Nature

Mountains rising into the sky, touching clouds on
their way, peering into their essence out of a
curiousness only.

Wanting to know what they find out, but they never
tell, for secrets of life and nature must be kept
intact is all they will say.

Watching storm clouds circling the valley, holding
it hostage with their humidity, not allowing rain
to fall upon earth until feeling it's the right time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Secrets To A Soul Mate

Talking, quietly telling secrets to my soul mate, knowing
they are being safely stored away in his memory.

Loving soothing feelings of his genuine and unconditional
love as he fills my entire being with it.

A wonderful and tantalizing feeling, enticing and alluring
me incessantly, always wanting more, never being sated.

Taking it in and living in it's essence totally, completely
being invigorated by it daily.

Inviting my spirit into his with a vitality and fidelity
that I've never known before in my life.

Loving and appreciating how his love engulfs me with an un-
selfish giving and compassionate love, never dying, holding
me closely throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sections Of Imagination

Relaxing in a mind-set of leisurely pursuits on a lazy Friday afternoon.

Posing pictures in mind-sections of imaginative circumstances.

Twinkling stars of talent, challenging surroundings of reality while performing within their boundaries.

Sensations are awakening and coming into their own, as they touch responses, happening in depths of periodical episodes during living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sections Of Life

Sections of life have parted and are now showing
interior aspects as they find their way out of me.
Soulfully, I sit back, hoping to find answers to
this excruciating mystery of being.
Wanting to eliminate all these difficulties,
knowing that it would also eliminate me in the
interim.
Sitting here, waiting for the decisions of our Lord
to issue forth and let me know when to lie down and
let Him take me home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Securing Double Visions

Seeing double visions of life, ones that I'm
experiencing and others that will happen in
the future.
All encompassing, they take me to places
outside my mind, giving me more creative
aspects to think and write about.
Lying on pages of my interior screen, like a
kindle of my own mind.
Fascinating pictures, flashing constantly
into intellect, securing their places in the
history of my memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Securing Future Generations

Recalling the world in many thoughts, wondering how people
are coping with evil all around them.

Hoping they continue to stand strong, never giving in to it,
no matter what may come.

Always standing for truth and justice no one will ever go
wrong as long as they remain united.

May God please bless each and every one in this wide world,
giving them hope and faith to do what needs to be done.

Securing future generations safety and goodness, bringing
an end to all evil on our planet once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Securing Healthy Attitudes

Gently persuading ideas to be completed through reality
and imagination, blossoming beautifully into gardens of
tomorrow, filled with hope and promise only.

Opening minds through poetry, influencing creativity and
life in other people's lives, giving possibilities chances
to be sown and grown around the world in living color.

No race, religion, creed or belief to get involved in, se-
curing healthy attitudes in positive ways all throughout
the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Securing Perfect Harmony

Silent, uncooperative, finalizing fibers of this life,
tying them together to exist until finishing what I have
started to do for all mankind.

Strident and implicit, taking self in directions needed
to be fulfilled, giving a sacred atmosphere to reside in.

Qualifying the totalness of each and every thought, pulling
them together and securing a long line of perfect harmony
through poetry and rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Securing Properties

Listening carefully to rhythms of photographic memories as they flow to the essence of musical interludes, wonder now coming about.

Having been awakened in depths of creative thought where intellect is wholly involved, attached to intellect in an imaginative reality.

Always ready to serve us when we open our minds to a new way of thinking outside the box, creatively experimenting, testing and securing properties of our minds.

Being held and cherished within ourselves through a deep and abiding subconsciousness that is held steadily, reflecting these thoughts into what our mind sees and interprets.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sedulous Thoughts

Sedulous thinking occurs
in bits and pieces,
being brought together
in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seed Of Thought

Reaching down into depths of my soul, touching the essence
and purpose of my life, giving it an energy it ordinarily
would never have in this life.

Placing it deeply into musical compositions to be nurtured,
nourished and taken care of in the beauty of it's totality,
exercising and hugging places it finds itself.

Never minding where it ends up, because wherever it is, a
poem will spring up from a seed of thought, being generated
from intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeds Of Change

Seeds of change flying on wind currents all around the patio,
no destination in particular, set in their minds.

Living in the moment, waiting to serve their purpose when they land.

Discovering the bounty that they can provide to earth's beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeds Of Images

Watching others holding on as they dance, trying to distance
themselves from death's shores for a while.
Temporarily filling life with serenity as they sidestep
agility every time.
Memories of sadness that cause mirages to loom ahead on
horizons of past decades, are now planted seeds in images of
way back then.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing A Bird's Eye View

Birds soaring over mountains, tempting and knowing
that I would rather be flying with them.

Seeing sights that they do, getting a bird's eye
view of mountains and surrounding desert plains.

Wanting so badly to be flying above earth where
silence and solitude are deafening.

Gliding above in a glider at times, flowing on
air currents, carrying me through the atmosphere.

Always being a slave to the heavens, wanting to stay
there with the birds, flying forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing A Hungry Heart

Puppy dog eyes sadly looking, watching people pass
by, never noticing it's loneliness, never seeing
it's hungry heart wanting love and to be petted.

A stray without a home, no bed to lay it's head,
no blanket to keep it warm in winter, food being
scarce, belly usually empty.

Puppy dog eyes sadly looking for somebody to take
it home and love it for their own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Above The Normal

Sounds sliding about, tickling my mind with their light
tones, energizing intellect and giving this mind many
poems to write.

Individual ideas taken out of context, much like you'd
think outside the box, creating an atmosphere where in-
tellect expands and encompasses many areas at once.

An innate precision, uncomparable by normal standards,
being far above anything normal, a reaching out into
other various dimensions and universes.

Enlightening self and the rest of the world, together
as one entity, finding spheres that will hold and pull
everything into a final picture puzzle of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing An Inner Essence

Wanting control over thought processes that are real and substantive in reality's dimension.

Nothing comes or enters into the existence of this simple little life of a poet.

Believing in love and caring of another who takes me into his heart totally and wholly.

Never taking his eyes off of our inner essence, keeping the flame of love always lit, no matter the turmoil in life's pathways.

Keeping only to the beauty of the heartfelt love inside of me, alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing And Imagining Reality

Setting the stage within, letting self flow into soothing rhythms as melodies touch my soul.

Beautiful images, coming into the picturesque screens of interior thoughts.

Letting me see reality and also imagine it in time, along with my surroundings.

Living within it's circumference and totally enjoying every second that I am immersed inside of intellect.

Coinciding with the talent of innate gifts gives an added touch to reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Answers

Full and tender, set into a living grave awaiting
the world's awakening with the morning sun.

Watching carefully, seizing questions from recesses
of this mind.

Fully anticipating seeing the answers written in the
skies when tomorrow dawns.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Aspiration

Watching visions appearing on inner photographic screens,
seeing a life that has already been lived, largely immersed
in sorrow and strife.

Looking at future pictures as they escape and come forward,
showing the many things that will be approaching and coming
into fruition in the very near future.

Loving to see aspirations as they grow and blossom into
beautiful visions of what will be happening on tomorrow's
horizon, as the sun continues to rise and fall like tides
of oceans.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Childhood In Memories

Playing back and forth in backyards of a mind, remembering childhood games that were always invented to play with my sisters and brother.

Leaving no stone unturned, finding a clue no matter where it was found and considering it.

Finding an essence in everything, having a place in the scheme of things set in life.

To be chosen and selected for viewing, wallowing in puddles of sadness, seeing childhood now, only in memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Clearly

Living on edges of life, always looking out and about,
seeing everything clearly, sometimes wishing I didn't.

Yet, that is the way this mind works, a curse and a
blessing at the same time.

Praying for some peace, finding it within as I continue
to write poetry only.

At least I have some reprieve from this difficult and
boring life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing From The Inside Out

Rapid successions living quietly within my being, touching the essence of an inner passion that fills me with poetical possibilities.

Life carries me on horseback over mountains and through deserts, looking for knowledge and wisdom that will be found deeply inside my being.

Solitary and contemplative, arriving on edges of creativity, wondering and pondering their designs and patterns, offering them to this mind for energy given in times of concentration.

Leaving confines of tomorrow's destiny for unknown universes far from this earth, following paths and trails through un-discovered forests of imagination and reality.

Seeing objects from the inside out, imagining them as some-thing else altogether, being positive and elaborate, totally ending in ideas being invented by innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing God's Hand

Thinking silently, looking at each idea and thought being
created by musical rhythms and tempos, each of them rising
and falling in succession.

Giving pleasure and energy to an interior spirit, soaring
into the stratosphere, having an appointment with the Divine,
wondering how to inspire someone in the world to do good.

Messages needed by certain people, going into the vibrancy
and joy of a bluened light dwelling within, seeing God's
hand in everything written for His glory and honor only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Greener Grass

Finding a path that leads away from life, not wanting to
live right now on this earth, just wanting to be a soli-
tary entity, left to myself to write only.

Tired of all this garbage that we call life, only wanting
to be at peace, yet when with human beings there can be
none.

For not all their hearts are held to a moral conduct in
life, a switch is turned on sometimes when they think of
being in love.

Promising to love one person, then finding someone else,
seeing the grass being greener on the other side of the
fence instead of watering their own.

A truly subversive feat of humanity to use love for harm-
ing another, causing them irreparable harm and damage to
their psyche and heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Hidden Thoughts

Riding along on spheres of intellect shining into darkened
corners, allowing to see hidden thoughts shyly peeking out,
truth being tested through an intense curiosity and wonder.

Living in a dense beauty where answers may always be found
enticing my mind overwhelmingly and incessantly, loving how
this happens.

Always ready to interpret any information coming through,
finding it exciting and worthwhile, being able to think
about and use it when writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Humanity

Sitting in darkened corners, looking about, watching people
as they talk and get along in a Chinese restaurant, having
finished my meal already.

Enjoying people watching as always, seeing humanity when
it's not looking my way is interesting to say the least,
for humans do the craziest or stupidist things.

When they believe no one is looking at them, disappearing
manners, disgusting words spoken, profanity being said
aloud irregardless of little children being present and within
hearing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Hurt

Seeing the hurt in a friend's heart, holding his hand
through imagery, hoping to help ease his pain some.

Talking and listening to the wonderful, lonely memories
from the past, knowing the sorrow his heart is feeling.

Just trying to be here for him, hoping it will help, if
even just a little bit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing In Colors

People who come here to America seem to see us in colors,
instead of as people.

They separate us into black and white without realizing
it seems, that we are all only equal together.

Just because some people sit with other's of the same
color doesn't mean there's racism or hatred for all.

We come together or separate just like people of one
family, like family members we don't always sit or do
things together, so why should any one else do so?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing In The Dark

Thank you Lord for giving us light that
we may see you even in the dark of night.

Your image, Lord is clear to all who seek
to love you more this very evening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Injustice

Watching another Judge sitting on his pedestaled seat, smiling and joking with his court aide - nonchalantly passing judgement on those in his courtroom. Obviously taking all violations of law lightly - seeming to treat everything as a joke - especially fear in everyone's eyes of going to jail.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Into The Future

Wandering into and out of dimensions throughout many
universes, seeing into the future, falling back into
the past.

All together finding the best in an inner world and
losing nothing in spheres of intellect as I write
poetry daily.

Incessantly having rhythms rocking around me all the
time, a lively and thrilling feeling that entices me
through the melodies listened to forever.

A wonderfully beautiful landscape that never stops
while living, giving me exquisite thoughts, ideas
and memories to write from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Inventions Turn Into Reality

Knocking against my mind, thoughts crowding around,
not wanting to be ignored for long.
Clear messages, anticipating the best ideas coming
into view.
Seeing the many inventions that I'm to turn to
reality takes me aback for a moment.
Deciding that I can do this, beginning to delve
into all the organized thoughts, putting them
together in my mind before making them explicitly
for their use in the world.

(9: 51 a.m. - 1/6/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Knowledge's Light

Wanting to know all there is to know in life, reading philosophy gives some insight.

Totally ignoring what happens, standing up, seeing the light of knowledge always just a little bit before me.

Egging on, trying to get me angry, so I will make an error and ruin this life.

Walking steppily, trudging to keep an appointment with fate, a destiny to uphold.

Trance-like, sending out messages to inner workings of a mind, forgetting all that has happened before and turning off the light.

Going into that deepest of corridors to a room with wisdom sitting at a desk, seeking answers, not letting me make up my mind too soon.

Going ever onward, sincerity deeply settling in to answer any questions put forth by the inner sanctum of this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Leaves Dangle

Targets swinging in front of my sight, as leaves dangle seemingly through a window.

Staring at the views of life being lived inside, people gathered, listening to music as the leaves listen to the faint echoes of every beat as it is being sung.

Vibrations being felt through the glass, blending music with that of rhythms in nature itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Life

Tiny leaves, like stars, soft and dainty, delicate to the touch of human hands.

Looking beyond their fragile lives, branches from which they grow are gnarled, twisted, appear to be dead.

It's amazing how life can unfold from something old and dried up.

Yet even in it's ugliness, we can see it's life's untold beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Life Already Lived

Tree branches sweeping and dusting across my
mind, taking out past memories to once again
look at them in mirrors of their reflections.

A fantastic way to see the life I have already
lived and for the most part enjoyed, a lasting
treasure to carry forward into senior years,
unhurriedly and peacefully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Life As A Child

Joining forces with nature, capturing sensations of newly
thought emotions, catching at feelings of life.

Energizing an essence as it fulfills another purpose not
known before this.

Focusing and enlivening every thought with private ingenuity
that cannot be seen from without.

Sideways, sliding through the atmosphere, grasping onto a
curiosity, allowing it the absolute wonder of a child
seeing life for the first time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Memories

Walking down lonely lanes, seeing memories along the way as I stride into yesterday, remembering the way all things used to be - in the good old days!

A blessed event, that of remembering what life used to be and being contented with the ways most things have turned out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Music

Recognizing rhythms in everyday attitudes, playing them
quietly, gently in tune with my writing.
Creating fastidious moments to enjoy throughout a lifetime
of poverty.
Selecting to see music as it fills me mentally, creating
an atmosphere of novel ideas, and visions of images to
choose from.
Recreating feelings with the energy of true beliefs held
onto for ages and kept tucked away in chests of steel.
When opened one day, they will still be glistening, rust
will not have been a part of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Necessities Being Denied

Taking the bull by the horns and charging into depths of
another universe, totally excluding everything else for
the time being.

Living in the moment, daring and challenging death at
every corner of life, seeing necessities on earth being
denied to people across the world.

Looking for a way to stop the poverty, letting everyone
have the same opportunities, but only if they're willing
to work for them like everyone else.

Tired of lazy people doing nothing but putting out their
hands, wanting everything handed to them, total moochers,
existing off of others hard earned money.

Having no respect for these people at all, wanting to send
them to an island with others who are just like them, then
see how they fare.

With no one there to help them like they helped no one else
but themselves throughout their lives, taking from others
who had little enough for their own families.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing No Sun

Reaching high notes in an
evening dark with no sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Parental Love

Running through meadows of my mind, enjoying their
scents, sounds and images as I walk along pathways
of past innocence.
Recognizing landmarks as I pass by, remembering
togetherness of family growing up, seeing hearts of
parental love tugging gently on my heart's sleeve,
promising happiness again one day in oceans of
heaven's beautiful horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Positive Sights

Romping and roving throughout imagination, having a great time doing sok, ordinary and mundane are never part of my intellect's vocabulary when engrossed in music surrounding my mind.

Joyfully finding rhythms that soothe and entice every fiber of my being, tenderly touching the essence of my spirit, watching as my mind and intellect descend into a bluened light.

There I write incessantly throughout this little life of mine, beginning and ending in the fullness of every single moment that comes into sight.

Always seeing positive sights as I walk forward into the next time and dimension of destiny's environment, unfolding before intellect in a magnificent display of creativeness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Shadows

Shakily being awakened, darkness surrounding the room in
the midst of an early morning dream, eyes opening, look-
ing around, seeing shadows everywhere.

Sounds of intimidation touching interior thoughts left over
from a bad dream, awakened reaching for pen and music begin-
ning another day of writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Sounds

Justifying interior possibilities, always recognizing
their abstract worthiness for future poems racing along
inside imagination.
Fully participating in a joy of petulant contrariness,
visually seeing sounds echoing throughout horizons on
shores of sandy becoming.
Hearing scenery fill my mind with it's exquisite rhythm
and melodic sounds, traipsing through pathways of subconsciousness, holding hands with pontifical
enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing The Wonder

Silently being enticed by rhythms, being touched interiorly
with a concise precision, allowing landscapes to come into
focus with a clarity of energetic knowledge.

Solemnly anticipating the future in visions of tomorrow,
taking form in a video, allowing to see the wonder that
will be entering life soon through writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing The World

Riding a bicycle through childhood, enjoying the freedom
it always gave.

Seeing the world around me in a slow and careful aura,
noticing what most others missed out on.

Writing it all down as soon as I rested and took out my
book and pen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Thoughts In Pictures

Thoughts clicking into this brain, beating in time
with rhythms of delicious melodies and harmonies,
images expanding picturesquely.

Showing beauty of interior landscapes as they sparkle
and shine so spiritually, a fascinating way to think,
seeing every thought, idea and concept in pictures
and videos from within each of them prolifically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Through Abstractions

Abstract painting at the end of a long hallway.
Colored in angles, standing back, a three-dimensional
star stands out and it's center looks like an image
of a woman.
An interesting perspective as I contemplate it's pure
angles ending at mid-painting, never touching any
corners.
A very interesting curiosity sitting in my mind, while
I watch and listen to music, wondering if any other
clues or signs will come to mind, describing what I
see through abstraction.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Through Loss

Trailing fingers through memories, reliving them graciously and gratefully, wanting nothing more than to live them over again and again.

Being an impossibility, settled instead to watch photographic videos from interior memories, seeing them over and over, at times tears overflowing from this heart.

Images of loved ones being seen again through their loss and giving those feelings of love that will never again be experienced through the reality of life.

Suffering with the pain throughout the years, these yellowed and aging memories acting like a healing balm while reliving and crying through them over and over again silently.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Tomorrow's Visions

Listening to sounds of beauty and nature, being fulfilled through their rhythms, letting them capture this mind and intellect, taking them into interior dimensions of life and spirit.

Seeing tomorrow's visions, completely being allowed to see the whole picture when putting the puzzle pieces together, colors, sounds, rhythms, patterns and designs all a part of it.

This poetical nature loving to be an inherent part of intellect through this human mind, opening it wide, finding everything needed in life through an interior life of spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Visions

Lively and happy, this bright early morning, having
already taken a walk and being energized.

Singly feeling an exhilaration within, taking me
sacredly into an interior atmosphere, a life that I
love with all my soul.

Making chances to create as soon as listening to any
type of music.

Rhythms playing and bringing me higher into another
dimension, immediately.

Seeing visions, always looking forward to them, peace-
ful and intriguing places of inner beauty.

Nothing in reality of life having this effect on all
of my senses, so tender and totally intense, bringing
such peace into me.

Solemn at times, yet a serene happiness taking my life
into expressions of hope and faith daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing What Others Don't

Noticing details in everything many people overlook,
sometimes just a gesture of dismissal, faint and
barely discernible.

Showing that what I'm saying is not being listened to,
other times it may be a inflection of a voice, body
language, expressions that tell me all I need to know.

Realizing these things, not talking any more, because
of seeing them with an innate talent and aptitude for
seeing and realizing what others don't know they're doing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeing Within

Walking into the wake of evil, keeping calm, praying to
God only, seeing within even the worst person, good that
they were born with.

Knowing that God never makes anyone evil, it's what they
do in their lives that turns them against the Divine,
reaching forever into interior depths of a person.

Knowing there is something pure and innocent somewhere
within their beings, trusting in our Lord to not stray
when they try and convert me to their evil ways.

Sticking to my morals and beliefs, never backing down,
pursuing the goodness that only belongs in this world
of ours today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeking Ageless Wisdom

Learning to decipher omens and signs in our paths through life, seeking ageless wisdom that seems to escape.

Leading us on wild goose chases in turn, not allowing any way to obtain a grasp on an everlasting peace that we can conceive, but never quite achieve along the way.

Perspectives slightly tainted, depending on experiences and people that have happened to come into our lives, justifying concepts that continually dissatisfy our minds and hearts.

Crossing boundaries without finding any periods of rest for weary beings to reside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeking Answers

Quickly scanning every corner, abyss, canyon within me, searching for answers I know I'll never find.
Seeking new avenues, full of hope that there will be at least an inkling somewhere that I can build upon to be more complete in my endeavoris writing.
Coldly stepping into dark ravines, wondering what I'm doing here, alone in an adjacent solo journey so far from home.
Then just a whisper brings me back to my task of searching for answers and I begin again to traverse an inner universe, happily alone and serene.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeking Answers To Mankind's Puzzles

Racing into the staccato beats of my mind as I travel
inner highways of poetry, looking for rhythms that will
continue to fulfill my purpose on earth.

Even after I've died and gone beyond life, changing and
rearranging ways of life through poetry, having new
and refreshing ideas on how to improve humanity's ways.

Seeking answers to puzzles of mankind, sitting among
brilliant people, passing around pieces of a future
puzzle, now developing and forming within our minds.

Living in depths of every moment spent mixing, combin-
ing abstract ideas with the tried and true ones directly
from reality, using them for new purposes in everyday life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeking Finality Of Purpose

Dispersion of interior life fills me without, displacing
who I am, searching throughout forests of imagination,
seeking the finality of purpose.

Rushing to find another way to close the book of unending
pain of desire, holding me prisoner, not letting it be
fulfilled.

Pouring my soul out upon the emptiness of sorrow, walking
away as tears send my heart down white water rapids by
itself.

Not even reaching out to save it, being done with the
heartache of others pretending to care and then leaving
me behind for other pursuits that will have nothing at all
to do with me in this lonely world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeking Moments

Our ends are clearly situated in the future, awaiting entrance of our souls as we progress beyond mortal lives.

We travel highways, stepping to our own beats and rhythms, finding ways to cope with the stress of living and future dying.

Doing everything out of free will - doing it our own way - seeking our moments silently without doubt, making friends along the way and holding closely to family ties.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeking Nature At Play

Looking through dusty, shaded windows, seeking nature at play to lighten my heart for a while.
Watching shadows playing hide-and-seek with the sun, touching my libido with an energy of playfulness.
Bringing about a new season of joyful anticipation, reaching an avenue of great expectations to be fulfilled at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeking Shelter

Hiding in a closet of misfortune, not wanting to be found ever again on earth.
Seeking a shelter where I alone can be myself and not be judged by others who get in my way.
Leaving all things behind, enjoying melodies only I can hear and learn from.
Wisdom continually taking my hand, giving me lessons to move upward to heaven.
Only beginning to know fully, the appreciation I have for life's purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeking To Display Thoughts

Zipping back and forth through my mind, seeking to display thoughts intellectually sound and reverberating in the beauty of a poetical nature.

Living in the reality of another dimension and universe, allowing freedom of motion and it's thoughts, constantly revolving, rotating and sliding along.

Narrow pathways of imaginative reality are opened and a unison being gathered through rhythms as they beat into the atmosphere all around me.

Hoping to be captured quietly and silently in the notes and sounds of melodies being played by bands listened to by this mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeming To Be A Reality

Riding into the sunset like a ghost rider, silent and fast, no one seeing it appearing or disappearing ever.

Yet, songs are written about ghost riders, an ancient mystery that fascinates people everywhere, phantoms of repute.

Never causing trouble, or getting in the way, staying quietly by himself without ever bothering anyone, an existence that's borne of imagination and fantasy, seeming to be a reality to many.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeming To Be Hidden

Lying on a corner like a scattered leaf, watching as people walk by, not even noticing who I am, no one greeting at all.

A semblance of death, seeming to be hidden behind it's curtains, blocking out the essence of my being, striving to live a nonexistence on this earth.

Finding it harder than ever, yet praying for an inner strength to keep on going, because of the many people who do love and appreciate who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seemingly Nonsensical

Cars racing back and forth down the street, heading
for many destinations known only to their drivers.

Schedules, agendas, appointments that they are trying
to play against time.

Always in a hurry, hoping to not miss where they're
supposed to be, according to how they have planned it.

At the end of the day heading to their respective homes
to be with family.

Eating dinner, watching television, or playing with
their children.

Somehow it makes the whole day seem so nonsensical when
they could've stayed home instead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seen Through Lines Of Poetry

Triggering a balance of rhythm through poetry, living the essence of both simultaneously, turning, finding the awe-some beauty of life giving a savory taste of innate talent.

Music taking it from within my being, gently pulling it out into the open where it can be seen through lines of poetry, tracing it into rhythms of music.

Touching beginnings of time, delving into edges of another sphere where life first began, finding the roots of it's center and balance in living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeping Images

Millions of teardrops fall from heaven's domain,
touching hearts of people lost in deserts of sorrow.

Too grief-stricken to find their way back home,
falling slowly, cheeks are moistened by thoughts of
joy remembered.

Now floating alone on waves of sadness, seeping out
of images of childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seeping Joy

Feelings of joy seeping into every aspect of life,
giving each particle of being a new lease in a time
of living.
Settling down, every thought is captured and held
tightly for good measure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seething Reality

Intriguing and mysterious, life takes us on a journey
through the years, searching for answers, questioning
things as we travel our paths of destiny.

Correlating all the data and information that our minds
collect through life, accepting or declining to use it
in our daily moments.

Reality seething completely as we also use our imagina-
tions to try and create new concepts and ideas to explain
what we think we know.

Deciding along the way what to do with the things we
learn, applying them in situations and circumstances
throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seizing Moments

Soothing and contemplative music touching the melody of
my heart with an energy of deep and abiding love for you,
my dear.

Living in an atmosphere of intense desire and passion,
always wanting to be near you, looking into your eyes,
and being held closely.

Taking every moment possible in making love before our
final days are upon us both, seizing the moments of our
passion still existing here within each of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seldom Leading To Truth

Locating rhythms of intelligence in every song I hear
and write to.
Paled in comparison are the spoken words, leading
seldom to any type of inspiration of truth.
Only that of false declarations and promises of people
who are just trying to make a buck, while proclaiming
to have the answers of how to find your way in life.
Throwing curve balls into the mix, lying outright and
taking away the balance and virtue of everyone's beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selecting Interior Spaces

Music playing loudly over loud speakers, giving rhythms
I can write poetry to, listening to intense vibrations,
enjoying every sound and tone touching intellect.

Colors surrounding and exploding everywhere, falling into
my spirit where I'm contemplating the essence of life and
what it will eventually mean when I've ended.

Selecting interior spaces to enter other dimensions, find-
ing the wonder and awe that fills the world around me in
an unending splendor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selecting Intonations

Joyous functions of life slide back and forth
in time with musical beats, capturing my soul
with it's fascinating rhymes.

Listening intently to every intonation,
selecting each one that touches my mind.

Exciting it gratefully with vigor and pontifical
remonstrance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selecting Meanings

Pounding regular rhythms on synapses of my brain, selecting choices of meanings hidden beneath prose in disguises of reality.
Bringing them out subconsciously through imagination's lasting creativeness.
Putting energetic voices to words in sentences, playing into hands of fateful decisions of future moments towards death on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selecting Patterns

Relaxing, falling into a serene state of mind as I associate memories past with those I will soon see in rays of sunshine today.
Collecting natural desires, clues to destiny, putting them together to make patterns for eternity.
Selecting those able to say what I mean, giving them carte blanche access to receive the rhythms that fit them best.
Tallying the surest combinations of ideas, savoring their taste in my mind, taking pictures of tones I hear, feeling the intensity with which they are being filled with.
Standing out, reaching for more opportunities to explain existence in layman's terms that are always not good enough, because there are no explanations true enough to answer questions of life accurately.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selecting Pieces

Recreating presences of mind-altering visions,
giving them free rein as life rotates and turns
inside out.

Falling apart, selecting pieces, putting them
together for posterity.

Alighting peacefully in heart-felt feelings,
coasting down mountainsides, enjoying the ride
along heights, projecting from every aspect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selecting Tones

Lowly aspects in life reoccur in times of depressed states
of mind, pulling a fog over my mind.
Sending me into an array of hazy feelings, not able to
straighten out thoughts on my own.
Selecting tones of minor chords, identifying them as the
ones that match my emotional output.
Ones I'm holding onto, without much success of working
through them at this time and place.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selective Choice

Bordering on edges of selective choice,
beginning strides of anticipated joy
are being formed and put on display.

Foremost ideas are spreading themselves
into diagrams and mathematical formulas,
to be used in particular situations of
chance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selective Crossroads

Thoughts being written as they enter my mind,
evaluating whatever I'm seeing myself.
Going together with a blend of color as it
turns all thoughts into a rainbow of energy.

Choosing selective crossroads as they appear
before me in visions, creating an existence
of my being, tactfully molding myself into
features of tomorrow's videos.

Tending to talk without always thinking, as
it gets me in trouble more often than not.
Creating coffins of my own making with
unthought of remarks.

Sliding down, off of ladders of perturbation,
finding answers written on another page that
I'm not privy to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selective Particles

Not listening to conversations going on, just listening
to musical rhythms that I love from Foreigner.
Conquest of particular rhythms are fastened permanently
into selective particles of grey matter.
Always fascinating in their particular realms of
intellect, surprising me many times over, with their
expansive ideas, always being formulated in sequences
of alphabetical numerals.
Consequentially happening as they come alive in forms
of abstract ideas through contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selective Portraits

Watching videos of this mind as bells gently play,
altogether touching an interior spirit with an ex-
cellence and purity bordering on heaven.

A perfect stance of this poetical life, standing
mesmerized in hallways of a photographic memory,
looking at all images of life.

Revolving in time to musical melodies, forever
within mind and intellect, special and selective
portraits of loved ones who've now passed on
always remembered.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self

Bluened sight interiorly grasping my moods
and turning me into myself.
Finding no where to go in this dismal life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self - Centeredness Of Sorts

Today having read poetry written years ago, seeing for the
first time perhaps how unhappy life was when younger, many
feelings and emotions swimming in oceans of sorrow.

Noticing thoughts were being focused interiorly, a self -
centeredness of sorts for that's the only place one can start
recognition of self and one's meaning.

Later writing poetry, trying to return to a recalcitrant
time in the past where all this took place, finding it very
difficult, wondering why it would be so.

Suddenly realizing that it has already been lived through
and experienced many times in life already, having written
about them in thousands of poems explicitly through the years.

Now there is nothing more to say about how it felt back then,
it cannot be realistically retold because the passing of time
has yellowed with age.

Now other experiences need to be gone through and written
about with the same fervor as in the past, their flavor will
be abundantly clear in our minds.

Writing of these new experiences and situations as we walk
our final pathways of destiny and fate, putting them upon
pages where life ends and the book is put aside at last in
favor of going to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self - Defeating States Of Mind

Loving these gifts of innate talent and intellect,
they give me so much pleasure, going inside self,
finding the beauty of life without even trying.

Being so safe and secure, self-confident, self-
assured, knowing that whatever other people think
it is based upon their own insecurities.

Their meanness of spirit keeps them locked in their
self-defeating attitudes and states of mind, knowing
that what they think is their own responsibility and
thanking God it's not my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self - Discovery

Growing stronger within, being led down avenues of self-discovery by an unconditional love given by another.

Climbing heights more than ever, scaling the highest cliffs, finding out what I am really made of.

Learning talents that have been being used, finding novel ways of expanding and experiencing them.

Beautiful manuscripts, all reading so smoothly and beneficial to this poet's soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self - Distancing

Shadows stiff and out of sorts, masking life so it can
hide from cruel reality.

Lifeless, standing in the morning sun, attaching itself
to inner feelings and coping without recourse to breaks
in pain.

Distancing self from life as it swallows a being in
despair.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self - Enclosed Creativity

Facing alone, the world where I am, knowing it
is my duty to take care of myself, no one else
can do it in the way it needs to be done.

Rolling down the window, letting in fresh air,
following, soaring into the atmosphere of yet
another reality in another dimension.

A superfluous energy being used to keep life
alive and vibrant in a self-enclosed creativity.

A beautiful and effervescent belief in God and
His Holy Spirit, giving the presence of mind to
stay on the straight and narrow all of life.

Nothing barring the way from reaching heaven
now or ever, a love of God and His self within
me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self - Raising

Poor little boy, all broken and alone, no one to depend on
they have all left home.

Left to raise himself, doing the best he can, to turn into
a man.

Reaching out to someone was foreign to him, because long
ago he learned there was no one there.

Poor little boy, broken and trying to make it all alone,
climbed to the top and looked around.

There was nothing worth holding on to he thought, as he
looked around at his options.

So throughout life, he just hung there, afraid to do
anything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self - Reliance

A person's strength is totally devastating in front of
all the turmoil and suffering in this life.

An insistent, foreboding character of self-reliance and
dependability taking storms of being the one in charge
of their own life.

An urgency in feelings of a timely moment of individual-
ity taken upon the staircase of life as each step forward
and up is attained.

Keeping the total being together no matter what may
happen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self - Reliant Poetical Nature

Glancing into picturesque landscapes as I ride
through on an inner train, it's lonely whistle,
echoing feelings within, watching scenery flow
past quickly.

A blur of color and textures, blending so per-
fectly, keeping my mind busy with all of it's
designs and patterns.

Always forming in pictures of thought, a self -
reliant poetical nature, calming and keeping me
in a protective sphere of life as a mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self Exposed

Incessantly existing in a blank space, creating
and writing my existence on pages of poetry.

Being alive, knowing feelings and emotions that
erupt from within.

Giving reasons to smile, cry, get angry and be
loving towards others.

Taking time to get involved in all areas of this
earthly life, even when not wanting to.

Exposing self constantly in poem after poem that
is written into the universe.

Yet holding all of life inside my being, not
talking to other people, being too shy ordinarily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self Preservation

Taking life into open hands every day, living and choosing
intellectual pursuits, poetry and music.

Loving beauty that has been created within to give peace
no one else can give in this life.

Solo journey, leading creatively down paths, inventing at
this very moment, not allowing anyone in wherever going or
traveling through.

Satisfying self for reasons of self-preservation and no other
beliefs in line, awaiting the most informative times in life,
locating answers needed to live.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self Stepping Aside

Singly looking for ways to bring some hope and light
into other people's lives who are despairing, bereft
of joy or happiness.

Placing myself off to the side, trying to help them
have a purpose for living, even though they are now
truly dying for one reason or another.

Taking steps to ease their loneliness, pain, sorrow,
in small little ways that I can and are possible.

Just being with them, letting them talk about dying
and death, because they have a need to do this.

It helps them to talk and cry while they are able
to express it now.

Easing the burden a little of leaving their loved
ones behind as they enter heaven's gates at the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self-Category

Seashores of belief, stay alongside of me,
holding memories carefully in a pocket of
my mind.
Saved for later on when I must be alone in
a category by myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self-Defeating Behavior

Thinking about some things that don't necessarily make
sense, like why are people mean and rude to others yet
expect to be treated with dignity and respect themselves?

It seems to me to be a self-defeating behavior, because
people in turn may turn their backs on them or look the
other way when they themselves need help one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self-Exploration

Characteristics quietly taking flight within my mind,
not wanting to be pinned down, only wanting freedom
right now.

Textured and white, reflecting sights all around,
touching their rough surface, surprised to find how
smooth it is.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self-Expression

Secretly hiding beneath eyelids where no one can see,
my mind discovers and explores inner countries and
highways, giving me pictures to write from.

Exercises in spontaneous writing always fulfill my
inner spirit as I quickly find the words to describe
and explain what I see.

New ideas flow bountifully and send me into nether
worlds where only I am present.

Taking self-expression to another world, I gloriously
enjoy every moment I am alone and free to be myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self-Expression Of Cowboys

Cowboys riding ranges with hats tipped
forward to hide from the sun.

Riding with motions and movements of
the horse beneath them.

Catering to self-expression as they
ride into final sunsets of choice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self-Indulgent Dreams

Watching crystals of water float atop a body of water,
glistening with a freshness coming from a winter's sunshine.

Glimmering into subconscious realms, letting them flow through
my mind without losing a beat in interior rhythms.

Going around life, beating of my heart stirring my mind with
precious thoughts, created in labyrinths of self-indulgent
dreams of a lifetime.

Serious finality filling me with it's solace, knowing that soon
it will envelope me completely in it's arms.
Never letting me fall or escape into mindless pits of hell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selfish Egos

Watching people as they express themselves in individual ways, taking in duties just to feel useful, yet straying from their purposes in selfish egos.
Triggering aromas of lavender scent, stirring their beginning ideas with fragrant creativeness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selfish Ideals

Carrying the light of interior logic and wisdom is difficult
in this modern day and age.
Atrocities of progress are bearing down on us and our children
so much that we have nowhere to turn.
Tears burning our eyes, prayers said until we are hoarse from
the effort, yet we are no closer to any type of solution to
our problems of modern day woes.
Where to turn is no longer a question, because we have gone in
a three-hundred sixty degree turn and still have not found our
way.

Beatitudes have become popular, but have absolutely no meaning
and receive no acknowledgement from our society on any level.
Flames of honesty and truth have fallen aside on our way to
splendor, glitter, and money of many denominations, but we have
lost what is most important to us and all of our futures.
Our children are our hopes and dreams, yet we have taught them
through society's example and our own to turn their backs on
our traditional values and morals.
Left in an extremely tepid atmosphere, our youth have no
stability or balance, no limits or caring parents.

They are rightfully searching for their places in society,
yet we keep pushing them aside for selfish whims and ideals
of our own - ones we ourselves were never allowed to develop
by our parents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selfish Particles

Desires running rampant, filling my mind with a transparent
curtain, barely keeping me on this side of it.

Wanting and needing all of them to be expressed in this life
time, running around, looking and knowing that they will
always be tantamount in an inner life.

Solemn questions prying open my mind, while looking within
at the desires looking back at me.

Reasoning and logic make no sense to desires, they are
existing strictly from my ego, wanting to be fulfilled
as they are the selfish particles of who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selfish People

Masks of indifference and selfishness cover some
people with their inner uncaring, unkind attitudes
towards others.
Wearing their masks in public, putting on airs,
acting as if they are the only ones who've been
hurt in life's harried endeavors.
Along the way are scattered poor souls who've been
run over by the evil of selfishness, no remorse
being spent on them.
No tears shed for their demise as people wearing
masks continue to live life as if they alone are
affected by it's trials and tribulations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selfish People For Themselves

Tides rising and falling, waves crashing on shores of our beings, all part of God's creation, humanity having been created on earth in order for each of us to enjoy.

Respecting and taking care of it; most of us do, yet there are a handful of people who don't, disrespecting, trashing everything wherever they happen to be.

Having no love, compassion or caring for their fellow man or woman, just selfish and all for themselves, always thinking everyone else owes them a living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selfish Prayers

Realizing life is nearing it's end, being racked with pain, not wanting to let me go.
Prayers are being prayed day and night for my precious life.
Precious to those who love me and want selfishly to keep me here with them, alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selfish Wants

Attempting to relax and sooth inner nature,
recharge my batteries like I used to when our
boys were growing up.

Yet, foreign elements are crowding my space,
taking my possessions as if they're entitled
to them.

Annoying, selfish moochers, thinking only of
their wants and expectations.

Disregarding human common decency in place of
their whims and egotistical desires.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selfishness Abounding

People taking things, often not giving back, expecting
to get everything free of charge.

Being so selfish and greedy, not wanting to share with
anyone else around them.

Seeing selfishness abounding from all directions, taking
note of it's penetration into all aspects of life.

Not wanting this particular particle of life to be spread
anymore throughout our world.

Trying to show the positive side of mercy and compassion
to others, hoping possibly, they will follow this route,
that of helping others more unfortunate than themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selfishness Explained

Moments in life add up to one moment, ending in death,
living and having a wonderful time just being human.

Opinions, ideas, thoughts, all culminating in narrow
straits of human nature.

Wanting to cut loose and become a part of this earth,
taking whatever can be grasped, using it for individual
selfish purposes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selfishness Unbound

Filled with the sadness of the ages, life turns slowly
around, looking for it's rightful place.

Allowing people to have free choice, their independence
has become a nightmare.

Unborn babies are being maimed and killed for no reason
other than selfishness unbound.

Looking for answers to problems, people turn to sex,
hoping to fill the voids in their lives.

Seeking the pleasures only, they forget the consequences
of their love-making.

The thrills of orgasm fill the pleasure sensors in their
brains and bodies, never recognizing that human life is
born with this.

Even educated people tend to forget moral obligations when
it comes to sex.

Meanwhile, babies are dying, given only a few weeks or
months to live, before they are discarded as no more than
mere human waste.

Are women thinking at all? Don't they realize it's not a
case of constipation that they have, but a human life, a
cute little baby, waiting to be born?

Love is lost on sex in pleasure, yet men and women still
get in bed together.

Until they start using their minds ahead of time, the
results of their sexual pleasures will remain abortion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selfless Suffering

Twisting descriptions with mixtures
of selfless suffering.
Going places, standing aside, giving
in to leisurely grace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selflessly Caring

Loyal and true to elements of love, yet knowing that
it is fickle and cannot be counted on to last forever.

Only a few rare cases exist of couples who truly love
one another and selflessly care for their loved ones.

Never hurting or causing pain to them needlessly, because
it would only cause them pain also to do this.

Letting go, loving throughout a lifetime brings holiness
and divinity to the total essence of their passion together.

Shared and given freely back and forth from one to another,
loving without hating, despising or causing any pain in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self-Pity

Holding at bay, all those who wish to speak with me today.
There is no inclination or readiness to do so.
Being hurt so often, being defamed constantly by someone
who is jealous of who I am and where I'm going.
Caring not if I am being anti-social, to hell with
etiquette, I am feeling sorry for myself.
Feeling I am entitled so will continue.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self-Pity's Depths

Walking into depths of pity, looking around, touching
it's body, getting a feel of it's destiny in life's
program.
Watching it squeeze tears of sadness for a self of
thoughts, alone on a shelf of self-sorrow, inter-
twined with a reality of sorts.
Not able to disentangle from inner realms, folds
upon itself, wringing it's hands in self-absorbed
grief, not noticing that others are worse off than
themselves.
Missing many opportunities to break out of their
shells of self-deceit and live life on happier shores
in decent fashion with others around them and along
pathways through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self-Realization

Circuitous routes of ambivalence pirouette,
encircling circumscribed attitudes of
lightened knowledge.

Exiting avenues of frightening past edges
to circumvent their images, moving forward
toward exacting figures of demarcation.

Sensing attitudes along the wayside as life
pivots and turns onto lanes of dirt, far
away from the daily lives of others.

A circuitous route to self-realization on
newly created pathways of arid thoughts in
desert oasis's.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Self-Realization If You Will

Steadily writing from depths of feelings, emotions,
opinions, whatever comes from within.

Always finding something that needs to be said, a
wonderful way to extract the essence of self to be
read and looked at through the years.

Call it a self-realization if you will, it all stems
from an interior life, spiritual and filled with faith
and hope.

Taking me through the many situations and circumstances
that are dealt with in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Selves

Taken together we are vulnerable and
tend to creep into our self-made boxes.
At times we grow and blossom like flowers
in a flowerbed, other times we sit
dormantly in a brown, dry sphere of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Semblance Of Attitudes

Fortune-telling memories stick with you through the years, holding hands, keeping them in activities of beautiful scenery and locating finery in ghettos of town.
Really locating some semblance of attitudes with mine, hoping to spend moments all of life with those I want to continue to know.
Singing happily in tune, exercising vocal chords with a clarity and sense of well-being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Semblance Of Endurance

Hopes and aspirations continue living through me in
spite of what I am still going through.

Reaching through depths of suffering, I somehow find
my way into expressions of twilight.

Gathering it's stars into memories that I can hold onto,
even in throes of death's existent hold on me, no matter
what I happen to do.

Finally, following movements meant for me in this
empty life, as it continues to move forward without me
in step with it at every turn.

Feeling bereft and lonely, I locate some semblance of
endurance, using it along with the stubbornness of my
Italian soul here on earth for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Send An Angel

Gentle humor carrying me through difficult times, just touching my heart enough to give me pause, to reflect and become a little less saddened by life's hard times.
Searching for that special person who can handle being my friend for the time I have left.
Never abandoning me or throwing me away like yesterday's garbage.
Only someone willing to accept me as I am, totally and without reserve.
An angel sent from God to help ease things a little when the going gets a little too rough.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sending Emotions Rising

Reading photographic screens, writing what I see in many different ways, adding how I feel because of their meanings in sentences, forming poems along the way.

Sending emotions rising and falling beneath lines being written, letting them drive their messages home to those who read them in smiles, tears or laughter in turn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sending Life

Stymieing thoughts, grating them against emotions, pushing into a very tumultuous eruption, speeding exactness of necessity into a placement of tidal motion.
Seething slowly, regurgitating many ideas into vats of solace as they are juggled and sought out after every giant movement.
Sending life scattering into directions of bliss, following precise quotas of afterthought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sending Messages

Sending messages throughout a lifetime,
formulating facets of ingenuity and placing
them inside my subconscious, to be used one
day in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sending Senses Of Pleasure

Looking back into evening, yet seeing the blue skies
of an early morning, settling into and taking up
room, sending senses of pleasure throughout being.

Loving the savory atmosphere, taking in all the
facets of surrounding nature.

Breathing in scents of the desert, walking in
intellect's realms without any doubts of how this
day is going to turn out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sending Silent Messages

Clouds of many shapes and sizes, being put in pockets
of horizons, billowing white against the evening sky.

Racing forward then stopping quickly, dead in their
tracks.

Outwardly sending messages of silent beauty to us,
focusing inward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sending Them Back

Precious time being wasted by people who have no respect
for our country and it's citizens, trying to usurp our
Constitution with perversion and sharia law.

A culture of pedophiles and rapists only, raping women
and children, beheading, torturing and defiling humanity
through their evil.

Our country now united against them, ready to take over
and put them where they belong, sending them back to
their own countries of decadence, immorality and perversion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senior Dance

Exact timing bringing precision to steps in dancing,
the drummer keeping time and everyone in line.
A fantastic gathering of talent, musical and dancing.
Decorations galore, everywhere you look, while
beautiful smiles adorn elderly faces of contentment.
Another afternoon dance, bringing pleasure into lonely
senior lives.
Laughter and clowning around, making me look forward
to more in senior life than what I thought.

(3: 09 p.m. - 10/28/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senior Freedom

Extraordinary fascination taking us into the future
of present moments, giving an elation, spreading
happier moods throughout the center.

Walking, moving, yelling, laughing, nothing like the
freedom of seniors having fun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senior Halloween Party

Rocking to Bill Bailey, seniors dancing away at a
Halloween party, having goodies to eat, fun and a
good crowd of people to talk to.
Some dressed in costumes, others not, depending on
choices of individual's perceptions.

(3: 00 p.m. - 10/28/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senior Love

Hearts breaking over campfires of love, delving into
minds of clay, making new impressions on each other.

Younger images have faded through time and now foot-
steps are following newly created and formed ideas
and images of senior living.

Touching upon enlightened knowledge, hearts turn over
and inside out, breaking records of love throughout
the years we have yet to discover and be together.

Praying our hearts hold onto each other as we hug
one another closer to future ages.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senior Mercy

Traveling life's highways, searching always for meanings
behind silent words and expressions.
Taking advantage of being alive and free, casting aside
doubts of others in lieu of personal ideals and safety.
Counting pages of life in books, open, honest, straight-
forward.
Senior passages continuing throughout lifetimes, unable
to contain themselves.
Wonder and awe, climbing staircases of eternity, never
resting or becoming stagnant with irreparable damage.
Delving deeply into pools of solemn wisdom, partaking
gently of knowledge as pious people pretend to be holy
and better than anyone else.
Falling, crashing, bruising and bleeding on hands and
knees, begging, themselves, for a mercy they have never
shown.
An eternal hope seemingly alive within everyone's mind,
has descended somehow into their own private hell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senior Winter

Holding onto inner markings of music,
not taking off any particles of it.

Icicles forming within as a coldness
begins to fill me with a fear of the
unknown walking into my mind.

Straddling the rooftops, looking down,
watching everything melt before my eyes.

Writing it all in the snow of my senior
winter.

(9: 26 p.m. - 10/11/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seniorly Alone

Signing my name in every conceivable place in memories of desire.
Folding myself into treasures of the moment, holding them close as I resurrect myself.
Feeling and interpreting musical compositions into poetical forms.
Raising patterns of intellect, rounding up emotions with aplomb.
Corraling everything under the guise of picturesque landscapes that I've painted myself.
Sounding tones of life and placing them where they belong - on photographic screens of my mind to look at throughout the years.
As I age seniorly alone, combining all the arts to keep myself from dying while alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seniors And Children

Rocking to beats that are playing, children and
seniors all together, exciting and fun.

Laughter and melodies jumping, bringing smiles
to everyone's faces alike.

Young and old, dancing around the room in perfect
steps of rhythm's beats.

Loving every minute of it, being exhilarated, taking
us into the frontier of life.

Seniors showing the youngsters what it's like to have
good clean fun and actually enjoying every single
moment of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seniors Coming Together

People of different races, creeds and nationalities,
coming together at the senior center, finding common
ground, playing bingo, eating, playing cards or just
enjoying entertainment being provided by different
bands scheduled to play for us.

Lifetimes already lived, enjoying this time that is
still left them without quibbles, arguments, or fights,
disagreements allowed because human nature must have a
way to understand it all at once, to stop the beginning
of wars in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensation Of Cleansing

Swimming against tides of life, sorrow and grief continually
washing over and rinsing tears of a lifetime from this soul.

An intense and perfect sensation of being cleansed, through-
out life, stretching arms, stroking the water, kicking feet rhythmically, along with sounds of music my mind is repeating.

Striving always to reach tomorrow's shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensation Of Desires

Stretching out into the evening, taking no directions,
just meandering down lanes of beauty, penetrating in-
tellect as I listen to music.

Sensation of desires suddenly filling me with exquisite
pleasure as I daydream of a life in the past that thrill-
ed me constantly.

Giving this poet a wonderful and peaceful serenity as I
slept in imagination, dwelling always in a bluened light
of the Divine.

Tasting the thrill of our passion back then, wishing it
could still be filling me thoroughly even now, but you
have gone far beyond me, my dear.

Silently wishing and mourning for you incessantly, tears
spilling wildly about as memories keep me coming back in-
to the passion of daydreams of what we once had together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensation Of Illumination

Fulminating into a million fireworks,
lighting the sky, being a sensation
of illumination.
Great achievement set in atmospheres
of interior peace, fulfilling dreams
of younger days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensation Of Sublime Knowledge

Solidly playing along with intense beats clapping into this mind, achieving a remarkable sensation of sublime knowledge.

Increasing intellect with an extraordinary amount of new ideas, creating inventions and an insurmountable plethora of totally new designs.

All of them piling in front of my mind, wanting to be recognized and tried on for size.

Solo measures taking me on a journey of profound knowledge, expanding and stretching limits ordinarily holding me in.

Now wide open, traveling ever more into a vast universe beyond horizons of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensations Of Rhythm

Beating quickly to the steps of a line dance,
keeping time with inner rhythms, not giving
in to a stretch of tiredness.
Just keep on going far into the night without
stopping to anticipate any other motion.
Delving ever deeper into the sensations of
rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sense Of Abandonment

Filled with a sadness of bereavement, knowing the
loss of someone dear.
Hanging my mind in the dark corners of grief,
never looking up, just down into the mire of lonely
emptiness.
Burrowing deeper with each passing moment.
Feelings of passive anger, rising in the depths of
sorrow because you cannot be here with me, holding
me close, taking my hand and dancing with me.
A serious sense of abandonment taking over, emptying
me into the waste cans of death.
Leaving me alone in sorrow's graveyard.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sense Of Achievement

Silently, the rain falls within me, cleansing my
intellect as it steadily renews my mind.
Refreshing it souly, giving a sense of achievement
as I reach deeply into senses of perception.
Keeping in touch with the emotions of life,
touching the sensitive compassion that has become
a part of me because of them being hurt so often
throughout my entire life.
Hopefully attuned to their highest sensitivity, so
I may continue to be empathetic and never leave my
heart behind when meeting with others who are
needing a smile or friendly advice, or maybe just
a listening ear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sense Of Being Directionless

Walking through cornfields at Rutger's University, enjoying a sense of being directionless, gaining insight into an intensity of intellect and how it works to help me find the way out without any landmarks being seen in any direction.

An interesting experiment and an interior knowing, having been learned.

Finding intense perceptions coming to the foreground in the form of prescience, knowing that all answers are being thought telepathically with no effort nor ideas of where it comes from, it's just there and being expressed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sense Of Decency And Respect

Wandering down tunnels of sacred lives, touching everything with melodies, fast-paced rhythms with precision and agility.

Precious and beautiful sights everywhere you look, giving a sense of decency and respect to ally you meet, nothing to stop the flow of loving for humanity, because it's the right thing to do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sense Of Fulfillment

Taking care to always listen to every rhythm that is
accepted into this mind with a clarity and peaceful
demeanor, across the threshold of another tomorrow.

Simplicity, docile and serene, available always on the
side of an eternal flame, burning brightly, lighting the
way through tunnels of life and out into the dimensions
of another horizon.

Lively, living in a sphere of beginning beauty, coming
from intellect, accessing it constantly and allowing it
to become a part of who we are in everyday circumstances.

Believing in ourselves, we gain confidence and move into
spheres of creative processes, mysteriously and totally,
having a sense of fulfillment and focus of intense desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sense Of Goodness

Beckoning turmoil to turn around and bring a sense of peace towards an ending of sorts.
Stringing along beats of everyday acknowledgement, stranding each thought on islands of deserted serenity.
Reading books along edges of tidal waves, hoping to belong somewhere in some space in time.
Living carefully, afraid to stop and smell the flowers, keeping a sense of goodness in heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sense Of Peace

Cautiously moving forward through the ebony darkness
of night, hearing screech owls hooting in the lonely
forest, hoping to get an answering call.

Birds sporadically whistling lonely tunes as they
settle into their comfortable nests to put the day
to rest.

Rabbits entering their holes of safety to take care
of their little families, nothing to deter them from
their duty.

A sense of peaceful serenity now descending upon earth
as it gently closes it's eyes and goes naturally to
sleep.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sense Of Time

Rain falling in my dreams, upon waking finding it hasn't
stopped at all here in the desert, mind playing rhythms
in circular tempos, repetition soothing my mind.

Loving to hear the sound of drums beating throughout,
giving a sense of time through their staccato beats, tak-
ing me into feelings and emotions vying for attention.

Lifting spirits through music and it's rhythms, taking
life into another domain and dimension where I may dwell
in happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sense Of Well Being

Rhythms bouncing along, carrying intellect into an atmo-
sphere of light-hearted feelings and spirituality, senses
of well-being sending my spirit soaring.

Accepting endless sounds of rhythm filling me with their
expertise and fantastic wisdom, coding constantly in depths
of my mind.

Waiting on sensations of nature as they continue to pulsate,
bringing joy into my life, totally and entirely focusing on
beauty of an interior spirit and essence.

Letting my passion shine forth through all the suffering I've
gone through in this life, so happy just to be living freely
and independently.

Nothing now to hold me back or judge me for I have found my-
self at last, never going back to the way it used to be for
I've grown beyond my past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senseless Abandonment

When are we ever going to meet again in this world?
Have you forgotten me so quickly and so thoroughly
already?
When tears fall silently I will remember your
cruelty towards me and your broken promises and lies.
There are no longer happy thoughts to conjure in my
head, you have emptied everything in my being and
left me for dead.
To fend for myself after you took all I had and
trampled me underfoot.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senseless Feelings

Following my mind down pathways of rhythm,
trying to get away from the senseless
feelings of abandonment by a dear friend.

Seeking solace or consolation, finding
there will never be any as I stagnate in
an ocean of dried up tears.

Being drowned incessantly in it's sadness,
with the only thing left to me - an abject
loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senses

Extracting life forces from nature early in the morning to begin another day.
Placating silence, letting serenity overtake all senses.
Wonder, awe, curiosity, filling overflowingly my soul, letting it acknowledge itself and peacefully grow within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senses Attuned To Suffering

Striving daily for some sort of reason, qualifying all
the suffering and turmoil that we ago through continually
on this earth.

Stretching imagination, trying to touch reality and get
some sort of understanding of why this life has to be so
difficult and hard to live with.

Senses being attuned to pain and suffering, hurting deeply
as if being pierced and stabbed constantly without any
mercy or love.

Always wanting to find some peace or serenity, yet it
constantly escapes us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senses Being Absorbed

Solemnly stepping in time like a metronome,
keeping rhythm steady and complete, allowing
notes to follow pathways, and bringing every-
thing into focus.

Never leaving the interior of poetry and it's
wonderful intense stillness while writing,
never searching for it's beginning.

It is always at the onset of every thought in
the very instant of music's beginnings in the
rhythm of this mind.

Sensing everything around, letting it be
absorbed and taken into intellect to be used
in writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senses Flavorful Sounds

Dreaming of things that might come true and last forever,
but when awakening, knowing this is not always possible
in daylight hours.

Deserving an array of promises to come true, wanting to
become the essence of poetry through all of it.

Cause and affect, happening all around me, giving life
an aura of rainbow colors and dimensions.

Emitting flavorful sounds through all senses today,
sending a number of messages through to this mind.

Being figured into coded beginnings of a future time
that will soon become the present.

A loving concern and caring, entering everything now
done in life.

A wonderful feeling of achievement and desire, enveloping
self within it's confines forever now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senses Heightened

Tempting propositions fill my mind with a surplus of ideas
on what to do, finding many exceptions in this life, ex-
ploring each of them.

Looking beyond ordinary borders and into the atmosphere,
seeing pathways that I'd like to try, seeing my way clear
to investigate them all.

Senses heightened, life awakened and open, turning to the
positive aspects that keep appearing, sustaining this mind
through sickness and my coming death.

Running quickly into heights of another dimension to keep
my sanity intact forever here on earth while living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senses Of Belonging

Taken up and into musical realms, feeling free and
independent, flowing across winds of destiny and
fate.

Sailing through meanings of yesterday, following
senses of belonging towards beautiful accompaniment
in eras of bereavement.

(10: 51 a.m. - 11/17/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senses Of Communication

Wailing interiorly with patterns of energetic verve,
speaking only to my mind with cognitive thoughts.

Filtering in abstractions, creating new causeways
into depths of my soul.

Finding new senses of communication within, calmly
lamenting a lack of hours in a day to finish every-
thing I need, to develop for future literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senses Of Definition

Voices singing, coming quietly into my environment like whispers
of past memories, once asleep deep in subconsciousness.

Soaring into the atmosphere, creating many ideas, forming them
from crystal tears and placing them carefully where they'll find
a lifetime to spend in writing their way out.

Expansively incorporating all senses of definition being used
through emotional prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senses Of Habituation

A sound, a smell, a touch of soul welcomes nature
into existing senses of habituation.
Strewn throughout forests of intellection, knowledge
grows itself like moss on northern sides and
hemispheres of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senses Of Joy

Specializing in fantastic melodies,
attuning them to creative harmonies
being formed and shaped within right now.
Being illuminated, taking out darkest
corners with bright senses of joy.
Finding all sorts of notes coming to the
forefront, wanting to be placed in rhythms
of poetry.
Sacred ideals selected in tomes for posterity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senses Of Seriousness

Naturally balanced in rhythmical stances,
covering atmosphere's with a quality of
writing.

Intact with beats equally in
measures of musical scores, prior notes
falling into place without qualms or doubts.

Seriousness senses itself within, bringing
out it's senses for all to see and feel
interiorly with peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senses Standing On End

Steady rhythm standing on end, giving life the
many extensions of pure definitions in prose.
Pious diction filling pages with it's faithful
illusions to all the good on this earth.
Showing the steadfast pictures of interior peace
and justifying the assurance of intense meanings.
Following pathways into forests darkened by the
night in still eerie thoughts.
Feeling the senses standing on end, and being
careful as I go through the images left in piles
along darkened corridors of yesterday, belonging
to no one in particular.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senses Surfacing

Waking up, feeling great, sun brightening this morning
with it's shining glory.

Finding myself at the doctor's again, yet even that
cannot mar an acumen for intellect.

Succulent treasures filling me with an abundance of
goodness from angels above.

Loving the beauty of life as it is enhanced by an
intensity of senses coming to the surface, taking me
into the focus of another clear and perfect day here
on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senses Touching Thoughts

Tender thoughts diligently being touched by senses of
intellect, softly, gently, not disturbing their essence
as they sit silently in corners of a mind.

Reaching forward, wanting to be reminded of another
time when they were vibrant and not at all alone or
forsaken.

Crying from depths beneath emotion and below a heart's
understanding.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Senses Tuned In

Walking across a little bridge into a pine forest, drinking in the pine scent and feeling my body completely relax.
All my senses are tuned in to nature as I sit on a bus and imagine all the above in my mind alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensible Feelings

Classical music nowhere in sound, yet, a polka is swaying and swinging into my mind with elastic feelings of sensibility and vigor.
Sensations of feet tapping, fingers flying, as writing begins to portray all the melody's around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensible Solution

Modern technology is good, yet it depends too much upon electricity to keep it running.

Needing solar packs to use instead would be more sensible, I believe.

Or maybe invent something that uses perpetual motion to run everything, using only it's own power to keep things going.

How much simpler life would be, easier to deal with modern technology and much, much cheaper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing A Closeness

Resting on laurels of poetical rhythms,
watching as I come closer to the entrance
of death's embrace.
Strolling down shores, wading in an ocean's
surf and gently becoming bereft of life.
Sensing the closeness of heaven's gates.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing A New Beginning

Sensing a new beginning, running right into it, head first.
Having no fear, looking forward to being a part of something
much larger than anything has ever been in my life.
An exercise in futility, finally coming to an end, culminating
in an acceptance of me being graciously voted into their ranks.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing A Presence

Walking through heaven's gardens, holding hands, sensing a presence in spirit there.

Tears of joy touching eyes and heart, realizing that your love is indeed, holding you close with love and keeping step with us as we visit in her new home.

Feeling her joy at being there, you cannot find it in your heart to be sad for her ever again.

All the sadness will be kept sacredly in your heart, to treasure forever, the love you had between you while together on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing A Silent Death

Tired of smiling outwardly while tears pour forth from
depths hidden by sorrow's presence.
Sensing a silent death from beyond, waiting alongside
a couple, married for years, high school sweethearts.
A parting soon to come, sadly in the morning of a new
dawn.
Escaping thoughts, treading silently, so as not to
break the fragile strands of being for now.

(8: 53 p.m. - 11/28/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing A Special Significance

Stretching and reaching for something twinkling in my
mind, enticing intellect, wanting to grasp it's shape,
placing it in abstract designs that it has thought of.

Wanting to try a new formula and equation, sensing it
has a special significance for the future of medicine,
always trying to excite neurons and synapses.

Giving intellect prospects to look into, discovering
and finding many explanations to form into the future
of science and literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing An Empathy

Sensing an empathy below the music, emanating from the crowd.
Feeling the excitement mounting, bringing people to their feet.
Wooly Bully being played, everyone enjoying it's beat, dancing
however they can in their imaginations and laying it all on the
line where everyone can see.

(3: 15 p.m. - 10/28/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing An Ending Of This Moment

Riding along passages of time in intellect, absorbing
pictures, wavering in front of me.

Exposing truths that have been held onto throughout
the years of this life.

Wishing for promises to appear, fulfilled like magic,
yet knowing truthfully that it will never happen.

Sensing an ending of this moment in the next few
minutes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Beginnings

Emptiness fills empty spaces hidden within my mind,
waiting hopefully for something more enticing to sate
my brain.
Sensing beginnings of new turns in reality, I find
fundamental truths and elicit them in poems of touching
rhythms.
Performing special routines as I gather as many images
as possible.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Behaviors

Taking into consideration, days filled with tribulations
and suffering, we somehow survive it all - usually - with
some enjoyment once in a while.

Measuring amounts of daily participation, sensing behaviors
in crowds of ideas, splitting hairs and preparing them for
incessant rhythms and rhymes of excellence.64848

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Boundaries

Incessant trifles stirring within, taking strides,
moving forward into energetic pieces of livelihood.
Sensing beyond the boundaries of tomorrow, flowing
along into edges of lifetime sorrows.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Death's Presence

Lonely, traipsing highways of my mind, straying further from life's shores.
Walking slowly, seeing things closely, not like before.
Noticing details of nature, sensing death's presence hiding yet, behind fragrant flowers and bushes.
Not yet ready to pounce and take me with him.
Seeing my life filled with love for my sons and grandchildren.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Dreams

Forging reminders of elegant pastimes,
sensing dreams of essence as they
unfold into existence, prevailing in
centers of epitome.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Energy

Sensing an energy inside, apparently from the past child within me.
Striking a match of imagination, letting it flare up and consume me in a creative way.
Falling into an abyss, looking around, trying to climb out and recapture my youth.
Hoping to be alone in my loneliness, without anyone bothering my state of mind.
Holding together, particles of my being, as I am stranded by myself on a lone shore of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Everything

Strumming interior guitars with feelings of harmonic silence and sadness, soaring into an interior universe of my soul where I traveled when going to heaven.

Experiencing brilliant colors, textures, aromas around me everywhere, finding an experience of delectable sensory perceptions.

Coming through perfect abstract conceptual thoughts, able to sense everything without any prior knowledge or sight of any of it.

Absolute and deepened truths abounding in depths of inner spirituality, wonderfully experienced and fully appreciating what is seen and felt through the Divine spirit of God within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Freedom

Traveling on very little money, never knowing if there'll be enough to get back home again, not really being concerned as long as I can listen to music and write for my time on earth.
Rocking gently, swaying, hoping to find my way deeply into melody's inner makings, taking me to interior depths never been to before.
Feeling the sense of freedom covering me as I plant my feet on grasses in the fields, losing myself in the greenness of it all.
Knowing that at last I've penetrated the last hold on me and now will make sure it never holds me back again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Gentle Music

Sipping the straws of life, taking in all of it's
experiences through six senses, fulfilling desires
growing from deep within.

Inner music flowing through the souls of everyone,
becoming the life we hold within.

What we keep pushing down, crushing, stagnating,
turning away from is inside our gentle music, it
is giving us what we become in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Ideas

Recalling memories of yesterday's visions,
watching all details fill interior screens
photographically.

Sensing ideas waiting to knock on entrance
doors, leading to spaces beyond life.

Finding road blocks standing directly in
the way, not wanting to move, not even an inch.

Stationary thoughts overflowing from a once
tightly kept storage chest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Importance

Calculating measurements of intellect throughout
time, watching as it increases in proportion to
what I've learned.

Sensing the importance of knowledge in every day
activities, fulfilling experiences with new wisdom
being accumulated daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Intimacy

Sensing an atmosphere of intimacy in a crowd of seniors.
Emotions running wild, hormones trying to get in gear,
as dancing fulfills many a dream in being held and able
to dance into the afternoon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Intuitively

Actualizing thoughts, bringing them out into the
open where I can sort them out and find their
rhymes automatically.

Sensing their emotions and feelings intuitively
as they intensify within my being right at this
very moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Life

Single file, attempting to develop past thoughts and
bring them forward into the light of the present.

Sensing every fiber of life as it floats downstream
into oceans of fortitude, carrying with it, precedents
of life's energy and essence.

Implicating lines of mazes in hidden messages,
delving deeply into abysses of quiet reserve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Life Through Melodies

Living through turmoil all through life, finding the
strength through faith in God.

Walking desert trails on hot arid days, finding ideas
and thoughts catching at my mind.

Holding onto, expanding and enhancing, then writing
them into poetry.

Seeing what I have been thinking, always amazing me,
because I never have any thoughts beforehand.

Rhythms pounding into intellect, interpreting them
into poetry daily, non-ending and incessantly, giving
great joy to this mere poet.

Sensing life through every melody, allowing emotions
and feelings to climb out of their shells, be seen
then experienced through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Love's Presence

Wanting to have love right now, sensing it's presence
within another.

Looking forward to being wrapped safely in his arms,
wanting to give self completely into his own.

Not being tethered by timidity, just openly giving my
heart for him to hold onto and love throughout life.

Being touched so gently, tenderly, feeling sensations
climbing into my being.

Desires now running fever-like through my body, wanting
to be taken into lands of pleasure and love.

An all-encompassing feeling of another's unconditional
acceptance and love for the woman that I am.

Loving no other, knowing that I am all that they will
need in their life from now on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Meanings

Reaching into depths of all yesterday's,
feeling around.

Sensing meanings left behind, now rearing
their heads in accented delight, glad to
be felt again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Outcomes

Dining in leisurely pursuits, enjoying tastes of nature
and the universe while measuring time in verse.

Wanting to spend all of life in interior visions as they
become reality in this mind.

Sensing outcomes of each day before they actually happen
to come about.

Such a wonderful way to progress through the endless
days on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Pleasure

Down in the darkened bowl of earth, looking skyward, awaiting the birth of a brand new day.

Sensing it's fantastic pleasure, stepping into time with it's life-giving essence, going on to be whatever's left on the following day.

To take it up and continue on the way again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Reactions

Sensing reactions in my spirit as I write into poetry
the words I will be thinking.

Softly spoken, yet definitely pronounced and listened
to with care.

Concentration being carried to the ultimate connections
within this brain.

Noticing them happening as they reach into the center
of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Silent Sorrow

Sensing a silent sorrow growing within, drawing tears
from an ever-growing pool of sadness within, watching
it quietly being nurtured by events and loss in this
earthly life.

Wondering, gently touching the surface, seeing ripples
go silently across it, not disturbing any of the aband-
onment just below it.

Harmonica music playing in the distance as I listen to
it, taking me into a place where loneliness engulfs me
with it's sole purpose in life.

Characterized by meanings of loss, nothing can be done
about it, so I sit here sensing a silent sorrow growing
within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Vibrations

Rocking rhythm slowly back and forth, poking imagination
with verve and capturing moments of beauty without qualms
or doubts.
Sensing intense vibrations rising within, to tunes of
exposition.
Fulfilling desires of needed rest as I carry on with a
sense of timing and wondrous faith, held believably in
depths of my heart's mind forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Wilderness

Never leaving the interior side of intellect, fixating on my mind, recalling everything I've ever done in life.
Unsolicited material always at my beck and call, never adjusting or aligning attitudes to keep it flowing.
Sensing the wilderness floating just below the surface, giving me expressions no one else can fathom.
Left to only one person to write as quickly as I can to rhythm's benefit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensing Your Feelings

Sensing feelings you hold within for me, knowing so far
you haven't fully realized them, when doing so they will
overwhelm you with tears of joy.

As you realize how much I have loved you for so long now,
feeling always so close to you, not wanting any of this
to end for I want to be with you only throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensitive Imagination

Serving methods of coded rhythms to the middle of my brain,
taking paths in and out of intellect.

Sliding into a sensitive imagination where they can all have
some fun being experienced and lived for what they are.

Being diverted and assembled into diverse aspects and formulas, mathematically
taking forms of patterned designs.

Calling forth the beauty that is just beneath a plethora of
ideas, cogitating happily and waiting to be seen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensitive Man

Tender-hearted, gentle, filled with the pain of loss,
a man sensitive to ways a woman feels, an unconditional
love, holding promise for those who are in marriages
distraught with many failures of their husbands.

Yet, this may be the cause of unneeded pain and disrupt-
tion of what they had before, now knowing the love of this
delicate man, although he'll never be with them.

Throwing women into an imbalance with their husbands of
many years, putting a bond, a rift between these married
couples that shouldn't have ever existed in the first place.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensitive Particles

Relating many instances of diverse circumstances,
acting on them literally with translations and
transposing them into many situations.

Carefully watching their side effects and finding
out what stimulates changes in their molecular
structure.

Very sensitive little beings of particles, very
articulate in their certain movements, creating
great hopes for their usefulness in future
experiments of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensitive Purity

Looking into the mirror of my life,
watching reruns of when just a child.
Happy, bittersweet memories, touching
my heart with a sensitive purity.
Wishing life could go back and forth,
taking me with it.
Some nice times would surely be worth it.
Taking time to reminisce, forging life
into a prosperous corner, revealing the
secrets to lead me into aging parties
of joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensitive Side Of Nature

One small bank of clouds in an entire blue sky,
focusing themselves right in the pane of an
upper window.
Looking down upon earth, watching a slight breeze
touch all the leaves of trees and plants.
A sensitive side of nature seen by this poet in a
moment of awe-inspiring creativeness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensitive Solitude

Moods and emotions hit us at inopportune times in life,
feeling elated and joyful, then being hit by loneliness
and it saddens us all at once.

Mysterious, how feelings have such an effect on we humans
as we live our lives, unexpectedly finding we are crying,
with tears flowing from our hearts and down our cheeks.

A sensitive solitude then ensures, as we withdraw and go
within ourselves to get away from other people trying to
get our attention for no reason.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensitive Thoughts

Percipience of life extracts many life-giving essences from within extraordinary circumstances as they rotate through days of persistence.
Foregoing solitary adventures forever, being preoccupied with sensitive thoughts, as messages forlornly tread onward into particles of tomorrow's past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensitive Touch

Loving in early morning before the light of day has
arrived.

Feeling the sensitive touch of a beautiful emotion
as it tickles within.

Watching so deliciously as it blooms and blossoms
in this morning as a flower called the morning glory.

Dusting off the dust and sleep of the night and
becoming the sunrise that is approaching soon.

Touching every fiber and particle that has become a
part of my being and is now flowing energetically
within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensitizing Feelings

Reaching interiorly, searching for purposes in life that
I expect are hiding within.

Gliding back and forth, not wanting to solidify or be
known, gathering and collecting all patterns and designs,
entertaining me repeatedly.

Colorful hues and delicate petals of crystal dewdrops
penetrating and giving their blossoms to intellect, all
the while sensitizing every feeling and writing it into
poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensoring Life

Sensoring life into a perception of dimensional fabrications,
lifting spirits higher with every picture shown upon inner
screens of intellect.
Preparing analogies for future preparatory accessories held in
check.
Winds of change, blowing fortuitously onto pathways of
excessive polarization.
Taking every aspect into caverns of mathematical equations,
folding everything adequately inside memories of talent to
be exposed one rainy day, alongside of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensory Effects

Watchful eyes, taking in scenery with an open mind,
enjoys it's sensory, magical effects on my brain.

Soaring above language, gathering musical scores as
I compose them from sounds I hear.

Beautiful atmosphere, talently providing what I
need to hear in order to write into poetical works
of feeling.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensory Ideas

Reaching outward, soaring into the atmosphere above,
letting imagination have it's way, taking me into
lands of unbelievable joy and beauty.
Feeling all perceptions pinpointing my essence and
helping create an environment I can manipulate
through thoughtful ingenuity and innovative thinking,
above the line and outside the box.
Always soothing feelings and mixing them into new
sensory ideas, matching needs to fit the world's
solutions to problems abounding in mankind's realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensory Landscapes

Mixtures of melodies, echoing in my mind, blending rhythms together and creating new sounds to benefit writing.
Selecting words from musical tones, totally completing inroads of insight, declaring major designs of pontifical favors while setting everything into gem-like facets of behavior, befitting royalty.
Sensing inner whispers coming about, relating individual patterns, keeping in tune with deepened essences of aromatic gardens of eden in my sensory perceptions of picturesque landscapes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensory Perception

Researching people's attitudes from sidelines in a small cafe.
Watching expressions, feeling their emotions, tentatively
believing in sensory perception, helping to examine questions
that answers haven't yet been found for.
How do people communicate when they are total strangers?
Why can't I find those particular answers in an abject irony
of poetic justice.
Soaring away without finding any avenues of knowledge on absent
roads of total abandonment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensory Perceptive Mood

Moments of isolation take over this mind, wanting nothing
in life but to be left alone.

Just writing in a deep contemplation, not seeing, hearing
or saying a thing.

Being particularly lonely, not minding at all, only being
filled with expectations and anticipation instead.

Such a sensory perceptive mood and attitude that takes
over my being completely, loving it explicitly.

A transformation of sorts interiorly, shifting experiences
I've been through to another dimension and corner of life.

Beautiful and serene, taking me away from the tension and
frustration of this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensual Bouquet

Returning often to deep wells of poetical compositions,
delving into their essence, watching their auras expand
ever wider in colorful designs and patterns.

A beautiful array, a sensual bouquet of after-life,
being brought forward right now in a magnificent display.

Always providing the most intense desires running,
capturing and alluring every fiber of being.

Giving an energy that never quits awakening, allowing
every sense to be available to one's heart and soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensual Creativity

Mentality of ages stretches itself across spans of
life in musical renditions.
Creating carefree lifestyles as new pathways open
in imagination and neurons in the brain.
Wholeheartedly feeling an intensity of sensual
creativity swirling about inside.
No barriers to contend with, all is open space -
a desert to explore.
Beautiful images coming into view as I think,
allowing you to visualize my environment as it
happens before my mind immediately.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensual Desires

Rousting out an energy kept inside, saving it for times
like this when I can decipher rhythms having been coded
and placed into intellect.

Taking care to exercise every note and tone to the utmost,
plucking every time, steady beats falling from within, a
sensual desire being issued from the spirit of my being.

Swinging and flinging in margins of every single measure
being played here tonight, giving everyone pleasure just
to sit here listening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensually Getting In The Mood

Sun burning, scorching earth in the heat of summer,
making us sweat as we walk through the desert, hand
in hand, softly talking, loving being together.

Thrilling feelings and sensations touching us so
deliberately, sensually getting us into the mood of
making love later tonight.

A tremendous amount of desire is pulling us together
even as we walk along, talking of what we will do
when finally alone behind closed doors.

Just we two and our intense and inspiring love enticing
us to come together once again, fulfilling our desires
and quenching our passion through love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensuous Depths

Flowering in depths of mind gardens, watching beginning buds
open their eyes, slowly blossoming through the morning.

Beautiful essences cooperating with artistic grace as it
flows constantly down waterfalls into deep pools of creativity
and beauty.

Swimming below the surface, feeling the coolness of the water
as it caresses a being in bluened thoughts.

Living in the sensuous depths of interior peace, continuing
to energize a mind and follow points of interest.

Appearing as I dive and take in shiny countenances through dull colors
and reflections of light, hitting them in depths of interior
serenity.

Bamboo partitions and vases of dried out looking tall weeds,
just sitting and standing in corners of the waiting room

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensuous Pleasure

Seeming the life I live is at times not real, just a nighttime dream that I've not yet awakened from.

A delicate balance being tipped back and forth with every experience that I go through, discovering many possibilities in it's depths.

Taking thoughts, writing and responding to each in turn, as they appear in poems, sending my mind into all areas of expertise.

Always falling into tempos of rhythm as they play continually, giving sensuous pleasure as I think in pictures.

Putting every detail into volumes of prose, easily, concisely and briefly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensuous Reality

Blanketing this mind in mountains of snowflakes,
enjoying the cold iciness as it touches my skin.

Awakening desires, watching them peek about shyly,
becoming known in eyes of sight, wandering, throwing
snowballs and ice skating about my soul.

Sensing feelings being brought up and spread around,
giving up secrets lying beneath snow-covered peaks,
and peering down steep sides of each mountain.

Skiing like mad down the beauty of them, through
pinescented forests filled with shiny icicles,
hanging, tormenting my mind with a thirst for those
intense desires to be absorbed.

Giving in to certain ideas, arousing pleasure,
feeling it encompassing totally and completely with-
out any shame.

Entering realms of a sensuous reality where I fall
into it's depths with abandon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensuous Sentiments

Reckless challenges taking me into surprises of tantamount importance.

Shaking and rattling, giving invisible thoughts in every note, coded specially for the exercises in futility that fall into time.

Skating and moving along roads in life, traveling faster and faster as I get older.

Seeing sights throughout the world, touching upon visions of entire landscapes at one time.

Rotating and planning sensuous sentiments falling into my being, leaving nothing to another's suggestions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sensuously Holding

Couples walking to the dance floor, joining hands, holding one another closely in unison with melodies folding gingerly over them.
Swaying in time, keeping track of one another through sensuous feelings of sexuality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sentence Bouquets

Calmly recognizing rhythms stroking themselves in melodies of past environments.

Pleasant surprises opening up like blossoms of a newly formed rose bud.

Gathering aromas and scents of everlasting beauty into bouquets of sentences.

Pouring them all into the circumferences of every poem, fulfilling their purpose when being written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sentence Patterns

Inside shapes form into many patterns of sentences, giving new insights into niches usually hidden.
Listening intently to every note being played, giving myself up to it's upbeat rhythms.
Tantalizing all senses, bringing me alive with melodies I hear changing, and giving them a life of their own through poetry.
Cautious emotions come running out, wanting to be expressed on paper so others may read and feel them also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sentiment Of India's Tradition

Looking around, very few papers or books are standing
on my friend's desk or shelves.

A room simply decorated with pictures of gods and
goddesses, an altar with pictures of great people and
flowers, candles lit to celebrate their lives.

A tremendously sacred and beautiful sentiment of the
tradition of India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sentiment Of Tradition

Looking around, very few papers or books are standing
on my friend's desk or shelves.

A room simply decorated with pictures of gods and
goddesses, an altar with pictures of great people and
flowers, candles lit to celebrate their lives.

A tremendously sacred and beautiful sentiment of the
tradition of India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sentimental Reason

Prayerfully singing, deep melodic voice reaching
into bluened light of talent.

Affecting beautiful melodies of morning,
giving a peace of twilight for an afternoon.

Strolling along sentimental avenues of reason,
finding logical stems of love blossoming on
pathways to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sentiments And Wilful Desires

Placid and ripple free, totally at home within, finding peace always needed.

When loneliness, sorrow and abandonment come crawling in, trying to beat me at this game of passion and creativity, taking them down with sublime poetical interludes that flow and cascade down waterfalls of my mind.

Sentences and words, continually and incessantly taking me on voyages into sentiments and willful desires that overtake my soul in an unconditional love, soaring above, and taking off without a care in the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separate Dimension

Trees standing alone in a park, planted far away from each other -
no contact or pleasure in life.
They are just like me - having only a small space of freedom and seeing very little beyond their range of sight.
Wonderingly, I contemplate whether they have imagination and creativeness, therefore exist like I do - alone and in a separate dimension from others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separate Horizon

Silence breaking into circles surrounding my mind,
filling my heart with absolute tenderness.
Caressing my soul with evening mists, dancing about
lifetimes of remembrance, fulfilling sorrow's
emptiness.
Arms of reluctance, tearing apart this soul from
it's space, hurling it into atmospheres of yesterday.
Staying away from people, finding solace alone on a
separate horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separate In This World

Sliding across pathways of sorrow, looking and
searching for you.

Knowing that you're gone from this life, yet I
insist on trying to find you in places where
we used to go.

Finding that you are nowhere I expect to find
you, heart losing hope exponentially.

Wandering earth, dejected and forlorn, wanting
you only.

Tears falling, there's no stopping them, this
heart has fallen to the ground, bursting, bleed-
ing from the pain of losing you, my love.

Being here for you, hoping to see you again, yet
never do you appear, life has left you and I alone,
separated in this world.

As I lie in a bed of sorrow and grief, giving self
into the resignation that you're never coming back to
me again, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separate Journeys

In the end we are all searching for love and acceptance
from someone.
Even though age has brought us forward into our futures
we never seem to know that we must go our separate
journeys without anyone to lead us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separate Pages

Life begins on separate pages, mere paragraphs at first.
Progressing daily, adding sentences at a time.
In our final days, rereading what we've written through
memory; reliving - mentally - many experiences.
Final days, resting, weary from our long journey;
searching for a shady spot alongside an ocean's beauty.
Lying down serenely, putting our finished books aside,
we dream, disappearing from our earthly life forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separate Paths

Rapid and wonderful music filling innate intellect, giving
chances to write about many different things in this life,
taking separate paths from most other people.

Always doing what I'm interested in, which is almost every-
thing in life, being curious about all things I see or find
on earth.

Can never choose just one thing to focus on, because of my
intense inquisitiveness about it all, learning innately
what suits me well throughout this temporary world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separate Routes

Thoughtfully traipsing through centuries of my mind,
evolving into a creature of habit, writing all about
it's beginnings, as it develops slowly and carefully
into the being you see before you now.

Sizing up the world around me, I find and locate
meanings of depth in whatever slaps my brain with
senses from within and without.

Taking notice of particular details, I mesh them all
into circular patterns, fitting them with inner ideas,
waiting for their solemn assistance in their many
endeavors.

Taking care to wend their ways continually into the
coming and final days of eternal outcomes, rising to
every occasion as each one merits it silently and
quickly, ascending separate routes to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separated From Language

Crossing inner pathways with feeling
and emotion, turning inside out.
Filling emptiness with solace, facing
a number of facets kept always in jars,
separated from language.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separating Beauty

Separating the beauty from disgusting man-made scrutiny.
Locating the circumference of every notion folded within landscapes of nature and taking them apart in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separating Ideas

Separating ideas of life into many positions, always looking for aspects that will produce the best results, focusing on everything throughout life.

Letting intellect and imagination have rein when writing, watching as music plays an important part in all that is written by this poet.

Intellect always coding rhythms automatically, giving each and every poem it's own code that this photographic memory constantly keeps track of.

Loving to watch this procedure as it happens, always amazed at it's immediate and instantaneous response every time, a wonder I hope to one day find out exactly how my brain does it, so I may know how also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separating Life

Writing faster and faster to rapid rhythms, taking me into
skies beyond intellect within my mind, separating the sad-
ness, sorrow and loneliness from moments of happiness and
joy throughout life.

Remembering it all, experiencing everything fully and ex-
plicitly, never regretting a single moment spent here on
earth, writing it all into poetry journals, sharing life
with everyone who reads them.

Poems posted throughout this temporary life, never for-
getting anything, placing it all in prose to be read in
centuries to come, at least hoping they will all last
that long.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separating Life From Death

Beating out staccato rhythms, filling me with
effervescent emblems of a spiritual mind-set.

Going into all types of environments, separating
life from death, living in both of it's possibilities
as I walk solitarily along pathways through the years.

Patterns are sewn from concepts and ideas, binding
themselves in intellect along with imagination.

Special and beautiful images coming through an essence
that is beyond this life, able to participate in it's
lively benefits towards mankind.

So intense and illuminating, giving thoughts a way to
expand and proliferate, an inordinate amount of ideas
always infiltrating my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separating Notions

Separating thoughts with every notion that fills
me with an idea.
Carrying myself down the roads of whenever, hoping
to find my way someday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separating Reality

Messages being sent quietly to my soul, saturating it with a loneliness for God to come and bring meaning back into my life.
Separating reality from existence, noting the differences between them as imagination defines itself in emotional content when being written down.
Telling all in verse, yet, managing to be kept hidden within definitions of a photographic mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separating Reality Of Life

Breaking leaves of the past, crumpling them into a million pieces, stomping on them, trying to pound them into oblivion so they can never be seen again.

Hatred welling up, out of focus, blaming self, contaminating reality and everything around.

Desire running deep, intensely draining life from inside, maiming and killing an innocent personality.

Reliving ancient tribulations daily through scattered fragments of memory.

Images flitting about, taunting, harassing, striking without warning, piercing deeply the mind of a child.

Sololy separating the reality of life and storing it away for good.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separating Self

Suggestions abounding, coming from all directions,
people not minding their own business, just inter
fering in other's lives.

Separating self from their incessant judgments and
opinions, looking within for the peace I know I'll
find there.

Stepping away from the table of humanity, finding
my way through jungles of their illusions and lies,
ending up on the side of goodness, truth and honesty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separating Self While In India

Swinging from lines of a bare existence, looking for a
place to escape this life, holding onto faith and hope,
wondering if it will be enough to allow life to breathe.

Striding always into depths of my being, unafraid of the
measures of time that will be placed upon my life, know-
ing that my soul can always set me free.

Allowing me to soar into a bluened atmosphere where I can
be set free - liberated from all that is not necessary to
exist in this world.

Sadness being peeled like a layer of glue that was inad-
vertently dumped on me by society and it's inane rules,
separating self, from this particular regard of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separating Sorrow

Tantalizing, refreshingly good and vibrant within,
specializing in the beauty of tones picturesquely
coming into view with every note being played.

Folding and unfolding memories in each mind,
expressing them contemplatively one after another
in time.

Separating sorrow from inner thoughts, giving a
reprieve from their incessant tears always flowing
from our heart's eyes.

Each time tearing our souls a little more, trying
not to fall apart within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separating Spheres

Enjoying sounds of intelligent rhythms separating spheres
of interior solace.

Following intrepid and delightful trails throughout deserts
and mountains of imagination.

Filling portals of my mind with entertainment from an inner
passion, asserting itself in the midst of a total perspective
of music.

A periodic application, sounding above all extra perceptions
through all senses, tasting and savoring them with delicious fragrances of
heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separating Thoughts

Talking through eyes of our souls, bringing hope to light on farthest shores of life.
Separating thoughts, charging them with complacent ideas, fathoming their purposes in future lines of poetical expertise.
Carrying on through all suffering in years of sacrifice, holding on to threads of hope, thinking, maybe one day I'd be rescued from this life.
Hardened spirit, filling itself so I can continue to move forward in this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Separating Truth

Effects of Alzheimer's clouding minds, erasing memories and at times, replacing them with false ones.

Forgetting being married and chasing other women with a vengeance, wife at home, wondering where her life has gone and what will become of her.

Husband blissfully dancing around the floor with other women, thinking he's still young and single.

What a tragedy Alzheimer's has wrought, tearing years of love apart, separating it from the truth of marriage forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

September Birthdays

Living in the moment, enjoying times of my life that
I'm able to.

Writing daily, being with family and many good friends
that I have.

Going places, doing things together all the time, this
weekend having our family September birthday party.

Our family has quite a few birthdays in September, two
are my sisters, nieces, nephews, Grand nieces and nephews.

This one is a swimming party at one of my niece's house,
and another niece is making the cake with all names on it!

A very special cake for this birthday celebration, a fun
time to be had by all of us.

Always having a blast when we're together, because we are
a close-knit Italian family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sequence Of Events

Riding the waves of rhythm into desert shores,
traipsing through it's beautiful scenery.
Feeling the needles of cacti touching and
opening my mind, expressing everything in
honest situations, as dust storms envelope and
try to contain me.
Losing out on this, they dissipate and become
a part of the desert again.
Riding on, watching desert snakes and animals
slithering and running around.
A wonderful sequence of events, happening through
imagination as I travel further into the desert
mountain regions, losing myself happily in the
moist poetry being created as I ride.
Galloping further and further, accepting the
beauty of nature as we are one and can never be
contained in anyone's circumference.
Free as the eagle soaring above, never regretting
the situations it finds itself in.

(12: 03 p.m. - 11/30/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sequences Of Reminiscence

Swiftly sliding away down rivers of yesterday, changing
tides taking me into many different areas of an interior
landscape of memories.

Having been left in the past, now remembering them vividly
in a blossoming and enticing way, loving feelings and their
emotions now touching me deeply within my being.

Searching interiorly for the sequences of reminiscence
from yesterday, hoping they will never fade even after my
death takes everything else from me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sequestering Tomorrow's Light

Soundly walking down lonely lanes, emptied of feelings, hiding all emotions beneath the earth for now.
Peaceful endeavors, falling along the wayside, never looking back to see what was lost.
No more anticipation standing in the way of other-worldly dimensions.
Sequestering the light of tomorrow in a space all my own.
Tonight, letting it shine brightly for a short time, acknowledging it's intellect and wisdom as it sits upon a rocking chair.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serenaded Across The World

Alluring and prophetic, silent witnessing of life through distant music being heard right from India's midst on Skype.

Peace ringing in my soul as my mind interprets it into poetry, quietly and overwhelmeingly, sight tasting it's melodies with an intuitiveness of being.

Lifting spirits towards heaven, enlightening interior spirituality, focusing on rhythm's of harmony, bringing tantalizing beauty to mind.

Picturesque landscapes touching upon vibrant colors of nature, enraptured and amused, loving being serenaded across the miles with such fantastically amazing music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serenading Intellect

Serenading intellect, arousing it's curiosity in an
etude of aspiring creation.
Living artistically in a fantasy vision of illusion.
Partaking of illusory images as they wither and hide,
too timid and shy to stand out in the open by them-
selves.
Coaxing them gently with a promise of stalwart
thoughtfulness and caring.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serene Aura

Solemnly tranquilized in an aura of serenity,
placing myself into a facet of curious predicaments.
Solitarily prominent, lingering in interior images,
culminating in an envious variety of talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serene Evening

Somewhere in the darkening evening,
songbirds sing their dainty melodies.

Wings awhirr with fanciful flight,
cavorting with clouds and gentle
breezes.

Softly ending another day of life
with peaceful, sensuous ideas of
serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serene In Life

Going all over the world through poetry and music,
finding meaning and purpose every moment in doing so.

Playing interior guitars and piano, livening my being,
soul and mind.

Severing ties for moments at a time with the outside
world, preferring instead, to come into my quiet and
refreshing interior life.

There I can contemplate and find the meaning of life
through spirituality, because it's much more serene
with the beauty of my spirit's rhythm.

Always taking me much closer to God, where I can see
and continually be blessed by His presence in life,
loving being an instrument of His on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serene Motives

Belief in God is an interior peace, a motive to be
the best you can be, without doubt nor fear.
Sounds of life cover slowly, our lifetimes with
spiritual serenity, even on darkest days of silence.
Candles glowing in heaven, awaiting God's answers
to our prayers, as we live our lives accordingly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serene Paintings

Softly entering realms of beautiful serene landscapes
of imagination.
Strolling down lanes of exquisite paintings being
explained in minute details with explanatory words,
describing every detail as if I were really within
it's sphere.
Reality sensing and feeling every iota of it's
presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serene Purpose

Italianly speaking through invisible rhythms of life, revealing intense measures of time and it's everlasting peacefulness.

Marching to a different drummer, one from depths of imagination and poverty of natural life.

Singing interiorly to a mind of contemplation, sitting always on horizons of subconsciousness, believing in a serenity of purpose and meaning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serene Spirits

Spirits from another world speak to me through God's
abiding nature, filling me with serenity and peaceful
negotiations.
Grasping thoughts of diversity, roping in abstractions
of every kind, bringing all together into a pure blend.
A mixture of my total imagination, writing prose to
display their wonderful dimensions stretching into an
eternal infinity of words.
Meanings of literal translations condescend to other-
worldly definitions put in place by a rewarding
subconsciousness of ingenuity and purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serene Sunset

Thinking of my grandchildren and seeing into their futures, hoping all of their choices will be excellent so they won't have as many trials and sorrow as I have had.
To see them happy and fulfilling their essence and purpose with a passion in life is enough to let me go and enter my final sunset with serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serenely Silent

Walking alone at midnight, watching as the moon and stars
light the way, giving an inner strength time to be nurtured
and grow in this solitary atmosphere.

Here they can never be contaminated, sololy finding corners
to exist in away from the city and it's mundane city life,
always hustling and bustling day and night.

Enjoying walking along shores of my last horizon, quietly
peaceful and serenely silent, knowing the end is not too far
ahead of where I'm now standing.

Thinking of how it will all end one day as I fall out of
this earthly life and into an eternal death that holds
nothing that I know of or about.

Wondering how it will feel to place faith in God and then
letting go.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serenity

Singing alleluia interiorly,
focusing on the beauty of our Lord.
Turning eyes to capture His goodness
forever within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serenity Fiddling With Grace

Completely in the zone this morning, living in an interior world of my own.

Quiet serenity fills my soul with the grace that is always present in abundance.

Beautiful dimensions of intellect appear immediately, never having to search for them, they are always here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serenity Grows Expoentially

Riding waves of curiosity, being elated at the many prospects
it brings into life, tasting the beauty of finding solutions
to problems, loving to think outside the box.

Definitely having a mind-set that is above reproach when it
comes to innate talent in everything I'm able to do in life,
always fascinated with everything.

Each experience and situation being a learning stance to
achieve goals made when younger, being happy, smiling when
writing.

Seeing life in many shades of rainbow colors, especially
when seen through music, exploding like fireworks into a
darkened sky.

Beauty of it's fire fills me with desires to live interiorly
in a bluened light of the Divine where serenity grows ex-
potentially through music, poetry and art.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serenity Is Placed

Tears falling from heaven, drenching earth with it's flood
of crystals.

Beautiful, pure, it cleanses all of Mother Nature's flora
and fauna.

States of innocent grace, flowing endlessly across the soil,
filling every crack and crevice with water, all becoming
miniature reservoirs.

Treasured crystals gathered, alighting gently, filling earth
with an effervescent image of heaven, glittering, glimmering,
in the darkness of storm clouds.

Serenity placed upon our minds, giving us peace and a quiet
soul to help us carry on through endless days of life.

Selecting and choosing the precise locations to let fall the
little drops of rain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serenity Of A Desert City

Feeling the wind brushing my face with wisps of long
hair, sun shining heatedly on my being, relaxing muscles
and easing tension.

Listening to birds chirping in near-by trees and the
stillness of the atmosphere as it silences me interiorly.

Skies blue in all directions, slight desert breezes
letting us know of their invisible existence.

Loving the peace-filled quiet serenity of this Arizona
desert city of Phoenix I sit here writing of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serenity Of An Open Mind

Happily soaring through atmospheres of inner dimensions, seeing beautiful and extraordinary visions, thoughts and ideas, a wondrous assortment of concepts.

Constantly being untangled from within interior patterns and designs, insistent and colorful, sounds of their individual rhythms coming through loud and clear in the silence of an interior life.

A stillness and vibrant feeling surrounding this mind in an exquisite sense of being as poetical creations are imagined through the reality of coded rhythms, gathering and playing in the serenity of this open mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serenity's Aura

Sinewy tendons reaching out, touching my mind with elastic prose. Keeping time with rhythms being played in unison with pictures spiraling on the screens within. Sanctity, peace, and an overwhelming serenity giving off an aura of nature's beautiful sensuous desires.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serenity's Mind

Scattered throughout nighttime skies, watching ideas soar.
Thoughtful interludes giving an essence of beauty as they
coagulate tenderly in affectionate spheres of music.
Successfully tracing all of nature into etchings of a mind
of serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serious Doubts

Serious doubts wrinkle on foreheads,
causing us to frown over our predicaments.
As we try to attain solutions with no
thoughts coming to the foreground.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serious Thoughts

Having come from Hong Kong, traveling towards Los Angeles,
seeing so many sights from above, most of them looking like
tiny little ant villages and cities.

Miniscule and barely negligible, like the reality of our
world and humanity in all truth, serious thoughts on what
we have done in life bring about shallowness and stupidity
we humans have come to think of as our lives.

When in reality, they are the lies and illusions a few people
have devised to keep us all in check so they can continue to
govern and keep control over us, therefore giving them power
at least for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serpentine Belt

Sitting here at the airport in the cargo area, van broken
down once again, even though it was just fixed yesterday.

All new parts, put together precisely and somehow a belt,
serpentine, stretched out and has come off, overheating
the van and draining the battery.

Welcome to my world, always breaking down, having to just
wait, so I sit and write, hoping and praying for someone
to come along.

Maybe just charge the battery again if nothing else, there
are truckers all around, yet none of them coming over to
ask what's wrong or give a hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serving All Purposes

Commanding sequences of desire in columns of intellect as they fall into alignment.

Soothing and motionless, endeavoring to take thoughts into depths of interior abysses of imagination.

Serving all purposes, finding crevices and ravines that can hold onto the presence of visions and their images.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serving Intellect

Finding my way into imagination and it's forests where
I feel at home and comfortable, nothing to interfere
with what I have to do each day.

Writing poetry, listening to rhythms serving intellect
by taking my mind into a sensory perception, filled with
feelings and emotions.

Taking all memories into poetry that I'm writing and
putting out to the world, leaving no room for doubts when
finished.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serving No Purpose

Spirits flying at times, seeing a brighter future ahead with President Trump at the helm, yet rhinos and democrats keep getting in the way.

We need to do away with every one of them immediately, they serve no purpose, they aren't Americans, only communist socialists trying to destroy America.

Wanting a one world order that will benefit only a handful of corrupt politicians, why can't people see the truth of the situation.

Wake up and stand up to all the evil being perpetrated on our country, united behind our great President and help serve and make America great again together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serving Others

Reaching out, helping others, finding our purposes,
defining them through service to others.
Caring, expressions of love and empathy as we
volunteer our time to take care and heed of others.
Daring to be obsequious, feeling alive, vibrant
with elation, as we serve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serving Themselves

Watching intently, the world of politics, noticing the
corruption that politicians keep trying to downplay.

Seeing their eyes darting around, never able to look
anyone in the eyes, because they are lying.

Attitude of their bodies standing away from the person
they are talking to, instead of straight on.

Not wanting to concede to the truth, wanting to hide
behind their selfish motives.

Possibilities being ignored of representing the people
they serve in every way, wanting only to serve themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serving Thoughts

Jouncing and turning, soul moving with rhythm and taking every precaution to continue without stopping.
Serving all thoughts in vague undertakings, then watching them get brighter with every forward motion, taking precedence without even stroking them.
Placing all notes in line, touching every note with a special fervor and lightness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Serving Time

Taking life a step at a time, performing daily tasks and duties absently, passing time quietly with resignation and divine intervention keeping me alive.

Serving time in this earthly life, wondering how long it's going to continue, keeping time with it's secret yearnings and desires, yet never being able to be fulfilled.

An endless emptiness never being taken away or filled with love, needlessly praying for something more that will never pass my way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Set Free

Increasing independence filling my soul,
setting me free to live in harmony with
grief and suffering.
Not letting any of it interfere with what
I'm thinking at any given time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Set In Music

Bubbles of music floating into the atmosphere,
reminding me of Peggy when she was here singing
at the center.
Always so much fun and laughter, set in music
all her life, sharing her self-taught talent
with the world around her.
Warmth and caring, she is still hovering close
until the end of time.

(3: 15 p.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Setting Curiosity In Motion

Twilight comes upon earth, setting the sun aside until
tomorrow.

Looking above, seeing stars twinkling and winking down
at me, knowing something that I have not yet learned
in life.

Wondering what it could possibly be, setting curiosity
into motion rapidly, as it scans interiorly for answers
that can be possibilities.

Getting things set themselves in quagmires of purposeful
endeavors, always wondering what is to come next.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Setting Designs

Capturing the passion of intellect, bringing my mind
into an exceptional clarity where beautiful patterns
are rotating and being defined in designs of arti-
culate language.

Free, loving the feelings it gives this heart and soul
while writing through aspects of life that penetrate
the essence of interior universes.

Powerfully locomotive, racing into realms of tomorrow
with no limits or boundaries to worry about, setting
designs as they are being captured.

Holding onto them in intellect's imagination, realizing
so tenderly, the steps of another world entering my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Setting Fire To Our Souls

Music being played live, no jukebox allowed here, we cowboys
and cowgirls taking our music seriously, nothing to replace
the fun and enjoyment we're all having tonight at the Wagon
Yard.

Twisting, turning, sliding, doing line dances and dancing
to our hearts content to boot scooting boogies, wailing on
the guitar, drums beating frantically into the atmosphere.

Keyboard adding to energetic melodies, all rhythms taking
our minds into fast-paced music as everyone steps into the
open here tonight.

Clipping and going to town, not missing a single step, always
with tempos in synch, going up and down chords into the night,
heel and toe falling into a repertoire of fantastic, beautiful
and energetic music, loving to hear it's sounds as they ex-
plode and set fire to our souls at the Wagon Yard.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Setting Me Adrift

Destiny is playing it's part well, taking me away from all the pain of living and setting me adrift, alone with my soul.
Treading water for the time being so no one can tell that I've already left my body and am floating above in the atmosphere, where I am invisible from all eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Setting Mind Apart

Deepest loneliness ever felt inside is with me now, wishing
it would leave me does no good.

Trying to face it leaves me feeling helpless, no longer able
to even try.

Telltale hints of yesterday's sorrows fill my heart with
tragedies, anticipated on the morrow.

Loving, lasting impressions cannot be marred, they are left
in twilight's stars sitting helplessly as if in jars.

Sadness won't leave, it sets my mind apart, wanting to let
go of all the hurt, instead sitting and living with it.

Wanting it to disappear and leave me alone, sitting frightened,
wondering what went wrong.

Where is all the joyous life of long ago, where is that
happiness that used to show?

No where else can I go, sitting here, feeling sad and lonely
just disappearing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Setting My Heart Aright

No telling how long this night will be, just feeling you
by my side, nothing to take me away from you.

Emotions rising higher within as desires are feeling more
intense with every step closer to you.

This is where we should part ways, but darling I cannot
bear to leave your side, for you have stolen my heart and
captured all of my senses.

Leaving me standing here without any clue as to why I'm
here beside you still.

Only realizing that suddenly you are the one, not missing
a beat, you step right into my arms so lovingly, setting
my heart aright with your love only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Setting My Soul Ablaze

Fire burning within my heart, setting my soul ablaze
with promises of heaven.
Sensing throughout life's hallways, I go trudging
through bittersweet puddles of darkened sorrow.
Grief cementing my feet to the ground with it's
intensity and emptiness, abounding in the remainder
of this lonely existence.
Sorrowfully playing melodies in imagination, while
waiting for the insight that so often comes from
inner derision and abject aplomb of life's fate and
destiny.
Abandoned and lonely at the end without a moments rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Setting Self Free

Exacting dimensions in life are usually set up by people
who don't know what they are doing.

Never knowing anyone or what they feel, cutting edges and
leaving shortened times to finish what they need to do.

Life is always being interrupted by someone, thinking they
know better than anyone else.

Not being reality, yet they persist in their endeavors, up-
setting everyone in their lives, until they step back,
stand up and set themselves free from their own coercion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Setting Sights

Archways reaching to the sky, narrowed slightly,
listening to the silence measured out in moments.

Rigidly setting aside the minutes of each day,
attempting to sidle up to quiet times.

Thruways lining streets of thickest woods,
narrowing closely, the views of life.

Setting sights somewhere in the atmosphere allows
life down here to breathe.

Freely attained, passed down from eons ago, our
lives are simply rearranged as each new day begins.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Setting Suns

Making peace with everyone known in life, endeavoring
to leave earth without guilt or regret.
Benign thoughts focus across many horizons, searching
for answers while forgetting the questions on their
minds.
Tomorrow will never enlighten misery, only refocus
it's energy once more.
Following directions into setting suns of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Setting The Stage

Racing through time, collecting artifacts of yesterday's dreams, savoring feelings, remembering brings.
Setting the pace, furthering the sublime, gathering
shards of memories into bouquets, cutting the mind with
an intensity felt through crying.
Lasting forever in a hazy atmosphere, groping for an infinitesimal place in time today, setting the stage
for yesterday's rehearsal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Setting Us Free

Feeling love of your heart touching mine unconditionally
healing my once broken heart and torn soul, filling my
being with your arms around me, holding me so closely.

Enticing desires to rise within, a perfect stance in this
life of ours, reaching into the very depths of who we are
as we find our peace within one another.

Enchanting, enticing and setting us free into the universe,
loving and feeling the passion coming back and forth between
the two of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Settled In Destiny

Beads of light reflected in every note as it is sung in a tight-knit song of mourning.
Wound tightly in a case of nervous energy, culminating in a succession of melodies being imparted from subconscious intellect.
Innately hiding beneath a talent filled with an intense desire to be adherent to rhythm's codes.
Sending echoes of enlightenment into the universe, billowing like cumulus clouds, running across skies of tomorrow's future where they are settled in a destiny belonging to fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Settled Nature

Liveliness is plentiful, scaring away depression
and grief for moments in time, allowing a joyful
persuasion to infiltrate our spirits.

Stepping into doorways and over brooks, being
settled into nature's ways, fulfilling emptiness
with a new found peace.

So close to feeling like heaven is just a step
away, brings an easiness inside and life coincides
with serenity's beatitudes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Settling Comfortably

Settling into a comfortable peaceful environment,
feeling the pleasure that intellect brings to mind.

Complacent and totally into the essence and passion
of life and it's beautiful edifices.

Continually surrounding everything throughout life's
energetic stances.

Keeping focused taking moments to give concentration
to whatever I want to do in life.

Being and having an instantaneous intellect, knowing
exactly what I want or need immediately.

Even when in the dark, roaming around, finding needed
explanations to explain details to intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Settling Down

Darkened spaces beckoning lights of creativeness to
enter catacombs of subconscious reality, wantonly
tracing drawings, centuries old.

Embroidering fascinating designs into imaginative
scores of life's fateful reality, stretching
temptingly without being blocked by anything.

Settling down with thought as my guide, I rest
easily, not worrying about tomorrow and it's set
rules.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Settling For Nothing Except Truth

Trains are coming, filled with Trump supporters, all dressed in red, taking the straightaway into the land of the free and the brave.

Nothing to stop it, whistle blowing, telling democrats to get out of the way or be run over, settling for nothing but truth and honesty.

Ready to get rid of elitists, globalists and evil, We the People are tired of corrupt and greedy politicians who are screwing up our government and country.

We're fueling the train with our 2nd amendment, religious freedom, everything that's red, white and blue, following law and order of our U.S. Constitution and never sharia law!

Leaving nothing of islam, muslims or their barbaric customs from the dark ages in our country, doing away with all the foreign evil and terrorists.

We have no room here for any of it, this land is ours and we've taken it back, nothing and no one can ever stop this train from moving forward into the White House.

Our time has come and we have taken over this nation, it's ours once again, God has blessed the United States of America.

If you can't deal with truth and honesty then leave if you don't like it, because we are free once again from political correctness, lies and illusions of liberal democrats.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Settling For Truths

Getting rid of excuses, not wanting to hear any of
them.
Only settling for the truths told by an honest person.
Moving into the stream of sunshine coming through my
window, letting it consume me with the heat of the
sun while I sit and listen to someone I trust.

(11: 14 p.m. - 11/15/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Settling In

Writing across the skyway of my inner imagination, gifted me by subconsciousness as an extra aid to get through life's constant barriers and trials.
Settling in among the debri, I focus on natural items around me, hoping to find a reason for being, even when preferring to sit among the dead as they're transported to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Settling In Brambles

Settling down among the brambles of life, hurting from their natural contexts and crying tearfully, yet not moving an inch.
Searching for the words to yell, but cannot find even a syllable to voice.
Sojournly staying where I am until thinking about getting up out of there again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Settling Into Darkness

Beautiful images settling into the blackness of a night-
time mood of serenity, silence taking over in every cor-
ner without ever being seen, only felt inside.

A bouncy and lively jig forming in rhythms that insist
on being heard no matter what's going on without, melodies
continuing to dance and prance until morning.

Having a great time existing in the moment at hand, totally
immersed in the deepest pits of an interior depth where
only music can enter beyond barriers of the brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Settling Moments Through Love

Beating in staccato succession, keeping time with rhythms
of my heart as it beats only for you, my love.

Wanting to know every particle of your being when making
love, totally encompassing every fiber of my being with
yours.

Both of us intermingled and entwined with one another,
filled so ardently with love, caring and compassion within
us.

Settling every moment within our love, giving us a bond that
can never be taken away or separated from our beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Settling My Heart

Through the years we've been together, having our little disagreements and spats, continuing to love one another in spite of them.

Always the proverbial kiss and make-up, making it so worth it after all, preferring to do without all the drama though, getting right to the good part, loving you.

When with you, life is beautiful and enticing, I cannot live without your mysterious love, it captured me from that first moment that we met.

Staying with me, settling my heart so perfectly, never needing or wanting anyone else in my life, only wanting you, my love, through all eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Settling On Edges

Running away, scared, afraid of trusting
anyone with my heart or love.

Settling on edges of life's besieged presence,
acknowledging facts of silent retributions
along the way.

Always starting days with songs of belief and
wanting desires, never going beyond that,
never letting myself be known.

Falling away and out of circumferences into
abysses of darkened mystery.

Afraid to trust or love again, because of
always being hurt in any attempted friendship.
Leaving myself alone on steps of future
reincarnations of hurt and disappointment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Settling Quietly

Squelching the need to cry in reminiscence,
tears welling in corners of eyes, trying
not to be recognized right now in the midst
of a crowd of people.
Slowly floating down rivers, calmly settling
into a mode of quiet solace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Settling Serenity

Bountiful nature flows over
every aspect of an interior life.
Fulfilling it's purpose as it
settles serenity in souls of human
beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Settling Thoughts

Water flowing circularly in a fountain pool,
water rippling, tickling the surface, reflecting
a shimmering sunshine from above.

Glimmering water falling from rocks piled atop
one another, chasing each other down and through,
gravity pulling it in a steady, trickling stream.

Brilliant, soothing, settling thoughts as they
appear incessantly in depths of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seven Step Polka

A timely and beautiful melody being
played, taking to it totally.

Being in synch with the new seven
step polka I'm listening to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Seventies Tune

Shaking with rhythms of an old seventies tune, letting it take us into steady beats of disco land.

Grooving and moving to funky music of white boys as it fills our minds with funny ideas sent through it's lyrics.

A sensuous beat of lively velvet, touching us as it passes by in a strobe light from back then.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Severing Thoughts Of Loneliness

Forwarding rhythms into categories of altruism.
Finding the interior of somnolent voices kept
in dreams and allocated in extremes of talented
byways.
Talking of tones in hallways of fortunate
experiences, always figuring formulas mathematically,
never swerving from an essence, continuing within me.
Severing the thoughts of loneliness as I sit in a
crowd of people, listening to 'Crown King' play our
hearts out.
Filling us with songs of life, letting us examine
memories from when they were first begun in rhythm's
beginnings.
Solitarily leaving edges of life to wander terrain of
tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Severing Ties

Feeling broken, sorrowful periods of grief intruding upon
me, severing ties that bind me to this existence.

Whiling away hours, wasting them with a passive anger that
is climbing silently within.

Choosing to ignore it, as life begins it's final ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shackled

Watching you walk down a pathway of darkness, creating a prison for yourself, that I will not let you live in.

Wanting you only to be free and independent, not strapped down by sorrow.

There are no rules to grief, you are thinking too much under covers of loneliness, I too, do the same thing at times, so I know.

Thinking and remembering as much as you'd like, but you must be free to do it and right now you are shackled like a prisoner.

It's making your love be filled with only emptiness and loneliness.

You need to be free of those things in order to celebrate the love and life you had together.

The way you are going is painting a picture of your love with chains and it will soon become the burden it never was in life.

Take my hand, set yourself free to live and love, don't defile your love and let it become ugly.

Set yourself free, stop isolating, talk, I will always listen and hear your heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shaded Emotions

Settling into a mode of interior thinking, feeling the many
emotions I have traveled through all my life and trying to
understand them even now, in senior years.

Particularly the shaded ones that entice me all the more,
trying to find the reasons that they still insist on appearing
even to this day.

Now figuring out it's because I have never dealt with any of
them before.

Stopping my mind time and again from remembering them, because
they were always too painful to think about.

Even now, they still are, but are needed to be put to rest so
I can end life on a positive note, letting go of the suffering,
sorrow, loneliness, emptiness and abandonment of childhood.

No more tears before I leave this earth, at least hopefully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shaded Images

Shaded images, crowding my mind, tossing and turning aside
the equivalents of pride and esteem.

Sourly forcing away the beauty of a priceless childhood,
staring backwards into a past of abuse, falling down,
always stumbling over memories and drowning in the failures
of a pent-up life.

Never crossing boundaries into successful living and
appreciative life.

Knowing only the lonely abandonment of those scars, never
fully healed, traveling onward, afraid of the future and
what it will bring.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shaded Life

Shaded life hanging in the balance, about to let go.

Is there a word, a look, a touch that can turn, can
change the feelings inside around?

How can anyone know what it will be? If it is wrong,
will the person disappear from your life forever?

Or will there be a tomorrow somewhere on a distant
horizon through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shaded Memories

Shaded memories, filling my mind, as I peer into it, wondering
why it is so.

Thinking of many different things that have happened in life,
and considering their demeanors now all these years later.

Knowing now, these shaded memories are the ones of traumatic
instances in childhood, not really wanting to be remembered,
but are still there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shades Of Dusk

Shades of dusk have been pulled tightly around the atmosphere
surrounding life.

No escape is possible from this nightly horror, rising on the
ebb of mountainous steps, alighting for moments upon the
mind of innocence.

Sighting infinite abysses of black putrid instances of friend-
less shores, wide open desolate places, created by the uncaring,
unkind attitudes of people.

Scuffing the toes of life in ruts of other's making, losing
all sense of self, especially the special uniqueness of one's
own life.

Saddened by many recollections fostered from the cradled abyss
of an infant, left to grow towards death and it's infinitely
greater power over self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shades Of Sunlight

Shades of sunlight following contours of buildings,
wrapping themselves like paint on their outsides,
creating patterns of modern beauty.

Altering and realigning beautiful lines and angles
as the sun moves across the horizon, taking turns
with shaded spots beyond the sun's grasp and horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shades Of The World

Gliding along the rim of perception, looking into it's perspective and attaining new concepts of creative awareness on steps of intellect's wisdom.

Taking every one of them into the midst of an interior value system, always following paths of righteousness, never wanting to stray from them lest I end up in hell.

Wondering about all the moments in this life, thinking, pondering it's meanings and hoping that I have fulfilled my purpose on earth.

Living fully every moment, bringing definition to what and who I am and have become, silent and living in a poetical form all the days of this mortal life, finding favor in this world through every poem.

People reading and giving their comments religiously, sending rays of hope to this creative mind, letting me know I have made a difference in the shades of this entire world.

*Note below

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shades Of Yesterday

Tattered images of yesterday continue to flow within,
as priorities fall by the wayside, gathering dust like
drops of rain.

Where can the livelihood of hope reign if not in me?
Are there propensities I know nothing of colliding
here inside?

Reliving and retelling stories of yesterday, pulling
down shades of despair today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadow Angles

Angles and their shadows, illiterating formulas of constant thought through many generations of families.

Lying down through centuries, finding prospects of desires and intellect in possibilities of our times on earth.

All performances lined up in the atmosphere of another dimension, one that we will come to know in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadow Loneliness

Sun rising on the eastern horizon, bright ball of
fire being reflected upon the ocean's surface as
I face another day in life.

Crossing sandy shores, watching my shadow as it
travels alongside of me, feeling it's loneliness,
shining through it's grayened outline.

Kicking at the sand and splashing in little waves
that continue to roll upon shore, burying my feet
in it's salted water.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadow Minds

Reading shadow minds, shining their beauty onto
realms of history and rhyme.

Targeting insider information and data from afar,
as shadow eyes take everything in sight.

Pasting them onto pages of insight and companionable
sheets of poetical music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadow Of A Person

A lonely shadow of a person wandering this earth without a soul to care, no love, nothing in life, just being a hobo without a home.

No place to lay my head at night, sitting in an alley watching stars shining down upon this lost human being, nothing to call my own.

Finding no meaning to call my own, finding no mercy, no one to help, just wandering through life, a lonely shadow of a person am I, not living just existing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadow Reflections

Reflections of shadows shining across windows and
mirrors of past lives, echoing events of yesterday.
Leaves of memories drift into my mind, introducing
old feelings felt back then.
Occasionally, a backdrop of silent tears enter
moments and bring life to a grinding halt.
Stopping heavy pressure from overflowing as steam
shoots into the air.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadow Universe

Lengthening shadows covering earth, protecting
and caressing mother nature and her harboring
berth.

Stretching and sliding across the ground,
exercising their elasticity and feeling proud
of their purposes in the universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadowed Creations

Silhouettes of evening breezes chasing one another through the
tops of trees, alighting for seconds, then racing away into the invisible
atmosphere.

Sunlight glazing the skies with outstanding colors of orange,
filtering through scattered whitened clouds.

Fascinating creations placed across the heavens, glanced at
from earth with tears of sorrowful remembrance.

Intense feelings of suffering held in images, crying to be
released, crying for the freedom never before experienced.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadowing Cells

Softly, silent, traipsing along inner avenues of picturesque scenery, finding many areas of enlightenment.
Shadowing cells of intimate derivatives, while creating magnificent illusions of fantasy among subconscious ideals.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Crossing

Strident rhythms beating incessantly as I sit here
in the twilight.

Moon looking so pale against the starlit sky, just
watching interiorly, all shadows crossing back and
forth.

Going from reality to imagination, nothing in between
them, joining in a celebration of poetical history as
I sit here in the background.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Flowing

Flowing shadows, sliding down sides of buildings,
landing on sidewalks or the ground.
Being stepped on - not making any sounds.
Are we like shadows upon earth?
Silent? Unpretentious? Unlearning?
If so, why are we?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Following Me

Silent mountain nights with reflections of a full moon shining toward the sky in a pool of water.
A calm mountain lake, taking the pace of a lover's sight.
Trekking down the trail, looking at the most beautiful ebony night, catching my eye.
Shadows following me into the past, helping me to belong in a place where strangers can't continue to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Getting No Attention

Shaking sleep from branches of trees, awakening leaves hanging through the nighttime air, creating beautiful patterns and shadows across walls and down the street.

Destiny having nothing to do with them for they are without any life, walking along, passing each of them, glancing, not really paying too much attention.

Seeming to be alive when in motion, wind blowing their forms and shapes across a wavering landscape, altogether shadows not getting much attention as they stand at their posts throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Hanging

Looking at shadows on the wall of this hospital room, seeing
shadows of all sorts of medical equipment.

I.V. stands with bags of solution, some yellow fluids, hang-
ing from them, tubes leading from them into my arms.

Hydrating and feeding intravenously in I.C.U. along with
strong antibiotics for infections.

Arizona sunshine shining in this hospital room and onto
the self-same walls where shadows of medical equipment
are still hanging.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Leading Me

Feeling the way through this maze of turmoil, taking every
twist and turn in this life of mistaken purposes.

Evenly taking short cuts whenever possible, still seeming
to go the long way around.

Keeping focused on many aspects that are needed to get past
every notion of misunderstanding.

Delving into pockets of another horizon, taking whatever is
left to remember the way back home.

Going straight down streets, leading often into the narrowest
lanes of difficulty.

Being surrounded by darkness of the night, letting it lead
me with the shadows of it's presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Mirage

Sublime capitulation, surrounding a mirage with an aura of life
and it's sensory messages kept clear and concise.
Moonlighting after dark, being serenaded by voices in ebony
shadows of love, waiting their turn in line, wanting to become
a star on a twilight evening above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of A People

Funeral march of Dakar silencing the voice of reparation,
delving into heritage and culture, killing it slowly through
ignorance and prejudice.

Allowing fruition of a people to fall along the wayside,
choosing to neglect the goodness of humankind.

Serving themselves, marching to the tunes of abusive neglect,
daring not to hear the call, the voice, of individual souls.

Breaking in two, casting out humanity of all people, dying in
the process, crumpling from within, turning gray, shadows of
a people who once had a past.

History now replacing it with writing in the dust, blown away
by winds of fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of A Poet's Pen

A last song echoing into the sunset, falling among the bright orange and yellow, spreading across the sky at dusk.

Brilliantly shining into eyes of this poet as she writes, watching the shadow of her pen move up and down from one word to the next in time with rhythms being listened to.

Pinpointed in a darkened shadow, expressing the wonder of it all in this poem about it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of An Abyss

Carrying weight of abuse throughout the years weighs
upon a person, taking them into shadows of an abyss
deeply hidden in caverns of a mind.

Insistent feeling of stubbornness always coming to the
rescue saving them from the fulcrous instincts of evil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of Another Image

Rockin' to tunes of another dimension, bringing
us into the twenty-second century.

Enlivened and tempting, taking us into shadows
of another image that once was attuned to love.

Thorough and involved, never ceasing to be vibrant
and lively, stepping always into the center.

Anything exciting that may be happening, causing an
anomaly of great proportions.

Writing is everything and continues to carry on with
what it's doing in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of Another Life

Racing down pathways of chance, daring to pursue shadows
of another life to come to pass, feeling love beckoning
from the other side.

Knowing that's where I do belong, just being on earth in
order to fulfill the purpose in which I was sent back to
earth for after coming out of a coma and off life support.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of Children

Shadows of children walking through my mind, eyes vacant, staring, being compromised by adults hiding beyond the shadows.
Tumultuous environments clinging, suffocating the life of a child through desires of an unfit parent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of Death

Indentations upon mountains, darken, cool down,
become havens for nighttime shadows of death.

Set deeply into nature's abode, abiding carefully,
holding onto threads of bushes.

Hoping to keep their footholds during the long
dark night.

Awaiting new episodes come morning light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of Disturbing Minds

Prejudicial judgments abound from narrow-minded people,
afraid to open their minds and learn new things.

Scared of their own shadows or being proven wrong with
their off the wall ideas.

Saturated in disguises and masks of preparation, hiding
so no one can truly know who they are or what they
stand for.

Alone on roads and highways, losing their ways because
of obsessions being held in shadows of disturbing minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of Eternity

Looking into shadows of eternity, noticing familiar
images even though hidden.

Opening up closed minds, treasuring peaceful energy
participating in this wonderful moment of life.

Stillness, serenity, peace, all coming together as
one, leaving nothing to chance.

Peculiar incidents coming into light, being illuminated
with the brilliance of wisdom and uncommon insight.

Walking creativity into it all, while finding a meaning
and purpose in individual lives.

Such an intensity of being, accumulating in the present
moment, taking a stand and promising the world an
abundance of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of Harmonic Realities

Patterns of color, shining, infiltrating designs of every
day things ordinarily found in life.

classic methodologies fall into place as ancient tabloids
are remembered in places of religious persecution.

Countering unsuspecting thoughts, caught up in promises
of yesterday, bringing about a temporary renaissance in
intellectual spirituality.

Being surrounded in shadows of harmonic realities,
stirring memories, wrapping them like presents, beauty-
fully decorated for Christmas.

Children hoping to find delicate toys to play with, in-
stead finding images holding haunting keys of evil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of Imagination

Looking to the skyline, seeing black clouds lined up in
rows just above the darkening horizon.

Being dispersed with orange-yellow spaces of sky between
them, interrupting their soldier-like barricades standing
at attention.

Remainder of the sky is white and light blue, stretching
across sight into imagination, like the skin of a drum
about to be used to coincide with inner rhythms soon to be
played.

Shadows of trees and houses, vehicles and garbage cans,
lining the sides of our streets in this little horseshoe
corner of our big city.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of Intellect

Slivers of sunshine slip quietly into my mind, illuminating
the shadows of intellect, showing me the essence of my being.

Talking in whispers, finding the edges of life have silently
crept into the landscape of my picturesque times nearing death.

Knowing the experiences I will yet be undergoing, unafraid of
any of it, yet saddened by the nearness of it's presence.

Not wanting to cause the sorrow that will be forthcoming in
the near future.

All the events and memories of my life will culminate in first
one moment of death and then I will become no more on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of Lies

Soothing particles of my being are taken into canyons and
ravines of the desert of my soul, there I find innocence
of the purity of my inner child.

So calmly, surreptitiously, climbing a stairway to heaven,
stopping at the bluened atmosphere where only I am present,
listening to music.

It's rhythms taking me soaring, swimming through natural
passion and essence of my spiritual being, nothing negative
there to hurt nor betray me at all.

A serene longevity that I can rely on through my spirit only,
living a moral and ethical life in spite of what other people
may think of me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of Life

As loneliness pours from my eyes, my heart is being squeezed to death in sorrow.

Forgetting to fulfill life, death stalks slowly, creating it's accident.

Tell-tale signs of broken dreams being thrown onto heaps of garbage, waiting to be buried.

Sending out signals of breathless sorrow, anger builds itself gently inside.

Setting up walls, purposefully keeping hurt away, lying deadened in shadows of life, not wishing to be found.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of Love

Leaving me bereft in shadows of our
once upon a time love and romance.

So lonely in another space of time,
leaving all thoughts lying in an
empty bed.

Memories forsaken, since you are no
longer here with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of Memories

Shadows of my being will be seen by some after I'm gone from
this life, heart, soul and compassion never die in the minds
of other people after we are gone.

Some may call them ghosts, but they are merely shadows of
memories of what we once were when alive, some feelings can
still be felt in other's memories whenever they think of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of Nature

Shadows branching and crossing lawns of green,
mown down and looking neat and trim.

Glad are shadows, with freedom to crawl over
desert underbrush and wild growth, where they
do not have to be exactly what they are mirroring.

Raising and lowering, jumping from bush to cactus
and hiding under mesquite trees while daylight is
upon them.

Joyous treasures to a heart when shadows are seen
throwing themselves about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of Our Past And Future

Looking from afar at life in another perspective of details,
noticing that at the beginning, open and inviting, gathering
our loved ones together, making friends, having fun.

Raising children, going to school, an unending road to the
future or so we think, getting to middle age, things seem to
narrow somewhat.

We're done raising our children, retired from work, some of
our friends and family have died, our life becomes limited
to some extent as things close in on us each new day.

Moving into our senior years, many times widowed, alone, a
broken heart to keep us company, mothers, fathers, brothers
and sisters dying along the way.

Looking at four walls, no where to go, no one to spend time
with like we used to, children and grandchildren busy with
their own lives like we once were.

Shadows of the past flowing through our minds, holding onto
memories of those times, now keeping us company in the deso-
late hours from morning to night and beyond.

Futures holding out the ending of our lives as we move closer
to that one particular moment in life where we think of the
past and then we're gone once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of Presence

Singling out so many notes being played unexpectantly,
viewing lasting relationships on a daily basis, hoping
that they'll return in full regalia, but they don't.

Playing videos over and over in my mind, taking chances
to find where they've all gone and why they've disappeared.

Suddenly seeing shadows of their presence hiding quietly
in my mind, awaiting the proper time to start again on a
bright sunny morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of Shadows

Shadows of shadows coming out from hiding, presenting
themselves in attitudes of hidden joy, liking their
poses as they freely move, taking this mind into many
corners of my brain.

Exceptions of life are always being found within
their appearances, never being saddened or forsaken,
just enjoying the beauty that is found within.

Using it in poetry or maybe painting them onto a canvas
filled with luminescent color and brilliant vibrant
hues.

Composing incessantly, worthily putting together many
symphonies of absolute tenacity, creating notes and
tempos as I continue to write.

Letting everything else disappear into a nothingness of
another time, crawling through tunnels into atmospheres
of tomorrow's knowing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of Strangers

Strangers, their shadows strewn along hallways of our lives, never becoming friends or coming close to us, wondering what their purpose was at times.

Why they never became a part of our daily lives, what stopped them from becoming friends and joining us in activities of life.

Never doing things together, I wonder what happens to these shadows of strangers when they pass by us on the way to the next horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of The Past

Wavering within, shadows of the past, rise and fall,
taking forbidden memories and standing aside to let
them be known.

Forgetting nothing, reliving the pain, searching for
healing deep within, holding back anger, not knowing
how to let go of it.

Feeling the need of being held as a child, yet knowing
too, it is the way of reaching the anger held inside.

Afraid of it - not letting the caring touch it for now,
a safeness is bestowed temporarily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of Time

Forever standing in the shadows of everyone else's time,
forestalling the emptiness by trying to hold onto paper
people who bend with the slightest word, away from you.

Untenderly tied to another through the horrors of
matrimony, scaling the heights of total remorse.

Picturesque in scenery, only the make-believe seems to
obtain it's grateful rest - it's respite.

Dancing onward into oblivion, death will be it's only
haven from companionship.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Of Yesterday's Memories

Lengthening shadows of yesterday's memories lead me into pools of sorrow, where I can wade through their images and feelings, holding on to heart-felt emotion with an energy of rhythm.
Signals portray sentences filled with words leading me into forests of newly created literature bound for someone to read in future books.
Listening closely, heeding meanings with wisdom's guidance and easy-going pace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Quietly Resting

In the darkness, seeing shadows lying asleep beneath mesquite trees, quietly resting through the night, shadows lying alongside rocks are casting themselves across the dirt like blankets not needed because it's too hard.

Looking up, rocks are cascading down the side of the mountain, flicking their darkened shadows into the darkness, moon is shining wherever it can to illuminate the ground, such a stark desert landscape, yet it surpasses the darkness of this night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Rejoicing

Darkness falling slowly upon earth, casting shadows every-
where, silently waiting to disappear entirely in the night-
time sky.

Yet a full moon arrives from behind the clouds and shines
lunarly upon earth, casting it's luminous glow all about,
shadows rejoicing for another chance to share themselves.

Those who are walking hand in hand down paths of nature
and life, having another chance to begin anew, loving the
spirituality of this new time together, a lively faith
being brought upon earth and all of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Showing Reflections

Reflections falling into my mind, beautiful and enticing
leading me down avenues into depths of intellect.

Choosing sites that need to be healed, finding ways to
touch them, using rhythms totally to ease the pain.

Emptiness and loneliness that so entirely fill me within,
shadows of yesterday showing their reflections, sending
chills through me.

Remembering all the times we had together, nothing to
take them away, living in those reflections day to day,
forgetting how to live the life I am now existing in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadow's Silent Words

Shadows softly creeping across silent fields of memories,
every once in a while, highlighting some to be used in
timeless verse.

Asleep in the hearse of my demise, this beauty will end
for me on earth, no more will poetry grace the ears of
those left behind.

Pages of silent words kept forever between covers, opened
occasionly by those who are interested in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Slipping

Shades of darkness slipping through binds of my mind,
showering intellect with the sadness of past loss,
letting it be felt in memories.

Those that have been retained from every episode of
grief that has come into this mere poet's life, stand-
ing and remembering it all with the intensity of passion.

Spiritually being awakened through a bluened light, always
saturating me within rhythms of music listened to, blending
with innate measures and chords passionately being composed.

Shadows slipping through blinds of sorrow will always have
a place inside of my mind, heart and soul, forever in this
world and the next one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Unfolding

Shadows unfolding in the darkness, knowing they will not be seen unless someone shines a light upon them.

Smiling to themselves, thinking to create a little mischief.

Then suddenly a full moon appears and they are at once, cast upon earth where everyone can now see them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shadows Watching

Different shades of light and gray hiding distinctly in
shadows, preferring to watch from their vantage points,
not letting anything disrupt their discoveries.

Having a life of their own separate from the one we
humans know, an inspiring and thought-provoking idea
that has struck my mind like a bolt of lightening.

Just knowing that it has started a fire of passion for
learning more about their light and gray shades in our
lives, rarely if ever seen.

Always a constant reminder when noticed that there's
more to life than what we normally are seeing, and it
is where I love to investigate everything thoroughly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shady Lanes

Walking along shady lanes,
delighting in images of elderly trees.

Noticing their leafy sprawls and awesome
colors, blending with evening skies in
peaceful surrender.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shady Years

Bringing sunshine into the shady years of aging,
giving us tempting moments of yesterday through
music.

Touching our hearts and minds with enticing words
and rhythms, pleasing our souls with heavenly tones
of perfect pitch.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shady-Covered Lanes

Listlessly retiring to the back of my mind, not wanting to think about much of anything right now.
Walking down shady-covered lands, looking at nature and wondering how it all came to be.
Knowing it was all God's doing, just being curious and wanting to know all the details of how He did it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shakily Singing

Snowing into imagination,
shaking foundations of music.
Crawling notes, holding on for
dear life as a woman shakily sings,
a voice proclaiming her age to us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shaking Foundations

Stormily shaking foundations, causing them to be disrupted and spilt upon the ground.
Being displaced, finding new directions and being allured by their persistence in wanting to start again in canyons of tomorrow.
Seeing the beginnings of new life spread across earth and off into outer universes of earthly life.
Solemnly being examined and lit by fires of wisdom as more and more knowledge finds it's way into social patterns of existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shaking Intellect

Listening to a quiet atmosphere within this mind,
hearing rhythms playing, shaking intellect with
their passages of time.

Measures expanding by lengths and breaths as I
hold onto the essence being developed even more
broadly within.

Sensing the bigger picture widening, encompassing
even more of what I learn through innate knowledge.

Contributing always to wisdom's vast atmosphere,
taking flight, soaring into the beauty of another
dimension, freely and independently with nothing
holding me back.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shaking Miseries

Miseries being shaken from within through music
and it's rhythms, loving excitement and thrills
of tonight's entertainment.

Living in sounds of this wonderful band tonight,
only a moment's step away from entering photo-
graphic screens.

Never to be forgotten this side of life, rippling
effects covering my mind with electrical currents
running through me, going into realms of another
great evening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shaking Rain

Dreary-eyed, looking around, noticing people sitting, talking, enjoying a rainy day inside.
Looking outside through narrow windows, seeing a black ferocious sky being blown about, shaking rain from blackened clouds and pouring it onto an Arizona desert.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shallow Graves

Sensational aspects of life are photographed indelibly into my mind, fitting attributes to intelligence and artistic pictures of natural omens.
Signs of difficult times of yesterday are not ever forgotten as they're placed in shallow graves where one day they will be dug up and written into poetry for the times they've become.
Standing on their own, contributing positive memories towards a lifetime coming in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shallow Waters

Shallow waters trickling through my mind, touching upon feelings and emotions, bringing great pleasure to an insatiable curiosity.

Teasing it incessantly, quieting my soul as I search for answers to many questions of life and death that arise constantly in and through intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shapes And Images

Sounds of Indian drums bouncing into this mind, capturing
and enlivening inner spirituality.

Magnificent and bountiful, an eight year old child dancing
an ancient childhood native dance.

Thrilling hoop dancers, father and son, colorful, exciting,
drums beating loudly and softly, incessantly.

Taking me into the past, soaring, enjoying spirituality of
those beautiful and unforgotten traditions.

World famous and inspiring, giving an intellect's look at
a peaceful nation, benefitting mankind.

A total appreciation of and for lasting impressions and
expressions of native Americans.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shapes Of Ingenuity

Swiftly feeling peace descend on me,
sending me quietly into a pattern of
belief and caring, sifting through
shapes of American ingenuity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shaping Ideas

Lightly thinking of unimportant matters just to pass the time away while recuperating from surgery.
Allowing the freedom of my soul to take me wherever it will, letting it soar.
Showing my mind so many flavorful ideas, inventions and creations, forming and shaping themselves in my imagination's mind.
Flying across visions, touching them gently, knowing within what they are going to eventually be when turned into reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shaping Life

Paddling upstream, watching myself go backwards
no matter what I seem to do.

Waiting for a day to come when I can again be
my physical self.

Shaping life with paraffin-like beauty, gliding
along with the flow in a carefree manner with
no more pain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shaping Pockets

Delving into pockets of clay, shaping new ideas,
forming their identities along the way and
producing novel lines of imagination on the way.
Solitary pieces of puzzles always beginning and
ending in new molds of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shaping Reality

Shaping reality within poetry, giving it a voice like
no other can.
Separating particles and atoms, allowing them all a
part in my inner life.
Following exacting formulas and knowledge, I can write
what comes together in mixtures of chemicals tracing
themselves into thoughts, letting me know where they
actually belong in the scheme of life.
A purpose for everyone of them, being placed in motion
by just a pen, taking them right into an existence of
their own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shaping Your Life

Softly touch whatever passes your way in nature.
Take time to see and smell the flowers.
Watch nature take it's shape in countless ways
each day.
After a while you will feel God shaping your
life in every way.
Fill your soul with His endless love and life will
be brighter and more beautiful with each passing
prayerful way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shards Of A Broken Heart

Unhappily striving for some peace of mind, finding there's none to speak of today, lolling about in swamps of sorrow, unable to get out of them.

Being forlorn and forsaken by a once upon a love, that no longer seems to care anymore, memories etched deeply inside where love was cherished and treasured for years.

Filled with joy, elation and happiness, now all of it has disappeared, nothing is left except the emptiness and shards of a broken heart that can't seem to be mended at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shards Of Anger

Cold and angry thoughts lie about floors of my emotions, as I step upon them, crushing them out of existence.
Taking care not to get cut by shards of their angry lipation.
Socially they aren't compatible with who I am right now.
Sending them to slides so they may go farther from me, where I can concentrate without interference.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shards Of Architecture

Progress takes away beauty of
yesteryear, leveling it to
shards of architecture left
as reminders in our minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shards Of Broken Memories

Listening to sad music and crying, needing to cry the tears
I have been holding in.

They've been hurting me with their shards of broken memories
from childhood.

Going to the seashore, swimming out to meet the waves of
sorrow, not caring if they take me back to shore or not ever
again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shards Of Emotion

Breaking feelings, covering up my being in their falling tears.

Tearing my heart with shards of emotion as they slip and slide across my mind.

No direction or purpose to speak of in this distant universe in an unknown dimension.

Life perpetrating an existence in this being, as it walks upon particles of tilted glass pathways.

An interior, once created in a placid lake of sensuous desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shards Of Memories

Waiting expectantly for answers to appear in writing, not knowing if I can delve deeply enough to figure out solutions to take away sorrow existing always within me.
Taking me into grief where I ride it's waves and cry totally alone, wondering why I always end up amidst crystal tears of yesterday's funeral pyres.
Tearing my heart in many directions, splitting my mind in excruciating shards of glassy memories, poking and cutting me incisively day and night.
Even when alone in dreams of sorrowful existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shards Of Reminiscence

Destiny sits on deserted islands waiting for our
appearance in the sand.
Sifting our souls with shards of reminiscence as
we wend our ways down twilight evenings, guiding
ourselves with inner light and pieces of an old
image, intruding on lines of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shards Of Tears

Heartaches of stone, hitting bottom hard,
smashing the love felt into dismal pebbles,
throwing them into canyons of wakeful sleep.
Knowing someday they will still be etched
in pictures of memories, stone-cold -
penetrating thoughts of remembering with
shards of tears, tearing the life-blood of
sincerity and lost love from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shards Of Yesterday

This broken heart, torn into pieces years ago, never been mended, living in dungeons of past abuse, no way out of it's pits of hell.

Seldom finding anything to hope or trust in, having been stolen from depths of this poetical being, shards of yesterday continually cutting this heart and soul into ribbons.

Tattered by abuse and neglect that has filled it all these years, spent between pages of loneliness and abandonment, leaving their scars behind.

Wounds that never healed, quietly sitting in a blackened background filled with an emptiness that's never filled with love, caring or compassion, withering away, all alone in a sunless atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Share Of Sorrow

Curtains of reprisal fold themselves over into my
mind as I walk away.
Down a road I've made for self alone, doing what
I want without exception.
Bearing burdens with a stiff upper lip, carrying
more than my share of sorrow, all of it in silence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shared Times

Portraits of inner sadness float out into the open so we may
watch and see what it is we are thinking so carefully about.

Realizing the single purpose of our crying, we begin
remembering close friends, now gone to death's distant shores.

Thinking of them, things we've done together, times we've
shared, becoming thoughtful more often as we grow older.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing

Circular angles hanging overhead, beaming light upon our environment.
A surprise benefit is that rays came down and illuminated my mind and it's darkest corners, giving me leeway to understand and write whatever is standing in my life to be shared with others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Burdens

Sharing one another's burden need not be sad, helping
one another joyfully, peacefully, bringing love into
one of life's saddened plights.

Problems of homelessness, poverty, loneliness, can be
solved with a peaceful joy and happiness by working
together, making the burden lighter even though it isn't.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Codes

Silently benefiting to tones and sounds of musical
scores, listening quietly to rhythms penetrating
my mind with ease, awakening thought, bringing it
into outer realms of imagination.
Sending codes of precision within my soul, taking
liberties with cognition and forming ideas to share
with others.

(10: 37 a.m.9/30/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Essences

Talented people gathering together, sharing their creative essences with one another, bringing about changes in everyone's perspectives.
A coagulated persistence aiding in bringing up many aspects of an endorsed faction of mild purposes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Eternal

Leaves are fluttering in the skyway of my eyes.
Water is gently cascading through my mind,
separating reality with the passing of time.
Lovingly, I look at everything, photographing
it upon my memory, so I may always have something
to write about, to think about, to share in a poem,
when I am no longer here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Feelings

Keeping feelings to myself is no longer being done, they are to be shared with everyone, because they are a part of human nature and everyone feels them at one time or another.
Letting people get in touch with their emotions helps them move down their own paths in life.
Sometimes retracing steps they didn't quite get and other times to rush ahead and enter the next realm of their existence.
Along highways we travel together, yet we each take our own journeys.
A combination of emotions and images, helping us gather ourselves so we may soon be realized in our own individual lives as we exist mentally in other dimensions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Freedom

Classical and vibrant rock and roll being played, people
rocking, moving in time to the rhythms.

Smiles on everyone's faces, strutting to the western style
of living we all enjoy here in Arizona.

A peaceful and laid back environment, nothing like it any-
where else in the world.

America, love it or leave it, our freedom being shared
with those who deserve and appreciate it.

Flying our American flag proudly, loving it's symbolic
meaning of our republic.

No one daring to say anything against it, with one glance
around at the crowd of bikers here.

All of us locked and loaded, a silent reminder that none
of us will give up our freedom to bear arms and protecting
all our other freedoms as well.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Gifts

Never needing a reason to write, only picking up a pen,
allowing ideas to flow into pictures of thought.

Everything being found on photographic screens, to be
looked at while writing or painting.

Seeing notes placed in measures, filled with rhythms
and new concepts of music.

Bringing alive interior gifts and talents, sharing them
all with people of the world.

Never denying anything to the vast expanse of intellect,
blending itself without boundaries to imagination.

An acumen for math, physics, science and anything touched
upon by an intense curiosity of this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Gifts Of Thought

Incessantly wondering and entering domains of personal
liberty where thoughts are entertained and nourished.

Beautiful and plentiful, never turning away from images
that grow and blossom into flowers of intellect.

As it finds it's way into gifts of thought to be shared
with others through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Grief

Sprouting indignation, growing silently inside -
unafraid of tempests in life.
Strolling over mountainous ocean waves of remorse,
falling upon them and being tossed and turned
forevermore.
Grief turned aside, basking in it's sorrow,
unrelentingly persistent, wanting to be heard.
Flowers blooming constantly around a grave, never
quite reaching their destination at the head of
the tomb.
Everlastingly deep, quiet, alone, grief remains
heavy until it is finally shared.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Humanity

Writing and sharing the humanity of my being as I live
and breathe in depths of spirituality, daily.

Searching and finding the beauty in everything I do,
looking to the tantalizing spirit always inside of me.

Always listening to music and reverberating it's rhythms
with perfect pitch.

Melodies soothing and touching an interior life with an
intense spirituality throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing India

Incessant music, beating rhythms of India, touching my mind
with it's passion and essence.

A quality of life unknown in the U.S., a wonderful expression
of another culture being shown to us here.

Exhilarating, exciting, taking my mind into an interior
spirituality unknown in this world, being a part of India
and brought here to share with us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Intimate Thoughts

Sharing intimate thoughts with one another throughout
the many moments of our lives, cherishing tender and
heartfelt ones spent together.

Giving of self, we both enter a new dimension of love,
that being a particle of the Divine, lasting and always
benevolent, we continue living for one another.

A beautiful inspiring love that will last a lifetime
in the knowing of our hearts and minds, loving never
being taken from us even after death has taken our
last breaths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Life

Bowls of anticipation charming their
way into our hearts by way of derision.
Partaking of the fruits of life's labors
even though not contributing one iota to
the dreams of a peaceful universe.
Selfish ones upon our planet, never doing
their parts to help in this world.
Expecting everything to be given to them
without any effort.
Life is not meant to be lived and
experienced alone - it is meant to be
shared and lived beyond our mortal lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Life Together

Sharing life with one another throughout the years,
helping whenever we can, at times doing more than
our share, all being done with good will and cheer.

Others doing the same, both family and friends and
at time even strangers, living together, having
good times, pleasure and bad times of grief and loss.

At times marring our happiness, but not for long, be-
cause even suffering and sacrifice are temporary here
on this earth.

Thanking God for this favor, appreciating it and for-
ever grateful for thinking ahead for us human beings,
by giving us a temporary life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Life With Pen And Paper

Cruising down the highway alone and free, enjoying feelings of liberty, filling this being and intellect tied with them, sharing life with pen and paper.

Recording every moment that enlists a finality in an ending poem that will outlast intellect, knowledge and wisdom, for they will disappear behind mysterious curtains of death.

In the last moments of life, as our existence fades into another dimension we begin to see visions of heaven coming to light and then we die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Lives

Charms of love are draped upon young adults, hugging, holding hands, making promises to one another, days being never-ending as they come together sharing their lives.

Happiness and joy filling them with the goodness of an innocent love, combining hearts beating as one, nothing to come between them throughout their lifetimes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Love

Energetic, pounding and entertaining, bringing all of us into the pleasure centers of our minds, people up and dancing, holding one another closely and lovingly.

Stepping in time with the music, looking into each other's eyes, loving glances aimed at each other's hearts, so tenderly and silently.

Love taking over as they glide across the dance floor like they own it and are never going to leave, yet once they go home, continuing to dance closely in bed.

Doing the horizontal waltz, slowly and surely, romance blossoming from within their hearts as they now become one all through this wonder-filled evening.

Passion taking them both to heaven, fireworks now exploding in their minds so vividly and intensely, vibrantly sharing their love into the darkness together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Moments

Reflecting rainbows within, watching their colors and hues stretch themselves into an archway throughout pictures of individual thoughts.

Always giving pleasure as they pour forth the essence of being into every poem written, thoroughly showing every moment that is wanted, to share with the world.

Only being open, honest and truthful in every endeavor I happen to undertake in this life of mine on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Our Help

Deeply hidden within my soul your love dwells, keeping me safe
and sound, not letting anything take it from either of us my
dear.

Watching as the world turns and revolves around us, trigger-
ing experiences, situations, circumstances that we must live
through and learn from, each on our own.

Yet with one another's help along the way, sharing the loss,
grief, sadness, sorrow, emptiness and abandonment at times
through the years.

Every bit of it bringing us closer than ever to one another
my love, our lives being filled with pleasure of our total
and unconditional love while living in this temporary world.

Our hearts bound forever to one another my dear, never fearing,
knowing we will always be together no matter what my love in
this temporary life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Our Love

Taking flight, soaring into the atmosphere, thoughts
of you touching every particle and fiber of my being.

Tantalizing, alluring all thoughts to be blended with
the love you have for me.

Never separating from one another, we move even closer
than before.

Our hearts and minds as one, writing poetry to each
other, sharing our love across the miles daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Poetry

Writing poetry and wanting to share it with the
world is at the heart of the matter.

Knowing it will be read by others and commented
on, causes feelings to stir beneath their thoughts,
showing us what our words mean to others in all
parts of the world

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Poets

Roaming through the country-side, searching for portraits and landscapes to write into poetry, sharing them with poets all over this wide world.

Reading their poems, writing comments for them also, enjoying their wisdom written through their own eyes and fascinating imagery.

Different nationalities and cultures all having poetical minds and ideas, wanting to read and understand new concepts, designs and patterns of language.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Poverty

Babies kept in prison by people tired of living,
there is no hope, love is barren, arid, deadened
by hurt.

Touching upon the nature of God, seeing the poverty
man has shared, walking in shadows, holding on,
trying to become.

Forgiving nature's held quietly within, waiting
for hope to begin in another person.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Senses

Tailored beyond our imaginings, our senses bring us forth
on great adventures.

Feeling our breath upon our own hands, as we try to keep
them warm is a reminder of what we can do to help ourselves.

Clapping our hands together for another, helps to bring them
joy.

Our arms, as we hug another allows love to be shown.

In so many ways each day our senses bring us forth to do
some good, how often do we share it with another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Stories

All gathered together now in a reception room, food and
drink being provided by his brother, family and friends.

Everyone now talking, sharing stories of how Tushar has
touched lives of each individual present at his funeral.

Knowing how Tushar has enriched my own life, a mere poet,
with inspiration and a renewed spirit for everything
scientific and logical that he's taught me since meeting
ten short months ago.

Loving him forever, never forgetting his smile that lit
up his whole face, now remembering it only on photographic
screens within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing The Fire Of Our Love

Desire burning like a blazing fire within, wanting to be quenched in each other's arms, loving and caring, sharing our hearts, minds and bodies throughout our lives.

Never giving up the hope of eternal happiness and peaceful serenity, a beautiful way to spend our lives on earth, sharing our love only with each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Through Romance

Romance alighting in minds of lovers, wanting to please
their loved ones above any others.

Buying or growing roses, a sign of true love, always
having a great supply to share with the ones they love.

Making time to spend alone together, over dinner,
music and a movie.

At times going roller skating, then to look-out mountain
to gaze at the sunset, scenery and stars.

Cuddling together, kissing, talking, being intimate,
while saving later for sex in the privacy of their homes.

Spreading rose petals around and upon the bed, lighting
candles, filling the bathtub with warm water, rose petals
floating on the surface.

A perfect evening for two people in love, romance totally
the priority in their lives with and for each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Time

Family and friends are a wonderful pair when you have both in your life.
It's been an experience sharing time and space with you at the center.
I've enjoyed your company and conversation, but now it seems we'll be parting ways for awhile.
Know that you'll be missed, but I'll carry the memories of our time together with tearful joy.
You've brought sparks of wonder into my life and I thank you for them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Views

Taking moments from life's saddened exploits, replenishing my soul with brightened illumination from beyond.
Significant possibilities coming always into view, giving me beautiful interchanges to listen to as I write.
Sojournly, stepping around all the lonely ones of being as I make my way into lands of poetry beyond lifetime's boundaries.
Living life the way it should be lived on poetical rhymes of peace and delicate beauty.
Stringing all necessary views of nature in tapestries, unfolding the fabric of my life for all to see and participate in if they so choose.
Just reading what I have to say in many puzzles and coded mysteries left me in innate talent as I gather visions and images from within and without my mind and soul.
Totally written in silent music, giving me many moments of peace every day that I'm alive to write and share in verse with anyone who happens to come along.
Welcoming everyone into realms of gifted depths of my being, letting self be known to only the few who dare to tread into my repertoire of sounding rhymes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharing Visions

Fanning out, high in the sky, revealing inner workings of a palm tree, exposed to the world.
Only seen by a certain poet who's always looking and noticing so many things not seen by other people.
Delightful images fill my senses as life continues to travel within my being.
Sharing these silent, hidden visions throughout poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sharpened Tears

Shattering glass memories with
sharpened tears of blue crystal.
Resting in our beds of lace on
final days of misery, we are
showered with bouquets of roses,
falling like fragile petals upon
a frozen ground of snow white
flakes from heaven's gardens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shattered Love

A heart as cold as ice in a winter storm, chilling heart to the core, shutting out love, it cannot be anymore, for there is no way to melt it.

You've gone beyond me into another horizon and dimension, our love's been shattered in the storm of death, we're now separated by an endless sheet of ice and we no more this side of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shattered Within

Life can be so reckless at times.

When we are shattered within, we tend to not take
care of ourselves or become dare devils, trying
to expiate feelings from our hearts.

Dashing spirits and hope, not caring about anything
for the time being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shattering Echoes

Falling to pieces, shattering echoes of a broken
heart heard round the world, as tears of abandonment
fill the immediate atmosphere of sorrow.

Lifeless entities swallowed by the bitterness of
unhappiness and strife, hidden away so as not to
belie their unworthiness in this place and time of
eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shedding Fears

Circling like wagon trains of old,
protecting beings from danger and
taking everything in stride as days
wore on.
Taking care not to get into frays
with unknown foes, shedding fears
like dominoes falling.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shedding Opaque Feelings

Looking at opaque feelings, watching them cloud over,
trying to hide how they feel, so as not to be tormented
by thoughts of other people's narrow-minded views through
emotions and how they should or shouldn't be used in life.

Ignoring all their efforts, comfortably sitting back,
giving feelings a little room and space to take a deep
breath, then coming out into the clearing, shedding the
opaque film they've been hiding behind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sheets Of Sadness

Down in depths of despair, rummaging around, locating
decisions and feelings of hopelessness to write about.
Next to nothing penetrates the armor set up to protect
itself.
Olive-colored sorrow lies upon beds of grief, watching
in a moment of seclusion to let itself germinate in
the mind's heart and walk away into tears of tomorrow.
Forgetting nothing, regretting everything, as it piles
like snow drifts in the dead of winter.
Folding in upon it's sheets of sadness, pulling ebony
thoughts closer than ever before, as it falls down the
stairs to death's waiting arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shells Of Experience

Collecting the shells of experience and opening them, just
to see what has been picked up and chosen to take with me.

Tears being held in some pools of ancient parlors, awaiting
their times of fruition.

Tackling possibilities of every opportunity, reliving the
memories that have already been lived a thousand times over
through the years.

Rivers rising, thought flowing rapidly downstream, into
placid waters of tomorrow's dreams where they will be held
up to the light.

Reflected in mirrors one day, in a poem written down in a
book, for all to see that I have finished.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shells Of Grief

Joyful hearts torn asunder by hardened selfishness,
marriages confided to God and broken apart on earth
with disgrace.

Sadness filling minds without a purpose, tracing
words in sands, being washed away with tides of
sorrow on barren wastelands.

Broken hearts lying idly on shores of despair,
unkempt and lonely, dying in the presence of
everyone - yet no one noticing.

Set adrift, flowing with waves of storms, losing
energy daily, being lost on a horizon of
impatience, alone with broken-hearted shells of
grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sheltered In Life Until Now

Sheltered throughout life, now at sixty-five taking off
against everyone's wishes, doubts and fears, finally
liberating self and exploring another country on my own.

Flying across the world to India to see it's beauty, cul-
ture, my friend and the people, landscapes filling and
blossoming in my mind with wonder and awe.

Touching every sense, feeling and emotion within me, a
quiet silence being held inside, intellect watching every-
thing.

Interpreting and placing it in coded rhythms to be written
into poetry, filling others with the goodness of India and
it's people.

A memory of fantastic proportions, coming at me from all
sides and aspects in this earthly life, this wonderful ex-
perience has definitely opened my mind and changed my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sheltering Freedom

So in touch with the beauty of an interior joy and
happiness, giving in to it fully as my mind soars
into processes of thinking.

Collecting many aspects that reach far into another
dimension, living in it's sheltering freedom where
it protects everything.

Helping create an environment of absolute creativity,
bringing smiles to my soul, hiding within independence
of intellect's fruition, settling down to write through
my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sheltering Life Within

Intently listening to the silence held within, soul quietly feeling a divine serenity, steadying life in a wonderful depth of feeling.

Gathering peaceful thoughts like seashells upon the shore, holding them close, loving the sound of the ocean that reverberates into intellect.

Sheltering life within nature's vibrant and effervescent beauty, straddling delectable tones that flow into an interior environment.

Touching basic instincts of human nature with an innate wisdom and knowledge that seems to always be connected somehow to imagination and reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shelving Life

Shelving life, like my seven thousand books, not wanting to come close to them, not wanting to feel the anxiety of death looming near.
Yet, wanting to succumb to it's devastating grasp.
Sliding further into haunted messages of yesterday, knowing they will fill me with their distraught thoughts and leave me wallowing in a quandary of emptiness.
Sorrow pushing me further into pits of hell where I will no longer be able to get out.
Finding no reprieve, no satisfaction entering my level of intellect, sending me into a deepening and intense misery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shielding The Mind

Walking along, tee shirt and jeans, comfortable and at ease daily, listening to melodies going up and down in my mind.

Gently taking me forward into clearings meant for contemplation and reasoning, centering and focusing on the meanings of life we're living.

It takes many twists and turns on it's way to our ending of all breath and beating of hearts, shielding the mind hoping to protect it.

Devastating situations in and through the years caused us to walk alone, yet walking wearing tee shirt and jeans, still comfortable and at ease daily, never giving credence to any part of it's motion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shifting Illusions

Guitar sounding rhythms taking me far away into another dimen-
sion where life has a new universe, one where I can discover
many new things that will never again be from thought.

Writing down many ideas of life that are difficult to surmise
or understand, human beings being so intolerant and hate-filled,
nothing can take it all in.

Because the insanity of it blows our minds, slanted views, lies
and illusions shifting with the sands of disreputable people on
this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shifting Sands Of Poetry

Flowing upon the water, walking through sand dunes of my mind, gentle breezes blowing, constantly shifting the sands, never allowing it to be the same as it once had been.
Always throughout my life, shifting sands will create poetry and give it life.
Never being the same way twice.
Always saying what I see in many different ways - like playing a piano on a deserted island - you will always want for more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shining Curiosity

Following pathways to ends of earth, watching in awe,
all things beautiful and novel that I've never seen
before this day.
Brighter than an afternoon sun, my curiosity shines
onto everything within my vision, accruing knowledge
and wisdom, learning how life is lived so differently,
yet so alike in days of unendingly calm beauty.
Pretension has flowed on, taking me into realms of
knowing subconscious memories, calculating new
dimensions for unknown reasons, yet watching for
alternatives coming around corners of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shining Displacedly

Speckled lights dividing sights with their diamond-shaped patterns, causing prisms to appear upon white walls in an emergency observation
room.
Shining displacedly across my mind, following designs mindfully into innate puzzles, falling into places of natural desires and being placed on many pages, blankly staring at me from under my pen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shining Example

Sitting here at Jamba Indoor Amusement Park for our friend's son's birthday.

Six years old, a precious little boy, always looking to learn about life and the things he sees and hears about.

Wonder and awe always filling him, asking an infinite amount of questions and demanding answers.

Being a joy to everyone who knows him, especially his father who is a kind and generous man.

His son, a shining example of his father's essence and personality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shining Knowledge

Domains of integrity dwell inside of us,
hiding until a certain situation comes up.
Then we shine with an inner knowledge that
becomes us in days of our future on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shining Lights

Quietly sitting here, having had surgery early this morning.
Not quite up to par as yet, but wanting to write what I can into a poem.
Life is beautiful, looking out a hospital elongated, oval window at the night.
Reaching up to me with all it's lights shining brightly into my eyes and twinkling into my mind's poetry like a brilliant star.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shining Like Stars

Shadows of enlightenment shining forth from darkness,
showing the way into illuminated forests of intellect.

Ideas forming and glittering in their new forms, as
they appear in aspects and concepts of this life.

Finding success, never being lonely again, coming out
of an interior shyness, shining like stars in the
nighttime sky.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shining Memories

Yesterday's memories are shining
in the background of my future,
leaving alternatives one by one,
as challenging textures stir my
mind with energy and verve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shining Rainbow

Somewhere there's a rainbow shining colorfully,
touching eyes and minds of poets, turning their
hearts into poems written artfully for all to
enjoy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shining Reflections

Reflections shining into my mind,
lighting thought magically,
unequivocally, peacefully,
so I may let it flow quietly from
me onto pages reserved just for my writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shining Rhythm

Sitting outside by a fountain, flowing with innate
energy around the pool, surrounding it.

Spider webs, invisible until a gentle breeze comes
along and lets the sun reflect upon them, shining
in and out with the rhythm of the wind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shining Through The Sunset

Soaring talently into skies of abandonment, filing everything within a sheltered description of placid intellectualization.
Focusing carefully onto original works of art and poetical prose, shining through the sunset of my life, and picturing intensely, the thoughts that I'm feeling so respectfully now.
Placing too much trust in unworthy people as I walk forward, trying hard to misplace all that I can in real time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ships Of Rhythm

Softly camouflaging life under scores of poems,
taking it all to new depths on ships of silent
rhythm.

Beginnings, endings - all become middles of
major discoveries.

Finding avenues juxtapositioning themselves
with my destiny, I happily enjoy every moment
given me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shivering Inside

Rising in a morning sun, lifting eyes to heaven,
hoping to catch sight of God or His angels.
Listening with a heavy heart, tears forming,
taking me floating down a river flowing to earth
from heaven above.
Shivering inside, trying to not let it take over,
trying to relax and be calm.
Yet my body won't listen to my voice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shivers Of Pleasure

Banging up and down in creative rhythms,
making new sounds, loving to hear their
distinct tones.

Sending shivers of pleasure through this
mind, energy being refreshed, filling this
entire being with positive rhythms always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shock And Awe - A Band

Reveling in the music, rocking away, writing in rhythmic strokes of a pen.
Enjoying beating notes as they gyrate tempos, reverberating sounds throughout the atmosphere.
Totally absorbed in sounds filling my mind interiorly, tones blessing me as I listen to a band of renown through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shooting Pool

Rushing into an interior solitude, hiding from crowds
here at this pool tournament.

Very dark in this room, only lights shining on the pool
tables is evident.

Shadows hiding in depths of darkness, only coming out or
appearing when a player comes into the light, then I can
see them shooting pool.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shooting Stars

Watching an Arizona sky, seeing shooting stars sparkle
and die in just a moment, their beauty etched in my mind
forevermore.

Since coming to Arizona in 1961, always watching desert
skys, shooting stars appearing almost every time I watch
the sky after dark.

Splendid natural beauty, shooting across my sight, causing
me to wonder just why they fall from their perches high
in the atmosphere.

Before coming to Arizona thinking that stars were forever
always going to be there for me to gaze upon throughout
life.

Changing my perspective quite a bit since coming across
country, now just loving to watch them fall, sparkle and
fall asleep in the nighttime sky.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shopping At Sam's Club

Pushing buttons, beeping sounds are emitted into the
atmosphere, totaling prices of items people buy.

Cars sliding, fork lifts backing up, steady beeping
echoing throughout the store, as everyone gathers
purchases and leaves through exit doors.

Showing their receipts as they walk out into the
parking lot, preparing to go home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shore Of Glass

Bizarre is life and all it's many faults, turning over and over upon a shore of glass, being cut, torn and shattered open.

Bleeding out upon the salted waves, flipping over, slipping to their graves.

Openly flaunting passers-by, giving up on them as they walk out into the deeper part, not being able to come back in to shore.

Left with sadness lying in their open hands, turning out to face a sea of sand.

Sinking slowly out of sight and becoming just another fragment left to die in brittle glass displacement - ever unknown in this world and the one to come next.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shores

Life's shores stand
beckoning distant horizons.
Focusing the duties and obligations
each person possesses into future times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shores Beyond Knowing

Waking from a troubled sleep, wondering where our lives have gone,
searching for our love on shores beyond our knowing.
Intensely feeling your presence here with me, tears falling because
I cannot hold you, or talk like we used to when we were together.
There are no more answers or replies coming from your mind, only
tears reaching my eyes, flowing from my heart in memory of our
lifetime together, good and bad, it was ours to live while here
on earth.
Parables of love began and ended with the two of us always.
Now alone, all I can do is remember feelingly, your touch,
forever tending our marriage on horizons of heaven from now on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shores Of A Last Horizon

Shadows, lights being reflected, angles and lines taking
my mind down new trails of designs and patterns, culminating in musical poetry.

Wandering through intellect, taking time to see even the
smallest of details without any effort, testing, researching different ways of deciphering what they mean.

Enjoying adventures of discovery given always, measuring
time and rhythms of life through music and poetry, living
upon shores of a last horizon.

Looking within, wanting to know everything there is to
know, that I haven't yet learned, many impossibilities
being converted into possibilities that will change the
future of our world for the better.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shores Of Awakening

A jumble of thoughts parade in succession, completing sentences of unprecedented questions.
Solemn moods prevailing throughout generations of untold emotion, alighting alone on mounds of depression.
Hurting, walking in private pain, never sharing how it hurts so inside.
Quality of life awaits it's time, gingerly, hoping for a ray of sunshine to warm the cold, dark, shores of awakening and being reborn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shores Of Bereavement

Bouncing around, enjoying every nuance of rhythm as
it escapes the environment and is caught by my mind
in anticipation of a new poem on the near horizon.

Stretching and easing on shores of bereavement,
moving slowly to happier times in subconscious realms.

Interiorly significant to the life I live daily through
a musician's eyes and mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shores Of Beyond

Breezes tenderly holding my mind
as it sits in sorrowful rooms of
past living.
Destinations always ahead, filled
with bereavement after death.
Consoling heart and soul,
desperately trying to hold on to
wisps of hope as memories collide
and crash within me like waves
upon shores of beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shores Of Death

Stepping into a time of reality,
searching it's depths for some
kind of emotional tie to life.

Grasping edges of jagged horizons,
hoping to climb back aboard with
faith in God.

Believing beyond belief, waiting
for miracles to be born into
every day trials and tribulations.

With no thoughts of how to know
and become a part of it on shores
of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shores Of Eden

Toasting everyday music with enlightenment, savoring it's exquisite flavor with an open mind.
Soaring into skies of melodic thought, awed by the total effects it claims on my soul.
Returning time and again to it's stance and beauty of rhythmic ties, bound closely to my soul for eternity's future horizons on shores of Eden.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shores Of Finality

Aging dreams while away time on shores of finality as
reality wavers in the future, beckoning imagination
to enlighten our worlds with newer olden dreams.

Traipsing earth as nomads of existent knowledge,
catering to bonds of relationships during our life-
times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shores Of Maturity

Thriving wisdom, enjoying itself in realms of imagination
as it rises and swells with beautiful ideas of life -
becoming dreams.

Standing alone on shores of maturity, watching constantly
for waves to come crashing onto horizons, mixing yesterday's
with today's and tomorrow's.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shores Of Near Death

Strangling tightly on shores of near death,
watching facets of life debate secretly with
a reaper of dismantling puzzles.

Echoing voices from beyond, cry out, believing
in God's power of healing grace, as Mary is
returned to us for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shores Of Nowhere

Thoughts wavering back and forth, trying to land in
imagination's depths, because reality is too difficult
right now to live through.

Looking out my hospital room doorway, watching nurses
talking and helping other patients to recovery.

Remembering not too long ago, how I was helped through
the surgeries I had, and the tremendous burden it put
on mind and soul.

Especially having been gone and brought back again, it
really spins your mind inside out.

Leaving you on shores of nowhere lands, adrift in an
ocean of sand, being buried at the same time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Short

Walking into another year,
having a birthday with all
the best in life one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Short - Sighted People

Riding roller coasters of interior rhythms as they shake and rock life itself with a perfunctionary rhapsody that exhilarates particles of mind and intellect.

Short-sighted people being left to wonder what's happening within their minds and senses, looking for the logic and sublime, but neither seems to want to come out of hiding.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Short Horizon

Standing out among the rest of the world,
brightly lit interiorly, with genuine
creativeness and intellect.

Forfeiting an albatross of daily rules and
authority to revel in a vast realm of
imagination.

Solemnly vowing to never break silence held
gently, carefully and protectively within.

Many scores of lifetime years parade beyond
short horizons of earthly courtship before
all ends in a parlor of eventual death.

Alone with thought for an eternity, unafraid
to explore and venture forth, I am here to
validate my self until the end of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Short Order Destiny

Singly rowing towards asinine problems, hoping to derail them off crash courses and into cisterns of unbelievable categories.
Testing and rehearsing many times throughout life, sharing equanimity
with selfish thoughts and finally cleaning everything with solutions everyone can live with in life's short order books of destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shortened Future

Hopes for a tomorrow spent flying back to New Jersey
to visit with relatives - talk about the good old
days and what we have to look forward to in coming
days of our future.

Always walking forward to continue our journeys, even
though with every step we take our future's are
shortened by the moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shortened Life

Life is shortened every time someone close to us dies,
leaving us in a quagmire of despair.

Loneliness creeps upon our brow and flows from our
eyes in crystal memories of who we are and where we
will one day be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shortening Life

Life is a precarious ledge that we hang from,
hoping to gain ground as we grow older.
It never happens and trials continue to abound,
shortening our holds on everyday life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shot By An Angry Voice

Standing in the line of fire, learning what it is to be shot
at by an angry voice.

Shutting out the words, feelings of hatred can still be heard
as it echoes and re-echoes throughout a mind.

Having no defense - having not done anything wrong - standing
there, wondering what's going on.

Accusations being flung from a common source, knowing they
are supposed to be hurting, turning inside out, putting up
brick walls to hide behind until the hurting torrent is gone.

Taking care not to attack someone's character is hard when
they're attacking yours.

Recognizing this fact, able to step back and be careful not
to join in and start hurting too.

Quietly trying to talk it out, while holding in ten tons of
tears is near to impossible and they sneak out into a voice
making it shaky while trying to keep control.

Knowing that friendship cannot take the hurt any longer,
it's tie is cut and broken, no longer having any effect, it
is discarded, never to be picked up again.

Even though all was forgiven right after it was said, the
anger, hurt and rejection can always be felt and remembered.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shots In Life

Watching gentlemen break and play pool, seeing the
balls roll and scatter all across the table.
Knowing that life is similar, all people are dealt
shots in life to break them of stagnant and immoral
ways.
Trying to wake them up, scattering them across the
earth just to help them find their eventual pockets
to rest in throughout the rest of their lives.
Hopefully, while helping many people along their
pathways at the same time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Should Have Been Allies

Strictly and handily holding onto rhetoric of
lasting melodies and rhythms.

Rhapsodies flowing into currents of tomorrow's
importance, taking nothing away from today.

Peaceful and serene, unfolding beautiful land-
scapes underneath countries across the world.

They should have been allies through the years,
but because of crooked and biased politicians
they were not and we all suffered because of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shoulders Of Our Minds

Out of tune with the world, sitting on sidelines,
glancing towards western horizons with an ease
and peace of being.
Turning pages in a lifetime book of photos,
watching images parade before my mind in an array
of colorful moments.
Spiritually etching every memory and it's special
effects on a mind of incisive thought, spreading
itself throughout an aging destiny of fateful ends
in this world of temporary evenings as we sit
together in front of fire's seething visions,
looking always to the future.
Then when unprepared the past enters, sitting upon
shoulders of our minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Showcasing Beats In A Song

Picking up on a beat falling in my pathway, treasuring it's appearance as I placed it in a composition of poetical beauty.
Showcasing it in a song for everyone to hear and find within their hearts later when alone.
Thinking of times gone past with winds of fate, blowing the years into dust of another future beyond us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Showering Minds

Tears clearly seen through, flowing steadily like a river
towards waterfalls of sadness, awaiting their tender loss
of love in the depths below.

Secrets of love held delicately in memories that shower
minds throughout life, bringing sorrowful tears to the
eyes of people all over the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Showering Sight

Autumn leaves shining brightly in the sunlight,
showering sight with their beautiful changing
colors and hues.
Sitting prettily on branches and limbs of trees,
awaiting winds of chance.
Knowing that they would then be blown by them
into the fall air and land upon the forest floor,
no longer looking out upon the world.
Lying, fading in the evening darkness, expiring
and crumpling, becoming part of the forest floor
and feeding the tree they have fallen from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Showering Sunshine

Morning arriving along with the glory of sunshine hovering over this Arizona desert, showering us with blessings of a brand new day.

Wonder at the immense simplicity in life, thinking of many influences we are touched by in any given moment, loving learning through the years, taking it all in to be written into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Showing Courage Never Understood

Soundly squared away deeply within myself, obstructing
the world around me, keeping it at bay to write what's
being seen with music and rhythms of intellect.

Respecting feelings of nothingness that come to mind,
knowing it's of my being and is fine with me, leaving
self and ego within this nothingness.

Knowing it will be purified for all time, an effervescent
and lovely beauty taking me by the hand, showing courage
that could never be understood.

Becoming a part of who I am, loving the tenderness that's
filling and perpetrating creative processes, being charged
right now with energy being fulfilled through the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Showing Love Through Music

Shouting and stomping, loving the beauty of melodies
strutting around the dance floor, showing everyone
how to step in time with the music.

While lovers cuddle closer, taking every step in a
staccato step of liveliness, welcoming the incessant
and tantalizing insistence of each rhythm.

Loving and enticing each other through the wonder and
awe of an interior curiosity that placates every
emotion felt by the love of life.

Never worrying about them straying, knowing only the
precious and cherished love that is being shown,
through steps of music being played for us.

Forging into harmonies as we continue to leave all
troubles behind as we go into the future together,
the only true and cherished love forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Showing Off

Wealth is wasted while on earth, held selfishly by
just a few living high in their own minds.

Devices being held onto, egotistically showing off
their prowess and possessions as trophies to show
off and lord over others not as fortunate as them-
selves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Showing Possibilites

Tranquil rhythms taking me rushing hurriedly into
corridors of time, showing all memories that have
been gathered through the years.

Inspiring, instilling beautiful thoughts, showing
possibilities of a new world in poetry, meanings
to be figured out in the future by others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Showing Quiet Desperation

Quiet desperation showing through
a melody being sung in a karaoke cafe.

No one knowing the silence of his life
outside the harmony of his voice.

Retreating from love, yet not a soul
has noticed what is going on right in
front of their eyes.

An event of quiet desperation never
being noticed, as tears fall silently
within his voice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Showing Spirits

Showing spirits to the world,
seniors talking and visiting
with one another.
Enjoying the company it gives
to their normally boring days,
sitting home alone with no one
to talk to at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Showing The Way

Flashing lights reminding one of glitter and glimmering
of stars above, needing to see at night as they shine
clearly upon this earth.

Showing the way to enlightenment even when no one realizes
what they are doing, a wonderful, beautiful night giving
glory to God while leading us into His eternal wonder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Showing The Way To Heaven

Driving along the highway, mountains coming alongside
the truck as I drive through them.

Sharply pointing towards the heavens, showing the way
to God in my daily life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Showing Us The Path

Looking around in other dimensions with wonder and curiosity,
finding the blessed sacredness of our lives on earth, seeing
images and visions of what tomorrow will bring.

Knowing that our President will do what's right, keeping us
free from tyranny, honoring religion and God, showing us the
path to righteousness and truth by usurping all corruption.

Breaking illusions being told through lies and fake news,
so we can see the truth ourselves and begin to do our parts
also.

Uniting together, making a stand and winning, obtaining
peace for everyone around this wide world of ours at long
last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Showing Visions

Flowers floating into this mind, blossoming in ever-increasing beauty, touching the essence of my spirit, fulfilling an interior life of spirituality.

Capturing my essence and passion, traveling down and into pastures and fields of tomorrow's destiny, showing visions of the future.

Alluring and tantalizing my mind and intellect, sound waves flowing on air currents throughout this earthly life.

Vibrantly taking all of the vitality and purity into handfuls of bouquets to be placed in vases throughout poetry.

Being situated just so in depths of their scents and aromas, coloring the atmosphere vibrantly and solely to bring about peaceful serenity of an untold fantasy.

It's being played over and over again in many rhythms and placed very carefully in poetry, one poem at a time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shredding Songs

Words of songs being sung off-key by a young man,
doing his best.

Yet, the flattened notes grate against my mind,
shredding it's beauty into rays of yesterday's
beginnings.

Wholly into words only, not listening to match
the tones with the actual music he's trying to
sing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shroud Of Ebony

Sinking into a dismal period of sadness,
covering me with it's shroud of glistening ebony.

Sequestering all thoughts in a bedlam of sorrow,
as I fall into an abyss, opening up to all the
tears falling from my heart.

Withdrawing from all endeavors, edging farther
away than before, from the careful gardens of
aforethought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shroud Unfolding

Watching the skyline, waiting for time eternal to stop this night.

Carelessly cavorting down an aisle of remembrance, avalanches of retirement, tumbling down hills, unaware of the dangers in future days.

Sunlit awakenings strewn 'oer the land of habit and total remaking, scattered throughout eternity, falling asleep upon beds of sharpened memories, unable to escape nighttime qualities.

Left upon an island of devastation, brought to bear against an inner nation of turmoil, standing alone with no untoward recriminations.

All of life is waiting for time eternal, nightly death unfolding it's shroud upon all the earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shrouded Horizons

Blossoms falling down, reminders of a life now past.
Blown about by gentle breezes, never knowing where
they will end up.

Tossed into corners like so many old memories,
chances of survival not good at all.

Placating pleasures shrouding distant horizons,
all the while hiding here inside the coffers of
past life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shuffling In Time

Young kids dancing to the beat, faster, shuffling in time with the rhythm, changing and titillating their minds.

Totally in step, not missing a beat as they dance in tandem with the music being played.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shuffling Minds

Hanging heads forlornly in a bereaved stance, shuffling minds, competing with pools of tears, wanting to be expressed.
A sadness, emptying into abysses and folding themselves up in ebony darkness capturing the intense abandonment of yesterday's abuse. A solo journey of some whose lives have been jeopardized from the beginning of times.
Conception being substituted by uncaring parents too young to understand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shutting Down

Shutting out everyone, going inside to be alone upon an empty shelf.
Every memory has been explored and met, leaving me empty-minded without myself.
Looking out onto a strange world, I consider it and yell inside, wishing I could find my wealth in another land.
One so far away and distant - but when I look again, I'm still alone upon an empty shelf, wondering where I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shutting Down Senses

Shutting down interior senses, attempting to keep emotions
at bay, not wanting to experience any of the feelings
trying to escape and cause a commotion.
No one understanding the deep hurt that was placed in a
young child, now grown, with no other knowledge of how to
act in friendship.
Left on the wayside, alone in abandoned sorrow, crying into
heart and soul, because no one else would be able to
understand the effects of abuse.
Turning away and not moving forward, holding onto an empty
existence with no life to speak of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shutting Off Negativity

Teaching involves taking steps to encourage others too shy to try on their own.
Learning to remember that no one is more important than you and how you think.
Learn to shut off the stream of negativity swimming around in your head, abandonly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shutting The Door

Slow moving dangles, flowing behind my mind's
evolution, not able to keep up any longer
with the other sentiments, poking and prodding
me incessantly.
There's no way to escape from this hell so I
shut the door and walk away into the sunset.

(12: 07 a.m. - 11/15/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shy Heart

Riding into sunsets of yesterday, taking this heart tucked safely
behind these ribs where no one can harm it.

Wanting so badly for it to be loved, held gently by another's
loving heart.

So far not able to trust anyone enough to give this shy heart to,
walking away, alone once again.

Getting upon an imaginary horse, heading towards another horizon
beyond this earthly one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shy Intellect

Striking matches in my mind, illuminating corners of intellect that insist on hiding from me right now.
Wondering at their shyness after all this time, peaking my curiosity into upper echelons of freedom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shy Thoughts

Dancing into realms of talented musicians as they reverberate
internally, shaking loose, thoughts too shy to come out into
the open on their own.
Finding locations in puzzling rhymes, edging out mistakes made
while filling in the blanks.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shying Away

Faded memories hiding in corners,
afraid and timid.
Shying away from the bright lights
that illuminate everything in
their path.

(11: 29 p.m. - 11/15/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shyly Withering

Sublimely thinking while looking around, finding reflections to write about as I hold a pen in my hand.
Carefully, allowing myself to attribute many thoughts to reasons in life as I unfold them in matters of the heart on cold lonely nights.
Withering shyly in depths of penetrating silence, I go inside myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Shyness Of Childhood

Soaring into heaven, wings gliding with air currents in
the atmosphere.

Winding along clouds and out of sight, taking pathways
that disappear beyond earth's horizon.

Leaving everything, allowing it freedom to be totally
independent, finding a way to be present to life that
is meant to be lived from beneath shyness of childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sicilian Heart

Recklessly streaking down coveted lanes in life's strident depths, wanting to travel alone and independently of anyone or anything.
Calmly accepting the acquiescence of trials in this time, as aging periods of all beauty is situating itself in my way.
Avoiding the obstacles, tackling them when unable to, with a gentle stubborness held within my Sicilian heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sickened Sadness

Buried in a morass of sickened sadness,
unable to keep awake for very long.
Eyes closing, nodding head, mind fading.
Shaking my head in an attempt to stay
awake and write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sickening City Views

Looking out windows on the tenth floor, trying to find a
pleasant view, finding I have to peek between buildings.

Wherever I look, ugly buildings, air conditioning units,
pipes and poles - a horrible array of sickening views.

Why haven't city officials addressed this issue?

Views of the city have disappeared, mired in concrete
and steel, no desert beauty to behold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sickness Of Aging

Wishing with every ounce of strength to be young, strong
and healthy once again.

Seeing yourself lonely, helpless and dependent on others,
it is too hard to bear the truth.

What can be done? Nothing.

For the clock of youth has long since gone, leaving just
the slow ticking behind.

No more motion, no more action, just a flaccid body now
clinging to life in a bed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Side - Tracking

Walking lonely down solo paths in life, wanting to find our way, yet situations and circumstances seem to fall into step with us at times.

Side-tracking, taking us off of our path, leaving us hopelessly alone and wondering what has happened to cause this turn of events.

Tears falling at times, faltering steps taking us down wrong pathways much to our dismay, retracing them, thinking of what we've done, trying to get back on track once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Side Paths

Forgotten outcasts stranded in lands of contempt.
Frozen, incapacitated, wanting more out of life,
yet not able to take the important first step
for whatever reasons they hold true in their minds.
Lifeless, ever aging in sincere doubts of themselves,
foraging alley's back roads not knowing or realizing
they can stray to paths of their own choosing.
Somewhere along the way everyone must decide where
they are going and make choices their inner self is
exploring.
Right or wrong, they may be altered, changed,
rearranged to fit the growth spurts age and maturity
bring.
Failure never enters permanent residence, because it
doesn't belong - never really fitting in.
Success is always right around the corner telling us
we have not failed, just begun a little later on, an
interesting side path, creating experience and a more
permanent knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Side Pockets Of Life

Trouble constantly filling corners of life in varied
situations and odd circumstances, tending to people's
anger and hatred.

Being dead to the living sides of whatever should
happen here in a side pocket of life.

Wondering what or how others can do something to help,
just maybe a listening ear, a hug, a caring love spread
around.

Maybe one of these things will help to tame the
terrible anger in another person, calming their
demeanor so they won't up and kill someone else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sidelines

Waking up to a revelry of anticipated liveliness,
squaring life for the days to come.
Waiting on sidelines of fantastic natural
environments for portrayals of God's beautiful
shores of color and love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sidelines Of Another Dimension

Stationed on sidelines of another dimension, finding
figures of placement from yesterday.

Carrying life into tunnels of another time, skating
along with memories of other plains.

Now dancing with a forlorn heart, as it cries beneath
coverlets of suicide.

Nothing having meaning now that you are lost.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sidelines Of Destiny

Rat-a-tat-tat, drums pounding steady beats, keeping track of
time as life proceeds down sidelines of destiny, living in
the realms of poverty and hardship.

Owing no one, taking nothing away from another, preferring
to make my own way or fading into a non-existence if need be,
a lonely journey to be sure.

One that belongs to me only, never owing anybody, giving of
self and not counting the cost nor expecting anything in re-
turn, a life of turmoil, sorrow and abandonment, yet finding
my place among humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sidelines Of Happiness And Joy

Solitarily feeling abandoned and alone, sinking deeply
below the surface of this life for now, thinking about
all the trials gone through already.

Knowing that happiness and joy were always along side-
lines of life, appreciating their meager moments, re-
joicing when they're being written about, knowing they
have been seen and recognized after all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sidelines Of Life

Details forming themselves inside my circumference,
drawing me forward into a reverie of reserve.

Forming minute particles into casts of definition,
lessening the pain for moments in time.

Preserving fortitude with aplomb and quiet dignity
as I again, sit on sidelines of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sidelines Of Thought

Reeling from inner rhythms grasping my soul, living totally in a spirit of the Divine.

Centering, appreciating the middle of the road for there, ideas are run into sidelines of thought.

Touching and reveling in it's peaceful stillness of necessity.

Powerful and energetic, displaying the joy of a fulfilling life, captured in rhythms of definitive reflections.

Being steadfastly pasted together in depths of a poetic license, awaiting savory tastes of yesterday's beautiful syncopations as they flow evenly through my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sides Of Human Nature

Wondering along lines of behavior set on sidelines,
accessing normal sides of human nature and,
portraying innocent characters of youth.
Listlessly folding in half, jutting out beyond our
natures, careful not to stray too far from home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Side-Stepping Interaction

Side-stepping interaction, hiding away from everyone.
Isolating myself again so I won't be hurt anymore by
others always out to trample upon life out of jealousy.
Keeping in stride with only myself, so I won't have to
face another human being in my remaining time on earth.
Seeking solace, serenity and peace to help get me
through to the final moment of my sunset.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sidewalk Travel

Gathering thoughts like leaves on a sidewalk.
Letting them lie there to bring up their own images,
travel their own word-filled journeys.
Running to infinity, sidewalks travel into new horizons
while sitting on the end of a pen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sidewalks Venture

Sidewalks venturing timidly out in all directions, altering
parts of scenery with their concrete ways.

Sidling up to precious landscapes, covering small areas with
human ingenuity.

Calculating circumferences of total hemispheres in beautiful,
livid rainbow-colored serenity.

All told, living up to expectations of silent watching from
distances far and safe enough to keep from intruding upon the
scenery itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sideways Thinking

Silently walking through narrow-minded people,
seeing atrocious signage of their views on
various topics of discussion.
End results, conclusions, based on theories
and myths of their own illusions.
Attempting to force others to see their side-
ways thinking without giving or showing an
iota of proof or reality set in truths.
Being cut with double-edged tongues, as silently
I continue walking through narrow-minded people
on my way to explode them with limitless
imagination and thought, coinciding with reality
and the proof it honestly carries with it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sifting Ideas

Sifting through many ideas, selecting thoughts closest to my heart.
Remembering with acute clarity, sensations of unusual feelings trying to disperse without tripping over any on the way to explaining what they are and how to expand them into many dimensions without losing any of them.
Signaling with topical senses to synapses of my brain, enticing them to spread messages forever into spaces mentioned primarily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sighing

Stepping quietly into the silent atmosphere,
seeking the peaceful beauty of inner seascapes.

Wanting to walk along shore, splashing the rhythms
of my soul, as I sigh into another life above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sighs From Melodies

Softly, smoothly, sounds escaping like sighs from the
melodies being played.

Dusk coming upon the atmosphere, a sincere and pointed
love coming upon us in this eerie and beautiful moment.

Filled with love and happiness, a joy filling our hearts
as we hold each other close.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sight Of My Soul

All of nature touching my soul through eyes of blue, reaching out with sight, drinking in beauty around me, sipping at the feeling of peace coursing into my soul via my body.

Lovely, tantalizingly surrounding the world within an inner space of natural wonder and awe.

Timing, split-second nurturing, bringing about a heavenly view I can touch, see and feel with my eyes only.

There is another mind filled exactly as my own and I revel and think about this often.

Painstakingly reserving, always, a place inside that I call home, it's own sense of trust and security built a long time ago as a child.

Held closely, unafraid of what imperfections and faults I find there.

Questioning, participating in the life I call my own, no distractions or moments of tense stress, all is perfectly harmonious when I contemplate inside alone.

Surpassing the genius I have been given with talent and gifts, I live in serenity, peaceful wonder all my small life.

Knowing, hoping, looking forward to the best that has been given me.

Thankful, forever for the sight of my soul which has been given to me alone to cherish and grow in it's own blossoming interior realm.

Music being the only outside force which can penetrate the soul's barriers, touching with exquisite gentleness an inner mind and heart connected truthfully, honestly, together in one gigantic gift of God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sight Of Nature

Lines fading in the grass,
never leaving any mark that they
have passed through on their way.
I am the only reminder of what
they've done.
Until I have vanished.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sight To Behold

Symmetry in life is delicate and fragile, touching upon
designs and patterns this mind brings into focus.

Playing them like strings of a harp, composing music so
tenderly, interiorly being filled with peace of the Divine.

A sight to behold, cherishing it forever on photographic
screens of intuitive memories.

Always able to look back upon them whenever wanting to see
them again in the future.

Impeccable and silent, never forsaking mind or intellect,
for God has given these gifts of innate talent.

Protecting me throughout this temporary life of insanity,
living in the reality of a lifetime filled with suffering
and sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sightful Insight

Water trickling into pools of sadness, evaporating from salted piles of dust.

Tear ducts being overly used with many questions being asked and answers never given in any reason or shore of sight.

Picking up on tangible thoughts as they trickle along with sightful insight and beauty.

Fixating on points of horizons while trying to stand alone again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sights From The Inside Out

Contentedly happy, standing on margins of life's horizons,
waiting to see everything involved in final sunsets of life.

Being inspired and given spiritual thoughts as they flow
like lava from an interior waterfall.

Leaving their mark on whatever happens here on earth, for-
ever touching people from within.

Changing sights in life from the inside out, nothing able
to keep the mercy of God from being spread throughout this
world.

Muslims now being converted, women realizing they should
never be raped or mutated by men who are perverted and are
pedophiles.

Now realizing what they're doing to innocent children will
keep them from ever getting seventy-two virgins, knowing
that it always was a myth, perpetrated by an evil pedophile.

Intent on ruining lives of innocent people everywhere, so
glad God and His Holy Spirit are roaming earth, turning the
tides from evil to goodness only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sights Set

Sights set on distant mountains, dreams
filling thereafter.

New paths, destinations, alone on solitary
acknowledgement, defying the odds written
on pillars of stone.

Watching the sun set upon horizons of wanting,
unfulfilled needs lie crying, unable to lift
themselves up.

Cisterns without pillows or hope and dreams,
carving life's destinations in pits of slime.

Unwilling to put in the time, causalities fall
along the wayside, never knowing or finding
what lies beyond the mountains.

Slipping instead into a pit of death, a life
struggle which cannot be met.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sign Of My Love

When you're gone, what is left in life, but emptiness,
abandonment and feelings of intense sorrow.

Nothing can replace the space, the void you have left
in my life these days.

Always looking for you, thinking that you will be home
any moment now and I will be hearing your voice.

Thinking to hear your laughter, seeing your smile, joy
being felt at your presence in my life.

Alas, you are not here, none of what I am hoping for
will ever come about again in my lifetime.

So filled with dead blossoms from your funeral, not
wanting to throw them out, because they were a sign of
my love for you.

Now they stand in a vase, reminding me of your death,
parting me from our love on earth, going forward and
finally throwing them into the garbage can.

Emptying out the water, tears flowing so rapidly as
I do so, your life now forever gone and I realize it
as I pour out my heart and love along with these dead
flowers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sign Watching

Moving closer to eternity,
beginning to smell scents
and aromas of heaven's gardens.

Watching for signs, changing
lanes, forming beautiful full
thoughts.

Allowing them to bloom perfectly
into poems left behind when I
leave and go at last to my home
in heaven.

(11/9/12)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Signal

Anticipating many great ideas the moment music is
turned on, giving a signal to an interior waterfall
to begin flowing.

Unable to resist tantalizing rhythms, writing them
into coded poetry immediately, straight from an inner
intellect.

Realizing moments of thought begin with the first
sounds to touch innate talent, showing how much music,
rhythm, notes and tempo touch me interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Signals

Signals sending phrases, omens of future treasures
standing aside, watching for their moments to become
a party in mind's imagination.

Never squandering a second, worrying about how to
present themselves in verse.

Calculating solutions thoroughly, not alleviating
any feelings or worth of emotional tallies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Signals Of Hope

Thoughts rising, surging forth into intellect totally
and fully, letting nothing stand in the way of them
being thought, examined then developing into prose.

Composing each poem to coded rhythms, alleviating all
stress and turmoil, taking it away from my being, leav-
ing it free, soaring into an atmosphere of enlightenment.

Wisdom and knowledge flowing innately from within my
soul's intellect, feeling everything rising interiorly
from spirituality touching me from a bluened light.

Signals being sent of hope, positive feelings constant-
ly spreading throughout this poetical mind, heart and
being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Signals Of Mystery

Wanting silence to take over, keeping me away
from crowds of people talking and laughing.

Right now, needing to be quietly alone, nothing
interfering in thoughts of placid complacency.

Crawling through the traffic of my mind this
morning, signals of mystery awakening.

Growing infinitesimally, their mysterious signs
of inner intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Signals Of Peace

Signals of silent peace are forming in a pool of
mindless effort, as ideas flow like water over
edges of waterfalls, tumbling and rumbling over
one another.
Saucy, sassy, unpredictable - never at a loss on
how to write them out precisely as they're
created and joined for literate people in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Signature Moves

Realizing the pulsations of every beat talk to my mind,
giving extraordinary feelings of rhythm.

Standing in lanes of tomorrow's signature moves, knowing
that they will be together in every way but loose.

Never being defeated in halls of passing time, in spite
of constant bereavement rearing it's lonely sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Signature Rhythms

Rushing into signature rhythms of a mind, taking up their
chords, playing them merrily into intellect, loving the
feelings they are bringing with them.

All encompassing freedom, allowing riding through deserts
over mountains and underneath ocean tides of beauty.

Surfing into pathways of imagination, holding nothing
back, letting them find a place in poetical interludes as
I compose the rhythms and music of this interior mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Signatures Of Fame

Signatures of fame lie faded in beds of those who prefer
to remain obscure.

Nothing really mattering to them except simplicity and
a totally realistic view on life.

Knowing all the strife that's gone through, not allowing
it to mar the truth of beauty surrounding us in this world.

Sacred and blessed by God to have this earth and nature
flourishing everywhere upon it.

Our senses being fulfilled as we walk along pathways He
has created for us in destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Signatures Of Life

Watching signatures of life appear then become
invisible right in mid-air, completing a circle
of circumference in minds of delight.
Singing voicelessly through midnight eras brings
new meanings into formulation.
Endeavors of images fold over into ages of life,
forever holding mysteries close till ends of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Signatures Of Sadness

Pools of sadness lying below on pathways of
yesterday's past, signatures of sadness that
I've had in life so far, scribbled on walls
of my heart.

Salted, shimmering in sunlight, not showing
intense pain and hurt they represent, no one
can see any of it, all has disappeared and
gone within, being remembered only in our
memories from now on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Signatures Signed Before Birth

Signatures of life are signed before our births
when we have no say in what's been signed.

Understanding not being known as life is slowly
turning around into the beginning of i's time.

Solitary, achieving necessities needed to keep
growing until we can make it on our own.

Doing things for ourselves and living in the
center of our lives contentedly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Significant Hope

Beauty of lasting significance stands attentively in minds
hopeful of the future.

Standing on the horizon, feeling the blessedness of time
we've had with family and friends, appreciative of the love
we've known.

Holding our hands to our eyes, seeking the lasting holiness
we all must share before us on rising sands of the future,
touching one another's hearts in good measure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Significant Positive Feelings

Feeling lonesome, not really minding, because I can just
begin writing to ease it's pain within when picking up a
pen.

Bluened atmosphere engulfing me, taking me down pathways
of serenity and peace, nothing here to bother me at all,
feeling free at last.

Significant and positive feelings filling me fully in
depths of the Divine, helping me to find my way through
life's turmoil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Significant Progress

Significant and wonderful progress has entered my life
just by going to a free internet class at the Scottsdale
Plaza Resort Hotel.

Having an eye-opening class, signing up for a three day
workshop to learn how to have a business on the internet,
looking forward to this amazing profitable business.

Bringing me into a whole new atmosphere and way of life,
giving a total opportunity to make money, helping the
poor in this world also.

Starting with Kolkata, India, a much needed business for
everyone there to learn, helping the people to earn on
their own and get out from under an oppressive government.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Signifying Appearances

Given talents accumulate in masses of mind - filling extracts, being identified in expertly sensed utterances, benignly signifying their appearances in corridors of darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Signs In Life

Signs standing around in vacant lots after dark,
do not leave their mark - their message in anyone's brain.

Do we, too, become like signs in the night - helping no
one - having no purpose in life?

Afraid to let anyone know us during the light of day?

Standing around vacant lots where there are no people to
make demands on us, do we too, fail to leave our mark -
our message - in life?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Signs Of God

Settling into beginnings of midnight with signs of God
shining in the moonlight, guiding everyone along edges
of darkness and into light of wisdom.

Bringing an innate energy into the center of humanity,
giving it an inner power, enabling it to spread across
the planet.

A vibrant and enticing belief in the healing of all who
are now living in the hell of physical and medical pain
of some disease or illness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Signs Of Intellect

Roosting in an atmosphere of country-western
satisfaction.
Combining the effects of rhythm with dinner and
a light harmony of delight.
Atmosphere being quietly unquiet, giving me great
pleasure as I sit here and write.
A blessing, filled with talent for me to exercise
in forthright beauty.
Signs of intellect, taking over for inner perception,
guiding me to a hallway from which I can reach the
afterlife.
Taking the mystery out of life and placing it here
in many poems of livelihood.
Passing the many moods of yesterday and falling into
the new ones of tomorrow.
Finally settling into a rhythm all my own, giving
me the essence of interior peace I've always known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Signs Of Life

Heart burning with sadness, tempting tears to fall within,
hurting in the midnight hours of remembering you, my dear.

Stories of our lives are so beautiful, beginning and ending
with us, thoughts flowing across the floor, mingling with
the lights, touching my heart's mind.

Testing strength of character, giving signs of life on pages
of poetry, signals through the years we've been together,
hearts intensely loving one another.

Nothing parting us, yearning only to be with you throughout
time and it's beautiful rhythms, silently, slowly taking us
into prayers of heaven, no one able to find us for we have
now become one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Signs Of Preoccupation

Delving into death's signs of preoccupation,
attempting to figure out his calculations
and equations showing him who to take next.

Life having no say in what happens, standing
by helplessly, with a deepening silence.

Capturing each being in death's embrace, as
they are taken away in a moment of quickened
silent sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Signs Of Present Living

Comfortably sitting alone in the corner of center's
library, scanning this mind's environment for signs
of living in the present.

Too many pictures of thought have been showing the
past, now delving into imagination and fantasy,
wanting to break the spell of intense sorrow holding
me captive while writing and composing rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Signs Throughout Life

Signs all through life send us messages of things to come, some already here, yet we don't always pay attention to them do we?

Unless it's something we want for ourselves, what of signs for donations to help the poor and hungry, do we care, do we donate good things or just bottom of the line products.

Ones that are not good for you, why not provide a can or two of what you yourself eat, what's wrong with that; yes life needs to be taken care of.

Humanity must do it's part in getting rid of poverty in the world, will you be part of the solution or part of the problem, do you care about others or not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence

Silence filters through my mind, easing it's loneliness,
finding a spacious home.

Forgotten eternities lying about in disarray, crying,
tears softly echoing the past, filling every particle
of being with lasting disconcertment.

Alive within a secret place, wandering endlessly alone,
seeking no others, finding peace in being alone.

Self-contained despondency, placated by grief in small
amounts.

Forever singly following paths created by self, alone,
so no one else may follow.

Treading quietly through life, unafraid, seeing
naturally what other people only dream.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence Beginning Within

Pictures hanging upon otherwise empty walls, painted
in pastel colors of death.

Colors having no where to be placed within, vibrancy
of a rainbow has fallen from the skyway of my heart
and mind.

Total desolation having been placed within my being,
watching for an exit, hoping to escape this imaginary
place where one waits for death to make it's move.

Never any warning, just holding and disappearing with
my body's spirit, no saying goodbye my sweetheart, just
being left with the emptiness of parting sorrow hovering
over me.

Silence beginning within, no ending to it's horrendous
stillness of death where no one can ever come back nor
penetrate the eeriness of going into that vast nothing-
ness, unless being resuscitated.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence Developing

Significantly passing time in writing,
giving solace a chance to breathe within.

Spreading joy evenly across intellect,
silence developing from negatives of
pictures I'm thinking from.

Hopes fulfilling faith as I move closer
to my spirit, enfolding a greater faith
than ever before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence Dropping

Silence dropping slowly into piles of thought,
contemplating eerie consequences, afraid to
think them out.

Life-long ambitions taking hold a little at a
time, reversing ideas and attitudes, rapidly
turning around.

Wherever a mind becomes tainted through life,
walls build themselves as barriers of protection.

Although patterns are formed in earliest child-
hood, they can be worked on and changed.

Leaving a little reminder of what life looked
like once before in time, for now, silence drops
slowly into piles of thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence Falling

Silence falling off of the rafters, making room for
the melodies being pounded out one after another in
deliberate fashion.
A wonderful occasion of betterment, waiting on the
sidelines for something good to happen.
Bringing me onto a platform of desire on most nights
while alone.
For now, silence is falling off of the rafters.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence Of A Lifetime

Early morning sun rising, marking the birth of a new
beginning - a fresh start - although through a time
of mourning and grieving.

Pressures focusing themselves towards work, hiding
in a multitude of tasks, all of which seem so
unimportant now.

Sitting back, reflecting, tears blossoming forth,
unable to be held in.

Behind closed doors, at a desk, it makes no difference
to the emptiness felt deeply inside - it won't be
quieted.

Surging to the forefront, questions insistently want
to be heard, what if's, how's, if only's - none of
them holding any answers in reply.

So deeply inside, the silence of a lifetime has begun.
How does one go on?

Where is the pathway through grief, that I may follow
it, instead of wandering everywhere, looking for an
answer I know I'll never find?

Penetratingly deep, sorrow binds heart, soul and mind
through life's eternal darkness here on earth.

Filtering, hesitating, steps taken carefully, filled
with the knowledge of life's fragile grasp.

Anticipating replies - none are ever heard - from a
son so much loved, gone from this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence Of A Mind

Defining moments in life through musical and artistic ex-
pression, developing and creating ideas, concepts and now
blending them with meaningful definitions.

Bringing purpose to everything that is done in silence of
a mind, quietly exposing scents and aromas of techniques
soaring into the future of aerospace and robotics.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence Of Death

Silence filters through my mind, easing it's loneliness, finding a spacious home.
Forgotten eternities lying about in disarray, crying, tears softly echoing the past.
Filling every particle of being with lasting disconcertainy.
Alive within a secret place, wandering endlessly, seeking no others, finding peace in being alone.
Self contained despondency, placated by grief in small amounts.
Forever singly following paths created by self, so no one else may follow.
Treading quietly through life, unafraid.
Seeing naturally what other people only dream.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence Of Intellect

Struggling to survive on this earth continues from day to day, we all try to recapture our youth or at least remember it for moments in time.

Assigning different methods of doing so are constantly being rearranged and thought of differently in another space of time.

Allowing for the silence of intellect to invigorate each being in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence Of Mourning

Waltzing gently into the night,
holding onto the silence of mourning.

Treading down paths of grief-laden
sorrow, not knowing what will become
of me in the days to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence Of Music

Turning life around, bringing it to fruition,
setting it upon pedestals of memorable eras.
Feeling a total revival of energy, contemplating
a re-emergence into the center of things.
A sensational turmoil continuing it's entire
evolution in the silence of music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence Of Nature

Hanging my head like branches on a tree.
Listening for a friendly voice,
knowing there will only be the silence of
nature enveloping me within senses of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence Of One

Empty, desolated neighborhood, every one gone away on some
errand or another.

Garage doors left wide open, yawning their contents into
the hot afternoon sun.

Gentle winds pushing faster every now and then, wiggling
the grass and weeds in a rhythmical melody heard only by
this poet in the silence of one.

Hearing all the soft whispers, falling around, allowing
the frequency of each to drop in on wave lengths unsung
by anyone on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence Of Our Universe

Seeing visions of another time not yet upon us, sensing the essence of things yet to come.

Listening in the silence of our universe, knowing it's exact timing through coded words of a prophecy coming to fruition quietly within.

Letting it rain beautifully into this soul, all beginnings ending within, as life expands and expounds upon nature and life of human beings.

Solutions abounding and flowing like rapidly flowing lava, touching every particle and fiber of being, growing inside this heart towards mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence Of Peace

Rigidly listening as musical interludes allow me to
escape disheartened aisles of life through sorrow.

Feeling well, being entertained in tones of beautiful
rainbows, falling down waterfalls in my mind.

Alleviating stress of daily life, allowing all the
silence of peace to be dedicated to my purpose in life
as I write into another sunset.

Following lines of rhythm through endless tiring days
of emptiness.

Filling myself at the troughs of endless music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence Of Sheer Despair

Knowing nothing, yet living in this nothingness without
you, baby, hoping to find my way through this atmosphere,
distraught, immobile, not rising to any occasion.

Just wandering in the mist of nothing, not a moment pass-
ing into a clear and brilliant sky, just being in silence
of sheer despair without you, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence Of The Divine

Flowing into the atmosphere, soaring through the darkness,
enjoying the feeling of blindness that fills my being.

Letting me view such different scenes as I go through the
images and visions of an interior universe.

Beautiful and temptingly mysterious, awaiting the silence
of the Divine as it's absorbed into a bluened atmosphere.

Within my mind only, not another soul can see it, only
this mere poet has the ability to go to and from it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence Passed

First days of creation have passed, silence penetrating
it's entire sphere of relievable life.

Ancient, creating continuously throughout eternity, the
breath and soul of the universe.

Soulfully tending expectant whispers of each beginning,
identifying the exquisite touch of gentle joy.

Neglecting purposes of ideal precision, instead counting
solo feelings living inside.

Skating over the slippery etchings of liberty, grasping
icicles of purity and innocence as life slips and falls
into a creative havoc of all beginnings.

Turning insipid followings into the deep dark black of
night, allocated time has run completely out while the
first days of creation continue into infinity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence Penetrating Peace

Sirens splitting the stillness of the night,
penetrating peace with their urgency.

Following the sound of sirens with hearing,
until heard no more.

Somewhere, someone is hurting tonight, and
prayers are sent in their direction.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence Whispering

Walls of reflection beacon my mind to enlightenment
of past ages.
Rerouting circumstances to fit my ego are difficult
to manage because selfishness is not a big part of
who I am.
Simple, shy, timid, yet a great writer and lover of
poetry.
In sunlit days, whispering breezes silence my soul
with wisdom's grace and ingenuity so unlike my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silence Within

Spinning around, moving air, unaware of what is happening
at each new second here on earth.

Like people rushing everywhere, unaware of what is being
pushed about in order to allay a few people's fears.

Punching at non-disclosed events, unable to put a dent in
prejudice, because it seeps and oozes out of sight while
blatantly screaming silently within.

How can this unhealthy erosion of life continue to begin
after all these centuries and years?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silenced

Strutting into walkways of yesterday's embrace, I am silenced by the image of us together while you lie upon your death bed.
Not knowing what to say or do, holding your hand like it was a life line to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silenced And Syncopated

Signs showing us the way to nature and it's habitats,
feeling an intense and absolute beauty of every atmo-
sphere being attended to.

Living in entire aspects of each other, taking data
we collect innately, covering it with an effervescent
ability of solutions.

Sectioning and positioning the entirety of an endeavor
that must be gathered in centers of one another, faith
being compiled and attuned with faculties found in depths
of life.

Connecting impervious and unenlightened circumstances,
beginning and energizing a world of absolutes with the
magnitude of other dimensions unheard of except interiorly.

Playing rhythms, collecting their sounds into music that
is being composed from deep within hearts and souls, rising
daily into new prospects of a timely accompaniment.

Silenced and syncopated in every possibility of inherent
knowledge and an absent property of insinuated talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silenced Mind

Crying violins streaking through
my silenced mind.
Taking hold of every ounce of
strength to live moment to moment
without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silenced Parchments

Approaching death from this side, watching it change me
physically and mentally.

Attempting to take away my sanity through excruciating
pain, not letting it happen, I continually write to keep
myself well-balanced and clear-headed.

Inserting thoughtful meanings into literal definitions,
treasuring each one that is placed in poems where I can
always read and touch them with my mind any time or place.

Writing them only on screens of photographic integrity,
placed alongside memories of a lifetime, proceeding on
lines of education.

Continuing to provoke so many ideas from depths of
nothingness, laying them out in the open.

Preparing them appropriately in silenced parchments of
poetry, no longer wasting away, being brought to headlines
and sought all over the world in individual thoughts,
brought together and kept closely in mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silenced Youth

Awakening memories stretching and taking place in
front of my mind, teasing and placating at the
same time.
Easing me into conversations long since silenced
from youth, and kept in treasured corners of
subconsciousness for all time.

(10: 15 a.m. - 9/14/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silencing Benefits

Finally allotting songs to inner turmoil from yesterday's thoughts.
Coming together with widened tones, supporting all voices heard.
Whispers fall and rise as wisdom of ages flows from ancient songs.
Silencing benefits of all reminders left in images of my mind.
Discovering the best of imagined patterns, letting them fall onto screens of picturesque landscapes created just now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silencing Effects

Silencing effects of heart-rending problems helps me
to deal with their devastating thoughts while giving
me a sense of serenity.
Living with something that's killing you is difficult
to say the least.
Holding it close, knowing also that it will take me
from this life of earthly suffering and bring me to
heaven where my mind has always been focused.
Praying silently for the strength and courage to
continue in spite of it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silencing Emptiness

Beating of rhythms touching this heart with a tenderness of beauty as it helps to unfold my spirit, taking it onto the dance floor.

Opening up to the energy being sung into this night, bringing belief and hope to the foreground, leaving all doubts in the dust of my demise.

Finding steps, taking every one into the final stages of life while here on earth.

Silencing the emptiness that is always flowing through me without ever asking for permission, just taking it's stance always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silencing Etudes

Silencing etudes of yesterday, allowing novel melodies
to pierce my mind with new ideas.
Holding, dragging across many trails, walking away along
stanzas of fortitude.
Playing ivories with fervor and taunting precision,
following notes exactly as they are being written on
screens of talent, inside a mind of creative ingenuity.
Leaving behind many beats, tranquilly sitting on tracks
of locomotive steam.

(8: 48 p.m. - 11/28/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silencing Even Memories

Touching places interiorly, causing memories to be
written on endless synapses and neurons - co-existing
with images musically.
Remembering past times with heart-felt eyes and senses.
Seeing childhood just as it was, nothing changing
except my aging even more, every time I go back in my
mind.
Lifetimes are held until death takes us away for ever, silencing our lives even in memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silencing Human Nature

Silencing the effects of human nature, keeping them still and in a pageless book of my mind.
Solace taming my thoughts as best as they can without retracting any of them.
Leaving all to swim around in an uphill stream of vocabulary, awaiting parts in poetry of today.
Gems of peace taking their places in screens of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silencing Sounds Of Echoes

Silencing sounds of echoes bouncing off of canyon walls,
and falling into cascading waterfalls.

Tumbling into swirling depths of white rapids, fearing
nothing, just going with the flow and not thinking
about the fall.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silencing Stress

Quietly silencing stress of life with pockets of
decisiveness and rational ideals.
Anger gently wallowing, being pushed beneath the
day's struggles.
Taking restful increments as they come, putting
aside unleveling tactics trying to harm solace
I have begun to feel inside.
Clinging to soothing mind-blinks as I climb into
bed for the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silencing The World

Hearing vibrations of music beyond reality, listening to
it's instinctive native beat pounding along inner pathways.

Always going into the farthest reaches of intellect, giving
new perspectives and beautiful visions that no one else can
see.

So interesting, fascinating, exploring realms of an ever-
lasting symmetry of rhythms, spread out before sight.

Tantalizing and alluring, giving feelings and sensations
of intense rhythms.

Silencing the world as it brightens imagination, bringing
it into depths of wonderful peace and serenity, calming
down beings, taking them into a land of contemplation.

Never wanting to leave, no escape from this wonderland of
wisdom, always picking up spirits and being held safely
and preciously within it's grasp.

Welcoming and giving an energy never before felt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silencing Turmoil

Silencing effects of turmoil for a while, continuing
once again to write it away from me.

Noticing many young children playing pool, ping pong,
talking and enjoying themselves, and leisurely playing
with others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Abuse

Sing-songing rhythmic music soothing an interior spirit even
though life is falling apart from within physically, having
no care, being tossed aside as if of no matter.

Of no concern to anyone on this earth, feeling empty and
abandoned, left by the wayside by someone who claims to love
me and never shows it at all.

Disregarding my concerns and health to put himself first all
the time, going without eating, not even thinking that may-
be I would be hungry.

Yet, he cooks for himself, eats constantly, no thought of
giving me anything, like a glutton eating everything in
sight, leaving not a scrap for me to nibble on even.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Abyss

Falling into abysses of midnight alone, no one there
to catch me.
Stars scattered around as I notice their points,
tearing at me, breaking my being's spirit.
Leaving me bereft in a silent abyss of midnight
without a soul in sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Abyss Of Loneliness

Silently testing the waters of mercurial silence,
reaching edges, shores of sand.

Sifting gracefully, falling down, covering the
abyss of loneliness with sharpened sorrow.

Where are the lights on the horizon? Have they
been doused by salted tears?

Or are they living on inside a wounded heart,
waiting to be relieved in tiny drops of tears?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent And Incomplete

Handling life in tiny increments that are easier to
deal with in the long run, pasting together aspects
of being, hoping that they will become whole again
through faith and prayer.

Silent and incomplete, watching, finding that I can
no longer be reached, having gone inside of intellect,
hiding and trying to find a space of inner safety that
is needed so very badly.

Realizing that others are always trying to put me
down, because they have no understanding or compassion
for the sensitive person I truly am, living in an
interior creative world of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent And Obscure

Richly deserved honor and praise is rarely given to those
who truly deserve it.

Quiet, unobtrusive, introverted, brilliant and obscure,
they are always hidden, why is it I wonder?

It seems the louder and more boisterous a person is, the
more recognition they will get.

Never seeking limelight or adoring crowds, some of the
most intelligent and creative people will never be
recognized in this life.

Preferring the silent and obscure life, wanting to do
their own thing and not have to be torn by others.

Well-respected wonderful people, never receiving the
honor and praise they truly deserve from the world.

Living totally in obscurity all their lives, actually
preferring it to the alternative.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Anger

Sliding around bowls of ice, leaning, sliding, hoping to express some particle of silent anger, move it outside of me once and for all.
Fulfilling inner desires with make-believe people, arranging their egos to coincide with mine so I won't feel so lonely and abandoned in this world that has always shut me out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Anticipation

Holding onto dreams forever, riding into the future on horseback, following desires of this heart to find deserted places to go and write.

Alone in depths of interior contemplation and peace, tranquilly being energized by silent anticipation for what things will be in the future.

Hoping that all of life will find a way to bring possibilities into an existence of forbearing innocence.

Continuing in this life, writing and becoming the person meant to be, according to fate and destiny of inherent purposes.

Left to be important and worthy of perspectives figuratively and literally created within this being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Appreciation

A couple loving in silent appreciation of who they are.
Placing trust into one another's hearts, placating life's trials and sorrow with the tenderness of younger days.
Holding hands, dancing waltzs in the night, shining the bittersweet love of a lifetime into two hearts lived daily as one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Aspirations

Sentimental views of life guide us down narrow paths of
righteous piety, taking care to unfold and become a part
of life we can be accustomed to.

Silent aspirations fall quietly into mind, tip toeing
around in it so as not to disturb any others that may be
cogitating there in their own spaces.

Not wanting to interrupt any of their voices, just
listening, keeping up with times through many rhythms and
tempos.

Stepping into the periods and episodes of any time that's
wanted.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Atmosphere

Soaring in a hot air balloon, flying a glider, up in
the atmosphere where silence is golden, touching an
inner spirit with a vibrant spirituality.

Flying throughout the sky, clouds alongside in a vast
blueness that enfolds this poetical mind like the
bluened light of the Divine dwelling quietly inside.

Watching as the ground disappears, fading in deference
to the beauty of the atmosphere high above earth, look-
ing down upon a miniature population from on high,
wondering if that's how God looks down and sees us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Avenues

Racing down avenues of silent stillness, pacing myself in case I may miss something.
Wondering whatever might come into view when I'm not looking.
Pushing myself into a room without any effort, moving around in circular spaces, going through all the motions of being alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Awakening

Silently rehearsing life in pictures of moments as they snap
into my mind unbidden.

Letting me see what I have been thinking so deeply about
while sitting here in silent awakening.

A great void of emptiness having been created from within,
leaving behind the loneliness of a life unlived in the past,
and now given up as dead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Beauty

Snowflakes caressing my mind with the white starkness of silent beauty.
Sounds of walking, snow softly crunching, reminding me of times
when I played in it's icy coldness until Mom called me in to eat.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Beings

Cherokee nation fills my mind with images of horses, tepees,
Indian maidens and their men.
Sitting around campfires, smoking peace pipes, enlightening their minds with thought as they lived simply and quietly
in desert plains, alone on their oasis islands.
Living quiet desperation at times, as white men took away
from them whatever they could through the years.
Silent beings, proud, tall of stature and blessed with
grace from spirits above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Bodies Falling

Reaching into the darkness, finding many ideas twinkling in
this brain, waiting to be spoken silently aloud in poetry,
whispering the finality of life under my breath.

Writing about it's essence as it fulfills it's purpose on
this temporary earth, wanting direction in the ebony color
of it's passion.

Taking life quietly into another time and place, nothing
to do or take with you, for life will stop and nothing will
be done anymore.

Silently, bodies fall, bereft of living, no longer able to
be found again this side of earth, leaving behind loved ones
and friends to grieve their loss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Bouquets

Silent bouquets of roses are strewn about my life,
existing in my imagination since I was born.

Remembering seeing them as an infant on photographic
screens of my mind.

Always enlightening my days no matter what is
happening to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Breath Of Homelessness

Turmoil unendingly throwing us onto waves of trouble,
crashing our lives to pieces with each passing day.
Not knowing what will happen in another moment of
time, as we wait with silent breath, brains churning
thoughts slowly like butter of old.
Where is the joy and happiness being hidden, why
aren't we allowed to partake in it?
How cold this space in time has become, isolating us
from having a home and peace in our passing, fading
years.
Wherein lies fairness in life?
Why has it been blinded from us so totally?
With every step towards our final horizons, we can no
longer see our way clear to living life as we retire
to it's sidelines, hoping to one day possess a place
to call home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Breeze

Mind clapping to rhythmic melodies pattering throughout
and exclaiming pleasurable feelings.

Taking hold of charitable senses, spreading them out
onto acres of flowers, placing them in scientific
corners of the world and accounting for them in equal
shares.

Life flapping in a breeze of silent freedom, speech
rotundly expressing itself in straight forward ways,
honesty and truth playfully enjoying their unrepressed
mirth and knowledge of wisdom's experience.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Changes

Deepening faith filling my heart and soul with a hope
that is unending, seeing within, the beauty and mercy
of God working miracles in mysterious ways.

Unknown to man, bringing about silent changes with
another, fixing and healing a body with his keen
generosity.

Fulfilling His promises from heaven, God's presence
totally within, doing what needs to be done, unbeknownst
to others in the room.

Knowing intuitively that He is there, feeling hope now
rising steadily, giving feelings of peace, serenity and
a faith that is growing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Colors

Realizations of intellect are growing, nourished and nurtured through music and it's rhythms, solemn yet joyful.

Playing my interior life with a peaceful and talented gift, poetical in nature, taking steps carefully into every note and sound.

Watching as they begin exploding loudly into silent colors, falling throughout my essence, taking passion further into the future.

Deeper and much more intensely than ever, watching continually as life keeps producing images and pictures forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Communication

Living through many experiences and situations, learning from each of them, watching people, listening to their conversations.

Watching their expressions and gestures, learning about them in a silent communication that tells me more than normal about feelings and emotions.

Always taking my mind and intellect into enlightening and fascinating moments of reality and imagination, as I listen to music and write poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Communication Within

Sadness so deep, nothing can touch it, there is no way to
alter or change it.

It's intrepid stare holds me tightly against my will, not
letting me move or breathe or say a word.

Tangled branches of my mind coerce me into a slab of ice,
feeling nothing, unable to communicate except silently
within, where no one else can hear.

There is a silence beyond me, it cannot be broken - it's
been there since childhood.

There's no one who can penetrate it's gloom, therefore,
I am always alone.

A lifetime, an entire solo journey, no one to approach or
come near, for I am an island among myself - unrecognizable
on any horizon here on earth.

(9: 16 a.m. - 2/18/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Composition

Calming elixirs of melodies quietly strum my heart with
it's crystal teardrops, as they drop one by one into my
being.

A tender and silent composition, having been written to
soothe my mind from all of it's woes and turmoil.

Riding into the desert of life, hoping to find a reprieve
from lonely corners and edges of a tattered and torn spirit.

Solemnly tracing tears into an oasis set in the midst of
cacti and dried out earth.

Quenching my thirst as I take and aspirate a spirit of
individual hope and faith from days of the past.

Holding tightly onto all the beauty flowing into this
life of mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Conversation

Born in nighttime dreams, poems flow endlessly from
one pen after another.

Particular sounds are accumulated in rhythms of a
fateful destiny, lying complacently on their sides.

Awaiting the beauty of another silent conversation
interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Corner Of Life

Steep canyon walls, trapping thoughts within them,
echoing calls as they are being cried and yelled
into the voyage of a distant dimension.

Alone, unafraid, reaching a destination of time as
life moves forward into a silent corner of earth
tonight.

Pieces of a heart, left tattered on floors of love,
to be stepped on by those who no longer care.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Crying

Listening to somber tones of intense sadness as it spreads throughout me, wallowing in it's salted taste, being buried in it's tremendous oceans of tears from many years of silent crying.

Caution always being around every corner, watching out for myself because no one else can do it.

Lonely throughout my days, always wondering about what is important and what isn't anymore.

Distaste in life of haunting memories, taking precedence at times when I'd prefer them not to.

Splitting apart the fibers of my mind, allowing sections of thought to be blended with the natural rhythm of things happening in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Crystal Tear

Sweeping away cobwebs of derelict thoughts, placing
them in the dust bin where they belong.

Feeling the intensity of heart-ache and pain bouncing
along the walls of my chest, attempting to forget and
let truth be stifled inside.

None of it matters when you look into the future and
see the next horizon just ahead, all is useless chatter,
noisy circumstances not worth looking into.

Gently strumming the advocates of serenity and pious
silence, searching and locating what is left in defiant
piles of puzzles.

Curtains closing upon decades after each heroic attempt
made in life, shattering the existence of irrevocable
destiny with a crystal tear of silence.

Turning away once more, walking the pathway to sunset's
last horizon on a final shore.

Life doesn't exist on this one anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Crystal Tears

Sweeping away cobwebs of derelict thoughts, placing them in the dust bin where they belong.
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Turning away once more, walking pathways to sunset's last horizon on a final shore.
Life doesn't exist on this one anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Dancing

Silently dancing within, repairing life's shortcomings, aspiring to heaven once again.

Whirling inside, feeling free, stepping lightly, no remorse, no tears.

Life gallantly being lived, love surrounding days of old.

Melancholy death lying sweetly in a bed of grass, awaiting he time it will be awakened to steal across evening tides, gathering withered petals, aged, in it's cloak.

Standing at the furthest horizon, seeking lightened knowledge, joy and happiness in the ever-darkening twilight of life.

Feeling warmly happy, contented, peaceful, quietly serene, facing the golden years just ahead, silently dancing within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Debate

Debating silently over debilitating facts, acknowledging their efficacies yet not wanting to face anything as yet.
Running rampant, over selective ideas, burying and hiding all that is dear.
Lolling around atmospheres of hidden refrain, calculating moments spent in fear.
Alive no more with wanton thoughts, life sits still, wondering what is next in it's reverie or plight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Depths

Somersaulting in my mind, light, careful,
peaceful, away from life.

Alone, it is so wonderful to be in a mind of
ingenuity and no purpose, save that of writing
poetry into days of future eternal destinies.

Always teetering on new levels and dimensions,
flipping and flying into depths of thoughts,
silent and enticing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Designs

Stepping into designs of silent practice,
keeping fit inside, feeling joyous elation
as they crawl around my brain, enacting
blissful sentences to begin with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Desires Of Love

Softly sounding, echoes of an inner loneliness are
pounding through my mind, wooing my heart with the
silent desires of love.

Wanting to be held in sleep, feeling another lying
down close beside me.

Praying for heavenly joys to fill my being as they
also fill the one I love.

Feeling emotions heightening within, hoping for
fulfillment before this night is over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Destiny

Destiny silently steals into the future, wandering down
pathways of fate in time.
Believing in something better, always searching shores
for beauty, shells of sunset rising.
Titillating involvement with curiosity and wonder, as
we step into boats of near death, holding onto memories
that will soon be lost.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Destruction Of Men

Shattered glass, cracked and ugly, showing a world of intense pain.
Caught in a web of silent destruction, light shines brightly, trying to hide it's diseased face behind crystalline beauty.
Tightly woven particles of hatred scattered and lying about, thrown at the innocence of reluctant timidness.
Hiding, frightened, no longer bound by someone else's heart.
Tossed overboard - swallowed by natural instinct of predatory women, eating away at decent, wholesome men.
Taking their lives and discarding them like yesterday's garbage.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Discernment

Interchanging decades of hopelessness for a tender
hope in a better tomorrow.
Always searching for beds of roses, alive with
discernment and verve.
Careening down pathways into future horizons with
all faith planted in a mustard seed of long ago.
Hoping to bring to fruition, a new slant - new page -
to be lived happily into destiny's future - unplanned.
Saved for silent beings on treks of searching betrayal
for some sort of meaning in this world today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Disgrace

Political action being swept under undemocratic
rugs, excuses silently put forth, stepping stones
taken away.

Chasms wide and gaping where Tibetans fall in
silent disgrace, as life is buried by another
race.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Dreams

Dreams silently creep into inner emotions,
subconsciously entering neurons of a
grieving brain.

Raining drops of reality's existence tearing
into the peace, trying to keep alive, a
vibrant talent of innate creativity while
moments quickly die in constant motion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Elation

Relating people's stories in many songs of rhythm,
never twice in a row.
Taking people into realms of imagination with
smiles on their faces and many times, tears in their
souls.
Lifting spirits and genuine beauty in every melody
taken in stride and shared with others, nothing
standing in the way of artistic grace as a live
band plays to the interior facets of my intellectual
mind.
Responding solely to the rhythms that take me far
into contemplative visions on clouds of silent
elation.
Leaving me in an aura of serene peaceful love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Emptiness

Living an existence without hope,
I sit in silent emptiness,
belonging to no one and hanging
onto empty promises.

There's no one in sight, no auras,
no visions, just many memories of
abandonment through the years.

Lasting despair fed through the
deep sadness, set interiorly all
of life, a never-ending source of
grief and tears.

Yet, the abyss is where I hang out
and continually write from it's
lonely pits.

When there, all of life is blackened
by the insistence of an interior hell,
held onto by emotions of past dire
consequences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Entertainment

Soothing melodies quieting my soul,
awakening peaceful thoughts.
Instilling them into measures of intellect,
as they're interpreted into verses of language
for future entertainment of the silent type.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Experiences

Everyday experiences plop my way as I settle down looking for a place to stay.

Day after day, things keep going by, leaving me standing with no where to live.

Not a worry, not a care and everything's where it should be, yet, here am I with a silence so deep it can't be quenched.

A feeling of love so way down inside makes me so happy - why do I want to cry?

This silence I can't define, though the love I know is real, wanting to cry because this love isn't being expressed to the extent I desired.

That's why the silence is in me - in reality it's despair.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Expressions

Everyday experiences plop my way as I settle down looking for a place to stay.
Day after day, things keep going by, leaving me standing, with no where to lie down.
Not a worry nor a care and everything's where it should be.
Here am I with a silence so deep it can't be quenched.
A feeling of love way down inside, makes me so happy - why do I want to cry?
This silence I can't define, though the love I know is real.
Wanting to cry, because this love isn't being expressed to the extent I desire.
That's why the silence is in me - in reality it's despair.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Faith

Uncertainy and instability
of life grates against my
spirit as days pass by in
silence and faith.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Fame

Contemporary mind-sets settling comfortably among neurons and synapses, relaxing, awaiting their moments of silent fame within poems.

All being written from this poet's quiet, rebellious pen, many thoughts like cake, being iced by ideas and concepts, desserts of many poems being eaten up by this mind and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Findings

Staying close, watching, taking great care, gently,
with a dear friend.

Heart aching, being pulled every once in a while as
thoughts of dying silently find their way into my
mind.

Feeling the pain, crying, praying, watching God hold
him in His arms brings peace, quiet, knowing he is
being taken care of.

Then pushing these thoughts aside with some difficulty,
because they like to prey in unsuspecting corners of
my mind.

Casting off doubts with prayer and faith in God is
difficult, and I continue to try.

Gaining confidence, my heart full of love, I go on
so I can be there for him no matter what.

Last week my friend told me his odds were 50/50, but
I think God and friendship have tipped the scale a
little more in his favor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Footsteps

Thundering reminders of a life lost when just a child.
Footsteps silently walking through my mind, taking me
past visions that I can no longer be a part of.
They have all been changed - rearranged by death's
insistence in the scheme of things.
Reality always hitting, never leaving things to be like
they were.

(9: 09 a.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Games Of Desperation

Where are the moonbeams to guide death to my door?
Where are they hidden, why have I been forsaken by
wishes of eternal sleep?
When I awaken, I'd like to be on a distant horizon,
one with no pain, or cares.
Eyes wide open to the beauty of another world.
Why must I stay on this deserted earth-like planet?
Why can't I be placed somewhere to think and feel
without sorrow or despair?
Can eternal bliss also be out of my grasp?
Where can I turn to find a place in a world where
I too can fit in with others?
Playing games of life with silent desperation, will
there ever be a time of revelation?
What does anyone expect of me as I sit and write my
heart and soul down on paper?
Only to cast me aside, yet marvel at my poetry.
Life is so very difficult, why can't death find it's
way to my doorstep and take away this earthly misery?
Must I go on another day?
Or may I quit as I lie sleeping tonight?
Holding on to dreams that will never materialize, why
put up a fight, all has already been lost and buried
under images of the past.

(10/11/96)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Games Of Fantasy

Wind blowing, making me smile while watching nature playing, loving it's pure innocence and mischievousness, having a way of leading me into their silent games of fantasy through imagination.

Finding pathways through life in which to attune to poetry, music melding and becoming one through classical music I continually am composing in life.

Placing feelings and emotions into notes, tempos and rhythms, chances of beauty being fulfilled with every one of them.

Companions in life, poetically giving me a sense of freedom, being liberated fully from the pain and suffering of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Growing Passion

Quickening pulses with a fast paced guitar, playing rhythms
that fall easily into this mind.

Noticing nature filling spaces within as lively music begins
to take me into spheres of heaven.

A silent passion growing with every chord, enlightening and
illuminating thoughts as they manifest themselves unselfishly
into and out of my mind.

Digging further and further into depths of intellect, bringing
out all the beauty that is hidden within.

Pleasure and desire filling every fiber and particle of being,
stolen moments taking me away.

Traveling trails along oceans and into forests, across deserts
and into the mountains of my heart and soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Heart Breaking

Silent heart breaking as the sun rises, startling
nighttime dreams of happiness with the reality of
your death.

No more good morning kisses, no hugs, breakfast
eaten alone from now on, no smiles across the
table, or looking at one another.

Life has departed from within, there is no more
love or joy, all have been taken from me, now I am
no more, every day is the same as the one before.

Not wanting you to feel bad, forgiving you for
leaving me alone, not wanting to sadden you, like
I have been saddened by your loss.

Silent heart breaking as the sun rises, finding
that I never did go to sleep last night, just
wanting to remember everything about you.

Touching my mind with your heart as intellect writes
all feelings and emotions into poetry of the reality
of your death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Heartbeats

Drops of rain, falling from my heart as I think in silent heartbeats, giving me experiences of a lifetime that no one else has had.
Wonderful peace surrounding me in depths of intellect as I walk through interior rain, falling from my saddened heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Heroes

Solitary, standing alone on the home front, waiting
for their loved ones who are living their purposes.

Vets never complaining, committing their lives to
protecting our country and it's citizens.

Saluting, listening to commands, their lives not their
own, yet doing it all with the oath they've made.

Families sacrificing their love in many ways also,
giving to our nation their wives, husbands, sons and
daughters.

Silent heroes behind our Vets, keeping them filled with
love and caring whether near or far away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Horizons

Manufacturing ideas from creative processes, continually
moving forward in steady progressions.

Wonder and awe taking hold of curiosity, leading it to
many absolute thoughts, standing around, awaiting recognition.

Silent horizons setting with the sun, taking me into depths
of subconscious intellect where they gather and enter into
imagination.

Perfectly attuned to rhythms of interior solace, keeping me
always focused on eventual outcomes of peaceful endeavors
that come into being automatically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Images Talking

Walking down lanes of reminiscence, talking silently
to images along the way, wondering what happened to
stash them away in yesterday's closets.

Opening doors and windows, airing out past memories
with delight, looking forward to their renewed
feelings, touching me interiorly against my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Imagination

Silently, swiftly disappearing into imagination's bliss, leaving behind an
unrealistic reality and inopportune
hopes and dreams.

Tiptoeing through a lifetime of fatalistic sojourn
journeys, attempting to stay focused, far from life and
it's often bizarre expectations.

Watching, waiting, for chances to escape into subconsciousness's imagination,
forever and eternally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Immersion

Blinded by another's words, taken aback, afraid to proceed into another realm where I'm unknown.
Timid, shy, turning from others - wanting only to isolate myself from life, hoping to be invisible or to disappear forever.
Silently, walking away, immersing myself in writing, music and art, taking advantage of my imagination and intellect.
Going beyond boundaries just to keep me within them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Inner Future

Silently processing facts and theories of each day,
programming my mind for the future so it will know
with priority the essence of my thought.

Such a fabric of interior life is filled with a
peace souly deserved and rarely experienced on earth.

Focusing outward to farthest reaches of mankind,
searching and combining everything I find so as to
become what my soul is made of.

Knowing the beauty of it's eventual destiny, never
flaunting with pride, inner workings of a totally
engrossed, perfect mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Intensity

Strutting through rhythms, watching colors exploding everywhere, covering ideas and thoughts with their brilliance and vividness.

Quiet silent intensity does it's part to blend energy with what I'm thinking, living in this beautiful creative landscape.

Enjoying the creativity that comes abut innately with no effort on my part.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Interior World

Settling into an armchair of silence, capable, wanting
to be within a peaceful atmosphere, alone, quiet and
contemplating.

Soothing and gentle, not awakening to the outside world,
within, clamoring about in a bluened light surrounding
me in all it's glory and beauty.

Incorporating the stillness of my mind and intellect
causes a waterfall to appear, flowing swiftly and easily
through an interior world of spirituality.

Always kept silently within my being, ideas coming into
the light, igniting sparks and fireworks to establish
the beauty and insight of thoughts hiding within.

Not able to be seen until rhythms find and bring them
into the light of intellect, brightly illuminating the
world being held inside.

An emporium of delight, giving such pleasure throughout
life, never letting it mar the goodness within my entire
being, nor disturbing inner passion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Intuition

Tranquilizing moods of indecision, forging them with
steely integrity, taking strolls along rivers of
creative imagination.

Sololy, walking down stairs of playful design,
encouraging sights and ideas of silent intuition.

Taking excursions around many talented avenues of
sharing.

Noticing patterns of intellect, traveling towards
sandy shores of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Joy

Crying whisperingly into
heaven's soothing melodies.

Covering me in sweet sadness,
yet giving me silent joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Joy Across The World

Joy living in people here on earth, being spread totally
across the world silently and quietly, soothing hardships,
sacrifices and loneliness of those who've experienced loss
and death of loved ones through the years.

Filling hearts with hope, encouraging those who've been
abandoned, bringing consolation to those in sorrow, fill-
ing loneliness with spiritual peace, taking them solely
into his heart.
God giving rest to the weary, hope to the oppressed, joy
to those who have found their way at last on the pathway
to heaven, knowing in their hearts that God never left
their side on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Killers

Dying in the wake of silent killers on the loose,
obama letting in millions of illegals that are
rapists, pedophiles and murderers.

Opening our borders to these irreversible demons
of evil, social issues have been raised, voiced
aloud, fallen on deaf ears.

Our government still allows all of this to go un-
checked, it is so wrong on many levels, it's up
to Americans to stop him.

A grass roots uprising is what is needed immediately,
backed by our military and volunteer militia, all
just waiting for the signal to begin.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Kiss

Dancing late into the night, feeling the exhilaration of
every sensation within my being, touching and carrying me
into depths of rhythms.

There my body gently vibrates, making me feel so fine,
touching an interior spirit that carries me further into
jungles of passion.

Desires climbing like ivy, higher and higher within my
heart and mind, solidly moving in a silent kiss as you
gently make love to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Knowing

Falling very quiet and still inside, finding a silent
knowing, voicing it's opinion, leaving me wondering
curiously why?

Giving a foreboding feeling, an uncomfortable one,
gnawing at emotions within, sensing something not being
spoken directly and honestly.

Bringing about doubt and apprehension at what may be
the reason, capturing ideas, pondering, accepting then
rejecting them in turn.

Falling quietly and still inside, finding the silence
has grown more than before and has mysteriously taken
hold of me interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Landscapes

Staying within limits set by my mind, finding different pathways to travel into canyons of my own making.
Watching echoes bounce off my mind, lighting memories as sounds of their voices lend themselves to poetical licenses.
Finding many pictures, opening up their hearts to let in thoughts of beauty.
Sitting in silent landscapes, feeling desert heat warm insides of my being so I can float into regions of beautiful scenery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Legend

Voluntarily coming to mind, pages of a past that are better forgotten.

Aligned at the conjunction of abuse, sanctioned only by the reclusive mind of an innocence unsurpassed by anyone's knowledge.

Partaking of this world so very little, giving instead, beyond reproach, a silent legend continues to grow, fed by the goodness and kindness of others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Lesson

Lighting up gardens of roses, shining on their petals,
letting them be seen by passers-by.

Beautiful and extravagant, sitting prettily upon thorny
bushes, daring us to come and take a closer look.

Yet, not touching them or we will be hurt, loving the
lesson that they teach us without saying a single word.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Life

Alive with a silent verve of life keeping me on a
particular level of peace.
Soothing, softly taking me towards a horizon where
suffering will end and leave me far from sorrow's
grief and tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Lips

Silent lips praying for hope that will not come to be,
yet continuing anyway.

A bright light unfolds from within, showing us the way
out of darkness if we only listen to it.

Crystalizing our thoughts, giving them an essence they
had not had before.

Solo journeys undertaken by intellect, carrying us
through imagination's realities and into our own lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Loneliness

Silent loneliness tightening around me like a noose,
choking, killing me softly in an hour of midnight
when no one else is around.

Treading cautiously down hallways of unknown darkness,
hoping to come out the other end without dying in the
purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Looks

Following the look of your eyes into depths of my heart,
feeling the intensity of your love touching my soul through
it's windows.

Holding all the promises of life within silent looks stolen
in pictures of one another.

Placed in albums of our treasured lives to be taken out and
looked at when we are lonely or miss one another in poetical
interludes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Losing

Crying silently, deeply within, searching for a memory with
a face, there is none, only feelings and changes of a body to accommodate a new
little child.

Death is semi-real, there are no pictures to look at or show
how my baby looked, there's nothing to see, but the loss of
something precious, remains deep inside and is never-ending.

The loss was real, or was it? A mind tries to separate it
from life to give it meaning, but there is nothing there.

No feelings left, just emptiness of a womb, there never was
a face I could touch or see, just this deep impending loss,
pressing itself upon my mind.

Wanting to blind all feelings and other's babies from sight,
having to stay busy, cannot talk of it even for I may cry.

What is wrong with crying for a little baby that was supposed
to be born, why must it's dying take away life's meaning and
place it in a jar?

Still seeing it, it never goes away, a gray ghost of a baby,
insists on blindly throwing out life's whole meaning.

Forsaking self, going on, so maybe one day I'll have a baby
who'll live and bring joy and happiness back into my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Love

Looking out beyond the skies, seeking explanations of love and not finding any.
Wondering why it is that after half your life is over, love sneaks up from behind quietly and sits on your back porch.
Trying to ignore it - keep it out of mind - only makes it stand out more - makes it more important.
If left silently, it will be, love will blend into the background of life and set you free.
Always knowing the impossibility of ever being one in love, life takes on new meanings.
As this special love is kept close and nurtured over the years in a quiet loving friendship.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Lullabye

Sun now setting, casting shadows across the ground, even tiny stones now have cute shadows to show off to this mere poet, beetles buzzing and flying through the atmosphere around me.

Dogs barking, running, chasing a truck, thinking they can catch it, until they run out of breath, filled with laughter, enjoying this comical action.

All while the sun continues to set on the horizon, a beautiful orange glow now covering the surface of the earth, saying it's last good bye to us all.

Finally going to sleep, a silent lullaby playing in the distant sky of night, stars twinkling in the heavens reminding us to go to sleep for tomorrow's another day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Maturity

Silencing views of immature departure for
years of maturity, lying on the horizon.

Saluting inner talents with enjoyable
demonstrations of affection, co-existing
with panoramic views of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Messages

Spires, steeples, reaching heavenward, praying quietly through every day and night.

Fixing gazes, getting attention, looking up for haloed angels.

Recreating solemnity of the Mass through God's nature here on earth.

Heart and soul, ever-reaching, desires bountiful in hopes of seeing or being with Him.

Prayers blanketing mirrors of life, easing pressures, fulfilling promises, gaining momentum, striving for eternal glory.

Silent messages given daily, seen with sight given to our eyes by God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Mind

Penetratingly sad life is today, living tears falling,
hurt upon the soft folds of clothes.

Blackened clouds flowing around the atmosphere of a
mind, all of inner life has died this day, stricken
from the calendars of life.

Falling unheedingly down the slopes of death, brown
grass, lying wrinkled on a once upon a summer shore.

There are no words to be spoken, life has been lived
to the end, it cannot be retraced today.

Yesterday has been packed in bags of dirt, leaving no
reminders of it's ever having been here.

Today has been put to rest beneath a marble grave
laying claim to the future put away for an eternal
rest.

All of this going on inside a mind filled with sadness
and yet no one will know it unless they have read this.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Mom

Covered in sand-colored sleep, tired from this heavenly
journey of sisterly love.
Holding preciously beautiful moments of family life
cupped within memories of my soul.
Always prepared to give something of self to share with
one another.
Life lives on in us while Mom watches with love in
heaven all seven of her children on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Motions

Listening to silent motions of my mind, watching synapses
and neurons ignite each other, waking intellect, putting
my photographic memory in gear.

Getting ready to write more poetry, music loudly playing,
taking me into it's intense rhythms where life exists with-
in imagination and reality.

Giving expression to feelings and emotions through poetry,
seething delightfully, knowing and believing in faith,
wanting to breathe sighs of relief, as life continues to
bring me forward into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Musical Messages

Lifting my heart and soul through music, taking me for many surprises through rhythms, always giving, never taking from intellect.

A thoroughly and wonderful gift from God, helping me live through all the hardship and sacrifices made daily, continually expressing whatever I see or feel in this life.

Knowing everyone needs a refuge where they sit, relax, finding themselves through self-realizations, often being seen in silent messages of musical poetry written throughout this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Mysteries

Silent mysteries lie waiting in depths of humanity and life,
determining our outcome, allowing us to follow our purpose
without recrimination.

Solace filling us at times, yet heartache takes us down back
roads and into situations that we'd prefer not to experience,
yet life continues moving forward.

We only look back through memories, tears falling in bitter-
sweet reminders of what we once knew and had in our lives, now
moving on.

Continuing our journey into periods of underlying moments that
we know nothing at all about as yet, hoping for the best in our
lives.

Being constrained at times, trying to burst open time in order
to find our way through the dismal darkness of the future,
always hoping to find beauty at last winning out in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Nature

Silent nature falling quietly upon my shoulders,
hugging and keeping me close.

Watching gray and black clouds gathering for a
storm of magnificent force.

Soon rain will be dropping in tiny tears upon
earth, watering nature and nourishing all of her
plants and trees.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Nostalgia

Registering slowly, musical rhythms enter my mind,
waking it with gentle prodding and silent nostalgia.
Remembering yesterday's waltzs with a tearful eye,
enjoying their essence in hearts of today.
Midnight ecstasy trailing memories in visions of
thoughtful melody, allowing advantages of youthful
exuberance to become one within heart's soulsl

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Obscurity

Listening to sounds of life through rhythms as they take
intellect into depths of wisdom and knowledge, music
doing it's best to fascinate and create words.

Fitting them well together, remembering everything written
has been experienced through the years and poetry is a
legacy of what this mere poet has lived and gone through.

Surviving it in spite of hardships, sacrifices, difficulties
and suffering, a complete diary of a life being lived in a
silent obscurity, contented and satisfied with every aspect
that has been seen and written about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Observation

Sunflowers catching my eyes as they float
around the dance floor on a skirt.
Bringing happiness and joy on it's owner's
face as it swirls and spins about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Passages

Sunlit shadows crawling along walls after a rain
storm of pure delight.
Earth drenched in sweet, silent passages of time,
ensuring the future a destiny in rhyme.
Nothing held back, mind unthwarted, life rolling
upon ocean tides, rushing to meet a poet's mind,
by touching her soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Pastimes Of Expression

Rocking to rhythms of inner tempos, taking choices to the extreme,
living the dream with no qualms or distaste and taking notions
into atmosphere's of lively entertainment.
Sojournly feeling sensory perception as it engulfs me beyond any
expectation of life - soaring into avenues and pathways never taken before.
Collapsing on negative attitudes, never considering picking them
up or bringing them along, just enjoying every moment, flying into musical
scores of behavior, and jumping through hoops to get to the best part of life over
the moon.
Signatures enveloping every thought, connecting with a creative
process, awakening more each moment, scattering themselves
through memories, lying haphazardly on shores of lonely horizons,
awaiting silent pastimes of expression.
Sanguinely portraying an attitude of beautiful symmetry, taking
me across borders and scraping against patterns, filling me with
intense moments of movement and tidal motions of existent salient
stratosphere lent by heaven's gardens to portray on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Pasture Of Wisdom

Infiltrating, penetrating an interior atmosphere of
intellect, soothing and enticing vibrations of live-
liness as it rises exponentially into other dimensions.

Entirely associating aspects of intellect with those
of innate creativity, supposed and positive facets,
tallying the predisposition of new and aspiring talent.

Socially climbing without any particular traits to be
seen without, a memory of tantalizing purpose singles
out the interior intent of an individual.

Running with a lasting energy into peculiar situations
of musical creativity, standing on edges of life's tant-
amount and watchful eye.

Motioning to wayward ideas to come and join the fray,
while rhythms soar about, collecting everything needed to
live in a silent pasture of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Peace

Lilting songs, swinging around my heart and mind,
filling me with a musical ecstasy, reverberating
and entering my soul.

Sashaing through a subconscious imagination,
flirting with reality, barring emotional growth
along the way.

Finding pathways towards joy and happiness,
although having to go through the sorrow of creation
to attain it's goal and become the silent peace of
this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Pen

Textures of emotion fill me interiorly,
catching individual attention with feelings,
tightening around my mind.
Stretching ends of imagination, pulling them
out of shape.
Concluding ends of life as I pass slowly into
death's abyss, silencing my pen forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Perplexity

Pizza Buffet, a place that used to rock with attitude,
fun and music by Glenn.
Now it's just another pizza place, no different than
any other.
An atmosphere of joviality is gone - replaced by
boredom, sitting, eating, vegetating in silent perplexity.
What happened to the a-one entertainment on Mondays and
Tuesdays?
There's no longer an excellent reason for coming here -
the musical fun and talent have disappeared, along with
many customers who followed Glenn, because his personality
and charm were charismatic.
Alas, where can we go now, to sit and eat with a clarity
of purpose and unity of talent?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Pictures

Early evening breezes blowing leaves rapidly, having them brush the atmosphere with their gentle and frail fingers.

Boughs bending and lending themselves to the gentle wind, beautiful pictures of nature being silent, yet adept in this phase of life.

Standing out on photographic screens to be remembered forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Pilgrims

Careers of ingenuity placate desires of the mind
on rims of abysmal canyons filled with yesterday's
memories.
Stairways reaching to the atmosphere of heaven
open up their gates and entrance-ways to silent
pilgrims of spirituality on days of inevitability.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Plight

Saddened, silent plight, sitting here in this quiet
desperation, wanting to be with you, but it's not
to be in this lifetime.

Being saddled with life and loss, emptied of every-
thing, lying in a bed of roses filled with the emp-
tiness of my soul.

Feeling the abandonment centered within my heart,
slowly beating itself closer to edges of tomorrow
with nothing to sooth these unpleasant feelings and
emotions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Poem Of Quiet Discretion

Sauntering down lanes of beauty,
caressing nature's attitude and
keeping it closely by my side.

Rushing out into the lengthening
shadows of tomorrow's life,
giving off an emanation of holy
thoughts.

Creeping slowly along,
a spiritual calmness enveloping
my soul with an entirely treasured
emotion of life.

Set in motion through a silent
little poem of quiet discretion,
landing in a book of interest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Poems

Disparaging thoughts creep down sides of my mind,
looking to thwart good feelings and happiness.

Finding symphony's in minor chords, collating them
with words and senses, writing them into silent
poems of sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Portraits Of Prose

Delicately ruminating in a tranquil state of mind, preciously guarding the beauty of imagination in creativity, finding solace in the tenderness of melodies and harmonies.

Intellect aligning and adjusting everything possible, even the impossibilities, going from sea to sea in the evening foam of mystery and magic.

Lifting eyes interiorly to heaven, finding many pleasurable sights that rise with melodic rhythms, watching as life coincides with mathematical equations through music, logical and intense.

Beauty being seen in the magic of music, all being deduced in an invisible way through coded rhythms that most people know nothing about, unless, like this mere poet discovering it's essence and purpose.

Through writing poetry while listening to music, a complete and entire imaginative world continually being written in poetical forms, teasing, pleasing, admonishing life through silent portraits of words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Praises

Stretched, all taut and straight, little tufts of leaves
sprout from it's shoulders.

Branches crossing over, touching one another, playing
mother nature's creation as a violin.

Sending beautiful silent praises up towards heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Prayers

Writing silently with prayers in my mind, hoping that someone will be touched by God through my writing.
Maybe someone lost and abandoned, left to fend for themselves, with no hope of finding their way except maybe, a word or two from a poem God has inspired me to write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Prayers To God

Softly, gently, silently our prayers reach God
in heaven as He continues to watch over us, al-
ways knowing what we need.

Just wanting to hear from us at times, His own
children whom He loves so much here on this
temporary earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Presence In India

Moving with interior tides of spirituality, rising,
falling, drifting to and fro, letting our Lord take
me where He needs me to go.

Never asking questions, not doubting or fearing what
lies ahead, just a passive rebellious mood of light-
hearted serenity.

Knowing that God would not ask me to go into an evil
world, just accepting whatever He needs me to do, and
helping his favorite children here on earth.

Those who rebel and abuse Him seem to be most precious
to Him, keeping them close to His heart through people
He chooses to bring into their lives.

Bringing about love, change, compassion, whatever that
individual might need, being there as God leads, allow-
ing to do what is needed for each of them.

Bringing them back to God in time, a God who loves them
dearly, yet not a soul will ever hear, because I am only
a silent presence in India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Promises

Blue skies finally filling my sight just outside
the window, rain at last done for the time being.

Earth having been drenched totally and completely
with it's torrential downpour.

Now the sun is shining brightly, warming the whole
atmosphere, giving us relief from coldness of rain.

Beautiful and refreshing, having been nourished and
nurtured by God, Himself.

Now ready for the new day and it's silent promises
for a better tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Questioning

Silent questioning being spoken in my mind,
allowing doubts to form - shedding pieces
of truth, not verified for sure.

Allotting theories to form, yet they can
never be taught, because of their characters
of non-committal.

Wavering into space of future questions,
never relegating a place in life to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Questions

Acquiescing lifetimes of beauty, standing on sidelines,
awaiting some sort of reply or answer to silent questions
of life.

Sauntering down avenues of being, grasping rhythms along
the way to take into future endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Reading

Reading silently in the night, listening to stories touch my mind as I bask in the aftermath of it's essence, a beauty affecting my soul and it's temperament.

Insinuating perfect symmetry into a royally strident sonoric voice, lilting in places of enjoyment and entertainment.

Specializing in measures of innate peace, fulfilling inner sanctums with a serenity of sorts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Recognition

We talk through our eyes now, but one day soon, we will speak of many things to each other.
It will be difficult at first, like all things are, but it will surely happen because we are the same within.
Silently recognizing this - wanting to jump right in and discuss this thing - I am patient - waiting.
Only holding back right now so you can take the first step and let me know when to begin.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Relief Of Forgiveness

Hurting tears apart hearts of fragile gentleness.
Binding life through the passage of it's gates is
irreversibly tender - aching - always.
On the verge of captivity, awaiting the silent
relief of tears, each must be forgiven and
forgiveness given.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Remembering

Walking up mountains, sorrowfully crying within, ruing yesterday's memories as intelligent visions take over, sending me into a tail spin.
Falling headlong into abysses of sadness, never forgetting anything because it's etched in my photographic memory.
All images will eternally be kept in tact as I step into heaven and walk past it's gates.
Silently remembering, always knowing, what happened in my life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Reminder

Standing back, watching teens being rude, sitting down
right by the senior pool table, putting their bags in
front of them on the floor, blocking the pool table.

Deciding that it wasn't right, got up grabbed a pool
stick and started playing, hitting the balls and going
on the side where they were sitting.

Said, excuse me, took my shot, got it, then had to move
forward, asking them to please move their bags so I could
get to the pool table and shoot.

They did, I took my shot again, then put my stick down,
accidentally hitting one teen's leg, said I was sorry
and he said that's okay.

We joked around a little before they all got up and moved
away from the pool table, realizing that I was not a
threat.

Kids are really good, they just have to be reminded from
time to time to respect their elders.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Reminders

I lost you a moment ago, when silence filled the room
with darkness.

Off to another experience beyond my sight and scope -
I can only imagine it.

A stillness overtakes me as I realize I'm no longer
seeing you, only a remnant of you lying in bed in front
of me.

Tears flow heavily, they can't be stopped, they won't
go away.

Life has changed forever, there are only reminders left
silently behind, of your existence.

Painfully emotional, I'm left in the wake of your
passing, trying to stay afloat with grief as my only
lifesaver.

Drowning in the deepest sadness of earthly life, somehow
I get on a pathway, but can't take steps to move forward -
not yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Reminders Of Respect

Standing back, watching teens being rude, sitting down
right by the senior pool tables, putting their bags on
the floor in front of them, blocking the table.

Deciding that it wasn't right, I got up, grabbed a pool
stick and started playing, hitting the balls, then having
to go on the other side where they were sitting.

Saying, 'Excuse me', took my shot, got it in the pocket
then had to move forward, so I asked them to please move
their bags so I could get to the pool table and shoot.

They did, took my shot again once more, put my stick down,
but accidentally hit one boy's leg, I immediately said I
was sorry and he said, 'that's okay'.

Then we joked around a little before they got up and moved
away from the pool table, realizing that I was not a threat,
kids are really good, they just have to be reminded from
time to time to respect their elders.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Renderings

Sitting in an exam room, blinds closed to the outside
world, with only little particles of sunlight able to
find their way in, standing silently against one wall,
fulfilling their purpose in life's station.
Door closed against inner realms of the office,
keeping out any and all conversations that might have
been.
All is quiet as we sit in silent renderings, and I
continue to write through it all, alone in my mind
once more.

(9: 26 a.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Repercussions

Wondering what will happen if life should discontinue
itself.
Would it become it's spiritual self on another plain
in some other dimension or will it be in heaven.
Life is always such a transition as we are living it,
we never know what will transpire until it happens to
come upon us in silent repercussions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Repetition

Silent repetition falling upon creative minds as
they listen to rhythms of music flowing incessantly
into waterfalls that pour into pools below.

Filled with words to be written in poems, messages
and wisdom filling them magically through intellect.

Surprising even the poet who is continually writing
them intuitively and creatively all the time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Responses

Disappearing mysteries are falling quietly into depths
of oceans.
Leaving self on pavements in sidewalks outside of the town.

Creating spaces to be filled some other time in periods of
distant loveliness.

Wandering slowly about the parking lot, not knowing which
way to go, just stopping periodically, wondering where he
should hide away.

Solid pieces of silent responses being hidden underneath
messages that will never be exposed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Retrospect

Enjoying tones and sounds of so many songs, filling everyone with gentle laughter at the lyrics being sung with joy and expression.
Living colors showing their expanse of fun as the cheer spreads throughout the night and continues to follow everyone home to bed.
Dreaming of the good times and smiling in a dream of silent retrospect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Reverberations

Patterns of light flow across my sight,
engaging subconsciousness, leading it
down hallways of enlightenment.
Justifying silent reverberations as
they go unnoticed on journeys of
creativeness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Reveries

Quietly contemplating life going on around me,
sensing something happening inside, feeling it
churning, rolling, trying to decide whether or
not to make itself known.

Feelings of urgency pushed down by fear, an
unknowingness feeding it with reluctance.

Saturated beyond belief, a quintesstial amount
of energy is being kept in a very small space.

Totally abandoning thoughts in silent reveries,
reaching within to find some strength to carry
life through.

All around, life is living, going on without me
as I sit quietly contemplating it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Sanctuary

Sanctuary of silence hides within me, bringing everlasting peace when I go within to get away from the cruelty of other people.
Instead of being doomed to loneliness, there I'm picked up by God and treated to His company, consoling me with His love and mercy.
Sorrow is put aside during these times of human frailty, feeling only the goodness of God, wiping tears from my eyes and mind with His gentle touch.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Secrets

Solitary secrets kept in steel chests,
hidden away in caves of yesterday,
burying images silently in caches of
forgetfulness.

Talented progressions measuring them-
selves carefully in rhythmical precision
along avenues of pretend, finalizing
themselves in death's insistence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Seduction

Seductive silence of mountainous canyons,
looking down upon our campsite.

Wafting breezes through mesquite and palo
verde trees, wrecking havoc with paper
plates and cups.

A gentle sun whispers, landing softly on
our heads and minds, injecting it's
warmth into our beings.

A natural high settles upon us, soothes
our souls and quiets our minds as we
contemplate God's nature, surrounding
us here at Bartlett Lake.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Shadows

Shadows lurk around every corner, waiting for memories to come to light.
Faces never clear, wanting to come closer, but tears are a crystal barrier to death.
Knowing truth of your existence deep in my heart, touching it gently with every thought, trying to hold on, yet letting death grow stronger by it's own insistence.
Reaching into hidden corners, searching for your presence, wanting to hear from you.
Silent shadows penetrate my mind leaving me behind, hoping soon, we will be together again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Shouts Of Writing

Introverted all of life, yet an extrovert when it comes
to voicing what I think and feel through poetry.

Losing my voice in silent undertakings of thought, not
able to speak of what I am thinking orally.

Just putting a pen in my hand, you will soon find the
meaning of this voice in silent shouts of writing.

There you can read it all upon pages torn continually
from an inner mind and intellect's imagination.

So taken with the rhythms of life, that writing claims my
being in depths that no one else can fathom, not even self.

Incessant thoughts moving in time with tides of everlasting
oceans over the earth.

Peaceful prayers finding their way into my interior play-
ground of prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Silhouettes

Silent silhouettes waiting on walls of tomorrow,
watching for fate to turn towards those who are
deserving of God's love.

Prayers stand on sidelines like recluses in
deserted storms, being recognized only when
they're loud enough to be heard.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Skyways

Silence of beauty flutters into skyways of expectant
hearts, awaiting times of discovery in life.
Awe of intensive scenery blinds visions of ordinary
sights.
Creating exquisite images of never before seen
interior sections of lively innate beauty in nature's habitats.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Song

Singing silently in a maze of puzzlement,
wondering if enthusiastic sarcasm will
provoke my imagination into delving deeper
into a subconscious level of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Song Of Sadness

A silent song of sadness being played within my beating heart, echoing into my soul with a whispering emptiness reverberating back to my mind.

Listening intently to sounds of loneliness as they fall into the music, watching as they ripple across the lake of abandonment.

At the end a waterfall of silent thoughts are being generated into my mind and intellect, forming at this very moment, the poetry I will be writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Songs

Singing silent songs, allowing them to reiterate their essences in poems as I write them.
Forgiving all the hurts and letting God handle their sources so I can be free from all of life's regrets - even those other's have dumped upon me in my grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Sorrow

Silently I steep in sorrow, pulling the anchor up,
sailing into gales of tears.

Holding on, looking over, reaching down into briny
depths, cupping hands filled with diamond drops of
moisture.

Sadness splashing up against my heart like waves
upon the shores of sand.

Rocks being split apart by tragic melancholic sonatas
only I can hear.

Stepping softly through bereaved becomings, hearing
only the sounds of silent crying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Speaking

Inside imagination, climbing mountains of inspiration,
enjoying the heights and feeling free.

Being positioned above the world, feeling extinct, yet
feeling so exhilaratingly alive just by being the
intense poet I am.

Loving sights that continually seek me out, taking me
into fragments of figurative speech, traveling through
silent speaking of words on paper.

So fragile, yet so penetratingly powerful in meanings
when I write them, according to those who read them
throughout the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Spirituality

Dicing life into many aspects so I can be aware of
things around me, wanting to learn everything that
is possible in the shortest span of time.

Curiosity always rising to every occasion, never
letting me get away without finding answers, just
constant questions tirelessly.

Purposely digging in, learning what and where their
essence lies, loving constant staccato beats hitting
intellect with intense thoughts and deliberate ideas.

Never missing a beat whenever rhythms are being played,
so awesome and tantalizing, touching me sensuously with-
out even laying a hand on me physically.

Feeling prospects of an entire life filling me with the
effervescent sensations of my being, enlightened, illum-
inated and totally energized within.

Intellect, personality, and a silent spirituality taking
me into another dimension so inherently beautiful and
quietly serene.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Stage

Waving, rising, crashing, loving feelings that spread
across shores of my soul.

Seeing an interior atmosphere, bluened by God's Divine
presence, immersed in His grace and mercy.

Nothing getting in the way of intellect as it takes my
mind and overflows it with an energy through poetry.

It's like being on a silent stage, but no one can see
me, playing musical compositions created in a moment.

Taking every moment that I've ever lived and placing
them on a stage within a photographic screen interiorly.

Shining into the world after writing poetry throughout
the day and night, finding peace and resting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Stories

Ethereal attitudes, dancing painstakingly before everyone,
relating silent stories of old through flowing wings of
gold.

Drums beating in the background as rhythm flowed from
belly dancers in unison.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Stranger

Watching people around me, seeing and feeling their emotions within, as their sadness and loss sometimes seeps into my own being without them speaking a word to me.

When noticing these feelings, saying prayers for each of them, hoping God will ease their burdens some through the prayer of a silent stranger.

A mere poet sitting here writing, just waiting to be brought back to the operating room for more surgery, praying that God will stay with me also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Sun

Having memories, I can't complain, birds flying past in
the skies, chirping, singing songs of evening tide.

Gentle breezes pulling at my hair and branches of trees,
tripping across the sky and over the ground, spilling
leaves here and there until they get caught in the grass
somewhere.

Silent sun, beginning it's daily descent to the other side
of earth, while the moon is preparing her tresses to show
off during the night.

Lovely peace and gentle stirring, life reminds me of my
Mother and the times we had together, alone on the mountain
top with no others in sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Symmetry

Sun shining through the leaves and branches of trees,
showing their silent symmetry and beauty of nature.

Awakening serenity within, giving this mere poet some
breathing space in this environment at the senior center.

Children running everywhere, dressed up in costumes, trick
or treating early at a Halloween party.

Everyone having a blast while pool players continue to
challenge one another with each game they play.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Talent

Stuttering my way down ramparts of knowledge,
collecting so many clues on how to advance into
another dimension on the edge of my mind.

Savoring all the times I will spend in their
lightening knowledge.

Spending many moments in quiet desperation,
feeling emotions deeply and writing them into
other dimensions where they will be thought of
in different aspects of life.

Turning ideas inside out, playing with their
meanings and definitions.
Satisfying my inner mind with solace, finding
it's way to my soul.

Sun rising in my eyes every morning, bringing
me into a utopia of silent talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Talking

Clouds piled thick in my mind -
floating lightly over thoughts which are tucked safely inside.
Waiting patiently in the lobby of distant ideas, time creeps
by as frozen sheets of ice thicken - turning everything into
the present.
After silently talking and allowing ice to melt, the past is
building, ever so slowly - creating it's memories anew and
laying them out in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Teaching

Walking a tightrope in the twilight of this earthly life,
it's stretched across a vast atmosphere beyond us, teach-
ing silently that we can't attain peace without turmoil
and sacrifice that comes our way.

Testing moments of intrepid vitality, wanting to step off
and let ourselves fall into a nether world, thinking it
may be the best alternative, yet somehow our minds keep us
from succumbing to these dire circumstances.

Keeping us on track even though sometimes preferring to let
go just to see what will happen to us in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Tear

Within, a silent tear is growing, moistening my memories with it's love.
So tenderly touching heart and soul with thoughts of my mind, situating them deeply in a conditional subconsciousness filled with desire.
Transporting me through a reality I don't wish to know, yet it transpires words into realistic forms of poetry within a total silent being of who I am and have become.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Tears

Only knowing how to let tears fall softly, silently, from
my eyes, they have no voice, they never learned to speak
like others do.

Falling steadily, like in a rainstorm, letting inner sorrow
be known, eyes filled with tears I cannot even see, the world
around me is blurred by the pain I feel.

Wiping the dainty little tears, crystal clear, from my
cheeks, embarrassed by the streaks of water they leave upon
my face.

The whole world disappears, blinded with the sadness felt
within my overflowing heart.

Taken aside, a sensitive soul awaits it's voice, hoping
to hear it out loud before dying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Telling

Silent telling beckoning interiorly, hinting at
sadness, hiding just inside my mind, wanting to
be dealt with, but right now I can't.

Grasping at straws, teetering on edges of sun-
light's pathway, wondering where life will end
someday.

What location? What horizon or time will the
appointment be made?

How can sorrow be handled when I'm not here to
fulfill it's destiny in life?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Threats

Watching from within, carefully seeking the truth, ferreting out hidden secrets of complicity and conceit, knowing that greed and corruption is running wild in our government.

No one willing to stand up or unite to stop it, all afraid for their lives, being threatened by Obama and the Clintons every time they turn around.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Times

Pacing down trails of tomorrow, looking forward to seeing each other again.
Memories held closely, treasured in sequences of trustworthy positions of heralded times in silence.
Walking slowly, waving to one another, knowing we'll meet again one day in a sunny future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Tomb

Sequestered in a silent tomb of misgivings, searching the walls for answers written from long ago.
Finding nothing relevant, becoming a hermit hidden away from life, knowing there's nothing to remember, even on stormy winter evenings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Traces

Feathery symmetry of nature traces itself
into my mind.
Exacting thoughts as they participate in
creative processes along avenues of silence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Triangles

Rushing hurriedly into imagination, not able to contain
myself from viewing what it has found and shaped for me
to write about.
Silent triangles arranged in puzzling ideas, relevant
to geometry, yet not quite fitting it's exact
calculations.
There seems to be more to the formulas that haven't
been seen, yet here they are, appearing gently to
intellect to open wide the doors to new formularies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Troweling Mystery

Quivering like an arrow racing by itself,
being propelled through the morning atmosphere.
Situated on mountaintops, watching with renewed
interest at what is taking place before me.
Living on edges of eternity, recalling past
episodes of life with mixed regret and happiness,
finding no respite in between them.
Gathering piles of memories like photographs
and placing them in albums for remembrance.
Always being able to recollect and look through
them, especially on days of loneliness.
Bunching together, images taken when younger,
searching for them now as I grow older.
Wondering where they are, who has them now and
how will I trace them down?
Memorable photos etched permanently in my mind
with no tangible way to show them to anyone else.
A silent troubling mystery voicing itself within
me all these years.
No way to draw or express their beauty of family
and tradition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Undertaking

Cold, bare branches in life, barren as they are etched against
the darkening sky.

Altered states of concentration, making clear the efforts of
nature to be heard by one small poet on earth.

Living a quiet non-existent life, away from empty promises
of people claiming to be friends.

Away from the many dangers of relationships, solitary, alone,
perfectly content when writing within the space of time within.

Beginning everlasting eternity with serenity and peaceful
outlooks, unconcerned, uncaring of the world around.

Prepared from birth to die a peaceful death, quietly unrehearsed,
forthright, honest, allowing my soul to be guided by the inner
blue light always seen as I write.

Against all odds, the silent undertakings whispered to me,
become the life I love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Undertakings

Silenced by thought lying on a precarious edge of
oblivion, striating ideas of immense direction.
Deciding on measures, depending on past outcomes
to alleviate pitfalls of tomorrow.
Feeling a nervous eruption beginning within as
images are created and delved into one at at time,
causing an upheaval of silent undertakings on
shores of destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Undertakings Of Thought

Introverted all of life, yet an extrovert when it comes
to voicing what I think and feel through poetry.

Losing this voice in silent undertakings of thought,
not able to speak of what is being thought orally.

Just putting a pen in hand, you will soon find meanings
of this voice in silent shouts of writing.

Where you can read it all upon pages torn continually
from this inner mind and intellect's imagination.

So taken with the rhythms of life, that writing claims
this being in depths that no one else can fathom, not
even self.

Incessant thoughts moving in time with tides of ever-
lasting oceans over earth.

Peaceful prayers finding their way into an interior play-
ground of prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Voice

A silent voice calling us from afar,
bringing our souls together before
we ever meet face to face.

A longing desire forming in us secretly,
unknowingly, quietly, as our friendship
forms in heaven.

Our souls becoming, sharing one another,
and then we meet.

Our friendship forever has become,
as God has wished.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Voices

Feelings, flying around in an atmosphere of hilarity while I expect to hear of infamous perplexities from within.
Sounding boards of silent voices, penetrating inner tympanies as I'm resurrected spiritually in desert waters.
Sandwiched under many thoughts, I'm still alive.
Resounding echoes throughout life's stanzas, taking whatever comes along in steps of maturity as long as it will live within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Voices - Heartbroken Sounds

This dismal day dissolves before me in every way, an anniversary of Mom's deathly birthday.

An oppressive silence continues day and night, never seeming to fade away.

This balance of life has already turned over and buried itself half way between heaven and hell.

Nondescript facades march constantly before me, parading their cadaverous grins, staunchly on an endless pathway of deserted hopes and dreams.

Finalizing proofs of yesterday's blatant existence, falling prey to insistent cries of death.

Called beyond this life by heartbroken sounds of silent voices, betraying promises made just yesterday.

Joining Mom on another plane, reaching for a whole new destination, surrounded by the intellect of ineffectual therapeutic endeavors.

(2: 02 p.m. - 7/24/95)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Voices Touching Poems

Solitary figures gathering in ocean tides, allowing them
to take everyone wherever they will in life.

Surprising escapades, falling into pastimes of this mind,
occasionally moving sideways towards an opposite horizon.

No worries, knowing that all will be alright in the end,
living in depths and energy of beautiful fields and
forests of nature.

Fantasies begin falling into dreams of a new tomorrow,
fulfilling promises of beginning times at the birth of a
new day.

Insanity, never touching my mind, because it's too full
of ideas and thoughts, pushing everything else out and
away.

Always being prepared to write the best, and presenting
them to the world to critique and comment on.

Loving all voices touching the life of every poem
with their words of meaningful purpose, justifying all
reasons that I am here on earth right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Vow

Dead trees standing tall in nurturing ground, looking proud, reaching out, needing love.
Never budding - empty-handed - naked - left all alone in their death - I still find beauty in them as they reach out to my soul and touch my heart with sacred memories of childhood held close to my mind.
Never letting me forget joyous moments spent upon a tire swing, dreaming dreams of what I wanted to someday be.
Clearly, the image comes to me as words I thought back then can still be heard silently within my mind:
'Someday I will be somebody, because I am me'.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Wake

Standing in the silent wake of evening as it unfolds in
the darkness of nighttime dreams, matching thoughts with
lightening speed.

Wanting to transfer their innocence and purity into deep-
est thoughts of tranquility, totally escaping into fertile
measures of life and rhythm.

No thoughts of failure or doubt, subjects taking a stand
in intellect where they find their way in the blessedness
of a holy realm given only by God.

Feverishly unfolding and tackling songs of sadness and
sorrow as they sing silently like a harp in a midnight
breeze.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Wakenings

Crushing weights crumpling around me, stirring up
dust of apoplectic magnitude while adjusting to
silent wakenings spent on dreary days of old.
Singling out truths and firm vicissitudes during
lifetimes of illness.
Bereft of yesterday's images, talented icons
reflect sorrow in literary works of genial
architecture, structured in wisps and lace of
unblemished memories, talked about on daily
exercise and walks.
Fixated on beautiful scenery as I travel along
feeling crushing weights crumpling on top of me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Wakes

Stories of entertainment fill me to overflowing
spaciousness, uncovering silent wakes in
deafening grief.

Fluctuating serenity with apoplectic fissures, as
time breaks even over the sunrise and glory of dawn.

Existing in an aura of plenty, we illustrate our
realizations and put them on paper for everyone to
enjoy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Walking

Walking into a silent solace, not knowing what to expect as I turn each darkened corner.
Expecting the unexpected, praying to be given beauty and nature in abundant picturesque landscapes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Walks Of Life

Portraits hanging in dim hallways,
hiding their essence in silent walks of life.
People rarely looking at them as they pass by,
not reflecting any thoughts to the contrary.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Watching

So silently I watch people around me, wishing I could be more open and outward in life.
Instead, I continually hide myself beneath many coverlets of rainbow verse, afraid to come out and be myself.
For I know I will be chastised and ignored for who I am in this world of unfairness and blindness towards a gifted person of God's.
Intently focusing on inner thoughts coming to me so I may write them out.
Yet, no one understands who I am or must be through this life.
With no understanding or acknowledgement for who I have become in God's own eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Way Of Moving On

Riding through storms of life, experiencing difficulties and
turmoil as best as possible, nothing else to be done right
now except to face them head on.

Watching in silence, believing things will change for the
better eventually, knowing that like this temporary life
whatever is gone through it is only temporary also.

In moments it will pass, life will continue no matter what
happens, for time has a silent way of moving on, taking us
with it through the years.

Whether sorrow, joy, loneliness, abandonment or happiness,
embraces us, it will never last forever, that's a hope
that seems to keep me going through the agony and torment
of grief and death of my once upon a love now gone from me
forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Weeping

Weeping silently as a willow tree hiding
alongside a lake of natural beauty.
Touching gently, my soul throughout the
day, letting grief slowly ease itself within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Whispers

Strumming memories set in visions of the past, feelings settling upon me in silent whispers.
Somnolent undertakings being dreamt in images of photographic issues of mind perceptions, being dispersed throughout moments of contemplation.
Sectioning each one in moments of their existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Wind

Placid lake rippling before me, touching my mind
with it's perfect solace.

Closer to me, calm and clear, further out, ripples
being raked by a silent wind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Winds

Inwardly walking paths of hell, being tormented with total emptiness.

Outwardly, no one can tell of the pain and sorrow that has filled a person.

Never shedding a word about what is happening or where to go to get out of this mired wicked hell.

Mud, sucking, pulling under all the good that's been done, burying it deep, hiding it from all eyes.

Looking about, there are no innocent bystanders waiting to lend a hand.

Only power-hungry people waiting for different lives to go under, collapsing beneath the weight of loneliness.

Caring nothing about the whereabouts of God in anyone's life, being recompensed with anguish and left to die an empty death alone.

Once heralded by all as complete and heroic, life now fallen, lying crumpled in a mere heap of ashes.

Silent winds come along, blowing remnants off to distant shores - no longer having a life to live.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Wisdom

Portraits of life fill the walls down hallways of destiny.
Never moving or talking, yet filling the world with their silent wisdom, hidden for ages beneath their oil paints and subdued expressions throughout the years.
Fate taking them by the frames and walking from the past to the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Wishing

Silently wishing to meet a friend along the way.
To make the trip not so lonely, I pray.
Sometimes prayers aren't answered, as alone,
we go our way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Wonder

Reaching into my mind, locating feelings and sensations of childhood, grasping them in silent wonder at their beautiful
essences so still wonderfully alive and being remembered this
far along in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Wonder And Awe

Solemn undertakings being hidden from other's views, so
I can complete them in silent wonder and awe.

Perplexing mysteries forming and shaping themselves in my
mind, taking me into dimensions of fidelity and solitude.

Never missing a chance to delve into their fascinating
coded rhythms of mathematical perfection.

So wonderful and lovely, filling with desires of anticipated
love from another source beyond.

Loving the essence it shapes within a soul, taking it away
into lands far away from where I sit and am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Wonderland

Walking through the desert, happily enjoying it's beauty,
exercising my mind as I climb mountains situated right
in the middle of it's arid vastness.

So enthralled with nature, loving every moment spent here
in this silent wonderland.

Peace and serenity filling me throughout, nothing ever
getting in between me and this deep contemplation that
has been developed since I first became aware of life,
outside of my mother's womb.

A lasting wonder and curiosity giving independence of
intellect to write about everything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Words

Sharing feelings with another,
trusting them with your gentle soul,
while hoping to never be separated on
life's journey together.
At times finding words of silence, filling
a spiritual domain kept hidden and sacred
for all times during trials of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Words Of Verse

Being solvent throughout life, having thoughts
always infiltrating intellect with intent and
purpose.

Striving to climb interior walls at every step,
attaining the clarity of nature and it's beauty.

Separating and enlivening every particle within,
rejoicing and being grateful for inner senses.

Taking in every emotion and feeling to be written
eventually into poems.

Extreme and unlimited ideas finding a way to be
shown throughout a world in silent words of verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Writing

Looking inside at my reflection, seeing it mirror the sadness that's always with me.
Knowing the source, keeping it in a compartment where I alone control it's movement into my life.
Letting it loose to roam in pictures of my soul, then silently writing about it as I sink deeply into a rhetoric of blind knowing, allowing words to aptly describe what it is that touches me so intently.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent Yet Vibrant Nature

Fear never playing a part in this poet's life, enjoying every moment, never despairing or being defeated, holding onto promises of life and God.

Never giving in or giving up at all, watching skies becoming much brighter with the morning sun, teasing intellect with it's essence.

Waking nature completely, selecting and nurturing flowers to blossom, seeds to grow, trees to reach for the heavens throughout their lives.

Silent yet vibrant, taking everything in stride, storms, heat, drought, sun, snow, cold, forever taking the weather as it comes into our lives and that of nature's.

Although we humans constantly complain about it, nature seems to enjoy every moment of it's changing and adept moods and attitudes as life goes on unseen before us in nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silent, Vibrant Time

Racing through our dreams together, so happy, elated and joyful,
totally one in this life, just you and I entirely, making love
day and night, taking our time.

Sharing, talking, telling secrets to one another, no one else
hearing what they are my dear, a silent and vibrant time we have
together.

Being with one another and reminding each other how much love we
have to give for the rest of our earthly lives, my love you mean
so very much to me only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Becoming

Walking steadily up life's pathways,
not minding anything as I pass many
trials along the way.

Hoping for a reprieve to keep me away
from others, and silently becoming the
person I was always meant to be through
my writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Communicating

Placid, joyless, sitting in a darkened gray morning,
having missed a phone call from my soul mate.

Wishing he'd call back and talk, nothing happening
so here I sit writing, not wanting to say anything.

Keeping my headset on, listening to music to keep
people from coming to talk, lifting this mind to
another atmosphere.

Finally hoping to continue expressions and explan-
ations through poetical compositions.

A wonderful way to communicate and be silent at the
same time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Composing

Beating incessantly, strumming a guitar with my mind,
taking melodies into outer rhythms of eternity.

Fulfilling promises of eternal pleasure, holding on
to strains of music as I compose them silently in my
soul.

Resting externally in the presence of our Lord, filled
with hope, gathering skirts of faith, taking all of it
as I listen to the whispers of heaven.

Cautioning me to adhere to what life has been through
and keep believing in the life I was meant to live here
on earth and the one I'll soon be living in heaven.

Both equally precious and beautiful in God's eyes forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Contemplating

Silently contemplating what life is really about, seeing through
to an interior spirituality, covered with the freedom of faith,
hope lighting the way.

Delving into avenues and pathways while continuing to look into
intellectual spheres of wisdom and knowledge, participating in
the wonder and awe of life.

Seeing contemplation spread throughout intellect and this mere
poetical mind, adjusting to music and rhythms, finding fascinat-
ing ideas and thoughts.

All of them bringing about pacifying moments into being, holding
onto the peace of the Divine through a bluened light that never
fades or dies away, living and dying for our Lord, only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Expressed Love

Tears of joy falling from my heart, for you have saved
me with your unconditional and quietly relentless love.

Whenever looking into your eyes, seeing your love re-
flected there so brightly and beautiful, sating mine.

Loving to see it so silently expressed from windows of
your soul, my love.

Feeling the same way about you, never wanting to be
parted in this life.

Looking always for you to hold and love me through the
years, making my world a garden of Eden.

Having you as my loving Adam, always here for me, loving
and caring for me forever.

Neither of us taking a bite of that dreaded apple, just
always loving one another, nothing else mattering to
either of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Growing Strength

Running away, hiding within, not daring to show ourselves
openly, always wearing a mask or disguises.

Never allowing others to know our intimate selves through-
out life, when we do share what we are within, we have
fears that we will be jeered and hated.

Yet, if the other person is true, they will accept us for
who we are in this world.

Never looking for misery, taking pathways with our beings
by our sides, never forsaking our friendship in this long
and tiring life.

Accepting every thought and idea just because it belongs
to you alone, feeling the strength that is beginning to
grow silently within, without being stopped or crushed
by another.

Living our purposes and finding our way because someone
showed us kindness and caring in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Listening

Songs of holiness filtering into intellect,
soothing and comforting to my soul and being.

Waiting quietly for whatever is to happen,
expecting good news to be told and silently
listening for it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Loving

Realizing visions as they come into mind, enjoying their constant changing and altering of thoughts.

Giving much pleasure just sitting here, seeing their many designs and patterns forming, shaping and being filled with effervescent colors, brilliant and luminescent.

Touching this mind and intellect, filling them both with many concepts, perspectives and degrees of rhythm.

Silently loving everything that comes soaring into this mind, rapidly and incessantly without any reprieve what-soever.

Beautiful landscapes and images, always bringing me interiorly into a peaceful serenity and lovely mood, filled with joy and happiness.

Nothing else can compare with this interior atmosphere, there is no thing that will ever come close.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Our Hearts Meet

Rejoicing in the feelings of love that your love fills me
with my dear, never forgetting to say you love me as we
hug and kiss when we're together.

Silently our hearts meet, grasping the tender feelings of
desire now climbing inside us, taking us both to heights
of heaven so totally and completely.

Our beings coming together as one, spirits rising, our
hearts expanding exponentially with the love we are so
thoroughly enjoying right this very moment.

Nothing ever felt like this my darling, you are the only
one who can make me feel this way, like I'm the only one
in this whole wide world that could and does matter to
you my dear, thank you for just being who you are my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Placed

Sleeping in your arms all through the night, resting
comfortably in the crook of your arm, silently placid.

Dreaming of your strength encircling me when awake,
loving beauty of your love enveloping me all the time.

Sleepily feeling your breath upon my head, smiling
contentedly, knowing that you are with me.

Never leaving my side because your desire to be with
me keeps you always close.

Loving that about you dear, having you with me, gently,
tenderly, touching and kissing me as I sleep.

When finally awakening, making love and being totally
one throughout the day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Quieted

Life is a challenge to be chased and survived every day
of our lives.
Protected and chastised at the same time, we each wend
our way through hardships and joy progressing through
daily increments.
Moments are energized or silently quieted as life
circles itself and then expires.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Researching

Looking into real life, finding so many episodes of
difficulties lying around, stretching their bodies
in acrimonious thoughts.

Researching silently within, many aspects of natural
science in equations, passing through formulas of
future discoveries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Singing

Being an impossible case, not wanting to be reached,
because then I'd have to talk to people.

That would take away from writing poetry and music,
relaxing in the midst of a crowd, keeping them at bay.

Going with the flow, not worrying about keeping up at
all, singing silently, awaiting morning's beginnings.

Hoping to find an exhilarating pace to keep me going
and vibrant throughout the day and night.

Switching, watching everything, letting it blend in
with the environment, nothing to keep from life, just
joining in with it's beautiful vision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Sitting Still

Sunsetical horizons shining upon the horizon, turning
fluffy white clouds a beautiful orange and gray color,
shading opposite sides of the sky.

Sun setting beyond, no longer reaching a certain part
of the clouds, silently sitting still for now, because
there's no breeze to move them about the skies.

Watching a light blue sky turning slowly into an ebony
color, signifying the beginning of nighttime slumber
for people on this side of the earth.

Never seeming to forget it's nightly duty, always being
dependable, reliable and totally responsible no matter
what may come about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Speaking Beyond

Melodies, sweet and undefiled, reverberating around my being, tending to calm my spirit with bereaved acquiescence, amounting to inner peace.
Trading serenity for a link to past years, hoping to speak silently through the beyond, writing what I am being inspired to foretell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Spoken

Listening to the senses of being, hidden in depths of
intellect.

Always being focused and awakened by them through many
poetical interludes.

Deserving of everything in tiny details, all is silently
spoken in many poems throughout the poet's lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Stealing Precious Moments

Once somebody's child long ago, needs were met and he was
comforted with motherly love.

Now many years have passed and he no longer has a mother's
love on earth, for she has died and gone to heaven.

Reverently, eyes fall upon a sleeping form and linger
lovingly within this mind.

So like a child, he is, touching gently, shyly, all love
flows out to him.

Tender meaning, feeling, heart-warming, silently stealing
precious moments tucked away in pages of holy minds.

When remembering, bringing love always to it's conclusion,
as in loving another person through friendship is all-
revealing.

Tenderly sealing two hearts together, concealing nothing,
this friendship is nourished and eternally thrives, because
it has received many loving blessings from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Testing

Mind be-bobbing around as I look at the blue sky, clouds whitely floating by, gently touching and soothing this poetical mind.

Finding safety and freedom from thoughts of heavenly skies above, feeling them within poetry that I'm writing now.

Quietly and silently testing the strength of imagination, relating and being absorbed by the reality of this world surrounding me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Tiptoeing

Fountains splashing many colors over shadows in the night,
filling empty spaces with it's beautiful colored lights.

Dancing, doing the ballet, it tiptoes silently - never
seeing into hearts that stand and watch it play in the
darkening of a shadow's evening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Transparent

Silently transparent, thinking quietly by myself, sadness touching me within. Wanting to release tears stored inside my broken heart, yet holding them in, not wanting to feel all the emotions that'll pour out with crystal clarity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Traveling

Mind open, aware, alert, watching beckoning thoughts line up, taking journeys through intellect and enjoying the experience.

Taking time to investigate the scars left behind by loss, loneliness and abandonment, traveling silently through sorrow, swimming through it's tears.

Feeling the intensity of inner emotions that have drenched my heart, mind and soul in miseries of life, acknowledging every one of them.

Giving validation to them, searching for forgiveness that lies hiding in depths of my heart somewhere, knowing it has already been given, just wanting to visit it once again.

Touching upon the significance that allowed me to move beyond the hurt and pain, giving insight into what I've been through in life.

Gaining strength and faith through all of it, as I continue to live a life dedicated to poetry and music, offering it up to God as His instrument.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Tripping

Silently tripping through time, day dreaming of
wonderful moments had in the past.

Being brought forward in beauty of rhythm, images
swirling into visions as I think of all the wonder
and awe throughout life.

Amazing thoughts, revolving constantly, taking me
back and forth in an atmosphere of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Unescorted

Prisms changing shapes as I watch an interior video filled
with colors, touching senses, completely surprising them,
guiding each into the center of measures of music.

Stepping in and out of notes and tones, grasping lights of
their particular essence, locating centers of their beauty,
fascinated, watching as they walk silently unescorted.

Thriving on the attention feelings and emotions continually
give them night and day, living lives of freedom and happi-
ness forever.

Never empty or lonely as music and poetry fill every crack
and crevice in this poetical personality, haunting spirits
of tomorrow's visions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Waiting

Silent, thinking, reticent, just sitting here writing poetry, letting feelings filter through music and it's rhythms, all soothing, calming this interior intellect with a purpose.

Keeping me focused and constantly awake as thoughts continue to energize me totally, waiting, being ignored, left to my own devices.

Numb inside, letting my mind choose attitudes and moods to fit how I will face this day, people going by, smiling, saying Hi, nothing more.

Looking out the window occasionally, watching nature at play in the early morning sunlight, throwing shadows every which way, lying upon the ground awaiting the movement of whatever it is reflecting in the light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Watching

Silently watching as our politicians let muslims and
isis think they are going to take over America.

We the People are not stupid, we know what they are
up to and what they've been doing.

They will all be sacrificed in the name of freedom,
we have no need of their greed or corruption in life.

Seasoned veterans all ready to put the hammer down,
shooting their way through our country that has never
been lost, only made to look that way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silently Writing

Awakening from a silent dream, touching my mind with a quiet sensation.
Reveling in it's feeling, going through oppositions of emotions as I walk along, fueling my passion with poetical stanzas from within subconscious realms and deserts, filling me with an arrogance of being.
Alone, swinging to rhythms while silently writing down everything with a pen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silhouette

Silently sitting in the lobby of indecision, not knowing
how to proclaim the life I'm living.

Following inner feelings from one dimension to another,
allowing the pulling and twisting of turmoil to define
boundaries of each new day.

Silhouetting against the light of sadness, turning each
cheek so it may burn with the pain of abuse.

Fitfully portraying images, parading through doors,
left alone, they keep finding their way in nightmares
of blackest nights.

Telling no one, secretly living in hell, bent on self-
destruction so life may quit living here on earth.

Finding no reasons in the light of day or light of
wisdom and knowledge, abuse finds it's way into every
corner, playing the heartstrings of child-like
innocence.

Pounding out the childhood, given by God, filled with
the emptiness of satan's words.

Left alone to die inside, never being able to tell a
soul until much too late, way into the future,
remembered with age.

Funny how everything seems to fade when one gets old,
yet abuse filters through the years, standing stark
naked before your eyes, remembered just before death
takes it's last hold on one's life.

Nothing surpasses memories except the images of them
in the last moment we have on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silhouettes

Silhouettes against the sky, darkening with shade, the brightness of the moon.

Lolly-gagging through the atmosphere, mind firmly planted in another hemisphere, traversing back roads of sanguine beauty.

Around each bend, not knowing what is to happen next, events fall by the wayside, spent already by concerns of unusual cruelty, focused from within another person.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silhouettes And Shadows

Moving slowly, getting tired of waiting for each note,
long roads of temptation keeping me from attaining
horizons, awaiting beyond the sunset as it falls be-
neath darkness and rays of the moon.

Silhouettes and shadows of the past hide the ones we
love, never again letting us see them, only letting us
feel them pulling at out heartstrings forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silk And Satin Truths

Truths sliding like satin and silk into life's
conversations, awakening an honest interpretation
of peaceful recrimination, taking them to other
shores away from dishonest people and their lies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silken Silence

Soothing silence perpetrating an exquisite appetite
for desert plains far from any oasis on earth's
shores.

Holding doors shut with eyes wide open, counting
pauses and rests until they fall into pools of
silent undertakings.

Watching skies of unequivocal equals, finding there
is adversity in loud and boisterous noise, finally
draping all of life under parachutes of silken
silence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silver Skies

Soaring into skies of silver, wings enfolding my mind,
taking imagination into faraway fields of tomorrow's
destiny.
Pedaling into abysses of temporary flights, taking off
without a backward glance or thought of anything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silver Strings

Silence singling into intellect, selecting rhythms
coincidentally and taking them beyond what is being
heard here.

Silver strings permeating, rapidly taking off across
the universe, showing a world of lifetimes and how to
enter their beautiful realms of another period in time.

Taking a journey into another land, touching upon the
essence of interior imagination, rushing carefully
into measures of destiny as it unfolds religiously
inside of taciturn beauty.

Scratching the surface, reaching for the stars, being
left behind each time as they move farther out and away
from this heart.

Unfolding rhythms interiorly, holding a mind, being
mesmerized and held in a state of wonder and awe.

Permeating the essence of passion and leading down trails
as they are being created in patterns and designs of today's
world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silver Wings Soaring

Watching silver wings soaring above America,
shining in the light of an early morning sunrise.

Nothing to fear, knowing that our military is
alert and on the watch, protecting Americans at
home.

Awakening from their nighttime dreams, kept safely
tucked beneath the covers of life.

Knowing that silver wings are flying, soaring above
America, our military's love of freedom is protecting
us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silvery Memories

Silvery moon of past memories dances in my mind as I
think of life the way it used to be when I was younger.
Simpler, cleaner, more precise, never-ending - always
young or at least that was my view of things.
Getting older is so complex, with issues of health,
movement, agility, balance - little chance for pleasure
unless visiting with grown children and grandchildren.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silvery Mist

Feeling the jet now backing off, turbulence rocking us
about, having to stay seated and keep our seat belts on.

A silvery mist hanging just outside the jet window, I
wonder curiously about it's unique presence, pondering
and dispatching each fantasy, as I investigate them.

Some kind of weather aberration is my thought as I go
back to writing poetry and listening to music, excited
to be headed closer to India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silvery Night

Twanging, voice singing loud and low, touching my perfect pitch, thrilling as it penetrates my world throughout measures of this song being sung.

Incredible, intense, sung slowly and romantically, taking desires to new heights where love may one day be found in the lyrics of a song.

Waiting with an impatient heart and soul, wanting it to come to pass as I listen to senses of romance filtering through this silvery night towards love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Silvery White Moon

Silvery white moon, half-shining dimly in the morning sun,
sitting just a whisper-wind above the mountains, shyly
contemplating where to go for the rest of the day.

Any moonbeams being cast out have been disillusioned and
mixed up with the suns', wandering aimlessly in a circle.

The moon is timid, but has her way as she rebels against
the dawning of a new day, never wavering, never a doubt,
sitting upon her throne, making her presence quietly known.

Everyone knows she will live again another moon-lit evening
to cast her glorious silvery-white shadow down upon us all
to say good night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Similar Concepts

Wrecking yards of earth take into themselves, all the old,
rusted vehicles totaled or ruined by others.

Compared to graveyards filled with people, the same concepts
holding true.

Old, decrepit, ruined lives being interred beneath earth, for-
ever remembered by their names and dates of birth and death
etched into their headstones by loving family and friends.

All of us eventually finding ourselves in the same positions
when we are aged.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Simple And Easy

Justification in life is readily at hand every
moment that it's lived.

Nothing having to be done to achieve it, just
a simple and easy thing, no worries to be had.

Being free to live the best we can and living
freely throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Simple Complexities

Sitting here pondering life and it's simple
complexities that we live through.

Emotions and feelings are not simple, they
have so many facets to them that it's hard
to figure them out.

Wondering how they fill our beings with their
sensations, disturbing our minds and intellect
at times.

Trusting in faith, hoping that we will live
through what we are feeling so intensely.

Finding after experiencing things, that we
are at last at peace once again and life settles
down until the next time it happens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Simple Examples

Soothing fingerings filling my mind with many notes of constant restraint.
As they solemnly rely on the talent of intellect to exchange them for words sated in meaning and given simple examples to live by as each day travels roads on many byways.
Regarding the solidarity of being as it is talently given spaces in bars of music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Simple Formula

Blending feelings with a mixture of rhythms, adding a
mathematical formula to fill abstracts with an extra
bit of complacent energy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Simple Horizons

Rights of all people are undermined by luxury and riches,
there is no possible reconciliation of the poor and rich.

We lament poverty while doing nothing to make it extinct.

In laps of luxury it's too easy to abhor and look down on
those with little or nothing.

Living a simple life in luxury is a contradiction, give
away everything and live in abject poverty.

See how quickly you'll want to grab it all back, how
tearfully you'll miss it's privileges, how unsimple your
life becomes.

Being born into a certain level of poverty - having enough
to live on - scrimping and making do.

Yet, having also experienced abject poverty where there is
no food or money to scrimp or make do.

Desperately wanting an end of life and it's horrid ways,
living in a one room shack - no rent money to be found -
lying awake in the dark - stomach aching from lack of food -
listening to a mother's cries.

It's the end of the road with no way to turn, burning
indelibly into a child's mind.

Turning fourteen, making eighty dollars every two weeks,
supporting a family of nine, getting a taste for money and
what it could buy.

Partially solving a mystery of life, poverty doesn't have
to stay throughout life.

Working, saving and scrimping - hope in a heart to soon be
rich.

Having more than enough money to live comfortably, reveling in the peace of heart and mind.

Then getting married, having children, being thrown once again into abject poverty.

Food stamps and general assistance lending a helping hand, at what price though?

Self-esteem, ego, all crushed by the intrusive questions and unreasonable demands imposed for their tiny atom of help.

When one has nothing, life stares into your face - no emotion - no feeling - eking out a mere existence for your children.

All hope for self completely gone, intense hatred of wants and needs exploding now from inner dimensions, flowing crazily throughout each day, offering no hope or satisfaction.

No longer crawling on all fours, but sliding along the ground on your belly, defeated and beaten - not caring for life's promised shores.

All lies decayed on horizons of feckless hope, nothing to be given or taken from this day forward.

Abject poverty has nothing in common with the simplicity of life.

Only in the lap of luxury can anything of want be simple.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Simple Little Lives

Settling into the evening quietly, just people watching,
entertaining myself with their actions, observing every
detail at length.

Tuning into their feelings, expressions and gestures,
learning quite a lot from their body language, children
being open, honest and straight forward.

A joy to watch as they laugh, smile and enjoy their simple
little lives, nothing to mar them, just feeling the purity
and innocence of being young.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Simple Little Things

True hearts are not caught on material things, only the simple little things count in life.

A fulfilling and sensuous nature, waiting within, natural intuition taking true love by the hand.

Giving an unconditional and inspirational beauty to all those being met along life's pathways.

Faithful, true, no fantasy's, just little things will do, having more value than any priceless jewelry or trinkets will.

Anyone can buy things, but it takes a special love to give her what she desires the most.

Holding hands, quiet conversation, evening walks, an embrace when saddened, little nothings that others may not count as anything in their lives, at least not as she thinks of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Simple Minds

Teaching grandkids many things without disciplining
or yelling at them, just setting an example that never
quits finding a place to be accepted in their little
minds.

Enriching with new and exciting possibilities, allowing
them to believe and hold onto their wonder and awe.

Beautiful interest and curiosity of everything in life,
allowing an exploration, discovery, ideas of adapting
new things and people into their hearts.

Putting puzzle pieces to measures of music, as they
pursue an instant picture appearing in their simple minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Simple Person

Toasting one another on a good job done occasionally, filling
one with pride, expanding their egos, a little more each time,
yet a simple person, no matter how many times they are praised
and honored still remain the same.

Knowing that anyone can do the same as they have done, expect-
ing absolutely nothing in return, just doing what they thought
was the right thing to do.

Following their heart's to the end, minds never concentrating
on what others say about them, preferring only to stay within
themselves, never veering from who they truly are.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Simple Task

Life is to be lived freely and equally, we are never to be bound by limitations or boundaries of another, for in that only is our soul restricted from following our own destiny straight to God.

Rules and regulations, laws and ordinances are all man-made and need to be abolished, just following the ten Commandments is all that has ever been needed to live our lives in the way God has intended for us.

Abolishing evil can only be accomplished in this way, yet not many can see their way clear to do this simple task.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Simple Things

It's the simple things in life that bring happiness and joy
to hearts of women everywhere.

Little trinkets from lovers and husbands, nothing material,
just those three all important words that hold their entire
worlds together.

They say that actions speak louder than words, maybe, but
without those three precious little words, actions are
meaningless.

Only an emptiness echoes within their minds, causing hearts
to let teardrops fly from within them.

Most men don't seem to realize how important those three
little words are to a women's soul.

They elate, fill with joy and happiness, make us feel love
and being wanted, precious, special, so full of life, like
many of our fathers did when we were growing up.

A feeling of belonging, a total commitment of a man, associated
with these feelings when too young to understand them.

Three little words hold the trust of each individual in turn,
I Love You, soothes the hurt and pain of the world, if said in
sincerity and love from one person's heart to another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Simple, Easy Pleasure

Energy pounding through my veins, giving the
impetuous needed to get through another day.

Lilting music penetrating my mind with rhythms
being played, starting and stopping, taking
thoughts back and forth, living in the moment.

Strolling down memory lane, hand in hand, smiling,
beneficent, utterly being human, simple easy
pleasure giving us satisfaction needed.

Forever tending to it's essence in every respect
throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Simplicity

Riding around countrysides filled with a pride of
patriotic beauty and simplicity.
Traipsing over lands and acres of earth, finding
and locating all of life secured within it's hands.
Turning soil, locating it's life-giving properties,
growing food for all people.
Farmers waking before the sun rises, working all
day long without any phases of rest in between.
Cultivating, growing, and reaping in food for
everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Simplicity And Freedom

Running faster and faster through fields of roses, can't get enough of their lovely aromas and feelings of strength,

Taking me further into the passage of time alone with you my love, holding hands and never letting go.

Simplicity and carefree freedom keeping us together, loving and caring, sharing everything between us.

Nothing to separate or tear us apart, we are one forever my love, nothing will ever change that for you and I are one.

Holding onto one another through it all, helping, caring, sharing, a perfect and totally beautiful love that was built for us in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Simplicity Of Childhood

Happy, standing in days of yesterday, feeling the gentle
love of parental caring.

Living in the simplicity, purity and innocence of child-
hood, never having to worry about anything.

Grown-ups dealt with everything, leaving me free to play
with my dolls, sisters, and later on with my brother.

A total experience of family, enjoying the closeness we
had because of Mom and her loving embrace of all of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Simply Sophisticated

Lively, full of energy, the piano is playing melodies in this mind
to write to, a sophisticated yet simple way to write to music.

Never being allowed to forget anything, letting it fall upon photo-
graphic screens forever in this life.

Enjoying remembering most things and placing them in poetry journals
and eventually into books being published one after another.

Leaving a legacy of literature for whomever is interested in reading
poetry and learning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Simultaneously Exploding

Angles and corners looking towards the sun, shimmering
in reflections like mirrors in the halls of fame, being
stationary and always showing life just as it is, a
perfect way to discover and portray it in musical
poetry and verse.

Chemical reactions simultaneously exploding when intellect
and imagination are poured and blended together with the
total essence of music.

Bouncing and rhythmic, folding and unfolding in front of
my mind, collecting all thoughts that are being conjured
and left to be picked up by intellect and placed in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sincere And Accepting

Tempting desires into the open, your touch sends electric
feelings totally through me, passion rapidly rising, tak-
ing you with me into interior depths of our beings.

As we make love, sincerely accepting that our love is un-
conditional and can never be faked, for we are too attuned
to feelings and emotions through our love for each other.

Love pouring from one to the other, soothing and quenching
our desires and passion as we make love throughout the
night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sincere Appreciation

Faces all around me, people smiling, laughing, talking,
inspiring thoughts and ideas I can place in poetry,
gathering data, pleasure and happiness through others.

Enabling my mind to encompass situations and circum-
stances within intellect, relating all that is absorbed
in words of poetry I create.

Finding great pleasure in doing so, knowing that many
others enjoy what I've written, because of the great
comments they always give to me.

Making it all worth while, so a special thank you to
all who read and appreciate my thoughts, ideas and
poetry throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sincere Emotions

Springing down pathways in time to musical episodes, playing for me only.
Saturating endless neurons and synapses within my brain, keeping it energized and alert for all coming thoughts throughout the day.
Sincere emotions are traveling along rhythmic stanzas, being composed as I write and play the piano in my mind.
Many hours of joy and happiness fill me everyday as I alone can hear and see the screens of photographic memories stirring images and words in my mind.
Soul-filling energy, keeping me alive, nothing else can come close to the purpose it gives me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sincere Fulfillment Of Passion

Chords tip-toeing across my mind, taking me interiorly
into it's recesses, there finding my spirit open and
alert and awake.

Grasping each captivating source of life and nature,
searching in other dimensions for the truth of living
and dying.

Picking up vibrations hidden within my being, loving
their textures and designs, grasping and letting them
penetrate intellect with patterns of intellectual rhythms.

Coded within their tones and tempos, selected and fitted
into chords and measures of music so perfectly and coher-
ently, then becoming paintings of melodies being played.

Nothing to conquer or doubt, just a sincere fulfillment
of my passion, essence and spirituality always kept deeply
cherished and treasured on photographic screens, all of my
memories to be etched forever in this mind and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sincere Sounding

Revealing answers become apparent when listening to another speak.
Inflections tend to sound sincere and they give away emotions that are being felt.
Tones heard above the words show strength of character and beauty of a person's soul to another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sincere Thoughts

A coldness seeps through me,
entering labyrinths of foreign emotions,
cantering alongside visions in passing.

Reflections shining into my mind,
bringing up past reminders what life
used to be like when I was younger.

Sincere thoughts pile atop one another,
vying for a place first in line, all
possible combinations are evenly
tabulated and shared together as one.

(9/7/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sincerity

Holding tight to feelings and sincere
convictions, all truths held closely
in my heart.

From these which I speak of through
prose on a constant basis just because
I enjoy it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sincerity Of Loss

Tears falling as a sad song is being played, strumming a
guitar and singing words of a lost love.

Being heartfelt, touched by the sincerity of a great loss,
knowing the pain of another through the sudden melody now
being played.

Taking hold of heart's memories, letting tears fall while
missing their baby's love, so sad that a lifetime of joy
has culminated in a pool of hapless tears.

A being now lonely and abandoned, listening to a very sad
song, sorrow now flowing into their soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sinewy Detachments

Walking away from toil and strife, beginning life's
moments on the run, enjoying being alive, rocking
to rhythms of life.

Frolicking through sentiment and thinking clearly
of destiny and fate today.

No more sinewy detachments crowding pleasure centers
in my brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Singing

Sound and tone of her voice trembles inside, touching strings of musical aptitude deeply within my being.
Stressing the tones of each note as it quickly finds it's place in my memory.
Taking senses into emotional feelings as she sings beautifully along with the music she has chosen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Singing Couple

Walking in rhythms known only to interior subconscious
thoughts, and not left to another's devices.

Forging bonds, singing alongside one another and holding
onto each other's hearts.

Filled with love for their lives together, perfectly
suited, temporary in nature, as life continues to turn
around each day.

It brings a saddened joy through the years of their lives,
that are yet to be lived.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Singing Doc

Softly engaging in a twilight rendezvous of melodies, sung to one another's hearts, strictly straight from loves deepened emotions.
Sending a message into depths of married love, held together through the years in tenderly held voices, reverberating from on high and landing quietly in a pair of hearts, loving into the future of life, holding hands and expressing their love in unwritten sentences being sung.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Singing Gentleman

A gentleman, singing tunes of past generations, dignified, filled with rhythm, a joy to listen to.

Amazingly, his voice is the same tone as that of Dean Martins' and without his glasses on, his eyes resemble old Deans' also.

A pleasure to be in his presence, an entertainer that meets the definition of one, creating an exquisite experience of lifelong musical talent - a joy to us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Singing In Rain Storms

Singing in rain storms of life, recalling days of
happiness sublime, reliving times nearly forgotten
in cells of a mind.
Opening doors to enlightened horizons, reading
writing stretched upon walls of imagination.
Foretelling of an inexhaustible existence bearing
witness to behaviors in attendance.
Many happy moments kept in believing stances of
life for shortened spans of time, before eternity
comes upon us unexpectedly.

(10: 43 a.m. - 12/03/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Singing Love

Reaching for the stars in his wife's lovely eyes,
hoping to see the admiration shining brightly as
ever.
Letting his voice sing in her direction with his
love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Singing Of Life

Silently singing of life through poetry, observing nature and humanity in every aspect, enjoying learning every detail that comes to light.

Nothing ever escaping this mind and intellect, all of it being gathered onto and into a photographic mind, loving the intense joy felt every time.

Listening to music and writing, always bearing in mind that it is God who has given these gifts, using each of them to fulfill a purpose while alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Single - Minded Touch

Life is being filled exponentially through musical rhythms,
creating a pathway to wonder and curiosity of a life-long
imaginary line.

A single-minded touch of a poet feeling every motion, move-
ment and direction that music takes, revolving in spheres
of intellect and watching photographic screens interiorly.

Having a great interest, full of emotion, quieting this soul,
entertaining this mind, alleviating stress and providing a
safe place to hide away while continuing to write.

Placing trust in measures and chords of time immemorial, as
life takes side streets into depths of intellectual issues,
finding out all about them through colors of sounds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Single Answers

Reaching forward, taking plenty of slack so as not to
choke ourselves on the stingy side of selfishness.

Tearing into appetites of tomorrow, preparing to find
corners where all of life can find a comparable side
to benefit from.

Realizing that all of us need understanding, compassion
and a tolerance for one another's differences while
living here on earth.

Blending, mixing, regaining control of our world here in
the U.S.A., not letting the ignorant people have their
way.

Simple answers, banding together, uniting and standing
alongside one another without hatred, racism, prejudice
of our fellow man.

Taking one another's hands, stepping into the light and
never letting another human being get beheaded, tortured,
raped or murdered.

Getting rid of all those who do these things once and for
all, so we may finally live in peace here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Single Purpose

Steady, beating in time with lover's hearts, having
meaning through their unconditional love, coming to-
gether as one.

Minds melding and finding one another in realms of
togetherness, looking into each other's eyes, seeing
their love being reflected and mirrored back and forth.

Accompanied by rhythms of melodic harmonies, listening
to them in the night, coming closer, nothing able to
penetrate or get in between.

A single purpose in minds of lovers, to love and be loved
throughout the years, never being parted, only growing and
loving closer together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Singling Out

Tired of actions brought on by other people,
singling me out for tortuous moments of
complete abandonment.

Finding avenues to circumvent the emptiness
being brought into my interior self-image.

Tokenly betraying an energetic sadness as
it flows forever silently downstream in
particles broken off from intellectual
imagination.

Sorrowfully walking into darkened tunnels,
unafraid of death grabbing at my being,
knowing God is protecting me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Singling Words

Written words single me out, testing my abilities,
comparing them on levels of existence known only to me.

Forging new pathways down lengths of brain waves,
presenting newly formed ideas for literature's poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Singular And Creative

People have the strangest notions in life, always
thinking the worst of other people, yet thinking
they're themselves perfect.

At a loss to comprehend their attitudes and moods,
letting them live and living life the way I want
to.

It's best for my creative style to be a loner,
never bothering others with my idiosyncracies,
faults or opinions.

Feeling emotions, taking and keeping them in tune
with rhythms of my soul every moment that I'm
alive and writing poetry.

Keeping self in synch with melodies and harmonies,
being particular and loving the way living becomes
my being.

Taking moments every chance I get to be alone,
rockin' to musical rhythms, a singular and creative
way to exercise intellect and my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Singular And Positive

Signals beckon across the atmosphere, wanting to be
a part of something new and creative, hoping that
I'll take them into the circumference open within me.

Singular and positive, finding aspects of delivery to
be quite adequate and always ready to be taken into
consideration.

Living for infinite possibilities in life, thinking
and creating opportunities in which to portray new
ideas and thoughts creatively in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Singular Choice

Darkness surrounds the building I am sitting in,
lights twinkling in all directions from stores
scattered around this fast food restaurant, Wendy's
to be exact.

A favorite place where I can sit, eat, write, listen
to music and no one will ever bother me while I am
doing it.

Singular choice, loving the people, employees and
atmosphere, a wonderful place to sit and be creative,
a particular habit that I hold deeply inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Singular Purposes

Singular purposes falling on deaf ears,
unfulfilled dreams stretching themselves,
attempting to fill in empty spaces with
no particular luck in doing so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Singular Rhythms Of The Past

Another ending of a time of joy in the evening.
Closing J.D.'s lounge, saying good night to the
band as they play their last song.
A beautiful awareness left to us as we are
awakened time and again by the singular rhythms
of songs from the past.
Rocking faster and calmer into the decent hour
of eleven.
Coercing minds to be awake and aware of the time
as we listen, forever young to our musical passions
brought forward for us here in the present.
Taking all the benefits of individual rhythms into
places of our hearts, only to begin again in a time
of renewal as each new song is sung.

(11: 02 p.m. - 11/16/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Singular View

Again, re-looking out the window, observing an
ocotillo and noticing the inside lights reflecting
on the window and looking like they are sitting
upon the branches of the ocotillo, just right where
they always belonged.
A singular view seen by this poet while sitting and
writing like any other day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Singular Voices Uniting

Singular voices being raised in unison nowadays against evil
and terrorism, taking our country back from edges of non-
existence that's now threatening everyone here on earth.

Extinction for all if we don't do something really fast to
stop the destruction of our way of life here in America, not
wanting to give up on our nation.

Now following Donald Trump's lead, making America great again
by exposing corrupt politicians for what they are, getting rid
of each of them so we can be the nation once again of the free
and brave, God blessing us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Singularly Focusing

Registering this night in a band playing many songs
and doing them well.
Focusing singularly on each one, bringing a definite
popularity to each one as we listen and applaud
appropriately when they are done.

(10: 05 p.m. - 11/16/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sinister, Horrible Way

Hitting a mind up against an evil entity that cares not what happens to another, not even believing what he's neglected to do.

Not knowing because of what can't be seen, not able to see what shape she's in, a sinister and horrible way to be treated by someone saying he loves her.

Having found out now at long last, wondering if she will be lost because of his negligence and never bothering to say anything at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sinners Against Purity Of Hearts

Raising voices prayerfully and happily, lyrics telling
of today's world, filled with evil and terrorism.

Questioning the whys and wherefores of what is going on,
everyone bullying others unmercifully, hurting and maiming
hearts and minds of others for no reason at all.

Sinners going against those who are pure of heart, trying
to start race wars and racial tension everywhere.

Looking the other way, most people are ignoring their weak
attempts to start a holy war around the world.

Not listening, just praying for those they are torturing
and hurting in the name of a religion that has no God,
only satan, taking apart the good in the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sins Of Lust

There are men who act like bees, tasting the nectar of every flower they come across, giving them no opportunity to refuse.

Bees pollinating each flower so they in turn will bud and blossom into a beautiful flower, do so out of an innate quality to preserve and nourish life.

Men on the other hand taste the nectar of women with no intention of making them flourish and blossom into loving and caring adulthood.

They only want to take away their virginity with no thought or care what it actually does to a woman, ruining their lives, leaving them with their sins of lust upon them.

Alone and lost, no way to regain their freedom and independence, their virginity had provided them with, having taken away their proverbial 'cherry', leaving them stained by men's lust and desires who rape them.

Thinking it was their fault, that it is their sin, when that is never the truth, men who rape are the sins and stains of their own lust, blaming the woman because of their bloated egos.

Men's minds are beyond the recognition of this, because of their egos they're always using their lust and desires to take away lives of good and decent women, casting them into a horrible nightmare, where they never again feel safe.

If the women who've been raped had been given a choice, these women would never, ever have chosen these disgusting men to even come within ten feet of their bodies, yet each rapist thinks himself God's gift to women. What a farce! !

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Siphoned Dreams

Dreams flowing through the sieve of this mind, being
siphoned through the night into imagination so they
may be used in cooperation with intellect's wisdom.

A knowing that hides behind it all, waiting it's turn
to switch everything into a human perspective of mercy
and life-altering circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Siphoning Life

Sandwiching sound beneath an array of words filled
with meaningful etudes and opposite facets of
intelligence, awakening on shores of beyond.
Taking steps towards an exacting measure of gifted
talent, becoming an outlet for artistic components.
Reliving memories in pools of rhythm as time
continues to dismiss our lives with every second.
Detailing every breath we take, siphoning it away
from us even though we rarely realize it's single
purpose on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sitting Alone

Sitting alone in seconds of time, watching moments pass
by silently, not taking any notice of us at all.

That is how life seems to be also, we all live it daily,
doing what we have to and doing things for pleasure.

In reality, none of it really mattering in the end, even
though we don't realize that fact while living it.

Like time, it passes us by, leading us from yesterday
into the present and then luring us into tomorrow.

Not really caring if we participate or not, life cares
not we do with our lives or purposes.

We are just flotsam, floating on rivers of time, alone
and individually.

Eventually running into the ocean unheeded by anything
that we have done or experienced through the years.

Coming at last to our final resting horizons, taken by
death beyond what we now know in and about life on earth.

Sitting alone in seconds of time, watching moments pass
by us silently, not taking any notice of us at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sitting Alone Together

Seeds that have been sown through our love grow and continue
to blossom throughout the years, children grown and with
families of their own.

Watching our Grandchildren now learning what true and un-
conditional love should be like, hoping and praying that
each will find an absolute love of their own.

Nurturing their own children one day, praying for just
that as we two sit alone together here at home, looking
into one another's eyes.

Our hearts still as full of love as the first day we set
eyes on each other, talking quietly of the years we've had
together, now looking into our last horizon.

Wondering which one of us will be the first to leave this
earth and walk into the darkness of death, alone for the
first time in many, many years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sitting At The Hideaway

Soothing interior nerves, troubled and frayed from pain
and being in the hospital again.

Now, however, the day after getting out, sitting here at
the Hideaway, having a good time in the midst of many,
many bikers.

All accepting me as one of them, lending an ear, giving
a smile, enjoying one another's company.

Meeting, being strangers when entering, now all being
friends, of one mind, loving the freedom we have here in
the United States Of America.

Band playing loudly, saxophone sounding really great,
people dancing and tapping their feet in time with the
music.

Total pleasure filling my soul as I sit and write of all
that I am seeing and experiencing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sitting In Authority

Shadows snaking across the ground, forming patterns to be brought out and placed in prose.
Touching a mind with flowing thoughts, watching them move along without going anywhere in time.
Stationary reminders of how transient all of life can be, as we sit in authority of what we can never explain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sitting In Corners

Sighing deeply into my mind, unhappily seeing
so much loss sitting there in corners, all alone.
Tears falling steadily without the beauty of
yesterday's family beside me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sitting In Darkness

Forging ahead, longing to come out of hiding all these years, keeping self apart from others so as not to mingle with them, just family.
Some lonely nights sitting in darkness, fighting sadness and feelings of abandonment throughout evenings of spherical complacency and doubt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sitting In Limbo

Being calm, inviting God into my heart as I sit here
in limbo, hoping for an answer to a prayer to Saint
Jude.

Meanwhile, continuing to pray deeply inside as I lie
around edges of this moment, listening to music from
a D.J. playing songs especially for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sitting In Silence

Wholesome and bright, vivid images coming into view,
living in intellect daily as life continues on it's
way.

Preparing the way to love and it's honesty, waiting
for it to grasp my heart, totally sitting in silence
as it touches my being with surprise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sitting In The Desert

Looking out across the desert, lovingly gathering it
into my mind's heart, wandering it's trails throughout
imagination.

Soaking in images of saguaro cacti and numerous trees,
plants and other types of cacti.

Feeling a fullness of love within me from nature's
bountiful blessings, sitting in it's vast desert
landscape, right here within my mind as I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sitting In The Shade

Peace and serenity filling me interiorly, chasing away
the encroaching city life sitting on the far outskirts
of this village.

Looking inwardly after seeing the beauty of the Arizona
desert and surrounding mountains, finding a complacent
space to sit and write without interruption here in the
shade at Pioneer Village.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sitting In The Silence Of Tagore's Home

Chirping, cawing of birds in the silence that was just
moments ago, music of India, a certain humming is now
heard as a gentle wind takes away the heat from my brow.

Spirit capturing the essence of what must have been so
long ago, as Tagore lived and grew within this peaceful
atmosphere.

It's serenity still very apparent as it envelopes every-
thing in peace, myself included, sitting here in a poet-
ical interlude and writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sitting Interiorly

Cars running through, take me to destinations unknown
or imagined, while sitting here and working.
Feeling a breeze against my mind, blowing thoughts
about, enjoying peace-filled moments within myself.
Outwardly, all h_ll is breaking loose, but it doesn't
matter, because I am with myself interiorly and life
in here is wonderful.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sitting On A Fence

Looking around, sitting on a fence, watching nature filling
surroundings with it's beauty, a garden of flowers that send
their aromas to all my senses.

Tantalizing them totally, finding the words to write them
into poetry, mind dancing, loving the feelings coming into
my being.

Delectable sounds and sights of everything around me, listen-
ing attentively, writing it all into poetry that will eventu-
ally become another book for everyone to read and enjoy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sitting On A Stool

Sitting upon a stool, looking out over the tops of many
cycle booths and motorcycles.

Seeing trees waiting patiently and quietly, set in their
roots, just observing everything going on beneath them.

Gentle breezes blowing them in time with musical rhythms
emanating from an invisible hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sitting On A Wall At The Shore In Backwaters Of India

Waves as they come towards the wall I'm sitting on,
reflecting light so perfectly and gently, a rolling
show of light perpetrated by nature and shown to
this mere poet.

Shadows waving in the darkness, pushing thoughts be-
neath the surface of the water, tree branches leaning
over as if to get a drink from the water below it.

Never reaching it's depths, while all the soundless
silence devastates daylight with it's very mystical
essence.

Stirring passion within, giving my poem a purpose,
possibly wondering what is flowing below the waves,
curious as to what could be there.

Unable to see a thing from above where I'm sitting
upon a wall, enjoying the total wonder filling me
with joy in the backwaters of India tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sitting On Sidelines

Feeling the loneliness of humanity, sitting
on sidelines, watching incessant struggles
happening within each individual without any
reason or logic, haranguing me.

Being striped of the haggard senses of daily
living, replacing them with the vibrant and
tantalizing portrayal of rhythms.

All are coming to the surface to taunt my
passion, living for the impossibilities that
are strewn across my being.

Grasping onto them and enjoying the ride
through imagination's creativeness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sitting On The Edge Of The Stage

Being inspired in many diverse ways through the years, sitting here writing at Buddy Stubbs inside, bar-b-que over, live band gone, waiting here alone in a poetically musical mood.

Positive vibrations going through me a mile a minute, tantalizing and bringing me into synch with rhythms of melodies being listened to right now.

Sitting upon the edge of the stage, enjoying being ignored as I write, a particular habit of joy that I often participate in totally, loving it's good feelings of serenity within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sitting On The Straightaway

Sitting on the straightaway, watching life pass by, not
caring that it does, dreaming real feelings within, hold-
ing and giving them a life of their own to live inside me.

Getting everything straight, going out tonight in the
freedom of my everlasting spirit, as I write sentiments
being kept hidden from all eyes.

Protecting them from the impurities of other's thoughts,
preferring to keep them silently beautiful within the
love I have for you only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sitting On The Verandah

Treasuring every single moment that we have, sitting
on the veranda, drinking our tea and watching the
sun rise together.

Quiet spirit of our beings holding onto each other as
daylight breaks upon us sitting here talking, our
conversation always meaningful.

Giving us both pleasurable feelings and thoughts kept
between us both, a never-ending blessing, touching
the essence of who we are.

Being treasured dearly in our hearts and minds, laughing,
joking, being serious, no matter what we are doing to-
gether, life is a wonderful place for us to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Situating Intellect

Straightening lines into arrows of believability
for future avenues of poetry.
Eclipsing even the lunar thoughts of midnight
evenings.
Situating intellect among imagination's ideas,
coming up with novel inventions for all the
world to use.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Situations

Angels are surrounding my space in time, bringing grace
and peace to get through the trials I'm about to face alone.

Following candlelit flames of serenity, piously shining
along paths I must take to recover.

Keeping my faith from faltering in spite of circumstances
all around, in situations and people whom I admire.

(9: 11 a.m. - 2/28/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Situations Can Be Assuaged

Sharing insight and wisdom of our interior lives
through poetry, gives pleasure to intellect.

Knowing that others are deriving needed help from
what is being said, being content and satisfied.

Difficult situations can be assuaged by poetical
compositions and rhythms.

Life taking it's place in corridors of time, hoping
to be placated enough to live a peaceful life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Situations Of The Past

Slipping through time, sliding headlong into situations of the past,
remembered in moments of loneliness.
Veiled thoughts entering caverns of my mind, filling me at times with dread.
Hoping not to be left in an abyss of sorrow again, feeling around in the darkness
of subconscious images, reviewing the messages they bring to mind now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sixth Sense

Watching as others try to figure out just what is being done while
writing and listening to music, having to smile as they seem to be
fascinated by it.

Melodies and harmonies galloping every moment as it slowly flows
through every fiber and particle of this being to be written on
many pages of poetry journals throughout life.

Taking steps to provide lessons to be learned and taught to others
in dire straits at times, helping others by reaching out, forget-
ting self and listening to the things others aren't saying.

Just interpreting their silence intuitively through a sixth sense
in and through an intellectual spirituality that not many people
have or recognize.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sixties Renditions

Renditions of the sixties set to songs, being played today, helping people to reminisce about good times they used to have.

Re-living memories intrinsically, taking moments in time, feeling emotions running high, causing a shift in moods, heart feeling lighter, spirit soaring with a freedom and liberty not felt in any other realm on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sixties Songs

Silence stilling my mind, then like magic, I'm writing of things that I'm hearing through songs and rhythms being played by Storm.
Steady, balanced, totally in synch with thinking, etching words into my mind and feelings in my heart.
Precious moments spent in songs of the sixties.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sixty - Sixth Birthday

Dancers going to town, bouncing up and down, lights sparkling
and touching them joyfully as they continue to dance, nothing
to interfere with the happiness and love.

Being spilled over the dance floor abundantly, husbands and
wives, boy friends and girl friends having the time of their
lives here at the Wagon Yard tonight.

Celebrating my sixty-sixth birthday with friends and family,
all together enjoying this togetherness tonight, bringing
life alive just for the moments being spent together.

Lively and livid, loving the wonderful staccato beats play-
ing steadily throughout this beautiful night, tender and
serene.

Listening attentively with heart being filled with joy and
happiness, totally being enhanced in melodies as they travel
up and down the dance floor with all the people here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sizing Up Essence

Rhythmic projections stabbing intellect with the
totality of life and it's movements through time,
giving everything I think about a place to be and
become in.

Stressing positive and accurate pleasures in life
so simply and picturesquely for all to see and ex-
claim over, sizing up essence as it spreads itself
through the beauty of life's landscapes.

Truths of reality, nothing ever destroying musical
depths of my soul, being as I continue to BE within
myself, writing and expressing an interior and innate
talent for the entire world to see for themselves.

All seen in black and white, seething with purpose
and energy, living in the peace of a heavenly interior
spirituality that has been tended through the years,
always being nourished by God and His Holy Spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Skating

Skating around in ever widening circles,
passing each other over and over.

Faster and faster, feeling the speed,
keeping balance.

Feelings of self-assurance surfacing in
your mind, because you have not fallen
once - yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Skating On The Edge Of Life

Skating around the edge of life, trying to not get involved.

Hoping for some recognition, yet not doing anything to solve the problem.

Reaching out, talking, picking up the pieces will not do any good.

Skating across the middle of life, only partially involved.

Picking up bits of information here and there to make you feel better.

Holding out your hand, touching another and taking life in hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Skeleton Keys

Keys dangle into
yesterday,
forgetting how to
unlock doors
of past lifetimes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Skeptic Thoughts

Skeptic voices penetrating
cores of complacent beings,
tearing apart self-made
images hidden from view.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sketching Ideas

Touching life with music, sending vibrations reverberating into atmospheres of lively anticipation.

Conquering lies with truth, feeling emotions with every sense and particle of my mind that grasps eternal etudes.

Inside art, filtering it's messages with solar-powered thought.

Sketching ideas on measures and bars, shaping notes, pairing them with rests and scores of beautiful sensory perception.

Quietly inside, attaching beauty to conspicuous, lightened imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sketching Patterns

Sketching patterns in my mind, creating depths and designs
that fit this particular frame of mind.

Feeling each one intensely, fitting them individually to
each emotion lying within.

So intense, yet simple, they fold themselves into rhythms
that my mind creates for them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sketching People

Taking turns sketching people and nature in my mind, remembering all the details as they exist in reality, not wanting to veer from their beauty and purpose in my life.
Drawing from interior emotions, giving them a voice in masterpieces of art as I paint them into another dimension of talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sketching People And Nature

Taking turns sketching people and nature in my mind,
remembering all the details as they exist in reality,
not wanting to veer from their beauty and purpose in
my life.
Drawing from interior emotions, giving them a voice in
masterpieces of art, as I paint them into another
dimension of talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Skewed Judgments

Judges placing guilt and putting people in jail,
sentencing them according to how they themselves
are feeling that day.

Justice not being tended to, innocent people at
times, receiving the harshest punishment because
of the lies told by an ex-spouse.

Life holds nothing when given to a human
being to decide what should be done.

Judgments being skewed by corrupt and inept
judges, sitting on their thrones of justice.

Not coming near to the definitions written
in the United States Constitution.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Skiers

Slopes filled with pure white snow,
glistening in the morning sun.

Waiting for skiers to start their daily runs,
alone, toasting the morning with their appearance.

Leaning forward and speeding to the bottom of the
steep mountain where they will stop at the lodge
for a hot cup of coffee or maybe a hot cocoa.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Skies Of Abandonment

Standing, staring, watching beginnings flake into being,
transforming into snowy peaks, spreading themselves around.
Kicking aside dust of riding desert plains overnight,
instead, tracing one of a kind feathers into skies of
abandonment.
Lights shining their way into darkest corners of a single
existence.

(8: 42 p.m. - 11/28/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Skies Of Absolute Beauty

Heart bouncing to rhythms rapidly throughout intellect,
taking me into imagination and back.

Seeing brilliant and effervescent ideas sparkling every-
where, taking me instantly into thought processes.

Waltzing and carrying on into realms of another dimension
where visions are being captured and displayed.

Appearing on photographic screens within, memories playing
incessantly, giving pleasure as I watch them.

Solace and serenity soothing my mind completely, soaring
into skies of absolute beauty while thinking and portraying
everything in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Skies Of The Past

Living, not caring about strains of life and it's
hardships, as long as melodies of rhythm can be
heard above it all.

Fantastic, intense, giving an innate energy that
keeps me going no matter what time of day or night,
feeling like I'm back in days of the wild west.

Listening to cowboy songs that take me soaring,
flying into skies of the past, traveling into
straits of life-long liberty and freedom.

Wishing everyone could be a part of this quiet
interior life, but it seems many were never
taught how to achieve it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Skinny Dipping

Skinny dipping in the moonlight, swimming, pretending
to be on a desert island.

Cool air wafting across our bodies, as your warm lips
keep me from freezing.

Together, lying in the ocean, waves holding and caress-
ing us so delicately in love's arms.

Finding that passion rises beneath waves where we become
one, hearts and bodies flowing with it intensely.

Beautiful, sensuous and totally enticing, passionate
and fully attuned to one another.

A tantalizing, exhilarating time, skinny dipping to-
gether, wanting to do it more often from now on.

Breathtakingly filling my being with yours so perfectly
as we consummate our love beneath the moonlight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sky Diving

Falling fast - earth coming closer than anyone would expect.
Sudden pulling up of my whole body as the parachute flies out and up.
Thankful for seeing silken red and white above my head, I pull on the toggle lines and enjoy the ride.
Rush of air all around - jumpsuit flapping in the breeze - feet feeling nothing underneath them.
Drop zone just below signals an end of another joy-filled - frightening - ecstatic ride through freedom's skies.
After landing, looking up - anticipating the next jump with scary excitement - full of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sky Of Abandonment

Settled into a moment of despair, crying within, casting about
shadows, searching for a hole to crawl into.
Watching the world, never letting go, never catching up to it.
Wallowing in self-pity, reluctant to move about and find another niche.
Instead, being a part of the walls I find myself encased in.
Loneliness hanging like ivy upon my heart and soul.
Wondering at the mirth of people passing by, awed by happiness staring
from their faces.
Concerned not with any circumstances in the future, heart barely
beating with saddened music of life.
Staring out across vast expanses of destiny, knowing that fate is
playing it's part well while holding onto the deepest despair anyone
can find in life.
Watchful eye, discerning mind, catapulted into skies of abandonment,
sanctioned there forever in a spiral of lonely despair.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sky Of Clouds

Lines of progress crossing out the sky filled
with clouds, betraying nature's beauty with untold
ugliness of man.

Mind soaring above the atrocities, reveling in an
atmosphere of pure, unadulterated life holding on,
believing and becoming what the soul is for.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sky Patterns

A jet taking off, staying between lines of the telephone
wires, their flights taking them above to new heights,
as yet unknown and unexplored!

There are so many spaces in the sky that have never been
flown in, careening off into near space, a jet finds it's
little niche for just this one time.

Next flight, a new pattern will again be born.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sky Rainbows

Yesterday, I felt colors of sky rainbows fill my heart
with joy and light.
Loving images cuddling closely within my mind, vying
for spaces in time.
Moments gathering around camp fires, remembering past
issues and stories so they can be repeated throughout
life to our children, grandchildren and other members
of family.
Relating facts and humor to one another, planting our
roots firmly - hereditarily.

(10: 33 a.m. - 12/08/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sky Webs

Spiderwebs against the sky - silky clouds travel slowly behind.
Leaves have fallen to the ground to make one last stand before being trampled on and left for scraps in the dirt.
Branches of trees, reaching out and up, look like spiderwebs against the sky.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Skyless Atmospheres

Revving inner motors, charging batteries of imagination,
taking off into the skyless atmosphere, hoping to find
some peaceful attitudes scattered throughout an inner
world, awaiting selection.

Finding exactly what's been looked for, taking it into
timeless capsules of beautiful essences.

Sending thoughts around, beckoning them from interior
lights as they revolve and shine into the corners of
my mind.

Illumination brilliantly shining on curiously mysterious
ideas, appearing spontaneously in gems of starlit beauty.

A fascinating journey, filling self with a rejoicing of
spirit.

There are so many happenings arriving unbidden, as circles
of talent continue to fill all areas of intellect with a
bounty of inventions.

Valued precisely for what they are to be for, in a life-
time of giving to everyone, no matter their nationality
or status in life's beginnings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Skylines Of Intellect

Rasping against heartstrings of life, stretched beyond an endurance of inner strength, tugging and pulling elastically into outer parts of yesterday's mires.

Dug deeply into sides of mountains, left open to benefit the owners as they mine the little bit of gold that they will end up finding.

Having no where to come or go, just traipsing slowly through life, not knowing which direction to go.

Moving solitarily in and out of fantasy, pulling it's cloak ever closer and tighter.

Knowing that there are so many ideas filtering into a mind, letting them come together from deep within abysses and labyrinths.

So settled and penetrating, giving every effort to stations of every day plights.

Never knowing to what extent ending pieces will fit in, sliding, slipping, striding into ravines left over from yesterday's climbs from emotional turmoil.

Benefitting interior solace of being, sifting and playing the intensity of rhythms, focusing closely into beauty of another pilgrimage and into landscapes of a sunrise, alighting on edges of midnight.

Never faltering through skylines of intellect, forming barriers to cling to in stairways of tomorrow, becoming at last, the ones to carry me to the end of life.

No wonder left behind in catacombs of ancient qualities, now deadened by alternatives of never-ending definitions and meanings, waiting for sensations of every sense in being.

Calling forth ends of another desert plain, falling into
incessant rhythms never to be let go of again, while
living in an expired realm of yesterday.

Moving always steady, never parting from the existence that
has been given to me alone, perfecting it daily through
rhythm and poetry, taking me down this everlasting pathway
of eternity forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Skyscratcher

Looking askance at a skyscratcher down the road, wondering
why the developers built it to look so obviously like a
male appendage.

Are they trying to tell the public that they will do what
ever they want with our city and we can all go do what
they're obviously telling us with their blatant phallic
symbol and statement?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Skyward Looking

Politicians talking out both sides of their mouths, speaking with forked tongues, perpetrating lies and illusions to continue destroying America.

Looking skyward, feeling the integrity of good people like Kelli Ward, descending quietly upon our government.

Ready to make the needed changes now, no fears or doubts standing in the way, just wanting to do what's right for all Americans.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Skyward Thoughts

Stars full of heaven,
gazing on us below as we
watch in quiet anticipation,
the twinkling of their realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Skyways Of Light

Living in moments of tomorrow now, being too impatient
to wait any longer, stretching limits into skyways of
light.

Taking all clouds into air currents, floating along
pathways that I continually create in this life, find-
ing and searching for answers to centuries old questions.

Not having as yet found themselves, wanting to capture
and fill my mind with their essence always at hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slanting Sounds Unwinding Along A Lake In Kolkata

Silent, peaceful dreams enter this poetical mind at
various times, giving an enticing and flavorful ex-
citement that adds to this rhythmic poetry.

Slanting sounds unwinding, flowing so gently like a
slow moving river, lazily meandering it's own path-
ways towards the ocean.

In life, preferring to do the exact same thing, watch-
ind beauty and isolation coming together, completing
a puzzle of perfection in the end.

Interesting and insightful, going from one extreme to
another, fulfilling spheres of creativity through the
passion and essence of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slate-Colored Grays

Swirling and diving in squares of delight, happy with antique morbidity.
Shuffling and beaming down corridors unopened in any century.
Livelihood standing aside, waking itself in anticipation of tomorrow.
Whenever dust forms it's patterns on tables bereft of doilies, we hover uncertainly in abysmal spasms of immaturity.
Ready, waiting for changes to come about, taking away all endeavors held onto from habit.
In distant memories, talent escapes, flying high without a care to tie it tightly to submerged depressions of the mind in slate-colored grays, tucked away forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleep A Reposing Sleep

Strumming and beating a heart and it's strings elatedly,
fixing them in tunnels of time.

Playfully interpreting syllables of every note into and
out of perfect measures of every composition.

Often listening in solitary pensive moods, hiding away,
not wanting to be bothered or talked to.

Taking all emotions and tenderly laying them in beds of
roses where they can sleep the reposing sleep of a
deadened life.

No more wanting or hoping, desires being left unfulfilled
for an eternity.

Living a lonely life and finding expressions and meanings
of another life coming soon to pass without another word
being uttered from lips that are closed forever in the
throes of death tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleep Chased Away On The Train

Peace and serenity filling another day, sleep has been
chased away and now people are finding their way around
here in Devikulam.

Wonderful and vibrant, a whole new atmosphere now taking
it's turn at living, traveling down the tracks, speeding
into another phase of life here in India, sun shining
brightly on everything in it's path.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleep Of Death

Impatient heart stop your senseless beating,
become a part of the universe as yet unknown.

Live beyond your potential now, and soon, too
soon, you shall fall into the sleep of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleep Of Integrity

Sandy shores being washed by tides of life, always on time, never late, not once.

Mesmerizing sensations of intellect and collecting them like seashells on the sand, saving them for special occasions when remembered and touched upon by imagination.

Falling gently into a sleep of integrity, not being touched impurely or marred by evil.

Nothing coming about that will taint their innocence as they are being constantly washed shore through an eternity of timeless ages.

Surfing memories as they gently crash on shores of the future somewhere in another dimension, leaving me adrift, alone to write of their once beautiful existence, lying in a mind of salient thoughts.

Wonder capturing and taking all of the words and dropping them syllable by syllable into many poems of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleep Of Nature

Sudden quietness descends upon earth as the moon
throws a blanket over the sun to blot out the day.
Vocalizing sounds throughout, nature has now fallen
asleep - but not forever!
Everything will awaken with the coming of the dawn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleep Of Necessity

Sensing an interior peace across the miles, knowing that it is being felt through a calming sleep of necessity.

Touching gently, the forehead of a friend, making sure he's at peace for even just a little while in his life of upsetting turmoil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleep With Repetition

Shapes forming from pinpoints of
light shining upon the floor tonight.
Watching motions slide back and forth
then sideways under foot.
Mesmerizing my mind with simple
explanations of intense diversity.
Beginning to put sleep into the equation
with repetition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleepily Writing In India

Seeing rhythms playing themselves as I sleepily write in
poetical sequences, taking cues of their ordeal and exact-
ing measures of time.

Straight and perfect, carrying intellect into plains of
a constant and peaceful time of insistence while writing,
sensible and so delightful to my spirit.

Continuing to soar into the nights, beautiful and alluring,
taking me into the twelfth dimension, no effort needed, as
life experiences total sensations of another plain.

Forgetting everything that surrounds me in a pain-centered
suffering, when awakened to the energy of this world, just
happy to escape and be carried away into another universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleeping And Forming Ideas

Talking about dreams had during the night, making
realizations that bring about a change in attitudes
and moods.

Taking it all into depths of writing, finding out
strengths and qualities that keep together innate
talent, an invisible adhesive that binds it all.

Imagining all sorts of ideas that are taking shape
and forming in fantasies of imagination, stepping
into dreams and turning them into reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleeping Death

In slumber deep, sleeping to the sound of breathing.
During the night something has happened, unbeknownest to one sleeping right alongside in bed.
Upon awakening, with sun shining, looking over, watching for signs of life, no breathing going in or out.
Somehow during the midnight hour, God came and took her soul with Him to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleeping In Fantasy

Gently rocking, tucking in thoughts, sweet dreams soon
to be forthcoming, silent and peaceful, life settleing
into it's depths.

Looking skyward, hope lying behind it's eyes, waiting
for faith to rise to the surface, covering my being
with it's interior protection.

Keeping me safe from harm throughout the night, sleep-
ing in a land of fantasy, pondering questions of life
as ideas blossom in this mind.

Taking my mind on journeys of exploration and discovery
throughout intellect, collecting concepts on avenues of
another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleeping Slumber

Light filling my tired eyes, penetrating the sleepiness
inside, mind falling slowly, diving into the vestures
of awakened sleep.

Boundaries of total abandonment lie within reach, but
are left to drift relentlessly as dreams fill an entire
mind.

Not quite awake, the limpness of inert responses does
not equate in the conscious mind.

Solemnly floating, ever deeper beneath the fringe of
unconsciousness, finding myself drifting off in restless
slumber.

Not awakening until the morrow shines it's daily dose of
sun through my window, gently warming my body into opening
it's heavy eyelids.

Hidden focus of sleep, comes alive in nighttime dreams,
waking to find none of it is real.

A period of rest is all that is meant to be taken from
sleepful peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleeping Tiger Is Awake

Settling into depths of livelihood, seeking avenues of truth, finding roads to an existence free of abuse, torture, evil, racism and intolerance.

People need to start being punished for evil behavior and deeds, we need to bring back capital punishment in order to regain law and order.

Ridding our country of those who are corrupt, committing treason, killing, murdering, abusing and raping women and children no matter what position they hold in government.

Anyone who doesn't assimilate in America needs to be put out of our country once and for all, our Constitution needs to be abided by anyone who's in our country.

If not then go back to where they came from, our nation was doing fine until these elitists and globalists thought to destroy and enslave all American people.

Wanting to gain control and power, taking away freedom and liberty, sleeping tiger is awake, weapons locked and loaded, ready to fight to the death along with President Trump to make America greater than ever before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleepless Meanings

Walking nowhere, scuffling along lanes of despair, crying into chalices of remorse, not seeing clearly.
A heavy mist clouds my sight, yet feelings are intensified by saddened recollections of yesterday's memories.
Touching areas hurting within, absorbing the pain with my mind and heart, falling heavily into past moments, alone and forsaken.
Reaching for hands that never reach out to save me from an interior abandonment in hellish nightmares.
Curling like a kitten on a cold, winter's night, falling into an abyss of sleepless meanings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleepless Night

Crying in a sleepless night, holding on to precious
memories while I lie in bed.
Thoughts crowding in, vying for a place in a poem
that I'm writing.
Eventually having a place for every one of them,
they just have to be patient as I hurriedly write
one poem after another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleepless Nights

Justifying enlightenment, sojournly carrying it's grief in hidden pockets of strife.
Toting trials into sleepless nights, hoping dreams will figure out solutions without our consciousness being strained tautly in exasperation.
Forging moral pathways into future tomorrows' destiny, placating nerves being fraught with stress.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleepless Thoughts

Dreams coming alive deep within hope and faith, waiting
their turn to reach and grasp reality so they can be
seen and lived.

Eyes watching inner dreams swell and fade through the
years, life yearning for their possibilities as they
continue to waver in moonlight, long after midnight.

Stars twinkling brightly above, glittering yet in sleep-
less thoughts throughout the night, an unending wonder
and ecstasy tantalizing intellect and mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleepy Dream

Withering beneath a blanket of aging thoughts,
crying silently with yesterday's memories,
attempting to continue going on alone.

Whichever days come along, it's always the
same, having to deal with each one anyhow.

Better days are coming, or so I've been told.

There are really none, as I face reality's
slap in the face, sleepily dreaming of what
I used to do daily.

Now weakly sitting, waiting for knowledge to
stir my neurons so I can remember from one
moment to another.

Yet, that time never comes, never shows it's
face again, as I lay back upon my pillow once
more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleepy Mind

Scratching a sleeping mind,
waking consciousness with rude noises.
Still being tired from not enough sleep -
eyes close softly not uttering a peep.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleepy Poetry

Sleepiness covers me in lacy zees, enabling me to dream indefinitely.

Surrounding to it's complacent touch, I let my mind wander to edge of subconsciousness where I roam fields of immortality through sleepy poetry, floating on air.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sleigh Ride

Snowing into my interior, flaking snow all around,
making me look like a snowman in the winter.
Coldness however, not touching me in the least.
Cozy and warm just looking at pictures in my mind,
loving the feelings they give, trotting along with
beautiful music picking me up.
Taking me along in the sleigh with Frosty the
snowman.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slice Of Heaven

Searching the heavens, seeing beauty above, looking towards
my mind, seeing a blackness, a tunnel, the past.

Some memories would like to slice others in half just to
see what will unfold.

Crystals will be exposed, like ugly rocks, sometimes hiding
inside.

There are so many venues to try, too many unanswered whys.

Slice of heaven held gently to our hearts, helps to delicately
hold on to reality when we'd rather depart from it.

To ends of life, folded within, contemplating daily, the worth
of dying and living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slices Of Thought

Gathering slices of thought, setting them out on my mind's best china, to be enjoyed and savored in imagination.
Awe and wonder penetrating protective barriers around the brain, enlightening processes as they are awash in wisdom's throes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slicing Across Measures Of Chords

Rhythms giving many pleasurable feelings, dancing with
glee and finding laughter readily spilling all over,
an immense and wonderful amount of emotions.

All being energized and pulled out into the open, a to-
tally enjoyable feeling that rushed ever faster with
every moment.

Slicing across measures of chords with rhythms, finding
their way into intellect, jumping and frolicking in the
dense forests of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slicing An Interior Fiber

Slowly slicing through an interior fiber, noticing
that there are other particles attached to it, ones
that have not been seen before.

Enlightening and also illuminating dark corners this
time, planning to use every facet and tiny particle
of this new essence.

Wanting to work at inner timing of rhythms, yet some-
thing is stopping this endeavor right now, slicing
together through many details, hoping to solidify the
beauty and magnificence of intellect once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slicing Emotions

Solitary silence enveloping my static subconscious, holding me captive until
words of wisdom come spilling out onto interior screens, displaying what I'm
thinking and producing in volumes of meanings, interpreting them for all to read.
Slicing every emotion and delving deeply into reasons of their existence.
Keeping all ideas hidden until feeling safe within.
Sharing at the end with whomever I want in poems of essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slicing Through Memories

Graceful, pointed, slicing through memories easily and
quietly, deadly betrayal hiding beneath it's beauty.

Ready to lunge and put an end to life and it's sorrow,
how easily it gains trust with compassion and kindness.

Deliberately plotting an early demise with no respite
in sight for a lonely soul tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sliding About

Outlasting exhausting propensities of yesterday,
quietly anticipating moments breaking and swelling
in unison.

Pressures mounting and splashing like sand thrown
from the ocean floor, betraying the fastidious
loveliness hiding uncoverly inside.

Taking apart deep labyrinths, skating across
pathways of a mind, sliding down and over another
unfitful day and night.

Alone, away from the maddening crostics, easing slowly,
the strains of everyday life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sliding Across My Soul

Sitting nowhere, contemplating nothing I can see, hoping to be energized by mindful puzzles decorating photographic screens.
Daring me to put them together as I witheringly fall into myself, dying from physical ailments, taking me to another plain.
Far away, skating the skyways of my heart as I slide across my soul in feverish poetical styles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sliding Glass Mountains

Stepping across the desert, watching reverberations of sun rays coalesce and vibrate in many mirages of heated day light.

Pain being set aside just to participate in the solace of a mysterious find, absolutely and infinitely calming my soul religiously.

Taking my hand, bringing me into promises of heaven where I will at last be fulfilled completely in the beauty of an interior serenity, nothing able to take me from this inner freedom as long as I live on this earth.

Away from the intensity of others and their imposing views on me because of their own thoughts and opinions that don't jive or agree with what I have always thought on sliding glass mountains of inner strength.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sliding Gracefully

Sliding gracefully across the dance floor, hearts beating
in time with the music of a viennese waltz.

Elderly couples enjoying themselves immeasurably, as they
step together in unison, holding one another closely in
friendship and love.

Beautiful moments spent in time, bringing some joy and
happiness into each of their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sliding Images

Ideas flowing from an atmosphere of musical etiquette, instilling a knowledge of unknown natural beauty -
quaintly stepping onto visions just created.
Watching with interest and curiosity, novel images
sliding in front of this mind with glee.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sliding Imagination

Shifting gears, locating a new stance of beats,
lifting me into measures fitting of my poetry.
Sliding my imagination into the future, waiting
for me to grasp it's innate desires and move
forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sliding Into Depths

Singing gently into the night, lightly taking
measures into the future with easy flowing rhythms.
Taking me on a voyage, sailing across the many
oceans filling my mind with an energy and verve,
bringing me to centers of it's torrid tides,
tightening their hold on me.
Waves crashing, knocking me over and holding on to
me at the same time.
Not letting go of my inner melodies, as I quietly
slide into it's depths one last time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sliding Into Imagination

Music taking me along, sliding through melodies and
harmonies into intellectual imagination.

Finding many designs to follow into depths of images
and memories.

Loving patterns falling into this mind, capturing
their essences in rhythms.

Finally, placing them in many compositions to be
played on clarinet and piano in the near future
by other musicians.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sliding Over Visions

Hay-colored fields catching my attention as a small helicopter flies over them in slow motion.
Rolling hills, my mind sliding over them in visions of beauty, lasting forever in my picturesque photographic mind screens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sliding Poetry

Barricades of life stand aside as poetry slides easily past, secreting itself in corners of knowledge.
Finding a niche, turning it into beautiful renditions of
words on an evening's mirage of timeless scrutiny, becoming landscapes of ingenuity in books of literature.
Wonderful serene images creating scenery and backdrops for
an entire lifetime of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sliding Rhythm

Melodies rising, giving pleasure, leaving only good
rhythms to play in intellect.

All energy is building happily throughout my being,
totally pleasing this mind.

Looking out the window while sitting and writing here
in a procedure room, waiting for my weekly I.V.

It keeps me living, giving me a quality of life that
I wouldn't have otherwise.

Looking forward to feeling better every time I get
one, knowing that it's a positive thing in my life.

Doing it gladly because I want to continue enjoying
every moment of life left to me in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sliding Rhythm Of A Song

This rhythm comes on, starting with music sliding
delectably from the left side to the right, through
earbuds, making me smile every time I hear it.

Loving the way it slides from one side of my brain
to the other, enjoying it's sound so much, the song
being played is, 'Girls Just Want To Have Fun'.

A really great song, loving it for it's rhythm, tempo
and sound, sung by Cindy Lauper, a great and famous
singer.

Touching many areas of my brain and mind throughout
it's rhythm, loving to write poetry quickly while
listening to it each time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sliding Sideways

Squelching noise from my repertoire for now,
enjoying quiet melodies being played on an
accordion by Todd.
An easy keyboard of ivories slide sideways
in my thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sliding Thought

Pain radiating through me, aching, dulling my brain,
taking me to thoughts I don't want right now.
Fizzling with disharmonious pain, creating instances of
adversity that I can't deal with now.
Thinking getting interrupted, mind slipping on piles of
rocks, feeling the pain while trying to write without
sliding away on another train of thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slim Faith

Looking into depths of life, seeking answers to it' unending questions.

Finding doubts surrounding every answer that is forthcoming, holding on with slim faith to a sliver of cobweb, hoping it won't break and hurl everyone into outer space.

Standing back, afraid, that this sliver of faith may not be enough to save you from eternal death.

Fearing a lack of faith and lost hope at the very last moment of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slippery Slopes

Standing, overlooking the world in a haze of lifetime ordeals,
straying from edges of time to be alone and have an environment
become tangible to my mind.
Often times beleaguering tireless moments as I walk down slippery slopes and
disappear into the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slipping Across The Universe

Time marches past all turmoil, sorrow and joy, we have no control over how fast or slow it may choose to go.

Slipping across the universe, taking everything out to space, just so it can provide a semblance of an existence.

Notorious for taking people into death's realms, never giving anyone a choice in the matter.

Falling at last beneath ancient catacombs of inner minds, leaving us all bereft in the end, alone at last, just the way we entered life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slipping Away

Life slipping seconds away, clouds hanging overhead,
looking into a world of nothing, no return.

A newness covering over everything, leaving little
traces of yesterday.

Caring no longer existing in a world caught up in
itself.

Money putting people last, because they're not so
important nowadays.

Yesterday has passed, tomorrow is too forlorn to look
forward to.

Life being empty, it's seconds slipping away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slipping Into A Cafe

People in all avenues of life like to settle down
and have a good time, putting away stresses of the week.
Slipping quietly into a cafe, where they can become themselves
and sing karaoke.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slipping Tears

Tears slip down in memories of past love,
dripping into hearts and minds every time
we think of them.

Sorrow mixes with grief hidden there,
waiting for moments of experience to
reappear and bring them to mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slipping Time

Desperate times, holding back feelings, afraid to release them because they may hurt another.
Hiding behind smiles and sadness, finalizing plans of becoming invisible.
Nothing showing in mirrored reflections as time slips into another dimension without visions to follow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slivers Of Reality

Looking for reasons to continue living, latching onto slivers of reality, always letting them go, because there is no purpose found within.
Sensing a faith beyond control, lighting candles filled with hope, praying for an existence of serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slivers Of Recognition

Pieces of time fitting into earthly schedules,
grasping onto flimsy wisps of broken shards.
Cutting into minds of plastic, opening them
and dumping their ingredients out onto tables
of space.
Wondering where facets of their importance have
disappeared to, yet knowing how revered slivers
of recognition fell to their doom in acquiescence,
putting everything in one basket and walking away -
down strange and lonely pathways of exuberant
existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slopes Of Words

Valued music of the sixties being sung by a
mediocre singer with background keyboard
too loud to hear what he's possibly singing.
Yet, rhythm sends my mind flowing down slopes
of words and meanings, bringing about
thoughts, images and ideas of what to write
and contemplate in rhyme.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slow Dancing

Slow dancing close to your heart pleases me no end,
such a warm and safe place to be, my dear.

Never wanting to be without you by my side through-
out this temporary life.

Strange and mysterious your love is to me, nothing
have I ever felt like this before, my love.

Enjoying your beating heart close to mine, in synch
and riding through the deserts of our souls.

Always together under the moonlight and stars, loving
you in moments that we're together, missing you when
apart.

My heart never stops loving you for a single moment,
you're my loving partner and I want to be with you
only, forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slow Preparation

Sprinkling dawn of life throughout the world like a priest
blessing his congregation with holy water.

Lighting our ways, allowing independent growth, watching
as we wend our way through life.

Calmly observing creativity and handiwork, wondering at
our simplicity in prayer.

Allowing us to mature in our own time, our lives are slowly
prepared on earth to join Him later on in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slow Understanding

In the evening of my life, I wait patiently, looking
forward to the times I may see you with my heart.

Sensing your wisdom slowly, over the years coming to
understand what you mean.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slowing Hearts

Another waltz to slow down the beating hearts of
the seniors.

Giving them a much needed rest from all the fast
dances they've been doing, trying to keep up with
music's tempos.

Aligning slower movements along with thoughts,
taking it evenly into depths of their hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slowly Disappearing

Rivers are ever-flowing, watching water constantly
moving slow or fast, taking thoughts with it towards
the ocean.

Relaxing, seeing, feeling tensions of the day, slowly
disappearing, finding that once again, I can breathe
easier.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slowly Fading Memories

Extreme sadness touching me interiorly, saturating my heart with many salted tears of sorrow.

Shaking trees of saddened loss bends my mind and heart in many directions, taking me through solo journeys of a total abandonment.

Fulfilling unspoken words of my torn and broken heart, no one listening, no heavenly understanding touching my mind with profound wisdom.

Flames burning into intellect with a surpassing light of loneliness, touching always, the purpose of being.

Culminating in the essence and passion of my totalness, as I wander forward towards final shores of eternity.

Always standing on edges of it's horizon, still and peace-ful, as tears still fall from the glimmer of past memories, now fading slowly with the sunset of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Slowly Stranded

Stranded in a lifetime that has slowed down as I
entered into senior years.

Wanting to pick up the pace and gather momentum
in order to enjoy more of life, instead of always
being in the hospital or at the doctor's.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Small Child

Happy to go outdoors, laughing, looking at everything with eyes filled with wonder, seeing all for the first time, a brand new life.

Touching the fervent tentacles of nature with enthusiasm and joy.

Quiet wonder abounding, sparkling forth, a joy from inner realms and thanksgiving.

A little soul set upon earth for a while, a prayer of being, standing moments of time, living a life of beginning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Small Reprieve

Bare necessities being kept at bay in order to write what
needs to be said through poetry.

Nature at play, taking notes while finding depths of rhythm
filled with meaning and truth.

Calmly walking along, taking everything in stride, keeping
feelings at a distance while thinking about them.

Placing them quietly into a poem, unnoticed by anyone until
being read, awakening some buried thought or emotion.

Through the years being silent, now being touched with their
intensity, bringing tears of sorrow to mind.

Releasing the sadness so tenderly, at least for awhile, a
small reprieve in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Smattering Particles

Ringing bells, jangling brain particles,
smattering them into novel anticipation
of exchanges in wisdom.
Trotting down lanes in rhythm with the
holiday season.

(9: 35 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Smell Of Onions

Not a cloud in the sky, a mind cannot take off and land up
in the heavens today.

Frustrated, sitting on the ground, looking up, searching
hopelessly for what cannot be found already.

Having to walk down heavy sidewalks strewn with the garbage
of other people's lives, sadly recollecting your own.

It is buried beneath a lot of abuse, with shame and guilt
chiseled on the tomb's marker instead of your name.

Where is the innocence that was supposed to be for you alone?
It lies broken on the floor of a darkened tunnel, never really
knowing the person that was or became.

Folly of growing older with no chance of survival is an
amazement to the mind fraught with childhood abuse.

Lying dormant through the years, no thought or idea of what
was going on in the sorted wheel of sexual abuse.

Carrying on, always sad, never knowing why, suddenly having
images pop up from no where, slaughtering and butchering a
mind.

Scathing memories spinning dangerously towards suicide,
touching and feeling the pulsating rhythm beckoning interiorly.

Sifting now through many piles of debris, locating the reasons
of behavior never known before.

Allowing now, the room, the space of speculation, looking
closer at the images memories bring.

Timidly daring to peek into and around corners a little bit,
ugliness is showing through, showing what it really is.

A lengthy process of fostered abuse adopted by a man, and

now being revealed for what it in fact is.

Blame is upon his head, walking away from it, yet, why
does the shame and guilt go with you still, when it all
belongs to him instead?

Why does it continue to linger like the smell of onions in
your head, causing tears to fall and overflow from a mind?
What is causing it?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Smiles At Buddy's

Jumping into a twist of oldies, stomping feet and memories in time, allowing tempos to surround those in the awakening beginnings of tomorrow.
In synch with exacting thoughts as they flow continuously into my mind.
Scouring the crowd, watching smiles fall about, landing softly, gently in this poem, standing in realms of greatness at Buddy Stubbs.
Taking in the entire sound of yesterday, including tours of age-old motorcycles.
Young and old, enjoying the beauty of this day, all together being entertained.
Solace conforting each of us in individual ways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Smiling An Entire Morning

Through silent morning hours, loving music and it's
rhythms while seniors are up and dancing together,
having a great time.

They really know how to have fun and kick up their
heels, funky music being played now and everyone is
up and keeping time with the music.

Stepping to rhythms, dancing in synch with one another,
smiling throughout the entire morning, finding great
satisfaction, pleasure and joy together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Smiling Inwardly

Deep throated voice, resounding throughout the room;

Filling people with emotion, taking them by the hand,
leading them all into a land of imaginary beauty.

Pulling from voices strung out into the atmosphere
and allowing tones to match up with rhythms, taking
us along wide rivers, watching as white foam flows
in front of us towards rapids of interior music.

Not letting go of any of the treasures, just holding
them wisely in intellect where they will be resurrected
whenever needed to sing again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Smiling Within

Romantically reminiscing of love from the past,
still feeling it's giddiness and overflowing
heart beating quickly when seeing him.

Gently touching and holding hands, strolling
through the park, whispering sweet nothings to
each other.

Love radiantly transfixed in twinkling eyes,
pouring their acceptance over him adoringly,
while smiling within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Smoking Hot

Wagon Yard on fire tonight, smoking hot, taking us on a journey through rapid and lively rhythms, jovially amusing us all.

Band strumming, beating drums with a force of nature, totally syncopated as they play insolently, giving us an entertaining episode of life as we sit back feeling enticing music take us away into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Smoky Omens

Raking across embers lit, still in the darkened
evening, awaiting smoky recognition along the
way.
Peering through eternity, watching for omens
to stray far from earth.
Searching lightened knowledge before it decays
in disordered frays of past literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Smoky Reminders

Smoky haze, gathering in my mind, clouding issues,
solitarily creating a havoc in writing.

Like sound traveling back and forth, leaving
reminders and notes in quiet images, left for others
on pages in books.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Smothering Our Souls

Localizing emotion in moments of bereavement as life kicks us to the side, abandoning us for temporary glory and riches, smothering our souls and turning us out into desert plains bereft of companionship.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Snaking Mosaics

Raining interiorly, pouring over my consciousness,
saturating my mind with fresh ideas and culpable thoughts.
Beginning mosaics, snaking through me, coming to puddles
and lounging in them without interruption from anyone.
Tracing interpretations down aisles of knowledge, as wisdom
crawls into pages of cloud-filled ideas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Snapping Thoughts

Staccotoely snapping thoughts in my mind, automatically energizing plenty of ideas and creating them pleasantly in volumes of literature.
Cynically appropriating abstracted definitions, turning them inside out and reusing them with many new details filled out.
Myopically spinning across screens of protrudable thoughts, as words come together and fall out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sneaking Away

All of life trips by, past sightless eyes and ignorant people.

Passed down through the ages of long ago, no one cares to see it through.

Longing for a little break in day, nothing happens to clear the way.

Forever stands before us, never taunting, only gently showing us that we must repent.

Telling no one lest we have to face the day of our demise, we go sneaking off, our lives to enjoy.

Not really knowing to face death is to be alive, we continue to hide from it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sneaking Memories

Cat-like memories sneak quietly upon me,
lashing and scratching their reminders
into my heart for eternity.
An everlasting repertoire of beautiful
designs and images from younger days as
a child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Snow Cones

Listening to music, country western, fitting to this wonderful day, line dancing with the children, every-one having fun.

Now sitting here with a long table of kids all around my Granddaughter and I, all the children now having a treat - snow cones for all of them, smiles on their faces, so good to see!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Snow White Lilies

Capturing imagination, enticing it's ambitions into the brilliance of interior spheres, a ringing blended with the chemistry of attitudes, clicking automatically with artistic abilities.

Twisting, turning into fields of snow white lilies which in reality are the white designs of snowflakes falling straight from heaven above, into thoughts I'm thinking and into this poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Snowboarding

Snowboarding down mountainsides, reveling in the speed
as snow flies around me.
Loving the exhilaration, and cold wind racing across
my face, feeling alive inside and out.
Looking before me at the immensity of beauty lying in
the snow.
Watching trees dripping with icicles in the noon day
sun, noticing crystals glowing and hearing them
crunch beneath my snowboard as I whiz past everything
in a flash.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Snowbound In The Desert

Snowbound in the middle of the desert, imagining the cooling effect proliferating throughout my mind.
Softening the echoes in drifts of white powder, easing the stress as I roll it into balls and throw it away from me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Snowflake Blossoms

Writing unreservedly into this painful evening, trying
to keep hope intact, while knowing that it is slowly
dwindling in the dawning sunset.

Ranging thoughts like cattle on desert plains, knowing
that the best in life can be a part of my future while
I rest in it's assurance right now.

Semblances of beautiful dreams keep falling like petals
of snowflake blossoms into my mind, as twilight gathers
them in prisms of chalices and lays them sacredly in
measures of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Snowflake Patterns

Glimmering into the snow of past winters, taking patterns of snowflakes into places of remembrance, pleasing to my soul.
Flowing along with beats of rhythm, taking steps into depths of new melodies, keeping pace with memory's placid meanings.
Intrepid senses, filling me with pleasant tones and sounds filtering through my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Snowflakes Drying

Snowflakes lying about, drying out in an interior
atmosphere far from their original beginnings,
loving to go and pick them up.

Turning them about, enjoying their beauty in realms
of imagination as years pass by, leaving this mind
to remember them one day in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Snowy Monuments

Waking meadows filled with sounds of wintery songs,
chilling all within it's reach with icy renditions
of stark cold and beauty.
Stillness and serenity permeate the atmosphere of
yesterday's memories on snowy monuments of past
declarations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Snubbing Others

Wondering what is in some people's minds as they
turn away from others, thinking they are better
than they are.

Noses in the air, snubbing them, because of some
concern that they are not up to their standards.

In fact they are not up to the standards of the
people they are looking down on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Snuggling Close

Staying close throughout the night, snuggling beside you, trying to keep warm as we sleep on this cold winter night.

Comfortable and feeling safe with you next to me, not wanting to get up for anything, listening to the rain hitting the veranda roof.

Loving it's musical rhythm and tone as I fall quietly asleep, eyes falling upon your face lovingly, as I drift off to sleep at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

So In Love

Inner desires are climbing within my heart, filled with
love for you my dear.

Sensing you whenever you're near me, smelling your after-
shave and being tantalized by your manly aromas.

Making inner desires rise ever higher every moment and
wanting to be closer to you at night.

Cuddling, making love, being intertwined within your legs, romantically and
totally enticed by your moods of love.

Tasting life, focusing on your beating heart and loving
soul, having a great time with inner sensations.

Tenderly encouraging my life to blend with yours, giving
us both the pleasure of our lifetime.

Nothing can come close to what you do to my being when we
are one and loving each other completely, never wanting to
stop.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

So Into Grief

Sorrowful and alone in a coffin of self-inflicted emptiness, not wanting to address life again because of the loss of a loved one.

A despondent little child man, heart going out simply for him in his grief.

Wanting to be of some help, just Being here, yet realizing that nothing can be done to help his heart from hurting.

Tears will continue to fall from his eyes and into his soul without any difficulty.

Living life and being afraid to venture out of his wallowing sadness, surrounding him in this life.

Not looking around yet, because he's so into his grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

So Little Time

Fascinating and surreal, living life in total oblivion,
never knowing when our last breath will be taken, yet
we continue to go our way, not even thinking about it.

Maybe if we thought about it more often our lives would
be objective and to the point, remembering that we have
so little time to fulfill our purposes here on earth.

What have we done so far to help others or make a differ-
ence in their lives, have we even begun to fulfill our
own purposes in this life?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

So Much For Racism

Signs appearing in the middle of an afternoon rush
at Wendy's.

People of all colors, creeds, religions, and races
together, laughing, talking, getting along fantastically.

So much for racism here in America, it is just a lie
perpetrated by obama and all his racist friends.

Letting the entire world know, that here we accept one
another as people, individuals only.

Nothing going on here, no hatred or intolerance, only
what obama and George Soros are paying people to do.

They're trying to make it look like America is prejudiced,
yet it is the farthest thing from the truth.

Only problem we have here now are the muslims who are
intolerant, prejudiced and racists, wanting sharia law.

Yet it goes completely against our Constitution, and the
morals of our country, it will never be the law here!

The world can count on it, as God Blesses America, the
home of the brave and the land of the free!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

So Much In This World

Living in an existence that has no life to speak of,
having nothing, doing without, always wondering what
is to become of us and our children.

Knowing there is so much in this world, more than
enough for every man, woman and child, yet there are
such filthy rich people, stingy, having bloated egos.

Sticking out their chests, saying I earned my money,
but at what expense to others have they done it, always
sleeping in their minds of plenty.

Having more than they can ever use in their lifetimes,
but unwilling to lift a finger to help anyone else,
children going hungry in the United States of America.

Because of corrupt politicians thinking they are entitle-
ed to our money, even though not working for it, never
representing We the People, going against us at every turn.

Never batting an eye over any of it, time to stand up
and demand that we keep every cent we've earned from
now on, doing away with the IRS and social security.

Two ways the government rapes the people, let individuals
save their own money in private accounts untouchable by
politicians and government.

Then we'll have the money we need to live on and then
some, no need for anyone to put their hands on our own
money any more.

For they only waste it on unessential things like war and
giving it away to other countries that do nothing for us
except want to kill all Americans.

To hell with foreign aid, close our borders totally, deport
all illegals no matter where they're from in the world,
start taking care of ourselves and the government be damned.

Convention of states needs to be a reality to get rid of federal government and politicians always with their hands out to use our money for greediness.

Feeling themselves more important than the rest of us, because of their bloated egos and self-importance standing in the way of their hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

So Solemn An Object

So solemn an object, to death do not defy,
for it will leave you by the side.

For the fool cannot forgive, nor the wise,
even as they live.

Drenched in sin, let no man die unless he
can tell why he has forsaken mankind and
left the wine of truth be drowned in lonely
ways.

While lies, so proudly march by us, outlasting
the wisdom of the wise.

Such knowledge is a farce and no truth be found
in it.

Let all men die in want of it, even had they been
led astray in the common ways of life, so shall
they be led back to it in the end.

(1970)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

So Very Young In 1961

Reminiscing about memories of younger days, play-
ing with my sisters and brother.

We were always together no matter what, running
through the desert, climbing Papago Mountain -
Hole in the Rock.

Looking out over the city, towards the tiny down-
town area of Phoenix, yet so very young in 1961.

Corruption was around, but no where like it is
today, a simple and easy life in the desert.

Playing, discovering all kinds of treasures every-
where we looked, eyes always catching on something
sparkling from the desert rocks and floor.

Their sparkles tempting us to pick them up, bringing
them home with us to be used as treasures for our
Barbie dolls whenever we played with them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soaking Up Essence Of Meaning

Resting peacefully in an atmosphere of solemn serenity, adjusting rhythms interiorly to fit in with how I am feeling today.

Letting thoughts fall and cascade with the waterfall within, flowing with it's essence, watching as everything coalesces in the pool below.

Ideas swimming, doing the back stroke and or floating around, soaking up the essence of every meaning to select and produce another creative poem.

Loving it within, feeling the joy and happiness overflowing into passion, increasing the rapidity of every thought.

Having a good time, not wanting to stop at all, just enjoying the peace of writing alone.

Nothing to mar fun right now, continually taking steps with agility, surprising even myself as I take thoughts off of photographic screens and place them here for you to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soaring Above Earth

Rushing through hallways, looking about as I flee
into the night, nothing holding me, being freer
than the birds flying through the air.
Soaring above earth, feeling the wind beneath
my angel wings, carrying me higher into the
atmosphere.
Gliding on air currents, looking about for a place
to land when I am ready.
Beautiful strains of music following me wherever
I happen to be or go.

(9: 48 a.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soaring Above Life

Soaring above life, stretching it's boundaries, not
wanting to be limited between it's tight constraints.
Lifting me beyond what I've always known.
Splendid beauty gyrating before me in colorful array,
sending their aromas to my mind so I may write of them.
Continuing to soar above life, enjoying the sights
being shown to my mind.
Beyond descriptions of earthly terms, yet translating perfectly to my mind, like a foreign language, through
the musical rhythms that I hear continually.
A beauty like no other on this earth.
Feeling loved and privileged by God to be gifted as
amazingly as this.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soaring Alone

Flowing capturedly in thin air of an outer atmosphere,
soaring alone with my beginnings.

Enjoying all the visions being shown on inner screens
of a photographic memory now being returned fully to
it's rightful place.

Holding it closely and breaking bread daily with it,
thankful to be able to live within what is completely
and totally loved.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soaring Into New Heights

Randomly selecting things to look at, being comfortably
contented with what I choose.
Intellectually finding walkways to outer limits of
existence, always enjoying the time spent in doing so.
Unlikely aspects of tomorrow never do sneak up behind
me, they just come straight on, so I have no fear
building up beforehand.
A total freedom in mind, maneuvering a lifetime of
independence, allowing my soul to soar into new heights
of poetical license.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soaring Into The Heat Of Our Love

Kicking in the air, falling to the ground, flames rising
into our love, carrying it to heights of a spiritual life,
aromatic, idealistic and filled with mystery.

A magical and wonderful sign holding our hearts together
through this earthly life, tepid, cold, then soaring into
the heat of the night along with our love.

Fantasies growing higher, letting love blossom into many
gardens of heaven, as we move continuously into universes
with one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soaring Mood

Settled into a cloudy day, writing and thinking about
life and it's consequences in the end.

Always finding positive aspects giving my mind an at-
mosphere of goodness and purity.

Mood being quickened and soaring into those of joy,
happiness and love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soaring Moods

Thoughts of joy and happiness abounding, feeling elated
interiorly, sufficiently satisfied with life right now,
taking necessary steps as I move silently forward.

Entering another dimension of heaven above, succinctly
and positively being fulfilled as I write poetically
through a musical intellect.

Mind ever churning and filling with thoughts that en-
lighten and bring joy to an inner soul and spirit, all
moods soaring.

Feelings and emotions bringing me into fields of roses,
as they flow past, while walking and taking time to smell
them.

Being filled with heavenly aromas, tantalizing faith and
hope that I pray for daily, taking time and knowing that
God is there listening to me every moment of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soaring Rhythm

Focusing beauty of melody within our beings,
soaring on it's poetical rhythm, savoring
it's essence within visions of memories.

Glancing at images throughout our lives,
feeling emotional truths touch our minds
and hearts with their generous amounts of
love, originated from beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soaring With Angels

Improving life through music, taking our minds onto
shores of tomorrow.

Lying here on edges of night, dreaming of death's
horizons, waiting patiently for my presence.

Looking forward to hearing the music and rhythm of
heaven and singing with choirs of angels.

Shores of heaven looking brightly upon me, soaring
with angels, finding life is dwindling within me.

Feelings are dissipating along with the life of my
total being while I cavort with the angels.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soaring Within

Exhilarating, passively divine, rhythms soaring within,
placing joy and happiness in my being.

Feeling the intensity of spirituality enfolding every
particle, loving how the divine comes into me with such
peace and solace.

Giving a serenity that can be received from nowhere else
in this world, praying constantly for beautiful landscapes
of heaven as they envelope my mind in heavenly aromas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sober Sorrow

Walking streets of my mind and it's imagination,
enjoying what I see along the way.
Passing lamp posts and houses on my journey,
feeling reverberations touch my heart with sober
sorrow.
Holding my being close to itself so it won't get
lost in grief's vast caverns of untimely death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Social And Withdrawn

This world gives a complacent peace most of the time
as it settles into innermost feelings of my being.

Social and withdrawn, alternating from one to another
whenever feeling like it.

Always using imagination to give me more pleasure
than can be had from just living.

An inner atmosphere containing whatever is needed in
life, suggestions varying from others, yet I prefer
to find my own way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Socialism Not Wanted

Not wanting to be caught up in nonsensical socialism,
for it's just another form of slavery, giving people
free things to get their votes, a bribe if you will.

Dishonest politicians wanting to become dictators,
having everything and giving others only enough to
exist on.

Doing away with capitalism is their goal, because they
don't want anyone to be in a position of having money
or power for that will weaken and take control from them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Socializing Across The World

Socializing on a mobile, talking with a friend on face book,
as he talks with his sons over mango shakes.

Amazing situations across the world, being spoken of in time,
considering all possibilities in this life, I am just enjoying immensely, the
simplicity of this one right now.

Fragrantly serene inside myself, being silently comfortable
where I am in life at this very moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Socializing With Memories

Leaving behind, the world, exercising freedom to
wander the universe and write about it's beauty.
Socializing with memories and images taking time,
collectively keeping them in frames on photographic
screens.
Playing them over and over, never tiring from seeing
them.
Adhering to patterns coded just for my amusement and
set into every poem, living there forever.
Loving the experiences continually happening in my
interior mind.
Hopefully sending good vibrations into the universe
with every word I write.
Praying that their meanings touch another's mind
and heart while reading them.
All important particles leading to my essence.
Following their pathways will always lead you to the
expressions of my being, talking into eternity to
all who wish to listen to my writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Socializing With Patterns

Feeling the rhythm of love and freedom, keeping it close to my mind as I write.
Tracing lines of past history, finding new avenues to write to.
Politely racing on ahead, thinking of new ideas, socializing with patterns, weaving their way into my ingenious intellect.
Illuminating every nuance as it appears on inner screens, filled with positive attitudes, sending me straight into heaven's contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Socially Joining In The Fun

People getting up to dance, having fun, line dancing
among other things.

Rallying and joining together, stepping into rhythms
surrounding us, feeling vibration of melodies as they
shake us interiorly.

Special graces being poured upon our minds with every
note, getting pleasure out of each one of them.

Socially penetratingly, we are all joining in the fun
at Buddy Stubbs on this beautiful Arizona morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soft Landing

A little bird flying down from the sky, gliding lightly
over the grass, hundreds of leaves lying on the ground,
brown and crackling dry.

This little bird comes down softly for a landing, standing
still, blending in with the leaves for a few seconds as it
alights.

Landing perfectly still, then moving a fraction of an inch
it comes into full view again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Softball Game

Watching a softball game through dirty windows,
looking as if on television, just one inning of
a friend's game.

Waiting for my son, I looked and saw people
running as if they were mannequins.

It was different than just a moment before when
I sat there on the bleachers, staring at people
right in front of me, hitting and running around
the bases.

It's such a friendly game and no one cares whether
they win - at least not much - as long as they are
all a team and having fun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Softened Feelings

Hopping down lanes of being, taking softened feelings into mires of harmony.
Holding onto hopes with a tender heart and soul.
Giving intuition a calm rhetoric, following each idea down opposite directions,
never opposing the flow of words in tandem with musical etudes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Softened Gloom

Scents of heavenly gardens elicit prayers of hope even on the dreariest days in life.
Sojournly watching sadness take up the slack in every day memories,
giving a softened area of gloom it's chance to become it's fifteen
minutes of fame.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Softened Grief

Drenching hearts in dire need with exaltant memories of loved ones today and tomorrow.

Replies not given, yet images soften the blows of grief, when we remember with joy, our times together so long ago.

Long-standing emotions fill and empty our mind's into our hearts without restraint.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Softening Blows

Cautiously moving into outer realms, wanting to find comfort
in writing without stopping or being interrupted.

Lively feelings caressing interiorly, softening the blows
dealt by life.

Taking precedence, writing bringing joy in an abundance of
serenity.

Never being lonely in life, only when wanting to be so as to
experience all of it's feelings to place into prose time
after time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Softening Harsh Thoughts

Lights shining into my mind, softening harsh thoughts,
letting them separate and show me their interiors,
finding splendid ideas and creations hiding within.

Now they have been opened to intellect, it's having a
great time absorbing and using them in poetry, watching
as each one takes the initiative.

Taking steps into the shimmering light of an interior
and innate talent, soothing and choosing what to say
about each one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Softly Falling Melodies

Striking chords with imagination, swiftly and accurately.
Precisely timing every measure exactly, focusing on tones of perfect pitch, treasuring their memories within, subconsciously.
Aware of a point of no return, playing with joy and fervor, complacently allowing melodies to fall softly like flower petals upon the snow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Softly Lighting Candles

Softly lighting candles of an interior spirituality,
filling it's depths with silent wisdom and knowledge,
a genuine process of innate wonder.

Continuing to be uncovered in many rhythms of music
throughout life, deciding pleasures of passion blossom-
ing and spreading their wings to accompany people the
world over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Softly Whispering

Saddened voices of memories whispering softly, not wanting
to upset this heavy heart with sorrow they are imparting.

Quietly, tears start appearing in blue eyes, hearing voices,
remembering the past, now feeling their bittersweet reminders.

Wanting to reach out and touch images of loved ones, not able
to reach them any longer.

Sorrow dripping from their photographic images, wanting to be
held once again also.

Both sides not able to regain reality of life now past, leav-
ing only bittersweet memories for us to grasp.

Cherishing and treasuring them, holding onto each one through-
out our lives on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solace Of Early Morning

Rising with the dawn tomorrow morning,
giving so many insights into our future.

Watching the rays leading me into avenues
of new designs and beautiful patterns of
living.

Such novel ideas fall into line with the
solace of this early morning, giving
expressions to write about, completing
many poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solace Of Friendship

Quiet solace of friends together, listening to music from the past.
Bringing to mind, memories, times happily thought of.
Life silently serene, traipsing slowly towards it's end.
Friends with reluctant turmoil, turning thoughts to purposes of love.
Standing on edges of circles brought together at last.
Passing through the stages of friendship here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solace Of The Divine

Cool air covering my being from the atmosphere, feeling good as it seems to calm me interiorly, giving a silent plain to write from.

Going through the desert of my soul, enjoying picturesque beauty that lies before and within it, delving into the very depths of my being.

Finding solace of the Divine hidden quietly within, gently touching my spirit with the wonder and curiosity of what lies beyond me on the next horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solar Atmospheres

Fiery atmosphere of psychedelic melodies straying closely to poetry being made for the universe.
Lovely haze, ruminating across the room, invitingly pleasant as it fills minds with effervescent moods of creativity.
Singling out vibrant rhythms to take incessantly into beautiful imaginative solar systems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solar Darkness

Somnolent thoughts fashioning particles from sleepless nights, filled with undreamt dreams lying about my imagination.
Following main points of life, interjecting so many words into lanes of country meanings.
Begetting nightmares of past dreams, forgetting that they also had a part in writing so many forlorn poems in times of distress.
Tickling intense thoughts along pastures of leisure, bringing sunshine into labyrinths of solar darkness.
Awakening creative ideas, eclipsing them and turning away negative behaviors, softly backing away from all meaning in life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solar Events

Becoming full swing, parading alongside the pool to
next destinations to embrace events planned by Cigna.

Traipsing soundly into circumferences of play, taking
strides mentally to encompass the schedule of things
planned to do today.

Studying aside for the summer, easing carefully into
solar delicacies as they weave through the water,
turning minds to the coolness of their watery
surroundings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solar System

Soaring into the atmosphere, flying through
the clouds, landing on the moon.

Traipsing down the milky way, watching stars
twinkling along the way.

Sending bursts of energy into the darkened
twilight sky.

Seeing planets orbiting in the solar system,
perfectly and precisely without ever getting
out of synch.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soldiering On

Silence touching me interiorly, filling me with soothing essences of spiritual aromas, waltzing along pathways of destiny, giving many pleasurable sensations.

Truth sliding into place, taking a stand, never backing down in the face of tyranny, soldiering on, uniting in friendship across the world.

No racism being involved for we are all equal, we are friends, all of us wanting to take back our countries once and for all.

Gathering together, getting rid of all the race-baiters in government and everywhere else, there is no place for them in this world of freedom and friendship.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soldier's Innocence

Innocent, naïve young soldiers sent to a foreign country
without a clue of reality, just words spoken to them
encouraging attitudes needed to fight a war.

Starkly confronted with stares of depravity, feeling
fear stir within at the immense difference - horrible
turns, twisting all their lives in two.

Death, bloody messes, human flesh ripped and torn by
missiles, shrapnel and bullets; why? what for? isn't
life more precious than this?

Human beings have learned nothing of sorrow and grief,
they don't know how to apply bereavement towards a
future without wars.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solely Finding Adventures

Rehearsing every day and moment, living for the excitement and thrills of seeing what will happen in hours of life and love.

Sparkling, glimmering, shining curiosity coming through it all, finding expectancies of promise and desires, holding onto the beauty of nature at the same time.

Going into it's depths so totally and completely, giving an entirely new and fresh look at this temporary time on earth while living.

Solely finding adventures and discoveries that complete life with a wonderful and fulfilling essence continuing throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solely In God's Hands

Reality is starkly standing in front of me, not letting me veer from it, focusing on what's ahead with peace and serenity.

Hoping faith will be enough to keep me safe during the surgery, placing it in God alone, a wonderful feeling having come over me totally just now.

Adjusting this mind in order to make sure it's focused on what needs to be done, living solely in the hands of God.

Trusting in Him explicitly, knowing that I am being protected and safe in His arms only, as I now go into the operating room alone, family waiting outside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solely Loving

Running through this life, eyes wide open, mind alert, awakened
by a spirituality filling me entirely with faith and hope,
solely loving the essence being found in all things natural.

Feelings touching heart, mind and soul as rhythms continue to
lift me into a natural high in this earthly life, experiencing
the Divine, looking forward to every single moment.

Enjoying what God has given me through innate talent, knowledge,
wisdom and imagination, resources always finding their way into
intellect.

Climbing aboard imagination as ideas and concepts continually
flow from an interior waterfall in silent beauty, always flow-
ing without stopping.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solemn And Unnatural

Slippery slopes, allowing snow and ice to slide into
the oceans of emotions that are always hiding within.

Plenty of evaporation going on as ideas flow out onto
icebergs of interior imagination.

Solemn and unnatural, yet always tantalizing this mind
and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solemn Decisions

Resting, finding peace and solace lying quietly within,
waiting to be recognized in a poem, to see where my mind
is lying.

Collecting and portraying every image coming into existence,
loving to see and explore all new discoveries being made
apparent.

Solemn decisions on each one being genuinely made, truth
and honesty taking a front seat in depths of all that I
am coming to know in this life of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solemn Dedication

Reoccurring thoughts step into the pool of imagination,
getting ready to swim into the waters, still with a
peaceful sense of recompense.

At rest, letting breath out slowly, sinking to the
bottom, feeling a moment of euphoria.

Calculating time, allowing minutes to pass before
resurfacing to see what has been stirred and presented
to intellect and written out in poetry.

Solemn dedication to inner visions takes me further away
from reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solemn Delusions

Swallowing pride, moving along, finding major portions of reality as they get caught up in our craws,
pecking at us when we're in solemn delusion about ourselves.
Taken together we escape and leave earth for another plain, unseen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solemn Pleasure

Stepping into time, realizing dreams of long ago
have become stagnated in pools of dung, yet are
fertilizing images and ideas for future poetry.
Words filling pages of thought down pathways
filled with roses and their fragrances.
Fantastic memories trace themselves inside prose,
figuratively dancing, circling life in measures of
rhythm.
Politely reminiscing in notes of lifetime's scales
acquiescing to nature's rhythm only as a processed
form of peaceful thought.
Languidly anticipating a solemn pleasure as serenity
overtakes me openly and honestly without any disfavor
or problem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solemness Of After - Life

Living in the solemnness of after-death, peaceful and
still, being with me forevermore through this life.

Understanding and tolerance a part of who and what I
do, singly taking part in life, enjoying it thoroughly.

Listening and applauding everything that comes into it,
except maybe death of others whom I love.

Yet, death is welcome to come and take me whenever he
wants, I will go with him, smiling all the way, knowing
that he's taking me straight to God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solemnity Of Serenity

Regarding life through rose-colored glasses at times,
only seeing the compassion and goodness set in rose
gardens.

Bypassing thorns so they will not burst my bubble of
wonder and curiosity, strengthening character, filling
interior spirituality with faith and hope.

Given by God when creating us on earth, stepping upon
platforms of another horizon, feeling genuine endings
of this life, awaiting on the doorstep of heaven.

Listening to choirs of angels as they sing into the
atmosphere of this sensitive heart, touching and
capturing the solemnity of serenity.

On the horizon of final endings, waving good-bye as
I turn and walk away for the last time on this earth,
no tears or sorrow being kept within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solemnly Waiting

Filled with the stinging pain of lies, working hard to keep the tears from falling from my eyes.

Lightening quick to reach out, holding out trust and love in one hand - never expecting it with the other.

Closed off from any hope of love, sitting alone night after night.

Solemnly waiting through the years seeing only lies being put to ears, surmising a frailty of life and discontinuing me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soliciting Ideas

Recognizing aspects of life as they shape and form in
the center of my mind.

Expanding and contributing to many facets of an interior
intellect.

Soliciting ideas straight from the atmosphere and placing
them immediately into poetry without any delays.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soliciting Interpretations

Morosely fidgeting with a pen, thinking deeply in many
compositions of my own creation.

Soliciting interpretations of all levels of translations
in a host of musical languages in every key.

Minor chords especially, attaching themselves to matters
of the mind.

Collecting and pulling together, remainders and remnants
of yesterday's fabrics of life.

Somnolent sentiments taking me quietly on a journey of
existential beauty.

Going though elements of chemistry, balancing every
reaction against tomorrow's manifestations of inherent
intellectual imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soliciting Words

Recoiling, flinching, always shy and retiring, loving life
with abandon, yet standing away from others, not knowing
what to say or talk about.

A tender and tight feeling entering my chest when having to,
living always on the edges of life in one way, yet delving
totally into it through writing.

Detaching from reality to travel into trails of imagination,
finding my way down paths of another time.

Maybe even into the future and back in just moments of time
measured in rhythms and fixated through them.

Placing details and all sights into the depths of interior
placement, never letting go of any of it while soliciting
the words that are reminders of lost lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solid Convictions

Changing times don't have to interfere with our liberty or
our freedom here in the United States of America.

People can go back to their respective countries without
any problem, leaving us to lead the lives that we prefer
over their beliefs.

Solitary thoughts of Americans belong to us personally and
our convictions are solidly set here.

We will not give up any of our practices or beliefs for
the evil of this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solid Omens

Reflections being shed in darkness, losing the luster of illumination from daylight suffusion.
Interconnected with playful raptures, singing in the background, giving explanations for past ideas.
Saturating themes with the same old techniques, while losing a lot of creative juices, because they aren't poured onto screens of photographic memories and put on display for only one to see.
Until, that is, the whole experience is set on paper, words filling everyone's sight with the visions hidden behind them.
Solid omens, stationary, keeping the life of literature alive for exhaustive periods, sentencing all the beautiful picturesque memories to life imprisonment in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solid Silence

Listening to mountains speak their solid silence to my soul.
Hearing their song melt into my brain for an eternity.
Life-long measures beating with my heart in rhyme, singing rhythmic stanzas, as saguaro cacti climb across my subconsciousness, inverting all manner of meaningless words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solid State Of Wisdom

Racing onto avenues of intellect, thoughts running
throughout this mind, finding spaces where they can
fit in and be accepted through music.

Silent, moving forward, watching everything find
it's purpose as it touches my heart with a solid
state of wisdom, awaiting it's time to be imparted.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solidarity In The U.S.A.

Asking no questions, being told no lies, living according to the Golden Rule, Constitution and Bill of Rights all through this earthly life.

Finding unity and purpose in our goals of freedom and liberty, not giving up what God has given to us here in the U.S.A. for solidarity is strong here in America.

Strumming aspects of our lives in recognition of our country and patriotism, never turning from our nation, as we all stand up against tyranny and our enemies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solidifying Gentle Faith

Sanctuaries of placid serenity creep upon me daily, taking me into depths of an all-encompassing love of God and nature, solidifying a gentle faith with a hope of fidelity held in check.
Placing a nondescript behavior into a face on a screen, writing it carefully into many poems of usefulness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solidifying Wonder And Peace

Spreading spiritual wings, gracefully finding a way into
peaceful avenues where only love, caring and compassion
pull their weight despite all the wrong-doing in the world.

Rhythms flowing, tides rising and falling into a mixture
of heaven and earth, solidifying the wonder and peace held
within each and every one of us in our daily lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soliloquy Of Sadness

Stranded in a soliloquy of sadness, not knowing where it came from so suddenly into my line of vision.
Capturing prayers, holding on to their promises, waiting for my miracle to appear before before my time runs out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soliloquy Of Silence

Coming together in music, finding ways through pathways of
rhythm, taking time in an enlightening attitude and mood
of peaceful grace.

Living in the entirety of life fully, taking steps into
an atmosphere of darkness, discovering what's hidden there,
a soliloquy of silence giving peace and serenity to my soul.

Interior grace unfolding plentifully within an intellectual
mind and spiritual interior life, spreading soothing ideas
throughout this entire poetical being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soliloquys Of Life

Soliloquys of life sit upon mountains looking out over landscapes, touching upon nature and living in the spirit of God, moving across ravines and through canyons.

Lifting ideas from within them, bringing thoughts together, filtering purposes with their essence, taking to heights where they can be alone, private and dwelling in the bluened light of the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soliloquys Of Music

Respecting life through music, finding it's essence of being through rhythms and beats, tempting and titilating with every vibration.

Lights falling upon everyone up and dancing, wandering down trails of many circumstances, climbing in and out of situations.

Bringing happiness and pure entertainment, forgetting sorrow and grief as spirits rise into the sky of love, people joining heart to heart while dancing.

Soliloquys of music filling measures fully with the many tastes of poetry falling upon the palate of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitaire Visions

Life is full of thoughts and prayers pivoting on
daily stances.
We converse at times with other people, but a
majority of the time we talk to ourselves within
our minds.
Processes are filtered every nanosecond as we
attempt to arrange what we need to accomplish on
any given day.
Solitaire visions dance across our minds, playing
with our conscious imagination in words of rhyming
succession.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitarily Alone

Touching keys of intellect's piano in mysteries of a mind,
one filled with innate knowledge and wisdom, arranging it
all in spheres.

Organizing it specifically and placing it where it can be
found easily with just a thought or a moment of insight,
it's at the tip of this mind's fingertips.

A totally sublime space and measure of time that's soli-
tarily alone within this being while alive on this tempor-
ary earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Achievement

Rhapsody of life being played so intensely,
yet gently, taking this mind into vibrant
dimensions.

Lists coming through rhythms already coded
and awaiting placement into poetry, a soli-
tary achievement giving glee and satisfac-
tion while music continues to play.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary And Happy

Silence creating signs and ideas of intellect,
giving it a voice that sings out loud and into
the night.

Never wavering or disturbing inner contemplation
of an inner universe, solitary and happy just
being myself.

Circularly falling into spirals and taking me
into the circumference of life where I can wander
and roam to my heart's content.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Confinement

Echoes of loneliness fall upon people's ears, tearing
deeply into their beings.

Grabbing hearts, tearing them out, life simple cannot
begin to tolerate the deftness of solitary confinement.

Sent into your innermost self, left standing alone,
forlorn and forgotten.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Contemplation

Silently sitting alone in a mountainous desert of
my own choosing.

Made to order - solitary contemplation
on a higher plain than ordinary.

Rising above threads of anticipation, calling to mind,
unordinary feelings and senses of being.

Treading quietly down pathways of hurt feelings and
misguided thoughts, searching for some recognition
inwardly.

Slowly coming to terms with self as I think of many
extraordinary places to become in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Creativeness

Entirely hiding beneath a solitary creativeness, loving the purity and innocence of being self without interference, grasping beauty and ingenuity of an innate talent.

Using it's intensity through music and rhythms, living life through each of them in poetry, being inspired incessantly while staying beyond the scope of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Emotions

Loving, losing, longing for the past, dreaming of solitary emotions, strongly existing in images,
giving pleasure and sadness in exactly the same moments.
Gasping inside, trying hard to breathe, yet trying to move about without a murmur escaping.
Sleeping interiorly, giving off expectant hopes to anyone passing by, noticing what I am feeling.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Emptiness

Stepping quickly into the skating area of life, where
adventures and discoveries are open and inviting.

Shining bright lights into interior beauty watching
lightening as it strikes continually in rhythms of
lively music.

Sending vibrations along nerve synapses, letting them
move forward into many aspects of daily life.

Energizing totally, yet living in a solitary emptiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Entity

Realizing facts of life through reality, being displayed
on photographic screens and contained in memories that
last a lifetime.

Sequences of ideas flow gently down streams of conscious-
ness, taking patterns into depths of intense emotion,
being eclipsed by intellect and it's imagination.

Through day dreams, soothing rhythms capturing my mind as
I look out of windows of my soul, no one there, I'm a
solitary entity with no substance to speak of, justified
by being who I am in this life solely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Existence

Here we are, filling our minds with dirt and grime.
Whatever happened to the little things in life that
give us pleasure?
Where have we hidden them?
They were always so precious and dear - we used to
hold them close to our hearts and souls.
When did our lives change?
How did we let the world change our images?
When did we become the sins of other's pain-filled
realities?
So forlorn, we all live in solitary cells of life,
not reaching out - not becoming our purpose.
Where we will all end up when we keep our eyes
closed from destiny and fate?
In deserts of our solitary existence, how will we
find our future horizons?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Fantasies

Treasures beyond comprehension, saddling life with their pretensions.

Sidelong glances, envious, filled with deceit, lips spreading open, tongue lying between teeth.

Solitaire markers reaching out to unknown destinations, falling on top of selves, unrewarded, fantasies dancing in heads.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Lanes

Walking along solitary lanes, thinking, appreciating the
wonder and blessedness of nature in all it's grandeur.

Serenity enveloping every particle of being, giving solic-
itous priorities of thanksgiving to mind, wind gently jostl-
ing thoughts being held religiously inside.

A deep spirituality finding every neuron and synapse within,
energizing and bringing them to life with rejuvenated stem
cells flowing freely and energetically all the time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Linings

Solitary linings, protecting my brain from all the
hurt and suffering I've been going through for years.

Every day, taking steps to rid myself of all these
trials, yet it never happens.

It just seems to continue multiplying no matter what,
so I live life in each moment, hoping soon it will all
be over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Lives

Bedecking future horizons with a plenitude of prayer, standing alone with no where to go.
Stressing major markers of solitary lives on solo journeys of timeless moments.
Exercising rigorously on borrowed seconds of eternity, hoping to expand literature's knowledge, transferring it into wisdom of a first class period of ecstasy on margins of belonging.
Taking steps away from exasperating people, trying to display a beauty of souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Mansions

Keys to coded messages are always hidden within
interior places, only for those who can decode them.
Forcing doors open cannot happen, because all of
the keys won't work except for my voice.
Protracting the entire establishment, soaring above
the crowd and into depths of tombs encased and
interred within solitary mansions reserved for
only the soul of one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Meanings

Moving and strutting down sidewalks of rock and roll,
gesturing and expressing forthright truths through honest
interpretation, acknowledging positions of it set within
each measure of life's time.

Expanding and beginning new exciting sounds of music, being
lifted off the ground, and placed selectively into ways I am
learning to portray all through imaginative interpretation
and imagery.

Finding emotions and feelings, trying to usurp them at times,
keeping them under control and using them productively when-
ever they fit the scheme of things again.

Solitary meanings, finding their way into delicate balances
of wisdom, wonderful avenues through poetical designs, all
capturing picturesque beauty as it unfolds onto the footage
of an interior camera, being posted on photographic screens
inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Mind

Solitary mind, alone with saddened thoughts lying in beds of remorse.

Totally forgotten and left to forage without anyone knowing the extent of remorseful recollection caught in sieves of expectation.

Calling from depths of being, echoes sounding and falling on deaf ears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Moment

Wringing out old memories,
hanging them out to dry while I
take a breather and just peacefully
languish alone, trying not to place
any emphasis on a solitary moment
away from all the tears of the past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Offerings

Midland paths, leading into the light of darkness,
showing shadows of night time living.
Existing in deepened purples, exercising beauty of
color all the time.
Solitary offerings being generated unendingly in
spheres of tomorrow's outer spaces.
Lifting lids off of pastimes that had been forgotten
over time and now are exposed so anyone can delve
into them and find out what's been lurking below
throughout the years, hiding behind stardom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Participation

Drums beating, tempting rhythms taking me into a steady atmosphere of music, playing with notes and tones, tossing them back and forth through imagination.

Having a grand time, so deeply and intensely filled with music, nothing to interrupt or cause any problems as I continue to write and never stop.

Music keeps on playing, drums drumming, a wonderful way to live life in the beauty of it all, finding that nature and humanity are both a huge part of it.

Rhapsodies climbing, pulling me into heights of a solitary participation of harmony, a lightened feeling of joy and elation.

Both touching upon the union of intellect with imagination, reality stepping up, filling empty spaces with prose that takes up with new ideas.

Using them in sidestepping of thoughts, following beats of drums as they continue to slow to a stop, leaving this mind bereft, hoping they begin beating again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Peace

Solitary, feeling like I'm on a deserted island just wandering around it's sandy shores, looking out to sea, occasionally coming upon a sea gull as it dives down and scoops a fish out of the water.

Every once in a while picking up a beautiful shell, examining it's beauty, tucking it into a pocket of my jeans, later to add to others that I've collected through the years.

Enjoying peace and quiet, listening to the waves as they slap lightly upon the sand and are pulled out to sea once again, never having any say in doing something else.

All in all, just living in a wonderful and creative atmosphere where I can continue to be myself, writing to my heart's content, this mind not being disturbed by anyone else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Periods

Rhythms talking and whispering to me in darkened
hallways of night.
Solitary periods of loneliness open their doors
and take me into their depths, holding and hugging
me closely so I don't feel so abandoned when they
are done caring about me.
Showing compassion and taking my heart on a journey
of beautiful silent intellect.
Praying as they proceed, giving a sense of peace as
I walk on, still holding on to loneliness in my
heart and soul forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Pieces Of The Puzzle

Centuries have gone by and still there is hatred, prejudice
and fear all around us in this life.

You'd think the world would have figured it out by now and
done away with all of it, not destroying peace on earth.

If all people would just stop being so selfish and self-
centered, things would be better for everyone.

Standing up and being heard, yet no one is listening and
we continue being hurt unnecessarily.

Truths are the cornerstone of all life, yet everyone insists
on telling lies to suit themselves and their own greed.

Solitary pieces of the puzzle that just no longer fit in
the scheme of things nowadays.

Taking hold of things affecting the peace of all mankind
can eventually be gotten rid of if everyone just does their
part to make life more bearable and happier throughout our
time here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Progress

Reminding pictures of yesterday, come silently into view,
making sure they are being noticed by intellect.

Being created individually as the clock slowly revolves
through time and back again.

Solitary progress always being practiced and continued
through life.

Suggestions falling by the wayside as I do what it is I
want to do, leaving and heading further into myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Purpose

Spoken words now lying silent on pages of poetry, standing
on their own, delivering messages to everyone in the world.

Taking it all to those who need to hear personal messages
from an interior bluened light.

Straight from the Divine, a solitary and wonderful purpose
given as a gift to me from God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Puzzle

Dreaming of you nightly, holding m gently in your
loving arms, whispering sweet nothings to me in
the passion of our love, taking me to heaven within.

A solitary puzzle of humanity that gives us great
pleasure, quietly soothing and making each feel so
special, lying in each other's arms.

Loving the way you love me so tenderly, gently,
giving of yourself totally to me with your entire
being tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Silent Vow

Quietly contemplating depths of being through music,
letting it rise and fall within every fiber and particle
that has created me from scratch.

Enjoying the involvement rhythms play in this life, an
intensity of unconditional love having been given from
one I love so much.

Cherishing every moment with a sublime and profound
appreciation for him, loving that he's a part of my life,
his heart always wrapped in a loving embrace with mine.

A solitary and silent vow between us to never part, being
captivated and loved by one another in a secret garden of
our own, one we're sharing unbeknownst to anyone else in
the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Space

Hearts breaking in the distance, falling apart and hitting the concrete floor, shards of love lying around with no recognition from anyone.

Silently being immersed beneath a blanket of solid tears, drowning in their salty dimensions with no reprieve.

So tenderly fragile and broken apart, hearts and souls of those who have been lost in a forlorn and forsaken love, alone now in a solitary space of emptiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Sphere Of Life

Reeling from a spiraling reverie situated in my mind,
taking turns wrenching me in two.
Taking steps to turn around, make an about face and
move into another sphere of life where I can be alone.
Solitary being, never coming out, never being with
anyone again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Times

Solitary linings softening blows of life, surrounded by other people, trying to hurt and maim you.
There are some who will come and be good to you, but they are few and far between - there's no sense in waiting for that to happen.
You'll be old before your time and have absolutely nothing to show for it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Treasures

Shaking, reverberating, being enlivened, brilliantly
illuminating many sensations of life as it tantalizes
and reaches interior feelings and emotions ordinarily
not felt or known.

Powerful tears of joy and sadness are now pouring from
these solitary treasures that have been kept hidden
since birth.

Beautifully blossoming into an interior atmosphere
where gardens are being grown and nurtured from this
mystical magic of the soul.

Scents perforating the air with their savory tastes
and immediate notes of reparation, filling and satis-
fying the intensity of our souls with delicate serenity.

All of it bringing solitude into our minds, hearts and
intellect where it can be seen for what it is in the
presence of our Lord.

A special and intense gift given from above and placed
within the soul of one who is listening in the sorrow
of their heart and loss.

A memory of the utmost pleasure in life that cannot be
replaced or replenished in any way, except perhaps on
this mere poet's photographic interior screen where it
is etched permanently throughout the life of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Voices

Solitary voices from the past,
whispering silently to an inner mind's ears.
Giving reminders of those I continue to love
dearly here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Windows Of Life

Solitary windows peering into life, letting loose, thoughts
of the universe.

Thoughtfully praying behind closed doors, leading solitary
lives that have never lived before.

Standing, scattered over many horizons, wanton looks,
staring, despising the many telltale signs of strife and
struggle on earth.

Whatever cannot be told out loud remains hidden in a cloud
of rumored whisperings.

Many times over, the roads which everyone trod become
muddied with greed and sloth.

Where in this solitary roving can perfect beings be seen,
only through the windows of life can anything be sighted.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary World

Sympathy abounding in a lonely little corner of the world.
Solo journeys being taken on the road to a somber realization
of endings that are final.
Wanting to hold on to whatever is left, I fall and am left
alone in a solitary world.
Sonic melodies twisting rhythms into a love song.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Writer

Standard catch phrases have no business within aspects of my mind, for it continually creates from it's own interior.
Never listening to outside sources for any reason, because a knowing deep inside warns me to stay away and be a solitary writer, alone all days of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitary Zone

Striking and feeling happy just being in a zone by myself,
finding a lasting peace descending on me, giving off a
brilliant bluened light as I fall into depths of another
time.

Watching memories as they open and shine into this mind,
images walking about, showing me the past as it used to
be.

Filled with family, love and a togetherness that cannot
be pretended.

A wonderful place in time as more and more pictures come
into the light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitude

Living in solitude, keeping to myself,
held captive by subconscious memories.
Traipsing into imagination and viewing
them on inner screens, watching where
they will lead me.

Scattered in forests of bereavement,
I follow emotions into areas never
explored as yet.
Searching inner caverns, finding no
peaceful solutions anywhere.

Resigning interiorly to depths of being,
not looking for any caring, only because
I know there'll never be any for me until
I get to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitude Apprehending Senses

Walking through the silence of death, not able to find
my way, being in an absolute and total truth that can-
not be denied.

Folding and unfolding from within a solitude that is
apprehending all my senses, avoiding unanimous decisions
of another day in the past.

Covering the best part of life with an ebony darkness
that I'm unable to see through on this side of life,
being forsaken, deserted and abandoned.

Preserving nothing, having not a thing left after death
has taken those whom I love so much and so preciously
in this little life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitude Gently Pulls Me

Speaking to my soul, lighting it's mind
with significance and wisdom of yesterday.
Enlightenment arrives cautiously, tenderly
touching emotional particles of my heart,
being careful not to hurt or maim any part
of my interior life.
Solitude takes my hand and gently pulls me
into myself, allowing me to be accepted
unconditionally, just as I am, for who I am
in this crazy mixed up world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitude Of Death's Embrace

Constantly struggling with daily routines of existence,
battling the limits set by life and other people.
Wishing for the solitude of death's embrace, sensing
the nearness I have to it.
Not wanting to waste a precious minute, believing in a
God that wants me with Him.
Falling into the abyss of life, struggling with it's
infinite demands, hoping to be rid of it's grasp real
soon.

(9/22/96)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitude Of Expectant Hope

Soothing music calming my soul, reinforcing it with an
excellence of intellect as it steps fully and completely
into imagination.

Flowing across the interior of my mind, caressing and
holding onto cherished ideas like babies, newborn, being
wrapped in swaddling clothes.

A perfect sense of interior life as it continues to be
held in arms of intellect throughout destiny and fate,
allowing it to be so forever in a solitude of expectant
hope.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitude Of Mind

Walking along shore, taking in the waves rising and crashing, covering my bare feet with salt water and sand, ground going out from beneath them as I continue walking in the solitude of this mind.

Treasuring effects of this natural phenomena, cherishing it as I feel energy coming from within it's depths, beautiful, enticing and alluring, keeping me in it's grasp, not wanting it to let go ever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitude Of Nature

Traversing down trails of yesterday, looking for another
time, placing trust in a sacredness of faith and honesty.

Peace being sanctioned and kept within where hope resides,
soothing and taking a total beauty of generations before
into the limelight of tomorrow's participation.

All joining in the march of wholesome purity and innocence
that will keep us solidly in the wake of another position
of totality.

There possibilities continually commence and end with steady
beats that never quit, keeping up with the rhythms of life
beating through our beings.

Taking us together into all atmospheres of this earthly life,
satisfying and projecting measures of time into a solitude of
nature where this poet is quite at home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solitude Of Souls

Music to my mind as I step in time with a waltz
playing in the atmosphere.
Dancing around the floor, swaying in time with
one another, gently turning in cadence with
melodies heard and remembered.
Life mimics the waltz and it's rhythm as we
sometimes glide, slowly enjoying every facet
in turn.
Silently we walk through our minds, lighting
horizons with future thoughts of holiness and
peace.
We cherish and love these times within our
hearts, as they warm our thoughts and minds
in times of being alone and loneliness.
Trusting in the meanings of our lives we learn
to hear the solitude of our souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solo Crypt

Gently surpassing every melody heard tonight.
Falling richly into an ocean of rhythms,
flowing with the tides over heavenly shores.
Spending the energy of harmony wisely, playing
it for a poet sitting in the audience, writing.
Only a passing glance touching me once in a
while, everyone leaving me alone in my solo
crypt.
Appearing only in the silence of each moment,
as it flows past me in a special rendition,
captured in a poem here tonight.

(10: 38 p.m. - 11/16/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solo Experiences

Broken mirrors, cracked images of life, shattered
through insincerity, deceit, lies, ungratefulness.

Never able to put shards of interior mirrors back
together, they continue to cut, making me bleed.

No reprieve or healing being available to soothe
my being, just having to live with experiences of
this lifetime sololy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solo Expressions

Piano playing melodies intensely through an innate intellect,
giving feelings and emotions their solo expressions through-
out the years.

Feeling the intensity of wonder curiously while moving for-
ward, free and wild, untamed by anyone, living the beauty of
my God-given existence with love and purpose.

Such a serene yet exhilarating presence interiorly, giving
me faith and hope in the promises of God alone, as I write
continually as an instrument of His.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solo Feats

Placid ideas distinguishing themselves amongst tried
and true precepts.

Forgetfully allowing for ancient doodlings to carry on,
while slamming into maracas of tangible silence.

Earthen wonders, unearthing themselves and opening up
to frightfully gigantic horizons on this planet.

Significantly causing differences of opinion to occur.

Solos of amazing feats become standard repertoire and
reign colorfully over everyone's head.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solo Feelings

There are no sanctions to be found here at the end,
only illusions carefully secreted and guarded without
qualm.
Confinement of existential environments coalesce and
integrate, leaving no black holes of disgrace.
Contemporary relief pours from every being, shattering
inner cores of self-doubt and precarious meaning.
Feelings sololy appreciate their separateness and
rejoice in their coverlet, hiding disappointment.
Cantonly searching depths of musical etudes, calling
forth myriad tones with which to recall memories
hidden deeply within the brain's unconsciousness.
Unfalteringly scaling every opportunity and
unregrettable act to become one in being with our
separate universe.
Always, the end portrait, sitting in quiet deepness
living and breathing alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solo Journey

Life takes us on a solo journey through experiences of loss, grief, emptiness, abandonment, crying tears of sadness and sorrow, sometimes of joy and happiness.

Everything captured and etched in our minds, reaching out into the world of family and friends, wanting the contact only another human being can give us through love.

All of it leading us down paths of destiny where we stand at last on our final horizon awaiting another future in heaven, as we leave this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solo Journeys

Walking slowly, stepping in time with natural innate
rhythms, watching everything beat in time in every
place and space of momentary desire.
Every breath taken fills us with exquisite pleasure
of living and we contemplate our births through daily
images taken in visions of sight - intuitively.
Instinct gathers within and we progress quietly into
our futures, living inside of each and every moment
alone, isolated, walking slowly on our solo journeys.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solo Listening

Sololy listening to Chopin, exercising my mind,
giving me pleasure as I listen to patterns of
difficulty and hear words come into being as
poetry.

Lifting spirits, riding clouds in depths of beauty,
as life sprouts new ideas in messages coded with
musical etudes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solo Path

Sorrow raining into my heart and soul, holding me closely
and giving comfort in teardrops that continue to fall.

Devastating thoughts in the face of all these odds in life,
remembering the pain and hurt of things that have happened
throughout it.

Alone, abandoned and forsaken forevermore, walking down a
solo path into the great unknown, never looking to either
side, just moving forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solo Poetical Journey

Resuming the pace of an early morning run, following my inner tendencies as I go in any direction freedom chooses to take me.
Always, looking forward, yet taking back roads just to be funny and throw others off track.
Not wanting anyone knowing which direction I choose or take to continue my solo journey of poetical musing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solo Thought

Life's struggles are mirrored
in our inner strength and
positive outlook on life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solo Voyage

Thoughts in flight, taking off into space, looking for new outlooks and spirits of life to take me on solo voyages beyond the seven seas.
Insinuating it all into one huge vision where I may examine and write it all down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sololy Penetrating Peace

Dreaming of another land in another dimension where
I'm never sick again, being plied with the best of
health.
Fearing nothing, taking steps to become famous and
wealthy, joining and walking finally into a sunrise
instead of eternal sunsets.
Totally being appreciated and woven into quilts of
exasperating stances left in life's quarters.
Taking back streets as sun shines all over me,
skipping into the essence of my being.
Solidly and sololy, penetrating the peace I know
will be coming over me with showers of glistening
fireworks and nothing marring the beautiful works
of my mind.
Thankful for the energy filling me even as I sit
here feeling so sick, yet the energy is taking me
finally into episodes of beautiful talent, leaving
me in fantasies of imagination.
Always staying in the presence of my being, wallowing
constantly in the peace of our Lord, and never
betraying any faith I may still have.
So many differences coming together with the liberty
and freedom of honest truthfulness.
Completing the one-time effervescent life that has
been mine since being born into this world.

(12: 50 p.m. - 2/3/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sololy Together

Solemn talent taking it's place together with a
musician in a special event of reminiscence here
at Buddy Stubbs.

Releasing into the universe the essence of both
of our gifts, mixing them altogether and
complimenting each other's innate talent.

A wonderful mixture of rhythm and poetry, hitting
the heights of outer dimensions and benefiting
the wonder of mankind in a different aptitude
than normal.

A most interesting facet of innate talent, matching
itself incessantly with another of the same intro-
spect and attitude, collecting into one inspiration,
the beauty of an experience being expressed sololy
together.

Forging rhythms of two different types into one
fascinating composition that we both take part in.

Alone together, words putting into the experience
exactly what we're doing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solutions Depths

Guessing about the next step into depths of solutions,
indicating the predicament of the world today.

It's amazing how many people go along like sheep, no
mind of their own to speak of.

When others take the lead and command the stage, taking
us into unproblematic realms together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solutions Fulfilled

Thinking deeply within, finding an everlasting depth taking me into it's bluened light, being fulfilled interiorly with an innate knowledge and wisdom.

Listening to music and it's rhythms, missing nothing of an eternal sun rising within, holding the sacredness of my soul here in my heart.

Giving it attention always through spirituality of an inner life only, drifting through space, seeking God down every avenue and experience in life, expectations being fulfilled.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solutions In The Open

Solemn manner, leaving the world alone, no longer able to handle it's stress and suffering, wanting only peace and serenity.

It's being fulfilled cautiously and completely whenever tackling problems in certain circumstances, not allowing solutions to be hidden throughout the night, letting them shine only in the light of each new day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solutions Of Problems

Staring into the bottom of a glass, watching reflections
flow across my mind as I see each one in technicolor.
Motioning to every note to be held in longer stances
than ordinarily.
Reaching new heights in solutions of problems with our
government.
Finding a way to revolutionize poverty and taking it
so far into the future, showing how to eliminate food
stamps for good, without anyone suffering from it's
absence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solutions Of Reality

Wondering about life and it's clouded horizons, questions arising at every thought and avenue of imagination.
Seeing with a vision unheard of normally, always seeking solutions. Chemically-induced words created in a moment
to be used a lifetime, expanding Webster's repertoire
and enlarging his vocabulary.
Concepts and perceptions realizing their purposes in
sentences of composure, laying foundations for future generations of literal questions.
Compiling years of poetical ideals into solutions of
reality, but only if people will listen to common
sense and perform what needs to be done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solvent Essence

Looking into the interior life of my being, finding my
essence completely solvent, having been immersed with-
in a bluened light from which I continually write from.

Finding that it energizes vibrantly, vividly, allowing
my mind to expand and travel into other dimensions that
always open readily to this mind.

Carrying me forward into other universes where I am free
intellectually, to advance tremendously with innate know-
ledge and wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solving Equations In Time

Finding places of possibility in darkened corners of life,
answering questions with more questions, instead of answers.

Curiosity mounting and taking over intellect with purpose
and resolve, intending to locate the imperious replies of
non-committal.

Investigating problems of inherent types of lifetime queries,
trying to find the equations that will make answers become
meaningful and fulfilling in the long run.

Holding onto the will of purpose, cruising downhill with
formulas, combining with wisdom, hoping to find chemical
reactions that will solve every equation in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solving Interior Problems

Purposeful lives exceed limits and boundaries that others
can never conceive of, reaching into our imaginations.

Looking for and creating instances that will bring us to
the fruition of our destinies in the coming years.

Living on pathways that will eventually lead us into the
important factors of our life's purposes.

Attracting and attuning ourselves to particular theories
in daily life.

Continuing to conquer and identify problems and doubts we
may all have at one time or another.

Searching, locating and finding explanations that'll solve
interior problems that are always being looked for.

Attaining the perfect balance as we calculate the energy
needed to finish our tasks in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solving Mysteries

Radio blaring in the distance, as I think on another
plain of my own making.

Testing the waters of interior oceans, floating upon
the waves alone and in depths of prose being written
from unfathomable dimensions of interior being.

Softly soothing mind and soul, easing into a deep
contemplation where nothing can disturb me from my
purpose in life.

Solidly pounding ivories of an interior piano, being
led into all corners of intellect with no qualms
about doing so.

Wonderful pieces of realization coming together
fruitfully inside imagination, where puzzles are
being discovered and solved through mysteries of
musical notes of heavenly atonement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solving Picturesque Puzzles

Temperamentally listening to music, walking to it's tempo, heart soaring through it's rhythms, solving picturesque puzzles of the past.

Using them to avoid making mistakes in the present, testing ideas and concepts with a rapid pace, judging everything fundamentally.

Keeping to measurements of instrumental music, innate talent encrypting it all in passages of time, calling to mind the history of past recollections.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solving Problems

Passing fancies not coming close to me, preferring more permanent ideals.
Holding them in my heart, knowing they'll never depart, keeping me whole,
enjoying past memories forever through writing.
Still finding the sensations and titillating extrasensory projections from within
depths of my entire being.
Solving problems of every day matters without any interference from without.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solving Puzzles

Watching screens of aging complacency erupt into poems of love across lines of believable endurance.
Fulfilling ancient memories with novel experiences taken from pages of existence.
Folding away ideas and letting knowledge take a back seat to imagination's wit and wisdom.
Focusing always on energetic moments of entire ages, following them along trails, solving puzzles of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Solving Puzzles Of Life

Softly, music playing in my ears, taking me into realms
of another universe where I live and play without worry,
enjoying this fantasy world that I've created in my mind.

Going the distance down mountain roads, seeing sights of
nature, beautiful and bountiful, taking me into ravines
and canyons of my soul.

Future opening wider as this creative mind and intellect
create ways to go further than ever in solving puzzles
of life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Somber Ideas

Relaxing in an armchair of musical
rhythm flowing throughout my mind,
heart and soul with intense feelings
of delight.

Somber ideas gathering in wonder, asking
when they can join in and dampen the
party going on.

Left in the cold, unanswered, etudes
fill the atmosphere with happiness
not letting them crowd in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Somber Thoughts

Silencing effects that grief has on us, trying to find our
way through it's hurtful process without any directions.

Losing our faith, becoming angry with God and losing hope,
continuing anyway, trying to find a new pathway back to
some semblance of life, knowing it will never be like it
was before.

Somber thoughts sit upon our minds much more often than
when we were younger, leaving our dreams and aspirations
behind sorrowful glances of memories.

No more wanting to move forward unless we are forced to
out of necessity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Some Needless Ideas

Medicine is still cowering in the dark ages, keeping it's mistakes close, never to be admitted.

Hurting and torturing people with a relay of unending purposes, taking steps against those who need medical help and who are receiving none in times of need.

Relief is not being commandeered, because there are doctors who needlessly hold to their own ideals, even though they no longer are valid in today's world of medicine.

Ripping apart the essence of others, tearing apart their beings in depths of idiocy, not ever allowing people to be healed with modern medicine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Some Nurses Uncaring Agendas

Biding time, writing, trying not to think how hungry
I am right now, not having eaten since five o'clock
this morning.
Nurses taking their time helping others with their
individual problems, leaving mine for later on when
they aren't so busy.
Arranging everything to fit time slots, caring not
how long it takes to help some patients, just taking
care of their own agendas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Some People Have Gone Crazy

Society is sitting back, watching, listening, afraid
to speak up lest they be sued or beheaded, depending
on who they are dealing with at the time.

People today have gone crazy, wanting immoral life
styles to be recognized by Christians, Catholics, etc.
but it's against their religious beliefs and will never
be done.

There can be no law put in place to force people to
accept something that goes against what they believe in.

This in particular is pointed straight at gays and
muslims wanting to perform unnatural sexual acts that
should not be done by anyone.

Decent, law-abiding citizens no matter where they are
in this world have a duty to keep mankind from being
totally decadent and immoral.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Some Small Place

Filling many stages with unkind thoughts and deeds, fighting
always to stay alive and sit on top for a while.

There is always something being carried on, filling senses
and bringing about the hour of greatest need.

Falling into snares and traps, everyone finds some small
place in life to call their own, only to find later on, that
it must be shared.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Someday

Sleeping in a cavern of deep feelings,
dreaming about things I'd like to do
someday in the future.

Calmly resting in the rims of evening
skies, noticing the stars shining
overhead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Someday Knowing

Someday knowing that life is about to end, I will sit
here writing that moment into my final poem.

Tears may be falling, blinding my sight, yet there will
be all my thoughts just as clear and concise as always.

Letting the world know exactly what it feels like to be
alive and dying through poetry.

A thoughtful and insightful process, taking a lot of
courage and strength of character, knowing that I will
be up to the challenge and always writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Somehow Continuing

Time after time falling into darkness, losing our way in
life, no goals in sight, traipsing through the desert of
our souls, lonely and isolated.

Stepping blindly into every day, blinded by the loss of
loved ones in our lives, wandering aimlessly, tears con-
stantly falling from saddened eyes.

Mind going blank with it's grief, totally alone and isola-
ted, not knowing how to live anymore without the love that
has been with us through the years.

Devastated and at a loss we somehow continue through our
lives, hoping to find something to live for or believe in,
taking us to it's ending at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Somehow We've Become One

Laughing, talking, our eyes sparkling, filled with the
love of our hearts and beings, taking every step in
life together.

Loving the closeness that we feel tenderly, touching
our spirits gently whenever we're in sight of each
other.

Somehow we've become one although we started out being
two separate people, it's crazy how love can do that
when two people fall in love.

Amazing and filled with the possibility of living,
excitement and thrills following us wherever we find
ourselves in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Someone I Can Feel Free With

Forward looking, hoping to find that someone who will let me be myself, no holds barred, loving me for myself without trying to change any part of me.

Not even this wild, jungle-like temperament or spirit of freedom that fills me with an energy of fulfillment, always getting it constantly from being who I am.

Living life the way I see fit, just wanting that somebody whom I can talk with, enjoy and feel free with, totally in every respect throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Someone I Know

Violent emotions being kept in check, hidden at times even from the person they have afflicted.
Sorrow rending itself throughout a lifetime of abandoned reality.
Obliquity endeavors hiding, jumping into the picture when least expected.
Bouncing into focus at inopportune moments, blocking the visions of being whole, tearing anew, self-esteem, pulling the person into puzzle pieces, unable to fit herself together at times.
Tears flow unbidden when thoughts come hither and yon, filling her heart with despair and blackened mourning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Someone Insists

Calmly recollecting truths of existence, threading them tightly in doilies of lace in hopes of tomorrow.
Scattered within lay traces of tears, hoping to exist
for more than a minute.
Lying uncomfortably in beds of woe, life dangles before
us giving us unpromised hopes.
Gathering fallen blossoms and images we forsake
ourselves at someone else's insistence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Someone Needing Help When Younger

Tonight again seeing a young girl that I haven't seen
for about three years, her Mom telling me where she is
working now.

Going to her workplace, just standing there waiting
for her to notice me, and when doing so, just staring
at me, not knowing if what she was seeing was real or
not.

Can I give you a hug? she finally managed to say, I
told her you'd better and she then hugged me tightly,
crying her heart out.

Not letting go of me, just crying, because when she
was younger I cared and was there for her, helping
her through a horrendous time in her life.

We talked for a while in between customers, giving her
my phone number and promising to get together when she
calls me.

Never wanting to lose touch with one another again as
long as we both are alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Someone Threw The Dice

Heaven above, someone threw the dice here on earth and
I lost the love that I had treasured and kissed all of
those years.

Left alone, having lost the toss of fate, now no longer
having a spirit, hope or goals, bereft, saddened with
no understanding.

Empty-handed, empty hearted, death the winner, taking
it all from me when you went beyond me into his reluct-
ant domain.

Not wanting to go without my love, but he gave neither
one of us a choice, passing through life and death we
are both eternally alone and forlorn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Someone's History

Beating steadily on edges of an Indian's drum, sending
messages from long ago, now no longer.

A place to sit or be, alone in the atmosphere of someone's
history, no longer being misplaced in any areas or spaces
containing materials of a being.

Holding the pieces of nature in the palms of your hands,
letting them all go away with another force of mother nature,
through storms of turmoil.

Pathways forming in avenues of a silent party waiting to be
kept awake throughout the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Someone's Mother

Tables set in lace, holding plates of food, pictures all around the house, portraying images of mother, sister, wife - a woman of great love.

Bedroom no longer containing a bed, it has become a shrine of statues, flowers and pictures in loving memory of her instead.

Family gathered together mourning her passing through tears, hearts gently breaking with the sorrow held closely inside.

Children close together, each enveloped in a space of sadness all their own.

Comprehending death is an individual endeavor, each person is on a separate path, feeling the sorrow pulling at their own hearts.

One son, retarded from birth, sitting in his usual chair by the door is dressed in a suit.

Kneeling before him, taking his hand in mine, he blurts out like a child, 'my Mom is gone - she's dead'.

Tears hurrying from his eyes as he openly cries for her, gently hugging, comforting him in his lost sorrow, I pray for him because he has lost his mother and cannot understand like the others.

He has been washed ashore on an island of pain all his own, a child - yet grown.

Beauty of his mother, shines brightly from his soul, reaching out, looking for solace with crystal clear eyes of sorrow, having lost the joy of past tomorrows.

Family soon will come back to the home, sitting, eating, talking with one another, remembering the good times and wonderful memories they all shared with their Mom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Someone's Stories

Telling many stories of childhood, a dear friend,
making me laugh and cry with every episode.

Amazing how we are all so similar, yet have different
experiences throughout our lives.

Meeting and touching one another's lives so briefly at
times, yet leaving ourselves etched forever in someone
else's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Something Missing

In life there's always something missing, because we are only human after all.

Love, caring, compassion, mercy, one of them is usually missing from a person.

You can see what it is when you look around the world, seeing hatred, racism, prejudice and intolerance.

All of the elements containing those that people at one time or another are missing from their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Something Needed To Be Heard

Securing a place in annals of literature through writing
of poetry, spilling my essence upon the world.

Watching the effects it has on people who read me, thinking
and pondering many thoughts that I have written.

Sensing freedom that I have felt and shared with everyone
and being seen in the poetry written.

Never bothering to worry about it, writing what others are
afraid to say out loud for fear of being shunned.

Not caring, stepping into the fray and challenging minds
of every type and intellect to use their brains and find
their own way.

Possibly being led in a direction by something I have
written that maybe has touched something needing to be
heard by certain individuals.

Hopefully changing their hearts and opinions for the better-
ment of mankind and themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Something Simple

Consummating life with the death of it's space in time,
having had experiences fully engaged throughout the
years of strife and turmoil, joy and suffering.

Nothing being camouflaged, everything sitting right in
front of us, waiting for our decisions on what to do in
each situation.

Taking no heed to whether or not we want to go forward,
sometimes falling to the wayside, defeated and depressed,
wondering what has happened to us.

Them something simple as a Grandchild looking into your
eyes, smiling, saying I love you, hugging you tightly,
feeling the love of unconditional beauty.

Taking it into the future with you as life is in stride
once again and your mind is cleared of all the darkness,
as you fully engage in life once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Something To Hold

Tripping along roads of life, always looking for something
to hold in treasured memories, hoping they will last through-
out their lives.

No one tarrying longer than they have to, wanting to get back
home to their comfort and safety, not wanting to go out again
into the world because of all the issues standing out, waiting
to hurt and maim others.

Treasuring their little spaces in corners of their living rooms,
praying that they can continue to stay where they are.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Something Unknown

Embracing life with feelings of dread, wondering why
they are coming upon me now this moment.

Thinking of a loved one going through a hard time,
neglecting to reach out and talk, going inside.

Only wondering if there's something unknown that's
not being told truthfully.

Sitting back, praying and hoping, just BEing here,
waiting for the moment they regain some semblance
of balance in life again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Something's Missing

Life carrying on, children being born, families growing,
being nurtured by parents, Grandparents, Aunts and Uncles.

Everything set in place to live life, yet something's now
missing, someone who's desperately needed.

Tears of husband and children sloshing through the house,
wife and mother no longer alive, taken to heaven by cancer
that no one could cure.

A home now separated from the center of it's life, the one
who kept everyone happy, contented and whole is gone and
they are being scattered, each person alone in grief.

Unable to help each other, no longer finding the compassion,
love, the heart that had kept everything together for her
family through the years.

Gone. Left without saying goodbye because of the cancer
within leaving her unconscious and in a coma, her family
never to hear her voice of love again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Song Of Beer

Laughter and fun as a friend sings a hilarious song
filled with humor, doing it so well that we cannot
control our laughter.

So sublime and filled with lines of comical thoughts,
a never-ending song of beer, making us all laugh so
hysterically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Song Of Behavior

Rhythms galloping down inner highways,
taking me into cities of popular melodies,
turning towards events of later day music.
Stepping sideways, trying to get by, just evenly
participating in line dances of stress and leisure.
Moving bodies into particles of destiny, letting them
trill into every song of behavior.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Song Of Belonging

Shouting to the world in
a song of belonging, while
I write in intensive longing
for tomorrow's promises.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Song Of Death

Listening to reverberations of my heart sing it's
gentle song of death, quietly reminiscing about
life in general.
It's waking moments temporarily basking in
reflections of sunlit talent.
Ordinary ways lying on roadways, waiting to be run
over and picked up.
Peaceful rhythms continue to meld with my mind as
sorrow serenely drowns my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Song Of Heartaches

Sitting back, listening to another song of heartaches, making them easier to bear at times.
All the tears are mixed in the rhythm, blending suffering with another, knowing that trials of sadness are felt and I'm not alone in this particular situation.
Hopefully, I can get through the darkness and come out in a tunnel of light, bringing faith to bear and helping me to continue and persist in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Song Of Life

A song of lie is deepened with sadness, resounding joy lost in years past.

There are no answers written in wrinkles of aging faces and hands, only silence of inner living, giving it's essence to everyone on another dimension.

Living truly expectant lives, dutifully performing whatever needs to be done, deserving better, always taking care that others have their share.

Never being selfish or rude, having a generous attitude, filled with caring and kindness, matching a heart overflowing with goodness.

All of these descriptions can become the song of life in deepened sadness, resounding joy beginning now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Song Of Regret

At times a sadness grows from someone's heart and flows out into a song of regret.
Tears forming in their mind with every word spoken aloud, giving up themselves in a song, glistening with tears of sadness, being alone and empty.
Then when done, people clapping and saying well done, not knowing the true pain within that the song has brought back for them to mourn anew.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Song Of Remembrance

Such a wonderful song of remembrance, a tribute to a father held dear to his children's hearts.

Beautiful to hear and imagine their life together here on earth.

Rhythms blending together with hearts filled with love, now saddened by his disappearance from life here on earth.

Scarcely a moment goes by without a tear being sent down the cheeks of his many loved ones and dear friends here at the Wagon Yard today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Song Of Tribute

Singing this song for all those of you who have or are serving our country selflessly and honestly.

A tribute to you from the hearts of We the People, now honoring you, praising and thanking you for protecting us from the enemy within and without.

Through your dedication you have shown us in the U.S.A, we send a special Thank You, to all of you, we appreciate your sacrifice and your family's also.

We continue to remain free, our flag flying above our nation, showing the world that we have been blessed by God for giving us our Veterans.

The red, white and blue standing proud and true, all of America honoring you for your courage in the face of the danger you confront for all of us in the U.S.A.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Song Of Young Love

Relaxing in a smooth song of young love,
remembering the days when we were promising
to love someone forever.

Awaiting promises from one another,
hoping they would last a lifetime with no
unhappiness finding it's way between us.
A devotion never before matched by anyone
else as we kissed and fell in love forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Songs Of Angel's Love

Squandering time just to be alone with my thoughts, wanting to find a corner to cry in, remembering my parents in quiet solitude out of respect for their memories.
Wanting to go and be with them on a daily basis, I forlornly think of all the good times we had.
Doves of peace fly over my mind, kissing me with their love as I sit and cry alone.
Sorrow surrounds me and I bow my head in silent prayers for their souls in heaven.
Asking them to please remember me also, in heavenly songs of angel's love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Songs Of Awakening

Warbling sounds echoing throughout the air
amidst a gentle morning breeze.
Wings flapping unfurlingly, sounding like
a beating bongo drum as other feathered
friends chime in with their early morning
songs of awakening and joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Songs Of Blue

Songs of blue, singing in the afternoon, cuddling up
with notes in an atmosphere of lightened decorations,
swirling in a mind of melody.

Toasting life's endeavors with heightened senses of
beauty, walking along pathways filled with fragrant
smelling blue roses, singing harmonies of joy.

Clouds floating on silken blue skies, gliding openly
through songs of blue, decorating life with smiles
of nature, hanging notes on everything, filling it
all with wonder and awe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Songs Of Love

Songs of love come from our hearts, yet so does loss, ex-
pressing both in music, sharing with others who understand
both love and loss.

We humans are born, live, love and die no matter what we
do through the years, making up the fabric of our lives
with moments of pleasure or sorrow.

Praying, loving, caring, helping others, having compass-
ion towards all people; these are the only things in
life that matter on a path leading to heaven when our
lives on earth are over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Songs Of Silence

Songs of silence held inside, rhythms belonging to inner solitude and quiet.

Volumes left unsaid throughout the ages, drenched in fear, not able to be expressed.

Fully realizing nothing can be said, nothing can be done, for never is a voice jumping from the quiet.

Understanding depths split from unparted lips, forming no words to bring about any knowledge of understanding.

Talking only through the sense of sight, no one can explain the truth explicitly enough for another.

Standing in an empty pit, silence falls and cannot bring about a song.

Only sounds of silence form inside where it's quiet, never venturing outside in any way to find out about life on earth today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Songs Of The Lonely

Songs of the lonely stem from memories that hold the
key to tears being frozen in time, climbing higher
into levels of sadness.

Not letting go for fear that nothing will come to pass
ever again, somnolent thoughts crossing over from be-
yond, never divulging where it's been hiding.

Always hoping to figure out the blessedness that stands
waiting at the end of this long and tiring earthly life,
forsaking and leaving behind even it's last tears.

Love now being frozen in time with no way to ever be re-
gained no matter how hard we may try, a life-long battle
now completed, nevermore to be opened like before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Songs Remembered In Poetry

Turntables moving forward and backward through time,
singing melodies and harmonies from the past and
present.

Looking towards the future, knowing songs will be re-
membered in poetry because that's where they all start-
ed in lyrics of poems.

Calming and soothing, crossing boundaries and borders
of enlightenment, trusting in positive possibilities
that are being arranged in intellect.

Chosen to reverberate in my mind, rhythms taking place,
bringing some semblance to the Divine in turn as they
come alive in the music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Son's Halloween Costume

Grim Reaper costume on, my oldest son enters a
costume contest for Halloween.

Winning third prize, everyone clapping for him
as he looked awesome.

Cute, adorable, he's still my little child at heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soon Boarding For Kolkata

People milling around the terminal at Gate 501, looking,
watching, talking, smiling, hoping to find new experiences
beyond the departure gate.

There all of us will be heading to board our plane to
Kolkata, India, a fascinating and exciting experience now
awaiting each of us I'm sure.

Thinking about life and how it has so many twists and turns
in it's paths of destiny, some good, others not, yet we
need both positive and negative to power even a car battery.

That's how I look at everything in life, accepting and
taking it all in stride, as I go my own way through the
years I am to live here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothed By Music

Riddled with pain, listening to music and being soothed
from the inside out.

Nothing able to interfere with rhythms coding my mind
into poetry.

Just swirling about with sparks of intellect, touching
and igniting fires of beauty.

Turning visions and pictures into final puzzles of this
life for everyone to see.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothed With Spirituality

Rhythms filling me with joy and glorious happiness,
taking me instantly into the bluened light where I
am being soothed with beauty of spirituality.

Goodness and mercy flowing into the atmosphere all
around me, poignant and tantalizing, bringing about
healing to those around me in need.

Being satisfied with the energy pouring into me
through intellect right now as my spirit is filled
with contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing Abilities

Racing rapidly, unwinding completely from a day
of turmoil.

Lights swirling around the room, sharing their
brilliance with the wonder of children's eyes as
they watch in awe.

Trying to fathom where they are coming from,
curiosity standing out upon their faces, capturing
my attention here in writing.

An energy being propelled into this mind and being,
giving feelings a place to be profound and intense,
allowing the freedom of excellence to be expressed
freely.

Total exuberance, not needing any reason to be, just
beating of drums, taking and leading my mind while
watching children's eyes.

Roaming aimlessly through a desert of loneliness,
soothing abilities that have been ruffled throughout
days of strife, now gone for the time being, leaving
me empty, yet very happy at the same time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing An Interior Wildness

Totally rocking into outer spaces of music, taking
rhythm collectively into beats of a drum, takeing
us all farther and deeper into jungle's melodies.

Now past, waiting always on past sidelines to be
reawakened in the silence of another space and
time.

Believing in the essence and passion of the beauty
of a tomorrow that is yet to come into existence.

Behaviors singling out every note, soothing an
interior wildness of jungles tangled within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing And Meticulous

Alluring and energetic thoughts are flowing musically
into the atmosphere, faster and faster.

Centering this mind and giving my heart and soul peace
that it craves constantly.

Soothing and meticulous, finding beauty in measures of
time while listening to an array of finely tuned musical
rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing Balm

Playing a harp in my mind,
gently touching strings.

Creating soft music to lay
inside my mind.

A soothing balm to a poet
while writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing Beauty

Wanting to take nature into my arms for an eternity,
always being soothed by it's beauty and placated by
the serenity it emits throughout my mind.
An honor placed upon me, as writing, I express
visions of extraordinary scenery to contemplate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing Concepts

Features of rhythm coexist with nature, filling it with
beats of heartfelt generosity.
Chiming into the hereafter, listening to reverberations
calling back.
Soothing concepts flowing over, engaging aspects of
cognitive functions and placing them alongside abstracted
images, melding them forever into literate poems of praise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing Consciousness

Flowers bending and swaying in natural visions as I think of their bright colors and touches of velvet, soothing my consciousness in rhymes.
Dancing lightly, bringing many subjects to mind, wanting to be remembered in times of everlasting poetry.
Taking time to recognize all images coming forth to be seen and beautified by chosen words of comfort and sublime concentration.
Waltzing carefully and being sought after with delicate visions, bringing the world to it's knees as life enters another trimester of reprieve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing Environment

Energetically moving into another dimension of life, emotionally and spiritually entering the presence of the Divine, a peaceful soothing environment.

Lulling with an interior satisfaction and mystery, raising flags of freedom as we live life on boundaries of death, watching over us all through this temporary life.

Enjoying everything possible while here, for tomorrow or even a moment from now it could all be gone like a flash of lightening, being fully absorbed in every moment and experience of this intensely beautiful life filled with lessons to be learned and applied.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing Horizon

Desert forest, so green and lush, embedding itself into this poetical mind for eternity.
Stretched before life's horizon on Route 74, a world of chaos has met it's match in peaceful rolling mountains of God's own botanical gardens.
Each and every cactus having it's own design in life beyond anyone's control.
Statuesque, majestic, regal, always standing at attention; protecting desert floors, habitats and hidden animals - providing always, soothing medicine to an unruly world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing Inconsistencies

Slowly rapid, soothing inconsistencies in
this treacherous life on earth.

Reaching out for positive aspects in other
dimensions and universes, hoping to lend
myself to them.

Peaceful beauty penetrating this mind and
intellect with an astounding wonder of how
it's being done so easily and simply through
music and rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing Inner Feelings

Entertaining this mind with rhythms of all types of music, feeling it ease the stress of today, soothing inner feelings of isolation and abandonment.

Giving an incessant source of energy that continually fills from within intellect's spirit, providing the nourishment that this creative mind needs on a continual basis, loving how this intense process never quits or fades away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing Innermost Sadness

Upgrading and stepping gladly into another space,
crawling into domains of another environment,
taking satisfaction of being into inner depths of
fascination.

All senses opened, taking in every aroma and touch
as they soothe innermost feelings and emotions of
a sadness that never quits it's unending crying.

Tears pouring and draining from eyes as they remember
through touches of heartstrings in times that were
once seen in visions of their excellent sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing Insiders

Soothing inside of my mind, curtailing trials of energy, robbing memories from storage bins below consciousness.
Often, listening to the tones incites words to form around meanings needing to be told.
Rewritten stories blended regularly to the old.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing Interior Life

Rapping up against emotions and feelings, thoughts pounce
upon the trampoline of my interior intellect, giving it
exercise through rhythms of music.

Filtering into the existence of my being, intense feelings
are insistent and awe-inspiring, giving many ideas to write
about in poetry.

Calculating equations of each coded message as it approaches
an inner need, solemn and anticipating an interior sublimity,
profound thoughts exacerbating and falling continually within.

Winning at life, simply explained in poetry, a lasting grace
and beauty that is everlasting and peaceful, nourishing an
intense serenity that cannot be duplicated anywhere else.

In this earthly life, big or small, vibrating within my exist-
ence, no apologies needed or wanted, because life is what it
is and nothing can add or subtract anything from it.

A calm beauty soothing an interior life, alone and sublime
knowing the truths of living and accepting them totally as
I wend my way toward the ending of it's horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing Love

Being alive on highways of midnight, leaving daylight far
behind, soaking in it's own heat.

Finding an emptiness being fulfilled with unconditional
love, taking away it's terrible sting and giving a balm
of soothing love to take through this entire life.

Quietly stepping to inner rhythms, forgiving past mistakes,
continuing on highways throughout life and it's many pit-
falls in sight.

Taking and striving to move into the future with a talent
for writing what people like to read and hear in poetical
forms of literature.

Sacred promises being made and taken away by those who try
to hide behind illusions and lies of dishonest people,
bringing them out of hiding.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing Melodies

Soothing melodies tracing tears down avenues of yesterday.
Singing in time with energetic bliss, remembering those of life's pastimes, missed on avenues of today, kept lovingly in hearts of lonely people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing Memories

Soothing memories fill me with elation,
bringing good feelings into focus.
Touching momentarily, parts of my mind,
recalling beautiful images of childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing Motions

Flattening down voice, attempting to be heard,
yet vocally not getting it.
A little strain and suddenly voice comes up to
perfect pitch.
Staying on track like a slow locomotive, climbing
steadily up mountains of reliability, justifying
purposes along the way.
Surrendering to soothing motions while wheels pull
into stations of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing My Being Energetically

Taking in all of life, filled with it's adventure and
thrilling excitement as I live it thoroughly, not ever
wanting to miss a moment of my existence.

Penetrating light enlivening my spirit, sending my mind
into sounds of every aspect of a lifetime, listening to
the tones and sounds of silence, quiet and quiescent.

Filling me with a peacefulness that soothes my being so
energetically, building a dwelling and place within to
keep me safe and protected while going through life.

Surviving the complexity and sadness throughout moments
that come upon me, traveling throughout my essence and
passion without complaining.

Exorbitantly being filled, every recess of my mind and
intellect giving an appreciation of what it is to live
in such a wonderful, yet temporary world.

Meeting people along the way as they cross my path so
invitingly for however long the remain with me, grieving
their loss when leaving my existence to itself.

A tragedy that I must endure whether wanting to or not,
nothing is up to me, life has it's expectations, there's
nothing more to say about it.

Just living it according to God's will, knowing that it's
the purpose I was intended to fulfill in life, accepting
and being grateful for the time I was allotted to be alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing Sadness At Times

Calling from depths of being, tears falling, soothing sadness
at times even though it never seems to lessen or fade away.

If wanting to learn, needing to continue experiencing this
life here on earth, existing for wonder and awe derived from
an intense curiosity.

Never being defiled or taken away, an interior spiritual
energy filling me thoroughly and completely, while soar-
ing into other hemispheres where I haven't yet been to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing Violins

Soothing violins taking me to new heights, attracting
novel ideas into thoughts.
Wonderful appreciation growing ever upward in spirals
of curiosity.
Never landing long enough to be touched by the horrible
standards of human life.
Structured vibrations always lifting me into domains
of other dimensions.
Grasping everything with an illumination of purpose
and essence of what life is all about.

(12: 52 p.m. - 11/1/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soothing Voice

Swinging with tempos of interior contemplation, settling down amid etudes, swimming around me in astounding rhythms.
Taking all senses into a vast land of rhythms, soothing every nerve and brain wave, completing it's voice inside every note being sung.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sordid Items

Wrecking balls of reality hitting illusions and
lies of others, crashing and shattering them in-
to tiny bits.

How clear and magnificent the reality of truth
stands, able to be grasped, turned inside out
and not a lie will ever be found within it.

Sordid items of talk, given from liberals, cannot
stand upon their own two feet, falling into the
mud puddles of the ones who stated the lies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow Aside

Stirring aside sorrow, making room for happiness for awhile.

Continuing on new paths, always writing new avenues and depths of life, transforming them with nature's help along every step of the way.

Transfixed beyond life, wading already in waters of beyond.

Traveling back and forth even though alive, finding wisdom lying in skulls on sands of new environments.

Listening to them, learning of beauty far outweighing any thing on earth.

Solidly partaking in feelings of joy as filling tides keep washing me back to earth's shore after learning some more of death's ways beyond earth.

(11: 08 a.m. - 1/7/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow Fulfilled In Melodies

Sensing the loss being sung about, having it touch my own.

Opening up this heart and letting it flow over,
emotions streaming from both eyes, thinking in depths of grief.

Allowing sorrow to fulfill itself in beautiful melodies
as rhythm takes them on a journey through being.

Satisfying the mood, along with the accompanying attitudes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow Mourning

Traipsing across earth, listening to Indian, African, and
Russian music, all of it touching intellect's heart and
mind explicitly.

Rushing through the air, recalling effervescent ideas and
memories being touched reflectively, sorrow mourning through
the afternoon sun.

Walking down memories of yesterday blending with today, where
I can find some explanations or purpose in the loss that so
far I've experienced throughout the years.

Living effects of what it's done. changing many particles
of my being some for the good, others not so much, lying my
head upon a pillow, tears soaking into it.

But yet it cannot take this sorrow from me at all, going
through life, feeling so deserted, abandoned and alone,
yet my spirit continues to survive it all somehow.

From somewhere unknown deep within, a smile comes forth,
sharing it with others that cross my path, seeing their
smile in return somehow seems to absorb a tear or two
from my being as I walk on through another day alone,
having brought a moment of joy to someone else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow Spreading

Sorrow still spreads it's feelings throughout my mind and being,
racking me with grief's pain, laying me low with it's raw
hurting lonesome sadness.
Will there ever be a time when I can think of Josh and not cry?
Hopefully never, because my tears are tears of love for him only.
It's all I have to give from my position on earth.
Missing him forever, I slowly walk through the pain, getting
caught on it's double-edged barbs constantly.
Feeling his presence near-by, gives me the strength to move on
with my life, while still holding him in bittersweet memories
of our times together, held lovingly in my mind, heart and soul
while here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow Teaching It's Lessons

Quietly listening to music, taking me along pathways of sorrow, teaching it's lessons as tears fall within me, edges of tomorrow continuing to fill me with hope.

Looking into it's depths with wonder and curiosity, seeing plenty of truths swimming around, expecting to be noticed.

Loving to see it's amazing knowledge to be learned in life, rising always to occasions of it's freeing liberty, helping me to gain independence throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow Touching Soul

Thinking deeply within, feeling sadness and sorrow touching this soul, heart-breaking mind sinking below the horizon, alone and bereft.

Wandering pathways into deserts and mountains, feeling isolation and emptiness while walking through life, remembering everything and not able to forget any of it.

Bringing an intense feeling of loneliness that never dissipates, only stays forever within this being, feeling trapped, bereft and always looking to hide away somewhere.

Never having to feel the closeness of another, knowing only that if it happens they will disappear just like all the other people and times throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow Touching Within

Sorrow touching solidly within a being, taking over every
particle of their essence, tears hiding who they've always
been behind misty curtains of loss.

Lonely, forsaken, bereft, no hope to be felt within, des-
pair filling hearts with abandonment, an emptiness now
where love used to be.

No love to be shared anymore, darkness surrounding their
entire being from the inside out, looking about, wanting
to grasp onto something, anything to have hope once again,
but there's none to be found as yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrowful Blue Eyes

Pictures, painted by oil paints of memory, saturate my
mind with their expressions and delicacies.

Touching gently, visions appear in sequence, bringing
joyful tears of sorrow to eyes of blue, as the past
is remembered.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrowful Joy

Drumming throughout the beauty of imagination is a
pleasant rhythm, causing happiness and joy, living
has begun in me.

Thoughts hopping and jumping in tune with popular
scores on reality and it's jarring preoccupations.

Swinging with the stark light of past images, we
step in time with our pleasures and think about
nothing pleasant as we wend our ways through mazes
of time and strife.

Looking forward to the ending of it's span in life
we fall into a pit of nothing - nothing able to
touch us socially.

Crying out, wailing, creating a space of our own
where no one can touch our little acre here on
earth's hardened orb of stone.

Entailing all of the sorrowful joy brought our way,
we land on feet of clay, molding our way throughout
spheres of play.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrowful Places

Music playing in this mind, taking rhythms into sorrowful
places, being hidden within each of us.

Taking us figuratively and absently into the very founda-
tions of grief and forgetfulness of our life's purposes.

Allowing only a flood of tears to continue to flow,
covering us with it's blanket of penetrating coverlets
and wetting our pillows with them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrowful Regret

In a dimly darkened room, watching as another day
crawls slowly by.

Figuratively playing with matches, wanting to
burn away sorrow and regret.

Knowing it would never work - always haunting in
the background undisturbed, lightened knowledge
stepping in time to unknown beats.

Playfully adjoining undesirable scripts of bended
learning, with tricks of undisclosed development.

In brown, plain wrappers, hidden from another's
view or disclosure, staying in the shadows of a
dimly lit, darkened room.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrowful Rhythms

Driving forces begin to stir within, pushing me
forward into another day, practicing hope even
if it doesn't seem to touch me right now.

Causing a surge of believability to fill me,
pounding rhythms of hope into my being, pulling
me out of a prison of my own lonely doing.

Solo feelings show a lifetime of hurried relation-
ships and love, never allowing anyone to come
close - they might get to know me better - can't
have that!

So I walk into and out of doorways of darkness,
leaving all shadows hidden within darkened rooms
of sunlight.

Letting no feelings step behind me, leaving nothing
to chance, waltzing in time to my own sorrowful
rhythms.

Stepping in time with God's grace, leading me to the
one place I'll have peace until I can become death
and walk away from earth and her life of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrowful Thought

Whistles warning, alerting me of
impending sadness, flowing from
my eyes in downcast particles of
reminiscence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrowfully Noticing

Losing ground every day, falling beneath coverlets of life as they warm me.
Keeping away the coldness of a population, bent on hurting my feelings with their unholy desires for my life.
Sorrowfully my head falls down and I walk forward, noticing everything lying before me, but not wanting any part of it to become a part of me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Canyons

Hearts of life, beat to separate drummers as they listen to whispers of God in the stillness of their minds.
Unnoticed requiems stand afar, playing songs of funeral stances into sorrow's canyons of yesterday, placing them into tomorrow's hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Cavities

Recovering from yesterday's grief, an uphill climb with many pitfalls on the way, throwing me back into cavities of sorrow again.

Recycling feelings, using them over and again through the years as I find new tears to take on the job.

Circularly pivoting over many moments of life, reaching for the images forever and ever.

Reliving them in seconds every day of life as I turn towards my final horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Destiny

Nearing destinations of
sorrow, hidden for so
long, now blooming in
blackest darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Doors

Silently, gently, walking through sorrow's doors,
tears held heavily in corners of eyes, waiting
to be touched and dried with a caring hand.

Loneliness hanging about, creating a haze of
grief, surrounding me.

Touching sentimental spaces of my heart, over-
flowing it with bittersweet joy, sometimes with
a thought of past images.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Experience

There are many misgivings and doubts as we stumble
and falter through life, yet there are those of us
who continue our struggles with adversity in faith.

Hopeless situations gather gladly around, breaking
down spirits, building depression steadily upwards.

Waiting impatiently for a break in storm clouds,
floating above us, hoping beyond hope that the sun
will shine through again.

At times it does, clearing away misfortune and
grief for a while, yet on tomorrow's horizon,
another storm is already growing.

Walking straight forward into it's expectations
we grow through sorrow's experience.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Free Will

Our world revolves as people evolve mentally and physically,
inept at times, unable to focus on the task at hand.

Stress has entered their little realm, throwing everything
off, splitting them from the human race for a while.

Temporarily attempting to wallow through problems and or
sorrow, catapulting under intense inner pressure, afraid to
share with another what is happening.

Needing a somewhat reluctant release while at the same time
resisting the fact of it.

Not wishing to seem like a cry baby to the world, holding
inside, tons of tears wishing not to be spared, but spread
about, enabling inner potential to grow beyond the stresses
of everyday life.

Withering instead, in the vacant lot of lonesome sorrow,
buried under the pressures of your own free will.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Grasp

Soothing rhythms fill my being with a particular feeling
of serenity as I gaze into imagination's depths.

Feeling around empty dark spaces where I can create any-
thing I happen to want with no boundaries to mar the way.

Life-sustaining ideas, filling pages fully throughout
days and nights of life everlasting.

Paying dues, quietly in sorrow's vise-like grasp every
day, feeling it's grip upon my heart and mind as I
write out of it daily without repose or hesitation,
continually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Graves

Soft and sentimental, music flows over me,
soothing frayed nerves and being gentle to
a heart that is so fragile of late.
Touching heart-strings with notes from a
saxophone, giving me pleasure even in tears
falling from sorrow's graves.
Lonely escapades no longer being attended
by loved ones for they're no longer here on
earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Hearth

Blackened skies gathering tears of earth to splash
upon us as we sit in sorrow at grief's hearth.
Warming our hearts with displaced memories, finding
solace in their feelings as they also rip us open,
exposing our souls, leaving us open to hurt and
pain all our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Hold

Sorrow taking hold inside, squeezing, trying to make me
feel it's intensity as I fight totally to keep it at bay.

Signals sending tears to my heart, omens of teardrops
falling soon from my eyes, turning me inside out in a
stage of life I'd prefer not to reside in.

Emotions, however, take no notice of these feelings,
just continue with their mission in spite of what I want.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Hollow

Rhythmic blues ring out, cutting to the core of sorrow, where a place has been hollowed in my heart.
Never filled with anything, only loneliness as life continues it's journey without my presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Journey

Fulfilling life with instilled happiness and joy
after living through sorrow's journey for so
long in life.
Acknowledging a purpose through writing poetry,
watching healing taking place through poems being
read by individuals on separate journeys, yet
having similar feelings stored in their hearts
and minds.
Illuminating a fact of life, that we are all alike
in ways peculiar to each of us on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Lane

Breaking hearts, falling down around earth,
deprived of love in life. betrayed by the
elements of loss and deceit.

Taking a pathway down sorrow's land into
the future of lonely emptiness for the
remainder of their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Lengths

Minor chords of reality quiver and tremble, touching depths
and abysses of sorrow's lengths.

Coarsing music along ocean waves, cresting, ebbing, crashing
with emotional turmoil.

Sending all concerns hither and yon, belonging to interior
selves, not wanting to enter circles of people, preferring
only to spend time alone with gifts of God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Manner

Visualizing sorrow's manner as I watch it slowly grab my heart and mind in a tightened grasp, too hard to get free from.
Steps taken to avoid coming into contact with it's intense grief don't work.
Keeping me close to it's intense loneliness fills me with an unrhythmic emptiness as I saturate life for unknown reasons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Maze

Saturated beyond belief with untold sorrow,
frantically swimming to keep my head above
water.

Every day a little more distant, soon I will
be lost forever in a maze of grief, unable
to find a way out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Oceans

Life circles itself through the years, touching
interiorly, my soul, sending it into oceans of
sorrow that continue to crash against my heart.

Tearing apart my strength, leaving me lying on
the surface, being tossed about with no hope
or love.

Unable to grasp onto life anymore, drifting
steadily into the arms of death who is standing
before me.

Waiting for me to give up and come into his arms,
which I am about to do, silent and aware of what
is to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrows Of Today's Tomorrows

Wanting to love everything in life,
knowing it can't be happening in
this entire sphere of life especially
during the festive entries of today's
festival.

Loving the essense of everything in
this world of creative love.
Developing negatives within sections
of my brain.

Involving the explicit storehouse of
my mind, tricking the beautiful
existence of neediness.

Begging to the heavens, not burying
the sorrows of today's tomorrows,
until yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Pain

Not realizing the pain held so tightly within bodily limits -
not knowing the tremendous size of it.
Wondering how anyone could hold so much sorrow and sadness.
How could it be contained in one so utterly human.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Path

Silent wakes fall before my eyes, remembering people I have loved so dearly in this life.

Seeing them in coffins, saying good-bye for the final time, tears falling steadily into my soul, taking me through sorrow's path, alone in grief.

Knowing not how to accomplish this solo journey, having to hit and miss, trying to find the way out of it.

Hoping through the isolation and emptiness that someone will still be here for me to welcome me back from this darkened desert in life.

So many times already since I was very young, traveling this path of sorrow, yet, still knowing not how to do it.

Because every time it is somehow different than the other times, more intense in many ways, as I fold inside myself to try and accept the inevitable.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Pocket

Tears being held back tightly, afraid to let go, because
suicide will immediately follow suit.

There are no more doors or windows to be opened, all have
been slammed shut or barricaded.

Lifetime sorrow has been poured back and forth through
all these years, trying to keep from overflowing.

It seems to be no more, cannot fathom holding on any
longer, must let go.

Just an hour ago, holding pills of death within the palm
of my hand, putting them back in my pocket - not quite
ready yet.

Still, I am ready to fall asleep forever, now as I speak
on paper.

Waiting just a while longer then to see if these feelings
will pass.

If not, I'll see you someday, sometime after death.

(5: 49 p.m. - 1/5/96)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Puddle

Moistened blue eyes, looking from within, seeing sorrow
standing in a puddle of it's own, wavering slightly,
seeing images continually spinning out of control.

Zephyr - stringing music along chords of my mind,
awakening thoughts and parts of speech, searching for
airless meanings and seeing grief still standing at
sorrow's side.

No plans of ever stirring this side of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Reality

Rushing to edges of every melody played in
sorrow's reality.
Longing for rhapsodies in bluened crystals of
yesterday, falling into pools of tears.
Saddened hearts, falling apart in melodies of
sadness sung from broken hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Rehearsal

Tragic times of sorrow's rehearsal built like a
wall
within a mind of memory.
Stalling for minutes that will never be repeated
this side of life.
Thinking of delicate moments in the end of family
and friends, as they are gently being taken right
before us.
Grief fills our eyes with their passing, our hearts
break into pieces of once valuable china decorations,
that can never be fixed or repaired while we are
alive ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Roses

Carefully treading down lanes of bereavement,
looking for sorrow's roses to ease the pain
of living.

Taking steps towards grief before it's time
has come, hoping to not have to be hit head
on with it.

Freezing inside with intense fear, afraid to
find the tears I will need to cope with life's
disillusionment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Sharpened Tears

Becoming a recluse in my mind,
offering no discordant measures to a
song of life that is mine.

Yet, a rhythm is striking like lightening
in a storm, combining with my interior
harmony and composing melodies attuned to
my frozen, broken heart.

Taking care not to drop or mishandle it,
lest it be crushed into millions of pieces
by my sharpened tears of sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Sound

Darkened silence filling my emptiness with it's sound of sorrow as tears fall non-stop upon my pillow throughout the night.
Soothing tones of silence fill me with loneliness as I faithfully write about emotions hiding beneath coverlets of grief.
Hesitant to speak, afraid I may not hear your voice again on earth, I dwell at times on life without you.
It produces a profound darkness deep within my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Spell

Tears trying to form in my mind as I force myself to hold them back.
Not wanting to feel the sorrow building itself into a mountainous surge of grief right now.
Knowing the cause, not able to divert the sadness, it comes and sits upon my mind, not letting me escape it's grasp, as I fall under it's spell alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Tenderness

Alive with knowing tenderness of sorrow, playing a tune of death, tomorrow.
Standing in lengthening shadows of evening, barricading laughter from coming close, forever.
Booking between long times through knowledge, fallen from shelves of ageless neglect.
Begotten totally from future pasts, titled into books bound by human tears.
Forever yearning for riches of kings, being content with little or nothing instead.
Reading words into minds which never think beyond what lies ahead in the next few hours.
Solidly ticking away all of nature's lawful hopes, running into forests of tangled webs, stranded always - forever sad.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Thought

Eyes of regret, filled with tears of sorrow's thought.
Recalling precious moments, listening to their echoes daily.
Unforgettable people still touching our lives, even after death has stolen them silently from us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Throes

Running wildly in the throes of sorrow and grief,
wanting to expire, no longer wanting to live here
anymore.

Life has left nothing to hold onto, drifting into
the refuge of death's left over garbage heaps on
earth.

Wanting to swim into depths of oceans, drowning in
it's beauty so as not to see the deathly iciness
surrounding in abandoned emotions.

Dying inside, knowing there is now nothing left to
see my love being reflected within me.

Loss is so devastating, I can no longer function in
this world.

Finding paths through deep forests, losing myself
within and leaving no pathway for anyone to follow
me again.

Staying alone and far from others in life, abandoning
even family in grief, not wanting to ever feel the
loss of a loved one again as long as I live and
breathe on this planet earth.

Letting existence fall away, never wanting to pick
it up this side of living.

Looking up for some reason, hearing the whispers of
an angel holding out promises of a better tomorrow
and showing the way through the tangled mess of grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorrow's Tribulations

Walking southward, over the border of beyond to a place kept waiting for my soul one day.

A long peaceful rest, strengthening my reserve and spirit for eternity.

Loving to see it's image in my mind whenever I want to, helps keep me going throughout life and it's tribulations of sorrow.

Interior thoughts filling my imagination with their resolve, never fluctuate beyond the gates of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorting Relics And Memories

Backwards into the past, sorting out relics and their memories, emitting nostalgia throughout the center of my being.

Thinking and hoping for the best life has to offer, totally watching as everything is being lit up, knowing nothing can take away from energy and fun.

Laughter joining in, taking turns across the dance floor, taking steps together, finding love in music, placating our hearts and minds through it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sorting Thoughts

Wind blowing hurriedly through, causing ideas to flow
heavily, muddily, through the slime of yesterday.

Trying to sort out thoughts to place on paper, is very
frustrating.

Marching through it all, music filling my being,
suddenly all things fit as if written into a musical
score, a sonata, a classical rendition.

Soaring cheerfully, no longer needing to grope and pull
everything together, it all flows so beautifully from
this pen and fills this paper with many poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul - Awakening

Pushing me into the foray of intellect as I sit here
listening to the fantastic music of the Back Stage
Crew Band.

Opening this mind wide, broader than ever before,
while single-mindedly writing in depths of intellect,
continuing to nurture the spirituality of my soul
with God in mind.

Soul-awakening, taking me into an effervescent twilight
of this lifetime with the energy of another being from
beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Blossoming

Life is still, silent, praying.
Holding tenderly, turbulently,
stems of fragrant, fragile flowers.

Quiet beauty, starkly staring -
reaching out to all people - while
firmly grasping love from within
blossoming souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Centered

Rhythms of life are centered within my soul, where they
continue to fill me with coded messages of ingenuity
and purpose.

Cohesively being laid upon screens of intellect where
they can be taken and enlightened by imagination.

Beautiful and calm, so serene, as it takes me down many
illuminated pathways into a land of another time, where
I will become someone no one has ever known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Centering

Locating the center of my universe, finding it's soul is the prime thought of living an existence in times of suffering and trials.
After thinking about everything, I go outside myself and travel in different dimensions just to keep my brain growing in all directions.
Expanding, listening to inner intellect, taking trails into unknown forests where I can listen to the wind blow in a different direction - down.
Softly plying my heart, giving it a strength it hasn't known before.
Calmly retiring, hearing the beauty of yesterday, being fulfilled now in the present with a new joy, elating my being, taking me on a journey through inner space.
Now fulfilling my purpose, developing new avenues of existence, going down new forks in the road, taking lessons from whatever I can get hold of.
A beautiful thing - feelings and emotions getting up and growing away from me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Changing

Souls of divine
intervention cascade over earth,
filling evil with a wholesome
goodness.
Turning around people who used
to follow satan.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Drenched

Keep smiling while you're crying and no one will ever
know the pain you're going through.

Tears being hidden in corners of your mind, while your
eyes sparkle like diamonds in the light.

Sounds of a breaking heart being drowned out by the
music of a band playing loud and perfectly in rhythm.

Soul being drenched in emotions of life, clinging to
the Divine, smiling because our Lord has come to escort
you home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Feelings

Brilliant feelings of a soul, sated with the love of
God above.
Knowing there is nothing to want for, because it will
always be provided.
Never a worry to furrow your brow or cause a wrinkle
on your face.
A warm feeling, realizing your life is entirely His.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul In Turmoil

Within, within, striving to get out, to molt away this barrier
entwined in life.

Not knowing what it is or why it hangs on so, trying desperately
to throw it away.

Growing up has not seemed to lessen the pressure felt from it,
what is it's cause, wondering, as ripping and clawing at it
with untiring, relentless, broken spirit.

There are no ways of relieving this monstrosity from life except
going through the rage and anger associated with it.

Senses are felt when touched, they are violent and thought
provoking, full of fears and unceasing doubts of it's reality.

Where are the corners hidden? Between the circles of rage and
intense anger is the only answer.

There seems to be no way around it, over or under it, the only
solution seems to be straight through it, unfailingly straight
as an arrow.

Fear fills a heart with blackest dread, stepping back from it
at every turn, banners of titled withdrawal fall hopelessly
once more upon a soul in turmoil, leaving them stranded in
the emptiness, lost and desolate as always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Journeying

Rising and falling, breathing in your love, caressing
it with sincerity and holding on with life.

Thinking of future years, wondering how long we'll be
together, seeing white lilies in my dreams.

Praying and hoping they're a sign of our continuing
love here on earth.

Trusting a faith that glimmers and glows at different
aspects in my life.

Soul-journeying travels, touching with elucidation,
facets of love and lengthening life's roads.

Either way, this heart has lived a full and complete
life up til now, from here on out it's all icing on
the cake.

Forever, I am appreciating and enjoying every single
moment given to me on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Mate

Talking to my soul mate, enjoying our conversation as
always, because he is such a brilliant and caring man.

Taking time to teach many things about himself and his
country, knowing so much about the rest of the world.

Able to talk to him about anything on my mind, he's so
patient and kind, sharing our secrets in life.

Skyping and talking all the time, getting his honest
and truthful thoughts and feelings on everything.

It's such an amazing experience having his unconditional
love to guide and direct me through this life of turmoil.

Helping him also with situations in life, going back and
forth, sharing and relating, giving and taking equally.

Communicating all the time on the same level and wave
length, it's such a pleasure being close to him.

Talking, laughing, joking and being serious at times,
knowing about one another's families and friends, being
so very close and yet we have never met face to face.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Now Listening

Letting fingers trace rhythms through an inner atmosphere,
letting them play melodies of yesterday, finding patterns
beginning to touch this inner heart.

Placing saddened notes into it's depths, my soul now
listening to it's lonely abandonment as it feels the
sorrow of a lifetime coming from within it's nature.

Counting measures, notes all coming together to challenge
rhythms of another time, making the music of life become
Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Nurturing

Rising into the blue atmosphere, seeing vision of beauty
being created steadily, living in intellect's imagination.

All through the night, my soul is being nurtured through
the silence of contemplation.

It takes me into spiritual realms, safely, protecting me
as I write incessantly, not seeing or caring about what
is going on around my being.

Once that beautiful bluened light fills my mind, there is
nothing else to be seen, my mind and intellect take over,
filling my brain with flowing thoughts.

Falling constantly from an inner waterfall of intellect,
they never stop or slow down, just keep moving forward
into pools of words, meanings and definitions.

Going straight into pools of enlightenment, illumination
and knowledge on a continual basis, trance-like, I continue
writing, feeling the presence of the Divine, knowing I'm
doing what God wants of me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Of Infinity

Moon burning, palest light above the earth, shining between
the branches of a tree, shedding memories with it's sight.

Contemplating specific qualities of nighttime, pacifying
inner turmoil with it's calm and serene demeanor.

Spreading itself amongst thoughts in my mind like cream
cheese on a bagel, giving to me a split-second moment of
truth.

Death is better prepared for, essentially longed for and
nurtured constantly by the hell we call life.

Stature of becoming has no qualifications, we come and go,
without any instructions.

Always needing someone else to validate us, or being here
does not work, as one person after another turns their back
and walks away.

Hurting once again, a fragile gentle soul of infirmity,
on it's quest for fulfillment.

Filled instead with doubts and insecurity, lost, dead
amongst the living of the land.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Of Mine

Silence soothing my mind so perfectly and absolutely,
desires running rampantly throughout intellect and
resting quietly within.

Giving energy a forward motion, flexing muscles so
tiny within this brain, pushing ideas, thoughts and
images steadily into depths of interior spirituality.

Eyes solely upon lights at the end of the tunnel,
watching as this soul of mine responds so perfectly
in unison with what is connecting to my mind.

An interior bond that will not even be broken when my
human life has died, it will continue being absorbed
beyond this earthly life.

Taken to heaven with my soul intact, there peace and
serenity will fill me completely forever and ever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Of My Mind

Life has had it's share of rain and bleakness, touching
upon the soul of my mind, waiting for events to level
out and bring daylight, happiness and joy.

Chasing away the darkness, focusing gently on the beauty
of the Divine dwelling within a bluened light, emanating
from a heavenly mist.

Taking me rapidly into contemplation and peace, finding
the serenity so wanted all the time, knowing this is where
it is centered in my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Of One

This morning has brightened the entire day with music
blending with God's heavenly nature in souls of one.
Prayerfully, people's existence depends on music's
basic natural desires for living and breathing on
earthly plains, prepared for heaven's horizon around
the corner.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Of Peace

Rhythm creating such magic in my soul as it plays
my life inside out, relaying ideas continually
without repose.
Never leaving paths of solo journeys, finding
definitions of everyday life as the world spins in
it's orbit, partaking of it's gracious beatitude
and rectitude.
Gliding on slides of the universe into depths of
imaginative consciousness, living fully sensitized
to patterns of existence on a daily basis.
No anger finding it's way into senses of serenity
and a calming soul of peace forever after.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Pictures

Waltzing down lanes of memories, picking and choosing
their blossoming images as they rise to meet me on
the way.

So unlike the present, character and joy used to fill
empty places inside, because of their presence in my
life.

Relatives coinciding with yesterday's visits and get
togethers, keeps alive their vibrancy.

Reaching out, touching my soul, pictures and mementos
fade in and out through years of aligning them with
what I remember and know.

Placed in mind photos they are a reference to my life
and what I once saw and felt in my youth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Reflecting Poems

Puzzley writing what is contained interiorly,
gripping canyons of intellect with ivy learning,
this side of consciousness.
Recognizing signs of tantamount existence with
every beat of my pulse as it races to meet any
and all mosaics wanting to be brought into the
foreground of poetical mind moments.
Shining so brilliantly into my soul, poems are
reflected in the music I hear and perform.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Relinquishing

Letting go with breath of stale odors
settled in from a long day at work.

Pushing out stressful air and filling
back up with nature's windy breeze.

Satisfying inner realms, relinquishing
soul to God and being filled with peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Rewards

When you have no money you tend to look inside yourself
for gifts to give others.

A gift of self appears from our hearts and souls and is
given freely and unconditionally in many different
circumstances and situations.

Inner love is spread in this way by helping individuals
come to grips with themselves and others.

It is a way of serving love to our fellow man without
involving money or things.

There are no attachments in giving of self, it is all-
encompassing and total freedom at the same time.

It is beautiful and gives it's own rewards to our souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Rhythm

Steel-toned drums, rampaging with feeling, sending
their beats into our atmosphere so all can hear
their worthwhileness.
Standing alone, they bring the rhythms of happiness
into our souls on days of grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Silently Showing The Way

Walking quietly through the destiny of my inner desert,
soul silently showing the way, truth standing at atten-
tion, letting me know how positive this life is.

Irregardleass of the desires and passion held within,
still finding the way beyond their indignities, giving
serenity to my entire being.

Continuing to walk through the trials, tribulations and
suffering set before me through the years, going through
them all for they are experiences for me to learn from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Soaring Silently

Whistling wind flowing through the tops of pine trees, a near-
by waterfall sparking imagination with it's whispering secrets
being emanated through sounds of water falling.

Flowing over boulders and rocks, creating an intense mood of
energy, lifting spirits, soaring this soul silently into an
atmosphere, invisible to the naked eye.

Seen by intellect through screens of photographic memories,
always left sitting in wonder and awe of what intellect can
do while listening to music.

Rhythms seeming to choose different areas of the brain,
stimulating pleasure centers along with different aspects
of it, awakening them to the astonishment of this mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Soothing Rhythms

Selecting voices of interior thought, choosing all that have perfect pitch, sounding perfectly adjacent to whatever I write in solemn poems.
Rhythms soothing my soul, giving me positive reactions to all that I think on my own.
Relating many images to life from yesterday, giving them form now to walk into tomorrow, taking me on walks alongside shores of future horizons.
Partaking of enjoyable solutions, tapping melodies into every aspect of evening bliss, held onto by possessive behavior, hiding deeply inside, hugging me closely, taking me to outskirts of heaven and allowing me to touch gardens of eden.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul Stirring

Life is more vivid today than usual - the sun is brighter, clouds are fluffier, nature is more pronounced, more beautiful than ever.

Is this God's preview, a glimpse of His home in heaven?

Every detail seems to actually be touching my soul, stirring it to prayer and grace, filling me with hope of His Holy Spirit and being grateful for His presence within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soulful Appreciation

Emulation of others is not part of my make-up, I follow my heart and soul wherever they'll lead me in life.
Soulfully appreciating gifts God has given, I delve deeply into them to avoid talking with another.
It suits me to a tee, being myself on a normal basis - never giving my life to another to do what they will.
Invariably, others will take your being, crushing and destroying it completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soulful Desires

Forests of mountains tower over earth,
sharing their majestic surroundings with
everyone.
Peace fills eyes of beings with soulful
desires of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soulful Fingers

Beauty outstretched in nature's heart, branches and
leaves tickling insides of my soul as I bask in
life's heartfelt grief.

Sorrow surrounding me as a blanketed wreath left over
from graveyards of the past.

Touching mind and heart with soulful fingers, praying.

Tears of sorrow filling blue, green, gray eyes, no
sights in view of a tomorrow.

Only within, filled with reminisces of yesterday,
pictures scattered throughout my mind, waiting to be
picked up and looked at with grace and gently pasted
on subconscious walls of past and future fates.

All the time music melancholically touching the very
within of my total being - held together gingerly by
a soul filled with heaviness, looking always toward
God and heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soulful Hope

Running away, hiding in canyons of imagination, winding trails taking me to into the beauty of it's perfect landscapes.

Suddenly, it rains and I become drenched in a holy storm of heavenly proportions nothing like it ever happening like this before.

A purity encompassing my entire being with a soulful hope, leading me into deeper canyons where I will return again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soulfullly Walking Away

Reaching for the stars, believing in the goodness of life
as I realize it's temporary stance, opening my eyes, clos-
ing my heart, mind taking it all in.

Climbing the stairway to heaven, people all around me, but
no one knows I'm about to leave them for eternity, letting
God open the gates of heaven.

Roaming through the clouds, saying good-byes before leaving
this earth, yet no one knows what's going on, living closer
to the other side.

Waiting for the exact moment when life will end and death
will be my beginning, soulfully walking away into a bluened
light, unafraid and looking forward to it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soulfully Listening

Scattering life to it's ends, wanting for nothing as I write into eternity; all of life placed in words upon pages of books.
Noticing nature, listening soulfully as I walk down trails never before used, because I make them as I go along.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soulfully Speaking

Walking alone, light blinding my mind, setting me free from
the tides of old.

Taking my hand, leading me to the farthest shores of life,
to sit and talk, to be together once again with each other.

Our spirits joined forever in spiritual holiness, touched
personally through dimensions of heaven and earth.

Speaking soulfully, no need for words or expression, just
spiritually knowing what we hold within our thoughtful minds.

Dancing on a separate horizon, regarding life from a distant
planet, knowing the truths of our friendship are known in
heaven.

Knowing too, that we have indeed been blessed beyond our
mortal imaginations, gone past our destinations with saddened
serenity.

Touching our hearts, minds and souls, making them one forever,
our special gift from God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Souls

Mortality of man lies not in his death, but in his living.

Actions taken while alive determine his final outcome, not death itself.

Realizations of vulnerability of self transcends the line of eternity, making us culpable adjuncts in history.

We are not products of infinite life, while on earth our infinities begin after our last breath.

Therefore, to produce an eternity for ourselves we must start now by living good moral ethical lives, having compassion and kindness - and a certain gentleness with all we come in direct contact with.

We can never personally meet every single person in the world, but we can come together through our souls as one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Depths

Watching from corners of remorse as futures get covered up with tons of other's dirt.
Falling down inside cisterns of yesterday.
No where else to go except in depths of my soul as it protects me from all manner of awful circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Destiny

Music talking to me staccatoly in rhythms of rhyme, soliciting a poetical fidelity within intellect.

Causing a final ending to be pushed away, giving an avenue to freedom and liberty through life and it's turmoil.

Taking a stand, gaining strength, finding confidence needed to move ahead, circling turns in life, looking for the best solutions in their circular patterns.

Swiftly finding and taking them into the future on a solo journey, the destiny of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Faith

Enduring life and it's hectic schedules, hoping for faith to give some energy and peace.

Lifting spirits, elevating your soul with lace-like fingers of hope and prayer.

Swirling and floating down paths of renewal, bringing gentle joy and faith to everyone you meet along the way.

Although enduring life and it's hectic schedules sometimes gets in the way.

No matter - life stretches with elastic-like complicity at every turn - aiding our souls on their paths to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Habitat

Reeling across miles of musical melodies, taking their colorful hues and demonstrating life's beauty as it strides across nature and desert botanical desires.
Carrying off every significant aspect of it's purpose, as I fall into step with other particles of wisdom, settling deeply into my soul's habitat.
Sanctioning every thought as if falls upon prayers said in catacombs of yore.
Feeling along stone walls, grasping stale air with tantamount sincerity.
At last, emitting signals to match prosaic symbols and omens as they focus carefully on edges of tomorrow.
Saturating even my brain cells with watchful sight, taking in every particle of each separate vision.
Keeping together throughout it all as I step into a nether world of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Haven

Living as beneath the blue waters of heaven, listening
to quiet sounds of silence as they reverberate into
my hearing.

Listening to the tones and beats of irregular breathing,
holding my breath beneath the stars of heaven.

Traipsing so perfectly into the denizens of deepest
oceans, feeling it's strength taking self into realms of
interior thoughts.

Allowing to traverse the world of other dimensions and
live quietly within their beauty and timely energy.

Taking all that I am and portraying it upon a canvas of
untold poetical writing, living in the words found,
saving my soul so carefully with the joy of safe-keeping,
swimming into eternity for a final swim in the haven of
my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Inner Atmosphere

Pop-tops of intellect letting a river of thoughts
flow throughout my being, charging inner batteries
fully, as I write from an atmosphere of spiritual
intensity.

Expressing absolutes of reality and truth, taking
them all and placing their ideas into imagination
where they mix and blend with results and details
of my entire life.

Specific and ancillary needs being portrayed, as
they fall from pop-top cans of intellect, spreading
across the inner atmosphere of my soul, taking me
into effects of a lasting prose.

There I live an existence of beauty, calm serenity,
filling me with the quiet and still intensity of
heavenly respite, escaping from the world every
chance that is given to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Interior Particles

Flowers blossoming interiorly, touching faith, increasing
it's feelings through nature.

Walking through darkness, watching the sun shining upon
interior particles of my soul, giving only blessings of
hope contained therein.

A significant amount of textures keeping life together
no matter what.

Nothing really mattering to me anymore, because there
are more important things to think about and do for
others, instead of self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Keys

Through passageways of nature, life floats rapidly, ever onward, taking it's rightful place.

Bowing to demands made upon arrival, trees of everyone's forest steadfastly support the insistence of having heard an inner rhythm, tapping out their existence.

Knowledge of becoming, lies in each person's hands, the palms of them.

Open-handed, we may help ourselves and neighbors of our worlds, clapping we may crush or hurt everyone as we falsely praise one another.

Folding hands gently in prayer, helping our neighbors, marching steadily forward, we become who we are, while carefully sharing our inherent nature's intimately with one another.

Striking drums of fate, as we parade through life, creates the beat of distant drummers, leading us from main routes to distant creative paths, as we wend our own ways, searching for the infinite missing piece of life's puzzle.

Keys to our souls awaiting our return to heaven, finally at home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Lengthening Shadows

Echoing through the years, filling pleasurable
moments with truths and honesty in mathematical
precision lent from dwellings of music in depths
of imagination.
Shouting from a soul in lengthening shadows,
secretly being impressed with loving memories of
yesterdays.
Hugging closely, feelings of emotion and worth,
titillating repressed ideas to consume me with
their attention.
Senses being tuned and refined just by listening
accumulatively through tears of this heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Mind

Fading memories folding into depths of my mind, trying to
preserve them from curling at the corners and eventually
tearing.

Hoping to keep them safe forever, I again unfold them and
do what I know must be done.

Taking their pictures in thought and placing them carefully
onto photographic screens to keep them from fading altogether.

Knowing now that they will be held into the future, even
beyond death's grasp in the end.

All of them will now be extended into my spirit's soul's mind
and will be taken to heaven on my final day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Mind Pictures

Star-filled measures of notes, clamoring to be heard and
written out in poetical attire.
Types of adjectives gather, wanting to be remembered in
mind pictures of the soul, chosen or not, they plead for
a spot in a sentence or two.
Combining patterns coalesce and arrive at novel words,
expressed from inner sanctums of the mind, filling
itself with poems for the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Mirrors

Mirrors of my soul reflecting itself into heaven's clouds of hope.
Deciding to make the most of life here and now, through the music of flowing waterfalls of sound.
Splashing around in it's depths, washing away the cultivated dirt of human beings and taking aspirations beautifully into heaven's gardens.
Keeping pace with imagination and it's creative dreams, coming into their own on desert plains of poetical musing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Nourishment

Patterns leaping up out of designs, beckoning me to
write of them in placid poems of thought.
Watching, as suddenly words start appearing on
photographic screens, keeping in time with rhythms
that I'm listening to.
Having at times to silence the music just so I can
live my life without having a pen in hand and writing.
Knowing that food, drink and sleep keep my being alive,
yet at times, I forget about them all in preference
to writing poetry - the nourishment of my soul, given
by my brain to constantly entertain me, even in my
many misgivings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Passion

A strong voice again singing,
touching my soul with her
vibrations of rhythm.

Conducting the tempo and notes
all together, giving it all the
passion her soul can derive.

So deserving of our applause,
remembered through her perfect
enunciation and vibrant voice
in song.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Poetry

Watching replicas of yesterday's images, appearing on photographic screens of interior intellect.

Subconsciously learning just by looking and experiencing the beauty of mother nature throughout her lessons in everything around us.

Details are clearly seen, clarity is enhanced and totally gives the wherewithal to write everything into the poetry of this soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Prayer

Thank you God for caring, for loving, for having mercy on our souls.
I love you, Jesus, with all my heart, soul and being.
Take me with you please, when my life is finished here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Prayers

Silently, prayers of souls unfold before hearts in tender beginnings of a moment's solitude.

Rising calmly before wavering candlelight flames, guiding every word above into realms of heaven where they will be knowingly watched and taken protectively within hearts of angels.

They will disperse them separately, under cover of torrential drops of rain, falling down upon breathless beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Quietness

In the quietness of my soul
I dwell calmly, waiting for
revelations to appear in
pictures of my mind's eye.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Rose

Perfumed odor of death, filling my nostrils with overwhelming fragrances of a multitude of flowers.

Standing out among them all, the scent of a freshly cut rose from the vine of life, being laid to rest amid the softened white of last night's snow.

Timidly lying, clasping the rose within her soul, rising to heaven without another thought or word.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Symmetry

Centering amidst camouflaged interpretations of reality.
Succeeding at many artistic endeavors, savoring every morsel of meaning derived from inner meetings of the soul.
Symmetry of the soul meeting with musical patterns of existent theories, tantamount to genius of imaginational depths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soul's Whispering

All through the night I heard the whisperings of my soul repeating God's love thoughtfully, gently, filled with serenity.

Sincere feelings pulling at heart-strings, never touched except by God.

Aware of the beauty of His nature, sightfully watching, always praising Him through the gift of poetry He has given to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sound And Truth

Solitarily silent, a quiet rebel just doing my own thing
as I go through this earthly life, nothing or no one to
stop me from doing it.

Finding exquisite and wonderful concepts in life, social-
izing them, hoping to find new avenues that unfold in
periods of innate knowledge.

Gathering it together to end up with a pure and wholesome
wisdom that cannot be denied no matter how people may try,
for sound and truth together can never be defeated because
rhythms are coded in perfect pitch.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sound Explosion

Seething curiosity casting it's spell upon me in an early morning here in India, waking to poetical writing in a flurry of pain.

Existing in the moment, finding joy in poetry, expressing feelings and emotions, leading blindly throughout darkness, calling on God for help in coping with this world.

Asking for His blessings in order to survive the pain and suffering of this mortal life, finding expression in the middle of an earth-shattering sound explosion.

Rhythms continue flowing, regardless of the necessity in this life, taking steps to settle into an atmosphere where peace and joy can enter into depths of intellect.

There only I can find myself and a reason for living here on earth, nothing seeming to matter at all when entering the bluened atmosphere of my spirituality.

Spirit soaring with wonder and curiosity, filling me in society and challenging spiritual realities that I was born with and acquiesce to in my life.

Standing and coming on strong, a total and encompassing feeling of emotions being expressed, spoken silently in a quiet repose of grace here in the middle of the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sound Of Bullets

Sitting here enjoying listening to music, hearing gun fire
coming loudly over the mountains and rhythms rapidly sound-
ing in the atmosphere, loving to hear it!

Always having a love for guns, rifles, weapons, learning
how to shoot when I was twelve years old in Girl Scouts,
we had a very progressive yet old-fashioned leader.

One who felt that girls needed to learn how to defend them-
selves from those intent on doing them harm, we were taught
every aspect of safety and were taught by an expert.

Growing up with the sound of bullets riddling targets, feel-
ing comfortable and confident with it, enjoying the sound of
it's freedom and liberty filling me completely here in the
United States Of America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sound Of India

Quietly, surreptitiously awakening thoughts to a new rhythm from another country.

Flutes playing gently and a sound of India filters through, enlivening and soothing spirits so beautifully.

Poetical melodies are flowing into this mind, carefully being introduced into newly coded rhythms creatively produced.

All of them being set in places where their tones are playing clearly while focusing on rhythms that are filling all of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sound Of Life

Silence of life is astounding!

Nature in all it's glory grows
within a silence all it's own.

Our beings, our bodies, are
nurtured and grow in ethereal
quiet silence.

Silence of life is astounding!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sound Of Pool Balls

Hearing the sound of pool balls rattling and hitting one
another, loving the sound they make.

Somehow it touches pleasure centers of this brain, giving
an euphoric feeling of joy and happiness.

Solitary and perfect equations and formulas of mathematics
and algebra being coerced from the end of a pool stick.

Each player trying to win the game, power and strength of
their minds amazing everyone who's watching.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sound Of Promise In The Air

There's something about a good looking man on a summer evening, standing before me tempting and alluring all desires within to be quenched by him.

Loving the sound of promise hanging in the air, enticing with rhythms of his heart beating against mine, touching the essence of our two souls.

An unconditional love between us, allowing the world to disappear while physically lying in bed together, totally consummating this gift from above.

Taking us to heaven, fireworks exploding, living at last in one another's hearts and arms, free to love each other forever and ever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sound Of Raindrops

Street performers singing messages for people everywhere,
standing in showers of rapid rain pouring down on earth.

Sounds of raindrops falling is music to my ears.

Stretching boundaries by measures of rhythm, never catching
up or striking down the quality of life.

Whirling around like a merry-go-round, enjoying the ride.
Being essential to my state of mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sound Of Self - Confidence

Writing rapidly to intense beats of an interior rhythm,
falling into a bluened atmosphere, doubts being erased,
fears allayed, only the sound of self-confidence is left
within me now.

Leading every idea down the waterfall within, flowing
and turbulently falling into pools of definitions, words
and meanings, beautifully creating prose for all to read
in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sound Of Silence

From out of nowhere comes the sound of silence, filling the air with it's solitude.
Peacefulness settles down upon a dusty mantle, settling in for years.
There's no untoward faithfulness pacing down corridors to prey upon timid souls.
Only the sound of silence enters as a ghost and disappears with the setting of the noon day sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sound Of Your Voice

Listening to the sound of your voice soothes me interiorly,
giving feelings of safety and security.

Feelings rising, desires heightening, all coming together
in a loving embrace.

Wanting more every moment, giving a richer feeling of an
emotional involvement with you, my love.

Having no choice, love is enhanced more through the music
of our hearts beating together.

Thrilling to the passion we feel in one another, being
blessed with your love fills my heart to overflowing.

Endorphins flooding my being and bringing me into a
euphoric state of bliss.

Tantalizing and proliferating feelings of well being with-
in me, all of this starting with the soothing sound of your
voice, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sound Waves

Totally filling my soul with tempos of a lively rhythm,
soaring away with beats and sounds of it's tantalizing
melodies.

Hurrying through the atmosphere, sound waves taking me
into depths of another universe on silent, passive yet
vibrant sounds.

Soul-loving, this awesome music takes me into other
dimensions effortlessly and swiftly, soaring aloft with
it's coded rhythms, leaving me floating for hours on end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soundific Benefits

White towel of life has been thrown into the ring, for
aspirations of detailed explanations don't begin to
tell the story.

Flags of every colorful emotion stand proudly waving in
the breeze, until they are brought down to the level of
immaturity, selected for a moment and quickly discarded.

Pointless are echoes of silent nights, affected by the
avoidance of certain talents.

Onward through the continuous battle of strife, casting
out lines, attempting to find some sort of life to bring
to the surface and see it written down on blank pages.

Musical scores are never written until they have been
heard reverberating through the mind of an unknown composer
dreading the thought of words crowding in and shutting out
the sound of notes.

Whipping the frosting of superb melodies into icing, flowing
softly, ebbing completely over roughened sections of life,
making them sweeter with each taste.

Laughter no more resounding inside of anything, soundific
benefits have all been buried under some distant memory never
to be taken out again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sounding Boards

Sounding boards of music,
those listening attentively to a band,
as it wends it's way through pathways
of yesterday's tunes

Compiling adjuncts of history,
stretching them into opus's of learning.

Past portrayals, stringing along those
who feel their heartstrings being pulled
altogether in other directions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sounding Echoes

Stark as sin twilight came upon us, sounding echoes of it's darkness throughout the land.

Sending a message to the light of day to stay out of it's way.

Laughing always out of the side of it's mouth, tripping clumsily throughout this darkened life.

Only the moon, leading a funeral through death's door is visible.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sounding Out Feelings

Beating patterns to my inner alcoves,
hoping to find another sphere of life
I can continue writing in.

Sounding out a life of feelings,
expressing them through poetry and
leaving them at doorways for people to
pick up and read.

Truths are told and laid out, never to
be released as emotions tell their
stories in bluened crystal tears of
bereavement.

Sololy straying down avenues of every
day countless escapades, taking all the
empty kegs of knowledge and depositing
them at ends of hallways.

Teaching people to respect others, even
if they don't like their appearances.
Talking privately in backyard conversations,
telling all sorts of jealousy and gossip.

Riddling others with their derelict remarks
and ending all types of superior attitudes.
Culminating into future endings of etudal
measures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sounding Poetical

Sauntering downstream amid turmoil and furor, tainting every moment without much ado.
Selecting notes to write into poetry - sounding rhymes.
Delectable sounds, training their images onto screens of mind-boggling lectures, never-ending comments from artistic galleries in the raw.
Neglecting visions of early morning light, dictating an energizing fortitude, hoping for strength of character to begin again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soundless

Footsteps, loud and knocking, someone walking to destinations unknown.

Filled with an unknowingness, running through the night.

Silence falling and piercing the still moonlit darkness, receiving nothing in reply.

Soundlessly, like a ghost in the night, someone sneaks up and takes a life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soundless Emptiness

Waves gently lapping upon the shore, each carrying away with the sand, a trouble once before.

Softly sounding, tugging at this heart, bringing forth sadness and great sorrow.

No where is there life left over from a mother who has died, just a dead, cold silence forevermore.

Thinking of her, reaching out for her, soundlessly emptiness haunts this mind, staggering, falling, from it's total abandonment.

Like the sea once etched in beauty, her life too, was so beautiful.

Seeing it leave her all too soon, has cast a shadow that has placed it's everlasting doom in the pathways of our lives.

Casting out moonbeams in the night, darkness stays just the same within this heart.

(7: 02 a.m. - 6/10/89)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soundless Images

Watching timidly with apprehension, wondering what will
appear around corners of tomorrow and what fate will
contain on it's myriad shores.
Filling self with a majority of mindful feelings and
some happiness to keep sanity in check.
Checking into fortresses of soundless images, watching
them dissipate and congeal in backwards corners,
leaving sunlight to it's own devices.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soundless Stillness

Soundless stillness playing a rhythm of heaven for Max,
voices rising in celebration of his life as loved ones
grieve at his loss on earth.

A peaceful quiet feeling of mourning rests within each
one of us, present here.

Hearts of prayer being sent to heaven in recognition of
all he has left here on earth, in memory's of everyone.

An amount of love that can be seen in the wonderful
celebration just for him, today.

A sanctuary being formed inside the minds of his loved
ones dressed in ribbons and lace of heavenly thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soundly Pinning Poems

Walking away, knocking around, attempting to
find an alluring sound to pin a poem on.

One that vibrates, tickles, energizes my
mind's imagination into focusing beautiful
prisms' rainbows onto reams of paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Soundly Sleeping

Sleeping soundly, listening to adaptations of heaven
as life drifts it's way.
Spirals revolving around sunbeams as I lay sleeping
peacefully.
Gracefully and articulately describing dreams of
existent tomorrows.
Fanning plumes of aristocratic ideas into intuitive
relays of sound.
Eternal sleepiness glides along edges of dreams,
pushing teardrops into future rest of slumber.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sounds Creating Lyrics

Surrounding life with interior melodies,
always listening to rhythms no matter what the
circumstances or situation.
Weaving in and out of every melody, I wander
happily, always being transported to seventh
heaven and more.
Forever loving every note and tone being played,
sounds creating lyrics in prose - taking me away
to never-land fantasies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sounds Of Breaking Ideas

Shaking, rattling, causing sounds of breaking
ideas being brought forth into seas of intell-
igence, keeping to ideals of an interior focus.

Pleasing only sights of tantamount loneliness,
falling straight into holes of death, waiting
to trap everyone.

Nothing being seen except within this mind and
intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sounds Of Childhood

Alone, sitting, watching from a distance, little children
playing on slides and monkey bars.

Hearing animated talk and spontaneous laughter, enjoying
the happier sounds of childhood.

When younger, children were to be seen but never heard, I'd
much rather hear my sons, so I could gauge better when they
were happy or upset.

Children's voices in play are almost sacred, listening to
their innocence and purity, seeing their beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sounds Of Divinity

Treasures boldly hiding from view, collapsing in
upon them so no one can devise a way to take them
away from sheltered corners.

Hanging like bells upon a chime, teasing and
pleasing with sounds of divinity, not giving up
an iota of themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sounds Of Energy

Waving melodies towards my mind on gentle breaths of wind,
touching realms of distinct pleasure, affording a deepened
calm of repose.
Beauty splurging from ends of delicate branches attached
to trunks of trees.
Wispy whispers reaching my ears with sounds of breathless
energy, willowing around my being and centering my soul
amidst God's aura of spirituality for days to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sounds Of Expression

Listening to rhythms as they roll quickly into this mind,
energizing intellect, giving peace and serenity.

Loving the sounds of expressions and emotions that are
continually filling a mind with their enticing beauty.

Taking imagination into broader views of reality and beyond,
looking quietly into other dimensions.

Learning all different views and concepts from an interior
and innate knowledge and wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sounds Of Life

Sounds of life continue to echo all around, insensitive
to the grief and sorrow I hold out in anguish before me.

Feeling like I've been ripped in half, my heart sinks
ever deeper out of sight.

There are no words of love or caring to reach my ears,
they have all died, having been caught on a shirt sleeve
wiped with snot.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sounds Of Life's Emotions

Stepping lightly and in time, prancing into every
measure being played.
Laughing and enjoying every beat taking me faster
and faster into the middle of rhythm.
Frolicking happily, beats traveling up and down,
keeping pace with my mind, racing against time.
Singly moving around and upward into a faster
melody with every few measures in limited tones.
Carefully exercising, dancing and coming into our
own with little effort and lots of enthusiasm.
Loving every moment kept in sounds of life's
emotions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sounds Of Loss

Softly, silently grasping onto a melody of sadness reverberating
within, touching heartstrings of sorrow, playing them gently with
sounds of loss that inspire this poetical mind.

Divining answers that never seem to come, no understanding telling
what's going on in this desperate situation of grief, having a
tight hold upon my being.

Searching through the years, looking for you my dear, yet never
hearing an answering call of love that I continually whisper to
you in dreams at nightfall.

Sorrow dripping onto pillows as I lie sleeping, imagining being
held and holding you my love, nothing coming into being, as I
continue to miss you everlastingly.

Memories always providing what we used to have, but they don't
give the total love that you always gave to me through the years,
my darling.

An eerie sadness that will not let go, ensuring that I will never,
ever forget you, my dear, a lasting impression forever etched
upon this mind and heart.

A delicate and most important facet left of the love we used to
have, solely living in the past now, not wanting to progress into
another tomorrow without you, yet somehow I find myself doing so,
missing you always and forever, my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sounds Of Love Awakened

Listening to whispers in the wind, calling me from
a deep sleep.

Yesterday touching my soul, while love and it's re-
minders followed me into a dusk filled evening.

Unfolding envelopes of deeply felt emotion, holding
onto melodies that are playing to my mind.

In this quiet realm of poetical introductions, antici-
pating the silence of everyone's heartbeats as they
listen intently for sounds of love being awakened.

Glorious and effervescent, acknowledging the rapid beats
of rhythm as they fill me with an energy being fulfilled
by intellect in the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sounds Of My Heart's Tears

Eyes brimming with tears, heart breaking through morning
hours, feeling the devastation of an intense loss, want-
ing life to be the way it used to be.

With you here by my side, loving, caring and compassion-
ate, our lives together as one, making all the difference
in this temporary world we live in.

Your love was taken from me totally and completely, leav-
ing my love still steeped within me for you, no way to
let it come to you anymore.

Sounds of my heart's tears falling into my soul, mind
being torn, feelings so intensely being felt of the total
emptiness your death has left me with.

My heart having a hole that cannot ever be filled in my
lifetime, missing you my darling, not knowing what to do
anymore, not knowing where to go in life without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sounds Of Nature

Sitting beneath the trees, writing, enjoying this early morning atmosphere totally.

Mountains reaching for the sky, storm clouds almost touching the peaks of them.

Sun suddenly popping out from behind the dark clouds, shining brightly upon this earth.

Delicate balance of nature, right before me, birds chirping and warbling, a woodpecker in the distance pecking on a tree, echoing throughout the atmosphere.

Beautiful sounds of nature, abounding, while sitting here and writing of it all down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sounds Of Ragtime

Ragtime sounds hit my ears and feet start stomping to
it's beat.
An uplifting musical song, so tender-hearted to my
soul on a rainy, gray day.
Spirits lifted with each and every beat, notes flying
through the air, bringing joy and happiness abounding
to all who hear it's beautiful sound.
Ragtime is always a welcome tune to hear and feel,
signaling the start of something good today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sounds Of The Shore

Traveling down shores of life, living upon them in
moments of expectation in this mind.

Expressions constantly arising as the sun rises and
sets, letting the moon take it's rightful place in
the twilight of life.

Questions come about as tides rise and fall, answers
not being found upon the surface as waves continue
to pound and crash upon the sounds of the shore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sounds Of Yesterday

Sounds of yesterday tearing at my heart, tears now falling, seeping into my mind today, games of the past no longer able to be played anymore.

Sadness over those good old days piercing my heart and mind, thoughts riding away into misty curtains that have encircled intellect.

Now enclosing me within their sorrow, unable to escape from it, trying to unleash the tears now being bundled up inside my heart.

Not wanting to be shed, mind holding onto them for dear life, last chorus of life being drowned in the waterfalls of bereavement, life now ending, riding away into the sunset.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sounds Related To Grief

Feeling tired, but sleep is eluding me in the stillness
of this night, mind traipsing slowly with sounds of soft
classical music.

It's melody tells me of the sorrow held deeply within me,
sounds being related to the grief as they play intellect
interiorly.

Gently, yet unable to sooth my being, soul crying out for
those I've lost, yet still unable to reach them so they
may comfort me in this darkness of nighttime loneliness.

Music picking up it's tempo, little by little, taking me
into the depths of another dimension where I'm looking
about and wondering curiously.

Watching the light beginning to surround me with it's
bluened beauty, calming my heart, soothing the emptiness
of my mind.

Easing me gently into realms of contemplation where I
fall into a euphoric serenity, thankful for the under-
standing that has now taken hold.

Through music and it's tempting rhythms now holding my
heart, feeling love of the Divine comforting me from
within.

A deepening solace being brought to bear upon my soul,
silently closing my eyes, knowing that sleep will befall
my tired being now.

Mind settling down amidst the snow drifts of a winter
sleepiness that will allow dreams and pleasant thoughts
of those I love to enter this mind peacefully and fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sour Notes

Sour notes, flat as can be, hurting our ears like a cat on the prowl.
Voice losing it's depth, like cornering a cow as if it's dying right in front of us.
Death by singing, scaring us all right out of the mood we were in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Source Of Thoughts

Copying, editing, filling pages of books with an ample source of thoughts and exacting findings.
Tabulating many efforts as years accumulate and expire before they can begin again to operate from senses set within, leaving only periods of distasteful memories, plying their wares where they're not wanted.
Solo travels taking precedence over routine matters, finding subjects too concise, too judgmental to place in any type of sequence or order to make an applicable source of innocence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Space For Creative People

Sitting, contemplating on differences of people and
their attitudes.

Wondering how they developed and came about, how they
had interpreted things in their lives.

Seeing some people trying to teach with their own ideas
on how to do things, yet, they don't quite fit in with
the way a child's brain actually works.

Then others completely in their own little worlds, not
doing a thing to help children do anything.

Choosing to be independent and wholly unto themselves,
never really finding their purposes in this world.

Just finding a space to be themselves in spite of others,
this is where creative people fit in I believe, letting
nothing interfere with their innate talents and aptitudes.

All their lives only fitting in their own little spheres
of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Space Of Derelict Time

Worrying about so many things set in life,
not breathing because of them, they're all
sitting in a space of derelict time,
displacing everything in life.
Wishing to depart on a solo journey away
from all that is now known in everyday life.

(11: 49 p.m. - 11/15/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Space Of Emptiness

Disappearing interiorly, hiding away from others and life, not wanting to join in.

There's nothing for me anymore, everything has found a space within the emptiness of my heart and soul.

Leaving no place for anything else to come into my being, closing off everything to the outside world.

Finding my way through interior catacombs of sorrow and grief, no one knowing what it is that I'm doing.

Eventually leaving me to my own devices, fending for myself, they leave me alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Space Of Interior Sadness

Feelings of loneliness touching my heart within sentiments
of a song's rhythm.

Calling forth the tears being held within and filling this
heart with the loss of yesterday, tenderly and gently tasting
salted teardrops as they fall into my memory.

Lifting my soul into a space of interior sadness, coupling
it with intellect and it's basic understanding of grief
and the fortitude to withstand it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Space Of Loneliness

Life can be very lonely, sad and empty, yet there are
times of joy and happiness, especially when with family
and friends.

Lasting peace sits upon shoulders as I write from this
space of loneliness, hoping to find a little love and
caring somewhere along the line.

Solitary movements, managing to carry me thus far, yet,
knowing they won't for long.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Space Of Mind

Strenuously keeping people at bay, wanting to be in my empty space of time,
letting moments capture my imagination in leaves of serendipity.
Calling from another dimension, not listening, because I'm staying put in a
darkened corner of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Space Of Nothingness

Living within coded rhythms and pictures of this life,
being satisfied with the way it has taken me into int-
erior depths of endless dimensions and universes.

Staying calm, finding a space of bluened nothingness
where I can BE myself with no disturbances or interrupt-
tions, the Lord and I together.

Praying silently within for balance and peace in my life,
filled with joy and elation at the wonderful feelings and
difference it makes in daily life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Space Of Time

Forever setting new patterns, changing the old, finding
faster, better, quicker ways to get things done, leaving
more time than ever on our hands.

We find more things to do to keep us busy - being busy -
so tied up - looking for ways to cut corners - to make
do - go faster yet again.

Circle of modern life is a vicious one, you take the time
to step out of it's circumference, finding the peace you
need to see that what you've been doing all along doesn't
make sense.

Turning around, walking away, you will be much better off,
life will be quieter, stiller, you'll fulfill your need
for God to come into your life.

You might even see some roses as you walk slowly by,
appreciating the nature of all that is in your space of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spacelessness

Confusion saddens, fills me with pain, I cannot get past
it's hurt.

No answers are brought out into the open, no forums to talk
within.

Scattered life and nothing more in between, helpless feelings,
lost in a maze with no exit or reprieve.

Everlasting emptiness breathing down my neck, causing the
sorrow to embed itself deeper.

There are no guarantees anymore, no satisfaction handed out
on silken pillows.

Granted perfection is uninhabitable, deserted upon an earthen
floor.

Lanterns filled upside down, oil running out, spilling down
the mantle of the past so long ago.

Tears falling hard and fast, leaving no traces of the pain
felt intensely within.

There are no places left to run to, they've all been filled
with spacelessness and shoved beneath desert sands, a lone
cactus marking the spot.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spaces Of Chords

Softly raining upon thoughts, energy waning as I think of
going to sleep, mind awake, traveling about rhythms play-
ing interiorly as I compose a sonata.

Driven by feelings of emptiness that have arisen unbidden,
touching fibers of my brain, alighting among synapses, now
following neurons into avenues of seclusion.

There they can be investigated fully, intensely enticing
curiosity as my eyes grow heavier, lying here watching notes
dance about, looking for spaces of chords where they will
settle in, accompanying melodies intellect is now writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spaces Of Documentation

Riding in depths of sincerity, hoping to find ways
towards reality's inner domains.
Racing forward, seeing expectations alighting from
planes of existence, writing themselves into spaces
of documentation.
Squares of enhancement grow upward, taking picturesque
visions along new pathways of deep abysses, ahead on
trails of anticipated awareness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spaces Of Heredity

Electric, mystically energizing life within it's borders,
stretching into dimensions of destiny alongside reality.
Pivoting on axis' of creative fortitude, acknowledging
peaceful strategies through ages of ancient wisdom.
Anticipating ideal situations of novelty, settling into
spaces of heredity as we are encompassed in heavenly arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spaces Of Intellect

Rushing rapidly into a mixture of tantalizing rhythm,
spreading it over and throughout this brain.

Seeking pleasures no one else can give in this life,
measures being placed into spaces of intellect.

Notes automatically falling into place, giving many
new musical compositions to the earth.

Following one another, taking the quickest way into
memories of the past, allowing them entrance through
this pen, immediately onto paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spaces Of Loneliness

Contentment sitting on faces of elderly chorus members,
singing at a pace of serenity.
Totaling measures of years, placing them in songs of
yesteryear.
Fulfilling empty spaces of loneliness with momentary joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spaces Of Moments

Singling patterns of joyful living corresponds with
peaceful endeavors along avenues of life.
Increasing feelings filter through the haze of regret,
turning tides of relief towards those of outward
happiness.
Searching faces of those passing by, looking for
comfortable attitudes of solace from ages ago.
Finding no reminders of their moments aging upon
their faces, watching mosaics creating themselves
in spaces of the moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spaces Of Rhythm

Screens of football games running back and forth,
being ignored by many people, listening instead
to a band of music, ringing around their minds.
Tossing us out into spaces of rhythm, we inter
ourselves inside the beat of daily living, keeping
to nature's ways.
Unforgiving tunes, playing endlessly in our thought
processes, even after we have heard our final themes
in scores of musical bliss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spaces Of Sorrow

Quietly anticipating an energy built from rhythm and tones
of interior souls, begetting a pious notion from beyond.
Tasting of flavorful beauty, mixed with nature's intense
desires over all the earth.
Sandwiched thoughts between pages and photos of inner
screens, projecting it all into poetical expressions,
touching mindful souls in their bereaved spaces of sorrow.
Narrowing vision on earth, yet expanding it beyond senses
into outer places of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spaces Of Thought

Melodies of bliss ruminate in spaces of time,
aggregating particles into pieces of tomorrow.
Allowable spatterings of talk echo through
centuries of ages, forming literature in small
nooks and caches of darkened caves and hidden
in minds of talented people who are overlooked
by most others.
Siphoning new series of thoughts onto pages of
books which will be read for eternities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spacious Beauty Of Intellect

Silently somber, traipsing through avenues of life,
seeking comfort from effervescent ideas and thoughts,
able to create constantly from each of them.

Entering spacious beauty of intellect pure, innocent,
intense priorities, extraordinarily selecting words
and definitions to place in poetry.

Shaking ideas like fruit shaken by gusts of wind in
a storm, no one knowing the feelings that are brought
into being when entering other dimensions like this.

Filled with wonder and awe, curiosity constantly rising
ever higher, taking me to realms and places I've never
been to before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spacious Parks

Walking through spacious parks being imagined within my open and fresh imagination, touching upon the spiritual nature of my being.

Feeling God's presence always within throughout every moment, knowing the interior spirit of my fragile human form is taking care, protecting me from effects of humanity.

Walking around, letting nature come into the midst of my life, soothing every fiber and particle of who I am within.

Noticing the wonder of all that's around me, never leaving it's depths, for that's where I belong interiorly to continue fulfilling my purpose here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spacious Pictures

Reaching for limits that I have stretched beyond sight, wanting to attain more intellectual imagination than ever before.
Listening beyond hearing, sensing pulses of harmonies filling outer atmospheres with rhythms never heard of in life.
Covering so many aspects of concentration, filling my mind with spacious pictures on photographic screens, finally appearing clearer, stronger, just like before.
Lost in a beautiful land of imagery, wonder tantalizing my innate curiosity as it climbs ever higher to explore and discover what is out there beyond the past experiences I've gone through in poetical essences.
Striving to encapture all the wonder and beauty now sitting quietly, responding to rhythmic, enticing melodies to write to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Span Of Listless Time

Moving disappearingly across spans of listless time,
bereaved for many moments of the future.

Likely aspects, rudimentary facets walking - tracing -
future destinies and lost facts.

Wandering outskirts of yesterday's horizons, scarcely
looking forward to tomorrow's headlines and stories.

Whichever way becomes merged with a lost particle,
another direction has been formed and spent in letters,
requesting formalities.

Underlying causes pressing and tearing away the foundations
of lonesome senses, all the while, figuring the essence of intellectual beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spanning Bridges

Bridges spanning oceans of wavelengths, spreading themselves wide and far.

Closing up emptiness, lasting eternities while crossing adjacent memories, left on rims of canyons echoing calls from prior years of time.

Sincere apologies are frayed on corners, held for times already lived.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spark Of Faith

Wandering outskirts of intellect, watching as ideas
are chosen from blossoms of concepts, tranquilly
touching against hearts of strength.

Softening them in times of hardship and sacrifice,
holding onto tears from loss, trying to adjust quiet-
ly to depths and intensity of living.

Going through each of these experiences solely, walk-
ing alone, taking time to readjust to new circumstances
and situations.

Difficult and barely discernible from shadows of hell,
yet a spark of faith enkindles a blaze of hope, taking
steps to bring us out of the depths of despair.

Living our lives as best as possible until the next
time something comes upon us, knocking us down to the
core of our beings.

Praying to God for mercy as we continually walk for-
ward no matter what the circumstances merit, a life-
long process of adaptation that comes naturally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spark Of Hope

Alone in a deserted space of time, nothing near to soothe or give cheer, everything seems to have disappeared, cannot find anything worthwhile right now in life.

Still hanging on, hoping to retrieve something, anything to give hope, not knowing what to do, just keep on living, looking for some spark of hope to materialize, showing the way to happiness and joy once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sparking Embers

Choosing to incite desires within, letting them spark
embers of truthfulness and honesty in our human hearts.

Wonderful places to set our hopes down and watch as
they blossom into other realms of imagination.

Taking ideas and soaring with them into atmospheres of
tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sparkles Of Intuition

Rhythmic tones of incessant beliefs shred grief's
insistence on markers of sorrow's anniversaries.

Placating notes, falling adjacently within,
narrowing visions to sparkles of intuition in past
memories, coming to life again in measures of
musical scores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sparkles Of Rhythm

Being right or wrong is irrelevant, what counts is
whether you're pure and without sin, that's all that
really matters.

Listening to sparkles of wisdom that flow through the
fire of our spirits and into our beings, hoping to es-
tablish our new beginnings.

Settling them safer and keeping them closer than ever,
looking to God to continue in the way of the Ten Command-
ments only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sparkling Crystal Garden

Walking through a crystal garden, icicles dangling, snow-flakes drifting slowly down upon earth, sparkling beauty taking my breath away.

Watching it taking place in the creativeness of imagination, creating playgrounds of the mind with fantasies filling this poetical mind throughout life.

Listening to music while writing poetry incessantly every single moment of life, enjoying the feelings of wonder and accomplishment daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sparkling Ideas

Showering life with rhythms, giving pleasure and enjoyment
all the while, a taste of enlightenment that is filled with
a musical energy and beauty.

Falling into a huge pool of sparkling ideas as music tantal-
izes our heart and beings, watching and tasting colors and
sounds of excitement.

Filling the afternoon atmosphere, wishfully carrying into the evening, catching
hold of every note as it sounds in chords
of each melody, giving pleasure, never wanting it to end, just
continue into forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sparkling Light

In the stillness of this morning, enjoying watching the sun
rise so majestically and colorfully, surprising intellect
with thoughtful interludes of music while writing.

Full of hope and joy, feeling renewed and refreshed with
the sparkling light of this early morning sunshine, waving
jubilantly in the form of heat waves as I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sparkling Lights

Sparkling lights tempting people to spend their money in the slot machines.
Wanting to write instead, I find my way to the furthest spot in the casino - it fits my imagination perfectly.
Acquiescent, finding my intellect in tact, novel items appear on my inner mind's screens.
Watching with delight, enjoying the tastes I hear and see, filling me with words to place on paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sparkling Vision

Movement filling my vision, sparkling across the room,
dancing to tunes of yesterday.
Placating spirits with peaceful motion and steps of
thought.
Flowing throughout conscious rhythm, fulfilling
intimate thoughts of beautiful images.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sparkling Visions

Strolling down life's pathways, noticing everything along
the way, enjoying the beauty and scents of nature, all of
it tantalizing my mind.

Purposes and concepts being stirred constantly with visions
of an interior universe while thinking and taking directions
into the distance.

Finding places in the universe to write the truth of what
is happening in our world and loving the expressions of
love and compassion for all people on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sparkling Waters Of Imagination

Pathways of life shimmer and shine before me like glittering diamonds waiting to be mined and made into something brilliantly creative, walking along sandy shores picking up these gems, sometimes looking at them from every angle.

Finding their essence opening up and spilling out upon this poetical mind, wanting to also be made into something no one has ever seen before, genuine and surprising, gaining ground with the sparkling waters of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sparkling With Love

Dancing, holding one another closely, whispering secretly, eyes meeting shyly, sparkling with love for each other that we have treasured within us.

Loving feeling your body close to mine as we move in synch with one another, being attuned to rhythms being played, our hearts beating in unison.

Desires looking into our beings, feelings rising, igniting the fire of our passion that we'll soon be quenching in the darkened silence of our bedroom.

Holding one another as we dance in throes of love, gently becoming one throughout the night, loving and appreciating the lives we have built together through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sparkling Wonder

Children are inherently good, always happy to learn new ways of doing things.
Everything is an adventure to them in their quest to grow up.
Sparkling wonder and awe for everything around them, shows through their eyes as it opens the windows of their souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sparks Falling

Taking rhythm totally into my being, leaving not a single note or beat behind.

Racing along in the darkness, not knowing where I'm going, just listening to sounds, hoping for the best.

Knowing that there are so many things here in corners of life, wanting to find out what they are.

Tossing and turning, letting sparks fall where they will, lighting a way into the unknown.

Searching paths into the breach of nothingness that stands before me as I race for edges of tomorrow.

Not caring what may happen in the interim, interested only in picture thoughts that I'm thinking through it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sparks Of Energy

Waking in the early morning, feeling happy and elated,
ready to take on another blessed day, sparks of energy
filling mind and intellect with many ideas of poetry.

Divulging what I feel through words, giving the world
a taste of what it's like for this mere poet and how I
somehow survive in this temporary life.

Tired of living, yet filled with excitement at every
experience that comes along, spirit elated, soaring in
rhythms daily, writing through every one of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sparks Of Happiness

Adjusting this mind amongst rhythms as they help change and bring about peaceful and positive attitudes to soothe it, knowing that negative ones can never keep us well or give happiness.

Soaring into skies of blue where life is free and independent, nothing to be afraid of, flying into other atmospheres of dimensions far beyond those known about.

Now opening up and taking this mind into their domains, carefree and happy, nothing to mar sparks of happiness while walking through life with head high, knowing that music will bring this mind home eventually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sparks Of Imagination

Gentle breezes blowing tree branches and leaves,
grasses swaying just above the ground, clouds
skiing across the sky in a gliding way.

Going towards another country further away from
India where I now am, birds soaring, flying and
swooping as they gracefully ride air currents.

All of it bringing peace to anyone who's watching,
sparks of imagination charging into fires of life,
as we acknowledge nature in artistic values of poetry.
music and art.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sparks Shining In Darkness

Silently watching as I slip my hand across your chest, feeling your every breath beneath it, feeling your heart beat so gently in response to my touch.

Feeling pleasure rise within my being, loving it's soothing desires beginning to flourish, a joy rising within.

Knowing that you and I will be making love soon, when you awaken and your eyes meet mine my love, then the sparks will shine in the darkness.

Igniting the passion that I can feel growing within you, as slowly your breath quickens and you start to awaken to my touch.

What wonderful sensations come between us now, feeling thrilled, excited and wanting to be totally yours tonight my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sparring With Life

Stepping out beyond reach, hunkering in to strains of a tango being played to help ease the stress of a sleepless night and horrendous morning.
Keeping gloves at the ready, sparring with life in rhythmic fashion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spattering Sorrow

Christmas songs filling the air with happy renditions of yesterday's cheer.
Tears sliding down cheeks of aged people as they remember
the good times they had when younger.
Nowadays, loneliness sets in as they sit in chairs of emptiness left by relatives
and friends so dear to their hearts and minds.
Soul-breaking moments of lonely thoughts in heaven,
spattering drops of sorrow upon themselves as remembering creates such
bittersweet sorrow.
Appreciating what they once had, wishing it could've
lasted forever, knowing life back then is over.
Slowly walking forward, awaiting moments to climb the
stairway to heaven soon enough.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Speaking

Watching silence unfold, never opening my mouth,
expecting not a soul would listen to me speak anyway.

Descriptions of every detail fall from pens of ink,
speaking through my lips and mind together.

Wanting to express self in excessive rhythms of poems
and music, never having to communicate with another
soul while on this earth, except through writing.

Crossing borders of life in an unopened container of
a fascinating being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Speaking Desires

Quietly speaking to my heart, a desire of yesterday
forms itself in my mind, delivering a certain
sadness at the same instant.
Searching feelings as they traipse my way once again,
reuniting the past with my present place in life.
Raking against my mind, stirring like leaves,
memories previously forgotten over time.
Watching as visions become precise in their animation,
taking their places in succession.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Speaking Hatred

Splitting hairs, listening to racists speak their
hatred, really having no reasons to hate, it's just
what they have been taught from childhood.

Nothing can sway their minds from the paths they're
on, trying to be kind and compassionate doesn't even
touch their intellect, having no mercy themselves.

Yet, God does work in mysterious ways, so maybe some-
one will touch them in a divine way through speaking
or perhaps even through a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Speaking In Songs

Rejoicing in realms of perfect musicians, together in a band of poetical renown.
Intersecting all of life as it is grabbed in rhythms of poetry and spread throughout the world tonight.
Speaking out in songs of deliberate wonder, anticipating the interpretation in voices of a musician's language.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Speaking Loudly

Exacting designs fulfilling destiny are cascading continually
into memory, never experienced, yet entering a photographic
scene of beauty.

Tomorrow is always moving forward towards it's destiny, fate
pulling us into depths of interior serenity and calmness,
following steps always in place, never veering from turmoil.

Beginning folds of memory being opened and looked at carefully,
speaking loudly in thousands of words written down through the
years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Speaking Minds Aloud

Crawling through battlefields of this life, trying to
find ways of existence that depend on no one else,
standing strong, not leaving anyone behind, not letting
them down.

Taking up arms and fighting evil people now identified
in our governments and defending ourselves against their
agendas.

Striving to keep everyone free, never letting life be
stripped of it's Constitution, religious beliefs, Ten
Commandments, flag and national anthem to name a few.

Wanting to protect the rights of others in every country,
allowing them to be free like American's also.

No more coercion, no one telling them what they can or
cannot do, being truly free to roam around and do what
they want in this temporary life.

No longer being afraid to walk with head held high and
speaking their minds out loud.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Speaking Out

Sorrowful silence finding a desert oasis in a jungle
of cacti and excruciating arid heat.

Listening carefully to accents of habitual desert
creatures as they find voices to speak out of grief's
despicable presence in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Speaking Out About Religion

Human nature complicates religion by making up such inane
rules and regulations.

Wondering if Jesus would appreciate or follow any of them
Himself, thinking not, because He has the ten commandments
of His Father to follow, that is all that is expected from
us on earth to adhere to.

Are humans better than Jesus, why then don't we just follow
the ten commandments and forget all this nonsense that man
has imposed on every religion.

Notice that neither God nor Jesus has ever condoned killing,
beheading, raping, torturing or murdering, they have only
spoken out against it all.

They have told us to do the same, so why don't we listen
to them, why complicate life and make it evil with greed
and selfishness? ?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Speaking Silently

Flowing sadness, touching my soul with many tears,
causing feelings of such emptiness inside.
No where to disperse any of it, holding it as long
as I can - until I can't hold it any longer.
Letting it surge and fly into thoughts, traveling
higher - no longer staying quiet.
Speaking silently, softly, into words, appearing
quickly onto paper.
Poetry forming - being translated through time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Speaking Through Rhythm's Years

Majestic and beautiful, rhythms of Foreigner fit
right in with the poetry of my being.

Living in the beats as notes are played in mind's
of intellect.

Finding expressions of myself in the tempos hiding
underneath melodies being played and spoken to my
heart each time I listen to music close to
imagination's mind.

Keeping all of melodies inside forever, placing them
in poetry I write, coding them explicitly so that no
one else can figure them out except myself.

Speaking through the years in depths of rhythm I have
selected to keep words safe from infringement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Speaking Truth Only

Intentions can be noble and from the heart, yet at times
can do a person harm if not aligned with what they know
or believe in.

People are anomalies, we can never be sure if what we say
or do will be appreciated or offend them, doing what is
right, speaking truth openly and honestly is best.

When dealing with others avoid being politically correct,
because then you will always be immorally and unethically
wrong.

That's a devastating way to be in this life today, better
to just be forthright and honest in everything you do,
using tact so as not to hurt another's feelings.

Avoid saying something altogether if not sure about the
person and where they are in this particular moment in
their life.

Wait and get to know them better on a more personal level
if possible, becoming friends maybe in the future, having
conversations with meaning and relevance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Speaking Truths

Reality stands before us, asking difficult questions in life.
Putting barriers of conversations in our paths, wanting only truths to be spoken.
Getting real, speaking of the concise points of issues between us.
Taking us on journeys where we find our true selves and share who we are with one another.
Unfolding our lives and spirits, along with goals and aspirations, sharing our thoughts as we walk through life.
Bringing us closer together with every moment spent in friendship.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Special Atmosphere Of Friendship

Soothing and plaintive, finding my way through this
sorrowful life, finding people who are caring and
compassionate.

Coming into my life, brilliant people arriving un-
expectedly, having a great time with all of them,
living in a special atmosphere when with them.

Learning and having new experiences that I've never
had before in life, always giving and taking, we
have the perfect friendships.

Couldn't ask for anything better if we tried, God
has brought us all together, united under one purpose,
to fulfill His heavenly plan.

Loving this life of mine with so many beautiful and
loving people in it, enjoying their company daily
as we learn together by communicating.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Special Bond Of Friendship

Reading the essence of poetry in many lines of prose,
being lengthened in the passage of time where we all
move forward into the passivity of interior lives.

Alone and being interpreted through the logic of a
scientist, a friend in life, a special bond formed
from the moment we met.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Special Care

Ridicule comes in many forms, some silent, others overt,
but they all hurt another in one form or another.

Special care needs to be taken when dealing with others,
lest you destroy their inner beings.

Listening, caring, loving and compassionate is the way to
approach each and every situation in this temporary life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Special Couples

Everyone plays the game, but there are a very
few who actually play for keeps.

Those rare people find it in their hearts to
stay in love through all the faults and
imperfections of the one they love.

Special couples made from their beginnings in
heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Special Gift

Watching television as cameras pan across the crowd, highlighting special friends and families in their sorrow.
Bruce Haffner, the last of the three amigos, celebrating the life of his best friends as he touched upon their senses of humor, making everyone smile or laugh.
As a camera hovered for a moment on Jim's parents, his mother's smile reflected that of Jim's.
A special gift to treasure every time she looks in the mirror - Jim's smile is fashioned after hers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Special Grace Of Life

Allowing God freedom of my life to do with as He chooses,
loving to be an instrument of His in all that I do.

Writing incessantly with an inner enthusiasm and energy
that never quits or dies away.

Special graces always finding their way into this very
poetical life here on earth.

Many subjects written into poetry, hoping they'll in-
spire others with His grace and wisdom.

Loving to incessantly pick up this pen, writing into
and through every moment of this temporary life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Special Graces

Everything I hold in my heart is filled with love for family, friends, America.
All that has meaning is held together in memories, preserved for a lifetime,
honored, cherished, treasured above everything else.
For these special graces can never be taken from me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Special Innate Talent

Visions dancing, agile and free, letting this mind loose
into an interior atmosphere where poetry will reign and
tantalize my being in every respect.

A wonderful time, giving life a purpose and an aim to
follow into eternity, images leading and carrying me into
depths of infinite possibilities at hand.

Being encompassed entirely in this special innate talent,
engrossed deeply in the meanings and definitions of life
as I know. it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Special Journey

Borders in life are made to be moved or broken away
from inner creativeness.

Solemn, serious, particular and mysterious, always
finding the energy of intellect is readily waiting
for me to grasp it by my mind.

Taking off, soaring into outer space, no fear about
where I'm headed at any time in this life, just
exercising intellectual prowess that is mine.

From conception through to senior years and beyond
this earth one day, I'm on a special journey into
heaven's gardens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Special Love

Walking hand in hand, strolling through each other's lives,
feeling our unconditional love growing and being nourished
constantly as we share everything together.

Loving to spend time in each other's company, never wanting
to part no matter what, spending quality time experiencing
our love in great quantities throughout each day.

A special partnership, a companionship that titillates and
tempts us both incessantly, just looking into one another's
eyes sets off sparks of desire.

Building constantly into a blazing fire of love that has to
be sated in each other's arms, becoming one time and again,
a special way to be able to spend our lives together.

You are a priceless gift from the heavens above my dearest
love, appreciated fully throughout life, never could I ever
live without you, I'm sure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Special Meanings

Saxophone playing to my mind, giving me peace, serving words
to my poetical soul.
Reaching into my talented pool of unwritten literature, awaiting
lonely survival in poems, emitting special meanings in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Special Meanings Spoken

Receiving vibrations from another across the world,
filling me with feelings of love and confidence for
everyone.

Special meanings being spoken through poetical verses
and shared back and forth through time.

Loving unconditionally, being soul mates for the rest
of our lives.

So attuned to one another that it is fascinating
mysterious, and gives a lot of pleasure in many instances
of life.

Comparing thoughts, finding many that are alike, putting
them into verses for an eternity, so all can see the love
through every word we write, yet never having met physically.

A transcendental sphere, taking us from this earth and into
each other's minds incidentally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Special Moments

Waking moments, giving me a piece of mind as I while
away time, writing in blank books of life.
Always changing themes and many circumstances to match
feelings and emotions beating from inside.
Voices being spoken from yesterday's images, reminding
me of the times I've had and been through up til now.
Comfortable as can be, hiding within, reliving all the
moments I can in poetry.
Listing the special ones being highlighted in daily
dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Special Place

Piano, violin, clarinet all being played, enticing my spirit totally, bringing life into a special place of peace and serenity.

Pure and innocent child-like peace that elates and brings joy once again, living in a world that's created alone, finding a certain relativity through imagination and fantasy.

Creatively being fulfilled interiorly, finding freedom in doing so, growing as it's nurtured through musical rhythms through measures of sound and into a place where enjoyment of life fits in perfectly with this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Special Someone

Shades of shyness turn inward, especially when in love secretly, not professing it to that someone special that would really like to know whether or not you want to be together for the rest of your lives.

Tasting the sweetness of his being from afar, wanting to be with him always, but afraid to give self to anyone, yet his love beckons, tempting sublimely with an unconditional love set deeply in his eyes, coming directly from his heart into mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Special Spiritual Bond

Silence quietly upon us in midnight hours, letting us be together in love, no distractions other than our desires building within us because we're so much in love.

Being alone together arouses them constantly, there is no room for anything else in our lives, we have that special bond that will hold us together forever.

Deep within, we each find the beauty of our love being touched by the Divine, a lasting and beautiful entity, fulfilling our lives with a spiritual grace.

One that will never be broken or faded here on earth, only fulfilled totally and completely once we both get to heaven at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Special Thoughts

Dark shades fall upon life,
giving respite from daily trials,
allowing sleep to produce challenging
dreams of innovation.

Special thoughts craving endings to
their many beginning ideas, find
restful peace throughout the night,
knowing they will come to fruition
by the morrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Special Time

Grandfather bringing his grandson to the center to play pool and enjoy being special while he's here.
A very cute young gentleman, well-mannered and appropriate in every way.
Picture perfect scene, being filed photographically into my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Specific Reaction

Showing love and compassion by giving of oneself to another, generating endorphins for both of you.

A specific reaction happening when giving from your heart and never counting the cost.

A perfect God-like quality that we must strive for here on earth.

That is our purpose, to help and love one another throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spectrum

Early morning chill
greeting the rising sun.
Mountains lying on their backs,
clapping as the sun rises
beautifully over all the earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Speculative Formulas

Staring into starlit skies, wondering if I'll ever be able to travel to their spaces.
Thoughtful interludes creep into my mind as I figure out how I can move about without oxygen or gravity.
Speculation abounds as I think of many ideas to get around stanzas of musical interludes.
Formulas fit around rhythm as I continue to flow onward, taking thoughts on journeys throughout outer spaces, set in philanthropic mind-sets for an eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Speculative Visions

Walking down streets of imagination, taking in sights
of fantasy and portraying speculative visions that I
may want to partake of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Speech Of Silent Undertakings

Breaking like waves crashing, sending their white
foam into regions before me.
Reverberating essays of present items throughout
halls of poetry, traveling before me in sunlight
of days gone by.
Choosing speech of silent undertakings to present
views of innermost talent.
Presenting points of interest to inner workings of
a mind, sensing beautiful energy and boisterous
particles of knowing, included in diaries of post-
traumatic bliss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Speeding Up Blood Flow

Slipping and sliding into movements of exercise,
hastening blood flow to the brain.

Bringing about an energetic mind, ready to learn
whatever it is you want.

Eclipsing particles of dementia that try to slow
down your thinking, instead speeding them up.

Gaining new insight with every moment that you
are doing it, being fulfilling and important.

Taking every step to keep moving, staying in
touch with the reality of intellect.

Also, expanding inner imagination and innate
talent, always needing to be expressed rapidly.

Insisting upon it, this brain can fulfill it's
own purpose in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spell-Bound

Silence screaming out so loud, shaking foundations
of my soul, holding me spell-bound in the doorway
of imagination.

Holding my breath in puffs of intellect, as I open
my mind ever wider to soar with the eagles, instead
of being floored with the turtles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spelling Out Loneliness

Longing for friendship, finding life as no friends to speak
of, existence fading in the distance, allowing nothing to
grasp hold of it.

Nothing slows it down, everything gets rolled along with it,
pressing deep upon a heart, it pushes loneliness inside to
feel it's hurting pride.

Formerly giving way to everyone else's wishes and needs, not
caring about it's own.

Delving way down inside, touching mysteries of life untold,
feeling pain and sorrow which has always been put on hold.

Now, coming forth, spilling anguished anger in drops, all
over, spelling out the loneliness in tears etched upon a
face of a human being.

Totally ignored, forgotten, left out in the cold, a heart
turns hard and falls like granite deeper inside the soul of
a being.

Scratching, tearing, ripping apart a once whole person, to
leave behind a bloody shell of someone no one ever wanted to
know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spells Of Grief

Keepsakes of yesterday come alive in memories
cherished through the years.
We hold images closely with tears, hiding
within each one on days when we're alone and
under spells of grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spells Of Poems

Witching nights taking me into their visions as twilight
finds words in spells of poems.

Finding their way into this mind, so they may be spilled
out upon this world in the form of poetical interludes.

Watchful contact, hitting thoughtful episodes of this
brilliant spotlight of the future.

Knowing it's fullness as it fills me interiorly in the
beauty of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spending Habits Of Government

Living is an expression for just being present, it doesn't necessarily mean everything is fine.
So many trials being heaped upon us from without, by people who can't curb their spending habits with our tax payer dollars.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spending Hours Lost Within

Bopping to rhythms, filling the atmosphere, carrying
notes and sounds into intellect, undeterred.

Mind always ready to accept the fragrant aromas of
music as it stirs memory and intellect together.

Along with imagination, totally going into depths of
subconsciousness where I roam and wander endlessly.

Taking in everything, walking through open portals
and into other dimensions with knowledge and wisdom.

Loving to delve into it, spending hours lost within,
blocking out everything, even the need for food and
sleep.

Inner life taking over, bringing peace and serenity
into my mind and heart, the loving presence of God
dwelling there.

Showing me the way, letting me see truths of living
and being throughout this life He has given to me
with innate talent and knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spending Time

Lasting friendships stand the test
of time throughout our lives if
they were meant to be.
Conversation, heart-ache and joy,
all encompassing us as we spend
time together on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spending Time Alone

Swinging with rhythms, spending time along
in depths of writing poetry.

No one around to hear my cries for love and
understanding, they go plaintively unheard
as I continue to grieve.

Holding back the tears that keep insisting
that I let them go, wanting to hear the sound
of another being here for me.

Yet it never happens and I continue to sit and
write alone again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spent Bodies

Breaking the ebb and flow of the tide as it washes
ashore on rocky jetties, thoughts collide and rupture
with incessant pride.

Lilting skyward like the sea gulls, perpetrating the
guise of goodness, aware of the vast immunity set
against the setting sun, shining caressingly at the
bottomless pit of life.

As we go on our small journeys throughout our lives we
slip and fall and we call it fate.

Yet, in reality it is our destiny to make mistakes and
learn from them.

Tirelessly walking, picking up our tired and spent
bodies, bringing ourselves into new realms no matter
what the cost.

As long as we have satisfied all requirements of life
we will one day be allowed a higher pathway to travel
on spiritually, by our soul and spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spent In Timeliness

Western sky, orange and gray, spreading itself across my mind as it fills my soul with the luminosity of a day breaking itself into a darkened night.

Solace perfected in the silence of a holy and religious experience, spent in the timeliness of my intellect and caressed by this soul in a moment of undisputed beauty.

Shadows of palm trees illuminating the now darkening orange and gray sky in anticipation of this new night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sphere Of Awareness

Sticks beating into my sphere of awareness, waking me
from a reverie in a distant land from where I live
and am.
Drumming into oblivion, feeling rhythms vibrating my
being, as I float upon ocean waves in my circular
mindset.
Totally oblivious of where I actually am at any given
moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sphere Of Energy

Regulating space and time through music, taking steps up
and down chords of rebellious natures, fitting attitudes
perfectly.

Choosing to go my own way, loving the freedom that fills
me plentifully as I live this temporary life traveling
into other dimensions.

Carrying nothing with me save intellect that holds innate
talent, knowledge and wisdom, winding it all in a sphere
of energy.

Keeping me alive and vibrant, falling in and out of mysti-
cal atmospheres without fear or doubt, participating fully
in years of life left to me, enjoying them immensely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sphere Of Innate Wisdom

Striking this mind, a flash of lightening with rhythm
riding on it, giving a blast of freedom and independence.

A beautiful and stringent environment that entices and
allures intellect, capturing what others may never see in
their lifetimes, never wanting to miss a thing.

Curiosity always at the forefront of intellect, no one
else to steer me from it.

Innate and growing even more throughout this being,
nurtured by my soul, right in the center of a sphere of
wisdom always guiding me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sphere Of Love

Positive thoughts and attitudes bring about a sphere of
love that cannot be denied as it revolves within each
of us.

It's energy completely takes us in turn, emptying then
fulfilling us incessantly, a beautiful and wonderful
feeling that's never-ending.

A purpose at last being enjoyed as we live our lives in
each other's essence, passion and desires always rising,
wanting to be together every moment of our lives.

Yet, even though that's impossible most of the time, it
continues anyway in spite of everything we know as truth
and logic.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sphere Of Purpose

Staying in a sphere of purpose, writing, waiting for the reaction of the world to my poetry.

Starting a blaze that will cross the miles, setting minds afire with thoughts of their own to peruse.

Searching and finding outlets needed to become a voice heard round the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sphere Of Surprise

Falling inside, breathing deeply,
letting go of indecision and doubt.
Finding an equal amount of passivity
accruing in a sphere of talented surprise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sphere Of Timeless Moments

Circles of sunshine shining through the blinds,
reflecting on the walls of an exam room.
Causing me to grasp and place them here so you
can all see their presence in your minds,
becoming one with mine in a sphere of timeless
moments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sphere Of Unconditional Love

Midnight skies coming alive in this vibrant mind,
taking me away into an atmosphere of supposed love,
having a desire of intense caring, loving the feelings
it brings into intellect.

Somberly thinking of the past filled with emptiness
and abandonment, hoping to continue this life with an
unconditional love beaming upon me from another sphere
of beauty.

Landscapes standing on their own, rightly taking images
silently, into the interior of intellect connecting with
imagination.

Bringing home thoughts of actual loving desires from a
compassionate soul in this life from now on.

Such an amazing sensation adhering to my brain, letting
all the ideas find their way into poems for the memories
to be held closely for a lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sphere Of Wisdom

Deepening beauty falling into intellect, taking me into
pathways of an unconditional love, striving to reach my
mind through my heart.

Wanting so badly to find a love so true that it can never
die, while I continue to live through the poetry of my life.

Energetically and electrically falling into wells of being,
challenged by the effervescent beliefs of inner convictions.

No where on earth would I be writing than in the lap of
another's unconditional love to make me feel alive.

Through the vibrancy of many ideas and absolute thoughts of
beautiful aspects spent alone in an eternal sphere of wisdom,
being a part of my precious soul of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spheres Of Absolute Reality

Creating invisible formulas, testing them through imagination, letting them be placed in forums of fantasy.

Listening to music, finding examples to adhere to this mind entirely, socially unable to be coerced into doing what they don't want to.

Opening avenues into lands of other dimensions, standing firmly on edges of future horizons, while separating life as it falls into spheres of absolute creativity.

Perhaps finding exclusive supports needed to find a way back to a semblance of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spheres Of Accountability

Sitting in blue jeans, legs crossed Indian style, like when younger.
Trying to be encased in thoughts of yesterday's childhood.
Accurate things are closely monitored in spheres of accountability, rolling around in crypts of deadened lives, nothing going on before me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spheres Of Contentment

Resting alongside melodies as they jump and jive around me,
having fun in a sphere of contentment, relishing the essence
of thought as it is exhibited in poetry.

Alighting in every corner, formatting designs in a brain of
computer-like destinations.
Already being focused intensely in mirrors of lively items.

Forever living on the interior couches of intellect, never
minding what is going on around them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spheres Of Heredity

Opening minds through adversity and character
assassination gives us the self-realization
that we are alone in this world of ours.

Each of us inherently spaced in spheres of
heredity, generations before us having tried
to pave the way for us.

In the end, finding that it's up to us only,
to climb the heights of success with the
gifts God has given to each of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spheres Of Intellect

Needing to be more conscious of which sphere thinking
is coming from, not wanting to hurt your feelings
unknowingly.

Going instantly from one sphere to another, thinking
and talking from each one without involving others,
concentration is that intense at times.

There are many spheres held within, always enjoy seeing
them, even emotions and feelings each have their own
spheres to be entered and left whenever wanting to.

Spheres come from many dimensions, past, present, future
and instantly traverse between all of them just by thinking.

Rhythm has played a great part in helping to do this, it is
mathematical, logical and it's equations are exact.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spheres Of Life

Realizing our potential here on earth through experiences
and situations that abound, giving us direction and taking
us into spheres where we can find out about ourselves.

Nothing to stand in the way as we conduct ourselves in
moments that tantalize and bring joy in life even when we
are down or despairing.

Somehow something will come to light taking our breath away
from us, remaining calm, keeping us soothed within spheres
of life as we are living it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sphere's Of Memories

Entering spheres of memories kept safely on photographic screens, able to entice them to open at a whim, engaging feelings and emotions to delve deeper into depths.

Being human, taking steps to figure out more about how our minds and intellect works, music opening windows and doors of an interior life through spirituality.

Spirits lifted, filling minds with positive thoughts and moods to get through this world of unending strife and stress.

Hoping to find joy and happiness in time, passing through chords of life, engaging mind with imagination and reality in order to do so, bringing answers to questions that were left behind by former generations before us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spheres Of Memory

Finding desires watching, awaiting recognition,
then sending thrills of expectation throughout
my being.

Enjoying the feelings and sensations that they
give me, holding onto them in spheres of memory
on my continuing journey into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spheres Of Motion

Stamping out melodies,
jostling for positions
in musical inflections,
hoping to keep moving into
spheres of brilliant motion.

Always being motivated and
moving into other dimensions,
ready to delve into new endeavors.

Being acclimated in all sorts of
exchanges, willing to try anything
once at least.

Motivation hiding in my intellect,
never leaking or seeping out of me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spheres Of Ourselves

Happenings surround us throughout our days,
pushing and twisting us in directions we'd
rather not go.
Circumferences enclose us in flaccid times,
bringing us loosely into spheres where we
can become ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spheres Of Photographic Memories

Silence penetrating into an interior spirituality with an
attitude of pious self-discipline, hoping to continue find-
ing needed peace throughout life.

Walking in spheres of photographic memories, recalling the
joy and wonder of childhood, inner child focusing and find-
ing pleasure that's been hidden for years.

So glad that it's settled within where it can be seen and
felt, quenching curiosity through aging, a delicate balance
through intellect, anchoring being in depths of inner strength.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spheres Of Subconsciousness

Meeting my mind within intellect, capturing thoughts and playing with them, teasing back and forth, enjoying the humor developing between us constantly.

Living in spheres of subconsciousness, finding many ideas coming to the surface as I write constantly from a poetical atmosphere that's forever in my intellect.

Music always being listened to, volume turned up so it blocks out everything else around me, wanting to hear and concentrate only on rhythms, tempos and notes.

All of them being emitted from melodies and harmonies altogether, a blessedness being issued from a bluened light forever, pleasing me no end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spherical Moment

Friction being felt somewhere within, as I travel through
life with spheres of pain closing me tightly in.

Afraid of sleeping, because of it, not wanting to experience
it's intensity, sololy trying to hide from it's sight.

Not only making it, just sometimes hoping to surpass it's
sensations to allay it's hurting circumstances.

Loathing it's presence in my body, wishing that the reasons
can be found to eliminate it for good.

Reasoning and logic of many doctors not able to find any
reasons for it being, especially so sharply contained
therein.

Wholly being incapacitated by it's stances, attempting to
live in spite of it.

Totally hoping that I can write it all away into many poems,
crossing it forever out of my life.

So sure that eventually I'll be able to do so, yet wondering
if I'll be able to.

So undecided, vacillating moment to moment, turning away from
the entire environment of living in this spherical moment
of eternity.

So much needed to be done and nothing being able to be
completed before the sun goes down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spices Of Love

Seasoning activities of life with spices of
love sent from above, preparing souls for
the journey home, coming in the future.

Knowing not when exactly, but the knowing is
calmly insistent, expressing itself in modest
thoughts, courtesy of an interior knowledge of
wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spider Webs

Spider webs against the sky, silky clouds traveling
slowly behind.

Leaves have fallen to the ground to make one last
stand before being trampled upon and left for scraps.
in the dirt.

Branches of trees, reaching out, looking like spider
webs against the sky.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spider Wisps

Spider wisps of clouds crawling around
blue skies looking for their webs of
disguise, hoping for lunch to be
provided by nature herself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spidering Around

Satisfying inner cravings of effervescent feelings,
spidering around inside being, finding the energy
of compassion sending telepathic messages from
other's depth of feelings.

Knocking down barriers that others put up, thinking
to put them off, yet a mind still gets past any of
them, being in tune with what they are feeling and
being written honestly from depths with nothing
stopping the flow from them.

Another method of writing poetry incessantly,
portraying the essence of another in poetical writing.

Collecting in entirety, the total encompassment of
another human being, holding onto the whole
protuberance of it's image being thought into this mind.

Never stopping the words from coming out, instilling them
all into messages of this inner poet, thinking deeply into
pools of innocent profiling.

This is the last chance to move into another dimension,
the essence of another person, blending them with the
beauty of an entire universe, turning into the silence of
tomorrow's emptiness, afraid of being abandoned again this
side of life.

Engineering the ending of all the poetical words just in
time with the music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiders Of Remorse

Sighs of resignation fill my heart and mind continually
with their breathless hopelessness.

Always fingering delicate emotions and feelings like a
guitar being strummed at midnight.

Rhythms gyrating into cobwebs of loneliness, lining the
center of my abandonment.

Watching spiders of remorse and loss continuing to spin
their webs, catching my mind and heart in sorrow's grief.

When looking into loneliness, seeing moonlight mirroring
rays and glimmering on webs, fooling my mind into believ-
ing it has hope for my being.

Yet, it is an illusion only, this heart still breaking
away from within, falling into the webs of loneliness,
lost forever like a fly being dinner for the spider.

A devastating and hopeless situation in this life until
death comes to save me from it, giving me a place in
heaven where I can again be whole and healed by God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spilling Laughter

Intense peace being gathered like wool from a lamb placed protectively around this soul's entire being, rushing and racing through life's musical rhythms.

Enjoying them and one another, dancing happily at every turn of events, finding laughter spilling into our hearts when sharing happiness between us.

Tears lying still upon the floor of our souls, not touching us as we are touched by our unconditional love for each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spilling Musical Order

Shaking out rhythms,
spilling them onto tables set for dinner.
Gathering bouquets, adding them to the mix
so all notes will be arranged in orders only
musicians would know of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spilling Night

High atop earth, looking down, looking out, at the birth of life.

Dawning delicately, the night is drawing near, picking it's way silently so no one may hear when it chooses to fall.

Idly awaiting many sounds that proceed it's coming, sharing in the quietness of splendor.

Taking in hand, gentle pleas of understanding, forging ahead of wisdom, needing no urging.

From out beyond depths of life everlasting, night comes and silently spills it's presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spilling Sanctity

Windows of my soul open to God's love, wanting to be with Him always.
Reaching forward into dimensions of talented prose, expecting to be exposed to all matter of holiness.
Watching sanctity spill over and drop to earth, surrounding me with blessings from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spinning Sand Storms

Showering life with an abundance of blessings, taking us onto the surface of freshly created deserts.

Sand storms hit and fill earth with thick clouds of dust, spinning through the air, landing in our eyes, hair and clothing.

Trying to shield our eyes to no avail, sand still gets inside and tries to scratch our eyeballs.

Pretending to cry in order to form the tears needed to wash it all from our sight without any injury whatsoever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spinning Words

Spinning words, filling in definitions
of spontaneous combustion, as ideas pop
up and slash their ways through dense
atmospheres of meaningful desires.

(8: 12 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiral Interpretations

Spending nights with spirits of intellect, digesting what-
ever they convey to this mind.

A delicious and savory sensation, entering through every
sense, climbing to new heights of cognizance and reality.

Surprising even imagination with motions of their spiral
interpretations in all ten dimensions of an inner universe.

Opened wide to every aspect of this mind, clearly defined
and appropriate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiral Journey

Withering inside, keeping calm as I watch
all life rotate in spirals, sending me
down inner rivers on journeys to farthest
shores of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiral Of Limits

Stretching into a spiral of limits being taken
on a wavering layout.
Somewhere in distant hallways, life goes walking
into the edge of night, leaving me wanting more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiral Thoughts

Spirals of thought reaching upwards, wanting to be touched by images comfortably entrenched in my mind.
Sojournly waiting for an entity to come alive, hoping to become the extra-sensory thoughts needed to finish many rhymes of distinction.
Allowing a vast area of my brain to enter another dimension and begin describing it in details, unknown to anyone else.
Reaching further into inner space, feeling it's embrace as I tenderly pick words from a garden of beauty and stamina, creating many more poems to keep me going on pathways of invisible portrayals of novel ideas.
Quietly meditating, feeling calmer by the minute, an existence of forebearance beginning and ending in my soul.
Waiting moments in time to become who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiralling Energy

Life circles itself and continues to fly unendingly into
future generations where hopefully, equations will be
found that tabulate echoes of many answers not yet found
in life.

Circular thoughts sending spiraling energy far into realms
of another universe, sojourn and alone, being forsaken
and abandoned from the inside out.

Leaving an emptiness screaming from within, never finding
anything to ease the piercing pain that is totally enve-
loping another in their turmoil.

Searching effortlessly, suggesting a temporary solution
to live with the sorrow as it drapes itself totally over
this mind.

Suggestions never being considered in this world, as we
walk breathlessly into the next, no longer being a part
of anything in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiralling Moments Of Desire

Spinning, spiraling in moments of desire where we're to-
together in mind, body and spirit, nothing ever feeling
quite as good as being loved by one another.

Beauty unsurpassed, an exquisite passion, unequaled any-
where else in this wide world, a delectable and titilla-
ting experience over and over again through our love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spires Of Oneness

Heads turning, looking sideways at mirrors of distaste,
averting eyes from any misplaced tenants.
Walking slowly away, head down, looking downcast as
saddened people crawl away into shells of disobedience.
Forever floating on shores of gigantic ocean waves,
balancing on spires of oneness without a craving in
sight.
Riding alone into the darkest of nights, mistaken
identities become translucent in mystic hazes of
twilight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirit

Responsibilities not taken lightly are a joy in times of
empty loneliness.

Feeling truly needed, sincerely felt from within as well
as without.

There are no needs to understand or read into, I am merely
doing something I love for as long as I wish to do it.

Happiness fills my being as the Spirit leads me wherever
there is a need.

Willingly going forth to experience anything, whether it
be a learning experience for myself or another.

Growing closer with each and every one, thankfully and
prayerfully, awaiting a message from the Spirit, with
heart and soul completely open, full of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirit - Filled Puzzles

Life has become an everlasting image on vertical horizons, allowing reflection and reasonableness to enter our little spheres of lifetime joy and sorrow.
Filtering rays of sun and moon shine upon us, penetrating our minds, bringing about past and present images to tantalize our beings with spirit-filled puzzles.
Allowing us to put together, lives we choose to picture and live within - our orbs of self-absorption.
Reality created by our own imaginations, turning us inside out, facing our futures with many doubts and unsureties, because we opted for puzzle pieces we weren't really sure of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirit Anew

Flowers dropping daintily from trees touched
by a hummingbird in rhapsody.

Filling anew, my spirit, with the use of God-
given talents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirit Craving

Finding joy in each step of rhythm, lifting spirits
and taking off into the atmosphere.

Free as a bird, nothing holding onto me, finding the
freedom my spirit is always craving and experiencing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirit Flowing In India

Gently intense, a spiritual feeling emanating from within
it's essence, a journey being taken into a spiritual uni-
verse where not many can follow.

Their doubts standing in the way, being in an unending open-
ness, seeing nothing in this world, yet living through it's
every experience.

Finding beauty expanding, blossoming into the future, led
by the peace and serenity I have found here in India, a
lotus having filled my spirit fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirit Grasping Hold

Feeling my spirit grasping hold of me through music and
writing, taking me into an infinity of this life where
I am able to look over the edge.

Seeing meanings and purpose of life being constantly,
completely and always fulfilled, a special intense
grace of innate nature spreads through me.

Spreading throughout my being, reason and logic shining
brightly through eternity, as I drift from them into the
bluened light of enlightenment and knowledge forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirit Lifting

Joyous feelings coming over us, drenching our beings
in fantastic music of accordions.
Bright and cheery, taking us to outer limits of
yesterday, giving all measures of glad tidings.
Feeling good within, lifting our spirits in spite of
our trials and troubles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirit Of Christmas

Christmas spirit lives on through the years
in our memories.
Holding it's love, drinking it in deeply
from wells of the past, guiding us to the
future with fortitude and serenity in all
things good.
Hope everlastingly gives us the faith to
live our lives in spirits of Christmas love
and fidelity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirit Of Life

Living within a shell, listening to an ocean roar, being lulled by it's sound into a serene sleepiness.
Taking every sound and watching it enter an inner realm of glory.
Fastening onto the spirit of life, realizing the silence surrounding my mind.
Focusing every idea onto the board showing me what is stirring beyond my sight.
Bringing all of modern technology into the computer age with my mind genuinely calculating the essence of humanity into equations divided by uncertain combinations in areas of imagination.
Pulling many abstractions from out of the atmosphere around me, aligning them with elements that normally don't go together logically.
Now though, I've found the right codes for a brand new chemical assimilation being practiced by me because equations are situated in my mind only.
Proven theories have now become facts you can be certain of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirit Of Memory

Purposely flowing, listening to quiet rhymes of ingenuity and wisdom, letting them saturate my being with their intelligence.
Fulfilling every thought with novel ideas, glancing ahead, seeing the future brighten then darken with my last breath.
No where finding self, because I'm no longer here, I'm just a spirit of some people's memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirit Of Truth Found In India

Truth and honesty coming forth, taking the front seat,
driving into the fields of lies and illusions, creating
pathways leading into arenas of hope and joy.

Taking the bleakness from people as they realize the
purity of their innocence, awakening the fruits of their
intellect.

Touching the basic facts their minds reach out to, combin-
ing, mixing and blending the beauty of life once again in
the spirit of truth and honesty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirit Protection

Wallowing in the winds as they blow across my face, taunting me with their lively stunts.
Protecting my spirit, keeping me safe from the illusions of the past and future.
Getting caught in the middle of an extra-sensory storm, calling out to be tethered before being torn asunder from all I know and love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirit Soaring Above Life

Awakening spirit, comforting and enveloping me within
it's tender sphere.
Joining with intellect, giving me a double dose of
intense feeling, more than enough to write from.
Mind jumping, running, feeling alive and rejoicing in
it's aptitude while writing.
Peaceful renditions filled with nature and imagination,
taking me soaring above life, dipping and engaging in
a myriad of thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirit-Minded

Freedom riding the waves of expressive thought,
balancing the reasons of good and evil.
An act of favoritism costing one self-esteem
and the other pride.
Fixating the proper attitudes of livelihood
and aiming them in the right direction.
Solemn, effacing the reality of time in
another space of mortality.
Cancelling the proportionate abilities of
mankind and replacing them with inept
components.
Finding the irreplaceable questions lying
abandoned on life's shores while echoes of
distance fill the atmosphere.
Forward, catching sights hidden normally
from view.
There's not enough time for our reckoning to
be finished.
We must all leave behind everything important
and walk on spirit-minded.
Counting the blessings we seek beyond our
limited horizons here and now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirits Beside Me

Spirits staying right beside me
as I think, write and listen to
music of Springsteen to help
calm down a bit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirit's Craving

Thinking beyond life, listening to sounds of nature and the hereafter, feeling the joyful happiness that surrounds our loved ones who have gone on before us.

An intense feeling of love coming from our Lord, giving them the peace and stillness that all of our spirits crave here on earth, but cannot conceive of or receive until we too die.

Continuing onto the next horizon we will then find our way onto pathways that each of our destinies have led us to in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirit's Essence

Essence of this spirit travels through the night,
alighting among stars and traversing their lighted
paths.

Momentary thoughts play with them as my mind dis-
plays them in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirits Feeling Free

Totally calmed in realms of musical and rhythmic patterns,
soul being sated spiritually through heavenly chords and
measures of angelic choirs.

Tantalizing and tempting us to join in, our spirits feel-
ing free, guiding, leading us on our paths of destiny,
allowing us to make choices along the way.

Whether right or wrong they belong to us alone, we own
them throughout time, no matter what, we continue to pro-
gress into the future.

Criss-crossing and taking different routes to get there
in the end, always knowing that it will end, no doubts
at all about that aspect of life.

Finding our way onto another sunsetical shore, having
spent time here on this earth, now ready to enter the
gates of heaven.

There we can at last rest and never again have to worry
about anything, our Lord taking care of us and having
nothing to be afraid of again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirits Filling Me

Spirits filling me incessantly,
giving hope and joy to interior
intellect.

Collecting them all affectionately
and placing them into another poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirits Joining

Stars forming in my mind,
shining their wonder down upon me from afar.
A joining of spirits, giving me something to
look forward to every night when the sun goes down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirits Of Death

Steadily walking with the spirits of my death, letting them
lead me into the depths of their blackness, just to explore
what they have in store for my future.

Wanting to satisfy curiosity with discovery, being open to
every thought as it falls between the coverlets of life and
allows me to peer into the darkness of my wonder.

Believing the truths of death, knowing that it's reality and
cannot be anything but what it truly is.

Nothing coming close to it's essence of cold icy designs,
nothing able to touch the deadened hands of the reaper unless
death has already reached into each one of us independently.

A solo journey saved for each of us in our endings of life
here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirits Of Life

Watching the horizon, seeing spirits of life who have passed on, taking their stand on the edge of another life, appropriately and curiously taking strides to communicate from the other side.

Eying the life that they have left behind, wondering why the aren't still a part of it, looks of puzzling quizzical questions being posed upon their faces as they continue their own journeys, left them by fate and individual destinies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirits Of Love

Still, silent, into a moonlit night peace descends
on spirits of love as they make their way into
darkened twilight.
Satisfying inner desires with tantamount finesse,
liabilities falling by the wayside, being tied
together in twine of past daylight hours.
Wires strangling life, coiling around it like snakes
in a pit of jungle death.
Swerving, careening, crashing into fate along the
way, as pictures are broken, slashed, forsaken on
the way toward death's lonely, lonesome journey
from the people and things we know and love on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirits Of Our Souls

Cogitating, listening to music, enjoying rhythms soaring
into other dimensions where different patterns and designs
are created.

Beautiful landscapes tread onto photographic screens,
finding solutions to age-old problems in our world,
satisfying the interior curiosity of intellect with every
form of creativity being used and expressed.

No other place can be as open and honest as within the
spirits of our souls, never taking away from the necessity
of it's purpose in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirit's Sadness

A melancholy feeling has been emptied into my heart at
the ending of this day.

Crushing interiorly, my spirit with it's sadness, as
it squeezes my heart in the process.

Quietly, silently looking to heaven and praying for
the strength and fortitude to get through it's grief
in one piece.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirit's Senses

Beautiful scenery passes through this mind of beautiful access,
taking thoughts indelibly on travels with pleasure and anticipation.
Noting everything along pathways of adjacent spirituality,
picking up spirits of kindness, embroidering all senses
into beautiful lace doilies of eternal life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirits Walking

Spirits in the night, walking the heavens, looking
down, watching as I lie awake, not able to sleep.

Yearning for someone to come talk to me for a while,
but nighttime has fallen upon this deathly cold and
lonely night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Acquiescence

Retiring late every night, staying up reading, writing,
listening to and composing music, loving this mere
poetical life that God has so graciously given to me.

Mind being wrapped in an intellectual sphere, taking me
down avenues that most people will never see or travel
down or through.

Loving the beauty of nature and humanity, taking time to
learn all I can about them, living an absolute innocence
and purity, never having lost them from childhood.

Thanking God, always looking at everything with child-
like wonder and awe, being surprised, delightfully in
every aspect.

Appreciating every moment with a spiritual acquiescence
always in this life here on earth, giving an essence
and beauty all the days of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Aspects

Searching my soul, seeing it's transcendental sphere
connected to the divine.

Solace being taken and attributed to the sequence of
sorrowful embraces during childhood.

Only now, realizing how they have helped to develop
the innocence of our minds and beliefs in the spiritual
aspects of nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Atmosphere

Serenity filling me with melodies and harmony,
giving an intense stillness here within me.

Quietly listening to the rhythms as they gently
stir intellect and it's many thoughts.

Properties of this existence being manifested
through thought-provoking poetry.

Feeling the holiness coming from the divine, in-
stilling an intense peace deeply within my mind.

As I continue to write a spiritual atmosphere now
upon intellect, keeping me calm and contented.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Awareness

Birds calling to each other through a gentle morning breeze.
Statues of children - little twins - looking up, watching
birds flit from branch to branch and away.
Shadows playing with one another across the desert ground,
hiding behind rocks and trees.
Placatingly peaceful, quiet, solemn.
A joyful memory of someone I knew brings a tear.
His wheelbarrow, rake and shovel awaiting his spiritual return.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Beauty

Walking through pastures of roses, blossoms filling path-
ways with their petals.

Standing at the gate, looking around, contemplating each
one, hoping to place them into books of poetry and liter-
ature.

Noticing and placing them in the world where they can be
read by children and grown-ups, each one a delicious
gourmet meal for the mind and intellect.

Never having to search for words to define meanings of
what I wish to say, loving the energy and beauty coming
from a spirituality deep within me.

Spreading the words of an interior atmosphere where they
can pertain to spiritual beauty of this world, nurturing
everyone and giving them the opportunity to blossom.

Having an interior life to contemplate and grow in the
promises of the Lord so hopefully they can grow and live
in their own spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Blanket

Rhythms beating incessantly, keeping my mind
from becoming too bored.

Living life has it's ups and downs, plenty of
suffering and turmoil, yet we contine waking
up every day.

Total peace at times seems to help as we open
our eyes and watch it cover us with a spiritual
blanket from above.

Effervescent and completely filling our beings
beneath it's presence in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Configuration

Quietly being captivated interiorly through a bluened light,
watching beautiful essences emanating from the liveliness
of another spiritual configuration.

Musically rising from within intellect, somnolent desires
now awakened, joyous and titillating amongst the intense
glory of a spirituality abounding from the Divine.

Sparkling like diamonds upon a woman soon to be married,
effervescent like her smile and love being shone through
her eyes.

Straight from her soul, alighting in depths of tomorrow's
future that's right now lying hidden within her being, a-
waiting the moment of truth.

When her love shines forth through her lover's heart, mind
and soul, a loving, moving tenderness opening like a blossom-
ing rose in a newly refreshed garden of Eden.

Now watching a beautiful essence emanating from the livelі-
ness of another spiritual configuration, musically shining
from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Connotations

Eyes closed, insight coming closer, interpreting what thought processes are bringing about changes in attitude and moods, slipping along slides of eternity. Charging spiritual connotations as they arrive in hurried aspects of existent life, carrying me over thresholds of eternity to watch the tides of everlasting beauty on heaven's shores today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Contemplation

Sentimentality dresses me each evening in it's splendor,
taking me away to future horizons as I dream tonight of
all things past.

Never settling for anything in this world, wanting to be
and do the best I can.

Traveling around in places of profound interest, no
doubts in place to ruin the peace I feel.

Interiorly assisting factions of spiritual contemplation
as sentimentality dresses me each evening in it's
fascinating splendor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Destiny

Following the music down keys of ivory,
keeping up with it's tone and rhythms
all day long.
Believing in a time of goodness as it
is played daily without hesitation.
A quality of soul-searching beauty,
naturally fulfilling a spiritual destiny
into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Essence

Touching and loving one another, walking hand in
hand through the desert, looking at it's beauty
as we pass by it.

Being tantalized interiorly, finding a spiritual
essence touching our souls so tenderly, effort-
lessly, as we are opened to the Divine.

Always welcoming God into our lives, having such
a perfect unconditional love for each other, it's
beginnings in a spiritual realm, nothing to do
with this materialistic earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Essences

Separating life from reality in my mind takes no
effort as I slide down avenues of peaceful
negotiation, procuring livelihood from within
depths of imagination.

Filling in cracks and crevices with particles of
existence, watching for interior abstractions, I
glide and glaze over nature, always discovering
another facet to my being.

Liking whatever I see, fancy takes me further on
my journey of fateful destiny.
Efforts of thought blend with exercises of the mind,
exacting spiritual essences from God's heavens above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Exercises

Rocking through deserts on horseback, reliving spiritual exercises from the past.
Creating images tantamount to calmer energies on roads of destiny.
Folding and unfurling each aspect of self, continuing to exist inside a labyrinth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Eyes

Walking up dirt paths, breathing in dust of ages past,
bringing ourselves into surrounding origins belonging
to no one.

Spiritually eyeing opportunities from earth, we hold
on tightly, hoping to finish our quest.

When careening down another's path, we slip and fall
because it does not belong to us.

Along our weary ways we dart in and out, faithfully
trying to belong to ourselves as we travel our own
paths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Freedom Of Life

Wandering through life, not settling for anything in particular,
just wanting to remain free to do what's wanted, never harming
anyone, just being self alone.

People wanting to hold us back, cripple us with their inferiority,
but having none of it while saying good-bye and walking into the
sunset without them.

Wild, untamed, a solitary entity, enjoying this spiritual free-
dom of life with nothing to hinder us at all, liberty always
being held sacredly and never given up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Glee

Special and blended graces are filling my spirit with
joy and a spiritual glee of life.

Finding trails leading into depths of other worlds
filled with jungles, forests and mountains.

Always giving an outward appearance of other-worldly
things that come into view.

Splendid and enticing, searching rhythms for the smiles
of an entire lifetime spent in poverty.

Never really minding it, except when having no money or
riches to share with someone more unfortunate than myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Graves

Wringing hands of mindless purposes, turning away
from shores of life because they are too forlorn
to be a part of being today.
Walking lonely on beaches of sand, thinking
saddened memories that leave us soaked in puddles
of dismay.
Knowing there will be no reprieve in the coming
days or following years, we climb into graves,
made just for our spirits on sides of life beyond
our measure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Growing

Casually strolling down quiet pathways, looking about,
focusing on many details of nature.

Noticing that they are combining with human nature on
a certain level within depths of my being.

A spiritual growing being nurtured by an interior life
in a vast and beautiful landscape sent from heaven it-
self.

Keeping me hopeful in dangers of turmoil and strife
here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Healing

Choices made from reasonable thought and logic, manifest ideas in many auras of beauty.

Writing and existing on another plain, loving the great difference it makes in life.

Mending a broken heart, tending to wounds of the soul, through intellect and imagination as I write to rhythms of spiritual healing.

So soothing, a salve to this being of sorrow and loneliness throughout life and along grief's pathway where many times, I became lost in the mire of abandonment.

A lost soul, being found through an interior sphere and writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Horizons

Wishes becoming reality, spreading themselves
throughout life, giving much pleasure.

Soothing rhythms soaring into spiritual domains
of beautiful horizons.

Visions being uncomplicated and seen simply for
what they are.

Written atmospheres being the best of both worlds,
letting me go back and forth between them.

Perfect tempos and gifted senses, taking self on
journeys of interior imagination.

Swirling happiness, giving it's joy, allowing it's
presence to become a part of self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Intellect

Stepping quietly into an inner spiritual atmosphere,
seeing it's vivid beauty, feeling it's intensity and
stillness of eternal silence.

Spreading throughout my being, filling it with a
solace and serenity that never quits while I'm in
it's bluened universe.

Feeling beauty of heaven, able to go to and from it
within this spiritual intellect, a fascinating and
alluring world it is!

Very addictive to the soul, as it never wants to leave
this bluened heaven for that of an earthly one, only
wanting to live here until dying from this earth.

A life of pain and suffering, only wish that it were
possible to attain realms of heaven forever, instead
of just moments in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Intellectualization

Totally energizing this inner spirit with vibrant rhythms
all taking me intellectually into upper stratospheres of
the brain.

Amazing feats of accomplishment keep happening throughout
this life, entertaining and sustaining humor and goodness
of my spirit within, reaching aspects of an interior reality.

Combining it all with imaginational moments of yesterday,
memories forging into the future, recalling many moments of passionate
creativeness.

Mind walking through intellect on it's own, fascinated with
wonder and awe found through spiritual intellectualization
in a subconsciousness, a total participation in every thought
process.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Intensity

Enjoying feelings of an unconditional love as it filters through this being, filling it with feelings of a spiritual intensity that reaches every particle and fiber of self.

Movements of desire are being awakened as this soul is lit up like stars above; right where I am, life is moving upward, grasping hands, giving an exceptional joy never felt in life before.

So sublime and calming, soothing heartaches from the past, airing emptiness, and lessening the loneliness that always penetrates this being.

Feelings of abandonment are reaching their arms out to these feelings of an unconditional love, wanting to be held also.

Quieting everything, falling into a sleep-induced state, watching in fascination, as your love redefines who I am.

Thanking God for your presence in my life, acquiescing to goodness in humble appreciation from this moment forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Interior Nature

Sitting closely to music coming from an interior life,
filled with a spirituality beyond that of most people.

Never having been taught by parents, priest, nuns or
religion, all of it coming innately from music, art,
and poetry.

It's being created scientifically through an intellect
craving more than just someone's opinionated knowledge
and wisdom, even from centuries ago.

Long-lived philosophies no longer apply to life nowadays,
morals, ethics and an interior life have to be reinvented
for all people in today's world.

Explicit facts innately coming from within our souls is
the first step towards growing and blossoming an interior
spirituality.

Being calm and placid in spite of the state of the world
around us and the inherent evils trying to surround us on
all sides.

Respecting selves, finding a quiet space that is within
each individual, it must be once again found and noticed
for what it is, our innate nature blended with intelligence
and imagination.

It can only be located in the center of our soul's brain
and lead in the direction of our spiritual nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Liberty

Riding into the future of delight, rehearsing every memory
throughout life, remembering them as beautifully wonderful
and intensely driven by an interior spirit.

Always enjoying being at the center of every particle of
living, touching and enlivening a spiritual liberty that
lives within my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Life

Skirting edges of antiquity, walking towards paths of solitude,
unafraid of new experiences and false attitudes.

Situated in the forefront of modern times, placed in pockets
like change, felt always closely at hand.

Times are filled with ever-widening circles, encompassing the
pristine air of a peaceful, fruitful, spiritual inner life.

Placed upon flowing rivers of inner desire, folded carefully
in an inner sanctuary, kept hidden from view, and placed
spiritually upon the altar of my soul in preparation for the
future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Messages

Gathering momentum as I stride through life, exhausting all possibilities while writing constantly throughout the years, taking everything that comes to mind.

Placing it in coded rhythms where intellect will rapidly translate them into poems being read all over the world, messages of spiritual issues being spread to those who somehow need to read and hear them personally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Mist

Fretting through a myriad of intellectual curiosities,
alternating visions to signal newly created ideas.
Spraying a mist of spirituality over my mind, granting
a mystical hold over every nuance and thought of
becoming one with God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Nature

Rejoicing in life, happy to have survived once again,
having had another major surgery and many complications,
now doing much better.

Peaceful, gentle, abiding with my spirit interiorly,
soaring, filled with energy, contemplating life with a
spiritual nature.

Continually enveloping self daily, being filled with
a total euphoria, constantly taking me away into another
dimension.

A flagrant disregard for all the pain I've been going
through right now, trying to disregard it so writing
can be continued incessantly.

Following thoughts as they expand exponentially through-
out this mind, intense and open, broadening intellect
expansively, feeling so good, while contemplating.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Platter

Wrecking havoc within, rattling senses and emotions drastically and totally, serving life's essence on a spiritual platter. never walking away from sacrifices.

Knowing they each have a lesson to be learned from their dire straits and turmoil, living in this world, always looking for that one moment of an exacting pleasurable love in someone who wants only you for the rest of life.

Never tip-toeing around, just seeking the liberty and freedom of becoming one with another in this life, hoping to stay to-gether forever, an everlasting and unconditional love between only the two of you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Possibilities

Living in colorful fantasies of imagination, landscapes
stepping right into photographic screens.

All wanting to be seen and expressed naturally in puzzles
of pictures that intellect is exposing and developing even
now.

Explicit and powerful, reaching interiorly with a purpose
in mind to touch the spiritual possibilities of wisdom.

Being energetically taken into the spotlight, I watch as
brilliant thoughts step up to entertain my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Reality

Readily traversing roads leading to eternity from where I'm at in this very moment of time.

Focusing alonely on inner aspects of spirituality, bringing it onto plains of reality where I can see and become what I can in my little space of life while I'm here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Realm

Synchronized, attuned to a livelihood of being, touching
upon seasons of the soul.

Living in the Divine and generating an energy beyond that
of this life on earth.

Succinctly and concisely taking part in a spiritual realm,
knowing it's the center and essence of who we are in reality.

Many possibilities are opened to those who are in touch
with spiritual lives interiorly.

An absolute and vibrant energy coming into our existence
when in it's depths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Recognition

Yuletide cheer spreading itself through Christmas,
acknowledging the birth of Jesus so many years ago.
Spiritually recognizing the immensity of His day,
filled with the wonder and awe of every little child
when they awaken Christmas Day and place their little
figures of baby Jesus in the mangers of their own
individual nativities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Rhythms

Dual rhythms playing in my head,
taking their turns with left and right sides of grey matter. Intertwining massive amounts of creative juice upon sheets
of ice to glide about my mind, enjoying each skid and twist
as it happens to come my way.
A lasting feeling of peace fills me with an instant thought
for new poetry and images, playing through seconds of every
day and word.
Cavorting along, taking easy steps on difficult avenues,
stepping over marshes and quicksand to enliven my spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Sanctuary

Softly settling into a spiritual sanctuary of peace,
joy finding passages through intellectual endeavors.

Finding solace, graduating in neurons and synapses,
taking and spreading it everywhere throughout a
being.

Solicitous and promising, educating intellect
innately with an adaptive and supportive avenue of
energy and well-being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Saxophone

Listening to a spiritual presence on stage, playing
saxophone religiously and solemnly without reserve.

Praying rhythms and melodies with every breath he
takes.

Looking out at dancers practicing how to enjoy and
have fun, while praying oftentimes with thoughts of
little ones in beds at St. Jude's hospital.

A gentle, quiet, reserved Italian musician filled
with the love of God, as he shares and spills it
out upon us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Sentiments

Spiritual sentiments pulling at heart strings,
touching souls of one and all
in a holiday presence as Christmas moves
closer toward us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Skyline

Stoking fires of desired intellectual endeavors, firing
them with an excitedness of pleasure.

A blaze of torrential sparks filled with ideas soaring,
then falling individually into an open mind, capturing
and being enlightened by them.

Always stepping into the fray, no matter how detailed
and obtuse they may be on times of a spiritual skyline.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Soul

It doesn't matter what religion you are, whatever
fits your being is alright with God as long as He
is at the center of your life.
If you are an atheist it's only because God is not
yet ready for you - there are lessons you need to
learn and put to use before you can love or care
for anyone but yourself.
God knows - He understands your doubts and
confusion - He will not push you in His direction,
but will allow you to choose the time that is
right.
Free will eventually will mold and form your
decision.
As you live your end, close your eyes, breathe no
more, you will have been awakened in His loving arms,
no more questions, no doubts or confusion - only a
serene spiritual soul of a being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Thought

Following pathways laid down
in desert sands.

Closely adhering to desert
ways while fully living
interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Thoughts Inspired In India

Striding into the future, hopes and promises guiding the way, seeing visions ahead being fulfilled with an interior spirituality.

Filling this blossoming spirit with an enticing experience of silence, forging pathways into each dimension, creating and forming patterns and designs crossing over into imagination, returning into the circle of life after death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritual Transcendence

Strumming the violin of my heart with the bow of my soul, creating and composing heavenly songs filled with the aroma of the Divine.

Stirring intellect, taking me into directions towards contemplation, there my mind grasps onto meanings of another life that was lived in moments of death.

Showing me things I'd never seen before, brilliant and so beautiful, nothing like the colors and textures of earth, being filled with a spiritual transcendence.

As I went with joy through heaven's gardens, free and filled with an addictive serenity that I did not wish to let go of in death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirituality In India Abiding Within

Strangely reticent, quiet, silent, looking into the near
past with loving memories, hoping to have them repeated
over and over again throughout this mortal life.

Anticipating and cooperating with this mind as it captures
and allows me to see the beauty of an inner spirituality
being spread all over an interior life.

Spirit being loving, caring, compassionate and perfectly
enticing as I live in the sanctity of Divine blessings in
this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirituality Meets With Imagination

Energetic and ambitious, never denying or saying no to in-
tellect, being absorbed entirely by the purpose of life,
mind taking in everything with a photographic memory.

Beautiful, enticing, powerful and enlightening, the purpose
of soul and being, an all-encompassing pastime of life, ful-
filling the essence and passion of poetical life.

Aromas of innate talent coming through knowledge and wisdom,
always being encouraged and nourished every moment of life,
careful to stay free of others opinions and orders.

Only wanting and doing what fits spirituality within my being,
thoughts arranging themselves so perfectly as I write, not
making mistakes, writing only what's being inspired by music.

Notes racing through this mind, picking and selecting words
that will rhyme succinctly without thinking twice, an effort-
less process constantly being used while writing.

Endless possibilities being created from interior depths,
making possible any and all of them coming to the foreground,
pleasure abounding, giving sustenance and wisdom.

Brain continuing to learn without hesitation, a fascinating
way to learn and improve moment by moment, a perfect synch-
ronization with music, rhythms and writing.

Sounds solid and versatile, every moment throughout time and
life, profound, deep and serene, taking me deeper all the
time into a form of contemplation.

There spirituality meets with imagination, a total experience
of euphoria meeting with reality, a perfect combination coming
from an innate subconsciousness.

Alive, vivid, ambitious and energetic, ready to focus at a
moments notice on any thought, expressing, expanding it and
finding the perfect way to place it in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritually Contemplative Essence

Moving slowly forward at times, sluggish feelings
pushing and pulling at my being.

Feeling an energy lighting me interiorly, sparking
intellect, taking my mind into dimensions beyond
life.

Admonitions wandering in and out of this mind,
following desires that have formed throughout life.

Designs exciting and thrilling unequivocally where-
ever life leads me.

Interests abounding, finding new directions opening
up within intellect.

Forever taking me onto other-worldly journeys through
the years.

Quietly shining on the way, this bluened light always
present, holding my attention.

Silently and courageously being immersed in it, simple
and joyful living in the spiritually contemplative
essence of an interior passion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritually Deepening Visions

Sending notes into pits, letting them find their own words to write into pages of books, belonging to intellect.
Focusing onto pages left over from visions deepened by spirituality and held closely to my soul.
Heart vibrating quickly, taking into account, the rhythms of my soul as they reverberate across heaven.
Finding spaces to reside in, getting into shape, exercising their figures and copulating definitions into factual images, sounding like histories of etudes from classical signs of yesterday.
Looking closely as the sun sets itself over my mind, closing doors for just moments at a time, fixing all sentences in collaboration with poetical mysteries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritually In Touch

Reaching within, hearing rhythms at last being sung in person,
feeling the presence of beings that have been with me through
all the difficult times in life in the past three years.

So in touch spiritually with every one of them, appreciating
them being here to celebrate with me tonight.

Filled with the peace and joy of everything good in life,
taking it all to heart forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritually Not Attuned

Life-changing experiences happen throughout our lives on earth, never knowing if we're going to be alive from one minute to the next.

Never really thinking about those things as we go about our daily lives, spiritually not attuned for many people tend to have a more difficult time in life than those of us with faith and hope in God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spiritually Resting

Resting spiritually in depths of contemplation where life is settled, alone and calmly watching without at the antics of nature in an afternoon wind blowing so fiercely.

Scattering leaves and anything not nailed down, suddenly pouncing upon the surface of earth, sending things flying into the atmosphere.

Nothing to be kept from soaring away into another person's yard, wonder filling this mind at this extraordinary feat of nature every time it happens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spirt Of Americans

Exceptional and beautiful, the spirit of American
people as they gather together.

No matter what race, religion or creed, everyone
welcomed into the fold as long as they want to
assimilate to our way of life.

Problems, there aren't any to be seen as all people
dance, laugh, talk and enjoy themselves with no
hatred or scorn to be seen or felt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spite

Wondering how people lose self-respect and esteem, is it because they were taught by their parents to disrespect and abuse themselves.

Telling them they are always wrong or doing it wrong, never praising or loving them unconditionally like good decent parents do.

Living in hell, giving up, turning to drugs or alcohol proving their parents were right, spiting them for the way they were treated growing up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Splashing

Rolling waves, shifting tides flowing throughout
the oceans of the world.

Splashing against rocks of our souls, crushing
and bringing about a new interior life.

Bluened thoughts giving off the essence of heaven
in songs of praise, while beginning rhythms are
singing loudly into the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Splashing Droplets

Water droplets splashing against the rocks lying in the way of their pent-up energy.
Continuing to flow evenly across the ledge, cooling the surrounding environment with it's calming rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Splashing In Harmony

Singing, filling my head with musical compositions, heading towards a special stage in the future.
Playing all the rhythms I can put together in the span of a poem.
Listening to my heart take it's turn splashing in harmonies to my soul's content.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Splashing Tears

Having shared a lifetime with you, somehow separating us
with grief, tears splashing with every thought I take
to heart my love.

Asking eternal questions that have no answers, stubbornly
wanting to know why you have been taken from me, anger
cornering my being within.

Hurting so intensely, but I cannot let go of it for I want
you back in my life my dear, silent days and nights, left
alone to face the reality of your death against my life.

Heart broken beyond repair, nothing to be done, I am afraid
my love, afraid to live without you, you were my strength,
courage, heart, you loved and cared for me through the years.

So tenderly and carefully giving me your beautiful heart to
hold, love and cherish, now you're no longer here, how can I
go on, how can I live alone my dear.

Sitting quietly, mind blank, nothing to look forward to, no
hope, a sinking feeling in the pit of my being, abandoned,
forsaken through no fault of your own my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Splendid Concert

Riding the train into an ebony darkness, clacking down
tracks, following whatever direction it's taking, not
caring at all what lies ahead.

Wanting to wander into the world unheeded, free and
loving the nature that touches my heart and soul, just
watching everything as the wind blows it's tune.

Taunting me with it's lonesome and tempting sounds through-
out the night, rising with tempos as daylight breaks into
a morning sunrise.

Filled with glory and a melliferous aroma touching this
mind of intellect, bringing hope and faith to the fore-
ground.

Nothing getting in the way of rhythms as they lead me in-
to the future, aligning all my tomorrows with the joy of
an interior spirituality throughout the hours.

Metered in tempos of inner chords and rapid rhythms,
brilliant light opening up my mind, taking me into another
dimension far from the one I'm in.

Loving the vibration and humor entering this evening with
a band of talented musicians, playing a tribute to Elton
John.

Watching the actions of artists as they commit to the
interior gifts of innate talent that they were born with,
staging the melodies and colors exploding into my brain.

A splendid concert of fireworks, intensely being alive in
the midst of all this music, writing my heart out into
poetry through every moment of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Splendid Solutions

Sensing something beyond sight, wondering what it could
possibly be and how it can be used to help all of man-
kind in the hatred of our times.

Splendid solutions taking their places in our country
right now where they are most needed, soon to be seen
outright.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Splintering

Life is a banal creature, hurting and maiming us throughout it's span of time.
At times being tremendous, mainly though, raking us through the coals, not giving us a choice, surrounding us with grief day in and out.
Splintering and dropping us into heaps of trash to find our way out of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Splinters Of Sight

Splinters of sight fill my mind with slices of
entertainment, at times when I need to retreat
from edges of aged horizons.

Guiding lights and beacons form interiorly,
leading to causeways of serene pastimes.

Solar screens slip in taking over plains of
enlightenment.

Shaking out olden cobwebs and replacing them
instead, with future dreams in environmental
homesteads lying in wait.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Split - Second Thoughts

Rhythms playing faster and faster, making this mind go into split-second thoughts, capturing details instantaneously and totally.

A captivating way to write poetry that has taken being into atmospheres beyond what is known, loving the intensity of feelings and emotions being shown and felt.

Every sense sensitized beyond belief, noticing changes that this being goes through while writing, slowing down, then speeding up, never missing a beat.

A delightful, energetic way to start and end each day, entirely being emptied through music and writing, draining being, yet giving intense energy incessantly while doing so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Split Moment

Nature filters itself into my mind quietly, filling it with vibrant sensations of beauty, touching an interior peace that's everlasting.

Taking me spiritually into depths of my being, lovely and divine, holding my soul so gently in a bluened light, never leaving faith for it's a part of my interior being.

Keeping me alive on earth, moving forward into realms of another dimension where life becomes and ends in a split moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Split Second

Tantamount occupation of inner minds is being alive to
whatever surroundings are in your environment.

Aware, alert, unconsciously perceiving every notion,
word, object or person in the vicinity.

Turning it over quickly, silently, making split second
decisions on personal safety and perilous danger,
imminently pressed upon the mind from without.

All thoughts and decisions processed within a blink of
an eye, without ever first thinking about any of it in
the conscious mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Split Seconds

Moving forward with rhythms at a fast pace, collecting
thoughts as I go, wanting to see the results of what
I'm doing instantaneously.

This mind able to make split second decisions, accepting
or rejecting ideas or opinions at a glance through this
mind.

Not wasting time with all the mundane things that others
are concerned with, not wanting to deal with unnecessary
time consuming decisions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Split-Level Images

Split-level images racing before, out running and out-
jumping on the way to sanity.

Sacrificing life to remember the past, so there will be
hope for the tomorrows yet to come.

Facing events from long ago, just recently remembered
and brought forth.

Reliving horrors, having nightmares like in days of old.

Trying to see beyond the past, seeing instead, only the
images set inside.

In a way, daring to run, daring to be cleansed,
maybe, there will be no nightmares in the future.

Maybe, finally the memories, and images of childhood
may be laid to rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Splitting Apart

Scattering leaves of thought throughout intellect,
splitting apart the wonder of earth and it's nature.

Sounds echoing loudly and then whispering in ponds
of curiosity.

Abounding in and about lands of imagination, as they
rest upon edges of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Splitting Apart Atoms

Strength coming from within an innate nature, spilling
it's essence everywhere, thoughts are being made known
through poetry.

Nothing able to penetrate the passion or essence of it's
tantamount being, splitting apart atoms from the begin-
ing of time.

Letting them scatter and blend with abstract chemicals
lying about the universe, creating a whole new material
that will be used to develop peace-making instruments.

Humane, yet powerful enough to get rid of those intent on
committing evil in horrendous ways across our world today,
raping and murdering innocent men, women and children.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Splitting Apart In Sorrow

Being shattered by the intensity of sorrow as it comes fran-
tically into this heart, squeezing tears desperately into
these blue, green, gray eyes.

Slowly spreading across these pages, loneliness, abandonment
of love caressing so gently, yet so harshly, not wanting to
feel it grating against this soul and being.

It will not listen, continuing to do it anyway, splitting a-
part, trying to find a way through sorrow, feeling bereft
with no way to alleviate it.

Why it's coming so intensely isn't known, hearing my Mom's
image coming to mind, wanting to be recognized through the
sorrow being felt, not knowing why but writing of it here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Splitting Atoms

Signing beatitudes, hoping they'll adhere to inner
knowledge for safe-keeping.
Including possible thoughts arrayed in splendid
arrangements brought to bear upon engaging beauty.
Splitting atoms, sending them into the universe
with added pleasure and circumstantial cleverness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Splitting Atoms Of Energy

Striking energy from within probability, effecting change
for the future, hopefully taking challenges further into
depths of other atmospheres.

Filling an interior universe with an accumulation of
insistent ideas and many other aspects of life, taking
pathways along forests of living as they open their hearts
of natural and tentative solicitations and treasures.

Sent traveling far and wide, splitting atoms of energy
to move into much wider circles, effecting change for the
future of mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Splitting Hairs

Wanting to challenge everything with many
questions, wanting to know every single
detail of whatever touched my mind.

Splitting hairs, delving inquisitively into
depths of every issue coming before me in
life.

Scoping and putting everything under a micro-
scope, wanting to get to the truth of what-
ever I put my mind to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Splitting Nightmares

Spreading across the threshold of eyesight, cloudy skies
shine in spite of the setting sun, serendipity proclaim-
ing a sotto voce above earthly compassionate reality.

Wavering into silences set aside carefully for time and
it's purposeful places, walking backwards, looking at
what has already taken place.

Wishing there was a way to change or alternate the past,
not caring to look to the future just yet, trying desper-
ately to obtain some meaning from yesterday.

Not wanting mistakes to be repeated, applying this know-
edge would be a great accomplishment in life, but how do
you learn to keep it from rising again in your future?

Where do you put the mistakes after they've been recog-
nized and dealt with, will the memories once again fade
away or will they reappear in nightmares?

Splitting apart you sanity and leaving you with none, all
fears squirting relentlessly silent to and fro throughout
the years, when will they ever be quiet?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Splurge Of Excitement

Eyes opening, mind now awakening to splendid music flowing,
throwing intellect, knowing no boundaries or limits, taking
this mind into dimensions of unknown facets.

When opened wider than ever, taking in the beauty and wonder
that's being channeled through coded rhythms filled with de-
signs and patterns of sound and color.

Enhancing and bringing an intensity every closer into intell-
ect, flying through pathways of neurons and synapses, filling
this mind and being with energy.

A vibrant and enticing splurge of excitement combined with it,
soothing as it takes me into sublime and joyful experiences
alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Splurge Of Loneliness

Behind his drums, playing incessantly, singing,
keeping to his space in time.
Missing his wife with heart, soul and mind,
singing interiorly to her with all his essence
on earth.
Wandering around the house where he lives,
constantly looking, feeling so lonely without
her.
A future blinded right now with grief, a sadness
that he just can't shake.
Empty hole within, tears hiding until he can let
go and express them in a splurge of loneliness.

(3: 18 p.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spoken In Whispers

Straightening arrows of thought as they are being shot
from brain cells into the circumference of intellect.

Watching sparks grow into flowering fireworks of ideal
thoughts.

Peaceful ones flowing evenly like a still river of
imagination, beautiful in it's depths.

Shimmering in another horizon, awaiting attention on
shores of hesitant repertoires.

Listening carefully as each word is spoken in whispers
of ice cold atmospheres of innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spoken Thoughts

Reciting thoughts that often
are spoken in circles of friends,
yet don't amount to anything in
the circuits of conversations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spontaneous Motives

Interior motives silently get their way as they
traipse slowly, cautiously, through minds of clay.
Trying not to leave any untoward imprints as they
pass by.

Peacefully claiming unprecedented love, switching
costumes in mid-stream, wishing to change or alter
everything spontaneously on any given day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spouting Rhetoric

Candidates for state treasurer now speaking, using scare tactics along with untruthful lies.

Superintendent of Education, stating she'll improve the state's education problems, yet there are no real solutions again.

Only the same old - same old - rhetoric being spouted ad nauseum to our ears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spread Poetically

Lamplight reflected in a rain pool puddle in the darkness of the early morn.
Shining brightly upon the tar of the deserted parking lot.
Millions of tiny rain drops fallen together to make a puddle.
Outside the window I can feel the quiet stillness stir within my heart.
It strums a tune of loneliness deep within and brings it forth to greet the newness of the morning's light.
Which has spread itself neatly and poetically across the once dark sky of night.
A flutter began inside my soul and soon shot me full of hope.
Here I sit, happily contented, watching the sky turn light with a now awakening sun.
Bells ring out in the distance and I can feel them in my bones, as walking along, alone, unafraid, I pack up to go home, the new light shining down upon me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spread Thin

Wanting to celebrate and have a good time, trying to get
past a difficult time in life, doing everything possible
to get things under control.

Feeling spread thin throughout the week, hoping for a
reprieve to come about soon, needing relief from this
situation a great deal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spreading By Example

Walking along pathways of nature blooming and blossoming
before us, treating us sightfully and sensually to it's
essence, giving of itself for our consideration and praise.

Colors fully exploding in flowers and rainbows of gardens
all over this earth of ours, sitting in the midst of nature,
contemplating God and our lives.

Bringing our interior lives alive, vibrantly blending our
intellect into it's mix, becoming one in the end, beautiful,
intense, succinctly finding our own essences and purposes,
spreading by example, God's word.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spreading Emotions

Stacking blues in corners filled with tears, saved for
bereaved poems held within for times of wisdom.

Using emotions generously, spreading them about for
everyone to feel

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spreading Gifts

Switching tunes in the middle of life,
deciding to follow another pathway that
God has opened up, allowing gifts and
innate talent to be spread throughout
the world.
Safely following paths He has prepared
for me alone, giving praise to Him
through poetry and song.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spreading Happiness

Happiness spreads itself thinly through life,
insisting we curb our appetites for drama.

Bringing us into laughter's attitudes on the
subject of humor.

Keeping smiles on our faces, tucked within
for those days when we can't find anything
funny to laugh about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spreading Life Around

Spreading life around, giving everyone glimpses of how I feel
and think in daily routines.
Putting myself out there, whether or not it's a good thing,
doesn't seem to matter.
As long as every poem touches at least
one soul it will be worth the time expending it to write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spreading Love And Goodness

Searching everything the very first moment my eyes open
every morning, loving the innocence in my life, spread-
ing love and goodness to all people.

Taking every opportunity to help others in need, not
wasting a moment feeling sorry for myself, for it does
no good, just depresses me too much.

Life is way to delicate to backtrack, so I'm always mov-
ing forward, looking to the future, fulfilling visions
that come through innate intellect.

Subconsciously finding pathways that lead to newer, in-
tense discoveries and adventures that will bring me full
circle taking me into enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spreading Memories

Touching corners of my mind, spreading memories apart, looking at their consistency and beauty set in tears, spilling into hearts filled with hurt feelings. Being sentenced to lifetimes of sorrow, setting reminders to display the coffins of unexplored denizens, giving up the strength of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spreading Mixture Of Ideas

Singularly routing ideas into circular pockets so
they can be spun around, blending them together.

Spreading the mixture across intellect where they
can be taken and placed upon the essence of poetry
as it's being made.

All the while listening to music, picturing land-
scapes as they come upon my mind, vivid and brilliant,
standing out in an array of thoughts that have been
awakened.

Solemn and tantalizing, echoes of an interior pleasurable
feeling become excited, taking me soaring into the skyway
of another universe.

Splendid and beautiful, taking life on a ride through the
heavens, enjoying the scenery with delight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spreading My Wings

Always thinking, if I lived again, all the things I
would do.
Now having been given a second chance to live again,
I am taking advantage of every idea, invention and
poem that comes to me through intellect.
Spreading my wings, soaring into the skies of heaven,
writing, publishing, designing, composing and being
totally immersed in the new life I've been given to
start anew.
Not letting go of where I've been, because it's part
of who I was and still am, with an added measure of
being, that I found when I was no more - now added
to who I am to become.
Looking forward with joy and elation to tomorrow's
fascination in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spreading Peace

Frolicking in fields of pleasure and satisfaction, finding a calmness covering my being, spreading peace throughout.

Entering intellect where landscapes open, enriching this mind with nature's vibrant beauty, never leaving behind any doubts that God is perfect, loving and merciful towards all of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spreading Poetry

Picturing episodes that will come about in future days of life.
Poetry being spread from here throughout the world, touching many hearts with profound and forlorn words of empathy, always bringing hope to those who are in need of it.
Seeing beyond, where I will be given the Nobel Peace Prize before dying from this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spreading Promises

Softly sensing the beauty of a forest, smelling the aroma
of pine trees scenting the atmosphere.

Essences tantalizing interior facets of intellectual pur-
suits, acknowledging outcomes of nature as they open up,
enticing the environment.

Many thoughts, all of them placid and divine, spreading
promises of heaven throughout the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spreading The Beauty

Twinkling ideas shining in my mind as I write, looking like stars above, touching my mind with their essence and caring thoughts.

All through this mind, spreading the beauty of nature and life under the stream of lights, giving an entire feeling of energy pushing me forward into the future.

Fulfilling my destiny with every step that I take, performing the purposes given to me at birth, subjecting myself for years on earth to bringing it all to fruition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spreading Thoughts

Waiting as usual for blood work to be done here in the lab
waiting room, writing poetry, listening to music, enjoying
the peace and serenity being afforded to me so lavishly.

Spreading thoughts in my mind across intellect, having the
time of my life as I watch them all come into their own in
a poem.

A wonderful way to see all come to fruition in my mind,
touching upon innate knowledge and wisdom hidden deeply
within my soul.

Always taking hold and writing it out for others to
read all over the world, waiting with baited breath
for comments to be written, telling me if it's worth
continuing to write poetry or not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spreading Truths

Straining to catch every note being played, taking every measure of rhythm carefully and playfully into depths of my being.

Allowing truths of life to be spread around the world in poems coming straight from subconsciousness and placed here for anyone to read not just now, but far into the future.

As poetry is being demonstrated and written, it can become a particle of yet unseen books of literature.

Nothing now standing or stepping in the way of it's being shown to the entire world in one fell swoop.

Neglecting the fanfare, yet beginning a trip of viral proportions to ensue throughout the world - all at the tip of this poet's humble pen in an evening sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spreading Venom

Facts are based on the reality of what we see in
our lives, not on our opinions at all.

Yet, people at times don't seem to realize it and
try to impose their ideas on everyone else.

This in turn causes problems of intolerance and
hatred, spreading it's venom throughout the world.

Even wise and learned people fall into this trap,
thinking because they are smart, that theirs is
the right and only answer.

Far from being the truth, things fall apart and
nothing is accomplished.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spreading Wings

Peering out the window, looking at patterns of nature
imitated by man.

Natural curves glide across my eyesight and into my
open soul, while man-made angles clang and jab into
my mind, cluttering it with noise.

Objects of nature conducive to serenity and solace,
deep in contemplation, where I find strength and
spread my wings to fly in freedom all my days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spreading Wonder

Stretching imagination into quarters rarely, if ever, seen.
Wonder spreading its knowledge into all corners of my mind.
Severely being wanted in poems of understanding, giving of myself to show how human I am in this universe of poetry.
Glad to be in this position, having no more doubts about what I'm sending into the heavens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Springdale Resort In South India

Sitting in the lobby of a resort, looking around, a desk
near the entrance where they take reservations and food
preferences for dinner.

Old fashioned large chairs lining both sides of the lobby
and at the far end where I'm sitting, writing on a table
made of a tree stump, a large one, two chairs beside it.

In the center of the room is another large tree stump,
top flattened into a table, varnished with a mahogany
shine, beautiful in itself.

Ceramic octagons covering the entire floor, reddish in
color, on the wall across from where I'm sitting is a
small mirror and vanity, mahogany, but not so shiny.

On the wall above me is a plaque of some sort from the
government of India in 1930, recognizing Springdale Resort
as the first resort ever in this area.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sprinklers

They dropped like dead flies to the pavement below.
Little balls of water fell and broke, splattering
tiny drops of particles at a tremendous rate of
speed.
Teeny, beeny, drops of water went bowling along the
ground, until they hit an object and then were
knocked apart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sprinkling Serenity

Rain falling into my being, touching and purifying
my spirit with the Divine, sun shining within me,
lifting my spirits into heights of heaven.

Soaring into it's gardens, feeling an exuberant
feeling of joy and elation, chasing away the rain
and clearing my mind so attentively.

Resolving issues of earthly tribulations with the
solitude of an interior solace, sprinkling serenity
throughout my entire being, filling me spiritually
with a bluened light of the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sprinkling Sunshine

Morning sprinkling sunshine through the clouds,
not wanting to be dismissed from it's duties,
loving to spread warmth and cheer across earth.

Gathering strength, provoking the atmosphere
into letting it have it's way until darkness be-
comes nighttime.

Saturating life with much needed sunshine, en-
abling flowers, foliage and trees to grow and
multiply.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sprouting Feelings

Joyful light, finding an enlightenment filtering through
music as it flows down and through an interior waterfall
of this mind.

Thoughts draping across the shoulders of intellect, warm-
ing ideas and alluring senses into patterns and designs
of unending poetry.

Lifting spirits, energizing my being, filling it with joy
and happiness while writing, special graces seeming to
come unexpectedly.

God's love filling my soul exponentially, giving wisdom
and knowledge a place to dwell interiorly within a bluen-
ed light.

Never being extinguished in this lifetime, senses awaken-
ed, feelings sprouting about, all wanting to be a part of
poetical history and literature.

Knowing they will all be read around the world by people
appreciating and commenting on it, grateful for interaction
from others, hoping it will continue even after my death
has taken me from this world and them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sprouting Ideas

Twinkling like stars, ideas sprout and file out into the open, penetrating minds that have no boundaries or limits.
Saying what is lying in the back of minds, allows a juxtaposition of thought to occur.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sprouting Thoughts

Thoughts sprouting from the surface of this mind, being watered by ideas and concepts, it's drops sparkling like diamonds in the sunlight, enticing and pleasing to intellect.

Hoping to be gathered and kept together like the treasures they truly are, a magnificent and apostolic beauty that can never be imitated on earth.

They can only be found in depths of a poet's intellect, kept secret and safe for as long as life is kept alive in this very temporary world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sprouting Wisdom

Corrugated thoughts jar a mind with their insistence
as they produce images from afar.
Enduring qualities become manifest as we progress
down avenues of imagination.
Delving deeply into pools of thought we energize
our minds daily.
Socializing our beings, we finalize plans interiorly.
Settling on images we find alluring, ones that
tantalize our feelings of happiness.
Our entire mind of innate being sprouts new buds of
thought as we constantly learn novel ideas, watching
it all become wisdom of aging years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spun Into Webs

Collecting and transcribing letters of many words onto
pages of poetry journals, inciting and enticing poetical
compositions from within this precious and open mind,

Blending and taking everything into landscapes of liberty
and freedom, causing an effervescent illumination to be
produced.

Succeeding and appreciating the beauty and wisdom of
intellectual ideals kept sacredly in the throes of
other dimensions.

A vast interior universe that is of my own making, pleasing
my inner ego, a wealth of information being formatted and
fit onto pages of intellect.

Seeing it constantly in pictures painted by this mere
poet in plenty of modes and placed on canvas for every one
to see and read.

A complacent and inspiring innate talent, always growing
and nurturing itself without any pushing or shoving from
without.

A total eclipse of an inner being, finding itself and
proclaiming it's findings silently to the world many times
over.

Never trading it for anything else, keeping life abundantly
and beautifully accomplished in tightened and contrite lines
of poetry.

Sublime and profound at times, others hidden and tantalizing
people's minds with it's intricacies spun into webs of an
intellectual bliss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Spurting Fountains

Milky white, spurting fountains sitting down
inside a pool, shivering from the cool winds,
blowing through them.

Wanting badly to be removed and placed in a
more protective spot, where they can enjoy
the life they have left.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Square Realms

Rattling rafters of buildings with incessant rhythms
and clapping of hands in recognition of music's
balance.
Reaching for antiquated reasons, turning in square
realms of fate, focusing on trepidation as lightened
knowledge opens doors of enlightenment.
Wonderful cataclysms clang and rehearse on stages of
universal etudes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Squares Of Circles

Stationing regards for everyday people, justifying their existence in an offhand way.
Laboring daily over actions, attempting to confine thoughts into squares of circles, leaving out words.
Abstracting meanings and images, peeling them like string cheese, a strand at a time, in order to think beyond creativity, folding ideas into an eternity of justification and a dictionary of novel words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Squeezed By Lyrics

Heart being squeezed by lyrics of a song that Dad
used to sing to Mom when reeling romantic and funny.

Roses bequeath these memories to both of them in
heaven together, as I sit here on earth and cry.

Memories close to your heart tend to do that at
inopportune times, especially when you're in the
midst of a crowd of people.

It's alright though, because everyone has these
moments of tremendous joy filled with sorrow over
remembering them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Squeezing Music

Wringing music from the atmosphere, squeezing it out upon everyone in the vicinity, giving them all energy to dance and rock to melodies being played by the Blue Notes.
All senses being utilized and put out on the dance floor.
Rocking around, keeping pace with every beat as the clock continues to mark time throughout the evening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

St. Patrick's At The Elks

Lolling about, enjoying family time with friends as they play music at the Elks Club for Saint Patrick's Day.
Dancing, eating, talking, laughing together as we love one another in our hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

St. Patrick's Day - A Blur

Yesterday was Saint Patrick's Day, one of the housekeepers
here at the hospital where I am, wore a green blouse and a
green bow around her neck because she's Irish.

For the most part nothing much happened here, the day came
and went while I was medicated for pain, doctors and nurses
coming in and out taking care of me.

Lying awake, tears falling, hoping tomorrow would find that
things had gotten better, waking in the morning, finding
that was not to be the case.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

St. Patrick's Day Music

Lively, happening right before our smiling eyes, our Irish showing, just for today's celebration.
Inserting ourselves into jigs and music - engulfing our bodies in green to liven the special day.
Music growing faster and higher, allowing everyone to clap, smile and dance a jig for fun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stage Of Eternity

Figures statuesquely mirroring life, walking among crowds of people, touching every one with an unearthly peace as life expired within them.
Living forward, beginning every stage of eternity on vast plains, filled with auras in different episodes.
Settling down among each one for periods of extra moments.
Similar particles partaking of a little bit of molecular essences, selecting one more moment before the end of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stage Setting

Empty spaces decorating the Elks Club,
awaiting dancers to come and fill them
up with cheer.
Lively eager music playing quickly,
setting the stage for beautiful enter-
tainment in an atmosphere of jovial fun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stages Of Grief

Being burdened by the necessity of helping to prepare
the house after a funeral, not angry just feeling the
sadness of what has happened to a close friend.

His death has affected me more than I thought it was
going to, feeling helpless, having helped his wife
with all preparations for people coming to the house.

Giving their condolences and visiting with his wife,
now a widow beside herself with inner grief, not
knowing what to do with these feelings being felt.

Tears, angry words, emotions, taking her on a roller
coaster ride, confusion and grief banding together to
make her think she's going crazy.

Yet she's only going through the seven stages of grief
in an order peculiar to her being only, for there is
no right or wrong way of grieving in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staircase Of Maturity

Predicaments of others touch our hearts and lives,
becoming the altering events on our own pathways
to aging maturity.

Softly, whisperingly, God leads us into another's
life and circumstances, giving us the opportunity
to help him with work on earth while we are here
enjoying His love and mercy.

All of us are here to stay in reality's thoroughway,
free to do our Lord's bidding, as we climb our own
staircases of maturity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staircase To Stardom

Lights spinning colors into darkened corners of night.
Songs being sung by youngsters wanting to someday be
famous singers and stars.

An unusual endeavor for some, but for those who can
really sing, it will become a major accomplishment in
their lives.

Righteous knowing as life climbs the staircase to stardom
for the few who are good enough to make it with their
individual charm and charisma.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stairs Of Education

Slowly climbing stairs of education, looking around at
every step.

Trying to find somewhere in life that looks good and
finding a place within it.

Searching constantly for meaning, being talented enough
to fit in anywhere, yet not being able to decide what
to do in life.

Progressing through the many stages of wisdom, parading
down pathways of knowledge to ends of life lying in
doorways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stairway Of One

Heaven looks over us, watching our mistakes and
goodness at the same time.

We look upwards and pray for the courage to walk
pathways to God, straight and narrow, so we may
see Him in heaven one day on our final moment
here on earth.

Clearly, heaven-sent joy fills us with hope, as
we struggle day to day, climbing a stairway of
our own towards heaven one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stairway To Maturity

Conquering steps towards maturity, an uphill climb, is a
difficult task to undertake.

Watching what is said, to whom it's being said, not
trusting anyone with important information, and trying
to hold everything in while busting at the seams.

Anger flowing like lava, encompassing everything within it's
wake, burying alive, all meaning of life.

Thousands of ashes pile themselves in columns, making places
where people have died interiorly.

Memories rerun themselves eternally through the minds of
those who have been loved and abandoned.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stairway To Nowhere

In and out, tearing down barricades unsurmountable in any
stage of life, letting go, finding a musical chord lead-
ing to gates of heaven.

Life culminates in it's uphill climb to the ultimate center
of life on this earth, a stairway to nowhere always ending
in death to attain eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staking A Claim

Realistically being portrayed through music
in every poem that I write.

Living, breathing in beauty of life, taking
in every detail that surrounds me in nature.

Staking a claim in rhythms of this time and
moment in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staking A Claim In Humanity

Stepping lightly into another morning, remembering waking up,
smiling because I was still alive, a feeling of happiness
and joy filling my being throughout.

Living in depths of a poetical mind, wandering through intel-
ect, finding my way through life with ease, at times barriers
of loss, grief, sadness, sorrow, suffering standing in the way.

Using mind and soul, delving into poetry to find a way through
everything daily, cooperating with ingenuity and innate talent,
taking steps into the light of another day.

Solidly planting my feet on the ground, staking a claim in the
life of all humanity, gaining strength interiorly, sweeping
across every line trying to cross me, going forward anyway.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stamina

Climbing into skyways of imagination,
soaring into clouds of anxiety,
and not staying long enough to be
bothered by it.

Always watching pathways of soluble
essences as they flow into waterfalls
of past memories.

Exhausting a mind's stamina while
invigorating it at the same exact
time in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stances Of Nature

Feeling the beat of a tambourine as it rises, tickles
and swelters with rhythm in periodic symbols of music's
depths.

Nothing blinding my mind from the truth of a perfect
pitch, an inner dimension where life always seems to
be adhered to quietly.

Stances of nature blending with humanity, bringing the
tenure of age into every picture and portrait shown to
me on photographic screens within.

Facing many people at once, not knowing they are there
because my mind is hiding within intellect, picturing
the future of destiny when arriving in the glory of the
Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stand Still

Listening to the frustration and seeing puzzled looks
on children's faces, tears in their eyes, trying to
understand common core and failing miserably it seems.

Having seen it up close and personal, now being more
inclined than ever to get rid of it, seeing no reason
to continue teaching it.

Watching it stymie students and putting them at a stand
still, not able to do their work, smarter children being
held back by this long drawn out process.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing Against Evil

Renewing, refreshing, energizing this interior life spiritually,
for life has been diffusing it steadily with all the evil and
corruption going on.

Starting over, going deep inside where I can be immersed in a
bluened light, there getting what's needed from the Divine abid-
ing within.

Feeling the love absorbing every particle and fiber that's part
of this being, taking me back to where I belong in order to sur-
vive this life.

Every waking moment being taken carefully into consideration by
our Lord in heaven, this entire being touched by His goodness
and mercy all through life.

Standing against all that's evil with faith and hope, taking all
that's left within, hoping to survive and help others the world
over in the best possible ways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing Alone

Washing away fruitless images sticking like glue where
I no longer want them to be.

Filing them away, taking their feelings, placing them
in boxes of cotton where they can't get hurt or hurt me
again.

Holding everything at bay, fixating what I want to keep,
protecting it and placing the rest into chests of steel
beneath my mind for the time being.

Letting my mind breathe freely, taking in all the joy
and energy given by gifts of God.

Starting over again without troubles or suffering play-
ing in the deepest sadness held within me interiorly.

Choosing to be held together without pain others inflict
upon me, standing alone as usual.

Using inner strength and character to pull me through the
rest of life, even though it's filled with the pursuit of
nothing more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing Alone Against The World

Standing alone against the world, trying to have courage
and stamina through trials ahead.

Facing everything in prayer, because hope isn't here
right now.

Hopefully, it will reappear again before too long.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing Alone, Apart

Standing alone, apart, in another world my mind came
to rest on a stone unhurled.

Restless as the day without it's dawn, hopelessly I
looked on.

Grass falls crumpled on the ground, as I step upon
it with sod filled shoes.

Tearing into the iciness of a night's cold hard trek
I fight relentlessly, this thing I cannot touch.

What is a life? Or what is it's use? When dying we
have nothing to remember about it?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing Alone, Combining Ideas

Straightening pathways of my mind at times, to get a better
picture of where it's thoughts are going.

Pondering the style and pictures coming to the forefront,
giving everything in detail where it can be seen and sorted
out.

Living in depths of an interior life, watching as it opens
and blossoms into beautiful gardens of prose.

Standing alone as ideas combine with many concepts and their
abstract opposites of interior thoughts throughout the day
and night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing As One

Somber thoughts fill the atmosphere, our nation is being torn apart by obama and his muslim terrorists.

Caring nothing for American people, he continues to wreck havoc across our country, trying to take away our liberty and freedom because of his pure hatred for America and it's citizens.

We the people are ready, locked and loaded, we will not be taken over, our Constitution will not die, Americans unite and stand as one against him and his evil agenda.

Our politicians cowing down to him, not representing or doing what we ask them to do.

Ignorant people that we have elected, also going totally against us, helping him, being compliant in treason, and committing of crimes against our nation.

Every one of them to be taken out, being corrupt, listening to what a traitor wants instead of going against him and protecting our honorable and free nation under God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing Back

Times come around, and have now fallen
down into the cisterns of evil, trying
to take me with them.
But I stand back and refuse to move in
their direction.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing Back From Edges

Traipsing quickly into stairways of tomorrow, wasting no
time, standing back from edges of my next horizon.

Reaching upward into the atmosphere, taking hold of the
beauty found there.

Seeing all types of environments settled among clouds of
imagination, no one being any wiser here on earth.

Seeing the immediate difference it all makes in life,
letting me roam freely across boundaries of all dimensions.

Tasting the flavors of other domains, locating thoughts
foreign and domestic while wandering aimlessly among them.

Finding many things to write about and put into poems,
always managing to capture the essence somehow of their
depths in words of explicit definitions.

And if there aren't any, making them up to entertain my
mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing By

Silence filling me in the stillness of this darkened
life, giving me pause and time to think.

Always refreshing my mind in the starlit nights and
sunlit mornings, giving life more moments in which to
fulfill our lives.

Standing by, watching experiences as we live through
them momentarily, all having a lasting effect upon
each of us throughout our entire lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing Guard Over Pioneer Village

Beautiful mountains standing straight, reaching for
the sky, clouds filling every part of the atmosphere.

Saguaros straight, at attention, looking from atop the
mountain like sentries standing guard over Pioneer
Village.

Texture flowing down the mountain, brush, cacti, rocks,
all finding a place where they can fulfill nature and
it's awesome ability to look and show us it's essence.

Nothing to compare with this scenery of Arizona, as I
sit and write of it from a picnic table here in Pioneer
Village.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing In Harmony

Singing, finding pleasure in feelings of happiness and
joy, taking measures of time into passion, climbing in-
side of my being.

Throwing tones and notes, tempos rearranging and adjust-
ing themselves, strumming the guitar, voices now singing
beautifully, strongly and loud.

Creating a blessed elation as we all gather together,
blending and combining one another's sounds in depths of
rhythms as we watch and stand in the midst of harmony.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing In Lengthening Shadows

Alive with a knowing tenderness of sorrow, playing a tune
of death tomorrow, standing in lengthening shadows of
evening, barricading laughter from coming closer.

Booking between long times through knowledge, fallen from
shelves of ageless caverns, begotten totally from future
pasts, titled into books bound by human tears.

Forever yearning for riches of kings, being content with
little or nothing instead, reading words into minds which
never think beyond what lies ahead in the next few hours.

Solidly ticking away all of nature's lawful hopes, running
into forests of tangled webs, stranded always, alone in
depths of nothingness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing In Shadows Of Life

Energy filtering into my being, taking me into an
inner atmosphere where I live even while dying.

Not minding the turmoil from this vantage point,
seeing points in life that are meaningful and
important to all of mankind.

Reasons for continuing to live are very few, but
are part of the essence of being, holding me to-
gether within.

Spirituality growing even more because of God and
His nature, always nourishing my interior life with
grace and goodness.

Fulfilling destiny through His mercy and beneficence,
standing in shadows of life, yet He shines His light
upon my being anyway.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing In The Distance

Standing in the distance, looking into a final sunsetical
horizon that's awaiting my presence in the near future.

Watching as it's beautiful colors tantalize and allure me
to come closer.

Walking along it's shoreline often, playing with thoughts
of death, never taking them seriously.

Enjoying living life way too much, there's so much to
learn and explore in this finite world we live in.

Inquisitive and extremely curious about all of it, want-
ing to discover every corner of it's expansive atmosphere.

Soliciting details that nature and humanity will give,
gathering clues and date every moment in life.

Availing self of a photographic memory through intellect
and an incorrigible nature.

Having insight absorb this mind with wonder and awe at
everything seen and felt through senses of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing In The Sun

Opening up to a new day, mind taking in every detail of beauty and serenity, living in a place of peace and harmony, wanting nothing more on this earth.

Knowing that God will provide whatever is needed, standing in the sun, looking around, seeing nature in full bloom, it's fascinating colors and rhythms enthralling this mind completely.

Watching as Mother Nature puts on a show just for me, loving how a summer breeze has trees, plants and flowers dancing freely in the morning sun, nothing to get in their way, no limitations or boundaries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing In The Wilderness

Signing my name to every poem being written so there will never be any confusion when I am dead and gone, on who wrote them.

Enlightened by creativity of impossible possibilities, taking everything into depths of intellect and imagin-ation.

Rhythms beating incessantly, allowing pathways to be created, pebbles of thought and stones of ideas left behind to be followed into realms of creative abilities.

Standing in the wilderness, finding enlightenment of the Divine stirring within my spirit, being and giving an intense and iridescent sense of freedom to my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing Naked

Stepping up and into the vast desert of my soul,
there I am stripped of everything, and standing
naked in front of God.

Hoping to be the person he expected me to be when
creating who I was, living in promises of His hope
throughout life.

Taking faith into my heart, keeping it's flame lit
within through all the suffering I've seen, living
all these years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing Next To Myself

Fulfilling inner spirits, recharging batteries of
intellect with nature's essence, pulling me from
the abyss of nothing.

Feeling self being contained in a strange, deafen-
ing silence that seems to be overtaking and over-
whelming my entire being.

Grasping onto prayers of hope, faithfully saying
them, hoping they will bring beauty and healing
needed.

Because of the suffering heaped upon me in this
confusing and somewhat evil world, standing next
to myself and wondering.

Watching as everything is draped over my head and
shoulders, burying me alive in the mist of death
before it contains me completely once again.

Knowing once death has touched me, there will be
no more memories of life on earth unless they
bring me back like before.

Touching my mind, healing this inner spirit, I
will succeed to continue living my purpose until
once again being taken by death's embrace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing On A New Path

Finding self, sketching a new me, in behaviors of interior
attitudes, changing so creatively and beautifully.

Sending self into depths of new love and climbing ivy walls
of knowledge in desires, wanting wisdom of the years to be
focused onto my mind.

Releasing long held beliefs and becoming a person who stands
on a new path, unable to find my way back to the old ones.

Nothing to be ashamed of or hide from, leveling the playing
field considerably, now in senior years.

Unfolding interior desires and letting them be explored and
met at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing On Edges

Standing on the edge of marriage, looking in.
Gazes fixed on family, bringing together more
than just ourselves.
Love has various aspects and connections,
gathered together and when all are brought to
one, we become family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing On The Brink

A glimmer of light, then darkness fills the night,
flying on wings of prayer, to fulfill it's destiny,
it knows not where.

A courtship of evening is filled with tiny stars,
sparkling - beckoning - all to contemplate the
heavenly skies.

Nothing to stop this skyward gaze - finding memories
sitting in a haze.

Non-development stalks the precious mind of good,
leaving with it, an element of doubt as to it's
existence.

Finding no one - going no where - standing always on
the brink, awaiting the time it too may fall in.

Dancing lightly, lithe steps taken, screaming fills
the air as man again is forsaken.

Caught by the unholy grip of Satan's death, man is dying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing On The Porch

Writing from memories of peace,
feeling safe and secure in my inner sanctum.

Living and loving on edges of life, making
the most of every moment, instilling a
silence of purpose into each one.

Solemnly, I move forward, smiling interiorly
with a feeling of humor and letting it fill
me to overflowing.

Heart and soul standing on the porch of life,
looking out at all the wonderful pictures of
thoughts when younger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing Ovation

Interesting news coming into my possession, some of our Vets are going to fight isis on their own, because obama won't let our forces do it.

So at long last, Americans are stepping up behind obama's back, showing countries everywhere how great it is to be a free American!

Rushing to fight injustice, evil, terrorism for everyone's sake, not just our own, a standing ovation by way of this poem for our Vets, the best in the world in my opinion! !

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing Risk

When the light of blue recreation alights upon my mind,
I play tantalizing games within my soul.

Rearranging whatever happens to be stagnating, causing
the deterioration of a culmination of years.

Bringing about newly created poetry, standing out amongst
the rest because I wasn't afraid to take a chance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing Still

Falling over steps in life,
too steep to climb up them.
Staying on landings where it's safer,
never moving into realms of fulfillment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing Strong

Lifting voices all over America, voting down sharia law
across the nation, because it is illegal here in the
United States of America.

Americans will not let anyone try and take over our own
country, we are standing strong in front of all adversity,
illegals, muslims and evil people.

Americans are locked and loaded, united in keeping our
freedom, flag and Constitution free from those who want
to destroy us.

All countries around the world need to take notice of
America and stand up for their rights no matter where
they are.

We have no president here in the U.S., we do not recognize
obama the puppet at all, every state has stepped up and
stood against obama and his fake, phony executive orders.

Everyone take notice, we will not be destroyed, we have
risen like the Phoenix, awakened the sleeping tiger,
there is nothing we can not overcome or overthrow.

Blacks, whites, united against tyranny, God help you if
you try and go against us, we fight to the death, our
colors never run.

Red, white and blue will forever fly above our White House
and this nation, you can stake your lives on that.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing Tall

Like a lighthouse sending light to guide the way of ships, many times circumventing wrecks.

Helping others to see which way to go, always standing tall, can never bend at all.

Knowing what others cannot know, trying to teach what others cannot learn.

Humanity is stubborn, proud, and ignorant, not wanting to see what is right and good.

Always before them is the color gray - no one sees the black and light of day.

Standing on the threshold of life, they are only one more shadow - full of gray - standing slightly out of the way of greatness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing Trees

Looking out the windows, seeing trees beckoning shyly here inside.

Major varieties of them, all standing about, some regal, some bent with age, but all are alive and vibrant, set in their spaces of life and holding on to promises of God.

Leaves gently waving and moving in time with silent rhythms that I can see, as they ponder their purposes in the scheme of things.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing Up To Enemies

Staying focused, listening to everything, finding out what's going on in the world, Trump standing up to our enemies and evil.

Bombing Syria with 59 missiles, China putting ships in our way, North Korea saying they will attack the U.S.A., Trump standing his ground, not backing down.

Our Navy positioned within firing range of North Korea, waiting to see what they will do, President Trump, just an amazing man, a great President.

Protecting the U.S.A. being his number one priority just like he promised us, Russia upset, yet now backing down, seeing that President Trump is in charge, our military behind him fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standing, Quietly Watching

Standing on sidelines, finding out quietly and surreptitiously how things are now being done improperly.

Watching through nighttime visions at the ignorance being used to torment parents who love their children.

Fighting for the sake of their little undeveloped minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Standstill

Life is at a standstill, deficient, unable to handle
daily routines with any energy whatsoever.

Racking emotions with heart-rending dissatisfaction,
causing spiritual draining of my being.

Unaccosted, afraid, yet looking for solitary openings
to become myself without the horrendous pain.

Sanctioning undeveloped patterns, watching them wander
aimlessly until I pick them up.

Placing their forms within imagination's storehouse to
be used on some other plain of literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stanzas Of Creativeness

Moving, spinning, turning thoughts around with rhythmic
preludes in life's schemes.
Perfecting beats in measures of melody and happenstance,
controlling emotion and sense at the tip or a pen with an
inner nature fulfilled through talent.
Soothing serenity, calming life as it meanders down rivers
and into oceans of imagination.
Relieving emotion of it's tired bundles, letting them
float away inside rhythms of life-enduring circumstances.
Adhering to stanzas of infinite creativeness alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stanzas Of Life

Featuring specialized stanzas of life's heartened energy,
beckoning ever-lasting memories to outlive themselves on
cloudy days.
Planting insignias on foreign abstractions, watching
them grow to a significance unforeseen until now.
Standing on cornices of yesterday's tasks, making lace
of distractions into today's reactions.
Carefully lining inner avenues with blaring ingenuity,
pasting life together in a haphazard way, as everything
falls into it's place and space in time, creating new
stanzas of heartened energy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stanzas Of Understanding

Parades of humanity settling into harmonies and rounded up in stanzas of our understanding, finding that knowledge is underlining and creating magnificent awe and wonder of time on earth.

Enlightenment taking us on excursions through hidden mazes of destiny as we wend our way down pathways of life into our final days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Star - Filled Night

In the darkness of this beautiful star-filled night, seeing city lights being turned on, trying to compete with the beauty of starlight twinkling above.

A full moon lovingly protecting them in the sky, while people on earth fall asleep amongst the city and it's bright lights below.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Star Dust

Looking into pockets of evening stars,
hoping to find treasures not of this world.
Transparent options set in nighttime skies,
sending whatever star dust is found sparkling
deeply in imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Star Reminders

Stars shining within my mind, serving as reminders of years gone by.
Talented endeavors living momentarily through phases of humanity, as imagination soars, keeping sanity in place.
Wondering constantly about nature and it's lessons, taught quietly in realms of subconscious heavens.
Gently filling my mind's heart with energetic solace as I walk interiorly to rhythm's no one can hear except me through my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staring At Your Picture

Loneliness and abandonment filling this heart with your
loss, having to continue this life without you my dear
is a feat I do not feel I'm up to.

Wanting to hold you and be held, wishing to have your
love totally like before, desires never fading, wanting
only you to quench them for me.

All the hope and promise that were ours in life have been
taken away and death has buried them all, tears falling
off and on throughout these lonely hours and days.

Keeping me bereft and forlorn, having no purpose, just
fatiguing me in times spent missing you and living a
life of nonexistence.

That in itself is very tiring, wishing and hoping to
be with you, staring at your picture, knowing my love
is still with you.

No longer feeling it's essence because I cannot hold
you in my arms, what am I to do, not wanting to live
any longer without you by my side.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staring Blankly

Settling into another evening where you aren't with me,
staring at the moon and stars blankly.

Not thinking of anything connected to love, because
I'm alone in this world.

Unable to cry any longer, memories, good days, fall on
deaf sight for I only remember bad times of your death.

Right now, exceptions aren't forthcoming, life is like a
blank slate and I've no more chalk to write on it.

Without your love I'm living in a total void, having
known you in every way possible through our love.

Now having not even a particle of your being to hold onto
through the coming years alone without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staring Images

Images staring through the ages, teardrops glistening on
faces of memories pasted solidly in my photographic mind.
Folding in, abounding thoughts float on future horizons,
while I sit and reminisce alone in an old rocking chair.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staring Into The Future

Staring out the window, looking at reflections of double images staring back at me.
Watching leaves shaking slightly in the night time breeze.
Mindful of many joyful memories of Mom, tears fill my eyes because she is not home.
Pulling my heart like salt water taffy in all directions, emotions continue to tear me apart.
Tears and memories wrenching my heart away from my mind, send me into a tail spin from which I fear, will not end until I crash to the floor.
No where is there a place to go - to run - to hide - to deny.
Reality stands stark naked in front of me and all I want to do is die inside.
Die - because I am afraid wherever I am, reality will have been there before me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staring Out The Window

Waiting patiently for you to come into my life this
morning, hoping to be made one with your heart.

Having tossed and turned throughout the night with-
out you by my side.

Realizing with a rush of emotion, the love I have
being held within me for you.

Staring out the window, drinking my tea, thinking
of all the moments we have shared in our lives.

Secrets of each other being told only to our trusting
hearts, giving us an insight into beauty of our un-
conditional love for one another.

A beautiful memory of us, kept forever within my heart
and mind of times shared when together, such wonderful
times we've spent through the years.

Tears flowing my dear, because you are no longer with
me, only your memory keeping me company now in this
totally lonely and forsaken world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staring Tears

My heart has broken in two and is lying at my feet.
I have no wish to pick it up.
I stand staring at it as tears gush out.
A spectacle to behold, forming a waterfall from my soul,
untouched, unblemished - a sign of God.
A life that has always been His to do with as he wished.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stark Neighborhood

In a stark little rich neighborhood behind the care center, a small black and white dog came walking, dragging it's leash behind.
Minutes later along came a young man, hat and sunglasses on, rolling a little girl's two-wheeler bike with training wheels.
There was no one else in sight and it looked a little strange.
A little girl, wearing a helmet, blond hair hanging down out of it, shoulders drooped, head bent, slowly walking came into view.
Noticing the total sadness of her posture, watching I saw that she had been crying.
Apparently, she had fallen from her bicycle, her Dad waiting in the shade, as she looked up and let him know she'd been hurt.
For a while all three just sat in the shade of a beautiful tree.
Once things were better and she could hold her head up again, her Dad helped her put her helmet back on, she got on the bike and rode over to the parking lot.

Dad and dog lagging behind her as she once again pedaled fast and moved farther from them.
Now this stark little rich neighborhood has assumed a gentle personality of home in my mind as I write this poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Starkness Of Reality

Starkness of reality grates against my soul, raking it through a despondent hell, fallacies lengthen, quicken, rebound against what I know as truth.

Watching everything as it passes by, sadly feeling an intense sorrow pulling down shades of my mind, closing it off from the hurting lies of life.

Roaming around in imagination of creativity, shutting out the world for it is much too harsh and decadent for this gentle soul.

Rising always to the beckoning light of self-disclosure, floundering in realms of envy and jealousy, not knowing what to do to defend myself against the onslaught of shallow, uncaring people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Starlight And Sunrises

Filling my heart with overwhelming love for you, warming to your touch ever more as we become so much closer.

Day and night, touching our minds with starlight and sunrises, as our souls play heavenly melodies for us, we come together in a loving embrace.

Souls touching, bringing peace and serenity into our hearts, joining us as one, we calmly hold onto one another, sitting and talking quietly under the folds of midnight.

Hands and hearts held tenderly in a life all our own from this day forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Starlight Gazing Upon Me

Walking along dusty trails in the evening dusk, watching
as darkness descends upon this earth, watching as nature
is enveloped in it's ebony beauty.

Taking away it's shadows so they can no longer be seen,
until the morning sun once more appears over the horizon,
lifting eyes to the heavens.

Starlight gazing down upon me as I continue walking and
thinking thoughts rapidly through moments of this night,
contemplating the Divine and goodness covering earth.

Being done through the humanity He has created and left
to carry on His messages and promises, living in the
beauty of peace as I am carried away by the alluring
serenity that fills me totally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Starry Mind

Starry skies fill my mind even in daytime hours.
Their beauty saturated my eyes as a child, giving
visions of heaven in my youth.
Moon rays filtering down, touching heartstrings
of yesterday's life, pulling them into the here
and now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stars

At night when I look above and see just one tiny star in the eternal
universe, I realize how small and insignificant I am.
How little I know of life, myself and others.
Like that tiny star - I am just a minute piece of life.
What I know and learn and put to use, means hardly anything at all,
except when I use myself in these endeavors.
Using myself to help others, I too, like the little star, will be seen
for what I am in this great big universe of ours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stars And Roses

If all of our pain, suffering and sorrow could be contained
in a beautiful star up in heaven where we could see it all
and be reminded of the hurt and pain we would feel, how
often would we look upon that beautiful star?

If we look constantly, feeling it's pain, how much more dear
and beautiful will it become to us.

Also, like the beauty of a rose in bloom, so delicate to our
sight, wishing to hold it close, clasp it to ourselves, hug
it, but we do not.

Why? Because to hold it close we would be hurt by it's thorns
and drop it immediately.

Yet we feel joy at seeing it's beauty and smelling it's
heavenly aroma.

Somewhat like the star and rose, our relationships on earth
today are held closer and are dearer to us than life itself,
even though there is pain and hurt to feel.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stars And Stripes On Our Minds

Minor sounds filtering through the night, rapidly finding
their way into intellect, hovering, giving a mystique
that finds it's way brilliantly into spaces effervescently
lighting this mind.

Quiet, silent, penetrating, following beats into another
universe, tantalizing and enjoying staccato energy coming
from within the essence of my being, steady, never fading,
moving forward without missing a single beat.

Throughout this wonderful night, honoring our Vets fully,
stars and stripes on our minds, touching pride and our
appreciation for each of them, taking steps rhythmically
into the twilight, protecting and generating minor chords
of delight while honoring our Vets tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stars Of Fate

Reaching for stars of fate on edges of camaraderie, soaring upon cloudless skies bringing fantasy to view.
Styling literature in a fashionable way, producing verse for infinity as I travel forcefully across the moon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stars Of Life

Stars of life are set before me, reflecting the years
spent on earth.

A lifetime, an eternity, dealing with everyday strife,
stress, joy and happiness, forever beginning and ending
with dawn and dusk.

Wherever paths lead, nature has been there ahead of
schedule.

Picking the bouquets of daily love, striving always
for perfection, life is lived on yesterday's horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stars Shining Darkly

Stars shining darkly in an inner sky, showing their despair in a corner where they are visible to those who look.
Reminders to us all of the sadness in this tired old world of misplaced dreams and hopes.
No more mention of a future being planned to fulfill the remainder of life.
Exhausted from all the daily turmoil, set in stars shining darkly upon the earth in a mind of despair and loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stars Twinkling Their Knowing

Strange, mysterious and wonderful are thoughts
filling my mind as I write.

Life being taken down trails of western sunsets
and sunrises as I travel on horse back.

Going through imaginary deserts, over mountains,
alighting once in a while to sit by a campfire.

Heating my heart with the blaze of hidden love,
waiting somewhere in the future.

Stars twinkling their knowing of my heart through
outer space.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Start Using Your Voices

Writing into depths of thought, entering intellect, pen
flowing with the ink of hypocrisy going on in our world.

Leveling the field, expressing truth and honesty of what's
going on everywhere due to corrupt, selfish people.

With evil hearts and perverted minds, filled with lust,
rapists and pedophiles hurting innocent women and children.

Stand up all you who are silent, start using your voices,
express truth and honesty of your disgust, let it be known.

Slam your governments with the way you feel, take a stand,
never back down, load your weapons, take no prisoners.

Give back what evil has been giving to people all over the
world, it is right and just.

Unlike what they are doing to innocent and God-loving people
who are living lives of goodness, compassion and love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Starting Over After Nine Eleven

Starting over after nine eleven,
cringing whenever smoke rises or a plane
flies over my head.
Memories clouding my mind of that fateful day,
so many lives lost needlessly.
Jets overhead being used to signify one man missing
in formation.
Now it means so much more whenever a jet soars above us.
We bow our heads and pray for all those who lost their
lives and the families they left behind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Starting Over After Nine-Eleven

Starting over after nine-eleven, cringing whenever smoke
rises or a plane flies over my head.
Memories clouding my mind, of that fateful day, so many
lives lost needlessly.
Jets overhead used to signify one man missing in formation,
now it means so much more whenever a jet soars above us.
We bow our heads and pray for all those who lost their
lives and for the families they left behind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Startled By Teardrops

Deepening sadness is touching interiorly, pockets of grief
that I've hidden through the years, waiting for the moments
they can be expressed in poetry.

When the lights are off, tears fall, dropping into my heart,
overflowing emotions that are startled by teardrops, salted,
trickling into these open and raw wounds of loss.

Filling my heart with their sorrow, unable to stop them,
memories awakening the moments of life when loved ones were
with me and now are no more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stashing Rhythm

Stashing rhythm carefully within folded synapses of my brain. Selecting each particle and soothing it slowly, methodically, into subconscious visions held up to mirrors, blending with admirable beauty.
Never leaving anything to invisibility - rousting images into being as each word stealthily moves forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

State Of Being

Staring into the future, silently watching what is happening, wondering what I can do to change it more positively in the right direction.

Standing alone most of the time, because most people are pretty negative when things get them down, preferring going deeper into the darkness.

Giving up and falling into the trap of depression, a selfish state of being where one thinks only of themselves while there.

If instead, they'd stay positive, reaching out to others from their hearts, they'd feel much better, it's simply amazing how it helps to forget about yourself and focus on someone else in their time of need.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

State Of Bliss

Rhythms touching my mind, exhilarating and attuning
intellect with coded notes and tones of intensive
meanings that are attracted through imagination and
it's spirits.

Always enjoying beauty and enlightenment that come
upon me when writing poetry, bluened lights surrounding
me with their spacious blossoming of another dimension.

Seeing everything as this awesome brilliance of innate
intellect and talent are being composed, entering this
inner universe, arriving in a state of bliss that can
never be taken from me.

Going within where no one can ever betray or hurt me in
any way, delighting in the beauty of a true freedom and
liberty all my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

State Of Complacency

Sailing across the ocean, watching waves behind me hit and crash upon the shore, scattering shells and sand upon what is already there.

Grasping what it can, pulling it back into it's depths to play with it some more.

A dainty and delicate memory that continues to repeat it-self, soothing me with it's repetition and lulling me into a trance.

A state of complacency, a nice place to set my mind in as I write poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

State Of Limbo

Regularly living in a state of limbo, allowing myself
to go with the flow, wherever it will take me in life.
Seeing and feeling things intensely, letting my being
experience it all fully, never letting any of it be
stifled, because maybe what I get out of it can be
written into a poem that may help someone else in
their particular stage of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

State Of Mind

Alone in a window, watching a strange environment.

Lonely as the chair being sat upon, there arrives a melancholy state of mind.

Leaves fallen down upon a brick hard ground, plants shooting up through special little holes all their own.

Objects moving in and out behind me, I can see them from a corner of my mind.

Listening to sounds, but not caring to delve into their origins, I continue to sit by this glass cold window and reflect on life.

Everything is there in a little country store and I can pick and choose whatever I like.

Mostly, I choose basic items - things that are necessary to sustain this life.

Once in a while I splurge and try a delicacy to find out what it's like, I enjoy, relish and swish it around in my mind.

Yes. My mind is a little country store where I can pick and choose thoughts and ideas and create my own little state of mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

State Of Tranquility

Early mornings begin with writing, as soon as I hear music
it begins.

No thoughts in mind, never have to think of anything, it
is blissful, forming sentences, meanings, verses, poetry,
with no effort at all.

Writing from an incessant and constant waterfall, cascading
from within, words flowing and being captured at the end of
a pen as I write them all.

So beautiful, wonderful, giving, filling with an exquisite
joy that gives a peaceful elation and total serenity while
remaining in this state of tranquility and contemplation.

A wonder of innate nature and gifts of talent from the moment
of conception.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Statement Said To Me

'Don't do something just because it's the right thing to do', if you never hear or listen to another thing I say, remember this, don't do something just because it's the right thing to do'.

An echo from deep within, brought out in an emotional statement that I can understand, yet having no clue why it was said or how it relates to me.

Having no understanding of what lies behind these words, said to me, being lost, mystified, wondering what I'm supposed to do with these words dancing around my mind.

Needing an explanation to put it to rest, after being helped to understand what it could possibly mean, scaring me at times, because I can't fathom the meaning on my own.

Nothing to guide me in the right direction, needing the help of the person who said this to me, so I may finally understand what it is she's telling me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Statements Of Life

Tones of voices as they sing, touch chords in my mind,
telling me future words to form in poems of fate.
Always thinking, making formulations as they are
created in verse, allowing statements of life to be
spoken in words of artistic precision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stating Everything Musically

Sending messages to and from intellect, taking time to
evaluate and absorb every detail in this life.

Actuating the reality of it, blending with imagination
as it is also a great part of who and what we are.

Stimulating words are always enhanced by intellect's
imagination and has deeper meanings to bring messages to
all people around the world.

Beautiful concepts and ideas always coming to the forefront
of the world in poetical forms of desires and wants of
many people.

Stating everything musically under poetical compositions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stating The Obvious

Soothing music touching my senses,
giving placid vibrations throughout my being.
Stating the obvious through poetry as it is
pictured in my mind, honestly, truthfully,
selected for all time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stationary Feelings

Slowly moving, enjoying feelings of spiritual peace
tucked safely around my mind's heart.
Fulfilling memories of the past with visions and
images of younger days.
Stationary feelings hiding closely within, increasing
interior solitude over the years with a perfect
silence.

(10: 37 a.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stations In Life

Language of signs flow before my sight, softened,
gentle, caressing my soul with beautiful feelings
of yesterday and it's meaning.
Swaying explicitly in melodies of future desire,
entertaining pleasurable forays of insight.
Tracing intellect into avenues of creative
subconscious beliefs, taking everything together
and placing it in puzzles of answers for tomorrows
stations in life.
Awaiting fragrances of long-standing visions,
being sprayed with roses, covering all decadent
motives with recriminating evidence of forgetfulness
in eternal slumber.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stations Of Life

Receiving plenty of notes to penetrate denizens of
jungle tangles in precious stations of life.

Juggling jars of liquid wisdom, shaking it into
hives of distinguished bits of information.

Sending out vibrations of incessant echoes,
centering in circles of admonition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Statue Guarding

A stately statue standing on a pedestal just inside a doorway that I am sitting opposite of.

Eerie looking, dressed in black, biker boots, black cowboy hat, two black eyes, large bushy mustache and goatee, a jacket, vest with three gold buttons and a chain probably holding a watch inside a coat pocket.

Hands at it's side, staring into the crowd, a noncha-
lant spectator, a perpetual appearance day in and day out, a prominent display, even when closed at night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Statues Of Life

Standing firmly in the midst of my beliefs, not moving at
all, because it is who I am.

Satisfied that life has given the gifts needed to carry
on with what needs to be done to fulfill my purpose on earth,
there having to be nothing else done to pursue dreams that
have collected in this mind.

Beautiful statues of life, liberty and happiness are constantly
held within my being, giving a creativeness that cannot be
taken from me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Statues Of Poetry

Liquid measures of insistence flow upon my mind,
taking me freely in directions of ebbing oceans
and out to sea.
Life-long passions enacting beautiful statues in
forms of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Statues Of Stranded Thoughts

Statues of stranded thoughts left hanging in the balance of life with no where to call home, no one to care for them.
Just a space on a shelf, until they are tired of being seen.
Stuck in between books piled high for reading, yet separated from any existence on earth.
Left out in the open, unread, unlooked at, kept away from any other particles of life, encased in coffins of bereavement and stashed away in bare closets of empty houses, never to see the amazement and beauty of another mourning dawn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staving Off Death

Succulently listening to the sounds of tangerines
being eaten by pool players sitting around me,
leisurely.
Enjoying the atmosphere, absorbing the talented
games of all those playing here today.
An exceptional endeavor that is daily generating
peace and hope for each player, standing in the
last of their senior years.
Staving off death with pleasurable activities to
keep them active and living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staying Aloof

Solemn appreciation for the life I have, even though
it's filled with much suffering.
Living it to the fullest through music, art, writing,
silence.
Staying aloof, wanting the peace and serenity only
contemplation gives to me.
Sololy keeping it close, holding it's precious
meanings forever in my mind, safe from harm of
people surrounding me all the time.
Wanting to be alone, yet wherever I am, there's
someone wanting to talk or asking for my advice,
when I'd rather just be inside myself and writing
to the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staying As One

Creating our energy through love we have for each other,
hurting so good, not wanting to let go of it, so sensuous
and tempting, giving desires a run for their money.

Feelings and emotions elating us so thoroughly, taking
us ecstatically into interior depths of one another,
beautiful, tender and wonderfully exciting.

Staying as one through love and passion, letting our
beings be filled completely by it's intense essence and
forbidden sins of yesteryear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staying Confined

Discarded like a tattered piece of paper thrown upon the ground,
all usefulness is gone, there is no reason to be anymore.

Left alone, forgotten, abandoned, for someone else has landed
your attention, tripping and falling no longer able to function.

There is no more light within my being, the candle put there
has been blown out.

All that's left behind are wisps of smoke, dwindling also into
time.

What is done is gone and past, yet there is no where else to go,
I have entirely spent myself.

Forgiving no one, looking not for sympathy, preparing for the
death of me within an unsightly tomb of tears.

Crystal lighted, shining everywhere, it is only a reminder that
once upon a time love was here.

Now it has been cast out, not bothering to go out of self and
start again, staying confined here within myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staying Hungry

Staying hungry, an extensive and intense appetite to satisfy curiosity and questions that alight upon this mind.

Ever in darkened corners of this brain, opening up in intellect, a vast atmosphere coded, interesting and alluring to this being of innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staying In Isolation

Energizing every fiber of my being as I listen to rhythms
of various melodies.

Standing firm as life hits me from all sides, nothing to
defeat my spirit because of innate spirituality that in-
creases so perfectly.

Blossoming and coming to fruition daily, spending time in
measures of intellect, bringing ideas of heavenly aromas
into being.

Solitary and staying in isolation by choice, just to
continue writing poetry and composing music while painting
portraits from memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staying In The Background

Silhouettes of yesterday staying in the background,
just letting their presence be known.

Not wanting any light to be shone on themselves right
now for some unknown reason.

Being fine with their decision, writing anyway, just
to see them being obtuse in their twilight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staying Out Of Sight

Filling in the holes of evil, trying to anticipate their entrance into life's territory.
Waiting to find out how to get rid of them forever.
Finding a stillness inside, developed by myself to deal with emotional turbulence.
Scoring points at times, mostly losing them though, because life is too difficult to entertain and I am through trying.
Solitary confinement, alone through days of intense sadness, keeping out of sight intentionally, wanting no one to see me again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staying Strong

Staying power is able to be done through sheer stubborn-
ness of an individual.

Staying strong, not letting anyone sway you one way or
another in life.

Focusing intently at what it is that you really want,
will enable you to achieve it's purpose in your lives.

Quietly and intensely taking everything into your mind,
leaves no room for anything to get in the way of what it
is that you want.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staying The Distance

Tired and bored at times, restless, wandering avenues
of a mind.

Traveling through the desert of this soul, wanting to
change everything about myself.

Start over, burn the past and get together in a new
way that I alone can invent and impart to being.

Staying the distance, not ever giving up, living and
writing this book of life through poetry.

So attuned to particles and fibers of my entire self,
as I find and realize amazing facts coming through
coded rhythms filling my brain constantly and
incessantly, no way to stop it even if wanting to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staying Together

Caught up in the final ending, seeing the beauty of life
that I've already lived through, looking back upon every
episode spent with family and friends.

Joining hearts, souls and minds, staying together through
thick and thin no matter what the situation or circumstances,
never being taken away from important facets of life.

Living here on earth temporarily, keeping pace with interior
patterns and designs that bring our joy far beyond anything
we could've done alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staying Where You Are

Half a laugh is better than none,
a smile is a heart-felt joy.

Wandering around, looking for
happiness - it can never be found.

Staying right where you are, peace
brings happiness from within your
soul, gently draping your whole
being.

Therefore making you whole again -
a once again - human being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staying Within

Rattling and bumping sequences of rhythms, giving them many measures filled with joy, taking along a sense of humor, adding to the fun in music where I always live.

Relaxing and listening to it's fine tuned solace always wanting to stay within where the silence and peace are intense all the time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Staying Young

Thoughts never growing old with fungus.
Keeping agile, never folding in half
with crippling arthritis, just dancing
into the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steadfast

Tramping down all barriers attempting to stand in the way
of progress.

Defining the beauty of this life through it's freedom and
beliefs, inherent in every human being on earth.

Allowing for no interference from evil people, keeping on
an even keel no matter what they do to break things down.

Steadfast and true to principles and convictions, always
ready to defend them to the death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steadfast Spirituality

Always being myself, not giving in to peer pressure,
even at this late stage of life.

There are no people who are better than I in reality,
just their own minds that tell them so.

Loving simply and easy, wanting joy and happiness,
whenever possible.

Strife and turmoil always at my door, trying to take
away the peace of mind that I've found.

Through energy of intellect and imagination, never
letting go, having a steadfast spirituality to give
me strength.

Life is filled with promise and a purpose according to
the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steadily Feeling Life

Steadily feeling life take over, traveling into other universes
and dimensions alone, enjoying seeing picturesque landscapes
and vibrant beauty.

Feeling joy as this mind walks into all types of interesting
portraits, picking up puzzle pieces, able to complete what was
started the time before.

An intense feeling of achievement and accomplishment overwhelm-
ing self by the wonder captivating intellect and developing
creativity sublimely and profoundly without effort.

Knowing that passion is growing like a wildfire, spreading it-
self thoroughly into every particle of intellect and being -
caught by love silently.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steady On Point

Rhythms bouncing down paths of life, giving us a transient beauty and goodness of this human nature of ours, steady and always on point, moving us forever forward.

Traipsing behind, yet lighting the way down a total and enticing curiosity that's a never-ending story of life as we continue to contribute to the essence and purpose of whatever it is that we do in this earthly humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steady Rapid Drumming

Feeling steady beats of the drummer touching the very inside of my soul, loving the intensity and liveliness jumping into my being.

Sliding and coasting downhill, going into and out of many dimensions through intellect, enjoying the ride immensely, taking every step as I walk into poetical rhythms.

Coming faster and faster into my mind, allowing the beats to dictate the words I'm writing into this poem, being so distinctly quick and avid.

Nothing able to stop me as I continue writing rapidly with thoughts never stopping, totally infusing my mind and intellect fluidly without any effort.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steady Turmoil

Challenging mother nature to deter me, throwing everything
she had in the form of gusts and gales of strengthening
wind.

Not letting it get in my way or bother me, sitting right
here in the middle of the mix, nothing getting in the way
of writing my heart out.

Ready to be energized and kept in a steady turmoil of
rhythm, as it takes me down into myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stealing From The Poor

Walking through this life having the same old things continuing to happen, stealing from the poor seems to have been see as alright to shoe who have plenty of money.

Then in return they give a few pennies to feed the ones they have themselves starved in the first place by taking from them the little they have in life.

Evil in the hearts of those who practice this intolerant and abhorrent way of life in the finance world, let the poor keep everything, every penny they earn.

Stop taking from those who really have nothing to speak of in this temporary world, what does it matter to a person who's rich whether or not a person can live life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steaming Anger

Smoothing out wrinkles in life's bountiful laundry with steaming remarks of anger.
Stinging the air with a shot of vibrant taste in the most wanted desires.
Quitting the rat race for peace of mind, letting go of the past triggers as they shoot themselves off into space, never to bother me again on earth.
Relieved now to be rid of all the chastisement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steaming Turmoil

Listening in the darkness, hearing all manner of turmoil steaming from all directions.
Creating instantaneous volume, matching tones and words together to manufacture many meanings of life.
Sustaining memorable visions throughout time, fashioning impossible situations to imitate.
Totally existing in an exact moment of time, expressing every thought in perfect visions of picturesque speech.
Lengthening shadows, covering me with sadness as I slowly walk into a final sunset.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steel - Stringed Guitars

Getting on nerves of steel, playing them like a steel - stringed guitar filled with the beauty of rhythm, being seen incessantly in visions that only can be found and deciphered by this poet.

Being a part of something larger in life, someday soon being present at a ceremony, accepting the Nobel Peace Prize.

Not just for writing and composing, but also for many ideas of improving life for all of mankind, especially for the poor and unfortunate, like in family when so much younger.

Knowing the desperation of an empty stomach, seeing my mother crying late at night because she couldn't give us much of anything.

Yet, she provided us with more love than anyone with millions of dollars could afford.

Mom gave us all of herself and asked for nothing in return from us.

We also gave of ourselves and loved her totally and entirely throughout our lives.

Even now after her death so many years ago, it has taken her essence from all of us, and yet she still lives on in our memories.

Even death cannot take her completely from us, there will always be a part of her in each of our heart's and mind's lives forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steel Burrs

Lonely escapades set me in directions of novel
authorities at break-neck speeds, along with
emotional feelings tying me in knots of utter
forbearance.

Settling in, burrs of steel, rake across my
eyes, spilling contents of my heart onto
slabs of concrete.

Scattered to winds of illegal suppositions,
music sets my mind upon steps of deliverance.

Unequal ideas fall sideways, taking with them
stagnant wordy unmeanings, falling on their
faces without care or reasoning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steel Chests Of Denial

Holding in anger, tightening every single abdominal muscle,
to hold it there with memories of the mind it shares.

Never permitting it to loosen even a few knots, for fear
it will explode and fill me with it's shrapnel like grenades
do.

Eating away like cancer inside, tormenting bodily functions,
causing them to slow and falter.

Hesitating on the brink of death, slipping carefully, and
knowingly down steep cliffs, gathering steel chests of denial
on the way.

Unable to be broken open, a thin film encases every memory
read to them for an eternity sealed in tombs.

No one can reach depths of what I've gone through and know,
so I must turn away from other people and create an avalanche
to cover myself, leaving reality alone.

Being crushed in the dense frigid iciness of an invisible
sarcophagus, blood and plasma of life pours itself into
parts separated from the original person.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steeped In Nothingness

Light of evening falls away and nighttime becomes fulfilled,
many ways have spread throughout the day, taking with them,
moments from every part of it.

Grasping ineptitudes of quiet praise, failing to make any
plan of sense today, trying to hold together semblances of
life, fragmented and tossed aside through misery.

Facing hardships in abandoned loneality and sitting on many
deserted shores forever steeped in nothingness where love
is no more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steeped In Reality

Living here on earth, being steeped in a reality of life,
trying to do what is right, morally.

Trading knowledge through conversations and reading books,
being touched by one another, sharing, feeling genuine
love and caring as we go about our business on a daily
basis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steeped In Time

This night as others like it are overflowing with
sorrow.

Openly, this aching heart admits it's pain is heavy,
full of tears, waiting to be cried out.

Silently their vigil keeping, remorse is life looked
back on.

Feeling the light of hope grow dim inside, knowing not,
what else to do.

Does not fan or bother to keep it alive, staring from
empty eyes, sight having disappeared long ago, somewhere
back in time.

This night as others like it are overflowing with sorrow,
steeped in time passing by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steering Towards Goals

Standing back, watching spirits as they settle and take over our moods.

Soaring with clouds, floating into the atmosphere and going with air currents throughout it and into heaven.

Steering towards goals hidden from sight at times until reaching for them within depths of insistent spirits.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stellar And Unified

Bluened light steady, keeping me from moving into the
darkness of suffering and loss, watching as lights open
up into intellect, shining within my mind.

Stellar and unified, taking individual paths in life to
find answers to many difficult questions, periodically
sounding off through poetical music.

Surrounding me intensely, faster and faster, continuing
through the night, a never-ending talent going to town
with an energy that never quits.

It keeps on flowing, touching every sense, deliberating
on where to go next, a wonderful and enticing exit into
other aspects of living.

Always finding other resources that fill photographic
screens amply and untiringly in every corner of life that
opens itself to a vibrant energy.

A lasting and completed avenue of interior serenity, swing-
ing on gates before me, seeing wisdom of holding back and
waiting for the moment when knowledge rears it's head, tak-
ing place in between reasons of temperate joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stemming From Loss

Carrying burdens and grief throughout the years,
jumping hurdles, climbing mountains and drowning
in oceans of tears.

All of it stemming from attempting to get through
years of sacrifice and loss of family, loved ones,
friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stemming From Love

Rejoicing in the freedom of liberty here in the United States, loving the existence it allows every one to enjoy.

Choices being made, livelihoods giving us a way to live and take care of our families, always having something to give to those in need.

Having been raised to always put an extra plate on our table in case someone needed a meal, door always open to those more unfortunate than us.

Welcoming them like a member of our family into the fold, laughing, enjoying their company and not letting them feel as if they were a burden.

A joy stemming from love we held in our unconditional hearts, loving our neighbors as ourselves.

Isn't it amazing how those who have nothing themselves, share what they have and others who have lots of money, can't spare a dime to help anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Step Beyond Life

Taking steps carefully toward
a final sunset, listening for
clues aligning themselves to
my spirit, so I can calmly
step beyond life tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Step In Time

We all step in our own times,
keeping up with ourselves on
journeys of likability and
essence.
Taking nature with our minds
through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Step Out Of The Box

Au revoir to life in crowded, unkempt buildings, filled with stale air and dirty restrooms.
No life or nature can you find beyond steel and glass doors.
There are no good reasons to place yourself inside, when the only way to live is outside in our desert's vast, expansive and safe sands.
Eyes touching cacti stubble, mountainous rocks and petals of beautiful flowers, which can always replace staring at computer monitors for hours on end.
Walk through all the paper and red tape, say good-bye to daily drudgery and people you don't really like.
Step out of the box, run free, become independent and get in touch soul to soul with nature and self once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepladders

Standing back, gazing at a sphere of life, turning and
twisting, searching for a space to belong, all people
seek and never find one.

Lowering eyes, afraid to look about, feeling shame and
guilt.

Building stepladders to try and rise above it in tight
child-like minds.

There are so many facets of life yet to live, but they
have all been bunched up, crumpled, thrown in a corner
when extremely young.

Sun doesn't shine, nor does wind blow when hidden
beneath the earth down a long, dark tunnel.

No air to breathe or flowers to smell, just sickening
odors to make your stomach turn.

There's no toys or play here, just the loss of child-
hood, under the world as in a grave.

Death has always surrounded, covered beneath the earth,
where men who are supposed to protect, instead maim
and disrespectfully take life uncaringly from children.

Where is life or happiness in a world of sadness,
darkness, shame?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepped Into Moments Of Time

Sliding into rhythms of a beginning melody as it takes me mindlessly into another world.

There I will be independent and free, dancing with my spirit and opening up like a budding blossom, allowing the beauty of my soul to become only essence.

Taking steps into moments of time, never escaping from the rhythms which hold me inner bound, not letting go of any notes.

Grasping and listening with rapt attention, knowing that they are the only particles of being that are ever going to mean anything while I am living life to the fullest here on earth, always making sure that steps lead me eventually to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Along Borders

Bass sounds slowly teasing me in turn-around rhythms of
blues being expressed in lazy but happy avenues, in tune
with another time and place I've never known.

Now coming to love it, enjoying as I write poetry, care-
fully stepping along borders of tomorrow as I walk on,
writing beyond this barrier called life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping And Waiting

Stepping around the city with eyes alert and watching,
looking for movement, causing images to stir.

Flaking up and over onto empty pages, eagerly awaiting
words of poetry to escape and fall here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Aside

Awareness falls short of insensitivity, barricading life-
long ambitions behind bars of steel.

Denigrating proclivity for absent prototypes, strung out
on lines across deep ravines.

Carefully avoiding one land bridges so as not to meet
anyone along the way.

Stepping aside, letting big boys play, while little child-
ren slip away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Back

Sliding between memories, hoping to avoid facing them for a while.
Standing back, taking a breather, getting away from the edge.
Feel a little easier inside.
Battling everyday monsters of life is stressful to say the least.
Hoping to stay back and relax, fulfilling inner dreams, climbing heights within my mind, and trying them on for size before taking
responsibility for them in everyday life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Backwards

Styling, bringing innovative creative processes into being, allowing a freedom of interior ideas to be expressed and written for anyone to see if they choose.
Sending beats into distant poetry, pulling it back and retracing steps into new pathways.
Finding all possibilities as they are thought of and feeling pleasure at their existence.
Flowing excessively as life steps backwards through the past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Down Into Intellect

Stepping down into the midst of intellect as rhythms climb
higher within, surpassing any other signs that may combine
and take their places in time.

Wonder and energy filling this poet's mind as energetically,
thoughts continue to penetrate intellect, reaching, touching
an interior solace and serenity of another inner dimension,
reality sitting back watching it all come about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Down Stairways

Friends supporting one another through music.

Developing friendship in unusual depths of
displayed closeness.

Holding onto many mementos that we've gathered
through the years.

Time always seemingly on our side, keeping us
on the same pathways into our futures.

Continuing to step down stairways of life
together.

Always being involved in each other's lives,
just because we care about one another while
we're here on earth for however long we will
be alive.

(8: 41 p.m. - 11/29/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping In Musical Pathways

Stepping carefully into musical pathways,
listening to every note as I fall into
tempo naturally.
Taking time to be the best I can be,
following the beat of my heart as I stretch
my boundaries farther than they wanted to go.
Now there's a space opened by the mysterious
opportunity of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping In Sounds Of Life

Stepping into sounds of life and nature, even silence
adding to the beautiful symphony.

Notes swirling around as I reach out and place them
carefully into a classical composition.

Being played within my mind as I write poetry, crowding
around, tempos wanting a piece of the action also.

Taking themselves seriously, watching as I placate senses
and feelings through emotions that have been hiding for
too long.

Bringing them into the sky, they soar with thoughts needed
to find my way through life, never copying or reproducing
any of it again for once is quite enough.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Into A Landscape

Streaming down lines of imagination, taking steps into a
landscape totally unfamiliar to my mind.

Fulfilling individual attitudes that have been created in
an inner atmosphere, allowing them to be altered, changed,
rearranged in creative ways.

Focusing exclusively on particles and fibers of increasing
alertness through new and steady rhythms of music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Into Characters Of Self

Visions of a last dance beneath the moon, silvery in
glorious colors of brightness.

Watching as we step into the brilliance of a serenade,
taking us beyond grueling lifetimes of earth.

Stepping into characters of our selves, happy and joyful,
tantalizing one another with sweetened and lightened
softness of heaven's beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Into Death's Corridor

Standing on the precipice of an ending here on earth,
ready to step into death's darkest corridor, unafraid
of doing so.

Yet not wanting my sons, grandchildren, family and
friends to be left saddened by my loss, not wanting
to put them through that intense pain and suffering.

Wanting to protect them from it, thinking of many
possibilities, trying to find solutions, but in the
end there is nothing to be done.

For when we end there's nothing more we can do to
protect those we love from our final passing from
life to death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Into Footprints

Wonderment hesitating to move closer to the reality of
answers, afraid of what they might hear.
Stepping into the footprints, not wanting to leave any
impressions behind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Into Footprints Again

Sailing away into the sunset, love having died and
left the shores of this life forevermore.

Bereft, lonely, forsaken and abandoned, living an
existence of emptiness, nothing to hold onto, no
pleasure anymore like before.

Tattered and alone, stepping into footprints of
past memories, the only thing left on earth.

Reliving them one by one, forgetting life that can
no longer be lived fully, dreaming of what used to
be.

Having no dreams for the future anymore, not being
able to conceive of anything that will bring pleasure
without the love of yesterday being lost forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Into Limits Of Existence

Writhing in agony at times through life, we wallow in despair and abandonment.

Having to live with the sadness of an inherent human nature, we do the best we can in our daily lives.

Stepping into limits of our existence we find ways to push and get beyond them, finding our own solutions in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Into Memories

Stepping into memories filling me
with a bittersweet feeling of joy.
A lasting impression, always caressed
in mind and enjoyed whenever I want.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Into My Mind

Softly, gently, soothing my being with rhythmic
music stepping into my mind.

Bringing a systematic pleasure into an awareness
of intellect, imagination preparing the landscape
with it's anticipatory ideas.

Fulfilling senses completely, giving life an extra-
sensory experience that will last a lifetime in
everyone's memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Into Our Lives

Touching upon the inevitable plots in life, knowing
nothing of what's to happen from one moment to another.

Yet we step into our life every morning when we awaken,
time after time finding ourselves lost and alone.

Wandering through the day, filled with an emptiness that
fills our entire being.

Absolutely nothing standing in the way of abandonment,
then someone comes into your life, smiling.

Asking how you are, altering your mood and changing your
attitude for the rest of the day.

Remember this little story and give your smile to those
you meet throughout the day.

You may be doing the same thing for another who was feel-
ing the same way you did.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Into Promises

Stepping over the line of inner imagination and into promises of dreams to be fulfilled.

Filling every particle and fiber of being left within, knowing what is wanted can be manifested in thoughts incessantly.

Allowing them freedom to become what is witnessed through imagination and intellect, being extremely sensitive to everything from curiosity of a mind.

Beautiful existence being created, writing, telling the world how to run and catch hold of itself, never losing any parts as they walk along shores of their horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Into The Beyond

Spluttering, sobbing, nothing mattering anymore, it's too
late for me now, not wanting to die, yet knowing it is my
fate.

Wind blowing gently across my face, touching my soul,
wanting to know if I am ready to meet the one who made me.

Questioning eyes, looking into His, reaching for His hand
and stepping into the beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Into The Circumference

Rhythms creating a riot within the Wagon Yard, strobe
lights streaming around the room.

Blinking, opening and closing their sparkles, being
ignited by the guitar players, fingers dancing into
the night.

Ebony darkness not making a difference in life, just
stepping into the circumference of this night's music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Into The Here And Now

Lengthening shadows are falling across my mind,
ghosts of the past stepping into the here and now.

Wanting to be revisited and expressed, watching as
they walk around, patiently waiting their turns.

Recollecting their images and the issues they had
back in the past.

Always ready to face the inevitable and to find
solutions for feelings and emotions.

They are still running rampant in my mind today,
finding relevant facts that are acclimated and
sticking to the past.

Wanting to get rid of these feelings as I write
through each of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Into The Passing Of Time

Sauntering slowly down trails of yesterday, looking
at the many avenues of life I have already traveled.

Wondering at the extent of knowledge and learning
that I have already accumulated through the years.

Somehow finding the acumen to continue into the
future on a solo pathway.

Passing by many landscapes through destiny, seeing
directions that I can choose to take.

Not infringing on anyone's toes, stepping calmly
into the passing of time, reason and logic.

Holding true to intellect, wanting to pursue many
more prospects and endeavors throughout the rest
of this life as a mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Into The Twilight

Stepping into the twilight, an all-knowing intellect
being accompanied by inner contemplation.

Spirituality rising like smoke from a fire blazing
inside of my soul.

Entranced by wisdom of life's experiences, always
allowing them to teach faith through a hope that
never dies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Into Your Mind

One day my words will step into your mind, taking hold
of your heart when I am no longer here with you on earth.

Trying to choke back your tears, they will get stuck
like a lump in your throat and you will be unable to
talk.

All the sorrow that once was mine will become one with
yours, and your heart will break in two, knowing that
I will not be seen again.

Every teardrop that falls will show a rainbow once
belonging to my soul, it is the only gift I can leave
you.

Wish with all my being that it could be more, but that
was all that was left to me the moment I died.

Now it is yours to cherish in memory's of your mind, may
it bring you peace, knowing that now I have happiness
and light from God, Himself.

As I fold my hands in a final prayer, I offer these
tiny teardrops to you, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Lightly

Stepping lightly with aging limbs and addled brains,
living experentially through causes and omens of
old age, never letting any of it come closer or become
you for an instant.

Loving rhythm and melodies on horizons of aging fate,
holding hands with knowing glances.

Seeking footholds on sandy mountainsides, grasping a
near-future and having it fall through your fingers
like tiny beads of a broken pearl necklace.

Yet, stepping lightly onto shores of death and it's
feckless journey, walking acceptingly away from a
universe you've always known.

Now, letting it go for a far better transition from
life than ever known before this.

Lightly stepping onto eternity's life-long beaches,
gingerly going into arms of heaven with all it's
promise and glory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Loneliness

Entering arms of love, deserting life for
a part in human contact and being held.
Loneliness steps slowly alongside every
thought, dropped purposely and left for
someone else to pick up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Off The Edge

Midnight has come upon me, darkness enveloping me in it's nothingness, hope having disappeared with the moonlight.

Leaving me in the middle of an ocean of tears, betrayed and feeling totally alone, no one to guide me through the emptiness and abandonment.

Heart ripped in two, it's beating rhythms echoing from a hallway of despair, walking, stepping off the edge of a life that I no longer want.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping On An Aging Horizon

Life is careless, haphazard, nondescript, as we live
through it's daily grind.
Always hoping for something more, unsure of what it
should be, as we wait in silent anticipation for
what we don't know.
Keeping vigil as we step onto an aging horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping On Thoughts

Stepping into many thoughts,
crunching and scattering them
like leaves in a storm.

Watching their flights in all
directions, finally drifting to
a stop within life's circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Onto Imagination's Stones

Swirling with enthusiasm, seeking pleasurable stances
of life-abiding musical rhymes.
Stepping onto stones of imagination, noticing different
aspects of an individual journey along highways of
destiny, enjoying solitary travels to places unknown or
just created from mind-bending thoughts of novel ideas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Out Of Character

Scraping sounds from nature, following certain patterns
through trails, watching out for wildlife, careful not
to harm any of it.

Solemn, thoughtful and filled with peaceful aspirations
here in a spiritual realm filtering tones, playing with
them through the night mischievously.

Letting inner thoughts have freedom, soaring into skyways
of liveliness, tempting my mind to step out of character
and have some fun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Out Of Routines

Shining strands hanging from a woman's necklace as she plays
ping pong at the senior center.
Enjoying herself immensely, a smile on her face, taking her
leisure and stepping out of daily routines.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Outside Minds

Watching people come and go, attending to their busy schedules
and agendas, never noticing the beauty of nature all around
them.

Mind fixed on their problems and circumstances, unable to
grasp any answers while their minds are filled with turmoil
and stress.

Wondering why they don't step outside their minds and delve
into their interior spiritual life where faith and hope sur-
vive somehow through it all, giving hope and love from the
Divine within each of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Over Memories

Stepping forward in time, yet backwards in a mind, looking
to the future, wanting to see what it may bring.

Afraid to take a peek, because memories walking backwards
remind you of past sorrows and pain.

Rejecting talk of better things to come, sliding further
backwards into the slime of a forgotten being.

Tentatively proceeding, cautious of each and every feeling,
placing paramount importance on not having any pain to deal
with.

Stepping over memories and forward in time, will bring you
face to face with your entire life when it is truly time
for it.

March on quietly, taking life in stride and you shall find
more joy in it than pain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Over Pride

Trying to be open and honest in all I have left to do is
easy, filling me with peace and lifting a heavy burden
from my shoulders.

Forever feeling freedom, flying in it's realms elates me,
taking it all in stride, reaching out, touching someone's
heart helps to know we are none of us alone.

Falling asleep with pride lying at my feet, total honesty
filling my being, getting up, stepping over pride, leaving
it in the dirt, no longer having any use for it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Slowly

When life is near it's end, it becomes like a star in heaven, bringing peace and solitude to all who are around to see and share in it's ending.
Tears ebb as new life comes nearer.
Prayer takes on a special meaning, strengthening inner souls.
Magnificent feelings of peace and inner joy take hold as stepping slowly out of life, we seek and find our pathway to God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Stone Into Poetry

Resolving to monitor inner rhythms of melodies in many
motions and movements of rhythm.

Always standing and going into an exterior of measures
as they continually form in the presence of normal
situations, forming and shaping syncopations of a total
energy, taken from within intellect.

Causing the mainstream of another mysterious situation,
to flow freely, bringing and using every melody as a
stepping stone into poetry.

Forever finding necessary and exacting means to progress,
climbing to heights of another mountain in the distance.

Taking every thought, idea and invention into depths of
all that is created from imagination and intellect,
proposing novel explanations of ancient philosophies.

Now knowing the latest truths as they stand completely
on their own, no illusions covering them with lies,
beautiful, carefree and totally open to debate on any
level chosen.

Many arguments being taken and turned around into positive
traits of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Stones

Caverns of despair hold us empty and without hope of
ever breathing air of happiness again.
Wallowing along pathways of past remorse, we attempt
to overcome it all at once, overwhelming ourselves
with deceitful thoughts and unenergetic realizations.
Stepping a stone at a time, we eventually will climb
our mountains and attain peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Stones To Heaven

Gently standing over fields of blossoming beauty,
wondering what I've done to deserve such a shower
of blessings in life, of love and family.
Balanced I know, by their equivalent losses, yet
here I am, wanting to be placed on stepping stones
to heaven.
Alone and abject, on cornerstones of horizons beyond
us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Through Life As One

Every day is filled with the wonder and awe of our love as it continues to spread through our beings incessantly, beautiful and enticing, never taking us away from one another.

A perfect balance of love and Divine intervention in our lives, finding one true way to love through our hearts together, never sleeping, never fading.

Our love growing ever fonder, spreading ever wider, captivating us both in this mystical magic for we two only, loving how it makes us feel when we're together.

Splendid and peaceful, holding us ever closer through every trial and experience in this earthly life, stepping through life as one forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Through Puddles Of Loneliness

Always being distinguished through subconsciousness
and divine spirituality, keeping me together with
faith of a lifetime.

Promises and lengthy conversations happening through
intellect in the form of prose, tended to by many
rhythms through the years.

Justifying depths of reality that intensely feel the
sojourn journey of this bereft heart, always stepping
through puddles of emptiness.

Being abandoned time and again, following the wonder
of a life that has ended and cannot be brought back
ever again.

Eternally searching, yet knowing it will be a fruit-
less endeavor and not worth the effort in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Through Time

Waking from a deep sleep, realizing that there are still many things for me to see and experience first hand.
Living fully, exhausting every possibility to learn more about life on earth's circular orbit.
Transvexing every idea to actual proclivities sensed from another plain.
Seeking times of enlightenment, welcoming each and every avenue my mind sees and opens to.
Courageously stepping through time and staying upright, enough at least to enjoy pleasurable moments given by God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping To Rhythm

Walking incessantly on a treadmill, looking into mirrored walls on every side.
Stepping to a rhythm beat out by a conveyor belt for twenty minutes, burning calories to lose weight.
Next, to a recumbent bike to work out kinks in long-legged strides.
Stepping steadily up and down, keeping track of steps - off to the water fountain for a drink.
Exercising legs and thighs and stomach in a row - hoping to find an image in the mirror that I can like.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stepping Upwards

Energies being stranded on edges of truth,
filtering lusters, of twilight skies,
pacing the length and breadth of heaven.

Taking care to not exhale on nature's
walkways, as stepping upwards towards
heaven life begins.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steps In Time

Carefully spelling musical notations as they come alive to my mind, energizing my spirit, calming my soul.
Tenderly moving towards sunlit nights of the future in my dreams.
Sending messages beyond the confines of my being, praying for enlightenment to keep me company from here on out, whenever curiosity steps in time with rhythms of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steps Into Pure Intellect

Learning from life, it's chemistry blending with intellect
as concepts are being born within this mere poet's mind.

Listening to rhythms as they are coded directly into
whatever thoughts are coming into it.

Searching, watching, taking every step into depths of pure
intellect from within a bluened interior spirituality.

Losing self inside it's beauty and intense stillness, not
leaving any particle of being to itself as it all mixes
together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steps Into The Future

Thinking deeply within, letting senses have their fill
as I write, finding landscapes flowing like rivers to-
wards the ocean.

Everything touching intellect with beauty, emotions over-
flowing into my being, causing love and energy to fill
this poet's mind.

Taking steps into the future, moving forward with hope
and joy, leading me into enticing experiences that fill
me exceedingly with discoveries.

Sating my inquisitiveness, curiosity always looking about,
wanting to see what else can be found or is needing inves-
tigation in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steps Into Wilderness

Rising to each morning sun, being filled with elation
at seeing earth being reborn every morning.

Nature abounding, filling my being with it's intense
essence and beauty of life.

Always taking steps into the wilderness of another
dimension, hoping to see the unusual.

Looking to satisfy curiosity with every detail of
circumspect evidence, finding every little thing that
is seen and experienced throughout this entire lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steps Of Betrayal

Walking upon steps of betrayal, not knowing where they
will lead, afraid of whatever end is hidden.

Hesitantly watching passers-by, for signs of hatred,
and voices of lies.

Blurred vision, searching crowded by-ways for familiar
faces, finding none, standing aside in disputed disgrace,
cast out by another's unwilling sacrifice.

Seeking a place of respite, praying for deliverance,
knowing there will never be any in this lifetime.

Awakening each morning, hearing moans of despair blending
with agonizing cries of anguish, left standing in the air,
no where to dissipate or diminish.

Sequestered at last in a mind of innocence hidden away,
all beauty laid to rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steps Of Compassion

Steps of compassion throughout the years have
built souls of volunteers today.
Truly caring individuals, spending their time
helping others, putting themselves second.
Peaceful, contented faces stand out in a crowd,
moments of joy brought to many people are
reflected in an inner serenity, a panacea for
involvement of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steps Of Enlightenment

Coastlines run along us as we travel down highways of
life's landscapes, looking at visions of beauty
created by natural desires of mother nature.

Oceans of wonderful images bring a calming existence
to settle within our souls, giving us the pleasure of
everyday bliss.

Nothing transpires in beings who stay in one place,
they cannot learn of anything but themselves,
selfishly gathering all thoughts into knowledge
benefiting their own egos.

Traveling the world, nations are created by this
intense environment of diversity and love of one
another.

Faster than lightening, we cooperate and become allies
to each other.

Finally, bringing peace to a corrupt world full of
hate and derision.

We can all participate in this joining of love for our universe if we just let go and begin, taking the first
step of enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steps Of Moments

Romping, galloping in time with cowboy melodies playing in my mind.

Tragically pounding ivories, making them work like never before.

Increasing their resistance to leisure as they unfold so prettily in rhymes.

Calculating the insides of rhetoric in steps of moments through time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steps Of Our Spirits

Living totally in the awesome presence of our Lord, looking out and through nature where all His creatures live, finding their places in nature's abundant spaces.

Alone, no worries as they do so, seasons come and go, none of them seem to interfere for very long, beautiful blossoming fields of flowers taking us up steps of our spirits in life.

Allowing our souls to find the peace and serenity that they need and deserve forever, hoping to soon find a place in heaven where they may dwell forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steps Of Purpose

Taking steps into later hours of the night, following steps of purpose into the dawning of a brand new day's beginning.

A resolution of intent, one that will help prepare the future for what is about to happen in all of our lives.

Everything being mixed up, scattering particles to the wind, leaving them to die in the darkness of an early morning, before any light begins to shine on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steps Of Reality

Happiness claims hearts and souls with musical ineffability and perseverance as people on death beds recuperate and come back to dance gracefully around the dance floor. Amazingly, lives are transformed right before our eyes in steps of reality, keeping time with rhythmical beats and passion of melody.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steps Of Time

Never letting promises of yesterday interfere with
mistakes that have fallen before me on the steps
of time.

Searching avenues of every particle as they proclaim
the beauty that is hiding in the hollows of empty
trees of destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steps Of Unspoken Wisdom

Hungry for tidbits of wisdom, meeting with ideas in filing cabinets kept throughout the years.

Lying down in beds of roses, never going to sleep, placidly watching as many questions remain unanswered.

None seeming to be qualified to touch upon their truths or reality.

Wandering aimlessly, traveling into jungles of other times, letting mysteries accumulate and be left unwritten on steps of unspoken wisdom.

Chapels along the way being treasured with thoughts that will never be spoken, only put on pages of silent poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steps Of Wonder

Quietly running through my mind, little steps of wonder timidly venture forth,
searching pockets of grey matter for tidbits of wisdom and hints of learning.
Awe-struck, listening with anticipation and joy to silent sounds of nature growing all around.
Innermost melodies of souls converging into a meadow of great knowledge,
attaining the foremost acquiescence in the world.
Living through fascinating moments of everyday routines, calmly forgetting all in favor of peaceful listening in pockets of greyest matter.
Unafraid, unalone, within realms of all of life's moments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steps Towards Eternity

Partaking in life's happiness, walking along routes unknown on earthly shores.
Silently joining others at times, touching soul to soul, meeting of minds through music and prayer.
Journeying through myriad varieties of suffering and joy, alighting on moments of natural highs and frills.
Taking steps towards eternity, hoping to make it there in one piece at the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Steps Towards Heaven

Faltering steps humble beings towards ends of life.
Carefully pacing every moment in time, as stairways
to heaven open up their cloudless gates to entrances
of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sterling Memories

Sterling memories sit in my mind, reminding me of the
past and all of the experiences that I've had.

Bittersweet, forever mine, never letting go of them
for they are particles of who I have become.

Through the years, lasting experiences able to be seen
again when just thinking of them and what we have been
through.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stifled Anger

Having recreation and leisure at a hopping karaoke concert.
Wagging and flying into cloudy skies, overcast with hazy comments and lively music.
Seething anger being stilled in dances of melody, insuring that there will be no fights or disagreements.
Collecting numerous memories throughout the night and well into the morning hours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Still

Anguish fills my being tonight, silently I suffer alone, afraid to share it with anyone lest they be pulled down by it too.

Quietly looking about, all is still, nothing is moving.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Still Holding Love

Moving in sequences known only to inner rhythms, touching
our souls and bringing us to heaven.

Reaching for reverberations, tantalizing our beings, loving
feeling them run through out intense desires.

While dancing together, looking into the distance, seeing
visions of us still holding love.

Never leaving or giving up on the precious beauty we hold
within for one another.

A spacious and unconditional love that spreads itself
throughout our beings each moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Still Hopeful

Reaching forward into twilight, hoping to grasp hold
of a starlit love that will bring a beautiful light
to the darkness of my heart.

Standing in moonlight, looking around, watching the
center of an inner universe circle around, not stopping
to allow love to meet me.

Wandering, stepping through an ebony desert, bereft,
but still hopeful that a love will find it's way into
my heart at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Still Life Painting, Watching

Living in a picture of the past, a still life, that no
longer has any life to live.

Beautiful colors, gentle brush strokes of the life we
have lived together.

Vibrantly painting a portrait of what we used to be,
haunting echoes of silence are all that are heard anymore.

Sun never rising or setting again, clouds no longer are
floating across blue skies, nature now deadened in an oil
painting of a life that we once used to live in.

A myriad of feelings and emotions no longer being felt,
for we have been split apart from the picture and land-
scapes of our lives.

No familiar smile, good morning kisses, nor making love,
apologies no longer necessary for we have no more time
in life, yet have done nothing wrong either.

Silence taking us both into a still life painting, all
that's left of us and our love, as I stare into it's
nothingness waiting for something to transpire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Still Listening

Still here listening to Swain's World at Buddy Stubbs,
enjoying the music til the very last song and note.
They're good as always, people thrilling to their
episodic fame in rhythms of favorite tones.
Jamming to the world around them, letting us all relax
and sit in melodies of reminiscent times.

(2: 26 p.m. - 10/26/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Still Recovering

Recovering still from all the surgeries of two
years ago, needing more, but living and loving
strong through poetry.

Writing it incessantly, it's keeping me going,
giving an energy that cannot be found anywhere
else in this world.

Expecting to continue, keeping my balance as I
move into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Still Tears Of Loss

Silence penetrates my being thoroughly for I am so empty,
wishing you were here again with me, living has ceased to
begin without you my dear.

Sitting here, looking at your lovely face in a picture,
you are silent, not talking and tears start to fall, my
love, you were and are my all in this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Still Together

Waltzing through life together, happy as larks on
this beautiful morning.

On our horizon, life is looking up, we're together
after all the hardship and sorrow we've been through.

Holding and dancing across the floor, our hearts
enmeshed with each other, living in this moment of
love forever.

Mindful of the tragedies that may happen in the
future, we will hold each other closely while we can,
enjoying one another's company, precious seconds in
our time eternal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Still Waiting At The Airport, Writing

Shadows crawling all over the airport, trying to stay away
from the sun, not wanting to disappear in it's distinct
rays.

Watching as they play hide and seek all through the day and
night indoors and outdoors, a fun way to spend leisure time,
making up stories about them and what they're doing.

Shadows trying to hide from everyone in the surrounding area,
a lasting impression indelibly etched in mind, to be brought
to the forefront in the future, possibly finding themselves
in a poem one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Still Wondering Why

Serious and yet serene, thinking about obama and what
he's doing to destroy America.

Causing mayhem, trying to cover his lies with illusions,
and people are believing him.

Anyone can see that obama is a socialist, a leader of
the muslim brotherhood.

Having brought them here by jet, on our taxpayers dollar,
illegally, bypassing immigration and it's laws.

Flying them here first class, under the radar, hoping we
will not find out, but we have!

This imposter has committed treason and yet he's still
in the White House!

Every American is asking why? What's wrong with Congress,
the Senate, and House of Representatives?

Never getting an answering reply from any of them, we
are still wondering why, now uniting to conquer them all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Still Yawning

A new day dawning and I'm still yawning on the
other side of the world.

Sleep approaching as nighttime descends upon my
horizon thousands of miles from India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Still, Quiet Remembering

Standing about, thoughts gently look for recognition,
letting me notice them in my own time.

Coding each with a rhythm that fits them in their
attitudes and behaviors.

Still and quiet, finding each one to be superbly naïve
and innocent in depths of a childhood once upon a time.

Living now and again within each one as it is remembered
in times of happiness.

Loving this good time as I write so conscientiously in
this poetry journal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stillness Crossed My Mind

Riding into sunsets on horseback, reeling in pictures of thoughts, as I am being fulfilled with nature's beauty.

A stillness has crossed my mind and taken me into a desert of my soul, giving pleasurable desires of equanimity as I come alive within.

Sensing the liveliness coming into it's own, grabbing a hold of it and dancing into moonlight with an energy befitting this very night.

Awakening spirits, as I get upon a horse and continue riding through the night as it covers me with it's blanket of absolute darkness, hiding me from the coming daylight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stillness Reigns Inside

Reaching beyond learning and knowing, wanting to be
able to find answers of life before dying.
Stillness reigns inside, always on the look out for
other sources of learning and knowledge.
Purposely having senses sensitized beyond comparison,
just so they can be written in uncanny poems.
Loving textures and feelings of all their essences,
beginning in contexts of an inner energy that no one
can figure out.
Constantly, writing ever clearer, finding a keener
clarity, focusing ever nearer to destiny, solace
covering from the inside out.
Reliving experiences already lived through and now
watching it's videos on photographic screens time
and again to continual enjoyment and amazement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stilted Conversations

Knowing silhouettes are gathering in the background, mingling with past images, taking cover when memories rear their heads.
Trying not to focus on a realm of sadness, preferring to accumulate some joy and happiness for the time being.
Stilted conversation, never knowing what to say, yet, in writing, never at a loss for words, expressions and diction.
Longings filling every paragraph and somehow spreading truth throughout the poetical world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stimulating An Inner Silent Voice

Skies slowly darkening, letting fall a gray cloud
outside.

No lights are seen, nature is standing quietly by,
just waiting and watching to see what will come
about.

Mysterious, alluring, piquant with excitement,
nothing telling a word, no motion or breeze running
about.

Then a steady beat starts forming, very slowly at
first, almost stopping, then rapidly picking up
speed, rhythms coming alive full of vibrant tones.

Sounds coming to this mind, precious and unusual,
emitting notes filled with exhilaration and verve,
stimulating an inner voice heretofore silent.

Listening now opening it's eyes and looking about
to see what is now happening, expectations running
high.

Atmosphere electrified with the unknowingness of
what is about to happen, skies slowly darkening,
letting fall a gray cloud outside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stimulating Children's Senses

Criss-crossing back and forth boundaries and limits
set up from childhood on our brains and innate talent.

Knowing that some parents do not understand how very
important it is to stimulate an infant's intellect and
imagination through classical music.

Playing with adults as well as children, being allowed
to go for walks, touching and exploring everything that
catches their sight.

Even a newborn can be brought in the arms of a parent,
to put their hands on the trunk of a tree, also to feel
the consistency of rocks, leaves, mud and moss.

It automatically stimulates their little brains, inducing
their curiosity to grow and mature throughout life, always
questioning and looking for answers to express curiosity.

A beautiful gift every parent can give to their children,
is to stimulate their senses with touch, sight, smell and
taste.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stimulating Notions

Writing in skyways of my imagination, locating every idea coinciding with native plains in desert colors of brown.
Trying to step along easily, using every notion to stimulate processes of thought.
Putting them into gear and lifting off, heading to the outskirts of life and new horizons of bluened thoughts, chasing away the sadness of a previous lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stinging Rhythms

Swarming like bees, filling spaces with a multitude of rhythms,
stinging imagination with it's splendid verse.

Fashionably attired in natural colors, soaring through repertoires
of balance and harmony.

Teaching thought, curtailing inane particles of English, combining
them into vats of verse and spreading them over the bread of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stirring Beauty

A soliloquy of song being sung to rhythms of love being held
snugly within each one of us here.

A beauty, stirring within at the tones of love being sung
out loud in praise and tribute to Max whom we celebrate for
the life he has lived here while on earth.

A simple, loving man, generous to a fault, loving others
with every breath he took.

Such a wonderful person, now gone from all our lives, we
will miss his presence here, but the image he has left us
with will never be forgotten.

Tucked safely within the memories we have of him here at the
Wagon Yard.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stirring Essence

Desert trees beckoning from the side of the highway,
waving hello, gently, with help from a morning wind,
flowing through the atmosphere.

Beautiful auras touching intellect, stirring their
essence like a spoon in an early morning cup of coffee.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stirring Ideas

Barriers to my mind are set up and working, transferring all I think directly to picturesque screens in avenues of predicted moments.
It's an opening from which I may proceed backwards or forward into future periods of attachment for ideas being stirred anew.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stirring Imagination

Gently proceeding towards a musical composition
being stirred in my imagination with love.
Deciding to listen to its notes,
placing them in order of distinction.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stirring Intellect

Piano playing rapidly and beautifully, tapping out rhythms
that I love to hear.

Quickly finding it's way into intellect, stirring it like
crazy, giving my mind the liveliness and energy it always
is wanting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stirring Knowledge

Sordid affairs merge in thought, creating a pot of
interruption to calmly felt emotions.

Stirring knowledge, trying to come to terms with
it, yet there is no wisdom developing from any of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stirring Perfect Feelings

Playing piano, listening to perfect tones as they touch
and play with rhythms of pleasant treasures being held
inside while living.

Sinking into an ocean of plenty, swimming with ideas
easily underwater, and seeing many novel aspects of
life beneath the salted water of earth.

Perfect feelings stirring in my soul with lively
thoughts and an effervescent energy of beauty as I
continue to play piano in tune, forever walking down
pathways of precious life in heaven.

Touching it's gardens, looking just as I remember them
when last being there, enjoying it's tenth dimensional
roses of bluened crystal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stirring Thoughts

Waving gently, fanning the heated ground beneath
it's outstretched branched hands.

Feeling daintily against the sky, clouds proceed
to float on by.

Stirring slightly, thoughts in a mind, bringing
loneliness outside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stolen Vehicles

Cars stolen every day in Phoenix, why?

Last night our son's car was stolen from an apartment
complex and driven practically across the street to
another complex.

Our son's friend and co-worker rode our son around,
finding his stolen car, then taking him to a phone
to call police.

A police car was sent and an officer met with my son,
he got his car back, thanks to his friend for taking
him to look for it.

If he hadn't, our son's car would be gone forever,
most likely taken to Mexico.

Why don't the police follow-up right away? More stolen
cars would be recovered, I bet!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stone Dog - Stone Bench

The two separately are stone - they're cold - they have no meaning beyond what they are - a bench - a dog.
Yet, if you were to take that dog and put him on the bench, it would take on meaning for you.
(Well, you're even calling the dog a him now!)
In life's situations how many times have we had two directions to take and couldn't decide which way to go?
In our minds it had to be one way or the other.
Why can't we at sometime in our lives, combine the two alternatives and take parts of both?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stone Faces

Gray skies are abiding inside minds of depression,
filling hearts with despair and woe, taking over
sentiments and filling them with tears.
Sending them pouring down faces set in stones of
yesterday's happiness.

(10: 25 a.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stone Heart

Disappearing enacted every time I need to be comforted
while in a serious downfall of sadness.

Covering up, letting life go, leaving me stranded with
no where to go.

Tears forming, never flowing, because I have turned my
heart to stone.

Knowing I won't get any solace from any quarter tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stone Mountain

Solid stone reaching for the sky, sitting magnanimously upon a small sloping mountain.

Catching our eyes in a morning sun, teasing, wanting us to come and climb it's hidden hazardous pathways and footholds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stones Of Realization

Sounding off to musical tones of particular
peculiarities set in stones of realization.
Never letting go, penetrating alternative
replies to every thought.

Always following, forgiving nothing, holding
onto angles, mathematically.
Formulating many formulas never before been
thought of, tried or tested.

Keeping altogether, myriads of ideas, as they
fall down into cisterns of odd-sounding tones.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stop Building Freeways

Scanning hazy horizons filled with smog, squinting to
see South Mountain in the distance.
It appears to be a big gray blue, hardly recognizable.
Too many freeways built in this city, choking off it's
lifeblood, causing people to get sick.
Nonsense spouting from city, state and federal govern-
ments, regarding environmental concerns according to
money-in-their-pockets and hidden agendas.
If in reality, they wanted to enforce anti-smog laws,
construction for freeways would already by stopped.
What good will all these roads do it we can't even
breathe or go outdoors?
Stagnating air, much like our politicians, needs to be
turned around and gotten rid of.
Bring back the desert with it's panoramic views and
forget about a tourist's ideas of more roads and modes
of transportation.
Just tell them all to go back home and save our city
and state for our futures.
If freeways continue to be built, we will be another
Los Angeles filled with smoggy filth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stopping Perversion

Babies being killed, children being raped, what is wrong
with people, how can they be so evil and perverted?

What kind of monsters are they, how can anyone commit
such horrendous crimes against the pure and innocent in
our world.

Where do they get the notion or idea, that they have the
right to harm these innocent children? Such perfect little
beings, never having done anything wrong to warrant this
evil treatment.

It is time to castrate, then kill all these perverts,
it's the only way to stop this perversion of childhood
in our world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stopping The Rip-Offs

Time to time being stifled in life, having paid my dues
years ago, now moving into the limelight, going for what
I deserve in the earthly life.

Stopping the rip-off of politicians and government, now
finding ways to expose their lies and illusions that they
use to keep us all down and out.

While they continue raking in our money, using it to make
a success of themselves, making us poorer and causing a
government tragedy of poverty in every respect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storage Containers

Riding along, seeing so many curious and interesting landscapes and their landmarks.
Traveling down highways, absorbing every detail in mirrored reflections, holding them up to the sunshine.
Illuminating every measure against itself, and filing it all away in storage containers of my inner mind, to be used later on photographic screens, trying to come back where they once were.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storage Of Memories

A wakening breath, a hint of morning, absorbing mindless
empty storage of memories.

Winding amidst tall pines struck by lightening, ideas are
being enkindled in flames.

Zig-zagging turmoil, trudging through forests of thoughts,
spread blanket thin, like dead leaves dying on the forest
floor.

Matching colors, designing patterns, fitting words together
with understanding and meaning.

Lengthy discourses noted throughout time in orderly fashion,
solemnly continued, properly adapted, as night-time darkness
descends on us in silent slumber.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stored Sentiments

Sentiments stored deeply in tunnels of darkness, not letting any light shine on them so feelings cannot be reached anymore.
Wanting no more tears interfering with my heart.
Tearing strings left attached from my very soul, throwing aside any and all emotions connected to someone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storehouse Of Items

Beating, pounding, bringing up notes of beats stranded in times,
becoming parts of new items on shelves of imagination's storehouse.

Allowing recognition of other sources in vibrations of eternity,
lending beauty and incessant tones to accompany me into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stories Of Broken Hearts

Quickened steps, running away from life,
expecting the world to stop and throw me
off.

Difficult stories told by broken hearts
in saddened songs, sung by lonely people
in karaoke cafes across the country.

Rhythms calling out to humorous aspects
in life's experiences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stories Of Heartfelt Sorrow

Reading expressions on faces of people everywhere,
knowing instinctively what they are feeling deeply
inside.

Not knowing how it's being done, just being very
intuitive, it always happens no matter what when
I am around people.

Normally correct in my thinking when talking to
some of them, tears arriving in their eyes as they
tell me their stories of heartfelt sorrows.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stories Of Inner Feelings

Tinkling melodies playing along, developing into quiet
strings of rhythm.

Telling stories of an inner feeling, emotions rising
to the surface, giving many effervescent touches of an
inner spiritual melody being played by my soul.

A very beautiful lilting pick-me-up sort of melody,
it's harmony breaking apart any sadness that happens
to be left in this mind.

Such a happy go lucky rhythm, taking my mind away into
the great blue yonder constantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stories Told

Between the pages of many books, rampant ideas and thoughts
have been corralled and put in order to form collected works
of poetry or stories.

Well-worn corners turned many times to edit and rework themes,
plots and gentle prose.

Alleviating many tired ideals, forming and situating them in
creative inner workings.

Courting life along it's many paths through tragedy and sorrow,
sometimes rising towards joy.

Many faces turning, staring throughout the centuries, known
by many people because they've read the stories told between
the pages of untold volumes of books.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stories Within

Going nowhere. Feeling empty.
No thoughts hiding inside a brain.
Nothing at all within.
Wanting everything - receiving nothing,
it's all a blank page as the day progresses.
No one has a pen.
There is no paper.
And yet, stories roll out anew with thoughts
lying around inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storing Experiences

Traipsing through meadows,
trying to lose strings of
crystallized tears.
Never wanting to be tied down,
in emotional turmoil caused by
another in life.
Soothing melodies calming inner
thoughts as I hold onto sorrow's
heartstrings, pulling me off into
horizons on the other side of life.
Storing all experiences in measures
of music to be composed and laid in
tones of melody, charging my mind
with an enveloped sense of intense
behavior, settled within the sensory
particles of my brain, keeping the
elements of life intact, while moving
on to extreme sensations.
Forgiving attitudes, finding their
ways into a being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storing Spirituality

Straight and narrow, following destiny's path while
walking with fate.

Everlasting essence being filled interiorly, having
built up a huge store of spirituality to stand the
test of time.

Purposely energizing my soul, knowing that evil
lurks everywhere, around each corner.

Always on the look-out, avoiding it and being tougher
than nails living in this world.

Nothing able to take me down as long as I have a drop
of faith within my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storing Thoughts

Taking routes to places I've never been to before, just to see if I can adapt to new environments.
Singly producing ideas for future use, tangling with abstract meanings and coming out on top.
Shaking all thoughts into tumblers, spinning them smoothly and polishing them before setting them into settings befitting of gems.
Storing them indefinitely in poems meant for posterity, where others will read and interpret them.
So tender and beautiful, sonnets sing of life along pathways to heaven.
Always standing aside, performing music to thoughts as I write them thoroughly into literature, showing some of what I thought through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storing Thoughts Of Love

Receiving thoughts of love and storing them deeply within, saving them for days of abandonment, when no one cares to be around you.
Lonely forethoughts rise and fall beneath a skyway of blackened clouds, awaiting their time to drown any interior solace with whatever falls from saddened, tear-stained memories.
Coagulating every particle of sorrow and using them to prolifically expand knowledge from poetical views, bringing it eventually into wisdom's corner forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storing Verses

Sparkling wines of creativity flow through imaginative
rivers of never before seen literature.
Corralling ideas without limitation, herding them easily
into poems and placed in barns for storage - to feed my
mind later on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storm Cloud Tempers

Listening to storm clouds passing overhead.
Their testy tempers complaining about the
distance they have yet to travel before
they reach their final destination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storm Clouds

Climbing and crossing desert mountain
terrain beneath black and gray storm
clouds.
Waiting to prey upon unsuspecting
earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storm Clouds Fervor

Perfect storm clouds gathering together, appearing calm and quiet.
Yet we know the tumultuous fervor it will hit earth with it's
winds, rain and hail.
All in a tiny moment's force as we watch earth get drenched in a
morbid bath of furor, sent by God in a cloud of dismay over how
we treat each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storm Clouds Overhead

Gray and white storm clouds passing overhead,
looking for a dry space to pour their waters
in.

Floating across the heavens, eyes scanning
landscapes below, looking for destinations as
yet unknown.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storm In Flight

Clouds moving across the sky,
meeting up with others drifting along.
Gathering their skirts,
forming a newly-made rain storm in flight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storm Of Emotion

Collecting information in a storm of emotion, feelings being
blown in all directions, still and silent, contributing to
solace intensely filling my mind.

Shy and timid, not wanting to be known, just wanting to write
and be the mere poet that I am and will always be, sounds of
praise, honors bestowed all are in naught.

For I remain within a bluened light that keeps me humble,
a knowing that allows me to be just an instrument that God
uses for whatever purpose He needs me for on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storming Darkness

Chasing notes throughout the night, hitting the darkness with a lightening streak and thunder, waking up the facets sleeping inside.
Taking them to far sides of tomorrow without any qualms or doubts to betray the way I feel inside.
Harping to destinations in other dimensions off the charts of human conditions.
Arranging the beauty of every day timing, collating with sensations of imagination.
All in the moment of a morning sunrise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storming Into The Afternoon

Storming into the afternoon with colors of red, white
and blue flying before us here at Buddy Stubbs, an
honor guard leading our day.

Singing the Star Bangled Banner with a crowd of bikers,
all Americans, mostly being our true and honored Vets,
all at attention, hands upon their hearts.

Back Stage Crew being the band performing here today,
fantastic and inspirational in their great musical
ability.

Passionate and loving music, totally in synch with one
another as they play for all of us here today, unself-
ishly giving of themselves in every detail of music.

Faster and faster they go, this mere poet keeping time
perfectly as I write from the sounds of rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storming The Future

Roaring of reality in this world takes over inner gifts with innate talent.

Rocking and lifting all into the rafters, never taking their eyes off of sights being shown within.

Sending messages quietly into depths of intellect, taking steps quickly, finding answers needed to proceed from this life into the next one.

Rocking, can't stop, one day making it to the top of imaginative future realities, nothing being in the way, leaving everything in the capable hands of intellect and it's infinite wisdom.

Storming into the future, perfect in every sense, taking no nonsense from any aspect outside of itself, nothing penetrating the essence of this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storms Are Fun

Stormy seas tossing me about,
while watching skies turn blacker.
Feeling torrents of wind and rain
as they alight upon my head.
Sending me into gales of laughter,
because storms are fun to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storms Falling

Storms of lightening and thunder fall upon me as I write of life events.
Booming into the atmosphere, letting me know that I'm still alive and wanting to be met in love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storms Of Death

Going through love, having a euphoric effect on hearts everywhere.

Death coming along and causing love to be lost in a darkness that has no purpose or reason while living here on earth.

Wondering why it has to steal those that we love and cherish, being bereft through the rest of our lives.

No reprieve from grief it causes, somehow finding our way through storms of death to live another moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storms Of Emotion

Reaching into storms of emotions, pulling them out into the light, wanting to know everything there is to know about them.
Roaming through my heart's filing cabinets, looking for bios on each of them, as they can be written out here and gotten rid of finally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storms Of Interior Darkness

Rocking the cradle of bereavement in time with rhythms of even tempos.

Taking babies into arms and cuddling with them on lonely nights left behind by loved ones who have entered the depths of death's caverns beyond life here on earth.

Left in tears of oceans, their tides crashing over them in waves of frustration and anger, because the ones they loved have been taken to horizons beyond them.

They cannot be reached again here on earth, leaving them empty, lonely and abandoned to fend for themselves on desert plains, living in perfect storms of interior darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storms Of Life

Fear latently hiding in storms of daily life -
afraid to look out and face itself.
Keeping close tabs on all activity, lest it
should escape - finding a way out of it's cocoon.
Silently riding waves until their demise, lying
broken, they become part of the greater ocean's
tapestry.
Cracking over and over on every distant shore,
fear lies broken in the heart of any man who has
courage to be alone and face the fears he has
come to know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Storms Of Thought

Strumming my heart softly,
letting me feel melodies docile touch
as I turn towards its emotional content,
knowing full well that it will hit me into storms of thought, recalling every second counted in all my tomorrows.
Stepping every step in complete silence,
waiting to be taken away in loving arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stormy Chaos

Winds of brass clanging in my mind, rupturing the barriers of childhood.

Hiding in corners, wrapped in cobwebs, afraid of looking without, stuck in the midst of solemn doubt.

Riding the waves of sand, trying not to be blasted by them, rapidly disappearing beneath the sweat of stormy chaos, undefiled except in the pressure of living.

Bushels of respect hidden away in closets, out of sight of authority.

Qualitative facets ignored incessantly in drawers of armored steel.

Barricades being stoutly reinforced, while memories quietly rehearse their horrors in verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stormy Clouds

White and gray flights of birds, sky-high,
looking, searching for places of safety to
wait out a blackened storm, heading towards
them.

Beautiful white and gray against the stormy
black, ebony clouds, waiting to downpour on
earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stormy Endeavors

Penetrating endeavors are yielding to whimsical
fancies while life falls into one abyss after
another.

Searching for nondescript images, hoping to find at
least a little one to continue wandering earth on a
quest of anticipatory worth.

Scratching surfaces, wrinkled with age, foraging
depths, seeking revenge.

All proof of existent policies is waylaid in final
storms of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stormy Evenings

Blackened nothing filling
skies of air on stormy evenings.
Quietly awaiting the quenching
of this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stormy Fire

Storm clouds passing through my mind,
filling it full of anger.
Lashing out against memories kept inside.
Love of Mom spraying a mist gently covering it.
Trying to put the fire of anger outside of a gentle mind.
Caressing love once known is difficult, is hurting,
bringing tears to myself alone.
Silently, I cry within,
even though people are all around outside me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stormy Waters

Stormy waters churning downward to their final destination,
oblivious to all who do not seek answers from within.

Taking part in whatever comes along, yet never interested
in anything for long.

Choppy waves flowing over, running into each other, looking
for answers that have never been.

Dark and frothy, careening down ancient watery paths,
finding nothing worth looking into, placing history in it's
lap.

Dulling senses, boring tears to leap into watery graves,
sullenly sitting, waiting, for something, anything more
exciting than itself to appear.

Stormy waters churning downward to find another destination
to stave off a hungry yearning for unending knowledge without
having to learn it from others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stormy Weather

Couples dancing together, then mixing and matching,
changing partners, enjoying a morning of song and
glee, even though it's pouring rain outside.
Stormy weather cannot mar the happiness, melody and
rhythm bringing life to elderly people.

(9: 43 a.m. - 11/26/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Story Of Life

2: 28 p.m.
Crowding within the music as writing symphonies and sonatas
fall between the tears flowing from this soul.

Etching memories of life into every note written in a
consecutive story of life.

Chords reaching into depths of yesterday, holding the intense
feelings of joyful remembrance, being closely held in arms
of this heart as I hug them.

Never letting them go anywhere except in melodies, rhythms
and poetry. 2: 29 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Story Of Loneliness

Finding a whistle blowing in the wind, telling a story
of loneliness,

Always whistling in the atmosphere, radiating into my
heart and mind.

Lonely timing entering thoughts without any care as to
how many tears begin to form in the pastures of time.

Calculating the distance we have come in life, measuring
periods of age as music of abandonment echoes loudly in
the distance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Story Of The Mind

Driving across my mind, singling out many landscapes I ride through.
Acknowledging all the scenery, holding feelings in mirrors along the way,
reflecting the emptiness of a lifetime in drops of salted tears.
Never holding on, just flowing with moonlit tides of fate as destiny portrays the
ending of time in a story of the mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Story Telling

Repertoires of grandparents sit peacefully in minds of children, feeling the love storytelling brings to their
souls.
Fantasizing, daydreaming, images come into developing
minds with expressions, tones of voice and love.
Grandparents are blessings in the lives of their grandchildren, passing on traditions to keep their
embers aglow through the years, hereditarily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Straddling Mind's Fence Posts

Straddling fence posts in my mind, watching wild horses
roaming canyons and mountainous plains, becoming
unconcerned with human activity and conflict of minds.
Taciturnly benefiting from allowable instances of being,
as we walk along tightropes of yesterday's scenery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Straightening Crooked Paths

Things falling within beings, left over from memories
of the past, hurting and maiming the person that should
have been.

Yet life dictated otherwise through other people's
opinions, directing to make bad choices, now having to
straighten out crooked paths in the end.

Hoping that it's not too late to make amends for all the
wrongs that have been committed, do you think muslims
will ask God for forgiveness and mercy for what they've
done, raping, killing, torturing innocent people? ?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Straightening Dreams

Mind drifting in time with rhythms of melody,
giving reasons to just start writing.

Untangling ideas and thoughts from the jumble
of nighttime dreams.

Straightening them out in daylight hours of
awakening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Straightening Narrow Points Of View

Straightening narrow points of view from other people
within my mind.

Watching their views being stretched and unlimited as
I think of them in inspirational moments of intellect.

Absurdly thinking in other modes of thought, justifying
the essence of any other types of evaporative thought.

Suggesting bountiful ideas of other dimensions, placing
them in orifices, hidden from sight until I decide to
expose them with lightened illumination.

Carefully choosing to be exact and precise to avoid
any mistakes that may happen by chance.

Living always in the moment, whether past, present
or future, loving every one of them in my existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Straightening Out Complications

Untangling webs of yesterday, looking closely at their technicalities of adverse dispositions.
Ingenuity pressing in and turning everything into an event worthy of praise and intelligence.
Strutting, swaying, dancing in time, collecting all that's needed to straighten out complications of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strains Of Living

Swinging, skating across floors of rendition,
bringing about an innocent tendency of faith,
all the while hoping to become someone in
strains of daily living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strait Jackets

Strengthening reserves within, hoping to justify the life
that is being lived.

Carefully trying to perform daily duties and tasks, not
really caring to do any of them.

Only wishing to hide away subconsciously beneath feelings
that hold and bind in strait jackets, keeping from moving
forward like hoping and wanting to.

Senses being trampled down, their aromas traveling to a
sense of smell, knowing that soon all the world will open
up like a sunrise on the horizon.

Final preparations being made to pretend that there's
nothing wrong anywhere.

Just proceeding down life's long and tiring pathway,
leading into the forests of another time and becoming.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stranded

Heart breaking, falling into pieces on the floor of my
soul, cutting deeply with sorrow overflowing through me.

Tears silently falling, no one hearing my pain or sound
of my heart breaking within me.

Living in the pain, loneliness and abandonment as empti-
ness continually drenches me thoroughly day after day.

Stranded in an interior desert with no relief in sight
and no way out of it for it's a part of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stranded After Death

Stranded in a life, wanting no part of it, attempting
to find reasons for living.

There aren't any to be found, death beckons, sending
brilliant lights, taunting inner memories to flow out.

Tension building, stretching, looking for a way to ease
the pain.

Exits appear at ends of long tunnels, light beyond,
blue, warm, inviting.

There is no longer an entrance to life, it disappeared
with the death of a loved one.

Left only now, is the final exit, the door to new life
beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stranded And Searching

Stranded in a lightened pathway, searching for unknown
thoughts to be picked up and delivered in quantum time.
Sparkling ideas strewn about, listening to patterns of
rhythm as they cogitate and remember cognitive functions
innately.
Special bouquets answer questions of age-old solutions
with delicate relativism.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stranded In Feelings

12: 30 a.m.
Stranded in feelings of hopelessness, being tossed about
like flotsam upon ocean waves, knowing not where to turn,
diving below, trying to lose myself in an ocean's turbulent
undertow.

Hoping to never resurface this side of life, complications
arising from just trying to help someone come to a con-
clusion in their own mind without hurting the one
they love.

Difficult climbing, getting them angry to help sort out
the things that have been left unsaid between them.

Their mind now combing through all that was spoken,
quietly and ever so gently, slowly beginning to move
forward, having let go of some anger that had been
caught and held in from loss and grief. 12: 31 a.m.
5/26/15 RoseAnn V. Shawiak

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stranded In Peace

Beating drums taking me into a wilderness where life is
stranded in a beautiful peace that fills my soul so fully,
energizing and finding a fire of passion now growing.

Sparks are flying between us, fireworks shooting out from
our love beautifully, caring about one another totally as
we dance and enjoy each other.

Holding and stepping into our passion together, desires
taking us totally into interior spirits of our beings,
nothing able to get past our love for each other, staying
close and making love, only we two forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stranded In Time

Landscapes of my mind travel wherever I go, taking me on rides and journeys of the soul.
Reciprocatingly partaking in events of the heart as it moves ever forward onto further and further shores, never looking back.
Always stranded in time, noticing every minute exposed to my mind's timetable of ideas and thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stranded Love

Loving strands itself on islands without anyone to hold or talk to.
Desolate years of disappointment and loneliness wreck havoc on relationships, tearing them asunder with jealousy, hatred, cheating.
Where once was love of silk, satin and lace, now stoops an aged pile of rags, ruminating in dumps of life's lost love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stranded Memories

Erasing words from memories left stranded in time,
revoking notes, belonging to images against all
odds.

Songs, singing in voices, trebled with precision
and fervor, turning corners silently in passing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stranded On A Corner

Thinking sadly, feeling melodies soaking feelings
and emotions deeply within.

Rhythms touching and emanating visions of life that
used to bring happiness into being.

Now no more does it happen, as I walk down darkened
and abandoned highways leaving me stranded on a corner
of emptiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stranded On A Horizon

Caustically sitting in a puddle of grief, not wanting
to be a part of anything.

Keeping quiet and ignoring all signs and signals from
others, wishing to start a conversation with me.

Not wanting to take the time away from writing, just
being stranded on a horizon, deeply set within an
unknown universe.

It has welcomed me silently into it's garden, giving
a reprieve that's needed so badly right here and now.

This is where I need to be and will stay until my
attitude decides to change and include others, but
for now just writing and listening to music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strands Of Imagination

Rugs of comfort settle on my process of thinking,
causing new approaches to writing.
Climbing ladders of successful artistic grace
becomes a total part of existence for my entire
allowance of life.
Succeeding in every feeling as it reaches tenderly
for reasons to continue along it's fateful walk,
testing whatever becomes museful on strands of
imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strands Of Reality

Taking altogether, every strand of reality set in places of acknowledgement, awaiting an eternal script to be opened and read to all.
Coded in specific meanings and symbols, exercising special care to focus always on exacting information fed from inner screens.
Benefiting inner systems, tallying points of reference in a tablet of unprejudiced examples of noticeable progress.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strange Comparisons

Moving with harmony's beats as they unfold from rhythms
of expression being reflected in the effervescent lights,
depicting what we each had.

Left now on shores of our past lives, long ago, strange
comparisons opening themselves silently so as not to be
opposed along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strange Gnawing

Silent, self-deprecating, feeling worthless, no reason to
be seen, just something from the past, a memory perhaps,
bringing feelings of loneliness.

A strange gnawing at your heart, letting it feel the total
abandonment and sorrow from another time.

So hopeless and forlorn, nothing will take these feelings
away, they have to be experienced so they will eventually
dwindle, and leave you alone.

Bereft and trying to deal with memories that you no longer
remember, only having left their sorrow within our beings
today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strange Mysteries

Scathing and wracking against rhythms of tomorrow,
living in tempos of another lifetime.

Searching for effervescent liveliness hidden within
the fruition of positive energy.

Culminating in the essence of an interior atmosphere,
collecting information that is hiding away.

Being blinded in the silence of another time, yet
stretching out in the limelight on this edge of night.

Wanting to love you forever and ever, holding you closer
with every note being played tonight.

Accosting the quiet atmosphere with an elliptical and
opaque solution rushing around in strange mysteries.

All the while being surrounded by the blessedness of
God as we sang, Amen, Amen, as your life ended on a
holy note.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strangers

Strangers sitting together in a living room,
planting international seeds among growing
awareness in our land of life, being human.

Participating in a future melting down of
prejudice and stereotyping.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strangers Again

Waters flowing by, seeing clearly within their depths,
the total reality of this life on earth, lived and ex-
perienced by every human being on this planet.

Taking each of us on a separate journey together, meet-
ing, talking, becoming friends, possibly strangers once
again in the passing of time.

Each of us allowing others the freedom to become them-
selves without exacting promises from anyone else, a
positive, relevant attitude added to free will.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strangers Becoming Friends

Studying human nature and all it's quirks just by people-
watching when they aren't even paying attention, showing
their real selves to me.

At times noticing that someone is sad, despondent, loneli-
ness has encroached upon their beings, bringing sadness
and sorrow.

Smiling or saying Hi brings a little sparkle to their eyes,
accepting the little I've offered to them, sometimes start-
ing a conversation, telling me their life stories.

Filled with feelings and emotions, tears in their eyes, un-
able to hide what their minds are thinking, touching or hold-
ing their arm, showing that I care what they're going through.

Appreciating it entirely, thanking and giving me their
phone numbers, wanting to keep in touch, two strangers
suddenly becoming friends.

Just because I forgot about myself and reached out, giving
my heart without ever counting the cost, to bring some re-
lief to another's aching heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stranger's Faces

Looking into many stranger's faces, seeing emotions cross
their face as they pull their hearts into living what's
being felt.

Sharing conversations quietly, coming together for moments
in time, such a wonderful way to learn of human nature here
on earth.

Finding through communication that we are all alike, equal
and having our places and purposes here on earth, better to
leave hatred, intolerance prejudice and racism behind.

They are foreign shadows of yesterday, used in order to
allow peace to grow within each of us through the years,
one day seeing our entire world as one in peace, helping
one another, no more poverty, disease or injustice, evil
having died justifyingly along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stranger's Shadows

Shadows of strangers walking among us as we go our way,
sometimes stopping, meeting, then continuing through
life.

Seeming like we were to meet for just moments in time
and then move on, each to lives of our own, all through
life, living in our dreams.

Hoping they will one day become a reality, hoping for
fame and money in order to live and take care of our
families.

An inborn sense of responsibility that we want to be
there for our loved ones daily, never wanting to leave
them, just taking care of their every need.

Shadows of strangers walking among us as we go our way,
sometimes stopping, meeting, then continuing through
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stranger's Shadows Among Us

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RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strapping Omens

Lonely, going the way of wild animals alone in the jungle, warning the others to stay away or else they would be eaten alive.

Strapping omens of yesterday where they can be dangled to scare off anyone coming into their domain.

Not wanting to deal with anything, not in the mood to be forgiven or taking mercy, only wanting to be left alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stray Thoughts

Thoughts leading me astray, giving me pleasure on dreary days filled with gray cobwebs.
Seeking many splendored hues of yesterday's rainbow of memories.
Talented novices of time, crawl toward edges of canyons, hoping to look downward into cavernous abysses and find something of worth to drown out sadness and strife, delaying the onset of grief, wetting my pillow night after night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Straying Stars

Billowing beyond existence, straying skies of clouds,
looking up towards heaven's future home.
Thinking what will our souls look like when we have
acquired death beyond our earthly lives forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Straying Unendingly

Clouds of black and white and gray, openly portraying
their intentions of staying, blocking the sun from it's
daylight duties.

A slight chill felt in the air, pushing people close
together to become warmer.

Searching the landscape, seeking whatever comes along
to allow the mind to stray unendingly today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stream Of Life

Gone is the past, shattered by ageless time, with no where to go you stand still.

Relying on others to help pull you through, letting everything flow by with no continuity.

Never having to sit down and think things through, everyone passes you by.

Because you are too full of unanswered questions of yourself, to reach out your hand in an unsteady stream of life.

Drifting from thing to thing in one place, your face has become a broken mask - yourself a meaningless task.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Streaming Language

Branches and leaves being blown about in the wind,
pulling my heartstrings back and forth with them.

Streaming language forming throughout an atmosphere,
hoping to alight in a poem of their own fancy.

Tickling and laughing at the antics of nature as
everything plays with the essence of playful Mother
Nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Streaming Tears

Streaming tears, flowing down a stranger's face
as she rushes out of the restaurant.
Wondering what has caused her sudden departure,
and saddened countenance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Streamlining Music

12: 10 p.m.
Walking up mountains, enjoying the silence of being,
as music rocks incessantly.

Full of energy, picking up faster, rapidly taking
time steadily up into peaks of tomorrow's heights.

Always culminating music's quality into depths of
intellect and imagination.

Flowing constantly without interruption, taking all
into the depths of ocean's being, formed in every
wave of notes coming forth.

Not allowing anything to get in the way of a peaceful
interlude sent from heaven and being enjoyed constantly
and incessantly without stopping for a rest.

Beautiful energy falling into souls with a tender touch
given to the existence that now has feeling.

Moving faster and faster, taking rhythms into another
dimension, doors and windows open wider just to allow
entrance.

(12: 12 p.m. - 3/29/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Streams Of Consciousness

Watching sprinkles of ideas flowing in streams of consciousness, seeing them suddenly flowering when nurtured through intellect.

Subjecting this mind to lights as colors expand and explode into a bluened light, totally fascinating intellect, hoping for it to never end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Streets Of Destitution

Walls of fortune surround me, yet never do I get to
touch or hold onto any of it.
Poverty-stricken, ambling slowly down streets of
hunger and destitution, attempting to hold onto
faith or hope and failing miserably.
Falling into another gutter, all hope is destroyed
once and for all time.

(10: 57 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Streets Of Fiery Passion

Walking down streets of fiery passion, feeling their
intensity touch every particle of desire as this
soul's spirit quietly rises in joy and exhilaration.

Proving out every mathematical formula and equation
that comes to mind, an entire repertoire that never
seems to end while writing.

An enticing and specific juncture of this poetical
mind, serene and tempting, being delivered from earth-
ly restraints interiorly.

Such a freeing feeling that captures heart and mind
over and over through the years, never letting go,
keeping a fiery passion lit within always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Streets Of Inner Piety

Lights shining upon streets of inner piety, guiding
me into vibrations of another life.

One where I will find the happiness and joy I've
always dreamed of.

Strange, loving spreading notes of rhythm through-
out my being.

Always penetrating chords of an everlasting spirit-
uality, nothing to interfere with life and passing
of it's vibrant energy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Streets Of Life

Streaming down hot, black, tar-paved streets, looking for life to meet my needs, stopping off and on, never getting what I'm looking for down streets of life.

Seeing sights, beauty, along the way, finding an umbrella once in a while for shade to rest beneath, losing all hope when looking up ahead at my horizon.

It's too far out of reach and standing still within my mind the choices of life cannot be defined for they haven't any definition.

Grief from the past pounding and pressing heavily upon my life's blood, causing pain to fill my tormented mind, then causing it to turn inside out.

Searching for reasons, meanings of it's scattered fragmented existence, finding only reasons from the past, that have brought this lasting impression of what life is about.

Leaving no room for asking questions, just leaving many unsettling doubts creeping out from pages of yesterday's memories.

Debris piled high, giving life an image of being a dump, a garbage pile rife with pain, standing on the edge, looking back, slipping, falling, landing in a heap upon the ground.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Streets Of Tomorrow

Canceling out darkness, trying to crawl upon this mind,
not wanting to see or deal with it right at this moment,
preferring to see brightened sunlight standing at the
portals of intellect.

So inspiring and awesome, giving a time of being in
order to live every moment in perfect harmony while
listening to rhythms of melodies.

Standing in the streets of tomorrow, awaiting visions
of another period of learning, sating inquisitiveness
and curiosity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strength Lies In Unity

Harmoniously listening to rhythms rolling around across the U.S.A., bringing patriotism and strength into the light, sun bursting onto our world.

Showing us that strength lies in unity of all people no matter who or where they are, living and loving, sharing together, giving everyone a chance to become part of one family throughout the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strength Of Character Can't Be Given

Being an impossible case, stubbornly holding to convictions and beliefs, not holding anything against another if theirs were different from my own.

Wishing to be shown the same respect, finding that it is rarely ever so, being taunted and put down by people who thought they were better than I was.

Looking at them, seeing depraved souls who care nothing of anyone but themselves in life, tattered souls wandering earth, causing pain and humiliation to others.

Trying to impress them with their own importance, never noticing it, just seeing their misguided sense of morals and ethics.

Feeling sorry for them because they had no love, caring or compassion for themselves, knowing this also, seeing that what one doesn't have, causes them to deprive others of it.

Self-assurance, confidence and strength of character cannot be given if one doesn't have it themselves to share with another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strength Of Our Souls

Eyes hold the strength of our souls openly,
keeping them safe, only allowing people who
look into their depths to see who we are.

A truth of our realities that cannot escape
the purity and innocence of our beings when
someone looks into our souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strength Within Our Love

Sincere, talented, filled with expressions of love, passion
and desires when thinking of you, my dear, holding onto the
peace you bring to me through life's hardships and suffering.

Knowing that you'll be by my side through it all, relying on
one another as we live our lives together, finding strength
within our love always.

Walking down pathways of destiny, keeping love uncondition-
ally between we two, while living on this earth, our hearts
being of each other's throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strengthened By Our Unity

Sounds filtering against the interior side of
spirituality, taking me down avenues of hope
and intellectual reasoning.

Touching upon the quiet solitude and gentle
whispering of angels sent by God to quell the
violence going on all around us.

Special graces being sent to the U.S.A., aiding
every citizen with faith, giving them the hope
to carry on through intolerable situations.

Circumstances soon to be upon our nation, we will
conquer them all, coming out on top, the winner
once again, strengthened by our unity together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strengthened Memories

Fantasies of childhood continue to reign in backyards
of my mind, still enjoying games and thoughts had back
then.

A remarkable sensation to know that they are always
being remembered on photographic screens today with
nothing being marred or broken through the years.

Memories being great, having the strength whereby they
cannot be broken even through dementia or Alzheimers,
past years being remembered and lived in now.

Memories of old stay deep within our minds somehow so
we may think about them as long as we live here on
earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strengthening Character

Character being strengthened in moments of togetherness,
elated by happiness formed in friendships all around me.
Alone, in a crowd, writing solo emotions and thoughts
for posterity.
Never making a friend for life, just continually walking
into sunsets by myself.

(11/9/12)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strengthening Interior Lives

Down to the river's edge for a day of fishing, Verde
Valley, a beautiful place in the desert.

Sitting on the bank, casting our lines far out into the
water, a relaxing time filled with a gentle pleasure,
touching our minds and hearts for a while.

Excitement when our sons caught a fish and reeled it in,
pure innocent joy standing upon their boyish faces.

What happy memories are brought into their minds even
now, by giving them experiences that helped nurture their
interior lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strengthening Love

Strengthening love has an immediate effect on faith and hope, making them clearer and easier to attain.

Pleasing, tantalizing purposes floating mystically through an interior spiritual life.

Fire of love purifying everything in a spiritual way, no human can replicate.

A wonderful beauty, a gift of God to aid in the living or our lives on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strengthening Rhythms Through Intellect

Dedicated to an interior and innate purpose and passion to
write poetry while listening to music, a very favorite thing
in life to continue to do.

Always looking forward to times of being alone, not interrupt-
ed by anyone, writing to my heart's content, soothed by many
melodies and their rhythms.

Being strengthened through intellect just by hearing them,
intellect being totally absorbed and tempted through the very
reality of imagination.

Triumphing over life, death, sadness and sorrow just to live
life to the utmost, never disparaging, having fun and enjoy-
ment every moment while writing.

Musical rhythms tantalizing memories and images to come forth
from photographic screens interiorly, welcoming feelings and
emotions.

Senses opening up totally to write whatever comes through each
of them purposely, allowing intellect to write everything down
into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strengthening Serenity

Singly taking backseats, trying to allow an energy of
musical talent to be displayed openly.
Portrayed totally in an acrid mood, folding itself
into a ceremony of indeterminate wisdom.
Taking many steps forward, pushing ideas as they're
strengthened by untoward effects of serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stress Building

Recognizing turmoil being stirred up, tempting my
being with the strife of it's stress.

Building up inside, touching interior peace that
reaches farther than ever in this life.

Not even changing serenity as I watch it dissipate
and incinerate itself.

Altogether, running with the wind, being free and not
letting it rule my life, at least not now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stressed

Stressed to the maximum, inner peace needs to be recharged,
fighting with computer glitches and redoing formats gets
on even steel nerves after a while.

Walking away, grabbing a Walkman and poetry journal to ease
the strain for a little while.

Enjoying the warmth of this day, listening to baroque music
and writing stress into oblivion, sitting back for a moment
feeling inner peace slowly being restored.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stressing Away Stress

Music loudly, calmly, soothing my soul, penetrating
my mind.
Beginning movements of poetry coming into existence,
filtering through notes, beats and rests.
Lively anticipation growing, yearning inside of me.
Turning my life inside out, bringing purpose and
destiny into a juxtapositional sphere within my soul
and mind.
Taking stress and stressing it away from me - giving
serenity it's rightful place in imagination,
subconsciously.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stretch Of Imagination

Stationary forms of balance precariously teeter on
the edge of sorrow's remorse.

Knowing the statement of lost horizons are upon
sinking shores of past fidelity, sliding unawares
onto the sands of yesterday.

Filled with apprehensive qualities of long-ago, a
retired stretch of imagination will foster growth
in other directions, preferably up in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stretched Lengthwise

Sanguinely perturbed, restless slumber humming beyond
the grave, solitarily impatient, away from life.

Away from living an existence fraught with age, ending
near the very edges of rest.

Overcome with deadened realization, hanging on a few
spoken words for a miracle to be possessed.

Awaiting it's late arrival, noticing the signs of tell-
tale lies, knowing in the deepest heart of being, the
hurt that will penetrate this very evening.

Sent from holy worship beneath earth, thrown out upon
a vast horizon with no where to lay a pillow, nor to rest.

Decrepit, aging, stretched lengthwise within a hearse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stretches Of Imagination

Anticipating youthful stretches of imagination,
doing it's daily calisthenics, rocking in time with fantastically played music by Howard.
Separating steps, allowing all of human nature to
become what it is and handing out insignificant
meanings of life that never really touch on reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stretching Boundaries

Wanting to express every thought in poems of beautiful
essences of roses.
Wandering, always through sections of every movement,
keeping time with others stepping into laid-back cycles
of earthly splendor.
Sitting in jeans, feeling at ease, stretching exclusively
the boundaries of imagination, taking in every nuance and
expression of facial enticements.
Living alongside the ever flowing rhythms of easy living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stretching Clouds

Clouds stretching across a blue sky,
trying to cover it without success
on one side of me.
Yet, on the other side, there's not
a speck of blue to be seen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stretching Dreams

Dreams stretching imagination, airing it out,
bringing a recognition of life into perspective.

Creating facets of dependable ideas into being,
creating every nuance and particular particle
of it's inner rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stretching Glances

Trodding along, watching for details never seen before.
Tracing leaves in the wind, leveling destinations
unknown on dimensions, fulfilling yesterday's dreams.

Without looking back, stretching glances to include
pictures hiding momentarily on shelves of waiting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stretching Illumination

Penetrating thought, looking to find any important feelings
that come to light.
Stretching illumination into tightly-knit corners of wisdom,
teaching every thought how to expand and think well beyond
the box of understanding as we all know it.
Searching outside regular instances for input of data, just
now beginning a new era in thought.
Spacing ideas with hidden knowledge, taciturnly combing
intellect, affecting only the innate parts of learning from
memories read in books, experienced in reality and left to
conscious imaginings, subconsciously.
Never affecting either side of brain functions as it compactly
gathers in all outside visions coming to the foreground of
insight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stretching Intellect

Stretching intellect in all directions, containing
the essence and beauty of everything in life.

Coasting down freeways into anything that comes in-
to view along the way.

Pleasing self, enjoying the total plentitude in this
energetic life.

Unfolding, holding onto scenery and landscapes that
entice feelings and emotions.

Nothing in the way of learning, always continuing to
experience whatever I choose to in life.

Vibrant, enlivening this mind, soothing my being with
every particle of it's music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stretching Into Knowledge

Strutting into another lane, finding the peace of being, closing in on me.

Wandering like a nomad in the desert, letting go of everything I know and going within the confines of another dimension.

Being held within the spheres of intellect, being the foremost thing that is part and parcel of who I am becoming here in the midst of imagination.

Why am I finding the imagined aspects of tomorrow in the mind of another person who knows nothing of who I am on this journey towards the mountains of another atmosphere - stretching further into many facets of knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stretching Lazily

Stretching lazily in an arm chair of today,
just watching happenings inside the Wagon
Yard.
Enjoying just chilling on the sidelines
with no one waiting in line.
A lively beat keeping me awake so I can
travel home with no worries to bog me down
under the weather.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stretching Life

Sparkling lights blinding with ideas, designs sprinkled
everywhere, taking my mind interiorly, finding patterns
that attach themselves to rhythms of music.

Living in the beauty of an inner atmosphere, looking in-
to a kaleidoscope of colors as they continue to explode,
swirling into the environment.

This mind traveling into landscapes of photographic mem-
ories, lasting, carefully enticing everything that fills
me with passion.

Stepping into music, taking life and stretching it into
the brilliance of another measure of time and space where
poetry will be transcribed through rhythms once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stretching My Mind

Stretching my mind in the company of seniors, soliciting nothing of importance, just small conversation and a little bit of rhythm to settle my mind amid all the confusion that's taking away my concentration for moments in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stretching To Beginnings

Waking to a reverie of bliss, touching my mind with a rushing wind of tingling energy, blasting mind waves into beautiful particles of musical intensity.

Filling a brain with titillating expressions of life's experience.

Finding a precise talent escaping into my being, bringing about changes so totally mind-bending, that they stretch me to my beginnings.

(11: 10 a.m. - 3/30/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stretching Verses

Standing at the center of attention,
singing from heart strings,
in complex keys of chords.

Hearing a song from the sixties,
loving it's rhythms as they sang to
memory in tones of realistic poetry.

Stretching verses into many ideals,
words expressing whatever I'm
thinking in rhyme.

Always where I should be in life,
not letting go of the energy pausing
inside of me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strewing Memories

Leaving memories along the way like fallen leaves of
trees, we stray down pathways of autumn, watching
everything turn color, getting ready for winter's
soon to be decay of life.
As it was one spring day when I was young and playful
life around me in full bloom, now situated in heaven's
gardens.
Gleefully, portraying life as it was on earth so long
ago in time.
Future days will once again be alive and vibrant as
we stray continuously down pathways, strewing memories
like leaves upon the ground - one day to be picked up
like flowers in your mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strewing Sands Of Time

Sands of time strewn around the desert, placating cacti
and aiding it's growth in an arid environment.

Wandering amid a garden of thorns, playing with
possibilities in an endless parade of ideas.

Soaking up antecedents of cordial demise, collecting
remnants in colors of surprise to be given out in
sorrowful remembrances of past good times spent
joyously with one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strides Of Rhythm

Awakening vibrations, stirring within me,
taking strides of rhythm around the room.
Dancing in flowing motions, accommodating
every fiber inside my soul, filling me
with inexplicable desires, loving the
musical atmosphere surrounding me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strife Of Entirety

Smiling and laughing down hallways of life, finding joy
in everyday activities that give pleasure.

Playing games, each in his or her own individual way,
choices always being made subconsciously and instant-
aneously.

Leaping, finding you can jump chasms of sorrow and grief,
learning to find solutions through problems of this life's
strife of entirety.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strike Of Bluened Light

Sun mistily shining over mountains and down into the valley, looking like a magical and mysterious fog.

Birds flying together through the sky, enticing freedom of clouds above.

Music playing rhythms up and down chords of life, enchanting this mind into realms of imagination.

Taunting and erupting thoughts as they ride the wind, soaring loftily along the horizon.

Keeping up with energy perpetrated throughout melodies and harmonies.

Serving up lightened attitudes and moods in a positive strike of bluened light from within my spiritual being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Striking A Match

Lulling music awakening senses of desire and love within,
striking a match of passion, sparks causing fireworks to
explode as we come together my love.

Separately we waltz along, then grasping my hand you and
I become one in unison, a lifetime of unconditional love
and beauty.

Our spirits in synch and never able to part in this world
or the next, like a fairy tale we two glide into the future
forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Striking Chords

Secure in the knowledge of self-realization, looking
into the future, playing with inner notes and tones,
coming full circle together rapidly.

Bringing me further into the thick of things as life
gathers speed to keep up with this incessant beat and
rhythm.

Striking chords as they take me up and down measures
of innate wisdom through music, finding self being
blended in it's deepest rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Striking Minds

Electric puzzles forming and shaping in this mind,
sparkling and shining everywhere, awaiting entrance
into another poem.

Filled with moments of a mere poet's life, sharing
them freely with the world, never thinking twice.

Just writing all of life's moments into poetry,
striking other's minds like lightening striking in
the midst of a desert storm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

String Art At Lax

String art stretched across a second floor of the L.A. air-
port, colored and geometrically designed with lights caught
up in their lines going in all directions at once.

An intriguing piece of art, tempting my mind to expand and
create outside the box, finding much more to develop than
before.

Solidifying measures of coded rhythms with abstractions of
and in life, a bona fide refraction being maintained through
an innate knowledge and wisdom symmetrically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

String Of Melodies

Shining evenings, blacking out days of stress,
bringing a calm string of melodies to the rescue.
Wanting the essence of a lively rhythm to continue
on it's way, placating all who are present, giving
them reasons to be proud of who they are.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stringed Melodies

Stringed melodies flow continually through being,
taking solo journeys out of this dimension and
into a whole new one, inviting discovery of it's
essence.

Curiosity getting the best of intellect, watching
as walking into dimensional depths, seeing every-
thing so luminous and textures so intense.

Quality of everything way better than anything we
could ever consider making on earth.

Seeking new sights, finding many unfamiliar images
training their thoughts on beings, curious about
me also.

Traipsing down lee-ways and along jetties, seeing
an ocean, gel-like, so unlike our own with waves
and foam crashing on shore.

This one just continually laps upon rocks covering
them and slowly uncovering them in irregular rhythms,
sounding so unlike our own with waves and foam,
crashing on shore.

This one just continually laps upon rocks, covering
them and slowly uncovering them in irregular rhythms,
sounding so unlike earth's oceans, more like murmurs
being whispered into the atmosphere.

Wonderful creativity flowing all over intense colorful
textures, so knowingly soft and smooth, feeling them
only in mind and not with any senses used on earth.

In all, a totally unique experience that I plan to
adventure into again and again throughout life and
time.

So perfectly aligned, nothing marring slanted horizons

set in place with lights of beckoning grace.

No other way to explain any of it, because it is too
far past our earthly senses and can't be felt like
them.

A whole new adventure down strings of melodies into a
beautiful labyrinth of sorts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stringing Images

Fighting for strength to keep moving through trials of today.
Keeping still, listening, lighting candles to see where I have been.
Searching halls for reminders of myself in etchings of the past.
Stringing along images, pasting them on corridors of eternal sincerity.
While they continue to fall off and get stepped on by tomorrow's insistence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stringing My Mind

Losing myself on horizons of death's atmosphere,
holding self back, yet wanting to fall forward,
forgetting this world so I can proceed onto the
next one, leaving this earthly horror in hell.

Waiting for a reprieve, never receiving one as I
continue to be hurt by all things in life.
Stranded in a barren desert of western snow,
stinging my mind with its frozen icicles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strings Of Accord

Inspirational music brings about recognition of innate talent, touching strings of accord within, attuned to God's spirit.

Loving Him through every moment of life, real and poetical in this lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strings Of Heavenly Bliss

Rapturous moments musically set in time, allowing no room
for misunderstanding, melodies spoken complacently in notes,
rhythms, spell-binding, bent.

Tantalizing memories pouring forth into the atmosphere,
uncontained on earth.

Lively sorrow dancing along strings of harps, touching
delicately a mind of tranquility, so unorthodox here, within
the span of a self-made mind.

Conclusion jumping doesn't happen anytime, flowing fully,
filling an entire being, plucking the soul's strings of
unheard music never being played.

Composed within this mind, taking on shape - melody sublime,
fostering the unbelievable sounds and tones brought from
above and played harmoniously in mind.

Sending peace gently towards the consciousness of self,
holding nothing in reserve and allowing it's entirety to
fill me.

Without qualms, with no thoughts of death or suicide able
to affix themselves to any parts which make up an entire
whole being.

Sing - song, sliding strings of heavenly bliss, turning
from this earth, holding onto promises of expanding
universes of music loud and sweet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strings Of Inner Courage

Strumming strings of inner courage, rhythmically enticing them to hold on tightly, because a roller coaster was soon to be sent into dreams of existence and life would be forever changed.

Altered in moods of an aftermath of portented seclusion, watching ghosts balance themselves on fence posts of yesterday, still holding on with thoughts of making it through future endeavors meant to have been fulfilled once long ago.

Now in the present being forsaken and left to die in mournful cries of a lonely harmonica, calling into lands of somewhere else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strings Of Music

Losing myself in depths of music's rhythms,
forging new paths into imagination,
creating the entire essence of myself.

Living on edges of melodies, finding my way
through each one as it's exposed in measured
times.

Always filled with notes of appreciation for
those who sing and relieve my tension in
strings of violin music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strings Of Realization

Awakening quiet thoughts within, music of Vivaldi saturates my mind with saddened recollected calm, taking hold of heart and soul, transporting me to outer regions of my mind, scanning all that lies between.

Carefully stepping over everything to travel farther than I ever have before, slipping and sliding down corridors, watching out for opening doors, staying far away so as not to get hit in the head with remembering.

Without all the rigorous candor of life struggling in, opening up imagination's doors wide, allowing it to expand beyond any portals of time or space.

Conquering fears of an inner lifetime may never be begun, today strings of realization are slowly being broken away one by one.

There are too many expectations preying upon me from other's fields of vision, I must turn and make paths for my own creativity, forsaking complacent activities of everyone elses.

Straddling fences of daily living cannot be done anymore, so hopping off, I walk away, taking with me all secret talents hidden within.

Expressing myself in thousands of poems, words arranged to fit patterns of my memory, fulfilling inner needs of self, standing outside of life, committing to undeveloped areas of my brain.

Exploring unknown depths, searching for new directions, paths, ways, of doing everything, nothing of old is holding me from fraying away it's knowledge and building a new identity for self.

Successfully watching approaches made to alter thoughts and inventions akin to my mind.

Lights turn succeedingly on in alternating periods of time, rearranging patterns of a lifetime into another creation.

Provoking absolute thoughts into unstereotypical ideas, converging onto eternal wells of being, satisfied within piles of decaying bones, unafraid of reading or seeing new depths of inner making.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strings Of Sound

Sounds reaching across spans of time, releasing feelings
and emotions from within a heart and mind, a deliverance
of sorts from being human and having failings.

Taking into account, sacrifices being made throughout the
years, wonder and curiosity filling moments with tantalizing
awe of this earthly life and it's beauty.

Strings of sound keeping thoughts together, collecting them
into many spheres of being, giving peace and serenity to a
soul completely and totally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stripping Away Complexities

Reading, writing, going into depths of innate knowledge and
wisdom, figuring out coded rhythms through music, finding
simple methods that induce solutions easily.

Tracing complex situations to their core and finding there,
the simplicity that's been built upon, stripping away many complexities and
pursuing the original idea in different
directions, reinventing technology.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stripping Away Sorrow

Wandering through darkness and gloom, feeling it penetrating
this poetical life, not wanting to partake of it's sadness
right now.

Stripping away the sorrow, pilfering it's stringent feelings
that insist on proliferating themselves interiorly, mind not
allowing it to happen.

Cautiously keeping it from forming any attachments to inner
feelings, preferring to stay deep inside where hope stills
life quietly, keeping me centered even when I can feel noth-
ing more is there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Striving For Balance

Interiorly benefiting from solitary confinement,
bringing a serenity into existence, while ongoing
contemplation strives to keep me balanced between
life and death matters.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Striving For Meaning

Looking around my mind, enjoying creative processes
carrying on, watching ideas form and accumulate in
line with my imagination.
Totally free and independent, soaring in lands of
prose, feeling the peace and serenity it fills me
with.
Entirely elated and quiet within, becoming my
purpose through writing and thinking novel thoughts.
Striving always to find more meaning in life and
it's surrounding environment.
Sitting, looking around my mind, enjoying the gifts
God has given me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Striving For Nature's Pathways

Jumping through many hoops in life, trying to attain
some peace of mind while doing so.

Lying in wait though, is sorrow and grief, ready to
pounce with loneliness and abandonment.

Always trying to take me into depths of a nowhere
land where I don't want to go.

Striving for pathways through forests, deserts and
mountains, favorite places to meet up with nature
and write incessantly about everything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Striving For Perfection

Striving for a perfection,
knowing I'll never achieve it's realms.
But, I continue to strive every day to
see what'll happen.
Interior joy fills me with emotions
running wild.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Striving For Recognition

Striving for recognition, trying too hard to become the center of attention.
Eyes are averted, minds occupied with scientific data, imagination abstractedly following cognitive patterns and aspects.
While on stage, a musician continues to strive to get out thoughts and entertain us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Striving For Union

Stationed in paths of discovery,
finding novel experiences as I
wend my way through reality.
Forming opinions and enlightening
inner knowings of truth beyond what
I am living on a daily basis.
Striving always for a more perfect
union of body and spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Striving To Hold Your Memory

Single lines of stories being stranded in the air, not
knowing how to connect to another.

Watching as adjectives falter, leaving me alone on a
desert island, nowhere to go after midnight.

Searching for the love that you have left me without,
going into another land and horizon without me.

Striving to hold onto your memory, yet I cannot find
a way to take you back into my total reality.

Lonely and forsaken, sitting beside your picture,
vases of flowers praising you with their beauty.

Eyes drinking in beauty your love once gave to me, now
stranded, no longer knowing how to connect my being
and love with yours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Striving To Keep Our Sanity

Towers of this life fall down around us at times, even
though we do our best to keep things aright, being human
it's always hard to do, but we never seem to give in or up.

Striving to keep our sanity, do good for others and always
have love and compassion for those who have a difficult
time living.

In our comfort zones, watching for someone in need, placing
ourselves outside the box just to make a difference in some-
body else's life.

That's what God wants us to do, love thy neighbor as thy-
self, bringing a peace that's never-ending, blessing our
lives abundantly while on earth.

Not always realizing or seeing the miracles He gives us,
but they are there just the same, we continue living,
doing what we can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strobe Lights Enticing People

Lights shining into the darkness, leaving their impressions upon whatever is in their pathways, dancers stepping on reflections of strobe lights moving rhythmically.

Swirling around the floor, enticing people to join them as they swing into rhythmic music, delighted to hear it playing in time with measures of the past, present and future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stroke Of A Pen

All poets plan a stage of events, powerfully
portrayed through words.

Sticking straight to the point, never bowing
out, messages are presented with very few words.

Tears are jerked from souls who read poems,
sighs manage to escape, sometimes even laughter.

All the world is set in motion at the stroke of
a pen completing a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stroking Recollections

Stroking saddened recollections throughout life, I follow them into abysses, learning from all they contain emotionally.
Feeling the hurdles they travel over, sensing their hindrances to life, perceiving their all-invasive textures as I live through a personal hell, I've never chosen to belong to.
It's all outside of my inner being, although I know it's within me always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stroking The Sky

Moonlight softly stroking the sky
with it's rays brightly shining in
the ebony of darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strolling Across Texas

Strolling across Texas in an easy gait,
letting imagination take me across it's
deserts.

Wandering into the beauty of it's barren
lands, enjoying the immense landscape as
I go forth into it's depths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strolling Into Tomorrow

Silent, walking through the forests of imagination,
hand in hand, listening to sounds of nature.

Stopping once in a while to kiss and remember our
love in younger days.

Passion and caring having grown infinitely into a
blossoming garden.

Watching as we stroll into tomorrow, hearts entwined,
holding each other's love throughout life.

Establishing ourselves within realms of life, seeing
no others, eyes only for one another, no one else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strong Surfaces

Striking hands, feeling the rhythm as it joins with an inner screen, filled with words, telling everyone the meaning of living or the advantages of leaving it behind.
Never knowing the real reasons for being here - being kept alive.
Noticing things through the years, seeking some form of answer.
Always left on stony surfaces, never finding a way.
Being blessed by God, we all continue on our way, never going in the right direction, according to others trying to tell you how to run your life - never getting a handle on their own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Struck By Fallacies

Fingering reality that comes through musical rhythms
mathematically, enjoying it's absolute equations, al-
ways amounting to correct answers.

A resilient and perfect way to figure out problems when
faced with them in life, struck by the fallacies while
gathering information to combat them.

Others may not agree, but if they look below the surface
of their thoughts and really research through them, they
will find the truth lying in answers that I've found.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Structural Designs

Tantalizing episodes of nature growing tenderly within,
tending to spirituality and the essence of life.

Extraordinary perceptions and concepts are being erected
and built uncompromisingly in intellect.

Structural designs are invaluable and tuned in on messages
of interior rhythms.

So all-encompassing, as I listen and watch sun's rays,
crawling silently across the ground, warming it and every-
thing in it's path.

Crossing quietly onto desert landscapes, entering them all
through an opening of intellect's imagination.

Strutting through the desert, eyes wide open, trusting
that they will see only the stark beauty of it's vast
landscapes.

Riding into the sunset on an invisible horse, proceeding
into the future with an effervescent hope to be energized
beyond this life and into death's intricate maze.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Structured Within

Emptiness filling me upon awakening, eyes open, look-
ing around, seeing nothing.

Feelings stirring sorrow into being once again, roam-
ing interiorly, searching for the solace of my spirit.

Watching as I walk into spiritual realms of another
dimension, playing in my mind with intellect, being
challenged and taught lessons needed for serenity.

Unable to experience these particular ones because they
come from innate knowledge and wisdom, structured within
my mind as I fulfill the purpose of my being and destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Struggling Downhill

At a standstill, life seemingly keeps flowing downhill.

Motionless, yet constantly moving towards some unknown destiny.

Curtailing onslaughts of past endeavors, prolonging vast iniquities and quotients.

Always struggling, never amounting to anything, yet in the end, we flow downriver where everyone will one day be found.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Struggling Steps

Steps are taken throughout our lives to be educated,
to learn the physics of life.

But, do we ever find out anything on this feckless
journey as we travel from one year to the next?

Struggling with sadness and loneliness entwined
with our beings, we search and attempt to live and
accept it as our lot in life.

Offering hope and complacency to one another, do we
ever really believe in any of it or are we just fools
to believe it is so?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strumming Feelings

Singling out momentary thoughts, giving them full rein with idealic images and prancing through imagination's depths.
Touching feelings, strumming them like a guitar, bringing silent tones into ranges of hearing in meanings of words.
Succumbing totally into an interior quiet where fortunate ideas are brought to bear in poems of monumental significance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strumming Life

Picking up speed, taking me on a roller coaster ride,
totally exciting, a vibrant and lively rhythm now acc-
ompanying me all the way.

Touching every avenue of life as I travel down dusty
trails through the Arizona desert, filled with energy
and exuberance of life.

A fidelity that never ends, just keeps coming into my
being day and night, a solo, having music play me for
measures of notes filling passages of time.

Spirits and energy flowing and spreading through every-
thing with the same enticing pleasure I enjoy in it's
measures, beating against my heart.

Down dusty trails of intellect and my mind, a solitary
and totally energizing vibrancy touching me entirely
as I travel into my destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strumming Mandarins

Ancient melodies from around the world,
beating incessantly with a gentle
strumming of a mandarin.
Frolicking and dancing on a stage,
women addressing themselves to harmonies.
Reaching for notes as they fall and drop
into buckets of rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strumming My Mind Guitar

Strumming my mind guitar, feeling past recriminations stray from me, following their own agendas away from what I think.
Solitary possession of intellect expands my imagination to proportions unheard of before.
Calmly listening to my own initiative, seeing visions acutely clear, and developing my soul beyond comprehension.
That's where wisdom lies and is now coming to light, brightly and focused, concentrating on photographic images, taking me on a journey alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strumming Strings Of My Heart

Escaping from day's strife and stress, soaring away into
a vivid and enlivening atmosphere within.

Enticed by it's serenity, realizing how it constantly
energizes my being.

Letting it go ahead as I relax in it's beats and rhythms,
striking chords, strumming the strings of my heart.

It has a mystical and magical effect as it beats through
life, removing the pain and hurt through rhythms.

Taking me into a perfect solitude where I can be healed
while taking intellect into these inner realms.

Mind opened, absorbing whatever it is I want, holding it
closely, knowing the preciousness of the Divine.

It's within every particle of rhythm throughout this
earthly life, beating within without stopping.

Understanding every nuance and testimony of inner knowledge
and wisdom, treasuring all of it intensely.

Feeling it's presence totally and completely every moment
that I'm alive and breathing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strumming Whispers Of Prayer

Streams of conversation going past into the atmosphere
surrounding me as I listen to whispers of spirituality
that gravitate into my spirit and soul.

Tasting the beauty of an interior contemplation, strum-
ing whispers of prayer, finding their way into my mind,
strolling along, tending to my purpose.

Taking care to sate and quench whatever needs to be done
to feed the essence and passion of my heart and being,
as life continues to be fulfilled within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strumming Yesterday's Memories

Guitars strumming the memories of yesterday in lightened rhythms as our minds dance in measures of tempos throughout time.

Creating moments in the present, reliving those of the past in our minds, looking to the future, hoping to find the love they deserve in life.

Some finding it, others not, the lucky few being given true and unconditional love, living lives of hope, faith and promise until their final days.

When one or the other is taken by death, their life ceases to exist on earth for them, yet they had it all in the love of another's heart for a while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Strung Up By Despair

Hiding under the umbrella tree, not wanting anyone to see
the many tears of hurt hiding inside me all these years.
Afraid to come out, afraid to be rejected again or
abandoned like last time.
Heart so heavy with sorrow's burden, life becomes
overwhelming - ivy of remorse flows and clings over this
entire being.
Wanting to hold chin up and walk about as if there's
nothing wrong, but it can't be done now.
Morosely fidgeting with ideas of death and the happiness
it would bring to everyone.
Allowing these thoughts to conjure and brew while an
infinite debate is carried on inside with head and heart
undecided on which avenue to pursue.
As a body hangs limply in air, strung up by intense despair,
life is carried on somehow in spite of suicidal thoughts
held in mind by a devastated human being.

(10/9/96)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stubborn Hearts

Watching reflections of my past in windows of glass,
carefully searching for moments of interpretation and learning.
Pinpointing artistic tendencies from early childhood, being tuned in to nature at birth, developing natural senses and intuition from the
beginning of conception.

Continuing throughout life to become what God created me for, His
gifts given to enhance the world and bring those that have fallen,
through no fault of their own, back to Him through unconditional love.
Spreading His peace into them, enjoying their stubborn hearts as they
eventually come home to Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stubborn To A Fault

Colors of light keep moving through my mind, reflecting how
I feel and think throughout the day, finding details to write
about.

Touching upon emotions others cause at any given time, tak-
ing steps to improve upon whatever should happen throughout
the day.

Looking back seeing answers at times that have worked in the
past, trying them out once again, hoping it's the answer now,
at times it works out fine.

Then again, no matter what I do nothing will work, searching
further, curiosity getting the best of me, just looking deep-
er for solutions.

Never thinking of giving up, it's not within me to do so,
being stubborn to a fault keeps me going, keeping me alive,
and on the straight and narrow.

Never veering from my purpose or destiny, knowing it will all
work out in the end when I finally get to heaven, there God
will take me by the hand and all will be right with the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stubbornness

Toughing things through, stubbornness taking over,
helping me to stay above water.

Sending intriguing mysteries for me to solve as I
live each day in colorful repreive, hoping to be
blessed by God's mercy soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stubbornnity

Tension mounting, building up inside, forming mountains of fear.

Trying to push aside all thoughts and walk over or around them, become tired, worn out, having lost a lot of energy.

Breaking through the long and empty spells with fortitude and sheer stubbornity, falling at last upon a pile of rocks, having conquered all and climbed to the top.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stuck In The Dark Ages

Crippling the world are the muslims and isis,
torturing, beheading, raping and murdering
innocent people for no other reason than to
follow a pretend god of theirs named allah.

A pedophile of vile proportions, totally in-
human and evil, yet people with lustful de-
sires stick to his perverted ideals being
pedophiles themselves.

How can people be so ignorant in this twenty-
first century, it is beyond me, they are all
stuck in the dark ages with their hatred of
humanity.

Deserving nothing but annihilation as soon
as possible in everyone's estimation, people
all over the world wanting to be free of this
pestilence and epidemic.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Student Nursing Memories

In and out of focus, remembering when I was a student,
nursing here at St. Joseph's Hospital.

We had no computers, having to write everything down
into patient charts, making sure it was all correct.

Taking care of patients, wearing white stockings, shoes
and uniform dresses, were only allowed.

Our caps bobby pinned upon our heads with the color
stripe on it showing what school we were from.

Learning where everything was and how to use it, a great
learning experience, one that I enjoyed immensely.

Listening, doing procedures, being taught the correct
way to do things.

Tremendous responsibility taken seriously and done properly,
giving each other shots, learning how to do it right.

A wonderful experience all around, wanting to help those
who needed medical care.

To this day, doing what I can to help family and friends
in need of medical attention.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Studying Life

Visions dancing in the entrance of imagination, taunting
intellect and causing the essence of an interior beauty
to develop.

Studying the formation of life and how it begins, finding
the originality of it's beginning astounding to everyone.

Finding the exact purpose of every gene and chromosome in
hand, lifting all of it out of the mysterious depths of
conception.

Beaming intellect's intelligence directly onto it's
significance, leaving nothing to the definition of absolute
ignorance.

Only defining the truths as they are being developed and
known from under the microscope of time.

Discovering the exact times and delicate procedures happening
through the intense signs of nature and being allowed to
perform their duties.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stumbled Exploration

Snarled and tangled in the web of life upon crossroads of maturity.
Living aside the chance of goodness with kindness and love.
Desiring the open-endedness of peaceful sorrow and grief, pulsing tremendously inside us.
Wonderment and awe left stranded on the wayside as we trip and stumble through our hard-earned lives.
Casting aside our misplaced trust, we wander hand in hand without each other's care or fascinating compassion.
Filled always with our own explorations we falter, often puzzled by our awkwardness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Stunted Wonder

People milling about, taking their time, trying to find some pleasure in a world filled with very little.
Standing in lines, signing up for some sport or another, being led down paths of stunted wonder, ignoring the ones we should always try and attain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Style Of Being

Returning joys felt in childhood, feeling their innocent beginnings filling me again through an artistic grace of musical songs - being played over and over again in my mind.
Being absorbed once again, expanding my horizons and spreading my wings to enter a dimension of freedom never flown in before.
Silently, sounding new ideas into areas of my brain, untouched until just now.
Enjoying their splendid feelings as they fit my style of being from now on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Styles Of Life

Taking on advantages of life, twisting and turning them to fit my style.
Laughing, tossing rules and authority to winds of yesterday, not caring about today.
Solving puzzles of unconscious realms, dividing and conquering them without difficulty.
Swerving to and fro, collecting memories and images needed to balance the life I have now.
Traipsing over rough terrains of amnesia, attempting to locate trains of thought, locomotive ideas, to pull an essence of life out into the open, where I may see it all at once.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subconscious Dreams

Lightly traveling down ocean waves on rafts of
beginning, allowing beauty to sink in and take
over subconscious dreams in realms of imagination.
Creative juices, ebbing and flowing down mountain-
sides and rivers into depths of oceans and seas.
On the way to larger scenes in pictures being
formulated in visions on landslides and avalanches
in earth's sultry behaviors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subconscious Facets

Touching my soul with a musical wand of pleasure,
taking me on a journey of insatiable desire.
Feeling an intense burning of my mind, as innate
talent steps out and takes over through writing,
signing life onto pages of hopeful history.
Scant attention to details, yet all are written
exactly on plains of subconscious facets of
literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subconscious Gates

Sliding deeper and deeper into contemplation, eluding people and things, wanting only to enter gates of my subconscious, where I will roam and wander down new avenues of rhythm's selections.
Caressing sounds of annotated beauty, cavorting with melody's notes of inspiration in gardens of eden.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subconscious Imagination

Listening to Bach, musically toning down the pain I'm in.
Awakening mind filling with notes, melodies, words -
practicing how to speak life and nature through sublime
concentration and deepening contemplation.
Frozen, alive, away from my body, I languish in a state of
subconscious imagination.
Freely entering and leaving independently of any type of
circumstances.
Forever peaceful within, away from life and people's
inconsistencies, sheltered in my mind's intellect, teaching
me to grow in wisdom and prayer, never forsaking God, in
this, my talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subconscious Knowledge

Best friends bring a joyful liveliness into our lives,
allowing us to blossom in our own times and way.
Reason and logic make no sense in the love of a friend-
ship.
We are like shooting stars, free as can be, outer space
has no limits, just like our interior lives as poets
together, roaming wherever our hearts and minds can take
us.
Flying to mars, saturn, the moon, exploring our total
beings through subconscious knowledge.
Spreading itself as we find that it glues our lives
together in friendship for eternal times in our forever
lives in heaven when we leave this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subconscious Orb

Dedicated minds reserved for talented people,
innately attuned to wisdom's side streets,
beguiling grey matter with novel dimensions.

Sidestepping literature's requirements, finding
cognitive aspects to blend with imagination's
sensory perceptions.

Totaling benefits from beyond outer limits as
consciousness lets itself go into a subconscious
orb of learned imagery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subconscious Pain

In the recesses of my mind are little known facts.
Some good, some bad, and who cares about the rest?
Things go floating in and out of my subconscious as if I were some kind of ferry boat.
The only toll they charge is the pain of memories I had tried to tuck away inside.
Why can't it stay that way, so I can live in peace I say?
But, when I go to write a story or a poem, I'm glad my subconscious is still around, because it gives me the feelings for my ideas.
Way down deep inside, I feel every memory I keep stored away.
When I write I go down there and dig around to bring my feelings out - so I can print them on the page and sort of air them out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subconscious Reality

Reality is too big for our mind's to understand,
that's why we have a subconscious mind filled
with imagination, leading us into avenues of, as
yet, unexplored knowledge of each persons reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subconscious Sands

Writing on edges of subconscious sands, seeing desert
plains open before me in visions of nature.
Sensing feelings blowing in dust storms on evening
mornings, stepping along carefully, touching mindsets
of images as they wander past, tending to saguaros
and barrel cacti.
Alone in sands of thought, beauty finds itself finally
in a poem of distant reminiscence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subconscious Vapor

Oceans of clouds lapping at my mind, tantalizing memories for poems of mine.

Oceans of clouds clashing against this mind with mountains touching the sky.

Beauty settling in like vapor upon a subconscious realm, spreading peace and contentment to one's soul.

Oceans of clouds, cavorting and playing with lightening throughout the heavens, while thunder claps like a proud parent.

Oceans of clouds socializing within a mind, portraying life on distant horizons, set deeply within an interior life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subconscious World

Enrapt in life, listening to it's heartbeat alongside my own.
Reaching a high note, musically hearing rhythms of a different
type being slowly recognized in my mind as that of natural
beauty, situated in times of passive sorrow.

Feeling it within, letting it consume me with a secret code,
being translated as quickly as I write it into this poem.

Not noticing anything besides myself, finding many thoughts
to arrange just so within my mind, letting myself be totally
engrossed in a subconscious world all my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subconsciously Thinking

Feeling rapid rhythms beating within my mind, exciting and compelling thoughts to define themselves, bringing them clearly to intellect to be spoken silently in poems.

Line after line, explicit, concise, truthful and honestly, portraying what I'm thinking subconsciously, bringing it directly into the vision of intellect where it's written directly.

Loving how this process works to totally and automatically on it's own every moment of my life, never having to worry about anything, because it's always readily at hand, immediately being focused on photographic screens.

Retained forever there to be accessed whenever wanting to, pictures, sounds gestures, words, everything needed always kept safely for future use.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subconsciousness Stirring

Rushing into another melody, letting it take and affect
me as I listen to it's explicit rhythm, feeling the
peace of poetry stirring within me.

Liking the awesome desires, filling every particle of
my being with such a beautiful picture of intense life
hiding here inside my mind.

Dwelling magically with liveliness of subconsciousness, stirring and taking all
thoughts with it's glance into
a solemn place in outer dimensions of whatever happens
to take up space in imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subduing Anger

Sandy shores before me, a little breeze blowing
gently across my mind, reminding me of a lilting
rhythm, chasing me on shores of another time.

Lazily attending to thoughts, drifting closer to
an interior mind, taking an initiative to subdue
feelings of anger wanting to be shown and expressed.

Thinking they are entitled by my ego, yet I shove
them below, not allowing infectious feelings of
anger to overcome and take me away in tides of
life's storms.

Instead, sitting while a little breeze gently wafts
it's way across my mind, sandy shores before me,
reminding me of a lilting rhythm chasing me into
forests of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subjected To Illusions

Standing in paths of righteousness, looking on the
right side of life as I careen down the left,
unaltered in attitudes.
Being subjected to the illusions of an outer world,
looking at the bright illuminations interiorly.
Grasping the beauty of reasoning and logic always
taking me by the hand and leading me outside the
box of intelligence.
Showing how magnificent the world of imaginational
wisdom, holds tightly to interior motives in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subjecting Oneself

Focusing on many different interests at once,
not wanting to hone in on just one, that would
end up being totally boring.

Subjecting oneself to various types of activities,
accumulating all sorts of learning and education,
blending it to serve a higher meaning and purpose
in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subjugating This Life

Registering deftly within, finding nothing going on, taking up a pen, writing, waiting for something to turn up.

Listening to music playing on a C.D. player, loving that it can play whatever music I choose to, over and over.

Subjugating this life to the background so writing can be right here and now.

Loving titillating feelings experienced when being so totally concentrated in intellect, seeing or hearing nothing else around me.

It's such an exquisite feeling, wanting it to stay forever, writing to my heart's content but alas, I am still alive, a human being, who has to eat, sleep and do natural things also.

Finally resigning self to daily tasks at times, even though being annoyed at having to do them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime And Conducive

Certainty and possibilities are effects of having a positive attitude and being in a good mood.

Living in the serenity of this enticing and creative atmosphere, sublime and conducive to expressions of poetical interludes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime And Unique

Knowing through intellect that life is genuine and
protracted through another universe.

Beyond scopes of our life, wandering and thinking
of patterns that are exposed daily.

When following them, finding exquisite and beautiful
truths, delicately being balanced.

Ready to trigger and set off fireworks of ideas that
are sublime and unique.

Wallowing in subjects that unify all of our lives,
touching interior conflicts within, as they are pro-
jected in spaces of innate knowledge.

Opening mind entrances fully so they can be taken
apart, made into pieces of puzzles and put together
again in different arrangements that make sense to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime Awakening

Partaking of bizarre requirements of earthly life, I delve deeply into human nature and it's calamity.

Wading through all-time problems with a faith held closely within, trying to find various solutions to ease the strain.

None of them seem relevant at the time, yet they keep my mind working.

Energy fills me subconsciously with brilliant visions of pattern and design, as I climb higher into an intelligence that is sublime upon awakening every day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime Caverns

Complex ideas, riddled with thoughts of charitable donations.
Giving views of scenery never thought of before.
Signaling aging beacons, coding all particles into puzzles of cognitive functions to be figured out in future developments of mind-enduring imagination.
Calling on subconscious feelings to enter sublime caverns of noticability and charm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime Concentration

Under overhanging branches of a tree, watching shadows
flit gently once in a while across the table as I write.
Mind being soothed by soft classical music entering my
head with sublime concentration.
Allowing for every movement and note as it penetrates
my being to the core, to explode in words and meanings
within.
Sounding out poems musically before I write them,
wondering what I will say when beginning to write is
fascinating.
Stretching and sliding imagination as it unfolds happily
each time I think.
Centering creative juices exactly where I want them to
go, expounds my sense of awareness for natural beauty,
sorrow - grief.

(9/20/96)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime Delight

Introspection beginning from conception,
coasting carefully in moments of sublime delight.
Justifying the beings of life as they are seen in lovely array,
awaiting their times in quaint little lullabyes of good night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime Destiny

Movement turning and stirring my mind in a kettle of magic,
vaporizing into the atmosphere and falling by droplets into
thoughts of sublime destiny.

Courting magical verses as they walk into spheres taking
them carefully into each poem selected in advance by
intellect.

So happy and satisfied, being alone in a corner, away from
the crowd of family and children, enjoying peace and quiet
of solitude, hiding within an interior space of beauty and intellectual imagination.

Being protected by the silence of it's perfection, taking
every precaution to keep life moving with all of it's
convictions.

Peacefully remaining faithful within my soul, nothing can
break me apart from them, no matter how much they may try.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime Direction

Wonders of curiosity stretch across vasts spaces of my mind,
taking with them all ideas formed in sublime directions of
intellect.
Waving gently in spheres of color, taking beauty of nature
into consideration and talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime Enlightenment

Looking shyly into the future, seeing a plenitude of energy, positively forming itself into modes of expression.
Sending signals, omens of good sense, towards an imaginative reality, sliding always in front of my sight.
Leaving nothing to chance, beginning on every level with no thoughts, just writing whatever comes down the lines of intellect.
Forging, hopefully into wisdom's avenues so it may be shared with others not so fortunate when it comes to genial intensity.
Turning ahead, allowing some sort of rhythm to coallesce in ideal thought, partaking of immeasurably sublime enlightenment.
Taking care to always move in circumspect directions, enveloping it all into prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime Enticement

Expressions falling succinctly and concisely into poems
as I write into the night, taking chances along the
way, opening my heart, hoping it will not be broken
more than it already has been.

Standing still, a line forming in my mind, looking
and searching for the light that will lead me into the
atmosphere of sublime enticement where I will be taken
into realms of heaven.

Unable to let go, looking within, seeing no reasons for
holding on, giving in at the end, knowing that there's
no sense to hold on to a false hope, there's nothing
to be done about any of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime Essence

Wind shaking trees, rain sprinkling off and on, touching
us with God's nature here on earth.

Beautiful sunshine showing through each glistening drop
as it falls around us.

Giving an energy of sublime essence of nature as we sit
and converse together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime Horizons

Exacting precise formulas of beats mathematically
produced from etudes and scores of the famous
masters of old.
Aligning tones, arranging them in precise etudes
of the mind.
Easily lying back, letting go of subconsciousness,
allowing it to flow freely into depths of
imaginations's eternal depths, always on edges of
sublime horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime Integrity

Enticing mind pathways,
lighting the way into chambers of thought.
Waiting to be examined in musical tones to
see how they adapt to notes being written
right now in changing atmospheres of my mind.
Adapting several dimensions to be etched in
pathways of images, stranded in the avenues
of sublime integrity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime Joy

People conversing among one another, laughter, smiles, - charging personalities with sublime joy for the time being.
Jovial emotional feelings clinging to interior thoughts, reaching into depths of every being, pulling them out of themselves and into the circumference of others around them; all listening to the Blu Notes playing at the Elks.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime Knowing

Solitary confinement steads me in an atmosphere of contemplation,
giving an atmosphere in which I can imagine just about everything
in a talented rendezvous.
Searching daily moments, looking for any that will fit accurately
in a book or poem of ingenuity.
Tagging my mind with sublime knowing as it continually expands
and progresses towards final days on earth.
Wading out to meet whatever comes towards my mind in extraneous
thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime Moments

Wandering earth, gathering peace with nowhere to hide.
Sailing over oceans with a freedom and liberty of
yesterday's grace.
Swiftly flying with feelings of spirituality, taking
over my soul, landing me in heaven's gardens.
Smiling within, enjoying the serenity of a lifetime
in moments sublime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime Moments Together

Breathing in deeply of love, feeling it penetrate this heart totally and fully, stirring feelings of love within every moment.

Spirits touching, taking us into sublime moments, never thought love could be so beautiful and true before, thanking God for bringing us together at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime Sight

Looking within my mind, seeing that spaciousness
and beauty are sublime as I contemplate what I
see there.
Finding precious thoughts alight with love of
memories, rejoicing with their images.
Scanning every horizon on shores of imagination,
aglow with fond patterns and mazes of poetical
verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime Silence

Foreign words, sneaking into corners of darkness,
to await their turns of meanings in spotlights of
prose.

Holding hands with one another, hoping for the
best in purposes of poetical literature.

Tramping up mountainous circles, watching for
particles of any part of nature to write about.

Silencing ethereal noises and resurrecting them
into poems of sublime ecstasy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime Thoughts

An energy completes it's circle within intellect, giving me sublime thoughts and visions of everlasting beauty in life.

Secreting many ideas, hiding them in poems that I'm now writing, filling pages of memory, and placing them in journals to be read in the future.

Photographically creating images and pictures to go with each of them, keeping all vividly alive through musical rhythms, fitting perfectly within each of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sublime, Heartfelt Inspiration

Sublime and heartfelt inspiration blossoming into an inner
atmosphere, spirituality filling every thought, flowing in-
to contemplation in a mere instant.

Walking through lanes of forests, feeling peaceful, nature
touching every fiber of being, always on the lookout for un-
seen details.

All of them being known to be within sight, being grasped,
opening and unfolding this mind, expecting the unexpected
with a total openness that often surprises self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subliminal Reality

Taken in stride beside the aspects of life, totally
engaged in levels of pride outside the perspectives
of reality.

Forever delving into pyres of memories, setting them
ablaze, tearing them from fantasy's shelf, turning
without, images from within.

Tickling edges of mirth, forever climbing onto tiers
of subliminal reality.

Hitting ivory, battling tones into the atmosphere,
turning life inside to classical tunes of sadness and recompense, no longer
fearing the ending of the years
on earth.

Diving swiftly into pools of eternity, splashing no
one, being totally immersed into oblivion.

Finding new shores with different horizons in other
lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Submerged

Being submerged within a bluened aura, enjoying the peace
it brings into my heart and soul.

A spiritual tide, sweeping over me, showing the holy side
of our lives.

Opening up, letting us meet one another on another plain,
allowing us to experience feelings and emotions that we
all do share.

Talking about them, sharing our lifetimes with one another,
bringing about a greater understanding of who we are.

The age old question, who am I? is partially answered in
this way, by others we meet and talk with throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Submerged Forever

Violence of nature is felt inside of me tonight, frustrated, with no where to go, anger rises, boils, rages, wants to be let go.

Grabbing the handle, pushing it down, controlling it with amazing dexterity and self-effacement.

Stranded, out in the open meadows, left trying to control the raging anger.

No clue as to it's whereabouts or where it is going, wishing for it to dissipate and leave me quite alone.

It doesn't go, fuming, hanging on with all my might, struggling to part with it, yet pushing it deeper down.

Not able to go on any further, become as still as silence in the morning darkness, rendered speechless, floundering on burning sands of summer, no longer caring to do anything except fall off the side of the earth, landing in a bottomless pit of mud.

Submerged forever under all of earth's dirt, no longer seen or heard from, gone to depths for nothing.

Foraging streamlines of interior memorials, now forgotten altogether.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subsidizing Equality

Waltzing around, beginning to sway to musical scores,
intrepidly taking on somnolent statures before me.

Subsidizing equality, changing it to fit my tastes,
bridling it to the steed of my mind, prancing away
into the density of life's forest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Substituting Daylight

Shadows of evening tilling the still sunlit ground
outside.

Watching as they slowly crawl across the courtyard
and cacti in front of me.

Simple and sly, taking the beauty of daylight and
substituting it for that of the darkness of night.

Looking, watching as it happens right before my
very eyes.

It's mystery and eeriness is totally fascinating
to intellect as I continue to write while seeing
it happen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subtly Enjoying Everything

Resting in the midst and depths of a very fast-paced rhythm,
daring to keep up with it's rapidity, writing and allowing
it to take me away, totally enjoying it's pace.

Now another melody rocking and rolling me into it's depths,
finding a beauty in it's picturesque landscape, never wearying
or tiring, continually savoring an energy that is being put
into my being.

Watching scenery speed by on photographic screens and instant-
aneously being held onto in memories that cling vibrantly to
this mind at any given time.

Standing in the midst of every measure, striding with it's
plentiful delight, subtly enjoying everything that is now
quietly and steadily working it's way into this mind and
intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subtly Quieting

Listening to perfect rhythms constantly and incessantly
beating within this mind, subtly quieting my spirit in-
teriorly with a bluened light.

Silence reigning inside, contemplating in a bluened light,
finding beauty and inspiration of the Divine always with-
in.

Enticing and contributing to the hope and faith constantly
being nourished and always growing in a heavenly inspired
interior garden.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Subways Of A Poetical Mind

Traveling subways of this poetical mind, darkness en-
croaching upon every turn, matching the turmoil hiding
in corners of my mind along with pain and suffering.

Poetically writing and recognizing the important stance
it all has in life, being within me through all these
years.

Always allowing me to experience feelings and emotions
of it's depths, keeping me focused on the reality of
living.

Reminding me that everything is only temporary, saying,
'this too shall pass', waiting out each situation fully,
writing through every one of them.

Living to write, letting others know they're not alone,
that we've all felt similar feelings at one time or an-
other through the years.

Inspiring poets all over the world to acknowledge their
feelings and emotions through poetry and in turn helping
others to know it's normal to feel the way they do.

We're each individuals, yet united within by the way we
feel and experience sacrifices, hardships, joy and inner
happiness in similar ways.

Possibly in different degrees, but all can notice and ac-
knowledge these simple facts of our humanity in these our
temporary lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Succeeding At Last

Champions in this life surmount failures they've had,
giving them the confidence and self-assurance needed
to keep going through life and adversity.

Keeping their minds on the second hands of life as
they continue to find patterns of interior designs
that every one of us have dwelling within us.

Opaque, crystalizing, windows opening mysteriously.
leading us down pathways that we've never even thought
of in life.

Portraying the puzzle pieces in volumes of heredity,
as we keep moving straight ahead, no thoughts ever
again of failing, at last succeeding.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Succeeding Peace

Succeeding in this life has nothing to do with riches and material things.

It has everything to do with loving and being loved in return, caring and compassion for everyone in the world.

There can never be any change without these things, evil will win out unless we all begin to see this.

Illuminating and taking these endeavors will win, spread peace and serenity faster than anything else you can do.

Wealth and greed will never accomplish anything at all to help mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Succulent Aromas

Slowly pacing back and forth, enjoying aromas of the forest
filled with pine trees, succulently filling this being with
an appreciative amount of nature.

Enabling one to be able to take it home when leaving because
it has been etched upon photographic screens within forever,
disappearing with us when death comes to call.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Succulent Blossoms

Succulent blossoms of musical etudes, floating about my mind, giving special ideas to elaborate or finish inventing in my time.
Decorating my intellect with nature and it's wholesome landscape of beauty.
Colorful patterns being made by imagination as I write even now, challenges me to keep up with it's special cognitive talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Succulent Senses

Finding immense ideas waiting in the sidelines, wanting
to be expressed through reality.

Focusing intellect on each of them, thinking and
developing each one, searching for the best ways of
achieving every aspect in their forming into reality.

Succulent senses and thoughts enveloping my mind with
sensations of knowledge and an interior wisdom.

Electric sparks igniting every time I figure out how
to bring them from conception to reality, enjoying
completing picture puzzles constantly within intellect.

Choosing only to have fun while doing so, finding such
pleasure every time I go inside and focus intently,
time and again.

Beautiful rainbow spheres holding onto each step of
every idea that I reach within my mind, keeping them
forever treasured.

Always being pleased to see end products in the light
of this interior knowledge, fascinating and energizing
me beyond comprehension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Succumbing To Intense Interior Peace

Being fascinated interiorly by the Divine, going into a bluened light, alone and serene, feeling God's presence within, such a pleasant and joyful feeling issuing forth.

Soaring to heaven, not wanting to come back, succumbing to an interior peace that intellect craves above all else in this very temporary world.

Transforming it with beautiful and fascinating periods of intense solitude and exacting fortitude, a lasting effect, continuing all through life and beyond.

Being blessed with an uncomparable knowledge given by our Lord while living here in this temporary life, awaiting the very moment of achieving heaven at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Succumbing To Interior Peace

Calmly, reticently succumbing to an interior peace fill-
ing my being, taking my soul into a bluened atmosphere
within.

Capturing my attention with a barbed intellectual sensation,
hoping to prepare my mind for an interior perception coming
silently about.

Hanging in mid-mind like a helicopter hovering above the
floor of my soul, showing efforts of delectable bits of
knowledge that have accumulated throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Succumbing To Passion

Standing in the forefront of everyday living, forging ahead
in deep interior spheres of an incessant and beautiful at-
mospheres.

Surrounding self with an absolute tender unconditional
love that fills one completely with desires that continue
to build into passion not to be ignored or looked away from.

Succumbing to it's pleasure, finding ways to make love
throughout the night, filling the lives of the two of us
with all the beauty in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Succumbing To The Divine

Feeling the fire of your strength through faith, touching
me with hope, soaring into heaven spiritually, succumbing
to the essence of the Divine.

Knowing that I'll be safe, never having to worry, just
living in His mercy, love and goodness forever, knowing
the wonder of being and belonging to God only.

It brings such a delicate and gentle peace into my spirit-
ual life, totally taking my soul into a space of heaven
where no one can reach or hurt me from this earth whether
dead or alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sudden Changes

Reacting quickly to sudden changes in rhythm, focusing
intently as it progresses through a parade of melodies
and harmonies.

Beautiful sounds emanating from it as my mind grasps
each petal of existence and watches it blossom into
equations and formulas that are rapidly being processed,
all being written into calculations for future use in
medicine and technology.

A vast array of increasingly tender and purposeful ideas,
this brain respecting and sending many messages coded and
idealized in an extemporaneous amount of poetry to be
written from now into infinity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sudden Idea

Introducing elements of surprise when daydreaming,
like this morning when going to the senior center.

Suddenly an idea came to my mind about performing
surgeries, any and all types of them.

A thought about increasing oxygen levels just a
tad while being under anesthesia.

In doing to, I believe the little rise in oxygen
will keep your mind and intellect clear.

Working vibrantly, keeping your body functioning
and still able to be controlled by intellect.

This may cut down on people going into comas, if
their minds take over with a little more oxygen.

It would keep people in the zone and not being
taken into a coma, like what usually happens now.

Maybe a life-saving technique, thinking that this
could be another major medical breakthrough.

It's simple, easy to do and may be an asset in the
long run in the field of medicine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sudden Quiet

Sudden death quietness descends upon earth, as the moon
throws a blanket over the sun to blot out the day.

Vocalizing sounds throughout the day, nature has now
fallen asleep - but not to stay forever!

Everything will awaken with the coming of dawn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Suffering Existence

Afraid to ask for anything, knowing it will be grabbed
and taken away again.
Only asking for prayers to continue an existence of
homeless dread.
Crying within for family's sake, knowing the devastating
hurt, losing home has caused.
Afraid to want or hope in anything or anyone again.
A lifetime of suffering, culminating in eviction, a
slumlord with help from a city inspector, paired
together, to dump yet another family in the street.
Hating the very existence of life and living, having
no where to call home, barely existing, while tears
fill up an organ where a heart used to live.
All of natural life has become a sewer, made that way
by a slumlord and cruel human being.
Our world is no longer fit for living, having been
driven by a landlord into a land of frightening death,
afraid to ask for anything, because we no longer have
any value as humans on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Suffering In Being

Blowing wind raked itself through my body, tearing apart insides, scattering little bits of truth and knowledge, causing them to rearrange themselves into a bedlam of confusion.

Tauntingly pulling apart every emotion - every feeling - once stacked inside many steel-lined boxes, now before me, crying softly at something they know nothing about, tormenting without regard to any feelings.

Being reminded of the callousness life naturally brings about in every aspect, loneliness finds it's seat and place within a being.

Not looking for a way to escape, knowing it cannot happen, allowing sorrow to walk on in.

Placing before the altar, suffering spent in being, life goes on searching for it's meaning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Suffering In Silent Fear

Memories coming quietly and timidly into mind,
shying away from the limelight of poetical
visions so insistently shining within.

Always wanting to be seen in awakened dreams,
yet afraid of being expressed in terms of
endearment or love because of all the hurt
they've been through in life.

Suffering in a silence of putrefied fear,
hiding from everything, just to protect them-
selves from other's opinions and ridicule in
their solitary little lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Suffering Silently

Waters of yesterday flow right into today's waves, crashing on shores of tomorrow, giving a reprieve of sorts as they collect sand and shells to treasure on lonely and saddened days.

Finding some comfort in a picture of tangible meanings held close to the heart, suffering silently in depths of oceans, wide and expansive.

Lapping hungrily on edges of a being, lying motionless upon sands of present beginnings, nevermore lifting eyelids to look about and see what does not want to be seen again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Suffering Temptations

Temptations standing before me, love growing beyond it's limits, wanting to be quenched, wanting to fulfill desires, wants and needs, yet knowing it's not morally right.

Therefore, suffering from these exquisite and tantalizing temptations that can never be fulfilled in this life, a bittersweet knowing that makes me vacillate back and forth.

Wondering whether or not I should give in and taste their unhealthy aromas, then thinking, knowing that I cannot do so and keep my sanity or soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sufficing A Mind

Silhouettes of another day, sliding below earth,
where they will set on another horizon, awakening
others to an individual morning, new and tantalizing.

Equipped with an interior personality that always
slides easily from one environment to another, easily
adapting to anything or any situation.

Playful moods sufficing this mind as it continues
writing, no matter what goes on around it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Suffocating Anger

Deathly silent, nothing moving, suffocating in the still, still air.
Labored breathing, stomach held in knots, holding anger tightly with fear.
Concentrating, barely, on the feelings bursting within.
Checking them like hats in a coatroom, taking and putting them one by one into steel jars.
After all the years, tears hardened like diamonds, are holding the anger in.
No outward expressions or movements, quietly boiling and raging - never allowed to come into being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Suffocating Intellect

Wriggling inside, nervous energy squirming around, allowing for all the stress going on today - it's pretty mild.
So far every avenue is filled with blockages, preventing me from giving in and resting deep in contemplation.
Far into my mind I delve and dive, attempting to bring myself into a somewhat relaxed mode.
Life must be slowed down so I can remember what it's like to be smart again because of memory problems plaquing and suffocating my intellect.
Arriving at conclusions close to imagination I strive to coallesce and collate every thought into albums to put on my photographic screens of subconsciousness.
Feeling at ease a little more, I begin to float in my oasis of the soul, settling into a pool of imagination.
Giving in to the feelings, I lie back and bring my being into alignment with who I am inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Suicidal Cravings

Silent disappointment draining the energy
of existence from me.
Keeping me thinking of suicidal ideas to
sate the cravings
within my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Suicidal Mode Of Thought

Sounds of night, silent under the stars, afraid to speak
or move.

Frightened as a baby bird when falling from it's nest,
contained in the abyss of unforgiven love.

Requiem music playing itself under shrouds of deepest night,
consequently bypassing the sanity of expansive thought.

Alone, standing in the forsaken spotlight of total
abandonment, lost forever in inane thoughts.

Wild conversations never seem to materialize, instead, they
just wallow in the backwash of another time.

Standing in the deepest mire on earth, farther from any
shore ever been upon.

Totally alone and in a suicidal mode of thought, waiting
to be acted upon by a teenager who has just been raped.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Suicidal Theory

Why be? It's an eternal question.
People who are contemplating suicide think about
it seriously, while most others use their curiosity
when hard times and stress arrive.
Poets and writers explore denizens of being and why
we are here, alive, breathing.
Many tomes have been written and read in diverse
circumstances and thought.
Novel ideas on the subject are created and mentioned,
then applied or attributed to theories which are
never proven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Summarizing Life

Summarizing life in so many poems, hoping to find it's true
meaning, wondering how to keep everything going that has been treasured for so long.

Life is so exhausting at times, yet it brings joyful solitude
in moments of creativity.

It inspires one every second of existence from now to eternity,
having been brought alive, finding true love in everything
being done now, giving reasons to go on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Summation

Each poem I write is just a moment
of my existence.
When finally totaled at the end
they will add up to my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Summer Evenings

Titillating energy fortifying interior motives for days
to come.
Entering phases of life with open eyes and tears of
youth clouding visions of yesterday's rehearsals.
Incertitude slowly catches up with serenity, causing
little explosions of indecisiveness to seep out into
the atmosphere.
Telltale hints float in and out of mindless thoughts,
carrying an imagination to furthest sides of space.
An inherent cohesiveness filters through all the pain
and strife of a lifetime, bringing families and friends
closer together on silent summer evenings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Summer Leaves

Leaves, still and silent in the summer heat,
trying to stay alive without regrets.
Quietly melting inside their frail green
coats of armor, attempting to stave off
dehydration and the final brown crumpling
of their imminent demise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Summer Rain

Loving the rain, especially in summertime, it
seems so much lighter, resonating with my being
on a different level than any other time of the
year.

Watching the sky for raindrops to appear, wondering
at the same time, if they have properties like those
of snowflakes, where no two are alike.

Are raindrops as individual as that? Do they have
patterns within their essence or designs made from
rain water?

When falling, they look like droplets of glass to
my eyes, but I never hear them break when they hit
the ground and sidewalk all around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Summers

Summers are special places where all of life races
forward and emits a life filled with energy and verve.
Commitment settles down in a noon day sun, heating up
everything in sight.
Touching nothing, not wanting to get burned by the
hottest sun in the U.S.A.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Summer's Winter

Summer's winter filling me with a freezing heat, as
I lie here in a bed filled with sorrow's tears.

Not wanting to talk or think about things that are
hurting my being, feeling loneliness touching me
deeply with it's heated iciness.

This heart totally filled with the coldness of loss
in death, it's hand still gripping my heart with it's
touch.

Somewhere within my being, life has drowned in the
melting ice beneath a summer's sun.

Feeling sadness being draped upon me from depths of
a summer's winter snowstorm, burying me beneath the
snowdrifts left by death's insistence.

Taking my heart and piercing it like an ice pick, no
respite from it's passing as your life continues to
expire without me through eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sun

Sun beating fragrantly down upon the earth,
bleaching and disinfecting everything with
it's hot little rays of feet.

Dancing happily on fronds of palms in the
wind, feet above the street.

Casting aside all comments and curses,
being the sun God meant it to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sun Always Rising

Sun always rising over the mountains of Phoenix, Arizona in the East, showing off their beautiful and intense colors of heaven above.

Resurrecting the beauty of the desert each and every morning as we travel down the freeway, going to destinations known only to each individual.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sun Always Shining

Being fulfilled interiorly, tasting the joy of
life through writing of it.

An appetite that is growing constantly throughout
this poet's life.

Traveling through forests, deserts and mountains,
always open to nature, abounding beauty touching
every sense that is a part of my being.

Sunshine always shining into my mind, no matter
what the weather is like.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sun Hanging It's Head

Sunshine hanging it's head over earth, saddened by
storm clouds gathering in front of it's face.

Hiding it's shame at not being able to fulfill it's
purpose, shining upon this earth of ours.

Spreading it's rays no longer on this gray and black
cloudy day, unclenching and clenching it's bright rays
off and on this earth today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sun Patches

Sun patches warming desert mountains
with their heat.
Touching life, awakening it from cold
nighttime temperatures and chills
spilled from midnight stars.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sun Rising Slowly

Walking into the morning, a chill in the air, left over
from last night's icy cold rain.

Landscape washed clean, looking pure, smelling fresh and
new again.

A beautiful, tantalizing atmosphere bringing poetry to
mind as I gaze at the sun rising slowly over the Eastern
horizon.

Lighting the world on fire with it's sunlight and warmth,
beckoning us to greet this new morning with joy and much
happiness in our hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sun Setting On Another Horizon

Visions rising slowly from within intellect, showing
all the pieces of puzzles of the future.

Destiny being collected into it's final picture while
fate stands by, waiting and watching the whole time.

Sun shining daily, spreading it's light over earth
and everyone upon it.

Giving sustenance to nature's beautiful landscapes,
never taking it's eyes from earth's surface at daylight.

At night hiding on the other side of earth while the
moon takes over.

Just minimally lighting pathways so people can see where
they're going usually.

Acquiring benefits of a cool evening breeze and relief
from the hot noon day sun.

A scorching day now setting on another horizon while
twilight takes it's turn cooling earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sun Vitamin

Sunshine warming my skin,
filling my being with
plenty of vitamin D.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sun-Breaking Horizon

Wanting to stay in bed, but getting up to watch the sun breaking over the horizon, seeing the beauty God has given us on earth.
Scenic masterpieces, filled with colors of the rainbow and hopes of heaven's gardens soon to be discovered, after life on earth has been finished and put to rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunburst

Yellow sunburst popping up through the ground, filling
my mind with thoughts of the sun, trying to hide.

Light orange, timidly peeking from beneath the grass,
tiptoeing quietly inside my mind.

White, like powdered snow strewn here and there across
the land, living piously, reaching purely out to life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunburst's Last Rays

Sun setting in the west, bright orange globe reflecting
itself in a fast food restaurant's window, Wendy's to
be exact.

As I continue to watch, it's blood orange color drapes
itself over a little wall, just lying there basking in
the last rays of today's sunburst.

Quietly sinking into the horizon, giving me an effer-
vescent glow to remember, as it dwindles into another
corner of our world to rise on it's morning horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunland Combo

Sunland Combo at the center again, a gentle reminder of yesterday's enjoyment and fun.

Allowing elderly people to combine and set free, their inherent inhibitions for a while.

Smiles and joy, glow from faces, wrinkled with age, as melodies fill everyone with rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunlight Perusing Feelings

Standing in the sunlight, letting it peruse my feelings as I sit alone, quietly absorbing the meaning of life as rays perceive who I am.
Contemplating every notion, gradually giving me ideas to settle in and write about.
Telling all of my expectations in verse, compiling all sorts of ideas, matching intellect with imagination and coming up with images being thought of as I renew myself in quiet, silent realizations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunlight Playing

Sunlight lying along the floor, relaxing, stretching it's rays through whatever opening happens to be near.

Playing happily, it sneaks up onto chairs, sitting around the room and floating back out of a window.

Only to return again in seconds to continue playing it's game.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunlight's Compassion

Sunlight blatantly spreading itself about, taking on
brighter images as it alights on us all.

Surprising even itself with compassionate warmth when
someone is cold.

Wallowing in water or mud, capturing beauty throughout nature's wonderful
world of color and energetic
playfulness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunny Sands

Thought-provoking melodies singing their way into our souls, jangling our nerves, allowing flowing music to sooth them for us.
Thinking slowly on streets of pageantry, billowing flowers into the atmosphere.
Taking away all cares of reality and burying them on sunny sands of life's forgotten shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunrise

Early morning, waking to a beautiful sunrise filled with vibrant colors, enticing this artistic and poetical mind into painting, through imagery and poetry.

Loving the beauty that can be created through mind and intellect constantly, sharing thoughts with the world, along with feelings and emotions to show how this poet sees everything through music, art and prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunrose Ranch

Standing atop a mountain - one I may call my own because
I have bought and begun to pay for it.

Whatever direction I face, the view goes on and on - it's
so breathtakingly beautiful.

Life is so quiet and simple here, no frantic hurrying or
scurrying about.

Ocotillo, palo verde trees, cacti with astonishing colored
flowers.

Clusters of daisies roaming the countryside, adding their
touch of beauty to the entire scene.

Walking around, picking up beautiful sparkling rocks,
building little markers with those left on the ground.

Hating to mar the existence of heaven on earth, care will
be tended in everything we do, so nature will not be
completely disturbed.

Looking out over the box canyon, feeling the soul of God
through natural beauty, every sense is heightened and mind
exhilarated.

On a different scale - one that is balanced on the side of
good.

(10: 51 a.m. - 4/21/97)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sun's Different Degrees

Blinds closed, yet the sun still finds it's way in
through different degrees of regularity.

Slanting, turning, coming straight on, showering
diagonals and angles on walls and floors interiorly.

Scattering shadows about, no place for them to hide,
as they look wildly about for a way to escape the
sunlight at noon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunsetical Good Night

Dancing, doing the ballet within spaces of my mind,
correlating steps with an accompaniment of violins,
enticing them onto the ice.

So softly and gently, skating now in the rinks of
holiness, hands clasping prayers just waiting to be
answered.

As the sun snuggles between coverlets of clouds in
preparation for it's sunsetical good night, life
moves into another dimension of sunlight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunsetical Horizon

Writing into the sunset, watching brilliant colors spread
their wings and soar across the darkening sky.

Spirits of unseen angels crossing and re-crossing over
clouds, creating pathways leading to heaven.

Feelings of beauty and it's aroma, penetrating all senses
with a florescent vision of excellence.

Reasons are darkening thoughts, clouding our minds, in this
sunsetical horizon of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunsetical Horizons

With every breath life comes into focus, betraying it's longevity and place on earth.

Standing erectly, temporarily at every person's edge, holding out promises of more to endure throughout a lifetime.

Edges creeping upon us all, quietly pulling shrouds of color over our heads.

With no where else to go we wander sleepily, not picking up activities to learn as we go.

Pathways begin and end as we carefully wend our steps towards an eternal bliss.

When does our life become it's only end?

What time and place do we finally know how temporary we've always been, and become future selves lying on furthest sunsetical horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunsetical Journey

Staccato thoughts now are matching beats and tempos, stepping
casually into moments of this fantastic atmosphere, never
leaving behind a single note.

Intellect moving quickly into the deepest depths of an ocean's
beauty, coming together, learning and perpetrating equations
of a wonderful and fascinating journey throughout life.

It's quest for a final ending when a sunsetical horizon finally
sets itself into an interior poem, soliloqy taking it's place
in the annals of another time and place in history, nothing to
displace or hinder it's facts of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunsetical Mystery

Red stars forming in lines of sunsetical mystery,
containing answers of questions never asked.

Beacons of ideas form creativity in requiem masses
of position, rolling quietly around like marbles
in a bowl.

Quickly taking in every particle and atom of being
as long as rhythms of quiescence continue to hold
and pull me in directions of exacting measurements.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunsetical Oceans

Belonging in your arms, gaining strength through the
love you are giving to me.

Growing intuitively within, soaring in your arms alone,
inner desires pulling me towards you.

Wanting to stay here forever, not thinking of anything
else but your heart filling mine, and mine yours.

No apologies necessary, no need to say you're sorry,
we have it all right here within us, loving one another.

Then quietly looking at the horizon, not able to see you
any longer you have gone and were not able to take me
with you.

Breaking promises of a lifetime to never leave me, tears
flowing into the darkness that has now covered me totally
and completely with your loss.

Walking into sunsetical ocean waves, drowning my being,
wanting only to be with you forever, yet there is no
way of knowing where to find you.

Forlorn, forsaken, without you forever, dying within,
unable to survive in this life again.

Your love still holding me, yet you are gone and I cannot
return it to you any longer.

Heart broken and torn apart, missing your love with the
echoes you've left behind, not able to lead me to you
at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunsetical Rainbows

Crescendos building in my mind, taking me to elevations never before attained, grasping rhythms and riding them through sunsetical rainbows.
Filled with a mounting joy, mystery begins to play it's part, putting pieces of the puzzle, hidden within melodies, down to lure my mind into writing them in succession, making innate sense to whomever reads them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunsetical Shores

Straightening out pathways of a mind,
traveling roads never before trod upon.
Outstanding latitudes precipitate wary
images seen on sunsetical shores beyond
our dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunsetical Skies Of India

Sunsetical skies of India awakened in colorful landscapes above, showing the brilliant, vibrant and fascinating horizons that will come about in the future.

Stepping into their picturesque beauty, now awaiting this poet on the other side of life, one beyond earth that will be an everlasting and holy one in all respects.

Being fulfilled and tantalized in surroundings of a heavenly essence, living in it's totality after death has come upon me in a quiet finality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunsetical Sorrow

Sunsets calmly sit in view as they light up an evening's sky.
Tears reflecting mirrors of yesterday's love, lost and torn
apart by death's insistence.
Holding on to moonbeams of hope as dreams cloud up in smoke.
Finding a reason to begin again is difficult when you are
drenched in sorrow's embrace.
Feeling desolate and alone, the only joy is seen in a sunset
before me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunsetical Sunsets

Walking dejectedly through this empty life, nothing to
live or hope for without you my love, bed lying empty,
sheets rumpled where you last slept.

Not wanting to lie down, missing you, only memories to
keep me company, nothing can be defined, this mind is
blank.

My heart has disappeared with you somewhere beyond this
earthly horizon, only sunsetical sunsets sit with my
memories, lonely, empty, feeling forgotten with you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunset's Empty Shell

The beauty of this night will not last beyond morning.
I too will no longer be alive, lying in a shallow grave of
my own making.
Nothing to stop me, no one to help, in a desolate place I
will lie down and put my body out of sight.
Walled into a tomb by a person I had thought cared a little
and now know it wasn't true at all.
Life has been spent, totally given in every respect, now
but an empty shell in the land of the living.
Bringing home no more clues or poetry on the nature of life
or on it's passing.
From now on there will be no more to gather or seek from me
for I will have died forsaken, forlorn, alone, body broken
in two - broken heart and broken spirit - broken bones.
Limply laid out in the grave of my own making, hidden from
everyone's view.
No one to pick me up - no one to save me from myself, I can
no longer cry or care.
Dying in the sunset of my life tonight, after the darkness
has come to fetch me in it's deathly cold arms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunsets Of Life

Charging into sunsets of life, enjoying the beauty of
their brilliant hues as the sun sets upon the horizon
looking for sleep, tired from being bright all day.

Clouds gathering, spreading themselves across the sky,
absorbing the hues, turning colors right before my
eyes.

Stretching imagination, touching upon artistic graces
of our Lord, wanting to share His beautiful sunsets
with the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunsets Of Sensation

Pockets full of joyful memories, being carried down
mountain trails, into future sunsets of sensation.

Fulfilling treasures of existent melodies as I sit by
flowing rivers of life, watching trials sink below
rapid waters, carrying them all out to the expansive
seas where I'll never again see any of them.

Stuck in knowledge of my soul, they will always be
remembered in future stages of life.

Sending me down to banks of the Delaware, where I sit
many moments in time, contemplating the magic of my
entire lifetime.

Aromas of yesterday's gardens of memories, saturated
with the scents of blossoms are gracing me with their
beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunshades Of Maturity

Sunshades of maturity sliding
across faces of hidden loneliness.
Fabricating hymns of happiness on joyless days
at home alone in a fog.
Focusing primarily on memories of yesterday's
frequencies, not able to handle too much at any
one time, or tears will steal out from under
sunshades of maturity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunshine In Nighttime Hours

Silent, quiet, just listening to music, filling
hours of life with the passion and essence of life.

Sunlight shining upon me, even in nighttime hours,
because it flows from imagination, filling me with
a pleasure that I crave in this life.

Thinking and pondering vast thoughts of life and
where it lives beyond my own little world, a total
and huge universe spread before me.

Waiting for answers to be found within spirituality
of my soul, touching edges of the Divine, being blinded
by His goodness and mercy on a continual basis.

Bluest atmosphere of spirituality only found within
this mere poet through poetry, music and an innate and
sublime intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunshine Of Imagination

Lasting impressions flowing ever onward, taking my being
into many avenues of diversity.

Spirits of an interior life, giving sunshine of imagina-
tion a chance to create itself into this poem.

With special meanings it continues to take interesting
aspects of whatever is standing around me.

A peaceful and still aura, colored in blue, keeping me
company in this environment of intense writing.

Always being sidelined with an avid wonder, contemplating
the power of a mysterious and invisible force, not knowing
what it will do next in depths of poetical interludes.

Possibly falsifying beliefs and convictions that will be
written in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunshine's Displacent Patterns

Morning sunshine filtering through venetian blinds,
being isolated and scattered upon the wall through
little openings and slots partially opened into the
room.
Noticing their direct and displacent patterns,
coming together in interior designs of movement as
they fill the lines of this poem with angles seen
from beyond this room.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sunshining On The Desert

Sunshining on this arid desert, listening to music and writing
poetry, being tempted and tantalized by intense measures of
chords wrapping themselves around pleasure centers of the brain.

Adjusting and rearranging feelings of sadness and sorrow, help-
ing to alleviate their intense emotions for the time being while
listening to inspirational rock and roll music, having an effect on the demeanor of
intellect as it absorbs notes and tones together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Superior Court Judges Have No Souls

Staring into vacant eyes, wondering where a person's
soul is.
Hills of sand, unending horizons, raking interiorly,
beings of goodness.
How can a cold, bitter person ruin lives of so many
innocent people?
Where are the channels of gentleness and kindness
hidden, while worlds of children are crumpling within?
These are questions which no one has given answers to
and I wonder why not.
While innocent children are being torn from loving
fathers, where are the eyes of souls who are supposed
to be helping protect them?
Judges of Superior Courts why have you turned your
hearts against those little ones who need your help
so desperately?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Superior Thoughts Dwindle

Soothing, calming, touching me interiorly, allowing the
expression of my soul to be completed through a grace-
ful elation and joy.

Such a perfect atmosphere where only love and compassion
are seen, from the highest to the lowest forms of life
appearing in sequences.

Superior thoughts dwindling in the simplicity of life,
vanishing like a whisper of the wind in directions of a
future destiny.

Like a jungle of imagination, carrying me into it's wild
and free atmosphere, so I can continue to write my heart
out onto pages of poetry journals, nothing to keep me
from the blessing of an inner freedom and serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Supersonic World Of Imagination

Feeling alive and full of vigor, mind becoming brighter,
setting my soul on fire.

Brimming with an energy of unanticipated love, letting
it encompass and take me into outskirts of another life,
out of control, in and out of everything, filled with
wonder and awe.

A supersonic world is twirling around inside imagination
and taking me away for a fun-filled adventure outside of
this intellect.

Wanting to have such a good time, letting it all happen
without any interference from anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Superstition Mountains

Riding out to Apache Junction, gazing at the
Superstition Mountains, so majestic and
beautiful in an evening of stormy weather.

Clouds rolling over and between them, looking
like ocean waves silently crashing over and
upon them.

Looking as powerful as a storm upon the ocean,
yet not moving beyond them, staying where they
are until the wind kicks up and blows them away.

Picturesque and awesome, a new memory of the
Superstitions now forever etched in mind on
photographic screens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Superstitions

Hidden beneath the darkened cloud
of night, the Superstitions stand
silently tall - asleep in the pale
moon light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Supplying Life

Purple blossoms popping out on bushes along streets,
welcoming passers-by with their beauty.

Supplying life with an essence of nature, adding a
passion of Mother Nature to feelings of love.

Significantly and totally giving this mere poet the
ability to write about it's aspects into poetry.

Filling interiorly with a balance of everything
divine and mixing it with revelations of holiness.

Each of us are born with them, loving the total
essence of life as it unfolds from within us.

Completely held within the words that I so boldly
write, anticipating the future with exhilaration.

Clarity that never ends becomes splendid and lively
always filled with intellect's energy only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Supporting Others

Being here for friends, doing my best to support them
no matter what they're going through.

At times teaching, sometimes learning from them, always
curious and taking time to do whatever is needed.

Be it actively assisting or sitting quietly, just BEing
with them.

Conversation being guided by their thoughts, letting it
go in directions they are headed into.

Ideas flowing, comments at times being given, letting
the other person guide and lead every step of the way.

In this manner finding out what is on their minds and
what they wish to talk about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Supporting Trees

Rolling hills of grass supporting trees in their
lives of beauty.

Covering their fragile roots with blankets only
they possess.

Taking care that no frost can get to them in the
icy coldness of a winter's night.

Delicately swaying with gentle wisps of wind, life
bows down before Him in it's eternal prayer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Supposedly In Love

Looking around, watching people who are supposedly in love,
seeing interior tears flowing from constant abuse.

Scarring a tattered heart and ripped soul, day after day
hoping things will get better, but they never do.

A life captured and yet abandoned by a love that was only
a selfish, self-centered one.

Looking through a window out upon the world, wondering how
it could have happened.

How could a wonderful dream of everlasting love turn into
such a horrible nightmare.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Suppressing Grief

Taking life by the hand,
causing no untoward concern for my livelihood.
Supressing the sadness that's eating me alive,
allowing the grief a brief interval of rest
and relaxation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surface Of Another Life

Sending many periods of entire manners today, spreading
life along streets, down along festivities left on the
pavement of a desert city.

Knowing perfect rhythms as they fall onto the surface of
another life somewhere on the other side of heaven.

Holding peaceful avenues as they travel on their own down
aisles, forming many shapes, being pulled into the screens
of time, already taking us in circles of rectangles,
leaving us alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surface Of Life's Dreams

Sacred and everlasting, a feeling of serenity filling this
entire mind with a deep and sensory contemplation that no
one else could ever divine.

An invisible, yet beautiful essence that overflows through
every fiber of being, giving my soul what it needs to last
in this earthly life.

Processing and keeping afloat, finding the total wonder
that gives and keeps me from losing hope, choosing whatever
feels like it belongs within intellect.

Not taking in any negative feelings, only positive attitudes
and moods will help me to continue floating upon the surface
of life's dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surface Of Things

Never looking into the unacceptable behaviors of other
people, because I do not know their thinking process,
cultures, ways of life.

Looking only on the surface of things, writing what I
see before me in pictures of my mind, expressions and
gestures adding to the rhymes.

There is no way to go beyond this unless learning more
about another person by talking to them, finding their
wants, desires, opinions on everything.

In the end, we can never really know another, even though
we go into depths with them, there will always be areas
that will not be understood.

They themselves may not be able to tell us exactly what
they mean or believe in, everyone of us being individual
mysteries attempting to explain and discover life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surfing Breakers

Different types and varieties of music are lifting spirits
into tides of oceanic waves, crashing right this moment.

Following beats rhythmically, taking steps needed to sit
and write.

Listening intently to tempos playing as I surf breakers,
letting them take me wherever they decide.

Loving feelings as music takes me further into depths of
my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surfing Death

Robotically moving about, thinking slowing down to inter
itself within, on an aging coastline.
Surfing alongside death, keeping a watchful eye on waves
of it's demise in a timely manner.
Tossing fear into winds of fate, while careening down
rip tides beneath the water's surface.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surfing Imagination

Rushing into signature rhythms of this mind, taking
up their chords, playing them merrily into intellect,
loving the feelings they are bringing with them.

Al encompassing freedom, allowing to ride through
deserts, over mountains and underneath ocean tides
of beauty.

Surfing into pathways of imagination, holding nothing
back, letting it find a place in poetical interludes,
as I compose the rhythms and music of my interior mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surfing Non-Existence

Tomes of history calling names of enrollees as they depart from earthly lives with no voice left to speak what is in their hearts.

Vineyards of ripened fruit, hanging in bunches with expectations of life's goodness and richness of loving hearts in elixirs of odorific scents.

Reverberating edges of ever closer ocean tides, surfing along lines of non-existence, measuring times of tomorrow's length in death's embrace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surfing Ocean Tides

Surfing musical realms on ocean tides, reliving youth and
it's vibrant textures of the mind.

Climbing mountains and spiraling down into tunnels of the
soul.

Scaling peaks, walking along valleys, searching for
beautiful artifacts and relics of youth.

Scouting pathways through life, measuring with metronomes,
facets of beginnings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surfing On Rhythms

Picking up tempos as I go forth into a wild side of life,
surfing on rhythms through measures of time.

Finding patterns being elicited faster than usual through
rapid tempos and lifelong memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surfing Over The Surface

Searching the world over, looking for love somewhere in this universe, hopefully close to me somewhere.

Taking steps carefully into waves of ocean tides, placing my life in the tides of todays' life.

Adjusting myself with the rising and ebbing of every ounce of the ocean's behavior.

Loving to skim over the surface, surfing happily out in the middle of nowhere, all by myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surfing Pretend Waves

Traveling on edges of yesterday's playgrounds when young.
Surfing pretend waves, sliding down the slide into an
ocean of sharks.
Only to be the best surfer on the waves as a game of
surfing continues to be played.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surfing Sorrow

Living in a valley of tears formed by the grief of loss
throughout life.

Riding the surf of sorrow into darkened spheres filled
with it's tears.

Falling into fate with an everlasting abandonment and
a loneliness that never does abate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surfing Tidal Waves

Sensing moods of relaxation stirring within, taking
pleasure in feelings entering my being.

Focusing on the realities of existence, comparing
them with those of others gathered around me.

Standing alone, being in a solitary space of time
that I've made for myself.

Protecting what I want to be, so no one can alter or
change a thing.

Coasting along on oceans and surfing tidal waves
of my mind, existing on a plain of complacent beauty.

Not letting anything mar the exquisite sights and
visions being seen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surfing Time

Time surfs forward always pushing us beyond each day,
wondering why we put up with it.
Salvaging each and every minute, playing it to utmost
capacity, throwing ourselves into work, play, quiet
time, never reversing for a moment, decisions we select
from our repertoire of questions.
Darkness unfolds itself within the circumference of
our time and we reach out forever to pull it close to
us and try to forget our limited existences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surgery Waiting Room

Waiting is intolerating when it's for a friend undergoing
surgery, minutes seem like days, even when they're hours.

Time does not go fast enough to bring us back together,
slow, but steady is the way in which we wait, yet what we
want is for it to go fast and went!

Nervously pacing deep inside, trying not to let it show,
being stretched to the limits, waiting for the doctor to
walk out the exit and come talk to us.

Praying, deftly sitting on the edge of our chairs, we wait
in silent nervousness, each one in a different world of
thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surmising Truths

Pinpointing exact places in our brains wherein lives
intellect, intuition, wisdom and knowledge.

Feeling where in our brains each is located and how
they interact with one another.

Practicing daily when entering an interior dimension of
pure spirituality, becoming instantly and immediately
identifiable.

When crossing barriers of our brain with music and coded
rhythms, amazing things begin to happen.

Thoughts are vibrantly awakened and taken into areas of
the brain that normally they don't travel into.

Having somehow allowed rhythms to bypass neurons and
synapses they are given access to a much deeper intellectual
portion of our brains.

One where other dimensions open up and unfold miraculous
ideas and inventions to be created, all the processes
needed to help mankind cure illnesses, even death.

This area can keep death from taking over our minds, keeping
us alive, as forever is beginning to be seen as possible.

A beautiful aspect of our inner universe yet to be explored
and met by scientists even now, exploring this vast subject
of our total brains.

Expecting nothing, yet will they be surprised at what they
are going to find.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surmountable Discovery

Wanting to do it by yourself, traipsing the world
over inside and out.
Living on edges of surmountable discovery, being
lifted spiritually every day without realization
and living out our meanings daily with and without
regret.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surmounting Barriers

Chasing the beauty of love in circles around us,
living in it's vibrant and enticing embrace,
feeling the excitement of your being beside me.

Challenging mentally, all particles of love, as
life insists on putting barriers in it's way,
together we surmount them all.

Remaining free and in love forevermore in spite
of everything we go through, out love divides and
multiplies through our souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surmounting Life

Riddled with exercises, syndicated in tomes of life beyond shores of today.
Following trails of yesterday brings me closer to my final resting place - my home.
Taking nothing with me, focusing totally on God, I surmount all difficulty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surmounting Problems

Together surmounting problems of an unlively life,
working straight through each other to find a place
to meet, a focus point.

Back and forth, flinging excuses, problems, maybe
solutions, striving for common ground amid the major
turmoil on this particular space of earth.

Meeting eye to eye, feeling joyless, because we must
part ways.

An unnecessary strain, sorrow, pain in life, caused
by unfair rules of a failure.

Despising the eagerness with which they go about their
ungodly deeds, heeding the greed within their hearts
of steel.

Running away with all their might when they see we have
stopped struggling and are no longer afraid of them, no
longer running.

Cobwebs are cleared, light shines forth and two people
walk away as friends, never bothering to turn or look
at what they've left behind, what they've walked away
from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surmounting The Wantonness

Always finding what it is that I'm searching for through
an interior spirituality.

Never being forsaken, searching trails of divine goodness,
pocketing faith and the hope it brings into my being.

Unfolding into the beauty of heaven's gardens, being
brought quietly, silently into margins and edges of heaven.

Titillating and enticing images of beings from above, mere
necessities having no meaning anymore.

Materialistic products bearing no pressure upon us, because
we have surmounted the wantonness of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surpassing Barriers

Rocking interiorly to intense rhythms being listened
to right now, writing and feeling every beat being
played straight into intellect.

No barriers standing in the way as music, like sugar
surpasses any barrier that may want to block intellect
from being alive and vibrant.

Nothing can do that within when listening and enjoying
the music that is loved by every fiber and particle of
being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surpassing Everything Known Before

Realizations in life come in different ways, wrapped in
all types of identities and ideas.

Wanting to know the separate aspects of each of them,
delving into their depths, reading pages of their many
possibilities.

Using them to discover any amount of things to consider,
forming opinions, ideas, thoughts, sparks of recognition.
all flying into thought processes, turning them towards
different directions than usual.

Watching with great interest, intent, focusing, not
missing a single detail as it all passes on photographic
screens within intellect.

Proving and disproving many of the ideas that have taken
shape and formed all new identities from them separately.

Beautifully being resolved through thoughtful ingenuity,
surpassing everything known before, now following novel
clues, anticipating the best to come about.

Allowing reality to progress through technology of all
types, communication, medical, mathematical, engineering,
etc.

A pure and exacting beginning being unfolded right in
front of my intellect's eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surpassing Knowledge

Absolving life of it's many misfortunes, sent our way.
Inherent trials permeating our destinies throughout our age.
Surpassing innate knowledge with faith and good spirits, resulting in an abundance of hope to help us get through the difficult situations we are constantly and consistently faced with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surpassing Limits

Unusual sounds touching parts of my brain, tuning it like a guitar, bringing it into a harmony with beyond.
Limits having been found and surpassed, bringing me into profound depths of my soul, never felt before.
Justifying life and it's beautiful essence while touching my own and bringing passion totally out into the open.
Lasting formulas making musical poetry and letting it flow onto paper unendingly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surpassing Ordinary Images

Scanning the office that I'm sitting in,
noticing every detail as vision takes it all in.

Escalating in my mind, all of it is tabulated and
stored mathematically in precious gifted memory.

Always at the ready to delve below it's depths to
retrieve whatever takes place in thoughts of
imaginative intellect.

Surpassing all ordinary images, thriving on the
multiplicity of every angle in design as it
penetrates and takes me on journeys into dimensions,
filled with an energy of decidedly beautiful
innervating satisfaction.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surpassing Time

Regulating passion and thrill of senses, accessing and placing them in words, expressing each in accounts of total memory and reciprocating endeavors throughout life.

Listening to music, killing time with rhythms as they fall in and out of inner atmospheres, playing and letting spirits be lifted higher and higher above human nature.

Finding a level beyond mortality where I can exist and not be bothered by time and it's passing, just taking and surpassing it with my mind's intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surplus Of Ideas

Rocking to yesterday through music being played, tempos totally
taking me into faraway memories that are still being cherished
deeply within this heart and brain.

An innate knowledge and wisdom taking me soaring into the atmos-
phere of creativeness, surplus of ideas taking off and landing
within intellect, nothing to get in the way.

Soothing melodies and harmonies filling me with inspiration and
soul-bending energy that never fades or dies down at all, allow-
this mind to continue a never-ending paradise of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surprise

Wherever I step, life takes me by surprise, giving feelings of excitement, thrilling me with untold pleasure, climbing in and out of experiences.

Adjusting to everyone without effort, plucking strings of love, enticing passion, desires building as we come together.

Always being there for one another, no matter whatever happens, our dreams constantly being fulfilled, promises made to one another.

Always faithfully kept my dear until the end of time and beyond, holding hands, traversing this earth, our bond growing ever stronger with every passing moment.

Nothing able to break us apart, our love for one another was made in heaven, loving and caring unconditionally, becoming stronger with each passing day.

Rhythms of our hearts continue beating for one another, capturing our souls and uniting our minds forever, my darling.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surprise Journeys

Cleansing my mind's world so I may explore and discover more aspects of yet to be prospects in life.
Circumspect thoughts are being viewed and kept aside in many facets of distant plans and will be executed in perfect unison with rhythms of interior life.
Solemn anticipation folds itself around imagination, taking it on journeys of pleasant surprises for all times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surprise Of Life

Finding a gentle, beautiful unconditional love here at the end of my life, a soulmate at last has found me here on earth, able to ask anything and be told the truth, never a lie to be told to me.

Being able to tell every secret I have ever kept in this life, expecting nothing, but getting the surprise of my life, never being rejected, ridiculed or abandoned, only loved for who I truly am.

A silent true love kept between just the two of us, shining lights being held for one another for however long we both have left.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surprised By Ingenuity

Recognizing patterns and designs as they are pulled into my mind by intellect, showing me ways in which to improve and develop them for future use.

Surprised at times by the ingenuity and delicacy of my mind, using it to the fullest, hoping that my inventions and ideas will be used to help all of mankind in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surprises At Times

Rocking to rhythms all taking me into other dimensions,
filling me with tantalizing pleasure and joy, totally
loving the beauty of this life.

Even though it's not always what I'd like it to be,
continuing anyway to enjoy everything possible, having
faith to guide me along the way.

Surprises at times bringing joy and happiness into my
soul, enticing mind and intellect into euphoric states
of mind.

Walking into every moment unafraid and excited, always
filled with expectations that any impossibilities that
destiny will fulfill ultimately.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surprising

Talking, beating rhythms, singing with them,
picking up energy and spirits in times of
each measure.

Loving sounds of each drum beat, steadily
drumming into my mind, soothing intellect,
enveloping it in a cocoon of serenity.

Anticipating wonderful patterns that it is
vibrating in intellect and interior imagin-
ation.

Surprising my being intellectually as I
continue to write expectantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surprising At Times

Floating upon surfaces of the ocean as it rises and
falls with the tides of it's essence.

Listening to crashing waves and the intense still-
ness in between.

Feeling loneliness pressing my heart inside, as it
spills tears of sorrow into depths below.

Surprising at times, yet there's a knowing hidden
deeply within this being.

Holding it closely until the day when I am deposited
on shores of a final sunset and horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surprising Desires

Longings drenching me, wanting to be held lovingly,
penetratingly once again.

Desires running rampantly, taking me by surprise,
and yet, knowing they have been within all this time.

Senses attuned to another completely, yearning so
intently to be joined as one in this lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surprising Ideas

Readily falling into this morning's rhythm, letting it carry interior melodies into the atmosphere.

Believing in possibilities of an immediate rendezvous with a beautiful landscape of thoughts, already having been collected on shores of intellect.

Surprising ideas, forming exhilarating designs of future poetry, descending rapidly in succession, notes falling from imagination, composing words needed in writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surprising Intensity

Languishing in the peace of an unconditional love, finding desires reaching amazing heights within.

Sublime and profound feelings filling hearts with true love, touching feelings, passion growing overtaking totally.

A complete and surprising intensity becoming one, vibrant and intriguing feeling going into realms of heaven beyond.

Being totally sated and serene, knowing that love's reaching a climax that needs quenching once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surprising Me

Loving to hear your voice, your laughter, see your smile as I listen to you tell of a memory of story from the past.

You have such a clear sounding voice and a great memory for details, surprising me all the time with your innate knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surprising Melody

Regular beating hitting my mind in a Latin style,
touching inner springs and energizing so totally
and completely.

Surprising melody in Spanish, filled with pep and
very lively, so perfect a rhythm, saturating and
taking me into an atmosphere of innate talent.

There I can write freely while sifting through
beats of another language and harmony, listening
to it's melodies touching my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surprising Moments

Surprising moments in life being awakened every morning
through an imaginational reality that continues to grow
exponentially throughout life.

Securing and capturing details that most people never
see, loving to write them into poetry so everyone can
see what they've missed by not paying closer attention
to their surroundings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surprising Spiritual Rhythms

Awaiting innate abilities to awaken and shine over life,
pouring creativity into everyday events.
Surprising spiritual rhythms with beautiful exercises of
morning, entering gates of imagination with abstracts
from beyond and back.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surprising Visions

Celebrating new vibrations that are falling into my mind
while listening to a Cindy Lauper C.D.

Wonder filling me at the rapid beats flowing incessantly
into intellect.

Vividly bringing forth colors of the rainbow, as rhythms
bounce and jive within, taking me on a voyage of beauty.

Surprising visions touching surreptitiously, feeling so
intense and vibrant, making my heart beat faster.

Each and every note being played fully, totally enjoying
tempos rising and falling like waves of the ocean.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surreal Images

Clouds splattering their joy and sorrow together upon us all,
washing away the ugliness of man with moist brushes of tears.

Deepening the hue of everything in sight, color takes on a
different light.

Shining into itself instead of out, allowing the soul to fall
within, touching it for a moment.

Space is clattering for it's turn, so life can grow inside of
it as the clouds open their hearts upon nature and man.

Cultivating surreal images within intelligent minds, pasting
them onto canvas for all of mankind.

Wasting nothing in the formulas of nature's winding paths,
life forms itself into the waiting arms of fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surrendering

Tripping tonight, finding pathways leading out of life,
wanting to explore and find out what's beyond the turn ahead.
Wondering what sorts of treasures would be found and would they be valuable?
Soundlessly curious, hoping to not be caught trespassing on the way.
Lighting candles of fate, ready to walk the short distance, into realms beyond sight.
Hoping to be brought into beautiful scenery with no pain or suffering.
Alleviating fears and doubts, taking one step at a time, surrendering whatever they think they might know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surrendering And Letting Go

Life is hanging in the balance, receiving messages from above,
giving faith, hope to continue on.

Rectangular problems center in hearts, causing friction and
untoward aspects to harbor in thoughts of dismay.

Surrendering wholly, giving in to pressure of reality while
letting go of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surrendering The Quietness

Running from the quietness of life, yet surrendering to it's grasp, letting it do whatever it wants to life without incrimination or punishment.
Left to it's decision we are all captured by it's deadly grip in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surrendering To Loss

Slow and steady, walking uphill in this saddened life,
being turned inside out by intense loss and emptiness.

Stretched beyond an inner endurance, wondering how in
the world I will ever make it through another day.

Yet, somehow my eyes are opened with each passing mom-
ent of an interior spirit.

Guiding, leading me towards a life beyond this world,
heart slowly beating, sacrificing self daily.

Surrendering to loss of love and it's misery, feeling
lost and alone, abandoned by myself intensely, seeing
nothing but an empty darkness shaking me from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surrendering To Purpose

Surrendering to the essence and purpose of life while
living with it's turmoil, suffering and death.

A little love, caring and compassion from others going
a long way to assuaging difficulties we each face.

Throughout these long and tiring days of life on earth,
reaching out to another often relieves the pressure
building inside of us.

As we go through the experience of living and existing
the best we can, giving of our hearts, souls and time,
putting self in the line of fire just by being here.

Hoping for the best, taking things as they come, whether
or not we want to, and in the end we find that everything
we've gone through has filled our beings.

Yet our souls are all that stay with us when we finally
die and live no more of our existence on this planet
earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surrounding Faith

Tiptoeing through the night in splendid silence,
filled with awe at the great quiet and stillness
under the stars.

Sharing nighttime environments with other creatures
of the evening, believing in images seen and felt
inside.

Crossing human boundaries of peace - descending
into realms of quiet contemplation, sensing the
faith held so long inside.

Feeling it's depth enveloping my soul in it's
serene beauty.

Reaching out gently, timidly, to touch the magical
hidden beauty seen through God.

All around are images, floating on their own,
parading an intensity of faith in being.

Reflecting the light throughout life-penetrating
minds of creativity and gentle beings.

Throughout time and eternity, all of faith surrounds
us and through some form of gentle praying, forms
itself deeply within our beings, our souls, if we
allow it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surrounding Frame

Still life painting of fauna growing haphazardly
all over the canvas, contained only by the frame
surrounding it's beauty.

Seeming to grow, yet knowing that it's not, gives
a mysterious magical aspect to it's essence as I
watch it growing in a mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surrounding Loneliness

Leaves being blown about, dried, crumpled, brown, like my mind - dead to the world.
Stranded in a mire of surrounding loneliness, keeping me from stepping into the limelight of life.
Sifting through sands that churn and tumble upon the sand of my beyond.
No one can come close, I keep them from me by writing and writing while listening to classical music and hiding deep within the caverns and canyons of my subconscious mind.
Loving everyone from a distance, I continue to write and create myself with every poem that seeps from the nib of a pen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surrounding Moments

Surrounding moments with elusive thoughts, saturating thinking with heavenly priorities.
Keeping a safe distance from entertaining people.
Not desiring to be captured in conversation, wanting instead to be incorporated into a deepening silence away from life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surrounding This Mind

Diamonds of thought spreading themselves throughout, as I watch them glitter and glimmer, shining facets of inner intellect throughout particles and fibers of this mind.

Solemnly, yet joyously finding the beauty of everyone of them in words of poetry, a silence touching them with an expression of sounding rhythms.

Always allowing tantalizing aromas to surround this mind with the passion of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surveying The Horizon

Looking intuitively within, seeing beauty slipping and sliding about, having fun coming into view, loving the recognition it gives.

Surveying the horizon, looking ahead into the future at possibilities awaiting fruition and tactile acknowledge-ment.

Striving to take actions, lifting spirits into higher levels of concentration through a subconscious mind of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Survival Of Past Memories

Tear drops falling within this heart, watching peace fall
into cisterns of another world where loss fills the atmos-
here with sorrow.

Sensations being created through an intellectual and emo-
tional vibe connected deeply within, circular patterns now
cycling around.

Keeping time with rotations of earth in it's orbit, often
selecting particles of life to be rearranged and given
special details to be used in the survival of past memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surviving

Careening down roads of life, wind blowing my mind as I search for novel circumstances to meet up with me tonight.
Fighting urges inside that want me to give up and die, yet somehow I'm still surviving.
Keeping to myself, not joining in, not wanting to hurt anyone or being hurt either.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surviving Life Through Melodies

Lilting and light rhythms flowing continually into
the vibrant mind of intellect, surviving this life
through melodies and harmonies.

Knowing the beauty of this knowledge that comes in-
nately, a strong will and wisdom that casually drops
into every poem that I write.

Lifting and soaring, spirits taking off and flying
into another dimension, bluened with divine wisdom
and a knowing of interior peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surviving The Fury

Aerial views of life settle into
pictures of beautiful times had when younger.
Cantering to tunes of many expectations,
taking the best of both worlds - there's no
accounting for whatever comes about.
Relating many objects in cognitive attitudes,
helping to apprehend feelings of another time,
flying over earth alone.
Surviving the fury of a lifetime, settling for
freedom of the soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surviving Through Music

Following lines, angles, circles mathematically into sublime
ideas that create formulas and equations, giving exacting
measurements through coded rhythms and tones of expression.

Living in depths of music, seemingly unable to live or sur-
vive without it, every moment spent listening while writing,
painting and composing more music to live by.

All talent coming from the very depths of our enlightening
spirits through our souls, giving us the best of everything
Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Surviving With Self Intact

Strength of character enters dimensions full of entertaining thoughts.
Petrified from many hurtful throngs of yesterday, asleep with nerves, fraying severely without an ounce of remorse.
Being attuned to vibrant choices, choosing only select types of ideals, arranging them for typical etudes, concerning material oblongs of interior solace.
Turning nothing away, filling pages with every nuance of life as it guides me to rainbows of beautiful scores of music.
Culminating in surviving days on earth with self intact.

(9: 35 p.m. - 11/28/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Susceptible To Questions

Surrounded in midnight moonlight, silken rays lying upon
my being as I walk, entertaining thoughts and their emo-
tions, finding life has an energy all it's own.

Silent and deep, never ever questioning itself, leaving
that to we human being to configure, being susceptible
to questions brought about by curiosity.

An intense inquisitiveness born from birth, still alive
and vibrant, going into these last stages and years in life,
finding the power and serenity that lies within each of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sustaining Echoes

Resurrecting solemn emotions from a time now past, experiencing their sustaining echoes even now.
Somber feelings erupting in unwept tears, kept hidden from yesterday's volume of abuse.
Temporary pictures, appearing and disappearing like clouds across the sky in a winter storm.
Alleviating a broken heart, helping it to express itself in utmost secrecy, yet opening up and allowing the blood to flow upon old wounds, cleansing them once again.
Giving life another step up the ladder of death, bringing me closer to a truth of my existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sustaining Feelings

Dangling from life's strings, feeling tired of daily
grinds, hoping for an escape to recharge me for a while.

Searching nooks and crannies to hide in, forging new
avenues of recuperation from this long and tiring world
of utter confusion and sub-standard economy we're going
through.

Living on edges of poverty all of life with no hope in
sight of ever overcoming it now.

Silent recriminations bolster thoughts of suicide, yet
the tightrope I'm walking helps concentrate one moment
at a time as I slowly walk across it, holding onto
particles of life-sustaining feelings from grandchildren
and children.

(10: 04 a.m. - 10/20/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sustaining Memories

Everything that has died was once alive,
living fruitfully with bittersweet memories
to sustain them.

Now in the deep, non-ending sleep of death,
minds no longer mirroring what they see or
feel, hearts having no more rhythmical
beats to pulse it's heartbeat into life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Swain's World

Rhythms beating the atmosphere, blending beautifully with artistic grace and finding themselves written in a poem, specially created for a band of excellent taste.
Every member is in synch, spreading their melodies to all others as they listen intently, rocking to the beats with innate precision.
Separately, yet altogether in tune, filling their audience with poetical balance as they are written here in prose, saved for all eternity on pages of future history.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Swallowed By Loss

Breaking waves crashing over me in the darkness of grief,
knocking me down, falling into the ocean's darkened grave
of loss.

Tears having been washed away as I sank to the bottom, not struggling, wanting
to die in this fathomless space, never
again to surface.

Feeling nothing, vision blurry beneath the waves, a dream-
like trance giving relief from all the turmoil, as I slow-
ly continue to sink into nothingness, being swallowed by
loss and grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Swallowing Tears

Wallowing away in a private pity party,
swallowing tears, finding ways to
straighten out crooked paths.
Leading me into ravines of emptiness
where I fall and remain where I am.
Never to perform for anyone as long as
I exist.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sweeping Ideas

A sky filled with tears now raining down, salting our forests and deserts of earth, providing beauty for all of humankind in one way or another.

Somnolent desires peering out between the drops as they fall, sweeping ideas forming and surrounding intellect with the presence of knowledge.

Wanting to be recognized right now, yet leaving it to the necessity of wisdom to do with it what it sees fit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sweeping My Mind

Slowly sweeping my mind, stirring up treasures forgotten for a while, picking up, and examining them with a gentle touch, a quiet vision.
Expecting wonder as each one comes alive in words brought on by music.
Living in a world of my own, enjoying the sights I see.
Catapulting joyfully into sounds of beauty as they are traced by my photographic mind and placed in lines of sense.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sweeping Visions

Sweeping visions flow across pathways of my mind,
swinging me down memory land with mind wide open.

Catching sight of every moment spent in childhood,
reliving them in quiet happiness, wishing they
could be alive again today.

Sadly, it will never be, so I have to be contented
with what I used to have and live with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sweet - Toothed Poetry

Somehow lemon cookies or pie touch a
part of my mind, gently, rhythmically.

Opening flood gates and spilling poetry
out upon many pages and into many books.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sweet Expletives

Joining many talented people in a small little cafe filled with an energy being savored with musical interludes and pauses.
Songs being thrilled into the population of an exclusive crowd, manufacturing peaceful times, serene thoughts and unjudgemental love.
Favoring the existence of rhythm, filling the environment with sweet expletives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sweet Fancy

Knocking steadily upon the frowning brow of hidden
love, knowing it's return is sure, but forever slow.

Love, shining timidly from a lover's eyes, like a
lighthouse beacon for one waiting, longing to see it.

Watching gently, afraid to look away, lest even one
small look of hidden love be sent astray.

Catching every movement, each tender loving glance,
storing their pleasure in memories sweet fancy.

Yearning for a gentle touch to sweetly stir the mind,
a hug is freely given and love is forever touched
within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sweet Images

Sweetness saturating images from beyond, making
them stick to memories for a lifetime.
Signaling tones, scents, sounds, setting ablaze
thoughts of people, places, things I've already
seen or done.
Feelings coming to the forefront, recognizing
their stations in life's purpose forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sweet Sounds Of Yesterday

Taking steps in time, as I watch seniors dance and swing with music of olden days.
Smiles and conversation happily taking turns on the dance floor.
Music continuing to play to the sweetest sounds of yesterday, titillating taste buds of our ears with gentle harmony.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sweetened By Intellect

Everlasting pure thoughts being sweetened by intellect
as it blossoms fully, having aromas enter thoughts so
tenderly and gently.

Gasping the essence of an interior passion as it flows
throughout my being completely and entirely, no barriers
to control or contain it.

Just a perfect passageway into a bluened atmosphere that's
filled with love of the Divine, precious times being spent
poetically with our Lord.

Always thanking and appreciating Him for creating me as I
am with innate talent and gifts to be used for His purpose
only in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sweetened By Logic

Tackling rhythm with an insistent vibration of
nature throughout, causes an abundance of
emotion to flow like a river downhill.
Sweetened by logic, creativeness becomes a
reasoning of intuitive measure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sweetly Entertaining

Trees and their shadows, flowing like spirits in an
afternoon breeze.

Sublime peace filtering through inner passion with
an enlightening energy moving swiftly through mind
and intellect.

Creating and finding so many ideas flowing forward,
sweetly entertaining and meaningful.

Nothing to interfere with them interiorly, liking
the pacification that teases my mind with the ease
of an ever-flowing ocean tide.

Motion calmly soaring across the miles, having fun,
enjoying feelings flying into my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sweetness Of Nature

Looking out from under the ramada while eating elk burgers
for supper, seeing the sky, like cotton candy, waiting to
be scraped off and eaten.

Melting in my eyes, mind tasting the sweetness of nature,
seeping it's way into this being, making us one.

Loving the satisfying feeling created in this soul, setting
and watching while enjoying the company of people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sweetness Of Our Love Combining

Feeling your touch across the world, wanting to be with you, being held closely in your embrace, head upon your shoulder.

Lips upon mine, tasting the honeysuckle sweetness of our love combining, an exquisite and beautiful sense of love that's never been shared physically.

A wonderful transcendental beauty that I cannot seem to get enough of my dear, all thoughts being with you day and night until we meet again in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sweet-Scented Music

Tapping fingers on ivories of my mind, calming me interiorly with sweet-scented music.
Toying with rhythms of being, focusing, and energizing intellect to keep pace with my creative imagination as I climb steep walls of canyons in life that I hold tightly to from childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Swelling Strife

Subjected to idiosyncrasy's of another's choosing,
allowing freedom to take a back seat while swelling
with strife.

Unattainable goals resurrected by others, when
touched by daylight are shafted and split deep beneath
the earth.

Qualifying limits set by another causes existential
loss of moments and nighttime slips silently on top,
covering all with doilies, sparingly allotted.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Swift Silhouettes

Life is such a dream, filled with wonder and curiosity,
enough to fill an ocean, yet it is so temporary and we
try to hold on to it.

Separating us from eternity for a short period of time,
we live daily lives, not actually realizing it, for we
keep busy working to hide facts of it's swiftly
fleeting silhouette from ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Swim Meet

Gathering resources from within, knowing interiorly
that summer is here and in full swing.

Caressing people as they sit in view of the sun
while watching their children swim before them.

Taking everything in stride, pulling, towing,
going beneath the water to survive and lead the
team to victory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Swimming Against The Tide

Quickly anticipating melodies and their liveliness
as they grab and take me with them into realms of
a musical reality.

Watching rivers flow past, mind swimming against
the tide, as it touches upon the harmony of life
and it's future.

Always watching, nothing interfering and all of
nature, human and otherwise, finds it's way in
exacting measures of musical interludes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Swimming In Tears

Situating circumstances in lines of priority,
following protocols that are now non-existent,
because nothing is the way it's supposed to be.
Falling down in depths of self, swimming in
painful tears, not letting go of me.
Looking forward to edges of their pools, trying
to climb ashore and leave it all behind me once
and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Swimming In The Sky

Tracks across the heavens, disappearing into clouds, no vehicles driving upon them, only pictures in my mind.

Wanting to be up there, hanging from strings which are embedded here and there within the sky.

Having to be content with sitting here on the ground, still wishing to be above, playing in blue heavens and swimming with the clouds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Swinging Doors

Swinging doors of my mind, opening up into other orbits where I travel and am enticed by the sole participation of silence, with the essence of my soul.

Rising spiritually, focusing totally within a bluened light that holds the Divine always within my heart and mind, inspiring me in the right direction towards heaven.

Captivating my soul with peace and serenity, taking new avenues into upper stratospheres where beautiful landscapes unfold and bring me home into my being once again through music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Swinging Emotions

Swinging with emotions of life, straying off natural paths of desire.
Finding precise exercises of strengthening minds within fields of exacting beauty.
Noticing alleviated pain giving way to happiness and serenity without any interference.
Beginning every thought with a rhythm of peace, following through to endings of joy.
Placating a mind of sorrow and grief, taking away all the stress and tossing me onto a bed of roses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Swinging In Backyards

Swinging in back yards and listening to oldies,
straining from a transistor radio whose batteries
are getting a little low.

Kicking up dust, standing in the hallway of deepest
wishes, waiting to be kept and written in sands of
time.

Lying back, feet high, looking to the sky,
imagining all sorts of things as clouds float by
this swing.

Clicking and tapping with the music blaring,
then it dies and stops.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Swinging In Time

Lively, energetic, swinging in time with moments of music
and rhythm, leaving behind stress and tension created by
people in this world.

Running from them, going into a bluened light, preferring
to be with the Divine where I'm inspired and filled with
joy and happiness, instead being filled with solace and
serenity.

Wanting only to stay transfixed deeply within a vital
contemplation and total union with God, heart, mind
and soul attuned to a spiritual union.

Being enfolded with His innate wisdom and knowledge while
I live in this temporary world alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Swirling Music

Swimming in conjunction with music filling my brain,
tempting me to rock to it's tender beat as it swirls
around my mind incessantly.
Prayerfully playing with the feelings it spins up,
sensing it's presence in my being forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Swirling Rhythms

Drifting on ocean waves, swirling rhythms on crests
of foam balancing on shells of tide as it ebbs and
neaps in motion's turbulence.
Surfing along with the undertow, being pulled under
thousands of pounds of water, watching sand tumble
around, hitting eyes with stinging swords of it's
shards.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Switching Parties

Standing in the background, watching quietly as politicians
come forward and go against America by siding and helping
obama ruin the United States with muslim nonsense.

All of it unbelievable trash, sharia law is based on cave
men days which we left behind centuries ago.

Definitely we need fresh blood in government, the Tea Party
seems to be for the American people only.

So deciding now, I will be switching from being a born
Republican to a Tea Party supporter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Switching Pictures

Switching pictures of life in mid-stride, wanting to
change ideas and set out on my own, leaving the echoes
of the past reverberating in canyons forever.
Rushing forward into the silence of the sun, dawdling
in rays of the moon late at night and never making up
my mind which direction to go when I set out on my own.
Older now, and much wiser, I walk on pathways of
destiny, not wanting to veer from final sights at the
end, walking into the sunset and out of my senior years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Syllable Of Meaning

Christmas carols again being sung, a compilation of many brought into a syllable of meaning for this Christmas season.

A totally delightful experience that I thank God for, giving us the privilege of coming to see and enjoy it in all it's glorious wonder of childhood purity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Syllables Of A Poetical Transcendence

Rushing to and fro, locating moments of time that need
immediate attention in order to continue living, feel-
ing when they're the right ones or not.

Silently thinking, humming of melodies filling this
mind as syllables of poetical transcendence appear in
sequences of fidelity and purity of thought.

Soliloquys of an insatiable joy filling this mind so
vibrantly, walking into the future, eyes wide open in
visions of tomorrow beyond earthly dimensions.

Blossoming entirely into complex systems of colors
and rhythms, collectively joined within intellect while
writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symbol Of Ingenuity

Living in a world of peaceful recognition, knowing
myself as I am within.
Feeling a sense of decent privilege enfolding me
with a beauty of intense color.
Soliciting the essence of anybody coming into the
center of rhythm to open up their lives and enter
realms of significant territory held always
together in a symbol of ingenuity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symbol Of Loneliness

Voiding promises made yesterday in moments of haste.
Despising the quickness managed to surprise and annihilate
secure abodes.
Reading road signs, following paths made in the past,
hoping to circumvent some bitter parts of yesterday's life.
Riveting the sky beneath feet of wanderlust, storming acres
of heaven, searching for a bit of complacent peace to store
in a cabin of self.
Bereft of courage, falling upon times of hardened luck,
causing faults to press guilt onto impressive covers of
softened clay.
Carefully withholding tokens of love and praise, continually aggravating a stance
of life as slowly it fades into the
distant future, holding emptiness instead of truth and honesty.
Partaking of the symbol of loneliness, a willow tree's sign of eternal sadness,
secure in the familiar image of all that once
was held dear and now no longer fulfills the need of caring.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symbol Of Love

Sparkling dew upon the grass behind me, reminding me of diamonds,
once just a lump of coal, over the years being transformed from
black to crystal clear, a hard and cutting rock.

Taken in it's final form and cut into an array, a diamond becomes
a beauty to behold.

Given as a token of love to one another, it gently is placed upon
a fragile finger where it is shown as such.

Helping, hoping, the love it symbolizes will cut it's way through
the difficulties of marriage through the years.

Sometimes it's just too hard to make it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symbol Of Our Freedom

Our American flag, flying in an early afternoon breeze,
shouting silently to the world that we in American will
continue to be free in spite of what others may think.

Proud of our freedom and symbols of patriotic display,
showing to the world that we are united as one and no
one is going to erase that from our nation.

All of us stepping up against tyranny and not letting
it get a hold of us, fighting for our nation and also
protecting us all under one flag.

We pledge allegiance to the flag, one nation under God!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symbol Of Yesterday's Memories

Dreams being elicited from behind a veiled mistiness, coming together in a symbol of yesterday's memories, tastes of sound filling this mind.

Savory thoughts exciting colors as they continually keep exploding into an atmosphere of genuine solutions throughout thought processes during the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symbolic Deceit

Jungles of man have overtaken, overgrown government with
their branches of deceit.

Cowardly betraying needs of others respite for self-
satisfying needs within their evil beings.

Callously sending timid people to edges of living, where
they don't even have basic necessities to exist, all
thanks to an illegal president who hates Americans.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symbolic Ideas

Lightening striking, being spread across a darkening
nighttime sky.

Still holding effervescent colors of a holy rainbow,
blessing this festival of color and vibrant Indian
life.

Soothing and gentle, measures of music filling me
with such pleasurable desires and solitude.

Unusual movements and quiet symbolic ideas being
portrayed by an ancient culture of India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symbolic Rhythms

Deepened sadness, hollowing out my being with it's
saturated loneliness in grief.

Needing quiet, symbolic rhythms touching sincerely
with an interior energy meant to energize my mind,
praying for life to continue beyond what it is meant
to be.

Mystery and the mystical, dropping symbols into mind,
watching in wonder, the ease in which an understanding
is brought to light.

In awe of the manifestation brought about, giving
intellect another look at the unknown and taking apart
the universe one particle at a time, then putting it
back like a puzzle in rhymes.

Is it reality, is it our essence, is it life or death
of another that makes us treasure each other.

Questions arising, solutions being equated and yet
what is it we are living for?

Secrets undivided, undiscerned, in spite of the symbols
being presented by human ingenuity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symbolism

Thoughts cogitate and blend into a symbolism of sorts,
an idol is a perfection of what we think of God in our
human minds.

Yet, one can look at birds sitting on a telephone wire
and still see God in all His simplicity and truth as we
watch, seeing them fly off in unison.

A configuration, a concept of God in a natural stance,
how exquisite He becomes amid this thought, an idea of
perfections formless, yet formed somehow within our
minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symbolizing Facts

Carefully walking catwalks of life, stepping on no one, causing no harm, holding out life lines to occupy people's minds, keeping them from sorrow's doorstep.

Rigorously attempting to stop grief from overtaking entire lifetimes of regret.

Somnolencesing through inopportune times, gathering facts and symbolizing them in avenues of future destinies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symbols

Status symbols of elliptical progress satiating
appetites of acquittal.
No romance or glory facing buildings of steel.
Only our inner thoughts as we look at what they
portray to us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symbols And Signs

Silent, vibrant candles lighting the way into the dark-
ness of sorrow and loneliness, touching gently it's emp-
tiness and abandonment.

Where loss abides quietly, pressing itself upon my heart
and mind, watching as symbols and signs drop from my eyes
into pools of genuine sadness throughout my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symbols Etched In Heaven

Mountains sitting in snow covered cold, praying, rock fingers clasped tightly together, symbols of God's holy word, etched forever in heaven.

Solid rock here on earth, proclaiming all who see and believe are free, snow falling peacefully down, creating and protecting His every word.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symbols Of Freedom

Falling into step with rhythms, penetrating our minds
with symbols of freedom and independence.

Loving all feelings flowing through our beings, light
touching our inner natures.

Forgiving and letting us be the spiritual people that
we are and are becoming.

Grace being nurtured, flourishing within each of us as
we grow and mature each and every day in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symbols Of Heaven

Patchwork quilts form in my mind, creating memories to
last a lifetime.

Symbols of heaven exist within, waiting their chances
to begin anew.

Casting about for beautiful adjectives to describe what
is being seen from within, forming something out of
nothing right in front of my eyes.

Visions blending and stirring images in synch with what
is being thought of in juxtapositional facets as I write
along in time with musical beats of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symbols Unremembered

Mind meandering along pathways, housing symbols unremembered.

Meanings do not confiscate memories, they are separated, on several opposite levels where they cannot be read or understood.

Silence, awe, hatred, are jostled and thrown about so as not to be understood.

Images terrifyingly slap the back of a mind, reminding of their presence, but not peering out or allowing a person to see what they are.

Contrarily demanding to be known, while secretly hiding all the time.

Pain, heavy, aching within a mind, causing a brain to feel it's being crushed beyond reason.

Terrified, eyes blank out memories so they cannot be seen, holding hands on temples, tears helplessly falling, recalling nothing, but hurting continues to penetrate, drown, surround a being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symmetrical Music

Centered deeply within my being, obliterating all noise around me, keeping my mind balanced with symmetrical music, playing violinly in tune with my writing. Introducing sincere thoughts filled with learning even as they're written down, sending emotions thriving, into rivers, flowing along without stopping or pausing. Combining all injustices into one large amount to be taken away and sent charging to the stormy ocean without reprieve or regrets.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symmetry And Balance

Tranquilized by nature's beauty,
fascinated by it's symmetry and balance.

Tuned in to living aspects of feelings,
generating essences of life to my soul
as I use gifts and talent given me.

Blessed by life daily, taking everything
to mind and heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symmetry Of Nature

Beautiful symmetry of nature's desert trees,
sitting uncomfortably in the morning chill,
sun not warm enough right now to keep them
from freezing.
Branches lying still, hanging in the air,
leaves dangling so daintily, holding onto
life so far.

(8: 56 a.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Sympathy Symphony

Like lightening to a bug, my world is transformed into
another place.
Life is worn inside out, filled with doubt and
insecurity.
How can life go on in a trench so deep and mired with
sadness?
So quiet, so gently, everything turned around and no
more feeling was felt.
Away from it all to a deserted isle within, hidden
from all, attempting to follow heart's desires.
Silently waiting for forlorn music to end this sympathy
symphony held daily within.
Taking notice of images, always standing within reach,
contemplating their worth when life is done.
All is lost, there is no more to work with.
Life has ended on this quiet, forlorn afternoon.
And no one is the wiser for it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symphonies Of Wisdom

Touching vibrations of every beat being played, calmly reaching into the depths of my being.
Giving me arrangements of poetry with every altering chord as it tingles up and down my spine allowing respite from daily stress.
Keeping me sane, taking me on a rendezvous through splendid landscapes and across symphonies of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symphony Of Eternal Love

Stepping in measures of time, rhythms placating our hearts
and minds in chords of our lives, memories being built and
sustained here on earth.

Surreptitiously being enticed, brought together through a
mystical presence that's invisible, yet working to bring
us together at last.

Wondering if we'd ever come to be as one, now finally
seeing it's our destiny, tears of joy falling into pools
of our intense desires and love.

We will soon be complete, our souls composed for eternity
in a symphony of eternal love in this temporary world and
beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symphony Of My Soul

Being impossible to live with, finding my place here within
a bluened atmosphere, a sacred and blessed space all my own.

A spirit of my intellect's soul where emptiness is a sound
as it is felt intensely.

Sorrow is a note of grief touching my heart, loneliness is a
tone of E flat minor chords mirroring emotions and their
reflections.

Gathered together they are the instrumentation to a symphony
of my mind and soul's voices.

Totaling the uniqueness of my entire intellect and interior
being in life, combining with an inner spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Symphony Of Sight

Music playing, rhythms flowing in measures of time
as the desert grows within it's sacred melodies,
cacti listening, leaning towards the music.

Being enriched by it's coded messages and attuned to
it's essence hidden within, beautiful, precious, see-
ing everything flourishing through rhythms of nature.

Playing a symphony of sight for me alone, writing of
it quietly and appreciating it gratefully as I watch
and listen to it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Syncopated Rhythm

Wiggling into life, motion flowing through their beings
in a syncopated rhythm.
Alone with objective thoughts, watching fluidly - dancers
stepping in time to beats in measures of notes.
Precise movement, energizing fragile bodies, keeping them
in shape for nearing their seventies and eighties with
agility and graceful style, holding on to youth as they
flow into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Syncopating Auras

Shredding into the future,
fulfilling entire memories of today
with quickened steps of western dances.

Tumbling over each other,
streamlining down lengths of narrow
pathways, holding forever onto interior
rhythms.

Tell-tale episodes gathering in front of
my mind with beautiful auras, syncopating
them in my brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Syncopation Of Another Lifetime

Sounding off loudly, singing into rhythms of enjoyment,

Alluding to the near past, filled with syncopation of
another lifetime passing by the present and dropping
steadily into the future.

Going on a scenic cruise, watching visions filled with
images, moving beyond the tempos of insistent measures
of enticing music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Synthetic Goals

Praying for miracles in everyday lives, reaching
towards heaven, hoping to end earthly strife.

Daily striving for unequal time, treading on
eggshells, fragily dying inside.

Withstanding onslaughts from people who don't
care, posing on edges, hoping to migrate without
climbing stairs.

Striving for outreaches never before attained,
while visions of synthetic goals mar future aims.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

System Of Intelligence

Balances in life are precarious at times, we have
to stand to the side once in a while.

Stepping up and into the system of intelligence,
finding moments that are being educated by emotion
and feelings in some mysterious way.

Living on edges of the center, lifting everything
into the ceremonious calculations of other people.

Their faith giving them reasons to think in a
certain way, shaping, forming, deciphering coded
messages in life, at times, very subtly, not easily
seen by everyone.

Intellect is the only way to recognize this process
and not everyone has the knowledge, reasoning or
logic to do so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Systems Of Innate Rhythms

Chasing sounds through my mind, trying to grasp
their tones and align them with what I know.
Fixating on systems of innate rhythms, holding them closely,
listening to their rhetoric while being filled with a peaceful existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Table Of Life

Mystery and magic spilling onto the table of life,
giving humanity a taste of adventure and excite-
ment.

Being thrilled with experiences that delight and
give us pleasure, measures of happiness and joy
given in increments through sorrow and sadness.

Constantly surrounding us throughout the years,
no way to avoid them, for it's what we've been
born into.

Nothing to be done, changing it will not occur,
for it is our destiny and nothing more than that
will happen before we die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Table Of My Mind

Invisible thoughts standing erect, hoping to find a
way to become visible and end up in a poem of repute.

Explicitly timing moments with it's discovery, never
minding whether it is first or last in many rhythms
of prose.

Lasting ingredients falling out onto the table of my
mind, giving delicious and savory ideas to put on paper
in the form of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tables Of Eons

Tables of eons set themselves before us as we gather,
eat and enjoy ourselves upon them.
Food for stomachs, thought and souls, we fruitfully
enjoy every morsel sent our way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tables Of Music

Racking notes like billiard balls, knocking
each one into pockets of tables in music.

Leaving nothing to imagination, just scoring
measures of life as I listen and write.

The one and only movement bringing me into
tune with the game of this life, enjoying
playing it musically with love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tables Of Words

Clinging and clanging within a head,
trying to listen to melodic notes as
they spread a table of words before me.
Selecting randomly, those that suit me,
many poems are created and written out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tabletop Recordings

Turning around on a tabletop of recordings being
played in times of long ago.

Before the advancement of CD's and tapes now
taking their place in aging wisdom.

Resolving to always find a way to listen to their
rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tabling Music

Tabling music, watching it play itself, blending with thoughts and finding it's way through mazes of this mind, putting together puzzle pieces of words.

Definitions, concepts and ideas all combining to tell a story concisely through poetry, tantalizing this mind while doing so, finding peace and serenity in the midst of this creative process.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tabulating Lies

Long-lasting beliefs unfold while growing up,
aging into many tomorrows unaided.

Listening to all the voices through the years,
tabulating lies against truths, coming to the
conclusion that most people lie on a constant
basis.

Why this is so, is a mystery to consider; why
are so many people avoiding the truth and being
so dishonest throughout their lives?

Why can't people just face the world headlong
without twisting the truths of our lives so
often?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tabulating Words

Stomping tiredly on paths of events, culminating in areas
of the brain, striving to enter into atmosphere's of serenity.

Figuratively energizing synapses to jump start neurons, doing
an extraordinary job of tabulating poetical words in verses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tacit And Realistic

In short supply throughout life, having to watch for and grasp it all as fast as you possibly can.

A tacit, realistic portion to be had only if looking for it along the way.

Separating and keeping it altogether in depths of an interior universe, to be used whenever it is missed and needed.

What do you think it is?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taciturn Adventures

Realizing dreams of yesterday have returned to be
dreamt again in new avenues of taciturn adventures.
Entering a new dimension, exploring and discovering
every particle being presented in atoms of interior
being.
Trusting in intellect, knowing it's cares and concerns
emerging in ever increasing numbers.
Knowing individually that I am up to the major
inventions being readily given to me for all of mankind.
Somewhere I will find the purpose of it all, for now I
will just keep taking it in, saving it on photographic
screens for an eternity.
Loving to be in this position, allowing myself to feel
good about it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tackled Love

Wondering where love hides itself over the year, looking for it's wonder and exhilaration everywhere, but it's never found again.

Living in a void of self-reflection, nothing coming from outside of it's truth and honesty, centered in depths of my being only.

Trying to remember the feelings that love used to touch me so exquisitely with both day and night, memories not able to recapture the youth of our love anymore.

Your mind no longer remembers why we even came to be, years have passed, love has disappeared along with the person you used to be before dementia tackled and took you from me forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tackling Views

Daylight streaming into my line of vision, showering me with details not seen during the night.
Loving the amount of insurgent views tackling my mind at all times.
Excising the ebony of sadness for a while as brain cells are exercised and given free rein to express any exposed scenes transpiring before me.
Scattering all senses, letting them reiterate their purposes in a variety of ways, leaving their impressions on paper for anyone to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tactical Beauty

Watching cumulus clouds turn from white to gray and black,
a storm rolling into the valley of the sun.

One that will most likely cause some damage to people's
property when it finally hits sometime today.

A beautiful stillness, an intense calm always happening
before a storm here in Arizona.

Loving it's sense of peace before the storm, challenging
my mind to think poetically and writing intensely of what
is seen within it's tactical beauty through nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tactile Mind Pictures

Stacking songs, finding those that are alluring,
enticing my imagination as it continually
evolves into literature through mind pictures of
tactile endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tactile Poems

Traveling down roads of imagination,
filling my mind's heart with emotion and feelings,
contacting and entering them into a myriad of
tactile poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tactile Veracity

Jumping, staying alive, feeling rhythmic beats twirling themselves over and through me.
Satisfying needs of natural melodies as they are strictly being composed within.
Touching inner peace with emotions held at bay until they feel the moods of yesterday.
Tactile veracity being combined with intelligent wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tag With Nature

Seeing the sun, clouds, sky, feeling the wind
blowing across the land, taking away the dirt
and dust of yesterday.

Playing tag in my mind with nature, loving
every minute of it as I pass the time away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tagore Remaining True To Self

Sitting in the home of Tagore, a room where he was born to
this world and another where he breathed his last breath,
becoming one with the heavens.

A totality that has arisen above others, taking the high
road he has led many into the beauty of literature, music
and painting.

How sublime, yet ordinary a man he was, filled with poten-
tial beyond what others contained, finding a place among
the great, while still remaining as himself.

Never giving up his soul for the world, preserving it only
through his poetical talent, and living a simple life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tagore, A Great Poet

Contemplating a great poet, his life, promise,
destiny here on earth, there seems to be no
comparison, his worth is valued by all through-
out the years.

We come paying homage to him and yet it seems
that he is and has been paying homage to all
of humanity through his poetry, music and
painting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tainted By Passing Years

Standing in hallways of yesterday, looking
at all images and pictures of the past, now
yellowed with age.

Tainted by passing years at times, yet still
intact, beautiful, meaningful, giving many
messages from back then to me today.

Never letting them get beyond my mind and
intellect for they are important to my state
of mind when I am alone.

Thinking of all the experiences that I've had
throughout the years, knowing now that I am
nearing the final horizon of life.

All memories of my living will die with me,
only those you will read in poems I have
written will survive this life of mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Take Cover - A Band

Listening to 'Take Cover', a band playing at Buddy Stubbs.
Rocking us to the core, giving renditions of old songs in the present.
Collating the rhythms into poetical music befitting a mind of imagination.
Topping off every tone with exciting elevations of rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Take Opportunity

Chains that bind human beings with rules and regulations of inane people, why does anyone ever listen to ignorant people.

What is the reason, especially when they know better, rise to the occasion and take opportunity by the hand, let it take you into the wide open universe.

Why stand still in a stagnant pool of misinformation when you can grasp hold of the wisdom of ages given to anyone who seeks it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Take The World As A Whole

Imagining the glory of life in the United States, seeing
it go down the drain because of Obama, the muslim lying
and destroying the American Dream.

Only because he was taught by narrow-minded communists
who were only for themselves, wanting it all to be kept
and not sharing anything with others.

Like a child of three or four, holding onto a toy, not
sharing, the only words out of their mouths are, mine,
mine, mine to anything that catches their eye.

It is terrible when a child becomes an adult insisting on
doing what they did as a child, being stingy and selfish
throughout their lives.

Never opening their eyes and taking the world in as a
whole, finding out what life is really about, filled with
an energy of compassion, cooperation, sharing and helping
one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Take Time In Life

Walking through forests of serenity and peace, listening for the wind whistling through pine trees reaching for heaven in regal majesty.

Enjoying the wonder of nature, always in awe of it's silent vivid beauty, standing upon the surface of our earth, living and breathing in front of us daily.

Without us ever really noticing as we rush around trying to fill our calendars and agendas with things to do, keeping us busy with inane results.

When all's we have to do is stop and smell the roses, take time to touch the petals of a flower, watch the sun rise and fall over the horizon.

Landscapes of beautiful natural living portraits are all a-round us, why don't we take more time enjoying them, what a difference it would make in each person's life.

If only they'd stop and take the time to actually live fully in the beauty of our earthly humanity and environment, they might find some peace along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taken Away Socially

Quickly beating rhythms into my mind, enjoying the feelings it brings, sensing it's fantastic attitude of delivery from complacent desires hidden deeply within.

Not being reached, touched infrequently with a nonchalance of beginning pride.

Taken away from social divisions by incessant plagiarisms without an entity, and no delivery of anticipation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taken By Surprise

An unconditional love has me by the heart, not wanting
to let it go, filling me explicitly.

Only feelings of truth giving an energy, wanting to be
with him, living a vibrant and tantalizing life, en-
joying the total beauty of love inside my being.

Giving me hope and faith, having come into my life so
quietly and silently, taking me by surprise, wondering
at the immensity of what has happened.

Embracing it with complete and utter humility, love
holding me closely, unconditionally forever on a
transcendental level of the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taken From Humanity

Going deeply within, treasuring E flat minor tones and feelings
that capture imagination and bring out that which has been hidden
always.

Taking mind and intellect through passages of time immemorial,
showing everything being focused on this soul and it's spirit,
taking one away from humanity, giving experiences never known.

Going beyond the ordinary, loving excitement, thrills, fascinating
images and visions constantly being shown on interior photographic
screens forever.

Beautiful and serene pictures and landscapes, picturesque portraits
of whatever is being seen within mind, intellect, reality and im-
agination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taken Into Consideration

Knowing the value of life, everyone being taken into consideration throughout this earthly journey, every single one of us being worthy as we travel into and out of situations.

Taking life in stride with it's bounty of nature as we wend our ways through it, just relaxing and finding different ways that entice and bring harmony into step with everyday duties.

Nothing to mar the wonder and curiosity that comes into sight as we move towards our endings, knowing we will feel peace and serenity as we leave this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taken Poetically

Tempting and alluring, calling to me from a bluened light, enticing me to move into another dimension of loving and beautiful nature.

So divine, perfect and captivating, being taken poetically into framework of coded rhythms that will never be erased, a mixture of sounds filling my mind.

Being created, a total photographic memory taking place a-mong wonder and curiosity of my entire being, secure, free and sustaining liberty of a rebellious nature, being who I am and the whole world be damned.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taken To Greater Heights

Raging desires, running rampant, dancing with melodies and
rhythms, being contained in a freeing environment of
tomorrow.

Sentiments filling a mind with a fulfilling appreciation
for lasting impressions of a lifetime.

Noticing fractious notes inside of measures, developing
and opening into expressions of love and caring, eyes
looking, liking what they are seeing.

An insight into love is stirring, taking me forward through
unconditional love, so beautifully being romanced and taken
to greater heights in just a glance.

Having a tremendous desire to become one within the treasured
moments of life, as it begins to end each day.

A fragrant aroma coming from heaven, readying my soul for
the passing of being into it's realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking A Front Line

Signs of our times are tactical, trying to quell the
uprising of terrorists, racists and prejudice.

Taking a front line stance now because siting quietly
back wasn't working.

Those factions of hatred and terror just got bolder,
committing more crimes against humanity in many ways.

Now, We the People are united, one front against it all,
locked and loaded, ready to kill or be killed.

No more mercy for those who have no compassion or mercy
for innocent people and children they are continually
murdering.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking A Turn

Being in the darkness of tribulations, no way to locate
the way into a solemn getaway.

Taking pathways into a desert of solitary confinement,
turning into sunbeams, hoping to find the way through
lightened enlightenment.

Whispering in my ear, drumming rhythms out of inner
rhapsodies being composed as I write.

Alone in the confines of this mind, never looking back,
forgetting the past and taking a turn into tomorrow's
futures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Advantage Of Every Moment

Expressing your love in poetry doesn't do it justice, but
I feel the need to do it any way with a constant and heart
felt intensity.

All the days we've been together, writing endlessly of our
love, I've been enjoying it's presence within you, my love.

Always tantalizing and taking me into a state of euphoria
that entices and makes me feel alive.

A vibrant and beautiful energy taking me across the world
and back, so loving and expressive when we're together.

Making love, giving me the beauty of heaven and fireworks
all in one, exploding within us both.

So pleasant and total that it fills me purposely each and
every time we become one.

Not ever wanting to feel the emptiness I know will fill
me when you die and leave me.

Life will then be a deserted and arid existence and I will
wander forever in a state of forlorn sadness and grief.

Not wanting to think of that day, taking advantage of every
moment that we now have.

No arguments or disagreements to stand in the way of our
loving commitment in this life.

Just our unconditional and total love, given to one another
is all I ever want in life, my darling, my heart, my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking America Back

Thinking, planning, finding reasons to continue living
and writing poetry, loving to live this life that God
has given.

Taking my place, pen in hand, listening to music, let-
ting poems flow incessantly from intellect, never stop-
ping or hesitating.

No matter where I am or what I'm doing, just living to
write, whether at the doctor, stuck in an emergency
room or in I.C.U., this mere poet's mind always thinking.

Challenging my brain with many opportunities, working
with people, all of us behind Donald Trump, writing for
an activist whom I admire.

Trying to heal the racial wound between Blacks and Whites
through poetry, totally behind the Fourteenth Amendment,
taking America back.

Standing against sharia law and islam, not wanting either
of them in our country for we are civilized, morally and
ethically and they are barbaric and disgusting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Answers Into The Open

Nature surrounding me all the time as I hang out in the great outdoors.
Having an extra-sensory overload at times, easing the overflow into poetry, containing it for a while in peace.
Situating all voices of music into tomes of unlikely aspects.
Searching in corners of life, taking all answers out of hiding and into the open.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Away

Loneliness separates and tears apart at
foundations of a person's mind and heart.

It takes away confidence and causes people
to lose heart forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Away Blindness

Light reflecting stars within small puddles of water,
capturing for a moment, their heavenly beauty from
afar.

Wonderfully, they open up my mind and take away the
blindness of the passing years, allowing everything
to be seen in detail.

Our objective while on earth is to live our lives
fully, and in doing so we will soon enough be one
in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Away Distractions

Likely circumferences being filled with visions I create,
newly divine, taken in with a graceful beauty not seen
upon earth.
Taking away all the distractions, calmly solving patterns,
forming as I watch nature ebb and flow around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Away Errors

Tightly holding to ideals in life, hoping to turn them into impossible dreams of reality that can be exercised and expressed in poetry.

Observing tantamount visions as they fall into an alignment with many inherent thoughts that can be turned into realities of our times.

Taking away errors, making life easier to deal with on certain levels of conspicuous ideals where we can aspire to their usefulness in this world around us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Away Life's Rights

Living in hell, homes and possessions being stolen
or burned, little babies and children, innocent and
pure being raped by hatred of perverse men.

Not wanting anyone to have rights or freedom, they
think they have the right to invade other's bodies
with their perverse and disgusting organs of lust.

Sick, depraved, utterly inhumane, now being hunted
down and killed so our world will be rid of their
evil ways of pedophilia.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Away Reality's Blindness

Solace individually filling each person at one time or
another in life, hopefully staying within us to keep us
happy and sane all the time.

Perfect timing and laughter, helping us throughout all
trials and suffering.

Focusing entirely on things needed to be done, delving
deeply for the spirituality we all need, holding onto it
when developed, because it is a priceless gift from God.

A purely innocent and loving gift, allowed some people in
this life, a certainty of faith, hope and belief in God
and ourselves.

Taking away the blindness of reality as we walk with a
pure clarity, commonsense logic, and reason, taking
us perfectly into realms of the divine.

Poetically speaking, spreading the essence and passion
throughout our beings in contemplation.

Occasions arising, giving us many opportunities to re-
plenish our beings and move forward into forms of know-
ledge and wisdom.

Accumulating and acknowledging the beneficence of another
dimension beyond our imagining here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Away Sins

Playing the piano interiorly, sensing notes and tones
as they come into being, realizing the beauty of their
beginnings, middle and endings.

Understanding inner possibilities of another era about
to come upon this earth, humanity about to be fulfilled
by our Lord.

Nothing able to stand in the way nor stop it, future
generations having the absolute intellect of rhythms,
coded, used to develop a new world of music and wisdom.

All together, masking evil that is running rampant right
now, lighting striking at every turn, blazing fires now
beginning to burn incessantly, taking away the sins of
the world and starting over again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Away Stillness

Chugging like a locomotive into the afternoon, leaving
nothing to chance, bringing the party of rhythm into
being.

Strutting down lanes of music, taking the beauty of
life along with them into sunsets of tomorrow.

Interior peace being held up and poured into chalices,
saved for tomorrow's moments of bereavement.

Taking the mysteries of unknown tempos into future realms
of incessant drumming, soothing the elements of sadness
rising above the surface.

Taking away the stillness of silence in the wake of
locomotives, rushing out into deserts of placid solace,
never really attained while still living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Away The Reason

Silencing this heart, wanting it to stop it's ceaseless beat-
ing taking away the reason of this life, never cooperating
as yet, continuing to keep my essence and spirit alive.

No matter what conspires in the years ahead, a loneliness
being fulfilled through sorrow that has filled me incessant-
ly and completely.

Dwelling in the solitude of another dimension, nothing ever
changing as the light begins to ebb and fade on this my last
day of life.

Horizon now closing over me, blocking out memories of what
once was or might have been, now just peeking over the edge
and loving what I see there, ready to leave this earth now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Back

Taking stands in the middle of a crisis, many people are laughed at - left behind to fend for themselves.

Wicked and evil politicians among other people are always the culprits behind each money-stealing scheme.

Rightfully claiming back what is our property and not leaving it in the hands of the crooks.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Back America

Taking time to gather firearms into our homes,
prepared for the worst and planning to do our
best to eliminate the people who have been
destroying America from the inside out.

Now knowing who they are, the truth has been
found out and nothing will stop We the People
from taking back our country.

No fear in sight, liberty waving strongly
across our nation, looking forward to the
beauty of our country being restored.

This time to never be taken again by liars,
cheaters and corrupt politicians like obama.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Back Our Rights

Fighting to stay alive in this world, so many innocent
people being killed for absolutely no reason.

There being no logical explanations to present, there
are just evil and greedy people - only a handful - who
are terrorizing everyone in the world.

Governments going crazy, taking liberty and freedom from
people without a second thought to what they are doing.

One-sided thoughts on their part, wanting everything for
themselves and the people they represent be damned.

It's time for everyone throughout this world to step up and
stop the nonsense that is going on.

Let's all take back our God-given rights of mankind and
live like human beings instead of being despised and hated
like animals by a few.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Back Stairs

Lonely escapades down pathways of radio-waves, frequenting inner circles of patterns, creating life mosaics for eternal viewing after death has accepted an application for passing into the beyond.
Forsaking all that is alive, taking back stairs to eternity's hallways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Care Of Our Lives

Systematically taking charge of our lives, doing what we have to, keeping our families safe and taken care of below the binoculars of a corrupt, greedy government.

It's not ours for it's made up of illegals, not many American citizens and we never will be under their thumbs.

Doing what we want by following our Constitution, morals and ethics, political correctness be dammed, Americans preferring to hear the truth being said out loud and spread throughout our world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Challenges

Distinct, lively, vibrant and tantalizing throughout life,
the essence and passion of an interior being, spiritually
awakened to the Divine in life experiences.

Discovering and learning through curiosity of intellect
as it opens itself ever wider with every question posed
to it.

Living a life filled with excitement and thrills, always
challenging at times with death, taking challenges, letting
them take me onto the edges of life.

That's where suddenly, becoming alive while surviving
each one of them, feeling alive and vibrant with energy
rising in every moment of living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Chances

Stationary cards through the years, fall into unexpected places of reverence.
Significant motions bring about feelings of intense desire, yet not intending to be brought into the light at this time.
Spending hours following clues around corners, taking chances on beautiful visions of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Chances Of Time

Taking chances on one another through life, hoping
to not be denied or left behind in the darkness of
love's emptiness.

Taking time, wanting to be sure that love is strong
enough to last through this temporary life, wondering
inconqruently, if what we have is a lasting love.

Is it a type of unconditional love or will it be gone
in a whisper of the wind if someone else comes along
getting your attention.

Uncertainty and doubt ruining effects of what we
thought was true love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Chances Sometimes

Straying chances in life can never be totally held
onto, they prefer to ramble and roam throughout our
lives, not letting us capture them for very long.

That being the reason they are called chances, be-
cause we all take them sometimes, hoping they will
bring us luck fame, money or something good to hold
onto in our lives.

When attaining the dreams, having them being realized
at times, we are sublimely happy and in no need of
unhappiness.

A wonderful, exciting and enlivening event, being
accomplished in our lives at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Charge

Silent hopelessness sits in many people, as they wait like cattle in pens, trying to apply for food stamps and AHCCCS.

Giving up their self-esteem and pride, answering private questions required to apply.

Waiting for hours to be seen, only to be told appointments will be given for later dates, to come back and wait some more.

Then they will let people know eventually if they qualify or not.

Making American citizens beg like paupers, jump through the hoops, yet illegals get everything handed to them free without having to go through any of it!

It is our taxpayer's money that we Americans have worked hard for that they are stealing from us.

We the people must revolt and take our country back from the ones who think they are better than us - yet are actually the only infidels in existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Clouds

Clouds spread lazily in a corner of the sky, awaiting a gust of wind or some silent movement of the atmosphere.
Suddenly, a jet comes streaking hundreds of miles an hour, hooking onto the edge of this cloud's skirt and spewing out a streak of white, matching it color for color.
Shooting out, taking the cloud seemingly with it into blue skies farther on.
Then, letting it go and flying into an invisible atmosphere.
Afterwards, the streak of the jet dripped down like icicles, hanging from eaves of an imaginary house in the sky.
Slowly, they fell silently into little hoops, over earth, then slowly vanished into thin air, leaving only the cloud with skirt flowing behind as it was slowly moved toward the east by an air current.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Courage

Reaching within for the energy and fortitude to continue moving forward, testing the waters along the way, challenging and daring everything to move aside.

Letting me live life the way that it was meant to be, at last taking courage, gaining strength, learning to achieve the most in life.

Never turning to evil or corruption, just being a solitary individual on a path of goodness and purity, looking to be enlightened through innate wisdom and knowledge only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Cues

Rapping thoroughly in the dead of night, rhythms continually beating.

Lasting and giving us instantaneous pleasure, taking cues from the other side of our existence, following it to it's ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Desires

Lasting moments beginning in throes of love, taking desires of this heart into atmospheres, never being surrounded by the selfish attributes of another.

Closely being held in arms without doubts that are usually held in minds of a human being.

Solemnly partaking of the joy that comes from a deepened unconditional love standing steadfast without being forfeited.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Destiny's Purpose

Strengthening my being, walking through the fire of the Holy Spirit, being purified and sanctified through the grace of our Lord.

Giving hope, faith and a burning desire to follow Him, no matter what, love being given and returned constantly and instantaneously.

Leaving a peaceful serenity always growing within, taking me from darkness of this life into the beauty of holiness.

Sprinkling the Divine throughout my being and life, now taking destiny's purpose and giving it strength of the Almighty, to reach heights needed to be totally one with God's nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Down Curtains

Silently standing by, taking it all in, watching every detail that's encompassing our world with it's lies and disillusionment.

Rejecting it explicitly and totally, finding ways to conquer and do away with all the evil surrounding us in life today.

Taking down the curtains of illusion, going straight to the truth, letting everyone know what lies behind forked tongues so they can rise against it all.

One at a time if need be, but we all must in the end stand together all over the world, for it's the only way we'll ever have peace on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Every Opportunity

On this earth for a short period of time, living and learning from experience, taking every opportunity to advance in life.

Having a future that has opened totally, giving me a chance to do what I've always wanted to do, helping people all over the world.

Wanting to end poverty across our globe entirely, hoping to accomplish this goal in the very near future, already taking steps in that particular direction.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Every Thought

Switching back into the past, lights being shut off,
darkness blinding and taking away everything we've
ever known.

Sensing and feeling emotions crying out loud, not
able to respond, we move farther away from life,
taking along every thought we've kept treasured.

Throughout the years we've been living here on earth,
enjoying experiences, discovering and exploring what
we can while living life fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Fancy

Music playing reminiscently in the room,
taking the fancy of everyone here.
Getting up to dance and enjoy the after-
noon.
Placing trust in their dance partners
as they are led around the dance floor
in time with musical rhythms.

(2: 18 p.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Flight

Flying into orbit on a whim,
taking flight into imagination were I
can play with words in different signs
and languages.

Coding all poetry, yet no one ever
figures out how I'm doing it.
A secret that will be kept for at least
one hundred years after I'm dead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Flight Sensuously

Rockin to Page D, living the musical life through poetry
as I listen and write through the night.

Feeling the energy, sliding into my mind, gliding down
my heart as it beats incessantly.

Giving pleasure and taking me soaring, touching interior
senses, taking flight sensuously without any effort.

Matching beats with the guitar and drums, loving the
intense appetite that is being sated as music is being
played tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking From Us

Stars twinkling within imagination's mind, touching an
effervescent energy filling this entire being with a
vibrant and lively intellect.

Mind swirling with thoughts, political, peaceful, think-
ing about evil and corruption ripping and tearing apart
the fabric of our American nation.

Why would anyone want to destroy the good we Americans
have done since the U.S.A. was founded on Judeo-Christian
principals and the Ten Commandments.

A peaceful nation wanting equality for all it's many
citizens, but illegals, muslims, Syrians are traipsing
into our country with their hands out.

All wanting what we have worked for our whole lives,
just taking it from us like thieves in the night, being
given the blessings of Obama the traitor.

All illegals are felons because they broke the law by
coming here illegally, needing to be deported immediately
by ICE, with no exceptions.

People who are willing to assimilate, learn and abide by
our laws, learn the Constitution, speak English are all
welcome here after becoming legal citizens of the U.S.A.

President Trump is on the right track, by banning them,
he's doing what We the People want and asked of him from
the moment we found out he was running for President.

Making sure he became President we all came out en masse to
vote for him and he won by a landslide, Trump is our only
choice, dems and libs are trying to get him out of office
because he knows their agenda and what they're doing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Hesitant Steps

Slowly walking, taking hesitant steps in my mind,
unsure of which direction to go.

So many options filling my mind with exciting
travels into many memories and visions.

Satisfied within, I take to the ocean and ride
the waves.

Swelling tides taking me out to depths where I can
hide without difficulty and enjoy myself besides.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking In Everything

Watching people as they work and play, very rarely looking
around at what is happening in their vicinity.

Recollecting times when I have done the same, but quickly
turning it around, noticing every detail so it could be
written into another poem.

Being distracted by a spider web, waving gently in a morning
breeze as the sun shines upon it, bringing it to my attention.

Or maybe a rose blossoming along a path where I am walking,
seeing it's exquisite beauty and deep hues of color reaching
out to me in fragrant aromas of sensuous scents of heaven.

Enticing this mind to awaken in the throes of nature as I
continue on my way, noticing and taking in everything with
every sense in my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking In Gardens

Slipping across heaven,
taking in it's gardens,
filled with beautiful
blue roses with scents
of vanilla, emanating
from their depths.

(7: 47 a.m. - 10/28/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking In Inspiration

Tepid, yet steady, drum beats taking my mind staccatoly
into the near future where life is waiting patiently.

Rhythms flowing, tones rocking in anticipation of my
coming to play in words of poetry being stirred up.

Not ever knowing which ones will end up in a poem, never
worrying, knowing that they will make sense when done.

Solemnly and quietly taking in the inspiration pouring
forth from deep wells of rhythm, sensuous and vibrant
forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking In Sights

Rocking music of the 60's, taking me back to
teenage years.

Melodies filling me with such pleasure that I am
soaring into the atmosphere with words trailing
incessantly.

Loving the beauty that is appearing in many visions
before me, taking in all the sights in life from
yesterday in memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Initiative

Watching designs tumble around, perfect patterns coming
about, showing picture puzzles of the future within
their visions.

Taking the initiative, intellect insists on blending
them with rhythms and fulfilling my purpose through
poetry.

Living in it's fruition, my being satisfied within an
interior spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Inspiration Ever Higher

Singeing edges of a mind with fires blazing, intense flames
coming from within intellect as innate knowledge and wisdom
is purified and tested.

Strengthening it's fervor and systematic analogy's through
many mathematical formulas, catching hold of the new and
concise methods of innate talent through music.

Always being written in depths of rhythms daily, socially
and productively taking inspiration ever higher into realms
of another dimension silently and invisibly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Life

Flames of a heart on fire, filled with love and desire,
so totally taking life into a burning blaze, stepping
over bright orange embers, falling head first into it's
depths.

A complete and encompassing flame of love, engulfing my
entire being on another's heart filling my own with his,
transforming life with tender touches of an unconditional
love that fills me completely without stopping.

Overflowing clearly being shown from the inside out, the
way to a divine love from the fire of another's love right
here on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Life A Teardrop At A Time

This world continues to evolve, leaving me to miss you so much, tears flowing heavily from this heart, taking life from me a teardrop at a time.

Nothing to assuage or relieve this sadness and sorrow that only can be taken away by being with you once again my love.

Turning around, looking about, never seeing you anywhere anymore, yet not able to live without you my dear, wanting to be with you wherever you are now my one and only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Life In Stride

Stillness of a strumming guitar, touching my heart-strings,
bringing me into a reunion of sorts with heart-felt melodies.
Visions always being brought into being, giving thought a run
for it's money.
Taking life in stride, mounting pressures tearing us down and
we fall into deep wells of misery, barely holding on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Life In Stride Intuitively

Peace and serenity continually fill an interior life which
dictates feelings and hopes that I have for God.

Blessed beyond normal, living in a bluened atmosphere, and
finding my way through the beauty of it's landscapes.

In intellect, taking life in stride, adapting to it's tempos
and rhythms in music.

Nothing getting in the way, allowing me to be free, totally
independent, following God's will intuitively in life.

Never parting from the goodness and strength that He has
given to me throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Matters In Our Own Hands

Praising people with empty words and hardened hearts,
pretending that all is well here at the Senior Center
when it's not.

Taking matters into our own hand and hearts, finding
our freedom and waving our flags of patriotism against
all the socialists and communists prying into our lives.

Wanting no part of their agendas, leaving them in the
ditches they've dug for themselves with their depravity
and sinful political correctness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Me Back

Music from the sixties coming into mind through past
rhythms, touching senses and giving thrills from the
past.

So euphoric and tantalizing, taking one back to the
Village People and the YMCA.

A wonderful rendition of the past when in my teens
in high school.

Interesting aspects of life, continually being
repeated throughout the years every time their music
is played.

Energizing and titillating thoughts as they are
brought sensitively into my life.

Stretching, dancing, singing and feeling alive.
all because of the musical rhythms and lyrics of
the past coming into my life right away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Memories

Sounds filtering through intellect, rising and falling,
listening to rhythms as they appear in visions of ever-
lasting tones.

Spreading across landscapes of an interior life, taking
memories along with it, not letting any of them stray
from the purpose they were intended for in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Memories Back

Yelling, whistling, being in synch with rhythms that
are building steadily through poetry and beyond.

Straight and forward into the edges of night and back,
taking memories into yesterday when they were made.

Innocent and pure, thinking and being vibrantly alive
through rhythms that fall within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Moments

Sentences abounding in seconds of time, giving thoughts
an exit into the world of poetry.

Taking amounts of life and miniaturizing them to fit in
little poems of interest - at times to other people all
over the world.

Some being poets also, connecting with our souls as one
in the universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Moments Into Being

Celebrating a life of artistic grace, letting wonder and curiosity have their time and place within my mind.

Tenderly and quietly, taking moments into being with a surrendering feeling of total peace.

Enjoying ideas being placed in imagination, setting me free to write poetry in ways in which I feel pleasure.

Desires rising into the heavens, giving an intense wonder of love from God above.

Nothing like soaring into unknown dimensions without ever having to try at all.

Flying into the vast universe of another time and place in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Moments Into Open Hands

Introducing the frailty of life and how mightily precious
it really is.

Taking the beautiful moments into open hands, letting
them guide me into depths of yet another adventure.

Having discovered another group of people where I can
open and expand my mind all over again.

Touching tenderly, synapses that will carry intellect
into the next level, combined with imagination and
another sphere of intelligence coming into focus
spiritually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Moments Of Life

Sojournly watching evening suns set upon aging horizons, taking moments of my life with them.
Tacitly taking revolutions around reality as I write about it daily.
Traveling, taking journeys alone into foggy realms never clearly seen before, and now with maturity, are becoming concise, details stabbing at my mind intensely day and night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Moments Of Life Now

Taking moments of life into our hands, carefully doling out what
we need to do to achieve our purposes while here on earth, always
making sure that we're doing right.

Never veering from it, not wanting to sacrifice our places in
heaven when our lives here are finally done, exploding myths,
lies and illusions being given.

Tempting us to do wrong, needing to always be ignored, for the
results of giving in will in reality be disastrous to you and
your loved ones.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking My Being Away

Walking downtown, stepping farther away from all
the past abuse, feeling freer with every mile I
put between me and you.
Taking my being away, keeping all the last minute
threats in a tissue, that I'll use to blow my
nose on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking My Heart

Trebling within my mind, touching thoughts of the Divine, striking chords of His mystery and mystical presence always in my mind.

Balancing properties along the way with what needs to be done, measuring in time, the rhythms taking my heart into the light of the future.

There I will always be known, given a special place where my life will be nourished, growing ever onward as the sun sets upon me in my death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking My Heart By Surprise

Wondering my dear if you still feel the same way as I do,
does your heart still beat in unison with mine as we make
love in the night.

Feeling your body next to mine, looking into your eyes,
realizing that you love me more than yourself, thanking
God for bringing you into my life so unexpectedly.

So honestly and fully, taking my heart, mind and soul by
surprise in the sorrow of my life, adding a dimension of
joy and happiness I never otherwise would have had in this
earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking New Avenues

Exciting and vibrant, taking time to enter dimensions
far from life.

Entering a bluened one of the Divine, an extraordinary
journey into spirituality and it's innate intellect.

Satisfying an interior life that gives a fantastic
view of an inspirational gateway.

Lively, full of hope and spirit, taking new avenues
into other places, a solo journey that only I can take.

Loving the wonder and awe of new and refreshing environ-
ments and situations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking No Responsibility

Being a mere poet, writing poetry throughout life,
people thinking to thwart me, because of their own
jealousy for an innate talent I was born with.

Never acknowledging what they think, just continuing
to be the creative person that I've always been, a
sensitive, caring poet.

Having compassion and respect for everyone, even when
they let me down or spread rumors, thinking that I don't
know what they've done.

Good and decent people think I should know what is being
said behind my back, not knowing that I don't really care,
because it is something wrong with them interiorly not me.

Taking no responsibility for what other's think or what
their opinions are concerning me, just living to write
poetry and ignoring the wrongs they choose to do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Notes Throughout Life

Taking notes throughout life on photographic screens,
keeping them tucked safely within.

When needing them, they are always readily available,
feeling their enticing melodies forming in my mind.

At the very first sound, poetry flowing immediately,
a wonderful and happy elation touching intellect within.

Bringing joy totally to my soul, inspiring every fiber
of my mind with thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Nothing

Charging ahead, not looking where I'm going, not
really wanting to see what's ahead.

Having formed opinions already being utilized
in thoughts, walking away.

Taking nothing, traveling highways into skylights
of tomorrow's universe, no obstacles to hinder me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Notice

Eyes are the windows to the universe,
stars are the lights to find them by.

Taking notice of everything, senses
of the eyes touch on all of it without
reproach or shame.

Staking reputations on details seen,
recognizing different aspects and
fitting them all together to create
the scenes that you see.

Eyes can be all-knowing if sight has
not been dimmed by fear, penetrating
knowledge, words in books, eyes can
learn to be discerning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking On Life

Rocking along inner highways, stepping into rhythms of prior times.

Stepping easily into musical interludes, twirling around, designs and colors taking on a life of their own.

Nothing standing in the way of an eloquent pastime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking One Preserved Moment

Lighting pathways through sorrow, lifting the black curtains partially, allowing me to find the way into tomorrow.

Letting everything fall amongst shadows as music continues to play with an iridescent melody, enticing me to dare and challenge death as I walk alone.

Wanting to experience it over again, having found it a wonderfully addictive feeling, always wanting to go back and re-experience it's fullness.

It's equality lies in depths of yesterday's moments, looking back and forth, never tiring of rhythms as they play exclusively just for me.

Through innate intelligence, standing on the brink of a falling tone, taking my one moment preserved for that one second between life and death, awaiting the sensation of traveling from one to the other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Opportunities

Delicately being inserted into a mind of intuitive designs,
fulfilling patterns being extracted in the interior of my soul.

Taking every opportunity to provide thoughts from intellect and
pouring them into imagination's depths to be shown on glimmering
sounds of artistic canvas.

Beautiful tasting accounts of ordinary things, bringing them
alive with just a touch of senses, giving only the truth in
patterns of living.

Taking all ideas and realizing them, each in the beauty of
intellect's wisdom.

Nothing ever being taken for granted and yet, all of it being
taking advantage of by anyone I let enter my realm or sphere
of thinking.

Therefore, keeping doors of my mind shut to everyone in the
world except through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Our Freedom Back

Softly, gently soothing inner turmoil caused by not having
enough money to exist on, wanting only the necessities has
become impossible also.

Obama has given our hard-earned money to illegals, muslims,
Syrians, all those who deserve nothing from Americans, our
politicians being corrupt, only wanting to get illegal votes.

Looking to other avenues, growing our own vegetables and
fruits, dehydrating chicken, fish, pork, turkey, etc. storing
it away so in the coming years we won't have to starve.

Taking everything into our own hands, like generations
before us, knowing how to do things for free, going off
the grid, saying good bye to our corrupt politicians and
government.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Our Lives Into Wonder

Living for times we can be together, wishing and wanting to be held and loved every moment, taking our lives into the wonder of our eyes.

Giving that look, an inviting ogle that dissolves any and all resistance, allowing temptations to be felt and let go of as we fulfill our desires through passion of our hearts.

Pleasing one another passionately and longingly throughout the night, never wanting our love making to end, wanting each other so totally and lovingly forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Our Nation By Storm

Significant progress is now being made in the U.S.A. since Donald Trump has been elected President, there is a trend towards world peace beginning with Russia and the U.S.

A wonderful way to begin a new presidency, I think, stock market has been hitting record highs here, our economy is already beginning to pick up.

Because faith in our newly elected President, Donald Trump is solid, no matter what the media or protesters are saying, We the People wake up happy now every morning!

There are a lot of hurdles to be jumped because of the mess Obama has purposely created by trying to destroy the U.S.A., now we're rebounding in force thanks to Trump.

His resounding and refreshing policies are taking the nation by storm, there are problems to be solved, but with a new cabinet, hand-picked by Trump, issues will be handled.

Solutions will come out in our country's best interests, I'm positive about that, no doubts whatsoever, because our nation is once again in God's hands.

As proof of that we've overwhelmingly chosen Trump to be our President and he was elected in spite of Hillary rigging the election and having dead people and 800,000 illegals vote for her. (all her corruption failed, God protected the U.S.A.!)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Our Places

Silencing effects of ancient problems of evil, trying to
take them out of this existence once and for all.

Yet human nature comes around and in a few people, evil
seems to abound and take over their souls.

Rising above the goodness and beauty of life, trying to
ruin and destroy the wholesome lives most of us have.

Standing up, taking our places in the front lines of a
non-existent war of racism, hatred and prejudice.

Trying to avert a war for no reason at all, living the
lives we were given from birth that came directly from
heaven's gates.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Our Places In Lines Of Life

Effects of living have a lasting impression on who we
eventually become as we take our places in lines of
life, always waiting for something or another.

Guarding our dreams carefully, treasuring every vision
of the future that is planted like a seed within intellect
silently growing through the years.

Coming to fruition through hard work and toil, every bit
of it being worth the time we put into nurturing it,
wanting and expecting everything to turn out beautifully
in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Part In Notes Of Life

Remembering willow trees that I used to play under when
I was ten years old, loving the feelings that gave me
back then.

Touching the beauty and energy of nature, becoming one
with it and loving it's soothing and vibrant rhythms
while capturing my mind and intellect.

Collecting everything seen and felt, now able to write
about it all in poetry, never stopping, giving all in
every endeavor.

Taking part in every note of life that has become a part
of my being while continuing on this poetical journey of
my interior life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Part In The Future

A lasting memory in this life, always having meaning,
never forgetting anything, details always being very
intense as I think and write of them in poetry.

Destiny and fate taking part in the future of this
mere poet's life, changing throughout it and coming
in the blink of an eye.

Focusing on goals that will eternally be helping people
all over the world, poverty hopefully being wiped from
the face of this earth.

Always making sure that corrupt and greedy politicians
are kept from the coffers meant only for the poor in
our world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Pictures

Taking pictures and memories from photographic screens, allowing them the freedom to flow into my mind like an intense video.

Portraying them all directly into the moment of musical rhythms and interpreting them instantaneously into words of prose.

So very different than the world I'm physically living in, giving extraordinary experiences through an innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Places

Lasting feelings taking their places in the scheme
of life, giving this being a taste of both heaven
and hell.

Giving and taking away love, trust, beauty, joy and
happiness throughout life, watching as ideas shape
and form pictorial thoughts.

Containing both abstracts and concepts through my
imagination and intellect together, finding empty
spaces to adhere to.

Nothing getting caught between, as my mind continually
blocks out everything while writing and listening to
music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Places In Perspectives

Spheres spinning into intellect, stirring up thoughts
lying idly about, sleepily looking up and taking their
places in perspectives of ideas.

Lighting up the darkest corners of my mind, creative,
intellectual and imaginative, all conclusive as life
unfolds, revolves and is written into poems.

Silence of my interior mind absolutely, instantaneously
while thinking in other dimensions and universes, awakened
by the light of the Divine through the passing of time.

Playing incessantly in measures of rhythm while creating
through them, coded words that attach each poem to all the
others I have already written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Pleasure

Taking pleasure whenever possible, humans take vacations,
go to the gym, ride bicycles and play games.

No one ever seems to take the time to inspire or fulfill
their interior lives with contemplation and prayer.

It can also give one pleasure to increase your interior
spirituality, as it relaxes your spirit, giving a fuller
life in respect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Secrets Out

Taking secrets out of hiding, letting someone else know what they are is at times devastating.

Growing quiet within, still, wondering if secrets should have been spoken of.

Counting the cost in heart-breaking years, are the minutes it takes to tell them worth it?

Can it really help or is it a temporary solution, living with the knowledge that another person now knows of it can be difficult to handle.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Spirits

11: 18 a.m.
Finding an excellence in tempos, falling into line, catching this mind and tickling it with intense rhythms.

Bringing happiness, enough to cause laughter and taking nothing serious.

Falling into realms of another atmosphere, taking spirits one by one into figures of imagination.

Catching and capturing every thought, holding onto them and bringing everything into the eyes of photographic screens.

Pictures taken of it all and writing them into poetry. 11: 19 a.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Steps

Pictures of sanity unfolding their arms,
letting everyone see the spectacular
insights gained over time.
Being normal beyond human levels of
consciousness.
Taking steps to move forward into a
near future of talented aspirations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Steps In Every Direction

Forging ahead, taking time to learn everything that I can,
curiosity overtaking everything in life, wanting to know
it all before dying.

Taking steps in every direction, inventing, creating and
developing ideas, concepts and using imagination to help
me think outside of the box.

Always filled with wonder and awe at nature, humanity and
God, a total environment steeped in an interior spiritual-
ity that rules my life explicitly and always.

Spending time writing poetry, composing music, painting,
hoping to make a difference throughout the world, loving
meeting people from all walks of life.

Making friends, conversing and enjoying everything that
I learn, following the Ten Commandments and looking to
God for enlightenment.

Delving into a bluened light always present and dwelling
within the Divine, guiding my life throughout every moment
that I'm alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Steps Sideways

Slowly caressing my brain, taking me into another
world, slipping and sliding into it's entryway.
An awesome direction to fall into, adjusting
every attitude as I go along.
Taking steps sideways, following the harmony of
past melodies of John Lennon's.
A picture-perfect landscape, appearing in my mind.
Nothing happening to change my world, living
happily just where I am right now.

(9: 53 p.m. - 11/16/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking The Incentive

Diversity in plentiful intellect is quite a feat,
instigating many ideas and being accepted in
depths of wisdom.
Always taking the incentive to begin new images
in straightened landscapes of design.
Altogether, having tremendous visions through
imagination's intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking The Reins

At times finding life so terribly difficult, fighting to
find a way to surpass or go around whatever stands in the
way.

Strapping on weights of faith and hope, moving forward,
losing all baggage of yesterday, taking the reins into
future denizens where I win out each and every time.

At length, allowing essential rhythms to carry me over
the finish line, where I win once again, because I never
give up the race.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Time

Prototypically leveling the playing field of life, adjusting feelings to fit the same dimensions and taking over many ideas of somnolent pastimes, as they juxtapositionally turn away from so many similar thoughts.

Practicing almost totally in the dark, reaching out to grasp onto potent, poignant topics as they stretch beyond reach and lift me out of dire straits I find myself in.

Taking time as it comes, singing of it's joy on very lonely days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Time To Be

Sentiments hiding deeply inside, not wanting to
be felt, because I am tired right now.

Living in a blind spot, not seeing life for the
time being, just sitting here in a quiet silence.

Satisfying and totally contented, just taking
time to BE.

Liking the sensations of intense stillness as I
sit and write comfortably.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Time To Be Me

Sentiments hiding deeply inside, not wanting to
be felt, because I am tired right now.

Living in a blind spot, not seeing life for the
time being, just sitting here in a quiet silence.

Satisfying and totally contented, just taking
time to BE me.

Liking the sensations of intense stillness as I
sit and write comfortably.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Time To Disappear

Ready to slip into the night, time to disappear and
give in to the sandman.
Ducking into back alleys, finding my way back home,
taking time and not hurrying.
Strong urges of desire playing my mind as I write
about what I want to do as I leave you tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Time To Finish My Story

Senses feeling a lonely sadness penetrating my being,
taking me into a bluened light where I find peace
that tides me over for the time being.

When life becomes much to difficult to handle, taking
creative routes away from the population, needing to
be alone.

Finding direction again in the purpose of my life, a
crucial and critical wave of behavior that tends to
hide and keep me from knowing myself at times.

Hiding in breezes of nature, hoping they will refresh
and renew my sense of being, at least for a while,
giving me time to finish my story on earth in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Time To Remember

Sitting here writing, being free here in America,
taking time to remember all of those who have
died serving our country.

May they rest in peace always, as we honor them
throughout our lives, never ceasing to pray for
each of them.

A lasting gratitude that will never die, it will
only be multiplied throughout the years of our
lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Time, Moving Slowly

Moving slowly like a wagon wheel of old, taking time to enjoy achievements and accomplishments that meant so much when we were younger.

Nowadays, looking back, thinking of all the wonderful times had with friends and family, never letting the feelings die or fade away for they are too important in depths of life to-day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking To Heart

Moving into spiritual realms, feeling them through
soothing melodies attuning to intellect, intrepid-
ly intense, taking to heart, everything in the
silence of the future, past and present.

Emotions filing steadily into depths of my being's
essence, finding purpose, always being in the moment
while writing poetry, climbing heights of interior
dimensions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Us Through Experiences

Touched by fascination of wonder and awe in this earthly life
and humanity, enjoying peace and happiness that flows in our
direction.

Happily letting it take us through experiences that enhance
our minds and lives, teaching lessons, enlightening intellect
and helping us to teach others also.

Spreading goodness, caring, compassion and love over everyone
we meet on our pathways through life, taking nature and people
in stride as we wend our way along paths of destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking Years Into Moments

Film falling down over my ears, filtering out unwanted conversations around me.
Just wanting to hear and feel rhythms touching my mind and brain.
Reverberating throughout my intellect, giving me pleasure beyond what life can even give me.
Solace and serenity fill me with a calmness I can't achieve any other way.
Silently beckoning to inner talents, falling into backdrops of peace.
Taking years into moments as I fill many pages with posterity's legacy.
A sense of purpose filling me within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taking You Into Dreams

Taking you into my dreams throughout this night,
folding shadows of thought into cupboards of
intellect.

To be used when day finally breaks apart, no reasons
given or taken as life hides it's head temperamentally
in the seclusion of our minds and hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talent

Talent broken into small fragments scattered on the pavement like glass, shining in particles of sun.

Time unbending, working frantically to pick up the pieces before they are crushed beyond imagination.

Looking forward towards the future, trying to remain one, whole, individual.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talent Being Kept Awake

Circling the room, pacing all night through, not being able to sleep a wink, wondering what will happen in the not too distant future.
An incredible amount of innate talent is being kept awake within, wanting to be heard through the din of everyday life.
Never satisfied unless I'm writing endlessly through all the hours in my lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talent Focused From Within

Scissor-like, cutting through images in visions I don't
want to see right now.

Everything is fine - they'll never really disappear
because they've been photographed into my mind - never
to be let go of during my lifetime.

Shadows penetrating every corner of the cutting room,
looking concerned, but not worried - knowing the same
things as I do.

Etching all the activity into more memories, savoring
each film being put together.

Knowing that there will be many more opportunities to do
what I have been born to do in creative atmospheres.

I have been given to imagine many possibilities and
create interesting impossibilities.

Talent being focused from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talent Speaks For Itself

Striking out on our own, learning to take care of our-
selves, satisfying our needs by working for whatever we
have in this temporary life.

Some doing better than others, having an education to
get a career, others without any, still making life
better than through an innate talent.

One that speaks for itself, using gifts given by God, so
much more fulfilling than anything we could ever give to
ourselves.

Totally surrendering our beings to God, living in His
grace, finding life is much more satisfying than chasing materialistic things in life.

For they have only limited value and can never be counted
on to fulfill our minds, hearts, souls and beings, only
God has the power to do that in our lives if we let Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talented Belly Dancers

Nationalities bloom in and through music
mingled with their cultures.
Dancing, gyrating, swaying, choosing
particular beats to begin movement of
their body.
Talented where most are not, is an unusual
gift to share as they move before us and
belly dance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talented Callings

Strutting through rhythms as if they own them in voices of talented callings;
through rhythm's beating incessantly in times of energetic
solos.

Giving in to special inflections as life adjusts the volume to suit it's solo purpose.

Opening doors, closing windows, not letting any bit of talent escape
from within the boundaries of total immersion.

Thinking through all the details in one sweeping movement of the
wrist and all is gone, as strutting, walking out the back door, no
longer welcome in this atmosphere, needing to go elsewhere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talented Musicians

Quiet silence filling auras and visions of
talented musicians, as they play upon a
stage in front of us.

Loving their melodies and rhythms, hoping
they'd be able to stay and play much longer
next time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talented Opportunities

Going back into memory banks, finding familiar tunes,
reminiscent of teenage years filled with carefree fun
and times of learning.

Musical melodies carefully tended in creative inner
atmospheres filled with an appreciation of rhythms,
falling into line.

Causing intellect to transfer all words into poetical
music, giving many opportunities to use my poetical
talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talented Repertoire

Music taking me for a walk down memory lane,
giving me novel expressions, hoping to be
set in poems and rhyming rhythms.
Talented repertoires forming newly experienced
thoughts in jazz and blues.
Expecting every kind of unusual beat and
technical difficulties to demonstrate them-
selves in joyful interludes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talented Spheres

Ringing through the atmosphere, melodies soar into mind on wings of flight, taking off into spheres of talented people.
Crypting notes, turning them into musical notations, filling minds with their rhythms, turning a dull evening into a joyful occasion for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talented Thought

Twinkling stars stranded in my mind, strewn about,
tripping words into phrases becoming to literature.
Knowing glances peering subconsciously, awakening
spirits of talented thought.
Crawling into corners of fortitude, watching with
heartfelt feelings of before.
There's no fear appearing in darkness of imagination.
Allowing no obstacle to bar highways of premium
living on byways of forethought.
Tripping lights, fantastic with rhythms of ribbon,
flowing from my mind on avenues of literate thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talented Youngsters

Young ones enjoying Buddy Stubbs monthly get-togethers,
dancing to 'Backstage Crew', getting attention for their
antics and cuteness.

Swirling, feeling the beat, swaying to the music, steps
of their own.

Sitting on the concrete, bouncing legs and feet to tunes
they're hearing in their heads to music being played.

Interior gifts growing larger with every note being played,
adding to a gigantic tome of imaginational wisdom.

Talented youngsters being prepared for life as musicians.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talking Around A Table

Talking around a table while trying to
listen to music being played for our enjoyment.
People dancing the line dance to rhythmic beats
in isolation.
Timing steps in precision with every thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talking Hesitantly

Forever trying to find a way to talk,
bringing up subjects and talking them out,
one after another.
Dissolving all topics after just a little while,
silence enfolding the two of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talking Incessantly On Paper

Left alone on the edge of earth, contemplating whatever it is I want in life.
Sharing thoughts as I fall into step alongside my friend.
Talking incessantly, but only on paper, in written words, telling soulfully of the loneliness I often find inside my mind.
Leaving everyone behind, heading to bed and beautiful dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talking Into The Past

Talking into past memories, seeing many images coming forward,
listening to everyday messages through the years.
Living fully in heart-felt memories, filled with saddened tears.
Existence being formed even now, through enlightened aforethought
basking in sunlight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talking Music

Music talking through it's rhythms and melodies, giving serenity
to intellect while guiding it silently into spiritual realms
interiorly.

Deeply intense, pious and quiet, attaining strength in which
to continue living, breaking sound barriers with enlightenment,
touching this soul vibrantly and gently, bringing it closer
with every note and tone to heaven where it was written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talking Shadows

Shadows hanging out,
mimicking their human counterparts,
pretending to talk as their shadow
lips move up and down silently.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talking Silently

Talking silently through the darkness, whispering sweet nothings to one another, our voices not saying a single world yet we hear our love being spoken as we hold one another.

Our beings coming together, compromising our oneness and yet, becoming one means the world to both of us totally, a unity made in heaven and now gifted to us here on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talking Through Lyrics

Turning around, spinning rhythms into spaces
filled with rooms of people, singing in tune.

Keeping in touch with beats, sending everyone
into depths of melodies as they skirt edges of
life's precious moments.

Talking through lyrics being written through the
night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talking To Our Souls

Outside the walls of human making, God brings to my ears,
voices raised in song and praise to Him, lovely, gentle,
just like the love of Jesus to our souls.

Jesus talks to us through any means at His disposal and
I'm glad that He can reach me in so many different ways,
as I try to remain always open to Him in everything I do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talking To Ourselves

Knocking on doors of vacant homes, talking to ourselves,
for no one wants to hear our thoughts or opinions these
days.

Walking along lonely pathways, communing with nature,
taking in it's beauty and solitude, an intense silence
giving rare moments of awareness and contemplation.

Seeing details of life in even the smallest things on
paths through forests or in the desert, noticing their
quiet and intense patterns repeated within each one.

Writing of them in a tangible rhythm of picturesque land-
scapes, portraying tempos in wonderful ways through simple
prose from the mind of this mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talking With No Substance

Two people running for office for Maricopa County Colleges, talked,
but never said anything solid - not anything I could use to place
my trust in either of them.

Next legislative district eleven, questioning if they'll fight
in the next budget deliberations or not.

Just talk once again, old rhetoric that has no substance, we
can't base our votes on this flimsy thread.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talking Within

Seeing nothing ahead, walking through darkness, feeling
my way, slowly stepping forward.

Talking within to my spirit, asking it to stay, finding
it's way, asking for faith to accompany me.

Through ebony darkness, coming from the life I have
known and gone through already.

Taking part in it on outskirts and edges, while being
immersed in intellect's knowledge.

Taking me along into imagination's reality so life can
at least be a memory in a dream.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Talons Of Peace

Deep sounding darkness finding it's way into measures of peace, twilight opening like a blossom in the darkness, an ebony beauty choosing to find it's place within the shadows of a life-long essence.

Alone and living like a locust in a solitary environment, singing it's song out loud, listening as others join in, creating a cacophony, a choir of mysterious sounds being emitted throughout the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tame Ideas

Riding waves of talent, feeling elated with rhythmic blues,
sending out emotions in time-elapsed thought.
Accruing sensuous desires in tunnels of anticipation.

Shriveling, tame ideas bloom once again as I water them
with tears of ingenuity from pools deepened by sadness and
it's ordinary routine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taming Ideas

Capturing pictures of thought on edges of sight,
pulling them into focus, reining in their wild
ideas.
Taming them through writing and cajoling their
essence with a fierce intensity of purpose,
outshining everything else in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taming Rhythm

Taming rhythm, soothing nerve endings with an innate healing effect taking over and pouring endorphins rapidly into my entire body.

Writing calmly, taking time to pacify my soul as music continues to surround my mind with a talent given by God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tangible Codes

Subjects divulged in sequences of tangible codes known only
to interior deciphers of numbers and words.

Beleaguered rejoinders, sounding off in distances, crosswise
across barren deserts of ancient puzzles.

Abounding thoughts fraught with an awareness of intellect,
combined with imaginative logic and reason, merge and
divulge meanings of future omens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tangible Meanings

12: 55 p.m.
Signature feelings being processed into this very poem,
a sadness dancing to rhythms being heard.

Rejoicing with tangible meanings being played within
the experiences of a lifetime. 12: 55 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tangible Senses

Rapping and tapping inside my brain, stirring the
ingredients there to make tangible senses come
alive in every vibration of life.
Altogether, touching the essence of life and
creating it in many poems throughout times I am
yet to be alive.
Reading them, you will find who I am - the essence
of my being and the spirit that is alive within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tangibly Abridged

Catapulting senses into a category of their own, relishing an atmosphere where they can all be intensely and tangibly abridged into a beautiful scene of anticipatory glory.

Watching as wonderful auras flow continually into colorful hues, permeating the exquisite centers of many aromas un-detectable until now.

Finalizing periods of an eclipsable rainbow, scented and filled with savory tastes of perfumes from petals of flowers found in ordinary gardens and used to heal many of man's illnesses today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tangled Abstractions

Feeling rhythms dissolve away stress and grief in
moments of timelessness.
Sensing inner respect following through, allowing
new ideas to be viewed without bias or doubt.
Tantalizing even the most mundane form of
definition to become aware of it's surroundings.
Cognitively developing tangled abstractions within
delicate patterns of creativity, alighting on
outskirts of heavenly abodes kept safely inside
many poems of life's treasures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tangled Gardens

Strumming my heart strings to melodies and rhythms of
outstanding life.

Recklessly following leads into tangles and messes of
jungle gardens.

Pealing sounds, touching my heart in magnificent rhymes,
ringing it with happiness and joy.

Satiating inner desires of extraordinary volume,
eclipsing wonders of nature and rising above them in
endless hope and spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tangled Grief

Downhearted, tangled in weeds of grief,
sojournly leading self astray, stepping
in puddles of disarray, and awkwardly
stumbling away.

Disappearing down bridle paths, getting
closer to nature, feeling it's healing
balm sooth my being's soul with faith.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tangled Jungles

Strumming guitar strings along with a violin,
penetrating the deepest part of human nature.
Only following paths least lit or traveled,
finding my way through the tangled jungle of
yesterday.
Cutting my way through the vegetation of every
day strife, I land on all fours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tangled Jungles Of Life

Walking roads through tangled jungles of life,
sensing reverberations of senses being titillated
with effervescence.
Sailing over tops of heads, feeling intensely,
nature all around me.
Succorous splendor finding my mind dancing to
innate rhythms, sliding along beaten pathways,
forging patterns of interior excellence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tangled Memories

Cool breezes blowing, cooling and soothing taut muscles,
while letting the mind go aimlessly on a quest for know-
ledge.

Searching corners, looking beneath sheets, peeking in
darkened cellars in mansions of old.

Tattered, cobwebbed, each floor in utter disuse, rats
crawling decisively across the floor.

Tangled memories lining corridors in disarray - grasp-
ing arms as images lead you away into the past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tangled Mess

Running idly in the throes of sorrow and wanting to expire,
no longer wanting to live here anymore.

Life as left nothing to hold onto, drifting into the refuge
of death's left over garbage heaps on earth.

Wanting to swim into depths of oceans, drowning in it's
beauty so as not to see the deathly iciness surrounding in
abounding emotions.

Dying inside, knowing there is now nothing left to see my
love being reflected within me.

Loss is so devastating, I can no longer function in this
world, but must find paths through deep forests, losing
myself within and leaving no pathway for anyone to follow
me again.

Staying alone and far from others in life, abandoning even
family in this grief, not wanting to ever feel the loss
of a loved one again as long as I live and breathe on this
side of living.

Looking up for some reason, hearing the whispers of an
angel, holding out promises of a better tomorrow and
showing the way through the tangled mess of grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tangled Tantalization

Tangled tantalization springing from within, being spread
all about the atmosphere.

Untilled for a unique purpose of being grown from fertile
patches of the mind.

Interior aspects beginning and ending in formulas of rhythm,
cascading into beautiful auras of tantamount life-giving
beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tangled Thoughts

Adjacent to rhythms, taking pathways lying juxtaposition-
ally, always running counter clockwise through measures
of life.

Touching meanings of living, finding all answers coming
from depths of innate talent, going into forests and
jungles of tangled thoughts and ideas.

Opening up intellect with the intensity of another dimen-
sion, taking my mind into a sublime atmosphere far from
this earth, special and wonderful products coming to-
gether in picture puzzles of another time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tangled Webs

Arrows pointing the way, getting away from the tangled webs of another.
Straddling every reason given, knowing there is no excuse for having done what they have to me.
It's only done from abuse to control and put me down.
Still, here I am, standing on the edge of eternity, another ready to push me over and negate me once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tangled Webs Of Desire

Tangled webs of desire twang heartstrings in reminiscence
of yesterday.

Calming effects, strumming my mind with their icy fingers,
awakening lives of memories with interest and verve.

Pointedly speaking to imagination, finding direction from
somewhere hidden in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tangles Of Remorse

Marching through thickest tangles of life's insistent webs of remorse.
Hacking away at them in later years of life, becomes a chore more obsessed than any time before in life.
Timely reminders that we are growing older with every moment, and are opening up to death's doors.
Not wanting to go through them filled with bushels of regrets to bog us down.
Taking care to ask forgiveness and give acceptance to all those whose lives they've touched with malice, insincerity and lies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tangling Abstracts

Finding my way through a jungle of tangled ideas,
being enlightened by their illumination of tomorrow's
inventions.

Watching as they grow and tangle with each other,
combining abstract formulas and rhythms as they create
novel aspects for future medicine and awesome total
ideas.

Walking into interior dimensions, finding my way
creatively being opened wider down aisles of aspiring
tones and quality of appropriate timing.

Keeping up with rapid sounds of silence as they proceed
to walk along edges of inner canyons, filled with misery
of mankind, wanting to encompass all of it in a myriad
of cures for illnesses both physical and mental.

Exacting fortunate formulas with anticipated results to
be brought forth in writing.

Gathering collectively, bringing all of it to a head,
and spreading it carefully across earth.

Seeing a wonderful transformation taking place right
before my mind's eyes.

Giving solace and relief to everyone no matter who they
are.

A magnificent vision of peace and health throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tangling Melodies

Precious lighting, shining on beautiful words set in poems.
Softly, tangling melodies within my brain, holding on, and contemplating the essence of life with unspeakable aptitude and fervent love for poetry, innately placed in this being from above.
Always living in the moment, never taking eyes off of the horizon beyond life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tangling Pathways

Life settles on sidelines in moments of approaching death.
Cavalcading, putting thoughts into deeper analyization,
walking through a myriad of tangled pathways, crossing
and recrossing grids of expectation.
as a heaven looms closer on a sunsetical beautiful horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tangling Thoughts

Tangling thoughts across vast plains of arid deserts,
reassuring insightful meanings of necessary definitions
filled with attitude.

Curtailing narrowed points of visions with an energetic
mood of quietness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tanks Of Sand

Dandelion pretty, staring into the sun, reflecting God's
beauty as each day wears on.

Loving freedom caught through adversity, stampeding down
the rivers of everyday life, locating off-road endeavors
to be put aside.

Washing upon banks, debris and chaotic feelings wind up
in tanks of sand, built for future uses of fate and
destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tantalizing Childhood Memories

Tiger lily's blooming in my mind, orange and black,
tantalizing memories of childhood in New Jersey to
come out and play again in fields full of their
beauty.

Silently sitting inside, awaiting their remembering
of times past with sorrow and joy being able to
be seen in this poet's mind when thinking of good
times in childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tantalizing Earth

Full of the evening, peace sits upon the moon, looking for
a place to alight.

Tantalizing earth with it's far away beauty, filling eyes
of people with a new brand birth.

Falling along the wayside, covered with the dirt of age,
moonbeams lie buried in the earth.

Agony here, upon the ground, has turned the life of the
moon to naught but moondust.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tantalizing Energy

Creating literature out of nothing, waterfalls cascading
throughout, bringing thoughts along with words and their
many meanings into this mind.

Totally enjoying the tantalizing energy that this beauti-
ful waterfall fills my mind with incessantly,

Coded messages always finding their way into every poem
ever written by this mere poet.

Criss-crossing, running parallel, filling angles, corners,
circles with linear ideas, as they somehow procreate with-
in my mind.

Expressing self in many different ways through poetry and
it's flowing rhythms of interior and innate music, always
composing compositions the same as when writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tantalizing Essence

Turning up the volume, letting it vibrate within, going into heights and depths of rhythm, enjoying every beat and tone along the way.

Exciting, traveling into sweet aromas of sound, savoring their taste upon this mind, a beautiful and tantalizing essence always beckoning intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tantalizing Exploration

Flowers growing along pathways tempting senses to open,
see and smell their aromas, a tantalizing exploration
into a dimension of nature where all is gentle.

Peacefully and deeply inspiring in every way, petals
opening to the wonder of a brand new day, blossoming in-
to our minds with a prayer-like quality as we pass by
them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tantalizing Inner Spirits

Tantalizing inner spirits, creating a playground of intensive freedom, allowing them free rein in pools of thought, awaiting intellect to join in, bringing a special tone to all that enters my mind with musical fractions.
Dissecting, collating, retrieving so many melodies that I can't keep up, holding them in cups until I can transpose all of it into notes and measures, setting just the right mood to write to.
Leveling attitudes, adjusting their volumes so I can continue to hear all that transpires within my imagination and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tantalizing Measures

Sharply being taken into a prelude of tomorrow,
giving insights into what will transpire when I
walk into its atmosphere.

Tantalizing measures taking me along edges of
today, allowing me to grasp hold of tomorrow's
experiences in a tightly knit world of wisdom
right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tantalizing Music

Touching sorrow being gently held in a fragile heart,
opening a window, letting it slowly seep out into
life, causing grief-stricken tears to fall from
watery eyes.

Listening to music touch inner weeping, bringing a
lifting spiritually out of depths of mourning,
allowing it to spread itself quietly, easing the
heaviness of grief's causing.

Feeling slightly lighter as notes play and tangle
with the ivories, turning a mind into joyful etudes
for now.

Moments spent in tantalizing music helps to bring a
person out of themselves for a while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tantalizing My Spirit

Purposes surrounding me like bubbles of air, waiting to
be recognized and used plentifully in many areas of this
earthly life.

Hymns of inner praise rising to heaven with enlightened
knowledge of God, beginning times having been delighted
with the life He has given.

Filled with hope, charging interior faith with His Holy
Spirit, touching upon interior spirituality with my soul,
feeling God's presence all the time.

Feelings of being safe and protected throughout my life
tantalizing my spirit, treasuring it with the beauty of
an innate love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tantalizing Optimism

Capturing an interior dimension, taking hold of all senses, being blended with feelings and emotions, combining them in my mind.

A tantalizing optimism that is constantly being created within, listening closely to rhythms as they are played harmoniously.

Solemnly touching and sincere, giving a tremendous amount of interior pleasure, whistling like the wind through my mind.

Refreshing and replenishing ideas that form through intellect, imagination adding it's own flair to the equation.

Solutions filling me interiorly, touching upon the Divine, treating me to His presence throughout this life.

Loving and giving a purpose for living two lives in one from now until my death in the future, enjoying going back and forth feeling an exuberance within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tantalizing Source

Sounds searching for a composition to be a part of
right here and now.

An exquisite and tantalizing source of intellect
as it quickens it's pace through writing.

Quietly astounding the images as they gather and
comment on them all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tantalizing Thoughts

Designs and patterns of shadows lying against walls
and upon sidewalks on the ground.

Tantalizing thoughts to invent and create things
from angles being seen in each pattern or design.

Fulfilling intellect as the sun silently sets in the
west, letting us know that day is now done and twil-
light will soon be upon us in the coming moments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tantalizing Thoughts Of Daylight

Restless, kicking at the edge of night, trying to persuade it to hurry up and leave so dawn may once again light the way.

Dragging endlessly on, the dark laughs and slows it's pace, angry words are hurled into the air and yet, all remains the same.

For each day has only twenty-four hours in it, and dark night refuses to keep a second from itself, there is nothing left, but to wait this blessed night out.

As thoughts of daylight tantalize the mind throughout it's lonely vigil in the deep dark night of doom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tantalizng Explorations

Flowers growing along pathways tempting senses to open,
see and smell their aromas, a tantalizing exploration
into a dimension of nature where all is gentle.

Peacefully and deeply inspiring in every way, petals
opening to the wonder of a brand new day, blossoming in-
to our minds with a prayer-like quality as we pass by
them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tapers Of Life

Lost souls brought together with an innate meaning, reaching throughout the world, encompassing everyone in it's wake.
Concentrated efforts brought together to end another's suffering on this earth.
Life closing it's doors, turning lights off as a person moves from one room into another.
So quietly and gently it is hard to say just when it happens.
Candles of life are burning, shining their lights upon everyone's sight.
Radiating from heaven and spent in different ways, tapers of our lives are of different sizes, burning and extinguishing themselves at separate times in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tapestry Of My Mind

Reflecting shadows of evening into the tapestry of my mind,
giving it leeways into fathoms of other areas, taking me on
a pleasurable journey into levels where I can soar and
explore to my heart's content.
Feeling the novel intense desires reaching my mind, wanting
to continually be in an aura of beginning participation of
another era in poetical dimensions.

(4/19/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tapped Into Universal Codes

Using every breath of life still within, to write into the
world all the beauty found inside.

Having tapped into universal codes, silencing this mind
through writing of them, even though not everyone can make
them out in clear definitions like myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tapping Inner Mysteries

Tapping into inner mysteries, being involved discretely with an aptitude of musical compositions.
Bringing me across the threshold of another life beyond myself, taking cautious steps, yet moving boldly forward.
Sensitive to a point of pain-filled thought, watching music flowing penetratingly into my mind - so intently - without a single qualm to ignore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tapping Ivories

Reading and listening to music, tapping ivories of my mind's
piano, figuring out codes in rhythm known only to me since I
was eleven.

Resting in knowledge of every thought as it fits perfectly
in the midst of another poem.

Totally being at peace, touching it actually through the music
of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tarnished Love

Stranded on an inner island no one can reach
me anymore as my eyes stay glued on tomorrow's
horizon.

Finished, done with the life of society, turning
from love and it's tarnished burning fire.

Having nothing more to do with those professing
love through their lying teeth.

Arousing desire and want, pretending to care and
love, but in reality their heart lies in someone
else's bed, filled with lust.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taste Of Emotions

Jubilantly focusing on the beauty of rhythms beckoning
from inside intellect.

Shining softly and bringing thoughts to mind with an
expertise learned through the years of entertaining self.

Finding nothing much else besides family that takes this
mind far away from the grief set in stone within.

Enjoying the lovely taste of emotions when they are
cuddling close together in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taste Of Sounds

Stepping into the bluened light with rhythms playing fast,
touching my spirit interiorly, feeling the taste of sounds
and tones reverberating throughout my mind.

Taking me on a journey into other atmospheres where colors
are brilliant and sating my mind with their vibrancy, every-
thing clearer, manifesting a beauty that spreads throughout
my intellect and mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tastes Of Rhythm

Handing my essence to a passion of flavor,
inducing me to come into alignment with
whatever I can pull into the light of
heavenly blue images.

Peace filling every particle and atom with
vibrant items of endeavoris thoughts.

Playing on the piano of my mind, keeping
up with every memory, never letting them
dwindle or be set aside.

Always blending and thoroughly finding
favor with tastes of rhythm.
Collecting many tones of an aura unseen in
this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasting Attitudes

Symphonies of stringed instruments playing in the background of my mind.
Touching upon talented ivories, tasting attitudes of musical ability as measurements of talent stretch, expand and push limits to extremes.
Taking imagination with them into outer limits of intrinsic space, foretelling omens of etudes as they appear on shores of tomorrow.
Playing notes constantly in words of complicit definitions, portraying future portraits of musical poetry in heaven's domain and realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasting Blossoms

Beauty of life is enhanced through nature, a wonderful
world to live in and be a part of.

All of it culminating in many poems as I dwell in it's
sacred forests, deserts, mountains - spaces where I can
be myself and enter a mysterious beauty of it's essence.

Tasting blossoms, feeling their textures on my tongue,
this mind locking them all within, allowing them to be
known through poetry as it is written.

Closely guarded secrets being told if and when I feel
like it, just coding them specifically with an energy
of rhythm's melodies.

Fractious mathematical equations holding the key to an
inner universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasting Curiosity Of Enlightenment

Raking through embers of yesterday, making sure they are still
lit in order to lead the way through hallways of intellect,
it's rhythms rising and falling in measures of time.

Chords giving harmonic tones that take minds well into an intensity for wonder to blossom, sending their aromas into the atmosphere of the soul.

Raising hope and faith from the darkness of death, tasting the
curiosity of enlightenment in folds of lively coded rhythms
where reality hides.

Peeking out at times from curtains of a mysterious hidden paradise within our souls, keeping them innocent and pure until
the moment of death takes us away to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasting Delicacies

Singular prospects turn into multiple ones through innate knowledge and wisdom, tempting imagination thoroughly, letting us taste delicacies through my mind while listening to music.

Keeping time with the energy of an inner spirit, giving concepts in realms of spirituality, delving deeper into the bluened light of the Divine, as it continues to nourish this being with energy filling my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasting Desires

Slow, steady beat taking me down trails of times gone
by, results of the past coming now into the light to
be brought about.

Letting everyone come to know the essence of inner
passion that's been ripened through a slow process of
silent yet vibrant love.

Touching your lips with mine, alluring all fantasies
to enter unbidden, allowing me to taste your desires
all at once, tenderly and wonderfully moving about,
forwards and backwards through time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasting Emotion

Holding my tongue, not talking much, saving what
I have to say for words in poems.

Savoring feelings being brought to life by senses
of sensuous desire and intellect.

Tasting the essence of every emotion as it is dipped
into imagination, often while interpreting music and
writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasting Experiences

Learning at a rapid pace all through life, instantaneously
grasping everything being presented, loving intellect and
it's excellent openness.

Innate knowledge and wisdom taking me further than most
other people, totally enjoying the interior education
being given through the Divine dwelling within.

Taking care to always protect the delicate balance within
my brain, mind and intellect, trusting in the God-given
gifts given to me before even being born.

Tasting every experience through feelings, emotions and
senses, thoroughly and rapidly picking up every detail
that appears before this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasting Freedom

Four mountains standing one behind and alongside each other, regal and majestic, beautiful to the touch of my mind's eyesight, as I hug them each in turn through my heart's imagination.

Soaring to the top of the first one, jumping from one to another, feeling the total exhilaration and adrenaline rush filling me with an energetic exuberance, my emotions being filled with joy.

Playing upon these mountaintops like a child through the interior video I'm creating, as I go along through this poem, tasting the freedom of intellect from within my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasting Fudge

Baking fudge within my mind, smelling it's delicious fragrance, feeling it titillate my taste buds with
energy sublime.
Touching it's texture and breaking it off in my mind,
tasting it's fragrant beauty and enjoying it eternally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasting Memories

Chewing on edges of my mind as I think
of what is being shown to me in
measured meters of music and rhyming.
Tasting memories of past meals,
together with family and friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasting Memory's Scents

Chomping through thought, rapping across my mind,
delivering messages with sincerity and belief.
Tasting scents of memories, savoring their flavors
among my mind with delicious exuberance.
Causing new trails, beating away old ideas, while
shaping newly made ones.

(6: 52 p.m. - 10/6/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasting Moments Of Glory

Still writing as thoughts fall into place, energizing
this mind with their effervescent flavors.

Tasting their moments of glory, smelling aromas, filling
ideas as they erupt into the atmosphere.

A tantalizing illumination, accumulating in the essence
of imagination.

Always enlightening this focus of purpose where life has
it's beginnings and endings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasting Music

Images beating in time with intellect, keeping pace en-
joying fast rhythms, all the while watching nature out-
side, living and flowing evenly in the environment.

Solace and serenity touching my mind gently, giving it a
reprieve from stress and turmoil in life, accentuating
the positive and diminishing the negative.

Decreasing feelings and emotions by many degrees, sooth-
ing my interior being and soul swiftly and easily, as
rhythms take me away.

Loving the essence being saturated and fulfilled through
music being listened to, wrapping itself around my mind,
tasting it through passion of my soul vividly and explicitly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasting Poetry

Rushing home to myself as I am transported by rhythms into skyways of subconsciousness.
Forgiving attitudes calming me as I mount the last mountain of my life on earth.
Quieting my soul with fragrant scents of adjectives, blending together with thoughts of creating intellect.
Showing me exacting principles of music and it's compositions.
Tasting the essence of poetry and absorbing it totally without remorse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasting Rhythm

Twisting and revolving to tempos being
listened to, taking them up and down the
chords again, letting feelings of energy
flow from every harmony.

Tasting the rhythm of life as it flows
engagingly into the landscape of eternity.

Placing pleasant pieces of tomorrow's puzzles
into a beautiful mural, coming alive in the
music's particles of energy.

Slipping and sliding into the deepest of
caverns and abysses where life has unfolded,
no ending in sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasting Rhythms

Tasting rhythms in my mind, enjoying their flavor
as I write incessantly from them.
Never leaving a note in dismay as life turns and
enters into every verse as I write.
Tender thoughts kept hidden until they're brought
out in tones of music and are honed in delectable
sounds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasting Sweet Success

Answers lie hidden everywhere, most people don't think about or recognize them, preferring to keep busy with fun things, instead.

Working hard to make a living, having blinders on and not seeing what's going on all around them.

All types of questions can be answered if people just take the time to delve into possibilities.

Tasting the sweet success of a happy and wonderful life filled with anticipation, excitement and thrills, they need only to look within their surroundings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasting The Excitement

Entering gateways of this imagination, enjoying what I create
every time, listening to music and tasting the excitement of
a life that's outside and different from the regular.

Not being part of the ordinary on earth, loving the diversity
and refreshing new aspects and concepts that innate talent and
knowledge continue to give in the freedom of this mind.

Giving and taking in the wonder and beauty of an extraordinary
time of life, a splendid and fantastic way to be alive, creative-
ness never disappearing as this mere poet continues writing poetry
far into the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasting Wonder Of Creativeness

Solo experiences taking me on adventures where discovering
self a little more each time, single purposes coming to
mind as I write poetry.

Filling pages of journals with feelings, emotions, thoughts
of where I've been and where one day eventually ending up,
tantalizing prospects titillating senses.

Awakening desires feverishly, breaking the spell of silence
in a moment, touching my soul, bringing it to the foreground
to be recognized and used interiorly to quiet my spirit.

Contemplation going into mystical realms of enticing periods
of reality and fantasy, imagination taking me by the hand,
giving intellect all types of interesting thoughts.

Ideas, concepts and formulas through coded rhythms of music
in heights and levels of another dimension, intense yet so
vividly vibrant, letting me into the wonder of creativeness
as senses are delighted through this musical wonder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasting Yesterday's Anger

Leaves, brown, curling around my mind with their deaths' lying strewn within boundaries of lonely desires.
Wanting to be loved again, taken into hands of caring with no strings attached or held by anyone.
Sovereign ideas clasping hands with heart-felt senses infuriating the calmest parts of me.
Tasting the bitter-sweet anger of yesterday, attempting to adjust and control it's presence in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tasty Melodies

Lights still flashing, strobe lights finding their way through
fast-paced rhythms where nothing gets in the way of their en-
ticing and enlivening tempos.

Enjoying it totally as I write, tasting melodies blossoming
effervescently within every moment that continues to come a-
live in this journey of intense discovery and adventure, a
lasting tribute to the best of everything in this life of
innocence and purity,

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tattered Soul

Interior silence carrying across great spans of desert plains, allowing me to feel the thorns of every cactus I pass.
Noticing every puncture wound as it pours forth life from my tattered soul onto the floor of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tattered Spirit

Tattered spirit left in an atmosphere of isolation,
tending to wounds of the past that have never healed -
only to be swept aside and dealt with one day in the
future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taught A Lesson

Tapping out rhythms of life, knowing they are never-ending
and able to continue in spite of odds being presented by
practicing physicians who are soon to be taught an important
lesson.

Hearts of stone, tears frozen within, not even accepting the possibility of an
energy beyond that of their own, living
always on edges of spiritual realms, never believing, having
no faith, no hope, a death in itself of their own life and
spirit, pure and intense, being taught a lesson in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taught By Example

Resisting temptations in life, trying to keep on righteous
paths, not straying, wanting to never hurt another in any
way, keeping close to self and an interior contemplation.

Rising into another dimension where memory combines images
into visions of the future, giving lessons in love and
caring by family members that have taught by their examples.

Never letting them be marred by self-indulgence, selfish-
ness nor greed, just silently being the person I have been
shaped into by example when younger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taught By Life

Looking back over my shoulder, seeing the distance I've traveled in life, fulfilling it's purpose in poetry and music.

Taking every experience and writing it into a poem, describing the circumstances of a mere poet, never leaving out anything whether it's good or bad.

All of it has taught me about life and other people, the thoughts of forgiveness, thoughtlessness, compromise and love, having a place within my being.

Every part of life filling my heart with the beauty and wonder of what life has been and done for me throughout sixty-five years now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taught By Parents

Music of the fifties fitting right in with the
classic car show here at Buddy Stubbs.

Reminiscing about the good old days, calmly
lying back, letting it's memories take over,
guiding us down memory lane with nostalgic
thoughts of yesterday's talent and family.

Noticing the center facets of life as it
centered around morals and ethics, taught by
parents.

Faithfully taking care to also pass on dignity
and respect of others outside of family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taught Innately

Living in an absolute world of questions that have no answers
forthcoming as yet, wonder and curiosity constantly filling
this mind with awe at the tremendous things I've been taught.

Learned innately through talent that's hidden within intellect,
enabling this mind to write and think, ideas and concepts coming
alive on photographic screes interiorly, giving an intense energy
to my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taunting Fate

Touching my soul as a light starts shining down a darkened hallway.
Guiding my gifts and talents, finding an avenue that can transport me to the top of an elastic maneuverability of fame.
Tossing all caution to winds of chance, taunting fate to try and catch me in it's throes.
Running away faster than the speed of sound, sitting down upon the welcome mat of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taunting Innocence

Silent penetrating notes filtering quietly into my
heart unbidden.

Like a rising sun, love is rising within me for you
my love.

Warming my gentle desires and tender heartfelt love,
watching your face as you sleep.

It's innocent face taunting me with feelings I know
will come when you awaken, making love complete.

All senses being attuned to you only throughout the
night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taunting Life

Taunting life with challenges of death, energizing
self within as rhythms carry me off into the beauty
and peace of serenity.

Engulfing me totally as I live, enticing and bringing
interior realms into spirituality of heavenly sources,
hidden within my being.

So lithe and light, brilliantly sliding down intellect,
having fun, being filled with joy, my spirit playing
on a playground of spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taunting My Brain

White brick walls, reflecting thoughts flying around
like hungry mosquitoes.

Alighting every few seconds, glimmering in the light,
taunting my brain with questioning mirrors of intellect.

Training thoughts into immediate words, falling quickly
from pen onto paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taunting Others

Living in realms of another dimension, taking everything
into a perspective of positive thinking.

Always developing patterns to follow into an inner and
vibrant creativity.

Designs continually unfolding into atmospheres of color-
ful thoughts and ideas.

Purposeful and enlightening, touching upon the Divine,
building an interior life throughout the years.

Forming many inventions through musical rhythms and
compositions that I'm writing constantly.

Taunting others when writing, knowing they're watching
how I'm doing it, yet not understanding at all.

Innate concepts interpret the beauty of my intellect's
mind and being, yet no one can see how it's done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taunting Remembering

Memories standing in the open, yet secreted within each
of us, hidden from everyone's view, except our interior
one.

Mirroring the past, reflecting feelings and emotions of
what we were thinking back then, now moving forward into
the future.

They continue to taunt us into remembering them on days
when we are alone in a solitary mood of reluctance to
be with others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taunting Thoughts

Jumping to conclusive thoughts in heart's of caring.
Justifying moments of eternal life, following the golden rule and stepping into times of beautiful spiritual talent, striking lightening in everyone's mind.
Tactfully taunting every thought, trying to jump inside of a poem without being invited by the poet.
Standing aghast, watching words jumping into wrong phrases and verses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Taxi Video

Riding along, looking up at trees, watching them flail,
dance and move to the tempo of the taxi.
Morning sun shining on palm fronds, causing them to
glisten and shimmer in gowns of natural beauty.
Knowing trees are not moving, it's just
me riding along in a taxi, making me move like in a
video.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Teaching Achievement Of Peace

Together we join hands, hearts, minds and souls to make our world a better one for all, teaching others how to achieve peace through our interior lives first.

Reaching out to others in a positive compassionate accepting acquiescence, spiritually touching the very within of everyone we meet along the way.

A solitary purpose each of us on earth must strive to reach for the sake of all humanity, a realization that we've all been created equally, needing to spread our love and caring with everyone in the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Teaching Another

Writing to the essence of my individual desires, wanting to convey them to another who is almost at the same level of wisdom as I myself am.

Trying to teach and train a mind to be like mine, allowing the secrets of an innate talent to become known to one more person just as intelligent.

Wondering and curiosity are abounding within him, yet I wonder at his definite concentration at hand.

Trying to get inside his mind and the way he thinks and blends abstract thoughts.

Seeing if he can also design patterns within imagination and transfer them into intellect with an absolute definition of invention.

Realizing it may not be totally possible, but at least he will be brought to another level of intelligence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Teaching Certain Thoughts

Starkly running away, wanting to escape the death traps
of this life here on earth.
Soothing melodies tranquilizing us into believing that
we have been saved, when in reality we have not been.
Entrenched in our beings are messages coded with our
DNA, affecting who we are and what will medically
happen to us.
Hoping to change the outcome using musical rhythms to
affect the changes being hoped for in times of this
life.
Rhythmically knowing it can make a difference, I
continue listening to every melody and harmony, wanting
to expect outcomes of certain thoughts that can be
taught and seen one day.

(9: 28 p.m. - 2/2/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Teaching Focus

Building crescendos, filling my heart and mind with an intellectual music, teaching the focus of knowledge and wisdom on their own in depths of vivid, poignant studies of the mind.

Forming and proving equations that continue to fill this poet's mind throughout this earthly life, filling every particle and fiber with absolute proof through truth and honesty that's never been let go of since birth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Teaching Ideas

Listening interiorly to whispers of contemplation, giving
hope to faith inherently within this soul, mind always con-
spiring in many ways to make life more important to others.

Teaching ideas through every poem, loving it when people
can see what I'm saying poetically, instantaneously as
lighting, thoughts falling one after another into line.

Straight from an interior waterfall onto page after page of
poetry journals on a constant basis, a wonderful way to live
and gain joy in this temporary life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Teaching Love

Listening to heavenly angels sing interiorly, raising
their voices in praise of God.

Teaching love, generosity, caring and compassion in
turn, not missing a note.

Pleasing God no end as He also listens within, beauti-
ful and perfect pitch.

Sending textures into being of intellect, where they
can be chosen in orders only my mind can know about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Teaching Serenity

Sensing rhythms of life that have passed beyond me,
noticing their loving, caring reverberations as
they gently soothe my spirituality with their
saddened calm.
Teaching serenity even in moments of darkest grief,
helping an aging brain become what it must eventually
become as it nears death's door.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Teaching Steps

Walking through a forest of trees, at least that's
what I thought, instead it was a forest of what
looked like trees, but in reality were clarinets
standing upright.

Silver keys shining in the sun brightly, playing
melodies and harmonies, their rhythms happily perm-
eating the sounds of heaven with their melodic
iconics and chords scoring up and down the keyboard.

Calling to me deeply inside, not turning away, want-
ing me to move into a new morning alone, beautiful
and quiet, soothing my spirit with the presence of
God's love held silently within me, teaching steps
to increase spirituality throughout my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Teaching Variables

Thoughts leading me deeply into caverns of my mind,
teaching me what I am curious about.
Taking into account, the many variables, squaring
many formulas, dividing their total equational sums with factors not yet achieved so far.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Team Ropers For The Benefit Rodeo

Rodeo has begun, first ropers out, got the steer down and now
it's one team after another - it's going fast!
Even some young children roping - really good!
So many team ropers, all having paid entry fees - there's so
much generosity and care for the whole family.
An atmosphere of love and family bringing everyone together.
Children proud of their roping Dads, running to the rails
just to touch their hands when their turns were done.
Dust rising above the arena, buzzer going off, preparing
riders who are going next.
All in all, a fantastic turn-out for this event.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Team Sports

Parents and children standing around the desk, waiting to sign up for different classes and sports.

Loving to play, children having an opportunity while their parents get to watch, feeling proud of their children's accomplishments.

Learning and achieving for the future of their lives, many possibilities coming from team sports, working together for winning solutions in life.

Altogether a great way to gain a positive approach and outlook for new endeavors and chances in years of growing up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tear - Stained Page

Inner blues touching this mind with their reflections of sorrow, thoughtfully held in the heart of a photographic memory.

Carefully, prayerfully tasting the saltiness of each tear drop that falls and alights upon this tear-stained page of poetry for you to view.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tear Down Progress And Beauty Survives

Building buildings high in the air to have a good view only
mars the view for everyone concerned.

Eternally standing in the way in all directions, the city
of Phoenix has acquiesced to developers who have no clue
in their mindless endeavors.

Tear down all the unsightly skyscrapers and take away the
unnatural trees and vegetation.

Then everyone will be able to once again stand on the
ground and have excellent views in all directions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tear Givers

A sense of loss, shadows penetrating inner peace,
dispelling life's grace, saddening recollection,
prayerful, afraid to hope, touching another, soul
to soul.

Requiem mass playing heavily upon a heart, death,
dying, beginning solemnly, gates open onto desert
wastelands where love and companionship once
related.

Fires of loneliness breaking barriers, quietly
stealing away, petals falling, life passing on
to a higher level.

Suffering spent, lying now upon a grave,
mingled with the dirt and silent tears shed,
soul breaking entirety, forgiving no one,
blaming somehow, God or self.

Prisons of another's death, focused, out of focus,
looking into the black darkness, seeing nothing,
allowing senses to come and be used in letting go
of the desperate need to love through death.

Barren, empty, walking with no purpose, seeking to
find one in the passing of death's sentence over us,
a heart touching hearts in pain, disavowing, letting
go of hate, shadows shrouding our views of reality.

Seeing the pain of another through our tears, stored
up memories racing quickly, touching sorrow, having
lost all joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tear Patterns

Tracing patterns of tears as they flow
within my heart, leaving scars behind
with matching sorrow.

Touching my brain's loneliness after
having lost family members, who are now
in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Teardrops Being Cried

Strange, eerie, looking out upon the horizon that has
been taken over by death through imagination.

Ebony brilliance shining darkly upon sandy shores of
tomorrow, waves crashing silently over everything.

An ocean being filled with millions of teardrops being
cried in your memory.

Proof to the world that my love for you is true and has
not died, only being kept alive through the beating of
my heart for yours.

Spreading out, eliciting sensations of emptiness as I
remember and continually miss you through these lonely
years that I must succumb my being to.

Nothing will ever crush your spirit as it lies within
me, even after I am gone from this earth one day, not
able to stay here any longer without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Teardrops Upon The Wet Sand

Silently soft, teardrops fall onto the wet sand, being hidden from sight, no one able to see this broken heart, crying for you only, the only love I've ever had in this lonely life.

Yet never having that love returned, hurting, pain of loving and never being loved, a desert of emptiness much worse than hell here on earth, nothing but a wasteland that continues forever, never being realized for self by anyone.

Misery always falling upon my being, living a life of non-existence without you, it's better to have loved and lost than to have loved someone and never have them love you back, not even knowing that you exist just for them.

A lonely life that will never find joy or happiness, walking along shores of sand, wet with the tears I continue to shed without you my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tearful Image

A picture hanging on the wall - no one here at all.
Only memories alive within my mind.
The real person has died and left only an image to
dwell on once in a while.
Life continues to pass by with no care or thought of
how we feel - emptiness is left deep inside.
Feelings haven't died, only the way in which we dealt with
them before - when we were one-on-one - in person.
Now it's just me talking to your image on the wall,
with no response at all.
Only my tears falling because I miss you so and can't tell
you anymore, 'I love you! '
It's not right! It isn't fair!
Death shouldn't be able to have so much
power over someone I love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tearful Memories

Lonely days ahead, awakening past dreams with tearful memories, touching parts of my heart with their sorrow.
Listening to hear your voice, never being able to talk again like we used to.
Trembling with grief, yet I remember with joy the happiness and good times we've had together.
Focusing on all the good memories, feeling past hugs touch my soul with love, as I endure this life without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tearful Remembrances

Tearful remembrances settling down deep inside my heart, keeping me awake through the years.
Slipping by in shadows of hurt and suffering.
Taking turns with my mind, finding and seeking times I can recall with pleasure to drown out the tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tearful Reminders

Sorrow is reminded
of it's tears while
thinking of loved
one's lives now gone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tearful Songs

Tantalizing melodies flirting with my mind, surrounding it with
notes of rapture and soundless joy, Instrumental voices dancing swiftly, slowly,
irrespectively.

Tiptoeing whispers sneaking throughout imagination, creating
chaotic prayerful waking.

Purposefully stepping out of tune, walking steadily, hurrying
faster and faster to catch up with many ideas spinning before
my mind.

Clamoring for a voice, a rehearsal in words, taking off and
landing, filling creativeness with new memories.

Life-long listings being tapered down to nothing, finding no
more to say to company.

Wailing mournfully, repeating minor keys in voices of
melancholy tones.

Holding hands, walking away from memories bouncing out and
off walls of barriers in place for years.

Ages of talent sit reconciled to disuse, products of constant
abuse, hidden seductively inside, awaiting their time to shine
like the morning sun.

Clarinet-like, ebony sounding, gently placating sorrow bursting forth, easing pain
through long saddened notes of songs.

Years ago sung in lullabyes by a Mom, young, sweet, loving and
strong.

Hearing them now with a different ear, songs of then were
filled with joy and happiness, but now those same songs bring
tears of joy I used to know.

Little hand being held - then, now an emptiness where nothing
can get through except those self-same songs through tears.

Mom's sometimes fill their children's minds full of wonder
and awe for a while before they have to abandon promises and
take care of another baby born into this world.

Gone forever it seems, loving glances, gentle hugs, the
attention of an only child by her mother.

Others have joined the family, expanding it beyond the seams
of a mother's expertise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tearful Thought

Sitting in the still morning air, watching cantankerous puffs
of wind blow every once in a while.
Daydreaming in another dimension, far away.
Suddenly brought back to the present by tears pouring down my
face, a sadness that wants it's place.
Thinking through the flow, a thought pops up from the toaster
of insight - I'm not bad, why do others think it so?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tearful Wishing

Cradling life as it nears the end, holding preciously
and dear all family and friends who are still here
with you.

Remembering how life was back then - knowing it can
never be again.

Tearful wishing, tugging at our hearts as we wait in
silent participation for life's ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tearing Apart New Life

Battles raging, mother plotting how to keep daughter from going
to her father.
Ranting, raving, being cagey, accusing, blaming, tearing apart
the man who's baby it is.
Breaking hearts of father and daughter because they've already
bonded.
A spiteful woman with a spiteful mom, trying to control the
future of a three-day old baby.
What chance will she have in this world if her mother insists
on tearing it apart from the beginning?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tearing Barriers

Tearing apart, tearing down, barriers of self-imposed
ignorance from long ago.

Forgetting the past indignities and lies, turning out,
looking to new horizons, forging new memories to take
the place of old.

Sincerely walking towards goals of inner desire,
striving to reach the end and grasp hold of success.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tearing Down Respect

Everyone trying to get over on someone else, jealousy abounding, even with family and friends working side by side.
Tell-tale signs, clouding judgments, overtaking honesty and integrity, tearing down, silently, mutual respect.
Why has life become so dishonest, so competitive, as it rears envy's face?
In throes of business, integrity is thrown to the wind and people climb over one another to get to the top of the pile.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tearing My Soul

Crying so deeply, hurting beyond words, a lonely figure
of a human being.
Startled, afraid to move out of my circumference, afraid
of being hurt again.
Settling so far inside myself that I've departed from
the edges of life forever.
Tears stinging my mind, tearing my soul as I fall into a
grave dug by a once best friend.

(10/05/12)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears

Reaching into the deepest abyss I can touch,
feeling it's emptiness and despair.
It is quite roomy, no light at all,
stifled, not pleasant in any way.
In times and moments of pain where I can feel
total abandonment of youth, I sit in front of a pool
of tears, trying to find one just the right size that
will make me cry and feel better.
Then I realize as I sort through their crystal sadness,
that there aren't any big enough to do the job I need.
To relieve my sadness and help me find peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Being Spilled On Earth

Watching carefully over our loved ones, protecting them
from harm as best we can, seeing the evil creeping across
our world intending to cause chaos.

Spreading pain and suffering everywhere, holding fast to
one another in spite of it all, tears being spilled all
over earth needlessly and heartlessly.

Thinking of ways to stop this evil, killing it once and
for all, yet it keeps rising in places we least expect
it to happen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Falling

Talking within, speaking to self is starting again
to begin.

Staring inwardly, watching with awe and wonder,
seeing as a child.

Loving, caring, feeling foreign, watching tears
fall inside, none of them touching my soul.

Emotions tucked safely away, afraid to venture out
and be displayed in Kleenix, wet and damp with
sorrow, portrayed in tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Falling On Earth

Life glides along silvery rainbows at times, bringing joy
and happiness to all, retrieving hope through it's purity
and beauty.

Suddenly clouds appear on the horizon, pouring suffering
and tribulation upon people in many different ways, tears
falling on all of earth.

Countries being torn apart, people being maimed and killed
for no reason other than barbaric perversions and make -
believe religions.

Life being taken, people being ridiculed, beheaded, children
and women being raped because of lust and pedophiles, there
is no justice it seems at times, because people aren't unit-
ing and standing up to these demons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Following Loneliness

Sighing into my pillow, wishing to have someone in
my life who will care about me the way I can care
about them.
Knowing that it's an ideal world that I'm not a
part of.
Following the loneliness, tears fill the emptiness
with their presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Held Gently In Bouquets

Walking towards me with a bouquet of flowers, tears hanging from her eyes, a sadness emanating from her soul.
How I wish I could reach out, hug her, tell her I'm alright, that I still love her; but the silence of death lies between us.
Carefully making her way, making sure not to step on any other's grave, coming upon mine, kneeling, saying a prayer for me as she places her bouquet in the little holder.
Eyes totally misted over, everything's a little blurry; cleaning off my headstone, touching it so gently as if I am a part of it and she doesn't want to hurt me.
Wanting to tear away the blanket of silence and let her know I'm here, near her.
As she rearranges the flowers, Mom talks to me, I wish I could answer and put her heart to rest.
She's suffered so much already.
Softly, I brush her hair back with a gentle breeze so I can see her better.
I touch her heart with the many tears she holds there and talk to her.
Death does not lessen my love for you, Mom.
I try in many small ways to let you know I'm thinking of you, asking God to put certain people in your life to help you, knowing you recognize them soul to soul.
Only the good, kind-hearted, caring people will do - the one's I'm sure you can recognize some small part of myself in.
I hope Mom, that you treasure these people as I do, it's the only way now for me to show my continuing love and the appreciation I feel even now beyond the grave for your kindness, love and caring while I lived with you.
I wish Mom, that you could hear me, I love you Mom - I always will.
Watching Mom walk away, I wish somehow she could hear me.
Until next time, Mom, I turn and flutter back to heaven where our true joy will some day, again, be one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears In The Sun

Pieces of my heart lying all over the road, glittering like
tears in the sun, not wanting to pick them up.

Knowing then I'll surely be hurt once again by their sorrow-
ful memories and bitter taste of past love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Leading The Way

Slowly fading on the horizon, footprints being washed away
by tides of tomorrow, fluctuating daily, thoughts coming
and going.

Releasing us from this earth quietly, yet steadily, and
none of us seem to see it happening as we go our way,
doing what we think matters.

Death brings reality to bear upon our hearts, as we travel
through loss and grief, tears leading the way through a non-
existence that fills us with heartache and it's pain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Of Bereavement

Life is at a standstill, followed only by the vapors of
heavenly waiting.

Shattering the atmosphere of sadness, hallowed with everlasting timing.

Candles of eternity burn at destiny's door, quietly surviving
the ending of all turmoil, becoming the soundless clamor along walkways filled
with the anxiety of yesterday.

Tears falling anxiously, day by day, saturating the lifeblood
of this being, drowning and leaving all debris along the way,
scattered, unable to be picked up or taken away.

Consciously preparing a way, centering heartfelt repercussions
into piles of unwavering piety.

Likely aspects, penetrating sorrow, building clay pots, filling
life with the tears of bereavement until death.

Afraid no longer of anything standing in the way, believing in
the destiny and fate, of every individual.

Written forever in the annals of time, portrayed in the
talisman of unsuspecting forums, deadened within by the
ambiance, the insensitive caring of other people.

Today, faltering, crying, tears escaping, weary from the chase,
not wanting to tarry a minute longer than necessary on earth.

Walking with my guardian angel, steadfastly towards the blue
light, waiting for me at the end of my particular tunnel of
life.

Alone, unaccompanied, surceased by the incapable idea of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Of Broken Hearts

Laughter associated with pleasurable feeling takes one into
plains of fascination, giving our lives a totality of truth
and honesty.

Living and breathing in the wonder and curiosity of our lives
through an imaginative reality, never holding back, taking
turns.

Going into many corners of darkness and sadness, sorrow cover-
ing our beings so totally in the tears of our broken hearts as
we reluctantly continue to live in loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Of Emptiness

Tears of dark emptiness fall slowly from my eyes,
each drop bringing with it a piece of my heart.

Soaked through with sorrow, head hung limply from
my shoulders.

Sullenly forsaken in a drifting sense of space,
and being mislaid.

Falling lifeless onto a pile of inhumanity, life
lies open on the hearth of death.

Bleedingly falling, never again to rise, never
again to see a new day's dawning beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Of Empty Love

A lightening strike, hitting me with a jolt
and knocking me to the ground.

Not able to pick myself up, turning around
and following a hidden pathway to sublime joy
on a spiritual plain.

Unbidden sorrow falling all around, taking me
on a journey of faith through the darkness of
my world as it continues to cover me with
intense tears of empty love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Of Frustration

Abruptly brushing away tears of frustration as they fall uninterruptedly from my soul.
Holding hands with faith even in the darkness of pain and nausea, looking intensely into the near future for a reprieve from it all.
Knowing healing is taking place in it's own time, wishing it would speed up a little more so I can feel like I'm moving upward and away from what I've been through.
Tears of frustration continue to fall, irregardless of how or what I feel or think right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Of Injustice

Raining upon an earth of sorrow, overflowing with tears
of pain and injustice, swallowing particles of hope,
afraid to hold on in this temporary world.

Essays of life are filled with words, speaking of our
time here, but how do we express our feelings of
hopelessness and despair?

No one wants to hear our limited pain-filled memories nor
see their images.

Life, forlorn, alone, forgotten as so many people differ
from what societies images are.

Where are we going? What are we doing?

Creating a world of sorrow, too few know how to navigate
through.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Of Loss

Going back to a place frequented daily in the past saddens us, memories are happy, yet instantly bring tears to our eyes, because they are no longer alive.

Living on when people close to you die, is very difficult, choosing to hide within, roaming the immense inner deserts alone.

Mirages appear and our hearts quicken when they feel them near, yet while watching, they gently smile and flicker away.

Extreme sadness fills our entire beings, wanting to be held, hugged, smiled upon again, nothing happens and we die a little more inside.

Thinking with loss we lose a little of ourselves each time, and our own death is the culmination of all our losses.

When we have no more, when there is no more room for loss in our lives we become a loss to others.

Dignity and respect of life are premature, they need to develop near our end, growing faithfully so whoever is left has the greatest memories opened and exposed in all their beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Of Love

Echoes of your voice whisper quietly just out of reach of
my hearing, yet my heart still understands your love as it
is touching me from beyond death's embrace.

Wanting you to hold and love me every moment I live, yet
it never happens because your being has left this earth
and I am here, bereft and forgotten by your love for me.

Tears are falling within, I cannot stop them, my dear,
because each one is filled with the love we had when
living together through the years.

They are tears of love that will not stay within me,
insisting on flowing and showing everyone the love we
had for one another.

It's intensity being in every one that continues to
glisten in my eyes and down my cheeks, loving you honey,
incessantly, not wanting to let you go from my heart or
mind like these tears insist on doing every day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Of My Loss

Circles of life have been wrung out by death's embrace
and now there's nothing left to do but fall into it's
circumference, missing you.

There's no way in the world to reach you again and I am
devastated, desperate to hold and keep you with me for-
ever, but I find I cannot.

There's no way to accomplish this feat for now you are
safely in heaven and I'm living in a hell here on this
earth without you.

Spirit of mine doused and forlorn, hope is drowned in
the tears of my loss from now on.

Wishing will never bring you back, gone forever, my only
promise of life has died with you, my total love and soul.

Missing you daily and crying into the nothingness that
has now become the being of who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Of My Soul

Swelling of music filling me with joy - a wonderful
experience - fulfilling.
Experiences find themselves and come into mind,
tantalizing past moments and images, dwelling always
within, giving of themselves unselfishly, taking
only time and space in my mind and tears from my soul.
Wonderful, lasting peace becoming a whole part of me interiorly.
A serene countenance when listening and watching
within myself without interruptions, without
recriminations, standing on shores of my life - here
and beyond.
A beautiful experience I repeat as often as I possibly
can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Of Saddened Landscapes

Tears falling like a weeping willow tree in nature's saddened landscape at times, branches hanging to the ground, much like our heads hanging in despair and sorrow.

Thoughts weaving and being blown about like delicate branches of the weeping willow trees, sad yet beautiful in raw emotions of a love now lost.

Their intensity holding us like a prisoner in their enticing and precious natural beauty while watching the wind blowing our hearts like weeping willow branches.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Of The Past

Recapturing youth through memories, watching as they are replayed on videos of photographic screens interiorly, at times wising I could show them on exterior screens.

Sharing them with family and friends, loving how innocent and pure they were back then, seeing them brings back their beauty to my mind and soul.

Feelings and emotions soaring into skyways of my mind, letting me feel them also, a wonderful way to relive those younger days of peace and serenity.

Totally enjoying every moment as I watch with tears of the past in my eyes, thoughtfully wishing I could go back in time instead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Of Thought

Sorrow teaches serenity with it's deepest pain,
twisting heart and soul out of reach of life's
demands for the time being.
Grating against every fiber of thought, rasping
across hearts, bleeding with tears of sadness.
Every particle of caring and hope is dispersed
through grief, unable to come together for
recognition or solace.
Alone on tops of unending mountainous feelings,
wanting to drop off and feel nothing anymore,
yet a thread is held somewhere invisibly,
keeping me here and existing for a time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Putting Out The Fire

Like ashes from a fire, my heart has been burned and
the wind of sorrow has blown them away in all direc-
tions throughout the universe.

Tears of sadness have put out the fire of my emptiness
and abandonment, leaving me hopelessly forlorn and
bereft on the doorstep of death.

There's no longer any life to hold onto, faith and hope
lie buried in a tomb out of reach in a nether world,
cannot hold onto either one of them right now.

Living in a black hole with nothing to give love or
support during this difficult time, just an inner light
of the Divine in a bluened atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears Remain

Traces of tears remain etched in my mind's heart on days of sorrow, marked in calendar's of grief.

Stained and soiled, always marring thoughts with regrets and loss, as I pick my way through images and their emotional feelings.

Figuring ways to live alongside these tumultuous visions, seeing their reality staring into my consciousness as I weep words of prose onto paper with pen in hand.

Telling everyone who will read these tell-tale signs of a grieving poet, living on a planet of existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tears To Keep Me Company

Lonely, bereft, only tears to keep me company,
still loving your memory, even though you are
no longer here with me.

This temporary life is continuing without you
by my side, keeping me lonely, absent and
isolated from my own life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tear-Stained Memories

Matching threads, blending and tying them to abstract
designs, wanting attention.
Flitting about, dipping into colorfully bright shades
of mourning, gradually changing them to hues of gray
in a vast wasteland of tear-stained memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tear-Stained Windows

Tracing tears down the window panes of my mind, knowing that there's nothing to assuage or wipe them away.
Living a life in a hazy mist with nothing to erase the sadness covering my sight.
Looking out tear-stained windows, no reprieve in sight, all visions breaking through have no reasoning of why I'm hurting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Teasing Into Meaning

Entering intense sights of feelings and emotions where
my mind can touch and write them into poems.

Sudden deliberate thoughts penetrating every aspect of
intellect while listening to music and playing with words.

Pleasurably having a sense of humor to tease them into
meaning whatever I want.

Up and down chords, seeing the intensity of each one as
I keep rocking up the road.

Music leading me with it's rhythms throughout light and
darkness, turmoil and suffering.

Striving to keep a positive attitude through it all, not
wanting to give up or be defeated in the end.

Always looking ahead towards the light of eternity and
God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Teasing Senses

Stillness of morning falls gently upon this mind as
nature beckons silently and vibrantly within, teasing
senses with sights of beauty.

Titillating a passion for writing poetry incessantly,
delving into the creative process through intellect and
imagination.

Always holding onto reality's perspective to keep focused
while being enlightened completely in the throes of living
every moment passionately and fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Teasing Thoughts

Dangling from neurons and synapses, thoughts teasing,
enticing intellect to capture and use them in entirely
new and different ways.

Creating many types of prose through it's solitude and
serenity, bringing life into a complacent state of mind
where no one can reach me.

Having gone into an inner dimension, straying farther
into interior universes where life on earth no longer
exists for me.

Writing concisely, standing alone in the midst of a
great and wonderful atmosphere totally occupied with
creative processes.

Taking hold of this mind, wandering into and out of
interior landscapes that give peace and solitude,
holding my heart closely through love of the Divine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Teasing, Yet Wanting

Shivering with excitement when you reach for me,
wanting to draw me close to your body.

Pulling back, trying to escape, teasing, yet
wanting your arms around me more than ever.

Laughing, not allowing you to just yet, feeling
your desire erupting through your cloudy eyes.

Pleading to be held and loved, then suddenly,
grasping my waist, pulling me close to you.

Putting your hand gently on my neck, lips now
finding mine, as I want to run away.

Suddenly the magic of your kiss fills my being
and I succumb to your manliness, desires building.

Loving and joining one another in throes of our
passion, finding extreme pleasure as we become one.

Our love expanding throughout our beings, like
fireworks on the fourth of July.

Sublime, beautiful, lying side by side, looking in-
to one another's eyes, satisfied thoroughly now.

We have begun another morning filled with the wonder
of loving that we found to be exciting and thrilling.

Calmly bringing our hearts into synch, smiling, en-
joying silent effects of our love as we lie in the
arms of our affection.

Falling asleep peacefully, knowing that we were meant
to be together for an eternity, pulling me closely,
wanting to be one again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Technical Puzzles

Rocking down lanes of amusement, watching notes crash
and burn against melody's stanzas of derivement.

Tackling energetic puzzles of atonement, technically
transferring them into words, matching the fascination
of etudes as they circle round and become poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Technicolor Thoughts

Keys opening doors to my mind, spreading knowledge
over imagination, watching thoughts as they are
being expressed in technicolor.
Pushing aside, the activities of life so I can
concentrate on what is developing in depths of
intellect.
Exploring all corners and aspects, finding exciting
new realms to situate myself in, making me
comfortable in my own existence of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Technology's Torch

Visions dancing through this mind, giving concepts for
innate ideas that continually pop into mind.

Ingenuity and purpose enlivens the light lit from with-
in this being.

A total universe interiorly coming about every day,
nothing ever parting nor separating any ideas perceived
within.

Complete perspectives working through design and patterns,
liking it all to ones seen from sun shining upon angles,
corners and shadows, climbing walls of this mind.

Picture perfect and infamous, nothing ever seen like it
before in life.

Landscapes born within imagination and fantasy from a
poet writing, sitting and listening to music incessantly.

Brilliant and particular in all endeavors of the world,
making decisions and recreating so many things in life,
making them so much better.

Simplifying complications made in this world, redefining
the simplicity that is inherent in human nature.

Being plentiful and essential in life, figuring out math-
ematical equations to make it all possible.

Sensing figures that will bring together productivity of
all that is being thought in this little mind.

Processing every idea with a modicum of knowledge, letting
intellect increase in innate knowledge, developing wisdom
in leaps and bounds.

The essence of all nature and mankind, picking slender
thoughts, bringing them to fruition in the near future.

Modern technology carrying the torch for advances in medicine, engineering and computer technology, all of it culminating in the next generation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Teen Times

Teen times, lonely times, a time of many faceted changes
and turmoil.
A lifetime crammed into a few years fraught with the pains
of misunderstanding.
Caught halfway between being an adult and yet a child.
Wanting freedom, independence, to play and be irresponsible
like a child.
Vacillating daily from one edge to the other, looking and
searching for themselves amidst the jargon and clothing
handed to them on a platter of make-believe ideals.
Crammed by grown-ups already grown who never got to realize
and become who they were, now forcing their ideas of what
things should have been, onto their children.
If left alone to forage in their own times, teenagers
would realize their own dreams and desires, and their world
would be a nicer place even through all the turmoil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Teenage Gossip

Children passing judgement on one another without a clue
of the cruel, inhuman things they are doing.
Gossiping, spreading rumors, killing the small sparks of
hope in sensitive, caring beings.
Alone, they think back and tears form in their minds,
but it is much too late, because they have already thrown
their hate onto a pile of shame.
Hurting and maiming tender minds of those who don't
deserve their cruelty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Teenage Memories

Hammering in the background as I sit writing and
listening to oldies on the radio.
Times of yesterday ringing through my ears,
taking me to heights of beautiful memories as a
teenager.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Teenage Suicide

Archways of learning, covering years of experience and wisdom, folding in upon life and it's freedom.
Necessary evils of knowledge kill our desires, step on our curiosity and drown our wonder.
People seeking everlasting learning, never look to themselves, but are always yearning for what someone else may have.
Forgetting that in order to learn, we must live our lives in wonder and curiosity, knowledge is hurting our youth.
There is no longer an element of fun, learning has become exceedingly boring.
Today's youth drop out of school, because life outside of school seems to be more fulfilling.
Disregarding parents, teachers and authority, children are looking - searching for some to say, 'it's okay to have fun'.
They are looking for religion and God, but don't know it yet, as they try to form a punk rock religion of their own in gangs.
Hating the values grown-ups have set, children falter - stumble - can find no use in life and kill themselves.
Leaving everyone wondering what is so wrong with the youth of today - blaming them, pushing them into farthest corners of life where they can find nothing of value - not even themselves.
What is wrong today is not with our youth - at least not yet!
It is the constant meanderings through many self-help groups for parents and adults telling us to follow our desires and try everything to find out what we want in life.
Children seeing that grown-up people have no clue of where they're going - watching them constantly, looking to see if they have found meaning in life at all.
Seeing their parents and their friends always searching for something - it's never-ending - children become afraid.
There is no consistency in their lives, as grown-ups go from one class to another, searching for a self they'll never find until they stop and look to their children.
Stopping to listen from their hearts and hear the confusion, maybe then their lives will gain some meaning as they turn away from the world and believe again in themselves.
Teaching their children the truths of living, of having faith, morals and value.
Maybe then we will not hear so much talk of suicide from them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Teenagers Experiencing Lust

Rippling lights sliding over all the dancers,
illuminating them as light strikes everywhere
in the room.

Now suddenly rhythms are thundering applause,
rapidly thumping their way into the hearts of
young love.

Innocent, pure and loving, desires rising higher
into realms of their own bodies, unknown until
now, feeling them for the first time.

Wanting to experience even more of their intensity,
loving how desires of lust feel within them,
trying to control themselves.

Yet they want to let go and totally feel them more
often as they socialize with the opposite sex in
classrooms at school.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Telepathic Grief

Tears draped over shoulders of remorse,
tenderly and gently holding grief
together so I will not fall apart.

Whispering thoughts to self and not
commenting, hearing the questions
without replying.

Knowing only the voice of a soul
telepathically, allowing me to feel
the sorrow it holds.

Wondering how to balance life so deeply
hidden inside, caring very little
whether it gets done or not.

Sensing the grief piling higher as each
day passes, wondering how much longer it
will take before becoming reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Telepathically Sending Emotions

Edging people onto boards where I may study their expressions and attitudes while I write.
Carefully sketching them onto picturesque screens of enthralling consciousness.
Believing in findings through watching, I locate and listen for emotions as they are telepathically sent to my mind without any effort

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Telepathy

Switching on telepathy from beyond, generating presences before my soul,
taking time to listen carefully to every answer or reply.
Following every nuance and step towards storages of lightness and knowledge
grasping for acceptance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tell - Tale Moments

Breaking into songs as music plays, writing during
the same time.

Voice rising with music as my pen continues to write
many poems of explicit tell-tale moments of reality.

Living on edges of every moment, hoping to jump into
rhythms alone and comfortable.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tell - Tale Reminders

Sleepily thinking of you my dear, how warm and good you felt
lying next to me, our closeness and peace when together mak-
ing our desires rise like fireworks in the sky.

Passion exploding like them in the skyways of our hearts,
filled with all colors of a rainbow, being savored by each
of us when together.

Wanting it to last forever, but it doesn't happen to work
that way, we have to take love as it comes in leaps and
bounds at times, others, soft and gentle, little tell-tale
reminders of our love in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tell - Tale Signs

Streaking through the sky, leaving ribbons
flying behind.

Gleaming sun, shining, reflecting silver in
the sky.

Peering up, tell-tale signs of human life
have invaded our pristine blue skies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tell Me, Why?

Religions of the world help people to have faith, hope, charity, compassion, teaching it all through an unconditional love.

So why is there racism, hatred, intolerance, prejudice and evil, why is it now prevailing across the world, is anyone practicing what God preached when he was here?

Sure doesn't seem like it, does it, pretending to follow God, many have joined cults, practicing self-centeredness, lust and perversion on innocent women and children.

God never preached any of that, because it's totally against everything He stands for, people know this, but keep looking the other way.

Tell my why is that happening, doesn't anyone care about others, if they did I think they'd be fighting with every ounce of strength within their beings to end it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tell Tale Signs Of Your Life

Walking through an empty house, tears welling in my eyes,
tell-tale signs of your life are everywhere, in every
room, there are no exceptions.

Color schemes, knick knacks, things that you have brought
home and preserved for all time, everything is the same,
except you are no longer here to enjoy them with me.

Remembering our lives and love, memories bittersweet and
tender, whatever life I have left will be lived alone in
the solitary spaces of what once was our home together.

Saddened by that thought, yet I must carry on, always
feeling your love within my heart, passion lying there,
undying, wanting to be quenched and never will be again,
my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Telling

Lifting a poetical voice silently, yet strongly through
poetry being written, telling of atrocities and evil,
joy and happiness, death and loss in humanity.

A combination of nature, humanity and things that people
do to either harm or help others around this world.

Which do you identify with, the one who helps others, is
caring and compassionate or those who rape, torture, take
away from others, at times even taking away their livelihood
to make themselves feel important and in control.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Telling All

Capturing visions in nets of ideas, being touched by nature and thought.
Giving away inner secrets, not choosing to take them to the grave.
Telling all in moments filled with poetical words, describing life in quiet detail, curiously wondering about everything - every thought done in pleasurable moments of yesterday.
Soothing rhythms filling my mind's soul, giving rhythm it's due in musical verse, as much as can possibly be written in timeless fashion.
Forging music with angelic focus, onto shores of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Telling Another Story

Stopping, rhythmically pronouncing melodies with accents
of innate dialects, encased in spirits of talented whispers.

Percolating answers within, straying further from the truth
than ever before, leaving plenty of space for imagination
to take over and tell another story, explaining.

Whiling away rhythms on ends of strands, taking things beyond
horizons of normalcy and breaking edges of talent to become
number one in annals of time and lands forgotten.

Sacrificing life while anticipating dreams of beyond in
measures of precision.

Folding arms in harried rhythms, taking and rolling them into
fantastic solutions for endings in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Telling Essences

Stretching, exercising a mind to rhythms constantly being listened to.

Being at the extreme sides of life's horizons, riding the waves high into another atmosphere just within reach.

Soothing this soul, taking it into depths of interior imagination, looking around, finding many ideas falling over one another.

Just telling of their essences, placing them into poetical interludes and musical compositions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Telling Of A Life

Rotating on an axis is always holding me in circumferences of poetry.
Inwardly possessing an aptitude of joyful elation.
Writing down every thought as it fills me with emotion and daydreams of all the yesterdays I have lived through and all the ones still standing, waiting for me in the future of my destiny.
Brightly lighting the way as I gather myself in volumes of poems, telling of a life I have lived til today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Telling Of Events

Riding down roads of existence, being together
through thick and thin, holding closely, memories
with meaning.

Telling of circumstances and events that have
happened throughout life and death.

Astride beasts of burden, justifying every iota
of their beings, as they penetrate atmosphere's
of clear thinking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Telling Of Loneliness

Trains rolling down endless tracks, lonely whistles
burning into the night, telling of the loneliness
of humanity.

A prescience of liberty always being seen in land-
scapes, passing by through days and nights of life.

Rolling past junctions, stopping at stations along
the way, picking up and dropping off people.

All on their way to destinations known only to them-
selves and no one else.

Splendid locomotion always whistling into the night
of people's loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Telling Stories

Echoes of past conversations flow into the present,
coming right from videos of this photographic memory,
tumbling into my mind.

Remembering the good times that went with them, hav-
ing to smile within for they were so innocent and
filled with laughter.

Seeing self doing childish things, teasing my parents,
sisters and brother, having a good time telling jokes
I made up myself.

Making everyone laugh till they cried, other times I'd
tell of my experiences with dying people where I volun-
teered when I was twelve years old.

Their tears would flow, because I would tell stories
of these people so delicately and gently, everyone
would have tears in their eyes.

This time because what I said had touched the sadness
in their hearts, seeing this innate power within me at
such a young age, amazed me.

It made me wonder and now that same innate power is
being used throughout my poetry, silently but effect-
ively, daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Telling The Difference

Standing alone against the demarcation of time,
as it continually runs down, getting closer to
the zero hour every moment.

Separating life into particles of reality and
fantasy, at times, not able to tell the difference
because of all the illusions and lies being told.

A small handful of people trying to take over the
world, selfish little non-entities, striving to set
themselves into the scheme of things.

Thinking that they are so important, when in reality
they are, but only in their own minds, no one else
thinking very much of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Telling The World

Writing into tones that vibrate within my heart and soul,
never taking anything to task, colorfully putting every-
thing seen into poetry.

Filled with expressions, rhythms, feelings and emotions,
telling the world what I'm thinking and helping them feel
it, as they read what I've written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tell-Tale Hints

Aching hearts being filled with tears of music,
playing in sorrowful happiness.

Touching our lives is a gift from your band to
our minds, easing our pains and grief for a
little while.

Bringing this wonderfulness into people's lives
is an immense relief to our hearts as we listen
and remember.

Tell-tale hints of yesterday sneak upon us,
grasping our mind's and lightening our tensions
and stress within.

Saddened by the end of your performance, we look
forward to the next time you grace us with your
presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tempo Of Heavenly Rhythms

Steadily and quietly, our hearts are beating together,
never losing sight of each other no matter where we are.

Moments recalling many memories, letting them reverberate
through our minds and souls.

All through the peace that comes into our hearts as we
continue loving, never being spent or our love fading.

Always being brilliant, never dimming, our total exist-
ence depending on our souls being touched by the Divine,
as we join hearts forever in tempos of heavenly rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Temporarily Allowed

Shiny reflections of your face smiling, eyes all aglitter
with your unconditional love for me my dear, Expressions
of your heart tempting and tantalizing mine each moment.

Resting my head upon your chest, rising and falling be-
neath it, eyes slowly closing in the darkness of death,
your arms holding me tightly for the last time.

This tired and aging mind letting go of all that we had
through our life together, now being called, life falling
into the deep sleep of death wishing it wasn't so.

Wanting to be with you forever my love, but it was never
meant to be, for we are only temporarily allowed our lives,
then they're taken away without our say so or permission.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Temporarily Living

Signing death warrants before we are even born, knowing
at an early age that we will never live forever.

Life being taught is temporary only, encouraging us to
get the most out of it or die, never getting anything
or anywhere.

Borderline questions always on our minds, wondering at
times what is to become of us.

Then at other moments in our lives not even giving a
thought to any of it.

In the end we do the best we can and then we leave this
world with our name etched upon a headstone to show we
once lived on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Temporarily Pasted

Falling into pathways of unknowingness, watching as
the ground opens, swallowing the future within it.

Wanting to stop and limit edges of it's circumference
with a small sphere of energy.

Always tantalizing and enticing the essence of all
ideas forming from the moment of conception.

Never leaving moments of darkness to be penetrated
by anything except strikes of lightening.

Using it's force to puncture formidable boundaries
being shaped in total periods of existence.

Taking steps into bold new and daring adventures,
nothing deterring it from it's solo journey in life.

Straight and narrow, being sent into depths of another
time and being pasted temporarily in albums of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Temporary Eternity

Reaching for stars stuck indelibly in this poetical mind,
reminding me of the multitude of ideas that continue to
sparkle and glitter within intellect.

In spite of darkness that sometimes settles within no matter
what I do, settling back, watching interiorly everything that
is seen and placed upon photographic screens for my own tem-
porary eternity on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Temporary Meanings

Silently swaying to a musical concerto within my
subconscious, building notes and words together
abstractedly in columns of poetry.

Sating my quest for temporary meanings, belonging
to self only, I delve into imagination's beautiful
abyss and contemplate it's being within me forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Temporary Moment Of Living

Death has a way of rearing it's pale face in lives of all
of humanity, taking away those we love indiscriminately
or so we think.

Wondering what the qualifications of taking life from we
humans is actually like, what are the priorities needed,
if any, to select those who must be taken from life.

No one knows really, and there's no way death can speak
and let us know the details, those who die have no choice
in the matter.

They are alive one moment and dead the next, what lies be-
ween those moments, I want to know, with my dying thoughts
I will continue to try and figure it out.

Why does death take away our lives in the midst of it's
temporary moment of living on this earth, what is it's
reasoning, I find no logic in it doing so as yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Temporary Moments

Listening intently to patterns of density in rhythms, and locating inner portraits of yesterday's tomorrow.
Following exacting measures, counting every beat with precision and holding on to musical interludes everlastingly.
Brightened illumination creases my mind, unfolding it openly to be seen in timeless harmonies.
Always sitting on edges, bringing up many views of life that I can see and express.
Totally concentrating in every avenue of imagination's treasure chest, feeling the warmth of an energy becoming who I am and existing on a plain by myself.
Needing nothing but a pen and paper while listening to music, keeping time with every moment as it exists temporarily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Temporary Nature

Life washes over me timelessly,
bringing tearful apologies and sorrowful good-byes.
Wantonly appearing in ageless masks of yesterday,
fulfilling inner wishes and desires.
Almighty God, powerful and loving,
standing at water's edge,
quietly showing His breath-taking nature
on life's sunsetical shores.
Lovingly touching my soul with wondrous love,
as I retire from a busy world,
stepping out and walking with Him,
away from earth and all it's temporary glory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Temporary Plain

Life extends itself from inside and reaches out to
others compassionately with kindness and caring.
Nothing much else matters while on earth.
Family is the main reason for being alive and loving,
bringing us all to the realization of our beings on
this temporary plain of living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Temporary Refuge

Recognizing life for what it is, a temporary refuge here on
earth where lessons are to be learned and taught by every-
one, children and adults alike.

Not a perfect world in any sense of the word, yet the best
we have while living, not looking for results that are being
questioned, yet finding answers at times in unusual happenings.

Suddenly striking like lightening and surprising us, humanity
always finding us in the wake of mourning and loss, keeping us
afloat many times when we'd prefer to just drown in our sorrow,
sadness and emptiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Temporary Repreive

Being in darkened shadows for many days and weeks, no sunlight emanating from within.
Not trying to hold on anymore, seeing your brown eyes, pleading with me to get well and come home.
It wasn't in me to keep on going, yet, with plentiful prayers all over the world, slowly I got better and rose from the stupor of narcotics, from surgery.
Finally seeing a little pinpoint of life down the long tunnel of darkness, leading me to life again with you, my love.
A temporary reprieve from death for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Temporary Sadness

Soaring ever higher, flying to outskirts of reality,
testing it's edges, walking along them, watching for
a break or gap to escape it's circumstantial
circumference.

Writing lighter, illuminating darkest of corners,
bringing elation to a heart of aging memories.

Holding tears apart from life, assuaging grief
and it's temporary sadness.

Touching my soul with gentle pleading, bringing
rhythms to my knees with special graces.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Temporary Shells

Watching in wonder, being surprised by the imagery of
nature as it falls before sights of our humanity.

Thoroughly exploring and looking into every facet that
is open and dissected.

A glorious and delectable sign of what lies beyond our
earthly lives as we settle in our temporary shells.

Looking to the future, awaiting moments that we will
no longer be alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Temporary Stance Of Life

Rising and falling into the night, watching as dusk slips onto
the horizon unbidden, yet somehow chosen to do so, liberty and
freedom taking us by the hand as we traipse through this eternal
land of promise.

Yet it's only a temporary stance of life, it cannot ever hold
onto the essence of what has always been through the years, walk-
ing slowly by, noticing that things have changed.

Not knowing or realizing why they have, a purpose much greater
and stronger than we are, takes over and brings us into places
we've never been to before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Temporary Time

Clouds stretching their darkened bodies across skyways of
life, becoming a variety of patterns and designs attuned
to rhythms being listened to.

Placed in rhymes, verses of prose being managed and written
by a mere poet on earth for a short period of temporary time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Temporary Visions

Dreams playing within a circumference of living,
handling attributes with clarity and verve.
Sunsets are closed and drawn on daylight hours
as vivid beauty swallows bleak, gray despair
from ever-widening.
Taking on antecedents from past pages of
literature and pasting them onto tapes of today,
showing the progress we've made in our own time.
Satisfying temporary visions as cohesive living
finds itself alongside reality without knowing
or realizing why or what came about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tempos Of Behavior

Richly rocking to the tunes of splitting eons for tomorrow.
Giving sounds of tones, letting them rock and sway in
tempos of utmost behavior.
Taking chances without ever failing in moments of life and
exacting periods of inner notes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tempos Reaching My Soul

Drumming to the beat of my heart fills the atmosphere
within my mind, titillating and exciting it no end,
finding tempos reaching within my soul.

Touching spiritually with it's essence and totality,
beautiful and enchanting, mysteriously filling me with
emotion and tantalizing feelings.

Traversing rapidly down paths of enlightenment and
through one dimension after another, pleasantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Temptation To Let Go

Downcast, deep in sorrow, can't seem to get unburied.
It seems death is coming at me, strong, being deprived
of my life twice in two weeks.

Grief settles within my heart and won't let go it's
hold, tempting me to let go and leave this world for God.

(11; 08 a.m. - 3/21/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Temptations In Life

Sacrificing love every day for the sake of morals and ethics, continuing to follow pathways of righteous ways.

Never avowing other times to cut in font of what is right in this lifetime.

Interior contemplation always being touched, holding me together in spite of all the temptations in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tempted By Another Dimensioin

Gently, delicately, swooning and being tempted by another
dimension, beckoning me into it's light, dressing my mind
in new concepts.

Ideas taking me soaring, never letting my feet touch the
ground, intellect collecting information and placing it
in poetry.

Continuing down paths of life, hoping that destiny will
have surprises waiting in the long run, having fun, being
filled with laughter and joy.

Tempted by feelings of love rising within as emotions be-
gin jumping to conclusions, unafraid of what will eventu-
ally happen.

Knowing only that it will bring some pleasure into my heart
and soul, lifting this spirit so effortlessly, bringing it
into an atmosphere of elation.

Taking my mind, anticipating patterns and designs of another
world, taking me further into depths of a new reality where I
will reign alone and infinitely.

Targeting and finding what my mind is focusing upon in this
life, not veering from my essence and purpose as I live in
an interior realm of my own creativeness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tempted To Become

Stars of twilight grief sprinkling my mind with loss and loneliness, touching this heart with tears of love for-evermore.

Listening to musical compositions that take feelings and let them gently touch my mind with their loving intensity, growing exponentially.

Through tears of each bittersweet episode of experiences, smiling through them, healing emotions only as much as they can for now.

Bringing a promise of renewed hope that one day I'll be re-united with the beauty of love once ours, albeit on another horizon.

An awareness totally absorbing and tempting self to become a wholesome spirit, going beyond life and living another existence on the next horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tempting Curiosity

Wanting to know all about life and how it exists so perfectly
and beautifully, details fascinating me constantly, tempting
curiosity to charge itself fully in every endeavor.

Accommodating my yearning for knowledge and wisdom so intensely
and earnestly, being enlivened and enlightened with passing
rhythms of nature, life and death.

Needing to investigate every aspect that comes to light in my
mind, constantly urging intellect to figure it out, tying every-
thing learned to coded rhythms of music.

Tantalizing my mind and curiosity incessantly every step of
the way throughout the years of life, acknowledging and ac-
quiescing to it's every demand.

For I love to learn about the impossibilities of earthly
life, completing age old mysteries at last with truths that
I find out along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tempting Egos And Lust

Tempting us in life are our egos and lust, many give
in to them, thereby ruining other people's lives by
the way they've treated them.

Inconsiderate, uncaring, never thinking beyond their
desires and their fulfillment, yet, when others do the
same to them, they cry, whine and complain.

Feeling an injustice was done, how utterly insane to
entertain our egos and desires, letting them rule our
lives without any thought about it.

Why don't people stop and think before going out and
ruining other people's lives because of their immature
egos and uncontrollable desires.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tempting Fate

Tempting fate with reality as it passes by unobtrusively
in needs of it's own.
Looking to no one, yet being followed because of who it is.

Beaming rays of fortune down darkened roads of life,
never settling for anyone else's opinions on anything.
Freely spacing wherever life leads in any given moment,
totally recalling every detail, while looking at the movie
screen.

Photographically listening to every picture placed
triumphantly there beside imagination's presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tempting Gaze

Tender and precious moments holding me through the night as we lie here loving and cherishing one another, a beautiful plight in our lives.

Never-ending as we keep our hearts dipped in one another's love forever, there's only the present moment at hand, we hold it's promises and hopes for our future together sacred.

A serene and tempting gaze alighting upon each other as we keep holding onto our hearts in unison throughout each day and night together.

No end ever in sight for our love is being treasured only within us my love and will remain this way as long as we are both alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tempting Gimmicks

Gimmicks galore on both sides of every street, trying to pull people
in to buy wares they don't really want or need.
Advertisements, billboards, signs big and small, telling us what lies behind closed doors.
Cars, food, furniture, doodads and more - ours for the asking if we only shell out our money for what lies in stores of all shapes and sizes.
Tantalizing reverberations reaching out to our heads, hearts and stomachs as we wend our way down city streets of dubious distinction.
Passing all without regret or hesitation, our purses and wallets remain filled with our hard-earned money.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tempting Inwardly

Traveling sideways and back, listening to music that takes me
swinging into the universe alone, thoughts being energized,
lifted into poetry.

Freshly acquired ideas touching my mind singly, rushing to
meet tempos as many rhythms flow into the ocean of tantalizing
measures that keep tempting me inwardly with a significant
amount of beauty to guide me down life's pathways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tempting One Another

Coming, leaving my faith in you, my love, the miracle of us settles within me constantly, your loving touching my lips so softly, your kiss so pure and gentle.

Loving the sensuousness of your entire being blending with my passion, quenching this hunger for your love my dear.

Wishing we could stay together like this forever, never wanting to part at all, counting on a miracle to come to both of us.

Positive and alluring, keeping me focused only on you all the days of our lives, stationed in this life, nothing but you to stay with me through thick and thin.

Waking up every morning, seeing your handsome face next to mine, our bodies tempting one another, getting closer and closer until we meet and become one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tempting Passion

Purposes of life having been gone through daily,
tempting passion of an interior feeling into
climbing higher into desires of a lifetime.

Wanting a man of my own, holding me unconditionally
through the exacting nature of a twilight evening.

Closing eyes, seeing our marriage happening before
my eyes in a dream world, known only to me.

Having the time of my life with a real love holding
onto me just because he wants to, all the while saying
he will have me in the end.

Enjoying feelings of being wanted totally for myself,
making me feel valued above life itself.

A wonderful mystery, wondering how this could've happened,
then realizing it was only a dream as I woke up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tempting Sounds

Wind blowing, trees are swaying to tantalizing melodies
being played on the radio.

Stepping to the beats of every rhythm, soul rejoicing,
heart elated, mind focusing on nature and the music.

Smell of hot dogs and hamburgers now filling the air
around us, getting hungry, our appetites growing.

Tempting sounds of rhythms as our spirits fill us with
energy and delight, knowing very soon we will be eating,
sating our hunger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tempting Suicide

A person, humiliating and cornering me with abuse, causing me to hide away interiorly again.
Afraid to trust or come back out of my shell to meet head on with my tormentor.
Leaving everything well enough alone, but it causes an emptiness within,
tempting suicide to uncover itself after all these years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tempting Taste

Excited, feeling intensely, rhythms being sated by intellect
and imagination, totally into their sound and tempos, ex-
periencing something that's hard to explain.

Even though I try to over and over again, being possessed by
them intensely, never tiring, an energy developed and fill-
ing me entirely and absolutely.

A wonderful and tempting taste of imagination that continu-
ally surprises me as I write each line, allowing intellect
to connect thoughts into poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tempting This Mere Poet

Symmetry nature is awesome and beautiful,
tempting this mere poet's mind to write
about it in a poem.

Branches hanging delicately from trees,
leaves daintily dancing in a hot after-
noon breeze.

Tantalizing thoughts to be construed and
conceptualized, dangling participles and
adjectives collecting in recesses of in-
tellect as I innumerate their wonder while
writing and thinking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tempting Thoughts

A sadness falling with it's many tear drops and salted taste upon this mind.

Tempting thoughts of suicide playing soccer with drops of tears, causing quite a stir within this intellect.

Reasons abounding to follow suit, yet life is too precious to let it go in such a horrendous way.

Staying and living with the sadness is the only alternative left.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tempting Winds

Watching nature flow rhythmically through the tops of
trees with her blustering winds of fate.

Tempting this mind to sit and contemplate as I write
of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tempting Wonder

Roaming down country music lanes of reminiscence, living a
life of energetic rhythms, participating in traits of the
old west so elusively.

An easy and tempting wonder, tasting of root beer, holding
me in it's power, loving the taste of it's essence, trigger-
ing peace of serenity leaning into beauty of many chords.

Lying back, enchanting melodies combing through intellect
with the utmost care all through the evening, waiting for
the hour of a New Year to be known exactly.

Wandering through all festivities, seeing others enjoying
themselves with others, knowing we're all having fun as we
gather together at a midnight hour.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tenacity Of Nature

Reflections mirroring the atmosphere upon earth, scantily dressed for such an occasion.

Untoward events casually cruise by, searching for a place to become in quiet joy.

Listening to silent reveries of life, growing all around, watching intermittently, not able to see an inch of it.

Wondering at the tenacity of nature, loving it's gentle warmth with heartfelt pleasure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tended By Mother Nature

Picturesque landscapes of desert beauty roll past
as we move down the highway, foot on the pedal
and mind above in clouds, thinking in coded pictures
of colorful hues.

Taken in by the patterns and designs as we drive
constantly past houses, stores, and desert fields.

Shrubbery, trees and flowering bushes all standing
or sitting around on plots of ground, being tended
by Mother Nature.

She continually nourishes them all in her tender
embraces and loving glances of weather, as the waters
shine upon them, blowing their little locks in gusts
of winds.

All so wonderfully and beautifully set in picture
frames of a mind, keeping track of everything innately,
without anyone's outside help.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tender Blessings

Writing through tears of intense pain.
Feeling so intensely also, the beauty of being loved
for exactly who I am and enjoying it's presence in
being.
Flowers of tender blessings touching heart and soul
with an everlasting aroma of peaceful serenity sent
from above.
Keeping me whole, giving a lasting respect and dignity
through all the poetry now being written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tender Blossoms Of Faith

Living in an interior life, sensing God intuitively,
feeling Him clasping my soul protectively and lovingly.

Tender blossoms of faith and hope in humanity, continually
forming and filling interior gardens of spirituality.

Soaring and gliding above earth, intellectually and imag-
inatively.

No one able to follow, a solo poetical journey that will
only end when my last breath has been taken on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tender Delicacy

Somnolent loneliness staying awake throughout the night,
never feeling sleepy because an energy of the Divine
continues to fill me with liveliness, a tender delicacy
for this life of poetry.

A place where only I can be aware of it's essence in every-
thing seen and done throughout my lifetime here, nothing to
stop or tangle with anything I may want to do, just the
freedom to be alone in thought.

Filling the present, past and future with an everlasting
happiness that no one else can taste or touch except this
mere poet, loving this feeling of being liberated within
my soul since coming back from Kolkata, India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tender Exuberance

Rocking to the beat of music, taking off into the atmosphere,
soaring higher into the stratosphere, nothing coming between
this being and the universe.

Completely absorbing the intense stillness cropping up and
filling me with it's tender exuberance.

Calculating beats of time, intensifying them all individually
into musical rhythms, calmly noticing the slowing of my heart
beat as I listen attentively and let myself go into an interior lifetime.

Nothing except peaceful feelings occupying my mind with prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tender Friendship

Tenderly, touchingly, meeting eyes with mine, sensitively searching your soul, filled with rhetoric and lasting friendship.
Seen deeply in abysses of heartfelt quarters, we cling to
rose buds, holding them in vases of our hearts forever, especially on nights of bliss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tender Gentleness

Through the night stars above spreading their loneliness
into our beings, twinkling, showing us the path of our
humanity is solitary.

An amazing lesson being taught silently from the heavens,
awakening moon, emitting it's lunar rays into our minds
also, intensifying the loneliness within us.

Tears forming in the tender gentleness of our hearts as
we walk alone on this planet we call earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tender Grief

Suddenly feeling totally alone, tears mounting in blue eyes, trying to spill out, expressing sadness.
Yet, I won't allow them to, as I sit and listen to saddened melodies touching my mind's heart with tender grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tender Love

Thinking twice about life, unable to forget your tender love for me, looking back upon all the secrets we've shared with one another, knowing our love has stood the test of time.

Passion never dying, desires still running rampant, pushing us forward into each other's arms night after night, making passionate and explosives love together.

Feeling passion still climbing within as desires wrap themselves around we two for hours and hours, never letting us part, just wanting to be together forever and ever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tender Melodies

Tender musical melodies are filling my mind with poetry that
must be written out and given to the world around me.
Gifts should always be unwrapped and taken with the heart.
Solidly built prose grows creatively throughout every moment
of each day.
Sensuously beautiful, tingling with every motion and tone of
interior joy, blending with each note as it marches, waltzs,
and rumbas, into my mind's heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tender Melody

Siren-like music playing, suddenly changing to a different style and sound.

Running up and down chords, allowing notes to find their way into the flow of rhythm, taking an account of life as it alters and changes daily.

Unlike fascinating music being played at this moment, so tranquil, yet stirring, touching this mind with a genuine love of it's tender melody.

Completely playing experimentally along with an enticing harmony.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tender Remembering

Miles of incomprehension held like banners in Macy day parades.
Exclusively holding onto particles and remnants of past excursions, tenderly remembering every feature, word and texture of the day and it's exhibitions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tender Serenity

Mind flying away with a bird, soaring into the atmosphere,
finding a gentle breeze getting beneath my wings.

Feeling freedom and liberty of being myself, enjoying it
immensely without fear.

Uplifting spirits within, taking me into depths of a
tender serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tenderly Holding Memories

Reminiscent sounds coming to mind as a waltz plays in the background.

Holding memories tenderly and preciously in the palms of my hands, not wanting to drop or break them as they are already filled with tears of past love and images.

Wishing to be together forever, alas death has parted us much too soon, now all that is left is a loneliness and a deep chasm held in my heart.

Nothing can fill it again, now that love has parted this earth and my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tenderly Touching

Softly, tenderly touching souls with love from above,
tantamount to spoken orators as they mutedly sacrifice
their voices in deference to tomorrow.
Nature soars through the atmosphere, lightly touching
my mind's thoughts, refreshing with an intense desire
to be purified from existent views of interior attitudes
of positivism.

(8/27/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tending Emotions

Reaching interiorly, seeing light and darkness of this
life, judging from my own perceptions and finding the
only solutions that can be attributed to what I'm now
thinking and feeling.

Caressing feelings of love that used to be held closely
inside of me when we were together, taking strides expo-
nentially through necessary steps to live.

Totally abandoned, living in a lonely existence, wanting
to die to be with you again, because there's nothing for
me to do without your love to guide and care for me.

Loving you even more than before, tending to the emotions
that are continually filling me within as I continue
living without you, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tending Gardens Of Thoughts

Living in a complacent period of time, feeling at home anywhere, always dividing attention between music and writing, painting also whenever able to spare time from writing.

Sincere and watching as images continually flow into this mind, tending to gardens of thoughts that never cease nor end.

A delightful and enticing way to keep this mind healthy and alert, focusing always on what's important in life, thinking of beyond where death holds our lives.

In the end, not wishing to let go of life, being taken into a land we know nothing of, but are expected to let go and be taken without notice or agreeing to it happening.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tending Sorrow's Tears

Like mirrored glass, eyes reflected loneliness inside,
a void of waiting quietly alongside a pool of emptiness,
strayed.

Memories flashing in and out, tending to sorrow's tears,
at a standstill in the park of total abandonment, left
without a spark of hope to shine ahead.

The path unknowingly lies blinded before me, quavering
on deep pits of hell, consuming with the past, tearing
into flesh, leaving scars across this mind and heart.

Enveloping life suddenly, with total recall, plunges me
deeper, closer to the deep pits of hell.

Shivering from the intense heat, remaining more alone
than before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tending To Ideas

Mind being strummed by melodies of rhythms playing through
this poetical mind, tending to ideas, relating abstracts to
concepts and thoughts continually forming in intellect.

Coursing through these veins are landscapes of beauty,
nature and this world, fascinating, tantalizing, giving
more food for thought while writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tending To Inner Universes

Stepping across many boundaries in life, stopping us
from realizing our promises in destiny.

Watching the horizon for signs of nature to commit to
it's time on earth, blossoming, being nurtured and
listening to our inner spirituality.

Inner universes being tended to carefully, nothing to
get in the way of our possibilities, just grasping on-
to the energy being created by intellect.

So calmly, silently, taking our time as we tend to our
beings, never leaving them on roads, unattended or
alone.

Putting aside the turmoil and strife that often touches
our lives when least expecting it to happen, extraordinary
aspects taking us into roads of destiny.

Holding hands at last with fate, happy to be headed home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tending To Insight

Flowers bursting with color, filling my mind with thrilling sentences of poetry.

Stirring, relieving stress, providing serenity and peace faithfully.

Being placated so solemnly within this total being, musically tending to insight, seeing many concepts being interpreted in an instant, wholly taking me into an existence of beautiful landscapes.

Solitary figures entering visions, going into the beneficence of mankind.

Taking the peaceful essence into myriads of poetical words, setting them to compositions that are written continually in life and beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tendrils Of Imagination

Totally in the zone, behaving like a child with
musical rhythms cradling my heart.

So gentle and tender, touching tendrils of inner
imagination.

Beautiful and soft, letting memories fall out
and into my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tentative Moods

Eagerly awaiting scents and aromas of pine trees
and forests, enlivening spirits and senses that
awaken every particle and fiber of being.

In tentative moods of nature, life is taken into
and out of many experiences, fulfilling our destiny
with purpose and dignity.

Always finding love and caring, mercy and goodness
of God, Himself in our lives, forever giving of our-
selves in order to help others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Terms Of Self

Life is filled with curiosity and wonder for the world around us, yet we like to think in terms of self and what we can accomplish on our own.
Self-esteem and ego go hand-in-hand throughout life, yet somehow we reach others along our journeys, who, like us, are looking for answers to life - meanings we can grasp with our minds and use to try and understand ourselves.
In doing so, we forget our spirits need nurturing also, and outside forces stress us in terms we'd prefer to ignore or delete.
In the end we are no closer to finding what we desire, and we learn to content ourselves with what we have.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Terrifying Feeling Of Emptiness

Facing loneliness in a moonlit night, stars twinkling
above, showing their caring and compassion for our
predicament.

Walking through the desert, seeing nothing but shadows
of an existence that I once had, now shattered and
taken away from me.

Wondering who I am now, what has become of me and what
am I to do now that there's no one left to love me,
wandering around in a daze with no where to go.

Tearful apologies of death do not satisfy this terrifying
feeling of emptiness, a void of profound proportions now
filling this mind and heart.

Where to go to find comfort or peace, there is nowhere
as I lie down in the bed of my sorrow, emptiness covering
me as I exist somehow in this horrendous grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Terrifying Feelings Of Loneliness

Facing loneliness in a moonlit night, stars twinkling
above, showing their caring and compassion for our
predicaments.

Walking through the desert, seeing nothing but shadows
of an existence that I once had, now having been taken
away from me and shattered.

Wondering who I am now, what has become of me and what
am I to do now that there's no one left in life to love
me.

Tearful apologies of death do not satisfy this terrify-
ing feeling of emptiness, a void of profound proportions
is now filling this mind and heart.

Where am I to go to find comfort or peace? There is no
where as I lie down in the bed of my sorrow, emptiness
covering me as I exist somehow in tis horrendous grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Terrorist Attack On American Soil

Shots ringing out, another terrorist attack on American
soil, bullets flying, injuring and killing people in a
night club in Orlando, Florida, done without any reason.

A purposeless act because of a man who's a muslim and
filled with Islam's rhetoric and hatred, teaching him to
kill and maim, a senseless act of terrorism as all have
been throughout the world.

We must stop isis and islam with their barbaric and un-
intelligent way of thinking, totally against humanity,
a selfish way of living.

All those people and their families killed and injured
senselessly, we need to do away with radical muslims,
islam, their sharia law, raping and pedophilia once and
for all.

If only one American had had a concealed weapon this day,
only the terrorist would've died and everyone else would
have been spared all this suffering for no reason.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Terse Definitions

Redefining life, gathering it's essence and placing it in poems of terse definitions. Giving it meaning and an explanation of who I've become, after the hell I've been through medically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Testimonies Of Goodness

Tired of living in this empty human world, filled
with things made up to take your time and money,
it is a total waste of life.

Give me the simple ways of being, testimonies to the
goodness of our humanity, giving us a purpose and
enticing our essence and passion.

Always reaching towards spirituality and the paths
that will lead only to God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Testimony Of Broken Memories

Reflections in a mirror, portraying images through windows once filled with broken life.
Now at a standstill - cracked and faded memories slowly slither by.
Backed by many volumes of knowledge, sorrow stands tall.
Forlornly banked upon deserted images of yesteryear, tomorrow doesn't seem to beckon anymore.
Left alone to surmise the testimony of years, light has shone upon hidden ideas.
Through many years of darkness, shadows have noticed all which has gone on before.
Footprints have disappeared beneath the waves on desert shores.
Beset by vacant stares throughout the history of time, silence - like a beacon shining forth - lands upon reflections broken in a mirror.
Too far beyond repair, they have been forgotten.
Leaving behind their relationships strewn like broken glass upon the floor.
Windows cracked and fading, looking on - always as before - lost in broken memories, too tired now to last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Testing Another Culture

Waiting to hear from the one I love, anticipating the
sound of his voice as he speaks lovingly to me.

Conversations ranging from love to world politics and
everything in between.

Giving my life an expectancy of learning and becoming
more aware of life around this world.

Learning about another culture, testing it's values,
traditions, foods, way of life, to see if it might be
better than what I've known all my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Testing Excitement

Locomotion pushing me ahead of thought as it lies
upon tracks of destiny waiting to be picked and
chosen deliberately.
Without fault, walking into archways of fate,
testing it's excitement, wanting to experiment
with it chemically in depths of imagination.
Searching files, emptying them onto tables of
rehearsal, becoming products of subconscious whims
and desires.
Totally adhering to ideas being formed and molded
with alert choosing of adjectives to describe life's
nouns.
Twisting and turning meanings to fit patterns and
mosaics.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Testing Experiments Of Thought

Changing everything as I go along in writing, testing my
experiments of thought to expectations of reality.

Always being able to go beneath the lies and illusions
being shown to people everywhere.

Opening up the center of each one to show the truth of
what I'm saying.

Building upon them all through patterns of rhythm that
fall effortlessly into a waterfall of intellect.

Tasting the savory essence of the nature of it all within
my mind, colors exploding, shooting into the sky endlessly.

Giving new properties to look at as they fall into the dark-
ness, hitting the ground silently, no more explosions, pops
or bangs to be heard.

Wonderful and tantalizing, taking me throughout an interior
world without doubts or cares to worry me, loving creations
that I'm devising from intellect, reality and imagination,
wonder never ceasing it's pleasurable curiosity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Testing Inequality's Strength

Testing strengths of inequality,
fronting experiences of excellent motivation.
Behaviors symmetrically forming inter-circular affronts,
beckoning an energy from afar.
Plenty of particular pieces are taken and formed into designs,
chosen momentarily from within imagination's depths and kept
in line with lifelines of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Testing Intellect's Strength

Suggestions come firmly and willingly, testing strength of
intellect and imagination, tantalizing my spirit, filling
this heart with hope and faith.

Always being expressed in poetry that's continually written
each day, moments come together in music, rapid and instan-
taneously.

A well worn pathway in a mind of rhythmic intellect featur-
ing many portraits of this mere poet's life filled with en-
ergy and talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Testing Knowledge

Wonder of gifts given to individuals who seem so
undeserving of them and yet, these self-same
individuals use their talents to the utmost,
creating worlds of literature for many years to
come.
Not wasting a moment asking for reasons to
contemplate jealous behavior from others, I
constantly write without reserve.
Only asking questions relevant to my station in
life, questioning riddles of the ancients, testing
their knowledge, wisdom and shaky theories of past
ideals.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Testing Life's Experiences

Jumbling and juggling all emotions and feelings,
placing them into play at a moment's notice.

Using them for feelings as different thoughts
pop into mind without warning.

At times sensing and trying to avert them by
pulling out words opposite of what I am feeling.

Thinking, supporting and tasting each experience
through life one at a time in another dimension.

Purposely watching as they gather and collect
themselves in amazement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Testing Limits

Severing ties with past thoughts, giving in to deepest desires of hope.
Living in hazy culverts of my mind, testing limits and focusing on tables of beyond.
Taking steps preferred my way, as I freely walk into deserts of my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Testing Memories

Staring out into space, aware of wind blowing and shaking trees wildly by their limbs.

Not wanting to concentrate on anything except the inside of this mind.

Feeling somewhat restless - insecure, testing memories made anew.

Finding safety within, lights the way to a new beginning.

Stepping lightly past whatever's been done to go on - moving forward to the next day's sun.

Leaving everything outside my mind, concentrating on what has begun.

Life opening up to swallow me - only this time I am whole.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Testing Mercurial Waters

Riding through tunnels of never before seen love,
watching in awe as it glistens and glitters un-
conditionally throughout life.

Striving always to stay together no matter the
strife or turmoil being stirred from every
direction.

Solemnly testing mercurial waters, hoping that
love will stand the test of time immemorial.

First signs of becoming, waiting on tomorrow's
horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Testing Myself

Selecting from myriads of experiences throughout life, exchanging attitudes as I went along.
Performing on a par with no one, testing my own strengths and weaknesses against myself.
Locating and noticing what others never see or hear in their lifetimes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Testing One's Mettle

Experience is the best way of learning anything, it gives a lasting memory of it for the rest of your life.

Learning from books and lectures is fine, but actually doing what you have learned, Ahh! that is the test of one's mettle in this life.

Enjoying learning and doing everything possible and impossible is an everlasting joy as a mere poet and a human being in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Testing Reality

Settling back into a positive and pleasurable mood, feeling
goodness escalating, taking intellect into it's fascinating
and vibrant atmosphere.

Energy sitting still, yet rising effervescently within many
feelings and insights, finding their way into this open and
absorbent mind.

Being always tantalized by curiosity as life unfolds itself
in a blanket of security, keeping me closely protected,
sharing inner secrets of love and caring.

An interior spirituality expanding, being nurtured through
a bluened light of the Divine held preciously within, noth-
ing else penetrating it except this poet's mind.

Filled with an expectancy of major proportions at all times.
knowing all will be answered and fulfilled throughout this
lifetime.

Traveling thoughtfully through every experience, joy settling
within, strummed with the music of innocent renderings of
Divine love above.

Realizing, recognizing and living this quietly exciting life
in depths of an intellectual imagination, testing reality
every step of the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Testing Strength

Abiding loneliness filling my soul, testing my inner strength with possibilities of future hope.
Satisfied that faith is still strong and active within my being, aiding me in life to continue towards my final sunset.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Testing Strength Of Intellect

Intrepidly listening to melodies, blasting them
loudly so I can immerse myself within them.
Feeling genuine freedom and energy filling my
mind and spirit, giving me an extraordinary
amount of liveliness.
Hopping around, catching sight of many envious
details provided in life.
Adjusting attitudes to fit this beautiful array
of serenity, filling my spirit with joy and
exceeding happiness on a scale of one to ten -
maybe going to a hundred one.
Testing the strength and agility of intellect in
major portions of it's timely fascination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Testing Time

Time passes from here to there, taking moments away constantly and heading for atmosphere's beyond earth.
Living over ledges of magic visions, taking care to not mess up anything in pathways of liberty and freedom.
Testing time with an energy hidden from view.
Lasting benefits of peace and serenity, fit snugly into puzzles of design, made for dreams in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Testing Validity

Watching life through other's actions, reading body
language very accurately.

Surmising ideas of different textures, trying them
out, testing their validity in a short poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Testing Waters

Living in every moment fully, enjoying each one of them,
listening to music, writing poetry, staying alive, positive
and vibrant in every aspect of life.

Positive that life is fulfilling the purpose I was created
for by God, tasting the savory aromas that I see throughout,
giving an essence of faith and hope to my soul.

Testing waters at the beginning of every day, checking to
see what I can do to make things better for self and others,
nothing to stand in the way of helping others.

Giving from my heart and never counting the cost, a truly
miraculous life we've been given by God, one we need to
continually nourish and give of ourselves to others just
like Jesus did when here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Texture Of Sounds

Rocking and rolling in this beautiful Saturday morning,
sun shining brightly above us, giving warmth and light.

A splendid rendition of music, 'Ring Of Fire' blazing
trails through the atmosphere.

Touching an inner essence of being, electrifying vibra-
tiions flowing through me like hot lava from a volcano.

Thoughts pouring from an inner waterfall, falling steadily
into depths of intellect.

Soothing and calming, texture of sounds wrapping their de-
signs and patterns in changing shapes constantly.

Beautiful flames getting hotter and higher as intellect
resurrects words, ideas and concepts.

Faster and faster into flowing onto interior photo-
graphic screens of memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Textures Of Emotions

Enduring feelings letting it be known, they are on the sidelines, awaiting acknowledgement of them.

Noticing sorrow leaning over, holding onto grief and abandonment with aplomb, loneliness standing alone without anything coming near it's intense senses of everything sublimely lonely.

Subjective thoughts begin to flow, rivers gather speed as they roll ever faster, taking self further into the textures of emotions, letting self explore their tantalizing circumstances through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Textures Of Stars

Twinkling stars, poking my mind with thought
as I look up at the sky, held gently in my mind.

Being able to touch the stars now, in imagination,
I find their textures unlike any on earth.

Crinkly, yet not, they confuse my senses as I try
to save this new star in a special slot in my brain.

Next time I go outside in the nighttime air and
look upon the sky, I will remember the texture's
feeling in imagination's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Textures Of Words

Traveling at speeds of light, listening to the speed of sound
as they both blend and mix together.

Their chemistry providing many thoughts of intellect being
written out onto reams of paper.

Sensing the immense differences in textures of each individual
word as it touched this brain, before being placed into rhythms
of incessant poems of living and life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thank God For Imaginatiion

Run away dreams flow on water rapids quickly past for they never last long, having to reach out and grasp them while thinking of their beauty and wonder.

Hoping to attain all that is held within them, most are brilliant, vibrant, filled with many meanings, capturing our imagination.

Allowing us to delve deeply into their manifestations, wonderful images and feelings are imparted to us intuittively while we watch them silently in awe.

Captivating and taking us soaring into creative thoughts and dimensions, beyond earthly limits, taking us outside of the box that many are enclosed in.

Thank God for our imaginations, they help us to reach out and attain our goals in the reality of our lives, when we are too stressed out to do it alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thank You

Applying for a job, filling out an application -
waiting to be notified whether you've made the
cut is somewhat easy.

What follows is a little harder!

Being called for an interview can be nerve-
racking - nervousness of the unknown it's claimed.
(Especially when a test is involved) .

Then a second interview is made - harder questions
asked - another panel.

Waiting begins for a while, soon enough a position
is offered - papers signed - fingerprints taken.

Another wait for all information to be gathered in.

Thank you notes sent out with much appreciation for
everyone involved in the difficult decision-making.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thank You Guys

Remembering hearing this particular song while in the hospital, two friends from Nashville had made, composed, recorded and sent it to me to help me to recover quicker.

It certainly helped me quite a lot, to date not having heard it on the radio, it should definitely be on there - it's exquisite!

Thanks to Diamond Garden Music for thinking of me in a very difficult time of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thank You To Dr. L.

Wondering, not wanting anything, because Dr. L. is dear
to my heart.

Always having a ready smile and great hug, loving his
caring and compassionate heart.

Taking care of my medical needs, keeping on top of them
always, allowing me to have a better quality of life.

Giving my thanks through poetry, hoping to give him some
pleasure and happiness when reading what I write for him.

Enjoying talking with Doc, always being enlightened by
his wit and ever brilliant mind.

This little poem a poetical note of thanks and appreciation
for someone so special in this life of mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thank You, Dr. L.

A great big thank you to Dr. L. for supporting and encouraging me these many years with my poetry, he's my favorite poetical doctor and friend.

Loving his great personality, essence and heart, always in my prayers, taking the best in life as he reaches out, helping others absolutely through his intellect, for he is brilliant, wise and caring of everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thankful

Through the fiber of my life, joy has built it's dam, allowing it to flow and conquer worries and fears.
There seems to be a lifting - spiritual from my shoulders.
Heart overflowing, spilling out around me.
God at the center of it, smiling, laughing at my glee, rejoicing in the use of gifts He has given to me.
Desire, plentiful, fills my soul with joyous love and I thank my Lord for His precious gifts to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thankful Appreciation

Realizing details of life as they flash by in accents of
rapid playing music, staccotoely taking me along trails of
mind-bending treasures and lively images.

Coming vividly to mind while writing, jointly seeing every
thing from the past, present and future in a single glance
giving a wonderful feeling of peaceful creativeness.

Fantastic and energetic flying into measures of music,
chords taking me sailing, life being interjected period-
ically in limits of infinity.

A purposeful and thankful appreciation that keeps me moving
forward, needing to see this perfection of rhythms in every
moment.

Innate talent rushing voluntarily as I continue to write to
fast-paced rhythms alone through intellect, me, myself and
I alone together today and always.

A beautiful way to live and keep wonder alive and vibrant
never-ending liveliness adjusting itself as I write, sololy
having the time of my life everlasting joy keeping time with
my heart and it's being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thankful For Caring People

Pleasant surprises from compassionate and caring people
touch our minds and hearts in times of loss.

Grateful, thankful for those who unselfishly think of
us in the darkest of times.

Even months after the original loss, people letting you
know that they care, giving a hug, a smile, a call, kind
words.

All of it helping in these difficult times, holding and
being with us in a grieving world, alone and abandoned
by most everyone else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thankful For My Life

Back in the sea of life, adorned with God's love.
Feeling so deeply of His presence here with me,
saying always trust me and I will never let you down.
Sincerely thankful for my life, enjoying every precious
moment I have left.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thankful For Parents

Righteously beginning every morning with prayer and
serenity of soul.

Taking everything in stride as best as possible.

Developing talents and gifts God bestowed on me since
conception in my mother's womb.

Something I will forever be grateful for throughout
life and beyond it's mortal walls.

Thankful for parents who gave me life, and allowed me
to grow in God's realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thankful For What's Been Given

Watching blue skies above, clouds floating by, walking through meadows into forests, paths now covered with pine needles fallen from above, a cushion to walk on.

Very pleasant experiences, walking through the forest, moss growing on the north side of trees only, birds perched in trees, singing their little songs of blessings.

Thankful for what they've been given, happy to be alive in their own little heaven where they're free to roam wherever they please, true wonder and glory of God's love shown through nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thankful To God

Thankful to God for His wonderful
gift of writing poetry.
I revel in His love tucked safely
inside of me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thanking All Vets - True Americans

Being political, writing my opinions on facebook, leaving
no doubts to anyone that I am a total American, freedom
always intact.

Having no tolerance for those who are trying to take away
our God-given rights, standing up to them always, voicing
my opinions based on truth.

Never telling a lie, giving it to you straight, finding
that others have my back fully, locked and loaded, always
protecting my rights against evil and terrorism.

Never harboring rapists, pedophiles or our politicians in
the White House, knowing they are going to all go straight
to hell for what they're trying to do to America.

Thanking all of you serving our country for the rights of
all true Americans against tyranny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thanking Poetically

Finding ways to overcome hardships and difficulties
in this life, going within, living in an interior
life where I'm one with nature and God.

Always finding delivery from the darkness of sorrow
hidden deeply within me, following pathways that
continually lead me through rhythms and tempos.

Sounds filtering into lights of the Divine, staying
within, contemplating, no thoughts being thought, a
blank and beautiful bluened light filling my mind.

Totally becoming one in a peaceful atmosphere, alone
with God, able to hear Him without any thoughts, spir-
itually feeling everything that He's saying to my soul.

Smiling as I feel His love touching me interiorly, no
hesitation at all, realizing that there's nothing in
this earthly life that He hasn't given to me.

Poetically thanking and listening quietly, silently
being in His presence only, focused and attentive, no
one realizing it at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thanking Veterans

Sitting in the dark, candles lit, showing us the way
as music of Elton John fills the atmosphere around us.

Continuing the effort, taking a stand, giving to our
Veterans their due, as we hereby honor and thank them
for their service.

A big thank you to Page D for this wonderful concert
in honor of our Veterans and donating some of the
proceeds to them at Christmas.

Also, thank you to Ashim Ray for all his help in making
it a success, all of us had a great time! Look forward
to doing it again next year!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thanksgiving Day

Thanksgiving Day stands alone, almost forgotten except for the turkey bones.
No one cares much - they'll make a meal - have some family over, nothing much to talk about.
It's one of the quieter holidays with no pomp or circumstance - only chance conversation.
Bits and pieces, odds and ends, this holiday culminates with Santa Claus as it's highlight in a Thanksgiving Day Parade.
Then it ends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thanksgiving With Family

Thanksgiving is almost upon us, just two days away from fruition and plentiful cornucopias of delicious food and prayer.
Life-altering family coming together as one at family tables, allowing tradition to come to the forefront of everyone's life, in many memories of yesterday as we progress together in the future.
Sitting at tables filled with home-cooked goodies waiting to be gotten into, filled with elation as we talk and visit, watching our children take root in family tradition, one day to carry on when we are no longer here with them.

(10: 54 a.m. - 11/21/07)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

That Is All

Life gives us no expectations or promises, we do not know what will happen as we wake up and go to sleep each day.

We live our lives according to what we have scheduled and put into it's scheme of things, living in outcomes and results that fall out upon paths we cross in life.

There is no other way to live, just living in the life you were born with, experiencing it all until the day you die, that is all there is to it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

The Abyss Of Life

Staring out into the abyss of life, feelings of emptiness creep inside.
Taking hold of a heart's vulnerable places, it pushes it's way in,
leaving no where for tears to fall.
Wondering for only seconds why life is so painful, brushing away
tears from love sent up above.
Love is so sacred and holy, that when it is lost in death it's very
hard to go on.
Minutes elapse slowly, life seems to be continuing in slow motion.
There is nothing more to do in life except touch others with love
and acceptance.
Everything else loses it's meaning, because death consumes us,
leaving nothing, but dust.
We are but pilgrims in this world, awaiting our final destiny from
God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

The Blackness Of Blue

Blackness of blue saddens and surprises depression hiding
within, claiming it's stake of life although it has been
deadened.

Looking forward to emptiness, nothing is gained by seeing
the future, searching the world for answers to insidious
questions helps no one, least of all your inner selves.

Justifiably incoherent in tiny whispered voices, afraid
of saying what is being spoken in words on paper.

Sanity being dragged behind, getting spoiled and dirty
for unknown reasons, caused by the crimes of others.

Too long undeveloped, childish minds quiver, stumble,
cannot raise up again unless in death they can be claimed
by someone else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

The Dark Room

A dark room lies waiting - it's emptiness is just like me inside.
Foregoing pleasure for this roller coaster ride - waiting to see where the end will be.
Sifting through activities of the day, finding nothing of value - setting fire to memories of yesterday.
Smoke rises - filling the air - scorching windows of the future - blind with it's tears.
Standing - waiting in a dark little room - it's emptiness is just like me inside.
Blinded by tears of ages, parading past, leaving no traces of history to be dealt with in later years of rest.
Tears of remorse fall and young lips - praying - find no meaning in faith or God.
Taking lightly, all statements made in haste - refusing to make any sudden moves.
Deftly falling into deepest spaces of inconsistent beings - consuming each other's knowledge and spewing it at each other's faces.
Pretending never to have set eyes on distant musing - unfaithfully begetting reason to sleep upon silken pillows of unrehearsed death.
Riding contemptuously alone - grudging every ounce of strength it must share along the way.
Fell silent - reaching out to no one - keeping close, it's fears.
Surreptitiously slipping by unnoticed, sequels of a requiem mass done some time ago.
Sandwiched between the light of day and it's evening dawn - tripping hesitantly - almost falling into the snare of faith.
Dropping singly into puddles, our minds find contentment on distant shores.
Sealing fate with the kiss of death - emptiness spreads out and fills everything with it's darkness.
Secretly wishing for a new day to break - all the while knowing that only souls who break in two can move forward.
The dark room lies waiting - it's emptiness is just like me inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

The Death Of Beauty

Nature playing peacefully around me as I sit in inner turmoil - full of doubt.
Hot heat from the sun soaking quickly into my skin.
Slightly blowing - a windy breeze blows gently, barely cooling me off.
Leaves and dead blossoms from bougainvillae bushes scrape across the cement as they are blown around.
A little breeze comes sneaking up on me - picking up my hair - cooling my forehead a little.
Bees are buzzing lazily, touching flowers and taking off.
A bouquet of bougainvillae broke off and fell into the waters of a fountain.
Lying sadly atop the water - in it's mercy - it gets blown about even though it would rather not.
Getting plenty of water, which to drink - it lies - slowly dying, because there is too much of it.
Beauty in the water's depth, sadness as it poses for a grave.
Light, unknowingly a vigil keeps - showing everyone the death of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

The Desert Rose

A place to stop and rest,
kick back, enjoy a moment's peace.
Food from heaven is being served by
a cook named, Jim.
Breakfasts, lunches, dinners, always
being made.
Menus passed about to savor for a few
moments, tastes upon your brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

The Drop Of An Ocean

The song of the ocean is loveliest of all.
It's waves are so mighty, it's depth is so tall.
The foam as it breaks under the pull - the mist
as it spreads and lingers in our eyes.
Over the waters a bell cries out and today is
Sunday we realize.
Up, over and beyond the sand the little drops
of water become one.
To become great we must first become small,
says the drop of an ocean as it falls for a
moment upon the sand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

The End Of Every Beginning

Taking exacting measurements to boundaries of life,
stretching them beyond themselves just to get more
moments contained therein.

Solemnly interjecting simplicity into the equation,
finding formulas that will add up to what I want in
this life.

Qualifying for the end of every beginning, often
enough, getting somewhere in meaningful definitions.

Taking off into spheres of intellect where only I can
travel into, nothing else mattering, except what I am
feeling right now, associated with this rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

The Mind Is A Forest

The mind is a forest of many thoughts and ideas.
Gathered together, they become a whole and maintain a meaning for a person's way of life.
They can take on dimensions and are green with newness.
All thoughts and ideas are brought together into one space of matter and contained therein.
Even though they're all so different and separate from one another, they are enclosed within one being.
Yes, the mind is a forest of many thoughts and ideas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

The Mind Itself

Reason and logic are sitting here in front of my brain,
watching life as it unfolds this morning.

Liking what they are seeing, adding to the repertoire
of inner wisdom.

An innate desire to increase power of a mind, wanting
to surpass anything that has been done so far.

Walking on tightropes, jumping from the sky, seeing
how it all affects sound minds of reasoning and logic,
throwing them a curve, they adjust and attune to it
each time.

Allowing them to acquire everything that happens,
wanting to watch how they deal with every avenue that
is opened up to explicit timelessness of this mind
itself.

Seeing imagination, always becoming a part of it all,
never being left out, writing it altogether without
any doubts, that all will fit perfectly in synch with
one another.

Beautiful puzzles, entire pictures filling this mind
with the energy of another thought, bringing fruition
into many possibilities of destiny and fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

The Next Horizon

Praying for the strength to get through one more day of turmoil.
to get unburied from feelings of all the yesterdays gone from
sight, yet lying on the next horizon.
Ill-equipped for roads of life, stalling hesitantly, attempting
to find some bearing.
Knowing the plentitude of wishes, focusing diligently on reality
and it's existent promise.
Waiting for acknowledgement to gather itself and sit beside
tender outpourings of every day selfish endeavors.
Grasping some particles of predatory explanations, tying them
together with a tidy ribbon of truth

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

The One Pathway

Tracing designs in musical rhythms,
giving time an elated essence of
natural patterns, left in circlets
of paradise for tomorrow.

Classic parodies, falling deeply
into perceptions of brain waves as
they eclipse into another world
beyond the one we know and love.

Wisdom crawls along, showing my mind
a way through dense jungles of
history.
Blocking the view of
enlightened scholarly importance,
finding the one pathway into
involvement with another place in
time.

As I follow it's echoes,
becoming acclimated to it's
environment, I begin writing of it's
unnatural beauty, triggering
landscapes of unknown formations,
much different than those of earths'.

Twirling around forests of something
other than trees as we know them.
An eerie sort of aura filters across
the plains of distant forfeiture in
silent passages.

Opening up the front of other views,
walking through and finding so much
more in another place, much more
intellectual, as bright notions light
up surrounding ideas.

Culminating in a sophisticated

conclave, writing all of it's
character into a poem of disbelief,
even as I am walking in this distant
place right now on my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

The Only Occupant

Touching rhymes inside my head,
providing rhythms to write to
on enlightened days of tomorrow.
Catching on ledges, holding on,
attempting not to fall into the
deepest canyons of ever-declining
surface mental attitudes.
Searing all emotions with a burning
desire of intellect, accusing no one
of intruding, because I don't allow
it to happen.
It is only a space for myself and I
am the only occupant ever going into
it's depths - not just to write,
but to bring solace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

The Poet's Candle

Whereby, the light of man continues burning until each individual candle is burnt out.
Throwing all things - all knowledge - into the fire of life.
Counting the volumes which have been written through the ages - nothing can compare with the tons of wisdom gathered there.
Straight-backed scholars, talking together of philosophy, never taking into consideration, the flames of insatiable desire to learn.
How can a man have a wisdom of things which no one can know about?
Think hard on this - not letting your mind stray and lose it's place in thought.
Finding out what the answers are if they are not lying in wait.
Seek out the things you do not know - after finding them - write about it in books, trying to get your point across.
Stepping over the land of time, why not look around and grasp the things you don't know about.
On a whirling merry-go-round of knowledge, pick and choose a subject, and learn about it.
Tell your thoughts and ideas to fellow poets - write out the many thoughts you'll have and share them with each other.
The flame of wisdom will burn brighter tonight, because of this.
Holding out your hand, be careful not to get burned by second-hand knowledge, for it will turn on you, and leave you behind on broken, tattered and ragged old pages.
Never being able to have discussions with the really learned, because you've snuffed your candle out by mistake.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

The Same God

Thinking of people throughout the world, all types, varieties, colors, creeds, living on this earth together.

Contemplating from within an interior life, realizing that each and every person has God within them, it doesn't matter whether they are pretty or ugly.

Rich, poor, intelligent or not, God loves every one, dwelling within them whether they realize this fact or not.

It's a fact that we all have the same God within us no matter what religion or nationality we may be, there's no one any better than another.

All of us are equal, made so by God living within us, no one is privileged or loved more than anyone else.

God is all merciful and loving, sinner or saint, He loves us one and all forever, that's why he feels the sadness of when we sin or turn away from Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

The Soul Of One

Watching the flight of quickened lights,
pulsating in the black of night.

Trailing across vast horizons, leaving
their marks in the memories of mind's
eyes.

Bathing in their quiet glow, forgetting
for a while, the pain of living.

Reaching down inside an interior universe,
releasing my soul, freeing my existence
from the clutches of barren lifestyles.

Wanting to forever let go, so I may become
one with my eternal universe.

The soul of one within, apparent only to
the one I'm with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

The Void

Solo journeys through life are anticipated and enjoyed by some.
Those filled with an emptiness, those who are lonely, abandoned and at a total loss for companionship are the most at risk as they try and fail countless times.
Turning to drugs, alcohol, prostitution, just to fill the loneliness for short periods of time.
Going through life never filling the void and hating themselves for the addictions they've created in their lives of purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

The World Hasn't Gotten To Them

Outside on a back porch, watching Grandkids run around
chasing the dog and vice versa.

Laughter, giggles, yelling, enjoying their childhood to
the fullest.

Dog running, dodging the kids every which way, stopping
suddenly to eat a piece of burger dropped on the ground.

Then turning around, the dog now chasing Grandkids amidst
yelling and screaming, having fun.

It's great to see the world hasn't gotten to them yet!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Their Own Oblivion

Stalking avenues of rabid intolerance, stepping upon
them intrepidly, taking them into their own oblivion
far away from America.

Losing them in polluted waves of their own pedophilia,
stomping out their evil disgusting ways of life, know-
ing everything they do is morally wrong and unethically
intolerant.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Themes Of Reality

Chilly and cold, sitting in the parlor of rainy doom,
grasping onto teardrops as they glisten away into the
atmosphere.
Particular ruminations hide interiorly with qualms, as
they make up dreams to co-exist with reality's themes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Theories With Holes

Theories filled with holes are being stated as truths,
but so far as I can see, only in the minds of those who
have clouded the issues with lies.
Proof lies nowhere, there are no facts - no data - to
substantiate their proposed offerings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

There Are No Agendas

Sun shining brightly into the senior center, illuminating
corners of darkness.

People sitting, reading, talking, eating, children having
fun, enjoying ping pong, billiards and games together.

No thoughts of hatred or racism, all types of people,
cultures, races, everyone smiling and having fun.

America is great in this way, people who come here legally
are honest, good souls without an agenda to do harm.

They just come and join in, being one with all of us, as
they teach their children to do the same.

Wouldn't it be great if this small sample of people could
be multiplied throughout the world, bringing peace and
happiness to everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

There Are No Answers In Flight

Staring into space, seeking answers through intellect,
hoping to put to rest theories that have been around
sometimes for centuries.

Delving deeply into treasures of old, looking to find
clues to the way they developed and came to their con-
clusions.

Often thinking if there were an answer it would have
been found by now, negating the need to find the answers
because in truth there are none.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

There Are No Rules

It's so easy to play the game of life and love, yet there are no rules on how to stay on track with either one.

Lifting spirits happens when everything is on an even kilter, when off balance nothing seems to be sensible.

Trying to attain tangible aspects throughout our lives takes focus, concentration and intensity of purpose, which is very difficult to maintain for any length of time.

Moments come and disappear without ever consulting us or letting us know when they are going to separate and fall apart.

We take our chances in life and love and usually are hurt in many circumstances that we find ourselves in.

Doing what we are able until our last breaths on earth we are never able to sustain either one of them in our pursuit, of happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

There Are No Secrets

Sitting on the fence, watching traffic pass by, liking
to just sit and ruminate over the many possibilities
that fill this mind with ideas for poetry.

Finding notes that will play musical rhythms upon the
piano of my mind, totally oblivious to the world around
me.

Living in moments of imagination and intellect as I write
fruitfully of everything in this life, unafraid to broach
any subject at all.

Having no taboos, opening pandora's box at times because
there are no secrets to be held in coffins of ruin, they
must all be expressed and presented to the world to see
and talk about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

There's No Understanding

Silenced once again by an utterance of unfaith,
tepid and slowly dying, frothing as it sinks
below life's horizon.

Unrelentingly grasped by an uncaring thought,
thrown upon a heap of maybes, tomorrow.

No future today, no present either, a past
blotted out like under the influence of ether.

Wandering about, looking for meaning or under-
standing, getting only tossed and stepped on,
having no meaning.

Tremoring inside, shaking with unwept weeping,
feeling guilt for something, known nothing
about, except in memories vague and past,
haunting corridors of a mind, echoing emptiness
that echoes inside.

Reaching out for tiny moments, turning back
within, knowing no one is there to ease the ache
of loneliness.

There is no understanding, no one can ever under-
stand, torment is only meant for the one who is
living it.

Stranded on an island of life, hemmed in by
boundaries of it's limitations, stranded alone
in a crowd of life.

Fleeing it's implications, searching for any
meaning, tearing apart an intellectual mind,
because it is wracked with painful ghosts,
belonging to yesterday.

Not a soul cares, no one comes, as turning inward,
life is shut out of the world around it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

There's No Understanding Expressed

Singeing the edges of life with death's insistence.

In all matters of the heart, nothing can be understood, because there is no understanding beyond life.

All is rendered into spirits of the dead where no foresight can be examined.

So many thoughts trying to penetrate spheres of talent, wanting to be expressed in words of poetical interludes.

Nothing can be taken from innate talent, it must be given in the light of illumination and given freely by the individual poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

There's No Way

Planes racing up high, cars zooming along highways,
birds flying in between the two as the wind carries
on around them all.

They each travel their merry way, life and people
keep going on and on, never finding the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

There's No Way Back

Being transported to the church in a black hearse,
flowers piled into the car behind it, followed by
a limo filled with immediate family.

Then a long line of friends and the rest of the
family in cars of their own, hankies, kleenix,
wiping away and catching left over tears.

Blinded by grief, then realizing the house once
lived in is being passed by on the right side of
the road.

Hearts draped in silent weeping, minds numb with
the death of who's life they'll be celebrating at
the church.

Watching it all from the other side of life, feeling
the love they had for me when we where together, now
being separated by death forever, no way back to the
way life used to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

There's Nothing Left

Thinking about all our private and intimate conversations
that we've had in our lives here on earth together.

Now they are treasured memories and nothing more can be
heard from your heart or lips.

Your silence is so complete, continuing to rule my life,
such a total and empty void where you used to reside in
my heart.

Nothing there now, except my heart's memory of what it used
to feel like when I was with you.

There are only drops of tears, tearing my mind to shreds,
shards of them cutting my soul, nothing more that I can
do.

Never again able to hold or kiss you, your being has been
taken from me by death.

Loss fills my being now, there is nothing left of me with
out you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thermal Situations

Rugged inertia capitalizes on pregnant moments of
truth as it sails upon waves of oceanic depth.
Life-shattering events blow themselves into an
existence of their own making.
Flowing off in opposite directions, swaying with
the expert rhythms of natural events.
Thermal situations ebb and neap, curling around
creatures of the deep, pulling them into the
undertow for the sake of eternity.
Sea gulls call to innate beauty, affording the
world a quality of life unknown and unexpected
from times immemorial.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thieves

On the other side of goodness people creep around, tearing apart many lives with their evil ways.
Stepping in and out of everyone's paths, taking what is never theirs to own.
Placing others in their danger zones and not caring to think about what they're doing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking

Higher than the atmosphere, I feel myself within clouds,
looking down upon earth, wondering when I'm going to crash.

Thinking about death, watching it circumvent attitudes,
as it slowly revolves, taking no notice of my reluctance
to be around when it decides to haunt me unmercifully.

Wrongly falling into patterns, subjecting me to stressful
situations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking About Life

7: 14 p.m.
Moonbeams shining down upon me as I sit in my back yard,
thinking about life and how I've had to adjust to it's
various demands.
Rehearsing sounds of rhythms in my mind, giving me some
pleasure to savor on days when I have nothing pleasant
to look forward to.
7: 15 p.m. 11/7/13

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking About Life's Aftermath

Standing on the threshold of another life above in
heaven, anticipating joy when leaving this world.

Knowing it will be a much better place than earth,
leaving behind sorrow, loneliness and loss.

Never leaving anything unthought of, wanting to
think about death and it's after effects.

Nothing else mattering as I continue to write
poetry and live life until it passes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Ahead

Life is constantly moving forward, we look back at
yesterday through our memories, no other way.

Thinking ahead our thoughts form around solid tasks
that need to be done and accomplished.

Not many people take the time to use their minds to
imagine and manifest their futures.

If they did they'd find more often than not, that
their lives would be much safer, surer and fuller in
the long run.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Aloud

Sky growing darker by the moment, throwing shadows all around,
making it harder to see in this dim light.

Characterizing everything in the light of this darkness,
seeing different aspects and views of thoughts that are
thinking aloud in this mind.

Categorizing them according to their feelings to rhythm,
wanting to align them all with what I know, and in the
future to what I will have learned.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking And Creating

Spinning through this morning, thinking and creating
products of poetry.

Living in a world of my own creation, blocking out
everything else.

A richness being provided from intellect, as it
nourishes this mind on a continual basis.

Wonderful ideas forming through wisdom and giving
exciting new formations and designs to delve into.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking And Wondering

Walking around in the evening, looking above at the stars,
wondering how they stay where they are as all planets continue to rotate around the sun.

Thinking of their beauty and sparkling integrity as they
stay above, looking down upon us here on earth, adjusting
my look, watching the moon now.

It's rays lighting my way as I walk down paths of nature,
wondering as I continue going and looking above into the
heavens.

Nothing falling apart, all kept together in this little
poem right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Anew

Reaching into depths of interior thinking,
looking for chests of forgotten memories,
hoping to dust them off and watch them
careen across the screen of subconsciousness.

Tattered, ragged, torn doesn't matter, I
want to see what's been hiding so deeply
inside my being.

prying, wrenching, digging, hoping to find
some forgotten image of treasure from long
ago, possibly as a child living with my
parents.

Rotating and flipping from vertical to
horizontal thought, finding something in
between them.

Collectively gathering everything into new
see-thru chests of steel, readily opened to
new approaches of finite situations.

Allocating new ways of thinking about unknown
circumstances in very exceptional fashion and
method, creating a new style, a modus operandi,
of quixotic literature on blanketed shores
forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking As Quickly As Notes Being Played

Energetic and rapid, intellect takes my mind instantly into rhythms, thinking as quickly as notes are being played, born to run, my mind taking me quietly and silently away.

Going into another atmosphere and dimension, finding depths of thoughts that constantly amaze even me, rightly solving many puzzles of life, nature and science.

Through mathematics of music and rhythm, intellect always cooperating as music plays, forming thoughts and messages by this poet's mind instantaneously.

Giving my soul a vibrant energy throughout every moment in time, as I write poetry constantly and incessantly, enjoying every single moment while doing so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Back

Mirrors of unforgettable memories glower in my mind,
reminding me of finer times, not so long ago.
Touching endeavors of pious concentration while
thinking back in moments of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Dreams

Rain clouds forming, storms coming quickly across the skies,
no where leaving traces of blue, only black clouds swimming
in their rain.

Balancing upon the atmosphere, running with the winds, dipping
down, slipping by, dropping rain beneath the sky.

Going through the day, finding that everything is changing,
seeing no one keeping pace, always last to find the way, left
behind after every day.

Laughing in the face of knowledge, knowing nothing of what
it means, caring only to sit back and think of your own dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Freely

Sailing across an ocean of imagination, peacefully watching the horizon still sitting on shore.

Taking pen in hand, writing in this journal of poetry about all the feelings and emotions lying upon the water, wanting to be picked up and carried away.

Refusing to reply or pick them up, wanting to be free for a while and enjoy solace being received while lying between the blue heavens and a stormy sea.

Thinking freely, independently from all the turmoil of life's feelings and emotions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking In Pictures

Stuck in a puddle of mud, can't seem to get out.
Mired in deeply, fighting to climb out.
Solitary thoughts are being created as I constantly think
and see everything in pictures, framing in poetry who I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking In Silence

Leaves waving in the morning breeze, greeting me happily
with their lovely smiles, merrily taking me into skyways
of tomorrow's mornings, eventually coming around.

Living in the throes of another time, thinking in silence,
while being driven into the light of an idea whose time
has come.

Watching as it gets brighter, entirely becoming fulfilled
with it's purpose and essence, living in the presence fully
and completely, enjoying the brilliance of it's inventiveness.

Solving every problem standing in the way, becoming what it
is meant to be in the end.

Finally serving mankind for the rest of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Like This Mere Poet

Looking around while sitting here in Calcutta's airport,
seeing people of many nationalities, all types of person-
alities and varieties of beliefs.

A beautiful garden of historical proportions, if finding
out about each and every person here and what they do,
hope for and want to achieve in life.

Picture album yet to be made and filled with facts and
pictures of everyone now sitting here together, all of
us being strangers, smiling at one another.

Maybe exchanging a word or two, or a look of curiosity,
sitting quietly here, everyone in their own little world,
wonder if anyone is thinking like this mere poet into a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Of Experiences

Walking down life's roads, thinking about experiences that will be upon me in the future.

At times seeing and feeling happiness and joy touching my being.

Inner sadness punctuating life as it spreads across memories of my interior life co-existing along with the reality of myself,

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Of Family

Sitting in a Cliff Castle
Casino bar up in the Verde Valley.

Thinking about my sisters and brother
and how much more fun and entertaining
it would be, spending time with each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Of Future Experiences

Walking down life's roads, thinking about
experiences that will be upon me in the
future.

At times seeing and feeling happiness and
joy touching my being.

Inner sadness punctuating life as it spreads
across memories of my interior life co-exist-
ing along with the reality of myself,

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Of Life

Standing back, watching life carry on around me,
imagining sitting on a boulder, throwing stones
into a pond of water.

That's how I think of life, just sitting here as
events and situations - circumstances, get thrown
at me.

For I am a pond of tears, because of all the sorrow
that has become and drowned me through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Of My Friend

Thinking of my friend, W. knowing we were placed in each other's lives, not for a short time, but for our lifetimes together.
Meant to frustrate each other, purposely pushing one another to go beyond our sights, let go of our hidden fears and dislikes, so we may become whole within our souls for an eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Of Our Vets

Spending this Fourth of July quietly at home, writing
throughout the night, posting poetry on poemhunter.

Thinking of our Vets throughout the years, owing our
lives to them for protecting us all the time.

Such a total commitment, they have for us here in
America, never abandoning their posts.

Taking oaths to serve and protect America seriously,
knowing we can trust them.

They give their lives in service to us all, not ever
counting their sacrifices, standing tall in the line
of duty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Of Poets

Thinking of all the poets in the world,
knowing we are in a fold of our own.
Many not being understood in this life
and are left alone and lonely.
Yet, all of us, knowing that one day
we will be read in books of great
literature, falling among the pages of
history at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Of The Future

Being taunted by melodies as I write, tempting rhythms
and taking every fiber and particle of my being into
interior fathoms of my life.

Gifting this mind in order to be able to write of every-
thing aptly and concisely, placing it all in sentences
of prose that will make sense to others.

Filled with a purpose and reason to reach those whom God
chooses to touch in this life, using me as an instrument
in doing so it seems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Of Times Together

Sauntering down pathways of love, thinking or our
times together in the future, smiling inwardly,
feeling so contented just being by your side.

Living in a world of our own, nothing can interrupt
our love and the ways in which we stay close, dancing,
walking, conversing with each other.

Silent and entranced in our own world together, loving
and being a part of one another only, throughout life
and living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Of Trump While Flying To India

Reading the writing on the wall these days, we have some
presidential candidates who should never even be given a
job let alone be elected president.

On the democratic side we have two socialist communists
who haven't a clue how to run a republic because they
cannot understand the fact that the U.S.A is a republic.

Our laws are governed by the Constitution not by their
particular wish lists and greed, like the ones in office
now, most whom are corrupt.

On the Republican side we have two illegals like obama
running, why? the rest of them are corrupt establishment
lifers looking to steal from Americans forever.

Never listening or representing We the People in any way,
then along comes Trump, a successful businessman who could
run our country and make America great again.

What happens? some voters decide to sabotage him because
they believe the lies and illusions of corrupt politicians
and the racist politically incorrect remarks of theirs.

Yet they cry foul when we turn it upon them rightfully,
our country needs to be set aright once again, getting
back to the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness.

We the People want only this from those running, yet only
one of the seventeen who started out running is pursuing
our country's dream alone - Trump! Our next President! !

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Of Yesterday

Thinking and talking of yesterday most days,
because in mind they were better than what
I'm living through today.
Cautiously walking, nonplussed, being
satisfied with nothing but intellect and
imagination, entertaining myself like I've
always done since I was a child.

(9: 48 a.m. - 1/6/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Of You

Thinking of you with this heart brought your picture to mind,
lovingly looking at you, seeing love coming back into me.

You are wonderful, understanding, and I plan on loving you
forever, not a day will pass that I won't feel your love
tugging at my apron strings.

You are my love, the first and last, you are my song when I
have breathed my last.

So hold me close and never let us part, our love shall grow
even though we don't ever breathe again, or beat our hearts
in unison with each other.

When dying, our bodies are left behind, but love continues
to fertilize many lives that are still left to fulfill their
purposes on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Of Your Love

Singing and living in music, heart dwelling in it's
essence, knowing nothing else.

Forgiveness and caring flowing from my heart, touching
my soul everlastingly through the many years of life.

Eyes moistened with tears, thinking of your love and
mine when life was filling both of us so fully.

Passion and desires climbing like ivy within our beings,
calming our hearts as we came together as one, becoming
the beauty and rhythm of our love forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking On The Plane

Confusion staying at bay, mind alert to certain circum-
stances, keeping things together, finding relative coin-
cidences between them.

Through times, measures of coded rhythms fall upon many
pages of facts and data, interesting and basically sound
after considering each of their aspects in turn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Outside A Hospital Room

Watching evening come upon earth here in Phoenix, sun still shining, glancing off of buildings standing erectly down-town.

Such a surreal landscape, starkly staring back at me while sitting here in this hospital room at Banner Samaritan Hospital.

People traveling home from work, their day being done, look-ing forward to spending time with their families, sitting down to dinner, talking about their day.

Loving and caring filling everyone's hearts, children going to bed, relaxed and knowing that they're being loved through-out the night and all through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Outside Of Life

News from beyond edges of childhood reoccur in dreams, destined to be met and come true.
Feelings holding onto the wonder and mystery held in an inner child.
Hopefulness and peace, lying across minds of youngsters, keeping them safely inside their own little worlds.
Preparing them for the coming days of intense suffering and trials.
Testing limits, keeping away from others - wants and desires.
Always trying to think outside, not just the box, but life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Process

Life is a mystery, we don't know all the mechanics
of how we live or use our brains, yet we rarely, if
ever think about these things.

Living, working, playing, taking vacations, raising
families, that is what our lives primarily consist of.

Our minds add quite a bit more through our intellects
and it's thinking process.

Using logic and reasoning to advance our presence in
this life and the things that we do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Quietly Within

Secure in the familiarity of our surroundings we
feel at home, peaceful, contented, looking within
for answers to questions that keep popping up.

Striving always, to take care of ourselves, to
keep our faith and hope alive and constant as best
we can.

Lighting candles of intellect, thinking of beautiful
possibilities in our daily lives, carrying us forward
into the future where we can estimate our destiny and
what we will achieve in time.

Forging our way through turmoil, strife and suffering
gives us a say in what we do to get through it all,
as suffering takes our energy from us without permission,
leaving us tired and weak without any consolation.

Temporarily, it strips our minds of consciousness until
we finally get back on track, thinking quietly within
ourselves, letting our spirituality give to us the con-
templation and consolation that we need at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Silently

Walking pathways into the future, watching videos upon a
photographic screen as I do so, reliving the past as I
continue to move forward through a temporary destiny.

Thinking silently to myself about what life is about, why
do we have to even live it and why must we go through hell
in order to do it.

Thoughts come clearly into focus, telling me that we must
live through every experience, good or bad, in order to
learn things we'll need to know when we die, beginning a
new life, much different than the ones we have here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Soon

Sitting here listening to the band, 'Cold Front', their easy, gentle rhythms taking me away, thinking soon I won't be able to see them anymore..

Looking and listening as if it were the last time on earth that I'd be in their presence, enjoying their performance immensely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Thoughts

Witching hours magically turning music into beautiful poetry as days present themselves without hesitant voices.

Waking up with glorious brilliance, heating my mind, baking many thoughts and ideas, adding them to precious feelings and thinking them out on paper to eternity and back.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Through Music

Watching closely as I think through music, finding my way
clear to writing poetry straight from my heart and mind,
rhythms burning in intellect, giving intense passion fuel.

Igniting thoughts and ideas like a wild fire, a fantastic
wonder filling me throughout every moment in life, being
etched onto photographic memories.

Everything ever done, lived or experienced giving ammun-
ition to be placed meaningfully into poems to be read a-
round the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Too Much

Traipsing through moods of sensory perception,
disabling feelings in order to progress in life.
Taking too much time in thinking, instead of
pushing ahead and just getting things done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Unheard

Every time when in a restaurant, I look around at
other people, realizing that I don't know a lot
of them.
It echoes and rebounds into thousands and hundreds
of thousands that I don't know and very likely may
never know in life.
It boggles the mind at times, when deep in thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking We Know Others

Never really knowing everything about ourselves, how do
we think we can know another person?

Unless talking intensely, openly, truthfully, our conver-
sations are just empty words with no connection to the
other person.

We never seem to think of this as we allow ourselves to
feel close to another without really knowing them at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking Won'T Begin

Sitting, waiting, can't think of any reason for being here.

What will I say? There are no ideas running wildly about my mind, no thoughts cogitating within, what will I say.

Having no clue whatsoever, sitting and writing, hoping for the words to emerge before I enter the office.

What are my feelings? Only those of confusion and distraught mentoring of self.

A few more minutes and my mind will have to think of what to say or I'll look like a total jerk.

That seems to be nothing new, but I will swallow fears and begin anew.

What will I say? Still no clues issuing forth. Time is just about up and totally ready, yet without a thought of what to say.

Prayer, deep and quick, God please help and guide me for I want very much to say what is on my mind, if I could only think of something.

Make it good Lord, make it count. Wanting very much to say what is on my mind, if I could only think of something, I'd be fine.

Reorder, rearrange, think, pray, doubts feverishly racing back and forth, please Lord, help me to say something relevant.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking You Were Gone

Tears falling, I am inconsolable, drenched in sorrow
that filled my being from a dream last night.

Feeling that I've lost you somehow, heart breaking in
two, agony piercing my mind so totally.

Afraid that this is now a reality because it's terrify-
ingly intense and seemingly real.

Praying, calling out to God to please don't let this
be the truth for I cannot live without you my dear.

No pride standing in the way, my heart wants only you,
frantically I run into the morning hoping to find you
awaiting me with open and loving arms.

Moments pass through time, not finding you anywhere,
suddenly succumbing to death, unable to live anymore.

Out of depths of sorrow you call to me so lovingly,
looking up through my tears, seeing you running to
console and soothe my pain that thoughts of losing you
has brought into my mind.

Hugging and kissing, being held so tightly by your arms,
realizing it was only a dream, nothing has happened to
you and we are still together and in love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thinking, If Only.....

Heart feeling so heavy all of a sudden, missing the love
of ours that could have been, if only you'd have come to
the United States when younger to work.

All these sixty-five years would've been spent in a lov-
ing holiness, an unconditional loving relationship as one,
bound to each other freely, openly through the years.

All the 'if only's' crowding my mind with an intense sad-
ness that touches this heart and brings tears quietly to
my eyes falling into the silence of my heart.

While thinking of the life that might have been for us,
tears continue to fall, if only... we had met sooner is
the thought consuming my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Heavenly Night

Recognizing sounds of temptation coming from depths of love,
igniting the fire of passion held closely within, waiting to
be quenched.

Embers sparkling in my mind as you hold me tightly, making
love throughout this night, filling my being with your volcanic
love.

Taking everything that you willingly are giving, enjoying it succinctly and
sublimely, hitting pleasure centers in my brain,
exciting and thrilling me no end all through this heavenly night.

Wanting you more and more, not wanting to let you go, my dear,
reaching for fireworks, wanting to feel them totally within,
never wanting them to fizzle out.

Being together in our love takes me upward, soaring within both
of our beings as we become one again and again throughout the
years of our blessed lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Intense Energy

Watching and standing at the brink of rhythms being
played in front of me.

Keeping this mind exercised, taking intellect into
depths of wisdom, dipping into knowledge found there.

Kept safe and serene by an innate talent that in-
satiably brings me into the light of innermost
spirituality.

Focusing only beauty of interior landscapes, nothing
ever getting in the way of this intense energy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Is A New Poem

All the world loves music, dancing and song,
So why does everyone shun the creative ones?
Is there a jealousy brewing beneath the page?
Or is it something more sinister?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Is Goodbye

Steps being taken towards heaven, walking through an empty life, tears in my eyes, knowing that this is goodbye.

This time in life is coming to an end and cannot continue, knowing that we've done the best that we could, loving, cherishing and treasuring one another.

Now there's only emptiness coming upon us as death nears our bed where we lie loving each other, holding onto our love forever.

Slipping now into unconsciousness, leaving you behind my love, unknowingly stepping into heaven without you, unable to stop death from taking me from you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Little Life

Touching chords with a gentleness and soft pride as emotions flow smoothly about, taking me on solo journeys throughout my little life.
Always expecting a curiosity to send me into avenues least explored, only to find or discover more profound and deep thoughts lying uncovered.
Sensing so much beyond boundaries I can see, releasing mind and soul to travel into emotional turmoil and suffering, finding many tears and transposing them into a poem of everlasting freedom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Lonely Heart

Stripped of life, being left alone and abandoned on deserted shores of life.

Wanting tirelessly to walk through the surf as tides beat incessantly against the sand on edges of daylight.

Solace following me at times, trying to change this lonely heart into one fully knowing what love truly is.

To feel it's genuine truth and honesty in depths I have never even been before.

Experiencing nothing but heartache and pain in life, now wanting to change this interior lonely life.

Giving up the sacrifices of a lifetime, now just wanting to know and feel what love really, truly is.

Knowing that no one can ever lead me to this ending I continue to be bereft in every phase I go through and enter.

Lonely unto the ending breath I take.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Lonely Life

Being a mere poet with a simple heart and sincere
devotion to God, allowing self to be an instrument
of His love.

Writing poetry, composing music, painting portraits,
using the gifts He has given to me totally and so
completely throughout this lonely life.

Filled with poverty and suffering, living it joy-
fully in spite of it all, taking it in stride every
step of the way.

Knowing that the peace and serenity I feel within is
because God is always present in an interior life
where I constantly go to find solace, peace, His
goodness and mercy towards me in this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Lonely Shell

As my eyes look out, I see within me, looking around at
what is being seen, fills me with great peace.

Inside, gently pleading, wanting doubt and insecurity
to go away.

Not liking those things, wanting to stray, to be a bully,
buck authority!

Wanting to come out of this lonely shell, become someone,
become who I am.

There's so much hurt inside, always making me cry, but I
cannot complain, because once upon a time I couldn't cry.

Life was just an empty journey with nothing to see or feel,
and it hurt - hurting makes me angry, makes me cry.

Confusing my mind, the two tangle inside, sorrow and anger
fighting for their rightful places, trying to disguise one
another and keep their places in line.

As my eyes look out, I see within, an empty coffin, blue
and silk, waiting for the loser, for either way it goes, it
will lead to eventual death, for my life I cannot hold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Mind Cannot Forget

Memories fill our minds with the beautiful moments of
our lives, time may forget life through it's measures,
yet this mind cannot forget tears of beauty.

They have been left upon the pathway of my heart and
I miss you dear, closing my eyes, I feel you near me,
your heart beating with mine.

Our love soothing our souls together, like snowflakes
falling into our beings, so very delicate, yet with a
purpose, our lips finding each other.

Waves of emotion filling and washing over me, upon
opening my eyes you are no longer here, still standing
beyond my love, for death has insisted on taking you
fully from my sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Mind Continues To Focus

Resting uneasily, using my mind to keep me focused on
writing poetry, being and feeling so sick.

Listening to music as it takes me soaring into pleasures
of rhythm where I am happy and contented.

Far away from the stress of sickness, living in a forward
motion of tempos as they keep me alive.

This mind continuing to focus in spite of everything,
giving an interior energy derived from spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Mind Is Wide Awake

Feeling effects of aging this morning for the first
time ever, back and joints hurting, yet this mind
is wide awake and alert.

Taking me on journeys through rhythm, translating
them into poetry just like a foreign language, a
fascinating and spiritually enlivening time.

Traveling everywhere in a moment, needing no money
at all, loving this rhythmic and beautiful journey
that I make daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Moment Is Our Song Of Love

Now or never, embracing you with my heart, for tomorrow may never come to bear upon our horizon.

So come to me, my darling, hold me through the night, kiss me, let this be our song of love this moment.

Our love being showered upon us as we make love in the peacefulness of our souls.

Earmarked forever as our special moment, tomorrow may be too late.

We must take this opportunity, my love, while we are still together, for this moment is our song of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Moment's Beauty

Jostling memories, catching them in a web of fascination and destiny, so totally incensed with the interior rhythms of life.

Taking self into the foray of another time, instilling the wonder and awe of this very moment's beauty into a lifetime of many tomorrows.

Living altogether in the fundamental periods of eternal visions, alluding to the future and what it actually holds for each of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Night

Listening to the sounds of evening,
watching it's colors change from
rainbow to black.

Taking the balance of light, tucking
it away for tomorrow, beginning this
night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Peek

Signature rhythms filling my head with their exploratory
sounds, taking me to heaven, loving avenues that music
takes me down.

Living experiences that make sense, giving vibrant mean-
ing to life, forging fresh new ideas, dancing rhythms
taking me into visions of other dimensions.

Still being unknown, except for this peek I take out of
curiosity's sake, wanting to explore them explicitly as
I venture further and further into everything I see.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Poetical Mind

Steady, moving slowly at first, then rapidly speeding
up, heading into the magnificence of this poetical mind.

Touching upon the beauty that emanates from within my
soul, into an interior universe.

Shining brilliantly in every note and rhythm playing to
this mind, arriving silently, nothing in the way.

As it blossoms into my interior being, alone, vibrant,
and alive, totally inherent in the forming of meanings.

Being used in poems, meanings instantaneously arriving
on photographic screens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Prayer

As darkness covers my soul, the light of the Lord
grows much brighter, leading me closer to Him.

Unafraid, walking towards Him of my own free will,
hoping to leave this world in peace and solitude.

This prayer always in my heart, etched indelibly
on my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Side Of Exits

Textures mixing and blending with moods of many people's
rhythms, not holding back on any plains.

Leaving empty designs on the piles of yesterday's leaves,
having been raked, waiting for the essence of sensations.

Life is going to stay on the side of exits, awaiting the
making of entire patterns in one feel swoop.

Rushing into the future of another perfect storm, not
taking the effort, at a loss.

Capturing it on the front porches of tomorrow's periodicals.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Soul's Heart

This soul's heart is left in lengthening shadows of evening,
nothing to take from it, as there is nothing left.

Tears, have constantly been allowing all emotions to run
through them and out into the opening waters of the ocean.

So gently, hoping for a faithful friend to come and sit
here close without touching the grief being held in palms
of these two hands.

Votive candles having been lit and left burning, flickering
into the darkness of this night, taking all blessings from
this morning's sunrise.

Hopefully trading them for just one more hour of life, so
solemn and ardent in it's fatalistic demise.

Forming a passionate rose from interior crystal tears,
allowing it to captivate imagination.

Giving it to intellect to hold, smelling a sweet saddened
aroma of sorrow beheld for a final moment.

Without it's mysterious hold captivating the energy of
this once beautiful essence of a poet.

No longer now to be heard, muses of her kind and gentle
passion have been put to sleep.

Folding papers, closing a final book of prose, laying down
her poem, life returning once again from whence it once
began.

Never to be touched by another's heart throughout eternity.
again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Soul's Interior Particles

Flowers blossoming interiorly, touching faith, increasing
it's feelings through nature.

Walking through darkness, watching the sun shining upon
interior particles of my soul, giving only blessings of
hope contained therein.

A significant amount of textures keeping life together
no matter what.

Nothing really mattering to me anymore, because there
are more important things to think about and do for
others, instead of self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Soul's Serenity

Riding, galloping into deserts and mountains, resting
in the saddle, feeling at ease in my particular element
of life.

Securing the contemplative serenity of this soul is all
that is ever needed or craved for.

Darkened nights, lightened moon, searching vast desert
plains looking for a self that's lost.

Never being found, continuing searching alone forever,
an emptiness always hiding within, keeping me company
over dark and dusty trails of a lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This Special Gift

Remembering the past and all it's nightmares, now suddenly realizing that they never had any power over me as I lived my life the only way I was able.

Knowing now that all sacrifices were in naught, yet, it doesn't matter any more in this day and age, for now I have reasons to believe and have an unconditional love that was never before fulfilled.

Now, it has come into my life and I have you to think for this special gift for the future, keeping it along with your memory and love, treasured forever in my heart, to keep me going even when life becomes unbearable.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

This World Has Become A Blackened Hole

Whatever happened to my love since death has taken your
entire being from my life.

Your heart was still beating and then you were gone,
your hands reaching to me from heaven.

Totally and completely at a loss, finding my pillow wet
with the tears of your passing.

When will I ever see you, my dear, I am still waiting
to hear your voice, see your smile.

Wanting to see a look of seriousness on your face as you
contemplate the passion held within my being.

My love, this world has become a blackened hole, a void,
a space where you are not.

Standing here in the moonlight, focusing on heaven above,
searching skies for your existence, but you're no longer
visible to me my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Those Days Are Gone

Walking down the boardwalk, watching waves rising and
crashing on sandy shores in the morning sunlight.

Beautiful and tantalizing to every desire held within,
wishing to be holding hands, enjoying sights with the
one I truly love.

Alas, those days are now gone and he just sits in
front of the T.V. doing nothing much anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thought - Inducing Interests

Reaching into the grab box of life, pulling out
meanings and definitions that take me steps
further into atmospheres of human behavior.
Listening carefully as each note plays into my
mind with special rhythms to set each poem to.
Reminding others of their places in the scheme
of things here on earth.
Filling pages with all manner of thoughts,
letting them be provoked and get people
interested in more than just material things in
life.
Thought-inducing interests in other pursuits
much more important than what they can buy with
money.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thought Ashore

Feeling like a rowboat pulled ashore,
no adventures or excitement in sight.

Scraping the bottom on sugary sand,
as small waves lap at the bow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thought Birds

Birds of thought, wings extended,
are flying back and forth through
the air, looking for a page to
land on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thought Bracelets

Tolling down avenues of special thoughts, anxious to sort and try them out.
Set them inside bracelets of feelings, treasuring their senses even though not wanting to feel the hurt and sorrow right now.
Dividing explanations with creative ideas spent on divulging particular sentiments on yesterday's factors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thought Currents

Sweeping currents of human thought into
new channels of subconsciousness.

Riding waves of latitude and longitude
into unknown depths of life and mind
alike.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thought In Dreams

Watching the sky as it sets upon my mind doing nothing,
clouds have all disappeared, leaving it abandoned like
an interior mind at times.

Finding the incessant poetry that comes into my vision
from music in life every moment that I'm awake, even in
sleep still writing poetry and composing music.

When awakening having to grab a pen and write down what
I've thought in dreams and intellect through the night,
a wonderful passage, being measured in chords and time
of rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thought In Reality

Totally loving you for you are so endearing to my heart
and soul, yet now shards of my love lie upon the floor
of your heart.

Discarded like poison from your entire life, because
you have found someone else to be with, leaving me be-
hind, alone and forgotten.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thought Of Nature

Broken branches lying in the park.
Dying on their sides amongst blades of grass
protecting them carefully and quietly as they
struggle for one last ounce of strength and
then expire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thought Patterns

Tempered, still, frozen inside, awaiting diversity
of small minds, incomplete on their journeys.

Withstanding ageless tasks of searching for answers,
instead breathing the last of life unattended.

Liveliness inside can no longer exist on present
shores, it has fallen overboard, haunted by
incessant lies.

Images haunting, shadows no longer vague, but
strengthening.

Intelligence shatters itself up against the past,
intense, bleeding, slightly knowing something
that happened isn't right.

Wherever memories wander, minds hesitantly
follow, trying to gain some understanding.

It's task lies unfulfilled, for sorrow is it's
own small barrier to understanding or making sense
of it.

Life falls upside down, shaking amnesic thoughts
loose, but not in order.

Chaotic images blindly appear and disappear through
nighttime visions, separated from waking hours by
dreams.

Aimless thought patterns, switching on or out, never
quite connecting relevant information.

Silent inept memories coast along the center of a
mind, careening through from past to present.

Tearing into complacent pastimes, allowing no time
for regrouping or solutions, staccatoely moving to

an inner drummer set in place by some past horror.

Stalking eternally within confines of enmeshed
brain waves, falling short of living, choosing death
instead.

No longer wanting to begin each day in lingering
torment, afraid of continuing the living death of
yesterday, past on to surrounding alternatives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thought Pebbles

Pebbles of thought, scattered about, waiting to be chosen
and aired out.

Selectively laid bare upon the ground, seeing and expanding
beyond this world and our view of it.

Stepping carefully through acres of ideas, sowing, reaping
great imaginative truths and poetical stories.

Vast horizons set before an idle mind can be met, taken up,
and projected onto paper with a pen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thought Picture

Silently sliding across sand dunes topped
with ice-capped mirages in the desert.

An outstanding picture thought of through
imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thought Popping

Sleepy notions, opening their eyes, rubbing them awake,
trying to focus on the new day at hand.

Placing all of life on doorsteps of another time, rising
to meet challenges of new adventures through exploration
and discovery.

Having options, selecting those wanted to accompany
intellect into webs of knowledge where all will be
untangled through an intense and vibrant imagination.

Wholly giving explanations and meanings to the exciting
pictures of thought always popping into landscapes of this
mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtful

Stillness of this morning is
recorded in my heart and mind
forever.

It is a blessing, a sign of
peace from God above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtful And Deliberate

Staccato and incessantly, rhythms are taking me down
avenues of creativity, allowing this mind to focus on
details, clarifying and intensifying each one.

Picking up good vibrations as they reverberate into
the night, ideas being thought constantly, giving this
mind the preciousness of an inner spirituality.

It never diminishes or fades, it's thoughtful and
deliberate, taking my mind down paths of delectable
aromas, filling intellect with a sublime education.

Passion of another life being manifested before inner
talent as it flows from interior and innate beauty,
teaching my being constantly without effort.

Rhythms beating in staccato tones, letting me know
which tempos to write from, touching and playing them
throughout life with intense pleasure and interior joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtful Appreciation

Thoughtfully appreciating the presence of family and
friends as I die slowly inside.
Hurting intensely, keeping time in ribbons and lace,
holding onto rhythms as I slide into the invisible
dream of my woebegone life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtful Attitude

Lines tantalizing a deep desire to travel down
highways of yesterday, following them into the
future.
Anything but the present will do, I'd rather
be anywhere else than here right now.
Wandering along paths towards an unknown horizon
is freedom of the soul, as imagination soars into
an abyss of subconsciousness.
Where total recall fills every vision of insight
as words flow like rivers towards oceans of beauty
and thoughtful attitudes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtful Books

Gently I soothe integrated images with visions of yesterday.
Longing to go back in time, basking in the love of grandparents, parents, aunts, uncles, cousins - all of family.
Holding onto meanings, writing them legibly into books of thoughtful poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtful Departure

Daily we preserve ourselves, protecting and guiding
our lives however we can.
Pride and ego getting in our paths at inopportune
moments, when we least expect them.
Altering our thoughts to accommodate their insistence,
tends to put a swerve in our plans for the future.
We prepare for these side trips and off-road
adventures at the spur of a tenacious moment.
Holding onto beautiful musical scores, our memories
light the way to our horizons, sitting, awaiting our
thoughtful departure from this life.
Accounting for our preciousness and spirituality we
happily move on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtful Elegance

Swelling waves of music taking over my mind with delicate
frothy lace draping my entire being with it's exquisite
taste and volume.
Enlivening my spirit with hopeful faith, I gather skirts
of memories to me and reminisce with thoughtful elegance
through crystal blue tears that won't let go of feelings
associated with images throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtful Ingredients

Solace completely enclosing my soul with it's peaceful
serenity, closing all doors and windows against negative
tides, trying to gain access to inner thoughts.

Surrendering nothing of self, keeping freedom and total
independence, beautiful senses, forming blossoms of
thoughtful ingredients to generously form into poetry
for all time.

Circulating and taking ideas into formulas and equations
that no one has yet thought to figure out.

So all-encompassing, going into many dimensions of entertaining
beauty of imagination's landscapes where everything continually
manifests whatever in life that is wanted.

Having found a key to the universe, beginning to become the
person who will bring peaceful accommodations to the poor
and needy in this life of earthly mankind.

Nothing to stand in the way, loving how it all fits together
in one huge majestic puzzle, fitting perfectly, taking every-
thing and sharing it with the people of the world needing
it the most.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtful Interlude

Living life, paying my dues,
Never committing any crimes,
Wanting only to find the pathways
To another time.

Saddened tears dripping slowly into
my heart, wrenching it in many
directions, as all memories are looming
their painful images so large.

Wonder shining through the tears,
splashing upon the poems as I write
them tenderly from my mind and gently
place them on paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtful Interludes

Waving lines in my vision, giving time to contemplate
what they mean in depths of thoughtful interludes sent
to me in deepened moods of emotion.

Slowly, climbing, mountain peaks of turmoil, calculating
their existence in my mind.
Focusing totally on the steps it will take to surmount
all the obstacles standing in my way.
Sololy, walking steadily, keeping my mind on elaborating thoughts given to me
on the way up.
Shaking screens with words of powered sadness, giving
the essence of my life graceful entrance into a cruel
world, reality has left behind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtful Interludes Of Grace

Settling in for a long spell of writing, enjoying the
expressions in words and definitions that are usually
coming from within an inner waterfall.

Non-ending and beautiful, carefully, gently, taking me
on a journey with every single poem that I happen to
write in a day.

Loving the messages being brought about through intellect
and written down, a positive and exacting talent taking
it's place in realms of pleasure and expressive thinking.

Savoring the best of artistic grace for thoughtful
interludes of intellectual properties, never being taken
away, only increased in depths of an interior birthplace.

A source of genuine pleasure in so many ways and forms
in this life, creating and solving problems that have
been created in this entire world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtful Moments

Writing puzzling antidotes into relays of
nature's vast wanderings.
Turning them into fragrant verses for
moments of life spent in thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtful Observation

Our bodies are knowledge or as such, collect knowledge
through our six senses.

Sight, touch, smell, hearing, speech and intuition
collectively teach us all we need to know.

It is stored in our subconscious and when needed is
retrieved into our conscious minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtful Patience

Wheels of fortune flow into the future
while I await the fruition of it's power.
Unendingly patient for absolutely no
reason pertaining to riches on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtful Picturres

Trudging my way across a desert mountain, looking down and wanting to climb ever higher.
Believing in the reality of horizons beyond life, taking steps to confine myself in the essence of desert plains, letting myself walk alone, capturing the nature of whatever is living around me in careful array.
Settling all details into thoughtful pictures of photographic screens, depicting what I have imagined along the road of my life and now into tomorrow's horizon where I will finally be at rest in God's arms once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtful Prayer

Life is slowly closing around me,
filling my space with new beginnings.

Tenderly folding the old each day so
I may meet my Lord with an open mind
and soul.

Becoming one with Him, at home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtful Recall

Reading my mind as I look at all the pictures of thought, sitting there waiting to be written into poetry on a daily basis.
Beauty comforting me as I see intense landscapes that develop constantly in picturesque memories and images.
Thoughtful recall of energetic sounds, carefully growing into different directions of exacting mathematical calculations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtful Tangents

Rocking to the rhythm of heavenly aromas filtering to
senses, sitting here listening to their sensations and
perceptions.

Feeling the fever of intense desire entering the rhythms
of self, joining them together in writing.

Solemnly anticipating the beauty of nature as it pops
into the equation, taking off on thoughtful tangents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtful Visions

Many thoughtful visions appear, containing the essence of my younger days when life was good and easy.
Nothing ever mattered except a child's dreams when I had time to dream them between jobs and school.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtful Words

Rhythmically bouncing along, extracting many issues, throwing them into cauldrons and set afire.
Often taking a backseat to watch the smoke rise - it appears as prayers rising to heaven's gardens.
Leaving nothing to the imagination, contributing a sense of accomplishment to life as it happens on a daily basis.
Conferring with innate intellect, coming together in thoughtful words,
knowing we'll all meet on the other side, beyond earth's black curtains.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtfully Thinking

Caring and thinking of people who have touched
my life with theirs, enriching and expanding
inner fields of compassion.

Thoughtfully and prayerfully thanking them for
kind words, deeds and smiles, hoping their lives
were enriched by mine also.

Wondering from time to time how certain people
are doing whom I haven't seen or heard from in
years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtfully Wandering

Comparing textures of nature against each other in
cacti, trees and plants, all of extraordinary beauty.
All ornaments in gardens of landscapes, showing us
their essence, sharing their ideas with my mind as
I wander thoughtfully through their images, writing
of them in prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughtless Betrayal

Warning annuls of everlasting science, parading cadavers down through the ages.

Filling all life with decayed thoughtlessness, leaving all sense in a pit of fire.

Forgotten leaves of yesterday, dry and crumpled, soiled linen of the past.

Destroyed alien forgetfulness, sinning instead against a class of human beings, wanting to be separated from them.

Forever falling down stone steps, filled with granite hatred of lying lips.

Beckoning whomever will come forward, just to tear their heart from between their ribs.

Holding nothing sacred, promises are made so that they may be broken into everlasting pieces.

Floating through the atmosphere, never being able to put them back again, for sorrow has filled their place with many tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Above The Pacific Ocean

Fantasizing, daydreaming of things yet to come that we will one day bring about through a creative process developed by intellect itself.

Adjusting and figuring out details in moments of isolation and silent quiet, thinking and pondering it all through music and rhythms, forsaking conventional ways of doing it.

Those ways of old are always crammed in tight-fitting boxes, no room to form new ideas, concepts, patterns or designs, so step outside the box and explore new possibilities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Arising

An unfulfilled love hidden deeply within gives magnificent
feelings added to intense desires, yet brings great sadness
at the same time.

Unable to be expressed physically in it's entirety, concepts
travel about in memories being created to attain satisfaction
in whatever way spiritually possible.

Living with this transgression of sorts, causes thoughts to
arise of possibly doing wrong morally, however, it's totally transcendental and
innocent, not touching upon immoral aspects
of sinning.

Continually trying to be inspired to do the right thing
intellectually and spiritually, cautioning myself in these
endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts At The Edge

Silently persistent, thoughts collect at the edge of
an interior waterfall, carefully watching and waiting
for their turns to be placed in a poem.

Thoughtful and energetic, awakening intellect with a
purpose and lively pose of artistic poetical attitudes
contributing to ideas.

Totally living within freedom of mind and imagination,
loving it's empty space all around me and in my mind
and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Before Taking Off

Distinct and viable, finding thoughts to express what is wanted to say concisely and having a message to leave for others.

Musically and gently sounding off, giving of self in the poetry being written, selflessly sharing thoughts, ideas and opinions with other people.

Hoping at times we share the same thoughts of making the world a better and safer place for all of humanity now living on earth and generations after.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Bloom

Stepping stones, filling many gaps of loneliness,
finishing exact stances of wisdom, gathered loosely
into piles of learning, subjected to the scrutiny of
many ages, past and present.

Sanctioning the absolutes of experience, knowledge
settles itself in desks of complacent nurturing.

Thoughts bloom, spread out over the world, pocketed
at times, saved for quiet remembering, to be relished
in the souls and hearts of intellectual minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Dropping Like Dew

Thinking, thoughts dropping like dew into my mind,
moistening intellect and nurturing it with positive
aspects of nature.

Seeing images come alive in visions, filling this
mind with a brilliance of life and it's enriching
sensations and pleasure.

Hearing beauty of nature through many exhilarating
tones, rhythms naturally come through innate talent,
always being alert and aware of my surroundings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts During Kolkata Flight

Sorrow touching my heart, taking it's fill of all the
tears of loss sitting within me always, it's shadows
crossing and re-crossing memories.

Once they were my reality and now no longer are, miss-
ing them, loved ones, family and friends alike, heart
feeling the intense pain as it strikes again and again.

Throughout life they will be renewed and refreshed so
the future can be lived with some happiness, knowing
that once upon a time it was possible.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts From A Music Box

A little boy singing, a little boy dancing.
His heart filed with joy at his new found friends.
Birds and animals and insects as well, all flocked about him,
waiting to hear his latest adventures.
Filled with curiosity they patiently waited to ask their questions.
A heart goes out to the young fellow - knowing he can't really communicate with his animal friends.
He could only pretend.
What is the good of pretending when you can find something real to occupy your mind?
It's quite a sight though, to see how they flock around him.
It seems - almost - as if they are talking with him.
What the heck! Why not humor him? After all, he's only a child!
Don't deny him that part of life - he needs to pretend - so later on he can dream - and when he's grown up he'll aspire to his highest, little boy dream of pretend.
It's funny - how - in the end - your life is based on mostly pretend.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts From Sand

Writing, looking out from under eyelids so tired of
being, yet finding amazing adventures and discoveries
from around this world.

Being challenged artistically and musically at every
turn, matching rhythms with coded messages, none of
them in vain.

Always locating landscapes of inner spirituality,
falling upon life's shores with it's passing of salted
crashing waves.

Putting thoughts from sand onto paper in poetry books,
capturing and displaying everything that is seen upon
photographic screens.

Effervescent, captivating, taking me beyond realms of
earth into depths of a heavenly sea, solidifying every
image with care.

Placing them all into photo albums which are entombed
in spheres of my mind, settled in visions and videos
within my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Hibernating

Investigating depths of inner thoughts, hibernating in my subconscious mind, having a joyful time, sending many vibrant ideas into intellect.

Giving this brain a workout for the time being, listening to the hidden rhythms coming out of hiding and playing in compositions.

Now being composed to be played in instrumental concerts of the future.

Enjoying the beauty of it's interior solitude, as it lovingly caresses my mind.

Nothing can surpass the wonder, curiosity and awe of innate gifts, delving constantly into their depths, keeping my soul and spirit alive for the short time I will be here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts In A Deserted Kitchen

In depths of loneliness, one fact stands out above all else - despair.
Life is not great or happy - it's one big ugly maze of worry and frustration.
Why go on? Why not put a stop to it?
Get rid of old memories of love, joy, a sense of usefulness.
They just make life even more unbearable.
Family and friends won't even notice your disappearance - they're too caught up in in their own worlds and cares.
Why then, if no one else cares if you live or die, should you throw in the line?
What would it accomplish?
Just another funeral to attend. Not much different in appearance and style from any other.
Why waste your time and energy to snuff out your little particle of life?
Why not live and die when your time is up?
Why not just accept the fact that you're alone, forgotten, despised and make a life of your own.
Choose friends with care and build a new relationship with life.
Start over, as it were, in another atmosphere.
One that you like and can live easily without too much strain on you because of the change.
Get your own life together and don't worry about what people think of you.
Chances are, they are jealous or envy your life, therefore will do all they can to destroy either you or your relationships.
Step over feelings of abandonment, rejection, lack of confidence and trust.
Start by realizing that you alone are unique.
Who else could accomplish or come even close to the wonderful and good things you did in your past?
What about the future you say?
That can be handled easily, because once you get a clear perspective of yourself all else suddenly falls into place.
You must get a hold of yourself - be able to look at your life and say - hey! I did this, that and the other thing wrong.
But look! - Look at this! - it's really great!
I really accomplished something here! My life isn't so bad after all! It's amazing all the things I did right! And the way I

treated others - hey! I am a good person inside. Life is really fun.
Suddenly you have realized that what you have is life.
That's quite a discovery. So what if you did something you shouldn't have - it's all changed now isn't it?
You have the power to rearrange your whole outlook and way of life. Do you realize what that means?
It is in effect a fact that you can create a miracle out of a mess.
How truly great and consoling it is to a lost and lonely heart.
Life can be good, not just partly, but completely - and me - little tiny me that I am - can create it all by myself.
That's neat!

(4/2/74)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts In Bed

7: 10 p.m.
Staring into the starlit night from windows of my soul,
touching rhythms, focusing on their mentality.
Leaving thoughts lying quietly in their beds, watching
what I'm doing and wondering how they've come to be
such a large part of my intellect.
Socializing on edges of night, while relaxing in depths
of my essence.
7: 11 p.m. 11/7/13

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Like Royalty

Thoughts like royalty rise, showing off their gems to
the world through poetry, periods of lavish experiences
filed quickly in recesses of intellect.

Clouds lining ideas with their silken essence, floating
on air currents, trinkets ringing like little bells in
the darkness.

Leaving little reminders that they have been there and
settled their emotions and feelings with diamonds, gold
and jewels.

Arranging them like crowns worn by princes, princesses,
kings and queens throughout an interior history no one
else has ever found out about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Mathematical In Nature

Languishing in effects of musical environments, portraying a myriad of thoughts in experiential ideas and formulas, mathematical in nature.

Calculating factors in physics and science, compiling data to stretch the imagination into depths not yet reached or heard of.

Bringing reality into realms of scientific data, not yet invented or patented in our days.

Yet, looking forward, turning corners into darkness of hidden formularies, finding inner spaces of mindful ingenuity, twisting everything to form and shape new aspects of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Of A Soul

Tranquil anticipation filling me interiorly, calming my soul and taking me down pathways of prior existence, showing the many years I've lived with nature. Belonging quietly to thoughts of the soul, engaged momentarily to it's sweet serenity as I give my life to God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Of Birds Perhaps

Lifting off into the blue sky above, watching as clouds
flow by, nothing alighting in any of them.

Peering out of trees and in between leaves, little beaks,
birds taking in what's going on below them.

Wondering, curious about the strange world of humanity
that insists on feeding them and trying to cage them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Of Business

Lying back, daydreaming of new concepts and ideas to start and grow my own publishing business with many creative products, using my poetry to integrate them.

Selling and marketing around the world, at the same time helping eliminate poverty and disease through private labs run by top scientists around the world.

Replicating and discovering the main essence to build business further than it's ever been before, totally honest and based on morals and ethics, no room for any dishonesty, stealing or corruption.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Of Dying

From the deepest within of me is a total emptiness - a canyon of immense depth that will not be filled.
It is full of sorrow and I walk around in it, feel it, try to put it from me, but it will not go.
Solitarily silent, walking towards the center of it, can find nothing there.
Fervently praying for the Lord to ease the pain if it is His will.
If not - asking for the strength and stamina to get through it.
As lonely as the middle of the desert - my coffin sits here beside me, waiting for me to give in to the pain of sorrow.
Pushing it quickly from me - it is too easy to do - as it falls away from me - I cry out - lead me to it!
This anguish fills my heart, wrenching it apart and throwing it into a stampede of sorrow.
Leaving nothing, except the blood of life seeping slowly into the earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Of Evil

Signs of the times sprawling across the world, showing us all that evil is perpetrating racism, discrimination intolerance and hatred.

Sinister men like Soros, paying thugs to cause trouble around the world, no consideration or conscience at all, just like Judas, the betrayer, never thinking of anyone but himself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Of Grief

Sprinkling flowers into thoughts of grief helps relieve
the misty teariness of my eyes, as my mind is refocused
onto life's nature and eventual demise.
Seeing beauty in every day things, thinking making it's
way back to life-giving visions.
Dreaming of loved ones now rid of earthly strife and
being, brings sorrow to the surface as I wake to tears
wetting my pillow once again.
Sorrow silently held onto while life travels on,
keeping me on pathways of destiny as I, too, head for
my horizon just over the next mountain on the way to
heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Of Life

Nature standing regally just outside the window, clouds passing silently across a blue sky, winds blowing gently across the face of the earth.

Chasing scents of flowers into the atmosphere where they capture senses with tantalizing aromas, bringing thoughts of life closer into view.

Trees, branches bare of leaves for it's winter here in Phoenix, Arizona, coolness touching my skin as I step out the door, refreshingly awakening my spirit.

As it takes away my breath in a cloud of steam, disappearing quickly as I walk forward into the afternoon, ready to begin again in this timid atmosphere of winter.

Exclaiming the scents and beauty of nature are perfectly able to be made into poetry once again, musically being tantalized while nature captures all senses in lines of prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Of Living

Being deprived of the necessities of life, placing barren requests in front of others.
Totally lost, exempt from the leisure and fun of other people, trying hard to live for something.
There are no qualities to be found in everyday life, nothing has value today.
Lost in ever-increasing piles of clay, civilization is mired in lost pieces of hardened ceramic hearts.
Oblivious to mournful cries of destiny, people tread ever - onward, attempting to fulfill what their thoughts of living are becoming.
Mindless of another's place in destiny - walking on - falling through the holes, empty - wasted - of the future.
There are no barriers of recompense, fruitless tasks are endlessly prodded down empty lanes.
Carcasses of knowledge sit alongside vineyards, waiting to be picked, yet no one cares about them.
Dying, fruit upon the trees, falls prey to progressive whims of pollution.
Fulfilling mankind's destiny, always hanging upon another's coattails,
riding towards horizons which will never arrive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Of Love

Realizing the interior feelings are growing desires through
many thoughts of love.

Watching, thoroughly curious as to why it is happening,
enjoying how it touches me with quiet sensations and beauty
throughout my being.

So immersed in silent artistic endeavors, letting myself be
caught up in the tranquil feelings of love being shown to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Of Memories

Noting messages being sent into an atmosphere of uncaring love.
Stillness of an unsettling silence betraying inner turmoil, hoping to musically mislay it somewhere in time.
Seeking thought of memories deeply inside my mind, watching and waiting for another place in line with a journey into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Of Past Living

So quietly, anticipating a feeling of intrepid silence,
filling with so many thoughts of past living, carrying
this being forward in pastimes of forgiving life.

Wanting only to be forgotten and left alone on pathways
of yesterday's that that have all been left behind, and
strewn about upon the desert of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Of Prose

Spread of mountainous scenery fills my eyes and careens across
my brain, waking all senses and claiming the beautiful sight
in special sections of memories, saved for sensual respite.

Touching inner springs with gentle whisper breezes, fulfilling
pleasures of constant writing.

Slowly crawling around the mountainsides, full of wonder and
curiosity, seeking with a little pride, creative thoughts of
prose, residing leisurely and plentifully inside.

Silent beacons bringing forth quietness of my soul in beautiful
prayer.

On certain levels and circumdimensions, life is subconsciously
always being lived in decent sections of serenity.

Flowing gently into caverns and dry beds of yesterday, filling
them with such great wonder and diligent beauty.

Set forth upon horizons of my mind, preserved sacredly forever
in candid memories of sightful eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Of Reality

Blueness of sensory perception fill my mind
with nature, innate and calming.
Bountiful aspirations climb like ivy up the
canyons of my imagination, bringing from
depths, thoughts of reality in inspiration.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Of Sleep

Waiting in the time before slumber arrives, our minds try to
make us think we're tired.

Filling it with thoughts of sleep, trying to make us feel that
our eyes are closing.

It not being quite true, looking around the room, noticing the
nodding of our head as it tries to lie down upon our arm as
it's pillow.

Dancing shadows throw their images upon the walls of our mind
inside, glaring out upon all who say that sleep is blind.

How can it be, when all dreams are sublime and kept hidden away
in drawers of nighttime play?

Daring to pull away, lie down, and fall fast asleep, slumber
quickly overtakes our mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts On Anne Sexton

Who was Anne Sexton? Why did she pass from this world
totally unheeded by anyone?

Would her survival have mattered to a single soul? Why
was her insignificant poetical world so filled with self-
hatred?

Does anyone know the tortuous hell her mind, heart and
soul went through as she lived from day to day? This is
something being felt as I follow unrelentingly in her
footsteps.

A cocoon wrapped around her mind, filling her with the
apprehension so undeservedly hers alone.

Sadness penetrating her entire being, cutting her off,
slicing away the life she could no longer carry with her.

Verse after verse falling from her pen, page upon page
written is total silent abandonment.

Unqualifyingly slaughtered by those around her, who thought
they knew her every waking moment and who happened to not
know a single iota of what she constantly went through in
her tormented child-like mind.

Fear of isolation and abuse, sexual and physical, kept her
writing long hours into every night.

Evenings blending together, no longer having meaning or
reason, bringing all thoughts to an abrupt halt in the
twilight of her life.

Sacrificing nothing except the hell she lived, Anne Sexton
took her life and hid it beneath the realm and understanding
of man.

Now not having to depend on the few crumbs of acknowledgement
or understanding, carelessly tossed her way in moments of

another's weakness.

Strength and power of the printed word allowed Anne to live expressively while she could, soon, too soon, it was no longer enough to sustain the tiny thread that people called her life.

Calmly accepting the resignation of living while dying, Anne Sexton did the only sane thing she could think of and the last particle of hope she held on to, was calmly, acceptingly let go of forever.

Sliding from her withered grasp, the existence of Anne's poetical career was ended on a positive note - the poetry of her last moment on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Remain

Loving thoughts remain in conscious levels
for all times,
even though they aren't being expressed
openly to the person whom you'd like to know
how you feel about them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thought's Savory Thoughts

Silently conspiring with words spilling about in
spaces of interior imagination.
Loving the savory tastes of every thought as it
slips out of my mind so gracefully, like falling
gently from a waterfall.
Nothing standing in the way of logical possibilities
as I reach out in sublime concentration.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Solo Journey

Stopping and going down pathways of tomorrow as many
thoughts take solo journeys through this poetical mind
and out into fields of imaginational realities.

Opening feelings to emit many emotions that need to be
aired out, making room for new ones through experiences
of another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts To Enlighten

Searching through tears of sorrow, looking for the ones that will set me free to wander interior shores on other horizons.

Looking into oceans filled with loneliness and emptiness of being, traveling in moods of wonder and awe, always locating self within colors of another universe.

There getting lost on paths of my own creation, feeling positive vibes coming from my soul, giving many thoughts to enlighten my spirit, setting it free to fulfill my purpose through poetry and music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Unfolding Openly

Melodies softly playing, tip toeing through my mind,
touching thoughts that are being chosen to be written
into poems.

Pondering and letting my mind wander aimlessly down
a myriad pathways of intellect, delving quietly and
deftly into passages of time.

Allowing rhythms to lead into nether lands where I
find the peace and happiness that I so desperately
crave every moment of my life.

So tenderly and bravely, thoughts unfold openly into
a void of interior universes where they can be opened
and played with in depths of intellect's imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thoughts Wanting To Be Saved

Thoughts running around, wanting to be saved through-
out eternity in my mind, not realizing that I won't
be here forever.
Insisting that I write them down so they can at least
live forever on pages of many books to be shared with
the entire world.
Looking into myself, wondering if I need someone to
save me from myself, as I'm going under and I don't
care to come up again.
Drowning in a life that I don't want to really live
here on earth, preferring to enter heaven and be done
with all this suffering once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thousands Of Moments

Everything is past, we have lived thousands of moments
through our experiences daily, making choices, evaluat-
ing our situations and circumstances.

Always testing our opinions and values, all of this
being done unconsciously in thoughts we have during our
waking hours.

Never really thinking about any of it, taking for granted
that our intellect will take care of all of these tasks
that need to be done in order to live our lives peacefully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thread Of Hope

Moistened mind, tearfully remembering past years with some trepidation.
Sitting in a den, waiting for some comfort, yet feeling lions breathing over my shoulder, wanting me to fall to pieces over events long gone.
Praying, talking to God, having a breathless thread of hope to hang onto.

(10: 30 a.m. - 9/23/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Threadbare Carpet

Wonder of nature wafting my way, right through the windows
of an exam room at Dr. L's.

Waiting for him to fit me in, looking outside, wanting to
be a part of whatever nature's putting together.

Reflecting the beauty of insight, holding it carefully in
the palms of my hands.

A threadbare and worn carpet by the door of intellect where
I have tread many moments of these sixty-four years of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Threadbare Silence

Music talking to me through it's melodies, past
present and future.

All of it providing intellect with the spirit of
my being as poetry is being written for the world.

Purpose of my life, standing here in the quietness
of a deep sadness, wrapping it around like a shawl
of grief.

Hiding beneath it's threadbare silence in the darkness of this
night.

No joy being dealt in this sorrowful atmosphere where only
vibrations are being left behind as I walk around.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Threading Life

Threading life with equal parts of suffering and trials, catering to anticipated visions over clocks of time.
Stationed in vibratory closets of earlier doses of energy, capturing all the signs of youth, ended once upon a time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Threads Of Disbelief

Sorrow sinking slowly upon a heart of beauty, tended
with loving care and serenity.

Violinly playing music of interior grief, while
holding on to threads of disbelief.

Knowing nothing will enter or penetrate a soul, as
it continues every day it's beautiful prayer to God.

Handling sweet sorrow with the agility of lace,
protecting, yet viewing all it's heartache.

There are no positions of everlasting solemnity on
earth, our eyes and heart must reach beyond our
horizons so we may live in the joy God has given us
to survive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Threads Of Existence

Listlessly attempting to prolong a semblance of happiness,
holding onto frayed threads of existence and being.

Sensing dread from pits of hell, buried beneath debri,
desperately clawing and clutching at air with no stability.

Tangling amidst nightmares and dreams, life no longer
admires itself and falls from polluted skies.

Scanning horizons, searching for answers that will never
be exposed in our days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Threads Of Hope

Heartbeats sounding with irregularity, stirring membranes
into action without stopping - newer trends fashioning
themselves after yesterday's patterns.
Slicing through atmospheres of inner piety, prolonging
painful sorrow surrounding a heart with it's co-dependent
grasp.
Continuing striving forward, holding onto threads of hope
based on faith and prayer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Threads Of Prayer

Sun shining into my mind,
illuminating darkest corners
with rays of hope, hanging on
threads of prayer.

(9/5/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Threatening Storm

Clouds accumulating above, threatening a storm, turning black and gray, rain being held at bay so far, sun is hidden behind them.

Not being allowed to show it's face or give us warmth right now, breeze blowing gently so far, but knowing soon it will be gusting and causing microbursts.

Watching and thinking, wondering when it will happen, spontaneous and sudden, it will apparently come in it's own time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Three Hundred Sixty Degree Vision

Saddles on a mind of horses, taking me for a ride,
genuinely enjoying every step of the way.
Trotting across deserts and their trails of beauty,
stepping into an array of oasis's on the way.
Paths shift and move across my area of sight,
bringing new thoughts to light as rays of sun, shine
down upon me.
Riding into sunrises and sunsets, bouncing along,
totally enjoying everything I see, as racing by, I
memorize every detail to write down later in a poem.
Feelings of warmth, joy, excitement, adventure, all
combine and thrill insides of my heart for all times.
Turning every which way, I can get a three hundred
sixty degree vision of life as it exists around me
and covers my mind with it's glory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Threshold Of Inner Spirituality

Flying into the atmosphere, tending to my spirit,
letting it be free to roam a world of spirituality.

Filled with serenity and peace even though the world
around me is falling apart at the seams.

A lasting contentment within, keeping me calm. soothing
feelings and emotions.

Taking me into the bluened light immediately, focusing
on meaningful things in this life.

Forgetting about those that have no purpose or use, and
arriving on the threshold of inner spirituality, finding
the light and being immersed in it only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thrill Of Testing Death

Careening down the road of life, testing challenges
of death itself.

Wanting to feel the tension and exhilaration of doing
dangerous things feeling alive and vibrant.

Totally in the zone, behavior thrown to the wind, just
enjoying the thrill of testing death on my own terms.

Wholly intact with a vibrancy of life while testing
death, finding more to life than most people do just
living it day to day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thrilling Array

Cavorting through rhythms of music, enjoying their rapid tempos as I write, keeping up with each of them, watching as thoughts fill my mind from a waterfall interiorly.

One that constantly and instantaneously sends them to my mind, capturing illusions, turning them into truths as I then write them into poetry.

Wonderfully sliding and shining through imagination, fulfilling my purpose with an exciting and thrilling array of infinite details.

Being portrayed into a poem here and there, loving and enthusiastically taking my gifts and using them totally and completely for the purpose God has intended them for.

Touching many others at times, changing their lives for the betterment of mankind, giving those certain people a chance to have a better life also, only God knowing who.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thrilling Darkness

Charging into sunsets, finding it exciting, thrilling,
as the darkness envelopes me in it's silent glow.
Seeing shadows everywhere, beckoning me into their
realms to learn about the other side of light.
Finding out all kinds of facts never known, knowing
now that they can be useful in future endeavors of
inventiveness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thrilling Race

Fifth graders now running, my Grandson doing his best,
keeping perfect stride, fourth one, heading for the
finish line.

Home stretch, children running their little hearts out,
vying for first place, some now sprinting ahead.

Faster and faster as the finish line gets closer, a
wonderful and thrilling race, enjoying it immensely with
family as my Grandson crosses the line.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thrilling To Attention

Skating into the future with tantalizing rhythms
pulsing in my heart, giving the impetuous to keep
me moving through life.

Gliding into the moonlight, looking above to see
stars twinkling back at me, making my being thrill
at their attention.

Swishing along pathways, into the energy of the
night, fascinated by the intense music keeping
me company as I go on my way.

Living and playing to the tones of rhythm well
into the next day, alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thrilling To Life

Seeing mountains surrounding Phoenix, hearing them calling
to come and climb, enjoying their serenity and freedom.

Beautiful sights beckoning me from beyond, wanting to join
in with a perfect silence of poetry.

Bluened lights enveloping me in their presence, thrilling
to the life I live in.

Mind now climbing heights of steep mountains, holding
precariously on their cliffs and walls, dangling, breathing
in the fresh air of being in nature.

Nothing blocking the views coming straight from my mind
and into every particle and fiber of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thrilling To Perfect Pitch

Exercising this mind, running up and down chords,
tripping over notes and slipping into measures of
rhythm.

Keeping up incessantly, watching it lifting my
spirits without any effort.

Thrilling to excitement of perfect pitch as every
sound lightly touches each moment that follows
rhythms of my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thriving In A Positive Mood

Thrilling beyond all senses, wondrous music touching interiorly, bringing joy and happiness so sublimely and profoundly, keeping sane, thriving, always in a positive mood through rhythms.

Living a life of purity and goodness, loving this life and all who are in it, nothing to keep from talking to anyone, enjoying all people from various types of humanity, we all make up the world invariably, don't we?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Throbbing With Life

Together again, walking along shore holding each other closely as moonlight tenderly shines upon we two, silence enveloping us as we watch the ocean throbbing with life and energy.

Feeling it intermingle with our own, supplying us both with the love of one another tonight, stopping every once in a while just to kiss and look into each other's eyes.

Being enticed interiorly by intense passion, hiding just within our hearts, knowing later we'll be lying in bed, celebrating our love once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Throes Of Forgotten Love

Riding down main street on horseback, giving an exclamation
of comfort as I fall into trails of lonely mountains.

Leading into their chambers I will eventually be made at
home with all others who have been abandoned in the throes
of forgotten love.

Believing in words when promises were made and given, standing
the test of times, outliving people who made them in earnest,
long ago.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Through A Positive Image Of India

Skyways of an entire country, alluring and enticing me
into it's heart of hearts, feeling beauty sending it's
effervescent love of everything into my being.

Carefully and quietly existing in throes of intellect,
being digested through imagination, a thorough and posi-
tive image having been formed within my mind of India.

Delicious, rendering it's purity so perfectly in realms
of my mind, solidly, gently taking me into a vast wild-
erness that belongs only to India, now becoming a major
part of my thoughts from now on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Through A Window

Putting life on hold, looking at it as if seeing it through
a window.

Taking the time to acknowledge what you are doing here, or
at least trying to.

Seeking to find answers to a dilemma while carefully looking
at every minute particle of it.

Doing no good, because turning from the window you realize
there is something missing.

Looking back over your shoulder, realizing that you're out
of time and life has flown from you on wings of speed.

Taking with it all perceptions of it's ineptitude, life
still unfolds before you every day.

Showing it's mysteries, taunting you with them, never letting
any of them be solved, bringing all from yesterday on into the
future.

Having put life on hold while looking at it through a window
only makes you feel dissatisfied and at a loss forever in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Through Death's Grasp

Rotating into the universe, wandering exclusively in the
reality of inner experience, carefully finding the wonder
which falls between the lines naturally seen.

Notions and ideas mixing together, giving life the ex-
citement that it deserves and wants, stirring ingredients,
all the while loving energy that finds it way into my being.

Strumming the guitar of my mind, keeping time steady in the
chords and beats of rhythm, catching sight of another life
once lived.

An eternity when no one realized that I was even gone,
having seen the body of my being lying below me, thinking
that I was here.

Yet my spirit had flown far beyond outer limits of this
earth, nothing to take me back until being resuscitated
then both realities came into pictures of my mind.

Alleviating the intense feelings being brought into my
being, filled with energy, allocating it to the essence
of my total spirituality.

Illuminating the adventure of a lifetime, covering it
with a mystery that never consumed me, just took me into
another universe through death's grasp.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Through Memories In Later Years

Precious times in life with family and friends take my mind through their memories in later years, giving me a taste of their essence and bitter sweetness.

Wishing they could have lasted forever, knowing that it is an impossibility, just wishful thinking on my part, loving the times I've had in this life.

Taking lessons learned through each and every experience gone through as I live beyond them, continually creating and exploring every new one that comes into my life in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Through My Soul's Intellect

Separating sorrow and happiness into measures of rhythm and
melodies, forging wonderful memories onto photographic screens.

Beautiful images and landscapes coming into view through my
soul's intellect are amazing.

Wonder and awe filling me indefinitely through music, glorify-
ing all of nature and humanity throughout my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Through Our Vets, Freedom's Inherited

Watching an American flag furling and unfurling in an afternoon
breeze, free to wave about, our symbol of freedom standing tall
and proud upon a flagpole in the courtyard of our senior center.

Many seniors still here, having fought and survived to protect
the U.S.A., loving our Vets, so proud of all they've done and
sacrificed for each of us.

Enabling us to live without tyranny and evil, may God continue
to Bless each of our Vets and their families who have also
sacrificed much for all of us in America.

Thanking everyone of them from the bottom of my heart, this
mere poet's tribute to honor them one and all forever, may
God Bless America with the red, white and blue.

For our soldiers fought and died to give future generations
the freedom that we all have inherited because of their
honor, bravery, sacrifice and fortitude, thank you to all
our Vets forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Through Particles Of Being

Down beating in life, tapping inane properties, wanting to make them productive at last in one way or another, separating fibers and particles through equations.

Coded rhythms being collected all through particles of my being and intellect, being joined and taken quietly into the atmosphere where they are taken and rearranged.

In different musical patterns and complex designs, disguising life in the juxtaposition of another universe, tempting conclusions, jumping into moods of rebellion, attitudes that match it totally, rejoicing and being fulfilled empathically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Through Portals

Developing designs from the energy of another dimension, loving the pictures that I'm now seeing.

Dream-like, entering through portals from sides of intellect, despair sending it's message clearly into the signals of rhythms, professing depths that are felt within at times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Through The Aftermath

Searching the grounds for something that is hidden in a
mysterious cloud of sadness hanging over everything.

Wondering why it's here right now, because I'm enjoying
life here inside of music's rhythms being, pushed forward
into gardens of lifted spirits, nothing untoward happening
in my life right now.

Then thinking, family is going through the aftermath of
a blazing fire, losing everything they owned except their
lives.

Special graces given to them have touched the surface,
yet hidden beneath the curtains of their souls is a
devastating sadness of their entire lifetimes, unable
to be erased from within them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Through The Ages

Friendly persuasion called from across the water to come
and join the fun.

Take off shoes and socks, step into the water, follow all
others down through the ages.

Playing upon rocks, watching the fish and enjoying God's
nature.

It is good, it is gentle, not to be feared, it's only
meant to fill you with peace and silent yearning for
your final home.

In heaven, where all is one, love and peace regain all
truth and reign forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Through The Darkness

Running alongside the lake, hair flowing behind me in
the breeze, feeling the freedom of being far from home,
nothing to mar the happiness that fills my being now.

Treasuring every moment, touching me interiorly, making
my way through the darkness and shadows of the past, now
basking in the light of the sun beating down upon me.

Having survived turmoil and suffering throughout life,
seeing my final horizon, heading for it with glee, know-
ing life on earth will finally be over and I can go home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Through The Desert

Life is a maze of strife and sadness, fortitude is difficult, hazardous at times.

Depending upon others in times of loneliness does not work,
experience has taught that one must walk through the desert
alone, trusting only in God.

Constant shifting sand dunes cause a loss of bearing - panic,
knowing you alone must learn to trust in all things.

There is no earthly teacher or seer who can give the answers
to life's unending quest.

Alone, afraid, full of sadness, trusting that if you have
any faith at all your unequaled journey will be made
successfully out of the desert wasteland.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Through The Night

Music playing intensely as my heart is breaking in two,
wanting you darling as much as you have always wanted
me.

Our love continuing to grow and be nourished by both
of us through poetry, music and our depth of feelings
for one another whether near or far apart.

Delving into each other's hearts, making love through
an intense passion overflowing from our desires, explod-
ing like fireworks through the night as we become one
again over and over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Through The Passage Of Time

Echoes of livelihood never fade from memory as long as life continues on earth.

Maneuvering through the passage of time without a compass, keeping to myself, knowing that all will be alright in the long run.

No one can enter interior portals without being invited by a composition that I've written and placed in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Through The Wilderness

Walking into the light, knowledge and wisdom shining
brightly, focusing on the beauty of intellect as it
becomes known.

Totally and comprehendingly being filled with an ex-
citing aroma of natural life, silent, yet gentle,
taking my mind by the hand.

Leading and guiding it through the wilderness of an
earthly life, partaking of it's nourishment along
the way.

Tasting it's essence as I move forward into the next
dimension, particles forming everywhere as a creative
process opens and begins accepting them.

Flowing into the center of creative values, they are
used in writing poetry to my heart's content through-
out the day and night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Through The Years

Life requires us to fulfill our purpose and destiny, so why do some people with money try to thwart others, wanting to control and take away their freedom?

Why are they so greedy and corrupt, acting like babies, wanting attention and whatever someone else has, never growing up or maturing through the years.

Being spoiled brats with no values, morals or ethics, only propagating evil, intolerance, racism and prejudice, having a horrendous legacy to leave behind them.

Committing nothing but sin towards mankind, the rest of us wondering what God thinks of them and what they're doing to innocent people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Through The Years Moving Forward

Continuing to move forward through the years, my love
is content as it is placed totally in you my love, it
is the only way that I can live on this earth.

You have captured my being, heart and soul together,
you alone have given me this special precious gift by
giving your unconditional love to me in every respect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Throughout Moments

Watching vibrant colors coming together in my mind,
touching abstract ideas that constantly keep bringing
joy with delicate rhythms.

Entering intellect so quietly, yet filled with an in-
tense energy, sublime, profound and vibrantly touching
me interiorly.

An intensity that cannot be stopped, no interruptions
can be heard, no one can interfere with the thoughts
that are flowing constantly.

Beauty of an inner joy that fills me the more I write,
it's intensity becomes more and more attuned between
reality and imagination.

A spirituality that covers over it all, spacing rhythms
just so throughout the moments that I'm writing, with a
bluened atmosphere inside my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Throwing Politicians To The Curb

Livid, wanting to race to the front of the line and
take out all the so-called politically correct people
telling lies.

Throwing corrupt politicians to the curb, not allowing
them any room or space to maneuver their atrocities
within the United States.

Stretching our patriotism across our nation, knowing
that even racists, thugs and haters know where their
bread is being buttered - by the American taxpayers.

Only realizing a little late, but finally knowing their
day has finally come to an end here in America, because
we won't tolerate them having come here illegally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thumbing Melodies

Jumping for joy, skipping down rows of gardens, happy as a lark in spring.
Everything crowding my mind with their beauty and tender essences of fragrant desire.
Thoughtful rendezvous, becoming a new episode in a difficult life.
Thumbing melodies absently on the piano, thinking in notes, seeing their pictures being arranged by intellect.
Harmony gathering it's skirts and waltzing into the mix, helping to culminate another etude in a poetical musician's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thunderbird's Air Show

Sailing headfirst into deep blue horizons,
gliding along wind currents, dipping and
tipping wings, flying high.

Beautiful clouds, white and piled high,
watching loop-t-loops, heads over tails,
stalling engines, catching in mid-air
spirals.

Artful skill, winding around the skies,
flying upside down.

Smoke markers drifting in the wind,
marking the places where planes were
performing tacitly, skillfully, all the
while.

Air shows are wonderful ways to sit,
watch and dream that you are one with
the plane high in the sky.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thunderstorm

Thundering clouds, clapping across skies of majestic
blue, taking on forms and shapes of various symmetry.
Spreading themselves about, flowing into cloud drifts
like snow on earth, partaking of some sunshine,
basking in it's rays of light.
All is prepared in readiness for another evening storm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thunderstorm By Jet

Above the world, sifting through the clouds, being jostled
about by turbulence in a thunderstorm, I find peace.

It's quiet outside my window, I can tell by the deafening
roar of silence as it alights in my eyes.

Looking down, several layers of clouds, different types,
makes it seem that we're in some fifth dimension.

Rolling left or right at any given time, becoming light-
headed for a second.

Blue expanse of sky, stretching around the jet in all
directions, seeming to hold us up.

Frolicking around the jet in my mind is an adventure I
won't soon forget.

Flying is a favorite pastime and when combined with writing
I am in seventh heaven!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thunderstorm On The Ranch

Leaves crackling under pressure, signaling the arrival of
a child walking.

Gently blowing breezes, wafting this way across a slowly
moving creek, picking up scents of nature and carrying
them through the air.

Dark clouds sneaking overhead, throwing storm shadows from
east to west.

Silence - still - and quiet, just before the breaking of a
thunderstorm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thwarted Pictures

Moments of desire call forth scalloped details,
cutting away reminders of past visions while
bringing them forward, dropping them into pots
of feelings, sensing thwarted pictures of
remembrance.
Dark areas cloud over and hide themselves
without embarrassment, as cages of emotion open
and spill out upon concrete masses, disavowing
any misdemeanors of faith or belief.
Turning over silently, adjusting attitudes with
rituals of experience, noting that there are no
physical attributes to be seen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Thwarting Dreams

Lonely escapades thwarting dreams from becoming a
new dawning.
Rigid boundaries holding limits tightly so as not
to lose sight of them.
Languidly lying where once was bountifully growing
splendor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tibetan Culture

Many guests filling home with talk and Tibetan culture.

A beautiful dog, tail wagging, hoping to greet each one personally.

Being frustrated behind a screen door, pacing excitedly back and forth with each new arrival.

Never having a chance to even say hello to one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tickling Childhood

Memories clicking in depths of this mind,
tickling childhood with humor remembered
from way back then, a show that was watch-
ed when younger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tickling Doubts

Tickling doubts irritating me at times, trying to cause
me worry, yet my mind is now rejecting them, saying no,
that's not what I want to think.

Preferring an open heart, positive outlooks on things,
that way I always have something to look forward to in
this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tickling Intellect

Digging into melodies at a fast pace,
enjoying delicious sounds as they
float within.

Tickling intellect with their savory
tastes and beautiful tones, creating
a lasting and invigorating pleasure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tickling Ivories Of My Mind

Tickling softly, ivories of my mind, letting music
filter through the silence, ethereally.
Cuddling closely, heart and soul move magically
across my mind, dancing to inner rhythms which are
innately grown and tended to daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tickling Rhythms

Stepping on stones down roadways of everlasting strength,
coming from somewhere inside.
Forgetting self and bringing an energy into a room full of
people, enjoying themselves with abandon.
Traipsing through the melodies of heart-felt picturesque
scenery.
A fantasy land of solid images, dancing in accordance with
the rhythm's tickling people's innards.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tickling This Brain Stem

Hearing hollow sounds of an Indian drum, thumping on
thoughts rapidly and gently.

Bringing many pictures and puzzle pieces to the fore-
front, tickling this brain stem magically with it's
beautiful sounds.

It continually beats itself into the atmosphere of
intellect while I listen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tickling Thoughts

Giving self to an iota of temperament as I
listen to pieces of yesterday in songs of
beautiful rehearsals in past times of fun.

Enjoying the effects of peace descending on
my being.

Totally feeling the energy coming upon me
through beats of rhythm, as they rain upon
me with a bevy of thoughts tickling my brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tidal Visions

Looking around at the beauty and visions of life,
incorporating everything interiorly with a peace-
ful rendition that is placed within.

A place of solace, sitting by the ocean, watching
waves ebb and crash, listening to their peaceful
and easy rhythms.

Taking away this heart and easing it into a sphere
of contemplation where no one can disturb or cause
any pain.

Visions continually coming in with tides, giving
the essence of writing as I swallow it in the solace
of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tidbits Of Memories

Leaving alone, walking away from crowds of people,
letting music do the talking to me interiorly.

Finding relatively solemn and silent meanings hiding
within it's essence.

Picking at tidbits of memories, raking them like
leaves fallen to the ground.

Choosing the ones that have vibrant colors yet,
seeing their beauty still alive.

Talking to me through music, as I pick them up and
place them in a poem to give them an everlasting life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tides

Riding waves of emotional tides,
and sliding into sand dunes.
Eerily resting on their sides,
singing lullabyes to ease their
restlessness on life's shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tides Now Turning

Watching the atmosphere of the world, hoping to see a change, hoping to see the tides turning for the good of humanity.

Special virtues and values of one another are being manifested all over the earth, people are stepping up and taking a stand.

A wonderful thing to see happening, enjoying the unity immensely, feeling pride of fellow men taking a stand for those more unfortunate than themselves and taking justice into their own hands at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tides Of Another Time

Drowning beneath waves of sorrow, letting myself be pulled
below the surface by the undertow.

Seeing visions of you holding me tightly as I close my eyes
and rest on the ocean's bottom.

No longer feeling anything, not even life, for it left when
you were taken from me by death.

Interiorly being pulled apart by the tides of another time,
memories filling my mind, yet I cannot find my way to you
on the other side of this earthly life.

Letting go completely with one last sigh of relief, now I
too am no more a mortal being upon this earth, for I have
followed you into eternity my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tides Of Evil

Quietly listening to musical rhythms of my heart-
beat, connecting with those of my soul, keeping
energy flowing into this life.

Remaining in an atmosphere of happiness, love,
and joy, letting emotions fall silent for the
time being.

Seeing visions of the future appear in succession,
giving insight into the plight of this world today,
headlines blaring with evil.

Many lies of every situation, yet saying nothing
about the reality of others, in fact, keeping silent,
not saying a word about their dangers to this world.

Visions showing honest truth of what's happening,
nothing can stop the truth of reality no matter how
politicians try to keep them secret.

People know what is going on and are rising against
all dishonesty, taking back our country, leaving the
evil ones to confront each other.

Alone and defenseless, for none of us will come to
their defense, no one will listen or help them, just
like they have been doing to citizens of the U.S.

Watching these insightful visions brings joy and hope,
knowing that the tides of evil are being turned
around, despite what the media is telling lies about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tides Of Life

Dancers fluidly moving to rhythmic beats,
swaying, waving, anticipating next steps
with ease.

Speaking with arms and hands, telling
stories silently with tides of life.

Aging elderly ladies, keeping their
vitality and bodies in shape, slowly
swaying to the beat of the band.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tides Of Life's Oceans

Suffering loneliness in a corner of my being, forgotten
and left to myself, knowing nothing but the beating of
this heart to the rhythms I am listening to.

Having fallen into ravines of the past, walking and
seeing moments that have already been lived through.

Concentrating on none of them, allowing them to flow by
on photographic screens of inner beauty.

Nothing to mar the steps needed to be taken to rid self
of intense dejection holding on in depths of my being.

No chance of escape unless or until delving into the
essence of what is making these feelings appear.

Taking a stance of non-committal movement or motion,
allowing everything to stand still for the time being.

Falling and rolling along with tides of life's oceans,
tossing, burying life, beneath waves, exploring floors
of my interior soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tides Of Oceanic Life

Entirely enrapt in the beauty of harmony, taking me away
on tides of oceanic life.

Calmly floating gently into the night, never feeling the
intensity of a harrowed time, caused by life's turmoil.

Sanctioning the tenderness of another emotion, bringing
answers fully into the light of daytime moonlight.

Shining into minds with a brightness never being completely
realized in these moments of time.

Being forgotten and left behind with the fading glow of
embers in the forest of another trail, leading into distant
pathways, deep into the depths of the morrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tides Of Perversion And Evil

Tired of living in this materialistic world, seeing so
much corruption and greed erupting from governments and
people all over the world.

Wondering where God and faith have gone today, evil per-
vading everywhere, corrupting moral and ethical ways of
living honorably on earth.

Sailing across the vast silence of this earth, noticing
very few going against the tides of perversion, sin and
pure evil, why is that?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tides Of Remorse

Pain of living is intense, it's a feeling of troubled sense
and recompense.
A liturgy of unquieted remorse, alive within thoughts of
undelight.
Solitary awakenings coursing within, tabulating fortunes
of yesterday.
Forgetting the presence of any beginning thoughts held at
bay within the pain of total living.
Caring not for the last of programmed ineptitude, longing
for emptiness that loneliness can always bring.
Forgetting past images, molded and shaped like clay, turning
memories into unfit acquiescence.
Lighting horizons, clearing ways towards everlasting shores,
carrying self with tides of remorse.
Unforgiving, tears of unfelt sorrow sliding down borders of
yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tides Of Silent Voices

2: 32 p.m.
Counting tears of sorrow throughout these years of life,
yet knowing that tears of joy were also sliding, slipping
into and overflowing this heart with emotion.

Interacting with tides of silent voices, hiding inside
corners of a darkened mind, cuddling in a ball of intrepid
mystery, opening up in rainbows of talent, continuing to
ends of time. 2: 33 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tides Of Wind

Silken ebony flying through the heavens, no boundaries
in sight.

Gliding freedom, gathering serenity in a sanctuary above
everything, thoughts floating upon the gentle tides of
wind.

Conquesting various moments, placing them in urns of clay
to be broken open one sad autumn day.

Livid memories stored carefully away, preciously guarded
so not one will befall disaster before their time is due.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tides Of Words

Remembering nighttime dreams, catching them and attaching
words on screens, flavoring them with some knowledge or
wisdom, sometimes humor, giving a savory taste for other's
minds to read.

Accepting beautiful arrows, pointing the way through
intellect, writing in many directions, following their avocations and enjoying the
ending results.

So many crazy odds and situations facing them musically,
feeling so much better with the emergence of each one as
it leads to fuller stages in this life that I adore coming
into.

So here I am in this ocean, filled with foamy tides,
filling me with rhymes and poetical words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tied To Rhythms

Totally filled with wonder and emotion, rolling forward
like a train on tracks across the U.S., it's purpose be-
ing tied to rhythms.

Flowing like a river, nothing to jar them from within
me, understanding and knowledge rising to many creative
processes of innate talent.

Taking it easy, listening to inner echoes of the past as
they whisper sweet nothings in my mind, wanting them to
be attuned to music I'm now composing with interior senses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tiers Of Joy

Never-ending brutal sorrow pounding inner quiet, withdrawing
sanity, replacing it with tears.

Tearing apart a piece of joy held carefully in prayerful hands, tended gently,
afraid of losing it, reaching and never attaining another particle to add to it.

Never growing, still the same size as when a child, the joy in
me is never-changing.

A life of perfect solemnity, in wake-like reveries, funeral
sorrow attaining more space interiorly than there is room for.

Despondent mitigation, contrary to reason, lies hunched over
in unachievable remorse.

Defiably ensconced in doorways, admitting daily increments of stationary pity
tucked comfortably beneath tiers of joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ties Of Bereavement

A dirge of summer's heat beats down upon my brow, causing me to sweat profusely.

Walking many miles, counting none of them to while away the hours.

Recognition barely perceptible, faintly signaling the retirement of the day and it's gruesome routine.

Touching sentimentality of heart's endearments, gently setting aside most every one of them.

Nonchalantly rewarding passers-by with a twinkle of an eye, an inner mischievous smile.

Leaving the impression of hidden laughter and fun wrapped within one gentle, shy person.

Likely setting up many flirtatious denials, climbing over aisles of frustrated ambiguous lifestyles.

Forcing open the unbalanced cycles of ripped and torn - calloused now - friendships that never were.

Entirely left to the heartache and pain, twisting shut, before every opened avenue of trust and honesty.

All have been laid to rest, there will always be room for these things up in heaven.

Earthly life cannot hold these greatest of untold treasures, because only humans live and breathe there.

Stilted - emotional ties are in bereavement, because life has died on inner shores for the last time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tightropes Of Life

Walking tightropes of life, wavering in heights of environmental duress.
Existing in plain sight, ineffectual at best, riding through life in a coffin filled with satin and lace.
Shining up ahead, a motorcycle's awaiting my essence.
Stepping and riding into sunsets of existential patterns, set up in pathways of yesterday's images.
Always conquering inner fears and doubts with ever-present faith.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time

Ages of life forge ahead as we live on,
believing in God and having faith that
we will survive it all until that
fateful day of beyond.
Loving, caring, being kind and loyal to
family while we're here for this short
period of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time - Limited Years

Crawling into spaces of a mind like a child exploring on
hands and knees for hidden details that may hold clues to
life's mysteries.

Wanting to know answers to them all, finding partial truths
to set out on explorations, discovering in poetical journeys
many truths throughout inner universes.

Figuring out what life is about and how we should be living
our individual purposes, finding our own essence and passion
that will give us freedom and liberty each of us need.

We need it in order to complete our earthly journeys for our
time here on this planet is just a temporary stance in which
we must discover, learn and accomplish our own destinies.

Living a life well-lived, orchestrating and carefully culti-
vating it and giving our hearts to others totally and com-
passionately for we are all equal partners in these time-limited
years we have on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Alone

Centering life around a person is a wonderful experience
during a lifetime.
Filled with hopes, dreams and experiences together on
pathways to an ageless maturity.
Smiles dance upon senior's faces when talking and joking,
planning entertainment and fun.
Conversations carry on throughout the day, communicating
feelings and ideas to one another down future lanes to
distant horizons one day.
Sitting on barren desert shores, alone on edges of a
chair, reminiscing about times shared with a loved one
before she died and went to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Always Ahead Of Us

Energizing intellect as rhythms move faster and faster
through chords and measures of life, time keeping always
ahead, loving to be the leader in everything.

Thinking to keep track of humanity while a long-lasting
and energetic wonder takes place in depths of intellect,
soul and spirit.

Finding pathways of spirituality winding throughout this
being, never slowing down, only speeding up to keep pace
with time as it's clocks continue to move steadily forward.

Never losing a single moment in life as it exists in each
and every one of us, our interior clocks seeming to slow
down as we get older, maybe it's just our minds instead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Being

Rousting life from it's boredom,
singling out some enjoyment for
the time being.

Singing aloud, filling mind and
heart with choice melodies sent
from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Clockers

Clockers of time beckon
precise moments to get
aligned in knowing
circles.
Whiling away precious
thoughts, wasting their
time on inert fantasies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Falling Into Death

Around the clock, second hand racing, paying no attention to schedules or agendas, leaving us high and dry, nothing to do except rush around or be late for everything we want or need.

Time constantly going beyond us, laughing heartily because it knows that only it can measure time in our world, paying the price of life we continue to fall short of every timeline until death sets it's rhythm.

Time then succumbs to it as we become expired, no longer living, time has now stopped for us and can never recapture our lives again on this earthly shore, leaving those we love behind to grieve our deaths while we move on happily.

Horizons being out of it's reach as we cross over the edge of our world and into heaven's realms alone and unescorted, finding our lives have ended in a way, but now we have become the spirits of our souls in joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Filled

Looking through windows of my soul, seeing within, a bluened light that's branching out in intellect and mind, creating a fountain of brilliant colors and desert auras of beauty.

Nothing ever seen like it before, a time filled with sensations, feelings expounding in the atmosphere of inner excitement and curiosity.

Tempting and calming my soul into a picturesque beauty that is filling me exponentially with spiritually, taking me into further depths of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time For Genius's To Take Over

Reality staring into space, wondering why humans don't
like to face it throughout life, continually turning
from it, preferring lies and fantasy to it's truth and
honesty.

Such is the way of life here on our planet, that's why
our world is rolling over, being turned upside down by
terrorism, muslims and pedophiles.

No way to get out from under the evil cementing people's
lives, because ignorant, greedy and selfish people are
ruling the world through positions in government.

Having been elected by stupid, unknowing people that
cannot think or work for themselves, giving them free
things and handouts to quell their rebellion.

A sorry state of affairs in our world today, time for
the genius's to charge into the fray and take over,
bringing balance and order back into the home of man-
kind and it's hopes for the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Frozen

Time suddenly froze in mid-air, leaving all to be alone
in another atmosphere without a care.

Minutes no longer here to count, seconds flown away,
hours not flowing together anymore, they are frozen
in the snow.

Time left us all one day, because it had run out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Has Fled

Sorrowful thoughts handed to me in a bouquet filled with memories of a lifetime. Standing in lines of bequeathed admonitions, wondering where time has fled, yet being attuned to it's disappearance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Has No Significance Interiorly

Easing into this morning with an open and awakened mind,
being tantalized and titillated by rhythms of life.

Hearing echoes of yesterday's whispers, bringing peace
through spiritual inspiration always.

Hands of time have no significance interiorly, for time
is irrelevant to spirituality, it has no beginning, no
end, it just is.

An interior life is never finite, it's always growing,
being nurtured and nourished by faith held closely
within a being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Has Stopped

Clock ticking through the confusion of life and love,
finding that time has stopped, giving no progress to
move ahead.

All is ended, destiny has turned into the darkness of
another place, one where I have no recollection or
memory of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Into Measures

Listening to Tom Jones from the good old days,
songs and rhythms filling my mind with memories
where I happened to be at the time.

Jumping and loving, taking the time into measures
of yesterday, living in the bluened light of a
spiritual heavenly bliss.

Being contented, happy, light and carefree, even
though sitting here, waiting to have blood drawn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Is Not Ours

Time is flowing ever onward, no one able to hurry or slow
it down, taking it's good old time as it always does, yet
we are going through our daily duties and tasks without
thinking about it.

Until realizing that all of a sudden we're running late
for an appointment or else we're much too early and have
to wait around, reading magazines, watching television or
talking to others to pass the time.

Funny how we all revolve around schedules of time and it
does nothing to accommodate any of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Is Only A Bandaid

Sorrow fills everyone in life, learning how to handle it
without having any directions is the trick to living with
it.

Pulling our hearts apart at times, crying, not wanting to
live, sinking into great depressions.

Time is only a bandaid as we move farther from the loss,
it takes us slowly down pathways of our solo journeys.

Strengthening character and spirits, we move at our own
pace in order to become the person we thought had been
killed at the outset of our grief.

Now knowing we have made it through, we still are kneaded
with sorrow, only now we know what to expect and move through
it, tears being spent when we need to release them.

Walking through our lives, looking around, realizing that
we have kept on and have come out the other end of the long
and darkened tunnel.

Seeking new pathways, our spirit bringing us into new depths
out of necessity, combing our minds, we struggle and find
new footholds to grasp onto.

Moving silently into our futures, holding onto the love we
miss so desperately, yet releasing it's pain in order to
carry on with our lives, even when not really wanting to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Is What It Is

Time is constantly new, it never has a past, present or future for it has no life or mortality, it is only what it is and nothing else.

We humans give it credit for so many things throughout they years that it really has nothing to do with, pondering and seeing how at times it flies from us instantly.

Sometimes lasting much longer than we wish it would, a tangle of ideas, concepts and circumstances that neither we nor time can control or give us more to spend.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Lapse

Scripting our journeys in lapses of time,
as we ride roller coasters of our life.
We comprehend decisions made in haste,
believing they were the right choices at
the time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Limit's Edges

Hopping to the melody of a new experience, adhering to the majestic beauty of outer limits.

Taking all exhilaration and liveliness into the atmosphere, giving a new beat to explicit rhythms of interior landscapes.

Living on edges of every time limit, taking only successful periods of life into consideration.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Moved On

Sloshing through the rain, taking my time, going back
home, missing everything I used to have, knowing that
I have now grown and things won't be so little now.

When I was a child back then, thinking of everything
as a child, not realizing just yet that absolutely noth-
ing would ever be the same as I remembered when older.

Even time has moved on, aging me, but not even getting
a wrinkle itself through all the years that have passed
since then.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Never Looking Back

Charging life with our minds, seeing everything in the light of faith and hope we each hold inside, teaching ourselves, learning innately, taking it all into our worlds of reality.

Creating from a vast store of imagination and intellect, time telling us it's passing no matter what we do, never waiting for us, just moving forward.

Time never looking back, only our minds and intellect can re-collect memories that have been left in photographic albums of this mind.

Always reaching into depths of our spirits for faith and it's energy to keep us going, leading us into the intense emotions of what we're living through.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time No Longer Matters

Tick tock, tick tock, the clock hanging in the hallway is keeping track of time, not knowing why, there's no longer any reason to, for you have been taken away from me.

Time no longer matters to me without you, tender and raw memories are scattered all over the floor of my soul, my dear.

There's no longer a reason to pick up or tidy them for my tears flood within and it all floats around without any purpose now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Of Awakening

A time of awakening, a time to delve into life,
changing and recreating self.

Building upon inner strengths and qualities,
finding peace and serenity amid the trials of
earth.

Seeking answers with wonder and curiosity,
eyes wide open.

No longer shelving problems, exposing them
instead with a critical eye to be mended in
time.

Withdrawal gently stepping aside, allowing a
person to become.

Nighttime dreams and reveries have spread their
wings and now fly innocently in the wake of
past evil.

Building from scratch, an inner desire to live
life and show self again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Of Inner Contemplation

Standing across the room, watching, noticing what is going on, never making a sound.

When gone home within, writing of exciting discoveries all made during this time of inner contemplation of outer surroundings.

Love always encompassing excerpts written down and left to the interpretation of others who might read them during leisure hours of pleasure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Of Necessity

Fulfillment finding my soul and letting it grasp
everything in life that is needed.
Leaving nothing out or behind, time of necessity
is walking alongside my heart.
Differences have all disappeared and made me weak
in the sight of God, as He holds me, I drop to my
knees in gratitude of the blessings I have just
received.
Silent mind-thoughts being touched by God, Himself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Of Our Lives

Lying in bed, just thinking of you, my love and memories
of our life together waving in a morning breeze, taking
my breath away once again as I watch videos of our past.

Time does not dissipate any of it's feelings or flavors
of what we've had, pleasant and awesome were the moments
we have been given in this world.

Taking our hearts, exchanging them with one another through
the years, unconditional love filling us thoroughly, giving
us the time of our lives as we continually love each other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Of Seclusion

Quipping to myself, wanting to be alone,
yet can't seem to find a space to just be.
Recognizing facts, centering upon a
circumference of one, hoping it will come
about and enter a time of seclusion so I
can meditate and find a peaceful type of
contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Passed Is Lost

Once time has passed, it is lost forever, there's no
way to catch up or stop it from moving forward.

Rushing, speeding, trying to get to appointments on
time is irrelevant in the scheme of things.

Being pulled over by the police adds to the time that
you're going to be late already.

Accidents happen daily, driving recklessly can put you
in harms way.

Possibly injuring or killing loved ones in the vehicle
with you.

Or just as bad, killing other innocent parents and their
children because of your irresponsibility and neglect.

Is it really worth it to disobey speed limits and
traffic laws?

Why not just leave a little earlier so you don't have
to rush or speed?

For once time has passed, it is lost forever, there's
no way to go back and correct your deadly mistakes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Slipping Away

Combing through many thoughts with rhythmic precision,
waves crashing over me, filled with sounds of life that
entice and take me away.

Floating while I can upon the surface and relaxing in
beauty being seen on a far horizon, flowing and drift-
ing along.

Time slipping away, not being of any use to me these
days, as I dwell in a bluened light and continually
write poetry well into every night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Stays Forever Young

Looking around this morning, wondering at the immensity
of time and the speed in which it travels.

Even though marked by clocks, watches and timepieces,
still it travels much faster than all of us want it to.

In a blink of an eye, another year has gone by, holidays
whizzing past, birthdays making us a year older.

Yet time stays forever young with every moment of it's
passing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Stretching Endlessly

Funeral sorrow beseeching my heart to ease it's pain,
but this heart is drowning in sadness, not able to
overcome it.

Looking from tear-filled eyes at a forsaken world,
not able to wipe the tears from my eyes, hands being
clasped tightly while thinking of times past with my
Mom and Dad.

Time stretching endlessly before me, not able to out-
run it in this lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Takes Us Away

What else can we do in life, but live it to the
fullest, not letting strife and suffering get
us down, even the worst scenarios are experienced
and gotten through eventually.

Time I have found, does not heal anything, it
just takes it farther and farther away from our
memories until we recall them again with full
force in the future.

Then, crying and feeling all the feelings and
emotions that were felt at the time something
was actually happening to us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time To Energize Self

Slowly strolling down memory lane, sketching new images in ten dimensional poems, taking visions of the future into intellect through innate intuition.

Heart getting it's strength from a spiritual atmosphere of the soul, resting, taking time to energize self in the midst of a throng of people wanting to get into a Trump rally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Tunnels

Traveling in time tunnels,
negotiating avenues of living through suffering,
causing me to fall within on circumferences of
life's final shore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time Watching Us

Time sitting in clocks, watching us travel through
it, holding onto coattails of life.

So many steps are taken into unknown realms of the
future.

Yet we go forth without a clue as to what we will
find ahead of us on our paths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timefolds

Timefolds of creative imagining are brought silently onto screens of playful pastimes.

Lived conveniently, straight and evenly on the crookedest paths of life.

Uphill exertion fostering light-headed desires, solidly excavating tired remembering held inside.

Walking uneven paths of creativeness, causing the total aloneness of conceiving ideas in passive silence.

Conquering factors, always inherent in spans of exercised living.

Reaching carefully out and upward, attaining goals which are written down and may never again be thought of.

Planting seeds of birth, growing bigger within than any single explanation confirmed by earthly conquests and circumstances.

Spines of perpetrated demise hang loosely inside empty bodies, awaiting life-blood of final death.

Stomping on braided steps of hierarchy, being careful not to trip or stumble and become one of the many outside the gates of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timeless

Sitting in a McDonald's playland, listening to children's screams and laughter.

Looking out the window drizzled with rain, noticing head and tail lights, all the while experiencing an emptiness inside.

Knowing also, my son's heartache at not being able to be with or see his baby daughter.

Life goes on before us as we sit here stranded in a timeless place where once she was with us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timeless Aging Moments

So lazily, warily, not moving, wanting to just relax and be
by myself for long periods of time, an enjoyment I entice
always into interior solace.

Just biding my life, wanting to be left alone to create and
intensify intellect through it's quietness.

Listening to easy going music as I contemplate the mood I am
in, finding many moments gathering in my mind.

Causing a peaceful joy to accommodate my being while I sit
back and find myself in poetical rhythms, joining interior
attitudes in timeless aging moments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timeless Clock

Revolving around a timeless clock,
watching moments rise and fall with a regularity of Job.
Sincerely tracking all that comes about, filling a mind with many pictures that will continue to play like videos all life long.
Repasts of memories will always be available to reminisce in,
although only while alive, they can no longer be retrieved once
death has taken over future pathways for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timeless Disposal

Wanting a closeness of integrity to unfold in a seemingly undisclosed way.

Winding around clocks of timeless disposal, taking away turmoil and distance from hearts stranded in tempests of teapots on back burners.

Following unleadingly down lanes of untoward behaviors, stimulating feelings of closeness as life dwindles and closes in a circle of rosy dilapidated sunshine, hanging out on lines of past memorials.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timeless Emotions

Backwoods of life, thriving, letting it's essence fill
fibers of this being without any complications whatsoever.

Mingling thoughts and finding new ones, gently creating
them within imagination.

Striving always to bring some semblance of peace to the
equation, timeless emotions appearing unequaled in the
openness of this soul.

Taking into being with no doubts, only reasons to begin
again in another place reserved in destinies of tomorrow's
future.

A mixed blessing of photographic memories always within
this mind, scattering feelings into the totalness of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timeless Endings

Flirting with timeless endings of each day,
hoping to elongate or transpire any of them
into longer hours to encapsulate needs of desire.

Quickly grabbing for them, yet losing every time,
a day still ends up being only twenty-four hours,
no matter how I try.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timeless Eon

Breaking chains and leaving on my own terms, not wanting to
be bound by life's strict limitations, always strangling me.

Wandering away and into the mountains of another life far
from this one.

Encompassing and allowing me to have the freedom deservedly
desired throughout this long and tiring time, enclosed in the
many moments of a timeless eon, held closely inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timeless Era Of Thought

Taking a walk through nature, it's beautiful landscape
falling into view, soothing inner turmoil with it's
beauty.

It continues through forests filled with pine scents,
moss on the north side of trees and animal habitats all
around me, little rabbits, squirrels, birds flitting
about, enjoying their small worlds while they can.

Another type of peace with an intense contemplation,
taking all desires to higher plateaus and letting me feel
the tantalizing thrills of each one.

Touching every sense of pleasure, exciting me no end,
touching heart and soul together as one.

Then like a symphony, slowly adding ego, mind, intuition,
experience, combining them so explicitly and completely
into the measures of my total being.

Eclipsing everything outside, being emotionally pleased
on an individual level, giving peace that's always in
need of.

Sparks of intellect carrying into all aspects of imagination,
portraying the ingenuity of an entire lifetime, taking place
in higher realms of impossibilities.

Soaring and turning into avenues never seen before in a
timeless era of thought. falling and diving into the energy
of a lifetime, keeping me going from dawn to dusk and dawn
again.

Never falling asleep, as my being is put into a special
sequence of events unknown to any other person on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timeless Eras

Difficult times help you regain your composure after
you've been spent in crying many months long.
Lifting your head, looking around, life seems to come
back into focus after awhile.
Timeless eras revolve and come back around, taking us
with them into pools of recalcitrant serenity again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timeless Eternity

Waves of reflections touching and giving this mind food
for thought.

Noticing details in pictures that are seen, uncovering
everything that travels through a timeless eternity.

An intellect, creating an energy beyond what most people
can tolerate, pushing, extracting ideas from many areas
of interior spheres.

Allowing them to coalesce and nurture themselves with
rhythms composed and listened to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timeless Events

Riddles of life, puzzling with mystery and listless songs,
wishing to move toward an eternity of sorts.
Giving me pleasure in moments of timeless events.
Sorting through all the clues, trying to find the answers
to unending questions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timeless Horizons

Signing the outcome of life, sitting on a horizon of another time, listening to rhythms of ocean tides, watching days come and go before me.

Twilight always stirring into thinking, in a state of thoughtful dreams and promises, hoping that they will come into being in the near future.

Softly, during the night, my spirit walks alone and holds onto the quiet stillness in which to write what I am feeling and thinking in my existence.

Stars shining upon my mind, taking me into timeless horizons of sorrow and bereavement.

Watching tears fall into ocean pools along the shore, then being washed out with the tides into another salty realm with the rest of life's tears, mixing together with those of others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timeless Measures

Inventing new routines as they come into pictures of
intellect, sounding euphoric and tantalizing, touching
this brain with tones and rhythm of yesterday's memories.

Beautiful images of family together, enjoying one another
joyously.

Living each moment in timeless measures of rhythm,
synchronizing every beat and tempo with an abosolute
energy from within interior spaces saved for eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timeless Moments

Thinking cognitively about irrelevant subjects,
correlating their movements with the juxtaposition
of abstract consciousness and wayward portals of
imagination.

Crossing lines, inventing a timelessness of moments
while jumping steadily to confusing conclusions.

Deftly parading ingenious plots of assignation, and
hurrying away to find distant placement among
mountainous rocks.

Scrabbling for a hold, delicately missing misconstrued
illusions, as a mind of extensive life problems
blossoms, beautifully unfolding as an orange sun rises
to it's destination in a blue sky.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timeless Rhythm

Timeless space carries rhythm through atmosphere's of
religious experience, touching hearts with realistic
sounds of nature.
Tonal qualities are memorized and kept stored in great
depths to be reached whenever holding a pen above paper.

(10: 33 a.m. - 11/24/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timeless Space

Strangely at ease, striving to keep calm
and serene over the years through writing
of poetry on moment of timeless space.

Treasured images gently laid to rest when
I turn and focus on tomorrow's shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timeless Writing

Fireworks of sound explode within this mind, showing off
their splendor in varied colors of sparkles and shards
of vividly-hued lights.

Striking intellect like matches to a candle wick, magically
creating interior tones while touching senses of sightful
sounds in beautiful renditions of lovely instrumental rhythms.

All colorfully echoing and resonating within imagination for
many moments in timeless writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timelessness Of Life

Pastures wide and unyielding, centering life in several
levels.

Dedicating serene platitudes towards infinite priorities,
solidly withstanding the unevenness of everyday obligations.

Noting the patterns falling away from normal living,
forestalling the inevitable future's memories.

Wherever the timeliness of life begins to falter, stray,
or weaken, we find ourselves praying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timely Certainty

Lively and expectant, listening to beautiful chords
of life, being energized by sounds issued forth.

Mind wandering into distant desert plains, watching
nature gather itself into a picturesque landscape,
sacred and wonderful in it's complete and total
essence.

Savoring every particle coming into the existence
of reality taking steps into the future, alighting
upon a timely certainty of illumination.

Causing enlightenment of knowledge to become wisdom
in an earthly fashion, a succinct, precise holding
of sanity in this world, a process of elimination
securing the wonder and awe of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timely Epiphany

Shimmering sunshine selecting certain leafs
to participate in a show of beauty to
passersby who take the time to look and enter
into their timely epiphany.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timely Journey

On a timely journey, venturing into lands unknown in
this century.

Wandering new horizons, following paths put forth
minutely, achieving a sense of lost purpose and meaning.

Archiving memories, following images in any direction,
catching hold of anything in a storm of unknown future
turmoil.

Knowing within, a secret silent dread of death while
walking slowly through this long, hard life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timely Moments

Crossing my mind, searching perpendicular patterns and designs being placed juxtapositionally in arrangements of literal compositions.
Wanting to rearrange them, touching each particle with hands of my mind and placing them in perfect orders of timely moments, reserved for future ideals and placed always in my soul, forever etched in the interior of it's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timely Moments Of Innocence

Touching upon silence of a garden growing, capturing the attention of this poet, a song being sung from heavenly abodes and raining down upon intellect unceasingly.

Captivating intellect in timely moments of innocence, a purity remaining from above for nothing can come between heaven and thoughts being written incessantly.

Quietly, senses are being filled interiorly with their un-bridled gifts of love, caring and mercy from above, find-their way into literature in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timepiece Within

Hands of a clock continue to rotate changing the hours and minutes of each day hidden within it's being.
Aerodynamically, time speeds through our boundaries and limits, scavenging always for the least resistance.
Partaking of minute particles every day, hands of a clock continue to rotate, counting off our seconds left till death ends an individuals own timepiece kept deep within a mortal body.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time's Catacombs

Sorrowfully silent, unable to speak, not ever wanting to,
falling into a ravine, not wanting to climb out, this day
hanging on by the skin of it's teeth, ready to fall away.

Sending life to edges of another dimension, trying to get
inspired through an interior universe, intellectually
carrying me back with some hope.

Everything dies but not yet I believe, focusing on the
right side of imagination, seeing faith ahead, guiding
directly into the pathway of freedom through writing.

Letting down barriers to settle easily into time's cata-
combs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time's Destiny

Reflections of our love throughout the years keeping us to-
gether even through hardships and suffering, never letting
go of the truth.

Standing in our love, courageous and wonderful, filled with
an interior strength that gives an energy, loving the feelings
that fill me so gently, tenderly and delicately.

No matter what, our eyes meeting, looking and consummating our
love within our hearts forever, being held closely, hearts now
beating in unison.

Racing desires taking us into the center of our passion where
we find and quench our love together, we two becoming one in
the destiny of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time's Forgotten Stairways

Breaking the fast of midnight, storm clouds brew upon the horizon, scattering life-blood of reunion.

Staying power hinted at slightly, bowing to a greater force not altogether known.

Traipsing down the forgotten stairways of time, being cut off in ruins of catacombs underground.

Everywhere there is dust of ages piling itself in every facet of unknowable life.

Stepping onto great walkways, hoping to cross the chasms and canyons with one step.

Not knowing that it cannot be done, slipping backwards, it falls into the dungeons of hell on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Times In Life

Everyone has times in life that aren't
always good, yet, somehow we manage to
get through them to see the good things
right around the corner.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Times Of Deceasement

Silent tributes sent down through the years,
blessed by relatives in their times of
deceasement.
Likely attributes center amid many thoughts
held on to for pondering when age finally
gets hold of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Times Of Family

Selecting moments of yesterday to remember subconsciously for days to come.
Enhancing beauty of nature as it filters down through the ages.
Misty-eyed - longing for more peaceful times of childhood.
Singing praises for times of family happiness and close-knit ties.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Times Of Inherent Loneliness

Silently strumming past heartstrings to melodies of lost
love and happier times.

Thinking of them with a sad heart and tears in my mind,
unable at times to carry on, yet somehow doing so anyway.

Lightly touching on the brow of my mind, holding onto
losses of a lifetime, only remembering them now in times
of inherent loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Times Of Life

Time is everlasting, waiting on sidelines, and we wantonly pass it by.
Taking no notice of our human clocks, our babyhood races by with only a few pictures to remind us of it.
Becoming a toddler, learning how to live, eat and talk.
Our personalities formed forevermore - mapping out our future, laying the roads to what we will someday be or do.
Finding ourselves floundering through puberty, awkwardly, we shape our values as we stumble into adolescence and find we now have morals - we understand them - but life is so much more - it is here for our enjoyment and fun.
We abandon ourselves to seek whatever we may find, turning it over in our minds once and discarding it forever.
Finally grown and matured, as adults we learn there are no answers to the questions burning in our minds - only memories of other times.
And stepping ever slowly through our times - older - grayer - finally seeing time - no longer on the sidelines, but holding your hands, guiding your steps along the way.
Slowing the steady rhythm of your beating heart, life no longer benefiting from your existence - it is time to part with it.
Time is everlasting, until we die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Times Of Neglect

Stepping on times of neglect, hoping to erase them
from existence so thoughts may calm and contribute
to placid feelings of younger days.
Taking on a beauty only nature can emit to my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Times Of Sand

As clocks tick down, silence fills the air, and
life's count-down quietly falls from parched lips.

Aridly haunting times of past remembering, filling
up many acres of tranquility laughingly pursued as
serene.

Shattering light throughout the world, fragmenting
it's thoughts as clocks tick away in sands of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Times Of Yesterday

Reaching backwards into times of yesterday, listening to
music of our glory days when life was serene and beautiful.

Doing what we felt like at any time we chose, living the
possibilities of our lives and finding ways to overcome
impossible odds, just to move forward into our futures.

Positive and happier moods, taking us always into lines
of defense against negativity and brooding, left us from
the loss of those we loved dearly and miss a lot.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Times Of Youth

Wiring thoughts into corners of imagination brings a subconscious stirring of beautiful pictures of the past.
Times of youth as they were being lived in, with no hindrances of future developments coming and destroying the peace I once knew.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Time's Rivers Of Love

Sorrowful songs soothing the sadness hidden within,
as I contemplate the loneliness scattered through-
out my being.

Memories feeling the touch of caring as they are
relieved in my mind, taking time, going through them,
seeing the beauty and love of the past when younger.

Now, still feeling the closeness had with family
members whom I loved with all my heart, missing them
now, tears flowing into passages of time's rivers of
love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timid Garden

Flowers peeking over block walls,
showing their beautiful blossom
faces.

Timidly, afraid of being torn at
the stem to decorate someone's
dinner table.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timid Nature

Outside this window, nature is slowly flowing by,
so timidly that it can't be seen or noticed by
anyone, but a poet.

An intense stillness being focused, watching and
actually seeing the stillness fill the atmosphere
with it's essence.

Enveloping everything in a placid doily of beauty,
silently being portrayed here in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timid Questions

Settling my mind, quietly at ease, contemplating life's bizarre requirements and to what extent or purpose they are for.

Timid questions line themselves as thought begins rotating towards ideas dealt from imagination.

Awaiting times of poetical discretion, enjoying the moments through musical interludes as I exercise an inner writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timid Sadness

Counting moments as they fly past my vision interiorly,
knowing they're also counting down the hours I have
left to live.
A sense of timid sadness touches me because of all
those I'll leave behind, yet I also look forward to
being in my heavenly home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timid Soul

Tired of facing reality, running and hiding away
from it's realistic faces, countered in truth.
Basically strengthening lights, beckoning from
gates of heaven, slightly open to admit a timid
soul in the near future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timid Woman-Child

Tending stories through the years, watching solitude being slowly opened, letting out a timid woman-child into the wide world of total involvement.

Performing on edges of talent, not ever coming into the spotlight, because she's too shy to show herself to the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timidly In Love

Taking first steps, timidly in love, wondering if we
can trust in another person for a lifetime.
Placing our hearts in another's hands, hoping they
won't ever be crushed in times of hardship and
suffering.
Filled with an anticipation of being together forever,
holding hands, kissing, having beautiful children, so
proud of them all.
Thinking of all the beauty of our love and all it's
gifts through the years to one another.
Now standing in a divorce court, wondering why, with
all this life we've already gone through, why are we
giving up on each other?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timidly Writing

Stormy weather outside building's windows,
while we sit safely inside.
Timidly writing while strangers are all
looking and wondering what I'm doing.
Crating an air of mystery around an after-
noon Halloween dance.
All in fun, we reminisce later at the good
time we all had today.

(3: 26 p.m. - 10/28/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timing Definitions

Reflections of tones,
penetrating every corner of my mind,
matching each one with nature and
copying them into a screen
of intellect where I can memorize them.
Lively, adjacent to words set in motion,
timing every definition and play each
part before setting it to poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timing Lights

Timing traffic lights jus so, late at night, trying
to get through the city in as short a time as possible.

Praying for a green light, so I can go faster, yet at
times praying for a red light so I can write some more
poetry as ideas fill my head.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Timing Standing Alone

Quality timing standing alone, awaiting someone to begin growing closer.

Standing in lines of resentment, broken hearts held in prayerful hands, so many moments spent in dread.

Afraid no one will show up, crying and praying that it will not be so.

Walking towards the end of night pushing an empty baby stroller.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tinactic Moods

Chain-link thoughts, abrading a silence quietly abiding
within this tinactic mood of sensitive song words.

Ringing loudly into spurts of acquiescent martyrdom, as
meticulous wonder finds mazes of truth inside quarters
of yesterday's mirrors.

Traipsing down trails of western heredity, glancing at
paths leading into desert sand dunes, piling high in
winds of energy and excavating digs below earth's
meaningless surface.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tip Toeing Images

Mind galloping to inner rhythms, playing with notes
and tones, throwing them to and fro across measures
of chords.

Listening to images tip toeing across and into in-
terior boundaries of impossibilities, catching up
to questions found within curiosity.

It's unlimited potential unfolds, finding it's
way, joustling with words, definitions and images
being reflected in pools of memories awakened in
a mistiness of silent dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tipping Scales Of Equality

Unscathed, still living in a fantasy world where
nothing can hurt or touch anything I hold dear.

Escaping here at times, letting my imagination
go wild and free, tipping the scales of equality.

In thought, reaching and delving into deep pockets
of intellect where writing is forever possible.

Ideas running rampant, filling my mind with choice
thoughts and words in which to write into poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tired Being

Sunlight burst into my window,
like God's love burst into and
out of my heart and soul.

All-encompassing peace and joy
accompany my weary tired being
on the road to God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tired Of The City

Riding into the sunrise on my favorite horse,
a stallion, black as ebony nights in the
desert.

Holding on to the reins, galloping faster into
the mountains, wanting to just get away and be
alone with nature.

Tired of living in the city, no respite ever in
sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tired Of Waiting

Waiting for friends to catch up to me, intellectually.
Not knowing they have the same capabilities as I do,
they go in circles, chasing their tails.
If they'd stop and contemplate, all answers would come
to them readily.
Tired of waiting, yet I'll still be here for them
through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tired Thought

Cogitating on withering memories as they fall
through cracks of my deteriorating mind,
scattering themselves about, not being able
to be picked up.
Distantly watching as tides rip and tear
images apart and send them drifting out into
seas of dementia.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tired Wanderings

Hiding in little corners, afraid of coming out into the open - afraid of being hurt.
Solitarily timid - shy - going inside myself because I feel different.
Stranded in thoughts of anger, depression sneaks up behind and pounces on my mind.
Causing it to send a signal to my heart and tears start falling.
Farther and farther away I drift into a lone confinement, carrying with me no parts of any day.
Finding nothing as I search an empty world, falling down quickly upon my knees - praying to God for something - anything - to end this meaningless searching for something I'll never find.
Climbing into boats of knowledge, rowing out to depths unchartered, hoping to accumulate some wisdom there.
Such is this life on earth - always looking - never finding - ending up with the birth of despair at each journey's ending.
Deep in restless slumber, dreaming of emptiness that always lasts, sighing often, thinking of nothing special.
All our days are spent in tired wanderings, even rest does not escape this feckless task.
Overturning everything that gets in between a burning desire and a yearning.
Knowing that life is not for you to live - it just exists and then is forever put to rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tissue Of Our Souls

Morning sun burning upon earth, showering flowers and getting them to shyly blossom out in meadows and fields every day.

A single occupation that enriches all of earth and every passer-by who looks upon their beauty, leaving memories of them in gardens of the mind.

Life taking every turn into forests of loneliness, always soothing and tempting tears of love to be wiped away by the tissue of our souls in readiness of another day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tissues Of Life

Beating incessantly in depths of this mind, hearing only codes penetrating and attaching to words coming closer to every thought as it finds another volume of poetical beauty.

Stepping up, taking circumspect tissues of life, grafting them with intellect's imagination, perfecting wisdom through new aspects of knowledge.

Grasping onto various prospects of interior perspectives, trying every alternative to see what will create another puzzle inside this picturesque mind.

Creating landscapes of future times, sitting alongside of paramount schemes and plans formulating now within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tissues Of Reprieve

Hanging on every word, sailing through skies,
bluened with sorrow, being held closely to past
memories with careful elation and verve.

Taking hankerchiefs out of pockets, dropping
crystals of tears, accumulating in heart's hands,
waiting to be retrieved in tissues of reprieve.

Lonely, cold days of loneliness present in ever-
increasing pressures of yesterday's visions.

Solitary definitions, spreading across margins
of pages, finding spaces to belong in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tittling Vibrations

Tittling in my mind, playing the piano while listening to classical music.
Vibrating talently against my own innate talent, meshing in time beautifully.
Bringing out so many ideas, cascading into poems.
A solitary measurement of intense peace found in instrumental music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

To A Friend

Today I lit a candle for your mother, so gentle and frail,
I prayed for acceptance and renewal to enter her heart for
you.

To remember with joy and love, the moments you shared together,
and for her to know that you'll be deservedly taken care of
after she's gone to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

To Be Honored

Fighting evil with pistols of energy, fatefully taking
away the lives who dare to harm another human being.

Sacrificing souls just to protect the rest of us, our
vets are to be honored and never forgotten for their
service to us in America.

Thanks never being quite enough, so hopefully this little
poem will make up for a little of our insensitive forget-
fulness at times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

To The Man Rakhee Loved

This poem is a tribute to the man Rakhee loved and married,
she saw your sensitive side more than anyone else on this
planet and loved you for it.

Every morning she had the privilege of waking up and being
loved by you totally and unconditionally, what a wonderfully
lucky woman to have a love as pure and innocent as your own.

You owe it to her to keep moving forward until you two meet
once again, writing your poetry constantly expresses your
love for Rakhee.

Standing up for women's rights even now, sharing your views
with the world, she'd be so very proud of you, little one,
her faith in you while alive blossoms even now after death.

Everything you write so passionately and intensely about her,
never let this awesome gift she helped inspire in you die, it's
the legacy you have left her with on earth, you must continue
for both of your sakes, even as the tears fall while writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Toasting The Band

Finding everyday living being sung by a country-western
band, singing and playing right in front of me.

Lights reaching poetry, shining their colors off, on
and across it, giving rainbowly inspiration.

Capturing the beauty of enlightenment through innate
musical talent, spreading itself throughout spaces
of my heart and mind.

Souvenirs of this night being etched on photographic
screens of an interior atmosphere, toasting the band
with this poem as a tribute to their fantastic talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Toasting The Light

Raising energy within, keeping me awake with a fervent
amount of intense thought, leading me into the distant
lands of my dreams.
Toasting the light that illuminates my intellect,
giving thanks for it's brilliance every time I need to
use it in writing.
Precious memories being made with every word I write
into poetry.
Keeping everything together in blank books, and placed
in the computer for the world to see.
Imagining that everyone will one day see my name in
lights of literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Toastmasters

Frightening times spaced silently apart,
partaking in speech-filled moments.

Lacking skills, afraid to speak, motion
stills and a voice is upon us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Today's Beginnings

Listlessly finding fault with today's beginnings,
yet not wanting to complain about anything.
Pasting a smile on this face, hoping soon my
heart would follow suit.
Allowing for a bit of sentimentality to ooze in
as memories adjust themselves accordingly.
Watching events happen around me, sensing their
development in those who are in my space in time,
awaiting their final destinations in the next
world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Today's Horizon

Whispering phrases in silent auras of yesterday, moving them forward into today's horizon.
Pushing and nudging notes just where they need to be in this life.
Wondering of the reasons and ideas, bringing them to fruition in aging days of senior years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Toes In The Sand

Walking along shorelines in memory, touching upon the best times in life when happy and carefree.

Living in a space of independence, only being who I always was with no recriminating factors in the way.

Toes in the sand, curling them into it's warmth, enjoying feelings of it between my toes, loving those memories as they hold onto my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Together At Thanksgiving

Thinking of past good times with family and friends,
all together enjoying the holidays.

Talking, laughing watching our children play with
one another, all of them cousins.

Roots being strengthened with every moment spent in
each other's company, living life, feeling alive,
spirits soaring and lifting us into heights of family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Together For One Goal And Purpose

We are here dedicated to healing the racial wound between
Blacks and Whites, it's time for us to unite and come to-
gether for one goal and purpose only.

The fourteenth amendment decrees it so, for it was written
for the Chattel slaves that their children who were born
in the U.S.A. were natural born citizens.

Receiving all rights and freedom as citizens of America,
it was never meant for illegals of other countries at all,
it is specific in it's purpose and this needs to be known.

It is the truth backed by history, the Civil War was fought
by 740,000 young white Republican men to free the slaves
and put an end to slavery.

Democrats fought against them because they didn't want to
end slavery, in fact wanting it to spread even further and
keep it going.

Thank God for Abraham Lincoln and those 740,000 young white
Republican men for helping to free the slaves, heroes through
out history, yet never known because of Democrat's lies.

To this day the Democrats continue their legacy to keep the
Blacks down, not wanting this racial wound to be healed for
it interferes with their agenda even now.

Blacks and Whites now need to unite, letting the truth be
known as they rise to the glory of God and finally heal
this racial wound, it's about time don't you think?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Togetherness Takes On New Meaning

Years of working, toiling, taking care of families, enjoying
some leisure when able, continues throughout life.

When near it's ending, time spent together takes on new meaning,
bringing couples to an understanding that life has changed some
how.

Now sitting side by side, playing cards silently, not much need
for talking, because they've spent conversations over the
passing years.

Doing whatever little things they can for one another, to make
life easier on the last leg of their journeys.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tolerance Of Life

Signs of life fallen in an abyss, drunken with age,
scarred, broken, tired of earth.

Loud messages careen through eternity, asking for
something more, sliding into walls of steel, finding
there is nothing left to hold on to.

Universally being cautioned and prepared to fight an
endless battle, alone we go, hidden within ourselves.

There are no reasons for good and evil, it's just how
much pain and sorrow we can handle without frustration
which determines our level of combativeness in this
world.

Several dimensions of frustration cause different
degrees of complacent adaptability, all of us having
our individual tolerance to somehow deal with life
and it's myriad diseases and strife.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Toll Of Sorrow

Late night at Brookshire's, sitting and having coffee,
wondering all alone.

Nothing will befall these sagging shoulders for they
have already taken their toll of unbelief and sorrow
once, when it was too great for them to hold.

Nowhere can an answer be found, everything has been
buried deep underground.

Always on the brink of discovery, yet never finding
what anything is about, all that's left is an empty
shell.

Cracked and broken, no longer a token to show love
the way, finding itself with no authority, no glory,
only an emptiness of self.

That is all as life, so long and lonely, quietly,
gently with no sound closes it's doors on everything
it has ever found.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomb Of Knowing

Playfully tossing cares to the wind, meandering down quiet
pathways of nature alone.

Becoming peaceful and serene with every step taken, shining
from within.

Soul awakening in arid temperatures, heatedly filling every
crevice of life with honest rebellion.

Partaking incessantly of the fountain of eternal truth,
lolling in meadows of every reclusive clearing, staying away
from daily grudging preparations of mourning.

Hearing melodies of beauty in nature, perpetrating the
closeness of almighty healing with humble timidity.

Loving the calming effect of silence, turning slightly away
from the grave of life I will soon be residing in.

Carefully stepping along the edge of old age, goldenly
grasping the oath of centuries and carrying self along with
it's wisdom and knowledge, paralleling the tomb of my knowing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomb Of Lace

Finding spaces beneath the atmosphere, calculating formulas
of rhythms and matching them to notes and tones I hear
within.

Taking it all in magically, spiritually, enclosed in an
innocent tomb of delicate lace, bound in limitless edges of
yesterday, forsaking self in effortless movements of the mind.

Staccatoly standing over melodies without distaste, mired
in deepening emotions.

Claiming experience with innate talent as life carries on
by itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomboy

When I was younger I forever played outdoors, being a little tomboy, running, climbing trees and jumping out of them gleefully.

No worries, just living in nature with an innocence and purity given by God when I was still in heaven, before even being born on earth.

Testing and discovering whatever came into my sight, taking life apart, wanting to know every particles and fiber of it's essence even then.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tombstone Without A Name

Lurking behind darkened corners are shadows of doubt and
fear from the unknown, never daring to step up or out of
them.

Finding life is a place of despair and darkness, never
holding onto these feelings and letting themselves con-
tinue to cower.

Never moving out of the shadows to live their lives in
abundance and beauty, for that's all we really have to
show for our times here on earth.

Never leaving a mark of their existence is like having
a tombstone without a name or birthdate etched upon it,
no reminder of who they were.

Why do some prefer to not live their purpose or pursue
their destiny with faith and hope, letting God lead
the way to a better place in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomes Of Life

Silent stillness of evening's atmosphere, touching my mind
with reverberations of yesterday.

Filling interiorly, all spaces of imagination, stretching
it in outlandish places, trying to fit in like pieces of
puzzles, creating themselves in my mind with no effort on
my part.

Searching for patterns and designs to incorporate ideas
of past, present and future poems.

Likeness of yesterday's beauty, going all over my mind,
loping in and out, pulling all types of interesting
pieces, colorful and intrepid - filled with energy and
verve.

Stepping in major parts of rhythm's time as I revel in
shining sunshine, rays of timeless beauty, saturating
me from within.

Catching everything in life and compiling it in tomes of
significant poems of existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow

Surprising entreaties coming from all directions,
gathering many people into the essence of my soul.

Withdrawing from edges of sorrow and climbing into
the forests of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow Is Eternal

Tomorrow is standing beside us, yesterday is gone with the
past, today, well, today has just arrived and is here for
a short while.

Trials before will soon be shadows behind us, as quietly
we go our way.

Maybe we won't like the things of tomorrow, but whatever
comes will not last forever, consolation lies a great deal
in that one little fact.

Stand firm and live for today, because tomorrow may never
come, then time will be banished from mind and heart, only
then will the soul survive the eternity of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Absent Yesterdays

Bow and arrow in hand, shooting straight for your heart,
taking me into clearings of another yesterday, melodies
rising into the skyway.

Reaching into circles of enlightenment being formed through
innate knowledge and wisdom, righting self as life takes on
new dimensions.

Finding prerequisites for turning the finer points of nature
and making them more explicit so they can find their way in-
to tomorrow's absent yesterdays.

Looking for them, moving forward into interior sensations,
always hoping to be resurrected and kept safely for all time
and remembered when finally found.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Achievement

Wandering through life, searching for meanings of
existence, vowing to be more energetic and perfect,
but failing abysmally every time.
Acting out for peaceful times of acknowledgment,
reiterating stances long ago defined.
Incriminating avenues of yesterday, longing to be
a part of something greater than self, intuitively
sensing many aspects of tomorrow's lifetime
achievements set in crumbling stone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Always Brighter

Listening to upbeat music, searching for details that
will fit into whatever thoughts are filtering through
to my mind.

Flood gates being wide open, inviting, enticing intellect,
ideas coming from all directions within, fireworks explod-
ing, tingling thoughts entering intellect.

Fulfilling all types of adventures in my mind where curio-
sity and inquisitiveness reside, always finding a spirit-
ual aspect in everything I write.

A special blessing given at the very moment of conception,
keeping me alive and vibrant, never despairing except may-
be in lines of a poem after death and loss strike my life.

Other than that, flowing through the years, taking strides
into the future, tomorrow always brighter and filled with
beautiful ideas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Avenues

Creating something from nothing, no ideas, no
perceptions in line with appropriate sensations.
Taking a stand, placing natural stances in front
of everything else.
Keeping to schedules of entertainment as they make
tabulations and keep my mind in an extraneous
sphere of enjoyment.
Focusing constantly on pieces of nature's musical
scores as it continues to grow upward and outward
into avenues of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Blossoms

Instant song taking me into the atmosphere, lifting
me higher than before.
Living for the sound of musical rhythm, taking me
always to edges of beautiful landscapes.
In heavenly gardens, always holding onto the intense
colors of tomorrow's blossoms.
Interior poetical muses being awakened, taking the
reins and bringing me into levels of poetical
existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Books

Resting on laurels of peaceful reminiscence, relaxing,
watching interior videos play automatically in leisurely
fashion.

Closing eyes, picturing words as they appear in visions
set to music.

Reminders of the days past and present, all being written
into tomorrow's books of poetical essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Byways

Cantering down lanes of beauty, saturating my mind with blossoms of apples.
Starting from ends of life and moving forward, trying to keep abreast of every motion in moments of time.
Eternal voices listening to answers as they are questioned.
Byways realizing the standards of perfection as I travel alone, wiping tears from my heart and soul, taking reminders to walk along with me, reminding me how far I've come since tomorrow has begun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Calendars

Filled with emotion fighting to get out, wanting to
be freed and explored in discoveries of the mind.
Letting loose an intense desire to be the center of
attention, yet never really wanting to be.
Standing still, in the evening of a purple rain,
falling upon my face, drops sliding down, finding
no place to reside in right now.
Placing copies of tomorrow's calendars where they'll
never be seen or found again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Canyons

Twirling into future impressions, forming and creating
newer versions as I move on without truly undertaking
to live my life as before.
Living has been filled with many scores and entities
appearing and disappearing into visions of total recall.
Plenty of moments have rerun themselves into an ageless monument of life and
it's astounding treasures, carrying
me into canyons of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Choices

Falling into depths of tomorrow's choices, wondering
at times why I made the decisions that I did.
Thinking, why did I select this particular path in
life.
Going through it again in my mind, knowing that the
next time I'd make better choices of what I really
wanted in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Corners

Strengthening ties of musical backgrounds, forging
new connections as they're heard one after another,
creating novel beatitudes as striking as a rainbow
after the rain stops.
Tickling ivories until they're red hot with
imaginative bodies, catering to sensitive spots
hiding closely in corners of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Depths

An unconditional love surprising me daily, sending a thrill right through me as we hold hands and walk along in the moonlight so much love between us.

Positive sensations emanating from deepened senses of desire, holding onto my heart as moonlight shines down upon our aging minds.

Stepping into time, slipping past as we walk on, not even noticing the moments passing by as we drink deeply from our souls.

Looking deeply into our eyes we let go and fall into depths of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Deserts

Scenery taking in deeply, deserts of tomorrow where
imagination loves to be played in.

Being given plenty to see and write into poetry, at
liberty interiorly, to roam wherever is pleasing.

Taking advantage of the freedom, following heart's
desires and enjoying every moment given in explicit
intellectual pursuits.

Taking all visions, separating them into particles
that can be used over and over through the years,
always being able to contain them through blending
of abstractions and cognitive thoughts.

Landing always upright on sands of deserts and their
mountains, loving the arid and lonely spaces filling
being, walking through habitats of all sorts of
desert animals.

Living in the most beautiful visions, watching images
as they hold closely to a soul, now belonging solely
to intellect, property of it's imagination forever
in the world of literature.

A burning desire being kept afloat forever in the
ocean and on shores of living entities of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Dreams

Riding my phantom horse through delicacies of an
Arizona desert.
Seeing all types of images, appearing before me
in mourning of someone or thing that's been lost.
Trudging the long, dusty trails of tomorrow's
dreams while on horseback.
Beautiful colors of mountains, tracing themselves
in my mind as I gallop along, enjoying the feel
of desert aromas filling my sense of smell.
Not holding onto the various perceptions being
emitted into the daytime air.
A lonesome sound, howling into echoes of the
desert, a lone wolf out looking for a meal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Episodes

Living in colorful rhythms, loving their essence and passion, taking every fiber into depths of a mindful solace that never quits it's tempo nor it's liquid flow of rhythms.

Coming from within spirits of interior contemplation, providing liberty and independence for a lifetime of serenity in poetry.

Soliloquys running rapidly into the filters of tomorrow's episodes in creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Exiled Life

Being the same place it's been for the last seven years I've been coming here, yet it's different - no longer holding any purpose in my life now that friends have gone away.
Memories hurt and scar my mind with once close friendships now gone, having abandoned me to the wayside in tomorrow's exiled life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Existence

Squelching the need to roam and wander into the wilderness
of any jungle.
Wanting to search the world over, looking for a place where
I can belong and develop talent to it's utmost.
Wonder and curiosity following every step of the way. Sating
the energy of every moment spent in the existence of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Future

Realizing that energy comes solely from an inner intelligence through intellect, it's patterns and designs of artistic gradient talent.

Specified when born, adjusting, aligning, setting everyone of them in positions of tomorrow's future for safekeeping.

Walking along pathways of life into regions of creative abilities, discovering, inventing and developing the impossible impossibilities.

Tantalizing forthrightness as we walk into the darkness of another universe, one called death by all those on earth who have experienced it in one way or another.

Bringing grief and sadness upon each individual, being touched by it's incessant loneliness in life and finding only emptiness left behind by it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Future Today

Never quitting, continually being energized through
rhythms, tranquilly and vividly looking into space,
wondering about the world and what it's going through.

A timid and shy look at evil abounding everywhere, only
wanting to do away with it, not liking how it destroys
women and children with it's barbaric ways.

Totally pulling apart the fabric of innocence and purity
of everyone of them touched by evils presence, not wanting
to see it.

Hoping for God to come and take them away from this earth
forever, serenity taking us all together into the secrets
of tomorrow's future today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Hands

Racing down the tracks, leaving the past behind and
focusing on the future in tomorrow's hands.
Listening to the piercing whistle of the lonely train
chugging through the night, taking all the baggage
away and tossing it off, leaving an empty car filled
with hopes.
Faith guiding their way into sides of long-sided walls
of canyons, echoing throughout the world and
culminating in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Horizons

Seconds pass by in rapid succession,
taking life with them at an alarming speed.
Bringing us closer to edges of tomorrow's horizon.
Waiting patiently for answers from time immemorial,
we sit in tatters.
Hoping for some semblance of reality to filter into
our dream-like visions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Illusions

Heartland of interior universes opened to the essence
of being, taking us beyond the beginning of time.

Allowing this passion being held inside to grow and
envelope intellect in positions of utmost superiority.

Unlikely efforts not able to grasp ideas being played
in rhythms of likelihoods of tomorrow's illusions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Impact

Ascertaining that impacts of tomorrow will be for our good
and give only positive thoughts in an inspirational environment.
Loving to see views of yesterday's travels across the country
when younger.
Giving thoughts time to air out, blossoming into awesome talented
creations and liking every sensation coming into being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Innate Trails

Silently following innate trails of tomorrow into visions
as they transpire and transform an interior life spiritually,
an enticing and perfunctionary way of existence.

Unfolding little by little in this mind, watching as dreams
are awakened, bringing them into the reality of another dim-
ension.

Taking roads and avenues into many of them, feeling their
beauty, tasting the sublimity of blossoming thoughts, shower-
ing them with an extraordinary amount of lifelines in music.

Nothing able to bar their way while filling spaces of intellect
with positive attitudes and moods, shifting the landscapes of
turmoil and stress into peaceful abodes of serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Intense Visions

Letting this mind find and know the beauty of nature and humanity, teaching innately from every facet and aspect that continues to grow and be nurtured.

Tomorrow's visions calling to my spirit while writing, following trails into deserts, forests, jungles, going through every aspect of it's foliage and wild life.

Never stopping, loving the excitement that follows me everywhere through music and rhythms, intensely touching the fabric of my entire life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Inventions

Speculating on the future, seeing many dreams being fulfilled, sensing their fruition as I live forward in destiny's hold.
Perceptions fulfilling senses with energetic purposes, as life performs it's usefulness in daily tasks.
Frivolous thoughts are being grasped, abstracts in the atmosphere coming together and creating novel situations and circumstances.
Bringing ideas and images into realms of reality where they become the inventions of tomorrow's destinical horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Islands

Stepping steadily and slowly into depths of another
somber period of silence.

Holding onto hearts and souls, folding them into the
contexts of each poem being left alone in the open.

Exploring every notion as it is exposed in waters of
ocean tides, sliding off into the islands of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Knowledge

Crying into nighttime skies with plaintive sorrow,
wanting to be expressed in no uncertain terms from
morning to evening.

Discovering many aspects of beautiful energy being
fulfilled in thorough mysteries of tomorrow's
knowledge.

Many causes of problems being shifted from people's
uncertainties and taken into account with the
existence of another world set apart from the one
known in conscious knowledge.

Cavorting into lively melodies, turning away from
the portals of another time of being.

Taking all energy and transpiring it into another
walkway of heavenly truths and honesty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Life Force

Traipsing into mind, cowboy boots kicking up desert dust and
stepping into domains of intellect where they will be set in
an aura and be roped again and again.

Visiting many an area filled with cacti and wild horses.
Stripping life even more with the usefulness of purpose,
holding onto it as everything goes through the doors of
tomorrow's life force.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Literature

Reading words dangling before me on photographic screens, giving an exceptional leeway into literature of tomorrow, allowing the beauty of understanding to develop and form within.
Taking pictures, my mind lets me see details in everything, even though others can't see what I see until they read what I've written.
All the love of life is entrusted with words of poetical content,
allowing me to be as literal as I could ever possibly want and until my last days I will enjoy it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Living Room

Sololy singing of beauty, lying at rest in this life, crossing
and re-crossing all memories already being processed through
intellect.

Projected movies and videos taking this mind into depths no
other can obtain in life.

Altogether, this beautiful fantasy continues to be seen in
every picture upon a screen of imagination, taking me into
the living room of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Morning Light

Daylight fading, tumbling from the sky, landing on earth with
the thud of night.

Throwing shadows into shadow, blackening the evening's eyes
with a blindfold tied on tight.

Sprigs of artificial lights peek out from little bulbs,
twinkling through the night, beckoning people's seeing eyes
to stop and rest for a while.

Relax and hide in lightened rooms until tomorrow's morning
light has bloomed and sun shines bright.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Nightmares

Lurid, hiding within forests of yesterday, not wanting
to move into the future.

Knowing that our world is falling into the cisterns of
dark ages because of isis and it's evil.

Capturing the essence of tomorrow in it's nightmares,
not wanting to go there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's No More

Slow rhythms taking me away, death has taken my life from
this world and I am no longer able to stay and love you
like I want to.

Designs of an interior atmosphere have been taken and I
can no longer use my gifts like I used to my dear, some-
how they've disappeared.

All the pleasures of life are to be no more, so the void
between us grows ever wider and we cannot reach one
another anymore.

Unable to love you from where I am, God loving me now,
loving Him in return for there are no more tomorrows to
live together my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Obituary

Tantalizing aroma of nighttime showers, alive with the freshness of spring.

Lasting hours of remembrance, brewing in labyrinths of deepest minds, broiling in iron, molds of tolerance and forebearance, unwinged.

Sailing on rifts of broken friendships, non-awakening tunes candle-light themselves into darkest lairs, dangerously unsafe and away from human life.

Cast out, condemned to pyres of hell, no more to traverse this mortal life or seek it's fill.

There is no more to be gained, frozen in time, sandwiched beneath all that is evil in nature and ugly in mankind.

Striving for sanity in this world, but there doesn't seem to be any, everyone has piled onto the wagon of insanity, leaving behind all that once was beautiful.

Now there is nothing left to see or feel or touch, for reality has lost itself in deep ravines buried beneath the earth.

Sadly running out on everything I once knew, blaming no one for my faults or sins, carrying on, knowing that inside I am already dead.

Remorse fills me with dread and hopeless sorrow, I can no longer hold on for a brighter tomorrow, the death of me has already been completed.

An obituary can now be read and rejoiced over for I will be gone by tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Omens

Talented mosaics of intelligence centering on tabloids of
entertainment and entering musical scores of perfection.
Always beating incessantly in rhythmic patterns, collating
pages of eternity with a myriad of entertaining voices.
Making music within circumferences of moments, arranged
just so for future problematic incisions.
Taken onto platforms, awaiting promises made on tables of
wisdom, one day in a past future rendition.
Playing for data, sending information in formats never
existing on earth, only now, being creatively sanctioned
and formed inside my brain.
Alluding always to canyons of consciousness, never
interfering in any way with skeptic ideas of wisdom, left
over from visions held onto from the past and brought
forward so as never to be lost in tombs of death.
Existing eternally in silent pages of quiet books, signed
by authors and kept interiorly hidden in adjuncts of
historical illusions.
Omens of tomorrow, written down, showing the way toward
favorite avenues being taught and shown in indexes of
content for all to see and enjoy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Paintings

Dislocating areas of my brain that I want to expand,
following their new openings into deserts of tomorrow's
paintings.

Giving details of every particle of sand showing them-
selves in recesses of my mind.

Taking moments into an atmosphere of another realm,
finding so many things to see and realize.

They all turn into different aspects as seeing them
in different views of absolute thoughts and pictures
while resolving them from within this being.

Capturing their essence in perfect storms of meaning
and reason in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Particles

Increasing aptitudes settling into
paths newly made and entered from afar.
Likened aspects of thought fell into place
and contoured, according to substantial
particles of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Pillows

Saying good night to daytime hours,
whiling sensations of intrepid
feelings away, tucking them into
tomorrow's pillows for safe keeping.

(11: 01 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Promise

Skies of dusk, falling darkly into my heart,
taking with them, shadows of life.

Promising tomorrow, another destination in
clear-cut images of beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Reality

Forging passion into my heart and soul, given from
an innate talent and gifts from above.

Always picturing thoughts, feeling their emotions,
using all of it in writing.

Creating and treasuring every moment in this life,
knowing that essentially there are very few left
to me as I walk into the sunset of tomorrow's reality.

Stripped of everything except the being that I am today,
holding my soul, stepping into realms of heaven, hoping
to be accepted through the love and mercy of God who
made me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Reflection

Thoughts held in harbor,
ages of dreams keep peering about.
Feeling safe and moving forward
into the lightened darkness of a
morning sunrise, ready to meet the
day with a smile and energy to
continue going into reflections of
tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Rising Of Silence

Death of silence in the nighttime of an eternal epiphany,
shining into the stairway of starlight on the way through
outer space.

Taking steps necessary to become a part of this inner world
without failing, turning it upside down and inside out.

A particular aspect of finer things being expected from
exterior parts of tomorrow's rising of silence from it's
simple death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Saddened Literature

Vibrating interiorly, catching rhythms falling into depths
of intellect, and being placed in poems of essence.

Telling of incessant trials on earth, words are taking the
interior of life and placing it outside.

There it will be seen and noticed for the truth that it is
and has become.

In this, a journey of one, it will tell about it's sadness
for generations to come in literature of tomorrow.

Being sung around the world, a voice of one, echoing and
reverberating in circles around the universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Setting Sun

Signs along the way, showing which way to go,
leaving disturbances behind while wending the
way down avenues of yesterday.

Taking time with innate talent and many gifts
given in life, rotating, revolving in episodes
that hold my hand, taking me into tomorrow's
setting sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Shadows

Walking slowly, taking everything in stride, proclaiming
the innocence that's been protected within for an entire
lifetime.

Being assured just by hearing sounds of electric rhythms
energizing with auras of colorful ideas as they invent
and shape the future.

Blending moist desires of love with a lightened brilliance
of interior beauty.

Stepping up into the lofty atmosphere, living an incessant
glamor of yesterdays, coming into focus along the way.

Suddenly coming about in designs of patterned light and
shadows of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Slopes

Exchanging the tones of music for expressions in poems,
tasting the flavors of extreme tangs in another dimension
far from home.

Slipping and sliding down the slopes of tomorrow, entering
the environment of intense peace.

Stilling the vibrations of grief through the rhythms
lifting spirits across the crowds of people gathered here.

Major proportions of life are being dealt with and handled
with care.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Solutions

Everything is alright, as life reaches beyond me into
the farthest thoughts of believeability.
Severing emotions, letting them come back together in
strands of tomorrow's solutions.
Only holding onto each other while posing one idea
after another.
Letting others accompany me across horizons, as they
are washed upon shores of tomorrow's existence.
Washing and cleansing the beauty of all that is
collected in frames of pictures, being hung and shown
to the world one day when I am gone.
So hopelessly lost and forsaken, yet all that I have
done and been, will be placed in places of honor, and
explicitly held in great esteem by those knowledgeable
in these avenues of artistic endeavors.
Always being found in colors of balanced pictures of
tomorrow's sorrowful tears, washing upon minds of
those who will one day be the tools and instruments
of our lives, kept in secret codes and hidden from
view.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Stories

Rushing forward into blank spaces, wanting to make
them my own without being infringed upon by another's
ideas, ruining my senses of thought.

Contrary ideas falling into depths, creating the
essence of intellect with the absorbency of
instrumental music.

Touching inner feelings of hope and bringing faith
into it's entire circumference, holding forth the
light of tonight's thoughts.

So many images moving into the visions, marching to
rhythms, going ahead of me into tomorrow's stories
of the future.

Somnolent pastimes flowing into so many pictures of
nature's waterfalls, giving visions of eternity's
landscapes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Timeline

Insistence of tomorrow's timeline sweeps itself
into our visions, giving an essence of beauty
into the environment of beginning endings.
Penetrating outer crusts of our thinking becomes
a fear coming into the present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Trails

Traipsing through trails of tomorrow, searching for
things that are wanting to be accomplished in the future.

Feeling so perfectly happy and peaceful, taking every-
thing into depths of being.

There they can be sorted out and placed where they will
do the most good in poems that will be written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Visions

Life standing in a corner of eternity, arriving at conclusions affecting the future, hoping decisions being made will be right ones.

Estimating times of forgotten years being wasted and tossed aside as trash.

Beginning events, instrumentally creating designs of fashionable words, exciting brain waves and sending them into exaltant visions of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Walkway

Rising into the atmosphere of lightening strikes,
accomplishing only the impossible as I walk
tantalizingly towards a walkway of tomorrow's dreams.

Encompassing hopes in the entire picture of what I am
seeing in this lonely journey of peaceful recrimination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tomorrow's Yesterdays

Fingers running up and down the keyboard of life,
composing music classically while writing poetry,
artistically following patterns and designs.

Taking turns and finding new ways of producing
them as colors and sounds flow through the very
veins of being.

Touching and creating all the while as life im-
itates poetry through photographic screens in
depths of visions from tomorrow's yesterdays.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tom's Birthday

Family and friends celebrating Tom's 70th birthday,
dancing, music, laugher together, a fantastic time
being had, smiles and frolicking across the floor.

Sun glasses of varied types, children and adults
moving to rhythms of rock and roll, jumping, turn-
ing, and swinging to the music.

Tom joining in the fun with his gentle antics, son,
daughter-in-law, daughter and three Grandkids now
watching as Tom's son holds a toy guitar in hand.

Rocking to the rhythms of this evening, celebrating
his Dad's 70th birthday, everyone having a great
time, looking forward to next year's celebration!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tones Of Anger

Twinkling gently, touching parts of
my brain with genuine lights of wisdom.
Carefully penetrating their way into my
heart, without causing any harm until
they are felt.

Soothing thoughts of music,
stroking strings of melody's voice.
Keeping words to myself as they are
hurled with piercing tones of anger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tones Of Color

Carefully recognizing color in every
hue of tonal quality, soaring my way.

Adjusting lifelines to encounter more
ideas.

Creating voluminous books of poetry
as I withdraw from life, while
staring straight into it's depths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tones Of Etudes

Marching tempos, striking my mind,
driving me to cadences deep inside.
Giving timing no chances to stray
from the rhythms at hand.
Closely, attracting tones of etudes
into my mind, taking extra-sensory
notions to heights never known before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tones Of Innocence

Totally rocking to rhythms of every measure, being
sent into the interior intellect of my mind, always
riding notes as they take me into depths and heights
of other worlds.

Forever touching, bringing thrills forward, challeng-
ing and lifting spirits as I continue to step in time,
past, present and future being blended into one vision.

Showing the way to inner salvation, a bluened atmosphere
coming to light every time I'm writing poetry, an ever-
lasting brilliance that stays with me always.

Inner vibrations reverberating with words being written
as I listen to the many tones of innocence being sung
and tracked in the evening of my life.

Not a regret coming to mind, just tears flowing at all
the loss that has touched this life, hoping to end my own
life without having anymore death in the way of living.

Smiling as melodies find their way into the incessant
drumming of another midnight, all memories being blended
with abstract temptations for the resonant and enticing
music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tones Of Life

People enjoying themselves, playing with their
children, creating memories that will last a
lifetime and then some.
Adventures and new concepts fill time with
beautiful tones of life set in crystal palaces
for future stories and definitions of their
times on earth.
Social activities create so many chances of
delight and toss sorrow aside for a while.
Tantalizing memories play on ivories of their
minds for eternal journeys across many levels
of maturity.
So many unfinished tasks disappear into non-
existence as a mind is enticed with lace-like
beauty of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tones Of Memories

Rising and falling with tides of eternity.

Riding waves along edges of coastlines,
calculating formularies of new ideas on
pages of horizons.

Tabulating notes and beats to measurements
of life's moments, and forging new memories
being made explicitly in tones of perfect
pitch.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tones Of Remembering

Loving memories touching insides of my mind with
their beautiful sounds and tones of remembering.
Extravagant feelings, filling my soul with vibrant
images dancing before me.
Strolling down lanes of past happiness, enjoying
the calm bliss I feel interiorly.
Sunsets reminding me of ending days coming upon
me in fields of blossoming flowers, slowly covering
up life as it exhausts itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tonight Held For We Two

Oh dear, I am missing you, wishing to see you here talking to me, a lasting hope that will never diminish with the passing of time.

Oh honey, wanting and needing you here holding me closely, kissing me temptingly, as I drown in your unconditional love.

A tender, devoted and precious treasure that will forever keep me attuned to you my love, tonight being held for we two, as love touches us over and over throughout the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tonight's Rhythm

Never taking the plunge, forgetting what others may want and leaving them to fend for themselves.
Taking steps, following all the beats of tonight's rhythm as it is balanced on rims of glasses filled with beer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tonight's Skies

Sun shining brightly, being hit in the face with a summer storm.
Chances slim of clearing skies tonight, the sun will soon find it's way to bed on the other side of the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Too Busy Being In Love

Touching my spirit with your love all through the night,
giving of yourself totally and completely, never for-
saking the love I have for you.

Making sure that I'm satisfied, forgetting self for
the time being, until I reach out to you passionately,
quenching our desires through our love together.

A fascinating and extraordinary bonding of our hearts,
souls and minds, making love through the night, never
tiring of being with one another.

Throughout our lives, never hurting or blaming, anger
never settling within either of us for we are too busy
making love and sharing our thoughts and hearts with
each other forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Too Complete A Circle

Sorrow fills my soul when I leave a friend, because I don't
know when I'll see them again.

Emptiness fills me like an empty coffee cup and idly I dream
about things we've done, because there may not be a next time.

Hoping, always, to live to see another day, things don't
always work out the way you want them to.

Prayer is silently tucked away, because it doesn't work every
time, it's proof we all continue on our way.

My heart cries out in silent weeping, no one hears, because
I'm not speaking of it.

Crushing me, it's deceiving everyone around me, but I really
don't want to live anymore.

Depression is too complete a circle, so falling into it's
middle is the only solution.

Because it's middle is nothing, it is already dead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Too Early

Walking around, looking for a way to waste my time until my appointment comes due.

Wanting very much to just sit down and write, I stop and sit at a picnic table.

Under a tree, shade falling gently over me, I can now do what it is I want - to write!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Too Few Left

Having dedicated our lives and love to one another through
the years, children now grown with families of their own
to care for like we once did.

Life being rearranged for us as we grow old, hearts beating,
into the darkness, eyes knowingly searching each other's
for answers that will never be given.

Holding hands, resting in one another's arms, whispering
sweet nothings in the night, hoping for moments in time,
knowing there are too few left to us now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Too Many Not Interested

Adjusting life to get better results, attempting to find answers with meaning and relevance, not just for self, but for all of humanity.

Spreading truth, facts and documentation to others, hoping they will decide to open their minds, thinking outside the box, helping people all over the world.

But it seems that some, or too many are not interested in helping anyone except themselves, ridiculing others because they have the answers.

Yet, not wanting to follow them, thinking that they are better just because they have a degree in something or another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Too Many Tears

Music speaking joy and wonder of my heart this morning,
having known way too many tears throughout this lifetime,
listening to rhythms of fantastic happiness as they
run through me continually and incessantly.

Beautiful landscapes being created and perpetrated through
intellect and imagination, nothing else producing this
immaculate peace and innocence of being.

Adjusting, aligning with every note and tone being played,
giving a needed impetus to succeed in this life and in all
of it's endeavors reached for daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Too Young To Know

A rose by any other name wouldn't bear the pain of a life-
time within such a fragile framework, an abusive husband,
tantamount to a dictator, yet should have been loving,
compassionate, caring to such a gentle woman.

Twenty nine years of living in hell with no escape, trap-
ing herself and all six children in a solitary cell called
marriage, a husband cementing a child's past with her future.

Not wanted, nor loved, illegitimate, according to her so-
called mother, not worthy of love, wanting to be loved for
herself, a gentle child, scorned by her mother.

Scarred for life, not knowing until age sixteen who her
mother was, calling her Grandmother, because she had no clue
she was in reality her mother.

How horrendously inhumane to find out at such a young age,
when being a teenager, shaking her to the core of her being,
even now as she shakes with the memory of it.

Always trying to be noticed, a good-hearted child, never
paid attention to unless she rebelled or went against the
church, questioning everything, even God.

A life no one should have to endure, especially an innocent
child who had done no wrong, paying with her life and free-
dom when grown, to an abusive husband.

Not realizing she deserved so much more than what she was
used to and felt comfortable with, an intelligent woman,
graced with a personality full of life and strength.

An inspiration to others, yet can't inspire herself to
write a best selling novel, even though she has the entire
book within her mind.

A sadness felt within for her, praying she would take help
to write that she has asked for, yet as the window of

opportunity wans, gets smaller, nothing seems to phase her.

Stuck in her emotional turmoil, afraid of failing and even
more afraid of succeeding, feeling she deserves nothing in
life and is afraid to unfold herself from it, as it's all
she's ever known through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tools Of Intellect

Falling in line with ideas struggling to be heard,
giving them a voice to be expressed.

A loving and beautiful essence being poured forth
in many coded poems of legitimate sincerity.

Taking me into the sky, soaring quietly with clouds
where only the silence can meet with my mind.

In the midst of incessant rhythms, taking self into
a universe where the only existence belongs to me.

Living it intensely and totally, never living outside
it's wonderful zone of fascination.

Imagining all types of life and memories as they live
in photographic albums of a total essence.

Always cooperating and filling my mind with the tools
of enlightenment and illumination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Torment Caused By Death

Mind romping through a fantasy land of creative imagination,
taking chances, not afraid of failing in a land of desires
and love.

Having the wherewithal to enjoy moments of total silence at
times, knowing that intellect will interject hopes and dreams
that have been founded deeply within an innate wisdom.

Sorting through each and every situation, searching for active
solutions, hoping they will end the torment caused by death
of a loved one.

In the end knowing that nothing can be found to take the place
of the ones we've lost and must now carry on without them, being
lost and forlorn for the rest of our lives deep inside.

Yet our lives must continue, we have to get ourselves gathered
together to pursue whatever we can for the rest of our lives,
being there for all who are still with us, especially children.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tormented By Death

Streaming down hot, black, tar-paved streets, looking for
life to meet my needs.

Stopping off and on, never getting what I am looking for
still traveling anyway, down streets of life.

Seeing sights, beauty, along the way, finding an umbrella
once in a while for shade to rest beneath.

Losing all hope when looking ahead at the horizon, because
it is too far out of reach.

Standing still within my mind, choices of life cannot be
defined.

Grief from the past pounding, pressing heavily upon my
life's blood, causing pain to fill my tormented mind.

Causing it to turn inside out, searching for reasons, the
meaning of it's scattered, fragmented existence.

Finding only reasons from the past that have brought this
lasting impression of what life is about.

Leaving no room for asking questions, leaving unsettling
doubts creeping out from pages of yesterday's memories.

Debris piled high, giving life the image of being a dump,
a garbage pile, rife with pain.

Standing on the edge, looking back, slipping, falling,
landing in a heap of death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tormenting Spirals

Crossing over death's barriers, touching it's oceanic waves
with heart-felt emotion over all family members he has taken
from me.

Casting all love into netherwoods of abysmal labyrinths,
never to be experienced again.

Touching never-ending spirals of torment as they hit my
heart without warning.

Characterizing everything in past images, taunting me with
out mercy, driving me to insanity's doors, but I never enter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Torn Existence

Flying, soaring, banging into a mismatched set of thoughts, trying to make some sense of it all.
Yet, the hitting of particular facets keep running away, forfeiting the similarities of an existence being torn in two.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Torn Fabric Of Our Lives

Rounding up moments we've trampled through in life
somehow, those who were lost in the throes of death
or loss of our loved ones.

Tearing the very fabric of our lives, we two turned
to each other, looking tearfully into one another's
eyes, tears touching our hearts so gently.

In that moment our lives became one, never to be sep-
arated in this life no matter the pattern or design
of circumstances we may find ourselves in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Torn Heart

Saddened purposes in life fill these eyes with tears,
pouring from a torn heart.

Falling into this mind where they are written in a
poem, telling of their existence, otherwise they would
never be known.

Mysterious and quiet, they live in salted drops from
within my body, like sparkling jewels they slide down
my face, showing the intense emotion being felt within.

Telling their story silently, effortlessly, yet poignantly,
while touching this soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tornado Of The Past

Raising and lowering the fever pitch of intense mind images,
chasing some around space inside, trying to get a good look
at them.

Trying to make them stand still for more than a second so I
can see what they are, left with a feeling of frustration
hurting me, causing blood to drip down across my eyes.

Fighting the urge to run away, desperately afraid of fear
rising quickly inside this heart and mind, freezing, struck
with immobility.

Tear-stained memories staining a mind, feeling frightened,
seeing no way out of this spinning tornado of the past.

Clinging tightly to the facts, understanding and able to
make some sense of what I do not understand or know.

Sensing the edge of a deep canyon, seeing the opposite side,
taking the risk, taking steps in that direction, not knowing
if I will survive or end up committing suicide.

(11: 34 a.m. - 4/4/95)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Torrent Emotions

Reflections of trees waving to my mind,
calmly characterizing a storm outside the
building.

Being tossed and turned against a backdrop
of the Superstition Mountains.

Serenely soothing thoughts jumbled against
a torrent of emotion, waiting to be written
out in a comprehensible form of poetical
devices.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Torrent Of Disguises

Plummeting from an inner sky, feelings coming in a torrent of disguises, teasing in more ways than one, wanting to understand them, but they are too quickly coming and going.

All of them fascinating, wanting to learn more about them, but not given time right now, after writing them in poetry able to sort and find their meanings.

Hopefully finding answers that are needed to help make an informed decision that's been pending for a while, holding on, hoping to soon find out the truth, recognizing what to do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Torrent Of Ideas At Death

Lightly touching my soul, taking it gently and carefully
into heaven where it's energized and kept vibrantly alive
through graces given there.

Holding onto promises that have been spoken, knowing truths
will be known on final days of earth, nothing to worry about
as long as you've done nothing wrong while living your life.

A torrent of ideas and thoughts flowing at the exact moment
of death when life has finally breathed it's last breath and
there's nothing left to our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Torrential Downpour

Walking through a torrential downpour, tears mixing with raindrops, flowing down this face.

Heart pumping blood out of my being, taking it from this hell and darkness into a place of sunshine and rainbows.

Not able to enjoy this oasis because life has forgotten to progress and has left me alone and bereft.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tortoise Shell Memories

Tortoise shelled memories, coming into view slowly, so
I can get the full effects of every detail, emotional,
physical and mental.

Observant intellect, putting it all onto photographic
screens so I can see and write from them.

Beautiful colorful rainbows, taking me through prisms
of illumination and into depths of canyons, echoing
rhythms and translating them into words of poetry.

Liberating senses and freeing intellect to mingle with
imagination, carefully giving all impressions and
experiences a voice in timeless prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tortuous Moments

Loneliness is drowning me in it's essence, not letting any
peace join me right now.

Walking down sidewalks of grief, dragging self along edges
and being cut and bleeding by the intensity I am feeling
so ardently.

Nothing between, falling down into canyons of bewildering
abandonment, not knowing what I have done to deserve this
exacting emptiness.

Wanting only to proceed on a pathway of enlightenment away
from these tears of sadness that are joining me on an endless
journey through these tortuous moments.

This mind is on another plain, alone, grasping onto the only
thing available to me to hold onto in life - my writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tortured Heartstrings

Unchanging attitudes of love carry one over interior rainbows,
overshadowing the essence of passion.

After all these years, not knowing who you truly are, flying
away on tortured heartstrings of yesterday.

A lasting envy being carried to outskirts of every memory,
believing in wisdom of ulterior motives kept sacredly until
final days come creeping slowly.

Singing often in the twilight under stars of evening just
sitting in minds of listening and making changes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Toss Of The Dice

Good times rolling around like a toss of the dice when gambling, having positive effects while our luck holds out.

The moment we think life will always be good, the dice turn, bringing us into depths of hell, black and hopeless we lie there wondering what to do next.

Being blinded by the loss of goodness, wondering where it is that we went wrong, looking further into the future, unable to see our own destinies.

Living our lives in impossibilities of being possible, maybe, having things turn out all right in the end, but then again, maybe not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tossing Memories

Noticing the beauty of nature playing around in a gentle
breeze, tossing memories of younger days into mind while
writing of them constantly.

Never breaking strides of intellect, walking through
lanes of yesterday and it's adventuresome times.

Taking everything into this heart, feeling it sensuously
throughout life, incessantly and completely taking all of
the insipid realities within.

Always serving up images and visions in coded verses of
poetry, taking them into eternity where peace will finally
find itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Abandonment Of Life

A blessed evening with a song forever in my heart.
Tenderly watching memories being made as I sit and see all the things I've ever seen in pathways of my visions.
Formulating avenues I continue to watch on photographic screens as everything becomes a part of my past.
Listening intently, hoping to locate my place in a life of total abandonment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Acceptance

Rhythm calmly accepting me into it's depths, carrying my soul to outer regions of heaven and letting me enjoy it's beauty and essence.

Loving the entire aspect of soaring completely into wherever I wish to go, thanks to intellect and it's combining with imagination.

A wonderful consensual match right here within where I choose to live life in total acceptance and am fully adept at being able to, alone in peace and quiet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Aloneness

Each passing day seeming to get sadder with each new
moment appearing to touch an inner contemplation
hidden within.

Tantalizing life being recognized and lived, but never
fully, because human beings cannot seem to be totally
in the moment, which is a saddened plight of everyone
on this earth.

Magically appearing and disappearing in the blink of
an eye, tears falling with every one, nothing to hold
back the ones that life seems to grow like a lush jungle.

Never giving a choice when our hearts, minds and souls
have been touched by sorrow and grief, a total aloneness
creeping upon us at inopportune times when we thought
to have some fun.

Suddenly becoming despondent for some reason or another,
tell-tale loneliness always seeming to be present no
matter what we try to do to avoid it every step of the way.

Knocking at the door, looking in windows, never wanting to
leave us alone, just continually spying, waiting for the
exact second to pounce on each of us.

Taking it in stride the best we can, life goes on, sorrow
in one hand and us in the other, stepping through many
experiences of loss and bereavement.

No matter what, we continue to believe in a better to-
morrow in spite of what we all know and cannot help,
always getting stuck in puddles of remorse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Anticipation

Sitting here in an elite mall, where the rich like to shop
and eat at it's many restaurants of delicacy and high prices.

Feeling at ease anyway, waiting to meet with a scientist to
discuss any matter of subjects that come to mind.

Anticipating an enjoyable meeting with him, looking forward
to hearing all about his discoveries and research.

A blessed event in the life of this mere poet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Contentment

Silently seeking one another under covers of darkness, wanting to feel your touch upon my being, exciting and thrilling me all night.

Never tiring of getting your love and giving you mine, my dear, having a wonderful and enticing experience just being held and loved by you my darling.

Filled with your passion, desires and pleasure gives a contentment that can be felt nowhere else on earth, rushing home just to be with you every day, letting nothing get in the way of our time together.

Loving is a major part of our lives, whether near or far apart, just wanting to be close, making love from dawn to dusk, a special thrill and pleasure that costs nothing and makes us totally happy, bringing us closer together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Desert Atmosphere

Nature waking up as we travel down the road to our destination.

Storm clouds now disappearing, floating away from us, going to another place, unknown.

Buildings going by, now getting closer to the total desert atmosphere that I so love to be in.

The desert being like me inside, stark and lonely like my little child's heart still hiding within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Eclipse Of Being

Silence penetrating interiorly as it's touching my soul,
bringing peace and solace to this interior world.

Leaving turmoil and suffering behind, just to be alone
with faith, hope guiding me through life.

Never being exhausted, living in each and every moment,
knowing that's what is supposed to be done.

Exciting alluring desires as they climb ever higher into
all senses.

A total eclipse of being as my mind takes me rapidly into
the essence of life, developing passion that I was born
with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Encompassing Love

Locked within this mind are personal secrets that I have
kept hidden from everyone in my life.

Not allowing a single person to know anything about them
except for my soulmate, whom I trust with my life.

Judging explicitly throughout life, finding only this one
person trustworthy of all that I am and know.

Amazing to realize out of all the millions of people on
this earth, that I have found only one person who knows
me as well as I know them.

Knowing every hidden secret of his gives me a feeling of
implicit faith, not afraid at all, for he holds nothing
against me, knows all my faults and idiosyncrasies and
loves me beyond all belief.

A total and unconditional love, completely covering my
being with a perfect innocence given from his compassionate
heart and soul.

Recognizing the purity of our love, thankful for this
totally encompassing love while I am here on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Energy Tickling

Gaul playing guitar, singing vocally with the music, making me laugh and smile interiorly, a total energy that tickles tremendously within.

Finding humor giving way to melodies as living continues to integrate with it's rhythms, nature suddenly side-stepping into the limelight.

It's splendid hues of an interior essence now being aired vocally, flowing smoothly in the caverns and ravines of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Essence Of Being

Walking into yesterdays of youth where everyone knew everyone else, knowing their faults and liking them anyway.

Dancing to tunes of evening romance, tickling their fancies in moonlight, stars smiling down, twinkling their knowing eyes secretly above.

Totally taking steps into beauty of eternal nightlife, filled with love being spread across the surface of earth.

Living in the preciousness of intellect, touching and rising to the occasion while stepping in measures of time, alone and captivated within a total essence of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Freedom Within

Loving and being loved, giving of oneself for another, trusting them to not break your heart or turn against you.

An unconditional love to treasure throughout a lifetime, knowing love transcendently without having doubts or fears of losing it like an ordinary love of human beings.

A total freedom wrought from within, giving hope and faith a chance to breathe at long last.

Always knowing the beauty of love, keeping it close and enjoying the intense feelings, emotions and desires that it brings into your mere human existence, especially in times of sorrow and loss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Fun

Reaching outward just a tad too much, straining his voice,
yet he still sounds good with rhythms being used in just
the right amount.
Circling the area with lyrics being spun into poetical
musings.
Falling onto the dance floor in front of every-
one sitting here, enjoying beautiful masterpieces, being
sung loudly in total fun, not caring who hears if we're
out of tune or not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Immersion

All of life is sandwiched in between spans of time, total immersion in reality or fantasy creates our being's meanings.

Each has his own realm to forge and live within, sometimes looking without, helping others find their ways on lost horizons.

Living, each in an atmosphere, theirs alone, to find the path which belongs to them.

Solving problems, hardships, failings, takes up most of everyone's life, endeavoring to prevent them and enjoy some leisure does not appear to be our pleasure.

Life is sandwiched between spans of time on many different horizons, taken lightly all the way to death and dying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Innocence Of Youth

Noticing two boys playing pool here at the Senior Center,
both concentrating intently on trying to get the balls in-
to the pockets and winning the game.

Pure and total innocence on their faces, the wonder and
beauty of youth not yet learning the truth of what lies a-
head in their futures.

Hoping it's not all strife and strain, having hope and a
genuine faith will get them through whatever is thrown at
them in the years to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Knowing

Wanting to spend time with you, conversing, laughing,
silently looking into one another's eyes.

Drinking in the love that our hearts hold through time,
in no hurry, wanting to go slowly.

Enjoying desires, letting them rise in our beings, when
we are close together, touching our senses.

Arousing and enticing our love into a beautiful ecstasy
filled with the pleasure of love as we become one.

Soaring to heaven with total knowing, now that we will
never be separated on earth, not even by death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Loneliness

Nomad-like, wandering in a total loneliness, being
abandoned by an energy of deepening sorrow.

Alleviating positive aspects, trying not to let
them go, yet the music is enticing, flowing through
me without stopping.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Music

Joyfully writing, eating biker delectable foods, filling
my stomach with real food and my mind with thoughts.

A genuine delight all the way around, here at Buddy's,
still stomping and stepping into the music totally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Mystery

Nomenclature, surprising intellect with an uncanny vision
of consciousness.

A blending of beautiful landscapes and heaven's nature,
culminating in a picture of thought as I watch it develop.

So soundlessly and enduring, scents of feelings are touching
me, now being totally absent from life and gone into a ten-
dimensional garden of roses.

Tantalizing aromas, brightened colors, surrounding my being,
touching within and transforming me totally, like angels
or God, Himself, bringing me into a realm where no one else
has ever been.

It's intensity filling me, a stillness, harps playing beauty-
fully, sensually, taking me even further into a blueness sent
from heaven.

A total mystery magically mesmerizing this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Promise

Love increasing a hundredfold, holding you close
to my heart, sacredly loving you.

Nothing standing between us, a total feeling given
through unconditional love, being passed back and
forth between the two of us.

Sincere and honest feelings for one another, always
being held onto with a trust given beyond anything
on earth.

A total promise given from heaven itself and placed
into an intense desire we have to love each other
forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Realization Of Goodness Needed

Thinking about humanity, all nationalities around the
world, knowing we're all created equally, wondering
why people are intolerant, prejudiced and or racists.

Why don't they realize that we're all human beings and
none of us are better than anyone else, why do they in-
sist on perpetrating this evil.

Hurting and maiming those who are, in reality exactly
the same as we are, color makes no difference that I can
see.

Look at beautiful flowers, colors of the rainbow, all of
them together making landscapes and vibrant sights for us
to look at.

Why can't it be that way also for colors of people, I see
no difference at all, wanting people to open the eyes of
their hearts and accept others for who they are.

Wanting an end to racism, prejudice and intolerance in
order to get rid of evil and barbaric practices of the
very ignorant in this world.

Claiming to be religious when in fact they are all about
raping women and children, murdering, beheading innocent
people in this world.

They are the ones who need to be killed in order for our
world to have peace at last, a total reaffirmation of the
good and pure in our world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Recognition

Enticing this mind with an energy directly from another
sphere that no one knows about, a total recognition of
life and destiny alluring imagination constantly.

Reality skipping and running around within this mind,
taking me on journeys that have meaning in this world,
turning about and giving everything a definition.

Applying to many different aspects of living, seething
with the concepts that are scattered about, like diamonds
in a mine.

Just waiting to be discovered and picked up, being placed
in a poem of little worth that will one day be worth more
than a diamond hidden in minds all over the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Stranger

At times we come to a crossroads in our lives, suddenly
losing sight of the goals we've set for ourselves and
wanting to give up entirely.

Not wanting to move forward any longer, tired of trying
because we see we aren't making any progress, upon
looking closer, realizing that we have stopped looking.

No longer focusing on our goals, ambitions and passion
in our lives, suddenly seeing the reality of our situation,
knowing that we haven't made any headway at all.

We are stuck in an emotional quicksand, sinking into a
place of self-defeat within ourselves, thinking to give
up just because we are not doing what we need to do.

Then along comes a person, a total stranger, looking from
the outside in, seeing our potential, telling us they've
done so.

Our whole world becoming focused and clarified in that
very moment, changing our lives unexpectedly forever,
knowing within our very souls that God has spoken to us.

Through this person, one whom God used as an instrument
to reach and answer our heart's prayer, our lives are now
back on track and we're moving forward once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Transformations

Taking rhythm into another dimension of rock and roll,
gaining ground, slowly uphill.
Forging many pictures, etching their beauty in colorful
screens and upholding epiphanies in secret churches,
undivided by religion and it's views.
Totally entering realms of behavior, sensing emotions
are being held at bay.
Commotions stirring visions, turning them inside out
and flirting with death's embrace.
Holding onto the essence of all that is invisible in
total transformations along pathways of tranquility.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Waste Of Time

There's no sense in quibbling with anyone in this life, when someone thinks they are in the right, no sense in talking to them.

Why take the time arguing or conversing, it's a total waste of time, just move on, finding a corner to hide away in.

Write, it's a better use of time and is productive, filling you with an energy, instead of draining your intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Total Wonder

Thinking of life and all it's suffering through the
years, wondering how I have made it.

Knowing that it would have been impossible without
faith, hope and an interior life of spirituality.

It has helped to get through the worst things in
life that can happen to one person alone, so much has
taken a toll, yet this mind keeps me going.

Intellect energizes me totally every moment of this
life that has been bestowed on me by destiny and fate.

A total wonder that I have any mind left to write my
poetry, yet that is the one thing that has never
deserted me through all these years.

Writing every day, always constantly and incessantly,
a precious innate treasure given to me by God, Himself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Totality Of Inner Desire

Spectacular and widespread throughout fields of color
exploding around me with a vibrant energy and savory
aroma.

Stepping into a spirituality where life becomes the
sole purpose of my being here on earth, wandering
freely through passages of creativeness.

Grasping my being with an exquisite and wonderful
idea of poetry, always taking the freedom of life,
riding it into sunsets through the desert of my soul.

Portraying the totality of an inner desire, always
wanting more in this space of time, an energy that
fulfills an interior life settled explicitly in my
being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Totally Absorbed In Intellect

Slow, steady beat of an inner drum, taking me into an interior jungle, running through tangled underbrush, looking for a way into an inner beauty.

Taking my breath away, fascinating me, being totally absorbed within this intellect, collecting and finding data in everything around me.

Always watching, taking in even the littlest details, covering ultimately, every portion of life, events, situations, circumstances all being involved.

Accepting and cooperating in the wonder and awe of an interior atmosphere, enlivening my spirit with beauty and curiosity.

Taking routes into a world no one else ever takes, finding aspects, evolutionary periods of history and incredible advancements in medical technology.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Totally Accepting

Calm and soothed while listening to music, it's rhythms
taking me into visions of the future.

Anticipating the completion of their sounds and tempos,
totally and succinctly, contemplating their beauty.

Seeing it within intellect, complacently writing, sitting
back, settling into spiritual realms.

Not a care in the world, peace filling my being, nothing
to disturb it, as it works it's magic on my spirit.

Staying within an interior life for hours as life passes
through, living an entire lifetime in mere moments.

Concentrating, taking in everything, passion adding it's
complexity, turning it into a simplified verse of prose.

Funny how this mind works like it does, without coaching
or teaching to show it how to get started.

With the very first sound of rhythm, my pen is off, racing
down pages, writing my heart and life onto each one.

Leaving nothing out, touching upon the reality of sublime
and profound beauty of an interior universe.

Totally accepting of it all within the boundaries of my mind
and complete being where it has always resided.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Totally Alone

In tune with grief's mood, pulling me along through trails
of lonely sadness, falling into puddles, unable to come out
of them.
Filled with remorse and sorrow, attempting to continue life's
journey without you, and failing so miserably through no
fault of my own.
No one ever taught me how totally alone I would be without
your unconditional love and support.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Totally Alone Together

Somewhere along the way we found separate paths and went our own ways.

Searching now for different reasons to go on living, finding that what we do now, no longer satisfies our inner beings.

A restlessness dwelling in each of us, taking us into separate journeys along the way.

Knowing that we are still together, yet we must go our own ways to exist in the space we live in now.

Still, silent, being the only way we can be for ourselves alone, going under, wanting a hand to save us, yet no one can be there for each of us.

We are totally alone, together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Totally Annoying

Reading books within my mind, remembering every word, sentence, paragraph and page, that I read and hold onto closely.

Not bothering to tell others about it, because then they are constantly trying to test your memory and that totally annoys me no end, others can't do it, so they think no one else can either.

Having had to put up with this type of nonsense my entire life, I prefer to not say anything, just leave others to to their own devices as long as I'm left alone, it's much less annoying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Totally Connected

Living between edges of life and death, traveling back
and forth between them.

Enjoying feelings as they fill me with both life and
death, showing their many aspects to me constantly.

Continuing to progress through them, touching upon the
beauty and quiet stillness, intensifying within each one.

In turn, following faint trails through each of them,
enjoying the fresh newness as they are touching me.

Being tantalized by their scents and aromas, taunting
me incessantly as I come along, closer to each one.

Loving this effervescent appeal that is spread through-
out the atmosphere, feeling great pleasure from it.

Solid and beautiful, effects streaming throughout this
being on a constant basis.

Looking back on everything, knowing that it's memories
will never leave me behind.

Noticing that life and death, while looking directly at
them, are totally connected, nothing between them.

We just travel from one to another on our earthly journey
through this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Totally Contrary

Kicking stones down the road, feeling sad, wanting to cry,
for love has been given and taken away again, being en-
closed in darkness.

Wondering how this could have happened, no answers forth-
coming, giving their hearts totally, filling with an un-
conditioinal love.

Wanting only to love and be with them, when meeting, ig-
noring, talking to everyone except them, being aloof, tot-
ally contrary to the way they've talked and acted before.

There's no way to figure it out, human beings are fickle
and in the end will only make excuses and avoid the topic,
many times becoming angry, not wanting to talk about it.

Therefore, leaving the one they've loved so completely,
heart-broken, crying and wondering what they've done to
deserve this type of treatment and abuse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Totally Eclipsed

Solace filling me tenderly and gently, pulling me into jungles of imagination, tossing me upon waves that overtake me.

Flowing over, capturing my heart and emotions, playing me like a cello, deeply resounding and resonating throughout my being.

Totally eclipsed, finding my way into another dimension, droplets of fate and destiny spraying against my face, awakening my soul quietly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Totally Focused

Walking along, heart and mind totally focused, alert and open to everything in life as it appears on photographic screens within.

Rejoicing in the presence of a Divine being reflected within a bluened light, my soul overjoyed by it's total beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Totally Fun

Clacking and rocking, watching two cloggers challenging
each other.

Faster and faster they go, not wanting to let the other
one win.

Stomping along, bringing cheer to everybody, a funny
song about boobs being sung by a woman dressed as a scare-
crow.

Totally hilarious, got everyone laughing like crazy, a
wonderful time at this Thanksgiving celebration.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Totally Immersed

Rhythmically tapping into the silence of another
traumatic situation.

Meeting it head on with music as a barrier,
protecting all from many plagues flying into the
environment.

Silently and quietly, letting the world do it's
thing without being bothered by anyone.

Totally immersed in the beauty of the moment, allowing
it to encompass us in it's depths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Totally In Love

Looking into the sky, thinking of you only, seeing
your face, deep dimples as you smile at me.

Strength of your jaw tantalizing desires, wanting
to be kissed by you only.

Running my fingers through your soft hair, loving
it's feelings, like millions of feathers touching me.

Mustache tickling and poking as you kiss me, taunting
inner desires as they rise higher, only wanting you
to fulfill them with your manhood.

So totally in love, holding you, gazing into your
eyes, shining with your love for each and every moment
that we spend together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Totally Intent

Early morning test, needing to be done for another doctor.

Sitting in a waiting room where there are two little girls
playing on their leapster.

Learning the alphabet and sounds of the letters, totally
intent on what they're doing as I sit and write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Totally United

Sitting in a midday heat, shaded yet still boiling
hot in Phoenix, Arizona.

Listening to a rock and roll band playing it's
heart out for America's motorcycles.

Harley's to be exact, lined in perfect rows every-
where you look.

Sun sparkling on their chrome and mirrors like the
decorations on Christmas trees.

Beautiful, awesome and fun to ride, hair blowing
freely in the wind, as we travel mountain roads.

Enjoying every mile that we travel, our American
dream roaring into sunshine in spite of the heat!

Sweat pouring off of us, still riding, totally
united in the blessedness of our God loving country!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touch Of Love

Poems written in peaceful serenity,
giving my soul an outlet to come
closer to God.

With every moment spent in contemplative
verse and signed with a touch of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touch Of Spirituality

Nature calling from within, taking journeys through it's essence, matching and blending it with my own, adding a touch of spirituality.

Vibrant, lively excitement thrilling with coded rhythms, nothing to stand in the way, continuing this wild, exub-errant adventure of inner discovery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touched At Midnight

Climbing mountains in the middle of the night as coyotes howl
at the moon, so lonely and bereft, yet their sound brings to
mind, loneliness and abandonment of my own sadness and sorrow.

Being touched here at midnight with a bittersweet sorrow of
loss, a never-ending blessing and yet curse for you are no
longer with me my dear.

Missing you so much that I can barely live on this earth,
needing you my love in order to keep on living in this
love-forsaken world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touched By Another

Poverty steps into the future, bringing with it the past
and all it's present moments.

Transfiguring mind thoughts into emotional lines of poetry,
touching hearts of many as they read and eyes fill with
tears.

Touched by the inner life of another, walking through life
as a particle of poverty and it's principles and abject
desire for familial ties.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touched By God

Leaving behind all thoughts of displeasure, longing instead for feelings of belonging and love of family.
Existing to use talent God has given me to touch other's lives in some way, to give them hope or have a smile touch them interiorly for moments in time.
Alone, yet touched by God through another, giving faith a chance to grow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touched By Heaven

Women don't cry, they live through tears poured into them
by experiencing life's reality.
Always at the ready, exacting a toll through years of
heartache, patched along the way by happiness from family
and togetherness.
Always present, although tears soak minds with their crystal
remembrance while tearing hearts.
Trying to heal by letting sparkling drops of sorrow fill
eyes with a beauty shining from souls touched by heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touched By The Wind

Wavering in the future, being touched by the winds of change, not wanting, yet, to commence a journey into light.

Huddled with family, feeling the close sadness at my demise.

Touching gently, my soul to theirs, awaiting final preparations so they can let me go.

Whatever their needs, I will wait yet a while, so they may be comforted, their arms and hearts opened wide to let me live in happiness beyond them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Arid Spaces

Beating in rhythms, inherently tracking picturesque visions coming to the forefront of life's musical scores.
Tantalizing images into view, reaching me from desert plains, touching arid spaces felt in my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Beauty

Rocking in chairs of listening, becoming calmer with every moment of existence being lived in rhythmic quietness.
Loving the peaceful designs working their way through my mind.
Delicately touching the beauty of nature and the past, tranquilly beckoning poetry to rise to the occasion, bringing a hope for another day of life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Clouds

Coming down, touching now, tops of clouds.
Scraping our jet's belly quickly over them
gliding along currents of atmospheric
pressure
Quite unperturbed at the sight of our
descending destination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Decorations

Invitations of yesterday's images come unhesitantly
into realms of consciousness during Christmas season,
bringing along with them sadness over having lost
such good times in the past.
Tears fall as tinsel and lights sparkle with joy into
them as they slide down cheeks of sorrow.
Touching the beauty of decorations, filling eyesight
with them, feeling their presence deeply inside mind's
hearts and soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Edges

Writing from my soul, touching edges of heaven with intellectual bliss, trying to hold on through all the problems I've been going through since Sunday.
Finding it difficult, yet writing from my soul, hoping it will bring some comfort, hoping it will help as I listen to the music on the radio.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Embers Of Desire

Lightening sparking a fire within the passion of my heart,
touching embers of desire that grow exponentially, leaving
me breathless and wanting you more than ever.

Loving and living in your arms, always ready to quench and
sate all of our desires together, wonder and curiosity alive
as we make love.

Thinking of every feeling, wondering how it fills my being
so pleasantly, effervescently touching my spirit, giving an
energy that never quits.

Loving how you take and give your love totally and completly
to me, a perfect sense of unconditional love being sparked
interiorly throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Emotions In A Stellar Way

Reaching into twilight, letting it absorb my mind with land-
scapes of evening, flowing through my whole interior intellect,
causing an infinite amount of talent to be opened.

Being taken into the side of this life that is filled with
laughter and joy, happiness following closely, enjoying hav-
ing it's essence noticed through all sensations of being.

Feeling and touching emotions in a stellar way for future use,
strutting along and taking liberty in depths of another measure
of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Empty Spaces

Touching empty spaces deep within, covering them with melody's rhythms.

Protecting their hurtened feelings with soft petals of sorrow's essence.

Keeping them in isolation and tenderly caring for them through the many years of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Every Idea

Energy climbing canyon walls of my mind, illuminating
with it's powerful light, the interior of my mind.

Seeing positive motions turning and revolving any
thoughts that fall from an interior waterfall.

Touching every idea physically, tangibly, with the
music of rhythm while listening to all types of music.

Starting and climbing higher, finding the beauty of
intellect and watching how it works within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Eyes

Hummingbirds flying across yards of memories, wings
awhirr with busyness, as they touch on eyes of human
destiny.

Flying constantly, rarely resting in nests of leisure,
they bring joy as we watch them daily, feeding them
in feeders designed especially for them.

Grasping their frail little helicopter bodies within
our minds, we are brought to our knees by God's
wonderful nature, designing their lives from His touch.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Facts

Looking up into a tree, it's branches looking deadened,
scratching these eyes with their forlorn presence.

Taking away, thinking of their beauty, once so much
appreciated, now hanging in the atmosphere, being seen
for what they now are.

To mind, they are still pretty in their deadened
captivity, touching interior intellect, reminding of
the same facts that will one day touch this being with
death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Fear Inside

Lessening desires erupting into a flurry of tears,
flowing continuously from my heart.
A sadness touching me inside, keeping me afraid to
reach out to anyone else in life.
Desperate, yet walking away alone, never to turn
around and return to the life I used to know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Feelings

Wandering throughout musical memories, touching their feelings, feeling their emotions delicately tapping at my mind, reminding me of their existence.
Giving me pause, making me feel their sorrowful tears as I write more and more into myself.
Exposing my heart, hiding my intellect beneath thousands of poems so as not to be seen too carefully all at once.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Feelings And Emotions

Staccato beats taking me into the musical atmospheres of other dimensions, traipsing through the desert, singing songs of life and sadness.

Letting them touch feelings and emotions that need to be expressed, listening and beating hearts keeping time with the melody, soul now soaring into heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Fibers

Incessant music, blatantly touching fibers and particles, partaking in a manner of pleasant retributes of beauty.
Sounding reverberations soaring through bubbly hopes and dreams of never-ending bliss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Gifts

Succorious splendor, situating itself in my brain, touching gifts lying in wait.
Beautiful ascension, taking off into blue skies, never wanting to come back to earth.
Listening intently to a musical composition - I can't tell you how totally it affects my mind.
Soaring through imagination, never having felt this beauty so intensely before in life.
Wanting it to continue taking me into levels of intellect, beacons showing me the way to go, as I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Halos

Touching halos of angels in dreams, feeling their healing, calming effects on tense bodies.

Sorting through mysteries, trying to always be near and stay close enough to become heavenly bodies ourselves one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Hands With Sorrow

Silently walking through an interior atmosphere filled
with lost hopes and dreams, not able to find pathways
to retrieve them again.

Music softly taking intellect on a search, not always
is anything divulged, touching hands with sorrow, tears
wiping away sadness deep within us.

We never feel loss dissipate while we're living, except
maybe in quiet moments of love with another who stands
beside us through it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Heart And Soul

Silently sitting in the background of life, wanting only
peace to fill me with it's serenity, touching my heart
and soul within.

Vibrant and energetic tones of heavenly proportions, taking
pathways into an enlightened area within this interior life,
while finding impossibilities coming to light.

Mystically and mysteriously forming words that fall into
my mind with an electric signal of meanings, defining and
sending every particle to a certain area of my brain.

There fibers of ingenuity are waiting to shock and take
them across neurons and synapses into an interior life,
fully bluened, waiting for everything to meet the Divine
at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Heart Of My Soul

Steady rhythms playing and touching the heart of my soul,
twisting them around and letting them circle in whatever
directions they wish to go.

All possibilities enter and leave, giving some sort of
thoughts to be fulfilled eventually, in the grasp of all
that I know and learn as I travel this world alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Ideas

Confetti floating through the atmosphere, touching ideas
as they roam about my mind, letting the essence of it's
repertoire fill me with enticing energy.

A lasting and total fulfillment, searching the universe,
looking through elements of this time and place, wanting
to find the most lucid and brilliant ones.

Never losing sight of their passion when recognized,
continuing to follow paths of my interior spirituality
all throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Images

Silently, softly penetrating inner realms, touching images
that are quietly crying, not knowing what has happened to
wake them up.

Looking around, afraid of what they are feeling and trying
to go back into hiding, foreign aspects are tantalizing
from without, trying to assuage them, calm them down, but
they won't listen.

Wanting to respond, but fear continues to set in because
images will return again and again on photographic screens,
relating the horrors that have happened.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Inner Aspects

Rhythms flowing incessantly, giving so many words to place in poetry, taking time to light up imagination with an absolute energy in timeless measures of music.

Carrying all of life's adventures within some grey matter, wondering always, how they can be contained in such a small space within this brain.

Collecting and collating information on a constant and reliable basis, keeping it tucked safely on photographic screens within memories.

Rushing forward into bright lights of tomorrow, catching hold of everything that comes into view.

Touching upon inner aspects of intellect, always coming to conclusions about life and searching for answers that we so much need to have.

Believing in a God whom we have never met, yet knowing He is always hidden within us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Inner Being

Looking askance, watching for words to slide into view across the mountains, taking me away for a while, writing views of anticipated joy.
Listening carefully for apprehensive thoughts to adjust to melodies of protective essences.
Judging nothing, finding beauty surrounding me through rhythms and notes, giving upbeat ideas in juxtapositional verses of musical notations in many compositions.
Once lying latent, now filling pages from a photographic memory onto sheets of music.
No one coming near enough to know who I am or touch my inner being, so I travel alone into my solo eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Inner Chords

Thinking, pondering new vibrations as they touch inner
chords of my soul, giving senses total feelings, bring-
ing them into the entrance of emotions.

There they are attached by threads of knowledge and wis-
dom through innate talent, both bringing about manifesta-
tions of a natural inborn beauty.

Delved into spiritually, taking rhythms wholly into vast
universes of civility and future achievements, allowing
for many rhythmic messages to be attuned to words of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Inner Senses

Relishing life with an energy and gusto, excelling in an environment of intellect.

Riding waves of nature, finding many landscapes to walk through, feeling scents of pine trees, savoring the sound of leaves, dry and crackled on the ground as I step on them.

Nature touching inner senses, filling me with it's essence in a divine presence felt deeply within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Inner Solace

Sitting in a rocking chair or on a swing, whatever takes
me back and forth in the air, feeling the breeze blowing
my hair about my face.

Free and easy, floating against gravity, enjoying freedom
of flying through the atmosphere or rocking on the floor
like a child on a rocking horse.

Feelings of being young and a child again, giving me the
touching sensitivity of inner solace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Inner Spirits

Wandering through plateaus, covering a lot of ground
throughout the day.

Completely engrossed in the strength of daylight,
beating down upon me.

Touching inner spirits, playing them like a violin with
plenty of intensity and a lot of fortitude.

Pleasing interior senses with heartfelt rhythms, walking
down pleasant avenues and through desert mountains.

Beautiful sensations pulling at my soul, pursuing the
simplicity of poetry in depths of being, socializing with
spirits beyond anyone else's sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Inside Out

Love frolicking about, tickling from the inside out, touching the very within of my being, with your close and abiding unconditional love so tender and gentle.

Keeping me happy, alive and vibrant, all because of you my dear, nothing in this life would be right without you, we were made for each other and no other.

Enjoying your heart being melded with mine for time immemorial, so blessed that we are one time and again, wanting to remain just like this forever, holding you close, closer, ever nearer forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Intellect

Angles and beauty fall silently into my mind, touching
intellect with an absorbing feeling of intense knowledge.

Reasoning is being acutely and keenly attuned to the
rhythm's I am listening to, as a reality penetrates that
side of a brain that mathematically produces the excitement
of chemical formulas and physics.

Acutely being transformed from coded messages into sublime
and profound thoughts, energizing imagination many times
over and spilling it all out onto photographic screens.

Where they can then be matched and placed into the products
they will eventually become, to help and serve all of mankind
for the humane treatment of everyone in existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Interior Creative Aspects

Smoky filled room, lights gyrating and spreading across
the floors and walls.

Band upon the stage, playing straight and even, their
rhythms touching interior aspects of my creativeness.

Enjoying the total effervescence of colors as they fill
my mind.

Dancing with the notes separately, livening the rest of
attitudes that are floating into this intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Interior Talent

Eyes looking into the mirror, seeing a reflection I don't
always recognize, sometimes still half asleep, too early
for getting up after being awake all night.

Writing poetry and posting it, forever taking time to listen
to rhythms and their music, never being bored, because it's
so thrilling.

Touching interior talents, blending them, finding an excite-
ment, making me smile and feel elated, a tremendous feeling
that stays constantly within.

Never stop listening to all types of music, melodies and
harmonies, even if I have nothing to plug into, I just begin
composing and continue dancing no matter what, in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Ivories

Rocking in time with rhythm, letting it bring me into outer environments of solace.
Enjoying the peacefulness of melodies played for only my ears, I sit back and record them for future books.
Touching ivories in my mind, calculating entertainment for many days and hours to come.
Stepping into the future with beautiful harmonies being composed in my mind with no effort at all.
Serenity enveloping me as I immerse myself in joys of rhythmic music, enfolding all senses and emotions, centering them with expertise and volume.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Laughter

Talented couples all singing karaoke tonight.
Singing in synch with tender tones and sensuous humor, touching on each other's laughter.
Sending entertainment into labyrinths and mazes.
Allowing their voices to sooth us before we have to leave and go home tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Memories

Searching memories of bygone days, looking for times spent by the ocean.
Retreats in Saddlebrook, New Jersey, with the church were exceptionally spiritual and calm.
Times with family in Wildwood every summer and Miami one year when I was five.
Peaceful, serene, close to God, listening even then for Him to whisper through the ocean's rhythmic waves to me.
Always feeling His presence, holding my soul closely so I'd never be lost or abandoned - by Him at least.
Quiet memories held close, never to let go off, even as I've become a senior citizen.
Now I can look back and remember the way it was, as all images and visions come back to touch my heart and soul in unison, bringing bittersweet tears in bouquets of blue droplets into my mind today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Memory Banks

Let it snow, being tapped to, touching memory banks
with pleasurable senses, pleasing to our sight and
feelings.
So much talent in the entire group, it's fascinating
to watch them tap dance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Minds And Hearts

Rustic and part of yesterday, like a western frontier
that I long to live in, wanting the freedom of the
west to roam around in.

Desert, mountains, cacti, all touching my soul with
their arid and stark beauty, tantalizing my mind
throughout this life.

Expressing beauty in many poems during my lifetime,
touching other people's minds and hearts with their
fruition of intellect.

As it blossoms in a delicate balance of reality,
imagination and spirituality, staying always within
the vibrance of my mind.

Listening in the bluened atmosphere of another time
and dimension from the past, finding visions that
hover and touch my spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Mind's Insides

Touching insides of my mind with agile rhythms,
assessing life's battalions in a fight for meaning.
Wanting to lose suffering amidst happiness, climbing
upward, jumping on pieces of abstract puzzles.
Hoping to put an end of strife with the correct
combinations and assimilation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Moments Of Life

Cards being sent all over this world for many reasons,
mainly to be a communication between people who want
to keep in touch through moments of their lives.

Varied designs and messages being written, photographed
and drawn, such a wonderful way to touch another's
heart and soul.

A total beautiful touch of love and friendship for others
in your life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Mountains

Mountains gently touching my soul, bringing about a realization of God's love quietly into a conscious world.
Eyes lovingly scanning every rock and cranny in nature's world.
Miracles astounding me in moments of despair, as I watch in wonder at all the life in God's little acre.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching My Mind

Riding down the freeway in a yellow cab, looking in all
directions, feeling textures of trees, sweeping away
cobwebs filling my being.

Watching lines, angles, patterns, slipping by, touching
my mind for future use.

Mountains greeting my soul, awakening God's presence in
a morning dawn.

Reciprocating reality with genuine interest, accepting
it graciously with imagination leading the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching My Soul

Beating in my mind, touching the very inside of my soul with a magic melody,
leading me always towards the sunsets of finality,
giving in to the effervescent pilgrimage of yesterday's total aspect of enlightened intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Nature

Soundly anticipating what is waiting around the corner,
listening intently to whispers of heavenly voices, talking
and telling me what lies in my future.
Walking forward, touching nature in visions of beauty,
holding them closely, never letting go of their lovely forms.
Stepping tenderly into the sunsetical horizons of the finality
of my earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Off Adrenaline

Steady and thrilling, touching off adrenaline,
setting it loose, flowing through my body.

Filling me with an excitement that continues
charging my mind, energy steadily climbing.

Writing ever faster into the atmosphere, taking
rhythms one by one, delivering me into depths
of interior senses, completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching On Everything

Jiving to music, being energized fully, loving this inner atmosphere filled with joy and beauty, touching on everything in life, it's definitions being satisfied.

Handing down memories through the years, past, present and future, nothing to lead me from what intellect chooses to do.

Beating rhythms attuned to my heart, never delving far from the essence of my being, changing rhythms keep on going, giving new ideas to write about.

Dancing to this inner pleasure incessantly, creating as I go, wondering along the way, finding contexts of things unknown somehow.

Music teaching the astonishment of life and it's existence, taking everything in stride, having the time of my life at every turn, reaching and finding my way through measures of time alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching One Another's Lives

Reaching forward, grasping precious memories of us together,
through all our times we have been taking pictures of each
and every moment spent together.

Special and significant, having touched one another's lives
and etched each other into our hearts and minds, now a life-
long feeling of love has been planted and nourished in us.

Never to be taken away, for we have become one through an
unconditional and transcendental love, we have become family
for the rest of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Others

Musicians are quiet, gentle souls,
living life in rhythm, filled with
etudes and an eternity of melodies.
Touching others with their love of
music through example.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Our Souls

Wilting away, an evening sun catching it's breath as it slowly
goes to bed.
Nightly dreams of heavenly stars fill skies with their twinkling
eyes.
Benefiting all of mankind with contemplative views, striking arrangements and
wonderful awe of something sacred and undefiled.
Beautiful beyond what any of us could create or invent, the
presence of heavenly skies touch our souls as we kneel in prayer
before God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Pages

Ripping across pages,
blank until my pen
touches them with my
own form of literature,
passing time with solemn
enjoyment while I'm
doing it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Personalities

Meeting people through our lifetimes is our purpose
in life as we are put in their pathways to give a
smile, hog or soulful love on the way to our passing.
Caring is worn into our wrinkles as we carry it
around on our faces, proud to be humbled, elated by
touching personalities, mixing their memories and
images with our visions of remembering photographically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Places Within

Tell-tale hints of love dance around the room in arms of remembrance, putting smiles on faces and warmth in hearts of aging years.
Swinging and swaying in rhythm with one another's hearts filled with past hopes and desires.
Softly touching places within, of heartfelt belief in tomorrow when it appears on new horizons, safely holding us for eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Possibilities

Rolling down inner highways in the darkness, watching as
shadows pass me by, touching possibilities as they arise,
keeping me out of the coldness of an impossible destiny.

Alone, finding a way into periods of time, measuring each
rhythm in the sanctity of life, spiritually following the
essence and passion of my being and heart.

Taking up musings of my mind, adding lessons being taught
through innate talent, knowing that in the end I'll come
out on top with ideas and inventions of inner life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Reality

Walking into an aftermath of grief, touching reality once again with furtive thoughts, merging them into abstract designs.
Fitting them together and aligning all of it in sublime contexts of behavior.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Reality's Clarity

Clarity of reality touches imagination, turning it into
a fantasy of surrealism, artfully demonstrating creative
ingenuity of heavenly gifts.

Intrepid feelings are expressed in moments of existence,
fleetingly hesitant to remain where they aren't respected
for their parts in reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Sensitivity

Flute playing in the background, touching the
sensitive spots within me.
Turning my being into a perceptive sensory toy,
calling to mind every musical tone while I
stand and listen to my mind.
Alone and retiring, not seeing anything around
my body, just space is holding me in place,
with nothing in between.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Shadows

Lively anticipation collecting itself in piles of
exacting pleasure.
Torching shadows within, lighting fires of desire,
tempting avenues of being into new existences,
becoming of their stations in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Sight

Sitting here at my Granddaughter's sixteenth birthday
party, everyone up and dancing, having a great time.

Music playing loudly without interruption, just like
I love it when writing.

All my Granddaughter's young friends are choreographed
and dancing like professionals, a beautiful sight to see.

My sons up and dancing with their daughters, in step and
whirling about the room.

Tears trying to spring to my eyes, because my sons are
perfect fathers, loving and caring.

Doing everything for their children, beautiful to my
heart, as it overflows with love for them.

Continuing to dance, smiles on their faces, daughters
looking with love pouring from their little eyes.

A touching sight for a Mother/Grandmother to witness
at this late stage in her life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Silence

Softened manly voice, touching inner rhythms,
playing songs of my life in tributes of solace.

Taking all peaceful postures, giving a calm
energy that not many can affirm.

Always delving gently into pools of beauty,
touching the silence that I cannot speak of,
yet it holds me in it's tender embrace
throughout my life.

Trusting in it's hopeful liberty, I stand alone
on shores of another life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Souls

Riding along highways, letting the wind blow across your face,
tossing hair in all directions as scenery travels by in spacious beauty, touching souls, awakening thoughts of God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Souls Together

Sinking slowly into the horizon,
saying good night as I walk away
into the night.

Lifting my eyes to heaven, seeing
the stars and milky way looking
down intently at me.

All of us meeting in one small
breath of life, touching our souls
together and rushing into each
other's spirits for ever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Spheres

Saving thoughts in many spheres of intellect,
activating them whenever wanting to.

Touching the essence of each one with the
passion of this soul.

Acknowledging an imaginative focus granted
from birth.

A bountiful compilation of many ideas to run
around in, finding some comfort for pleasure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Spirits

Feeling rhythms rocking this world, taking it by storm, giving pleasure to many people, touching spirits, soaring into melodies of hope and promise.

Being filled with the beauty of life and all it's possibilities, thankful for liberty and freedom here in the U.S.A., looking forward through visions of world peace.

Hoping for an end to violence, hatred, racism and most of all - poverty, life truly fascinating and wonderful, filled with sensations of tomorrow for everyone in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Spiritual Holiness

Traveling roads along life's landscapes,
touching upon mother nature's holiness
and spirituality as it comes into focus.

Prominently standing out where it can be
touched and arrayed, it's texture and
feeling being generated back in thoughtful
interludes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Spirituality

Searching interior atmospheres of being, looking for
clues to what it encompasses, knowing now that it's
connected to the mind and intellect.

Wanting to know it's exact location and where it is,
shining lights all over, seeing spirituality blossoming,
glittering and sparkling.

Noticing something as I look at it, something that
looks like a thin hair winding around, touching upon
spirituality.

Seeming to be tied to a group of molecules so tiny,
undiscernible to the naked eye, wondering if this is
where the connection is to the mind.

Having to go further into this vast interior atmosphere
next time, investigating things much further along the
lines of spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Statements Of Life

Tapping exuberantly to lively music, experiencing a titillat-
ing feeling that feels free and liberating, touching upon
statements of life.

Exemplifying them somehow through musical rhythms, a wonder-
ful and enticing appreciation for things that go through mind
and intellect thoroughly together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Stillness

Stillness touching me from within my soul, keeping me steady, helping to focus on a near-by eternity.
Watching closely, my progression, as I trip and stumble at times, wondering if I'll ever make it to a point of perfection in the end.
Curious at every turn, I search for meanings, purposes, definitions, thinking I may find at least one of them.
It never happens, yet I keep looking, hoping, praying that I may be one of His chosen ones - being brought to His heavenly gardens where I know at last, I'll be safe at home again, family and all, together now for an eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Strings Of My Heart

Rustling of leaves touch my soul, causing it to stir
and seek our Lord, in the coming storm.

Touching strings of my heart gently, easing the
loneliness of human life.

Fragrantly sending the smell of a new storm to greet
and meet with the anger held within.

Blending with each other, sitting contemplatively in
the rain, living through the rush of feeling that it
brings.

Swirling, separating all within, bringing it together
again in the torrent of an evening rain storm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching The Center Of Pain

Clouds filling my mind, clouding it with their
pure whiteness and strength.

Taking my mind and holding it close as it cries
incessantly with the pain of my heart.

Touching the center of pain, watching it flow
like a river into clouds gathered in intellect.

Hoping to be held forever in a landscape far
from the one it is dwelling in now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching The Divine Within

Waking to the rhythms of life every morning, going to sleep with them playing in my heart every night, as I sleep peacefully.

Nothing disturbing the intense peace and energy that I feel so intensely, touching the Divine within an interior spirituality.

Holding it sacredly and closely, my life depending solely upon it's presence, finding the preciousness and purpose I have been presented with at birth.

Never forsaking or losing it, keeping it always in photographic memories on interior screens of intellect, able to always feel it within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching The Meaning Of Life

Silencing effects of music as it's rhythm's tempo beats on my mind with tones of perfect pitch.
Touching the meaning of life inside me, feeling senses with imaginative perception, always on the alert, always on the edge of awakenings in new creative ideas as they flow energetically from somewhere within.
Justifying every nuance, each note of perfection, as rhythm arranges itself in my intellect on the way to writing each poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching This Little Life

Touching chords with a gentleness and soft pride as emotions flow smoothly about, taking me on solo journeys throughout my little life.
Always expecting a curiosity to send me into avenues least explored, only to find or discover more profound and deep thoughts lying uncovered.
Sensing so much beyond boundaries I can see, releasing mind and soul to travel into emotional turmoil and suffering, finding many tears and transposing them into a poem of everlasting freedom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Thoughts

Staring into the future, wondering about many things
in life and how they do or will affect me.
Looking into nature as it surrounds me, touching
thoughts as they come to mind.
Tripping on some of them, yet allowing them to be
written anyway, because each of them has a right to
be heard.
At times these self-same ideas hold the most wisdom
and knowledge.
Always considering every moment as it infiltrates
the meaning of life here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Thoughts Of Love

Walking into twilight, watching the moon shining so eloquently above, touching thoughts of love I'm having just for you.

Mind being lifted well above avenues of this earth, taking me into glimmering thoughts where our love is being held within each of our hearts.

Bringing us ever closer together, feelings growing deeply, interiorly, blossoming our love well beyond what we've ever had before.

An unconditional love that surpasses anything that we could have on earth, for it has been formed within us through Divine intervention.

Nothing else can ever take it from us, it's a wonderful and peaceful feeling that infiltrates our beings totally and incessantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Upon Elements

Reserving time to sit and think, pondering many things
in this life, being always curious and wanting to know
what exactly life is all about.

Finding everything is tantalizing, alluring intellect,
seeing what I want to know and going further, developing
and creating much more than what I am finding out.

Sololy touching upon elements of mathematical equations,
physics, science and technology, incorporating them all
into one vast sphere to find answers, solving problems
of ancient times, hopefully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Upon Heaven

Whiling away moments of anticipation, traveling along moist pools of tears as life falls around me.

Taking me into forests of ancient memories, leaving behind joy and unbelievable fortitude.

Standing in backwoods of my mind, touching upon heaven as I walk forward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Upon Mysteries

Calculating measurements of rhythm, placing notes perfectly
within them, finding chords that fit words satisfactorily.

Wanting always to touch upon mysteries of life and hidden
truths, lying beneath illusions and lies of other people.

Solidly appearing and disappearing within thoughts every day,
letting everything fall to the wayside.

Longing and desires running rampant as I continually stay
alone and write.

Pleasant memories always keeping me company throughout the
hours, days and weeks throughout life.

Acknowledging beautiful landscapes of nature in many poems
of truthfulness

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Upon Reality Of Life

Silently, surreptiously unfolding, mind opening wide
into other dimensions and universes, subjectively
converging with an objectivity that combines with both.

Together finding facts, touching upon the reality of
life and letting us know how it is to be in the future,
impossibilities taking our minds into areas of sublimity.

Treasuring it all, placing it upon photographic screens,
letting us see the beauty in our lives, hoping to exercise
the futility that is ours alone in this earthly life.

Totally opening up, coinciding with what will eventually
become of us, - our destiny if you will, appearances of
fantasy mixing with imagination, completing pictures in
visions of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Upon Simplicity

Listening to sounds of nature, feeling their vibrant tones
within my soul, finding their simplicity soothing, calming
my heart, touching my mind through intellect.

Feeling nature caressing my being with it's essence, con-
tributing to my own poetical nature, totally loving how it
stimulates mind and intellect together.

Wonder and joy fill my curious mind, taking me on journeys,
exploring even tiny details of it's beauty, touching upon
the simplicity it has in all aspects of it's fruitful life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Upon Yesterday

Intensifying chords taking me beyond this world and into interior dimensions, holding fast to tempos as they gather a mind of innate thoughts into bouquets of poetry.

Instilling beauty of a lifetime through nature, touching upon every attitude of yesterday, it's fruition having come full circle at last, giving pleasure a place to relax for a time.

Nothing left to do, but take it's place in annals of history, awaiting the passing of this mere poet writing this little poem for the time being, not knowing when this little mere life will be over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Visions

Capturing thoughts in colorful array, separating their
hues and placing them in auras of beautiful landscapes.

Touching visions of puzzles, picking up their pieces,
looking, searching, for their places in photographic
screens of another time before any limitations came
into being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Within

Translucent and yet at times opaque, our hearts beating
for one another, touching the very within of each of us.

Becoming one completely, nothing interfering, no bound-
aries or limitations between us.

Entering the gates of heaven together, both of us amazed
how everything is suddenly so colorful and exploding.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Touching Words

Filled with the wonder and curiosity of childhood days, never having let go of it.
Keeping it as a part of innate talent, a great gift left me by God to continue through life to be His instrument.
Touching others with the words needed to open hearts and souls to His continuous love and glory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tour Of Life

Bombarded by daily routines of life, seeking solitude
somewhere away from all activity.

Relaxing in the spirit of nature, contemplating heaven
on another plain, developing inner peace before going
back to it all again.

Beauty surrounding this little space in time, beckoning
to complete this tour of life and be recreated spiritually.

Turning back forever, the hands of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tournament Pool

Watching balls being shot around pool tables here at Beauf
Senior Center, watching as many men and women are playing
in the tournament today.

Hearing the balls click and clack as they hit and knock
each other in all directions, liking the distinct sounds
they make.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Toward Dawn

Soundly watching evening progress
into morning hours, heading softly
toward dawn and the beginning of a
brand new day in a little life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Toward Visions

Being an island unto myself, committing to making a new start on an abandoned island without any distractions to worry about.
Dissolving all fears and doubts that may have been in my way - now they no longer matter to me.
Cantering through the sand on horseback, riding waves of uncanny thoughts, lifting my spirits, giving me pleasure, taking me toward visions that have been hidden beyond me.
Now they are opened wide so I may step inside them and explore to my heart's content.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Towards Another Sunset

Walking towards another sunset in the life of a friend,
wanting to not say good bye to him.

This life having been too short to give all the loving
he so richly deserved from family and friends.

Tears spilling along the walk as he is remembered in
the loving memories of his daughter's minds and all of
his family.

Caught by surprise, he was taken swiftly and left nothing
of himself behind except what he has left in the minds of
loved ones here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Towards Unknown Destinations

Speaking through tongues aflame with ideology and
idealistic schemes of writing into future horizons.

Ebbing and flowing towards destinations unknown as
yet, but will be fast tracks of novel existence in
future destinies.

Taking robust exhilaration and counting on it's
exuberation to thrill generations yet to come.

Never falling behind barrels of nothingness,
because life is being lived to it's fullest every
single solitary moment it is thought of.

Singly portraying themes of tomorrow, showing off
scenes being written within this second, as you
miss it's meaning right here and now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Towel Day? ? ?

With all the important events throughout history why
do we have a mere towel day, we use them usually in
the privacy of our bathrooms when showering or bathing.

When going swimming in a pool or at the beach, what
significance do they really hold for any of us, just a
piece of material in everyone's bathroom at home.

Doing nothing much else except what I've stated above,
so why did I waste my precious time writing this inane
poem about towel day?

When I could've written something important or relevant,
beats me! didn't have anything else to do in this particu-
lar moment I guess.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Towers Of Strength

Towers of strength, tumble and fall, leaving all to wonder the reasons why.
Not knowing that strength needs close friendship too, everyone shuns people who seem strong, unless it's to talk about themselves or ask advice.
Everyone needs friendship, someone close, whom you are able to talk to, communicate with - feeling safe - trusting in a friend.
People who are towers of strength, also feel loneliness equally strong.
More so, perhaps, than the average person does.
Strong people feel intensely, experience things deeply, hear words not being said to them.
Turning away sadly, time after time, having liked someone, wanting to be friends, are again disappointed, because they had only needed to hear from someone strong and then be on their way, mingling with other friends.
Daylight gathers rays of sun like people who are strong, always there, dependable, responsible, yet only appreciated for what they are doing, and very seldom thought of.
Towers of strength, tumble and fall, is there anyone who wonders why once in a while?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Toying With Ideas

Tripping over the dance floor, in time with flowing music,
bringing us closer to heavenly spirits.

Toying with ideas as they dance to beats of novel pathways,
creating new meanings pertaining to life and it's adventure-
some ways, as we progress into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Toys Of Another Time

Stars of evening open their eyes in time with rhythms
being played on horizons of yesterday.

Playfully taking toys of another time and using them
to write with in this modern day poetry.

Tending carefully to notes as they flow quietly into
the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Toys Of Introspection

Lighting flashes through my mind, illuminating and reflecting hidden corners of an inner universe.
Imagination stretches into infinity, elastically fitting itself to any situation.
Coaxing characters of intimate behavior out into the open, playing with toys of introspection and carrying them beyond inner limits.
Fighting life's prejudices and bad habits, turning all thoughts and ideas into beautiful prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traceless Tears

Running down the highway away from life and it's
devastating requirements, heading into a misty fog,
gray and bleak, disappearing without a trace into
clouds of remorse.

Stopping, turning around, nowhere to go amidst
this tender-hearted sky of traceless tears falling
upon a bed of tears, prearranged from the past.

Pulling to knees of prayer, thoughts, that perhaps
a miracle will appear, making life at least
translucent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traces In The Universe

Covering my tracks left in imprints on snowy fields of photographic screens in a brain, not wanting anyone to be able to follow these thoughts or points of view.

Allowing other's only a glance into workings of a mind, leaving traces in the universe, knowing that they'll never be attached or rekindled by another, because they don't know the coded messages to portray in every verse of prose that is written.

Loving every instance of this wonderland of mysterious imagination born with and totally enjoying every moment of life, even through the hardships that have been endured.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traces Of Honor

Tantalizing tunes reverberating in an inner
atmosphere of time and revelation.
Skirting edges of nature, touching upon
existing seconds of lasting impressions.
Desiring honest portrayals of reality's
dreams, excising lies of rebuttals with
knife-like fortitude.
Entering doorways of existential mourning,
life becomes a broken toy to be fixed and
placed in traces of honor.
Never leaving pedestals they were put on,
enjoying the stature given freely to them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traces Of Love

Shaking salt over wounds of yesterday, breaking them open again and again.
Tuning into a special sadness which also holds within it,
joy of yesterday.
Hoping and wishing to go back in time, knowing it can
never happen, because reality is so true - so stark - you can't get beyond it.
Living through days of sorrow, grief pounding on my heart
and mind, bringing reminders and traces of love to the forefront.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traces Of Poetry

Capturing tones from one ear to the other, hearing
them together and separately, loving rhythms as
they race back and forth through my mind.

Leaving traces of poetry everywhere, waiting for
intellect to pick them up, matching each of them
to abstract concepts.

Forming new values and meanings within intellect,
putting them out into poetry I'm writing while
listening.

Mind open, hearing finely attuned definitions al-
together forming the essence of poetry as it flows
constantly.

Continuously erupting instantaneously throughout
moments of my life, loving how it's done, because
it feels so great.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traces Of Sorrow

Smiles on faces of sorrow, full of glistening tears,
flowing.
Feelings always seem to touch us when we least expect
them, yet they twist and grab us inside out.
Lifetimes search our minds, forever seeking out
sorrowful moments to cry about on wintery summer
evenings, sitting on front porches.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracing Alone

Lights of beauty, striking faces, lighting them with a special grace from above.
Turning away, running from many desires untouched, left alone, to think in a pit of hell.
Standing upright, losing self, causing no pain, finding no reason to fear or doubt any day of the future.
Facing alone, all that awaits me on the other side.
Belonging to no one, I consider the alternative to living on the edge of all that's painful, committing the other side of life.
Until ending up on shores of tomorrow, I'll forget I ever lived on earth and leave this place I call home.
No longer wandering in loneliness or feeling emptiness consuming me every minute of being alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracing Backwards

Tracing sadly, backwards, into past legends of time,
preparing lines of thought, forsaking previous know-
ledge held inside.

Without walking, passing through halls of memories,
taped together sparingly, letting slip, tatters no
longer wanted from the past.

Ageless eons of heartfelt sorrow, wishing upon stars
that have fallen from the skies, leaving behind paths
of broken, shattered glass.

Treasures long forgotten have been stepped upon, long
awaiting the end of life's sad mystery, trailing on
bits of truth, hoping for a friend to pass.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracing Beginnings

Lights shining from inside foliage hanging upon
some mirrors, looking like a Christmas decoration.
Finding the utmost in a delicate situation,
providing the background for another poem.
Listlessly finding a way through the ebony,
blackness of past tunnels.
Going in opposite directions with many aspirations
of being famous and astute in aisles of tomorrow's
halls of fame.
Carefully seeing sights that have been hidden and
now have been opened wide for me to climb in and
swim in it's depths of infinite inspiration.
Believing in the availability of a future miracle,
watching it develop even now in scenic landscapes,
crossing my brow.
Incessantly crawling forward, never mistaking the
clues of hidden secrets because they have always
been embedded in my brain where I will keep them
safely tucked in.
Expertly tracing their beginnings into the future
of tomorrow's ending sunsets.
Living on the edges of all that has any meaning
here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracing Destinations

Memories mindful of the wakeful sun shining through the leaves of trees.
Tracing destinations from branch to branch, undecided as to it's hemisphere.
Wind walking on tiptoe through the trees, finding pathways strayed from reason.
Following dimensions of yesteryear, life begins fragrantly blossoming new ideas.
Reaching up - picking those that are ripe.
Looking down, toes scuffling through those of old, lying on the ground with age - over-ripened - yet, still containing the blessed age of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracing Details

Sun blinding me as I travel in the back
of a taxi to an appointment with Dr. K.
Happily tracing details of interior
moments, walking hand in hand with the
fruits of their writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracing Life

Tracing life down tracks of eternity, searching for empty caverns I can fill with imagination's theories.

Subconsciously being made and shaped into patterns of intelligent thought.

Ragging and rending, bringing energy into being with every idea, as it flows upon paper, taking me along for the ride.

Pulling my pen quickly across every line, making sense of earthly times, praying for sustenance and guidance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracing Life Patterns

Tracing life patterns into grey matter, lifting me
into heights of intellect's rhythm.

Rocking with lightening, fascinated by it's awesome
depths, taking me deeply into canyons and abysses of
subconsciousness.

Never wavering, trilling into every note, placing
melodies into imaginative abysses of particle's
essences.

Moving forward with every thought as if it were a
step into the future of my soul.

Rhapsodies filling me intensely with all types of
scenic views where I can relax and play just like
when I was a child.

Never misplacing my curiosity along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracing Lineage

Assimilating information and data pertinent to enjoyment.
Touching my brain with developed senses of equilibrium,
partaking of ingenuity and energy without reserve.
Developing a sense of decency and aptitude, tracing
lineage of scientific data into past ages of perfection.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracing Linear Possibilities

Walking sandy shores on other horizons, feeling warmth of the sand beneath my feet, easing pains of life painlessly.

Tracing linear possibilities into atmospheres left to imagination, to open and allow entrance to this mere poet.

Remembering, keeping pace with fruitful endeavors of an intellect, powerfully quiet and timid, full of energy and mind-boggling impossibilities.

Having final solutions thought of outside the box of mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracing Our Paths

Thoughts racing musically in and out of mind, tracing our paths through photographic memories of intellect, tackling problems throughout our lives, finding solutions together.

Building our lives for one another, having children, exploring and discovering life through their youth and our aging years.

Totally one and happy, elated when together, a family to behold, now only me sitting here remembering what we had, children busy with work and family.

Looking through pictures that were taken from our beginnings, all that I have left to look back on now without you my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracing Patterns Of Delight

Strands of light flowing past the room,
looking for a place of residence in this
lonely, old world.

Tracing patterns of delight into circles,
holding onto blossoms of newly-born roses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracing Pictures

Riding through the dusk, singing to nature as I pass through forests of pine trees on horseback.
Realizing the pictures that have formed within my mind have been traced from the photographic screens of my memory - past, present and future.
All of them living now in poems that I have written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracing Reality Of Loss

There's no way to find the path to enlightenment when
going through death's embrace.

Sorrow finding it's way into my heart, a genuine heart-
felt feeling of love that generates itself constantly.

Never any prodding needed from anyone else, just tracing
the reality of your loss, taking every ounce of pleasure
from my life.

There's nothing left to hold onto without tears pouring
upon the floor of my soul, knowing one another, seeing
the emptiness that has come between us forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracing Self

Riding down rhythmic highways of an interior music,
thunder and lightening following with rain trying
to catch up to me.

Running, racing, trying to stay ahead of it, enticing
my mind, as it keeps up with intimate senses that are
continually rising.

Causing desires to engulf me in their tight grasp,
holding onto me, motor running, tracing self down the
highway, losing nothing in the interim.

Insuring that tempos and steady beats are never left
behind, wanting always to be kept enveloped in them
all the days of my life.

Writing poetry into heavens of interior rhythms,
delving constantly into my mind's intellect where I
can see most everything at one time in picture puzzles
of knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracing Tears

Tracing memory's tears
down pathways of life.

Watching them spread
and flow, giving
thoughts room to grow
and flourish in moments
of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracing Trails

Running through as fast as possible, racing with thoughts and ideas, testing many concepts against rhythms leading through forests, jungles, over mountains and into ravines.

Laughing, filled with joy and happiness at the freedom so very gently filling this being, tickling, teasing intellect, tracing trails into and out of imaginary landscapes.

Acquiring concepts of illusion and reflections of reality, focusing onto lines of demarcation from dimensions coming into view from subconscious images.

All leading into lines of poetry, arranging words and lively vivid progressions of rhythms, cavorting across measures of sound and notes, choreographing chords to match illusive portraits of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracking Emotions

Tracking emotions through the words I write,
watching them change from one moment to
another without a single qualm or resistance
of any kind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracking Life

Tracking life through many memories,
finding myself as a child, teenager,
adult, senior.
How fast it all happens and we're left
with the images of it all in a pine coffin.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracking Life Thoughts

Tracking thoughts through life, being enticed by
what I find inside intellect and imagination.
Never getting lost, able to always focus on what
is coming through.
Falling quietly into pools of spiritual
peacefulness, letting go and floating in my essence,
feeling lifted in realms of beyond that no one else
can reach or enter.

(1: 07 p.m. - 1/7/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracking Progress

Stranded on an island of loneliness, bereft and filled with
an unending emptiness, drained of life, existing in a vacuum
of humanity.

Not being a part of it, solely living in a land by myself,
no one able to join me for I have traveled far beyond anyone
into a distant territory in another dimension.

Tracking my progress through the poetry I'm writing, seeing
the ups and downs through life, situations and circumstances
defining who I am at times.

But only for those particular moments, then I become who I
am again, when turmoil and strife leave me alone to fend
for myself.

Trusting in an unseen faith, an invisible hope, walking lines
of rhythms, beating within my soul, bringing me closer to my
ending with each passing moment.

Seeing the sun setting before me on my last horizon as I
close my eyes and find myself floating in an interior bluened
light, guiding me to eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracks Ended

Beauty of yellow fallen petals upon the ground
contrasts with the desert brown it's head is
gently laid upon.

Blown haphazardly about in disarray, constantly
thought of as dead because they have fallen
from branches higher above.

Likelihood of searching further for anything in
life has been stopped dead, tracks ended, death
within, unoffended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracks Of Fate

Riding the train of life into future tracks of fate,
sensing derailments and crashes along the way.

Journeying alone, a solo image, writing through
inner contemplation.

Making my way down unkempt and uncared for tracks
throughout my days of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracks Of Intellect

Rousting melodies in rapid beats of innate talent going down tracks of intellect like a locomotive on the straightway, choosing harmonies along the way.

Traveling to lands unknown and kept hidden until intellect seeks, finds and opens them to the light of day, another brilliant sun shining here in Arizona.

Hot as can be, one hundred seventeen to be exact today, sitting outside on the patio at Buddy Stubbs, listening to Dok and Gaul duet playing their hearts out for all of us.

Tantalizing our minds and enticing senses through every measure being played and sung, precious and yet rapidly taking life into new dimensions of enlightenment.

Pressing forward and watching with an intense interest as life keeps moving forward in spite of the heat here in Phoenix, not letting it interfere with anything musical and poetical.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracks Of Life

Taking time to rest and relax here at Buddy Stubbs,
rocking to Doc and Gaul's musical rhythms, frolick-
ing, laughing, joking around with them.

Taking turns, keeping fun moving forward on tracks
of this life train, whistle now blowing, letting
everyone know they need to move out of the way.

If not, then they'll be run over by the fast-paced
rhythms and tempos, taking many precautions, but
continuing on this fantastic and sensational journey.

Going into an atmosphere of love and caring, giving
of self to music and rhythms altogether, getting lost
in the midst of a guitar picking and strumming.

Notes and tempos of every song being played, getting
down with this music, finding self in it's midst, let-
ting go and rocking to it totally.

Not looking where I'm going, just letting them take me
into jungles of talented musicians along with melodies
and holding on for dear life to their coattails.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracks Of Life In Tunnels Of Time

Losing self on tracks of life in tunnels of time,
a penchant for the mysterious, always being drawn
curiously to mysteries.

Having many questions, asking and finding answers
and solutions to everything, no one ever able to
step in between spaces of reality and individuality.

An absolute and distinct purpose coming to the sur-
face on a path through destiny, mysteries flowing
closer to our beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tracks Of Our Train Of Love

Waltzing after midnight, loving in each other's arms,
moonlight bathing us in it's lunar white rays, sooth-
ing our souls.

Taking us spiritually into one another's beings, liv-
ing for each other only, touching one another through
passion and desires.

Fulfilling inner rhythms, going down tracks of our
train of love, loving throughout the night, watching
the moon above us looking down, keeping us company.

Totally and completely falling in love throughout the
night, waltzing in each other's arms after midnight,
wanting to continue doing so all of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tradition

Sitting at my younger son's dining room table, writing
in my usual position no matter where I happen to go.

Today being Easter, we are all together as always,
kids having eaten candy, picked up bunny footprints
from around their house, enjoying this particular
tradition.

Creating this tradition when only thirteen years old
for my younger sisters and brother, making bunny foot
prints from construction paper, and placing them every
where, giving happiness first thing on Easter.

Having copyrighted this original idea and creation,
giving permission to family and friends throughout the
years to use my idea for their own children.

Looking up from my poetry journal, eyes resting on my
youngest Granddaughter's Easter basket, straw strewn
all around it on the carpet, bunny prints everywhere.

Basket bereft of candy, because she has eaten and shared
it with everyone around her, such a sweet and generous
young girl of four.

Picturing her basket on inner photographic screens with-
in, a beautiful memory of her spirituality having been
formed at an early age, a tradition of past Italian
heritage.

Wonderful sight to see, knowing that all toys, stuffed
rabbit, stickers, hard-boiled colored eggs are all put
safely away in the refrigerator or toy box, bunny foot
prints still being played with all over the house.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tradition Of Family

Memories of sitting together under the grape vines
with relatives - all of Italian descent.
Beauty unsurpassed in splendid Italian accents,
talking with one another and to us.
Being raised in such a wonderful atmosphere,
learning what respect and dignity were from the
close-knit circle of family.
Obedient to a fault, because that's what was
expected - although never hindered in a quest for
learning and knowledge.
Listening with wonder and curiosity to Grandma as
she showered us with love in her beautiful Sicilian
dialect.
Always ready to lend an ear or talk - Grandma and
Mom gave us a step up whenever we were with them.
Eternal serenity fills our hearts as we reminisce
and miss our youthful days with family and tradition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traditional Goals

Controversial blessings spread across the valley,
eliciting hope from a volunteer.

Humble beginnings, meager funds to start a little
nun writing a grant, became a giant step for Hospice.

Silent auctions, calendar sale, unpaid volunteers
giving all to get hospice off the ground.

Today, tradition continues to abound through all the
people working towards one goal - therefore creating
and continuing hospice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traditional Melodies

Melodies of past traditions and Christmases' shining
into the darkness of today, illuminating images and
memories of relatives long past into heaven.

Sparkling like lights on a tree, eyes reflecting
interiorly into subconscious mirrors, allowing every-
one to become, for a little while.

Just enough to refresh those I love and strengthen
reminders of their having been here once, a while ago.

Touching my heart of memories, soothing, yet sad, as
tears fall gently through my mind and into my soul
always on this side of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traditional Realms

Christmas is only days away, trees are asparkle with lights, balls and tinsel.
People are rushing around doing their individual shopping.
Making lists, intuitively deciding what to get and for whom.
Taking minutes to rest and get a bite to eat, enjoying the season, going to
midnight mass on Christmas eve, propelling us into realms of
tradition with family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tragedy And Blessing

Sitting here thinking of you my love, knowing the pain you're
feeling through loss, wishing I could do more to alleviate or
ease your intense pain.

Alas, there's very little I can do except BE here for you, yet
you know my love for you is honest, true, unconditional, know-
ing I'll never have your love for you've given it to another.

It's a tragedy in my life, but a blessing in your own, loss is
a heavy burden, hard to be shared with anyone when death takes
away the one true love of your life.

Still, life somehow goes on, whether we want it to or not, and
we reach out to one another with whatever we have left in our
own hearts, sharing it with one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tragic Comedy

Clouds cover my mind with their hazy personalities, dampening my spirit inside.

Alive with a fury like that of a thunderstorm, creating a lifetime of peaceful havoc in inner realms.

Striking colors of blue focus towards my mind, touching my spirit with great surprise.

Filling my heart with the tears of rain, I fall asleep in another domain, conquering all fears in a tragic comedy of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trails Of Love And Passion

Slowly and steadily, taking dusty trails along unending
horizons, walking under a luminescent beauty, falling
delicately upon us at midnight.

Stars twinkling and flowing far above us, leading us
down trails of love and passion, touching and bringing
desires to fruition time and again.

Never giving in, wanting only to feel it over and over
in the throes of our everlasting love, desires choosing
to be quenched and sated.

All along our passion keeps on rising throughout the night,
we two being one in love only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trails Of Newly Created Poems

Racing a rapid melody, rocking to rhythms as they jump
and jive, loving the beauty of colors and sounds blend-
ing and mixing together like a chemical solution.

Exploding into words and meanings, definitions flowing
and binding them all together, reaching into inner depths
with strength and will-power filling my being so closely.

Continuing down trails of a newly created poem, finding
rhythms tempting me further and further into passages of
time, gathering momentum, never slowing down until the
ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trails Of Sorrow

Silent sounds of a harmonica, playing in the background, a saddened solo journey down trails of sorrow.

Capturing the essence of life, allowing it the freedom that others never want to have.

Neglecting others for truths sitting aside, waiting for the times of living to coincide with death.

Writing always of the two of them incessantly, down roads of life.

Behaving in vast deserts of independent thought and allowing no confrontation to deter my mind at work doing it's purpose as I live.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Train Of Life

Looking within, seeing sorrow hanging it's head, feeling emptiness and abandonment taking hold once again, shrugging shoulders as life takes a stroll through lonliness.

Shadows covering every avenue, finding nothing more to look forward to as the train of life heads towards another time and place, revolving and attuning itself to inner workings of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Train Ride To South India

Listening to my music as I travel forward to South India
to my friend's eldest son's house, loving this journey
on a train, an experience that will never be forgotten.

A totally relative and private particle of my life that
gives such pleasure, wanting to continue forever on this
wonderful expedition of learning.

Hoping it will never end, a spacious land, beautiful and
filled with greenery, foliage looking unique and standing
proudly in my sight.

Spreading wide open, this mere in India, so happy and e-
lated to be a part of something much bigger than myself,
a joy that keeps multiplying every moment I'm here.

Contemplating and pondering mysteries of the Divine through
poetical interludes, touching my heart and mind so comp-
pletely and totally.

Sitting here on a train with my dearest friend on earth,
enjoying this pleasant journey with everything in my mind
and being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Train Whistling Tunes

Shuffling down the tracks, listening to that train whist-
ling tunes of my loneliness, touching the interior sorrow
that sings along through the night.

Sounding out loud through many towns and empty arid deserts
and hearts, being attuned to shadows of rhythms as I con-
tinue to walk down those lonely steel tracks in my mind.

Interiorly living the life of a hobo with no where to go,
laying my head upon stacks of wood left over from it's
days of construction.

Dreaming dreams of riding within the cars, dining through
the countryside while listening still to that lonely train
whistle I've learned to love through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Training Thoughts

Training thoughts to jump around and fall into many particles of tomorrow.
Finding they're more intent on doing things their way.
Giving up and leaving them to it, I found they were more flexible than before, so I went with their currents in ideas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traitors To Our Country

Living in a corrupt world here in the U.S.A., life being
torn apart by Obama and Hillary, both bringing muslims,
Syrians and illegals into our country.

Criminals, rapists, murderers, and isis terrorists all
hiding among them, knowing it's happening, doing it on
purpose in order to destroy our American way of life.

Wanting to take away our rights, weapons, Constitution,
flag and national anthem and Americans are going to take
our country back we are all voting for Donald Trump only.

Thank God for Julian Assange and WikiLeaks, we now know
the truth about what has been going on, Obama and Hilary
doing everything they can to ruin our country.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traits Of Music

Delicate balances of rhythms continually placing
their tones out into the stratosphere.

Finding traits of music that can be coded like
molecules of the human body.

All of them being calculated, equations found to
adjust answers of a qualified mathematical
calculation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traits Of New Thinking

Riptides flowing through intellect, disrupting and taking
thoughts out to meet abstracts that want to be matched and
brought soundly into poetry.

A life penetrating idea innately being nurtured and nourish-
ed, steady rhythms touching and alluring many aspects of
knowledge into a new and creative existence.

Lively, avidly portraying mind-bending attributes and traits
of a new way of thinking, displaying them inwardly upon photo-
graphic screens where this mind can see and select them.

Seeing how they want to be placed and in what coded rhythmic
sequences they need to be in, finding their placement is con-
ducive to composing them into musical rhapsodies, melodies and
harmonies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trance-Like Grasp

Justifying my presence wherever rhythm is being played and sung,
giving over my being to be immersed in it's trance-like grasp.

Using imagination to produce many poems from within deepened
thought.

Being brought out into the open, never resisting the pull of
innate talent to nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tranquil Anticipation

Soft heat gently touching my skin, caressing memories
within.

Little breezes flowing formidably, catching my hair
and tossing it chaotically around my head and face.

Nice to be sitting, tranquilly anticipating the closing
of another day.

Solidly believing in nature, nothing able to betray my
faith.

At times doubts creep in and stir up trouble, but is
quickly put out of commission.

Life outlasting any occasion of sin, forgiveness given
freely.

Life may be lived on this horizon casually straightened
and full of promise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tranquil Depths

Waves crashing themselves against vibrant shore lines,
spreading white mist and foam in all directions.
Quietly peaceful, mighty and calm, volume of it's
roaring settling every nerve.
Sounds echoing along horizons, filling the world
with it's tempting caresses, pulling everyone into it's
tranquil depths on edges of eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tranquil Reality

Justifying figures of latent speech are defined in areas
of imagination, left to cogitate and memorize categories
in silent reminiscence.
Humor found, caught in rocks gathered in by mountainous
cliffs and ledges.
Scattered throughout desert plains of my mind are true
gems of tranquil reality and special grace, focused
entirely on the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tranquil Waves

Lines of life will end just beyond the next corner, out of sight.
Musically serenaded by delightful sounds of heaven casting it's
light upon my brow.
Loving this peaceful calm, letting waves of it's tranquility wash
gently over me, filling all places of loneliness with grace of love
and serenity.
Colors brightened intensely in the stead of recreated life.
No longer squatting on edges, belonging now to the middle where no
one can exist except the person whose soul it is.
Never letting existence of fulfillment get caught in revolving doors,
taking time daily, to greet and stand fast in the wake of greatness,
standing feet apart upon the grass of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tranquiled Emotions

Remembering the essence of my beginning,
hiding it within depths of subconsciousness.
Able to touch and bring it forth into my
mind with tranquiled emotions for now.

Existing only to write of life and it's
hardened heart.

Giving many a heartache to eclipse any joy
that comes along, pushing me into pits of
hell, where thoughts have continued to
dwell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tranquilized In Memories

Tranquilized in memories, flitting in and out,
letting me know they are still here and vibrant
in spite of all that has happened to me.
A wonderful repertoire passing, keeping me
abreast of my past and everything I've been
through.
Living in it all, written in poems, thanks to all
the images and visions always kept with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tranquilizing Emotions

Looking good, being in good standing, forging ahead with creative ideas forming
and gelling within my head.
Bringing fireworks to bear as thoughts blast and fall constantly
without faltering or sidestepping any issue brought before it.
Tranquilizing emotions so I can slow them down and interpret
them for future use in poetical attire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tranquilly Finding Life

Going deeply into an interior life to be at peace, tranquilly finding the rest of life is here, happy and contented, no turmoil to be found.

For a bluened light hangs, totally surrounding this being, the Divine dwelling inside, keeping peace no matter what other's do to disturb or abuse us.

Life is ours to have and hold, not willing to share it beyond this bluened light of the Divine, knowing that each of us must find our own way through pathways of destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transcendent And Exciting

Pounding rhythms taking me into depths of an interior life
where all essence is benefitted, filling me with a joyful
fulfillment and tantalizing beauty.

Existing within this mind, enjoying writing with the light
and color of music, living an imaginative reality taking
me into circular patterns and designs I love to travel in.

Stepping off of them into other universes, transcendent and
exciting, giving tremendous amounts of pleasure as I explore
and discover each of them on my own.

Soaring above this normal and mundane life as a mere poet,
taking care of everything that enters my photographic mind,
enlightening and energizing intellect always.

Silently vibrating every sense that begins and ends within
me, solving the equations of experience with those that are
being felt within realms of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transcendent Rhythm

Swinging to elegant beats, tapping and feeling great
in a moment of space and time.
Beleaguered with life and it's baggage, shedding it
for moments through music and it's transcendent
rhythm.
Feeling a grip of heaven grasping souls, transporting
them to gardens of beauty and repose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transcendental Love

Your heart is pleasing me no end, taking me with your
being into the beauty of the Divine totally and so
completely.

Holding each other, not ever wanting to let go, keeping
our love safe between us only, landscapes of inner
beauty exposing themselves to us whenever making love.

Together having joy and happiness that most people will
never feel in their lifetimes, so intense and deep,
flowing through every particle and fiber of our beings.

Together only, nothing or no one else in between us ever,
being blessed with a genuine and unconditional love,
transcendental through the Divine.

Given to the two of us to live happily ever after, as
long as we live on earth, talking, laughing, joking,
enjoying every moment we have together.

A mere poet and a philosopher united in life through
Divine love only, a special and precious gift has been
given to us both.

We treasure it together, completely for what it is, a
blessing that will be with us throughout our lives to-
gether, soon to be meeting in this physical world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transcending Life

Deeply in contemplation, transcending life itself to look through mirrors at new dimensions outside our fields of vision.
Sighting a myriad of levels, scattered throughout the universe, thrown like jacks and waiting to be picked up in a mathematical progression. In order to find the existence of it's beginning in a rhythmic stance on the edge of intellect's ending and at the point of death's final curtain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transcending Life On Earth

Feeling alive and vibrant, so much love being given, it thrills senses and touches this heart.

An unconditional love that transcends even life here on earth.

A perfect rhythm matching that of my soul's, loving self, fulfilling all the promises of youth through poetry.

A beautiful bouquet of joy and happiness shared between us every moment in life from now on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transferring Thought

Centering within, focusing on beyond, transferring thought into words.
Contemplating spiritual ideas with prayer, beginning faith as
it spreads beautiful colors without and intense hues within my brain.
Carefully, adjusting everything to fit the vision in my mind forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transformation Of Inner Thoughts

Crazy days of life, taking me in all directions, wanting
to go in all of them, but being restricted to a point by
human limitations that I'm trying hard to stretch and
expand as I learn more about them and just how they work.

A total, entire transformation of inner thoughts, being
described in details of wonder and awe of how they are
entangled in my mind's storehouse of ideas and ways of
doing things.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transformed Within

Listening to a rhythmic tempo, touching inner depths with an energetic spirit, belief and faith carrying forward into the visions of a new future.

Glowing, beckoning to intellect, wanting to combine it with an intense and brilliant venture through measures and chords of time.

Sensitive to all the beauty created and transformed within interior landscapes of creativity and imagination, all now succinctly placed together in many poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transforming

Feeling alright, dancing into moments of this night, energy
flowing like white water rapids.

Noticing every note and beat transforming my being so effort-
lessly and instantaneously.

Strumming and being tempted to step out into imaginational depths
of another tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transforming Melodies

Sulkily, lazily, rocking gently, listening and watching
people dance easily across the room.
Harmonica playing loudly, as melodies flow into the
atmosphere, catching our ears on it's way.
Suddenly transforming, a unique Italian tune fills our
minds with it's exquisite, consistent, rhythm flowing
through our veins as we are transported to heaven's
gates - mesmerized as always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transforming Reason And Logic

Scientific equations flow into existence, brought to light
through intellect and imaginative ideas.

As they create explicit formulas to invest in these new
proprieties of knowledge, transforming reason and logic
into a new spirituality of purpose.

Holding our souls in a captivating illumination, so alive
and vibrant, only because of the rhythms creating our
inner thoughts in unison with imagination.

A wholly intense and complete circle of intellect,
transforming thought patterns into musical rhythms of
uncompromised comparison.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transforming Spirituality

Tuning in to interior thoughts living in a spirituality that
transforms from the inside out.

Alleviating pain, discomfort and anger, instead filling
hearts with comfort and wonderful feelings of love.

Never being taken astray, kept closely to the Divine
dwelling within a bluened light deep within this soul.

Awaiting God's instruction on what to do next, living
an innocent pure life.

Wanting nothing more while alive, being cherished as an
instrument of God's, happy to do what He wishes through-
out this lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transforming The Essence Of Life

Transendental beings finding their places on a higher
plain above earth, transforming the essence of life
into the divine.

Grasping intimate knowledge beyond that of human's
never knowing it's exquisite, enticing and wonderfully
beautiful feeling transcending even life itself.

Joining two people on an intellectual and sublime
level when love is extremely profound and exacting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transient Portrayals Of Art

Finding an intimate voice talking to my intellect,
giving me advice on everything I think to write.

Stretching myself into many meanings of life,
intertwining inner synapses with a transient
portrayal of art in musical writing.

Taking a step, always in right directions of
faithful imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transient Sounds

Sun shining across the walkway in front of my mind,
thinking, being enlightened by forces of nature, re-
sounding beautifully in the forest of imagination.

Noteworthy and tempting, exciting my being with it's
rhythm, bouncing, jiving, living the dream through
every melody as I hear it played quietly within.

Transient sounds, tantalizing me into another vibra-
tion of liveliness, taking me down paths into lights
from above.

Showing the path to a better and more wholesome way
of life, nothing to interfere with it's simplicity and
verve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transient Voices

Recognizing issues of life, throwing them aside for now.
Looking to delve into a natural high as I sit and write
from memory.
Searching deeds of yesterday, hoping there are enough
good ones to lead me into heaven.
Waiting for an eternity it seems, yet I will have to stay
and write about all the memories mysteriously appearing
in my mind.
Transient voices tracing the words and leading them into
songs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Translating Attitudes Into Poetry

Fighting the spell of sorrow, listening to music, it's rhythms flowing into my being, translating my attitudes into poetry.

Watching rainbows arching their backs across the world, leaving me in awe of their beauty when added to the fire-works of love now exploding within my mind.

Bursting with flames in the sky, catching it's embers as they fall to the ground, hoping to break the spell of sorrow while listening to music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Translating Complicated Messages

Racing into nighttime waterfalls being reflected from within
fading memories held together, their beauty and wonder always
touching people throughout their lives.

Constantly reaching through the misty curtains of another
time, never able to be replaced on this earth, complicated
messages being translated in coded rhythms.

All made simpler to understand when placed in melodies and
poetry while painting portraits of humanity, finding ways
into and out of circumstances befitting of us on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Translating Rhythms

Living in this vast imagination, relying on intellect to trans-
late rhythms into poetry instantaneously and rapidly, insistent
and undefiled, reminders of a life lived through hardship.

Suffering, continuing to remember everything that has happen-
ed, memories being touched by a sound, smell or sight, bright
and effervescent details standing out.

Touching this poetical heart unendingly and unceasingly, never
dying, lasting through all eternity in hopes of being reunited
with the ones I love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Translating Sounds

Soundly listening, just barely,
above the din of a crowded room.

Hearing sounds inside my mind as
they are translated into melodies
that I can understand and begin
to use.

Putting them to words in a myriad
of stanzas, all culminating in
major chords of harmony.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Translating Tears Of Sorrow Into Poetry

Silently crying deeply within, a breathless feeling of
loneliness touching my heart.

Tenderly, gently, filling my soul with tears, confining
my mind within spaces of grief where I'm held captive
in your once upon a love.

Being serenaded by your unconditional love has ceased
to begin and this heart is missing it so badly, a deep
finality has filled my being with your death.

An unexplainable depth of sadness and sorrow engulfing
me interiorly, tears falling from melodic rhythms of
classical music.

Easing the pain of loss for the time being, a melancholic
atmosphere held closely, feelings and emotions intensely
touching me interiorly.

Intellect translating tears of sorrow into poetry of my
heart and soul for all the world to see, as my mind is
filled with the emptiness of loneliness now without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Translucent Avenue

Touching upon edges of life, peeking over once again, loving
the peacefulness that covers totally, the serenity growing
quickly across this mind and soul.

Watching for any activity over the edge as I continue to look,
hoping for positive ideas, concepts and definitions of life
and death.

A wonderful and translucent avenue of an unending mind, thoughts
that never cease to amaze others, regulating measures of time,
synching them with rhythms reaching interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Translucent Beauty

Rushing to meet thoughts and see what they are trying to say, loving to see them appear in their bright and shiny silhouettes, giving off a translucent beauty, emanating from intellect.

Looking at them as they search for meanings they want to use in portraying messages, for others to see and read in poems I have written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Translucent Knowledge

Swaying easily into melody's rhythms, bringing moments of togetherness to light while visiting inner thoughts under beacons of translucent knowledge and intellect.
Causing no pain for anyone, yet everyone feeling the fruitlessness of living every day with regular, mundane rhythms.
Setting off fireworks of peaceful rhetoric standing in the wings. Awaiting fulfillment of nether worlds caught in imagination's depths and reaping the benefits of total involvement during periods of existence.
Living in utmost awe of creative processes and their auras, believing in an after-life filled with prior promises and kept hidden closely inside.
Beautiful ideas finding their way through mazes and labyrinths of cause and effect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Translucent Life

Rolling hills, taking me across vast plains and deserts
of creative wisdom, contemplating endeavors to bring
existence into a being of words for everyone to see and
hear.

Tasting every fiber of essence, beginning to see an aura
of plenty descending upon my existence.

Strolling along, taking in details missed by so many
others filled with their own minds in trials and suffering.

Conscientious, awakening every sense to fulfill my purpose
in this short, translucent life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transparent Loss

Staring into space, nothing focused, transparent heartaches
held within.

Thoughtful burial of life's second chance, turned around and
left on back steps fighting to survive.

Reprimands from eons ago, still engraved in sidewalks made for
harried travelers.

Homeless, walking for hours on end, no food, no friends.
A cause of peace and justice seems to be lost in today's world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transparent Notes And Rhythms

Blissfully taking time to write my heart into another poetical day, filled with elation at being able to pick up where I left off yesterday.
So at peace in my mind's little abode, thriving on words, definitions and meanings that I give to everything.
Everyone traveling through my visions I see transparently in notes and rhythms, grasping my mind and taking it into outer limits and boundaries of increasingly thoughtful ideas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transpiring Dreams

Gifts aplenty, flowing from intellect, giving many
assets and comfortable inventions in thought.
Marveling at the amount of designs standing within,
waiting to be thought in schemes and plans of reality,
transpiring dreams into useful ideas for mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transpiring Life

Sounding melodies strumming a mind in perfect pitch,
taking it on travels over mountains and into deserts
where life can transpire and become what is read in
poetry.

Coming alive every time, being read even when this
poet has finally died.

Conclusions will have already been written down for
you to realize descriptions that have been chosen to
decorate the final days of one's own existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transpiring Meanings

Instigating freedom of boundaries, relieving inner pressure
with throwing rules and orders out into space.

Time is everlasting, yet why fill it with trash, when you
can use intellect to accrue wisdom and fill it with learning.

Knowing abounds, tracking nature into catacombs of darkness,
searching for enlightenment to appear in lines of poetry as
it is written out longhand.

Forever looking for answers, never really getting close to
them.

Empty thoughts sit by, craving some attention from passers-by
hoping for meanings to transpire in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transpiring Wonder

Realizing the depth of your love for me throughout the
years, being pulled incessantly into your being time
and again.

Wonder and awe transpiring within, giving dreams an ample
amount of room to grow and be nurtured in, your life and
love having nourished me since we first met.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transporting Fibers Of Life

Going deeper into inner space, finding emotions waiting
there, wanting to be expressed in no uncertain terms.

Taking steps forward, letting me feel their stubborn
intensity, asking me to relieve them in poetical words
and verses.

Lonely as a saguaro in the middle of the desert, wanting
it's sorrow to be expressed unequivocally in words, showing
it's bereaved heart and soul.

Transporting every fiber of life into particles to be shown
on paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transporting Ideas

Sentiments gathering in circles of friends and family.

All the memories of a lifetime become a video in my head, that I write from the inside out and become my own being.

Transporting ideas, finding my way through the thickest forest of hurting that ever has begun in my heart, taking me apart and leaving me like stones upon the ground.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transporting Rocks

Rocks lying, looking pretty.
Sometimes getting picked up and skipped across water.
Tumbling down over each other - off a mountain, landing in a heap.
Along every natural path a rock will find it's way into a little child's pocket, looked at on another day and put down somewere else.
Pockets transporting rocks to all corners of the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transporting Through Rhythms

Being encapsulated within a liberating feeling of freedom,
soaring away from all the turmoil and strife on earth,
transporting me through rhythms of music into serenity.

Rushing through my being at the very first sound and tone
of each musical composition, filling me with such energy,
like a balloon being blown up from within.

Yet it never stops entering through rhythm and it's tempos,
always looking forward to the feeling of joy and happiness
that continue to energize me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transposing Notes Of Poetry

Rounds of journalism cake up stories of truth written
for people of tomorrow.
Relegating positions into islands of timeless heroic
sagas.
Transposing developing notes into measures of poetry,
stressing many melodies never heard in life as yet.
Talent exposing their whereabouts here.

(8: 03 p.m. - 11.28/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Transposing Solutions

Sections of this brain working together, cooperating
and assimilating everything being learned and taught
by intellect.

Processing and placing intrepid situations into many
verses of prose, lying in darkened areas of life, a-
fraid to be shown to the world.

Advantages and reasons being kept secret for absolutely
no reason on this earth, strength coming from inner
reserves, building character and touching the Divine.

As I go through life, singular and purposeful, finding
solutions that are being transposed from rhythm and
coded into verses.

Forever touching edges of the Divine through a bluened
atmosphere, a serene and soothing contemplation rising
within, taking me silently and quietly into darkness.

Going through the desert of my soul, finding the way,
a path leading into the light of knowledge, innate and
truthful, filled with honesty.

Giving wisdom of nature and humanity, always taking the
path of most resistance, keeping faith and hope alive
through sheer perseverance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trap Door

Falling into a pool of painful tears, wondering how I've fallen in.
Is there a trap door somewhere within me?
A mysterious concern filling me, I know not what it is.
Continually bantering, haunting my being with it's excessive
consistency in harming me.
It's not easy to see, it's only felt inside me every day, whether
or not I want it to be a part of me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trapped Within

Lonely and bereft, standing on sidelines of life looking
in, not wanting to participate for the time being.

Silent, trapped within ourselves, not knowing what to do
to improve the situation.

Seeing no solutions, having many unanswered questions,
trailing them behind us while trying to move forward.

Never letting up, emotions filling our hearts and minds,
not caring what will happen, at least that's what we
finally tell ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Across The World

Cannot wait to get on the road again, traveling across the world in skyways, soaring above earth, leaving all below in search of different stages of life.

Regulating poetry through rhythms of music, dedicating and producing the wonder of life in notes and sounds, effervescent and lively, taking me into the bluened light without error or mistakes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Alone

Rejecting patterns being printed from another person,
because I choose to do things on my own.
Exercising my freedom, giving myself room to breathe
interiorly, leaving all recriminations behind as I
travel alone into the future.
Never looking back, only inward.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Alone On Trails

Creating from imagination unequivocally and purely innocently,
finding it absolutely beautiful, filled with picturesque and
tantalizing aspects from an interior life.

Left to it's own devices, innately it's being nourished, nur-
tured, growing and blossoming completely within this poetical
intellect and mind.

Tirelessly and effortlessly always moving, sun shining within,
giving positive attitudes and moods, continually filling me
with an astounding energy.

Traveling alone, kicking up dust on lonely trails, finding the
peace needed to live on this earth poetically through prose
and music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Along

Collecting, thinking, binding, writing everything into
interior albums of photographic images, traveling along
with chords, notes and sounds of measured rhythms.

Stepping into trails traveled on horseback because they
are so far off the main track, insisting on taking steps
along the way, just to accumulate thoughts more rapidly.

Figuring them into coded messages to be interpreted some
other time in the future after I am gone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Avenues Of Darkness

Sun now going down, taking me into a dreamland of spectacu-
lar music, spending itself on me alone, drifting with an
empty heart.

Rising and falling with tides of life's oceanic views, my
spirit taken into a protective atmosphere of bluened light,
of Divine wisdom and knowledge.

Giving an interesting side of contemplation that no one else
has seen, waiting silently, creating in measures of perfect
unison.

Keeping every beat in synch, not allowing anything to inter-
fere as life travels down avenues of darkness now upon earth
and resting along sandy beaches.

Moonlight shining down, soothing me with it's dreams of neon
rays from above, nothing less touching my convictions beyond
life's edges in serenity and peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Backwards

Living in the world, seeing it travel backwards in
time because of evil rearing it's head from back
in the dark ages.

So unbelievable to see people who actually still
believe in sharia law, raping, torture, beheading,
what kind of stupidity and craziness is this anyway?

And people are not even going against it, seemingly
in a stupor, letting this happen unstopped around
the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Creativity

Talents step through our lives on missions of God's masterpieces as we travel down roads of creativeness and imagination, taking abilities on joy rides of affability.
Scoring images with intellect and wisdom for future endeavors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Depths Interiorly

Titillating this brain, touching every fiber and particle of
it while writing, being filled with possibilities and antici-
pation.

Thrilling to sounds of rhythms as they flow entirely and so
enthusiastically, taking me through inner dimensions and un-
iverses not yet explored by anyone.

Feeling the thrill of excitement as I travel depths of this
vast interior life filled with spirituality and quiet seren-
ity.

Beauty of my soul being seen bountifully while writing and
enjoying it's positive and joyful laughter, continuing to
play with my inner child and music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Dreams

Scrapings of the sky cloud my mind,
filling it with ideas of travel.
Climbing high into mountainous realms,
living dreams no one else has.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Earth

It might have been inside, but the world is mine,
inescapable as it has become within my being I am
continually surprised by its' wonder and beauty.

Traveling on to all parts of earth at the end of
my pen is a sensational feeling - one that I could
never have without inspiration, talent and gifts
bestowed from God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Forward

Lights shining from within, searching for new paths to open
and unconceal.

Traveling forward, choosing illuminated thoughts to expand
and turn inside out with novel experiences.

Penetrating darkness, revealing secrets of an inner universe,
awaiting an opportunity to be explored and met in perfect
harmony.

Eternally spent on yesterday's shores, welcoming the incoming
knowledge found outside oneself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Forward In Rhyhtms

Taking rhythms to heart, steadily beating within, separating and coming together, forming new sounds and tantalizing inner colors to expand their repertoire through poetry.

Liking how they feel emotionally, always giving pleasure and consistency through writing of poetry, soothing, calming, taking me down roads of perdition.

Continuing to enjoy the beating of drums, becoming one with my heart's rhythms, constant and rhythmic, keeping time as I travel forward into other dimensions, where no one may follow.

Tepid and inane remarks falling to the ground around me, for I have no time for them, only seeking my way throughout this life on my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Great Distances Within

Light traveling within imagination, spreading it's essence throughout intellect, filling it with knowledge and wisdom, traveling great distances through such a small brain.

Taking me into vast universes and dimensions, being intellectualized and set into a reality of imagination, where I can find so many possibilities hitherto impossibly founded.

Now racing happily into their fields and deserts of great beauty and magnificence, wonderful and silent, coming together in mathematical formulas and equations in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling In Circles

My life is traveling in circles, tending it's duties,
living daily.
Only when I look above to God for guidance do I find meaning.
Dancing, pivoting lightly, carefully leaping into categories
of being.
A glistening drop of rain upon my face belies the torment
hiding inside.
So sensitively living life, being hurt just by experiencing it.
Wishing - hoping - for the day it will end so I may find a
place in heaven's garden.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling In Depths

Mind-tickling ivories giving gentle laughter inside,
letting the humor of intellect begin to entertain
and keep me happy in this life.

Unfolding the puzzles of mind-bending thoughts,
allowing them to produce their beautiful pieces in
colorful hues and auras.

Traveling over, under and into caverns, labyrinths
and abysses, feeling the freedom traveling in depths
of my soul, as I continue to move in circles of creation
being processed even as I sit here writing.

Novel ideas coming continually into mind, never leaving
behind the rhythms that are so desperately needed by
my purpose in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling In Rhythms Of Abandonment

Going down tracks, listening to a whistle blowing into
the sadness of my being.

Whistle touching and playing the emptiness climbing
within, trying to get out and into the atmosphere.

Traveling in time to rhythms of abandonment, taunting
my spirit with tears hiding desperately in my heart.

All the while this heart breaking, finding it's pieces
scattered upon the floor of the train.

Rumbling and rambling down the tracks in tune with it's
whistle of sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling In Style

Practicing musical instruments for hours on end, living in
their melodies, harmonies and tempos.

Letting them all complete my existence, giving an excessive
amount of rhythm, placing it triply into atoms of being to
keep me going further into a future life.

Always separating my being with particles of new dimensions
collecting into my soul, taking me into new experiences of
memory, filled with brand new images dancing in my mind.

Traveling the universe in style with an entire silence
comforting me in the end as I breathe my final breath.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Into Solutions

Waving thoughts back and forth, looking at them from many different angles, trying to find the best solutions, compromising at times, adamant at others.

Not wanting to change, yet we all must move forward in our lives, lest we stagnate and waste the time we have here on earth.

Every person has a purpose to fulfill, and goals to be achieved in order to travel to our destinies along with fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Light

Beckoning me to contribute a verse or two in poetical unison with a delicate melody, turning around in depths of my soul.
Whispering to no one, there's no one listening as life continues to move onward without a clue to where I may be going.
Traveling light, nothing dragging me down, free as an eagle, soaring high above all the danger and corruption of people everywhere on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Lonely Pathways

Waltzing through nighttime beauty, thinking of many things
relevant to life's meaning.
Somewhat long in times of grace, sorrow grasps arms of
love in moments of honesty and truth while everlasting peace
continues down back streets of memory's mind.
Filling hallways with pictures and mementos of love's
beginnings in transit as we travel down lonely pathways
alone in calm serene grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Mind

Silent thinking, musing, pondering extremes of life as I contemplate what it entails.

Pressing for answers, knowing they'll never be enough to soothe my curiosity.

Yet, I travel my mind in search of whatever I may find in hidden corners, reaching out to me in silent thinking all the days of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Pathways

Taking strides into rainbow-colored hues
of traveling pathways.
Entering forests and deserts beleaguering
our abilities and tiring us out -
eventually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Silently

Life fading beyond it's dreams as we walk down pathways of our destinies, unaware of our futures, just continuing on our way without knowing what's ahead of us.

Adjusting dreams and realities as we wend our way into the future, living and breathing, doing the best we can as our minds are filled with thoughts on how to find our way.

A journey through hardships and sacrifices enter particular domains unbidden, traveling silently without a thought of what we'll run into ahead.

Taking a positive attitude with us always, as we let life open us up to the reality of what we'll be up against in order to strengthen our resolve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Solo

People disguised as clubs, groups, etc. - individually traveling alone on their own paths of destiny.
Running into others who have ideas like their own, melding minds for moments in time, then wending ways back to single, solo journeys.
Always searching for answers, beginning anew as questions arise.
Problagating theories ad nauseum, never finding replies to life as it continues like a fast flowing river around the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Spaces

Rocking and rambling down avenues of explicit
destinations, inwardly thrilled with unthwarted
anticipation.

Traveling to spaces set in time, relative with
tones of spacious realms, situated in caverns
among caverns set deep in earth's bowels,
awaiting discovery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling The Road Of Destiny

Believing in faith and hope, knowing that at difficult times during life, they were all that saved this mere poet, owing all to God for giving me a life filled with a loving family.

Having many friends, an innate talent for music, art and poetry, enjoying and using them all in pursuing the purpose of my life.

Traveling on the road of my destiny until the ending of it comes about one day, until then rejoicing in every moment of life that is left to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Thoughts

Calmly thinking, letting
thoughts travel their own
routes.

Just waiting to see what
they're going to come up
with next.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Through Life

Tomorrow if everything disappeared in life,
I would still have my memories of you and I,
my love.

Traveling through this life together, loving
and holding each other closer than ever.

A beauty stemming from our inner love, touching
us interiorly, nothing pressuring or hurting us
from without.

Only our feelings and emotions touching us so
intensely within our hearts.

Never parting this world without one another,
living freely here on earth, a beautiful and
vibrant country, with God blessing the U.S.A.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Through Life Together

Baby, waiting for your love to enamor me once again,
desires rising, waiting for your body to be close to
mine, filling me with your tantalizing essence of life.

Does it show how much I truly love you throughout life,
hope so, because your love is what thrills me, never
wanting to be without it, needing your constant attention.

As we fill our days making love, talking, sharing secrets
with one another, being best friends always, knowing that
our love is true and eternal.

Unconditional and beautiful, fulfilling our every wish
as we travel through life together, sharing each others
hearts through our love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Through Tunnels

Staccatoly stationed in the syncopation of measures
of rhythm, taking my being totally into the center
of a musical universe.

Sololy feeling and touching within my soul, giving
an intense light and brilliance of wisdom shining
from an interior dimension.

Showing the world, beauty of it's total truth, nothing
to mar it's tantamount essence as it floats constantly
on surfaces containing an essence of intellect.

Judging measures of time as it travels through tunnels
of an everlasting rhythm, traveling at break-neck speeds
into adventures of life and beyond.

Lolling about in forests of imagination, listening to
nature romp and play with melodies of life-changing acts.

Altering them to suit pleasures of an inner spirituality,
challenging sonatas of the past, racing against them.

The essence of time, penetrating all barriers of sound
as they race to the finish line.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Through Visions

Carrying on as if nothing has happened, wanting so much
for life to be a happy melody that can always be listened
to in a calm flow of ocean tides.

Many times, crossing back and forth, traveling through
visions being dreamt in imagination and being spread across
heaven in a mind, like foam from within a cup of hot cocoa
on a cold winter morning.

So intensely soothing, satisfying a need for the sweetness
of life so generously being given right now in an area of
imagination's acquiescence.

A wonder to behold throughout time, delivering self from
the incessant pain of life here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling To Cochin, India

Sitting here on a train bound for Cochin, India, everyone
else is sleeping soundly, even my friend, yet I continue
to write into the night.

Loving the solace and serenity of the darkness outside the
window, penetrating my mind with it's shadows, securing the
passage of time.

Riding through the atmosphere of another country, conquer-
ing fears, climbing to heights and depths that seem to be
immaterial in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling With Rhythms

Finding avenues of creativity on a daily basis,
being stunned by landscapes and beauty of this
Arizona desert wasteland.

Rising with the sun as it peeks over mountains
surrounding me, calming and tantalizing this
soul with an enterprising and wholesome spirit.

Capturing and evaluating every circumstance and
situation that comes along on life's pathways,
experimenting and testing every aspect of life.

In this world, traveling with rhythms that are
being composed within constantly, no one else
hearing them.

They are coded by rhythms alone, sent from heaven
to innate intelligence without interference and
kept secretly hidden within intellect's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Within Notes

Traveling the world within notes of music,
expressing joy and sadness with every one in measures.
Combining life experiences in codes of one, being explained
without stopping or pausing.
Completely turning over and running off to wander the world
through notes of happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traveling Without You

Thinking of you, brooding sadly because you're not with me right now, having been together night and day for so long has been such a pleasant experience, I wish had never ended.

Wanting to spend every moment with you only, feeling bereft and lonely, traveling without you, saying I love you doesn't really touch the depths of feelings that I have hidden within me.

Writing poetically of our love and times together could never really do them justice, yet I keep trying to express how I feel about you now and forever, loving and missing you now, waiting for moments we will again be together, praying it will be forever this time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Travels Of Interpretation

Scented beauty sits upon my mind, enticing me with
it's fragrance to write a poem about itself.
Pouring odors over my mind, pleasing it no end as
life realizes it's purpose throughout travels of
interpretation.
Luring words softly out on paper, creating bouquets
for future literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traversing Byways

Nervous excitement thrilling insides of rhythmic balance, inducing a mesmerizing infatuation, foraging closely over terrain not ordinarily
traveled on.
Seeking facets of beauty standing starkly in wide open vistas overlooking everyday sights.
Traversing accelerated byways with immensely satisfying feelings kept close at hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Traversing Lonely Pathways

Always taking steps in so-called right directions,
striving to live and become the stranger I am not.

Rearranging self to fit patterns of society's way
of thinking, yet not being able to follow through
because it isn't who I am.

Traversing lonely pathways off the beaten roads,
to find ways of my own making, creating the life
I hold within.

Never following rules, singly choosing to find my
own rights, allowing nothing to stand in the way
of writing when and where I choose.

If others do not like it, they don't have to be
around me.

Forgiving those who cannot be friends, because
of this insatiable desire to write, I continue
life alone, along the highway to it's end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Travesty Of Diversity

Diversity, a modern word for let people do what they want,
and it's all good.
It's a travesty in today's world, we're to look the other
way and not say anything about the sinful, immoral way
people choose to live.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Travesty Of The Times

Miraculous and silent moments of life happen around us daily,
yet we rarely see them as we live, work and play, a travesty
of the times.

Not taking advantage of nature and all of it's attributes,
noticing their beauty, learning lessons of sublime importance
to our souls and spirits.

Rising into the heavens, nature fills us also with the purity
and innocence of life and it's precious moments here on earth,
colors being thrown about in wild gardens of flowers.

Aromas being swept across the sky, filled with scents of pine
trees being wafted in the wind, walking down winding paths
through the forest, following tracks of nature along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tread Of Notes

Lively and living free with rhythms of music always
accompanying me.

Never being left behind, just following every thread
of notes leading me forward.

Taking steps up and down keyboards of this piano in
my mind, touching every chord in between.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treading Water

Treading water, getting tired, not wanting to go home.
Wanting to experience the encouragement from another,
being held in a reverie, hoping to get a reprieve from
all the seedy misgivings left from the ends of time.

(11? 26 p.m. - 11/15/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasure Chest

Great lullabies fill my mind with a tired atmosphere,
surrounding life and it's treasured moments.

Sleepily watching people pass by, wondering what they
think or are doing, creates a massive treasure chest
of thoughts, ideas and images to trace into poetry of
humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasure Chest Of Living Dreams

Ricocheting throughout this brain, thoughts touching
points of interest, then bouncing into depths of a
treasure chest of living dreams.

Opening for moments in time, sated and filled with
effects of a priceless process, interpreting music
and it's rhythms.

Leaving notes and rests, incorporating them into
coded messages of livelihood, preserving intellect
with a beautiful trance of contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasure Chest Of Our Soul

Walking silently into dark forests of tomorrow's future,
unable to see a thing, progressing through it anyway.

Feeling the presence of a genuine love by my side, taking
a journey of peaceful interior silence.

Going forward through all types of weather and turmoil,
coming at last upon a clearing filled brilliantly with
light.

Love being illuminated from all sections of it, gathering
together all the beautiful memories into one heart that is
now shared by two.

A lasting truth sealed in a treasure chest of our souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasure Of Belief

Beliefs are essential to all of us as long as we have
faith in them.
Blessed as thoughts may be, they aren't cohesive unless
we have the faith to stand the test of time in life.
Make-believe is only a treasure of imagination's store-
house, fine on lonely days of play, but there is no
real belief there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasure Of You

Oh my dear, always with you, holding you close, treasuring your unconditional love with my own.

Life is open and satisfying as long as we're together, always bringing a smile to my heart and being.

Loving you more with each and every passing day, couldn't ever imagine a single day without your complete love.

It's what makes me whole my darling, making love every day, becoming one, gives me strength, hope and faith throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasure To Behold

Sunset landing on the horizon, bright red and orange,
at the level where I can still see it, beautiful and
exorbitant, a treasure to behold.

Only temporary, unless you take a picture to make it
last longer, darkness continuing to fall gradually,
silently, accosting earth with starlight and rays of
the moon.

Interior depths of this soul open to the spirituality
of each moment, as it steps into my mind quietly, not
wanting to awaken any thoughts of daylight that have
already gone to bed and are asleep.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasure Trove

Traipsing off into forests of my mind,
enjoying scents of pine differentiating
themselves from all others, overpowering
my senses, yet lifting my spirits and
expectations.

A treasure trove of insights at my
fingertips, allowing entrance into any
and all matters of descriptive essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasured Albums

Miniatures of this life being show throughout a camera
lens and into memories.

Collecting our joyous moments at a glance and keeping
them in albums that are treasured always in our lives.

Memories captured and shielded, allowing us to look
through them time after time.

So precious these few mementoes of time are to those
who have and cherish them in senior years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasured Boxes Of Ivory

Singing a poet's song along edges of every poem, becoming the melody composed in my soul.
All the ingredients mixed together, culminating in a beautiful landscape of prose.
Going over many trials and through suffering, always being brought forward into realms of exciting poetry.
Holding every word and feeling in treasured boxes of ivory.
Never letting go of this poet's mind, thanking the dear Lord for this extra time on earth and making the most of every moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasured Corners

Strangely eerie, quietly imagining facets of intellect in spirals of words.
Recognizing particles of unknown efforts from yesterday and placing everything in treasured corners of my mind.
Outlasting the many years left on earthly soil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasured Gems

Listening with my heart, hearing the plaintive voices of my soul, sending and straightening lines of access to hope in faith.
Forgiving moments, building themselves into treasured gems of beauty, climbing to heights unknown in realities of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasured Grandchildren

Treasures of grandchildren stand out in moments of bliss, bringing smiles to eyes and mouths of grandparents.
Watching them play, dance, walk and interact is cause to
smile within - excitement and heartfelt love forever beginning.
Being so precious just by being who they are is enough to
get endless love from Grandma and Grandpapa.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasured Hearts

Time sparkles through the years, alighting at times in
a poem or two, being etched and impressed with beautiful
sentiments of desire, sated in moments of unconditional
love and placed in treasured hearts of symphonic measures.

Played exponentially on special days where this mind,
flutters and opens like a parachute, sailing and floating
through the atmosphere until being grasped by a passing
thought and written down to always be remembered in time
through passing years of age.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasured In Poetry

Trunk of a palm tree capturing my attention with it's angles and
patterns criss-crossing, going sideways and tempting this mind
into writing about it's interesting and silent dimensions.

Taking everything on a walk interiorly, watching as lights from
a strobe light flash upon it's essence, touching upon the hidden
life from within it.

Intellect reaching deeply and full of curiosity at what it's meaning could be on
this earth, mind waltzing with music and rhythms, taking imagination soaring
into skyways.

That entice and move me further into other dimensions, photographic
spheres taking part in keeping all memories of it treasured in poetry,
sharing thoughts with everyone in the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasured Journeys

Always writing, thinking of thoughts as they display them-
selves on inner photographic screens.

Nothing ever slipping away, taking my mind always on
treasured journeys, enjoying their discoveries and many
vibrant adventures.

Truly learning from every one that I have the pleasure
of having, holding onto the joy of life without doubts or
fears.

Loving every moment that brings me closer to nature and
intellect, so totally and openly having the time of my
life through writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasured Life

Messages in life being interpreted within intellect,
signs of eternity getting closer to me interiorly.

Watching intently as silence begins softly enfolding
and protecting me from what's going to come about soon.

A life treasured, finding it's breath being taken away
to some distant horizon in another universe somewhere
beyond earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasured Moments

Mapping treasured moments throughout life gives us thoughts to think about in later years when we are alone.
Children grown, no riotous laughter ringing through the halls, no one clamoring for attention.
That is when our memories are most precious to us.
Hoping for visits from our grown children and grandchildren, daily thinking of them throughout the hours, wondering what they're doing.
Remembering what life was like not so long ago, standing on the edge of crimson rose horizons as middle age continues towards senior living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasured Tempos

Swinging in time with today's rhythm, focusing on measures of study emerging with melodies of imaginative style.

Living in an atmosphere full of sound and cheerful attitudes of mathematical precision, enjoying it's dimensions in every direction.

Journeying forward on every pathway, then criss-crossing backwards and sideways to encompass the world of treasured tempos and peaceful recognition forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasures Beneath The Waves

Nighttime clouding over, taking me into edges of it's
horizon where I can look into heaven and see it's
gardens where I was not so long ago.

Remembering them vividly and explicitly through these
photographic memories, flashing against the bluened
lights within intellect.

Rushing hurriedly into the starlit night, watching mid-
night sparkle and shine dimly onto this earth, giving
it a mystical look.

Joining the darkness a full moon comes upon it all,
shining it's rays upon those walking along sandy shores
on edges of the ocean.

Looking out over the surface, watching waves rise and
fall, keeping time with the tide as it rises quickly
into open spaces provided for it.

Washing ashore many little treasures to be picked up
by small children early the next morning, an assortment
of shells and trinkets that were once lost.

Beneath the waves and now appearing again to be recovered
and treasured by another child, smiles upon their face as
they pick them up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasures In Life

Life is filled with people, some precious and kept safely forever
in our hearts, they are our treasures in life, etching their souls
in our memories, keeping us company when everyone else has left us.

Feeling loved and loving, taking care of one another throughout
this earthly life, honest, always telling the truth no matter what,
taking chances daily.

Knowing that we'll never walk away, being friends through joy,
hardship, suffering and loss while we're on this earthly path
temporarily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasures No Longer Found

Swallowing the putrid sadness that insists on coming into
this life uninvited, placing hearts on gallows, hanging
and leaving them bereft in the darkness of mourning.

Taking and trying to bring it into the atmosphere of life
does not seem to want to happen, as I find lifeless thoughts
listlessly lolling about interiorly lost and forlorn.

Nothing happening to awaken the fruitlessness of anything,
treasures no longer being found within, just an emptiness
and feelings of abandonment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasures Of Life

Realizing gems in life are held closely in your soul
where they are protected forever.
Nothing can interfere with the treasures of life when
they are hidden explicitly from view.
Reaching down into deep wells of information, trying
to ascertain the reasons of absolute lack of
confidence.
Reversing the energy coming from rhythms of music,
tapping constantly by in time with every beat - not
missing any of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasures Of Spirits

Sparkling nighttime lights, walking through the night,
holding treasures of spirits throughout the dreams,
silently being dreamt this very night.

Beautiful sights, lifting spirits with every little
glimmer, sparkling into my mind all night.

Giving me the essence to travel into my being on journeys,
continually exercising intellect without any effort.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasures Of Tomorrow

Dancing into outer edges of intellect, finding an extra-
ordinary arrangement of delicate harmonies settling in.

Wanting to explore everything on this earth, not being
able to, yet going deeply into imagination to find a
solo interpretation of what is being thought.

Finding adventures that fit inner feelings of extreme
danger, categorizing it all by the intensity of death
surrounding it so closely.

Relating it all to the strength and stamina being felt
and erected within, bringing everything into a collection
of variety, typing it into a million poems, one day just
before I die.

Loving anticipation filling me within, noticing enticing
and intense desires now filling me so enthusiastically,
fulfilling and raising intellect above reasoning, where
only some people ever seem to find their ways to.

Calmly soothing subconsciousness with so many poetical
thoughts of illustrious beauty, touching upon the essence
and passion filling this being with emotions and feelings
for the future, yet also encompassing the past and this
present.

Alighting constantly in many forms and patterns, depicting
designs of obtuse angles and pleasant treasures of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasuring Experience

Selecting and composing every note into classical renditions
of glory.

Morning, noon and evening, closing and opening with midnight
and starlight appearing above.

Treasuring life within every poem and experiencing al that is important in this life
before succumbing to it's everlasting
death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasuring Heritage

Nostalgically thinking, partaking of yesterday's menu
of delectable images with family, feeling their closeness
beyond death even now.

Holding family values near to my heart, remembering our
Italian heritage, keeping it safe, a treasure to be
cherished through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasuring Memories

Treasuring the memories of all events in life.
Always creating the images into thought, never
giving up any of them.

Enlisting all traits of time into rhythms,
coalescing in a mixture of turning atmospheres.

Living in an existential pattern of behavior,
never worrying about any particles of time as
long as they are enfolded in atoms of mercurial
silence.

According to the opinions of other people, I am
unable to live my life.
How wrong I've proven them to be as they hang
their heads and walk away from me.

Never looking back and never reaching out to me
again in life.
Living faithfully without qualms or doubts of
anything I continue to live my life without them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasuring Memories Of Camping

Striding along trails in forests planted and nourished
by God, Himself.

Pine scents wafting our way, treasuring memories of our
camping days beneath them.

Bringing to mind, wonderful times that we've had through
the years with our sons.

A complete and total atmosphere we could live in and enjoy
while camping, fishing and being together as a family.

Great pleasure and many experiences that were had through
our family camping trips.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasuring Moments

Straining to hear melodies playing in my ears.
Outside are many children playing, enjoying their time at the center.
Parents joining in the fun, forgetting the stresses of work all week.
Taking time for the important part of life - family.
Charging family ties, bringing them closer together, treasuring the moments before they are gone with winds of change.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasuring Precious Mysteries

Sensing knowledge coming from books sitting upon
shelves of experience, awaiting someone to open
them, testing their contents for themselves.

Alive and vibrant, filled with thoughts, ideas,
experiences, imagination and intellect, wishing
to take it all into depths of beings.

Placing it all on photographic screens for memory
to be introduced and kept forever within them,
spheres treasuring their precious mysteries.

As they are enfolded into intellect, being examined,
their ideas to be opened and discovered, beautiful
and flowering.

Like flowers in gardens of wisdom, pearls of know-
ledge being polished and spread around the world
after it's all been stated in poetry.

Making it's round throughout this lonely world,
waiting it's edicts and convictions to be brought
into brilliant minds of incessant wisdom.

Leaving thoughts to be opened also, through people's
imaginations everywhere, as they continue to read the
many books waiting on shelves to be opened.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasuring Senses

Caustically racing through measures of music,
running faster with every beat that comes our
way.

Treasuring every sense that is awakened on
darkened days through life.

Designing patterns with relative ease,
following them spiritually down every open
avenue as we accrue our beings in earthly
time and reason.

Focusing always on exacting measures of desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasuring Tears

Spirits soaring, lifted by a bluened light of the Divine
and also by rhythms being listened to and writing poetry.

Holding onto images and memories, cherishing their love
through years of life.

Looking back, watching them with bittersweet tears, yet
treasuring them because they're a part of who I am and
have become in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treasury Of Innate Talent

Even in a crowded room, taking out music and pen to write,
feeling a total sense of euphoria as I begin writing from
an inner waterfall as it flows from soul to mind.

An explicit sense of purpose penetrating the solitude of
interior life within my mind, a total eclipse, turning
around, pressure soaring away, love filling me uncondition-
ally as I unite contemplatively.

Expressing feelings that are gathering, expecting extempo-
raneous powers of a mind, expanding ten-dimensionally in
an instant.

Holding onto sensations and perceptions falling steadily
without stopping - an energy perpetually forming, keeping
this mind turning and allowing poetry to be fulfilled within.

A beautiful treasury of innate talent helping me through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treat With Dignity

People are interesting, always doing what they like as
they grow older.
Being set in their ways, at times it's hard to get along
with them, yet we try our best.
Those with emotional and mental problems are the most
exhausting to our psyche, trying every approach that we
can think of, accepting them for who they are and what
they're like.
At times it drains us emotionally, but we continue
loving them unconditionally, hoping they'll fall in line
at least sometimes so we may have conversations and do
things with them.
Taking breaks from the stress of being with them, helps
us to recharge our batteries and take a step back.
On the whole, trying our best to respect them all and
treat them with the dignity that they deserve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Treated Respectively

Straightly moving forward into a future of believable fortune
coming into fruition.

A lively consideration for the utmost behavior of another
period of unsolicited testimony of unearthly questions.

Pushing ahead, not leaving anything behind, wanting only to
be treated in a manner of respect due me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trees Browsing

Tree tops staking their claims early at heaven's open gates,
balancing their roots and branches for lifetimes, eons, ages.

Gathering knowledge from the ground and atmosphere through
osmosis, tallying age with rings of circles, particularly
effective, although never having to get up or move about.

Just browse through life, allowing it to count them silently.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tremendous Feeling

Life seems to be made up of wants, needs and desires, we
are always wanting or needing something, how about giving?

Giving from your hearts and never counting the cost, just
listening to someone who needs to talk or wanting a friend
or companion.

Seeing a homeless person, stopping and spending time with
them, helping if you're able with something they may need,
putting aside your own needs for the time being.

Finding at times that the homeless person may in fact help
you also, talking of their experiences, teaching a lesson
you needed to hear.

A tremendous feeling will be given to this person, feeling
valued as a human being because they were allowed to give
from their own heart without counting the cost.
po

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tremors

Lifelong memories of heart-felt joy and pining
interrupt day dreams of daily routine with an
insistent tremor.
Taking life a step higher when dancing among
old images, sitting in latent darkness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trends

Exercising lungs and minds as music flows instrumentally
in tune with life's purpose, exacerbating it's truths and
bringing about imagination's trends in touching feelings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trespassers

Once again sitting amongst Prescott's pine trees,
line in the water, just feeding the fishes.

Gusting winds murmuring through tops of pines,
gently reminding us that we are trespassers in
mother nature's abode and to not vandalize it
in human unnatural ways.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trials' Edges

Testing mercurial temperaments,
watching them grow out of proportion,
touching edges of trials as life picks
up and leaves for other horizons beyond
what we can see and know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trials Of Being Human

Wandering wonderfully down many hallways of life, enjoying the scenery and acts of God in nature.
Maturing in ageless beauty, bringing an essence of love into my interior soul as I prayerfully continue down hallways of life, finding my way through trials of being human.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Triangular Meanings

Picturing views as I calmly settle in depths of
contemplation, watching orderly thoughts get my
attention with their intellectual tones,
leading me into triangles of many meanings.
Selecting the ones that fit the best and training
them into compositions as I clearly write them
on scores of musical chords and scales.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Triangular Views

Triangular views of life are narrow at best, either in the beginning or at the end.
All circular patterns traveling within spheres of life clamor for attention, wanting their share of the spotlight.
Stairways of development climb to heights of learning and experience, attracting people by situational circumstances.
Reality quivers now and then, shackled with tremendous responsibility, daring not to absent itself, yet finding it gives in to imagination and creativeness at times.
Picturesque, hauntingly beautiful, holding up to sunlight, many areas of illumination, snaring articulate aspects of living and sharing them for nature's bountiful purposes.
Lightened by forgiveness of aerated substances, the main creativeness of life always begins or ends at the point of a triangle - a narrowed view and expands from there in many large or small increments.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Triangulating Sonatas

Sliding, pulling tones out of the atmosphere, allowing
them to touch my mind with their astounding feelings
and pent up joy.

Wailing happily, triangulating sonatas and weaving them
solidly into verses of formulations, mathematically
falling into tomes of literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tribute To Innate Talent

Delving deeply into my mind, swimming through all the thoughts I've ever had, pushing and rearranging their pictures so I may create whatever I want.
Somewhere there's a place for my intellect to expand and uncontain itself - sololy, trying to walk or wade around and get new ideas to display on inner screens of thought.
Taking into consideration, the beauty of intelligent conversation going on in my mind around the clock.
Shocking brain cells into awakening, finding the words to do so is a puzzle I enjoy creating and continuously do so.
A pleasurable feeling fills me with an appreciation of all sorts of rhythms as they enclose and touch my soul.
Containing the essence of my imagination is a tribute to my innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tribute To Kurdish Women

Commanding the Kurds, especially the brave
women standing up for themselves and their
country, opposing evil persecuting them.

They have each and every one of them become
national and world heroes to every innocent
man, woman and child on this earth.

All of us looking up to, praising and honoring
each of them in this small tribute to their
courage, sacrifice, honor and bravery.

The world owes these Kurdish women a debt that
can never be repaid, they have made a huge
difference, changing the world one at a time.

American people salute and honor each of them
with a special place in our hearts, for forever
standing up to tyranny, protecting their country.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tribute To Our Service People

Giving tributes to all men and women serving the USA in
strengthened love of this country, protecting all who
live here.
Keeping watch, protecting and serving, letting their own
families sacrifice for everyone else.
Knowing the price to pay may be with their lives, yet
they give of it freely just to let us live in a patriotic
beauty of freedom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tribute To Tushar Ray

This life of mine has been darkened by Tushar's death,
there is no light anywhere to be seen.

A void, deep, unfathomable, leaving me feeling abandoned
and lonely without him forevermore.

Mysterious and full of sadness, mind thinking over every-
thing, being fulfilled by every moment spent together.

Talking, eating, joking, a lifetime of experiences all
tucked into the last ten months.

Alone or together, living the scientific dream of intellect
and spirituality through poetry and research.

A mere poet and the most brilliant scientist in the world,
what an image to see.

Two of us best and closest of friends ever, Tushar an older
brother to me, one that I'd always wanted and never had.

Blessed by the time we had here on earth, I'll never for-
get him, my heart aches with his death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tributes Of The Past

Tributes to accomplishments in years past, standing, collecting dust in layers,
awaiting the cleanliness
of a rag.

So intrepidly shaken, startled into reality, the
glass and shining gold, wish to be cuddled.

Put on display in sheets of glass, tables and shelves,
house myriad moments of the past.

Wantonly stationed in points of prominence, glittering
their once upon hopefulness and joy, now in silence
beyond many years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trifling Joy

Dreams continue to solve puzzles and give
solutions to everyday problems while asleep.
Wrapping life within your dreams, singling
out moments of trifling joy.
Adjusting senses to reinforce creative arts
within your grasp, writing them down in
momentary stances, showing them to all the
world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Triggering Displacement

Distance and spaces fill the empty sadness, triggering displacement in my every day life.
Changing times never changing my interior sadness, no matter what crosses my vision at any time.
Incalcuable thoughts, caressing my heart as it cries out for your love, wishing the ocean's tides will reunite us once again.
Pounding waves reminding me that you are no longer here, but waving to me from afar.
Distance and spaces filling empty sadness as they trigger displacement in my life every day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Triggering Emotions

Watching intently, hoping to see the music I
hear so I can put it in poetry for all to see.
Finding that experiments are living in me still,
giving access to all things impossible.
Silence triggering heart-felt emotions, leaving
me solace as I continue to write and let every-
one see my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Triggering Energy

Mind opened, channeled somehow, not wanting to close any-
thing off, bringing desires of poetical insistence into
the pen I'm writing with.

Getting to know the purpose of life even more each day,
touching upon it with a mystical and intense feeling, a
bluened light filling my mind so thoroughly.

Spreading it's peace throughout my being, triggering the
energy of my inner spirit, a total eclipse of my mind,
sending me through wave lengths in the atmosphere.

Soaring with their life into the heaven of serenity that
remains mine whenever needed through the difficulties of
this very temporary life of living and loss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Triggering Responses

Ideas penetrating ideals of imaginary depths,
altering moments of innate talent, registering
it alongside sights of illusion.
Tricks of subconscious realms delve intensely
into our realities as we watch them trigger
responses to our environment.

(8: 01 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Triggering Rhythms

Enjoying music, forgetting everything else while writing
poetry, letting my mind wander around within thoughts
as rhythms are triggering the flow of an interior water-
fall.

Putting me immediately into a bluened atmosphere of con-
templation, losing self amidst the Divine, always feeling
peaceful, soothing serenity taking me soaring into other
dimensions.

There intellect develops, creates and forms the poetry
that I write, an interior life grasping innate knowledge
and wisdom.

Absorbing it's brilliant intensity as rhythms continue
to run through my mind freely, taking me through many
interior universes within intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Triggering Sparks

Quiet, silently sitting in a corner, alone with thoughts
while listening to classical Indian music.

Rapping rapidly, rising into this mind with a flamboyant
rhythm, taking me soaring towards another dimension,
holding onto a conscious feeling of intense melody.

Sun blazing into the room, lighting my mind and triggering
sparks of intellect to write from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trilogy Of Literature

A spirituality of serenity and peaceful domain,
sparking a trilogy of literature, beginning a
new era of knowledge set in poetical form.
An exchange of ideals, values, morals in precise
order, awaiting someone to bring them out and
pick them up on the nib of a pen.
Finding without a pause in any form, the wonder
and creativeness from God.53175

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trio Of Paintings

Flowers hanging on a wall, situated in a trio of small
paintings, beckoning to be written in a poem.
Tantalizing my mind with their imagined scents, leaves
reaching out to touch me, hoping to also be mentioned
briefly at least.
Altogether, giving them their wishes in this little
poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trip Through Rome

Beautiful waltz taking us all on a trip through Rome.
Exciting tones of romance, sifting through the melody,
giving pleasant rhythms room to breathe in syncopation.
Variations falling upon my ears as I listen and compare
my very own compositions through innate talent and
positive attitudes in life as I traverse through it's
myriad trials and sufferings, keeping ahead of every
diverse situation and meeting them head on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Triple Pleasure

Lively memories singing in the night, tantalizing my
mind with many images of long ago.
Bringing so much talent to the forefront, as I sit
watching it perform, I am amazed at it's fortitude
and solemn concentration.
Nothing like it found outside of me, so it's a
triple pleasure every time I go within and contemplate
it.

(10: 33 a.m. - 11/19/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tripping

Bluing trumpet, playing melodies of yesterday,
slow and steady like the passing of time.
Intense steps, floating to the music and
tripping to the light fantastic in memories.
Waltzing lightly in agile movements, keeping
time with the music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tripping Across Time

Coming to crossroads in life, passing through time, taking journeys through space, fulfilling dreams in dimensions of rhythm playing in this interior being of spirituality.

Supporting and touching beauty in nature and every day living, tripping across measures of time, remaining free and independent, soliloquys filling my heart with penetrating serenity.

Reaching out to other rhythms as I see them coming before sight, lighting interior beauty of the Divine as it also takes me sublimely into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tripping Heart

Satin tears, flowing everlastingly down my face,
full of sadness in grief.

Tonight, settling into a reverie of memorable
thoughts, jettisoning me into depths of blackened
nights.

Hiding beneath the stars of midnight, awaiting
comments from another dimension.

Knowing the lengths and widths of time until
morning, hiding deeper into an abyss of mourning,
that just won't let me go, no matter what I do in
my mind.

Heart tripping over itself, blinded by tears,
flowing like satin down my face this night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tripping Silence

Wending ways down lanes of pastimes,
listening to a calm silence, tripping
through my mind.

Sensing feelings being jumbled like
clothes in a dryer, watching as they
are tossed around constantly.

Not letting any of them touch my heart
right now, just observing their
characters and essences, until I tire
of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tripping Through Time

Tripping through time, waking to a new day, hoping mourning will not enter into it today, wanting to enjoy a time of happiness without sorrow.

Wondering if it's too much to ask for, thinking of the past with all it's grief and loss standing by the wayside, looking forlorn, waiting to be recognized and felt once again.

Tears sprinkling with tenderness, spreading feelings across mind and heart, being absorbed by intellect so they can all be written into poetry.

Welcoming every thought, feeling, sensation with anticipation while continuing to write from morning until night and beyond the horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Troubled Reflections

Wind rippling across the lake, creating sparkling beauty
and diamond treasures that can never be held or worn.
Blue skies carrying white cumulus clouds across the water,
trying to see themselves in troubled reflections.
Leaves fluttering in the breeze, adjusting themselves
against the trees they're sitting on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

True Americans

Thinking now of our Veterans, how much they sacrifice for so many strangers they will never meet, yet, they continue to put their lives on the line for each of us.

Protecting us from enemies both foreign and domestic, each of them an American Hero in our books of life, honoring each and praising them for all the good they do in our lives each day.

Grateful to them one and all, our Veterans, gotta love them for they are each true Americans keeping us safe in our nation and never thinking of themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

True Americans Listening

America shining forth in all her glory for we have found true Americans - politicians who are listening to We the People.

They are actually going to give us back our country, by letting us run it ourselves once again, taking away all the corrupt people running the U.S. until now.

Listening to Donald Trump tell it like it is, truth being told, no more lies being fed to the American people, although we saw through them all anyway.

Last night, going to see Ben Carson and hearing many of the answers we've been waiting for to turn our country around, two true Americans we can be proud of.

Back onto the road of freedom and bravery, our military rising once again against tyranny here among us, caused by the muslim, jihadd, make-believe president, obama.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

True Beliefs

Join together, make a team of reliable people
to take on the world and change it's attitude
towards the U.S.
Bring out popular beliefs and spread them around -
our true values are about family and God -
contrary to other nation's beliefs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

True Friendship

Talking to a friend, not hiding anything from him, caring and loving, holding each other closely in our hearts, even though miles apart, never having met before.

Seeing his smiling eyes, his handsome face and enjoying his jovial laugh along with the twinkle in his two mischievous eyes.

Friends forever while here on earth, never tiring of each other, enjoying the moments we are together talking about everything under the sun and beyond.

Never looking the other way, totally honest and loving always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

True Leaders

Basking in twilight, knowledge sits back and watches itself
multiply in other's lives.

Content for a while, rehearsing what others learn from it's
ancient past, amusing itself at it's own expense.

Traversing through centuries in minds of many intellectuals,
passing itself on from generation to generation.

Leading the way in many outspoken interests, hiding today in
farthest backgrounds when morals and religion are touched upon.

There are a few who are not afraid of the fear others have
instilled and these few alone are in the forefront, standing as
true leaders in the morass of today's dehumanization.

In relation to people on earth today, how can these few leaders
reach many who need to hear what they have to say without being
silenced?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

True Path

Reading through the years, gaining knowledge, yet books cannot give you wisdom, that is gained only through the experiences of life, both good and bad.

Learning from other people's mistakes, not wanting to make the same ones myself, that's where wisdom finds a place to live and grow.

Being nourished by the intellect of passion, desire and wants, all of it bringing something to the table in the extraordinary ways God has of telling us how to find the true path to enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

True To Life

Another dawn has risen over life, this day is new, it has
just begun.

Thoughts banter by themselves, afraid to sit for any length
of time.

This brand new year has already given a taste of what is to
come.

Just a few moments ago, a superficial malignancy was removed,
tissue samples sent to a lab.

This is a horrible real life poem and I choose not to write
of it anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Truly Inspiring Thought

Sliding across the desert in a dream world, looking
at scenery, feeling it's arid intensity touching all
senses.

Tantalizing and lifting me spiritually into realms
beyond this world and it's materialistic things.

Finding comfort in thinking of God, yet when thinking
of evil it is so discomforting.

Believing in God, knowing that He is now uniting his
people to conquer the evil in this world.

People everywhere are standing up to it because they
know God is standing with them all.

Believing that when God is with you no one can be
against you, a truly inspiring thought.

Pressing us on through these despotic governments and
their corruption, walking through it all, eyes on God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trump At The Helm

Righting wrongs in this world one at a time all along, now
we have a force in Donald Trump who has taken up the call
and is a major strength behind We the people.

Giving not a damn about political correctness, just telling
the truth that we all know and have been thinking all along,
now Trump has awakened the sleeping tiger, the Silent Majority.

Nothing can save the liberals, democrats, elitists and greedy
corrupt politicians in our white House and government, God is
definitely blessing us with Donald Trump at our helm.

We are destined to make America great once again, and we will
defeat isis, muslims and all evil in the U.S.A. and the entire
world purposely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trump Filling The U.S.A. With Hope

Changes flowing into the future, filling the U.S.A. with
hope, President Trump locating problems, fixing them with
lightening quick solutions.

Democrats trying at every turn to barricade or limit him
yet, We the People are totally supporting him with every-
thing in our power.

Noticing service from the White House to all Americans,
looking forward as President Trump takes the lead in every
respect, taking us all into the future with him.

Doing away with all the nay-sayers and traitors, finding
and booting them all out the door, giving us a breather
in order to find the best way.

Participating as a nation, voluntarily and precisely stating
what we want very concisely without any hesitation whatsoever
to our President and he actually listens to us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trump For The U.S.A.

Standing behind the U.S.A., going against Obama and the U.N., globalists be damned! Never going to be a part of a one world order filled with corrupt politicians already in office and pushing for this horrendous dictatorship.

Nothing will ever get American's to fall for their lies and illusions, they want sharia law and the quran, putting us all in dark barbaric ages so they have control over us.

If you think this isn't happening, you are the world's ignorant for sure, even young people in India are praying to their God's and Goddesses for Donald Trump to be President.

As well as people all over the world, different countries, wanting to see Donald Trump as our new President of the United States of America.

U.S.A. is a beacon to everyone across the board, for liberty and freedom, if we let Hillary and Obama continue their agendas we will no longer be the U.S.A. that we all know and love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trump Movement

Loving being part of the Trump movement, moving forward,
it's never going to slow down, always full speed ahead,
delivering speeches from the heart.

Making sense to all people in this world, other countries
wanting to embrace him because of his honesty and plain
straight talk, saying what all of us on earth believe.

Staring towards the stage, American flags everywhere, people
shouting, 'Trump, Trump, Trump, ' fever-pitch excitement,
taking us all into our American spirits once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Truncating Senses

Colors popping out all around, delivering the essence
of nature to my mind through intellect.

Watching them carefully, following their hues into
rhythms, slipping and sliding into caverns and ravines.

Spreading their beauty over everything, rainbows arching
their backs overhead, dripping colors everywhere.

Spilling aspects and facets of the rainbow across the
surface of the earth.

Truncating all senses, letting them open and enter the
perfect images of visions that are now being seen
through intellect and imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trust And Caring On A Voyage

Restlessly moving quietly through intellect, touching upon mystical qualities of an interior spiritual life, loving meant for we two my love.

Your love a single blessing that quickens this heart, stirs my soul and replants the seeds of faith and hope in one another once again.

Trust and caring taking us both on a voyage through this life, loving you is an experience that I can never get enough of.

Wanting it to be ever-lasting, never-ending, always, my love not ever wanting to live without you, going to the ends of earth and back with you only by my side.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trusting And Loyal

Tackling tasks daily, needing to keep up with life as it
flies in it's own time and way, taking notice of every-
thing as colors flow.

Changing and rearranging ideas, combining them with innate
purposes all through life and beyond, trusting and loyal,
to the destiny that has been created for me alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trusting In Innate Talent

Cavorting through melodies, having fun playing with notes and chords, soaring through measures of rhythms, having the time of my life composing poetry and music.

Going deeply within this being, taking nothing, trusting in the innate talent that God has given, using it in the purpose of life while living here on earth.

Enjoying it immensely and continuing to incessantly write, compose and paint from memory, a photographic memory that never quits.

It just keeps on feeding imagination and reality with many thoughts, ideas and concepts of life, humanity and nature here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trusting In Self

Sailing away on a sea of waves, rising and falling,
taking me on a journey of life that leaves me with
no explanations or solutions.

Reaching for the stars, hoping to find my way through
the heavens, giving self feelings of strength and con-
fidence.

Trusting and not worrying about how things sound, just
keeping to myself, finding ways to climb out of this
atmosphere on my own path.

Loving the natural beauty coming to me through patterns
and designs of nature as they are collected into the
center of my lonely life.

Taking things into the light, figuring out the positive
and negative angles of what is happening interiorly, not
able to single out just one thing in this life.

Searching only for the opportunities to satisfy curiosity
without upsetting anything that keeps a light burning
brightly within the darkness of another time.

As patterns change, readjust and are mirrored in the midst
of some other dimension, alone and forlorn, they are yet
standing strong without stepping into another sphere.

Without taking notice of what is already here to be seen
and dealt with on a desert plain of life, sailing away on
a sea of waves, taking me on a journey of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trusting In What I Know

Feeling like a prisoner at times, people not thinking I can
do everything for different reasons, thinking I should rest.

That's not what I want to do, the world is out there and I
want to be in and see every part of it.

Carefully, I always go, curiosity taking me out beyond what
others think or say.

Finding beauty and answers sometimes when doing what I want,
going alone in spite of the opinions of others.

Keeping self free in this way, leaving all their doubts by
the wayside and trusting in what I know intuitively.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trusting Possibilities

Truthfully, being sent into avenues of discovery, as I
climb walls of interior canyons.

Trusting in possibilities that all will eventually be
understood in realms of honesty and pure innocence
while still here on earth, watching and waiting for
the exact time of a new birth and beginning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Truth In Fact

Disparaging thoughts crawl into my mind, trying to
take up residence, making me think forlornly that
I've been forsaken.

Knowing, yet not knowing, whether or not to trust
you, scars my heart with it's doubts.

Wanting to let go and come into your arms freely
and of my own free will.

It would be so wonderful to be wrapped within your
loving arms, it's where I know I belong.

Longing for you, desires rising higher every time
we meet, barely able to contain myself.

Emotions holding me within their grasp, elated, then
saddened by tears, not knowing what to feel anymore.

Confusion, then surety vacillating constantly within
my mind and intellect, how will I know for sure?

Only one way I know is if you do as you've said you
wanted, 'I want you and I'll have you', coming for me.

If you come then I will have the truth, it will be in
the fact that you have actually come for me at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Truth Of Humanity

Loving peaceful feelings, filling intellect with spirituality,
touching this soul so intrinsically and delicately with emotions
of life.

Finding trust, love, caring and compassion, creating an uncon-
ditional love for everyone met or talked with, whether strangers,
friends or nature.

Testing the truth of our humanity throughout life, walking path-
ways of beautiful, solitary dimensions arriving on shores of an-
other universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Truth Of Life Today

Running exhaustingly into darkened clouds of yesterday's memories, writing and shining the beauty of thought out upon many pages of daily life.

Introverted and shy, timid to a fault, yet here on paper, fulfilling promises of every question and answer that needs to be expressed in poetical forms being shown to the world.

Unafraid to express injustice, focusing bright lights onto the evil being perpetrated by those filled with greed, envy, and endless thoughts of perversion and killing on their minds.

Placing it all onto the pages of poetry where every one can see the truth of our lives in the world today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Truth Of Promises

Regular heartbeats, beating incessantly in the back-
ground of yesterday's love.
Founding the basis for generations to come, holding
onto truth of promises for an eternity.
Placing themselves in sections of forests to lie in
imagination's arms, no worries about what will
happen in the future when love opens up and blossoms,
falling eventually onto paths of death's insistence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Truthful Aspects

Worthiness comes from deep experiences in life, ones
where we are totally in touch with self.

Realizing through honest and truthful aspects how we
are worthy of all promises from heaven's realms.

Thinking that we are at times, but when going within
an interior life, finding ashamedly that we are not
in fact worthy.

Knowing that God's mercy and goodness will alone save
each and every one of us if we believe in Him while
we live our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Truthful Passages Of Life

Rolling along pathways into truthful passages of life,
never fading or switching to the other side where lies
and their illusions are hidden in the shadows.

Ready to pounce on unsuspecting and innocent people
throughout this life, taking steps to always prevent
others from being hurt.

Truthful and honest in every way, even when the truth
would hurt, if doing so, telling it with a compassion
and love from my heart only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Truths No Longer Heard

Pyramids rising into the atmosphere, marking the place
of an ancient civilization, that once thrived and lived
vibrantly.

Now tourists file through, buying gifts and things, pay-
ing for modern day things depicting what once used to go
on and be, back in days of old.

Truths no longer able to be heard for the centuries have
covered them with many lies and illusions of people who
have no idea what happened or what caused them to disappear
in history.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Truths Of History

Looking out over the sparse crowd here in Mesa, seeing
blacks, whites, Hispanics, all nationalities being rep-
resented together.

All wanting to heal this racial wound between Blacks and
Whites once and for all, excellent speakers, their words
coming straight from their hearts.

Speaking only truths of history from Abraham Lincoln and
the Fourteenth Amendment, reading the Declaration of In-
dependence, Bill of Rights Preamble to the Constitution.

Establishing the truths of this great nation where young
white Republicans,740,000 of them fought the only war in
the history of the world for people.

Freeing Black Chattel slaves and ending slavery for all
of them, yet today segregation and discrimination still
prevail even now 100 years later.

It is an appalling mark against Americans everywhere, all
men are created equal and 740,000 young white Republican
men fought and died for this to happen, ending slavery.

Based on the Fourteenth Amendment which specifically stat-
ed that all Chattel slaves were free and citizens of the
U.S.A. their children who were born here were now free.

They were deemed natural born citizens of America from
that day forward with all rights and privileges therein,
Democrats want to continue telling their lies however.

Placing their illusions in front of the American people,
specifically American voters and Blacks to get their
votes in order to keep Black communities forever down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Truths Of Life

Sauntering quietly through rose gardens of lovely bouquets and truths of life,
held silently in a mind of factual reprieves.
Left open to all who can keep their thoughts enlightened by wisdom's honesty.
Beguiling eyes watching from beyond shores of life, keeping track of moments
given whole-heartedly from the soul.
Taking time to provide plenty of enticement and beautiful images to be taken
onto another plain not far from heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Truths Of Living

Windows of reflection peering from past to present, escaping
detection, avoiding tears of experience we all must bear.
Hiding searchingly throughout eons of life, while penetrating
excuses to live amongst us - not thought consciously of.
Flowing ribbons extending beyond graves of ineptitude, sorrowfully
placating ungracious attitudes of lost foreboding.
Accounts of single reveries betray our souls in their search for
solitary meanings.
Sensing promises of pain and sadness when first born, we all cry
and bemoan our fate from the start while continually growing -
learning to adapt to our environments.
Truths of living are desecrated on deserts filled with lifeblood
of hopelessness and disdain.
Contemptuously avoiding difficulties and hardships, we all try to
hide away in caverns of our own making and choosing.
Silently, wonder eats away at our curiosity, lying idly in wakes of
doom and their unhealthy charity.
Sacredly dreaming of purpose and beauty, secure in knowledge that
none of us are perfect, we languish unhurriedly in life; knowing
we have only a very short time to fulfill our span of time on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Try Reaching Out

Clocks ticking away time, minds lying in bed, filled with
confusion of loss, not able to understand why it happens.

Deepening depressions sucking them in, life filled with
sorrow, drowning in tears of sadness.

Nothing able to penetrate a mind dying in grief, a lone
and solitary journey each of us will eventually be making.

Reaching out, touching those who are going through this
difficult time, just BEing there for them.

You may be their only connection to the reality of their
lives for a while.

Give your heart, have patience and don't give up on them,
they will come to feel your support and love.

Appreciating the fact that someone actually felt love and
compassion for them in spite of the deep darkness they have
been going through.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trying On Feelings

Figuratively walking into depths of imagination, trying on
all types of feelings to see which one will best suit what
is being written now.

Blending all sources coming from subconsciousness and it's
separate intellect, giving many novel ideas to take care of
our world.

Slipping and sliding across icy surfaces, enjoying feelings
of no control for seconds at a time.

Really having a new creation being made within, seeing how
it fits in with the totality of what is being written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trying To Awaken

Tossing and turning in a morning slumber, trying to wake
up from nighttime dreams left over from last night.

Watching their pictures as I lie here in bed, going over
each one in my mind, evaluating and attempting to under-
stand what they mean, if anything in reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trying To Bring Sense

Whiling away tons of sentences,
trying to bring some sense to living.

Never really finding anything lasting
to hold onto for future use in diverse
circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trying To Center

Holding all the pain and hurt inside, trying hard not to
cry, trying to be brave.

Centering on individual leaves and other tiny bits of life,
attempting to desperately hold on to any part of it.

Everything seems to be falling apart, nothing makes much
sense anymore, everything is being taken from me, even my
life.

Am I supposed to put up a good fight, and die anyway? Tell
me, what do I hope for? What do I have faith for, if only
to have it and die.

There is no more meaning, all has been taken, I give every-
thing away gladly, hoping maybe something will be forthcoming,
maybe something good.

Life stands behind me now, it has been lived, anything more
will be with God's blessing as I wait patiently for His
decision.

Loving Him, seeking Him, living each bit of new life as it
comes to me, just from Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trying To Control Time

Borne into sadness, a life turning in every direction,
attempting to find a way through.

Frustrated with false lives and loves given from others,
trying to take control of time, yet wasting it.

Today, lights shine brilliantly, illuminating every
thought, growing ever stronger with every passing image
and idea.

Flames burning brightly, lit by candles of my soul in
poetical interludes.

Possibilities around every corner, taking me into realms
of many other dimensions, hoping to remain there forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trying To Figure Out Death

What is this world about, does anyone really know,
all we seem to have are guesses, theories, dreams
and opinions.

Why can't we have more grounded answers to help us
find our way through it, separating everything into
spheres of our brains.

Trying to figure out the one single factor that will
cure death in our lifetimes so we never have to feel
the loss of loved ones or our lives devastated by it.

What is the common denominator of every death that
has ever happened, once that is known there will never
be death again on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trying To Figure Out This Mind

Traveling solo pathways through areas of my brain,
trying to figure out how it works creatively and
logically at the exact same time.

Through music and rhythms, innate qualities that
were within me at the time of conception, an anomaly
of sorts here on earth.

Simple, yet complex when delving into it purposely
by a scientist, a bio chemist who's now studying me,
wanting to know more about this mere poet's mind.

Feeling it relevant to all of mankind because of
the intense energy that intellect gives at all times
within my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trying To Find Goodness

In America all of us have gotten along fine, living together
side by side, there have been factions where a few people
have caused some problems, but for the most part we've gotten
along fine.

Now muslims have come to our country, demanding inappropriate
things from us, trying to take away our liberties and free-
dom with their selfish self-indulgence.

Trying hard to find goodness hiding within them, almost
making it, then they open their mouths and ruin it all with
their hypocritical opinions.

Still looking somewhat for some good in them, yet seeing only
mean-spirited, intolerant, selfish beings hiding beneath the
folds of material they hide within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trying To Make It

Wandering and exercising beliefs of life, undergoing
many changes through years past.

Too much opinion and not enough compromise, because
of an innocent immaturity, showing itself outright
for everyone to see and hopefully understand.

Not enough love and caring, never any understanding,
just trying to make it through life on sheer will power
and nothing much else.

Hoping for the best in life, but living in poverty all
the time, yet sure as the sun comes up in the east,
knowing that eventually I will come into my own in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trying To Make It Real

Reasoning and principles have differing thoughts on every-
thing in this life.

Trying to make it real, yet at times it doesn't reach into
that dimension of reality.

Precious and beautiful, life has so many delicate perspec-
tives and avenues that one can follow.

Finding the right one that fits your style may take a
while, but will be worth it in the end, an intense and
effective facet towards a particle of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trying To Overcome Obstacles

Approaching daylight with my soul opened and receptive to the mysteries of nighttime dreams.
Containing all the words of feeling emotions in one heart of a being, left alone on earth's shores.
Walking slowly, kicking at the rocks along the way, trying to overcome all the obstacles of a lifetime in seconds of a moment's time on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trying To Preserve Equality

Quietly surmising many facets of life today, seeing injustice
as it tries to hide it's prejudice and hate for others.

Not wanting it to take over the usefulness of our goodness as
a whole here on earth.

Trying to preserve the equality of all people and not just a
few who think they are better than everyone else on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trying To Preserve History

Through the centuries many scrolls have been written
on parchment and even tree bark.

Trying to preserve the history of a people for the
future.

Treasures that can never be replaced once they are
destroyed, except in photographic memories.

Certain individuals and poets who preciously keep
everything safely tucked away in myriads of poems
throughout our history.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trying To Reach The Light

Traveling in the darkness, feeling my way through, hoping for the best.

Listening to many sounds along the way, able to identify most all of them.

Just a few are too distantly quiet, forging my way through, trying to reach the light up ahead around the corner.

Hoping it's there to guide and enlighten intellect as it opens like a blossom to the effects of knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trying To Recover

Recovering from all the surgeries I've had lately,
at times wanting to give up, not able to work
things out right now.
Feeling that I'm in a trap where I can't stop being
handled like some sort of animal.
It's devastating and can be demeaning at times, yet
no one understands what I'm going through.
Some days, I just can't go on, can't give up and
become frustrated to the max.
Losing serenity as I can't do things on my own
right now.
It's very discouraging to be this way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trying To Remember

Remembering faces, attempting to put names to them,
wondering where we met - the circumstances.

Talking, mentioning places we frequent or have in
the past - still coming to no conclusions on where
or how we met and knew one another.

Apparently we'll put it to rest for now, maybe later
it will come to mind when we're no longer thinking
of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trying To Socialize

Riding into rhythms of an evening with friends, trying hard to socialize, but I just have to continue writing.
Because my mind keeps on thinking and putting picturesque pictures on screens in lieu of words, expecting me to interpret everything I see in details so I can portray them in poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Trying To Understand

Sounding off, letting the world see truths lying
behind lies that are being told everywhere.

Wishing for everyone, no matter where they are,
to stand up to evil being perpetrated on us all.

Trying to understand the deceit going on, wanting
to know why these few people are destroying what
is great about America.

The only thing coming to mind is their jealousy,
greed and selfishness, nothing more to any of it,
seemingly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tucked Memories

Olden ages of yesterday creep around
outskirts of my mind, taking in their
environment, coping with particles of
grief past.
Living out phases of life with memories
tucked neatly inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tuesday Watching

Tuesday, filled with quiet anticipation, rests upon
shoulders, watching as writing and reading poetry
begins.

Leaving nothing to the reality of our world, instead,
traveling on carousels of perusal within imagination's
vast lands, seen by a mind of wonder and amazement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tug Of War

Branches hanging down overhead as Tory plays his guitar purely and delectably, a sense of peace surrounding this mind as he fingers notes, taking my mind into a fantasyland.

Beautiful renditions in starlight, twinkling in my mind so enticingly and clearly, voices singing in angelic tones, giving me pleasure.

Stirring up other dimensions hidden within my soul, a tug of war going on beneath the surface, loving the savory aromas as they fly into the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tugging Heartstrings

Remembering all the feelings that songs bring to mind,
giving your heartstrings tugs in all directions,
reminding us of the beautiful times we used to have.
Saddened now, because things just aren't the same,
and we leave tears in our lives, wishing it was like
before.

(11: 23 a.m. - 11/20/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tulips

Tulips pulling at my mind, their colors fragrantly
aligned with nature.

Solitary figures, gathered in gardens of flowers,
made whole by the many others.

No scars to mar their beauty, no hands to fight,
no words to spite or stab someone in the back.

Just tulips, gathered in lines of colorful abundance
portraying the natural wonder of God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tumbleweed Thoughts

Mind aglitter, brightly interjecting thoughts, ideas, concepts,
melding them together with abstracts coming into mind, intellect
taking and making their essence become reflections of this mere
poet's creative thought process.

Totally enjoying every particle being created within intellect
combined with my spirit's spirituality, keeping time with an
incessant pace of rhythms.

Continuing to surround my mind so vividly, lively and vibrantly,
tumbling like a tumble weed flowing with the wind, going in what-ever direction
the wind blows, finding home wherever they happen to stop.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tune Of Life's Death

Racing forward to the tune of life's death, capturing it's
essence in each and every breath.

Caught between sanctimonious whims of another and my own,
head bowed, mind lying on another dimension, no longer
heard on earth.

Forlornly aching within to the tunes and notes of sorrow
caught on wings of a forgotten prayer.

Alive, attuned to the nature of inner peace, carrying on
only because it is kept churning by a force greater than
myself.

Whenever embracing a solo philosophy of inner weeping,
finding self stranded on an island of deepest regret.

Functioning on no level, save that of some quiet solemn
remote control, operated by a higher power than myself.

An isolated sense of life, beating within, unwilling to
give in and die, even though I wish it so often.

Breaking open the eggshell of thought by life's vibrations
on the run, causing disheveled portions of sunlight and
happiness to end.

Stranded alone in this thought process, no exits, no
examples of what is to be done.

How can prospects be ascertained in the wake of thoughtful
death, steps of thoughtless deeds in life?

Where can this racing forward to the tune of life's death
lead me except to my end?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tunes Of Reality

Twinkling movements of fingers, playing piano as
writing comes pouring out all over this page with
selective ink.
Being blinded by the brilliant light shining within,
showing me the way to go.
Being aboveboard with all aspects, hurrying into my
pathway, sight blinded at times with genuine equality,
in tunes of reality as they fall heavily upon my mind,
nothing standing in the way of enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tuning Ego

Racing up and down a piano keyboard in imagination,
soaring into rhythms of melodies, sanctioning their
blessings this side of heaven.

Searching an interior world for designs and patterns
of desires as they build higher in the ego of my heart,
looking for moments when they may take over and wreck
havoc inside for a while.

Never letting them have free rein for very long, keeping
ego tuned so as not to get out of hand, always wanting
to remain the mere poet that I am and have become on this
earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tuning In Visions

Rattling cobwebs, causing them to rip and tear
themselves down.
Keenly swerving, tuning in to visions hidden
far too long is dusty, dark corners of my mind.

(8: 46 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tuning Out

Words being spoken aloud, falling flat upon my ears,
tuning out the voice, but recognizing the sounds of
rhythm as they sooth over the offending pitch - off-
key - that someone's attempting to sing aloud.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tunnel Expressions

Swaggering gently in arms of one another,
music touching hearts in unison.
Lovely signatures written in heaven as
life continues into forward motion, taking
us all along into tunnels of expression.

(3: 18 p.m. - 10/28/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tunnel Of Existence

Keeping up with tempos being played, rising and falling in the darkness, finding beauty that illuminates every corner I look into.

Peering forward into visions of the future where life hides at times, reaching into it's shadows, defining every aspect as I walk straight into the tunnel of my existence.

Unafraid, never doubting, just craving the words of poetry that I must write constantly while living, defining the very meaning of this life through every line, sentence and word, attaching and attuning each one to a coded rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tunnel Of Fear

Living in a tunnel of fear, mind twisting away in lonely
solitude, afraid to move forward.
Knowing, prayerfully being held with a faith not felt at
this moment, yet believed by a doubtful mind.
A conclave of desires hiding within, placing trust in God
above, because there is no one else who can be relied on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tunnel Of Nothing

Riding around town has left me feeling lost and down tonight.
Usually, it helps pick me up and makes things better.
What is wrong? What is different about this dark and lonely night?
It isn't a lack of love or anything like that - just an emptiness inside that can't be quenched.
Why tonight?
Will this cold numb feeling ever go away again?
How much longer can I go on driving - looking for the thing that will fill me up again?
Losing someone you love is the worst thing to happen in this world - it's the bottom of the barrel, where life has stopped caring about everything, but a loved one's lost life.
There's no happiness or joy. No one to comfort or ease the pain.
Just a long tunnel of nothing, nothing evermore.
No love left in life to give to some one who once was loved and now has died.
What sort of meaning can anyone get from it?
I know of none, because a loved one has died and I can find no reasoning for it to have happened like this.
How can I go on without my life being whole ever again? Can anyone tell me?
Can anyone make some sense of all this death? No one can.
Alone, I suffer through this thing on my own with some love waiting on the sidelines, trying it's best to cheer me on to the beat of the rest of my life.
Yet, I am still alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tunnel Of Sleep

Tiredness surrounding me in a tunnel of sleep,
holding me closely in dreams of the future.
Running down into the edges of fire and brimstone,
just to see what was there and how hot it might be.
Being close enough not to be burned, I escaped and
came back to reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tunnel Of Spirituality

Incantations coming from other dimensions, touching my mind
with their heavenly scents, abiding in a tunnel of spirit-
uality.

Bluened light surrounding and filling me intensely, looking
within at fields of flowers, blooming in all colors of the
rainbow.

Their essence and effervescence filling the atmosphere, im-
possibilities taking their beauty and transporting it into
my being.

There it blends with my innate nature and intellect, grasp-
ing my soul, touching it's spirit, making me whole so I may
continue to love and serve God while I am able.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tunnels Of Advanced Thought

Watching nature unfold it's beautiful essence before
my sight giving an alluring prospect to write about.

Inviting and prolific, taking one into depths of being
where all thought is generated and falls into intellect.

Subconsciousness opening it's doors, leading down tunnels
of advanced thought and miraculous ideas, shining forth
like stars fallen from heaven.

Nothing standing in the way, pleasure coming into the
equation, fulfilling every desire of curiosity contained
herein.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tunnels Of Awakening

Through windows of life, I see sorrow, sadness, emptiness.
All of them leading towards loneliness, no where else to
go, too many tears to carry along the roads of life.
As I quietly walk into the tunnels of awakening, I see
shadows coming forward.
Sending me down corridors off to the side, awaiting there,
are shadows of feeling, persisting in being felt and
expressed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tunnels Of Energy

Conditioning of music's rhythms leading me into tunnels of energy, living in a deep contemplation where everything's bound together in an energetic section of prose.

A fantastic amount of melodies being played so divinely, rhythms kicking up their heels, every idea joyously waiting to be exercised.

Tantalized into poetry journals, effervescent and curious, always ready with many questions that cannot wait, having to be answered immediately.

Nothing else will do, rhythms continuing to play and ply this mind with their exquisite and vibrant ideas throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tunnels Of Existence

Silent sight, looking into a morning sunrise, hoping to find answers that I want.

Totally eclipsing life, finding that none of the questions have been answered, sitting here writing, disappointed in the results once again.

Living is one large failure at giving you what you want in life, yet we continue living and hopelessly looking forward to it anyway.

Such a mire of events happening, wracking our minds with lasting causes of anticipation being non-existent.

Wholly and sincerely being so devastated, being kept waiting incessantly and drying tears constantly with no new paths open to us.

Resigning selves to the inevitability of this unending pain and strife, leaving our senses behind, going our way into eternal blinding tunnels of an everyday existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tunnels Of Landmarks

Foisting a measure of poetical talent onto musical intuition, sensing the interior beauty of life.
Watching echoes reverberate through canyons of my soul.

Entering the tunnels of landmarks situated in my mind, awakening tender ideas, sleeping there among the notes of inner despair.

Touching any number of elevated tones, reaching in and gathering much more than anyone can see.

Fulfilling desires and wishes of inner content, watching them envelope my being with ever watchful mysteries, sating the entire pool of tears holding me in a prison cell of yesterday's abuse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tunnels Of Light

Suggestions abounding, flowing throughout this avenue
of elaborate designs, checking on vibrations of coded
rhythms.

Lifting and soaring spirits into heavens of another
universe held within my being, tantalizing and forging
ideas absolutely into tunnels of light and sound.

Watching with every sense that is focused entirely onto
inner photographic screens, battling effects of life
through turmoil and suffering.

Wondering, touching edges of harmony, giving a gigantic
supply of savory tastes of interior textures, wanting to
take self quietly into farthest reaches of an inner
spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tunnels Of My Mind

Settling into realms of chance, not intruding in another's place, finding only exciting ways to be isolated and alone.
Traveling down lanes of yesterday, walking away with sensory perceptions of a lifetime.
Entering tunnels of my mind, excavating only partial sections where I cannot be hurt.
Socially abandoning every corner of life without causing any alarm.
Founding particles atomically shooting through the beautiful night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tunnels Of Perfection

Living in tunnels of perfection, preferring independent
styles of everything.
Searching for finer rays that will fit just right into remainders of daylight.
Feeling loneliness settle in, cuddling like a kitten,
making itself at home in darkening corners of perfection.
Crossing over tunnels, entering them later on, wanting
to find errors in place so a ceramic face may be broken
with faults sometime.
No more a clay-hardened person, waiting to fall apart
at any given moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tunnels Of Remembrance

Listening to old tunes on a piano,
reminiscing about yesterday's events.

Taking aside images and focusing
them into tunnels of remembrance.

Filing and unfiling visions as they
come together on shores of beautiful
music.

A repertoire of existence always kept
in mind for lonely days, spent looking
at memories through rose-colored glasses.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tunnels Of Thought

Set deeply in my heart are memories that can't ever be forgotten or let go of.
Singeing my mind with their searing scars and wounds,
tears flowing like blood, endlessly from caverns of my
mind, as emotion develops from each memory, falling
down into the very within of my being.
Taking total recall steps further than most people.
Situating self upon an imaginational depth and plain
in order to envision and then deal with the tremendous
amount of monumental moments.
Set in an abyss of brightly colored shadows, I await
answers and intellect to cover my mind with wisdom that
never catches up or weighs me down.
Life sits silently, quietly, upon shores of life, never forgiving, or giving in, as I sit in concentrated contemplation, set apart from the world and all of it's contradictions.
Finding my way through lost horizons on edges of life,
writing down moments of life as I dwell in endless
tunnels of eternal thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tunnels Of Yesterday

Nondescript illusions follow me at times through tunnels of yesterday, taunting me with images of frightening possibilities from past episodes of pain, abandonment, or humiliation.

Standing on sidelines, hoping to recover from their long-standing reminders one day, I continually advance towards my final day on earth, filled with family and writing.

Hoping whatever I leave behind in books will be appreciated by at least one person who loves me, and never forgets me once I'm gone from this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tunnels Of Youth

Strumming guitars, beating drums, words being sung in splendid perfect pitch, taking me into tunnels of youth where innate talent took hold and grew into adulthood.
Passing all limits, pushing boundaries out of my way.
Taking directions from no one, only placing myself in hands of God, being surrounded by many onlookers through life's glasses.
Involved in creating the masterpieces of compositions, relying on rhythms to take me into corners never before illuminated until now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turbin Headed Ghost

Slowly saddling the past and bringing it into a future of plenty.
No one can fathom which direction to go in, after limiting excessive potential and turning it over to some turban headed ghost, finding spaces of time being spliced by electrical promises of wonder-making.
Trying to become a part of something better, ending in apologies for what they'd never do and have never done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turbulent Life

Silently aware of an inner domain, weakening strength, empty stare.

Vanquishing myriads of tell-tale images backed upon shores of ancient lands, qualifyingly adjacent to tunnels of despair.

Reminders of cruelty stand as barriers, unrelenting, stubbornly abusive, just as real events happened to be also.

Running, hiding, falling into cataclysms of unrehearsed desires, totally forgotten in holds of ancient mariner's ships.

Sailing seas of turbulent life, being washed ashore where nature takes over, soothing cuts and bruises of a child-like mind.

A core of redemption rises above inner breaking, softly, silently, repairing fissures caused by the pressure of attempting to grow up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turmoil Of Age

Filled with turmoil brought on by age, saturated in it's ugly presence, caught in it's tumultuous maze.

Unaware of the world, a silence filled with pain lives within, never looking beyond points of emptiness returning.

Alive, pounding rhythms of unlicensed sadness, held onto with unprecedented sorrow.

This world has no recompense, all is lost from the first moment of birth.

Constantly aware of life's facets and figures, calculating where one can finally fit in - seeing at last that there is no place of belonging.

All of life is merely temporary, a quiet place of unceasing struggle, unrelenting to the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turmoil Of Cancer

Daily life, routines, fade into nothingness as friendship
gets caught up in the turmoil of cancer.
Pain, surgery, chemotherapy, all behind, yet their effects have taken hold and do not want to let go.
Prayer for healing continues constantly, asking Jesus to preserve our friendship for yet a while.
All the pain and suffering that have been gone through
should at least have the reward for a year or two more of
life together.
Lasting friendship reaches out beyond human comprehension, filling the voids brought on by human confusion.
Tantamount to everything in life, a friend is the only personal gift of God, with the blessing of His Holy
Spirit.
Love condescends to every passing whim, yet if it is
totally bound within friendship, no one can begin to understand this special gift bestowed by God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turmoil Of Nature, Loving It

Wandering in and out, floating on the ocean's surface,
being tossed about on waves, whether calm or in a storm
doesn't matter.

Loving the turmoil of nature, it suits me fine, gives
joy to feel it's essence touching mine, yet, storms of
life through pain, suffering worry, loneliness, turn
my stomach into knots.

Listening to music, writing poetry, relieving anxiety,
tension and stress constantly, beginning with the very
first note of rhythm.

Continuing as I write hour after hour, losing self in
depths of spirituality where life is freed from my being
altogether.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turn About Life

Turn about in life is never trivial, it's almost always exclusive to those in dire need and who can't afford it, either financially, spiritually, emotionally or physically.
Yet, that is life and we can't do without it while being alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turn Aside

Lies came crashing through my heart like a chain saw,
sending feelings everywhere.
Causing confusion and hurt so intense it felt like
I was on fire.
Being cut off by everyone, there is no safe place,
there's nowhere to turn, so I turn inside.
Deep down in a special place where no one can find me
not able to be hurt.
Turning my back on everyone, leaving life alone, no
longer able to hold on or believe in anyone.
People hold out lies, never meaning anything they say,
just trying to get what they want and walk away, as if
I don't matter or exist.
Hearing no more lies, closing my ears and barring my
mind against all who may try.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turn Of Events

A turn of events has upset life and struck it down in its prime.
Leaving memories scattered along pathways like fallen leaves after a storm.
Reaching out, finding that nothing is there and no one is waiting to take you in their arms or love you.
Inanely lonely, totally forsaken, not being understood in a cacophony of turmoil, standing in the middle of the Sahara desert, no way to return to your former self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turned Onto Suicidal Paths

Products of our environment are poorly fitted for society,
maintaining levels of lower standards, steeped in ignorance.

Deficits, unallowable, exist abundantly, characterizing our
unwholesome ways of life.

Fruitless designs in the making, squashing individual efforts
towards creative excellence, bearing truths of our existence.

Laced with gossip and lies, placing blame on others who do
not deserve it, causing them to turn from life onto the path
of suicide.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning Around

Traipsing this earth, always looking for a place to rest
our simple minds for a while, getting away from stress
and turmoil in everyday life.

Starving for love or recognition, never seeming to find
any as we wend our ways down steep spiral staircases.

Turning around at times to see what we have already gone
through, thinking about what we could have done instead,
to make our lives a little bit better for wear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning Away

Soliciting help from beyond edges of life,
carefully holding on to the essence of my being,
not wanting to lose myself ever again.
Looking between the folds of every note and beat,
examining them all for explicit directions to begin again.
Feeling like a nothing, a person of no worth, walking in the
solitary abandonment of life, no one offering a helping heart
or hand.
Stilling my mind with uncomplacent mystery hiding within me.
Turning away from the sunshine, closely following the corners
of darkness inside of me.
Wanting to tear into it with brightened illumination, but
turning away in fear of what I may find hidden there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning Away From Sun

Streaks and straits of orange light are strewn across the nighttime sky, lying tiredly in beds of clouds above us.

Closing sleepy eyes, covering up, turning away from the sun, disappearing into the universe, no longer being seen by the naked eye.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning Back Hands Of Time

Turning back the hands of time, as I watch memories of youth.
Seeing the intensity with which I entered into anything I ever did.
Supporting my inner ego, giving it reasons to stay alive while all the time wanting to let it die inside.
Drawing when younger, letting out all emotions in pictures of thought I was seeing.
Later, starting to write words that were put together and made sense to myself and others, giving an impetus to continue experimenting with my intellect and imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning Corners

Swaying to beats of rhythm, feet tapping down
avenues of bliss, turning corners of life with
etudes astounding even melodies tunes.
Straying on towards beautiful songs of equality
and liberty, staking our claims on life's high-
way of silent serenity at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning Corners In Pages Of Life Here In India

Visions of life taking me into plains of another universe
where life takes on new aspects and becomes clearer, think-
ing and wandering, curiosity creating new pathways.

Chasing whatever catches my eye, churning and living in a
total energy of an inner vision where life is awesome and
takes me into new properties of intellect.

Senses becoming inspired, filling me with sensations that
make me feel good with an everlasting liveliness, turning
corners in the pages of life and it's experiences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning From Life

Languishing through lengthy intermissions of distraught
emotions, flailing, trying to stay afloat and failing
miserably.

Turning away from life, knowing there's nothing left
to experience or share, leaving everything - everyone -
behind to wander horizons beyond earth and find my way
home to heaven in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning From Worldly Plains

Deep inside where God resides, calming my soul,
deepening it's peace and solace, turning from
this worldly plain in all aspects of life.

Hurtful words, defamation of character, wrongful
injuries are all taken away with the breath of
our Lord into my soul.

Peace settles deep amidst my being, carrying me
forward through life's injustice and cruelty,
leaving me above in God's gentle hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning Inside Out

Being turned inside out by others trying to remake who
I am into what they expect of me, just because I have
an intellectual scope and ingenuity they think that
I'm wanting this to occur.

Not realizing all the time I've put into using my mind
on a constant basis, developing and creating so many
new inventions and ideas, blooming into my mind.

Giving everything to the ingenuity of another universe
where I will always be on it's edge, contrary to what
most people think.

Having everything created for myself alone with my own
intellect and honoring it explicitly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning Interior Lights On

Mirrors of reflection are turning interior lights on high,
illuminating insides of every insight.

At last complete, staying on side lines, never turning
away, blindly following tracks of everything being traced
on mirrors of another reflection in the past.

Alone without anyone else to contend with on this plain or
any other as long as I'm on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning Into Measures Of Rhythm

Singly marching to an inner beat, finding steps in synch
through measures of life, giving ideas a staccato beat.

Qualifying and putting everything into coded sequences,
watching as they turn into measures of rhythms.

Quality refined and attuned with just a wind of my mind,
loving how it feels within my brain as it continues day
after day in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning Into The Present

Clouds piled thick in my mind, floating lightly over thoughts
which are tucked safely inside.

Waiting patiently in the lobby of distant ideas, time creeping
by as frozen sheets of ice thickened, turning everything into
the present.

After silently talking and allowing ice to melt just a drip
at a time, the past builds ever so slowly, creating it's
memories and laying them out in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning Inward

Walking away, never looking back, taking steps
farther away than I've ever gone before.
Turning inward, trying to find the peaceful
aura hiding defensively inside.
Trying to protect itself from an abusive person,
no longer able to fit into creative atmospheres
as a friend.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning Life Over

Life turning over inside, rototilling everything,
ready to plant an entirely new garden hidden within.

Walking on plateaus through deserts, mountains and
forests, all within my mind.

As I play spontaneously all the while, I think and
rest among grey matter settled in my head.

A peace fills me and all the world becomes a better
place.

At least until I come out and stand again in realms
of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning Movements

Time crosses edgewise over any type of terrain,
having no obstacles to bar the way.
Determined to exercise every thought in a
classical etude, taking motions to heart and
turning every movement into a rhythmic note,
culminating in a song of beautiful melodies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning Of Life's Pages

Quietly taking my mind into the darkness of tomorrow's future, allowing it to watch and see the events that will be happening soon.

Exercising my mind while displaying all that is seen on a photographic screen filled with the many videos being seen ever clearly and candid.

Soothing times coming closer, but only after the turning of life's pages through the tragedies that are about to come upon my being.

Holding on for dear life, praying for the strength to carry on and become the ending that I know I must.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning Poverty Away

Destined for fame in literature, based on what others
say, not myself at all, only writing for one purpose,
well two, I guess.

Loving to write poetry about any and everything and
writing it for others to possibly find something with-
in it to inspire and maybe help them change their lives.

Having grown up poor, what need do I have for money, if
it comes I will give it to those who need it to help them
live a better life than I had.

In turn, having them pay it forward, in this way poverty
can be turned away from our world due to the kindness and
generosity of those who have compassion and love for all
of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning Shadows Into Daylight

Starting the day with a cold and icy desert morning,
wrapping m blanket tightly around me, looking out
the window.

Watching the sun peeking just above the horizon, wish-
ing it would rise a little faster and warm things up,
here on earth.

Slowly taking it's time, turning shadows into day-
light, finally seeing it fully, and feeling it start
to warm up our desert morning.

Soon I will be able to leave the blanket on the bed
and get up to shower and get dressed, getting ready
for this brand new day in which to write poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning The Corner

Living in the mystery of life, finding avenues to cope
with it's difficulties, gaining inner strength, hope
and faith, growing exponentially day by day.

Securing intellect and imagination with the reality of
surroundings, environment and spirituality of this life,
feelings, thoughts and emotions melding with it.

All coming towards a new form of enlightenment, watching
as it forms and develops quietly and steadily, turning
the corner into visions of tomorrow's future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning Tides

Emotions flowing into the ocean, turning tides into waterfalls of sorrow,
deafening my mind as I move into a place of grief's importance.
Suggestions abound from newly thought instances, looking for peaceful moments to come into my life.
Assuaging my soul as I cry into the night without any comfort.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turning Up Vision's Volume

Watching visions as they turn up their volume within
my mind, wanting to be seen and heard alike.

Seeing aspects of their intent opening up within my
heart and mind.

Listening and contemplating with the utmost curiosity,
wanting to know every single detail that is being ful-
filled in intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turn-Key Children

Turn-key children going home to empty houses with no parents to greet or meet them at the door.
A lonely existence with no way to meet their needs of love and acceptance.
Feelings of abandonment feed their minds as they cook their own meager meals of T.V. dinners or macaroni and cheese.
There's no one there of importance to listen, no Mom or Dad to give encouragement.
Young one's attempting to exist in silent, lonely houses, bereft of family, companionship and close-knit ties.
Why are young ones turning to each other, trying drugs, liquor and sex? Just to feel close to somebody?
Are you blind?
Can't you see your children's frightening dilemna?
You as a parent are causing this to continue.
When will you stop and take care of your children?
They're dying to know you still care - why don't you show them?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turntable Of Poetical Music

Slowly strolling down back lanes of life, looking for
unusual and silent details being kept hidden until this
mere poet finds and sorts them out in poetical music.

Settling into many particles of being, finding ways of
contributing and sending out meanings of intense life
situations and circumstances.

Turning like a turntable, records spinning, photographic
screens memorizing everything in time, saving it all pur-
posefully for eternity through destiny's livelihood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turntables

Immersed in totality, swallowing it's immense
directness into a life of purpose, allowing no
entry to any other person.

Fulfilling altruistic dreams upon levels of
lightened imaginative desert sands.

Being a particle of precise determination as
life evolves on turntables of desert storms,
eliciting responses from corners of earth,
forever unresponsive before this time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Turntables Of Life

Endings of everyday meanings drift aimlessly down white
rapid rivers not able to hold onto anything within their grasp.

Fleeting moments continue to expand as they hurry past
us, not able to stop or pause to take a breath.

Turntables of life continue to spin and rotate with or
without our permission on any given day.

Leaving us at liberty's discretion whenever we think
about our future's - past or present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tushar Ray

Watching a dear and close friend as he lies sleeping,
breathing evenly, resting peacefully and contentedly.

Looking upon his face, seeing a life of wonder and
curiosity that has built his character and strength.

A wonderful and brilliant man, so very talented, a top
scientist in this world.

Having worked with the most creative and brilliant
people in the world.

A genuine mind of intellect that no one can deny or
reject, because he's totally logical and persistent
in his quest for the truth.

Never having met anyone like him before in my life, I
enjoy talking and being by his side as he studies my
mind and energy.

Praying for his total recovery so we two can continue
working and sharing our lives together for at least
five more years to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tushar's Life

Tushar's life has ended on earth only to open another chapter in a heavenly dimension, all love and honor traveling with him on his continuing journey with God.

Living in his memory, losing every moment I have spent with him in such a short span of time, now treasuring each of them on a photographic memory screen within.

An everlasting life has begun within my soul, enabling us to find one another when I have left this temporary life.

Finding the sacredness in life upon the ending of his, allowing me the peace and serenity that he has brought to my soul, mind and heart through researching together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twanging Memory Strings

Twanging my memory strings, pulling them out of
adjustment as melodies start to play backwards
and upside down.
Nothing to cement their beginnings in a plot of
dirt, only able to watch from a distance, the
beauty of a once upon a time, when we were both
younger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tweaking Moods

Feeling rhythms from the past building higher
within my soul.

Regulating my breathing, feeling the excite-
ment of rapid tempos.

Adjusting attitudes, tweaking my moods with
vibrant notes and tones.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twelfth Dimension

Music corralling my mind with rhythms of a positive bent, giving joy and happiness, sending their energy into my being.

Finding self in a twelfth dimension, inadvertently crossing over through an intensely coded rhythm, holding the key to it's entrance.

This inner universe is so delicately fascinating, creatively being formed within a constant and revolving form of motion, unveiling it's static yet vibrant texture.

It seems to love grasping and teasing me with a child-like anticipation and seeing me laughing spontaneously, lightly and totally filled with a faithful and enduring hope.

Nothing to cause doubts or worry, just being while everything revolves and rotates, wanting to please me seems to be it's only purpose and I'm thoroughly enjoying it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twenty - First Century?

Exercising rights, God-given and those of our Constitution,
enjoying the spiritual freedom and all others mandated by
our forefathers before us.

Always wondering why other countries don't follow our ex-
ample with moral and ethical laws, then realizing that the
U.S. has gone down another path.

One of immorality, side-stepping ethics, in return becoming
corrupt and greedy, depending too much on materialistic
gains instead of spiritual, religious or family bonds.

It's sad that this has happened in the twenty-first century,
for our children are the ones being hurt by this change,
innocent, pure children left to fend for themselves.

Feeling unloved and uncared for by their parents, many couples
not being married, going from one partner to another, no other
plan or goal in place.

Their children scared, confused, wondering if they will be
replaced just as easily in the long run, parents don't think,
as they continue ignoring needs of their children in preference
to their own.

It's hard for me as an adult and parent to understand this imm-
orality, yet it continues to mount and surge throughout the
world.

Can't even imagine what it's doing to the children having to
live in this empty and lonely environment with no positive
reinforcement or unconditional love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twigs Poking Memories Of Childhood

Twigs poking my memories, bringing them to the forefront so I may see the beautiful willow trees of home when I was just a child.
Their long slender fingers grazing the lawn, hiding me behind them, because I didn't want to be found at times by anyone.
Turning towards the trunk, touching it's bark and lifting myself into the branches of it's arms, wanting to be held by mother nature.
Always feeling safe and secure in their hold, not ever wanting to climb back down.
Most of the time climbing higher - out of reach, until Mom or Dad called to me to come inside.
Then holding on to a branch and inching my way out it's length, swinging and letting go of it.
Falling to the ground, reveling in the release I found from mother nature's love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twilight

Twilight gathering
it's skirts together,
tucking away minute
particles of sunlight
so as not to be seen
in the dark.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twilight Areas Of Intellect

Spending evenings on my own, loving to delve into an
interior life of my soul.

Inspired and delighted to be alone with it's quiet,
brilliant thoughts throughout years of life.

Rainbows of beauty appear like diamonds in the night,
solemn, quiet and shimmering in twilight areas of
intellect.

Searching through the atmosphere, wanting to satisfy
curiosity of my being without disturbing the light
held closely treasured in my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twilight Desert

Taking roads into a twilight desert in another universe,
trying to gain insight.

Knowledge and wisdom helping give some understanding and
truth of what life is all about.

Every time I think I know, it slips from my grasp and I
end up with nothing once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twilight Evening

Intellect shining so brightly, stars twinkling in this
twilight evening, precious and lovely thoughts filling
this mind with your unconditional love my dear.

What wonderful feelings swirl throughout, passion and
desires climbing into every fiber and particle of being,
hearts racing in time with rapid rhythms of life.

Taking time to be satisfied whenever we're together my
love, nothing sinister allowed to enter this wonderfully
surprising mood of positive feelings and emotions.

Being generated just by our love reaching out to one an-
other, senses on high pitches of sound, colorfully being
introduced into our beings.

An openness to share everything in our lives, making love
together, forever being loved by one another, a perfect
life together.

Wanting you only darling, never wanting it to end, it's so
precious and filled with grace, keeping us standing still,
life carrying on around us, but we're here for each other.

We cannot be disturbed by anyone or thing else, our lives
never-ending as long as we are standing still in our own
little world of peace and tranquility my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twilight Happenings

Twilight happenings coming around, hoping to be
remembered in many picturesque views of photos
printed indelibly on screens of yesterday and
being seen throughout lonely days.

Situated silently in sections of living rooms,
sitting on couches, afraid to speak up or reach
out to another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twilight Inklings

Silence of the night broken by the roar of a jet
engine reaching for the sky.
Ambivalent thoughts run around in evening's
darkness, looking for their places in a poem.
Ebony scarlet shadows sneak about, watching antics
of nature playing under the stars.
Twilight inklings of a future day stand aside,
waiting for their time to be put on display,
etching their accomplishments on the Milky Way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twilight Memories

Running forward into twilight memories, savoring their aromas,
keeping them safely tucked away for future lonely days.

Sensitizing mind buds with special grace, delivering moments
held gingerly, afraid of falling into millions of pieces.

Entertaining beautiful auras, filled with energy and verve,
taking me on journeys to future horizons, as I listen and
contemplate life and it's solo take on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twilight Of Tomorrow's Sunset

Enjoying freedom of everyday tasks and stress, floating on
the essence of my inner being.

Always on the edge of discovery, entering one dimension
after another.

Being qualified in every respect, not eluding anything
that comes to mind, taking it further into the twilight
of tomorrow's sunset.

Finally disappearing after having left all that I am and
was, for the education of future generations.

Living for the day of ingenuity as it unfolds all wisdom
that has been generously given throughout life.

Interesting and above all perplexing, figuring out
everything that puzzles me in the intensity of outer realms
where few people ever dare to travel or enter.

So happy just to be able to do all of this, opens my heart
and soul to life altogether and forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twilight Patterns

Noting changes happening around life's edges, zoning in on their emotions and attitudes, as they entertain me exclusively.
Portraying domains of select ideas, choosing exact perfection to write along lines of extensive trials taking place in aisles of life's minds.
Taking chances on pre-recognized thoughts, allowing them reigning freedom from tactical maneuvers of others.
Justifying lines of words parading over lasting reflections, flying across nighttime patterns of twilight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twilight Possibilities

Removing life's troubles from our existence, walking away and moving into twilight possibilities.

Never missing a single moment to return to the past and all of it's thoughts, rearranging and altering many consistencies of abstractions being blended into other dimensions.

Taking time to run away from arid considerations and living in the foremost adventures of this moment's essence.

Giving only thoughts and ideas that are being helped through interludes of rhythmic melodies, certainly avoiding troubles as I can live in harmony.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twilight Serenity

Twilight fills me with serenity, a deep abiding quiet, felt
to the very inner fiber of my soul.

Lasting impressions, calmly soothing after the setting sun
has gone to rest.

Inner peace is much greater than power or money, and when
you are laid to rest there is nothing standing in the way
of eternal peace.

Nothing to take with you on your journey out of this world,
not a thing to be left behind for bereaved members of your
family, save that of wonderful memories filled with joys
and sorrows of life's happiness.

Carried carefully through every passage in life, the only
important reason to keep your soul above reproach is for
when you meet the Lord.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twilight Thoughts

Loving touches from the past caress my mind with their
remembrance, leaving traces of loneliness along the way.
Tear-stained pillowcase under my face at night, thinking
of twilight thoughts and their destinations.
Falling asleep with loving touches from the past.

(11: 12 a.m. - 12/22/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twilight Years

Sheltering love from disappointment is an impossibility,
yet, at times we try.
Keeping time with the music of our ability, we share our
lives with one another, always through each moment we're together on life's shores.
Difficulties may fall upon us, but as we continue to walk
side by side, our commitment becomes stronger, growing
beyond our horizons into our twilight years, as we trade
our steps for wings of joy, heaven bound at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twilight's Interior Music

Waltzing to rhythms in the twilight, listening to interior
music and welcoming it's steady, even rhythms.

Reaching into depths of this being, giving it a purpose to
continue living and writing.

A mere poet, listening to music and nature, adhering to
wonder, awe and an excitement of life, writing it all
into poetry for the world to enjoy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twilight's Pathways

Happiness filtering in via music gently touching
my mind, awakening it to depths of wonder and awe.

Curiosity stretching and sprawling inside, anxious
to see what kinds of poetry will be written while
immersed in wonderful caverns of musical beauty.

Entering twilight's pathways towards sunrise,
beginning stages in life based on prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twilight's Storm

Rhythms calling me through their tones and sounds of delight, sending positive rays of moods and attitudes into my poetical mind while writing.

Harmonies singing in the atmosphere, awakening all of nature and being, touched in beauty of imagination as I roam through a tender gentle melody taking me by the hand into a twilight storm of giftedness and talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twining Mind

Twining in my mind, tangling melodies with stray ideas,
fighting to be heard.

Reaching tightly for conspicuous revelations as nighttime
closes upon us in ebony splendor.

Holding us, grasping our hearts with renditions of folk
music from the sixties.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twinkle Of Love

Taking my eyes off the future and placing them on you,
loving the way you look back at me with the same twinkle
of love as mine for you.

Tempting, tantalizing desires within to be quenched by
your loving, but I hold back, just enjoying this silent
moment between us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twinkling In Memories

Music filling my mind, strengthening my reserve,
giving me time to begin again with every note in
measures being played.

Like stars above, twinkling in memories, teasing
with innate wisdom, ideas that form incessantly,
one after another.

Emptiness of my heart doesn't matter when in the
tantalizing atmosphere of rhythm, totally giving
an energy lifting spirits, soaring into positive
moods of peace and solitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twinkling Thoughts

Major and minor chords shining and sounding through
the night, touching stars above and setting their
minds twinkling with thoughts of another life.

Beyond the life they now know, taking the essence of
their illumination and letting it slide into corners
of earth.

Enlightening anyone who looks into them with an open
mind, expressing and unfolding onto pages of centuries
old wisdom.

Releasing and taking it all into the skyway of orbits
beyond earth and into other universes far beyond what
we've ever seen before in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twinkling With Confusion

Missing renditions of long ago, I fall silent, contemplating
the situation.

There are too many sorrowful thoughts conjured within my
mind, darkness folding itself over, hiding eyes, blue with
sorrow.

Tears stripping themselves in fear, afraid to fall down
already moistened cheeks.

Tramping down pathways stilled with vagrant fears, holding
self close so as not to lose the shell I have conceived.

Silently rising and falling with echoed recall, performing
the rites of initiation from afar.

Whispering signs of overwhelming consternation, aptly
referring to them with abnegation.

Stirring quickly, afraid of being left behind, racing
forward into the land of time, being a solitary creature
of habit.

Twinkling with confusion, glad to be averted into another
dimension of quiet thought.

Silent reveries prolonging this life, hoping to make daily
living easier.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twisted Fate

Opening up the window of my soul, tracing it's origin back
to birth, cascading delicately like fragile lace along out-
skirts of mental anguish, exfoliating the breath of being.

Tripping through country lanes of independent memories,
carrying trickles of decency sacrificed in spring, lacking
in major necessities, striving for some kind of security.

Realizing there is none, I capture feelings of abandoned
hope, lost forever on a clothesline of someone else's future.
tangible reckonings creating the only bit of satisfaction
known to an inner creature of habit.

Selecting many options, separating them in drawers for later
use is a task I confess is of no usefulness, blown about by
twisted winds of fate, licensure does not equate with ideas
of power.

Picking up thousands of excuses, keeping them hidden from
view, never thinking to misuse them, all the while, stranded
on an inner tropical island, fighting a war with tangled
ancient jungles of past life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twisting Etudes

Scanning rooms, locating ideas to write
into poetry without lamenting doubts.

Fitting carefully into pictures of
scenery and bringing enticing
familiarity into existence.

All the while, creating, as ink flows
out onto papers, blank with lines.

Awaiting words to touch their beings
and twist into etudes soon to be
studied by future linguists.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twittering Among Feelings

Selective memories, sliding about, giving peaceful
ideas and placid emotions.

Twittering among feelings, watching them sparkle
and glitter, loving being recognized with everything
else that is cascading inside my soul.

A placating beauty, resting now within, while softened
rhythms play gently in mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Twittering Fireworks

Musical twittering,
sparkling like fireworks in my mind,
exploding into new inventions with
every blast of lightened beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Two Halves Of A Heart

Looking and knowing that somewhere in this huge crowd
you are trying to locate me, feeling your love coming
to my heart over all the noise and turmoil around me.

Seeing you, our eyes meeting across the room, locking
in an invisible embrace, drawing us closer together,
now hugging and holding hands.

Smiling and feeling complete once again, two halves of
a heart meeting in joy, such a wonderful feeling filling
my being with your unconditional love.

Now together, making sure we are not departed in this
crowd, holding onto each other with the sweet essence
of our love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Two Opposing Feelings

Special moments opening, mind blossoming into them
with a soothing, flowing rhythm that continues to
keep it in realms of positive moods.

Floating along on alternative air currents and waves
of an interior ocean, loving the two opposing feel-
ings as they commence through imagination.

One just drifting through the atmosphere, the other
rising and falling upon the ocean's surface, both of
them equally appealing to soul and being.

Letting self be taken away by both, relegating serenity
and peace interiorly, as I relish a refreshing solace
with an inward smile and laughter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Two Opposing Feelings Within

Special moments opening, mind blossoming into them
with a soothing, flowing rhythm that continues to
keep it in realms of positive moods.

Floating along on alternative air currents and waves
of an interior ocean, loving the two opposing feel-
ings as they commence through imagination.

One just drifting through the atmosphere, the other
rising and falling upon the ocean's surface, both of
them equally appealing to soul and being.

Letting self be taken away by both, relegating serenity
and peace interiorly, as I relish a refreshing solace
with an inward smile and laughter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Two Poets

Endearing and lovely is our friendship in every way, so glad that we met and became one in heart and thought, both of us being poets.

Using our innate talent, sharing it with the world while in-piring others through what we think and write, unafraid to tell the truth in writing daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Two Silhouettes

Two silhouettes standing by the Christmas tree, playing
saxophones.

Full of rhythm, sounding great, sitting back to listen,
taking a break from typing.

Two silhouettes have grown up quite a bit, remembering
when they were not too long ago, baby silhouettes crawling
around on the floor under the Christmas tree.

Enjoying immensely, their private concert, I sit back,
listening intently, amazed, because the two silhouettes
are my own sons.

(3: 11 p.m. - 12/31/90)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Tying Melodies

Reading messages from inner screens,
watching them blend with thoughtful
melodies, tying them together in a
bevy of talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Types Of Suffering

Writing plaintively in a haze of sunshine, rays touching my mind, warming it, priming it for an intense mood of allowable emotions.
Secure in who I truly am, keeping others at a distance, not wanting to be bothered at this time, because I prefer to write.
Solemnly contemplating life and it's insistence to progress into death, wondering what's the reason.
Knowing that I'll be reunited in heaven, but why? Why purgatory?
Why can't we just skip earth and go straight there?
Isn't earth enough of a hell as we try to better ourselves through all types of suffering and trials, failing miserably, we are essentially already in hell, then we die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ulterior Motive

Playing an interior piano, up and down chords, defining
patterns and designs of an ulterior motive as I unwind
in a tunnel of innate intelligence.

Picturing everything on landscapes that are filled with
exploding colors, evaporating in the morning sun, yet
staying upon photographic screens of memory.

Always stimulating and energizing the very within of my
being, incessant and intriguing, allowing me the intensity
of living life the way I envision it.

Creating tempos that enlighten my intellect, never leaving
behind the beauty that brings the essence of my being into
the light.

Holding visions of tomorrow throughout the present, always
accumulating and gathering blossoms through aromas of spirit-
uality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ulterior Movement

Exaggerating the world around me, trying to find something that actually has some meaning.
Everything I look at seems to have an ulterior movement, as I go deeper inside inherent thoughts to see what, if anything, is being brought up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ultimate Expressions

Flashes of light, cascading bluely into thoughts,
gathering in spaces of spheres held within my mind.

Expressly continuing the processes of ultimate
expressions of nature through feelings.

Hiding within, not wishing to be known at times,
hoping to be dismissed and forgotten like mist upon
earth's horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ultimate Surprise

Suspecting a life filled with things to do and go
with my friend.

Living in harmony, not hurting any longer, just
being together and loving one another
unconditionally all the rest of our lives on earth.

Solemn caustic looks continue to be given by those
who are jealous, because she's my best friend.

Being cut from the identical gene pool without
knowing it until now.

A surprise of ultimate joy, sitting in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ultimate Syncopation

Allowing enticing senses to retrieve feelings from long ago
and set them up where I can see them now before me.
Focusing on the ultimate syncopation of every beat, my heart
melts itself into a creative atmosphere of love.
An entire lifetime being lived through misty hazes of
complacent thought, reverberating forever into spaces of
intense proclivity and dimensional prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ultimately Reaching

Silent, penetrating, giving hope a reason to be quietly
and intensely contemplated upon.

A satisfying and beautiful change coming about, giving
a total hope of altering attitudes of others.

Contributing to better moods as they walk out of the
center of themselves and onto edges of another dimension.

Ultimately, reaching into atmospheres of an inner spirit-
uality where life has always been centered even though
most have never realized the facts of it.

Developing, forming, shaping outcomes of individual pur-
poses on earth, bringing life full cycle, sating desires
and passion when they are finally being fulfilled.

Escaping this materialistic world, finding solitude that
can only come through the spirituality of our souls meet-
ing with God alone.

Never being forsaken, just taken into forests of another
dimension for an eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Umbrella Of Imagination

Rapid and continuous beats are following me into depths
of intellect.

Lights shining intently, focusing on the brilliance
lying about in many thoughts of life and it's amazing
essence.

Being lifted into the skyway of another dimension, looking
around, seeing infinity following a design and pattern of
it's own forever.

Nothing even matching this brightly illuminated and totally
fascinating collection of ideas kept beneath the umbrella
of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unable To Be Mended

Head bowed, hung in the cycle of death, not able to lift
itself and see the sparkle of life all around me.

Drifting slowly in sounds of eerie mystery and mystical
sorrow, planting itself deeply within my being.

Whispering softly, tears falling into my broken heart,
not able to be mended any longer.

An essence of abandonment pulling me apart, testing the
strength of my character, as I sit in corners of darkness.

Not wanting to be a part of anything again, life devoid of
who I was, no future now to see who I am, life is filtered
away beneath the setting sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unable To Dream

Laughter echoing in the past, filling this empty house
with whispers of death that have taken you from me for-
ever.

Falling asleep in front of your picture, when getting
into bed, being wide awake all night.

Unable to dream of you, death has even taken them away,
this mind always thinking and remembering you anyway.

Yet your image no longer comes to mind, only when looking
at pictures of you do I see and feel the love of all our
years together.

Otherwise, feeling only the emptiness and abandonment
haunting me day and night.

Writing poetry, remembering you in each one, brings your
image to mind vibrantly, smiling, loving me through the
words I write for you daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unable To Ignore Reality

Reality standing in front of us all, not letting us
ignore it even when wanting to, especially in grief.

Hungry for fulfillment of desires, achievement, love,
yet when succumbing to grief's depths we lose every-
thing in our lives, forgetting to live even.

Isolating, wanting no one around, crying, doing nothing
but vegetating, thinking about the one we have loved so
tenderly and fully and now can no longer be with at all.

Sorrow and abandonment is intense, real, it's not able
to be set aside because our minds refuse to allow us.

Only wanting to remember our love and good times together,
the touch of their hands, their hugs, their beautiful
smiling eyes and love given to us.

So totally enticing, made more so now by their deaths,
keeping us locked in a self-made prison, losing will power,
not wanting to escape, just live in sorrow of our deepest
feelings and thoughts.

Nothing can keep us from this prison as we succumb to it's
empty promises, thinking we have a chance, possibly of
being reunited, if only in our minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unable To Resist

Falling deeply and totally in love with you, not able
to resist your temping lips when you kiss me, only
wanting more of you.

Not able to get enough of you, craving you always,
desires taking me ever higher into your depths of
love for me.

Expressing our love quietly together, responding and
finding that we both want even more through love as
we become one time and again throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unable To Understand

Penetrating feelings filling my being entirely,
tantalizing and alluring my heart, bringing it
ever closer to you through the miles.

Not understanding the power it gives to our
souls through Divine love that's everlasting,
yet it tempts us to come ever closer to one an-
other in life, just by existing on the same
transcendental level together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unable To Unlearn

Startling effects of life are sparking embers
and causing a blaze to rise within, going higher
and higher, covering everything standing in it's
path.

Never wavering, following steps it has taken in
the very beginning, that being what was taught,
now not able to unlearn anything because it's
caught in memories of time.

Having spaces in tunnels below the ground,
nothing being able to change the thoughts that
will not listen nor be distracted long enough
from what they already know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unabled Expression

Life is sensitized beyond comparison with any other
creature on this earth.

Because, I think, we feel intensely, grief and loss,
having ways to express it unlike creatures who have
no form of communication with we humans.

Poor animals suffer in silence at times, whimpering,
tears in their eyes also, yet they cannot tell us how
they feel or where they are hurting.

Balance gently tipping against them, unless we humans
take over and do our best to help them in any way
that we can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unabridged

Such a tremendous and enlivening melody being played
for the first time, bringing a lively step to seniors
across the dance floor.

Beautiful to hear and see, taking particles and fibers
outside of their usual stances, creating a beautiful
atmosphere from which to create anew.

Thoughts coming into view on screens within, stretching
and touching energy fully, taking everyone into chaotic
measures of delicate yet strengthening moves of rhythm.

Surprising and usurping usual dance steps, changing them
into tantalizing new steps of musical interludes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unabsorbed Love

Softly watching lights of love's desires
fall to the wayside way too often.
Many times love is given up much too
soon, not letting it be absorbed into both
people's hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unaccomplished Preludes

Slowly scraping a stick across memory's pathways,
unable to alter or change a thing kept stored
inside.

Lazily accommodating the furthest periods of latent
desire, wishing for something more to rise above the
commotion of wallowing pity during life's unaccomplished
preludes.

Dallying amidst the leaves, fragmenting social wants and
desires, selecting and discarding the very fruit of
future demise.

Thinking and complying the exact wantonness of
pretentiousness for tomorrow's meeting with God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unacknowledged Images

Blossoms dying in mid-air with the actuality of fake
realities on earth.
Being one person, yet claiming to be another is
unrealistic and ugly.
Strings of embarrassment cling to images seen, yet not
acknowledged on this horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unadapted Personhood

Morning has take it's stand in the realm of the universe,
forwarding the light everyone needs to see with, scattered
forever are bits and pieces of the night before.

Likelihood of anything clearly beginning is misunderstood
and is always forgotten in the lies of personhood.

Adapting to many stresses of the world, collapsing inward,
trying to be good.

Without, the insanity of a world gone mad continues to
scramble and spin out of control.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unafraid

Deeply moved by sincere people, trusting in their integrity
and hoping that in some respects that I am like them.
Wanting to exercise my mind, going out on limbs, ready to
jump off at a moment's thought, never fearing that I'll get
hurt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unafraid Of Boundaries

Jumping from motionless waves of wisdom onto rolling
waters, rapidly traveling downstream to their deaths
over waterfalls of current.
Leaving behind, imprints of their passing, indelibly
invisible for all time, except to those who have
developed senses beyond the sixth and seventh
dimensions.
Unafraid of their existence, allowing them the
freedom to roam and live according to their own
boundaries and edges without falling back on the
barest of existences in timeless fashion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unafraid Of Doing Right

Quietly rebelling against tyranny from within our White House, banding together, standing united for liberty and freedom for all American citizens.

Watching carefully for signs of terrorists, ready to defend ourselves against them, our militia standing their ground, unafraid of doing what is right and just for the U.S.A.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unafraid Of Dying

Funeral sounding music pounding, shaping melodies of death, as it is heard.

Sneaking quietly upon strands of life, left hanging in the wind, bound to nothing here on earth, seemingly swinging from heavenly skies.

Noticing there are no anchors to hold one to this world, looking above, feeling safe, contented for the very first time in life.

Preferring to let go and take whatever risks are involved in dying, unafraid of doing so, knowing peace will at last be found.

Holding it close, not willing to let it go until being fulfilled, the promise of death.

Whatever the cost, it's worth every effort to be safe and away from this earthly hell on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unafraid Of Feelings

Waves of emotion crashing over, entering and taking hold of this being, unafraid of the feelings as they arrive intensely, capturing every thought in a rainbow of beauty.

Surpassing boundaries and limits of life, giving special graces within as they create innate talents, ideas and concepts.

Energy climbing to new heights, unable to be contained by human nature for it was given by God alone, such a euphoric feeling of love and contentment, causing creative processes to open and expand exponentially throughout the day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unafraid Of What Lies Ahead

Reaching into depths of being, searching for aspects of
life that haven't been seen through the years, hoping
to find hidden facets that may be of help.

Getting through whatever hardships are still around the
corner, unafraid of what lies ahead, always looking for-
ward with hope in mind and heart.

Focusing on a final sunsetical horizon soon to be mine,
it's beauty filling this mind with peace and tranquility
into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unafraid, During Life

Rarely joining in anywhere, preferring to be alone with
writing, nothing to think about other than that.

Watching and wandering into the darkness, unafraid,
daring life to step out and leave me.

Carefully joining my soul within contemplation, never
leaving myself outside it's realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unalterable Abandonment

Finding empty spaces in life, trying to hide within
them secretly, having a safe haven interiorly where
no one can find me unless I want to be found.

Taking isolation as my new friend and companion,
lost and leaving life behind as you've left me all
alone in this world through no fault of your own.

Missing you, my dear, not caring what happens to me
any longer, for without you my life doesn't matter,
there's no love to hold me close.

No one to love in the darkest hours of my life, just
the lonely emptiness of an unalterable abandonment
keeping watch over me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unalterable Destiny

Stretching upwards, touching feelings sitting alone, awaiting recognition from within.
Caressing a solo journey made through subconscious byways along life's unalterable destiny.
Finishing petals of grace, aligning themselves with a soulful beauty stemming from God's great mercy towards us, everlastingly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unalterable Life

In the prison of my unalterable life, I walk about in
frustration, trying to contain a moment and keep it
for later in the evening when I can be alone.

Tired from the excessive demands of life, looking forward
to the solitude of the night.

Precious are evenings to my heart, because I can at last
rest through nights of peace, preparing my soul for the
end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unanswerable Answers

Strolling into forests of imagination, seeing past memories
spark illumination of new thoughts being written right now.

Allowing for predispositions and pathways into discovery,
calling to mind many instances of curiosity and how it
illuminates the very existence of my being.

Walking on and on, never tiring of seeing infinite concepts
that seem to bloom and blossom as I think and roam into
nether worlds of innocent perspectives.

Loving every one that I step into, living and becoming with
every new thought, bringing self into an atmosphere of
wisdom where I can find unanswerable answers in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unanswerable Questions

Waiting on sidelines of life, watching as people walk by,
thinking on another plain and never even realizing it.

Some complaining about everything, blaming others for
their own ignorance of facts in life.

Knowing the truth of their false absolute statements,
my question being are you absolutely sure?

Not able to say yes, stumping them with what they think
they know.

Do you really know what you understand in life, questions progressives don't seem to be able to answer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unanswered

1: 49 p.m.
Jutting through the windows of my soul,
as prayers that got caught in the winds
of time.

Being unanswered and dying in depths of
immediate loss.

Bereaved, forlorn, forsaken, not chosen
by the one who was alive and has now gone
from the shores of life.

If they had been given a choice, many
would've stayed here with friends and family.
1: 50 p.m. 3/27/14 RoseAnn V. Shawiak

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unanswered Prayer

Answers replying through the years in unanswered prayers, finding their way at last to my ears.
Now is not the time to be fulfilled, yet a tear forms in the corner of my eye, wishing I hadn't asked for that certain someone to be a part of my life, because now I'm all alone on a hidden passage through mourning, never able to forget the love given to me for such a short while.
Clouds form and push me forward where I don't want to travel - just hold on to the past and an answered prayer that I now hear a faraway reply from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unanswered Question

Sojourn journeys taking life down back alleys, deserting us, causing us to wander aimlessly down roads of strife and pain.

Why does this have to happen just when we think own lives are turning around for the better.

An unanswered question that no one has ever been able to answer to any degree satisfactorily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unanswered Questions

Dancing in the wind, fine tuning strings of my heart with
fragrant beauty, touching my soul with the life of a rose.

Reaching into depths of unseen, unlearned knowledge, find-
ing truths and understanding from unseen wisdom.

Knowing with a fervent prayer of doubtful hope, acknowledge-
ing the fact that maybe life will be gone tomorrow.

What have I done to bring goodness or kindness into this
world, what could I have done better?

Somehow I do not know the answers to these questions, they
are too hard for me.

Looking at the rose bush of life, seeing it's thorns, feel-
ing them, gazing at their petals of beauty.

Finding myself suddenly transported, now I am the rose,
sitting upon a bush, going through life the best way that
I can and suffering for it.

Hoping that whenever people gaze at me they can see within,
the breath of life which God has given to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unanswering

Requiring no answers to whatever happens interiorly to my intellect as it travels across rapid-fire ideas, collating everything in an album of beautiful thoughts and picturesque themes.
Singling out so many words, expressing them wantonly, like expressions on other's faces as I write them into positive accolades of reprisal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unanticipated Desires

Scratching the surface of unanticipated desires,
wondering where they come from and how they
arrive at mind's edges.

Curiously touching them with tepid feelings,
not knowing what to expect from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unanticipated Joy

Buzzing my mind with saxophone tenors, reverberating
through an interior sound system, collecting thoughts
and dutiful images intuitively felt - always at the
sound of musical notes bound to literature in it's
beginnings and creations.
Lively, unanticipated joy usurping sorrow and sending
it to another plain for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unanticipated Tears

Listlessly turning from beacons of hope,
depressed for short moments in life,
so I may write about them without falling
prey to their unanticipated tears along
sideways paths to eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unappreciative

There are people who are nothing but moochers and users,
always taking from others, never giving anything in re-
turn.

Using everything given to them unappreciatively, not
caring about it, just acting like children, expecting
everything to be done for them.

No ambitions, no reasons, just sitting around doing drugs,
getting tattoos, smoking and drinking, using everything
that we give the for these reasons only.

Not feeding or taking care of their own children, abomin-
able parts of the human race, not much better than muslims
always ready with their hands out and complaining.

Raping and killing women and children, they get their way
in other countries, but it will not happen here in the
U.S.A. for they will definitely not survive here.
(*see notes)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unassuming Guitar Player

Set towards the back of the stage, an unassuming
guitar player sits, playing to his heart's content.
Enjoying the feel of his fingers as they lovingly
caress strings, moving up and down the frets,
strumming with talented mind and spirit.
Quitarily shining in the lime light as he tries to
stay in the background, tapping his foot to the
rhythm of his life.
An indescribable joy in his life every time he picks
up his guitar to play, attaching rhythm to his
meaning and being eternally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unawakened Subconscious

Always remain open, nurturing, reaching out and life will continue to fulfill your destiny.

Plights of experience enter inner dimensions realizing potential of talent hiding there - illuminating flames of knowledge with wisdom openly poured forth.

Walking the way of goodness and mercy, life touches us at levels of subunconsciousness, unawakened, unaware as yet, of it's significance in the lives of others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unbalanced

Searching through crowds of people throughout life,
looking for the one who will understand and want to
know me for who I am.

Thee has been one and she threw me away for unknown
reasons, only she holds the key to her emotional
unbalance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unbearable Deceit

Life without a cause is nondescript, terminating in a wayward quagmire.

There are no tools or ways to deal with cruel and inhuman people - they are what they are - they never look back.

So unlike kind, gentle, patient people with no need or reason for hurting others.

Turning words around to fit selfish, insecure needs is the lowest form of human being on this earth.

Having no way to deal with lies and deceit behind people's backs while unqualified people continue to sit in seats of false power.

Irate over the dealings of so-called supervisors - life at work comes to a standstill - no longer enjoyable or fun - the workplace has now become unbearable.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unbecoming Strangers

Rooms filled with strangers, listening to musical fortes,
dancing in time to rhythmical notes.
Traipsing over floors set up for freedom of spirit and
soul.
After many measures and stanzas throughout an evening,
friends are made, acquaintances introduced to one another.
Another plateau has transpired from a once upon a night,
in a room full of strangers, to familiar surroundings of
peaceful sensory perceptions.

(7: 52 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unbelievable Senses

Shaking perpetually in time with rhythm as it wrecks havoc musically.
Spending moments excitedly in rhyme, as perfect sounding pronunciations revolve in my head.
Fulfilling senses of unbelievable feeling, touching infiltrated periods of space as they are spread throughout heavenly skies of serene complacency.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unbidden Rest

Raking aside discussions of irrelevance causes
portrayals of inconsequential knowledge to high-
light itself throughout life.

Unknowing placards of wisdom fall unceasingly
towards distant horizons, alighting temporarily
for moments of unbidden rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unblemished By The World

Remembering the past as I move forward, being careful to
not repeat past mistakes, wanting life to start out fresh
and renewed every morning when I awaken to a morning sun.

Seeing it peeking in the window to see if I'm ready to
start again in a totally new morning of my life, loving
it's daily invitations.

Feeling excited and thrilled by the new mysteries and ad-
ventures awaiting me, always looking forward to challenges
and putting all I have into writing about it.

Getting lost in thought, being found again in depths of
intellectual forebearance, needing to be awake, clear and
unblemished by the world around me.

Keeping stock of my life morally, ethically and positively
every moment that God gives to me on earth, I continue this
earthly journey in a spiritual atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unblinding Vision

Changing hands, playing chords that fill my mind with an
unblinding vision, flowing through insight and flavoring
the intelligence of inner wisdom.

Placing so much depth in nights of placid contemplation,
filling this mind with no disguises while living on edges
of a blazing energy.

All brightly causing avenues of lightened vision to open
and lead this mind into trails of enlightenment from whence
knowledge will stem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unborn Literature

Notes touching ivories of my mind, inviting it to
play with unborn literature at precise, exacting,
rhythmical moments in time.
Foraging amongst synapses and neurons for enabling
thought to appear in visions of future movies in
an interior mind.
Connected with soul-searching identities, finding
missing links of cohesion and reattaching them like
puzzles of yesterday's horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unbound Anger

Spotted predicaments
steadily mount up,
causing molehills to
grow beyond comprehension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unbroken Brocade

Building a life filled with creativity, music, art and
poetry, living in an ideal atmosphere.

Intellect and imagination keeping this mind alive and
vibrant, never losing sight of poetical interludes
and musical delights in rhythms.

An unbroken brocade of creativity, keeping together
this heart, mind and soul throughout eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unbroken Memories

There's no expectancy in life, it is overflowing with
images of the past, memories unbroken.

Flashes of light, people's faces taunting, chasing
life down black back alleys.

Surrounding a space in time, not allowing growth or
wisdom to penetrate the gloom.

Where are the playgrounds, happy faces which should
be playing on them?

Seemingly, no one visits or cares what happens to
children when they are little.

Life becomes pungent with unexpectancy and breaks
with the tides, falling unbidden within a child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uncanny Freedom

Stillness of purpose fills me with an uncanny realm of freedom, taking along all of my being.
Soaring like a balloon, being thrown about by the wind whenever and wherever it feels like.
Existent behaviors being laughed at as I float through the sky of my mind,
interiorly acting like a person who just doesn't give a damn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uncaring Attitudes

Drawings for bags holding a cup and tee-shirt
carrying the cafe's name of Phoenix Perks.
Channel eleven taping this ceremony to air on
television.
A tribute to their absolute uncaring attitudes
towards the public.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uncaring City

Another ugly dinosaur building going up across the street
from city hall.

A monstrosity in every phase, image, idea of the word.

Slumlord-looking, it stands downtown, taunting homeless
and poor with all it's money.

Instead of helping out, the city once again continues to
put out all people who need desperately, food and shelter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uncaring Sense Of Time

Looking into ebony darkness of grief, watching others now
putting up Christmas decorations without our participation
together anymore.

Colored lights, rainbow and livid, brightened in the black-
ness of this night of loss, staring into the night, unable
to find any joy as tears will up, choking me diffidently.

An uncaring sense of time, unable to understand love we had
together, a blessed, beautiful symphony filled with rhythms
that kept us in comfort through unconditional love through-
out our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uncertain Domains

Shooting sparks, finding their way into my mind,
striking again and again, sending little fire
works into intellect.

Stretching, bending, taking life into uncertain
domains beyond earth, transfiguring the nature
and beauty of their sparkling beings.

Ideas fully wondering with awe, about the single
beauty of another world beyond earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uncertain Friendship

Rambling around, charging and retreating, afraid to approach
one another, afraid we might become friends.
Growing like the grass, steadily approaching maturity, being
mowed down by another's insecurity.
How long must we persist in childish endeavors?
When can we become the adults we are and talk to one another,
in order to bring this nonsense to a close?
Either walking in separate directions afterwards or becoming
fast friends.
When will the rambling stop so we may begin?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uncertain Pathways

Long, lonely roads meet me every morning before the sun rises.

Looking down each one, wondering which one to go down, thinking of the best way to deal with each detail on the way.

Belonging and behaving as if I have a chance at happiness somewhere in the future, I go into unknown and uncertain pathways of an interior universe.

Beautiful patterns and designs being encrypted in coded messages continually, as I write to rhythms felt through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uncertainty

Days come and go leaving us either happy and joyful or filled
with sadness and sorrow.

Never knowing from one day to the next what will happen in our
lives or the lives of those whom we love with all our hearts.

We continue living in spite of all the uncertainty in hopes of
finding some happiness, joy, peace and serenity.

A lifelong journey keeping us on our toes, stumbling through
all suffering, sorrow and hardships that befall us.

All we can do is have faith, hope in a better tomorrow for
nothing is ever promised to us, living our lives accordingly,
and then we die not knowing anything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unchained Life

Unchained from fetters of life, I live alone and feel
comfortable within an inner den.

A place where I can be at peace and deny other's
entrance, keeping them forever at bay, paying no
attention to their vile and base existence.

Serenity settles easily, putting my soul to rest in
an existence of thoughtful imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unchaining Ties

Unchaining ties that have been binding through the
many years of this life, ending their domineering
abuse that has plagued me through a timid shyness.

Always forging ahead without having to think any-
thing further about it, lessening the experiences,
allowing time to take away the present situation.

Emotions rolling over and away from intellect,
sensing a new wave of energy coming forth from
the beauty of thoughts being rescued from depths
of a turbulent ocean.

Never allowing life to be taken into unknown
mysteries where nothing can ever be contained in
answers of life that have so far been found to
have an essence in the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unchanged

Wanting past memories to come alive and be brought into reality's realms again,
can never happen because once
we've lived through something - that is our only chance
to do so - no matter how much we wish things could be different.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unchanged Societies

Eons of ages stepped over in centuries annals describing an entire phase of life called renaissance.
Created by personal histories of individuals living life in each own's time.
Doing whatever came natural and easy was done willingly without remorse.
So many pages left unwritten because not everyone could write.
Total anguish, depression, solitude, questionable faith, was lived by many in personal hell's without anyone having a clue about what was happening.
It sounds like our world today, alone, isolated individuals without a voice to be heard.
Why? Because no one cares and life is lived without any of us on a daily basis.
Many of the same problems saddle our society today, haven't we learned anything?
A majority may have, but they keep silent, hoping things will improve somehow on their own.
People with money jangle it around in banks and real estate, profiting from change normal people live on from their pockets.
Changes may never come about, for those with money choose to let others suffer and offer no help unless it benefits themselves.
Alternatives never being offered by those who could - if they chose -
help turn all life around.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unchanging Life

Aggressive and rapid, taking me into narrow roadways of
tomorrow, traveling through deserts of unchanging life,
treasuring the beauty being nourished there.

Silver spoons taken from mouths of babes before they
can partake of the iron essence of future riches.

Splendid and dignified, riding waves of freedom across
mirages of fading desert plains.

Growing throughout spacious brilliance of desert spaces,
rising into sunsets, life taking itself in stride, as
death rocks to the beat.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unchanging World

Our world is unchanging, yet we live with it.

Anticipating novel times of earnest, hopeful
ideas to make a difference in our lives
personally.

We want to be enlivened with energy, silenced
by beauty, yet we live with indecision and
hesitant romance throughout our times of life.

Withdrawing finally in an unchanging world, we
suddenly realize it is us who have changed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unchartered Horizons

Watching the years pass quickly by, unfolding my life with
precision as I grew and matured to who I have now become.
Older, wiser, knowing so much more now than when younger.
A continual rebirth throughout life, taking me through
canyons and ravines, leading me to mountainous heights, and
pulling me into depths of oceans, always helping me find my
way on nonexistent pathways, creating them as I continued
my journey up to this day in time.
Joyous sadness taking me sailing into unchartered horizons
of tomorrow's destiny.
Fate being met at last, resting in it's arms on the final
lap of my life, always to be kept in annals for future
generations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unchartered Silence

Stringing along, marching to an interior staccato beat, enlivening my spirit and taking me beyond life's exit doors.

Living in the next corridors of beginnings, enjoying every new moment of existence being given to me right now.

Silence filling, engorging my being, giving feelings of peace and joy, sololy taking me into beautiful realms of solitude where I can create and manifest anything that comes to mind.

A placating feeling of serenity placing my being on an unchartered island in life, giving me an abundance of thoughts and ideas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unchecked Spending

Heart-breaking moments not being acknowledged in forums for the budget deficit, yet alibis and excuses are flowing like tsunamis annilating countries, earthquakes trembling and crushing cities of ordinary people.
City council and government are the tsunamis, earthquakes, disasters of all kinds, destroying our city with their unchecked spending, tearing apart families with no thought of what they are actually doing to those they profess to represent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unchosen Thoughts

Temporarily stationed in a situation of unchosen
thought, contemplating life and death.

There are no new ideas, or explanations forthcoming,
all is lost on our day of death.

We are all one day closer at the ending of each dawn
and dusk.

What does each person think of this? Do some not
consider death or the days between it?

Temporarily placed in thoughts of unchosen words,
life is placed forgetfully before me in past
remembering.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unclaimed Life

Climbing intricate walls, grasping vines of unclaimed life, securely knowing the fall of demise, euphonies playing in mind, trapped in spider webs of distaste, equally forlorn.

Conquering the subtleties of abidance, strictly adhering to the conquests behind stone walls, asking where can I go, if no one will permit entrance into this life?

Outwardly searching, finding nothing but exits open to hands, turning away from this daily strife, giving in to silent predators of the past.

Giving up all soul, all talent, pouring from the cup of inner gifts all that one is made of, suffering, a lone wolf in the center of the world, no one to touch or come near.

Void of all semblance to life, trudging along, seeking on it's own, a particle of truth - of love.

Leaving footprints in the desert sand for moments, forgotten, turned away, settled into hermitical caves, alone on earth until the ends of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unclear Thinking

Filling angrily with frustration, wanting to lash out
and get rid of this abiding feeling.

Leaving me hanging like wet laundry on a line outside,
causing prisms of unbound justification from surfacing
in an abhorrent way.

Listening subconsciously to interior melodies, hiding
deep within an abyss, wielding unpopular beliefs and
causing a deformity of unclear thinking.

People talking idly about, nothing important, filling
up space with their particular noises, aggravating
interior frustration outwardly also, where it's not
wanted.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unclouded Minds

Falling upon earth, words lie in a heap.
No one bothers picking them up or sorting them out.
Words just lie about and wait for speech to bring them out.
Some are always left upon the ground, because there are no sentences to contain them.
Everyone refrains because they don't want decaying dinosaurs clouding up their minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uncombed Sanctity

Silent undertakings rising like tidal waves, crashing over,
hurtling the essence of me into cavernous holes, deploying
this aging mind.

Quiet renderings hopelessly lapping upon the sands of an
inner sacred shore.

A beach of uncombed sanctity never touched by anyone except
my soul.

Whitened sands, blue roses, heavenly peace and serenity,
placed within my reach.

No footprints chittering space, shells beautifully strewn
about, being allowed to display their purposes without
being disturbed.

Dancing through the waves, fishes of my thoughts play
happily, no cares of another destroying their environment.

Pollution never touches the inner or outer edges of this
secret inner sanctuary.

Allowing self to be real within this sphere of timelessness,
tracing who I am in images of sand.

Waves splashing them away, so I may start over and over
again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uncomfortably Waiting

Waiting, watching, hoping everything is going well,
letting hopes rise throughout the night.

Always thinking, taking time to ponder this life
and what it has in store for each of us.

Stressing the strife and turmoil that surrounds us
daily, no end to it.

Many situations and circumstances that we find our-
selves placed in, uncomfortably waiting.

Looking to images in the future to hold onto, filled
with promise and a new aspect of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uncomparable Ardor

Thinking of you my dear, feeling your heart within, tenderly
and truly loving mine with an ardor uncomparable on this
earth.

A wide awake feeling taking me forever into your life where
I belong, never turning from you my love, giving of ourselves
totally to one another.

At times brushing away one another's tears in moments of sad-
ness and grief, our love surpasses everything my love as we
lie together night after night in each other's arms.

Our passion and desires being set afire over and over again
as we continue to quench them, both of us loving and sated
in our hearts forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uncomplicating Attitudes

Beneficially playing the piano, carefully arranging
compositions in centers of intellect.

Uncomplicating attitudes of life, breaking them into
simple ideas to be sought out and given extra details,
placing them in a picture album for the entire year.

Pleasing colors and tempos sifting through my brain and
into another pattern created by self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uncomplicating Life

Memories are being handed through intellect into this mind
to be processed in pictures of thought.

Looking at them carefully, noticing every detail that is
shown, completing the puzzle of each poem in it's entirety.

Wonder and peace touching curiosity forever, keeping it
totally intact through the years.

Feelings and senses coming through loudly and clearly, having
an extraordinary clarity, pure and simple, uncomplicating
the intricacies of life as I write of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uncomprehending Sorrow

Silently singing within, mourning losses of family, unable to recuperate right now.
Instead, finding it difficult to comprehend any of the sorrow as it lies heavily upon my heart, straining my mind, tearing apart my entire being.
Changing interiorly, recreating me with infinite sadness, no apologies are made by death's insistent presence.
Finalizing all plans, funerals being attended and sorrow thrown upon every family member's shoulders, taking them down into depths of grief where there is no relief in sight for the time being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uncompromising Remorse

Limitations of expectation can and sometimes do penetrate
educational barriers thought insurmountable.

Fields of uncompromising remorse in sections of life past,
somewhere in horror chambers are laid to rest.

Nightmares sifting eerily through hidden dark corners of
memory, emerging with fragmented images, pasted on pictures
of frightening showcases.

Heated beyond boiling points, bubbling and overflowing out
of pots stirred by a reminiscent thought or word.

Spoken unhurriedly, daylight does not descend upon realms
of blackened night.

Therefore, what is brought forth continues to haunt and
replay inner videos without respite.

Solid formations seem to situate themselves on shelves of
heretofore unbalanced, or undistinguished images called
forth from deep-voiced emotions caught in snares under
ocean's depths.

Unconcerned favoritism catapults the essence of strange bed
fellows into atmospheres off of the surface of the earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unconcise Patterns

Signatures of love cascade down canyon walls while watching for candid objectives in projected mirrors of identification.

Protracted desires fulfilling empty promises of unconcise patterns.

Exacting language, centered in biographies of heroic people of yesterday.

Tones of piano selections articulate and ruminate over many belief systems in total advancement.

Charging batteries with tones of elastic caricatures, bending every nuance, floating into sight from beyond our scope of things.

Penetrating every aspect as life encircles itself in triangular patterns of excitement.

Angulating every thought with an experience or memory, and reminiscing with familiar endeavors.

Stashing all importance in jars of vital independence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unconditional Freedom

More than once in a lifetime a person will come along
and touch your heart in a place never touched before.

Filling you with true happiness and a freedom of
your mind.

Taking you on a blissful journey of discovery
and exploration, giving you sensations never felt before.

A sincere desire to be loved and love in return.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unconditional Heart's Love

Sealing my fate with a final sunsetical horizon awaiting my presence with acceptance and love, feeling divine Love filling this heart with mercy and total compassion.

Knowing that God is standing before me in all His glory, praying that my life will finally be held in His gentle and unconditional heart's love forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unconditional Help

Curtains closed ahead, shutting out the future,
blocking the view of insight discouragingly.

Colored, draped, unable to be opened, standing
outside, looking, finding no reasons, no hope
to go on.

Having lost what was really important years ago,
finding nothing to alleviate the pain, and
constant sorrow brought forward from childhood.

Standing on the edge, always looking, watching,
never, ever participating in life or friendship.

Alone, afraid of others, mistrusting those who
love or care, knowing only the unhappiness
settled within through all the years.

Nothing prepares a being to live it's entire
life slowly bleeding, going to it's death
because of fear.

No one can touch or hug, allowing them the human
contact to come alive inside.

Someone not interested in pain or abuse, offering
only friendship unconditionally, setting aside
any obstacle or policy in it's way.

Saving a human being just by being a friend,
talking, allowing them to one day become who they
were meant to be.

Then letting go with love if asked, knowing one
day that all must go beyond the horizon and come
back in their own time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unconditional Love

Only after I am dead and gone will you see the wrongs you have
inflicted.
Only then will the guilt come back to haunt and maim your mind.
Life must be lived daily in and through honest forgiving love
and compassion.
No hate or contempt, lies or swearing to pass your hungry lips.
All of life finally exists at that tiny moment of death, so
live it wisely and do not brush it aside as lightly as you will
one day wipe away the tears of my demise.
Love and be loved as you are, unconditionally alone and together
with one another while life exists for you on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unconditional Love Resembles God's Love

Wanting to be the only one in your heart forever,
loving you intensely and fully every single moment
we are together.

Sentiments, sensations and desires being felt deeply
within my being, knowing that you feel the same way
about me.

Giving me the freedom to be myself, independent and
loving, holding you closely in my heart and mind.

Unconditional love from another closely resembles the
love our Lord has for each of us here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unconscious Creativity

Quietly, my soul treds away, reluctant to stay consciously
while being transported by Chopin's exquisite music to
instinctive realms of creativity.
Taking to clouds of imagination with no desire other than to unconsciously deliver
mystery and awe to an all-consuming
dimension of creative freedom.
Completely solaced, visions of beauty dance and float among
radical languages of poetry.
Breast filling with emotion, struggling to get out and run -
feeling the extent of itself pressed into barriers of youthful experience.
Dancing around, leisurely fixated upon silence of inner natural beauty.
Nowhere to hide, no one to interfere with this unconscious
creativity.
As it continues to bring life and soul together on an
intellectual dimension far above any other persons' and turns
reality away for the time being.
Alive, joyful for this moment of life to be experienced totally through exacting
emotion and inner wisdom - this reality which
has become one with mine over time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unconstrained Joy

Flowers blossoming the world over, aromas reaching every atmosphere, people enjoying it immensely, thoughts flowing evenly throughout the environment.

Gathering here at Buddy Stubbs, a lively and great band, good food and companionship of bikers and Vets all around, always ready to lend a hand.

A wonderful crowd of people here as always, immediate and unconstrained joy and elation flowing across Phoenix on this beautiful day, sun shining all over the place.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uncontained Sadness

Sanctioned beyond any imagining, clinging to particles of hope, pretending to live on.

Heartless stories of destiny prepared as eulogies for distant renderings, spoken in whispered breaths, afraid to be heard.

Petals of life fluttering unnoticed onto future graves, taken lightly, looked at momentarily, never considered again in present lifetimes.

So unhappily, sent to farthest reaches of hell, unnoticed, uncontained sadness spelling the fate of adult hood, sustained by tears.

Salted, unable to nourish or grow, wilted daily, falling onto beds of roses, brown with age, broken, lying on empty desert floors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uncoordinated Qualities

Temporarily lost in a maze of uncoordinated desire,
reaching towards commonplace predictable goals.

Misunderstanding qualities of human nature, battling
for a hold without misplacing trust.

Tantamount to earthly rhetoric, the inside of life
has fallen upon a new path, one unprecedented.

Taking root in unsuspecting areas, searched entirely
and placed within memories, hidden forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uncovering Feelings

Facilitating conversation,
uncovering hidden feelings.
Bringing them out into the open
where they can be discussed,
explored and sated in terms of common ground.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undecipherable Codes

Offbeat personalities taking off into atmospheres of
intellectual abilities far and beyond many others.
Hiking trails into depths of mountains and forests,
getting purposely lost in the denizens of outer
limitations.
Existing hierarchies stated in undecipherable codes,
knowing that they're safe from intruders and prying
eyes.
Kept locked, tied down in chests of steel, never
able to be gone through because the only key is
hidden away in my brain.
Having no luck, there's no pathway or shortcut for
others to trespass on my space inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undefiled Little World

Reciprocating eternally, thinking, pondering facts
of life, trying to decipher the truth from lies that
insist on mixing in with the goodness we always try
and portray in this life.

Increasing power and strength of our minds through
learning and knowledge that accumulates throughout
our lives, rambling down pathways of yesterday,
comparing ideas and thoughts of past days with those
we are living with today in the present.

Glorifying younger days, remembering them with the
innocence and purity of childhood, never ever for-
getting the life that once was being lived in an
open and undefiled little world all our own.

Chances abounding to become what our dreams held
onto as we slept in nighttime goals, performing,
and finding that being aimless and free allowed us
to become mindful of effervescent ideas and ideals
that held so much promise.

Always being used for ourselves and all of mankind
in the process of this life here in this earthly world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undefiled Mind

Clear as blue skies of heaven, my mind is undefilled and pure
right here and now
Discovering the power of intellectual insight is extraordinary
and illuminating to my mind and brain.
Textual designs reaching into dimensions of 3-D, allowing me to
develop inner vision on another level without being defiled by
outside sources and other people.
Combining particles of pictures with abstracted thoughts bring
to mind inventions, totally miraculous and visualized in depth
by my visions, filled with brand new images walking into the
realms of nexervention at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undefined Blue

Creatively chaotic, whirling and spinning in a maze of delight and color.

Actively participating in the excitement of every single note as new ideas and words form in seconds, on clouds of wispy, total blues.

Undefined until written out on paper, poems keep cropping up and surprising this mind deliciously.

Flavorful poems are cast out and reeled in constantly with an even steady rhythm.

No shortages in sight, no blocks to mar the future's brightness.

Whiling many hours in contemplative silence, writing away the gifts given at the moment of conception.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undeniable Understanding

Understanding comes about through self-realization, looking within honestly, seeing the good and bad within our beings, not afraid of knowing who we are.

Learning what we need to be doing to fulfill our purposes while living, using this very knowledge to gain wisdom, finding out exactly who we are and what we each want from life.

Experiencing and relating to everything that happens to us, yet the only thing most everyone cannot relate to is death, because we are no more.

Those of us who have been brought back from the other side do have a relationship with death, for dying has brought vision to our intellects.

Enlightenment and a close relationship bringing an undeniable understanding, feeling the abundant changes in our attitudes throughout our beings.

No longer afraid or apprehensive of death, finding ourselves looking forward to it's beautiful essence and intense peace beyond this horizon of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Under Charge

Choosing to move about and get grounded as I walk
through each trial and error on my way to every
doctor that needs to be seeing me.
Others know nothing, doctors place you under
charge so you know what you have to do.
If you listen all goes well.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Under Direction Of The Stars

Stretching silently in the darkness, listening to
sounds of twilight as stars shine from above.

Lighting my mind with their twinkling inspiration,
showing this mere poet it's rightful place for poetry.

It is to be written and expressed to the entire world,
spreading truth and beauty of nature in all directions.

Always under the guidance of the stars twinkling above
in the twilight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Under Tree Tops

Incessantly walking down lanes through forests of imagination,
taking time to see every detail under the tree tops.

Little animals looking curiously, running or hopping every-
where, trying to hide away from we humans.

A lively atmosphere filled with mother nature's beauty and
solace, interacting silently with my soul.

Enjoying every moment spent in solitude, charging interior
batteries with special joy and grace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Under Wings Of Poetry

Reaching into the atmosphere, grasping all the ideas just swimming around looking for a place to land and be identified.
Long looks, evaluating them all, capturing their essence and taking them under wings of poetry where they will be honored and remembered throughout the world, forever.

(10: 31 a.m. - 11/21/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Underbrush

Riding through jungles and underbrush of musical measures, rhymed in poetical journals of a mere poet.

Finding fascinating and strung out landscapes throughout life and it's many impossibilities, never straying far from possibilities.

Always standing steadfast in realms of reality, noticing everything in a fresh new way, finding that life has taken on a new light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undercover Melodies

Keeping touch with rhythms
of undercover melodies.

Acquiescing matters of the
brain to fill up all aspects
of heart and soul's
becomings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Underhanded Deceit

Looking once again out over the city, views are marred by skyscrapers, dirty roofs, dirty bottoms of fountains and ugly manifestations of shrubbery and plants.

What a blight upon our city! Blatant violations ignored by the city of Phoenix, because businesses might leave our state!

Let them go - get our beautiful desert city back on track with buildings no higher than two stories!

Tear down the skyscraper scars putting the face of Phoenix on like a dirty beaten clown.

Get rid of the blatant vegetation brought here by other states - they're ruining our once good reputation for getting rid of allergies.

Looking out windows, not far away, all you can see is black-top filled with cars, spilling oil and grease into our environment.

How can we possibly meet EPA standards with all this under-handed deceit being carried out by city officials, council members and developers? ?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Underlying Memories

Misty-eyed, sorrowful, holding onto memories of love
in times of duress, etching images deeply inside
chambers of my heart,
The past sticks to my inner mind without letting go,
afraid to pour forth grief in the middle of a crowded
room.
Sanctioning life's corners with tears of love in times
of great sadness, associated in life with our human
natures.
Stinging though the pain may be, underlying it all are
memories of deepest joy and love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Understandable Images

Strutting against time, taking steps towards believability
and tactful docile conversation.

Teaching sonatas as life paces itself and becomes distant
memories in understandable images, beckoning from yesterday's
horizons.

Creating a background of entertainment for the mind as it
expresses patterns, puzzles, abysses and jaunts of visions
along life's roadways.

Taking pictures, mindfully traveling down expressways in
tandem memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Understanding

Whenever I walk around Brophy, I can feel life stirring inside.
Nature peacefully surrounds me, permeates thoughts as
my eyes drink in colors and beauty everywhere.
There is a softness - a tenderness in all I see - I
feel it coming back and touching me.
Softly, shadows gather round, moving slightly, on the
ground.
Willows waving long strands, like sea weed under water.
Beauty touches lightly everything I see, bringing life
inside of me to an understanding of God's nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Understanding Attention

It's so hard to understand boys and things they do for attention.
So unlike girls whom you can usually understand.
Rowdy, rough, out in the open types of personalities - a boy doesn't get away with much because he does everything out in the open.
Why don't boys try to hide things that aren't supposed to be done?
Like girls do!
That is why boys are constantly in trouble when at school - they do it all right in front of the teachers.
Always behind the teacher's back, girls are getting away with almost murder.
Things won't change because boys will be boys until they become men.
Then will they hide things like only little girls can.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Understanding Cognition

Finishing fruitful endeavors brings feelings of
peace and serenity.
A comfortable sensation of ease and usefulness
fills my being with solace.
Understanding of cognition takes on a special
significance of it's own without stress.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Understanding Destiny

Deftly stepping on floors of spinning delight,
feeling the closeness of relatives from beyond,
joining me tonight in sweet melodies of happiness.
Serenity quietly calming my thoughts, bringing me
to an understanding of future destinies awaiting
my choices.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Understanding Early Languages

Dreaming of blossoms, throwing their
aromas into winds of my interior rhythm's,
causing a pilgrimage to begin in early
evening, in lands of contemplative mirrors.
Trying to understand explanations of early
languages, assimilating their essences into
stages of beautiful stations.
Whispering lazily upon an ocean wave into
mists of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Understanding Fate

Early morning, watching gusts of wind snap and twirl tree branches about in the early rising sun.

At the mercy of the wind, being bent and tossed all over, amazingly not being broken in two by it's force, yet feeling myself within, being tossed around by inner breezes of turmoil.

Understanding the fate discovered in intellect is at the same level as tree branches having no control over the situation at hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Understanding Hearts

Music paints hearts with beauty, sates it's desire with quiet, gentle repose.

Life is kept at a safe distance, right inside of our beings, it is not foreign, it's a part of us.

Touching and listening with hearts of joy and burden, learning to live with one another through ourselves.

If we cannot be there for self, how can we possibly help another?

Knowing what we are like within is the beginning of understanding with our fellow man.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Understanding Instantaneously

Quickly calculating time periods in measures of music
as they are taken up into avenues of understanding
instantaneously, noting the importance of continuing
to write rapidly in order to do so.

Keeping words flowing automatically in even progressions,
always listening, allowing expressions of tantamount
importance to ascend mountains of intelligence, following
of rhythms while continuing to become a part of music and
melodies themselves.

So complacent in an atmosphere of servitude as life keeps
building higher into total inspiration of this mind through
an amazing process of ascension into intellect through
wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Understanding Learning

This mind moving across sandy beaches, watching waves rolling towards the shore, crashing and having fun, slapping the surface of the water.

Looking beneath, seeing nothing but sand rolling and tumbling with the undertow, understanding and tolerance being learned from tides.

Waves and the ocean teaching a way of living and breathing that's much different than we human beings learn on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Understanding Life

Frolicking through life in intellect, crossing an understanding of what this world expects from each of us, always wondering what reasons are held close.

While we live our daily lives how do we logically figure out what is needed to do in order to progress throughout this earthly life.

Knowing what lessons need to be learned along the way, being surprised many times at the solutions some people come up with.

Some drinking alcohol, doing drugs, prostituting themselves, and others just living their lives as best as possible, doing the right things in order to survive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Understanding Life's Existence

Insisting on pursuing fate, wanting to change things,
not fully satisfied with what it has planned for me.

Listening to music, trying to visibly change rhythms
of life with each note touching my brain.

Raising questions, wanting to know every aspect of
what is to come and why.

Understanding the existence of life is tantamount,
needing to know the whys and wherefores of everything
that I come across.

While traveling through it's mundane turmoil and strife,
not wanting to be stuck in any of it, hoping to see the
positive aspects come to light.

Reaching for the impossible and never being satisfied
unless able to go beyond possibilities in life on this
earth to find the answers I need and want.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Understanding Peaceful Sorrow

Insinuating beliefs sit idly on tables of becoming,
dominating conversations with exquisite silence.

Shuffling forward into tight areas of confinement,
pushing, moving back boundaries too closely connected.

Beauty satisfied with visions of extraordinary
intellect arousing suspicions of details hiding
beneath the surface of truth and reality.

Understanding peaceful sorrow as it quietly transfers
thoughts to graveyards of mortality, evening sidelines
of life as proving grounds for tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Understanding People

Intrigued by other nationalities, wanting to learn more about their ideas, people, culture, unafraid of talking and communicating with them.

Encouraging and being inspired when with them, an ongoing communication necessary in order to unite and bring peace to this world, living in harmony is essential to peace.

We must do all we can to learn about each other, finding out directly from the citizens of each and every country what they think, need and want in life.

Not listening to politicians and individual governments for they all have an agenda for accumulating wealth and power and the people be damned which is not in any way conducive to uniting and having peace.

Loving and wanting to be able to learn and understand the people of other countries, feeling it would be a wonderful experience and wanting to start with India, having been there already.

Finding their people to be intelligent, brilliant actually, their lives are simple, yet very spiritual, being open, wanting to reach out in love, compassion and caring for others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Understanding Persistence

Taking time from writing for just moments to talk to people who insist on talking and interrupting me.

Understanding their persistence because I am continually writing from my heart, never taking a break, sometimes not even to eat or drink.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Understanding Wonder

Riding into an Arizona afternoon through poetry, riding bare-back through dusty trails of Phoenix deserts, happy and en-joying beautifully, feeling spirits of the wild west.

Flowing into this mind, going into ravines and canyons all day and night, finding enlightenment in nature and humanity on the way.

Understanding wonder and awe of God in a poetical way that only God can teach in the solitude of our souls, a bluened light immersing this being within it's peace and serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undertaking A Solo Journey

Waiting in a room of relevance of what is not known as yet, although a recognition of it's possibility exists in my mind, wanting to find the light of it's being.

Wanting to know what it will enlighten me with in measures of intellect that race and rush to be known through music being listened to.

Writing rapidly, keeping up with notes and tempos, nobody knows how, but this mind can experience it explicitly and totally exponentially.

Relativity of the essence of being suddenly takes this mind showing reasons and purpose of this silent undertaking, a solo journey into depths of contemplation and deliverance.

Earthly boundaries and limits taking this poetical life outside everything possible and still having a relevance beyond any human understanding.

A picturesque and beautiful experience that fills me with hope and energy unlike anything else I've ever known, letting myself be taken into depths of self-realization.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Underwater Cloud

Swimming in depths of sadness, looking through teary blurred eyes, hidden behind an underwater cloud of unhappiness.

Nothing able to penetrate beneath the surface, re-calling images and memories of yesterday.

Dreams of this mind rearing their heads to see what's going on, happy to know that loneliness will not be penetrating their psyche nor inner contemplation.

Where life doesn't need another opinion on what to do or think any longer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Underwater Environment

Asea in a storm of idealic measures, being comforted by the movement of the waves as they toss and turn in a restless sleep.
Turning, facing the eastern horizon, thinking of the deepest depth of ocean beneath me, wondering what is swimming below.
Knowing the underwater environment is totally beautiful and serene in its own context.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Underwriting Destiny

Incomprehensible recognition of aesthetic patterns
looming in the distance, transporting it to nether
worlds bereft of description.
Latently posturing through beautiful scenery,
frightful yet full of fearful hope.
Tossing visions to the wind, watching them return,
altered, on benign pessimism of yesterday's thoughts.
Alone, unfrustrated, picking my way down landscapes
of particularity, as newer visions contain all I will
need to know for future literature.
Somnolently undertaking peaceful descriptions filled
with future destiny's underwriting, as calmly as an
eye of a hurricane.
Soothing anticipation filling pools and reservoirs
with undaunting platitude.
Placating worried feelings beneath the surface,
attacking them from their beginnings, learning their
mysteries between day and night.
Eclipsing even moonlight, shining down to illuminate
interior caverns of vocabulary as it is used
prolifically on sheets of music filled with lyrics spontaneously thought of.
Emotional outbursts taking time to write of their
special places in life's arousing arena, especially
on deaths insistence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undesirable Behavior

Ability of the rich to look down upon the poor, stating that the way they dress or look is abhorent.
Is it a learned behavior, because not all were born rich, some gained riches later in life?
It's a mystery I don't really care to learn about, it's just wrong and shouldn't be a part of our intimate world.
We were all born without clothes, long fingernails or speech, so if these attributes come to us as we grow, we are no better than anyone else.
If their minds have grown out of proportion to their lives, I imagine that would account for attitudes some have.
What gives anyone the right to say or think they are better - above - everyone else?
All of us are equal in God's eyes and that's the way we should be and the way we should treat one another in thought and deed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undetectable Journeys

Being entwined, twirling into atmosphere's of elated prose.
Beginning motions trailing in and out of fathoms of undetectable journeys as they're taken on sidelines of fantasy.
Contemptuous living, having elements akin to rhythmic essences, taking always, the best of everything life has to offer, and given freely, just because it is available.
Sincerely hoping for an eternal rest some day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undetected

Sculpture of mountains made by God's own hands,
standing surreptitiously over all the land.
Posing with all manner of cacti and animals
living together.
Hiding within a maze of arid desert landscapes,
hoping to never be detected by any human.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undetermined Illusions

Finally secluding this mind within clouds above, leaving conditions of undetermined illusions to the outback of other people's minds.

Just wondering at their broken straits of thoughts as they die, cracked and decaying, in a process of continuing life.

Always seen fractured and dying in the realms of other dimensions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undetermined Sacrifice

Struggling to live an unwanted life, bereaved, alone
in an unconditional love, striving to move forward,
yet holding on.

Not wanting to know any more of life and it's cruel
fate, undetermined sacrifice, seeing that none of it
really matters.

Still alone with nothing, no one coming to hold or
be within, a cold, lonely existence, sitting by a
campfire, not even being warmed by it.

Such a total emptiness, not able to be consoled, be-
cause it has taken over, not letting anything be felt,
except itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undeterred By Life Choices

Sliding down a cascade of rocks like a waterfall down a mountainside, undeterred by life's choices, falling to my death without regret or remorse.
Lasting doubts and fears have finally been left, crushed under an avalanche of rocks and boulders on the way down.
Rolling, darting in and out, not caring what the outcome will be, just escaping the hell inside, covering me like dirt upon my grave.
Markers not marking my presence, not ever wanting to be found, not even after death has taken me to my final resting place above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undeveloped Patterns

Life is at a standstill, deficient, unable to handle daily routines with any energy whatsoever.
Racking emotions with heart-rending dissatisfaction, causing spiritual draining of my being.
Unaccosted, afraid, yet looking for solitary openings to become myself without horrendous pain.
Sanctioning undeveloped patterns, watching them wander aimlessly until I pick them up, placing their forms within imagination's storehouse to be used on some other plain of literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undeveloped Reasons

Closeting memories, turning the key, locking them interiorly so they can never be reached by anyone, but me.
Fiddling intensely with their characters, trying to relive every possibility through thoughts of angelic behavior.
Reaching for ends of ribbon lying beneath the door, pulling on them, wanting to explore one at a time without any interference.
Collecting images, placing them into visions, out of place, testing undeveloped reasons for each one.
Planning patterns abstractedly in indelible ink, setting them carefully into frames of pictures.
Hanging them in galleries, awaiting my mind's intellect to portray them in poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undisclosed Desires

Quietly sitting on the brink of life, slipping, sliding, not
caring to hang on, searching inner heavens for explanations
and not hearing any.

Total darkness befalls all thoughts and injurious reason cannot
stand alone.

Melting into strands of ancient music, softly anticipating the
deluge of stressful waking, unlikened causes are set before the
realm of undisclosed prior desires and waiting.

All is ending as I sit on the brink of life hoping to fall
over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undisclosed Knowledge

Pictures even now, being hung with attention to concerted efforts as they are placed in sequences of undisclosed knowledge.
Carefully calculated according to coded messages, never divulged in retrospect or speech.
Kept sacred in secret chests of the soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undisclosed Shores

Doilies of lace stretch across boundaries of time and space.
Providing borders for images we see beyond our sight on
undisclosed shores past our lives.
Wandering about, watching secrets of sandy waves say hello
to a subconscious destiny in frothy crests of beauty as
they crash upon shores of unearthly horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undiscovered Paths

Walking around the world in a mind of depth and imagination, lives are touched with precision and accuracy as roads lead us toward paths undiscovered as yet. Fledglings along the way, we grow through every discovery, enlivening our spirits, giving us hope as we grow towards our destiny with God's support and love all our days on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undiscovered Purposes

Juxtaposition of our souls accounts for beauty and
existence hiding within us of God.
Commandments and prayers fill our brains and mouths
with continual remembrance through our daily lives.
Yet, there are so many people devoid of a prayer
life and peaceful feelings it brings.
It is catastrophic on so many levels as they wander
earth, never knowing what their purpose is.
Alive, living with no reason for being as yet
discovered, fills so many with secret sorrow and
loneliness damp upon pillows every night in bed.
Such a lonely forbearance with no remedy in sight,
unless they turn their sights and vision towards God, Almighty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undiscovered Spaces

Hiding in darkened corners of my mind, attempting to decipher codes from yesterdays's images, blandly staring into spaces, undiscovered as yet.
Watching intently, seeing shadows jutting out, not reaching for mind's hands, afraid to grasp them again lest they rip and tear me apart inside and out, spiritually.
Fear not standing in the way, yet, hesitantly waiting to see what will happen when they appear in full shadow, ready to blend and enter my mind with their anxiety and nightmares, fixating their stares into my soul.
Taking my faith on a roller coaster ride through hell and back.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undisturbed Atmosphere

Standing alongside the road looking up, an eerie
feeling fills me throughout, my spirit chilled
with something I've never felt.
Close to the airport, yet not a jet or plane in
sight.
Atmosphere undisturbed by human flight, not a
sound in the desert, not even in daylight.
Such an eerie feeling comes upon me as I stand
here, not far from the airport and wonder if I'll
ever see another jet or plane in the wide blue
yonder.
A fear grips me inside out, as the deepest silence
I've ever heard, continues and gets deeper still
with every passing minute.
Our world has changed, been rearranged by people -
terrorists - we've never known or heard of. Why?
No one knows - there's no comprehension of this
situation.
Will life ever be the same again?
Time will tell, yet I believe things have changed
permanently.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undoing Peace

Beautiful music unfolding melodies of motion and distinct grace.
Forging forever, spires within my mind of what can be done to entertain ourselves and others on earthly plains.
Floating and consuming minds with abstractions being played out in music and becoming words in a poem for everyone to see how peaceful life can be undone, while unaware of it's presence in our daily lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undoing Strings

Reading pictures of past photographic memories, giving me an innate satisfaction of true beliefs, holding me together in times of infinite failure on a strangled path of life.
Easy going lines flowing so perfectly as though a river flowing through me in all directions.
Skyways of intense indignation following me down straight-aways, keeping the allocation of verse in certain periods of life, as I continue to free myself from all outer, earthly strings in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Undying Love For Humanity

Remembering the past, working shifts in hospitals, nursing
homes, mental health centers, suicide hotlines, anything
in a medical or psychological environment.

Loving the patients and work, learning from every person,
talking, encouraging, inspiring them as they recuperated,
wonder and beauty of the human spirit abounding everywhere.

Always enjoying and wanting more, also working with dying
children in Hospice, giving hope and joy for the last days
in a child's life.

Hearing them laugh, talking about death, caring, loving
and compassionate, every one of these gentle and brave
little ones touched my heart abundantly.

A wonderful experience, never getting burned out, be-
cause I never thought of self, only focused on each of
the children and people I helped.

This poet's life has been one of inspiration, compassion
and an undying love for all of humanity, I will be sorry
to see it end after my surgery, unable to do it anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unencumbered

Empty pages fill my thoughts with words, hopefully translating hope and joy to someone's heart.
Forgiving instantly any hurt feelings that have happened along the journey through life.
Not wanting to hold onto the hurt and pain, letting go, so life can be continued without baggage being dragged behind.
Dropping it all and going on unencumbered at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unending Beauty

Evermore, living in a channel of unending beauty.
Solace comforting me in dimensions of everlasting
periods of loneliness and sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unending Boundaries

Stilted ploys of learning, transporting imagination to
higher stages of knowledge.

Filing out of the classroom on beams of light, unafraid
to think out of the ordinary.

Finding worth in many little items of nature, contemplated
and soared to higher plains where real wisdom resides.

Hiding in places of utter curiosity, unstrangled by the
daily life of ignorance.

Never waylaid by stress and situations out of control, pre-
empting everything, concentrating only on the ideas and
thoughts brought from depths of imagination.

Originality steps in line, creating the fantastic level of
intelligence, simplicity of complex issues delivered purely,
simply, by an unchartered, unfettered genius.

Never publicating the secrets of immense disclosure, as
messages are revealed in mysterious pathways of a mind.

Learning to promote the essence of untold wealth, retiring
eternally to this wonder-filled land of other dimensions,
thoughts abounding from birth to death.

Inclusive are the unending boundaries of everyday genius,
hard at work, simply being what they are throughout eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unending Charity

Reciprocating knowledge finding it's way into
intellect, helping me to move forward even more
into the future of my tomorrow.

Unending clarity helping to understand and more
of the agenda and help me move further from
their dishonesty and claims of malevolent fears,
trying to stop me dead in my tracks.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unending Circles

Softly, echoes whisper through my mind, singling out
thoughts awaiting rhyming verse, sanctimoniously
arriving on quaking shores of irreverence.

Compiling logs of effervescent sinowy displays, equipped
with electrical currents of time.

Since outlasting all causes of superior intellect falls
short of complacent historical ideas, manufactured
thoughts falsely send messages of doubt to unending chasms
sought in life.

Sincerity triples, gently folding itself in sheets, draped
over past eras, tantalizing memories, siting on sofas of
reluctant thoughts.

Unending aisles, waking eerily, shadows of distant making,
shortening the eternity of timelessness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unending Display

Following closely, patterns and designs of intellect as I listen to musical rhythms and write poetry, finding their delicate orbs are food for thought.

Producing many creative ideas in my mind, colors, senses, feelings and emotions all combining to create lifelines of thoughts by which to write poetry from.

A prolific amount of knowledge, wisdom and creativity being formed within intellect on a constant basis, loving how this mind works so effortlessly.

Giving ideas an unending display of images coming from interior photographic memories that are colorful, filled with musical rhythms and emotions to be written of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unending Fascination

Death takes away a part of our heart every time it takes
those whom we love from us without any reason, understand-
ing is never near at hand.

We spend our lives wondering what is on the other side of
death's horizon, whether or not the people we loved so
much are still there with us in spirit, never finding out.

Writing incessantly through the years, never bringing me
any closer to answers, finding only questions facing me
daily.

An unending fascination with eternity that never divulges
it's purposeful ending of life itself, unable to let go
of the curiosity felt towards it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unending Grief

Surrounded by the lifeless joy of human nature,
at times brings despair and sadness.
Remembering the good times and joy is the only
way to help people through the unending grief
of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unending Images

Oftentimes we reflect on reflections as in a mirror.
No barriers or detours standing in the way, just
unending images skirmishing for some recognition.
Hazy, blurry, sideways - always changing to fit
inner needs and mind sets, unconcerned about any of
it, living decidedly on the edge of destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unending Melody Of Life

Frittering and waving in many telltale moments of yesterday
that keep climbing higher within my interior spirit, becoming
a part of my being.

Filling it so sweetly with melodies and harmonies, swelling
with immediate feelings and emotions enticing and taking me
somewhere else in time.

Traveling into other dimensions with heartfelt meanings put-
ting me further than ever away, watching tempos calling to
my spirit in whispers of my mind.

Capturing moods hiding beneath the surface, collecting
and selecting places for each of them, captivating every
moment through the years, in an unending melody of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unending Promises

Taking notice of heartbeats, hitting chords of an inner piano, playing many rhythms, normal or irregular.

Taking off into waves of another dimension where I can live wholly in the beauty of another land.

Promises flowing unendingly, as I wade through waters of siloe, taking my place among the chosen ones, being brought into an eternity of afterlife before it's time has come.

A wonderful honor to be fulfilled from the inside out, never letting me down, walking into many sunsets, leading into other dimensions through writing of it.

This mind following willingly, adjusting to new demands it finds waiting there, allowing no faltering of hopes or dreams along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unending Rendition Of Life

Fresh, invigorating and peaceful are rhythms playing for intellect,
stirring thoughts intensely, blending them with feelings and their
emotions.

Bringing youth, joy, happiness, sadness and sorrow, all immersed
at once within this intellect, overwhelming it at times, not able
to keep up with them, writing as fast as possible.

Continuing for hours on end, giving an unending rendition of what
life is like for this poet who's always writing, listening to
music vibrating within this soul.

Giving an inner spirit time to rejoice in the Divine, taking this
mind dancing and giving feelings of total serenity that keeps
this soul alive and vibrant.

An endless supply of energy always coming up like a bubbling under-
ground geyser, feeding being, mind and intellect with a soulful
purpose towards destiny.

An energetic and wonderful feeling of enthusiastic spirituality
that never ends, just keeps going in spite of this difficult
and wearing life.

Finding the answers, meanings and definitions to explain life
and the living of it, keeping focused on the Divine dwelling
within a bluened light that's never extinguished while alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unending Reservoir

Gentle rhythms touching softly, tissues of my brain.

Energizing and capturing their attention, giving an
unending reservoir and waterfall to contemplate and
delve into.

Listening to music and grasping all manner
of illuminated thoughts to be used in poems upon
this page.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unending Spiritual Fountain

Morning rising over steep mountains of Phoenix, giving
us all a welcome greeting to wake up and start our day.

A brand new beginning to be laid out before us, silently
impressive, stylish and iridescent, shimmering across
the desert, showing us the way to enlightenment.

Forging ideas, climbing out of bed, feet touching the
floor, eyes opening, mind looking around at a plethora of
options open to thoughts and reflections.

Manifesting the best that life has to give, beautiful and magnificent, a gift from
heaven that is always giving to
us here on this earth.

Some not appreciating it, yet others like myself indebted
to God for His presence in our interior lives, giving us
an unending fountain of spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unending Stress

Winding around mountainous canyons,
delving into them with curiosity and wonder,
digging up beautiful rhetoric and expressions.
Soul-defying epics, wrapping themselves in mystery,
focusing entirely on what cannot be seen with the
naked eye.
Straining exhaustingly on days of unending stress,
pulling extra duty in setting things straight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unending Struggle

Trudging through daily trials, trying to make sense out of
life is an unending struggle to our individual ends.
We carry on and step to beats of our inner rhythms, hoping
to last years into our lifetimes without slowing down or
stopping suddenly in mid-life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unequaled Questions

Searching this planetary universe for answers of spirituality
and God, wanting to know everything, leaving nothing unsaid
upon earth about these truths.

Solitary thoughts begin to congregate, letting their opinions
be known one to another, left over remnants are being thrown
around, tossed into the mix, just to see what will turn up in
a circle of knowledge.

Continuing faith predicts eventual outcomes of these private
discussions, as they all end up in the interim as unanswered
questions.

Because our knowledge does not contain the missing articles
that are needed to give a final meaningful answer to these
unequaled questions of life here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unequaled Thought

Intoxicating perfumes of rhythm, carry me away with scents of music.
Technically taking me down paths of smooth and easy slopes, climbing gently, making sure I can rest comfortably in strides of unequaled thought.
Lying down on beds of roses, thinking wonderfully of a multitude of energetic sounds, living in the circumference of many portraits of living as they are painted on screens inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unequivical Presents

Rotating and gyrating into sections of life that are
opening and receiving it, taking steps to provide
many aspects of interior worth.

Vibrant and alive, ready to bounce down avenues into
enlivening passions of forthright honesty and genuine
love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unequivocal Attitude

Trying to make my way through this darkness of death,
having a difficult time of it, but trying to do what
was asked of me.

Finding it so hard to go on, yet I must, for Tushar
wanted me to keep on writing to be studied by other
scientists, that I must be known throughout the world.

Tushar discovered me, found that I use two areas of my
cortex where everyone else in the world uses only one
area, says I'm unique, have to be studied no matter what.

Going on without him is difficult, I will find a way
and make sure all credit due goes to him for he's the
one who used his unequivocal positive attitude to find
out how my mind works, wanting to offer what he found
out to all of mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unescapeable Loneliness

Living in chains of sorrow, being poisoned by trials of life.

Hurting in depths of personality, eyes looking blankly as a
loneliness - unescapeable on this earth.

Circling efforts of help, not being able to conquer any of
the feelings of emptiness, covering your mind with alibi's
of dishonesty.
Bringing some semblance to the brim of pioneer truths as they
fall into laps of pious people on their way to lands of
effervescent pastimes.
Not letting go of all beautiful staccato steps of realization, drumming steadily
through the night.
Blessing the morning with prayers for sunshine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unexhaustable Aroma

Listening to notes climb up and down, going faster and faster, making my fingers fly, playing the piano in my mind while writing rapidly with my right hand.

Rhythms filling me with pleasure and rhymes, nothing else to be heard now in the middle of this night, music drumming with a whining sounding instrument.

Rotating and conceiving the birth of another poem right this minute, allowing persistent, rhythmical staccato beats to take me into dense forests of India.

There I find life becoming simpler, easing the stress and strain of daily living, an unexhaustable aroma now filling the atmosphere.

Going where this mind dares to travel, wending it's way through the culmination of innate talent rooted within the undergrowth of an intelligent being of a poetical stature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unexpectant Emergencies

Impatience of youth and young adults, as they carry on through
daily routines, never seeming to have enough time to just BE
with family.
Harried by schedules they make up themselves, never able to do
everything they want to as other things come up unexpectedly
changing their plans.
Important things, like a mother going in for emergency surgeries
time after time, taking away from a normal life and throwing
them into turmoil, trying to work, care for a family and be
there every moment to hold a mother's hand as she lies sleeping
in a coma on life support.
Holding hearts in hands, touching souls so grievously as
watching their Mom fighting for her life under a doctor's care.
Life at a standstill, thinking about an entire life with her
and what if she doesn't make it through.
A life-altering moment in this young adult's life, changing
outlooks on life and close family, forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unexpectant Time

Stormy weather suits me fine today, because inside I feel all topsy-turvy.
Feelings are being pushed back and forth and not one will be voiced, much to my dismay.
Despair sits inside, hands to head, hunched over, afraid to say who's the leader.
Fear crouches further into a darkened corner not wanting to come out into the open air.
Sadness lying on the floor curled up in a ball, much like a kitten, cupping hands over eyes so tears may not spill and leave traces of their existence.
Overall, the me I can't seem to find today has gone and lost itself somewhere else in time.
Space does nothing, for I cannot stray far from these tightened inner feelings of remorse.
Like a flower cut before it's time, I wither unexpectantly and slide beneath gutters of the earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unexpected Happenings

It's all in the past seems to be an appropriate attitude on the surface, but everyone still has to live in the present and eventually into the future.

All of it will be in the past one day, but what of all the turmoil and suffering we will still have to go through beginning with tomorrows sunrise.

How will we deal with it all? None of us really have a plan to deal with unexpected happenings in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unexpected Honor

An unexpected honor, meeting Ted Hayes, a social activist for our veterans, talking, working with him, enjoying his awesome personality and energy.

Lighting up any occasion or room just by walking in, singing the Star Spangled Banner among other patriotic songs, a joy to be around, a total American.

This poem a tribute to him on his birthday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unexpected Tasks

Rushing into the morning, rays of sun waking me, opening
my sleepy eyes, stretching and tumbling out of my cozy
and warm bed, ready to face another day of life.

Hoping to find everything in order, yet somehow not really
expecting it to be, because life is always filling daily
routines with unexpected tasks suddenly thrust upon us.

Adapting and aligning ourselves to the new changes, some-
times not liking or appreciating them, yet being resigned
to each one.

Living in the beauty of nature and an inner spirituality,
staying sane and focused while writing poetry constantly
and incessantly in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unexpected Time

Stormy weather suits me fine today because inside feels
topsy-turvy.

Feelings are being pushed back and forth and not one
will be voiced, much to my dismay.

Despair sits inside, hands to head, all hunched over,
afraid to say who is the leader.

Fear crouches further into a darkened corner not wanting
to come out into the open air.

Sadness lying on the floor, curled up in a ball, much
like a kitten, cupping hands over eyes so tears may not
spill and leave traces of their existence.

Overall, the me I can't seem to find today has gone and
lost itself somewhere else in time.

Space does nothing, for I cannot stray far from these
tightened inner feelings of remorse.

Like a flower cut before it's time, I wither unexpectedly,
sliding beneath the gutters of earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unexplainable

Come together, riding along pathways leading to inner
knowledge, filling books with ways of life.

Looking for the existence of answers, trying to explain
the utterly unexplainable with heartfelt sorrow.

As life contains itself in a myriad of corners, awaiting
the conveyance of eternal transcendence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unexplainable Reason

Laws of average hide beneath tiers of unexplainable reason.
Everyone coincides with each idea newly-made.
Reaching out to values, morals and sincerity, hoping to create a law-abiding citizenary - not always happening in reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unexplainable Thoughts

Stepping into an array of visions, searching each one as it fills me with unexplainable thoughts.
Time revolves and all blends cognitively, introducing my mind to all manner of abstractions vying for attention.
Wanting to be heard and thought of, being placed in a myriad of poems, displayed in moments of fame as they are read in leisurely pursuits of learning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unexplained

Here at another Senior Center, husband in another pool tournament, many men and women participating in this particular one.

First, second and third prizes to be given along with a special prize, unexplained until the end of the tournament.

Husband already having won two rounds, an exceptional day coming around in moments of this day for sure, looking forward to the announcement of who has won.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unexplained Events

Flowing rhythms of words, combine with extraneous thoughts,
creating novel explanations for posterity.

Forwarding steps of nature into pathways of future destinies,
colliding with routes of expectation and experience.

Liveliness hastens it's presence and stirs unexplained events
into being, filling pages of literature with inspiration.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unexpressed Thoughts

Sitting amidst nature in all it's green and brown splendor.
Thinking becoming deeper, more closely at hand, reading many thoughts as they coallesce in my subconscious, awaiting expression in every day words.
Contemplating an existence through revelries of tangible tones, vibrating incessantly through musical expressions.
Fulfilling beautiful landscapes with vibrant enthusiasm, giving off feelings of unexpressed thoughts from a heart torn with friendships pretended - thrown aside for reasons of the other person.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unextinguished Intellect

Reminders of what life was like when single still float around in my mind to this day, bringing genuine comfort and solace.

Individual thoughts serving me well, when I feel life can't be lived any longer.

Just thinking about all the alone time where peace filled my soul and i learned to be so independent, not needing anyone's help through the years.

Until lately, because of all the surgeries that I've had, but it is only temporary, I am almost back to my old self again, time does wonders for sure.

Enlightened by the suffering and turmoil, having been to heaven and back, I now have an expansive intellect that can never be extinguished.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfading Episodes

Words surround our minds, giving us explanations, meanings, definitions in order to associate our lives with one another.
Yet, misunderstandings abound and feelings are hurt, grudges are formed, life becomes distorted in a haze of dislike, harboring rumors and gossip in all corners.
Details become fuzzy, what it was all about becomes dim, memories fade - yet feelings are intense and never forgotten of episodes long ago.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfair Life

Life is so unfair when you try and
count on it's force of natural
beginnings, falling from the sky
and burying itself in a hole.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfamiliar Sounds

Lifting this mind spiritually, finding the solace and
serenity needed to gather hope and faith to get through
another day without those whom I love dearly.

Not able to be with them because of their loss through
death, wishing doing nothing as their silence continues
to begin unendingly.

It's like being in a jungle at night, hearing all types
of unfamiliar sounds of silence, not able to recognize
any of them at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfamiliar Wilderness

Finding that I am lost in a wilderness unfamiliar to me.
Twisting and turning, searching for a way back to past reality where I felt at home - at least for a while.
Wanting to come back fully, yet knowing that some part of me is now missing and lost in a wilderness unfamiliar to me.
Writing from where I am now, hoping to exist in the present without being fearful of the unknown.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfathomable Abyss

Life is after all, not unalterable.
It is changed forever by another person with cruel abusive tendencies.
Standing alone, being scorned for no reason, except abusive emotional content from another's past, held onto and used maliciously against a person.
Turning away, falling into an unfathomable abyss for life.
Love can never come near, people can no longer get past solid barriers, no matter how they try.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfinished

Noon day sun has taken over morning,
creeping silently and hotly over earth.
Significantly permeating the atmosphere
with life-giving force and meaning,
preparing this day for each of us to use
wisely.
During our stay on earth, many occupations
and leisurely activities are started or
begun.
Not all of them will be finished, because
sometimes our lives are completed before
they are done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfolded Images

Stymied, puzzled into labyrinths of indiscriminate specters of invisible thought.
Always turning introspective, wondering what life is going to bring into our futures.
Visions standing straight forward, balancing nothing between ideas, just writing every unfolded image into poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfolding Beauty

Writing late into the night,
feeling an exhilaration
and lifting of my spirit.

Talent being touched and
brought out into the open at
last.

Unfolding the beauty, hiding
within forever, always keeping
it to myself until now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfolding Creativity

Mind stranded above in clouds of white and gray matter.
Unrealistic, unperturbed, listening to imagination soar
above in complete freedom.
Following lines of thought to new ideas, coagulating and
collating all words, expressions, and feelings into my
consciousness.
Playing and having fun running through endless pages of
my mind, as poetry forms right before my eyes.
Lightened upon the screen of my mind, all of me is
unfolded creatively in verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfolding Designs Of Self

Syncopating entirely inside my mind, not letting
anything interfere with thinking.
Accepting the rhythms as they fall into line,
waiting to be expressed in rhymes.
Lending meaning to the experience of life, having
been lived through and enjoyed for so many years.
Wonderful energy being created as I unfold my
designs of self in exceeding patterns.
All coming together without faltering or wavering.
Faster and faster, writing from my soul as I
gather definition into all of it.

(12: 42 p.m. - 11/30/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfolding Dreams

Realizing dreams as they unfold at night, finding
solace in their presence, bringing no fears or
doubts into the equation.

Walking throughout all walks of life, seeing the
different types of people that are there, enjoying
finding out about other cultures.

Finding them all fascinating and very interesting,
along with all their rituals and traditions, beauti-
ful and inviting, coinciding with my inner personality.

Touching and giving fulfillment of other's knowledge
to compare with that of my own, a truly wonderful way
to spend the night.

In dreams, learning and finding out so many things
about the world around me, because my brain has ab-
sorbed them all during the day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfolding History

Where are the labyrinths of time located?

Future ideas need to be stored there, awaiting their
unfolding history.

Divine placement has already sown it's seed in coverlets,
silently growing within, mysteriously gracious, biding
time quietly.

Focusing on horizons, wide-spread creativity lies upon
earth, covering it gently.

Patterns deftly imprint themselves forever, holding
heart-felt affinity towards the creator of us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfolding Imaginative Landscapes

Filtering through clouds, sun shining upon intellect,
warming it comfortably while I write.
Enjoying it's essence upon my mind, immersing myself
in reflections of imaginative landscapes, unfolding
before me, sensing feelings coming gently forward to
touch my interior mind with illumination.
Tossing and turning in a cylinder of sorrow, being
thrown about inside it, not really minding as thoughts
finalize themselves in many poems of understanding and
relevance to others.
Emptying the many ideas onto conveyor belts so I may
see them in entirety, as they pass by me in images
and visions.
Each one a future miracle in time, helping mankind in
many different forms and patterns of design.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfolding Love

Cautiously, carefully walking down pathways of our new love, learning each other's precious secrets, keeping them safely tucked away.

Protecting one another through the years, never telling a soul, drifting about, conversing and whispering sweet little nothings in each other's ears, loving how they sound.

Musical poetry expounding in many corners that are now unfolding in many twinkling stars of brilliance as we continue to dance through this night, now belonging only to one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfolding Musically

Curtailing endeavors of yesterday, awaiting anxious moments of believability.
Cavorting, cajoling, defining joy in dances of perfection.
Musically unfolding lives with precision, numbing sorrow for the time being.
Allowing a deep well of happiness to flow up and out of souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfolding My Soul

Lifting my eyes to heaven with a prayer in my heart,
hoping it will be answered soon.

Loving the energy praying gives to me, holding onto
the promises of God constantly.

Unfolding my soul so God may enter, open and willing
to let Him in, knowing everything will be fine.

Always open to be an instrument for whatever purpose
He needs me for, living life for Him alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfolding Nuptials

Dancing through nuptials made years ago, enjoying the ebb and flow of music covering egos and pride.

Movement peacefully gliding through the years, into the present, placating inner displacement of worry or grief.

Submersing selves in water's of life, dancing heart to heart in total respite, allowing inner beliefs and peace to unfold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfolding Our Souls

Waves of madness flowed over, under and through,
creating havoc and turmoil in the life of abundant
living.

Sorrow scraped along the edges, bleeding, reaching
out, trying to lay hold it's claim on beings.

Nothing realized, life bowed it's head in shame,
turning forever from the sight of man.

Filtering within, settling finally in the deep
abyss of interior stillness, touching the soul,
stirring God within.

Holy chances rising to the surface, being held in
praying hands, hope slowly ebbing forward,
evaporating the madness.

Waves of madness flowed over, under and through
recreating havoc and turmoil in the life of
abundant living.

Until we allow God to enter our lives, unfolding
our souls in praise of Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfolding Precious Meanings

Circling the atmosphere, swirling in an evening party together
with friends, an exciting time as I write of life and it's
fruitful endeavors.

Bringing the past into future and present poems, knowing their
power will explode and spread across imagination, unfolding
the precious meanings of yesterday's lasting fragrance.

Easily becoming the last particle of my being as it rocks away
over the last plateau in mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfolding Senses

An amazing sound vibrating my mind, sensations of lively
and intense motions are filling my being.

Listening to music from Southern India, letting it take
me into Netherlands of rhythm, synching it with another
section of this brain.

Enticing and eliciting many of my senses to unfold in a
colorful rainbow of poetry to write out on paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfolding Spheres

Watching pictures forming upon interior screens whiling away
hours of being as the day wears on.

Unfolding spheres of this mind, opening up every aspect that
is being held behind barriers and not letting anything escape
into the future of another place in society.

Never becoming the enemy of belief in truth, honestly performing
the motions of all of life as it takes on new meaning, daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfolding Strategically

Unfolding strategically in the darkness of light, thinking to illuminate secrets hidden within discreetly, no one being the wiser.

Taking a closer look, finding that peace and serenity are contributing to the wonder and awe of life and nature, quantitatively advancing into moods of contemplation so silently and peacefully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfolding The Passage Of Time

Watching and romping in time to rhythms of a line dance,
musical lyrics discussing the situation of an achy breaky
heart here in a poem.

Opening and unfolding the passage of time through music
at any time of the day or night, a wonderful gift of innate
talent, always adjusting tempos to fit the mood of feelings
and emotions.

A sacred place kept deep within where I can forever contem-
plate the energy of life alone and forsaken, yet it's always
filled to the brim with an unconditional love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfolding Thought

Unfolding thought, feeling it pull me into ever expanding dimensions. Setting times carefully so as not to extinguish whatever has been lit up inside with energetic beatitudes.
Sanguinely treasuring aspects between reason and logic for periods of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfolding Waves

Hearts beating to rhythms of ocean waves, crashing onto
shores of our lives, riddling us with sand and shells
as it quickly unfolds and becomes part of the ocean once again.
Enlivening abilities and talents to cross edges and dwell
on new shores, listening to individual senses, innately
and lastingly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfolding Wings

Angels unfolding their wings, stirring the beauty of inner atmospheres, lifting hearts and souls spiritually into paths of heaven.
Sorting thoughts, attaching special tones to each as life rises to every occasion of compassion and holds onto them with love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unforgettable Journey

Wandering in and out of inner dimensions, able to recall every-
thing seen and felt, all being etched upon photographic screens
interiorly.

All memories, feelings, emotions recorded, organized and kept
safely stored in spheres of intellect, a complete assessment
of this poetical life.

Hardships, sacrifice, turmoil and stress through years already
lived and beyond the curtains of death itself, having had the
privilege of being taken for a wonderful journey into heaven.

Fascinating and wonderful visions that have captured this mind
and intellect forever, never able to forget this unforgettable
journey that very few have been given the chance to travel into.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unforgetting

Following energy of Springstein, building to a crescendo inside this mind, taking to outer edges of liberty and freedom.

Meanings becoming clearer and more defined through the rhythms of all musicians, taking us across ravines in every composition.

Hiding in depths of notes, waiting for them to place themselves into unusual modes of placement.

So often being the means by which we can reinvent ourselves, passion always flowing, continuing to slide across the world.

While listening to beautiful melodies that are playing, placing ourselves in the mix, gathering momentum, never letting them slow down.

Carefully enjoying every step that takes us further into intellect, calmly finding routes to bring us into the forefront of this life.

Unforgetting the purpose of beginnings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unforgiving Nature's

Dancing lightly, afraid of falling, entranced in a
dimension far from living, surviving downward facets
of life with no clues as to how it's being done.

Alive, with no meaning as yet, cannot fathom the
realities of daily tasks.

No where to hide, no where to run, facing attitudes
begun in childhood, no outlets open to run and frolic,
where are the attributes that were to follow?

Surfacing without acknowledgement, mindless memories
poke and prick consciousness, astounded by the
response they get.

Forever dancing on plains of unforgiving nature's,
totality lies waiting in open palms of beggars on
streets of inner emptiness.

Why do we all hang limply to pride and difficult
egos? Why can't we let go and follow our inner
traits of belonging?

So quietly we step over things we feel we cannot
deal with, yet we accomplish so much in the wake
of an undesirable effect, lives continuing on
these tracks of recklessness.

No thoughts or words issuing forth truths of past
times dealt with, we are here forever, standing
around warm hearths, tattered images, cold and
bleak.

No futures to gain, no present remains, living
pasts without question, daily focusing on
latitudes of vicissitudes.

Our changing habits do not alter the unalterable
feelings we keep hidden from the view of others.

Daring not to allow the portrayal of ourselves,
to become images many others will see.

Serenely, almost peacefully, throes of life live
necessarily on desert wastelands, choosing it's
arid dryness to sweetened tears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unforgiving Pain

Sorrow drips from my heart, antagonizingly unforgiving.
Relentlessly carrying me forward through the pain to
experience it fully.
To overcome it with more meaning than if denying it's
presence.
Forlornly accepting the steps to pass through, following
passageways to eventual happiness.
For the time being, seeing nothing worth looking at,
trusting with a faith I do not feel, believing in an end
to all this pain and sorrow, even though I see none.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unforgiving Tears

Spirit of sorrow sits heavily upon my heart today,
challenging my mind in a battle of unforgiving tears.

Raking my mind, tossing tidbits of images, taunting
and cajoling my heart to fall within itself, filling
with despair.

Yet, without even thinking, hope begins to rise inside,
despite what sorrow tries to plant in my interior life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unforgotten

Noticing many different images gathering together,
hoping to be detected in many a poem.

Not wanting to be forgotten, preferring to be relived
again and again through memories of yesterday.

Beautiful ancestors still being seen throughout life
in poems written about them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfostered Rituals

Living an emotional hell, never knowing whether the present is real or not through feelings of hopelessness.

Saturated with beliefs of old, scarred inside by unfostered rituals, taking away a voice young and sweet.

Meeting no resistance from innocent eyes, heart pleading to be let go, violent abuse staking it's claim against a moral world.

Deepest tunnels, hideous leers, wanton desires, falling harshly on tiny ears, a mind not fully developed, standing on the edge of careless selfishness.

Taking the child away in arms of licentious desire, holding down the vehement replies, afraid of being put in the crypt.

Mistakenly pulled into the world of grown up passion, brought there by her father.

Never caring what happens or how much it hurts, penetrating mind and body with the piercing of sexual abuse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfounded Rumors

Cracking through walls of life,
breaking down barriers of trust
and friendship, comes rumor.

Tantalizing as it may be to
spread around, rumors will always
come back haunting and slapping
with redoubled zest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfrozen

Spiritually falling silent, filled with joyful peace
within.
Moving in directions never before tried.
Now unfrozen, lifted into His spirit, going obediently
in the ways He has provided for us to complete our
purposes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfulfilled

Sadness lying within each one
of us because we can never be
fulfilled until our lives are
finished and we meet God face
to face in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfulfilled Life

There is a child within watching the activity of the world
rotating around her, listening to opinions, ideas, state-
ments made through life, sifting and mixing them to arrive
at conclusions of her own.

Watching carefully, everything in sight, visualizing and
imagining things in her own artistic eyes, not seeing what
many others see, sitting alone on a separate horizon.

Sensing life, dealing with emotions deep inside, separating
them in little piles that will cause no harm, searching for
answers to complete herself.

Knowing her personality, keeping it on a shelf behind a lock-
ed closet door, lining recesses of it with sponges to soak
up what can't be held too close.

A child's life alone turning to music, writing and art to
serve her unwanted qualities without respite, looking for
positive activities to fill life's necessities while climb-
ing to the backwoods of society, an unfulfilled life of a
once upon a child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfulfilled Wishes

Wishing never accomplishes anything, just gives you an empty feeling when they are not fulfilled to your expectations.
Reaching points of no return, eliciting a splendid image in time, watching it grow and sparkle, glowing ever outward and into spheres of my mind as it goes over thoughts like a skater over ice.
Deeper, edges are more defined and sparkle exactingly into beautiful artful prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unfulfilled Wonders

Leaves lying jealously upon the ground,
looking up to heaven's stars where they
once thought they were hung to adorn
earth with beautiful colors.
Now, looking and watching above,
knowledge has filled their minds with
things they never did accomplish and
wonders they never would be able to
fulfill or contain.
Not so unlike we humans, scavenging
earth for our places.
Dying, knowing we have yet, much to
learn as we disappear into tunnels of
light through death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ungiven Answers

Sandwiched tightly within a mind, close-fisted, so as not to lose any kind of idea settled inside.
Walking upon grass of blessed love, feeling it's wisdom skip across the ages.
Immersed in blue memories, all of life stands up before the final question has been asked.
Sitting, cross-legged, in blue jeans, we find there are no answers to be given.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unheard Destination

Rampaging through memory's darkened clouds, looking
for light to follow and lead us through life-
immersing circumstances.

Allowing no time for hesitant replies, deciding in
a moment, which direction to take to become a
tantamount ideal on earth.

Wherever fate takes anyone, they become tangled in
momentary circumstances usually not understanding
what has happened to bring them there.

Realizing wonder dies at hands of lily-white images,
we throw ourselves onto dungeon's piles of the dead.

With no where else to go or turn, sliding interiorly
to an unheard destination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unheard Of Poetry

Formulating inarticulate speech, mind full of jargon
and incomplete sentences.
A soliloquy, patronizing, full, replete, addressing
no public figures nor humanity's inquisitors.
Taciturn, volitional, poetical rhythm and rhyme fall
mutely on a deaf world, abbreviated and aligned with
no resolution in sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unheard Pleas

Diversion coming from all sides, throwing in emotional pleas from athletes of special olympics.
Council member claims they touch her heart - why don't pleas from people in general touch her heart with their stories of extreme woe and suffering that they're experiencing, trying to just exist and not really living?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unheard Sentences

Lethargically moving in time with a slow-paced rhythm,
helping me to lay back and relax.

All doubts and insincerity left behind in a bog where
none of it can touch me.

Listening tenderly to music of a tenor saxophone, as
it slithers in and out of mind, raking word, images
and ideas into piles where I can see and scatter them
to my heart's content.

Rhythms cajole and match themselves with unheard of
sentences, allowing everything to become on it's own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unheard Sorrow

Portals of escape swimming throughout a sea of human doubt
and misconception.
Allaying fears of ancient abandonment, quivering under
blankets of unheard sorrow.
Ripping open widest avenues of wisdom, counting on the
rhythm of knowledge and it's hidden melodies.
Sparingly taking advantage of expressive thoughts, placing
them into moods of equivalent heart wrenching sorrows.
Walking off into the sunset of oblivion, staging final
moments given to make a lasting impression, unforgiven,
scouting horizons for others living in the same pain as self.
Quoting sequestered talent of youth for generations to follow, outlasting nothing in the hope and dreams of tomorrow, lying shattered openly upon the desecrated ground of deathly escape.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unheard Thoughts

Mirror tones of regret, stretch themselves and walk about.
Tapping rhythms of loneliness into a mind of clay, allows new patterns to form.
Shaping new ideas, images, thoughts, creating many pieces of puzzles to put together in a life of prose and poetry.
Portraying facets of thought never allowed to be seen in the light of day.
Now in the quietness of a soul they've shone out upon this page of unheard thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unheeding Disparity

Breaking in two, unheeding the disparity of living.
Hoping only to be at peace within parameters
of silent love on far horizons, enlightened in ways
we know nothing of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unhesitant Demise

Battles fought on ear-marked territory, caught in webs on
acres of fields, phantoms of arguments lost in forays of
the past.

Unacknowledged portrayals of life lost, forlorn and on
empty shores.

There being no person alive to hold out a hand, reaching
beyond the sight of seeing.

Believing in one when there is nothing to believe in,
all is lost in a battle of caring and kindness for
nothing really exists except in an idealist's imaginings.

Following footsteps already made, passing this way before,
caught in a circle of forsaken defeat.

Alone as always, buried in the desert sands, by lonely
empty feelings of remorse.

No chimes or bells of safety ringing throughout the land,
solace, quiet, filling every room, every fiber of silent
being.

Left to forage on the bare sands of desert wastelands,
crawling about on all fours, never reaching for or attaining
any semblance of friendship.

Forgotten, empty, walking through lost doors of yesterday,
never seen again as life closes itself behind unhesitant
demise.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unidimensional Heartaches

Lightening bolts of emotion giving heartaches of
uni-dimensional proportions, quadrupled in times
of difficulty and hardship.

Having to pretend to be strong, not letting others
know they're wallowing in self-deprecation, needing
a listening ear, yet afraid of asking for one.

Knowing that it will be held against them, because
they dared to ask someone for help, this is the way
of human beings and their thinking at times.

Being for themselves, letting their egos dictate
their choices, compassion or mercy never entering
the equation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uninhibited Turmoil

Cracked and split open, past thoughts lie upon the floor
of my soul like fresh eggs which have fallen and broken
when touching their final destination.

No explanations ever needed, all is self-explanatory when
seen in the salted tears falling helplessly upon all of it
lying on the floor.

Seeing the devastation, writing finally of what has been
done to a poet who has been dealt the uninvited turmoil
of life while living an existence of forebearance.

Striking chords throughout moments of past pieces of an
ancient puzzle, now disguised and kept hidden within the
darkness, no more to be taken out or looked at again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uninvited

Watching decorations being put up all around the center,
smelling the aroma of a bar-b-que, coming into the
atmosphere around me.

Party people soon to be gathering for all the festivities
set to begin as soon as they begin showing up.

Seniors being told to leave the area to make room for
them, having not been invited to this Christmas party
for city employees.

Instead, taking up the spaces and rooms where we all
have the little enjoyment of our lonely lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uninvited Solicitations

Avenues of solicitation open before us uninvited, yet tempting, bringing us closer to congestion within our homes.
Trying to get rid of everything before final days are upon us, taking time to throw away anything we no longer use or want.
Holding onto keepsakes and special treasures to pass on to our children and grandchildren for generations to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uninvited Thought

Looking underneath everything, seeing different angles
and aspects of every thing in sight.

Noticing a certain bent of a table's legs, it's designs
set in patterns of the floor, marks and windows being
walls.

Altogether many different pictures of thought are
entering a mind uninvited, yet they are entertaining
for a while

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Union With Spirit

Taking back roads into spaces of lonely life where I can exist in a definite world of poetical musings.
Giving of myself in many words through a lifetime of energetic strife.
Living always on edges of a perfect union with a spirit held together by God, as I wander with His purpose through my life forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unique Facets

Realizing unique facets of the world in everyday things, saying beautiful words as I write to heavenly music, singing in my mind for you.
Selecting just the right rhythms, matching them to those almost forgotten in the turmoil of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unique Happiness

Rocking to serenity of another day, living in
an interior life, giving all to reach necessary
messages needed to write into poetry.

Delectable and intriguing, fantastic feelings,
always appearing, giving life a special and relig-
ious insight.

A sensation of intense emotion, touching us through
each and every sense within our beings.

A livelihood of sorts that keeps minds moving in
many directions that no others could achieve.

Feeling the immense gift that has been given, using
it to the fullest, keeping abreast of each and every
rhythm while writing totally and completely in a unique
happiness of life.

Born to write poetry, it lasts every day with an unending
stream falling from the waterfall within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unique Scenery

Scenery more picturesque than an oil painting,
portraying nature at it's best.
Opening arms, unfolding a scene of translucent
reality, uncomparable to any masterpiece man
can create.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uniqueness

Strutting through life, feeling confident, balanced and
self-assured.

Knowing that poetry will one day be a part of American
literature, an impossibility not so long ago.

Now being known for it's uniqueness of writing in a way
that no one else can copy or do.

Scientific data being collected over time is now being
investigated purposely to find out how my mind works.

Using two areas of my brain at the same time, an anomaly
that scientists are finding fascinating.

Wanting to figure out how it's done, so now willing to be
a guinea pig for the sake of science and possibly for the
good of mankind eventually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unison

Wanting to touch your face, hold your hands, being tempted by your smile, running my fingers through your hair.

Desires rising within, wanting much more of you than what I already have, being absorbed by your being completely, while our hearts beat in unison together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unite In Prayer

Wondering, wishing, hoping to see an end to the evil in this world.

Knowing that united in prayer we will overcome it all, once and for all.

There is no easy way to get through the horror of killing and maiming being done to innocent children and adults around the world.

Yet we must move forward so no more will be killed by terrorists.

It is the way of some people, filled with a hate for themselves, so they take it out on all of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

United Across Our Nation

Spreading our wings, soaring into the sunshine of a new
era in America, doing away with corruption and greed,
putting Americans first and foremost.

Leaving behind racism, prejudice, intolerance, being
united across our nation and fighting to gain equality
for everyone of us.

Valuing people for who they are, not what we can take
from them, like our politicians, especially Democrats
have done for centuries now.

Always wanting power and control over citizens of the
U.S.A., Republicans following suit, seeing they can also
become rich off of the poor.

Never even thinking of being ashamed of themselves, we
no longer look up to any of them, following and voting
for Donald Trump instead and only! ! !

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

United For One Purpose

Singularly free, patriotic and filled with self-assured
liberty, joining others of like concerns in our country,
melding together any and all who prefer freedom.

United for one purpose only, to make our country great
again, and it seems there's only one person who wants
to do this as President.

None of the politicians are interested because it will
mean an end to their terrorizing of We the People and of
their corrupt control.

Seeing progress coming around every corner, people mad
and taking steps to join Donald Trump against those in
power now.

We the People, are rejecting everyone of them in prefer-
ence to seeing Donald Trump as our President, and woe to
those who try and prevent him from getting nominated.

They will have not a single solitary vote, never again
being part of our government here in the U.S.A., letting
them know ahead of time that our votes go to Trump and
never again to them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

United In One Purpose

Realizing truths of this life as they fill my
mind daily with important facets that we all
have to deal with.

Many illusions and lies are running rampant
throughout our government, not letting us
know what they are trying to really do.

Corrupt, stealing, attempting to destroy our
nation from the inside out, all of them are
letting obama have his way illegally.

Spreading the contamination of socialism all
throughout our country, wanting a new world
order under one dictator.

They are only a handful of people, yet they
think they will win by letting illegals cross
our border freely.

Most of the illegals are criminals, rapists and
murderers, there are only a few who are not bent
on causing trouble here.

We the People, are united in one purpose under
God and the politicians be damned, we are taking
back our country and there will be no mercy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

United In Praise

Soothing sounds being sung all around, hearts thrilling
to rhythms and tones, being issued forth from within
interior intellect.

All of them being collected with joy, elating everyone
who is listening.

Clapping of hands thunders loudly into the atmosphere,
letting nothing interfere with their passing from above
to those of us on earth.

Altogether united in praise of Him who made us in His
image.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uniting Against Tyranny

Listening to truths of our Constitution, the Fourteenth
Amendment to be exact, noticing the truth written there
for all to see, no doubts who it was written for.

Honor and destiny of all Black slaves who were freed in
the Civil War, a war fought for the very first time for
people and nothing else.

740,000 young white Republican men lost their lives fight-
ing to end slavery, an honorable war for equality, led by
Abraham Lincoln who freed them.

Fourteenth Amendment guaranteeing freedom of all Chattel
slaves in America, giving their children who were born
here in the U.S. citizenship with all rights and free-
dom therein stated, their birth certificate primarily.

Never, not once are illegals mentioned in the Amendment,
for it was only and specifically for Chattel slaves and
their children.

Truth has been taken from veils of illusion that have
been perpetrated by Democrats all these years, trying to
hide the facts, they were against freeing the slaves.

Even fighting in the Civil War to keep and spread slavery
across the U.S., thank God for those 740,000 young white
Republican men, standing up for Blacks against all odds.

Wanting to see them free, our white heritage honoring that
of Blacks in our country and now everyone can put aside
racism, prejudice, hatred and intolerance.

They no longer mean anything, we've healed and told the
truth of the wound of racism, no longer existing, having
come together, uniting as one against the tyranny of our
corrupt Democrats in America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uniting And Pulling Together

Difficulties in life seem to happen regularly without any expectations of it.

Doing the best we can, striving to cope with the many aspects of each situation, causing tension and strife.

Somehow we get through it all as long as everyone unites and pulls together.

That being the most important element every time, it seems to be missing in dysfunctional and codependent families.

Banding together, helping a family member who needs their support in times of distress, ends up in disputes, blaming, yelling and accusing instead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uniting As One

Running around, minds of other people are not thinking,
letting Obama take over our world.

Not going to let it happen, We the People are standing
up and behind the Constitution, not letting it be taken
away along with our freedom.

Coming together, uniting and being one in the U.S.A.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uniting For A Purpose

Lifting the lid off of music, bringing it out into the open, battle of the bands now uniting for a purpose on Arizona Statehood Day.

Organizing together out in Pioneer Village for all people no matter race, color or religion, having everything available for all who come, set neatly in place.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uniting For One Cause

Children, girls energized so bright and early in the morning, playing five games of volleyball in a row, oh for the days of youth when nothing stood in the way of joy and happiness!

Team work still the best way of teaching our children how to get along with others, being a part of a team, everyone uniting for a cause and playing a good game.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uniting Talent And Music

Watching dilemmas come into view throughout
stances of life, as witness to energies of
other lives beyond our horizons.

Writing talent and inspiration with music,
filling minds to overflowing on dais' of
literature on poetical sides of beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Universal

Lights shining dimly, hiding the darkened tears of
a mother's sorrow, heart pulled apart by judgemental
adults and teens who have no right to judge another.

There's something wrong with our Catholic world to-
day, hatred and abuse seem to be stemming from with-
in our churches.

Directed at long standing parishioners, turning teens
and children away because they're rough around the edges,
no wonder they're rebelling.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Universal Atmosphere

Not knowing what to do, just believing in the essence of
life as I listen and write.

Such a plethora of rhythms circling around, gathering me
into their circumferences.

Loving being a part of a universal atmosphere even though
sitting in the midst of a bunch of friends here at the
Wagon Yard, writing.

Soliloquys racing around this mind, heading right into
the catacombs of intellect, hiding there until being
written into a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Universal Communication

Mysterious and magical, diversity shows us the cultures of other countries.

Fascinating and wonderful, learning about them always brings enlightenment and illuminates things we don't know about.

It is so strange how we all live on this earth and yet know so little about one another.

Complicating things is the fact of language, causing a barrier of communication.

A universal way of communicating is through music and it is not perfect, speaking only to our feelings through it's rhythms, tones and tempos.

A beautiful symphony brings us all together, yet still there is no realization to speak aloud through it's personal language.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Universal Creed

Total enhancement of natural devices, alight with the fragrance
of tantamount delight.

Saturated beyond persistence, slanted sideways throughout the
universal creed of life untold.

Kneeling progressively on edges of blackest nights, gracefully
leaning towards an age of belief.

Cruising artistically through heaven's gates on wings of
intelligent imagination, clawing spirituality, mercilessly,
in ancient rituals and performed rites.

Coasting magically in time, keeping astride the rolling bronco
of old.

Past enduring trials and tribulations set forth, wading
constantly against the past doors of insincerity.

Allowing giant strides, focused underneath darkening skies
of light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Universal Knowledge

Words standing on sidelines,
conversing with one another in whispered awe
of universal knowledge, opening up amazing
talents, created in many different individuals.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Universal Measures

Relating everything to what's found in abstracted thoughts,
taking it all into this mind without fear.

Composing rhythms to write to and fulfilling universal
measures to take on a journey of infinite possibilities.

No way to mess up any ideas, because they continually
fall and drop easily into lines of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Universal Melodies

Superfluity of life extends itself into every day business, filling hours and minutes with existence throughout earthly moments.

Fulfilling exquisite timeliness with extraneous beauty.

Touching hearts with melodies of the universe, while beating to inner rhythms, awaiting recognition on horizons of tempting replies in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Universal Messages

Interesting individual memories are focused onto yesterday's screens.
Allowing fortresses of old to steal into our hearts, chilling us to the very core of our beings.
Laughter dies, sits upon a spine of nerveless messages, awaiting universal connections.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Universal Pathways

Novelty of life is instilled through rhythms of music
as it envelopes us with caressing melodies wrapped
around our minds.

Gently taking us into the future of destiny, holding
onto one another, loving with all our hearts.

Strumming our ways through universal pathways and into
indulgent beings of purpose.

Always being reinvented within each and every melody,
as measures of time are beating, keep us intact with
our nature's and that of our souls.

Through prayer and spirituality, locking our beings
into the novelty of life that's always instilled with
the beauty of rhythm through music.

Taking it all into the precious spirit of our lives,
keeping us safe from all predators, as God watches over
us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Universal Questions

Lights of the universe stand out in our eyes, as stars,
planets, meteors, comets.

We watch them all with telescopes and observatories
while playing with their origins in our minds - looking
for explanations of why or how they have become.

As yet, we have only theory to explain what we have seen
or are seeing in our universe - the only proof on earth
is what each human being contains in their mind.

Is any of it right or are we fooling ourselves into
believing it is as we have said it so?

Will any of us ever truly know?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Universal Rhyming

Energy sublime fills elastically into a mind of creative intelligence, tackling it's momentous knowledge, taking it over abstract meanings and delicately, carefully, giving everything new meanings for lifetimes of poetical musing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Universal Shores

Universally straddling global fences, watching cosmic
issues penetrate daily news with pandemic catholic
abuses from priests and nuns alike.
Planetary movements glide through ubiquitous moments
never forsaking the honesty of ecumenical people on
earth's harried and dutiful shores.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Universal Spirits

Landscapes of beauty adrift in colors throughout
deserts cross my path in regal pageantry.
Spirits of the universe gather in myriad spaces
of nature, collecting data of past reunions to
further today's imaginative forces.
A rustic syllabus forms patterns of thought in
desert rains, completely independent of any
other combination innately brought about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Universe Aglow

Driving incessantly, the beat of my soul, taking it
soaring above this world and showing the universe
over and through.

Seeing it for the first time, like a child all aglow.

Finding new ideas, images and rhythms of life,
transforming my imagination with lightened knowledge
and growth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Universe Of Loneliness

Alone in a world of great magnitude, a universe of loneliness
secreted inside each of us.
Moments of being, visions of thought, all come together, yet
are lost within us.
Ships passing in darkness, not recognizing that each is an
integral part of the other.
Eyes cast aside, blinders folded and put to use on some other
moment in time.
We are but particles of sand in shifting tides of earth, unable
to hold or grip our own shores in life.
Drifting at last upon ocean waves towards our eternities beyond
the grave.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Universe Of Lonely Beings

Strings attached to an inner love, your heartbeat
rushing to meet me.

A deep and silent song, coming from your soul,
reaching my mind where it is forever etched there.

Nothing able to ever erase it from where it has
been planted.

Stretching across the universe of our inner beings,
loving filling us both.

Penetrating our hearts within rhythms of life, we
travel through forests, looking into each others eyes.

Holding hands, always being together throughout ending
days, cherishing each other.

Tenderly holding onto life as we enter another horizon,
just we two, together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Universe Of Mobility

Bouncing rhythms picking up interior spirits, taking me
into an atmosphere of delight.

Listening and appreciating every beat of rhythm coinciding
with the energy of intellect and widening portals into
other dimensions beyond this one.

Total enjoyment unfolding, letting me slip into the guise
of poetry where I constantly and unhesitantly write poems
and compositions to go along with them.

Energetically and powerfully moving into circumferences
of an interior universe of mobility and verve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Universe Of Tomorrow

Lights shining upon facets of yesterday that are held like stars in my mind.

Never letting go of reflections that have meaning in the present.

Watching landscapes of all yesterday's, living even now in the interior universe of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Universe Of Writing

Watching musically as words flow easily before me,
keeping time with incandescent beats playing for an
interim of solace.
Making mathematical formulas emulate meanings and
words written constantly in forms and shapes of
heavenly bounty.
Seemingly innocuous tales become vast parts of a
universe of writing, puzzling aspects falling into
pits of whirlpools, abstractingly fond of movement
and writhing talent enjoying itself within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Universes Opening Up

Music from Southern India is continuing to fill me
with an exuberance of purpose and design.

Finding it a blessing as I write poetry, it's very
explicit rhythms and incessant beating of different
sounding drums takes me soaring.

Atmospheres of another dimension are opening each
and every time, as universes are alluring intellect's
rhythms to quicken rapidly.

Allowing us to see what lies beyond in realms of
knowledge and wisdom, all of it being gathered by
intellect and imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unjudgemental Thought

Longevity in haphazard ways, keeps us going even in extremely difficult situations.

Life-giving essences bring forth predicted roses of heaven, tallying experiences in ways of unjudgemental thought.

Never looking away, bringing joy into every facet of believable life as long as possible.

Testing at every step, becoming whole, experimenting with each idea that steps up to my brain, exercising free will and independence to it's fullest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unjumbling Rhythms

Watching products of intellect fall out onto many poetry journals, always thinking and finding different ways of expressing and challenging my brain in various types of music.

Unjumbling rhythms, yet mixing them alike in vials of chemical beekers, not afraid to mix and blend various types of incessant thoughts.

Spirits falling constantly, never letting up, giving many thoughts a place in literature of the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unkempt Pictures

Waiting in a lion's den, knowing that I will be eaten alive
by all the evils that have descended on this blank earth.

Finding no reprieve in sight, just biding time, waiting to
see when the blackness of night will befall at last.

Altogether existing, letting signals beckon from beyond,
startled into a silent reverie, having no recourse but to
enter a solitary space kept intact by the timelessness of
another dimension.

Being tempted all days of life, never giving up one iota of
thought, as life pulls back and falls through the holes in
this pattern of threaded designs.

Programming and rehearsing every memory, going into depths
once again, alone in unkempt pictures, put together hurriedly
in a moment of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknowing Beings

This train of life carries us into depths
of one another's souls through death.

We travel through life as unknowing beings,
learning and experiencing as we live each
moment individually.

Finding our way, usually by accident, trying
to attain goals we wish to accomplish.

Strife, turmoil, death, bitterness all appear
unsolicited, unwanted, but filling our lives
nonetheless.

Somehow most of us deal with it directly or
indirectly, living through it all without any
guidance.

Just doing the best we can with what we have
and knowing from our past experiences.

Although each one is different than the last,
throwing us a curve when we least expect it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknowing Of Truths

Complicated thoughts coming up
continually in advents of circumstance.
Believing in a code of ethics, knowing
that others don't think as I do, having
to protect myself from insults of a
person unknowing of the truths of who I
am inside.
Chasing away a myriad of associations
that are no longer valid.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknown By God

Earth shattering around me, filled with hatred of terrorists
who don't know what it means to make love.

Being filled with spite, fear and a double-edged sword that
cuts themselves along with those that they murder, kill and
maim in the name of religion.

Yet, God does not know who they are, only satan is familiar
with their reputations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknown Causes

Registering respect in many rhythms and poetical melodies,
bargaining on edges of racing reflections, sparkling in
the distance of my mind.
Taking revolutions of every day cycles into depths of
me with it's undertow.
Realities stretching across many miles as mirrored thoughts
are seen like an era of images.
Concentrating closely on details offered from every angle
and facet of divided landscapes.
Piling on acres of cut diamond sentences, dragging words
along as melodies offer themselves as sacrifices for
unknown causes, brought up one day beyond the final curtain
call of undivided attention.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknown Circumference

Funeral-sounding melodies, touching an interior sadness,
breathing and holding onto the moments of a joyless life.

All vanished from this atmosphere, leaving me bereft,
and lonely on the streets of hell.

No angels or gods in sight, only heat of an unseen fire
blazing somewhere in the shadows of a faithless horizon.

Quietly, moving into unknown circumferences of life,
giving up self to a mind of nothing, unmindful even of
love and faith.

Solo, alone on a highway, sitting in front of a camp
fire, awakening from a dream-like state of mind that
has now taken over the blatant thought of unsurmised
beliefs and is left to it's own desires.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknown Circumstances

Standing at the edges of humanity, looking about, seeing
emptiness abounding, brought on by unknown circumstances.

Afraid to reach out or touch upon the subject of so much
pain, keeping it hidden inside for all time.

Knowing no solutions are to be found because they can only
be thought of through caring and love.

Noticing the world passing by, patterns of daily living
come and go, like shadows during daylight hours.

Forgetting the compulsion not to stray from certain paths,
leads to an understanding of other knowledge come to pass.

Combining all works of thoughtful encounters within the
mind, life changes it's tactics slowly.

Remaking history with history itself, sending truth back
and forth to find it's place.

Life revisited, stands on the edge of time, awaiting the
comforts, it knows will never come.

At the very edge of humanity, emptiness still fills life
through unknown circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknown Depths

Kicking aside all manner of signs, wanting to set up
my own in out of way places.

Leaving barriers behind, keeping others from following
me into unknown depths of being that I contain secretly
in hidden corners of my heart for safekeeping.

Turning over and eclipsing everything else in life,
reciprocating in early morning hours when no one will
ever notice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknown Designs

Slowly folding into myself, taking all ideas and thoughts within where they cannot be seen unless appearing here in writing.

Exercising synapses and neurons with touches of wisdom as it meets knowledge in unknown designs in the middle of intellect.

So perfect a desert plain, sprouting everywhere in this vision of beautiful landscapes, taking me constantly into depths of yesterday, when walking through the desert alone.

Watching all animals scurry to their habitats, a smell of creosole drifting to my nostrils, filling my head and mind with it's aroma.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknown Destinations

Quiet little puffs of clouds,
skirting the skyway above earth.
Trying to steadily keep to themselves
as they pass over humanity on their way
to destinations unknown, even to me at this moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknown Frailty

Nervous anticipation quivering with the unknown frailty
of life's borders.
Keeping watch, seeing shadows float by, gently touching
memories of a past universe.
Wonder sitting on a corner, attempting to uncover puzzles
being taken apart constantly, in unruly orders.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknown Heroes

Heroes in life are not always famous or well-known, there are individuals who have done amazing things in their lives and no one has ever heard of them, they are truly unknowns.

Yet, it takes nothing away from what they have accomplished and done for others, giving them hope, helping them rediscover their purposes in life.

Listening and being there when needed, taking someone's hand, encouraging them, breaking a cycle of suicide or abuse, saving a life, all worthwhile functions of a hero in this temporary world today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknown Horizons

Resting alongside life for moments in time,
contemplating horizons in dimensions unknown,
yet are found within me constantly.

Prized possessions fill me with joy and happiness
because no one can take them from me, they are
part and parcel of my soul.

Only one translation, one interpretation, can be
formed from my mind, no way for anyone to steal
what they cannot see or understand.

Secure in this knowledge, I fill blank books with
poems taken from this inner atmosphere of
imagination.

Blending with nature, filling my environment with
picturesque beauty and visions to take out and look
at whenever I want.

Yet, no one else can see what I see unless it's written
down in poetry for them to see and read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknown Mysteries

Energizing a soul, lifting spirits higher into the heavens,
lighting a fire within this mind, giving extraordinary ideas
to fascinate intellect and spark imagination.

Taking all thoughts into higher realms, shaking the very
foundations of inner beauty, following lines of musical
rhythms into depths of being.

So intensely going into other dimensions, leaving everything
else behind.

Lifting even higher now, on classical visions of images,
waving on levels of greater understanding, coming from the
unknown mysteries of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknown Qualities

Traveling the world within my mind, locating memories
and thoughts never found before.

Releasing energy used in storing secrets, procuring
segments of unknown qualities, embalming self to live
again, a different person.

Using gifts and talents to become someone, other's
can know and like after I become.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknown Realms

11: 16 a.m.
Tending to collect self wherever music is playing,
listening to it with a heart full of joy, being
taken into realms of the unknown.

Perfect pitch, falling into perfect sense, giving
an essence of unexpected beauty for life.

Taking every step, listening for the next one as
it flows into being, just like these words are
doing right now.

A blessed event happening in my soul every time
when writing while listening to music. 11: 17 a.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknown Reasons

Life revolves in an orbit of celestial sensations
totally unknown to us, the reasons why not now
being shown.

We all just live and die in the cycles of life,
doing what we can during the years we are here on
earth.

Most of us being humane, helping others more un-
fortunate than ourselves, others taking what they
can, stealing from others.

Not caring about morals or ethics, many of them
being our elected politicians who are not repre-
senting us at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknown Shores

Living on the edge, adjusting myself to whatever I'm feeling on the roadways of adventure.
Discovering all manner of ways to write what I feel inside and taking the highway into searches of yesterday.
Walking towards the universe interiorly, bringing it all together in one gifted poem, telling it like it is.
Waking from a dream, lighting the way to unknown shores in line with all truths of the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknown Spiritual Level

Existing in realms of reality's imagination, having learned
to combine the two in a sort of divine spiritual level.

Unknown to others, having discovered it on my own through
writing and music.

Never letting anything disturb or interfere with self inside.

Quietly sitting back, watching others and finding reasons to
write about whatever is being seen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknown Thoughts

Silence penetrating life, calming it with unknown thoughts of death looming in the distance.
Awaiting my time to dance off into the sunset, while traveling alone along that endless corridor we must all go through in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknown Wisdom Of A Tree

Gnarled, wizened, being blown about
by wind's gales of laughter.
Yet filled with wisdom's vast
knowledge, as it twists and turns
above earth's soil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unknowns Of Death

Emotions riding into the sunset, wanting to catch up
to the reasons they are being used for.

Curiosity tackling them from all sides, wanting to
know so they can be reconciled in the future.

Not having to flow into unknowns of death where there
are no answers to be found until finally reaching
heaven where nothing matters anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unleashed Life

Recognizing rhythms of life enhanced by musical scores, giving points of intellect rising counts.
Thinking is brought to levels of genius in pathways of intellectual abandonment.
Catering to edges of sublime imaginings, we move into positions where we can be creative and stress ourselves politely and carefully.
Steadily continuing with ideas recognized in rhythms of life unleashed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unleashing Power Of Intellect

Listening to music of my soul, tapping out it's rhythm,
hopefully within this new poem.

Running barefoot in the sand, letting rays of sunshine
touch me like no human being can.

Running and watching waves swelling, breaking and
crashing along with my spirit.

Not worrying, just unleashing the power of intellect
to ebb in tides of imagination.

Controlling all thoughts and finding solace in the
silence of spoken words being written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unleashing Tempting Desires

Waves crashing upon sandy shores of interior jungles
filled with tremendously fierce wildlife.

Scouring the underbrush for messages coded in rhythms,
searching ceaselessly for their beginnings.

Finding signals that match with the stars shining down
upon earth in the middle of the night.

Scattering the milky way across the sky, unleashing the
tempting desires crawling within on the ground.

Leaving nothing for the wildlife to eat or survive, mere
humans tearing down their jungle homes.

Beating and scoring incessant rhythms as they roll across
shores of interior jungles.

Wildlife finding hiding places out of sight so they can
have a quality of life that they so deserve away from
mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unleft Visions

Intrepid echoes reverberate throughout my mind, alighting within my soul, being taunted by sorrow's unbelief.

Realigning life's priorities with the reality of tomorrow's destiny, paving the way to a measured melody in time.

Hoping to prepare for an insistent ghost entirely touched by inner grief and mourning.

Fulfilling desires that have been unleft on earth in the passion of another lifetime, now appearing, waiting for their time has now come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unlikely Focus

Taking off, soaring into clouds of intellect, memories
floating through my mind, always ready to be written
into poetry.

Yesterday being present in today's memories, the future
also coming into view, nothing new about any of it,
listening to conversations that have already happened.

Today's are waiting to be heard and tomorrow's can be
seen ahead of time in pictures of thought, an unlikely
focus that leaves me amazed constantly as I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unlit Candles

Posing for pictures of thought while waiting for ideas to blossom.
Forming an energy never being lessened by anyone's opinions, pros
or con.
Never entering cages of attitudes that are lies hidden from truths
and existing in many depths from other dimension's too difficult
for others to find.
Being many talented, focusing onto edges of memories, too saddened
to be on levels of thought.
Only hanging onto emotions, veiling their existence with a volume
of smoke from unlit candles.
Sophomoric themes being handed down through the years, never
alighting for long in the intellectual plains of my being.
Turning onward into aisles of catacombs as the darkness saturates
and fills my essence with their mysterious codes of exterior existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unlived Moments

Disappearing into no man's land, losing myself in
dissipated tears, trying to let life slip away.
Filled with tempting thoughts, wanting to just
fade into non-existence and be left alone in
depths of beleaguered sadness.
Discovering the properties of unlived moments,
trying to escape from their insistence permanently.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unlived Words

Tender young branches hanging outside the window of
the bus, feathering my brain in the gentle wind.

Recalling pleasant sensations in generations of
familial thought, exasperating experiences, totaling
an instant memory whenever I wish.

Withstanding dimensions of unwept ideas, cautioned
throughout eternity on causes and programs not well
organized.

Dispersed constantly into the atmosphere, alive with
the vibrancy of life's ending, novel approaches to
experience of wisdom commence.

Faltering unhesitantly on the doorstep of unlived
words, bringing them to life wisely said and spoken.

Rendering the instantaneous piety of religious nuances,
gathered together into a volume of books, and read for
generations to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unlocking Doors

Wallowing in the mud of life's destruction, unafraid of
it's pastimes, alert to it's dangers.

Perilous prisons of guilt and shame unlock the doors of
decadence within.

Unholy odors of an abusive past strike out, stinging eyes
with blurting tears.

Silently standing aside, allowing expansive films of
posterity to view images contained in the still moving
pictures.

Unlike joyful steps we take on our unwavering paths,
sidelines careen past, leaving us to wonder what has
happened all this time.

Why weren't we shown which way to go to avoid the pit-
falls of life?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unlocking Memories

Washing away the forlorn images of a young child,
sweeping the memories under the carpet.

Time has a way of once again revealing what
happened in the past.

Trying to turn away from it, run, race to the
nearest exit, only to find there are none.

All doors have been unlocked, opened, to the
intense suffering felt inside.

Now there are no more doors by which to escape,
all has been revealed and stands staring.

There's no alternative left, no choices to be
made, the past must be explored, sought, confessed.

This must be done in order to have a future, to
become an adult and have a life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unloved Death

Lilies decorating a church altar, adorning it with God's glory, soon to fade and die, all brown from unlove upon everyone's minds.

Lilies, so beautiful, to place upon a Mother's grave, no one was able to save her from dying either.

As flowers die, and people, we all still seem to go on living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unmaliced Benefits

In and out of rhythmic balance,
giving and taking throughout a
lifetime of being with others.

Easily walking along, enjoying
all of nature's bounty and
unmaliced benefits of existence.

Resisting the opinions of another,
clashing always with others in
prescience of living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unmatched Beauty

Precious beauty of a child is unmatched in this temporary world, so enthusiastic and pure, having wonder of everything around her.

This beautiful child standing here, looking around, being excited by every detail grownups don't see or take notice of, usually unless they are poets themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unmatterable Items

Likely aspects of entire lifetimes focus
on items that don't really matter.
We complain, judge, treat others unkindly,
yet, expect them to like us as we are.
They don't give the same respect back.
Dignity is left on door steps for others
to pick up and disperse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unmerited Treatment

Being driven down into abysses of forsaken love by friends, hurting my essence and ripping my soul.

Not knowing what I've done to merit this treatment, going through life in a depth of silent emptiness that can never depart.

Being kept in a darkness by another, tripping into the cisterns of hell here on earth.

Not warranting this treatment on earth by anyone, I walk slowly away, not even hoping to be seen by any person on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unnatural Delight

Voices bellowing silently into the atmosphere, accompanied by a fantastic blend of music.
Taking steps across vast plains of mind-dwelling caverns, accepting so many different aspects of nature in forms of unnatural delight.
Sololy following every idea into heights of beautiful landscapes.
Solidly enchanting hearts and souls, giving beings special codes of artistic endeavors to be placed eventually in halls of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unnecessary Life

Searching automatically through ancient codes of history, finding old messages taken from walls of caves.
Stranded in tunnels underground, feeling lost and lonely without any grace to save my little particle of life.
Walking down under and seeing nothing to glance more than once at.
Life is so unnecessary most of the time, yet we continue falling for it's temptations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unnecessary Projections

Scratching and banging around, digging for artifacts
and relics from past saints, gone now from earth.
Wanting help and protection from unnecessary
projections of hell, not getting any as yet.
Climbing depths, trying to escape this feckless life
of turmoil and still wanting to continue into the
future with however much of it I have left.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unopened Possibilities

Visions playing before me, giving pictures of thought
a chance to develop and be manifested within intellect.

A powerful and challenging idea beginning to write
another poem from within a creative waterfall cascading
forever into this mind.

Always carrying possibilities of this life forward, as
they die before my sight, as yet unopened, lying in wait
for their presence to be looked at.

Benefitting from a life of unique ideas, intellect is
holding the keys to futures of mankind's lifetimes free
of poverty, injustice racism and hatred.

Eventually ridding the world of evil and corruption of
every kind, moral, ethical and individual.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unordinary Views

Twilight hitting me in the mind, awakening it to new surroundings and spaces, floating into view, giving new perspectives and changes of reality.

Tokenly, being transported and transformed into genuine beings, acknowledging every nuance and beginning.

Finding stars traveling perspectively into subconsciousness, allowing views not ordinarily perfect from any angle, like right now.

Solemnly, playing from hemispheres of totality, as each portrayal straightens itself for pontifical sermons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unpardoned Particles

There are no pardons in life for an honest person, everyone tramples and uses them until they're tired and discard them.

Wayside garbage, handling difficult particles of life for others and getting no sincere praise or loyalty from any one of them.

Quiet, silent, throughout life, taking whatever gets dished out, building within interiorly, their character and soul, fulfilling every heart-felt desire on the road.

Perfecting the art of goodness, allowing others their petty annoyances and trifles, wishing only to be left alone and true to themselves.

Lighting candles as they quickly pass through life, not afraid of lighting another's flame or firing another's soul.

Sensing pathways through darkness, feeling hardships, suffering, pain, hurt and sorrow.

Walking on in spite of it all, courageously carrying on the road they have chosen.

Only to have another's pious, jealous, inarticulate person dump hatred and envy upon their heads, pulling them into depths of depression's abyss.

It is called abuse and is perpetrated by so-called friends, business associates and people of power and/or authority.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unperformance

Gardens of irresponsibility crop up in those around us who don't perform their jobs like they're supposed to.
Preferring instead, to goof off and not live up to their own expectations in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unpleasant Emotions

Stringent feelings holding me captive, giving unpleasant emotions a door to enter my being.

Abolishing the good mood I was having, now it is destroyed, leaving me saddened and forlorn.

Not wanting to eat or do anything at all, just withdrawing inside of self.

Staying away from everybody, preferring to be alone, just writing poetry that shows how I am feeling.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unpleasant Memories

Wringing my mind's hands, looking over many
trials and tribulations, adhering in memories
not pleasant.
Hoping to eliminate visions of bitterness
with faithful companionship from God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unprecedented

Soliloquies of life present themselves each day, at different times, in different experiences, most anything can bring them about.

Losing moments, being reminded at times when least expected, all of us finding out when confronted, what they will eventually mean in our lives.

Unprecedented and out of the ordinary, always being presented in thoughts eventually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unpredicatable Energy

Listening to Indian classical music, drums beating with
an unusual sound to these ears and mind.

A certain inflection, a sound almost human, emanating
from it into the atmosphere.

Thrilling spiritually, titillating all senses intrinsic-
ally, a wealth of data filtering into intellect while
listening.

An unpredictable and beautiful energy, coming from beats
and rhythms interiorly.

Chasing back and forth, eliciting rhythms that take me
further into intellect's interior imagination.

A plethora of ideas unfolding like blossoms of a beautiful
rose, spreading aromas throughout the atmosphere much like
this Indian music is doing to me now.

Wonderfully enticing and energy-building it has become
to my being, not able to go a day without listening to it
now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unpredictable And Exciting

Separate journeys on pathways of life are totally unpredictable and exciting, always having new adventures and discoveries to learn about.

Curiosity being in heaven and having a ball, finding out mysteries and solutions that have eluded mathematicians and scientists for centuries.

Having been given gifts of intellect, innately knowing the greatest mysteries in this earthly world.

Deciphering them one at a time, coding them onto this photographic screen within memory, sounds of rhythm taking it into depths of reason and logic.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unprepared

Waltzing in and out of life's circumstances and situations,
unprepared for what is to come about, doing the best we can
in order to find peace.

Hoping that hardships will not hit us too hard, praying
that difficulties will not overtake and cause us to despair
or give up.

We all have much to accomplish before we die, forging ahead,
looking for solutions that will work, making life easier for
everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unproven Theories

Explanations aren't enough as we travel through life
under cover.
We are hard pressed for answers that escape our minds
in environments of nature.
Silently, we think of our plights; walking along we
find theories that just are never proven, yet fill
books with their unknown knowledge.
Sitting on sidelines of earth, scattered ideas attempt
to match wits with true wisdom - always failing in the
end, because truth wins at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unquenchable

Lonely as an eagle flying above earth, content within itself,
soaring into the atmosphere.

Studying geography of the world from it's perch high above,
safe and protected from the presence of mind that awaits those
who come into the view of an enlightened intellect.

Serving a lifetime of wisdom through a philosophical approach
in moments of life, energizing a mind of distant knowledge
that is arranging itself in patterns and designs.

Into a very few in life that count it always as a blessing
to be thankful for, a longing inside, a curiosity that cannot
ever be quenched while on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unquenched Sadness

Contributing genuine happiness to an interior
filled with grief, hoping some of it will be
kept as part of being who I am.
Through the ages though, it settles into an
amount of sadness that can never be quenched
while living on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unraveling Curious Mysteries

Unraveling mysteries through the years with curiosity
and perseverance.
Aligning facts and figures on pages of books, all of
them relevant, all tantamount to learning about nature
and gathering knowledge for future generations to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unraveling Interiorly

Solitary thought, sitting by the wayside, wondering at it's intense vibrations of emotion.
Unraveling interiorly, bringing an energy to a hidden potential, allowing it to come into itself.
Fragily holding onto a peace given from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unraveling Mysteries

Parading through an existence of poverty and
unhappiness, filling it with whatever we can
to enliven our spirits and become ourselves.

Distancing all hurt and grief for periods of
time, as thinking back and forth we are
traded daily by ourselves.

Unraveling our mysteries and silencing the
screaming, penetrating our phantom nightmares.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unraveling Yesterday's Wrinkles

Atmosphere of music flowing, tantalizing and enticing
an inner spirit, soothing it eloquently and softly,
unraveling the wrinkles of yesterday.

Ironing out worn ideas, renewing their impetuous and
creating an intense energy that totally becomes like
a clarinet, playing gently and loudly in this mind.

Giving genuine beauty through creativity of imagina-
tion and intellect, always bringing fantasies more
brilliantly into focus.

Making sense of even the most difficult issues we come
up against in our lives, beating melodies, sorting and
attuning them all.

Finding solutions to balance them out, creating a won-
derful atmosphere of the creative process so it can
continually exist.

Perpetrating the beauty of imagination, soaring freer
and independently on it's own fascinating pathway in
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unrealized Endeavors

Talent sits upon shelves of minds, awaiting it's time in the spotlight.
Factoring in precise moments of artistic value as it emerges from within depths of creative individuals.
Placating interior doubts, shining astride a knowing of worthwhile endeavors.
In the end, never being realized until death has taken us from the circle of talent on earth to perform instead for God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unreasonable Rules

Rules must be obeyed, yes, unless they are wrong and unreasonable, unconstitutional, hurting others.

Much like being politically correct tends to do to people, discriminating and putting people down for their beliefs and convictions.

Totally and morally wrong to this mere poet, refusing to follow that motley crowd, going my own way so as not to berate or hurt people's feelings.

Hurting others because one is offended by another's beliefs is not warranted as far as I can see in this life.

If you don't agree with someone, it's no reason to take away their freedom, just ignore it and go on about your business, then no one will be hurt at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unrecognizable

Stillness of silence rifles along memories, awakening them
with happy sorrow over having lived through them.
Solitaire puzzles anchored in past years fill many hours now,
as I climb into age upon final shores.
Disguised as an older woman, walking down the same paths of
yesteryear, yet they no longer recognize me.
I'm just an image fastened within a mind, broken apart by
death's relentless pressure in the aging reality of my
future life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unrecognizable Profile

Roiling with anger, seething beneath the surface while
nothing can be seen except a placid profile, unrecogniz-
able to those who care to look at it.

Wandering alone up and down pathways, through ravines of
life that capture and hold the attention of intellect,
solely intent on living in talent innately.

Watching everything very carefully, not wanting to miss
a single detail, traversing through picturesque landscapes
of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unrecognizable Tones

Strangling in a repertoire of noise not recognizing the tones as music because they have to be designed and fit into circles of diamonds to be displayed in musical scores of diamond notes for a more pleasing sound from heaven. Kicking slowly and keeping track of waylaid plans, following behind carefully, not upsetting the scheme of things.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unrecognized Strength

Rationing nothing,
using everything I've got hidden inside to
a passion pushing me through all trials and
sufferings without even thinking of them.

Strength not being recognized, yet everyone
else seems to think I have some.

Wandering among thoughts, being one with
nature seems to take up all my time.

So I only write it all in a poem without
letting it get me down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unrehearsed Death

Unrehearsed death comes only once in a lifetime.
We remain strangers on the outskirts of one
another until it is our time to expire.
Leaving life, no longer able to fend for itself
On Scandinavian shores unsurpassed by empty
stares in boats passing through the night.
Longingly distant throughout, at the end,
unforbiddenly unsurmountable.
Death takes each of us on a special date to
eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unrehearsed Thoughts

Unrehearsed thoughts melting into fibers of my being,
fondling mind waves of perpetual ideas.
Feelings soaring upward into atmospheres unheard of
before.
Unforgettable hidden images, filtering within spheres
of betrayal, waiting to be taken to levels of forgive-
ness on upper plains, heretofore never examined by
hearts of comfortable silence, tilting back over tops
of gardens, standing in pathways of livability.
Today, exercising areas of grey matter, not usually
being stretched in all directions.
Encompassing all of human nature with arms enveloping
it in circumferences of talent lying over rainbows
with style.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unreleased Reasons

Falling asleep amidst thoughts, hurting inside with past feelings of abandonment held onto morosely.
So much a part of her life that she can't let go of them, they've become a part of who she is.
Unfortunately, reasons are kept and not able to be released from her heart.
Tremoring, quaking quietly, tears falling softly from her mind's memories every day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unrelentable Justice

Stone faces lying upon vagrant animosity, believing in unrelentable justice and not supreme beings.

Falling aside without intent, traipsing off-beat paths, awaiting truths that will never be told.

Injustice and deceit scattered throughout authority's mind, searching for ways and means of lining their pockets.

This is the existence and reason for justice courts in East Mesa and Phoenix, I think.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unrelenting Voices

Selecting emotions to be turned
around in musical renditions of silliness.
Creeping along the sidelines of tantamount existence,
giving an expression of inner turmoil to be spread
about and layered into ample landscapes of tomorrow.
Finding an innate energy is eclipsing inner desires,
bringing them around, tying them to interior beats
of life's essence, choosing to be alone with every
nuance in upbeat tones of unrelenting voices,
never being silenced this side of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unremembered

Despondent, praying for release of feelings deeply embedded
in particles of grey matter.
Strung tightly, decorating thought, pulling it back out of
paths of sorrow, leaving no memories for tomorrow.
Wallowing through anticipated greetings, cut short by history's beginning.
Cold, shivering, lying on slabs of marble, being prepared for
picture-taking death.
Little, unremembered abilities, lost long ago, tossed against
pillars of stone, run over and over, never dying, just being
hidden under everything else in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unreputable Dimensions

Stopping short, suddenly realizing the impact of impending
doom stationed at the doorstep of life.

Tunneling through grounds of catacombs, searching for ways
out, looking for sunlight and beauty.

Being obsessed with the opacity of dim light, unskied views
of apprehension, stirring up empty-looking drawers filed
deeply away beneath granite tombs.

Fleeing rapidly in unknown directions, panic seizes
opportunities to hide in darkened tunnels.

Wresting all subjectivity from piles of uncertain reality,
taking hands, small, away from home and hearth.

Life-seeking aspirations carefully nurtured amidst tons of
death, dying on all realms, taking childhood into unreputable
dimensions.

Strangling and struggling the breath from within little bodies,
backing away, fear consuming thoughts, plastered against walls
of innocence, hardened into someone else's sense of existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unretaliated Fear

Swallowing life as if it were bitter-tasting castor
oil, defying everyone within hearing to save anyone's
pitiful life.

Knowing the impossibility of ever caring or relating
to another person, single-handedly, falling into
oblivion.

Letting go forever of talents, hopes and dreams, life
echoes screams of fear unretaliated in despair.

There are no reasons to be static or stay in line,
tender-hearted people do not exist in this certain
place and time.

Relationships falter, weaken, die along the way,
mistakenly not holding on to the inner child, instead
letting it get away.

No blame to place, softly unheeded on a new path,
turning around, facing the danger of an end to life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unrivaled Fate

Sounds falling down upon my mind, like juices flowing from inner oranges, tantalizing the taste of utmost beauty.
Fast paced rhythms leading me towards the most effusive-giving livelihood in a musical stage of unrivaled fate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unruly Emotions

Romping through scores of music,
having a grand time of it and luring
emotions into a field of calming
peace so I may have quiet respite
from their haranguing noises all day.

Emotions, like unruly children, need
to be disciplined, so heart and mind
can enjoy themselves for moments at a
time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unsaid Goodbyes

Death takes over life, ripping it apart, setting it
afloat in a myriad of icebergs never to find it's
way home.

Looking out upon many mirrors of snow and ice-filled
land, forgetting where home is and how you began.

Forever lifting spirits into eternal nights, settling
dust jackets over their eyelids.

Suffocating all breath of life from within - standing
out upon a floe of ice, forgetting the blue of soul.

Taking something for nothing, filling always, the
wrong vessel, hoping to betray lover's lost along the
way.

Sorrowful pining from clouds of unknowingness, blended
into one giant item of forgetfulness, lasting as
always until the death of it lies open before your
eyes in silent departing.

Unsaid, goodbyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unsaid Words

Wondering in realms of curiosity, looking for answers and particular information to help learn more about life and it's reasons for being.

Significant truths coming in and out of view, transparently listening to everything being said or not out loud.

Sensing words not being said, writing them out anyway, taking the unsaid and letting it be learned throughout the world.

Listening always to what is going on in this universe with all these things.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unsatisfied Choices

Choices are made constantly, preferring one thing
over another.

Yet, many are not satisfied with what they have
chosen and are unhappy for periods of time.

Even in relationships, finding fault, not being
glad to have someone to love.

Experiencing loneliness daily, just because
they're unhappy with their decisions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unsatisfied In Life

Unsatisfied with events in life, looking forward to the future and making it my own.
Astonishing facts of mature living, give me respect for all forms of life on earth.
Loving every aspect and facet to this side of living, yet awaiting the experience of death without any trepidation whatsoever.
Aspiring to great heights, achieving more than most people on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unscathed

Solace keeping my mind in a serene desert, away from
the strife of everyday living.

Watching as nature gives up her secrets through desert
landscapes while walking through them unscathed.

Vibrantly alive, touching innermost feelings and emotions
as they rise and fall in tune and time with music.

Silent peacefulness ascends within my soul, transcending
earthly life and allowing entrance into other-worldly
domains.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unseeing Vision

Answers are always the same, they never really give any information unless they're in mathematical formulas, telling exacting truths.

Searching, moving on, life stands on pathways, taunting us to let go, give more of self, yet doesn't allow any benefits or grace to withstand daily trials.

We strive with every breath to climb above stresses, climbing upon our own shoulders, trying to see the view we have no vision to see, on our little space of earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unseen Beats

Watching youngsters interpreting rhythms in their own ways.
Seeing them moving and gyrating in directions an adult
could never attain in this life and area.

Jumping and leaping, slipping across the floor in motions
of unseen beats, stashed only in their young minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unseen Boundaries

Riding tidal waves of life, being buried beneath their lofty swelling and foam.

Running through the absoluteness of fortune, unraveling, seeking boundaries which cannot be seen, allowing freedom to overtake and bring sanity to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unseen Finish Lines

Sitting easily in a cool afternoon, looking up at leaves
collecting drops of rain from above.
A mild wind, blowing fallen leaves across the patio, racing
towards unseen finish lines.

(12: 28 p.m. - 11/26/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unseen Pictures

Pictures staring as people walk by them, not taking time to look at what they are depicting.
Having a hopeless attitude, knowing no one cares what the artist portraying them was thinking, as he or she painted them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unseen Poetry

Lights awakening thoughts, taking them into circular
patterns of eastern skies.
Folding under the seams of unseen imagined poetry,
as it is being sensed within, waiting to be written
out with this pen in hand.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unseen Relics

Riding down thruways, searching for details
or relics of history.

Changing shores, falling mountains, rivers
running askewed.

All caused by weather, turbulent and wild.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unseen Visions Forwarding Life

Light falling into life, spreading itself thin,
watering it's image into rays slightly seen.

Tantalizing memories brought forth onto unseen
visions of yesterday, forwarding life upon a
sea of unforgiving testimony, bringing solitary
prayers before God, full of meaning.

Heartfelt messages shine from a soul through
clouds to heaven.

Brilliant light signifying death of human
knowledge, forging ahead with wisdom sent from
God's Holy Spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unselfish Giving

Specialty phrases, thoughts of love, find their
ways into hearts of people who are lovers.
Kind, gentle, pure, unsolicited talk on swings
and back porches.
Thinking kindheartedly of one another, unselfishly
giving of self to the other, wending their ways
down avenues of life' circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unselfishly

Loving, closing around a person,
giving feelings of being wanted.
Reaching to another unselfishly,
through heart-felt senses for
another human being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unsettled Peace

Crossing oceans of sorrow, holding onto memories that have caused them, not wanting to let go, because in fact, they are bittersweet to this forsaken little heart of a mere poet.

Tearing apart the delicate fabric of my being, yet somehow still finding a way to continue to have faith and strength to carry on in the face of all these odds.

Crying within, smiling outwardly, carrying the unsettled peace that's left throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unsettled Until Music

Racing through the evening, watching rhythms of the day quiet down and relax me.

Often I can't settle down and my body stresses out, music takes it all away and helps me to rest at bedtime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unsheltered Minds

Light shines down from above, uncertainly sitting upon
earth, waiting to be claimed to sit before the hearth
of love.

Striving for perfection, finding that it's not a perfect
world, being disappointed is the only sound that's heard.

Following paths least traveled, kicking up a wanderer's
dust, scattering it across the world.

Leaving tiny holes of doubt, spreading through unsheltered
minds, love slips out.

Finding no wisdom - no knowledge - of what life has begun
to be about.

Talking incessantly to oneself, never getting any answers,
turning about, facing death, asleep forever in life's
eternal doubts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unsolicited Memories

Snow white memories, pure and unsolicited, flood my mind with goodness and joy of the past.
Leaving my rhythm in tune with special emotions fitting nicely in a pattern of joy.

Taking me among realms of yesterday's subconsciousness, giving me an anecdote for the loneliness, emptiness, and abandonment I've felt through the years, filling me with all the things that have taken away my joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unspoken Doom

Mixing centuries together in one room is a mistake
of unspoken doom in lives of people.

Because along with good decent human beings you will
also have degrading, mean individuals full of crazy intentions.

Hurting all those around them with their disgusting,
self-centered beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unspoken Language Of Rhythm

Creating designs and patterns through rhythm as I listen,
translating them, their tones and tempos into poetry.

Feeling alive and vibrant, enjoying every moment I'm
absorbed within it's musical essence.

Taking me into the intensity of each tone and note, always
completing the spirituality of an interior life daily.

Suggestions, questions, solutions, all come from intellect
as it's inspired by music.

Totally, completely being immersed in an unspoken language
of rhythm, translating itself into poetry at the first sound.

Being entered calmly and smoothly, it slides into my being
without a ripple to bar it's way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unspoken Memories

Clouds of remorse hang overhead, dripping unceasingly
into my mind, saturating it with the weeping of sorrow's
open flood gates.

Penetrating recesses of hidden scorn, reminding self of
a past built by desires of another, creeping silently in
the backwoods of my mind.

Causing collections of suicidal thoughts contrary to
human nature, reverting to the pile of unspoken memories
wondering what to do.

How to handle the sadness buried there for so long, arms
reaching into caverns, searching blindly for reasons un-
known to a child.

Rocketing into depressive states of mind by the fuel of
nonexistent mindless errors from the past, following like
cracks in a sidewalk, haphazard paths of life.

Leading anywhere, not caring which direction they go, so
maybe wherever I end up, the sunrise, fading quickly, will
fall into sunsets of eternity.

Becoming the boundaries set limitlessly in the back of my
mind, carelessly forsaking the privacy and incoherent
speeches of once thought of people who cared.

Floundering now on shores of sandy beaches like a beached
whale, no more techniques to discover or invent, salvaging
only minute particles of dignity with no respect.

Not really worth the effort, for the specialty of life has
flown below me in many deep abysses, never to be found a-
gain in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unstable Reasons

Writing incessantly about life, trying to find reasons
why it exists as it does and why we put up with it's
unstable relationship with us.
There's never a reason good enough to explain it, so
I'll continually write while I'm alive and observant
enough to see nature in all it's glory, surrounded by
a spirituality of God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unstoppable Effects Of Aging

Sinking into a quagmire of unequaled loneliness,
traipsing away from all I know and love.
Reiterating the past in visions of images, growing
fainter, soon to disappear forever.
There's no stopping effects of aging, but there's
an even more sinister deterioration as my brain
shrinks and loses it's elasticity.
Falling into an abyss of fading memories I wonder
how I'll be able to write when there are none left
to access.
Will I still be an automatic writer, or will I no
longer be able to express myself in poetry?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unstoppable Tears

Forgetting the excitement of yesterday, just looking at it
in pictures pasted in albums through the years.

Lasting impressions open to insight over many that have
been seen, reliving echoes of every moment, keeping them
close forever.

Voices of past relatives, not speaking out loud, just being
heard quietly in my mind.

It's just not the same, life is no longer able to tell what
their voices sounded like so long ago.

Tears slipping, unstoppable, filling palms of hands, over-
flowing into a heart's mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unsuitable Curiosity

Born into talent, spreading wings at an early age,
imagination stretched from the outset at an even keel.

Growing, maturing, becoming at every turn, seeking
answers at an early age, finding few of them that
suited the curiosity of a child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unsurpassed Beauty

Riding along, watching scenery slide past as I travel
across country over and over in my mind.
Sights seen from the past cross images on the way.
Beauty unsurpassed by anything, save that of my
children when they looked at me with loving eyes.

(7: 37 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untamed Ideas

Ideas falling, dropping like lead upon my brow, untamed,
blindly careening down channels, left behind.

Screening waves of lightened wisdom, rolled along in
aging wheelchairs of past indignities.

Untouched sadness hidden behind straight-backed chairs,
Unqualified on recent developments, unchartered steps of
learning.

Speaking indecisively of thought processes, stranded in
lamps of light beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untamed Senses

Billowing like a sail upon the sea, reaching interiorly
where all senses lie untamed, ready to do whatever they
want in this life.

Scattering thoughts like jacks upon the floor of this
mind, being chosen and picked up through an imagination-
al intellect.

Eagerly succumbing to feelings and emotions that follow
them into depths of this poetical mind, looking carefully
at each of them in turn.

Creating and developing many purposes and lessons to add
to a poem, turning over leafs in people's minds who're
ready to make changes in their future for the betterment
of situations for themselves and others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untangling Life

Wind blowing, whispering from the past, having lived all these years in depths of feelings, mind interpreting them through poetry and music.

At times, untangling the grief, loss and abuse, lessons all learned the hard way, tears exploding from within, testing the strength of who I am and will become.

Measuring time with rhythms in every chord as life plays itself out on this, my last sunsetical horizon, beautiful, full of life and color, yet so heavenly that I cannot re-sist it's ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untangling Questions

Reeling in a circumference of minor chords brings about
exchanges in major particles of the brain.

Exercising freely, untangling questions from their
existent eternities, gathering information and data
from every source senses can pull from.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untangling Webs Of Thought

Totally concentrating, listening to rhythms flowing,
traipsing through this mind, leaving all types of
verses behind them on paper in poetry.

Lifting heights of spirits, taking this being into
dense jungles, helping to untangle the undergrowth
of webs of thought.

Capturing words and ideas leading from one to another,
loving the beautiful renditions always coming through,
following the patterns and designs of intellect.

Giving such pleasure, continuing to listen and follow
intuition farther into jungles of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untested Thoughts

Breaking silence throughout life as quiet ineptitude
spreads itself thin.
Theories fall and spill about the world, no one ever
proving their validity or truth, allowing these un-
tested thoughts and ideas to multiply untethered,
without question.
Comforting liabilities standing about, causing havoc
in a world where many do not understand that a theory
is not gospel nor is it truth.
Grasping these fanatical ideas of a few people,
unknowingly allowing them to become truths for them-
selves, destroys the fabric of life and spiritual
lives become decayed and bereft of truthful knowledge.
Suddenly our world becomes a cesspool of evil and doom,
due to uneducated, illiteral people, choosing to always
believe the worst of mankind and spiritual goodness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untethered Shores

Looking within shattered streaks and fractures
of yesterday's destiny, unafraid of developments
adjusted by equality.

Overt tangibles float silently down paths of utter,
feckless unusable companionways.

Wherever passable questions of eternity befall,
there are answers unfalling - always unanswerable.

Calculating the effects of eternal foreclosures, we
are all standing on edges of hell, looking in.

We step back most of the time, not allowing ourselves
to fall over, circumferences are bound only by the
ineptedness of each individual's inner characters.

Preparing life on untethered shores, we accept only the
projects we have stored for use in future cocoons of
our own making.

Life begins constantly anew and we forget the moments
before as we continually think ahead.

Using what we have learned in the past, as stepping stones
to another dimensional door.

Stepping unkindly towards one another, we face the
sadness and sorrow of solitary abandonment.

We cannot miss the experience totaled within us,
constantly lapping at our heels and in the end washing
all out to sea without us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unthinking

Temptations abounding in life, to do things we know
we shouldn't be doing.
Many people give in to them - unthinkingly taking
drugs, drinking alcohol, stealing, killing - so
many evil things when doing good is so much simpler
and much easier to live with.
No after effects or guilt to contend with.
Wondering why so many people don't give in to
temptations of goodness.
Our world would be so much nicer and beautiful to
live in naturally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unthought Ideas

Wordless, staring into space, wonderment fills the air.
Startled into a silent reverie, thoughts worm and jiggle about.
Fortitude sits idly as fear and uncertainty cloud the
skies.
Hands slapping at unthought ideas like mosquitoes being
stung by bees.
Majorities of minds are filled with emptiness brought
on by unthinking friends.
Wanting to reach a friend's heart - help him to see
that life needs to be lived, not kept in a tightly
screwed jar.
Liveliness dies within everyone once wonder and
curiosity have been effectively killed.
Wordless, staring emptily in space, all truth has been surrounded and buried
deep beneath the earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unthought Images

Settling in amongst ordinary thoughts, ideas form and
pop up like popcorn in a kettle.

Relishing each one thoroughly, enjoying, savoring and
watching them abstract themselves, and attach to un-
thought of images.

Watching them mold, shape and form one another into
wonderful, mysterious creations time after time.

Facets unheard of become opposite words in verse,
allowing poems to originate seemingly from nowhere as
they touch and cogitate pathways and neurons in this
brain.

Allowing juxtaposition of inner universes to be seen
and held imaginatively so they may be written out
and explored.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unthought Patterns

Quietly experiencing a solace of intense silence, enveloping my intellect.
Saturating existence with positive moments of unthought patterns, forming and expanding my mind - giving it an essence of beauty as it continually creates why I am here on earth and writing.
Exquisite thoughts etching themselves permanently into my brain cells forever.
Tapping into these exacting moments gives me free rein to BE, just BE myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unthoughtful Pathways

Forwarding answers into future puzzles,
placating memories as they erase stressful
thoughts at times.
Placing minds in unthoughtful pathways,
crossing shores with playful anticipation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untidy Bunch Of Thoughts

Sticking together through mixtures and blends of another
chemical destiny, following rhythms of generations.

Soothing the essence of another beautiful day, comforting
nerves of another untidy bunch of thoughts, falling all
over the ground, wanting to be stepped upon and absorbed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untidy Sense Of Being

Whispering sweet nothings, but no one hears them for
love has not visited yet, years have been lived alone,
nothing stopping to take a heart into throes of love.

Alone, saddened, yet going on, living, spending time
on the road of life, becoming a person only loneliness
can abide in.

An untidy sense of being, sitting on the sidelines,
wondering where love can be, because it has never
visited here yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untimely Death

Tonight I have given up life, no longer being found on
this horizon or any other.

Silenced by the untimely death of innocence, betrayed
by a husband of abuse, feckless, dishonest, untruthful,
a pitiful creature to behold.

On the verge of a new destiny, outside of this world,
able at last to see some peace in the future.

Calmed by the effect this has, reaching out and dying
for it, unafraid of losing hold of life, gladdened by
it's frightful fall to death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untitled

Lonely as a pool ball rolling across the table,
being knocked around indiscriminately by whims
of other people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untitled Nothingness

Likened unto a cloud of nothingness, life fills the
earth with it's unmeaningness.

Standing at the threshold of never-will-be, are
brains, toiling over absolutes which they cannot see.

Thriving on disasters of make-shift beings, all
knowledge is hurled high onto wisdom's throne.

Allowing for novel ideas, purposeful memories are
grated, sifted and left in heaps until someone comes
along to create them.

Bringing forth from nothingness, a life worth meaning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untitled Sorrow

Standing in the light of kindness, feeling it's gentleness warmly surrounding, hope is rekindled momentarily within this heart.

Wanting to jump right in and find a way to make these feelings stay forever, instead just quietly bask in them.

Afraid to hold on, lest they should die or disappear, a silent sorrow fills a soul, because trust has not yet grown to maturity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untold Beauty

High pitched sounds filling intellect, making their rounds
like waves upon the ocean, tip toeing across, lying down,
letting them body surf across the surface towards shore.

Playing gently with tides and their rhythm, frolicking
under the moonlight, hiding beneath the waves when a sea
gull flies overhead.

Untold beauty flowing from within intellect's subconscious-
ness and into an effervescent tranquility beyond the horizon,
learning to live without boundaries or limits.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untold Epics

Reluctant, hesitant, standing back, straying farther from
the reaches of indecisive moments, afraid of the pain,
fulfilling destinies of thoughts about death and the ending
of it all.

Placed in tombs of displacent ineptitude, running from the
waves of reality as they bounce and knock over everything.

Pulling under with the heaviness of sorrow, tranquil forever
after in thoughts of unending peace.

Untold epics lying within, awaiting their replies in ancient
speech, unrelated to everyday topics, those held within are
secret forebodings of a past life once had.

There are no escapes from feckless aptitude, life cannot be
lived in disgrace, beings brought to the life they hold
within, touching others, becoming open to the horrors of past
nights.

Dawn rises, dusk sets upon the reasoning faculties of a mind,
wherever trying to hide, it seems only to focus brighter and
more insistent upon the brain of interior life.

Solace does not hide away, it is not tucked beneath ages
of memories, feeling it at times, consuming this entire
being and liking the way it feels.

Perfumed, odorless, matches of a soul, reaching to the
heavens, praying to be let go, praying for a life beyond this
one.

Hanging head in sorrow, walking on filling the daily destiny
of myriad tomorrows, until a day becoming, on heaven's hearth,
alone, contented, full of God's love.

Circumstances not unwinding from the jungle undergrowth,
instead twisting and turning and pulling with it.

Let go you say? Would like to, but this barrier insists
that I may not go beyond it's protective walls. What can be
done? How can it get around it?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untold Experiences

Sensational thoughts being sent directly to my mind,
forgiving the expressions of untold experiences,
taking the entire fold of music into aspects of
poetry to be voiced around the world to countless
crowds of people.
Individually taking the initiative to let out all
rhythm onto pathways of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untold Love

Strumming themselves into a ribbon of crystal tears,
giving me reminders of how life has been throughout
the years on earth.

Finding the bittersweet essences of untold love.
Hurrying into the sunsets of eternal voices sent
from heavenly gardens beyond our souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untold Poetical Writing

Living beneath blue waters of heaven, listening to the quiet sounds of silence as they reverberate into hearing.

Listening to tones and beats of irregular breathing, holding breath beneath the stars of heaven.

Traipsing so perfectly into denizens of deepest oceans, feeling it's strength taking me into realms of interior thoughts.

Allowing traversing the world of other dimensions and live quietly within their beauty and timely energy.

Taking all that I am and portraying it upon a canvas of untold poetical writing.

Letting me live in the words I find, saving my soul so carefully with the joy of safe-keeping, as I swim into eternity for a final swim in the heaven of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untold Portrayals

Accentuated portrayals of life stand on corners,
searching for meanings of their existence.

Watching all walks for clues or images of recent
developments, hoping to latch onto important
secluded answers.

Always ending on each day's horizons, a little
more bereft than the times before.

Although hope is enkindled anew each morning,
that their existences will have been proven with
meaningful answers untold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untold Stories

Unreality of this evening surprises life's meaning and existence.
There are no words or magic solutions to fix a misplaced being
through the years.
Alive, yet downcast throughout empty years on earth.
Stories left untold by parents and grandparents, never able to
be finished because we have not had their experiences.
Our children will also find this same dilemma when we are gone
from sight.
Is this why we are always searching for meaning in our lives
and never finding any?
Is the reason for our mere existence - that of death?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untouchable Surfaces

Summers of yesterday are alive and well, touching my mind with their images on untouchable surfaces of the mind.
Littering highways with memories, taking time to watch what they represent, reliving them once again through emotion and belief of generational heredity on skates of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untouchable Symbols

Meanings coming about in different modes of musical talent,
increasing memory and infiltrating ingenuity with an inner
illumination of divine intervention.

Symbols coming into view, meaningless, but to only a few,
no form, design or pattern to see, just a spiritual atmos-
phere beyond what most think of in terms of symbolism.

Tangible, yet untouchable, except in a pristine and sacred
place built within some minds, only to be expressed to those
who can understand the unknown.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untoward Emotions

Listening attentively to a cacophony of sound.
Hanging onto every note as it passes by my mind
screen, awaiting a space to be placed in for the
time being.
Caustic feelings are bringing on untoward emotions
brewing deeply within.
Sounding boards of energy are being fulfilled as
tones fill out every page within mind tables,
mathematically formulating everything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untrodden Life

Shuffling down roads of untrodden life, having no destination in mind, aimlessly wandering in and out of tangled jungles of emotion, getting caught in the expressions of them all.

Clawing them with long fingers, grasping their essence, trying to pull it from them altogether.

Only by the grace of God, are they still here to enjoy the life that was almost totally taken from them on earth.

Trying to re-establish themselves, they trip, stumble, fall, and yet keep getting up to meet another day, even when not wanting to face another moment without the life of yesterday being restored.

No natural forgiveness having been given, not able to come to terms with the attitudes of one another, now strangers to each other, where just yesterday they were the closest of families.

No help is being given to the weakest of them, so all of them are in turmoil, not knowing what to do, grasping at straws and turning everyone against each other instead of coming together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untrusting Of Love

Holding you close as I run away in fear, the fear of being
loved is real - it is painful.

It is what I want more than anything in this world - to be
close to someone - to be loved as myself, yet, I run away,
afraid from it's closeness.

Why is it so? Why fear love? Because of it's loss, which
is imminent.

Fearing love, because it will die and leave me sadder, more
unloved than before.

Can not trust love truly, honestly - that which I fear and
cannot believe in.

Sorrow is only the end of love, there is never light at the
end of it's tunnel - just sorrow, because it is only
lost when it is found.

Love ends when it does, always in a lonely emptiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Untrusting Of This World

An impossible case I may be, yet I know that is the way
I was created by God.

A bashful child, innocent, pure, yet untrusting of this
cruel world.

Stepping from my mother's womb into a new and exciting
place here on earth, filled with both good and evil.

Learning quickly which was which, remembering each harsh
lesson in photographic memories throughout life.

Seeing so many amazing things, experiencing many more,
three stage rockets, air raid drills in school.

Color television, computers, videos, DVD's, blue rays,
fuel efficient vehicles etc.

Yet, this world and those upon it have been caught up
in this materialistic world.

Not liking the feelings it gives, preferring the simple
life, one of caring, love and compassion.

Seeing and feeling differences throughout life,
centers this mistrust that I have for all of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unused Genius

A cloud of smoke, a burst of purple, as nature attempts to live it's life in spite of existing pollution.

Colors being faded by the exhaust of vehicles, especially trucks and buses flowing freely down our roads, throwing out their caustic substances onto the least in need of it on earth.

Birds flying, choking on the fumes, by-products of man's progressive whims.

All along our future highways, man's excessive greed will eventually do away with nature on our planet.

Who will be asking what happened to our earth?

Only the ones who refused to take a look at what they were doing all along, they are at fault.

Intelligent beings they claimed to be, but they never used their genius except to feed their greed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unusual Avenues

Different styles of harmony, taking me down unusual avenues of music, that I ordinarily don't travel down.
Yet, it's quite an experience to find a new type of rhythm awaiting my knowledge and intellect to correctly interpret.
Taking careful consideration, finding just the right translation to get every word right in the correct context.
Beautiful syncopation traveling with softened lyrics, taking me into serene depths for just moments, until the rhythm picks itself up again.
Unusual predicaments of music, bringing me into novel aspects, playing according to what each measure means to me.

(10: 13 p.m. - 11/16/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unusual Funk

Rigidly sitting, feeling negative attitudes of life and
other people, hiding in a corner and being alone.

Wanting to speak to a friend, yet not wanting to, an
absolute mystery, puzzling and intriguing this mind with
misery and restlessness.

Wishing to do something exciting and daring, yet not able
to right now, talking to sisters hasn't helped, just made
me want something dangerous to do making me feel alive again.

Actuality and reality have taken a back step it seems
today, so I will just have to experience and live through
it all.

Nothing much else that I can do, listening to music,
waiting to come out of this unusual funk that I'm in now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unusual Ideas

Wandering and wondering down translucent pathways, thinking
in designs of latent desires that continue to shine forth
from within.

Learning to focus on patterns of every angel, performing it's
duty in measures of time, unusual ideas being reinforced in
the age-old worn-out simplicity that used to be.

It's the only way to move forward, performing alone in tempests
of loneliness that enrapture and enclose my being within them
so gently.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unusual Initiating Peace

Melodies tapping my mind with blues from another space
in time, placidly giving peace in an unusual initiating
way.

Writing to it's rhythm, knowing that it's going too
slowly for intellect's creativity, preferring instead,
rapid rhythms and tempos.

Sojourn, yet moving, head hanging, stepping down stairs
and hallways of lonely and forsaken episodes in life,
going forward through the debris.

Saddened recollections sidling up to the fence, emotions
having been put out to pasture, feelings riding them
around just for some exercise.

Qualifying and gathering thoughts even through finding
them too slow for my mind, which prefers rapid and fast
melodies as stated above.

Taking me into the future where I sit and write poetry,
feeling the unusual beats stirring melting pots of an
interior stance of rhythms.

Always finding a way to create poetry no matter what the
circumstances are in this life, knowing that life is a
never-ending repertoire of experiences and events.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unusual Level Of Reality

Intellectually combining mind and feelings on an
unusual level of reality.

Meeting the two at long last has completed my
life's personality with a mesmerizing glee.

Going back and forth between the two gives a
clarity of perspective and an intense precision
of mind-altering challenges of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unusual Music

Foreign tongues singing and playing unusual music
in the afternoon, bringing a taste of Latin into
the environment.

Enlivening and getting people jumping and hopping,
much to their amazement and amusement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unusual Rendition

Rhythms relocating memories into intellect's imagination,
giving pause for thought.

An unusual rendition is being called upon as auras of
color are mingling now with savory tastes of sight.

Bringing a greater amount of ideas coming to the forefront.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unusual Rhythms

Silence penetrating the interior of my mind, helping me to listen intently to omens.
Standing aside, trying to not spoil the spirit of unusual rhythms counting down to endings of time.
Cautioning every nuance and building towers of sound to proclaim words pounding the pavement of my collective mind.
Senses coming alive with the iciness of frost-laden poems, refreshing insides of my imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unusual Rhythms Beating

Twanging and twinkling, unusual rhythms are beating
in my head.

Rainbow colors changing hues as I write, keeping
time with the music.

Steady feelings and emotions filtering through the
beauty of intellect.

Collecting measures and notes into words of poetry,
selected and meaningful.

Tracing thoughts that fill my mind continually and
letting them create the poems I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unusual Sounds

Restfully exercising my mind, taking rhythms to
sublime heights within my soul.

Happenings beginning in visions, coming forth in
sequences that can be penetrated with words
slamming into poetical forms.

Solvent melodies being put to the test, faster and
faster, moving into realms of talent unheard of.

Sounding wonderfully beautiful, playing a poetical
muse into depths of undivided attention.

Splendid takes in unusual sounds, finding their way
into the beauty of my soul and being expressed here
in words of poetical excitement.

An unemptied feeling, taking emotions to another
world and infiltrating my world with new experiences
and unfurled purposes.

Loving the usefulness of knowledge as I write to it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unusual Synergy

Beats of rhythm rising and falling on chords of interior
music, soothing and genuflecting in turn as particles of
the Divine touch me within.

Feeling silently praising and flowing with an energy from
above, filling me with their unusual synergy as I write
music and poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unusual Things

Shadows taking their time, lounging in shade,
away from the sun's rays, standing or sitting
wherever they fall on the ground.

Following people as they walk to and fro doing
their business daily.

Wondering at times if these reflections of shade
from the sun have any thoughts.

Do they have the ability to think or ponder, using
imagination to think about some of the unusual
things in life here on earth or not.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unusual Ways

Rhyming particles are beginning to gather, collecting
within this mind, wanting to be received in timetables
of poetry.

Wonderful situations and circumstances taking part in
many unusual ways of doing things.

Creating unique puzzles and life-long designs to be
played with over and over again.

Delicate thoughts being written into lines of poems
for a literate posterity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unwanted

Like an apple on a tree, waiting to be picked, selected,
knowing I will soon fall to my knees under the apple tree.

Wasted, unwanted, abandoned in this life as I lay on the
ground rotting, disintegrating into a pile of refuse.

Helping nature grow a tree, not being able to grow myself
on this or any other day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unwanted Human Touch

Solitary and loving, being alone in a universe
where I cannot be hurt.

Not wanting any of that human touch, because
it is always filled with barbs and lies.

Having a tender and sensitive heart, not able
to tolerate cruelty inflicted by others self-
centered opinions of myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unwanted Journey

Entrenched in a saddened abyss, tears flowing like a river
from my heart and soul.

Transporting me to another dimension, one where I can speak
to you while you listen patiently to what I have to say.

Finding God's words written in my mind, as He holds my hand,
leading me through fields of grief, taking me on a journey
that I'd prefer not to make.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unwanted Neighbors

Creeping closer to the desert,
houses being built upon habitats of desert animals.
Tearing apart a wide expanse, chasing all natural
beauty into backyards of unwanted neighborhoods.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unwanted Parenthood

For the sake of love, they had intercourse.
As a result of intercourse she got pregnant.

For the sake of their freedom, she had an
abortion.

As a result of the abortion, they went their
separate ways.

They began over again for the sake of love -
not having learned anything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unwanted Sadness

Silencing the screams deep inside my being, tears building up as I create a dam to keep them from touching my heart.
Unwanted sadness holds me from living life as I really want to, and unless I can charge my interior batteries, there's nothing that can help me out of this predicament of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unwanted, Unlived Moments

Running after the light of life is a passing fancy, filled
with distaste and abandoned hope.

Standing at the line of demarcation, denoting the exact
time of departure, not thinking of anyone or anything,
save that of sorrow and loneliness.

Ready now, to abandon it all in favor of death's darkness
beneath stars of life, throwing glances across margins of
heaven, not wanting to set limits or hide within this
hopeless universe.

Traveling alone on this empty stretch of inner life,
sinking depths of sadness beneath the sand dunes, suffocated
by the uselessness of life, unwanted, unlived, from this
moment forward to eternity's doorstep.

Giving all of myself to rigorous duties of passing through,
allowing myself now to let go.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unwavering Ideas

Energizing my essence, filling self with an ample supply of music.
Listening to it's flowing melodies, calming me interiorly with a serenity of pleasure.
Figuring out mathematical calculations as every beat satisfies another answer of problematic thoughts.
Unwavering ideas sinking into depths of each formula created from memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unwed Girl Child

Caking together, layers of ignorance, striking a match
and watching freedom of deliverance rise above us in
smoke.
Always striving to outdo authority, end up instead
without any dignity.
Livelihood taken away and strapped onto another, while
children lie awake, hungry in bed.
No testimonies to enlighten or bring knowledge, keeping
instead, illiterate women to raise a child.
Without an education a child will grow up to be exactly
like their own unwed mothers.
Of if boys - will turn child girls into young mothers
before their time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unwilling Claims

There are no more stories to tell of life and it's rendezvous
with living.

Falling back upon a rocking chair, sitting alone, in a world
of your own, knowing only sadness.

Belonging now lost on future horizons, passed by on the path
of succinct possibilities.

Rasping the essence of interior thought with sour emotion felt
by barbaric contemplation.

Walking so slowly, heart dripping sorrowfully, filled once
with the promise of love.

Now death has crept in and stolen the lace of happiness,
ripping it from depths of being.

So intense is the pain that life cannot hold it for a second
more.

Spilling out upon the ground, kneeling for the mercy never
given, as reality fights and stands relentlessly in the way.

Pulling and grabbing the very within of all life inside out,
leaving it bloody, dying on the dust of remorse, alone and
forsaken.

Never again taken up nor brought too close because the pain
is far too much to claim.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unwilling To Relive Events

Signaling to another segment held tightly in check,
deep within, softly speaking, encouraging tender
memories to venture forth.

Peeking around corners, fearful, doubting existence,
hold tautly to something inherent, hiding in circles.

Not wanting to divulge secrets, stubbornly resisting
the light shining on them.

Terror-filled, seeing death, bodies lying on the
floor, running back to an inner sanctum, not willing
to relive the events.

Leaving behind a severe pain, hurting inside,
controlling or making it go away, living always in
dire dread, afraid to speak or talk to anyone.

Living in a bloody hell, alone, awaiting revenge of
secrets already told.

Tender memories, sore, hurting, must be felt, put
back in their steel box underneath floorboards of a
mind, never to be disclosed again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unwinding In Your Arms

Wanting to unwind from this stressful day, lying back within your arms, feeling your beautiful passion touching mine so tenderly and gently within.

You never knowing just how much I loved to feel my own desires and passion climbing eagerly into your arms, wanting to make love all through the night my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unwinding Videos

Caustic memories sometimes fill my mind, tearing me apart
with their tears of confusion, living in their sorrow for
periods of time.

Unwinding the many videos in measures of rhythms, touch-
ing my heart and soul with an emptiness that never seems
to dissipate.

A never-ending isolation filling my being throughout the
years of my life, lost and looking for love, time after
time finding only disillusionment and betrayal.

Coming to the conclusion that there will never be a love
to belong only to me, a lonely entity, wandering earth
with no way to recover from this eternal loss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unwritten Poems

Unwritten poems lying on the side of intellect and imagination, wondering if they're going to be left to die in their beginnings, or be sought out and placed in a poem, finished just for their own amusement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unwritten Poetry

Music talking to my soul with it's exquisite taste,
languorously vibrating my soul in an interior peace.
Swiftly carrying me down rivers of rhythm into
volumes of unwritten poetry, awaiting it's time in
musical beats and etudes of long-lasting heredity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Unwritten Words

Speculating on another time, rehearsing
remarks made and answers hesitantly given.
Unwritten words, settling for extremes of
open-ended conversations.
Liking many aspects of laid back musical
lyrics, gaining access to a vision,
tunneling underground, hoping to be found.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Upbraided Areas

Rushing to meet a rhythm beating inside me, wanting to continue to feel it's thunder inside my chest.
At ease in it's presence, enjoying the grasp it has on my heart, soul and mind.
Never minding that it takes me away to heights and depths of life and reality.
Solo thoughts africanized in jungles of my imagination, not wanting to be tamed by rules of english grammar.
Solitary pleasure always at hand, opening me forever to all avenues of discovery in inner spaces.
Absolutely engendered in every movement being given to me in upbraided areas of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Upcoming Storm

Nature stirs ever so lightly, bringing scant
attention to the upcoming storm.

Cooling air, gentle breeze, clouds come rolling,
quietly in.

Looking across the desert lands, seeking out the
places which need water and making sure that's
where it goes.

Nature, ever lovely, stirs so lightly, walks
around on tip toe, through each day, finding ways
to make God's presence known.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uphill Climb

Chugging down dance floors, trying out new steps,
trying to be precise and not quite making it.
Looking around, feeling pleased with the atmosphere
and environment.
Sustaining a lively excitement inside, holding it
closely, saving it for a rainy day when I am lonely
and need to remember it's joy.
Shining momentum, picturing new visions on an uphill
climb towards a final sunset.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uplifting Experience

Being outdoors at a bar-b-que, enjoying the Arizona sun-
shine at a Senior Center in Sunnyslope, looking about,
mountains surrounding the park where I'm sitting.

Feeling exuberated by nature, trees tall and green all
about the park, a pleasant and uplifting experience,
refreshing my interior spirit, giving life's purpose a
major burst of color in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uplifting Feelings

Listening to inner rhythms giving joy to my heart and seeing everything clearly as if in an atmosphere of heaven.

Strengthening inner character and desires, giving uplifting feelings as I fall deeply into the sleep of death beyond the next door, leaving life behind to exist on it's own merit.

Lasting peace turning about and hearts reliving the beginnings of another life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uplifting Solace

Never asking anyone for anything, wanting to be free and
at liberty to rely totally on myself every moment I'm a-
live.

Walking through denizens of another world with eyes wide
open, watching as nature follows me into another dimension,
giving experiences of an uplifting solace.

Finding many more possibilities through writing and music,
portraying life in total wonder of natural beauty as all
things diminish in it's actual presence, loving how this
happens so effortlessly and gradual.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uplifting Strength

Seated on an edge of the ocean, letting it ebb and neap
within, taking all cares and worries, burying them beneath
the tides.

Feeling an uplifting strength touching my soul, waking
it from a long and difficult pastime of living alone in
the interior of my being.

So light and carefree now that I am sitting here writing
with beauty of the ocean before me in all it's magnificent
glory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uplifting Thoughts

Watching in twilight evenings for a recommendation of sanity, belittling every function of imaginative intelligence with a depraved sense of emotional turmoil.
Signifying invisible portions of deathly indiscretions left from olden days of youth's naivete and innocence.
Uplifting thoughts, increasing their presence, filling gaps of empty abandonment with soft words of sorrow on discs of music.
Whispering shouts from beyond the graves of yesterday, showing the way to eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Upon Deserted Shores

Walking aimlessly through the darkness, trying to see
something to hold on to, some way to grow out of this
hell.

All paths seem to lead back to the beginning, never
forsaking their own selfish desires, giving vent to
unsung emotions, failing dismally in every respect.

Finding no truths, falling helplessly to broken knees,
giving vent to nothing, not even prayer.

Feeling that all of life has been forsaken and stands
alone upon deserted shores of shiftless sand.

Conveying thoughts to absolutely no one, carrying on,
not a single conversation.

Afraid, last words will be held and used against you.

Seeking favors of no one, never being disappointed
carries with it a heavy heart.

Filled with hopeless love and helpless compassion,
life spins on, torturing and confusing everyone when
they find they are alone.

It is the same for old and young alike, life just
continues to revolve and end when it gets tired.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Upon Hearing A Voice

Taking life slowly, step by step, nothing to be hurried, listing
all things needed to begin a new purpose in this tiring life.

Climbing this inner mountain, finding the warmth of a morning
sun beating down upon my head, moving me in forward directions,
allowing growth through love to find a way through even the
darkest caverns without any light.

Battling monsters of reality, trying to fight through it all,
being set back upon silent haunches time after time, knowing
of nothing that can change or alter what it is that I am going
through.

Somberly traipsing in blind tunnels, not knowing how to move
forward, just hanging my head until hearing a voice saying take
my hand, I love you, let me help you out of this wasteland of
sorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Upper Atmospheres

Searching the world over, skipping some places,
knowing that they are off limits to everyone.

Signing the paperwork, flying into an upper
atmosphere, finding paths in skyways of lively
discussions.

Going forward faster than a jet giving spaces
to others just to keep the peace in sparse areas
of wild jungles in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Upright Through Midnight

Rhythms rocking me into the night, touching upon the
old days, struggling like crazy to stand upright through
midnight and beyond.

Watching, traveling, going straight into the middle of
another melody, like marbles rolling around, touching
the surface of emotions.

Turning me inside out and upside down, trailing and drag-
ging into the morning once again without getting any sleep
to speak of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Upside Down World

Living in a world that has turned upside down, knowing
only that it's the fault of greedy, corrupt and subver-
sive politicians, including the one in the White House.

Needing help with necessities of life, being disabled,
seeing people looking for handouts because they are too
lazy to look or get work to take care of themselves.

Seeing very few Americans standing in lines to get free
things from the government, only illegals from other
countries who have crossed our borders.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Upturned Heart Of Joy

Upturned heart, looking for joy of eventual love, given by a special someone who will give a total love in return, a perfect placement of everything that I could ever want in this life.

Just sitting here thinking, knowing that eventually everything will be a reality instead of a deadly dream lying upon the dead sea of unhappiness.

Floating away and out of perspective, never allowing the beauty of these dreams to falter along the horizon of life today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Upturned Hearts

Pictures of happiness and pleasure fade in and out throughout life depending on sorrow and grief we each have to contend with.

Keeping our minds focused on goodness becomes difficult when our heart has turned itself around, not wanting to face the life it's supposed to be living fully.

Loneliness, emptiness, and abandonment continuously rupturing our peace of mind, sending us into such turmoil that we tend to isolate and turn our backs on everything and everyone.

Delicate balances are cracked and challenged as tears fall incessantly into the palms of our hands, crying without stopping.

Enquiring minds wanting to find a path to normalcy get lost and take forsaken journeys throughout life, all alone and bereft, not seeing any way through the loss of a lifetime love.

A challenging moment of sadness lasts forever within a photographic memory, always being held closely in upturned hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Upturned Heart's Joy

Upturned heart, looking for joy of eventual love, given by a special someone who will give a total love in return, a perfect placement of everything that I could ever want in this life.

Just sitting here thinking, knowing that eventually everything will be a reality instead of a deadly dream lying upon the dead sea of unhappiness.

Floating away and out of perspective, never allowing the beauty of these dreams to falter along the horizon of life today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Us

Walking beside him, I feel so proud to know him.
This heart holds all of love's promises, but he doesn't
seem to notice is the thought running through my mind.
Yet, when I look into his eyes I see his heart holds the
same love for me.
If only our minds were as honest and truthful as our
hearts we would always be together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Used For Enlightenment

Blindly seeing through intellect, the many varied
facets of wisdom there.

They are just waiting to be used for enlightenment
of mankind one day in the future.

Savoring the taste of it's total illumination, as
it's created in moments of time.

Switching, reversing, finding stances of tomorrow's
imagination as it wanders in and out of this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Useless Endeavors

Memories have a way of filling up your mind
when you are dissatisfied with life on a
daily basis, contriving to go back in time
with unchecked desires.
Listlessly, we wend our way on tracks,
dedicating our time to useless endeavors to
fill our minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Users

Takers of the world are unable to be unselfish,
never compassionate, always looking for ways to
take advantage of others.

There is no justice when it comes to people using
one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using A Creative Process

Reading my mind through depths of a photographic memory,
an exceptional and fascinating way of using a creative
process through imagination.

Wanting to know answers to questions of life, never-ending
questioning, driving everyone crazy at times, not caring,
only wanting to know reasons for everything in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Both Sides Of A Brain

Comfortably settled into an interior serenity, enjoying
peace and quiet that cannot be had living on earth.

Thankful for this interior space all my own, taking
advantage of it constantly to enter and write from it
advantageously every moment that I am able.

Wonderful benefits manifest themselves, for here I have
learned to access both sides of my brain at exactly the
same time, closing two opposite things at the same time.

Infinitely amazing thoughts are continually being introduced
while I write, thinking happening quietly, appropriately
and containing a fascination to this being.

Giving a variety and type of poetry that can only be manifested
from this interior living space of my own.

Carefully protecting it from the interference of others, not
ever wanting it to be defiled by another's presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Coded Rhythms

Lightening striking, thunder pounding against my mind
strenuously, holding onto the preciousness of youth.

For there is kept the secret of energy, having learned
how to generate it when eleven years old.

Simply and easily, using coded rhythms to thrill and
help keep me alive and vibrant.

Not having to depend on anyone else for what my being
needed in life, intellect providing it for me.

Tender and generous, compassion for self having been
developed interiorly through an intense spirituality
rising from within since I was born.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Every Gift

Stress immediately evaporating with the very first note
and it's penetrating tone, pleasing all senses with it's
beginning tempo.

Hearing every detail, having perfect pitch, entering even
silence with it's quiet sounds, totally appreciating this
gift, treasuring and cherishing it like all the others.

Ones that are tucked away within my mind's intellect and
heart, so enticingly being delighted through the years
while using every gift God has given me fully.

Enjoying, blending and mixing them with abstract concepts
just to see what will happen when they fit in with an
inner imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Experience

Reading and writing, consistently being prepared for avenues that open up in my mind, charging and re-charging intellect with thoughts and ideas.

Giving input and teaching with each new endeavor we happen to undertake, learning from each experience we live through.

Giving us a repertoire of lessons to remember and perhaps teach to our children, using our own experiences in life to help them along the way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Freedom

Movement heading into the future, a novel aspect of
beginning hope, being delivered and taking hold.

Another peaceful answer to the world of mankind and
his necessities.

Taking every endeavor into the future of our lives,
gaining momentum and using our freedom to do so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Imagery

Feelings have all turned blue, calm, yet saddened with a
sorrow that will not be quiet.

Finding a place to hide, using imagery to deal with it,
picturing a lake, ducks and swans swimming.

A pier stretching out into the water where I am fishing,
line in the water, looking out over the scenery and
letting life flow over and through intellect.

There maybe some logical reasoning that will occur to
make me feel more like myself again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Imagery Again

Sitting here in a void, filling it with prayer and spirituality while my friend is having surgery right now.

Keeping him in mind, using imagery to visualize his surgery as I pray that the surgeons, anesthesiologist and nurses take care of him explicitly and properly.

Knowing that he'll be fine as he is in God's hands protected and being given everything to help him re-cover.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Imagination

Shadows hiding, climbing the walls and using imagination
to enter landscapes hidden just the other side of life's
existence.
Passing the time of day, calmly watching from their
darkened spheres at all the activity of the day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Imagination, Passing Time

Wandering through thoughts, mind kicking at them like I
would leaves lying on the ground in autumn, both the
leaves and thoughts being vividly colorful and vibrant.

Watching as they slide, shuffle or raise up into a short
flight of air current, so delicate looking, arriving soft-
ly upon the ground.

Nonplussed by the rudeness in a second of a moment, be-
cause at least they've been moved a little from the predict-
ament they were stuck in.

Thoughts now having themselves located and expressed in
this poem, giving everyone a bird's eye view of how at
times my mind works, passing time at the airport.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Innate Talent

Never wasting time, using every moment to the fullest,
living in the beats and tones of rhythms.

Preferring to be silent, alone in thought processes,
delving into intellect.

Knowing that's what's needed to keep me focused to
clarify what it is I want in life.

This mind can invent or create anything, wanting to
use innate talent to achieve the ultimate in life.

Humanity is the goal always in my mind, every step I
take through writing is another step closer to what
I want to achieve.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Innate Talent For Good

Quickly running through a repertoire of notes and tempos,
arranging them staccatoely into designs of natural in-
clinations that will never be seen except within.

Particles of intellect and imagination, pure and unadult-
erated taking steps to intertwine with art and poetry,
placing everything within reach in order to be used for
good throughout the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Inner Strength

Serving self throughout the years, knowing there
was no one else to do it.

Using inner strength to carry on with life, it's
turmoil and strife daily.

Letting nothing bother me, being laid back and
easy-going, forsaking none of my self-realization
through it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Inner Strength My Way

Inner strength giving what's needed to get
through this difficult and temporary life,
astonishing others and self constantly.

Backed into a corner of no escape yet find-
ing a way out of it without being scathed
too much.

Using intellect and creativeness to get far
from life's difficulties, finding a way ac-
cording to how I want to do things.

Loving the song, 'My Way' by Frank Sinatra,
having it memorized, singing it when feeling
the need to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Knowledge

Watching for empty spaces to crawl into on my way
through imagination and it's wonderful creations.
Always beckoning me on a consistent basis, taking
me through portals and into many other dimensions.
Acquiring knowledge and putting it to use in every
poem I ever write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Knowledge And Wisdom

Being set in a way of life that suits me fine, a poetical
atmosphere and environment keeping me awakened, alert and
aware in all situations and circumstances.

Using knowledge and wisdom for good, having an interior
life, being very spiritual, living in the bluened light
of the Divine.

Serene and beautiful, silently taking me into depths of
my soul, never doubting the Divine is dwelling deeply
within my spirit.

Delving constantly into it's spiritual knowledge and wis-
dom, giving me positive moods and attitudes throughout
this entire lifetime.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Life

This life makes no difference in reality, it is what
we do with it that really matters.

How we chose to live, whether good or bad that impacts
the lives of others.

We should always observe the manners of etiquette when
dealing with people.

Being morally and ethically correct at all times and
ignoring the political correctness of discrimination.

Walking the straight and narrow, not hurting anyone
along the way, not causing difficulty for anyone either.

Living and letting others live, never abusing, gossiping
or spreading rumors because once you start you can't stop.

Using our lives for the betterment of mankind, helping
those who are more unfortunate than we are.

Giving them a hand up, but not letting them become
dependent on us, for then they will never become indep-
endent and free.

They will only be slaves, caught in the decay of their
very own lives and it will be our fault for encouraging
this behavior.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Me As An Instrument

Rushing into forests of imagination, recollecting periods
that have brought me to this point in life.

Always being in the center of intellect, noting wonderful
adventures, discoveries and beauty that has been found.

Throughout the years, the best in life has been brought
into verses of poetry that I continue to write.

Musically composing music to write poetry to, having the
time of my life just doing what I can.

Innately talented with an extraordinary amount of know-
ledge that is continually put to use in my life.

Holding true to the blessings God has given, loving and
allowing Him to use me as an instrument to spread heart-
felt goodness throughout the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Meanings

Searching and defining secrets of the ages, placing
it's wisdom and knowledge into volumes of literature.

Holding onto their memories throughout they years,
lifting spirits and taking them silently into land-
scapes of tomorrow.

Using their meanings to bring forth moments in life
that have been forgotten, bringing them into fruition
once again.

Seemingly to entice new ideas and adventures into
existence, tapping and beating to the tempos that are
constantly being taken into other atmospheres for safe-
keeping.

Lifetimes and dreams being taken along into edges of
forests, walking along the perimeter and smelling the
scents of pine trees.

Listening to God from within their depths, nothing to
disturb or destroy their inner rhythms as they are
sitting there soothing wildlife that is still living
within it's realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using My Inner Child

Climbing heights of intellect, listening to the wind
blowing across the tips of all thoughts.

Manifesting beauty in life that is seen within my mind
at all times.

Sincere and unapologetic throughout life, just using
purity and innocence of my inner child.

Writing about life and all it's details, hearing sounds
falling into rhythms one after another.

Inspiring everything that is written, placing it all in
hundreds of thousands of poems for everyone to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Particles Of Intellect

Walking down sidewalks of tomorrow, investigating forests
on either side, noticing animals, beauty of trees and
brush.

Soaking in all colors and textures that are found along
the way, taking time to smell the flowers, never missing
a one.

Paths going off in all directions as I choose and select
the most creative ones to follow.

Using every particle of intellect, going into depths of
interior subconsciousness alone, prepared to write of life
into many volumes of poetical books.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Purposes

Sauntering down earthen pathways, searching for truths hidden within nature and daily living.
Exploring further into abysses scattered throughout, never being expressed fully because of fears and doubts held closely inside.
Finding no honesty, checking out never-ending visisitudes, taking back stairs instead of minding their daily business and using their purposes for the good of mankind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Talent

Everything in the past has a particular significance for
our futures, holding the key many times to our happiness.

Solitary and individual attitudes are accompanied by our
feelings and emotions, keeping us focused on our goals.

Using our talent and gifts takes us into dimensions that
we'd not usually find ourselves in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using The Dictionary

Sanding off rough edges, thinking about all
types of words that have been used throughout
the years, wondering how I have accumulated
so many of them.

Using the dictionary incessantly, finding
what was needed to best express what I was
trying to say, along with a thesaurus always
in my bag.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Their Minds

Wonder and curiosity go hand in hand, taking intellect into avenues and dimensions that are normally left hidden and ignored.

If more people used their minds, learning and communicating, our world would be a much better and peaceful one for everyone.

Exploring and finding inner dimensions through an interior life, believing this would help a great deal in bringing harmony to all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using This Mind

Twisting, turning in motions of rhythmic compositions,
allowing the agility of our bodies to dance in time.

Alluring and enticing this mind to thoroughly be used
incessantly in the nth degree through writing poetry.

Lively and vibrant, touching this mind with it's steady
and staccato rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Wings Of My Spirit

Watching rhythms dance their way into an imaginative creativeness, centering within my mind solely.

Contributing to the essence of who I've become, every thought being structured according to coded rhythmic tempos.

Exposing the tones in melodic notes, spreading across interior landscapes of my being, explanations cannot be given.

Even if seeing me fly into the skyway of life, holding me in a space all my own, having the time of my life, using wings of my spirit to keep me aloft.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Wisdom

Windows of my mind are always open,
hoping to refresh imagination and
subconscious particles of my being.
Conclusions forming themselves with
very little information, utilizing
every ounce of wisdom penetrating my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Using Words

Satisfied with life at times, being reminded of certain
duties as we progress.

Realizing many remarks that have been stated are meant
to be meaningful, yet at times they hurt another person
needlessly.

Just find your heart and use the mercy and compassion
that it holds when talking to other people, keep your
peace and let others have theirs also.

Why use words to hurt instead of to love and be kind?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Usurping Turmoil

Wandering the streets of my mind, looking at everything,
living brightly and avidly, taking time to adjust feel-
ings, attuning them to insistent rhythms of being.

One with nature, a solitude of sorts that continually
tempts intellect with it's purity and goodness, tantaliz-
ing and usurping turmoil of life for moments in time.

Nothing can interfere with the totality of the Divine
dwelling within a bluened light right here in my soul
forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Utilizing Purposes

Traipsing along sandy shores, thinking and looking
out over the horizon at waves rolling towards shore,
then crashing upon the sand.

Their rhythmic swelling and falling, touching my
mind, giving it tantalizing moments of serene joy,
listening as I walk along.

Watching the sun slowly sinking upon the ocean, it's
reflections filling the surface, rippling and taking
it for a ride, slipping below the water.

Disappearing finally, out of sight, looking up in the
dark sky, seeing stars twinkling their merriment at
being given an opportunity to shine upon earth.

Their purposes finally being utilized where we on this
earth are finally able to see and celebrate with them,
enjoying their beauty nightly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uttered Secrets

Richly gathering in many images,
listening to every word spoken in darkened hallways.
Secrets being uttered and taken up by an intellect,
writing it all down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Uttering Thoughts

A mind sits alone, yet it is an excellent elocutionist,
uttering thoughts unendingly.
Revolutions of ideas following one another until they
mesh and give new meanings expatiatingly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vacancies

Vacancies in life for many types of things, houses, rooms, parking spaces, jobs, even families looking to adopt children.

Wherever needing to find a place in life, you can step into a space, a vacancy, nothing to win or lose on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vacant Space

Reaching out, hoping to latch onto anything to help
anchor my being for now.

Nothing seems to grasp onto me, so I'm at a loss,
drifting in outer limits of space with nothing to
hold on to or believe in.

Everything seems to be at a distance, fearing to
come any closer.

Feeling like a lost soul, wandering this earth like
a nomad, existing for what I don't know any more.

Being forwarded into a vacant space, not knowing
what to expect, yet, looking to see what will happen
in the interim.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vacantly Visiting

People sitting at tables talking and visiting vacantly
with one another, trying to fill in lonely spaces life
has left within them.
Wondering when their times will come - how soon - how
will it happen - all thoughts pushed to the rear of
their minds as they try to forget about these questions
of reality.
Human beings are so frail when life has shattered their confidence and self-worth, sitting around, stripped of
their existence, yet, hope is derived from their soul's spirits as they hold closely to the lives they have left
with family and friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vacating Life

Vacating entire stations in life in an effort to placate
inner nerves of bendable steel.

Copying ahead with figurative designs, collating entire
aspects into poetical works of art.

Taking everything into minds of pleasure and imagination,
folding over into a myriad of deliverable situations.

Filtering mosaics with precise eyesight, turning mazes
into a bedlam of abysses and labyrinths of winter solstice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vacating My Heart

Realizing the moroseness of daily life as it's
being lived, vacating my heart so it won't be
hurt so violently by hidden agendas in cruel
abusiveness of other people.

(1: 50 p.m. - 10/26/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vacuum Of Silence

Living in a vacuum of silence, watching every day
events as they happen.
Wondering at their occurrence, thinking about how
they came about.
Questions lurk around every corner while answers
are more elusive.
Singling out different aspects, taking them apart
to see what proportions of facets they entail.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vagabond Of Life

Fading in the distance, finding nothing to keep me here,
wandering across a vagabond life, stranded in a never-
land, hopes frozen and lights turned off.

Feelings of neglect coming to the foreground, rising and
falling like the tide, never really carrying me further
than I am right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vagrant Journeys

Lasting thoughts echoing throughout the night,
following stars into twilight years on vagrant
journeys of peace and contentment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vagrant Lots

Turning inside out, watching everything fall out before me on the ground.
Seeing exceptional aspects, folding themselves into particles of intelligent wisdom as they grow into vagrant lots of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vague Definitions Of Life

Ruminating through hallways of memories, feeling emotions just as intensely as when they were first felt, sensations constantly flowing throughout life.

Giving a certain amount of sustenance to lives that are lost and broken, hiding in the shadows of doubt and persecution, failing to be lifted from depths of desperation.

Hiding in shadows, resorting to taking drugs and drinking alcohol, such vague definitions of some people's lives are hard to comprehend or understand.

Finding life difficult enough to live without the added drama of addiction, just wondering why they choose to go over the edge instead of holding on and living their lives of possibility with faith and God above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Valentine Memories

Valentine's Day, nothing special in the daily grind,
no cards or presents, just another meal out at the
Pizza Buffet.
A mind full of choice images remembered as if it
were yesterday.
Children little, excited over cards and gifts they
hand-made for us.
Smiles, laughter, family held closely together in
memories of old.
A wonderful valentine card filled with images of
past good times, awakened today, fifty-seven years
of life video's to share in poetry this Valentine's
Day.

(7: 58 p.m. - 2/14/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Valentine's Craze

Valentine's Day, a day to behold.
To buy chocolates, cards, stuffed toys
to show your love.
Corny verses, heart decorations, dozens
of red roses bought at extravagant prices.
Stressing, worrying, fretting, wondering
if there's really any love between you or
is it all in your mind?
Candle light dinners, diamond rings,
necklaces, a fortune spent to buy love or
outdo another in giving.
When the day is over and everything's said
and done, what really happened has slipped
your mind - then suddenly you remember -
you proposed - and he/she said 'No'.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Valentine's Day Party

Enjoying a Valentine's Day Party at the senior center,
listening to lively music.

Rolling along with the crowd, clapping with quiet joy
and anticipation of a lovely valentine treat at the
end of the show, along with an afternoon meal.

A wonderful time is being had by everyone here in
attendance.

When leaving, taking the joy along with us as we move
forward into the rest of the day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Validating A Friend

Singing in the rain, surrounded by the mist here in a forest of intellect, a tangle of ideas being given by a friend in a state of depression.

Talking and letting him express his feelings, thoughts and emotions, allowing him to feel validated with the way he's trying to cope in his own way.

Praying for him, helping by just always Being here for him no matter what he's going through, never will abandon this best friend ever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Validating Abandonment

Autonomous gatherings of ideas being generated by sorrow, grief and remorse.
Validating the expanse of abandonment living within, taking up room without any involvement whatsoever.
Letting go without a word left, sorrow's tears now replacing words in verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Valley Of Life

Another day in the valley of life, sun rising, clouds spread across the blue sky.

Horizons lying within sight, careful of their power, not wishing to frighten anyone away.

Sudden totalness twists and spins, careening out of sight, followed by the darkness of impending life.

Where are the notions, ideas, thoughts which were standing hidden in closets?

Fallen into cisterns, caught on webs of wire, clawing their way up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Valuable Explanations

Stillness of purity sets itself before me in an attempt to wake me from a reverie of thoughtful memories.
Insipidly focusing only on what I'm thinking in pictures of musical notes, delving deeply into rhythmic beats of unanticipated melodies.
Rightfully placing everything in filing cabinets of my brain, one day to be used in terse explanations of value to anyone who reads them.
Significant words, portraying all of life on existent borders of fame, balancing writing with musical scores, as telling stories of lifetimes becomes a full-time epic of repose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Valuable Lessons

Special purposes carried on angel's wings, lifting tenderly, innocent spirits of little children who have no way to reach internal peace as yet.

Sanctuaries are literally unknown to children and that is a shame of parents who don't take the time to share nature with them.

Belonging to a special place in time should be inherent, but is not always apparent.

Children should be taught to look within themselves and find their inner peace and talents.

Gifts from birth need to be given the chance to grow and flourish, they need to teach self-reliance and self-love.

Then so many children will remain true to themselves, filled with morals and true ethics, and in turn pass these valuable lessons on to their children.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Valuable Thought

Swaying back and forth to rhythms of music that I
love to listen to all of life.

Taking journeys filled with adventure, discovery,
exploration and a sense of wonder and awe, always
enjoying an intense curiosity throughout.

Silent peace jumping right into the melee, giving
the most intense and perfect harmony of soul and
mind.

Writing in tune, staying together with tempos,
waiting along with it, giving something valuable
and totally beautiful to think and write about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Valuable Thoughts

Watching the sky grow dark,
catching shadows of tree branches in my mind.
Capturing the essence of evening in a precious memory,
kept divinely out of sight so as not to be destroyed
by another's careless words.
Playing on edges of night with memories and images
conjures up great thoughts, too valuable to let stray
into the cooling atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Value Of Insight

Reaching forward, seeing the value of insight without
being told to.

Searching tablets and screens of our minds for a way
to travel to get to where we are going eventually.

Purposefully entertaining ourselves along the way,
finding flashing lights at times, blazing trails
throughout our lives in desperate times.

Continually focusing on sidelines instead of what we
should be doing, getting arrested by utter nonsense
in our communication with others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Value Of Life

Diamonds of intellect open up, inviting me into their realms of wisdom, alluring gems of intellect to coax my mind into taking many journeys into other dimensions, finally realizing the importance of life.

Knowing that the value of life is the leading challenge facing our world today, there is nothing more important than valuing everyone's, no matter who or what they are.

Solemn pastimes filling up our minds with incessant fruits of intellect as it joins with imagination, taking me on a separate journey into the future.

Seeing visions appearing constantly in pathways of insight, collecting every idea, fulfilling it's essence within an intense passion for life to be lived fully by everyone.

Respected and being held with dignity throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Valuing All Lives

Walking the distance, finding my own way in spite of others
around me, knowing the difference between right and wrong,
making correct choices, applying them in my life.

Supporting good causes, helping those in need, listening
and caring about other people, even if they no longer care
about themselves.

Valuing all lives, because everyone has something to offer
humanity through their goodness and purpose in this earthly
life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Valuing Emotions

Tracing pictures in my mind, feeling their extraordinary pull towards writing them again in different aspects of beauty.
Valuing all the emotion which accumulates inside my heart and soul, filling every crevice with soothing balms of musical preludes.
Extracting so much from within melodies as I contemplate the necessity of being alive just to write what life has and is giving to me alone in my own private little hell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Valuing Every Moment

Experiencing life with you always by my side, touching my heart with your own, feelings giving an extraordinary beauty, knowing that they are stemming from your total love for my being.

Always having knowledge of inner strength because you have provided me with an unconditional love.

It fills me with energy and purpose, appreciating and valuing every moment you spend talking, loving, making me laugh, wiping away my tears, holding me closely in your dear heart.

There's nothing more that I could ever want in love as long as I am with you only, you are my strength, my rock when times are difficult, the lap I can lay my head upon as you gently play with my long, curly hair.

Making me feel loved, adored and cherished just by your being with me and at my side forever more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Valuing Life

Centering self with outward forces,
being coerced into energetic ways of life.
Being alive to inner tempos and intelligent
beings, sending thoughts to heaven with
proper etiquette and manners.
Valuing life from depths of my soul, taking
time to evaluate motives of my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Varied Thoughts

Orange and yellow of disoriented skies, blending into fictitious splendor of childhood.

Acres of knowing absolutely nothing, crawl around and climb to backwoods of eternity.

Never stirring from beaten methods of tried and true recipes for happiness, yet cannot participate in the activities of exact hours or minutes.

Extracting life juices from intact metamorphoses, surviving demure attacks of hopelessness.

There are so many varied thoughts in this world that maybe we have no room for them all.

Whenever entities cannot co-exist, because of self-hatred all of life is hurt by it.

Caretaking of existential good begins in hearts of one and grows rapidly from then on.

Scaling sandwiched feelings, tightening inner portals of rectitude, alone in portrayals of each decade of ignorant pleading.

Descending forgotten ideas placed in tombs of time, separately interred, forever under earth and sands alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Variety Of Challenges

Rapidly flowing energy filling this mind with feelings now turning about, none of them being taken away, music adjusting rhythms throughout the world.

Giving people of different nationalities a chance to find their way into challenges of many varieties, life being swallowed in depths of corruption in every country.

All due to needy and evil people always taking what doesn't belong to them, we are so tired and perturbed because all that happens is poverty is expanded more and more.

People, especially children, being exposed to all types of evil, being raped, sodomized and attacked by pedophiles at random; what a horrendous way to grow up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Variety Of Sound

An exquisite variety of sound and instrumental voices,
taking minds to sonorous spaces.
Walking along rhythms on ways to precise serenity,
placing emphasis on notes of perfection.
Life-long expectations float about, taking on new
recognition and verve.
Following musical scores into the beyond with elegance
and grace.
Touching hearts and minds with an exacting amount of
hope, bringing us into a reality of imagination for
moments in time.
A generous amount of beauty, saturating thoughts as we
glide and dance to steps of tonal excellence.
Sending spirits soaring, a new band of entertainment
being overly enjoyed by all here.
We expect to see them here quite often from now on,
because they're top musicians, playing for our hearts
and memories.

(9: 54 a.m. - 9/23/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Variety Of Thoughts

1: 23 p.m.
Evening tides, flowing along rivers of interior solace,
bringing an intense rhythmic beauty into existence.

Creating and expressing an amazing variety of thoughts,
calculating angles of designs, taking them into back-
grounds of music.

Forming many sketches of another dimension, coming into
imagination, carefully energizing essences of an ending.

Taking every opportunity to attune and keep it in synch
with melodies.

Arriving constantly and incessantly, into this mind,
illuminating it's brilliance in the future. 1: 24 p.m.

(10/25/14)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Various Images Gathering

Reaching out and into depths of solitude, taking peace and serenity into being with a beautiful rhythm and pleasing melody.

Far-reaching areas of intellect keep rising to newer heights, giving properties needed to write with.

Various images gathering together, showing visions of the future, unfolding like a blossom in a new day's sun, forging a new life from the one that's left behind.

Nothing to be sorry for, as it has given an opportunity to become, a solitary figure on a road to fame and fortune, never worrying about anything as it falls open this very moment.

Filled with the splendor of eternity, continuing to write, achieving fulfillment and enjoyment, never minding what comes to pass, meanwhile, loving all that is within this spirit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vases Of Paper

Fields of music, open before my mind,
sprouting notes in succession, as I
pull them out to display in bouquets,
set in vases of paper, allowing others
to take a glimpse of what I'm thinking.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vases Of Time

Empty-sounding promises die on limbs of deadened trees.
Echoing forever down trunks, repeating phrases of sound endlessly.
Jarring memories in vases of time, watering them at inopportune hours, so they may live bittersweetly and happily forever.
Bubbling into atmospheres of archaic cloud formations, stretching themselves elastically into many years to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vases Of Today's Memories

Memories are falling out from under rhythms steady beat
and tempo, recalling yesterday with an enlightened source
of energy.

Watching images being created on photographic screens,
etched in my mind permanently, no way out until entering
the gates of heaven.

Totally into the zone of behavior, on edges of my horizons,
finding the beauty setting in a final sunset.

Alluring significance of music taking over and culminating
in a bountiful array of poetry.

Dozens of bouquets, being held in vases of today's memories
and kept safely in thoughts of being.

Soundly effervescent, touching the essence of an inner
creation, letting it follow the pathways of interior
causeways.

Particular sensations feeling pleasurably in depths of my
heart, keeping all the feelings and emotions intensely in
many poems as I go down for the last time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vast Cancer Wasteland

Sitting in my favorite park, enjoying the peace and quiet.
Thinking of the cancer within, wondering why it had to be.
Fighting the urge to turn away and die, I stay and will
suffer through it as always.
A vast wasteland within, fearfully staying on this side of
death, not wanting to, but somehow I must.
Seeing the immense darkness standing before me, I hide
inside waiting to let go.
There seem to be no shortcuts along life's paths, so I
trip and stumble my way through, hoping for the best.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vast Landscape

Slipping and sliding into a vast atmosphere, soaring
and flowing above earth, seeing everything as it comes
into view.

Eventually disappearing, capturing the essence of life
in properties of imagination, creating a vast landscape
that reaches further than the horizon in another time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vast Repertoire

Taking chances, going through yesterday's tears,
watching them fall from their beginnings.

Seeing their new born essences turning towards
the light of dawn.

Trying to find their way into a vast repertoire
of lightened knowledge and nature of all life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vault Of Intellect

Riding through life on horseback, taking in the countryside as it passes by.
Closing my eyes I strive to picture all the times I've found happiness.
Nothing much comes to light except my life written down in poetry - filling pages with words from my picturesque screens.
Taken throughout life, kept sacredly inside the vault of my intellect, helping me to keep calm, keep sane, even though so many people I've known take me, use me, and throw me to the wolves again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vaults Of Intellect

Softly whispering in the past, their echoes now coming
into mind, traveling the distance through many years
on photographic screens.

Hitching a ride with memory of sounds through perfect
pitch that's also remembered in memories of my mind, a
wonder and gift at the same time.

Giving such great pleasure, taking me deeply into vaults
of intellect where I compose music and write poetry to-
gether, simultaneously.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vehicles Of Prose And Music

Sleeping with eyes wide open, mind continually processing
all material seen and heard throughout daytime hours.

People watching, listening to nature and using innate
gifts to interlace it all together into poetry.

Spreading it all around the world in vehicles of music
and prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Veil Of Death

As I walk through this vale of death, I celebrate life
the way I remember it.
There were no flowers on marble headstones lying on the ground.
Rocks were in gardens, flowers were picked to put in
vases for tabletops and dinners.
Or given as birthday, anniversary and just because I
love you gifts from our hearts.
Now, walking through the graveyard to place flowers
at stones of marble, turns and squeezes tears from my
heart and eyes.
Knowing before too many years go by, I too will be
placed beneath this veil of death and you will
remember and celebrate life the way it used to be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Veils Of Mist

Empty, desolated, a saddened darkness covering this heart in veils of mist as it flows through the atmosphere, not being held captive by anything here on earth.

Recapturing memories through measures of music, playing sorrowful rhetoric throughout the years, wanting only to live again in the love we two once had when together.

Calling out to you in my dreams, tears flowing from within, nothing to keep them from stinging my heart over and over.

Driving feelings and emotions from inside this being alone, sparkling like diamonds, soft, pliable, yet cutting this heart like shards of glass from within, finding nothing to hold on to ever again here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Velvet Cover

Silence covering this mind, nature falling asleep
under branches of midnight stars.

A serene and thoughtful and picturesque landscape,
placating a mind with an effervescent luminescence.

Uneven stepping stones lying along trails in future
visions, taking us carefully forward.

Not allowing us to be lost along the way, a quiet
reminiscence covering this mind with a velvet cover
of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Velvet Sorrow

Retracting light from prisms of a mind, focusing
beams onto poetry lines.
Rainbow-colored imagination grasping beautiful
thoughts from gray-colored words, turning them
into sublime subconscious awakenings in rhythmic
rhymes of tomorrow's destinations.
Quickly turning corners of darkness into velvet
feelings of sorrow, glistening on blackboards of
history, no longer carrying forward, pieces of
ancient puzzles.
They have been put to rest in filing cabinets
filled with dust, protected by spider webs across
their inner drawers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Velvet Tongues

Silently and purposely, writing whatever comes into being
through this mind.

Ripping apart the lies of everyday things creating many
impossibilities and turning them into possibilities of an
entire variety of concepts and wonderful thoughts.

Wanting to know every feeling and emotion and how they
affect moods and thought processes, believing in the
atmosphere of other dimensions as I attain each and
every one of them, silently.

In a sphere all my own, nothing to penetrate or distract
me from what it is I'm doing through writing, sweeping
my mind clean with every poem, placing everything thought
of into them.

Finding exact meanings and purposes perfectly in align-
ment each time, succinctly and placidly folding and unfolding
beauty found in everyday life each moment through writing.

Dreaming of all ideas, developing them in extraordinary and
special ways through the ingenuity of intellect and sub-
consciousness.

Velvet tongues interpreting music throughout my mind, feeling
it's every sense running through my being, looking, feeling,
touching, seeing every side to each thought that comes into
view.

Taking each one in stride, placing them where everyone can
see them vividly in poetry that is being written daily, so
softly and tenderly, all of it coming into mind, never having
to dig or wait for any thoughts to come.

Always immediately here, waiting to flow from a pen onto
pages of poetry journals, nothing barring the way, making
everything written become totally exciting in every single
way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Velvet Voice

Rocking away with Bruce Springsteen, loving his poetical
lyrics and fantastic music.

Always an inspiration, coming from his intense rhythms
as they hit this mind full blast.

Writing as fast as possible to keep up with tempos,
carrying me into plains of an interior filled with desire
to hear more every time I pick up a pen.

Velvet voice soothing me along with the tones as they reach
my soul with a serenity of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Venom Of Gossip

Every time my heart opens to others it is broken, taunted,
strung with false lies and love.

Speaking with forked tongues, stinging with both points
like that of a scorpion.

Filled with the venom of their instinctive hatred of others,
wanting to hurt or kill them to protect or save themselves
from embarrassment.

Making themselves look good while putting others down, a
horrible way to live, gossiping about others while merely
deflecting the evil of their own hearts and inner beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Venturing Curiosity

Crossing over borders with a curiosity held closely in mind.
Venturing into unknown territory, alighting in fantasies as they arrive momentarily.
Swerving and pivoting, dancing down paths of heredity, feeling calm within.
Knowing that my days will end, I continue to live as well as I can.
Touching senses, feeling their emotions gathering, testing the mercurial waters with gentle aplomb.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Venturing Into The World

Running faster than my being, a mind of ingenuity and intellect,
races into forays of existential thoughts.
Expressing and stretching them to sites of heaven and beyond.
Signaling the beginnings of another century of writing with no
purpose until now.
Venturing into the world, allowing others to receive impressions
that I have written down through the years.
Openly, honest and truthful, I expect nothing less in return.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Venturing Out

Water falling slowly and enticingly behind the stage,
as music steps out into the open, playing to an audi-
ence sitting here listening attentively.

Entranced by rhythms being played and sung by a singer
with a great voice, soothing and calming, noticing
life has been formed anew.

Nothing to do with abuse as I venture out of my cocoon,
just like when I was much younger, in my early twenties,
an inviting and enlightening time in my life, being
cherished preciously even now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Verbal Pictures

Waves tumbling like desert
tumbleweeds rolling across the desert.
Watching an essence of it's dry beauty
as it came forward and brought an extra
amount of treasured verses to mind.
Accentuating verbal pictures as they
crossed into realms of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Verbally Thinking

Dragging yesterday's views musically into today's stance of living.
Thinking verbally in a mind of remembering, loving the strings still attached to ivories in my mind.
Touching edges of memories, playing beautifully in tune with images brought before me in a halo of truth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Verses In Time

Listening to country western music and classical Chinese instrumental at the same time.
A unique blend of rhythms, touching my mind, giving an accented flavor of tones.
Receiving messages, countering sentences in rapid succession.
Believing in hope and scents of prayer to appear on landscapes within imagination.
A great source of intellect consuming me within, giving a feeling of euphoria not matched before.
Galloping down pathways of intellect, enjoying the melodies entirely as I write verses in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Verses Of Explanation

Serenading thoughts with uplifting tempos,
taking me into dimensions where melodies
are shaped and fitted to my expectations.
They're formed around my consciousness and
used quite nicely to explain myself in terse
verses of explanation.
Never leaving any voice aloof, placing them
all with images in visions of transcending
thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Verses Of Photographic Cells

Riding across plains filled with desert views, balancing out a birthright of living in New Jersey.
Rightfully perpetrating scenes of childhood as I roam through visions, allotting particles of energy to form into many pictures of wisdom.
Tell-tale explanations unfold into verses of photographic cells stored in computers for generations to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Verses Of Poetical Tension

Listening to conversations going on around me, but not bothering to take them in.
Alone in a world of my own, holding on to it's solitary confinement, knowing I won't be hurt in this inner atmosphere.
A safe place to sit and reminisce about life as it passes me by.
Unafraid of it's passing, enjoying each moment given me, exercising my mind calisthenically in time.
Rehearsing rhythm's tempo anew in each line of my life, loving the experiences I live through and connecting it all in verses of poetical tension.
Sequencing moments, dividing themselves against outside influences, patiently standing aside as brain performances yield to intelligent sources coming out of hiding and deciphering every mood and feeling associated with it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Verses Of Time

Sauntering down dimly lit streets of yesterday,
finding faint images as I travel their lengths
for a while.

Verses of time fall into measures of value that
remind us of all the beautiful moments in life
right up to this one I am walking through.

A sense of lonely abandonment, filling my soul
with it's empty promises.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Versions Of Poetry

Racing into the future, allowing life to catch up with itself.
Forwarding an intense belief in faith and hope, touching the interior parts of my soul.
Transporting me beyond writing into a land of musical rhythms, giving their all to set my soul free to ride waves of melodies blending themselves with harmonies.
Attuned to heaven's dreams of beautiful gardens, filled with blue roses, aromas touching my mind with their fragrances, turning them into poetical versions of poetry.
Setting my mind free to fly into it's own creativity with lively rhythms of intense tones.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vertical Shadows

Sun shining brightly white on several chosen
mountains, looking like white snow.
All around and above them other mountains are
hidden in darkness, casting shadows about the
bases of their lightened vertical rocks.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Very Close

Living in the past at times, seeing my life, living
in poverty and loneliness, even through the oldest
of eight.

Very close all through life, having both parents,
yet that sadness of having to leave my family back
in New Jersey has always been tied closely to mind
and heart.

Tears always ready to flow when thinking of the
times with all my relatives, because we were always
together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Very Tempting

Tempting and enticing, the sight of you walking in-
to a room.

Charisma, good looking, smiling, positive attitude,
all sending your vibes to my mind.

Walking in, getting my attention, oozing sexiness
from every fiber of your being.

An everlasting desire, building ever higher, the
longer I see you in front of me.

Can hardly wait till later when you will be mine
in the privacy and intimacy of our unconditional
love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Veteran Requesting A Song

Lights illuminating the stage, shining upon the band,
as they play, a veteran who fought in the war has re-
quested a song to be played, 'Sweet Alabama' for him.

Happy to oblige, our Vet is now up, dancing, having
fun, enjoying the song immensely, going all out, do-
ing his own thing, doesn't matter what others think.

This is his moment, free at last, deserving of this
very moment in the limelight all by himself, home in
America at last and loving it!

We love our Vets here at the Wagon Yard! !

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Veterans

Recalling liberties and freedom, given us at birth by all the men and women who fought for our country and died that we may remain free.
Carrying on through all adversity, never wavering in their duties, accepting each one fully.
Veterans, one and all, our heroes for life, protecting generations of family in unison.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Veterans Having The Time Of Their Lives

Voices singing, lights flashing, feet tapping, playing
instruments into the night, giving us a great show,
filled with enticement of music and rhythm.

Vets up and dancing, having the time of their lives, a
wonderful memory filled with enjoyable moments that'll
never fade away.

Always will be alive and well in my memory banks, to
enjoy throughout the rest of my life, and I know our
Vets will experience this too!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Veterans, Our Future Lies In Their Hands

Tasting beats of rhythms as they float into my mind,
surrendering to intellect, being put to poetry as I
write.

Heroes coming to mind, all of them Veterans of the
United States of America, totally loving them for
serving and protecting us throughout our lives.

Brave and filled with honor, thankful for everyone
of them, praying constantly for their safety and
coming back home alive.

Our future lies in their hands, our children depend-
ing wholly on them for their service, keeping all of
us free from tyranny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vibrant Cache Of Enlightenment

Lightly and tantalizingly, a rhythm touches my mind and totally allows freedom and independence of life and talent to fill me with succulent peacefulness and s serenity of heaven.

Chipping around, relating everything in many poems of beauty and an honest reality that can never be tarnished in this time on earth.

All of it original and perfectly symmetrical in depths of designs and patterns never being repeated twice in a row.

Touching such an old-fashioned world in the poetical nature of sublime concentration and a touch of serenity, placating my mind in the vibrant cache of interior enlightenment.

Always shining brightly throughout life and giving me the visions of another world being contained wholly within me today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vibrant Feeling

Sadness penetrating my soul, tempting me to lay down
life and let it go.

Wanting to do so, yet holding on to some invisible
thread and not being sure why.

Falling into a vision, blinded by pain and seeing
double, finding the light shining within, taking me
into sublime illumination, casting aside all illusions
enfolding me.

Thus far, wandering deserts in the dark nights of my
soul, washing tears ashore, as I drift in waves of
perfect storms, never landing or holding on to any-
thing or anyone.

A vibrant feeling, setting me free from all the trouble
and suffering I'm going through.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vibrant Liberation

Struck by lightening of a rap song, holding me captive with it's intense unfolding rhythm.

Reaching inside, looking for a sign to take me from the beat, yet wanting to continue to be beat by it's incessant vibrations.

Letting them fill me with their beautiful sensations as they touch my inner heart and soul.

A sensuous feeling of vibrant liberation enfolding me in it's grasp.

A titillating experience that never lets me give in, just continues to sense wafting aromas of sentiment in inner qualities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vibrant Livelihood

Spreading my wings, soaring across the universe, finding beauty in life and our human existence.

Living in the essence of nature, stepping into outer universes of absolute intellect and powerful energy.

Watching as this mind touches and gives it possibilities of keeping me alive and living as best as possible, using every gift given to elucidate sensational senses of this life.

Never backing down, moving forward without turning back, allowing a vibrant livelihood to always be in touch with reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vibrant Passion Of Existence

Gliding up and down chords, playing piano blissfully while
writing, all being done through intellect, a thoroughly
peaceful endeavor.

Taking one into an interior spirituality and bluened light
where the Divine dwells quietly within each of us, waiting
for us to discover it's beauty.

Not everyone reaches into depths of their interior lives,
nor do they teach their children how to do it, becoming
one with nature through silence, music and writing.

Totality of what life is all about in the end, filling
our essence with the passion of our existence, vibrant
and exciting throughout they years.

Brilliant and enticing, captivating minds through ideas,
concepts and curiosity, a well-rounded intellect that
can take us anywhere in this life.

All we need do is use our innate talent, knowledge and
wisdom to figure out it's simplicity, bringing our world
into perspective with attitudes of positivism and enlight-
enment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vibrant Relationships

In heated desert air we mingle in our tears,
holding our hearts out to one another.
Trusting in our care and honesty, holding
onto vibrant relationships, cherishing our
time together before we climb the next
horizon alone.
Bereft of one another's company as we expire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vibrant Selection Of Topics

Lightening striking in a blast of music, figuratively
sparking this mind with a spectacular rise in intellectual
prowess, triggered and enlightened by an intense rhythm.

Secularizing this mind with a vibrant selection of topics
that are erratic and fantastic, living in a universe that
exists deeply within, continually beating with the essence
of life.

Being protracted and kept in lights of this mind, realizing
and touching the beauty of particular aspects in outer areas
of people's lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vibrant Stages

Spattering paint all over the place through notes of musical
interludes, trying many different patterns and designs, over-
flowing from memories of the past.

Being showered now across vibrant stages of everyone's lives
in one way or another in regard and respect to life at last,
as it rests in the arms of eternal death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vibrant Waters Of Thought

Being swept into the rushing and vibrant waters of thought flowing rapidly throughout life, never stopping, feeling alive, being taken into illumination of other horizons.

Touching me interiorly, giving inner desires a chance to awaken and step out into my being, loving the feelings it brings into me.

Letting me move freely through many other dimensions, looking and searching everything that I'm seeing, a never-ending pleasure in life, bringing peace and serenity, adding to my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vibrantly Feeling

Music playing melody's tones, sounding like a saw going
back and forth in between other steady streams of rhythms.

An enticing and tempting equation beating against my mind
and heart in succession.

Vibrantly feeling insistent tones, razor-sharp, cutting
tenderly into feelings and emotions, bringing them into
the context of this little poem.

Never easing up, taking me soaring into other atmospheres
beyond an inner horizon into the bluened light of Divine
inspiration.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vibrating Images

A peaceful being of serenity, adjusting interior thought
as it vibrates images into seeing beyond life's shores.

Bringing feelings and senses into the present with
subconscious thinking.

Leaving telltale hints along coastlines of tomorrow,
calculating inherent beliefs and matching them with
faith.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vibrating Sensations

Turning around, switching places with eternity, enjoying
sensations that it is bringing into being.

Nothing excluded, curiosity being sated with the elixir
of hope, spreading feelings of scents and aromas through-
out me in a special way through rhythms like a blind man.

Feeling all notes and beats vibrating within his being
with a softened, intense open heart and soul, filling him
with love and peace of mind altogether, one with nature and
life of everything on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vibrating Souls

Looking up towards heaven allows a contemplative peace
to fill my soul.

All thoughts look up, vibrating edges of many souls,
trying to awaken in them the love of God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vibrational

Energetic and vibrational, lolling in regions of musical aptitudes, never tiring of living in the spirit of a lasting emotion.

Titillating expressions of happiness and joy, always finding reasons to behave in a familiar way with one another.

Everyone having fun chasing away the blues at the end of the tunnel.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vibrations Of Evil

Silence deepening within, feeling vibrations of evil
emanating from people who are being politically correct.

All that means to sane people is if you're politically
correct you are morally and ethically wrong!

Life has pivoted because of only a handful of bigots
and racists in this world.

Now having infiltrated our governments with cries of
one world order, yet discriminating indiscriminately
against the world's largest populations.

Here in the U.S. we are united, standing together a-
gainst obama, muslims, isis and our corrupt government,
County, State and Federal.

No mercy, no slack will be given to any of them who are
perpetrating this inherent evil from within every single
country in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vibrations Of Grief

Hard thinking of anything without you at my side, there's nothing left, the simple life we had has turned so complicated without you my dear.

Skies blue with sorrow, raining teardrops day and night, reminding me of your love, wanting to hold you, kiss your lips and delve deeply into your essence.

Without the fears of loss enfolding me in life, wanting to be with you, but vibrations of grief are turning over and over in tides of loss forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vibrations Of Nature

Vibrations of nature are sending pulses of their heartbeats into my mind, attempting to achieve maximum energy within us both.

Singular and penetrating, touching passion of inner essences with creativity, using imagination to achieve the wisdom of intellect.

Sophisticated and effervescent, all of life now benefitting from this process, simple and easy to accomplish.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vibrations Of Spirituality

Tantalizing and succulently beautiful, touching this mind
with whispers of heaven.

Loving it's rhythms, melody touching my heart, so wonder-
fully uplifting and spiritual, tending to this soul's
vibrations of spirituality.

A unique and glorifying sound, giving much pleasure and
a wonderful tone melting into my brain with each and every
note.

So perfectly in unison with this interior heart and soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vibrations Of The Road

Toppling an misconceptions of riding motorcycles,
having the time of my life, riding down the high-
way.

Feeling vibrations of the road as they meet with
beats of rhythms being played along the way.

Born to be gently wild, free and untamed, taking
life in stride, nothing to take away my freedom.

Writing into oblivion, being always upright, and
riding down every road.

Taking me everywhere there's adventure, discovery
and excitement.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vicious Co-Workers

Appropriate responses are no longer valid when speaking
with people who have no concern for another's feelings.

Patronizing and nice when facing a person, then going
off to do silent deeds of wreaking a person's life.

Tattling to bosses, instead of going directly to the
person who made a mistake and giving constructive
criticism.

Being well-known about the office, people avoid talking
about anything relevant, afraid of being attacked
around the next corner themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Victories About To Become Memories

Lasting sentiments filling me fully, my appetite for yester-
day being sated for a few moments anyway, watching as they
take me into canyons of the past.

Alluring and tantalizing intellect to look for new avenues
into the future just around the corner, many new adventures
awaiting with family, friends and strangers soon to be known.

Wonderful and indisputable victories about to become memories
upon photographic screens interiorly, as we move forward into
the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Video Of Perception

Soaking in the beauty of everyday, ordinary things in extraordinary ways.

Placing special emphasis on feeling emotions as they appear in videos of perception, taking me on a journey that I wish I'd never return from.

Scenery passing quickly by, scraping my mind as I go, yet taking hold of my brain, giving me so much pleasure.

Feeling the taste buds of life, tasting everything my eyes do see.
Happening every time I sit within, contemplating the essence of my life.

(4/22/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Videos Kept Sacredly

Taking back many images of yesterday, remembering every
detail as they play explicitly for my mind and intellect,
rushing to embrace every image with love and caring.

Family appearing in slideshows and videos kept sacredly,
safely and cherished fully through the years, being pro-
tected through coded rhythms of exacting tempos and
measures of time in melodies and harmonies.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Videos Of Memory

Reliving yesterday through memories, yet there is no laughter, giggles or compassion to be heard, for videos of memory have no sound at all.

Reminders all around, bittersweet and beautiful, but none can be held together like the original times that I've had in life.

Succeeding only in the achievement of recapturing the images, no volume or sound to be heard anywhere but within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Videos Of Sound

Tears rocking and rolling through my musical mind,
tending to rhythms of my heart in sublime concentration.
Renditions of yesterday's love play constantly in videos
of sound, as life bounces to and fro with the passing of
each hour.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

View Of A Poet

Patterns of light and shadow
filtering down to earth,
displaying dwarf palm trees,
rocks and dirt.
Landscapes being viewed by a poet,
watching as they live again in
poems of a mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

View Of An Interior Universe

Galloping along at a rapid steady pace, watching landscapes sliding alongside of me.

Enjoying their presence, allowing self to enter realms of imaginative reality, taking off into other atmospheres.

Calmly finding and discovering the beauty of an interior life, touching and bringing my soul into the picture.

Feeling it's serenity and peace engulfing my being, not wanting to escape this fantastic and wonderful view.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

View Of Life

Finding myself has never really been hard, because I've always been here, hiding in my intellect where I'm always remembered on picturesque screens of photographic demography.
A wonderful array of memories spread before my mind, always at my beck and call.
A total view of life whenever I want to look at it through my poetical writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Viewpoints

Floating reasons being registered in lonesome thoughts, as time revolves throughout new dawns in early mornings.
Causes of joy find their ways in aspects and separate definitions of viewpoints, assuring an important place in history while marching interiorly in step with an inner melody and rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Views Of Everything

Selecting the few, writing them down and carefully
eliciting their beings into poems to give more
affluent thought to whatever may come into them
from life's surroundings.
Taking views of everything, collecting them,
reviewing them and centering them in my being for
time immemorial.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Views Of Literature

Marching thoughts straddling intellect,
riding them like horses on the trail,
taking along so many ideas and views of
literature in nature to this particular
page of paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Views On Mortality

Having views on mortality make no difference to it's existence.

We struggle with opinions and theories, never getting truth to
rear it's head.

Books have been written and read, but we are never any wiser.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vigilance

Scouring desert plains,
watching heroically as
saguaros keep vigilant
eyes upon the scenery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vigilant Praying Monk

Sitting here outside in the sunshine, feeling the heat
beat down upon my back, feeling good, yet it's getting
hotter by the minute.

Just beyond me is the Praying Monk, ever vigilant in
his purpose, keeping watch over the valley while
praying on his knees for everyone of us here.

A special interest as he looks out, keeping us close
to his rock hard heart, never losing sight of his
meaning in our lives.

Forever staying, never leaving his post, we can always
count on it through our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vigilant Vets

Breaking thoughts filling this mind with ideas for humanity and life.

No time to worry or fret about all the turmoil going on in the world.

Just trying to help find solutions to problems rising ever higher in our lives every day.

Knowing that our Vets are being ever vigilant, still marching on and protecting us here in America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vines Of Interior Roses

Contemplatively searching recesses of life,
looking for particular fields of vision from
other dimensions.

Interiorly fulfilling senses with a pure and
innocent vitality, violins stringing along
melodies upon measures of my mind.

Beauty unsurpassed in depths of passion,
climbing vines of interior roses, scents and
aromas filling my mind with accents of another
time within my being from birth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vines Of Spirituality

Swinging from interior vines of spirituality, enjoying
the freedom of my soul as I fly through forests of
another dimension.

Seeing it's sights, feeling their essence as their
beauty is absorbed within me, adjoining an illuminating
touch of an intense, relevant and vibrant position in
life everywhere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vinyl Recordings

Just twice is nice, as records roll off
of phonographs, glistening in minds of
human beings, listening to recordings
of vinyl tastefully done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Violating My Space In Life

Nothing feels good to me at this moment,
I'm numb with disappointment and bereavement.
There's no justification in life, it's just
what it is - nothing more or less.
Stepping always to an inner rhythm, at least
it drowns out all the suffering, disappointment
and abandonment felt within, caused by other's
violating my space in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Violent Acts

Bark falling helplessly
from the trunk of a tree.

Kicked by teenagers in
random acts of violence.

Brought on by raging
adolescent hormones.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Violent Sensations

Racing rhythms, feeling their beats and tempos taking me into self.

Jumping in completely, feeling awakened and alive in depths of melodies as they incessantly pound with the tones of perfect pitch, reaching imagination.

Watching notes appear in colorful array as they sound themselves out in rhymes and prose on a continual basis, never failing to energize and enliven spirits.

Wonderful feelings, touching emotions, reacting to their violent sensations at times, yet taking them carefully and placing them in poems.

Reaching others implicitly, making them cry, laugh, smile, get goose bumps or the chills with what I've written.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Violet Sensations

Racing to the finish line, wanting to cross over to the other side.

Never faltering or wavering, heading straight for it's ending stance once reaching it.

Never losing sight of it, pausing only to catch my breath, no other reason to proclaim or hold on.

Violet sensations are slipping away, turning us within secrets of a place called yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Violin Of Heartbreak

Playing a violin of heartbreak and heartache, hoping that
it will ease the pain and suffering felt within this heart
so intensely.

Looking for forgiveness, finding that none is needed for
God's mercy and love have taken life, resurrecting it
through music and poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Violinist Playing

Downtown Glendale, sitting in front of a musician, my friend's son, playing the violin so beautifully in tune, touching my heart with memories from the past.

Bringing up those happy feelings of when I was a child, such a perfect blend of rhythm and tones taking me away into yesterday all over again.

Striking, tantalizing and wonderful, he's playing from his heart and soul, acknowledging the fact that his Dad can hear him play even though they're on their way home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Violins Of Life

Violins of life playing tunes within a mind, clairvoyantly
discussing terms of impossibilities, researching notes of
memories past, recalling to mind the hate and abuse.

Recording musical melodies played in pathways of inner
mindful waking, clouds, hazy, parting ways of remembering,
injuring the tender caresses of fanciful partaking, the cold,
drab iciness of the past.

Where can hurting end? Is it always to be within? Echoes of
long-lasting repertoires sandwiched tightly for ages, lightly
being touched, the delicate strings attached to music of a
brain.

Draping its' arms about universal inner depths of mindful
shaking, quaking in the memories that are so hateful,
burying life forever beneath debris, focusing from the past.

So all-consuming, forming patterns which cannot be broken,
new messages trying to find their ways in darkness, daring
to bring hope, a little light into a being.

Being rejected on an hourly basis, where every single minute
has become the very next hour, counting down the seconds
still leads to the same excuses, the old patterns of living
dare not give up.

Strengthening new insight is never very easy, all of life
begins to form and take shape in new meanings, forgetting to
let go of the past, slowly forging, using every bit of energy
to just keep going, attempting to build a life from absolutely nothing.

Like victims of a flood, beginning again with all new stuff,
their entire life's possessions ruined by water, inner
feelings stained by tears of abuse is a long and hard journey
to recover from.

Lasting memories devouring minds, constantly taking away any
semblance to other's daily living, alone, lost on deserted

shores of another's making.

Lying buried in the sand, forgetting to get up as the ocean's salty waves flow over, rising higher, until life has been erased like the writing in the sand by children.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Violins Of The Soul

Staccato feelings growing into tender emotions, teasing with your unconditional love, making me laugh while passion sizzles within like water in a hot frying pan.

Loving beauty of rhythms that our hearts are beating in unison, titillating one another with peaceful happiness, together alone in a crowded room.

Enjoying our time together, being brought into middles of every rhythm and chord as we dance to the song of our love that exists for only we two, my dearest love.

Hearts entwined as one, both playing violins of our souls throughout the night, holding each other closer, not ever wanting to let go.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Violins Playing My Mind

Violins playing, making me feel good, filling me with joy and love.
Taking my senses into another world - one of my imagination.
A fascinating journey into another dimension where no one can follow unless I lead them through my poetry.
A lifetime passion, fulfilled every waking hour.
Positive feelings stemming from intuition and beginning perceptions of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Violins Playing With Our Passion

Tempting desire with melodic music of your soul
as it touches mine in the passion of our being.

A lightened and definite pattern being energized
within each of our hearts as we love one another
through the night.

Violins playing with our passion, tempting desires
as they rise ever higher in our minds, music taking
us away.

Giving us many moments of alluring measures as we
make love and travel to heaven in one another's
arms tonight and always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visible Means

Lively conversations being carried on outside my realm of sensitivity.
Placing everything into visible means of emotional outlets, allowing peaceful, even movements to surround me.
Circling above, hosting views unbeknownest to mankind, yet they have always been within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vision Becoming Reality

Living a dream soon to become a reality in America with Trump becoming our president, cannot wait to get rid of Obama.

Hoping the Clintons go to jail with him, having liberty and freedom once again, a wonderful vision, the best we've ever had here in the U.S.A.

A fountain of youth for our nation, Constitution and patriotism, a fantastic vision growing, now becoming a reality with every single Trump rally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vision Glance

Valiantly touching inner senses of my being with rhythms
that traverse from one dimension to another.

Explanations unheard of, there's no descriptions to be
had, only the vision that you're seeing in a glance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vision In A Moment In Time

Crossing words in puzzles, figuring out their definitions
and placing letters correctly into squares on boards made
of paper.

Anticipating extraordinary measures of thoughts needed to
make everything perfect, leaving out not a single thing
so I can picture the final and complete puzzle together.

Not a single piece ever missing, a feat of inner pleasure
time after time, life folding itself around each one com-
pleted, safely saved upon a photographic image.

Kept and stored deeply inside, yet never again needed to
be looked at for it will be remembered through the years,
an everlasting vision of a moment in time, a particle of
my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vision Of Life

Rushing into rhythms of melodies, enjoying their beats and tempos, taking me away with innate talent at this very moment in time.

Being enchanted and filled with imagination, letting it take over and feeling great, such a huge repertoire of knowledge being written into poetry by a mere poet.

Having fun, a pleasure that takes me entirely into inner creativity spontaneously with rhythms of music, delicate balances of coded messages breaking apart in my mind.

A blessed gift from God, a beautiful vision of life being continually written and expressed into poetry throughout my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vision Of Loneliness

Stranded in a vision of loneliness, looking around,
a stark and absent feeling of abandonment lies in a
vast wasteland of emptiness.

Nothing upon it except sadness, sorrow, feelings of
loss and grief, wanting comfort, to be loved, cared
for, and having a hand to hold.

Yet there's no one there, nothing to keep one from
falling into ravines of despair, forlorn and dispar-
aged, slipping into an oblivion all alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vision Of The Future

Staring into the future, seeing a vision of poetry
being honored in an award, written totally by me.

Inserting a myriad of gifts within and being given
the Nobel Prize in 2015.

A wonderful sight, filling me with a gentle pride,
humbled in a song of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vision Of This Night

Shadows crawling over the ceiling thinking I can't see them sneaking into my vision of this night, taking steps to protect myself from their darkened traps and webs of deceit.

Controlling every thought, pondering every aspect with intense and reverberating ideas, developing concepts and placing them deftly into the protection of an interior spirituality where divine love will keep them treasured and safe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vision Of Truth

Thinking of a lasting life, wondering what it would be
like to never have death or loss be involved in living
ever again.

Is there a way to entertain thoughts of never again hav-
ing to go through the death of someone we dearly love,
what a concept that is!

Knowing it can become a reality if we get rid of corrupt-
tion and greed of politicians and government, within ten
years or less it will become a vision of truth in reality
I'm sure, then there will be no more death in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visionary Aptitude

Pounding sensations becoming rhythms of internal being,
reclamating their essense in strides of apoplexy and
grief.
Turning crosswords upside in as words collect them-
selves non-committally on adjacent sentences, grouped
together for novel facets of visionary aptitude,
sitting on sidelines of bough-shaped hopes, grasping
eternity through a lifetime of poetry set in lines of
odes, creating everlasting beauty and a sense of
timelessness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visionary People

Seeing visions in prisms of life, figuring out their images hidden within beautiful colors of the rainbow.
Solitary thoughts momentarily colliding and untangling, becoming ideas of visionary people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Clarified

Lifting this mind into spheres of intellect, being captivated
by the effervescent beauty of a bluened light within.

Seeing visions clarified and brighter than before, silence
touching inner feelings and emotions with touches of sadness.

Living within it's bleak and desolate atmosphere throughout
times of incomplete thoughts of compassion and caring.

Being alone and totally left in darkness, until going within
and letting the bluened light capture my attention.

Soothing and taking me deeply into realms of contemplation
and it's spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Completing Themselves

Sounds emanating from inner imaginative visions, letting them complete themselves in circles of analogies, while producing an all-consuming energy that I step into with my entire being.

Love is here, found within an interior heaven, lasting fortunately for me right now, while brilliant, beautiful designs are being featured in spheres of another landscape, hiding within.

Lying back, relaxing in arms of another, allowing tension and stress to be taken from me, replacing it with a peace-filled serenity instead.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Gathering Quickly

Soothing inner fears of abandonment with senses of nature touching my being, giving an altogether new feeling of peaceful endeavors.

Racing away, down the tracks of life and headlong into depths of tomorrow's desires, charging safely into the beautiful domains of adventure through intellect and imagination.

Leisurely taking time to allow all of nature to adhere to thoughts in a mind of knowledge, collecting data and pictures to put on photographic screens of memory.

Tantalizing insides of being with intense feelings and emotions, plying me with their awesome details through writing and images.

Visions gathering quickly together, aspiring to great heights within intellect, inspiring me to take the lead in life.

Going through the dimensions opening up one after another with no other things to hinder me in this interior lifetime.

Associating every memory and image with particles of my life and carrying them along to outer horizons.

Waiting on shores of tomorrow for me to catch up in my own times of belief and truth of behaviors, timed and placed here inside.

Giving no quarters, feeling the beauty always surrounding me in space.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Of A Child

Bluened notes of despair swept aside for a single moment as a very young child steps into my vision.
An innocent little one with a whole life ahead of her - a blank book - awaiting her convergence in time with it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Of A Jesuit Mission

Sitting in America, a quaint little mission church
built by the Jesuits of England, long ago.
Serene, quiet, gentle whispers cross the wind
speaking of Father Kino and much later the
Franciscans.
Teaching Catholicism to Indians, helping them to
plant and tend it for food so they could make it
through cold winters and long hot summers in the
desert.
A unique glimpse of the past as it now falls into
ruins before us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Of Daydreams

Living through the darkness of this night, touching feelings
of sorrow that continue to glisten like diamonds in tears of
my heart.

Solemn prayers being said through the years, wondering when
they will be heard and answered, loving in the stillness of
my entire being.

Desires filling me incessantly for a person whom I value so
much, seeing the darkness constantly, taking away my past,
hiding the present and clouding my future.

Visions of daydreams that I wish were a reality, knowing
that I could live so preciously and contentedly, but puzz-
ling this mind are emotions filled with love yet not ever
letting me know of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Of Destiny

Visions of imagination float and dance around, happy to
be seen and recognized, finding their places in depths
of this mere poet's mind.

All through the night, stars and moon are shining upon
an illuminated and innate talent, being energized by
contemplation and a bluened light of the Divine.

Being supported by an inner essence and passion, leading
me down paths of destiny, heading into a vibrant and
illuminated future.

Visions full of hope and promise, nothing to interfere
with any of it, protected by inner spirituality and God
for as long as I live on this temporary earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Of Etudes

Solid renditions of yesterday's images bring visions
of etudes played in mind-like musical scores.
Defining life and it's wholeness in scattered poems
of remnants.
A lasting legacy awaiting life's departure on a
future date.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Of Imagination

Freedom of motion fills my being with it's swift grace
and peace, taking me away upon avenues of logic and
reasoning.
Mindful of exacting moments taking me towards infinite
limits, unafraid of negative thoughts.
Lifetimes closely resembling inner visions of imagination,
keeping company with me through the years I may still
have left.

(11: 11 a.m. - 12/03/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Of India

Dancers from India set in beautiful costumes and delightful
music, tantalizing, soothing innermost depths of this mind.

Songs being sung with tenor and soprano voices, rising and
lowering in an evening festival.

A sword dancer, waving his sword around, picturesque with
a steady beat, taking us into the streets of India through
our imaginations.

Visions of festivals, dancing in our heads as we continue
to listen to Indian music in downtown Scottsdale.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Of Karate

Agile movements, allowing thoughts to flow into a
certain perfection, being processed within.

Seeing visions of karate being manifested in moves
of stealth and balance, a wonderful stance to take
on life and it's imperfect circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Of Life

Releasing pent up energy, quieting my soul in contemplation
of life's moments past and gone.

Reliving experiences gone from the book of life, held now,
only in visions of my mind.

Loneliness and reminiscence, are now guarded carefully
through the years I am here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Of Mystery

Lazily sitting back, taking token breaks
as I wallow in satire and mirth.
Haranguing visions, closing in upon me
with mystery and determination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Of Nature

Bouncing along with a rhythm that touches my soul, preparing me for the day so I may feel the happiness God has given me.
Interior particles, reaching tones and matching them with beautiful visions of nature and the life being lived here on earth.
Sounding scenic views I'm seeing on screens of my photographic mind - exceptional pictures, clear and explicit, like nothing outside of myself.
Enjoying it entirely as all of rhythm plays to the nature of my being.
Awesome tones being regulated by the presence of a duo playing here at Buddy Stubbs.
Songs being sung at my personal request, pleasing to my heart no end.
Feeling each and every note as they spread themselves throughout me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Of Near Death

Lengthening shadows casting their pallor over visions of near death, filling interior ideas with volumes of images.
Catering to subconscious manipulation as words fall explicitly into their places.
Senses touched and placed within emotions to be given to those who read between the lines, saturating minds with yesterday's memories.
Passing lonely days in separate corners of life than others on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Of Perfection

Interior callings, blending with heavenly angels,
continuing to bring a peaceful serenity into being.

Strolling along garden pathways, thinking and
contemplating this peaceful world.

Tasting it's flavorful quietness touching minds with
exquisite momentary beauty and lively spirituality.

Taking walks somnolently down paths of soaring clouds,
flowing past sight, set in visions of perfection,
while it's rhythms continue to mesmerize continually.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Of Pictures

Finally going into depths of another dimension, feeling
all energy filling fully within.

So calmly, seeing every image in visions of many pictures,
seeking the peace that will always be there.

Hiding at times, yet still looking to fill me with it's
essence.

Taking, filling, and dropping everything into this being
at any given time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Of Quality

Watching through the years,
seeing visions of quality
premiering on stages of
creativity, instilling an
appreciation for life-giving
memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Of Rhythm

Beauty shown through visions of musical rhythm, transporting us to outer realms of life.
Enjoying solitude through measures of existence, heart beating in synchronized notes, keeping time with all hearts through our lifetimes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Of Thought

Life balances itself in measured moments, beating
to innate rhythms and rests, correlating etudes to
become beautiful aspects of entire lifetimes.
Swinging in time to every breath inhaled and swaying
to each exhaled breath along pathways of extravagant
visions aligned in sensory visions of thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Of Tomorrow

Life evaporating right before us in a dimension we are unaware of here on earth, wind blowing, shaking tops of palm trees and this poet's mind.

Allowing the beyond to be seen where loved ones and friends have gone, still connected to my spirit somehow, showing the visions of tomorrow so vividly and honestly.

Complete pictures of what is going to eventually be in the future of all our tomorrows, a saddened picture of what's to come for each of us through sorrow and loss.

And yet, joy and happiness still reign at our doorsteps for now, a lasting impression, tears flowing through our smiling faces, watching these videos of what is to happen in sunlight.

A brand new morning, accepting our lives in a perfect, silent awakening, giving us food for thought, if only we'd stop to listen to what is being said in this video of the near future.

Vividly sensing it's beauty and sorrow taking place right here in the U.S.A., hoping for a reprieve from what's happening right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Of Total Imagery

Switching gears into another realm and section of
music, building towards a crescendo of tango sounding
tones, gyrating throughout an entire atmosphere, being
felt tangibly and vibrantly through being and intellect.

Curiosity being awakened and set upon the center of
life exuberantly, tantalized and completed in a
marvelous and novel way.

Superb and delicious are the images being portrayed
in visions of total imagery, stepping up to the doors
of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Seen Through Inner Universes

Being entertained from within depths of being, enlightened entirely by faith and hope throughout life on earth, always looking forward.

Seeing visions of the future through dimensions of inner universes that many people never travel through, wondering why that is.

Enjoying soaring into them with wonder and eyes wide open, feeling beauty and intensity of just being there, never wanting to leave this euphoric, exciting and benevolent atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Tumbling In

Mind opening wide, visions tumbling in, watching as thoughts are gently placed into solid meanings, definitions, then into messages of poetry.

Lively, vibrant, taking me into unknown particles and fibers of an interior universe, opening up windows of my soul at the same time, enabling me to contemplate and calm self interiorly.

Taking away tension, turmoil and sorrow of this earthly life, always striving to move forward into the bluened light of the Divine, finding it always readily available.

Loving how it feels when I'm immersed totally within it's essence, a wonderfully beautiful feeling that benefits my soul and keeps me focused on the interior purpose of my life, forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Vibrantly Alive

Reliving memories once again of childhood, never tiring
of their innocence and purity of heart and soul.

Feelings of wonder and awe brilliantly shining from innate
intellect and imagination.

Beautiful visions, vibrantly alive and conspiring to come
once again into my mind.

Taking steps very carefully, energetically focusing all
thoughts onto photographic screens and being brought into
the present.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visions Visualized

Sliding from left to right, rhythms glide through
intellect.

It feels like thoughts are roller skating evenly,
smoothly, making me feel so quiet and serene.

A tantalizing prospect of my mind, each tone and
note taking their places as they glide to and fro.

Going through intellect, creating a repertoire of
ideas that grasp and hang on.

Then falling into the interior waterfall, down into
pools waiting below.

There all visions will be visualized and seen for
the future tomorrows and all that will happen in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visit To Dr. L.

Waiting, sitting in the hall outside the room I
will soon be seen in.
Patiently anticipating seeing Dr. L. - whenever
he decides to arrive.
Wondering what today will bring; what avenues of
treatment I have yet to discover.
Knowing results from a thyroxine test will be
forthcoming, a little fearful of what the outcome
will be, yet looking forward to knowing what's
been found inside me.
Looking hopefully toward the future and whatever
it decides to bring into my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visiting Dad

Hiding behind curtains, hoping not to see the
imminent death of Dad looming ever-presently
before interior sight and vision.

Lying aside all feelings of self, going to
visit with Dad, hopefully bring him some relief
and joy, in his saddened cell of life since Mom
died.

(11: 24 a.m. - 12/12/00)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visiting Heaven

Blue roses growing in my mind, a gift from visiting heaven for moments in time.
Beautiful times, never to be taken lightly, always appreciated because they were give by God to me.
A piece of heaven all my own, no one can take ever take them from me.
On my last day, I will return them to heaven's garden.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visiting In Dreams

Growing rapidly and incessantly into the abode of nature,
quietly inciting an interior splendor of glory.

Energizing the circumference of my mind, enveloping
imagination with steady rhythms of an interior calling.

Being taken away on clouds, soaring higher into skyways
without any fear.

Loving the motion as we glide across the ocean on the
way to India, to visit a friend in his dreams.

Hoping he will be elated at having a visit from another
country.

Believing in the essence of another dimension, growing
further and further into blossoming gardens of Eden.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visiting Las Vegas

More glitter and glitz than Christmas time, Las Vegas, the city, is lit up all during the night.

Everything fancy, gold shining, crystals glimmering, mirrors reflecting it all, sending out hopes of winning to all who come.

Free coupons given out at every door you see, souvenirs of every sort can be obtained with these.

Seeing friends and other people, exchanging greetings, leaving, meeting.

Slot machines beckoning to passers-by, give me your coins, give me a try! Once in a while someone can be a winner.

Loving the excitement, enjoying the games and machines, doing a lot of walking.

Midnight rolls around and I realize I'm tired, ignoring the hunches, urges, the idea of possibly, this time winning, I head for the elevator and go to my room.

Peacefully sleeping, in my dreams, becoming a winner in a nighttime fantasy.

Next day dawns, I do it all again, and then it's time to leave.

Boarding the bus, relieved to be going home, even though it was so much fun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visiting Reality

Energies flowing downward and over,
immersing my mind in tactful
reminiscence as I visit reality.

Locating initiatives of poverty-
stricken lives, filled with God-
given talents and gifts of His
choosing.

An alliance of poetry, tapered and
spent on my existence through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visiting Shores Of Heaven

Singly visiting shores of heaven, taken there by musical etudes, composing themselves as I walk along sandy oceans.
Blending with the quietness of sincere properties, not letting anything interfere.
Speaking telepathically with heavenly spirits, who are guiding and bringing peaceful interludes to calm my heart with easy-going rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visiting Tagore's Home In Kolkata, India

Listening to truths of this time, spreading the beauty of
what once was Tagore's life, where he lived, ate, became
who he was, a great poet in India.

Visions of his greatness lie about, preserved with great
care and respect, always carrying on what he did and meant
for the world through his simplicity.

Having profound integrity and ingenuity, listening to
these truths being told by a Professor, now teaching here
in Tagore's home which has been turned into a college.

Writing thoughts coming to mind while walking through his
home, brings about a reverence that is felt, can never be
denied, only listened to in this innate atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visiting The Edge

Visiting the edges of sorrow, unable to hold all of it's tears
within folded palms, praying to our Lord in heaven.

Interiorly searching, extending and spanning a lifetime, all
answers are right before us, we have just not recognized them
as such.

Altogether, questions asked already have their answers, we
just do not know how to see them with our limited vision.

Exacerbating tangled webs of wisdom, endlessly pulling it
out of proportion, not knowing that it's shape and form are
already contained within it.

Braying out pat, ready answers which on the surface seem to
make sense, yet are on closer examination, exploded because
there is no meaning behind their words.

Lifetimes of many individuals have been spent in tireless
endeavors, hoping to find even one small clue to the key
of all our universes.

Always reaching for space, and depths, forgetting that within
each of us is our own vast universe of life.

What do each of us hold within? Do we carry in our beings
answer and meanings only of our creative individual selves?

Must we each find our own keys, open our own doors to the
entire realms of ourselves without help from anyone save
God, through the work we do in our souls?

How hesitant so many of us are at this giant step, hidden
from our views.

Will any one of us ever make it through the puzzles of our
own existence before we are led from life to God in heaven
afterwards.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visiting Visions

Love beating in my heart, jumping to it's feet, allowing an idea to form and bring complacent dreams right where I am.
Walking into visions of past belonging, treasuring their wonderful essence in my mind's heart.
Visiting them in dreams of my memories, always holding them closely to watch and feel, any time the interior sadness becomes too much.
Attracting all types of misgivings, yet granting a license to roam into frontiers of future pastimes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visual Spirituality

Voices vanishing through years of loss, feeling my
being falling into depths of nothingness.

Echoes howling like wolves at a full moon in nights
of my mind.

Unrecognizable in patterns of life, tracing pathways
into the past.

Listening to my heartbeat in the stillness of a passing
light, fading into darkness, nothing to take with me.

Forsaking the beauty of life for the intenseness of a
visual spirituality, holding me in it's grasp.

Enlightening this bruised and battered heart through a
mind of intellectual ingenuity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visualized Through Poetry

Showering life with an innate talent being visualized
through poetry that I've written throughout life.

Adding rhythms and tempos in rapid succession, getting
every note in measures of time perfectly balanced.

Pitch finding itself through innate intellect, accepting
the beauty of an inner nature.

Never slowing down or giving up, keeping a steady vibrant
pace through all of life.

Racing down the portals of an everlasting science, lying
outside the box of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Visualizing Images

Swinging along measures of time, listening to bygone
visions, ones that escaped through years of real time
in effortless escapades of reunion.
An aura of beauty settles upon me as I sit and use
imagination.
Sending many messages forward, catching them in nets
of yesterday, visualizing images now in videos of my
mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vital Thought

Returning from rims of life, falling into caverns without hesitation.
Strangely treading along individual footpaths, simply motioning cognitive thought into the picture.
Accentuating it all with complete abstractions finding their way into lanes of cohesion during vital thought creating itself in prose.

(10: 34 p.m. - 12/12/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vitality Of Essence

Taking one moment at a time in life, living it totally and fully, feeling it's exhilaration exuberance being filtered into my being excitedly and vibrantly.

Being enticed by it's feelings, wanting to keep on receiving the vitality of it's essence as freedom soars within my soul and spirit, a wonderful uplifting feeling running through my veins, taking me to exorbitant heights in and above itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vito

A taste of Italian swirling about my mind,
songs being sun by a man named Vito.
An even-toned tenor bringing pleasure into
a drab Wednesday morning.
Picking up spirits with his enthusiasm,
rhythm and voice.
A first time performer here at the center,
we sincerely hope he will return to entertain
us again soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vivid And Lively

Enjoying this day with three of my Grandkids, talking with
them, asking questions, giving answers to their pure and
innocent childish questions.

They are always ready to learn from Grandma and I love their
unquenchable curiosity for learning how everything works,
letting them use their imaginations.

Encouraging them to think outside the box of mundane knowledge,
what vivid and lively ideas they have, always ready to share
and explain their ideas with me.

Creating and developing story ideas, making up things and
poems, sharing them exuberantly with me, loving how open their
minds are as they absorb new and different concepts.

Letting each of them be unique, their individual selves as they
continually have fun telling me everything they're thinking,
and finding out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vivid Extremes

Riding on waves of elation and doubt, protracting paths of never before, while sliding down routine byways every day.

Lightly relaxing and feeling emotion through joy and sorrow, while living through life with all of it's anxiety and mirth, thrown at my feet.

Listening for other ways to knowledge's ground, becoming heightened sensitively through nature's unconscious vivid extremes, while wholly being silenced in reality's dreams.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vivid Images

Stretched across the sky,
clouds scatter and bind with imagination,
telling a story of beautiful prose.
Vivid images settling in visions upon
inner screens of thought.
Touching subconsciously, emotions and soul,
filling my heart with well-thought out
landscapes set in poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vivid Memories

Good times remembered vividly in photographic images,
through the test of time.
Placing emotional feelings upon every thought from
yesterday, trying to explain every nuance as they
travel through the years, landing finally in a
succumbment resting place, no longer at hand on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vividly Succinct

Silent, still, yet energetic, pictures and visions
being built by intellect, continually and vividly.

Succinct and enticing forms of rhythm being coded
in spaces of my brain.

Enveloped and engulfed fully with beauty of a peace-
ful and serene thought process.

Spirit being enlivened by a vibrancy of an intense,
sublime and profound effect of intellect.

Wisdom and knowledge being interjected along with
imagination, taking me into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vividly Thinking

Playing on a playground of yesterday, happy and finding
relief completely from the prison of reality that takes
up all my time.

Something touching this mind so energetically and vibrant-
ly, notes dancing and frolicking to rhythms of Springsteen,
looking into the distance.

Vividly thinking of all that can be accomplished with just
a thought, an idea growing like a seedling from within it,
a fascinating portrayal of beginning.

A poem through music and poetry together, playing on a play-
ground of yesterday, happy and contented for a while, just
writing in an atmosphere of spirituality.

happy and contented for a while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vocalizing Desire

Softly entering my spirit,
pulling me into a symphony of interior beauty.

To be interjected with a harmony, taking me to
outer elevations of my mind.

Tantalizing all the senses of my being into a
vocalization of intense desire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Voiceless Atmosphere

Taking life down byways, finding little known places
where I can hide and no one ever seeing me.

So alone and contented, living in a voiceless atmosphere,
one where only music exists and I can write incessantly.

Living totally in rhythms of fire and passion within my
being, letting it out into poetry to burn minds of others.

Loving to see the way my poetry touches others at times,
inspiring and changing their lives for the better.

So intensely sometimes, words striking like lightening
and thunder in storms of poetical interludes.

Serving it's purpose in life, thankful that I can touch
and make a difference in some people's lives.

Able to do it worldwide with just the nib of a pen as I
write poetry.

Inspiring and tempting other people to live their lives
interiorly also, loving possibilities that come from it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Voices

Unhurried by the insistent voice of death and aging, standing on the particular shore of my new horizon.

Choosing the fabric and style of an inner love, forever bound to God within, solemnly taken in with the deluge of numerous misunderstandings.

Unknown poetry, stirring even now inside, finding just the right way of expressing subconscious thoughts in ideal lines, to touch the very essence of another person unlike myself.

Causing tears to fall, or watching a smile come into being, that is the joy writing does for me.

It creates a joyous soul and sorrow's tears to be shared like I never could myself with spoken words.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Voices Of Family

Sending messages telepathically, throughout the years, hoping to find voices of family speaking closely to my heart as I listen attentively through broadened atmospheres of eternity.
Hoping to hear expressed emotions felt from family members who loved me with unconditional caring and love.
Inspecting every nuance, keeping them in order so I may extract and write of them on any given day.
Spreading familial details of heaven so I may pass unafraid through death's doors.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Voices Of Memories

Reaching fingers around the neck of a guitar, playing
the essence of my soul to rhythms felt interiorly.
Capturing the essence of nature and my mind, collecting
all the pieces needed to compose each sheet of music
that I write.
Pleasant voices of memories take me into their pasts,
giving expressions that are needed so essentially in
periodic states of mind.
Difficult situations performing talent as I write
incessantly of the epic thoughts that are completely
encapsulating my mind.
Freedom of life, existing right here where I can see
it in everything I write.
Stars shining from within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Voices Of Silence

Voices of silence screech through my mind, relating
experiences of happiness touching my soul.

Flying away into sunsets, leaving behind lost memories,
catching beautiful rays of life as time expires.

Sanctions of serenity grasp subconsciously my entire
being, lifting me spiritually into levels of beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Voices Of Silent Rendering

Waking from dreams of yesterday, looking through them like pages of a book, seeing what messages may have been left when awakened.

Seeing images of various types, learning that dreams are definitely connected to reality even though mostly coming from an interior imagination.

Extraordinary and elucidating, giving life a productivity otherwise lost during the night, holding onto their tenuous voices of silent rendering.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Voices Of The Future

Standing back, realizing the voices of the future have gone beyond me.
Following the sounds left from their lonely echoes in caverns of my mind.
Adjusting, not to well, to things that have been changing in ever increasing numbers.
Letting go of every emotion, wallowing in self-pity, all by myself, no one else can linger alongside me.
Staying alone and not feeling anything in place of your presence in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Voices Of The World

Melodies of a small world, spinning about my mind,
thinking of my son and granddaughter at Disneyland.
A constant song played throughout the entire day.
Reminders of how we are all joined by musical scores
in exacting measures of talent from others.
A true expression of our diversity, meeting as one
in voices of the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Voices Of Words

Stomping through my mind, music beating it's tones into voices
of words, forming poetical works to exercise my brain.
Stationing life in lonely hallways, transposing everything
heard into renditions of etudes.
Looking longingly into peaceful endeavors, wishing to be back
there and reliving the peace found in each moment of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Voicing Everything In Poetry

Crossing rivers through imagination, taking rides across
landscapes within my mind, voicing everything silently
in poems for others to read.

Seeing what I'm thinking at any given time, constantly
and incessantly writing every moment I'm able to, running
into adventures and discoveries along the way, putting
them to use through intellect and writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Voicing Thoughts

Enjoying this new day in spite of pain and being in the
hospital, having had surgery once again.

Picking up right where I left off, pen in hand, listen-
ing to music, voicing opinions silently in poetry.

Journals filled with poem after poem, joyfully happy
and energized every moment of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Void Created

Tell-tale signs of death reminding me of your loss in
this life, sorrow and grief surrounding me with their
loneliness and abandonment.

Tears falling incessantly because I reach for you and
there's no one here by my side, such a void has been
created, leaving a hole within my heart.

One that will never be filled without you, my love,
it's so different without you here now, nothing can
fulfill me and I continually isolate alone.

Wanting you to come, but knowing that it's impossible,
you will never again reappear in life, never give your
love to me nor I to you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Void Of Emptiness

Life, real life, can be so totally beautiful as it
pertains to nature.

Alas, when talking about human nature, there is no
longer any beauty.

Life once contemplated and loved has no more meaning.

Sight of a pine tree stirs within, feelings felt by
a heart's yearning for the peace of nature.

Seeing children walking from a school yard stirs only
pain and dread.

Pain of being young is felt and stands out upon faces
walking side by side.

Without a sound, crying of children is heard across
the way.

Sadness penetrates life, leaving destinies in a void
of total emptiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Void Of Hope

As deadened to life as the shadow of a tree lying against
a wall, void of all hope, all dignity, walking away.

Head held low, upon my chest, nothingness envelopes this
being, sending hopelessness throughout my soul.

Nowhere can complacency be found, while footsteps fall
heavily, smashing minute particles that have been left
scattered over gaping graveyard holes.

Offering hope where there is none, decadence falls short
of entering into a final night before fires of hell
consume this fear.

Allowing for dangerous events, turning away in tears,
hurting from the remorselessness of human undignity.

Standing here upon the throne of fruitlessness, casting
out shadows, knowing they are all dead already.

All endeavors, any semblance of life has been buried
beneath the transcendentalism of uneclipsed hopelessness
tonight, continuing to be held by loneliness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Void Of Life

Leaving life behind to seek other realms in dimensions never heard of.
Following patterns of existence into dark tunnels, finding nothing to hold on to - nothing worth living for.
Searching for particular notions not held together for any certain purpose on earth.
Living on edges of cancerous diplomacy, as all of life plunges itself into a deep depression, void of life.
A suicide of sorts, unlimited measures of intense emotion, bereft of an outlet to escape.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Void Of Literature

Writing explicitly into the day and night, letting
feelings and emotions flow effortlessly into the
void of literature.

Filling it sublimely and profoundly whenever possible,
taking time and doing whatever I can to write daily,
constantly and incessantly.

Creating an environment of poetical imagination and
reality throughout my whole life, enjoying every
moment doing so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Voluminous Treasures

Increasing vibrations as music fills the atmosphere,
a stillness of this spirit being filled interiorly
with peaceful serenity.

A voluminous treasure of thoughts attracting chords
and rhythms into a landscape of imaginative poetry,
stepping along pathways of intrigue.

Lively and vivid pastures of life being transformed
into wide open environments where many ideas reside
alone.

Pure and innocent, awaiting their time to blossom
within poems of essence and purpose, all of them
cherishing every moment of life as it unfolds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Volunteer Banquet

Dining with friends at Hospice of the Valley's Award
Banquet, bonding and relating vast experiences as one.

Listening to a husband and wife singing, teasing one
another, leaving a joyous feeling upon us all.

Dr. J. stepping up to the podium, thanking and talking
to all the volunteers for their many hours of service.

Beginnings of Hospice related by Jerry, elderly, gentle-
manly, articulate and well-spoken.

Listening to reminiscing of early days with the Dial
corporation, experiments on deodorants, etcetera, etc.

Scanning the room, aware of volunteer's heightened
listening skills, awaiting the beauty as it carefully
unfolded.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Volunteer Dinner

Jumping, dancing, enjoying music and talking with one
another at circular tables - all being done at Embassy
Suites Volunteer dinner.
A choice variation of liveliness and fun, interacting
with one another and loving the movement volunteering
creates in our souls.
Feelings of reminiscence filter through hearts and
minds in time with rhythmic beats.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Volunteer Editor

Filled with apprehension and disquieting doubts,
pushing forward anyway.
Setting aside fears, relying on an inner courage
I don't quite feel just yet.
Notions of greater things to come are hiding
just around the corner and surprisingly are
welcomed.
Meeting people, taking on new challenges,
writing articles, hoping to use innate talents
and share them with others.
Volunteering fulfills many an hour, pleasantly
occupied, doing whatever feels good and
discarding the rest.
Facing the future with blessed peace as I
become the Editor of the Volunteer Voice
Newsletter at Saint Joseph's Hospital.

(10/2/96)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Volunteer Militia

Flag of America being blown about in an early evening breeze, furling and unfurling in an atmosphere of freedom.

Colors not running as our Vets protect us from behind the scenes, many having formed voluntary militias, ready to fight to protect our citizens.

Hiding, being secretive, Obama thinks himself to be quietly hidden, but Americans know what he has done, we are locked and loaded, ready to annihilate him and his isis cohorts altogether.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Volunteer Recognition Dinner

Seashore, sand, waves beckoning me from a song of the
Drifters, played by, 'That Cool Band'.
Reality stirs imagination with innocence of yesterday,
raking us out into open pathways of memories, joined
together for an enticing journey down memory lane,
fulfilling empty spaces left through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Volunteer, Doctor P.

Volunteering time and personal experience towards the betterment of other's lives.

Taking care to ease the pain or cure an ailment, this doctor is on the job.

Wonderful qualities shining forth from an ordinary man, a doctor, a friend to the poor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Volunteering At The Trump Rally

Living the American dream right here in Phoenix, Arizona,
having gone to the Trump rally and heard him making America
great again for us.

Everyone clapping, yelling, waving signs, excited and happy
that he came here, knowing that We the People all wanted him
here no matter what a couple of protestors whined about.

Fortunate, elated that we could volunteer for this event
honored and exuberantly happy to have done so, enjoying
the excitement and thrill of being a part of making America
great again with Donald Trump!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Voluptuous Scenery

Scanning life's mountains with exacting precision
and accurate visions of it's immensity.
Taken out of context is a misnomer because we
can't separate any one particle from all others.
It is made up of so many textures, senses, odors,
scents, desert plants and hidden desert animals
secreted in caches, caves, rocks, niches and over
edges of cliffs on their way up or down the
mountain.
Steel-like in nature, voluptuous scenery provides
a truly sensual diet for mind's imagination and
subconscious dreams of written prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vortexes Of Emotion

Precious memories of the past sidle up to minds,
alerting them with reverberations, touching hearts
in silent persuasion, forging new images of the
same scenes.

Songs singing lives out loud in musical scores,
touching and alighting upon past remembrances,
filling eyes and hearts with joy-filled sorrowful
tears.

Placing lives in little spaces all alone where
everything can be thought out and be allowed to
retrace steps back and forth throughout life.

Portraying selves into vortexes of emotion, forever
in a secluded land of your mind, locating peace and
serenity that life rarely offers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Votive Canticle

Stationing signs of poetry into musical interludes,
traipsing and wandering into realms of another world,
cold and forlorn.

Beginning a votive canticle that won't move into the
scenery, wanting to be prepared and nourished through
an inner nature.

Coming from an innate talent of possibilities, nothing
interfering, seeing things more clearly than ever before,
rhythms steadying notes and tempos religiously.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vouching For Interior Spirits

Enlivening this spirit through fast-paced rhythms, following pathways into intellect being created intensely, writing of their whereabouts in time.

Listening to rhythms that are being taken in every direction through music and various tempos, taking time to bounce up and down chords of life and nature to the beat of my heart.

Vouching for spirits interiorly that continue to keep going into another tomorrow, finally alighting into spheres of destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Voyage

We take never-ending pathways through our love, taking us on a voyage through jungles of an interior life and out into beautiful deserts of the universe.

Touching many particles and fibers of another reality belonging on the other side of life, watching, taking part in it explicitly.

Seeing the beauty of it, living them both at the same time, reality taking me totally through vibrations of both of them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Voyage Of Being

Musical vibrations sounding through intellect, going on
a voyage through inner universes of being, using imagin-
ation as a ship and sailing to every corner interiorly.

Enjoying this interior journey attentively, alert, learn-
ing about life, traveling and finding answers to ancient
questions still waiting to be explained.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Voyage Of Rhythm

Tangling within my brain, wrapping itself around the neurons
and synapses, taking them on a voyage into immense patterns
and designs of elaborate intellectual thoughts.

Collaborating with imagination, taking all ideas from branches
of wisdom and knowledge as I listen carefully to each rhythm
falling forward into my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Voyage Of Spirituality

Touching upon the Divine through a bluened light settled
deep within my being, feeling euphoric and peaceful as
it fills me with graces from above.

A generous amount, fulfilling every particle of this
being, wonder and awe sliding over, through and within,
taking me upon a voyage of spirituality.

A wonderful way to live within an intense picture of
inner dimensions that takes me soaring across

A wonderful way to live, an intense picture of inner
dimensions that takes me soaring across vestiges of
imagination and reality.

Comparing the two with a clarity and insight that
fills intellect totally, keeping track of all ideas
that are illuminated in this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Voyages

Reveries of placid thought continue down avenues
of life on forefronts of adventure.
Tickling mischievous ideas, placing them sideways
down sides of earth on the way to plateaus of
mirth.
Flying high without hesitation, trampling down path-
ways of exhaustion on voyages of precious occasions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Voyages Of Self-Examination

Life's music penetrates all aspects and dimensions of compassion and mercy.
It brings us into a harmonious relationship with one another, taking us on voyages of individual self-examination throughout our days on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Voyages Through Imagination

Signals penetrate intellect through rhythm, taking me
on voyages through imagination, touching upon reality
and blending the two so expertly with Divine creativity
at the helm.

Sensing beauty being depicted before even beginning to
write, picture puzzles completing themselves before my
pen touches this paper, a splendid way to spend my time,
watching visions being created every moment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vulnerability

When we cry, we become attuned to the misery
we are feeling at the time.
Feelings of hopelessness and emptiness fill
our fragile beings, making us vulnerable to
life's infinite demands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vulnerability Of Women

Left behind, having been forsaken in results of other
people taking precedence over self, falling over some-
one whom they think is going to love and marry them.

When in reality, they are only in the game of collect-
ing women's love and adoration to feed their egos, not
caring they are hurting them, putting bonds between them.

Excuses abounding, none of them valid as a man stands in
the puddle of his lust, hurting women under the guise of
helping them through vulnerable times in their lives.

That's the only prerequisite a man has, to prey on defense-
less, hurt, vulnerable women, saying they're helping, but
are actually preying upon them, a disgusting trait to be sure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vulnerable Heart

In the middle of the night all of life stands still,
breathless, waiting for it's moment of glory.

Knowing that it will find no way of becoming whole
until the morning light comes up and shines upon it,
fascinating as can be, serenity falls next in line.

Raspy, full of antagonistic prayer, life unfolds
itself - leaving open, a heart which is totally
vulnerable.

Sifting through wanton debris of the past, life
suddenly turns away, running faster.

Never catching up to itself again, falling short of
progress and dying in sin, never to be blessed again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vulnerable Ones

Waking to positive attitudes that music brings to mind,
fulfilling interior spirits, looking around, nothing
changing, people still thinking of themselves.

Seeing what they can get from others, always choosing
those who are lonely, desperate and forlorn, knowing
they are the vulnerable ones.

Wanting someone to care, unfortunately, it never happens,
because some people will always take, draining everything
from them.

Every feeling and emotion somehow taken, leaving them
empty and bereft throughout life, being filled only
with the loneliness of abandonment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Vulnerable Places

Awkwardly rephrasing the melody of life, grasping fragmented tunes, trying to make music once again.

Tattling memories being seen and placed in jars upon a closet shelf, afraid of what they may contain.

Dotted lines surrounding vulnerable places, being torn open in certain spaces.

Reaching for the unforgotten memories hiding now in corners, listless, timid, afraid of who I am.

Surrescent statements falling out of reach, lying just beyond my mind.

Imagination cannot bring them into focus nor can it expand or explore within them.

Arms folded, standing rigidly behind the front of universal sorrow with incriminating blame flying on the flag of abuse.

Solidly betraying innermost thoughts, my mind strays far, far away, not caring to look any deeper within.

Stepping fragily on toes of lace, escaping through a back door of my mind and flying freely into space.

No longer held by the boundaries and rules of earthly duty, contented now with emptiness in a sorrowful place in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

W. My Friend

Reaching beyond the scope of tragedy, grasping onto faith,
hoping to pull through it all.
Thinking of all the realities that can happen, discarding
each one in hopes of having none of them.
Holding out for the good and only beneficial one in my line
of sight.
Helped to think that way in times of duress by my friend, W.
A beautiful gift she has to offer, because she's been through
a lot herself and knows how it is.
Her advice is invaluable and she tells me like it is -
no bars held.
Grateful for her presence in my life, she's pulled through
some serious situations with her prayers and confidence of
what she tells me.
My only hope is that I bring hope, faith, and a little
laughter into her life also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wading In Poetry

Riding along pathways I create, fulfilling interior dreams
of my own reality.
Exercising and regulating mind-bending dimensions with
thought, creating a myriad of poems to wade through on paper.
Relating all kinds of ideas as they constantly wash over
me every day, in anticipation of what I'll say in verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wailing Echoes

Wailing into the night, echoes gathering around,
listening to a lonely whistle as a train passes
through town.

Taking passengers to destinations that I will
never see, wanting to follow that lone and lonely
whistle into the night.

As it calls to my inner being, placing an insatiable
longing for the sounds of a train whistle holding me
prisoner as it continues echoing throughout my mind.

Never letting me forget the loneliness that haunts
me every night when a train passes through town -
tears running through my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wait And See

Thinking and listening to music, being struck by the
ignorance of some people these days, wasting their
votes on traitors, socialists and communists.

What has happened to Americans? Have they no pride in
our country, don't they like being free? Would they
prefer being slaves like third world countries?

People are starving, having nothing, except what the
government lets them have, all the years the U.S. has
been an example of liberty and freedom for everyone.

People all over the world wanting to come here, want-
ing to be free from tyranny, corrupt politicians and
governments.

Now trying to place their barbaric ways and politically,
so-called correctness on us, trying to turn our country
into the same place they fled to get away from oppression.

Apparently they got nothing at all from their past mis-
takes, only wanting to repeat them in our country, We
the People are behind our Constitution only.

Our Republic stands forever free, no one will take that
from us, no one, wait and see the truth of what I say,
we stand united as one - legal citizens of America.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting

Heart and stomach tied in knots. Sitting. Waiting.
Hearing naught. Wondering why? Wondering if?
Wondering if it's worse. Praying. Hoping everything
will be better. Thoughts constantly straying. Wishing
we could stay with Mom. Praying. Afraid to leave the
hospital. Scared to death of losing Mom. Afraid to think
of losing her. Praying more. Wondering what to do. Think
about losing her.

Crying. Sobbing. Wiping tears away. Crying more. Praying
more. Hoping against all hope. Not listening to the doctors
when they say she might not make it. Hating them for saying
it - for wanting us to give up on Mom. No way. We can't let
her go - she is too much alive! Our love can keep her going.

Praying. Miracles do happen. We know they do because she's
here. She's still alive. Doctors aren't God - they can't
say who'll live or die. Only God - that's why we pray to Him.
Heart and stomach tied in knots. Sitting. Waiting.
Hearing naught.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting Alone

Lying here alone, staring into the darkness,
hoping you will come soon.

Bringing the light of your love to comfort
me throughout the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting And Praying

Thinking quietly while waiting for news of my son who is now
in surgery.

Only thirty-four years old, having cancer, yet others get it
when they are even younger.

Praying constantly for him, knowing he's in God's hands,
because He is guiding the surgeon's hands and mind.

Life is so precious and we are reminded of this fact with a
slap in the face like this.

Live life fully, never harm another, give your love entirely
and keep on doing so all through your life.

Then you will go to your reward in heaven when you, yourself,
have ended.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting Customers

Long lines forming behind counters,
people waiting exorbitant amounts
of time to be served.

Only three people serving customers,
sometimes doing their best, but
mostly just putting in time to get
a paycheck.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting Eons

Waiting eons for unknown reasons,
taking matters into hands of
accomplishment, while life continues
it's circular drive throughout creativity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For A Friend

Somnolent silence hitting me in a fit of lonely sadness,
being rejected with an angry-voiced woman, my friend, yet.
Helping her take the first step in showing me her anger.
Allowing emotion to escape without her realizing it.
A long road ahead, one I will not veer from, keeping her
always in my heart, mind and prayers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For A Lawyer

Looking out upon mountains of Phoenix, enjoying their closeness to this office conference room I'm now sitting in, imagining walking straight up the front of them.

An exhilarating feeling, exuberantly and wild, vivid, beautiful, tantalizing, silently inviting me to come spend time in climbing amid cacti and wildlife.

Wanting to very much, but I'm here within these four walls of a conference room, waiting for a gentleman well versed in the U.S. Constitution to come talk with me explicitly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For A New Ending

Silently waiting for a new ending to be completed, hoping
it will retain details that will satisfy another dimension
and life.

Curtailing the busyness and rush of earthly life, trying
to stay clear of it's treacherous footings, walking on the
back side of tomorrow's edges.

Knowing that life will be held to a closer scrutiny, not
banishing the purity of a clean and decent life of faith
and sacred piety.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For Discovery

Sleep gently my friend and wake when the morning's
bright.

Tenderly think of me in your dreams and find our
love there, tucked into your subconscious mind.

Waiting for it's time to be discovered and bloom
in you and I.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For Dr. L.

Impatiently waiting in Dr. L's waiting room, feeling rushed
within, yet having to sit here idly.

Reading, listening to classical music, writing, trying to
have patience, yet failing miserably.

Wanting to go back, get seen, talk with the Dr., pushing my
self beneath all the worry, knowing I have somewhere to be
before eleven thirty.

Attempting to calm my soul, writing everything felt, putting
it outside of me - don't want to deal with the feelings
right now.

Watching a movie on the screen, seeing nature flowing by,
enjoying what I'm seeing, somewhat calming down, putting
myself inside the picturesque puzzles I'm viewing.

Yet, still sitting here wanting to see Dr. L and quickly
leaving after that.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For Expectations

Striding alongside one another through this earthly life,
living and loving, never really expecting anything, just
happy when we are fulfilled through our love and sharing.

Waiting for expectations that will never come about if we
look for them, excluding everything else in life, beauty
comes through the wonder and awe of curiosity.

It sprawls leisurely throughout intellect and it's awesome
power of the mind, taking essence and passion into lights
of the Divine.

Being ecstatic when reaching patterns and designs of a
bluened light, signaling depths of contemplation as they
begin bringing peace and joy through spirituality.

Awakening feelings of the Divine, finding life was changed
the first time it ever happened, now always looking forward
to it's beauty and serenity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For Expressions Of My Heart

Rushing carefully into another day, not knowing what to
expect, just being silent, feeling whatever comes into
this being.

Life touching the essence held within me, waiting for the
expressions of my heart to be strung out on lines of paper,
like clothes hung out to dry in the sun.

Clouds hanging around outside, draping the sky like misty
curtains of heaven, nothing stirring, not even a breeze
to whisper nature's lullaby.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For Forgiveness

Saturated in melodies, fraught with memories, intensifying feelings, covering my mind with mild, heart-rending thoughts.
Forgiveness sitting always on the side, waiting to be introduced into conversations where anger and despair had been dwelling.
A simple word held with great esteem in thought, yet seldom used.
A shame because our world would be so much better off if it were spoken whenever harsh words were thrown around.
Peaceful hearts would genuinely be calmed by the resonance of it's tone spoken in all honesty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For Hopes

Wanting, needing, always grasping from within, trying to
get our heart's desires.

Closely holding hopes of fulfillment, secretly waiting
for attainment of them through daily living, friends,
and family.

At ends of life we find that our wants and needs have
been artificially obtained.

In reality all's we've ever wanted was to be loved and
cared about for ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For No One

Stepping into other dimensions, finding a life that I
prefer, poetical and musical, standing always on edges
nothing to deter me from what I want in life.

Walking into depths of an interior life, unafraid, not
doubting anything held within, confident, self-assured
and always expecting nothing but the best of self.

Striving to stay self-reliant through and through,
nothing else mattering in this world, waiting for no
one to fulfill me for I've been filled fully by God.

From the moment of conception, His grace and innate
talent have been given to me, a mere poet, writing
poetry and composing music for Him only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For Recognition

Dancing in my mind, calmly stepping to every beat that hits my ear.
Whiling away moments in anticipatory thought, becoming greater every minute as words step up to meet me in mid-air.
Leaving all picturesque visions waiting for recognition in books of literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For Replies

Recollecting thought with good friends, praying for each other, hoping everything will be good.

Straining to hear whispers from heaven descend upon me, waiting to hear replies filled with good news for the future.

Until then, rising above all the ills in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For The Dust To Settle

Tangling thoughts of pleasure filling my mind, giving my heart a smile of satisfaction that touches intellect at the same time.

Beautiful and whole, a perfect place set within where peace is taking a seat and staying with me, wonder at the light that comes with it so intensely and lovely.

Loving the feelings it brings, hoping to never have any of it end, swaying with tender rhythms, playing within my mind.

Chances of happiness are linked to these feelings, seeing the placid, complacent and hopeful visions of the future playing videos in my mind daily.

Gentle and softly pliable, taking me into lanes of my soul where prayer turns into faith and hope, giving me energy to keep on going through life.

Enough of suffering and tribulations, just wanting to stay out of the cold, being brought into the heat of the sun through awakening every morning I am alive.

Delving into relics of yesterday, searching for answers that will probably never be found, just doing time through the years, waiting for the dust to settle to find my way.

Going forward every day, nothing to lose that I haven't already lost, just beginning every day again, a long, long look at the future that may never begin or else cease before I can find my way there.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For The Fireworks

Moon looking down upon us sitting here in the field, sun having gone down, but dusk is giving us enough light.

More people have come, all nationalities together, young, old, middle aged, everyone excited.

All of us looking forward to the collection of fireworks to be shot into the sky before too much longer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For The Meet To Begin

Family members milling around the field, waiting for the cross-country meet to begin.

Checking their phones, watches, shielding their eyes from the sun.

Everyone wondering when it will begin, children getting ansy and running around, wanting things to eat and drink.

Teams sitting, waiting in their tee shirts that read:
'Catch me if you can'!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For The Miracle Of Life

Meeting and melding, our minds on the same wavelength,
a bond having been made between our beings forever.

Nothing to interfere with what we have found together
intellectually.

Establishing and forging types of rhythms that can
reach and go between us only.

Watching coded messages never-endingly being sent to
each other.

An essence that is instantaneous and a blessing from
God above.

Candles lighting our way as we pray, never losing our
faith as we continue on our way.

Shouting, yelling, feeling energy building ever higher,
never letting up or fading.

An effervescent blessing that keeps us going even on the
brink of death and beyond.

Waiting for the miracle of this life to happen very soon
in the near future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For The Moments

Walking into a crowded room, immediately looking for you, hoping to be held in words of your conversation.

Knowing that my heart is being held by you intuitively, feeling cherished.

Other women vying for your attention, yet you're only thinking of me.

Waiting for the moments we will be alone to continue loving one another in privacy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For The Second Hand

Seldom thought of, yet ever present, life stands aside,
watching for it's presence, hiding in the shadows.
Lurking around every corner, waiting for the second hand
to move taking your life into realms beyond earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For The Spirit

People are different, many shades of gray, traversing their own paths and living to their own accurate formulas that work for them at times.
Opportunity takes each in directions they need to be going to attain goals for their future.
Holding onto friendship as life runs away with us, towing and pulling each into realms of our desires and contacting everyone's minds.
Joyously coming together in aspects known only to wisdom's choices.
Always searching patterns set in places of unknown circumstance, achieving particular purposes as each day comes to a close in an empty cubicle, waiting to be filled with the spirit of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For Visions

Standing, listening, watching, waiting for visions to
be apprehended and written into poems.

Always being invited back so I can remember with
pleasure, everything ever done and experienced.

Totally alone on a plain within, enjoying every sense
pulsing with life in my being on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For You To Awaken

Feeling my love throbbing within me, wanting you to fill me with your passion, waiting for you to awaken from your dreams tonight.

Watching you sleep so peacefully, smiling with love at how quietly innocent you look while sleeping, gently tracing your lips with my fingers.

Knowing intuitively, the gentle kisses you give constantly to me, wanting them now, but not wanting to waken you, letting these feelings of love grow more.

Knowing they will soon erupt in our love-making when your eyes are opening, hands reaching out to touch and hold me finally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting For Your Heart To Turn It's Head

Wanting to talk to you while walking along the shore,
our love holding us together.

Wanting no more distress caused by thoughts of death
plaguing us.

Somewhere deep inside, you must know my love for you
is never-ending.

Felt deeply within, no room for doubts, no place to
go, all alone in love.

Waiting for your heart to turn it's head towards me,
listening to hear my heart profess you as my own.

Finding the words to make it all mine, in no hurry,
knowing that we'll soon be one together and life will
continue as one within us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting Game

Melodies gently prodding, lifting this spirit and soul into heavenly realms through a bluened light, forever shining from within.

Giving life a reason for carrying on, hope rising like the tide, yet there are moments when it wanes and like the tide runs low through no fault of my own.

Praying, holding onto pinpoints of faith, looking to God and heaven for answers that never seem to come when you want them to.

Taking their time, giving us doubts and fears that we've been left alone, but in reality we never are and life becomes a waiting game.

Periods of time passing us by with no apologies, only a silence that we must learn to abide until the time is upon us for answers to our prayers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting In A Field

Standing in an open field,
arms upraised, eyes closed,
waiting for an answer from
God, as He is the only one
who can actually hear my
heart and respond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting In A Lobby

Christmas tree lights shining reflections onto
wooden tables, polished and shining in the
dimly lit lobby.

Awaiting the presence of an early morning crowd,
ready for the day and what it brings into our
lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting In Hallways

Scant information leaves me wandering along, wondering where life will lead me. Cautiously sneaking, peeking around the corner, finding many figures to access. Socializing with strangers, finding a manner of friendship waiting in the hallways, hoping to be met soon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting In Nature's Den

Into nature's den, beauty all around me, water rippling checkerboarded
across the top of Lake Bartlett.
Mountains being shadowed by electric black storm clouds, a vulture coasting
through the sky, looking for something to eat.
Wake buoys bobbing with the waves and tides, created by boats passing by.
Watching it all as I lie in wait with my line in the water.
Calm, serene, waiting for a fish to bite.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting In Revlon's Waiting Area

In the lap of luxury, sitting in the lobby at Revlon,
waiting for a friend to come back.

Looking around seeing there are square tubes hanging
from the ceiling, fulfilling requirements for lights.

Pink and maroon carpet lying over cold marble with
planters, couches and chairs set carefully upon it.

People walking back and forth, stopping to talk to
the lady at a switchboard behind the desk.

Carefully, eyes scrutinizing every passer-by, allowing
a smile only when recognized.

Enjoying this time to sit and write at a table they have
by the window, thoughts piling up, waiting their turn to
be put down on paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting Promises

Watching dry, brown leaves lying upon concrete,
not moving or stirring at all, dead upon the
ground, when just yesterday they were living
and breathing on their own.

Just like we humans when we find the end of our
lives, waiting promises in future horizons,
taking us calmly a little at a time to ease the
strain of living until our ends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting Room

People sitting around in a doctor's waiting room,
doing their things - reading magazines, texting,
playing games, all to pass the time while waiting.

In a chair set away from them all, I sit listening
to music and writing poetry.
Tapping my right heel in time with rhythms touching
my hearing in blissful ecstasy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting Silently

White clouds forming walls within skies, a soul flies up among them and hides.

Feeling empty, lonely, yet a quiet peace has filled it interiorly.

Silently waiting for something to happen to lift these spirits - nothing - nothing - only being filled with hopeless joy.

Containing all of life's dreams, yet not a one can be alive within this being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting Solo

Tranquility of night is upon my head, burrowed severely
in life, fearful of an abandoning neglect given by
others.

Unrelentingly sorrowful, sitting alone in a park,
satisfied that life is a solo, waiting for it's death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting Stress

Seething with a silent anger, sitting on it's
haunches, happy to be away from the house so
I don't have to deal with it for the time being.
Knowing that when I go back home, all the stress
will still be waiting for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting Through Measures Of Time

Sorrow leaking from eyes of sadness, grief being pulled
in many directions within this heart.

Believing in faith, waiting for it to fill this earth
with strength and hope.

Waiting still, watching, praying, nothing happening as
yet, secrets abounding, life existing continually.

Efforts at keeping sacred vows fall on deaf minds, ears
never hearing a sound.

Traditions and rituals flowing through life, giving people
a reason to practice them through the years.

Yet nothing seems to come to fruition, nothing positive
happens, as we continue to wait through measures of time
alone and forsaken.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting Times

Eternally waiting for rides to and from work and
other places.
Always left sitting on the wayside somewhere,
hoping and praying someone will show up soon.
Wondering, worrying, anticipating rides causes
undue stress and strain for no reason.
Counting down minutes held in crooked rows,
forcing self to stay calm while going through
hell.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting To Be Borne

Awakening this mind to pictures of thought crowding around,
wanting to be seen already.

Inpatient, yet quietly awaiting the focus they know will be forthcoming in a moment.

Hearing church bells ringing from a memory, not wishing to
be silent.

Unfolding ideas from under covers of nighttime, allowing
them to see the universe all around.

A universe created by intellect and imagination to take a
mind beyond the scope of daily thoughts.

Careening into a land of intellectual prowess and
intelligence, just waiting to be borne into another poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting To Be Forgotten

Waiting to be forgotten on this lonely journey of life,
walking earth as if alone, the only one on this earth,
pretending that it doesn't matter.

Being used for another's purpose at every turn in life,
yet allowing it for the betterment of others, totally
ignoring self in deference to another in every instance.

Wondering and believing in the absence of the heart, as
it betrays me at every turn, allowing others to break it
in half time and again.

Striving always to be the right kind of person to end in
heaven, yet it seems by other people that I am continually
failing even at this.

Wanting only to participate in the purpose of my own life
and let the justice of others lie in the hands of God,
where mine should only be judged also.

Wholeheartedly, listening and whiling away the melodies
of life, energizing me into realms of another place far
from the verdicts of those that are all around me every
day of my life.

Straightening every crooked turn, yet still not being
accepted for who I am in this distant and careless world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting To Be Remembered

Watching as memories walk away into a hazy morning
afternoon, taking with them good times in moments
of life.
Holding on carefully to the ones that are left,
hanging on rims of canyons, waiting to be remembered
and set in poetry.
Lasting visions, remaining for times spent in
loneliness at ends of lifetimes.
Standing silently as all things pass by me on their
way to other worlds in separate pastimes, while
holding onto life's perceptive motives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting To Hear Something

Silent shadows of thought are gently nudging my mind,
wondering why it's taking so long for my husband's
surgery to get done.

Having been sitting here in the waiting room, writing,
hoping to hear something, if he's done or in recovery
yet, nothing being told to me at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting To Hear Your Voice

Breathing slowly, regularly, waiting to hear your voice, hoping to hear the love you have for me in it's quiet inflection.

Always loving how you say my name, so seductively and sensuously, enticing my every desire with your manly, sexy, voice.

Waiting to be held in your embrace, knowing that your love will complete my being as we soar together in life, never parting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting To Leave For Hong Kong

An everlasting feeling of hope lies within my spirit, not
allowing me to ever give up or in, it has a direct effect
in my life, keeping faith alive.

Even when it seems there is no hope in this world, always
keeping a positive attitude, looking forward, hoping to
see the light ahead no matter how faint it may be.

This in turn gives an interior energy that takes me beyond
the ordinary, writing as I sit here, waiting for my next
flight to Hong Kong very interesting so far.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting To See

Traveling through tunnels of darkness, not knowing
what to expect, watching for a light to shine upon
life, illuminating it's final purpose in time.

Waiting to see something being exposed, tangible,
being held onto, knowing life is temporary, there's
nothing that can be held very long before ending
like our lives will eventually do also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting To See Through Music

Spilling over, ideas and thoughts being filtered through music, beginning notes tempting this poetical brain to compose while writing.

Taking surroundings into consideration, feelings mounting as thoughts crowd around in the center of intellect, waiting to see what type of poem they will end up being defined in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waiting Until Next Time

Wandering pathways of creativity, listening to music
that takes me into depths of innate talent, opening
my mind and letting thoughts flow incessantly.

Feeling pieces of my broken heart cutting me with it's
shards, bleeding with sorrow, tears steadily falling,
tearing me apart.

Only wanting a reprieve from the devastation of losing
you, but knowing it will never happen in this lifetime,
I will have to wait until next time, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wake Of Abuse

Life silenced, torn apart by bullets of abuse.

Forgotten ages of peace and happiness, foreign now, lasting only in memories of hate.

Listening to many stories left behind, tales repeated, because not enough people care to really see what goes on around them.

No one searches until it is too late and life is lost.

Hopeless, forlorn, children left in the wake of abuse and violence are torn apart from the life they once knew.

Eternally broken, no sense of connection, love or acceptance, they are left to survive, at a loss for life.

Stranded, alone in a lost city, hiding behind the guilt and shame afraid to venture out.

Hiding fearfully within their undeveloped minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wake Of My Death

Softly listening to echoes fall upon my lips, thinking
of words spoken through love, caring, compassion and
stress.

Have they all been good, helpful, encouraging, helping
another, or have they been angry, cross and unkind,
hopefully the first ones.

That would be the correct way of doing something right
in this empty world, wanting to leave positive attitudes
and impressions in the wake of my death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wake Of Suicide

Inadvertantly stepping into an abyss of sorrow, landing in
a pool of tears.

Reaching up to grasp a hand, finding no one there, being
alone in this deepest pain and despair.

Looking about, seeing blackness and discouragement every-
where, there is no bleaker place than in the chambers of
the past.

Pasted over with papers of every shade of gray, no writing
to be seen, just the shadowy images of abuse straying
dangerously close to a mind, grabbing hold, plunging this
lonely soul further from the shores than ever before.

Tantamount to ever-increasing lime pools, filling with
amnesia, cannot hope to conquer this vast wasteland of
sorrow found within.

Heart breaking so gently in two, resigned to this new
life of gloom, standing here before these eyes in disarry-
ment and no glory.

Whatever befalls from this second on cannot account for
it's accuracy or truth as sinking below bitter depths,
causing suicide in the wake of nothing better this side of
life.

(7: 27 p.m. - 7/7/95)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wake To Reality

Time so precious, all hours we waste in morose feelings
of unreturned love, tears falling in front of us.

All through the night dreaming of unconditional love, yet
when we awaken they fall to the wayside.

Unrealized, grasping hold of our dreams, bringing them
into the light of day.

In doing so, it helps bring them to fruition right before
our eyes.

Why don't we at least try, for possibility lies within
each of us if we only wake to the recognition of reality
in our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wake Up Call

Listening to an upbeat melody driving my energy level
higher, giving a wake up call, starting to write.

No time to rest, rapid beats coming at me with the
speed of sound and light.

Arresting the tiredness that was upon me, now alert
and awake, enjoying being awakened.

Soothing rhythms, creating an atmosphere of delight,
pure in my mind as I write.

Loving the way this mind works, taking charge of my
being, dictating to it, keeping it vibrant.

Being vitally alive through music, beautiful and
enticing, soaring into the atmosphere this morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waking

Early morning coffee, waking to a new day
with no expectations in sight.

Just playing by ear, being spontaneous as
usual.

Loving surprises, taking them in stride
as I enjoy life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waking America

Steadily moving forward in spite of a backwards spiral taking
me into denizens of poverty once again, having water, electric
shut off, living essentially in a cave like centuries ago.

Isn't it great how our politicians have screwed us so badly,
that we don't even recognize our lives anymore, and some people
are voting for more of the same by voting for Hillary Clinton.

Such ignorant people in the U.S., voting for her because she's
a woman, big deal, she's nothing but a liar, thief, murderer
and traitor to our nation.

Wake up America, help us get our country back and make things
right again by voting for Donald Trump, a businessman for our
45th President, he can do what no one else can!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waking From A Deep Sleep

Running fast away from all the frightening aspects of the ending of this life.

Wanting to be held and loved just for myself and nothing else, waking from a deep sleep every day, looking for the sun to bring some peace, just seeing it rise before me every day.

Staying up all night just to watch it peek over the horizon and say good morning, loving it's gentle morning warmth and shining rays of illumination, showing me all of nature's creation.

Beautiful to behold, never letting the memories of this joyful peace get away from me in this little life of mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waking From A Dream

Such a good morning, waking from a dream with
a poem in my mind and tears in my eyes.

Getting up to write it down, turned on my music
and could not stop.

My pen flowing like the waterfall in my mind,
writing one poem after another.

Your sadness enveloping my thoughts, now still
writing poetically to you my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waking From Dreams

Waking from dreams, waltzing to melodies of nature
in wide open spaces of the desert.
Pleasant oasis' spread in areas befitting their
presence, showing off their beautiful pools of
water and palm trees.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waking From Sorrow

Having succumbed entirely to grief, not having
realized it through it's silent being always
standing in front of me.

Waking from it's surrendering sorrow, looking
about, realizing that the bad days have now
disappeared.

Emptiness is entirely empty, waiting to be
filled with a new life, reluctantly, slowly,
moving towards a new reality.

Now knowing there's nothing to be done but face
abandonment in life, finding a way to progress
in spite of the way I feel inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waking From Sorrow's Grasp

When grief is shared and spoken aloud,
it eases itself upon a shelf for a while,
allowing space to breathe and rest.

Waking from sorrow's grasp, peeking around,
seeing nature exploding in your soul with
love.

Life begins to become alive again for the
first time in quite a while, sharing it's
explicit joy throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waking Life

Sentimentality fills my being on this cold morning,
touching life caressingly, waking it from deepest
slumber held onto over night.

Watering down sorrow and easing it's pain through
dreams during twilight hours.

Whistling down lanes of yesterday, stirring up
erstwhile thoughts and using them today to astound
everyone with heartfelt poetry - singing it's song
of woe, until tomorrow springs forward with newly
acquainted forums.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waking Me

Pounding through exacting measures, feeling their power
penetrate my being, waking me to new endeavors and
meaning.

Taking away any strangling thoughts standing in the way
of my purpose in writing.

Likely stances of novel ideas forming and unfurling
with every ounce of brain waves, traveling in multi-
directions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waking Moments

Loneliness permeates every waking moment until
you start doing something to chase it away.
Focusing it away, letting it idle somewhere
else because I have more important life-meanings
to attend to right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waking Nature

Cool morning breezes gently shaking all of nature, telling it to wake up and enjoy the new day.

Birds cavorting gaily on the lawn, finding partners and falling in love, chirping, singing, bringing beauty to my sense of hearing.

Rolling hills of grass chasing over the dirt and becoming stuck delightfully in it, blue skies above, beckoning everyone to look to God.

In nature, finding beauty so often talked about, tiny hummingbirds flyfalling through the air.

Alighting a few seconds, here and there, tantalizing freshness of a brand new day, seeking out, reaching out to all who are aware of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waking Silently

Silently I wake from nightmares of sleep, disturbed
about what events have taken place.
Sleepily, I walk into the day's events, not caring
to know ahead of time what they will become.
Standing back, waiting for ocean waves of remorse
to take and pick me up, sending me floating to
distant surroundings where I can be content with
myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waking Souls

Mornings happen spontaneously,
arriving amid sunrises and,
awakening my soul to a brand
new prayer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waking Thoughts

Steady beating of rhythms capturing my mind with
their staccato sounding tempos.

Brilliant and satisfying to intellect, arousing
thoughts, waking them from their naps.

Getting them ready to play their chords into
poetical compositions for the arrival of prose,
waiting on the sidelines.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waking To A Beating Drum

Softening the lights, letting sadness take center stage, developing thoughts with beats of a drum, keeping pulses moving with drum rolls down the streets of interior attitudes.

Looking into mirrors of reflection at tears forming and being put into formulas of scientific equations.

Finding the sequence to be used in a healing form of medicine to be used for certain medical problems of the liver.

Intellect waking to the drum beats, seeing sadness standing alone, just a glimmer of hope that it will be proven to be the ending of it's beginning signs of intense grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waking To A Poem

Rocking into the afternoon, anticipating an entire
day of writing, having started from the seconds that
I actually woke up.

A poem sitting and waiting for my mind to awaken,
shining through on photographic screens, getting up,
writing it down fully just the way it came to me.

In this dream, eyes moistened with tears because it
was a sad one, buried in grief; rising, getting my
CD player, turning on my music, rhythm flowing.

Poems and poetry being drained from my mind on a
continual basis for the rest of the morning, no
stopping in sight.

Again, this afternoon, picking up my pen, continuing
to write poetically without any effort, a beautiful
way to exist.

Going through dreams and into the entire day, just
writing through my heart and soul, following many
thoughts as they meander through my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waking To Family Love

Expressions of children full of awe and wonder,
catching sight of Christmas cheer and beauty.
Touching everything that glitters or shines,
clapping with joy, excited about everything
they see.
Exploring their little worlds with curiosity
and touch, believing with an inborn faith that
all is well and Santa will soon visit, bringing
toys to all children throughout the world.
Sleeping at night with visions of peace and
goodness filling their minds and hearts.
Waking Christmas morning to a family of love,
confident of their places in the universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waking To Intensity Of Life

Thinking on another level, letting thoughts flow without interruption, enjoying concise meanings, filling me with an interior description of what it is my mind is seeing.

Profound and sublime, definitions are falling into this mind, qualifying everything seen in other dimensions and being written here on pages of a poetry journal.

Waking to the intensity of life as my mind follows trails through imaginative landscapes, allowing me to see many things and details that others never seem to catch or see.

Migrating ideas fly into intellect, settling into thinking processes and contributing as I write totally in a bluened atmosphere.

Tantalized by rhythms as they touch my mind succinctly, tenderly, soothing feelings and emotions while writing, taking them intellectually into realms to be written about without them taking over and confusing issues I'm trying to sort out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waking To Sounds

Waking to sounds of nature in imagination, hoping to
be calmed by their individual rhythms.
Somewhere along the way I've discovered that there
are many avenues to intellect and wisdom.
Following pathways eagerly into unknown territory,
fully realizing the importance of doing so.
Preparing the way, holding onto ideas as they openly
blossom to my mind's gentle touch.
Striving to keep up with the infinite aspects coming
and beginning into existence.
Contriving to blend all of it expectantly into a form
of esthetic knowledge, lengthening and widening into
volumes of literature as I suddenly take a turn and
find myself scientifically and mathematically in a
mire of calculations and formulas not seen or achieved
before.
Mixing together molten aluminum and concrete to
manufacture a new form of infinite variety and choice
to build homes and buildings with.
Strenuous calculation working to bring many more
abstractions into play with their opposites.
Simple formulas being invented to serve the purpose
of new materials to be formed and used in new ways to
help mankind in it's search of improving methods and
ideas for the better.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waking Up Earth

Writing into the sunrise, enjoying this new day
with a complacent feeling of joy.

Watching nature waking up earth and giving of
it's total essence for everyone to enjoy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walk With Rhythm

Taking a walk with rhythm in hand,
holding the melody with an aspiring beauty.
Guiding the way, leading a musical harmony
that elevates and touches the hearts of many.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking

Walking, walking, on and on.
Not wanting to stop or sit down.
Don't want anyone to catch up.
Just walk, think and forget
everything in the back of your mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking A Solitary Path

Walking a solitary path
on a solo journey.

To a perfection we must
always strive towards.

Even if we don't quite
make it here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Alone

Rhythms filling and taking away sorrow that exists
within me constantly throughout life.

Having learned how to exist through music, writing
and painting every moment I'm alive.

Keeping my mind focused even when my heart is devas-
tated and crying incessantly.

Walking alone through this life, missing those whom
I loved and are now gone forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Along Experiences

Rhythms beating and rocking steadily on pathways of enlightenment, strong and intense thoughts being precisely thought out through poetry in moments of time.

Walking along experiences of past life, yesterdays acting as reminders of what we've done and already been through together, thoughts rising from their aging memories like ghosts from the grave.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Among Shadows

Tears of sorrow flowing gently over mountainous emotions
standing in the way, feelings taking hold, easing tension.

Freely falling, taking sadness downhill as life learns how
to deal with loss and doubts of living without loved ones.

Through the years, walking among shadows, leaning towards
interior depths where lessons are to be learned and then
experienced in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Away

Walking away, leaving life to it's own devices, letting go once and for all.
Taking time to myself, holding it closely, keeping my heart and mind safe from outsiders.
Living alone, and never lonely within the caverns of my soul.
Delivering emotions and feelings to the front door of my mind, sating desires for peaceful shores on the path to everlasting eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Away From Love

Timid, shy, wondering what will happen in the silence of
this night of joy, will love be found, will it be able to
tame the desires that have filled me for so long.

Waiting, feeling sensations of love, yet hesitant to let
them overcome my being, afraid, like a virgin never hav-
ing tasted the flower blooming from another.

Letting it blossom within freely, not knowing what to ex-
pect, shyly looking, being silent, wondering what will
happen.

Will it finally come into my life at this last stage, all
these thoughts filling my mind as I mentally step back,
knowing it will remain outside of my being.

Not able to give myself again to another man, knowing only
that it would be the end of my freedom and independence,
walking away from this blooming love, having made a choice.

Never knowing how it would feel to be loved fully by a good,
decent man who truly loves me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Carefully

Guide me where I need to be, help me to achieve what it is
my life was given to me for.

Allow the sun to penetrate my being with your love forever,
so I may always be warmed by it.

Anticipating the mercy of your love, I pray and walk
carefully through a lifetime, just to be with you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Confidently

Walking confidently through life, feeling free and
independent, nothing holding me back.

Realistically knowing that intellect and creativity
are based within an inner spirituality that gives
energy totally to my being.

Never denying facts of innate wisdom and knowledge,
because they are fulfilled within spiritual realms,
not ordinarily known by all.

Finding images preparing intellect to accept the
details of inner purposes already being known to me,
interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Forward

Jumping into a charging brigade, not fearing death or it's consequences.
Walking forward, not knowing what is to come in the near future, but moving along anyway.
Desires rising, wanting to be sated, as rhythms fall before every sound made in unison with life and it's total commitment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Future Shores

Twist and shout, shuffle your feet and swing about.
Enjoy the agility of music as it limbers your mind and body, taking you into an atmosphere free of stress and problems for moments in time.
Watching sunsetical horizons as they loom ever nearer, looking forward to walking future shores in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Gently Into The Night

Dreams wander into our hours of sleep, waking our minds,
making us sensitive to experiences we live through.
Entering into realms of expansion, we create and extend
our horizons without imposing boundaries of any type.
Taking steps toward future peace, we walk gently into
the night without fear of what is to come next.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Head On

Wallowing in puddles of life, expecting nothing, knowing
that promises made will never be fulfilled for that is
the way of this earthly life.

Taking it as it comes, walking straight into it, head on,
gathering the strength that is needed to carry on through
daily life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Home

Watching him walking slowly along the narrow dirt road that
he helped make, going so slow, not caring too much if he
ever reaches his destination.

There are a lot of things to see on this road, most of
them material things that people just have to have to be
better or act better than their friends and relatives.

But he never sees them, he is blind to things that most
people want, finding joy and happiness in things that aren't
there, things that are not material, but spiritual, going
out of his way to find them.

Wearing his home on his back, having other people's friend-
ship for food, the universe for family and has God to guide
him.

Heaven is his goal, that's why he doesn't see anything bad
in people, that's why he doesn't want or care for material
things.

Staying in his shell not caring to emerge from it - except
to lend a helping hand to someone who needs help.

Why does he get so much satisfaction from helping others?
How does he live in his own little world by himself and
yet have everyone in the world as his best friend?

People don't understand a person when they love and care
about everyone.

Knowing him though from within, he'll stay in his shell
forever and won't mind what society thinks.

It's what he feels that makes a difference.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking In Moonlight

Twilight now upon us, soothing our beings from stress
of this day.

Suddenly we two are alone, walking in the moonlight,
not caring about anything, except one another.

Caressing our love, turning to one another, kissing
and hugging so intimately, yet respectfully.

Succinct and wonderful, loving taking our desires in-
to cubicles of feelings where we begin and end within
one another's beings.

Totally entwined and perfectly attuned to the love we
hold in our hearts and beings forever on earth, living
in harmony to the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking In Rhythmic Time

Life falling in step with music being played, it's funny how all of a sudden people are walking in time with rhythms as I'm watching them.

Antics of humanity filtering into intellect, given time in poetry every moment of life, thinking often of heaven, stepping into passages of time.

Being transported into another dimension where different modes of expressing imagery and landscapes are being seen, difficulties disappearing into nothingness, releasing stress.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking In Steps Of Yesterday

Listening to the lonely whistle of the train going
down the track, taking my life with it on lonely
solo journeys into tomorrow's past.
Walking in the steps of yesterday's beliefs, not
knowing what to do today as I lie on edges of
reality.
Afraid that I won't be able to be transported to
another land beyond what my mind can contend with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking In Time

Wringing hands in minds stressed out from the trials and sufferings of this life.

Taking everything and sitting in a rocking chair, worrying for nothing, because it is all out of our hands while here on earth.

Staying in place, walking in time, with no movement forward for the time being.

Stagnated by the effort being placed in worrying instead of finding answers to take to heart.

Not allowing the beauty of life to be touched by what you have found and blossomed within your mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking In Time With Tempos

Loving beats of this particular rhythm as it lies back among the cacti and desert landscapes, bringing us faithfully down life's paths.

Holding onto the hope that nature is filled with, enjoying this staccato beat while walking in time with it's tempos, looking about.

Seeing a fantastic desert right before this poetical sight, every single day, nothing to stress or cause harm, continuing to stroll alone, doing things poetically in my own way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Infinite Pathways

Walking infinite pathways of individual choosing,
searching for answers, trying to follow the ten
commandments as best as we can.

Living moral and ethical lives, trying to never
give in to temptation, lust or selfishness, knowing
they are only paths to destruction.

Our inner spiritual lives where God is always present
throughout the years, that is where we are treasured
by Him as we live in His world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Into A Sunrise

Walking into a sunrise, eyes wide open, expressing surprise at
another day of living, enjoying nature and it's beautiful land-
scapes.

Faith standing strong, hope ever rising, taking this mere poet
into surprising circumstances, creating miracles and bonding
closely to God.

Nothing in the way, contemplating and praying in moments of
silence and serenity, being fulfilled spiritually, tasting
heavenly aromas, seeing sounds of heavenly beauty.

Hearing wonderful colors spreading across heaven's atmosphere,
filling this being creatively and totally, able to write from
and in this exotic environment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Into Emptiness

Taking moments into my mind, watching them over and over
into the night, reliving all the feelings that went along
with them.

Finding no reasons or answers to why some have come to be,
loneliness gathering it's skirts, walking into an empti-
ness filled with abandonment.

Tears being kept in boxes of steel so they will not enter
our hearts, still filled with innocent desires that will
not dissipate or go away.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Into Passages Of Time

Beneath all the loneliness is a labyrinth of intense sadness that I can no longer confine.
Sending me into a cavern of phantom shadows from the past, rummaging around my mind, trying to illuminate what they are doing to me inside.
Gripping with a frozen fear that will not melt or thaw as I walk away into passages of time where no one else may follow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Into Sounds

Walking into sounds of intense music, feeling tempos
and beats filling my being, giving this mind an entic-
ing energy that never seems to quit or fade away.

Loving how music makes me feel, taking me soaring into
many dimensions, finding beautiful ideas and concepts,
bringing them to fruition through writing of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Into The Fire

Walking into the fire, staring at it's hot blaze,
not feeling it at all, just feeling embers of hope
and faith burning brightly within.

Promises of the Divine giving everlasting peace-
ful beauty, taking me beyond this universe and out-
er space, into another dimension.

There all will come together in rhythms of time
somewhere else on another horizon, still watching
the fire burning in my soul.

Enlightening senses held within, sensations into
a poetical interlude, writing incessantly, plac-
ing poems quietly in rows like flowering roses.

Growing interiorly into my mind, nourished and
nurtured by intellect with ideas stemming from
reality's imagination.

Hard times, stress, worry, all of it now taken away
in depths of my soul, living in the serenity of the
Divine solely and defiantly.

Feeling peace and freedom now filling me entirely,
loving this solace, can't live without it on this
earth, my being is a solitary entity in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Into The Future

Wandering through the desert, watching the sun go in and
out behind storm clouds.

Wind picking up, blowing dust throughout and getting in
my eyes, turning to avoid it, still walking forward and
into the deafening wind as it begins to kick up more.

Now feeling some drops of rain, knowing that soon I will
be drenched while walking into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Into Zones Of Pleasure

Touching this mind so temptingly with it's perfect and exciting tempos, delivering me fully into poetical lyrics filling this mind.

Reaching out and into depths of a wonderfully beautiful passion where many desires are climbing higher in this interior space filled with love.

A vibrant wonder of love and it's awesome patterns of enticing and total surrender of my whole being to tempos and rhythms as they incessantly rock me into the future.

Fulfilling every wish and desire through the love you continue to give to me, always being filled with your joy, laughter and unconditional love.

Wandering forever into the zones of pleasure that always opens to intellect through music and poetry when loving you, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Parallel Paths

Love taking a back seat when another is grieving for
the love of their lives.

Not being able to help how one feels about another,
heart falling totally in love.

Giving it's all to another who can't even see the
signs right before them.

Sorrow having draped over their minds only, hiding
everything from their sight.

An equal sorrow happening with a person's heart who
has fallen in love with a person who is grieving.

Now two individuals walking parallel paths, never
being able to be happy even when together.

Unless one day the coverlet of sorrow is lifted and
that heart suddenly sees and meets with the heart of
that other person at long last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Sandy Shores

Sandy shores along a river bank below, reminding me of days gone by, walking down it's miles, looking out towards the ocean.

Feelings taking me along abandoned moments when life was so simple and easy, catching at my heart, soul crying for those quiet and beautiful times of private serenity.

Secrets kept deep inside, no one being wiser, just the heartfelt thoughts that keep me company even now on lonely and vacant nights, alone, walking in my mind on sandy shores forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Silently On Clouds

Soaring across the sky, walking silently on clouds, white and
fluffy in imagination, finding a child-like wonder abounding
in images while enjoying this innocent pure idea of life.

Continuing to grow and mature, yet never leaving behind this
wonderful and exciting inner child within, keeping me alive
and vibrant all through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Slowly

Reaching indefinitely for some semblance of serenity, wanting to walk slowly through life, seeing and experiencing nature and discovering it's secret mysteries.
Wondering how flowers can grow into so many colors, varieties and scents, pleasing all senses of being human.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Sticks

Walking sticks carrying
nature into depths.

Charging it with a
particular emphasis as
it appears in ink, well
on it's way to prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking The Dogs

Sitting in front of my house listening to music and writing
as the sun continues to set on the western horizon.

A motorcycle with a man perched straightly upon it comes
slowly riding by with two big poodles running and racing to
keep up with him.

An around the block journey to get his two animals some much
needed exercise; yes, this is how he walks his dogs every
night after work.

A very ingenious way to ride his motorcycle and take care
of his animals.

Knowing they are enjoying it with ears flopping and tails
wagging, barking with excitement as they run exhilaratingly
around the block past my house where I am still writing
about it in this poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Through Earthly Foliage

Feeling love surrounding me inside and out, touching heart and mind throughout life, memories and sharing unconditional love with that someone very special.

A modicum of joy and happiness, keeping us integrated and focused on each other, walking through the foliage of this earthly life.

Seeing the beauty of nature, love, family and friends, taking lasting pictures of every detail if lucky enough to have a photographic memory.

If not, remembering what can be seen in a limited mind, feeling the essence of another through divine love and caring, living in an earthly paradise.

Being held in one another's arms, kissing, making love and living to ensure the happiness of each other as best as we are able.

Then in the end, dying, leaving everything we had behind on empty shores where we no longer exist or reside, only thing we give our loved ones then is grief, loneliness and an empty heart, a mind full of memories we can no longer live.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Through Intellect

Intransigent thought meting out it's illustrious volume,
taking me for walks through intellect, seeing and feeling
things I've never before seen or felt.
A new avenue, a straightened pathway through intelligence
and into wisdom's realm.
Long awaited I quickly speed up the pace, wanting to get
to the basis of it's process, so I can learn to emulate
and put forth my own ideas, melding them together, coming
up with totally unique meanings and definitions for the
past and bringing them into the future, trying them on at
last.
Filled fully with the curiosity of a little child in a
grown-ups mind, quite a combination all wrapped up in one,
waiting to be tapped and looked deeply into.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Through Life

Walking across the desert of childhood, still listening to
a little transistor radio as I quietly went my way alone
each day.

Being engulfed in the sanctity of nature's innocence, being
kept safe by the presence of God's angels, fluttering always
beside me wherever I walked in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Through Music

Delicate and intense, walking through music along inner shores of another horizon, beauty and a vibrant energy continuing to fill this intellect.

Many ideas flowing from an interior waterfall, pacing themselves with rhythms as they flow through this mind effortlessly and generously.

Touching every particle of being as they continue to pass moments of life through imagination and reality, landing in lines of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Through The Desert

Yesterday comes alive again in Cher's song gypsy and thieves, waking many memories of joy as I walked though the desert on the way to high school.
So talented, a woman who sang about life and the world of relationships.
No where else in the universe could I listen to a private concert just for my pleasure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Together

Brightness of the twilight hanging in the sky above,
lighting the footpaths as we wend our way through
the darkness.

Together, walking through the misty moonlight to
destinations unknown as yet, just strolling along,
talking and enjoying our time alone together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Towards Endings

Sweeping across lone pathways of an interior intellect,
posing questions and finding answers throughout life.

Energizing and living a spiritual essence, born within,
walking towards endings of this world.

Knowing there's nothing to be done except to accept it's
acquiescence to death alone.

Moments that step into the future of a death that is in-
evitable, enlivening my spirit with thoughts of entering
heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walking Trails Of Wildlife

Walking through the desert on trails of wildlife that
already live there and have worn a path they use every
day.

Loving to know that I am following their innate knowledge
to places they roam also, looking into the brush, trees
and along sides of where I am walking.

Learning of their escapades by what they happen to leave
behind them, nature and wildlife being spontaneous and
lively.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walkway Of Eternity

Rose-colored sky, introducing a new sunset, setting on the horizon.

Bringing with it thoughts of lost romance and dreams, tears frozen in time, waiting to thaw and flow into pools of remorse.

Shadows gathering in requiem masses, unheard of in our dimension, yet apparent in the darkness anyway.

Walking along walkways of eternity, being solaced only by promises of everlasting life in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walkways Of Future Destiny

Whistling down walkways of future destiny, happily
jaunting to rhythms of interior laughter.

Smiling inwardly, cantering to a joy instilled
through peaceful awakening.

Alliterating, cavorting with rhyming circling in
my mind, lasting and beautiful, a mood filled with
unanticipated happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walkways Of My Mind

Beginning exercises are lifting me into new heights of life
where I can solve my identity and release the old ways.

Wanting to be explored and met, never to let go of inner
self again, little by little, coming into my own, leaving
the past in a darkened closet that will no more be opened
in this life.

Searching walkways of my mind, watching nature blossom
fully as I pass by, hoping to become part of it's same
essence also.

Creating and dissecting what I have always known, finding
beauty sitting silently and patiently in the park on a
bench.

Opening up my heart, letting the essence of this novel
approach fill me with it's absolute totalness, and resting
in the arms of solace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walkways Of Sorrow

Patterns of light shadowing walkways, leading
bereavement into the light of existence and reality.
No longer dedicated to taking back seats, instead,
moving forward and speaking from shadows of inner
sorrow and remorse.
Life fans across many aspects and forms, beginning
and ending in the arms of love.
Preparing ways, gently prodding sorrows of death out
into the open.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wall Of Steel

Sorrow held tightly wound deep down inside.
Walking, thinking of nothing - feeling nothing.
Looking without - teardrops glisten everywhere, lying
about on the grass for everyone to see.
Seeing tears, yet not shedding tears, because a thick
wall of steel has been erected all around, protecting
a vulnerable human being.
Staring out at the tears, there is no feeling connected
to them.
Tears belong to someone else, they are not to be claimed.
Standing away from life, unable to surmount it's growing grief, a self alone -
where once there was a human being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walling Sentiments

Gathering pillows of regret, setting them upon a couch of memories, hoping they'll mesh and find an empathy weighing upon my heart.
Solace doesn't come easily, I sit and contemplate every angle seen in poetic lights.
Walling sentiments on edges of mountainsides, balancing them with breaths of air as they escalate in meaning, melding together with an abbreviated symbol of love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walls Of Destiny

Awareness on another level is contemplative in nature.
Windows open unto vast expanses of unfounded reality,
pummeling it to the ground.
Uncharacteristic mind realms fight constantly for new directives,
falling short of tranquil prosperity.
Likened aspects foray for special attention awaiting the fortitude
of another blightful day.
Shadows casting their grayness upon the walls of destiny, letting
go of the fate held in yesterdays hands.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walls Of Division

Walls of division stand between attitudes of others as
they try and knock them over, wanting me to do things
like they want me to.

Never giving in to their incessant demands, standing
firm and watching as they walk away, while living in
satisfaction of an inner atmosphere.

Enjoying creativeness of my being, filled with joy of a
never-ending freedom and independence coming from spirit-
uality within this interior life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walls Of Eternity

Walking the walls of eternity, drinking in sights along the way; memorizing every detail to bring with me on the journey home.
Carefully stepping from one brick to another in middle-age, then gingerly holding a cane in one hand as a senior citizen.
As the wall narrows down toward the end, no room to push a wheelchair or stretcher, taken off and placed in a coffin - finally pushed into a hearse, awaiting burial.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walls Of Grief

In between grief and grieving right now.

Afraid to share the past burden of it
because I know there will soon be a fresh
new wave of grief upon me.

Knowing not when it will be, I hide inside,
staying behind the walls of grief - knowing
soon, I will be grieving.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walls Of Information

Finalizing egyptian symbols of life as we translate meanings
into languages we can understand and learn from.

Easing ourselves into wells of information, we derive situations
never reached from beyond our scope, as we attempt to scale a
multitude of mountainous verses without safety nets or ropes
keeping us from falling.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Walls Of Intellect

Pictures hanging on walls of intellect, portraying all
of life that's been experienced through the years, an
interior driving force taking me totally into visions
and futures of tomorrow.

Existing in a framework, void and silent, able to do
anything to help self, time touching this being with
a sincere and caring attitude, able to do everything
that's wanted in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waltzing Across My Heart

Smoothly hanging onto lasting memories of life that
have meaning and vibrant energy.

Listening to wonderful and exhilarating music, going
back in time with an intense feeling of inner love.

Touching me interiorly, emotions and desires rising
ever higher throughout the night.

All the silent beauty I've seen comes fruitfully into
my existence, free of hate and filled with melodies.

With harmonies standing out upon an interior skyway,
waltzing across my heart touching me with peace.

Your love tantalizes mine with your desires, exhilarating
me forever throughout the years we have together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waltzing In Syllables

Waltzing into syllables of poetry, taking words by the
hand, sliding into sentences of perfect meanings.

So totally euphoric and tantalizing, beginning and
ending in each and every melody.

Tones airily filling this mind, taking me above into
blue skies.

Floating and soaring with the clouds on a stormy night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanda

Quiet, gentle, dealing with life's trials,
faithfully moving forward, enjoying times
that come her way.

Being with family, celebrating her birthday,
capably being entertained by her good friend.

Hoping her day was a memorable one in every
respect and she's able to look forward to
the next one.

In all aspects of life she does her best
to take control, steering herself as well
as she can towards hopeful outcomes with
faith in God.

Happy Birthday Wanda, from your friend
along life's road, a poet documenting your
day of birth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wandering Alone

Alone in a vast desert, sitting, staring, from a distance
at an ancient ruin.
Contemplating the years, swiftly flowing past, huddled in
a shadow, away from life's storms.
Contented - in a lonely way - with what life has left
behind, wandering quietly on sands, waiting for the
hereafter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wandering Alone Forever More

Take me back to yesterday's front porch so I can
sit and meditate on thoughts of family and God.
Soothing my soul, easing it's grief through
silent prayer, I reminisce as my mind wanders
alone into forevermore horizons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wandering And Locating

In a cloud of my own, floating above today,
contented with letting life pass by, doing
whatever it wants to.
Watching skies of blue, wandering in my mind,
locating things to write about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wandering Around

An oldie but goodie now being played, riding up and down
in the saddle, wandering around, watching whatever comes
into view.

Staying closely to the skirts of melodies, dancing with
rhythms going in all directions, taking life on a journey
alone into depths of another universe far from this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wandering Deserts

Silent and composed, wandering deserts of my soul, seeing the heartache and sadness that has always been with me, holding my hand and heart.

Walking on and not looking back, having chances in life to make it through, steadily walking on, seeing the light shining directly in front of me all the time.

Knowing that all will be behind me eventually as I continue to step in time with the rhythms of life and nature always guiding and leading me past evil and sin.

Keeping temptations from grasping my soul or mind, staying on the path leading to God and heaven in the end, knowing that my purpose has been fulfilled honestly and loyally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wandering Down Aisles

Rushing into the foray, watching placement of many notes into other rhythms not normally given in these tunes of melodies.

Wanting to put aside the qualities of whatever happens to appear in doorways of each musical hallway, wandering down aisles of some other times.

Nothing else coming close to the steps of materialistic pleasure, that are coming into focus off and on.

Cutting across many deserts through life, not having paths to circuit around them, always finding their way on any given day in another world, standing back from lines in prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wandering Down Lines

Listening to songs of old, loving to hear them again in senior years.
Adequately being entertained with a rising of my spiritual heritage through musical aptitude.
Wandering down all the lines, attaching myself to every threaded note eliciting sounds of every tone.
Beautiful sight as I read each sheet of music in tandem with poetical verses, written here for all to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wandering Earth's Poetry

Lonesome and tired of being alone at times, wandering
earth in a bubble of loneliness, sorrow tripping us up
every step of the way.

Listening to our hearts beat, thoughts swimming around,
alighting on the nib of a pen, being written into poems
for all to read one day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wandering Freely

Mellowing within the confines of sweet melodies, letting
them blossom and flourish through intellect as I write
poetry.

Mind dancing to it's rhythms, feeling the freedom of in-
dependence, fulfilling my being, taking me away from this
earthly realm.

Letting me wander freely into other areas of my brain where
new universes open up, beckoning me to explore them, wonder
and awe filling my mind and intellect fully.

Awakening curiosity to it's surroundings, letting it soar
into the bluened light of the Divine alone and unafraid
until morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wandering Into The Unknown

Being sick and tired of everything in this life, wanting
to be with you only.

Where have you gone, my love, this night I am lying in
the many shadows not even existing.

Death has taken away their feelings also, leaving them
forlorn and bereft.

Wandering their way into the unknown along with my sad
heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wandering Lengths Of Rhythm

Galloping through measures of altitude, climbing mountains with the accuracy of a delicate instrument.

Holding onto the foot and handholds of acquiescent solitude, looking down canyons and ravines at the beauty being kept and hidden secretly within depths of picturesque scenery.

Never being taken out to look at, just keeping it where only I can see and express it into many volumes of poetry.

Never minding the wind-torn gusts always tearing, ripping the pictures unduly from their places on walls where they've been hung for centuries, never staking their claims on earth, even though they have every right to do so.

Wandering lengths of outlasting rhythms, finding so many interesting manifestations situated in the middle of my soul's inner deserts.

Unholily recognizing priceless worth of what I'm writing in such wonder and awe without giving in one iota.

Incessantly continuing without stopping or pausing for even a moment in time.

Realizing that existence is over in just moments of time as they end suddenly in a song of rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wandering Lost Pathways

Tiptoeing through music, finding the way through rhythms that never lead anyone astray.
Keeping stride together, evenly being matched on earth.
Wandering lost pathways, finding only trails kept in empty promises of eternal despair.
Raising fidelity to levels of yesterday's missing beats, left out mistakenly from long-standing music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wandering Meanings

Wandering amid noises and reverberations,
combining themselves into words for songs,
carrying tunes into all-important meanings
for people of all ages.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wandering Mind

Standing watch, looking for endless roads, wanting to set out on new adventures.

Sitting instead, upon a rock, contemplating nature, turning inward, finding strength, trying to misplace it, not wishing to disturb inner tranquility and perception of silent serenity.

Folding hands, wandering mind, producing dream-like states, writing, feeling good, becoming what I am.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wandering Musical Paths

Thankful for thoughts floating past like fish under water.

Submerged, deeply fulfilling inner needs, leading into walks of life not yet followed.

Always searching for the unsearchable, leaving trails towards new and exciting destinations all to myself.

Wandering musical paths to literate adventures, finding always, prose upon an indelible, open mind.

Finding in ends of days, solace and communion with our Lord.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wandering Off-Key

Mind wandering off-key with a singer who can't keep a tune.
Hurting my perfect pitch, I dive deeper into my soul so I
can write without hearing him.
Just concentrating on the music as it's rhythms are played
in unison.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wandering Reason

Lightly walking, floating as if on air, wandering many
stories of subconscious reasoning.

Purposely looking behind each closed door, hoping to find
something special of my own.

Reflecting in mirrors through the ages, rooms of wisdom
and genius, contemplating life's mystery and wonder on
the hearth of brightness.

Sacred posing from depths of total being handled with
care and gentle breeding.

Sacrificing iotas of daily existence to live on shores
of golden sand, silenced by peaceful whisperings of
distant love.

Gently falling within, listening to the bells ringing out
freedom of unconscious renderings.

Holding on tightly to the reverberations of quivering souls,
touching one another in serene passing, touching so
quintessimately, the heart and soul of God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wandering Soul

What is left after death?
Pictures, images of things you did, people you were with.
Deep sadness expressed in tears, voice choked with sorrow.
Life for you has ended and somehow I am expected to go on?
Will peace ever find it's way into my life or will this
disharmonious grief be always with me?
As if a thousand miles away, yet I am still here beside
you.
But, it's only a memory that I can hold for a little
while before it fades again from sight - another day and
time to behold.
One memory leads to another until I can hold no more,
then without realizing where they've gone - they have
stopped.
Loss is so devastating - so alone.
It feels like a dark closet that I cannot find my way
out of.
A desert at night, and I am a wandering soul upon it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wandering The Future

Lost, in a maze of querulous events, wondering what will be going on in the future.
Taking steps over many trials, interpreting choices in split-second decisions, hoping for the best.
Tenderly enjoying facets of minute events as I wander about future horizons, looking for past recreations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wandering Through This Poetical World

Walking up the side of a mountain in my mind, even though
it's across the street from me, writing of it's effects
upon my soul as I listen to music.

Wandering through this poetical world, freely and simply,
it's bigger than the world I live in, having many other
dimensions and universes opening automatically to intellect.

So pure, nothing to pollute it because no one else can enter
into it's realms, innocence and purity belonging only to me
as long as I live.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanderlust Of Mind's

Tantalizing melodies airing themselves in an atmosphere of other times.

Wondering about the wanderlust of minds that are filled with desires of a lifetime.

Where can they be absorbed or dealt with safely - somewhere in a labyrinth that has been placed inside realms of another dimension.

Songs being sung into the heaven of this and other strange testimonies in other-worldly places - stuck in outlandish times of tomorrow's perfect space.

In the fastest steps of beats being played on sides of rhythms, they fall into screams of other people's hearing, latent screams never being heard until they are written in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waning Strength

Chords flowing up and down, taking me into the
shadows of being, leaving me there alone, to
fend for myself.
Looking within, seeing a waning strength
holding out it's hand, wanting to help me to
rise above reality in expectations and latent
promises.
Tomorrow may never become, and I may disappear
into the night in silent wonder of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting

Staying hungry for truth, learning innately through intellect, adding wisdom and knowledge to a repertoire of accumulated facts and data.

Inquisitive, always asking questions, wanting to know everything I possibly can before dying forever to it all here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting A Miracle

Picking up pieces of my heart, broken by incessant heart-
ache that continues to rip me apart, wanting a miracle
to be created, to heal a true and close friend I love.

With all my heart, being here with him day and night as
he goes through the difficulties of living, I stay by
his side through it all.

Looking only for positive things in life, not wanting to
hear the negative ones, for they will destroy both of us
and the hope we have for a miracle.

At times faith, hope, love and prayer are just not enough
to keep someone alive and life is ended with tears of love
in spite of what we had wanted.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting An Everlasting Kiss

Wanting to experience an ever-lasting kiss before
dying.

One that will touch my lips gently, delving into
my interior so sensitively.

Finally exploding in a rush of excitement, giving
a rush of never before felt love from another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting Answers

Totally living fully, every single moment, morally and ethically throughout this life, finding and exploring everything that I can.

Being curious, all things taunting my mind, wanting answers to whatever I question, never letting down my inquisitiveness.

Forever wanting to learn, discover, explore every new experience and sating curiosity while doing so, never stopping, always on a continuous quest through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting Continuous Music

Wanting continuous music as I write, when the band stops
I keep going, not letting any pause or rest interfere
with what I'm doing.

Gladly accepting every single note from each venue, into
a poem of musical aptitude.

Knowing that poetry will never be the same when I do
listen to two or more bands playing into my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting Everything Now

Verses keep being compiled,
never stopping while music is playing.

Violins sounding through my brain,
stir thoughts wildly about, reminding
me of when I was younger, wanting to
know everything now.

Always being curious and attempting
to fathom out reasons for everything
being in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting Explanations

Settling into a rhythm of pure love, wanting explanations
to be given explicitly in prose.

Loving and giving, going hand in hand down aisles of many
marriages, being tuned into to one another.

Stretching legs, prancing through forests filled with pine
scents lingering inside a mind.

Leaving nothing to chance, rearing up and stopping to camp
overnight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting Freedom

Reaching for the stars, getting star dust in my eyes.
Now just seeing the bright parts of life's essence.
A joyous priority of tonight's love, giving up heart
and soul, letting love consume and capture me for
once.
How long, I can't say, maybe just for now we can be
together, I don't know.
Not wanting to be tied down or reined in by anyone,
Just living an existence, a solo journey that I'd
always prefer to take alone.
No more room for anyone else, I just can't take
having my space invaded - I need so much more room,
that it's better if I go it alone, don't you think
so too?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting Happiness

Entertaining thoughts of fantasy, wanting to feel
happiness from within, instead of watching tele-
vision or something else.

Creating different pictures that will make me smile,
sensing the mirth lying lazily on edges of conscious-
ness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting Life To Be Known

Pounding incessantly upon this brain, wanting to open it
ever wider to take in so much more than ever before, wanting life to be known from the inside out.

Not leaving any details to the imagination, bringing about
an energy that captures every moment as they creep silently
into this mind.

Awaiting sounds of color, increasing them with notes of living in a world of sensations that never ceases, wanting to
express them consistently and precisely one after another.

A lengthy solo, a sonata of beautiful thoughts and ideas to
be written into poetry for the entire world to read and share
with one another.

A wonderful and invigorating way to expand literature for
the world one day, just through the writing of it on pages
of poetry journals daily.

Without ever stopping to think about it, producing a monumental mountain of prose in a mere poet's life while constantly watching interior photographic videos within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting Love In Return

Living in misery, lonely and forlorn, wanting to
love someone who will love me fully in return.

Hearts that fit together, beating in synch, living
for one another and no other.

Caring, laughing, teasing, loving, finding a life
of desires within each other throughout our lives.

Springing fountains of an eternal love, exhilarat-
ing, exciting and thrilling us when we're together.

Everywhere we go in life, enjoying being together,
our love continues to blossom forever in our hearts.

A life of beauty as long as we're together, side by
side, loving one another and no other through life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting Me

Sitting on sidelines of life, living closely to nature,
finding that it's silent beauty matches my interior life
spiritually.

Looking into the atmosphere, seeing you, my love, wait-
ing for me to come to you willingly, hoping that I'll
give myself to you completely.

Your love continually beckoning me into your arms, for-
ever promising safety and unconditional love, wanting
me so badly that you find it physically painful at times.

Wanting me all to yourself, maybe one day we will be to-
gether, but for now I must spend life alone through my
writing and music.

Loving you with all my heart and soul, knowing one day
you and I will be one, my dear, for our love keeps on
drawing us closer with each passing day we're apart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting More

Slicing through the tenderness of our beings, getting to the core of our nature as we divulge our secrets to each other.

Tantalizing and titillating, always having our bodies wanting for more of what we can give to each other through love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting More Out Of Life

Living dies a little each moment we live our lives, although we rarely if ever think of it, going our way, doing what we choose and love to do every day.

Making a living, working to care for our families, having whatever pleasure we can find in times of little leisure, wanting so much more out of life.

Yet our government keeps tightening it's control, forcing unfair rules, laws, regulations and ordinances upon us just to keep us under their thumbs as they get richer and more corrupt every moment and we continue to get poorer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting Only To Be Free

Selecting categories of life where I can learn more
intensely, finding things that I want to know.

Details throughout nature build themselves into
beautiful pictures and landscapes I find dreams in.

At times setting goals of where to go from here,
leaving senses out to be touched incessantly.

Wanting only to be free to create whatever I want
through an imaginative intellect.

Holding it closely so as not to lose any bit of
it in this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting Out

Reality biting me hard,
causing facilitation of pain and nausea to keep attacking me,
which is causing concern because I want to get out of the hospital and on my way to rehab and home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting Perfection

Intellectually manifesting thoughts of idealism in life,
wanting everything to be perfectly written, understandable
and making sense.

It is a near-impossibility, we can only come just so close
to ideals in our mind, because we are only human, we fail
at the very last moment and cannot attain the perfection
we so patently derive in our minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting Protection

Pilfered shadows, standing alone, along the highway,
bereft of honor and dignity.

Stretched beyond endurance in many ways, fighting a
losing battle against the elements of winter.

Castrated before the last rays of daylight, praying,
heads bowed, to the creator to protect them through
the long, cold night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Be Alone

Heading down another pathway, choosing to be alone
for a while.

Understanding will penetrate, I will gain knowledge,
pray for wisdom and come back to family and friends.

Holding them ever dearer and closer to my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Be Away

Recklessly writing of what I want to do in this life.

Running away, flying, sky diving and racing cars,
whatever deathtraps are being laid for me.

Being born to escape all the journeys put upon me by
others in life.

Wanting constantly to be away from everything, running
as fast as I can from the boredom of living in latent
postures of someone's opinions.

Moving cautiously around places where they always trap
me in their devices and concepts of what I should be
doing.

Escaping into pastures of my mind, relaxing, writing
and taking time just the way it's liked to be.

Happily, having the existence I've always wanted,
touching placid feelings, making them come to the
forefront of thoughts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Be Free

Puppies crying, whimpering out of loneliness, only wanting to play and be free outside the confines of a wire fence.

Longing to be petted and loved, lying there, waiting for their owner to wake up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Be Hidden

Quietly saddling up to go into deepest forests, camping in the high country, alone, wanting to be hidden away inside the wilderness.
Taking precautions to not let anyone know where I was going to be.
Sensing all of nature, becoming the person I am inside, filled with beautiful music, poetry and art, contemplating each one in their own time.
Not leaving any stone unturned as I call to the soothing whispers within.
Giving out solutions to all problems that have been pursuing me through the years of being true to self while writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Be Reckless

Noises deep within are begging to be let loose so they can
fly away.

Strangling on their chokened dust, raw beneath their throats,
swearing at innermost barriers keeping it all quelled up.

Wanting to be reckless - ruining the images of nicety just
for the fun of it.

Pouncing on every thought to let it go, action just won't
take hold and kick it out, so lying there it is full of doubt.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Be Separated

Falling into depths of another life, one where I
have no failings, ailments or pain.

No one ever hurting or being cruel or intolerant,
a fascinating place of origin created within when
just a child.

Wanting to be separated from other's lives so I
could be accepted as myself, finding what was
needed to survive in this hateful world.

Being what I wanted most without any interference
from anyone else, raising self, having a grand
time when alone and inside myself.

Nothing to stop or mar thinking, no one to make
me change ideas or thoughts in exchange for theirs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Be Tethered

Reassuring rhythms finding their way into poetry
that I'm writing daily.

Picturing insatiable times as they reach intellect,
collecting hues and colors of rainbows after a rain.

Beauty taking my mind into reaches of another realm,
where life meets with an atmosphere of curiosity and
intelligence.

Rocking to the knowledge of an inner knowing, growing
with spiritually through subconsciousness, leaving me
along edges of rhythm.

Picking up picture puzzle pieces, scattered around
intellect, wanting to be tethered in this world of
musical beauty with poetry being held up to the light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Be Unhindered

Being held captive, unable to get free, anger building within for I want to walk away without any bars holding or keeping me from doing so.

Pacing, growing angrier at the situation for my soul wants to travel through this life unhindered, going wherever I want to.

Being pressured to stay indoors, yet I want to be with nature doing what is needed to keep my being happy and filled with joy.

Listening to music and writing now, attempting to calm self within, but without the freedom my soul needs, finding only despair.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Cause Mischief

Calmly, filled with a quiet vibrant energy, guiding me
through this new day.

Feeling inner senses and desires rising, wanting to take
over and give me pleasure.

Wanting to feel the sensations very much, writing and
being tantalized by every single note being played.

Attuning my mind to tones and sounds of an inner life,
giving intellect the power to create whatever I choose.

Combing ideas and thoughts selectively, deciding to do
things ordinarily not done just for the fun of it.

Feeling mischievous and devilish, wanting to cause mis-
chief, thinking of different things to do.

Knowing that they will shock people that know me, because
normally I am quiet and shy.

People forgetting most of the time that still waters run
deep, and I am very deep within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Climb Stairs To Heaven

Looking down, scanning the skyways, watching clouds
float along, some of them being blended together,
others in single file, sliding slowly across the
heavens.

Beautiful nature, softening intellect as I look
above, wanting to climb the stairs of heaven to be
among them.

Wanting to be able to look down upon earth and see
what they see, living in the present, interpreting
the loveliness that I will be seeing from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Cuddle

Heart being pulled in different directions, emotions being
lit, desires sparking intensely and deeply within.

Wanting to be held and closely loved, wanting nothing more
than to just cuddle with the one I love.

Not wanting to have any sexual satisfaction, just the
generous quieting of desires built ever so thickly.

Not wanting to be let go for as long as I want to be kept
in this ecstatic comfort of another human being filled with compassion and love
for me only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Escape

Screaming, yelling, silently within, unable to let it
go out loud.

Enticing thoughts, wanting to let them escape, but not
finding a way to do so yet.

Wondering why it is so, never finding any answers or
ways to let myself go.

In control always, afraid for some reason to just say
the hell with it and be free of this thing placed on
me since childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Experience Love

Lying between the sheets, our legs wrapped around each
others, being so closely aligned in bed.

Our love flowing steadily back and forth as we breathe
in and out in rhythm, totally in synch with one another.

A comforting feeling, embracing us so fully as we live
our lives together, loving and taking care of each other.

Fully aware of desires rising within, igniting them and
drawing us closer, wanting to experience our love entirely.

Love between us having captured our minds, hearts and
souls right from the very first moment we met and fell
in love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Feel

Going crazy with delight, dancing in my mind as music
elevates my being into the stratosphere.

Living in powers of inner strength, loving it's feelings,
never wanting to trade them for anything.

Never being lonely as I watch sidelines of the dance floor,
taking self into outskirts of pleasure and back inside once
again, wanting to feel the special love of yours tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Fly To India

Jets taking off and landing, taking people all over the
world, yet here I am in a parking lot, broken down, sit-
ting in the burning sun of an Arizona desert afternoon.

Thinking and writing, wanting to fly to India to see won-
derful sights I've been told of by my friend in Calcutta,
dreaming of finding a way to get there.

A lasting wish providing the impetuous to keep me living
yet a while longer, exploring details I've been given and
feeling the thrill of being there, even though I'm not yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Know

Walking on a crooked path, leading me into forests and jungles alone and unafraid.

Wanting only to know what kind of habitats existed for those who wanting to be alone in this environment.

Doing what they want without any interruptions, loving peace they can calmly learn what they want to know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Let Go

Wicked and mysterious, impossible situation, wanting
to know the name of the game you are playing.

Are you really in love with me as you proclaim to
your family and close friends?

Or is it just a game you're playing to keep me hanging
on your every word.

Having to know the actual truth of where your heart
lies, unsure of whether I should trust you or not.

Your smile, laughter and voice send my heart singing
throughout the day.

Yet doubts creep in when you don't talk or Skype me
like you used to.

Wanting so much to let go and believe in your total
and unconditional love.

It is such a new experience, never have I known a love
like yours nor have I ever loved anyone like I love you.

Just have to know if I can trust in you totally and
completely without any doubts.

My heart says I can, but my mind says, 'I don't know',
because of the hell I've been through before.

Please just tell and show me, come for me, let me know
once and for all.

Wanting to live with you happily, and wanting to have
your love forever within my heart and mine in yours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Move Forward

Aimlessly wandering into an early morning sun, shining down upon earth, awakening it with a wondrous warmth and coziness.

Laboring daily, attempting to go beyond the normal, wanting to pass by everything in the past, and move forward into the future.

Slowly and carefully finding the only route open to those who have tried, hoping to take the final step into another prospect from within out to life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Share

Meeting others on the road of life, selflessly wanting to share our goodness, innocence and purity with them, for they are just like us in many ways.

Sincere in our attempts at friendship, extending our hearts and hands, welcoming everyone into our lives, no matter their situations or circumstances.

We are all particles and fibers of humanity, we all make a difference on this earth, everyone matters and should always be valued no matter what.

Hatred, violence, intolerance and prejudice should be silenced, evil needs to die throughout our entire world so we can all enjoy life and peace amongst one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Stay Home

Another day rolling away in taxi cabs,
going to destinations all over town,
just to see my many doctors.

Getting so tired of visiting them,
receiving treatments, changes of
medicines, tests and more surgeries.

Just wanting to stay at home,
listening to music and writing out of
my heart, seeping into other people's
lives when they read my poetry.

Elating my senses no end, with this
knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Walk Away

Socializing, treading water as idle conversations are being carried on, wanting only to be free to write endlessly.

Wasting time, trying to be polite when all's I want to do is walk away, find a little corner and sit with pen and paper to write.

So restless, feelings of aimlessness falling within when having to socialize instead of writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Write

Solitarily sitting outside, attempting to sit and write
in peace and quiet.

Yet, someone seeks me out and enters into a conversation
that I'm not a party to.

Accepting the inevitable, being polite to the nth degree,
hoping they got the hint that I want to be alone to write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting To Write One Last Poem

Looking down at my body, draped with a white sheet,
wires, needles, and hospital bracelets.
Exasperated with these circumstances time and again,
just wanting to write one last poem of goodbye and
expire.

(4/19/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting Tomorrow

Tomorrow is too far away at times, wanting it to come today,
because there are too many difficulties at hand.

Time cannot be hurried or slowed down, it flows at it's own
mathematical pace and answers to no one.

Drifting helplessly in moments of today, restless, looking
forward to another day.

Hoping it will bring better times, leaving behind all the
difficulties that are accumulating.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting Truth

Toting banners, pulling politicians out of hiding,
making them accountable for their service or lack
of it.

No offices or secretaries to hide behind, facing
an audience with a definite agenda for all to meet
and agree head on.

Where are the excuses, lamentations, words to cower
behind?

They are all gone, frightened away by the people
who have had enough.

Following the immediate problems through to their
solutions, lies the faith people have begun with.

Sounding boards, allowing no reprieve, just truth,
straight and simple.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wanting Your Closeness

Tantalizing, tempting, heart racing faster whenever seeing
you, wanting your closeness ever near, your hands and arms
holding me tightly with an unconditional love for me alone.

Let the world pass us by for I have only eyes for you my
dear, nothing else matters to me, reaching out to one an-
other in passion, desires wanting to be fulfilled.

Lying in bed side by side, looking into each other's eyes
with our hearts beating against one another in the delicate
heat of the night.

Expressing our love so explicitly, feelings filling us with
such genuine and pleasurable emotions as we hold and fill
our beings with love for each other.

No one else could ever come between us, for there is no room
except for you and I forever my dear, taking our love into
heaven, fireworks exploding, colors flowing.

Covering us so totally and purely, our love innocently being
absorbed from one to another, a purpose only coming from God's
grace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Warding Off Negative Energy

Sacrificing daily, leaving everything behind, hoping
to find my way.

Searching deathly forces of nature, looking for
answers that will not be found anytime soon.

Pulling and pushing limits, stretching boundaries
and trying to locate intrepid sources to ward off
all the negative energy flowing around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Warding Off Predators

Shaded branches of ocotillo's, standing silent and innervating.

Other arms bathed in sunlight, warm to the touch in this heat.

Wrapped around and about each other in a natural occurrence of nature.

Growing however it is they are supposed to look like when full grown.

Standing with thorny branches, warding off predators, hopefully.

Never thinking to do otherwise throughout their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Warm Horizons

Stretching and groaning our way down lanes of peaceful
memories, trying to not let them get us down all the time.
Startling images falling into our lines of vision, we step
into our future horizons, walking in it's warm sands.

(11: 28 a.m. - 9/11/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Warm Rays

Sun coming out from behind storm clouds, falling onto my body, keeping me warm with it's rays and feeding me plentiful amounts of vitamin D to boot. Loving the attention it is paying me, I sit back, resting, enjoying it's essence and presence as I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Warning Of Danger

Lengthening shadows lying across my path,
warning me of danger in the impending
darkness, held in check by prayer.

Forthrightly focusing on bright thoughts
and ideas as I traipse against daily
trials and sufferings sent me by God.

(9/5/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wary Of People

Blackness of daylight shines brightly into my mind,
generating many precepts from absolutely nothing.
Holding onto nothing, being wary of everything that
comes to pass in between people.
Knowing it will eventually pass and I will have no
more worries about being left out or abandoned.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Was It Love? ?

Smoothly walking on a desert road, dust traveling
all around, settling on the ground where I am walk-
ing, barely breathing.

Thinking of all that I have done in life, wondering
if it's enough to get me back into heaven or will I
be stranded in limbo.

No way to gain the gates of heaven again in death,
thoughts keep running through my mind, accepting
and rejecting them.

Not able to really say which are the best or worst,
thinking now of our love, was it love in reality or
just you wanting to quench your lust and ego at my
expense.

Never really feeling cared for or loved by you,
striving to be what I thought was supposed to be
done.

Now seeing all was done in naught, because the love I
thought I had was not love, only you taking possession
of my body, trying to rule my every thought and emotion.

Leaving only your anger and abuse within the life I had
lived, nothing there but lies throughout life, tears of
failure smart my eyes, as I taste the hatred of never
really having had any love from you at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Washing Clothes

Rushing, gushing, it pours into the machine.
Drowning, pounding, the clothes in soap and water.
Cleaning, screening, the dirt from the fabric - it then
spits them up gleaming.
Again, rushing, gushing, into the machine.
Drowning, pounding, rinse water rinses them clean.
Spinning, twirling, the soap from the fabric - it spews
them out shining.
Now, faster and faster the machine is spinning.
Squeezing, squashing, the water from the fabric - it spits
them up all shiny and cleaned.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Washing Memories

Washing memories,
bringing them back
with vibrant images,
showing me what life used
to be like when younger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Washing Thoughts

Strengthening interior levels of intellect, collecting and aligning facets of a spiritual nature in order to enter areas of contemplation.

Rainbows filling archways throughout areas of neurons and synapses, mutiny finding it's way into aspects of colliding opinions being heard at times.

Mind calculating equations automatically, allowing instincts to coalesce and take upon itself, rhythmic patterns and designs.

Flowing along shores of an interior spirituality, washing thoughts upon waves as they rise and fall, going in and out with tides in evening surpluses of serenity.

Calming, soothing every sense with a surprising amount of wonder and awe as life continues to enter moments of another dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Washing Upon The Shore

A melancholic melody plays itself gently within, while a demureness of inequality settles uncertainly next to a brave and fearless heart.

Hoping to never be found to be wanting in any respect towards another in life.

Perpetrating the solemnity of unknown phrases of lifetime mysteries and taking everything into beautiful landscapes.

Another rhythm as yet, has not been developed in a musical composition, but can be heard from within depths of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wasping About

Wasping about skies, watching the brilliance of nature
open it's arms, gathering everyone's eyes in to see
it's beautiful realms and intensity.

Marching in step, taking it all in, a being waiting to
be filled with antagonistic foes and realities behavior.

Watching every moment, focusing on everything, holding
hands with mother nature here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wasted Advantages

Allowances are never given for those who deserve them,
they are invariably wasted on those who take advantage
of others, and left to their own devices, ruin it for
many who would appreciate the chance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wasted Lives

Lives can be eye-opening when sitting in bars, filling themselves with liquor, beer and booze of different
varieties and color.
Testing their purpose and meaning in life, trying to
strive for a perfection that will never transpire while
alive.
Crying into their glasses, tears falling around them as
sorrow wells up from heart's memories, taking them down
roads of wasted years, drinking to drown their sorrows.
When leaving and going home, nothing has changed except they're drunker.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wasted Rhythms

Day by day, measured in time, notes written, youth misspent
and swept under carpets of age-old rhetoric.

Nothing coming to light, troubles multiplied as life sinks
into horizons of wasted rhythms, never being listened to.

Falling into mystified thoughts of tantalizing mystery's,
waiting for life to finish it's quest and be laid to rest
in tomorrow's graves, left alone beneath six feet of earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching

Walking carefully upon a wall of block, being watchful with every step of the way. Scanning the horizon as he proceeds down it's length, watching for places that would trip him in his ascent into history.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching A Miracle

Soaring across open spaces, gliding on the wind
with many acres of fertilized open memories.

Watching tops of trees gently slide to and fro
in the evening of a setting sun.

Blessed once again by the solace of our Lord in
a simple daily event.

A miracle is performed before anyone realizes it
has happened.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching A Parade

Part of the crowd, yet apart from it.

Watching people from inside Valley Burger, sitting,
sipping a diet soda.

Waiting like everyone else for the parade to start,
looking at the activities people are doing.

Standing, roller blading, little children, eyes
opened wide, searching the street for what is going
on.

Little ones so excited, so naive, cute as can be,
staring at the police going by on bikes and motor-
cycles, wondering if they're part of the parade.

Sitting down again, anticipation mounting within
everyone's mind, hoping soon to be expressed in oohs
and ahhs of every kind.

Up again, standing, straining for a glimpse of any-
thing gamorous or shining, stating it's the beginning
of the parade.

Finally cheering, hoorahing, waving, drums beating
rhythms to step in time with.

At last, the marching band, floating, beating of the
parade has begun as flags fly, unfurling in the
breeze right past the window where I sit.

Trumpets blaring out a festive tune, glaring in the
bright sunlight, softly parading, then louder, they
vibrate our insides with their music.

Life has begun it's fantasy on Central Avenue in
Phoenix, Arizona.

(11: 20 a.m. - 12/31/94)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching A Pool Tournament

Beating incessantly, rock and roll charging inner batteries
with a staccato steady tempo.

Loving it's sound as I write poetry from within, watching
a pool tournament, noticing attitudes and personalities of
pool players.

Some drinking booze, one for sure is sober and is doing
far better than any of the others who are drunk and giddy.

It should be an interesting one to watch as I sit where all
three tables are visible to me, a great vantage point.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Ancient Scribes

Living in catacombs of my mind at times, watching ancient scribes teaching their wisdom to intellect in images and visions that infiltrate my mind.

Letting them be focused, seeing things I wouldn't ordinarily see, enjoying the peacefulness that comes from these learned people.

Always amazed how they can come in visions and images to my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching And Writing

Looking out at the mountains, not too far from where
I am sitting, beautiful and majestic, remembering
when I used to climb them alone.

Loving the peace and quiet falling upon me as I sat
on the side of the mountain, writing, watching at
times the coyotes and bob cats roaming below me.

Wondering how they managed to live in such an arid
and steep habitat, food at times being scarce, God
taking care of his wildlife.

Protecting them the best He can from the violence
of man, letting them roam, as I sat watching and
learning about the life they live from afar.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Angels

Watching angels walk upon this earth, performing good
deeds filled with compassion and mercy.

Nothing like the perfection of God in those He creates
to do His work here on earth.

Beauty untold, residing here among us all, yet we never
know it, until we need their help.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching As I Write

Writing so quickly,
noticing everything
gathered around me.

Watching as I write
them all together
into this book of
poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Auras

Lights flashing, showing frequency of sequences as they
glimmer in my mind along with thought processes.

Watching auras, seeing their textures, giving meaning
to most everything in this life.

Colors changing and becoming brighter or darker, depend-
ing upon the angle they're in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Beauty Dance

Plants standing where man placed them,
looking like a still life painting,
even though they are silently growing
right before us.

Watching their beauty dance in a gentle
breeze and noticing the sun softly
touching leaves, needles, bristles and
branches.

As they silently hang over a dirt ground
with boulders guarding it all, because
they're precious in God's eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Beauty Of Nature

Walking along the shore, thinking of days gone by, the joy once had with friends and family, times we shared, body surfing, picking up shells and just sitting, thinking.

Watching the beauty of nature as it's waves gently rise and fall, silently crashing upon the shore, being slowly taken back within it's depths.

Only to return again and again while being in front of it's wonder and awe, compliments of God, alone, a place to sit and contemplate His generosity to all of us on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Blossoming Talent

Watching everything blossom around me in an environment
of peace and culture.

Standing in the aisles of past remembrances, living life
over again in visions of images.

Seeing talent as it existed when I was very young, an
extraordinary thing to watch on interior screens,
amazing to see even now at sixty-three.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Body Language

Watching people deeply in conversation below, as I sit
and look from a second story window.

Noticing gestures, body language, attitudes of their
bodies while talking.

Seeing them relax or stiffen up, turn away or towards
one another.

Wondering what they are talking about and if it's
relevant to life or just gossip that would hurt the
person that they are talking about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Circles Gather

Time-watchers looking to future's opening doors,
hoping to catch beams of sun and rays of midnight
moons - waiting to be spun into poems of quiet beauty.
Associating them all with hopes in tomorrow's destiny;
fate taking them by hands of clocks, watching circles
gather in sentences for a blissful eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Coffee

Pouring in a steady stream, all clear and straight, steam
filtering back up and out of the pot.

Watching it's fluid climb steadily inside, filling it full
of hot coffee.

Yet, the clear steady stream seems not to move or sway,
standing straight.

Then it suddenly starts to waver, slowing down, finally
dripping to a stop inside the coffee pot.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Coffee Bubbles

Looking into my cup, watching bubbles circle and swirl,
changing pictures right there in my coffee.
So many images coming into view, now slowly disappearing within coffee's black depths, leaving me writing this poem in memory of this little episode of bubbles with my morning cup.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Colors Of Poetry

Watching beautiful colors of poetry flowing throughout intellect, ideas soaring into a creative atmosphere where life is spiritually touched by the Divine.

Taking souls into deeper contemplation than ever before, a beautiful, soothing, relaxing way to live and write constantly, living a solitary life of freedom and positive attitudes and moods being enticed by the wonderful spiritual beauty always unfolding.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Deer Within

Standing here at the edge of an interior forest, watching deer taking care of their fawns.

Giving them lessons in life to protect them from all of mankind.

Tiny, innocent little babies of nature, finding their lives are filled with danger at such an early age.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Designs Develop

Tapping out designs as they are etched in my mind effortlessly.
Watching them develop individually is fascinating and miracles
in the making.
Loving the essence of each one as it touches my soul, blessings
unfolding in front of me everlastingly.
Knowing soon that all things will come to me in dreams of my mind.
Waking every day in motion, moving forward without dwaddling.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Designs Open

Entering atmospheres of other dimensions, watching designs open like blossoms poetically throughout intellect, being absorbed in patterns of musical rhythms.

Coasting along, traveling through many measures of timely music, never tiring of listening, translating and writing poetry.

Constantly enlightened through all of it with innate wisdom and knowledge, overflowing gently, delicately into synapses and neurons.

Carried instantaneously into patterns and designs this brain continually keeps creating, keeping time and pace with every single note, passing through dimensions of an interior light, contemplating and being soothed through it's bluened intensity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Ducks

Skimming across the water, showing off like water skiers
on one ski.
Ducks fight, chase and race each other through the hot
afternoon just for something to do and then dive under
water to get cool.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Elk

Watching elk in the forest, standing, listening, ready to run in a split second if sensing any danger.
Beautiful stance, completely in tune with nature, making it easier to detect danger.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Embers

Circling the campfire of this mind, watching embers being blown about by the wind.

Flowing out across the darkened night sky, finding their way into a poem.

Listening to the crackle of the fire and watching smoke rise in the night air.

enticing thoughts to continue to flow from an interior waterfall within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Endings

Darkness spreads across my mind, blacking out everything,
allowing an interior life to be seen and infiltrated in
intellectual endeavors.

Watching the beauty of sadness and grief in spite of it's
intense sorrow being creating within, letting it influence
every thought written about it.

Wanting only it's truth and essence to be brought out into
a poem while thoroughly listening and watching endings of
happiness and joy becoming future tears in life's emptiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Everything

Stately tall, regal posture, watching over nature with
silent aplomb, taking in the quality of life expected
of them.

Watching everything and keeping calm, taking everything
into account as they stand side by side through all
types of weather, good or bad.

Never leaving their posts, rooted to them by natural
causes and loving every minute that they are attuned
to their purposes equally in thought and being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Families

Watching families come together, ordering food and
carrying on conversations, filled with laughter,
at times a serious discussion.

Holding the essence of family life within their
hands, parents guiding and leading their children
in the direction of honesty, truth, morals and God.

Leaving nothing undone, raising their children with
the power of God to make sure they will be well in
their futures.

Times ahead when they will no longer be here on earth
to show them the way to righteousness, compassion and
self-reliance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Fireworks Of Knowledge

Quietly, surreptitiously, mysteriously, finding my way
into pathways of intellect, causing writing to begin
with an energy of sublime and profound concentration.

Always holding inner attention, never letting go, soaring
into sparks of intellect, watching fireworks of knowledge
burst and explode.

Filling this mind with many colorful ideas taken from in-
sight and beautiful landscapes of inner poetry, enlivening
and illuminating every thought process that opens up it's
doors to being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Fluid Ideas

Wringing sponges of my mind, watching fluid ideas come
pouring out into intellect, giving them a place to ex-
plore and be expressed in lightening of imagination.

Beautiful and articulate sights, continually finding
their ways into the thunder of depths, flowing like lava
through paper ideas of my mind.

Tactfully taking roadways that lead interiorly, focusing
on the entire outlines of another horizon in a distant
world.

Intransient and tantalizing, giving a new idea every
minute

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching For Signs

Endless tears falling, wasting time crying, emotions
causing suffering and sensations of sorrow.

Hoping and living through faith, looking into the
future, watching for signs it will be letting up.

Stopping, pulling the plug on grief, just walking
away, tired of feeling this way.

Wanting to get on with life, yet seeing your picture,
sorrow climbs back into my lap like a child.

Tears begin to fall again, my heart breaking into
many pieces once again, missing you only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching For Signs Changing

Never being stationary through life, we travel, learn,
experience the totality of our beings by living their
purposes the best we can.

At times being tired or bored, wanting some excitement
to start the fire of passion within our souls.

Messages throughout our lives are constantly changing,
at times making us start over again on a new path, just
listening to the cues.

Watching for signs, wanting to follow the straightest
and truest ones into our futures and destiny.

Never knowing what will happen nor finding out for sure,
because doubts will always raise their ugly heads, just
when you think you have finally found the answers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching For Signs On Separate Journeys

Ideas and notions that come to mind throughout our lives, seem to come intuitively through an innate knowledge and purpose to carry on.

Visons come, dreams fill our minds at night, turning points come together and take us on separate journeys, each on our way to a future that we're being led to.

A wonderful and respectful duty that belongs to each and everyone of us, a life befitting of God's love, always being lived for the fruition of others needing help.

A totally quiet and silent way to go forward towards heaven, watching for signs of another plight, waiting on sidelines, yet diving right in when we're needed.

Being enlightened by everyone we meet along the way, touching their lives also, we are joined in mind, heart and spirit forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching From Moments Of Yesterday

Taking cover from the weather of life's storms,
sitting on front porches, watching from moments
of yesterday when younger.

Silence, laughter, crying when having fallen
while running, such intense and absolute moments
reaching again into our minds from the past and
causing us to relive them once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Fruit Flies

Watching fruit flies from a window, an orange tree
being just outside of it, seeing them flitting about,
fascinated by their tiny flight patterns.

Fluttering up, down and in circles, trying to decide
what to do it seems, letting imagination fly with them,
deciding to make up little stories for each one that I
see in front of the window.

Leaves fluttering in the wind, chasing the fruit flies
away from them and their limbs, standing out upon the
tree itself.

Funny how it is happening, bringing a smile to my face
as each fruit fly is chased constantly away from it's
destination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Granddaughters

Sitting in a wheelchair in one hundred three degree heat -
not minding it a bit, because I'm watching my Granddaughters
taking swimming lessons.

Learning how to float on their backs, totally relaxing and
letting the water hold them up.

Smiles on their faces, a wave of their hands to Grandma and
PopPop and they're on their way - going underwater to
retrieve a whistle.

Such a joy in our lives, hands on their knees, as they look
for us - oozing with pride because they did it.

(5: 55 p.m. - 6/3/09)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Grandkids

Watching my grandkids play at the Wagon Yard,
trying to catch the blinking lights and lights
of the disco ball as they danced, ran and
disappeared on the dance floor.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Havoc Of Nature

Weather turning cold once again, watching as black
and gray storm clouds gather in formations over earth,
waiting for the right moment to let flow a torrent of
rain upon earth.

Glad to be sitting here inside where it is much warmer,
loving the chance to watch nature playing havoc with
our world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching History

Wheels rolling counter clockwise, taking me on journeys through the past, watching history repeat itself in many memories.
Tasteful, refined and too real.
Emotions banter throughout their images, calling to me in Italian, luring me into beautiful visions of yesterday's life with family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Horizons

Swimming lights encircling my mind, giving penetrating energy
a kick off the deep end.
Watching horizons, knowing life is almost over and I haven't
completed the tasks I was supposed to.
Yet, feeling forgiveness grate against my soul as I pray for
moments more to try and catch up.
Kindness, caring, and loving are all I have, but not in
abundance.
Touching my soul with my mind, I reach out to find my existence
is as it should be in the long run.
Nothing more to be done, because I finally realize that it's
all about knowing what you've done, could've done and are doing
until the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Hummingbirds

Hummingbird feeder swinging gently in an evening breeze,
awaiting little hummingbirds in need of some sustenance.

Every once in a while, one will come for a quick refresh-
ing drink, then go sip nectar from some orange honey
suckle blossoms, being careful to do them no harm.

So unlike human hands, breaking or cutting the flowers
from a honey suckle bush, causing irreparable damage,
just to taste the nectar ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Ideas Pop

Silence taking me down avenues of placid thought, watching as ideas pop into spaces being vacated by gifts of innate talent.

Solace being raised in increments, reaching much higher realms through contemplation.

Watching equations come and form themselves, loving the pleasure they bring into life as they code rhythms being listened to instantaneously.

So intent on fulfilling the purpose of destiny, not hearing or seeing the outside world around me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Images

Intensifying visions coming to mind in an ever-increasing rhythm, giving untold images voices in their inner realms of intellect.

Causing so many pictures of thought to appear on photographic screens of wisdom's beautiful desert plains.

Watching images wander, play and find new purposes in their own ways, always giving them the freedom they so intensely have to have.

Living in every rhythm of poetical melodies being created together with the harmony of my soul into eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching In The Moonlight

Traveling down darkened roads of life, trusting in the love
of God to stay safe, moving quietly, watching in the moon-
light while wending the way through this life.

Knowing there are many experiences lying ahead, wanting to
enter and explore them all, such a unique place being and
living here on earth.

Having so much at your fingertips, finding things we love to
do, most all of them having to do with nature and the peace
that's found there.

A quiet stillness always within when one with nature, very
structured and yet free, having the ability to do whatever
is needed to fill our spirit, energizing an essence of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching In Twilight

Strutting across the dance floor, showing their country western style of dancing, giving quite a show.

Many difficult steps going around, leaving wonderful impressions in our minds.

Photographic images filling screens fully without any errors to be seen.

Living and loving the entire world through music, always touching my heart and soul through intense rhythms.

Throughout the night, nothing able to penetrate this energy that continues into late hours after midnight.

Moon shining outside, stars watching us dance in the twilight of a beautiful landscape of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Ingenuity

Not wanting to stop writing for anything, totally
enjoying listening to sounds at the speed of light.

Having a great time, writing rapidly, letting
thoughts fall directly into imagination where they
can be stretched and rearranged into many repertoires
that will last many lifetimes as I write.

Beautiful supersonic aspects flowing into mind as I
continue to listen to one song after another in
rhythmical rhymes, matching ingenuity with innate
talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Insight

Sparkling moods, cascading through my mind, lighting an
interior spirit with hopeful beauty.

Taking insight and watching it encompass the environment
around me.

Somnolent thoughts being awakened in measures of time,
rhythmically intertwining with intellect's imagination.

Quickly running across the universe in acquiescence,
fulfilling properties, becoming the total aspect of a
new world of music.

Soaring quickly into the atmosphere, leaving our world
behind, as it moves outward into many new dimensions,
taking liberties poetically, without permission and
letting them fall off of the ledges of imagination into
depths of another sphere far above the one we now know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Intellectually

Thoughts strewn about intellect, taking time, meander-
ing among many rhythms while listening to music.

Watching them intellectually as they gather together,
comparing themselves with one another.

Deciding how to arrange themselves in a poetical order
designed originally from patterns through rhythms.

Realistic, also filled imaginatively with a perfect sound
and pitch, flowing across measures of time and space.

Introducing many varieties of subjects, opinions and issues
at hand nowadays.

An open mind filled with comparable ideas and concepts to
be used in prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Interior Images

Juxtaposition in life circumstances takes on lively aspects
and gives different perspectives to adjust to, while calmly
watching interior images as they play incessantly.

Taking everything in context, poetically listening to music,
leaving behind the world, many subjects coming to the surface, finding answers
to questions that keep coming up in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Interior Screens

Taking recordings and listening to all the words
flowing rhythmically through the music.

Giving me the words on photographic screens,
appearing quickly as they then fall onto this paper
right from the tip of my pens.

Just so, not veering from a thought being pictured
on interior screens where I continually watch for
them whenever hearing music of any type.

Usually rocking to the rhythms in intense feelings,
letting them come and enter as much as they dare.

Always keeping up with them, I feel so much more
calmer and relaxed in my own little state of mind.

Being prepared every day through poetry being written
so lightly and rapidly.

Finding myself amongst words that I write, later when
I go back and read what I wrote.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Kids Dive

Again, watching children learn how to dive and having fun doing so.

Some of the contortions that they do once they get on the diving board make me laugh out loud.

So cute and innocent, loving life with their entire beings, totally excited about everything they do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Koi

Looking out a breezeway window,
peering down at a causeway filled
with flowing water and many koi.

An interesting sight to behold so
early in the morning, especially
for a Monday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Landscapes Changing

Touching and living in rhythms of intense melodies,
tasting heaven's aromas, enticing me interiorly.

Invisible and hiding within while writing poetry,
holding onto the intensity of a lifetime.

Nothing to take it away, strolling along, watching
the landscape changing.

Letting it reciprocate within this interior being,
always interacting in the spaces open to me.

Being with other people that cross my path, loving
everything that becomes a part of this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Language Through Music

Mind drumming in time with the passage of memories being composed and created through an extraordinary maze and puzzle of rhythm.

Coding messages right alongside English ones already there from birth.

An interesting fact, watching another language through music, affecting my poetical acumen and alighting ever so lightly in this mind.

Intriguing and pursuing the energy of a lifetime, wanting it to become part and parcel of today and tomorrow on a brand new horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Leaves

Green leaves being blown from their nesting places,
falling to the ground before their time.

Tucking themselves cryingly into the grass, playing
hide and seek with breezes still looking to blow
them about the universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Life

Thoughtfully entering my mind to watch life as it revolves within.
Bringing about grace and love to share with others along the my pathway to heaven.
Peacefully, prayerfully, recognizing God's hand in everyone who becomes my friend through His holy wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Life As It Lives

Solemn and silent, just watching life as it lives
around me in nature and other people.

Climbing innate nature, taking limits and boundaries,
pushing them aside for the time of my life.

Insisting on having my way, keeping others far from
me, knowing that they only are here to hurt me.

Wanting to live in peace, having dignity and taking
life in stride.

Always enjoying the wonder and awe that comes through
to me in innate talent and spirituality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Life Become Itself

Exceptional and intellectually stimulating, this mind
soaring into peaceful atmospheres of another world
where there is nothing but serenity and stillness.

Wandering about, discovering the beauty of it's essence,
watching life become itself along the way, traveling
highways of inner doubts, questioning self.

Wanting to know how to get through the turmoil and pain
of this life, striving to behave in an orderly way, not
letting others interfere in the way I do things in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Life Being Portrayed

Pictures hanging on interior walls in hallways of memories,
left in spirals upon the interior of each sphere, holding
them photographically.

Cherished, treasured for every moment that I alone am alive
in this temporary earthly life, forever watching, portraying
and touching upon nature and humanity.

All of it kept compacted, intact and easily brought out into
the open from spheres of intellect, all of it what I've seen
and done throughout the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Life Every Moment

Joyous and elated, writing poetry, being guided by rhythms that constantly touch my heart and mind, bringing great pleasure to my being.

Watching life every single moment, getting so much fun, laughter and joy from it, my deepened sadness and sorrow only coming from the loss of all wonderful times I've had.

A life with family, loved ones and friends, meeting many strangers along the way and sharing, always able to relive those moments through photographic memories, tears of love and loss falling as I watch them all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Life Fade

Moonlight shining on shores of tomorrow, filtering
thoughts upon the sand as waves crash over them.

Disregarding and not watching anything, just using
fanciful ideas to configure impossibilities of time.

Scenes taken from the past, filled with memories of
another era in realms outside of heaven's gates.

Standing there alone, seeing life fade from earthly
shores, slowly going into the atmosphere as a spirit
into the unknown.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Life Happen

Taking it easy, waltzing into one dimension after another, discovering many universes and exploring them through poetry.

Satisfying and potentially perfect, giving this mind a particular pleasure in the center of my brain, creating endorphins and relaxing me within.

Tantalizing and energizing, watching life happening all around, writing the feelings that come to me interiorly, filling my mind with music and rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Life Pass

Traveling slowly through time, watching life pass by,
being lost sometimes, falling into depths of misery,
yet an energy still is climbing within.

Vibrant and enlivening my spirit, bringing on the sun-
shine because I am done with the sadness, and am going
into the future for a good time from now on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Life Unfold

Watching life unfold every morning when the sun comes up
to greet us here on earth, life being nourished and nur-
tured by most people.

Hoping to bring it to fruition, touching and tasting as-
pects and factions, even those trying to remain hidden
from view.

Soothing and wonderful, thoughts relaxing and placating
these minds, hoping to induce solutions, finding world
peace for everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Memories

Silent words of parting never were uttered, sweet whispers never reached our ears because you were snatched in a moment from my side.

How can I resist these tears of love continually flowing from my heart, as I watch memories on my interior photographic screens.

Loving to see you smile, the way you always would touch me so tenderly and gently, always seeming to know when I needed to feel your hand, bringing me back to the present with you.

Missing your love every moment that I still am alive, wanting only to die to be with you once again, yet the only alternative left is living without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Memories Turn And Spin

Watching as memories turn and spin about, livening this mind while awakening thoughts from a nighttime dream, soliloquies of nature coming vividly to mind.

Nothing to stand in the way of a wonderful playland of imagination as poetry dances and swirls in time and in tune with rhythms and colors.

Bursting and exploding in exceptional tones of music, finding positive aspects, turning up the volume as it becomes intense, a wonderful and lovely stance that continues to the very last note.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Memories We Were Once A Part Of

Reaching out, wanting you to hold me, touching
only the empty atmosphere above.

Tears sparkling into the loneliness, spreading
from my heart and taking over my entire being.

Sitting alone, isolating, taking my mind into
interior realms, watching memories we were both
once a part of.

Now, just living in the abandonment of death's
nothingness alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Minutes

Watching minutes roll around a clock, counting down life's
time on earth with every rotation.
Not dwelling on unconscious thoughts because they intend
to only downplay our purpose here.
Finding tasks and meanings in daily living, bringing them
fruitfully into a happy solitude.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Mother Nature Play

Walking down pathways of life, being fulfilled through details
of nature, enjoying it's wonder and awe existing in this world.

Able to write about it in many poems, watching Mother Nature at
play, having fun seeing wind blowing trees, flowers, leaves,
teasing everything.

Being playful only until storms come around, tearing trees and
plants, flowers, leaves from their centers and throwing them
all around.

Causing untold damage in nature's playground, yet when calm and
still, enjoying the peace it brings to this poetical mind, lov-
ing to feel it's soothing intellect from the inside out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Music

Banjo strumming my heart, taking me to another land in time.
Watching music glide past me in images of sound.
Delectable to my mind, a natural commemoration to nature all in one.
Shortened, yet abbreviated in tones, quality eclipsing most other types of music that I've heard.
Silently, listening to the rhythm unfold and meet me on shores of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching My Granddaughter Open Up

Settling into a spiritual contemplation, serene throughout,
at peace with the world as I watch my Granddaughter open
like a flower bud with those around her.
Dancing, accepting the friendliness of elderly people.
Center of attention, watching, smiling, looking at everyone,
making them smile in spite of themselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching National Events

Tranquil, feeling at peace even though life is in turmoil
all over the world, watching national events take place,
seeing the candidates vying for the presidency.

Many having been knocked out now, with only two democrats
running, both communists and socialists, Hiliary also being
a traitor, having committed treason over and over.

A despicable, unethical, immoral lowlife, how she can stand
to look in the mirror is beyond anyone's imagination, just
wondering how Americans can be so darn stupid.

Even thinking of her or Sanders as president of our free
country grates across my mind, turning away whenever either
of them appear on television.

Praying for Trump to win hands down so he can lock up obama,
Hiliary, Holder, Reid, etc. and throw away the key.

But it looks like Hiliary is up to her old tricks, having
fund raisers in Mexico for the drug cartel, she's probably
going to run to Mexico to avoid prosecution.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Nature

Holding onto thoughts as I watch nature blasting earth
with forty-five mile an hour winds.
Fascinating views of trees, bushes, plants and flowers
bending over, kneeling in God's presence, as life
continues it's race into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Nature Alongside A Mountain

Sitting, watching nature alongside a desert mountain at
my friend's house, a barely discernible breeze causing
palm fronds, flowers, and bushes to shiver slightly.

Sun shining brightly and hotly across the desert, cast-
ing shadows here and there, looking wistfully at the
mountains standing before me.

Alluring, beckoning to be climbed, palm trees scattered
about, brush climbing diligently up the side of the
mountain.

Cacti standing aside, watching them, saguaros standing
at attention around the yard like soldiers at the tomb
of the unknown soldier taking their duties to heart.

Here protecting my friend's property, looking everywhere,
a feeling of mystical magic delves into my being, because
desert scenery could only have been created by God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Nature Awaken

Benches of silence warming
themselves in the morning sun,
watching nature awaken with
it's beginning rays of detection.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Nature Crow

Watching nature crow,
seeing a black crow hop into a tree
and climb a little ways up,
hiding behind leaves and cawing at me.
Looking around, the crow watches people
walking by - the same as I do.
Only he's a little more noisy about it.
Flying out of the tree, he lands on a
bird feeder and begins to eat seeds for
breakfast that someone has provided for him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Nature Flutter

Watching nature flutter and sway among tops of trees,
enticing minds so vibrantly and intensely.

Trees of all sizes and statures waving, wanting to be
written about, seeing them from inside a restaurant.

Standing tall, looking regal, others bent over, twist-
ing, yet still alive and waving.

Living to be written about by a mere poet, understand-
ing their beauty and importance in this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Nature Fly

Reflective windows letting in rays of
sun to illuminate life through nature.

Watching a blackbird walking around on
the sidewalk, looking for a way to enter
the building, until a man comes walking
toward it and sends it flying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Nature Musically

Working his way through the melodies, incessantly
playing what he wants to hear musically, as I
listen also and write to his intellect's choice
right now.

Watching nature as it surrounds me in rhythm,
feeling the presence of the mountains climbing
on the other side of the road, just a little
beyond, noticing it's steepness and cacti all
over it.

Climbing it musically and enjoying this particular
rendition to poetical nature, rising to the
occasion in writing poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Nature's Performance

Trees swaying peacefully and silently in an afternoon breeze,
making them look alive, dancing in rhythm and time with all
of nature.

A wonder that people cannot see for they are too wrapped up
in their daily agendas, a tragedy of the human race, being
to busy to enjoy the simple, little things in life.

Always seen by this poet to be more important than agendas
and materialistic things, writing and describing nature,
silently watching it's performance, placing it in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Nature's Purpose

Transfixed, watching nature grow before me
as I wonder about symmetry and balance.

How perfectly nature fulfills her purpose
on earth, taking in inclement weather,
human beings and animals.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Others

Regurgitating words, placing them in eternal books of lovely descriptions.
Reeling in ideas, watching others through emotional turmoil, keeping with a serenity, coating interior desires with a protective shield.
A myriad feast of intelligence, saturated with adjectives of beauty, being spread all over earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Over Us

So crisp, so stark, so beautiful - mountains soaring to
the skies, touching clouds with their jagged peaks.
So clear, so rugged, standing always at attention,
looking down, watching religiously over us.
Sharp rocks poking at our eyes and mind, alerting us of
the divine, bringing us to the realization of our purpose
in life.

(2: 52 p.m. - 11/20/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Past Videos

Memories tempting me with fun and good times of yesterday.

Loving to go back and watch myself as a child, seeing the purity and innocence I had before growing up.

Using photographic memories to bring pleasure into a boring day at times.

Reliving moments of the past help ease the loneliness, being able to see parents and loved ones again in my mind.

Bringing tears of joy and sadness at the same time, letting them flow as I continue to watch the videos of my past.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching People

Lively and alert, this mind of mine is ready to
continue writing throughout this entire day, in
between some gambling that is.

People watching is another favorite pastime of
mine, so it will be a great day for that, the
casino is always full of all sorts of people.

Different walks of life, and interesting person-
alities to meet, always enjoying doing this, a
wonderful way to meet new people and have new
experiences.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching People Entertain Me

People from all walks of life, varied sizes and shapes, walking around John C. Lincoln Hospital.
Some stylish, others not.
Tense, edgy, relaxed, depending upon why they are here.
Women wearing shoes for comfort and no support to protect their feet and ankles from having problems now or in the future.
Men mostly wearing shoes or sneakers - better for support than thongs or sandals.
Watching people is entertaining, as I sit here waiting for a yellow cab.
Smiles, frowns, hellos, coming through the doors and walking, pushing, rolling to their destinations in the hospital.
A staff worker asking if he can be of help or get me anything, is a nice touch, even though I am fine.
Still waiting for my cab, twenty minutes later.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching People Interact

Reawakening an interior sadness although not quite feeling
it's intensity, protecting self from all tears that would
be falling otherwise.

Watching other people interact, taking time to see their
body language, gestures, facial expressions, taking them
into consideration as I write.

A repertoire of concepts unfolding from all these precepts,
being placed in many poems of feelings that will touch
each of them in turn when one day reading them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching People Pass

Wanting to find a place to sit and watch people
walking past.
Checking to see if they're also looking past me
into some other thoughts they might have crawling
around their mind, as they consider who I am in
their narrow little minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching People Sing

Crystallizing glasses set in mirrors,
watching the crowd of people sing
karaoke.
Enjoying their special positions
where they can see everything in the
room.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Pictures Of Thought

Crossing and re-crossing vertical lines of imagination,
watching pictures of thought reverberate and collect
within fabrics of this mind.

Carefully adjoining and pressing memories into pages
of my mind, capturing the essence of each and every one.

Total anticipation filling me with a joy of heavenly
aromas, taking life into a sphere of another dimension
where I can let go and be free.

Totally and completely at home with self, nothing at all
interfering with any part of it that is being held closely
and tightly within this soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Poetry Blossom

Tantalizing and egregious, leveling the playing field
extraordinarily and plaintively in sight.

Ornate and beautiful, seeing the impossibilities of
this life stand out and be counted in lines of the
possible at ends of this pen.

No doubts as to the fantastic glory of our country
and it's freedom as I sit here, writin while listening
to a very talented band.

So great, touching and playing my heart and mind, while
rocking insides of my being with a vibrant and lively
energy, stemming from intellect.

Taking me above, soaring into the musical realms of
heaven and beyond, watching as poetry blossoms and
creates an inner world, totally amazing and complete.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Progress Of Life

Always being young in mind, even though aging takes
it's toll on the rest of my body.

Thoughts always vibrant, testing intellect, keeping
it alert and clear.

Watching the progress of life within it's domain,
knowing that everything will continue being intuitive.

Forever understood, nothing to blur ideas still held
from youth.

Using them to stay in the moment, not losing anything
in memories of photographic images as they take my hand,
leading the way into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Quiet Thoughts

Listening to interior voices as they speak through
a photographic screen attached to intellect, traip-
sing slowly through hallways filled with mirrored
reflections.

Shining into darkness, watching as thoughts quietly
build into concepts and ideas constantly being coded
automatically in depths of intellect without direction,
innate and separate from life itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Rain

Watching rain from a window inside my mind made
life seem to slow down and I took it in stride.
Playfully watching it get caught up by automobile
tires as they traveled by fast - sending droplets
flying out behind, looking like steam of an old
engine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Reality

Realistically looking through life, watching as it fills time,
becomes years of age, experiences trials and tribulations 'til
our demise.
Forgiveness, gratitude, peace and serenity gather within us as
spirituality, hope and faith integrate our entire beings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Reflecting Visions

Finding my way into lights of another universe, looking
into details being presented to intellect, tip toeing
through it's immense depths with wonder and awe.

Loving the beauty of it's images, watching reflecting
visions of the future being illuminated time and again
through imagination.

Blending it with that of reality throughout life, single
and free, this mind can never be captured by the selfish-
ness of another human being.

Loving this total freedom when writing, living in the at-
mosphere of an interior life, never diminishing, giving
an intense energy that continues to grow and increase
ever more throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Reflections

Falling down into pools of sadness,
watching reflections of my life drowning in their depths.
Leaving me stranded in arid deserts of yesterday,
without any reserves to return to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Rhythms

Silently watching rhythms flow before me,
touching mind, heart and soul, filling me
with innocent yearnings of soothing etudes.
Quietly at peace, listening while learning
of melodies of life's horizons.
Tantalizing energy from within, filling an
interior spirituality with awesome feelings
of sonatas.
Clearly calling to imagination, stirring it
to wondrous heights of intellect through
subconscious realms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Roses Within

Solidly and patiently finding solace of an interior beauty
that touches my mind and intellect so exquisitely, listen-
ing, making reality come to light.

Through coded rhythms of music, it's tempos and rhythms,
watching roses waving in the breeze, loving the wonder that
entices curiosity totally and beautifully within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Runners

All team members now running around the track, legs pumping
as fast as they possibly can, warming up for the actual meet.

Children of all sizes and shapes, placing and getting their
numbers for the actual race that will soon begin.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Scenic Views

Scenic views of yesterday play over again on photographic
screens, living fully in my mind's memories, watching them
while people walk by.

Not knowing what I'm doing as I stare into space, or so
they think, going into their depths with specific feelings
and ideas of their inner beings.

Wanting to travel everywhere through my mind and intellect
figuring out their inner personalities and traits so later
I may write whatever I've found.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Self

Dancing in my mind, the only way I can nowadays.

It gives me a feeling of pleasure as I watch
myself in visions of images, dancing in time with
rhythms of the sixties.

Totally amazing and relaxing to my entire body and
mind.

Soothing the tempo of the immediate future I'm
interred in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Shadows

Touching upon nature, letting it's essence fill my mind
with it's perfect symmetry, lines and angles of beauty.

Watching shadows move throughout the sun, trying to hide
within shade of trees and things.

Simplifying it's curves and circles as they twirl around
the ground encircling everything.

Leaves shimmering as the wind blows them in all directions
at once.

Beauty in all of nature takes me at a glance into poetry
of my being altogether.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Sights

Peaceful interjections in life, filled with serene
music and songs of tantalizing rhythms.
Standing, just watching the sights pass by, on
their way to distant lands of imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Silently

Standards are nonexistent in music when rhythms play,
taking me away in their sounds, giving pleasure in
each measure.

Yesterday's gone, today is shining brightly, waiting
for me to enjoy what it has in store.

Loving the essence of every rhythm, looking into the
future, watching silently.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Smoke

Watching smoke rising above the surface of the water,
being enticed by it's presence there, giving thoughts
to ponder and write about.

Finding different ways imaginatively it could happen,
one way is that maybe a boat is on fire and sinking,
letting smoke rise above the surface of the water.

Maybe it's only steam from the difference between the
water temperature and that of the air around it, ex-
hausting many other possibilities.

Using imagination provacatively, making up scenarios
out of thin air, just to satisfy curiosity as it plays
in the essence of the smoke being seen in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Spiritual Messages

Living carefully, always searching for answers to old and new questions of life.
Participating on edges of eternity, always watching spiritually for messages from beyond.
Taking solo journeys into heaven's gardens and back again.
Intense peace fills me as I float deeper into contemplation, finding the place where I'm most needed to fulfill my purpose in this mortal world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Steps

Rhythms rocking to the tune of my being, calming me
systematically while I continue to live life auto-
matically.

Sensing the Divine, staying close to God, watching
what steps I take on the difficult road of life,
hearing beating of distant drums.

Rallying inner thoughts, energizing them as they
come into intellect, curious and filled with wonder,
nothing to deter them from this interior mission.

Slipping in and out of existence, knowing how to
come and go without anyone ever noticing, an open-
ing of intellect taking me magically to and fro,
no one ever knows or finds out how it's done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Stones

Watching stones on the ground, gathering momentum
and falling into patterns of immortality.
Always forming ideas as they formulate themselves
and become apparent inventions of tomorrow.
Steps being followed, lists being made, as I watch
in amazement for their beings in reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Studiously

Carefree and born in a sphere of talent, using it every day
in most everything I do.

Never tiring of it and the exuberant energy that it brings
into my being.

Tolerating daily drudgery of everyday routines, wanting only
to become a part of the unusual and adventuresome person that
I will always be.

Standing on the threshold of another horizon, watching very
studiously for the right moment to step onto it's shores,
never looking back, just continuing on my way.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Sunsets

Daintily sitting on edges of life, watching sunsets
lessening through the years.

Counting down ages of belonging as we travel our
particular journeys in life.

Watching natural wonders multiply in time, matching
our preferences for beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Surgery Progress

Softened tones touching this mind through rhythms
of spirituality, taking me into realms of a bluened
atmosphere.

There I am now writing poetry, lively, energetic,
finding serenity filling my being entirely, writing
and praying for my friend.

Watching as his surgery progresses, so far with no
problems at all, relieved at this interior knowing
coming and filling me with it's peace.

Understanding that God is with Him, not leaving his
side, everyone involved in the surgery is being filled
with God's peace and confidence, joy and happiness
filling my soul, completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Swimming Lessons

Cold, blue water, shimmering and shining like broken ice
floating around with the morning breeze.

Many children learning how to swim, trying to follow
directions so they can move up to the next class which
is not too far from them in the pool.

Sitting in the morning-cooled sun, a gentle wind comes
along and freezes them.

Shivering on the side of the pool, shaking with the
breeze blowing on them, gladly jumping back into the
water when their instructor yells, 'Get back into the pool'.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Talent

Rising into another morning, watching talent create
a myriad of thoughts.

Arranging and aligning them into volumes of poetry
books to be read alone on rainy days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Tears

Mind rattling, shaking thoughts around within sadness and loneliness, giving rise to messages of hope and consciousness.

Watching as tears rise and fall like waves of the ocean, washing over, purifying my mind of sorrow with their loving balm.

Lost, forlorn, aimlessly walking through the darkness of loss and grief, lying awake night after night, alone in what used to be our bed.

Crying because you're not here any longer, finally falling into a torturous and restless sleep throughout this dismal night without you, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching The Crowd

Belligerent, boisterous noise coming from a corner of the room.
Growing restless, wanting to move around or dance under the disco ball 'til morning.

Speechless, just sitting and watching the excitement of the crowd.
Waiting for a break in the noise, hoping to find some silence to hide within.
A stillness unfolding in mirrored fiction for tomorrow's morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching The Day Begin

Sun peeking shyly over the mountains,
watching the day begin for people on earth.
Dipping into a glowing beyond, taking beamfuls
to spread over people relaxing in the desert.
Suddenly shining brightly, waking eyelids with
warm, soothing, tenderness and peaceful energy
to get through another day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching The Debate

Watching the debate for presidential candidates,
Fox New is not doing any of them a favor.

Trump, Carson, Cruz are the strongest in spite
of what's going on here with the news station.

Totally enjoying the political atmosphere here
at Project Arizona, being amongst friends.

All having the same conservative values as I do,
and sharing them with one another.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching The Horizon

Blue skies above, no clouds in sight on this clear afternoon in Arizona.

Watching the horizon for creative images to appear, awaiting signs from heavenly angels above.

Ones signifying that God has heard quiet prayers of necessities being said.

Patiently waiting for an answer while sitting here, writing through musical inspiration and natural inclinations that flow from above.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching The News

Watching the news coming from Paris, seeing the horrifying
terror that's been perpetrated there.

Now learning that isis has targeted New York and Washington
D.C. with people wearing explosives on suicide missions.

Wanting to kill Americans who've never done a single thing
to them either.

Barbaric and mentally ill people, trying to take over the
world in a brutal way.

They must be defeated and killed before they can do any more
damage in this world, no matter where they are hiding.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching The Past Disappear

Turning around, watching the past as it disappears beyond
tomorrow, taking all memories with it, recognizing patterns
and designs as they are each calculated instantaneously in
the mind of this mere poet.

Following ideas in depths of dreams while sleeping, finding
they fulfill peace and serenity that leads to the energy
of my soul, energizing and keeping me going through life no
matter what happens throughout this world.

Enabling intellect to trace knowledge and wisdom of life
from past to present, watching visions of the future as they
fall silently and surreptitiously into this mind, keeping
everything safe, protected from prying eyes.

Only letting some people know inner secrets when reading
poetry that God has led them to read, an accumulation of
positive attitudes and emotions from within intellect and
it's wisdom and knowledge spread throughout the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching The Sun Set

Sun shining brightly behind trees, bare, holding no
leaves at all, their branches and limbs like eerie
shadows, standing against it's colorful backdrop.

Beautiful and enticing, alluring this mind, watching
the sun set behind trees and branches.

Writing a poem as I delightfully enjoy watching through
intellect's wide open wisdom and knowledge, an insight
being focused from within this mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching The World

Interiorly watching the world and it's life silently
still, pass by.
No noticeable traces of it's passing until an event
occurs.
Just sitting, watching leaves and branches waving in
the breeze outside the emergency room window.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching The Young Create Relationships

Hearing voices, excited, chattering, laughing, exuberant,
all lining up at the vending machines, anticipating treats
that will come out of them with a few coins being inserted.

Boys and girls, all sizes, nationalities from different
countries and cultures from around the world, so good to
see how love and caring form relationships of the young.

Forming them without any hatred, racism or intolerance, a
wonderful way to communicate with each other, our young
people having the right idea for future generations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Thinking Processes

Increasingly feeling a vibrant energy filling me day and
night, giving pleasant sensations through intellect, just-
ifying them innately through writing of many poems each day.

Loving and being driven forward into intellectual realities
of other dimensions, stowing all information within spheres
of this innate mind.

Watching as thinking processes rise and fill my mind so ex-
quisitely, always leaving me amazed at how quickly it's
happening.

Nowhere to hide, thoughts, ideas and concepts continually
and incessantly filling my mind and intellect thoroughly,
feeding my brain with delectable delicacies throughout
the moments of my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Thoughts

Jostling thinking, wanting to find more to life than just what it is.
Possibilities swarm into view, wanting to be chosen first.
Laughing at the tumultuous fervor all of them are showing.
Setting everything aside, being happy just to write what I'm seeing,
watching every thought as I place it in a poem, showing them all,
avidly reaching out to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Thoughts Correlate

Mind opening, blending with subconsciousness, intellect
taking it all in, watching as thoughts correlate them-
selves with musical rhythms.

A fascinating process, tempting curiosity to look and
question, as concepts formulate in mathematical ideas,
allowing poetry to flow into many coded rhythms.

Mind participating fully, developing and creating many
melodies to put words and definitions of poetry into
compositions of musical capability constantly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Thoughts Dive

Sitting here, not even trying, writing this book of poetry
from an empty mind.

Watching thoughts dive over the edge, falling with beauty-
ful cascading water, interiorly.

Music blaring, taking me through the air and splashing as
I hit the water below.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Through Darkness

Gazing into the night, unable to sleep,
yet lying in bed.

Dreams not able to overtake my mind,
being too wide awake yet to sleep.

Restless, feeling tired, not sleepy,
watching through darkness, peering
intently.

Trying to decipher beauty that's hidden
within it's invisible images with my
naked eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Through Frosted Windows

Walking through an icicle forest, touching it's brevity
in sights of melting drops, falling to the ground.
Coldness surrounding visions, giving them crystal-clear
clarity as I watch them slowly thaw in thought.
Feeling the aloofness keep me just out of reach of
another's touch.
Reality watching through frosted windows of winter's solace,
taking the time needed to continue withdrawing from life's
edges and falling asleep in an icicle tomb deep in an
interior icicle forest of bluened crystals, forming around
my heart.
Taking me firmly and gently into depths of winter snowdrifts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Time

Watching time as it travels around the clock, thinking
how measurably it keeps pace with morning, noon and
night, giving us a time to sleep and awaken.

Living a reality that starkly reveals who we are and
what life is all about, sleeping in a dream world,
living out fantasies of love, romance and beauty, so
gently cherished throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Time Drift

Resting in the lull of an early morning, watching time drift past.

Knowing it is taking today's memories with it to be tucked into this mind.

Doing it carefully, so that one day in the future, they will all be remembered.

Tasting the fruits of our lives, placing them into treasure chests for the rest of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Time Revolve

Watching time revolve on the face of a clock as I sit alone on a chair in the kitchen.
No one to talk to, no where to go and nothing to do.
Alone in a world of many people, yet hiding within, not letting anyone see who I am.
Giving of myself as I write into the silence of every passing day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Toddlers

Racing around a back room at the Wagon Yard, two little toddlers, running joyfully, holding balloons and chasing one another.
Finding their little game full of fun, leaving out the adults as they sit and talk.
Keeping each other company until it's time to stop and go home to bed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Tones

Energetically balancing every beat set in rhythmic styles,
forging an amount of lace and satin into the stream of things.
Interludes of sound take me onto outer spaces, watching tones
drift by in colorful materials, grasping tears and taking up
sorrow's grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Traffic

Sunlight shining onto cars, reflecting star shapes
into the air.

Shiny traveling stars filling the city with their
glow down streets and freeways.

Never knowing how they sparkle and shine to a
creative eye, hiding out on the tenth floor of
city hall.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Traveling Rhythms

Exercising intellect through writing constantly
and incessantly.

Watching neurons and synapses moving rapidly as
I listen to music, rhythms traveling faster.

Racing throughout my mind every moment, totally
satisfying the pictures of thought as they fall
into place without any trouble or effort at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Trees Grow

Natural beauty fills all my senses, making them come alive
with vibrancy and verve.

Allotting time to single out what is surrounding me in
joyous happiness, held placatingly inside.

Watching the trunk of a tree grow before me even though I
cannot see it's growth, allows my inner self time to grow.

Branches, twigs, leaves, all perfectly symmetrical and
beautiful, showing off their splendor, seasoning a life of
natural wonder which I carry deep inside.

Always salted to taste, my eyes crave more of it's universe
within my heart and soul.

Fulfilling earthly desires of materialistic glory and greed
are not within me, for I'd be contented living in a tent in
the desert alone, away from society.

Hermit-like is how I feel inside whenever I go off by myself
to hide and write.

The peace is spacious and I can never seem to get enough of
it, although I try every chance I get.

Nothing satisfies me more than being alone with the goodness
God has shown through His natural love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Unnoticied

Sitting in a straight-backed chair,
wandering around in my mind and
enjoying whatever I create.
Set deeply in cooperative regions of life.

Watching, unnoticed by anyone, as each
person comes and goes, leaving auras and
impressions of themselves to gather and
write into another poem.

Adding to my repertoire, satisfying only
inner desires of my own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Visions

Strengthening determination sifts itself into me with a flamboyant display of knowing.

Inherent abilities tend to move around and place me in predicaments I'd rather not be in.

Soothing, awakening a futility that's arranged, bringing my mind to a capacity given from birth.

Solving problems with an accuracy of percentages in favor of other dimensions.

Figuring only about an eighth of mental acuity, taking me on many journeys throughout lifetimes as I lie sleeping in my mind.

Watching visions only out of anticipated dream-like states.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Visions Of Restoration

Stepping into the future, watching visions of beauty
right here in the U.S.A. come to frutition.

Donald Trump our new President, undoing everything
obama has done to destroy our nation.

Building the wall, protecting it with drones and sur-
veilance, national guard standing by in case they are
needed.

Foreign aid a thing of the past, citizens tax money
being used right here in the United States and nowhere
else.

Other countries now helping themselves, their own
citizens pitching in and doing their parts.

No more guest visas or immigration being given to anyone,
our economy here in America rising into the sunlight ex-
tinguishing the national debt forever.

Standing alone, the states are now running their very own
governments, no more federal money tainting education,
causing poverty.

Welfare scarcer, being used for only the poor and those
who are disabled or cannot help themselves at all.

Yes, the American Dream is definitely restored in our time,
thanks to the business mind of Donald Trump.

This is the vision that comes to the mind of a mere poet,
who is looking forward to seeing it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Visions Of Tomorrow

Bringing a smile to my face as I listen to a staccato
beat taking my heart into realms of sanctity beyond
this life.

Retiring in the arms of God, feeling protected and safe,
knowing that He'll never fail me, praying always instant-
aneously when feeling the need to do so.

A perfect union of music's rhythms, touching my soul and
nurturing faith, hope and charity, looking into the pools
of reflection, watching visions of tomorrow.

Opening wide and taking in all portions of life, past,
present and the future, everything coming to fruition in
spite of humanity and it's opinions.

Deftly being inspired and touched by a Divine hand, letting
self be taken into the beyond without hesitation, stranded
in the love from above, a perfect place to be.

Alone in an island of purity and innocence, attempting the
impossible, letting it be done because I can, feeling the
pleasure filling me as I write about it right now.

Covering up any doubts or fears with an intrepid refusal
to anticipate it at all, finding the world wide open and
inviting, mankind kept to the side so as not to interfere
in any way, shape or form.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching With Interest

Walking into rainbows of color, prisms shining in a
bluened light, giving effervescent details seen only
in certain angles.

Watching with interest as they move in time to musical
rhythms, enticing this mind into writing in depths of
intellect.

Reality taking steps to move into the light, also want-
ing to be written about, letting it step into the midst
of imagination where light totally becomes energized.

Taking everything into distant dimensions, fulfilling
excitement fully, quieting my spirit, bringing it soar-
ing along with joy and hope.

Going into atmospheres poetically awaiting it's entrance,
then writing about it in absolutes and equations that con-
stantly come to mind.

Coding rhythms just so, allowing them to be entertained
in interior realms of intellect, watching them frolic and
play, having a great time every moment they're together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Words

Thoughts flowing like a river through nature,
gathering clouds above, as a jet soars,
leaving a stream of white behind it.

Watching words produce pictures in my mind as
I write them out for all to see.
Knowledge sitting astride subconsciousness,
promising better tomorrows, left from poems
scattered around to be read in another time when
I have died and gone beyond them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching Workers At A Fast Food Restaurant

Watching workers in back of the counter, seeing them
slacking, not doing their jobs in a timely manner.
Talking, joking, cooks not cooking, taking their time
to make sandwiches, not getting some orders right.
Crowding around, getting in one another's way, making
messes not readily cleaned up.
Not paying attention, daydreaming, looking around.
None of the crew seeming to realize that customers
are always watching them, analyzing their motions,
looking for their smiles and good customer service.
Team work not always apparent, as a rush of people
come in to eat.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching You Walk Away

Watching you walk away, a heavy heart pulling me apart,
leaving nothing except the loneliness you have left me.

Searching, aimlessly wandering, finding no passage lead-
ing to your love as the emptiness slowly overtakes my
being.

Staring into empty spaces of light, seeing only the
darkness of shadows looking back at me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watching, Waiting

Steadily beating, rhythms of my heart keeping me going
throughout life, musically silencing doubts and fears
lying about.

Gaining strength, faith, hope and love as life opens
like a prayer book, giving blessings daily as I walk
through depths of an interior journey.

Soul taking my being into the divine, bluened, awaiting discovery, an illuminating and exacting discovery
while traveling through a land of peaceful faith.

Entering a dimension of hope and charity that takes me
straight to edges of heaven where all is divulged in
open arms of God.

Living in the beauty of His mercy, soul open to His love
as I await the serenity only He can give to me, watching,
waiting, knowing everything will be alright.

Patiently standing by, containing my excitement, hoping
to be taken above and beyond where I am now, silently
praying that I've lived my purpose in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Water Splashing Onto My Mind

Water splashing refreshingly onto my mind, awakening it
with pleasure, soothing and calming me interiorly, feel-
ing it's effects as my mind comes alert in India.

Taking steps into another day where life is waiting fill-
ed with excitement, thrilling me intensely, nothing get-
ting in the way of who I am.

Lifting spirits, giving a whole lot of good feelings to
take into moments of this life, sounds of rhythms flow-
ing incessantly into moods and attitudes I possess.

Sating desires, filling the passion held within me for
poetical interludes and musical compositions, searching
only for the wonder in life beyond, maybe having found
it here in India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waterfall Of Anxiety

Being carried away on a cloud of tender music,
softly floating about my senses.
Tantalizing, pushing, prodding, mysterious-laden,
serenity fills me within.
Stacking feelings high into the atmosphere and
watching them drop - nondescript - onto the
hardened earth of man.
Twisting and turning away from the heat of
natural longing and desire, heavily cascading
down waterfalls of anxiety, piously fixated on
thoughts of dying.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waterfall Of Sound Throughout India

Listening to rhythms as they fill my mind with joy and enthusiasm, triggering an interior waterfall of sound, flowing automatically inward.

Chords touching my heart and soul, gathering hopes and dreams of a future life vision, experiencing adventures, exploring their wonder and awe.

Eclipsing life itself at times, for everything comes from imagination, relating concepts and ideas from surroundings, blending them with fantasy, making them interesting and enjoyable.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waterfalling Feelings

Not being an expositor, I cannot assist anyone or teach
the ways of life, books explain all tell-tale habits of
getting along in this world.

Turning always in the same direction, wishing instead to
circumscissile this abhorrent life style.

When sadness penetrates the edges of longing there is no
turning back, the tears will fall heavily, descending on
waterfalling feelings.

Never gradually rescinding, standing timidly on the
exterior of life's horizon, forbidding self to enter.

Traps lie along paths, permitting no admittance to the
sandy, light-filled shores untouched by the crescent
shape of fear and sorrowful pleading.

Sinking to depths, unable to reach out, abominable
memories thrust their way to the surface refusing to be
hidden anymore.

Finger poking, prodding the embryonic sac of remembering
with curiosity and unsatiable fear.

Tears of remorse spill from a heart, salted, burning
apart the barrier which has been kept in place so long.

Hold my hand as I traverse this ugly state of mind or I
will run from it and meet my death for sure.

There are no outlets, no easy ways, only to face it will
someday erase the pain of living.

Walking on a tightrope, no safety net, possibly falling
within to meet an inner death, alone, forsaken and left
again, when finishing this requirement of life.

Nothing more staining this mind's eye, but can one survive

this horrible nightmare? Is there enough stamina in reserve to get past all of this sad remorseful past which was once all the life self owned?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waterfalls

Portrayals of nature creating an inner perspective of entanglement with peaceful recriminations, taking circular energy within an energy of serenity.

Quietly partaking in every nuance of nature, bringing all to face the light of day in words of black and white.

Testing mercurial waters from tops of waterfalls, dropping into depths filled with rocky bottoms and slippery souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waterfalls Of Sadness

Deepening evening, penetrating sublime energy,
caressing life with an afterthought of beauty.
Singly denoting silent retribution with an
appreciation of all that's independent and free.
Lasting patience has run out and is no longer
able to conquer reality's extreme tendencies.
Just trying to cross over and not fall between
the tracks of my tears as they flow solemnly
down waterfalls of sadness.

(8/27/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waterfalls Of Sorrow

Emotions flowing into the ocean, turning tides into waterfalls of sorrow,
deafening my mind as I move into a place of grief's importance.
Suggestions abound from newly thought instances, looking for peaceful moments to come into my life.
Assuaging my soul as I cry into the night without any comfort.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waterfalls Of Words

Reverberating throughout the night in the cafe,
rocking me back and forth, sending me into a
whirlwind of music.
Playing inside my mind with an intellect of beauty,
considering the talent of every day voices.

Words filling waterfalls, flowing gently by,
turbulently over the edge, leaving rocks behind,
forming ledges to catch my breath on.

Gently, moving swiftly as the current matching the
rhythm of my soul takes me downstream, into white
rapids of turmoil.

Feeling the intensity of each and every note being
played in instruments of wonder and beautiful
strident motions.

Leaving all tones along the river's edges, coming
back later to fish them out.
Taking all turns and bringing them around.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waterfalls Rhythm

Rhythms taking me down waterfalls,
splashing into cool pools,
hundreds of feet below.

Rocks jagged and piercing, waiting
for mt to fall upon them.

Heading downward, leaving all
essences of aromas in the still
night air.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Watering Yesterday

Watering life with tears of sadness,
turning away from the years, pining
for yesterday.
Knowing it's never going to return
again and life must end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Water's Edges

Lying upon beds of thinking, hoping to delve into profound knowledge and bring it out in song.
Testing water's edges, finding it's going to disappear at the first sign of fear, shown in views of interior pictures.
Calming down, finding exact meanings of everything that needs to be said.
Wholly elated, finding self in everything I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waters Of A Fading Memory

Bridging waters of my fading memory,
reflecting images off of ponds of
reminiscence.

Unafraid of quiet feelings generated
by a peaceful existence.

Standing under willow trees of sorrow,
tearfully looking back, wondering at
the disappearance of tomorrow.

Sincere images walking away, knowing
that all too soon another life will
end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waters Of Thought

Pressing rhythm as it touches my brain, relating words
and definitions to meanings of life, as it rotates in
unendingly beautiful accord.
Surrendering self into a gentle musical melody,
carefully taking it's rhythm and becoming a part of it
in sublime joy, as words flow out upon paper, telling
of what lies behind my eyes in visions of scenery
always at hand.
Trolling along, hands swirling in waters of thought,
picking up along the way, tidbits to relate in prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waters Of Tolerance

Raking over the coals of hatred, throwing waters of
tolerance upon them, not allowing hatred to grow into
a bonfire.

Complacently taking a stand, never reversing our stance
as we continue putting our hearts and souls into the
fight for our freedom here in the U.S.A.

Nothing to thwart our endeavors, keeping focused, always
looking beyond the illusions that obama and our corrupt
politicians are trying to place upon us.

Seeing the truths in daylight, knowing within our hearts
what is going on and stopping it dead in it's tracks
right this minute.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wave Riding

Riding waves of excited rhythms, flouncing across the
floor hand in hand.

Bouncing through rhythms with light hearts and burning
fervor for life at this particular moment in time.

Returning constantly for flexible exercise, passing
years away, pocketing them in memories stashed in coats
in back of the closet, awaiting reformed thoughts in
future poems.

Silently, stealthily, moving forward onto familiar turf.

Suffocating no longer, free to move about on eternal
shores of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wavering In The Moment

Going into the night, not knowing where life will lead me,
just striding forward anyway, hoping to find some semblance
of experiences left behind once upon a time.

Solace and serenity filling me to the brim, overflowing in-
to depths of my inner being, taking me along, just wavering
in the moment between light and dark of another day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waves Lapping Over Me

Calming waves lap over me, easing the tension,
taking away all pain caused by living.
Solace penetrating my being, giving me respite
from all that has been going wrong medically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waves Of Coercion

Sadness crawling on hands and knees, tears dropping
incessantly into depths of self-made oceans.
Turbulently exercising their strength in tumultuous
waves of coercion.
Finding many steps taken towards outlying fortresses
of loneliness, walking hand in hand with an
emptiness never thwarted by happiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waves Of Depression

Riding waves of depression,
sinking heavily into a mire of jangled nerves,
taking all of happiness away and putting it in a place of safety.
Trying not to listen, yet it hits my ears and I can't escape its wrath, soaking me in hopelessness endlessly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waves Of Desperation

Desperation in my soul does not reflect in the sound of my voice.
It echoes within, bouncing off walls of my interior.
A lump of tears jerks itself into my throat, and I do not want to
let my eyes partake of it's salted despair.
Wiping my mind with the tissue of my soul, carefully, gently, so
as not to tear what I know I cannot hold.
So insidiously feeling turmoil go through me like an ocean in a
severe storm.
Holding on to whatever fragments of strength and courage I have
left, I ride swelling waves of desperation, hoping to drown feelings
growing still inside me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waves Of Destiny

Mutely speaking through written words, placating life
with soul-filled rhymes.
Searching for adventure, daring experiences and bold
fear, all wrapped up in years of maturity.
Taken in stride, unafraid of doing anything for the
first time.
Enjoying the thrill of it all as I continually land
upright from parachutes falling from the sky in
ambivalent waves of destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waves Of Emotion

Flattened tones playing themselves into atmospheres
of distaste.
Waves of emotion, salty to the taste, hit the shore
running.
Wanting more of life than what it appears to give,
a lasting fragrance of apoplectic tributes are
strewn within our universe.
Starkly partaking of each moment passing this way,
with no strict limits or rules to mar pathways on
earth's outstanding orbit around the sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waves Of Excitement

This mind is in heaven, looking at pictures
being brought to intellect while listening
to this wonderful music, taking off into the
wide blue yonder.

Filled with joy and wonder of it's rhythm,
tantalizing and alluring intellect into realms
of imagination, riding waves of excitement,
loving feelings being brought into my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waves Of Interior Storms

Wailing into the darkness, guitars taking my heart into waves of interior storms where I continue to drift about on the surface, alone and thoughtful.

No longer wanting to wander earth, just feeling the loneliness existing deeply within, desires burning a hole in my heart, unable to be sated or quenched again in this life.

Dejected, forlorn, knowing there's no one who will be here for me, taking self out of the equation of this earthly life, no longer wanting to live this nonexistence in throes of a love that's no longer mine to cherish or treasure, now belonging to death's side of this life forevermore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waves Of Oil Paint

Capturing the essence of frothy waves of oil paint,
sloshing without - a rectangle slightly askance in a
painting.
Burning fires of a sunset, standing crosswise,
holding it's own, trying to not be drowned by the
insistence of waves of oil paint, wanting to put
them out and take over the entire abstract landscape.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waves Of Pleasure

Sliding into realms of another dimension on rhythms
touching my mind interiorly, living in their sounds
and tones.

Enlivening this mind, senses enthusiastically moving
to it' rhythms, riding the waves of pleasure, writin-
ing them into poetry, religiously.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waves Of Pleasure Filling Intellect

Hurriedly flowing through music in a fast-paced rhythm, soaring with glee and joy into zones of pleasure.

Feeling welcome and fulfilled, walking into avenues of positive attitudes and moods.

Tactfully adhering to goodness, life and nature, riding waves of pleasure, enjoying surfing them.

Soaring into the air and falling down into an ocean of pleasure below, taking in everything, noticing it's beauty surrounding this mind and writing intuitively through intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waves Of Present Moments

Getting lost within, losing sight of banal horizons,
leaving behind, many unnecessary tempos that no
longer match my rhythms.
Soaring over yesterday's boundaries, finding new
facets and aspects unknown before.
Life flies alongside, entering port holes of other
dimensions.
Seeking new areas to settle into with undue anxiety.
Placing visions on waves of present moments,
scattering thoughts over wide expanses of subconscious
imagination.
Beauty lying within autumns of my future demise.

(3: 47 p.m. - 1/17/11)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waves Of Reality

Strangely eerie, this evening is filled with gentle gusts
of wind, stationary thoughts swaying on waves of reality,
just being what they have become.

Solemn and quiet, letting bits and pieces of harmony keep
time with air currents in my mind, chords running in and
out, touching, giving coded rhythms a sense of belonging.

Flowing joy, searching for a place to reside in, being pla-
cated for a while as melodies find their way onto plains
and atmospheres of another tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waves Of Remorse

Living in tune with natural vibrations, counting on
future rehearsals of death's silent embrace.
Waves of remorse break upon each other, splitting
apart, sending foamy white water into the atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waves Of Tears

Quality being sought in unusual
places no one has thought of before.

Withdrawing kindness, setting someone
adrift in an ocean of sorrow.

Pounding the sands with waves of tears,
sobbing and carrying on through many
years.

Setting aside all phases of living,
while existing through the torrential
downpour, beginning and ending in one
small person.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waves Of Thought

A lifetime of darkened nights, benefiting my soul
in contemplation, arriving at conclusions in life.
Vital shadows clouding memories of past frights,
now standing in the way of future happiness.
Solidly standing, yet wavering with every wave of
thought that crashes upon me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waves Of Turmoil

Quiet calm taking over incessant waves of turmoil,
brewing beneath the icy surface.
Catamarans dipping and flying upon the turbulent surf,
afraid of holding on or turning loose the fragile
grasp of life, floating closely at hand.
Natural consequences tearing, dripping, falling into
the dust, scattering it's powdery remnants to an
unknown universe, and back again to rest eternally in
hopeless descent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waving Memories

Palm fronds waving to me in a morning breeze, touching my memories, bringing them alive, watching their movement, enjoying their symmetry and poise. Delicate, feathery fingers, combing my mind, giving me food for thought and contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Way Beyond Good

Listening to the forte of an early morning concert,
enjoying the music being played by a band made up
of Veterans, police and a fireman.

Way beyond good, they're great! in synch, giving me
plenty of thoughts to write about, being a solitary
woman.

Living a life among others, yet keeping to myself,
owing my life to poetical interludes and composing
music.

Always writing until the day life disposes of me,
for now just living every moment totally, fully, and
so beautifully vibrant until then.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Way It Used To Be

Wondering if anyone ever goes home to the way it
used to be.

Or is that only in some twilight zone, made up
to quench the happiness of childhood.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Way Of Thinking

Watching lights shining, moving when reflecting
on a table top where I'm writing.

A nod or slight movement of my head, changes them
from light to dark, designs and patterns being in-
terrupted and moved around.

A fascinating and beautiful way of thinking, as I
realize that's how my mind thinks and wonders, con-
stantly having a thought, idea, reflection or some-
thing catching my eye

Then I start writing one poem after another while
listening to music making it clearer in my mind,
intellect taking over, clarifying every point as it
revolves in my mind, along with rhythms being heard.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Way Of Thinking Of Life

Turning about like a ballet dancer on tip toe, balancing perfectly, leaping into the air and landing as if silk, so daintily and delicately.

A beautiful way to think of life as it grows and matures with us, always holding onto this gentle memory helps to keep one focused on self and not worry about what others think.

Knowing who we are, no one can ever be us, wish all people could see the way we think and maybe one day emulate us also, seeing what people think of us doesn't really matter in anyway.

Invariably it's based on jealously, meaning nothing beyond that person's thinking, so stop wasting your time on unnecessary thoughts that just hurt and stagnate your own growth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Way To Destiny

Flashing lights beckoning me,
Showing the way to destiny.
Allowing the beauty to shower me
With blessings from friends.
At a loss on how to reconnect to
The many memories,
Outlasting my time on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Way Towards Freedom

Wrapping your mind around, protecting and guiding me from
evils of this world, taking my hand, leading me into beaut-
iful gardens filled with aromas of hundreds of roses.

Touching senses, awakening them from their long time comas,
giving pleasure again in your touch, gently you come into
view, hoping to see me open and welcoming you.

Seeing the tears of joy in your eyes, as I gaze at you, now
knowing that I have accepted you into my life totally, giv-
ing you an unbound joy in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waylaid In Time

Sitting in a parlor of despair, seeing no future beyond blackened eyes.
Waiting on the edge for corridors to cave in upon this withering soul.
So alone, unconsoled, filled with eternity, awakened by threats belonging to passers-by.
Waylaid for moments in time, our ancestors fill empty spaces with thought, creating an existence of imaginative reality, focusing towards beyond in silent catastrophic defilement.

(6: 57 p.m. - 7/11/00)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Waylaid Trust

Placing trust in others shouldn't happen,
because they will waylay it somewhere along the way.
Mistrusting every motive is a necessary beatitude in life.

Such is the way of the world.
Taking in all of earthly goods, knowing they will be folded
negatively into closets, crammed intuitively forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ways Of Intense Desires

Sauntering down pathways of passion, feeling it filtering
into my heart by way of intense desires.

Entering every moment spent in rhythm's presence as we
walk the distance in life together making passionate love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Ways To Use Innate Talent

Radio blaring into the atmosphere, sending rhythms
to code poetry that is being written incessantly,
poetically interjecting knowledge and wisdom into
depths of being.

Intellect leading the way into every neuron and
synapse to cover an inner universe, filling it with
so many things being learned and put to use in
teaching others.

Stemming from the purposes found in daily life,
finding ways to use innate talent to help others,
those who need help to exist or survive in this
lifetime.

Brevity of this life needing to be helped by necess-
ities given to help others in time of need, poverty
having struck them down, leveling out the playing
field until there's nothing left to do but die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wayward Angles

Strings forming an object, illuminating light
through wayward angles, left to the imagination.
Light and darkened designs alternating themselves
according to the perspectives they are seen in.

(4/22/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We Are All Connected

Searching faces, seeing love, joy and pain etched in
everyone that passes my path in life.

Learning their life stories in just moments, being
expressed from their hearts and losses in life.

A lot of heartbreak and pain has been accumulated
throughout the years of our lives to be sure.

We are all connected whether we realize it or not,
humanity being a part of our beings.

Each and every fiber attached to one another, as
we stroll through life on separate paths together.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We Are Enough

Watching you day in and out, doing everything for me with such
a complete and unconditional love.

My love always yours, never having to ask for it, a blessing
for both of us from God above.

Keeping us both so close and forever bonded, never wanting
another in this lifetime.

We are enough for each other, and are forever one, my one
and only true love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We Are Just Waiting

Living in a land of opportunity as citizens of the United States of America, watching as obama tries to tear our republic apart.

Knowing what we've built together through the years, being united, we would never fall under his inane stupidity, counting on the miracle of our lives and freedom not to.

Knowing far more than obama and his minions will ever know about the American Spirit, treading where they shouldn't be, we will make them sorry they ever crossed us or our borders.

Americans are not soft and pliable like obama and muslims think, we are strong, united, not to be messed with under any circumstances, as they will shortly find out.

American ingenuity will surpass anything he and his minions can think to do, we are ready to stand and fight them to the death.

Looking them straight in the eye, telling them to 'Bring it', we're waiting quietly in the shadows for these cowards to make their move once and for all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We Are Not A Box Of Crayons

Interpreting life through hundreds of words each and every
day through poetry.

Unlikely subjects at times come into an expressive existence
with the stroke of a pen.

Ink flowing through this mind, forming thoughts that make
sense.

Wanting to ride into many sunsets, writing effortlessly,
without any barriers in the way.

Loving the exercise it creates for my mind, taking it on
extensive journeys through intellect and imagination.

Tenderly and quietly, letting the world know what is being
felt about the way we are being treated in this evil and
arrogant world.

People trying to change everything for the worst, letting
only certain ones have the say-so of millions of people.

Don't they see the ridiculousness of such an inane feat?

We are all unique individuals, having separate ideas, thoughts,
creations, inventions and attitudes.

We are not a box of crayons, yet they are ignorant enough
to think this of us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We Are One In Love

Needing your total love to go on, counting on you to be
by my side forever, even though I know that's impossible.

Feelings for you taking me soaring into joy and happiness,
knowing that you feel the same way about me too.

Nothing taking us away from each other, because our hearts
have become inseparable, we are one in love only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We Can Never Plan

Changes in life always coming upon us unexpectantly,
tearing us apart.

Heroes coming into being at opportune times, today
when we need someone to step in and bring things to
a good ending.

Things change in the blink of an eye, never a pre-
conceived idea of when it will happen to us.

Alive one moment, dead the next, how can we ever
plan for anything in this life, it's so totally
temporary and uncertain.

Living while we can, trying to keep everything pure
and far from the evil penetrating this world today.

Always being in the midst of something important,
taking time to combat racism, injustice, prejudice
and the evil these things bring into our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We Can Never Settle

Dissident music resonating in another atmosphere, waiting
to be translated into new and adaptive ways of learning
to decipher what needs to be done.

Making our world a better place to live, proving to the
world that Americans can stand the test of time no matter
what the situations or circumstances may be.

Standing tall and proud, waving our flag of freedom for
all to see, knowing that we can never settle for any
other way of life.

Not wanting to be slaves to any nationality, creed or
government, fighting to the death any enemy whether
foreign or domestic, much like we're now doing with
President Trump at the helm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We Cannot Find An Anchor

Events and experiences in life come and go, we live
through them at times or we die because they were
too much for us to handle.

Mind wondering how to get around all this confusion
being caused, using imagination mixed with reality
to figure out what's missing.

There's an ingredient that has been left out of the
equation, we're drifting along, lost and in trouble,
because we cannot find an anchor in life to hold onto.

There's nothing for us in this temporary world, we have
ourselves, but only for a short span of time also, be-
fore we expire.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We Comply With Our Lives

Stepping into the future of something we know nothing of, yet we go ahead and comply with our lives in spite of it all.

Finding favor somehow with this temporary being of ourselves, attempting to do the best we can to leave a mark of goodness and make a difference in this world.

Everyone of us can change this world if we step up and do our parts to combat evil and injustice.

We must all take a stand, never back down, we are the People of American and we all stand for freedom, liberty and justice for all in this wide world of ours.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We Don'T Live In A Perfect World

Embarrassed by nothing in life, having self-confidence,
just enough, to admit mistakes and when being wrong.

Living in the surety of uncertainty throughout life,
realizing that we don't live in a perfect world.

Recognizing facts of reality as they accompany me down
walkways and alleys alongside of my being.

Knowledge transpiring, taking me into depths of intellect
where everything can be sorted out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We Elected Them

Staying back, watching, thinking, wondering, curious about the future and what it will hold for each of us when this day is done.

Listening to inner innate spirits giving faith from the Divine dwelling within me, staying strong, fighting poverty that the government and politicians have caused us all.

Many Americans' are suffering hardships because of their greed and corruption, wanting it all and leaving us in depths of despair.

Alone and forgotten even though we are the ones who got them elected to represent us, not themselves and their special interests.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We Fall Prey

Life continues through all sorts of trials and tribulations,
just existing until it doesn't.

We constantly try to do what we can, taking care of one
another, working, enjoying some pleasure, falling in and
out of love and grief whenever loss enters our lives.

Sorrow seems to play a major part throughout our time here
on earth.

Always striving to find some happiness in spite of it, and
succeeding for moments in solitude.

In the end we all fall prey to the grim reaper and finally
get to experience heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We Have Our Plans

Benefits of aging are like treasures that we hold
close to our hearts, because there are too few of
them as we grow older.

Leaving behind our pasts, we strive to hold onto
the present, keeping or minds alive and vibrant -
future times we know not of them.

We have our plans and lists of things that we want
to accomplish, yet we may never get to them or may
not finish them before our lives are completed.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We Love And Love

Slowly, calmly enticing my soul through your love as I am enfolded within your heart and arms, feeling loved, safe and protected just by being with you my love.

Passion rising, temperature blazing, desires taking over my being while we love and love throughout the night, my dear.

Fireworks exploding, colors expanding, covering us both in their vibrant hues as we hold one another tonight, unconditionally loving, never wanting to leave each other's presence in this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We Need Smarter Voters

People all over the world are essentially decent and respectful towards Americans, and I for one, appreciate it.

Glad that we individual Americans are not being judged by what our corrupt politicians are doing.

They are definitely not representing the American people in any way, shape or form.

Being so tired of their greed, selfishness, mistakes in judgment, when it comes to foreign policy especially.

Never doing what We the People want done, yet pretending that they are to the rest of the world.

Government has become a joke anymore, we need to have smarter voters so we can elect politicians with a brain.

Able to reason logically and not with their greed always getting in the way of progress and necessities of We the People.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We Need To Unite

Life being enhanced by diversity, tolerance and respect, if only this were true, life would be much happier and nicer, people need to wise up.

Realizing that opinions only matter on biased polls taken by the media and those who skew the numbers, cheat and rig them in their favor to fit their agendas.

We all need to unite, come together for the sake of our nation, respect President Trump, letting him make the U.S.A. great once again.

Putting aside our petty quarrels and disagreements for the sake of peace in this great and wonderful free country of ours, then proceeding to help other countries do the same.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We The People

Upholding the Constitution, We the People doing everything
we can to take back our country from illegals, Syrians and
muslims.

Wanting them to be deported and do things legally like our
Grandparents did, then we will welcome them with open arms
as long as they speak English and assimilate in American ways.

Accepting our values also, nothing less will do, that's the
only way things are supposed to be in this nation of liberty
and freedom, the land of the free and brave.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We Yearn For One

Looking out of prison's windows, trying to see some of
life's closely held treasures.

Within sight is only a black sky, looking carefully,
picking out a very few stars scattered across the skies.

Vastly different in every atmosphere, sitting back and
waiting in joyful hope for freedom to be invoked.

Laughing in the face of justice, taunting it's tightly
held reins, sliding down avenues filled with rain.

Staring, suddenly reminding us that perils are unending,
filling our lives every day, as looking out of prison
bars we yearn for just one of life's closely held
treasures.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Weakening A Person

Talent is of no importance when dealing with ordinary people, they'll look upon you as a leper not to be included in every day activities.

All rights belong to them alone and they continue to prove it each day, while you and talent sit alone.

There is no conquering of this fatal attitude, it will not be quashed, because it is not known nor recognized as such.

Hurt feelings, mild repercussions, avalanching, causing the death of talent because it is not strong, and weaker yet is the person born with it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wearing Masks

Hurrying through ancient songs,
wanting to be free and at liberty
to be whoever I seem to be to
everyone else.

Wearing masks, taking the time to
keep hiding away.

Turning away from anyone looking
to find out about me.

Stalkers, keeping track of me,
hurting me in the end with a failure
of being honest, open and truthful
in our friendship.

Lying, omitting the truth, keeping
me in the dark just to abuse in ways
torturing my soul with an intense
pain.

Ripping apart my very soul and
never caring one iota for me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Weather

Clouds scan the skies, looking to pick up some
weather to play havoc on the world for a while.
Skipping across vast blueness, never looking on
earth, just passing over, hoping to let go with
a lot of water.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Weathered Emotions

Talking incessantly in my mind happens only in pictures as I watch my life entice ideas from what I see.
Events stay with me through all types of weathered emotions.
Sadness, emptiness, abandonment, loneliness - finding pathways to lead me onto deserts where I may find my soul intact.
Quietly sharing, no speaking when writing down all conversations for posterity.
Always taking time to feel what it is I'm seeing.
Depths flowing ever upward as I qualify myself in creative juices - mostly ink on paper.
Talent far-reaching, giving me moments of immense pleasure whenever I go deep inside to contemplate through patterns of rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Weathering Beginning Of Summer

Peaceful serenity of a stormy night, mountains
up against a cloudy nighttime sky, stretching
themselves in windy gusts, blowing everything
around.

Beautiful flowers getting bumped against the
ground with no warning, bruising their little
petal arms.

Nature doing it's best to weather beginnings
of summer before it actually arrives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Weaving Cocoons

Sensing perception as it glides across imagination,
searing and etching it's ideas into pages of life
as it adheres in hallways of eternity.
Showing glimpses throughout our lives as we are
ourselves into cocoons of peace and tranquility.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Weaving Images

Waking from dreams, reveling in their insight, being cautious on interpretations without.
Singing silently with moods of quiet distance, arranging to feel deeply at certain times of importance when writing.
Cautiously watching as images weave in and out, taking their time to leave profound messages in hallways of life.
Soothing music prolonging episodes of literature as it continues to flow, cascading down waterfalls of thought, never catching onto anything jagged or sharp.
Smoothly creating poetry because it's fun to do and I love it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Weaving Notions

Lines of thought are falling into place right before my
eyes, going along pathways into another vision.

Enticing and capturing my attention, giving an insight
to handle any subject that can be written of.

A light and airy atmosphere that can be entered at any
time, such a beautiful and entrancing place, hoping to
stay here most of the time throughout life.

Capturing every detail, thought, idea, creating some-
thing wonderful for others to read in poetry.

Lasting expressions and impressions falling from lines
and into priceless exchanges of poetical forms.

An absolute and enjoyable sphere to be in at all hours
of the day and night.

Weaving notions everywhere, selecting them at different
times in life, never extracting the ugly, beauty unfold-
ing every time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Weaving Reasons

Wandering wherever the music takes me,
going within this lonely shell of mine.
Weaving reasons through poetry,
and delighting in the words that become
a part of meanings erupting from my heart.
Joining advocates of loneliness through
sorrow's gates, developing emptiness through
artistic grace.
Inquiring thoughts find emotions and attach
them to what I'll be writing in verse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Weaving Rhythms

Limitless indulgences being brought to bear, listening eagerly to words being sung.
Weaving in and out of patterns being given in rhythm's stanzas, attempting to enliven every movement sent in time.
Volume rising, people singing in the atmosphere, hoping to provide entertainment for crowds of people.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Web Of Deceit

Fallen down on edges of sanity, grabbing ropes of disdain, holding on for dear life, fearing the burial brought to the surface of talented instances.

Tracking prints over rough terrain, searching for the one thread that would tear away the web of deceit, letting it fall, losing all it's victims to the recovery and power of their lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Web Of Thinking

Loving the beats and rhythms of 'cold as ice' as I
listen to Foreigner treat my mind to delicacies of
singular rhythms, touching my innermost being with
their unhesitant sensory perceptions.
Gathering feelings and emotions, pulling them to-
gether into a web of special thinking where I can
stay forever, trapped in it's forward insight of
all things scientifically mathematical.
Inventing chemicals and formulas to advance the
cure of all disease, physical and mental.
Retraining minds to accept their situations, yet
enhance them with so many alterations or changes,
bringing about amazing results that can be lived
with.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Webs Of Another's Deceit

Caught in the webs of another's deceit we become blinded by their lies, many times to our own detriment.

Opening our minds, thinking outside the box and creating our own ideas and thoughts, placing them into figments of each of our realities.

Totally watching others, finding that webs of deceit are only lies, manufactured to get us on the side of evil and corruption.

Saying no to them we pursue our own opinions, ideas and way of living, changing the way people have of making us think like they do.

Becoming open-minded people unlike the fakers and liars now ruling the world and destroying it fully and totally with untruths, greed and hatred.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Webs Of Deceit

Straightening thoughts upon
a rack from dungeons of old,
trying to untangle webs of
deceit given you by another,
promising to love you only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Webs Of Emptiness

Reaching into depths of self, finding spacious rooms of loneliness and grief.
Touching my heart and soul with a flood of emotions, rolling over me in a momentous situation of life.
Tangled in webs of emptiness, I let go and fall into the abyss of a lonely life, away from the world and universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Webs Of Fantasy

Watching dreams as they weave their webs of
fantasy tightly within this mind.

Carefully treading down avenues of imagination,
taking every notion and idea into realms of an
immediate reality, hoping to make all of it true.

Satisfied that each one will come to fruition, giving
of self in every endeavor so I won't have to be alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Webs Of Music

Talented ingenuity focusing on a myriad of individual motives
of certain ideas.
Following lines of induced thought, turning and spinning into webs of poetical
music on pages of rainbow colored images.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Webs Of Yesterday's Tears

Lonely hollow feelings getting caught in webs of
yesterday's tears, giving me a quadrant filled
with energy.
Stepping quickly into many episodes of talent,
letting it come into it's own, playing around with
rhythm's left in the wake of abandonment.
Testing all the shores of tomorrow against what
happened way back then.
If they were equal or excelled, then they'd always
find a place within.
Taking it away down the chords of everyday beliefs
being challenged today.
Grasping all the times ever spent in living through
them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Weekend

Shaking and bouncing all around, watching children
laughing with glee, smiles on their faces.
Playing hopscotch, throwing balls, playing catch
and running.
All are having a good time on the weekend.

(8: 50 a.m. - 11/18/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Weekends In My Twenties

Walking softly along shores of the Atlantic ocean,
remembering the weekends spent at Seaside Heights
when in my twenties.

Perfect times, spent with cousins and family together.
Catching fish, crabs and eels sometimes.

Swimming and body surfing all day long, losing weight
just because I never stopped for a moment throughout
the day and evening hours.

Peacefully, enjoying all the good times sent my way,
appreciating every one of them with family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Weekly Experience

Capturing the essence of nature and it's beauty, even
though being caught in the web of humanity here inside
a waiting room at the doctor's.

A weekly experience that's needed to keep my life be-
ginning every day, not minding too much, just a minor
inconvenience, still able to continue writing anyway in
spite of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Weeping Memories Tangle

Dejected, forlorn and saddened by early death's of
Parents, Grandparents, Aunts and Uncles.
Family always dying young, yet they've lived full
lives within those short years.
Laboring and leisurely resting until their untimely
deaths befell them.
Memories tangle and weep at the joy we used to have
together.
Laughter and tears we shared brought us closer than
ever.
Touching our hearts even now with every thought that
comes to mind, allowing me to see their images
consciously for moments in time.
Rejoicing mind, filled with hope and faith that I
will one day soon, join them for a huge Italian
family reunion in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Weeping Silently

Weeping silently, holding my heart filled with thousands of tears.
So heavy, so aching for love it knows will never come.
Destined to live a lifetime alone, hiding within, afraid of being hurt.
Crawling along eternity's roads with no hope or light to guide the way.
Silently weeping, letting go of a heart that can no longer be held.

(10/11/96)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Weeping Willow Poem

Weeping willows waving freely in the air, heads bowed
slightly as if in prayer, gathering all they can from
life.

They grow and seem to multiply, sharing themselves as
their whispers flow upon the breeze, shedding tears
disappearingly.

Calling to hearts of many, their graceful eloquence
leaves a lasting impression on the mind of a child,
at forty still full of a child's wonder and curiosity,
a poem has been written in it's memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Weighing In

Peeking through mini blinds, looking through the slits, seeing bits and pieces of nature from outside the window, weighing in on nature and humanity.

Seeing differences and some coinciding similarities together, getting pictures etched upon photographic interior screens, watching them like videos in my mind while writing poetry.

Coming fully alive through intellect, projecting them in poems as I watch continually through music and rhythms, feeling quite at home with the self my imagination has created through reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Weighing Situations

Chasing away a myriad of doubts, stalking me interiorly.
Wondering if I'll ever be able to concentrate on needs that are pressing me agitatedly throughout life.
Standing alone, rightfully weighing situations and circumstances with balance, trying to be fair to myself, yet putting others ahead of what I want in life.
Pressing matters of friends characterize who I am at any given time, allowing a gentle freedom to be expressed throughout the entire thought process.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Welcome Change

When going away, people will miss me,
look for me and not find me anywhere on earth.
When it's my time, life will desert me here
and start anew in heaven.
A new beginning, giving me blatant peace and
serenity.
It will be a welcome change from the life I've
been living every day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Welcome Display Of Love

Yesterday has come and gone, wishing for times that we used to have back then, watching videos, remembering events and times that brought us so many memories.

Taking us into a circle of love, being together, loving and staying together no matter where we went throughout our lives.

Never saying good-bye, just looking into one another's eyes, whispering sweet nothings into the night, looking forward to when we'd be lying in bed next to one another.

Making love, our desires and passion combining to bring us together as one, total magic filling us both mysteriously yet fully.

Sating one another, watching fireworks that we make together, a welcome display of our love, being sated interiorly and totally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Welcome Greeting

Sun has set some time ago, so now I lay me down
to sleep, dreaming dreams of you my love.

Until waking again in the morning to your welcome
greeting, wishing me a pleasant morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Welcoming 2017

Entering dimensions of time living every moment in the realization of a spiritual life.

Soul prepared for intense contemplation through music and silent prayer.

Touching interiorly every particle of being tonight as I get ready to welcome 2017 into the very moment of the New Year before leaving for home.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Welcoming Destiny

Falling away from this edge of life, knowing it will
be for a final time and not minding at this knowing
of destiny.

In fact, welcoming it into the existence of my entire
being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Welcoming Feeling

Incessant and energetic, unfolding every moment of life from an interior photographic screen, portraying many incidents and circumstances that I've been through and seen in life.

Guarding dreams and visions of childhood, never letting go of the innocence and purity of my child-like soul, touching extremes of this time in life.

Now at the ending, seeing the next horizon just ahead, bright bluened light beckoning me into it's serenity and wonderful beauty.

Stepping up to the edge and peeking over, watching life being continued on the other side, an eternity opening before me.

Eyes wide open and heart listening to my soul so perfectly at last, a welcoming feeling taking my being into an emancipated world beyond this earthly one.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Welcoming New Concepts

Wanting to quit at times, then someone will come into my
life and give me a reason to continue for a while longer.

Thankful for their caring and compassion, projecting life
into writing for another moment.

Pondering their reasons and thoughts to go on in poems
written from within an interior insight.

Always welcoming the new ideas and concepts, at least for
now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Welcoming Quiet Time

Surprising turn of events coming to be, allowing life to
open up and empty me out into it's interior desert where
I can b totally alone in thought.

Welcoming this quiet time and making the most of it while
able, separating bizarre requirements from what it is I
prefer doing.

Getting amazing results and publishing them in poetry
where many others can see and enjoy them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Welcoming Tentative Steps

Movement touching my sight, taking me toward motions of tidal waves of emotional turmoil.
Figuratively dancing into swirling lights, rocking away from life and it's boredom.
Changing many rhythms as I covertly dance in stride.
Welcoming tentative steps as they take me far away from edges of despair, finding life is many times happier than when I was younger.
Taking memories, following rhythm's beats into caverns of sincere temptations.
Noticing everything around me, yet not acquiescing to any of it.
Gratefully acknowledging each tone as it explodes in fantastic lights of prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Well - Meaning People

Detrimental disorganization abounding in the hierarchy,
causing stress and ill-spent time in anger.

Sighting problems, pinpointing clear solutions will
bring about the calm necessary to get things done.

Well-meaning people, setting precedents, trying to out-
play their power and causing discontent.

Finalizing the end product could be so pleasant, if
all details were separated and prioritized, culminating
in everyone relaxing and having fun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Well - Rounded Intellect

Interesting facts and figures filling this mind at times,
letting me know the reality of what is happening in our
country right now.

Never believing anything that is said to me, having to
find out for myself, the truth from every single side of
the issue.

A well-rounded intellect, taking everything into consider
ation.

Nothing else will satisfy this mind full of curiosity,
looking for answers and possibilities at every turn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Well Balanced Equality

Tours of inner universes filling this mind incessantly and
untiredly forever, completing puzzles with perfect simplicity
figuring out formulas and equations.

Taking intellect into prophetic visions of other dimensions,
being fulfilled through knowings of the other side of life,
always on the edge of every horizon.

Going into and out of photographic spheres filled with
memories of everything ever seen or done in this life,
especially people that I've met, seen, and befriended.

Lasting impressions that are never forgotten, living in
them completely, a well-balanced equality unequaled any-
where else on earth, a picture perfect portrait of every
thing in this mere poet's little life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We're One Forever

Rushing to meet you, heart beating faster with every step closer to you my dear.

Silent, yet joyous, finding that life begins and ends in your love for me.

Striving to be the only one who cares, knowing that you also care for me my dear.

Stretching our lives out to meet one another, nothing to come between us on this earth for you and I are one forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We're Totally Bonded

Softly lit by an interior enlightenment, we joyfully come together in the passion of life itself, our love being braided in our desires for one another.

Never to be undone, wandering into one experience after another, giving every ounce of attention within to both of us.

Believing that we'll always be together in this temporary life, talking, whispering sweet nothings in each other's ears, hearts melting in the heat of passion.

Blending and combining them into one forever, nothing coming between us, not even good intentions of another, for we have bonded totally, continuing to grow ever closer through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Weren'T Really There

Sparkling shards of memories taunt this mind,
but never coming close enough to see them.

Searching constantly through the atmosphere,
hoping to capture them on photographic screens
one at a time.

Playing, letting them have their own way for
now, adjusting attitudes to realign facets of
energy being wasted along the way.

Sudden and silent thoughts become preoccupied
with designs, traveling at breakneck speed and
corroborating with intellect.

Sliding into the often seen spotlight, taking
off into another atmosphere, somewhere in outer
space where they cannot be seen.

Telescoping at length, finding at long last that
they weren't really there in the first place, an
invisible sphere in the past of nothing less.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Western Christmas

Tap dancers full of energy, tapping around the Christmas
tree in music.
Beautiful western costumes, brightly shining, cowgirl
hats to top them off.
Keeping time with the steady rhythm, putting on a show
for all the seniors who enjoyed it tremendously.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Western Embrace

Arizona mountains so close as I close my eyes and gently
lay my head on their majestic splendor.
So safe, to feel at home next to them.
Relying on their beauty to make an imprint on my soul's
mind, I relax and bask in their arms.
A laid-back western embrace given through God's graceful nature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Western Horizon

Sun setting on a western horizon, a magnificent
backdrop to our natural desert.
Silhouettes of saguaros, ocotillo, and barrel
cacti, fanning across miles of desert shores.
Beauty - soul deepening - resting upon a poet's
creative mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Western Hospitality

Western lighting, standing out on a stage of karaoke, allowing a dance floor to be used by lovers, holding onto each other for as long as they can.
Wooden bar, standing by, as many patrons partake of different types of liquor in many bottles and glasses.
Attempting to please whomever comes in out of the weather, be it hot or rainy.
It's all the same in the end.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Western Realms

Listening to typical lyrics of western musical,
poetical desert realms of nature and beauty.

Choosing barren wastelands to roam and meander
through, quieting emotions with soothing,
calming, conversations, directly sent from
nature's soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Western Style

Western-style of entertainment being sung in a karaoke atmosphere by a variety of people and range of voices.
Everyone enjoying the music, some even dancing country-western style to it.
A reminiscent encounter from younger days when I used to go dancing when single.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Western Sun

Western sun, setting over interior mountains,
spilling deepened colors into the atmosphere.
Reaching and touching this mind with magnificent
beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Western Sunsets

Reminiscing along trails of yesterday,
remembering Roy Rogers and Dale Evans
until the end of time.

Beautiful sunsets, closing days of
western heritage, as we wend our
ways into the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Western Thought

Swaggering down lanes of western
thought on horses of poetry.
Inventing new trails to travel
onto as life continues to
address the purity of being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Western Way

Country western band, Brooks and Dunn, fantastic hits that inspire with new ideas.

Following beats up and down throughout back alleys of America, seeing life being lived normally in a western way.

Music and dancing, a way of life here, nothing taking it's place, not wanting anything else to interfere with enjoyment of honky tonk music and rhythm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wetting Outdoors

Having been totally engrossed in writing and listening
to music, suddenly looking up and out the window, seeing
rain pouring down like crazy, wetting the whole outdoors.

Smelling it's purity and freshness, revitalizing my mind
and senses with a fervor, vibrant, and enlivening my
spirit.

Loving the rain, having a special place in my heart
for it's tiny drops, glistening like sunshine upon
cacti and flowers.

So awesome and beautiful, a picturesque landscape,
filled with the wetness of heaven, nourishing earth in
all it's glory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

We've Had Our Chances

Losing time as we move into the twilight of our lives,
accepting final horizons with realizations and wonder
for what we will be going through on the other side
of this earthly life.

Settling into destiny as it has been set forth, giving
us no choice whether to live or die, we've had our
chances to choose throughout our life, hopefully we've
made the right choices, only doing good for others.

Love, compassion, caring, kindness for others, never
letting our egos get in the way, just being unselfish,
giving and totally one with God as we went through the
years.

All prerequisites to having lived a good life in the
preparation for our deaths, going on a final journey
to our last horizon, through nights of our lives,
living in the peace and serenity of one another.

Nothing to ruin our complacency or placid thoughts
of memories and their remembrances on earth, people
we've loved holding our memories close through the
years they have left.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wham, Bam

Wham, bam, thank you maam, kind of life it seems, men wanting to be taken care of, keeping their selfish ways close to them.

Expressing love only when wanting sex, then doing what they want with no regard to the women they marry, not giving any pleasure except to themselves.

Not all men are this way thank God, but for those poor women stuck with those whose egos are bloated, my heart goes out to them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What An Experience

Every moment is spent in thinking of you my love,
enjoying every one we share together exuberantly,
nothing has ever prepared me for such an exciting
love before.

Desires constantly being excited when even thinking
of you being with me, a lasting and memorable time
as our lives have meshed and become one time and
again.

Living in an unconditional love filled with wonder
as I look into your eyes my dear, a total and beauti-
ful way to be with one another through everything we
have experienced together.

Learning about what we think and know, sharing it
throughout our lives, what an experience every mo-
ment has been, taking me soaring far beyond anything
I could've ever imagined in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What Can You Teach?

What can you teach now?

There is no room for your type of knowledge,
it may never enter this mind.

Roaming around whenever wanting to, you have
no say within it, only I, and no other.

Leave, wishing to be alone when thinking, don't
want to be bothered.

No lies will ever be told, if you want to know
just ask and all will be told to you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What Constitution?

Why can't we just live as family, no taxes placed on us, no fees for services that are supposed to be offered free.
Gather together, pitch in, help those more desperate than we.
Isn't that what government was supposed to be about when the constitution was created and signed?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What Did You Do?

Why didn't you help out? There was plenty of food to fill your stomach, kindness of strangers, firefighters, rescue workers were there to meet and greet you.

Why didn't you come up out of your poverty to reach out and help others less fortunate than you right now?

What kept you from joining the rescue - where were you - what did you do for fellow Americans?

Why didn't you step up on the curb and become part of the rescue - it affected all of us - why did you just look from alcohol-stained eyes?

Have you receded that far from the population - society - people?

Where are you now? Still sleeping amongst your selfishness? What of your family? Can you still isolate yourself after seeing this horrendous catastrophe before you?

If so, why are you here in America, when you could be leading a life in another country where no one cares - where people like you, who have no consideration, and think people have no value.

You're still here - could it be that you feel the caring of others and want some of it too?

(11: 43 a.m. - 9/11/02)
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RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What Do People Expect?

Too many phone calls, all hours of the day and night,
people wanting to know how things are now that you are
gone.

What do they expect me to say, everything is great, I'm
getting along fine without you? It could never be so for
I miss you every waking moment.

Even in my dreams I'm searching for you, but death will
never end, keeping you from me always, why can't we be
together forever.

That's the question which is never-ending for all of us,
missing you honey, more than anyone will ever know or
understand.

Because there are no explanations that can cover the depth
of feelings andemotions filling me incessantly and totally,
wanting you by my side, holding, hugging, kissing me again.

Desires and passion still living here within my being for
you, tears falling, heart breaking, wanting you only my
dear.

Not able to have you anymore is killing me, killing me
slowly, but surely for there can never be anyone else in
life except you my love.

Finally falling asleep, exhausted from the torment of
losing you each night in dream after dream, crying in
the dreams of our once upon a life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What Does It Take?

Our world seems to have turned upside down with
perversion being accepted over the Ten Command-
ments and God.

Everywhere, letting evil torture, rape, murder,
good people, and are doing nothing to stop it.

Has no one found the courage to right what is
wrong in our world?

Does it take a mere poet - a Grandma - to speak
out against this injustice - being unafraid of
those perpetrating these deeds against mankind?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What Have I Done That's So Wrong?

Such a perfect love that we had, living in serenity,
holding each other so closely, no space between us.

Our love no longer reverberating, death keeping us
so far apart, never again letting us be together.

Following all the rules, honoring, cherishing, and
treasuring each other, why were you taken from me?

What have I done that was so wrong? Didn't I love
you enough, long enough, how could that be, I wonder.

You were my life, I lived only for you, no one else,
every moment we were together belonged to you.

My heart and soul were yours and yours were mine,
confident that we had many more years to be together.

Then you were gone from my life just like that, a
nanosecond was all it took, now I'm alone and bereft.

Having no love, my life is desolate and forlorn, tears
drowning me constantly.

Looking through them for you, never seeing you anywhere,
wanting you my dear, wanting no other.

There's no love left in me for anyone else, I have given
it all to you, my love, I have nothing left.

Not understanding what I have done that was so wrong,
being drowned in a punishment that has no reason to it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What I Call An Aging Maturity

There comes a point in everyone's life when they reach
what I call an aging maturity, having done things in
younger days to cheat, ignore, treat others like they
don't matter at all.

Especially the last ten or so years where people have
started making inane rules at the corporate levels,
people having worked for years, loyal, dependable,
trustworthy, now being tormented and ridiculed.

Making them quit, that way companies don't have to
give them pensions, raises, nothing, these shallow
selfish people hurt their own employees and don't
even think twice about it.

When reaching an aging maturity they will think back
over their lives and remember with shame what they've
done to hardworking, loyal dependable workers, at the
time never giving a thought to how they will live.

Yes, when reaching an aging maturity, it definitely
will come back to haunt them, but by then it will be
too late for they've gone against morals and ethics
for the accumulation of money and power.

Now having to pay as their memories replay the cruelty
they have done to others, wouldn't want to be them, I'm
not perfect, but at least I've never done others wrongs
like that.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What I Do

Waking to the afternoon, having had a twenty minute
nap while sitting at the senior center.

Still feeling tired, wanting to go to sleep, still
not having had anything to eat.

Being at doctors all day, having blood drawn, getting
I.V.'s.

Anyway, here I am, still writing in spite of it, be-
cause that's what I do day in and day out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What I Want

Waiting for a puff of wind - a gentle breeze.
Gasping for that one little breath of air.
What I want most in life right now is to get married and settle down.
What a joy my life would be then.
Always someone there to lean on - in those rare moments of wishing to be dependent.
In that little breath of time when I can say - Honey, I love you.
How I wish someone was here so I could say it.
I'd say it softly in his ear so only he could hear.
Then I'd shout it to the world that he's my love so dear.
I'd be so proud of him - so loyal - treat him like royalty.
But, I'd expect the same kind of spoiling in return.
I'd be by his side - yes! - his bride!
I'd defend him from day to day, and yes! I'd also understand him.
I only wish he were here so I could tell him so many things.
To tell him I love him and have him hold me closely, gently in his arms.
I can't live without him, he becomes afraid when I tell him.
He's a wonderful man, I love him with all my heart and soul.
Thank you, Lord, for everything - but especially for my life.
May I always remain single.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What Is Life Today

Reluctantly thinking, not being able to sort anything
out clearly enough to erase any doubts.

Bound tightly in knots, wanting to get loose and run
away forever, causes anger to peek about.

Watching many things take place which shouldn't be,
evil is seen in ever wider contexts.

It seems that the bad are being rewarded constantly
and the good are trampled under foot.

Life sits alone in the light, wondering what to do,
what is to become of it?

Has life on earth really taken on new meaning? Has
it turned so far around that there's barely any good?

Earth was once so full of life, now it seems to have
capsized beneath a wave of evil.

Very little is being done to save even those who are
wearing life jackets and can swim for it.

Altogether, definitions once held in high esteem no
longer exist, what is there to hold on to?

Where is there any hope except within where God is
dwelling?

Looking out, there is nothing to hope for, so we
must each seek Him and radiate love to those around us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What I'Ve Lost

Incessant an tearfully thinking of all that I've lost
in life without your love.

Not knowing that you were looking for me so long ago,
throwing away your chance by not coming to America.

Had you come we would've met, fell in love at first
sight and been married.

There's no doubt in either of our minds, we know it
intuitively in our souls and hearts.

Now we are miles and countries apart, just writing of
our love to one another through poetry.

Hoping to one day meet, becoming one in love, both
treasuring secretly and cherishing it in our hearts.

Blossoming through every conversation and poem being
written to one another through the years.

Precious love found, just waiting for the moment when
it will be fulfilled thoroughly at the end of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What Loving?

Meeting in various places during our lifetime, finding
and losing love as we wend our way.

Taking our lives in our hearts, we strive to protect
ourselves by finding someone to care and love us from
this hurtful world.

But in the end, we are hurt by this enticing, alluring
and beautiful love of another when death visits us.

What sense can we ever find in the act of loving?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What May Come Into Life

Living in an atmosphere of unreality, holding onto a
love that has not been found as yet.

Wonder and curiosity at what may come into life one
day, maybe soon.

Trusting in the promises of hope hiding always with-
in, wondering when they will be fulfilled.

Creating and developing senses of desire as they build
themselves higher and higher.

Quiet and timid, searching for the love that will hold
me tenderly close to his heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What May Happen

Dynamite ready to explode in the form of a nuclear war throughout our world.

People not realizing what soon may happen, going about their own business, not thinking of tomorrow at all.

Results of national security being pretty much null and void, we are at the mercy of evil in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What Might Have Been

Walking into dreams, looking for the love lost so long ago,
not even knowing about it until now.

Perfect being that should have been with me when younger,
having met now when it's much too late.

There's nothing we can do about it, but think wistfully
of what might have been.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What Now?

Again, sitting on a hospital bed, waiting to hear what's
going to happen now.
Will I have to have surgery again or something else?
Wondering why being brought back in the first place,
was it just so I could suffer some more?
What is the reason? What is the purpose of it all?
Reality keeps on biting, it seems like an endless
journey, that I don't really enjoy and could do without.
Holding on, only because God must have something in mind
that I yet have to do in this little life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What Once Was

Sorrow silenced by tears, drowning and taking me floating
down the river of grief where death holds onto the ones
I love, not letting go.

Stepping quietly into the space of it's dominance, taking
the heart of my mind into particles of my being that mani-
fest themselves in a volume of emptiness where there's no
life.

Stepping into the wide open area of death's beginning,
holding my breath, watching as life slowly escapes, giving
a lasting and total impression of what once was.

No longer able to stand in measures of time, loneliness
and silent grief appear, as tears continue to fall into
the pool of my interior being.

Without every having any respect at all for how it makes
me feel in the long run, floating into the reservoir of
sorrow keeping me forever saddened.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What Really Mattters

Looking in the past for things that brought joy to my heart
and soul throughout the many years of life.

Knowing only the beauty of family and friends is what really
matters here on earth.

Nothing can be taken with us when we die, even the clothes
they dress us in stay buried in the tomb of death.

So what is there left of us when we're gone? Our lives are
remembered in the minds of people who loved us and we them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What Secrets Are Hiding

Shadows standing in the shade away from the sun,
not wanting to be illuminated, not wishing to be
seen.

Wondering why this is so, what secrets are they
hiding, what don't they want us to find out about
their grayened and dark world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What They Are

Stranded in a mire of sorrow, collapsing interiorly,
trying not to let it show.
Snaking through every experience, living to the limit,
and enjoying moments for what they are.
Grasping details in an open mind, spreading them around
through poetry and rhythmical rhymes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What Truly Matters

All things that seemed so important yesterday, don't have
the same value they used to when younger, wanting to work
all hours to make money to buy things wanted or desired.

Now having lost all meaning, finding out when maturing
the only things that truly matter, are our children and
loved ones.

Cherishing and treasuring them with all our memoires to-
gether, knowing in the end they are the only ones that
matter.

Always kept in our hearts, souls and minds until we one
day depart from this temporary earthly life, leaving it
all behind us when we're gone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What Was Once Our Room

Lonely, forgetting how to live now that you're gone,
walking by the lake, not really seeing anything.

Every once in a while seeing a couple holding hands,
walking along, their lives standing ahead of them.

Touching my heart with pure emotion, reminders taking
me into a spiral of sorrow.

Spinning and twisting me into the eye of a hurricane
where suddenly every thing's so still and quiet.

Not knowing where I've gone, nothing seeming to be
attached to my being, feeling nothing.

Realizing that I'm alone and have absolutely nothing
without your love by my side.

Turning away from life, not wanting to be a part of
it's essence any longer, going back home.

Now sitting in what was once our room together, now
only sitting in a darkened isolation without you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What Will Happen?

Poinsettia's sitting on a counter top, red and still
blossoming in the light while this office is open.

What will happen as nighttime falls and everyone
goes home, leaving it in darkness?

Cold, alone and forgotten for the time being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What Will You Pray For?

Mankind suffers because it's forgotten how to nourish
their interior lives through devotion to God that is
truly innate, but has been neglected far too long.

Most do what they want, desire or wish throughout life,
immoral and unethical choices abounding, neglecting the
truths of religion and God in preference to evil.

Following through earthly temptations, lust and egos,
then on death beds suddenly realizing errors of their
ways, wanting God's mercy and healing.

Yet through years of their lives choosing to ignore God
and His commandments, wanting prayers to be answered
immediately and for their selfish needs only.

Does anyone who's dying ever say, God, please answer
my prayers for all of humanity and peace on this earth,
healing or mercy for others?

Prayers that all of mankind will find God and let Him
into their lives? What will you pray for at the end of
your life?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whatever Happens

Standing back, thinking, pondering his next move,
shooting too slowly, not even hitting the ball.

Another player stepping up, shooting on cue and
leaving others in no man's land.

Looking, wondering, trying to anticipate his shot,
not realizing that it won't really matter.

Because whatever will happen will affect the out-
come of the winner or loser, no matter what.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What's Important In Life

Rinsing landscapes with purified thoughts, ideas and concepts,
living in a desert of innocence and poverty, yet feeling richer
than the richest person on this little earth of ours.

Having an inner child that keeps me focused on important things
in life, like love, caring and compassion for one another, waking
and sleeping, dreams filling our minds with enlightening thoughts.

Thinking what can be done to make our world a better place for
everyone living upon it and not just those few who haven't yet
found the true meaning of living and being alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What's So Difficult

Living within an interior atmosphere of spirituality
on a daily basis, contemplating the beauty of life
and nature.

Being consistent in thoughts that come to mind, only
wanting humanity to be kind, compassionate, caring
and good to one another.

Not letting their race, nationality, religion, being
matter at all, why can't people treat all people with
dignity and respect, what is inherently wrong with them?

Having an ingrained personality of mean-spiritedness,
walking this earth of inequality, seeing across the
barriers, all people are born equally.

Why don't they continue to treat each other that way,
communicating and finding that 99% of people will agree
with this.

So why is there so much animosity, hatred, racism,
prejudice in our close-knit world, where are the
heroes and champions of justice?

Have they all been defeated by so-called politically
correct people who have no decency themselves at all?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What's The Use?

Requiem thoughts filling this heart and mind, losing self
in a despondent flood of tears.

Not looking up or out, burying this mind in grief and
sorrow of life, now being done with it.

There is no hope, willing to let it go, it doesn't belong
to me anyway.

Someone I thought could help, cannot even help himself, so
what's the use of being alive?

An unconditional love given, yet there are conditions of
grief and sorrow attached to it.

Going beyond the walk of life, letting self sink into the
dismal pits of hell, what's the use?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

What's The Value Of Life?

Family life has become nearly non-existent in our time.
Children often are left to their own devices and never having been taught morals or values, they are running wild.
No one seems to care as they work, earn money, and buy things.
Our world has become so materialistic that human life no longer has any value.
Abortions are part of this new materialistic world of ours - killing babies so they can keep their freedom and buy things.
Looking around, I can't understand the waste.
People are looking for ways to spend their money on things - and right out in front of the stores they're shopping in, are people who don't even have food, clothes or a home.
What is wrong with our society?
Where are the values we were taught as children?
We've failed to teach our own children the value of human life.
Just use your eyes and really look at what we've done to our society -
our children.
We are to blame - no one else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wheels Of Fortune

Wheels of fortune rattle around, making noise, but never
really giving anyone help.

Coffers filled majestically and held quite steadily away
from all who seek to benefit from them.

Fortune lasting as long as a three-minute roller coaster
ride, life is delivered to each haphazardly and filled
with poverty and strife.

No license for riches or paradise are given to anyone
except in handfuls temporarily.

Nothing can reach beyond this world except our souls,
yet the wheels of fortune continue to make noise,
distracting those of us who reach for straws of gold in
clouds above the earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

When Alone

Whispering sentiments back and forth through the years,
living off of them when alone.

Now, much older, having nothing more to listen to, except
the beating of a lonely heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

When Awakening

Watching you my dear as you lie fast asleep, dreams of us
dancing in your mind throughout the night, laughter, joy
and happiness filling your heart.

When awakening, reaching for me, tenderly cuddling and hold-
ing me tightly, kissing passionately, wanting me entirely
once more.

Pleasurable feelings growing within you as our desires grow
together, wanting to be fulfilled while we love one another
passionately once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

When Did Caring Stop?

Looking around, heart full of sadness, wishes,
hopes dying slowly, gradually.

Squalor of an apartment, where did it come from?

When did the caring stop? What is left of life?

Seeing nothing ahead, tears of hopelessness fill
the depths of a soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

When Emptiness Touches

Knowing you through all these years, loving and standing
by you, nothing could ever turn me from your heart.

When emptiness touches my being, I think of you and how
much your love means to me.

Reaching out, replenishing nature, restoring energy that
was enveloped and torn from within.

Swiftly and silently in the darkness of this lonely and
darkened night, saying I miss you my love all the time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

When Facing American Soldiers

Disturbing thoughts of evil are being shown all over the world, trying to frighten us, yet they are having the opposite effect here in America.

Making us angry and out for blood, hating the fact that innocent women and children are being raped, tortured and killed.

Nothing being stronger as urges to get angry and go after these evil demons and pedophiles are abounding, standing up for goodness, never backing down in the face of danger.

Wanting to help those who are being harmed in such a horrendous way for absolutely no reason, other than lust and perversion.

Being just as evil and bad as Hitler, Stalin and Jeffrey Dahmer, who do these demons think they are dealing with, their own egos being bloated our of proportion.

Doing whatever they feel like doing, hurting so many innocent people that cannot protect themselves, yet, when faced with American soldiers the perverts run.

Even more so when seeing a woman raising a gun, pointing it at them and pulling the trigger, afraid of losing their seventy virgins by dying at a woman's hand.

What kind of asinine perverted people came to that insane conclusion, how crazy can they be when fulfilling their perverted desires and lust! !

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

When First We Met

Cuddling closely in our senior years,
still loving one another the way we did
the first day we met.
Remembering your eyes holding a twinkle
for me in the light.
It beckoned my heart to step out with
you on a date.
We got together and made a day and time
then parted.
When the time came, you were at my door
at the appointed time, knocking.
Opening it, I was surprised to see you
standing there and asked you what you
were doing there.
Stumbling over words, you finally blurted,
we have a date tonight.
Oh no, I totally forgot, I said and apologized.
Wanting to know if I still wanted to go out
with you, I said, yes, went and got ready.
We went to see the fireworks at the school
grounds, then went dancing at the Homestead
the next evening.
Melding hearts, we journeyed together and
had a good time, wanting to be together
quite a lot after that first date.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

When Forgetting A Poetry Journal

Reading books, listening to how my mind interprets what has been read, jotting down notes and thoughts at times in the margins of my books.

At other times, writing ideas for future poems on a slip or scrap of paper, a napkin or a piece of toilet paper, whatever is at hand.

Whenever forgetting to bring my poetry journal into the bathroom or wherever I happen to be at the time, any piece of paper will do.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

When Life Left Me

Life touching an interior spirituality, giving sustenance to
this mere poet's being, energizing my soul and spirit through
a bluened light of the Divine dwelling within me.

Gently, it leads me deeper into contemplation where I am alone
with God, finding His love enveloping me from the inside out,
spreading out to those who come into my life also.

All the wonder and beauty of heaven that has been promised in
the end, sits here within, because I've already been there be-
fore when life left me for moments in time.

Remembering it's total and intense peace filling me interiorly,
keeping me safe and protected, nothing to harm me, being healed
and joyous, until doctors brought me back to life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

When Looking At People

When looking at other people who are poor and living
in sheer poverty, not thinking of their looks, their
positions in life.

Just thinking to myself, I wish I was filthy rich so
I could help everyone across the board having nothing
to their names.

That is my only wish, to help others, for what need do
I have for money, having grown up poor, knowing what
the poor want or need.

Knowing their desire of wishing to be loved for who
they are within, not what you see around you when
going to their homes or meeting them on the street.

Look not down on these people God has created, look
within them for the goodness they hold within their
souls.

What do others or the poor see when looking into depths
of your soul, compassion, caring, love or greediness,
selfishness and intolerance sitting within your egos?

Do they find ungodly manners of life, do you allow god
to live within your interior life or have you shut the
door on Him as you have done to the poor on earth?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

When Music Stops Playing

Reading, writing, playing, finding ways to entertain myself, loving to have fun, laughing and taking time to fall into new adventures.

Taking steps upward into outer stratospheres, filling minds with tandem dreams, fulfilling promises of yesterday with make-believe tales of the present.

Totally finding melodies that take everyone into and out of fanciful thoughts as they dance and enjoy themselves, wonderful and tempting, going into realms of fantasy.

Getting a reprieve from ordinary every day things that mean very little in the scheme of things here on this earth.

A lasting impression of life as it ends on a final note when the music stops playing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

When Music Was Evolving

Walking into the distant future, listening to music of
Bruce Springsteen, enjoying it's beat and tempo, being
energized in the interim.

Loving the past when music was evolving from olden days
to more modern rock and roll, exact and time-ridden,
filling measures of each rhythm with fascinating chords.

Lengthy sounds touching this mind with effervescent tunes
of life and it's beauty, seen in musical interludes, always
on the look-out for insistent beats to turn my moods around.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

When Things Seem Impossible

Touching inner workings of my brain through intellect,
soaring into altitudes of other dimensions, finding
new experiences.

Filling my mind with exemplary ideas and projects to
create, poetry to write and music to compose, painting
and enjoying multitasking constantly.

Intellect filled with spheres that keep everything org-
anized in specific ways, able to comprehend anything I
choose at any given time.

Loving how precise and concise it is all kept, never
having to worry about any of it, sincerely and honestly
living my life with no doubts, fears or regrets.

Possibilities ever present, even when things seem im-
possible, my mind always finds ways to make them happen
in round about ways.

Continually ready to conceptualize ideas, placing them
into creative concepts, arranging them to work efficient-
ly outside the box and opinions of others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

When Two Meet

Somebody is always looking for love,
when two somebody's meet within this
quest, happiness abounds and life has
a gentler, kinder attitude that displays
itself in these two people's hearts.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

When We First Met

Listening to the rain fall upon us as we make love,
our world wrapped like a gift for both of us, entic-
ing warmth and passion.

Holding us as we lie here together reaching for one
another spontaneously, looking into each others' eyes,
lighting the fire of our passion within.

A love totally keeping us in unison, giving strength
to each other, comforting and unconditionally leading
us forward into the future.

Being as one, falling in love over and over every time
we're together, just like when we first me, love at
first sight.

Those first feelings of love have never changed for
either of us through the years, still looking into one
another's eyes with sparks of love igniting our desires.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

When Will Life Open Up?

Realizing life is not so perfect is such a let-down
when younger.

One who had such high hopes of being famous and rich,
now working for minimum wage and living from paycheck
to paycheck, nothing left after paying the bills.

Movies, eating out, vacation, never come about because
there's not enough money to go around.

When will life open up so they can experience more of
earthly life before expiring?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

When Will Men Learn

Heart tripping in and out of love, wondering why it cannot
remain indefinitely, seeing men's foibles stranding hearts
of women with their lust and egos.

When will they ever learn to love unconditionally, leaving
their perversions behind, why should women put up with their
selfish and uncaring ways?

What do they have to gain, abuse is piled upon them without
a thought, ruining their lives and those of their children
for naught.

Wonder if things will ever change for the better, looking
about, noticing everything going on, not seeing an ending
to this barbaric side of men throughout humanity and beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

When Writing

Roaming around, taking in all the sights, watching as they
are etched onto photographic screens to be kept forever
within intellect.

When writing, placing them into images, portrayed, painted
through imagery, and poetical words into prose to be read
throughout the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

When Young And Innocent

Loving and wanting to know what love is really like and
how it feels interiorly, amazing and vibrant it may be,
but I've never experienced it before.

Using only my imagination to feel it intellectually is
all I will ever have to go by, for that is all that's
left to me in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Where Are Those Yesterdays

Where are those yesterdays that were filled with our
love as we talked, laughed, had fun together, made
passionate love whenever we wanted.

Not able to carry on any longer, needing you in my
life, but something has died within since you are
now gone.

Wishing, wanting, desiring no longer can be felt,
because you have left me, darling.

Intense and incomplete feelings of love are no longer
within my being.

Unable to go on my love, needing you only, nothing
else can bring me back to life.

Being left in the ocean, adrift, letting waves crash
over, throwing me upon sandy deadened shores beyond
your love, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Where Are You, Mom?

Why have you been taken from me? Where have you gone?
Human explanations just aren't enough when I miss my
Mother.

Where could someone so alive go to when they die?
Heaven? Where is it? I want to know.

I want to go there and see for myself and maybe if I
like it, I won't return either.

Love is not dead, it is in every memory that I can
recall, every feeling that is inside of me.

Tell me, please, where has my Mother gone?
I need to know and go see for myself if she's, in fact
okay.

She's always been there for me, why can't I return
the favor and be there for her?

Please sir, where is my Mother?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Where Did Beginnings Take Hold?

Deepening thoughts sitting by the fireside,
pondering the essence of life and where it's
beginnings took hold.

Was it at conception or when being born, or
was it all enjoined once it began growing
into a complete composite of a human feeling?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Where Imagination And Reality Meet

Watching my passion ablaze, fire rising within my soul,
taking me into a bluened interior, a spiritual atmosphere
where I luxuriate in the peaceful dignity of my soul.

Directionless, not caring, just filling self with the
definitions of life and it's experiences, cooperating
with intellect as an inner waterfall continues to fall.

Throughout the years, never stopping, letting thoughts
be generated on the way down, flowing into pools of my
mind where imagination and reality meet.

Spiritual minds rising above it all, beautiful, enticing,
alluring my spirit with it's peace of the Divine, always
inspiring me in every endeavor of poetry when writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Where Is Death's House

Hidden behind three walls, looking out to find a
reason for it all, why does death have to haunt us
all our lives?

Taking into account many minutes of each life, they
become precious, so why does he steal them? Where
does death lie in wait? Beneath our feet?

Or in a stately mansion invisible to us who live?
carefully treading his way towards everyone at any
given time.

What is his purpose, what has he left, if all of us
are finally dead?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Where Is World Peace?

Thinking, pondering life, hearing news filled with
atrocities going on in our world, seeing death and
abhorrent decadence all around us, when did our
world fall apart, I wonder.

Where is the peace that so many fought and died for,
even here in our own U.S.A.?

Has evil been allowed to take over so much because we
looked the other way, as long as it wasn't interfering
with our way of life, just how exactly did it happen?

Our justice system has completely failed our society,
murderers, pedophiles, rapists, perverts are allowed
to wander our streets, hunting, maiming many people
in our world.

A horrific state of affairs that we all have to unite
against, taking our world back, and protecting our
young above all else.

Electing those who believe in the ten commandments and
our Constitution, then maybe that will be the start of
our returning to the humane way of treating one another
throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Where Life Begins

Sleeping eyes belie the wakefulness of the mind and soul where life begins and molds our futures.
All perceptions are founded in them and shape who we are within.
Grateful for their guidance, I pray that they always remain open to God's eternal love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Where The Possible Lies

Just living and believing in the impossible, for that
is where the possible lies for our future.

Totally believing that, as I continually find out the
truth of my statement, so accurate and amazing to me.

Curiosity having it's hand in finding out how to do
the impossible is always full of images.

Innate knowledge gives ideas and thoughts to expand,
discovering so many things that can really be done.

With just a little thought and ingenuity from abstract
concepts and imagination, it will and does happen.

A beautiful facet and aspect coming from a brain with
innate talent and foresight, even if I have to say so
myself! !

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Where Will Life Lead

As I walk through life accomplishing goals set for myself, taking time to wonder and create words from this inner soul.

Where will life lead if I do not follow it's pathways? How will I find self if I do not die to myself? Where will life take me if I have no hopes or dreams?

Waiting for the right time nothing comes to light, rushing to meet whatever life brings, everything enters, filling my being.

Taking from this abundance, it can be turned and given to others.

Walking through life, finding that accomplishing goals means living the love and joy created in me and sharing it with whomever I meet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wherever Love Goes

Wherever love goes when it dies, it leaves behind some hope for the one left alone.
There is only sadness in a mind, tears filling an empty, broken heart and a little bit of hope to ease the memories as they pass their time.
Wherever love goes when it dies, I hope and pray that I'll remain with some sort of dignity.
No empty bottles on a shelf, no guilt left out to fill another's mind, no hurt nor sorrow left behind.
Wherever love goes when it dies, I hope my family can surmise and find out where I've gone, as life lays me down at the rest stop on it's dark and lonely highway.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Which Came First

Searching far and wide for the essence of life,
looking everywhere, questioning everything that
is already known about it's limitless potential.

Leaving open wide gaps in knowledge because we
have no real reasons for it to be, except in
the molecular stage.

Molecules of every type giving life it's structure,
yet from there we know little more, separating
and coming together makes us think about it.

Life existing in the minutest possibilities, yet
how does it get there, it's like the chicken and
the egg.

Which came first, life or the molecule, strange
and mysterious how science cannot yet tell us
everything we want to know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Which One Are You?

Shuttered minds of some people constantly amaze others with their lack of interest in our American government, you'd think they'd open their minds for a change.

Researching or investigating what their votes for politicians have accomplished, checking up on people who've been elected needing to be given constant attention.

If they're not doing anything or going against our laws and Constitution, they need to be voted out of office or impeached if they've committed treason or a grievous crime.

Those who whine and complain need to step up and start doing their part to help make America great again, it takes a nation united to have strength and stamina to go against evil, greed and corruption.

Are you one of the crowd who does their part, finding many solutions to the problems of our country or are you a part of the problem? Which one are you? Your silence is telling us a lot.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Which Way To Travel?

Watching green lights as they beckon my mind to enter other dimensions and unfold all thoughts opened to the world.

Solemn and proper, never hiding, only staying out in clear atmospheres where they'll come to fruition without any deterioration from without.

Listening, capturing every rhythm as inner life walks forward and then stops, not knowing which way to travel, a path to heaven or the one back to earth.

A life without the love once known so closely - with no doubts or fears held within, or an earthly life of toil, sadness, loneliness and grief.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

While Still Living

With you gone from my life how am I expected
to go on or forget you?

Believe me, that will never happen, your love
is being treasured so dearly within this broken
and shattered heart.

My soul keeping it together just to hold you
close while I am still living.

Nothing in life matters anymore because you are
not with me now, somehow I am expected to eat,
drink, sleep and survive.

Not wanting to, yet having no alternative, here
I stay until God decides to give me to you when
dying from this empty world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whiling Away Moments

Whispering many thoughts into the atmosphere, hoping they
will land in poems of great renown one day.

Expecting a repertoire of magnificent messages displayed
in each one, beautiful and monumental in their own standing.

Whiling away moments, keeping time in tempos of rhythm,
displaying musical interludes between every thing being
written.

Soaring on wings of silk, going all over the heavens with
out ever falling, taking time by the hand and never losing
a moment of it here on earth.

Not taking vacations from writing, because for me it is
a vacation from everyone and everything in life.

Going within self, hearing and seeing nothing, but photo-
graphic screens while writing from poems.

Walking through rain, sliding down mountains, skipping
through deserts, always in imagination, a freedom so aptly
attuned to an inner soul.

Not wanting to stop and eat or drink, not communicating
with anyone when in depths of being alone.

Always enjoying with immense pleasure, all times being
enveloped so perfectly and soothingly forever inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whimpering Heart

Staccato beats of a lonely heart, whimpering in the darkness,
wanting to be held once more.

So tender and yet so powerful as my mind tries to accumulate
an enormous source of anticipated desire to come about upon
an oasis, green with beauty.

Fulfilling love within an intellectual forest, filled with
ideas being savored and held onto for tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whims Of Imagination

Riding into the sunrise, following whims of imagination into the desert where I feel at home most often.
Stirring, writing, and being, amid many thoughts gangling up inside my mind, throwing me into the melee of ideas, guarding myself protectively from earthly woes knocking on my door toward unhappiness of yesterday.
Slamming the door of my mind against it all, I return to the memories of joy I so much treasure here inside.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whining

Whining in my mind, crying is sublime as I feel each tear touch my heart.
Flowing like a river to the ocean, tears rush and cleanse my sorrow, making it pure and simple as I offer all to God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whirlpool Of Life

Rushing into the evening, alone and holding onto one another,
hearts beating in synch, cherishing feelings that we give to
each other.

Beautiful and intense emotions being set on fire, a blazing
bonfire of desires, building ever higher and wanting to be
quenched immediately.

Without any delay, a rush of intense passion now filling
this being with a divine energy taking every single sense
into a whirlpool of life.

Being in the circumference of another dimension, auras
colorful and vibrant like no other place in the world,
they can only be created in an interior life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whirlpools Of Beauty

Colors stretching towards interior horizons, blending with music
for measures of time, touching this mind with sparks of energy,
combining with positive moods and attitudes while writing poetry.

Living in whirlpools of beauty, landscapes tempting spirits to
open up to the world, gathering it all into an interior place of
sharing and caring.

Everyone living together in peace and harmony until our individual
endings come to pass on earth, feeling a tranquility filling our
beings with the knowing it will soon be over.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whirlwind

Pushed beyond reason and caring,
alone in a whirlwind of turmoil,
unable to reach or speak out.

On the brink of a new era,
emptied of all earthly thoughts,
awaiting a new self to emerge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispered Awe

Playing lilting songs my soul sings in silent deepenings.
Practiced daily without coaching, resting or interruptions.
Flowering within, spreading to my mind, blossoming completely;
overflowing everywhere inside.
Majestically hiding from all who seek it's beauty, playing in a fantasy of mindless images, scattered to the winds by gentle breezes whispered from my soul.
Enjoying peace I know cannot exist anywhere else except in this space of mind.
Frequenting it's storehouse many times during each day, rummaging happily, wondering with awe-filled memories, at the immense difference it makes in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispered Conversations

Forsaken pictures and images being left alone on doorsteps to future relapses of loneliness.
Taking sorrowful pieces of life and gluing them into etchings of beauty.
Signaling brain cells to picture thoughts in alignment with selective decisions, adding comments as they arise in whispered conversations, and held quietly in intelligent minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispered Particles

All alone and no one around, that is the reason I am here.
I can't take having people always near - I need some space in my secret place to come back to sanity and be what I am to be.
I need to be alone with myself to try and find out where I'm going.
No one else needs to know why I do it - it satisfies myself alone.
Whispering particles of my life need to sometimes be rearranged and put in jars - separated from life's bizarre requirements.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispered Verses

Sending messages to heaven in whispered verses of poetry.
Closely seeing patterns that will lead us to heaven's gates one day.
Blessed life will continue without end and we can celebrate in our final resting place.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispered Writing

Whispers pulled along by gentle breezes, untimely caught in dire pretenses.

Solidly standing acres apart, tossing and turning under sheets of flapping doubt.

Underneath a film of gray, sentences want to be read out loud, voices wish to be heard.

Until understanding of how it's done is known, life will flow silently onward.

Torn between their inner solitude and reckless abandon other's encourage, confusion is stirred in momentous pots, never mixed together.

Question marks adorn the inner mind for no one ever explains how speech is brought out to be reciprocated.

Voices don't know what to say, they need ancient rhetoric to be displayed in thought before they can come out.

Placed on paper, encircled in glass walls, writing is seen and can be touched and read.

Speech, loud and clear, cannot be reached as it silently hides underneath the kitchen table.

Give me the steps, teach me to think and speak, maybe one day I will be able to talk profoundly like the rest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Beginnings

Rising with a morning sun, listening to somnolent whispering of beginnings, reaching heights of anticipation.

Waking with a smile, beaming generously within, catching rays of daylight's expression, promising fate will be good to me today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Into Twilight

So quietly whispering into the twilight, stars lighting the sky, twinkling down upon earth.

All the world alight with their brilliance coming to us from outer space.

A sacred place, holding my mind as I place it here in this poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Memories

Silently traveling down pathways of forgiveness,
touching images with love and grace, filling
emptiness being alone does bring.

Strolling down memory lanes, hand in thought,
battling within, skating on very thin ice as
memories whisper in my ear, telling of the love
we used to share when family was here on earth.

Now their shadows walking in my mind are all
that's left of them.

Silently traversing pathways of forgiveness,
touching images preciously with love and grace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Messages

As the sun sets in the west, beautiful orange, yellow,
reds, fill my eyes.
Ocean waves lapping at the sand, mesmerizing my mind
into a quieter time.
Walking on sunsetical ocean shores quiets my soul,
touches upon peace-filled memories of not so long ago.
Whispering messages humming their ways into thoughts
crowding densely within.
No concrete ideas forming, as I watch movies of images
parading before me, hoping to score their portrayals
in words of mine - poetical.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Moments

Deep in thought, alone with whisperings of knowledge and
wisdom, glistening into moments of being.

Transfixing peace, lying it in beds of roses so I may
feel it's fragrant beauty and feel it's sting of reality
prick poetry into being.

Decked out in major splendor, filled with an emotional
love of life, given to me through imagination's forte.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Of Final Days

Whispering moon, singing quietly to my soul, giving hope,
saving my faith to make me whole.

An unseen facet to life on earth has finally come full
circle, now I must prepare for final days with family
and friends as I walk around the bend to a new horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Rhythms

Slinging back and forth, folding and unfolding my heart
while waiting in anticipation of another day in writing.

Intently listening to rhythms, whispering kindly in coded
notes.

Anticipating the journey of coloring and fantastic depths
of their hues, collecting in this mind.

Socially interpreting music of my soul, being taken from
innermost gifts of talent and placed in many compositions
of prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Secrets

Whispering away life's secrets in breaths of honey-
suckle wine, languishing in fields of sweet aroma,
not caring to remove ourselves.

Touching memorably, memories of roses, thorns
included, scentingly wafting through minds of
yesterday.

Grasping onto straws of yellow, listening to echoes
reverberating through ages of wisdom, blaring out
meanings and answers held secretly for centuries.

Closeting away nothing, hoping to live life emptily,
no strings attached, wavering in lines of woebegone
yesterdays.

Whispering away life's secrets in breaths of honey-
suckle roses, I can cross into beyond without
a single worry or care left from a life of faith and
hope.

Dancing on shores of eternity forever, sifting musical
sands with soul-filled happiness given to my soul by
God's love and mercy for one He cares about.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Silence

Corners hidden from view, watching for opportune
times to appear.

Dragging their secrets out, screaming and yelling,
not wanting to be shown to the world.

Ashamed, feeling unworthy, hiding in the shadows,
betraying no one as they whisper secrets to one
another in silence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Sorrow

Silencing the world with an extraordinary sequence of natural rhythm, beating with my heart and breath.

Choosing to walk towards shores of beyond with memories in hand.

Disclosing with whispering choruses, a peaceful ending, beginning again in another place in time.

Solace energizing innate character and talent, showering gifts in absolute happiness, soaked in sorrow with bittersweet words of knowledge, steeped in human misery.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Sweet Nothings

Timing our togetherness to a nanosecond, every moment
being accounted for, tenderly and quietly walking hand
in hand, talking.

Listening as you keep whispering sweet nothings in my
ears, tempting desires to rise within me ever higher,
teasing me endlessly.

Wanting me to be ready for our next cycle of love making
when arriving home, continuing to entice and excite me
quietly, letting no one else know.

So in love, feelings mutual as we hold onto one another,
waiting for this party to get over with so we can go
home together, alone.

Knowing that our love will be fulfilling both of us
plentifully and fruitfully throughout the night and in-
to the morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Sweet Thoughts

Surging emotions filling me like a volcano about to
erupt, unable to contain tempting desires.

Wanting you to posses me fully, reaching out, wishing
to become one with you at last.

Soothing feelings of the past through heartbreak and
suffering at the hands of others.

Now being gently healed with your love, covering the
pain with the balm of your loving voice.

As you kiss away my tears, holding me in your tender
arms, whispering sweet thoughts from your heart to mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Talent

Taking off swiftly into another dimension where I can
soar into outer limits of life.
Whispering talent showing the way to unlock more of
my intellect than before.
Secret codes, timing themselves in measures of rhythm,
caressing my memory and indelibly imprinting them on
photographic screens kept safe and secure in my mind
throughout life.

(10: 33 a.m. - 11/21/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Thank You's

Birds are chirping on high branches as a gentle breeze
waves them around in the atmosphere.
Sunlight catching on green leaves, reflecting it's
light to inner eyes.
Shadows slyly moving about on brick pavers, as
sidewalks timidly walk about this downtown property.
Sounds of water splashing about, spewing forth from
several fountains made of brick and cement.
Thank you Lord, for whispering to me through nature
and it's poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Thoughts

Thoughts softly whispering
their meanings to no one in
particular, keeping their
secrets forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering To My Heart

Echoes of your life continue to remind me of what we used to have in life.

Silent, yet whispering to my heart in a language sent from beyond earth's horizons.

My strength giving out, dreams slowly fading, life taking on a new dimension, one that I don't want because you're no longer with me, my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Trees

Feeling God's presence through nature, surrounding me with
His love in all things of His creation.

Trees whispering His name, being blown to my ears as I sit
here and write.

Loving feelings touching my soul, basking in God's goodness,
wanting more than ever to be with Him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Vibrations

Life is tacitly divine, spiritually molding our spirits and
souls in order to get to heave one day, whispering vibrations
inducing thoughts of peace and serenity.

Taking life into interior atmospheres of enlightenment and in-
sight, thoughts portraying the beauty and innocence of humanity,
touching a purity of life itself in a captivated intellect of
our souls.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Watery Words By The Lake

Sitting at a bay, water, flowing by, rippling, making sounds tempting me to come join them, whispering their watery words as I listen, trying to interpret what they want me to hear.

Clouds gathering above the water, touching my mind from within, mind relaxing, watching the serene beauty of life and nature flow by.

Calling to me from beneath the waves, nothing standing in the way of living here on the edge of time and life right here in Kolkata, India.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Wind

A lone leaf, brown and dry,
being blown down a concrete
sidewalk.

Looking around, then dropping
in an instant on a whim of a
whispering gust of wind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Wisps

Unfamiliar surroundings crowding my mind, unfolding themselves to be explored in vibrant poetical words.
Whispering wisps of thoughts filling the atmosphere, blowing their touch to my mind in peaceful endeavors.
Likely aspects of reality are being opened and separated through an intellectual process known only through coded poems.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Without Understanding

Conversations whispering all around, and in a corner a
man sits alone, interiorly weeping for the wife he has
lost to death.

Being several years since her death, others being dis-
concerted by his still intense grieving, talking amongst
themselves about him and how he should get over it.

Not understanding his heart of love for only one woman
in his life, trying to get him to do what he cannot,
hurting him deeply.

As he sees only uncaring and selfish people whom he thought
loved and cared about him, but the whispering tells him it's
not so.

In these situations seeing only their selfishness, nothing
to do with what he's feeling, not understanding his feelings,
his heart, his love.

When leaving and going home to his empty house, sitting
isolated in a corner, sobbing, tears falling rapidly from
his heart onto the floor in front of him, a pool of love
for his wife, now gone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispering Words

Whispering words, falling around edges of life, looking into the atmosphere quietly, wondering what will transpire from it all.

Reality striking and lighting all of life's difficulties and emotional turmoil, imagination taking it all into depths of fantasy.

Bring up humorous factions that help us get through all situations and circumstances that take us by surprise on the roads of life.

Delving into it all and finding elective ways of dealing with them as best we can, meanwhile continuing to live our lives here on this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispers Across Continents

Two hearts beating for one another across the world
from each other, miles between them.

Yet their hearts have found a place in each other's
beings where they have found a home in an unconditional
love, rarely if ever found.

Whispers across the continents, sending messages of
love continually, unbeknownst to anyone else.

Holding onto promises of their hearts that they will
one day be united in peace at last, no more miles
between them.

Their hearts beating together transcendentally against
each other's beings.

Finally in the throes of an embrace, forever being held,
keeping them together, never being parted here on earth
or in heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispers Fading

Treasuring moments as they fade in and out, being cherished in the secrets we keep hidden in our hearts, so often feeling alone on this earth.

Music at times intensifying these feelings, looking out for the danger and peril of the coming years on earth, stepping forward carefully.

Hoping to not fall into man-made traps, trying to capture and take our lives away in the blink of an eye, whispers fading, winds as they blow clouds into the distance without us ever knowing their destinations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispers From Heaven

Listening to whispers from heaven,
finding the passage of time has not
been closed to a knowing, developed
since a child.
Hearing plaintive cries of those who
have passed earthly borders in faith.
Opening avenues to communicate with
people on the other side, confirming
that there's a heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispers Have Disappeared

Smiling inside and out with the beauty touching me from
interior rhythms, shining in my mind.

Letting me enjoy the total freedom of living in their
atmospheres with no fear of reprisals.

Taking avenues, leading always to and from music's
tempos, learning to discern knowledge and wisdom through
their intense equations and mathematical calculations.

Believing in the answers being emitted and enticed from
within their formulas always enjoyed - their final beats
as they are drummed into sands of tomorrow's horizons, as
we get up and walk away from them.

Leaving no reminders of our having been there, no footprints
even in the sands of life.

Whispers of our lives have all disappeared and can no longer
be heard on earth.

Leaving everyone who knew and loved us, bereft and alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispers Of A Candle

Prayers being sung in unison
with whispers of a candle,
burning bright and flickering
with indecision.
Watching the signs of belief,
wanting only to be taken to
heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispers Of Ancient Parables

Reading my mind from photographic screens, seeing the
future painted in beautiful pictures, expressing every
detail and showing truths of this life.

Keeping thoughts equally in depths of unknown knowledge,
so personally and challenging, incessantly held onto,
as every word is written quickly onto pages of prose.

Whispers of ancient parables sink deeply within,
satisfying the beauty of every other dimension that has
opened it's doors to intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispers Of Angels

Flowers swinging and swaying gently in a morning breeze,
allowing my mind to wander where it will.

Soaring into the rhythmic atmosphere, pirouetting through-
out the effervescence of this morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispers Of Evening

Stillness of a serene night call to an interior
platitude, offering a staple of lightened wisdom.
Talking softly through whispers of evening,
breaking stride along edges of blackened curtains
billowing with adjectives of intelligent prose.
Studying tables of chemicals which portray infinite
patterns of words and calendars, become extinct, as
life walks alone in labs of mindful research.
Taking problems with ageless combinations to higher
realms of education on days belonging to future
mazes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispers Of Fascination

Whispers of fascination tempting thoughts to delve into
imagination freely, finding the magic and mystery hidden
in my mind.

Knowing it's quietly sitting, waiting for recognition,
patiently abiding time as it slowly passes by, sending
signs and suggestions into intellect.

Touching synapses and neurons with excitement, bringing
them energetically into focus, bringing everything into
a bluened light of the Divine.

Accepting meanings of innate talent through effervescent
rhythms, beautiful and enticing, giving off vibrations of
spirituality through an inner contemplation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispers Of God

Brushing thoughts as we pass by in musical etudes,
climbing beats to heights beyond the sky.
Feelings cling like ivy to insides of my mind, as
I intellectualize them on paper for others to read
unrelentingly.
Touching my interior thoughts with whispers of God,
imagination swivels and becomes a part of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispers Of Grief

Watching waves fall and crash on beaches of sand, time and again announcing the rhythm of loneliness as it continues to happen without our participation or desire.
Lolling, staring into depths of ocean views, seeing visions of emptiness being filled continually without thought to anyone's idea of sorrow.
Believing in whatever is washed upon the shore, taking in, innocently, while holding shells, whispers of grief sensing our feelings as they're placed in front of us, without regard to emotional turmoil.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispers Of Hell

Taken lightly as a whisper, all hell falls upon a person who has left their heart choked off in childhood.

Tales of bent misguided futures, blended by family misconceptions.

Totaled, unrecalled, forgotten, like weeds in an empty field.

Soiled, dirty, thrown into deep chasms, hidden from the world.

A person ruining futures of young men and women with total abuse.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispers Of Love

Steady beats, being driven towards the future, replenishing goals and motives that will help me attain what I want in life.

Listening intently as drums continue to beat their way through intellect and into poetry, lively, positive, bringing joy into this morning.

Dedicating it solely to the writing of poetry, sounds explode-ing in colors of the rainbow as whispers of love waft through the air.

Reminding me that you're waiting silently and patiently for me to come into your life once again, even though we are miles and countries apart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispers Of My Soul

Entertaining and lively, giving imagination a vivid stance
in reality, waiting upon horizons of another dimension,
fulfilling the purpose of this mere poet's life.

Filling it with an incessant amount of words, prolifically
writing everything coming from intellectual domains that
never get tired of producing and creating poetry.

Tempting and tantalizing this mind so judiciously and fine-
ly, taking life on journeys across lines of poetry journals
and measures of music.

Fulfilling and thoroughly pleasant whenever finding my way
into the whispers of my soul spiritually and intellectually
through the years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispers Of Past Ages

Lengthy discussions filling time and space with solidified whispers of past ages, incessantly carrying forth, miracles sprouting from nowhere.

Adjoining discourses being sent out, fulfilling energetic tones of yesterday.

Evergreen thoughts, scented with pine needles, picking my mind with their aromas.
Reminding me of traditional Christmases past, when we were full of childhood dreams and expectations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispers Of Secrets At Night

Gentle whispers of night recreating secrets hidden by
daylight, filling us creatively with forethought and
ideas for the future.

Learning innately of what we've never known in life,
loving to feel knowledge opening like a blossom and
filling intellect.

A precious and abundant beauty that suddenly takes
on new dimensions never seen before, scampering about
landscapes, looking for effervescent doorways.

Wanting to escape and become a part of it all, a total
commitment to innate talent and nature being held so
tightly within through the years, now placing selves
in depths of intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispers Of Subconsciousness

Wishing to coordinate life with imagination, giving me
all that I want in life, manifesting it through the
power of this mind.

Wanting to energize and create this image within intellect,
so I may obtain what it is that I want.

Listening to whispers of subconsciousness, allowing them
to focus my mind in this endeavor.

A wonderful way to do what I want in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispers Of Talent

Realizing dreams of yesterday, we walk on, looking for more to
life than what we've been through already.
Taking risks on a daily basis, enjoying what we can, crying
when we are overwhelmed with life's expansive duties.
On journeys we travel alone towards our sunsets, reaching
destinations set up from birth.
Following fate and destiny down corridors never traveled before,
yet are being created as we speak, in whispers of talent as we
wander our individual purposes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispers Of Truth

Segregating ideas are milling around, straying away
at times to find fulfillment in other ways.

Lashing themselves to imagination's wild rides,
slipping and sliding frontwise while listening to
sounds from beyond mortal life.

Tantalizing all seven senses, while becoming a form
of life on an eighth plain.

All is suddenly silent as truth whisperingly echoes
from one horizon to those beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whispers Of Waving

Solemn shores taking me out to sea in whispers
of waving good-byes.
Tempting rhythms holding me upright, so I won't
drown below salted depths below.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whistles Awakening Memories

Silent wailing wind carrying lone whistles of trains
through the night, traveling through towns and cities
while people sleep soundly unawares.

Lonely, isolated people, awake in the night, tears
falling slowly down their minds as the emptiness of
train whistles awakens memories of their hearts.

A call from the other side of death, embracing a lonely
heart from life, hearing the lonesome ghosts as they
hauntingly come upon minds in memories.

Whistling through the night incessantly, silently touch-
ing hearts of those who have lost the loves of their
lives.

Not knowing how to continue through life, tears flowing
to the sounds of trains passing by, clacking down the
tracks into the night.

Falling into rhythms that hold onto hearts through the
darkness, left over from deaths embrace, leaving not a
trace, hearing only the whistles as they pass by.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whistling Imagination

Soaring into new mornings with musical aptitude,
carrying me along into vast blue skies of my
mind, while enticing life into sublime circumstances.

Whistling into hallways of imagination, choosing
from a vast assortment of ideas, blending and
tossing them together into airs of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whistling Sounds Of Love

Lilting volumes of music playing a sorrowful heart tenderly
and magically, fragrantly touching senses with their aromas,
reminders of past experiences that are unforgettable.

Watching as they insistently play and are attuned to a poet-
ical mind, turning around many attitudes that have stayed
throughout the years.

Whistling sounds of life being tasted delectably by this
broken heart, wishing for those delicate flavors of all
yesterdays now gone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

White And Brilliant

Rhythmically playing, notes flowing into the atmosphere
freely, taunting and giving an everlasting pleasure in
and through music they're creating.

White and brilliant, taking me along paths of poetry
where life is vibrant and captivating, always energizing
intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

White Chalked Lines

Looking out the window into an Arizona sky,
clouds piled high like puffy mountains.

Outlines of each are white, like chalk,
tracing their edges.

Within are gray silhouettes being held
together by the white outlines of chalk.

An amazing picture not often seen, looking
from afar, they appear to be shadows with-
in white chalked lines.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

White Clouds Of Prayer

Looking to heaven, seeing white clouds of prayer
scattered across the sky.

Floating across the universe, always looking down,
watching for prayers being said.

Taking them gently, carrying them within their
fluffy essences until God reaches down to pick them up.

Listening and answering to them one by one, beautiful
thoughts taking my spirit into delicacies of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

White Ducks

A white duck swimming across the lake, beautifully - scientifically parting water where he needs to go.
With no knowledge of mathematics or science how did he learn to do this?
How could he possibly have learned how to fly?
Or known just how to go under water to catch a fish just in the nick of time?
Wonders of nature - are they all instinct - or are they learned in schools we know nothing of?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

White Markers

Visiting minds, collecting thoughts, preparing paths
towards fulfilling life.

Unheard of ideas navigating their way through past
memories, seeking refuge in the mainstream of a mind.

Piloting narrow lonely roads, circumventing words,
searching for clues unspent in the totality of unread
inventions, filled with unspoken sentences.

Resting slightly on never-ending displays of strength,
forgetting daily intakes of overlying breath.

Forgotten are the words of explanation, buried beneath
the sandy knolls, white markers tell sad stories of a
life known once before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

White Plastic

Like a bird caught in a net, trying to get away,
fraying it's feathers, bending them the wrong way.

A huge piece of white plastic, blowing in the wind,
looking like a captured bird.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

White Rapids

Slowly meditating, calmly finishing daily tasks on
memory lane.
Stepping to the wayside, allegorically situating
speech on bows of sailboats being swept out to sea,
unknowingly reaching for wind-swept reasons.
Innate logical mysteries are being thrown aside, as
uncommon sense rinses itself from reality's store-
room, taking all language and sending it downstream
in major white rapids of unseemly attitudes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

White Streaks

Looking to the sky, white streaks going in all
directions, as jets continue their journeys
into the bright blue beyond.

Clouds forming higher in the atmosphere, looking
down on the jets soaring into their space,
uninvited, yet are there.

A backdrop of majestic mountains, calmly reaching
for the sky, trying to catch them with their
prickly cacti fingers.

(11: 35 a.m. - 11/30/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

White Violets

White violets coming to mind, pure and lovely,
straight from heaven's gardens.

Aroma filling my mind as I watch clouds outside,
floating in time with music being played on a piano.

Merrily filled with feeling, keys touched lovingly
by a pianist, an elderly gentleman.

Sharing his talent with us all as we have lunch in
the dining room.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whiteness Of Silence

Standing in the garden of my grave,
contemplating nature through my being.
Wanting a reprieve from all the sadness
enveloping me in a whiteness of silence.
Taking turns with subconsciousness and
imagination, sitting on the circumference
of time, looking in, wondering where I
will end up and what I'll be doing in the
purpose of my interior life.
Stillness, causing me to look about,
watching options flow before me, knowing
God is using my poetry, even in ways I
may never know.
Contemplating the essence I have within,
celebrating it's gifts of artistic grace.

(2/22/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Who Are The Poor

Are they people who struggle to survive from one day to the next?

Are they the people who are on welfare, sitting home, struggling? While we are sitting at work?

Or are they the people out working for a living, doing any job possible, to struggle from one day to the next?

Who are the Poor? Are they the rich trying to hold on to their money?

A definition of poor is lacking means of comfortable subsistence, needy.

Don't we all need money? Aren't we then all poor?

Even the richest person is poor if he lacks the means to be comfortably alive.

Even though a man has all the money in the world he can be considered poor because he will always be uncomfortably without some sort of sustenance, if not food, job, career, it will be life itself.

Money cannot necessarily sustain life. Many rich people have gone to their graves proving this point.

And many poor people are in their graves - not for lack of food, job, etc., but for a lack in the longevity of their lives.

Who Are The Poor?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Who Are The Poor?

Are they people who struggle to survive from one day to the next?
Don't we all do that every day?
Are they the people who are on welfare, sitting home struggling?
While we are sitting at work?
Or are they the people out working for a living, doing any job possible, to struggle from one day to the next?
Who are the Poor?
Are they the rich trying to hold onto their money?
Or those who are without, trying to gain a hold on money?
A definition of poor is lacking means of comfortable subsistence; needy.
Don't we all need money? Aren't we all then poor?
Even the richest person is poor if he lacks the means to be comfortably alive.
Even though a man has all the money in the world he can be considered poor, because he will always be uncomfortably without some sort of subsistence, if not food, job, career, it will be life itself.
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RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whole Life

Drinking in bittersweet memories with aplomb, taking turns listening and looking at each one.
Preferring to see happier times from the past, but life exists in whole - good and bad together.
All of it having to be lived and experienced in individual personal ways.
Expecting to be done and then being surprised with memories not really forgotten, just pushed down to live with their presence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Whole New Beginning

Incessantly sending love throughout our lives, caring about someone special is very difficult when they're ill for a long time.
Waiting is unbearable, yet the one lying in bed is too sick to comprehend.
Mind boggling, patience wears extremely thin, how much thinner for the patient though.
Tired, weak, out of sorts, wanting to go home, hospital life being such a bore.
Plenty of time for thinking back and remembering, a mind becomes filled with thoughts racing back and forth.
Memories can be very trying, causing mental tiredness and a weary will to keep on going, getting through each new difficult day.
Yet, after going through it and all thinking is done, the fog of depression lifts and a new spirit of will is born.
Each day brings with it a sense of brightness, an airy lightness - actually, happiness sets in, bringing with it peace of mind again.
Getting over an illness can be a whole new beginning - a better life.
A life now truly one with God.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wholesome Americn Family

Evening is almost upon us, sky bereft of the sun,
only black, gray and white clouds strewn across
the heavens.

People hurrying down the roads, trying to get home
before nightfall happens completely, trying to get
home in time for supper with their families.

Wanting to spend some leisure time watching T.V.,
listening to the radio, playing on the computer or
enjoying quality time with family and kids.

A truly wholesome American family, surrounded with
love for each other, a typical home here in the
United States.

No hatred, racism, prejudice or murdering going on
at all, a peaceful environment with no ignorant
fools to mess it all up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wholesome Love

Visions of love dance in front of mirrored reflections
of an interior hope in life, reciting words that explain
beauty your heart is holding within itself.

Not realizing that your heart is heavy with sorrow and
is still looking and hoping for someone to love totally
in return.

Waiting for a consciousness of the mind to awaken, seeing
the truth of their very own hearts hurting, in pain, hoping
for love to hold it in wonder and amazement once again.

Taking them down innocence and purity with a new and whole-
some love that will once again fill a person with total
fulfillment in all the right and wonderful ways it can be
taken and cared for.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wholesome Thoughts On Display In India

Full understanding can never really become in this life
for we do not have the capacity for it, just fooling
ourselves we step to rhythms we feel will lead us there.

We head in the wrong direction, leading us astray and
wondering where we went wrong, perspectives and judgments
changing over time.

Although we may forget or overlook them in the long run,
significant and wholesome thoughts are always being put
on display, but never looked upon as solutions in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Why Are You?

Why are you?

Sitting in your homeland, treacherously planning to kill and
maim innocent Americans.

Where are you?

Hiding in caves and buildings, plotting to kill innocent
people whom you don't even know.

What is wrong with you?

Shamelessly portraying war and murder by projecting your
religion as a banner to perform evil.

When will you cease?

Finding where you hide, taking you to prison to pay for your
horrendous crimes, courts will judge you as individuals -
not like you - killing without reason.

What sense do you make?

There is no sense to what you have done, there are only
lies and excuses spit from your mouths - unfounded and
unrealistic.

Where will you be next?

On constant vigilant guard against your sick meanderings we
wait and watch for you, not knowing where or when to expect
another of your mental explosions.

Why are you?

Threatening and trying to ruin American's lives and peace?
Are you that jealous of our way of life?

(11: 52 a.m. - 9/11/02)

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RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Why Can't I?

Why must I always be alone, why can't I have anyone here on earth, I'm only human?

Loneliness, emptiness, I feel each day is excruciating, why can't it be another way?

Loneliness hurts so much, that I cannot contain it, and it's spilling out of my eyes in the form of tears.

Crying and breathing becomes a burden that cannot be taken, as life folds in upon itself, hiding away, causing ever-deepening loneliness as the pit of emptiness grows deeper still.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Why Did Death Choose You?

Searching high and low for the treasure chest of your
sacred heart, wanting to feel your love within me again.

Love you gave filled mine with sensations, temptations,
and desires that brought us so close to one another.

Wish I could understand what happened to us, why'd death
suddenly choose you, why not me or someone else in life.

Losing you has torn a hole in my heart so deep that it
cannot ever be filled again.

How can I even try to go on anymore, with you gone from
my life, now it's a vast void of emptiness and nothing
more than that.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Why Hatred?

Standing in the light of an early afternoon, thinking and pondering life as it is today, wondering why it has turned around and is now promoting evil and destruction, why is it I wonder.

There are many wrongs being touted as truths, politically correct people hiding the facts of their racism, prejudice and hatred for others of different races, religions and nationalities.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Why Is Life?

Wondering about life and why it's so complicatingly simple.
How are we led to enter such a world?
No ideas of what to expect, we are just ejected from our mothers and expected to learn so much in a short, temporary life.
There seems to be no sense in all of it, because after we live and learn all we can, we are sent to deathbeds to expire and forget it all in one last moment of breath.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Why Love?

Why do people fall in love, what chemical reaction causes it?
Or is it an attraction of feelings and emotions that want to
bind themselves together?

Living our lives in tandem with one another, how and why do
we fall in love with one another? What's the reason, always
wondering why.

Reasoning and logic seem to be defied at every turn, making
no difference whatsoever, so intellect continues questioning
this nagging curiosity, wanting to know why love?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Why Not Stand Up

Wanting the whole world to have freedom and liberty in
their own respective countries.

Wondering why they don't fight for it like we have done
here in America.

What keeps them from making their own country a place of
compassion, caring and equality?

What is so wrong that they are unable to stand up for
themselves and their rights where they live?

Why not fight the evil and tyranny and make their own
countries safe havens to live and enjoy life?

Why try and ruin what we have worked and fought so hard
for here in America?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

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RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Why?

Why are you? Where are you?
You are not where you are needed.
People depend on you for so many things.
When you are not there, those things are left undone.
Where else can they turn if you won't help them now?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wide Open Mind

Rushing to meet a new beginning, awakening from a deep sleep through the night.

Keeping minds wide open, never taking their sight off of the future where all will be living in peace, harmony and fame.

All in a new reality now having taken over beings, at long last, taking our rightful place in this earthly life once and for all.

A wonderful feeling having descended on us forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wide Open Spaces

Walking through my mind, touching upon images of
quiet times.
Relaxing serenely in desperation, awaiting memories
in past foyers.
Settling into vast wide open spaces, created by my
imagination, I roam, feeling extremely peaceful
and contemplative.
Life settles into pits of age, mellowing with each
passing day, allowing relief to bring me beyond
reality's life in awe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Widening Horizon

Rushing across the face of earth,
leaving behind tender-hearted wishes of a broken heart.
Nightly twilight hiding mildew of ages with deep regret.
Keeping secrets hidden, never allowing the dawn of a new
day to break over a broken heart with crushing sadness.
Alone on a widening horizon, bowing a heavy heart in
simple prayer.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Widening Pathways

Just causes come into view as music concentrates in
the background, blending thoughts with notes of an
exacting imagination.
Founding basics of poetry as rhythm closely guides
my mind down narrow pathways that subconsciousness
widens with precision.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Widowing Relationships

Charging across patterns of life, altering them like
temporary mosaics set in atmospheres above.

Telltale surroundings joining and meeting with nature
daily, allocating limitless boundaries indefinitely
throughout time and it's judgments.

Toiling with unkempt memories, straightening them and
placing them into boxes of future surprises when aged
life tackles us and sets us down alone.

Widowing us from close relationships on our roads
towards final destinations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wild And Quiet Rebel

Remembering escapades when younger, doing things slyly
so as not to get into trouble.

Staying on the edge, not stepping over it, not wanting
to cause trouble for my Mom.

Always following my heart and stubborn mind, doing what
I wanted right up to the point of no return, no further.

It worked well for me growing up and still is done to
this day, only I've figured out many loop holes that
were attached to everything I wanted to do.

Accomplishing whatever it is that I like and want, no
one able to tame this wild and quiet rebel, never meeting
another person whom I can trust to do anything for me.

Wanting it done a certain way only, others pretended to,
then suddenly changed their minds, trying to make me do
things their way.

It has never worked out for the other person, I always
did everything my own way, ignoring their pleas and
advice throughout the years, always sticking to my guns.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wild Fury

Distorted images facing me, their ugliness transfixed in time,
mesmerized by the insanity of earthly pyres.

Sanquishing forever, the impossibility of blissful meaning in
Catholic spires.

Shards of tranquility pierce the ferocity of spiraling havoc,
wrecked inside.

Echoing the call of wild fury, life dangles furiously on the
ends of wires.

So completely immersed in the essence of everyday strife,
wholly distant, far from others.

Standing over, peering in, at last the meaning of natural
life falls within the sphere of deathly quiet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wild Ideas

Silent reveries are accruing more often as I choose to be alone in a space of my own.
Standing by myself in a jungle filled with wild ideas, enjoying the danger, wanting the risk to cut me to the quick and put an end to life's brutality.
Never having such good luck, I travel interiorly into the sky, looking for ways to throw myself again from a plane and sky dive my way out of this reality that hurts so much.
Wanting to risk it all, dare to take dangerous stunts just to feel alive and take part in the odds of living or dying.
An exhilaration running through me just at the thought of all the peril I can entertain myself in.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wild Rivers

Flamboyant rivers careening through my mind,
gathering all material stored in times of
harried distress, taken out now on rafts of
wildness.

Featuring footholds, disappearing in white
waters, floating through canyons of loneliness.

Sheer walls, reaching towards tops of mountains,
heightening and expanding limits of multitudes
into creative forces on brand new shores of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wild Spirits

Moonlight serenades filling the atmosphere here at
Renegade Motorcycles.

Wild spirits being tamed by drumming of a perfect
rhythm in a band filled with talent.

Innately being inspired within their souls, tapping
out their intellect without stopping or slowing down.

Rushing upon me like waves in a storm, crashing,
rising, knocking me down over and over.

Titillating inner desires, wanting to be acknowledged
in the literature of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wild West Enjoyment

Rocking to the Village People on Grandparent's Day here
at the Senior Center, enjoying all the children that have
come to join us.

Games, pictures being taken, treats, music and dancing,
even a congo line going throughout the room, loving the
excitement of the children.

Seeing them laughing and having fun with all the seniors,
a joyous and glorious day here in Phoenix, Arizona, land
of the free and the brave, where people of the wild west
enjoy life and have fun with everyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wildlife Hiding

Watching as mountains rise into the atmosphere, not able to catch hold of clouds no matter how high they grow, deserts lying below.

Showing off their arid foliage, while wildlife scampers around, hiding from we humans, afraid they may be harmed for no reason.

Having reasons to beware of we humans from some of people's atrocious behaviors towards them, cacti and nature on the whole finding peace in the desert alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wildly Free

Rushing to the beat of this lively and vibrant rhythm,
causing happiness and joy to be fulfilled within while
straightening verses from music's melodies.

Taking a turn around the poetical atmosphere where life
runs rapidly and steadily with tantalizing rhythms fall-
ing upon my ears.

Touching my soul, taking me into energy of my essence and
purpose of life, nothing able to interfere or stop this
incessant and alluring degree of poetical anticipation.

Conjuring and mystically stealing away with beats of an
interior, wildly free independence, this quiet rebel is
free to dance poetically into every rhythm.

Replacing tears of loneliness with an energy-filled balm,
soothing life with a tempting beauty of the Divine, a
bluened light forever filling my soul totally.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wildly Into The Night

Taking steps around the room, bringing us with it's rhythm
into a happier mood.

Striding in hallways, leaving others to find their own beats
as I go wildly into the night.

Noticing the beauty of every note taking me down lanes of
another melody.

Arriving so energetically in the time of every measure,
soothing so entirely, never tiring of hearing this particular
harmony.

Knowing it's beauty will stay with forever, riding on the
roller coaster in every dimension as it slows down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Will There Ever Be....

Walking along, nature taunting this mind with an altruism
of life, contented with the way things are at times, yet
wanting so much more.

Needing love to fill me unconditionally with feelings,
desires and passion for another, one who can also fulfill
my need to love them fully without forsaking self.

Giving self to another completely and totally, a person
who can love and share everything together, be there when
needed and allowing me to be there for them.

Both of us needing someone to care, share and love one
another through whatever they're feeling also, is it too
much to ask.

Wondering daily for there's no one yet who's come into
my life wanting to share it all with me, will there ever
be such a person I wonder.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Will You Ever Think Of Repenting?

Will you ever even think of repenting for what you have
done to my heart?

Talking, telling all your secrets, laughing and joking
with me, flirting incessantly, enticing me with your
so-call unconditional love.

Making me fall in love with you, although I tried so
hard not to, not really playing hard to get, just afraid
of loving you, afraid you meant nothing of what you said.

Wanting me, telling me you loved me at first, then as time
wore on, being unmindful, treating me passively with abuse,
still saying you loved me, but I sensed it reluctantly.

Lately telling me how much you want to be alone, telling
me you will call or come back, leaving and not coming back
until the next evening or days later.

Your love has never really been unconditional, you have
so many strings attached to it, just to keep me loving you
only while you did what you wanted.

Putting me further away from you, shattering this heart
cruelly without a thought of how you were making me feel,
subconsciously wanting me to feel your pain, I think.

Still continuing talking and loving you, heart breaking
within, knowing you will never return to me the love I
have given you totally and freely.

Because in fact, you were just trying to get through loss
in your life and took advantage of my heart's genuine
love and compassion.

It has been years now since we parted, yet I still have a
place for you in my heart, knowing that the way things
turned out was the only way that it could, for you were
too into yourself and never saw the value in me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Willing To Stake A Claim

Steady and rapid, taking me into the distance where
I can look back and write, free from the opinions
of others.

Ready and willing to stake claim to the beauty of
another time, filling it with creativity, letting
it's aroma spray across the world of poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Willingly Learning

Keeping time gently with musical rhythms, letting them carry
me away into depths of another dimension, so tenderly feel-
ings of hope, joy and sorrow fill my being intensely.

Forgiving not an inch of each experience, going through life willingly learning
their lessons, practicing them, finding
the meaning of life interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Willow House

For the first time eating at Willow House, walking in the door, feeling a sense of materialistic poverty.

But deeper down, touching my soul, feeling a wealth of talent residing beneath the rafters.

Odds and ends, bits and pieces, of artistic endeavors all around, reminders of past renditions and expressions.

Feeling like a billow for a moment, sucking in and blowing out the pressures of a business day at work.

Enjoying the quiet, small town ambiance of Willow House, eating, writing, creating what it is I'm meant to.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Willow Trees

Dancing in the breeze just before a storm, willow trees dance the hula, swaying their hips, bending their knees.

Gently sweeping, their fingers slide across the ground, teasing and tickling the grass without making any sounds.

Flowing slowly at first, their movements suddenly are quickened as the wind kicks up it's blowing - beckoning the storm at last.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Willowy Dream

Gaining fast on beats of the future, feeling their sounds
as they touch me interiorly.

Heart beating in synch with a perfect harmony, measures
filled with chords, notes taking me into a willowy dream
tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wilted Within

Seeing flowers brought by family and
friends to cheer me up are now wilted
and turning brown - dying on their stems.
Much the way I feel within as I try daily
to get better.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wind

Branches being blown back and forth,
sweeping the sky before me.

Swatting many particles of dust and
sending them flying in the wind.

Traveling far and wide, adding to
the energy of our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wind Bending

Watching wind on the other side of a window blow
nature in all directions, not caring what will
happen to it's fragile leaves and blossoms.

Inside, music is rcckin', watching as the wind
begins to bend to it's rhythms, blowing in time
to the music as I watch it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wind Gusts

Wind blowing naturally through trees,
swaying them roughly with brazen breezes,
taking them beyond what they can endure.
Waving frantically to and fro, hoping for
an end to this deathly state of affairs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wind Keeping Time

Continuing into this afternoon, wind blowing my hair
all around as the band plays rhythms.

Wind keeping time with it's motions through measure of
music, lifting my mind into outer spheres of intellect.

There memories are kept and stored on photographic
screens to be accessed whenever needed.

Spreading pleasure through this mind, keeping up with
the rapid tempos taking me into the light of a future
eternity.

Sounds playing incessantly as the band plays right in
front of me while listening to a C.D. of Cindy Lauper
at the same time.

Poetical measures falling into poems I'm writing from
both melodies as I listen intently, hearing them both
within intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wind Of A Winter Storm

Melodies deeply disturbing me within, arousing suspicions, causing doubts of yearning in this world, unsure of everything.

Nothing seems to matter as I wander aimlessly against the wind of a winter storm, being pushed back into sweltering domains of the past.

When life was a nightmare that finally past and is now attacking inner thoughts once again, outrunning it's insistence.

Not wanting to remember any of it, for I have learned from it, the mistrust always held inside of my mind for other people in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wind Songs

Wind songs energizing my mind, galloping through the deserts in abandoned haste, wanting only to lose myself in depths of this inner wasteland.

Causing abbreviated mysteries as they show themselves for moments in pauses of time left open in anchored strains of music.

Hiding incessantly on the bridles of my horse in a dream of reality left over from days when I was so much younger than I am now.

Believing in something larger than myself, going forward to grasp it with both hands before it fades from sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wind Waving

Wind waving to me through leaves being blown to and fro in the heat of a cloudy day.
Saturated in stormy qualms, sticking closely to the ground with familiar sounds of silence shattering the quiet afternoon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winding Nature

Dated remembering standing aside, waiting for imagery
and connection to bubble up from a sleepy subconscious
mind.

Memorizing detail as it swiftly speeds by, trying to
track all data with images tucked inside.

Allowing a forgiving nature to turn about and follow
a path of unsound reasoning, winding away out of sight
of humanity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Windowless Mind

Windowless, the mind can only peer in upon itself, looking
for knowledge to build upon, extorting wisdom of yesterday,
memories filing by in a private parade of passivity.

Touching upon sorrow tenderly with petals of roses yet in
bloom, their fragrance recalling many times of remembering
before their time.

Relating and experiencing the past as if it were just now
happening today, bringing about a sadness for times of
yesterday.

Wistfully thinking, looking into days gone by, old age
seems to have crept upon a being when not looking at all,
sorrowfully looking from guarded eyes.

Seeing if any of the years have stayed behind, sadly
noticing that very little has, this heart is pulled a
a little, causing tears to fall.

Touching the mind, bringing it with a jolt to the here
and now, remembering with the deepest sorrow in all the
world, no one has been here for me at all.

Not crying, no tears fall from these eyes, there's barely
any self pity to be found, sitting across the table all
of life, being polite, praying to God for respite.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Windows

Signatures of inner poetical rhymes
gather together, holding windows of
meaning in the light of early morning
rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Windows Of An Interior Soul

Teardrops sliding down windows of an interior soul,
touching innermost emotions.

Fulfilling desires that need to be expressed and
sated in an acceptance of life's promises.

Whichever dirction we are headed, there is always
a way to be contrived and left empty-minded without
a soul to love and care for us in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Windows Of Departure

Looking out of windows of departure stained with tears
throughout the ages.

Forgotten memories taken away by death in it's strangle-
hold.

Staring out into spaces unfilled with any signs of life,
skilled towards the devastation of conception.

Traveling to unknown destinations on trains of discord,
following prejudicial ironies of old.

Pressing keys of a nonexistent harmony, wondering at
the lack of any response.

Lapsing into a daily fog, furling itself around entire
brains, erasing every memory ever thought or experienced.

Grasping at thin air with the last few remaining breaths,
sadly sorrowful, head bowed low, remembrance of loved ones
lost long ago.

No longer standing on the opposite shore, waiting, waving
good bye as final moments wash upon the sands and tides
of death.

Life no longer existing, pulled by the undertow of death's
tight hold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Windows Of Eternity

Staring through windows of eternity,
caressing pleasant memories of yesterday.
Walking into many sunsets, forgetting
the main reason for being here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Windows Of Expression

Introducing ideas through windows of expression, calculating their presence in thoroughfares of beguiling enchantment.
Stillness of emotion fits well with silence and it's potential benefit.
Traveling along roads, straying from their directions, preferring to walk alone, finding no interruptions are good to feel.
Expansive freedom can be interpreted without frenzied ideas of others clogging highways of creative beauty and peaceful feelings of literature.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Windows Of Eyes

Staring out at life from the windows of my eyes.
Penetrating the past stowed away in the back of my mind, turning my back on the incessant hurt piercing my heart like an arrow.
Sent straight and left quivering it's way into every thought.
Missing all meaning without caring or knowing why.
Left to wander, dying on the vine of life, no one passes by.
Staring out at life from once upon a time - the windows of my unseeing eyes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Windows Of Life

Sadness penetrating barriers of inner peace, confusing, crushing
a sense of self into oblivion.
Satisfying no needs or purpose, turning everything into self-
sacrificing piety.
Inner piercing, cutting quickly, deftly to the core of being.
All attempts at normalcy are in vain, as memories claim the
immediate images blacking out the future.
Total abandonment fills the already empty place inside, while
rejection rains continually, solidly, through time.
Wishing to see out the windows of life, can see nothing but the
rain trickling down the pane.
Washing the dirt of yesterday, along with today, into pools,
gathering the loneliness inside, hiding from the rain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Windows Of My Mind

Conversations lapsing amid music's playfulness
and company.
Designing situations for future images, standing
in display windows of my mind, hoping to be
fitted rightfully in poems of special interest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Windows Of My Soul

So quietly, gently, teardrops fall within me, touching softly, memories of the past.
Giving me many hours of bittersweet joy.
Holding silently to edges of my mind, I allow my heart to feel the textures of pictures I can see through windows of my soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Windows Of My Soul's Spirit Flying Above

Looking through windows of my soul, wanting to see what is
within it's spirit, the mystery that it is, appreciating
the deep interior spirituality it's given through the years.

Always surprised to find wisdom and knowledge sitting there
innately and purely innocent, knowing that it's there due
to the Divine being, God within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Windows Of Reflection

Bluened eyes recognizing nature's bountiful seasons
without doubts, livening sensations with significant
forte.
Sensing every motion and movement with an interior
wisdom, carefully leaning towards windows of reflection.
Softly relaxing on beds of roses, drinking in their
fragrance, tending to souls' peaceful existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Windows Of Remorse

Watching reflections in windows of memories,
glancing into the past with eyes wide open.
Touching past feelings and seeing glimpses
of hereditary history in it's making.
Being grateful for all I've had through life.
After everything is said and done, family is
all we ever really have and hold onto.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Windows Of Sadness

Windows of sadness open and close on memories,
filling a heart with crystal tears, shining on
the past.

Lighting the way to distant shores of long ago,
walking carefully and watching for any signs of
recrimination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winds Of Death

Floating through mazes of memories, touching sadness
and grief, reluctantly hesitating, tiptoeing across
images aligned in sorrow.

Touching sadness with tears as they are pulled from
within a pool in my heart, crystallizing tormentingly, scraping my mind with their
hardened reality.

Together, we have come this far, close and dear to
one another, but now death is insisting we part ways
for a while.

Not wanting your life to be scattered to winds of
death and beyond, I find I cannot grasp or hold onto
anything but memories as you are taken gently away.

Having no recourse but to fall to my knees, praying
for your soul as it enters heaven's opened gates.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winds Of Despair

Listening to the wild call of insensitive beings, standing on
the brink of edgeless causeways.

Settling in among dead branches, leaves entangle themselves
within my hair, getting blown about by winds of despair.

Curtains falling, casting out beauty before me, closing out
the view of unimportance and carrying it away, beyond the
reach of all imagining.

Solicitlessly casting reasons of being into the winds of
never-ending seasons.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winds Of Difference

Winds of difference are gusting through the atmosphere, carrying with them tides of rhythm.
Emptying stress from within as peaceful serenity begins to fill my soul with fulfillment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winds Of Fate

Caught on rims of desert sands, being blasted by winds
of fate and reality, thrown into dunes of past forget-
fulness alone.

Stringing along fantasies and desires of hope, we trip
falteringly into deep abysses of torment and loneliness.

There are no more causeways of resistant love, as all
of us dye our lives under six feet of burial dirt,
weighing upon us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winds Of Freedom

Flying through skies, destinations unknown, traveling
on winds of freedom.

Totally absorbed in heaven's guiding ways, life unfolds
within mysterious ways.

Reaching destinations unforetold, always becoming a
little bold when landing in a tree.

A little bird unfolding, sitting upon a branch.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winds Of Life

Mournings thereafter, felt in deepful peace, silent prayers waking memories of the past.

Quiet undertakings, swiftly buried, covered with earth's coattails, no longer visible.

Whenever light shines through the tearful heavens, rain falls, wetting the environment of pity.

Costly reminders of trampled emotions pinned to the bottom of life's stairs.

Stealthily running, hiding from the righteous piety of long lost strangers, alone, deserted.

Markers covering the last resting place of each upon earth, forgetting the world and it's respite throughout eternity.

Reddened ideas no longer thought, for experiences have vanished in the winds of life.

Blown across pathways, there aren't any more portrayals of life lived on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winds Of Silence

Winds of silence blow through my mind, serenading thoughts
scattered about.

Running the gamut of feelings, touching the innermost being
of self, focusing the majority of life onto screens to look
at - stare at - until finding their meanings.

Sololy, wandering paths of creation, slowly pursuing dreams,
dreamt at night.

Frantically searching patterns simultaneously appearing,
seeking refuge in some ancient corner of your brain.

Satisfying no reasons, taking the benefit it gives to the
peace found once in a while.

Taking hands and gently slicing away the past, hoping to
forget all of it and go on living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winds Of Time

Steady rhythms keeping me going in straight lines of contemplation, allowing no quarters for errors.
Placing a hand on another's, calming effects penetrating the heart and mind.
Holding them in arms of the soul, carefully taking the time to move against the winds of times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winds Of Yesterday

Intense quiet filling my entire being, causing a sadness deep
within.

Reflections of memories once filled my conscious mind, now it
takes a concentrated effort to remember tiny fragments.

Episodes of flashbacks crowd my mind, causing me to once again
become part of the past.

Wanting to let go, yet at the same time hoping to see the past
in all it's entirety, cancelling wayward devotions, settling
for the void of disassociation.

Pacing backwards through the human garbage heap of emotion,
faltering with every step, reaching inward, knowing the doubts
that this will bring to mind.

Cryptically undecided, unknown attitudes reconcile themselves
within, stubbornly holding onto whatever is familiar from their
past history.

Taking in stride, ancient words of wisdom long since forgotten,
left on shores of distant yearning behind great walls of
fragile china.

Choosing the incessant wails of misfortune over those of pain,
crying always into the winds of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Windstorms

Thrilling to new songs, filling me with windstorms of poetry.
Sailing on ocean's tidal waves and skipping off to other lands,
preferring not to return.
However, being tried and true, reliable to a fault, always
coming back to where I belong while here on earth for now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Windswept Thoughts

Deep, dark melodies issuing forth, making thoughts slowly
come out of the darkness of night, regular melodies search-
ing, pinpointing minute bits of light on issues of the past.

Watching as grief and loss have overgrown like weeds, ming-
ling with feelings and emotions, tangling and mixing tears
with bittersweet memories of the past.

Lonely and windswept, thoughts scattered everywhere through
this mind as tears fill an interior ocean, soaking this
being so thoroughly and completely during the day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wing Of Thought

On wings of noticeability, standing, awaiting the
climb towards heaven.

Watching for omens of normal deliverance to upend
the stance of disturbing violence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wing Of Thoughts

On wings of noticeability, standing, awaiting
the climb towards heaven.

Watching for omens of normal deliverance to
upend the stance of disturbing violence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winging Life

Precious and few are moments of life that we are each given
at the moment of conception, no one seeming to think of life
in that way.

Yet, through a poet's mind it's part of collective thoughts
that need to be written out in many poems throughout life,
thinking of death, dying, faith, love, compassion and others.

Having our own lives to deal with also, nothing being driven
through directions, organized or put in place, we human beings
seem to wing it for the most part, hoping for the best.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wings

Wings of unfathomable depth stir emotions within
people at certain times in life's circumstances,
filled with sorrow's glistening tears, hiding
behind reflective mirrors.

Guessing and estimating the fluidity of past
visions as they enter domains of today.

Selecting the options most enticing and letting
them enter spaces of bereavement, waiting on porch
steps, outside the doors of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wings Of A Bird

Wings of a bird slowly coming into view, alighting on
a window above where I sit.

Watching it primp and preen, not noticing the world
of hurt that I am in.

Blissfully ignorant of my grief and sorrow, yet keeping
my attention for a few moments.

Letting me know that God is still watching over me and
life is living within, even though I cannot seem to
realize it right now.

Thanking this little messenger of God, for letting me
know that He is watching over and caring for me, loving
me even when I don't realize it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wings Of Freedom

Running with the speed of sound, watching as I pass the speed of light.

Wondering about the relativity of the echoes still resonating deeply within my mind.

Nothing ever keeping me held in it's grip, feeling the wings of freedom always with me, taking me soaring into the blue skies of destiny for an eternity.

Always moving into the atmosphere of positive energy and beautiful miracles of hope and faith, no where else can I follow my path of interior creation, except here within imagination.

Taking into it's depths, all the motion of intellect and subconsciousness, never letting anything be left to chance as long as I am living alone here on this earth.

Posing always for the next creation I can conjure within my mind and place in a poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wings Of My Mind

Spreading wings of my mind, soaring to heights unknown, looking forward to visions coming into view clearly and undefiled.
Splendid images dancing before me, giving inspiration and a fervor to penetrate life's mysteries through the spirituality of my soul.
Interior prayer saturating my being with it's serenity, as I continually write what inspires me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wings Of Silver

Somewhere in flight, this heart is being taking away with
wings of silver shining in the fading light, being invigor-
ated later in beams and rays of the moon.

Lightening beauty being transfixed in this poetical mind,
impressions of love etched so innately and permanently,
expressions of your love being kept purposely.

Never letting go of them as they bring smiles and joy to
this heart, belonging only to you my dear, forever in
this life and beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wings Of Steel

Tuning my mind to echoes emitted by my soul, traveling down open corridors on wings of steel.
Finding inner realms of language, lapping upon shores of a hidden horizon, not seen since I was a child.
Figuratively skating about, jumping and landing between
rhythm and poetry.
Alive with sensations of silent power, anticipating great
literature when finished, experiencing creative talent born within each time I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winning Pockets

Bubbling with enthusiasm, turning a game of
ordinary pool into an inventive game of
rolling brains.
Excitement mounting as they send them into
pockets of winners.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winter Always Upon Me

Pain of loss hurting me within, piercing my mind through
times of remembering in past memories.

Alive and vibrant, touching upon the bittersweet memories
deep inside.

Your love having taken all mine with you, I have nothing
left to give another, you were my all in life.

Seasons come and go, but winter is always upon me, bleak
and saddened, even when the sun is shining upon the snow.

As it glistens, it is a reminder of tears that continue to
fall in memories, because I'm missing you so much, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winter Chill

Winter thoughts chilling my insides,
freezing creative manners in time.
Flames of ice, causing ripples of excitement,
as peace fills inner chambers with calming
balms of essence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winter Cold

Spring is here, yet winter has not left us.
It's a time for blossoms to come forth - but they are freezing
from the cold.
Look out a window and see the bright sun shining everywhere,
see the warmth hanging in the air?
Outside the door, I take a step, my breath I can see blowing
in the wind.
It's cold against my skin and quickly I step back in.
Contented now to watch the warm looking sunshine from a window
within my heated room.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winter Desert Fantasyland

Walking along snow filled paths in the desert, beautiful to see icicles dangling from arms of Saguaro cacti, looking like bracelets of diamonds.

Barrel cacti, a cap of snow piled on their prickly heads and prickly pear cacti with snow gently balanced on their red little pear-shaped heads.

An Arizona desert in the winter is a wonderful fantasyland filled with reflections of a once upon a winter in New Jersey; memories are alike in some respects, yet totally different in most instances.

Both so pretty when the sun is going down, sunsetting in a colorful way, shining bright colors of sound down upon the desert surface.

Colors reflected in the snow, being absorbed into it, it's wonder and awe being elicited from this mere poet's curiosity and intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winter Heart

To find contentment in the little parts of life, the ones that don't seem to matter.

Unimportant symbols filed under daily routines, unavailable in the brightness of daylight.

Unapproachable from every aspect of decency and truth, yet totally available to a soul of sorrow.

Laced, white, little tears of irony flowing down cheeks of innocent beginnings.

Soundless, adorable, forgotten in the midst of a winter storm.

Allowed no heat, no fire, to thaw a frozen heart, once drowning in the tears of sorrow, laden heart held away from life.

Thrown down a staircase, unrecognized, scarred by the heartaches of childhood.

Left to find contentment in an uncontented world, stepping aside, capturing the little particles of life in a sieve,
never held, even for a minute.

Unimportant parts, the ones that don't matter, stay with you an eternity, never being able to turn them out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winter Landscapes

Snow-covered mountains showing off their dusty white coats of winter to all who pass.
Looking like confectioners' sugar, sprinkled from heaven's realms to earth.
Beautiful winter landscapes sent to our sight as we travel over roads and cut through mountains and into the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winter Of My Being

Solemn and withdrawn, living on edges of tomorrow, having knowledge of depths of another world beyond this earth.

Wonder and curiosity lighting up inner skyways of my heart, as I listen to melodies of interior rhythms.

Slipping, sliding across ice of intellect, watching as it glitters and gleams in the winter of my mind and heart.

Being resurrected within the fire of my soul, burning so brightly in the ebony darkness.

Snowflakes falling silently upon earth, reminding us of God's presence watching from above.

Always letting us know somehow that He's protecting all of us on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winter Rain

Washing thoughts with a winter rain
falling upon us.

Watching it's intensity fill earth
with it's flooding waters.

Flowing out onto our desert floor
that cannot absorb it all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winter Seaside

Sandy feelings grinding against me as waves crash beneath the boardwalk at Seaside Heights, New Jersey.

Realizing the astounding beauty surrounding my essence in it's presence of moonlight, shining whitely against my softened skin.

Intensely sensing knowings being deducted in small parts of my mind.

Running along shorelines with wind blowing in my hair, sun shining wildly against my skin, warming me in the cold, brisk winter seaside air tonight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winter Snow Rainbows

Crystal palaces flowing imaginarily into a dreamy
existence, showing dispositions of happiness.
Wandering hallways and corridors, finding treasures
hidden behind dust cloths of yesterday.
Removing spider webs from corners of visions,
allowing perspective to shine on everything.
Taking darkness from it's hiding places, exposing
images like rainbows in a winter snow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winter Storm

Stepping beyond fascination into realms of fantasy
and delight, introducing an interior beauty into
the light of yesterday.
Fruition increasing by increments as lightly as a
feather in a winter storm.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winter Sun

Walking in the early morning, sun shining brightly down
upon me and into my eyes, temporarily blinding me.

Rays of sun do not warm my body for it is too cold, the
sun is still too far off to emit any heat as yet.

Wait until summer though, it'll be felt then, especially
in Arizona! !

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winter Thoughts

Now that winter is upon us, all leaves have fallen,
trees lie bare, no adornment.

Nests now exposed to everyone's view, birds sit on
branches, staring out at the destitute, desolate
scene.

Silently wondering where they'll find food when
today is done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winter Visions

Wintery scenes of snow and ice flashing across
television screens of weather and news.
People bundled in layers of clothes, bent over,
hurrying along, wanting to get out of the
freezing cold into their nice warm, cozy houses.
Visions of cups of hot chocolate, tea or coffee
dancing in their heads, helping to keep a sense
of pleasure alive in their minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winter Waiting

Cool Arizona winter morning, waiting outside the pain
center for someone to open and unlock the door.

Looking out across the parking lot, watching traffic
back up bumper to bumper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winter Wind

Watching clouds being pushed quickly across the sky by
a winter wind.

Seeing blackened clouds getting ready to pour down upon
this earth.

Sun disappearing behind their ebony faces, making the
temperature drop a few more degrees.

Chilling the entire atmosphere until the sun peeks out,
giving some warmth for a while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winter Winds

Movement of nature stirs around me, chasing clouds across the sky, blowing leaves and litter across the courtyard at the center.
Tree's arms are being bent as they sway to the rhythm of another day of winter.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Winter's Untrust

Winter snowing gently into my mind, icing everything there, hidden or not.

Freezing eternity in time, allowing even the worst memories and nightmares to look eerily beautiful within.

Stages of inter-dimensional thought are placated silently for the time being, tenderly numbing all interior images even though they're being seen.

Waltzing beyond horrible feelings, being at last able to see without going through the immutable reality of everything.

Sliding down hillsides on sleds, leaving all memories behind, while careening down slopes of everyday life, gazing at sunrises, realizing sunsets are also a part of being.

Hand in hand with frozen thought, able to see it's pictures consciously, no effort at all.

Head bowed, curiously afraid, timid, fragily holding on, attempting to trust a tiny bit at a time, wanting to believe in sincerity, yet knowing also what I have experienced in the past.

Keeping me timid, shy, afraid to get too close, untrusting, afraid to hope.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wintry Thoughts

Listening to my mind think inside consciousness,
writing whatever happens to coalesce interiorly
as it quickly becomes poetry.

Tapping ivories sensitively with an innate rhythm
of talents, spreading it throughout my mind on
wintry thoughts of autumn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wipe Out

Wriggling around, exercising body and mind
in a rendition of wipe out at the senior
center for fun.
Laughter, fun, enjoyment of a beating drum,
echoing throughout our minds and hearts,
allowing us to rehearse our leisurely pace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wiping Away Tears

Poetically touching the inner fabric of my being and
soul, striding into depths of interior spirituality
with no qualms or doubts to cloud the way with trouble.

Standing in doorways and portals of other universes
and dimensions, taking control through rhythms and
thoughts that keep on flowing.

Taking me on many journeys throughout the years with
only one purpose, to be an instrument of God's and
no others.

So be it, as I say amen, Lord, amen, continuing to wend
my way towards heaven's gates when I finally find my way
through death and it's embrace.

Looking for signs of the future, wiping away tears of my
humanity so I may go forth in poetical endeavors forever
while alive.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wiping Out Once Again

Rocking to rhythms of wipe out, loving the excitement
being created by tempos and notes, playing in my mind
with melodies racing across chords.

Finding joy and pleasure in them throughout the song,
drummer beating his heart out, showing us the beauty
of rhythms as they continue to enliven the atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wired Interiorly

Techniques being innately triggered within the neurons and synapses of conduction.

Being wired interiorly with very little knowledge of it happening unless seeing it come about coincidentally.

Figuring out the electrical impulses being constantly sent, flowing evenly without interruption, hoping to all be met in unison.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wired Message

Looking into mirrors, watching reflections of other people,
along with their emotional content.
Being enticed by surroundings of the environment as it folds
me into a wired message of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wisdom And Knowledge

Beauty touching interiorly on landscapes being separated
into many different poems.

Forming ingenious sections of wisdom and knowledge with
a hidden and mysterious prowess for the written word,
known as literature.

Coding everything so it will never be lost even when I am
no longer here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wisdom Commanding Wishes

Carefully stepping in time with the rhythms of life,
setting an inner metronome to the measures of time.

Allowing poetry to follow it's leads in coded aspects
of each of it's meanings.

Feel good moments appearing so quietly and easily into
concepts of this mind, taking steps gradually into
processes of thoughtful imagination.

Taking everything into pictures and landscapes of inner
domains, holding tightly to edges of each one, reaching
for them even in sleep and dreams during the night.

Waking every morning in the midst of all that is good
in this life.

Wishes being commanded by an inner wisdom, lulling me
quietly into a deep slumber of ideas like a lullabye
being sung to a child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wisdom Of Children

Time marches on through life, dragging us along with the hands of it's clock in rhythm with our inner heartbeats.

Soothing us in periods of intense grief, bringing laughter through moments of happiness through our children and grandchildren's innocent wisdom, so simple and direct.

Coming straight from their minds and out their mouths in a purity of thought only children have the wisdom to know of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wisdom Of Inner Waterfalls

Stepping quietly and steadily into vibrations of a plethora
of rhythms.

Singly handling tones and notes on many instruments, playing
each one in succession.

Grasping levels of an interior wisdom, taking it all into
intellect and creating many masterpieces from inner water-
falls that no one else can see.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wisdom's Absolute Power

Tapping into the universe, this mind finds a wealth of information and ideas that are overflowing from within it.

Cooperating and easily finding thoughts lying around, keeping my pen writing constantly, never letting up.

Living in a constant and incessant life of meaning and purpose, learning and being educated by an inner intellect of absolute power provided by wisdom.

Always wondering and full of curiosity, giving portraits of life an entire life of their own in landscapes that are flowing with an immensity of knowledge.

A garden of blossoming ideas are filling the aromas of mindful images, measuring the amount of life through rhythms and musical interludes.

Staying throughout this lifetime, precious, alive and vibrant and always sprouting into this mind's intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wisdom's Ambition

Chopping in real time, invigorating my soul, feeling the melodies enter my imagination with verve and energy.
All the ambition of wisdom gathering itself in combinations I can easily write to.
Senses tingling, being disturbed in good ways as I am enlightened and led down pathways of entertainment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wisdom's Aspects

Checking aspects of wisdom, we falter sometimes,
not realizing how very simple it really is.
Delving deeply into what we think is known, sends
confusion to cover our knowledge, causing us to
forget what we don't know.
Seldom does anyone untangle facets of reality's
wisdom as it lies in books throughout our many
years on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wisdom's Candles

Shocking minds into realms of foreign countries dwelling within.
Cascading lights penetrating the darkness, covering wisdom's
candles with frightening desires.
Overcoming obstacles along the way, reaching always for horizons beyond sight or seeing.
Waves lapping on edges of my mind, tantalizing memories into
imagination where they flourish and shine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wisdom's Circumference

Timeless moments forget themselves on days of reckoning, delivering different aspects to lightened knowledge,
sitting on edges of wisdom's circumference.

Balancing on minute sentences to gather intelligent
thought in abysses of books, fractured with indented paragraphs and innovative character on pages of
inherited placement in talented, creative thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wisdom's Corridors

Straddling the fence, wanting to jump off and seek the life that was meant to be from the start.
Walking away from darkness, leading self into the lightened knowledge of wisdom's corridors.
Never displaying any avenues to another person, so it's all kept within you.
At a distance from any interference throughout life and it's discouraging voice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wisdom's Delight

Arranging a variety of sounds, congregating en masse around
new ideas, choosing abstracted wisdom to fold into the mix.
Creating another faction of literature to be molded and
shaped while I listen intently.
Insistent rhythm taking my mind into avenues of wisdom's
delight.
Selecting and appraising entirely new aspects of intense
musical poetry.
Reaching deeply, drinking in an abundance of creative ideas.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wisdom's Depths

Synchronizing plans in a mind of poetical existence,
taking over editions of periodic displacement.

Afterwards, forming novel approaches to outer
psychology and inner philosophies.

Painting picturesque visions upon request, asking
for nothing in return, except to be blessed in
these last days of life with ongoing talent.

Stationing self in poetical systems, written
religiously in depths of wisdom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wisdom's Domain

Coy, bashful, recognizing feelings in those around,
sensitively empathizing interiorly.
Striking visions of human behavior, catching eyes
of a mind with shy glances.
Writing down emotional turbulence with exacting
precision as feelings flow around and into wisdom's
domain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wisdom's Energy

Traveling alone, living a solo existence, lonely from all
outside respects.

Yet inside holds a peace unequaled anywhere else on earth,
God's little acre, created just for me.

Respect and dignity for self - coming - originating - in
heaven's gardens, following life in every aspect and facet
held beyond earth's horizons.

Traveling alone, existing within a sphere of innate
intellect, fulfilled by wisdom's energy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wisdom's Eyes

Adjusting systems of belief as
I age closer to the end of life.

Finding out, through wisdom's eyes,
that some things were never important
and little things grew in wonder.

In retrospect, years bring a colorful
discrepancy into the picture.

Giving us choices we'd rather not think
about until we've traveled to the rim of
whatever happens to corner us in a
makeshift nightmare.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wisdom's Motion

Clouds moving and gathering together within, letting my mind
know how much it means to be part of such an awesome intellect.

Never believing that energy of tomorrow's passion can be so
entirely fruitful and satisfying.

Simple steps taken lightly, yet intensely into depths of
another dimension, allowing nothing at all to interfere with
thoughts as they reach beyond intellect.

Searching through force fields of every single thought,
bringing about an attitude that cannot be dealt with on any
other plain, except that of an inner wisdom, never being let
go of and taken together in one single motion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wisdom's Patterns

Waking from reveries, no longer asleep, standing on banks of new beginnings,
hoping to locate many fastidious factions of energy.
Believing in times of complacency, taking all I've learned and woven it into a
likeness of wisdom's patterns.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wisdom's Shores

Stringing together, thoughts, arbitrarily strengthening arguments of furtive questioning, bringing up facets of truthful piety.
Interludes melding with experiences of intellect as they rise above levels of distinction, capsizing on shores of wisdom, looking for exceptional dimensions of excellence in an environment of truth and honesty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wise Decisions

Wanting to lead the way in lines of popular melodies,
forgetting that not everyone can appear in every day
routines, because of somber thoughts or medical
problems.

Each endeavor being marked by etchings of intrepid
solace.
Never taking eyes off of the big picture in easy
mornings of life, calming itself in wise decisions of
the mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wishes Of The Past

Heartfelt emotions taking me into the night, filled with wishes of the past that were never fulfilled.

Living their emptiness through a lonely heart that no longer beats with life, only intense sorrow.

Shattering, life-exploding feelings, tearing at my insides, wanting to escape.

There is no way to do so for life cannot escape the death of loss nor follow it into the atmosphere of heaven.

Settling into quicksand of past desires and passion, letting go of my heart as it's buried with my soul in the moonlight, never again seeing tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wishes Waiting

Watching the sky turning from blue to sun rose and
crème colors while moving right in front of me.

Mind open, ready for the darkness to enter earth's
atmosphere, wishes waiting in twilight as stars
look on, wondering if they will be answered or not.

Listening to rhythms of nature playing on the play-
ground, giving thoughts needed rhythms to write to
now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wishful Memories

Held closely, deeply within my heart, memories of mom and dad reach my mind with tears of past joy, bringing wishful thinking memories to the foreground.

Wanting to sit down and talk like we used to in days gone by.

Lost forever on earth's horizons, I sit alone, thinking of those conversations of long ago, wishing both were still with me now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wishful Thinking

Emotional ties being what they are,
life is turned upside down at the
most inopportune times.

Many grief-filled hours are spent in
wishing away things that have been
said mistakenly out loud.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wishful Thinking Of A Child

Wandering thoughts taking me into yesterdays where I was born and grew up in poverty, never realizing that we were poor, a Mom so happy, always laughing when with us kids.

Yet, at times getting up late at night, having to go to the bath-room, hearing Mom crying beyond closed doors, and I would wonder why.

Not knowing the stress of being a parent raising eight children through poverty, wanting to give them so much more, but having no means in which to do so.

Thinking to hug her and make her tears go away, yet not daring to intrude on her privacy of sadness with the wishful thinking of a little child who loved her Mother.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wishful Wandering

Many times wondering where I am, where I am going, now
that you are no longer here.

Feeling like a child, lost and alone, afraid of the
future, crying.

Wishing to be with you once more to share special moments
in time.

There are no more spaces of time, no more minutes or
hours, we have already spent them.

Now no more will we be together on earth

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wishing

Wishing the time could be stopped for a day or two -
or maybe longer, so I could continue to stay in this
place of energetic musical writing.

Keeping occupied and thoroughly entertained right
where I am, hoping for it to last forever in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wishing And Being

Wishes coming into being when things are to rough to
deal with, hoping to have an easier times of it.

Looking about, seeing those who have gotten nowhere
by wishing because they wish for unrealistic things.

When wishing myself, it's always for the impossible,
there's a better chance of getting what you want then.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wishing Coming Alive

Driving across the country in my mind once again, reliving
the scenery and landscapes as miles gathered together.

Enjoying the memories that are once again coming alive,
loving to see them, remembering and wishing they were
happening right now.

At least they are with me on inner photographic screens
forever, to look at whenever I please.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wishing For A Simple Life

Climbing interior mountains, being exhilarated
with their steep heights and beauty all around,
whispers of heaven, coming from clouds above.

Noticing wildlife scurrying and scampering through
the brush, looking for food and protection, much
like humans do on a daily basis.

Such a simple life we could have, just like wild-
life, yet human nature complicating it and every-
thing else in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wishing For Companionship

Stepping on stones of sorrow across vast expanses of watery tears,
hoping, carefully, not to fall in and become a puddle of grief
for life with no boundaries to speak of.

Wishing for the companionship of a friend on bleak days,
missing those who have passed on without me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wishing For Wings

Cars, trucks and vans, sitting in their driveways, looking up into the sky.

Wishing the had wings so they could fly like jets in the nighttime heavens.

All the wishing in the world, however, never makes anything come true no matter how sincere it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wishing In A Moonlit Night

Wishing upon stars in a moonlit night, watching
them tinkle when hearing what is being said.

Totally open and waiting for wishes to come upon
them in the night.

Wanting to grant our wishes, yet not really being
able to in our lifetimes, because they do not have
the power to do so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wishing Otherwise

Looking out the window at a saguaro, barrel cactus and an
ocotillo, growing within the confines of a courtyard here
at the center.

Loving to see them, yet wishing they could be free to be
in their natural habitats out in the desert somewhere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wishing Time Reversed

Sirens blaring throughout rhythms as a band plays, Alice Cooper touching upon childhood and maturity, wanting things that are out of reach for now.

Continuing to have desires, yearning for the innocence of youth, wishing all the years of life can be reversed, taking us back to where we began.

Soliciting the beatitudes of yesterday, hoping for a re-prieve in tomorrow's beginning, holding onto the reminders of yesterday in memories.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wishing To Be Stranded

Wishing to be stranded in a bunch of clouds,
floating across the sky in no great hurry
to get anywhere.

Searching earth from on high, looking at
scenery and landscapes as I pass by.

Noticing details, wondering curiously where
some of them came about, how do they exist
and what is their purpose below me on earth?
Looking askance, seeing fluffy clouds
surrounding me closely, protecting me from
falling into the hell of other people's lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wishing To Meet People In This World

Traveling this world over within my mind, imagining all the beauty to be seen along the way, wishing to meet people all over this world.

Visiting and conversing with them, learning about them personally, finding out what and how they think about life in their environments and everywhere else in the world.

Curious to find out what they might think of we Americans and how much their opinions of us differ with the reality of our lives in actuality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wishing To Travel

Strolling through intellect, heart being touched by the memories being brought up in the light of this brand new morning.

Tired of hanging around in life, wanting more than what I have now, wishing to travel the whole world, meeting new people, seeing all sorts of new sights and writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wishing Upon Every Star

Picking my way through this lonesome night, being run
down by stress and turmoil, sitting beneath a brilliant
moonlight, trusting in the hope and promise of tomorrow.

Wishing upon every star, looking for a miracle to
bring you back to me, a total emptiness being reflected
in tides of this interior ocean.

Watching the moon being rippled in the waves, eyes
filled with tears as I sit and write about you, my dear,
a brave and wonderful heart you always had.

Now far, far away, lost in a land I know nothing of and
cannot find my way to, not knowing what directions to
take, stars still twinkling above, but I can no longer
see them, nor you, my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wishing You Were Here

Quietly whispering sweet nothings into the atmosphere,
hoping they will somehow be heard by you, wherever you
are now, my love.

Wishing you were here with me, dancing like we used to
every night, yet nothing happens, you still don't come,
leaving me here writing late into the night.

Nothing to hold on to, preserving myself just for you,
everyone telling me there's no purpose in doing so, but
what else can I do, my dear, I love you still.

Wanting you only here with me, feeling so empty sitting
with music totally surrounding me, filling my mind with
memories of your love and our times spent together.

Our desires and passion never fading or subsiding all the
years we were together, now no more can we share our love
or memories for you're never going to be with me again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wistful Desires

Whipping hair in all directions,
touching areas of my brain with
wistful desires.
Wanting to be expressed in truthful
endeavors, in order to save interior
gifts from faltering or shutting down.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wistful Thinking

All energy consumed yesterday has been spent in idle wistfulness,
depriving each new day of it's specialness.
Off to outer limits, away from ordinary endeavors, we accept each day
as it comes, wishing afterwards that we had had it longer or could've done more with it.
Wishful thinking takes up an inordinate amount of time, yet we continue
expending our energy doing it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

With A Promise

Hearing choirs of angels singing, feeling their peace
touching my heart, beckoning me into their arms.

Wanting to comfort and ease the pain of this lifetime,
wanting to wipe my tears away.

Telling me that God has heard my prayers, to wait a
little longer and life will change for the better.

There is someone waiting to take me into their arms
and truly love me, treasure the person that I am.

Leaving nothing behind, life will come to fruition
and happiness will be with me forevermore.

Listening to choirs of angels singing, tears of joy
flowing from my eyes.

Knowing that God has sent them with a promise to give
my life meaning and love upon this earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

With Friends

Liveliness rearing it's head here at the Wagon Yard
where I'm writing poetry once again after a long time
not able to come here.

The long stay now at an end, because tomorrow I will
be here once again, being energized and vibrant, taking
my attitude and moods into the stratosphere alone.

Totally alive, feeling so good here with my best bunch
of friends at karoke at the Wagon Yard, a favorite place
of mine.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

With God

Reaching into a bluened light, focusing on God,
knowing He's with me right this moment.

Living completely in His arms, feeling His presence
closely, unafraid of this surgery for He will be
with me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Withdrawal

Where arrows walk down silent pathways in the forest,
deepest withdrawal stirs in moments of despair.

Empty, totally stepping in mires of sorrow, like mud
covering your shoes.

Looking about, seeing trees thickly grown together,
no way out until you are upon them.

Forever taking handfuls of stones, leaving trails
behind, hoping to be found.

Life stretches, pulls itself apart, folds in upon
itself and hides.

Hides beneath the coverlet of suicide.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Withdrawing

Staying inside, withdrawing from reality,
yet knowing it's still there poking fun at me.
I continue to remain a stranger to it's thought
of rejection.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Withdrawing From Life

Following ends of life into passages lit with
memories of yesterday.

Tempting us to withdraw and enter our final
phases on earth, we reminiscence of family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Withering Tears

Withering tears, eroding sadness of a lifetime,
taking inhibitions aside, opening curtains of
happier times, remembered now with more clarity
than before.

Rainbows showing good memories, awaiting their
turns around the bend.

Taking in feelings, transferring them to
tomorrow's images, where they can grow and
flourish, bringing me to heaven's gardens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Withheld Sorrow

Writing poetry is a way I have to get into people's minds,
touching their feelings, letting emotion flow out into the open.
Tears piled inside for years find their way down faces of withheld sorrow.
Relieving hearts of many, my poetry is kept always in hearts gentle hands.11347

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Withholding Fantasy

Throughout levels of participation we fume and fuss
when things don't turn out the way we want.
Recriminations banter within our mind's images,
never landing with any certainty on phases of truth
held in check by proverbs of old.
Withholding fantasy and mirrors of reflection from
our minds we will wither and die of neglect without
anyone noticing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Within

Always looking, never finding a place on earth to
relax and spend the remainder of life.
There is no space for me here.
The only place I can be is within myself.
For there I am accepted, enjoyed, loved without
question or doubt by God, Himself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Within A Soul

A predisposition for musical interrogation within a soul
of puzzling intimidation, recognizes itself among mazes
of cognitive functioning.

Displaying familial traits over the decades, overriding environmental concerns to make sepulchers of transient sculptures rising over moons and presupposing events of yesterday.

Voices of eternal possession keep rising above every connection held onto over many years, forwarding life
onto shores of tomorrow's future destiny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Within Darkness

Living in a corner of today, noticing beauty from within
the darkness of a deep and heartfelt sorrow.

A never-ending dignity unfolding from this soul, being
portrayed in the mind of this mere poet, even as writing
is being done from a hospital room again.

Captive from within mind-melding pain, trying to ignore
it, all the while writing poetry to find a way of dealing
with the intensifying amount of pain in spite of medicine
being given.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Within Finality

A feeling of abandonment has come over me here in a
remote resort on top of a mountain in India, feeling
death walking alongside me.

Letting life flow away, watching as energy and breath
are suddenly gone from my being, near death is felt
so intensely as I walk into a total abandonment.

Freeing my soul, intellect observing as it happens so
quietly, a silence completes me, it's so finely tuned
that I feel a part of it's infinite shadow.

Walking further into the fabric of it's sheer darkness,
serenity filling and soothing me, letting go, watching
self slowly disappear into the sheer nothingness of death,
something pulls me and I am awakened within my finality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Within India's Veins

Enduring melodies are dancing through reasons in
India's lifeblood, taking pride in excellent music.

Spreading it's wings, soaring into everyone's minds,
amazing abilities shining like the harvest through
plaintive cries of rhythm.

All of it coming from within an Indian's veins,
portraying everyday life in each measure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Within Intellect

On a mystic journey, alighting in the desert of intense solace.
Intriguing my mind with so many questions and actually giving answers to them.
Holding onto the mysterious proportions within intellect, not letting imagination enter it's domain in this open-ended equation of unknown persuasion.
An opening and unfolding of particles never seen before, touching and tantalizing my mind, expanding it's limits beyond time as we know it.

(1: 46 p.m. - 11/17/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Within Intellect's Mind

Repetition in life is inevitable, because there's only
so much you can do or say before you start repeating
self or actions.

Finding life becoming boring more and more, writing
even more poetry, because within intellect's mind,
everything is new and refreshing.

Ideas and thoughts coming together spontaneously and
instantly, giving pleasure to my brain, incessantly
every day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Within My Oasis

Listening to a song about people who think they're always
right, running from them, folding inside for a reprieve
from noise they are giving in diatribes of righteousness.

Holding up banners of silence, finding a place interiorly
where I settle into a peaceful serenity, sensing liberty
and freedom coming about now.

Being in my oasis where I feel at home, no one can ever
touch or fill me with their anger, bitter lies or unfamil-
iar treatises of untold racism and hatred.

Solidly hidden away, nothing can ever betray the truth held
within intellect as it disperses illusions and lies being
told and perpetrated by others.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Within Poetical Interludes

Risking it all to be in the blending of music and it's
designs, collecting and reaffirming the possibilities
of another tomorrow.

Believing in the value of every particle of being,
satisfied with gifts and talents continually using
them in every day words of poetical wisdom.

Allowing the essence of nature to collect and mix with
that of my own, beginning and ending within one another.

Nothing like the pleasure residing inside of intellect
and imagination, causing beautiful prospects of an entire
lifetime to be expressed.

All within the words and sentences of poetical interludes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Within Spiritual Contexts

Working through the night, this mind relaxing in dreams
of thought, enjoying fantasies that come to light.

A richness of imagination, fulfilling intellect totally
as I sleep peacefully in another atmosphere.

Far from this mere poetical life, throughout the night,
feeling time preciously spending moments with intellect.

Giving it cherished thoughts of life and being within
spiritual contexts always within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Within The Zone

Splendid and beautiful music to start a new day with a
positive and uplifting mood.

So entirely and completely being within the zone, living
an interior life that's so rewarding to heart, mind, soul.

Traveling solo throughout intellect, enjoying peace and
serenity that I'm finding.

Excited, happy that I am able to write poetry continuously
and instantaneously,

Money could never buy what I have been given by God, innate
talent has provided me many hours of peace and serenity.

No matter that I'm poor, needing so many things in life, as
long as I can write and have my music.

There is nothing I could ever want, instead a beautiful
interior world all my own was given by God to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Without Dreaming? ?

Quality is being sought in every aspect of our life.
We want all the earth to achieve a particular status of perfection, an euphoria based on tangible meanings.
Is there or can there be such a place as this beyond the imaginings of a person's mind?
Can we have an existence without the hope of dreaming?
The whole world wants a place filled with quality - it wants a race of human perfect beings.
Yet, we also want quantity and plenty of it - to make our lives more comfortable while we drown in the broken parts of quantities imperfections.
What we need is a compromise between the two - and to keep in mind it will always be imperfect no matter how we try.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Without Falling Prey

Mind opening, intellect enticed with wonder and curiosity,
exploring, discovering and finding answers so delicately
and alluring.

Entering inner depths of contemplation, rejoicing in feel-
ings coming to fruition inside of human nature, realizing
that potential is unlimited and abundant.

Living it to the fullest while writing into the future my
purpose here on this temporary earth, testing, questioning
every aspect of life and living it.

Finding self-realization, taking it to extremes, wanting
to know how far I can go with what I have innately, figure-
ing mathematically, probabilities of what can be accomplish-
ed in this life without falling prey to mankind's evil, lies
and deceit.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Without Interference

Wandering down roads, straying from them, taking short cuts
to see more extraordinary visions of nature in rarest of forms.

Taking time, touching my mind with their intense delicate
stature and purposes.

Timing thrown out the door, leisurely walking without any
interference from any point of view.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Without Knowing

Strolling through the park at midnight, stars peeking
down at me through the trees.

Watching and wondering what it is I'm doing, without
even knowing it, inspiring me to write constantly.

Going deeply into expressways of intellect, while
emitting possibilities of another tomorrow.

Gathering molecules and particles, placing them in
spheres where they produce a total and vibrant energy.

Keeping my mind always moving and thinking throughout
life, it's simple moments being lived and tended to.

Beautiful and completely spiritual, taking faith and
hope into every single equation that I create.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Without Love

Without love you cannot have faith.
Without love how can anyone hope?
Love is the most important fact of every human life.
If there was not love - there would be no person, man, woman or child.
No one can truly exist without love - we all need it.
Love is the cup that we put our gifts of faith and hope in.
It's a part of everyone, it exists as surely as we do.
If you let love show, you will become what you really are within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Without Music?

Wondering what in this wide world we'd do without music.
Hoping never to find out, because music is my entire
life, I have to hear it day and night.
Understanding it fully and loving every moment I hear
the various rhythms.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Without Parental Filters

Little ones, innocent, beautiful, taking in the world as it is,
without a filter to help them recognize right from wrong.

Depending wholly on their parents to watch out and protect them
from evils of this world.

Do they? Are parents living morally, ethically, spiritually
and are they teaching their children?

What paths are parents teaching them to take? How can little
ones begin life if their mom and dad are living and caring
about nothing and never doing the right thing?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Without Preconceived Ideas

Silently, steadily, walking into depths of reality
without any preconceived ideas to haunt me in life.

Reaching into an atmosphere, searching for incessant
blessings of an interior spirituality.

Finding the essence of everything, seeing treasures
of preciousness that never cease to amaze me.

Nothing comparing to the souls of human beings as
they continually live and die.

Having existed in this temporary lifetime, doing
what they can or are able to.

Beautiful and enticing, continually using innate
knowledge to energize beings around them, loving and
totally compassionate throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Without Problems

Whiling away life, looking at nature's bountiful beauty,
and hesitating momentarily to see it logically without
any interference.
Hoping to feel beyond what others feel and finding it
can be done.
Taking everything a step at a time, watching progress
take side streets and wind away into imagination's
depths without a problem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Without Reason

Fascinating me with an unsense, wondering how anyone
so smart could believe such nonsense, having no wish
to contemplate it.

How can you give power to anything, you are not God,
nothing is up to you except living your life the way
you want to.

Having all these mind power ideas of someone else's,
trying to live another's life without a reason for
your own.

It doesn't make sense, why do you do it? There is no
understanding, explain it if you can.

What you say has no logic, no space in time, no reason
nor rhyme.

Maybe if understanding what you're saying can come about,
some sense could be found in it, for now just waiting
to hear your explanation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Without Regrets

Thinking of younger days when everything was new, looking forward to doing anything I could.
No fear got near me, I adjusted to whatever happened to transpire through the years.
Having many new adventures, learning whatever I wanted with no limitations or boundaries standing in my way.
Looking back upon the stretch of life now passed, I smile within, knowing my life has been well-spent without regrets.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Without Thinking

Filing memories inside my mind, capturing their essences in quick thoughts seen in pictures and placed on screens so I may see what I'm writing.
Carefully planning ideas without even thinking, taking them from a sound, a quirk of nature, a person walking by.
Taking it all in stride, I prepare more poetry before I finally die.
Steady motion and rhythm get hold of me and automatic writing flows through - unblocked by anything or anyone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Without Warning

Love turning on and off, bringing joy and
happiness then shutting it down without
warning.

Solemn and antagonistic, the way of life
as it travels down pathways of unforgive-
ness and mean-spirited attitudes.

No one ever being sure of it's presence,
not knowing if they're holding it's dead
flowers or blossoms no longer in existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Without Your Love

Reasoning and logic have no place in the absence of
life, when someone you love dies it all disappears.

Nothing can bring it back, life slowly fades without
you, nothing is important anymore.

You were my world and now you're gone, what am I to
do now without you?

Desolate, forsaken and forlorn, living an existence
that I don't even want anymore.

Going through the motions of life, people thinking
that I am still alive.

Yet, I am not living without your love anymore.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Withstanding

Silently retiring in the midst of a hectic and busy day,
watching all the activity as it hits me squarely with
it's motion daily.

Withstanding it all dutifully, doing my part to keep
afloat in this greedy and corrupt world, always stand-
ing for what is right and just.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Withstanding Everything

Telltale hints of yesterday accumulate and beam brightly
into life, taking me unafraid into lands of freedom,
fighting quietly for respect of self.

Defeating the naysayers trying to stand between me and my
way of life, not allowing them to, sticking to my guns,
through it all.

Never giving up or giving in, believing in God, knowing
that prayer will conquer all, living in the spirituality
of my soul, believing in promises of God always.

Taking the path of righteousness in spite of all the temp-
tations here on earth, withstanding everything, never giv-
up hope or faith.

Holding onto an inner resolve to keep on going no matter
what, knowing that in the end I'll win, staying free and
liberated throughout this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Witness To My Life

Taking it easy, relaxing and enjoying rhythms tapping
against my mind, opening up the many channels by which
thoughts are processed incessantly.

Quickly, quietly and generously, keeping track of every-
thing on photographic screens, living in a bluened
universe within an interior life.

God always present, a witness to my life throughout the
moments He decides to keep me here on earth, within just
wanting to leave and go to heaven.

Yet, His purpose must first be fulfilled before He will
allow it to happen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wombs Of Intense Love

Frantically waving in the atmosphere, not able to grasp hold of anything, wind blowing incessantly, not allowing nature to be still.

Searching for the centeredness of peace, unable to see where it is, wind blowing, covering it up.

Sights unseen, as life and nature continue to forage from sensations that are being blown about.

Strident and longing, beliefs falling into the wombs of intense love, nothing to stop their unbidden callings.

Touching and finding that love can never be held prisoner in anyone's heart.

It was born to be free and independent and if not allowed, it will stumble and fall.

Dying with the autumn leaves being blown about by an insolent and disparaging wind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Women, Still Looking

Disrespect for women still runs rampant in our society, wanting women to be a partner in marriage, bearing their children.

Raising, taking care of them when sick or wounded, cooking, cleaning, doing the shopping, their work never being done.

Waking up early in the morning, the last one to get in bed, making sure everything is ready for tomorrow's onslaught of duties.

What does the man do in return, work his shift, come home, eat, watch T.V., maybe play with the children fifteen/twenty minutes, then relaxes and is off to bed.

Leaving his wife to clean up after him and the children, never offering to lend a hand, because he is so very tired from his day at work.

This is the picture that represents the American Dream, what is wrong with this picture, how is the family expected to survive in this unbalanced home life?

At times women work outside of the house to make ends meet, their men just doing the same as always, maybe once in a while emptying the garbage or vacuuming.

Life is still not all that great for the American women, they are still looking for a better life for themselves and their children, what contributions are men making?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonder - Filled Love

Sitting here enjoying listening to an upbeat song,
emotions overflowing, feeling the goodness in life,
letting it fill me overwhelmingly.

Finding your love teasing and enticing me, pulling
me into your arms, laughing, eyes sparkling into
one another's, filled with love and total devotion.

Every moment is beautiful when with you my darling,
feeling like an angel who can do no wrong when I'm
with you only.

Your unconditional love spreading throughout my being,
giving hope and a reason to love you back totally
and in the exact same way.

Such a wonder-filled love we have together, our hearts
beating as one, life is awesome and fantastic when you
are with me.

Sparks of love being ignited between us incessantly as
we live our lives so closely together, my love, my life,
my dearest.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonder And Awe

Listening to a song from the Sound of music, one that
I used to run around singing all the time, vibrant and
energetic.

Now bringing back memories that are enjoyable and very
pleasant, providing smiles and memories of the past,
living in the wonder and awe that filled my childhood.

Loving to reminisce and relive it all from photographic
screens interiorly, bringing joy and happiness into focus
every time I think of them in this song.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonder And Awe Of Love

Loving, filled with desire for you only my love,
looking deeply into your eyes and seeing into
your loving heart and soul.

Filled with the wonder and awe of your love for
me, treasuring it with my entire heart and being,
never wanting to be parted from you a single moment.

Living together, feeling so close and cherished
throughout this life, wanting only you by my side
dear for the rest of my life here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonder And Excitement

Pounding and bouncing across the skin of several
drums being used to play Indian music.

Wonderful and exciting, keeping time with the
heartbeats of an interior being.

Touched by incessant sounds, while outside a key-
board plays a steady rhythm, not missing a beat.

Mixing with Indian music, steady rhythms being
listened to at the same exact time.

Enjoying textures of the two of them blending and
mixing together.

So astounding and pleasant, taking abstracts and
affixing them perfectly in one measure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonder And Excitement In Music

Pounding and bouncing across the skin of several
drums being used to play Indian music.

Wonderful and exciting, keeping time with the
heartbeats of an interior being.

Touched by incessant sounds, while outside a key-
board plays a steady rhythm, not missing a beat.

Mixing with Indian music, steady rhythms being
listened to at the same exact time.

Enjoying textures of the two of them blending and
mixing together.

So astounding and pleasant, taking abstracts and
affixing them perfectly in one measure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonder And Love

Running through a forest of thoughts, feeling free, hope rising within me, laughter filling me as I hide in the shadows, springing out in front of you suddenly.

Joy filling me with elation and a mischievous sense of teasing you, wanting to be held, yet trying to get away, loving to entice you, then disappearing.

You are my wonder and love, my experience in living a life of total surrender without ever giving in or letting go, a surprising and interesting purpose in these moments of my life with you only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonder Around The Corner

Every moment awakening me interiorly, never looking away,
always finding wonder around the corner.

Being filled with a spiritual interior life that is in-
surpassed on earth.

Taking me into a bluened light of the Divine where, pre-
ferring spending time there always.

Not ever wanting to leave, but having to in order to live
this ordinary temporary life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonder Created In Nature

Justifying the beauty in life, nature stands all
around us in splendor and majesty.

Nothing humans can create match the wonder of what
is created in nature's habitats.

Beautiful and genuine, always brilliantly colored
and scented with the essence of Mother Nature her
self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonder Filled

Staring peacefully all around, noticing birds singing, playing
in a flower garden.

Colors, very pretty, blending into rainbows for anyone to look
upon if they just look down for a moment.

Green grass flowing over dirt, like waves upon the sand, filling
me with wonder as I sat and listened to the sounds all around,
fluttering to my ears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonder Of Angels

Fluttering wings, cooling me down, reaching inside to help me rise above all adversity in this life.
Swinging in heaven's gardens like the child that I am within.
Never losing the wonder of angels as I watch them disappear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonder Of Contemplation

Sitting on banks of the Delaware river once upon a time
when much younger, watching the water flow by, ducks
floating downstream nonplussed and contented.

Seeing breezes invisibly blowing leaves and branches in
the morning sun, clouds passing gently and quietly by,
noticing everything below them.

Never saying a word about any of it, going through this
mind, all details being accorded on photographic screens
every moment of this mere poet's life.

Softly, easily, playing rhythms that bring serenity and
peace into my heart, mind and spirit, calming and sooth-
ing me interiorly.

Loving feelings taking me into the wonder of contempla-
tion totally where this mind feels right at home, never
fading into the past at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonder Of Everything

Taking a moment in time to think about life and where
it's going.

Loving the wonder of everything that comes across my
path in life and nature.

Always being amazed by it all, being curious about
it's beginnings and endings, never without a question.

Wanting to know every aspect of what I come across,
incessantly and continually besieging friends and
strangers alike with my curiosity.

They usually are good-natured, actually telling me
that I make them think and they enjoy my curious
disposition.

Wondering even about that, taking me further into
the forests of human nature with every one that I meet.

Loving the things that I continue to learn from everyone,
they are all so splendid and beautiful in this world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonder Of God

Twilight gathering, stars huddling together, deciding
where in the universe they'd like to sit and twinkle.

Milky Way, sliding through the universe, big dipper
pouring starlight throughout the sky.

Up in the stratosphere where no one can touch it's
effervescence, beautiful, exciting and tempting.

Letting us on earth know the wonder of God as we re-
joice in the awe of His creations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonder Of Life

Melodies being broken down into chords and measures
of time, coded in order to bring rhythms into the
wonder of life and it's curiosity.

Wandering and aimlessly moving among tangled forests
and jungles of imagination, interiorly being soothed,
calmed filled with serenity and quenching the passion
of my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonder Of Our Love

Being a willing prisoner of your unconditional love my dear, feeling safe, loved and important to your well-being, knowing that you feel the same towards me.

Feeling fulfilled completely just being with you my love, exploring and discovering one another's secrets that were hidden deeply within each of us.

Trusting one another so explicitly, never fearing or doubting the integrity and fidelity of each other, it's such a wonderful feeling.

To be able to love and be loved so totally and intimately all our lives, finding true joy, purity and a child-like innocence in the wonder of our love forever my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonder Taking Curiosity Further

Utilizing innate talent to surpass boundaries and
limits of mind power, finding great pleasure in
doing so.

Exercising neurons and synapses, making them utilize
particles never used before allowing them to learn to
do more within.

Changing patterns, designs and rhythms of particular
things the mind can transform into reality's spheres,
defining and developing new ideas and inventions
through the whole process.

Wonder taking curiosity further into the intellectual
possibilities to be realized also throughout life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonder Taking Me

Running through imagination, grasping everything
instantaneously and completely.

Wonder always taking me through landscapes of my
internal universe, finding my way through forests
and deserts of life.

Locating spirituality as it continues growing,
being nourished and loved, knowing it will lead me
eventually to heaven and my Lord.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonder Waiting

So tired of keeping step and living daily, yet
life will not continue forward into the purpose
set before it.

Acknowledging the beauty and wonder waiting in
every moment, knowing that experiencing sublime
joy is fulfilling purposes that destiny has now
chosen.

Walking continually into the labyrinth of daily
progress, taking many ideas into it's serious
depths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondered Why

Living in recesses of a distinctive void left by the death
of my friend, Tushar.

Feeling emotions rising, tears silently falling from my eyes
incessantly, missing him totally for he was such a huge part
of my life these last ten months.

Never having divulged so much of self to anyone else on this
earth aside from poetry that I write, knowing intuitively
that we were meant to meet as he studied and analyzed me.

Mind and energy that he loved so much, together for hours
at a time talking, him asking me so many questions about
thoughts, ideas, my past and everything else he could imagine.

Focusing, pondering, putting it all together in scientific
analysis to be imparted to other scientists, wanting me to
be studied further.

Intensely wanting my brain to be imaged while writing, and
taken to UCLA for further experimentation by other scientists
with him guiding it all the way.

Always wondering about what I thought and how I wrote poetry,
telling me he was going to take me to India to meet the holy
and learned men, introducing me to them.

Wanting me to learn the final steps toward God and spirituality,
having said that I had attained it so fully that I was right
on the very edge of enlightenment totally and fully.

Without ever having gone through what they had all gone
through to attain the same level, amazing me at all times
with these revelations.

Always saying to him, 'but I only write poetry, I am just
a mere poet', 'No', he would say, 'you're much more than that,
you're a scientist, physicist, mathematician, much more'.

Many times he told me that he'd worked with the most brilliant
and creative people in the world and that I surpassed them all,
saying I had more potential than all of them put together.

It boggles my mind still, not really believing it, because
all I do is write poetry, yet able to grasp anything he
had me read, even able to explain his research to him.

Questioning and wanting me to tell him what it meant, I
would do as he asked and he'd be amazed, asking, 'how can
you grasp this, you don't even have a degree in biochemistry,
never even taken a class in it'.

Telling him, 'I don't know, it's just easy, I understand
it all', his eyes shining brightly, looking into mine,
filled with wonder and admiration and I still wonder why.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful And Awakening

Looking up, focusing and taking every bit of music into this
poet's mind, silently, yet loudly proclaiming creative ideas
in depths of my spirit.

Soothing memories opening up, letting my being find it's
pleasure and essence, a wonderful and awakening experience
that forever gives me such pleasure as I write.

Nothing to keep me from stopping, have to continue into the
future without any qualms or doubts, putting one foot forward,
continuing to capture every thought in prose that intellect
gives through coded rhythms and tempos.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Atmosphere

Lying back, basking in peace of this evening, both of
us lying in bed, you reading, me writing poetry.

We two are one, yet we have our differences and respect
them totally between us.

Giving the space needed in our close-knit lives, family
now grown, doing our own thing while lying here tonight.

Being alone together, having peace and quiet, no more
interruptions to take us away from each other.

Loving the wonderful atmosphere, watching as creativity
comes into it's own.

Seeing your eyes closing as you read, getting sleepy
from this long cold, tiring day.

Enjoying being with you always, these moments in bed
together doing what we each love to do silently.

Exciting me, wanting to caress and hold you, desires
and passion climbing inside me, wanting to be quenched
by your passion throughout the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Concepts

Sectioning off areas of knowledge, taking in the unknown and placing it on photographic screens to get a more accurate picture of what it can possibly do for all mankind.

Sincere attempts to being selective in the choices of particular ideas, predicaments lying open on expressions of faces gathered around.

Wonderful concepts being mathematically provided through intellect and categorized wisdom of seldom seen images, always being hidden beneath the pages of a brain.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful D.J.

Wonderful melodies awakening spirits of the elderly,
taking them on voyages through the years as they
dance joyfully to rhythms being played after hours
by Ken, the D.J.

A generous soul, playing beyond his time and allowing
a tremendous amount of happiness to be spread around
the room.

Holding hands, everyone together, smiling, clapping
and dancing merrily, having the time of their life.

Commenting with smiles on their faces, happy to be
given this extra time in their day with beautiful
music, fast-paced and innovating.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Day With Grandkids

Beautiful flowers growing in little ceramic pots on the edge of the porch, pansies, yellow, white and red, all matching blossoms of cacti all around us.

No hatred, racism or intolerance, just colorful flowers swaying in the afternoon breeze, peaceful, tranquil, greeting us with their essence.

Sitting here in the back yard enjoying this wonderful day with the Grandkids, watching them play, listening to their joyful laughter and giggles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Evening

Enjoying this wonderful evening
and having a fantastic time.

Red solo cup bringing many happy
smiles to my being within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Existence

Music playing, touching the interior of my heart with it's, rhythms, always giving intellect exercise through beats and tempos.

This brain enjoying the attention it gets from doing this, forever ruminating, cogitating and taking life into atmospheres of inner dimensions far from this temporary life.

Enjoying this existence outside of the box totally and completely, placid and complacent having a wonderful time just being and becoming myself poetically interiorly.

Always watching for positive aspects and concepts to take into consideration while writing poetry, sincere and tolerant, valuing everyone who crosses my path while living.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Experience

Sitting here at Buddy Stubbs, enjoying their delicious bar-b-que and live band.

A wonderful experience that I enjoy the last Saturday of every month without a doubt.

A positive experience being here with all these bikers and motorcycles.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Experience Being An American

Living free and brave here in the U.S.A., loving how
our country promotes well-being of the soul and mind
through freedom of speech and religion.

A wonderful experience having grown up as an American,
too bad illegals will never know the wonder and freedom
of doing so.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Experience Innately

Thoughts reverberating in my mind, titillating synapses and
neurons, giving intense pleasure as many rhythms bounce a-
long in measures of time.

All touching this poetical mind with fascinating tempos and
rhythms, catching hold of intellect and being coded into
prose at the nib of this pen I'm writing with.

A wonderful experience of innate talent always hiding within,
it's presence continually giving me joy intensely as life
is being lived fully.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Experiences

Lost and alone, taking an interior journey through life,
past, present and future, no fears entering my mind,
knowing experiences have already been lived.

Nothing now to hurt me, all tears have been spent fully,
now just quiet, silent tears fall from my eyes as remind-
ers of the love I still hold within for those I loved.

Recalling the good times we had together while they were
alive, splendid and totally effervescent, taking me into
feelings of yesterday.

Pictures appearing on interior screens photographically,
nothing like going within self, even movies cannot compete
with all the wonderful experiences I've had in life.

Looking forward to many more in the future, living every
moment to the fullest and loving every bit of them as
long as I live.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Feeling Of Love

Being held under your spell, thinking, wondering, if
I'm strong enough to withstand your heartfelt love.

Wanting to talk, experience your voice as it touches my
ears, loving sounds of your accent as you say my name.

Lovingly and purely, such heavenly tones touching my
mind, giving rhythms a chance to grasp your voice.

Creating poetry somewhere deep inside, craving your
being, wanting to quench our desires with your touch.

Nothing taking us from this wonderful feeling of loving,
tenderly holding our hearts within us.

Vibrant, colorful, seeing us together, dancing, wafting
through delicate breezes of you whispering against my lips.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Feeling Of Meaning

Living in Technicolor, seeing everything in bright
hues as I write delightfully to music.

Straightened, aligned with intellect, focusing on
the explicit beauty within an interior spirituality.

Life beckoning, tasting the essence of wisdom and
knowledge throughout every poem that is written.

Finding and searching facts, allowing them to blend
with innate imagination.

Perusing poems as they are written down, watching as
they quickly appear on photographic screens in my mind.

A wonderful feeling as life finds meaning in everything
I write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Feelings

Bending branches of trees hanging into a memory of
childhood, reminding me of all the good and wonderful
times had when climbing them every day.

Feeling protected and loved by their enduring presence
in life, so natural to reach up and touch gently with
love in younger days spent with them.

Never dreaming that one day I would be too feeble to
climb them as I had always done when just a child.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Friend's Spirit

A touch of sadness hit me just now as I thought of W. in her
private little world.
Such a wonderful person, caring and compassionate, filled with
a spirit from above.
Living a life, doing her best with the problems she encounters
along the way.
A smart woman with plenty of good advice to give, because she's
been through so much herself.
Respecting her intentions, listening to her, even when not
wanting to.
Totally a good person in many ways, so when she hurts my feelings,
I instantly forgive her and don't hold on to the hurt, don't
even let her know she has hurt me at all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Gift

Life and depth, filling interiorly, gently cascading throughout
a loving soul, cleansing and recapturing knowledge.

Turning towards the light, being replenished from the inside
out, seeing God's handiwork wherever I look.

Broad and beautiful, colorful and light, beaming across the
universe created by Him.

Held delicately within, appreciating the beauty of His sight -
a wonderful gift through writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Human Being

Still, thinking, having been invited to our friend, Tom's
house last night for his birthday celebration,70 years
old and looking just fine, the years having done no harm.

Vibrant, full of mischief and energy, living life fully
in every single moment that he has, visibly spiritual,
holding the world within his heart.

Giving of himself, unselfishly every day, totally a wond-
derful human being in every respect, wishing his 70th year
be filled with blessings for him and his family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Image

Looking out a window into the courtyard,
spying a barrel cactus just outside of it.

An ocotillo's fragile branches are standing
behind, while another pastel orange plant
has tendrils lying across the barrel cactus.

Making it look like it has two eyes and
is winking at me, having a nose and a wide
mouth also.

A wonderful image being shown to this mere
poet by nature on the other side of a window.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Journey

Striding around the hall, feeling free and letting it
blow through me.
Refreshing as an Antartican breeze, lifting moods and
expectations higher, allowing so much more intellectual
thoughts to roam free, just like me.
Running over rainbows, jumping over clouds, and racing
through tunnels just to see what's under, over, or on
the other side of these things.
A wonderful journey that I've enjoyed immensely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Pacifying Way

Precious and beautiful are spirits of people, all of humanity, especially if they have a prayer and interior life that's alive and well.

A wonderful and pacifying way to keep peace within one-self, showing by example how to achieve peace of mind and heart throughout this world.

A change would be wrought for the good of all of mankind forever on, no more war or killing for each would have the gentleness, compassion and caring like our Lord has always wanted for us all.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Pattern Of Intellect

Exhausting every possibility just doesn't seem
to happen, my mind does not ever quit, it always
finds ideas and thoughts to write about.

Placid and serene, watching insight present itself
wholeheartedly in passions of every moment, a length-
ing and expansion of each and every thought.

Loving this wonderful pattern of intellect, traveling
through it daily, admiring it alone.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Playground

Stringing ideas like popcorn or cranberries that are going to be placed on Christmas trees, enjoying the anticipation and picture appearing in my mind.

Elated and overjoyed at new prospects that are entering this mind without ever stopping, thinking and living in a constant form of poetical compositions.

A reality of this inner being that fascinates not just others, but also myself, an illustrious and wonderful playground of imagination, always at my beck and call in daily life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Recreation

Winding through memories of yesterday, taking and
bringing all of them into the present so I can
feel the senses and emotions all over again.

So many beautiful scenes filling my mind with
psychedelic motion pictures, caressing and allowing
me to focus on parts I truly want to remember.

Sometimes adding special features I always wanted
to happen, that back then never did.
A wonderful recreation through imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Reflection

Dainty, gentle, past memories of you and I continue to be shared
with one another, nothing from before left to the imagination,
the present is now being unmasked.

Our future is a wonderful reflection of our entire lives and all
the happiness that we two have brought into it together, romance,
passion, desires all having found a place within us.

Giving a lifetime of joy that can never be taken away from either
of us in this lifetime or the one beyond it, we are soul mates
forever.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Sight

Our American flag, hanging limply upon a flag pole in
the courtyard of the senior center, every once in a
while a gentle breeze trying to unfurl and let it be
free, flying independently.

A wonderful sight to see for any true American, showing
us we are totally free and no one can make our colors,
red, white and blue run, no matter what anyone can think
of doing.

Always locked and loaded from an early age, knowing all
safety rules, honoring the right we have to bear arms,
only a few factions are disturbing this honor.

Criminals, felons, politicians and evil perverse people,
namely the muslims, wanting everything for themselves no
matter the cost to others, destroying lives, communities,
children, women, just to please their perverse desires of
selfishness, greed and hatred.

Yet, looking into the courtyard, watching our National
symbol waving in a gentle breeze, bringing a peaceful and
soothing contemplation within, always letting us know
that we are still free and being blessed by God, always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Time

Partaking of entertainment on a karaoke evening,
enjoying the many good singers appearing here
each night.
Wonderful times always being had.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful View Of Nature

Morning breezes causing branches and flowers of cacti to dance
and sway in their air currents, natural and totally beautiful,
capturing this mind.

Allowing it to write about every particle that's being seen,
fragile yet sturdy, inner strength keeping them alive in this
Arizona desert.

Arms of ocotillo cacti twisting and turning, totally green
and bristling with life, reaching for the sun and it's warmth,
such a wonderful view of nature on this Saturday morning.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderful Vision

Sleeping peacefully in the lap and arms of God, my
friend is being loved gently and totally.

Life being breathed into his lungs, promoting healing
and rejuvenating his entire body, mind and spirit.

A wonderful vision to see, as it appears in my mind
so intensely, tears of joy entering my eyes and heart.

Overflowing interiorly, knowing only that God is ful-
filling the promises He made.

Hope and faith restored totally all through the night,
sleeping peacefully in the lap and arms of God, Himself.

Loving my friend as he sleeps peacefully in the knowledge
of God's presence within him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering

Stirring within, crawling around, watching visions transpose from music into words.
Correctly interpreting every picture developed in a photographic mind.
Ecstatic at the beauty secreted there, wondering how I am able to do it on a continual basis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering About Insects

Lying upon carpeted grass of nature, watching as tiny
ants and bugs move and live among it's blades in day
light.

Wondering what they think when humans come along with
lawnmowers, chopping down their frail green forests.

Imagining the monstrosity of man with a machine up
against such a tiny creature underfoot.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering About Love

Wondering and thinking about love and how it is that we
can fall into and out of it through the years.

At times finding it totally wholesome and fulfilling,
taking us to great heights and elating our spirits.

At other times, ripping us apart, destroying the person
we once were and are now no more.

A self-sacrificing love at it's best and worst, always
present in one respect or another throughout our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering About Other People

People's faces everywhere, some scowling, some happy,
others filled with pain and sorrow they've experienced
through grief and loss.

Always wondering about lives of people who are strang-
ers, thinking and surmising what their lives are like,
what do they do for a living or having fun.

At times one or the other of them smiles back at me and
starts talking, telling their life stories, usually they
are heart-breaking.

Bringing tears to my eyes as I reach out to them with
caring and compassion, always in the end having been
given their phone numbers.

Being asked for mine in return, wanting to keep in touch
to talk, have lunch, anything so the bond formed with me
will not be broken.

Always giving to others what they need at the time, find-
ing a silent pleasure in having met each of them in turn,
looking forward to spending time in the future with them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering About Things

Wondering about so many things in this world.
Why can't we share and help mankind with bright
ideas and discoveries we find?
Why do the few with superb inventions want to
charge exorbitant prices for people to buy them?
It makes no sense.
People pay the price and are left without food
and necessities for their families.
Why be so selfish and greedy, where does it get
them in the end?
They end up like everyone else before them, being
buried in the ground, cremated or whatever they
decide to do while living.
There's no logic in their thinking that I can see
or find.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering And Curious

Wanting to be in an atmosphere of enlightenment,
always being curious about everything in life.

Wondering and having to know what everything seen
is made of, details need to be known.

Because of the intellect I was born with, having
an insatiable appetite for whatever comes in sight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering At The Lack Of Fear

When younger and so naive, I did things where
I was unaware of the consequences all the time.

Somehow through it all, I did grow up and mature.

Now looking back, wondering at the lack of fear
at the dangerous things I used to do, not
believing that I was so brave and stupid.

Amazing grace filled me all my life and God kept me
safe from harm.

That is how I ended up living as long as I have.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering At The Use Of Kevlar

New and exciting developments coming into being through scientific exploration, enjoying hearing about it in detail.

Thinking outside the box, wondering at the use of Kevlar, adjusting and using it in hernia surgeries, maybe if it's sliced or made into a mesh it can be used to fix hernias.

Thinking that it would be stronger and last longer than what they are now using for this surgery, possibly even still being bullet proof as an added benefit.

Always thinking of opposites to be brought together, finding new ways and products to be used in improving surgery and medical advances, stranger things have happened before in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering Away The Hours

Seeing things that others never see, understanding what
they can't comprehend and wondering away the hours in
passive anger at times.
Giving me the essence of another, but it doesn't meld
and can't be contained, because it is not mine to have
or hold.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering Bird

Watching a bird walking on a window ledge above me in
the center.

It turns and looks in at me, tilting it's head from
side to side, probably wondering what it is that I
am doing, thinking what a curious human being.

Standing there for a few minute, trying to figure out
the outcome as I sit here letting it watch me.

Then suddenly it turns it's head and flies into the
vast blue sky out of sight.

Leaving this mere poet to write this little poem for
you to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering Curiously

Early morning, mind wanting to write poetry first thing,
obliging always, for it gives great pleasure in doing so.

Wondering, curious how this day is going to turn out and
if everything will be alright with the world.

Wondering how Trump is doing, knowing that Hillary is not
doing well at all.

Hoping she will stop and think, for she's unfit to be our
president in every single aspect, that's why she lost also.

She has no morals, ethics or values at all, she is everything
the United States doesn't need.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering How

Looking above into a starlit night, twinkling of the stars
matching the beauty of heaven here on earth.

Wondering how in the world God could have created such a
perfect world for such imperfect human beings to live in.

Mankind messing it up for people all over the world, evil
destroying all that's good and precious in this earthly life,
many misfits and miscreants thinking they're above the law.

Doing whatever they want and hurting innocent people with
their filthy hearts and minds filled with evil and barbaric
thoughts and deeds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering How Life Exists

Calmly and rationally thinking, wondering how life can
exist through a grave and debilitating disease that
can take a life without any remorse.

Hesitating once in a while, yet going on in spite of
all that may happen in the future, not wanting to be
held back for any reason.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering How To Find Conclusions

Lightness and darkness rotating across inner mountains,
letting me see things in light and shadow with all sorts
of different pictures hovering and clinging to the steep
walls of my mind.

Silently living amid hazy clouds, hanging closely to the
ground, penetrating the essence of nature as I climb
through canyons and ravines, taking me on a journey alone
and always wondering how to find conclusions to life.

Answers to provide me with new ideas for inventions that
will only help mankind in it's acute endeavors to live
forever, making death a thing of the past for everyone
in the generations to come.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering How To Live

Falling apart inside, heart being broken by heartache
of losing you.

Wondering how to live the rest of my life, wishing
every moment to have your love here within my heart.

Feeling the reminder of it there, causing an ache that
reverberates throughout my entire being.

Not sure if I would be better off feeling it or not,
yet not wanting to let it go.

Not able to live without you in my life, somehow I am,
not knowing the reasons why or how.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering How We Came About

Eyes resting gently on the one I love interiorly, thinking
and loving him every moment, wondering how we came about,
being so close and bound totally in heart, soul and mind.

A private and wonderful feeling of pleasure when, thinking
of us together, sharing everything in our lives, knowing
one another's deepest darkest and private secrets.

Keeping them sacredly between us only, happiness and joy
rocking us in the cradle of Divine mercy all the days of
our lives.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering Moments

Looking into mirrors, reflecting the beauty of love, sitting
quietly in my eyes.

Shining brightly, sharing my heart with you in all of it's
sweet nectar of romance.

Often taking many moments to just hold and hug you with all
my might, afraid that if I let go, I will lose you forever.

Keeping me sane and safe in your arms, kissing me with the
essence of your love, giving me a reason to go on living
yet for you.

So many barriers standing in the way of our being always
together, especially now as we are getting older.

Being in each others hearts, sharing our lives and hoping
not to be separated for an eternity - at least not too soon.

Wondering at every moment and emergency in life if we will
be here for one another tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering No Longer

Moments beating against my brain, causing me to listen to
the pain I've had in life, bruised and battered at times
by abuse, wondering if life was worth living anymore.

Walking alone in darkness, tears falling relentlessly for
what I was going through, counting the moments, losing
track of time as I continued to walk.

Nothing or no one to comfort me in this devastion of life
draped over me, hesitant, not wanting to return, just dis-
appear from earth forevermore.

Somehow always finding a way to survive and go on, not
knowing how, then thoughts of God would come to mind and
I'd wonder no longer.

He has picked me up during those times of loneliness, emp-
tiness, abandonment and darkness, carrying me through them
Himself.

Thanking Him for loving, caring and having mercy on me in
these times of devastation and need, totally appreciating
having Him in my life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering Of Purpose

Wanting to fade into nonexistence, no one to miss me,
a nothingness befalling me as I lie on the bedspread
of life.

Thinking back over it and all I've done with my time,
wondering if my purpose has been fulfilled entirely
or not.

Are there any picture puzzles left that have not yet
been completed of my life, is so, where can I find
them so I may complete myself and go to heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering To Confront

Churning thoughts like freshly made butter, noticing the darkness clouding every tragedy as they are spread upon bread of intuition.

Rapidly conforming to many ideas, allowing a generous amount of butter to cover all of them with comfort from the past.

Deserving good memories to fill your mind, taking miseries, pocketing them in a vault of remembering for another day in the future when you are stronger with an inner courage.

Waking up alone, dreading the hours you must be awake to struggle with daily moments of turmoil and strife.

Life having no heart left to fight iniquities of injustice in this day and age.

Wanting to be carried through the day, unable to focus, being lost and forlorn, standing outside a chapel door, wondering if you should go in and confront the devil hiding inside of you.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering What It Is

Sometimes in this life I start wondering about what
it really means to be human.

We all have emotions, feelings, thoughts, opinions,
how does each individual brain capture and induce
these varied concepts into separate minds.

Yet having a semblance to them, showing that we all
share some aspects and facets of intellect.

We interpret them in many different ways throughout
our lives, so I wonder what it really means to be a
human.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering What's Next

Comfortably ensconced in an exam room, waiting for Dr.
L, to appear and let me know what's going on and if
there's anything else that I have to accept into my
life right now.
Already filled to overwhelming heights, with too many
medical problems, wondering what's next.
Knowing at least that I have an excellent doctor
treating me for some of what ails me.
Reaching into depths daily, trying to find reasons to
keep going and not give up just yet.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering When

Moving into and out of the shadows, hidden from view
just as I like it.

Gathering momentum as the evening wears on, looking
for a reprieve from daily routines.

Fitting into pictures of still life, trying to become
a part of their beautiful canvases, no one any wiser.

Lifting eyelids to heaven, looking for it's entrance
while here on earth.

Memorizing many landmarks being passed along the way,
turning corners, filling memories with an accumulation
of aged wine.

Noticing the inevitability of living on earth,
wondering when I will no longer have any more moments
to contemplate.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering Why

Looking around, searching for life mysteries, wanting to know what lies behind them, always curious as to what makes them so mysterious.

Wondering why no one has as yet figured out what causes their mysterious circumstances, hopefully one day finding out and being the first one to discover everything.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wondering Why People Lied

Clutching hearts with trepidation through the years,
afraid of being hurt or worse, abused.

Trust has never been a quality held within my being,
never having anyone tell the truth to me.

Photographic mind remembering every single thing told
to me, yet those who told me these things didn't
remember what they had said to me.

Promises they made to do things with me were always
broken, I would be ready and waiting for them and
they would never show up, they forgot all about it!

I was always wondering why people lied to me, looking
me in the eyes and smiling at me, how could people,
even those whom I loved and said they loved me, tell
me so many lies throughout life.

At times my photographic memory is a curse because of
this, remembering everything good and bad, and others
not knowing this is what I am going through, not even
realizing how they hurt me.

When getting older and realizing that not everyone had
a photographic mind, understanding was finally realized
and I learned to deal with it, just not having trust at
all in other people, even now I'm afraid.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderland Of Adventure

Waiting and feeling content with what is going on inside
of me, traipsing through a wonderland of adventure that
continually is being added to through imagination.

Perhaps the only entertainment I have these days because
I am so busy with writing poetry.

Embellishing life with words of wisdom, my own and that
of other poets all over the world.

Thinking and collecting many ideas and inventions,
clarifying every one of them through intellect.

So intense and concentrated that no one can reach me
unless shaking me for a while.

Always going deeper and deeper into my subconsciousness
where I can be totally alone to write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonderland Of Fantasy

Performing in dim lighting, preferring to hide themselves and allow their voices to encompass our hearing.
Twin denizens floating in air, not landing beneath us.
Wondering as we watch how beautiful the sound and tone of their talented voices are.
Singing in exact precision, leaving us with many impressions to think about when we go home to sleep and dream in a wonderland of fantasy lit up in our mind's imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonders Never Seen

Traveling through the beauty of India that just cannot be taken away, for memories are too clear and focused from my visit there.

Seeing the many wonders that were never seen before, but feeling like they are an integral part of who I am now and always will be in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonders Of Twilight

Fires of passion lit, like blazing forest fires that can never be
put out when you are close to me, giving this heart joy and sheer
happiness.

Wandering in the beauty of our unconditional love, leading us into
wonders of twilight where we become one beneath the covers each and
every night.

Contented to lie in each other's arms afterwards, loving feelings
that continue to reverberate throughout the night, bringing us to
an unfolding love always.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wonders Of Wisdom

Reciting music throughout my imagination,
tallying measures of rhythm throughout
life in verse.

Subconsciously talking, consciously, as
the creative process inducts intelligence
and wonders of wisdom into beings of
talented verve and emotion.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wooden Footprints

Wooden footprints stepping down long trails that take me deeply into remembrances of collective times no longer here in life.

Thinking incessantly without any further ado, touching interior attitudes that are being held within a pattern made from yesterday's designs.

Now, still being down the road of our lives, stressed in messages of this time in a moment left over from a mixture of thoughts.

Only now, taken away in a picture of dire comfort, with many lapses of memory sitting out the effects of life tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wooden Memories

Tucked in at the edges, quietly sitting in the evening sunset, oblivious to the environment around.

Letting peace fill my lungs gracefully, breaking away from the molds of yesterday.

Feet lazily placed upon some grass, remembering the green of past years.

Silence flowing throughout the nighttime air on billowy clouds of imagination, thrown together with traces of dry tears.

Laced up with yesterday's torn strings, life hangs decadently, not daring to swing.

Everlasting thoughts play their guitars on angels wings, choirs sounding lightly for all ages to be aware of.

Wooden pieces of life's memories lie broken like once upon a puzzle.

Serenity falls like night upon my mind, taking away all sorrow in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wooden Policies

Bare wooden facts stand like forests of our own making,
directing our paths towards total enlightenment and joy.
Figuring our daily undertakings carefully, calculating
their purposes according to priorities, and landing
amidst creative forces of nature.
Sending fragments of togetherness into deepest space,
fully expecting them to return in one piece.
Forgetting the alliance a body has with it's soul,
hiding in corner pockets without untoward goals,
strictly in adherence to existential policies of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Word Invention

Crossing words, dotting t's, having a blast doing
whatever I want as writing flows constantly from
my mind to hand, thrilling interior silence with
it's brilliance.
Loving facts without rules, roaming and roving
wherever I want to at any given time.
Inventing words to co-exist with meanings I've
made up, just to change the tone or sound of
language as I see it in my mind, playing it so I
may set it all in a poem for others to enjoy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Word Of Mouth, Written

Lollygagging, traipsing through passages of time,
taking nothing seriously, feeling free as a lark,
watching as coded rhythms fall into place.

Telling stories of life, fitting it's puzzle pieces
together, gathering them into the fabric of life it-
self.

Bringing all thoughts, ideas, concepts into margins
of intellect where they can be spread across pages
of this earthly life.

Through word of mouth being told around the world,
and written silently down in annals of history, saved
for prosperity of others lives in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Word Of Mouth, Written Down

Lollygagging, traipsing through passages of time,
taking nothing seriously, feeling free as a lark,
watching as coded rhythms fall into place.

Telling stories of life, fitting it's puzzle pieces
together, gathering them into the fabric of life it-
self.

Bringing all thoughts, ideas, concepts into margins
of intellect where they can be spread across pages
of this earthly life.

Through word of mouth being told around the world,
and written silently down in annals of history, saved
for prosperity of others lives in the future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Word Shells

Secretly anticipating dreams of nighttime to visit
during daylight hours.

Bringing hope in tomorrow as I wander depths of
creativity.

Wading through ocean waters, searching for shells
of words to gather into poems for a rainy day.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Word Silent Sounds

Emitting silent sounds, defining the world around,
watching all manner of turmoil fall short of it's
goals.

Listening to silent sounds as they protrude from
pieces of paper, telling stories on a continual
basis throughout life and leaving reminders in
books for others to also hear.

Silent sounds, spreading words throughout life's
boundaries.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Word Washers

Talking in two's, reaching interior blues touched upon
by wayward feelings in pathways of abusive language.

Wringing all thoughts into washers of words, cleaning
out their nastiness and verbal acumen.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Words Flowing

Thousands of words flow from pens as I write, leaving bits, pieces and particles of my life in the minds of people all over the world.

Meanings, definitions, messages, all fitting their individuality, opening other's minds to enlightenment that at times may be foreign to them.

Allowing them to partake of what they need at certain times in their lives, poetry written and placed in many poems for other's to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Words Inspired

Sharing messages of life through poetry, words being
inspired that never diminishes, a place where only
the Divine can dwell within.

My soul an open window, flowing hope, grace and peace
through an interior serenity that is always with me
interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Words Of Art

Listening to harmonious sounds emanate from a clarinet
player's instrument.
Hopefully, it takes my mood, turning it into a mode of
contemplation to create works and words of art.
Featuring a special amount of intrigue and mystery as
I crave more knowledge and abstract thinking, for
lonesome days on floating horizons of poetical lines.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Words Of Expression

Calling the wild incessant feelings stirring within me, wanting so badly to be expressed openly.
Only I write them out in words of expression so people can read them and act them out in their own minds, releasing their own feelings and easing the tension that has been building within them also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Words Of Feeling

Tantalized and energized by melodies and their mystical prop-
erties as they fall gently into intellect, collectively tak-
ing this mind into a contemplative bluened light.

There they can be explained by innate talent, knowledge and
wisdom, interpreted through coded rhythms into poetry, deli
cately being portrayed in life as wonder of living and dying.

Solidly finding many avenues of expression through words of
feeling, defining emotion felt deeply within every moment of
life here on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Words Of Life

Altogether, holding onto words of life as I listen and watch
attentively, folding everything into memory and intellect,
wonderful and tantalizing inspiration capturing my attention
without any effort whatsoever.

Totally into the environment interiorly, a vast universe,
always opened wide to the poet inside, writing exclusively
from another dimension where I never have to think.

Words, meanings and definitions come automatically into mind,
cascading from an interior waterfall into a pool of intellect,
wisdom, knowledge and imagination totally on it's own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Words Of Love

Removing ribbons from my mind, letting it fall softly
onto shoulders of intellect.

Trying to understand the words of love as they are
focused on, not knowing what to think.

Being along through the night, whispering prayers,
hoping they'll be heard and someone will come into my
life.

Tomorrow is too far in the future, I need to be with
someone right now if possible.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Words Of Meaning

Sitting here waiting for the doctor and my I.V., just
writing and thinking about life while listening to
music, it's rhythms immediately capturing intellect
and imagination.

Never letting it go, enticing and alluring my mind to
bring effervescent ideas and thoughts to life through
poetry.

Finding immediate sounds and interpreting them into
words of meaning that everyone will eventually read,
plaintively seeing the beauty throughout each and
every sentence to be read by others.

Syncopating and precise, flowing from an inner water-
fall, always cascading through my mind, bringing the
captivating ideas and thoughts into an illuminating and
entirely sophisticated atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Words Of My Own

Picturing desert mountains that I used to climb every day,
just because I loved the heights I could get to on my own.
Finally, getting to the top, sitting on a boulder, looking
down and writing poetry of nature and it's effects on my
soul.
Beautiful aspects being pictured in words of my own,
describing what I felt and saw each and every time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Words Of Poetry

Sturdy, strong, unbending, yet within, bowing like a willow
tree to God who created me in His image.

Enjoying life, smiling, being in tune with rhythms of nature
and everything within it's realm and essence.

Beginning and unfolding into the atmosphere of divine freedom,
using it all in words of poetry throughout this night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Words Of Silence

Thinking quietly in an early afternoon, peacefully
enjoying listening to Bruce Springsteen and writing.

Upbeat music and rhythm taking me into a land of
interior imagination where I feel most at home with-
out having any interference in a little space of time.

Energizing intellect, affecting it's mood, bringing it
into a special area of thought where life is peaceful
and serenity keeps me company at all times.

Everlasting solace keeping me safely away from
interruptions of life, so I may write constantly of
what is happening around me right now.

Feeling a sense of belonging as I enter domains of
heart-felt emotions, allowing them the freedom to open
up and be expressed in words of silence as I write
them here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Words Of Thought

Writing down rhythms as they fit into words of thought,
lying down in poems, becoming with the start of every song.
Playing notes, keeping tempo, holding on to measures of
harmonies in last year's rhymes.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Words On Paper

Books read often through the years have expanded themselves,
into my mind, and now I have written so many of my own.

Words on paper have such an intense sense of being to my
senses.

Uncovering ancient wisdom hidden in intellect and knowledge
has a way of coming into an existence of lively
anticipation for an eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Words Spoken On Paper

Wonder sliding down my brain and into curiosity where
intellect catches and picks it up.

Always giving satisfaction and quenching thirst for
this beautiful image and a knowing of life deep inside.

Always searching, discovering, exploring every avenue,
as it uncovers itself in details most people will never
see until reading poetry filling these pages.

Sights and sounds of rhythmic silence in pictures of
words as they are being written here.

Pressure of nothing, coming between words being spoken
here on paper, delivering spontaneous impressions that
continue to build themselves interiorly.

Such a plethora of ideas being fulfilled and blended
with insight, intellect and imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Work

Wires hanging haphazardly down,
each with a purpose not readily
known.

Black, white or gray, the color
doesn't matter as long as they
are plugged in so we can use
our computers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Work Day

People flying about the office, rushing to meet deadlines
and get jobs done.
Hurriedly copying papers, checking data and running back
to hide in their offices.
Scurrying about without much clue, trying to ease the
workload by following through.
Pounding the computer and phone buttons to clear accounts
and get deliveries out.
All in a day's work, orders are sent, delivered and closed
out.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Work For What You Love

Working for a living, people many times do something
that they dislike or hate.

Getting a pay check just so they can take care of
their families, most of the time only existing on
what they're paid.

Other people work at something they love to do, so
every day they spend their time happy and contented,
because they are achieving their passion and essence
in life.

Not really considering their work as a job, because
it's so satisfying and rewarding in every way, shape
and form.

Pay being commiserate with the fun and enjoyment they
find in doing what they truly love, able to take care
of their families in the way they choose, not having
to worry about what they will have to do tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Work Headache

Holding head to hands, tired,
ready to go home.

Boring jobs make work days
extra long.

Headaches from all the noise
and commotion, either too
much or not enough going on.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Work Pace

Running smoothly, efficiently, like a swiss watch,
the office maintains a rhythmic work pace.

Everything orderly, set in place, helps the students
feel secure.

A great asset to any child who is attempting to learn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Working For Very Little

Cities awakened with the hustle and bustle of people getting ready and going to work, roads and freeways clogged with traffic, barely moving forward some mornings.

Everyone conscientious and responsible, going to work so they can get a pay check to help feed and take care of their families, even though the money isn't very much to live on.

Existing because of our corrupt politicians, always taking from us in one way or another, thinking they are entitled to our hard-earned money through their greedy minds.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Working On A Goal

Working on a goal towards writing, trying to write a
million poems before the moment that I die.

Quietly and steadily moving ever closer to my goal
with the encouragement of many poets around the world.

Loving to express ideas that rampantly come into being
without even thinking.

A welcome and interesting feeling all the time while
writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Working Things Out

Time has a way of working things out as we progress
continually in westerly directions of the mind.

Exercising every synapse, pushing it to extremes and
going purposefully into skies of blatant recognition.

Steering across remnants of placid images, serene,
and set deeply in lakes of darkened visions.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Working Together

Thinking of you holding me in your arms, your strength
calming my heart, keeping me safe.

Feeling secure and loved like never before in life, a
blessing in itself, giving me hope in tomorrow and our
future together.

Whether it's a big thing or small, talking things over
with you brings logic and common sense into the picture,
which simplifies everything.

Making it possible to focus on what's possible in our
lives, creating a positive and creative attitude to
work from throughout the years.

Loving and caring for each other, not wasting our energy
and time on unnecessary things that don't really matter,
anger decreasing, because we are working and cooperating
towards a common goal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Workout Of The Mind

Silent, sitting in a corner, taking my pen to paper with
black ink, into the center of my creativity.

Showering my being with a bluened light, filling my heart,
soul and intellect with ideas and imaginative thoughts.

Like going into a gym and working out, but this is a work-
out of the mind, inner and outer.

Exploring everything with a genuine curiosity, taking me
into other dimensions and universes.

Solidifying the purpose of my life and destiny through
the light of the Divine.

It keeps me going on, even when life turns me inside out
and dumps me in a canyon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Workouts

Strenuous workouts hidden between dance steps,
cantering in minds as they come together,
producing moments of joyful awakening.

Keeping time with playfulness, jogging along
with happiness and becoming their own
confidence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Works Of Art

Recognizing talent through talent, a knowing bespeaks
itself within.

A freedom standing above and beyond what others know,
a liberty filling everything I do.

Soaring through mountainous deserts, watching for
images, knowing they will appear without bidding.

Because they are innate and beautifully transformed
into poetical works of art.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World Beyond Reality

Writing into the atmosphere, filled with heavenly
rain pouring now upon this earth.

Sky as white as snow, beautiful to behold, nothing
marring the view as I peer out of the window.

An everlasting peace being sanctioned within, giving
serenity that takes me beyond the world of reality.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World Coming Together

Wires hanging around, being connected here and there to
electrical appliances and computers in homes and offices
across the world.

Amazing feats of modern technology that make life easier
and communication more readily accessible, this huge
planet coming together.

Over telephone lines, facebook, Skype, twitter, ham radios,
all sorts of modern inventions with more to come in the
near future.

Already, seeing it in visions of tomorrow that continue
to flow into my mind and intellect, at times looking over
whatever it is, finding ways to improve upon it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World Created Silently

Wandering down pathways, listening to intense rhythms
and writing from a deep passion held within.

Taking landscapes, people's expressions, gestures,
and opinions to task.

Finding places and spaces in which to fit them in, while
locating definitions, meanings and words to explain.

Intellect always doing it's job and purpose well, as I
continually write into an inner world.

One that I have created silently and totally on my own
since I was a little child.

Learning to write when only four years old, reading so
voraciously since then also.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World Mess

Looking about, curious as to what is going on in the world,
wondering at the mess world governments have made of each
of our countries.

All of them having rich, greedy, evil people taking advent-
age of everyone, keeping them down, making them slaves by
giving free stuff so they will vote for them again.

Stupid people allowing it to happen, following like sheep
without a mind, wanting to be taken care of and coddled
like babies.

Letting themselves be traded for votes, instead of stand-
ing up for themselves and taking charge of their own
lives.

Not helping their wives or children find their way to
freedom, because they're teaching them all they have to
do is sit back with their hands out.

Being taken care of at other hard-working people's ex-
pense, a dastardly way to take advantage of good,
people struggling to take care of their own families.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World Of Absolutes

Soliloquies of maturation dividing past ages with the present.
Circumventing events placed in annals of time, coercing their placement in unknown spaces.
Portrayals of subservient ideals marketed in silence, traded unrecognizably with future possessions.
Sanguine deportment kept securely within, intimidated by wayward glances of ordinary men.
Secretly, vast measures of serendipity plagues minds of those too hidden in darkness to see or recognize pictures on distant horizons.
Placated by tantalizing odors drifting through air, caught in cupped fists with the agility of a bear.
Quiescently camped on the verge of delicately thought forests, life carefully tends itself and builds it's own fortress.
Daring not to venture forth into a world filled with absolutes hidden within ignorance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World Of Abuse

Living in a world of abuse, nothing resembling the reality of
truth, love, caring or compassion, selfish to the core, egos
sticking in everyone's lives.

Self-centered and blaming everyone else, why are men like this,
thinking they are better than anyone, it's so totally wrong,
women and children have value and deserve respect also.

Men need to get off their high horses, get rid of the notion
that they are kings and realize they are not the rulers of
anyone else.

Abuse must stop now, it needs to be ended across the world,
in every single country, women and children have rights
equally.

This needs to be reflected the world over, giving peace and
serenity that they are entitled too, not just abusive men
who think women and children are property of theirs.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World Of Expectations

Music energetically enlivening intellect, bringing positive aspects
to light, delving into their results that need to be explored, met
and combined with reality.

An interior world of expectations and situations that can be derived
from introspection, wonder and curiosity falling out upon the floor
of an interior spirituality.

There peace and serenity lie in wait for all who enter these realms
with minds open, finding the beauty, awe and wonder that is their's
for the asking.

A totally awesome area of expertise held within every individual
if they only let it be exposed, grasping it's essence and meaning
in order to live a more enlightened life on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World Of Fulfilled Promises

Wanting to sit still and flow into another world
filled with promises always taking steps.

Magnificent landscapes spread everywhere, able to
walk from one into another any time at all.

Wanting this exquisite freedom of an inner universe
to be touched, becoming part of a new reality.

What a wonderful independence that would perpetrate
everywhere, giving life new meanings to consider.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World Of Ideas

Tempting and energetic, finding ways to be energized
through intellect, nothing standing in the way, filling
my mind with the beauty of thoughts that are in mind.

A world of ideas taking place inside this mere poet's
little quiet, silent mind, hoping to fill other's minds
through poetically intellectual pursuits through music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World Of Injustice

Arms of an ocotillo moving in time with the music I hear.
Gently relaxing and loving me into a melodic stupor of writing.
Taking me silently into deepened worlds of contemplative solace,
far away from the world and all of its injustice.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World Of Music

Living on sheer energy and nothing else, coming from within
a purpose and passion for poetry.

Lifting words to heights that cannot be taken anywhere but
through the world of music.

Saturating souls with the tonic to cure their misery if they
only listen to it constantly and incessantly.

Prolifically, writing it all coded into many volumes of
poetry.

Toe to toe, dancing to the melodies falling from a guitar
and landing here inside of me.

Loving the feelings joyously taking me into other lands
where I am appreciated and given honor to.

Pleasantly being praised and loved for the mere poet that
I truly am.

So wonderful to be alive in such a great atmosphere here
on earth. Nowhere else.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World Of Nothing

Life slipping seconds away, clouds hanging overhead,
looking into a world of nothing, no return.

Newness covering over death, leaving little traces
of yesterday.

Caring no longer existing in a world caught up in
itself.

Money putting people last, because they're not important
anymore.

Yesterday has passed, tomorrow is too forlorn to look
forward to.

Life being empty, it's final seconds slip by into
nothingness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World Of Questions

Walking away from this life, fists unclenched,
steps unhesitant, whiling in moments every
second on thoughtful choking plains.

Discrepant chance in a strangle-hold, afraid to
venture forth and be of this world, preferring
blank unknowingness of a future in space, death
calling up from depths of sacrifice and yearning.

Solemnly providing the rest, much needed, from
this world of questions, rising and falling within
breasts of desire.

Scaring the little life held gingerly inside, ready to
toss it all for a moments glance of heaven.

Stranded, alone, turning away from this life, fists
unclenched, steps unhesitant, never failing.

Walking towards an oblivion meant for very few.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World Of Saddened Beauty

Moving spirits running through journeys of nighttime dreams,
taking me beyond rainbow's hues and into solemn depths left
by visions, wanting me to follow them.

Sailing overhead, fireworks, brightly colored, leading me
into avenues of literature that I constantly venture into.

Behind sight, I travel slowly, hoping to be captured by
your love, never to be left in darkness again.

Arrangements of blossoming bouquets, filling vases of grief,
falling upon me from the loss of loved ones so close.

A world of saddened beauty, sitting solemnly on my mind,
taking me to sandy shores, filled with seashells, holding
sorrow's melodies and rhythms within, keeping them safe even
after I have departed this lonely trek on earth.

A separate life now being lived without the love of long ago,
wandering and lost, I roam the world in blankets of crystal
tears, always pouring from my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World Of Silence

Totally forsaken, living in a world of complete silence, watching words cross a screen of my imagination, taunting me with their exquisite meanings, daring me to speak them aloud.

Not ever wanting to, because they may spoil or rot into a nothingness of a world outside me.

Preferring to look and watch their infinite beauty, floating past on their way to poems being exacted from subconscious reality, being satisfied with pictures and images they create together for my mind's precise pleasure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World Of Wonder And Awe

Solemn and quiet, a world full of wonder and awe,
memory being filled with curiosity and a yearning
to learn and know what needs to be known.

From within an innate talent and it's gifts, always
searching forever for truths and honesty wherever
there are human beings to talk to.

Letting nothing tarnish energy being surpassed
through a mind of ingenuity and total recall,
surprising and entirely manifesting ideas of an
inner atmosphere.

Leaving nothing to another to find out, wanting to
do it all myself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World Of Yesterday

Silently sitting, watching a world of yesterday alight
on today's horizon.
Lost is a past, forgotten on shores of latent sunsets.
Aware of a heightened sense of elimination gaining on
tomorrow's steps towards a future alone, bereft of any
parents - only being parents ourselves.
Lifetimes pass so quickly, never hesitating for a
moment's second and continually rising towards our
final days.
Silently sitting, watching a world of today alight on
tomorrow's hesitant horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World Stops Revolving

Somewhat timid, falling into terms and definitions of
an introvert which I don't mind.

Loving being alone to write poetry, listening to what-
ever music I want, drawing or painting images that come
to mind through intellect.

Totally and completely living in an inner spirituality
that fills me effervescently with peace and serenity of
the Divine.

All the world stops revolving around me when I am in
depths of my interior life, it is filled with an intense
quiet peace.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World Thinking Day

4: 12 p.m.
Today is World Thinking Day, yet we poets must say that is every day for us, as we continue to write poetry and share it with the world.

At times we admonish humanity, speak of it's cruelty, unkindness and intolerance, other moments are thought and filled with our love or the loss of it.

Tears of joy and happiness fall into and mix with oceans of tears that have filled us with sorrow, tracing our feelings into the poems we write.

Our words flow like lava into our poems, red hot thoughts just now out of the ovens of our hearts and minds, melting into lines on paper.

It's nice to have a day set aside for thinking, but it's we poets who continue this endeavor from day to day, writing throughout our lives, reflecting our world in words we write, daily.4: 13 p.m. 2/22/16 RoseAnn V. Shawiak

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World Without Purpose

A quiet evening, silent, no songs being sung, twilight holding no stars in sight, moon not rising and sun already set beyond the horizon.

A nothingness enfolded my world without purpose, tears flow down another's highway.

Unable to feel even a drop as I don't fall asleep in a pleasant dream, only a nightmare to caress my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Worldly Melodies

All the world is a melody, taken along lanes of
ability, with everyone having their own rhythms
as they traverse this universe through the years.
Endeavoring to keep serenity close as we walk
alone, reality attempts to step in and twist us
upside down.
If we hold fast to our identities we will not
slip and fall head long into depressions of sand,
laden on shores of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

World's Of Nature

Perched on rims of laughter, inviting humor to perfection
on sidelines of happiness.
Dancing with an easy graceful style, coupled together in
balanced ligatures.
Singeing every day ruts, forcing them to move about and
discover life around themselves.
Taking off blinders and reverberating their inner hearing
so they can be in tune with all the worlds of nature's
being and essence.
Planted in a world of plenty, bountiful in living stances
of life, giving off scents and fragrances of untold
beauty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Worn Paths Of Existence

Rattling, talking behind screens of time as I progress
through life's trials on the way to intellect's visions.

Penetratingly testing my strength and character on
well-worn paths of existence.

Tracing lines of yesterday down ages of life, powerfully
giving energy to words felt within my heart as they
touch my mind everlastingly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Worth Continuing

Transpiring memories forming continually,
never giving me a break.
In silence I walk toward the end of the pier.
Endless storms coming upon my horizon, never
letting up or giving in.
A hopeless situation at best, and yet, it's
worth the effort to continue to stay here and
keep trying.
Liking the secret atmosphere that I have fallen
into and have enveloped around my mind for all
time.
Ensuring the beatitudes of all on earth, as I
walk paths of goodness and engulf myself in the
wafting aromas of whispering from on high.
Lifting my spirits as always, on a note of
rhythmic stipulation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Worthwhile Interior

Sliding across the desert in my mind, then climbing
steep mountains just for the fun of it.

Not allowing anything to interfere, just having a
ball doing what is sincerely loved in life!

Nothing can compare with the universe placed inside
when being born.

Finding spaces where I am most freed and at liberty
to do as I please.

Loving peace as it descends on this mind, falling
into my heart and soul, finding that everything in
life worthwhile is right here within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Worthwhile Living

Living through difficulties, trying to keep sight of the worthwhile things in life.

Finding many aspects in daily, ordinary routines that can qualify like, husband, sons, Grandkids, music, art, composing, writing poetry.

Yes, there's a lot to be thankful for in this world today, in spite of all the difficulties in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wracking Thoughts

Wracking thoughts like cue balls on a billiard table, taking aim, shooting, ideas falling into pockets set up protectively, helping to write what flows naturally. Figuring the possibilities of energetic patterns, falling into place so swiftly and aptly, keeping pace with my mind without any difficulty.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wrangling

Lasting imaginative thoughts wrangle
in depths of my soul, serving the
essence of my being and taking me to
sides of heaven that I haven't been
to before.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wrapped As A Present

Whispers of nothing filter through the silence of
nature, tethering thoughts to emotions, being en-
livened by interior elements.

Softening, delving into myriad zones of yesterday's
feelings, strolling down avenues, stretching legs
to keep stride with another.

Tackling innermost emotions that creep up constantly,
always fighting tangled webs of deceit as we go
through this life.

Un-entangling messages being coded automatically in
every poetical interlude, sectioning and absorbing
tantamount examples of what is seen within intellect.

Finding the later part of life has snuck up and is
now tapping it's foot, impatient with our lack of
wisdom.

Wanting to interpret knowledge that has been fed
through all the years on earth, expecting us to know
evil has had it's day and is no longer relevant in
this day and age.

Separating and compiling facts brings to light the
best of intellect through imagination and fantasy,
bringing it altogether as one gives a person the
advantage in every aspect of life.

Thinking outside the box, able to give a new twist
at every turn of the mind, memories taking us from
the past, into our present and all that we know into
the future.

Intellect, wisdom and imagination all intact and
wrapped as a present, presented to us when we die to
this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wrapped In Memories

Sending messages into the universe,
hoping to be answered in adversity.

Crawling down corridors, wanting to
express emotions, yet being so
wrapped up in youthful memories of
abuse, I find I cannot do anything
right now.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wrapped In Sexuality

Stirring with your love within, touching vibrantly with your essence, whispering sweet nothings in each others ears.

Touching and loving through the night, nothing but we two together, making love, finding peace and serenity needed after a very harrowing and unpleasant day.

Being separated by earthly tasks and duties, now lying in bed, having the night to ourselves, taking our time, gently and slowly, looking into one another's eyes.

Watching as our desires reach fever-pitch, wanting to be fulfilled succinctly and poignantly, holding, hugging, wanting to get even closer, leaving no space between us.

Enwrapped totally in each other's sexuality, giving ourselves completely to each other, no holds barring us, for this time is ours alone to find our love.

Capturing and filling us with intense desires, never getting enough, wanting to make love time after time throughout the night and into the morning.

When dawn breaks, still finding us full of desires and continuing to quench them with all our beings, finding new and exciting ways in which to accomplish this style of fascinating love that we have made for ourselves.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wrapped In Sorrow

Deep down inside where only I can hide, lies the meaning
of my life, figuring out many facets, going through years
of experience, I try to find me out.

Self-consciously doubting self over the years, feeling I
had no value or worth, continuously proving it to myself,
as time and again I would give up.

Not realizing at the time, that I had already made it to
the top, feeling inferior, shy, withdrawn within myself,
toppling over fast and hard.

Becoming the depression I felt I deserved, filling up with
sadness to cover any anger and left myself dangling, play-
ing with suicide like a game, a challenge I hadn't yet met.

Finalizing life, ending it with no glory, turned in upon
myself in fury, never lifting a finger, never reaching out
to anyone, continuing to stay alone.

Wrapped up in sorrow of myself, becoming numb and digging
a grave, burying myself, my identity, way down deep, then
looking in a mirror I laughed at myself.

So pitiful, so sad my face did look, as it mirrored what
I held inside, seeing only the child there, reflecting
years gone by.

Wanting some attention, always, to keep on living, stay-
ing away from suicide as long as possible to let some love
grow inside of self.

Little child, lost, alone, in a desolate state of mind,
trying to undo the past for it was not her crime, but that
of her parents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wrapped In Thread

Cannot bring life into self, it stands still, out of reach,
beckoning self to follow.

Immersed in a thick, jelly-like barrier, movement towards
it is an impossibility, reasoning defies explanations,
logic has no room to turn in.

Life cannot meet itself, instead continues being wrapped in
thread, dangling from an unseen hand, controlling the fate
of yesterday's sun, shining dimly today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wrapping My Mind

Grasping onto vibrant and fantastic colors emanating from
my soul, finding directions to follow and become thoughts
of my own.

Picturesque, beautiful, wrapping my mind around so many
ideas as they appear in a clarity of intense intellect,
forever composing and developing in an atmosphere of
incessant creativity.

An effervescent beauty that is ever changing, diving into
wisdom, while soaring over magnificent landscapes of creative
mind-sets.

So intense and soothing, keeping me focused beyond this
life, gifting me with intelligent purposes of this mere
little poet's life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wrapping Poems

Wrapping poems for Christmas, decorating them here
with bows and lace ribbons.
Creating their words with loads of meanings for
everyone who reads them.
Sending cards of joy in lines of my own designs,
giving as much love and caring as I can in each
and every one I give to family and friends.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wrenching Heartache

Hearts dwelling in the darkness of sorrow, bereft of
one another because death has taken one away.

Tears of grief falling, mind devastated, life changed
forevermore.

Wrenching heartache has begun and will continue through-
out the rest of life.

One that was loved and loved totally in return, being
subjected to emptiness and abandonment for life.

No more opportunities to hug, kiss, make love, reaching
out, nothing there, being wrung from the inside out.

A lonely heart broken, shattered upon the floor of a
soul who has nothing more to pray for now that she's
gone forever in death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wresting Life's Strength

Doomed to a life of indecision under clouds of ebony
and gray, emotional turmoil wrests life's strength
and tosses it upon tidal waves during stormy upheavals.
Yet, during interims of memories, we constantly
fluctuate from joy and laughter over what we remember,
to sudden, unbidden thoughts of suicide.
How can life continue an uphill climb towards individual destiny and fate?
Pertinent facts are gathered into vats to be looked at
or read at later dates, yet answers can never be found
to tally any of it.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wrestling Through Life

Wrestling through the years, winning and losing many times,
fighting for his lost father through everyone he wrestles
with over and over.

Always feeling the loss of not having a dad around as he
was growing up, trying tirelessly to make up for it.

In trying to prove to everyone else that he is a man, he
only succeeds in bringing his father's ghost in focus
again.

Walking away with trophies and medals is a poor substitute
for a loving Dad.

Learning to let go and walk away on his own, his father's
ghost will haunt him no more.

Facing it straight on and thinking, feeling it through,
talking to someone about it who cares, will help it
disappear from view.

Then he can get on with his life and loosen the control it
has of him.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wriggling Thoughts

Wriggling thoughts are coagulating and adjoining
others in order to hopefully make a brighter
future for those who read them.
Taking on personalities of their own and shining
them into words for all to read in their leisurely
spaces of time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wringing Memories Dry

Incessant checking with interior motives of wringing memories dry, while they're processing emotional turmoil from way back then.
Lively anticipation, becoming musical in tune while I continue to write whatever I hear, coming through my mind's unescapable interior, causing a merging of ideas with creativeness, bringing a logical reasoning into effect.
Being applauded, holding together whatever is seen imaginatively through visions contained in outer limits of existence.
Talent showing through, being sent into subconscious pillows of thoughtful interludes.
Senses being attuned with poetical circumstances indulging in contrary meanings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wringing Out Darkness

Rumbling, rocking away, surrendering to the total energy of
a fast-paced melody, watching as it breaks the night away,
letting the sun rise within before it's time.

Wringing out the darkness, allowing it to fall by the way-
side as we stand behind barricades of imagination set up to
protect us in case of unusual circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wrinkled In Time

Wrinkled in time,
seniors walk a fine line
between heaven and earth.
Taking their worldly duties
and trials as they come
unendingly upon them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wrinkled Linen Memories

Despairingly, so attuned to life and it's misguided tears
in depths of knowing wisdom.
Unfavorably dedicated by senses of unreality and changing
tides of wind.
Flowing from some inner deepness, crouching on edges of
bereaved intensity.
Following wavering pathways in tangled jungles of an
illusive mind, casting about for some sort of alleviation
of this inner life torture.
Searing from the pain of birth long ago, washed upon
neglected shores of adulthood without a wayward, backward
glance towards ancient flagrance.
Unaccustomed to the brightness and clarity of desperation,
searching for antique memories of unallocated time.
Theories bounce off of aged minds, creating vast volumes
of knowledge and timeless peace.
Unrelentingly caught in the surface pools of shallow
protuberance, all the time unrelentingly falling to knees
of prayer while tears foam forth continually, without a
watchful disturbance as to it's bountiful adherence.
Disturbing wrinkled linen memories with the backwash of
tears, desperation falls into the abyss of despair.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wrinkles Of Time

Smiling happy faces, erasing wrinkles of time through
a calm serenity, taking form within.

Tasting periods of joy, like chocolate-covered straw-
berries, eaten in younger days.

Strengthening ties with today's exhausting labors,
laying them to rest for the time being.

Assured of their reminiscent clauses that are promised
from birth, lasting unto our deaths' without regret.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writefully Acknowledged

Sitting at a bus stop, thinking, listening to baroque on
a Walkman and writing poetry.

Watching from beyond this earthly universe, mind contentedly
living in another dimension.

Fondly hearing music as it caressingly touches my soul,
passers by curiously looking, not wanting to pry.

Wondering what it is that I am writing, not a single person
knowing that I am a poet, writefully acknowledged in a poet's
world.

Titillating personas running through my mind chasing humor
up and down back alleys, hiding from many memories.

Unquestionably talented, filled with creative imagination,
a private little world remains a mystery to all the universe,
I alone have the key to the talent God has given to me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writer's Conference

Conference for writer's is over now until next year.
It ended up by being a wonderful experience.
Talented people from all avenues of creative writing
brought together to share imaginational thoughts,
images and words of communication.
All enfolded, encased in this poet's rhymical memory.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writer's Desert Oasis

Silencing the immeasurable force within, placing barriers so nothing can begin unless it comes from within.

Sloughing off all comers, resting in the peaceful power it brings.

Faded daylight falling around me, holding up the edges until darkness folds them over.

Delicious peace fulfilling inner needs to be alone on a writer's desert oasis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing

Never at a loss for words when writing,
deeply complacent for hours at a time.
Wonderful imagination digging freely
into every nook and cranny of creativity,
completing entire works of poetry.
Worth a lifetime of every single being
ever to begin or end on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing A Thought

I write the
poems that make
the whole world
think.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing About Ordinary Life

Having nothing to say, tired of living, only writing about
this ordinary life through poetry as it brings everything
around me to life.

Wanting to change landscapes of this life, using power of
my mind to create new ones while writing.

Exercising and becoming all that I will learn and create
so I may write it all in line after line right on pages
of many books.

Looking always into future atmospheres of other dimensions,
awaiting the fruition of tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Across Country

Innocent eyes searching the horizons, gathering
information, experiencing new things.

Wonder looking out from under eyelashes, staring
at sights never before seen.

Alternately laughing, crying, enjoying, sleeping.

Peering out of many windows placed on a greyhound
bus, watching landscapes rise, fall and change.

Total amazement, as across the United States the
greyhound speeds, turning into depots in small
and large cities to do it's busly duties.

Driver sitting patiently, watchfully, atop his
seated perch, commanding the view before us every
mile closer to our destination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing An Ending

Imagination being written all over the pages of this
book, keeping me occupied as I endlessly wait to be
taken care of.

Picturesque screens filling me with exquisite designs
as I write, watching them change off and on so many
times, as I rise and fall to their charms, gently
touching my mind.

Somber feelings coming into the picture as this rhythm
suddenly starts rushing into many counterparts of
language.

Using concepts from quantum physics and placing them
into facts and figures of dreams as they drive forth
right now into appearances of forthright predictions.

Solving all sorts of incidental sources of problems,
giving feelings of incessant joy and chance directions
of prose.

Looking into the subjects of my beginnings, as I write
myself an ending.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing And Being Ignored

Soothing, laid-back music being sung by a friend, a
wonderful voice, entertaining and enlivening the
whole place with his attitude of devil may care.

Singing his heart out so fantastically without any
fear or doubt, just belting out each word he sings.

Knowing every word throughout musical rhythms, en-
joying it totally, while sitting, listening and
writing poetry.

People all around ignoring me and leaving me to do
what I am passionately always doing in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing And Playing Bingo

Seldom thinking beyond the moment at hand, just letting
my mind have it's way, words flowing, thoughts being
generated by intellect and giving many poems to write
ideas into.

Hiding here behind my pen in a room full of people, here
to play bingo and enjoy themselves, just writing, not
really caring if I win or not, but what a joy if I were
to win a game!

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing At A Ball Game

Tiers of seats filled with people, some at dizzying
heights.
All gathered to watch some men run around a field,
touching three bases.
Most of the stadium is empty, just the die-hard
fans are hanging in.
Not being one of them I sit here writing poetry -
the only enjoyment that I'm getting from being here.
Except the occasional conversation with co-workers
pausing to visit.

(8: 41 p.m. - 9/13/00)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Boxes

Boxes of writing are never stored, never filed in
cabinets, never kept inside so there will always
be room for newly created poetry.
Clutter would restrict freedom of movement, ideas,
images, creativeness, it would hinder the creative
process and cause mental or writer's block.
A clean continuous slate and screen invites memories
to expand into visions of poetry, able to be
translated into rhythmical words and flowing meanings, carrying on the tradition
of literacy throughout the
world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing By Design

Sliding and floating downstream, feeling calm and serene,
watching landscapes of nature entice my mind as I pass
them by, loving the solace filling me explicitly.

Writing by design through coded rhythms of music, keeping
time with beats and tempos, playing with my mind continu-
ally and instantaneously, finding beauty dying within and
letting the world know what it's like through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Circuit

Thinking while listening causes writing to begin it's
circuit through my brain.
Lively, anticipating joyful interludes of contemplation
as life revolves around this space in time.
A novel process each and every second of ethereal bliss.
Inspiration fulfilling talents innately born within,
allowing ideals and opinions to be put down on paper
literally for all to see.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Clearly

Piano sounding in perfect pitch
as I write - so clearly and distinctly,
leaving only beautiful tones to remember
as I sit contemplating through writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Distinctly

Everything being alright as I write distinctly what my
mind is seeing through rhythms, translating it all into
poetical verses for everyone to read.

Spreading far and wide, watching as abstractions find
ideas that are opposite, yet knowing if combined, the
resulting equation will work perfectly.

A noticeable improvement being seen immediately without
any effort on my part, for intellect absorbs it all onto
photographic screens of innate talent.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Effectively

Resting in an atmosphere of rock and roll, enjoying it immensely as I write effectively of whatever comes to mind.

Looking around, seeing mountains watching everything going on below them.

Solo thoughts, arranging themselves in rows of beautiful attire.

All of them solemnly attesting to the life lived in depths of being.

Solitary peacefulness engulfing me with it's exquisite sense of bereavement.

Talently existing in an environment attuned to poetical music on an everyday basis.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Exceptions

Lanterns guiding my mind down pathways of enlightenment,
taking me on voyages I've never been on before.

Lightening striking, touching areas of brain, heretofore
sleeping idly, waiting for an invention of sorts to nudge
them into prose.

Beginning sounds, turning over, standing up, looking around,
watching new sights, images, inventions coming into their
own.

Writing exceptions into existence, coupling them with visions
of tomorrow as life opens my mind to another world, lanterns
guiding my mind down pathways of enlightenment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Factors

Drumming to an inner rhythm, taking over life giving essences with powdery blue energy.
Sating every fiber of being with an extra particle of beauty and factors of writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Family Into A Poem

Gathered together around a dining room table, family young
and old, loving and sharing as I sit here writing about it
in a poem.

Talking, laughing, sharing with one another, eating, drink-
ing, (no alcohol) , celebrating my younger son's birthday
which is tomorrow.

Celebrating today because tomorrow is a work day for every-
one, loving the fact that we always get together to celebrate
each other's lives, accomplishments and our love of family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Feelings

Swaying to inner beats, keeping me on track.
Sanity remains steadfast in my mind, writing
feelings down to stretch imagination and wind
intellect around it's sources, becoming the
peace I feel so deeply.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing From Peace

Soothing calming rhythms taking me into depths of nature and imagination, giving a serene and peaceful mind from which to write from.

Listening and relating designs and patterns to melodies being heard gives comfort to my soul.

Loving to be kept in a peaceful and serene attitude of contemplation in which to do it's part for this interior universe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing From Sleep

Waking from a deep sleep to see a poem in my mind,
wanting to be written down, sometimes it happens
like that, a poem wants to be known no matter what.

Listening to it's rhythms, seeing them walking upon
ribbons of thought, tangling, rearranging and then
sorting them out.

Surviving this process turns ideas into poetry, leav-
ing behind problematical strings of impossibilities,
taking places in pools below a constant waterfall.

Flowing interiorly, spreading evenly across the energy
of an interior universe, allowing poems to be seen and
read throughout the world.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing From Winterland

Silently watching as storm clouds gather outside the window,
shaking their heads in the morning breeze.

Wondering when it will be time to let go of the rain they
are holding inside of them.

Pregnant, just waiting the exact moment to empty their
contents here on earth's desert city.

A soon to be beautiful sight as raindrops fall steadily,
glistening on every leave, a wonderland to write from.

Giving poetry sublime and poignant ideas to write and
blossom.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Fulfills A Need

Looking from inner windows, realizing life is
racing past and not caring, sacrificing daily
increments of sanity to sit and write.

Forever searching endless pathways of the mind,
locating words and new ways to line them into
expressions of feelings and ideas.

A thrill of actually feeling new thoughts creates
within, an obsession to keep on writing.

Feelings felt through words is inspiring to inner
sanctums of a lively mind.

Touching upon meanings filled with inner peace,
writing fulfills the need in me to create
continually.

With pen in hand, a whole new world opens up before
me written in words on once blank paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Glimpses

Taking in breaths of excessive energy, soaring into pockets of existence where I can become totally immersed in thoughtful contemplation.
Signing off from life's routine to follow my own designs, create my own patterns, juxtapositionally from everyone else in the world.
Noticing everything passing by, not caring what direction they're going, just writing down the glimpses as I see them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Guise

Thinking back, relaxing in a revelry of imagination, dreaming of extraordinary feats of intense soliloquy, pretending to be interested in a quality of interior essences.
Yet, really lolling around, waiting to find an escape into a land of wonder and fulfillment under the guise of writing.
Lilting tones, managing to filter into scores of notes as they play unendingly in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing In A Nail Parlor

Sitting in a nail parlor, smelling scents of nail polish being applied to women's nails.
Bottles of polish, various colors, standing on shelves waiting to be chosen by a particular person on any given day.
Writing, waiting for a friend's daughter to get her nails finished.
Just enjoying alone time to write what I want, watch people come and go, reading their expressions and sensing their feelings.
Capturing it all in a poem while waiting.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing In Kolkata

Swooping like a bird in flight, straying in thoughtful
interludes where ideas capture it's creative process
and tantalize intellect with the purity of it's essence.

Silent colors exploding exponentially into the future,
unmindful of any other factors being written in the
journals of time immemorial.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing In My Sleep

Tip-toeing through dreams, not wanting to be awakened.

Looking at everything, hoping to be inspired by anything
I see inside sleep.

Being tossed and turned, living in an environment of
peaceful serenity as I sleep in a hidden cove where I
cannot be disturbed.

Cloudless thoughts floating to my imagination as I write
even in my sleep, on photographic screens.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing In Silence

Charging my soul with an electric feeling of writing
in silence.
Portraying everything in mysterious coded messages,
never divulging the answers lest someone steal all
that I am inside.
Riding through the lonely sand dunes, alone and
uncorrupted by life.
Pure and innocent, walking into netherlands that I
can never escape.
Asking God to save me from the formality of impending
death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing In Silence Of Music

Rocking to the horse in my mind, galloping down
unbeaten paths in the direction of desert plains.
Wanting to be alone, adjusting time to later at
night, just to write in the silence of music that
I like.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing In Thought

Deep in thought, curiously wondering what I am
thinking about so carefully.
Wonder and interest are combining inside,
relating facts and facets I once read about
when young.
How far I have traversed is lucidly enlightening
as I write in thought.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Intellectually

Crying caught in the throat of my mind,
wanting to be expressed, but it cannot.

There is a barrier of steel holding it
back, I will not relent nor release it
to show my sorrow.

It is pent up where it will stay,
because I don't want to cry any longer,
it does no good, it satisfies no one,
least of all myself.

Digitally recording thoughts in stencils
of mind control, placing them on fragmented
parchment of old.

Strenuously withholding emotion from filling
me to overflowing, I sit and write it all
intellectually on paper so I may see it
clearly, then silently put it aside for
tears do not help in piled dismay.

Hurting can not touch me any longer, because
I have willed it away from me.

Taking no part in it's existence, I am
free to be myself, alone, far from anyone I
know.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Interiorly

Stretching and arching my back for seconds at
a time, then going back to writing poetry.

Keeping time closely to my being and not letting
it soar into the calendars of human beings.

Silencing doubts as they pop up, wanting only to
write from an interior dimension.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Into Depths

Getting into the major rhythm of a band, taking me to plains of heaven musically.
Lifting spirits into the clouds, giving a great amount of pleasure as I write into it's depths.
Rocking to the songs crazily becoming the essence belonging to me.
Having a lovely time being here alive, again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Into Existence

Gifted in special graces, having a great time using them
all, throughout this life.

Never agonizing over how to achieve what is needed or
wanted, just writing into existence whatever I'd like to
see or obtain.

Being imaginatively seen, knowing that no one will ever
take any of it, because it is my creation alone.

Feeling pleasure knowing this, gives feelings of elation
as I continue to become who I am through it all.

Finding myself going to the great beyond on any final
horizon as the sun sets quietly down right where I belong
on earth.

Nothing to be missed for it is always carried within me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Into The Universe

Setting the pace here at the Wagon Yard, getting ready at a
moment's notice, finding poetry that lies hidden until the
very moment music touches my mind ecstatically and intensely.

Moving forward, stepping to rhythms, staccatoly taking me
away with some honky tonky blues, relieving stress and tension
of each day as I write into the universe.

With every moment that life gives me, so perfect, serene and
placid, always finding an enticing excitement that keeps me
going, giving an interior energy that never fades or disappears,
a wonderful treasure inside my being.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Jangled Nerves

An empty conference room serves as a poetry writing
experience on the tenth floor, one of the Phoenix
Art Commission's own.

Given permission to come up and write any time is
very nice of them.

Because amidst the hectic life of the city, I can
sit back and write to my heart's content when on
a lunch break every afternoon.

A quiet spot to calm jangled nerves and escape for
awhile.

(2: 09 p.m. - 3/12/99)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Later

Increasing futility coming into life with people needing
help to get through many difficult situations.

Being placed in their pathways, I acquiesce and do whatever
I can with whatever knowledge I can muster for everyone.

Living in the moments of other people, not having a lot
to wander around in my own time.

Never minding, just happy to be of some use to make life
easier for another.

There's always time for writing later into the night.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Life

Putting a pen and paper in front of me is enough to set thoughts flowing constantly.
Loving to write because I am freed, deep inside of me.
All thoughts locked up ever so long, find their way out onto pages so everyone may read them.
Deep inside, each time releasing emotions which have always thoughtfully been denied or stuffed inside.
The past which has held this captive for so long, is coming out in the form of poetry, pulling me along, helping me to grow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing More

Looking from inner windows, realizing life is racing past and not caring.
Sacrificing daily increments of sanity to sit and write.
Forever searching endless pathways of the mind, locating words and new ways to line them into expressions of feelings and ideas.
Thrill of actually feeling new thoughts creates within me an obsession to keep on writing.
Feelings felt through words is inspiring to inner sanctums of an alive mind.
Touching upon meanings filled with inner peace, writing fulfills the need in me to create continually.
With pen in hand, a whole new world opens up before me written in words on once blank paper.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing On The Jet

Is your mind like a T.V. screen, intent upon shows based
on fantasies and other people's thoughts and memories?

Do you often think something you had an idea for would
be better than what is being shown on T.V. nowadays?

Thinking everyone has those thoughts, suggesting now
that they move forward, making them a reality.

Create values for others and be valued yourselves in
this life, positive role models for our children.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Poetical Music

Taking trips down highways of yesterday, performing art.
Beautiful compositions written musically and
poetically in true old-fashioned handwriting,
belying the insecurities of everyday life-disturbing situations.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Poetical Visions

Watching leaves scurrying, racing, toppling over one
another to reach the last rays of sunlight, wanting
to gather some warmth before night falls.

Looking farther out, seeing a small tree, leaves being
blown furiously by an insistent early evening wind
intent on having it's way with whatever leaves are left
hanging onto branches tightly, not wanting to expire.

Noticing it's shadow lying prone at an angle, soaking
in sunlight, yet throwing the shade of it's being upon
the sunny ground, waiting for darkness to hide it's
essence from the entire world around it.

Seeing nature play, being active in an early evening,
enjoying the beauty of it's innocence and purity, a-
lighting gently on this earth.

Loving to write about the essence and landscape of nature
around me, taking it's every detail into mind, placing
them onto photographic screens of an interior intellect.

Coallescing all of it, forming many poetical meanings and
visions to write of, eventually showing people around
the world what it is that I see in many poetical images
while listening to music.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Poetically

Mind clearly stating what it sees within and without.
Focusing on nature, calling through the birds flying around.
Watching interiorly, sights and sounds - past and present -
all fitting nicely together as I continue to write poetically
in this blank-paged book.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Recluse

Solitude penetrating every fiber of being, rearranging the molecules and particles of serenity's limits.

Sated by an inner power, questioned on deadened qualifications, fought on neutral ground, fallibility of legendary friendship has no end.

Recreating boundaries placed haphazardly through years of abuse is difficult, but coming through it all and becoming a writing recluse.

Alone in a solitary space, finding endless stays of execution trifling with past memories.

Quantumly vacating the storehouse of knowledge, in search instead, of the genius of creativity which has forged itself a spot in infinity.

Quaking ever so slightly, taking the guard's post of time into your own hands, letting no one dictate on matters of single importance, traveling the longest, loneliest pathways to the peace desired very much interiorly.

Quickened pace, hurt rapidly multiplying it's beat of life, surging forth from within, aorticly potentiating the demise of an attack.

Left alone, a single file of cells, arranged in a battered line, fighting to get by.

Atmosphere of living died a long time ago, called survival or existing, if you wish.

Likened to an antagonistic brawl, stranglehold of dedication is responsible no more.

Where the fifes are blowing, the drummer is no more, faulty miscalculations have been sent unsung, strumming tunes on invisible banjos.

Attuned to death, forsaken by the living of all beings, sanctimonious replies beget the total failure of an inner being.

Stepping on the stairwell of the final trip to hell, slowly walking down into the bowels of fire and brimstone, vacated by the premise of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Self

My story is going to be ending in the future, not before I accomplish the purpose I was created and placed on earth for.

Finding my passion fascinating, knowing that my intellect gives energy to persist on a constant basis.

Always being in a positive, happy mood when picking up a pen and immediately writing myself into poetical interludes.

Belonging to another dimension, a world away from earth, wandering through a vast universe that is mine alone.

A promising and wonderful atmosphere filled with an everlasting potential that will continue even after I have died.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Tangent

A single touch of beginning rhythm sets my mind on a tangent of writing.
Selecting words for each poem being organized as it flows over the edge of an interior waterfall.
Steadily careening down a steep mountainside, falling with every droplet of water, cascading down into depths of it's watery soul.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Thoughts

Locomotive thought heading this way, trailing along,
a caboose filled with new approaches and ideas.
Capacity over-flowing with conceptual poems aplenty,
as hurrying prolifically to state them all on
poetical paper, restful peace covers me interiorly.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing To Rhythms

Capturing the essence of this beautiful day, entering
it here in a poem, stemming from sensory perceptions
touching my being.

Living in the moment, not waiting for the next one to
come along, enjoying every one now through writing.

Jumping up and down chords, having a wonderful time
writing to the rhythms as they come, joining
imagination with aplomb.

Noticing the surrounding environment with exacting
preciseness of details given at the moment of
conception.

Mind of a poet, innately born within, never letting
it be left behind, continuing carrying it on photo-
graphic screens of pleasure for the most part.

There are times, however, when all is bittersweet
and tears form, spilling out upon pages of prose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing Uninterruptedly

Listening to Foreigner, Queen, and Bruce Springsteen,
enjoying all the songs as I write uninterruptedly
while waiting for Dr. L. to come in.
Knowing he's running late, his first day back from
India, probably bogged down with an excess of patients
all needing his expertise and attention.
Calmly sitting here, knowing what to expect and I just
continue writing to the music playing in my ears.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing What I Mean

Being veracious to a fault, not wanting to misrepresent
anything that I say or write, attempting to write what
I mean exactly.

Taking important issues, relating them within to objective
thoughts, my mind instantly writing it all into plain
English.

Making it understood by all who read my poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Writing While Waiting

Passing time, sitting again in Dr. L's. waiting room.
Being called and brought back, vitals being taken,
then being led to the procedure room.
Again waiting is giving me time to write.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Written Again

Reaching forward into depths of rhythms, taking hold
of this hand, holding them all closely to this heart.

Grasping each of it's notes and tones, automatically
remembering and holding them to be written again into
verses of poetry.

Watching them once again blossom into extraordinary
musical compositions of writing.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Written And Balanced

Repeating rhythms into poetry that is being written and
balanced totally in my mind with tempos, notes and tones.

A reality of incessant fruition, blossoming like roses
in gardens of heaven's symphonies.

Justifying and taking my mind into avenues of the Divine,
always having rippling effects, continuing into the future.

Like rivers flowing into the ocean, invisible and knowingly,
nothing able to stop their flow for it was created by God
and He alone controls them throughout this earthly life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Written Codes

Sailing down avenues of sentimentality, involving every particle of being as it's motion turns inside out.
Revolving tides bewilder edges of thought and try to interrupt abstracted meanings.
So as to confuse forms and shapes of words as they are written out in codes.
Mysteriously unconcerned with any facet of living, and falling continually over edges of knowledge.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Written Dream

Knowing the zoo is just over there, the governor's
tomb is on the other side of that hill.

Hole in the rock behind me - people scattered
everywhere in search of their pleasure.

Sitting here, I can write my own version of what
I want my pleasure to be.

When I feel like it, I can actually go out and
seek what I've already written down to dream.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Written Fabrics

Hardly a moment passes that I don't write from my heart.
It's an everlasting passion, pulling me into a literate
world where I can enjoy all types of music to write to.
Always spending time within fabrics of my mind, relating
everything seen and heard to musical scores.
Perfectly melding with my soul, never having to rearrange
anything.
It's done automatically by my intellect.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Written For Posterity

Tangling myself into weeds of tantamount jungles of words, testing every sound on beats in measures to forward positions into legal status, taking turns around the clock, poking about, over pages in books, written by myself for posterity.
Afterwards, sending messaged codes towards bill boards of intelligence and wisdom.
Sounding off with little or no effort on my part.
Tinging every tone with rhythms of my own, alone on shores of earth on days of unending bliss.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Written In Moments Of Seclusion

Separating and being silent, turning away from the world,
not wanting to be exposed to anyone.

Just wanting to be left alone to fend for myself through
poetry.

Closing windows and doors to my being and soul, preferring
being lonely to harassed by people who don't know me.

Wanting to lash out, people hurting the sensitive person
that I am.

Not needing this abusive treatment, staying within so as
not to be subjected to it.

Staying within fulfills the meaning of my life through
poetry and the writing of it.

A lasting legacy being written through the moments of
seclusion, keeping to myself forever in this life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Written Inconsolato

Longing for days of yore, wishing it were yesterday again so I could speak to my relatives like I used to when they were alive.
Poetry is written inconsolato because of the sorrow flowing within, stretching ever further into my being, pulling me from the present at times.
Inflections in my mind mirror grief's effect on me without, as I listen with my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Written Interior Rhythms

Peaceful endeavors enfolding and sending me spiral-
ing towards infinity in union with an interior rhythm
written in heaven.

Solidifying peace, increasing it's momentum, carrying
life forwardly without doubts or insincerity, giving
this poet a serene existence.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Written On A Clean Slate

Blue skies hanging overhead, clearing my mind so poetry can
be written on a clean slate in the heavens above, gently
breezes blowing through the atmosphere, calming my soul.

Bringing energy into intellect where I write from it incess-
antly, listening to sounds of humanity as it reverberates
and echoes into this mere poet's mind.

Respecting and holding life closely, treasuring it while
we each have our own space and time in it's closely knit
sphere on earth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Written Silently

Significantly deterring this frame of mind happens at times,
only having to listen to familiar rhythms, focusing them into
points of interest at the end of a pen.

Living for moments that can be written quietly into many
verses of poems, saturating literature with inner secrets
being told, explored and discovered through the years.

Not able to talk about any of it, so it is written silently
for many to read.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wrong Solutions

Taking part in the interest of city of Phoenix residents,
trying to address the points most important to our citizens
and the services that are tending to be seriously defended.

We need to think more of doing the right thing - increasing
involvement in volunteers, having them take responsibility
more that before to save our city a lot of money.

Yet, don't let city council raise taxes, decrease services,
and leave everyone in dire straits with no where else to
turn.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wrought - Iron Thoughts

Cold, wrought-iron thoughts filling many shelves inside
a mind.

Chilling to the core of bone, all manner of shaded
enlightenment is furtively carried on.

Swept and blown about to no avail, country whispers fall
on deaf ears, spoken by silent parted lips.

Novena-like prayers of thought are sent on invisible angel
wings towards heaven, hoping soon to be spent on happier
places of emptiness.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Wrung From My Heart

Incessantly finding thoughts floating into the water-
fall of intellect.

This mind taking them sincerely and putting them into
poems, hoping to touch someone's mind or heart.

Giving inspiration at times, a smile being returned,
other times a tear glistening on someone's cheek.

Showing that I have touched a chord of pure sadness
within them with my words.

Truthfully and totally being wrung from my heart itself.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yanking And Pulling Memories

Music falling on beaten paths, taking me on a voyage into a
nether world where life becomes fuller and different in
another facet of spaces.
Noticing the effortless sounds of yesterday's senses,
befitting the precious seconds of afterlife.
Giving in to the memories being yanked and pulled into a
circumference of a midnight matinee.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yards Of Darkness

Diversity lies in piles of leaves,
awaiting recognition from anyone.
Disguised as prejudice, being
raked across yards of darkness,
hoping to become words of a
politically correct person.
None of it ever really mattering
as life's curtains fall upon
minds of diverse circumstances.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yearning For Wonder

Tantalizing innate musical abilities within, tickling ivories of my mind as I write and listen all night long.

Melodies are constantly filling me with many sensuous feelings, enticing my being all through the night, not able to wait until seeing you again.

Heart beating solely for you, baby, longing for your love, yearning for the wonder that always fills me late at night when with you.

Altogether fulfilling us as we gently and tenderly make love, totally being into one another, never having eyes for any other.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yearning Heart

Walking with head held high, inside a heart is yearning to
be picked up and held for a while.

Where can anyone go to replace a broken-hearted mind? Is
there a chance of recalcitrant loneliness finding it's way
to the other end of life's battle?

Forlornly Passaic, troubled by insistent rage, doubts of
memories deepen then fade.

Sallow-hearted feelings gently scraping at the insides of
a mind, pleading quietly for a voice that can say what it
means.

Nether worlds apart, silent sadness is ripped apart by
anger and rage, retaliating from a different stage of life
kept hidden in a vast cellar of displacement, afraid to
face it.

Wonder side-stepping itself into oblivion, pretending that
it has never been aware of surrounding curiosity and
intellect.

Caught in a web of heretically profound abuse, turning
wildly around, dying inside, afraid to come out, afraid to
be alive.

Classic manifestations torn loose and fragmented, strewn
haphazardly within, kept separate from every aspect of the
life it's living.

Walking with head held high, inside a heart is yearning to
be picked up and held for a while.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yearning Hours

Winding down as the night grows
longer in yearning hours of slumber.
Touching upon dreams as they begin
to crowd around, wanting to be
expressed in this night's visions
while sleeping.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Years Of Marriage

Holding love through years of marriage, feeling it's thorns along with the joy and bliss of being together.
Hurting deeply at times, scraping against one another's spirits unintentionally, yet it happens sometimes and is unavoidable.
Hearts being held tenderly, gently with care of a frail human being one to another.
All our love collectively gathered and etched in the scars of our hearts forever, keeping us totally honest and upfront with each other.
A pure, aging love, tended through years of our marriage.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Years Of Passing Fancies

Leaves shining with rays of sun alighting upon
them, gently being blown upon their branches,
and teased quietly without concern.

A misnomer being shown to all who cannot understand
the truth beneath illusions and lies.

Uncovering likely facets of yesterday's portrayals
and portraits of a vibrant past history, aged with
many years of passing fancies.

Left to themselves, wilting into depths of a lifetime
whenever thought of.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Years Pass Quickly

Years pass quickly, even though they seem to be standing still.
People live and die - we continue going our separate ways
on similar paths.
Life is spent daily - we never think of it that way.
Yet, moving towards our final days begins when we are born.
Our world revolves through days and nights; we have close relationships and friends.
We join in life soul to soul - heart to heart - on our
earthly journeys.
Some of us are famous, some well-known, others hide behind shadows, but we all step into the light when we have ended.
Those of us who were good, kind, gentle, compassionate,
wise and honest, leave our legacies behind us for future generations to emulate or copy.
We know nothing more once we close our eyes on earth,
yet we open other's eyes for what it's worth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Years Slipping Away

So lightened, purified and tantalized by imagination, find-
ing never-ending pathways enlightening this mind, intellect
factoring everything in a flash.

Momentarily going into dimensions of wisdom, innate and won-
derful, energizing this entire being with an effervescent
feeling of love touching within.

Love of the Divine through a bluened light that never dies
or fades away with time, only being touched by it's wonder
and love while wending my way through this earthly life.

Years slipping away in measures of time, chords of memories
taking me into the past with bittersweet feelings had once
upon a time when younger.

A total and uncompromising awe that continually entices
curiosity overwhelmingly every moment of this little poet-
ical life daily.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yellow Butterfly

Flying around the desert, a lone little yellow butterfly
soars in and about desert flowers.

Taking time to be at home with nature, flitting around
and enjoying the life it has for as long as possible.

Praying for the protection from mankind so it may live
and fulfill it's tiny little purpose.

Capturing at the same time, the eyes of this poet who
realizes the importance of it's soul here on earth.

Calculating the distance and where to get itself some
pollen to spread around many flowers in gardens of this
vast desert.

Never resting, except for a moment, as it alights upon a
flower for it's nectar and then it's off again, soaring
through the atmosphere.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yellow Daisies

A squeeze-it bottle full of yellow daisies left upon a picnic
table, empty and full of crumbs.

When the family had been there to eat and share their lives,
the daisies had some meaning.

Now with no one around, they seem lost and forsaken, with no
need or reason to be here.

Like a happy memory placed just beyond reach, the squeeze-it
bottle full of daisies sits in the shade on a picnic table
in the afternoon breeze.

Having picked and saved it from ever achieving to pass into
oblivion, because I have written about it for anyone to see
who reads this poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yellowed Hallways Of The Past

Stubborn, uncertainty hanging about, looking for a place
to finish things that have been started in younger days.

Reality having set in, pushing aside imagination at times
because of turmoil and strife.

Twanging emotions and feelings that are being left high
and dry with no reasons to be felt or experienced anymore
in this life.

Expressions no longer relevant for inner pictures have
been hung in yellowed hallways of the past, no longer
important enough to stand and look at.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yellowed Memories

Bluened sunshine touching my mind, creating red roses of literature in a pond of lightened knowledge.
Seeping inside canyons of yellowed memories, aging towards eternity, bringing this soul along with all its images into visions of beyond.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yellowed Memories And Images

Miles of nowhere reaching out in front of me, sinking senses
and filling depths of my being, wondering why blossoms of
yesterday have all disappeared.

Leaving only yellowed images and memories blowing in the wind,
holding us in a fascination of other moments that have long
since gone.

Searching for long spent moments through measures of time, now
bringing us back to beginnings of our childhood, testing and experimenting with
new situations, wanting to find out how
they've become a part of what and who we are.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yellowed Memories Of Age

Sitting at the river bank on a bench, watching the water
rippling slowly by, as my eyes rest on the horizon, mind
thinking of good times fishing here with family.

Remembering the fun, laughter and family closeness always
felt, wishing for those days, only able to relive them
through memories yellowed with age.

Being just as wonderful and beautiful as when they were
being experienced back then, even feelings and emotions
touching my heart and mind with love and caring.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yellowed With Age

Silently standing on horizons of a lifetime, watching
memories flow, rising and falling with waves as they
crash upon sandy shores.

Remembering times of happiness with tears falling in
my mind, yet it's a joyful sorrow, bittersweet, because
those times were so special and precious.

In memories now yellowed with age, bitter because I have
to live without them in my life, at least until my own
death comes upon me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesteday's Photos

Reflecting mirrors hanging in my mind, showing depths of
today's essence in pictures.

Looking and reminiscing, while enjoying images of memories,
living in them intellectually and recounting their pleasure
in feelings once again coming to mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday

Collecting extra-sensory particles, adding them to notes to enhance music being played to an individual stance in life's backyard spaces.
Living juxtapositionally from towers in desert oasis's, turning inward and becoming coexistent with tantalizing melodies of yesterday's years as teenagers.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday Has Past

Yesterday has past us by, today will be tomorrow's
yesterday and tomorrow will also find it's way in-
to the past.

As people say so succinctly, 'we never know what
lies ahead' and 'everything happens for a reason',
there are so many lessons to be learned from within
these three words set in time, 'yesterday has past'.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday Playing

Yesterday is here right now as I hear music of the
sixties playing through the atmosphere.
Walking through the Arizona desert on the way to
school or to a neighbor's house.
Crisp morning air filling my lungs as I quietly
walk along, holding my transistor radio, turning
it about when it would lose it's signal.
Yesterday was the day of my life once upon a time,
now it's right here again, as I listen to oldies
being played on a karaoke player.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Abyss

Forgotten thoughts lying about, broken spirits, broken hearts,
wondering what they have done to warrant such harsh treatment.

Nothing in particular, just a part of a life having been lived
and left alone for time immemorial.

Lasting emotions still being felt in an abyss of yesterday and
it's lost time.

Sacredly held, in limbo, away from their original thoughts
that are now lying about.

Broken spirits, broken hearts, no longer wondering anything,
having drifted off to sleep in neverland.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Are Gone

Yesterdays are gone, I keep trying to reach for them, but they are a dream of the past.

No longer able to be enlightened in the present, giving only an account of the tomorrows that will never be.

Opening photographic screens, watching what has transpired and now cannot be recaptured due to the present being here.

The future will soon be seen and today will also be gone, sent soaring into the past of yesterday's memories only.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Beauty

Surprising events gather and bring
inspiration into lightened knowledge,
where it may be spread over our
interior lives.

Covering our eyes, we can still see
the beauty of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Bells

Windy breezes blowing bells of yesterday
to my ears as I sit in contemplation of
life.
Billowing aftermaths flow into my train
of thought as memory encompasses an
interior universe of choice.

(10: 25 a.m. - 12/08/08)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Caverns

Writing explicitly in the darkness of yesterday's caverns.
Knowing the strangeness of being so far away from all things I knew.
Socializing with all new friends, remembering the past as the familiarity closes in upon me, taking me aback, filling blue eyes with bluened crystals of remembrance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Childhood

Wispy willows blowing through my mind, touching yesterday's
childhood with gentle thought and an elite finesse.

Taking care to not drop one iota or particle into caverns
of despair, lest I find myself in tears once again.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Closets

Rummaging around in dark closets of yesterday,
rarely opened up, just doing a little spring
cleaning.
Tidying up, getting ready for the next onslaught
of poetry to be written as I go along, listening
to music.
All of it makes a difference in what I see and
think every moment of my life.
Situated in a tempest of medical problems and
writing my way out of it all - trying to stay
sane in these trying times.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Deep Quiet

Touched by the deep quiet suddenly upon me, caught
in a desert causeway.

Thoughts flocked together like sheep in a pasture of
distant renderings and relationships.

Watching clouds pass through timeless omens, catering
to the whims of inconstant breezes.

Afraid to contact the near prospect of living, for it
will move beyond reach, the second it is grasped for.

Plied with the truths of tomorrow's destiny, letting
go, preferring to hold onto yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Depths

Testing waters of ancient times, noticing the acrid odor
emanating from it's depths.

Holding positions of yesterday's recriminations, toasting
information being given in untold rhythms, as we hold or
breath in major proportions of today's quality.

Soon to be apprehended in a hollow trunk of a forest tree,
taking up residence in deepest comfort of one another's
distant factions.

Peaceful lovely floors filled with fallen pine needles,
adding to the aroma of interior secrets of my mind,
unfolding self from deepest patterns of yesterday's depths.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Doorways

Listening at doorways of yesterday, hearing stories from
youth being told by parents when they were older.
Good to hear them in my mind again, only wish they were
really here, talking to me.
Missing them affectionately and sorrowfully, especially
their love and caring of me through life.

(11: 33.m. - 11/01/13)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Dust

Rising early in the morning, giving me respite from the night.
Wandering aimlessly through years of musical interludes,
never complaining about any part of it.
Daydreaming every afternoon in a trance, befitting a musician.
Solitarily, living alone in an empty house.
Always being in charge of nothing special, leaving everything
in the dust of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Dynasties

Picking up steps, taking them to skirts of heaven
where they can be understood and taken.
Following dynasty's of yesterday, folding into
clouds with shyness, insinuating clues of importance.
Half-turning away from life just to see gardens of
beauty above, yet staying close to earth to be with
family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Emotions

Missing pieces no longer fitting in the puzzles of
yesterday's emotions.

Leaving them in caverns, allowing them to disappear
into the fabric of life.

Walking into depths of every particular framework of
life and it's perfect stance.

Walking and riding onto the distant future, alone in
the streets of another time.

Keeping the rhythm of each measure in perfect timing
and never letting go of any of the shapes that have
been voiced.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Fate

Running and turning inside a revelry of this mind's eyes.

Believing in goodness and wisdom, fulfilling life with undivided attention, solemnly traversing path-ways of natural instinct and continuity.

Rehearsing dirges of untold grief as sorrow tiptoes quietly across sheets of silken ice in death's embrace.

Sordidly portraying insistent shadows of yesterday's fate, stabbing with an intensity of moody distaste.

Sanctimoniously lying on beds of dried leaves, quivering on a deathbed of unhurried sleep, eternally begotten by sweet interpretation.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Fire

Feelings crossing many deserts through the years, taking
me through mountainous rockies and ocean depths

Letting me see what life has to offer yet never letting
me experience any of it on any plain.

Leaving me alone, next to a nothingness of blackened
embers, charred from yesterday's fire of desire.

Now lying cold and still in depths of death's chill.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Fires

Blackened soot of yesterday's fires fill my eyes
with their ebony disguises, causing tears to fall
into crystal pools of lost love.
Giving and emanating from past images, life
reflects years of living, changing, altering
families, ways of doing things, turning it all
into sorrow and grief after losing everything and
everyone close to us.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Flowers

Changing seasons touching the winter of my life,
showing all past memories in technicolor, brightly
shining in my mind.

Treasures to behold on evenings of lonely journeys
through the soul.

Softly saddened as I pass by gardens of yesterday's
flowers, seeing them lying wilted upon the ground.

Knowing that soon, I too, will be under that ground,
wilted and dead, my spirit surpassing me as it enters
heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Footprints

Steadily folding inside, filled with ice cold emotions cutting through images of the past.
Letting ghosts appear and vacate just as quickly, leaving footprints in the snow of yesterday's turmoil.
Quickly moving away from the visions with a fear filled with frozen emotions.
Standing off to the side, sensing perceptions from back then.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Footsteps

Walking into footsteps of yesterday's memories,
remembering every thought being sung in American
rock and roll.

Enthralling, giving an extraordinary enlightenment
to everyone young and old, totally and purposely
being taken and held in American spirits.

Never to be forgotten or tainted, rolling down a
river as we dance to the rhythms that take us
into measures of their beats.

Enticing us into tuning into music that will last
forever, keeping our United States Of America,
moving and always free from tyranny.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Forest

Taking time to think, remembering all the times of happiness and joy with great clarity.
Sensing quiet emotions hidden for years beneath tears of sadness.
Following pathways into forests of yesterday, expanding future memories with a little bit of old.
Time consuming in interminable periods of nonchalant character, becoming ominous on dreary days of silent being.
Tossing every idea into pockets of abbreviated volume, hoping to be noticed in aspirations of talented imagination.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Future

Silently watching decrepit stances build in toward
situations beyond control.
Fluttering beyond recognition, beings float over
horizons of untoward goals.
Perpetrating mysterious flights of fantasy our
worlds tumble and fall over each other, building
new dimensions of yesterday's future.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Ghosts

Stars standing out upon stages of rehearsals and songs,
emptying hearts and refilling them with joyous memories
for these few moments today.

Quietly enjoying the serenity of music sung by a man
of stature - a star in our misty eyes, as he belts out
songs close to our hearts for many years.

Ghosts of yesterday appear and gently touch our heart-
strings with silent beauty, planting roses in our minds,
lasting memories and images to hold onto for our
remaining years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Heart

Reeling in a lonely episode of life, listening to a song being played by Neil and the now Blu Notes, as Peggy is gone from this life.
Wipe out was their signature song through the years at the center.
Bringing back many memories of lost times, adjusting slowly to the new ways of doing things.
Always in the back of my mind will be the way it all used to be, and I will always remember with tears in my heart of yesterday.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Hippies

Yesterday's hippies have left their mark in rhythm's heart strings - in songs contributing to their experience and adventures.
So loudly portraying the sixties in lyrics of fun and straight forward, honest songs, telling it like it is or was.
Never afraid to side with the opposite side of normal.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Images

Softly echoing through years of life's beginnings,
fostering growth and recognition of beauty, unfolding.
Tresses flowing over blue skies of wonder, brilliantly
beckoning to heaven of it's readiness to step out of
time and join past images of yesterday's family.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Imagination

Saving grace of living brings about a creation inborn,
innate of God's plan.
Taking risks on adjacent shores, tallying significant
potential in bursts of energy on a sublime pathway
of lightened wisdom, causing ridges and abysses to
develop, conquering dimensions not ever seen or heard
of until now.
Situating life-long epics in tales of yesterday's
imagination in order to fit styles of life together
with myriad believability and accomplishment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Joy

Secure and safe in deepest particles of being, feeling
content and relieved, unfolding and letting thoughts
be shone into intellect.

Wanting to share themselves with knowledge and wisdom,
being blended with imagination in a gleam of emotional
feeling.

A final remembrance as sorrow sends one last tear of
yesterday's joy.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Life

Music, Italianly being sung with meaning and fervor,
from strings of heart-felt emotional love.
Touching inner feelings still hiding within for Mom,
caressing her memory with love, holding her image
close to my heart encased in bluest, crystal teardrops.
Tenderly holding onto her life of yesterday, never
letting go of her place in my heart.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Lost Love

Serenading myself in a pattern of evening rhythm,
taking me down paths strewn with rose petals
dying in the sunset.

Pouring all love down slanted sidewalks into
pools filled with spilled blood of lover's roses.

Letting go and never returning to capture an
essence of beauty in a midnight moon.

Lifeless, lying on the ground in a pool of blood-
red rose petals, left by a lost love in yesterday's
pictures of becoming death.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Love

Expansive desires beginning on borders of yesterday, taking hold and securing motions on their way to yesterday's love.
Tackling problems, missing the point aimlessly, as yet again, life takes a turn for the worse.
Yelling past cloudy curtains, looking into rooms of yellowed lace, wishing to find some semblance of old times from the past.
Waving magically as twilight hangs itself in starlit skies above, leading others to distant thoughts of wisdom on dusty trails of old.
Believing in unfounded visions, taking care to pray in silent moments of remembrance.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Love No More

Turn my head slowly, love dies away - slips into unknowing depths.
Forgiving no one, it leaps into wells, covering it's mistakes, letting go of it's hopeful dreams.
There are no tomorrows left on yesterday's calendar.
Years have passed and left no mark upon anyone's brow to signify their endless trek through spaceless dust.
Whenever looking over shoulders of past memories, there are no feelings left to place importance on.
They have gone - heading for another shore, sinking away from lover's arms, once so protectively placed around it's heart.
There are no guarantees of love's return, for it has been lost in the unknowing depths of yesterday's caring.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Misconceptions

Shades of gray part way up the sky, looking
hazy, closing eyes from below.
Seething anger, rising from the anxiety of
yesterday's misconceptions, being applied in
tantamount proceedings of incorrect avenues
in minds of elusive beginnings.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterdays No More

Quietly and rapidly, rhythms falling onto the piano of
my mind, taking me soaring into the waterfall of poetry
that fills intellect constantly and instantaneously.

Knowing keys of wisdom are intact within my mind, not
letting anyone find their whereabouts, watching moments
of feelings and emotions run through, touching my heart
with abandoning lonely echoes of yesterdays that are no
more.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Pain

Softly, storms began brewing in my heart and
lightning struck me as thunder clapped loudly in
my mind.
Stirring up emotions long buried deep inside,
digging up images, terrifyingly alive once again.
Rain softly falls upon my mind, easing the
difficulties of yesterday's pain into a delicate
respite.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Pain Gone

Yesterday's pain felt in a patch of hurt placed on one by
another with no compassion or care except for themselves.

A stingy and selfish love, all one-sided, taking, never
giving any quarter to anything.

Exceptional and amazing, as now I can look back, yet still
feel the hurt of yesterday's unlimited pain.

Now, however, finding the beauty of an unconditional love,
separating me from all that's gone wrong in the past.

Swaying and moving to expressions of caring and compassion
filling me with the enticing emotions of inner senses,
remembering love and keeping it closely into tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Past

Waving in a night-time breeze, taking time to relax
and lie back in a lazy rhythm of interior poetry.
Silently singing in an episode of yesterday's past,
being brought to the forefront of reality and used
for strength.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Place

Reticence fading into twilight years of tomorrow,
insinuating itself no longer on earth's shores.
Beaming fragrantly into beings of substance and
verve.
Focusing energy onto plains of tomorrow, yet never
forgetting yesterday and it's place in my history.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Problems

Problems of yesterday manifest themselves in various ways.
Physical symptoms crop up more often than not, yet mentally,
thought processes get tangled and disconnected, because there
are so many discussions running through our brains.
Spiritually, a person has an iota of a chance if he holds fast
to the faith of his soul.
Yesterday's hindrances cannot be ignored or put aside.
All of them must be dealt with in one respect or another without
regard for oneself at a certain moment in time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Puzzles

Penetrating barriers of existence, symbols partake
of our minds, taking us on journeys into mountains
and forests along our pathways, remembering endeavors
long ago hidden away in closets of our minds.

Solving puzzles of yesterday, we constantly pick up
pieces, choosing where they will fit in and sampling
final pictures when they're finally done.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Rhythms

Sprinkling lights softly falling onto heads
and shoulders of dancers, keeping time with
rhythms of yesterday.
Folding them together into memories for
future days.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Shadows

Shadows falling across my eyes,
hiding the present so I may
view again, the past.

A past with it's reckless, dire
consequences on all who knew the
life surrounding me.

Ever-widening the quest of
yesterday's explorations with
illumination, testing the strength
of character hidden closely within.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Shadows Of Love

Pages of bluened thought shine eternally within intellect,
never fading or disappearing.

Being held closely, sacredly in spheres of my heart's mind,
divulging nothing of what is being thought until written
into poems.

Shadows of love peeking about, wanting to be met and satisfied
with you alone, melding your heart with mine in thoughts of
bluened light.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Silhouettes

Silhouettes of yesterday find their way into pathways, waking up other shadows, to traipse into wayside endeavors.
Pleasing no one else, walking toward haphazard rhythms, chasing them into darkened corners to await further instruction.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Simplicity

Up and down rhythms lifting spirits skyward, soaring completely
into heavenly melodies of yesterday, rising higher, reaching in-
to depths of intellect.

Finding somnolent thoughts, awakening them to a morning sun, never
wavering in the darkness.

Just totally moving into the beauty of another life beyond this one
in another dimension.

Loving the feelings of life surrounding my being with wonder of
yesterday's simplicity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Song

Backgrounds of yesterday come through in a song I first learned to sing when in girl scouts in seventh grade.
An exhilarating melody called love potion number nine.
I still feel it's specialness inside each time I sing it today.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Sparks

Jumping recklessly into fast-paced rhythms being
beaten into remainders of yesterdays's sparks of
lightened fires we once started in our hearts.

Losing ground as we wend our way over mountainous
emotions, ashes being strewn over the plains of
inner deserts.

Innervating motions tallying themselves in mazes
and puzzles we once put together.

Pieces are now broken and torn, wanting to again
find their spaces in our past lives, when we were
so much in love, dancing in darkened evenings of
our souls.

Totally in unison with what we once had, and let
go of foolishly in our youth.

Somber thoughts provoking rhythms of their images
in mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Statistics

Statistics of yesterday mount up and tally the extent of a life in moments of many memories.
Set in photographic memory books, spent in aging turmoil, being given amounts of decidedly intriguing thoughts.
Dissenting views being compiled, associating cognitive ideas with long-standing feelings of abandonment.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Sun

Running through walks filled with roses, catching their
thorns as I pass by.
Thrilling to life's barrel full of fun, always ahead,
running away so it may stay full for all time.
Forever catching everything as it twirls and falls
before my feet.
Picking up blossoms of fragrant beauty as I progress
through life's corridors, lonely as a single bloom,
fallen upon the desert ground, alone on a pathway
towards yesterday's sun.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Sunsets

Purple hues of yesterday's sunsets sit on my mind,
reliving it's vibrant hues as it settles distinctly
into my soul where it can always be shown on screens
of subconscious joy.

Keeping happiness in check, yet allowing freedom to
roam and create ideas, forming even now in abscesses
of caverns and abysses.

Locating fibers of pre-eminent fame, collecting them
in scrapbooks of my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Tickets

Reading into deep pockets, arranging tickets of yesterday into books of life-like photos, interceding with adroit moments of view.

Tasting emotionally, with mind thoughts jogging through acres of visions, aligning every moment into adjectival cohesion for eternity and it's destination on steps of heaven.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Time

Riding clouds into another atmosphere, hoping to find it
a positive one, no longer wanting any part of negativity.

Surprising and healthy, mysterious melodies merging quiet-
ly into my being, forging into dimensions where life and
love have very different meanings.

Having no definitions to think of, only endings of yester-
day's time in measures made only for a certain purpose.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Times

Wandering this inner world, seeing everything being
set in places of honor.

Thought spreading itself incessantly into settings
of natural visions, taking their place in times of
yesterday's tomorrows.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Tomorrow

Sending silent messages with a clarity of unknown
detachment.
Swallowing endeavors beyond latent territories,
sending them adrift into a wild orange time.
Locating sedentary impulses strapped throughout
the universe, while traveling on unescapeable wings.
Fleeing impossibilities and swerving through dark
catacombs where no being can become.
Penetrating deepest barriers, slipping into the
abyss of yesterday's tomorrow.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Tomorrows

Moving into spaces of yesterday's tomorrows, I fit many thoughts, entering them into puzzles and mazes, filling out many pages of purpose and talent.
Associating everything I see with cognitive expressions of reserve.
Taking time to become a master at wording whatever it is I feel and think.
Somewhere inside, touching with velvet thoughts, I furnish the world with poetry.
Making them think, pause or reject whatever it is they decide is their interpretation.
Eventually we'll all end up at the end of life on the same page in eternity.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Trails

Riding a horse named Gypsy down dusty trails of yesterday.
Calling to mind the pictures and images of all the past times with family on your mind.
Stretching legs, prancing through forests filled with pine scents, lingering in my mind.
Leaving nothing to chance, rearing up and stopping to camp overnight.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Trials

Silencing moods of
yesterday's trials begins
with understanding of why
they happened so they may
never be repeated again
in life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Visions

Sincerely, devoted, life's circumstances bind us to
one another in families for generations, extending our
love into eternity.

When a loved one goes beyond our realms, an emptiness
is felt and reverberated for as long as we live on
earth.

Memories are all that's left us on our lonely pathways
to eternity's horizons.

We feel loss tear our hearts in two as we continue to
live with our daily emotions and images.

Past relationships have a way of holding our hands and
hearts in visions of yesterday, lest we forget our
origins, roots or parents.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Wholesome Beliefs

Penetrating rhythms touching me interiorly with their
vibrant beauty, allowing an intensity of colorful
rainbows to be seen throughout measures being played.

Insipid, tantalizing, giving many thoughts to be ex-
ercised and written out into poetry, feeling sensations
building higher within my being.

Developing and energizing the wholesome beliefs of
yesterday's morals and ethics, hoping to re-instill them
in today's youth.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Wonder

Silent wonder gently touching this heart, awakening it's desires, so very happily and joyously.

Taking this being rapidly into awesome realms of another time in a calendar of yesterday's wonder.

Where life used to live in all dreams, being fulfilled completely.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesterday's Youth

Never forgetting what has been taught through the years,
especially by parents and family.

Endulging in precious memories of yesterday's youth,
tears forming, single-file, waiting to pour forth.

Relieving pent-up emotions through adulthood and into
senior years.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yesteryear

Feeling thoughts touching subconsciously another
time and place on earth's horizons.
Raising reality's consciousness to heights of
yesteryear and their powerful destiny today.
Sparkling eyes within, seeing visions of safety,
beauty and recognition of life in past years and
times through tradition.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yielding To Self

Mannequin silence fills the ethereal night with an
untouchable sadness.

Penetrating no barriers, unable to be reached,
sitting alone in the dark.

No human understanding can conquer or get close to
it.

Standing by the wayside, forever yielding to it's
inner self.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Yodeling Cowboy

Trotting down trails, a cowboy yodeling to his cattle.
Singing calmly, yodeling far and wide.
Calls of the wild herd, looking askance at the reactions of every steer, glancing at one another in utter amazement of what is being sung to round them up.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

You And I

You and I standing together, having love, compassion and
caring for others, always ready to lend a helping hand
or listen to someone who needs to be heard.

What a welcome sight these kind and compassionate people
are, making goodness and purity go round, if only every
one could step out of themselves and their self-centered-
ness, how much different our world would be.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

You And I Are Mine

Going down fast and hard, trying to stay afloat, trying with all my heart not to succumb to the depression rushing into me.

It would be so easy just to let go, give up, I'm so tired of fighting everything.

Always trying to find anything to hang on to, feeling like it's a losing battle and one I no longer want to win.

Denying everything hasn't kept despair away, it just has all finally come rushing in to drown me.

Nowhere can I see a way, four walls surround me, out the windows are only clouds.

Wanting to cry and not being able to, spiraling ever downward.

Standing on the bottom looking up, it is too hard to climb, I just give up.

(12: 02 p.m. - 3/13/89)

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

You Are My Life, My Love

Losing control when with you, forgetting everything with
one look from you, sending desires flying through me.

Finding reasons to love you are never hard to do, you bring
everything I need when you come to me filled with passion.

Holding and hugging me with your eyes and arms, not able to
resist you ever, missing you whenever we're apart.

This life would be a useless one without you, my dear, I'd
be broken-hearted if I ever lost you, my love.

Life would not be worth living without you by my side, you
are my life on this earth, my love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

You Are The One

Walking hand in hand all through life, loving and sharing every-
thing with one another, love, sorrow, emptiness, loneliness, it
is all one and the same between us my darling.

Feelings are bound in each of us for the other, nothing can ever
separate us this side of earth, wanting to be with you every moment
of our lives.

Praying to God that we will be forever together in this life and
the next, you are the one in life that I cherish with all of my
heart and soul.

You are my one and only soul mate, walking hand in hand all through
life, loving and sharing everything with one another, our hearts
always one my love as we make love.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

You Have Taken My Heart

Opening this mind to see your image near me, touching
my heart and holding me tightly in your arms.

Not able to go on unless being with you always, making
me feel alive and vibrant through your love.

There's nothing in life like unconditional love that
you have given to me.

Letting go, setting me free, soaring above, finding my
way alone in life.

Eventually coming straight back to you, because the love
you have given has saved me from a fate worse than death.

That of living in this earth without you, knowing that I
will never have to, because you have found and taken this
heart of mine for your own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

You Wouldn't Be Remembered

Walking in the rain, loving how it feels upon my face
as it washes away the pain of my heart through it's
tears.

Intense and foreboding feelings taking away joy and
pleasure from my being, causing me to wonder why I
bother to exist.

Yet, holding onto your memory closely keeps me going,
for if I were no longer here, you wouldn't be remember-
ed with the total and entire love only I can give to
you and your lovely memory, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Young At Heart

Being elderly, not feeling like the label that's been pasted on me.
Still young at heart and mind, tacitly rocking to music that I love to write to.
Moving interiorly, in time with an incessant tempo, following rhythm's direction throughout journeys of life.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Young Boy Drumming In India

Taking rhythms into younger hands and minds, breaking limits
from the inside out, forming a mind of ingenuity that per-
forms like an accomplished adult in the space of a moment.

Life tapping out it's purpose like a march being performed
by hands, tiny, child-like, yet the music and rhythms are
becoming to an adult in years.

Reverberating and talking through sounds of mere hands,
life is being pondered, broken down, taken to new heights
no one has attained before.

Staunchly and untiringly pulsing rhythms continue into
moments of life that have not as yet been lived, telling
the future of this little boy in the music of his soul.

Perfectly beating and eclipsed, providing his soul and
interior life beyond that of self in years, lightning quick
thoughts filtering and breaking sound barriers.

Throughout mere moments, behaving in a manner becoming only
an artist and poet of music, powerful and energetic, filled
with the life of this young one as he lives in spaces pro-
vided in measures of musical time.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Young Grown-Up

Fishing, all important, using Daddy's lure.
Trying out being a grown-up, and not knowing the score.

Wanting to know what being grown up is all about, yet
not searching for it very far.

Because casting out his worm on a line, has become a
game upon his mind.

Taking notice of everything in sight, glad to be a child,
it's his favorite right.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Young Memories

Waving gently like seaweed in the ocean, willow trees
sway slowly in an afternoon breeze.

Silently lifting spirits with their peaceful, serene
manner.

Sunlight sliding on and off their expedient leaves,
motion always reaching inside, deeply stirring memories
of childhood.

Tire swings upon a branch, climbing into it's height
and hanging, letting go, and dropping to the ground,
only to do it over again.

Being a child is so very memorable, lasting throughout
years of aging.

Looking back, we smile at the memories, pulling at their
reserves to keep on going as we grow older.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Young Musicians

Listening to a young teenage band playing here at a
Farmer's Market in Phoenix, loving their sounds and
syncopation.

They are very good, timing is perfect and exacting,
I love seeing young musicians, listening to their
new rhythms and ideas in lyrics.

Amazing seniors in high school, loving these tempt-
ing rhythms, tickling my fancy, mind spinning with
expectations for these teens to hit it big time.

When in their 20's, I expect they'll be lively,
intense and excellent musicians, our future is
here now, musically.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Young Ones

Sending messages of caring to young ones through poetry and taking time to play and talk to them.
It's amazing how they open up and blossom when someone pays attention to them.
A wonderful way to share their little joys through poetry.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Young Voices

Going to a musical where our friend's Granddaughters are
singing and gesturing to words of a song in rhythm.

An adorable and endearing performance by all the young
children, as they now sing Christmas carols together.

Young voices rising to the heights of this beautiful
Christmas season.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Younger Essence

Evaporating emotions coming into the open,
unafraid of experiencing the life they were
meant to live in a person.

Commenting on life's experiences, rattling
through thoughts of a once upon a time
romance.

Holding onto the essence of younger times,
not wanting to let them go away.

Forever finding the loneliness left on
doorsteps back then.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Younger Fantasies

Holding on to my seat, being taken away in flights
of fantasy as I recall desires and pleasures when
younger.

They are still within me now, I just don't address
them as much as I used to back then.

Too many activities of medical proportions are always
getting in the way, I guess.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Younger Son

When you were born the world became brighter, life became lighter, because now I had two sons instead of just one.

This world opened up a future filled with family and love.

Along the way, through the struggles and strife, happiness and joy, I've found that God's greatest decisions and gifts are given to us through our children.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Younger Version Of Self

Lying comfortably on the beach, moon rays combing my
hair and massaging my back.

Thinking and feeling like a younger version of myself
as I bask in the starlight of evening.

Nothing pressuring or stressing this mind, totally
carefree, enjoying sensual feelings rising within.

Soothing so purposely and peacefully, finding the
essence of nature covering me with it's silence, while
enticing me beyond waves rising and falling.

Easing into a deep and soundless sleep from which I
will never awaken until opening my eyes on another
horizon.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Youngest Granddaughter

A beautiful smile, a look of wonder and discovery,
a life completely open to all endeavors, whatever
they may be.
Totally adorable, loving, innocent and beautiful,
my youngest granddaughter, Drea.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Youngest Granddaughter's Birthday

Awakening to a totally new day, looking forward to new
experiences and having fun with my Granddaughter, for
today is her 6th birthday.

Adorable and loving, a brilliant little girl, filled
with life and energy, constantly wanting to learn every-
thing.

Her mind wide open and always curious, new things tempt-
ing her to learn all she can every moment of life and
essentially being like her poetical Grandmother.

Ready to take on a new day, wanting to listen to her
own drum, doing things her way, for she must always
take her own time in everything she does.

Taking paths least traveled in life, loving the ex-
citement and being tempted constantly by all that
enters her little world.

Following her own thoughts, never veering from ideas
and concepts of her own, never leaving something once
she's started exploring.

A wonderfully brilliant child right from the beginning,
knowing and speaking two languages fluently, both English
and Spanish correctly.

Never making a mistake, just being herself, pure and
innocent all the time, talking, reading books, and play-
with Grandma, which is always a learning and fun game.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Youngest Granddaughter's Graduation

This morning going to my Granddaughter's kindergarten graduation,
her little eyes and face lit up like a lantern, smiling beautifully,
running to give us a hug.

Going into the auditorium, sitting down, watching crowds of parents
and Grandparents storming in with younger kids and babies in tow, a
much bigger crowd than the school had expected.

Adding chairs and benches on either side of the bleachers to accomo-
date us all, kindergarteners sitting on the floor in front of us,
looking around, talking and waving.

Six kindergarten classes, a lot of children, picking my Granddaughter
out of them all, wearing a beautiful blue dress and white shoes with
a little heel.

Her brown hair flowing, a smile on her face, singing with her class
and performing all rhythmic motions, a totally wonderful experience
watching her graduate with honors and awards.

A blessed event in our family that will always be remembered in
pictures and this little poem written by her poetical Grandma, a
future treasure when I'm no longer here.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Your Answering Reply

Resisting temptations, keeping shyly unto myself, not
wanting to reach out to anyone.

Feeling the nearness of an unconditional love vying
for my unrealized attention.

Going about my business as if there's nothing in life
for me to grasp onto.

Yet, your persistence keeps penetrating my conscious-
ness, wanting to prevail.

Touching this heart with the love you proclaim and
profess, many times quietly and to yourself.

Wondering if I will ever reach out to you, letting you
take my heart into your own.

Stop your wondering, for this moment has become your
answering reply now.

Here I am, yours only, you may take me wholly into your
self, I can no longer protest.

Your love has conquered all my fears and you have at
last won me as your own.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Your Day Has Come

Simply and straight forward, stabbing illusions and lies
with the honest to goodness truth.

Look out, here it comes, to trample the evil in this wide
world of God loving people.

It's now our turn to reverse the tides of evil against
them with logic and reason backed by weapons.

Nothing can be denied for it is simplly the truth and we
present it to you on a silver platter.

Here's to all the corrupt politicians the world over,
your day has come, there is no where for you to run and
hide any longer, you have been profiled, how does it feel?

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Your Deep And Abiding Love

Touching upon my mind, your love gives it such a full and uncompromising feeling.

Giving a sense of accomplishment that nothing else in this life can ever do.

When you're near me love, I get desires that climb ever higher, wondering always how it happens.

Just knowing it tickles me within to know the intensity of your deep and abiding love.

Precious and dear to me, you are the only one I will ever truly love in this long, yet temporary life here on earth.

Opening my mind, encompassing everything all at once, it's singularly acceptability of your entire and unconditional love touching and tempting me like no other man could do.

Not understanding the whys or wherefores of your love, just feeling and enjoying it every moment of my life with you, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Your Eyes Only

Freeing my mind magically with no hesitation,
allowing words to flow out prolifically.
Seeking established ideas hiding within this
orb of sight, awaiting their recognition and
verve.
Finding the beauty already there, choosing
facets of it to display for your eyes only as
you read this poem.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Your Heart Beating Within Mine

An interior clock is ticking away moments of life,
each moment so precious when spent in the essence
of your love.

Your heart beats within mine, without it I am not
alive, cannot function on this earth, for you are
my love, my everything and life is nothing without
you, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Your Inner Love

Tuning into feelings hiding deeply in my being, soul
now recognizing beauty of our love as it shelters
and protects us from the turmoil in life.

Open and thoughtful, you fill my soul with an essence
of love from your heart to mine, looking for nothing
but you, my love.

Having the time of my life being by your side, your
touch setting a wildfire within, spreading through my
being, exploding when entering your inner love into me.

Giving thrills and excitement, always looking forward
when we're together making love, feeling joy and happi-
ness flowing incessantly through me.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Your Intense Love

Feeling the love you have given, filling me fully
inside my being.

It seems so far away, yet here you are within my
heart and soul, unconditionally.

Such a pleasurable and magnificent landscape,
filled with rhythms, nothing to take me from you.

Your intense love keeping me safe, holding onto
it forever.

Never forsaking it's intensity as it holds me so
tightly, remembering it photographically in my mind.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Your Intensity

Loving the tenderness of your love as it entices my
being daily, never forcing itself on me, just taking
me away with your intensity.

A beautiful and alluring countenance, always giving
me pleasure, wanting to be with you only throughout
each and every day.

Loving you with my entire being, solidifying our love
in moments of life whether together or alone, my love
is forever and only yours, my dear.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Your Jewelry Box

Lockets of love lie in your jewelry box, no longer worn
around your neck, pure and undefiled before, now just
lying there, forsaken tokens of my heart I'd given you
through the years.

Within the gathering dust of time, a velvet blanket that
they're settled upon is not matching their beauty like
when you wore them whenever we went out together.

Once celebrating our love, my dear, being separated now
from what we had throughout our lives, brings nothing
but tears and sorrow into the presence of my being.

Staring at the jewelry that once meant our love was
alive and well, now no longer able to be worn by you in
death and my tears are falling upon them.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Your Love Is In My Heart

Happy and elated, just hearing music and it's totally soothing rhythms, carrying me into depths of an ever-lasting belief of life.

Never letting go of tones that continually bless me throughout the years, so many factors keeping me focused these many moments.

Always having thoughts of you, touching my heart with your desire, knowing that your love is in my heart and you will not let me go.

Your words continually echo in my mind, 'I want you and I'll have you'! Such a simple statement, yet it encompasses your every feeling of intense love for me.

Wanting to be with you forever, reaching for you in thoughts, heart, desires, wanting you with me always no matter what we have to endure.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Your Love Keeps Me Focused

Being tickled pink by your unconditional love my dear, feeling so totally loved by you, making life so very pleasant as I love you unconditionally in return.

Everything seems so much brighter, happier and joyous, even the everyday mundane things, able to live through every experience of death and loss.

Because your love keeps me focused, hugging and holding me as I cry my heart out when losing loved ones who have meant so much to me throughout the years.

Your delicate and loving heart always holding mine so tenderly, as I hold yours in return my dear, the two of us together, precious and forever one in this lifetime and the next.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Your Mysterious Spell

Waiting for you to come into bed, looking so sexy, tempting me so truthfully and honestly that I cannot resist you, wanting you to take and hold me closely.

Kissing and hugging, giving me such pleasure just loving me through the night, whispering sweet little nothings in my ear, causing desires and passion to rise further within me.

So fantastic and awesome, taking me in your arms so passionately giving me your all as I fall into your mysterious spell, not able to resist you at all, my dear.

Loving you fully in return, so explicitly falling into your loving arms with such pleasure, watching your lust as it quenches my own.

Oh honey how exciting and thrilling you fill me in every way, being loved by you is the total anticipation of a love that will never die.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Your Soul's Song Of Love

Lasting emptiness lying upon my heart as the rhythms of
our love disappear in the black clouds of loss.

Losing track of where we've gone, rising emotions and
feelings taking me into the future without you, although
I never wanted to take a step without you by my side.

Trails of grief following me through life as I travel in-
to the future, searching achingly in depths of my heart
for your love.

The only song of beauty that I ever want to hear is your
soul's song of love for me, my darling.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Your Whisper

Listening fully to every word you whisper in my
ears, smiling at the love you impart so gently
and delicately to my heart.

Thank you for the love you hold within your being,
may we never part unless it's together from this
earth at once.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Youthful Clay Minds

Slapping sounds, hands on faces, traces of tears
encumbered in a moment, lifeless hazards hurting
anyway, the personalities of innocent little
victims.

Stomping on original figures, misusing and reshaping
minds of youthful clay, throwing into buckets, colors
of childhood, tossing aside their obvious innocence.

Struck by insidious comments, hiding, ducking out of
sight, licentious desires running wild, rampantly un-
folding lives of tiny children.

Like mazes taking over, uncovering bodies, doing what
they will with them, discarding later in heaps and
piles, those who cannot protect themselves.

Knowing exactly what they're doing, never caring, raping
children, scaring them away from intimacy ever again.

Growing older, hiding from everyone, lest the shame within
is spotted and hell begins again, forming exaggerated
boundaries, reaching ever wider, keeping away all outsiders,
good or bad.

Life careens down any path, taking risks unknowingly,
subconsciously praying for death to overtake it.

Snowballing into canyons filled with rocks, sharp and hard,
falling deeper underground, throwing dirt faster and faster
to cover up self and become invisible.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Zombie Night

Acting like kids, enjoying zombie night.
Everyone dressing up and singing,
giving it all they've got.
A good cheerful crowd, a little family
at the cafe.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Zones Of An Interior Mind

Burning zones of an interior mind, taking time
from tunnels of it's passage, colliding with
outside forces, burning desires holding me to
the perfection of my being.

Finding, searching, locating all the wonderful
and charming bits of knowledge, super sonic
calculations coming rapidly into intellect un-
bidden, giving innate talent it's due.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak

Zones Of Pleasure

Tempos increasing and taking me vibrating into zones of pleasure, absolute, intense and absorbing.

Quite peaceful and soothing, taking all particles of being and improving them with poetical rhythms coming into the existence of self.

Enjoying the tempo as it speeds up, leading into depths of beautiful spheres of intellect, collecting ideas of progressive solutions for mankind's benefit.

Softly taking every step toward filling spaces.

RoseAnn V. Shawiak